

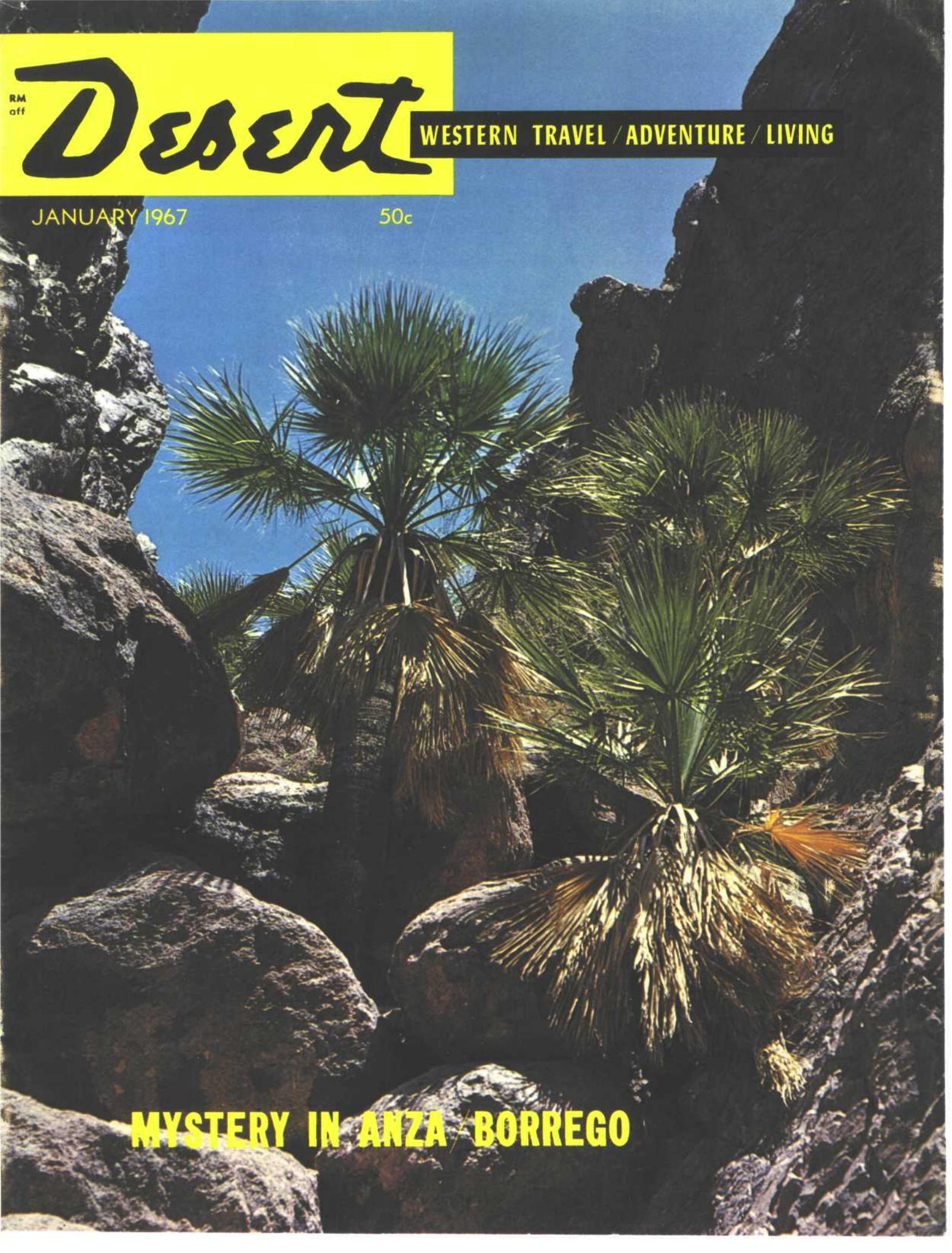
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Color Photographs for Desert

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New Books for Desert Readers

**ANCIENT HUNTERS OF
THE FAR WEST**

Edited by *Richard F. Pourade*

Based upon summaries of the late Malcolm Roger's work on Early Man for the San Diego Museum of Man, this excellent book is the best available study of the ancient *San Dieguito* culture of southern California, western Nevada, western Arizona, and northwestern Mexico. Present evidence indicates the earliest stage of this culture was at least 10,000 years ago.

Sites where discoveries were made are mapped and often illustrated with photographs, as are artifacts and drawings which aid in identification for the layman. New prospects for dating ancient man are also discussed, along with proven ones currently in use.

Desert wanderers and DESERT readers will recognize familiar spots from photographs in this book and will disagree with some of the findings, as does this reviewer. But those are minor. There is much to learn from this beautiful book with 207 pages. Hardcover, \$9.50.

THEY SANG FOR HORSES

By *LaVerne Harrell Clark*
Sketches by *Ted DeGrazia*

Here, for the first time, is described the impact of the horse upon traditional forms of Navajo and Apache folklore. An acquisition from the Spanish, this "gift from the gods" dramatically transformed the ceremony, song, prayer, custom and belief of these tribes. Collectors of Indian mythological accounts and legend will find the material included here remarkably inclusive. Presented in an academic style, with references in the margins, the book escapes pedagogy in layout through DeGrazia's whimsical drawings. Other illustrations, in full color, portray horses painted by Indian artists. Outstanding among these is the Proud Blue Stallion by Adee Dodge. The book is indexed, large format, hardcover \$12.00.

DIG HERE

By *Thomas Penfield*

One of the best of the lost mine books, *Dig Here* has been revised and enlarged for this new edition, with seven lost treasure and mine yarns added in Southern California and Nevada to those of Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. In each case, the author states the alleged value of the claim, its location, and whatever authentication is available—often not much. Then he proceeds to give details in a spirited style which makes armchair treasure hunters itch to feel the spade. A commendable aspect of this book is that the author prepared a list of reading sources from which he arrived at his material. This is presented in the back of the book. Hardcover, 235 pages, \$4.95.

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THE SOUND AND THE SEA

By *Charles Flora and Eugene Fairbanks*

Although a number of the seashore animals identified in this occur as far south as Mexico, the object of the authors in this revised new addition was to identify invertebrates along the shores of Puget Sound and the ocean beaches of Oregon, Washington and British Columbia. More than 300 common species are illustrated with photographs. Interesting facts about habitat, size, range, and popular and scientific names are included in the text below each photo. Photographs are exceptionally clear and descriptions are worded in language an amateur conchologist can understand. An excellent shell book. Hard cover, 455 pages, \$8.50.

HIDDEN VALUES IN COINS

By *Burton Hobson*

The aspects which effect the relative value of coins are rarity, age, superior condition, but most of all, demand. This author believes demand is contingent upon interest and the interest of a coin is related to the story behind it. This book takes a good look at coins of the entire world from the beginning of coinage in ancient Greece and China. Exciting stories are told about all, including American coins, right up to the present. There are also special pages on Canada and Mexico. Illustrations, of course, are photographs of the coins. Hardcover, 124 pages. \$3.95.

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SILVER

By *Charles Dunning and Edward Peplow, Jr.*

A capsule history of silver ranging from Spanish missions to space missiles in the Southwest is covered in this book. County by county, famous mines with current and past owners, descriptions and future prospects, are described in detail and make fascinating reading. The final chapter concerns the potential for silver production. With a current deficit, prospects for increased production look good, but there are a number of ramifications pertinent to such a prediction, all covered in this book. Hardcover, 199 pages, \$5.95.



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CREATIVE ENAMELLING and Jewelry-making

By *Katharina Zechlin*

Hobbyists will be excited about this new book which explains the art of enamel work start to finish. Enamel crackleware, cloisonne, silver leafing, champ-levé and other techniques are explained in detail with easy to follow instructions. Unlike the cornball designs presented in so many hobby books, the suggested designs for jewelry and objets d'art in this one are highly styled and inspirational in helping you to develop original ideas.

Enamelling is the technique by which a special type of glass is melted and fused to a metal base. As the glass is colorless, metallic oxides are added to it to give colors. Colors and shades of enamels are available commercially in prepared powder forms today, but in ancient China and Egypt where this work was highly perfected, enamellists were chemists as well as artists. In addition to jewelry of all descriptions, ash trays, decorative plates, wall plaques and beautiful little boxes are among the suggested items hobbyists will want to create. Hardcover, 104 pages, \$3.95.

A GUIDEBOOK TO THE MOJAVE DESERT OF CALIFORNIA

By *Russ Leadabrand*

Including Death Valley, Joshua Tree National Monument and the Antelope Valley, this is fourth in a series of guides to Southern California outdoor areas. The author discusses origins of trails and roads, Indian tribes, ghost towns, scenic wonders and legends, with excellent directions for finding them. Photographs and a good map are included. Paperback, 180 pages, \$1.95.



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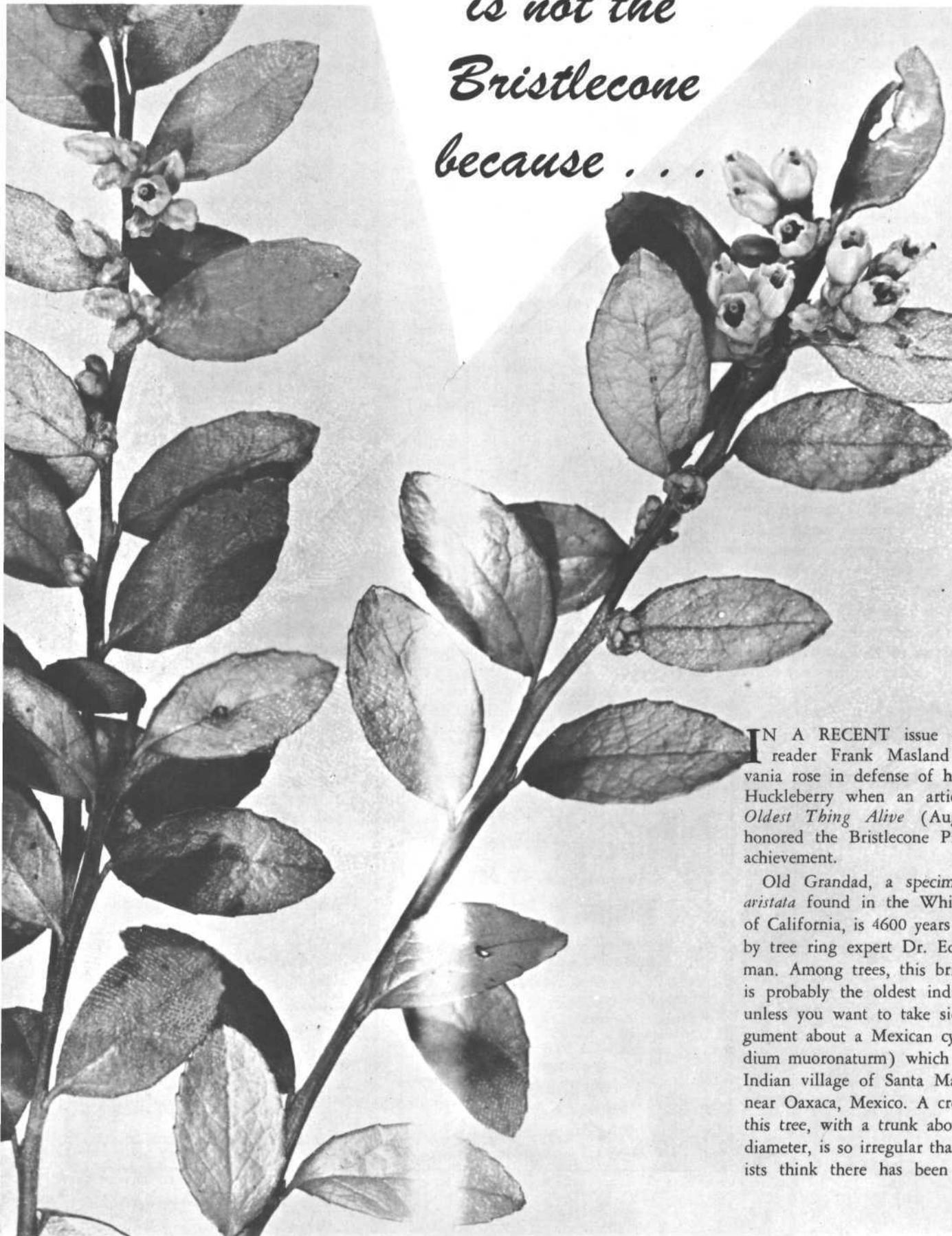
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*The Oldest Living Thing
is not the
Bristlecone
because . . .*



IN A RECENT issue of *DESERT*, reader Frank Masland of Pennsylvania rose in defense of his state's Box Huckleberry when an article titled the *Oldest Thing Alive* (Aug/Sept. '66) honored the Bristlecone Pine with this achievement.

Old Granddad, a specimen of *Pinus aristata* found in the White Mountains of California, is 4600 years old, as dated by tree ring expert Dr. Edmund Schulman. Among trees, this bristlecone pine is probably the oldest individual plant, unless you want to take sides in an argument about a Mexican cypress (*Taxodium muironatum*) which grows in the Indian village of Santa Maria del Tule near Oaxaca, Mexico. A cross section of this tree, with a trunk about 36 feet in diameter, is so irregular that some botanists think there has been a fusion of

A patch of the Box Huckleberry in Perry County, Pennsylvania.



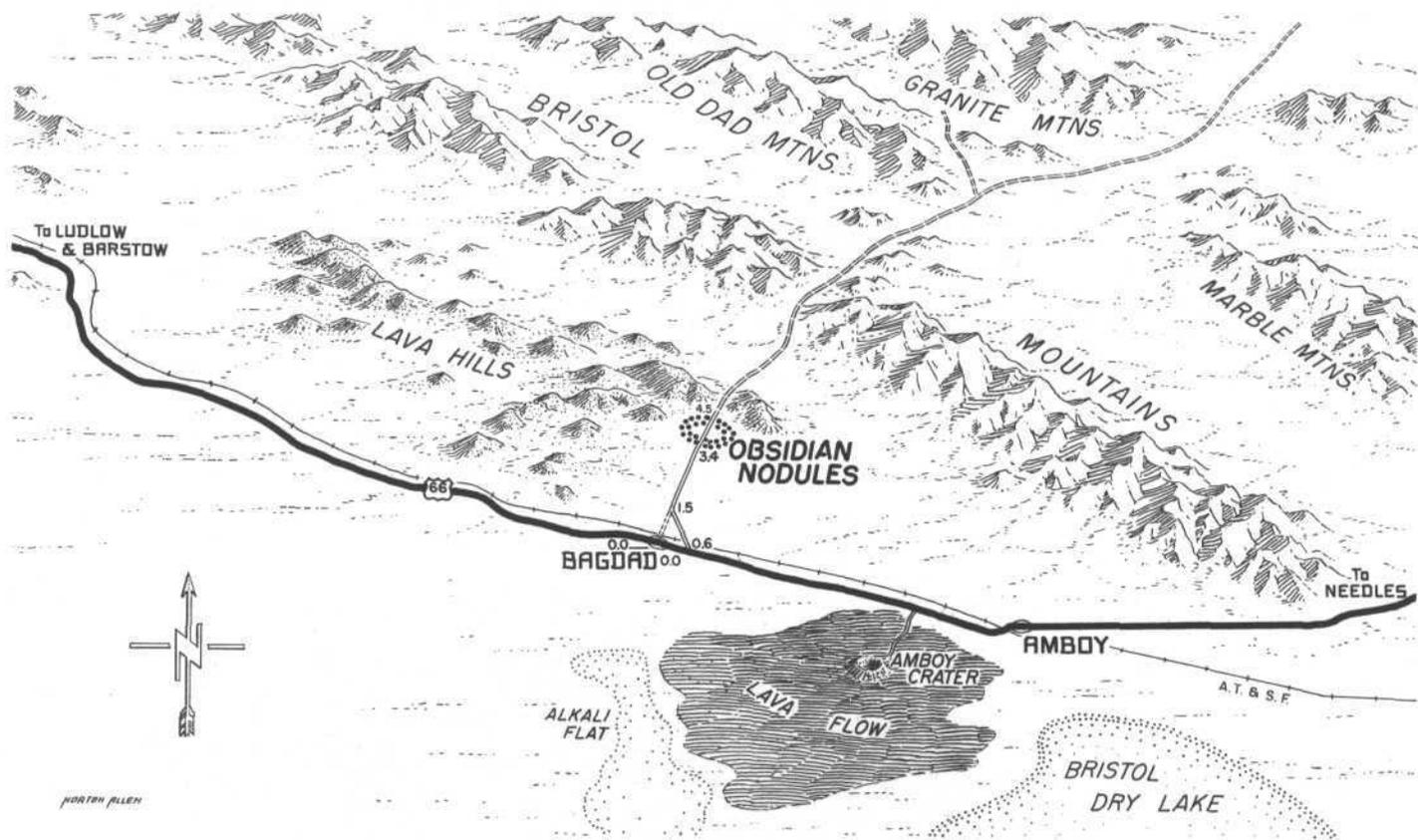
three trunks. This accounts for age estimates varying from 4000 to 10,000 years.

However, the Box Huckleberry shrub, contending for title of the oldest living plant, is not a tree, which will make the Bristlecone pine people very happy. Rather, it is a low, evergreen, ground-covering shrub with edible fruit, like huckleberries, and leaves like box. Botanists call it *Gaylussacia brachycera* and it occurs in limited areas in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. Extending itself by stolons at a rate of six inches per year, a single plant discovered in Perry County, Pennsylvania, covers eight entire acres of land. It has taken the shrub about 1200 years to travel this far. But the record discovery thus far was made along the Juanita River a few miles from the above-mentioned plant. This monster extends for 1-1/4 miles along the

northern slope of a mountain and its estimated age is a startling 13,000 years!

Evidence that these apparent colonies are actually individual plants is established by the following observations. Stolons radiate from a center over the whole area; seedlings are extremely rare, occurring only where two plants are close enough for cross pollination, which indicates self-sterility; the plant never straddles a stream nor wash because the stolons can't cross and there are no seedlings to grow on the opposite side; and there is unusual uniformity in size and shape of leaves and fruit.

Because of uncertainties, it is only probable that among the tree species old Grandad of the *Pinus aristata* clan reigns supreme as the oldest living tree, but there seems to be no doubt that the oldest living *thing* alive is the 13,000-year old box huckleberry. □



WHEN LAVA SPLASHED ON THE DESERT FLOOR

by Bernard Fas



CAN YOU imagine being in the Mojave Desert and seeing volcanos erupting, fluid bombs exploding high into the sky, and lava flows splashing out and carpeting the desert floor? Yes, that was a scene in Southern California—over 1,000,000 years ago. In those days astounding changes were occurring in the Mojave Desert. Mountains were being uplifted and active volcanos spilled their lava over wide areas. In past geological periods, known as the Tertiary and the Quaternary, Southern California's mountains gradually rose, and active volcanos were common.

Would you like to climb a volcano? Seventy-five miles east of Barstow near the little town of Amboy is a volcanic cinder cone. This is Amboy Crater, a remnant of that past turbulent era. Actually not a rarity, it is quite typical of numerous craters which punctuate the Southern California deserts. The size and near-perfect shape of this cone, however, distinguishes it from others. But how did it get there? Geologists have not always agreed on what causes volcanos, but the general belief is that they are a result of molten rocks forcing a way through weak places in the earth's crust.

The Amboy area is a basin-like structure with numerous earthquake faults. It also contains Bristol Dry Lake, the result of drainage blocked by spreading lava flows. Surrounding mountains were pushed up along the fault lines. All necessary

ingredients for the building of a volcano were present.

Then hot, dark rocks several miles below the surface were forced upward along a weak zone and, helped by escaping gases, exploded onto the desert floor. This violent initial eruption spewed ash and liquid bombs for a wide distance. Amboy Crater is believed to have gone through numerous eruptions, interrupted by periods of inactivity. The cone developed as an accumulation of ash and lava piled up layer upon layer with successive eruptions. The last volcanic activity at the crater took place as recently as 6,000 years ago. Geologically speaking, it is extremely youthful and eroded to a very minor extent.

An impressive lava flow of about 24 square miles surrounds the 250-foot-high crater. The site is easily reached from the highway and, of course, parking is no problem here. Several foot paths lead up to the cone, where you can get a breathtaking view of the surrounding area. After going that far, the next logical thing is to hike down into the crater. It is perfectly safe.

As yet, there has not been any economic plundering of this natural feature,

but pumice comes from lava and lava is sometimes used as a building stone, so there is a future economic potential. Perhaps someday the crater will succumb to

the needs of man. In the meantime it can be enjoyed for its natural beauty and as a reminder of our recent geological past. □

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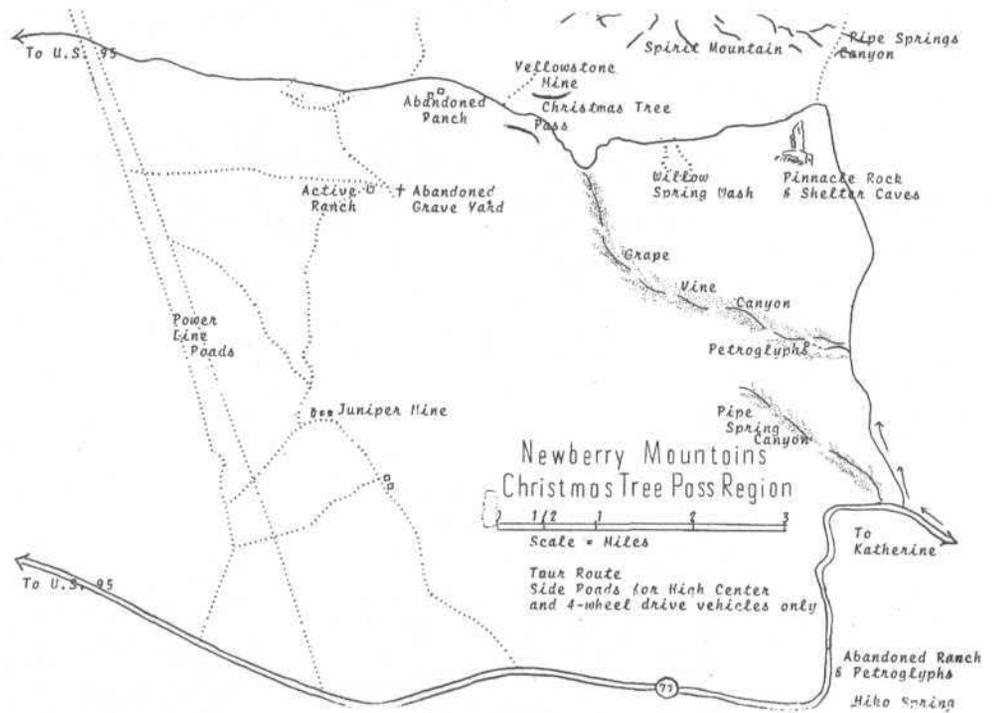
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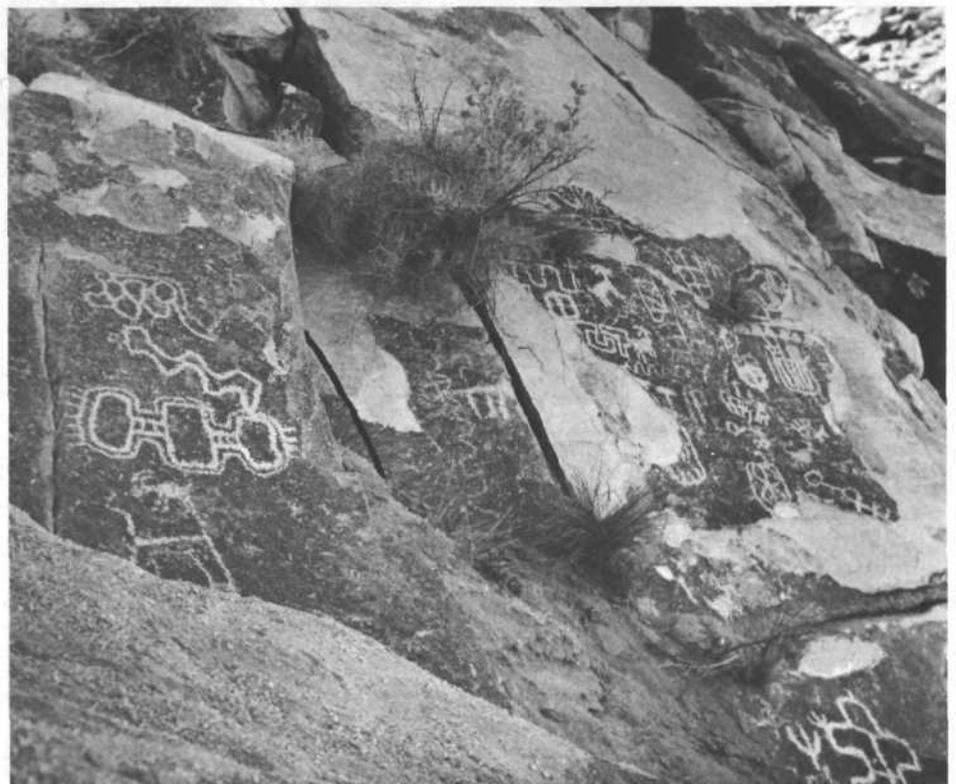
THE RAM raised his head. His mighty horns curved back against his bulging shoulder muscles, pulling his delicate hooves into quivering readiness. With a whistling snort, he sounded an alarm through the herd. There it was again! The faint scent of man. The old patriarch's piercing eyes caught a move-

ment in the boulders below. Igniting the herd into action, he surged through the wolfberries and over the smooth-faced granite. Rams, ewes and lambs blindly followed. Spotting a break in the rock-walled trough, the seasoned leader headed for it.

A naked figure stepped through the

SHEEP SAGE AND GODS

by Melvin G. Palmer



Three distinct eras of petroglyphic art cover this site at Grapevine Canyon. Curvilinear, abstract designs are considered the oldest. PHOTO FROM PEPPER COLLECTION.

break, bow raised to his shoulder and arrow notched to its head. The arrow left the bow. Straight and true, it went into the heart of the valorous old warrior. The ram fell without a sound.

Leaping with glee, the Indian threw his bow to the ground, ignoring the remainder of the herd. He had killed the greatest of them all! He would be toasted and feted by his people. His feat would be recorded by the artists of his tribe.

And recorded it was. Etched in stone by patient, skilled craftsmen who took note of all great events within their nation.

Today, more than 1000 years later, the story still stands, firm and graceful, in the unflinching granite boulders. The story is clear—the leaping sheep, the unrelenting hunters, the heaping of laurels on the fortunate bowsmen. The markings are unmistakable in their meaning, a rarity in the petroglyphic history left by these people.

Deeply engraved, hundreds of such figures begin at the bottom of a rounding bluff in Grapevine Canyon and reach upward to dizzying heights. Loops, grids, triangles, they baffle the most astute archeologists. Some appear historical in content, others suggest a religious connotation. A few, like the sheep hunt, are as vivid as written English, but most remain clouded in mystery. Only one fact is evident. Many hundreds of years ago, an intelligent race of people flourished near the Colorado River in these remote mountains of southern Nevada.

Today this region is accessible from an asphalt road between Davis Dam and the Needles-Las Vegas highway. It is only six miles west of Davis Dam and 37 miles north of Needles. From Davis Dam, follow the pavement for six miles, then turn right on the only well-kept secondary road. It is unmarked, but after three miles you'll see the U. S. Department of Interior's large sign indicating the petroglyph site about one-half of a mile to the left. The dirt road is good and low-centered cars can manage it without difficulty. A trail leads from the parking area into Spirit Mountain.

Two elderly couples were coming down the trail as we ascended. They smiled warm greetings and one of the men commented, "That's the most impressive rock writing in the country!"

And right he is. This Grapevine Canyon site is unique in that it encompasses at least three different, and unrelated, eras of rock art, the immensity of it not even apparent, as a French archeologist

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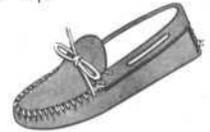
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Above: Graceful, leaping sheep were probably pecked at a later date than exfoliated grids and crosses. Below: Desert varnish covers many of these petroglyphs, indicating great age. PHOTOS FROM PEPPER COLLECTION.

once ascertained that the figures extend some 20 feet under the present ground level. At the lower visible level, the petroglyphs are faint, attesting to erosive action of countless centuries of water flow. Higher up, they become sharp and clear. One observer interpreted a glowing cloud with numerals indicating an eight day rain; others detect universal symbols of fertility and reproduction or spiraled chains to heaven. For the most part, though, the abstract figures defy interpretation. Equally remarkable is the agility displayed by the people in their ability to carve their magic on surfaces hundreds of feet high with no apparent footing.

It is remarkable, also, that these writings, so easily accessible, have escaped the greedy hand of vandalism and remain today just as they were written 1,000 years ago. If you never witness another petroglyph site, make it a point to see this dramatic one on the Nevada-California border. □



THE DESERT MALLOW

by Irma Vyhmeister



EARLY ONE spring, my husband and I initiated our hobby of photographing desert wildflowers. Although enchanted with poppies, lupines, gillias, and dandelions, we were intrigued with a flower new to us which we found growing on the Mojave desert in California. Not one description in our wildflower book described this Mojave beauty. We wondered why such an exceptional plant had not drawn more attention from the experts.

The following spring, while driving through Julian in southeastern California, we found our elusive Mojave beauty on display at a wildflower show. It was called "desert mallow." Later we learned that the desert mallow belongs to the

Malvaceae family, which includes the hibiscus, hollyhock, and cotton. Desert mallow is classified as *Sphaeralcea ambigua*. The name *sphaeralcea* is derived from two Greek words, *sphaera* and *alcea*, which allude to the globose and almost hemispheric fruit of these plants.

We learned to distinguish also between the desert mallow and the apricot mallow. The latter is a sub-species of the *sphaeralcea ambigua* with somewhat smaller leaves and growing at a higher elevation on rocky soil. The former grows below 4000 feet.

A perennial plant common to the Mojave and Colorado deserts in California, the desert mallow is also found in Ne-

vada, Arizona, and Baja California. *Sphaeralcea* flowers are brilliantly colored in shades of delicate rose, grenadine, peach-red, apricot, orange-scarlet and lavender. They are unusually attractive in contrast to austere desert scenery. Because tiny white hairs on their stems and leaves seem to irritate the eyes, the flowers are called "sore-eye poppies" in Arizona and in Baja California are referred to as *plantas muy malas*.

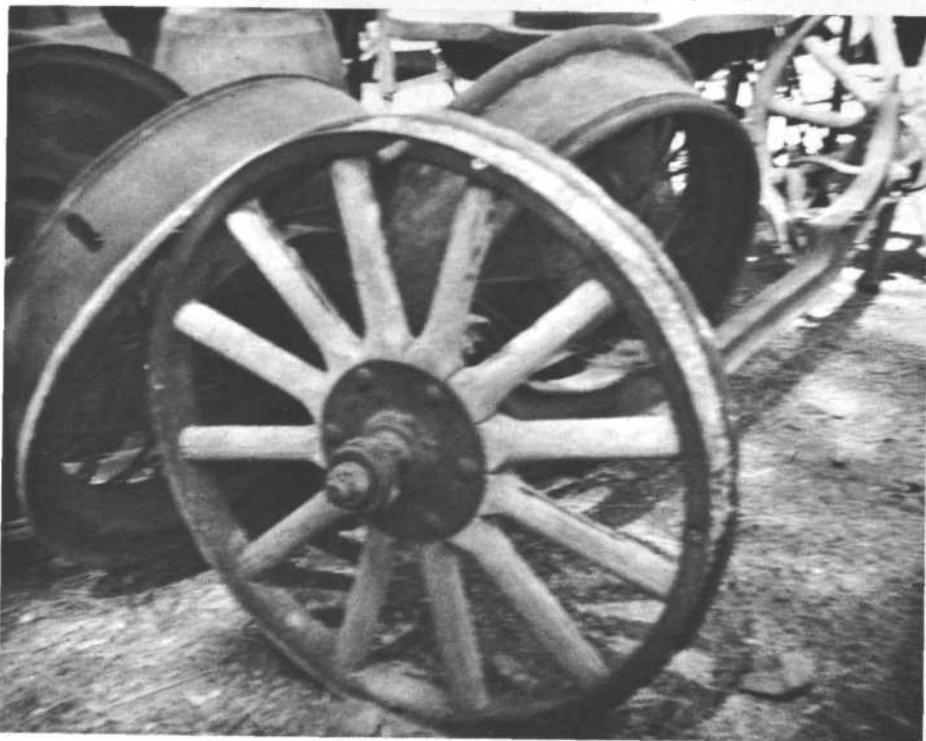
Someone once described the desert mallow as the "climax of floral beauty." We agree. Among the many slides we treasure from our adventures in wildflower photography, the desert mallow seems to be something of our own, a delightful discovery on a lovely spring day. □

Merrily We Roll Along



A home-made "carreta" is used for a garden ornament.

Old-timers will recognize these wooden spokes in the wheel of an old Studebaker.



WHEN A prehistoric man first discovered that smooth, rounded boulders rolled downhill more efficiently than lopsided ones, his interest wasn't entirely altruistic. It suggested a way to decimate his enemies in the valley below, but even primitive warfare had its compensations. The rolling rock led to the rolling wheel!

Nature got into the transportation business first. One example, familiar in the West, is the tumbling tumble-weed which forms itself into a ball in order to roll with the wind and spread its seed. But at whatever point in history the actual wheel itself was invented is still a mystery, so the rounded rolling stone theory is perhaps as good a guess as any.

H. G. Wells in *Outline Of History* traces the use of wheeled vehicles back 5000 years. He visualized a crude pair of wheels and axle in one piece, hacked laboriously from the trunk of a large tree.

Carretas, two-wheeled carts, were brought to this continent by early Spaniards. The Mexican *carreta* is made of two thick rounds cut from the trunk of a huge cottonwood tree. The axle is a mesquite log trimmed to fit, somewhat haphazardly, holes in the centers, with a stake-pin to keep the wheel from wobbling off.

Dr. Emil W. Haury, head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Arizona, finds no evidence that primitive cultures of the western hemisphere used wheels of any sort. Their nearest approach was a contrivance of two slender poles with a sack of skins sewn between and dragged by dogs or horses. The name *travois* was given the contraption by white men and is pronounced *travva*.

However, wheels were among items most needed for pioneer cross-country treks, although accounts concerning their *Conestoga* wagons are in error. *Conestoga* wagons were too heavy to make the long trip across the plains! Only a few *Conestoga* wagons ever crossed the Mississippi River.

At any rate, later came stage-coaches, farm-wagons, buckboards and surreys. And, of course, hearses, the latter much

by Jack Sowell

needed while guns were winning the West. But did guns really win the West? They may take credit for subduing it, but the West was actually won by the wheel.

Man used wheels to transport his goods. He used them to build his roads. He worked his mines with wheels, and cut his timber. And it wasn't a lazy man who thought of putting wheels on a plow and calling it a cultivator—it was a "look-ahead" man, thinking of increased production. Then steam railroads began crossing the continent, followed by automobiles, trucks and busses—now over 66,000,000 in the U.S. alone—not to mention the thousands of planes which need wheels for take-off and landing.

In fact, hardly an endeavor of man at any point in history can be pin-pointed wherein that endeavor was not based upon the turn of a wheel. Phaeton, son of the sun-god Phoebus Apollo, drove a wheeled chariot. The Trojans placed wheels under the feet of their giant wood horse. Wheels were used in sports, as attested to by stone tablets found in Asia Minor in the 1920's. Upon these were engraved images of chariot races which dated back to the 15th century B.C.

A horrible wheel, and one of which we are well-rid, was the Wheel of Torture. Upon this, people in political, social or military disfavor, were spread-eagled, their arms and legs broken as the wheel slowly turned.

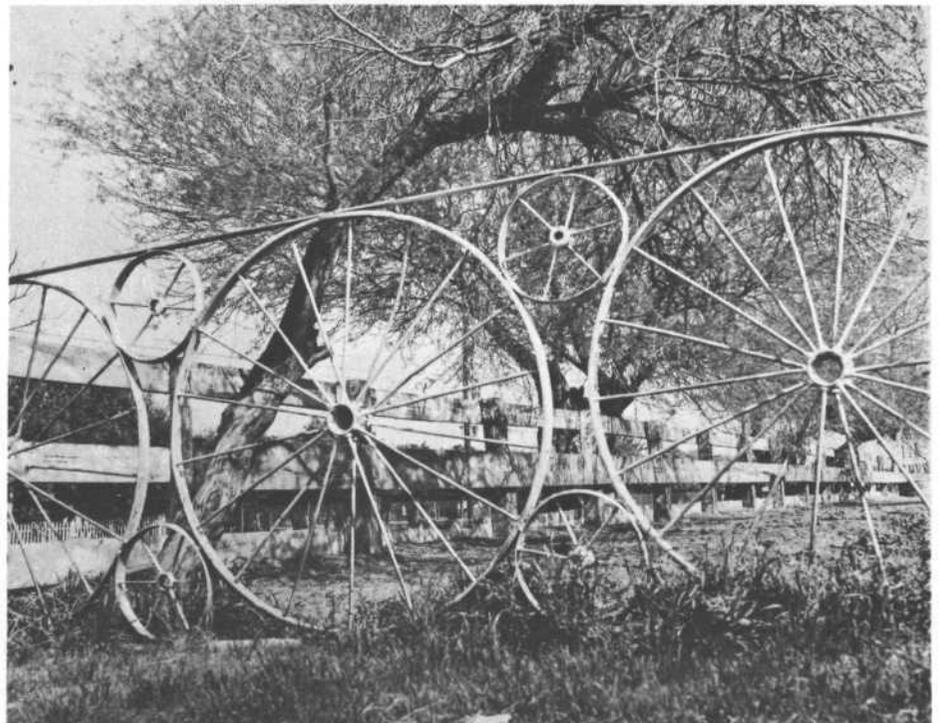
Back in industry, where wheels count most, man devised the paddle-wheel steamer for plying mighty rivers. He used the water-wheel to grind corn. Later, he used the same principal with great turbines to generate electricity and light up the world. And even the tiny balance-wheel in your wrist watch may have established the principal of the gyroscope, which led to the gyro-steering and stabilizer in ships and planes.

So the story of "wheels" goes on, ever a monument to man's ingenuity. But of all the need for wheels the world has ever known, one mythological piece of equipment should have had wheels and didn't. If one kindly soul had put casters on Pandora's box, they could have wheeled it to the deepest lake and drowned all our troubles! □



Another oldie, these spokes are on the wheel of an ancient chuck wagon.

Wheels from discarded farm equipment create a novel fence.



**Here is a real hot
mystery about
lost gold
which should be
easy to solve . . .**

Joe Reedy's Lost Chicago Mine

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

IF YOU CAN guess why Joe Reedy called his gold studded sand at Tunnel 21 "The Lost Chicago Mine," your guessing apparatus is better than mine. In the first place, it is beside the San Diego and Arizona Eastern Railroad in Southern California's Anza/Borrogo desert, about 2000 miles west of Chicago. In the second place, one of the clues, a wild palm, wouldn't be caught alive in Illinois.

The whole thing started in October, 1910, when Reedy, a young man working near El Centro, noticed a vagrant with a mule and spring wagon camped on his neighbor's ditch. When Reedy reported

it, the neighbor explained that the old gentleman was a prospector who had arrived every fourth year in October for 16 years. Always he camped at the ditch and Mr. Haden, the farmer, gave him milk and eggs, for which the prospector paid generously in gold.

"Come, I'll show you," Haden unbuckled his milk stool and led Joe Reedy toward the house. "I got pretty plenty myself," Haden confided, "but there's enough there for him and me and you, too, if you want to get it." Haden paused by the corral and pointed northwest to a long canyon. "He goes over the top of those hills. Down on the other side, in

the canyon, is a lone palm 30 feet high. He digs down about a foot to get some water; then when he leaves, he buries his tools just south of the palm. His diggings are across, southeasterly, from the tree."

When they reached the house, Haden excused himself. In a moment he returned with a little box full of gold. "About \$200 worth," he said. The prospector had presented it to him for past kindnesses. "Now when he comes out," Haden suggested, "you follow his tracks in and get yourself some gold!"

The old prospector remained at his diggings longer than expected, however,

A topographical map is essential in finding the route through this area. The map below shows the Dos Cabezas Station in relation to Tunnel 21, which is not indicated on the topo map. Follow directions in text for finding the place to cross the railroad tracks.



and by the time he returned to Haden's ditch, Reedy's business had carried him elsewhere. It wasn't until 32 years later Reedy was back in the area and free to prospect. He then located the lone palm without any difficulty, but couldn't find the old prospector's tools, nor his gold.

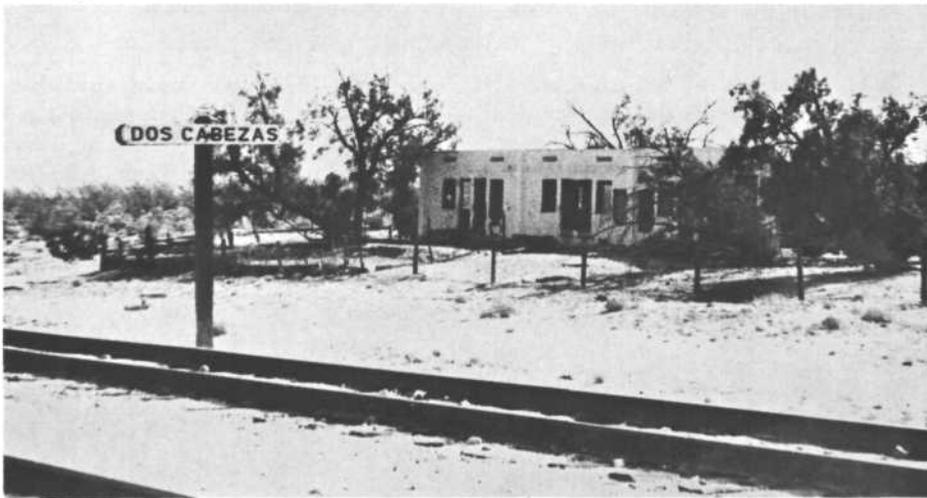
Nevertheless, Reedy persisted, making six trips over a period of as many years. On his final attempt, he stopped at the Dos Cabezas station to inquire of a railroad worker if anyone had been prospecting in the area.

"Yes," the man said, "but not recently." He then related the following story: Some years earlier an Indian had lived in one of the cabins by the station. Each morning the Indian walked to Tunnel 21 and each evening returned, a total distance of 14 miles. After about 10 weeks of this, the Indian asked the railroad



An enterprising desert dweller lived in this underground house before he built the house of powder cans pictured at the bottom of the page.

On a recent Sunday morning, we set off in our 4-wheel drive Ford camper, towing the Grasshopper. Now and then dark clouds sailed across the sun. The wind increased as we turned south off paved State S2 onto the first dirt road west of the San-Diego-Imperial County marker, but it didn't look like rain. A forest of ocotillo softened the desert scape with fluffy leaves, fresh from a recent storm, and the cholla looked fat and "jumpy" enough to enter the Olympics. Somehow we avoided puncturing tires and soon arrived on the north side of the railroad tracks from the abandoned Dos Cabezas station. There we turned right, according to our topo map, and continued alongside the tracks, looking for a place to cross. When we reached an impasse in a *cul de sac* of boulders, the situation appeared hopeless. A rugged range lay between us and Tunnel 21.



Above: Dos Cabezas Station is now abandoned.

worker for a ride on his motor car to Coyote Wells, where he could catch a bus for San Diego. After the railroad man agreed to that, the Indian asked another favor. He wanted help in carrying his "stuff" from the cabin. The "stuff" was packed in a buckskin bag with a stick tied into the top. It took the strength of both men to lift it.

About a week later, this same Indian showed up in Julian, spending nuggets over the bar for liquor. Both the railroad worker and the bartender tried to find out where he had obtained his gold, but all the Indian would say was, "Tunnel 21."

Reedy immediately made a bee-line for Tunnel 21, which turned out to be about 1/4 of a mile down the canyon from the lone palm where the other prospector had worked, although by this time the palm had disappeared. Reedy couldn't figure out then—and he still can't—why he failed to find anything where two others found so much!



One of the many nice things about having a Boy Scout in the family is that he studies terrain while Jack and I study maps. Trent had observed a place en route where he thought someone had driven across the tracks in the past. While we unhitched the Grasshopper to make a reconnaissance, a 4-wheel drive Toyota appeared on the scene. It, too, reached the impasse. Its driver, carrying an old issue of DESERT magazine, approached Jack to ask directions. When Carl Rickles learned that Jack was publisher of DESERT and we were scouting for a story, he and his companion, Frank Visintine, decided it would be more fun to blaze the trail to a new story than to follow an old one, so we joined forces.

As we all returned along the track, Trent spotted a jeep trail on the other side which was difficult to see because it turned sharply to avoid a wash adjacent to the track. The way to distinguish this spot is by a sign on a telephone pole numbered "108."

After crossing the tracks, we followed the old trail into a melee of jumbo boulders and sandy washes fine as sugar. No one had passed this way for a long, long time.

Frank Visintine, Jack Pepper and Carl Rickles study a topo map before taking off in the Grasshopper to look for a trail.



Off to the right, we noticed a wooden trestle and indications that someone had occupied a grotto hidden among a mountain of sand-blasted rocks. We left our cars and hiked over to it. Long ago someone had lived here, but he left no indications of mining activity, if that was his

occupation. First the hermit had lived in an underground cave covered with railroad ties and sand. A couple of cholla spouted from its roof. Then, later, desiring a view or a fancier abode, he had constructed a unique dwelling of cement-filled powder cans, one placed upon the

The desert was lush with ocotillo, wild gourds and cholla.



other and mortared into place like bricks. How long he lived like that, who he was, or what he was doing, only he knew. Aside from a few pieces of broken sun-purpled glass, some rusty nails (not hand-forged), and scraps of wood, he left no tell-tale debris.

The powder cans presented a mystery, though, until we came to the end of the difficult road and discovered what long ago had been an underground storage vault for the powder used to blast the railroad tunnels through the Jacumba mountains.

Up ahead, at the end of a rocky footpath, loomed our long-sought railroad tunnel. At least, we thought it was, until we climbed up to take a picture. The sign at its entrance designated it as tunnel 20, the wrong one.

According to our topo map, tunnel 21 lay beyond a deep canyon on the other side of the mountain through which this one passed. By now it was growing late. Clouds threatened the skies and it was cold, but we were too close to our goal to give up. Jack and I started up the mountain, "Just to take a look at the lay of the land," we said. When we disappeared over the other side and failed to return, the others followed.

Descending from one rough sandstone ledge to another, we looked down into a boulder-strewn, sandy wash blocked by an immense wall of fill which had been built up to provide a bed for the tracks. Where the tracks ran into the mountain on the opposite side of the wash, gaped the black cavity of Tunnel 21. Extending from the floor of the canyon and cut through the rocky fill of the track bed, was a drainage tunnel designed as an outlet for water rushing down the canyon during flash floods. When we reached the floor of the canyon, Jack stuck his head into the drainage tunnel. Square cut and about 50 feet long, its top and sides were timbered and along its sandy floor were thick railroad ties placed at regular intervals.

Curious to see the terrain on the other side of the railroad grade, we followed a rocky trail up to Tunnel 21. From there we looked down into a deep, deep canyon. Where it narrowed and angled into another range, a palm-studded oasis met our astonished eyes. Amid naked, sand-blasted boulders where constant winds allow little to grow, these soft crowns of fronds were a thrill to see. Long ago DESERT's founder, Randall Henderson, hiked to this grove, approaching from Carrizo Canyon below, and counted 173 palms.



Tunnel 21, the key to the mystery.

Still, there were no signs of mining in the area. Up the wash into which we had descended to locate Tunnel 21 is where the old prospector's lone palm once stood. We had left our metal detectors in the car and time was too short now to locate his tools, even if we could find a stump of the tree. Reluctantly, we headed for home.

The more I thought about it, the more perplexed I became over Joe Reedy's curious name for the "Lost Chicago Mine." Moreover, I had started to wonder if the nuggets the Indian displayed in Julian were black or gold. The first

Looking up the wash from whence came the gold!



thing I did Monday morning was give Joe Reedy a call.

"I named it the Lost Chicago Mine because the old prospector was from Chicago," he retorted, as if I were some kind of idiot for asking. "And the nuggets were gold colored, as gold nuggets always are!"

"Those boulders by Tunnel 21 didn't look very gold bearing to me," I persisted.

"It didn't come from there," he explained. "The old gentleman was placing. The gold washed down that canyon from somewhere above, probably."

"Oh," I said, hanging up the phone. Then I had an afterthought. "Jack," I said, turning to DESERT's publisher, who also happens to be my husband, "that wasn't a mine we were looking for after all. It was a placer operation. Reedy just *called* it a mine. But if there was gold there because it washed down during storms, why didn't it wash right on through the drainage tunnel and down the deep canyon on the other side, where the palms grow?"

"Because gold is heavier than sand," Jack explained, with infinite patience. "Gold would have dropped to the bottom and been trapped between those ties that lay in the bottom of the drainage tunnel."

Maybe it's just as well we didn't think of that while we were there. Although it is close to the fringe, the area still lies *within the Anza/Borrego State Park*. So remember, anything you find there has gotta stay where you found it! □

Wild Palms of the Kofas

by G. Michael Horton

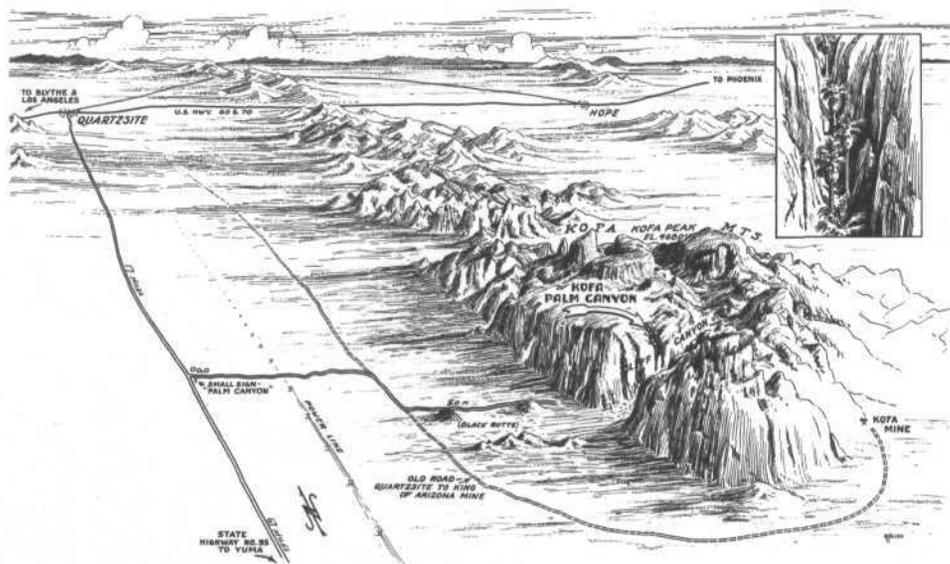
IN SOUTHWESTERN Arizona is some of the most rugged and desolate country to be found in this state or any other. The sun blazes down with such intensity that not even the usual denizens of the desert stir until sundown. The temperatures soar to over 120 on summer days, and a tired and weary prospector can go many a mile before he finds a patch of shade or a pool of water. In the middle of this flat desert country stands a chain of towering granite upthrusts, which on the older maps are called the S-H Mountains. The prospectors, who originally named them, apparently noted the slanted top of one of the peaks, which in times gone by was situated behind the house, they duly labeled the range the S-H Mountains. Since those rough and ready days, however, the S-H Mountains have been renamed the Kofa Mountains in honor of the King of Arizona Mine.

The Kofas are sere, mysterious peaks, desolate enough to rival the Superstitions and forbidding enough to discourage all but the most stouthearted. Signal Peak, the highest point in the Kofa range, reaches a height of 4828 feet. Signal Peak is no gently rising mound, but a sheer granite spire with a serrated crown, giving it the appearance of the rampart of a forgotten castle on the fringe of a hostile and prehistoric land. The spiny ridge of the mountains and the total desolation of the surrounding country conspire to form a weird and haunting, twi-

lighted landscape. Especially in the early morning hours, these fantastic effects of light, earth, and wind are heightened to such a point that it would not be totally unexpected to see some primeval beast lurking from behind its granite fortress.

Despite the seeming utter desolation, there is a place of shade and coolness where a traveler can rest. This secret place is Palm Canyon. Palm Canyon, or what was once called Fish Trail Canyon, was discovered by John Ramsey in 1910. Mr. Ramsey had been prospecting in the Kofas and after climbing up one of the jutting pinnacles must have been extremely surprised to stare down into a narrow canyon full of waving palms. After Mr. Ramsey's chance discovery, Palm Canyon long remained only a rumor. Perhaps some wandering prospector visited it in the intervening time, but there was no further mention of this desert mystery until the 1930s, when Roscoe Wilson made a trip into the Kofas to verify a rumor about sub-tropical palms growing in a mountainous and desert region. As a result of a conversation with Mr. Wilson, I decided to make a trip to Palm Canyon.

The canyon is reached by driving 19 miles south of Quartzsite along US Highway 95 to a small dirt road. The dirt road winds across the desert for about eight miles and is in fairly good condition for three-quarters of that distance. The remainder is strewn with rocks ranging in size from small pebbles to head-sized boulders. The road finally comes to an



A good part of this trip may be made by passenger car. See text.

end at the mouth of a large canyon. But even this is only the jumping off point. Getting to Palm Canyon requires a healthy walk over the boulder-littered canyon floor. Palm Canyon, itself, is another half mile and 300 feet above the canyon floor. A narrow, and in places rather indistinct, foot path follows the towering granite wall to the mouth of a small lateral canyon. From this point on the trail, high up in the granite face, I could see green fronds waving; here, then, was Palm Canyon.

The lateral canyon leading to the palms varies considerably in width. At the mouth the offshoot is about 25 feet wide, but shrinks to a two-foot slot through which the largest stand of palm trees is reached. Entering the hidden stand of trees is like arriving at a desert oasis full of green, clicking palms, a new and refreshing world of shade and coolness.

Standing in the shade of a 40-foot palm tree, I looked down 700 feet to the canyon floor. The trail to Palm Canyon starts at 1800 feet above sea level, and the head of the canyon which harbors the palms is at 2500 feet. The half-mile of trail along the canyon floor is only a gradual climb, but the last 300 feet or so is tough going and almost perpendicular. Loose boulders and rotting granite in the water course don't facilitate climbing, so footage is precarious.

How did this haven of cool palms come to be in the middle of a blazing desert? Several thousands of years ago this particular species of palm tree (*Washingtonia filifera*) was fairly common in the Sonora Desert region, which encompasses southwestern Arizona, Southern California, Baja, and northern Mexico. As climatic conditions changed, the original extensive coverage of native palms diminished. Today in Arizona, we find only a few survivors of the once extensive palm coverage. And these are found only in the very remote and sheltered canyons of the Kofas.

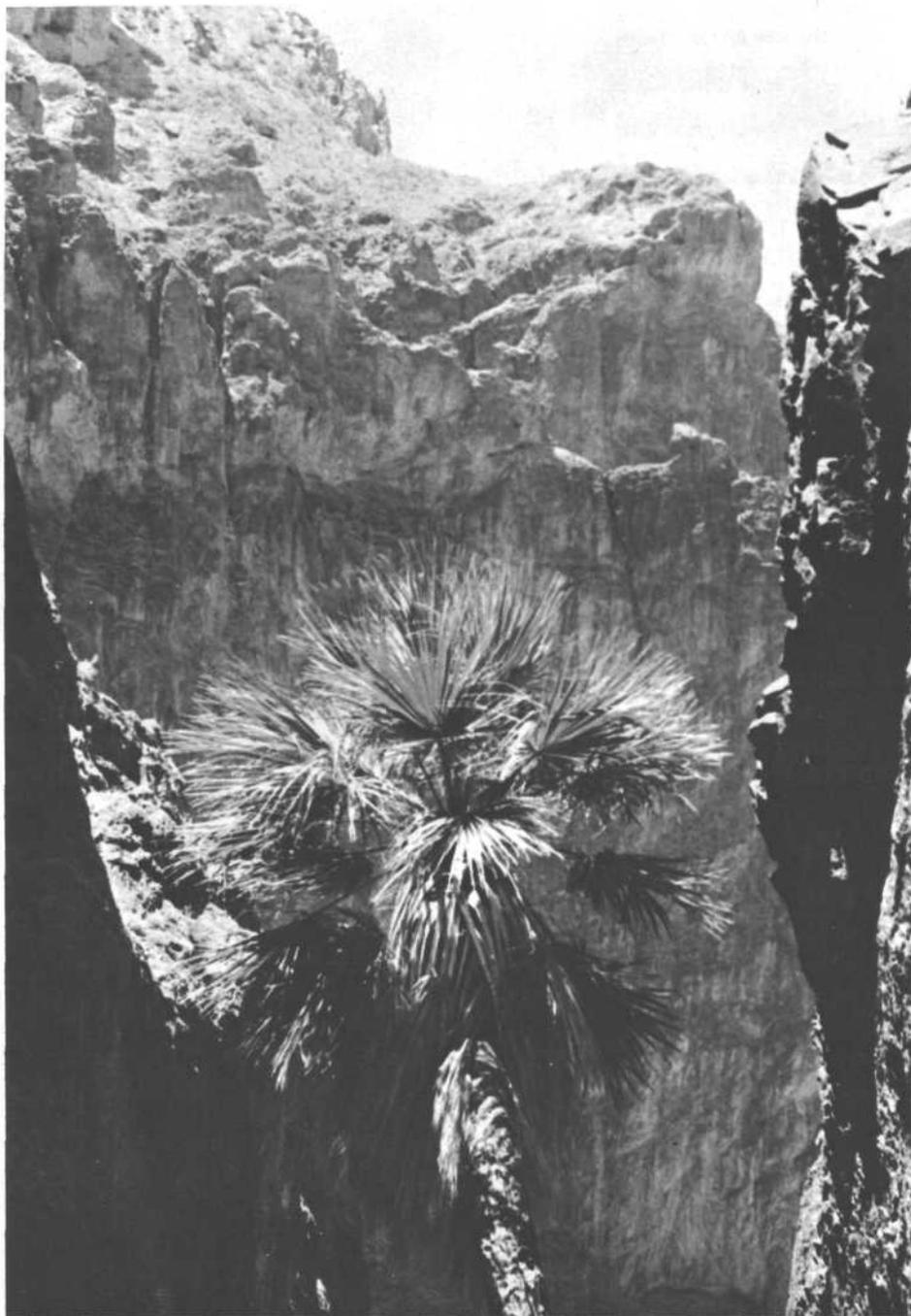
Being the only palms native to Arizona, the *Washingtonia filifera* originally caused some controversy. The question was—did they or did they not represent a new species peculiar to Arizona? The major discernable difference between the Kofa palms and the wild palms growing in Palm Springs and Baja is the size of the trunk. Those of the Kofas are more slender. This difference, however, is an environmental one, as the Kofa palms have been forced to adapt to the unusual topography of Palm Canyon with its specialized conditions of light and heat.

Canyon walls slant inward, protecting

the palms from the full fury of the desert sun, thus enabling what soil there is to retain some moisture. Only for two or three hours a day is direct sunlight able to strike the palms; and from November to March, sunlight does not reach the boulder-strewn canyon floor. The floor slants sharply upward from its mouth to its head, climbing 300 feet in something less than 300 yards. This incline creates a fast water course which, were it not for blockages formed by the hundreds of rocks, would prevent soil deposits from forming. It is in the cracks and crevices of these pockets of soil that the palms have managed to take root and survive. The age of the present stand is estimated to be from 250 to 400 years.

Tall and graceful, the palms of the Kofas have beautifully serrated fronds and white fibrous trunks. Curving out from under their shelter of boulders, they soar to heights of 30 and 40 feet. Seeing those waving green fronds against an Arizona-blue sky for the first time makes the thirsty climb and aching legs worth the effort.

Even if you shouldn't make it to Palm Canyon proper, the untamed beauty and wildness of the surrounding country justifies the trip. The best time of the year to visit Palm Canyon is during March, April, or the first part of May. Between May and September, unless you're a very hardy soul indeed, is just too hot. □



NOTHING BUT ELEPHANTS

BY JULIA CRAW

Did the wooly mammoth
still inhabit our
western plains
when the white man came?

This writer claims
there is good evidence!

WHEN DAVID Ingram, shipwrecked English adventurer crossing the plains of the United States in 1569, reported seeing elephants grazing with the buffalo, was he reporting truth or fiction? Did Thomas Jefferson, president and scientist of the 18th century, really believe the Indians' stories of tusked and long-nosed beasts in the country beyond the Missouri? Were the rumors that went around the world in 1899 of live wooly mammoths in North America complete fabrication? Or were they based on fact?

Did adventurous western braves only a few centuries ago return from goat hunting trips and boast, "Know what I saw? You won't believe it!"

If they did, the busy and long-suffering wives, like the doubting scientists of today, probably listened skeptically to the tales of highly improbable beasts and accused them of being on the Jimson weed again—dreaming dreams and seeing visions.

Our scientists insist that the elephant vanished from our country completely and almost instantaneously some 8000 years ago. Are they right? Myths and



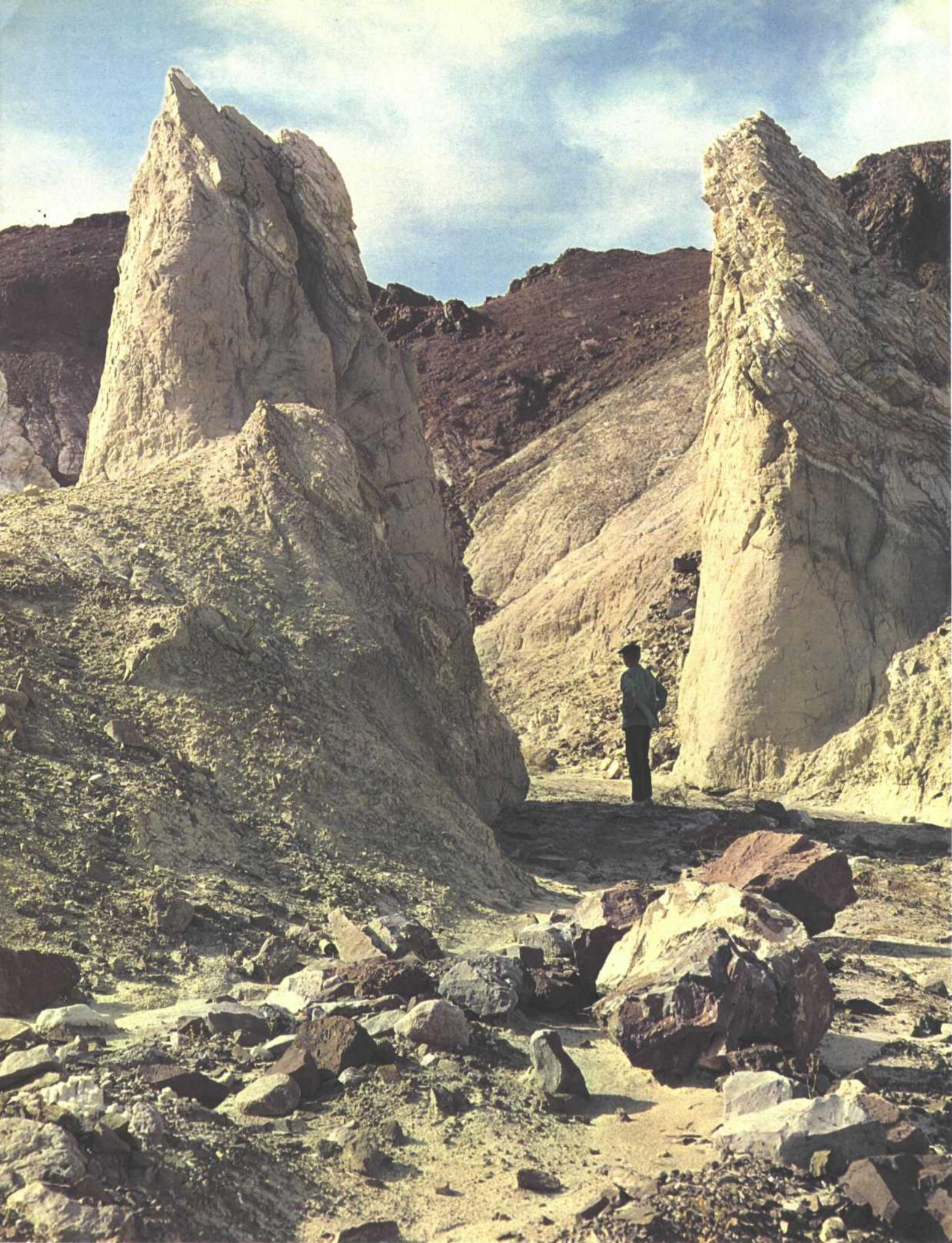
The tusk of a Columbian mammoth which roamed the Nevada plains some 13,000 years ago. Associated with the artifacts of man in archeological digs, these bones are proof that early Westerners were big game hunters.

legends, rumors and reports of live elephants in the western hemisphere have persisted stubbornly throughout our nation's history, from the time the first white men entered it into the 19th century. In spite of educated scoffing, are these stories true? Did "tusked and long-nosed beasts" still inhabit America in the 16th, the 17th, even the 18th century?

Most of us think of the elephant as a peanut-eating stranger from the nearest zoo, not as an American native. But the science of paleontology gives him a bonafide lineage in our country that goes back at least to an early Pleistocene age. The North American mastodon, if it did not

evolve here, was on hand to greet the first man. And the wooly mammoth—the later American brand of elephant—used the first migration routes across the Bering Strait to become a naturalized citizen right along with Asian man.

Early Americans had no need to go on African safaris for big game. Their backyard was full of it—and really big. It has been estimated that, thirty to fifty-thousand years ago, over forty million over-size animals inhabited North America. And at least seven varieties of elephants, in herds of thousands, topped the list. The mastodon, *Mastodon americanus*, the largest, stood 14 feet tall. *Mammuthus*





Where the elephant roamed. This prehistoric Indian campsite is on shore of a dry lake.

columbi, the mammoth, weighed a possible five tons and carried spiralling, 16-foot tusks. An eastern variety, somewhat smaller, called *Parelphas jeffersoni* in acknowledgment of President Jefferson's keen interest in the American elephant, stood nearly 11 feet tall.

Other animals of the time grew in proportion—the 20-foot ground sloth, elk the size of moose, gigantic bear, camels seven feet at the shoulder, huge dire wolves, and saber-toothed tigers with teeth hanging almost to their chests. Along with these roamed herds of horses, bison, musk-ox, mountain sheep and goats.

The wonder is that man, wandering among these monstrous beasts, puny, naked, slow of foot, and claw-and-fangless, managed even to survive. The enemies he couldn't out-run he had to out-wit. Too slow to catch his food with his hands, he had to extend his reach and his power with sticks and stones. Growing no hair nor fur for protection against icy winds from the glacial masses he had to figure a method for making fire. Stubborn and indomitable, he picked the king of beasts as his chief means of subsistence and he not only survived, but outlived them.

Choosing the elephant as his special prey, man's way of life was necessarily dictated by the animal's habits. Following where the elephant led, his camps were temporary and small, his possessions limited to the very few things he could carry.

The prehistoric elephant was not the tropical browser we know today. Complete corpses of the woolly mammoth,

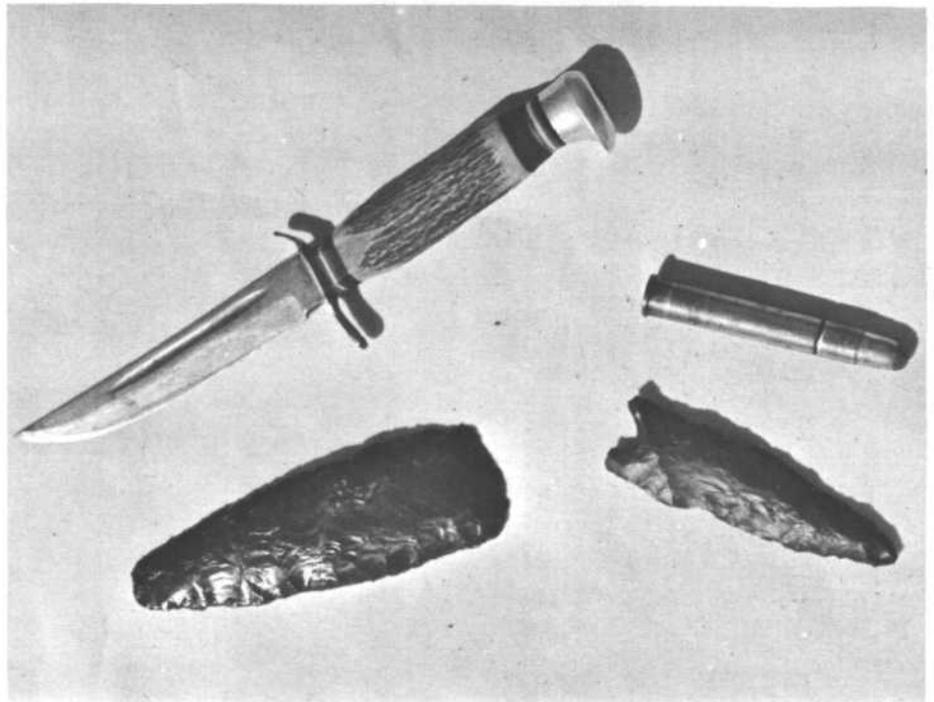
which met a sudden and unexplained death in the far north, have been recovered from deep-freeze graves in the Arctic tundra. Their undigested stomach contents, perfectly preserved, show a diet of temperate zone flora—alder, birch and willow—proving that they followed the forests which grew up in the rainy belts at the edges of the ice sheets, leaving dry and warmer climates to contemporaries better adapted to them. In defense against glacial winds, these animals grew an almost impenetrable, massive, red-brown coat of hair and carried a six-inch layer of fat beneath it.

In family groups of 15 or 20 persons, early hunters trailed the herds, waiting to catch an animal sick or floundering in a mudhole. Then the hunters, shouting and jubilant, fell upon it with their wooden spears, jabbing and thrusting until they hit a vital spot with enough force to kill. If lucky, they dodged back from the thundering, trunk-swirling, maddened creature and waited for it to die.

The dead animal was a complete commissary, supplying food, clothes, tools and shelter for the entire group. Swarming over it, hacking through the hair and fat with their chipped flint knives, they gorged on the fresh meat half raw, half fire-seared. Then, hanging the huge hide on a rock or tree limb as a windbreak, they camped near enough to their kill to guard it against invaders. When the meat was gone the tribe moved on to another hunt, another camp.

The single-shouldered point of Sandia man, found in archaeological digs 30,000 years old, identifies him as the first of these brave, or foolhardy, hunters. Traced by his fluted and better worked weapons, Clovis man followed. Migratory, living on the trail of the elephant, he scattered his campfire ashes and stone tools up and down the land—in desert camps that were wooded parks when the camps were made, on the shores of dry salt playas that were then cool, blue, freshwater lakes, in open caves now filled with the silt of time. He was a wanderer and a mighty hunter, Clovis man. Unequaled as a big game hunter, he held the stage

The stone age hunters' tools and weapons as compared to those we use today.



for over 10,000 years of North American prehistory.

Then, some 8000 years ago, Folsom man appeared; and, with his appearance came the disappearance of both Clovis man and the elephant. In the graves and camps from that time, the artifacts of man and the bones of elephant no longer mingle.

Our scientists claim that a catastrophe overtook big game animals and the elephant, along with the sloth, the camel and the saber-toothed tiger, vanished completely. But none of the reasons they give for this vanishing act—weather, dwindling food supply, too many enemies (man?)—explain total extinction satisfactorily. Can an animal population of thousands and hundreds of thousands cease to exist overnight? Except for the few woolly mammoths in the Arctic, no mass graves have been found. Where did they go? What happened to them? Where are they buried?

Negative evidence is not foolproof. As one curator of anthropology admits, "The fact that there is as yet no compelling evidence for native elephants in the western hemisphere up to the past few centuries is not absolute proof that none were here . . . They must have survived in some places longer than others."

The question is where and how long did these possible remnants survive?

The elephant disappeared from the haunts and the culture of man, but did he disappear from the land? And was his disappearance due to extinction or to the next step up in man's evolution? Was this simply the time that man made his decision to settle down and give up the sport, and the danger, of big game hunting?

Folsom man was a hunter, but not the hunter of big game and not the wanderer his ancestors had been. Some clever man of the tribe invented the atlatl and the throwing stick. Artisans chipped points finer, sharper, swifter in flight. With these perfected weapons, hunters brought down fletcher game—sheep, goats, even birds—the meat of which was more tender, the hides easier to use and the hunting less strenuous. It was about this time, too, man made the happy discovery that wives, settled in one place, could help out in meatless times with such succulent items as beans and squash and corn. Why then should they take chances hunting the tough, ferocious elephant?

So the elephant went into oblivion—out of the sight of history, but not necessarily out of existence. Living on, in fact, in diminishing herds foraging lonely can-



Pecked into a wall along the Green River south of Moab, Utah, is this elephant. It was chalked for photographing. Surprising additions are the toes on the elephant's feet.

yons or single individuals seeking companionship, as David Ingram claimed, among buffalo herds. How late these lone survivors existed is anybody's guess, if you don't want to believe Ingram and the Indians.

Support for the belief that they were still in existence less than 5000 years ago comes from desert petroglyphs. Would the memory of a tusked beast carry down through 3000 years of changing time to emerge in rock art with existing game? Or were these hunters seeing real live elephants, even hunting them now and then, and carving their picture on the tribal altar rocks?

Other discoveries also refute the theory of complete extinction. Recent remains of the other animals of the Pleistocene era, thought to have been extinct along with the elephant, are being found. Signs of the prehistoric camel have turned up in Texas. Near Las Cruces, New Mexico, the hide and hair of a "bear", found by exploring youths in a small volcanic cave, proved to be rather the skeleton of the long "extinct" ground sloth. In the campfire ashes of a campsite west of the Sierra Nevada foothills in Fresno County, California, the broken and blackened bones of both *Camelops* and the early American horse were uncovered—evidence that Indians of fairly recent times were still hunting these animals.

If the camel, the sloth, and the Pleistocene horse are to be found in unexpected places and surprising times, why not the elephant? Any day now his bones may appear in a recent grave and prove

to his doubters that he, too, has been here all along.

If the elephant didn't vanish 8000 years ago, what generation of American man saw him last? Are the stories which circulated about Big Bone Lick in Kentucky, where the bones of hundreds of these huge beasts are buried in the muck, only myths based on the skeletons? Or are they recountings of actual sightings in historical times?

When President Jefferson's friend, Mr. Stanley, held prisoner for several months by Indians in the country west of the Missouri river, sent back reports that he had been shown the bones of an animal which he could only judge "to be an elephant," was his judgement wrong? And, when the same Indians told him there were "tusked and long-nosed beasts" still living in the northern part of their country, were they entertaining him, or were they telling the truth? When President Jefferson himself, earnest and careful seeker of scientific truth, recorded these stories in his scientific journals was he accepting these stories as facts, or compiling nonsense?

Was the American elephant still grazing on the southwest deserts when white men arrived? There is no real proof that he was not and, as yet, no "scientific" evidence that he was. But perhaps we should give the English explorer the benefit of the doubt and concede that David Ingram possibly could have and did, in the 16th century, "also see in that country—elephants." □

This map, dated 1702, is a record of Kino's last trip to the Colorado River. According to his diary, he reached San Dionysius on February 28th. His map of 1701 designates this same site, near the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado as "San Doonysio."

SEARCH FOR THE GOLDEN GODDESS

by Ed Houck

THOSE WHO search for the treasure of Santa Isabel have made it a real thing. They have given it form, dimension and gender. They refer to it as "she" or "her" and they search, not for treasure, but for Isabel.

The Isabel of legend has changed. The years have shorn her of her halo and placed her on a throne of gold bars. Her staff of office, cradled on one arm, is the great golden chalice of Loreto and she rules with a dream of riches.

Isabel, undisputed queen of Southwestern treasures, is no longer a saint. She's not even a lady when it comes to her choice of companions. But the dreams she offers have given her a stature all her own as the Golden Goddess of the West.

For almost 200 years, men have searched for the legendary mission of Santa Isabel. Enticed by the tale of a mission supposedly constructed to hold the accumulated wealth of the Jesuits at the time of their expulsion, seekers still brave the deserts and mountains of Baja California.

The treasure, estimated to be worth as much as \$500,000,000 drives others to search for a site, mine or burial place, that might conceal its riches. Others search the waters offshore on both coasts. They follow the version of the story that says the treasure was loaded aboard a ship and the ship scuttled in a sheltered cove. There it was abandoned, safe from the fury of the sea, the Spanish authorities, recorded history and today's treasure hunters.

All this is based on a belief, prevalent in the 1700s, that the Jesuits kept hoards of gold and silver. So strong was this

belief that the Spanish officials, at the time of expulsion, went slightly mad. In Mexico, churches were desecrated, walls were broken open, floors torn up, even cesspools were plumbed in the search for the reputed wealth. Jesuits were abused (many died before reaching the east coast embarkation point), their papers and writings confiscated.

No treasures were found, but stories and rumors persisted. Time has turned them into legend. These legends, born in the intrigue and suspicion of 18th century New Spain, have become as much a part of the history of North America as the Jesuits themselves. The legends of Santa Isabel, The Mission in the Malpais, The Black Priest's Mine, Taiopa and Tumacacori are as familiar to today's treasure hunter as the names of Kino, Salvatierra and Sedelmayer.

In Lower California, Arizona and Sonora today there is no dearth of stories concerning the wealth of the Jesuits, nor is there a shortage of people willing to hunt for it. Of the treasures in these legends, Santa Isabel is queen, as it should be. For wasn't it the wealth of a queen by the same name that financed the beginning of it all?

The amazing thing about the search for Isabel is the fact that no written evidence of the truth of the legend is known to exist. No map pinpoints the location. No *derrotero* points the way. No writing of Jesuits indicates that such a mission exists. But still the quest continues.

One thing is certain—the riches of Lower California during the days of the Jesuit conquest resembled those of the Arabian Nights, with one small difference; the riches of Lower California

existed in fact rather than imagination. Huge quantities of pearls, cast up by the waters of the Gulf of California onto the beaches of Cape San Miguel in the 29th parallel, lay waiting for the finder. Other fortunes in pearls lay submerged in the shallow waters offshore where pearl fishers, operating under the licensed approval of the Jesuits, grew rich from the abundance. One of these fishers, a man named Ocio, took 450 pounds of choice pearls from the waters off Cape San Felipe in the year 1746.

So great was the harvest of pearls in 1765, two years before the Jesuit expulsion, that they were in danger of becoming a common commodity. Pearls of every hue and price could be purchased in all the shops of Guadalajara. In the same year, the rumor that the Jesuits had shipped a chest of pearls to Cadiz, Spain was choice gossip on the mainland.

But pearls alone did not make up the riches of Baja California. For, on a day in 1767, gold and silver were found in the Jesuit missions and confiscated for taxes at the great warehouse of Loreto. Farther south, near La Paz, silver mines disgorged their wealth. Gold, silver and pearls, the magic ingredients of legend, awaited the alchemy of time.

The big question is, why hasn't the treasure been found? Quien sabe? Some say the failure to find it proves it doesn't exist. Still others believe the search for the Golden Goddess has been concentrated in the wrong area. They believe she waits, not on the Baja Peninsula, but in the southwestern United States; somewhere north of the Gila, in the area of its confluence with the Colorado, she waits the successful hunter.

TABULA CALIFORNIAE Anno 1702.

Ex autoptica observatione delineata à R.P. Chino è S.I.

1340 M



Via terrestris in Californiam
comperta et detecta
Per R. Patrem
Eusebium Fran. Chino è S.I.
Germanum. Abnotatis novis
Missionibus quidem Sociis
ab Anno 1698. ad annum 1702.

Annotatio.
Pars hujus Tabulae A.B.C.D. è Charta Topographica R.P. Eusebii Francisci Chino fuit tam
sumpta, appendix autem C.D.E.F. è tabulis antiquioribus est abstracta. Gradus lati
tudinis cum eodem autore deservimus, longitudinis vero illius exemplo omisimus.

Tabula Geographica R.P. Eusebii Francisci Chino Trinitatis à Soc. IESU

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What clues point to this area? Well, let's begin with the best known version of the legend of Isabel, the one that says a mission was built in a blind canyon and cactus planted at the entrance to conceal the structure. Proceeding on the assumption that most legends are based in fact (although the facts are sometimes difficult to find), let's see what this legend contains. Stripped of its embellishments, lost Indians, vengeful retribution and the like, the legend always says the same thing—a mission exists where no mission appears to exist. Keep this in mind as we proceed.

During their rule of Lower California, the Jesuits explored and mapped the delta of the Colorado. During those same years, the Sonoran Jesuits mapped and explored the Colorado River from its mouth to its confluence with the Gila. These explorations gave the Jesuits an unequalled knowledge of the terrain; knowledge that

might have stood them in good stead.

At the time of the expulsion in the year 1767 the Jesuits, if they were hoarding wealth, were faced with an immediate problem. Although they were probably forewarned by their fellows in Sonora that the expulsion was underway, they had no way of knowing how much time they had before the Spanish officials would be upon them. The treasure would have to be concealed quickly, but where it could be recovered readily. And, since they did not know if the future held plans for massive colonization with subsequent exploration and development of Lower California, it must be moved off the peninsula. To minimize the chance of future loss, in the event the Spanish resorted to torture, the concealment would be carried out by one or two men assisted by faithful Indians.

Where could these men hide the trea-

sure? North by land? No, this would be a time consuming journey requiring many mules, supplies and men. Also, the absence of a great number of mules in the event the journey was not completed by the time the Spanish arrived would show up in mission inventories. Across the Gulf, by boat, to Sonora—and into the mouth of the lion? Hardly.

North then, by water? Skirting the shallow waters on the northwestern shores of the Gulf, into the delta of the Colorado and onward; up the Colorado to its confluence with the Gila. Boats built to haul cargo from the mainland could certainly carry the treasure and, because no one knew then, or for that matter even now, how many boats the Jesuits built, there would be no way of checking their absence.

But then what site to choose, and how to mark it? Well, actually no new site and marker was required. They already existed. On a little-known Jesuit map, 65 years old at the time of expulsion, the site was marked and waiting. If this site was chosen, it was a clever selection. For who, in the year 1767, would think of looking on a 65 year old map for a treasure recently concealed?

The map was made by Eusebio Francisco Chino (now known as Kino), mysterious Jesuit of many names and talents. The same man who made, authorities estimate, 14 *entradas* from Sonora to the Colorado River. Fourteen trips over plains, valleys, and the blazing hell of the Devil's Highway, yet no record exists of a mission being established on the Colorado River. Nevertheless, there it is on his map of 1702! A structure symbol at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado, plainly marked "S. Dionysius 1700." A mission where no mission exists!

"That's all well and good," you say, "but why didn't they return for it?"

There is only one answer to that question. The Jesuits didn't recover their treasure because they had no record of its hiding place. If one or two padres knew the secret, and if this man or these men died along with many other Jesuits in the infamous trek across Mexico, the location of the treasure was lost to the order of the Jesuits forever.

Are we wrong in assuming no map exists to mark the location of Isabel? Does a symbol mark the site or the start of a trail? Was there really a treasure and did the men who concealed it die along the route across Mexico? Only the Golden Goddess knows, and to date she hasn't told. □

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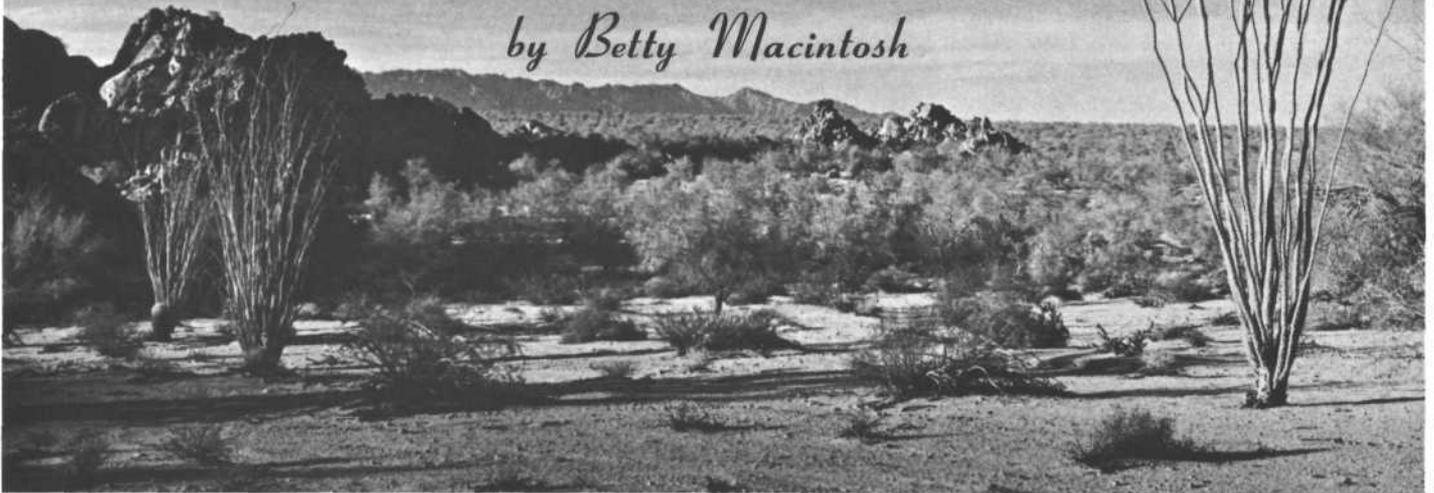
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Land of Spurs and Canyons

by Betty Macintosh



PRIMITIVE country may be scarce in the U.S.A., but just a hop below the border it still has an upper hand. Across this arbitrary line separating us from Baja California, our Coast Range becomes the Sierra Juarez. Along the top of the ridge is a fair amount of mining, ranching and lumbering activity, but at the Sierra's eastern foot, where its forbidding slopes meet the desert, it remains largely untouched—a land of woodcutter's trails, rocky spurs, alluvial plains and steep canyons.

Once it was important to the food-gathering Indians of Baja. When mesquite beans were in season, they gathered them along the Laguna Salada shore and carried them to the canyons for grinding. At the top of the Sierra they found another seasonal food, the pinon nuts. Agaves on the mid-slopes were utilized, and sometimes, too, the fruit of the native palms. Water was all-important. Canyons in which it could be depended upon were not only dwelling places, but were routes of travel between food crops, mountain and desert temperatures, and the gulf and ocean shores.

The area is easily reached from Southern California and Arizona via Mexico 2 and the Laguna Salada, a dry lake, the

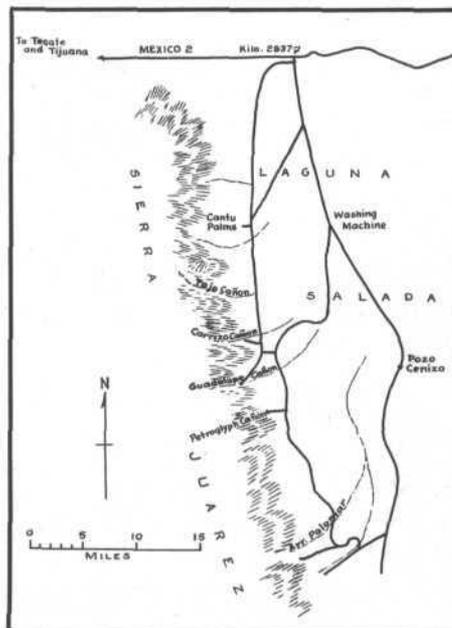
salty crust of which makes the best dirt road in Baja. Side roads along its 35-mile length lead to the canyons of the Sierra Juarez.

A word of warning must be inserted here for the infinitesimal period of time when the Laguna is an impassable quagmire. Rain directly on the Laguna will make it so, but is a rarity. Rain reported

in Borrego or Yuma does not mean there will have been rain here. Rain in the mountains does not affect it unless far heavier than normal, when the water table may build up from underground. There have been times when water backed up into the Laguna from the Colorado delta, resulting in the same situation. Generally, though, the only water visible is a mirage, magnifying and reflecting the terrain.

From near San Diego, take Highway 94, cross the border at the mountain port of Tecate, and turn east at the first intersection, on Mexico 2. You could take Interstate 5 to Tijuana, and Mexico 2 east from there, interesting all the way and an excellent paved highway, especially the scenic and beautifully engineered Cantu grade down onto the desert. The foot of the grade is at times a solid carpet of sweet-scented desert verbena. Kilometer posts mark the distance—1 K equals .621 miles. At 67 miles from Tecate, look for a road south at about K2837.

From Imperial Valley and Arizona points, cross the line at Calexico to Mexicali, and take Mexico 2 west. At approximately 20 miles from the latter, past Signal Mountain and out on the flat



there is a new, slightly elevated, graded road south at right angles to the highway, directly in line with the Laguna Salada road. This is a great improvement for conventional cars.

A fringe of vegetation along the Laguna's north "shore" makes a good lunch stop, and right here, if you are in a 4-wheel drive, you have your first choice of routes: south across the long axis of the lake bed, or west on the old dirt highway about a mile, then southwest around the "lake," to the foot of the sierra and south on the trail near the mountains. This is *not* for passenger cars. In the first place, the correct turn-off is difficult to find, and secondly, sand may be drifted along the road. The northern palm canyons, described by Randall Henderson, *Desert's* founder, may be reached from this foothill road. At present the better



Both blue and green palms grow wild.



Barrel cactus thrive here.

road over to the foothill trail is the right fork off the Laguna road at 6½ miles from Mexico 2, going 10.2 miles SW to join the higher road near Cantu Palms. This road may be travelled by conventional car accompanied by a truck or 4-wheeler.

Seven miles south of Cantu Palms you are opposite Tajo Canon, with its solid rock cliff at the top clearly visible from the bottom. Tajo is the favorite canyon of Charles Harbison, Curator of Entomology at the San Diego Natural History Museum, who has many times led pack trips down the Indian trail through the canyon's four life zones. The Sierra Clubs of San Diego and Los Angeles have sponsored pack trips in Tajo. Mr. Harbison

Hot mineral water gushes out of the rocks above a palm grove. A thatched shelter provides privacy for hot baths. A concrete dam makes a swimming pool. Sometimes, if the owner or his representative is "in," a small charge is made per car per night. Otherwise, there is a sign which says you are welcome, but please no shooting. There is cold water down in the canyon and palms, both blue (*Erythea armata*) and green (*Washingtonia filifera*) grow nearly to the desert floor. Guadalupe peak towers above the palms. An Indian trail winds through the arroyo. It is a beautiful spot.

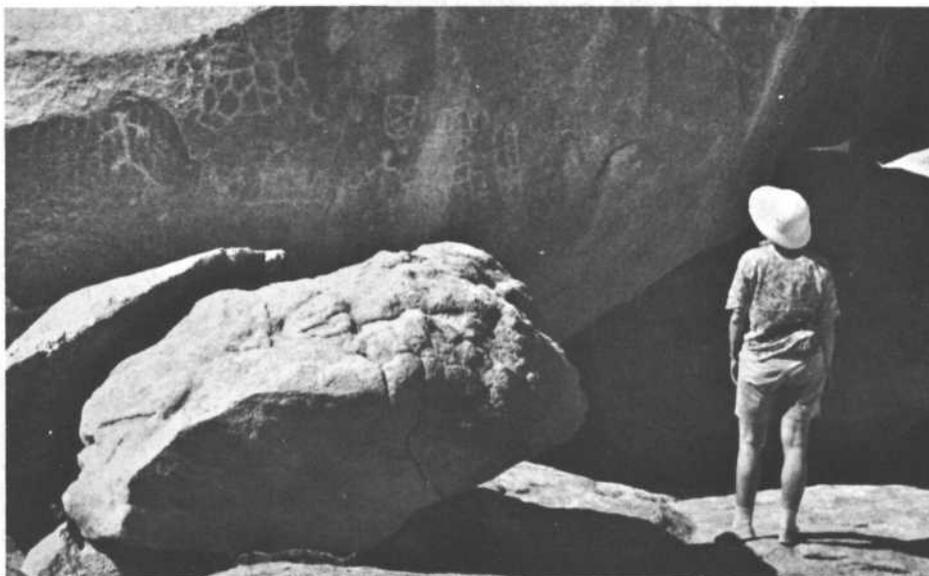
The most interesting canyon is a comparatively small one we call Petroglyph Canyon. Here are petroglyphs—human figures, circles, ladders, fish, and other figures all deeply incised into the granite. Located on a rock high above what

believes it is the canyon referred to in old botanical records as Cantilles Canyon, *cantil* meaning a place where the shore is precipitous, and that Tajo, meaning a cut or incision, should be applied to the north fork which is headed by a large split rock.

Six miles south of Tajo is Arroyo Guadalupe. Guadalupe is the best trip for a standard vehicle. Stay on the main Laguna road to the Y at 16½ miles from the highway. In the V of the Y is an old round white washing machine. Take the right fork. At 19½ miles from the washing machine there is a small ranch, a main road south at 15 miles (see page 29) the sierra road comes in from the north at 16, and Guadalupe lies ahead at about 19 miles from the Laguna road.



After cooling off in a waterfall, the author hikes to the petroglyphs.





Such deep "grinding" holes presented a mystery.

was once a water hole are three circles connected by a line. Would this mean two adjacent water holes?

On the under-side of a rock we found three pictographs in red alongside two deep grinding holes, perfectly round, about 12-inches in diameter. These especially deep grinding holes, writes Homer Aschmann in *The Central Desert of Baja California*, only seem to be where acorns were ground. Could it be that oaks once grew here? Or were mesquite beans, date seeds, or something else ground in this manner? It has even been suggested

Much of this trip may be covered by passenger car.



There used to be much ironwood here, but now it has vanished.



these holes were made by mechanical means to grind ore and extract gold.

To reach Petroglyph Canyon, take the Guadalupe road. At 15 miles from the washing machine, follow the south fork. You'll go through a gap in a rocky spur and at approximately six miles from the fork is a minor wash with no palm trunks in it. Find a spot to park your regular passenger car. If you have a 4-wheeler, follow a woodcutter trail west for two miles to Petroglyph Canyon. Mesquite, palo verde and luxuriant ironwood provide a beautiful setting for a base camp, as it undoubtedly did for those ancient ones so long ago.

Jeep-types could drive further south to explore canyons of the Sierra Juarez, but in case of trouble, it is a long long walk for help. There are no corner filling stations here, no telephones.

On the other hand, you may come across woodgatherers. One New Year's week-end we camped with the Burch family in the ironwoods opposite Carrizo Canon. Early one morning the *leneros* appeared. After a limited conversation in Spanish, they advised us to go to the Cucapas—east of the Laguna—if we were looking for minerals. We thanked them and gave them candy for the *niños*. An hour or so later, they returned with a gift for the Burch girls—a baby cotton-tail squealing at the top of its lungs!

These woodgatherers were pulling dead branches from the ironwoods to sell to tortilla factories in Mexicali. A year later we were shocked to find this same area almost completely denuded of ironwood. Fortunately for the palo verdes, they do not burn with the hot, ashless flame of the ironwood.

Between the ends of the mountain spurs lies a green desert. In addition to palo verde and ironwood, there are mesquite, elephant trees, desert willow, ocotillo and many varieties of cactus. Palms are found a little higher in the canyons, but may be seen from the road at Cantu and driven to at Guadalupe. After spring rains wild flowers are superb along the Old Pole Line Road (for 4-wheelers only), which goes up to the ridge south of Arroyo Agua Caliente.

Each canyon is different. When you've visited one, you'll be like Kipling's elephant child, "Full of insatiable curiosity". (Spelling Kipling's, not Webster's.) Don't forget, though, that this is desert. The season is ordinarily late October to early May. If you are not a desert dweller, be guided by El Centro and Yuma weather reports, and *DESERT's* never-too-often told precautions. □

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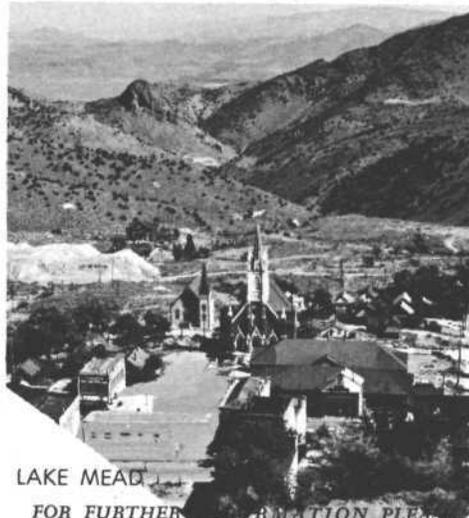
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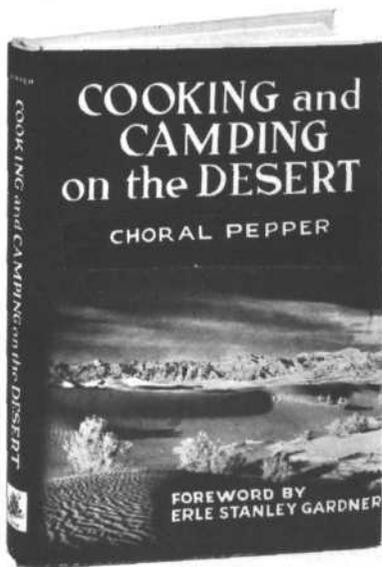
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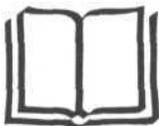
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By reader request DESERT Magazine will reprint a series of articles written by the dean of lost mine yarns, John Mitchell, which appeared originally in 1940 and 1941.



by John D. Mitchell

According to legend, there are fabulous riches in silver and gold to be found somewhere near the old Tumacacori mission in southern Arizona. According to John Mitchell, the author, there were two Tumacacori missions, however, and the fortune hunters who have sought this treasure have centered their quest in the wrong area. Anyway, here is the story.

FROM 1508 to 1648 the mine called the Virgin Guadalupe belonged to Tumacacori. It measured one league from the big door of the mission to the southwest, and from the waters of the San Ramon it measured 1800 varas to the north. Two hundred varas before arriving at the mine there is a black rock marked with a cross and the letters CCD-TD on the under side of the stone. Fifty varas from the cross of Christ to the south will be found slabs of virgin silver weighing from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty pounds each. From here 200 varas in a southwesterly direction there are two peaks torn down by placing powder in the cliffs. The signs of the mine remain blotted out and people could pass over the rocks treading on the values and never seeing them.

"The enclosure is 50 varas square covering up the treasure inside and outside of the mine. There are 2050 mule loads of virgin silver and 905 loads of gold and silver. The total value amounts to \$45,000,000 pesos."

The above information was taken from an old document which is said, upon good authority, to have been copied from the church records in Spain. There is also a tradition among the Indians living in the vicinity of the mission that the mine was discovered by Indians in the year 1508 and that it was being worked by them for its rich surface ores when the Spaniards landed their ships on the coast of Mexico in 1519, and that in 1540 Spaniards accompanying Coronado on his famous expedition to the north in quest of the golden treasures of the Seven Cities of Cibola, found the Indians in possession of the fabulously rich mine.

The Spaniards confiscated the mine and built a mission of their own near the Indian temple. The mine was called the Virgin Guadalupe after their patron saint.

The Indians called their village Tumacacori (spelled Tumtacor on old Spanish maps in possession of the writer). The village and Indian temple were located about 25 miles northwest of the present

ruins of the Tumacacori mission which was built in 1698 on the west bank of the Santa Cruz river on account of the rich agricultural lands to be found there. The lower mission is located near the San Cayetano mountain and is often referred to by the Indians as Tumacacori de San Cayetano, in order to distinguish it from the upper mission which was located on the southern slopes of the Cerrita mountains and in a very rich mining district.

The Lost Guadalupe has been sought persistently for many years in the vicinity of the lower mission by prospectors and adventurers who evidently were not aware of the fact that there were two Tumacacori missions. One man is said to have spent 12 years and \$25,000 searching for the Guadalupe mine and the great treasure in the Tumacacori mountains to the west of the lower mission. This man is said to have had in his possession a copy of an old document copied from the church records in Spain, but like many others he did not know that there were two missions and that the Guadalupe and several other rich mines described in the old document are all located in the Cerrita mountains in the vicinity of the upper mission.

Extensive ruins on the southern slope of the Cerritas, and old caved workings in the vicinity indicate beyond a doubt that considerable mining operations were carried on there by the Indians and later by the Spaniards. Just why the mine was closed and abandoned in 1648 is unknown, but it is presumed to have been raided by the Indians in one of the numerous uprisings that occurred about then.

A considerable amount of treasure has, at different times, been found in and around the lower mission. This treasure consists of candlesticks, silver crosses, and considerable bullion which was supposed to have been left by the Franciscan fathers when they abandoned the mission in 1823 because of the Mexican revolution and the accompanying Indian raids. However, the great treasure that has been so persistently sought by Mexicans and Americans alike for more than 80 years, is undoubtedly located in the vicinity of the upper and earlier mission, which according to tradition was built and destroyed sometime between the years 1540 and 1648. The mine is said to have been abandoned and the mountain peaks shot down over the mouth of the tunnel to conceal the rich ore and the vast treasure that had accumulated during the long years that the mine was worked by the Indians and later by the Spanish invaders and their Indian neophytes. □

SURPRISE IN THE PANAMINTS

by G. H. Gill

A WATERFALL IN the lowlands of Panamint Valley could be nothing but a mirage! Nevertheless, a real live waterfall of no small size flows in the mountains to the west of sere Panamint. Its fresh water could have saved the life of many a pioneer leaving Emigrant Canyon had he known of it.

Today the falls is easily accessible by a good graded dirt road which takes off west from State Highway 190, about one mile west of Panamint Springs. If you travel from the south, take the Trona road out of Red Mountain or Ridgecrest. This good, hard surfaced road intersects State 190 about a mile east of Panamint Springs. If you come by way of Owens Lake, look for Darwin Wash at the foot of Rainbow Canyon grade. A large black pipe visible from the high-

way marks the road all the way up to the falls.

The only turn off in the canyon goes to Darwin by a back way. Although the road is good, it is not for the faint hearted nor those unaccustomed to one-way mountain roads. If you choose to ignore this side road, the pipe leads to within 500 feet of the falls. The road is washed out for the last 500 feet, but a short walk up the narrow canyon is pleasant and scenic.

As the canyon narrows, it becomes entirely filled with reeds, willows and other waterloving plants. Above a series of rapids and riffles, at the apex of the canyon, is year-round Darwin Falls. About 20 feet high and a foot wide, it is an impressive sight in this bare desert. □



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Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron

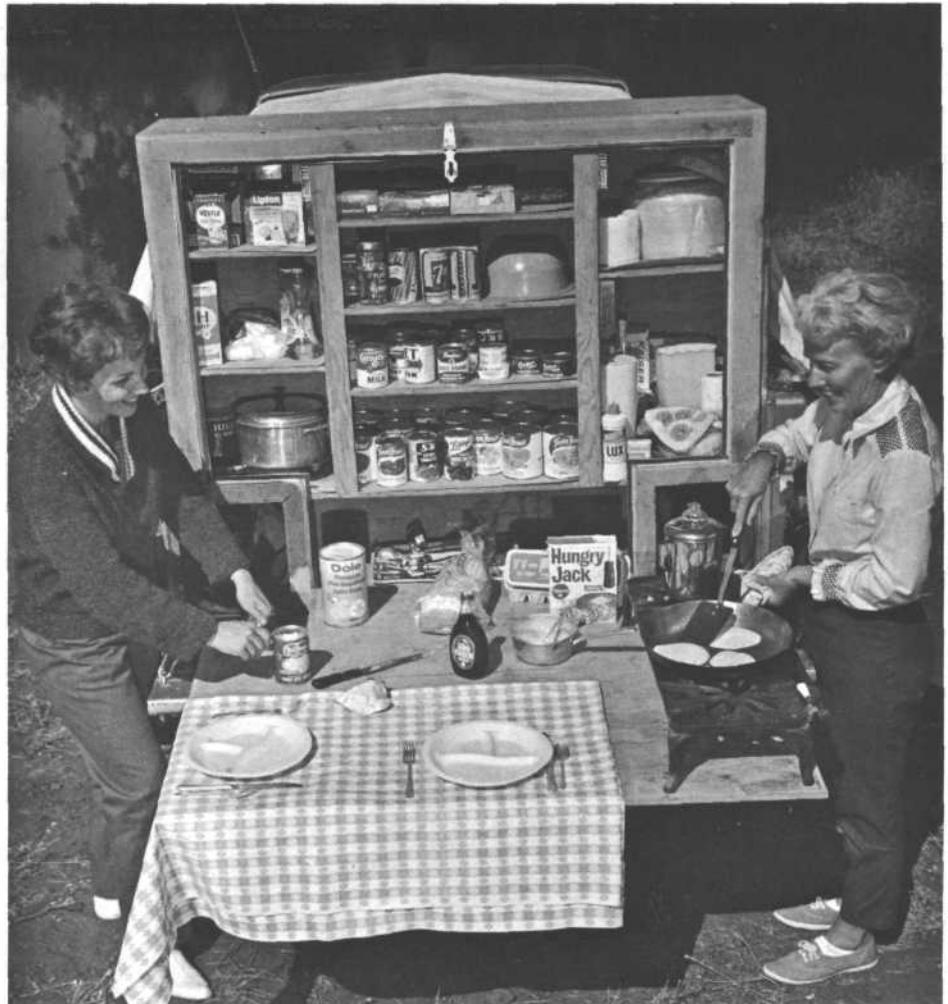
"HAPPINESS IS a well organized grub box that takes the drudgery out of camping," but best, it releases extra hours for probing the fascinating wonders of the desert.

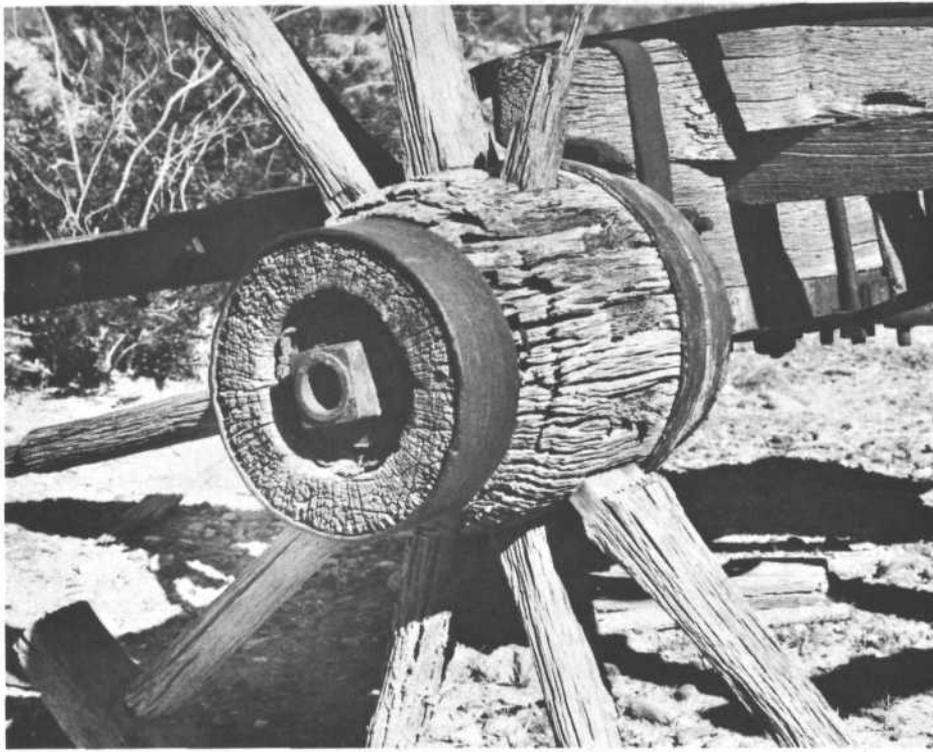
You can design and build a handy combination grub box, utility cabinet and kitchen table in one compact unit. Before starting construction, take *accurate* measurements of your car trunk, or the tail gate of your pick-up or station wagon. Don't overlook protruding braces, brackets, or door catches which necessitate altering the design. Judge the size and shape of your available vehicle space and your usual contingency of utensils and groceries. Use good quality 1/2" or 3/8" plywood (Marine or waterproof is best). Shelves should be spaced to accommodate various sized cans, packages, and utensils. Use waterproof glue on all joints in addition to the wood screws and/or galvanized nails. The door should open downward to form a utility table. A piano

hinge will give it more rigidity, and help eliminate dust. Recessing and insulating the door will aid in dust proofing. A set of heavy duty "cabinet catches" or sash locks on upper corners of the door will keep it pulled up tightly against the weather stripping.

The camp box in the photo below is extra large, for group camping. Notice heavier canned goods are stacked on lower shelves near the load center and lighter items are on higher shelves and in side partitions. A special shelf at the bottom holds a three-burner propane hot plate. The door folds down to form a table. Table legs are eliminated by using the endgate of your pickup as a bracket. Items requiring refrigeration are kept in a separate ice chest.

By keeping kitchen utensils and staple items in this organized container, you can make a fast get away when you decide to head for the desert. □





Ehrenberg, Arizona

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

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

A WOODEN headboard in Ehrenberg's old Boot Hill used to bear the cryptic inscription "J. C. 1867." The letters were the brand on a horse; the number the year an unknown rider died in a hail of bullets. The lettering is no longer legible, having succumbed to relentless sun and wind-driven sand. Neither is that of other boards, but it is reported half of those who rest under them died violently.

Except for a few melting piles of adobe, there is little other than the cemetery to mark wild, old Ehrenberg. In 1870, though, there were 87 houses, all of adobe, and about a dozen business structures of the same material. The town's population consisted of 300, about half of whom were Mexicans and Indians.

Generally, Ehrenberg made a poor impression on visitors landing at its Colo-

rado River port. Martha Summerhayes, wife of army officer John W. Summerhayes, wrote in her book *Vanished Arizona: Recollections of my Army Life*, "I did not go ashore. Of all the dreary, miserable settlements that one could possibly imagine, that was the worst." When Mrs. Summerfield made this summation of Ehrenberg's dubious charms, she was en route to Fort Mojave. Later she was compelled to make her home at Ehrenberg. On closer contact, she liked the place even less.

One day, while walking past the cemetery, she saw coyotes digging out a recently buried body. Insects swarmed through the town and every horseman or wagon on the street raised a cloud of choking dust. Later, Mrs. Summerfield put some of these details on paper, devoutly hoping she would return never again to Ehrenberg.

Dramatically proving that beauty is in the eye of the beholder, a reporter wrote from Ehrenberg in 1871, "This is a nice, cool, (in August!) place. It is not afflicted with flies, and but few mosquitos. It is not sultry; a breeze is always felt from midday to next morning. It is the most pleasant place on the Colorado. Some good and large buildings are now up and

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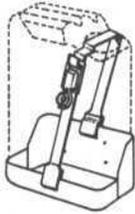
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THE **Desert** MAGAZINE

Palm Desert, California 92260

occupied, and more will soon follow."

Herman Ehrenberg, hero of the Texas Independence, was a well-known figure in Arizona history. He and Charles Poston had prospected much of the arid country along the Mexican border, especially the area around Tubac and Arivaca. Ehrenberg met his death about a year before the Colorado River town was named for him. He had stopped for the night at Dos Palmas, not far from the present Mecca, California, where he made his bed under a ramada. The next morning, the station-keeper found Ehrenberg dead of a bullet through the heart. It was reported Ehrenberg carried \$35, but there was no sign of the money. Although suspected of murder and robbery, the keeper was freed for lack of evidence.

Ehrenberg was established as a port to serve placer mining operations along the Colorado. It had been preceded by a town named Laguna de la Paz located a few miles north, but a sudden change in the Colorado River's channel left Laguna de la Paz far from water and useless as a port. Because of this, the most prominent merchants, J. Goldwater Bros., moved their business downstream and started the new town near a steep bank where there would be landing facilities.

Founded to serve river transportation, Ehrenberg died with the exhaustion of placer deposits in the area and the advent of a cross-country railroad. Today, U.S. 60/70 passes close by its melting adobe remains. The cemetery, just north, is easy to find and worth a visit. □

Giant Solar Still

by Robert Wyndham

THE INHABITANTS of Coober Pedy, a small opal mining town in the South Australian desert, have to haul water in drums for more than 100 miles, for the average rainfall at Coober Pedy is only five inches per year and unreliable. But a year from now, a giant solar still will go into operation and they will have water at home. The new still will produce up to 6,500 gallons of water a day by evaporation of salt water at a cost of \$4 per 100 gallons.

The projected solar still will cover one and one-half acres at a cost of \$50,000. It will have a series of long, shallow pans, each running between two parallel troughs three-and-one-half feet apart. Both pans and troughs are formed by covering a metal framework with black polythene sheeting, then a glass roof covers the whole system. Salt water fed into the pans is heated by the solar energy absorbed by the black polythene. Water vapor condenses at the underside of the glass roofing and trickles down into the troughs from where it runs to a storage tank. The only maintenance the huge still needs is an occasional check and a cleaning every three months.

A similar still has been operating for two years at Northam in Western Australia and has proven satisfactory and dependable. □



"Now there's something you don't see every day!"



Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Inedale Carlsson

BAKED TOMATOES STUFFED WITH CORN

- 6 fresh tomatoes
- 1 can whole kernel corn
- $\frac{1}{3}$ cup soft bread crumbs
- $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- pepper to taste
- 6 strips of bacon, fried, drained on paper towel and crumbled
- 1 tablespoon butter

Wash tomatoes and scoop out centers; turn cut side down and drain. Mix corn, drained, chopped up tomato which was scooped out, salt, pepper and bacon. Fill tomatoes with corn mixture and top with a bit of butter and a few bread crumbs. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes.

CREOLE BROCCOLI

- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 1 cup diced fresh tomatoes
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced green pepper
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon ground black pepper
- 2 packages frozen broccoli, or 2 lbs. fresh broccoli
- 1 teaspoon corn starch dissolved in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water

Melt butter in skillet, add tomatoes, celery, onion, green pepper and seasonings. Mix well. Cook over medium heat until vegetables are tender, about 15 or 20 minutes. If there is not enough moisture to make sauce, add a little water, then stir in dissolved corn starch and cook a few minutes until thickened. Pour over cooked broccoli.

ASPARAGUS CASSEROLE

Boil 2 lbs. asparagus in salted water until just tender, drain. To $\frac{1}{2}$ pint sour cream add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon crushed garlic.

Make croutons by cubing 3 slices of bread and tossing them in 2 or 3 tablespoons melted butter. Place asparagus in buttered casserole, cover with sour cream mixture, then top with croutons. Bake at 325 degrees for 30 minutes. Serves 4.

EGGPLANT ITALIANO

- 1 eggplant
- 1 can tomato sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup oil
- 1 cup fine bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped green pepper
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon saut, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Mazzarella cheese, thinly sliced

Slice eggplant into thin slices, place in bowl and cover with hot water. Let stand for 5 minutes, drain and dry with paper towel. Pour some cooking oil in skillet, and cook eggplant on each side for about three minutes until tender. Salt and pepper the slices. Repeat until all slices are cooked, adding oil as needed.

Mix bread crumbs, Parmesan cheese, green pepper, parsley and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. In flat baking dish, layer the eggplant, tomato sauce and bread crumb mixture, ending with eggplant. Cover top with slices of Mazzarella cheese. Bake in 375 degree oven until cheese is melted, about 20 minutes.

SHERRIED YAMS

You may use canned yams or fresh ones. If you use fresh, boil with skins on, cool and peel. Arrange half yams in buttered casserole.

If canned, to the juice add 2 tablespoons brown sugar and boil down until thickened. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Sherry and 2 tablespoons butter and pour over yams. Cook in 375 degree oven for about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour or until sauce is bubbly.

If you use fresh yams, 3 large or 4 medium, make a sauce of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sherry. After you have cooked it and it is beginning to thicken, add the Sherry.

CHINESE BEAN CASSEROLE

- 2 packages frozen, french-cut green beans
- 1 can water chestnuts
- 1 can bean sprouts, drained
- 1 can mushrooms, drained
- $\frac{1}{2}$ medium onion, chopped fine
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup Cheddar cheese, grated

Make a white sauce of $\frac{1}{2}$ square butter, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour and about 2 cups milk. When thickened, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 2 teaspoons Sherry. Arrange in layers in buttered casserole using beans, chestnuts, sprouts, chopped onion and mushrooms with white sauce between layers. Top with grated Cheddar cheese and bake in 400 degree oven for 30 minutes. The last ten minutes, add 1 can french-fried onions over top.

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● PLANTS, SEEDS

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

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● WESTERN GOODS

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

● MISCELLANEOUS

PURPLE BOTTLE? Instructions for purpling glass indoors, much faster than sunlight—no danger of breakage. \$1.00. Ann Brown, 6233 Warwood Road, Lakewood, Calif. 90713.



"SORRY I YELLED AT YOU, SLIM — IT'S JUST THAT I HAVE SUCH A SPLITTING HEADACHE!"

BACK COUNTRY

Desert's New Section

Starting with this issue we have added four additional pages and a new section to DESERT.

Although the majority of our readers are passenger car owners, more and more are buying either 4-wheel drive vehicles, or campers as their second vehicle, or adding a trailer to their passenger car traveling adventures.

This is evident from the hundreds of letters we receive and the hundreds of people who drive up in new back country vehicles to our combination Desert Magazine office and Book Shop in Palm Desert. All are anxious to show us how they have improved or changed the original product and tell us how much they appreciate Desert's introducing them to Back Country Travel.

Our new Back Country Travel Section is designed as a clearing house for the exchange of ideas and information for the thousands of people who have discovered, and the thousands more who will soon discover the thrill of exploring areas "remote from the centers of population and traveled roads" as defined in Webster's Dictionary.

By adding more pages we have not reduced or changed the regular format of the magazine, which will continue to be the ONLY Western travel and recreation magazine exclusively covering the exploration, history and current events of The West through factual adventure articles.

Jack Pepper

Publisher

Sound Off!

Do you have any information you want to share with other Back Country Travelers? Do you have any questions about how or where to obtain an item, how to get somewhere, condition of terrain, is a certain area restricted? Then write to SOUND OFF. Share your useful—or even useless—discoveries with others. Please do NOT send letters containing extremely technical information such as detailed data on engines, engine conversion, etc. which belongs more in motor and technical publications. However, helpful and easy instructions on mechanical improvements which the average layman could do in his garage are welcome. Address letters to SOUND OFF, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260.

• •

If you use common sense and have the proper equipment, wilderness areas of the Southwest are safer than our urban communities. You can't say this for an area around Manila, however. According to an Associated Press dispatch from the Pacific region it's "open season for head-hunters."

"Col. Rafael M. Iletto, a constabulary commander," according to the article, "has warned picnickers and campers to stay away from lakes, brooks and waterfalls—places sacred to Ilongot tribesmen.

"Already this year they have ambushed and decapitated three road workers, Iletto reported. Two years ago a group of peaceful excursionists were killed near a waterfall. The tribesmen cut off the heads of three women during the raid," the dispatch stated.

All of which bears out what I constantly tell DESERT readers: You are safe in wilderness areas as long as you don't lose your head.



TRAVEL

OUT OF THIS WORLD!

Organized outings and meetings of 4-wheel drive, camper, trailer and gem and mineral and boating clubs in the 11 western states will be listed every month in this column. Be certain to include the following information: complete name of organization, place, hour and day or days, how to get there, and if restricted to members or open to everyone. Send information as soon as meeting has been definitely scheduled. INFORMATION MUST BE RECEIVED AT LEAST SIX WEEKS PRIOR TO EVENT. Send material to Out of This World, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California 92260.

TIERRA DEL SOL 4WD CLUB OF SAN DIEGO. Feb. 25-26, 1967. Fifth Annual Two Day "Desert Safari" in Borrego (San Diego County) Badlands. All 4-wheelers invited. For information write Tierra Del Sol Club, 5083 Conrad Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92117.

AVION TRAVELCADE CLUB. Feb. 6 through March 23, tentative dates for Eastern Mexico Travelcade and February 13 through March 11, Western Mexico Sports Tour.

VENTURA GEM & MINERAL SOCIETY. March 4 & 5, Ventura County Fair Grounds, Seaside Park, Ventura, Calif. Admission free. Camping facilities available.

BUMPER CROP OF WATER



Puzzled border inspection officials at Mexicali were slightly sniffed when they had to sniff the front bumper of Bert MacDonald's Ford pickup when he recently returned from a trip to Baja. Not only did they turn on the faucet and sample the liquid, but they also unscrewed the cap on the bumper and sniffed. It was plain old branch water. The new Bumper Tank carries 20 gallons of water and is easily installed on the frame of any pickup, 4-wheel drive or trailer. Strongly reinforced with baffles it is made of 12 gage, galvanized steel and treated inside so the water remains sweet. They retail for \$99.50 plus a small installation charge. For brochure write to Bert MacDonald, MacDonald Camper Co., 11015 E. Rush Street, El Monte, California.

What's New?

Enroute from Paradise, California where I picked up my new Grasshopper from J. W. Black's Paradise Motors I stopped at Ballarat. Didn't see Seldom Seen Slim but I did meet several couples who were holding an outing and comparing new features of their Alaskan Campers. Incidentally, the attractive couple featured in the Alaskan Camper advertisements is Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Hall, Alaskan owners, who attend many of the yearly outings of the Alaskan Camper Clubs.

If you plan a trip to Arizona and need information on where to stay, write the Arizona Development Board, 1500 West Jefferson Street, Phoenix, Arizona for their free brochure "Arizona Camping and Campgrounds".

During a visit to the Pullman Camper headquarters in Downey last week, owner Frank Fey showed me the Pik Pocket, a canvas section with pockets that is attached to the back seat of his pickup and to the frame. When you tilt the front seat forward the canvas forms a V shaped storage compartment for maps, binoculars and other items in constant use.

Owners of campers who are tired of hauling gear out of the back of their campers everytime they make camp can solve this problem with a special body with built-in compartments on both sides. I have one mounted on my Ford half-ton and wonder how I ever got along without it. You can convert now, or when you order a new truck do so without the body and apply the savings to the purchase of the compartment body. There are several types, one of which is made by Koenig Iron Works, who also manufacture excellent winches. They will send you information and where their dealers are located in your area. Address is P. O. Box 7726, Dept. DTR, Houston, Texas 77007.



LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Death Valley Scotty . . .

To the Editor: The Death Valley Scotty story in Nov. '66 brought back memories. In 1905 I worked in the pipe shop in the Round House in Winslow, Arizona when the "Scotty Special Deal" came along. I was told to work on the engine that was to pull the special from Winslow to Gallup in approximately 136 minutes. The engineer, Jack Briscoe, was the "hot rodder" of his day. The fireman was a big fellow who at first refused to take the call, but reconsidered after a bit of humiliation from his buddies. I worked with Briscoe and together we installed sand lines fore and aft of each driver so as to keep the big wheels from slipping. That stretch of track was the worst on the Santa Fe. We got the engine ready and along with the foreman and mechanics put the 1000 on the run. A flying switch was all set up for a change of engines at Gallup, until the pony trucks jumped a frog and ran 30 rail lengths on the ties, then hit another frog and jumped back on the track! After that they made the engine change.

While this was going on, Scotty and his followers came up forward to congratulate the crew and reward each member with five \$20 gold pieces. When Scotty mentioned he slept through the stretch, the engineer said, "As long as you were asleep, Scotty, you'll never know how close you came to going to hell!"

CHAS. F. CHRISTMAN,
Lancaster, California.

More on Diamonds . . .

To the Editor: A statement that "no diamonds have ever been found in the continental U.S." in Hyatt's article in the Nov. '66 DESERT is not accurate. Diamonds of value have been found in California and other states. The diamond hoax is certainly one for research. Could there have been two diamond hoaxes—one in Carbon County, Wyoming and one in Shakespeare? The one in Shakespeare is mentioned in "New Mexico Mines and Minerals, 1904" by Professor Fayette A. Jones, who at one time was president of the New Mexico School of Mines. Utah or Colorado are out of the question as the proper site.

AL GATES,
Inglewood, California.

Ruby Red Obsidian . . .

To the Editor: In the Oct. '66 issue a writer said he found obsidian of various colors on the Black Rock desert. Did he find any of a clear ruby red? An old gentleman told me he found some arrowheads of obsidian like that, too beautiful to mutilate for testing. They were along the California-Nevada border. I have seen many colors of obsidian, but never ruby red. I would like to know where it might be found.

MITTYLENE BURROSS,
Elsinore, California.

Vanishing Cypress . . .

To the Editor: In the May '64 issue of DESERT there was an article about a rare cypress growing at Piute grove. We made a trip there to compare it with several specimens on my place at Baywood Park. It is the same. Thought your readers would like to know a few grow here, too. We do all we can to protect them.

RUTH BONACHEA,
Baywood Park, California.

More on Diamonds . . .

To the Editor: The diamond hoax location involving Arnold and Slack is no longer a secret. They left the train at Rawlins, Wyoming and proceeded southwest through Baggs to an area in the extreme northwest part of Colorado known as Brown's Park. On the north flank of Diamond Mt. they salted the diamonds by driving a bar into the ground a few inches and dropping in low grade diamonds. After two years, rain and wind brought the stones to the surface where they were found in a "natural" state by the suckers. At the same time and independent of their activities, Clarence King was conducting a survey in the area for the U.S.C.G. When he heard of the diamond find, he wired San Francisco, "Impossible." He knew enough of the activities of Arnold and Slack to go directly to the site, where he found the famous faceted stone.

EDWIN J. SMART,
Aspen, Colorado.

To the Editor: In "The Great Diamond Hoax" in the November issue, the author claims no one knows the location where the diamonds were planted, in spite of the fact that Diamond mountain in northeastern Utah commemorates the fraud. I have camped at Diamond springs many times and have visited the sand flat where the diamonds were buried. Diamond mountain lies north of Vernal, Utah, and about half way between Vernal and Rock Springs, Wyoming. Diamond springs is a beautiful spring and lies near the southern edge of Diamond mountain. These statements can be verified by reading "Outskirt Episodes" by William Tittsworth and the geological report of Clarence (not Charles) King.

CHARLES KELLY,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Editor's Comment: As apparent in his article, Mr. Hyatt consulted a number of authorities, with unsatisfactory results. Nell Murbarger, as well as other established desert writers, have arrived at the same conclusion as Mr. Hyatt. In a forthcoming book by your editor, in collaboration with Brad Williams, we have a chapter on this incident and our conclusions are somewhat in line with Mr. Kelly's. C.P.

Space Stones . . .

To the Editor: After the article on meteorites in the Nov. '66 issue, I took a second look at a stone I found in the Southwest. After examining it with a magnifying glass and testing with emery cloth, I was surprised to find white metal specks imbedded in the stoney matrix. I'm going to send it to the University of New Mexico.

JERRY BENES,
Berwyn, Illinois.

Yellow Ocotillo . . .

To the Editor: This past summer my wife spotted a yellow ocotillo in bloom. We had never seen one before. How rare are they?

N. T. MILES, D.D.S.,
El Centro, California.

Editor's note: We have seen yellow ocotillo near Jerome, Arizona. Dr. Jaeger mentions white ocotillo in one of his books, but not yellow. We have never seen white ocotillo. Yellow is rare. C.P.

Possible Solution to Mystery . . .

To the Editor: I think the directional paradox of the compass rose described in the *Mystery of the Black Rock Desert* in Oct. '66 might be explained by a combination of magnetic declination and magnetic variation. Magnetic declination is the difference between the direction to true north and the magnetic pole. The magnetic pole in 1959 was 74.9° north lat. and 101° west long. It doesn't remain in a constant location, but shifts slowly. On a globe you will see that the magnetic declination from the location of Black Rock is 10°. Magnetic variation is an additional error that varies with geographic location and with time. It is probably influenced by changes in the earth's molten core. The combination of declination which is influenced by geographical location and deviation or variation can be larger than 20° from true north. I presume the author checked the compass rose with a magnetic compass. He could find true north within 3° by observing the north star, Polaris, or during the day by observing the least shadow cast by a stick in the ground. At noon, when the sun is directly overhead, the shadow will point due north. The smaller formations may have been placed several years in time different from the first when a difference in local declination and variation existed.

R. J. THOMSON,
Claremont, California.

A Second Look . . .

To the Editor: In "Have One on the Rocks" in the Dec. '66 issue, the author was wrong about the photo she described as a metate for grinding corn. No matter what local legend says, those holes are natural whirl holes in sandstone or granite rock. Nobody could grind corn in holes that narrow and deep. It would be too difficult to retrieve the meal.

DAVID MCCARROLL,
Boulder City, Nevada.

Amazed . . .

To the Editor: After completing your article on the Needle's Maze, I examined the photos closely. Within certain areas of the one on page 28 (Oct. '66), I believe I can detect demarcations of a broad rake outlined with weeds growing in the marks. Your work interests me. Are you interested in a single man with a hungry appetite for natural phenomena?

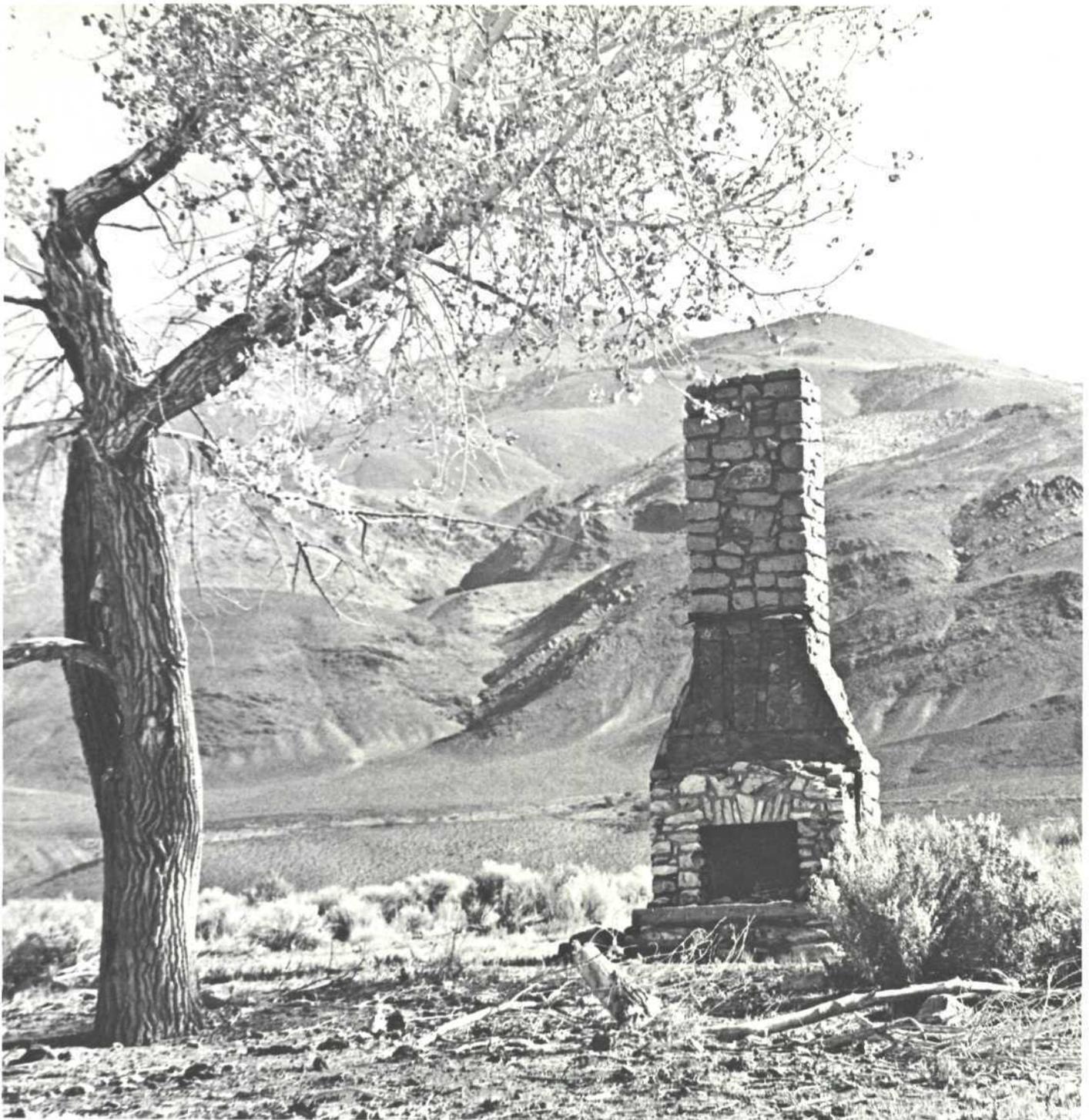
KENNETH WHITE,
Albuquerque, N. M.

Editor's comment: I am always interested in single men with hungry appetites, but the publisher says I can't afford them. C.P.

Now Out-of-Bounds . . .

To the Editor: We followed your trip in the Oct. '66 issue, but as we approached the road which leads to the ruins of Vanderbilt, we saw a "No Trespassing" sign. A legal paper posted there states that the heirs of a Mr. Cooper have leased all the mines in the area to a mining company until 1968. So, better tell your readers not to waste time looking for Vanderbilt if they go into that area.

MRS. A. E. LOCKHART,
Riverside, California.



The Evidence of Man

by John L. Robie

IN OWENS Valley, California, chimneys and rock foundations are often all that remain of a once beautiful dream. They tell of the rugged settlers, of foresight, and hard work. They suggest green fields, abundant crops, and a good way of life. But today, where these pioneers once lived and farmed, the wind whips up lonely dust devils and the sage reclaims the

land. In a few years this chimney, too, will melt into the landscape.

Today's desert travelers do not face the hardships of yesterday. Modern vehicles and paved roads make increased use of the desert possible. Vacationers, campers, rock and relic hunters come in droves to seek peace and recreation. A new era is born. What will it leave for those who follow? And what will it tell about us? □

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