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Desert

MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

OCTOBER, 1963

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NATIVE ENERGY FOOD

LOST GOLD IN BAJA

PALM SPRINGS TRAMWAY

MONTHLY SOUTHWEST PHOTO CONTEST

The Southwest is a land of changing moods . . . a land where contrast is the keynote and where the blazing desert in the afternoon turns into pastel shades in the evening . . . where rugged mountains change their shapes from dawn to dusk and where wildlife just for a fleeting instant can be captured on film.

In many of these instances Desert Magazine readers are there . . . at the right place at the right second. In order to bring Desert readers these captured moods and moments we are resuming the Photo Contest started years ago by Randall Henderson, founder of Desert Magazine.

FIRST PRIZE WILL BE \$15; SECOND PRIZE, \$8. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication \$3 each will be paid. Although not part of the contest, Desert is also interested in viewing 4x5 color transparencies for possible front cover use. We pay \$25 per transparency. Both black and white and color are for first publication rights only.

Jack Pepper
PUBLISHER

HERE ARE THE RULES

1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.

2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter, speed, hour of day, etc.

3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.

4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.

5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.

6—Time and place of photograph is immaterial, except that it must be from the desert Southwest.

7—Judges will be selected from Desert's editorial staff, and awards will be made immediately after the close of the contest each month. If entries are not judged to be of sufficient quality one month, the second prize of the preceding month will be first next month.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES TO PHOTO EDITOR

Desert

CONTENTS

Volume 26

Number 10

OCTOBER, 1963

This Month's Cover

Stream fishing in the California Sierras by HULBERT BURROUGHS.

6 New Ideas for Desert Living

By DAN LEE

8 The Barbecue

By SIDNEY PHILLIPS. Humorous essay on a popular Western custom.

10 The Truth About the Tortoise

By CHORAL PEPPER

12 Treasures of the Badlands

By FRANK DUNN. Salton Sea concretions add to collector's fun.

14 A Utah Bank's Claim to Fame

By RAYE PRICE. Fantastic, but true.

15 Canoeing on Lake Havasu

By GEORGE LEETCH

18 Chia

By HARRISON DOYLE, who has discovered that Chia may be cultivated.

20 Two Ways to the Tramway

By JACK PEPPER

24 Nellie Cashman's Lost Gold

By LOUISE CHENEY AUER. An adventurous woman-pro prospector sought bonanza in Baja.

27 Time to Gather Pinyon Nuts

By DR. EDMUND C. JAEGER

29 Desert Cookery

LUCILLE CARLESON tells her secrets for preparing wild game.

30 Hunter's Paradise

By MEL STENINGER

32 Survival in the Desert

34 Desert Camera

By FRANK JENSEN

37 Patio Coolers for Fall

38 Letters from our Readers

39 Chinle—The Sleeping Rainbow

Poem by GRACE R. BALLARD



FAMOUS EXPLORER AND MAN-OF-MANY-TALENTS MURL EMERY DISCOVERED THIS GIANT NATURAL ARCH IN A RUGGED AND ROCKY AREA NEAR HIS HOME IN NELSON, NEVADA. AFTER A MILE HIKE FROM THE HIGHWAY, YOUNG TRENT PEPPER NAMED THE MONUMENT "EMERY'S ARCH."

THE SOUTHWEST IN OCTOBER By JACK PEPPER

TWO WAYS TO THE TRAMWAY. Postponed from its original opening date in August, the \$7,700,000 Palm Springs Tramway was scheduled to open September 14, after the October issue of DESERT is on the press. In line with its policy to report not only the surface facts, but also the background and beneath the surface material on happenings in the Southwest, we have presented the views of the conservationists who have done so much for the preservation of our wilderness areas, along with the feelings of the Tramway officials. The spectacular color photograph on Page 20 is through the courtesy of Tramway Land and McFadden and Eddy Associates.

WALK-IN CAMPGROUNDS. Along with the same controversial subject of how to keep the "wilderness areas" in their natural state, a proposed new plan by Edward F. Dolder, chief of the California Division of Beaches and Parks, may be the solution, at least for some areas. Under the proposed plan a family would drive to a designated area where their camping gear would be picked up by rangers who would truck it over a service road to a remote area. The campers would then hike to the area. Dolder explains that many areas are fine for camping but would be ruined by roads and parking areas. The campers would have water, sanitation facilities, tables, etc., but,

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Dolder explains, elimination of the automobile will preserve the landscape, provide more outdoor experience for campers . . . and save the state money since the cost of roads is one of the prime expenses in camping areas.

HOUSE HUNTING? This one probably won't suit you, as it is 4000 years old. UCLA archaeologist Christopher B. Donnan announced the house was discovered on a site 70 miles south of Lima, Peru. Radiocarbon dating established the age. The early inhabitants date back as far as 6000 years ago and had a rather advanced civilization with cotton textiles, adobe architecture, domesticated plants and animals and ceramics. The excavations are being conducted with the University of La Molina in Lima where the house will be reconstructed.

NEW NEWSPAPER. Charles Shelton, former owner, and Eugene Conrotto, former editor and publisher of Desert Magazine until it was sold last June, are now associated in the publishing of a new weekly newspaper, the Palm Desert Post, for residents in the Coachella Valley. Shelton also continues to operate the Desert Southwest Art Gallery and Desert Printers, all located in the same building in Palm Desert.

ROCK HOUND BOOK. More than 2000 copies of "The Rock Hobby" have been distributed by the American Gem & Mineralogical Suppliers Association. "The big increase in demand is a very healthy sign for the lapidary industry, since it indicates greater interest in the hobby," according to Webb Morrow, president. Non-members can obtain a sample copy by writing to Webb Morrow, MK Diamond Products, 12600 Chadron, Hawthorne, Calif. Next month DESERT will start a two piece article on the use of metal detectors and how they provide value and fun for the entire family.

OCTOBER CALENDAR. Oct. 3-13—Fresno District Fair, Fresno, Calif. 5-6—Miners' Show and Convention, Burton's Tropic Gold Mine, Rosamond, Calif. Apple Days, Julian, Calif. 5-7—Santa Cruz County Fair, Sonoita, Ariz. 7—Fall Flower Show, Sedona, Ariz. 8-13—75th Anniversary Celebration, Escondido, Calif. (Special parade on the 13th in which each unit will represent a year in the history of Escondido.) 12-13—Searles Lake Gem and Mineral Hobby Show, Trona, Calif. 13-14—Butterfield Stagecoach Fiesta, Gila Bend, Ariz. 17-20—Pinal County Fair, Casa Grande, Ariz. 18-20—Annual "Helladorado," Tombstone, Ariz. 26—Special Centennial Opening Celebration, Wickenburg, Ariz. 26-27—Annual Rex Allen Days Celebration, Rodeo, Willcox, Ariz. Nov. 9-10—Twentynine Palm Gem and Mineral Show, Hayes Auditorium, Twentynine Palms, Calif. ///

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331 Greetings from our outfit to yours—With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

The Cowman's Faith

332 The Cowman's Faith—Greeting is a warm and friendly western verse.

333 Desert Trails—May the warmth and friendliness of the Christmas Season be with you through the Coming Year

O Merry
CHRISTMAS

335 Merry Christmas—and Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

336 When winter chores are done—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year

338 Friendship at Christmas—A friendly wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

Howdy...from the two of us!

340 ...from the two of us!—With Best Wishes at Christmas and through all the New Year!

341 Waitin' out the Storm—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

342 Girl and Friends—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

344 Desert Candelabra—May the Spirit of Christmas be with you and Happiness be yours throughout the Coming Year

A friendly Christmas Greeting...

345 A friendly Christmas Greeting—With Best Wishes for the Season and a Prosperous New Year

The Lord's Candles

346 The Lord's Candles—May the wonderful Spirit of Christmas be with you through all the Year

348 Cowboy Santa—Greeting is a humorous verse describing this color photo of an original wood carving.

Thinkin' of you at Christmas...

350 Thinkin' of you at Christmas—With Best Wishes for a Happy Holiday Season

352 Cathedral of the West—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide With You Throughout the Coming Year

353 "They presented unto Him gifts..."—May the Peace and Happiness of Christmas abide with you through all the Coming Year

354 Frosted Steam—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

WINTER CHORES

When Christmas time is snowy white and days frosts the sun,
 A cowboy never celebrates till winter chores are done.
 On Christmas morn' he breaks the ice upon the windmill gate
 And every throuty clob on the perch has fun to make.
 So think about us kindly whether in or out of doors,
 And we'll hold Christmas thoughts for you while don' winter chores!

355 Winter Chores—Appropriate western verse is on front of card. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

356 Christmas Dawn—To wish you a Blessed Christmas and a New Year of Happiness

Greetings, Neighbor!

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By DAN LEE

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Roof Top Car Camper—

They call it KAR KAMPER, and it fastens to the roof of the family car. In minutes, it can be raised to form a roomy, rooftop hideaway, suitable for sleeping and changing clothes. Works on anything from the larger compact cars to station wagons, says the maker. Folded down dimensions are 6½ feet wide by 12 feet long by 1-foot high. Top cover is of aluminum, with fabric side curtains. Easy to attach. Priced from \$495. For more data on KAR KAMPER, write Desert Magazine.



Portable Fluorescent Light—

"PORTA-LITE" is a new small-size portable fluorescent light for use by sportsmen and travelers, home and cabin owners. This new unit provides a light equal to three 50-watt bulbs, yet it uses only a 15-watt standard fluorescent type tube. Operates on 6-volt or 12-volt battery source. Plug it into the lighter receptacle of your car, boat, or trailer for large amounts of bright light. The PORTA-LITE weighs only three pounds, sells for just \$17.95. For more information, write Desert Magazine.



Portable Bucket Seat Cushion—

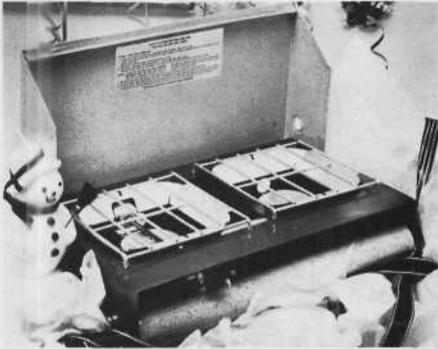
Here's the way to get that "bucket seat" comfort, with regular sedan seats. The new WILSON SEAT is an upholstered cushion shaped and contoured like the most luxurious bucket seats. Just place it over the top of your present car seat. Driving comfort is increased on the two-inches of urethane foam at shoulders and under legs. The padded side rests have belts attached to make the seat fit even more snugly. The unit is attached to the car seat with a "Web Fastner." THE WILSON SEAT is available at \$16.95 and \$18.30, depending on models. For more data, write to New Products, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif.





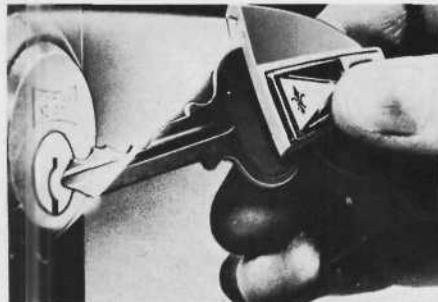
Poodle Sofa—

Even the dogs want comfort these days! The new POODLE SOFA by Decor Custom Furniture is made of top-quality, expensive fabrics, stitched together by experienced upholsterers and craftsmen who make thousand-dollar sofas in the same building. Brocade satin, nylon, and many other expensive fabrics are used over hardwood frames, with polyfoam cushions and quality sewing to make POODLE SOFA a truly outstanding and unusual piece of pet furniture. Handled by quality furniture stores, or by direct mail, the POODLE SOFA now lets an owner give his dog the same luxury he himself demands. Priced at \$39.50 for the standard and \$44.50 for the deluxe tufted sofas, from Dept. DM, Decor Custom Furniture, 9702 Alpaca, South El Monte, Calif.



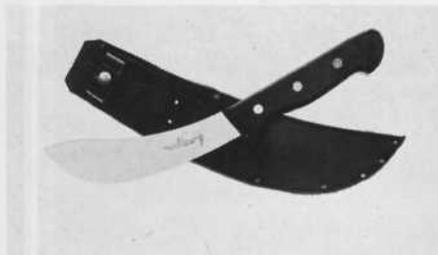
New Outdoor Stove—

This new gasoline-powered camp stove has a rugged metal housing, with a generator and fuel tank that need not be handled every time stove is used. All parts stay in place, in storage or in duty. The stove folds neatly into its own carrying case. Called the POLORAN OUTDOOR GASOLINE STOVE, the new model is priced at \$26.95, for the two-burner unit. For more data, write Desert Magazine.



Clever Key Light—

This amazing little light-maker for finding locks in the dark is a combination flashlight and key holder built into one unit. Yet the maker claims it isn't "just another key-chain flashlight." KEY BEAM, as they call it, has a tiny platinum lamp, with a silver energy cell that is supposed to recharge itself. The user simply squeezes the KEY BEAM, and it produces light. This unusual item comes from MiKan's for \$3.20 postpaid. Write Desert Magazine for more information.



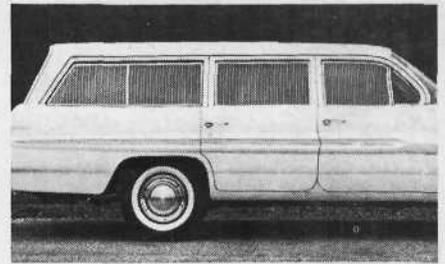
Knife For Skinning Buffaloes—

There may not be any buffaloes left to hunt, but the new BUFFALO SKINNING KNIFE by the Great Western Company looks handy for camp duty. Just the thing for chopping up salads, whittling firewood, or discouraging prowlers. This new knife is a quality Sheffield blade of stainless steel, with a rosewood handle and English leather sheath. Priced at \$4.95 postpaid. For information, contact Desert Magazine.



Camel Seat For Desert—

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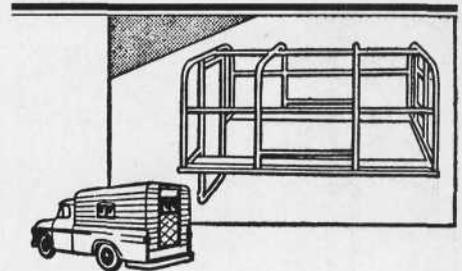


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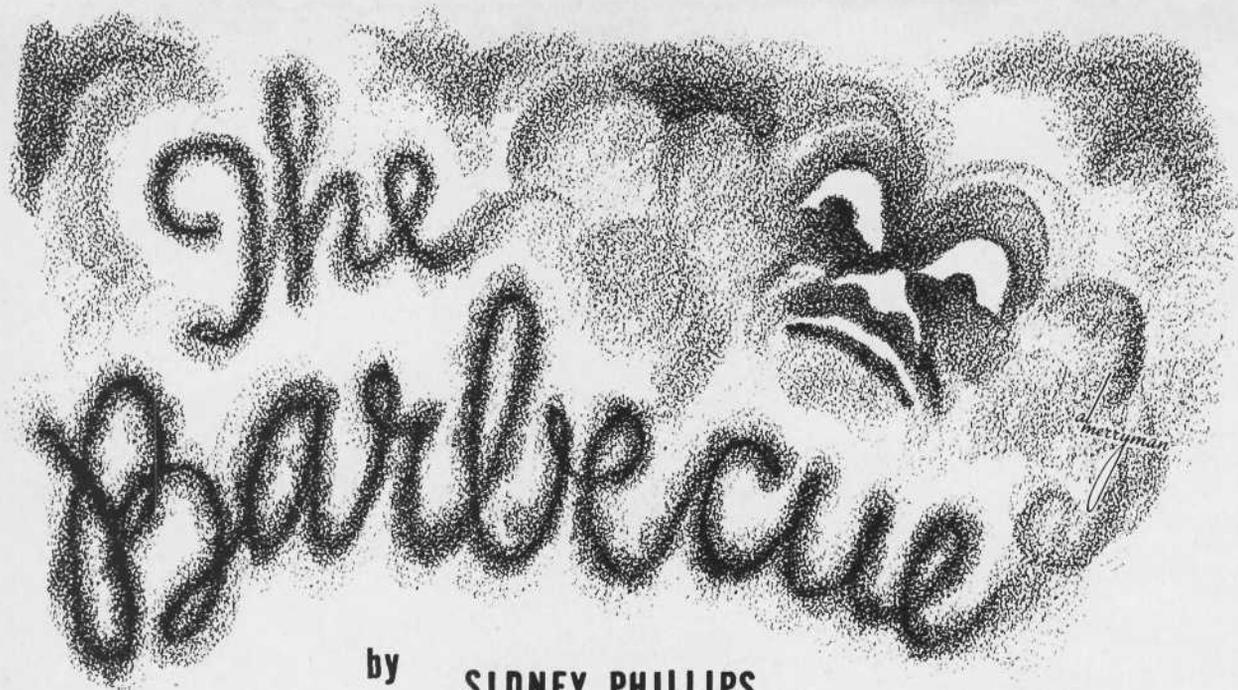
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by **SIDNEY PHILLIPS**

I AM painfully convinced that this era will ruefully go down in history as The Age of Barbecuing. From every eye-smarting recess of the nation, the smoke is billowing. In Los Angeles, it has been more than hinted that the barbecuing of untutored but eager brides is causing the smog. In Chicago, the soot has been found to be fifty percent particles from hot dogs that fell into the coals. In New Orleans, the smudge from singed shrimp hangs in the magnolia-scented air.

From coast-to-coast it is impossible to tell the barbecued steaks from the charcoal without a chemical analysis.

But the locale which has gone the most berserk in the matter of outdoor cooking is the Coachella Desert, that crescent of agreeable paradise shouldered between the Salton Sea and the cover charge of Palm Springs. Here every home, ranch, homestead, cabin, shack, lean-to and cave has some devious device for barbecuing. One foreign visitor got the impression that Hibachi was the name for a popular breed of houseboys. There are more tongs in the Valley than there were in all of China.

It is impossible to escape from this swirling ogre. Somehow this brand of cooking is considered integral and native to the desert; and there is grudging evidence to point this up. B.C. (before charcoal) the aborigines here cooked in open pits, and if they wanted to be elegant they wrapped the game in a messy coating of wet clay.

Then some conscientious rascal named Gimac Stove invented one, and cooking shuffled inside and stayed there for many centuries. The pioneer women, clad in those horrible bonnets, baked bread that only a pioneer dared masticate. Their boiled dinners made many a frontiersman boiling mad. Most of the gallants at the Alamo joined to escape home cooking.

There was some open pit cooking after the stove was perfected, but it wasn't a daily rite and usually celebrated something gaudy such as a revenueur drowning in a vat of sour mash or a stagecoach coming through. Entire sides of beef were barbecued. Over them was poured a sauce brought from the south and called The Soption: it was heavy with red pepper juice and brandy and if applied too liberally the beef had a tendency to dissolve. In this case the intrepid pioneers quickly drank up the sauce; they didn't care how they got their protein.

Came then, to the illimitable tranquillity of Coachella Desert, a rover named William Pitt. He idolized the outdoors; he couldn't get enough of it; he slept under the crackling stars; he cultivated cactus; and he came to the conclusion that a true desertite should eat in the velvety air, his appetite ennobled by the circular confrontment of inspiring mountains. He had a theory that four walls do a prison make and that in time any sensitive and decent stomach could get claustrophobia.

Accordingly, he built the first elaborate and fancy stone barbecue pit. (His name was misspelled by a Mission historian who couldn't spell any better than our children today). As people moved into the Valley, they admired his structure: it seemed breezy and informal and congenial and savored of the spirit of the traditional west. They copied the pit. Soon there was a barbecue pit for every inhabitant. What a stir this alluring statistic caused in the East. Mill workers there, who worked knee deep in smoke all week, yearned to get away from it all and to stand in a hunk of open space and breathe the pure smoke from a barbecue. They could feel as one with Kit Carson and Danny Boone and the Flintstones.

Well, to get down to the present, suppose that you live in this arid but arcadian valley. At least twice a week you will be invited, joyously, to a barbecue. "Come as you are," larks the invitation, which is silly because no one would ever come as he was or as he would be in twenty years.

You dress informally because you know that before the melee is over someone will spill something eternally staining on your clothes, and you will be singed somewhere along the jamboree.

When you get to the party, the back yard is in full sway and there are smoke signals rising from the barbecue. As an innocent greeting, one of the countless children will accidentally stab you with one of the elongated forks used as part of the ritual. First blood!

The entrees, no matter how disguised, unfailingly consist of shish-kabob, chicken halved, or bony ribs. These have been bathed and slithered and soaked and marinated and saturated in a pinkish red sauce into which everything has gone — or, at least, everything that is anything.

Then the meat is dangled or suspended over flames (few are patient enough to wait for the coals) and turned either manually or by a motor from a Cadillac. Occasionally a dowse of barbecue sauce sends forth a new cloud of smoke. Salt and pepper is applied from shakers with mile-long handles.

A guest approaches and prevaricates, "Whatever you're cooking looks divine. But, what . . . is it?"

The host, a bit ridiculous in a chef's hat and an apron blazoned with Whatcha Havin', says proudly, "Oh, I'm cooking ribs Apache Style. The recipe was just unearthed from an ancient crypt by a television cowboy. Instead of cooking them as a white man would (what contempt in his tone as he mentions the Caucasian), I cook them . . ."

In turning one of the segments of ribs, it comes loose and bounces to the ground. An ubiquitous dog

seizes it and disappears into the open desert. First casualty!

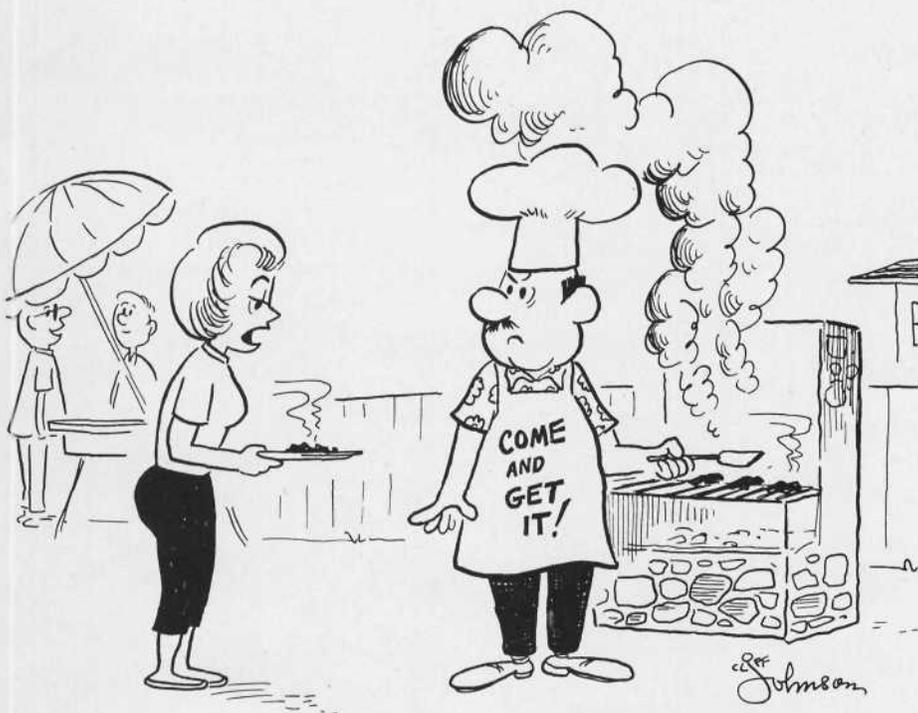
While awaiting the meat to cook, guests talk about outdoor cookery. One devotee cooks ribs in pineapple juice and soy sauce. Another zealot cooks his seeped in catsup and chili powder the way it's done in primitive Mexico. One fellow has a recipe from the South Seas and a stout woman tells how its cooked by witch doctors in Haiti. Finally an innovator spiels a recipe for cooking ribs in beer. (The beer drinkers wine.)

The chef yells, "Ouch!" An unguent is applied to the burn.

But all good things must come to an end. The coals burn down and the ribs, resembling petrified wood, are cut apart and placed on paper plates. Grapefruit juice in paper cups accompanies the entree, some with vodka. Music twangs from a transistor-western music.

The hostess missed on the potato salad and the melange has lumps, humps, bumps and thumps. But no one complains. Such things are expected at barbecues.

At last the hour grows late. As stars twinkle and the night air cools, guests depart for home—to raid the icebox!



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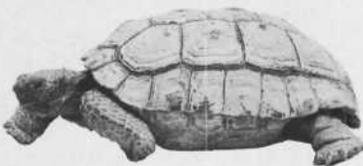
The



Truth



About



The



TORTOISE



IN this day of speed and tumult, the desert tortoise is probably the least neurotic of all living creatures. If its water he lacks, he falls asleep until it rains. If his security is threatened, he burrows to safety. Loud noise has little effect upon his insensitive ears. If there's a shortage of food, he ceases all body functions for months at a time. And he has a secret of longevity envied by man.

Of earth's countless creatures, the amphibious turtle is the only one to survive more than 250 million years in its original form. The terrestrial tortoise is no recent offshoot, however. It substituted fins for claws and acquired horny water-tight skin long before the dinosaur lumbered across the earth.

Unlike aquatic giant snappers capable of snapping off a man's arm, or a smaller variety good for at least a finger or two, desert tortoise make harmless, splendid pets. They eat little, will live outside in moderate climes, and it's possible to leave them for respectable periods without hiring turtle-sitters. Also, they don't bark, scratch or cackle.

What they do require is a fenced-in yard to keep them off the streets and a few leafy shrubs or cacti to nibble.

by choral pepper

Respect for the tortoise is not a modern characteristic. Even before recorded history, Indus children of ancient Asia cherished stone-sculptured toys in the image of tortoise much as today's children treasure replicas of Mickey Mouse. In ancient Egypt, where the tortoise was considered sacred, wives of pharaohs studded the creature's backs with precious jewels. Aesop wrote three tales about them, King Solomon praised the "voice of the turtle" in verse, and the Hindu diety of creation, Vishnu, is believed to have assumed the form of a tortoise.

Archeological excavations in Western America revealed tortoise shell rattles set with Olivella beads at both Willow Beach, Arizona, and Santa Catalina Islands off the California coast, thereby providing scholars with tangible evidence of a prehistoric trade route. Nevada aboriginal tribes used the shells for implements in early turquoise mines. Mexican traders carried them alive along the Old Spanish Trail because only a tortoise could store food and water within its body to provide fresh meat over long periods of time. Even today, primitive peoples on Mexico's Sonora desert are said to consume the tortoise and its eggs.

But of all functions attributed to the tortoise, the most fascinating is the role it played in molding the destiny of man. During the Boxer Rebellion in China, a number of inscribed tortoise shells appeared in the bazaars of Peking where they were sold as novelty souvenirs. Suspecting that the writings on them might be archaic, several court officials collected them and after the war consulted Western scholars. As translations came forth, it became apparent that the writings were invocations to spirits for predictions concerning personal fortunes, crops, and hunting as well as guidance in affairs of state. Before use as "oracle bones" the shells were treated by scraping and polishing. Then heat was applied to induce cracks which were endowed with secret meanings and interpreted by priests. Thus, when perplexing conditions challenged a warring Shang chief, he didn't consult with his staff; he consulted with his tortoise.

Responsibility for the tortoise historic and prehistoric importance probably lies in the mystery which shrouds its very existence. This reptile, whose movable parts resemble a lizard wearing turtle clothing, is unlike any other creature alive. The plated shells which form its torso are firmly attached to a bony bridge at each side. Only its head and legs are

free to extend in motion. When the creature is frightened or asleep or in hibernation, its head and legs withdraw so completely within its shell that from a distance it's impossible to detect fore from aft.

Having a shell for a body complicates the normal breathing apparatus. With stationary rib structure, there is no way for lungs to expand and contract. Thus, the tortoise devised a unique system entirely its own. By protruding and withdrawing its neck and legs, a pumping action is achieved which creates a vacuum and draws air into the lungs. This produces a faint wheeze, like air expelled from a toy accordian. When he is face to face with another tortoise and appears to nod and talk, he's actually storing up wind for the fight.

Social life is warlike when males meet, as custom demands that immediately a leader be established. Following much head-waving, they square-off and proceed to ram one another with their gular shields (a horny projection from the front part of the lower shell) until all but one are flipped to their backs. After prolonged periods of clumsy gyrations, the defeated tortoise manage to return themselves to the normal position—until the King passes by and flips them over again!

With male and female, however, the action takes on a different tone. When he rams his mate, smashing his shell audibly against hers, he isn't fighting. He's making love. The young bride (she may be all of 80) plays it cool. With the grace of a Sherman Tank, she hobbles indifferently away, forcing him to pursue. Not until he traps her in a corner where there's no escape does she succumb to a honeymoon.

Fertilization of the desert tortoise is internal. Then a large parchment textured egg is buried in a sandy hole where in time it is hatched by the warmth of the earth and sun. When the babe is born, it's a tiny replica of its parents and able from the beginning to forage for itself.

Considering the over-active libido of the male, discerning sex is simple between a mated pair. With a single tortoise, however, Ogden Nash's jingle "The turtle lives 'twixt plated decks Which practically conceal its sex" is quite apropos. The lower shell of a male, called the plastron, is slightly concave, while the female's is flat. There is also a structural difference in length of tail and thickness of gular shields, but this may be deceiving when comparing an ancient fully-grown female of 13-inches with a younger male almost as large.

Three dangers threaten the continued existence of the desert tortoise. Primary among these is the result of steadily increasing highway travel. The unobstructed surface of paved roads attract the creatures, especially after a rainfall when water remains in puddles rather than being absorbed into thirsty desert ground. Then is a time for motorists to be particularly on the alert for these unwary slow-moving pedestrians.

The second danger arises from a confusion of terms. Although in America the land turtle is popularly referred to as a tortoise, Europeans refer to all members of the turtle family as "turtles." The single French word "la tortue" may be translated as either turtle or tortoise in English. This confusion has caused many a well-meaning newcomer unacquainted with desert tortoise to dunk one of the strange creatures into a pond or pool, unwittingly believing that water is its natural environment. The creature may swim for a moment or two, but as soon as water gets into its lungs it will die of a kind of pneumonia.

The third danger is also brought about by well-meaning humans. It is natural that such mysterious and fascinating creatures should be desired as pets. One of America's foremost women fashion designers, Pauline Trigère, lives in a century-old Connecticut country house named "La Tortue" where she harbors a collection of 985 replicas of turtles, along with a few live ones. At the opposite end of the country, in San Mateo, California, a newsmagazine wrote of a family who took their pet tortoise to a veterinarian for a "turtlectomy" last summer when an accident ripped open its shell and exposed a lung. Tortoise lovers from coast to coast have adopted the reptilian creatures for pets and cared for them well, but, unfortunately, there are others who capture the creatures and are not so well-informed.

A tortoise must never be moved to a foreign climate. Unequipped with a natural thermostat, their cold-blooded bodies assume the temperature of the air about them. Ten minutes of exposure to high-noon desert summer sun may prove fatal, as will a deep-freeze prison under winter-frosted, snow covered ground. Desert dwellers are the only individuals who should rightfully maintain the *Gopherus Agassizi*, commonly called desert tortoise, in captivity. There it is in its natural climatic environment and, with a well-fenced yard where it can safely roam, protected from becoming a highway casualty. ///

Treasures of the Badlands

by Frank Dunn

No stranger to *DESERT* readers is Frank Dunn (Jan. '40, June '63) who escaped New York during depression days and came west to "wait it out" on a ranch near Las Vegas. There he harvested fruit and vegetables which he traded for life's other necessities at Mr. Ward's dirt-floored store, in those days the leading market place of Las Vegas.

It was on this desert that Dunn first discovered the excitement Nature bestowed upon stones and twigs and thus began his incomparable collection, later acclaimed by the American Museum of Natural History, of which Dunn is now an associate member.

With his pretty wife, Celia, Dunn continually adds to his collection, seeking nature's treasures near their Palm Desert home as well as on field trips afar.

A VERITABLE hoard of nature's rare sculptures and one-of-a-kind ceramics awaits the imaginative explorer in the Borrego Badlands. Immediately west of the Salton Sea on both sides of Highway 99, a phenomenal deposit of concretions, as these sandstone formations are known, occurs practically all of the way to Borrego.

Nowhere else in the country does this freakish stone occur. At least, we have never encountered it in our numerous national forays.

Hunting concretion specimens is a rather different kind of "rockhounding." Whereas veteran rock collectors quest for precious and semi-precious minerals with established intrinsic values, the concretion hunter is interested only in texture and shape, gratifying an esthetic desire.

At one time or another most of us have let our imaginations discover forms in clouds or in outlines of trees, mountains, shrubs, even shad-

ows. Very often a common snapshot reveals a surprising form in addition to its intended subject matter. Hunting concretions is just such an adventure—an exercise of the imagination, as well as of the limb.

Desirable for conducting these expeditions, but by no means a necessity, is the mechanical "camel" of the desert, the 4-wheeler. However, we've managed for lo these last twelve years in our half-ton pickup equipped with oversized, partially deflated tires, to traverse the terrain reasonably well.

Several gunny sacks, a heavy screwdriver and a few 10-foot bamboo poles comprise the only equipment necessary to a concretion sortie. In recent years we've found a newsboy's double pouch, slung over the shoulders to replace the cumbersome gunny sack, a solution for freeing hands and arms from the laborious toting task. The bamboo poles serve to mark a temporarily stashed cache for later pickup and a screwdriver is the tool perfect for scratching away sand which sometimes partially hides a worthy concretion.

In most instances, our best pieces were 90% concealed. Caution may not be overemphasized in the operation of freeing them from their beds. It's impossible to guess where a vital projection occurs and to amputate this member of the whole could be heartbreaking.

In certain spots are scattered a profusion of "weirdies," as we call them. Strangely enough, they are all of similar texture, size and shape, as if members of one big happy family. This is more a rule than an exception. In one 50-foot circle, for example, we found about a dozen perfect replicas of oysters—same gray color, average size and grainy surface — and never have we found a similar batch since. Though they resembled petrified mollusks, we feel

reasonably certain they were not.

Again, in a circumference of about 50-feet, the terrain was dotted with round orbs of diamond-hard consistency, sizes ranging from one-half inch to two inches. Never will we forget this sight, with late afternoon sun casting undulating patterns in brown, accented by sharp black shadows on tan sand.

November through March, preferably after one of our rare downpours, is the ideal time for the conquest of these rare concretions. Automobile traction is improved on the rain-packed sand and the pelting force of a storm helps to expose many of the partially buried specimens and send them tumbling along a channel. These particular functions of rain are secondary, however, to its primary function — that of sculptor.

Composed of sandstone, the grains of the formation vary in degree of hardness. A pelting downpour eradicates the softest parts in its first step of sculpturing, much as the artist first "blocks out" a model. Then fast moving freshets come into play, chiseling, sanding and chipping off additional soft sections as the piece is nudged and pushed along the path of the storm. As soft areas disappear, a hardcore is exposed, often in fantastic or eccentric forms. Thus demon erosion becomes *artiste extraordinaire*. Our first specimen looked so much like a Russian wolfhound that I fancied hearing a growl as we approached his lair.

I hope you'll forgive this fanciful coma I lapse into, but that's the way these treasures effect us and I'm sure that once you're victimized by this fascinating pastime you, too, will apply for membership in our exclusive dream world.

Our most outstanding find of a ten-year plunder is the sphinx-like



PHOTO BY HAROLD WEIGHT

CONCRETIONS NEAR SALTON SEA

head and shoulders of a little old lady we named "Tortilla Tia" because it looks like a lovable Mexican *mujer* we knew in Zamora, Michoacan, who was extraordinarily adept at patti-caking tortillas. Displayed in a shadow box, she holds a choice spot in our museum.

Of particular delight to children is our "three bears" display. Papa, the big bear with jaw wide open and stentorian voice, growls, "Somebody's been eating my porridge!" Slightly smaller, Mom says, "So what?" and Junior, the smallest, retorts, "Don't mind him, Mom, he's psycho."

Some of our specimens could not too closely be identified with any contemporary category, so we herded them into the realm of prehistorics. Outstanding is a crooked-necked

crawler, a formidable critter which might have escaped from a prop department of a mystery chiller film. Also among the prehistorics is a clumsy group of dinosaurs we've set into a replica of the La Brea Tar Pits.

Unique is a concretion molded like a fox. The sculpturing would seem like the work of a Dali, or perhaps an ovalist instead of a cubist. Its entire structure is a series of elliptical sections starting at one end with a proportionate head and terminating at the other with a well-formed bushy tail. We think he's cute, but "cunning" would be a foxier description.

What animal pops into mind at the mention of the desert? Right, the camel. And quite naturally we have

one replete with two lumps—but no cream, please.

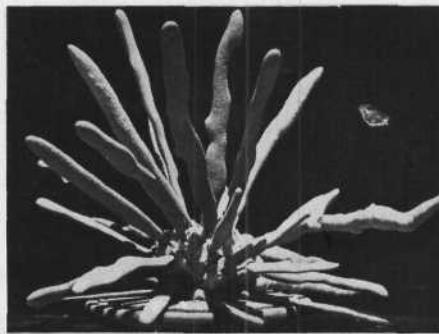
Just make one trip to the area and spend a forenoon or afternoon tramping around this desolate terrain. Even if you don't find a worthwhile specimen, you'll be well compensated by the salubrity of this invigorating desert land.

Like all rock-hunting expeditions, you'll occasionally draw a blank. We've found that with each foray, we've become more selective—the difference between a scavenger and a collector, perhaps. But even with a blank, we're never without amusement and amazement as we climb back to Highway 99 and leave behind the treasure-laden Badlands with a promise to return some tomorrow for a new day of fun. ///

DINNY THE DINOSAUR



BREAD OF STONE



BORREGO WOLF HOUND



The little Utah Bank That Changed the Postal Rates of a NATION

by
Raye Price



"Where d'you want 'em?" the truck driver asked.

"Want what?" countered a Salt Lake City postal clerk.

"Five-thousand bricks I've got in packages out there!"

And that's the way they arrived—5000 neatly wrapped packages of bricks, each awaiting delivery to an addressee in Vernal, Utah.

The mail clerk's most critical judgment failed to find anything wrong. Each bundle weighed within the required 50-pound limit and no more than 500-pounds were addressed to any one person.

But what, he pondered, would a dozen or so people in a remote town like Vernal want with all those bricks? Eleven years earlier it wouldn't have seemed so incredulous, when the Uintah Reservation first opened for homesteading. But this was 1916. Things had settled down. The last time the postal clerk had heard of Vernal was when some dinosaur skeletons were excavated there four years before. So why the sudden run on bricks?

Perplexed, he went to his map to pinpoint Vernal within the perimeter of the second postal zone, jotted the rate at \$1.05 per hundred pounds, then re-checked

the route map and gasped. The 150-odd miles to Vernal were well within the zone limit, but there were muddy wagon trails for roads and mail could only be sent by a circuitous route involving a train to Mack, Colorado, a narrow gauge railroad to Dragon, Utah, and a haul by team and wagon from there. The distance totaled over 400 miles.

Meanwhile, Nicholas J. Meagher sat in the cramped quarters of his Bank of Vernal and stared past the steel counter through bullet-proof wire mesh at an empty corner lot across the street. A pot-bellied stove warmed his feet and his Irish eyes twinkled with imagined visions of a beautiful new brick bank soon to occupy the vacant lot. In ten years the present building had outgrown its facilities and the board of directors agreed it was time to expand.

But building in Vernal was no easy matter. The nearest brick kilns were in Salt Lake City and the closest railhead 120 miles away. Avoiding such exorbitant freight charges challenged the ingenuity of even a bright young man like Meagher, who'd risen from a bookkeeping job in Salt Lake City to manager of the Vernal Bank within the span of a year.

But accept the challenge, he did. Together with the manager of the new property, W. H. Coltharp, a unique solution was devised. They'd cut shipping costs in half by ordering the bricks sent by parcel post—and let Uncle Sam worry about the transportation!

This settled, Meagher turned his mind to other matters contingent with banking in a primitive area. He'd already decided it wise to handle only silver and gold currency in order to thwart robbers who had to carry the heavy loot by horseback over rough trails and bridgeless rivers. Now it occurred to him that such currency held additional merit. It would encourage depositors to unload the heavy money from their pockets into their accounts!

As the bricks arrived and Meagher's dream became a reality, the post office department grew increasingly alarmed. The bank's novel method could be applied to other transportation problems, reasoned local farmers and soon postal service between Salt Lake and Vernal was jammed not only with bricks, but with parcel post shipments of tools, canned goods, and other equipment, leaving virtually no space for regular letters.

It wasn't long before two inspectors arrived at the depot in Dragon, Utah to investigate rocketing reports in Washington D. C. concerning tons of undelivered mail. Fortunately for the Bank of Vernal, its bricks were delivered before the Postmaster General decreed a change in U. S. Postal Regulations, setting a limit of 200-pounds on packages sent from one consignor to one consignee in a given day.

Now, as senior bank president of Utah, Nicholas Meagher retains the Irish twinkle in his eye as he reviews the strategy which made postal history and built the only parcel post bank in the land. Standing today as sturdily as the day it was built, the Bank of Vernal has grown with its town, participating in the agricultural development of this once-arid valley which pioneer surveyors determined useful only for the function of holding the earth together.

You can reach Vernal on U. S. Highway 40 from Salt Lake City or Denver, but whether you're headed for Dinosaur National Monument or the new Flaming Gorge Dam, don't forget to stop in the center of town and pay a visit to the original "mail order" bank.

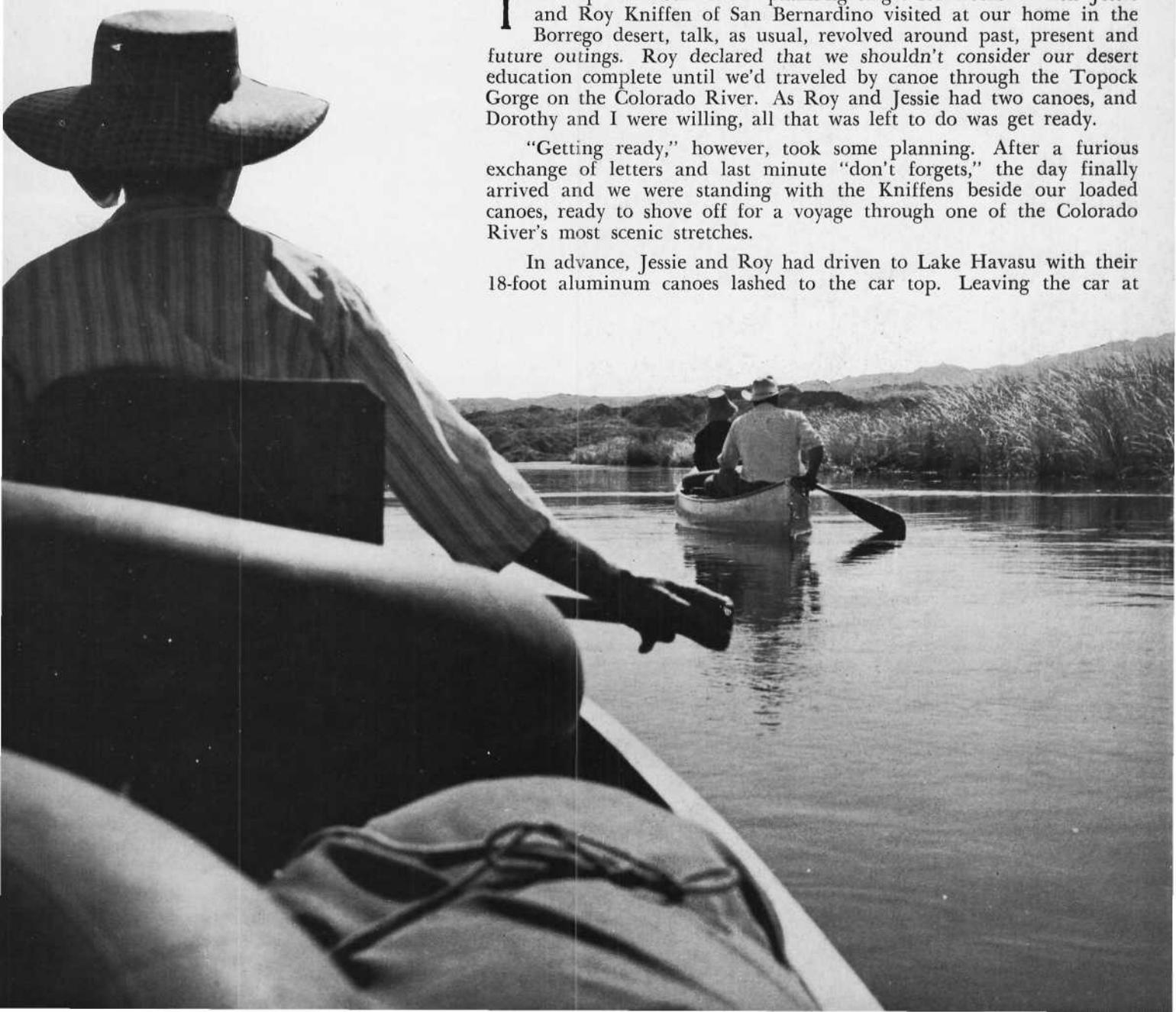
CANOEING ON LAKE HAVASU

By George Leetch

THE trip had been in the planning stages for weeks. When Jessie and Roy Kniffen of San Bernardino visited at our home in the Borrego desert, talk, as usual, revolved around past, present and future outings. Roy declared that we shouldn't consider our desert education complete until we'd traveled by canoe through the Topock Gorge on the Colorado River. As Roy and Jessie had two canoes, and Dorothy and I were willing, all that was left to do was get ready.

"Getting ready," however, took some planning. After a furious exchange of letters and last minute "don't forgets," the day finally arrived and we were standing with the Kniffens beside our loaded canoes, ready to shove off for a voyage through one of the Colorado River's most scenic stretches.

In advance, Jessie and Roy had driven to Lake Havasu with their 18-foot aluminum canoes lashed to the car top. Leaving the car at





A HANDY DOCK IN A SLEEPY LAGOON



Havasu Landing, they proceeded upstream to Topock, Arizona, using small 1-HP outboard motors to propel the canoes against the stiff river current. Here they camped in anticipation of our arrival the following morning.

Our combined gear, which consisted of sleeping bags, food, water and cooking utensils, was divided into the two canoes. Dorothy and Roy occupied one, while Jessie and I crewed the other. I was instructed to sit at the stern and steer while Jessie took the bow position. I accepted this responsibility with a show of outward calm, but secret misgivings. However, at no time did I disgrace myself, and with the exception of one near mishap (I gracelessly attempted to stand up), the arrangement proved a sound one.

The river surface was green smoothness as we launched from the sandy Topock beach, and the liquid gurgling of the red-winged blackbirds from the tree-lined shore was a sound which we would hear oft repeated throughout the two-day trip. After a brief bit of serious paddling, the river current caught the canoes and we swept under the bridge where Route 66 crosses the river.

Towering rock pinnacles dominated the eastern shore and Jessie said

that my guess was a good one when I suggested that these slender spires must be the namesake for the California town of Needles. I was so busy gawking and making vain efforts to handle the canoe like an old "riverman" that we were deep within the Topock Gorge before I realized it. Steady paddling was unnecessary now and we could sit back and enjoy the scenery.

Roy led the way, catching an eddy here and avoiding a sandbar there. We swept along in complete silence, except for an occasional burble of a riffle or our own voices.

Heron passed in stately flight and grebes, egrets, cormorants and darting swallows had us grabbing our field glasses to make identification certain. Occasionally a flock of ducks shattered the quiet, surprised by our stealthy approach. A few beaver and muskrat still live along the river's edge and several times we found their lodges in areas where the reeds grow thickest. At one time beaver were plentiful along the Colorado, but intensive trapping has decimated the population.

The Devil's Elbow, where the river winds a sinuous path among sheer cliffs of lava, is the most spectacular part of Topock Gorge. At other places, where it meanders into oxbows, we beached the canoes and scaled rocky summits to look down upon the button-hook turns.

Although both canoes had built-in flotation tanks and carried inflated inertubes for life preservers, Dorothy and I shifted our positions gingerly. The water was far too chilly to encourage a sporting dip.

The last major turn in Topock Gorge is Blankenship Bend. Through this region sand bars protect shallow, quiet lagoons and provide limitless opportunities for exploration. Dense covers of reeds conceal these bars and small channel openings may screen large lagoons.

It was through one of these reed flanked openings that Roy led us to our first night's camp. Mesquite and flowering palo verde trees lined the shore and behind them loomed the rugged Chemeheuvi Mountains. As we pulled up to an old makeshift

plank dock, three coots squawked in protests at our invasion.

We set up camp under the spread of a mesquite with just a short rise of land between us and the river. After dinner Roy and I followed a wild burro trail up a hill to see where we were going.

From this elevation, Topock Gorge appeared as a dark slot in the gathering dusk with the twists of The Devil's Elbow a jagged line. To the south the river widened into Lake Havasu and the twinkling lights of Havasu Landing marked our destination for the following day.

In the morning, after breaking camp and stowing our gear, we set off for Lake Havasu. Now the river grew broader, with many quiet water-ways to explore near the shore. Thick-bodied carp scurried away at our approach and Dorothy saw a turtle duck under the bow of her canoe. Under no pressure to hurry, we stopped frequently to explore. One small rock promontory was especially noteworthy. We beached the canoes and hiked to a point known as Picture Rock. There we saw prehistoric Indian petroglyphs which remain undeciphered even today.

Shortly after reaching Mohave Rock, which marks the edge of Lake Havasu, we attached our small motors to the canoes and moved rapidly across the several miles of open water between us and Havasu Landing — the end of our trip.

Although the river-run from Topock to Lake Havasu is less than 18 miles and a power boat may cover it quickly, we enjoyed our leisurely trip by canoe. Besides its refreshing silence, which permitted a closer view of wildlife, we were able to poke into shallow inlets where other boats won't go.

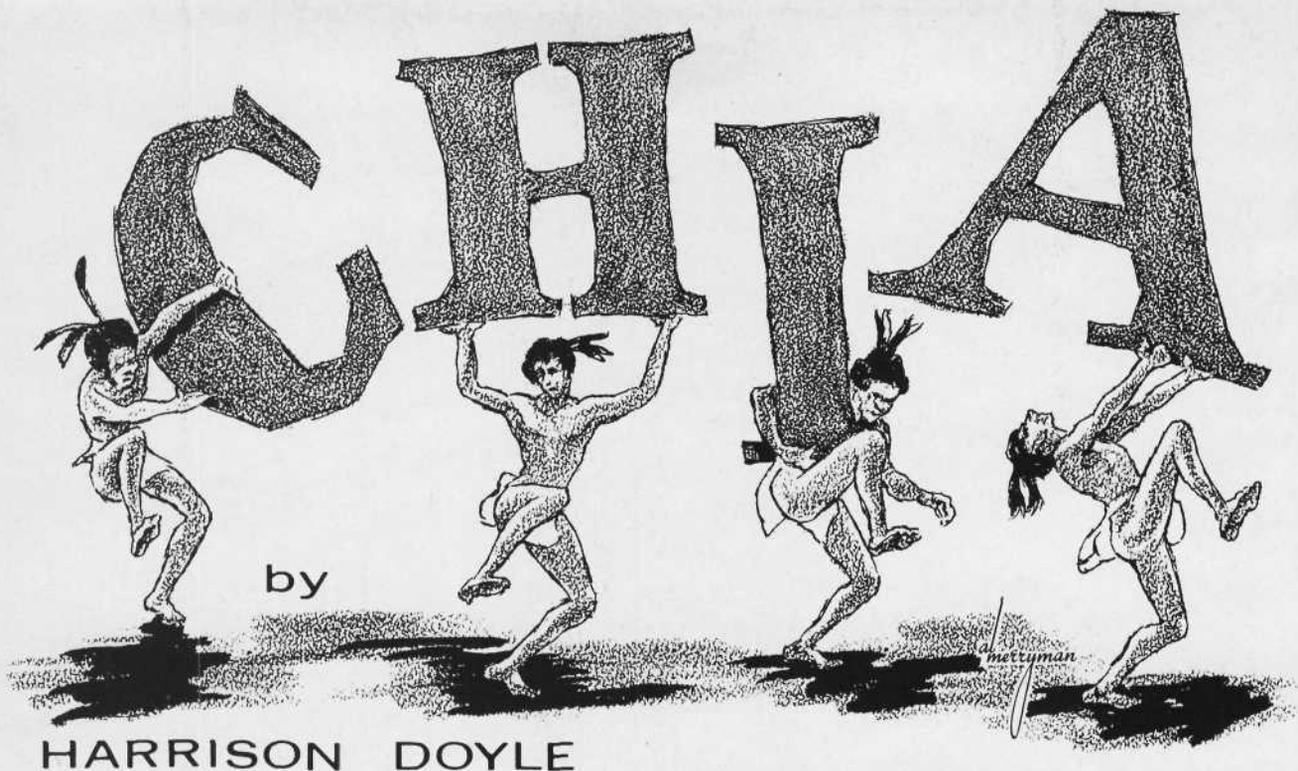
But above all, to me, the greatest pleasure in canoeing was the fact that our travel was accomplished under my own power and energy. Independent of any mechanical gadget or fuel, I reveled in a feeling of self-sufficiency. Nevertheless, I'd surely hate to have to paddle upstream, self-sufficiency to the contrary! ///



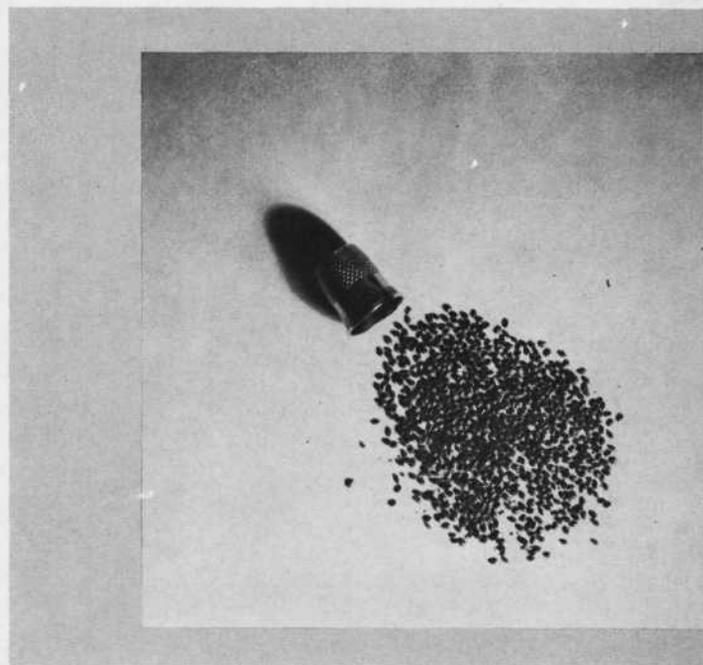
AUTHOR CLIMBS CLIFF TO EXAMINE PETROGLYPHS.

CANOE PARTY PICNICS UNDER SPREADING MESQUITE.





(The ancient Indian staple, Chia, believed by many to increase physical vigor and endurance, has been virtually unobtainable due to difficulties of gathering in its wild state. Harrison Doyle, remembered by DESERT readers for his three-part feature which won the medallion award at the 1960 California State Fair, believes it could be cultivated in quantity great enough for popular consumption. Here, exclusively for DESERT, is his report on a five-year experiment.)



I FOUND Chia so easy to domesticate that I was not a bit surprised to find, when researching it, that the plant had been cultivated and used for a staple food for hundreds of years by the aborigines of Ancient Mexico.

In addition, I raised and harvested it so easily, obtaining such amounts of the tiny seeds, that I believe it can become a boon to agriculturists today, especially those who dry farm in the winter rain areas of Southern California, or even irrigate in the desert valleys. I believe the day will come when all health food stores and

even community markets will carry it.

I have been interested in Chia for many years, and in what certain old timers had claimed for it. As a boy in Needles around the turn of the century (See DESERT Nov. '59, Jan. '60, and Nov. '60). I played with Mohave Indians of my own age — ran long distances, rode colorful Indian ponies bareback, and whacked a tin can around the yellow Silt Flats back of the old Santa Fe Roundhouse with a gnarled cottonwood or willow club, in the ancient game of "Shinny."

One of the Indian boys with whom

I played was named Pete Homer. I've been told he still lives at Parker. I remember Pete telling me when we were youngsters that Indian runners sometimes went all the way in to the Coast on trading expeditions. "They run most of the time," he said, "eat seeds and carry water gourd shells to keep themselves going."

I haven't seen Pete since that day in Needles sixty years ago, but that "eat seeds . . . to keep themselves going," has always stuck with me. There are few screwbean mesquites out on the open desert. I have thought many times that possibly it was Chia that Pete spoke of.

Anyway, I had seen the Chia plant on many prospecting trips with my Dad out of Needles. These plants were especially profuse up near Granite Well, in the Mid-Hills area between the Providence and New York mountains.

When I read the article on Adolph Bulla and Chia in the April, 1958 DESERT, and resulting publicity in the Los Angeles Times, I went out to Randsburg and interviewed Bulla.

As stated in Eugene Conrotto's DESERT article, it was indeed astonishing to find a hard rock miner in his 70s drilling, blasting, mucking, hauling and putting in a full day's work six days a week. Besides that, Bulla looked and acted a good 20 years younger.

Crediting his remarkable physical stamina to Chia, which grows up and down the sandy hills of his desert home, he generously presented me with some of his seeds and explained how he mixes a teaspoonful into

Mary Elizabeth Parsons, in *WILD FLOWERS OF CALIFORNIA*, (Payot, Upham Co., San Francisco, 1900), wrote of Chia: "Its small bright blue-white flowers are borne in an interrupted spike, consisting of from one to four button-like heads . . . After the blossoms have passed away, the dried stems and heads remain standing all over the hills, shaking out little grey seed in abundance. These seeds have been for centuries an article of economic importance to the aborigines and their descendants."

Dr. Rothrock writes that among the Nahua races of ancient Mexico the plant was cultivated as regularly as corn, and was one of their most important cereals. Quantities of the seeds have been found buried beneath graves which must be at least several hundred years old. It was in use among the Indians of California before the occupation of the country by the Whites, being known to them as "Chia."

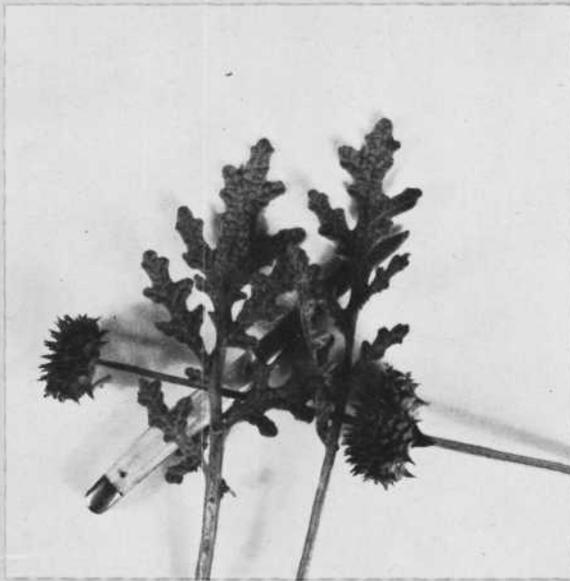
quently commands six or eight dollars a pound.

"When added to water, the seeds make a cooling drink, which has the effect of assuaging burning thirst—a very valuable quality on the desert."

Dr. Edmund C. Jaeger, in *DESERT WILD FLOWERS*, (Stanford University Press, 1940), says: "The seeds once formed a staple diet among the Indians." He too, identifies the Chia as *Salvia Columbariae*.

In *A MANUAL OF FLOWERING PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA*, (U. of C. Press, 1951), Willis Linn Jepson says about Chia: "An infusion of the seeds was valued by the Mission Fathers as a remedy for fevers; the seeds also furnished 'the finest poultice for gunshot wounds . . .' The Pomos roasted the seeds and ground them into meal for food . . . There was a lesser variety called *Bernardina*."

All of which brings us to my humble experiments. Last year I



hot cake batter, sometimes a little more for an especially hard day, and this fortifies him all day without another meal.

Impressed, but not entirely convinced, I determined to conduct some experiments of my own. Back home in Vista, I planted his seeds in a plot of our garden. The plants grew and thrived and that June I harvested a nice little batch of seeds, putting them away for the next year's planting.

Meanwhile, I began researching the plant. I found it to be *Salvia Columbariae*, with its distinctive stems carrying from one to three equally spaced seed "buttons."

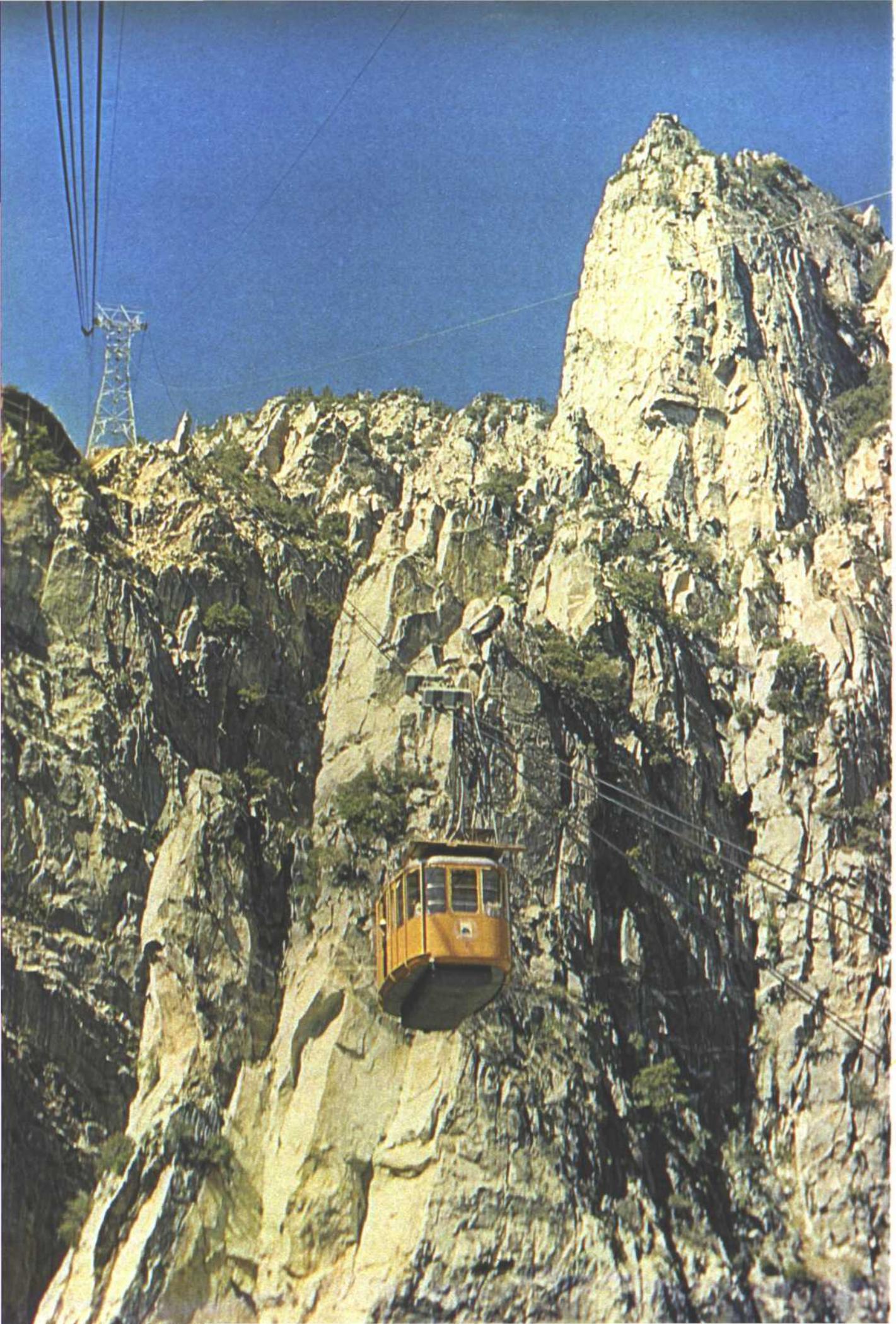
Dr. Bard writes of these seeds: "They are roasted, ground, and used for food by being mixed with water. Thus prepared, it soon develops into a mucilaginous mass, larger than its original bulk. Its taste is somewhat like that of linseed meal. It is exceedingly nutritious, and was readily borne by the stomach when that organ refused to tolerate other aliment. An atole, or gruel, of this was one of the peace offerings to the first visiting sailors. One tablespoonful of these seeds was sufficient to sustain for twenty-four hours an Indian on a forced march. Chia was no less prized by the Native Californian, and at this late date (the 1890s?) it fre-

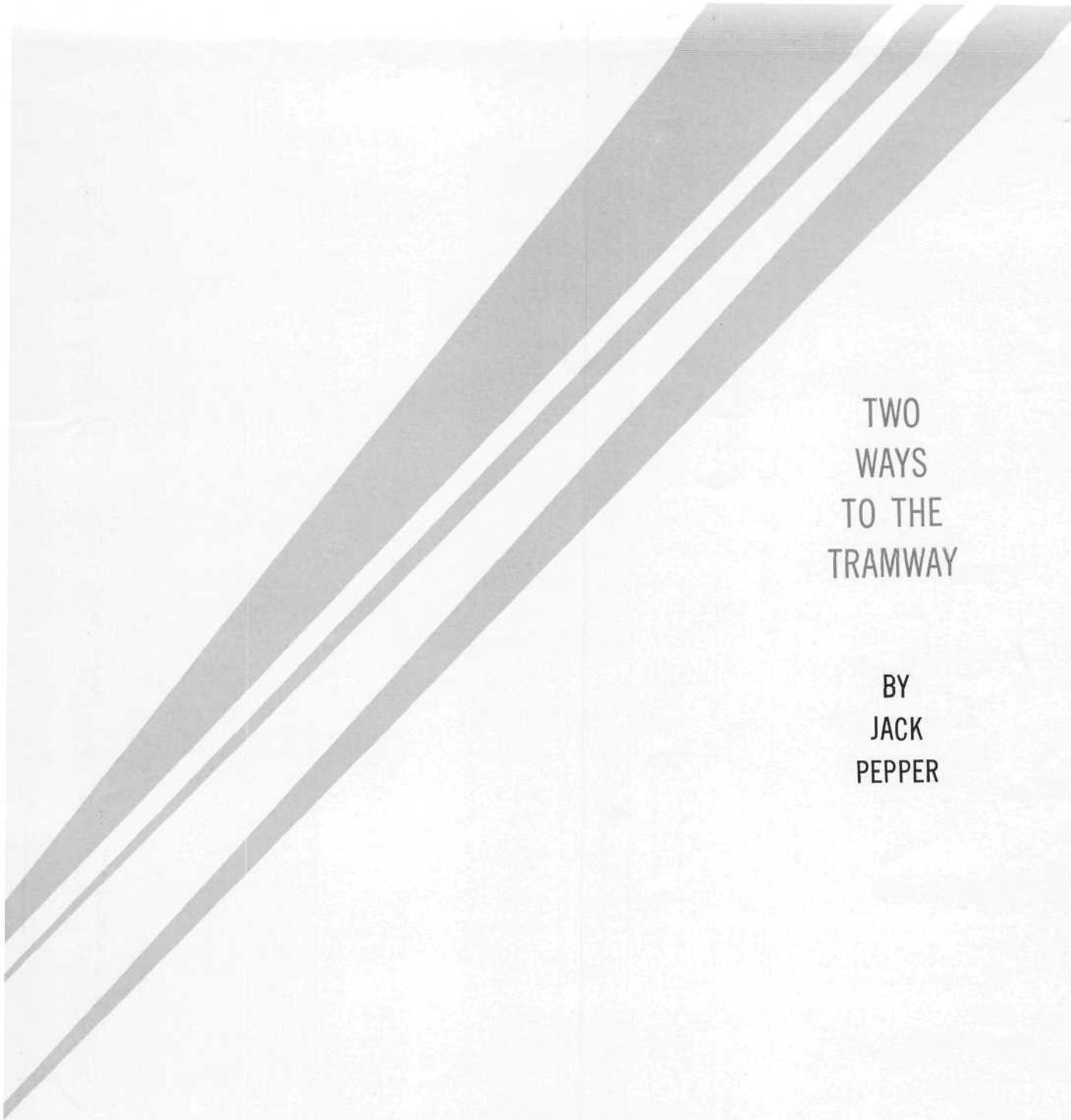
again put in a planting of the Bulla stock. Again, I got good results, and now had enough on hand to make a food test with them.

I put a teaspoonful of the Bulla stock seeds into each of three unmarked envelopes, with slips inside identifying them. Using three other envelopes, I then did the same with some seeds I had purchased which closely resemble Chia and are, indeed, a distant relation, but still a different plant. Then I shuffled the six envelopes so I couldn't tell them apart.

Each night I took one of the envelopes at random, soaked the seeds

(continued on page 33)





TWO WAYS TO THE TRAMWAY

BY
JACK
PEPPER

LAST week a young man, wearing dungarees and boots and carrying a water canteen and knapsack, met another young man dressed in sport shirt, slacks and wearing loafers.

The meeting place was on an elaborate platform overlooking Palm Springs and the Coachella Valley desert floor more than 8500 feet below.

It had taken one of the youths six hours to climb Mt. San Jacinto into the "high country." The other reached the same point in 15 minutes.

One had started his nine mile hike up the rugged slope of Mt. San Jacinto from Idyllwild, California, on the west side of the range. The other

made his ascent from the valley station of the just opened Palm Springs Aerial Tramway, an amazing engineering project which started as a "wild dream" 25 years ago.

Regardless of how they came, the youths shared one of the most spectacular scenic panoramas in the west. A view which, previous to the opening of the Palm Springs Aerial Tramway, was seen only by hikers or horseback riders from the winding trails of upper Mt. San Jacinto—a rugged "wilderness area" rising above the smog congested and high density traffic areas of the urban cities of Southern California.

One of the few true "wilderness areas" of the Southwest, the Mt. San Jacinto Wild Area is jointly administ-

ered by the U. S. Forestry Service of the Department of Agriculture and the State Park System. Its 33,000 acres lie within the 248,000 acres of the San Jacinto District of the San Bernardino National Forest.

Like other officially designated "wilderness areas" of the United States and California, mechanized vehicles, including four-wheelers and two-wheelers, are strictly forbidden in the areas. This was true even of the eastern escarpment of Mt. San Jacinto until a "wild dream" of 25 years ago became an awakening reality to some, a nightmare to others.

To one group it was a \$7,700,000 project, the largest and longest single-lift passenger-carrying aerial tramway



BACKWAY TO THE NEW PALM SPRINGS AERIAL TRAMWAY IS A NINE-MILE TRAIL WINDING FROM IDYLLWILD 3200 FEET UP THE SIDE OF MT. SAN JACINTO THROUGH SOME OF THE MOST SPECTACULAR SCENERY IN THE SOUTHWEST. ONLY HIKERS AND HORSEBACK RIDERS ARE ALLOWED IN THE "HIGH COUNTRY." IDYLLWILD IS 5400 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL.



in the world and what they hope will become "the eighth wonder of the world and third major tourist attraction of Southern California."

Regardless of adjective and descriptive phrases, the officials of Mt. San Jacinto Winter Park Authority, administering organization of the Tramway, expect more than one-half million visitors yearly to take the spectacular ride up the mountain in the two 80-passenger tramway cars.

For the ride and a first hand look at true "wilderness areas," and to pay off the \$7,700,000 in bonds which financed the construction of the Tramway, adults will pay round trip fares of \$3.50 on week days and \$4.00 on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, and children \$2.25 and \$2.75 (no charge for children under four accompanied by parents). A one dollar parking fee is also charged.

But to another group these same tourists, an anticipated bonanza to the Tramway officials, are the people who might make the "wild dream" a nightmare. The opposing force is the conservationists, the rugged individualists who maintain that to really enjoy wilderness areas one should hike or horseback ride into the forests and spend at least one night in a sleeping bag under the Milky Way.

Conservationists often quote the famous naturalist John Muir, a pioneer in the movement to form national parks and other reserves. Of his many observations, one states "Everybody needs beauty as well as bread . . . places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul alike."

Randall Henderson, militant conservationist and former opponent of the Tramway, in El Paisano, official publication of the Desert Protective Council Educational Foundation, says, "While humans push and crowd and burn themselves out in a crazy stampede for bigger profits and higher wages and the satisfaction of personal vanities, Nature goes along in her own serene way, undisturbed by the petty bickerings of the passing parade of the species *homo sapiens*."

"As human problems multiply, it becomes increasingly important that large areas of the natural wilderness be reserved and protected as sanctuaries where men and women can find a quiet place of retreat—where the true values in life can be rediscovered and faith and courage restored."

The conservationists are not arm-chair philosophers, but are outdoorsmen who have roamed the desert

areas and the mountains of the Southwest. Ironically, it is their discoveries of the spectacular scenic areas which have resulted in an ever increasing number of tourists coming to these areas.

They maintain that one should walk into the wilderness areas to really enjoy Nature; that opening the door to such projects as the Tramway will open other wilderness areas to an influx of mechanized vehicles which will destroy our wilderness sanctuaries.

They are definitely not against existing Federal recreational areas and state parks where mechanized vehicles are allowed for family outings and camping. But they are against any further encroachment on designated "wilderness areas" by private development and exploitation. They site the proposed San Gorgonio ski lift as an example.

On the other hand, Tramway officials point out that people who pay taxes to support Federal and state sections of Mt. San Jacinto and who cannot physically or time-wise hike into the area should have the privilege of visiting the areas, and the Tramway gives them this privilege.

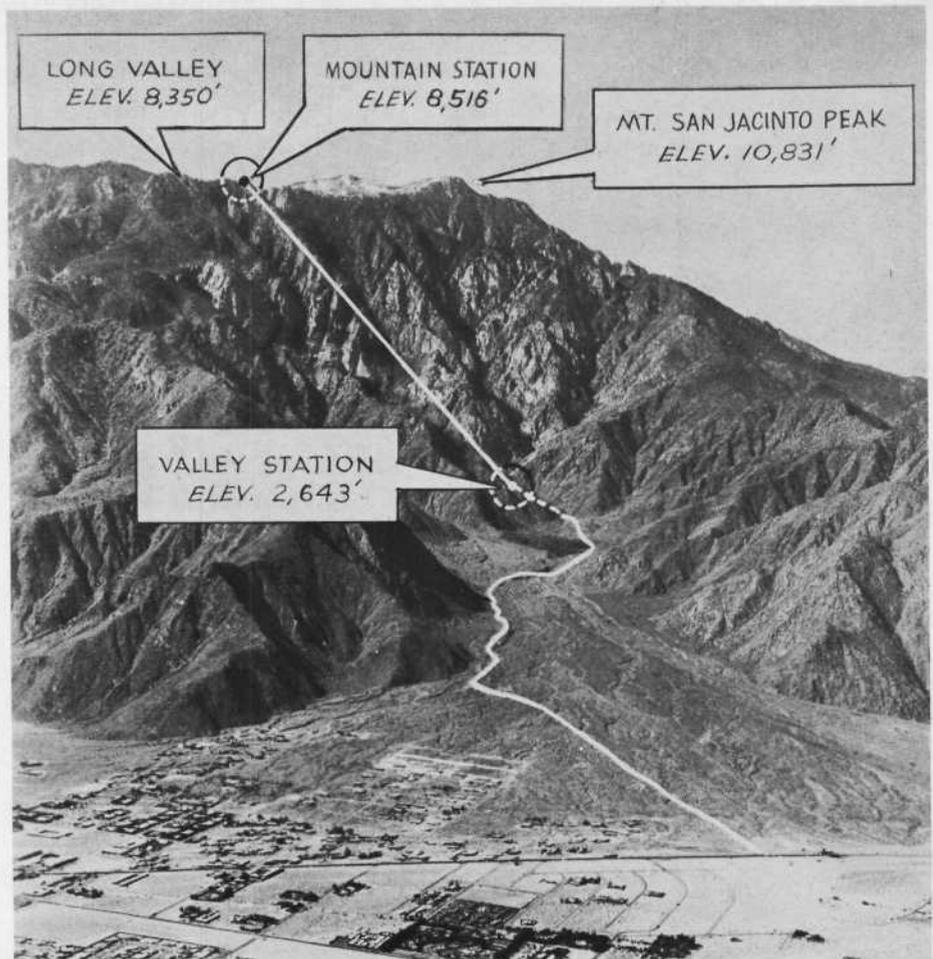
Not only for the San Jacinto area, but for the nation the newly formed Federal Bureau of Outdoor Recreation has been assigned the monumental task of devising a system of classifying outdoor recreation lands and developing a National Recreation Plan.

Since the tramway is not built on U. S. Forestry land, but rather on a small parcel of the Mt. San Jacinto State Park, it will be Supervisor Keith Caldwell's task to determine just how many Tramway visitors will want to hike into the wilderness area along his well-maintained trails.

A ranger station has been built near the mountain station where those who want to spend the day—or week, for that matter—in the area will be provided with a map showing where water is available and where camp fires may be built.

One of the closest and most complete camping areas in the vicinity of the Tramway mountain station is Round Valley, a beautiful area of pine trees, white fir, Bracken fern and corn lilies where one feels completely removed from the strife of civilization.

This Shangri-la of Mt. San Jacinto is reached along a mile-and-a-half trail from the Tramway. There are water and camping facilities, and a headquarters station for rangers in



the "high area." Campers must bring their own food and gear, however, as there is no corner grocery store.

Here is the center of many other scenic points of interest, all within various hiking distances. San Jacinto Peak, towering 10,831 feet is 1731 feet higher and approximately three miles. Round Valley stretches six miles one way and nine miles another down the side of Mt. San Jacinto, through some of the most beautiful mountain scenery in the west, to Idyllwild, a bustling tourist community which attracts people both in summer and winter.

Horses may be rented here for those wishing to approach the upper tramway station the "adventurous way"—and what many consider the most interesting.

For detailed information on camping both in the lower areas which can be reached by automobile and for "high areas" restricted to hikers and horseback riders, write to either the Mt. San Jacinto State Park or the San Jacinto District, San Bernardino National Forest, Idyllwild, California.

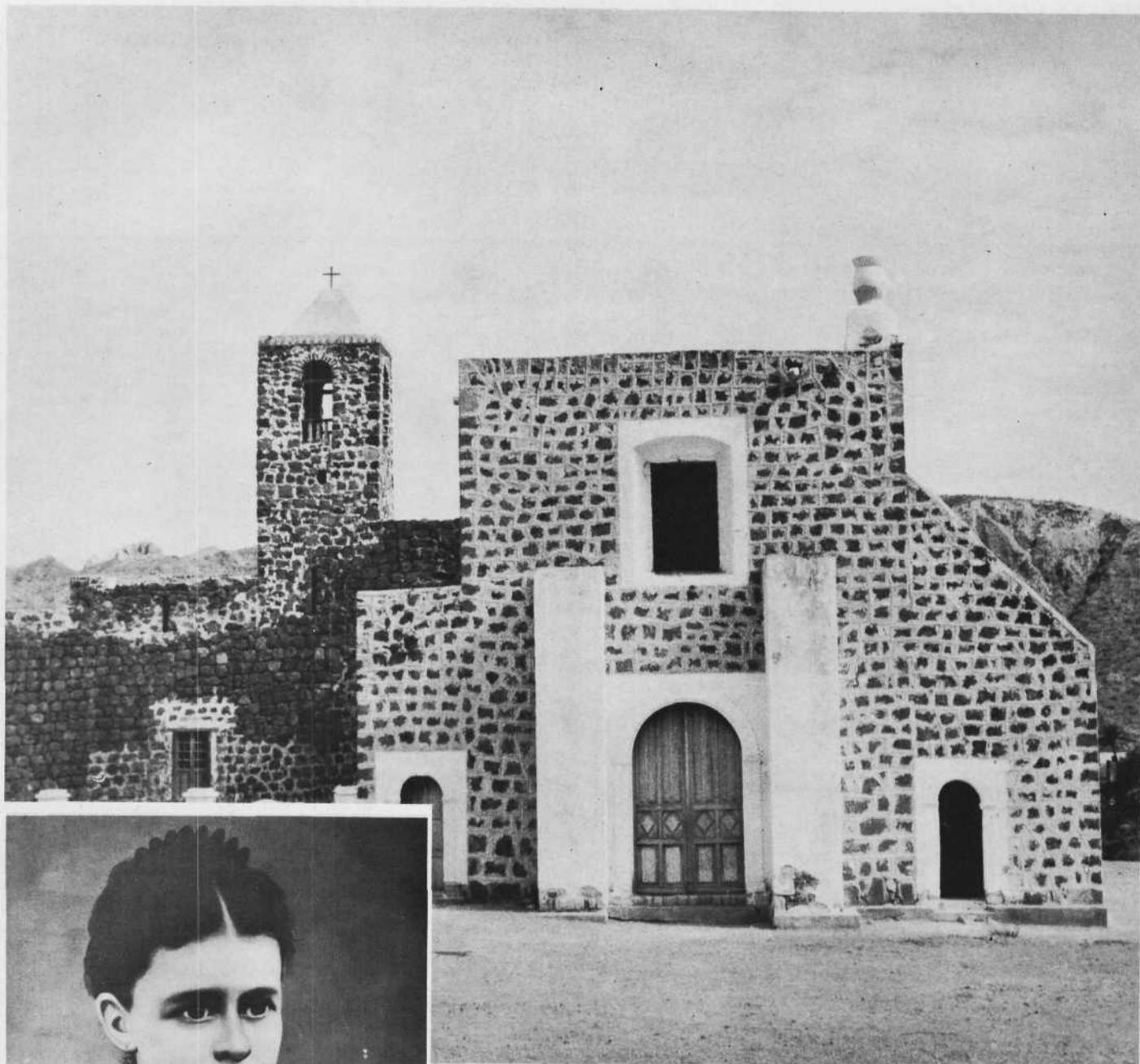
Those going into the "high country" from Idyllwild, either by hiking or horseback, should check with either of the above mentioned State

or Federal headquarters for maps and other information on the area. It is easy to get lost along these trails where you might not see another person during an entire day, or longer.

The new Palm Springs Tramway officially opened September 14 when California's Governor Edmund Brown and other dignitaries took the first public ride from the valley station at Chino Canyon, 2643 feet above Palm Springs, to the mountain station, 8516 feet above. During the more-than-a-mile-high ride, a distance of 13,300 feet is traveled in about 14 minutes up the slopes of California's second highest mountain.

Two tramway cars carry 80 passengers each, one ascending as the other descends, arriving at the mountain and valley stations simultaneously.

Both terminals have restaurants, coffee shops, gift shops, observation areas and lobby facilities. The Tramway will be in operation every day from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. A parking area, just below the valley station, is reached by a 4-lane paved highway which branches off Highway 111 in Palm Springs. Visitors park their cars in one of the 13 parking areas and ride in open air busses to the valley station where they start the mile high spectacular ride to the top. ///



SANTA ROSALIA MISSION NEAR MULEGE, BUILT IN 1705



NELLIE CASHMAN

And Her Lost Gold

By Louise Cheney Auer

ON a day in 1884 when the Modoc stage swayed to a halt in Tombstone, the entire population rushed forward to bid a favorite citizen Godspeed—said citizen being Nellie Cashman known up and down the western map as the “Angel of Tombstone.”

Among the small group of men making the trip with her was M. E. Joyce, one time supervisor of Cochise County, and Mark A. Smith, later to become senator from Arizona. But it was Nellie who intrigued the crowd—Nellie in jeans, flannel shirt and wide Stetson with a miner’s pick over her shoulder. No pleasure trip for Nellie was this venture. With the men, she was heading for rugged Baja California country to prospect for gold!

As the stage rocked, settled and took-off in a flurry of hoofs, Nellie’s mind roved over her kaleidoscopic life. Born in Queenstown, Ireland, she came to America with her parents, sister, and two brothers in 1868 to settle in Boston. But Nellie, in whose blood adventure flowed like quick-silver, found New England dull. One year later she and her sister, Kate, boarded a train on one of its first transcontinental trips from coast to coast and traveled to San Francisco. Shortly after their arrival, Kate ac-

cepted the advances of one Philip Cunningham and settled down to raising a family. Nellie, however, whose Irish beauty even surpassed that of Kate’s, turned a deaf ear to romance and gambled for adventure in the harsh frontier world.

She tried her hand in the diggin’s and came to know the game, but even though she made many strikes, she never grew rich. Her heart held such a deep desire to help unfortunates that every fortune she gained wound up in the hands of the needy.

In 1877 gold was discovered in the Cassiar district. Nellie joined the migratory flood that surged upon the northern wasteland and again proved to be an A-1 musher and prospector, but here she suffered for the miners succumbing to scurvey from lack of vegetables and dedicated her wealth and the force of her personality to effecting delivery of commodities necessary to the health of the citizenry.

In 1880, tragedy struck. Kate and her husband died, leaving five children. Nellie hurried to San Francisco to claim the orphans and moved her new family to Tombstone, a booming silver town that offered great promise. There she opened a restaurant, the Delmonico, and soon became a ministering angel to every down-and-out-

ter who entered her door. Because of her generosity she earned a name which followed her the rest of her life—the “Angel of Tombstone.”

After four years in Arizona, word of a new gold field reached Nellie. A Mexican walked into the Palace Saloon one day and dumped a heap of nuggets on the bar. Instantly a crowd gathered. “Where did they come from?” Nellie asked, examining them and determining that they were pure gold.

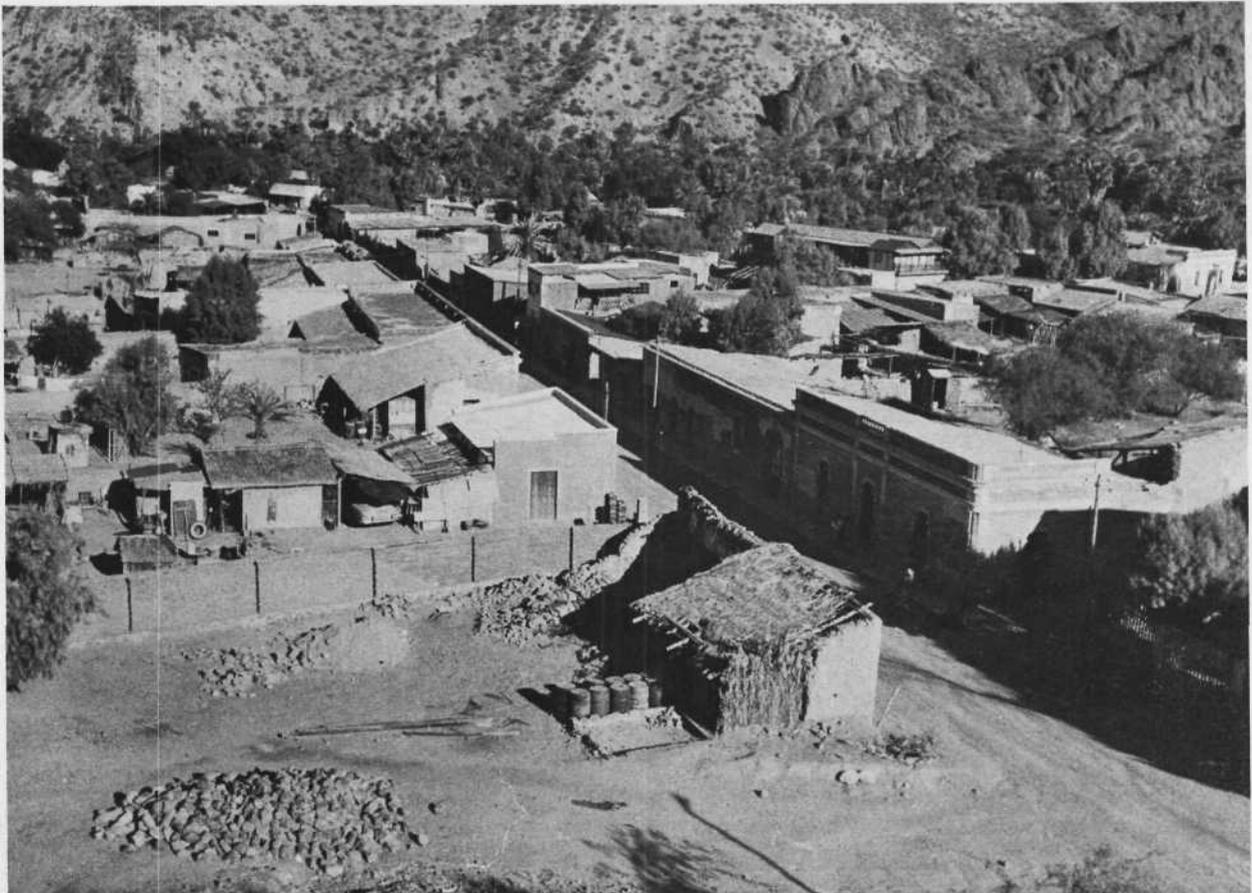
“Baja California, Señorita. There’s plenty there, near Mulege,” he whispered. Then he cashed in his nuggets and disappeared, never to be seen in Tombstone again.

Most of the mining men believed the Mexican a con man and his story a hoax, but Nellie held faith. “He asked for no money,” she pointed out, “and he had no map to sell. And his nuggets were real. If anyone is interested in going to Baja California, count me in!”

Joyce, Smith and a few other men took up her challenge. “But where,” they asked, “in that long strip of lower California are such nuggets likely to be found?” Even a route to Mulege was questionable and the desert around it was vast.

By this time an authority on gold,

MULEGE, ON SHORE OF BAJA’S GULF OF CALIFORNIA, AS IT IS TODAY.



Nellie had a ready answer. "Since the nuggets were round and flat, I'd say they came from a river bed that has been dry for years, or else from under the surface of a lava bed."

So a party was formed and Nellie set out for Baja California. At Sonora they crossed to Mulege by boat and made camp in the small village which had made little, if any, progress since its foundation two hundred years before. Over the surrounding country stretched wind fingered dunes and forbidding desert broken only now and then by scant green valleys.

"Let's stay a few days," suggested Nellie, "and if there's gold near here the natives will surely know its source."

For a week they camped while Nellie made friends with the peons and visited them in their homes, but when gold was mentioned, they professed ignorance. And yet, Nellie was convinced that it was there. How else would the natives appear so prosperous? They were well fed, lived in comfortable homes and she found no sickness among them. "I'm going to ask point blank where they obtain their means," she advised her discouraged companions. And she did.

"Ah, Señorita," one peon told her, "we have no worries. The good Padre

Pierre sees to that."

"And where might the Padre be?" Nellie persisted. "I see no mission here."

"Our mission is in the Golo Valley twenty-seven miles from here. It was started by the French when Maximilian was in Mexico. After they shot him, Father Pierre stayed to run the mission."

With this, Nellie became convinced that the natives really did know nothing about the gold. Nevertheless, she felt sure it was there. "We might as well start looking for a placer in the dunes," she told her men and they set forth under the scorching sun, digging in every likely spot. Still no color rewarded them. Days passed. One evening they discovered their water almost gone.

"We'll never make it home alive," the men droned, close to panic.

Nellie controlled an urge to panic with them. "Tomorrow," she declared, "I'm going, and I'll bring back water. We have enough to last one more day."

At dawn she started across the dunes, but it wasn't until late afternoon that she finally came upon a fertile valley spiked with casas. In its center sat a squat adobe mission

where Father Pierre welcomed her and promised aid.

"But tonight, child, you must stay here," he told her, offering to send a guide with her at dawn.

After a brief rest, Nellie set out in the cool of the evening to explore the valley. Soon she discovered herself on the desert again, walking along a dry river bed. As she stooped to test for gold, a voice startled her.

"I know you came looking for gold," Father Pierre said, coming to meet her. Then he pointed toward the tranquil valley. "There my children know peace and happiness. But think what would happen if you were to find gold! Prospectors would swarm into Mulege and not stop until the ground was stripped. And when they were gone, they'd be nothing left but misery.

"This gold is the staff of life for my children," he continued. "Without it there would be no food, comforts nor medicine. Surely it is the will of God that it is here to help them. Anyone who takes it for his own use will defy God! Stark ruin will be our lot, should prospectors come here. Surely you wouldn't want to be responsible for that."

Nellie stared thoughtfully at the dry river bed. Her toe moved hesitantly to shift the rocky soil, and then patted it smooth.

"Father," she promised, "I found no gold here, and I will search no further. As long as I can guard your secret, there will be no gold rush to Mulege."

Back with her party on the following morn, she distributed goat skin containers filled with water and admitted defeat, suggesting they return to Tombstone.

Weary of heat and failure, the men agreed, and the dismal party returned home empty-handed, much to the razing of those who had known better than to be taken in by the hoax of an itinerant Mexican con man.

The others of her party suffered humiliation, but Nellie's private woe was frustration. For her the chance of a lifetime bowed under the yoke of compassion and even though she swore she had not found gold in Mulege, she never quite brought herself to denying it still might exist there.

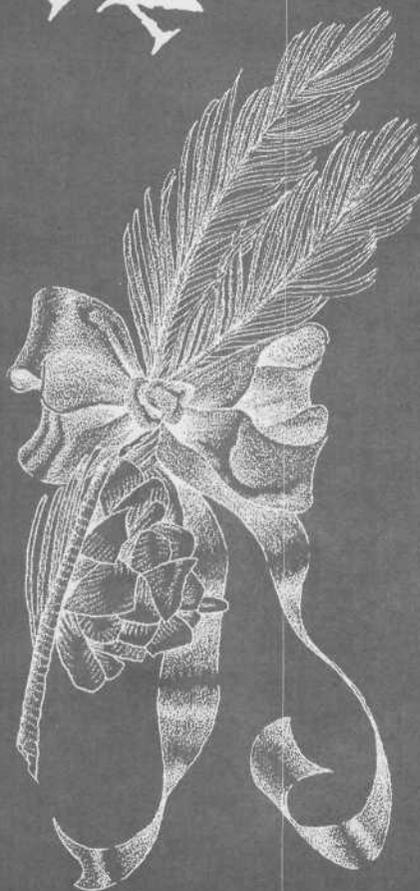
Unfortunately, it could have been her last big strike. When a new bonanza beckoned from Alaska, she treked to the frozen north and there, in 1920, she died—the Angel of Tombstone.



"After hiding out for forty years, I find out they weren't looking for me."

Time to
gather

PINYON
NUTS



EVERY year I take a holiday journey and harvest my own Christmas pine nuts. The nuts I used last year and those I will use this year were not purchased at grocery markets, but were gathered from Nature's wild orchards in the desert mountains.

The low, spreading much-branched trees that yielded them were single-leaved nut pines or pinyons (*Pinus monophylla*) widely found growing on rough, arid mountain slopes from the base of the Wasatch Mountains of Utah, over most of Nevada and the eastern slopes of the southern Sierra Nevada, thence southward to Southern California and northern Lower California.

Already in the summer of 1961 I could see that there was to be a good yield of nut-bearing cones in 1962 in the pinyon orchards of Nevada, for many trees then bore the tiny prickly, marble-sized young cones of the first year's growth. Early in the next year's summer tree-growth these small immature cones began to rapidly increase in size and by July's end they were not only large, but dripped clear crystalline resin, one of the obvious signs of soon-coming maturity.

As I traveled mile after mile through the forests of western and central Nevada and saw the enormous and impressive cone crop, I became eager for late September's sunny days to arrive when I could take the holiday journey. Then the cones would begin to open up and shed their big brown seeds.

Among my incomparably good young companions of recent desert and mountain journeys has been genial, sunny dispositioned Stan Stenner of Hollywood. He always possesses that insatiable curiosity for exploring and doing unusual things, so again I chose him to go pine-nut hunting in wild places far from the haunts of man.

"We will take the least used desert roads," he said, "and not be satisfied until we find the choicest spots."

Leaving Riverside (California) before dawn, we witnessed sun-up far out on the mid-Mohave Desert. We reached Independence at the base of the noble Sierra Nevada in Owens Valley long before noon. Here we contacted Dorothy Cragen, Director of the Eastern California Museum, and presented to her a century-old rock sled to augment her collection of old mining day relics. This heavy sled, crudely made with hand-axe

and auger from a pinyon pine crotch, had been used at a nearby wood-gathering camp for supplying pinyon wood for the charcoal-maker's oven. I had found it more than 30 years ago in the Inyo Mountain' forest and I carried it on my back several miles to my camp.

If you have not already visited the Eastern California Museum in the basement of the Courthouse of Inyo County, I urge you to do so. It is one of the best of the small museums of the Western United States. It contains rich treasures of pioneer-day objects brought across the deserts and mountains into Owens Valley by the first settlers. There is also an unusually splendid collection of Indian baskets.

When we left Riverside we had planned to visit first the pinyon forests of the White Mountains in California, famous now as the home of the Bristle-cone pines, but when we arrived we found few good nutting areas so we turned eastward into an austere canyon of splintered, slate-like rocks, then over a steep grade to Oasis near the south end of Fish Lake Valley. A big storm had deposited but the day before a blanket of new snow on the highest parts of the range, making them particularly inviting to view.

On the lower shoulders of these lofty mountains we could see the dark-green pinyon forests where we hoped to gather our nuts. There were several steep, rocky roads leading back into thickly-set trees. We chose not the first of these, but a third to the northward, where we could find not only good nutting grounds, but also camp where we could view the slopes of noble Boundary Peak and drink water from one of the birch and aspen-bordered streams that rushes down from the mountain's great springs.

We were told by a local miner that in the next canyon north of us, there were several parties of Piute Indians gathering their year's supply of pinyon nuts. They were, we learned, beating the ripening cones from the trees with long poles and then building light fires over the cones to cause them to open their scales and release the nuts.

Stan and I didn't use the Indians' method, but using clubs we beat the cone-laden branches, catching the nuts in a box which we held up beneath the clusters of gaping cones. At the end of six hours we had 45 pounds, filling several small boxes. It was rather strenuous labor, but

By EDMUND C. JAEGER, D.Sc.

author of DESERT WILDFLOWERS, THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS, DESERT WILDLIFE, OUR DESERT NEIGHBORS, THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS, A NATURALISTS DEATH VALLEY

rewarding. Many of the nuts in our boxes were empty of meat. These were light in weight as well as color—not the deep red-brown of healthy nuts.

Since some of the nuts (*pinoles*, the Mexicans call them) fell on the ground and had to be picked up by hand, we learned to distinguish the good from the bad by their difference in weight. I daresay this also is the way the pack rats (*Neotoma*) and other rodents judge which nuts are worth gathering and storing. I have never found any but well-filled nuts among their stores.

To separate our good from our bad nuts, we used the flotation method; that is, we placed the nuts in water-filled vessels, letting the unfilling light-weight ones float to the top. Luckily there was a fine stream of mountain water nearby and it was easy to fill our testing vessels. Not only did our empty-shelled seeds float to the surface, but with them an amazing number of small, interesting creatures which had been living in the pinyon trees—several kinds of small beetles, bugs, spiders of varied form, and loop-worm caterpillars; also there were found many of the short green pine needles. To our dismay, a full one-third of our nuts had to be skimmed off, but we still had 28 pounds to take home.

Although the somewhat immature *pinoles* tasted strongly of turpentine, fully matured ones were remarkably sweet, either raw or roasted. To roast, I sprinkle a little water over them in a skillet, hold the skillet over a flame, and turn them frequently until they are done.

Unroasted pinyon nuts remain fresh for at least two years, so it is easy to have them in good shape to package for Christmas gifts for two

seasons in succession.

If you wish a nut pine for your garden, sprout it from some of your seeds by placing them in soil in a half-gallon cardboard milk container with holes punched in the bottom for drainage. Then, when the plants are about six months old, transplant them, being exceedingly careful not to break the roots. There will be a long tap root reaching to the very bottom of the container. I usually bury the whole container after cutting out the bottom and the corners a bit, and let it finally decay. This disturbs the young tree very little. When the young plant first appears above ground it will show a cluster of 5 or more primitive leaves, silvery green in color. For several years the ambitious little pinyon tree will have only silver green juvenile foliage that appears quite different from the single dark green, thick, needle-like leaves of the mature tree.

Some of the nuts we gathered came from quite young trees, probably not over 20 years of age, bearing their first crop of only 3 or 4 cones. Older trees 80 to several hundred years old often bear hundreds of cones.

In 1962 there were few bearing trees in Southern California and Baja California, but on the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada, in California and in Nevada, the nut crop was almost unprecedented for quantity and quality. This year, I am told, the nut crop is generally poor. It varies from years of plenty to years of scarcity, so my advice is: gather plenty when *pinoles* are in good supply.

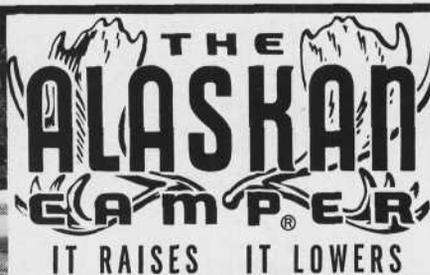
Most of the hundreds to thousands of tons of the nut crop are never harvested by man. Left to the wood rats, wild mice, chipmunks, rock squirrels and birds, however, almost all are eaten or stored. In late sum-

mer and autumn the Pinyon Jays help mightily. As we gathered our nuts, great flocks flew from place to place, feeding and shrieking from earliest dawn until dark. The birds were wary and never allowed us to closely approach them.

The second night's camp we made on the brush-covered, almost level floor of Deep Springs Valley, that unique, down-sunken block of earth bound on its south by a steep-pitched escarpment with large springs escaping from fissures at its base. The issuing waters run a short distance through grassy meadows to create a small lake bound on the north by extensive white, salt-encrusted flats. Beyond these are grass fields where hundreds of cattle belonging to Teluride School feed and grow fat.

The school, with its neat buildings, green lawns and lofty locust and cottonwood trees, is located at the eastern end of the Valley. It is a privately financed institution, giving a limited number of carefully chosen young men a chance to receive unusually fine training in the sciences and humanities. The few lads now there are tutored by five well-trained male instructors, all PhD.s, so there is no lack of personal attention. With a daily requirement of 4 hours manual labor on the ranch, the curriculum emphasizes the dignity of labor as well as mental gymnastics.

As soon as we returned home, I began to package my precious treasure of *pinoles* so I could share them with my friends. A pinyon cone, a small sprig of green needles, and two big handfuls of fat brown nuts went into each small cellophane bag; a brown narrow ribbon tied in a neat bow kept the contents inside. The whole was a delight to any eye, and the nuts a very special Christmas treat. ///



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PHEASANT en CASSEROLE

- 2 small pheasants
- 1/4 cup butter
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 1 bouillon cube
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/2 cup white wine

If pheasants are wild, soak in salt water for several hours. This eliminates the wild taste. When ready to cook, drain and dry. Melt butter in heavy skillet, add pheasant and brown on all sides. The pheasants can be cut into pieces, if desired, before browning.

Dissolve bouillon cube in boiling water, add wine, salt and pepper. Place pheasant in casserole, pouring drippings from skillet over them and add liquid. Bake in 325 degree oven, covered, for 2 hours. If you brown them in Dutch oven you may simmer them, covered, on top of stove for 2 hours or until tender, but cook them gently. Wild rice is a good accompaniment for pheasant.

WILD DUCK

Soak ducks overnight in cold water to which has been added 1 tablespoon salt and 1 tablespoon vinegar. This eliminates the wild taste which many people do not care for. When ready to roast, drain well and wipe dry. I prefer to cut away the backs and use only the breasts. However, if you prefer to leave the ducks whole, fill them with the ingredients which I use as a bed to cook them on, but discard the filling,

In a roasting pan with lid, which is large enough to place the duck breasts side by side, make a bed of the following ingredients:

- slices of onion
- slices of apples
- pieces of celery

This is not to be eaten; it is to give flavor to the ducks. Place the breasts close together over this bed. Pour over ducks:

- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 3/4 cup wine. Vermouth is especially good.

Cover pan with lid, and bake in 300 degree oven for 3 1/2 hours. It is not necessary to look at them during baking time. This amount of juice and wine will cook 6 ducks. If you prefer, you may use any fruit juice in place of wine, but should always have part orange juice.

Here are a few recipes for the hunting season. Many people who have never cared for wild meat have changed their minds after tasting these dishes.

BARBECUED VENISON

Soak a roast of venison overnight in cold water to which 1 tablespoon of salt has been added. When ready to roast, drain and wipe dry. Sprinkle with salt and garlic salt, and dredge with flour. Place in roasting pan and pour over the following sauce:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup water | Dash of cayenne pepper |
| 1/2 cup catsup | 1 small onion sliced fine |
| 2 tablespoons worcestershire sauce | |

Roast until tender or well-done on your thermometer, basting with the sauce every 20 minutes. 350 degree oven.



DESERT COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

BROILED BREAST OF DUCK

- 4 ducks
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 3/4 cup milk

Bone breasts, keeping as whole as possible. Soak in salt water for several hours or overnight. Drain and dry well. Place breasts in shallow baking pan. Salt and pepper and place 1 tablespoon of butter on each. Place under broiler for five minutes, broiler set at 450 degrees.

Have soup and milk smoothly blended. Pour 1/2 of mushroom soup over breasts, broil 5 minutes longer. Add remaining soup. Baste every 5 minutes until a total of 35 minutes has elapsed. Serves 4.

WILD RICE

Wild rice is a fine accompaniment to duck. I prefer it cooked separately in a casserole, rather than used as a stuffing for the ducks.

- 2 cups wild rice, thoroughly washed
- 1 can consommé
- 2 cans mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup finely sliced celery

Soak rice in cold water for several hours. Drain. Add consommé and simmer until rice is tender. Add celery and mushroom soup, diluted with enough milk so that it will pour. Bake in buttered casserole in 300 degree oven for 1/2 hour.

WILD GOOSE

Soak goose in cold water, to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added, for several hours or overnight. Drain, dry inside and out thoroughly. For 10 or 12 lb. goose make following stuffing:

- 1/4 cup butter
- 2 cups uncooked rice
- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 1/2 cup chopped celery
- 2 cups water
- 1-1/2 cups cranberries put through grinder
- 2 chicken bouillon cubes
- 1/2 teaspoon parsley flakes
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon thyme

Melt butter in large skillet. Add onion, celery and rice and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until rice is lightly browned. Add ground cranberries and remaining ingredients, blend, and simmer for 20 minutes, or until rice is tender; add more water if rice begins to stick. Set aside to cool.

Set oven at 325 degrees. When stuffing is cool, fill goose with it, and truss goose. Place in roasting pan, breast side up. Place strips of bacon over breast. Baste occasionally, and bake for about 3 1/2 hours.

(continued on page 35)

MINER'S BONANZA, DEVIL'S TRAP, HUNTER'S PARADISE

By Mel Steninger



A deep, jagged scar slashes across the face of the Diamond A Desert on the Nevada-Idaho border directly to the spot where a group of Shoshone Indian braves, in that legendary long-ago, cornered the Shoshone devil, "Ja-ha-bidge," and left him trapped in a cave sealed by large boulders.

That same scar across the desolate wastelands of the Diamond A country also leads to the spot where miners half a century ago dug out millions of dollars worth of gold.

The scar cut by the Jarbidge River as it flows northward into Idaho on its way to the Snake River and the Pacific Ocean also points to a wonderland of scenery and colorful history that has been discovered by relatively few travelers.

To the visitor, Jarbidge is a ghost mining camp, replete with history, scenery and adventure; to the handful of residents, Jarbidge is a sleeping giant — whose awakening they trustfully await.

The story-book history of Jarbidge started with a flurry late in 1909 when Dave Bourne returned to his Castle Ford, Idaho, home early in the fall — after a summer of prospecting in northern Nevada — with a report that the Jarbidge Mountains were "lousy with gold."

By the next summer Jarbidge was a bustling "rag town" of some 300 residents. Subsequent years saw permanent buildings replace the tents and the fortunes of the camp flourish and "bust" spasmodically during a

colorful era that featured such names as George Wingfield, Gugenheim, Death Valley Scotty and Newmont Mines.

The first "bust" came in 1911 after men by the names of Clark and Fletcher leased Bourne's mine and developed it into the only producing property in the camp. Fletcher, according to the story related by old-timers, stayed in the partnership until the first shipment was made from the new mill . . . and then disappeared with the bullion, leaving his partner bankrupt.

A revival followed the next year when Wingfield — a legend in the mining history of Nevada — started developing the Success and Bluster mines, located nearly 10 miles up the canyon from the original Bourne strike.

Wingfield took the mines under a lease agreement and developed both extensively before he left in a huff following a dispute with the owners of the property.

Poor times prevailed in the camp until the Gugenheim interests revived Jarbidge in 1916 with the Elkoro Mining Co., the only really stable development in Jarbidge history.

Elkoro carried the entire camp on a crest of prosperity until the depression of the 1930s forced the closing of the Gugenheim operation in 1932. During that long period of productivity several lesser operations flourished and wilted.

Another period of gloom and inactivity continued until the New-

mont organization arrived in 1937. The Newmonts were responsible for what is probably the most spectacular bust in the camp's history — a 1,000-foot vertical shaft that produced not one single dollar's worth of ore.

A controversy has simmered for years among persons "in the know" as to whether the million-dollar shaft cut through veins of ore in its deep plunge, whether the mine owners intended to go deeper, or whether the venture was on the brink of production when the operation was forced to close in 1942 with the start of World War II. The outbreak of the war created a scarcity of both machinery and labor and is generally recognized as the principal cause for the final stoppage of Jarbidge activity.

Some say the shaft "must have" cut rich veins because the actual sinking was preceded by a \$50,000 diamond drilling project that "surely" proved the presence of ore and encouraged the expensive digging of the three-compartment shaft. Others contend the project had to be abandoned because of a tremendous flow of water that was encountered, which measured 7,000 gallons per minute when work stopped.

The water problem came as something of a surprise to the Newmonts, since they had taken the precaution to move nearly 20 yards up the steep canyon wall to select a shaft site that would not be hampered by water—but the water was there and, in fact, still flows as a sizable tributary to the Jarbidge River.

Bob Knight, who now operates a bar in the old mining camp, remembers 23 pumps handled the enormous flow and contends the project was abandoned when the war effort prevented the Newmonts from obtaining more pumps.

One fact is accepted by all: the Newmont operation, known as the Grey Rock Mining Co., did close down in 1942 after sinking for three years and without processing so much as a single bucketful of ore from the deep and costly shaft.

That closing marked the end of significant mining activity at Jarbidge, although the handful of remaining residents — less than a dozen during the winter and in the neighborhood of 30 during the summer — maintains a hopeful confidence the camp will yet stage a comeback.

"I certainly don't consider Jarbidge a ghost town," Knight declares. "We have good deposits of gold, lead, silver and copper and lots of tungsten."

A tramway was constructed from the Elkoro mill up the steep mountainside to deliver ore from the Starlight, Okay and Flaxey; and a power line was built all the way over the crest of the Jarbidge range to the Altitude Mine, highest of the diggings at 10,500 feet.

The tunnel of the Altitude is now choked with ice the year around and remnants of the big log structure that housed the mine crews through several winters on the shoulder of Jarbidge Peak still stand in what is known as Jack Creek Crater.

Charlie Hawkinson ranks as one of the most picturesque of the old prospectors still at Jarbidge. The 88-year-old Swede, who talks with a heavy, intriguing accent, walked into Jarbidge in 1912 with his burro and has been prospecting there ever since.

He clearly recalls the time when 3,000 persons resided in Jarbidge and Pavlock, which was located up the canyon from Jarbidge in the vicinity of the Bluster and Success mines. The tough old prospector still makes daily treks up and down the rough canyon wall to his claims; and just recently finished building a new trail to a new prospect hole.

Several typical stories of the lusty violence of a mining camp are told of Jarbidge, including the night (Nov. 4, 1916) that Ben Kuhl robbed the stage and murdered the driver, Frank Searcey, just south of town. Kuhl was convicted on circumstantial evidence and served in the state prison until 1955. The incident is be-

lieved to be the last stage robbery of the "Old West."

One tale with a different ring concerns a madam of a house of prostitution, Alice Howard, who on two occasions thwarted robberies at her establishment by slaying the would-be robbers. Both killings, in 1912 and 1914, were dismissed as justifiable.

An account that denotes the difficulty encountered in hauling freight to the remote camp in the early days details how a grand piano was carried in from Idaho slung on a special rigging fitted on four mules. The mules were carefully trained by their skinners to work in the tailor-made sling; and after the piano was successfully delivered to Jarbidge the unique, but then proven, method was used to bring in a variety of other pieces too large and bulky to be transported by wagon.

Death Valley Scotty was a resident of Jarbidge at the time Miners' Hall, which still stands, was constructed with native logs and volunteer labor; and Newton H. Crumley, father of the late owner of the Holiday Hotel in Reno, operated the Success Bar for several years before moving to Elko and the Commercial Hotel.

Today Jarbidge nestles quietly in

a deep, picturesque canyon and reveals only subtle hints of its boisterous past. The area shows encouraging signs of developing into a haven for sight-seers and fishermen during the summer; and archers and riflemen during the autumn deer season.

A few visitors are drawn to the camp each year in fanciful quest of the "Lost Shepherder Mine," a rich outcropping of gold sampled years ago by an unremembered shepherder for an Idaho ranch who, as the story goes, excited his employers with the sample but never was able to relocate the source. Those who would make fun of the modern day prospectors who are still seeking "The Lost Shepherder Mine" should be reminded Dave Bourne was looking for that same "Lost Shepherder" when he touched off the Jarbidge boom in 1909.

Jarbidge residents say they have never seen an Indian in the canyon because of the Shoshone legend that accounts for the name of the area.

Although Nevada Indians have honored the taboo of the legend, more whites each year make the scenic trip northward from U.S. Highway 40 and Elko to Jarbidge to enjoy the splendor of the high mountain country and the thrill of good fishing and hunting. III

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SURVIVAL

in the
Desert

(Third of a series of articles exploring the uses made of natural desert growth by prehistoric Indians.)

In utilizing desert plants, it was natural that early man should look first to those most common. One of these was the brittle bush, a beautiful, flowered plant which blooms most of the year and belongs to the sunflower family. A resin exudes from its stem that the Indian children chewed like gum. Elders of the tribe collected it to rub on sore joints and muscles as they believed it relieved pain.

Somewhat later civilized man found a use for the brittle bush too. Franciscan Fathers crossing the desert burned it in lieu of incense while conducting masses.

Growing in close association with the brittle bush is the beavertail cactus, among the most useful of all desert plants. Soon after its magenta flower withers away, a cactus apple is formed. To render the fruit edible, early Indians first rubbed it in sand to remove its hairy spines. Then it was eaten raw. The plant's juicy pods served as a vegetable and were boiled in salt water for immediate use, or dried for future storage. Salt, incidentally, was traded down the Colorado from salt mines located along the Virgin River on what is now Lake Mead's Overton Arm.



BRITTLE BUSH

A third use -- medicinal -- was made of the Beavertail. If an Indian suffered a large wound, he cut a plug from the pad of the cactus and inserted it into the wound. This was *de riguer* for quick healing!

Another fruit, the Prickley Pear, was harvested with two pieces of wood manipulated like tweezers, then brushed with tar weed and rolled on the ground until all of the prickles fell off. If they were hard to remove, the fruit was not yet ready to eat. Prickley Pear is considered a delicacy even to many modern palates.

Fruit in America's stone age was plentiful, but Indians balanced their diets too. Foliage of rumex and desert plume was boiled and served much as we serve spinach today. The Indians took special precautions in their preparation of the desert plume as they believed selenium contained in the leaves of this member of the mustard family was poisonous unless boiled several times with changed water.

Of course, that isn't too different. There are people who consider spinach-type dishes poison even today.



PRICKLEY PEAR CACTUS

CHIA

(continued from page 19)

in warm water, and the following morning mixed up the tapioca-like jell into either mush or flapjacks for breakfast. Each noon I recorded my "state of energy and well-being" on the envelope, indicating the date.

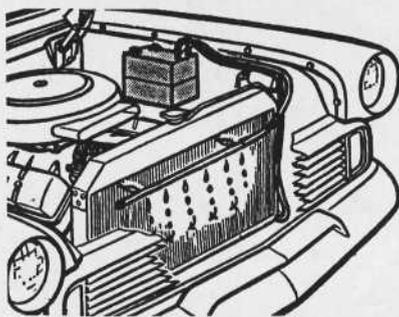
Checking the identifying slips at the end of the test, I found that the three mornings I had used the Bulla stock seeds, I had the unmistakable feeling of energy and well-being described; another way of saying that I felt thirty years younger, was full of energy, and looking for long-neglected jobs to do around the place. The other three days, well, they were more or less just three ordinary days in the life of ye olde Septuagenarian.

From study, observation, and test, I believe there is a wonderful future in both food and agricultural industries for Chia. It seems to me there is in both a big Opportunity with a capital "O." As the old Spanish Proverb says in effect, "Opportunity hath hair in front, but is bald behind. It must be grasped before it gets to you, for once gone by, the devil himself cannot grasp it."

Chia definitely is an energy food. I've proven it also can quite readily be domesticated, producing a dozen times the seeds it does wild in the desert highlands. The plants mature beautifully here in Vista, about eight miles away from the ocean, where we have a fairly dry climate, and in general sufficient rains. Our elevation here is around five hundred feet. I believe the plants are found generally only in the higher desert elevations because there only can they find enough winter moisture to carry them to maturity. I used a common lawn sprinkler on them until the buttons flowered, then "headed" them when they dried like wheat or barley. I found no major pests to bother them.

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Some of the domesticated plants had from 25-30 of the seed buttons on them, many an inch and a half in diameter. A comparable desert plant would have produced not over two or three of the buttons half the size.

From the 36 plants I raised this spring, I obtained a half pint of seeds. An acre, at this rate, would produce over a quarter of a ton of seeds.

It looks to me like the desert has waiting, along with the date, another prime energy food for man! ///

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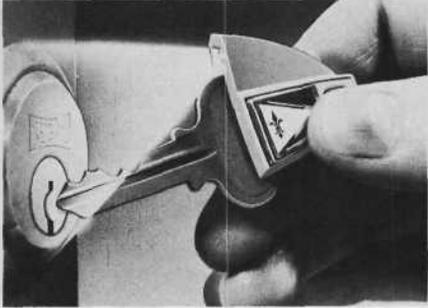
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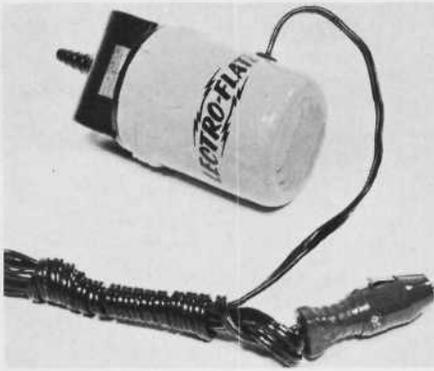
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A filter, by definition, is a piece of colored glass or gelatin which omits certain parts of the spectrum while allowing other rays of light to pass through. Without getting too technical, let it be said that filters are useful in darkening, or increasing the intensity of color of the sky, thus bringing out clouds or cutting haze in landscapes.

The most commonly used filters in color photography are the ultra violet or UV filters (an Eastman Skylight) which filters part of the blue end of the spectrum. The critical worker may only use this filter when shooting desert landscapes, or when a scene contains deep shadows and therefore an excessive amount of blue light. The rank and file amateur, however, will be content in leaving this filter on his lens at all times, since it renders pleasing pictures in almost all cases, and also protects the front of the lens.

The second most useful filter in color photography is the so-called polarizer, or pola-screen which is used in outdoor photography to increase

the intensity of blue in the sky, as well as to reduce haze in distant scenes. This particular filter consists of neutral colored glass which can be rotated. When the camera is placed at right angles to the sun, the position for maximum polarization, this filter will eliminate a part of the light from the sky (the polarized light). If this explanation is as clear as peering through capped lens, then all I can say is buy one and try it. You'll be pleasantly surprised. One word of warning, however. Since the polarizing filter reduces the amount of light falling on the film, you must increase exposure. This is usually no more than one F-stop. It will pay to experiment a little to determine exact exposures.

Filters, properly used in desert photography, will give your landscapes a professional touch that will make your friends stare in awe, and ask how on earth you could capture such color in your scenes.

A future column will be devoted to the use of filters in black and white photography. ///

Mexican Pottery for Cooking

To eliminate the earthy odor from porous clay casseroles and make them useful for cooking, cover with hot water to soak, adding 1 tablespoon of soda for each 2 quarts of water. Remove when water is cold. Dry thoroughly and coat with salad oil. Heat in moderate oven (350 deg.) for 45 minutes. Separate pieces so they do not touch. Turn off heat and cool in oven. ///

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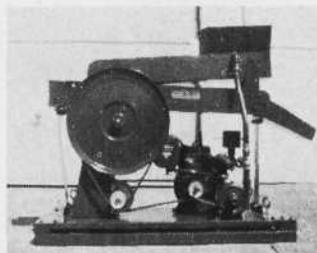
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COOKERY

VENISON SWISS STEAK

- 2 to 3 lbs. venison steaks
- 1/4 cup of flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- dash of pepper
- dash of cayenne
- dash of thyme
- dash of nutmeg
- dash of cloves
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 onions sliced
- 2 cups canned tomatoes
- 1-1/2 cup Burgundy or red wine
- 1-1/2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
- 1/2 garlic clove

1 small can sliced mushrooms
Pound steaks on both sides with mallet or back of knife. Combine flour with seasonings and pound into meat, a little at a time. Melt butter in heavy skillet, add steaks and brown on both sides. Slice onion and place over meat.

Add tomatoes, wine and Worcestershire, and the garlic clove which has been minced. Cover and bake in 375 degree oven for over 2 1/2 hours. Remove from oven, add mushrooms and simmer on top of stove for 5 minutes. Makes about five servings.

CORNISH HENS

Cornish hens are not game and can be purchased at most markets. This is an excellent way to prepare them. Wash and dry hens. Salt and pepper inside and out.

Fill with following stuffing:

For 4 hens;

- 1/2 cup wild rice
- 1/2 cup brown rice
- 1/3 cup chopped celery
- 1/2 tablespoon butter
- Salt and pepper

1/2 teaspoon Moreton's seasoning

Cook rice, according to package directions. Add other ingredients. Stuff hens and truss them.

Make a sauce of the following:

- 3/4 cup sieved canned apricots
- 1/2 teaspoon grated orange rind
- 1/4 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon Karo syrup
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1-1/2 teaspoons Soy sauce
- Dash of ginger

Bring to boil. You may add 1/2 cup of wine. Pour this over hens and baste often, turning hens once. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 1 hour and 40 minutes.

PATIO COOLERS FOR FALL



FOR super cool ice cubes, set refrigerator at "coldest." Better still, store the ice in your freezer if you have one; the cubes will come out a chilly 0°F or even below. Be sure to crack ice cubes before putting them into glasses—cracked ice, by providing more surface exposure, cools a drink faster!

Your concoctions will be much cooler and more refreshing if you've pre-chilled the glasses. Also, refrigerate all drink ingredients before mixing.

The world's coolest beverage, in the opinion of many experts, is tonic or quinine water; it's an antipyretic, which means that it actually lowers body temperature. Drink it in the form of gin and tonic, as the British in India did, or, as a non-alcoholic beverage, with a twist of lemon over ice.

Whether you're making cocktails or lemonade, here's a tip which may stand you in good stead: dipping citrus fruits in hot water for a few minutes makes them easier to squeeze and yields more juice—sometimes up to a third more liquid.

For those who consider sipping a soda or anything else, through a straw a romantic summertime custom, here's a word of caution: straws actually reduce the cooling effect of a drink! They do this by penetrating to the bottom of the glass and drawing up the warmest part of the liquid. If you must sip through a straw, sip from the top.

Lastly, remember to make your drinks psychologically cool. A spray of mint or a slice of lemon or lime makes a summertime cooler look the part. Another icy-looking touch is the sugar-frosted rim, achieved as follows: first chill glass, then dampen rim with a slice of lemon and dip it into a bowl of granulated sugar. Leave for a few seconds, then thump glass to get rid of excess sugar. This is a royal treatment for iced tea.

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LETTERS

FROM OUR READERS

(DESERT invites letters and answers to letters which are of general interest or informative to other readers).

Earp . . .

To the Editor: In my research I have found considerable evidence that repudiates statements made by Peter Odens' DESERT article (July '63). Deprecatory statements made about him, almost without exception, originated with his personal or political enemies.

Judging from clippings from the Tombstone Epitaph, citizens approved his actions at the O.K. Corral battle. My records show that the battle occurred October 26, 1881, and Earp and his Federal posse didn't leave Arizona until May 1882, contrary to Mr. Oden's statement that he left soon after the battle.

Eye witnesses stated that Masterson killed Jack Wagner and wounded Ed Walker, shooting a revolver from a distance of 60 feet in a poor light while both men shot back. This sounds like excellent marksmanship, under the circumstances.

KENNETH D. COON
Saugus, California

Requests from Readers . . .

To the Editor: I have heard that the young seed pods of the *Martynia* (Devil's Claw, Unicorn Plant) may be used as a vegetable and that they make a delicious pickle. These plants grow beautifully here, blossoming freely and producing great quantities of seed pods.

Can anyone tell me how to use these fruits as vegetables and as a pickle?

The variety we grow here is *Martynia proboscidea*, with pale yellow, violet, or pink blossoms. Is this an edible variety?

MRS. R. E. LEISTER
Ellicott City, Maryland

To the Editor: On a trip through the Southwest in April we saw great herds of long, silky wool sheep somewhere in Arizona. I would like to have about 3 pounds of this wool, preferably cleaned. I haven't any idea where else to inquire, other than through my favorite magazine. Could one of your readers offer assistance?

C. YOUNG
Canton, South Dakota

Compliments to DESERT . . .

To the Editor: The July 1963 issue has particular interest for us because of Jack Pepper's fine story, "A Lake Is Born." This is one of the finest stories on Glen Canyon National Recreation Area that we have seen, and we would like to compliment Mr. Pepper on his fine workmanship.

We would appreciate having a copy of this story for our reference files, and will thank you in advance for such a courtesy.

CARLOS S. WHITING
Chief of Press Relations
U. S. Dept. of the Interior
National Park Service
Washington 25, D. C.

Authorities Differ . . .

To the Editor: You owe it to yourself and your readers to correct the gross errors in the September Desert Survival article.

1. There is now and probably never has been any serious lack of dry wood on most parts of the desert. I can find no reference that suggests the Indians used crystals to start their fires; nor can I find it mentioned that they used flint.

2. There is no such verb as "eeked."

3. Cholla cactus doesn't "snap" nor "jump." Such loose use of words is regrettable.

4. I cannot conceive of an Indian so stupid that he would even consider eating the fruit of a cholla.

5. The cactus wren is hardly a "little" bird. It's the largest of all wrens. What evidence does the writer have that this wren's egg was the Indian's "most coveted delicacy?"

6. Skeletons of the desert primrose do break, but never "crumble."

7. The Sphinx moth is called the white-lined moth, not the two-lined sphinx. The manner of preparing it is not a mystery, but is well-known. Older desert travelers have seen Cahuilla Indians divest the skin and head and roast it on hot earth. The sphinx moth does not leave the larvae on the plants. It crawls there.

8. The Indians did not "await" the rock dwelling chuckwalla near the inflated buckwheat plant, as the buckwheat (*eriogonum inflatum*) grows not among rocks, but on sandy or gravelly flats.

9. The word "succulent" is hardly apt when applied to this lizard's tail. It may be fat but it isn't succulent. All of the lizard was eaten, not just the tail.

10. "Whooshed" is a word hardly applicable to the barely audible deflation sound of a punctured chuckwalla.

11. It is evident to me that the author of this series of articles does not have the "educational background" to write "authoritatively."

EDMUND C. JAEGER, D.Sc.
Riverside

(Although other DESERT articles, documented by some of the Southwest's most distinguished authorities, are slanted toward the serious desert student, the intent of the Survival on the Desert series is to provide entertaining and informative reading to those desert dwellers who are not interested in Latin names and other academic factum. It is, however, important to DESERT that its readers be correctly informed. Because authoritative opinions differ, below are listed, point by point, as many of those challenged by Dr. Jaeger as room permits. Editor, Choral Pepper.)

1. That early man used crystal to start his fire is part of the Navajo religion. Authority: Page 2, The Dine-Origin Myths of the Navajo Indians, published by the Smithsonian Institution. "First Man burned a crystal for fire." That the Indians used

sparks from flint to start fires is taught in most elementary schools.

2. I should have "eked out" instead of "eeked."

3. *Opuntia Bigelovii* is referred to as the "Jumping cholla" by Kearney and Peebles, Arizona Flora, published by the University of California Press. The same authorities state that cattle relish the fruits of the jumping cholla. In Flowering Cactus, Richard Carlson also refers to *Opuntia fulgida* as "jumping cactus." DESERT's article did not state that the cactus actually jumped, but that it "seemed to jump out and snap," a sensation testified to by anyone who has inadvertently passed too closely to one.

4. In a speech delivered before the Nevada Historical Society of Southern Nevada, U. S. Park Service naturalist Derek Hambly stated that the fruit of the cholla was sometimes eaten by primitive Indians. (A taped copy is on file.) DESERT agrees with Mr. Hambly. A starving Indian would be more concerned with his stomach than with his I. Q.

5. Because it was necessary to risk contact with the most dangerous cactus of the Southwest desert in order to withdraw cactus wren eggs from their nests, the eggs were obviously a delicacy greatly coveted by the Indians who sought them.

6. "To crumble" is "to break into small pieces." Webster.

7. Our own library is limited on the subject of moths. We find no mention of either two-lined nor white-lined moths, but appreciate Dr. Jaeger's authoritative opinion.

8. "Buckwheat (*Eriogonum inflatum*) is a familiar plant on the rocky foothills and lower slopes of desert mountains." Kearney and Peebles, Arizona Flora.

9. "Succulent" is defined as "juicy, full of vitality, richness and freshness" by Webster. A freshly caught chuckwalla tail would provide succulent fare for any starving man.

10. "Whoosh" means "to make or emit a whizzing sound, but duller and less sibilant"—like air being expelled from a punctured chuckwalla—Webster.

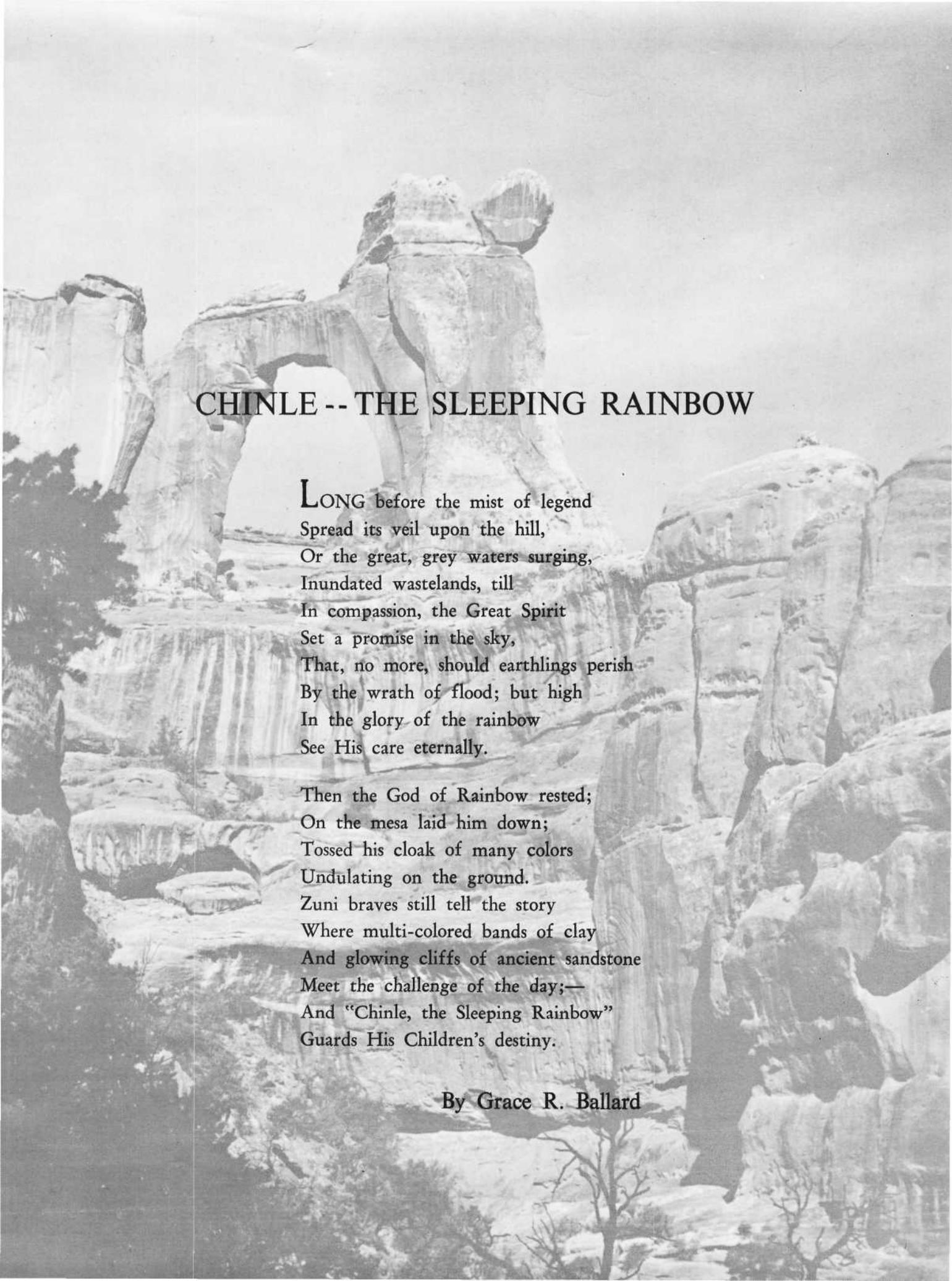
11. There is no such word as Dr. Jaeger's "authoritatively." Possibly he meant "authoritatively." Webster.

Author, C. P.

Barrel Cactus . . .

To the Editor: Your first issue's a good omen—it had some life in it! Survival in the Desert promises to be interesting. The barrel cactus also is able to draw moisture from the air. Near my house is one which blew over in the wind three years ago. I propped it up, but the lower half was so smashed that it received no circulation from its broken roots whatsoever. However, I continued to water its top and it's doing well.

JOHN BRECK
Morongo Valley



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Spread its veil upon the hill,
Or the great, grey waters surging,
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In compassion, the Great Spirit
Set a promise in the sky,
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By the wrath of flood; but high
In the glory of the rainbow
See His care eternally.

Then the God of Rainbow rested;
On the mesa laid him down;
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Undulating on the ground.
Zuni braves still tell the story
Where multi-colored bands of clay
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Guards His Children's destiny.

By Grace R. Ballard

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