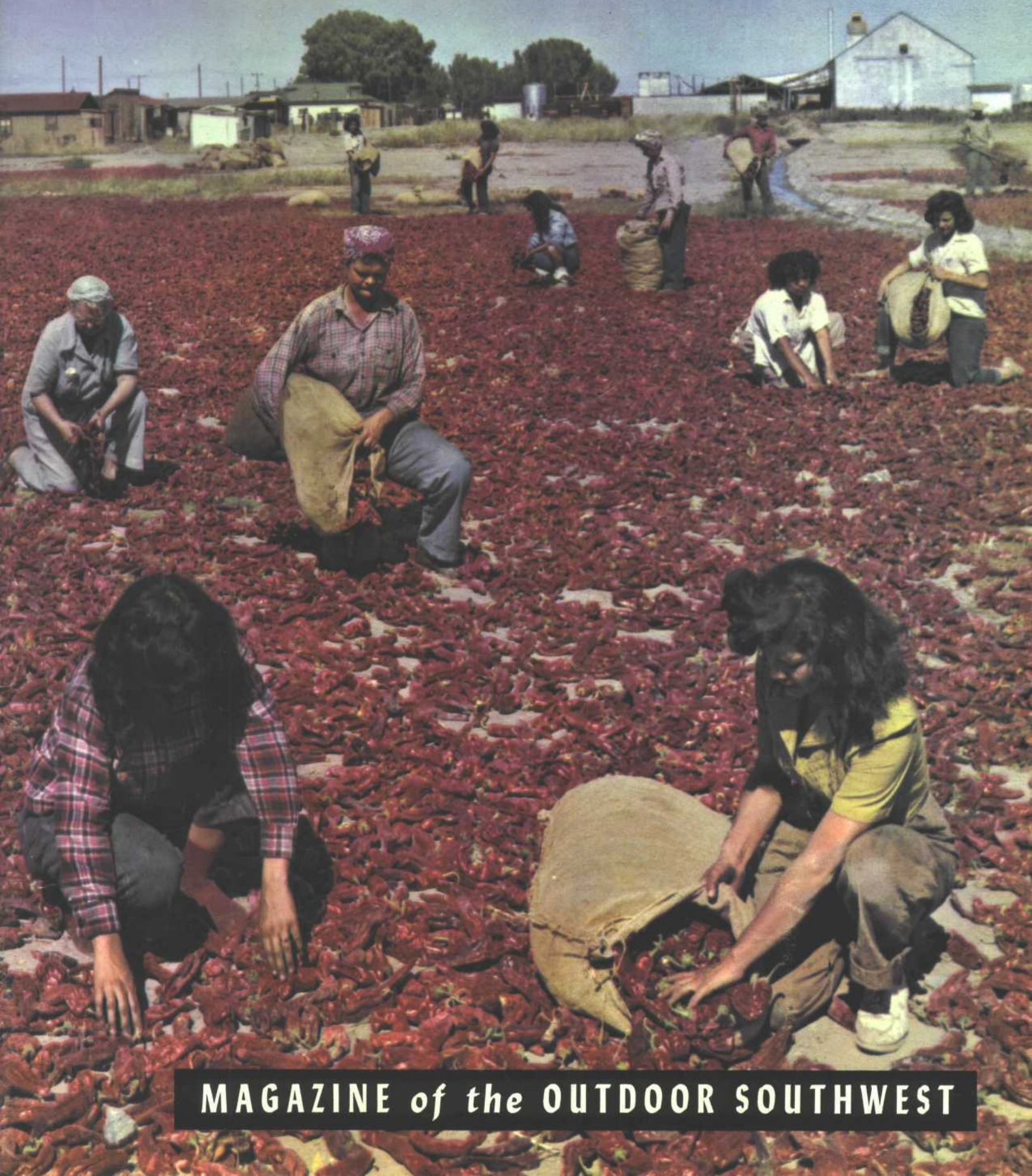


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LETTERS

... FROM OUR READERS ...

Special Nevada Issue . . .

To the Editor: . . . my interest in Nevada has always been sort of bland (being such a devotee of the deep Southwest), but your coverage in the special July issue stimulates a change of attitude for me and likely for many others. This issue is in the "Collectors' Class."

DON BLOODGOOD
San Francisco

To the Editor: . . . I hope you sell a million copies.

BYRD SAWYER
Sparks, Nev.

To the Editor: I want to congratulate you on the Nevada issue. I was born in Aurora in 1878, and was one of the original locators of Rawhide. The 1908 photo of Rawhide that appeared in *Desert Magazine* shows monuments atop Hooligan Hill of the "Happy Day" and "Happy Hooligan" claims that I located in February, 1907.

CHARLES A. MCLEOD
Yerington, Nev.

To the Editor: I was happy to note that author Nell Murbarger has made a most welcome re-appearance in your pages. Almost everything that she says about the Silver State in her article, "My Nevada," could be applied to the Southwest in general. She did a superb job.

LEE MYERS
Carlsbad, New Mexico

To the Editor: After seeing your July issue, I know that 1962 calls for an extensive tour of the Silver State. I believe the issue perfectly fascinating . . .

JOHN R. RAINWATER
Albuquerque

Unbalanced Nature . . .

To the Editor: Together with the many other delightful stories in *Desert Magazine*, I do enjoy the articles on wildlife by Edmund Jaeger. But I wonder if Dr. Jaeger really believes "that nature achieves what, from the standpoint of man, could be called a desirable balance"?

If the desirable creatures become exterminated, while the undesirable multiply; what kind of a "balance" is that? In other words, when nature causes creatures to gobble each other, some species decrease while others become plentiful. I don't call that a "balance."

If fate left all the checks and balances to nature, disease germs could win, and exterminate all the people; a "survival of the fittest," a victory for the disease germs.

The same if the insects win a victory over the struggling plants and exterminate them. Hurrah for the "fitness" of the bugs!

Nature is chaos. The beautiful and what is beneficial to man is just as much of an accident as are the roaches and poisonous snakes.

Evidently, man is not physically able to

control nature, and it is understandable why some men should admire and love some of the things that nature has accidentally produced; but I can't see why man must admire the rest of the chaotic mess which is nature also.

The struggling creatures exist in a blood-thirsty battlefield—but there is no teleology at work in the process, and no certainty of what the outcome will be. Is such a result a "balance"?

MINA I. LEWIS
Haverhill, Mass.

The Terrible Winter . . .

To the Editor: Having come to Navajoland in 1923, you can well imagine the interest with which I have read Laura Adams Armer's articles in *Desert Magazine*. Her story, "The Big Snow," in the April issue, brought poignant memories of that winter of 1931-32.

It all began on the night of November 21 with a foot of snow. That same snow lay on the ground for over a hundred days, or until the first thaw early the following March. We had below-zero temperatures throughout this period. To the north, where the elevation ranges up to 7500 feet, the snow lay 20-inches deep. The feeding ground for sheep and ponies was simply buried beyond reach.

It was only through the heroic efforts of men, women and children that some of the sheep were saved. Branches were cut from stunted pinyon and cedar trees for the sheep to feed upon. Snow was carried into the hogans in blankets and melted in buckets and pans that the stock might drink. In spite of the superhuman efforts put forth, the losses were appalling. Our very dear friend, Lorenzo Hubbell, told me that he estimated the Navajos lost a quarter of a million sheep, besides thousands of ponies that winter.

Word began filtering down out of the high country of near disaster, when at long last two small Caterpillar 20 tractors were ordered to Oraibi with all speed possible from the nearest agency. I had spent days in the saddle doing what little I could for our people. Now, on a sub-zero morning in early February, I joined the caravan of mercy being assembled at Oraibi.

The two Cats pushed on ahead, opening a road in the snow toward Pinyon 35 miles to the northeast. Loaded trucks and horse-drawn wagons followed. Along the way, Navajos filtered down out of the brush from the mesas to watch the *chidi na nais* ("crawling automobile") go by.

By night we had made some 20 miles. Camp was set-up near a big hogan.

Now planes were out from March Field, California, dropping food for those snow-bound in remote areas. One of the planes spotted our camp and spilled its load of groceries in the deep snow nearby.

The night was bitter cold, with the temperature well below zero. Next morning crank case oils were frozen stiff, so fires were built under the pans. A faulty gas

line on one of the trucks caught fire and the men fought the blaze without success. The order was given to unload the truck, but not being able to reconcile such a loss, and thinking this a good time to demonstrate that a missionary could do something besides preach, I snatched a shovel from the hands of one of the men and simply buried the motor under snow. The fire was out but much serious damage had been done. We all figured that this motor was through, short of a major overhaul.

It was long after nightfall of this second day when we reached Hubbell's trading post at Pinyon, with the cold piercing to the very marrow of our bones. To our great surprise and admiration, the truck which had been through the fire early that morning, came limping into Pinyon with its Indian driver a couple of hours behind our caravan. That night we slept in our bags on the floor around the big stove in the center of the trading post shown on page 19 in the April *Desert Magazine*.

The point of my letter is this: I was spending all my time with my people in those days. But in spite of the terrific losses, which they could in no wise afford, I heard not one single word of complaint from the Navajos. They accepted their losses stoically, calmly, philosophically. They simply tightened their belts and carried on from there.

Do you not see why I have given the best years of my life to this noble people, and why, during all those years, I would not have traded places with any man on this earth?

BERLYN H. STOKELY
Navajo Gospel Mission
Oraibi, Arizona

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Volume
24

Contents for September 1961

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COVER PHOTO: The Southwest's important—and eye-pleasing—chili harvest season begins in September. Cover photograph by Western Ways Features of Tucson shows field hands spreading the freshly-picked chilis out to dry. After curing under the desert sun, these bright peppers will be ground into chili powder. The full story begins on page 11.

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The Desert Magazine, founded in 1937 by Randall Henderson, is published monthly by Desert Magazine, Inc., Palm Desert, California. Re-entered as second class matter July 17, 1948, at the postoffice at Palm Desert, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Title registered No. 358865 in U.S. Patent Office, and contents copyrighted 1961 by Desert Magazine, Inc. Permission to reproduce contents must be secured from the editor in writing.

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20-MULE TEAM HAULING DOUBLE BORAX WAGONS OUT OF CALICO HILLS. C. C. PIERCE PHOTO.

A September Travel Suggestion by Lucile Weight

20-MULE TEAM DAYS

IF YOU GO to Boron during its 20-Mule Team Days celebration, Sept. 23-Oct. 1, you will see a synthesis of the old and the new in borax mining. The spirit of early desert days will visit this Mojave Desert town in the form of a colorful parade, in bright whirling of square dancers invited by the Boron Twenty Mule Team

Twirlers, at the whiskerino, gymkhana, contests, exhibits, and Western costume.

And in the background will be refineries turning out products for today's jet-space age. The modern city of Boron, with 4000 population, may look far removed from 20-Mule Team Days, but it is closely allied. While almost insurmountable problems were ironed out to haul borax from Death Valley to the railroad at Mojave 165 miles away, Boron's repository of borax was lying almost on the route, and only about three miles from a railroad. But it wasn't until 1926 that Clarence Rasor discovered a new borate form here.

So before Boron was dreamed of, 20-mule teams hauled past the site to Mojave on the Southern Pacific. Mojave was both terminus of the famous route and the town where the wagons were built. A state historical monument, dedicated during Mojave's October 1958 Gold Rush Days, marks the site of the corral where the teams rested overnight, just east of the rails.

Why is borax so important? It was prized long before the Christian era, and in the years since its household and agriculture uses have become so common we are unaware of most of them. In very recent times, borax, in its various forms, has become strategic in "miracle" products, and its use has multiplied so that it is even less known to the general public than it once was. Glass fiber is one of its more than 100 products. Its importance as a key ingredient for super-fuels of the space age can hardly be assessed yet. Research programs involving its use in medicine, atomic energy development, and food processing indicate that the industry may still be in its infancy.

The story of borax in Death Valley, starting point for the 20-mule team era, began millions of years ago with creation of the trough between the Funeral and Panamint mountains in which a prehistoric lake gradually gave up its charge of salts, borax, and other minerals as its water started to evaporate, possibly two million years ago.

While men were stumbling across the

valley seeking gold, and others later were taking silver from the Panamints, this white gold lay by the tons in the trough floor. Even when first found, about 1875, it was not recognized. It was the discovery by Aaron Winters that was to catapult the Death Valley borax story to such heights that today, 80 years later, the dramatic episode of Aaron and his wife Rosie watching the white stuff flame green, is known to millions of radio and TV fans.

As exciting as are the stories of the men who erected this giant desert business, none caught the imagination as did the 20-mule teams, their long-line skimmers, and the huge wagons that hauled the borax from Death Valley to Mojave. This was a stretch that produced a saga never fully told. At one end were toilers—many of them Chinese—gathering the borax and crystallizing it. Far to the west was the supply and rail station.

In between were long miles without a seep of water, without a tuft of grass. Once out of Death Valley, via Wingate Pass, freighters went past Lone Willow Spring, on the east slope of the Slate Range; then to Granite Well past Pilot Knob—volcanic beacon for a hundred miles. Then came the long low grade to Mojave, the old road now cut by Highway 395 a few miles south of Atolia; and continuing north of present Boron and Castle Butte. More than half of the 10 stops were dry camps, where water tanks were kept.

Borax had been hauled out of Death Valley country earlier — to Daggett and Mojave—but the small loads were not paying. Searles, hauling from Searles Lake, had a shorter easier route. What Wm. T. Coleman wanted were payloads. He needed wagons that would haul 10 tons each, that wouldn't break down in these desert miles. Such wagons weren't being made. Coleman chose 35-year-old J. W. S. Perry to solve the problem and take over as Death Valley superintendent at Harmony Borax works, the ruins of which are seen just northwest

—continued on page 6



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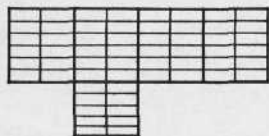


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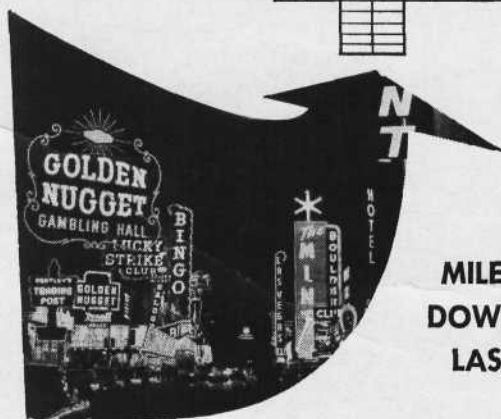
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20-Mule Team Days

Continued From Page 4

of Death Valley National Monument Visitor Center.

The wagons, 10 of them, were built by Perry in Mojave. The hind wheels were seven feet high, the front, five feet. The bed was 16 feet long, four wide, six deep. They made a six-foot track. Cost was \$900 each. Hitched two together, they hauled as much as 45,000 pounds in a load. In their five years on that road, there was never a breakdown. As to hauling such loads, skinner Ed Stiles experimented with various combinations and by the time the wagons were built, had proved that he could handle 20 mules stretched out in pairs reaching over 125 feet from the wagon. The skill acquired by both mules and skippers in following winding canyons and looping grades is a fascinating and technical story in itself.

The 20-mule team period was brief, but its mark is enduring. If the nation had never heard of Death Valley or its mining

before, it became "20-mule team borax" conscious beginning in 1904 when an outfit was at St. Louis World's Fair, then paraded through New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. In 1916, a cross-country tour, interrupted by World War I, continued in 1919, with people in hamlets and cities receiving borax samples. Again the wagons and teams were called out in 1937 for San Francisco's bridge completion and opening of the Death Valley-Lone Pine Hwy.; in 1940 to publicize the Wallace Beery "Twenty Mule Team" picture; and in 1949 as part of the Centennial Pageant staged by the Death Valley 49ers.

Latest trek was in November, 1957, when a replica of the famous teams, with one of the original wagons, rolled into Boron as a prelude to opening ceremonies for the \$20 million open pit and refinery.

All but the memory of the rumble of the giant wagon wheels, the creak and clank of harness, the pounding of 20-mule teams, is drowned out now by roar and scream of jets and missiles at nearby Air Force bases.

And that memory will be revived by Boron's 20-Mule Team celebration the end

of this month. Main events will be the final weekend, with a parade and square dancing on the morning of Sept. 30. Hobbies and crafts are among displays. Food booths will be open. All visitors are invited to "dress Western." ///

Poem of the month:

*...and the desert shall rejoice, and
blossom as the rose...*

The water cooled the once parched fevered stone
And backed up inch by inch behind its weir
In readiness to move upon the land,
To whisper in the earth's now waking ear.

And then, behold! A new thing changed the waste—
Where once was heath and sage the river ran
Diverted from its long-time natural bed
In channels dug by implements of man.

The land of drouth (like Eden now) burst forth
And scent of green and song enriched the air—
Where man had used his intellect for good
The hand of God was quite apparent there.

V. Trollope-Cameron
Salt Lake City

SOUTHWEST CALENDAR

Sept. 1-4: Elko County Fair, Elko, Nev.
Sept. 2-4: Homecoming & Rodeo, Bishop, Calif.
Sept. 2-4: Rodeo, Williams, Ariz.
Sept. 3-5: Lions' Stampede and 49er Show, Fallon, Nev.
Sept. 3-5: Rodeo and Fair, Winnemucca, Nev.
Sept. 4: 17th Annual Steel Day Rodeo, American Fork, Utah.
Sept. 4: Annual Rodeo, Benson, Ariz.
Sept. 5: Labor Day Celebrations, Ely, Nev.
Sept. 6: Pioneer Day, Ashfork, Ariz.
Sept. 7-10: Annual Navajo Tribal Fair, Window Rock, Ariz.
Sept. 9: 16th Annual Dick Wick Hall Days, Salome, Ariz. (SEE STORY ON PAGE 38.)

Sept. 9-10: Navajo County Fair, Holbrook, Ariz.
Sept. 9-10: National Water Ski Races, Lake Mead, Nev.
Sept. 15-18: Washoe County Fair, Reno.
Sept. 16-17: Apache County Fair, St. Johns, Ariz.
Sept. 20: Black Canyon Day, Flagstaff.
Sept. 21-25: Community Fair, Las Vegas.
Sept. 23-Oct. 1: 20-Mule Team Days, Boron, Calif. (SEE STORY ON PAGE 4.)
Sept. 23-24: Annual Rex Allen Homecoming Days, Willcox, Ariz.
Sept. 25-27: Coconino County Fair, Flagstaff.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: Greenlee County Fair, Duncan, Ariz.
Sept. 29-Oct. 1: Cochise County Fair, Douglas, Ariz.

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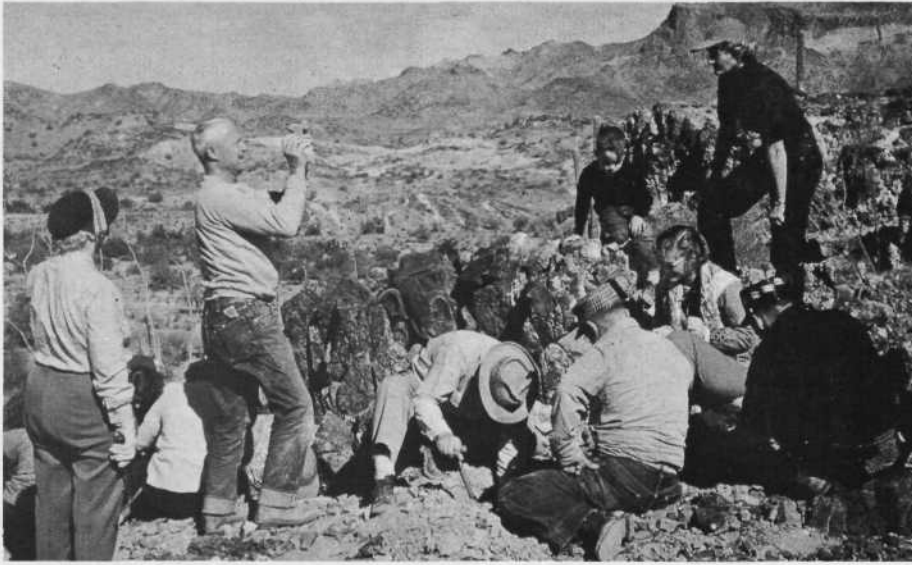
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DIGGING FOR TREASURE AT CRYSTAL HILL

By GLENN VARGAS

THE 87 MILES of U. S. Highway 95 from Quartzsite to Yuma pass through a region of desert grandeur that ranks high in Arizona's list of places to see. The almost level plain traversed by the highway is flanked by rugged mountains. (The Kofa Mountains on the east-side of the road and a massive block of lava with the sheerest of sides — a truly spectacular sight.)

Along with this beauty, the region has a real lure for the mineral and gem collector. This strip of Arizona, plus the Palo Verde Valley across the Colorado River in California, is one of the West's most favored gem-mineral collecting grounds. On numerous occasions I have taken my lapidary students to one or another of the many productive areas in this expanse of land. I have heard no complaints about any lack of material in this region; indeed, what I do get from my students is requests for repeat trips to some of the locations.

In the following paragraphs are reports on the conditions of a few of these collecting grounds.

Fossils Along The Colorado River Beachlines

1 MY WIFE AND I have hunted for specimens in most of the gravel terraces along the Colorado River, and although we have not visited all the known sites, we have found those we did explore to be quite similar. As a result, we feel that the areas described by earlier

writers (John Hilton in the November, 1938, and Harold Weight in the October, 1948, *Desert*) to be nearly identical as far as kinds of material to be found. Changes wrought by man are in evidence at these and the other river collecting sites. Thus, new landmarks not mentioned in previous articles are now in evidence.

The area near Blythe is best known to us. The specimen-laden gravels lie at the upper edge of the Palo Verde Valley, having been deposited there during the numerous prehistoric flood stages of the river. This is true at the Winterhaven and all other river terrace collecting areas as well. It is best to hunt along the strips which have an average thickness of 100 feet. An old gravel pit at the Palo Verde Valley location makes excellent hunting. The pebbles are mostly of a uniform brownish color, and the ability to differentiate between the various types of cutting materials comes only after a bit of practice. The petrified wood shows the usual pseudo-cylindrical weathering, which is quite easily recognized. Fossil coral has a pock-marked look

that resembles orange peel. The shell fossils, which are rare, are hard to detect, while black jasper (touchstone) is quite easily spotted for it differs in color from the other pebbles. Most of the material on these river terraces will take a good cut and polish. The problem is finding the best of the specimens. We have gone over specific areas on numerous occasions, coming away with specimens overlooked on the previous search. "Getting down to work" works best here—on your hands and knees. The closer to the ground you get, the better your chance of a good harvest.

These terrace areas are of great extent, and undoubtedly some unworked collecting grounds await discovery. One of the most interesting pieces of red petrified wood I have seen was given to me by a cattle rancher who found it near the town of Palo Verde, about 20 miles south of Blythe. So far, I have not been able to rediscover the "mother lode."

Petrified Wood

2 IN THE APRIL, 1954, issue of *Desert*, Jay Ellis Ransom wrote about petrified wood off of Highway 95, north and west of Yuma. The area was (and is) within the boundaries of the Yuma Test Station, but apparently no attention was being paid by the military at that time to trespassers. Now, with expanded activities at the Test Station, the petrified wood collecting area is sign-posted against entry. The road to Martinez Lake is open and travel is not restricted, but the signs warn against leaving the road.

The history of collecting petrified wood at this locality is interesting. When I first visited this area nearly 15 years ago, I found a number of old, almost illegible signs warning that the wood was considered an antiquity and that an Arizona law forbade its removal. In the intervening years, I have never heard of anyone being apprehended by an Arizona official for removing the wood—and

Cool weather is just around the corner, and that means it's time once again for the gem collector to make plans for field trips into the desert. The Quartzsite - to - Yuma highway is the gateway to several collecting fields that offer fruitful digging.

many have done so. The signs warning against its removal soon disappeared, but now the task of preserving one of Arizona's "antiquities" evidently has fallen to the U.S. Army.

Quartz at Crystal Hill

3 SPACE DOES NOT permit me to completely express my enthusiasm over famed Crystal Hill south and east of Quartzsite. This has been one of my favorite collecting areas for many years, and I never expect to tire of it. It is on my "must" list for all Western rockhounds to visit at least once.

Crystal Hill was first described by John Hilton in the April, 1942, issue of *Desert*. Soon after, the rush was on. Quartz of all sizes, varieties and shapes was collected here with ease. The turnoff to the hill lies between mileposts 100 and 101 on Highway 95. At times, collectors have used the road paralleling the gas line to enter the region. I have nearly always found the regular access road in much better condition, and on a recent trip I learned that the Texas Pipeline Corp. has asked that their road not be used, as some damage to installations has occurred. This should set-

tle the road question.

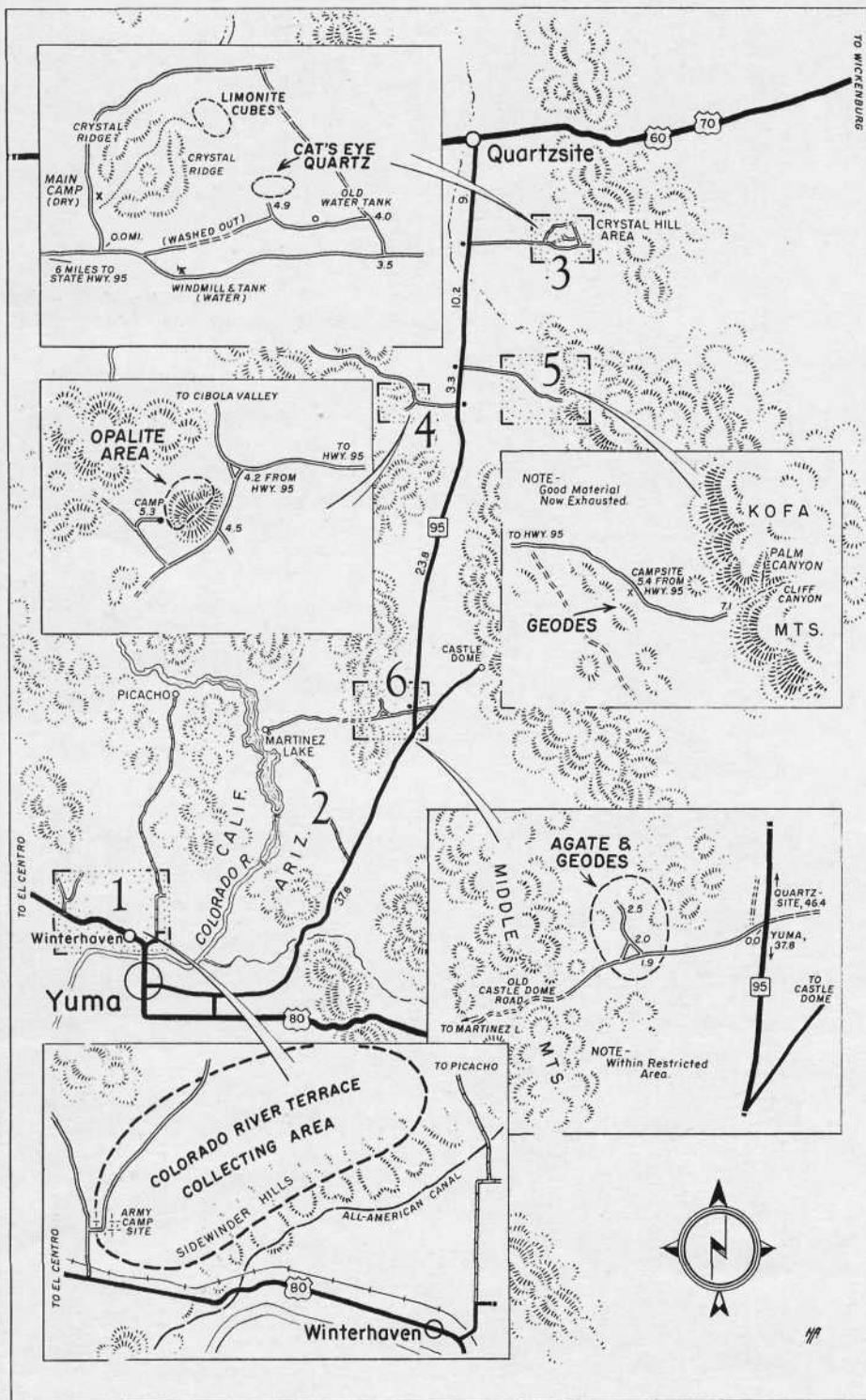
After traveling about six miles east from Highway 95, the left turn into Crystal Hill is easily found. A short ride across the large wash takes you to the main campground in the heart of the collecting area.

The hills near the camp show signs of extensive collecting—trenches and holes are very numerous. These diggings are what gave rise to the notion by some writers that this field was exhausted. It may *look* that way, but I have found it far from being worked out. The tracing of pieces of quartz that have washed down the hillsides as float will in some cases lead you to a concealed pocket of crystals. My companions and I have made these happy discoveries many times.

The crystals of Crystal Hill contain a number of minerals as inclusions and as "phantoms." The local material "grew" to a certain point by the laying down of one molecule upon another of clear or nearly clear quartz. Then something happened to cause the crystals to be crusted with a white milky coating. In many cases, other minerals also coated the crystals at this stage. Again normal growth resumed, and more molecules of clear quartz were laid down, enclosing the abnormal growths and finally producing water-clear crystals containing "prints" of the crystals as they looked when smaller. This "ghost-of-its-former-self" inclusion has aptly been named a phantom.

The following are some of the minerals as inclusions that are found at Crystal Hill. Siderite, in the form of yellow or brown crystals resembling cubes is quite common. I have been shown many of these specimens by people who swear they have found gold crystals in clear quartz—but it always turns out to be siderite. As far as I know, gold does not appear at Crystal Hill. These specimens also have been reported as pyrite, but I have never seen pyrite here, either. Chlorite appears as dark green, almost black flakes, or in balls made of the flakes. Balls of chlorite are commonly in a phantom. Dark green or bluish-green needles of goethite appear at times at the base of the crystals. One of the pockets that one of my students worked, contained double-terminated crystals filled with what I think is goethite. From time to time I found crystals here containing a feathery structure which I was not able to recognize. Not until recent years did I learn this material was what is now popularly called "cat's eye quartz."

If someone had followed Jay Ran-





CAT'S EYE QUARTZ

som's suggestion in the September, 1953, *Desert Magazine*, and looked further east for more crystals, the cat's eye material might have been discovered sooner. It is a most interesting variety of quartz, and will cut a white stone resembling the chrysoberyl cat's eye. The fibers causing the "eye," after careful examination by mineralogists, have been shown to be empty tubes. At some time during the history of the formation of the specimens, these tubes were filled with an unknown mineral which later dissolved. In some crystals, these tubes actually form phantoms, and these specimens cut the best cat's eye stones.

It is not easy today to reach the cat's eye field. For three years a branch road led east from the main camp turnoff, and after a half-mile turned left into some small hills and ended at the new field. Last summer's rains washed out the road in two places. A hike along this trail is still a good way to reach the field, but by car a circuitous route must be followed (see map)—past the windmill for about 3.5 miles east to the first turn to the left, double back to a dilapidated water tank, pass to the west of it for about a quarter-mile, and then turn right into the hills. These are involved directions, but we made it to the field by carefully following them. Perhaps the original road will soon be re-opened.

Regardless of how you get to the cat's eye location, the effort is well worth it. Here again, extensive diggings pinpoint the locale. And digging is the most profitable method of collecting. The best way to recognize the material is to immerse the white crystals or fragments in water, then examine the piece from all angles in bright sunlight. Any glint of white uncolored light from within the specimen merits its being set aside for further investigation. On one trip we found working a dump quite profitable. Evidently the person who

dug the hole did not use water to check the pieces he uncovered. As a result, my group brought home some excellent material. The shimmering beauty of the cat's eye makes the finding of only one piece well worth the trip.

Crystal Hill is one of those collecting areas that appeals to both mineral collectors and lapidary hobbyists. Many of the quartz crystals, with or without inclusions, are museum pieces. And many of the fragments or poorly-shaped crystals containing inclusions can be cut into excellent stones; of course the cat's eye type heads this category.

Opalite on the Road to Cibola

4 THE SOUTH - BRANCHING turnoff from the Cibola Road (4.2 miles from Highway 95) is easy to find, but from this point on there are at least four discernible roads wandering off into the brush. Happily, they all lead back into the main branch before reaching the campground at the base of the opalite hill.

After leaving our cars, my students and I had only to walk a few yards to the east to find pieces of opalite. As we worked further up the hill, the pieces of float became more numerous. About three-fourths of the way up the hill there are a number of diggings, presumably in the veins that are the source of the float material. Further digging in the holes gave very poor results, so we confined our activity to hunting for the float.

We found the opalite to be of poor to fair quality, with only a very few pieces to our liking. The pink pieces were the most interesting, and have less of the annoying holes and pits

that are very prominent in much of this area's opalite. The rare specimens without pits are good firm material, and will polish with no difficulty. There is a plentiful supply of opalite here—all that one needs is time and energy to search out the better pieces. Collectors who are really particular will find their take-home supply to be small. Those who are only after color and pattern will find plenty of material here.

Geodes and Palms In the Kofa Country

5 BY HOLDING UP the April, 1949, issue of *Desert* and comparing the Kofa landscape with the picture at the bottom of page 19 (see same photograph with this story), we were able to determine the exact spot where Harold Weight stood to take this picture. The two ocotillos looked almost exactly the same as they did 10 years before, with the branches above the skyline appearing identical. I'm sorry to report, however, that so far as the geodes are concerned, there is little similarity between what Harold found in 1949 and what now exists.

We picked up many small geodes, but what we found were very poor, with less than five percent of them showing anything interesting. Most of these were hollow and lined with very small (drusy) quartz crystals. A few specimens had a bit of gray chalcedony in their centers. The remaining 95% was simply rock (rhyolite) to the center, or contained small flecks of chalcedony of poor quality. Needless to say, my students were very disappointed.

I am of the opinion that the few good geodes from this area have long



IT'S FUN TO WANDER THE SLOPES OF CRYSTAL HILL, LOOKING FOR TREASURE

since been removed, and no doubt, along with them a large number of poor ones, also. I must write off this area as one where only a very small percentage of good material existed in the first place—and this was soon hauled off.

But, are geodes the Kofa's only treasure? I would say that even the world's best geodes—if they occurred here—would be the secondary prize. A hike up the canyon to see the palm oasis is the real treasure of Kofa. The trail up from the main canyon is very steep and rugged. I recommend it

only to those who are adept at using both hands and feet in climbing.

Geodes on an Old Silver Trail

6 A NUMBER OF YEARS ago I visited the geode area described by Harold Weight in the April, 1951, issue of *Desert*. The geodes were very small but extremely numerous, with a small percentage of real interest.

On a recent drive up Highway 95, I could not be sure of the location

of the old turnoff from the pavement, but the most likely one was only a few hundred yards from a paved road to the Army's Yuma Test Station. This road is posted against entry and the only assumption I could make was that the geode beds were to be considered in a similar situation. I have included this area in this report—and it shows up as a detailed section of the map—in anticipation of the day when the military releases some of its "desert empire" back to public use. But, don't hold your breath. ///



THE KOFA COUNTRY LANDSCAPE REMAINS UNCHANGED (SEE LOCATION NO. 5)

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ISSUE	LOCALE	GEM MATERIAL
July '54	Limestone Gulch near Clifton, Ariz.	Blood-red and deep-purple jasper delicately veined with white or splotted with yellow
March '55	Monte Cristo Mts. west of Tonopah, Nev.	Reds, blacks, and yellows in clear or cloudy or patterned chalcedony
July '55	Trinity Mountains southwest of Lovelock, Nev.	Jasper, obsidian, opal
Aug. '55	Virgin Valley, Nev.	Opal
April '56	Salt Creek Canyon north of Globe, Ariz.	Serpentine
Sept. '56	Silver Peak Mts. south of Coaldale, Nev.	Icicle agate, white flame or plume agate
Dec. '56	Box Canyon, Gila Mts. north of Ft. Thomas, Ariz.	White and smoky chalcedony, chalcedony roses
July '57	Yellow Cat area, southeast of Thompson, Utah	Gizard stones

ISSUE	LOCALE	GEM MATERIAL
Sept. '57	Pinto Basin west of Mexicali, Baja Calif.	Banded rhyolite
Oct. '57	Punta Penasco, Baja Calif.	Sea shells
May '58	Little Chuckawalla Mts., Calif.	Apache tears
June '58	Whipple Mts., north of Vidal Junction, Calif.	Chalcedony roses
Aug. '58	Verde Antique Quarry east of Victorville, Calif.	Yellow and green marble
Dec. '58	Jack Creek north of Jarbidge, Nev.	Many-hued agates
July '59	Mogollon Rim, Ariz.	Red jasper
Aug. '59	Hoover Dam area, Nev. (5 separate locales)	Pectolite, onyx, green jasper, agate
Nov. '59	Bradshaw Mts., east of Morristown, Ariz.	Tourmaline, mica, calcite crystals
Feb. '60	Barstow area, Calif. (5 separate locales)	Agate, petrified wood, obsidian, jasp-agate, jasper

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CHILI PEPPER HARVEST STARTS IN THE DESERT COUNTRY IN SEPTEMBER AND CONTINUES TILL FROST

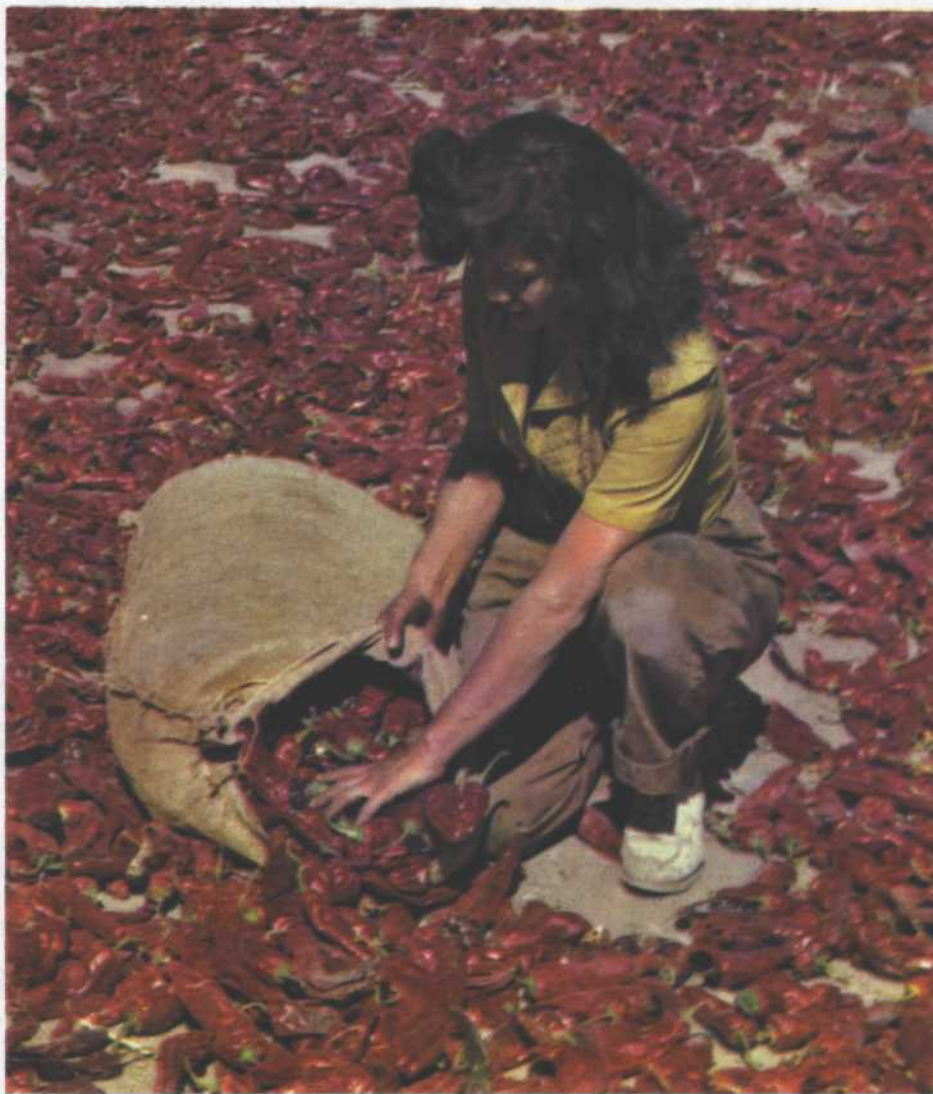
Spreading the chilis to dry in the sun. See Front Cover Illustration 

DESERT CHILI

CHILI, AN American gift to the world, was one of the plants Columbus took home to Spain in 1500. Soon it became a choice European garden plant, and a prized seasoning.

In the Desert Southwest, chili is big business. Commercially cultivated under irrigation at altitudes of between 3000 and 5000 feet, the bright red pods of the chili store the heat of the desert sun. Chili is a Spanish word derived from the Nahuatl (Aztec) *chilli*.

The ever-growing demand for chili seasoning makes the pepper harvest an important and colorful time in desertland. After the land is pre-





TWENTY TO 25 LARGE RED PODS MAY DEVELOP ON A MATURE CHILI BUSH

pared in the early spring, mechanical planters sow the seeds a half-inch deep, 18 to 24 inches apart in rows spaced 36 to 40 inches. As the young plants grow, the weeds are hoed by hand, and nitrogen fertilizer is fed to the field through irrigation water.

Dusting is necessary as a deterrent to insects. In dry weather a tractor-drawn duster is used, but if it is wet the dusting is done by air. By September, when the bushes are from 18 inches to three feet tall and may average 20 to 26 green pods, the first phase of the chili harvest begins.

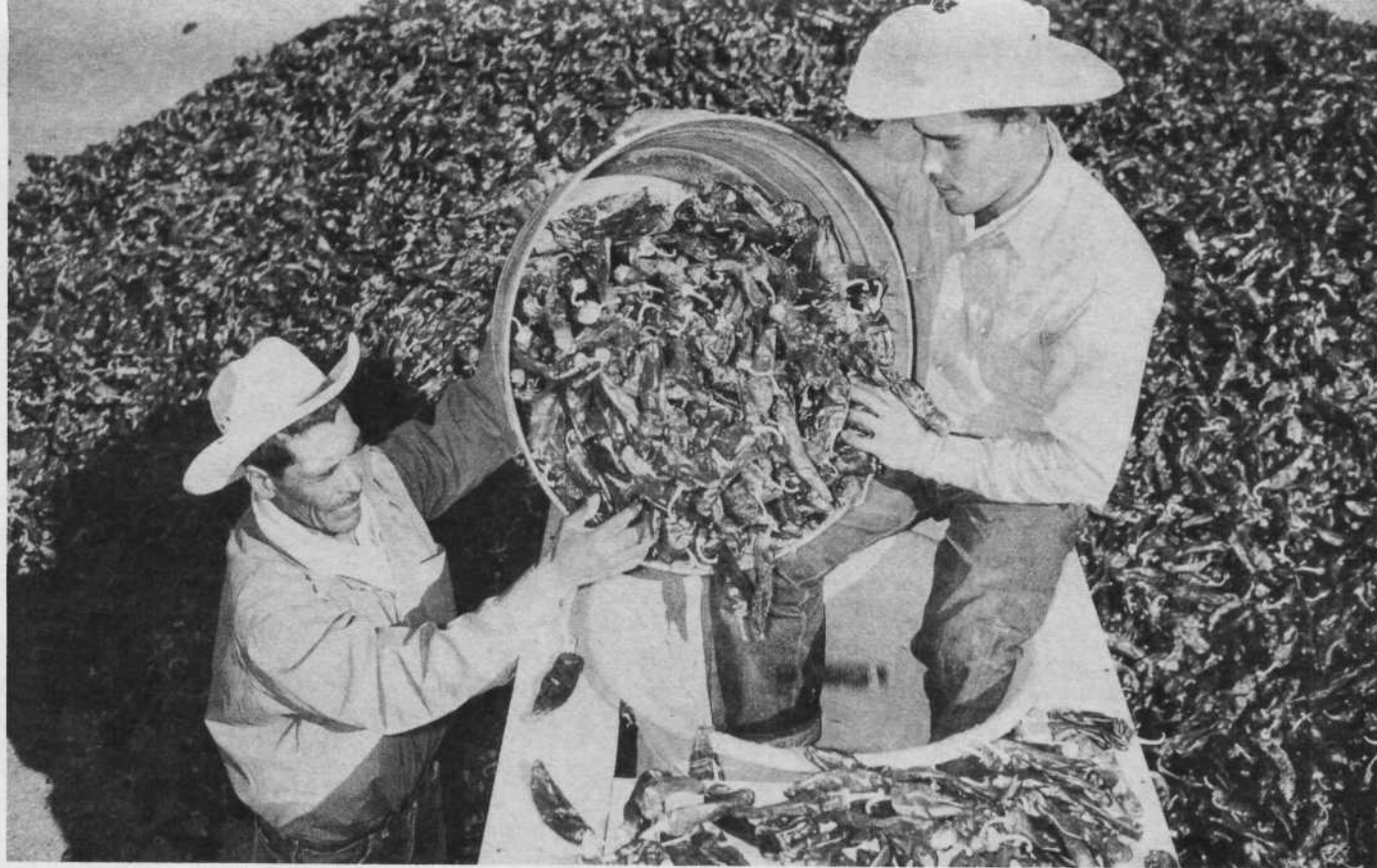
The green pods are picked, washed, steamed cooked, and ground to make chili paste. This, mixed with mustard, is used on meats of all kinds.

The second phase of the harvest gets underway when the plants put out red pods. These must be gathered before frost, and great care is used in sorting the chili for flavor and color. Red chili paste is made from these large bright red banana-shaped "Anahan" chili.

The third product of the harvest



GREAT CARE IS USED IN SELECTING AND GRADING THE CHILI PODS FOR COLOR AND FLAVOR



THESE LARGE RED BANANA ("ANAHAN") CHILIS ARE DRIED, READY TO BE GROUND INTO CHILI POWDER

results when red pods are sun-dried for several days before being ground into chili powder. Large flat areas make good drying areas, and care is taken to turn the peppers to prevent molding, and to assure even curing. After grinding, the powder is packaged in 50-pound sacks or 5½-pound cardboard cartons for shipping.

It is interesting to note that this "hot" crop must be protected from predators. Heavy losses may be sustained if jackrabbits invade the growing fields or drying areas. Over night these animals can cut-down and eat many bushes, so growers find it necessary to protect their crop with fine chickenwire fencing.

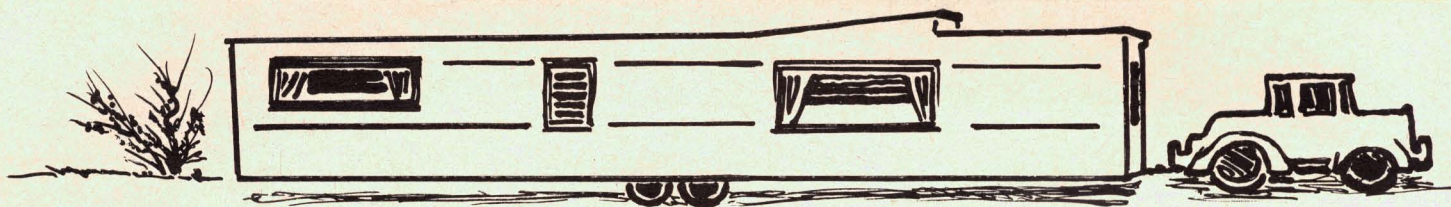
One acre of land can produce a ton of dried chili valued at approximately \$420. This relatively high per-acre yield is offset by the fact that more risk and care are involved in growing chili than most other South-western crops.

To Latin Americans, chili has long been a favorite seasoning. But few people realize chili's long history as a medicine. Such diseases as dropsy, gout, colic, yellow fever, and even toothache and paralysis were treated with doses of chili. In New England during colonial days, chili mixed with honey was prescribed for quinsy.

Today chili flavoring is used extensively in many countries. It has the happy faculty of appealing to both hot dog fanciers and connoisseurs of fine food.—MARGARET H. CANNING



CHILI POWDERS ARE BLENDED TO ASSURE FINE FLAVORS ///



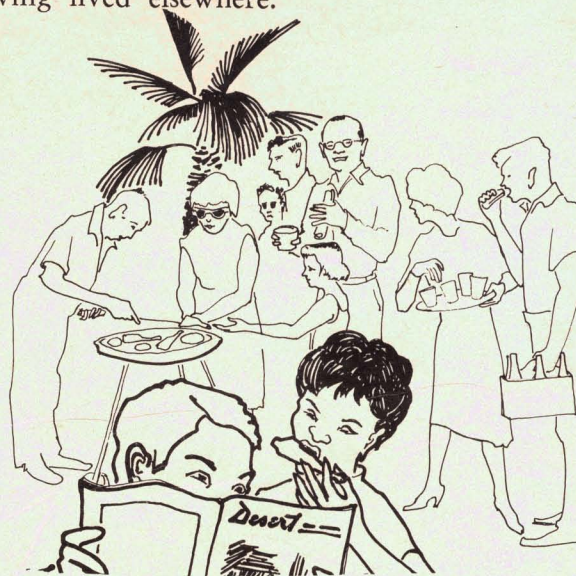
THE MOCKELS MIGRATE TO TWENTYNINE PALMS, CALIF.

Our Eastern Artist Settles on the Mojave

In Desert Magazine's June issue, artist Henry Mockel, fresh from sketching "nearly every red barn in the Northeast," depicted the Mojave Desert as he saw it: jackrabbit homestead cabins marching to the very edge of Joshua Tree National Monument; campers sleeping alongside the highway (a rare sight in New England); a maze of signs pointing the way to a cluster of desert cabins . . . "No matter which corner of the Mojave we explored, we were fascinated," wrote Mockel. So fascinated, in fact, that the artist and his wife decided to settle in Twentynine Palms. They have set up shop at the "Pioneer Art Gallery" in The Plaza. "The move did not at first present too great a problem as we own a 47-foot house trailer," related Mockel. "But, the condition became aggravated when Beverly decided that if 47 feet is good, 50 feet must be better, and promptly bought a bigger trailer. After considerable effort spent moving inanimate matter from one trailer into the other, we watched the mover hitch on and take off. Later he backed our home into a space under a group of athel trees and within a short time the new surroundings became home to us, so that we can hardly realize ever having lived elsewhere."



Mockel sketches mining ruins in the Providence Mountains. Before he was done, a dust storm came up. "I clutched the painting, the easel, my hat, the brushes and colors and took off," he recounted. "It took four hours to drive back to our base camp, and the car's windshield was ruined." Despite so rude an introduction to painting on the desert, the Mockels fell in love with the area and have settled in Twentynine Palms.



Best way to meet new neighbors: a cook-out.



Lobivia Binghamiana

Henry R. Mockel

IT AMAZES ME to find how few desert travelers and even permanent desert residents have ever tasted the delicious brew that can be made from the Ephedra, commonly known as Desert or Squaw Tea.

I have yet to find anyone who having tried this drink, doesn't find it very tasty. Of course, it must be properly made, and this involves the correct method of cooking. The stems of Ephedra must be boiled—not steeped—to the correct strength, and this takes at least 10 minutes (or until the liquid has the deep amber color of well-steeped Chinese or Ceylonese tea). To bring out the full blossomlike flavor of Ephedra, it is quite essential to put in at least one teaspoonful of sugar to the cup. Juice of lemon or strawberry jam may be added if desired. I never use cream in my tea, but there is no reason why it cannot be added.

Either the green or the dried Ephedra plant may be used. I prefer tea made from the fresh green stems gathered in the open just before cooking. Only a handful of stems is needed. They should be covered well with boiling water, and used but once.

In the specialty and health-food stores, packaged dried Ephedra stems cut up in half-inch lengths sell for \$1 per pound. In a few minutes, you can gather a bale of these

many uses from their Indian forebears and neighbors, and called it by a great variety of often picturesque and euphonious names: Tepote, Popotillo, Itamoreal, Retamoreal, and Canitillo. The Chinese called one of their widespread and much-used Ephedras, *Ma-huang*, and prized the plant particularly for its alleged therapeutic qualities. Ephedra's history in Chinese medicine goes back at least to the times of the mythical father of Chinese medicine, Shen Nung (B.C. 2737-2698).

In the Southwest, Ephedra is sometimes known as Mormon Tea or Brigham Young's Weed, but these names should be applied only to one or two particular kinds of this plant, *Ephedra viridis* or *E. nevadensis*, which grow in Utah where the Mormon settlers early adopted its use as a beverage. The name Teamster's Tea probably came into use because the early freighters often gathered Ephedra along the wayside, and tied bundles of the twigs to their wagons where they were easy to reach when meals were prepared.

In my estimation, the Ephedra giving the best flavored beverage is the Green Ephedra (*Ephedra viridis*) of the pinyon country. This handsome plant has vividly green stems set closely together—almost parallel—in broomlike bunches. It is particularly good-looking when the male



Desert Tea EPHEDRA Mormon Tea

stems—enough to last many weeks. Ephedra, as it occurs on our local deserts, is a low, much-branched, seemingly leafless, gray-green or vividly green shrub consisting of numerous small woody jointed stems—hence one of its names: Joint Fir. Actually, this plant has but a slight relationship to the firs. Perhaps someone in the past thought that Ephedra's tiny male flowering-cones looked like the seed-bearing cones of the fir tree.

Ephedra is a Greek name used by Pliny for *Hippuris*, the common Horse-tail of streamsides which Ephedra somewhat resembles in having fluted, jointed stems. The two plants, however, have no direct relationship. The several kinds of Ephedras (there are some 50 species) are natives of southern Europe, North Africa, subtropical Asia and extratropical America. There is only one strictly European species; North Africa has three. In the Australian deserts, which seem particularly favorable to its growth, only a single species—a native of South America—is found. How a South American plant came to grow in Australia, nobody ventures more than a guess. In our Southwestern deserts, each of the U.S. and Mexican states boast of several Ephedra species.

Early-day trappers, huntsmen and explorers were not the first to make a beverage from the stems of Ephedra, for the Southwest Indians had used it from times unknown as the basis of a decoction used as a drink, a blood purifier, and a remedy for a variety of illnesses (colds, pneumonia, kidney complaints and diseases of the generative organs). The Cahuilla Indians of the Colorado Desert called the plant, *Tu-tut*, and in the old days bunches of dried Ephedra twigs could be found tucked up among the roof poles of almost every jackal.

The Mexicans and Spaniards early learned Ephedra's

plants are thickly covered with staminate blossoms whose bright yellow pollen-filled, closely-clustered anthers adorn the plant with a mantle of gold. The female plant's ornament of many leaden-green fruiting cones is in comparison not nearly so appealing. However, the Panamint Indians looked upon the cone-laden female shrubs (*E. nevadensis*) with special favor, since the sizable seeds within the cones were good when roasted to use in making a kind of bitter but edible and nutritious bread. I have eaten the ovate seeds of this and other desert teas, and found them quite palatable when harvested green.

We must not be surprised that the Ephedra fruits are called cones, for these they are in fact; the plants being near-relations of the pines. The cones are made up of a number of scales or bracts folded over one another. Within this structure lie the seed or seeds. In some of the Ephedras these bracts are swollen to form pulpy juicy "fruits" or "berries" of brilliant color, usually bright red or salmon-pink. In many regions these pulpy "berries" are eaten.

The beautiful ground-hugging salmon or red-berried species are indeed ornamental and curiosity-provoking shrubs very suitable to use as rock-garden plants. They require little care and a minimum of water. Sometimes the colorful fruits are borne in such profusion that the shrubs are conspicuous from afar. Among the red-berried species are *nebrodensis*, with wandlike branches; *vulgaris* from southern Europe; *sinica*, from China; and several kinds from Arizona, New Mexico and Texas. I commend them all to desert garden lovers.

The very small, almost unnoticed scalelike leaves of Ephedra occur at the joints or internodes of the stems.

In some species there are two leaves, set opposite one another at each joint. In others there are three, arranged ternately. In shape the generally dry and papery tiny leaves vary from narrow and pointed to broad and blunt-ended. Being so small they are practically functionless, their work of sugar-making being taken over by the green chlorophyll-bearing young stems. The nature and number of the leaves are useful characteristics, along with the fruits, in separating the various species.

The fusiform gall-fly (*Lasioptera ephedrae*) lays its eggs in the tender young Ephedra stems during the growing season. Swollen spindle-shaped galls soon appear in numbers at the points of the small wasp's oviposition. The green swellings holding the developing insects are sometimes mistaken for fruits by the novice in plant lore.

Desert teas have uses other than those referred to above. Most all are valuable browse plants, especially in winter and at times of drouth. Some species are good soilbinders: *E. cutleri* of the Navajo country is a prime example. In places this evergreen plant grows so thick on sand hummocks and sandy plains that when seen at a distance it resembles a luxuriant growth of grass.

ceiling of her half-lighted dingy stall hang dried snakes, dried sting-rays and sharks, desicated sea-stars and other creatures of sea and land—the whole comprising the most bizarre assemblage of merchandise I have ever laid eyes on. Indeed, it is a place so unique that I never fail to visit this mysterious and dark corner of the market every time I am in inland Mexico.

Among her bundles of herbs are dried bunches of several species of Ephedra. When one inquires as to their use, this strange crone gives such a bewildering and lengthy list that one is forced to judge that Ephedra ("Canitillo," she calls it) is indeed a much valued and much used remedy—at least in that immediate area. Especially does she commend it as a promoter of elimination of poisons through the kidneys, and as a valuable remedy for colds and fevers.

The naked-seed Ephedras belong to a group of plants, Gnetales, that are of great antiquity. We really know very little of their descent. Because of the structure of their woody stems (they possess no resin ducts, but true sap-conducting vessels) we think of them as rather closely resembling the flowering plants, and as intermediate in evolutionary position between the Gymnosperms (pines, firs, etc.) and the Angiosperms (higher

Squaw Tea Joint Fir Teamster's Tea

By EDMUND C. JAEGER, D.Sc.

author of "DESERT WILDFLOWERS," "THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS,"
"OUT DESERT NEIGHBORS," "THE NORTH AMERICAN DESERTS"



In some desert areas of Africa and China, woody Ephedra stems are a major source of fuel. It is said that the Chinese utilize the ashes of their Ephedra fires to mix with snuff as a headache remedy.

The very valuable drug, ephedrine, now used so much as a decongestant and tissue shrinker by medical specialists in treating head colds, asthma and hayfever, is obtained from the salmon-berried Chinese Ephedra (*E. sinica*) and related species. Our American plants do not yield the drug in quantities sufficient for utilization; they do contain pseudo-ephedrine, and, like all the other Ephedras, tannin. It is this tannin that gives the beverage its slight puckery effect. Since a very strong brew of Desert Tea contains a very appreciable amount of tannin, it may be used as an efficient and harmless soothing agent in treating sunburns and other burns. The Chinese have used strong washes of ordinary tea (*Thea*) as a burn-remedy for many centuries.

Chinese herb doctors have for ages used preparations of both the Ephedra's dried roots and dried stems for internal as well as external remedies. They early knew that the root-derived drugs produce different reactions than drugs made from the green or dried stems. Ephedrine is derived only from the stems. Administered in many ways, these doctors used their Ephedra-derived drugs for the cure of colds, coughs, headaches and fevers.

In the big public market of the picturesque Mexican city of Zacatecas is a strange shop presided over by a wrinkled wizard-vizaged old lady always dressed in dreary black. On her many shelves—in bottles, boxes, and baskets—are time-honored and dust-covered herbs and other substances used as native remedies. From the

flowering plants). However, Gnetales, along with their relatives, the strange Welwitschia and Gnetums, are generally listed as Gymnosperms. The Ephedras are thought to be the most primitive of the Gnetales; the Welwitschia the most advanced.

Welwitschia (*Welwitschia mirabilis*) or *Tumboa*, as the natives call it, is unique to Damaraland and adjoining territory of the west coast of South Africa where the rainfall may average as little as one inch per year. It is rightly described as "one of the most remarkable productions of the vegetable kingdom." I never hear of this near-relative of Ephedra without having an enormous desire to see it in its native state. A well-grown plant projects less than 12 inches above the ground, yet the stem may have a circumference of 12 feet! From the depressed crown spring two long strap-shaped leaves, sometimes two feet wide and six feet long, trailing off across the desert sand in opposite directions. Once formed, these huge leaves persist throughout the plant's life, which may be a hundred years or more. Blown about by the dry desert winds, the leaves soon become curled, split and much frayed. In time, branched flower-stalks spring from the broad squat stem's central area. These flower-stalks bear small erect cones, each being about the size of a fir cone, and scarlet in color. On this unique structure both male and female flowers occur. Insects effect pollination.

Gnetum, another of Desert Tea's relatives, is a plant genus native to tropical America and warm regions of the Old World. Some of the species are treelike; others are climbers. The leaves, with veins like the broad-leaved plants, spring in pairs from the swollen nodes of the stems. In contrast to Welwitschia, the flowers are wind-pollinated.

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THIS BUSINESS OF SELLING INDIAN APPLIED ARTS...



HOPi KACHINA DOLL

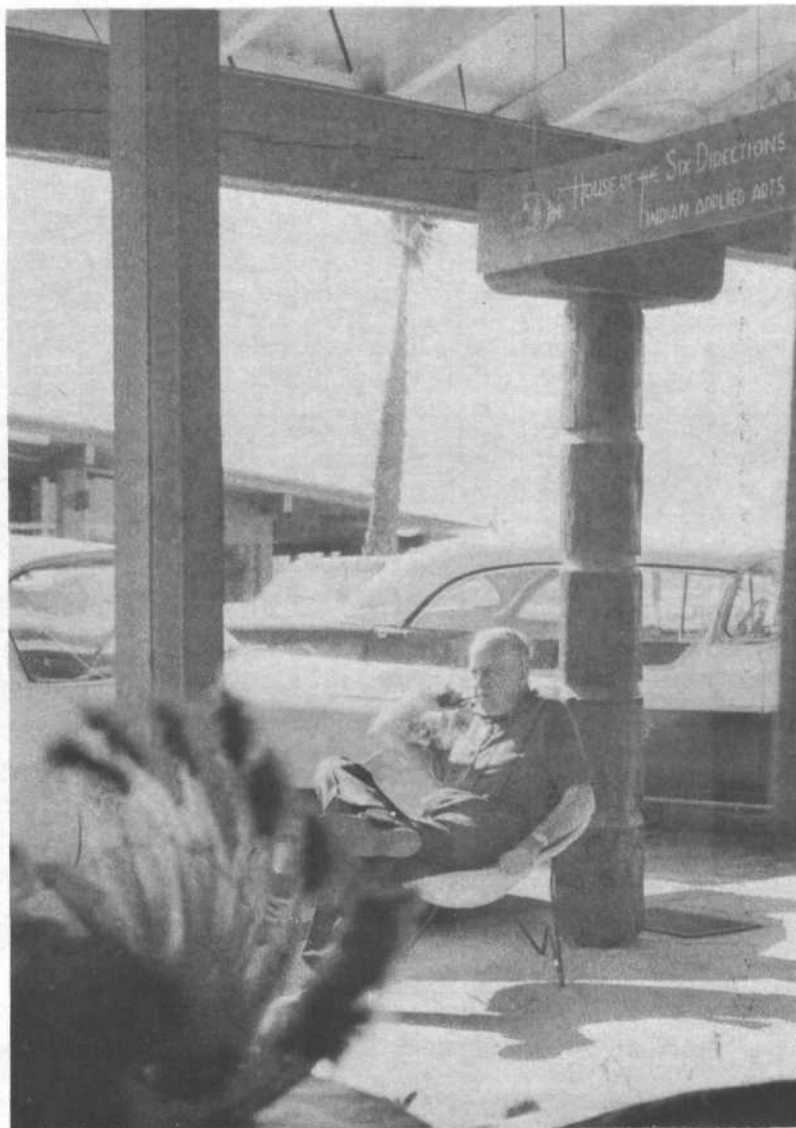
P RAYER STICK from Walpi, \$7.50. Zuni Corn Society Shrine, 9x13", \$47.50. Yaqui Mask, 7", total length with beard 15", \$45. Tarascan Figure, standing, carrying vessel on shoulder, well preserved, 6x12", \$117.50. Infant Kachina Doll, very interesting, with hornlike attachments to mask, \$17.50. Prehistoric Deadman Black-on-White Miniature Olla, 2½x3", \$15.

The half-dozen items listed above are a random sampling from the House of The Six Directions' catalog. Paul F. Huldermann, pipe-smoking

owner-operator of this Scottsdale, Arizona, store, is a middleman *par excellence* in the growing business of supplying connoisseurs, collectors,

By EUGENE L. CONROTTO

devotees of the Southwest, and just plain people with an eye for the unusual and beautiful, with quality Indian arts—from prehistoric burial jars to a day-old painting by Yazz or Begay.



PAUL HULDERMANN SOAKS UP A BIT OF SUNSHINE IN FRONT OF SHOP

The affable Huldermann, who claims to be "the only Indian trader in the Southwest with a German accent," runs a small exquisite shop. Every item in the House of The Six Directions is Indian-made. Even the store's name is native, referring to the six cardinal directions of the Pueblo Indians: north, south, east, west, up and down.

Look elsewhere if you are in the market for a machine-made "Indian-style" trinket or a 50c tomahawk, for they are as welcome in the House of

The Six Directions as are shoplifters. In fact, shoplifters probably would be better received, for Huldermann is a philosopher-storekeeper, one who judges the success of a day not by dollar volume of sales (although he is the first to admit that money helps, and you won't find him making any mistakes at the cash register), but by the richness of human experience.

"We went 89 days without rain," one customer was telling Huldermann, "so at 11 that morning we put the Rain Gods you sold us out on the deck, and, by golly, by 1:15 we had rain!"

Hearing such an anecdote inspires in Huldermann a reaction that can best be described as an explosion of laughter right from the bottom of his soul.

Simple economics rule out Huldermann's personally making long forays into Indian country to select merchandise for his shop. He depends on a dozen dealers for his supplies of contemporary jewelry, rugs, paintings, drums, baskets, arrowheads, Kachina dolls and head-dresses. (The rarer items such as pre-historic pieces are obtained from a very few selected supply sources, and from individuals.)

Just as so-called Indian stores can be neatly divided into two classes, "junk-tourist" and "quality-collector," so too can the suppliers who distribute Indian arts and crafts to the retail outlets.

And here we have a paradox.

"In this business," explains Huldermann, "you begin to classify the suppliers into two groups: the salesmen with fancy display cases, and the men who carry their merchandise in cardboard boxes.

"A retailer tends to trade with one or the other. With but a few exceptions, I buy from the cardboard box fraternity. These suppliers usually spend more time on the rough reservation roads where a cardboard box is at home. They seem to be much more interested in the native peoples who make the rugs and jewelry. They can see beyond the piece of merchandise itself.

"A city-trained salesman wouldn't be caught dead with a cardboard box for his wares—which proves the point I'm trying to make. My suppliers aren't salesmen—they are themselves collectors and students of Indian arts and crafts. Thus, they know their product—and, more important, they appreciate quality."

The trading post operator on the



RUG DEALER GIL MAXWELL AT HIS FARMINGTON WAREHOUSE



JEWELRY SALESMAN DICK LeROY IS A MEMBER OF THE "CARDBOARD BOX" FRATERNITY

reservation is an important link in the Indian arts and crafts business. In essence, the reservation store operator trades the Indian artisan the necessities of life for jewelry, rugs and other crafts. While the trading post retails some of these items direct to the few customers who venture into the reservation backcountry,

most of the post's accumulated stock is wholesaled to retail dealers directly or to "roadmen" who re-sell to the retail establishments throughout the Southwest and other parts of the nation.

Some road salesmen buy direct from the Indians. C. Richard LeRoy of Scottsdale, who specializes in jewelry, buys from a roster of craftsmen numbering less than 30. LeRoy is one of Huldermann's "cardboard box suppliers." He has been a full-time trader less than nine years, and drifted into the business from his long-time hobby of collecting Indian arts and crafts.

But, in the main, Indians have most of their dealings with the trading post, and it follows that the quality and quantity of their output is most influenced by these traders. Practically without exception, reservation store operators are conscientious and fair-dealing men who realize that Indian crafts are more than items of commerce. Their Indian friends are creating art forms of great intrinsic value, and the trader is the first to encourage this enterprise.

On the Navajo Reservation, rugs are the "cash crop;" the Indian's jewelry, his earthly wealth, is pawn—given to the trader as security against credit extended by the store. The U.S. Indian Service regulates the terms of this barter, including the length of time the trader must hold



CLAY LOCKETT, operator of an Indian crafts shop in Tucson, spends many hours on the reservations of the Southwest dealing direct with Indian artisans. He is one of the best known and most highly respected Indian traders in the nation. When Lockett opened the rough-hewn door of his adobe shop in 1942, a long-held belief was about to prove itself: "good taste is everybody's pleasure." Lockett believed then as he does now that Indian craftsmen, if left to their own devices, invariably express themselves with discrimination. To the Navajos and Puebloans with whom he has had long dealing, he advises: "Do the best you can—but, do it your way."



the pawn before he can sell it on the open market.

An Indian woman, working long hours on a primitive loom, makes a rug which she wishes to sell. At the post the trader examines the rug, determines its quality, and makes an offer. In this case, let us say \$35. If the weaver accepts that price, she has a choice of two plans for collecting payment: \$35 all in trade; or \$30 half trade, half cash.

Enter now a dealer in rugs from the cardboard box school, such as Gil Maxwell of Farmington, New Mexico. Maxwell, who has one of the finest private collections of Navajo rugs in the world, is one of the very few men who deal on a cash basis for rugs with the trading post owners (most others trade jewelry, crafts and other commodities for rugs). And Maxwell usually buys thousands of dollars worth of rugs at a time.

Let us assume that our \$35 rug is among those Maxwell has selected to buy from the trading post. For this particular rug he will have paid \$35. Why no mark-up? Because Maxwell is a volume buyer, and because the trader needs cash in order to be able to buy new merchandise to sell to the Indians—groceries, the all-important soda pop, textiles, oil, tools, hardware.

When the time comes for a selling trip—and Maxwell is nearly always on the road—he will load a quantity of rugs in his station wagon and head for his various—but not many—customers, among them the House of The Six Directions.

Huldermann likes the \$35 rug and pays \$42 for it. He puts it on his rack with a \$70 price tag.

Thus, on this rug the Indian makes \$35; the trading post operator gets his hands on much-needed cash; Maxwell makes \$7 (and can afford to operate on such a small margin because he sells so many rugs); and Huldermann — if and when he sells the rug—earns a \$28 profit.

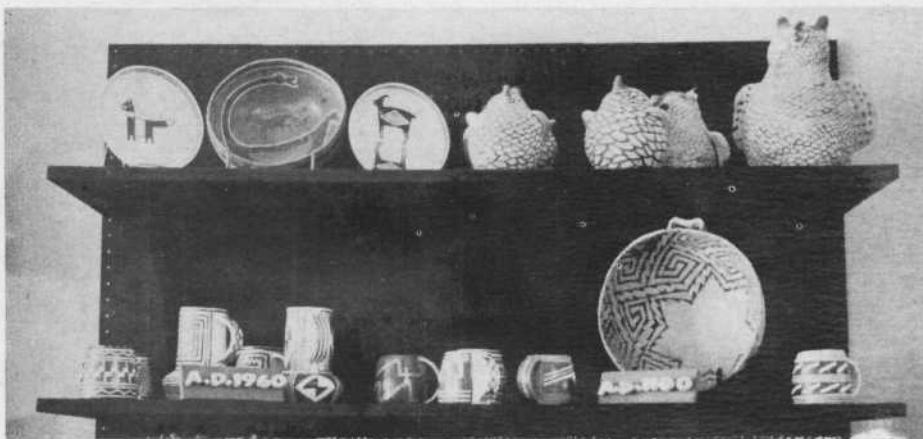
Those who are quick to point out that Huldermann makes nearly as much as the Indian, tend to forget (or never realized) two important facts: the sale Huldermann makes is the one that counts; and he is the only one of the four involved in handling this rug who has any appreciable overhead. In fact, this overhead includes not only standard items such as lease, utilities, and advertising; but such "special" Arizona overhead items as airconditioning and a high inventory tax.

The average Indian doesn't under-

stand this business of wholesale and retail, distribution costs, standard mark-up and profit. But some museums and government agencies don't have anything on him.

With the best of intentions, these non-profit organizations periodically try to "help" the Indian artist-craftsman by merchandising his products at once-a-year shows and fairs. Items carry only a 5-10% mark-up at such events, and instead of receiving \$35 for a rug that retails for \$70, the weaver takes home \$70 (less the small mark-up retained by the show sponsors to defray expenses).

It is easy to guess what happens



A HULDERMANN DISPLAY PROVES THE POINT THAT INDIAN DESIGNS ARE TIMELESS



MASTER POTTERY MAKER FROM SAN ILDEFONSO PUEBLO, NEW MEXICO

weeks later when the rugmaker walks into the trading post with another \$35 rug. She points to the \$70 figure received at the show, and understandably wants that price set as a precedent. The trader won't pay \$70 for the rug because he knows Maxwell won't pay \$70 for it because Maxwell knows Huldermann won't pay \$84 for it because Huldermann knows the rug cannot fetch \$140 on the open market.

Huldermann and some of his fellow dealers insist that in the long run these promoters of special sales are doing more harm than good for the Indian artist - craftsman. They are encouraging him to price himself out of the market on the strength of what he receives for isolated sales.

Finding ways and means to resolve the economic problem of Indian artists and craftsmen occupies much of Paul Huldermann's time and effort. He is forever encouraging new Indian talent with special displays of their wares in his shop. He is in contact with instructors of Indian arts and crafts, and discusses with them trends in this field. He reads everything on Indian art that he can get his hands on, and recommends books and articles to customers and friends. Children who show the slightest interest in the artistic side of American Indians are given special attention.

"Indian designs," points out Huldermann, "are timeless. Contemporary Hopi bracelets employ designs that were originated in 900 A.D. by a people who had enough to do just to keep alive.

"Yet, these ancients strove to add beauty to their lives by embellishing pottery, painting intricate religious murals, carving stone figures, and creating beautiful inlay jewelry and ceremonial pieces.

"This creativeness must not be lost in our modern machine age." ///

Refreshing photos on a legendary desert subject

IN 1953 photo-journalist Tom G. Murray fulfilled a boyhood dream: to visit the famous Death Valley Scotty in his desert Castle.

Murray decided to sleep in his car that first night, but when Scotty heard about it he sent one of the caretakers

out to bring in the stranger.

"Tell that kid to come in here, and see that he gets a room," Scotty commanded. He had a nickname for everyone (Scotty called the Castle manager's wife, "The Pony Express"), and "Kid" stuck to Murray—even to

this day. Many of his friends call him "The Death Valley Kid."

It was understood that grub went with the free room, and so Murray dined on steaks and chicken.

"The strange thing," recalls Mur-



DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY AND HIS BELOVED WINDY



SCOTTY ENTERTAINS GUESTS IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE. HE WAS A CHARMING HOST; A GREAT RACONTEUR.

ray, "is that no one asked me how long I was staying. After two weeks I decided with much regret that I had to return to Los Angeles."

Two weeks with Scotty! The days were warm and full of fun.

"Right from the start I realized that with Scotty it was best to be a listener," Murray points out.

In the evenings Scotty would hold court in the great hall of the Castle. All the guests were invited to assemble at the hour of 7.

Someone would start the ball rolling by asking Scotty what had become of an old prospector friend of his.

"He died, so I put his body in a pine box and shipped it to Ohio, C.O.D.," Scotty would answer.

A lady guest complained about the heat she had once encountered in Rhyolite on a prior visit to the desert country.

"That's good," Scotty would say. "It will get you used to where you're going."

A man would mention that he had driven West from Pennsylvania, and Scotty would recall how he had toured that state with the Buffalo Bill Show, and some of the important things that had happened to him there — such as dating a girl who worked in the watch factory at Lancaster.

Sooner or later the conversation would get around to Death Valley and tales of desert tragedy.

"Once I found an old couple in

Death Valley," Scotty would begin. "They were about gone, and I only had enough water for myself, so naturally I did the only humane thing."

Pause. And then someone would bite: "What was that?"

"I shot them both," Scotty would answer.

And so it went, the night sessions with Scotty sometimes lasting until the sun peeked over Tin Mountain.

Murray took many photographs of Scotty and the Castle during his two-week sojourn in Death Valley. He wanted to record this unique experience for his own personal enjoyment.

He did not strive for the conventional photograph. There was no editor's deadline to meet; the photographs were not earmarked for anything other than Murray's own collection. A highly professional photographer on a busman's holiday!

Months later Murray arranged the Scotty pictures and other Death Valley scenes into a single album. During the years that followed, this "hand-made one-edition book" was shown to friends who shared its owner's interest in the desert.

Nearly everyone who saw the album asked Murray if he had an extra

copy that they might have.

Early this year Murray decided to share his rare and refreshing photographs of Scotty with the public. These Death Valley photographs have gone into a large format (9x12") paper-cover book, "Death Valley Scotty," produced by Desert Printers of Palm Desert, Calif. Mail-order price is \$2.00 plus 15c for postage and handling and 8c sales tax.

In addition to many hitherto unpublished photos of Scotty, the book contains striking pictures of the Castle, Death Valley scenics, and historic photographs.



"THE LAST TIME I SAW SCOTTY" ///

Utah's Land of Dinosaurs

DINOSAUR LAND, U.S.A., sprawls across 330 square miles of eastern Utah and western Colorado, and within its confines are one of the world's richest fossil finds and a spectacular labyrinth of canyons carved by the Green and Yampa rivers.

Vernal, Utah, 175 miles east of Salt Lake City on U.S. Highway 40, has become the gateway to the Dinosaur Country where Dinah the Dinosaur, a comic replica of a prehistoric reptile, greets you at every turn.

At Vernal, youngsters and adults alike can acquire a Dinosaur Hunting Permit which entitles them to "One adult male, Tyrannosaurus Rex, or one Diplodocus Giganticus, either sex, of not less than 5000 pounds live weight." However, the pickings, dinosaur-wise, are pretty slim since the last of these creatures disappeared from the face of the earth more than 75 million years ago.

The real story of the dinosaur in Utah is to be found at the quarry and visitor center of Dinosaur National Monument, 20 miles east of Vernal and seven miles north of Jensen, Utah. Here the National Park Service has enclosed a drab gray slab of rock, 180 feet long and more than 40 feet high in an ultra-modern structure that also serves as museum headquarters.

The visitor center is not a museum in the ordinary sense of the word, but rather, is described by Dr. Theodore E. White, a casual shirt-sleeved scientist and the quarry's museum geologist, as a "working exhibit."

"We bring the fossil remains of these creatures into relief by chipping away the overlying rock," explained Dr. White. From an elevated ramp the visitor sees the fossil just as it was deposited millions of years ago. A framed sketch attached to the platform railing shows the position of the bones in each dinosaur and serves as a guide for the quarry visitor.

The outcropping of dinosaur bones was first discovered in 1909 by two Carnegie Museum paleontologists. During the 13 years that followed, the skeletal remains of 300 dinosaurs were excavated. At least two dozen of them were mountable specimens

representing the best collection of reptilian monsters in the world. The quarry was also worked by the Smithsonian Institute and the University of Utah before being set aside in 1915 under a provision of the Federal Antiquities Act. Less than a year later it was incorporated into the National Park System.

Why so many dinosaur bones in one place? The evidence indicates the quarry was once a sandbar or quiet cove in an ancient river. The bodies of these dinosaurs were washed downstream, collecting like so much driftwood in the sand where the inevitable mineralization took place over the eons of time.

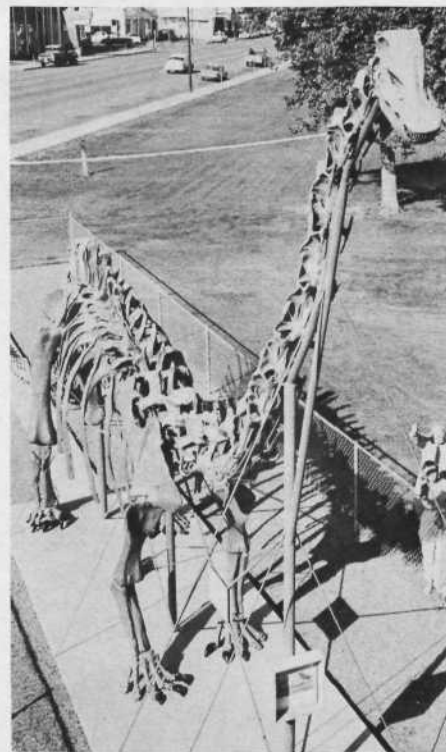
The painstaking work of exposing all of the fossil remains has consumed a half-century, and may take another 20 years. "But then, there is no hurry," quipped Dr. White. "Some of these reptiles have been here 140 million years."

The other half of dinosaurland is the canyon country of the Green and Yampa rivers. Ninety years ago John Wesley Powell, the one-armed explorer of the Colorado River, made his venture into the unknown by following the Green from its headwaters in Wyoming to its confluence with the Colorado in southeastern Utah.

Powell's explorations focused public attention on this canyon fantasy, although it was not until 1938 that the original 80 acres of Dinosaur Monument was enlarged to include the canyons of the Green and Yampa rivers.

Under the Mission 66 program of the National Park Service, \$20-million will be spent in the next six years to make a larger part of the monument accessible to the motoring public. A few roads have already been carved out of the wilderness to such scenic overlooks as Harper's Corner, and a 30-unit campground has been built at Split Mountain Gorge east of Vernal.

For the non-camper, excellent accommodations are available in Vernal. My choice is the Dine-Aville Motel and adjacent restaurant, The Skillet, whose trademark is a 30-foot-high pink replica of Dinah the Dinosaur. The motel and restaurant are



A CAST REPLICA OF DIPLODOCUS, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS "DIPPY THE DINOSAUR" STANDS OUTSIDE UTAH FIELD MUSEUM AT VERNAL

owned and operated by Henry Millicam, a former Vernal Mayor, and his two sons, George and Don.

While Don does the cooking, George operates the motel and its companion Canyon Land Tours. The tours vary from simple one-day trips to an extensive itinerary that includes most of the scenic and historic points of interest. For anyone planning to see the heartland of Dinosaur National Monument, the Canyon Land Tours are highly recommended.

Among Vernal's other attractions are a nine-hole golf course and the Utah Field Museum of Natural History, a State Park.

///



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Dean of the Mining Camp Journalists

The Sagebrush Country's Boom Days Were Chronicled by Newspapermen as
Colorful and Raucous as Their Surroundings, and Itinerant
Printer-Editor James W. E. Townsend was the
Most Consummate of His Breed



□ "I confess to a weakness
for mining camp journalism
□ No responsible, cautious,
dignified metropolitan press
can reflect that phase of
American life with half the
accuracy of the raucous
newspapers which attended
it □ There will never be such

journalism in the United
States again, as there will
never be such sources of in-
spiration □ The Securities
Exchange Commission, the
Corrupt Practices Act, and
allied agencies and laws have
ended that" □ —from C. B.
Glasscock's Here's Death
Valley □

James W. E. Townsend
in the early '80s

ONE MORNING in Virginia City, Nevada, the gang from the *Territorial Enterprise* poured Colonel James W. E. Townsend onto the south-bound stage. He was as stiff as a goat, requiring the combined efforts of the driver and two typesetters to hoist his loose and lanky form into the front boot. Resplendent in his green tinged Prince Albert, white paper collar and black string tie, the Colonel teetered near the edge briefly, then amid great cheering from the crowd, collapsed into his seat. He shoved his crumpled black hat from his eyes and lifted his arm in victory and farewell as 24 hoofs pounded down C Street carrying Jim Townsend from Virginia City for the last time. As the dust settled, the boys tramped into a saloon to toast the new editor of the *Bodie Miners Index*.

The year was 1879. The Comstock would miss Jim Townsend.

An itinerant newspaperman who roamed the mining camps of California and Nevada for over 40 years, James W. E. Townsend was at various times a printer, a typeslinger and an editor. He was a member of that group of pioneer newspapermen who came West to join in the great adventure, and he spent the remainder of his life following the miners, merchants, gamblers and prostitutes from one boom camp to another. The urge to roam was common among the members of his profession.

The printers, especially the old school compositors skilled in the art of setting type by hand, were a footloose breed who wandered the length of the West at will. Jim Townsend was a practical printer as well as a sometimes editor, which may explain his restlessness. A tall, rangy New Englander, he wore his hair long and sported a bushy mustache. His pants were baggy and always unpressed. But Jim Townsend was mainly remembered in the Far West for his originality of wit and the outrageous tales he printed. He kept the boys in the mining districts laughing for years with his quaint expressions and humorous use of words.

A score of Western journalists have at various times been credited with being the true originator of Mark Twain's

By **HOWARD K. LINDER**

famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras"—everyone except Mark Twain, himself. Among those mentioned is Jim Townsend, a claim to fame with which he was always in complete agreement. However weak this might be, Jim did have a strong case for another literary great. Students of Bret Harte have concluded that Jim Gillis, another frontier newspaper wag, was probably the model for Harte's Truthful James, the prevaricating narrator of "Society upon the Stanislaus," and other stories. But Gillis always hotly denied this. Once, when a friend gave this story to a magazine, he stormed, "Fred, you know very well I am not Truthful James. Bret Harte meant Jim Townsend because he's the damndest liar in these mountains, and you know it!"

A native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, James Townsend arrived on the Coast early in the Gold Rush period. His name appears on the passenger list of a vessel docking at San Francisco in October, 1849. He apparently worked on the *San Francisco Herald* for a time, but soon traveled on to Sacramento. In the early '50s, Auburn knew him as did Hangtown and Jackass Hill in old Tuolumne County. It was in the latter regions that he came into contact with Bret Harte, Jim Gillis and probably Mark Twain. He appeared intermittently in Virginia City, Nevada, during its boom years, working on various Comstock papers and matching wits with the best of the old sagebrush journalists: Joe Goodman, Sam Davis and Dan DeQuille, to mention a few.

Knowledge of Townsend's life before arriving in the West is scant. Probably his contemporaries knew even less of his past. Jim was such an unmitigated liar that even his closest of friends were unable to sift fact from fiction. The *Virginia City Chronicle* once carried a review of his life, prepared, no doubt, by Jim, himself. According to this authoritative article, he was born in Patagonia of English nobility, following an unfortunate shipwreck from which only his mother survived. She was subsequently eaten by the local natives, Jim himself being saved and fattened for the future. However, he miraculously escaped on a log and paddled to sea where he was eventually picked up by a whaler and taken to New Bedford. He then became a Methodist minister, preaching with "glorious results" for 10 years before traveling to the Sandwich Islands as a missionary for another 20 years. He reformed, the article continues, and opened a saloon in New York. He then tried his hand at journalism. Fifteen years of this reduced him to poverty and preaching. He returned to the saloon business and after another 18 years brought his wealth to the Pacific Coast.

The biography concludes: "For several years, Mr. Townsend ran . . . eight saloons, five newspapers and an immense cattle ranch. For the past decade he has devoted himself to journalism and is, of course, once more poor. Some of his friends, who are of a mathematical turn of mind, have ascertained from the data furnished by him the remarkable fact that he is 384 years old."

The *Bodie Miners Index* was launched by Jim in 1879, but was short lived. Bodie was a booming camp with 5000 eager souls thronging her Main Street. Thirty-six saloons were kept busy day and night satisfying the thirst of the citizenry. This journalistic paradise was spoiled by the presence of four newspapers already operating in camp.

At this time, a gold strike high on the desert flank of the Sierra Nevadas occurred. The new boom camp was Lundy, squatting on the floor of a narrow

The Homer Mining Index.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

J. W. E. TOWNSEND,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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MASTHEAD OF THE HOMER MINING INDEX

canyon with mines dotting the cliffs at dizzying heights. Abruptly, Jim moved to Lundy, establishing its one and only paper.

The *Homer Miners Index*, Townsend's Lundy weekly, is considered by authorities as one of the best examples of mining camp journalism in the early history of the Far West. The paper was published in a little two-room shack. Conditions were somewhat adverse. Lodged in its narrow canyon, Lundy was the target of frequent avalanches plummeting down from the 13,000 foot peaks.

"The wind is a holy terror," Jim wrote, "a puff of it will turn a dog inside out." One issue reads: "The *Index* wears a cadaverous aspect this week . . . the Boss has gone to Bodie on business. The (printing) devil has been taking medicine so that his work at the case is spasmodic and jerky. The printing office is open on all sides and the snow flies in wherever it pleases. In the morning everything is frozen solid. When we thaw things out, the whole concern is deluged with drippings. It is hard to set type under such conditions. When

the office is dry, it is too cold to work in. When it is warm, the printer needs gum boots and oil-skins. In fact, it has been a hell of a job to get this paper out."

But Jim liked Lundy. "There's more gold here than at Jackass Hill," he wrote to friends in Virginia City. "When we climb the hills in snowshoes, we can hear the gold below howling for quicksilver."

News was a problem in the new camp. Lundy failed to achieve the booming population originally predicted, and even at its largest could muster less than 500 persons. The shootings, knifings and general mayhem so prominent in the larger mining camps of the time, occurred on a limited scale in Lundy. Jim found it difficult to fill his columns. Once he complained in print: "It requires inventive genius to pick up local news here. This scribe has to trust to his imagination for facts and to his memory for things which never occurred."

Jim did his best.

Reporting upon a case of horse-theft, he wrote: "A man named Quinn—or something like it—found a rope near Mount Gibbs a while ago and dragged it all the way to Devil's Canyon—70 miles away. When he got home, he was astonished to find a horse attached to the east end of it. Being a religious man and firmly married to a schoolmarm too, he was stupendously puzzled over the circumstances. It looked very much like horse stealing as they viewed things in Mono County."

Lacking adequate news items, Townsend relied heavily on fillers to solve the space problem. Here he was at his best:

"Our townspeople are complaining about mosquitoes. Friends, if you want to see mosquitoes, go to Alaska. They're so thick up there that you can swing a pint cup through the air and catch a quart."

"It's so dark in the Table Mountain Tunnel that a piece of charcoal looks white."

"It is learned that Lundy women will refuse to be vaccinated now because it sometimes superintends lockjaw. They would rather have smallpox than enforced speechlessness."

"The Bodie papers are changing to Tri-weekly. The Bridgeport paper remains weakly as before."

"Jeff McClellan is going to South Africa as mine foreman, not as superintendent. This makes it safer for the company."

"Of the 250,000 words in the En-

glish language, most of them were used by a woman in Bodie last Sunday, when she discovered after coming out of church, that her hat was adorned with a tag, upon which was written in bold characters, 'Price reduced to \$1.15.'"

Among his philosophical observations occurs: "The most annoying thing about a professional liar is that he occasionally tells the truth, thereby upsetting your opinion of him."

Occasionally, Jim's fillers, bolstered by his imagination, reached feature proportions. News must have been scarce the day he wrote, *The Singular Freak*:

"While S. B. Barkham was on his way to Lundy the other day, he met with a singular as well as a laughable incident. Jogging along the road, he met a man on the dead run, who looked at him with pleading eyes, and shrieked,

"'Stop me, for God's sake,' and away he flew in a flame of dust. Thinking that the fugitive might be propelled by some occult force—or a flock of hornets in his breeches—Barkham gave chase.

"'Stop me, stop me,' pleaded the man.

"'Stop yourself, you damned fool,' cried Barkham.

"'I can't,' sobbed the man. Barkham grabbed him and they fell into a heap exhausted. A generous jolt of whiskey revived him. He was, he explained, afflicted with a sort of nervous paralysis. When one of his spells came on, he lost all control of his legs and they ran away with him. He usually carried a halter with which to hitch himself, but had carelessly left it in camp the night before.

"'How far did you come at that gait?' asked Barkham.

"'I don't know,' was the reply, 'but I came through Mammoth City about daylight—been going all night.'

"'Good Lord!' cried the astounded Barkham, 'You have come more than one hundred miles.'

"'That's nothing for me. I would have done it quicker, but down the way apiece one leg went faster than the other, so I had to run around in a circle for about four hours. I was pretty well tuckered out and if you hadn't stopped me I would have run myself plumb to death. Guess I'll rest here awhile then I'll work up another spell and run back to camp again.'

Barkham left the freak, suggesting it would be better for him to go hobbled all the time.

During his stay in Lundy, Jim Townsend added to his list of inventions. He


was fascinated with machinery and tinkered with improving mining equipment. To the uninitiated it was difficult to know when he was serious. No one was fooled by his grindstone that worked both ways simultaneously, and it was accepted at face value by even the most naive. But another of his brainstorms was picked up by Dan De Quille of the


Homer Mining Index


Saturday—July 1, 1893


JOTS AND SPLINTERS


Facts and Fancies of
Local Interest


 It will be Fourth of July all next week.


 He who makes a practice of cheating the printer seems to find favor in the sight of the Lord.


 It is a cruel sport, of course, but there will be some cock-fighting on the Fourth. So bring on all the birds you can find.

 John Becker has invented a powder which makes neither smoke nor report. This will make it possible to indulge in bar-room fights without disturbing the quiet customers.

 There are thousands of sheep between here and Bodie, and not a shepherd in charge can speak English. The fat bell-wethers are more intelligent than their owners.

 Lundy will be a lively camp next week. Besides many visitors from other parts of the county, all Mono Lake folks will be here, and all the miners will, of course, come down from the hill.

 There will be no church services tomorrow, the preacher being on a protracted spree. It is about time to stop this thing. A preacher has a perfect right to get drunk, but it is wrong to be drunk all the time.

 J. F. Hearne has purchased a pair of 1200-pound horses of Al Taylor and will put them on the other end of the route, to drag the stage up Cottonwood Canyon, where a strong team is required. He now changes horses at Hector's Station and makes good time.

Comstock's *Territorial Enterprise* and re-published for laughs. Jim had invented a perpetual motion device for pumping machinery, consisting of a windmill made to hoist loose sand in addition to the usual load when the wind

was favorable. In a lull, the sand was utilized to operate turbine wheels, thus constituting uninterrupted pumping. The entire Comstock shook with laughter when an engineering journal published the idea. An engineer in Boston actually calculated the exact horsepower such a device would produce.

In San Francisco the *Mining and Scientific Press* once reported: "Jim Townsend is here taking in the mid-winter fair. He says he left the *Index* all set up and printed full of news three weeks ahead, and is here to look after his flying machine, one of the greatest inventions of the age, surpassing anything ever talked of. It is so complicated that in order to bring it to a standstill after once getting it started, one has to begin stopping it six hours before starting it."

As the Lundy boom faded, finances became a problem for the editor of the *Index*. Jim devised his own collection methods. "Ah, there," he would begin a column, "all persons indebted to this paper are requested to pay up."

That approach failing, he tried another: "Death lights upon us like a June Bug and no man can tell when he will turn up his toes. Therefore, it behooves delinquent subscribers to pungle with a generosity commensurate with the poor editor's wants, to the end that his mind may be without prejudice when the obituary season arrives."

Finally, as the operating budget of the *Index* declined, Jim resorted to a stock cut of a ragged beggar. Each week he changed the name beneath it: "John Jones, stand up! You continued to take the paper from the post office without even paying postage on it. Are you dead, dead broke or a dead beat?"

Late in the '80s, Jim gave up and left Lundy. He tried his hand at mining for a time. An *Index* item reports: "Jim Townsend has about completed his arastra. It is constructed along the most scientific principles, illustrating Jim's aptitude for mechanics, which is only excelled by his capacity for whiskey, which is simply unlimited."

For a few years, Townsend's trail is difficult to follow. He remained in the sagebrush country east of the Sierras, working on various papers. He was employed by the *Esmeralda Star* in Aurora, Nevada, and later on the staff of the Benton, California, *Messenger*.

But in the early '90s, an unparalleled opportunity brought Jim back to Lundy. Promoters were attempting to boost Lundy's sagging mine stock. The majority of the stockholders were shipowners and fishermen from New Bedford, Massachusetts. There was a considerable sprinkling of British holdings. James

Gordon Bennett, the principal promoter, decided the town needed a lively newspaper to paint a rosy picture for the disgruntled Easterners. The effect on the sale of stock would be beneficial. It was an old Western trick. Bennett immediately sent for Lyin' Jim.

Here was a challenge equal to the talents of James Townsend. Although Lundy had declined to a mere 200 population, Jim set about the task methodically. The *Index* was soon carrying advertisements for three large groceries, two banks, saloons, millinery stores and large mercantile enterprises. He brought a busy railroad into Lundy, publishing appropriate time tables of arrivals and departures into a community which was never to know the whistle of a locomotive.

The society page was filled with gay social events. He simply copied columns from the San Francisco papers, substituting appropriate names and describing costumes at great length. For further reality, Jim promoted a scandal in the metropolis of Lundy, a shocking affair involving the mayor and the wife of a city councilman. The story dragged on for weeks and was avidly followed by readers up and down the Pacific Coast as well as by subscribers in the far-away East. Only those close to the scene, and those who were acquainted with Lyin' Jim, knew Lundy had no mayor, let alone a City Council.

But on occasion, Jim reverted to his old tricks. He simply couldn't resist. Describing the Lundy Art Gallery, he wrote: "Sanford has decorated the walls with charcoal sketches of every prominent man in camp." After elaborating at length on the portraits, he concluded: "The Deputy District Attorney looks like a horse's foot in a sock, and yet the Colonel's features are all there, except the ears, and there is not room for them unless the roof is raised."

Describing a social affair, he again tossed caution to the winds: "Joseph Thompson was attired in a light buff silk handkerchief to conceal the absence of a collar. Marion Budd's shape was advantageously displayed by a close fitting jumper and long auburn chin whiskers to match. Jim McCallum was dressed — also. George Sherman appeared under a high forehead and behind an insinuating kind of nose. Charley Traver appeared as a gray eagle, or a bald eagle, we forget which."

The late George Montrose of Carson City, Nevada, was fond of recalling those last days of Lundy. As a boy he worked for Townsend as a printer's devil. When the gold mines had all but given out, according to Montrose, the promoters made one final grand effort to bolster the sagging fortunes of Lundy. Several



THE MAY LUNDY MILL IN THE 1890S

large Eastern investors were invited West to inspect the mines. The trip was arranged to by-pass Lundy itself. Perhaps they preferred that prying Eastern eyes not see to what degree the town had declined. In any event, the party was met in San Francisco and escorted to Yosemite Valley where a pack-train carried the visitors to the crest of the Sierras and on to the site of the mines. This was simple enough. The big problem was Jim Townsend, himself. It was necessary that he be present. But Jim had no use for horses. Lacking complete confidence in any mount, the thought of trusting a simple-minded horse with his life on those steep trails was almost more than he could bear. Montrose had been assigned the job of getting the editor to the meeting site. After much work and coaxing, he finally got Jim mounted. The trail was steep and rough. Soon Jim was sore and dog tired. But, by some miracle they arrived at the conference, where Jim was at his lying best, spinning tall tales around the evening campfires.

All efforts to revive poor old Lundy proved in vain. Her mines, having failed, led to a population decline, and she lay down to die the noble death of a Western mining camp. Jim Townsend moved on for the final act. He returned to Bodie, publishing the *Bodie Miners Index*. Competition was nil in the once-booming camp. Her four newspapers had given up the ghost; so had most of her population.

A few old-timers remained in the town, as if gathered for a wake, awaiting the final throes of the dying. Among the more memorable present was Hank Blanchard, an old drinking pardner and "Sunday School pal" of Jim's. Hank was a graduate of one of the Ivy League schools—some said Harvard—and had spent most of his years in the mining camps as a teamster, operating a fast-freight business. Here in Bodie, however, he owned a toll road between Aurora and Bodie. Once Jim Townsend had written: "I have made a list

of the three biggest liars in Virginia City. I am one and Hank Blanchard is the other two."

Among those who in later years could vividly recall Lyin' Jim was Mrs. Nat Boyd. She was the proprietress of the Occidental Hotel where Jim roomed during his final days in the West. Jim Townsend nearly drove her wild. In a fury, she once upbraided him for creating a disturbance in his upstairs room. Gravely, Lyin' Jim took the lacing. "My dear lady," he then answered with a gentlemanly flourish, "It would be difficult for anyone to roll a barrel of whiskey up those stairs with as little noise as I made."

But Jim Townsend's health was failing rapidly. Gaunt from loss of weight, pale and suffering from fatigue, he was nearly stone deaf. This condition progressed until it was difficult for him to hear his favorite words: "Let's have a drink." At this point he gave up. Sometime in the mid-'90s, James W. E. Townsend announced the suspension of the *Bodie Miners Index*, his last paper. He was, he informed his friends, returning to his home in the East for medical treatment.

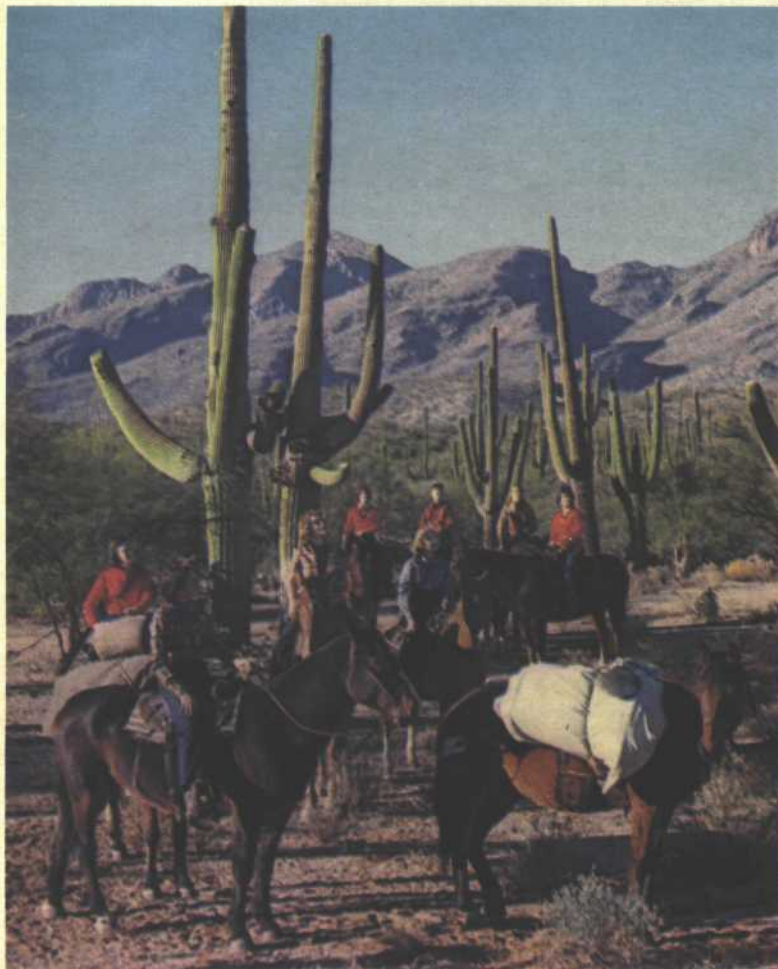
In truth, his disability resulted from the final failure of a brave but weary liver which had succumbed to an overwhelming volume of frontier whiskey tossed at it over the years. A fearful case of dropsy had ensued.

Home at last, the end came soon. As a final desperate measure, his physician performed an operation to drain his abdomen of the excess fluid. The task completed, the doctor bent close to his patient.

"Mr. Townsend," he whispered gravely, "I just took more than three quarts of water out of your stomach."

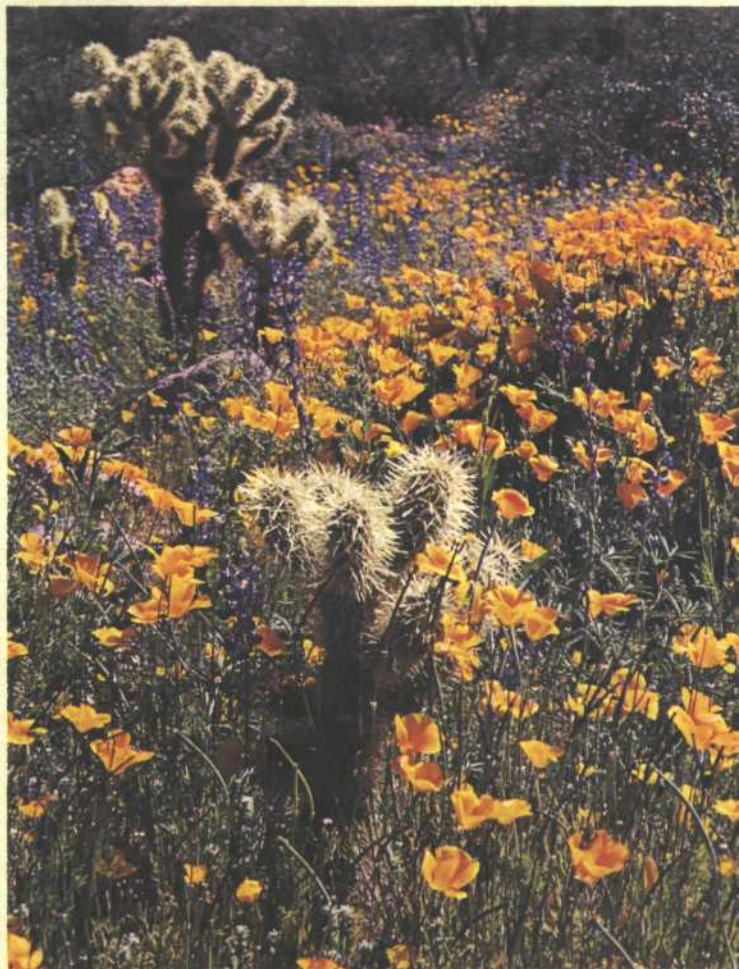
Game to the end, Lyin' Jim managed to lift one eyelid for a typical parting shot.

"You're a damned liar, Doc," he mumbled weakly, "I never drank that much water in my whole life." ///



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CHUCK ABBOTT



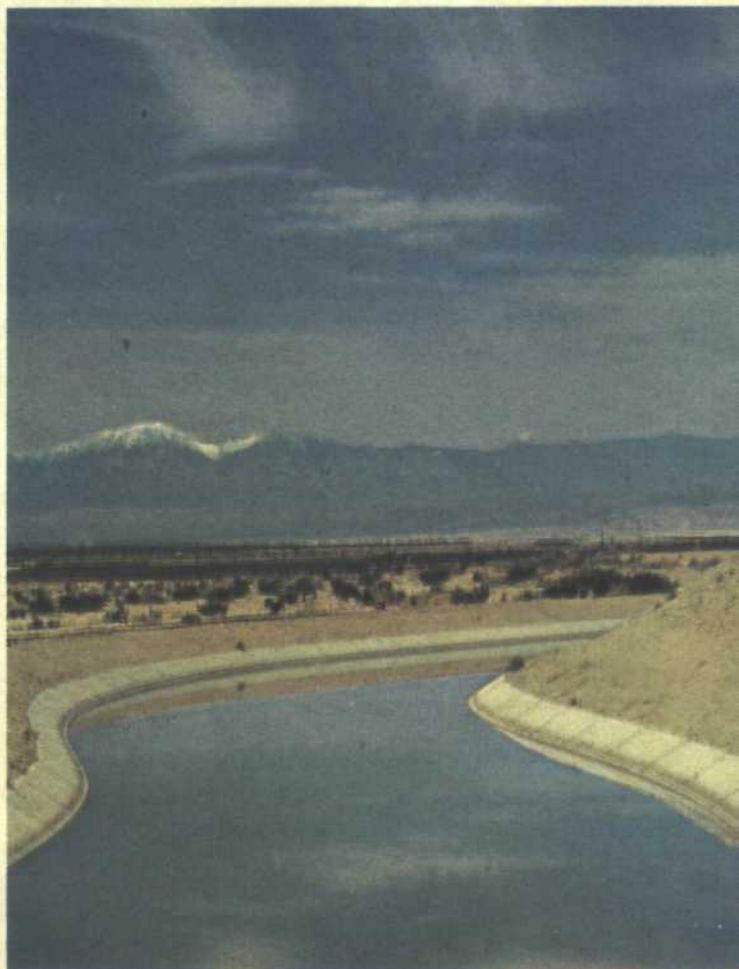
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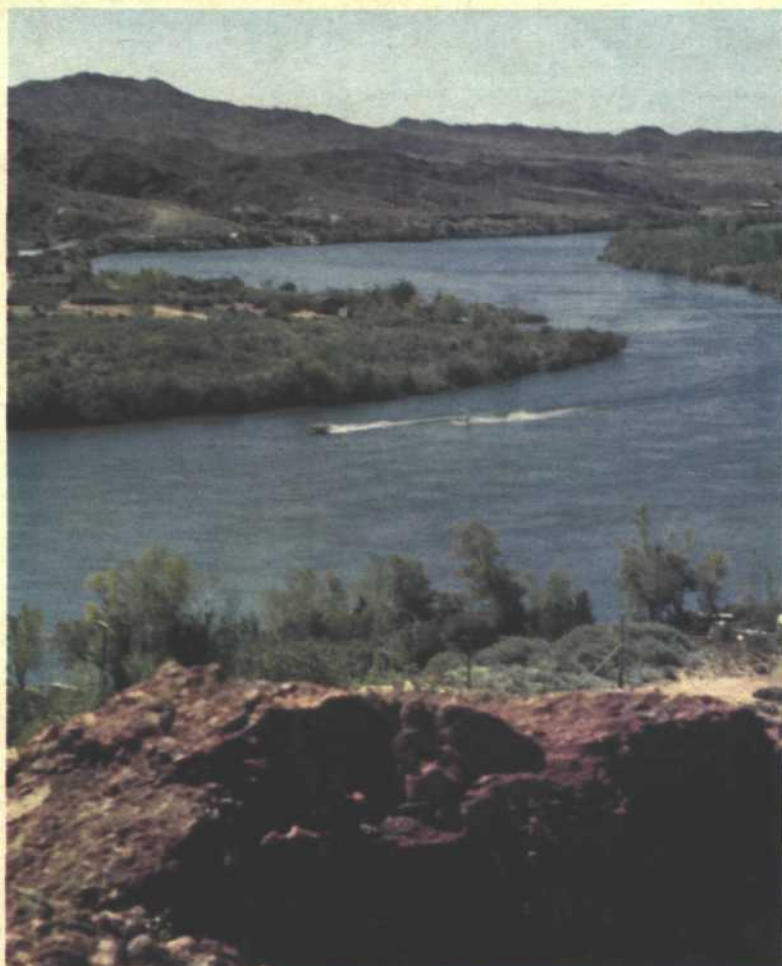
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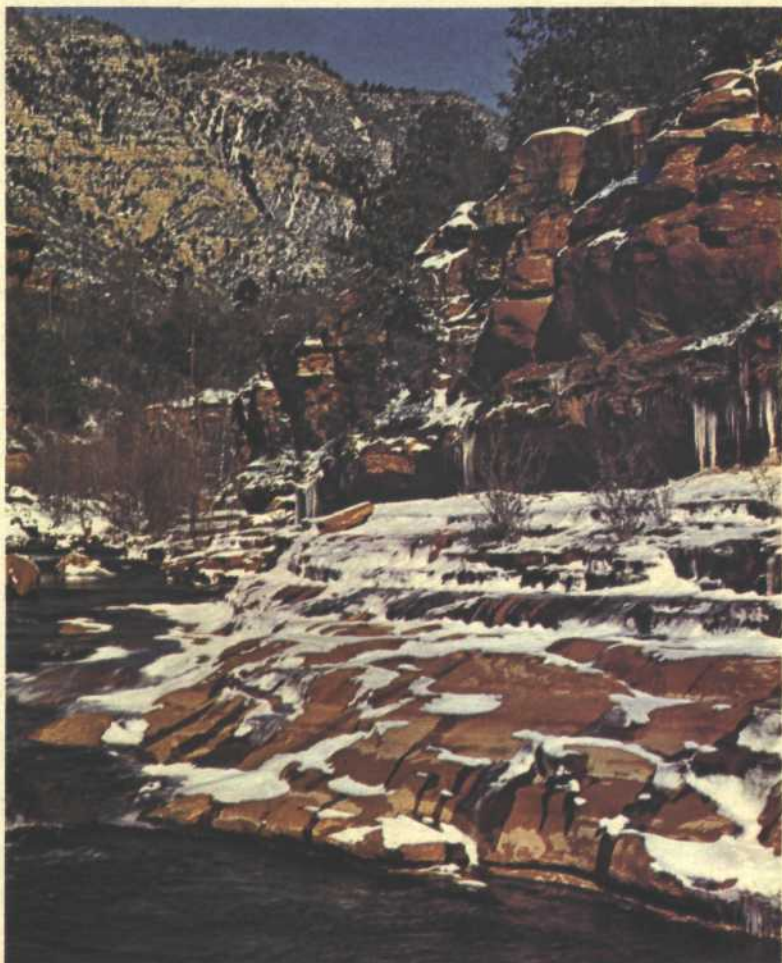
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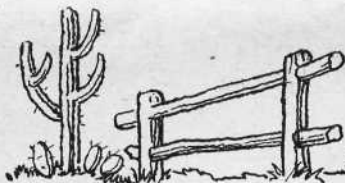
3. "COLORADO RIVER BELOW PARKER DAM"

HARRY VROMAN



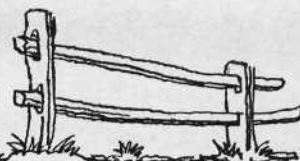
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DARWIN VAN CAMPEN



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With this in mind, *Desert Magazine* tested the British Land Rover a few months ago (issue of Feb. '61).

My test of the newest import, the Japanese Land Cruiser, covered 363 miles. This "Made in Japan" product proved to be very interesting in many ways.

We picked up the Land Cruiser in Hollywood from the local distributor. The model we selected was a hard-top, tan in color. The Land Cruiser is a handsome vehicle in a Spartan way. Chrome is hard to find on its functional body shell. The roof-line is perhaps a bit higher than the American trail-type vehicles. The driver sits higher in the cab, and visibility is excellent. Plenty of leg room and comfortable seats were immediately noticeable.

The cockpit arrangement showed a startling improvement over competitive makes of 4wd vehicles. The shift-lever for the 3-speed transmission is on the steering column. Mounted in the center of the dash panel is an eight-inch lever arm that actuates the front-drive unit and low-range gearing through the transfer case. A green light glows when front-drive is engaged. The floor is uncluttered and clean, and to me, this is a major refinement. Stooping to shift gears is a physical nuisance, in my opinion.

Full-width front seats which fold forward are comfortably padded. Rear seats in this hard-top are placed lengthwise to the body, adding measurable passenger space. Side windows in the front door are operated with a simple sliding mechanism — no cranking is necessary. Just lift the knob and the window raises—push it down and the frame hauls the window down. One annoyance is the refusal of the window glass to recess completely down inside the door panel. About an inch of glass protrudes above the sill, rendering it useless as an arm rest.

Over the one-piece windshield are two electric windshield wipers. But—and this is peculiar—there are no sun visors on either side. This proved

to be the most obnoxious feature of an otherwise well-planned interior.

The spare-tire is mounted on a swinging-gate on the rear of the Land Cruiser—a very handy placement. A tool box is provided under the front seat, with a small collection of hand tools and a jack.

Side windows above the rear seats are immovable, but the large rear window folds upward to allow a large 2'x3' opening for greater air circulation. The entire hard metal top is removable.

FREEWAY DRIVING

The first discovery is that the 3-speed transmission, located on the steering column as in American cars, shifts exactly like standard - shift American cars. Both clutch and brake are hydraulically assisted and function effortlessly. Even the most frail female would have no difficulty driving the Toyota. Steering response is excellent, with only a slight tendency to drift into other traffic lanes—no better or worse than American vehicles in this regard. Maneuvering, due mainly to the sharp 17-foot turning radius, is very good. Riding comfort is reasonable, and better than most 4wd vehicles. The Land Cruiser we tested weighed 3263 pounds—almost a full 1000 pounds heavier than a Jeep.

Big Surprise number two is the powerplant. Under the hood the six-cylinder water-cooled engine boasts 135 horsepower—nearly a third more than the nearest competitor. Step on the gas to pass in traffic and the response is immediate. Acceleration is better than other 4wd cars, but it cannot be described as "hot."

Big 7.60x15 tires give the Toyota a healthy bite on the road and offer good braking surface. Brakes seemed slightly spongy at the pedal, but stopped the Land Cruiser without lurch. Braking from speeds above 60 miles per hour revealed a tendency to jack-knife—common to any light-weight vehicle.

Driving speeds up to 70 miles per hour didn't strain the husky engine a bit. Because of the howl set up by the multitude of gears, normal conversation is difficult to carry on in the Land Cruiser.

DEEP SAND TRACTION

At Whitewater, several miles north-



Desert Magazine
TEST-DRIVES
the latest
FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE
import—the
135-horsepower
JAPANESE
LAND CRUISER

By LEE OERTLE

SIDE VIEW OF LAND CRUISER SHOWS ITS SPARTAN FEATURES. TOP IS REMOVABLE. 

west of Indio, we left the highway and simply drove off onto a thousand acres of pure drift sand. The Land Cruiser negotiated a half-mile of this abuse before shifting to front-drive became necessary. I pulled out the FD button and hit the pedal. Without shifting down into the lowest gear ratio through the transfer case, we made our way a respectable distance from the highway, until we reached a formidable, mile-long dune. The Land Cruiser started up the slope but soon bogged down. I stopped, pulled the transfer-case lever down into Lo-Range position, and gunned the engine. Final-drive ratio in the lowest possible gear is 21.44:1. (Competitive makes of 4wd equipment advertise up to 40:1 ratio in low gear, but since their horsepower is materially lower, results are about the same.) In this lowest possible gear, the Land Cruiser made a valiant effort to climb the shifting sands, but without much success. Part of the trouble could be traced to the tires, (inflated to 30 pounds) which were snow-type. Tires with smoother, shallower tread patterns would have been better. Even though the Toyota




did not seem to have special ability to cross deep sand, it did have one outstanding feature here: when stuck to the hubs in sand, a simple shift into reverse and touch of the gas pedal literally hurls the machine out of the trap. This is one asset that I tested time after time, with the same results. The Land Cruiser seems to possess an excellent get-out-quick feature in reverse gear (3.67:1 ratio).

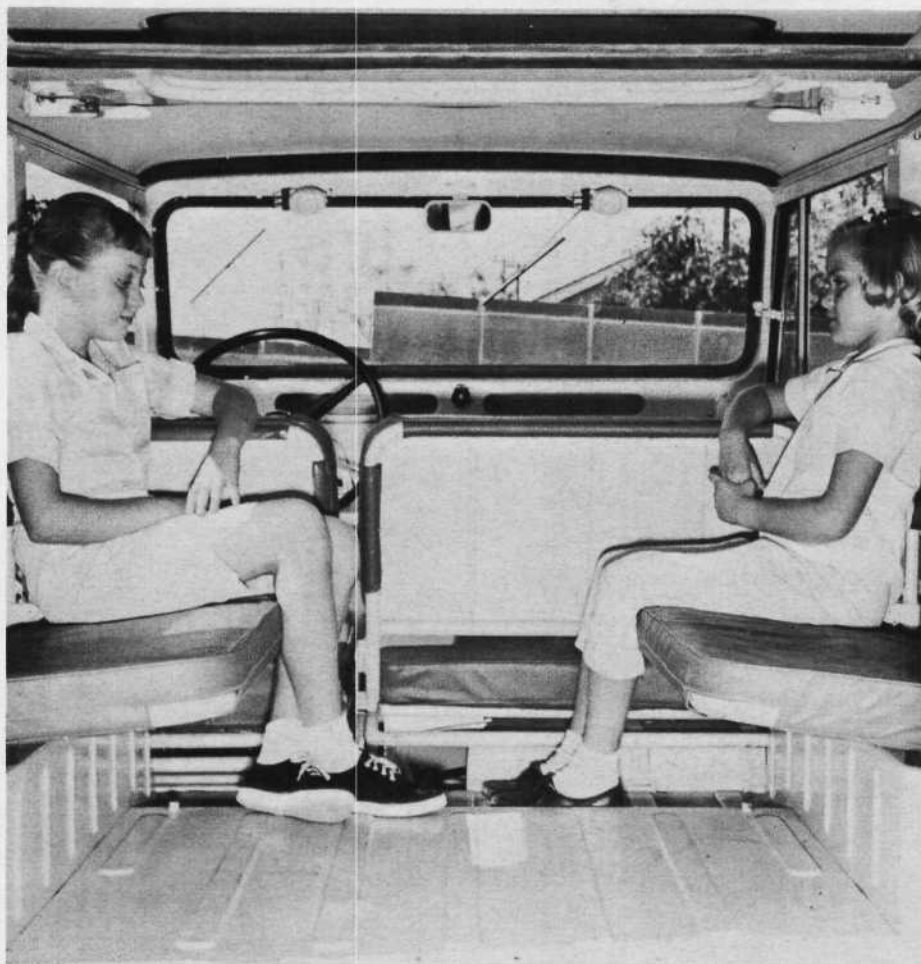
Six speeds forward are possible through the transmission and transfer case. Ultimate ratio in high gear is 3.30 to 1, which will be changed in late 1961 to 3.70 to 1.

In all truth, I'd say that the Jeep could probably outperform the Land Cruiser in loose, deep sand—possibly because it is lighter by 1000 pounds. However, as I pointed out, our test vehicle had the worst type of tire for use in sand. It was a matter of traction.

WASHBOARD ROADS

Fifty miles south of Whitewater dunes, we left the highway at Salton Sea State Park and made our way up to the Coachella Canal. Then we

 LARGE SWING-UP REAR WINDOW PROVIDES GOOD VISIBILITY AND VENTILATION. NOTE SPARE TIRE PLACEMENT ON SWINGING GATE.



REAR SEATS ARE ARRANGED LENGTHWISE TO THE BODY FOR MAXIMUM SPACE ADVANTAGE. THEY FOLD UPWARD OUT OF WAY.

Crossing rocky terrain meant nothing to the Land Cruiser. So long as the rocks were small enough to pass under the body, the vehicle forged ahead over all obstacles. Ground clearance is 8.2 inches, against 8 inches for the Jeep and 9.3 inches for the International Scout.

Now we were entering rough-and-tumble hill country, where dry-wash meets steep hillside. By this time I had begun to feel absolutely unstoppable. The Land Cruiser had a sort of hypnotic "drive on, conquer all" effect on me.

At the bottom of the first rugged grade, I shifted down into the lowest 4wd range. I gunned the engine and literally ran up the slope, pausing for rocks now and then—but never hesitating on firm ground. Make no mistake about it—whatever the Land Cruiser lacks in sand it makes up for in rocky, hilly country! After a few hours of penetrating this back country several miles from noplaces, I came to the conclusion that as long as the fuel supply and tires last, the Toyota will just keep going—up hill and down. The 135 horsepower engine is the big reason.

turned south and followed the rough washboard dirt road paralleling the canal for about 30 miles, traveling at about 40 miles an hour. The Land Cruiser definitely has a tight, solid-feeling chassis. Few squeaks or rattles were noticed above the din set up by the tires thumping across the ruts. We rolled up the windows and tested for dust. Very little entered the cockpit. It wasn't objectionable at all. We reversed directions, returned to the north end of Salton Sink, then turned northeast into the Orocochia Mountains.

MOUNTAINS, BACK TRAILS

A few miles above the canal we turned off the dirt road and started across a flat plateau covered with pumpkin-sized rocks without trying to miss many of them. Deliberately we rolled up and over some of these stones at slow speeds. The Land Cruiser seemed to be able to push itself off when one wheel got hung up—though power is lost in the process. A quick glance under the body shows a thick, protective belly tank of steel plate.

RUGGED STEEL BELLY-PAN PROTECTS UNDERSIDE OF LAND CRUISER. THIS IS EXCELLENT SAFETY FEATURE IN ROCKY TERRAIN.



LEVER MOUNTED ON DASH IS CONTROL
ARM FOR TRANSFER CASE, FRONT-DRIVE
MECHANISM — A MAJOR 4 WD REFINEMENT

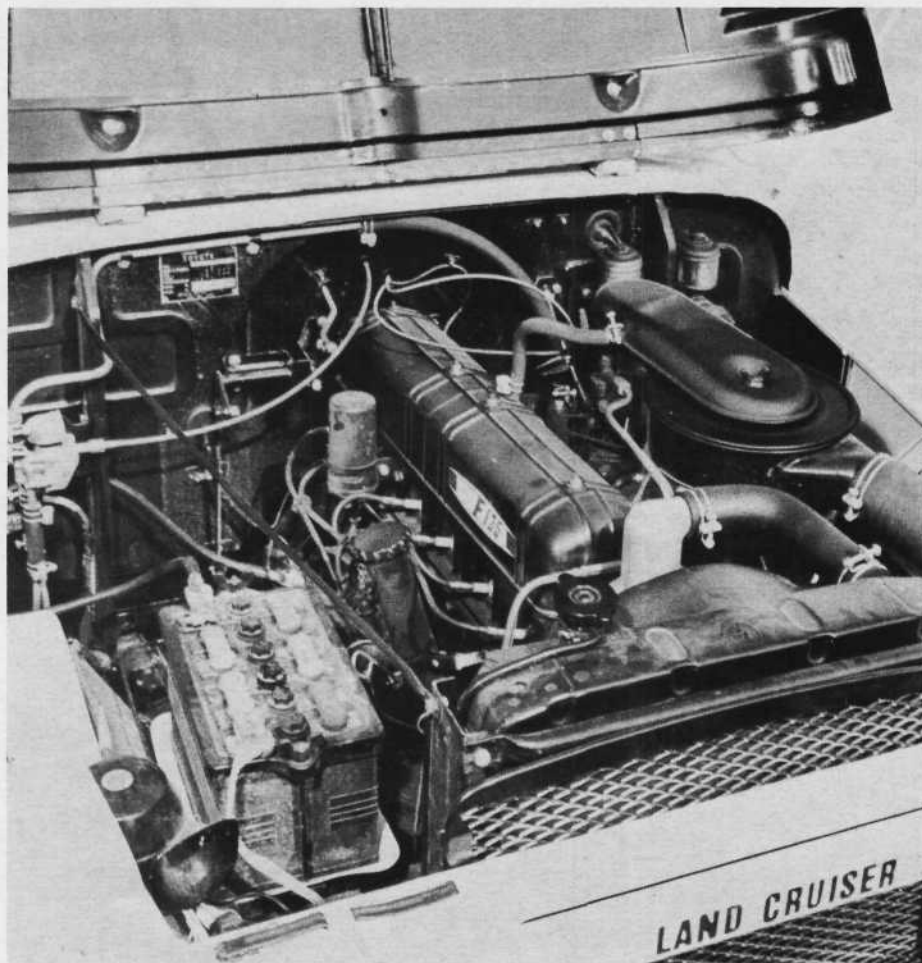
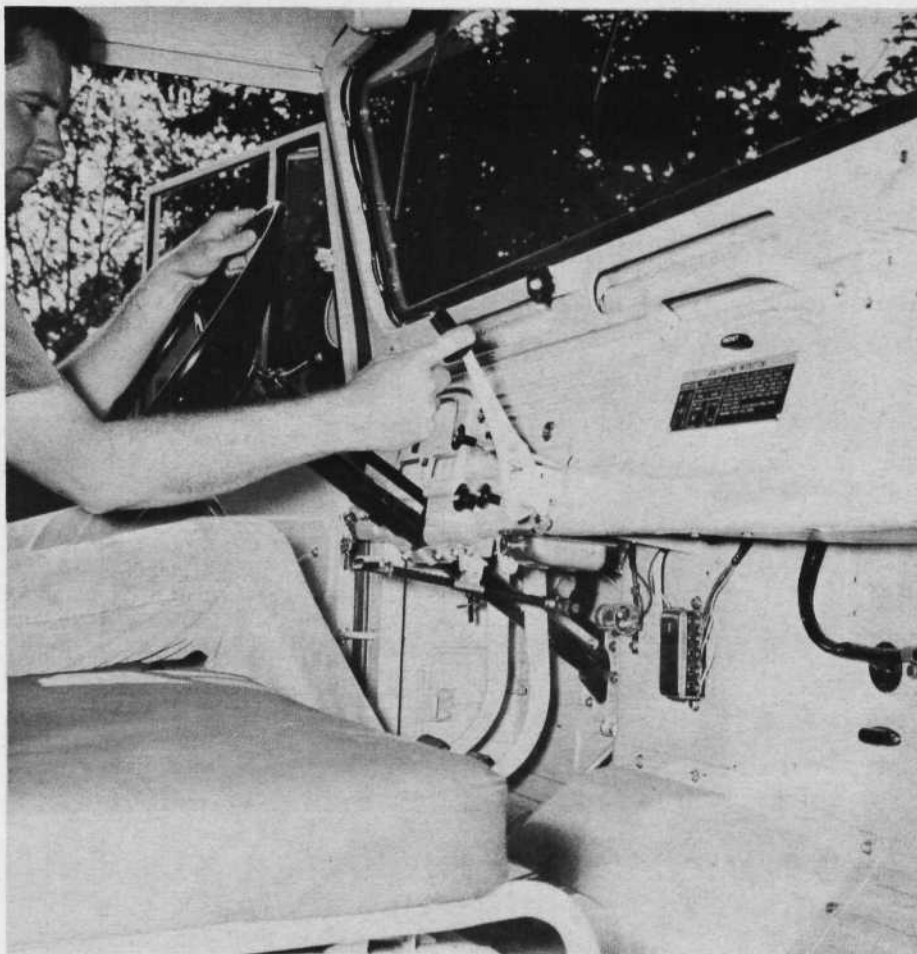
Turning and maneuvering in tight canyons was accomplished without unusual difficulty. Here again the short turning radius of 17-feet helped. Overall length of the machine is 151.1 inches, width is 65.6 inches; front tread is 53.3 inches; rear tread, 53.1 inches. The Land Cruiser body is narrower than either Scout or Jeep—but there is more distance between the tires on the ground.

Fuel tank capacity is 18.5 gallons, an asset for long hauls. Fuel mileage was 13.4 miles per gallon for the entire 363 miles we covered that day, including about 70 miles of intermediate-gear driving off the pavement.

Despite nine solid hours behind the wheel, I can truthfully say that the trip was enjoyable. The seat backs seem a little too vertical for driving comfort on the highway, but off-trail they provide good back support. My impression is that the Land Cruiser is more comfortable than any military Jeep I ever drove.

PRICES

Toyota Motors lists prices as follows: for the hard-top model at port of entry, \$2995. For the soft-top,



\$2665. Optional equipment: winch with 155-foot steel cable, \$361; power take-off, front and rear, \$125.

Standard equipment on the hard-top includes high-low range four-wheel-drive; transfer control on dash; rear swing gate; pintle hook & trailer socket; wheel caps; two electric windshield wipers; reinforced oil pan; locking gas cap; rear passenger seats.

Major parts supply depot is at Long Beach, California. The distributor said 24-hour delivery of parts, anywhere in the Southwest, would try to be maintained. This is a point to consider when buying an imported vehicle.

Considering the extra horsepower, comfort, gear - shifting arrangement, and general handling ability of the Toyota, it looks like a sure bet to gain increased acceptance among desert travelers. The minor problems associated with sand travel probably can be eliminated through use of correct tires. In my opinion, the Land Cruiser is a thoroughly engineered vehicle—one that will make the competition sit up and notice. It has many features that I'd like to see on American 4wd vehicles. ///

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The stranger walked across the porch of the Inferno Store and stopped in front of the reclining prospector.

"Are you Hard Rock Shorty?" asked the newcomer.

"At yer service," answered Shorty, not bothering to lift the hat off his face.

"They tell me in the store you know more about Death Valley weather than any other man alive," said the stranger.

"Ain't much to know 'bout weather in these parts," said Shorty. "Sometimes it's hot like today; other times it's hotter."

"I'm writing a book about California weather," said the man. "Has it ever rained here in September?"

"No," answered Shorty. "Thet is, it ain't never rained *rain* here in September."

The book-writer took out a note pad. "No rain in September," he mumbled as he wrote.

"Thet's right," Shorty said. "It's rained in September, but it's never rained rain in September."

The stranger stopped writing. "W-what was that?" he asked.

"We ain't never had no rain-water fall here in September," said Shorty slowly and patiently. "But oncet—in September '09—we had a bad storm during a terrible hot spell."

The would-be author dropped his

HARD ROCK SHORTY



... OF DEATH VALLEY

pencil and gave Shorty his full attention.

"It got so hot thet summer," recounted Shorty, "thet all th' lizards started migratin' toward th' Panamints. A particularly mean spell o' weather caught them critters in a bunch on the salt flats, and thet ground got so hot it boiled them poor lizards' insides. Them critters waz so surprised, not a one had time to open his mouth to let off steam.

"Well, sir, thet steam commenced building-up in each lizard, an' soon they waz all puffed-up like parade balloons.

"One by one they began rising off the ground. It got so thick with floatin' lizards thet th' sun waz darned near blacked-out.

"But, when night came on and it cooled off a mite, them lizards started descending. It rained reptiles from here to Shoshone clear up to midnight." ///

A September Travel Suggestion by Weldon F. Heald

Salome's Dick Wick Hall Celebration: September 9

BETWEEN BLYTHE and Wickenburg, U. S. Highway 60-70 crosses a particularly barren stretch of the Arizona desert for 113 miles. Wide, treeless valleys alternate with jagged ranges of naked rock extending to the far horizon. Not a green oasis can be seen anywhere, and settlements are few and far between. Biggest is Salome, about half way, a typical highway strip town with service stations, cafes and motels. But actually there's nothing typical about Salome—its name, its founder and its history are all unusual, as you'll soon discover if you spend more time in this town than it takes to fill your gas tank.

Here is a community that was launched with a smile, christened with a chuckle, and branded with a provocative slogan which became familiar throughout the country.

In fact, "Salome—Where She Danced" at one time ran the Grand Canyon a close second in Arizona fame. The man responsible was Dick Wick Hall—prospector, promoter, rancher, garageman, newspaper editor, postmaster and nationally-known humorist. His tall tales about Salome found their way into big circulation magazines and tickled the nation's ribs for a decade.

Rattlesnakes first lured Hall to Arizona. Born at Creston, Iowa, in 1877, he early developed an interest in reptiles and came West as an amateur herpetologist to study the Hopi snake dances. A good-looking, personable young man, he arrived in 1898 with \$14.35 in his pocket. The Hopis befriended him, made him an honorary member of the tribe, and let him count their noses as official census taker on the Reservation in 1900.

But Hall was too volatile a character to vegetate with the isolated Hopis. For the next four years he was successively a farm hand in Pleasant Valley, a construction worker on the Territorial Capitol Building at Phoenix, did a stint editing the Wickenburg *News-Herald*, and went prospecting with his brother Ernest, who later became Arizona Secretary of State. It was while editor that he had his name changed by court order from DeForrest Hall to Dick Wick Hall. The Wick, he explained, was a contraction of Wickenburg.

In 1903 or 1904 Hall grubstaked Shorty Alger, who located a small glory hole in the Harcuvar Mountains, north of present-day Hope. It looked like a rich gold strike and hordes of "boomers" swarmed in, stak-

ing claims for miles around. But the pocket-sized bonanza yielded but \$100,000, then fizzled out. Everybody left but Hall, his brother, and a Pittsburgh man named Charles H. Pratt. As the Grace Development Company, they filed claim on 100,000 acres in arid McMullen Valley, between the Harcuvar and Harquahala mountains, sank a well, and advertised the area as an agricultural paradise in the desert.

Hall was particularly eloquent about the fertility of the land, but his soft-sell tactics lacked the usual chamber of commerce punch. "Melons don't do very well here," he wrote, "becuz the vines grow so fast they wear the melons out dragging them around the ground—and in dry years we sometimes have to plant onions in between the rows of potatoes and then scratch the onions to make the potatoes' eyes water enough to irrigate the rest of the garden." People laughed, but the pitch brought mighty few prospective residents.

The three men were actually counting on the railroad to bring them prosperity. Tracks were laid through the valley in 1906, but missed the two-year-old settlement of Salome by a mile. So the community was moved bodily to its present location, and a newcomer, E. S. Jones, built a general store and operated Jones' Blue Rock Inne.

As for the town's name, just why Mrs. Grace Salome Pratt, wife of Hall's partner, took her shoes off on the torrid Arizona desert isn't quite clear. Hall himself disclaimed any part of it. "Everybody seems to think I'm the man who made Salome dance," he declared, "but it wasn't my fault at all. I told her to keep her shoes on or the sand would burn her feet."

But take off her shoes she did, and in the immortal words of Dick Wick Hall, "Salome hot-footed her way to Fame with an indescribable terpsichorean agitation that has aroused comment all over the known world since then." So Salome—Where She Danced ranks in Arizona history along with Tombstone, Prescott and Jerome as a place where stirring events have occurred.

Hall managed to keep busy during the following years, promoting oil, mining and land development projects in Arizona and several other states. He married, too, and was father of a boy and a girl. He was reported to have sold his mine in the Harcuvar Mountains for \$1,000,000, but no such affluence was evident in his style of living. The Halls were simple desert folk, and he said of himself, "I started with nothing, so I knew I couldn't lose nothing."

But it wasn't until 1920 that Dick Wick Hall and Salome—Where She Danced came into their own. In that year the new state highway was routed through the valley, south of town. Hall immediately established his famous roadside "Laughing Gas Service Station and Garage," and adorned it with signs reading "Tickle lizzie's carburetor with our laughing gas" and "Smile, you don't have to stay here but we do."

Soon tourists were chuckling over free copies of the *Salome Sun*, "Made with a laugh on a mimeograph by a Rough Neck Staff." It contained tall tales about the heat and dryness, humorous sketches on local characters, gibes at the roughness of the so-called highway, outrageous exaggerations and cracker-barrel philosophy.

People began to follow the adventures of Dick Wick Hall's desert-bred pet frog. Although seven years old, it couldn't swim, and carried a canteen slung over its back. Readers also appreciated the map of Hall's imaginary desert golf "lynx," which took two days to play and had more hair-raising hazards than any other course in the



DICK WICK HALL AT HIS SALOME SERVICE STATION

world. In fact, the fame of the ebullient *Salome Sun* spread so rapidly that it became a regular feature of the *Saturday Evening Post* and was quoted in magazines and newspapers throughout the country. With this little sheet, Dick Wick Hall found himself one of the best known and most widely read of American humorists.

However, the *Salome Sun* also served a practical purpose in its constant barbed agitation for good roads, and the paper's editor had a serious side, even if he seldom displayed it to the public. Deep down, Dick Wick Hall was an ardent lover of the great open spaces of the Southwestern desert. "It's a place," he said, "where I can do as I please . . . get acquainted with myself and maybe find something which every man in his soul is increasingly searching for—himself."

But just at the top of his form, aged 50, Dick Wick Hall was stricken with Bright's disease in Los Angeles and died there, April 28, 1926. He was buried in Salome, and you can see his grave just north of the railroad tracks. It consists of a stone monument in which is set a circular bronze

medallion of Hall's head and shoulders in relief. At the foot is a cement slab with a mosaic cross made from pieces of ore contributed by old friends.

The memory of Dick Wick Hall is kept very much alive in Salome today, and there are still many reminders of the town's former garageman, postmaster and newspaper editor. Several oldtimers remember him, and William Sheffler, who operates tourist accommodations along the highway, has preserved copies of the humorist's works.

Each year since 1940, Salome has lustily celebrated Dick Wick Hall Days. These are real old-fashioned Western-type shindigs, featuring open-pit barbecues and square dancing. Ranchers, miners and desert dwellers for miles around come to Salome to eat, drink, dance and take part in a country style carnival. This year's celebration will be held September 9.

No, Salome—Where She Danced, certainly isn't typical. And it's a pleasant change to discover one Southwestern community whose fame was derived from lead in a pencil rather than from a gun. ///



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NEW DESERT BOOKS

A NEW BOOK ON LOST TREASURE

Brief descriptions of 93 famous mislaid treasure hordes in the West make up a modest paperback entitled *Buried Treasure and Lost Mines*. Author of this book is a professional treasure hunter, Frank L. Fish of the Amador City (Calif.) Gold Rush Trading Post & Museum. Fish's place is stuffed with weapons, gold scales and strong boxes — so perhaps the casual lost mine devotee had best buy this book and follow the clues contained therein.

Half-tone illustrations, drawings, a few maps. \$1.50 from Desert Magazine Book Store. (See footnote.)

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MAMMALS OF SOUTHWEST MOUNTAINS AND MESAS

Naturalist George Olin, whose first book, *Mammals of the Southwest Deserts*, was well received, has migrated to higher ground. Out of this move has come a new book, *Mammals of the Southwest Mountains and Mesas*, an excellent collection of wildlife descriptions. It's all very much like a ramble through a desert zoo in company with a lucid and articulate personal guide.

The Southwest habitat is one of many contrasts. Its wildlife reflects this uniqueness; they are interesting creatures.

Described in *Mammals of the Southwest Mountains and Mesas* are 43 species, along with distinguishing characteristics of many subspecies. The roster ranges from the tiny shrew to the grizzly bear.

Actually, Olin's new work is three books in one: textbook, reference book, and a book that offers pleasure reading.

The book is well illustrated by Edward Bierly; Index; 126 pp. Papercover: \$2; Hardcover: \$3.25. (See footnote below for details on how to buy this book through the mails.)

A MOTORIST'S GUIDE TO NAVAJO LAND

The Navajo country is as big as it is handsome, and it's no place for the motorized amateur explorer—at least the kind who can't resist a dirt road. In Navajoland, the dirt roads stretch for more miles than gas tanks can take some cars.

But, there's plenty to see from the paved or main-traveled bladed roads, and *Motorist Guide to the Navajo Indian Reservation* will help you better understand and enjoy the surroundings. The small papercover booklet is written by Mary MacFarlane. It contains half-tone illustrations and a fold-out map. \$1.50 from Desert Magazine Book Store (see below).

REPRINT OF 1851 REPORT BY WHIPPLE IS AVAILABLE

The Whipple Report, a U.S. Senate document printed in 1851, concerns itself with a boundary survey expedition from San Diego to the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers. It is the journal of Lt. A. W. Whipple of the Topographical Engineers, who attained prominence in the West for this and later work along these lines.

A special 1961 reprinting of *The Whipple Report*, with foreword and notes by E. I. Edwards, now makes this rare document available to the general reader.

The trek from San Diego to the Yuma country and return took but three months (September 11 to December 1, 1849). It produced not only Whipple's *Report*; but the *Journal* of Lt. Cave Johnson Coutts, officer in charge of Whipple's military guard, as well. It would be a fair statement to say that Coutts and Whipple hated one another with a passion. This rivalry was a classic staging—one that Hollywood has played into the desert dust: extrovert Coutts, friend of the emigrants moving Westward

across the Gila trail, wonderful companion, well-liked by all (except Whipple); and introvert Whipple, displaying a bookish interest in the Indians, a "Washington City dandy with his white kid gloves" (according to Coutts).

This antagonism is what gives spice to *The Whipple Report*, although Whipple childishly mentions Coutts but twice in his narrative. But, the man's thoughts and observations reveal his personality, and we have an opportunity here to become better acquainted with an interesting personality who had some impact on the Western scene.

Hard cover; illustrations; bibliography; index; 100 pages, \$5.50.

ALL ABOUT BUILDING A BARBECUE UNIT

Ideas for Building Barbecues, a Sunset Book, tells about: Types of barbecue units; Planning your barbecue; Simple outdoor grills; Open-air kitchens; Outdoor firepits; Deep-pit barbecue ovens; Outdoor-indoor barbecues; Indoor grills; Smoke ovens; Metal fixtures; Construction specifications; Working with concrete; Building with brick and mortar; Setting Stonework; and How to use your barbecue. Construction plans for 16 units are included.

The paper-cover book is illustrated with 175 photos and drawings, and sells for \$1.50. Good eating! (See footnote below).

Books reviewed on this page can be purchased by mail from Desert Magazine Book Store, Palm Desert, California. Please add 15c for postage and handling per book. California residents also add 4% sales tax. Write for free book catalog.

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By RANDALL HENDERSON

THIS IS BEING written in mid-July. The temperature outside is hovering around 115 degrees. Most of the creatures which live on the desert—including the human species—have retreated to the shady places. But not all of them. A mockingbird, perched in the top of a fig tree outside my window, is singing as happily as if this were the most comfortable spot on earth.



Speaking of fig trees, I wonder why desert dwellers do not grow more of them. Given plenty of water, they thrive in this low desert, and during June and July produce an abundant crop of luscious fruit. Their smooth whitish trunks and limbs make them an attractive ornamental tree, with excellent shade. Our best tree is a variety commonly known as Brown Turkey.

It is said that in the Garden of Eden a gal named Eve used the big fig leaves for making a dress. However, I would not recommend that, although in Palm Springs I have seen women's attire which would have been less revealing if a few fig leaves had been added.

Weekends we take a big bag of figs to our mountain cabin in the San Jacintos where the deer, squirrels and birds which come to our patio seem to relish them. This has been especially true this summer when the prolonged drouth has seriously reduced the natural food supply for the wildlife.

I am in favor of more fig trees on the desert.

* * *

Recently I spent a day among the pines and cedars of a high desert mountain oasis with a ranger of the Forestry Service. We were in a National Forest. We came to a little clearing where a crude shack had been erected.

"Mining claim," my companion commented.

"Is it a legitimate claim?" I asked. "There is no evidence of mineralized rock in this area."

He shook his head. "Probably not," he replied.

My question was a proper one, because I know another scenic mountain area in Southern California, also in the National Forest, where there are several of these "mining claims." Anyone can stake out a mining location by erecting cairns at the four corners and filing a copy of the location notice with the county clerk. After that it is necessary only to file an affidavit once a year stating that \$100 worth of assessment work has been done on the property.

Generally the claimant gouges out a "coyote hole" in the hillside—and that is the mine. There may be a trace of mineral in the rock, but that is not important. The quest is not for ore, but for a rent-free, tax-free

cabinsite in a lovely mountain setting. Road improvements, water development, and even the cabin may be charged off as assessment work.

The county where the affidavits are filed has no obligation to check up on actual work done, and federal agencies seldom attempt to verify these claims because it would require an army of inspectors.

The affidavits serve only one purpose. They prevent some other person from jumping the claim and confiscating the improvements. Under present mining law, Uncle Sam retains the surface rights—but the claimant is entitled to build a home, and that is all he is interested in. Since it is unpatented land it is not subject to local taxes, and the cabin is seldom pretentious enough to be put on the county tax rolls.

Death Valley National Monument is dotted with worthless mining claims—and on a majority of them no assessment work has been done for years. Yet they constitute a cloud on the title of the land. Uncle Sam cannot repossess these claims and restore them to the public domain without a court action which may be long and costly.

I am not suggesting that we declare war on these pseudo-miners. They are not outlaws. Generally they are upright folks who have found a loophole in the law which enables them to acquire what you and I sometimes dream about—a little cabin retreat out in the wilds where we can go occasionally to escape from the rat-race of a highly-sophisticated society.

But the wilderness areas in this land are rapidly disappearing before the advances of an expanding population, and there is not space enough for all to have private hideaways. Hence it appears that a further amendment to the mining laws is in order—one that will limit mining claims to legitimate mining operations. And when the claim is abandoned, Uncle Sam should have the same right as a private claim-jumper, the right to take possession in the name of all American citizens, without litigation.

* * *

The desert has a strange fascination for some people. Writers and poets down through the ages have been trying to express in words the spell which this arid land of sand, rocks and far horizons casts on imaginative persons. Bertha Greeley Brown once suggested a possible answer. She wrote:

"Under the spell of lurid skies, purple haze and mauve desert sinks, our imaginations are loosened from the confines of time and space. Majesty gives birth to idealism."

If you are one of those who have been charmed by the intangibles of the desert, and have wondered why, there is a simple and beautiful answer.



"HAIRY" BECOMES A NEIGHBORHOOD HERO

OUR FRIEND 'HAIRY'

By TOMMY THOMAS
of Sedona, Arizona

TO MOST PEOPLE, the tarantula is the "King Kong" of the spider world. One look at this huge and hairy creature immediately conjures up fear-some visions. Everyone *knows* (it's practically in-born) that tarantulas are horrible, poisonous monsters that leap on you and bite you ferociously.

BUT, DON'T BELIEVE it. Tarantulas native to the warm Southwestern states are intelligent creatures that make interesting and entertaining pets. Treat them with kindness and they won't harm you in the least.

"HAIRY" WAS GIVEN to us by a friend. I brought him home but had no intention of keeping him. Naturally the boys went wild over the big spider. In fact, they were so enthusiastic that my wife, who is deathly afraid of all spiders, let them keep Hairy.

THE LIBRARY BOOKS we brought home declared that the Southwest tarantulas could be considered quite harmless if treated with the proper respect. So, armed with proper respect, I decided to find out what kind of a pet Hairy was going to make. Putting on a bold front for the boys, I carried Hairy's apple-box cage into the kitchen and lifted him out. Then I gingerly let the spider crawl up my arm. It was a spooky feeling. By the time he was almost to my shoulder, I chickened out and with as much non-chalance as I could muster, set Hairy back down on



MOTHER IS LESS THAN ENCHANTED WITH "HAIRY," AND IT WAS QUITE A CONCESSION WHEN SHE ALLOWED THE BOYS TO KEEP THE TARANTULA



the table. The boys were thrilled! They immediately took over, and from that moment until he died in an accident a few months later, Hairy was our friend. NOT ONCE IN all the time that we handled him



FINAL RESTING PLACE

did he make even the slightest attempt to bite us. SOON WE DISCOVERED that we had a minor celebrity on our hands. People would come from blocks around to see Hairy. Everyone seemed morbidly fascinated with our family pet.

ONE EVENING MY older boy insisted on taking Hairy along to Animal Night at the Scouts. They nearly caused a riot. Everyone—Scouts and parents alike—crowded around to see the giant spider. That was the last time we ever exhibited on that grand a scale.

THE BOYS WOULD play with Hairy on the living room carpet. They'd follow him around as he slowly wandered about. Sometimes he'd climb the drapes—and believe me, Hairy was quite a sensation on those pure white drapes.

WHAT WITH ALL this show of mutual affection, my wife finally got used to having Hairy around. She never went so far as to handle him, but she accepted him as a family pet. We even caught her talking to Hairy at times.

THE END CAME when someone accidentally spilled a hot drink on poor Hairy. The boys and I wrapped our friend in aluminum foil and buried him in the Family Pet Plot.

SOME TIME LATER, MUCH to our joy, we acquired another tarantula. We slightly suspect, because of this spider's definitely lighter coloring, that instead of naming the new pet "Hairy II," a more appropriate name would be "Hairiette."

DOES ANYONE KNOW anything about this sort of thing? ///

See back cover
for a portrait of "Hairy" in his heyday ➤

OUR FRIEND 'HAIRY'

continued from preceding page



"HAIRY" FINDS A COMFORTABLE PERCH

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