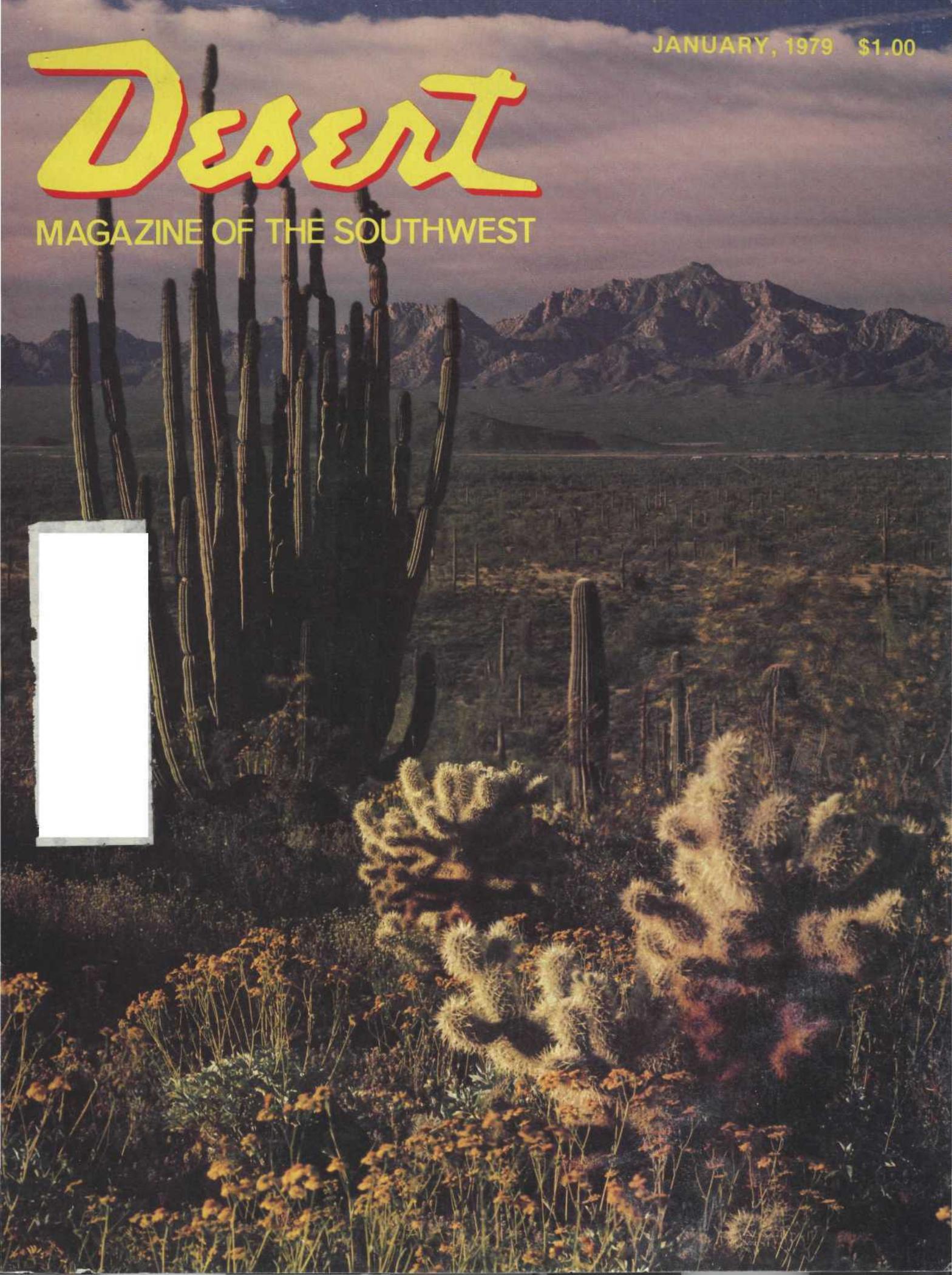


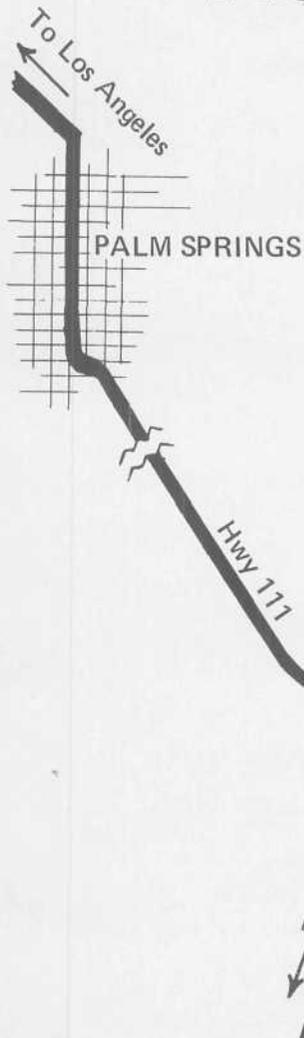
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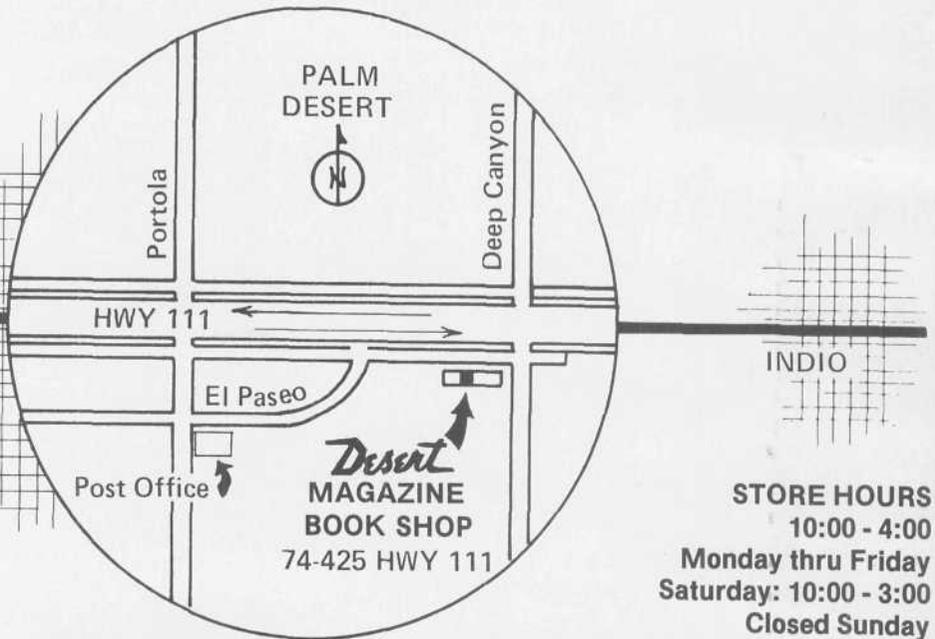
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JANUARY 1979

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THE COVER:
Arizona panorama—majestic organ pipe cactus in Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument, photographed by David Muench of Santa Barbara, California.

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

WITH THE arrival of cooler weather, the desert regions of the Southwest enter their "season." Tourism has become a big factor in the growth of many areas and when you scan weather reports from other parts of the United States and Canada, our warm days and crisp nights must indeed be a beacon in the night for those seeking a change!

My favorite time of day is early morning. A brisk walk stimulates the mind, invigorates the body and really charges the batteries for the day ahead. It can also have its share of pluses if you enjoy watching wildlife. Coveys of quail scramble furtively among the heavy clumps of tumbleweed, taking to flight just briefly enough to "disappear."

One group of Gambel quail has taken to visiting me on a regular basis and are just spectacular to watch as they forage for food. Roadrunners scurry back and forth across my path, and about a mile from the house a hawk, who has staked a claim to a power pole, interrupts his sweeping search for food to peer down from his throne at a mere mortal!

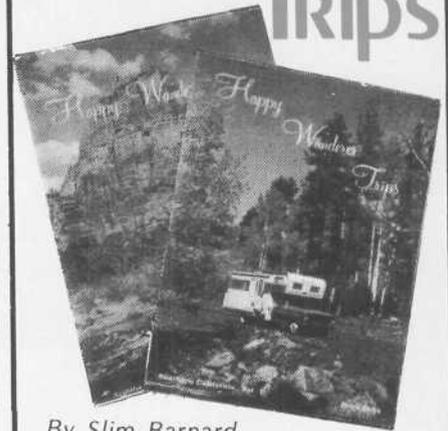
This has been a bumper year for the black stinkbug, or pinacate beetle. Hundreds of them stand on their heads as I pass by, daring me to come close enough for an encounter of another kind!

All these extras from my walk *along the road*. Think how rewarding a hike *across the desert* would be.

As Randall Henderson once said, "When folks come to the desert they should bring a knapsack and hiking shoes and go out alone or with a good companion and seek out for themselves the spiritual lift that comes with close association with the things of Nature."

William Kuyper

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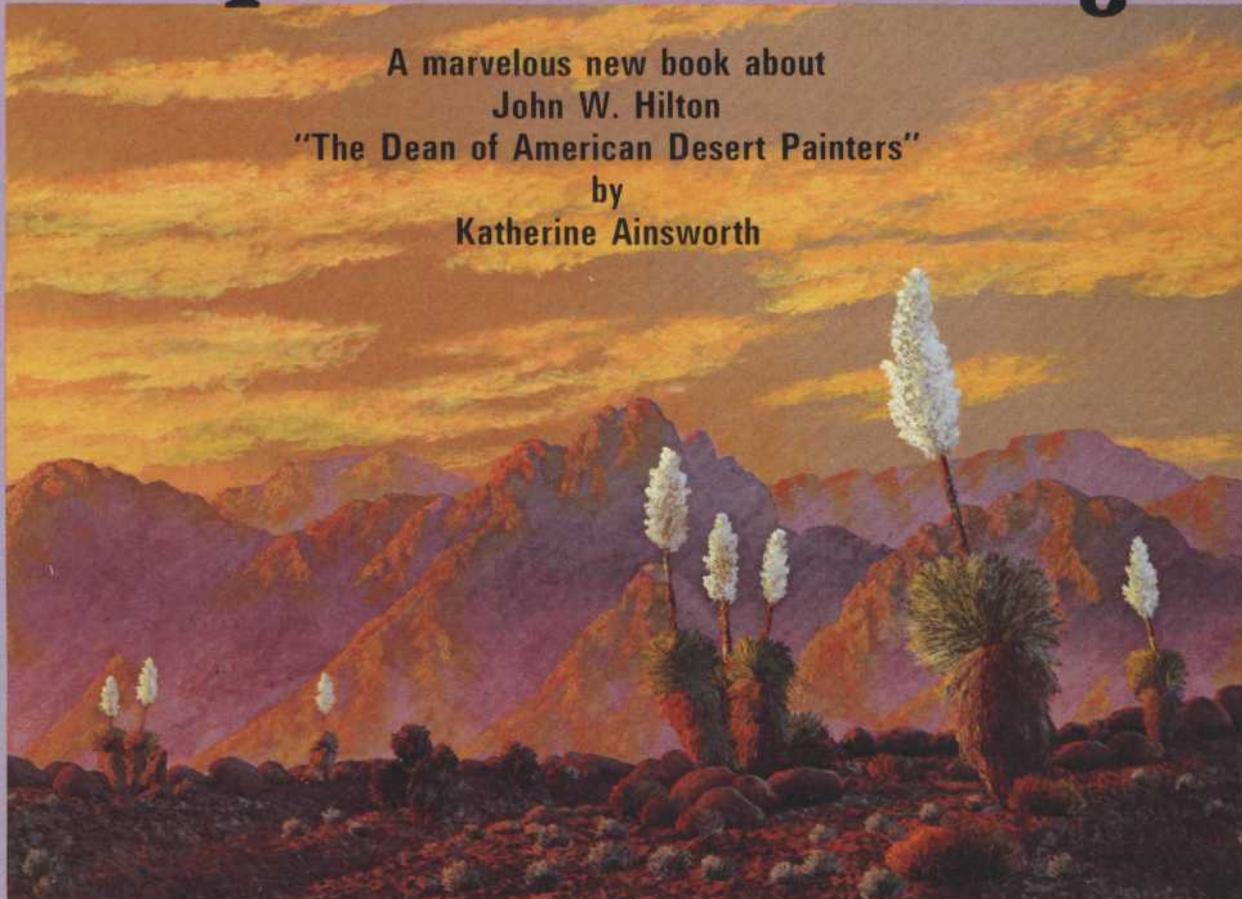
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The author, Katherine Ainsworth, makes no apology for the "lack of objectivity" in writing this book . . . she has been a friend and admirer of John Hilton for over thirty years. Katie's late husband, Ed Ainsworth, was John Hilton's best friend for almost as many years. This "labor of love" has resulted in a magnificent book about a magnificent man.

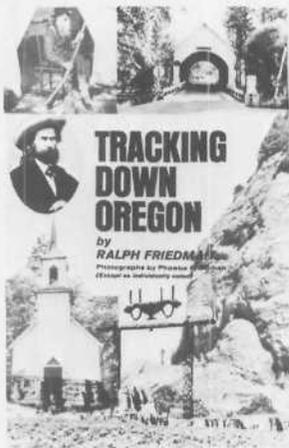
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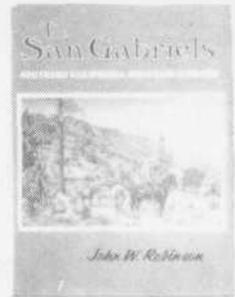
Oregon, says author Ralph Friedman, is more than places and names on the map. "It is people, past and present, history, legend, folklore. . . ." So we invite you to track along with him, in this new book from Caxton, to encounter the rare and unusual in Oregon, "to locate a waterfall seen only by a few, to hunt out a burial ground soaked with the juices of history, to discover the amazing Jim Hoskins of Pilot Rock, the tragic Captain Jack, the remains of Fairfield, the cavalry names etched on a desert bluff, the legend of a gunslinger . . ."



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Books for Desert Readers

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THE SAN GABRIELS
Southern California
Mountain Country
By John W. Robinson

This is an epic book about a popular Los Angeles metropolitan area camping and hiking region that is still the major retreat for smog-bound city residents winter and summer.

The San Gabriels, still called the Sierra Madre on many old maps, form a transverse or east-west buffer across Southern California that have influenced population trends, transportation routes and even the weather for many centuries. In the old chamber of commerce views of the mountains, snow-capped immediately behind the orange groves, it was generally the San Gabriels you saw.

And, for millions of television viewers, the annual coverage of the Pasadena Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day, or thereabouts, has always included a pan shot or two showing snow or at least the greenish-blue highlands along with the floats and beautiful girls.

John Robinson has written lovingly about Southern California's mountain country much of his life. He has published five previous trail guide and regional books, all about Southern California, mostly about its mountains, and he has hiked and camped in the San Gabriels for more than 30 years.

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One of the best things about this book is its treasure of rare photographs, many of them out of old family albums never before opened to the public. There are many views of long-gone summer camps, old trails and historic foresters, miners, hunters and other mountain denizens.

Because he wound up with so much material, gathered he said over a 20-year period, Robinson divided his San Gabriel Mountains west of Mt. Baldy, leaving the way clear to another book at an early date, he hopes.

Thus, this volume concentrates on the region from the west fork of the San Gabriel River to Big Tujunga Creek, north of Glendale.

Robinson traces the history of the U.S. Forest Service in the San Gabriels from the original San Gabriel Timberland Reserve in 1892 to today's Angeles National Forest. He recalls the great fires of 1919 and 1924 that burned better than 200,000 acres. In some areas of the '24 burn the pine and fir timber has never regrown.

The writer, who knows the area as well as anyone living, leaves the reader with great memories of the campgrounds heydays before World War II and also helps spread the gospel of wilderness conservation.

Published in hardcover, with more than 200 photographs, \$19.95.



DESERT RIVER CROSSING

Historic Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River.

By W. L. Rusho and

C. Gregory Crampton

All mileage begins at Lee's Ferry, Arizona, both up and down the Colorado River, and for good reason. Nearly all the history stemming from man's involvement with the strategic Grand River of the West has a peg at or near this desolate spot just downstream from Glen Canyon and near the true upstream end of Grand Canyon.

The writers, a comparative unknown but thorough craftsman, Will Rusho, and a widely known professor and Utah historian, Greg Crampton, are benefitted by a short foreword supplied by Senator Barry Goldwater, who rode the river in a dory piloted by the late Norman Nevills of Mexican Hat, Utah, in 1940. There are few people who can say that and the distinction gives Goldwater an unusual perspective on the mighty river.

Rusho is so very thorough that he tested—and found wanting—one of Lee's Ferry's enduring legends, the unusual sound qualities of the Echo Cliffs. When Major J. W. Powell, the so-called modern discoverer of Grand Canyon, led his second boat expedition down the river in 1871 he noted that a pistol fired at the river from this rampart, the downstream entrance to Glen Canyon, echoed with a roar like musketry. In 1974, while researching his book, Rusho tried the same thing without success, but charitably allowed that maybe weather conditions were not quite right.

In any event, Rusho and Crampton dig deeply in the maze of sometimes conflicting history and legends about John Lee, for whom the ferry is named—but who operated it only briefly—and the later dignitaries who crossed or stayed. Lee had thought the isolated bend of the Colorado could be a haven for him, as a fugitive from the federal government which wanted to try him for his role in the infamous Mountain Meadows Massacre. He was caught, executed by firing squad, but gave his name forever to the isolated spot.

Today, it is the site of most Grand Canyon dory and raft excursions through Grand Canyon as well as an excellent camping and exploring area on its own, at the mouth of the usually dry but sometimes roaring Paria River.

The authors divide their excellent little book into the major phases of river history, the ancient ones, the Spanish explorers, the Mormon colonists and guides who opened northern Arizona and made peace with the Navajo, Piute and Ute, the later-day outlaws, Zane Grey's visits, the mining and steamboating adventures and most recently the controversial dam builders.

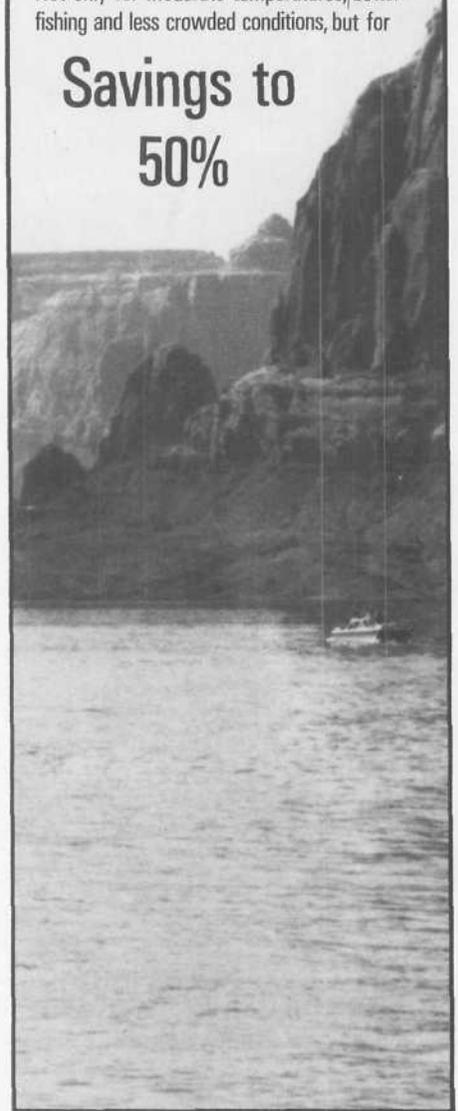
The little book is profusely illustrated with some never-before seen photographs, excellent maps and a good reading list. Paperback, 126 pages, \$5.95.

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LEGENDS OF THE LOST HORSE MINE

by HAROLD O. WEIGHT

JOHNNY LANG discovered the Lost Horse mine in the closing days of 1893, high on a mountain in what is now Joshua Tree National Monument. Or did Dutch Frank Diebold make the strike? Or Bill McHaney?

While the horse may have been lost, Lost Horse mine never was. It was discovered, located, opened, worked, patented. Camps were established, roads made, mills built and operated. An estimated \$350,000 in gold was produced. Its chain of ownership is of record from 1893 to its acquisition by the National Park Service in 1966.

Yet the actual discovery and much of the history of the Lost Horse are as clouded with variation, contradiction and confusion as almost any lost mine

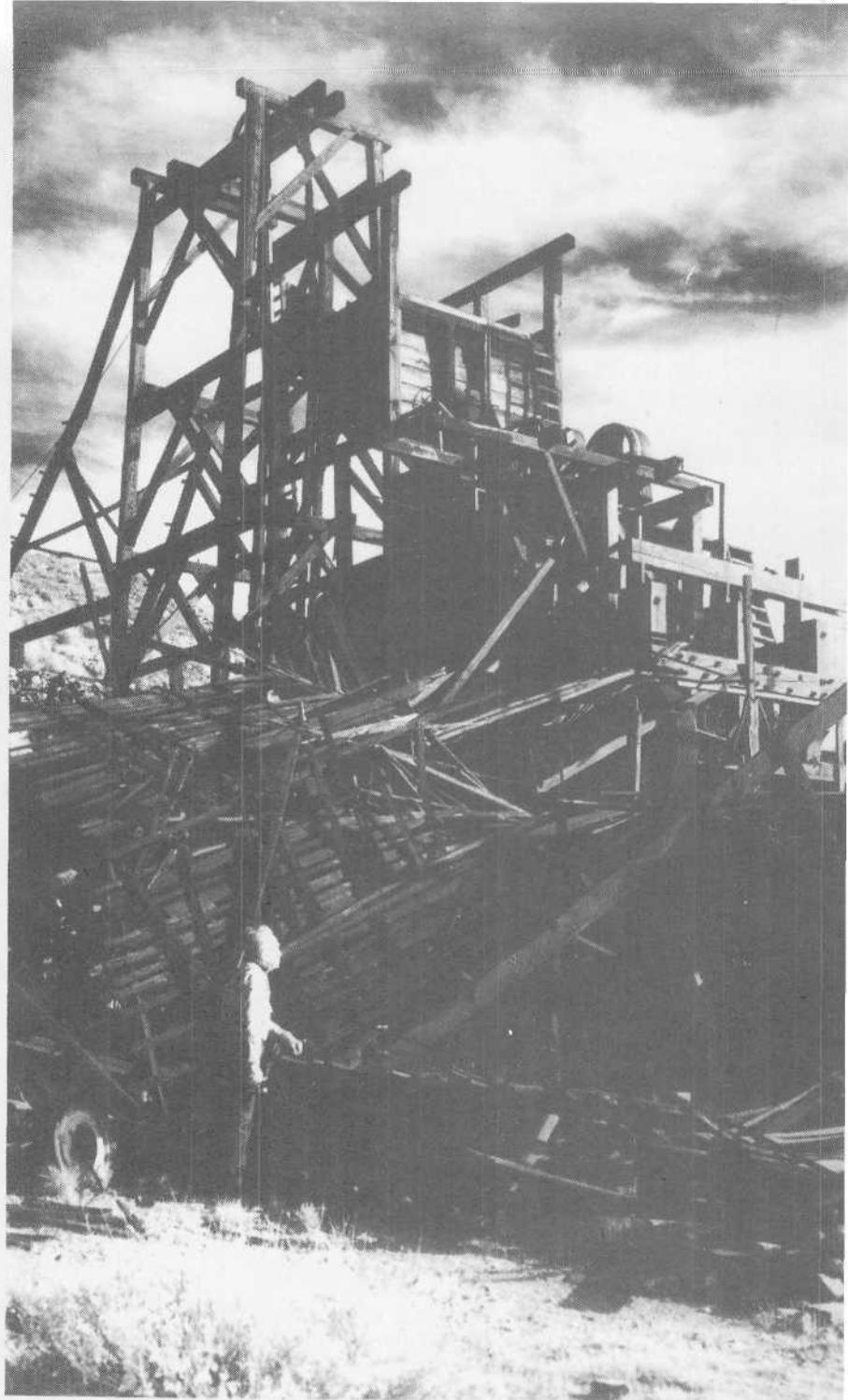
legend. Pick any of those three "discoverers" and you find seemingly authentic stories or traditions in support.

But whoever found the gold, whatever else happened there, the story of the Lost Horse mine does begin and end with Johnny Lang. Johnny worked it first, he was there in its prime, he knew its waning days. He is there now, buried close beside the road through Lost Horse Valley to Keys View, near the Lost Horse turnoff. But Johnny's history is as nebulous as that of the Lost Horse mine.

George Washington Lang, says Brown & Boyd's "History of San Bernardino

and Riverside Counties," was an Arizona cattleman who brought large herds into Southern California to sell. When the Colorado River broke its banks in 1891, it left pools of water and abundant grass along its route. Lang, running cattle through, found this unexpected feed. With son, Johnny, he brought 9000 head from Arizona to pasture there.

The principal source for the chronicles of the Langs and the Lost Horse mine is William F. Keys. You will find bits and variations of his stories in almost everything published about them. But it should be noted that the important his-



tory of the mine was made before he got there. His evidence can only be heresay.

Keys came into that country about 1910. He later acquired the McHaney ranch, eight miles northerly from the Lost Horse mine, and lived there until his death in 1969. His recollections, taped by NPS personnel at his ranch and the Lost Horse mine, in December, 1966, were made when he was 87 years old.

But Keys not only knew Johnny Lang, he worked with him, mined with him, found him dead on the desert, and buried him where he died.

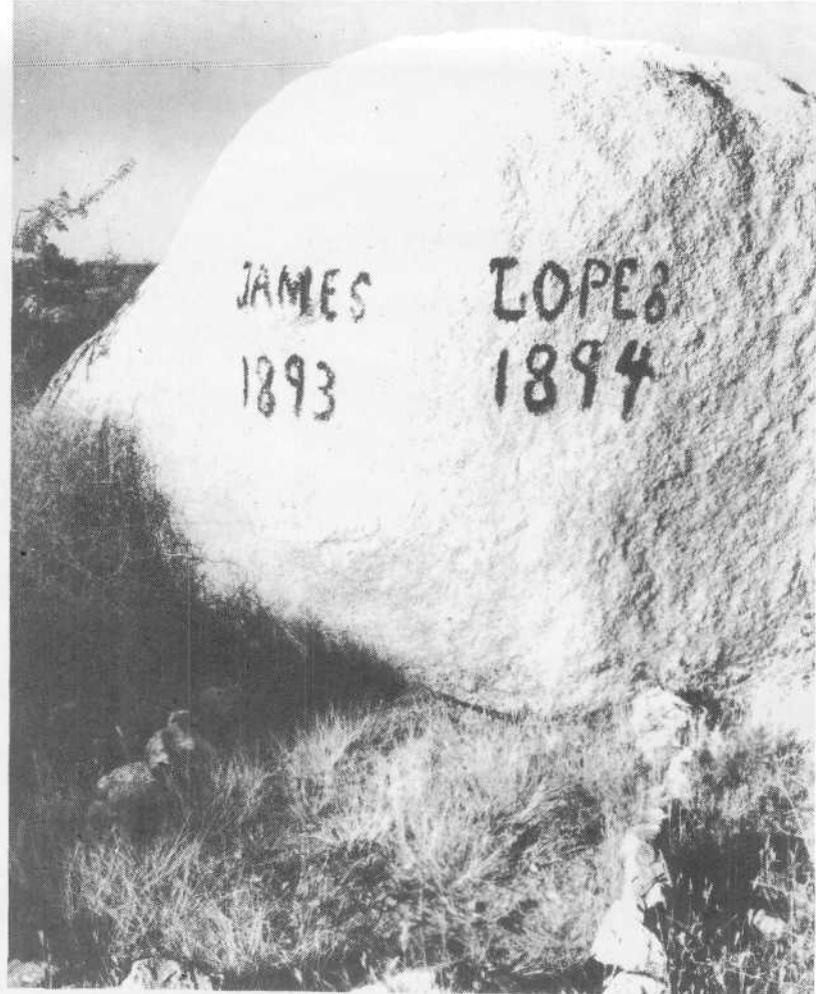
"The Langs moved into New River before there was any activity in Imperial Valley," Keys said. "Lots of pepper grass growing, and it would improve their color. Then they moved up to Indio, Coachella Valley, and fed their cattle there. They wanted a bit of summer range, and traded a hundred cows to Jim McHaney for the privilege of using Lost Horse Valley and Witch Springs, which is now Lost Horse Well.

"So they brought their cattle up and were camped at Pinyon Well, Johnny and his father. The horses got away. Johnny tracked them right up to the McHaney ranch entrance, here. And he met Jim McHaney on horseback.

"And Johnny says: 'Did you see my horses? I tracked them right in here.'

" 'You lost no horses,' Jim McHaney said. 'If you don't turn around and go back, I'll fill you full of lead.' "

Boulder supposed to mark graves of two men buried at Lost Horse Well. James date in error. Harry Vroman photo.



Why this violent and unneighborly reception from a man who had just approved use of nearby range by the Langs? Keys said it was because the McHaney ranch was the hideout for a gang of cattle rustlers, and Jim wanted no one poking about.

"Bill McHaney brought his cattle here in 1879," Keys said. "Then Jim, his brother, came. They had the whole country in cattle here. They also got to dealing with stolen cattle. Bringing them over from Arizona, big herds. Selling them here and there, where they could."

Ten-stamp mill [left] of the Lost Horse mine, which was hauled by horse and mule over 50 miles to this site.

It has recently been restored by National Park Service.

Buildings of Lost Horse mine camp, [right] about 1950. Building far right was cookhouse where Johnny Lang spent his last days. Building in foreground was assay office.

Others probably dwellings.

Harry Vroman photos.



This legend of far-flung rustling operations from McHaneys' isolated ranch, some dozen miles south and west of Twentynine Palms, has never been substantiated. Neither has it been disproven. It is widely accepted. But it is also made clear by Twentynine Palms pioneers, including Keys, that Bill McHaney had no part in the rustling. Brother Jim was the badman of this and other tales.

Turned back at the ranch, Johnny Lang made his way to Witch Springs. Dutch Frank Diebold, early prospector, was there.

"Frank was camped under a rock," said Keys. "He had discovered the Lost Horse mine. He had the rock right there. Johnny could talk German. Frank showed him the rock.

"And Dutch Frank says: 'I don't dare locate it. They said they would drag me out by the neck by the saddlehorn if I did. But I'll sell it to you.' " The "they" were McHaney cowboys.

Dutch Frank's specimens must have been impressive. Despite his recent confrontation with Jim McHaney, and the warning Frank had received, Lang hurried back to Pinyon Well to show the gold to his father. They paid \$1000 for Frank's discovery, and Johnny set about monumenting the claims.

Thus Bill Keys' story of the Lost Horse discovery.

Ben DeCrevecoeur, first white child

born (in 1874) in the Morongo country, told a somewhat different tale to Maud Russell, Twentynine Palms historian. Ben had been a freighter to the Lost Horse in its early days.

"The Langs, old George and son John, became miners by accident," said Ben. "The elder Lang was drifting cattle down in Lower California. His horse got away, and John was following the trail. He got up in the San Bernardino Mountains and sat down on a rock. He noticed it was mineralized and broke off a chunk, and saw the gold. So he and his father traded some cows to McHaney for a part of that valley and the little spring, and they began developing the mine."

Bill McHaney made his own claim. McHaney showed Frank Rogers, land developer who was visiting him at his Twentynine Palms Oasis home, a piece of gold ore and said:

"You know, I found the Lost Horse mine. But I had things to take care of, so I didn't get back there for three weeks. Over I went to file location notices, and what do you think? A fellow named Lang had beaten me to it.

"I said to him: 'To hell with it. I've got a better prospect, anyhow.' "

So again—if McHaney found, Johnny Lang filed.

"And while he was monumenting those claims," Keys said, "these cowboys rode up on the ridge. Johnny saw three hats bobbing up and down on

the horizon. He knew they were watching to see how many were there. One man, they might kill him. More, they might not. So Johnny ran down the hill and beat it to Pinyon Well."

At the well, allegedly for strength in numbers, Johnny took in three partners besides his father. The original locators, according to the notice filed in the record book of the Pinyon Mountain Mining District December 29, 1893, were Johnny, George Lang, Ed Holland and J. J. Fife. The other early partner was Al G. Tingman, well known pioneer Indian merchant. Holland and Tingman owned the two-stamp, gasoline-powered Pinyon Well ore mill, the only operating one in the district.

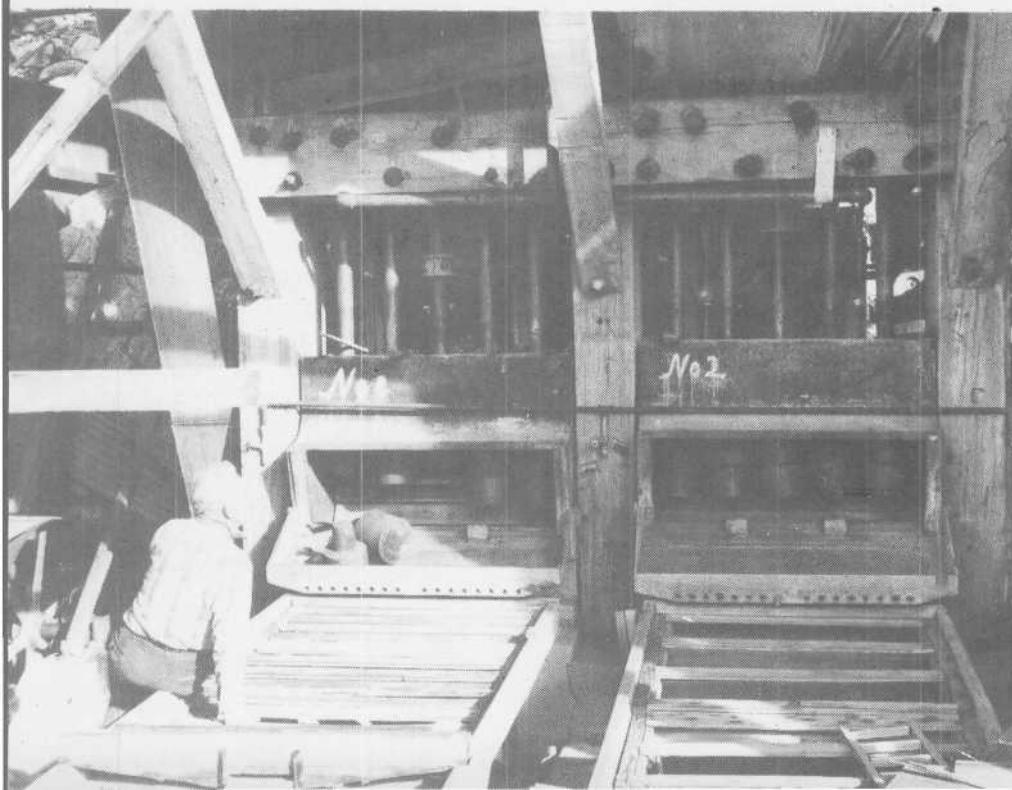
Returning in force to the Lost Horse mine, the partners finished monumenting the claims without opposition from lurking cowboys. Samples from the three-foot ledge averaged \$500 a ton. Two tons of croppings milled at Pinyon Well returned \$7000. These values, reported in Riverside and San Bernardino papers, set off a very lively gold rush into a still unknown, almost uninhabited and lawless region. How lawless would soon be shown.

The first time I visited Lost Horse Well, two names and dates were clearly painted in black on one of the nearby granite boulders: JAMES 1893 and LOPEZ 1894. Outlined by rocks beside the boulder were presumed graves. Probably two men are buried at the well. James was one, but the date is wrong. Lopez was not the other, but the date is right.

In November, 1894, Ignacio Hemenes (probably Jimenez), Lost Horse mine superintendent, suffered an apparent heart attack while being lowered into the mine. He rang the hoistman to stop, got off at the 50-foot level, and died there. He was buried at the camp at the well, then called Langville.

Thirty-year-old, blue-eyed, brown-haired Frank L. James, recently from San Diego County, died on April 5, 1894, in a flare of frontier violence. And the question of whether it was cold blooded murder or the deserved death of a bravo

Stamp batteries of the Lost Horse mill, five stamps in each. One of the shoes is off #1 battery. Guy Ohlen, left. Harry Vroman photo.



Lost Horse Well residence area, as it looked while Jepp Ryan and his wife lived there. Harry Vroman photo.

illustrates clearly the fog of contradiction that masks so much Lost Horse history.

Bill Keys says James worked as a miner at the Lost Horse and prospected the country in his free time. He discovered what would become the McHaney's famous Desert Queen mine. Those same cowboys who threatened Dutch Frank and worried Johnny Lang found his work and his location notice.

"They were sharp as a coyote to any disturbance of the ground," Keys said. "They tracked James over to the Lost Horse and found the ore there. Then they knew he was the man. The rest stayed up on the hill while one, Charlie Martin, walked down away and yelled to James, who was in the little cabin in the ravine:

" 'We've found a rich strike here. Do you own this ground?'

"James says: 'Well, I'll come up and take a look.'

"And he came up, and Martin shot him. That was to get the Desert Queen."

If James was killed for the Desert Queen ledge, it is strange that the McHaney's did not file on it until January, 1895, ten months later. And while Martin may have joined the cowboys, he had come to the area only weeks before as a prospector, grubstaked by San Bernardino attorney Byron Waters. After the killing, Martin went immediately into San Bernardino and told his story, with Waters now his attorney.

On April 2nd, he said, he had located a quartz claim. Two days later, James located the same ledge. Martin met James on the disputed ground in the presence of George Myers and McHaney (whether Jim or Bill not specified). Pointing to a monument, James asked Martin if it was his. It was, said Martin.

"You go and tear it down," James said, "or I will cut your heart out."

Then, quoting the *Riverside Enterprise*, "James made a lunge at Martin with a knife. He cut him on the left arm, near the shoulder, the gash being about three inches long. He stabbed him twice over the left nipple; cut a gash near the right nipple three inches long, and made a cut all the way across from above the right nipple to the center of the breast. Two cuts were made in his left hand,



which he was using to ward off the blows. Martin had no weapon.

"A gun belonging to one of the other men was lying on the ground several feet back. As James kept advancing with the knife, Martin grabbed the gun and shot. This did not stop him, and another shot was fired, taking effect in James' breast and killing him. The miners congregated, examined into all the circumstances and concluded to bury the body owing to the heat and the long distance to the railroad."

San Bernardino County Coroner Thompson examined Martin's wounds and they were photographed as evidence. Thompson then went out to exhume the body and examine witnesses. An inquest was held April 16 at McHaney's ranch. Verdict of the Coroner's jury was that James had come to his death from two pistol wounds inflicted by Charles Martin. "And we further find that Charles Martin acted in self defense while his life was in jeopardy at the hands of the deceased."

There remains, of course, the possibility that the James killing was a claim-jumping scheme that went wrong, in which case the witnesses were interested parties. One of them did make that pistol available to Martin instead of stopping the fight. And who made up the jury?

Through most of 1894, Lost Horse ore was hauled over eight miles of primitive and precipitous wagon trail and milled at

Pinyon Well. But the mill's capacity was only three tons a day, and water was so scarce it had to be pumped back and used again.

So Johnny Lang and J. J. Fife constructed a larger two-stamp mill at Lost Horse Well. The stamp battery was made by Baker Iron Works, Los Angeles, the six-horsepower gasoline engine by the Los Angeles Windmill Company. The mill, "running like clockwork," was in full operation by November, 1894.

According to records, the original owners sold out early in 1895 to J. D. and Thomas Ryan. According to Bill Keys, the others sold but Johnny Lang retained his interest. As the Ryans operated, they steadily improved the property. Water was piped three and one-half miles and raised 750 feet to the mine by a steam pump at Lost Horse Well. The hoist, skip, and a 10-stamp mill at the mine were operated by steam.

The new mill was bought at a mine in the Chuckawalla Mountains, 50 miles southeast of the Lost Horse, and freighted to Lost Horse in April, 1897. It took four six-horse wagons and three eight-mule teams to pull it through Wilson Canyon and up a reconstructed road to the mine. That same year, in August, the Lost Horse mine was patented to Thomas C. Ryan, Jepp D. Ryan, Matthew Ryan, Ethan B. Ryan and Samuel N. Kelsey.

Continued on Page 30

FOUR CORNERS NATIONAL MON

THE DESERT is vast and illimitable here, suggesting great age without the intrusion of man, red or white. This is a land of extremes, of contrasts, of contradictions. Barren desert is on every side, yet if we count the eons through which it has been inhabited by civilizations that have come and gone, it is an ancient, venerable land.

The distant cars, like ants, crawl over the road, or seemingly crawl, for the human eye can telescope deep into the distance here due to the flat, treeless ter-

rain, and air that has still escaped the smog of man's civilization.

Strangely, the cars seem to be converging at one particular spot on the desert just ahead. There is a parking lot of sorts, you notice as you approach. A mobile home is parked to the left. And in the center of the lot is a raised dais of enduring stone, quite large in size.

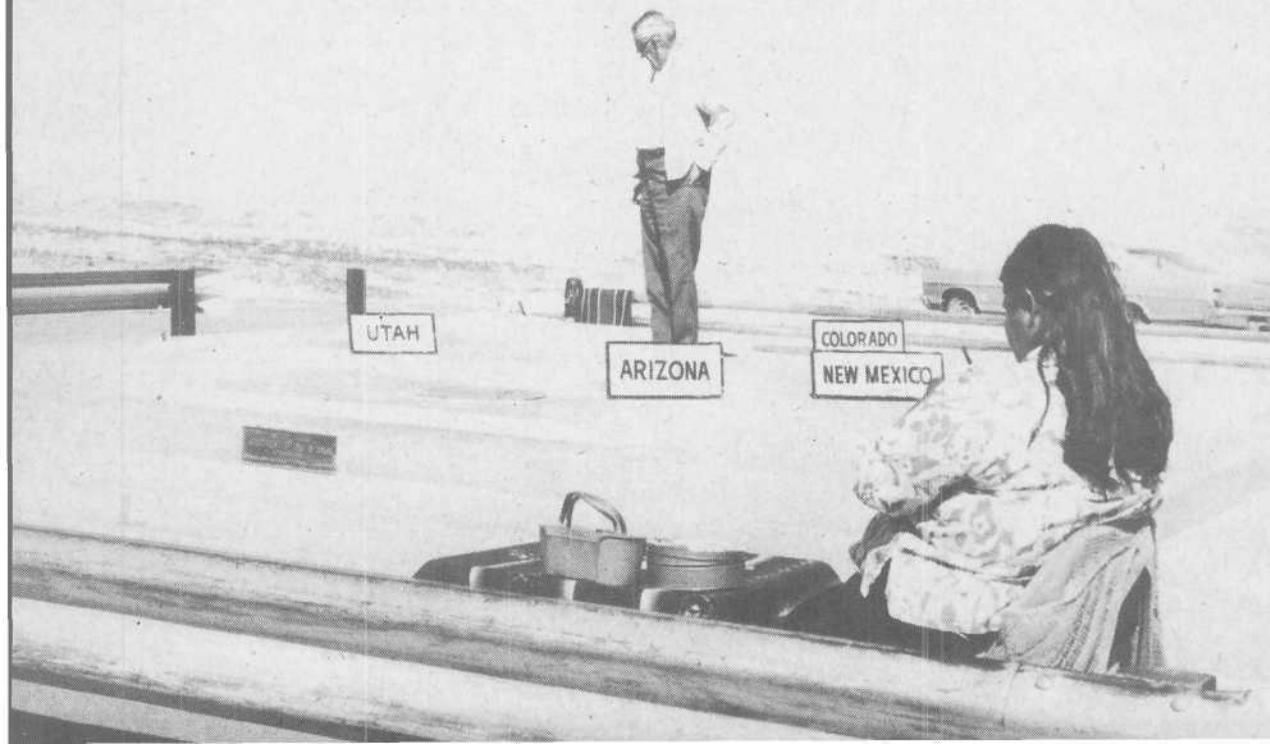
As you pull up, you notice that people are climbing aboard the dais as if in great haste, pushing forward to its exact center for some reason, all of them so

anxious, as if the spot might be some coveted Shangri-La attained only after great struggle.

This is the Four Corners National Monument, the only marker of its kind in the continental United States.

The Geographical Center of the United States is in Butte County, South Dakota; the present Population Center of the nation (until 1980) has been pinpointed to the Southern Illinois town of Mascoutah. But this center, like the geographic, is unchanging, for strangely the

by
**GROVER
BRINKMAN**



The desert is vast and illimitable here, encompassing the Four Corners Navajo Tribal Park. The woman in the foreground is a native Navajo, ready to answer questions.

This rugged marker
tells briefly the history
of Four Corners.

UMENT

corners of four states meet here, and perhaps always will unless someone upsets the entire topography of the nation.

A well-known western writer recently labeled the spot as "Tomorrow in Every Direction." The statement might seem a bit incongruous at first, but upon due contemplation is quite acceptable.

Here at this isolated pinpoint beyond the mysterious Lukachukais, the soil of Arizona meets that of New Mexico, Colorado and Utah. This is the needlepoint on the compass where the rectangular corners of four states touch. There is no commercialism here, no souvenir stands or any of the gimmicks set up to get the tourist's dollar. A Navajo woman has a drink for the thirsty, and that's that.

For a spot of such importance, it is rather a bleak place, flat and perpetually windy, summer or winter. One can easily get a taste of sand in his or her mouth. It is also Navajoland, and the marker is part of the Four Corners Navajo Tribal Park.

Looking at the desert here, it is easy to envision this vast emptiness as a primal home of hairy aborigines who stoned to death the giant sloth, the mammoth and many another beast now extinct; of nomads little more advanced who hunted with bows and spears and built shelters of stone; of fierce raiders who preyed upon their peaceful neighbors; of gentle priests who strove to impress the faith and culture of Spain upon the red men they found here.

Not only tourists and geographers from the U.S. but visitors from much of the free world come here. The spot has



that type of magnetism, a strange allure that is hard to put down with mere words.

The visitors place one foot in Arizona, the second in New Mexico. Then they bend forward on the marked dais (unless their aching back forbids), touch their left hand fingers to Utah and right hand fingers to Colorado. Unless one is quite obese, the feat of being spread over four states at the same time is quite simple. It is accomplished hundreds of times each day of the tourist season.

The Navajos have a word for the area, *Hozhoni*, which means "that which is good, peaceful, beautiful." They hope to keep it that way, the white man and his litter notwithstanding.

But most of the hurried tourists see only the monument, with its four states quartering the dais. The man with the expensive 35mm camera poses his wife and children, exposes a few frames of color film, and soon the family return to their car and zoom off to the next attraction that is a possibility for his slide file.

A small Navajo boy and his sister, both very good business people, have a stepladder at the Four Corners, which they let photographers use, after an exchange of a silver coin. The children also pose on the dais to add a human touch to the photo. Their coin collection, at the end of a busy mid-summer day, might be surprising!

Most of the tourists spend less than an hour at the monument, but those who linger feel the impact of the desert. The ancient rocks and the blue sky are still the same. Geographically, the spot is significant; historically it is ever more so. The first white man who tugged his burro through these flats, using the distant obelisks of Monument Valley as guiding posts, saw nothing but the lure of gold ahead. The gold, at least much of it, is still in the distant mountains, casting its eternal lure.

The emptiness of this land, to the east-erner, is both appalling and frightening. But the passing of time changes its image to one of magic. □

NO. 26 IN A SERIES ON CALIFORNIA PALM OASES

Palm Spring

*Historic Palm Spring
in the Anza-Borrego
Desert was once an
important oasis along
the Southern Emigrant
and Butterfield trails.
Pencil sketch
by author.*



by **DICK BLOOMQUIST**

IN THE beginning the palms grew wild at Palm Spring. The Indians knew them. The Spaniard Pedro Fages saw them in 1782, and probably as early as 1772. The first written reference to native *Washingtonias* in California is found in Fages' diary of 1782, in which he described a journey from the Colorado River to San Diego with 20 leather-jacket soldiers.

Fages mentioned two palm oases. The first, which no longer exists, was noted on April 17, 1782, and may have been located along Carrizo Creek, perhaps near the future site of the Carrizo Stage Station. The second oasis, referred to on April 18, was probably Palm Spring. Fages must have also seen these same palm groups in 1772 when he traveled through the Carrizo Corridor from west to east while in pursuit of deserters from San Diego.

In the 1820s a Mexican mail train between California and Sonora skirted the waterhole, as did American mountain men a few years later. Eighteen hundred forty-six saw Kit Carson, General

Kearny and the Army of the West pass by during the Mexican War. Kearny's diarist, Lieutenant William H. Emory, described native "cabbage trees" or palms in his log on November 29 of that year; his report, published in 1848 as *Notes of a Military Reconnoissance from Fort Leavenworth in Missouri to San Diego, California*, is the earliest known record in English of *Washingtonia filifera*. It is almost certain that Emory was referring to Palm Spring, which lay along the overland trail. Some of the trees at nearby Mountain Palm Springs are also visible from the desert floor, but they are situated several miles off the main route.

In 1847 Lieutenant Colonel Philip St. George Cooke's Mormon Battalion came through, opening the first wagon road into California. But it was the discovery of gold in 1848 that brought a flood tide of Mexicans and Americans past Palm Spring over the Southern Emigrant Trail. The San Antonio and San Diego Mail, the first transcontinental line in the United States to carry both passengers and mail, came along in 1857, followed the next year by the coaches of the Butterfield Overland Mail, running between Tipton, Missouri, and San Fran-

cisco via El Paso, Tucson, Fort Yuma and Los Angeles. In 1858 Warren Hall built a Butterfield station at Palm Spring, halfway between the Carrizo station to the southeast and Vallecito ("Little Valley") to the northwest, but the Civil War soon ended the careers of both stage lines.

Travelers destroyed the palms sometimes during the 1850s, and for 100 years the waterhole could not live up to its name. Then, in the late 1950s or early 60s, three *Washingtonias* were planted by rangers of the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. The watering place has thus moved through three eras—from native palms to no palms to man-planted palms—and is one of the two non-native oases described in this series, the other being Mopah Spring.

With a little care, passenger cars can almost always reach Palm Spring. The dirt road branching from Highway S2 follows Vallecito Wash—the route of the Southern Emigrant and Butterfield trails—for a short distance before veering left to the oasis, where a monument recounts highlights in the waterhole's history. Three long-skirted, close-set fan palms rise behind the plaque, the two larger trees on the end partially hiding the

smaller middle one. In 1977 they ranged between 26 and 30 feet in height.

The oasis nestles along the verge of the sunstruck Carrizo Badlands, where vegetation is sparse and water virtually nonexistent. On both sides of Palm Spring, however, moisture on or near the surface nurtures a long thin line of mesquite which stands out vividly against the bleached Badlands. The name "Mesquite Oasis," in fact, is sometimes applied to the entire strip of green.

Mesquites (some adorned with mistletoe), sedges and inkweed are among the plants found near the palms. A tiny stream of water flows for a few feet before ending in a shallow pool much visited by birds. House finches, western

MILEAGE LOG

- 0.0 Junction of State Highway 78 and County Road S2 (Scissors Crossing) in east San Diego County. Drive south on S2 toward Interstate Highway 8.
- 5.9 Blair Valley in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. Little Pass Primitive Camp and a section of Butterfield Overland Mail Trail are a short distance to left.
- 8.7 Box Canyon historical landmark marker on Southern Emigrant and Butterfield trails on left.
- 17.7 Reconstructed Vallecito Stage Station in Vallecito County Park on right.
- 21.1 Road to Agua Caliente County Park on right. Stay on S2.
- 25.8 Palm Spring sign. Turn left off S2 onto dirt road. Under normal conditions passenger cars can travel this road without difficulty.
- 26.8 Junction. Turn left.
- 27.5 Palm Spring in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. Elevation about 870 feet.

bluebirds and phainopeplas abound, and the patient observer will see numerous other species, especially in springtime. Mistletoe seeds voided by birds adhere to many a perch in the mesquites, and tracks of mammals, reptiles and insects mark the bordering sands. Diegueno potsherds are still in evidence on the flats near Vallecito Wash.

A spirit of peace and well-being pervades Palm Spring. Water, natural surroundings, birds singing in the warm sunshine, a breeze in the palm fronds—all play a part in it. Together with the legacy of history, they have made the oasis one of the most restful and romantic way stations along our desert trail. □



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MARTA

Brightens the With Beauty

by
**ANNIS M.
CUPPETT**

*One of the
murals
adorning walls
of the
Amargosa
Opera House.*

MARTA BECKET is joyously alive and well—dancing her way into the hearts of thousands who visit Death Valley Junction every year.

Dancing in Death Valley Junction? If you are one of those who have yet to hear of Miss Becket and her delightful program of ballet-mime, I can imagine your incredulous surprise. After all, Death Valley Junction is not exactly a major entertainment center of the world. It's reasonable to believe, however, that the beauty which lies in wait for you has raised this tiny hamlet to a cultural height never imagined during its early history.

Death Valley Junction, in the early twenties, was an important supply point for the Pacific Coast Borax Company and the Tonopah-Tidewater and Death Valley Railroads which served it. A true company town, its hub was Korkill Hall where most of the social activity was centered. Here, the local citizenry came to-

gether to be entertained by movies and dances and to participate in church services, town meetings and weddings.

But the town began to fade in 1928, when the Pacific Coast Borax Company closed the mine and mill operations. The Death Valley Railroad was abandoned three years later and the death rattle of the town was heard in 1940, when the Tonopah & Tidewater Railroad conceded its long and final struggle. For many years, Death Valley Junction and Korkill Hall were visited only by quickly passing tumbleweed, and the music and laughter which had permeated the walls of the Hall took on the overtones of a ghostly babel.

Life was not so quiet in New York City where a young girl was growing into womanhood and revealing an innate talent and love for ballet. Her parents arranged for professional training and at fourteen, Marta Becket began the training which would turn her eventually into

a graceful and interpretive ballerina. Her schedule under Ingeborg Tarruo, Caird Leslie and the American Ballet School among others demanded a rigorous program of two or three daily lessons, and prepared her for a well-received professional debut at the age of seventeen. Following this, she joined the Corps de Ballet at the famous Radio City Music Hall before amassing her many additional dancing credits which include a number of Broadway musicals such as "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," "Show Boat," and "Wonderful Town."

Amazingly, ballet was not Marta's only passion. She also loved to paint and found time to discipline her talent in this direction with lessons from Antonio Cortizes. Although she was above all else, a ballerina, this instruction would one day assume great importance when her inner visions would need to be expressed in a medium other than dance.

Never one to rely solely on her past achievements, Marta Becket continued to grow in her professional capabilities and soon decided it was time to choreograph and perform her own works. She did this successfully for a decade as guest artist with various ballet companies and symphonies all over the United States, and during one of these road tours, met Tom Williams—the man who would become her husband and manager.

At this point, we have two stories and it is interesting to contemplate that if it were not for a flat tire, the two would have remained as separate entities forevermore. As it happened, Marta and

BECKET

Desert

and Verve

Tom decided to take an automobile trip through the Western United States and, at one point, found themselves in Death Valley Junction with a flat tire. The year was 1967 and while the tire was being repaired, Marta Becket wandered about the deserted town. Soon, she found herself in front of a dilapidated building and, peering inside, was delighted to see a stage—obviously, the building had once been a theater of some sort!

As soon as the car was once again in running order, the couple resumed their trip to Las Vegas. The conversation had changed since their unscheduled stop and all talk now focused on the building Marta had discovered. Excitement punc-

*Marta Becket
in one
of her
delightful
costumes.
Photo by
Lynne
Pearlman.*



*Close-up
view
of a small
portion of
mural on
opposite page
shows detail
of Marta's
artistry.
Color
photography
by Lauren
Aspinwall.*





Poetry
in
motion.
Photo
by
Lynne
Pearlman.

tuated their words and sentences tumbled out, one on top of another. They soon understood that their hopes and dreams for the future were being crystalized and they became aware of a possible turning point in their lives. Having long labored under the realization that the glamour of living in New York City was growing thin, they hungered as one for freedom—freedom from all that they found unpleasant. Perhaps, they thought, there was something to the concept of fate. Perhaps destiny had, indeed, led them to this neglected theater in its forgotten corner of the desert.

By the time the two arrived in Las Vegas, many deeply-hidden thoughts had been dredged from their subconscious minds, brought out into the open and examined in the bright light of a hot desert day. They determined to learn more about "their" theater and, after a few telephone calls, learned that Korkill Hall was available for lease—although a great deal of work would be required before it was once presentable and usable as a theater. The lease was sign-

ed in August, 1967, and initial plans called for it to be used as a studio.

As often happens, these original, hastily-conceived plans were soon changed. It was not long before Marta Becket and Tom Williams were planning to utilize the theater on a full-time basis and much to the bemusement of their friends, the two were soon involved in the throes of a major move from New York City to Death Valley Junction, California. It was at this point that Miss Becket made a momentous decision: she would accept no other engagements but in this little town

The pair re-christened the building the Amargosa Opera House and in February, 1968, Marta danced before an audience of twenty. The performance marked the culmination of several months of back-breaking labor which had included everything from general repairs to an on-the-knees scrubbing of the old wooden floor. At times, they had wondered if they would ever know rest again but on that night, when Marta Becket saw those twenty waiting to see her dance, she

knew they had made the right decision.

There came a time, inevitably, when the twenty or so people who comprised the inhabitants of the area had other plans for those evenings when Marta had scheduled performances. She soon found herself dancing to a theater where her husband was the only human element in the sea of chairs facing the apron of the stage. But in spite of the lack of a full house, Marta never wavered. She continued to dance—even to an empty theater.

During the summer of 1968, a flash flood deposited a large amount of debris and mud in the Opera House and while the two were cleaning it up, Marta had an inspiration which would help make the Amargosa Opera House famous: she would paint an audience on the inner walls of the theater!

As we already know, Marta had extensive training as a painter during her formative years. This training now became all-important as the first of more than 260 faces began to appear on the Opera House walls. The mural, begun in September, 1968, depicts a 16th century Spanish Court and includes a King and Queen (bearing an uncanny resemblance to Tom Williams and Marta Becket), representatives of various religious orders, gypsies and many, many others. Some are obviously meant to portray sedate and upstanding citizens while one can almost hear the others as they call out to friends across the room—adding their rowdy manners to the colorful scene.

The side walls near the stage represent the wings of a theater with operatic characters waiting for their cues. Under the central window on the west wall, a man holds a scroll which bears the mural's dedication—in Latin. Written by Marta, the translation is as follows:

*"The walls of this theater
and I
dedicate these murals
to the Past: without which
today would have
no beauty."*

The painting was completed in August, 1972 and after a full day's rest, Marta began painting the ceiling, completing it in the fall of 1974. In the central dome, angels supplied with musical instruments play lilting tunes, while cherubs and doves encircle them. As visitors crane their necks to see every detail, it is generally agreed that the ceil-

ing provides an appropriate Michelangelo-like touch to the Amargosa Opera House.

At the end of the recent 1977-78 season, Marta Becket had given over 1,300 performances of her highly innovative ballet-mime programs. Today, her innumerable hours of practice are rewarded by a full house during each of her thrice-weekly performances, catapulting reservations into an all-important commodity.

Miss Becket's repertoire includes twenty pieces—with a total of 56 characters! The program lasts approximately one and one-half hours and includes vignettes from such ballet classics as *Giselle* interspersed throughout her sometimes poignant, sometimes comedic characterizations such as the one highlighted by Queenie Smythe—a billionaire who gave up a fortune for show business. In addition to writing and choreographing her own productions, Miss Becket sews her own costumes and, when necessary, designs and sews the stage sets, as well.

Much of Marta's repertoire has been put on film, as have her mural and various scenes around the town of Death Valley Junction. As a result, "Marta Becket's World" will be available for use by schools, clubs and educational television. Other films are in production and will be directed to these and other uses.

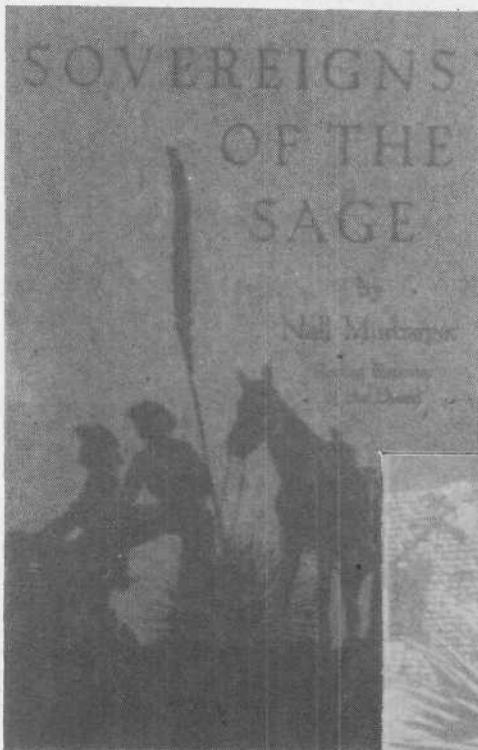
The programs at the Amargosa Opera House are presented on Friday, Saturday and Monday evenings at 8:15 p.m.. The season opens on September 1 and continues through the end of May (with Saturday performances only during September and May). Reservations are suggested and there is no admission charge although a \$2.50 donation is appreciated. As a result of the recent closure of the Amargosa Hotel (it is being leased to "a group which plans a mineral recovery operation" in the area), nearest accommodations are available at Death Valley's Furnace Creek Inn and Ranch which are approximately 30 miles away. The Opera House is closed during June, July and August.

To obtain reservations for the Amargosa Opera House, call the telephone operator and request Death Valley Junction toll station #8. Or, write Tom Williams, Manager, Amargosa Opera House, Death Valley Junction, California 92328.

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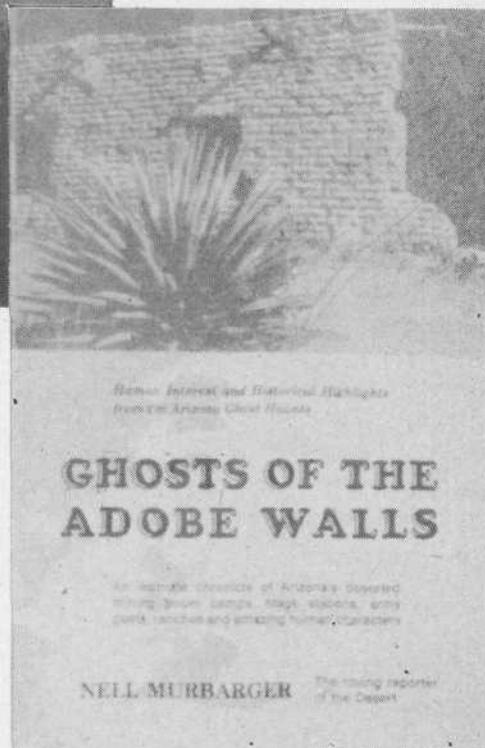
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If the BLM wilderness rules pass, this type of traditional desert road will be off-limits.

WHY?

by MARVIN PATCHEN

To paraphrase the late Gertrude Stein, "a road is a road is a road," but only, apparently, when the U. S. Bureau of Land Management says so, under the confusing legal language of the Wilderness Act of 1964.

The problem is, the definition of a road contained in the Act determines that more than 275 areas of federal land in the California desert can be declared roadless and therefore potential wilderness in the BLM California Desert-Conservation Area. These enclaves of 5,000 acres or more, therefore, may be closed to all vehicular travel sometime in the mid-1980s by Congress, meaning ALL recreationists, stockmen, miners, scientists, EVERYONE.

As Marvin Patchen points out in this article, this means even most roads in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, for example, do not qualify—although BLM's current study does not include state or private lands.

Every desert visitor should study the CDCA program first hand, decide if it is what he feels necessary, and then communicate with his federal legislator! Contact BLM's Riverside district office, 1695 Spruce St., Riverside, Calif. 92507. The preliminary work is finished! Don't delay.

POLITICALLY I am a "middle-of-the-road extremist" and when it comes to matters of managing the California desert, again I find myself in the middle with no friends among the tunnel-visioned environmental extremists or the mentally deficient off-roaders who scar the desert with a trail of beer cans and imbecilic behavior. But what is of greater concern is how Washington has produced a perfect example of sick government when they announced their plan to make most of the California desert into a no-vehicles-allowed Wilderness Area.

There is nothing wrong with the Wilderness Area concept and not permitting new roads to be built in a few areas that are *now roadless*. But that is not what the BLM has done. They have made up their own rules and have declared that a desert road is not a road unless it has been improved by hand or mechanical means. This is so inappropriate to desert conditions that one must question why the BLM has set such ridiculous standards for roads? The BLM calls a road: "An access route which has been improved and maintained by using hand or power machinery or tools to insure relatively regular and continuous use. A way

maintained solely by the passage of vehicles does not constitute a road." (The italics are mine.) If the Anza-Borrego State Park went by the BLM standards most every dirt road in the park would be closed!

Ten years ago the BLM began a campaign to restrict desert travel by showing photos of ORV devastation. Because there really wasn't enough significant damage to prove their point they used the same photos over and over again of the Barstow to Las Vegas motorcycle race and tracks left by Patton army tanks. The BLM talked some university professors into backing them up with devious press releases on how plant and animal life would disappear if man was allowed to drive through the desert.

Environmentalists echoed the BLM's "fragile desert" theme. One environmental group stooped low enough to fake some damage to petroglyphs so they could blame off-roaders. Fortunately they got caught in their charade but when the truth was revealed the publicity was far less than when the original accusation was made against the off-roaders.

Today and millions of tax dollars later the BLM propaganda machine rolls on ignoring three important facts:

1. Vehicle harm to the California desert is less than one hundredth of one percent (1/100 of 1%) of its total area!
2. The BLM does not recognize the existence of Death Valley, Joshua Tree and the Anza-Borrego parks.
3. Nor does the BLM concede that a combination of the desert's rugged mountain terrain, along with parks and huge military bases, make uncontrolled vehicle travel impossible in nearly 50% of the desert.

There is no denying that in some areas a few people have made a mess of the desert's surface. But to penalize 99% of the desert visitors who respectfully treat the desert, with retarded regulations is not appropriate.

The BLM claims that they are only carrying out the will of Congress. Baloney! I can find nowhere in the records where Congress told the Department of Interior to create a new definition for a road so that most of the desert under their jurisdiction could be made into a wilderness. Even those with elementary knowledge of the desert realize that the majority of the desert dirt roads are not created by

bulldozers. Most were made when somebody chose a route that was either the most direct or had the least obstacles, and with ensuing use it became a desert road. Many dry sand washes are major routes of travel that never require maintenance, but the BLM's rules specifically state that if a road is passable only because of continuous use it really is not a road. Now if a bureaucrat can suddenly change the definition of a road by a whim it's frightening to consider what they will think of next. If they apply the same criteria to human beings it could mean that a person is not a person unless they are sick and need medical attention to keep them well.

Randall Henderson, founder of *Desert Magazine*, an early Sierra Clubber, and a Desert Protective Council member, would be boiling with anger with the current proposals. Randall was an active

Editor's Note: Since 1960 Desert Magazine has published articles and photos by author Marvin Patchen on hiking and paleontology. The most recent has been "Summer Desert Hiking" [8/74] and "The Time Machine" [2/76]. For other magazines he has written numerous stories on his year of remote desert living in a Jeep camper. He also designed a special observation aircraft and has spent hundreds of hours studying the desert geography from the air.

desert hiker and he would take his Jeep to the base of many desert mountains and hike up the canyons to the summit. Under the BLM proposal many marvelous desert hikes that can be accomplished in a weekend or a day, would be out of the question because you'd have to park your vehicle so far from where you want to really start to hike. Just one example of the BLM's peculiar thinking is the Davis Mountain area south of Ocotillo. The area is laced with old mine roads including one road that is almost four lanes wide. These roads allow one to easily get to the base of the In-Ko-Pah Mountains, which offer a scenic area for hiking with a base campsite at the foot of the mountains. But no, the BLM wants you to park your car near the highway and then hike five miles over a perfectly usable dirt road to the foot of the mountains.

I happen to be an ardent desert hiker and it's possible that I've covered as many miles in the desert on foot as anyone alive. I know that adding a needless ten miles to a hike can be devastating, especially in the desert where you must carry your own water.

My work in paleontology also makes me conscious of the implications the Wilderness Proposal has on the scientific community. Although, with a lot of red tape one might get permission to drive into a Wilderness Area, it probably wouldn't be worth the effort. Consequently, the time and effort to carry necessary apparatus, cameras, water and camping gear would kill many field trips. Also rock hounds would be hampered in their hobby.

A recurring theme in each proposed wilderness area is "the opportunity for solitude." The opportunity for solitude exists today for those who make the effort to seek it. Today anyone with a vehicle that can cope with desert roads has thousands and thousands of campsites that offer solitude. Many of these marvelous places will become off limits to vehicles under the new Wilderness Proposal and less, not more, opportunities for family camping, including backpacking, in solitude will occur.

Indeed, those with passenger cars, who must stick to smooth roads, are unaffected, and they will continue to be corralled together in camping ghettos. Rather than providing for the needs of those who have passenger cars or cumbersome motorhomes by building more campsites to spread the campsite population, the BLM spends millions of dollars on trying to hinder those who have the ability to spread out.

The most frightening aspect of the situation is that the BLM admits that all the public hearings and solicitation of comments won't change a thing. It's an example of democracy at its worst.

The most important question is, "Why has the administration found it necessary to banish by edict, desert roads? Was the decision made in some recent meeting where the BLM made a deal with the environmentalists by saying that we'll deliver the California desert if you'll get off our backs on some other subject? What power play was so compelling to make the BLM take the risk of offering such a bizarre method to create a desert wilderness?"

Adding to the concern is the system of having huge tracts of Federal land within a state controlled by a far off Congress. It is frightening to know that millions and millions of acres of California are under control of those who live east of the Rockies. A Senator from Florida has the same vote as a Senator from California. It doesn't seem right that a California legislator should be voting on management of the Florida Everglades or the north woods of Maine. Conversely, Congressmen from Florida and Maine, who have little to lose no matter how they vote, shouldn't be voting on the California desert. If the BLM had a record of thoughtfulness in its desert management plans there would be no need for concern, but at this point it looks like the only reasonable solution is to press for the Federally owned lands to be turned over to the State. If this occurs, at least those responsible for planning will be accessible and responsible to the State's voters. An example of why this can work is the Anza-Borrego State Park, which has one of the most enlightened managements of any park system in the country.

Regretfully, such changes are wishful thinking that may only be accomplished in the far future. But changes in the present Wilderness Proposal can and must be made today. As I said before, the BLM public hearings are only for show. If a thousand people show up to say "No" on something and a hundred say "Yes" it makes no difference to the outcome if the BLM is on the side of the Yeses. Although the BLM doesn't count your votes, at election time Congressmen, Senators and the President will count your votes.

The only way we are going to have a valid wilderness policy is to tell President Carter that you want his administration's desert road policy to be honest and reasonable. At the same time tell your Congressmen that you do not approve of their allowing the BLM to create a phoney wilderness. Indeed, there are millions of acres of *genuine* roadless wilderness in the desert and mountains, and the people don't need "Big Brother" to tell them they can no longer use the roads that exist because they have not been maintained. Tell Mr. Carter and your Representative that you don't approve of the BLM's systematic plot to restrict those who genuinely love the desert.



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The well-known landmarks
of Monument Valley
appear on the horizon
when viewed from atop
Hoskinini Mesa.

HOSKININI MESA

by C. WILLIAM HARRISON



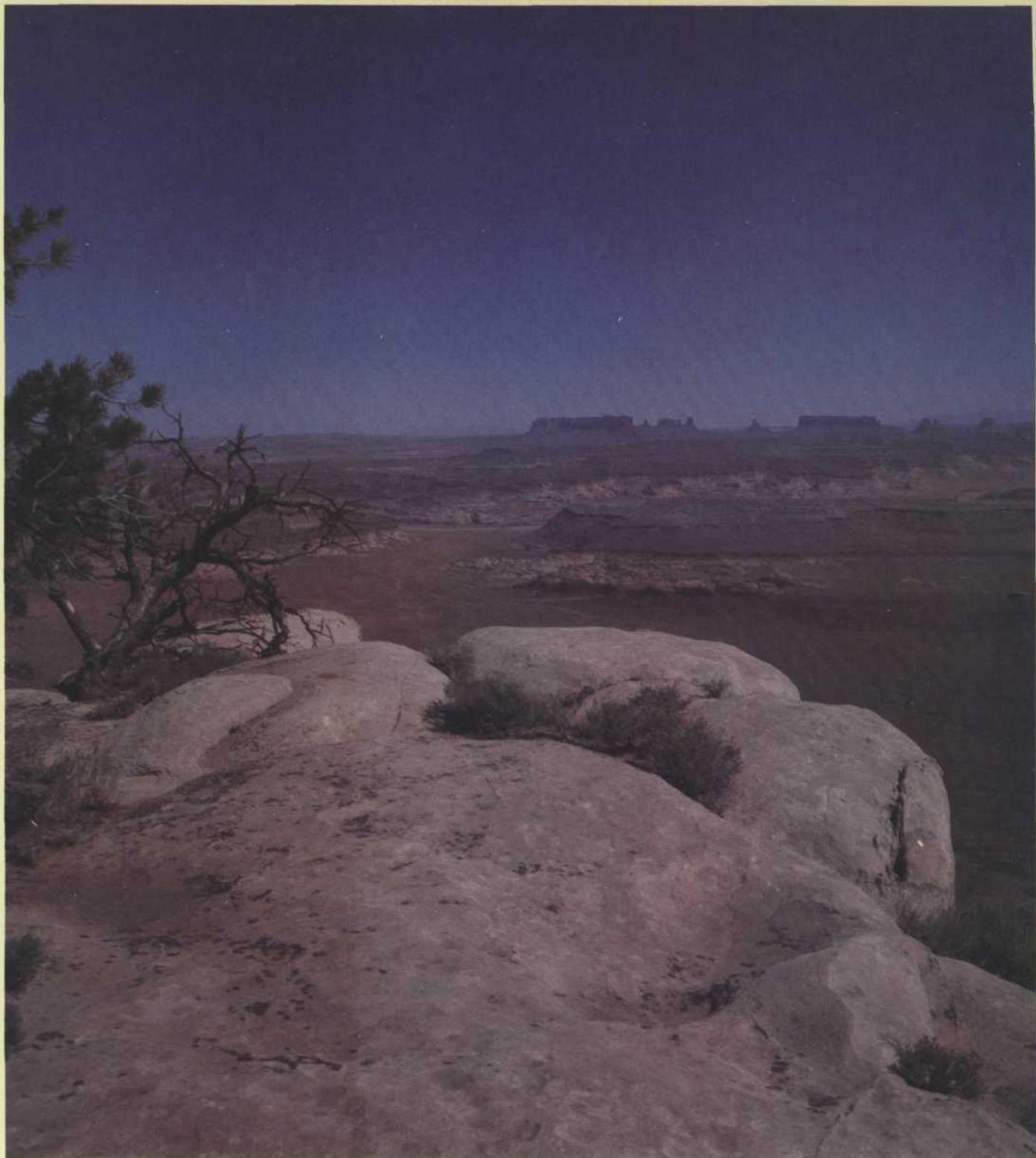
A mid-day stop for a sack lunch where a scattering of rocks suggested the possibility of it being a dwelling of the long-vanished Anasazi, or perhaps Hoskinini himself.

DURING FRONTIER days and that lusty era of cattle drives along the Chisholm and other hard-scrabble trails out of Texas and to the Kansas beef markets, there was an expression which paid tribute to any cowhand who proved himself to be a congenial and reliable companion at times of stampeding herds and the crossing of storm-flooded streams—"he'll do to ride the river with."

When it came to providing my wife, Nancy and me with some of the fascinating history of his native land and its indomitable people, and to maneuvering our air-conditioned four-wheel-drive tour vehicle to the remote heights of historic Hoskinini Mesa along an uncompromising off-road byway that in places would have challenged the endurance and agility of a mountain goat, the Navajo Indian driver/guide who had been assigned to us by Goulding's Monument Valley Lodge and Trading Post soon proved that he most certainly would "do to ride the rock-rimmed canyons and mesas of the back-country with."

Stanley was the Anglo name of this guide whose honored and untarnished heritage reaches back across centuries to ancestors whose first coming to the Valley is recalled only in ancient legends and the rubble of crumbling stone dwellings.

Stanley, his name was and is, a sturdy and competent young man whose friend-



ly dark eyes held some of that same sort of unassuming serenity that you will see and sense in the hushed buttes and silent redrock spires of the land of his birth—a quiet and unintrusive young fellow who has lived the years of his life on a vast and lonely land without ever learning the meaning of loneliness.

With one of Goulding's celebrated ranch style breakfasts tucked away under our belts—bacon, eggs, hot bis-

cuits, and heaps of other such tastemongers topped off by cups of steaming coffee that was strong enough, in the words of an old-time cowboy, "to kick up in the middle and carry double"—we climbed into our waiting four-wheeler while the morning sun was still stretching blue-tinted shadows far out and away from the timeless buttes that towered above us.

"We'll save time by taking US 163

south on the first leg of our tour," Stanley told us. "But in six or eight miles we'll leave the pavement, cut across country, and follow Narrow Canyon to where we will start our climb up to the top of Hoskinini Mesa."

Hoskinini! What a name that is to roll across the tongue and draw into the depths of the imagination! It has a rhythm to it, like the throbbing rataplan of ceremonial drums heard across the dis-



tance at deepening dusk. It has a flavor to it, rich and eloquent, like the keening tang of the primitive and untamed in times long past, like the mellow savor of unyielding pride and unbowed gentleness in an age of new days and better ways.

Hoskinini! The name of the remote and lonely mesa which we would explore that day in our tour vehicle, and the name of a proud and unyielding Navajo chieftain of earlier and more desperate times to whom the freedom of his people and loved ones was a treasure too precious to ever be willingly surrendered.

The name tugged at my memory and my imagination as our four-wheeler,

jouncing and jolting across chuckholes and rocky thank-you-ma'ams, worked its way deeper into narrows of the redrock we were in. It was a sandstone wilderness locked in the grip of brooding silence that somehow seemed untouched by the rumbling and crunching of our vehicle, a craggy defile haunted by crumbling ruins and the mystic markings painted on primordial walls by the ancients.

Questions echoed through my mind, seeking answers. Had this been the route taken a century and more ago by old Hoskinini and his beleaguered warriors in their efforts to escape capture or annihilation by Colonel Kit Carson,

whom they called Ahdilohsee—the Rope Thrower—and his reluctant but determined frontier troopers?

Had it been along this twisting, rock-rimmed canyon that the Navajo women and children had plodded in weary desperation behind their retreating chieftain, preferring the risk of starvation or death there on the land of their ancestors over surrender and confinement on that alien place they had been told about, the Bosque Redondo in New Mexico?

We moved on. The four-wheeler bounced and bucked in spite of our driver's constant efforts to smooth out the recalcitrant canyon road. Stanley braked his vehicle to a halt again, pointing to a nearby hillside that was studded with rock rubble and small bastions of hostile cactus.

"Thought you might like to take a breather," he invited. "There's a good chance you'll come across some bits and pieces of broken pottery up there. Or maybe even an arrowhead or two, if this is your lucky day."

Had this rocky hillslope at the foot of the canyon's redstone wall once been the site of an ancient dwelling long since vanished? I made my way slowly up it, wondering. A place of toil and idle chatter for tribal women? A one-time camp-ground for warriors or hunters?

Not far away, Nancy called out in sudden excitement, holding out for me to see the two small shards of pottery that she had discovered, one showing traces of fading pigments and the other revealing faint encircling markings, whether meaningful or capricious, that had been engraved into the soft clay by a fingernail of the earthenware's maker.

I stood watching as Nancy gazed down at the two relics that she had found. Was she thinking what I was thinking, feeling what I was feeling? Feeling that for one brief and poignant moment she was journeying back through the mists of Time to another age, to another human being who had lived and toiled and perhaps had loved?

Feeling, I wondered, that through those small fragments of broken clay so carefully being held before her she was reaching back across dimming centuries to touch the unseen hand of their maker, and in doing so discovering that she was deeply moved in her mind and heart by a lingering moment of human kinship, of ardent caring?



Above: The comfortable and easy-access air conditioned four-wheel-drive vans provide the latest luxury for back country exploration. Goulding's Tour Guides make sure that half the fun is getting there!

Left: To find and hold a fragmented shard of ancient pottery is to journey back through the mists of unwritten history to other times and other lives.

From the rim of Hoskinini Mesa, the brooding immensity of Monument Valley that can be captured only in enchanting bits and pieces by camera and film.

I stood there in silence, watching my wife and wondering.

We moved on again, steadily working our way upward now along the jolting wash-outs and merciless riprap of the steepening road. We were pitched and bounced, joggled and careened this way and that by our struggling four-wheeler as it dragged itself ever upward toward the rim of the tableland.

We topped off on the rim of the mesa after a grinding, crunching climb through a steeply tilted break in the upper wall. Could it have been this same route, roadless then and infinitely more perilous, that had been used by the Navajo chieftain and his small band of rag-tag warriors more than a century ago to reach their lofty sanctuary, their wind-swept hideaway in the sky?

Yes, this must have been the place. Or some other place along the rim very much like it. And now, for a moment, it seemed that I could actually see them . . . fighting men bruised and gaunted by their desperate hit-and-run flight from Carson's pursuing troopers . . . ponies jaded by the harsh attrition of too many desperate miles . . . the trudging footsteps of women and children, and the wailing of a hungry infant, a plaintive cry in the muted silence of the day.

And now, somehow, it seemed that I could see the old chief himself topping the final desolate rise of that rim-rock trail . . . old Hoskinini himself passing by, never to be humbled by overwhelming odds, never to be defeated . . .

The mesa that bears the name of the Navajo chieftain of long ago still exists much as it was in Hoskinini's time. It is a land of junipers and cactus, of big skies and restless breezes, of brooding silences and lost Indian ruins waiting to be discovered and sifted for the secret tales they have to tell.

From the mesa's lofty rim you can look out upon the far places of that vast and

Spectacularly located on the skirts of towering redrock buttes in Monument Valley, Goulding's Lodge and Trading Post is a haven of rest and recreation for today's vacationers.

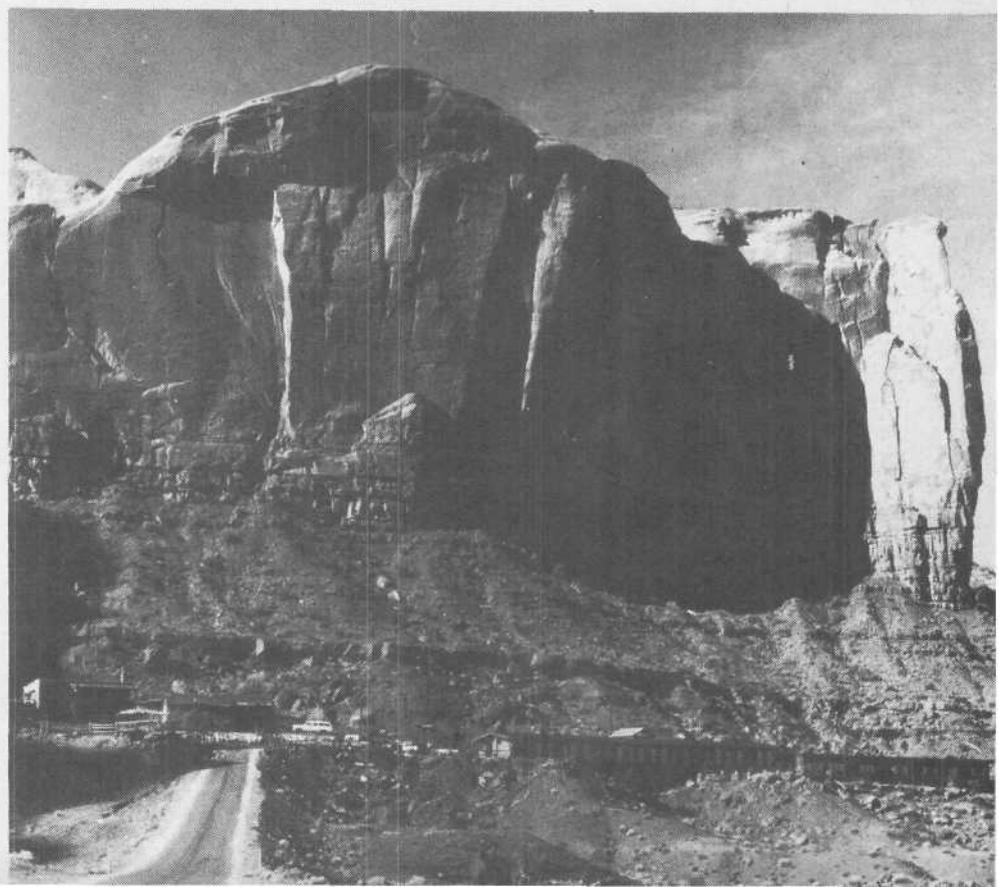


awesome land—the sacred symmetry of Navajo mountain, and in the opposite direction the twin rounded peaks of that notable landmark, the Bear's Ears, 40 or miles or more in the distance.

Closer at hand, you can see the majestic spires and magnificent buttes of Monument Valley, standing like silent sentinels in the desert's lambent air, towering like sculptured memorials to departed gods.

And if you look closely among the mesa's gnarled and stunted junipers, searching with an eager mind and a fervent heart, it may be that you will get a glimpse into the living past. Is that really too much for one to expect?

Then what was it that bent the tips of those bunch grasses over there, and made that whispery sound in your ear? Surely it wasn't merely a vagrant breeze. Who, then, if not old Hoskinini himself? □



MEN OF STEEL: THE HARD ROCK

MINERS WERE giants in those days! For Herculean feats of strength, demonstrations of skill, endurance, brains, persistence and the ability to stand up to the test under fire, the old time hard rock driller had few equals in any occupation or field of sport. The hand drillers were men of steel!

From Bisbee to Butte, Tombstone to Tonopah, Cripple Creek to Couer d'Alene, the boisterous hard rock drilling contests drew thousands of spectators to holiday celebrations in the western mining towns from 1890 to 1916.

These competitions originated from miners hand drilling blasting holes in the underground mines. The four- to five-foot holes were sunk into the ore bodies by striking an octagonal steel drill with a heavy hammer. After each blow the drill steel was moved a quarter turn. The holes were filled with dynamite, the charge ignited and great chunks of ore were blasted out of the solid rock to be hoisted to the surface. This daily hard work made the miners nearly as tough as the rock they were drilling.

Given the competitive nature of strong men, it was inevitable that drill crews would challenge each other to put down the deepest hole against time. Thus

by
By EDWARD H. SAXTON
and
PHIL C. BOWMAN

began the era of drilling contests which enjoyed wide popularity until about 1916 when machine drilling became common underground.

Soon, teams from different mines in the same area were drilling against each other in public competitions which, along with band concerts, parades, picnics and dances, became an important part of Fourth of July and other holiday celebrations in western mining towns.

The local competitions evolved into contests with other mining camps and then from other states and territories. Before long the greatest drillers were assembled from all over the West. Mining companies sponsored their champs and put up prize money. Merchants also donated prizes.

Traditionally, miners are gamblers. Every day they descend into the mines

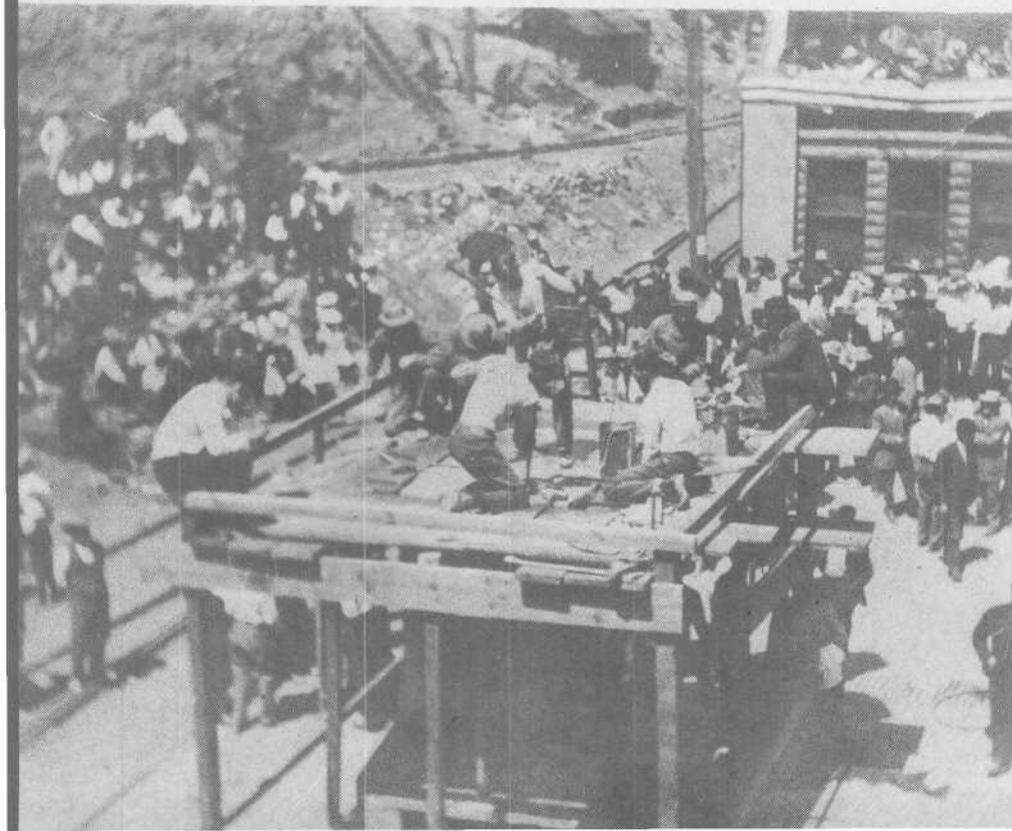


they gamble their very lives. So it's not surprising that large amounts of side money were bet on the drilling contests.

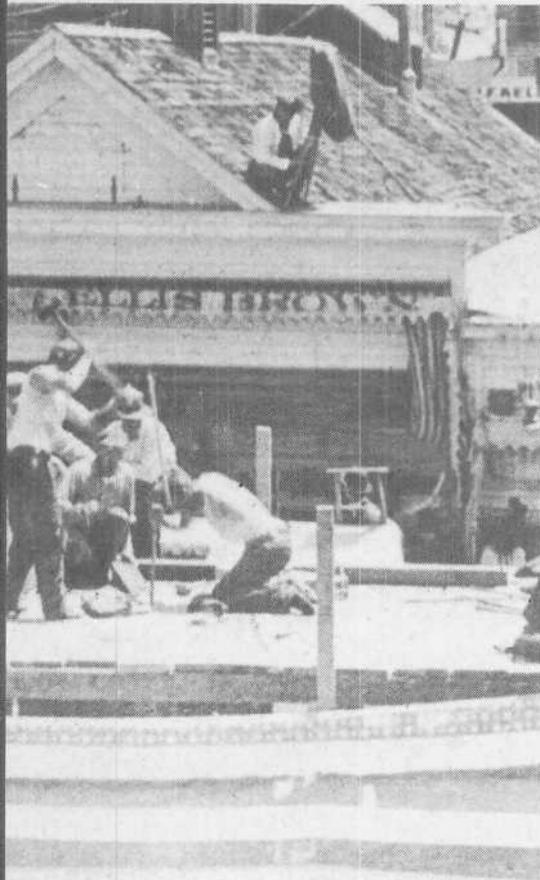
To assure fairness for contestants, Gunnison granite, a rock of uniform hardness, was selected for practice and competition throughout the West. This fine-grained and uniformly hard rock was hauled to contest sites on railroad flat cars or heavy wagons. A wooden platform built up from the ground surrounded the car and provided a flat surface flush with the top side of the granite block so contestants and judges were on an even surface above the street level and spectators had a clear view of the activity.

There were three types of contests: single jack drilling, double hand drilling and straight away drilling. In single jack one man drilled and turned, using his

Double jack contest in Bisbee. Arizona Historical Society.



CK DRILLING CONTESTANTS



Double jack contest at Tonopah, Nevada, 1908. This is a remarkable picture because it was taken at the moment of changing steel. Note the vertical steel drill between the two partners and the turner on his knees has inserted the fresh piece of steel just in time for the hammerman to complete his blow without missing a stroke. Water man, judges and timekeeper are on platform. Photo from collection of Mrs. Hugh Brown, author of "Lady in Boomtown."

Colorado, Idaho and British Columbia converged on Bisbee, Arizona to compete for the \$800 prize. The unbeaten double-hand drilling team of Chamberlain and Maca was so formidable that all the other drillers pooled their wits and swapped secrets to beat them. Many a deep hole was drilled that day at Copper Queen Plaza.

Eyewitness accounts report: "The crowd went wild when Chamberlain and Maca clambered upon the platform. Like machines they went to work. Teamwork was perfect. Positions were exchanged in the double-handed contest without a fumble. The rhythm of the mighty hammer swung like a pendulum. As the men gasped and sweat, cold water thrown on the hammer and drill flashed to steam. When their 15 minutes were up, the world had a new record, one that would never be broken. The hole was 46¾ inches deep!

Generally considered the Babe Ruth of

drilling was Sell Tarr, never defeated in straight away competition. But in that same Bisbee contest his long reign was threatened by Bill Ross, a huge well-trained miner with substantial financial backing.

Ross went first, with Carl Maca turning the steel flawlessly. Ross swung at a rate of 70 strokes a minute from beginning to end. He drilled an amazing 35½ inches and his friends thought their money was safe.

Tarr, a bit over six feet and trim at 180 pounds, also began at 70 blows per minute. But as soon as his turner, Ed Malley, had established a straight hole, Tarr stepped up his rate to 85. So furious was the pace that on the changing of the 13th drill, Malley received a glancing blow of the hammer. Stunned, he never lost his grip on the steel. With blood from his gashed temple mixing with drill water, he gripped and turned and Tarr kept hitting the steel as stoutly as before. The groans and cheers were about equal as the new world's straight away record was announced—38-5/8 inches!

Hard rock drilling contests are still held at several celebrations in the West. But the records of the old-time drillers are not threatened because machines now do the work. No miner is required to perform that hard labor which developed the muscles of yesterday's champions.

Yes, there were giants in those days. Men of steel who have had few equals in any occupation or field of sport. □

four-pound hammer. Double hand saw two men working as a team, alternating hammering and turning. Double jack drillers used an eight-pound hammer. In the straight away contests one was the hammerman and the other turned for the duration of the 15-minute standard contest. As many as 15 steel drills were used by a team in a single contest. Cutting edges dulled and the steel became too hot to handle. Turners made lightning-fast changes of drills so the hammerman would not lose a stroke. The turner poured water into the hole to control temperatures. A mop rag around the collar of the hole prevented granite chips from flying all over contestants and judges.

Old-timers recall the memorable July Fourth, 1903 contest when world drilling records tumbled. Teams from Montana,

The double jack team of Page and Pickens in Globe, Arizona. Obviously a posed picture. Arizona Historical Society.



LEGENDS OF LOST HORSE

Continued from Page 11



Above: Johnny Lang. Probably the picture taken by Frances Keys in 1921. From Art Kidwell, *Joshua Tree National Monument*. Below: Jepp Ryan, left, and Tom Ryan, right, who took over Lost Horse mine from original locators, and operated it until its closure. Photo taken about 1950; from the Harry Vroman file.



Although there is no such legal record, Keys insisted that Johnny Lang was still part owner when the new mill went into operation at the Lost Horse. Johnny ran the night shift, with a Ryan man running the day shift. The product of the mill was a ball of gold-quicksilver amalgam, cleaned up after each shift.

"The amalgam differed between the two shifts from the size of a baseball to the size of a golf ball," says Bill Keys. Johnny's amalgam—the night shift—was the golf ball. So Jepp Ryan hired a detective who watched Johnny for a number of nights and saw that he made a clean-up at four in the morning, and took half the amalgam.

"One morning, at the table in the cookhouse, Johnny sat right across the table from Jepp.

"And Ryan said: 'Well, Johnny, we have some news for you. We've had a detective up in the mill watching you. We've got the goods on you. Now you either buy or sell.

"Johnny Lang said: 'Ryan, I don't have the money to buy you out. What will you give me?

" 'I'll give you \$12,000, Ryan said. 'You can take it or go to the penitentiary.

"Johnny Lang said: 'I'll take it.

"So Ryan became the owner and Johnny Lang was then a drifter. He drifted around here and located in an old cabin in what is now Johnny Lang Canyon. He lived there many, many years."

Johnny must have taken the luck of the Lost Horse with him. Mining reports say most of the mine's credited \$350,000 came before 1900. Much work was done

after, but returns dropped. The Lost Horse shut down—in 1900 by one account, in 1908 by another. It would never resume full scale operation again.

"It was not worked out," said Bill Keys. "By no means! They didn't bother to go on when it got to two feet wide. It was an immense ledge. One shaft went down 500 feet, the other was 300. They connect underneath. At the 450 level, with a flashlight, you could look a thousand feet through a gash in the earth some places twenty feet wide and some places only six, where the ledge had been mined out. You could see from one end to the other, and there would be only an occasional pinyon strut across."

Long after it was shut down Lang—he was Old Johnny Lang now—came back to the Lost Horse mine.

"In his latter days," said Keys, "he ventured back to scrape the amalgamation plates of the mill. The bullion he recovered, he sold to me. It was nearly half copper from the plates, but I always paid him full price for it.

"Johnny moved into the old cookhouse. He had a wood stove on an earth base, and his bed right alongside it. He was living off just about nothing. For food he would go out and shoot one of Barker's cattle, and dress him and bring him back with his pack animals.

"Well, in the end he got so he couldn't see any more to shoot one. So he had four burros, and he tied those burros up one by one, and he shot them at a stump near his house. And he ate the four burros. In the end."

In the cold January of 1926, 73 years old, poorly nourished, almost out of food and afoot, Johnny Lang started down from his 5000-foot high cabin on Lost Horse Mountain. He left a note on the door: "I have gone to town for provisions. Will be back soon."

"When I saw the note," said Keys, "he was already dead. He was striking out for his other cabin, and then to town. But he only made it out to the valley. Evidently he could walk no further. He starved there and froze.

"Coming up to the mine by automobile I had not seen him lying beside the road. But in March, when I was making the road to Keys View, with the mules, Jeff Peeden was driving and I was sitting in the wagon. And I saw that canvas over there. I went over—and Johnny Lang. Yes, Johnny Lang. He had his left hand



Bill Keys digging Johnny Lang's grave. Lang's body, where it was found, right. Frank Kiler photo from Twentynine Palms Library.

over the canvas, the other under. The one on the outside was red. Just mummified. And no animal had touched him.

"Deputy Sheriff Samuels and an undertaker came out from Banning. They saw Johnny Lang. They said: 'Bury him right there.'"

The finding of Johnny Lang's body was worth a front page, page-wide banner headline in Riverside's leading newspaper. The burial was forlorn. "We dug the grave, Jeff Peeden, Frank Kiler and I," said Bill Keys. "We moved him over. Put juniper boughs under him and juniper boughs over him, and we buried Johnny Lang.

"I had my book of prayers, and I read the burial sermon. As I said 'Earth to earth and ashes,' Jeff Peeden put the ashes down. And Frank Kiler took a picture.

"Johnny's sisters had sent \$160 out from Texas to bury him. A week later we got a check for \$10—for the three of us. Somebody else kept the rest."

The Lost Horse didn't really survive Johnny Lang, as a mine. An attempt had been made by a Dr. Ward in 1923 to reopen it. He spent \$5000 on pipeline and road—and never reached the mine. An expensive attempt to rework the tailings failed in 1930. Some of the support pillars in the upper levels were mined and milled in 1931. Jepp Ryan made the last recorded production by cyaniding 600

tons of tailings in 1936. The National Park Service acquired title from Ryan descendants in 1966. The mine shaft was sealed. The old mine road is closed to vehicles.

But it is open to hikers who, in increasing numbers, find this a fascinating trek into one of Joshua Tree Monument's most historic areas, with the additional dividend of splendid panoramic views from the top of Lost Horse Mountain. The mine mill has been largely restored. Other relics there are being preserved.

Usually the road from the paving to the foot of the mountain is open. From there it is a long 1.8 mile hike to the mine. If the gate is locked at the turnoff, add 1.2 miles more.

Johnny Lang's grave is on the west side of the paving, just before reaching Lost Horse turnoff. Long ago the first weathered marker Keys set up was replaced by a white painted headboard with Johnny's name and the dates 1853-1926. That in turn was replaced by Bill Keys with a beautiful rough granite slab into which Johnny's statistics have been laboriously carved.

But here again, the confusion that dogs Lost Horse history continues. Johnny Lang did die in 1926. But in his latter years Bill Keys insisted that it was 1925. That is the date he has cut, for all time and eternity, into Johnny Lang's headstone. □

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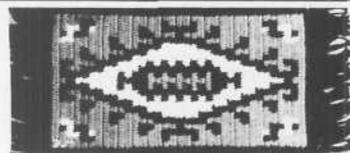
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For \$1 a person, visitors to Cabo San Lucas at the tip of Baja California can take a short boat trip out to these rocky arches at "land's end."

CABO SAN LUCAS: SUN

by RUTH ARMSTRONG

IF YOU go any farther south than Cabo San Lucas, you'll need water wings. It is the southernmost shore of Baja California, that crooked-finger peninsula extending 800 miles south from the border at San Diego-Tijuana.

Until about 10 years ago few people visited Baja except for short trips across the border, for for flying trips to La Paz for deep sea fishing. It is now accessible by a 1000-mile paved highway that zig-zags from sea to sea the entire length of the peninsula. And now three airlines fly into the airport at San Jose, 20 miles from the southern tip. Mexicana Airlines and Aero-Mexicana fly out of Los Angeles, and Hughes Air West from San Francisco and Oakland.

The end of the peninsula, Cabo San Lucas (Cape San Lucas) is becoming known as Baja's Gold Coast. Warm sun and sand, deserts with interesting and colorful cacti and shrubs, balmy year-

round climate that is kept from being too hot by the lack of humidity (about an inch a year), excellent accommodations combine to make this an appealing vacation destination.

If you plan to visit Cabo San Lucas by car or recreation vehicle, be prepared for some detours in the north where roads were washed out by the hurricane of February, 1978, that may not be completely repaired for some time yet. Also don't expect sophisticated garages and repair shops, but *do* expect to find ingenious local mechanics who can perform neat tricks with a pair of pliers and baling wire. Also, the highway patrolmen, Green Angels, are a solid source of cooperation, comfort and confidence. Don't let the "don'ts" frighten you. Go to Baja with an open mind and a smile on your face. Thousands do it every year and come home enchanted.

The single most helpful suggestion I can make to anyone driving the Trans-peninsula Highway is to invest \$8.95 in the *Baja Book II*, published by the Baja Trail Publications, Inc. This 180-page

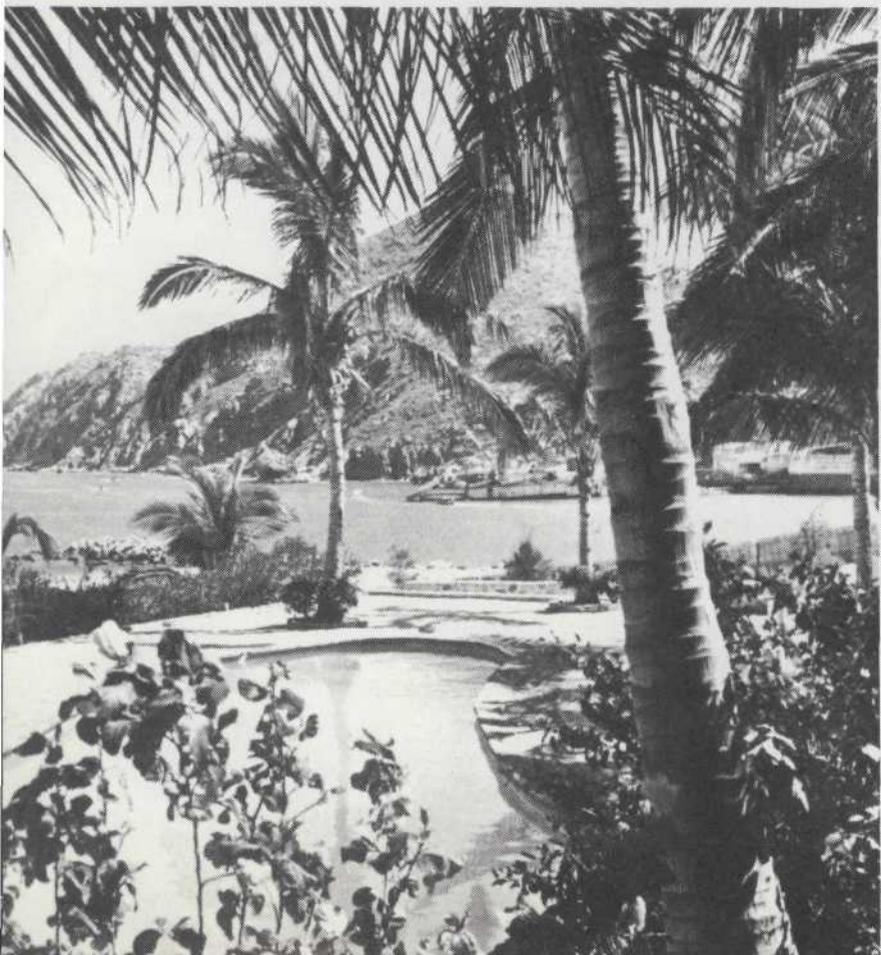




SAND AND SEA

Luxury hotels offer choice of frolicking in the clear waters or their own swimming pools.

Color photo by Ellis Armstrong.



Views such as this abound from the many hotels located at Cabo San Lucas at the tip of Baja California.

book gives practical, coherent information, noting points of historic, scenic and geologic interest on and off the highway, *paradors* (government tourist shops), campgrounds, hotels and motels, with detailed maps on every other page.

If you fly down, which we did, taxis and rental cars are available at the airport at San Jose and at all major hotels. San Jose del Cabo and San Lucas are the main towns in the Cabo area. San Jose, center of a farming community, is built around a plaza with a beautiful mission church on one side. Shops selling black coral and other crafts, and several good restaurants are along the clean, shady streets. Water is scarce, in all of Baja, but where there are natural springs, as at San Jose, farmers raise fine fruits and vegetables. Mission San Jose was established in 1730 as the most southerly of the 36 missions in Baja. The mission has been moved, destroyed by floods and rebuilt, but the present church, built in 1940, is on the original site. A colorful mural above the entrance depicts a rebellion in 1734 when all mis-

sionaries south of La Paz were killed by hostile Indians.

The cape area was first noted in 1537 by sailors in Cortez' Spanish galleons traveling from the Philippines who used it as a watering and supply outpost. It was not mapped until 1705 when Father Kino walked the entire length of the peninsula, laying the groundwork for the missions.

San Lucas (sometimes mistakenly called Cabo San Lucas which refers to the cape, not the town) is a sleepy fishing village of about 3000 population. It is on a sheltered bay where fishing fleets, both commercial and sport, head-quarter. Shops, thatched roof cantinas, a fish cannery and homes make up the village. On the outward curve of the bay is a dramatic series of rocky ridges rising from the water, ending with Los Arcos, a hugh natural bridge. This is the symbolic division between the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Cortez. (They do not call it the Gulf of California.)

Because of the rich marine flora and fauna, this is one of the best deep sea fishing areas in the world for marlin, sail and sword fish. Bottom fishing is good for rock bass and red snapper. Local fish-



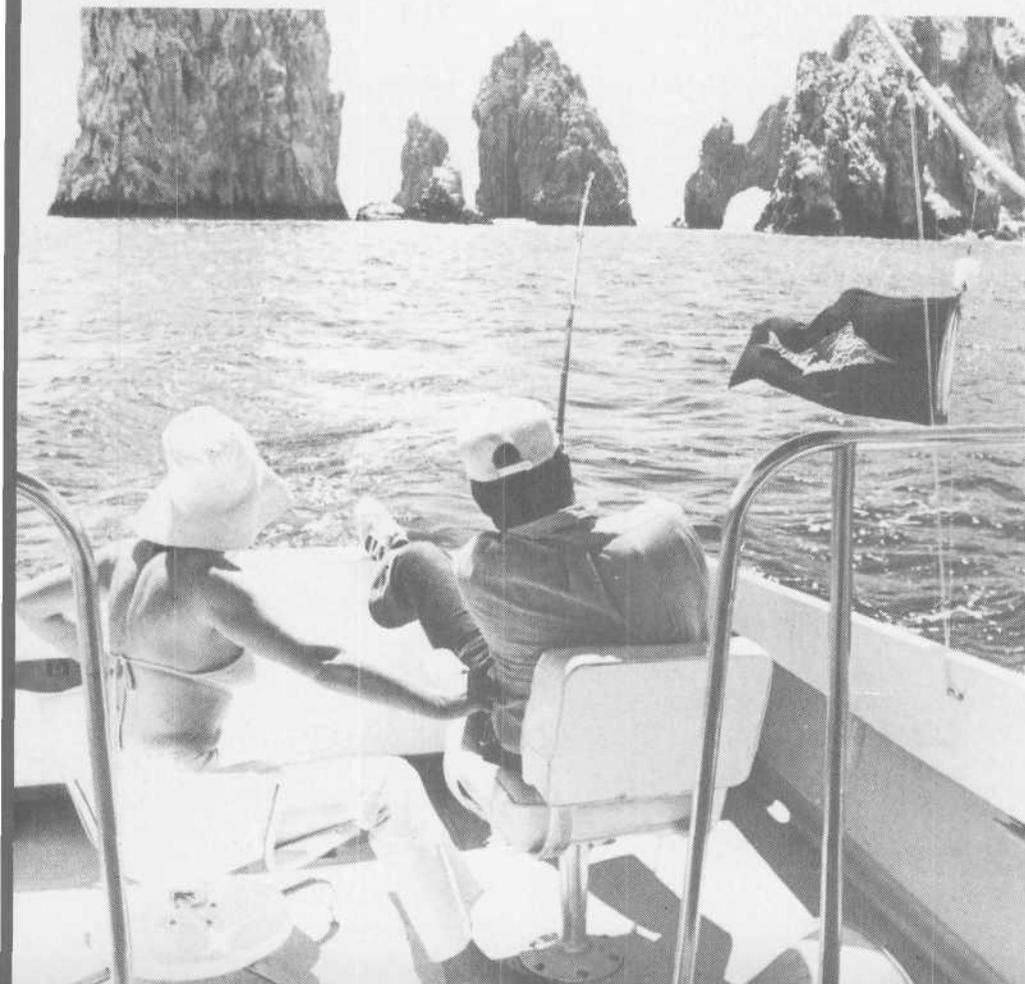
ermen sail every day at dawn in small wooden boats and return by mid-morning to sell their catch to townfolk on the beach. Commercial boats bring their catches to the cannery. The Tortuga Fishing Fleet, which operates the sport

fishing concession, claims that 85 percent of their guests catch marlin or sailfish. Arrangements for fishing may be made at any of the hotels. Covered sight-seeing boats offer tours around the bay to watch seals, pelicans and other birds sunning themselves on the rocks. The boats go close to Los Arcos where pounding waves send spray high in the air.

The clear water is especially good for scuba diving and snorkelling. Divers sometimes catch their own lobster dinner, and the brave ones can witness the spectacular underwater sand-fall caused by drifting sand pushed by merging currents where the Pacific meets the Mar de Cortez. Equipment can be rented from the hotels in San Lucas.

Trips to other villages in the area let you see a way of life that has changed little in three centuries. A two-hour drive on dirt road takes you to Todos Santos past miles of almost empty beaches and dunes. Aquaducts carry water to irrigate orchards on the sides of a canyon. The Transpeninsula Highway north goes beyond San Jose to San Jose Viejo, an old farming village; Santa Anita with its thatched roof church; and Santiago and Miraflores, colonial villages with mission

Hooked! A fisherman strains at his pole as he reels in what he hopes will be a record catch from the Sea of Cortez off Cabo San Lucas at the tip of Baja California. Hughes Airwest Photos.





A rugged coastline, blue waters and "land's end" in the distance greet visitors to Cabo San Lucas at the tip of Baja California.

TYPICAL RATES AND CONTACTS AT CABO SAN LUCAS

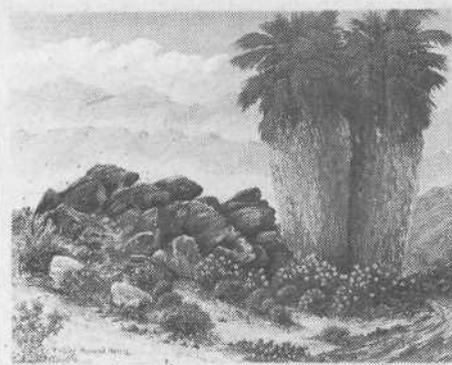
1. Hyatt Baja, American plan (including meals), single, \$55; double, \$80. Toll free number (800) 228-9000.
2. Hotel Cabo San Lucas, American plan, single, \$45; double, \$70. P.O. Box 48747, Briggs Sta., Los Angeles, California 90048. (213) 655-4760.
3. Hacienda Hotel, American plan, single, \$40; double, \$75. Box 813, La Jolla, Calif. 92037. (714) 454-1303.
4. Hotel Finisterra, American plan, single, \$40; double, \$70. 6032 Shull St., Bell Gardens, Calif. 90201. (213) 583-3393 or (714) 827-3933.
5. Hotel Solmar, American plan, single, \$35; double, \$56. European plan, single, \$21; double, \$28. P. O. Box 383, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272. (213) 459-3336.
6. Hotel Twin Dolphins, American plan, single, \$75; double, \$100. 1730 W. Olympic Blvd., Suite 406, Los Angeles, Calif. 90015. Toll free number (800) 421-8925.
7. Hotel Las Cruces Palmilla, American plan, single, \$42; double, \$76. P. O. Box 1775, La Jolla, Calif. 92038. (714) 454-0600.
8. Motel Mar de Cortez, rooms only, single, \$12; double, \$16. P. O. Box 11, Cabo San Lucas, Baja California Sur, Mexico.

Tortuga Fishing Fleet, Carl George & Associates, 3303 Harbor Blvd., Suite C-4, Costa Mesa, California 92626. (714) 556-2747. Typical charter rates: 28-foot diesel sport fishing boat with crew, 1 to 4 persons, \$115 per day. Rod and reel available to rent, other equipment and bait available to buy. Mexican license fee included in charter rate.

churches, altogether not more than an hour's drive from Cabo San Lucas. On the way you can see several varieties of lizards, birds and wildflowers. Many were in bloom when we were there the third week in April.

There is a wide range of accommodations in the Cabo area. In the town of San Lucas are one moderately priced motel, and three resort hotels, and between San Lucas and San Jose are four more resort hotels. (See box at end of article.) The hotels offer everything (except golf) that any U.S. resort offers—pool, tennis, bars, lounges, dining rooms and comfortable or luxurious rooms. Arrangements for tours, fishing, rental cars and other recreation can be made at the hotel lobbies. Some of the hotels are starkly elegant, others have densely-grown gardens, bougainvillea-draped balconies, tile roofs, long arcaded portals, palm trees and flowering shrubs. All overlook the ocean.

Baja is a paradox. Historically remote and isolated, it calls itself "the other Mexico." Everywhere the old and new live side by side. Most of the peninsula is low-lying Sonoran desert, yet its highest peak, Picacho del Diablo, rises more than 10,000 feet high. The Cabo San Lucas area is not tropical and lush like the mainland across the gulf. Here you are always on the desert, but seldom out of sight of the ocean. It is a gentle world of sun and sea.



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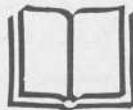
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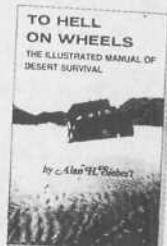
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Whitewater But Close

by BILL JENNINGS

*Left: Its trunk scarred by long-ago fire, this Whitewater palm is a sentinel for the little, hidden grove.
Right: Main group of Whitewater palms are protected by escarpment that is buffer between Whitewater and Mission Creek canyons.*

this buffer area between the Colorado Desert, the San Bernardino Mountains and the Mojave Desert.

For the past two years, the lengthy Whitewater River has been running continuously, thanks to consecutive wet winters and heavy snow runoff from Mt. San Gorgonio. The convoluted river, which has a maze of forks in its upper basin north and east of the peak, is the major underground water source for the parched Coachella Valley. Its surface flow has been so heavy, particularly since last spring, that wading is the only successful navigation route across its cold pools and swift current.

Until June or so there was surface water at the palms, resulting in heavy chaparral cover, abundant bird and small mammal life this year. There are signs that the Mission Creek-Morongo Creek population of desert bighorn sheep also have found the little grove, as did the aboriginal Indian population a century ago.

None of the trees have escaped totally from burning, but none have been killed that way either. Interestingly, some of the early research literature on its big beetles—adults measure more than two inches long and the larvae, almost as large, live perhaps three to five years in the trunks—have commented on the burned palm fronds as indicating perhaps ceremonial sites for the Indians. Actually, according to old Cahuilla and Serrano descendants of this region, the fronds apparently were burned as a means of flushing out, and cooking, its mammal inhabitants. Mainly packrats, these animals burrowed into the maze of old branches and were impossible to dislodge any other way. Packrats are a delicacy in Cahuilla cuisine.

Several of the mature palms at Whitewater show the distinctive, one-inch



THE COLORADO DESERT, among other scenic splendors, contains more than 75 identified native palm groves, all the way from Carrizo Gorge to Whitewater Canyon. Whitewater Canyon?

The last named location, 16 miles northwest of Palm Springs, California, represents perhaps the least-known and yet among the most accessible of all the canyon groves, with 22 vigorous adult trees, several seedlings and two dead sentinels at the mouth of the little box canyon, just a half-mile from the paved Whitewater Canyon Road, some three miles north of Interstate 10. It may be difficult to find even with those straightforward directions.

Whitewater Palms, and that's as good a name as any for the unmapped oasis, is protected from vandals and careless visitors by the swift-running Whitewater River, in wet years, and by the loose conglomerate slopes along the Whitewater offshoot of the San Andreas Fault which divides the San Gorgonio Pass into two distinct geological and even botanical zones at that point.

The writer had never heard of the little grove, let alone visited it, until immersed in the fascinating history of the largest bostrichid beetle, *Dinapate*

wrighti Horn, a known pest of the stately *Washingtonia* fan palms. But that's another story, of oldtime beekeeper W. G. Wright, who discovered the species in 1886 and made a precarious living selling the two-inch-long palm log borers to entomologists for many years, along with his beekeeping.

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Whitewater Palms is hidden from view until the final 100 yards of the steep slope and maze of ridges along the Whitewater-Mission Creek escarpment. However, two of the sentinel trees can be seen from the paved road below, if you know where to look. The site is on public land, almost on the boundary of a privately-owned section (640 acres) and for this reason is often bypassed by scientists and others interested in the botanical and zoological populations of

Palms, Hidden to Civilization



round holes indicating emergence of the larvae as they become adult beetles and fly to another palm to plant their eggs and renew the beetles' unusual life cycle.

Theoretically, there shouldn't be any living palms in Whitewater, or any other oasis the beetle frequents. However, the black "curly" insect (whence comes its family name) is not abundant and many of the larvae apparently die before emergence.

Etomologists are searching out other denizens of the palm groves and that ap-

parently was the way Whitewater Palms were re-discovered in recent years. There is an absence of trash, graffiti and other obvious signs of frequent visitation that mark most Coachella Valley area groves. However, the burned fronds, a few faint initials carved in the elephant-style trunks and a fair trail leading to the site indicate past human presence.

The grove is thought to be the farthest north and west of all the Colorado Desert palms, although that's a hair-splitting statement due to the proximity of several Desert Hot Springs area groves on the

same latitudinal line. Another way of saying it, however, is that Whitewater Palms represents the northerly limit of low desert vegetation and the typical plant and animal denizens so abundant to the south.

Accurately, however, the grove has to be considered the least-visited and relatively undamaged of any Coachella Valley area palm cluster. The short but lung-stretching climb up the little box canyon offers one good reason, at least, to this late middle-aged and somewhat overweight hiker. □

Big Morongo Wildlife Reserve

by ALTA M. RUTHERFORD

ALMOST EVERYONE knows about Southern California's most publicized oasis—Palm Springs. Another oasis, just a few miles to the north, is better known to birds and bird watchers.

Each day thousands of cars drive California State Highway 62 through the Morongo Valley and on to Twentynine Palms and the Colorado River. How many are aware that the green trees east of the road indicate an unusual spot? Very few. And there is nothing on the highway to flag the motorist.

The Big Morongo Wildlife Reserve is a rarity in the desert; it has water, lots of it, and green trees. Huge old cottonwood trees provide nesting spots for the more than 200 species of birds that come here. Ponds ringed with tules provide a haven for water birds.

For nature lovers, it provides a unique environment in which to study more than 300 varieties of plants, wildlife and birds. During dry spells, according to the caretakers, desert bighorn sheep may use the watering holes, but they are rarely seen.

The oasis was formed by earth movements along the Morongo Valley fault. Ground water from a 25-square-mile drainage area is forced to the surface by the fault.

The Indians knew of the oasis and they lived in a village near the water. In the 1880s it was a cattle ranch. From 1917 to 1924, it was the home of the Covington family. The regional park is named for the family. Leonard Covington now lives in Banning and he said his father used the water to irrigate crops.

"The Indian village was on the flat between the hill and what is now Covington Park," he said. "When I was a child we used to find bits of pottery in that area.



This old cottonwood tree forms an arch over the pathway through the reserve.

The ground was black with charcoal where they had built their fires."

As you walk around the ponds towards the east, you suddenly find yourself back in the desert beside a rocky hillside. Rusting machinery and wooden bunkers, falling apart with age, seem to indicate a mining operation took place here.

"Not so," Covington said. "Two men bought 160 acres from my father and moved the equipment in. They said they were going to mill ore from a mine near the Lost Horse Mine, but they had no intention of mining."

He thought the men sold stock in

the milling operation. In the end, his father took them to court to prove the scheme a fraud.

The machinery, so out of place in the oasis, causes visitors to wonder if there was once "gold in them thar hills."

Today, the regional park represents a success story of a different kind. The oasis is included in an 80-acre Nature Conservancy holding and San Bernardino County's 160-acre Big Morongo Reserve. In an unusual public-private partnership, the county supervises both as a unit.

The aim of the preserve is to let it

Tules reflected in one of the ponds. Water abounds in this oasis.

return to a natural state. If the wind blows a tree down, or even a branch, a park crew does not clean it up. Visitors can walk around the tree. Fallen wood provides nesting places for birds and it supports insects necessary to creatures above them in the food chain.

The only development is a parking lot outside the preserve with drinking water and restrooms. Here, too, you pick up information about the park and a folder with a list of birds that have been seen here. There is a place for you to mark the birds you spot as you stroll through the reserve. They are listed as to common, uncommon (seen less than 50 percent of the time), rarely seen or not expected. The folder also lists the seasons for each bird.

Many of the birds are transients stopping on their migrations north or south. Most celebrated is the little vermilion flycatcher. This is the northwest tip of its range, which extends across the southern Rockies to Texas and south to Argentina. It is mostly a spring and summer visitor.

The Nature Conservancy recognized the value of the oasis and when the key parcel was offered for sale several years ago they began raising funds to purchase the land. Its drive was successful and within three years the money was raised.

In the meantime, San Bernardino County acquired a large adjoining block for a regional park. When the time came to decide how the land was to be used, it became apparent that while the public was more aware of conservation needs, there was also more demand for public recreation facilities. Recognizing that intensive development could destroy the oasis, County Supervisor James L. Mayfield led the effort to establish the reserve as a truly natural enclave.

What can you do at Big Morongo besides look for birds? You can hike over a choice of trails within the reserve or into the rugged interior of the Little San Bernardino Mountains. You can picnic on a

Part of the milling machinery rusting in the Big Morongo Reserve. It provokes curiosity in visitors. Was there a gold mine here?

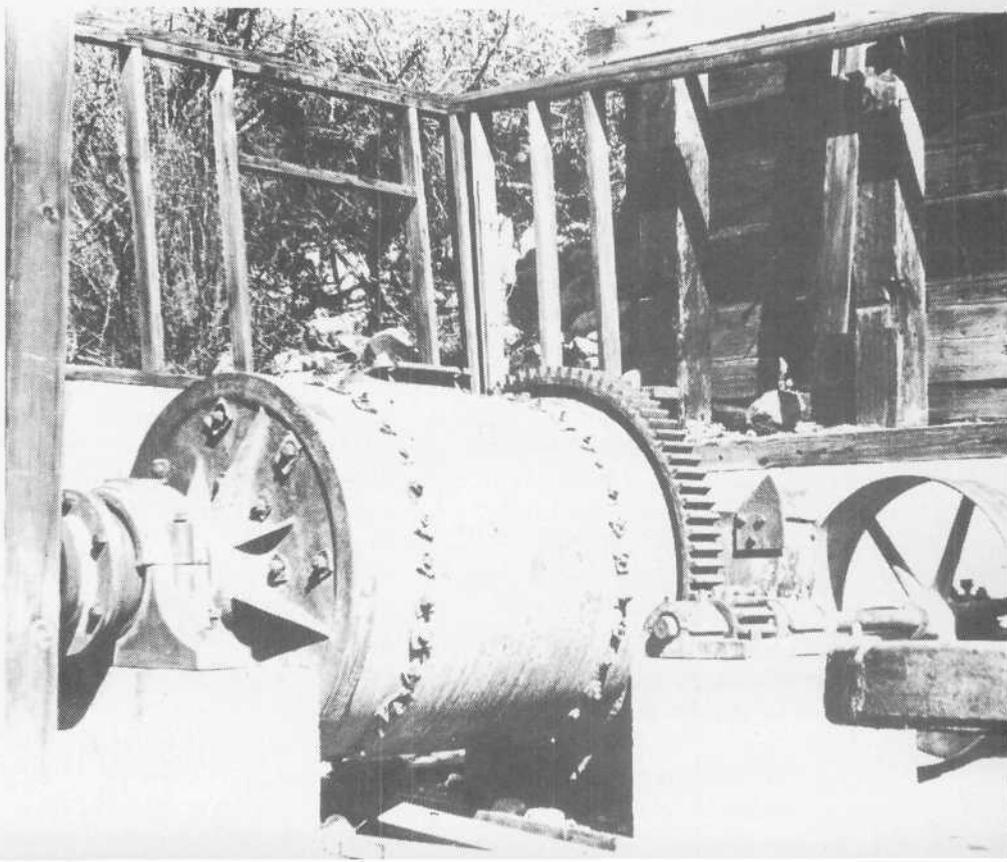


grassy meadow in the shade of a native cottonwood tree. Or just relax and enjoy the calm serenity of the desert.

There is no sign on the highway indicating the reserve. Watch for East Drive, a right turn if you are going north. This will lead you to the park entrance. The gate is open from 8 a.m. until dusk every

day. A charge of 50 cents a car is asked. A park ranger lives near the entrance and two student aides are usually on hand to answer questions.

Information may be obtained by writing Regional Parks Department, 825 E. Third St., San Bernardino, California 92415. □



What's Cooking on the Desert?

by STELLA HUGHES

Indian Fried Bread!

ONE OF the best and enthusiastically attended events at the Navajo Tribal Fair at Window Rock, Arizona each September is the hotly contested Fried Bread Contest.

Each Navajo woman entrant is supplied with flour, baking powder, shortening and salt, along with a fry pan and other utensils. A plentiful supply of cedar wood is cut and ready, and the women build their own fires under small grills such as are provided in many campgrounds. Then the mixing begins, with the kneading and patting of the dough, pinching off small lumps that are flopped from palm to palm until just the right thickness, and fried in an iron skillet.

They are judged not only on texture and flavor of their finished product, but the size of fire, if shortening is too hot or not hot enough, cleanliness and skill.

Most of the Indians refer to their camp bread as "Squaw Bread." Outsiders call

it "Indian Fried Bread." But no matter what it's called, it's delicious to eat.

Last October at the Arizona State Fair in Phoenix, the Papago Indians had a large concession booth where fry bread was made by the tons and eager buyers ate it with gusto. Advertising, or hawkers, were not needed as just one heady whiff of the delicious frying bread brought buyers in droves. The aroma was so potent it overwhelmed even the "cow barns" that were within rock-throwing distance.

Indians do not have a corner on the market for fried bread. It has always been a fast method of making bread when in camp, be it shepherders, cowboys, mountainmen, or just weekend campers. From the time you build your fire, mix your dough, until it comes from the skillet, golden brown and ready for butter and honey, hardly a half hour has elapsed.

Just what is Indian Fry Bread? It's one heck of a big, flat biscuit, fried in hot fat! You can make them any size you like, but nine inches across is about right to handle with a spatula in a ten-inch skillet. Some like to make small triangles of the dough, and drop in deep fat, but the Indians stick to their traditionally round

flat kind. The nine-inchers fill the skillet, and fit perfectly on a tin plate.

There are as many recipes for fried bread as there are Indian tribes in Arizona. Basically, however, all-purpose flour is used, baking powder, milk or water, shortening and salt. Some call for non-fat dry milk and a very few call for adding sugar. All dough is patted out thin, a small hole made in the middle for grease to bubble up and to avoid a doughy center. Some cooks use only an inch of hot fat, and others call for "deep" fat frying. Some tribes call their bread "Indian Popovers," but the recipe has the same ingredients as regular fried bread.

My French-Canadian mother made fried bread sticks each time she baked bread. Instead of round pieces of flat dough, she cut hers in strips, allowing them to rise from 10 to 15 minutes before frying in deep fat. Sugar and cinammon sprinkled on top and eaten while still warm is long remembered.

Make your very own "fry bread" by using your favorite yeast dough, and frying in a heavy iron skillet or Dutch oven. The bread can be eaten with the meal, or served as dessert with coffee afterwards. Maple frosting, made with powdered sugar, insures a winner in any circle.

Ready-mix biscuit flour, such as Bisquick, can be used, but is not at all successful unless at least half is all-purpose flour. Nothing else need be changed, proceed as in making regular biscuits, except dough is made into flat, round disks.

INDIAN FRIED BREAD

- 2 cups flour (unsifted)
- 2 teaspoons baking powder (rounded)
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1½ cups canned milk
- 1 tablespoon shortening
- salt to taste (or at least 1 tsp.)

Mix all dry ingredients in bowl. Add shortening and work with hands until crumbly, and in tiny pieces. Add milk and mix. Turn out on floured board and knead lightly. Avoid using too much flour. Pinch off a ball of dough to make about a nine-inch cake. Pat out with hands until dough is a round, flat shape about ¼-inch thick. Poke hole in the middle and fry in deep fat that is hot, but not smoking. Turn only once, about 1½ minutes on each side. Drain on paper toweling. Serve hot with honey or jam.



OLD TIME NAVAJO FRY BREAD

- 3 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 3/4 cups canned milk (approx.)

Combine flour, salt and baking powder in bowl. Add enough milk to make a soft dough. Turn out on floured board and knead thoroughly. Pinch off a ball of dough big enough to pat out to a nine-inch flat cake, about 1/4-inch thick. Heat lard in heavy, iron skillet and test by dropping in tiny piece of dough. If it rises to top of fat at once, and begins to brown, it is ready. Fry dough until brown; then turn over and brown other side.



The ANZA-BORREGO DESERT REGION

The Anza-Borrego Desert Region



THE ANZA-BORREGO DESERT REGION

A Guide to the State Park and the Adjacent Areas

By Lowell and Diana Lindsay

At last a current and comprehensive guide to Southern California's most popular desert playground has been written. There has long been a need for such a guide to the Anza-Borrego/Yuha Desert, which annually receives more than a million visitor-use-days. This area, much of it wilderness, covers a third of San Diego County and portions of Riverside and Imperial counties from the Santa Rosa Mountains to the Mexican Border.

In its more than a million acres, about equally divided between the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park (the nation's largest state park) and BLM's Yuha Desert Unit (containing the site of possibly the earliest human remains in North America), the Anza-Borrego region appeals to a broad range of outdoor enthusiasts: backpackers, dune-buggy drivers, hikers, horsemen, nature seekers and campers.

From prehistoric Indians through weekend vacationers, men have called this desert home, some for all of their time, others for some of their time. From piney mountain crags to a windy inland sea, a rich variety of desert plants and animals dwell, in terrain and landforms as different as their inhabitants.

The book contains a large foldout map, providing an overall view of the region, and also detailed maps showing the most popular hiking and backpack areas. A section on arid-area travel and special precautions adds to the desert explorer's enjoyment and safety. Sixty-five trips along 700 miles of jeep trails, paved roads, and hiking routes are described, giving details of over 300 points of historic and natural interest.

The guide was written in cooperation with the California Dept. of Parks and Recreation, the Anza-Borrego Desert Natural History Association and the U.S. Dept. of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management (BLM), Riverside District Office.

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NEVADA PLACE NAMES by Helen S. Carlson. The sources of names can be amusing or tragic, whimsical or practical. In any case, the reader will find this book good reading as well as an invaluable reference tool. Hardcover, 282 pages, \$15.00.

SHADY LADIES OF THE WEST by Ronald Dean Miller. Everyone knows that the harlot was in the vanguard of every move westward, and that she was as much a part of the western scene as the marshal, the badman, the trail-hand or the rancher. Many are the reasons she has been neglected by the historian — none of them valid. Author Miller, in this enlightening book, seeks to remedy some of the paucity of information on the American pioneers of this ancient profession. Hardcover, comprehensive bibliography, 224 pages, \$7.50.

HAPPY WANDERER TRIPS by Silm Barnard. Well-known TV stars, Henrietta and Silm Barnard have put together a section of their trips throughout the West from their Happy Wanderer travel shows. Books have excellent maps, history, cost of lodging, meals, etc. Perfect for families planning weekends. Both books are large format, heavy paperback, 150 pages each and \$2.95 each. Volume One covers California and Volume Two Arizona, Nevada and Mexico. WHEN ORDERING STATE WHICH VOLUME.

CALIFORNIA II — Photography by David Muench, Text by Don Pike. Travel from mountain to seacoast to fertile farmlands exploring remote and hidden valleys, populous cities and isolated ghost towns, discovering the beauties and variety of this Golden State. 165 beautiful 4-color photographs, large format, \$27.50.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and everyone interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, routes to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II Installations, etc. Hardcover, extensive index, highly recommended, \$12.50.

FROSTY, A Raccoon to Remember by Harriett E. Weaver. The only uniformed woman on California's State Park Ranger crews for 20 years, Harriett Weaver shares her hilarious and heart-warming experiences being a "mother" to an orphaned baby raccoon. A delightful book for all ages. Illustrated with line-drawings by Jennifer O. Dewey, hardcover, 156 pages, \$5.95.

NEVADA OFFICIAL BICENTENNIAL BOOK edited by Stanley W. Paher. Many hours of reading enjoyment for ghost towners and city dwellers alike. Over 200 authors are represented including Neil Murbarger, Harold Weight and Stanley Paher who have been contributors to DESERT Magazine. 247 original stories, 430 illustrations, maps, 528 pages. Large format, hardcover, \$15.00.

GHOSTS OF THE GLORY TRAIL by Neil Murbarger. A pioneer of the ghost town explorers and writers, Miss Murbarger's followers will be glad to know this book is still in print. First published in 1956, it now is in its seventh edition. The fast-moving chronicle is a result of personal interviews of old-timers who are no longer here to tell their tales. Hardcover, illustrated, 291 pages, \$9.95.

SOUTHWEST INDIAN CRAFT ARTS by Clara Lee Tanner. One of the best books on the subject, covering all phases of the culture of the Indians of the Southwest. Authentic in every way. Color and black and white illustrations, line drawings. Hardcover, 205 pages, \$15.00.



THE GUNFIGHTERS by Dale T. Schoenberger. Certainly the most carefully researched book ever published on the lives of seven legendary man-killers who played violent roles in that vast empire west of the Missouri a century ago. More than a decade of research has produced these exciting stories, supported by footnotes, a bibliography of over 500 reference sources and a most unusual collection of historic photographs. Pictures are such places as the Dodge House, the Long Branch Saloon, and the OK Corral. Cloth, boxed, \$12.95.

LOAFING ALONG DEATH VALLEY TRAILS by William Caruthers. The author was a newspaper man and ghost writer for early movie stars, politicians and industrialists. He "slowed down" long enough to move to Death Valley and there wrote his on-the-spot story that will take you through the quest for gold on the deserts of California and Nevada. Hardcover, old photos, 187 pages, \$7.95.

THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS by Edmund C. Jaeger. A long-time authority on all phases of desert areas and life, Dr. Jaeger's book on the North American Deserts should be carried wherever you travel. It not only describes each of the individual desert areas, but has illustrated sections on desert insects, reptiles, birds, mammals and plants. 315 pages, illustrated, photographs, line drawings and maps. Hardcover, \$7.95.

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BAJA CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK by Walt Wheelock and Howard E. Gulick, formerly Gerhard and Gulick's Lower California Guidebook. This totally revised fifth edition is up-to-the-minute for the Transpeninsular paved highway, with new detailed mileages and descriptive text. Corrections and additions are shown for the many side roads, ORV routes, trails and little-known byways to desert, mountain, beach and bay recesses. Folding route maps are in color and newly revised for current accuracy. Indispensable reference guide, hardcover, \$10.50.

THE HISTORICAL GUIDE TO UTAH GHOST TOWNS by Stephen L. Carr. This guide lists in geographical order by counties, gives an historical summary, defines locations and describes with text and photographs more than 150 ghost towns in Utah. Important landmarks are included as well as an abundance of maps. Large format, paperback, 166 pages, \$5.95.

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DEATH VALLEY: Geology, Ecology, Archaeology, by Charles B. Hunt. Death Valley has long been a place of fascination for people the world over, and much has been written about it. Now, however, all aspects of this famous (or infamous) desert have been brought together in this book. Lavishly illustrated with 163 photos and line drawings, paperback, 234 pages, \$6.95.

ILLUSTRATED SKETCHES OF DEATH VALLEY AND OTHER BORAX DESERTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST by John R. Spears. Originally published in 1892, Spears was the first professional writer to visit, photograph and write about Death Valley. Until now, only an occasional copy of the first scarce edition was available. This book, long considered cornerstone literature of regional history, is still an important work of source material. Heavy, slick cover, 226 pages, illustrated, \$7.95.

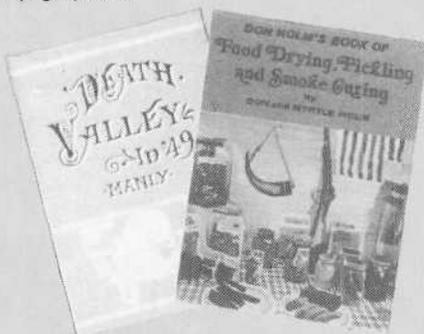
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WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this excellent book on all the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, illustrated, \$3.95.

DESERT WILD FLOWERS by Edmund C. Jaeger. One of the most complete works ever published on flora of the Southwestern deserts. Easily understood by amateur botanists and travelers as it is informative to the professional. 322 pages, well illustrated, \$3.95.

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GHOST TOWN ATLAS and SOUTHWESTERN GHOST TOWN ATLAS by Robert Neil Johnson. These atlases are excellent do-it-yourself guides to lead you back to scenes and places of the early West. Some photos and many detailed maps with legends and bright, detailed descriptions of what you will see; also mileage and highway designations. Heavy paperback, each contains 48 pages, each \$2.00.

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THE KING'S HIGHWAY IN BAJA CALIFORNIA by Harry Crosby. A fascinating recounting of a trip by muleback over the rugged spine of the Baja California peninsula, along an historic path created by the first Spanish padres. It tells of the life and death of the old Jesuit missions. It describes how the first European settlers were lured into the mountains along the same road. Magnificent photographs, many in color, highlight the book. Hardcover, 182 pages, large format, \$14.50.

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES by Will C. Barnes, Revised and enlarged by Byrd H. Granger. Excellent reference book with maps, Biographical information and Index. Large format, hardcover, 519 pages, \$11.50.

RAILROADS OF NEVADA AND EASTERN CALIFORNIA VOL. II by David F. Myrick. Just as Vol. I detailed the history of the Northern Roads, Vol. II expands the railroad history to the Southern Roads of Nevada. This volume also contains a useful index to both volumes, and is a reliable and accurate travel guide today as the reader wanders among the ghost towns of the past. Lavishly illustrated with maps and old photos, large format, hardcover, \$15.00.

JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. Illustrated, 239 pages, end sheet map, paperback, \$6.95.

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GHOST TOWNS OF THE NORTHWEST by Norman D. Wels. The ghost-town country of the Pacific Northwest including trips to many little-known areas, is explored in this first-hand factual and interesting book. Excellent photography. Best book to date on ghost towns of the Northwest. Maps, hardcover, heavy slick paper, 319 pages, \$9.95.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE COMMON AND INTERESTING PLANTS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA by Jeanette Coyle and Norman Roberts. Over 250 plants are described with 189 color photos. Includes past and present uses of the plants by aborigines and people in Baja today. Scientific, Spanish and common names are given. Excellent reference and highly recommended. 224 pages, paperback, \$8.50.

GOLD RUSHES AND MINING CAMPS OF THE EARLY AMERICAN WEST by Vardis Fisher and Opal Laurel Holmes. Few are better prepared than Vardis Fisher to write of the gold rushes and mining camps of the West. He brings together all the remarkable men and women, all the fascinating ingredients, all the violent contrasts which, by chance, go to make up one of the most enthralling chapters in American history. The author, a respected scholar, and a versatile creative writer, devoted the better part of three years to the preparation of this volume. 300 illustrations from photographs, hardcover, boxed, \$22.95.

LAND OF POCO TIEMPO by Charles F. Lummis. A reprint of the famous writer and historian of his adventures among the Indians of New Mexico. Lummis was one of the foremost writers of the West. Paperback, 236 pages, \$2.95.

ISHI IN TWO WORLDS by Theodora Kroeber. Ishi was perhaps the most remarkable personality of this century. A Yahi Indian, and lone survivor of a doomed tribe, he was found in the corral of a slaughter house near Oroville, Calif. For the rest of his life, Ishi lived under the care and protection of the staff of the University of California's Museum of Anthropology. An incredibly sad but beautifully told story. Hardcover, many excellent photos, both color and black and white, 262 pages, \$14.95.

LOST LEGENDS OF THE SILVER STATE by Gerald B. Higgs. The author provides interesting reading on 16 legends about the golden age of Nevada. Illustrated with rare old photos. Hardcover, 147 pages, \$7.95.

RAILROADS OF ARIZONA VOL. I by David F. Myrick. More than 30 railroads of Southern Arizona are presented, together with 542 nostalgic illustrations, 55 special maps and an Index. A valuable travel guide and a reliable historical reference. Large format, hardcover, 477 pages, \$19.50.

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must
include stamped self-addressed envelope

SUPER SNAKE SEQUEL . . .

After reading your October *Desert Magazine* story, "California's Super Snake," it reminded me of seeing a large snake in Tuolumne Co. in 1941 and 1942. I had the Log Cabin Mining Claim on the South Fork of the Stanislaus River just above Five Mile Creek—five miles from Columbia, California, and across the river. The last week of May, both years, I went to the claim to do the assessment work.

The road from Columbia to Five Mile Creek is narrow, winding, rough and steep—the first part paved. When I saw the snake the first time, I was going up the grade about one and a half miles above the creek. I saw what I thought was a bright green banana leaf from a tree or plant lying on the right side of the road near the edge and parallel. As my car got near, it crawled off the road into the bushes. I did not see its head or tail. Its body looked to be six or eight inches wide and six or eight feet long.

The next year, just about the same place and time, I saw the same snake, or perhaps another, the same color and size. It crawled off the road also, when the auto approached.

I have heard that rattlesnakes are green after shedding their skins.

This year my wife and I went to Angel's Camp to see the Frog Jumping Contests. Later, we drove down the same road where I had seen the snakes 37 years ago, but no snake this time!

JAMES L. NEWELL,
Laguna Niguel, California.

ENJOYED GRAFTON . . .

I read with interest Mary Frances Strong's article on the Utah ghost town of Grafton. I, for one, would like to read more articles on the settlement of Southern Utah.

The barren harshness of Utah's southern frontier caused men to become as hard as nails to survive. Dudley Leavitt, for example, survived an 80-mile trek, after Indians had stolen his horses, by kicking apart piles of dry manure to obtain whole barley kernels to keep from starving to death.

Thanks for the continued high quality of your magazine.

MERLE H. GRAFFAM,
Palm Desert, California.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

JANUARY 20 & 21, "Gemboree '79" sponsored by the Tule Gem and Mineral Society, Exeter, California.

FEBRUARY 3 & 4, Everett Rock and Gem Club's 26th Annual Rock and Gem Show, Everett Masonic Temple, Everett, Washington. Admission free.

FEBRUARY 9-11, 1979, Annual Gold Rush Days Show and Sale, Wickenburg Gem & Mineral Society, Community Center, Wickenburg, Arizona. Free admission.

FEBRUARY 15-17, Scottsdale Gem and Mineral Club's 14th Annual "Western World of Gems" Show, Camelview Plaza, 6900 East Camelback Road, Scottsdale, Arizona. Dealer space filled. Chairman: Cliff Bruce, 8720 East Jackrabbit Rd., Scottsdale, Arizona 85253.

FEBRUARY 16-25, National Date Festival's "Gem and Mineral Show," sponsored by the Coachella Valley Mineral Society, Desert Gem and Mineral Society, San Geronio Gem and Mineral Society, Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral Society. Fairgrounds, Highway 111, Indio, California. Information: Chuck Gage, National Date Festival, P.O. Drawer NNNN, Indio, Calif. 92201. Exhibit entries close January 23, 1979.

FEBRUARY 17 & 18, 1979, Tenth Annual Antique Bottle and Small Collectables Show and Sale of the Peninsula Bottle Collectors of San Mateo County, San Mateo County Fairgrounds, San Mateo, Calif. Admission and parking free.

FEBRUARY 17 & 18, 1979, "Gold 'n' Gems," hosted by Del Air Rockhounds Club, Inc., Hounds & Hammers, Marquardt Mineral & Lapidary Club, Sierra Pelona Rock Club, and VIP Gem & Mineral Society. 11th Annual Show, San Fernando Valley Gem Fair. Over 130 exhibits. Dealers, demonstrations, lectures. Free parking.

FEBRUARY 24 & 25, Santa Clara Valley Gem and Mineral Society 24th Annual Show, "Treasures of the Earth," Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, 344 Tully Rd., San Jose, Calif. Dealer space filled.

MARCH 2-11, Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral Society presents their 32nd annual show as part of the California Midwinter Fair at Imperial, California. Guided Field Trip to Old Mexico Saturday, March 10th. Parking across highway for campers. Admission charged to Fairgrounds.

MARCH 17 & 18, "Earth Treasures," sponsored by the Stockton Lapidary and Mineral Club, Scottish Rite Temple, 33 West Alpine, Stockton, California. Demonstrations, dealer display and sales areas.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, 12th Annual River Gemboree "Copper Bonanza" sponsored by the Silvery Colorado River Rock Club, Junior High School, Hancock Road, Holiday Shores, Bullhead City, Arizona. Copper and associated mineral displays. Demonstrators, dealers, parking and admission free.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, the Northrop Recreation Gem and Mineral Club will present its 19th annual show, 2815 W. El Segundo Blvd., and Wilkie Avenue, Hawthorne, California. Parking and admission free. Dealer spaces filled.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, Monterey Bay Mineral Society of Salinas, Inc., presents their 32nd Annual Rock & Gem Show, Masonic Temple, 48 San Joaquin St., Salinas, California. Dealer space filled.

MARCH 18, 1979, Annual Desert Gardens Walk of the Anza-Borrego Committee, 11 a.m. at the new Visitor Center near Anza-Borrego Desert State Park headquarters. Tours of the building as well as audio-visual programs in the small auditorium. There will be archeology and paleontology demonstrations. Plant, wildflower, bird and general desert walks will be led by State Park Rangers. The Visitor Center is a short distance west of the community of Borrego Springs, Calif. Plenty of parking. Bring good walking shoes, sun-shade hat, lunch and water (for hikes). Information available at park office.

MARCH 24 & 25, 1979, "Stone Age '79" Show, sponsored by the Santa Ana Rock & Mineral Club, Laborers and Hodcarriers Union Hall, 1532 East Chestnut, Santa Ana, California.

APRIL 1, 1979, Orange Belt Mineralogical Society's 33rd Annual Gem and Mineral Show, National Orange Show Grounds, Hobby Building, San Bernardino, California. Dealers and demonstration workshop.

APRIL 7 & 8, 1979, Northside Gem & Hobby Club's annual Gem Show, Wendell High School Gymnasium, Wendell, Idaho. Demonstrations, exhibits.

APRIL 7 & 8, "Galaxy of Gems-Safari '79," sponsored by the Bellflower Gem and Mineral Society, Bellflower High School Auditorium, 15301 McNab Street, Bellflower, California. Free admission and parking. Slide show, dealers, displays, movies.

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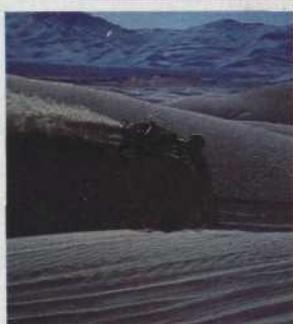
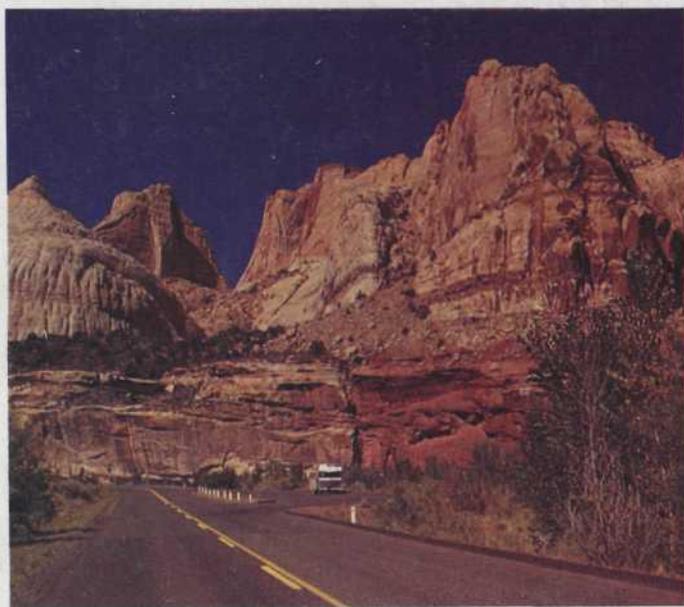
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