Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

JANUARY 1968 50c

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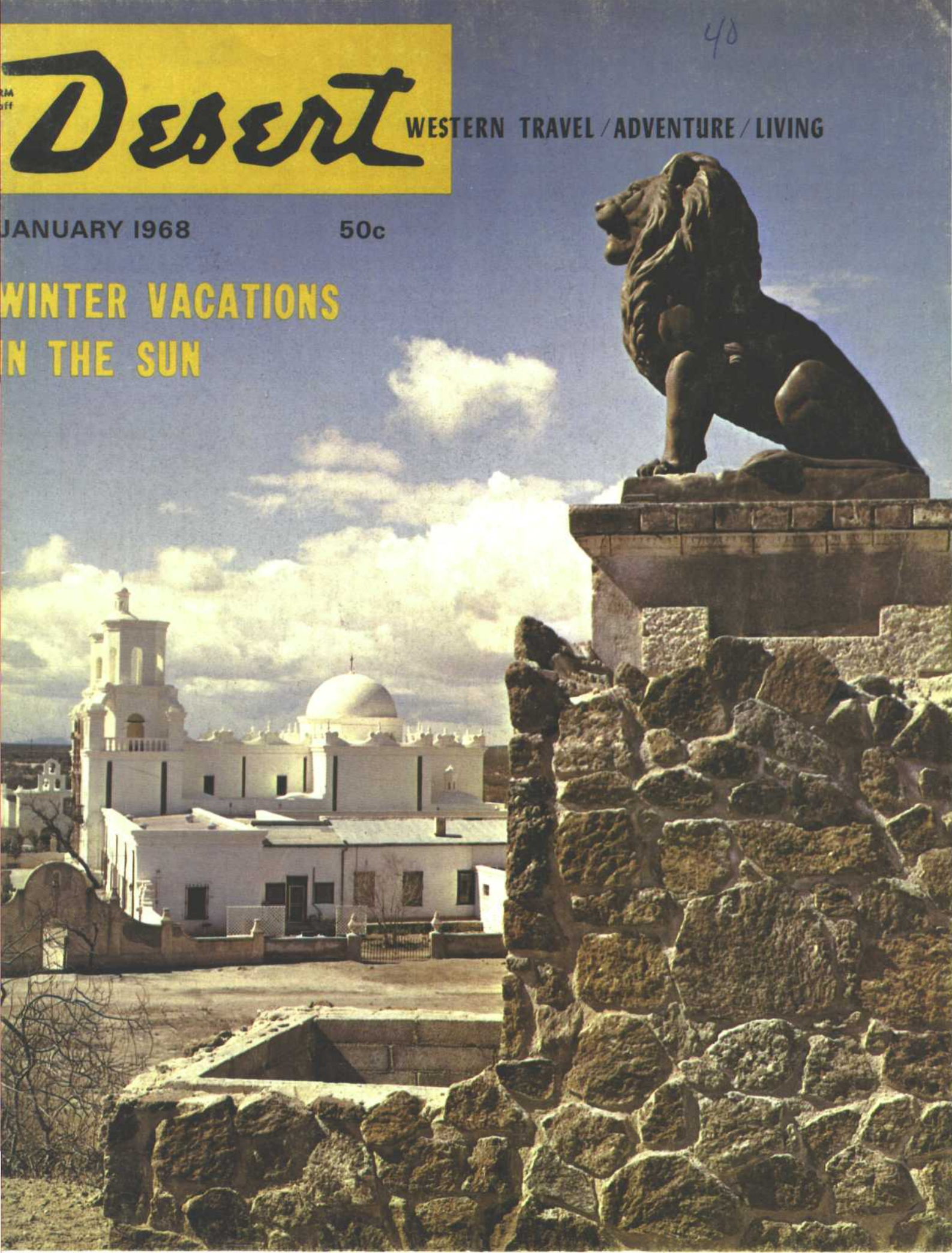

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Desert

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THE COVER

Tucson is the center of history and mystery. Whether you go north to the Gila River or south to Nogales and Mexico you are living in the present and the past. Carlos Elmer, China Lake, California, captures the spirit of the country in his photograph of the Mission San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson.

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BOOK REVIEWS

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THE CONQUEST OF APACHERIA

By Dan L. Thrapp

This is an epic story of heroism, chicanery, misunderstanding and tragedy. Always there were two sides to the massacres and wars that divided the white men and the Apache Indians in the vast area covering what is now Arizona and New Mexico. Here is presented new material which gives a clearer picture than that of former reports concerning the controversial Lt. Royal Whitman, key figure in the famous Camp Grant Massacre.

General Crook, Lt. Howard Cushing, Geronimo, Cochise and other Apache and American figures who played strong roles in this drama are brought to life on these pages with unusual perception on the part of the author. His research is marvelously inclusive. After this book, there will be little more to be said about this particular phase of the Apache conquest. Hard cover, 403 pages, $6.95.

ANTIQUE BOTTLES

By Marvin and Helen Davis

Here is a new bottle book written by an attractive couple who spends a lot of time in the back country looking for them because Davis is employed by the U. S. Forest Service. Unusual for bottle books because some of the photographs are in full color, there are pictures and prices listed for over 22 specimens. In addition to doing a good job of identification, the book tells you how to clean old bottles, things to look for to know if they are valuable, where to sell them if they are, and the places to look where valuable bottles might be found. Paperback, 62 pages, $3.00.

THE MYSTERIOUS WEST

By Brad Williams and Choral Pepper

The settlement of the eastern seaboard of the United States was orderly and systematic. Within a few days after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, with their wives and children, they started building homes and tilling the land. They brought with them the strict mores and laws of England and governed themselves accordingly.

This was not true of the early West. It was only after the later pioneers arrived to homestead that wives replaced prostitutes, and law and order and written records prevailed. By that time fact and fiction were blended into legends of the mysterious West.

Did the Romans settle in Tucson, Arizona in 775 A.D. and the Phoenicians explore New Mexico . . . who sailed in the Lost Ship of the Desert . . . who was the real Mark Hopkins . . . who really discovered California . . . where is the Lost Mission of Santa Isabel and the Jesuit gold? These are a few of the fascinating questions in "The Mysterious West."

Other chapters delve into such intriguing subjects as "A Few Haunted Houses", "The City in Which Nobody Lives", and "Men Who Lost Their Heads." Dona Tula, a western Mata Hari, by playing her wiles with the Mexicans and the Americans amassed a fortune; the Baron of Arizona laid spurious claim to a fortune in real estate, and nearly won; and a self appointed liberator, in a Gilbert and Sullivan type opera nearly conquered Baja Califonia.

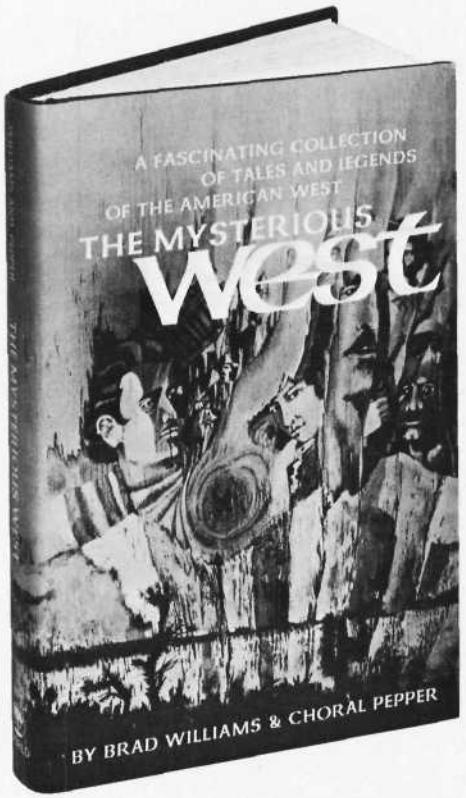
The authors are both professional writers. Brad Williams is a long time newspaper reporter and author of several mystery novels and nonfiction books. Choral Pepper has two previous books published; has traveled extensively abroad and was a successful free lance writer before taking the position as editor of Desert Magazine where she first became interested in the mysteries of the West.

In selecting some of the early legends and some of the later hoaxes—or were they hoaxes?—the authors of "The Mysterious West" have written a fascinating book. Many of the legends are being told in their entirety for the first time and those that have appeared in print before have new angles which will undoubtedly create controversy among historians.

They have done exhaustive academic research and detailed field work. The book is fast moving, packed with information and as entertaining as a mystery novel. After presenting what they found, the authors draw no conclusions, leaving it up to the reader to separate fact from fiction and come to his own conclusions.

With its fresh and novel approach, The Mysterious West is one of the best books on Western Americana to appear in the past decade. Hardback, 192 pages, illustrated, $5.95. J.P.

Here's a book with new factual evidence on the legends of the West.



THE MYSTERIOUS WEST.
by Brad Williams and Choral Pepper **$5.95**

This book examines many little-known stories and legends that have emerged from the western regions of North America. Two unsolved mysteries, unearthed in this century and detailed in this absorbing book, furnish evidence that the earliest European navigators to set foot on American soil date back to ancient times. Old Roman artifacts buried near Tucson, Arizona, and Phoenician hieroglyphics inscribed on a rock uncovered some miles southwest of Albuquerque, New Mexico, raise startling questions about America's past. Are these genuine archeological finds or elaborately conceived and executed hoaxes? These unusual discoveries form but a small part of the intriguing history, legend, and folklore that make up

THE MYSTERIOUS WEST.

Included are such phenomena as the discovery of a Spanish galleon in the middle of the desert; the strange curse that rules over San Miguel Island; the unexplained beheading of at least 13 victims in the Nahanni Valley; and many other equally bewildering happenings. Elaborate confidence schemes and fantastically imagined hoaxes are documented, along with new factual evidence that seems to corroborate what were formerly assumed to be tall tales.

Illustrated with photographs, this fascinating survey of Western Americana will be welcomed by all readers interested in the folklore and history of the United States.

About the authors:

BRAD WILLIAMS has worked for various newspapers ranging in location from Oregon and California, to Mexico and India. He has published several mystery novels and nonfiction works; his books include *Flight 967* and *Due Process*.

CHORAL PEPPER hails from the mysterious west — Palm Desert, California. She is the editor of Desert Magazine and she has been a columnist, free-lance writer, and author. Her most recent book is *Zodiac Parties*.

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From *The Gold Rushes and Mining Camps of the Early American West,* by Vardis Fisher and Opal Holmes
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Rags to Riches by Vardis Fisher and Opal Laurel Holmes

POSSIBLY in no other area of human endeavor have so many huge fortunes been possessed (one can hardly say earned) so quickly and easily, often with no relationship to intelligence, knowledge, and the application of talent; or, having been won largely by luck and chance, lost so quickly, by persons for whom money was indeed a curse. From one point of view the history of the Western mining camps is a story of the fantastic rise from poverty to wealth, and the fall from wealth to the most abject need.

The story in Leadville of the Little Jonny mine could stand as the perfect instance of all such tales. A greenhorn, poking around with pick and shovel, and with only the vaguest notion of what prospecting meant, asked a geologist, busy near by, where to dig. Annoyed, the geologist said, perhaps a bit sharply, "Oh, anywhere around here. Under that tree over there." The greenhorn dug under the tree and found ore that made him a millionaire. Another story is told of a Negro who wandered into one of the California diggings and asked how he could find some of that-there gold in the hills. Pranksters sent him to a high hill in which everyone knew there was no gold and would never be any gold; and for a week they laughed their heads off over their rum and beer as they told the story, and evoked pictures of a poor black man up there, digging holes all over the place like a man after water. But they didn't laugh when the Negro came down the hill one afternoon with a small fortune in flakes and nuggets. His mine was named Nigger Hill.

Mildretta Adams, for whom Idaho's Silver City is a hobby, says that W. H. Dewey, convinced that there was a rich lode in a certain mountain, spent a whole summer literally crawling on hands and knees all over the mountain, and found a lode that made him a very wealthy man, who built a railroad, and a hotel that until recent years was a landmark in the Boise valley. That was more effort than luck. When Bummer Dan came to Alder Gulch he was not known as Bummer; but he was such a lazy parasite that the miners soon despised him; and when they caught him in a small theft they hustled him to an unworked area of the gulch below the camp and told him to dig. Hours afterward they went to the spot to see if he had obeyed orders, and found him in a feverish sweat, with gold dust and small nuggets all around him. When in 1847 Col. Fremont decided to speculate in land he gave $3000 to the American consul at Monterey and told him to buy a tract near San Jose. Misunderstanding the instructions the consul bought the 45,000-acre Mariposa grant. Fremont was furious, for he thought the tract was worthless, until Kit Carson found on it the first quartz vein of California's famous Mother Lode.

A man named Patrick, one of the first arrivals in Tonopah, Nevada, took a chance on $5000 and found that "business was so good that the first manager we hired stole $10,000 in the first month without our even suspecting it. After that, it got better." It was also in the Tonopah area that Jim Butler came in from the hills with some pieces of rock, which he showed to T. L. Oddie, an attorney. Jim said he was broke: if Oddie would get the rock assayed he would give him a part of the claim. Oddie was broke too but remembered that an assayer named Gayhart was teaching in Austin; so he sent the samples to him and promised him half of his part, if the rock panned out. Gayhart could hardly believe his senses; the ore ran as high as $575 to the ton. The good news was rushed to Butler but at the moment he was harvesting his wild hay and could not be bothered. Hearing of the discovery, men rushed all over the country, trying to find the spot. Butler's luck held. In those days a man's word was his bond, or Jim's was: he granted more than a hundred oral leases to men to mine his claim. The first of them received a check for $574,958.39 for just one shipment of 48 tons. According to F. C. Lincoln's *Mining Districts and Mining Resources of Nevada,* the leasers, as they were called, took four millions' worth of ore the first year, without drawing up a document of any kind. Butler turned out to be the discoverer of the greatest bonanza of its time.

The story of a Swede named Anderson has been told by various writers. Our version here is Rickard's. Ignorant, naive, and not very bright, Anderson came to a Klondike camp with $600. After he was drunk two old prospectors persuaded him to buy Number 29 on Eldorado Creek, a hole that they thought was completely worked out. The next morning the Swede tried to find the two men, for he wanted his money returned to him, but they were gone; so, unable to think of anything else to do, he went to No. 29 and began to dig. He had been told by other miners that he had the poorest hole on the creek but he kept on digging, and in a day or two he was eighteen feet down. There he struck bedrock and he must have rubbed hard at his eyes, unable to believe what he saw. "The layer of sediment, four inches thick, was more than half gold." The two who thought to swindle him came along and asked him how he was doing. "Ay tank ay got gold here," said the Swede, and showed them a pan with $1400 in it. Number 29 on Eldorado gave up $1,250,000 but no one knows how much of it the Swede got.

What kinds of men were they who went from rags to riches? All kinds. Of the Big Four on the Comtsock, two had been saloon keepers, the other two were ordinary miners. Of 28 in Colorado who became millionaires, Sprague gives the background: four had been in real estate, one was a school teacher, two were grocers, one was a butcher, three were druggists, two were lawyers, one was a promoter, one a lumberman, one a lather, one an engineer, a milkman, a plumber, a handyman, a shopkeeper, a coal dealer, a cigar store proprietor, a department store owner, two roustabouts and two prospectors. Not a broker, banker, or industrialist in the whole lot of them.

How many of them went from riches back to rags? A lot of them, including a few who were worth millions. Presented here are some who are among the most impressive in their ignorance, or in their combination of ignorance and greed; and in combination of ignorance and greed none was more outstanding than Eilley Orrum Bowers. She and her equally illiterate husband, Lemuel (Sandy) Bowers, took about four million dollars out of their mine (equal to fifteen or twenty million today) and squandered it all, believing that the mine would never run out. Sandy died early at 35, a pathetic incompetent who had no sense of fortune or any right to it; and Eilley after spending or being bilked of what she had left

"suffered dire privations." For 35 years she fought against poverty believing to the end that her mine was still a treasure and would pay her more millions. Eilley, who in a few weeks in Europe had spent more than half a million (in today's dollars) and who cultivated the notion that she was a seeress and the queen of the Comstock, died in a poorhouse, a woman too stupid and greedy to arouse pity.

Thousands gambled and lost all they had. In the summer of 1875 the Comstock mining stocks plunged $60 million in a week, and the Bank of California was forced to close its doors. Some have thought that the Big Four—Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien—out-maneuvered their financial rivals and brought on the collapse. They bought stocks at bargain prices. William C. Ralston was found to owe the bank over four million, and when his resignation was demanded he went to San Francisco's North Beach, a favorite swimming spot with him, and died of a stroke or drowned or (some have thought this most likely) committed suicide. His death and the closing of the bank forced the closing of the Pacific stock exchange and the financial panic.

Of the fabulous 1200 feet of the Gould and Curry, on the Comstock, Mark Twain says: "Curry owned two-thirds of it—and he said that he sold it out for $2500 in cash, and an old plug horse that ate up his market value in barley and hay in 17 days . . . Gould sold out for a pair of second-hand government blankets and a bottle of whiskey that killed nine men in three hours and that an unoffending stranger that smelt the cork was disabled for life." Stephen J. Field, one of the founders of Maryville, California, whom Lincoln later appointed to the Supreme Court, has told us that of his 65 lots in the new town "Within 90 days I sold $25,000 worth and still had most of my lots left. My frame and zinc houses (shipped up after a trip to San Francisco) rented for $1000 a month. The emoluments of my office as *alcalde* were large. At one time I had $14,000 in gold in my safe." A year later he was broke and in debt.

How did those fare who discovered the big bonanzas? It's a sad story. Of them all, James Wilson Marshall, who burst in on Sutter with his hands full of gold, has been given the most sympathy. He seems to have been the complaining self-martyred kind who found it easy to succumb to indolence, alcohol, and notions of persecution. Bancroft, who knew him, says he "probably rendered himself exceedingly obnoxious." His last years were spent in bitter complaints and poverty and drunkenness. There were those who thought he deserved a State pension, and as early as 1860 the proposal was made in the legislature, but a bill to provide one was killed with amendments. In 1870 a statement was sent to the press: "J. W. Marshall, the discoverer of gold in California . . . is old and poor, and so feeble that he is compelled to work for his board and clothes." The Pioneers of Sacramento sent him $100. In 1877 a bill was introduced to give him a pension of $200 a month for two years. It was passed. By 1883 he "was still walking straight and upright, and apparently promising to outlive many a younger man." As for Sutter, one writer has said that when gold was found on his property he was the second wealthiest man in the U.S. He lost just about all he had as the stampedes swept over him, and spent his last years in Pennsylvania, poor and forgotten.

Old Pancake Comstock, discoverer of the big bonanza in Nevada, sold his few feet of a fabulous mine for $10,000, according to Drury; for $11,000, according to other writers. He then bought a farm, went broke, wandered up to Montana and there "committed suicide or was murdered." Of those originally in the claim with him, Finney sold his part for a song, drank it up, and fell off a horse and killed himself. Alvah Gould of what was to become the famous Gould and Curry sold his half for $500 and boasted to his friends that he had out-foxed the smart boys in California. While he peddled peanuts in Reno the out-foxed boys took out millions. O'Riley, another of the men in a claim with Pancake, managed to get $40,000 for his part, but then went insane and died penniless. Bill Fairweather was one of six men who on May 26, 1863 found the riches in a gully that they named Alder Gulch, and Bill and the five had their choice of claims. Bill scattered small nuggets as if they were no more than kernels of wheat, and bought drinks for all the bums that swarmed around him. He became for a while a familiar sot in Virginia City. Hearing of strikes in Canada and Alaska he took off but returned, broke and sick, to die at Robbers' Roost at the age of 39.

There is much pathos in the riches to rags stories, but the individuals, no matter how tragic, seem trivial when compared to the mass movements and ruin, such as speculation in stocks. On the Comstock in the spring of 1871 Crown Point stock, which Jones and Hayward had been secretly buying for $2, reached more than a thousand; in another year it topped $1825, making the mine worth on paper 22 millions that a year and a half earlier had been worth $24,000. Widows, waiters, farmers, clerks, and shopkeepers hastened to buy. The Belcher, close to it, controlled by Sharon, jumped from $1.50 to $1525. The Comstock had become the biggest mining bonanza in the history of the world. One group of mines would climb in paper value from $40,000 to $160 million. "It was to establish fortunes and

Tonopah, Nevada, in its rags to riches days.

power which are still a notable influence in the world. And eventually it was to bring banks, business houses and speculators throughout the Pacific Slope crashing down in chaos with a loss of $386 million in three months."

Mackay and Fair were deep underground, sleuthing around, peering and touching; and their two partners, Flood and O'Brien, were at the mining exchange in San Francisco. They were soon paying themselves one million dollars a month in dividends, but when they knew that the rich ore was reaching its end they began to unload at boom prices, and ignorant speculators begged, borrowed and stole in their frenzy to buy stcok that was about to collapse. Said a writer in San Francisco: "Bankers, retired capitalists, manufacturers, merchants, shopkeepers, clerks, farmers, mechanics, hod-carriers, servant men and servant women, clergymen, lawyers, doctors, wives and widows poured in their orders for purchase of bonanza stocks." The excitement spread to European cities. While manipulating stocks for their own selfish ends, the four Irishmen asked Dan DeQuille of *The Enterprise* to go into their mines and inspect them for all he was worth. What the beguiled DeQuille found was "the finest chloride ore filled with streaks and bunches of the richest black sulphurets" that would assay thousands of dollars per ton. He estimated the whole of it, cut his figures in two to be on the safe side, and told the world that there was $116,748,000 in sight. The Irishmen then called in Philip Deidesheimer, a mining expert known to mining men everywhere, and after a week in the mines he told the world that he could see a billion and a half dollars in sight in just one mine, and that the Consolidated and Virginia alone ought to pay $5000 a share! It is said that he invested every cent he could beg or borrow, but DeQuille apparently bought none.

In the mid-seventies the Big Four increased the C and V's monthly dividend from $324,000 to $1,080,000 a month, and at once wild rumors swept the West that it would soon be doubled and then trebled. Stocks climbed steeply as thousands of people mortgaged everything they had and bought. Many of them were soon wealthy, *on paper,* and as with bated breath they watched their stocks climb they began to buy every extravagant luxury they could find—"servants and gardeners were imported from England, chefs from Paris, blooded horses direct from Arabia, rugs from the Orient, objects of art from Italy, furnishings from the world's centers of fine craftsmanship, food and drink from the world's greatest caterers." They were all millionaires, weren't they? On paper for a few months or a year or two. San Francisco in 1874 was outstanding in the distribution of its wealth; by 1877 it was bankrupt. The thousands who owned property in the city had mortgaged it to buy stocks, and there was no capital left. In January of 1877 the Consolidated and Virginia, most fabulous of all the Comstock mines, passed its dividend. The market crashed. It literally plunged downward, and people who had imported chefs and blooded horses were reduced overnight to begging in the streets. Men who had owned and directed large enterprises, employed scores of wage-earners, maintained luxurious homes . . . were begging handouts at back doors or lunch counters along with those who had been in their employ.

After thousands were reduced to beggary the Big Four wondered why they were not loved. The San Francisco newspapers were giving them hell. The *Mail* said, "The magnificant Mackay, who is indignant at the public want of appreciation of the disinterested course pursued by his firm is kindly looking after Consolidated Virginia for the trifling remuneration of about 90¢ of every dollar it produced . . ." The *Chronicle*: "The whole history of this bonanza deal is a history of duplicity, fraud and cunning venality without precedent or excuse of any kind. They have won the memorable distinction of having preferred to be millionaires by tricky stock jobbing, when they might have been millionaires by honest mining. So they must expect the natural reward—the hatred and contempt of mankind." If the public was in a condition of "financial hysteria" at least three of the Big Four were laying plans for mansions and social climbing. Banks throughout California and Nevada went to the wall, and thousands were financially ruined by the cunning manipulations of four Irishmen; but this has been the way of stock manipulation the world over, and the fruits of such stock jobbing have been known to put at least one man in the White House. □

The Last Word in Spas by Bob Loeffelbein

ZZYZX is truly the last word in getting away from it all! A small sign, all alone beside U.S. Highway 91, states simply: ZZYZX. The turn-off road to it appears to lead directly into nothing more than a huge white salt flat stretching halfway to the horizon. And you won't find Zzyzx if you check your map, either. Map makers haven't found the place yet.

But, with faith in the Lord's guidance and a pair of good Detroit shock absorbers, you *can* get to Zzyzx. After following this tortuous one-way track around and over parts of Soda Lake, the dry salt flat, for 4.4 miles, it opens up out of the desert like a mirage. The oasis of Zzyzx is the small, developed part of the 12,000-acre holdings of the Dr. Curtis H. Springer Foundation which spreads three miles wide and eight miles in length through the dry lake bed and surrounding area. Geographically, it is about 200 miles east of Los Angeles and seven miles southwest of Baker. Nestled against the mountainside are the buildings of a mineral spring and health spa fronted by a small lake amid 1000 palm trees and 2500 flowering trees and shrubs.

The work of transforming this piece of desert into an oasis has been done by the owners, the Curtis H. Springers, who have put about $1-million into the non-profit, tax-exempt institution in the last 22 years.

Under Spanish rule in California, Fort Soda was built in the area and its ruins and jail can still be seen. Prior to the building of the fort the area had been an Indian campground, as is attested to by Indian artifacts and picture rocks in the area. Before the Springers took over, the area was also a mining camp, according to old-timers. The roadway was called Soda Road until 1965 when it was renamed at the request of Mr. Springer, who keeps his own roadgrader at the spa to maintain the road between the freeway and the springs.

The unusual name, pronounced *Zigh-zix,* was picked for two reasons—to signify "the last word" in health spas and to assure the last listing in the telephone directory. It was made up by taking the last three letters of the alphabet, reversing them, and inserting some extra Zs.

Hospitality, health and good fellowship might be listed as the products of Zzyzx. A sign at the entrance illustrates its hospitality. "Come in for free doughnuts and coffee" it states, adding a footnote that travelers may try one of the mineral baths gratis also, if they'd like.

Health is the keyword that provides the working capital for further development of the resort. A line of basic food products is blended, packaged and shipped from there, as well as 25 health bulletins on such diverse topics as *The Seven Day Cleansing Plan, Growing Old Gracefully, Beauty from Within,* and others on ailments like neuritis, rheumatism, catarrh, asthma, and diabetes. The natural-foods line includes food supplements, herb tea, a ten-grain breakfast food, a pep-cocktail, and strengtheners for iron, calcium and iodine, as well as appetite discouragers and indigestion relief.

These health foods are used at the spa, of course, and boxes of oranges, apples, grapes, tangerines, apricots, peaches and other fruits in season are kept available on the sundeck for between-meal snacks for guests. The cafeteria averages 15 fresh fruits and vegetables the year around, most of which are organically grown. Ice cream is homemade and other desserts are made from 100% stone ground whole grain. Freshly extracted, organically grown carrot juice is offered daily at 3:00 P.M., while peppermint-flavored herb tea is available for guests at 8:30 P.M. The sum of these adds up to the favorite theme of the Springers, "Your body is the sum total of what you have eaten."

Good fellowship, the third product, starts at 7:30 A.M. when gospel music suddenly floats over the springs from high on the mountain. Then there are mineral baths and mud baths offered at 9:00, as well as three swimming pools kept at 72, 85 and 102 degrees respectively. Rowing machines, vibrator tables, stationary cycles and what is claimed as the only President Cal Coolidge Electric Horse existent contribute to the healthful activities. There are also facilities for shuffleboard, badminton, horseshoe throwing or fishing and frog gigging in "Lake" Tuendae. An 18-hole golf course is in the planning stage. At night there are movies and lectures to attend.

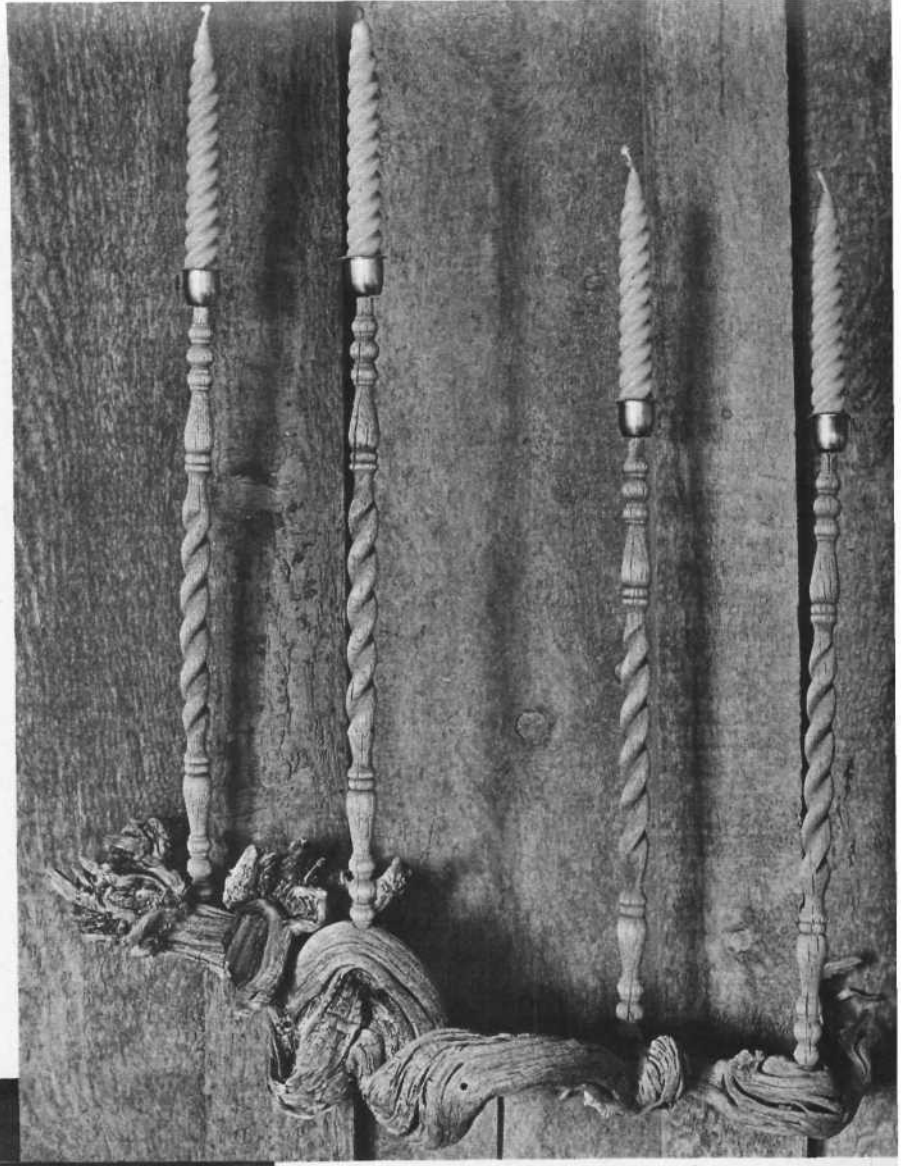
All this "good life" has a drawback, however. The spa has now, and has had for some time back, all the guests it can accommodate—about 130. This has come about through radio messages sent all over the country for the Basic Food Products.

As we left Zzyzx, we met a car parked on the road. A pair of puzzled tourists looked doubtfully down the deserted desert path. They were from South Dakota, where they had heard radio advertising for the resort on their local station. When we assured them that there really was a Zzyzx, in spite of the lack of road and map mention, they proceeded on their way — one more pioneering couple searching into the unknown! □

Desert Junk Art

by Florine Lawlor

photos by Joe Buck



ONE crisp, clear fall morning in Southern Nevada we, along with our husbands and children, started on a most curious Sunday outing. Dressed for hiking and equipped with gunny- sacks and shovels, we were off on a search for junk, or, if you will, trash.

We had selected an obsolete dumping area near an abandoned mining community. The road wound through sage brush, up small hills and into a valley. As we approached our goal, we saw windows lighted by the rising sun and hoped the empty old houses were not mocking us with a false welcome.

To the casual observer, the only thing visible at the site we chose was a pile of rusted cans and a myriad of broken glass. All in all, it was not an enchanting sight, unless you are able to visualize the treasures you may uncover. By carefully examining the debris that covered the ground, we recovered scraps of unusual metal, colorful bits of glass, bleached pieces of wood—all of which we dropped into gunny-sacks. No doubt many layers

of trivia could be found if one excavated several feet.

Our digging unearthed a rusted pick, an antiquated door handle, the curved leg of a cast iron stove, a primitive axe, numerous small railroad spikes, some early vintage buttons and several unbroken medicine bottles purpled by long years in the sun. In one of these bottles the small skeleton of a lizard lay intact.

Evidence of family life was found in a toy wagon filled with the remnants of a doll and broken tea set, but the find of the day was a hand-painted porcelain cup.

Stretching our legs and backs for a spell, we wandered through the weather-beaten houses. Sagging floors creaked and groaned and pack rats squeaked a protest at our invasion of their privacy. On a porch stood a chair, somewhat protected from the elements. The wood was bleached grey from sun, yet the delicately spindled rungs were still intact. Later, those silvery rungs made a beautiful candelabrum.

Our day ended as it had begun, with the sunset lighting the windows of the vacant houses, but the search for treasure was just the start. The end result may be seen in the accompanying photographs.□

The Rock House Mystery in Anza-Borrego

by Wilson G. Turner

A SIMPLE notation reading "Rock House ruins" on the Government Quadrangle of Clark Lake, N. E., in San Diego County, excited our imaginations. Visions of antiquity flooded our collective thoughts. However, inquiries were met with diverse answers. Some told us these ruins were built by the Santa Rosa Indians; some said the rock houses were built by pioneer cattlemen; others indicated there were additional unrecorded rock houses in the canyon. Faced with this collection of conflicting answers, we decided to institute a 4-wheel drive exploration of the rock house ruins. Luckily, we tossed in some hiking boots. It turned out to be back-pack or horse country.

After camping overnight at the Borrego Springs Camp Grounds in the Anza-Borrego State Park, we headed out Palm

Above: Rock house A. Below: Rock house B with the paradoxical fireplace on its south wall.

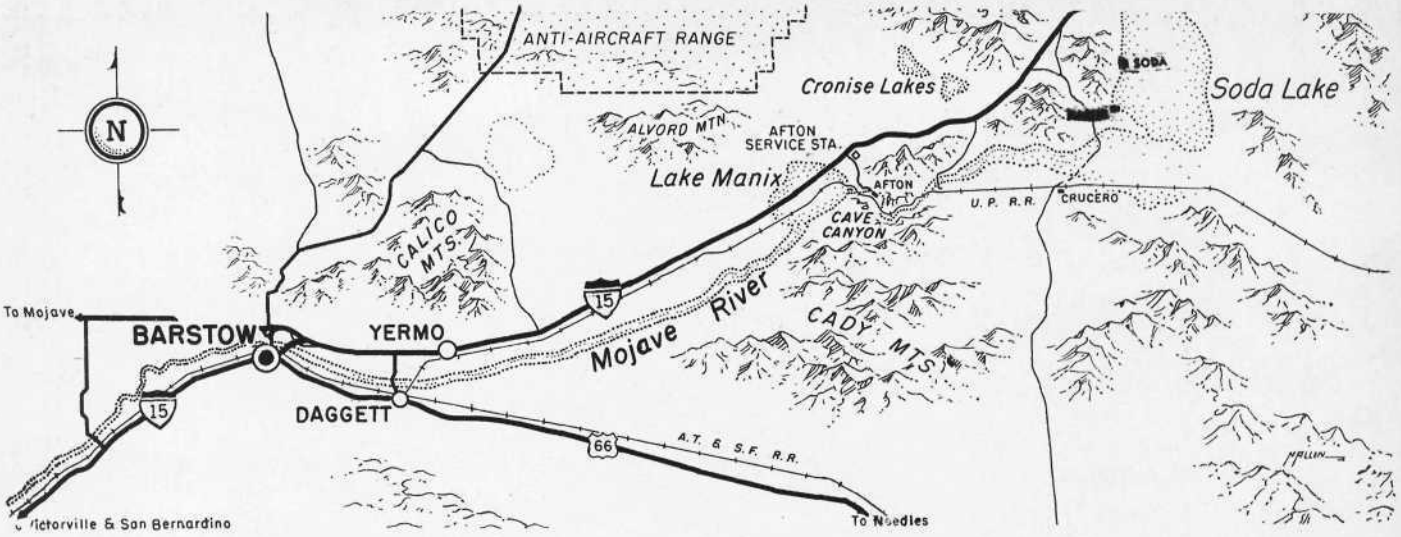
Canyon Drive early in the morning toward the Pegleg Smith Historical Marker. From there we drove east for approximately one-half mile to a dirt road that headed north around Coyote Mountain and across Clark Dry Lake. Here the University of Maryland has set up a radio telescope, a fantastic mixture of wires, girders and two-by-fours. Continuing up the Rock House Jeep Trail, we managed to navigate a half mile beyond Hidden Springs, but that was it. Rocks and boulders of gigantic girth blocked further progress.

From there, we set off on foot, heading up the canyon. It was beautiful and wild. The trail meanders gently for a mile, then the shallow canyon turns abruptly to the left. To the right of it is a high retaining wall, beautifully constructed of river rock. Over 10 feet high and extending for 80 feet along the wash, it is so perfect that it is hard to believe it was constructed by the wiles of nature rather than by man. Large trunks of pinon driftwood have been trapped by it, having tumbled from the Santa Rosa Mountains six to 10 miles away and been deposited during storms.

As the walls of thecanyon grew sheer, its floor became steeper and sandier, making it difficult to walk. After a mile and a half of laborious hiking, the canyon opened to a large flat area. Half a mile ahead are a few outcroppings of granite schists scattered through the wide wash. It was here that we came upon our first showing of Indian potsherds. From here, marked with an x on our map, we walked east about 100 yards right into the rock houses. The remains of the walls of house A average about two feet high with a floor surface approximately 18' x 24'. The walls are built of sandstone and granite shist. There appear to be no entrances cut through the walls at this level. House B is only one or two rocks high and approximately 10 feet square. It has an opening on the east side. A unique feature is a "tail" or wall extending perpendicular to the west wall. Houses C and D are similar, but with no apparent entrances.

House D is the best preserved of all, but the most enigmatic because, of all things, it has the remains of a fireplace. To our knowledge, no Indian ever built a fireplace. Three of the walls were about four feet high. The fourth is broken down to one foot in places. The fireplace and an entrance are on the south wall. The ground around the entire area is covered with Indian potsherds. We even found a small bead, possibly of Russian origin and used in trade. Across the area another two miles is a seep spring at the base of the mountains where petroglyphs have been reported—another indication that the ruins represent an early Indian village. But why, if such is the case, did they locate in such a formidable area? The pinon tree, supplier of their staple diet, lies at a considerable and difficult distance. The idea of rock houses for early Indian living shelters seems too remote for authenticity.

After our return home, we learned that there are more rock houses near Seep Springs. The next trip into Rockhouse Canyon will have to be overnight, in order to investigate this new and even more tantalizing information. □



The Lost Missouri Mine

by Ray S. Caldwell

NOTHING will fire a mining prospector closer to the limits of human endurance than the sight of raw gold in its native matrix. I know, because I've been there—almost within the grasp of unbelievable riches. And the gold is still there—on a small knoll, in a small valley, high in the Cady Mountains of the Central Mojave Desert in California.

I am a prospector and miner. Right now I am sinking a prospect shaft on a new silver discovery in the Calico Mountains. From the cabin on my claim, I can see the Cady Range, the harbor of perhaps the richest cache of native gold ever known to man. Why am I not there? Twelve years of almost being there, of rugged hardships, and of risking my neck almost once too often has caused me to back off for awhile. So I am content to work my silver vein, regroup and take stock, before again tackling my golden dream—The Lost Missouri Mine.

Whether I get there or not, I owe it to the few remaining real men of our time to tell my story. If someone gets there first—so what! Maybe the $100 per ton ore I am pulling from my silver prospect will be worth $300 a ton by that time, so I could care less. I want the Lost Missouri found! It has become a burning obsession and for 12 years it is the only thing that has been on my mind. When it's found, I'll sleep well.

My affair with the Lost Missouri started in 1956 when I ran across an old timer named "Missouri" Williams, a prospector of the old school who was ekeing out a meager existence from a low-grade placer gold claim in the Panamint mountains of Death Valley. When he invited me to pitch camp with him, I was glad. I thought I'd do a little prospecting near where he was finding his gold colors and maybe locate the source of the gold in the vein.

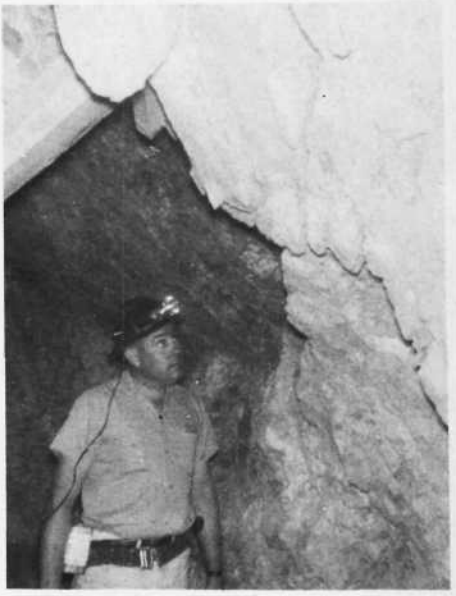
As the days passed, our friendship grew. The old man had made a few good discoveries. One of the richest, he said, he had lost in a crap game in the mining town of Mojave back in 1933. On another evening, while we waited for the spuds to fry, he rambled on as usual about his early years "... and it'll go $350,000 a ton if it will go a nickle," he said.

"What will go $350,000.00 a ton," I asked.

He handed me a rock about the size of a man's fist. It was as heavy as a hunk of lead and although black, was translucent. You didn't need a magnifying glass to see the large wads and stringer of yellow metal under its surface. My heart pounded with excitement.

Missouri had made the discovery when he was about 15 years old and living with an uncle who worked on the railroad in Yermo. To make some money he had accompanied a visiting artist from Los Angeles who had come to the desert to paint and needed a guide.

With enough grub to last eight days and enough water to get them to Afton Canyon, where the Mojave River comes to the surface, Missouri and the artist set off toward a place among the ridges of Mount Afton where Missouri had been



The author on the 200-foot level of his silver prospect in the Calicos.

with his uncle and considered one of the most beautiful parts of the desert.

After about four hours of climbing from their first night's camp at the water hole in Afton Canyon, they came to a little valley surrounded by high peaks. It was a beautiful spot with every kind of desert scene — drifting sand against the slopes of the peaks and hills with rainbow colors cascading up to Mount Afton which stood tall to the north. Missouri hobbled the mules and set up camp.

After the painter had been sketching for several days, Missouri grew tired of doing nothing and started to collect pretty rocks. He couldn't have been more than

30 minutes from camp when he walked up a slope littered with shiny black rocks like the specimen he showed me.

Believing the stuff was obsidian Apache tears, he gathered up all he could carry in his pockets and went back to camp where he put them in his saddle bags and forgot them until he returned home and put them in a box in his dresser drawer. Although in those days there was a lot of mining activity around Yermo, Missouri himself didn't know one rock from another until he got a job as a mucker in one of the Calico silver mines about four years later. Because the mine owners paid a $10 a ton bonus for any ore worth more than $100 a ton that was brought to the surface, Missouri finally learned to recognize good ore when we found it.

This reminded him of the heavy pieces of obsidian he had picked up as a kid. One day he took a small sample to work and showed it to the shift foreman. The foreman said, "If that ain't a hunk of brass with obsidian that somebody has melted around it, I'll eat it," and tossed the sample aside without a second thought. Missouri then took it over to the mine assay office and asked an old boozer named Charlie if he could identify it.

The next day, when the assayer fired the furnace and tested it, he was so excited he left his shop and climbed right down the ladder to the 200 foot level where Missouri worked. The assay ran $352,626 to the ton gold and $2500 silver — numbers Missouri will never forget!

Still not totally convinced, Missouri then took four thumb-sized pieces to a good San Bernardino assayer. Here the samples proved so rich in metal they wouldn't crush up when the assayer tried to powder them and the stuff assayed almost pure gold. That was almost 50 years ago and it was then Missouri turned prospector.

"And you're still prospecting," I interrupted, "working this pauper placer?"

"But you see, Podner, I could never find that damned hill where I got the stuff," he sighed. "After 40 years on and off looking, I gave up. Maybe it was just my imagination—or maybe it just ain't my lot to be rich."

"Imagination nothing," I said, "what do you call this I have in my hand?"

It was very late that night before we curled up in our sleeping bags because before we turned in, I had to convince the old man he should try again—this time with me as a pardner. With his equipment, he didn't stand a chance, but with his knowledge of the location and my knowledge of geology and equipment for modern prospecting, we couldn't miss! Here I was, talking to the man who had actually made the discovery and held a sample of the richest, strangest damned gold ore I had ever seen. Lady Luck smiled all over the place.

We broke camp early the next morning, loaded up my faithful old jeep truck, and I headed down Panamint Valley toward Barstow for supplies and detailed topographic and geological maps of the Cady mountains area. However, to my surprise, the Cady Mountains had never been mapped geologically. This was a handicap of serious proportions and probably the major reason for our eventual failure.

I wanted, as much as possible, to duplicate the route Missouri and the painter had taken, so off we went, out of Barstow on the modern highway that leads east toward Afton Canyon. A dirt road led from the highway for about six miles down to the old railroad watering station called Afton Siding. The Mojave River truly comes to the surface there. After flowing completely underground from its source in the high country near San Bernardino, it is forced to the surface in this one spot because of the shallow, tilted basement rock that protrudes right up through the sandy river bottom.

At the end of the road a dim jeep trail disappeared into greenish swamp-like waters. I slipped the jeep into four wheel drive and cautiously proceeded. When we were about half-way across, the wheels started to spin. It wasn't the way we had planned it, but Missouri and I camped that night on the truck's hood and the top of the cab.

By the following morning the water had risen two feet, so we decided to hike out while we could.

Part of Missouri's lost valley in the Cady Mountains.

The trek up the canyon with our heavy packs was anything but easy. We camped at a place where a natural tank had held water before a landslide had wiped it out. On the next morning, about four hours from the camp, we reached a ridge of steep peaks. "Right over those peaks is the little valley full of small hills," Missouri said. "That's where I found that damned gold."

After another hour I looked down from a saddle near the top of one of the peaks into Missouri's lost valley. It was just as he had described it—bowl-shaped, filled with small eroded hills, and completely surrounded with rugged peaks. I judged its diameter to be about four miles.

We rested, then headed down the steep rocky slope to the valley floor. Only a preliminary survey could be made this trip, the detailed search would have to wait until we could bring the jeep up with our supplies. The first thing I noticed was that all the small hills in the valley were about the same size, about 20-feet tall and hardly any over about 100-feet in diameter. Hard rock, mostly rhyolite, outcropped occasionally, an excellent sign that obsidian might be in the area. From studying a few rounded float rocks, I knew we were in the basin of an ancient drainage system. Could this be a part of that huge Tertiary river that geologists believe once cut through the central Mojave Desert from Death Valley to the Gulf of California? If so, the source of Missouri's gold could be placer.

It was almost dark when we returned to our truck in the river. Fortunately, the water was down well below its axles. Mith a bottle of carbon tetrachloride I carry for such emergencies, I doused the spark plugs, distributor, and wiring. The stuff does wonders in drying out a water logged engine. By anchoring our winch cable to a clump of reeds we freed the car and headed toward the comforts of civilization.

Missouri never made another trip with me, or anyone else. He said he just couldn't take it anymore. So we made an agreement. If ever I were successful in finding the gold, Missouri would get a fair share.

How did Missouri's gold occur? I believe I have the answer. Most geologists believe that at one time, many millions of years ago, a huge drainage system extended from Death Valley to the Gulf of California. To take a look at the desert today it is hard to imagine that it was once cut with a large, flowing river with many tributaries. Geologists point out that this could be the only possible explanation for the almost complete removal of soil in the vast Mojave Desert. It was simply carried away via the drainage system during a period of vulcanism and mountain building.

If this is true then the river system must have contained placer gold; gold that was eroded from lode deposits all across the area that is now the Mojave Desert. If placer gold did occur in this river and later volcanic activity covered it, should it not be possible then for some of the yellow metal to be entwined with extrusive rocks?

I tested this theory in the laboratory. Rhyolite has exactly the same composition as obsidian, the only difference being that obsidian cooled quickly and formed into a natural, translucent black glass while rhyolite cooled slower and formed into common extrusive rock. After pulverizing a hunk of rhyolite from Missouri's valley, I melted it in an assay furnace. I then pulled the crucible from the furnace and before the sample had a chance to solidify, poured about a half-ounce of placer gold dust into the melt. When it had cooled completely I had a nice hunk of obsidian. What caused this? The gold had extracted heat from the melt and caused it to cool faster than normal.

I have theorized that thunderstorms in the Cadys might have washed the loose sand cover away to expose the gold, when Missouri found it as a boy. After that, winds and rains covered it again. It's there and it can be found.

Missouri returned to Death Valley and vanished. No one has seen nor heard from him for over 10 years. No doubt his tired old bones lie bleaching somewhere in the vastness of the great American desert. Several years ago, huddled alone around my campfire, I thought of old Missouri and wrote a verse:

Let it never be said,
That the Sourdough is dead,
Only the skeptics have bid him farewell.
Rewards from the mine
Are but a matter of time,
But the earth weeps from the sweat of his toil.
It's down in the dark
Where a miner makes his mark
Where adventure and fortune are waiting.
Treasures of the deep
Are fast asleep
Waiting for him to awaken them. □

The Big Sand Pile

by Louise Price Bell

MOTORISTS who roll comfortably over U.S. Highway 80 when going either to or from California through Yuma, Arizona, have no idea of what the sandy area west of that city, on the California side, was like back in the early 1900s.

Until 1912, this area was a mammoth sand-pile with the sand shifting and blowing most of the time. Naturally, this produced a barrier to travel and even the intrepid '49er passed up the dangers of attempting to cross it. They were positive—and rightly so—that they would get lost, or perhaps die of thirst. There were no landmarks by which travelers could be guided, so they either went overland through Old Mexico, or by boat down the Colorado River, then the Gulf of California, then up the Pacific Coast. Many a wagon train that attempted to cross the Yuma Sand Hills was lost in the ever-moving sands.

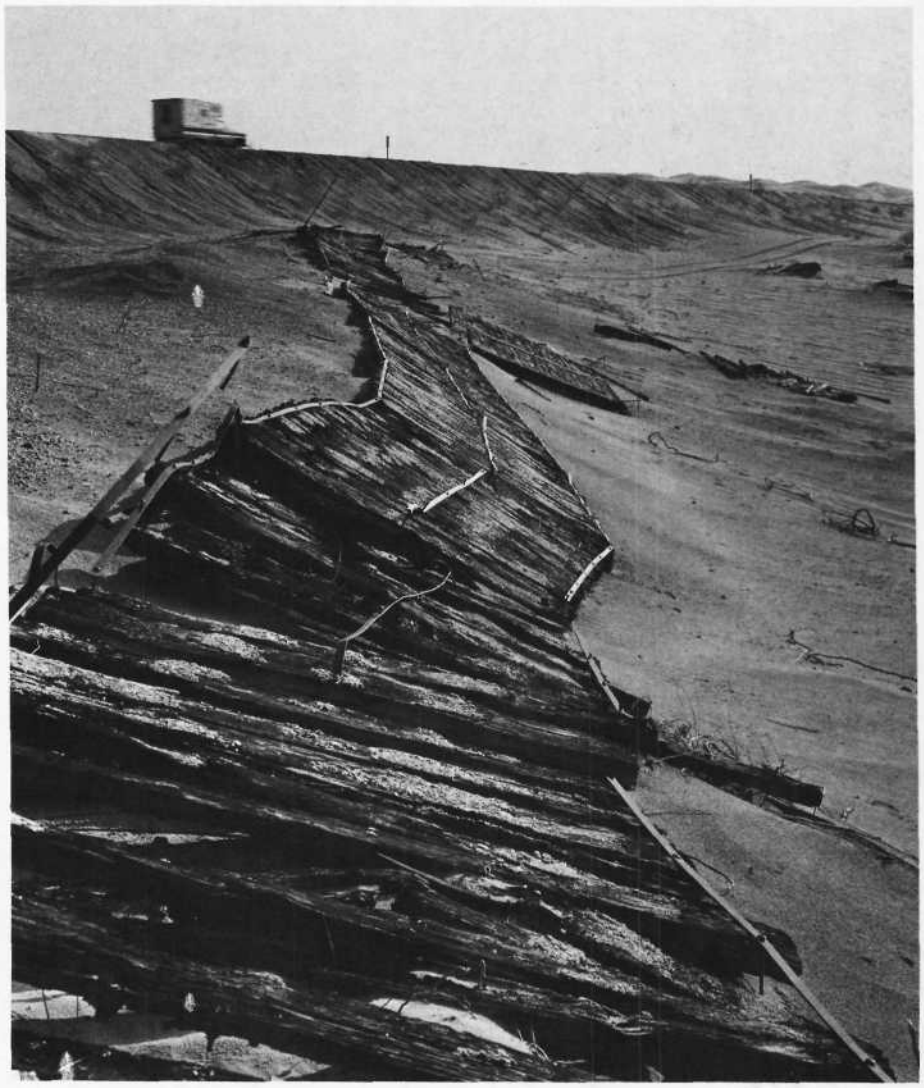
The first attempt to help motorists get from one state to the other, and to attract more Easterners to the West coast, occurred in 1912, when some California business men got the idea for—and built—a crude plank road. It was made up of 12-inch planks, parallel to each other and connected by crossboards. Sand often covered portions of it, however, so travelers had to get out, pull sections of the plank road from under the sand and replace them in line with the part they were on. This was bad enough in winter, but when temperatures soared over 120 in summer, trouble was unbearable.

The freeway artery has replaced the old plank road that still survives among the dunes near Yuma.

This story would be difficult to believe if today's motorists couldn't see remnants of the old plank road as they zip along the beautiful highway which now crosses the sandy region. Sometimes these portions of the plank road are very near the highway, at other times they are piled high on a dune, particularly if there has been a recent wind storm.

When a highway bridge was built across the Colorado River in 1915, motor travel became heavier. It was then obvious that the "plank road ferry" would have to be replaced with something more substantial. Iron bars had been added to hold the road in place, but they didn't do the job. So in 1925 a 20-foot-wide asphalt concrete highway came into being. This is the artery over which we drive today. It was far from easy to construct because trucks sank into the sand. To avoid this, planks had to be laid crosswise to support them so they could truck the concrete to the construction area.

Careful engineering went into this road. It was built on an embankment over the tops of the dunes where an increased velocity of wind over the smooth highway keeps it reasonably clear most of the time. Sometimes the sand which has drifted across the road reminds one of snow drifts back East. A wise motorist will slow up for these spots. Besides, if he goes too fast he might miss seeing portions of the old plank road—a fading reminder of the way his great-grandfather would have had to make the same trip! □



Land of Güle Güle

by Choral Pepper

Editor of Desert Magazine

Drawing by William H. Barlett — ISTANBUL Early 19 th Century — Reproduced by TURKISH AIRLINES

DESERT isn't the kind of country you can take or leave alone. You love it, or you hate it; there's no in-between. I can't speak for those who come to it seeking renewed health, or for city dwellers escaping smog and fog, or for those who are attracted by its casual social life.

For me, the allure is its natural lack of clutter—its long, clean strips of sand stretching between clumps of greasewood, its undulating sand dunes interspersed with patches of hard, sun-varnished rock. I like the idea that you never know what's coming next—what history lies hidden in an isolated miner's shack, what prehistoric tribes pecked mysterious markings in canyon walls. There is something blatantly honest about this landscape where nature stands out strong and clear —like a person who says what he means and whose acts are his acts and he goes with them. Desert flora is like those persons—probably nothing in the world is less hypocritical than a cactus.

I have thought these thoughts on our American Southwest deserts. Now I thought them as we drove through the desert land that skirts the Aegean Sea. Along with other representatives of the Society of American Travel Writers, I was touring Turkey as a guest of that country's Ministry of Tourism.

You needn't speak Turkish to understand the Turkey desert, but a background in its history adds to the excitement. Actually, the Turks were nomadic horsemen, something like our own Navajos, and didn't migrate to Turkey from central Asia until the 11th century A.D. Most of the ruins you find there were left by predecessors of the Turks—the Hittites, Greeks, Romans and Byzantines. An easy way to identify what is Turkish and what is something else is by decorative motifs. It is blasphemous for a Moslem to compete with God by recreating living forms, so those statuary, carvings and decorative paintings depicting living subjects are generally of Greek or Roman origin.

Your arrival in Turkey, if traveling by air, will be in Istanbul, the exotic Constantinople of old, the romantic city that straddles two continents divided by the Bosporus, a short inlet known also as the Golden Horn. No matter where you have been in this magnificent world, Istanbul will not leave you unmoved. Its bubble-topped mosques with slender minarets piercing the sky; its ancient Roman aqueducts overhanging city streets; its 20-acre covered bazaar where merchants hawk jewels fit for a Sultan or, surreptitiously, rare Hittite artifacts; its smart, modern hotels that, somehow, don't destroy the illusion—all these contribute to Istanbul's uniqueness.

But what is most paradoxical is that in describing Istanbul, you find that the physical aspects of the city itself have more impact than its people. Paris is beautiful, but it is the style of the French that makes it so. Rome is rich with romance, but after you've seen the coliseum, you find yourself fascinated with the volatile Italians. In Mexico, it is the culture of the people that intrigues you. This sort of thing is not true of Istanbul. Here it is the *muezzin's* call to prayer from a minaret; the monotonous beat of the ever-present music, so discordant to our ears; the smell of leather and spices, the glimmer of brass through dark doorways, the strange calligraphy on signs and posters, the grandeur of slender spires and bulbous domes silhouetted against the sky.

I had always imagined the Turk as charging through the night with black eyes flashing and a knife between his teeth. To my surprise, many of them are blonde and the only knives evident were a pair of stunning jeweled and sheathed ones in the bazaar which I purchased to use for letter openers. So harmoniously does the modern Turk meld into his environment that he could easily be a reincarnate of the population ruled by Emperor Constantine who named the city in 330 A.D. Possibly this is because Istanbul is the oldest metropolis in the world and the polyglot of dominant influences that fused to give it character is more representative of *people* that any single era of people is of itself.

Even in today's relatively deserted areas, this polyglot of influence is evident. Our first approach to the Turkish desert came after we sailed from Istanbul and passed through the Dardanelles into the Aegean Sea. Here is where Xerxes, the King of Persia, built a bridge of boats over the Hellespont when he marched against Greece. Here, too, along the coast, lies Troy, the famed site of the Odyssey's Trojan wars which an amateur archeologist, Schliemann, rescued from the realm of legend by digging up the evidence. A little further south, and overnight by boat from Istanbul, we docked at glamorous Izmir, the ancient Smyrna which dates from the 12th century B.C.

I was excited after we had left the city environs by bus and, for the first time, I saw a camel caravan laden with burlap bags bulging with heaven-knows-what and led by a cameleer who rode, of all things, a burro. We were to see other of these caravans, but modern vehicles for freighting have almost rendered them extinct. Nevertheless, there is something timeless in the sight of them plodding

across the lonely land—like a montage of yesterday superimposed upon a print of today. I was reminded of Hi Jolly, the Arab cameleer who brought camels for the U.S. Army to our deserts in the Southwest and whose grave at Quartzsite is now honored with an Arizona State marker. No doubt a similar epitaph will someday pay tribute to the last of the Asia Minor cameleers.

Other scenes reminded me of our deserts at home, and yet in Turkey there is no mistake about where you are. Cotton grows along the Aegean Sea, but the plants are shorter and stalkier than ours and it is women wearing baggy, paisley-printed cotton trousers with their heads and faces protected from the sun by white veils who are picking the bolls or caring for the animals. Every so often I noticed adobe ovens in the fields, like the ones used by our Hopi Indians, and I wondered if the Turks make that distinctive kind of bread made by the Hopis. Figs and melons, so beautiful you can taste of them just by looking, are sold in stalls along the streets of every country village. In the most desolate places an American can eat well if he does his own shopping and sticks to a healthy diet.

Rice is the staple for Turkish cuisine. They cook it with pine nuts and juicy raisins for a special pilaff. For other dishes they stuff tomatoes or green peppers with it, or roll it with herbs into little grape leaf packages and cook it in a pot of lamb broth. Gourmets list only three basic cuisines in the world—French, Chinese, and Turkish, but nowhere will you be served more dramatically than in Turkey, nor at a lower price. We were especially impressed with the tomato juice we ordered—fresh tomatoes put through a blender only moments before and seasoned with something wonderful we never did identify. Nothing out of a can ever tasted like that!

The show begins, however, when swordfish, sturgeon or lamb appears on flaming skewers. These skewers, made of brass with a wide choice of decorative handles, are a tourist treasure. Rather than round like the ones sold in our hardware stores, these are flat and when you turn them over, the hunks of meat and vegetables turn with them.

We envied those we passed traveling leisurely through the Turkish countryside by private auto. It would have been fun to spend more time in villages where friendly Turks sit in street cafes listening to recordings of their strange music while they smoke waterpipes and pour tea from the spigots of brass samovars.

The terrain varies, as it does in our own Southwest, changing from boulder-strewn, brown hill country spotted with silvery olive trees to palm oases amid endless stretches of colorless, rocky land. A great river, like our Colorado, irrigates areas of desert where modern farming methods intermingle with oxen-powered equipment, but whatever skills the Turks might lack, their native skill in horse-breeding has never diminished. Alongside even the most meagre of grass-roofed dwellings, superb-looking horses graze in the fields.

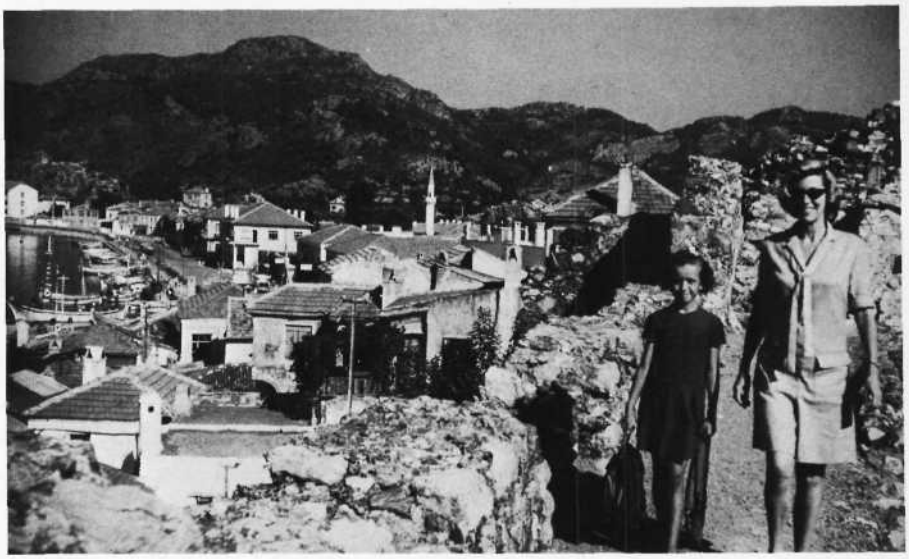
Fresh water, of course, is the eternal problem. In the 14th century an architect won a Sultan's daughter at Pergamum by designing an aqueduct to carry water from a river at the foot of the ancient acropolis up to the city on top of the mountain. Portions of the aqueduct still lie among the ruins; and legends of penalties imposed upon those persons who dared to throw waste into the water supply make your hair curl.

The air here is dry and the winter sun is warm. I sat on the rocky ledge of a cliff to rest. "Over there was a theatre with 15,000 seats," a guide's voice droned on. "The marble columns on your left are all that remain of the great library." I expected him next to say . . . "and to the right is Boot Hill—a mute testimony to the Old West's bawdy ways," as our ghost-town writers and travel commentators are so fond of saying. But my mind popped back to Turkey when he explained that this ancient city was where the Romans invented paper after the Egyptians, jealous of their great library, withheld papyrus, the plant native to the Nile region which was then used for written records. It is from the Roman word for "parchment" that the city of Pergamum, once the capital of the East Roman provinces, derived its name.

"Social consciousness" has waxed and waned mightily during Turkey's tempestuous history. A dubious kind was displayed by the illustrious Sultans who employed a servant for public processions to bobble an extra royal turban up and down on a cushion to save the sultan the trouble of acknowledging applause from his subjects. Today, of course, all that is past and Turkey is a progressive western democracy intent upon maintaining good relations with the United States and its European neighbors.

The Greeks and Romans who were there first set the scene for some unusual ethical practices which, in a few places, persist today. At Aesculapium, a famous fifth century B.C. hospital near Pergamum, speech was restored to mutes, sight to the blind and health given to countless others all by methods of suggestion, dreams, sun and water baths, games and herbal treatments. Fortunately for the members of the medical profession who practiced there, prospective patients were thoroughly examined outside of the gates and were not permitted entrance into the hospital unless it was certain they could be cured. Unbeknown to the lucky patients admitted was an ingenious "bugging" device that transmitted their voices through concealed ceramic pipes from their living quarters to various listening stations where the doctors could hear what was being said in the privacy of a patient's room.

Another interesting feature of this sanitarium was its magic water from a special well. If a person wanted a mate, he could obtain one by drinking of this



DESERT's editor wins a new friend in Alanya, a Mediterranean port loaded with atmosphere, history and friendliness.

water; if he wanted to get rid of one, it would take care of that, too. Aesculapium was sort of a Reno of the Roman Empire —and, as our photo shows, this is still a very popular well!

At Ephesus (Efes on some American maps) we learned of other remarkable ways to cure ills and render heart's desires. If a person suffering with lung trouble inhales the dust in the air from a hole in the foundation of a ruin believed to be the tomb of St. John, he will be cured. Not having lung trouble, we didn't try that one, but we did stick our finger into a hole that has been worn entirely through a heavy stone slab by hundreds of centuries of fingers. And then, according to custom, we wished. It is almost guaranteed that the wish will come true, although I was less convinced about this one than I was about a similar wish-granting phenomenon at St. Sophia in Istanbul.

This most marvellous church of the world dates back to the year 325 when Constantine the Great raised its first basilica; later it passed through conversions to a Byzantine church and then, lastly, an Ottoman Mosque. In this great building is a marble column known as St. George's Column which has a deep, finger-sized hole in its side. What St. George has to do with it, I do not know, but I was assured by a brilliant and beautiful blonde Turkish lady attorney that if I inserted my finger in this hole and made a wish, there was no doubt whatsoever that it would come true. I'll have to report on the results of that at a later date.

Ephesus, the ruin with St. John's lung cure, is an archeological marvel with a lively past. Here the many-bosomed virgin goddess Artemis ruled the earth—and rather well, too, since the city was sacked by the Cimmerians of Asia Minor in the 7th century and again beseiged by Croesus a century later, only to arise greater and stronger than ever, and still loyal to Artemis. She met her match, however, when St. Paul arrived with the Roman Christians and held a mass book-burning fete in order to destroy the population's adiction to occult arts, as practiced by the Artemis cult. Final demise followed sometime after 431 A.D. when the splendid Ionic city was moved to a higher location because of a malaria epidemic. Its ruins then served as a rock quarry until a great river nearby jumped its banks, as the Colorado was so prone to do before all the dams, and created a lost city buried beneath deep layers of silt. It wasn't until 1899 that archeologists stumbled upon its ruins. Intermittently, excavations still continue.

In my opinion, and in that of most of the travel writers who accompanied our expedition, this is the greatest archeological site in the world. At others there are magnificent single excavations, such as amphitheatres, parthenons and temples, but here at Ephesus may be seen an entire city of beautiful wide streets, venders stalls, wine cellars, temples, a gymnasium, stadium, acropolis, church, magnificent gates, baths and even a graphic sign directing illiterate patrons to an elaborate brothel. As we walked along the cities' ancient streets, we could almost hear the chants of venders selling copper ware or peddling olive oil from huge pottery flasks. It was a beautiful city, cultured and refined. No wonder Alexander the Great "liberated" it from the Persians in 334 B.C.!

I had never before been in a "dead" city that felt so very alive. It is possible to become satiated with ruins in country as historically rich as this, but if you limit yourself to only one archeologically important site, let it be Ephesus.

There is an old saying in Turkey that is just as certain to come true as are the wishes you make at St. Sophia and Ephesus: Anyone who visits Turkey once will return seven times! This recent visit was my second, so I still have five to go. On the next one I want to spend more time in a resort town named Antalya which lies on the Mediterranean Sea. Near here the oldest shipwreck ever found (in 1959) yielded Bronze age relics buried under the sea for 33 centuries. And, at Sorgun beach not far to the south, I accidentally unearthed an ancient barnacle-encrusted pottery urn which had been trapped under the sand in shallow water. Antalya is the ancient city of Adalia and it is the most romantic of all the towns we visited. Horse-drawn carriages click-clack along its cobble-stone streets and there are tree-shaded, open-air coffee houses on almost every block. Offshore the deep marine blue of the Aegean meets the cerulean blue water of the Mediterranean and it is so clear that from a cliff high above the surf you can count shells a hundred feet below the surface of the water.

Within a comfortable drive to the south lies another picturesque village, Alanya. We were quite overcome with the friendliness of the natives in these Mediterranean ports. A little girl at Alanya guided us among chickens and other animal life roaming the steep, narrow streets up to a stalwart fortress ruin built by the Seljuk-Turks in the 13th century. When I attempted to give her a coin for her trouble, she felt she hadn't done enough to earn it and insisted upon relieving me of the burden of my camera and handbag during the remainder of our visit.

In the rugged mountains inland from Alanya is found a breed of goat with an especially luxuriant coat. Rugs are woven of this hair and sold by the natives of

Turkish women wear brightly colored, baggy pants and veils around their heads to labor in the fields.

Aesculapium was a great hospital where patients were entered only when it was certain they could be cured.

Camel caravans are on the way out, but a few still carry supplies to isolated villages.

Alanya. They also market handbags made of camel skin, but the stitching is rather poor and the beautiful, long-haired, well-designed throw rugs are the best buy.

From here we traveled via boat, bus and Turkish airline en route to Ankara, the present capital city of Turkey. Because it was inaugurated as such by Kemal Ataturk who rescued Turkey from oriental despotism and reshaped it into a democracy following World War II, I was under an impression that Ankara would be a city of modern buildings with no atmosphere. I couldn't have been more mistaken. A number of its splendid structures are new, of course, but it has one of the finest native markets with the best bargains in copper and brass pots, trays, samovars, and enormous braziers to be found in Turkey. In spite of urban modernization, the citizens living on the hills and on the outskirts of town cling to their ancient customs. Babies are carried in back slings of brightly colored cotton and men and women alike wear the baggy Turkish pants. This is not done for tourists, as the Turkish guides are so impressed with the beautiful buildings and wide streets in the new parts of the city that tourists are steered there and often miss the exciting old part of Ankara.

Since my first trip to Istanbul eight years ago, only a few conspicuous changes have occurred. There are many more autos in the city now and the Turks haven't as yet mastered a plan to handle them. Crossing a street there may be the most dangerous act of your life.

The other change is one we can expect from progress, disillusioning as it may be. Five times each 24 hours a *muezzin* used to intone the Moslem call to prayer from a high platform on each minaret. As he walked slowly around its little gallery, his clear voice rang out to the four points of the compass at daybreak, at noon, afternoon, evening, after sunset and, lastly, at night. There was something wonderfully thrilling about this—except at daybreak when he sounded more like a murder victim shouting for help than a praying priest. But today, high on each minaret hangs a loud speaker. And down in its bowels is a tape recorder. Now when "the voice" awakened me at daybreak shouting, "Prayer is better than sleep," I felt like shouting back, "Turn that damned thing off!"

If you want to hear the call to prayer chanted as it should be, you will have to go to the back country where loyal *muezzin* still awaken at daybreak and climb the steps of their minarets to call to the faithful. Many a Moslem resents the tape recorder as much as I do.

Aside from metropolitan traffic, highways outside of city limits are free of traffic and easy to travel. A company called Kervansaray A.S. has established Mocamps (transit sites for campers and cars) which are spotless and equipped with tiled bathrooms, laundry facilities and kitchens and located convenient to places of interest within a normal day's travel. Vehicles for rent are available in the cities of Turkey or you can bring your own by freighter to any one of a number of exciting Aegean or Mediterranean ports. You can also travel the seas from either the West coast or the East coast of the United States on modern, fast-moving freighter lines that will deposit you at Turkish ports like Izmir, for instance, from where you can take sight-seeing buses or private touring cars to points inland, visit important archeological sites and interior villages, and then rejoin your ship at another port.

A third idea, and an attractive one, would be to purchase an automobile and camping equipment in southern Europe and drive to Turkey, then sell the car to another tourist through one of the agencies that makes a business of such transactions. You are free to camp just about anywhere on the Turkish countryside—on the clean, empty beaches of the blue Aegean Sea, among the isolated remains of Ionic columns that poke from the ground in surprising places, or on the outskirts of farming communities where veiled ladies wearing their colorful costumes trudge along the road beside burros laden with bales of cotton.

Or, you can take a luxurious cruise starting at Istanbul on the S.S. Ankara, like we did, and mix sight-seeing with lolling in the sun by the ship's pool and stuffing yourself like an American turkey with pinenuts, rice and other exotic foods. This I recommend to travelers on a time budget.

Like our own country, Turkey is anxious to share its cultural and scenic virtues and is currently subsidizing great improvements to accommodate tourism. The Turkish Government Tourism and Information office at 500 Fifth Avenue in New York City, 10036, can supply information in detail to those readers who are interested in visiting their country.

For our own part, we fully expect to visit Turkey five more times and, hopefully, more. The Turks have an expression which, like the Hawaiian's "Aloha," means both "hello" and "goodbye." It is *Gule, gule.* A free-spirited companion on the trip translated it literally as "Go laughing," but I rather imagine its true meaning is more like, "Go with joy in your heart." At any rate, that is the way I went, and that is the way I shall always return to wonderful Turkey. □

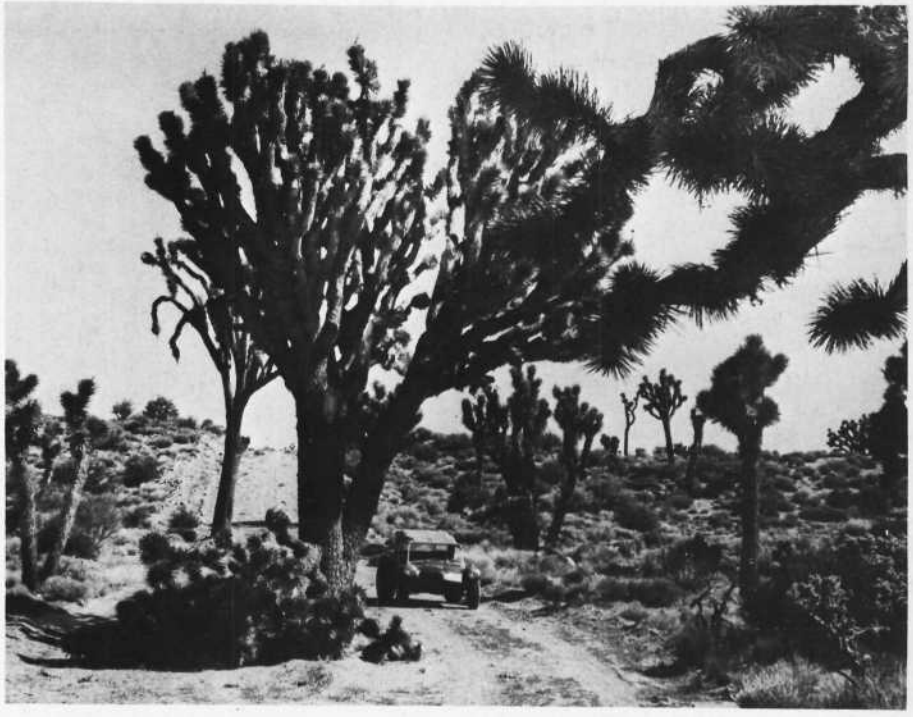
Peter Celliers of New York wishes at the wishing hole of Ephesus, worn through a stone slab by wishers.

These magic waters will get you a mate, or get you rid of one, whichever you desire. A line forms to the right.

Of all the great archeological sites in Turkey, Ephesus is the most exciting because here has been excavated one of the world's earliest cities in its entirety.

Head for PIONEER PASS

by Jack Pepper



A MYSTERIOUS Spanish smelter, a western frontier town, gold and silver mines and the largest Joshua Trees in the west can be found on the Pioner Pass road from Yucca Valley to Big Bear Lake.

This little known gravel road in California's San Bernardino County winds from a desert floor haunted with weird geological formations, up to a plateau to finally zig zag through a pine forest before it eventually ends at Baldwin Valley and Big Bear.

Although only 25 miles long it took me from sunrise to sunset to make the distance—not because the road is so rough, but rather, because of the fascinating places and things to see along it. There were just too many stops!

Not much has been written about the Pioneer—or Morongo Pass. It is not known when the trail was cut, but as early as 1875 cattlemen herded their cattle from the mountains down to the high desert and back during winter and summer seasons, according to Kendall Jones in an article in the Desert Journal in 1959.

Literally millions of dollars worth of beef were driven over the trail during that time, with one herd numbering 2500 head and spreading over four miles. At the Needles Eye in Rattlesnake Canyon the pass was so narrow that only one cow at a time could go through, which allowed the cowboys a chance to count the herd.

Today only a few cattle roam in the area, but there are good riding horses as Pioneertown, a replica of a western frontier outpost built as a movie set and still used by Hollywood good guys and bad guys.

Pioneertown is not a ghost town. It has a good corral, excellent riding areas, a restaurant and bar and several shops which may or may not be open, depending upon the mood of the owners. It also boasts a post office and post mistress. (See Desert, October, 1965). It is a fun stop before heading for Pioneer Pass.

Scenic country around Pioneertown is excellent for horseback riding.

A few miles north of Pioneertown the pavement turns into a good gravel road. As you progress northward the gravel road deteriorates. A good driver can travel as far as Rose Mine, although I suggest passenger car drivers not familiar with back country roads do not go too far. It is more comforting driving a vehicle with high clearance. I was in a Sand Chariot Ocelot with a Volkswagen engine and was able to scurry over the rough terrain, both on and off the road. This type vehicle, or a 4-wheel drive is necessary to explore the numerous off roads and washes.

Although there are many side roads along the main gravel road, there are signs at each turn showing the way to Big Bear. Watch for these and you won't get lost. A good county map, such as published by the Southern California Automobile Club or listed in Desert's classified pages, is more helpful and will show other places of interest such as Pipes Canyon, the location of an old onyx mine.

One off-road, which can be reached by passenger car, is at an intersection with a sign pointing to Mound and Viscera Springs. Approximately a half mile down this road you can see the largest Joshua trees in the west.

As you continue north, watch for the old tumbled down miners' stone houses and the mines which dot the landscape. There must be some beautiful bottles in those diggings, not to mention the gold, silver, tungsten, uranium, dolomite, lead and talc claims which have been worked during the past century.

Pioneer Pass

Continued from page 22

One large talc claim may be seen on the right just before you head down a hill into a wash and then up a grade which takes you to Rattlesnake Canyon and the mysterious Spanish smelter. There are many homesteads through this area and some of the old mining claims have been renewed, so respect the signs and privacy of the owners. There are plenty of non-posted areas to explore.

Just before reaching Rattlesnake Canyon there is a sharp turnoff on the left to an area where you can park your vehicle under some trees. A small road leads steeply down to the wash below . . . it's strictly a walking road. At the bottom go left down the wash for about a quarter of a mile and you'll find the old stone smelter, believed to have been worked as a lead smelter by the Spaniards. It's still in excellent condition, so please leave it that way.

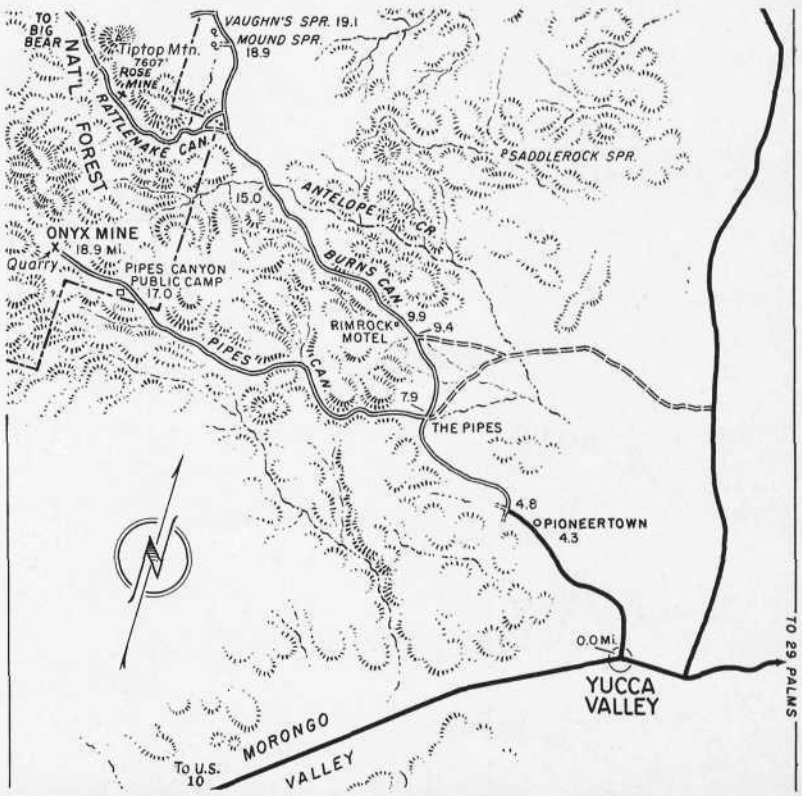
Across from the smelter is the ruins of a rock house. I believe this was built by a prospector long after the smelter. To prove my point, using a new Goldak Model 720 Commander metal detector, I found an 1866 Indian head penny near the ruins. And down the dry creek, which must be a raging torrent during the rainy season, I found numerous barrel staves and cans which I think date around the early 1900s. Although called Rattlesnake Canyon, don't be concerned. Old timers say they haven't seen a rattlesnake in the area for years. Nevertheless, it is better to be cautious than bitten!

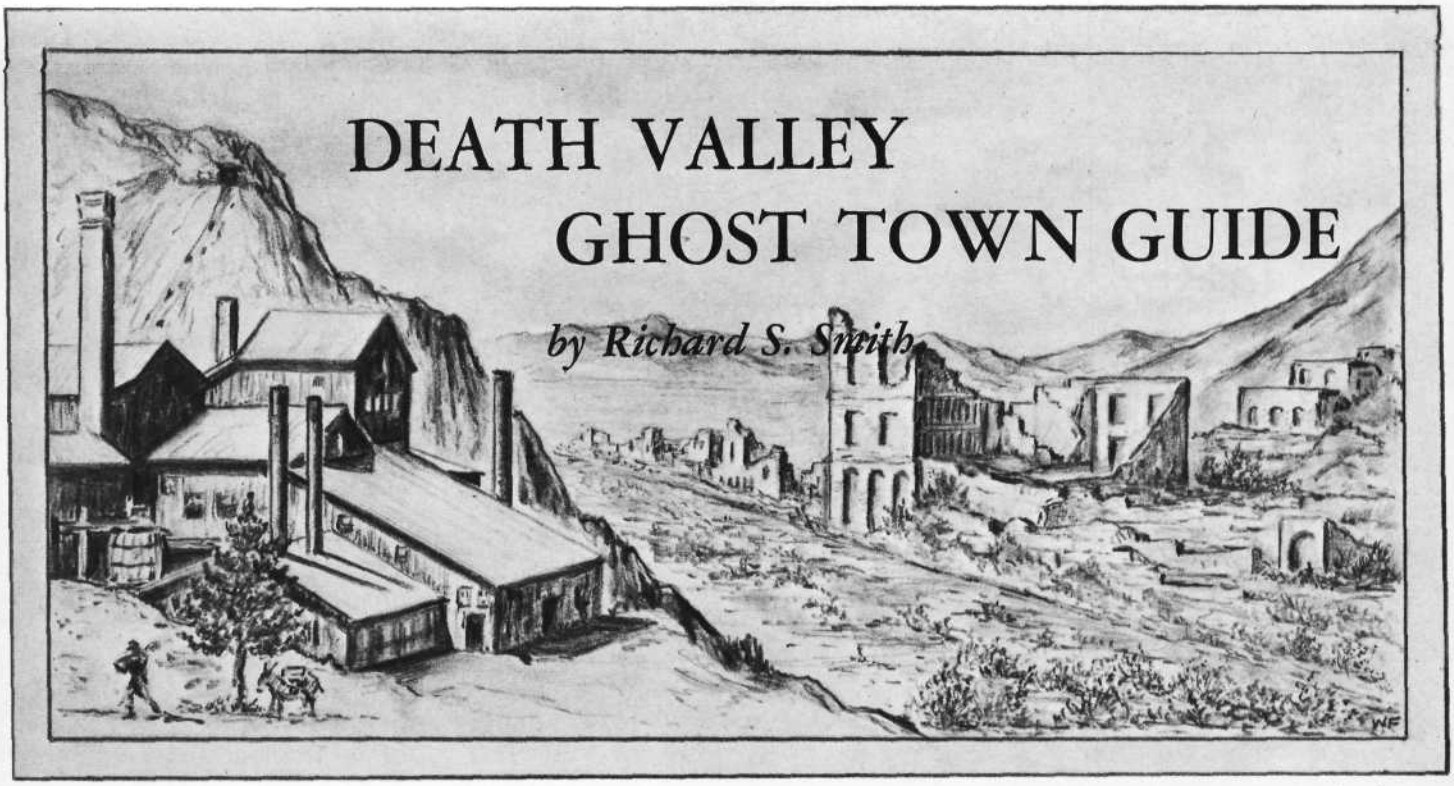
From here the gravel road leads up the side of a small mountain, through several plateaus to Rose Mine, once one of the largest producing gold mines in the San Bernardino Mountains. Discovered during the early 1880s and named for its outcroppings of rose quartz, the Rose Mine today consists of tumbled down buildings and caved-in mine shafts, but is great for photographs, especially in the early morning and late evening.

From the Rose Mine the road climbs steeply up rough roads into a pine forest, finally meeting the pavement at Baldwin Valley. It is strongly recommended that only 4-wheel drive vehicles, dune buggies or trucks attempt this last section of Pioneer Pass.

A Pioneer Loop Association has been formed recently to pave the Pioneer Pass road, but it will undoubtedly be years before this will happen. In the meantime, to taste the wilderness and have a great weekend outing, head for the Pioneer Pass! □

Wagons once used to haul gold ore down the Pass have been replaced by more modern transportation at Pioneertown. Below, left, using a Goldak metal detector the author found an 1866 Indian head penny. Right, stone structure believed to have been a Spanish lead smelter.





DEATH VALLEY GHOST TOWN GUIDE

by Richard S. Smith

OLD ghost towns and their weathered remains are found throughout California. These abandoned sites were established and deserted depending upon the amount and grade of ore available. Although their nebulous lives were brief, artifacts and ruins still remain.

Many of the most interesting ghost towns are found in the Death Valley region. The following list of 15 are found in this region of east-central California. Special care should be taken to insure that these irreplaceable remains are not damaged or destroyed. Once they are gone, they are lost forever.

BALLARAT — 1890 to 1898

Located in Inyo County, 23 miles north of Trona on the east side of Panamint Valley. Lying at the mouth of Pleasant Canyon on the base of the lofty Panamint Mountains, Ballarat was an important supply and recreation center for the region. Miners working at numerous mining sites throughout the Argus, Nelson, Slate, and Panamint mountain ranges utilized the services of Ballarat. Remnants of a few one-story houses and some mud walls are all that remain of a town which supported 4000 people. The famous Death Valley prospectors, "Shorty" Harris and "Seldom Seen" Slim, lived here at one time.

BENTON — 1865 to 1881

Located in Mono County, it can be reached by traveling 33 miles north of Bishop on Highway 6 and then 4 miles west on State Highway 120. This town boasted a population of 6000 at its height in 1879. Today only a few inhabitants remain, relying upon passing travelers for their livelihood, instead of mining.

Once a part of the mining boom in the early history of California, there are many interesting artifacts remaining. The present day general store and gas station are housed in what was once the office of Wells Fargo and at times host to many outlaws. The foundations here of an old brewery, mining structures, and homes, testify that a town did indeed exist. A unique feature of Benton is its hot water supply; this was the reason that this site was originally selected. Ever since man first inhabited the area, hot water without sulfurous odor has been available.

BODIE — 1861 to 1881

Located in Mono County, 18½ miles southeast of Bridgeport. Bodie may be reached via a good dirt road which connects with Highways 395 and 31. The road is rutted and dusty in places but usually passable for most cars. The road is closed during the winter months because of heavy snow. The town is an abandoned mining center where more than 13,000 people lived in 1876.

Due to its remoteness, it collected individuals needing the seclusion to hide from peace officers and bounty hunters. The town is considered to have been one of the wildest and toughest mining centers in the West, a distinction which is not unwarranted—for several months the town averaged 6 murders per week.

The buildings were ravaged by fire on three occasions being completely rebuilt after the first two fires. The buildings which survived the fire of 1932 and souvenir collectors can still be seen, although they represent but 5 percent of the town as it was at its peak. The area has, fortunately, been set aside as a State Park and is being protected from further damage. Bodie State Historic Park includes 170 original buildings and a well preserved "boot hill" on the hillside overlooking the town. One hundred million dollars in gold ore was produced here, high in the Sierra foothills overlooking Mono Lake.

CALICO — 1880 to 1896

Located in San Bernardino County, a paved road leaves Interstate 15 about 5 miles east of Barstow and runs north for 4 miles to Calico. During its height of activity, from 1881 to 1896, the mines of Calico produced over $86-million worth of high grade silver ore. The rich silver veins began to play out, and in 1895, when the price of silver dropped, the mines quit producing. Since the people had no other reason for remaining, Calico quickly became a deserted town. Ravaged by fire twice, the town was soon rebuilt by miners. Calico acquired its name from the muti-colored Calico Mountains which dominate the landscape to the east.

In 1950, Walter Knott's Berry Farm and Ghost Town began work to restore the town to its "original" shape. Working from old plans, foundations, and photographs, excellent replicas were built. Today a tourist can ride the tramway from the parking lot up to the town and see historic sites while riding the "Calico-Odessa" railroad.

Other attractions to visit include the Maggie Mine, Bottle House, Hank's Hotel, "boothill" cemetery, schoolhouse, old stores, and miners' shacks. A museum displaying items from the 1880 era is very informative. The County of San Bernardino currently operates the attraction. No admission is charged to visit and ample free parking is available. The major attractions and rides cost 50c for adults and 25c for children under 12. During the summer months, Calico is open from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. and in the winter from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. The number to call for additional information is (714) 254-2122.

CERRO GORDO — 1868 to 1875

Located in Inyo County, 8 miles northeast of Keeler via a very steep dirt road. A military installation on top of two high points accounts for the road being maintained in good condition. Cerro Gordo, "Fat Hill," is so named because of the large quantity of silver ore which was mined there. Existing almost on the Inyo Range crest at 9,000 feet, the view from Cerro Gordo of Owens Valley far below and the Sierra-Nevada Range on the western horizon is impressive.

There are numerous remaining buildings, old foundations, and mine shafts. The aerial tramway which moved ore down to Keeler and supplies up to Cerro Gordo can still be seen in several canyons (most of the tramway was removed in 1959). Several ore buckets are still hanging, left just as they were when operations stopped many years ago. Because this is privately owned land, a visitor must be careful not to disturb either the buildings or the caretakers. The summit of nearby Cerro Gordo Peak affords a panoramic view of Death Valley, Eureka Valley, Saline Valley, Owens Valley, Panamint and Sierra Mountain ranges, and colorful Owens Dry Lake.

DARWIN — 1874 to 1878

Located in Inyo County, it is easily reached by driving 6 miles south on the paved road which leaves State Highway 190 about 31 miles east of Lone Pine. Situated in Darwin Wash between the Coso and Argus mountain ranges, it creates a serene and peaceful picture when first viewed. Its rich silver and lead deposits were discovered late in 1874, and within 1½ years there were two smelters, twenty operating mines, and many stone structures housing the 1000 citizens. By 1876, its height of activity, there were 5 furnaces processing ore. When the large Defiance smelter shut down temporarily, an exodus began to other, more active mining camps.

Darwin has led an up and down existence, last ending when the Anaconda Copper Company officially ended its operations in the early fifties. Many buildings, foundations, and badly scarred hillsides are present to greet the explorer. A well preserved "boothill" can be visited to the west of town. A post office still operates, giving service to the few remaining inhabitants and prospectors.

Darwin Falls is a surprising feature found deep within the arid Death Valley region and is a perennial flow of cool, unpolluted water. A 20-foot waterfall is created in Darwin Wash where the underground flow of water is forced to the surface by rock dikes. Reached via a graded dirt road from either Panamint Springs or Darwin, a short trail can be hiked to the base of the falls. An old Chinese vegetable garden was tended here many years ago and some celery, wild now, still grows. Today the falls supplies water for a motel, cafe, and gas station located at Panamint Springs on State Highway 190.

GARLOCK (COW WELLS) — 1860 to 1899

Located in Kern County, Garlock is reached by driving an unnumbered paved road. The road connects with State Highway 14 about 22 miles north of Mojave and with U.S. Highway 395 in the Johannesburg-Randsburg area. Garlock's reason for existence was its good water supply which the miners and freighters heading for Death Valley needed. When gold was discovered in 1895 at the nearby Rand Mining District, a stamp mill was constructed in Garlock where water was available for milling. The town became active and grew in size, soon having 6 stamp mills working to refine the ore. The Yellow Aster Mine was the area's major producer of ore. When the mine's owners started shipping their ore to Barstow for better processing, Garlock began failing. What brought about Garlock's total downfall was the building of a 100-stamp mill at the Yellow Aster and having water piped in from Goler, ten miles away.

The Yellow Aster was closed down several years later when labor troubles arose between the owners and miners. Today the badly scarred side of Rand Mountain shows where the open pit operations and fifty-three miles of tunnels brought forth $22,000,000 in gold ore. Garlock today has a small tourist store and cafe situated among the few surviving buildings, numerous stone foundations and walls which give silent evidence of what was once a prosperous town.

GREENWATER — 1903 to 1907

Located in Inyo County, 26 miles southeast of Furnace Creek Inn. To reach the site, turn off State Highway 190 at Ryan Road, 18 miles west of Death Valley Junction. Follow a paved road south for 7½ miles, passing Ryan, and continue on a dirt road for another 7 miles. The sudden rise and fall of Greenwater makes its history unique, even in the annals of ghost towns. The camp was established on the eastern side of the Black Mountains, which parallel Death Valley along its eastern edge.

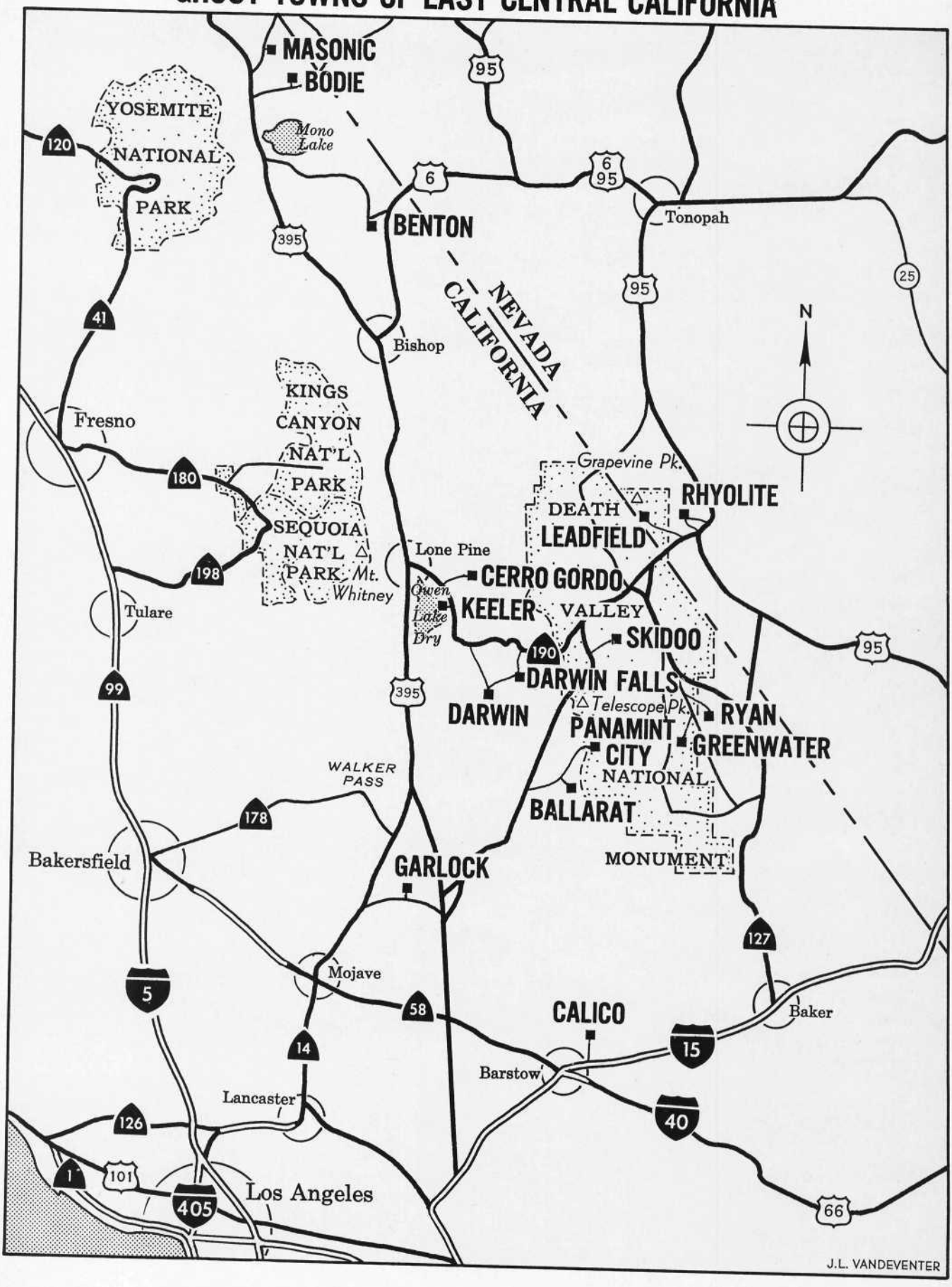
The mining interest in this district centered around the rich copper strikes which were made in 1905. When news of favorable assessment spread, the town's population exploded from 60 citizens to over 1000 in one month. Prices skyrocketed. Within 4 months, there were 2500 claims recorded and water was selling for $15 a barrel. Soon Greenwater had a bank, telephone service, two newspapers and professional men (and women) of all kinds. When the panic of 1907 struck, Greenwater's copper stocks crashed and so did the town. The inhabitants left faster than they had come and Greenwater remained, standing in the middle of nowhere.

Today not much remains to show that a town ever existed. Most of its lumber was hauled to Shoshone which is located along the old Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad. Many artifacts in the form of bottles, boards, and foundations still litter the landscape. A press which printed a local newspaper can be seen at Furnace Creek Inn.

KEELER — 1882

Located in Inyo County, it is 13 miles east of Lone Pine on State Highway 190. The site developed because of its central location, making it an important transportation center. A combination railroad, mining, and desert community, it offered a variety of services. Boats moved between Keeler and Cartago on Owens Lake, carrying mining supplies, fuel for smelters, and silver bullion. Keeler was also the southern terminal of the Carson & Colorado Railroad; the tracks were just recently pulled up.

Continued on page 36


GHOST TOWNS OF EAST CENTRAL CALIFORNIA
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Bishop
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PARK
Fresno
Grapevine Pk.
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DEATH
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Whitney
Lone Pine
198
CERRO GORDO
Owen
Lake
Dry
KEELER
VALLEY
Tulare
SKIDOO
190
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DARWIN FALLS
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Telescope Pk.
DARWIN
RYAN
PANAMINT
GREENWATER
CITY
WALKER
PASS
NATIONAL
178
BALLARAT
Bakersfield
GARLOCK
MONUMENT
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Mojave
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CALICO
Baker
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Tuscon's New 'Old Pueblo'

by Jack Delaney

"SOMETHING old, something new, something borrowed, something blue" is a descriptive slogan for Tucson, Arizona, a modern city that has served under four flags: Imperial Spain, Mexico, the Confederacy, and Old Glory.

Something old is appropriate because this is one of the first communities established by Europeans in what is now the United States; something new will be immediately evident to you, as a visitor, the minute you enter Tucson's Miracle Mile; something borrowed might refer to the cultures which served the area until its own could be developed; and something blue is the great canopy overhead, with its dangling stars reaching down in the evening and its big, round sun overseeing everything that happens during the day.

It is claimed that this is where the sun spends the winter. Our visit was in the summer, and we must admit "Old Sol" was still hanging around. Accommodations in Tucson are among the best in the country. Motels, which are said to have originated in Arizona, run all the way from plain but nice, to elegant but swank. Though winter season rates are reasonable, off-season rates are real bargains. If you plan to stay in a motel, try to schedule your visit between May and December and you'll be pleasantly surprised.

Sometimes even a saguaro goes awry!

Should you prefer to come during the winter season, modern guest ranches offer a Western type of accommodation stressing the old corral, with one top-flight resort, Wild Horse Guest Ranch, attracting bird-watchers in droves. Its 10-acres of landscaped grounds include a nature trail where more than 179 species of birds may be observed during the season. Other excellent ranch resorts lie near the city.

Tucson is an ideal sightseeing hub. Your first "must see" trip should be to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson Mountain Park about a half-hour drive west of town. This is a unique living museum which deals with the natural history of Arizona and Sonora, Mexico with emphasis on the 120,000 square-mile Sonoran desert shared by both states.

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum has integrated the flora and fauna of the desert into an interesting and educational package. Living animals in outdoor enclosures include the mountain lion, jaguar, deer, bear, peccary and numerous smaller varieties. The walk-in tortoise enclosure, prairie dog village and vampire bat display are especially popular. Vampire bats are the only creatures in the world which subsist entirely on blood! Over 50 species of desert birds are exhibited in circular aviaries, with a special enclosure for the tiny elf owl, smallest in the world.

In a small room are centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, various rodents, snakes, lizards, and other non-household pets. You can stroll through a unique tunnel 160 feet long and 12 feet below the earth's surface. Here you'll see kit foxes, skunks, bats, rattlesnakes and other desert animals in underground lairs and

dens. An aquarium exhibit provides the country's first display of native desert fishes, and the Amphibian Room offers another first in display arrangements with living dioramas.

While you are in the Mountain Park, drive a few miles south to see celebrated "Old Tucson." This fun spot, originally erected in 1940 by Columbia Studios for a movie set, is open to the public every day and offers an authentic replica of a Wells Fargo office, an old bank, general store, barber shop, drug store, doctor's office, and other mementos of the past. Naturally, there are gift shops, curio stores, snack bars and restaurants where you may spend dimes or dollars. Old Tucson has been called "Hollywood East" because about 100 movies and television scripts are shot here yearly. Main Street is often open to visitors during the action. At present, *High Chaparral* is being filmed.

The old Tumacacori Mission, founded in 1751, has been the subject of many a lost treasure legend.

Years ago, when the highway to the border was traveled by Father Kino, it was rough and rugged. At that time it was known as *El Camino Real* (The King's Highway). If the King had traveled this so-called highway in the 1700s, however, he would have needed a four wheel drive covered wagon. The good Padres, with all of their courage and dedication, lacked imagination so far as the naming of roadways was concerned. It appears that every road they trudged during their exploratory trips north was named *El Camino Real*!

Mission San Xavier del Bac, the beautiful White Dove of the Desert, was inspired by Padre Kino in 1692.

Mission San Xavier del Bac, The White Dove of the Desert, rises like an exquisite mirage a few miles from the heart of downtown Tucson. Its gleaming walls and graceful bell towers can be seen for many miles. This is, perhaps, the most beautiful of all Spanish missions in the West—a graceful blending of Moorish, Byzantine and late Mexican Renaissance architecture. The entire structure is a series of domes and arches, made of masonry, with an intricately decorated facade. Wood was employed only in the window and door frames.

San Xavier is located on the Papago Indian Reservation, and it still serves the spiritual needs of present-day members of the ancient Papago tribe. Here you'll see religious statues lovingly clothed by sentimental Indians in satins, laces, and velvets. Many of the paintings in the mission are original works of art, although time has taken its toll on their brightness. However, the mission has faced more destructive forces than the passing of time in its hectic history. In the latter half of the 18th century alone, it lived through the Pima revolt, upheavals within the Catholic Church itself, and the sacking of its property by Apaches.

Inspired by Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino in 1692, the original mission was never completed due to Indian depredations. Starting in 1783, laboring Indians and Franciscan priests worked for 14 years on the present structure. Today it stands as a tribute to the belief and devotion of Padre Kino. More than a quarter

of a million people each year take its guided tours and listen to the lecture delivered by the Franciscan Fathers. There is no charge for visting the mission.

After touring the White Dove of the Desert, move east to Highway 89 and continue south about 15 miles to a development named Green Valley. This is a popular retirement village featuring apartments, homes, farms, a recreation center, a country club, and shopping center, all beautifully designed in Spanish colonial and territorial architecture.

Another 20 miles or so brings you to Tubac, the oldest Spanish settlement in Arizona. It came into being with the founding of the Tubac Presidio in 1737. Eight times this village has lived and died—after the Spanish presidio was moved, after American-Mexican skirmishes, after Apache raids, after the miners moved out, after the Civil War, after almost every conceivable way of killing a frontier town—but always it came back to life. Today its future is promising.

This was the first permanent white settlement in the state. It was from Tubac that Captain Juan Bautista de Anza set out on his epic expedition westward across the deserts to found San Francisco. The first newspaper in the territory, *The Weekly Arizonian,* was printed here, on a press brought around the Horn in the 1850s. Spaniards established the first military base in Arizona here in order to protect the missions from Apache raids, and the state's first historical park was established in Tubac.

Today, you'll see a town consisting of an arts and crafts center, a number of shops, a service station, and several other businesses, all built of red brick. Surrounding the business district is a recreational and residential area and directly behind the town is the Tubac Presidio State Historic Park, with a museum patterned after the original fort.

A few miles south of Tubac is the Tumacacori National Monument—a whisper of the days of Old Spain. Allow a couple of hours for the enjoyment of this extremely interesting historical exhibit, and carry a camera with you. *San Jose de Tumacacori Mission* was founded in 1751. Like San Xavier, it had a turbulent history of Indian uprisings, Apache raids, and ecclesiastical politics. The original massive adobe mission, under construction for more than 20 years, was never completed. Mexican neglect of the frontier contributed to its final abandonment. The present beautiful church, dedicated in 1822, has been partially restored and is preserved in a 10-acre national monument, established in 1908. A self-conducted tour is offered with a booklet identifying points of interest in the old church, the cemetery, and surrounding grounds.

Another 18 miles south on the same highway brings you to Nogales — the gateway to the interior of Old Mexico. Although this may be your destination, take time out about seven miles ahead to pay your respects to Pete Kitchen. No character in Western history was more colorful. Arriving in this region in 1854 at a time when the Apaches thought they had it made, Pete Kitchen turned his home into a stronghold and fought off all Apache attempts to oust him from the region. (The name, Apache, is a Zuni word meaning "enemy" and in those days the meaning was never questioned.) The Pete Kitchen Ranch Museum is the former homestead of this pioneer. Among relics of early days is Father Kino's chapel with its priceless mementos of antiquity. You'll be glad you stopped.

The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum

For a foreign country interlude, continue on U.S. 89 to Nogales and the International border. On the Mexican side you'll see the multi-million dollar Customs and Emigration buildings recently completed. Within a block of the grand, ultra-modern architectural display at the entrance are narrow streets and small shops typical of border towns where the "foreign" atmosphere that tourists enjoy is evident. Nogales is clean and its shops offer an interesting assortment of items at quite reasonable prices.

Upon returning to the Tucson area, a short drive to the southeast along Highway 80 will take you to *Colossal Cave.* This is a County park, located in saguaro-studded hills at the foot of the Rincon Mountains. The cave is a limestone cavern, 39 miles long, with many connecting passages. Deep underground pre-historic rock formations and mysterious caverns throw weird shadows among concealed lights. The temperature within the cave is a comfortable 72 degrees the year around. In 1884 four bandits robbed a train of $62,000 and hid out here. While the entrance was being guarded, they escaped through another opening. Later, three of them were shot and the fourth served a prison term, but the loot was never recovered. The admission charge to Colossal Cave is $1.50 for adults and

guided trips are conducted at frequent intervals over a wide, safe trail.

In the city of Tucson itself, visit the University of Arizona, the largest educational institution in the state and the city's greatest cultural asset. With 99-acres of landscaped grounds, the campus is studded with palm, olive, and palo verde trees. Also of special interest is the Arizona State Museum, near the Third Street entrance to the campus. Here you will see the Nation's most comprehensive collection of Southwestern archeological items. Indian life is traced from prehistoric times in Ventana Cave up to modern periods and also featured are handicrafts of the various Indian tribes, historical displays, and a comparison of modern and ancient Indian civilizations. This is a permanent resting place for a wide assortment of historical treasures.

On South Main Street in Tucson is a unique spot called The Wishing Shrine. This subject of romantic legends is aglow with lighted candles every night of the year. The belief is that if you make a wish and light a candle—and it burns through the night—your wish will be granted. You may test the power of the shrine yourself by lighting a candle and making a wish.

Tucson has many fine eating places, some of which offer novel touches. A restaurant on East Grant Road (Pancho's) features what is claimed to be the world's largest dripping candle, shaped like a saguaro cactus. The original was seven feet high and weighed 800 pounds, but was destroyed by fire seven years ago. However, the showpiece was insured for $10,000, an amount that has bought enough wax and wicks to make the present display worth seeing.

Another restaurant, out Tanque Verde Road (Pinnacle Peak), stresses informality to the point where anyone who enters wearing a necktie will have it cut off. The routine is to wait until he is seated at a table; then, to the accompaniment of ringing cowbells, "surgery" is performed. In this unique place, lighted with gasoline lanterns, the menu is printed on Doggie Bags. More than 6500 ties hang from rafters, each with a card telling the name of the non-conformist.

Tucson could be called a happy hunting ground for visitors. It grew from the crumbling ghosts who sleep in its turbulent past into Arizona's second largest city. Apache bands no longer swoop down to upset the daily routine—convention groups are the swoopers now! But you'll still like this community where the charm of the old West lives happily with the convenience of the new. □

Travel in pairs whenever possible so one vehicle can help another if in trouble.

DESERT DRIVING TIPS

by V. Lee Oertle

Pay attention to bullet-riddled signs! If you're going to venture off the highways in search of gem lode or hidden spring you'll face the task of deciphering perforated signs that might warn, "Hazardous sandy area, no service next 78 miles, or carry water—bad road ahead." In the desert, signs mean more than just directions to the next gas pump. Once you leave the pavement there aren't any gas pumps!

But let's keep things on an even keel. Whatever dangers lurk in the desert are largely in your own mind. In a previous report (July/August '67)) we covered some of the basic equipment for the car and passengers. It was, in the main, aimed at weekenders and picnickers. This trip, we're after the family man who takes his desert driving seriously.

Let's presume that you've equipped your car with extra-wide tires (not the dune-buggy variety, just ordinary low-profile tires). You've installed a set of new shock absorbers. These two moves eliminate two major causes of breakdown and bog-down. Rather than finger-wagging "advice", perhaps it's best to just list some of the important problems that occur in off-road driving and how to handle them.

ROCKY ROADS

While sand is the biggest nuisance, rocks are far more dangerous to your vehicle. Sharp ones can puncture an oil-pan or blow out a tire. Here are some general rules about rocky roads:

When leaving the pavement initially, reduce speed until you test the new surface. If sharp rocks abound, cut speed to five or ten miles per hour.

Watch the trail ahead. Stop for any rock that looks bigger than a football. Most modern passenger cars have less than 5-inches ground clearance!

If your front tire happens to drop off a rock and leave the front-end hanging up, *don't* try to power it off. Kill the engine, jack up the affected wheel, and place a heap of stones under the tire. Lower the tire onto the stones, which should give your undercarriage clearance. Now it can be driven away.

This bullet-ridden sign may have warned of sandy areas ahead. Trailer towers have dropped their coaches to scout the road ahead. Good idea!

When you reach the highway again, you may hear a loud and persistent clickety-clack as you drive along. Chances are, a small stone has wedged into the ribs of the tire. Better stop and pry it out with a screwdriver as it might chew up the tire at high speeds.

SANDY AREAS

While it isn't always possible to see sand ahead, stay alert for broad patches of it in the trail. If you can stop before you reach it, do so. Take a long look ahead—perhaps get out of your car and hike a hundred yards down the trail. If you're in the bottom of a dry wash, with drop-offs and undercut banks from the last flash-flood—watch out. Bogging down is just a nuisance. Hanging up the rear-end along with it can be a major problem. Here's what happens: the front wheels pass over the cut-banks but *rear* wheels can then drop down into the depression left by the front tires, allowing the rear-end to plow down into the sand. In less time than it takes to tell this, your car is sand-bound. Wheels spin, sand flies out and you're stuck.

Avoid that kind of situation by letting about half the air out of your tires when you face sandy roads. Now, I don't mean just a little. Let out enough pressure so that the casings become pear-shaped and mushy looking. Unscrew the tire's valve caps and use a fingernail, small twig, or a pocket knife to depress the valve.

When driving over sand, *don't hesitate* out in the middle. Worse yet, don't stop! Keep going even if the car slides side-

ways as you drive along. That's normal. Once you've passed what you consider the worst of the sandy roads, better stop and replace some of the air previously bled from tires. If you aren't carrying a tire-pump just drive slowly until you reach a service station again (under 25 on pavement).

But let's suppose you weren't lucky—your car bogs down. Try following this procedure:

1. Use the bumper-jack to elevate the car high enough to get your shovel under it. Clear away a spot under the axle or under the springs. Here's where that axle-jack comes in handy. (Hope you're carrying this extra tool). Shove the jack under the axle and raise the wheel until the tire is up off the sand several inches.

2. The next step is to gather brush, rocks, old boards, or anything that you can shove under the tire. (You can even use your car's floor mat, or the spare tire for a runway). Let the tire down atop your runway.

3. After retrieving both jacks, start the car again and *gently* apply power. If you do it right, your car will move right out. Don't stop there and rest! Keep up speed until you're free of the sand trap.

Sometimes you can "rock" the car free of a light sandy stretch. By placing the transmission lever first in low, then in reverse, the driver sets up a rocking motion which will often roll the vehicle free of the sand. The trick is to time the gas-pedal so that you're giving it power as it rolls up the banks of the trap.

FLASH FLOODS

It's quite true that flash floods often occur without warning. Perhaps a summer storm drenches the high mountains. Water thunders down the usually-dry washes. Avoid contact with flash-floods by checking every wash *before* you cross it. *Listen* for the faraway thunder of approaching water—particularly if you see dark clouds over distant desert peaks.

A dry wash frequently appears to be the best route across a sage flat, and quite a few drivers are caught that way. A shallow wash can become a ravine with steep walls. As you drive up such a wash, mentally catalog the location of escape routes. Perhaps a high mound, another wash entering from the side, or a spot where you could back the vehicle up a sidehill out of the path of a flash-flood.

Naturally, you will *never pitch camp* in the bottom of a dry wash even in sun-blistering weather. You might wake up mired to the axles in mud. I don't want to exaggerate the problem. Few desert

travelers get caught in flash floods. We mention it merely to cover the topic.

SAND STORMS

An alert driver canspot a sand storm brewing off on the horizon, looking like a high dusty curtain. So long as the curtain appearsto be standing still, you're safe. If it begins to move your way or toward a point which intersects with your route, you have these alternatives: (a) Turn around if you can and try to reach the protection of large rocks or a deep canyon. (b) Stop and wait it out. Sand storms might last an hour or a day, but in most cases the intensity of the wind drops off sharply after sunset, then it may resume later in the night. (c) Keep going, when necessary for some vital reason. The danger in a sand storm is mechanical, not physical. A tremendous amount of sand can be blasted against new paint, fill carbuerator air cleaners, and clog oil lines and oil filter. To stop or not to stop is a personal matter. Glass and paint is sand-pitted in either case. I usually keep going because I'm on a schedule, but as soon as I've passed through blowing sand I stop at the nearest service station and take these two steps: 1—Drain and change the oil, and replace oil filter cartridge; 2—discard the air filter and replace with a new one. A few dollars spent then prevents more expensive damage later.

GENERAL RULES TO REMEMBER

More drivers are stranded just turning around in a narrow road than in any other maneuver. Drive until you find a wide spot—don't back off into sage brush unleses your path is blocked. Get out of the car and check the terrain when turning around. Brush might conceal sandy ground, large rocks, or broken glass. To stay out of bog-downs make sharp turns of the steering wheel, but short runs with the car. Lazy drivers get caught because they'd rather chance it than check it!

It sometimes happens that despite all your efforts, your car becomes firmly stuck. Don't wander off, and don't allow your family to do so. Just keep trying, one wheel at a time. Post one passenger to watch for another vehicle.

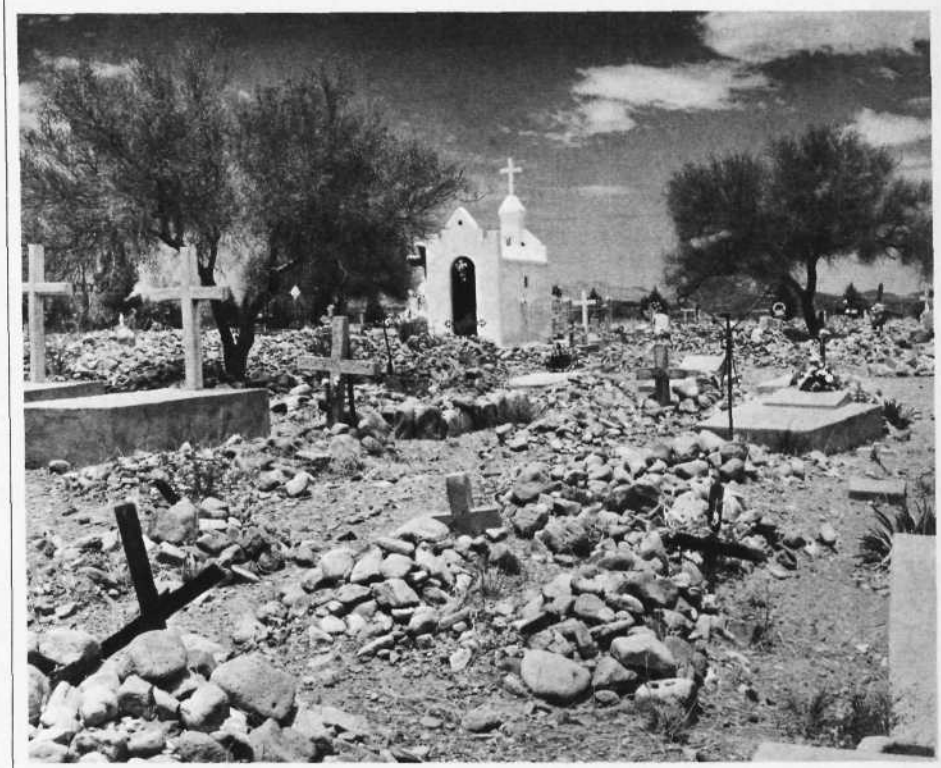
Most situations only look "hopeless" because you're nervous, in a hurry, or angry. Take your time. Stop for a rest and drink of water occasionally. You'll get out of trouble unaided nine times out of ten.

The best insurance against the delay and inconvenience of a bog-down is to travel in the company of another vehicle. There's no excuse for both cars getting stuck at the same time! □

A monthly feature by the author of Western Ghost Towns, Ghost Town Album, Ghost Town Trails, Ghost Town Shadows, Ghost Town Treasures and Boot Hill

Tubac, Arizona

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



THE story of Tubac is interwoven with those of southern Arizona's three most important missions, San Xavier del Bac, Tumacacori and Guevavi (often spelled Guebabi). San Xavier, poetically referred to as the White Dove of the Desert, has been in almost constant use and is possibly the most beautiful and finest example of mission architecture in the United States. Tumacacori, victim of Apaches and vandals, is a pathetic shell, yet retains a certain nobility. Its ruins are arrested from further decay by its present status as a national monument. Guevavi, older and never as large nor as solidly built as the others, has all but disappeared, its adobe walls melted to mere mounds of mud. Of the seven missions established by Father Kino during his service within the present boundaries of Arizona, only these three were known to have been in operation at the time of his death in 1711.

Missions and ranches of the Tubac area were constantly exposed to murderous Apache raids during their early years and were all but inoperative by 1851. In that year, Pima and Papago tribes joined forces in an earth sweep just north of the Mexican border. Priests who had failed to escape were killed and Spanish silver-mining equipment, in operation since 1736, was destroyed. The next year a presidio, or garrison was established at Tubac, with soldiers offering a measure of protection to what few farmers remained. By 1753, the priests had returned to their devastated churches.

The earliest history of Tubac as a settlement isn't clear, but its name originated from a Pima word meaning "a burned out place." Located beside the Santa Cruz River, it is bordered on the west by the Diablito Mountains and on the other horizon by the Santa Ritas. The river, now a trickle at best, was a dependable stream in the days of Tubac's prosperity, even justifying the building of grist mills along its banks. By 1776 the town was the center of an extensive farming, cattle raising and mining community. In that year, Anza chose the fertile spot as a gathering place while he planned his push on to San Francisco. Already distinguish-

ed as being the oldest town established by white men in Arizona, Tubac became the first Mormon settlement in the state just 100 years later.

Shortly after the arrival of the "Saints," there appeared a man who later would be called the "Father of Arizona." This was Charles D. Poston, who with his friend Herman Ehrenberg prospected the neighboring mountains in 1854. Poston found sufficient indications of mineral wealth to warrant his being chosen to lead an expedition sent out two years later by the Sonora Exploring and Mining Company, which developed into the Heintzelman mine.

During this period, Poston was put in charge of the town's 800 souls, four-fifths of them Mexicans. Invested by his company with the title of Alcalde, the new mayor instigated a unique monetary system in use at Tubac in 1858. Since almost the entire populace was illiterate, paper money called *boletas,* bearing pictures instead of numbered denominations was used. A pig signified 12½ cents, a calf 25c, a rooster 50c, a horse $1.00 and a bull $5.00.

Poston wrote of the community at this time, "We had no law but love and no occupation but labor; no government, no taxes, no public debt, no politics. It was a community in a perfect state of nature." So natural were some of the relations between young couples at Tubac — who merely set up housekeeping without benefit of clergy — that Poston inquired the reason. "It's a long journey to the nearest priest," they said, "and the father charges a fee of $25, which we cannot afford."

Poston then took it upon himself to perform marriages, claiming he was legally authorized to do so because of his government position. Instead of charging a stiff fee, Poston performed the rites free, even presenting the happy couples with a gift. In addition to marrying "new" couples, he married many who had already had offspring and wished to make their children legitimate. So popular did this service become that strange faces from surrounding areas began to show up at his office. "I had been marrying people and baptizing children for two years and had a good many god-children named Carlos or Carlotta, according to gender, and had begun to feel quite patriarchal," he commented, when the blow fell.

Bishop Lamy sent down to Tubac a priest named Macbeuf, the Vicar Apostolic of New Mexico. According to the Bishop, Father Macbeuf was to "look after the spiritual condition of the people of Tubac." Extremely conscientious, the priest followed the precepts of church law to the letter. The few sheets in town were commandeered to make walls for a confessional; he made parishioners wait until noon for the breakfast blessing, and he ordered that his followers have nothing to do with the Alcalde who had been so grossly encroaching upon the rights of the church. But worse yet, he informed his distraught congregation that marriages and baptisms that had been performed by Poston were illegal, that many were living in adultery. Then, going to Poston, he informed him that he had ordered the sinful cohabitors to suspend connubial relations forthwith.

In his journal, Poston says of the situation "I knew there would be a riot on the Santa Cruz if this ban could not be lifted. Women sulked; men cursed, maintaining they were entitled to the rights of matrimony. My strong defense was that I had not charged any of them anything and had given them a treat, a marriage certificate with a seal on it made out of a Mexican dollar and had forged on an anvil." Still, though the Pope of Rome was beyond the jurisdiction of even the Alcalde of Tubac, he could not see the way open to a restoration of happiness.

"It would never do to let the population of the Territory be stopped in this way," he continued, "so I arranged with Father Macbeuf to give sanctity of the church to the marriages and legitimatize the little Carlos and Carlottas with holy water at a cost to the company of $700." This rectified the matrimonial situation on the Santa Cruz.

Our photo shows the old cemetery at Tubac. During our picture session, the air was filled with the songs of mocking birds perched in the palo verde trees in the background. Fully half the graves are unidentified, their wooden headboards long since rotted away, but doubtless many of the piles of stones mark the last resting places of men and women named Carlos or Carlotta. □

Death Valley Ghost Town Guide

Continued from page 27

The old yellow train station, long closed and without its tracks, stands next to the Cerro Gordo tramway house, which just recently lost its aerial cables and ore buckets. A gas station, old desert homes, and several inhabitants comprise Keeler today. Movie companies occasionally make use of the deserted buildings. Treasure hunters still visit the area, hunting for the fabled remains of a boat which sank during a storm while carrying a valuable load of silver bullion.

LEADFIELD — 1925 to 1927

Located in Inyo County, 20 miles west of Beatty, Nevada. The site is high in Death Valley's Titus Canyon, a mile below "Bloody Gap." It is reached by a 13½ mile dirt road which leads north from Nevada highway 58, about 6 miles west of Beatty. This one-way road has some narrow, steep grades just before reaching the town. A person wanting to travel this road should first make an inquiry with Death Valley Monument rangers to find out the current road conditions.

Death Valley mining boomed again in 1925 when the controversial promoter C. C. Julian founded the town of Leadfield. Although less than 20 miles from the railroad at Beatty, the camp was handicapped by the most difficult transportation problems of any Death Valley mining camp except for those of Panamint City. Supplies had to be freighted through Titus Canyon, a trip of 70 miles. By the middle of 1926 a population of 300 was reached, and a post office was established. A mine loader, a milling plant, a 40-room hotel, and several mine shafts were built. Due to lack of outside capital, however, the operation could not continue, and not enough ore was found to warrant continuing operations. On January 15, 1927, the post office closed. It became apparent that, like Greenwater before it, Leadfield mined more stockholders pockets than mountains.

Today little remains of the former town. The foundations of the mill and shafts can be seen along with wood and materials from a few other structures. The trip through colorful Titus Canyon is worth the effort since, besides having the site of Leadfield, there are petroglyphs, mining artifacts, fascinating flora specimens, and impressive geologic formations.

MASONIC — 1902 to 1909

Located in Mono County, 12 miles northeast of Bridgeport. There are several possible routes which lead to Masonic so a person should use his Auto Club road maps and make local inquiry about road conditions. Numerous good, though sometimes steep, dirt roads make fascinating traveling throughout this region. The first major discovery in the district was made in 1902. Production of gold ore reached its peak around 1907, with mining camps, mines, mills, and some aerial tramways being built. Three main clusters of population along the road on the north slope of Masonic Mountain comprised the town and were large enough to warrant the building of an official post office. Today it is an interesting region to visit because of the many mining artifacts, cabins, foundations, old mines, and weathering mine buildings still remaining. There are several aerial cables still hanging in the valley, left just as they were when operations stopped.

PANAMINT CITY — 1870 to 1876

Located in Inyo County, 33 miles northeast of Trona. The site is situated 10 miles up Surprise Canyon, high in the Panamint Range at an elevation of 6640 feet. Lying barely to the west of Death Valley National Monument, it created a difficult transportation problem. Founded in 1870, it reached its heyday in 1873 with a booming population of 2,000. The canyon is aptly named since in 1876 a flash flood "surprised" the inhabitants and washed most of their town down into Panamint Valley 6000 feet below. Because the town was expected to blossom into another Virginia City, a large stamp mill was erected by the famous "Silver Senators," Stewart and Jones. A railroad was planned and regular stage runs were made, moving laboriously up the canyon. Ore at the mill was caste in 700 pound ingots to discourage robbers. A holdup was attempted, but the bandits could not lift the heavy bars and rode off in disgust. The steep dirt road which winds its way for 11 miles up Surprise Canyon from Ballarat has been kept in good condition. Every few years a heavy rain will wash the road out but it is *usually* quickly regraded.

RHYOLITE (BULLFROG) — 1904 to 1910

Located along the western boundary of Death Valley National Monument, just north of Highway 58 and 5 miles west of Beatty, Nevada. Perhaps the most famous ghost town in the United States, it reached a population of 10,000 in 1906. Banks, opera house, churches, schools, railroad station, and an ice plant (not to mention a house of somewhat questionable repute) were built of concrete, brick and steel. Over $1,500,000 in ore was mined between the years of 1907 and 1910. Three railroads served the townsite, and it had the finest station in Southern Nevada.

Unfortunately for investors, the limited amount of easily mined highgrade ore was soon exhausted and Rhyolite collapsed. People left as quickly as they had come, leaving many of their belongings behind. During the twenties most of the buildings were still intact, and tables set for eating collected dust. Disintegration proceeded rapidly as tourists stripped the buildings; and the harsh environment works to erase all physical memories of man's presence. There is still plenty of ore available. Ironically, if there had been plentiful supplies of water and timber coupled with cheap transportation rates, the Bullfrog Mining District could have become a leading mining center.

RYAN — 1914 to 1928

Located in Inyo County, it is 14 miles southeast of Furnace Creek Inn. Situated just outside the eastern boundary of Death Valley National Monument, it is easily reached by taking a paved road south from State Highway 190. The Ryan road turnoff is 10½ miles east of Furnace Creek Inn and 18 miles west of Death Valley Junction.

Ryan was a company town, established to house the men working in the borax mines. The mines were active from 1914 until 1928 when it became more economical to obtain borax near Boron, just east of Mojave. The mine shipped its borax and supplies on the Death Valley Railroad, which ran from Ryan to the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad at Death Valley Junction. This 16 mile long, narrow gauge line cost $300,000. Its tracks were pulled up, but the bed and ties can still be seen threading their way across the desert. Ryan is well preservd and a fascinating area to visit. It was once the headquarters for the Pacific Coast Borax Company.

SKIDOO — 1903 to 1909

Located in Inyo County, it is situated in Death Valley National Monument. It is necessary to take the Emigrant Canyon Road from either State Highway 190 or Trona. A graded dirt road, 49 miles north of Trona and 9½ miles south of Highway 190 heads east for 8 miles to the site of Skidoo. High in the Panamint Range at 5600 feet, it had a bearable climate. A gold strike in 1903 caused the rush of people who founded

TOMORROW'S GHOST CAMP

by Roger Mitchell

ABOUT 10 MILES north of Lone Pine, California on Highway 395, there are two Oriental buildings on the west side of the road. You might consider these peculiar structures with their Eastern motif out of place in the middle of the desert, but rarely does a motorist stop to wonder why. There are many thousands of Americans, however, who cannot forget these funny little houses so easily, for these were the main gate houses to Camp Manzanar, Owens Valley's own concentration camp.

In the early part of 1942, the war in the Pacific was not going well. It appeared that Emperor Hirohito and General Tojo would make good their boast to occupy the United States. Mass hysteria developed among people living along the Pacific Coast. Isolated cases of sabotage and espionage, reinforced by ever-present rumors, cast suspicions upon all Japanese-Americans working for the eventual downfall of the United States.

Public pressure grew and in March of 1942 a directive from the Army's Western Defense Command ordered all people of Japanese ancestry to be interned. Some 110,000 Japanese-Americans, including some 70,000 U. S. citizens living in the coastal states, were rounded up and shipped off to hastily constructed concentration camps. In many cases their property was seized and sold. They could take with them only what they could carry. Up until this point, the story has a familiar ring. These camps were a far cry from those at Auschwitz, Buchenwald, and Dachau, but they were concentration camps, nevertheless, even if the government preferred to call them "Relocation Camps." Located in the interior regions of California, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, and Wyoming, they were usually in inhospitable desert country far from populated areas. The type of security varied. Hard core Kibei, whose allegiance was to the Emperor, were sent to maximum security camps in Utah, but others did not require such tight security.

By early 1943, pro-American Nisei of miltary age were allowed to volunteer for military duty in the European theatre. Eventually passes were available so that internees could leave the camps to seek work on the outside. Some left to attend college in the East. The elderly people, however, feared leaving and chose the security of the camps. Through their own hard work, they soon transformed the spartan camps into relatively comfortable communities. The government provided ample rations and supplies and there seemed little reason to leave for the uncertainty of going home to the outside world. As the war drew to a close, anti-Japanese feelings began to abate and one by one the camps discharged their wards and closed.

At its peak in 1942, about 10,000 people lived in Camp Manzanar. Today there is no one. The barbed wire is gone, as are the barracks of rough pine and tar paper. If you wander among the sagebrush, however, you may still find streets and sidewalks and concrete foundations for buildings. Remaining also are irrigation ditches which diverted water from nearby Bairs Creek for use in the camp's gardens. One of the few remaining buildings has been taken over by the State Division of Highways for a maintenance yard and near it remain the two stone oriental guard houses which marked the camp's main entrance. At the northern boundary, a dirt road goes west and then south, circling the former complex. Follow it and hidden behind the camp you will find a Japanese cemetery. Here a large shrine faces the open desert and the distant Sierra skyline, the Monument at Manzanar. This is a ghost town for tomorrow's historian. □

Death Valley Ghost Town Guide

the town. Water was piped in from Telescope Peak, 23 miles away. It was the 23-mile water pipe which gave Skidoo its name, since the slang expression of the day was "Twenty-three Skidoo." The population swelled to 1000 citizens by 1907 and the camp boasted a post office, bank, newspaper, general store, several saloons, and a phone line stretching all the way across Death Valley to Rhyolite. Skidoo's most famous incident was the lynching of a drunken saloon keeper, Joe "Hooch" Simpson in April, 1908.

Skidoo continued to produce gold and silver for another decade, and by the time the last mines had closed following World War I, over $3,000,000 had been produced. Today very little remains of the once flourishing town. One impressive feature is the 5-stamp mill still standing in the canyon below the town. The pipe line was pulled up during World War I and most of the buildings were torn down by tourists for firewood. A few ore bins and loaders remain scattered among the many mine shafts and tunnels. □

BACK COUNTRY TRAVEL

FOUR WHEEL CHATTER . . .

by Bill Bryan

The first Mexican 1000 Rally is now history, and having seen it both from the ground and the air I am firmly convinced it was beneficial both to the participants and the people of Baja California. Of the 68 vehicles starting the 1000 mile race, 29 finished under their own power and two were towed in before race time ran out.

A new record of 27 hours, 38 minutes was set by Vic Wilson and Ted Manles from Costa Mesa, California driving a Volkswagen Manx sand buggy. Previous record for the 1000 mile grueling run was 31 hours by a Rambler-American. The class winners were Chuck Owens and Orrin Nordin in Brian Chuchua's DJ-6 2-wheel drive V-6 Jeep, 30.05 hours; Vic Wilson and Ted Mangles as previously reported; Gene Hightower and Ed Venable in a Chevy 283 powered CJ2A Jeep, 32.02 hours, and Class 4 Motorcycles, Smith and Roberts on a Husquvarna, 28.48 hours.

The Mexican people loved the action and could not have been more cooperative. The gas supply at each of the five check points was of good quality and easy to handle. The roads were clear of local traffic. From the air we only spotted one vehicle, not a participant. There were few minor accidents, our biggest worry; a Rambler rolled over with no injuries, a Volkswagen hit a cow rseulting in a sprained neck and a motorcycle hit a Gringo Volkswagen headed north.

The NORRA people who put on the race with the cooperation of the Mexican government had excellent cooperation from volunteers. The guys at the check points knocked themselves out getting the drivers on their way. I was a little put out by the attitude of a few of the NORRA officers toward some of us, both drivers and pit crews, but these types don't last long, and the overall operation was good. Having been associated with the Four Wheel Drive Grand Prix in Riverside since its inception I realize the problems that arise, and offer congratulations to Ed Pearlman for a job well done, and to the drivers my untold respect for their courage, skill and stamina. I got to La Paz via 4 of the 5 pit stops where Brian Chuchua and I gassed and serviced every vehicle who gave us an affirmative answer when we asked them if we could help them. Around 68 vehicles started this race and there were 31 in La Paz when I left. If you ever have 8 hours with nothing to do but talk, stop by the magazine or the office as it would take 5 pages to elaborate further.

WHAT DID YOUR CLUB DO FOR CONSERVATION THIS PAST YEAR? I WOULD LIKE TO GIVE CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE. MAYBE EVEN AN AWARD MONTHLY? We attended the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs southern area meeting held Saturday night October 28, 1967 in Hemet, California and presided over by southern area Vice President Dick Myers from San Diego. A great deal of benefit for all four wheel drive owners was accomplished. A discussion was held on the competition rules; discussion was also held on the Imperial Sand Hills, the Superstition Hills south of Borrego which are now closed by the Navy except for special permission. If you desire this permission and are a member of the State Asociation, have your club secretary contact Dick Myers. Cap Randal reported on a hearing held by the Bureau of Land Management concerning classification of most of the B.L.M. land in southeastern California.

I reported on the Kelso Dunes seeking use of them and also on scuttlebutt about opening up the Joshua Tree National Park, all I can say is forget it. I had a long, long talk with the park Chief Ranger, Rothwell Broyles concerning this. This most dedicated park ranger changed many of my notions about this park and I hope maybe I was able to change a few of his.

Sylvia Neely is heading up the annual convention to be held at Fresno in February, 1968. The association president, Doug Reeder has apointed Donna Orson of the Indio club as the new editor of the Association Newsletter. Thanks to the Mavericks of Burbank, the Tucson Jeep Club, The Square Wheelers of Orange County and the Gladoneers for adding us to their club newsletter mailing list.

From the Mavericks BULLHORN the description of a four wheel drive club—"A bunch of damn fools driving out across the desert in a wide variety of corrupted vehicles looking for a place they can't go so they can."

The Square Wheelers of Orange County, P. O. Box 302, Stanton, Calif., would like to exchange club papers with other clubs.

Do you have a JEEP or dune buggy you are trying to sell? . . .Think first of Desert Magazine. We have the readers who are interested in the same things as you. Get those calendar items in early. □

Calendar of Western Events

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

POINSETTIA FIELDS BLOOM, December. During the annual Mid-Winter season, visitors entering San Diego County from the north along U.S. Highway 5 view miles of rolling hills which stretch out at roadside in a brilliant carpet of blooming poinsettias. This is the location of the world's largest Poinsettia Ranch, occupying 400 acres which border the Pacific Ocean. San Diego, known as the Poinsettia Capital of the World, produces over 90% of all commercially grown Poinsettias, America's favorite Christmas flower.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY ROCK-HOUND ROUND-UP, Dec. 29 & Jan. 1, Gold Rock Ranch, Ogilby, Calif. Camping, field trips, gold panning. Free. Public invited.

ORANGE COAST MINERAL AND LAPIDARY SOCIETY'S 1968 Gem Show, Feb. 3 & 4, Orange County Fair Grounds, Costa Mesa, Calif. Parking and admission free.

SAN DIEGO'S TIERRA DEL SOL 4WD CLUB'S 6th annual Desert Safari, Feb. 24 & 25, Borrego Desert Badlands. Family cross country event, all four wheelers welcome. For information write Tierra Del Sol 4WD, 5083 Conrad Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92117.

MONROVIA ROCKHOUNDS 9th annual Gem & Mineral Show, March 9 & 10, Masonic Temple, 204 Foothill, Monrovia, Calif.

LOS ANGELES LAPIDARY SOCIETY'S 28th annual St. Patrick's Gemoree, March 16 & 17, Cheviot Hills Playground Center, 2551 Motor Avenue, Los Angeles. Public invited.

NEW IDEAS by V. LEE OERTLE

New ideas about travel, motoring, desert camping and general desert living are welcome. So if you have a new and useful idea—something that hasn't been published before—please send it on to: Desert Product Report, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260.

☆ ☆

EMERGENCY SPRING REPAIR

One of the first lessons a backroad driver learns is that the springs under his vehicle are apt to be the most expendable component. In softening the roughness of the trail, springs take a terrific beating—and sometimes break. If this happens 40 miles from the nearest paved road, your family is in for a mighty rough return ride! And worse yet, a broken spring leaves the vehicle open to other kinds of damage unless the driver is extremely careful. Bent or broken axles, split wheels, ruptured tires, broken shock absorbers—these are some of the possibilities. Few drivers would haul a spare set of springs, but anyone can haul a couple of items with which he can make emergency repairs. All you need is a short 2x4 about 6-inches long, and 2 "U" bolts large enough to slip over the block of wood and the broken springs. Jack up the car to remove spring-tension, then lay the block of wood atop the broken spring so that it "sandwiches" the two separated sides. Now loop the "U" bolts over the wood block and around the springs, tighten up, and you're ready to go again—slowly! If it prevents a broken axle, it's worth the trouble.

SILICONE SPRAY SAVES WIPER BLADES

You can make windshield wiper blades last longer, wipe cleaner, and stick less often by simply spraying them with silicone lubricant. The stuff is available from most auto supply stores and in many gas stations. Silicone spray reduces friction between the rubber and the glass, yet it actually increases the wiper blade's efficiency.

MAP TROUBLE?

Finding the mileage of a particularly jagged route on your map is sometimes difficult. Here's how to get an accurate idea of your trip mileage. First, find a piece of soft or thin wire that can be bent easily. Lay it on top of your road map, and bend it to follow the direction of your route. Cut it off at each end of the route. Now remove the wire from the map, straighten it out by pulling and twisting the wire, and check it against the map-scale for mileage. You can measure a straight line very easily, and it's accurate.

COMPACT SLED

Have you ever taken a ride up the Tramway, only to wish you had a compact sled along for the kids? Many persons have. While a sled might seem a strange companion for desert travel, there's one place a sled can be both fun and logical. And when it comes to compact, the Snow-Boat is about the slickest thing I've seen. Made of molded high-impact plastic, this tobaggan is so tough you can run over it with a truck, the maker claims. It resembles a sort of compact bathtub, with one end tapered. The rider sits in it with knees slightly bent and feet braced against the inside surface loops. The most unusual feature is the control levers, one on each side, in the rear. The operator pulls back on one or the other lever to brake or steer the sled while in motion. Speeds up to 60 miles per hour have been clocked with the Snow-Boat. Priced at $24.95 from Snark Products, Inc., 1580 Lemoine Ave., Fort Lee, New Jersey.

DON'T BURN OUT YOUR RADIO!

If your car's battery konks out, be sure to disconnect the ground cable before you allow a gas station to recharge it. If the transistor radio was accidentally left on, peak current going into the system might surge on into the radio and cause internal damage. All electrical components should be turned OFF before allowing a quick charge of the battery.

SAVE THOSE BOAT-TRAILER BEARINGS!

A great number of boats are hauled back and forth to the Colorado River, Salton Sea, and the Gulf of California. And every now and then you'll find a boat-tower stranded along the highway with one axle jacked up. The most frequent cause is bearing failure, caused by mixing two different brands of bearing lubricant. The result is a break-down of the lubricant, with consequent bearing failure. To avoid such a problem, always insist that your bearings be thoroughly cleaned, then repacked with **one** high-quality bearing lubricant. Don't let the station attendant simply smear in a little extra grease and replace the wheel. Remember: mixing two types of lubricants will result in the failure of both.

NEW FOOD CARRIER KIT

A new food-carrying kit called Taffel is something a bit different than the ordinary picnic box. This one is square in shape, made of high-impact heavy-gauge plastic, with a removable top that serves as a dishpan. The bottom part can be used as a bucket. Inside the kit (which is 13 x10x10 inches) are four plates, four tumblers, two pint thermos bottles, and two small food containers. There's even some space left over for spare food or cutlery, and so on. It's an amazingly compact kit, complete iwth a woven strap handle. The kit weighs 7 pounds, priced at $22.50 from Dept. D, Gloy's Inc., 11 Addison Street, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538.

LONGER LASTING ICE

In the October issue Reader Jack Derfus said he kept ice longer by putting a water filled can under the drain pipe of his ice box. Two simpler ways have been suggested by Mildred W. Dumond, of Pomona, Calif., and Howard Berman, of San Pedro, Calif. Mrs. Dumond suggests making a gooseneck or S in the drain pipe, whereas, Mr. Berman bends his in a complete circle, either under the camper or inside the box. In either case if the drain is metal, attach a copper or plastic extension, so you can make the bend.

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"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in minerals and gem stones; here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking: uranium, vanadium, tin, tungsten, columbium, tantalum, nickel, cobalt, gold, silver, platinum, iridium, beryllium, emeralds, etc. Some worth $1 to $2 a pound, others $25 to $200 per ounce; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth $1000 or more; learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes in Minerals," it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich! Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666-B, Truth or Consequences New Mexico 87901.

"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. Tibbitts, order from me at "The Little Glass Shack," 3161 56th Str., Apt. B., Sacramento, Calif. 95820. $3.00 (plus 5% tax for Californians) plus 25c for mail orders.

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

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

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

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.

BOOK FINDING is our business. Service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search, Box 3352, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

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

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

"THE OLD BOTTLE EXCHANGE,"—Bottle collectors own monthly publication. Subscribe today, $4 year, receive free 50 word ad credit. Sample 25c. OBX, Box 243, Bend, Oregon 97701.

"AMERICA BY CAR" names best places to eat and stay. Scenic route, parks, historic sights, 170,000 word book, only $2.50. J. R. Kavanaugh, P. O. Box 3776, Anaheim, Calif. 92803.

• BOOKS - MAGAZINES

NEW ARIZONA color scenic book, my best from 27 years of photography for ARIZONA HIGHWAYS Magazine. An ideal last-minute Christmas gift or additional Christmas thought for your friends who share our interest in the Southwest. 35 full-color pictures on big 9" x 12" pages, 6,000 word text, unique photo locator map. Autographed copies mailed promptly to your mailing list same day order received. 10 or more copies $1.00 each, postpaid; less than 10 copies, $1.25 each, postpaid. Check or money order to: Carlos H. Elmer, Box 875, Scottsdale, Arizona 85252.

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.

LOST DESERT GOLD....3rd edition, 72 pages with maps, postage and tax paid—$2.50. "Aztlan"—Ancient home of the Aztec Indians of Mexico—$1.50. Books by a geologist: Ralph L. Caine, P. O. Box 5441, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055.

"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.

NEW! VOLUME II—"Guide to Old Bottles, Contents and Prices." Follow-up to Vol. 1. Also "Handbook for the Bottle-ologist." Each book $2.75. Richard Fike, 1135 Maxfield Drive, Ogden, Utah 84404.

FRANK FISH—Treasure Hunter—said Gold is where you find it. His book "Buried Treasure & Lost Mines" tells how and where to look, 93 locations, photos and maps. 19x24 colored map pinpointing book locations. Book $1.50. Map $1.50. Special: both $2.50 postpaid. Publisher, Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

NEW 7TH EDITION: "Ghost Town Bottle Price Guide"—redesigned, revised, enlarged. Leading western price guide on antique bottles, $3 postpaid to Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

• EQUIPMENT - SUPPLIES

GOLD DRY WASHER plans, portable hand operated, recover gold from gold diggings from dry river beds, etc., by air principle. $2.00. R. Brown, P. O. Box 791, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

• FOR WOMEN

LADY GODIVA "The World's Finest Beautifier." Complete beauty treatment in one jar. Write: Lola Barnes, 963 North Oakland, Pasadena, California 91104.

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ATTENTION ROCKHOUNDS! Come and browse. Supplies, minerals, slabs, rough rock, equipment, black lights, books. Shamrock Rock Shop, 593 West La Cadena Drive, Riverside, Calif. Phone 686-3956.

• GEMS

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GOLD NUGGETS, $3, $5, $10. Ideal gift for birthdays, anniversaries, jewelry making. Satisfaction or refund. G. Cosmano, Box 22084, Phoenix, Arizona 85028.

POCKET GOLD, $2. Placer gold, $2. Gold dust, $1. Attractively displayed. Postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 1125D, Mt. Shasta, California 96067.

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• MAPS

MAPS: PIONEER-HISTORICAL. Mississippi River to Pacific Ocean. West-Southwest 30"x50". West-Northwest 21"x50"—$2 each folded, $3 each tubed. They show old forts, fur posts, towns, railroads, cattle trails, stage and telegraph lines, Indian areas, "Trails of Tears," emigrant routes. Most everything 'dated.' Maps, Box 56N, Tijeras, New Mexico 87059.

SECTIONIZED COUNTY maps — San Bernardino $3; Riverside $1; Imperial, small $1, large $2; San Diego $1.25; Inyo $2.50; Kern $1.25, other California counties $1.25 each. Nevada counties $1 each. Include 5 percent sales tax. Topographic maps of all mapped western areas. Westwide Maps Co., 114 West Third Street, Los Angeles 13, California.

• MINING

UTAH ASSAYING CO., gold, lead, silver, copper, mercury, $1.50 each; platinum $3 each. Spectographs $5 each. 172 North 9 west, Salt Lake City, Utah 84116.

• MINING

ASSAYS. COMPLETE, accurate, guaranteed. Highest quality spectrographic. Only $5.00 per sample. Reed Engineering, 620-R So. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, California.

METAL AND MINERAL Markets: 2500 buyers for 130 metals, nonmetallics, ores and gemstones, $2.00. D.V.D. Publishers, Box 16125, Salt Lake City, Utah 84116.

• OLD COINS, STAMPS

RARE SILVER dollars. 1878 CC Uncirculated, $10.00. 1883-84-85-98-99-1900-01-02-04 A1 New Orleans Mint, $3.50 each. 1878-79-80-81-82 S Mint, $3.50 each. Price list 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

• PHOTO SUPPLIES

CUSTOM FILM finishing by mail since 1932. Morgan Camera Shop "The complete photographic store," 6262 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028.

• PLANTS, SEEDS

EL RANCHO Galapagos Cactus Growers. You are invited to visit our greenhouses and cactus gardens on the east slope of Copper Mountain. Star Route 1, Box 710, Twentynine Palms, California. Phone 362-4329.

JAPANESE BLACK Pine (about 9") Bonsai: Live, potted, $1 postpaid. Trees—containers—supplies catalog with instructions, 10c. Westarbor, Box 486-IF, La Canada, Calif. 91011.

• REAL ESTATE

400,000,000 ACRES government public land in 25 states. Some low as $1.00 acre. 1968 report. Details $1.00. Land Information, 422DM Washington Building, Washington, D.C.

FOR INFORMATION on acreage, home or lot in or near this desert area, please write or visit Ralph W. Fisher, Realtor, 73644 29-Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

• REAL ESTATE

TWENTY ACRES between Palm Springs and Salton Sea, sacrifice $3950; $100 down, $39 per month. Also, 20 acres on Highway 58 at Barstow—$9500; $500 down, $95 per month. Owner, Box 304, Hesperia, Calif. 92345. Telephone (714) 244-9450.

• TREASURE FINDERS

DISCOVERIES UNLIMITED with scientific M-Scope. Gold, silver, coins, relics, etc. Guaranteed. Terms. Free, illustrated Discovery Booklet. Fisher Research, Dept. D-7, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302.

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

TREASURE-METAL and mineral locators. Free 24 page booklet. GeoFinder Co., Box 37, Lakewood, Calif. 90714.

TREASURE, COIN and relic hunters news publication. Only $1 yearly. Sample copy 25c. Gold Bug, Box 588-D, Alamo, Calif. 94507.

NEW REVOLUTIONARY analytical transistorized metal detector. Push button tuning, automatic tuning, etc. Many models. Free catalog. Gardiner Electronics Co., Dept. 51, 4729 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85013.

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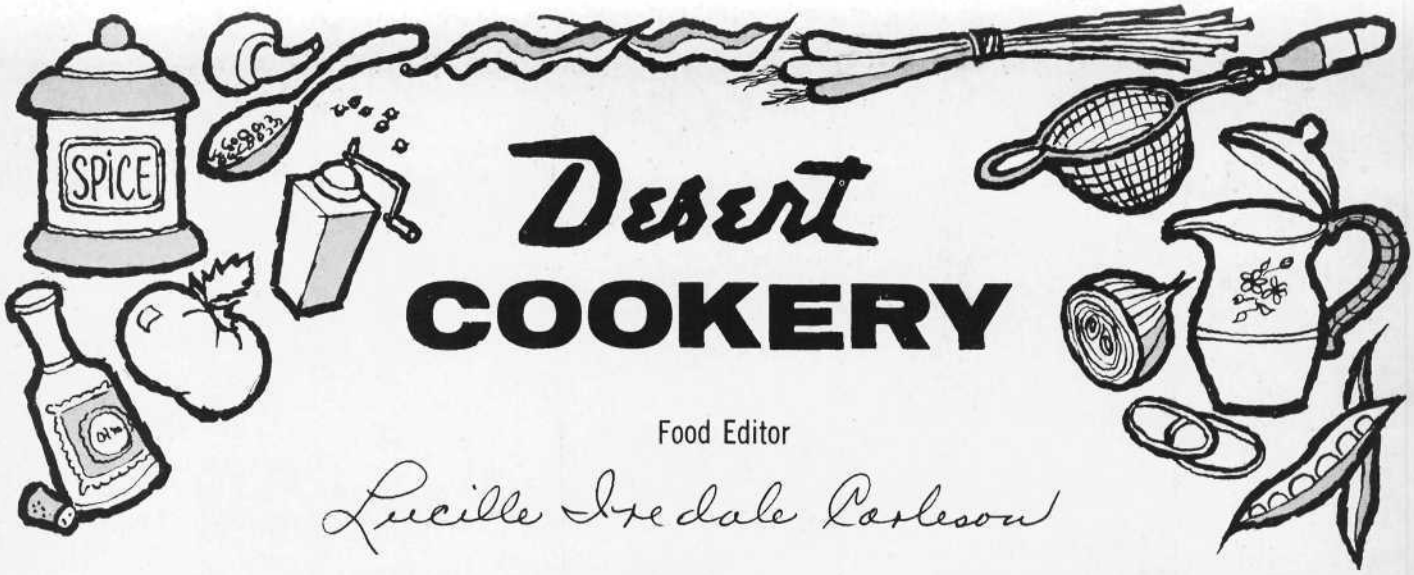
POWERFUL METROTECH locators detect gold, silver, coins, relics. Moneyback guarantee. Terms free information. Underground Explorations, Dept. 3A, Box 793, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

GOLDAK TREASURE Locators—new for '68! A hobby you'll enjoy for fun and profit. Find coins, gold, silver. Goldak Dept. DMC, 1544 W. Glenoaks, Glendale, Calif. 91201.

• WESTERN GOODS

GHOST TOWN items: Sun-colored glass, amethyst to royal purple; ghost railroads materials, tickets; limited odd items from camps of the '60s. Write your interest—Box 64-D, Smith, Nevada.



Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Stredale Carlson

BEANS DANISH

2 cups quick pre-cooked beans
3½ cups boiling ater
1½ teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon ginger
⅔ cup brown sugar
3 cups sliced tart apples
8 slices Canadian bacon

Combine boiling water and salt and pour over beans. Boil 15 minutes. Drain and mix beans with ginger. Place half of beans in baking dish. Cover with layer of apples and ⅓ cup brown sugar. Place remaining beans as top layer and top with rest of sugar and bacon. Bake in 350 degree oven, covered, for 30 minutes. Serves 6.

HEARTY MEATBALL SOUP

1 lb. ground beef
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ teaspoon salt and dash of garlic powder

Combine and shape into small meat balls. Brown in 2 tablespoons shortening or in salted teflon pan.

Combine

1 can beef broth
1 can vegetable soup
1½ soup cans water
1 can tomatoes or 3 fresh tomatoes cut up
1 teaspoon chopped instant onions
¼ green pepper cut into small strips

Add meatballs, discarding drippings if shortening was used. Cook for 15 minutes, then add 1 cup medium noodles; cook until noodles are tender. 4 to 6 servings.

CHILI LOAF

2 lbs. ground beef
¾ cup chopped onion
½ cup green pepper, chopped
2 teaspoons chili powder
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
½ cup bread crumbs
1 cup canned tomatoes
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 teaspoons salt
2 cups canned kidney beans

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Drain beans and mash. Add to meat mixture. Shape into greased loaf pan. Bake in preheated oven at 350 degrees for 1 hour or until done. Serves 8 to 10.

ITALIAN STEW SOUP

1 lb. thinly cut beef, cut into 1 inch cubes
1 tablespoon shortening or a salted teflon pan
1 envelope onion soup mix
4 cups water
garlic salt and ⅛ teaspoon thyme
1 can tomato soup, undiluted
3 medium carrots, cut in 1 inch pieces
¼ medium green pepper, cut in chunks
½ cup elbow macaroni
1 teaspoon chopped instant onions

Brown meat in shortening, or in a teflon pan which has been preheated and salted. Heat water to boiling and add onion soup mix; cook for 10 minutes. Add meat, seasonings, carrots and green pepper, simmer on low heat until carrots are tender, about ½ hour. Add tomato soup and macaroni and cook until macaroni is tender, about 15 or 20 minutes. Serve in soup dishes and accompany with Italian or French bread.

SCOTS BEAN MINCE

1 onion, chopped fine
1 lb. ground beef
2 cups bouillon
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Dash of monosodium gultamate
1 can baked beans in tomato sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Saute onion in fat until golden brown. Add all remaining ingredients and simmer gently, stirring occasionally until all is thickened slightly. Serves 4 to 6. (You may add 1 tablespoon of white vinegar or lemon juice to a bean dish to enhance the flavor and make for greater digestability.)

ZUCHINNI WITH MUSHROOMS

Wash 1 lb. zuchinni and cut into ½ inch slices. Place in skillet with ½ cup boiling water and 1 teaspoon salt. Cover and cook about 5 minutes or until partially tender.

Remove cover and add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 cup onion cut in thin slices. Saute until onions are limp but not brown, stirring gently. Add 1 more tablespoon butter, ½ lb. peeled, washed and sliced fresh mushrooms and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cook about 2 minutes, stirring occasionally. Cover and cook 3 minutes longer on medium heat until mushrooms are tender. Season with black pepper and salt to taste. 4 to 6 servings.

Letters and Answers

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

Peglegs' Sheath . . .

Authenticating the recent find and submission of our anonymous "Peglegger" was an interesting project. There were sufficient clues to at least partially reconstruct a picture and arrive at a logical conclusion.

Examples of almost every type of sword in use in contemporary Europe probably found their way to North America during the early colonizing period. The swords which the early Spanish explorers brought with them and which were dominant types during this early period, fall into two main types. First was the double-edged cutting sword developed for military purposes, and second was the rapier. The sheath that you have in your bookshop is the rapier.

Based upon my cursory inspection of the sword-sheath "throat," I gave an "origin" estimate of "around" 1700. I find, however, in doing some research on the rapier that my unconstrained observation could be off by as much as 150 years. The form of the rapier prior to 1500 is uncertain, but by 1530 it had developed into a sword lighter than the arming-sword and designed primarily for civilian use. It had a long two-edged blade, fairly narrow and suitable for cutting as well as thrusting. This basic design did not change too much until late in the 17th century. So, in taking note of the blade shape, width and thickness, I believe it is safe to hypothesize the blade "origin" being as early as mid-16th century and no later than 1700.

The fine relief work done in silver, with evidence of gold plating, would indicate that the sheath decoration was performed in Europe by a highly skilled goldsmith. Inasmuch as a large number of Spanish blades were sent to Italy for installation of ornate hilts and decorative sheaths, hangers and belts, it would be difficult to determine the origin of the sheath. However, the general adoption in the 16th century of the practice of wearing a sword as a normal part of everyday dress led to increased attention being paid to its ornamentation, so that the essentially civilian sword, the rapier, eventually came to be almost a piece of masculine jewelry. Lending further credence to a time of origin, is the fact that decorations involving relief patterns were particularly favored in the late 16th century and during the 17th century.

You will note that the sheath has been modified. Silver "lugs" have been welded on either side of the "throat" with a chain link affixed to each "lug." This modification appears to have been done by a blacksmith and by comparison to the original work, is rather crude. While this "hanger" arrangement is rather unusual, it actually is a better method than the original for "frontier" use.

In my opinion, based upon fact, association, assumption and some imagination, your artifact is tied directly to the history and development of this country. Congratulations are certainly in order for our "friend."

WILLIAM H. WALLS,
El Segundo, Calif.

Con Coin? . . .

I have a coin in my possession which you may be able to shed some light on. The coin is round and on one side it has, "Delamar Nevada Gold Mining Co. Delamar Nevada". On the other side it has, "Good for 10 gallons of water". If you have any information on this coin I would appreciate it.

JAMES W. RILEY,
Downey, Calif.

Mystery Town . . .

I read with interest the story by Hyatt about Trementina in the November issue. The Trementina Hyatt visited was a Presbyterian Medical Mission established in the late 1890s. The older town was Catholic and today it is even more silent. I did a story about it for the Amarillo News-Globe in 1965. My investigation revealed that in early years it had been a gathering and shipping point for turpentine and pine oil which came from pinon trees in the area. The end of the modern town resulted from the depression, later compounded by a drought and the military buildup of World War II. The last settler left in 1955.

About a mile up Trementina Creek there are ruins that appear to be of an earlier Trementina, and a stone-fenced cemetery. The grave markers are Catholic and bear dates prior to the Presbyterian occupation. Nevertheless, Trementina is still a ghost town muted in puzzlement. Strangely, the Presbyterian mission church holds a dedication stone that says it was erected to the memory of Santiago Blea and Juana Blea in 1912. Who the Bleas were to have had a church dedicated to them, nobody seems to know.

DON TURNER,
Amarillo, Texas.

A Diller—A Dollar . . .

In "We Found Lost Treasure" by Jack Pepper in the November issue he states some of the treasure was 65 silver dollars, the latest date being 1906. These must have been foreign coins as the United States didn't mint silver dollars between 1903 and 1922.

MRS. SHIRLEY T. EVANS,
Salton City, Calif.

Editor's Note: Mrs. Evans and other Desert numismatists are right. The typesetter hit number 6 instead of 1 and the proof reader failed to catch the mistake. It should have been 1901. However, according to our office coin book silver dollars were minted in 1904 and discontinued until 1921.

Familiar Name . . .

I came across my name when reading "Treasures of Owens Valley" by John Wardle Dixon in DESERT. The "John Gorman" in this article was my father, John Sasserfield Gorman. We had different middle names in order not to mix people up. My father's business was mining. He knew Cerro Gordo well having smelted ore there and at other mines in the vicinity before he became Sheriff of Inyo County in 1890.

The "Mazuka Canyon" mentioned in the article we called "Mazukie Canyon" and on the road maps today it is "Mazourka" but they are all the same place.

John Wardle Dixon used to be inspector of apiaries for Inyo County. Once he came to check my hives and got chased off by my bees. He also was fruit inspector. He allowed me not more than seven aphid stings per box of apples back in the days when I was managing the orchards at Manzanar. I haven't seen John Dixon in many years, but I always considered him a fine man.

JOHN M. GORMAN,
Independence, California.

A Rose is a Rose . . .

While reading some back issues of Desert Magazine, I came across something that might tie in. In the October 1966 issue "Mystery of the Black Rock Desert" by Fred Reichman, could the compass rose have anything to do with the article by Doris Cerveri in the August/September 1966 issue—first paragraph of "Lost Mines and Treasures of Nevada." Perhaps the padre who found the gold nuggets left the compass rose as a guide?

CHARLES F. STOCKE,
Cottonwood, Calif.

Mazuka Versus Mazourka . . .

John Wardle Dixon's interesting story, "Treasures of Owens Valley," should be a challenge to treasure hunters and coin collectors. Having lived in Inyo County I am familiar with many local place names and question Mr. Dixon's spelling of "Mazuka Canyon." If his canyon lies in the Inyo Mountains east of Independence and the site of the old Kearsarge Station, it is usually spelled "Mazourka" although the name appears as "Mazurka" on some old maps.

U.S.G.S. maps and such authorities as W. A. Chalfant in "The Story of Inyo," Mary De Decker in "Mines of the Eastern Sierras," Walt Wheelock in "Desert Peaks Guide" and "Deepest Valley" published by the Sierra Club, use the "Mazourka" form.

PAULINE DE WITT,
Pasadena, California.

Desert Whatzit Explained . . .

The Well(s) of the Eight Echoes, located along Highway S2 in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, mark one of man's many attempts to "conquer" the desert by making it pay. Disagreement arises, however, as to whether the wells were drilled for water to be used to irrigate cotton or as oil prospects. Incidentally, there are in fact two wells, only a few hundred feet apart, with no agreement on which is the actual well of eight echoes. The echo, certainly not unique to these particular wells, results, as all echoes do, from the reflection of sound by distant objects—the casing and bottom of the well in this case.

M. MAX BARTLETT,
San Diego, Calif.

New Dig . . .

The October issue article titled *Azatlan Revisited*, has Mesa Verde placed in New Mexico. Mesa Verde is in the southwest corner of Colorado. Aztec, just a few miles south, is in New Mexico and has a pueblo ruin. Many pueblo ruins exist from Arizona to the central part of New Mexico. Some are National or State Monuments, others are known locally or by professional people only. A new dig was started at Grand Quivera two years ago in which three different levels were uncovered. Some interesting articles found include primitive animals carved from stone. I am sorry to report that the artifacts are being sent away and not even a representative collection remains at the site.

MAUD EFURD,
Corona, New Mexico.

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