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## COVER COLOR

Capturing the Spirit of Christmas in the West, Photographer Jean Woodward took the cover photograph of the colorfully clad saguaro cacti depicting the Three Wise Men in the front yard of Mr. and Mrs. George Bradbury, Scottsdale, Ariz.

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By Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

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# BOOK REVIEWS

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## PIONEER FORTS OF THE FAR WEST

By Herbert M. Hart

Herbert Hart's fourth edition in his series on forts of the old West is the same high caliber as the previous three volumes. The author has traveled more than 64,000 miles to photograph forts and spent hundreds of hours researching in the National Archives. For his efforts to preserve history he has been awarded the Army Commendation Medal.

Hart is not only an outstanding photographer, but also a vivid writer who makes the reader feel he is actually living during the era when the forts played such an important part in settling the West. Eighteen of the forts covered in Pioneer Forts of the Far West are located in California. Not only of interest to history buffs, the detailed descriptions of the forts, showing their location and buildings will greatly aid explorers using metal detectors in search of military souvenirs. Profusely illustrated, the hard cover volume is 8 x 11 inches with 192 heavy slick pages. Price, \$12.95. Will make an excellent Christmas gift.

## THE MINING FRONTIER

Collected and Edited by Marvin Lewis

To catch the spirit of the mining camps during the 1800s, Marvin Lewis has collected articles which appeared in newspapers and other publications throughout the West during the era when men lived, fought and died for gold and silver.

Historically, another and more subtle dividend than gold came out of the mines of Western America during the latter half of the nineteenth century — a rough, tough, honest, flamboyant, carefree mode of literary expression called mining frontier journalism, best exemplified in the writings of Mark Twain and Bret Harte and their swashbuckling compadres.

Because he wrote as the frontier spirit moved him, as the miner talked, laughing and slapping his thigh and mincing no words, he brought to journalism a vitality and independence unequalled before or since.

By reproducing the articles of these

journalists, the author has brought back to life in a novel way the miners who helped settle the West, although not knowing—or caring—at the time they looked for El Dorado. Hardcover, illustrated with old cartoons, 229 pages, \$4.95.

## THE INCREDIBLE STORY OF ARIZONA

By Francis H. Feeney

"Arizona, according to its detractors, is surrounded on all sides by cactus and sage brush, and above by hot air. Actually, however, it is bounded on the north by geological extravaganzas, on the east by lost horizons, on the south by *El Pais de Manana* (Land of Tomorrow) plus hot tamales, and on the west by that famous California River, the Colorado."

If more history books were written in Feeney's style there would be fewer student "drop-outs". With 40 pages, the paper-back volume is well worth the \$1.25 price.

ALL OF MEXICO and Guatemala  
at low cost

By Norman Ford

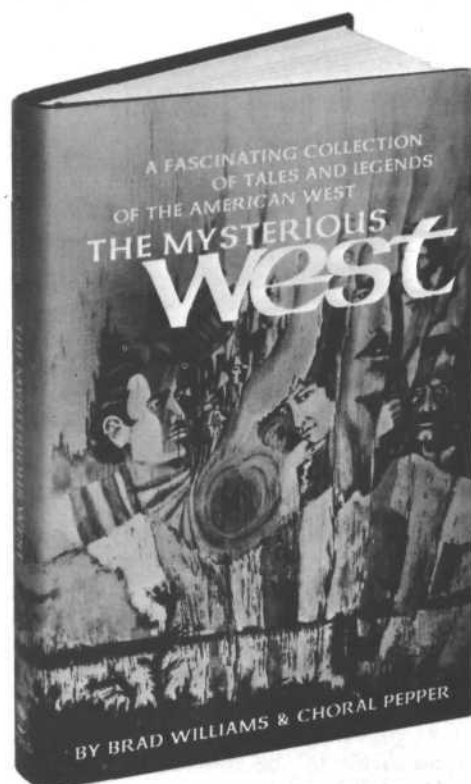
Today you can drive the family car over splendid highways all the way south to 400-year old Colonial cities, to pyramids, or to coral white beaches virtually untouched by the machine age. Mexico and Guatemala boast more ancient history and culture than the rest of the Western hemisphere combined.

The author, a veteran traveler who knows how to pinch pennies without it hurting, claims that you can reach Mexico for one-half to one-third the cost of visiting Europe and he tells you how to do it. For as little as \$6 a day, meals included, you can stay in delightful inns or in converted palaces, if you are of a thrifty nature. If you aren't, you'd better count on a luxurious \$13 per day . . . for meals, rooms and tips. These prices are for double occupancy. The cost is less for single travelers.

This is a book for the do-it-yourself traveler—the kind who has the most fun. Norman Ford has written a number of excellent travel books and is a conscientious, honest writer. This is a new book and the information is up-to-date as of now. An enormous amount of traveling information is included, as well as transportation by plane, train, bus, ship, and routes from point to point in your own automobile. Paperback, 175 pages, \$2.00.



# 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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Paper bags, filled with sand to balance the candles, add Christmas charm to a picturesque chapel.

## The Heritage of Luminarias

by Phyllis Heald



NCHANTING is the best word to describe luminarias, those "little lights" that are traditional to Mexico and the Southwest at Christmas time.

No other region in the world uses such a simple, easy decoration to turn homes into fairy castles and gardens into heavenly vistas.

Luminarias are a gift to us from south of the border—one of the lovely customs Mexican people brought into this land when they came to establish their northern outposts in the early 1600s.

But luminarias are as old as Christianity itself.

The original "little lights" were bonfires built by shepherds to guide the Holy Family toward Bethlehem. And for centuries after, small bonfires continued to be used on Christmas Eve. Made of pitchwood and placed a few feet apart in double rows, they formed a path that always led to the entrance of a dwelling, symbolically lighting the way for the *Santa Nino*.

Then, as time went on and living became more gracious in the western world, *donas* of the *haciendas* began to substitute candles for bonfires. These were easier to handle and more decorative. Placed in beds of sand, they burned all through the night of Christmas Eve,

providing the wind didn't extinguish them.

Oddly enough, it was our Yankee ancestors who brought the final change to luminarias. About 150 years ago traders arrived in the Southwest with paper sacks. Brown, plain and uninspired, no one was more surprised than these same men when, at holiday time, they found their paper bags avidly sought by local housewives to be used as luminaria holders. Ingenious *senoras* would fill each bag one-third with sand, fold its top back to form a cuff, then nestle a candle deep inside. Sturdy, safe and shining with the bewitching glow of a subdued spotlight, luminarias took on added glory.

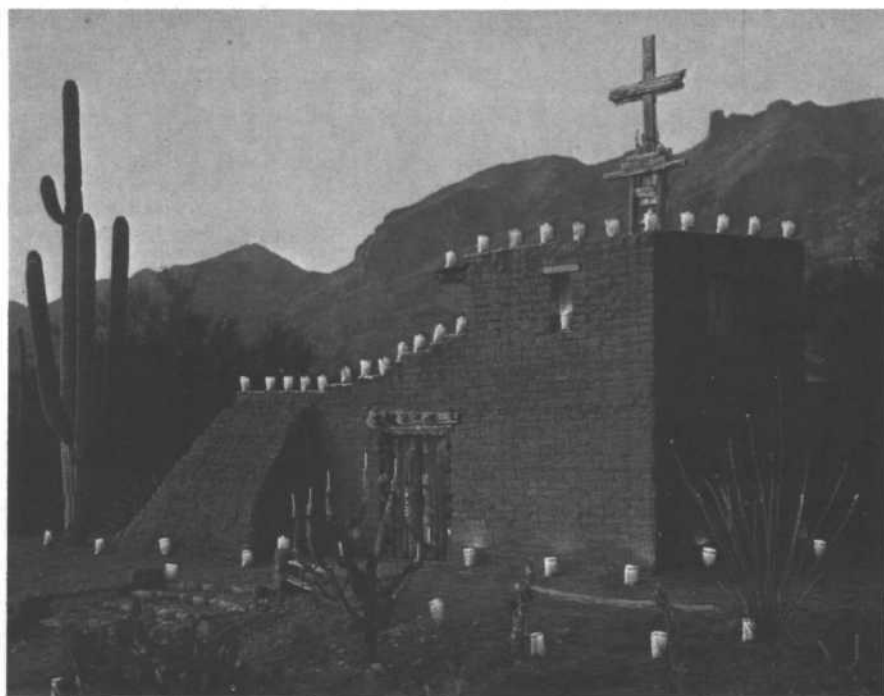
Today they are made exactly the same, except for the candle. Now, special type luminaria candles are cast by the tens of thousands. Shaped for practicability, not tapered beauty, they are short, thick, solid and designed to burn for 15 hours.

It was quite by accident that luminarias were converted from a simple religious expression into exquisite decor. The story goes that one Christmas a great party was planned at the palace of the Territorial Governor of New Mexico. To decorate the building, someone was inspired to light the house and grounds with luminarias. Hundreds and hundreds of candled brown paper bags were spotted about at every conceivable location—along the roof, on window sills, outlining paths and gardens. The

result was sheer magic. Then, years later, when a fraternity at the University was too low on funds to buy decorations for its house, one of the men remembered the story of the Governor's Palace. Sacks and candles were cheap. Sand was free. So these were used profusely and again, the effect was so striking that the entire University of New Mexico took over the idea. Now each Christmas season on campus is aglow with more than 8,000 "little lights."

All through the Southwest desert the luminaria is growing in popularity as a holiday decoration. In Tucson one of the most effective displays, and one that attracts hundreds of visitors, is at artist Ted De Grazia's Mission in the Sun. At Christmas time its more than a hundred luminarias radiate such timeless beauty that Father Kino would feel at home saying *la misa del gallo* before the exquisite altar, were he alive today.

Often luminarias are displayed in clusters with the candles set in tall, translucent colored glass. Such arrangements appear in groups of 7, 9, or 12 to symbolize the 12 apostles, the 9 principals of the nativity or simply the Virgin, Joseph, Christ Child, Lamb and The Three Wise Men. Others are displayed in little brown bags along driveways, across roof tops or on window sills. As luminarias increase so may the hope of Everlasting Peace, for these are the decorations that were truly meant to "Light the Way for Christ." □





# A Christmas Miracle

by Isabel Dunwoody



BECAUSE of one man's fascination for a strange vibrant Mexican flower, and his desire to introduce it to his own United States, hundreds of thousands of poinsettias will be in florist shops and homes this Christmas season.

Dr. Joel Roberts Poinsett, one time botanist and our first diplomatic minister to Mexico in 1830, first saw the exotic plant growing wild along a Mexican roadside while out for a stroll.

Upon closer observation, the brilliant red flowers appeared to be flaming leaves rather than a single flower. Dr. Poinsett was so impressed by the strange plant he took cuttings to the marketplace to inquire about it. Here customers were buying huge bunches of the same

flaming plant to decorate their homes and churches and to place before the Christ child in the manger. He learned it appropriately bursts into color each December.

The friendly Mexican people were eager to tell Dr. Poinsett about the ancient legends that surround their Christmas flower. All the different origins stem from some miracle because someone cared deeply.

One legend tells of a little Mexican girl who, in desperation to give a thing of beauty and value to her church, picked some roadside weeds and placed them on the altar. The weeds were immediately transfigured into the scarlet brilliance of the poinsettia.

Some claim it was a small Indian girl, whose floral offering of weeds outshone

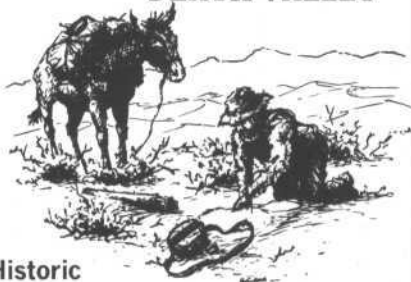
all other gifts. Still another insists it was a little Mexican boy, Pablo. Eager to visit the manger in the village church, but having no suitable gift to present to the Holy child, Pablo gathered branches of green leaves from a bush growing along the dusty road. The children mocked Pablo's gift, but when they looked a second time at the altar a brilliant star-shaped flower topped each branch. All the stories bore a similar explanation.

An ancient Aztecas legend says the Aztecas called the crimson wild plant "cuetlaxochitl." Many years ago an Aztec maiden loved unwisely, and drops of blood from her broken heart showered the earth. Where the drops fell they took root and grew into the brilliant flaming plant.

These legends of the beautiful flower



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with the Spanish ancestry made Dr. Poinsett even more determined to have it grow also in his homeland. When he returned from his diplomatic mission, he brought cuttings to propagate in the greenhouses on his plantation in Greenville, South Carolina. Some cuttings were sent to Philadelphia where they were also grown in hothouses, since their natural habitat was the "tierras calientes" (hot land). The flower so pleased the Philadelphia nursery-man he named it after the diplomat, calling it the Poinsettia.

The plants were tried out in our southern states, especially Florida, where it flourished under the warm sun. Finally this sun-loving plant found its way to California with its warm climate. Today in California this flower is a popular garden shrub growing to ten feet tall. It is shipped as Christmas plants and decorations throughout the United States.

According to a survey by Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, "America's favorite Christmas bloom is the brilliant poinsettia." Ventura, California, has adopted it as its official flower and is known as the Poinsettia City.

The poinsettia also grows in other countries. In Africa it is but a poor relation, since it is a leafless, spiny succulent and grows cacti-like in arid desert regions. One British florist alone grows about 100,000 potted poinsettias. It is fast becoming a Swiss symbol of Christmas.

In 1906 German-Swiss Albert Ecke became fascinated by the red-bracket flower that was now thriving in Southern California. He introduced it to his flower and vegetable business in Hollywood. Today his son, Paul, a commercial grower has 500 acres of Dr. Poinsett's miracle flowers growing right to the edge of the Pacific Ocean, 30 miles north of San Diego, California, from which he supplies the entire world. Some thirty-five million plants will have had their beginning in the Ecke Ranch.

Like both Poinsett and his father Albert Ecke, Paul, through love of this wild plant, nursed and pampered the poinset-

tia into becoming even more beautiful, adding more than twenty-five new varieties. The double poinsettia, Henrietta Ecke, was named for his mother. It is a favorite flower of Brisbane, Australia where it blooms in late Spring. Paul Ecke had added pink, white, coral and yellow poinsettias to his family of scarlet ones.

Botanists call America's favorite Christmas bloom *Poinsettia pulcherrima*, as it belongs to the *Euphorbiaceae* family. But the Spanish, with their soft musical language do it more justice, when they call it, *flor de fuego* (fire flower) and *flor de noche buena*, (flower of the Holy Night or Christmas Eve).

Poinsettias are relatively easy to grow in a frostfree area. They can be started from a cutting, handed over the back fence by an obliging neighbor, and they will grow and bloom their hearts out far beyond the holidays. They can't take sudden changes in temperature and humidity without losing their leaves and turning yellow, and should not be allowed to dry out between waterings. There is one word of warning concerning the beautiful poinsettia. According to pharmacists a leaf, if eaten, contains enough poison to kill you.

On his commercial ranch, Paul Ecke must have his plants bloom exactly on schedule for market. If there is a possibility that they might burst forth prematurely they simply turn off the built-in alarm clocks by switching on the greenhouse lights.

It is befitting that so lovely a plant should have a festival in its honor. Each December as hundreds of thousands of these poinsettias spread their crimson blanket over the Ecke's 400 acres, along Highway 101, the Poinsettia Mid-Winter Festival begins, continuing throughout Christmas Day, complete with a Poinsettia Queen.

"Truly a Christmas miracle," Dr. Poinsett would say, and those who visit this spectacular outdoor garden show might add, a miracle because someone cared enough to bring it about. □

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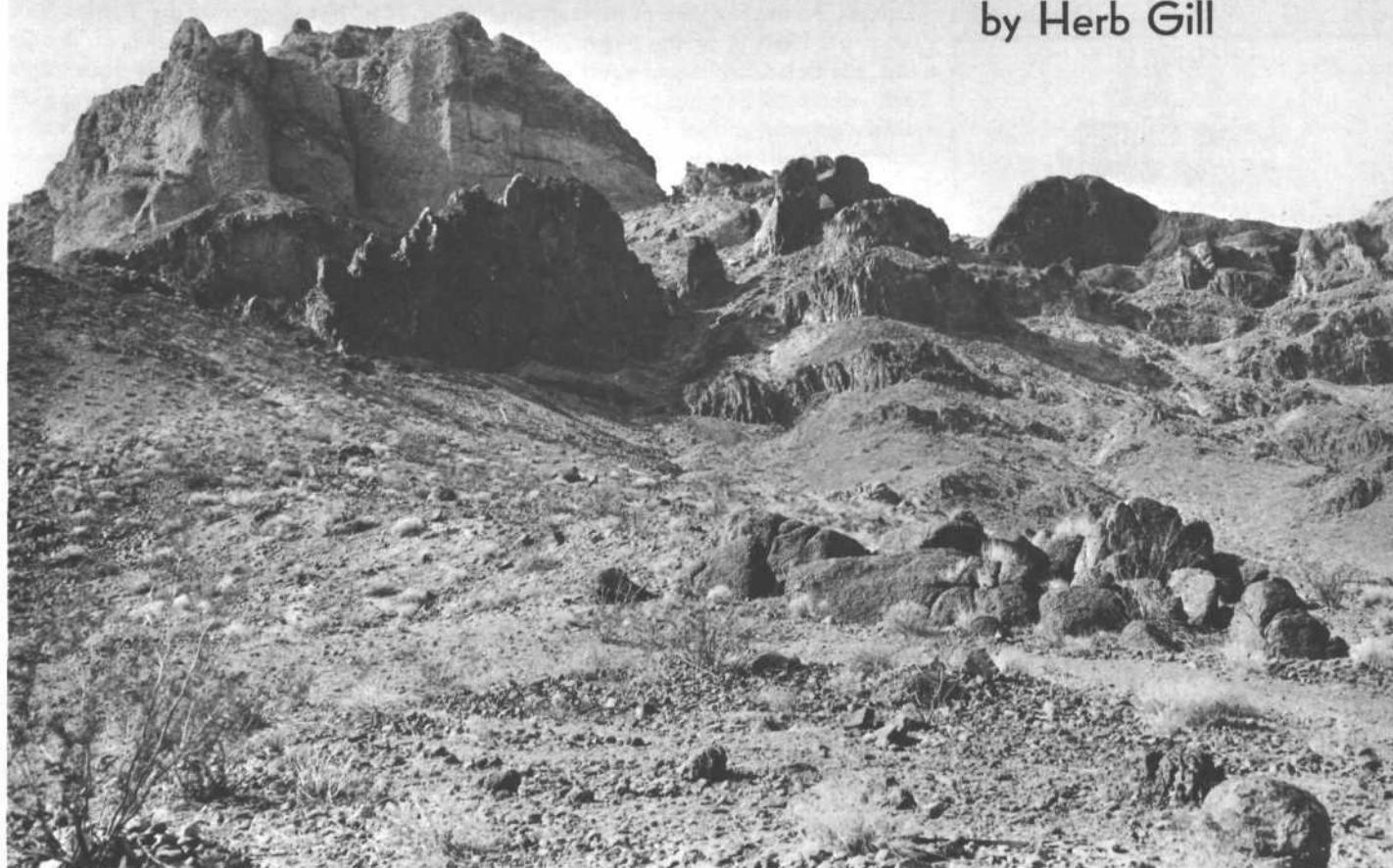
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# LOST GOLD IN THE TURTLES

by Herb Gill



*The rugged terrain of the Turtle Mountains has been the scene of many a lost mine search. Photo by Sam Hicks.*



WELL, I guess I have lost a mine too—not a mine exactly, but a good gold prospect anyhow. With the rumors of gold going up to 70 or 100 dollars,

an ounce, I decided to go back and relocate two holes where I had taken out some 20-odd dollar assays back in the 30s.

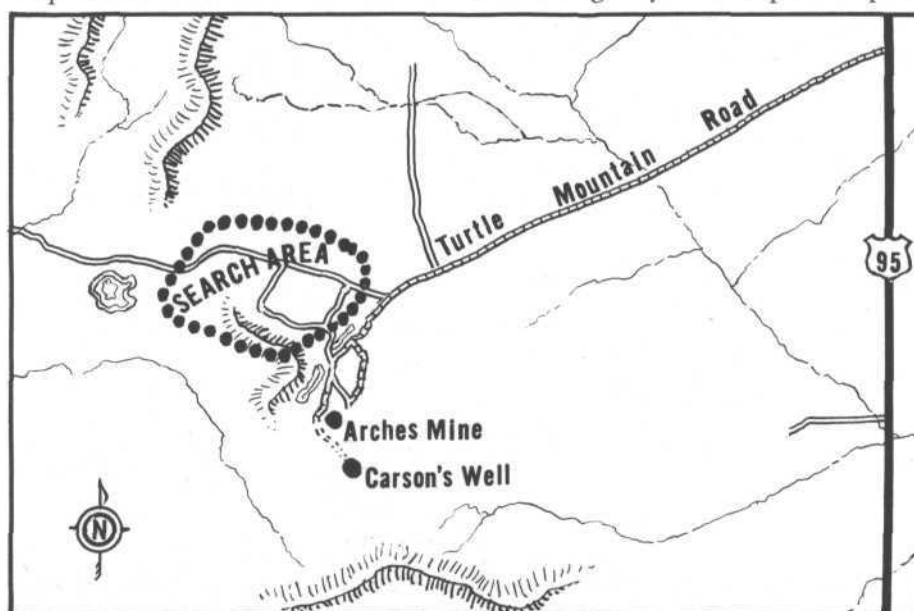
But the intervening 30 years seems to have changed the country a lot. All the old landmarks have disappeared, even the old road into the area. Operation "Desert Strike" by the Army did that job; just try to trace out an old desert road that has been criss-crossed by tank tracks!

To go back to the beginning, to the mid-30s, I used to go out to Carson Wells in the north end of the Turtle Mountains and stay with old Charlie Brown, owner of the Arches Mine.

Old Charlie was one of the early prospectors in that area and he knew every

foot of the Turtle, Whipple and Chemehueve Mountains and all the mineral outcrops in them.

Charlie was as honest as a midsummer day is hot in describing outcrops in the area so long as you could pass his pros-



pector's test by identifying a few trick ore samples he kept in his cabin.

Charlie would, however, never ask a fee of the newcomer who thought these samples were gold; he would freely give advice on the roughest route to reach the sources of this wealth and would calmly describe all the perils of the trip—the snakes, thirst, and hidden traps. He always stood ready to help as long as it did

not involve acting as a guide to the lode.

The lowest man on Charlie's pole was a Colonel Clark, a promoter who had a cabin some miles to the north of the Arches. Col. Clark would invite some greenhorn (who paid the expenses) out to inspect and invest in a claim on one of the numerous, but worthless, rich looking pegmatite outcrops which abound in the Turtles. As much a sore point with Charlie as his fleecing of the suckers was the fact that Col. Clark would never visit with him when their paths crossed. Charlie liked company and to talk of mines and mining. Of all the lost mines Charlie recalled, the only one I knew him to admit as being of whole cloth was the Lost Arches Mine of the Turtles, which he believed to be in one of the ranges to the west.

But to one who could identify his samples, who showed a good hand at panning gold, and who conducted himself as a miner and a gentleman (like panning out the supper dishes), Old Charlie would drop many gems of advice about minerals in the area. I followed some of his waybills and found the outcrops. Others I missed, but only when I had misread. Charlie made no mistakes. Out of one of these waybills came my lost gold prospect. I found the place and took some samples. They assayed out at about \$23 in gold. I intended to rush back, but school, a job, then marriage intervened. Aside from a quick look during my honeymoon, when there was naturally no time for prospecting, I never saw Charlie again.

His cohort, Jessie Craik took over the Arches and carried on the hospitality of the Arches Cabin, but Jessie was not a miner. He had absorbed a little mineralogy from Charlie, but retained little of the waybills to the mineral outcrops.

Here is what I remember of Charlie's waybill to my lost gold ore. Unfortunately, the critical keys are lost—otherwise I

would not be telling this story. I have looked as much as I can; perhaps someone else may be more lucky.

The road from Highway 95 to Carson Wells runs straight for 15 miles; then it forks at the foot of a little black lava hill. The left fork bears south and leads to the Arches Mine and Carson Wells. The right fork crosses a wash, and now goes W 150° N to a spur of the Turtles far to the west. Right here are two of the lost keys. In the old days, this fork meandered, as old desert roads do, along the north base of the black lava hill and it had a more southwesternly trend than has the present road.

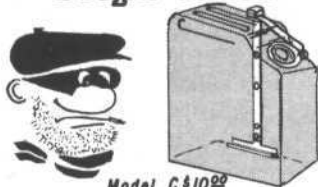
Just to the south of this road was my key landmark, Col. Clark's Cabin. This was no ordinary desert cabin; it was a prim Eastern style with a door in the center, symmetrical windows, a gabled roof, and neatly painted white with green trim. Now the cabin has vanished, and no slab, pile of cans nor other talisman of the typical desert shack remains—which is unfortunate for the waybill. Today there is a well and corral to the southwest of the lava hill, but I recall this as being too far away from the hill to be the site of my landmark.

The next missing key is in my memory: the distance one had to go beyond Col. Clark's cabin along the old road. I cannot remember if it was one or two or what miles. But I remember Charlie's other words perfectly: "Go — miles beyond Col. Clark's Cabin and just to the north of the road, less than 100 feet away, you will see two little prospect holes. Take a sample of the showing at the end and you will find gold."

I found the two holes, about 50 feet apart and both about the size of a bathtub, deeper at one end than the other. I took samples from the nearly vertical wall at the deeper end.

The outcrop was not quartz, as I re-

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call, but a fine angular breccia such as occurs in earthquake faults. The details of the rock are hazy. I suppose I didn't pay much attention because I intended to return immediately if the assays showed value.

The holes were on relatively flat land northwest of the black hill; they were on the flat of a malpais bed. There were no hills in the immediate area and I did not cross the large wash to the north of the flat area, but I may have crossed the wash to the west of the hill while on the road. This is another lost key.

The old road has been cut to pieces by the tank tracks and there now appear to be several fragmentary parallel roads running east-west across the area. The present straight road is definitely not the one I followed. Which of the fragments is the correct one, I cannot tell. Thirty years

ago, there was only one road. "You can't get lost," Charlie advised. I didn't then, but I sure am now.

To someone who can put these pieces together, or who can spend the time to

explore the area, there may be a reward. At the present price of gold, the seams are too narrow to be economically mined, but if the price of gold goes up—*quien sabe?* □

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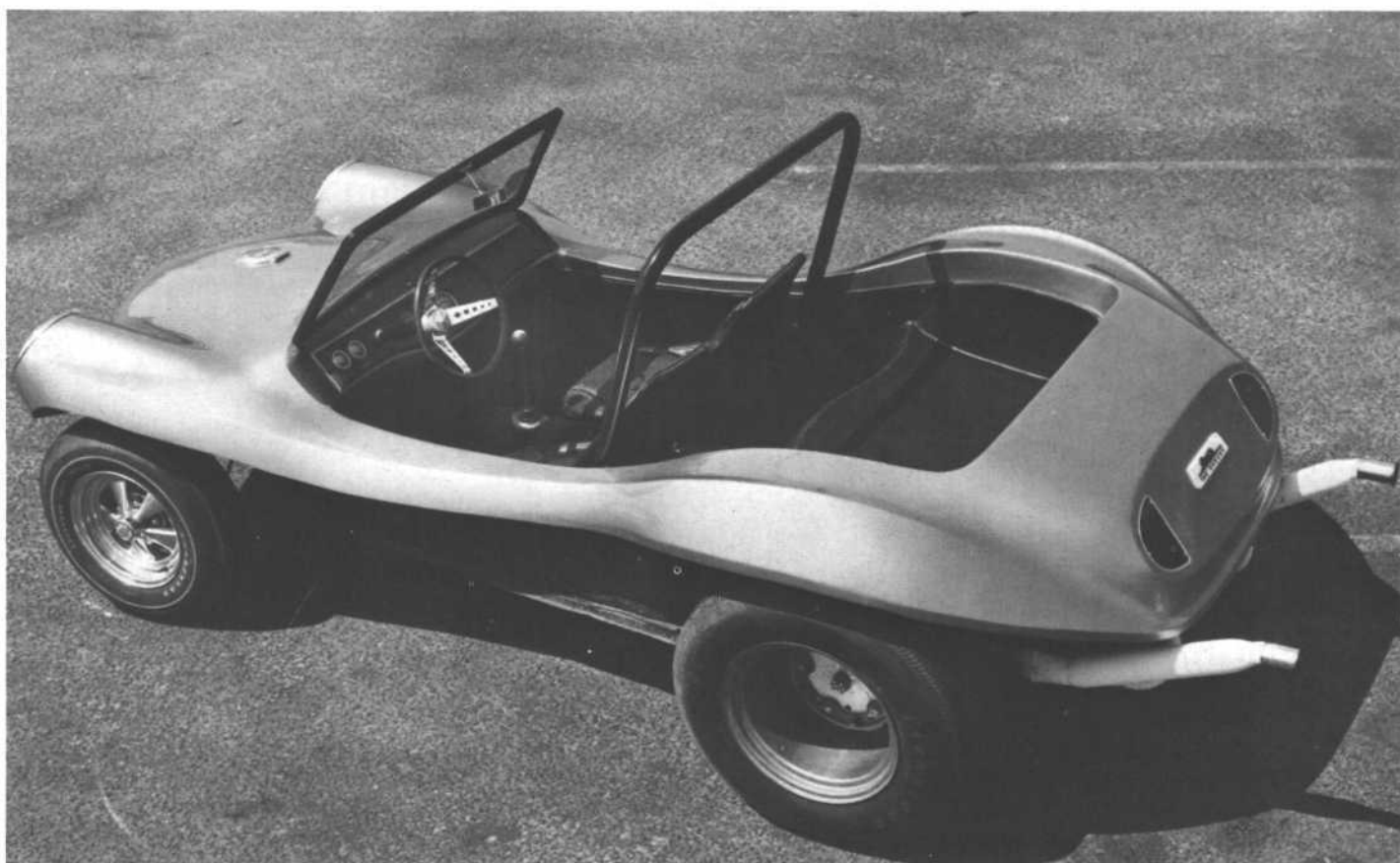
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## Petroglyphs in the Lava Bed

by P. M. McDonald



CINDER Cone stands apart from the neighboring hills of Rodman Mountains. It rose some eons ago in a wide valley, thrust its volcanic

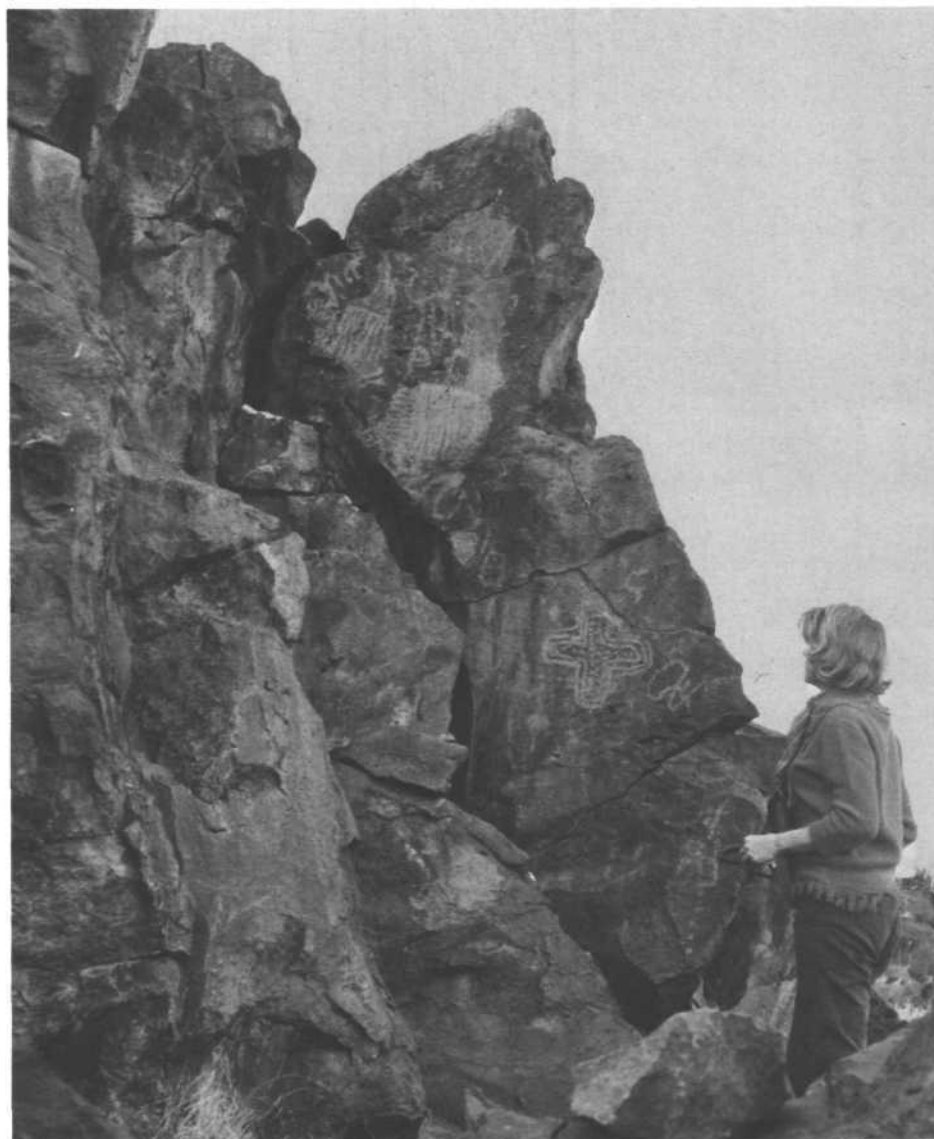
cone some 300 feet high and sent a steaming, hissing wave of molten lava searing toward the foothills.

The contrast today is sharply defined. Its thick blackened lava flow, cooled and still, resists even the sparse growth

which covers the other hillsides. Cinder Cone itself stands naked of life, red and black rubble fired to ceramic hardness. The lava bed, viewed from the top of Cinder Cone, covers an area of almost six square miles and appears to be an almost flat surface.

Once in time nature might have reached some semblance of success in covering the rebellious mountain in a mantle of life, for Indians long ago lived on the volcanic flow. Across the south-eastern end of the flow a sink, filled with soil, allowed a natural drainage of water from the higher mountains to run across it before dropping into a 20 foot deep crack in the lava flow. Along this wash are circular prayer stones, ceremonial rings left by the ancestors of the Shoshone Indians, and a few broken arrow tips of jasper and agate among bits of pottery. Further proof that Indians camped on the hard barren surface is found in the hundreds of petroglyphs etched in the rocks wherever a smooth surface exists. Figures of stick men, elaborate diamond patterns, wavy lines and circles, figures of goats and sheep and the sun, rows of dots with arrows pointing upwards.

There are several ways of reaching Cinder Cone and the lava flow, one from Daggett, California, over a fair but unmaintained hard surface road. We chose the route from Lucerne Valley. From the Union 76 service station in the town of Lucerne Valley, bear to the right on a paved road, then turn north on Bessemer Mine road, a wide, hard-surfaced road, which leads across Soggy Dry Lake bed to a U.S. Naval Testing Station 10 miles from the highway. One mile beyond the Navy installation, turn east onto a smaller dirt road for 4.5 miles to a powerline road. We were towing a small house trailer and had no trouble, although parts of the road were sandy and rough. Follow the powerline road for eight miles.



*Abstract, curvilinear petroglyphs such as the above are among the oldest found in the West. Others, depicting animals, are more recent, but still prehistoric.*



The road climbs up into mountains and, once on top, runs along the side of the double metal powerline towers. At the turn off to the lava flow, unmarked, the tower (Number 145/2) has a red stripe painted at the base. Beyond the turnoff at the next tower the road changes and goes between the power poles. *If you follow it there you have missed the turn-off by 3/10 of a mile.* Two miles westerly you reach the lava flow and its high charcoal-colored edge jutting across the valley. At the base of the lava flow the road makes two sharp S turns down into a deep arroyo, then climbs abruptly onto the top of the lava itself.

There is plenty of room to camp either here or along the road before it drops down into the wash at the edge of the lava flow. There are no camping facilities, however. Bring your own water and firewood.

To travel the side roads, which are numerous, would require a 4-wheel drive vehicle, but a passenger car will make it to the main area of the lava and Cinder Cone without trouble.

The view from Cinder Cone is a must, with visibility stretching out across the upper Mojave to Newberry. This is an ideal family trip, not only for the beauty

*Petroglyphs line the canyon wall above an ancient spring.*



and solitude of the desert, but for the hiking trails and opportunities to examine the petroglyphic writings of a vanished peoples. Time and weather is slowly fading some of these, and some

have been mutilated by vandals. It is conceivable that in a few years the country may be robbed of one of the largest collections of Indian writing ever to be found in such close abundance. □



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# Sleep-in at Amboy

by Walter Kempthorne



EVER had an urge to sleep in an extinct volcano? Forty members of the Mountain Earth Science Association of Riverside, California, did just that on a weekend trek to the 200-foot high pumice and cinder cone that rises above the desert floor near Amboy. They had no guarantees of safety, but no eruptions have been reported from this former hotspot in the past 10,000 years.

From southwestern Utah through southern Nevada and into the eastern and southeastern deserts of California, more than 100 examples of similar cin-

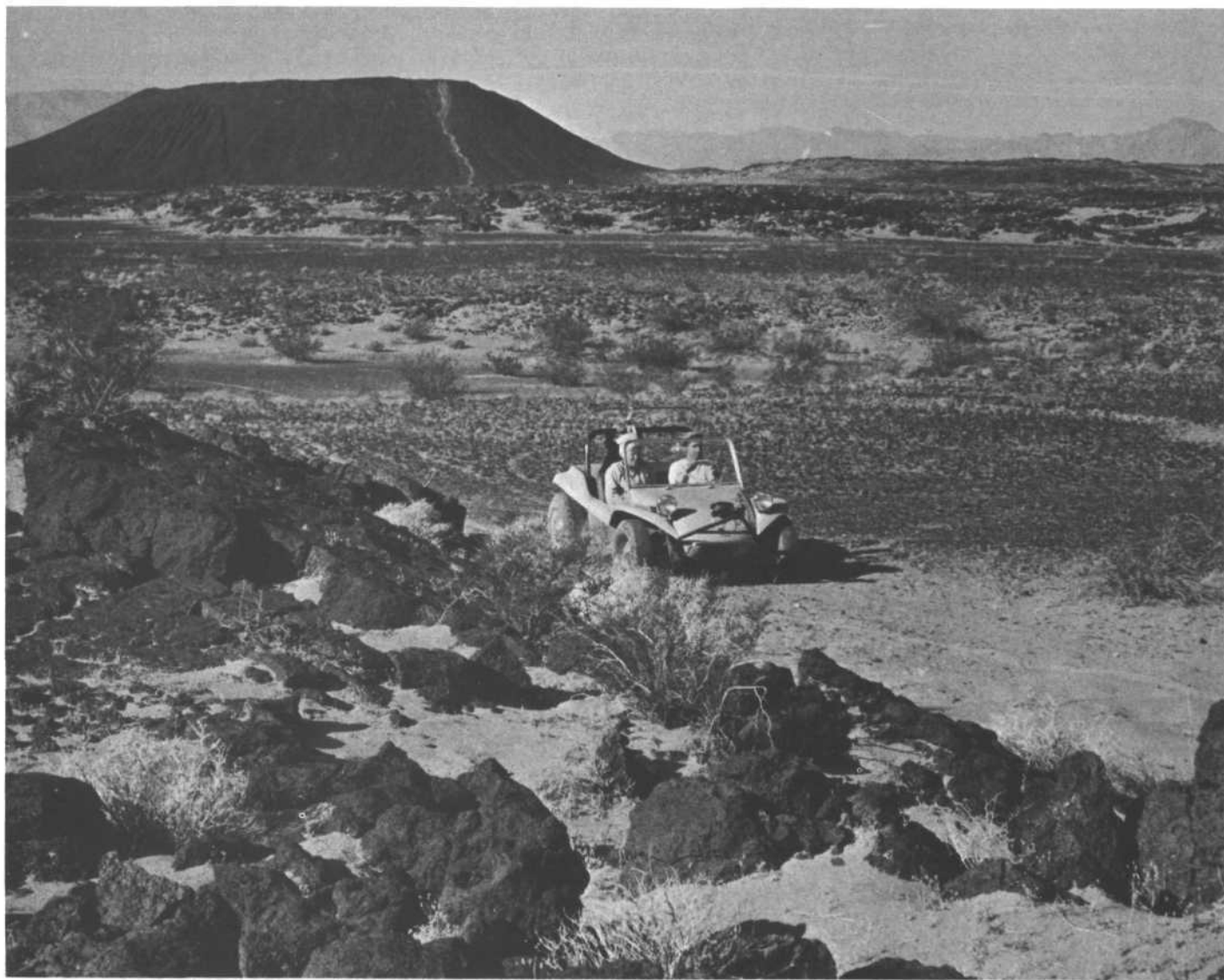
der cones can be identified by highway travelers. One 10-mile stretch of road between Baker and Halloran Spring in California has 27 cones huddled together in a concentrated cluster. All of these exhibits have one trait in common—they exist in stark isolation in a potentially deadly environment.

Intruders like JMESA respect this danger. Snake-bite kits were carried along with extra water for both vehicle and occupants. Bagdad, a scant 6 miles away from the Amboy Crater, experienced one three-year period when not a drop of moisture fell! Except for an occasional scrub cottonwood grubbing out an existence at a rare oasis where brack-

ish water has been unaccountably trapped, the landscape here is barren, dusty, and devoid of green vegetation. The desert floor, primarily flat, is treacherously sandy, interrupted only by areas of rock mosaic where lava pebbles are "paved" into the sand as compactly as though compressed by steam rollers. Wind and rare rain are responsible for this pattern, having beaten the rocks deep into the fine alluvial sand of the desert floor.

Throughout the Amboy Crater vicinity, black porous lava outcrops are disastrous to high pressure tires, their jagged edges penetrating through rubber as surely as would a knife or razor.

JMESA's Field Trip Director, Joe



Parnell, and Owen Crowley, another hot-weather expert, narrowed their choice of cinder cones to Amboy because it lies only two miles off Highway 66, a location easily accessible via either the Barstow or Twentynine Palms routes. Passenger car travelers rounded-up on the hard packed sand at the edge of the lava field one-fourth of a mile from the highway from which spot four-wheel drive vehicles relayed them to the crater. A straight-line, cross-country distance to the crater base is approximately one mile, if you choose to hike it, but the lengthier, snakier road is easier to follow, even afoot, because sandy depressions bounded by 15-foot walls of lava rock make detours necessary which add up to more than the extra mileage of the road. Unseen residents, burrowing beneath the surface, add further to the problems of cross-country walking.

On the advice of their guide, club members continued along the road past the north path up the crater side—a 35° climb on loose pumice and cinder recommended only for experts—and followed instead a shorter southeast ascent to the crater rim. This precipitous entry path is also hazardous due to frequent gusty winds which funnel up a gulley and blast their way across the cone's rim, but it is navigable with proper caution. A short 100-yard climb ends abruptly at a minor plateau of cinder. Just beyond it was the club's destination: the flat depression at the bottom of the cone's interior, now covered by sand blown in by strong winds.

During the trip, sleeping-bag enthusiasts learned that the desert wastes harbor a variety of night prowlers who disappear into nowhere during the day. Emerging from some hidden den, a fox stealthily slipped in over the lava to dig up the refuse buried a foot deep in the sand after the campfire was extinguished and the first light of morning brought innumerable ants, both red and black in addition to a family of flat-nosed, squeaking horned toads who came out to investigate. Small, fleet lizards darted from rock to rock or fled behind the silver-grey desert holly while spiny shrubs provided cover for the birds that jetted into them when we approached.

Since part of JMESA's credo is to educate as well as entertain, one crafty member decided to graphically illustrate the volcano in action. While the others were safely at breakfast he reactivated the cone for 10 minutes by sending up a dense pall of black smoke 300 feet above the rim. He refused to disclose his formula, but it was an awesome sight to those trapped among the piles of lava at the other end of the crater's floor.

Immediately west of the cone we discovered volcanic "bombs" which had been airborne during the eruption. These "bombs," circular or spindled-shaped masses of lava which solidified in flight, range from small, smooth egg-sized pellets to basketball-sized chunks and are found in a limited area near the southwest breach in the cone wall.

Our JMESA sleep-in at Amboy Crater was a huge success. We recommend it for other groups. □



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## *A Surprise Letter From . . .*

# The MAN WHO FOUND PEGLEG'S BLACK GOLD



In the March, 1965 issue of DESERT Magazine, an anonymous writer claimed to have found the legendary Pegleg black gold within a 30-mile radius of the Salton Sea. He also claimed to have cashed in the gold for some \$300,000 by removing its black covering and selling it to collectors and jewelers in Alaska. Many readers doubted this story—until they saw the evidence displayed in the DESERT Magazine bookshop. Including the large nugget received with the following letter, "Mr. Pegleg" has sent a total of eight good-sized nuggets to prove his point. They may be seen in the DESERT Magazine Bookshop in Palm Desert, California.

The "Man Who Found Pegleg's Black Gold" offered to answer letters from readers published on the Letters page of each issue. Following his original story, there have been six of these answers, each as interesting as the first. The last appeared in the August-September 1966 issue in response to a suggestion by Robert Buck in an earlier issue that the black gold nuggets may have been carried to the desert by the Peralta mule train and didn't originate in the desert locale where they were found. Here is further evidence introduced by the Man Who Found Pegleg's Black Gold which may support such a theory.

Dear Choral Pepper:

Yes, I did see your note in the November issue and, as always, I am enclosing a Pegleg nugget with this letter, one that has been treated—as I've described before—to remove the black coating from the outside.

I am also enclosing another artifact which I think may be of even more interest to you and the readers of DESERT Magazine.

In the latter part of August I made a trip to my original discovery site, not with

the idea of hunting for more nuggets, but to search the surrounding area more carefully. Ever since Robert Buck's story appeared in the June 1966 issue I've been intrigued by the theory that the Pegleg black nuggets may have been Peralta's shipment from the Spanish mine on the Calaveras river.

The corroded buckle I found during one of my trips seemed to lend credence to this theory, which I explained in my letter that appeared in the August/Sep-

tember issue of 1966. I brought the buckle home, but not realizing it might be important later I took no special pains to preserve it in a safe place. I promised to send you a photograph of it and although I've looked several times, I still haven't found it. Nevertheless, the enclosed artifact may be even more important to Buck's theory of the origin of the black nuggets.

During my last trip I was walking along a shallow gully about five or six hundred yards from the discovery site, looking carefully at the ground. There were patches of blow sand here and there, and in the edge of one of them I noticed what appeared to be a bit of rusty metal sticking out of the sand. At first glance it appeared to be a rusty bottle cap or the edge of an old tin can, and I started to walk on. Then out of curiosity, which I always have when I see something in the desert that isn't natural, I stopped and pulled at it. What came out of the sand gave me the same eerie feeling I had when I scraped the black coating off of the first black nugget and saw the glitter of gold.

I quickly recognized what I had in my hands as the hilt section of a sword scabbard. The scabbard itself was iron, but the band around the center of it with two rings attached seemed to be precious metal, as there was no corrosion as there was on the iron portion. The back of the band is smooth, but on the front is the figure of what appears to be a Spanish soldier in armour, wearing a sword. He is holding a child in his arms. Obviously the scene is that of a soldier dressed in his armour, bidding goodbye to his wife and child as he prepares to go off to war.

As I stood there in the desert holding it, my mind conjured up a long ago day when a train of laden burros came laboring over the low hills, prodded along by a few sweaty men; man and beast alike tired and suffering from hunger and thirst. If the scabbard or the black nuggets could talk, what story would they tell? That a lack of water and failing animals had caused the caravan to be halted and unloaded while the strongest men rode ahead through the burning desert in a desperate search for water, only to perish of thirst themselves? And when they did not return, perhaps one of those left to guard the black nuggets struck out over the hills in the final agony of approaching death and staggered a few hundred yards before falling to his knees to pray for the end, his sword thrown behind, his empty scabbard flopping at his side to remain there a century and a half while all else dissipated under

the pitiless sun until finally only a remnant of the scabbard marked the point of death?

Or was there another story of a swift attack by fierce desert Indians who would have no use for the black nuggets and leave them scattered after the packs were removed from the burros and opened; and did a wounded survivor run for his life, sword in hand, before being surrounded and put to death, his scalp and shiny sword taken by the Indians with only the mutilated body and empty scabbard left behind to mark the place of his last stand?

Only the corroded scabbard and the desert sand could tell the true story, if they could talk.

But back to reality. Perhaps there is no connection between the scabbard and the black nuggets. Perhaps it is of another time. I do not know. Nor am I an authority on early Spanish culture in California. The scabbard may be only 50 years old, instead of 150. This is why I am sending it to you. Perhaps by publishing a photograph of it and having it on hand for examination, a more comprehensive analysis can be made. I am, of course, greatly interested myself in the opinions of readers and competent authorities as to the origin of this artifact.

You will note in examining it that I have scraped a few tiny marks with the point of my knife to try to determine the composition of the metal. I would guess that it is silver, although the side containing the figures is somewhat reddish, possibly being copper or an alloy of silver and copper, possibly even being gold or electrum (an alloy of silver and gold). I cannot say and I won't pretend to know. I did not try an acid test as I did not want to deface or change the condition in which I found it.

If it proves to be early Spanish, then I think none of us can ignore the possibility that the black nuggets were from the lost Peralta caravan.

In this instance I am asking you and the readers of DESERT to solve the mystery of this scabbard and tell me what it is. I would like to loan it to you for display in your bookshop. I know it will be safe in your custody.

Sincerely yours,

The man who found Pegleg's (Peralta's?) black gold.

P.S. I will answer Bill Bean's letter in detail the next time. Although he is in error on a couple of things, I believe he may have found my discovery area. If not the exact location, then at least the general area. □

**Mitch Williams**

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# MONTE CARLO of the SOUTHWEST by Hunter Gooch



NE OF the most beautiful buildings of the Southwest crumbles away on the shore of Baja California's Todos Santos Bay a few miles below

the California border in the port city of Ensenada. These intriguing ruins, which consist of a baroque casino and buildings of the once internationally famous Hotel Riviera del Pacifico, are a mere 30 years old.

Built at a cost of close to two million dollars by a syndicate which included heavy weight boxing champion Jack

Dempsey and other gringo celebrities, the palatial white hotel was once the playground for Hollywood stars and their friends who kept the casino coffers filled while the rest of the world suffered the throes of a depression.

In the casino's brilliant Gold Room the acceptable exchange was gold. In some rooms only women were permitted to gamble. From slits in the second floor, eight armed guards maintained a constant watch, with orders to fire simultaneously if robbers struck.

Considered the Monte Carlo of the Southwest, international playboys courted

beautiful women in the casino's plush bars, sometimes hiking up trousers and skirts to dash into the adjacent bay when the tide was right for a grunion hunt. Tales are told of a colorful character who ate champagne glasses and lived to gamble again. Nights were long, wild and gay, always accompanied by the tinkle of glasses denied above-border Americans of the prohibition era.

The golden years of Ensenada came to an end when the federal government outlawed gambling in 1934. Five years later the casino's vaults were sealed. Futile attempts were made to operate it as a hotel without gambling, but income from its 57 rooms could not support the large staff necessary to maintain its buildings and expansive grounds. Slowly the buildings fell into disrepair.

Today termites, vandals and scavengers are its occupants. The hotel is unlocked and unprotected. Anyone can roam through its once richly furnished rooms. Surprisingly, the brilliant, stained-glass windows are still intact and until recently a large oil painting of a scene of the Spanish conquest of Mexico rested against a musty hallway wall. The grounds, once ablaze with colorful flowers, are now choked with weeds and pocked with gopher holes. A marble fountain that splashed water amid colored lights bears the autographs of those thoughtless wanderers who destroy beauty everywhere.

The future holds little promise for the elegant old structure, although the federal government plans to build a 300-room hotel, golf course, convention hall, cock fight ring, shopping center and other facilities next to it in about a year. These plans may realize the same fate as former plans for a 200-room addition with an olympic swimming pool meant to lure tourists down the newly completed Tijuana-Ensenada freeway, however. They were forgotten.

Except for occasional announcements of schemes to rejuvenate the casino, it has been forgotten, too. If you should ask an Ensenadan where the casino is located, he will often shrug and say he doesn't know. Once you find it, though, on the south end of town, and wander through its rooms and halls, you will be astonished that the noble edifice has been allowed to become a 20th century ruin. □

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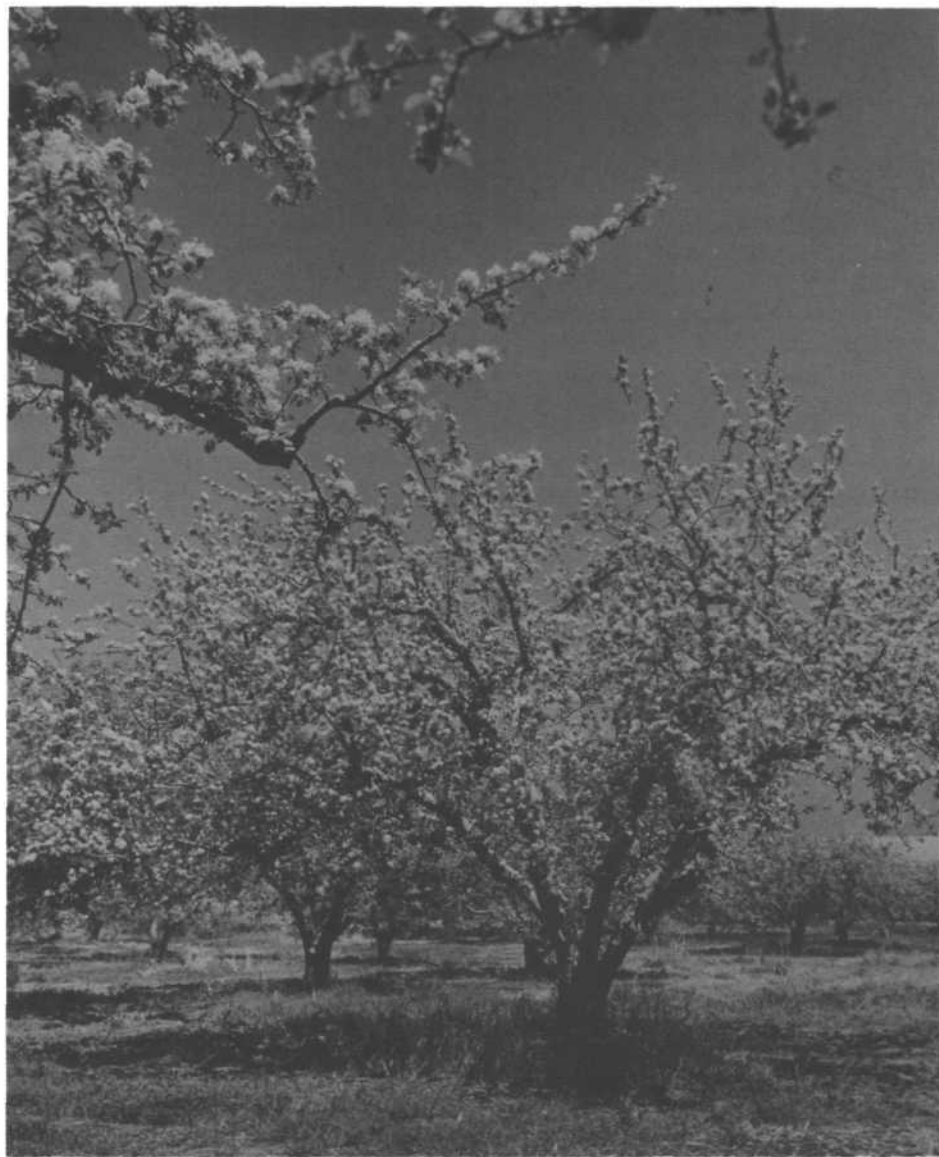


A one day trip  
to the apple strip

# Beautiful Yucaipa Valley

by Jack Delaney

*Apple blossoms brighten Yucaipa in the springtime*



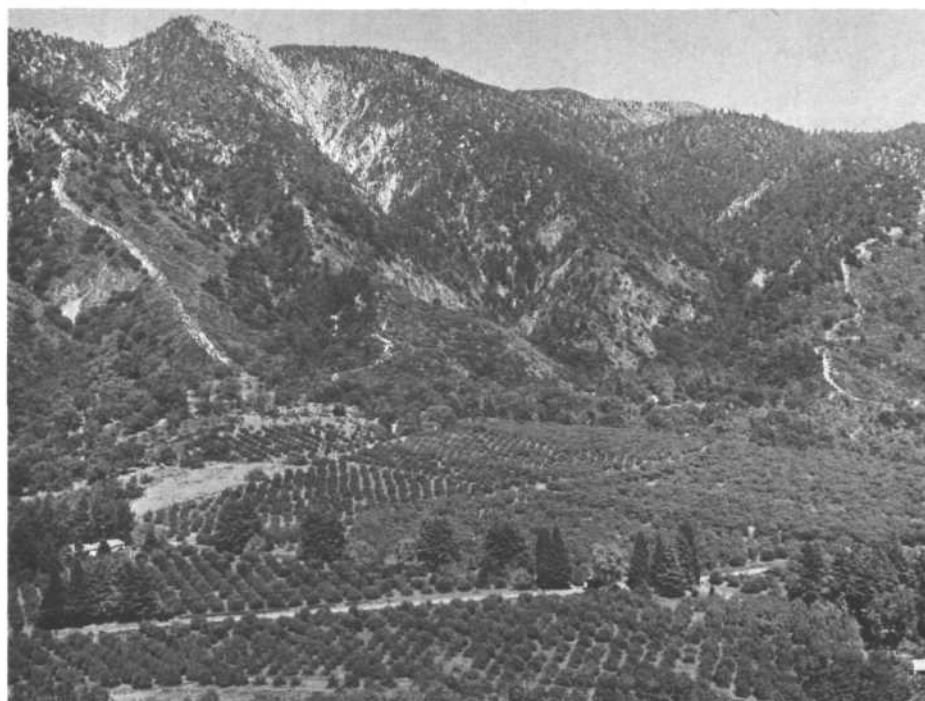
IF IT were true that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away," medical men in the Yucaipa Valley would hardly need hang up a shingle. Resi-

dents of this area, the largest apple producing region in Southern California, enjoy an apple or two a day as a routine way of life.

Yucaipa Valley is an enjoyable one-day trip from most points in Southern California. It is 70 miles east of Los Angeles by Freeway; 40 miles west of Palm Springs; 29 miles from Riverside; and just 8 miles from Redlands. This warm and rural region stretches lazily along the sunny slopes of the beautiful San Bernardino Mountains. It offers an appealing blend of town and country atmosphere, where horseback riders are not an infrequent sight along the roadways.

The history of this area fits into the regular pattern of many California towns—a triple play from Indians to Latins to Americans. The Indians were a peaceful group of the Serrano tribe—they built the Serrano Rancheria, a small collection of circular brush huts with rounded domes. They called the land where they settled "Ucipe," which meant "wet and sandy." While the description is not accurate for the area today, it may have been appropriate in the 1700s when the Indians were here. Later the name evolved into "Yucaipa," officially adopted in 1909.

Part two of the triple play introduced the patient and plodding padres of the



San Gabriel Mission who felt that they had a job to do and were determined to do it. This region was designated as the San Bernardino Rancho, under the supervision of the Mission. Also, in the Latin category, when powerful Mexican families established cattle empires throughout California, the valley was included. A flavor of the early days will be found in the historic Yucaipa Adobe, the

oldest house standing in San Bernardino County. This registered State Landmark dates back to 1837 and is presently being restored by the County.

Part three of the historical picture occurred in 1851 when two apostles of the Latter Day Saints Church arrived with a covered wagon train of 500 persons and purchased the entire Yucaipa Valley. In addition to having many wives and many

children, this Mormon group evidently had many dollars! Their leaders had plans for farming the good land and building a town, but pressured by developers who had similar ambitions, the Mormons decided to "let George do it" and yielded around 1859.

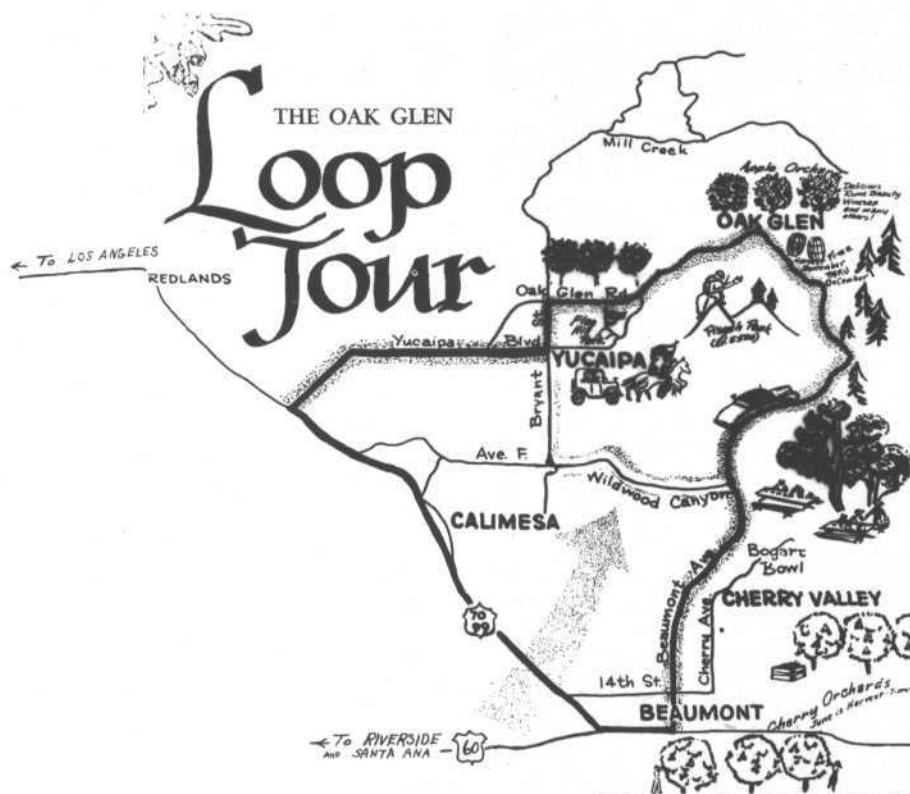
Yucaipa today is a community of approximately 20,000 persons, with a major portion of the population in the happy, carefree retired category, although a recent development has been to integrate younger families with the retired folks. About 10% of the residents live in rolling homes, but there are also 31 trailer and mobile home parks in the valley. Many of the swank installations can be seen by driving along California Street, in Yucaipa.

Artists have been attracted to the valley for many years as its rolling hills, blossoming trees, and mountain backdrops have been furnishing them with the peace and beauty that inspires creativity on canvas. Hundreds of daubers, professionals and amateurs, live and produce masterpieces here. An all-valley art show is held annually in conjunction with the Yucaipa Valley Days celebration.

Yucaipa Valley is a quiet, peaceful attractive area with an additional feature that has a special appeal to visitors. It can be expressed in one word—*apples*. The main concentration of orchards is in Oak Glen, a scenic region between the towns of Yucaipa and Beaumont. Once you have seen it you will return each year. The compelling lures to this enchanting part of back-country are many. One is the interesting drive up gently-winding Oak Glen Road, entering the well-known "Loop Tour," either from Beaumont or Yucaipa.

The choice of Beaumont as a starting point results in an easy carefree drive concentrated on a fascinating, orchard-scented eight miles of scenic beauty. To start it, drive north on Beaumont Avenue, which changes into Oak Glen Road, and continue to the apple mecca of Oak Glen. Then, after you have had your fill of apples, apple cider, and inspiring vistas, continue on down to Yucaipa and complete the loop.

Oak Glen Road winds through mile-high apple country. This enchanting drive attracts thousands of motorists each harvest season when colorful fall foliage is on display. Roadside stands sell tree-ripened fruit by the boxful, sackful, or basketful. Freshly made cider may be sampled by the cupful or taken home in gallon jugs. Picnic areas set among giant oaks and sycamores are provided by the



growers and are available to visitors without charge.

Other attractions at Oak Glen and along the inspiring mountain road include art galleries, specialty shops, a wild-life museum, a curio shop, and a candy factory. Also, there are three coffee shops, or eating places, serving small orders or regular meals. In these places, hot apple pie is the specialty. A charming mountain motel with a fireplace in each unit provides a temptation to cancel all engagements and just stay here in the fresh air.

Ranch families who live here have been a part of this country for the past century, giving the area an appealing story-book quality. Many were born here and most of them came from families who peopled the Glen when it was known as Potato Canyon, many years ago. Their characters and personalities are reflected along the entire length of Apple Orchard Row, a healthful outdoor region which includes camps for Boy and Girl Scouts and various church groups.

The harvest season runs from October to January. Eighty percent of the crop is the delectable Rome Beauty. This variety has no equal as a firm eating, cooking, and canning apple. Early season fruit includes Greenings and Gravensteins (good for cooking). Mid-season offerings are Rome Beauties, Jonathans, MacIntosh, Red Golds, Red Delicious, Standard Delicious, King David, Hoover and Golden Delicious. These are all excellent eating apples. Late season features are Rome Beauties, Black Twigs, Winesaps and Arkansas Blacks. Before the apples are offered for sale to visitors they are inspected for quality, washed, polished, rigidly graded for size, and packed.

As a one-day tripper wishing to extend his trip, you may explore the San Bernardino National Forest by driving a few additional miles east of Yucaipa. This is a region of spectacular views, boasting the highest mountain in Southern California—San Geronio Peak—which is 11,502 feet high. Fascinating place names, such as Monkey Face Falls, Wildhorse Meadows, Poopout Hill, Sugarloaf Mountain, Bellyache Springs, and Coon Creek Jumpoff lend atmosphere to the region. □

# The Mystery of the Charcoal Iron

by Ollie McNett



IT ISN'T unusual to find in the desert an article which has no known use, but that isn't always the end of the mystery. Sometimes you can figure out what the article was used for, but then the mystery arises—who left it there?

On an artifact hunting trip in the foothills of the White Mountains near Fish Lake Valley, Nevada, we recently found an antique charcoal iron. It was setting on a hilltop near Indian Gardens.

Indian Gardens is situated in a canyon mouth near a bubbling stream where the ground is soft and ideal for farming. In Nevada's early days a tribe of Paiute Indians used this land to grow what they called *taboose*, a small nut that grows in the ground similar to peanuts, but which tastes and resembles cocoanuts.

During the 1860s, Borax Smith of 20-Mule Team fame came to Nevada and started mining the borax that grows on the Columbus Marsh near Coaldale. Later he moved to Fish Lake Valley where he reaped the harvest of the Ulixite borax known as "cotton balls." His laborers consisted of Chinese and the remnants of his borax works and the crude houses built for the Chinese laborers can still be seen.

Now, did one of these Chinamen, who are well known for their laundry abilities, move to Indian Gardens to raise vegetables and do laundry for the Chinese miners? Was this iron we found brought in by him?

Constructed on the principle of a stove, the iron has a sliding door on the top where charcoal was inserted, and then the door was slid back and locked. On both sides of the body are draft doors to keep the charcoal smoldering. On the top, at both ends of the handle, are spouts resembling chimneys which released the steam and smoke. These spouts were once coated with a silver material. Underneath the handle is a rounded, scooped-out piece of metal which evidently held asbestos or similar type of material to protect the hand from the heat.

Or, was this iron one used by Felix

Redlich, a roving prospector who drove a team of mules instead of using burros, as did other prospectors of his time. Whenever Redlich began a prospecting trip, he filled a charcoal iron with glowing coals and placed it under a laprobe to keep his feet warm on the long, cold trips. When the charcoal burned out, he halted his team to reload his iron, keeping warm with a sagebrush fire in the meantime.

Or, did some lonesome farmer's wife



*Rare charcoal iron rests on table.*

have this iron and treasure it as her most prized possession?

The iron we found has the words "Patent Applied For" printed on the sliding door of the top, but there is no identification as to the manufacturer.

Mrs. Harold Story of Taylorsville, California, has a charcoal iron with the names W. D. Cummings, R. Taliaferde and E. F. Bless, Patented 1852. Her iron was made with only one draft and one spout chimney, the chimney in the shape of an old man with a beard. Ours possibly predates hers, after later usage had proven only one draft was necessary and that the back chimney of the iron was dangerous to the wrist.

Like many another desert mystery, ours of the charcoal iron may never be solved. □



# Life in the Green Desert

by Henry H. Lansford



**W**HAT color is the desert? Well, it depends on which desert you are talking about. The Painted Desert, down in the canyon country of the Southwest, is painted in broad strokes of red and purple. The scrub-and-sagebrush desert of the Great Basin between the Rockies and the Sierras is gray. And the Sahara, if we can believe technicolor movies, is blinding white.

But would you believe a green desert?

A dull and dusty green is the predominant color of the desert that juts up into Arizona and California from the Mexican state of Sonora. Classified by biologists as an arboreal, or tree-type desert, the Sonoran desert is green with an elfin forest of runty but genuine trees

such as the palo verde, ironwood, and mesquite, as well as with cacti that often grow larger than the trees. This grotesque forest teems with birds, mammals, and reptiles which, like the plants, have had to adapt themselves to survive on considerably less than a foot of rainfall a year. Most of them cope with high temperatures and severe water shortage by one of three methods: economizing, lying low, or storing.

Among the plants, the trick of economizing is used very successfully by Arizona's state tree, the palo verde. This tree, named in Spanish for its green stalk, is one of the most common inhabitants of the green desert. Most trees in temperate climates lose a great deal of water to the atmosphere through their leaves by a process called transpiration. The palo

verde cuts down on transpiration by cutting down on leaves. It has only a filmy veil of tiny leaves to begin with, and when water is unusually scarce it sheds even these, thus beginning photosynthesis, a process vital to plant life with its green trunk and branches which contain the chlorophyll that most plants have only in their leaves. The cacti, of course, have carried this tendency one step further and have given up leaves completely. But the palo verde is still a tree, if a strange one, and not a succulent plant like the cacti.

The ocotillo, another non-cactus, relies on the device of lying low when there is not enough water. The thorny, whiplike stalks of a mature ocotillo shoot up higher than a man's head from a common base and each stalk normally bears small,









closely spaced leaves along its entire length. But when the weather gets too hot and dry, the ocotillo drops its leaves. Unlike the palo verde, the ocotillo goes dormant, as do the oaks and maples of colder climates at the onset of winter. The ocotillo, however, responds to the weather and not the seasons; it may grow and shed half-a-dozen sets of leaves in a single year.

Lying low when the weather is too hot and dry—the opposite of hibernation—is known as estivation. The behavior of the ocotillo is just as logical as that of the oak or maple; it is simply less familiar to most of us. In the spring the palo verde blossoms out in yellow and the ocotillo produces small brilliant bursts of scarlet at the ends of its long, waving stalks. Nature's rules are neither changed nor suspended in the desert, but are applied in ways to which we are not accustomed.

A spring that follows a rainy winter will see the desert floor between the shrubs and trees and cacti covered with a carpet of small but colorful flowering annuals, many of them desert versions of old garden favorites such as the marigold, the poppy and the primrose. These annuals spring from seed that may have lain dormant for two or three dry years, ignoring light showers that would have resurrected their garden cousins. These desert seeds are able to lie low until they are awakened by a winter rainy season long and wet enough to ensure the survival of the small and tender plants for a brief life span of six weeks or so. That is all the time they need to complete the life cycle from seed to flower and back to seed again.

The third trick of desert survival, storing, is used by the Sonoran Desert's biggest and most grotesque inhabitant, the saguaro cactus. The saguaro, or giant cactus, may spread its arms as much as 40 or 50 feet above the crowns of the scrubby desert trees. The stranger to the desert would assume that its taproot must reach very deep into the rocky soil, but actually its taproot is seldom more than three feet long. Its main root system is shallow, but highly efficient, and may spread nearly 50 feet out from the base of a mature saguaro.

When a sudden cloudburst turns loose a deluge that may represent half the total rainfall for a year, the saguaro's waterworks go into action. The spreading roots pipe the water into the trunk, which at the end of a long dry spell will have shrunk down close to its skeleton of hard, woody ribs. As the water enters the soft tissues that surround the skeleton, the vertical ridges in the waxy outer skin ex-

pand like pleats. A large saguaro can absorb as much as a ton of water at a time, and saguaros have been known to split their sides when freakishly heavy rains gave them more water than they could store.

Desert animals also use these three basic tricks for survival. Economy is practiced by snakes and lizards, as well as by ground squirrels and other small mammals, which stay in their burrows during the day when the searing sun would quickly dehydrate their small bodies. The spadefoot toad is the champion at lying low, spending the major part of his life underground and coming out only for a short period in the summer when there



*Ocotillo, cholla and saguaro produce a desert jungle.*

are big enough rain puddles to hold the eggs and hatch the tadpoles for a new generation of toads. The desert tortoise, like the saguaro, stores his water supply, using a built-in tank under the hump of his shell.

Among animals, the grand prize for adaptation to the arid environment surely should go to a little fellow who uses a method that no plant is equipped to use. He is the kangaroo rat, sometimes called "the mouse that never drinks." This nickname is at least half accurate; the kangaroo rat is not a mouse, but it is quite true that he never drinks. Unlike some desert rodents such as pack rats and ground squirrels, who get along without drinking much water by eating green plants with a high moisture content, the

kangaroo rat survives splendidly on a diet of dry grains and seeds, with never a drink to wash them down.

The kangaroo rat's body has learned to make its own water. The chemical formula for water is H<sub>2</sub>O, which means it is made up of one part of oxygen and two parts of hydrogen. The seeds and grains that the kangaroo rat eats contain hydrogen, in the form of compounds known as hydrocarbons, and the body of the little rodent has the unusual ability to take hydrogen from the hydrocarbons, combine it with oxygen from the atmosphere, and produce that precious compound H<sub>2</sub>O. The kangaroo rat never takes a drink for the same reason that the Tennessee moonshiner never buys a bottle of whiskey. They both prefer to make their own.

If you are a stranger to the green desert, looking for an introduction to its unusual plants and animals, you would do well to visit a couple of institutions that specialize in interpreting the life of the desert to those who want to learn about it. The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum lies just west of Tucson. This "living museum" combines the best features of a museum, a zoo, and a botanical garden, and it displays the life of the desert in a particularly friendly way. In the tortoise enclosure, for example, children are encouraged to pick up the ungainly desert tortoises for a close eyeball-to-eyeball inspection. An underground tunnel is equipped with windows opening into the burrows of nocturnal creatures that could not be observed otherwise. The museum is located in the middle of a splendid stand of saguaro cacti, ocotillo, palo verde, and other typical species of the arboreal desert. Another such institution is the Boyce Thompson Southwest Arboretum at Superior, Arizona. This garden of desert plants from both hemispheres is operated by the Desert Biology Station of the University of Arizona. Trails wind among the arboretum's plantings, allowing the visitor to observe at close range many desert species that might not be found within miles of one another, or even on the same continent, in their native habitats. A third is currently being constructed in Southern California's Coachella Valley, near the *Desert Magazine* headquarters in Palm Desert (DESERT, March 1967).

So if you have been thinking of the desert as a dull and lifeless place, with nothing to see but miles and miles of sterile sand and desolation, perhaps you ought to pay a visit to the green Sonoran or Colorado deserts. You may be in for quite a surprise. □





PAIUTES who maintained an all year camp at Beowawe Hot Springs in northern Lander County, Nevada, were certain that many powerful spirits lived in the bowels of the earth. In a way they were right, as this area has more geysers and geyser activity than any other section of the United States, with the exception of Yellowstone.

At present there are five wells at Beowawe. One of them, discovered in 1960, supplies a flow of 40,500 pounds of steam per hour, and a whopping total of 1.43 million pounds of hot water also pours out every hour.

Nevada's warm springs, some unnamed and others bearing vividly descriptive monikers, are not confined to one particular desert area. In every one of its 17 counties the earth bubbles, boils and burps. In an arid state such as Nevada, it is startling to discover that 186 areas have been mapped and designated as thermal by the Nevada Bureau of Mines. Only California and Idaho can compare with this figure as they, too, have an abundance of hot springs. Most of the springs are

## HOT SPRINGS of NEVADA

by Doris Cerveri

long distances apart and often in inaccessible places where extensive volcanic activity once occurred.

Indians have many legends, especially about unusual phenomena, and Diana's Punch Bowl is a favorite. Located in northern Nye County 50 miles south of the old mining town of Austin, Diana's Punch Bowl is a large, natural cauldron containing hot water in a pool at the bottom of a huge cone-shaped bowl 50-feet in diameter and 40-feet deep. When cooled, the water is fresh and potable.

They say an Indian couple decided they wanted some eagle eggs which were in a niche on the inner side of the bowl. The brave told his wife to hold firmly to his feet while he descended for them head first. She held on tightly until she spied two small eagles flying nearby. In her

eagerness to grab the eaglets she released her husband. The legend is that her husband's scalp and leggings eventually reappeared from underground channels and rose to the surface of the water.

The Hot Springs of the Forty-Mile Desert were familiar to early travelers who called them the Springs of False Hope. Hot, parched oxen plodding across the desert from the Humboldt Valley region could smell water as they neared the springs. Half mad from thirst, they would rush forward and plunge their noses into the scalding water, bawling piteously when their noses and tongues were burned. The wagon masters, of course, allowed the water to cool before drinking it.

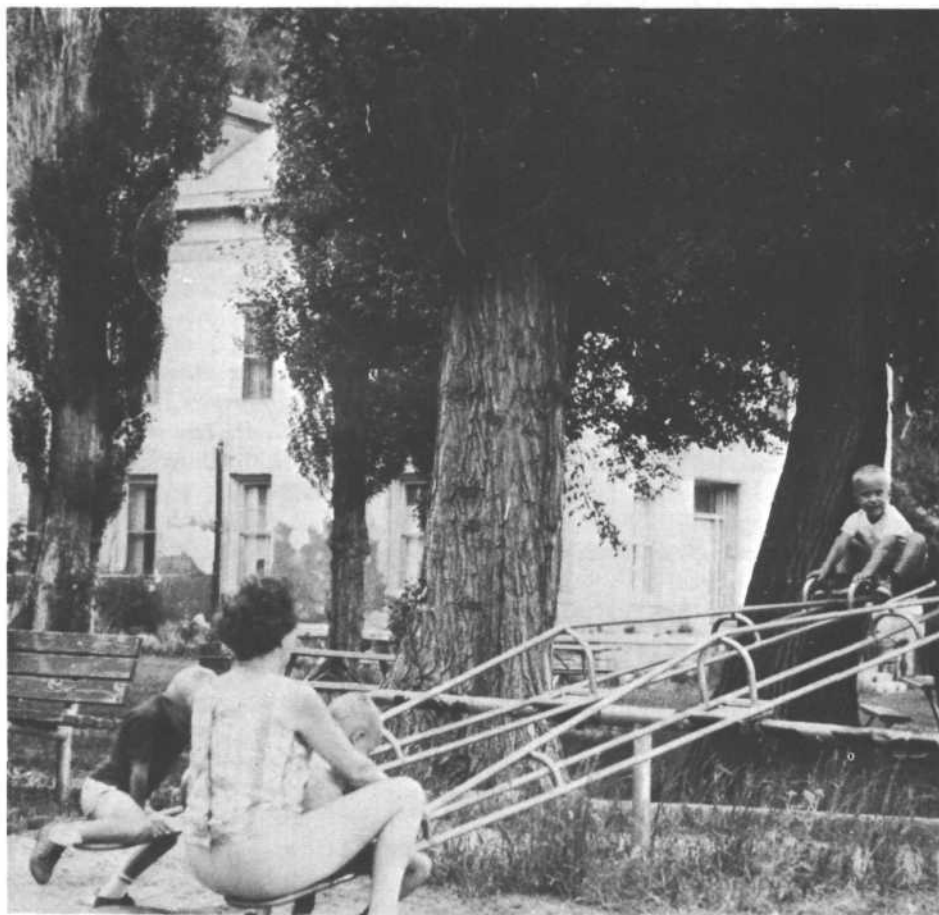
Divers have discovered hot springs bubbling in the depths of Pyramid Lake, home of the Paiute Indians, who have utilized the springs for thousands of years.

Darroughs Hot Springs in Nye County near Tonopah was mentioned by Fremont in his journal of 1845 in which he related that the water evidently had been in use by the Indians for many centuries. The old stone building at Darroughs was headquarters of a stage station after a mail route through Smokey Valley was established and is probably the oldest settled station there.

In 1886 a small settlement near Golconda Hot Springs, 16 miles east of Winnemucca on the Humboldt River, was the unofficial headquarters for all activity of the Gold Run Mining District. The Central Pacific Railroad ran a line to the springs a few years later, but shortly afterwards the mines petered out and the springs became a health resort where its therapeutic qualities were well known to early westbound travelers.

Eilley Orrum (Sandy Bower's wife) had washed clothes several times in the hot water flowing out of a crevice in the mountain in back of their mansion before it was completed. She remarked at the time how easily dirt came out of the clothes; it was handy, too, because she didn't have to carry heavy buckets to be heated over a hot stove. The comfortably warm pools at Bowers Mansion have been a source of pleasure to bathers for many years. Recently the entire swimming area was rebuilt and now includes new bath houses and a public area.

Several hot springs in Nevada have been designated as unlimited sources of geothermal energy. Tremendous plans for their future development are a far cry from the past when they were only visited for recreational and therapeutic reasons. □



*Eilley Orrum Bowers would glow with pride were she to see these families of today enjoying her impressive mansion and its pool filled with water from the hot springs near Carson City.*

*A strange story about . . .*

## *The House on Ghost Mountain*

*by Myrtle Teague*



WE were exploring Blair Valley in the Anza-Borrego desert when we paused to visit with a park ranger. "Had we ever heard of the Souths of Yaquitepec," he asked, "the family who wrote about their experiences in primitive living for DESERT Magazine back in the 1940s?"

It just happened that we had, having been long-time DESERT subscribers. For us, this was an exciting subject. The location of the adobe house on Ghost Mountain, built by Marshal and Tanya South and their children, had been a highly protected secret during the 15 years they occupied it. Often we had wondered just where it was.

Directing our eyes across the vast desert valley toward a rugged mountain that protruded high into a veil of gray clouds, the ranger said, "That's the place they called Ghost Mountain, but you can't see the house until you are within a few feet of it. When Anza-Borrego be-

came a state park, the South property was included within its boundaries."

Always anxious for adventure, we unhooked our jeep from its tow bar, checked our directions on a topographic map and started across the valley. While winding through cacti, washes and uneven terrain, we maintained a watch for potsherds lying on the ground. Long ago a large Indian population lived in this valley and there is much evidence of their pottery making for those who look hard. Complete ollas may be hidden under overhanging rocks or washed up after rains from burial places in the sand.

As we drew near the base of the mountain, I wondered, incredulously, how anyone could have built a house up there. The sides of the mountain appeared endlessly high and utterly vertical. After parking our car, we searched for a trail that serpentine faintly among granite boulders, rocky ridges and sharp mesal toward the summit. In places it gave out entirely, but we continued to climb until, exhausted, we all but crawled to the brow of the hill. And there it was! Ele-

gant in simplicity, splendid in isolation, the adobe walls of Yaquitepec nestled among huge boulders in a natural setting. Their years of work, their mastery of frustration, their joy which came as a result of rewarding toil; all of the emotions that the South family had experienced were symbolized by these strong, vital adobe walls.

The cisterns the Souths had dug and cemented so as to hold each drop of precious rainfall now provided water for wildlife. The unique adobe oven in which Tanya baked whole grain, Indian bread stood unused. The house had deteriorated, but the timeless character of artful construction gave it a dignity that will never grow shabby. We stood on the edge of the precipice, drinking in the serenity of eroded mesas which stretched endlessly below, like gigantic mazes in relief. I began to wonder about this family who had succumbed to an overwhelming urge to get away from the confines of its time; to imagine its primitive life on this mountain island amid a sun-parched, sandy sea.

Born in England, Marshal South came to the United States when he was five years old. With his mother and brother he traveled widely and, when a young man, wrote a number of Western fiction books which were published in England. Tanya was a New Yorker. After graduating from Columbia University, she wrote poetry for various publications until she met and married Marshal. When the depression was at its peak, when business firms and banks were closing their doors, the Souths loaded their belongings into an old car and headed toward the desert in quest of a home.

Their search ended at the base of Ghost Mountain on the western rim of the Southern California desert. This seemed the perfect spot to build their new home. Water had to be packed up the steep mountain trail to make adobe bricks and supply other needs, but by working from sunup to sundown, the couple proved the desert a generous provider. Their sandals were made of yucca fibre, their pots and pans from native clay. In winter they carried firewood on their backs over many miles. Their only source of income was from the monthly articles Marshal wrote for DESERT Magazine.

During the years on Ghost Mountain, their third child was born, Victoria. The other two were sons Rider and Rudyard. Tanya supervised their academic studies while Marshal taught them the ways of nature and Man. The family lived at Yaquitepec until 1947 when, due to emotional conflicts which arose, perhaps, from too close an association in too small a world, the home broke up and Tanya obtained a divorce. She and the children then moved to San Diego; Marshal moved to Julian. In October, 1948, at the age of 62, Marshal died of a heart attack. At the time of his death, Rider was 14, Rudyard 10, and Victoria eight years of age.

Time has rolled onward. Now Yaquitepec stands on its isolated mountain top, abandoned and old. But the gentle winds that whisper around its adobe walls still remember the wonderful years of its past. □

*Editor's note: On a recent trip to San Diego to visit with Tanya South, DESERT's editor met Victoria, now an attractive mother of five children. Rider, also is married and has a family, while Rudyard pursues academic achievements in engineering. Tanya is retired from a civil service position she held for many years.*

*She spoke of her DESERT friends and*

The stark aridity of the desert is notoriously depicted by a grizzled prospector gasping for water as he drags himself on hand and knee through blistering sands, toward a dried up water hole surrounded by sun bleached skeletons. Conservation of water while traveling in the desert is often a difficult transition for those who have become accustomed to luxuriating in copious quantities of this precious life sustaining fluid. Here are some easy ways to stretch limited water supplies:

In advance of your trip, coordinate your water supply and refrigeration by freezing pure fresh water in large clean plastic containers such as those used for dairy products, beverages, bleaches, and distilled water. Later, as the ice melts, the water may be drained off for drinking or cooking. Extra water and refrigeration are not the only benefits of this system, since melted ice water is restrained from sloshing around and waterlogging food items in the ice chest. When commercial "block ice" is used, this procedure can be reversed by keeping refrigerated items carefully wrapped in tight plastic containers, and occasionally "tapping off" and saving the melted ice water for camp use.

Another prudent way to conserve water, is to carry a large supplement of fruit juices, soft drinks, and other canned or bottled beverages.

Water in camp can be conserved when washing hands and face if you observe the following practice; dip only a small handful of water from the basin, lather

*of their kindness in the past. She is happy, healthy, busy with a multitude of interests, and she looks younger today than she did in DESERT photos published 25 years ago. She described Marshal as a man far ahead of his time who lived and thought in the '40s as the hippies try to think and live today. C.P.*

## Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron



away from the basin preventing the dirty soapy water from dribbling back in. A couple of extra dips for rinsing should complete the job.

By using a small amount of detergent water, a good scouring pad and plenty of cleanser, grimy pans, dishes, and utensils can be given a preliminary cleaning, thus minimizing amount of water needed for final wash and rinse. Be sure to keep a container handy to save used wash water and dishwater for use in putting out camp fires, or for sprinkling on dusty areas around camp.

Disposable paper (or plastic cups, plates, and towels) are excellent water and time savers—as well as being a boon to camp sanitation. □

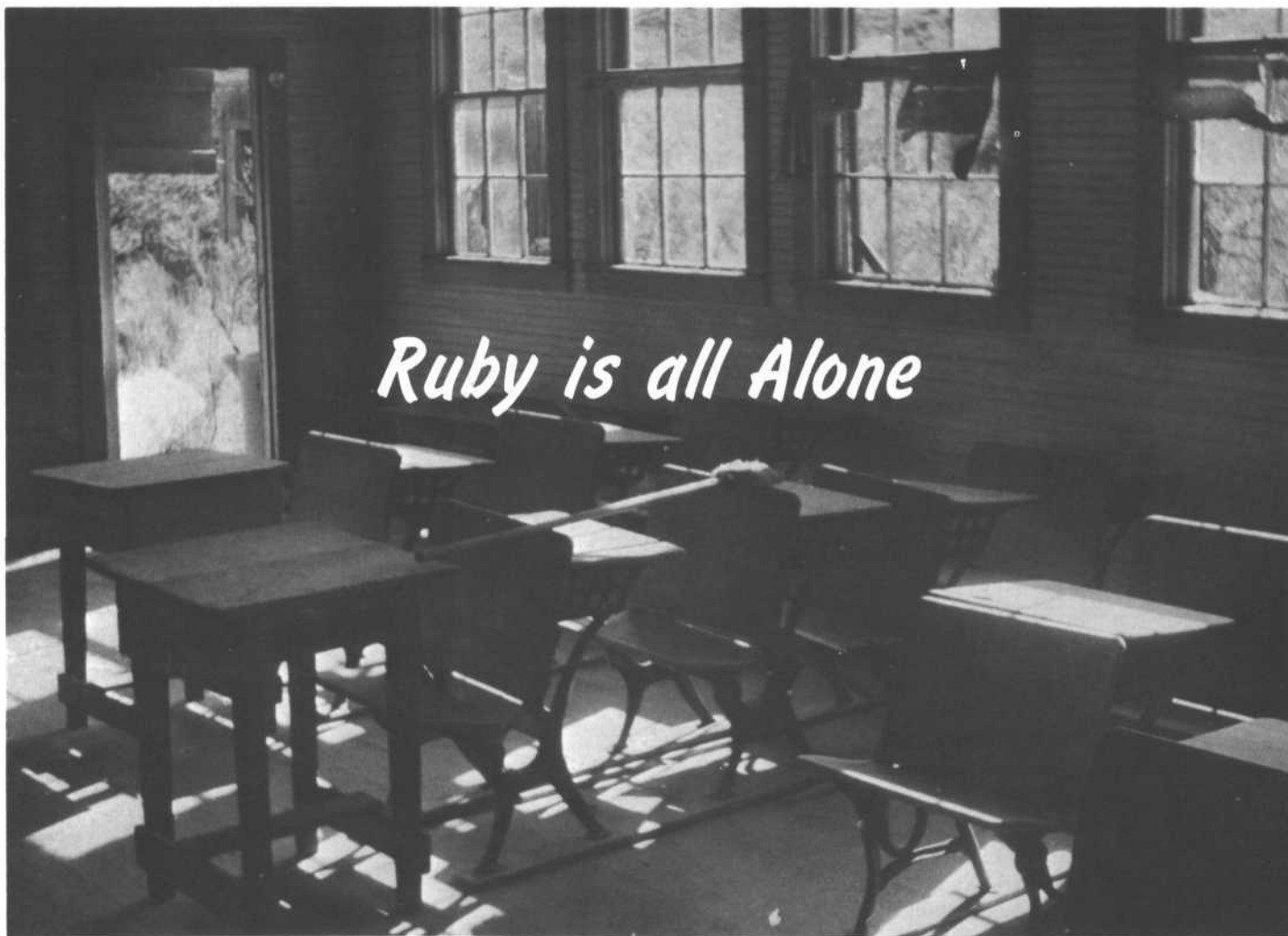
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## Ruby is all Alone

*The empty school house is a sad sight*

*by Jerry Jenkins*



NESTLED close to the Mexican border, the ghost town of Ruby, Arizona, quietly greets each morning, as it has during the past 90 years.

The town lived and died at least three times during the closings and reopenings of the rich mineral deposits. Now it is dead.

There is a lake still there, with plenty of water. Pool tables, with scoring beads above, remain intact in the general store. The solid steel door of the jail sits half-open and the assay and testing laboratory is stocked with old bottles. Some of the account books on its shelves are dated 1800. An ice-making machine is nearly complete enough to use once more and a rusted safe rests on the foreman's porch. In a neglected schoolhouse, part of which was built in 1914, are line after line of old desks. Outside, the school's playground equipment stands in disuse.

No one in the area, including the Coronado State Park rangers, is quite sure

of the exact founding date of Ruby, as the town is now known. Perhaps its best living authority is Ramon Rosthenhauser (of German-Mexican descent), who presently lives in Tucson. Ramon's father was an employee of the early town when Ramon was born there. Originally founded around 1873, its first inhabitants were all Mexicans and the town was known as Montana, or Montana Camp, taken from the old area name of Montana Gulch. Exactly what happened to these founders is not known. Indians might have slain them or perhaps disease took its toll. The only remaining evidences of its existence are the Montana mine, the adobe dwellings, and the vast diggings among a trickling of Mexican artifacts.

The first recorded strike was made in 1891 by a J. W. Bogan, who worked the silver for about 20 years. Ramon's father, also named Ramon, came to the town in 1901 after hearing of it in his travels as a blacksmith. Tales of great wealth in the town of Montana were

based upon a rumor that some gringos had reopened the town after having assayed deposits of silver.

Ramon gave up his blacksmith trade to become a mucker in the mines. The work was hard, but the bonus with each rich pocket made it seem worthwhile. When hundreds of Mexican peons stormed the town for work, however, the bonus system stopped. If a man didn't like the work, he could quit; there were plenty more to take his place.

Observing that there was nothing for the men to do during their free time, Ramon decided to build his own "gold mine." At night he took to crossing into Mexico to return with a burro load of whiskey, tequila and mescal, which he proceeded to sell on the edge of town at a handsome profit. The mine bosses, who had outlawed drinking of hard liquor in town, tried frantically to find out who was responsible for the groggy men on the job.

Shipments of ore were made by wagon and mule, later by truck, to Nogales,

Arizona, and then to El Paso, Texas, by train. Frame buildings and a private lake were constructed and the town flourished. A post office was established in the general store in 1912 and the town was officially named Ruby, after the wife of the first camp store owner. Prior to that, mail was often missent to Montana, after it was recognized as a state.

Drinking and saloons were still outlawed in the town. A deputy sheriff kept peace, but due to lack of public interest the town was without a jail. More than once Ramon was tied to a mesquite bush in an effort to make him confess his source, but his assailants could never get a confession. He was not the only one to face frontier justice. Others who had committed petty crimes were also tied to the mesquite bushes for 12 hours or so.

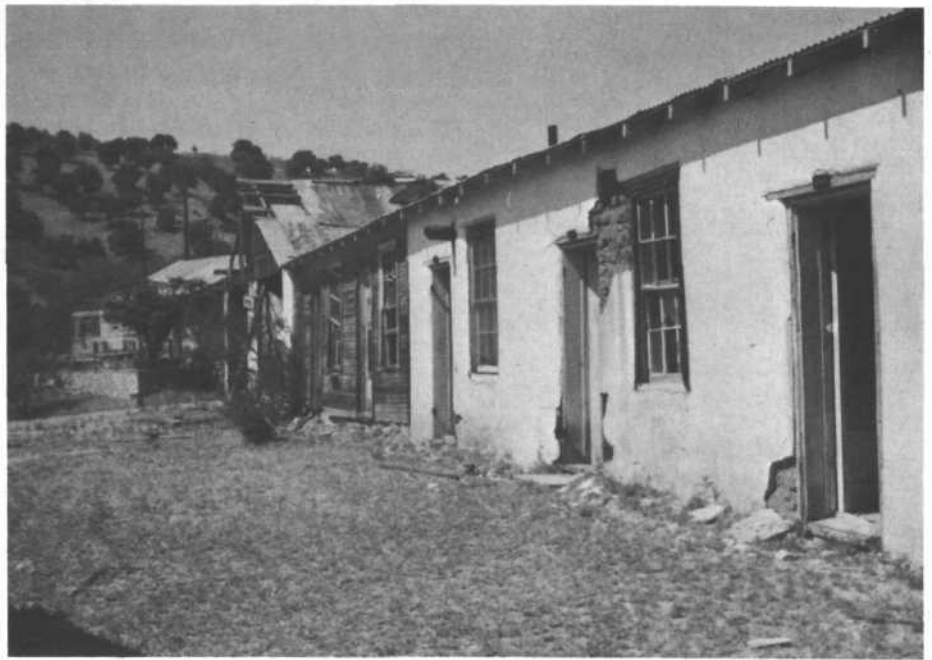
An unusual characteristic of the town was the absence of a cemetery, or "boot hill." It was not the custom of these people to bury their dead in or near town. Either the dead were transported back to their home towns or to a burial ground about three miles away, where they were given a Christian burial and a pile of rocks for a marker.

Ramon informed me that the only graves in the township itself came with the temporary closing of the mine in 1918 when four cowpokes arrived from out-of-town and died within a day of their arrivals. Fearing they might be victims of a plague, the townspeople buried the strangers right where they fell.

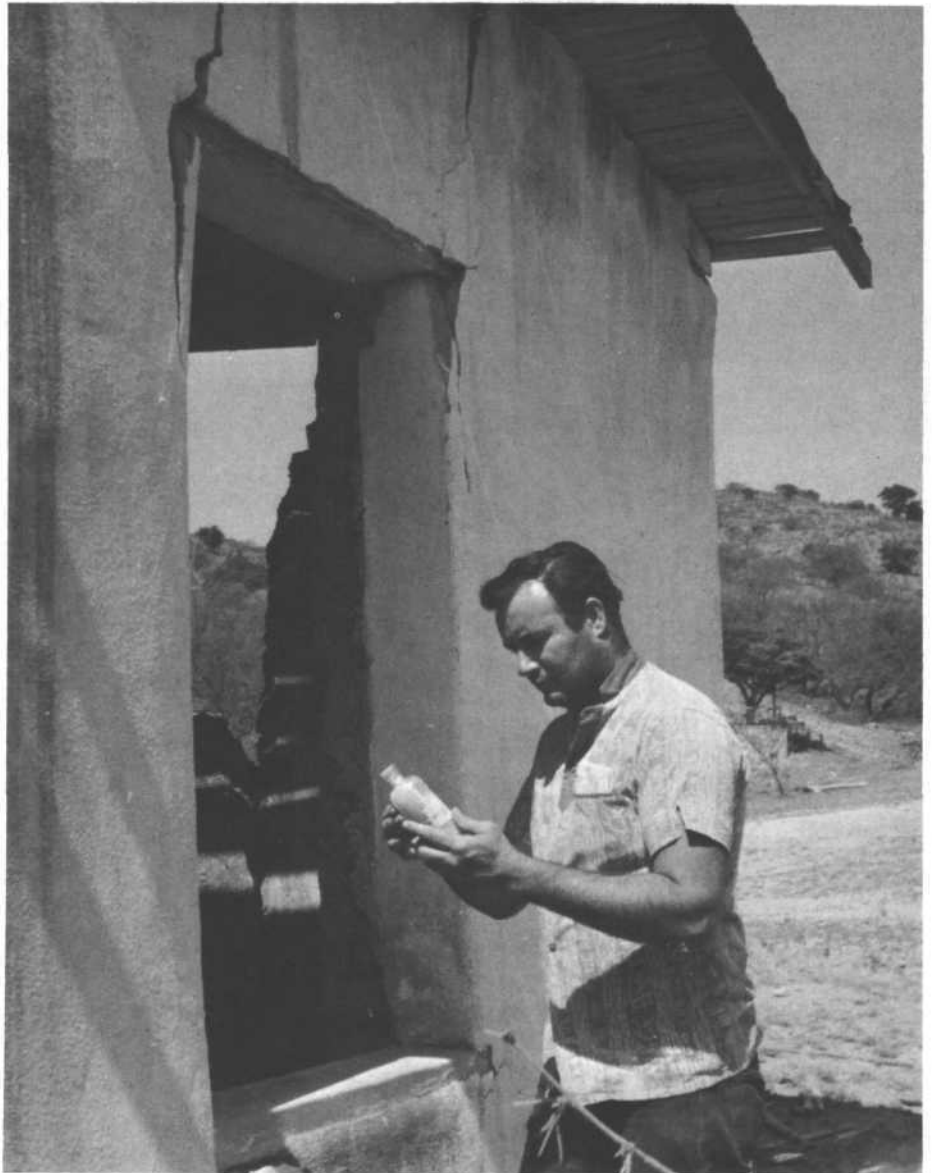
In 1920 a hospital was erected in the center of town and a doctor was hired to watch over the miners and townsfolk. The name of the mine was changed to the Eagle Picher and new methods were introduced to remove lead, zinc and copper from the old and new ores. A saloon was erected, by a man named Graef Jenkins, on the edge of town where miners went happily to let off steam. Jenkins cooperated in controlling the conduct of the saloon in the interests of the town.

Then tragedy struck. Two brothers named Frazier who managed the general store were shot and killed by bandits in a daring daylight robbery. The bandits got away and neither of the brothers lived long enough to identify them. Scarcely a year later a couple named Pearson, who had taken over the store, were also murdered. The wife was raped, knifed and her gold teeth kicked out by a gang of seven or eight. The safe was robbed and witnesses in the store were frightened witless.

Ramon's father, who was still living at the time, accompanied the gringo



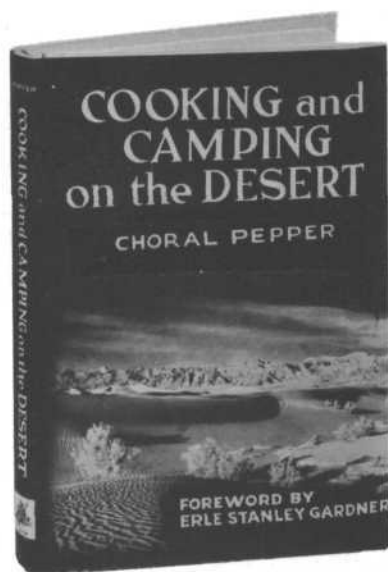
*Above: Miners and cowpokes crowded this dirt street when Ruby was alive. Below: The author inspects a medicine bottle found near the old hospital.*



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by Choral Pepper  
with a chapter on  
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by Jack Pepper



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posse that tracked down some of the gang and hanged them on the spot. Two others were caught later and hanged by due process of law. A man named Red Worthington and Ramon's father then bravely ran the store until the mine closed in 1930. Luckily, they eluded the fate of their predecessors.

In 1932 the town again opened—this time in a big way. A solid concrete jail was built for the deputy, the ice-making plant was installed, pool tables provided means for recreation and a laundry company opened for business. Graef Jenkins enlarged his saloon outside of town and the first immigration officer, George Smith, set up an office along the trail to Mexico, which was then called Jenkins' Canyon and is now known as California Canyon.

The yield in silver, lead, zinc, copper, gold tailings and rare earths of the Eagle Picher mine merited a mill, so one was built next to the mine in the center of town. This time the main body of workers were gringos, as Mexicans were subjected to immigration controls. By 1938, the population of the town had reached 3000 and a modern innovation was installed—a four-seater outhouse for visitors and drivers of waiting trucks and wagons who had business in town. Often these visitors camped near it to avoid congestion in the bustling "city." Ramon tells of an evening a Mexican and a gringo got into an argument near the outhouse. When the gringo dropped dead, he was quietly buried on the spot. A pile

of rocks still standing is said to mark his grave.

In 1940 the mine once again played out, according to engineers who tested its depths. All in all, the Eagle Picher had yielded a tremendous amount of ore and was now over 700 feet deep. Although its dollar value is unknown, it is believed to have been one of the richest yields in Arizona. When it closed, there was no further excuse for the existence of the town. Little by little it bid farewell to departing inhabitants. By 1941 they were all gone.

Then, after a few years, a man named Hugo W. Miller leased the rights from the old mining company, opened a new shaft which yielded high contents of silver and some gold, and bought the town. With the help of a few old-timers he shipped thousands of troy ounces of silver until the smaller mine, too, played out. When Miller died, his widow sold her shares of the old town to a corporation of businessmen in the area. Caretakers were hired to watch over it and the roads were sealed. They attempted to interest movie and television companies to use the site for locations, but poor roads and distance from supply sources rendered the project impractical. Once again the town came to rest.

Located just northwest of Nogales, this truly untouched ghost town is still protected by an armed caretaker, but if you want to venture along the difficult road to it, a wonderful border gem named Ruby still sparkles out of the past and you are permitted to visit it. □



"Do you assay bottles here?"



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

# CAVE OF THE GOLDEN SANDS

by John Mitchell



FIFTY years ago, about the time the Salt Lake railroad was being built from Salt Lake City to San Pedro, California, many small mining camps were springing up all along the line and the hills were full of prospectors. An old man with long white whiskers, mounted on a burro and driving four others ahead of him, showed up at the little mining camp of Crescent, Nevada. After watering his burros at the water trough near the windmill he pulled off to one side and made camp. By the time his burros were unpacked and hobbled and the campfire going, Winfield Sherman, Ike Reynolds, Bert Cavanaugh, Jim Wilson and the writer had gathered around to pass the time of day with the newcomer.

During the conversation, which was carried on mostly by Winfield Sherman, a typical long-haired, bewhiskered desert rat, the old prospector volunteered the information that his name was Riley Hatfield, that he hailed from Raleigh, North Carolina, and that he had come out west on the advice of the family doctor. He said he was headed for Searchlight, Nevada, to purchase provisions and to see a doctor about a heart ailment that had been troubling him.

The old man was very polite, had a good outfit and looked prosperous. However, he did not seem to be much inter-

ested in the Crescent camp despite the buildup we old-timers had given it while sitting around the campfire.

The old man broke camp shortly after breakfast the next morning and by sunup was headed out over the trail in the direction of Searchlight. Two days later the writer happened to be in Searchlight to pick up mail and provisions and met the prospector at Jack Wheatley's boarding house.

After dinner I joined the old man on the front porch for a smoke and a little chat. During the conversation he told me he had some placer gold for sale and asked me if I knew anyone who would buy it. I referred him to the assay office at either the Duplex or Quartette mine. Later that afternoon he told me he had sold the gold at the Duplex assay office. He reached into his pocket and pulled out five or six of the most beautiful gold nuggets I had ever seen. He said he was sending them to a friend.

I saw the prospector several times the following day and late that afternoon he told me he had purchased his supplies and had seen a doctor and would be ready to pull out early the next day. He asked me to accompany him as far as Crescent where I had my own camp.

After breakfast the next morning we headed our two pack outfits in the direction of Crescent Peak 14 miles west.

About noon we stopped for lunch and to give the burros a chance to browse.

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While the bacon was sizzling and the coffee pot was sputtering the old man told me he had discovered four pounds of gold nuggets in a black sand deposit near the Clark Mountains northeast of Nippeno (now called Nipton.) He invited me to go with him as he did not like to be out in the desert alone.

He said that one day while camped just below Clark Peak, he climbed a short way up the mountainside and saw off to the east a dry lake bed that suddenly filled with water. It looked so real he could see trees along the shore and their reflection in the water.

The route he was following to Crescent and Searchlight was in that general direction so he decided to investigate the lake or whatever it was. As he approached the lake later it had entirely disappeared, and he then realized that it was only a beautiful mirage. Fortunately he had brought a good supply of water along. About noon while skirting the western edge of the dry lake bed he saw what seemed to be the entrance to a cave on the east side of a small limestone hill about 50 feet above the level of the dry lake bed.

There is something interesting about a cave. It may contain anything—an

ironbound chest full of gold and silver and precious gems, bandit loot, old guns, saddles, artifacts, bones of man or long extinct animals. I sometimes think this love of the cave has been handed down to us by ancient ancestors who lived in caves. When one of those old-timers headed for his cave two jumps ahead of a three-toed whangdoodle the cave looked good to him.

Likewise this cave looked good to the old prospector and he decided to make camp and explore it. At least it offered shelter from desert sand storms.

The entrance was a long tunnel. He had not gone far inside when he heard the sound of running water. Returning to the mouth of the cave for a lantern, he made his way back along the narrow entrance and soon came to a great dome-shaped chamber resembling an amphitheatre full of churning water. As he stood there a small whirlpool appeared in the center and suddenly the water rushed out with a roar like thunder. The bottom seemed to have dropped out of the cave. The floor was shaped like a large basin with bench-like terraces or steps that led down to the dark center. The terraces were piled high with black sand that trickled down with the receding water.

Hanging from the ceiling were thousands of beautiful stalactites while other thousands of stalagmites stood up from the floor of the cave. In places they formed massive columns. Around the interior of the cavern were many grottos sparkling with crystals. The walls were plastered with lime carbonate like tapestries studded with diamonds. Never in his life had he seen anything like it. Above the top terrace was a human skeleton and in a nearby grotto were the bones of some extinct animal, probably a ground sloth.

The center of the basin-shaped bottom of the cave was now filled with black sand that had slid down from the surrounding terraces. On the way out he gathered a few handfuls of the sand which later was found to be sprinkled with yellow nuggets that gleamed in the desert sunlight. That night the old prospector sat by his campfire smoking and reveling in the dreams of a Monte Cristo. Was he not rich?

According to his story the water in the cavern rises and falls with the ebb and flow of the tides in the Pacific and is active twice every 24 hours. First a rumbling sound like a subterranean cannonading is heard coming from the dark interior and then suddenly the pile of black sand that chokes the tube-like

chimney, is seen to rise up, and a dark column of water 18 feet in diameter bulges up from the center and reaches a height of 45 or 50 feet. This dome of water and sand spreads out into waves and breaks into white spray as it dashes against the terraces. The play or intense agitation keeps up for several hours and then the pool settles down and is quiet as a millpond.

If the old man told the truth about the sand in the lake bed and in the cavern, it would be difficult to compute the value of the gold that could be taken from this cave. Then, too, every time the tide comes it brings up more gold. How far the black stream reaches down the underground stream, I am unable to say.

Our dinner was over by the time the old man had finished his story, and we began to break camp.

He invited me to go along with him to his cave and work with him. This I readily agreed to do as soon as I could sell my mining claims in the Crescent camp. The old man promised to be back in about three weeks with more gold at which time I hoped to be ready to accompany him.

I sold my claim to an old French Canadian named Joe Semenec, who was prospecting for a Dr. John Horsky, of Helena, Montana.

The old prospector never returned and to this date no word has ever come out of the desert as to his fate. I have since learned that an old man with long white whiskers was found dead on the dry lake bed near Ivanpah. He and his burros were shot to death. I do not know if this was the same man or not.

The old man had told me that there was from three to six feet of this heavy black sand on the dry lake bed, which is now covered by a shroud of snow white sand.

Naturally I do not know the exact location of this million dollar cave. If I did I would locate it myself instead of writing this story which will, no doubt, stir interest in that part of the desert. This cave should not be confused with one that recently was discovered out on Highway 91 east of San Bernardino, California, which is said to extend for a distance of eight miles and to contain a fortune in gold.

Some old prospector or desert rat with a magic lamp to transport him to this hole in the ground, could live like a king, if he had enough money to buy a small electric light plant, some rails and an ore car. He could live in a fairy palace with nothing to do but wait for the tide to come in with more gold. □

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# ...and giants trod the earth...

by Stanley Demes



GIANTS roam the world today in great numbers. They perform for spectators at circuses, basketball games, and wrestling matches. In fact, it

is quite possible that you might see a giant on an everyday trip to the supermarket. Skeptical? Well, what about Wilt Chamberlain: his physique certainly isn't typical. Or consider the Zulus, those seven-foot spear-shaking denizens of Ethiopia. Other giants existed in the past. Neanderthal man (all 5 feet 2 of him) would certainly have quaked with fear had he encountered those monsters of the Magdalenian era, Cro-Magnon man, who towered well over six feet. Nearer to our own time, Arizona explorer W. H. Chamberlain in 1849 declared that "the Yuma Indians are a fine looking tribe, remarkably tall and heavy in proportion. They might be classed with the race of giants."

As interesting as these real giants are, however, they pale before the fantastic breed of giant spawned by folklore. Primitive man, matching wit and courage with a hostile environment, found the giant an uncomplaining scapegoat for his fertile imagination. So, he used him to add greater stature to his culture heroes, to point up proper behavior, private and social, and to explain things about the world that puzzled him.

A number of paradoxes in his environment provided the primitive man with cogent reasons for believing in giants. Mountains like Ixtaccihuatl, the snow clad volcano near Mexico City, looked like a sleeping giantess. Mount San Miguel, Arizona's Big Mike, has the profile

of a human face when viewed from U.S. Highway 85. This giant was reputed to be 27 miles tall! In Baja California, La Giganta, a 5,800 foot high mountain perched above San Juan Bautista Londo, looks like a reclining giantess. In fact, ride the parched trails across the plateau country of northern Arizona and you will see erosion-sculptured rock masses that look like giants, especially on moon-lit nights.

Bones of prehistoric mammoths probably helped to convince primitives that there were giants in olden days. During the Pleistocene, when the Asiatic and North American continents were joined where the Bering Strait is now, these great creatures shuffled down the Alaska-Yukon corridor into the United States and Mexico. Primitive man was contemporary with the mammoth and the mastodon. He must have viewed their bones. In fact, the skull of an elephant, according to popular scientist Willy Ley, looks very much like the skull of a giant human. Is it a wonder that our dawn Indians, trussed up as they were in a straight jacket of magic and superstition, thought there were giants?

Notable Alaskan and Canadian mastodon localities are Fairbanks, Alaska, and the Lewes River Country, and Dawson Mining District in the Yukon Territory. In California, the La Brea tar pits are a widely known sepulchre for the Imperial Mammoth. Arizona is littered with remains. The Curtis and Post ranches near Benson, Arizona, have yielded bones of the mastodon. Interesting, too, are mastodon tracks which appear in Teran Wash in the San Pedro River Valley. Bones of

ancient Indians are found in conjunction with mammoth bones in a number of Arizona locales.

Giants had to play a prominent part in folk literature for psychological reasons. Today everyone longs for the good old days. Our primitive ancestors differed from us not one bit. Indeed, as the 9th edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* states "it was a common opinion of the ancients that the human race had degenerated, the men having been of far greater stature and strength."

There is even an analogy with the story of the fish that got away. As these folk tales were passed on from generation to generation, certainly the men became bigger, the deeds ever more glorious. It is certain, too, that if there had been no giant, the Shaman would have had to invent him. The Shaman needed the giant to emphasize his supernatural powers. He must have said to his subjects at the end of his story telling, "See, a wise man can defeat giants. Don't you, an insignificant Indian, dare antagonize me." Interestingly enough, however, the Shaman was careful not to strain the credibility of his audience. The giant, especially here in our own Southwest, was usually quite a stupid fellow.

The giant of Southwestern folklore is frequently a trickster. Many times he is tricked by a "culture hero." Certainly the burlesque character of the "trickster cycle" of Southwestern folklore has endeared itself to devotees of folklore more than the "straight" giant of the Pacific Northwest. In fact, the giant of the Pacific Northwest wins as much as he loses. Arizona and New Mexico folklore behemoths, on the other hand, have few



saving graces. They are killers, thieves, cannibals—so evil they often lose identity as persons and become merely abstract symbols of a particular evil.

Reading trickster tales provides rollicking fun from the Arctic tundra to the deserts of Mexico. Here are some sample tales which throw light on the personalities and shortcomings of the big fellows of folklore.

Atahsaia, the cannibal giant of Zuni folklore, was a formidable person. His body was as big as an elk and his chest was matted with hair as stiff as porcupine quills. Onion-sized eyes popped out of a head bigger than a buffalo. In his left hand Atahsaia carried a bow made from an oak tree; his right hand carried a flint knife twice as long as a man's thigh. Coming upon two Indian girls bathing, the giant kidnapped them

new. This giant threatened to bring an end to Indian civilization because of his evil habit of swallowing clouds and causing drought. The war gods sneaked into the monster's lair and cast a blanket of cobwebs over the sleeping creature, then proceeded to beat him to death. The monster's blood stained the sand, which eventually dried and hardened into stone. Perhaps the pink granite of the Canadian shield is a reminder of this significant event.

Another romantic macabre is the Navajo tale of the Kicking Giant. This creature lived where two bluffs stood, one above the other. With his legs doubled up, he sat on the rim of a narrow passage and innocently pulled his whiskers. This act ceased, however, when an interloper wandered into his den to pluck fruit from an exotic cacti the giant planted

huge baleful eyes. He caught Indians in his sharp claws and threw them to his children, crawling like snakes amid the rocks below. There would then be loud noises of delight accompanied by much tearing and eating of the flesh. Monster Slayer again came to the rescue. Cliff Giant caught the immortal warrior and dropped him on the jagged rocks, but a magic feather, presented by Spider Woman saved the Hero. He floated gently right into the monster's abode where he slew the loathsome spouse and offspring of the giant, who immediately turned into eagles. Father monster, however, turned into Ship Rock, a formation which resembles the monster poised for flight.

As previously indicated, there is a rich heritage of folklore apart from the "trickster cycle." Oftentimes, however, trickster elements are combined with other features—moral and social matters. Here are some interesting non-trickster tales:

In 1806 a group of soldiers were exploring near Mount Diablo, an isolated peak in the Coast Range 38 miles northeast of San Francisco. Bolgone Indians attacked a band of Spanish soldiers, but because of the soldier's superior armament, they were in danger of imminent rout. At this critical time a huge Indian, seven feet tall and as solidly built as a giant sequoia, stormed down from Mount Diablo. When the fantastically dressed savage roared at the soldiers and pirouetted menacingly the Spanish troops became so unnerved that they broke ranks and fled. General Vallejo adds that this great Indian was called El Diablo and that the mountain was named for him.

There is a gory Navajo tale about the twin sons of Changing Woman (she is the one who renews her beauty with the seasons) who killed Big Monster, a giant who lived near Mount Taylor, New Mexico. After they had killed the giant, the youths threw the huge head far to the east where it now stands as Cabezon Peak. Cabezon Peak is a great volcanic plug rising 2,200 feet above the plain, 40 miles northwest of Albuquerque.

In my opinion, the most reprehensible giant of them all is a product spun by the witchery of Cahuilla folklore. Tahquitz was a giant who lived in a cave constructed entirely of transparent volcanic glass; this cave still exists somewhere in the San Jacinto mountains. The monster kidnapped a beautiful Indian princess and forced her to live in his cave and share his grisly diet of human souls. When the young girl grew so unhappy

*Continued on page 38*



*Formations, like this head silhouetted against the sky, bred legends of giants in ancient times.*

and removed them to his cave, intending to fatten them up for a grand feast, but the fare he fed the Indian maidens — stew made from human bones—was not agreeable to them and they lost weight. While this annoyed Atahsaia, he would still have eaten the young ladies had it not been for two young war gods who drifted by. After casting an invisible shield before the young ladies, the gods pumped arrow after arrow into the screaming monster. When the giant was dead, the youths flung his carcass into a chasm where it was devoured by rattlesnakes. From that moment, rattlesnakes became poisonous.

The Zuni tale of Haki Suto presents another giant "done in" by those ever-killing war gods, Ahaujuta and Matsail-ema. Hako Suto lived among the great cliffs of the north when the world was

as a lure. Then Kicking Giant's powerful legs would kick the intruder down the cliff so his cannibal children could eat him. Monster Slayer, the Navajo's redoubtable warrior god, slew the giant by clever stratagem. He walked four times past the monster, just out of reach of its canoe-like feet. On the fifth time, when Monster Slayer thought his quarry lulled sufficiently, he darted into the giant's haven and clubbed him to death. Then he flung the body down the cliffs to be devoured by the giant's children. After that, the Monster Slayer proceeded down the cliff to the gruesome nursery to kill the monster's wife and children, whereupon they turned into owls.

Confirming Navajo interest in the cannibal-type giant is the tale of the Cliff Giant. This creature had feathers growing from his shoulders, a sharp beak and

# Strange Interlude by Stanley Demes



WHEN you travel the paved Panamint Valley road, your destination Death Valley, take along a bag of peppermint candy, but don't eat it yourself. Save it for a unique experience. Somewhere in this desolate Panamint Range is a determined desert marauder, a wild burro with a sweet tooth who leads a band of long-eared outlaws with the skill of a Joachin Murietta.

We were returning home from a fossil dig in gray, wrinkled limestone atop a hilly area 5.5 miles northeast of Goldpoint, Nevada. By we, I mean Frank Ludwig, computer programmer of North American Aviation; Hugh Parshall, accountant for the Hughes Aircraft Company; and myself, Technical Reference Librarian for the latter company. Fossil hunting had not been rewarding. Several pathetic looking trilobites were tucked away in our sacks next to a dozen or so slabs riddled with tiny foraminifers shaped liked empty cornucopias, but we hadn't gone clear to Nevada for "forams." So, disheartened as we were, our conversation was less than animated.

Then it happened. There before us, blocking further progress, was a band of approximately 10 burros. I had read of desert burros. One bit of knowledge especially charmed me — how Indian George, colorful caretaker of dying Panamint, had used them to trade for additional Indian brides. In addition, the burro races at Stove Pipe Wells during Death Valley Days had been a delight to watch even without pari-mutuel betting.

How were we to get these long-eared brigands off the road? We honked the

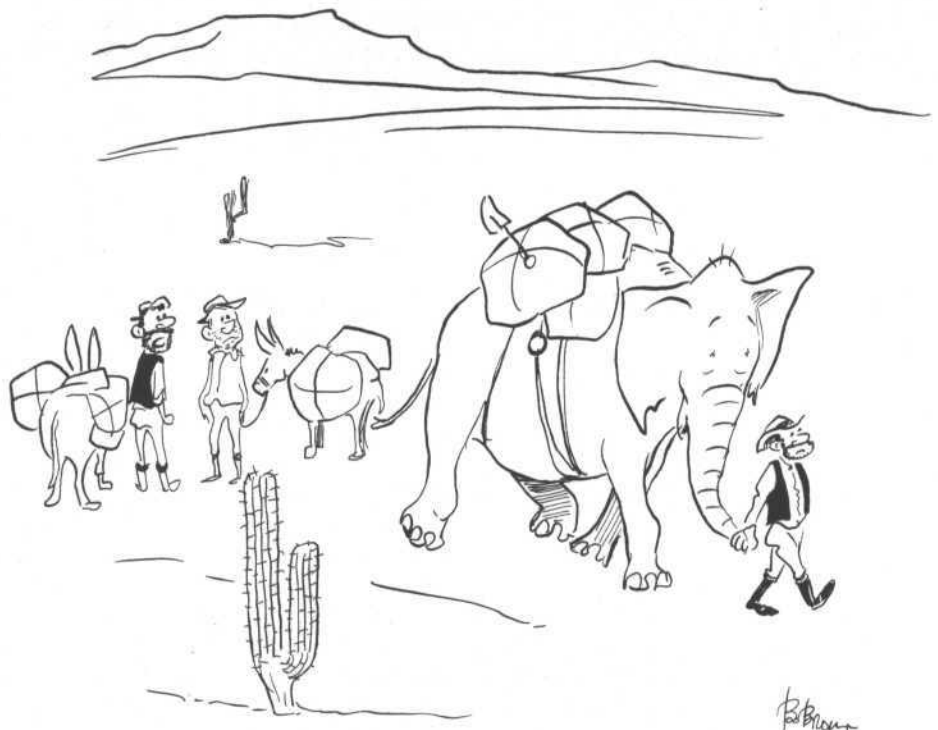
horn, but the wild burros were not impressed. Then I scrambled from the car grinning from ear to ear at a happy thought.

"Hugh," I whispered, "give me those peppermints." My friend obliged. I then stood in front of the car and shook the bag at the stubborn animals. At this point I began to have misgivings. The concern on my comrades' faces reminded me that mules and burros have a hearty kick. But I stood my ground.

Suddenly, as if by a pre-arranged signal, the burros left the middle of the road. When they were all standing to one side, a single animal left the pack and walked slowly, purposely, toward me. My insides rocked and rolled while the burro, like a mink vacuum cleaner, swept the candy from my palm into his mouth. Apparently hay was never like this. Two, three peppermints were proffered and enthusiastically eaten before I patted the munching epicure on his gray, furry pate and retreated to the car.

As we prepared to leave, however, another complication arose. The burro, still peppermint hungry, was scouring the front seat of the car for more goodies. After several hilarious pleas, coupled with additional affectionate pats, the animal reluctantly drifted back to the shoulder of the road where his comrades waited and permitted us to continue our journey. From now on, however, I will never travel the sultry highways of Panamint Valley without a peppermint appetizer for a very special friend.

If you tuck a bag of candy in your car, he might become your friend, too. □



*"Emmet is a staunch Republican."*

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**Ghost Town Treasures**  
and **Boot Hill**

# Gardiner, New Mexico

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



HERE will be a sociable for the Sunday School next Saturday at the residence of Henry Rodda. Tom Lamy is the new father of a bouncing baby boy. The regular meeting of the Gardiner Reading Circle will be held Wednesday night at the residence of George Weymouth. Mrs. Rosher entertained a few friends at her home Thursday evening. Katherine Jackson was twelve last Saturday, a birthday party was held for her friends."

Could this paragraph, printed in the *Raton Range* May 13, 1899 be news from a tough coal mining camp? More believable is the item in a later issue of the paper: "Luke Casimoff was found murdered in his room at Gardiner about 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon last, death having occurred as the result of a blow on the side of his head from his own axe in the hands of an unknown party. The murder is shrouded in mystery, no clue having been obtained as to the assailant. It is believed to be the outcome of a personal feud. Two men were passing by at 11 P.M. on Saturday night and heard two voices from within. He lived in the front room of a two-room house. The other miner was working on the night shift. People noticed that the rabbits which he raised were not being cared for, so investigated. He was a Slav, 47 years of age and unmarried."

Gardiner was built on top of a huge vein of coal located on the vast holdings of the Maxwell Land Grant Co., originally a part of the Lucien Maxwell Land Grant in northern New Mexico. After the company had been approached by several individuals seeking permission to mine the deposits, officials opened the

lands to mining on a royalty basis at 10¢ per ton.

The offer was immediately snapped up by the Santa Fe Railroad whose geologist, James Gardiner, had discovered the potential fuel supply. The railroad company's original mine, first operated in 1886, was called Blossburg, then Gardiner Canyon Mine. In 1896 the railroad turned the mine over to the Raton Coal and Coke Company which operated it until permanent closure. In the meantime, several other rich veins were tapped. At first the coal produced was used as fuel for the railroads, local consumption, and shipping out to Raton and other points, but when it was discovered that Gardiner coal made excellent coke for the copper smelters in Arizona, huge coke ovens were constructed, covering an entire hillside.

The operators of the coke ovens soon discovered that it was almost impossible to keep men working at the roasting bins. American, French, Slav and Mexican laborers all quit after a few days of exposure to the intense heat. Italians, however, seemed to stand up very well. As a consequence, the company imported a gang of Italians, some direct from Italy, others shanghaied from competitive coal camps.

Everything was done to keep the Italians happy. The general store was put under the management of Joe DeLisio, who had been induced to come to Gardiner from Moro County, Colorado in 1907. Joe was as cordial to the man with a few cents as he was to the one just paid. He played a harmonica to entertain customers and sold overalls for 45¢, socks for 5c, two-piece longjohns for 25c and shoes for \$2.50, giving each paisano the impression that the bargain was especial.





ly for him. DeLisio even operated a sort of bank without charging interest—any Italian youth could turn over his savings for safekeeping until he had enough to send for his sweetheart in Italy.

At first Joe served a drink to any patron desiring it, but when he found this included everybody, he opened a saloon in the adjoining building, opening up the dividing wall.

The owners of Gardiner's coal mines and coke ovens practiced no racial discrimination in the hiring of men, but the predominantly Italian population drew the line against Negroes, who constituted about one fourth of the employees. Joe DiLisio was willing to take their money in his saloon, but denied them social contact with his countrymen. To enforce this, he drew a line on the floor over which no Negro was permitted to wander.

Sometimes this frail barrier was effective, but often it broke down under the influence of Joe's Taos Lightning. Under these conditions, the smallest disagreement evolved into a general free-for-all. Next morning fatalities were segregated as to race, this time permanently. Italians and Slavs got decent funerals and were buried in the regular town cemetery where an elaborately carved tombstone was placed on their graves. Negroes, though, were buried without ceremony under a mound of dirt, soon swept away by storms.

Two events rang the death knell for Gardiner—locomotives converted to diesel fuel and new methods for extracting copper from ore without roasting, which eliminated the need for coke. Little is left of Gardiner now. Even its trees are dead. Our photo shows the remains of one of the adobe ruins on the hillside where most of the town once stood. □

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# BACK COUNTRY TRAVEL

## FOUR WHEEL CHATTER . . .

by Bill Bryan

Have you heard? A. V. Neely is now a director in the National Four Wheel Drive Association. Congrats NFWDA, now you've got a real go-getter working for you, so don't ignore his ideas and throw cold water on his enthusiasm. Why did Harold Hawthorne resign as a NFWDA director? Also what is the NFWDA doing in the way of inspection and sanction of four-wheel-drive events? I tried to work in this direction several years ago and was shot down very gently. Congrats to Russ Smith of Phoenix, editor of the NFWDA Newsletter. The first issue looked real good.

How many westerners have been in the Kelso Dunes? These dunes are some of the biggest in the west. To reach them go two miles east of Amboy on Highway 66 to the Kelbaker Road and go north. This is great area for some weekend camping trips. We were there two weeks ago. Did you read the July '64 Desert Magazine story on the "SAGA OF THE SAGAMORE"? We were there three weeks ago.

The only thing we found changed was the hundreds of old bottles formerly in the wash near the mine bunk house are gone. In searching the area with a metal detector we found an 1898 French medal or token.

Last weekend Doyle Latimer, Jim Teaque, Jim Tubb and I tried to cut a trail through the Big Maria Mountains over by Blythe, Calif. No way. I nearly tore the tail end off my new Jeepster, besides losing the tail pipe, and almost tearing off the emergency brake cable.

We hear that the 1968 Denver National Jeeporama will be held in conjunction with the 1968 National Four Wheel Drive Association Convention on July 11, 12, 13, and 14. Denny Foltz, very talented young man, will head up the Jeeporama with Laveta Donly doing all the hard work as Secretary. The 1968 National Jeeporama will be run for two days next year on July 20 and 21. There will be some changes in store. In reading the "MULE TALK" newsletter published by the Las Arrieros 4 W.D. Club of Fallbrook, Calif. it appears that club president Hy Burnaman is leading a real

enthusiastic group of back country travelers. Looking for a real interesting mine trip? Try going east from Rice until the main road crosses the railroad tracks, about 1/2 mile past the tracks crossing you will see a siphon for the aqueduct where the wash runs through, turn left, cross the aqueduct and hang to the left following the road along the diversion dike and head up toward the Turtle Mountains. Follow this road for 10 miles and you will arrive at the remains of what I have been told is the Virginia May copper mine. Supposedly this mine was discovered and worked by one of the Earp brothers and was abandoned for many years until 1952. On the northeast side of the mountain the road leads to a tunnel site (very steep road). This tunnel goes 235 feet through solid rock which has no timbering and dead ends. Apparently the miners lost their vein on the south side and figured on hitting it from the other side, but that didn't pan out. On the south side is the main tunnel. The road to this has several switchbacks and is very rough also. This does make a wonderful weekend trip.

The boys practicing for the Baja Mexico 1000 Rally really caught their lumps. Dick Cepek and U. S. Boardman driving a Jeepster lost it and almost their lives in the big flood and storm south of Puertecitos. We heard several factories were thinking about entering teams with big name drivers, but they are taking a second look to see how well the first event is handled. I discussed this event with one of Baja's patron saints, Erle Stanley Gardner. He has very mixed emotions about using Baja for a race course.

I, too, have mixed feelings. A properly run and policed event such as this could be of great financial benefit to the people of Baja. On the other hand, great care should be taken so there is no destruction. What's more important, every caution should be taken to insure the safety of the natives. I know Ed Pearlman is a very conscientious gentleman and would not be involved in the project unless it was fair to all concerned.

## And Giants Trod the Earth

*Continued from page 34*

she slipped into a physical and mental decline, Tahquitz let her return to her people on the condition that she not tell them where she had been, nor with whom she had been living. In the tranquil surroundings of her former home, however, the princess broke down and described her years of captivity. Shortly, thereafter, she dropped dead. When today strange rumblings are heard within the rocky depths of San Jacinto, it is Tahquitz throwing stones at wretched souls he has imprisoned and stamping his feet because of his frustration over the loss of the captive princess. Tahquitz Canyon, located near Palm Springs, California, received its name from this villian.

The following Hopi legend is notable because the giant, Masauwa, appeared to Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, a renowned archaeologist, around the turn of the century. It illustrates how easily folk tales will germinate even when denied the friendly distortion of antiquity. Masauwa appeared to Dr. Fewkes as a large, comely man, while the scholar was reading in his study. Ordered to leave, the trespasser vanished, but returned a few minutes later as a gruesome monster. Undaunted, the Doctor queried the thing as to how it had achieved entrance to a locked room. Masauwa smiled, then shrank to a thin straw wisp and floated out the keyhole. Moments later the giant returned, this time as a normally proportioned man. When offered a cigarette, however, the "man" betrayed his supernatural powers. He lit the cigarette with fire streaking from his mouth. It is also said that Masauwa cast a spell on the worthy doctor and the two of them played together like children all night along.

Few people will say that folktales of the American Southwest are great literature. The plots are too sketchy and the characterizations too stereotyped to make such an opinion tenable. In addition, events are macabre and repetitive. It is almost true that if you have read one folktale, you have read them all. But in the larger sense, folk literature does make a contribution. Without these dream-like tales passed on by our primitive ancestors, we would never have known what really went on in their good old days. □

# NEW IDEAS by V. LEE OERTLE

New ideas about travel, motor-ing, 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.

☆ ☆

Long hours of driving the desert is bound to dehydrate your car's battery. If you let it dry out, more current will enter the battery than it can retain. The result: burn-out. Remember these few tips about battery care. (a) If there is no marker inside the battery to indicate proper level, you can usually fill it with distilled water to a point 3/8-inch over the tops of the separators. Don't overfill it! As a battery is being charged on the highway, the electrolyte expands, causing an overfilled battery to spill acid out through the vent-holes in the caps. Acid will corrode the terminals, clamps and brackets.

☆ ☆

You can double the life of heater hoses on your car or truck by saving those old split hoses at replacement time. Cut old hoses lengthwise and tape them over the points of heaviest wear on the new heater lines. It'll just about end such problems. All-wheel-drive vehicles travel over so much rough terrain, they're probably more prone to develop worn-spots on heater hoses.

☆ ☆

Anyone who travels the desert frequently is certainly aware of the need for good tires, especially in view of today's high driving speeds. But here's something that few drivers know. When old tires are replaced with new casings they need a "break-in" period just as urgently as a new car does. Tire engineers say that driving a new tire at about 40 miles per hour for the first hundred miles, then gradually increasing speed over the next few trips on the new tires, will let the cords flex into place and give you longer tire life.

Don't throw those old wiper blades away! Remove them from the windshield and try this trick. Lay out a sheet of sand-paper flat down on the bench. Hold the rubber edge of the wiper blade with the wear-edge down against the sand-paper and rub it lightly back and forth several times. Rough spots will wear away cleanly and you can often save a \$4 blade for more service.

☆ ☆

Have you ever unlocked a musty old trailer or camper coach after months of inactivity? Then you probably remember the stale, unpleasant odors that often develop in a tight, closed coach. You can freshen up the atmosphere rapidly by this method: (a) Open all doors and windows to start with, and vacuum the inside screens. (b) Scour out the ice-box with baking soda and water. (c) Now for the clincher—pour half a bottle of table vinegar into a shallow pan of cold water. Soak a clean cloth in this solution then wring it out so that it isn't dripping. Wipe this damp cloth over all interior walls and ceiling. Musty odors will disappear quickly.

☆ ☆

Dick Cepek tells us that those great big flotation tires used on dune buggies can also be used on pickup trucks, if your total load doesn't exceed about 6000 pounds including the truck. A family with a light-weight camper coach would find this approach to desert travel practical while saving for that dream-of 4-wheeler vehicle.

☆ ☆

You've seen those telescoping camper coaches, like the Alaskan? Now you can buy a telescoping travel trailer called Travelo. Just crank the handle and the coach lowers to only 5-feet and 1-inch. At the campsite, turn the crank-wheel the other way and it extends up to provide ample headroom inside in just 30 seconds. Two models are currently available: a 17-footer and a 19-footer. Get more information by writing direct.

Tell them you heard about it in DES-ERT. Made by Ratcliff Industries, 120 S. State Street, Marengo, Ill. 60152.

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If you're planning a lot of trailer-towing this coming season you probably can use some of the new equipment designed to reduce engine-heating. One of the items is the Vapor-Kool, a radiator-sprayer that takes a direct approach to a hot radiator: it sprays water on it when you flick a dash-mounted switch. Pretty handy, too, just when you're topping a long hot grade. The Vapor-Kool is available care of Highland, California. The second item is a cooler for automatic transmissions. Most drivers don't realize that automatic transmissions are cooled by the same radiator that serves the engine. On a very hot day, towing a heavy load, the automatic transmission can throw a tremendous amount of heat-load onto the radiator, with the result that it may overload the cooling system. The Hayden Trans-Cooler consists of a compact transmission radiator and various fittings to attach it, removing the heat-load of the automatic transmission from the system. Get more data from Hayden Trans-Cooler at 20109 Valley Blvd., Rialto, California.

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Statement of ownership, management and circulation (Act of October 23, 1962: Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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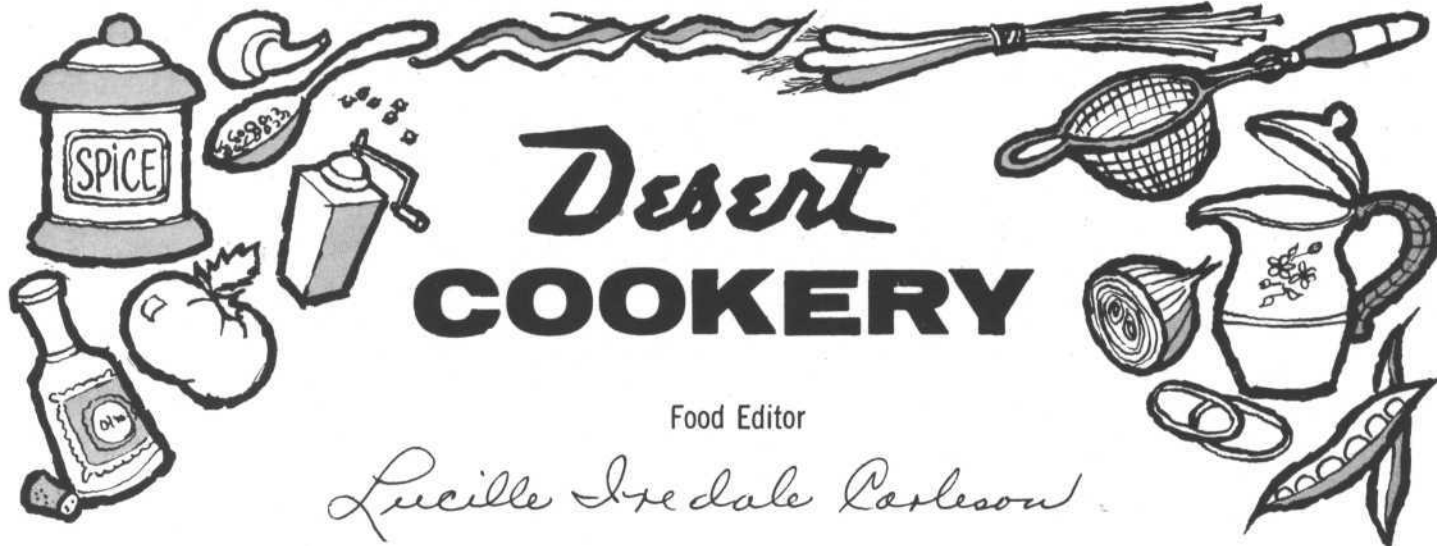
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### ORANGE BARS

- 1 can frozen orange juice, thawed
- 1/2 cup rolled oats
- 1/2 cup mixed candied fruit
- 1/2 cup chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 1 egg
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1/4 teaspoon ginger

Combine orange juice, rolled oats, fruit and nuts; reserve. Cream together shortening and sugar. Add molasses and egg; mix well. Add flour mixed with salt, soda and spices. Add fruit mixture and blend well. Turn into greased 13x9 inch pan; spread evenly. Bake in slow 325 degree oven for 40 minutes. Frost with orange icing. Cut into 3x1 inch bars and decorate with candied cherries.

#### Orange Icing

- 1 1/2 cups sifted powdered sugar
  - 2 1/2 tablespoons orange juice
- Combine and blend to spreading consistency.

### PINEAPPLE AND CUCUMBER RING

Two envelopes gelatin softened in 1/2 cup cold water. Stir into 3 1/2 cups heated pineapple juice, add 1/3 cup lemon juice. Cool and add 1 cup pineapple pieces and 2 cups chopped cucumber. Add 1/2 teaspoon salt. Place in oiled ring mold. To serve, fill ring with lobster, shrimp or crab salad.

### BAKED ORANGE FRENCH TOAST

- 3 eggs
  - 2 teaspoons sugar
  - 6 slices bread, rather thickly sliced, or you may use French bread
  - 1/4 cup brown sugar, packed, and 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
  - 3 tablespoons melted butter
  - 1 tablespoon grated orange peel
  - 2 oranges
- powdered sugar
- Beat eggs with sugar and a dash of salt, and dip bread slices into mixture to coat both sides. Sprinkle brown sugar and cinnamon evenly into a shallow broiling pan. Drizzle melted butter over sugar and cinnamon and sprinkle with grated orange peel. Arrange egg-dipped bread slices over this and bake in 400 degree oven for 20 minutes. If the top does not brown a little bit, turn on broiler burner for a minute, watching closely. Arrange French toast, sugared side up on a serving plate, sprinkle with powdered sugar and garnish with orange sections.

### ROCKY ROAD CANDY

- 1 square margarine
- 1 6 oz. package chocolate chips
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1 pound powdered sugar
- 1 cup chopped nuts
- 2/3 of a 10 oz. package of miniature marshmallows

Melt margarine and chocolate chips in double boiler over hot water. Take from heat and add sugar and marshmallows. Stir in beaten eggs. Add nuts. Spread coconut thickly on waxed paper and form candy into roll. Roll on all sides in coconut and wrap in waxed paper and set in refrigerator. This should be kept in a cool place until ready to serve.

### SPICED MEAT LOAF

- 1 lb. ground beef
  - 1/2 lb. ground pork
  - 1/2 lb. ground veal
  - 1/2 cup soft bread crumbs
  - 1/4 cup cream
  - 2 beaten eggs
  - 1/4 cup tomato juice
  - 1 bouillon cube dissolved
  - 1 tablespoon minced onion
  - 1 1/2 teaspoon salt
  - 1/2 teaspoon celery salt
  - 1/4 teaspoon pepper
  - 1/8 teaspoon ground sage
  - 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- Dash of nutmeg
- 3 strips bacon

Mix all ingredients except bacon, shape into loaf and place in greased pan. Sprinkle lightly with flour. Place bacon strips lengthwise over top. Bake at 375 degrees for 1 1/2 hours, basting several times.

#### Sauce for Meat Loaf

Melt 2 tablespoons butter in sauce pan, add 1 large tablespoon flour and mix until smooth. Then add remainder of tomato juice left over from meat loaf recipe, and stir until smooth, adding salt to taste. Place meat loaf on platter and pour sauce over it.

### CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- 1 lb. powdered sugar
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 lb. unsweetened chocolate cut into pieces
- 1 cup coffee cream
- 1/2 cup Sherry

Cream sugar with butter, melt chocolate. Add cream to these in double boiler and cook for 15 minutes over hot water. Cool and stir in Sherry. Serve over vanilla ice cream.



# Letters and Answers

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

## From the Little Horse's Mouth . . .

*To the Editor:* I was interested in your story about the little horses in the May 1967 issue—particularly the picture of the man with a small horse tied around his neck, since I have a letter from Jack Tooker, the man in the photo, who claims he found these small horses of the Grand Canyon. I met Jack when I was working for the Santa Fe in Needles, in 1941.

As I recall, he is, or was, a well-known anthropologist and explorer who had many interesting magazine articles to his credit. He was also a retired Santa Fe engineer who lived in a beautiful home on the rim of the Grand Canyon. So, the picture which appears with your article does not appear to be a fake. I remember Jack saying that some of these miniature horses of the Grand Canyon were exhibited at the San Francisco Fair in 1940.

His story concerning them is as follows: In 1540 the Spaniards brought Arabian horses to this continent. Many escaped and became wild, forming vast herds of wild horses that roamed the West. Indians caught and broke some of these animals.

Smiley, a beloved Indian scout and chief, was a friend of Tookers for more than 20 years. About 70 years earlier, the Apaches stole his bride. After trailing the Apaches for more than a year, Smiley reclaimed her by using two fast horses, a pinto stallion and a buckskin mare. Pursued by the Apaches they reached the Grand Canyon, where a colt was born to the mare. Unable to use the horses any further without detection, Smiley put the three horses into the Grand Canyon over a trail that had long been used by animals going to water at a spring below the rim and finished his trip on foot, reaching his canyon home safely. When Smiley returned for the horses the following spring, he found that a rock slide had closed the trail. This was in about 1838.

Smiley told this story before he died in 1928 (at the age of 110 according to government records), but it was many years before Tooker investigated it. When he did make the difficult descent by rope, he found that the original horses had multiplied, but that their descendants, because of inbreeding and deprivation, had deteriorated amazingly. Many were freaks with small bodies and heads as large as normal horses; others had long bodies like dachshunds, while some had small bodies and small heads and seemed to be all legs. Due to lack of water, semi-starvation and complete lack of food containing calcium for bone structure, succeeding generations of the once-normal-sized horses obeyed the inexorable law of nature that living things must adapt themselves somehow to whatever conditions they face, or else perish. The horses had degenerated into pygmy equines weighing from 30 to 65 pounds, the largest of which stood about 27 inches high and required only small amounts of food and practically no water.

DOROTHY CLAYTON,  
Upland, California.

*Editor's Comment:* As noted in the *DESERT* article, the legend of these horses will soon appear in a new book published by World Publishing Co. and co-authored by Brad Williams and Choral Pepper, *DESERT's* editor. This legend has long been one of the enigmas of *THE MYSTERIOUS WEST*, the title of the book, and its authors are appreciative of Dorothy Clayton's information and regret that it was too late to go into the book. C.P.

## The Cui-ui . . .

Thank you for the kind comments in reply to a letter written by a reader about my story, "What-Ho, Southern Nevada Trip". The mileage figures were obtained from the National Park Service, but as you pointed out all information pertaining to a trip should be checked out well in advance.

The photo used with my October issue story shows a mess of cutthroat trout found in Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Enclosed is a photo of the cui-ui fish found there. Readers might like to see the difference.

DORIS CERVERI,  
Reno, Nevada.



## Where oh where is Aztlan? . . .

Where was Aztlan? Such an interesting question! Stanley Demes (Desert, October '67) presents an interesting idea, but I'm not sold. Two of his suggestions must be questioned. The beautiful Codex Boturini has given us much information on the Aztec migration legend, but what about its originality? Is the migration legend an Aztec event, or borrowed from earlier tribes? Was it written from Aztec mytho-history, or written by later Aztec historians trying to give the Aztecs a worthier origin? The Selden Roll at Oxford, England, tells us of a tribe whose god was Yaotl and their migration legend dates well before the Aztec period and is exactly parallel to the Aztec legend, suggesting a basic migration legend of several Mexican tribes.

I question if the Aztecs had the god Quetzalcoatl until sometime after A.D. 1168. I suggest, as many have before me, Quetzalcoatl was borrowed from the Toltecs. Toltec history dates this king-god (or god-king) to the year A.D. 987, and he, Topiltzin Quetzalcoatl, becomes known in Mayan history as Kukulcan in that same period, Katun 4 Ahua of the Mayan calendar, which ended in A.D. 987.

Frances Toor translates "Toolan" (Tula), ancient capitol of the Toltecs, as "Place of Reeds". If Quetzalcoatl were indeed an Aztec god at the time of their migration, was Tollan possibly their fabled homeland, Aztlan, Place of Reeds and Herons? Aztlan may well have been the region Mr. Demes suggests, but so may have been many other areas. Maybe it was a decision, or an earthquake, or some material event that caused their migration. But too, maybe Tezcatlipoca (another pre-Aztec god?) appeared to them in his phase of the south, Huizilopochtli, and told them to journey in search of the omen. Or, yes, maybe Quetzalcoatl, the feathered serpent, the precious twin, carried on his wind, as Venus, the Morning Star, led them to Anahuac. One thing for sure, in 1519 the Aztecs believed 'habia vuelto Quetzalcoatl. Ahora se llamaba Hernan Cortes'. And he called them 'Axtecas', originally of Aztlan.

B. R. THOMPSON,  
San Diego, California.

## The Historical Site . . .

Readers may be interested in the recent developments regarding the historic Rancho Buena Vista in Vista and the story published in your July-August issue, written by Ernie Cowan. The Vista City Council recently voted unanimously to purchase the historic Rancho Buena Vista adobe and the 2.25 acres that adjoin Vista's Wildwood Park. The old adobe home will be purchased through a joint building authority with San Diego County, and with private donations which will be used to reduce city indebtedness.

Mr. Cowan's article appeared at an opportune time, as the Vista Ranchos Historical Society was laying the groundwork for a proposal to purchase the historic ranch to the Vista City Council. The Vista City Council plans to use some of the land to enlarge the inadequate Wildwood Park which adjoins the ranch home. With the cooperation of the Vista Ranchos Historical Society and other interested cultural groups, the city plans to establish and maintain a museum devoted mainly to Colonial-Mexican-American items, and open the furnished adobe home to the public as a historic site.

We wish to thank you and Mr. Cowan for your help in preserving another piece of early California history.

CLOYD SORESENSEN,  
President Vista Ranchos Historical Society  
Vista, California.

## Cheers for Los Angeles Lithograph!

We note, on our return from a year in the Rocky Mountain north, a marked improvement in *DESERT*, both editorially and graphically.

Your color printing would not be believed by expert printers in the East. They would call your colors "overdone, too garish, too much color to be true." Well, after a half century roaming and living smack in the middle of such scenes we know that more often printer's ink colors can't do enough to bring out the true desert colors, as you are doing.

Think you should credit the printers somewhere in the book, if merely a one line "printed by—". Those fellows are doing a great job, whoever they are.

We have been readers since your beginnings. Congratulations on a great magazine.

DOROTHY and GLEN RICE,  
Antelope Valley.

## Conenose Bug . . .

The October article on the conenose bug in *Desert Magazine* was very well done. I have spent many years working with these insects at City College of Los Angeles.

SHERWIN F. WOOD,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Good Road to Ballarat . . .

The townsite of Ballarat, Calif. was purchased by a couple who are improving the historic site so as to make it more inviting for tourists and weekend explorers. They have erected a substantial, fine looking building which contains a food market and have drilled a well to provide water. Ballarat is really out in the wide open spaces, but not difficult to reach from Southern California. It is about 27 miles north by east from Trona, in the Panamint Valley. All good roads.

CLAYTON KANAGY,  
Los Angeles, California.

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