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September Peppercorns . . . by Jack Pepper

FEATHER FERVOR. The white man's laws which safeguard eagles, their feathers, nests and eggs, none of which can be possessed without a permit from the Secretary of the Interior, in the past have created a critical shortage of ceremonial adornments for the Southwest Indian tribes. Now the Great White Father has come to the rescue. "One thousand prized eagle feathers—highly important to ceremonial costumes of several Southwest Indian tribes—are en route to Indian reservations through the courtesy of the Department of Interior's Fish and Wildlife Service to help alleviate a critical shortage of the adornments," a Department of Interior release states. It seems the feathers are collected from eagles found dead in various parts of the country. When a dead eagle is found and can be preserved, it is packed in "dry ice" and flown to the Research Center. At the center, scientists check for diseases, abnormalities, or pesticide residues. When injured or sick birds are found they are nursed back to health, if possible, and are released. Eagles unable to fly are loaned to public zoos.

LOWER COLORADO. First steps to improve recreation in the lower Colorado River area have been announced. To implement the Department of Interior program for Federal development, Hugo Fisher, administrator of California's Resources Agency, directed the California Parks and Recreation Department to report on the feasibility of financing three large recreation areas; work with cities and counties to create local parks, and the Fish and Game Department to find the best way to work to reserve for the public 450,000 acres of public domain for wildlife.

ENLARGED ELSINORE. Southern California's newest re-activated recreation area, Lake Elsinore, is shooting up as fast as the desert spring flowers after rain. Real estate activity is booming and new marinas are underway around the waters of the lake which was only a dry bed last year. Just off the San Diego Freeway, the area can also be reached over State Highway 74 from the Spanish mission, San Juan Capistrano. Highway 74 from the coast is one of the most scenic drives in Southern California, winding through canyons once traversed by Indians, Spaniards and goldseeking prospectors.

SEPTEMBER CALENDAR. Aug. 22- Sept. 7. Julian Weed Show, Julian, Calif. Sept. 1-7 Centennial Celebrations, Pioche, Nevada. Sept. 5-6 Sports Car Races at airport, Santa Barbara, Calif. Sept. 6 Rough Water Swim and Aqua Festival, La Jolla, Calif. Sept. 7 Mining Day Contests and Exhibits, Prescott, Ariz. Centennial Celebrations at Eureka, Ely, Winnemucca and Elko, Nevada. Sept. 10-13 Navajo Tribal Fair, Window Rock, Arizona. Sept. 11-13 Yavapai County Fair, Prescott, Arizona. Sept. 15 Mexican Independence Day, Balboa Park Bowl, San Diego, Calif. Sept. 26-27 Long Beach Mineral and Gem Society's 27th Annual Show, 1309 East 3rd St., Long Beach, Calif. Late September—Annual Navajo Fair, Shiprock, New Mexico. County Fairs are held throughout Arizona during September.

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New Books For Desert Readers

A SOUTHWESTERN UTOPIA

By Thomas A. Robertson

As a participant, the author tells of the trials, successes and failures of an experiment in cooperative living indulged by a group of American colonists who attempted to set up an Utopia in Sinaloa (northwestern Mexico) some 50 years ago. As a testimony to the inadequacy of socialism, the book makes its mark, although that is far from its purpose.

On the contrary, author Robertson is chiefly concerned with reporting a little publicized incident in American history, telling of the great people who tried to make an impractical dream come true, and presenting its lesson to posterity. He has done a fine job.

Immensely readable, the book relates Robertson's friendship with and understanding of Mayo and Yaqui tribes, describes the country and wild life native to this tropical coastal region along the east coast of the Gulf of California, and colorfully depicts a passionate political crisis instituted when part of the colony rebelled against the idealism of its leader, Albert Kimsey Owen. Part of the trouble may be found in excerpts from a colony publication:

"The colonists are called to breakfast at six by a clarinet and in the same way are summoned to begin and stop work and for discussion and to hear news read . . . To make homes for every member and to keep the individuality of each person sacred is their purpose . . ." The trouble was, with communal living, a common kitchen, and utter conformity in living, the individual found it impossible to exist. The colony grew top heavy with intellect—too many planners and not enough workers. Soon the workers rebelled at carrying the load for those unable, or unwilling, to labor and the colony divided into two factors, the Saints and the Kickers. When the blowup came, the author's hard-working father considered a brother colonist whose job carried an important title, but whose entire activity entailed butchering two or three turtles a week. Still, he was paid \$3 a day in script, the same as all others. Thus, the Robertsons became Kickers!

One lesson Robertson believes was proven is that no matter how classes of people may be leveled, or how

leveling the circumstances of the lives of people, talent will assert itself, and personalities will rise to something like their merited position in life. This he found in the face of successes and failures of the colonists, intimate experiences shared with primitive and uncivilized peoples, and as a witness to the devastation of the Mexican aristocracy after the revolution.

Truly a worthwhile and interesting book, *Southwestern Utopia* is published by The Ward Richie Press. Hard cover and 266 pages, it sells for \$5.95 and may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Department.

THE RANCH THAT WAS ROBBINS'

By Adelaide L. Doran

Somehow its title doesn't do justice to this book. Few who have taken the glass bottom boat to Catalina Island appreciate the rich background enjoyed by this Pacific resort. Mysteries still linger which suggest a strange religious cult participated in by Indians who inhabited the islands before white man came. Later, Catalina played an exciting role in the Civil War. Mining activities also enlivened its history over a long period of time.

Mrs. Doran writes of the island's plant life, which includes lush growths of Chia (*Salvia Columbariae*) a grain favored by aborigines who ground it into meal for porridge and cakes. She also tells about a plant used as a remedy for rattlesnake bites—the wild carrot, from which a poultice of fresh leaves was applied to the wound with perfect confidence by both Mexican and American residents of the Island. To those who say there are no trees on Santa Catalina, she responds with excerpts from a report written by Mrs. Blanch Trask, the Island botanist, who says that it is impossible to see a thing without going where it is . . . that in the heart of Catalina one might see great cottonwoods, mountain mahogany, white oak, poppy trees and willow-leaved manzanita.

The city of Avalon, currently the scene of vacationing tourists, yachtsmen and fishermen, is also the home of the P. K. Wrigley Arabian horse ranch of great renown. Hardcover,

By Choral Pepper

with 211 pages, this surprising little book is chock full of entertaining and interesting information. Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, it may be ordered from DESERT Magazine Book Department. Price \$5.00.

THREE PATHS ALONG A RIVER By Tom Hudson

Although the locale of *Three Paths Along A River* is in Southern California, this story of three cultures—Indian, Spanish and American—is similar to the history of other areas of the West where conquered aborigines fell victim to the struggle for power and land among the Spanish, Mexicans and Americans.

Told simply and with compassion, the transitional history centers around the San Luis Rey River, once an abundant, peaceful river flowing through a verdant valley. Today the river bed is crossed by highways and only comes to life during flash floods.

Long ago, the river was the Gateway to California. Overland travelers up from Mexico and west from the States used the Carrizo Corridor leading to El Camino Real or to pass inland through Temecula to the mission of San Gabriel or the Pueblo of Los Angeles. The Butterfield Stage route crossed the San Luis Rey near the river's headwaters.

A former newspaperman, the author spent four decades gathering material and personally exploring the area about which he writes. A reader, carried along with the currents of the river, shares the experiences of those past who lived and died along its shores. Published by Desert-Southwest Publishers, the 245-page hard cover is illustrated by H. Ralph Love. Price \$6.00. May be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Department.

FROM NEW SPAIN BY SEA TO THE CALIFORNIAS

By Maurice G. Holmes

The discoveries of Christopher Columbus opened a century of exploration that sent Spanish expeditions along the coasts of the peninsula of Baja California and Alta California. Here is an account of the exploits of Herman Cortes, Pedro de

NEW BOOK ORDER DEPARTMENT

The books listed below and those which will be added in future issues of DESERT MAGAZINE have been selected as outstanding volumes which we feel will be of interest to our readers. In establishing the DESERT MAGAZINE BOOK ORDER DEPARTMENT we have selected books for quality and interest rather than mass volume. All of the books offered have been reviewed in "New Books For DESERT Readers" or read by the editors of DESERT MAGAZINE.

Send check or money order to DESERT MAGAZINE BOOK ORDER DEPARTMENT, Palm Desert, California 92260. Include 25c for postage and handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Please do not ask to be billed.

ON DESERT TRAILS by Randall Henderson, founder and publisher of Desert Magazine for 23 years. One of the first good writers to reveal the beauty of the mysterious desert areas. Henderson's experiences, combined with his comments on the desert of yesterday and today, makes this a MUST for those who really want to understand the desert. 375 pages, illustrated. Hard Cover. \$5.00.

CORTES, By Francisco Lopez de Gomara, secretary to the famous conqueror of Mexico. A vivid narration of the exploits of Herman Cortes who combined diplomacy, cunning and military might to overcome his adversaries. 480 pages, illustrated. Hard cover. \$8.50.

GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS by Nell Murbarger, the well known "roving reporter of the desert." The author's just-published book is an intimate chronicle of Arizona's once-booming mining towns, stage stations, army posts, marauding Indians and fantastic human characters. 380 pages, illustrated. Hard Cover. \$7.50.

LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDE BOOK by Gerhard and Gulick. The authors have revised the third edition to bring it up to date. Veteran travelers in Baja California would not venture south of the border without this authoritative volume. It combines the fascinating history of every location, whether it be a town, mission or abandoned ranch, with detailed mileage maps and locations of gasoline supplies, water and other needed information on Baja. 243 pages with three-color folding map, 16 detailed route maps, 4 city maps, 22 illustrations. Hard cover. \$6.50.

THE OREGON DESERT by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. This book is a hard one to define. A single paragraph may be a mixture of geology, history, biography and rich desert lore. The only complete book about the Oregon desert, the material applies equally well to other deserts of the West. The humor and fascinating anecdotes coupled with factual background and unusual photos, including color, make it excellent reading material even for those who may never visit Oregon. 407 pages, illustrated. Hard Cover. \$4.95.

ALL ABOUT CALIFORNIA By Thomas B. Lesure. The author has compiled a factual report on the attractions, cities and communities of California designed for "an auto trip or a vacation and for assistance to find a home or low-cost retirement in pleasant surroundings." It also includes a section on "Business Opportunities and Job Outlook." 104 pages, 8 1/4 x 11, durable paperback. \$2.00.

A SOUTHWESTERN UTOPIA By Thomas A. Robertson. An American Colony in Mexico. Half a century ago some 2000 Americans, pioneers, idealists and adventurers trekked into northwestern Mexico intent on forming a cooperative colony. The author (reared among the colonists) tells of the trials, failures and successes of colony life. This book, describing the people and life in Mexico's Sinaloa will be enjoyed by those who dream escapist dreams. 266 pages. Hard cover. \$5.95.

THREE PATHS ALONG A RIVER By Tom Hudson. Illustrated by Ralph Love. Once a river, the San Luis Rey is now only an intermittent stream. History marched beside the river, and in a sense the Valley of San Luis Rey can be called the Gateway to California. The earliest overland travelers coming from Mexico and west from the States traveled the Carrizo Corridor leading inland through Temecula to the Mission of San Gabriel and the Pueblo of Los Angeles. The Butterfield Stage route crossed the river near its headwaters. 245 page. Hard cover. \$6.

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. Fifty-eight towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. 239 pages, illustrated, end sheet map. Hard Cover. \$5.50.

THE DESERT IS YOURS by Erle Stanley Gardner. In his latest book on the desert areas of the West, the author again takes his reader with him as he uses every means of transportation to explore the wilderness areas and sift the facts and rumors about such famous legends as the Lost Arch, Lost Dutchman and Lost Dutch Oven mines. 256 pages, illustrated. Hard cover. \$7.50.

THE RANCH THAT WAS ROBBINS' By Adelaide LeMert Doran who began her professional career in 1929 with the Los Angeles City School System as a teacher of California history and geography. A complete book with good information on Santa Catalina Island's flora, fauna, and history and the part the Island played in the mining excitement before and during the Civil War. Double-page map. 211 pages. Hard cover. \$5.

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. Hard Cover. \$5.95.

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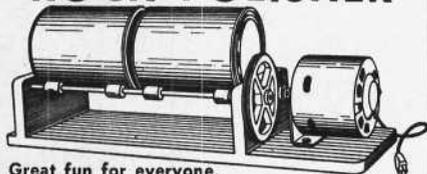
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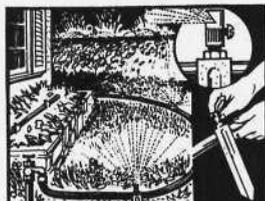
New Books

Alvarado, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo and Antonio de Mendoza. But most important, here is an account containing a wealth of new material dug up by the author, a retired Brigadier General, USMC, who spent seven years' on active duty in Spanish American areas.

Interesting information revealed by the author includes his unbiased opinion, backed up with previously un-published records, as to why the early Spanish occupation of Baja California was doomed to failure. General Holmes also describes in newly unearthed details the Indians found near the Bay of La Paz on Baja before the padres landed to inaugurate their missions. Some were hideous, with noses pierced, ears split to carry tubes, and with bodies striped with colors. These were not maritime Indians, like others encountered, and they waged continual war. In another instance, and at another port, the Indians were "more blonde" than those seen elsewhere on Baja and in New Spain.

With ancient maritime maps reproduced, this book covers an era of exploration embracing both Lower and Alta California during a time that is overlooked by most historians, as records left by missionaries at a later date are easier to come by than those of these early navigators. Here is a fascinating contribution to early California history, written with vigor and authority.

Published by the Arthur H. Clark Company, this hard cover, 307-page book is \$11.00 and may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Department.



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SPICE YOUR SPANISH WITH DICHOS

By Ricardo Castillo

"Dichos" are the pungent Spanish proverbs which add so much color and logic to the conversation and thinking of our Mexican neighbors.

"Cuando tuve dientes no tuve pan, y ahora que' tengo pan no tengo dientes."

When I had teeth I had no bread, and now that I have bread, I have no teeth.

"En boca cerrada no entran moscas."

If you keep you mouth shut no flies will get in it.

"El que entre lobos anda a cullar se ensena."

He who roams with wolves learns how to howl.

"Cuando digo que' la mula es parda, es porque' tengo los—pelos en la mano."

When I say that the mule is gray, it's because I have the hairs in my hand.

"Al mono aunque lo vistas de seda, mono se queda."

You can dress a monkey in silk, but it remains a monkey.

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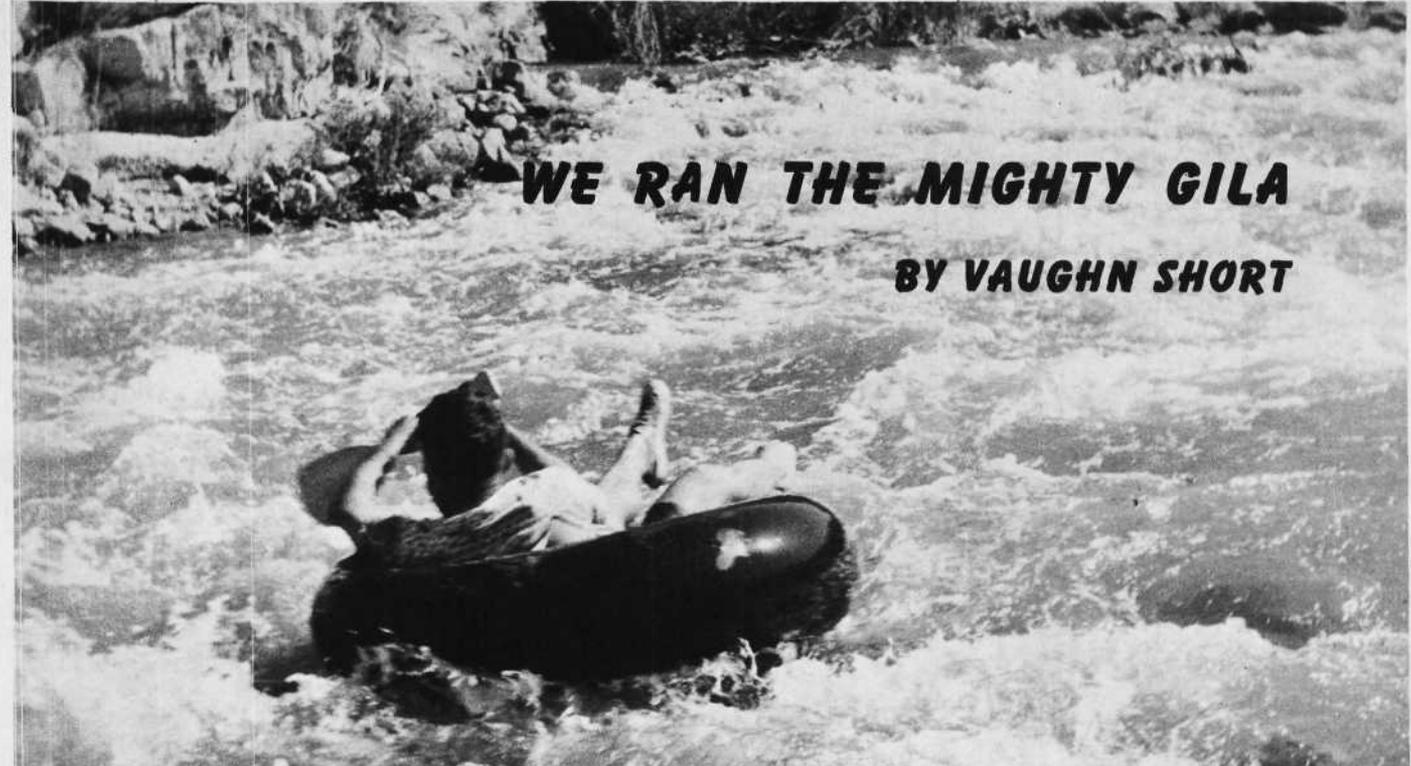
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WE RAN THE MIGHTY GILA

BY VAUGHN SHORT

**Wacky people do wacky things.
Here's a real wacky trip down the
Gila River**

AFTER MUCH pumping and lashing with ropes, our little fleet stood ready for the test. It consisted of two small rubber boats, a wooden gate atop three innertubes, an outriggered engineering marvel of styrofoam, and innertubes of various sizes. Most were single passenger crafts. Those riding tubes stowed their gear in one of the rubber boats. Others trailed a second tube with sleeping bags and food affixed on top.

We were about to run the mighty Gila River — maybe not quite so mighty as the mighty Colorado, but still, the second most important river in the lower Southwest. Born on a high pine-covered slope in western New Mexico, it enters Arizona near the town of Duncan. Prior to modern day dams, it flowed across the state to join the Colorado above Yuma. Now its lower stretches are dry.

Unlike Fray Marcos de Niza who camped beside it in 1539 and 19th century mountain men who trapped beaver on the Gila, our adventurous party didn't expect to meet hostile natives. Other than that, we were prepared for anything. This was the Southern Arizona Hiking Club's first river run and, I must admit, there were moments when it occurred to us

that we should never have left the ground.

Thirteen of us made the trip, five of the party being ladies. Several members had scouted on foot the stretch to be negotiated by water and established a launching site at the end of a ranch road five miles below Coolidge Dam. Here, under the spread of some cottonwood trees, our strange flotilla assembled. The Gila looked far from formidable at this point, being only 30-feet wide and scarcely knee deep. But it moved fast.

Confidently we shoved off. In a few hectic moments we learned lessons about swift water, low overhanging limbs and barbed-wire fences. Luckily for us it was shallow. At times more river-runners were in the water than upon it.

A short distance down-stream, the Gila River Flotilla put ashore for adjustments and revisions. The lady on the styrofoam raft found it utterly unmanageable and was forced to hitch a ride in one of the boats. After our second cast-off, everything fell under control. As the morning progressed, we floated through a deep craggy gorge. This section of Gila Canyon is one of Arizona's top beauty spots and it isn't everyone who sees it from below.

To elude occasional fences suspended across the river on cables, we raised them from the bottom and floated through, unscathed. Low hanging branches and rapid water proved our

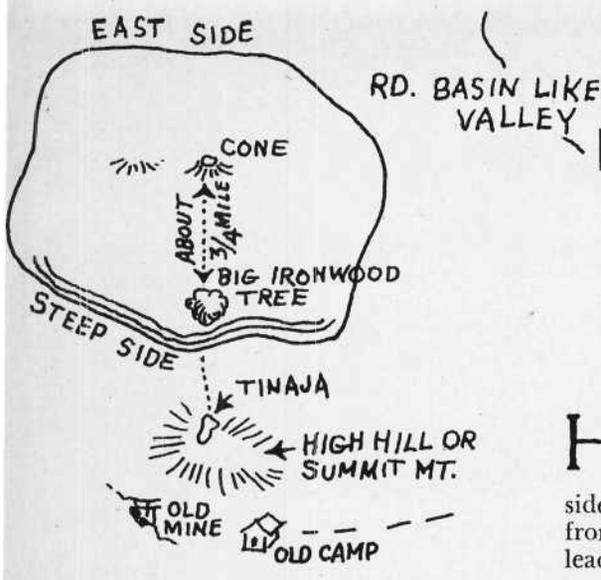
greatest threats, but experience soon paid off.

At a small backed-up lake we tied the single craft to the two rubber boats and towed them to the end of the lake. Here we set up camp, laughing and singing around a fire while eating mushy food. Even sleeping in soggy bedrolls didn't spoil the fun.

Afloat the next morning, one of our boats snagged on a tree overhanging the foot of a rapid. Two gaping holes split its side. This boat carried much of the gear, unfortunately, but we saved what we could and draped its deflated side over a compartment of the boat that remained inflated. Somehow it managed to limp through the remainder of the day. There was not much fast water at this end of the trip, but rapids continued to appear from time to time. On tranquil stretches we relaxed, drifting and dreaming along a watery path between desert hills studded with scarlet-tipped ocotillo and freakish saguaros.

In late afternoon we beached near a little town named Christmas where our cars awaited. The length of the river run was 20 miles.

Now that our hiking club has its feet wet, we're anticipating greater challenges, but the Gila was a great beginning. Others contemplating this mad adventure must be sure to investigate in advance the amount of water being released at Coolidge Dam as when the lake gets too low, its gates are closed. ///



DR. SUSAN and the PEGLEG

by Kenneth Marquiss

HUNTING LOST mines is a most exasperating hobby — or mania, depending upon which side of the breakfast table it is viewed from. The search for tangible, logical leads is like opening a can of beef stew; you're likely to get mostly potatoes! To top it off, those occasional meaty clues you do get always seem to have gristle spots.

This characteristic appears to apply to classics like the Pegleg, as well as to the many regional lost ledge and treasure stories you flush out of the bushes when tracking the ghost spoor.

I used to laugh a very smug laugh when Pegleg and his black nuggets were mentioned. This came about because in my one-blanket Starting Days I shamelessly cultivated the

friendship of a spry, white-haired, kindly gentleman "of the old school" who was then secretary of the local Historical Society. He had a luscious sample of Breyfogle ore that I openly coveted (and never got) and a stock of stories about the yesterdays I wanted even more—and did get. He shattered my Pegleg black nuggets dream. He had a family uncle-to-father-to-son account that flatly stated that Pegleg's nuggets were the forged and recast loot of a murder-robbery operation feeding on heavy-poke miners leaving the old La Paz placer workings. Pegleg's recorded unsavory reputation, and the logical elements of the old historian's narrative made a most convincing case.

So I used to laugh at the Pegleg story—until I met a lady I will call Dr. Susan.

My hobby "reputation" must have rippled wider than I thought; because one evening in 1953 Dr. Susan briskly phoned to introduce herself, mentioned a mutual friend as reference, and suggested a right now conference.

She was a story in herself. A small, greying, pleasant—but no nonsense—person, who leaned heavily on a cane due to a game right knee. Of all things, she was a female chiropractor! How she could pop the sacro-iliac of a two hundred pound truck driver was a profound mystery I thought best to keep my nose out of.

The second cup of coffee produced the expected map copy—with a 1914 story involving dark coated nuggets. I was a little disappointed, and said so.

Dr. Susan bristled and there was fire in her eye. "I am going to assume you meant no hurt; and I assure you I am not trying to feed you a Pegleg rehash because I don't have the faintest idea of what constitutes such a thing!" She was new to the game, and claimed she had never heard of Pegleg. She became quite excited when I sketched the standard version.

Slightly off-balance with embarrass-



Home on the desert is where you drop the tail-gate. Equipment changes, but the desert doesn't. At right is my old La Salle. If I could have equipped it with 4-wheel drive, I'd be using it still. Below is current rig—home-made, but hardy.



About once each decade DESERT turns up a top-notch lost mine prospector who can tell his story with skill and integrity. Kenneth Marquiss is such a man. His first published manuscript appeared in DESERT in June, 1964. He is currently at work compiling notes from his field record notebooks. Other of his true lost mine adventures will appear soon.

Employed as a heavy construction worker, Marquiss took up prospecting as a between-job hobby when he left school just short of receiving his degree in geology during the financial depression of the '30s. Today, at 56, he's still looking!

ment, I hit the ropes when she opened a little slip-top face powder box. Wrapped in tissue paper was a dark brown, almost spherical nugget about the size of a hazelnut.

Her story leaned in the same direction, but differed in detail from the Pegleg—and punched holes in my skeptical smugness. She said she used to have a very wealthy lawyer friend who had lived up around Fresno. In the Pancho Villa-triggered tide of animosity, this lawyer had been instrumental in thwarting the deportation of a skinny, penniless Mexican of indefinite derivation and allegiance. That the Mexican was a wizard with flowers and the lawyer a rose fancier undoubtedly helped. The Mexican worked for the lawyer for several months, and then went to get some brace stakes—and didn't come back for seven years.

When he did return he was fat, "muy rico," and brimming with gratitude.

He insisted on giving the lawyer a large baking powder can full of nuggets, in a beautifully tooled Mexican leather bag; and a map to the find "because there is plenty there for all both of us, Senor!"

He said he had been to Mexico, and during the previous autumn he had returned up the west side of the Colorado on mule-back to avoid trouble. He reportedly headed west for Mojave at the north end of "the first high mountains above where the boat that pulls itself across the river on a rope was working." (Presumably the old Blythe ferry.)

One afternoon, somewhere along the way, he was trapped by a screaming sandstorm and holed up among some big rocks at the western base of a large hill. He and his mule had a rough night, but the storm eased by sunup.

As he cooked a meager and long-delayed meal, his curiosity (and appetite) were whetted by desert doves "flying into the rock" on the hillside above him. Investigation dis-

closed a trough-like tinaja, or rock water tank, in a deep, narrow crevice. As he filled his water cans he noticed a round basin-like valley down below him to the northwest, about a mile away. Down in the bottom of this basin were two small knolls. The left one was box-like, or butte shaped; but the right was a small cone or blow hole "like a little upside down funnel."

As soon as it was watered, the restless mule became content to browse hobbled; and the Mexican (who had never seen such a formation) went to see what was in the blow hole. Like most cones, it was plugged with rock almost to the top. The easiest return route was down the east side, and near the base of the cone he found the nuggets. He took all he could safely carry.

From the top of the hill above the tinaja he had spotted a road of sorts in the distance. On the way out he passed an abandoned small mine workings, an old camp, and two water holes or springs. The map the Mexican gave the lawyer shows these in sort of an arc. The chart is obviously the work of an unskilled hand—and the rub is that it shows no compass orientation, scale, or any reference or distance bearings from any known hub. Just the immediate area involved—and that may be upside down! It's like a house and street address without the city name to localize it.

A year or so after the Mexican's visit, Dr. Susan was in the lawyer's office on business, admired the bag, and almost sprained her shoulder when she tried to pick it up—much to the lawyer's amusement.

Here's where the gristle begins. She said the lawyer gave her a couple of nuggets, told her the details as he remembered them, and let her copy the map "because he wasn't going to give up a lucrative practice to go gold-chasing." She said the map was drawn in ink on the most beautiful white leather—"nicer than chamois"—

she had ever seen. Lustless lawyers who leave bags of gold lying around (and leather maps) sounded slightly fishy to me, as I could do a better job of compounding a story myself, but she swore it was the truth. The lawyer helped her dump the nuggets into an empty cigar box so she could run her fingers through them. She claimed that, without exception, they were of approximate ball roundness, most of about pea size with a "couple as large as ping pong balls."

Dr. Susan would not let the nugget she had out of her sight, so my tests were not complete. It weighed one ounce, three pennyweight and one grain. The color was not black, but a very dark brown—like a dry cud of chewing tobacco—and impervious to hot water or weak household acids. She wouldn't let me cut or drill it to run a bullion assay—"you can do all the monkeying you want to with your share!"—so I don't know how deep the color went, the fineness of the metal, nor its amalgamating tendencies. Its specific gravity, however, was 13.7, indicating a very rich alloy, possibly with copper or bismuth. She said the other nugget "that Mabel has" was smaller, but identical in color.

Dr. Susan had scouted what she thought were two possible locations as close as she could by car. They were in the Chuckawalla Mountains and near the Devil's Playground. Because of her infirmity she wanted me to check them out on foot, on a share basis. I was between jobs, envisioned a quick take, and agreed to try. She furnished gas money for the first trip—"but you would have to eat anyway"—so I fed myself.

The "quick take" stretched out into five years of between job folly. I checked "possibles" from the Chocolate Mountains, northward as far as the Barstow to Vegas road. My 'luck' remained at par. Enough is enough; and the results are obvious.

Dr. Susan died in May, 1953. So I feel free to disclose my half of the story. I am still NOT a "Lost Pegleg Mine" convert but neither can I explain Dr. Susan's story nor the source of her disturbing nugget. It could be coincidence, a parallel—or two views of the same place. Those exasperating missing story pieces (and human quirks) are what keep "lost" mines lost.

Of three things I am quite sure. The nugget was a natural; Dr. Susan didn't have the mining or desert background to cook up the story details herself; and she wasn't playing tiddly-winks! ///

It isn't often that a DESERT writer is nominated for the President of the United States. To celebrate the occasion, we are reprinting the first article written for DESERT Magazine by Barry Goldwater, way back in August, 1941. In a comment about the author accompanying the article, former DESERT Editor, Randall Henderson, wrote: "Everyone in Arizona knows Barry Goldwater. But for the information of those not so fortunate as to reside in the Sunset state, this 32-year-old writer helps manage one of Phoenix' large department stores, takes some of Arizona's most beautiful photographs, and is an avid lecturer and traveler throughout his state. The only vocation or avocation in Arizona in which he has never engaged is Arizona politics—which all goes to prove Barry is a smart young man, for politics in Arizona is a goshawful thing!" Before the present campaign is over, Senator Goldwater will no doubt find that national politics is equally goshawful.

Part and parcel of a region that natures individuality in its landscapes as well as in its men, Senator Goldwater has been a dedicated contributor to the desert that surrounds his home. Here he recounts an Arizona incident from his own family archives. Joe Goldwater, who participates in the story, was the brother of Barry's grandfather, Mike, and accompanied him to Arizona territory in the middle of the 19th century, where they made their home even before Arizona was a state.

TWO MEN, one of them masked, walked into the general store of A. Castanoda and Joe Goldwater in Bisbee, Arizona, soon after dark Saturday evening, December 8, 1883.

The unmasked invader levelled his gun at Peter Dall, the bookkeeper. "Get your hands up!" he commanded.

Taken by surprise, Dall hesitated for a moment. The second bandit also turned his revolver in the direction of the clerk—and the latter's hands went up without more delay.

Three other masked men had followed the first two into the store and covered the customers and other clerks.

"Get that safe open and hand over the payroll money!" demanded the leader, speaking to Dall. But Peter was only a subordinate in the store, and did not know the combination.

He told the bandit he was unable to comply. The unmasked one was not convinced, and with an oath moved closer to Dall and levelled the gun directly at his head.

At this crisis one of the masked robbers in the background moved forward, saying, "Hold on boys, don't shoot him. I've got the man in charge of the store here."

The man he referred to was Joe Goldwater. As one of the owners of the place, he knew the combination, and with guns pointed at him he lost no time in opening the safe.

Two of the bandits, in the meantime, had returned to the sidewalk in front of the store and were patrolling the street with Winchester rifles. Just as Goldwater was swinging open the door of the safe, those inside the

store heard one of the men outside shout an order, "Come on in here!" Evidently a passing citizen saw what was going on and intended to spread the alarm, for he replied, "No you don't—." At this, the other member of the gang shouted out, "Let 'im have it," punctuating his words with two blasts from his gun. The man staggered a few steps, and then fell dead against the Bon Ton Saloon.

Thus began one of the bloodiest incidents in all of Arizona's turbulent history—the Bisbee Massacre. The man killed was Johnny Tappenier, and before the whole affair was over nine other persons were to follow him to the grave.

The shooting of Tappenier changed the whole aspect of the affair. No longer was this just another payroll hold-up, fairly common in those days. It had become the deadly serious matter of murder. The bandits realized that capture now would mean the noose, so they had no reluctance about using their guns.

Earlier in the evening D. T. Smith had been in the store, trading with Joe Goldwater, but had left to go to a restaurant. He was sitting at a table with Mr. Boyle, the owner, when the shooting started. Jumping up, he rushed into the street, armed with an English bulldog pistol. He never got to use it, for a bullet through the brain made him victim number two of that ruthless slaughter. From then on, the gunmen shot at anyone who showed his head in the street.

It was this promiscuous shooting that brought death to the third person. Mrs. W. W. Roberts, a young woman of 33 years, had just recently

come to Arizona from her native New York. She unknowingly stepped into the street, and a bullet brought quick death to her.

The score now stood at two men and one woman, but the shooting was not yet over. A citizen named James A. Nalley, while trying to reach a place of protection, was fatally shot through the left side of the chest. He too staggered to Bob Pierce's saloon before collapsing, and died the next day.

The reign of terror lasted five or six minutes at the most—but it was long enough to bring death to four innocent persons and robbery to the store of Castanoda and Goldwater.

While the killings had been taking place outside, Joe was opening the safe inside the store, emptying its contents into the gang's jackets. Not content with the loot from the safe, one of the bandits went into the back room where Castanoda lay sick, and forced him to hand over a bag of gold that he had put under his pillow for safe-keeping when the shooting started.

With the robbery finished, the five men dashed out of the store and raced down the street, firing an occasional shot over their shoulders to discourage pursuit. They ran to the end of Tex's lumber yard where their horses were tied. Mounting, they headed out of town in full gallop towards Hereford.

But where, while all of this was going on, was Arizona's much-vaunted law? Deputy Sheriff Bill Daniels, who ran a saloon as a side-line to his law-enforcing, was playing billiards in his establishment when the fireworks be-

On that

Night of December 8th...

by Barry Goldwater

gan. Rushing to the door to see where the shooting was coming from, he collided with a man coming in breathlessly who told him what was going on. Daniels started toward the street but was swept back into the room by half-a-dozen men scrambling for safety.

The deputy got two guns, gave one to a man who had just come in, and the two of them ran out the back way into the "gulch" behind the buildings. They raced down to the postoffice, where they came into the street. By that time the bandits were running for their horses, and the officer had to hold his fire for fear of hitting the townsmen who were fill-

ing the street. As the unmasked leader commanded, "Get on your horses, boys," he cut loose at them. Their returning fire forced Daniels back out of range for a second, and when he came out shooting again, the gang had started down the road. The darkness made for bad aim, and he emptied his gun after the fleeing men without apparently making a hit. He returned to the store, where Joe Goldwater told him of the robbery.

Daniels hastened to the Copper Queen mine office where Ben Williams offered to furnish a few horses and all the guns needed for a posse. Returning to town Daniels met a boy who had just seen five men on horse-

back galloping furiously in the direction of Hereford. Arriving in the heart of town, he found everything in confusion. However, he managed to recruit a posse and they saddled up and headed for Tombstone to tell the sheriff of what had taken place.

Daniels himself then left with another man to go to Forbe's milk ranch to see if they could pick up a trail. On reaching the ranch he was told that a party of five men had passed there a while before. Here was a trail, and Bill was anxious to get started on it. Hurrying back to town, he found a posse ready to start. By



this time it was 3:00 a.m. They rode to the milk ranch, and camped until dawn. When the morning sun gave them enough light, they headed out on foot to see if they could pick up tracks. After following the road for half a mile they were convinced that they were on the right track, and returned for the horses. Daniels was leading the party down the narrow road when a man named John Heath came dashing up from the rear and said that he had found some tracks branching off from the road back a ways.

Daniels was an experienced trailer and he hadn't seen the other tracks, but he listened to Heath's suggestion that the party split up and follow the two trails. Heath took two men with him and headed in the direction of Tombstone. Daniels went westward, but an hour's search failed to show any trace of the gang. Something was in the wind, something that smelled of treachery! John Heath would bear further investigation.

Heath, however, was well along the road towards Tombstone by now, and there was nothing to do but return to the trail they had been on previously. After riding for some distance, a party of men were seen to come up from Sulphur Springs valley. These men, when questioned, said that they had seen a lone rider early that morning, but that he had changed his direction and ridden away when he saw them. This same story was told by another man at Soldiers' Holes when the posse arrived there near sundown. Daniels' men took time to eat and water the horses, and then pushed on. They were certain that one of the fugitives was somewhere ahead of them, less than 12 hours away. The next stop was White's ranch, where the rancher said he had seen a party of riders answering the description of the wanted men a few days before, at a neighboring ranch. However, he had not seen the lone rider mentioned by the party of men that day, so Daniels decided to call it a day. The trail was cold by now.

The rising sun saw the posse again on its way, this time to Buckle's ranch, where Mr. White had seen the wanted men. Arriving at the ranch around 10 o'clock, they found Frank Buckle had a lot to tell them. Four of the five men had left there the Wednesday before, after shoeing their horses. Two of the men had been there before. One was described as being light complexioned, sandy-haired and wearing a moustache, giving him a very debonair appearance.

That, thought Daniels, could be no other than Tex Howard, the unmasked desperado. And the other man fitted John Heath's description to perfection. Now the story began to take shape. John Heath and Tex Howard had been friends before the robbery had taken place. Here then was the reason for Heath's discovery of another set of tracks. He had deliberately thrown the posse off the trail. John Heath became a wanted man.

One of the horses was going lame, so Daniels sent the rider to Tombstone with orders to have Heath arrested if he showed up in that town. He also dispatched a note to Ben Williams in Bisbee to watch for Heath in case he returned there.

From what he learned from Frank Buckle, Daniels deduced that the gang or part of it had gone to Mexico. He led the posse south, visiting Leslie ranch, the San Bernardino ranch, and the Erie Cattle company's lower ranch to find clues to the movements of the desperadoes he was seeking. After three days, he turned back to Bisbee. By this time, even if he were on the right trail, the murderers would be across the border, so further search in that direction would be a waste of time.

On the way back, he learned that Heath had been arrested and was in jail in Tombstone. He determined to capture the other four of the band. After a few days in Bisbee, he was off again. Luck was with him this time. Tracing Dan Dowd, one of the desperadoes, to the border, he decided to ignore the international line, and went down into Chihuahua. He found his man in Corrolitos, captured him, and smuggled him back into the United States where he was jailed at Tombstone.

After Dowd's capture, the rest of the gang followed quickly. Bill Delaney, the second of the masked quartet, was arrested in Ninas Prietas, Sonora, by a Mexican officer. Dan Kelly, a third, was caught when a barber recognized him as a wanted man and turned him over to the law. Tex Howard and Red Sample showed up in Clifton on the morning of December 13, five days after the massacre, and started on a spending spree. A gold watch gave these two men away. A quick-witted bartender, Walter Bush, recognized a double-cased gold watch engraved with the name "William Clancey" as part of the loot that Joe Goldwater had been forced to turn over to the robbers in Bisbee. He notified the authorities, and the last of the five were soon under lock and key awaiting trial. Justice was promptly

meted out. They were tried immediately, and were sentenced to hang on the 28th day of March, 1884.

That, however, was not the end of the list of dead or doomed which began with Johnny Tappenier on that fateful night in December, 1883. There was still the matter of John Heath in jail under suspicion as an accomplice to the robbery and subsequent murders. Heath, like his friend Howard, came from Texas. He had arrived in Bisbee only 10 days before the massacre, and had gone into the saloon business with a Mr. Wait. During the trial, the information came out that he and Tex Howard had run cattle together for three years in Texas. They had drifted apart, and then met again near the town of Clifton, Arizona. During the trip from Clifton to Bisbee the two partners increased to six with the addition of Bill Delaney, Red Sample, Dan Kelly, and Big Ben Dowd. Ben, Red and Yorke had intended to go to Mexico, and Heath was going to Bisbee to open up a legitimate business. It was Tex Howard who planned the hold-up and persuaded the others to join him. Throughout, he seemed to be the ring-leader.

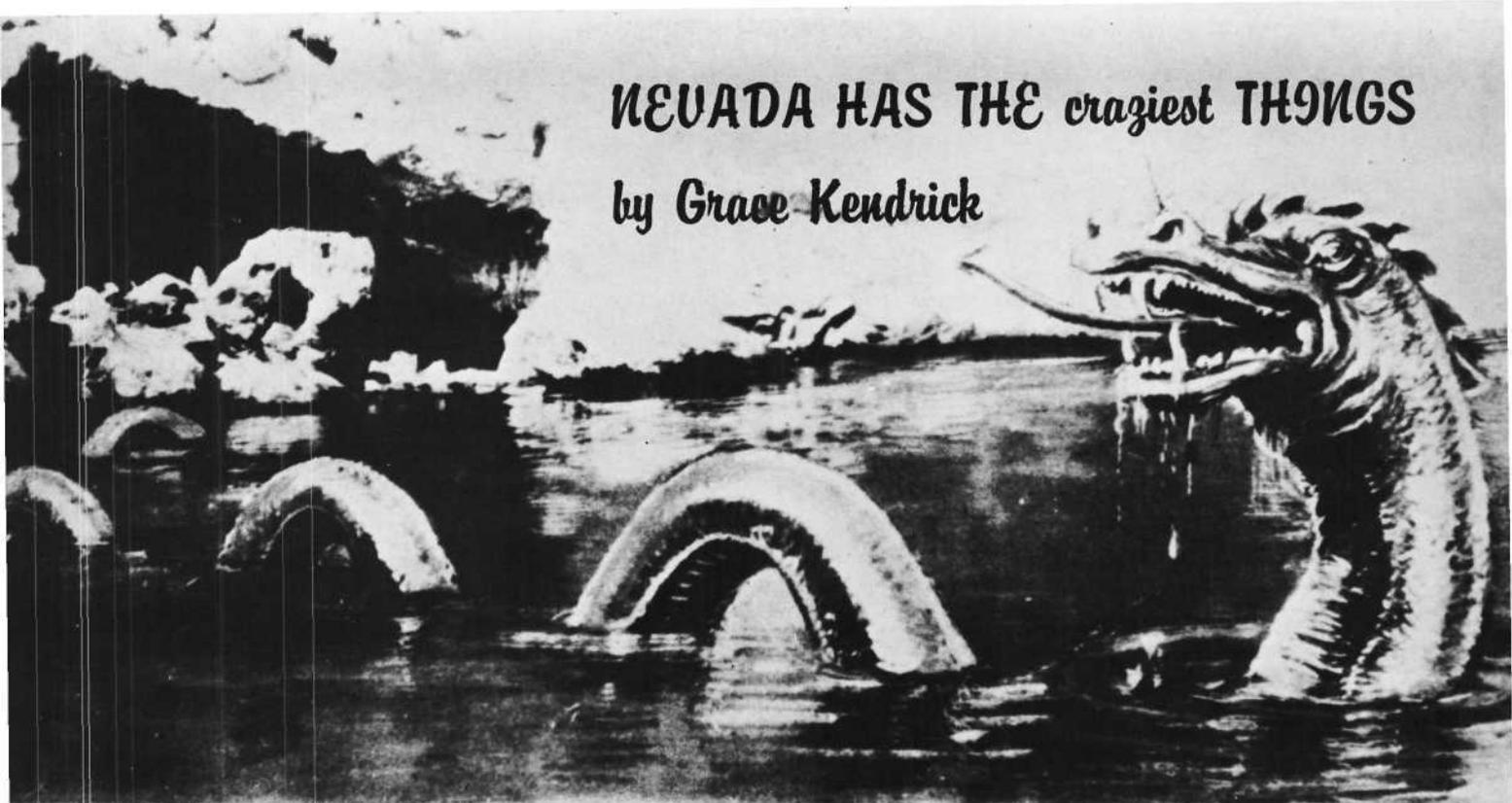
But whether his intentions were good or ill in coming to Bisbee, John Heath became involved in the massacre and was sentenced to 20 years in the territorial prison at Yuma for being an accessory to murder. Heath himself was probably glad to get off with no worse punishment, but not so the citizens of Bisbee. Four of their townsmen had been shot down in cold blood, and they were not to be appeased with anything short of death for anyone who had anything to do with the murder.

On the morning of February 22, 1884, over 50 armed townsmen rode over the Mule mountains into Tombstone. They obtained a rope from a store, part owner of which was the same Joe Goldwater who had opened the safe and handed over the loot to the bandits on the night of the massacre. By the time the inhabitants of Tombstone were up that morning, John Heath was hanging very limp and lifeless from a telephone pole. The coroner's inquest on the body read, "I find that the deceased died of emphysema of the lungs, which might have been caused by strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise."

Thus was justice meted out to the last of that ill-fated sextet that planned and carried out the payroll robbery of the store of Castanado and Goldwater which turned into the bloody chapter in Arizona's history known as the Bisbee Massacre. ///

NEVADA HAS THE craziest THINGS

by Grace Kendrick



IT IS AT this time of year that residents and visitors to western Nevada keep a watchful eye for the famous Walker Lake Sea Serpent. Rolling from his subterranean cavern to bask himself in the sun, he is most likely to be seen twined about the stony lime-covered rocks near the steep cliffs on the western shores of Walker Lake. On occasions fishermen have seen him in the center of the lake, sticking his head above the water to peer around. When this special event takes place, the experienced fishermen will expect to catch the prized 20-pound cutthroats in the safe and shallow water near the banks of the lake.

An explanation for the fabulous animal's existence seems more plausible since the discovery of the ichthyosaur fossils 100 miles to the east of Walker. It is apparent that the serpent, like the ichthyosaurs, swam into this area (perhaps from a Scottish Loch) while the ocean lapped on these shores. In a later eon, when the great Lake Lahontan covered much of western Nevada, he wasn't so crowded for room and probably swam back and forth with his sisters to the area which is now Pyramid Lake.

The first written record of the aquatic dragon was a front-page item in the second issue of the Hawthorne News. This September, 1928 article states that the Sea Serpent hadn't been seen since the big celebration to honor the commission of the U. S. Naval Ammunition Depot at Hawthorne. It was asserted the roar of the airplanes had so filled this sen-

sitive creature with terror that he cowered to the 140-foot depths of his briny home.

In 1931 an "unusual action" took place in Walker Lake. The water grew dirty-looking and a yellow algae rose to the surface. The navy ordered the naval beach closed until the situation could be investigated. Old-timers testified that similar eruptions from the lake had been known to have taken place, often on a moonlight night. One theory was that subterranean springs, which supposedly fed into the lake, had broken through the surface of the lakebed, causing the sudden disturbance. But the favorite explanation was that their beloved Sea Serpent had been scratching his belly on the basin of one of the depths of the ancient Lake Lahontan.

A saloon near the cliffs of the 17-mile-long lake promises that visitors will be able to see the serpent after partaking of four highballs. In spite of this, however, many sober and sincere people have attested to having actually seen the monster. Two photographs have been "taken" in modern times. One was submitted to a Reno newspaper by an unknown photographer. The Reno paper printed the picture in 1929 and continues, even today, to keep its readers abreast of the serpent's activities.

The other picture was given to posterity on February 2, 1930, by "Doc" Bott. Early that morning "Doc" was trying to get a snapshot of a groundhog making his annual weather prediction when he spotted the Sea Ser-

pent resting on the rocks at the mouth of an eerie cavern. "Doc" rushed home, "developed" his film, and made thousands of prints of it. These he placed in his Golden Key Drug Store, Hawthorne, Nevada, where they have been on sale for the past 30 years.

In tracing the source of the Serpent's "discovery" by white man, one finds many references to Indian tradition and legends. An interview with some of the residents of nearby Schurz Indian Reservation revealed that it could not have been a legend of Indian origin, since Walker has always been a favorite Indian fishing ground. The superstitious Piutes would never have gone near a lake in which a devil of the sea cavorted.

Whatever his origin, his destiny is certain. The inlet to Walker Lake has been shut off in the 20th century and its precious water has been diverted to run over alfalfa fields and through kitchen sinks. The elevation of the lake has dropped 80 feet. As the water recedes, the lake's alkalinity and salinity will become so high that its prized cutthroat trout will be unable to survive. Eventually, the Sea Serpent will be incarcerated in a dried bed of calcareous tufa formations.

Until then, however, the people of Nevada will keep him alive. Unlike Puff, the Magic Dragon who crawled into a dark dungeon and died because his master grew up and had no further use for him, the beloved Walker Lake Sea Serpent will continue to romp and play in the saline waters of beautiful Lake Walker. ///



Only an adventurer sees this primeval region. Below: Unlike the bloody battle its name implies, Massacre Canyon is serene today.

CHIA

fostered

MASSACRE CANYON is located in Southern California in the northwest section of San Jacinto Valley just off State Highway 79 in Riverside County.

Every day hundreds of motorists wind over this venturous passage where the highway hugs each fold of the mountain. But only those who live in the Valley under the shadow of towering Mt. San Jacinto will recognize the mouth of Massacre Canyon. Others, unknowingly, will pass it by.

For there are no signs pointing to the canyon. It is only marked by a sharp curve in the highway where an insignificant bridge passes over a dry creekbed.

This winding strip of highway is to blame for the canyon remaining anonymous. Because of the mountainous terrain and poor visibility, parking is unthinkable.

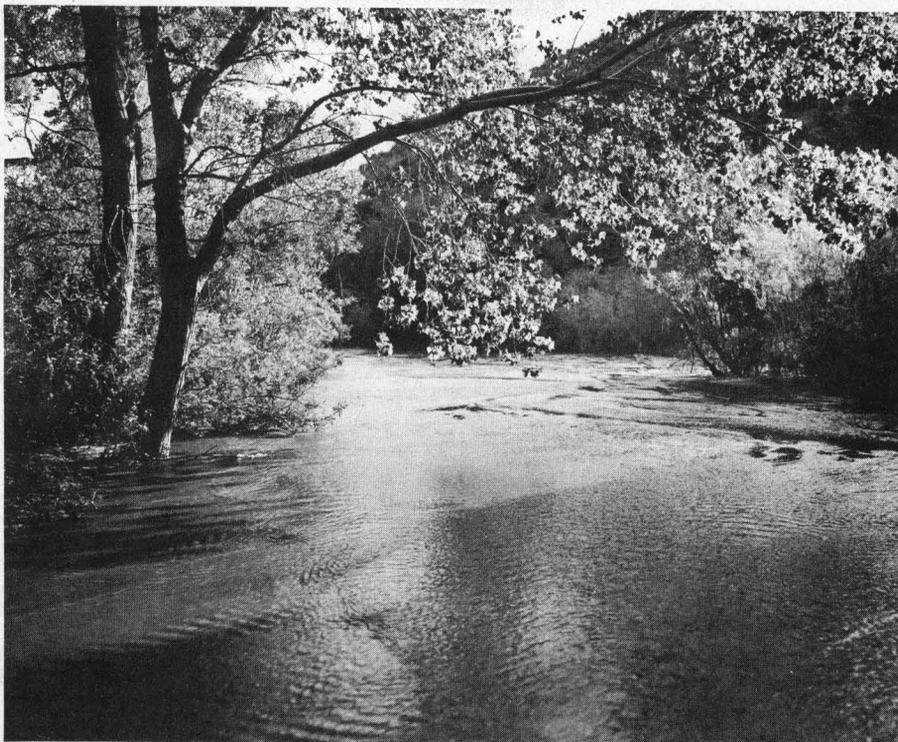
Moreover, the canyon itself is treacherous. Large boulders and fallen tree trunks obstruct the path in places, and rattlers are a constant danger in the summertime. Therefore, tourists are warned not to enter the canyon without adequate supervision and protection.

But the veteran hiker exploring this landmark will find Massacre Canyon to be a place of enchantment and beauty.

After entering the creekbed at the bridge and following the narrow gorge into the interior of the canyon, the way is suddenly blocked by a massive, perpendicular rock wall over which water tumbles only during the rainy season. Here, at this wall, the great massacre took place.

The story, preserved by legend, has been handed down from father to son among the Soboba Indians, the only tribe still remaining of the six that once inhabited the San Jacinto Valley.

The Soboba's themselves live on a



the battle of Massacre Canyon

by Jo Knight

reservation east of Massacre Canyon at the foot of Mt. San Jacinto. Old Victoriana, their last chieftain, died in the year 1890. When telling the story he used to say, "The battle took place—maybe—350 years ago."

At that time the six tribes happily shared the resources of the lush San Jacinto Valley—the springs, the wild-life, and particularly the chia, a wild grain which the Indian women ground together with acorns to make a highly nutritious flour.

Then came a day when drought destroyed the chia crop of the Temeculas. The Temeculas were a tribe of strangers to the southwest of the Valley and war-like by nature. Hungry and desperate, they moved northward to fall upon the chia crop belonging to the Ivah tribe.

The chief of the Ivahs rode out

from camp to protest. A reckless young Temecula brave responded by shooting a feather from the chieftain's resplendent headdress. The chief returned to his tribe at once and prepared them for the easy victory he anticipated on the next day.

But by morning reinforcements had come from Temecula. Though greatly outnumbered, the Ivahs fought valiantly. At last, completely surrounded, they were forced deep into the canyon and trapped by the precipitous wall. With only a handful of young braves left, they fought stubbornly, "stopping only to die," as Chief Victoriana put it.

Thus Massacre Canyon received its name, given it many years later by early white settlers who heard from the lips of old Victoriana how the fearless Ivahs, with their backs to wall, fought to the finish. ///

Boulders and fallen tree trunks obstruct the path where, at the lower falls, most hikers give up the trail. Upper falls are one-quarter mile beyond this point.



Carefree COOLING SUMMER AFTER SUMMER

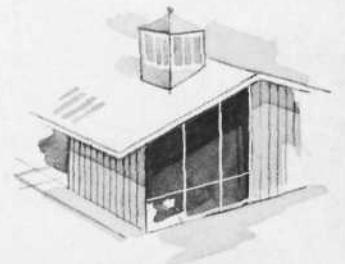


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Small Moki ruin between Mexican Hat and Hall's Crossing, Utah, explored by author's son and friend. Right: This may be last photo of road built by Stanton in 1903 to carry dredge to the Colorado.

CAVES

WATER LAPPED against slabs of red sandstone that lay under our sleeping bags. Stars hung in the heavens and all was well. I felt like a water lily floating on a log—relaxed, serene.

But it didn't last long. Crystal stars, rippling waters and westerly winds move subtly. We had no idea we'd awaken at daylight to the threat of a storm. And, on the Colorado River's newly formed Lake Powell, that's quite a threat. White-caps threshed against strong winds. Heavy clouds covered the sun. We packed our gear into the outboard motor boat we'd rented from Frank Wright at Hall's Crossing and sped from our camp back to his pier.

Actually, it didn't inconvenience us too much. We'd had only part of the previous day to enjoy Lake Powell, but one more would have left us even more frustrated. There is too much to see and do. Two days or 20 couldn't begin to satisfy us. Every 24 hours, at the time of our visit, the water level rose another two feet. Canyons that had been boxed since the coming of white man were for the first time about to be revealed.

Frank Wright had taken us on a short tour that included Moki Canyon and shown us a ruin of Moki dwellings tucked into a cliffside cave. Like a minute toy village, flat flagstone chips formed walls high above

our heads. Footholds, called Moki Steps by unprofessional archeologists, indented the steep golden walls above the water's level and led to the lofty dwelling—its only access. I'd never have made it home in Moki days, I decided, comparing their steps with my own Swede-sized feet. Frank Wright said that in all his years of Colorado river-running, only four members of his boating parties ever scaled the walls to examine this ruin.

Further up Moki Canyon, beyond a point where Colorado River water formerly reached, we commented upon another elongated shadow barely visible in the canyon's wall. So high, in fact, that from ground level where Frank had frequently hiked in the old days, he'd been unaware of it. As I wondered aloud if their might be ruins nestled into it too, Frank shouted, "Look, there are Moki steps!" And sure enough, faint, but distinct footholds led up to the cavern. As Lake Powell's water level rises toward its ultimate goal this new cave will become visible to boaters. How I wish we could be there to see it first!

Hall's Crossing is located toward the upper end of the lake. A year ago we boated on the lower part near Glen Canyon Dam. The lake there weaves a beautiful abysmal path between red and gold walls, into mysterious channels cut by ancient springs, and below the majestic, in-



timidating structure of the dam. But Hall's Crossing is entirely different. Here your soul soars through endless space and across watery basins. Today's beach will be tomorrow's lake bottom, but the terrain rises slowly and boating and camping along it will only grow better.

Although not as deep as those below, there are canyons here too, newly filled with water and with sheltered coves. Many of them carry a story. There's Stanton's Canyon with its steep ramp cut into a rocky cliff down which Brewster Stanton hauled a dredge in 1903. Convinced that a fortune awaited him under the waters of the Colorado, he was 'chagrined to find that one day's

Desert's

trip of the
month

CANYONS and CACHES

by Choral Pepper

Editor, DESERT Magazine

labor netted only \$37.50. Gold in the sands of the Colorado proved too fine to dredge.

Frank Wright brims with wonderful stories about this country, his country, and a better guide couldn't be found. My husband, Jack, asked him how veteran river-runners, like himself, felt about the new era of Lake Powell. Frank answered that its rising waters brought him closer to tears that he'd been for a long, long time. And he meant it. A man so masculine that he dares to be sensitive, Frank is one of the finest men I have ever met. The idea of an ancient Moki ruin inundated is almost more than he can bear. To him, it represents finale to a people that he, one of the few persons in our modern world, had grown to know through a legacy of accomplishments that included an architecture so advanced it employed double walls fill-

ed with grass for insulation and utilized solar heat; an industry which cultivated land for food; and a pride in home exemplified by handprints of men, women and children who patted the adobe to plaster their walls.

But this passing of an era has been lamented by other writers. I'm afraid I belong to the future . . . to the promise of Mystery Canyon which will soon be accessible for the first time; to the chance that buffalo will wander to the shore from their stand in the Henry Mountains; to the discovery that soft red sandstone substitutes very well for a sandy beach—bugless, burrless and snakeless; and to the exciting advance of strong, silent, untrammelled land. This is for me. I like the new Lake Powell.

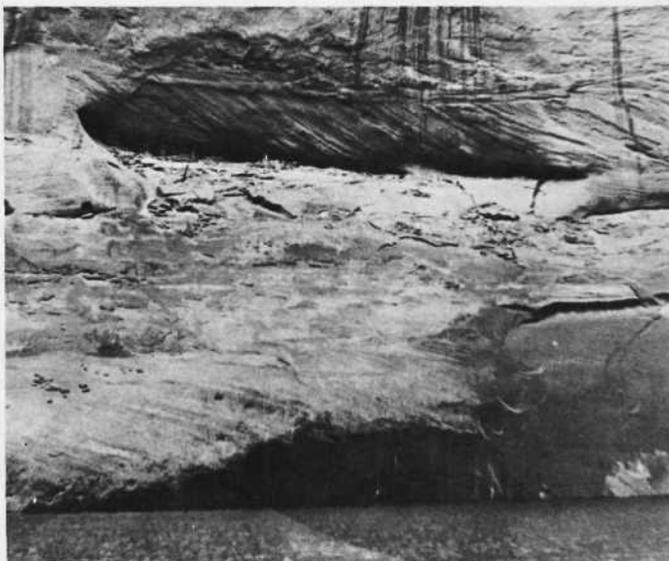
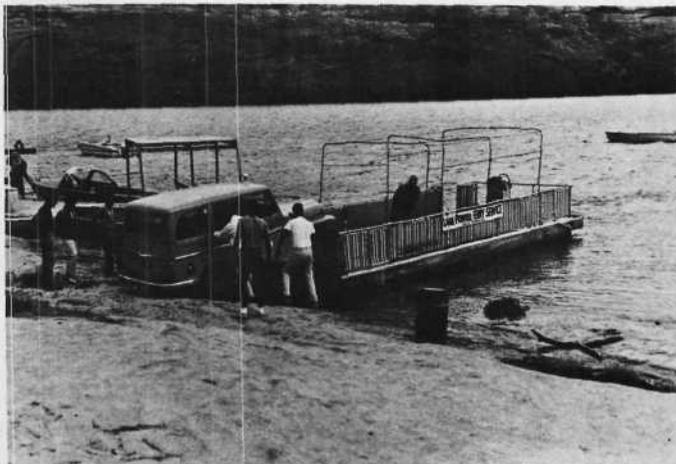
While we sat on the pier chatting with park ranger Dick Barber, the Hall's Crossing ferry unloaded a 4-wheel drive station wagon ferried

from across the lake. The road from Hanksville to the crossing, we learned from Dick, is rough and unimproved, but currently attracting 4-wheelers and pickup campers into fabulous back country. Other sportsmen arrive by plane to land at the Hall's Crossing airstrip (4000-foot runway with warming pad and 12 tie-downs) and either stay in one of Frank's trailers at the resort or rent a boat and fish for bass and trout and make camp, like we did, on the shore.

So much to do—but another time. The wind blew harder and the sky grew blacker. We collected our gear from the pier, stashed it in the car, and returned along the route that had brought us from our Monument Valley headquarters at Jim Hunt's San Juan Motel in Mexican Hat.

This unimproved road covers an area that took us a day, although most people going to Hall's Crossing

Hall's Ferry carries 4-wheeler to wild country across Lake Powell. Right: Like toy villages, Moki ruins nestle in caves.





Left: Mysterious cavern where modern cave dwellers made a home. Below left: Jack Pepper finds whittler's cache in crevice of cave. Right: Rock carving by Mormon pioneers who, after crossing the Colorado through hole-in-the-rock, met this desolate scene.

crowded into a stunted juniper forest. But not for long. Bubbling springs suddenly gave birth to a fertile valley where cows lazed under cottonwood trees, so contentedly that even the bulls were bovine.

We stopped beside a spring to picnic and fill our canteens with sweet water, and Jack couldn't resist an impulse to explore. While our son, Trent, his friend Scotty Barrett, and I climbed a rocky wash into a canyon where we expected to find a cave ruin, but didn't, Jack hung back to poke among crevice-like caves along the wall of the canyon. One showed signs of smoke and a chink in the top of the narrow cave formed a natural chimney. Although this cave was entirely different from nearby cave shelters which harbored rock and adobe dwellings distinctive to this area, Jack persisted, digging out guano with his shovel and examining cracks between the rocks. Tucked into one he detected an end of cord. Digging and prying finally revealed a piece of wood. Carefully Jack worked it loose—a carved wooden implement. What it is, we don't know, but I'm

from Mexican Hat travel it in a little over two hours. It is negotiable by passenger car, if you drive carefully and watch for rough spots that are now and then hacked up by trucks. The weather cleared as we moved inland, so we stopped often to explore.

What country! Like Ferdi Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite, it should be set to music. Swirling masses of bed-rock with sage-filled crevices spun into swollen dunes of soft pink sand. Then smooth loaves of puffy boulders



sure nobody else would have found it. The cord is woven of fibre and the wood is well-worked, sabre-shaped but with a notch carved into the top of it, like a short attl. The cord was wrapped about the handle. It could have been whittled by a prospector or sheep herder who sought shelter during a storm in the cave above the wash, but a stubby log hoarded with the hidden implement suggested that its artisan intended to return and carve again. It also could have been the work of an ancient Indian.

This was only the first mystery. Another soon followed. But first we inspected a Moki ruin in a cave shelter beside the road. It was small and, although of interest, we were growing blasé about ancient dwellings and one in such an obvious location didn't hold our interest long. While Jack drove, I scanned the mountains and valleys through binoculars and suddenly yelped, "What's that?"

We were still asking the same question after hiking a mile or so up a handmade road carved from the walls of a deadend valley. At its head, and high above its floor, yawned a great, deep cavern. It wasn't until we'd climbed into it that we recognized it for what it was—a hideout. Ricketty furniture included a broken camp cot and splendidly legged table. Pulp magazines and Los Angeles newspapers with dates from 1952-54 were crumpled on the floor. Among the debris we found a child's shoes, a man's khaki jacket, an unsigned unemployment compensation application and an insurance paper for a mobile home registered in the name of a resident of Los Alamos, New



Mexico. Because of atomic energy activity there, we decided that the road to the cave and the low, rock wall along its rim had been constructed to provide shelter for a family who was bomb shy! If all that labor had been fostered by something more constructive than fear, the unemployment compensation papers would have been unnecessary. There were no signs of mining or prospecting interests around the cave. Until Lake Powell was recently filled, this road was rarely traveled and a man could have hidden indefinitely. Perhaps our modern cave-dweller wasn't bomb shy after all. Maybe he had other reasons for seeking obscurity.

From this fertile land of caves and springs, we approached another change in terrain. The earth dropped away and an endless desert lay below. Here our symphony assumed a poignant phase. This road followed the old Mormon trail cut by pioneers who crossed the Colorado by dismantling their wagons and passing them down through a hole in the rock. After the short haven of fertile valley through which we'd just passed, the foreboding landscape which now lay before us must have sorely tried their courage. No wonder one of the party stopped to carve "Make Peace With God" into a rock. He probably doubted that he'd live to reach the end.

Our reaction was less desperate. Like a world of giant mine tailings, crusted earth heaved, flowed, and bumped downward as far as we could see. Some of it was yellow, some blue,

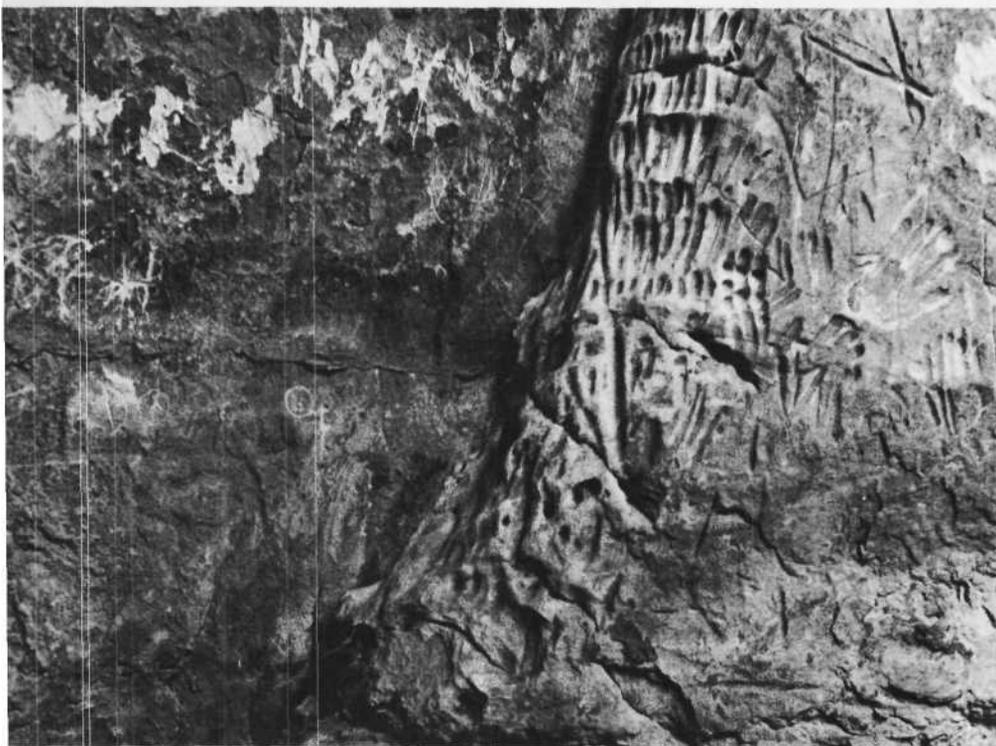


pink, white, charcoal, orange and purple. A vibrant green slashed through it all, the famous Chinle structure associated with uranium. We wound through the strangely painted desert along a serpentine road that eventually carried us to a new kind of country—white country.

White cliffs, white boulders, and deceptively flat white terrain bordered the fantasy land of White Canyon. This deep slice wedged from the earth's surface in Utah's San Juan County encompasses Natural Bridges National Monument. I must confess that we'd looked down upon this wonder before, somewhat unimpressed. This time we decided to hike to

(Continued on Page 32)

Above: Kachina Bridge. Left: Unusual petroglyphs which resemble hands and fingers imprinted into soft clay. Others are painted in yellow ochre. Placed high on the wall, they must have been executed from a platform placed upon the ledge of the cavern.



WHITE MEN HAVE been collecting arrowheads, one way or another, ever since they landed on Plymouth Rock and started pre-empting the red man's land. But what was once uncomfortable for the white man and sport for the Indian has become a favorite Western pastime for both. Any weekend now you may see the collector, with his scoop stick and bent head, following Indian trails through sand, rocks and trees, up mountains, in and out of canyons, hopefully looking for the points his ancestors tried to dodge.

A friend and ardent arrowhead collector, going through our rock box one day, exclaimed, "This is an old Indian flint awl! Get it out of those rocks and on cotton—it's priceless!"

Well, when one of your worthless rocks suddenly turns out to be "priceless" it is bound to rouse your interest. That was the beginning of the trail for us. We started by going back to the place where we had found the flint tool. We didn't know how to find new sites and a good spot is

of points, charms, or tools, we are happy; if not, we are still happy—we have the camp!

"But," our friends ask. "how do you find new camps?"

Our answer is that it is 25% guesswork and 75% legwork. This is an indoor-outdoor hobby. The more time you spend on the former, the easier it is on the latter. The prerequisite to a good guess is to acquire thorough knowledge of the area and the habits of the Indians who lived in it.

If a large part of their diet consisted of pinon nuts, don't look in a juniper grove for their camp; if they chose high spots for funeral ceremonies (not necessarily connected with graves) you will hunt for beads on the highest hill near a camp. If you have learned that they ate clams and snails from the lakes and rivers, a marine shell in a sand dune indicates you are on the trail.

The second half of the homework is maps—all kinds of maps, but the best is topographical. These may be obtained at almost any large bookstore, or you can order them from the Geological Survey, Federal Center, Denver 25, Colorado. A request will bring you a list of the maps available by area. These maps will give you the tree line, the water sources, the old trails—the white men's trails usually followed the Indian's—dry lakes, and canyons. If the waterholes are still "wet" they will probably be occupied or picked over, as other collectors recognize an existing waterhole as the best possibility. We look for dry lakes, intermittent river beds and old springs. A little knowledge of geology is helpful in recognizing these.

With your homework accomplished, you are ready for the trail. The best starting point is a known camp. From this, in at least two directions a day's journey away, must be other camps. These people didn't travel for fun and a day's journey is variable, anything from one mile to 15, depending upon terrain and food and water supply. They carried their food, water, fire and tools on their backs and they went no farther than was necessary to reach the next hunting or harvest area.

In looking for the next location, follow a water course to where it enters a canyon and look on the south or eastern-facing bluffs just outside the canyon mouth. Watch for sand dunes beside a lake, or wide, flat places in old river beds. Or go up into the pinon trees and look for an open sagebrush flat. Try to de-

the

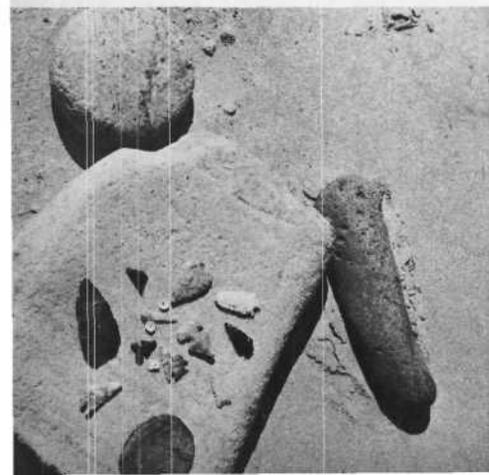
LURE OF THE HUNT

by Julia Crow

something not even your best friend will tell you. But, as we studied and hiked and hunted, we gradually learned to locate new areas of our own.

We now play a game of "might-have-been." Might they have had a village on that hill? Would they have camped at that spring? What about that big bunch of rocks? To stand in a spot where the ashes of ancient campfires, grinding stones, and dropped tools have lain for centuries, undisturbed; to be able to conjure from this inanimate evidence a living, colorful village life; to build your own stories around the questions—how many families lived here? Did they come for seed gathering, hunting or ceremonies? Where did they go?—this is the reward at the end of every trail.

By the undisturbed condition of a camp we are able to discern whether or not other collectors have found it before us. If not, the camp is ours. We name it, sometimes suitably, sometimes fancifully, map it and enter it in a diary. Among others we have Brown Awl, Mustang Spring, Deep Mortar, Twin Butte, Lakeview, and Calico-chip. If we are lucky enough to find surface souvenirs in the shape



termine what your starting camp was used for and then figure out what their next harvest would have been, always keeping in mind three things vital to a good camp selection—water, food and protection from enemies.

Then add comfort in the shape of rocks for shelter and sand for clean softness. A site you might have chosen for yourself often reveals a camp. Along with the thrill of discovery will come a warming spark of kinship with the people you are trailing. Never again will they be a dead people.

Here is how we located two of "our" camps. The first one we used, as a starting point, the spot on the topographical map where an old miner's trail entered a canyon. Since we could only get within a mile of this spot with the car, we parked on the dirt mine road and walked in. We found the canyon much as we had expected it to be from the map—a deep gorge cut into basalt rocks by an old river, now completely dry except for occasional rainstorms. We followed the trail into the canyon and found, about a quarter of a mile up, a picture gallery of petroglyphs on the black canyon walls. This was a sure sign that a village had been located nearby. Knowing it would not have been down in the canyon, we separated, my husband taking one side and I the other.

Below the petroglyph area where the canyon widened to a flat, sandy bench we found the charcoal, fire-place rocks, and metates of an ancient camp. Although many small things had been carried off by erosion, the village was still there, dozing in sunlight and history.

From this point, which was at a middle altitude, we felt the next pos-

sibility would be a pinon camp up the mountain. It was a hot, three-mile hike up the old river bed to an elevation of almost 1500 feet, but after the first scattering of juniper and scraggly pinon, we climbed higher, over a peak and down, over another—and there it was! The small valley ahead of us, surrounded by trees and filled with granite boulders offered a perfect site. We were not surprised to find proof in every sandy hollow between the rocks.

Woodcutter's Camp, we named it, because of the unusual piles of cut wood around the edge. It was here, in the soft ashes of a campsite, that Andrew found a little, engraved steatite charm—perfect, except for the hole that is not quite drilled through on one side. What is its story? Did the carver quarrel with the one for whom he was making it and toss it away? Not likely, as valuable and hard to get as steatite would have been up there! More probably it slipped from his fingers into the scuffed dirt and, with only the light of a campfire to aid him, he lost it. So many stories you can see in a tiny, handworked stone and a quiet, sleeping village!

Don't be discouraged if you can't hike or don't want to; you can still pursue this hobby with success if you develop your guessing skill and keep your eyes open as you follow the highways. One such place we found while playing our game of might-have-been. Nothing could have looked less promising than a bare, rocky hill at the side of the road ahead of us, but one of us said, almost as a joke "Those rocks look like good Indian rocks, let's look them over". So, more because we were tired of riding than because we hoped to find anything,

we stopped the car below the hill, got out, stretched and groaned and laughed at ourselves and started climbing. It was a very short climb and not 100 feet from the road to the top of the rocky hill. There atop its plateau and hidden by boulders around its edge, we made our best discovery to date.

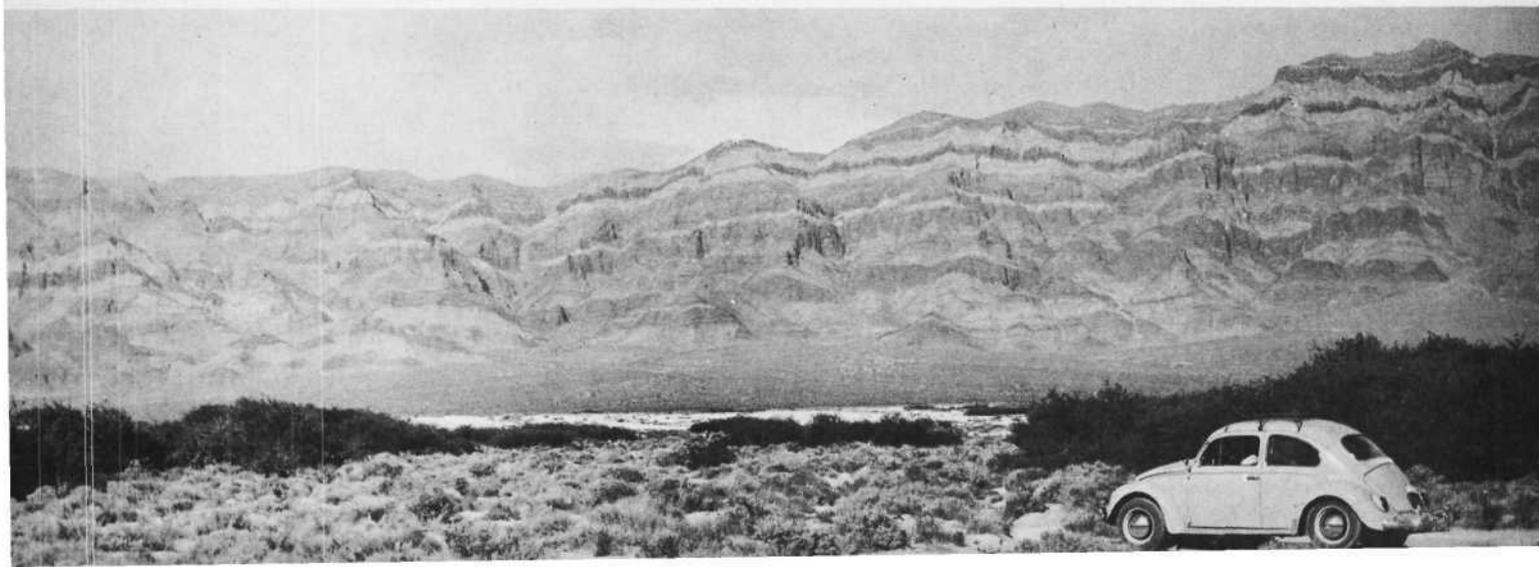
If you climb high enough to get a good view of your area, pick out the water source and look for a level spot below, above, or at the side of it. Look for unusual vegetation. Campsites are often covered with foreign plant life due to the seeds brought from other places. Look for Tepee-sized bare spots, for rock rings, or misplaced rocks—for anything, in fact, that seems out of place with nature.

When all else fails, locate a game trail and follow it. Indians made trails from waterhole to waterhole and from camp to camp. When the Indians stopped using them, the animals took them over and still follow them. Wild burro and deer trails lead to many camps.

Always and forever, of course, be on the watch for chips—those telltale little flakes of jasper and quartz and obsidian that mean that stoneage man walked this trail before you. Follow them and they will lead you to his home.

Following them in search of his home has led us through books of history, geology, geography, botany and zoology; into museums and out to deserts and mountains. Every branch of the trail has been exciting. We still do not know the monetary value of the little awl in our rock box, but to us it is indeed priceless. It started us on this rich trail. ///

Sand dunes and old lake shore cliffs of California's Shoshone Valley abound with Indian artifacts. Those in dunes are of more recent origin. Ancient camps were located on these cliffs.





A major stand of wild palms in the forgotten oasis.

HAD 24 YEARS of canyon cloud-bursts destroyed the oasis? Or lack of rain caused the palms to wither and die?

In the October, 1940, issue of *DESERT*, Hulbert Burroughs painted an intriguing word picture of the *Forgotten Oasis in Eagle Mountains*. But what was it today? To find out firsthand if Monsen and Lost Palms Canyons still held their former 170 wild Washingtonian Palms, my wife, two children, and I packed our camping gear and set forth for a weekend of fun.

Hopefully, I expected that my VW equipped with a Corvair engine and huge 820x15 rear tires would take us three and one-half miles from Chiriaco Summit (formerly called Shaver Summit) through a sandy wash to the point where Lost Palms and Monsen Canyons meet and begin. At the small weathered sign announcing Chiriaco Summit, however, I almost changed my mind. A graded road carried us toward the mountain for two miles and then disappeared into two tracks of a sandy wash. With the family cheering me on, I jammed the throttle to the floor and tried to maintain our momentum through the loose sand, at the same time avoiding

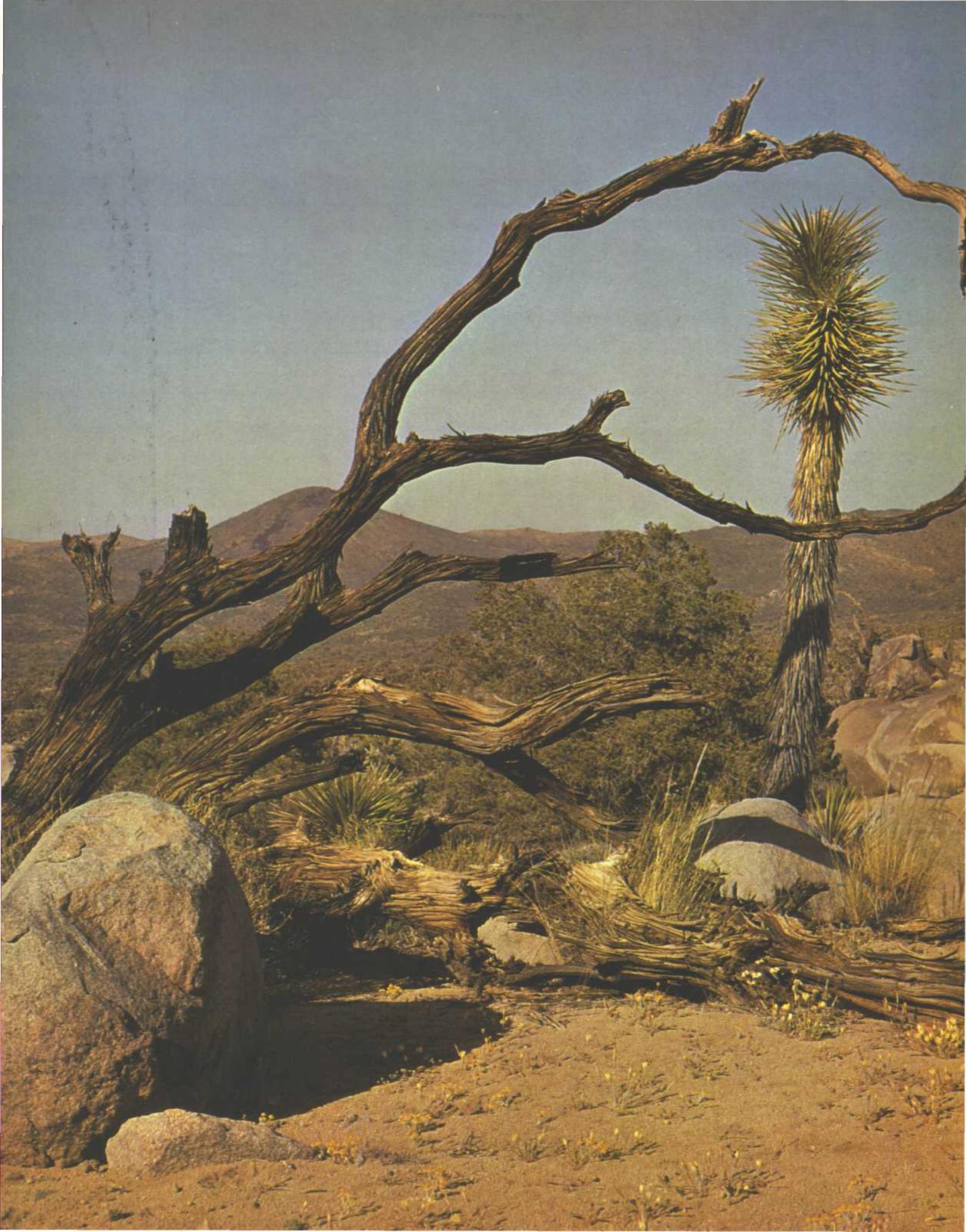
deep tracks in the wash and dodging sagebrush (sometimes). The kids whooped with laughter as the course whizzed up and down, more exciting than the liveliest roller coaster.

When we reached the end of our sandy trail, there was no doubt about it being the end. A wall of boulders hemmed us in on all sides. It was still early afternoon, so we decided to explore a bit on foot before returning to the National Monument's camping ground for the night. Fortunately there is a trail to follow, but at times it dips into the bottom of the canyon and we had to scramble over rocks to make headway.

At the beginning of the canyon, we found a beautiful cluster of palms, and another further along the trail. After that, they seemed to file independently, standing in contrast to everything else about the desert. Although we didn't find any potsherds, we learned later that Joseph Chiriaco, who has maintained the Summit's water supply for 30 years, has found several hundred pieces of pottery and several grinding stones. It is his belief that Lost Palms Canyon was once part of a vast trail network that went from spring to spring throughout the entire desert area. In order to have

The
Unforgettable
Forgotten
Oasis

By
Marvin Patchen



time to explore Monsen Canyon, we made our turn-around where the hiking trail from Cottonwood Springs met Lost Palms Canyon.

The trail to Monsen Canyon appeared to be blocked at its entrance, but after a short investigation we found an opening on the right side of the canyon which led us around the boulder escarpment. From then until we found our first stand of palms, it was a matter of navigating up and down boulders like a yo-yo. Twisting and weaving along the canyon floor, we passed one oasis of wild palms after another. The only sign that people had been there was a thin water pipe that stretched over the top of the ground, eventually ending at one of the oasis' springs. Except in emergency, these springs are not reliable for drinking water. Later we learned that this pipe supplies water for Chiriaco Summit.

In trying to go under a boulder rather than over it, we found a ram's skull with only one horn. The children searched the area for more evidence of wildlife, but the only thing they found was a chewed rubber boot which had been used to stop a leak in the plastic water pipe. Even through

a bailing wire with jagged ends that held the boot in place, thirsty coyotes had gnawed their way to water.

At each stand of palms we tried to take an inventory, but at each count all four of us came up with a different number. Perhaps averaging the totals would have given an accurate figure, but it was too nice a day to worry about arithmetic. Someone else will have to decide whether the former number of 170 has increased or decreased.

When we reached what appeared to be the last oasis, I had the family wait while I scouted ahead. The climb seemed to require vertical scaling, which we were not equipped to perform. From atop a steep climb up a short waterfall, I could see that the angle of the canyon steepened. Although they may have been hidden from view, I saw no further palms.

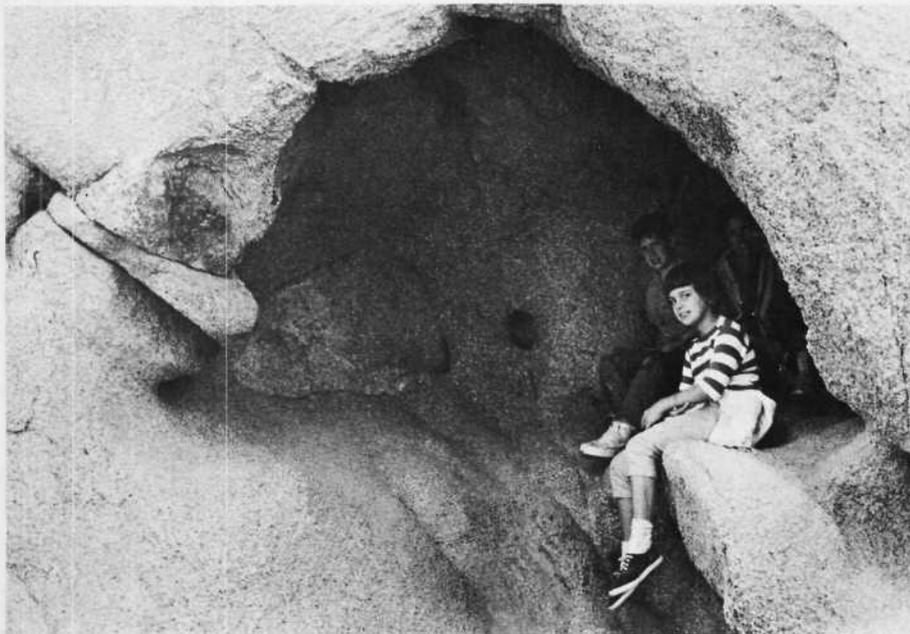
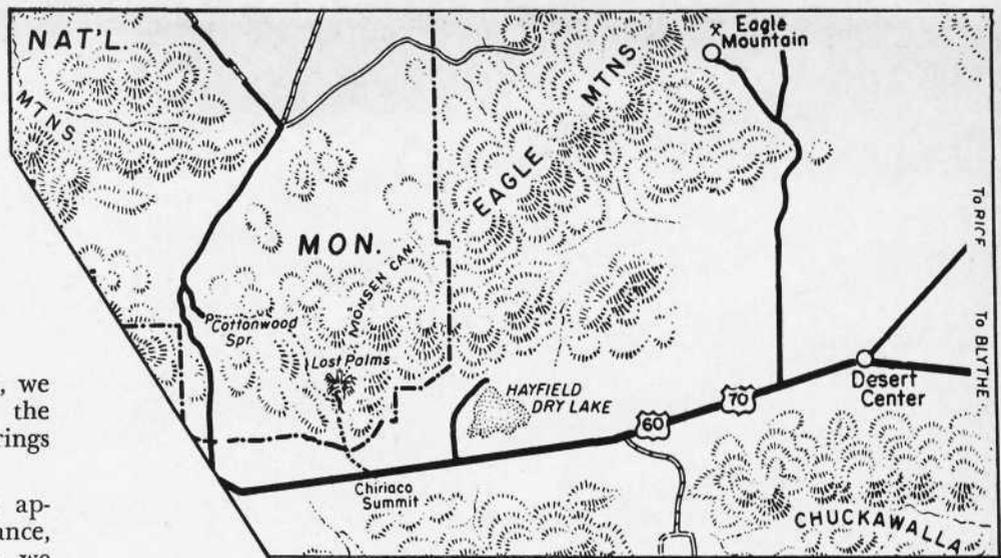
The trip up and down Monsen, which is the most scenic of the two canyons, took us an unhurried six hours. It would be possible for a conventional passenger car to drive as far as Cottonwood Springs campground and then you could hike over a well-marked three-and-a-half-mile trail to the canyon. The hike from Cottonwood Springs to the foot of Lost Palms Canyon is an easy one, but to cover both canyons requires an early start and not much dilly-dallying.

Both canyons are located in the Joshua Tree National Monument and camping in undesignated areas is not allowed. In spite of the park's popularity, its history is vague and few visitors ever pass far beyond the main roads. A jet flew overhead and we imagined its passengers commenting upon the barren, sterile desert below, never dreaming that there a happy family wandered among palms.

Monsen Canyon was named by a writer who believed he had discovered this canyon and who was a great admirer of Dr. Frederick Monsen, the famous photographer of Indian life. Old-timers who knew Lost Palms Canyon as Stutterfield and Monsen Canyon as Jack Fork objected, but the new names persisted.

Early prospectors in the canyons were not rewarded with gold, but they did turn up a fair amount of honey found in canyon wall crevices. A crude ladder described by Burroughs in his 1940 *DESERT* article was probably one used by prospectors for raiding bee hives.

Whether you enter this area via Chiriaco's Summit, or hike from Cottonwood Springs the trip provides a pleasant outing for desert enthusiasts, and as we did, you'll find the *Forgotten Oasis in Eagle Mountain* unforgettable. ///



BEWITCHED BY BAJA

BY JACK PEPPER

WHEN WE BUZZED the field prior to landing at Mulege, I couldn't see a person below. However, when the propellers of our Twin Beech stopped and we opened the door, there were at least two dozen persons on hand. Representatives of Mulege hotels, departing passengers, and fishing guides were outnumbered by local residents. A couple of burros even strayed over to join the festivities. Although planes land at Mulege and other Baja communities three times a week, their arrivals are always a festive occasion, giving the natives something to do.

Much has been written about the rugged roads of Baja. Because these roads present a slow method of travel, 90% of those natives and travelers having any distance to cover, go by air. It is fast, safe and scenic. It is also the best way for those who do not care for the rugged life, who like comfortable accommodations with their fishing, and who wish to sample native life with a minimum of time for traveling and on a limited budget.

On my flight from Tijuana to Mulege, we stopped at a fishing resort, Bahia de Los Angeles, to pick up a young Los Angeles advertising

Last in a series featuring the adventures of DESERT's Editor and Publisher on a recent expedition to Baja California with author-adventurer Erle Stanley Gardner.

executive and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Sy Schneider. After two days at Bahia, they decided to try skin diving and fishing further south at Mulege. Two months later, when Choral and I boarded a plane at Bahia de Los Angeles after another trip to Bahia, we met the Schneiders again. They had spent several days at Mulege, this time bringing their nephew and two sons.

Regardless of how you travel in Baja, you are going to meet interesting travelers. I call them travelers as they are more than tourists. They are traveling because they are interested in learning about Baja and its people. One of the reasons Erle Stanley Gardner's books about Baja are so readable, is because he makes you feel you are with him and are meeting the interesting people with whom he has had experiences.

Sam Hicks, the long lanky former Wyoming cowboy who is Erle Stanley Gardner's ranch foreman and

mainstay on his expeditions, met me at the airport and introduced me to other members of the expedition, already described by Choral in previous articles of this series. Choral and Uncle Erle were already at the base camp some 50 miles south of Mulege.

Having been told I would lead a rugged, outdoor life during the next four days, I brought a sleeping bag and jeans in a pack. Actually, it was what I needed, but our first stop at the Club Aereo, a short distance from the airfield, gave me doubts. One of three hotels in Mulege, it is as modern as any in the States.

Over a cold Cerveza at the bar, I asked Sam, "This is rugged Baja?"

Later I discovered that fishing resorts are like oases—few and far between. Most have been built with a combination of American and Mexican capital and ownership, designed for the comfort of travelers who fly down to relax in the sympatico Baja atmosphere. Once you leave the fishing resorts, you find Baja is rugged!

The Club Aereo is located on a bluff above the salt water estuary which goes inland one mile to the community of Mulege. A fresh water

Mulege rancher Don Jose Gorosave visits with Baja aficionado Sam Hicks, who finds a friend around every turn.



river from inland mountains runs into the estuary at Mulege. Fresh water has made a green paradise in the middle of this semi-tropical section of barren Baja.

Like most present day communities of Baja, Mulege was an Indian village until the Spanish Jesuits established a mission in 1705 on the site of an Indian rancheria called Caamancagaleja. The present mission church about two miles up the river, was built in 1766 and is still being used. After the Spaniards landed to "convert" the Indians, disease quickly dwindled the population of 2000 to less than 100. Today Mulege has a population of about 1000 Mestizo (Spanish and Indian) settlers whose forefathers came across the Gulf of California from the mainland after the original Indians and Spanish disappeared.

Choral and I decided to ride the

Mango, date palms, banana trees, and mangrove crowd Mulege's streets into the river. Most routes are one-way—better for horses than cars. We recommend a tour by horseback.



mile to the village and thence another mile to the mission church by horseback. While waiting for our horses, I took a picture of Nancy Johnson and Llana Fredrico, wives of the co-managers of the Club Aereo, who had accumulated a beautiful selection of Indian arrowheads found around the mission. The prize discovery, however, was that of American guest Robert Garner from Anchorage, Alaska. In addition to an excellent collection of artifacts, he found a large pearl under a tree that a jeweler claimed was valuable, perfectly shaped, and very old.

When the Jesuits moved into Mulege they forbade the Indians to dive for oysters, believing this would lessen their exposure to unchristian pirates and seamen. But, historians say, the natives continued to dive in secret, hiding their pearls. Perhaps Garner found part of a hidden treasure.

There may be more waiting for an indefatigable digger.

Riding our horses down the dirt road to the village, Choral and I followed the same path that Spanish missionaries and soldiers took when they landed 250 years ago. In the village we stopped to take a picture of the whitewashed Federal prison looming on a hill above the town. Like other fascinating things about Baja, it is unique. Convicts, including murderers, are allowed liberty during daylight, but must spend the night behind bars. Perhaps it's due to the long arm of the law, awareness of the barren desert beyond Mulege, or an appreciation for the beautiful oasis, but town delegados say no prisoners have ever tried to escape!

We stopped to watch a rancher drive half a dozen head of cattle through the central plaza. Haciendas framing narrow roads languished under bowers of purple bougainvillea. In outdoor cocinas Senoras baked tortillas over charcoal fires. I thought of Robert Browning and his "God's in His Heaven and all's right with the world!"

A mile from town we climbed the hill from which early padres directed Indians struggling upward with massive stones on their backs to build the church. I could imagine them timidly attending mass to learn about the new Christian God and the strange taboos of the white man.

Retracing our route to town, we met an American, Fred Woolworth, who is building a new motel on property owned by his Mexican wife. It is on the banks of the river where a chubasco in 1959 destroyed most of the ancient buildings.

On the opposite side of the estuary is a third American hostelry, managed by a sort of professional character named Dave E. Jones. The Serenidad Mulege has a landing field and is closer to the Gulf than the Club Aereo, but is more spartan. Both have charter boats for fishing.

Returning to Club Aereo in the afternoon, we found throngs of townspeople lined up on the veranda. A traveling staff of American dentists and technicians who contribute their time to a philanthropic program called the League of Pan-American Assistance had flown to the village (which has no permanent dental facilities) to treat patients free. This act of compassion has been performed for years throughout Baja and the mainland of Mexico as a gesture of friendship—Americans demonstrating democracy at work.

By American standards, the major-



The mission church of Santa Rosalia de Mulege is currently undergoing repair. Right: Nancy Johnson and Llana Fredrico live in Mulege and hunt arrowheads for recreation.



ity of farmers, workers and fishermen of Baja California are very poor. Yet they have dignity—an innate reward for their victorious battle in eking out an existence in this hostile land. They are friendly, helpful and rigidly honest, especially to travelers who remember they are guests in Mexico and, as such, observe Mexican customs and mores.

I learned this first when I rode with

Sam Hicks and the ground crew from Mulege to San Ignacio in hopes of seeing the giant pictographs described by Choral in last month's issue of *DESERT*. Although the distance was barely 100 miles, it took us eight hours to drive over the main road. Uncle Erle, Choral and Francisco Munoz flew it in less than an hour.

Part of our time was consumed, however, by Sam's visits with farmers

and children along the way. Sam, who speaks excellent Spanish, claims that personal contact with the natives, even though you can speak only a few words of their language, is 50% of the fun of traveling. In addition, these conversational stops have resulted in a good many leads for Gardner expeditions.

Once you pass south of San Quintin
(Continued on Page 36)



Left: Visiting American dentists offer free dental care to Mexican residents of villages without medical facilities. Club Aereo has contributed its hotel patio for a temporary clinic. Below: Those who choose to drive find the roads tough and the scenery wild.



The Surprise

THE INTRIGUING lake names which appear on maps of Nevada can sometimes be mere will-o'-the-wisp terminology. Many are lakes in title only; designations born of the fruitful imaginations of pioneer explorers whose wishful thinkings were often more water-laden than the bone dry gulches they baptized as standing waters.

Ironically, one of the Silver State's most rewarding inland waters fails to even show on most maps. I refer to Wilson Sink Reservoir, a little known lake on the Bull Run River in the cow country of western Elko County. This apparent omission on the part of cartographers is no oversight. The "Sink" is of such recent origin it simply did not exist when most charts were drawn and lettered. For an approximation of its location, place your pencil midway on a line stretched between Tuscarora and the Idaho state line. Wilson Sink Reservoir lies slightly to the west.

A haven for angler, naturalist, and desert buff, this sage fringed lagoon at the base of the sky-high Bull Run Mountains is one of my favorite western waters.

By no means a large lake—800 acres when filled to capacity—Wilson nevertheless is a welcome addition to the once bleak sage lands. Depths plumb to the 40-foot mark in the narrow rock-walled canyon near the dam, then spread to become shallows in the upper reaches. The surrounding terrain is typically western prairie with volcanic rocks predominating. No trees dot the brush-rimmed shoreline. Evidences of man's constructive endeavors are confined to a single wooden building on the far shore. Once a boat house, it now stands deserted and alone. Wilson wears a clean, unspoiled look; its shores delightfully devoid of debris.

The sparkling waters are refreshingly cool and teem with braggin' size rainbow trout. As a fishery, Wilson ranks tops, affording angling of an excellence seldom equalled anywhere in the West. The wide-open spaces around the lake carry the precious

aura of a game sanctuary, for no hunting is allowed and wildlife exists in abundance.

The reservoir and lands around it are privately owned. Their attractions are made available to the public by an understanding landlord who does not believe in Keep Out posters. The cooperation of visitors upholds his trust. I consider this close feeling of mutual respect the most laudable of all lake's fine features. The hows and whys behind this fascinating arrangement are perhaps most plausible when related in chronological order.

The preface to the story was graphically written in 1881 when noted Nevada historians Thomas H. Thompson and Albert Augustus West penned the following in their famous *History of Nevada*:

"Though no part of the State of Nevada is probably better supplied with living streams of pure water than that which comprises Elko County, artificial means for procuring a larger supply must be resorted to before the thousands of acres of lands within its boundaries can be reclaimed and made to contribute to the agricultural products of this country."

But mining, not land cultivation, was uppermost in the minds of early residents and the artificial supplies of irrigation water did not materialize until several decades later when the cattlemen came to claim the ranges and create storage basins in the river canyons. Wilson Sink Reservoir was born less than 10 years ago after the Petan Company, whose tidy little spread measures an impressive 90 by 30 miles, dammed the Bull Run River to impound water for irrigating the vast fields of alfalfa that are grown for winter feeding.

The baby lagoon scarcely had its bottom wet when the recreational picture took shape. Biologists from the Nevada Department of Fish and Game requested permission to survey the new reservoir. This was granted and a series of tests conducted.

Sustained by the river, the lake proved to be a year-around reservoir. Water temperatures remained cool even during the warm summer. Plentiful food life included snails, plankton, insects, and minnows. Wilson Sink was well suited for trout, but there was one fly in the ointment. The reservoir was situated on individually owned property and the state could hardly spend public funds to stock a private fishing hole.

Nevadans are noted for getting things accomplished and a solution was readily suggested by the state. If they would stock the reservoir, would the Petan Company permit free public use?

Yes, agreed the landowners, but under certain conditions.

Company lands were already closed to hunting. Firm believers in the balance of nature theory, the owners would not even tolerate the killing of coyotes and other predators. If the lake were opened to the public, it must be for fishing only and the discharge of all firearms prohibited.

Stipulation number two was enacted to combat the litterbug menace. To minimize this danger it was ruled that no overnight camping would be allowed on ranch property. Visitors could enter and spend the day, but must vacate the premises at nightfall.

Rainbow trout were introduced and as predicted by the biologists, the new reservoir proved a "natural". Feeding voraciously on the rich food supply, the transplanted fingerlings and sub-catchables demonstrated a remarkable growth rate by adding more than an inch in length per month. Ounces soon changed to pounds and the fish grew fat and sassy. As sizes increased, so did appetites, and anglers who drove out to test the new fishing hole in the sage lands discovered that limits of lunkers came easily.

Wilson's trout population proved so plentiful that year-around angling is now allowed. However, take fair warning. If you wish to fish during the colder seasons, you may have to chop holes in the ice to do so.

in the Sink

by Jim Martin

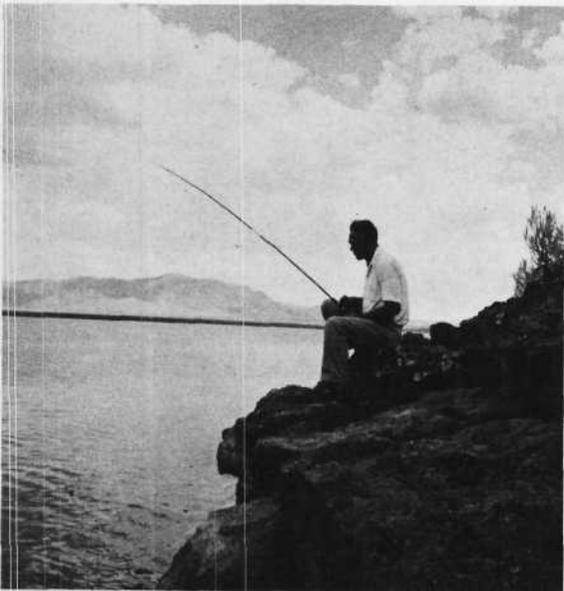
Although angling is outstanding throughout the year, conditions reach a peak during spring and fall when the fish embark on a wild feeding spree. Anglers who happen to hit a hot run are cautioned that a five fish limit applies.

Nevada angling licenses are required and are valid from July 1 through June 30th of the following year. Special 5-day visitors permits may be purchased for \$3.50. If you plan to tarry a spell, the \$10.00 annual non-resident license is a good investment.

You may cast from either the bank or a boat. Bring your own small craft if you choose the latter, or make arrangements for a rental at the Jack Creek resort, approximately 20 miles away.

Rewarding as it may be, fishing is by no means the only form of outdoor enjoyment to be found in the area. Because of the game preserve status, prime opportunities exist for observing and photographing wildlife. Rock hounding and artifact collecting can be equally satisfying.

The region is well marked with vestiges of yesteryears mining glories. Spectral ruins of Tuscarora, Cornucopia, Deep Creek and Edgemont are





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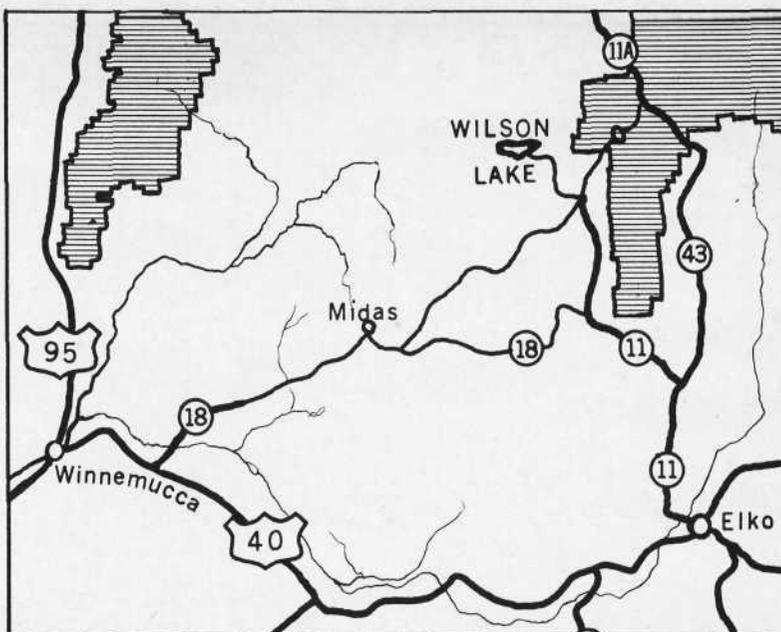
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nearby and beckon to ghost town devotees.

With so many tempting adventures a stay of several days is recommended. While overnight encampments are not allowed at the lake, visitors with self-contained campers or travel trailers often set up a dry camp just outside the entrance gate. I find conditions far more enjoyable at the Forest Service Campgrounds at Jack Creek where tables, fire pits, and toilets are available. Those who relish full resort facilities will find comfortable accommodations at the Jack Creek Resort. Ice, gasoline, fishing tackle, and supplies are available here as well.

Access routes to Wilson Sink Reservoir, like the lake itself, are frequently not indicated on maps. The road most likely to be shown is state route from Elko. The pavement ends at Deep Creek, but take the left hand fork and follow the signs pointing towards the "Sink". Ruts and mud can be expected during inclement weather along the unsurfaced portion. Win-

ter visits over the private road are not recommended, although snow weasels and 4-wheel-drive vehicles occasionally buck the snow and slush to reach the coveted ice fishing.

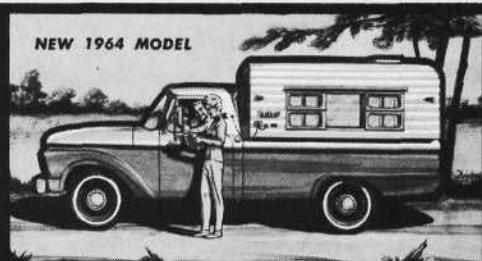
Secondary state route 18 branches north from U.S. 40 at Golconda to link with 11 in the agriculturally rich Independence Valley. Paved only partially to the Getchell Mine turn-off, it is a colorful byway which takes you through the former mining greats of Midas and Tuscarora.

The driving distance to Wilson Sink can be further shortened by taking an unmarked road turning north just past Midas. Like many secondary roads you probably won't find it until you see the sign.

These shortcuts are actually of nebulous nature. Whenever I get on a back road I am constantly pausing to inspect intriguing sights or scenes. The miles I save on paper are never reflected in a shorter driving time. Frankly, I would have it no other way. //



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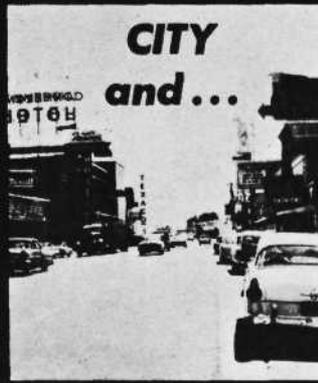
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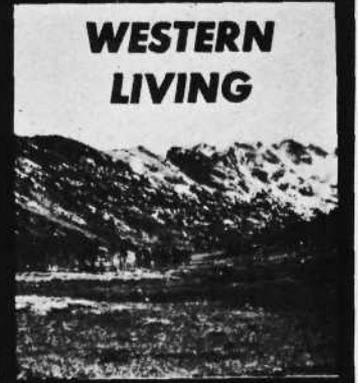
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the nearest of the natural bridges, the Kachina. No longer were we unimpressed.

The ¾-mile hike is somewhat strenuous, especially coming up, and infrequent storms may cancel part of the well-marked path, but if you can make it, the hike is one of the most rewarding experiences we've had in southeastern Utah's magnificent country . . . and one few natives or tourists have known.

Overhanging a grotto filled with snapdragons, Utah firecrackers, yellow and blue daisies and the greatest array of wild flowers I've even seen in one area, Kachina Bridge spans a distance of 206 feet at a height of 210 feet. It is a youthful natural bridge, huge and bulky. Flood waters of White Canyon are still enlarging the opening beneath its span.

This canyon was too narrow to support farmland for more than a few, so the ruins we found tucked into cave shelters were probably summer homes for the Indian population who lived here about 2000 years ago, mysteriously disappearing about 1300 A.D. One abutment of the bridge carries an assortment of petroglyphs and pictographs, some a new type to us. These consisted of handprints so true to scale that they appeared to have been pressed into the sides of the rock, as if it were soft clay. In

addition, a number of deep holes, about the size of the end of a finger, and a series of deeply-etched, bar-like markings about the length of a finger covered an area below a lone figure of a bighorn sheep engraved high on the wall. An adobe wall extended from the wall of this cave shelter to its outer edge, suggesting that at one time there may have been a more impressive structure. At the far end of the shelter, high on the wall, were another series of handprints, these painted in yellow ochre. Other than the lone sheep, animal life was not represented, so it is doubtful that these Indian markings were dedicated to hunting magic. On the contrary, it is more likely that the sheep represented a clan sign and the handprints illiterate signatures, like names in a family Bible, of those related to the clan. Around to the opposite side of the bridge and on the abutment, we found more petroglyphs. These, again, were different in that the characters, like dancing, happy stick people, were Kachinas incised into the walls.

Although we didn't seriously look for arrowheads, the boys found chip-pings in dry stream beds, along with some beautiful specimens of petrified wood and agate. Deer, bighorn, coyotes, wildcats, and cougar live in the canyon and surrounding areas today, so no doubt Indians hunted them back in 200 B.C.

It was dusk when we climbed the last steep stretch, gingerly picking our way along slender ledges of steep sandstone. Tired because we'd hurried too fast, we bypassed further sightseeing and drove as fast as we could down the hairpin curves of State Highway 261 to our comfortable rooms and a big fat steak at the San Juan Trading Post in Mexican Hat. //

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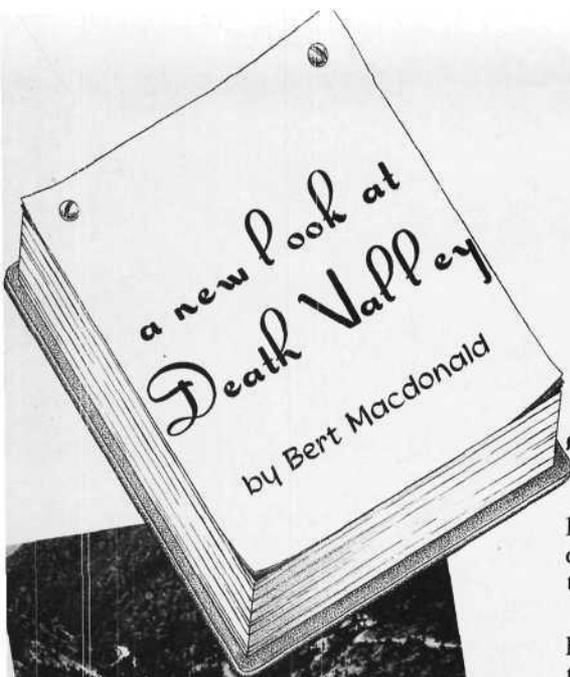
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THOUSANDS OF motorists every year drive over the paved roads of the main section of Death Valley to see where the intrepid 49'ers crossed the burning inferno to get to the gold fields of California.

For those who like to see scenes behind the scenic highways, however, the back roads into Death Valley from California offer majestic views, abandoned mining sites, rock hunting and the excitement of looking for Indian artifacts. And most of this country has been visited by few modern day explorers.

Our recent weekend trip was made with the cooperation of Ernie Koop and Russell Roper of the Esmeralda County (Nevada) Department of Economic Development. Although Ernie was in Texas, Russell Roper, an employee of the Sierra Talc Company, who has lived and worked in the area for the past 30 years, proved to be an excellent guide.

With our camping gear packed in two trucks equipped with Macdonald Campers, we left El Monte, California on a Friday afternoon headed for our first stop in Big Pine, California. Along were four characters who have traveled with me to many parts of the West, including Baja California. Hard Luck, Scottie, Wild Bill and Odie have last names, but they never use them.

Because all restaurants were closed in Big Pine, we dug into our ice chests and drank our dinner—cold buttermilk. Then, after negotiating the rugged Westgard Pass, we arrived at midnight in Fish Lake Valley.

Russell Roper met us at dawn when we descended from our campers. Roper resembles the valley in which he lives—tranquil, yet firm. Relaxed and heavily tanned, he doesn't have to answer to the frantic life we lead in Los Angeles—a way of life I escape at every opportunity.

From Dyer we traveled south on Highway 3-A to Big Pine Junction and continued a few more miles. A succession of mines followed this road, mostly gold and silver dating back 50 to 75 years. After traveling

28.4 miles from Dyer, we turned right onto dirt road for about .6 of a mile. Here we stopped at Pidgeon Springs.

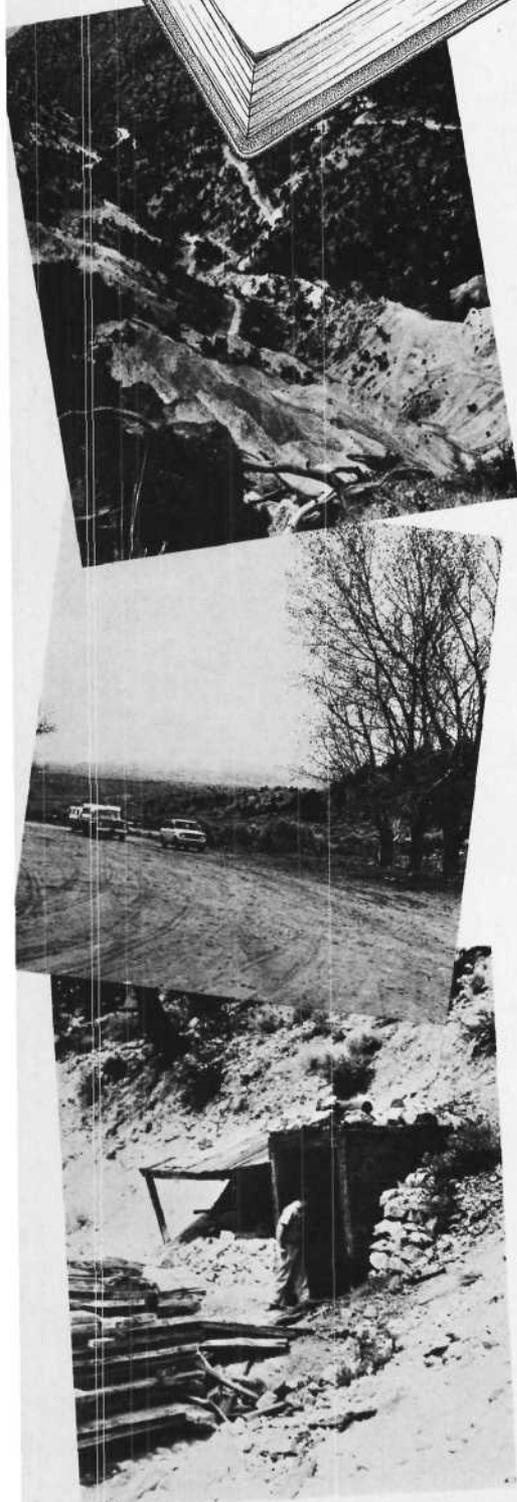
Pidgeon Springs was an active town around 1905, with silver its main source of income. However, there were signs of placer and hard rock gold mines too. One of the larger operations was the Silver Buster Mine. Water at this spring was excellent. The only remnant of this town is the spring and piles of tin cans. With a little effort and time one could probably find pots and pans, bottles and various other articles of antique value indicating the years that Pidgeon Springs was a small metropolis. This area is about 6500 feet above sea level so there is a fairly large variety of trees and bushes, mostly pinon and mahogany.

After leaving Pidgeon Springs the road was rough and had many curves, with ups and downs, but offered no problem for our trucks and a car could easily traverse it. Traveling slowly we saw signs that showed at one time this place had been mined extensively. Mr. Roper explained that the gold placer operations were quite rich and had attracted hundreds of people, including many Chinese. There is little to show what has happened since 1900, except piles and piles of placer rock.

About one-half mile from the springs we came to a stone house on our right hand side. There were a few other buildings of frame structure and some trucks, tractors, and mining equipment. All this is owned by the Bear Creek Mining Company, which, at the present time, is mining talc. There are many talc mines in this part of Nevada, some of a very high grade.

The stone house could tell its' own story. Marie Dressler used it for a hide-away residence when she was popular as an actress in the movies and she spent considerable time in this very remote home. In addition to staying there to get away from it all, she was actively interested in the mining.

Four miles from Pidgeon Springs,





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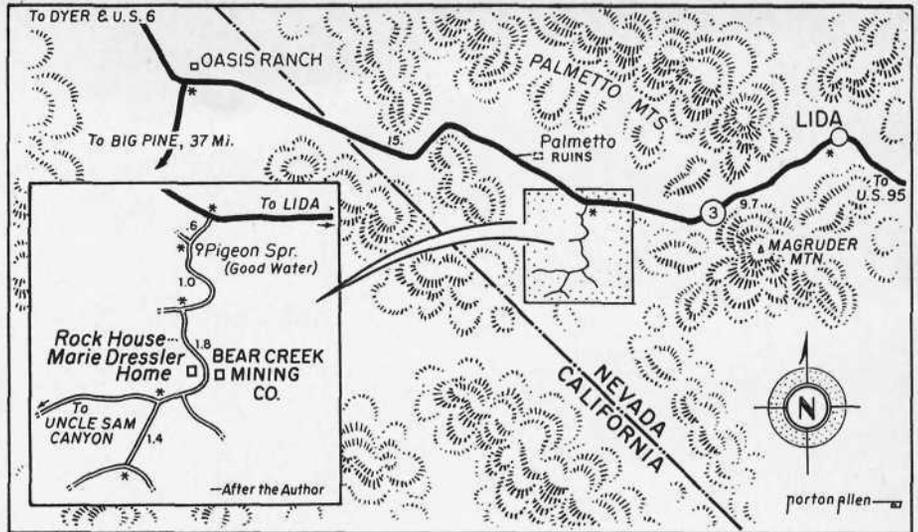
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we arrived at our destination—the north end of Death Valley. From its 7500 feet above sea level, it seemed we had conquered the world. Directly in front of us, where the earth dropped away some 2000 feet, was exposed a huge deposit of low grade Molybdenite.

We were among the privileged few to ever appreciate this panoramic view. Mr. Roper and other have held this area under mining claim for a number of years and until now, visitors were not permitted to enter. Now that existing minerals have not proven

of commercial value, however, the area is open to the public. Everywhere there is evidence of those who have prospected the area, as well as prehistoric visitors who left obsidian chips. Since there is no known deposit of obsidian in the area, early Indians must have imported the material to their arrow head factory on this hill. Nearby was a ring of stones about 8-feet in diameter which, Mr. Roper explained, was used by Indians to roast Pinon nuts. Their outlooks from this point afforded protection from any direction.

Odie and I rode our pack cycles down an old mining road to the very bottom and north end of Death Valley. This road was rough, better for hiking, but we finally made it after an hour and a half. We investigated two tunnels; one, according to Mr. Roper, was 800 feet long, but we didn't dare enter this one; it had a small stream of water coming out of it which tasted like acid. We were told later by Mr. Roper that it contained sulphuric acid leached from the soil. The second tunnel we did enter. It was about 80 feet long dug in solid quartz. Here and there in the quartz were pockets up to four feet filled with thousands of small pieces of shiny Pyrite called Marcasite.

Exploring further, we found several miner's shacks and numerous old homes. These buildings will probably never be used again. Wild life signs showed everywhere—bobcat, deer and wild burros. Camera fans with a little patience could get good pictures.

Leaving this natural wonderland, Odie and I climbed back up the hill. After lunch and bidding Russell goodbye, we headed for home—already making plans to return soon to explore more of the back roads into Death Valley. //



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A monthly feature by the author of *Ghost Town Album, Ghost Town Trails and Western Ghost Towns.*

KINGSTON NEW MEXICO

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

KINGSTON'S FIRST Christmas celebration was a memorable one. "Pretty Sam" had been building his new Casino for four months, planning to stage a gala opening on Christmas Eve. The door and several windows opening onto a back porch hanging over the creek bed still had no locks or hinges, but Sam took care of that. He just nailed them shut.

The saloon's swinging doors admitted almost the entire population of the raw new mining camp of Kingston that Christmas Eve. Among the guests were all the girls in town; not only those Sam had hired to represent his own staff, but the frail sisters from Casanova Alley as well. These included Lousy Louise, Deaf Carrie, Big Annie, Bloody Marie and Old Hat. Result was that the Alley was deserted and when one lonely miner, John Roach by name, came down from his claim, unaware of the affair at the Casino, his favorite crib was dark. After a question or two why, John headed for the brilliantly lighted saloon to remedy matters.

He burst into the hall yelling for his girl friend, with his guns blazing. Pandemonium broke loose. The crush surged toward the back door. Big Annie reached the lightly fastened barrier first. Too late she realized her mistake. As she plunged into the creek bed she was followed by a number of revelers also unable to stop in time.

Prospectors covered the areas as early as 1878, but it was 1882 before any kind of a nucleus was established on Percha Creek, where Kingston would later develop. That summer still saw only a few shacks, tents and



wagons, however, with barely enough miners to recruit for a foot-race on the Fourth of July. Following this, the settlement was christened Kingston, in honor of the first paying mine in the area, the Iron King.

By the following summer, population had increased to support a real rip-roaring Independence Day celebration. Star foot racers were Green, favorite of the gambler contingent, and the miner's pet, Crowley. The latter was heading down the homestretch well in the lead when a large bear, badly frightened by the commotion, leaped from a bush ahead of him, easily making it to the finish line first.

During these first months, lots in Kingston could be had for \$25 a piece. As the camp boomed, prices jumped to \$5,000. A newspaper, the *Sierra County Advocate* was established and solid buildings were put up all along

Percha Creek Gulch. One of these new structures, more flimsy than most, was the Occidental, built and owned by Charles Reed. Little more than a large tent with a board front, the hotel accommodated 40 people. Rates were reasonable and scaled according to whether sheets were furnished for the beds and how many persons occupied them. Kingston was soon crowded with several thousand people. Prosperity lasted until the mines pinched out, but by the turn of the century only a token population remained, even this remnant moving away as leaner years came along.

Kingston now is again populated, though sparsely, by a small group of vacationists and a few permanent residents who find the mountain climate and surrounding pine forests a pleasant place to escape summer heat. ///

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BEWITCHED BY BAJA

(Continued from Page 27)

tin on the Pacific coast or south of San Felipe on the Gulf side, where paved roads end, do not expect to average more than 10 miles an hour, which will take you about 60 to 70 miles a day. Always stop and make camp before nightfall. People who attempt to speed over these roads wreck their nervous systems as well as their vehicles. They might as well stay at home.

For those who have two to five weeks and who are interested in detailed inspection of flora and fauna, land travel is the way. It is desirable to team up with another truck or four-wheel drive vehicle, however, in case of breakdown, although Baja natives are always friendly, helpful and courteous.

Dozens of pilots from the United States fly their own planes to favorite fishing spots or villages in Baja. Captain Munoz, owner of Baja Flying Service in Tijuana, and his able assistant, Victor Corral, run three scheduled flights a week (including a new one leaving from San Diego) to various communities in Baja. Captain Munoz may be contacted by writing to 1025 Cypress Ave., Imperial Beach, California, or calling him at Imperial Beach, area code 714, 424-8956 or area code 903, DU 5-9110, Tijuana.

All of the fishing resorts I have visited in Baja have modern accommodations with toilet facilities, safe drinking water and good wholesome food served in clean restaurants. Although few have air-conditioning, there is usually a cool breeze from the ocean, especially at night.

There have been many books and articles written about Baja California. There will be many more about this last western frontier. But the only way to really know this great country is to travel through it, either by land or air. Plan today for manana and when you do go, don't forget to make "mucho habla." ///

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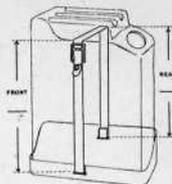
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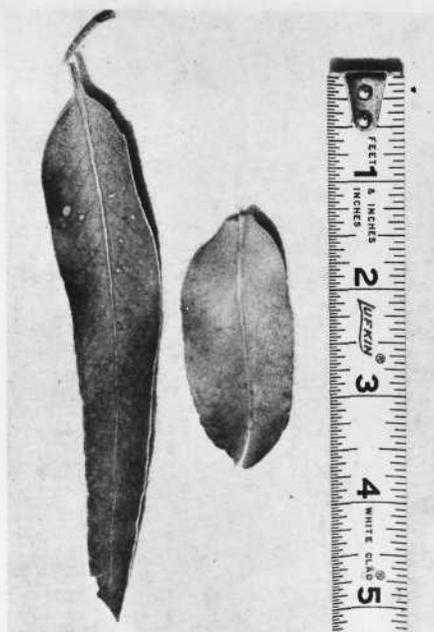
DESERT DISPENSARY

by Sam Hicks

FOR OVER 20 years La Botica Central of Chihuahua, one of the largest pharmaceuticals in Mexico, sold by mail order White Eucalyptus leaves for 30 pesos a kilo. The price is higher now, but the consumers demand remains the same. A kilo of White Eucalyptus leaves contains an untold quantity of cures and is still the usual Mexican family supply for one year.

Since the introduction of these trees to the United States and Mexico, a wide variety of ailments has been successfully treated, or cured, through the continued use of their medicinal properties. Eucalyptus teas and oils are still being used in the Southwest for the regular treatment of malaria, bronchitis, tuberculosis, asthma, kidney stones, kidney and bladder ailments, gastritis and typhoid fever. Teas from the White Eucalyptus leaves are used as a disinfectant for bathing open wounds, as a remedy for flu or colds and, when lightly brewed, a pleasant beverage. The little pods from which the blossoms grow at the tips of the branches are boiled in sugar to make an effective cough syrup, and in the past a strong tea made from new growth on the ends of the branches was widely taken by diabetics. For use as a beverage, six or eight leaves are placed in a quart of water and boiled for three minutes, then steeped. When taken as a flu or cold remedy the tea is made stronger and produces sweating.

Varying species of eucalyptus are also known as Blue Gum, Sugar Gum, Gray Gum, Red Gum and White Gum. It is important to note that only the leaves, pods and branch tips of the White variety can be used in making medicinal teas. All other



species of eucalyptus, or gum, trees are commonly lumped together by the people of the Southwest and referred to as Red. Tea cooked from the leaves of the Red varieties produces dizziness and severe headaches.

The only means of identifying White Eucalyptus from its many close cousins that I know of is by the whiteness of its trunk and limbs, and by the fact that its leaves always appear green. Trunks and limbs of the Red varieties, where the bark has shed, usually have a faint, greenish hue and the foliage, when viewed from a distance, has a slight reddish color. But these factors can vary sufficiently so that it is still possible to mistake an extremely light colored Red Eucalyptus for a White one.

The flowers of White and Red Eucalyptus are identical, and both varieties of trees grow both pink and white blossoms. The leaves of all eucalypti are dissimilar and cannot be used as a specific guide to identification. They may be short and oblong, or long and pointed, but they all have the characteristic of growing unevenly on each side of the center veins. Though considerably fewer in number, White Eucalyptus are always present in each grove and lane of gum trees. To the uninitiated, however, positive identification of the highly medicinal White Eucalyptus can be achieved only through experimenting and taking the chance of having a king-sized headache if you make a bad guess.

Lumber sawed from eucalyptus is both hard and decorative. The trees make good windbreaks and shade. When used as firewood, eucalyptus should be sawed and split while it is green and can be worked easily. ///

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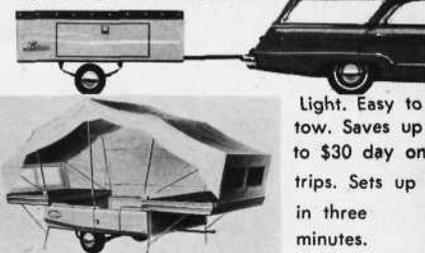


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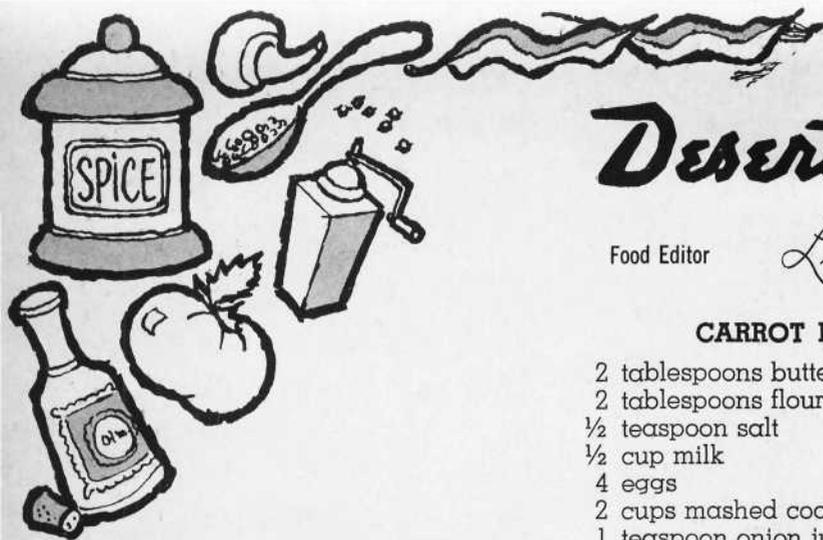
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

GLAZED BAKED SQUASH

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Wash 3 acorn squashes. Place in oven on rack and bake for 1 hour. Take from oven and cut lengthwise; remove seeds. Brush each half with orange marmalade. Season with: Few drops of lemon juice
Dots of butter
Dash of salt
Sprinkle of nutmeg
Place on broiler rack and broil until golden and bubbly. Serves 6.

PICKLED BEETS

- 1 No. 2 can sliced beets
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons vinegar
- ½ teaspoon whole cloves
- 1 small onion sliced

Place beets with liquid in saucepan. Add sugar, salt, vinegar, cloves and onion slices. Bring to a boil. Remove from stove. May be served hot or cold. 4 servings.

CABBAGE AMANDINE

- 1 small cabbage
- Boiling salted water
- 1/3 cup shredded, toasted almonds
- ¼ cup melted butter
- ¼ cup flour
- 2 cups milk
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2/3 cup grated Romano cheese
- 1 egg yolk

Cut cabbage into small pieces and boil until nearly tender in the salted water. Drain and add almonds. Transfer to 1½ quart shallow baking dish, which has been buttered. Melt butter in saucepan and blend in flour. Gradually add milk and cook, stirring until sauce bubbles and thickens. Mix in seasonings and cheese.

Gradually stir egg yolk into sauce. Pour over cabbage and bake for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serves 4.

CARROT RING

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup milk
- 4 eggs
- 2 cups mashed cooked carrots
- 1 teaspoon onion juice
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley

Melt the butter and blend the flour and salt into it, a little at a time. Add the milk stirring constantly until the sauce is smooth and thick. Remove from stove, cool slightly and add the egg yolks, well beaten. Add carrots, onion juice and parsley. Fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Pour into a well greased ring mold, set in pan of hot water and bake in 350 degree oven for 1 hour. Remove from oven and allow to stand for 5 or 10 minutes before turning out on platter. Fill center of ring with peas which have been seasoned with salt, pepper and butter.

BELGIAN CARROTS

- 2 bunches of carrots
- Chopped parsley
- Juice of ½ lemon
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 teaspoon sugar

Boil and cut the carrots in half. Add sugar, butter, lemon juice. Cover and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Just before serving, add parsley and toss in pan to mix well.

BEETS IN ORANGE-LEMON SAUCE

- 1 can sliced beets
- ½ cup orange juice
- ½ cup lemon juice
- 2 tablespoons cider vinegar
- 1½ tablespoons corn starch
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup butter
- 1 teaspoon grated orange peel
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel

In saucepan combine orange and lemon juices, stirring until it thickens and is translucent. Add sugar, salt and beets and cook gently, uncovered, until beets are heated through. Stir in butter and grated peels. 4 to 6 servings.

SQUAW CORN

- 4 slices bacon
- 1 No. 2 can corn, cream style
- 4 eggs

Cut bacon in pieces and cook. Pour off most of the grease. Turn in can of corn. When hot, break in eggs and stir lightly while eggs thicken mixture.

CREAMED ONIONS HARLEQUIN

- 12 medium size onions
- 4 carrots
- 2 cups cream sauce
- Chopped parsley
- Buttered bread crumbs

Boil and drain the onions. Cut the carrots in straws and boil until tender. Put the cooked onions in a baking dish and scatter the carrots through them. Add chopped parsley to cream sauce and pour over. Cover with buttered crumbs. Bake for ½ hour in 350 degree oven. You may prepare ahead and wrap dish in wax paper and place in refrigerator until ready to use.

FILLINGS FOR STUFFED PEPPERS

These fillings will fill about 8 peppers.

Vegetable Mixture:

- 1 cup canned cream style corn
 - 1 cup bread crumbs
 - ½ cup sliced olives
 - ½ cup drained tomato pulp
- Mix, fill peppers and sprinkle with grated cheese. Sometimes I omit tomatoes, add crisp bacon bits and a little milk.

Rice and Meat Filling:

- 1½ cups cooked rice
- 1½ cups diced cooked meat or fish
- ¼ cup milk
- 4 tablespoons butter

You may use bouillon for moisture in place of milk.

Luxury Filling:

- 1½ cups cooked chicken or crab meat
- 1 cup cooked rice or bread crumbs
- 1 tablespoon grated onion
- 16 blanched almonds
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 diced tomato or ½ cup drained tomato pulp

Fill into pepper and top with sliced almonds and brown. Add salt and pepper to taste.

SNAKE'S ENEMY IS FRIEND OF MAN

by Bob and Jan Young



TWO REPTILES, one a small diamondback rattlesnake, and its opponent, a collared lizard, circled each other for an opening. The chilling whine of the snake's rattle had no effect upon the beautifully marked lizard. Suddenly there was a lunge. The rattler struck. Missed. As he drew away, the collared lizard closed in, his teeth grasping the snake behind the head. Both writhed and rolled. In minutes the snake was dead—strangled by this lizard who seemed to fear nothing, especially the most deadly snake in America, if not the world.

While the collared lizard doesn't normally seek out the rattler as an opponent, it doesn't back away when danger threatens. And the lizard will kill and eat other young snakes and lizards as a regular and principal part of its daily diet. Other than the king snake and road runner, the collared lizard is the only opponent these deadly snakes have to fear.

The collared lizard (*Crotaphytus collari baileyi*) is considered the prettiest and most colorful of all lizards, with the possible exception of the dreaded gila monster. While the two may compare in beauty, there similarity ends. For the collared lizard, which inhabits only the hottest deserts, is docile and non-venomous, with a body only 3 or 4 inches long

and a tail nearly twice that long. It may be readily identified by its head, which is distinct from its body by a pigmented collar of two sooty black stripes around its neck. Its body usually has pastel yellowish dots and its underside is creamish white, except during mating when it becomes a hot orange color.

The collared lizard is at his best in hot and dry areas, but usually is dormant mid-day. When he is out, watch for him speeding across the desert so swiftly that he becomes partially erect, like a miniature kangaroo in full flight.

Always a great favorite with Westerners, the collared lizard has undeservedly earned a bad reputation with Indians who inhabit the desert. In some areas the lizard is of greenish hue and called the poisonous green lizard, which he is most certainly not.

Actually, in captivity the little fellow can be taught to feed from his master's hand, taking insects such as meal worms, flies, spiders, or grasshoppers. As evidence of his aggressiveness, he shakes the food as a terrier worries a rat.

But the colorful collared lizard must be caged alone. Although a friend of man, he considers the rest of the reptile world most suitable as a menu, despite his diminutive size.

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Ghost Writer Revealed . . . Fact, Fiction, Fancy and de Fierro

To the Editor: In your *Bewitched* by Baja article in the August issue you referred to *The Journey of the Flame* by Antonio de Fierro Blanco. Not everyone is aware that Antonio de Fierro Blanco (white branding iron) was the pen name of Walter Nordhoff, Yale graduate and long-time rancher in Baja California. He was the son of Charles Nordhoff (1830-1901) and Charles Bernard Nordhoff (1887-1947) of the famous South Sea writing team of Nordhoff and Hall. Both the grandfather and his grandson were world famous American authors. *The Journey of the Flame* was accepted for publication in 1932 by Houghton-Mifflin. They published it in 1933 and it was a Literary Guild selection. However, the identity of the author was the literary mystery of the 1930's. Ferreting out the real author, Walter Nordhoff, was achieved by Harrison Lensler, western representative of Houghton-Mifflin. When discovered by Mr. Lensler, Walter Nordhoff was living quietly in retirement in Santa Barbara. He gave various explanations for his writing under the name of de Fierro Blanco, none of them very plausible.

Actually, it would seem that Walter Nordhoff did not want his literary efforts to dim the luster of the fame of his father or that of his even more famous son. Also I have a hunch that he wanted to prove to himself that he could write a book as good or better than any written by his father or son, and the way to find out was by publishing it under the name of the unknown Antonio de Fierro Blanco. This he did and his web of fact, fancy, and fiction became one of the great historical romances of all time.

PAUL W. MINTON,
Pacific Palisades, California

Come Fly With Us . . .

To the Editor: Having tirelessly followed El Tio Gardner from La Barranca de Cobre in Ch'chuahua (Neighboring Frontiers) to Hunting the Desert Whale in Scammon's Lagoon, I had visions of stowing away as camp cook, bottle washer, or any old thing on one of his safaris. However, in lieu of a personal invitation for myself, I'm glad it happened to you. Your reactions to Baja are mine, as well as those of all its other devotees. To know this rugged stretch of land and its people is to love it. It is wonderful the way writers like you and Erle Stanley Gardner are introducing the public to this isolated neighbor of ours, Baja California.

JUANITA RUIZ,
San Gabriel, California

Editor's Comment: It was even more wonderful the way Mr. Gardner introduced Baja to us. We are grateful that it has been possible to share it with readers and we hope that we brought it to them with as much life and excitement as it was brought to us. C.P.

All About Snakes . . .

To the editor: The article *Snakes Alive* by Evelyn Conklin in your July issue is the most informative I've ever read—and I've read a lot about snakes. I did not know that people could remove the rattles and the snake recover to be dangerous. I believe that everyone who goes outdoors should read this article.

Mrs. J. F. HARRIS,
Pomona, California

Poison Travels . . .

To the Editor: Recently I have seen two Gila Monsters. They were both the Mexican variety, yellow and black. One was seen in the hills west of Desert Hot Springs and the other was south of Garnet. I have always heard they are not to be found in Southern California. Are we having an invasion of them?

BILL WILLIAMS,
Palm Desert

Editor's comment: It might be wise for desert dwellers to watch for them. We recently found the deadly type of scorpion in Baja, too, and it is supposed to observe Arizona's state line! C.P.

Camel Tracks . . .

To the Editor: After reading the Camel story in your August issue, it occurred to me that Major Stoyanow who wrote about the mysterious humanoid tracks found in Borrego (The Abominable Sandman of Borrego, July, 1964) ought to go to a zoo and see what camel tracks look like!

CARLOS WHITING,
Silver Springs, Md.

Praise from a Poet . . .

To the Editor: You did it again! The August issue of DESERT is truly one to preserve.

PAUL WILHELM,
Thousand Palms Oasis

For the Kneady . . .

To the Editor: In response to a reader request for Pueblo Bread, this recipe I have for Squaw Bread might be the same. Temp. Deep Fat 375 degrees. 2 cups of warm water; 1 teaspoon salt; 3 tablespoons melted shortening. Mix together, stirring until shortening is blended. 1 tablespoon baking powder; 2½ cups sifted flour. Sift together and add to water mixture. Mix. Add 2½ cups sifted flour to form soft dough. Roll out ½ inch thick. Cut oblong or into triangles 3 inches long. Place a slit in center of each piece. Fry to golden brown in deep fat. Drain on brown paper. If desired, sprinkle with powdered sugar.

LUCILLE CARLESON,
DESERT's Cookery Editor
Salt Lake City, Utah

Who's Got the Ding Dong?

To the Editor: Recently I revisited the Mission San Francisco de Borja in Baja California and it brought to mind the disappearance of the two bells that were taken from the mission in February of 1962. Dating from 1759, these bells were of great historical value. It is hard to believe a tourist or native would have stolen them.

This is one of the most beautiful of Baja's missions and stands in its original condition in a most awe-inspiring setting. It occurred to me that perhaps one of DESERT's readers might be able to furnish a clue in regard to this little publicized vandalism that might help to effect recovery of the bells.

LILLIAN CARMAN
Beaumont, California

Editor's comment: An old legend exists that the bells of Baja's missions were made from melted gold trinkets contributed by European sponsors. This is doubtful, but may have presented a motive for their theft. It is more likely the bells were of bronze. DESERT would indeed appreciate any information contributed by readers that might lead to the recovery of the bells. Also, a detailed description would be of interest to readers. C.P.

Up in the Air Over Mines . . .

To the Editor: Re your letter from Jack Yeager in the August issue—as a prospector, he should know better than to fly when looking for lost mines. The old timers got the cream on top. Today you have to dig for it. The gold is still in the ground as much as ever and any cloudburst may be the one to uncover a vein or a telltale piece of float. Anytime an Old Geezer gives me a map or tale of lost gold, to the desert I'll sail. I love it!

O. E. BATOR,
Gardena, California





First Prize

DESERT SHAPES

William Simpson

TORRANCE, CALIFORNIA

Taken at Joshua Tree National Monument, the photographer used three exposures on one 4x5 negative—one of the sky, one of the Yucca and one of the Joshua—to capture the feeling of the desert. Data: Linhoff Standard Press, TRI-X, red filter, each shot exposed at 1/200 at f32 to prevent excess density in final negative.

FISH CREEK WASH

Betty Mackintosh

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

Taken in late afternoon in Anza-Borrego State Park. According to Park Rangers mountain is "Elephant Knees" whose hard cover is composed of fossilized oyster shells. Data: Linhoff 4x5, red filter, 1/10 sec. at f16, Plus X cut film.

Second Prize

SEPTEMBER PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

PHOTO CONTEST RULES

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

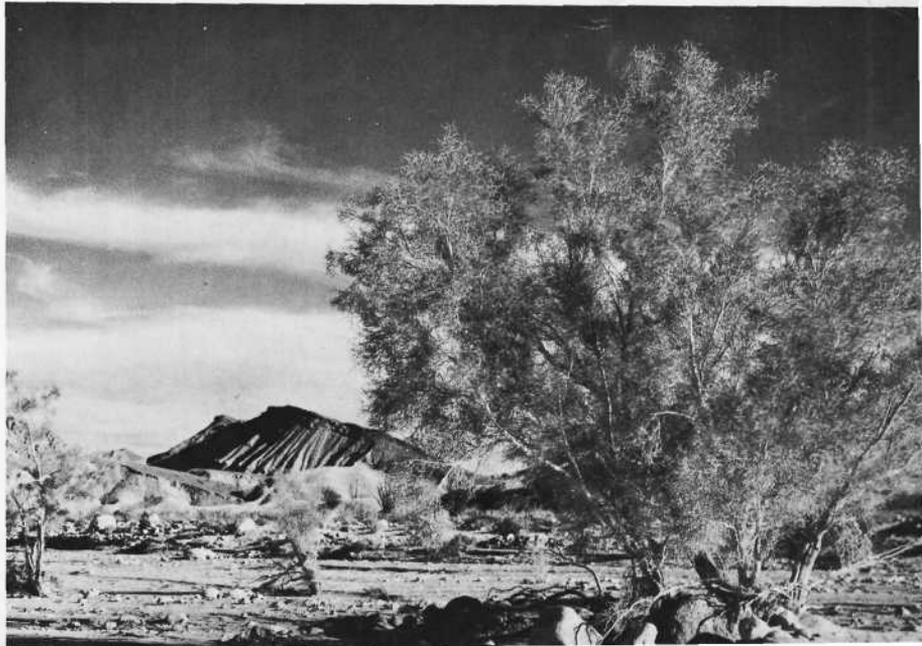
2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, etc.

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

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

5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers.

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





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