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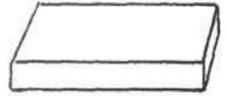
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DESERT

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May's Monument-al Mistake . . .

FOLLOWING THE PUBLICATION of the May issue we felt we had been hit on the head by The Balanced Rock in Arches National Monument near Moab, Utah. Many sharp-eyed readers informed us the spectacular two-page color photograph in the center of the May issue was The Balanced Rock and not Monument Valley as the caption stated. We realized the mistake as soon as we saw the first copy. We do have a photograph of Monument Valley and somehow the printers used the wrong picture. So if you want to see The Balanced Rock be sure to go to Moab, Utah. We will print the Monument Valley photograph later.

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Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260 Telephone 346-8144

National Advertising Representative

GEORGE R. JOSEPH CO.

3959 W. Sixth Street, Los Angeles, Calif. 90005 Telephone 387-7181

DESERT is published monthly by Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. Second Class Postage paid at Palm Desert, Calif., and at additional mailing offices under Act of March 3, 1879. Title registered No. 358865 in U. S. Patent Office, and contents copyrighted 1965 by Desert Magazine. Unsolicited manuscripts and photographs cannot be returned or acknowledged unless full return postage is enclosed. Permission to reproduce contents must be secured from the editor in writing. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$5.00 per year in U.S., Canada and Mexico. \$5.75 elsewhere. Allow five weeks for change of address. Be sure to send both old and new address.

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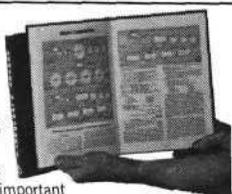
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New Books for Desert Readers

OIL, LAND AND POLITICS, The California Career of Thomas Robert Bard

By W. H. Hutchinson

This boxed, two-volume book recounts the life of one of the giants of West Coast business and politics. One January in 1865 a 24-year-old Civil War railroader arrived in San Francisco. Fifty years later the Honorable Thomas R. Bard, former U.S. senator from California, was buried in the luxurious garden of his home. Between those times, the ripples he set in motion are still compounding. Important and colorful California names of this era are brought into the narrative—Hearst, Pioche, Pringle, Cabrillo, to name a few—and vivid character portraits are painted in detail. This book was an ambitious undertaking and the subjects—land, oil and politics—as they applied to the life of Tom Bard leave little of California's history untouched. Two volumes, boxed, 368 and 392 pages, illustrated, maps, bibliography. \$11.95.

PLANTS IN HIS PACK

By Janice J. Beaty

This is a "first book" by one of DESERT's popular young writers. It's the story of Edward Palmer, a long-forgotten scientific collector who dedicated his life to gathering plants, animals, birds and Indian artifacts from Western frontiers and Mexico. He was the first scientist to explore remote Guadalupe Island off Baja California and dig into the ancient Indian ruins of Utah and Arizona.

In spite of a brilliant career, Palmer was posthumously known as little more than a "nice old man who puttered around the Smithsonian" until a botanist for the Department of Agriculture came across a plant in the National Herbarium collected by Palmer. In order to acquire more information, he chased down a complete set of Palmer's notes. This interested him, but what of the man himself? That required a lot of detective work, but the results finally found their way into this book.

Hardcover, 182 pages, it is illustrated with fine drawings by Joan Berg. Recommended for young adults. \$3.75.

OLD MINES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Reprinted from a report of the State Mineralogist of 1893, this interesting paperback is limited to 1000 copies. Areas covered are all desert-mountain-coastal areas including the Calicos, San Gabriels, Salton Sea area, Colorado River district and southern counties. Fault systems of important lodes and geological maps and studies are presented from a time when things were popping in these areas in the mining industry. Anyone scouting Southern California for old mines, camps, bottles or any other reason will find data published in this reprint that may not be found elsewhere. Used with imagination, this book can provide both fun and information. DESERT has reserved about half of the 1000 of this limited edition for its readers and we recommend it. \$2.50.

Books reviewed may be ordered from the DESERT Magazine Book Order Department, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please include 25c for handling. California residents must add 4% sales tax. Enclose payment with order.

THE WESTERN HERO

By Kent Ladd Steckmesser

In analyzing the processes by which heroes are created, this author dug up old newspaper accounts and reliable records about the escapades of Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson, Bill Cody, Billy the Kid and other villains and heroes of the West and further analyzed the report in order to get a true story. Then he put the rumors and publicity all back together again so today's reader could share in the fun of seeing legends in the making. The system really works and by applying it to today's colorful personalities you can predict pretty well those who will shine tomorrow.

In concluding his study of what makes the American hero, Steckmesser finds that courage, self-reliance and physical prowess rate high and much of the heroes' appeal seems to be connected with a sentimental nostalgia for the freedom of a vanished frontier. "The gigantic figure of the legendary hero standing in bold re-



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lief against a picturesque backdrop represents the perennial drama of man facing the unknown.”

He also found that the basic appeal of legendary heroes is that they served good causes and, because Americans generally cast themselves in idealistic roles, they are able to identify with heroic representatives of a national character.

Illustrated with old prints and billboard photos, the book also has a good bibliography and index. Hardcover, 279 pages. \$5.95.

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GOLDEN CHECKERBOARD
By Ed Ainsworth

This fast-moving, up-to-date book about the Cahuilla Indians of Palm Springs, the richest Indian tribe in the world, tells how a happy solution was finally achieved in the use and disposition of Indian lands after a half-century of selfishness and despair. The author tells his dramatic story authoritatively, but with a light hand which makes for entertaining reading. Prominent desert dwellers played important roles in solving the Indian land dilemma—Judge Hilton McCabe, Floyd Odium, David Sallee among them. Indians of the Agua Caliente band, both of the present and of the past, are described with sensitivity and understanding. This is a good gift or reference book for Palm Springs devotees. Hardcover. 195 pages. Forward written by Justice Tom C. Clark of the Supreme Court. \$6.00.

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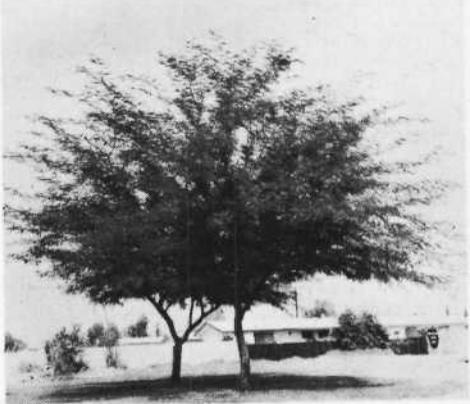
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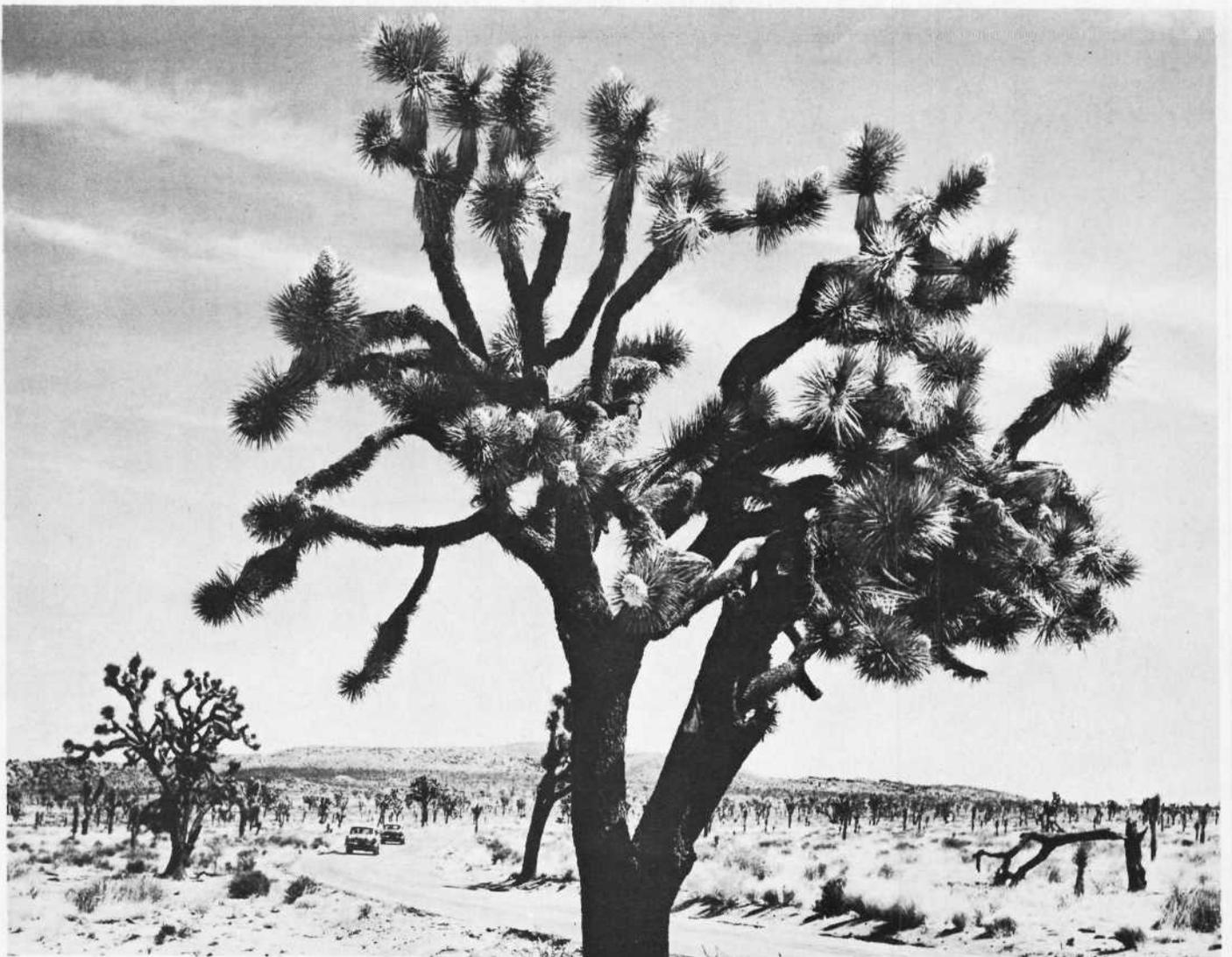
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SAINT or SINNER

by Bob and Jan Young

SOME SEE in it a spiritual light, with its twisted arms reaching toward heaven. Others, such as explorer John C. Fremont, regard it as ". . . stiff and ungraceful . . . the most repulsive tree in the vegetable kingdom."

But this desert tree, a member of the lily family, has found wide uses by man, animal, bird, and reptile—ranging from fibres, dyes, food, nests, weapons and once even an instrument to cheat land buyers!

First mention of the strange trees was recorded by Captain Pedro Fages in 1772 when he saw them while in pursuit of deserters who had led him into the Antelope Valley. Fages set them down at "date palms." About 70 years later, Fremont, also crossing the Mojave desert, encountered the trees and called them "repulsive."

This curious plant's scientific name is *yucca brevifolia* (which refers to its short leaves), but most historians

credit its common name, Joshua, to Mormon pioneers who were reminded of Joshua, the Hebrew leader, who held his arms upward in beseeching victory in battle. The Book of Exodus says that it was Moses who held up his arms, however, not Joshua, so another explanation seems needed.

Perhaps it may be found in the unrest of 1857 when the Mormons and the United States differed. To consolidate his armed forces, Brigham Young recalled an outpost of Saints from San Bernardino. Since most of these pioneers had arrived by sea, few knew the way to Zion. As they moved into the desert through Cajon Pass the distended grotesquely pointing arms of the curious tree might have suggested a latter-day Joshua showing the way, an idea fostered in the Book of Mormon.

When limned by waning sun, contortions of the Joshua's limbs bring to mind Dante's enchanted forest

where trees were actually humans in eternal torment. Despite their convolutions, the trees average 15 to 35 feet in height, and some reach 50 feet. After being seeded by vagrant desert winds, the shoot is an impudent stem which eventually forks at the tip, forks and forks again, bearing green leaves only at the extreme ends. Through a curious self-pruning process, the lowest leaves wither and fall away, leaving a scarred, gnarled old trunk which, because it lacks growth rings, defies dating. Hence desert enthusiasts credit it with age not always its due, though it does attain magnificent stands with trunks 4 feet in diameter in high desert sections of Nevada, Arizona, Utah and California.

Naturally the Yankee couldn't see such forests go to waste, so set about making use of them. The soft fibrous wood didn't lend itself to use as lumber nor fuel, but finally a visionary built a small pulp mill in Soledad

Pass to manufacture paper from the trunks. A few editions of the London Daily Telegraph were printed on the stock, but it proved too expensive for large commercial use.

Panamint Indians of Death Valley use the flower buds which occur within a rosette of stiff leaves—a sort of desert cauliflower—for food. Drawing the leaves over the bud, they twist and snap, then discard the leaves and roast the bud in hot coals. It is sugary and nutritious. Its seeds and dried fruit are milled into flour and become an important barter item between tribes. Early Indians also used pigments from a red strand taken from the inner bark of the Joshua rootlets to dye baskets.

Joshuas have no great tap or interlocking root system and many topple over from moderate desert zephyrs. Though the tree is considered a normal desert flora, its distribution is erratic and found only where there is usually 10 to 15 inches of moisture available to supply its thirsty roots.

Thriving in areas where it is often the only tree, the Joshua is frequently the center of desert life. Flickers and woodpeckers drill its trunk for nests and when they are abandoned, owls, wrens and fly-catchers take over. The Scott oriole suspends its nest from branches and wood rats gnaw its

spiny leaves to guard their homes.

Perhaps more fascinating is the cycle of the Yucca moth and its pollination of the flowers, which is the complete symbiosis between flower and insect. Yucca flowers appear to be completely dependent upon the moth for fertilization.

Long before the benefits of Southern California were appreciated throughout the world, there were people who lived without shame or sweat, principally by selling real estate to guileless rubberneckerers from the East. These rascals, with a gleam in their eye, a cheery note in their voices and a touch of larceny in their hearts, promoted "Widneyville by the Desert," which they modestly claimed to be no less than a modern Elysium. Cement sidewalks were poured, spur lines laid and townsites cut up into lots. As a final touch, a little judicious trimming and pruning was applied to the Joshua trees and on each spine and spike a cull orange impaled. "These beautiful trees, so prolific of oranges, are a natural growth," the spiler said. "Their fruit will grow as big as pumpkins!"

Joshua trees are many things to many people, but that was the only time they ever produced pumpkin-sized citrus fruit! ///



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Art Form or Odd Form?

by Lynn and Willis Kinnear

OUR FIRST encounter with the six-toed people of the Southwest occurred after a chance conversation with a ranger at Pueblo Bonito, the great ruin at Chaco Canyon National Monument in north central New Mexico.

Thoroughly intrigued, we followed his directions along a path beside the high circular wall of the Pueblo. At a point about one-third of the way around, northeast from the center, a small ruin sat by itself. On the cliff against which the ruin was built, we saw our first petroglyph of feet with six toes. Masonry of the ruin appeared to antedate that of Pueblo Bonito, so a date of 700 A.D. isn't improbable.

We were impressed with the six-toed petroglyph here, but grew even

Six toes at Chaco Canyon in New Mexico.



more impressed after we came upon another specimen on a canyon wall below the Puerco Indian ruin at Petrified National Park. In this case, the pair of feet differed. One had five toes, the other six. We told ourselves it was probably due to erosion, but as soon as we reached home we looked up a scientific paper we'd previously ignored which reported on the occurrence of extra fingers and toes in groups of people—a trait known as polydactylism. It seems that this is an inherent characteristic often associated with dwarfism. Such distortion of the genes may apply to feet, hands, or both. We hadn't noticed any six-fingered hands in the petroglyphs, but we decided that what we had found might warrant further attention.

This led to another article on the subject which stated polydactylism



Handsome, six-toed couple from Mexico at Los Angeles County Museum.

can be chemically induced in mice. Had these prehistoric people been plagued with a faulty diet? Our curiosity fully aroused, we set about studying a collection of petroglyph photos we'd taken on previous trips throughout the West. Among a group from famous Newspaper Rock in Utah's Indian Creek State Park, we made our first find. At the time the photos were printed we'd been so interested in the different styles depicting man that we'd overlooked some extraordinary six-toed footprints. Further research turned up photos from the Valley of Fire near Las Vegas, Nevada where another trace of the six-toed people was evident. By this time we were inclined to believe the occurrence was more than the accidental slip of the artist's chisel, but not until we made a call to the Los Angeles County Museum did we hit pay dirt.

Six toed foot from Southern Nevada's Valley of Fire.



form had been copied from the Mexico artists, why wouldn't it have appeared in pottery further north, rather than having been depicted in petroglyphs through Arizona, Nevada and Utah? In my opinion, the art form did not travel, but the people did. Whether the people with their odd genes went from north to south or vice versa, is impossible to determine, but timewise, indications are loosely contemporary.

In their time, if they actually existed as portrayed, were these six-toed people considered oddities, or did their uniqueness exalt their status? This may be only the start in a long search, for we are convinced, at this writing, anyway, that the polydactylic Indians portrayed in glyphs and pottery were more than a transitory art form.

Whenever you come across a petroglyph site depicting humans, study the figures closely and see what you can find. Many have looked before, but few have noticed the carefully delineated feet pecked into rocks by a unique people who some 1200 years ago wandered the Southwest on six toes. It's a mystery everyone can help to solve—and a "different" sort of vacation fun. After all, how many friends do you have who spend their free time searching for six-toed men?

///



Six-toed feet in petroglyphs at Utah's Indian Creek State Park

Dr. Robert Ariss, museum anthropologist, broadened the area of our confusion by suggesting we come down to examine some pottery figures on display which were endowed with six toes. He could not state whether the extra toe was an actual representation or merely an artistic development, but the figures came from Mexico and were finely executed and well colored. A definite date or locale cannot be established, but they may be placed at approximately 700 A.D., and from around Jalisco in west central Mexico. One figure is of a man, the other a woman and each has feet with six toes—with one exception. On her left foot, the woman has seven!

Authorities state that it is impossible to determine whether these six-toed representations were actual occurrences in nature, or artistic imagery. This question you will have to solve for yourself. My own personal opinion is that it was a matter of genes. For, if the pottery art



This one is at the Petrified Forest National Monument in Arizona.



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LITTLE LAKE'S BIG FUN

by Dorothy Robertson

LITTLE LAKE'S shimmering waters have the same effect upon tired travelers journeying through arid Mojave desert land as had the swamps of a century ago upon plodding prospectors. Where wind-ruffled wavelets lap against basalt cliffs formed milenniums ago when molten lava oozed down their dark flanks, gold-seeking Mexican miners once paused to refresh themselves at swamps they named Lagunita. This was the first water to be found within 20 miles after leaving the valley of the Indian Wells.

Following the discovery of precious metals, white miners, settlers and store-keepers risked Indian depredation to build up businesses that netted one merchant as much as \$50,000 annually. It was during this period, in the mid-sixties, that the melodic name of Lagunita was changed to prosaic Little Lake, California.

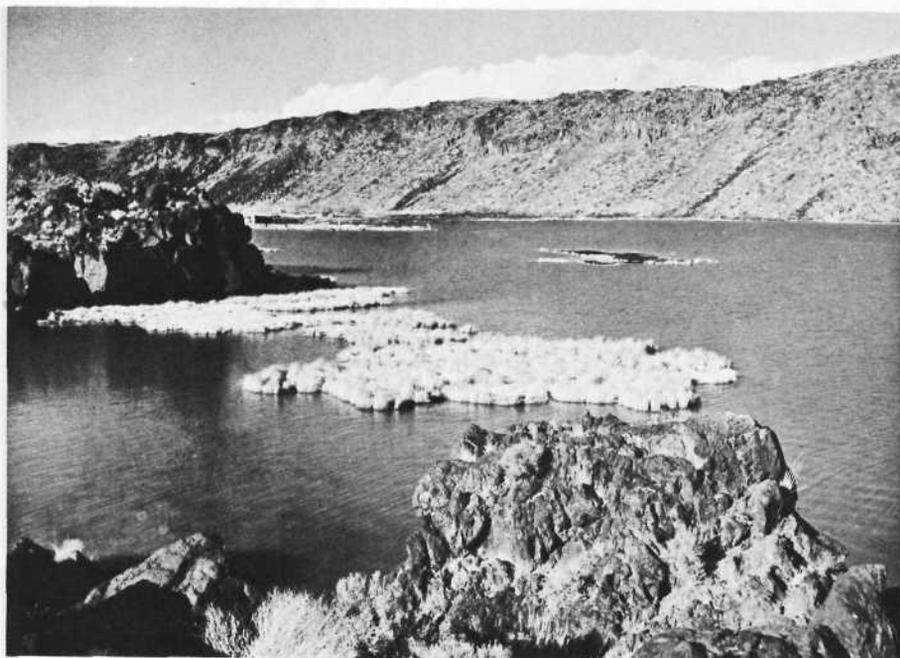
From 1865 to 1883, Cerro Gordo's famous silver-lead mines kept southern roads busy with freightwagons and Little Lake flourished as an important stage stop. With the waning of Cerro Gordo, however, road traffic began to slow. In 1910 the Southern Pacific Railroad came through Little

Lake, giving Owens Valley its long-coveted rail connection to the south. It was necessary to lay the rails upon trestles in order to "navigate" the tule swamps. At long last Little Lake the stage stop, became Little Lake the whistle stop.

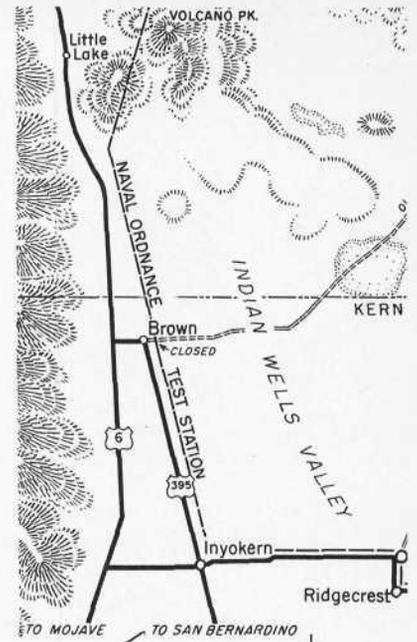
In the early '20s, Bill Bramlette, a well-known auto racer of the era, saw Little Lake while participating in a road race from Los Angeles to Bishop. Envisioning possibilities in these swamps, he purchased various homesteads around the area, aggregating some 1200 acres. Then he settled



Upper Fossil Falls and mesa.



Southwest end of Little Lake. Petroglyphs are on face of basalt rocks.



down to raising cattle. He dammed up the south end of the swamps to irrigate his pasture lands and, to keep down the tule growth, he imported muskrats. The resultant mile-long lake, he stocked with fish. Very shortly afterwards delighted fishermen arrived from Southern California cities.

For years Bill Bramlette's son, Tom, and his family ran Little Lake as a fishing and boating resort. Tom put in two campgrounds at the north end of the lake, a snack bar and a trout rearing pond and rented boats. Fish are bluegill, bass, catfish, crappie and trout.

Today Little Lake is owned by the Jack Morehart Land Company of Los Angeles, but it has been subleased to Bob Whiting of the Mt. Whitney Game Club. Bob opened Little Lake to public fishing on May 16, 1964. Prices are reasonable. Boat rentals are \$3.50 per day and fishing fees are \$2.50 or, for children under 12, \$1.50 per day. No license is required and there's no limit. One lucky fisherman recently came away with a catch of 40!

The campgrounds are in operation all of the time and on weekends and holidays a snack bar is open. These facilities are at the lake, but Little Lake hamlet lies a mile or so south where there is a large hotel with dining room, coffee shop and post office.

In 1947 Little Lake became the scene of much archeological excitement when Duane and Margaret Mack of China Lake discovered a cave with a human skeleton which was later identified by Dr. M. R. Harrington of the Southwest Museum as that of a Pinto Man some 3000 years old!

The Bramlettes had known for years that their property was once the site of an extensive Indian camp, but they attributed the artifacts to "modern" Indians. In 1948 the Southwest Museum began serious excavations of the Little Lake Pinto basin. Uncovered were house sites of a large prehistoric village with underlying layers holding stone implements, shell beads, hunting points and household tools.

The area's other points of interest are the Upper and Lower Fossil Falls. Lower Fossil Falls is on Little Lake property, but Upper Fossil Falls is on public domain. These fantastic lava flows were scoured and ground into potholes of every size and depth by the Owens Lake overflow thousands of years ago. To reach Upper Fossil Falls, drive two miles up the highway to a bright, orange-splashed boulder on the right side of the road. A half-mile drive brings you to the first road on your right, now turn south and go to the end. You will have a 3/4 mile hike over to the lip of the deep chasm, but watch your step—you come to the edge suddenly.

An easier way is to follow the red cinder road at the base of the Cinder Hill east until you come to a large dry lake on your right. Turn and follow the west side which angles southward. Follow the tracks that turn west again, for this leads you to the mesa which overlooks Little Lake canyon. You can't miss it, for the whole area glitters with obsidian chips brought down by the Indians from "glass" mountain, to the east.

This ancient campsite holds a wondrous display of house circles and secluded rock shelters. It has caves and, if you are lucky, you may even find desert diamonds—clear quartz and feldspar that have leached out from the basaltic rock. Cut and polished, these "diamonds" sparkle like dewdrops and make beautiful jewelry.

Strangely enough, although the busy highway is only a short distance westward, there is an illusion here of being in another age. The country is wild, rugged and arid, yet during spring and early summer it turns into a vivid patchwork of shining white pygmy poppy, blue desert lupine and glowing paintbrush. Here in this unspoiled region, within a safe distance from civilization for the timid, city-jaded travelers may hunt desert diamonds, wander in a prehistoric art gallery, fish, boat, or simply marvel at the frozen, swirling mass of California's geologic past.

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The Light is Green in Searchlight

by Royce Rollins



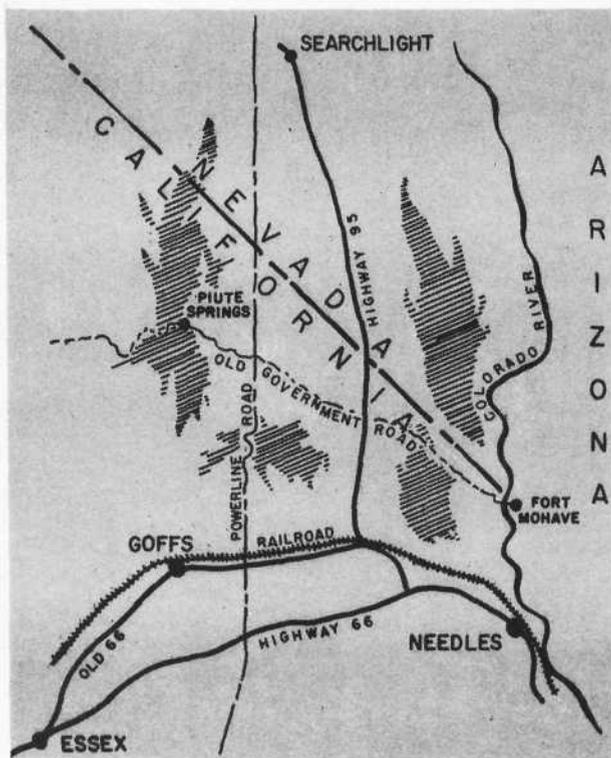
SEARCHLIGHT, Nevada is my town.

Such reasoning defies all natural laws of the dust-ridden, sand-blasted, wind-driven desert and is more than I can explain, but it's so. Maybe it's the snaggle-tooth New York Moun-

tains to the east; or maybe it's the undulating terrain punctuated with Joshuas and mining scaffolds; or it might be the rare turquoise and gold ore spilling from mine tailings in the center of town. Whatever it is, it isn't Willie Martello's new gambling joint

or Searchlight's lusty reputation. It's something more intangible than that. And I'd never, until a recent weekend, spent more than a few hours in the town.

Searchlight today has a permanent population of less than 200, but it's



Map shows old government road to Piute Spring.



Fred Carleson uses detector at his father's old mine.

busy with tourists following U. S. 95 between Las Vegas and Blythe, or enroute to the Amboy Junction cutoff to Palm Springs. It is also the gateway to Cottonwood Cove, a resort on Lake Mojave that caters to boaters, fishermen and campers (DESERT, Aug. '63). Ghosts almost inherited the town a few years ago when Willie Martello's bistro burned to the ground and employment opportunities dropped to nil, but Willie opened a grand new "cantina" five months ago and the town is going full throttle again.

Even so, the action today is mild compared to that of Searchlight's hedonic past. In 1906 when it reached boom height, whiskey splashed from 35 saloons and 10,000 people trod Main Street's wooden walks. Over \$6 million in ore was gutted from its rocky terrain.

Duplex, the first big claim, was discovered in 1898 by the Colton brothers who named the new camp Searchlight to commemorate an occasion when a scoffer said, "If there's any gold there, it'll take a searchlight to spot it!" But there were other miners who delved equally deep into the peculiar turquoise and gold ore distinctive to the district. One of them sold a promising claim for \$1500, a team of mules, a buckboard and a double-barreled shotgun. And the claim was good for its promise. It produced more than \$1 million in gold! Another famous claim coughed up \$150,000 after it had changed hands for a pint of whiskey.

Among Searchlight's best producers were the Duplex, Pompei, Blossom, Good Hope, Cyrus Noble, New Era, Fourth of July and the Quartette. The Quartette went 1500 feet deep with miles of underground workings. First located by prospector Charley Swigheart, it was sold for \$500 and a team of mules to a miner named McCready (his son later gained fame in setting high-altitude airplane records). McCready resold the mine soon after purchasing it to Charles Dunn of San Bernardino for \$60,000. In a six-year period it produced over \$2 million, but fame of its gem quality turquoise studded with gold jumped stock to \$15 a



NEVADA'S TRAIL OF GOLD.

A glance at this map of Nevada, shows the relative position of the proven gold camps of Southern Nevada. The great mineral zone extends in a southeasterly direction from Virginia City through Tonopah, Goldfield, Lida, Bullfrog, Eldorado, Dupont, Searchlight and Empire camps, and across the Colorado River into Gold Roads District, Arizona. One by one the new districts have been discovered from Virginia City, on through Searchlight district.

Rare old mining promotion brochure to promote the Golden Terra Nevada Mining Company, published in 1905.

share before the mine ever paid a dividend.

In 1902 the Quartette built a 16-mile narrow-gauge railroad to the Colorado River where a mill was constructed to refine the ore. Both mules and ore were loaded in cars at Searchlight from where they coasted 18 miles downhill to the river. There the ore was dumped and the mules hitched up to pull the empty

cars back to the mines. In 1903 water was struck at the 300-foot level in Searchlight so a mill was erected there and the rails and rolling stock of the one on the river were sold to the Yellow Pine Mine at Goodsprings.

Characters have always been a lively part of Searchlight's history. One, a camp cook named Sam Yet, inherited the rich New Era mine for past due wages and became one of the

D. R. Scholfield shows Fred how he has remodeled the house built by Fred's father in 1906. The almond tree was only tree in Searchlight when Fred started it from a seed when he was a boy.



wealthiest citizens of the town. But probably the greatest character Searchlight ever produced is today's Willie Martello. A native Californian, handsome Willie crossed the border into Nevada right at the close of World War II with only \$13 in his pocket. The reason he stopped at Searchlight was because two of his seven brothers had gone broke trying to resurrect an old hotel there and the empty building provided a free place to board. Today, having run his \$13 into a tidy fortune exceeding \$2 million, Willie quite frankly credits his financial success to genius, but whether or not, to make that kind of a fortune in Searchlight requires genius.

It's kind of too bad Willie didn't color the past instead of the present. Searchlight's early history escaped recording and there isn't much we can learn about it, but Willie's escapades will live long in the future.

His history-making began with a family photo of the seven little Martellos dressed in Indian costumes. All were barefoot—except one. That was Willie. This historic photo rests behind the bar of his El Rey Club today. Just as Willie refused to be a barefoot Indian, he has refused to bow to other obstacles that inhibit progress. Before a telephone line was established to Searchlight he relayed supply orders to Las Vegas by means of carrier pigeon. Willie likes to “eat good.” When he opened his new place and couldn't find a cook in Searchlight, he imported one of the famous Luigis from Los Angeles. Now everybody in his place eats good! The Martello enterprises may not be especially uplifting, but they are important to the economy of the community and there are few, if any, local residents who don't appreciate that.

We were fortunate in Searchlight

to run into Fred A. Carleson of Salt Lake City and Palm Desert. Fred's father had a number of mines in the area—at one time he leased the Quarrette—and Fred spent about five years of his boyhood in Searchlight right when the boom was at its peak. He had his young grandson in tow and invited us to join them on a tour of the old mines.

The house the Carleson family lived in is now occupied by a retired engineer named D. R. Schofield. We stopped to visit Mr. Schofield and he invited us inside, hoping Fred could solve a couple of things that had mystified him. When remodeling, he was surprised to find the house built of solid redwood and held together entirely by screws. Not a nail in the whole job! Fred explained this very simply. The house was built for his father by a coffin-maker whose business was located across the street. Coffin makers used redwood because it wouldn't rot and, apparently, that kind of carpentry didn't require a stock of nails!

We've been lost on the desert ourselves and lost mines are legion, so we hardly expected Fred to be able to trace his way back to the old family mines—especially considering that he hadn't been near them for over half a century. But we were wrong. Right as radar, he walked directly to each site. Some were 100-foot working shafts with rusty relics still recognizable. At one we picked up the distinctive square cans of curved cut English tobacco his father always smoked and at several others we found sun-purpled glass in the camp dump.

Visiting these mines with someone who had worked them as a boy was quite a revelation to our luxury-spoiled generation. Courage was certainly not wanting in boys of Fred's time. While we drove to one mine located 20 miles southeast of Searchlight Fred told us of a time he and his father arrived by buckboard at the site only to discover they'd forgotten the dynamite caps. The next morning Fred's father dispatched him by horseback to pick them up and return the same day. Fred recalled that the storekeeper tied the explosives around his waist inside his shirt so they wouldn't accidentally break loose from the saddle and explode before he reached the mine!

This is the only shaft Fred almost failed to locate . . . the reason being that it now holds a windmill. We loaned him our mineral detector to test a few outcrops and the beeps sounded so excited we were tempted to jump the claim. It is now owned



Fort Piute ruins still stand with gun ports intact.

roads. We rounded a curve of a hill and found ourselves surrounded by Boy Scouts from Las Vegas. With fishing in the stream, exploring the old fort and following Indian trails through a gallery of petroglyphs, these boys had a heavy agenda. Huge bisnaga marched up the hill, each fat barrel ready to explode into bloom and groves of cottonwood trees spread shade along the banks of the bubbling stream. From the hard rock floor of this borderland between Nevada and California desert land it was a refreshing and unexpected retreat.

The sturdy fort still stands in ruin, its gun ports framing the twists of Old Government Road as it winds toward Dead Mountain. Established in the early 1860s, there is little published about this interesting redoubt in spite of its important proportions. Most references refer to it as Fort Piute, but we found one that called it Fort Beal. The most logical reason for its existence was to provide asylum for soldiers constructing the Old Government Road, a route instituted to protect Western migrants and to maintain open supply lines between Camp Cady to the east and Fort Mojave on the Colorado River. Apparently Indian troubles ceased soon after its construction and, as its role was short-lived, history forgot it fast.

As we turned to leave, fearing we'd have to navigate the winding dirt roads back to the highway in darkness, the sun faded behind the mountains. With ruins to explore, petroglyphs to photograph and a lazy, shady stream enticing us to relax, it wasn't easy to step on the throttle. But one thing for sure, we'll be back. ///



by a Las Vegan who has sunk other shafts in the area and the tailings looked mighty rich. Appraising the results of the hard work that had gone into hand-digging his old 100-foot shaft, Fred commented that he was glad someone was able to make use of it. They had taken out only enough ore to encourage them to keep digging, but the new owners must have dug deeper because the Carlesons didn't hit water there.

In fact, they had to go to Piute Springs for their water, some eight miles west. It used to be Fred's job to drive the buckboard over to the spring and fill the water barrel. A tribe of Indians lived there and, although they weren't particularly friendly, they didn't ever give the Carlesons any trouble. Fred said they just sort of looked at him and grunted the first time he came, but after they grew accustomed to his visits they ignored him completely.

Fred hadn't explored the area of the spring while the Indians were in residence, so we followed the Old Government Road leading from the mine to abandoned Irwin Ranch and on to Piute Springs to see if there was anything left of an old fort described in an article that appeared in DESERT Magazine in October, 1962. The road was in fairly good condition, if you don't object to rough

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JUST BELOW THE BORDER

by choral pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

FIFTY YEARS ago anyone venturing south of the border took his life in his hands. This is still true today, if you're looking for trouble. But if your interests are legitimate and you're looking for nothing more violent than the strum of a guitar or healthful relaxation, you have about as much chance of getting bumped off by a bandit in Baja as you would by the mafia in Las Vegas.

Our most recent expedition to Baja was with Henrietta and Slim Barnard, the "Happy Wanderers" of television renown, who invited us to join them as guests on their weekly travelogue. Slim planned the trip—a triangle tour from Tijuana to Ensenada and back to the border town of Tecate where we had reservations at the European-type spa, Rancho La Puerta.

To avoid congestion at the border, we met the Barnards for lunch at Pollo de Castillo in Tijuana. We chose this restaurant because it's a good place for lunch if you like

chicken or Mexican food (we do) and because it's owned by our friend Ricardo Castillo and his brothers. Ricardo is known to DESERT readers as the amateur archeologist who accompanies many of the Erle Stanley Gardner adventures recounted in his books and on these pages.

Pollo de Castillo restaurant is on the far end of the main thoroughfare of Tijuana at a turn of the main highway to Ensenada. It's on the right-hand side of the street and you have to look hard to see it because it's a tiny place. Usually a pair of *Senoritas* are patting tortillas in the window and inside there are counters where barbecued chicken may be purchased to take with you, or eaten family style at one of the long tables. It isn't a fancy place, but it's clean and the Mexican food is superb.

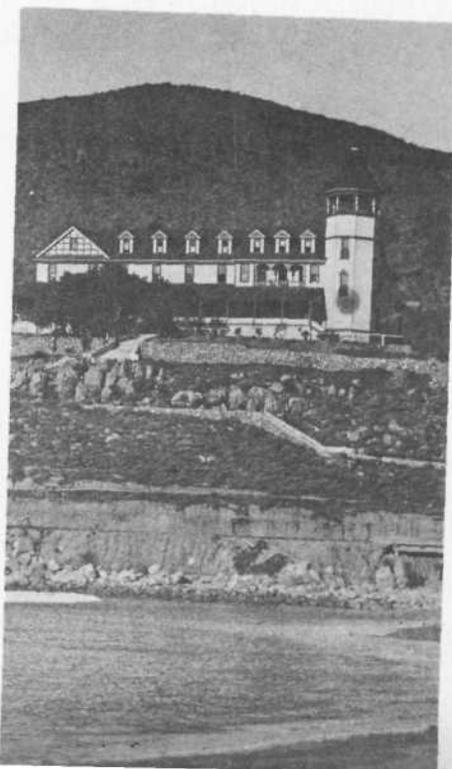
There's a lot to do in this lively border town, but our interests run more toward exploring old missions and watching fishermen drag in lobster traps, so we sped toward Ensenada. About 37 miles south of

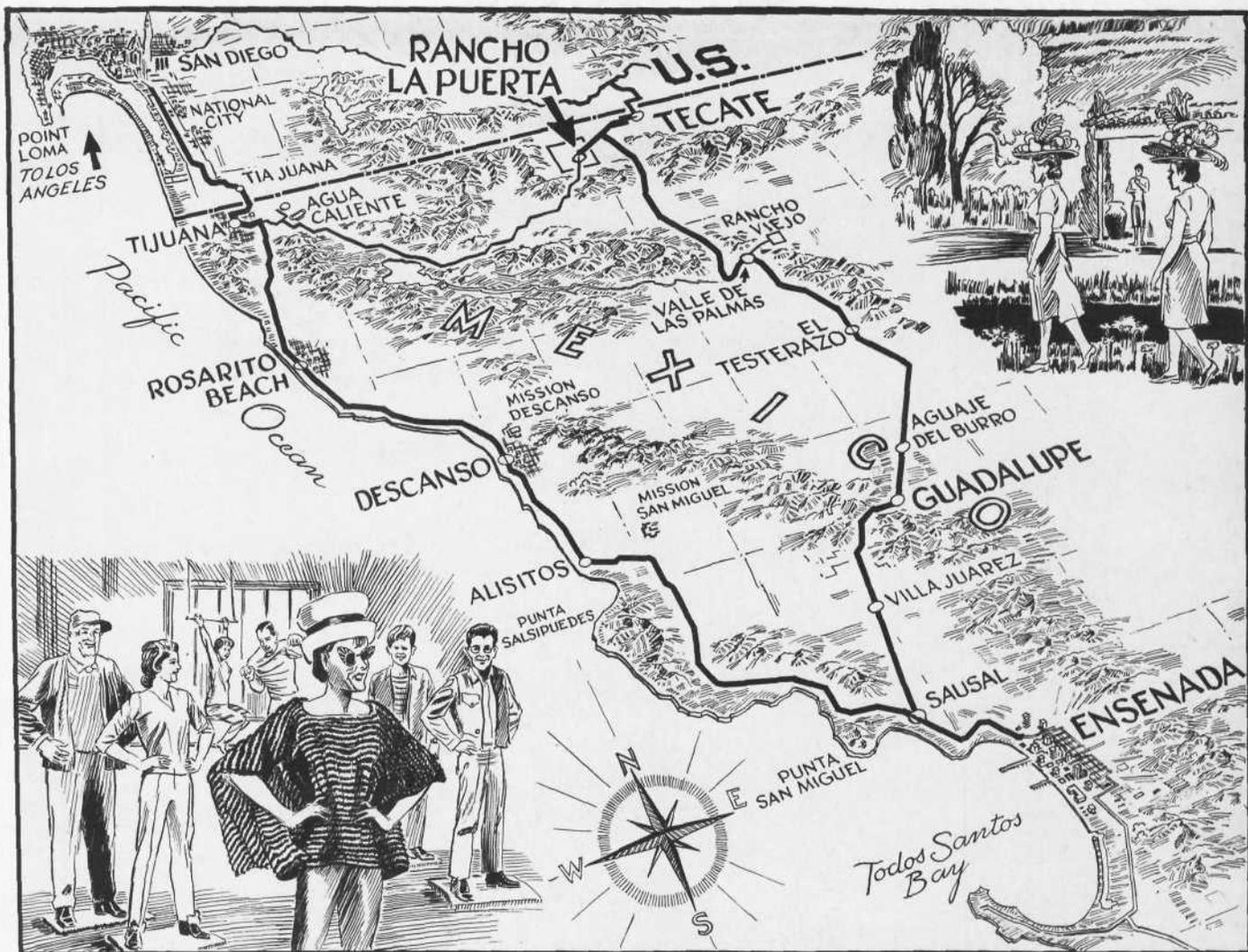
Tijuana and on the left hand side of the highway are the adobe ruins of La Mision. This was not the original site of mission San Miguel de la Frontera founded in 1787 by Dominican friar Luis Sales. That was seven miles inland, but probably didn't consist of much in the way of construction as the mission was moved to this location only a year later.

In a letter written to a friend in Spain, Fr. Sales mentioned that after heavy rains he often walked beside a stream bed and picked up nuggets of gold. Whether he referred to this location or the former is unknown, but the fact that we never seem to have time to explore this area with a metal detector is one of our big frustrations.

Father Sales was an interesting letter writer and his epistles sent to Spain provide the only information relative to early days in this area. Although he seems to have nourished a rather low opinion of the natives, he was impressed with their adapta-

Left: Senorita pats tortillas in window of Pollo de Castillo restaurant. Center: Old Hotel Iturbide was lively spa for the British. Right: Only its foundation remain today.





Cartographer Howard Burke's map shows Happy Wanderer's triangle trip from Tijuana to Ensenada and to Tecate.

tion to the arid land and commented in one letter that by holding the pulpy leaf of an agave in their mouths they were able to travel for many days without tasting water.

The sea, he wrote, compensated for the sterile land and yielded an abundant supply of otter, the skins of which were in demand by the Chinese and Japanese. Russia had developed a lucrative trade in this market by the 18th century, until Spain, eager to obtain Chinese quicksilver necessary to their mining industry, urged its missionaries to go into competition by trading Indian fishermen useful goods for the precious skins. For a celibate priest, Father Sales possessed a jolly imagination. "The otter skins are used to create long gowns for the Chinese and Japanese and short capes for their ladies," he wrote to his friend in Spain. "They make a lovely sight, are warm, soft and serve to make generation more active!"

In later letters he lamented that a mining industry here could never be successful due to lack of funds, supplies and water so it's doubtful

that the Spanish gave the Russians much competition in rendering the otter extinct, which had just about been accomplished by 1911. Today, happily, sea otters thrive in protected waters further south along the coast.

Ensenada, about 27 miles south of La Mision and on the north shore of Bahia de Todos Santos (Bay of All Saints), was once the jumping off place for Baja's most nefarious speculators. Far enough from the U.S. border to evade exposure by honorable businessmen and distant enough to glamorize potential investors, it experienced an early boom unequalled by any other Baja community. Shipping at this time actually rivaled that of San Francisco.

In 1882 the International Company of Mexico launched a grand colonizing scheme. Streets were laid out for a "city of the future," rich with extravagant promises. Then money ran short and the whole hysterical project was sold to a British syndicate which was developing a mining industry at El Alamo. By 1889 Ensenada had become little more than a way station for miners en route to

the gold placers. Nevertheless, British made history here. The first golf course on the whole American continent was established to keep them active during the 14 years their wives sipped tea on the broad verandas of the luxurious Hotel Iturbide, now an empty foundation overlooking the bay.

Today Ensenada enjoys another boom. Cantinas, vendors, shops, hotels, motels and trailer parks line the streets and highways in lively profusion. Modern port facilities are equipped to handle 4000 bales of cotton trucked in annually from Mexicali as well as other export cargo, and private yachts and fishing boats bobble in the harbor. But tourism is the big business. There are a number of good places to stay and Americans needn't worry about the food in first rate restaurants. After all, our Mexican friends want us to come back.

Hussong's Cantina is one of the few remaining landmarks of the great "British Concession." Like celebrated Harry's Bar in Paris or Sloppy Joe's in old Havana, it's a stop visiting

Americans rarely fail to make and one, like its counterparts, likely to prove disillusioning to the fastidious. Nevertheless, seated beside the derelict you're likely to see your town's most respected citizens. The string quintette it worth any amount of time you put in waiting for them to "catch the spirit." This spirit, incidentally, is caught more efficiently if a tip is passed in *advance* of the request—and don't forget there are five of them! We were fortunate in that Slim Barnard had been there before and knew exactly the amount to bring on one of the finest and most moving concerts I've ever witnessed—so great that the shabby walls disappeared from my conscious mind and tears flooded by eyes. These men are truly gifted. One is blind and, perhaps, has a natural talent, but there must be a strange story behind the highly trained genius of the violinist leader. The composition they played for us was by Tchaikovsky.

After spending the night in Ensenada, we headed back to the north end of town and turned onto Mexico # 3 to Tecate. This route was paved in 1961 and winds through pleasant villages shaded by cottonwood trees, ranches and vineyards. At a left turn from the highway we followed a divided dirt road to Guadalupe, a community settled in 1905 by a group of bearded Russian emi-



Above: Primitive art along route has great appeal now, but is destined to grow more commercial with popularity. Below: Slim Barnard and Choral Pepper learn how to use the hula board. Teacher (at right) is pretty La Puerta directress, Jessica Simmons.

grants of the Molokayne sect, a religious movement escaping the dogmatic Greek Orthodox Church of their homeland. First these people had gone to Canada, but after suffering through a cold winter they moved to Southern California. There they found our "acre" plan of farming disagreeable, so migrated again

to Baja California where their desires for both communal property and a salubrious climate were realized. After acquiring 13,000 acres for \$50,000, the sturdy Russians settled down to getting their roots into the land. At first they appeared odd, wearing high-visored hats and long black beards, but as the original 20 families increased in number they moved their samovars into the *cocinas* of easy-going mestizos and today the only dramatic sign of Russian occupation lies in pointed roofs of old farm houses and austere wooden markers in the cemetery.

These latter paint such a startling picture of temperamental difference that it's astonishing the twain ever met. Black painted markers with Russian inscriptions dominate the older part, but toward the fringes they mingle with paper-flower decked crosses—a solemn testimony to integration.

Back on the highway we watched for a village called El Testarazo where, Ricardo had told us in Tijuana, a group of farmers were doing interesting wood carving. It wasn't hard to find, as their work was displayed along the road for a couple of miles in each direction. A primitive artist with the surname of Arco started this project by carving figures from stumps, letting the natural shapes of the wood dictate the subjects. An American admired them and suggested Arco train his countrymen to manufacture similar figures and create a volume market. Now there are more "artists" along this



route than there are farmers and some of the figures are truly remarkable. We came home with a 4-foot tall sculptured creature that defies identification, but we think it's a prehistoric bird.

The final lap of our weekend journey led us through the plaza of Tecate, along the main business street and out the other end toward Rancho La Puerta, a few miles west of town.

This place is an enigma to me—a potpourri of cult, cosmetic and calisthenic. Its founder, Edmond Bordeaux Szekely, who formerly operated a spa in the south of France, came here around the time of World War II and established La Puerta in Tecate and, more recently, fashionable Golden Door in Escondido, Cali-



Barry Weinstock, *Happy Wanderer's* associate producer, canters with Trent Pepper at Rancho La Puerta.

fornia. The big difference in the two is in price—the Golden Door costs \$500 per week and La Puerta a minimum of \$10 per day. Also, families frequent La Puerta en masse while the more elite establishment caters only to women, with the exception of a special session for men. All the best of famous European spas is represented in the treatments available here—herbal vapor baths, dry heat baths, body building, reducing, scientific diet, irrigation—along with some innovations that include the “romance of gastro-archeology,” organically grown vegetables (even the cows and goats are fed organic food so their products won't contaminate!), some Aztec games instituted by Professor Szekely and an exclusive line of cosmetics sold only through La Puerta or the Golden Door.



Old cemetery was all Russian, but as integration set in wreathed crosses appeared.

We were there during a cold spell in January and didn't participate in the outdoor activities, but this time of year should be an ideal season to go on a health kick at La Puerta. Horseback riding is included in the rate, as are meals, which are strictly vegetarian. (There's a good restaurant in Tecate called Manuel's). The gymnasium is equipped with the latest in body building and spot reducing machines and the staff is well trained.

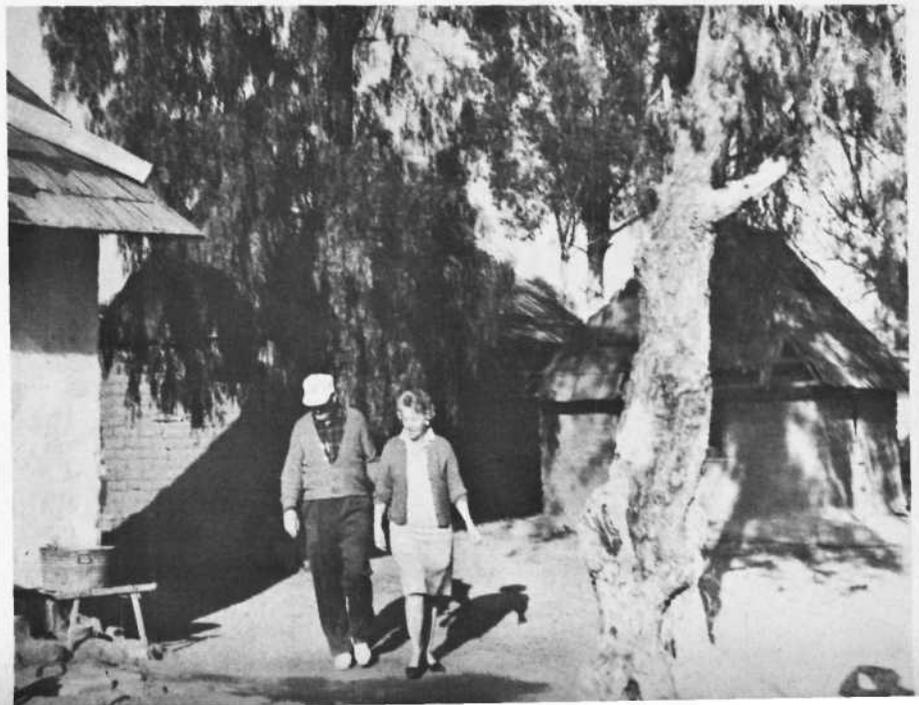
Surrounding the resort facilities are 1000 acres of riding and hiking trails into country once occupied by the Cochimi Indians. Campsites with potsherds are still evident and above the ranch is a ceremonial hill where boys were sent to become men by spending three nights alone in spiritual communion with their ancestors.

We enjoyed our brief visit to

Slim and Henrietta Barnard stroll through Russian farm. Bath house on right was Russian version of steam bath.



Rancho La Puerta. Slim Barnard experienced his first facial and left feeling like a new man, which proves that beauty is more than superficial! Henrietta and I spent a brilliant hour leaping and swinging in a dancing class (called Jazzex) and Jack and our son, Trent, galloped on horseback up to the hill where boys became men—it worked in reverse on Jack. All in all, the trip was a smashing success. It isn't often I return from a weekend as abloom as an organically grown tomato and as lithe-some as a chorus girl. ///



The Man Who Came First

OF THE EARLY Franciscan missionary priests who arrived on the American continent, few were so colorful as the intrepid Fray Francisco Garces. The explorations of this pioneer "Grey Robe" west of the Colorado River opened the way for the great westward movement from Sonora, Mexico, to the present site of Los Angeles, California. Altogether, Padre Garces' pathfinding led him over more than 1000 miles of Colorado desert without the assistance of a single white companion.

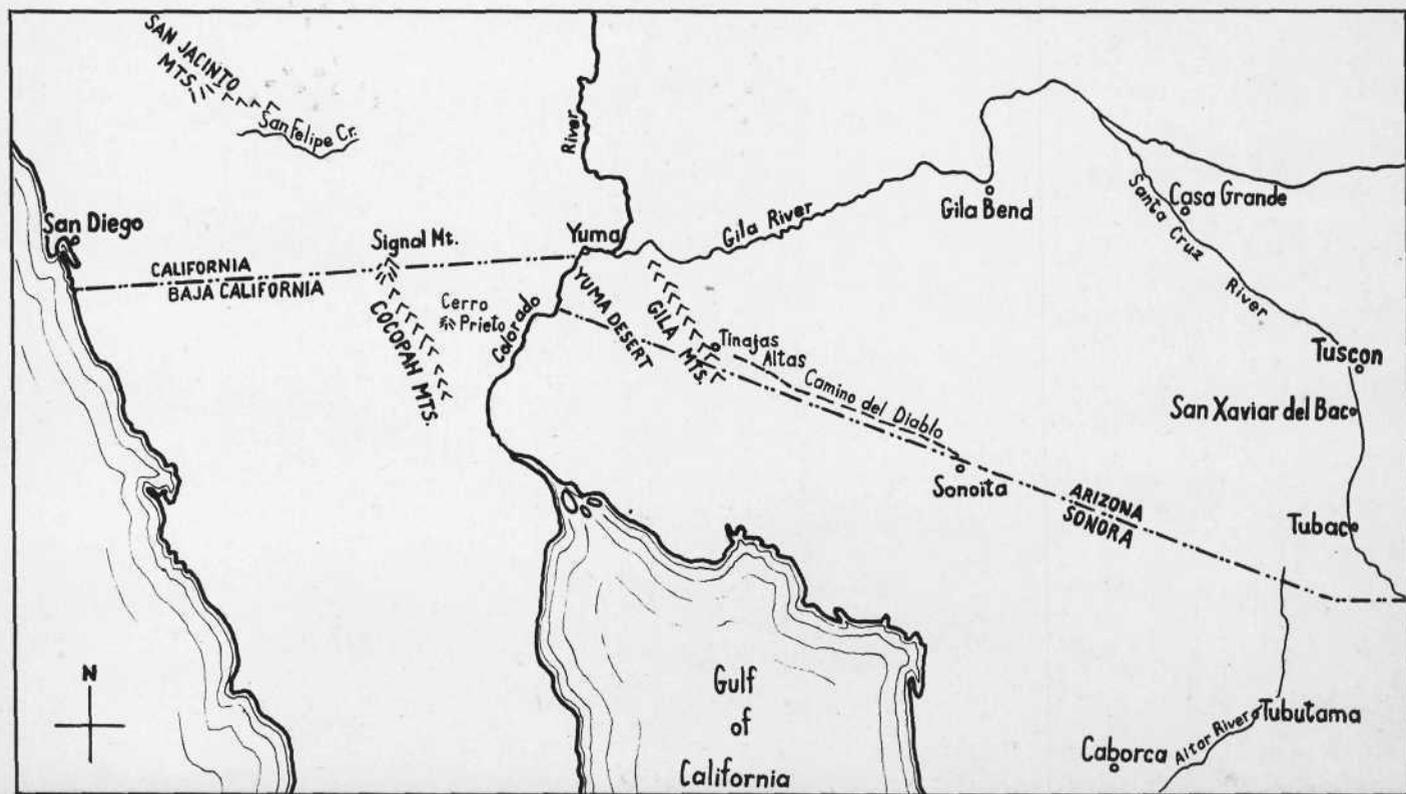
Padre Garces was but 28 years old when the Jesuit missionaries were ordered out of New Spain and replaced by Franciscans. Assigned to Mission San Xavier del Bac, the northernmost mission in Pimeria Alta (in what is now Arizona, nine miles south of Tucson) Garces' outpost afforded him an opportunity to explore lands hitherto untouched by white men.

Padre Garces was at San Xavier less than three months before friendly Indians offered to guide him to other tribes so he could better know his neighbors and the lands they occupied. In August, 1768, the "Old Man," as the Pima Indians affectionately called him, although he was not yet 30 years old, set out on his first expedition. His travels carried him north to the Pima village of

Pitiaque near Casa Grande on the Gila River. As he went, he preached to the Indians through an interpreter and displayed the banner that he was many times to carry into unknown lands. On one side of the banner was a picture of the Virgin Mary with Jesus in her arms and on the other was that of a lost soul engulfed in eternal fires. The Indians displayed a preference for the picture of the Virgin and this never failed to please the good padre.

On his explorations Fray Garces always studied the country with an idea of extending the missionary frontier to the Gila. In 1771, he undertook an ambitious expedition dedicated to selecting sites for new missions and preparing the Indians for the coming of the friars. Leaving Xavier in August with one horse and three Indian guides, he headed west to Sonoita, an outpost established earlier by Father Kino. There he left his guides and continued alone to the foot of the Gila range, still following the road that Kino had traveled. The trail from Sonoita to the Colorado River has since been called Camino del Diablo (Devil's Highway).

Having reached the Gila mountains at Tinajas Altas, he left Kino's trail and crossed the mountains, intending to go west across the then un-



by Robert Knapp

Drawing by Linda Bull



known Yuma Desert directly to the Colorado River, but was persuaded by some Pimas to go first to the Gila River. Swinging north, he paid a short visit to the Pima people, then continued downstream along the Gila looking for its junction with the Colorado. However, because the Gila was greatly swollen and did not show its usual increase where the two rivers met, Garces passed this point without recognizing it and for 13 days continued down what he believed to be the Gila. Enroute, he met some Yuma Indians and asked their chief, later known as Salvador Palma, to take him to the Colorado. Twice Palma took him down the river as far as Cerro de San Pablo (now Pilot Knob), but Garces still refused to believe he was on the Colorado River and Palma would go no further into enemy territory.

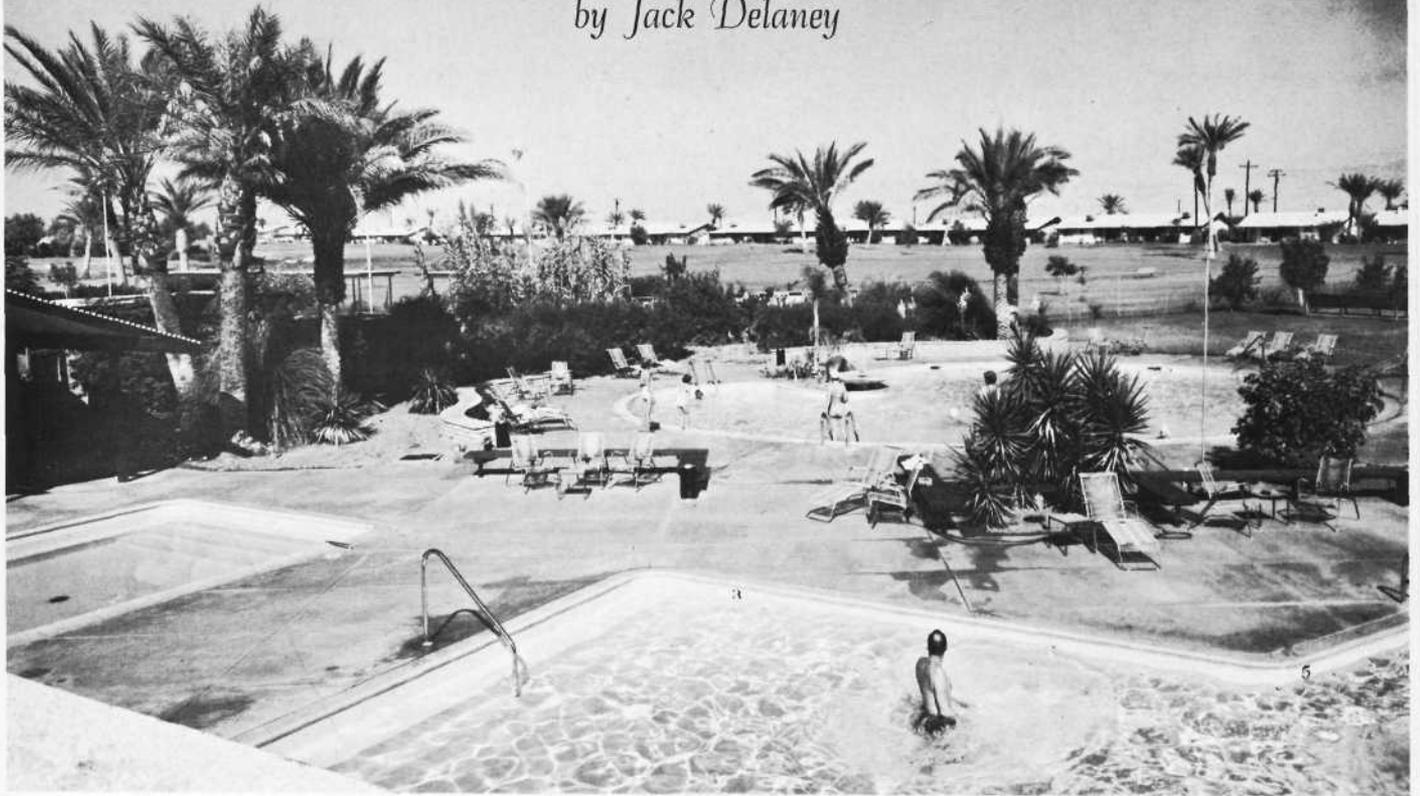
Traveling under great difficulties, Garces continued down the Colorado alone and reached tide-water, but was forced to return north because of lagoons and swamps. With the aid of some Cajunche Indians, he finally crossed the Colorado, still believing it to be the Gila, and headed northwest

in search of new tribes—and the Colorado. He traveled parallel to the Cocopah Mountains to a point west of the Cajunche village of San Jacome, then returned to the Yumas at San Pablo. Having been “entertained” through a sleepless night by a pow wow, Garces again set out to the west. Traveling alone across the August desert he passed a black hill, which he appropriately called Cerro Prieto, and continued to the foot of the Santa Rosa mountains. Here he discovered the San Felipe Creek Pass which later contributed to the success of the Anza expedition and established the land route from Sonora to the California coast. On his journey back to Sonoita, Garces again crossed the Yuma Desert, apparently unalterably convinced that he had failed to find the Colorado River!

By the time Garces returned from his exploits, he had traveled over 780 miles, crossed the desolate Yuma Desert in two places, opened a new trail from the Gulf of California to Alta California and in so doing became the first white man to cross the dreaded Colorado Desert. ///

Sunshine, Serenity and Siesta

by Jack Delaney



Pool area at Palm Desert Country Club. Background shows carefree homes along the fairway.

NO MORE girl-watching around the water-cooler. No more clock-watching and half-hour coffee breaks on company time. After many years of service a faithful employee is about to hear the boss's final command, "At Ease!"

Every indispensable man in industry becomes an ex-indispensable man someday. When an eager beaver's job develops a "lived-in" quality, it's time for him to turn in his wash-room key, shake hands with his fellow employees and walk out into a new world of happiness and satisfying experiences. At this point he has the opportunity to change the popular expression of a prominent labor leader from, "Too old to work and too young to die," to "Too old for the job, but young enough to have a ball!"

The initiate into the unregimented regime should realize that retirement does not really change anyone—but it does have a mellowing effect on the individual. This is a gradual process rather than an abrupt modification of the person. For example; if one has been an ogre throughout his years of employment, he will slowly become

a mellow ogre in retirement. If he has been withdrawn and anti-social all of his life, he is free to crawl into his shell when he bows out of the job.

There are now some 23 million employees covered by private pensions in the United States, with an estimated one million added each year. These employee benefit plans have one fault in common—they are all set up in terms of dollars. There's nothing wrong with money, we all like to have it around; but "Man does not live by bread alone." His urgent need is for guidance and preparation for a full measure of worthwhile living during his latter years. In fact, there are so many important things that money can't buy, it's a wonder the commodity is so popular!

From the National Council On The Aging (New York) we learn that the ranks of the relaxed in the U. S. are bursting at the seams—with over 18 million in the "sunset group" at present and an increase of more than *one thousand* each day. A contributing factor is the longer life span medical science has achieved for us. According to statistician Dr. Louis I.

Dublin, the average life of prehistoric man was only 18 years. About 2000 years ago in Rome it was 22 years, and during George Washington's time it was only about 35 years. There are predictions now of a 150 year life span for our grandchildren.

With the coming population explosion of the "clover crowd" (which promises to be a block-buster), there will be a continuing need for senior citizen centers offering an active existence at reasonable prices. Many outstanding retirement communities, adult condominiums, cooperative apartments, mobile home parks, etc., are available in Southern California. These popular villages tempt members of the geriatric set with every type of recreational facility. The physical menu consists of all kinds of games, with the possible exception of leapfrog. A newcomer is overwhelmed for a while, like a kid in a room full of toys. Eventually he picks up his favorite "toys" and settles down to a satisfying routine of play and social activity.

When one is let out to pasture he is free to choose his own "grazing field." Those who select the desert

When your career comes to rest there are many places on or near the desert to enjoy retirement—mobile home parks, homesteads or planned retirement communities, to name a few. From time to time DESERT will endeavor to cover the pros and cons of each type of retirement residence.

for their golden age grazing will find a relaxed, health-giving atmosphere that is unequalled elsewhere. The following information on some of the attractive senior citizen "pastures" on or within a short driving distance of the Southern California desert, may be helpful to active retirees who are searching for just the right spot.

PALM DESERT COUNTRY CLUB, in Coachella Valley at Palm Desert, enjoys an ideal warm climate conducive to year-round use of its recreational facilities. The population is about 1600 and there are now no age restrictions. Originally named Palm City, with a 50 year age requirement, it was California's first large-scale active retirement community. Prices for homes and apartments range from \$13,500 to \$21,000. Membership in P.D.C.C. Association is mandatory and costs \$2.00 per month per person. Motel accommodations are available for guests and temporary residents.

Richard R. Oliphant, Vice President and Project Manager of P.D.C.C., reports that since the 50-year age requirement was dropped (in 1964) a change has occurred in the type of residents. As before, they are affluent and most of them are over 50 years of age, but, instead of sitting around playing cards and counting their money, they are enjoying the fine recreational facilities of the "Club." Numerous activity groups have been formed by the residents on their own initiative.

The only problem experienced by newcomers, according to Mr. Oliphant, is the acceptance of a de-emphasis of the living quarters. The new retiree, who formerly enjoyed luxury items in a high-priced home, must now adapt himself to a new way of life wherein the home itself represents a small portion of the total living regime.

DEL WEBB'S SUN CITY is a haven located 22 miles south of Riverside on Highway 395. It is less than 60 miles from Palm Springs. It has 5000 residents at present and is thinking in terms of 100,000 people some day. The age requirement is *over 50 years*. Prices for homes range from \$10,950 to \$22,500. Membership fees of \$20 per year per person cover use of all of the recreational facilities. Apartments are also available,

and a motel provides the opportunity for retirees to "try before they buy."

Although the accepted retirement age in industry is 65, the citizens of Sun City average only 62. According to the management, the only problems they've had are the natural ones of adjustment. It takes time for some people to fit into a new way of life after many years of strict routine. Because of the age restriction the residents are all senior citizens, but visiting friends and relatives add a touch of youthfulness to the scene, which is refreshing.

RANCHO BERNADO, located in the rolling hills on the outskirts of San Diego, has beauty and charm. The architecture, in most cases, subtly compliments the setting while echoing the Rancho's Spanish heritage. The present population is 2500, with a projection to 37,000 at some future date. A unique feature is the age limit of *50 years or over* for one section, with no age requirement in the other sections. Homes range in price from \$16,600 to \$23,600. Apartments and motel units are also available. Both the prestige area for the "old folks" and the family section have their own recreational facilities.

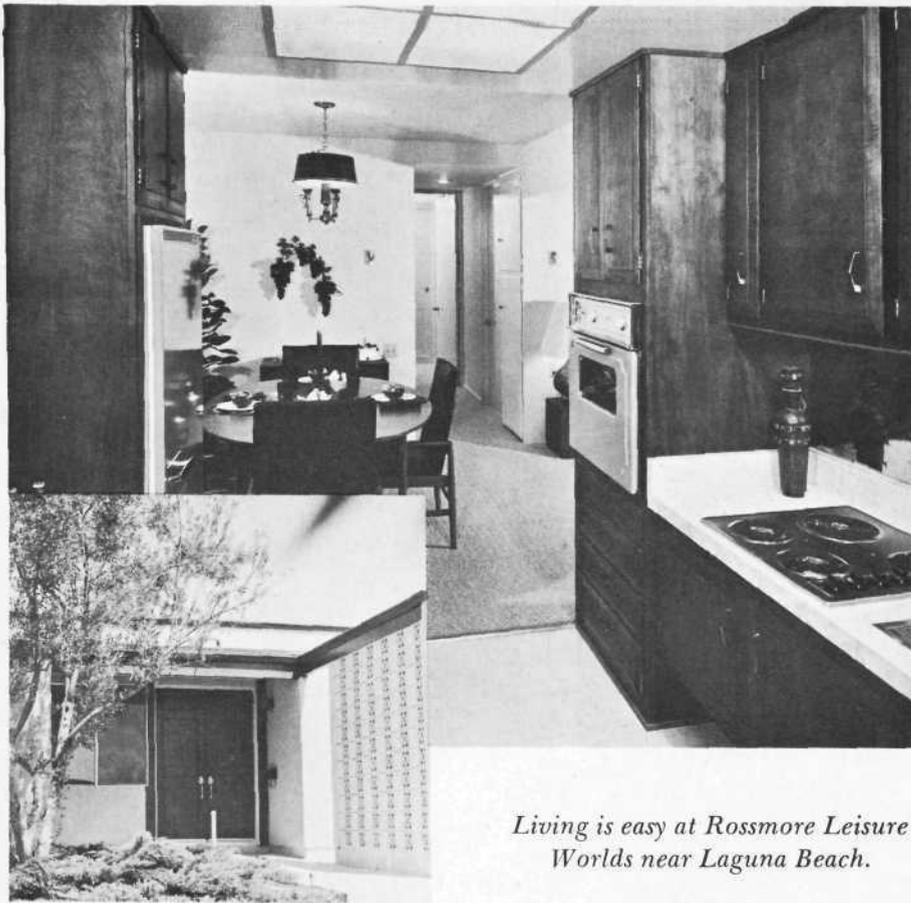
The author noted a slight indication of class distinction between the two levels while chatting with some of the residents. A woman pointed out that, "The old folks live over here in these beautiful homes, but up in that section *anyone* can live." However, the policy of allowing family groups to enjoy carefree living in this beautiful setting is a good one.

ROSSMORE LEISURE WORLD (Laguna Hills) is about seven miles from Laguna Beach. Although it is less than a year old the population is 2500, with a prediction of 30,000 for the future. The age requirement is *over 52 years*. Prices for apartments are \$11,095 to \$13,795 and up. Monthly payments, around \$175, include the membership fee and many other items. There is a stock purchase arrangement in connection with the occupancy of an apartment. This community is one of three "Leisure Worlds" in California. Others are planned for New Jersey, Maryland, Chicago, and even Switzerland.

The first impression one has upon entering is that this is a World's Fair! At the entrance is a mammoth globe, slowly rotating on an axis of cascading water fountains, with the



Active retirees have fun at Del Webb's well-planned Sun City, near Riverside, California.



Living is easy at Rossmore Leisure Worlds near Laguna Beach.

water shooting half way up South America. A short distance from this spectacular emblem is a tremendous, beautiful building, resembling the Los Angeles Music Center. This is the international headquarters for all of the "Leisure Worlds." The living area of apartments is walled, with uniformed guards at each gate 24 hours a day. Surrounding the "inner sanctum" is the business and professional section, with an impressive medical center, many office

buildings, and a shopping plaza. The latter is unique in that the decor of all of the shops, even that the U. S. Post Office, is of the Gay '90s era.

After years of building homes and retirement cities, the developer decided to build *worlds* for the retirees. It is hoped that his worlds will be better than the old one we're all stuck with! The only complaint, gleaned from a resident, is that when dinner is ready and he has to run out

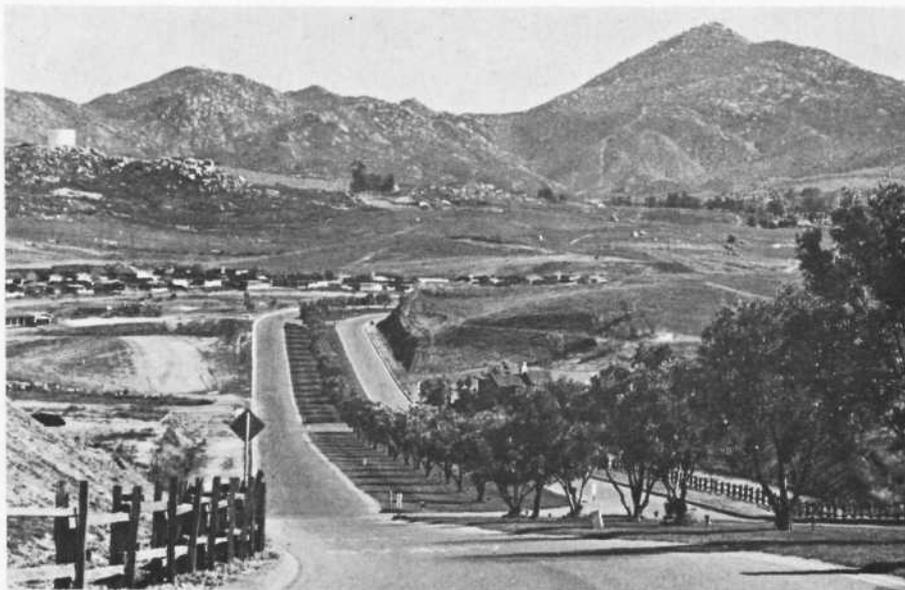
for a loaf of bread, it's necessary for him to drive to the market; and, in returning to his apartment, line up for clearance by the guard at the gate. By the time he arrives with the bread, his dinner is cold.

The one threat to the peace and tranquility of any of these self-contained communities is progress. As they grow it is natural for traffic to increase, bringing noise and confusion. The original concept of a relaxed spot for 2000 retirees turns into a tremendous complex with 50,000 people milling around wondering why they ran away from a busy city in the first place. Fortunately, one can enjoy many happy years before the growth reaches this stage. On the desert it is still possible to thrill to the matchless glory of the sunrise and the fiery magnificence of the sunset without having to peek between high buildings and neon signs!

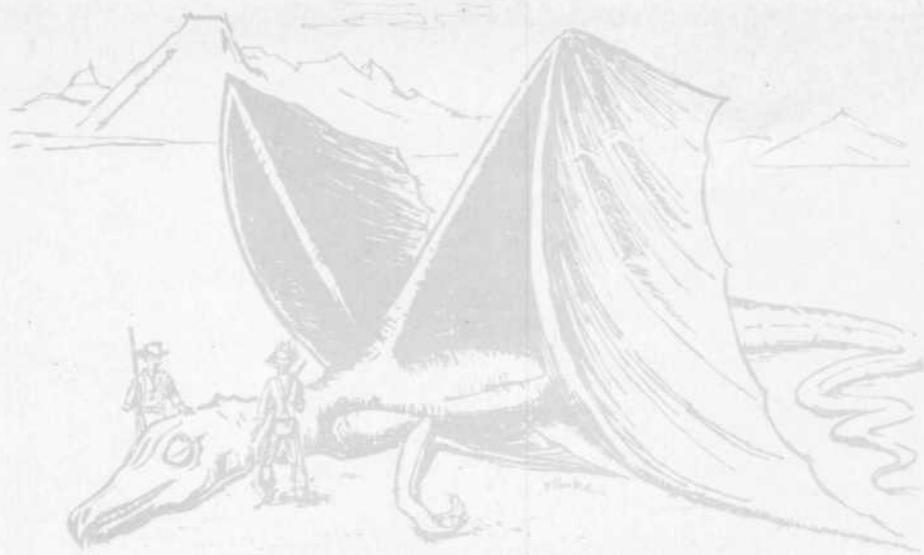
The newly retired, planning to relocate in a golden age village, should be reminded of the possible need for (please excuse the expression) *money*. The recipe for a happy retirement includes a dash of it. One of the early highlights in this new way of life is the grand opening of the piggy bank, and an audit of its contents. The individual who failed to put away his spare nickels and dimes through the years soon learns that happiness won't buy money!

Fortunately, it is possible for an alert retiree to supplement his income by accepting some form of work, preferably on a free lance or part time basis. Light sales work will provide interesting contacts and a few dollars, advisory, or other services related to his former occupation is a natural; or just "minding the store" a day or two a week can be a pleasant experience.

Someone once said, "If you're going out for a canter you've gotta have a horse." In planning to break the harness of employment for a happy life on the desert, or anywhere else, you've gotta have several "horses." Among these are: a moderate income, reasonably good health, an enthusiastic attitude toward the future and a determination to season your relaxed existence with service to others. According to Nehru, the late prime minister of India, "Life is not merely a question of years, but of what is put into it." (Oops! There goes the women's bicycling club putting everything into their ride toward the desert sunset!) ///



Rancho Bernardo near San Diego is spread over rolling hills rich in history.



Monsters of the West

by Joe Parrish

ARE SOUTHWESTERN Indian legends of the Thunderbird, an enormous flying creature, based on fact?

If reports of two amazing monsters seen in modern times are true, they may indicate that the fabled Thunderbird was an actual living creature. But the Indians must have scaled the "bird" down in their stories to make it more believable, because the creatures said to have been seen barely three-quarters of a century ago were so huge, so incredible as to stagger the imagination.

It was early summer of 1890. Tombstone, A.T., was in an uproar. Two cowboys had ridden in and were buying implements to skin an enormous flying creature which they said they had killed on the desert between Whitsone and the Huachuca Mountains.

Their description of the thing tallies roughly with the fossilized remains of those weird flying dinosaurs, the pterodactyls—except for size. The largest pterodactyl, the pteranodon, had a wingspread of 24 feet, making it the largest known aerial animal. But the pteranodon was a pygmy compared to the Arizona creature, which the cowboys measured at about 160 feet—more than half a city block—from wingtip to wingtip!

When they had first seen the creature, they related, it evidently was exhausted from a long flight, because it was able to fly only a short distance at a time, resting on the ground between hops.

I found the story in an unidentified newspaper clipping dated June 7, 1890, which quotes the Tombstone *Epitaph*.

"After the first shock of wild amazement (the story said), the two men, who were on horseback and armed with Winchester rifles, regained courage to pursue the monster, and after an exciting chase of several miles succeed in getting near enough to wound it with their rifles. The creature then turned on the men, but owing to its exhausted condition, they were able to keep out of its way and after a few well-directed shots the monster rolled over and remained motionless."

It had an elongated eel-like body, some 92 feet long and 50 inches in diameter at its largest point. Its two feet were attached to the body in front of the wings. The head was about eight feet long with jaws thickly set with strong sharp teeth and giant protruding eyes the size of dinner plates. The 80-foot wings were of thick, translucent membrane devoid of hair, scales or feathers.

The men are reported to have cut off a small portion of the tip of one wing as a souvenir, and to have made preparations to ship the hide east for scientific examination.

That's all there is. I've found no other references to this incredible event.

Was the thing skinned and the hide sent east? Or did the carcass remain there to be burned into dust by the blazing Arizona sun? Or were

the two waddies merely indulging in the time-honored Western custom of telling tall tales? It's anybody's guess.

The other creature was even more unbelievable, if that's possible. It apparently was at home either under water or in the air and lived in Lake Elizabeth, California. It was seen many times by various people and last was sighted in 1886 or 1887. Were it and the Arizona monster one and the same creature? I think not, as the descriptions are quite different.

One eye witness described it as larger than the largest whale with enormous bat-like wings which it kept folded next to its body when on the ground or in the water. It was equipped with six legs or flippers and had a head resembling that of a bulldog.

A Don Felipe Rivera is said to have come across it while it was out of the water and to have chased it back into the lake, firing at it with an old Colt .44 revolver as it waddled clumsily across the the mud flats. The bullets bounced off the creature with a ringing, metallic sound and the next day he picked up four of the slugs that had been flattened like coins.

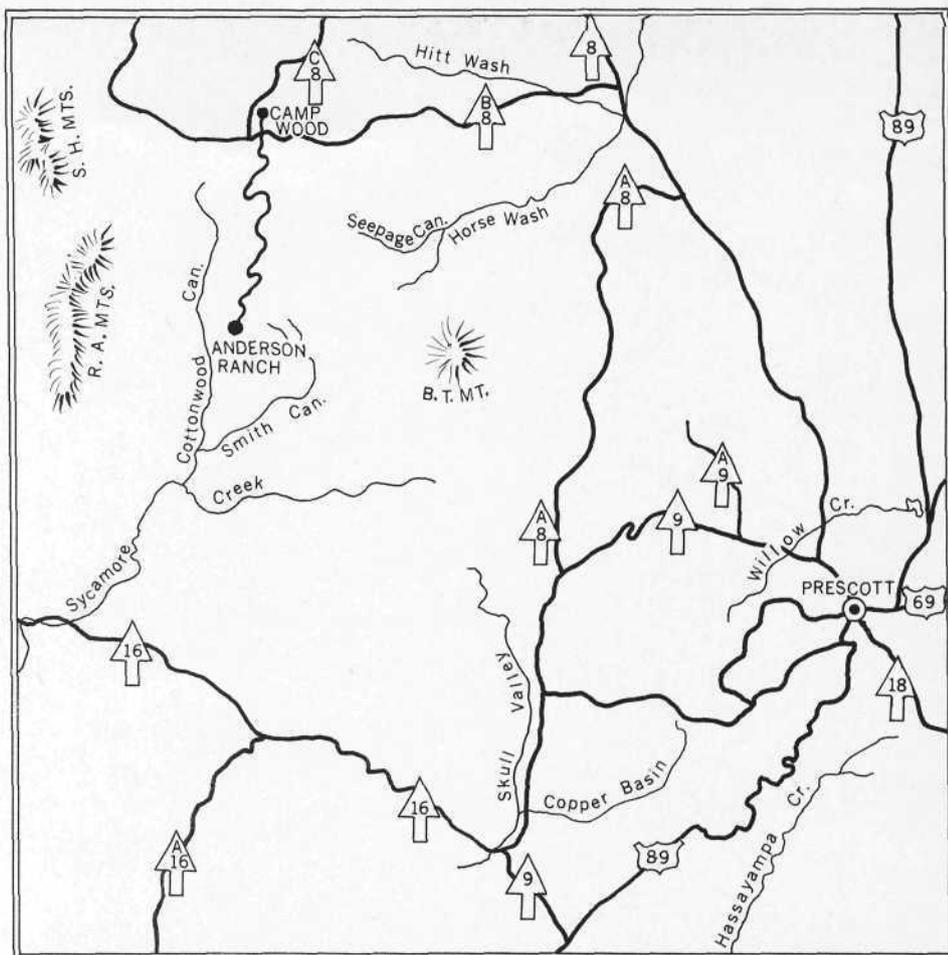
It fed off ranch stock, gobbling up cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and, it is said, an occasional human. One report said the monster once tried to swallow a full-grown Texas longhorn steer, which, however, put up quite a fight and got away.

To rid the area of the thing, Don Felipe is said to have gone into Los Angeles and negotiated with the Sells Brothers Circus to sell it to them for \$20,000. Their agreement is reported to be in the public records of Los Angeles County.

But before arrangements could be made to capture the creature, it emerged from the lake with a roar and flew away to the east, never to be seen again. The full story can be found in *On the Old West Coast* by Major Horace Bell.

Lake monsters of the Loch Ness type have become sort of run-of-the-mill these days. In the Western United States there are monsters reported in Walker Lake (DESERT September '64) and in Pyramid Lake Nevada, and still another in Payette Lake, Idaho. The numerous cold water lakes of Western Canada appear to be infested with the things, according to recently published articles. But the unknown lake creatures and the thunderbird and piasa, pale into insignificance beside the incredible desert monsters of Tombstone and Lake Elizabeth. ///

Here's a lost lode
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 bring out the
 prospector in any
 red-blooded man!



Shorty's Sorrow

by Kenneth Marquiss

BEFORE STARTING, I think it would be wise to make two things clear. First, it is no fun to be reminded of something painful—particularly in print—and I have no desire to step on toes, as I have some corns of my own. I lost track of him years ago, but he is of the rawhide breed who could very easily still be alive. So let's just call him "Shorty."

Second, I had nothing to do with the naming of those mountains that fringe the area where I saw Shorty "lose" his vein of shining rock. Those ranges were named by early "mountain men"—basic gents who used apt tags. Map makers who came to Arizona later could hardly change established place names and they couldn't use the impolite words, so they substituted initials. These designations are on today's maps and any friendly forest ranger will explain what they mean!

The raucous clamor of a big construction job had been silenced by

the opening of lunch boxes when I heard Shorty holding forth. He probably never in his life had given a whoop about the Einstein theory, but he was chopping on the same log with a home made axe. He was telling a man beside him he didn't care *how rich* gold ore was, there were times when it couldn't be mined; and he could prove what he was talking about—he knew where such ore was!

Lunch hour was almost over before I had a chance to side-track him to arrange a coffee pow-wow after work. I wasn't about to let him drift away without including me in on his "proof." In the cafe, as soon as the noise of stirring subsided (he liked sugar), I put it flat and blunt. Just how rich, and why couldn't it be mined? He said it "was way up on a mountain in Arizona, in canyon country, and 20 miles from any road. The pay streak was about six inches wide (half of the one foot vein width) and it was 'hang-together' ore." I just looked at him.

He said, "Okay, next go-home weekend, you drive over to my place and see for yourself, but I'm telling you, it's too remote to mine." Because we were working on a big pre-war California desert job, we got home only every other weekend.

As soon as I drove into his yard and parked, Shorty handed me a piece of milk white quartz about the size of my palm and approximately two inches thick. One side was slick faced, the other rough. It was broken in two places, but the pieces just wobbled—they were held together by a mesh of gold wires running through the rock. We shook hands on the deal right then because I had an angle.

The year before, on a Nevada prospecting trip, I had met a northern mining executive. He had the personal charm of a rogue elephant and a ruthless, obstacle-smashing drive I admired. He also had plenty of cash, hard hands, and equipment to back it up. If anybody could jerk

gold laced rock out of really rugged wilds, he was the man. He had told me any time I couldn't swing a deal to let him know (for a hoggish cut!).

Our own concrete-form erection job looked to be about three weeks from windup, so I sent a hasty letter north outlining the situation. The answer was typical: "Only problem is in believing you. Find it. Stake it. Wire



Paul Shuttleworth, partner for 1st trip after Shorty, waits for the road to clear at Camp Wood. Yes, it snows in Arizona!

where to send engineers. Buy-out or royalty. You know terms. Get busy."

The answer upset Shorty's theories and he was jubilant. He didn't like the size of the cut, but we were just stepping out of the ebb of the depression, so even a part of a pie looked rosy.

In essence, all we had to do was go to the ledge, plant our posts, have a surveyor anchor it to the nearest section or township corner as a safety measure and send a telegram. After that, we could just stand back and watch the big, hard guy do his stuff—and keep an eye on the kitty.

On our way to Arizona, Shorty filled me in on details. He had grown up in Arizona and New Mexico and had worked underground, cut timber and punched cows. The convex cant of his levis, penchant for high heels, and the "Tucson crimp" of his stetson brim showed which dose had been the greatest. He related that about the time the Lusitania was torpedoed and the first World War was looming, the market price of antimony and tungsten had begun to skyrocket. These metals are as important to armor plate, machine tools and shrapnel shells as baking powder is to biscuits. With two companions, Shorty had been on a prospecting trip into the rugged malpais country at the headwaters of the Santa Maria River. They were after "black tungsten," the miner's name for the wolframite and heubnerite crystals and nodules which are important ores of tungsten.

These occurred in walnut to crab-apple-sized crystals, generally in and around the pegmatite dikes that cut the formations underlying the lava rim rock in this area. The price per unit had gone so high they were able to operate on a "poor-boy" basis; that is, to sift and pick up by hand and sack the erosion-exposed ore pebbles below the ledges. These gleanings of "black tungsten" ore, together with the crystals showing on the rock surface (that could be knocked out with chisel and single jack), were sent by pack mule to the nearest dirt road and trucked to the railroad loading docks. The operation required only a minimum of equipment and money outlay, but gave a quick cash return.

They were just beginning to do well when the partner handling pack mules returned from town with a long face, a short sack of groceries, and a newspaper. Back of the front page war news was an item telling of the seaport arrival of shiploads of Chinese and Malay tungsten ore. Pro-



This trip was made with a pack mule.

duced at coolie wages, this ore had knocked the props from under the domestic tungsten market. The "poor-boy" sacks of ore were hardly worth loading on the mules.

Shorty said that a couple of days before the bad news, he had been scavenging on a high hill about three hours out of camp. He cut across the rim rock and dropped into a narrow canyon. There was a trickle of water so he stopped to bathe in a hip-deep pool. He piled his clothes beside a foot-wide ledge of milky

quartz that cut "square across the canyon like a chalk line." Because it showed no black spots indicating tungsten, he disregarded it until he was dressing. Then he spotted the gold. He knocked off a chunk (the one I saw) and put it in his knapsack. He gleefully told me he "could find the ledge at midnight with one eye closed."

At the partners' campfire council the night of the tungsten bad news, the subject of the gold came up as a possible alternate. Although the sample Shorty found was admittedly bonanza ore, its depth and width behind the face was unknown and it would be a mountain-encased hard-rock mining operation to get it out. It was a gamble involving several thousand dollars (which they didn't have) for jack hammers, rail, drill steel, pipe, tools and heavy engines. This equipment would have to be moved in and it would be long weeks before the money started flowing back. All these factors were magnified by existing war shortages. Shorty said the combine dissolved without his partners ever seeing the ledge.

Upon our arrival in Arizona, we filled the grub box in Prescott, drove north to Simmons, swung west on the road through the mountains to Camp Wood; and then headed south to the picturesque Anderson Ranch nestled in a beautiful cove of rim rock. There we got pack horses and headed into the rough country. We passed B.T. Mountain and Shorty showed me the first of the old campsites. Later, north of Sycamore Creek, we dismounted at the second camp and he pointed out the dilapidated remains of the old wire-tied branch and twig beds where the tent had stood. He then began to circle, like a wise old hound cutting for tracks, and shortly called out to me. Cached in behind a large boulder, where he had left it so many years before, was a half-empty, rotting canvas sack of wolframite.

In spite of these good omens Shorty was beginning to worry. It had



Starting down old Yolo Ranch trail into Sycamore Canyon. This was 2nd trip, with Blanco doing the work.

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been over 20 years since he had been there and the country looked different. New line fences blocked the old trails and these, with the natural barriers of the criss-crossing canyons, made miles of detours. It took us days to find the third camp.

Shorty's fears were justified. We never did find the last one—"the bad news camp." As the days moved on he grew silent and desperate. He routed me out of the blankets by starlight and there wasn't a supper fire that was started before dark. I wanted to quit, but Shorty persisted. Finally I called a halt when the pack horse broke his hobble and escaped toward home. With only two horses, this meant we would have to take turns walking to get our gear back to the ranch. To top that off, the grub box was almost empty.

Our last night in camp Shorty wouldn't eat; just sat by the fire staring into the flames. I turned in early. When he thought I was asleep, he pillowed his head on his arms and wept like a child while his bright dreams of a new car, education for the kids, good clothes for the family, new dentures and a paid-off home mortgage died like the embers of the fire. A strong man's tears have melancholy echoes. I slept little that night.

In the years that followed I made six more trips to Shorty's ledge. Five were by foot with pack animal. The sixth was in the open cockpit of a wobbly-winged two-place monoplane with more faith than engine. I was flown, at rim rock elevation, by a grinning kid with little chance of ever reaching his allotted three score and ten years. We saw a lot of canyons, but nothing that looked like gold.

Pearl Harbor, gas rationing and a Presidential order that broke the back of the gold mining industry cancelled any extensive war-time prospecting. Since then I've been busy elsewhere. You can do only what you can.

Shorty's sample was the only proof I ever saw of the ledge. Yet, I know in my heart it must be there. Somewhere, high up under the rock; in the area roughly bounded by B.T. Mountain, Sycamore Creek, and the R.A. and S.H. Mountains must be a narrow little canyon. It will be in ruggedly beautiful country, more vertical than horizontal, with much wild life. It's the one where water trickles over rocks toward the west and pauses at a shallow pool where you can wiggle your toes on the thin gold threads that lace a narrow band of milky quartz. ///



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THE MYSTERIOUS WOODPILE

by Keith Wright



Woodstack might pose a mystery to strangers, but it makes sense to miners of Copper Globe.

WHEN MOUNTAIN climbers are asked why they spend years attempting to conquer a particular peak, they fall back on the classic reply: "Because it's there." But try to figure out why miners spend years and years—yea, even generations—digging at the same old hole without showing a cent of profit. They cannot say, "Because it's there," because they do not know that *it*—meaning the big strike—is there.

One such enigma is the old Copper Globe Mine, located in a remote part of the San Rafael Swell in Utah. Old-timers, who say the mine has been going for 60 to 75 years, aver that no one has made any money from the operation—well, almost no one. The original claimant is supposed to have sold out for \$1700 cash, which witnesses swear is the only profit ever made from the mine. Yet scarcely a year has gone by since its inception that someone has not worked it for at least a short time.

Royal Sweeney, now in his 70s, believes that his father, "Old" Joe (to distinguish him from his son, Joe) and a side-kick, Sam Caldwell, were first to discover the copper deposit.

This certainly could be true, for Old Joe pioneered into Castle Valley as early as 1784 and knew the country intimately while it was still unknown territory to most of his neighbors.

Back when years were still prefixed by 18, the two men came upon an interesting deposit of copper during their horseback travels. Old Joe wanted to stake it out and come back later to develop it, but Sam gave the whole idea the hee-haw and swore that all copper there could be carried out on one pack horse. So the two went about more pressing affairs without bothering to stake a claim. Perhaps they were so free-hearted with their discovery as to tell others of it. In any event, someone else moved in and laid claim to what soon became known as the Copper Globe Mine.

The present owners, who have had control of the mine for a couple of generations, spend each summer at the mine doing their own work, but for many years they hired others to do the assessment work, or leased it to enterprising individuals who figured they could make it pay.

Two who worked for wages were Chris Jensen (known as Long Chris

to distinguish him from Skinny Chris—no relation) and Jezreel Fugate. Jez probably spent more time at the mine as a hired assessment worker than did all others combined. He was a hard-rock miner by nature and had tried his hand at many phases of mining. His interest in prospecting and mining is well-reflected in the fact that a son, who put in his mortal appearance at the time of a widely-known gold strike, was named Yukon Fugate.

Each winter Jez packed up his camp gear and tools and moved to Copper Globe where he patiently advanced the mine. Much of the existing drift is due to his efforts, and he is generally given full credit for the development of the shaft which descends from the drift—a shaft which came very near to claiming the life of its maker. Jez went back into the tunnel one day and apparently forgot just where the shaft was located, or perhaps stumbled near its edge. In any event, he fell headfirst for 25 to 30 feet of free fall before striking the very solid bottom with his head and shoulders. Fortunately he was not alone and was soon brought to the surface, although

thought to be dead. But those oldtimers were tough, sometimes exceeding credibility in recovering from what seemed to be fatal injuries. Jez was hauled home with only the faintest signs of life still evident. After a determined battle, he recovered.

Fred Zwahlen, another oldtimer, figured actively with the mine operation when a man remembered as Maynard, a lessee of the property, had a brainstorm for making the mine pay. It was obvious to everyone that the low-grade ore, which kept tantalizing dreams of a rich deposit always evident, could not be profit-

ably shipped out by wagon over the rugged and lengthy trail between the mine and civilization. So Maynard reasoned that the ore should be smelted at the site; then only high-grade copper would have to be shipped out.

He hired Eli Fredrickson to construct a smelter of native rock, bonded and lined with clay from a not-too-distant deposit, believed to be fire clay. He also hired Fred Zwahlen to stack up 100 cords of cedar (juniper to the purists) for fuel. Fred got a couple of young men, Clive Killpack and Manuel Wayman, to help with the contract, and the three of them labored part of a summer under the intense desert sun to procure wood from scattered groves. Clive and Manuel cut it and Fred hauled it in, using a four-horse team as insurance against getting stuck in loose sand which alternated with patches of barren rock.

By the time the wood was stacked, Eli had finished the furnace—complete with towering smokestack—and Maynard had a sizeable pile of ore ready for the great experiment. There is some lack of agreement as to what actually happened when the furnace was fired. One maintains that the clay was not fire clay at all, but merely bentonite clay, common in the area. Another maintains that the method of firing was at fault, that Eli was instructed to increase the heat slowly, but became carried away with enthusiasm and shoved in chunk after chunk of wood with all his might. On the final result there is agreement; as the molten metal was beginning to

run, the entire furnace collapsed, dragging dreams of wealth to irrecoverable destruction in the smoke of the ruin.

Maynard had sunk his last cent in the venture and had nothing left to start over. In fact, he had nothing left with which to pay his hired help, a point well-remembered by his three sturdy woodchoppers—who, incidentally, are all still living. He did, however apologize in a gentlemanly way for the outcome, and the three can now look back—at least from the soothing distance of 50 years—with a chuckle over their unpaid efforts. Most of the wood they gathered is still neatly stacked in a huge, weatherbeaten rick which is about 95 feet long, 15 feet wide, and 8 feet high.

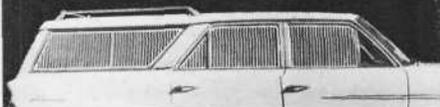
Another heroic effort has left its lasting remains just a few feet off the Copper Globe property. Early in this century, three Snyder brothers—Doc, Bidy and Dayt—became enamored with the possibility of a copper fortune lying under the protecting cover of dozens of feet of sandstone. With only a hard drill and a bucket lifted by a hand-operated winch, they sunk a shaft 700 feet into sandstone—without finding any kind of ore. Disillusioned and broke, their prospect hole was finally abandoned, but it will remain for a long time as a sort of inverted monument to their intense belief in the Copper Globe country.

The copper is there. Traces also have been found in other parts of the San Rafael Swell. Perhaps the completion of new Interstate 70 will make it feasible to ship the low-grade ore at a profit. Or perhaps someone with enough determination will someday uncover a deposit of nearly-pure copper. Royal Swasey showed me a piece of float he had picked up somewhere in the Swell during his ramblings there and pounded his fist against his forehead as he talked about it because he had no idea as to where this particular bit had been found. It was just a dark-colored "rock" with some interesting projections when he picked it up. But later, when he rubbed off some of the dark exterior, the inner part shone as copper as a penny.

So there are those who believe that somewhere lies a mother lode of pure copper from which has come the low-grade deposits and the occasional bits of float. And there are others who, like old Sam Caldwell, believe that all the copper in the Swell could be carried out on one pack horse.

So far, Sam's prediction stands pretty well unchallenged. ///

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DESERT DISPENSARY

by Sam Hicks

Part of a series of articles relating Sam Hicks' first-hand observations to the uses made by primitive peoples of nature's products.

THESE POPULAR medicinal plants grow in the mountain regions of Northern and Central Mexico at elevations over 4000 feet. Their standard uses are well known by all people living on ranches and in the mountain pueblos of the Sierra Madre.

Of the many beneficial native plants depended upon by these people, the plants shown here are by far the most widely used. Their names are common household words; and at least some, if not all, of these dry medicinal roots, or leaves, or blossoms may be stored in fruit jars. All of the herbs mentioned here have their medicinal qualities contained in the roots, with the exception of Manzanilla and Oregano. The useful portions of these two plants grow above ground. All the plants seek partial shade and grow rapidly after seasonal rains.

In the U.S., Oregano is used for seasoning, but in Mexico it is cherished as a curative plant. Oregano tea is drunk as a remedy for coughs and colds. It is used as a disinfectant and healing agent for burns, pimples, skin irritation and infected wounds. In the home, women add liberal quantities of the flavorful leaves to chili sauces and other spicy dishes, while their ranchero husbands mix finely ground Oregano leaves with lard or tallow and use the salve to heal wounds on livestock.

Almost every baby in Northern Mexico has been fed Manzanilla tea by its mother. It has long been the standard home treatment for babies who have difficulty digesting milk. As they grow older, the babies are given bottles of Manzanilla tea between regular feedings. Manzanilla buds, or blossoms, have always been a popular item in Mexican drug stores and they can be picked almost anywhere once a year while the ground is moist. The plant's round, yellow buttons always appear ready to burst into flower, but they never do. Picked and eaten fresh, their mint-like flavor is delicious, especially after meals.

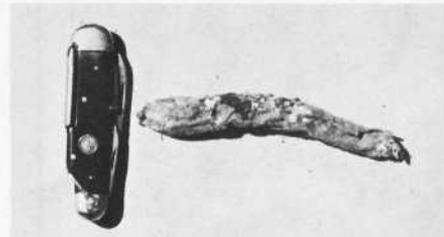
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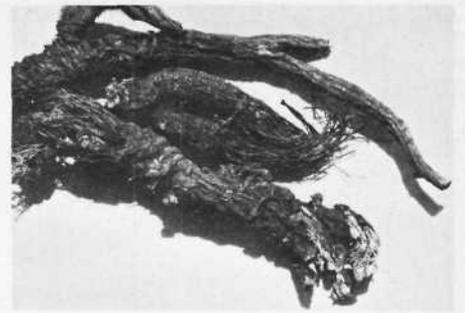
Oregano: Leaves and small stems of this plant are cooked into a tea for coughs and colds and a disinfectant for washing wounds, burns and skin irritations. Its leaves are used as a spice in cooking and, when finely ground, are mixed into a healing salve.



Manzanilla: The round to conical-shaped buds of this plant are brewed into a popular tea for upset stomachs. It is used almost universally by the mothers of small babies throughout Northern Mexico as a stomach tonic.



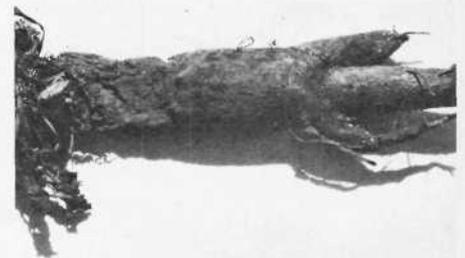
Totolmeca: The root of this herb is broken in small pieces and cooked. The tea is taken for female disorders. It is also considered an excellent kidney medicine and relieves severe back pains. It is carefully avoided by pregnant women.



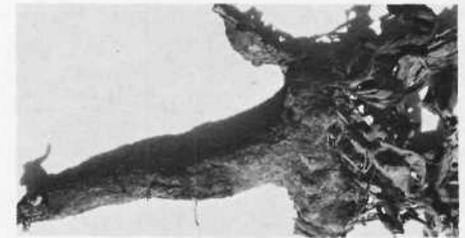
Chuchupati: the root is crushed on a metate then placed directly on the area affected by scorpion stings, bee and spider stings. If the victim is particularly allergic, a tea cooked from Chuchupati is drunk to reduce swelling in the throat resulting from insect stings. The tea, very bitter, is also taken for biliousness.



Yerba Colorada: Crushed and cooked into a tea for chest and back pains, and flu. Tea is very red in color and has a good taste. Crushed root is cooked with sugar to make a cough syrup.



Escorcionera: Tea from crushed root is drunk in large, regular doses for curing stomach ulcers. Poultices of the crushed root heal open sores, and reduce swelling and discoloration from bruises.



Yerba de la Vibora: Mexico's standard rattlesnake bite remedy. The root is crushed on a metate, or sometimes cooked, then placed on snake bite after it has been bled and sucked. Crushed herb is cooked to make a pleasant tea which tastes like Matarique. Snake-bite victims are urged to drink this tea in quantity.

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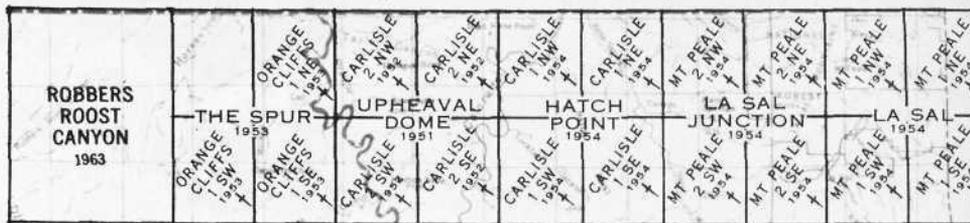
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How to order Maps

by Justine Lancaster



FEW PEOPLE realize that detailed maps of the West are available from the federal government at very nominal cost. Californians can choose from almost 2000 different maps; the Islands of Hawaii alone have over 100.

These maps are of the multicolored topographical variety, showing terrain, roads, buildings, and streams. Unusual features such as geologic formations, old mining districts, ruins, and little known roads and trails are identified and the quality of roads is plainly marked. They are especially useful for finding off-beat vacation spots for 4-wheel drive travelers and backpackers. Use them also if you are buying property, particularly in unimproved areas, to ascertain drainage, and access roads, as section markers (Bench markers) are accurately shown. Even for a casual Sunday drive, these maps will direct you to nearby historic or scenic points.

Finally, unlike road maps, these are rectangular and adjoin at the same scale. For an unusual den you can fit them together to form a composite map as large as you wish and the total cost would not exceed that of a good wallpaper.

Several sizes and types of maps are available. Index maps of each state are free of charge. These list all maps available for your particular

state. The largest scale (those that cover the greatest area) are to the scale of 1:250,000. About 15 of these are needed to cover a state the size of Arizona. They are 50c each. More detailed are the (15 minute) maps published at a scale of 1:62,500 or about 1 inch to the mile which cost 30c. For extreme detail, somewhat larger 7¼ minute maps are published to a scale of 1:24,000 or almost 3 inches to the mile. These are also 30c. In addition, special maps are listed on the index sheet that cover national monuments, rivers and the like. These are a bit more expensive than the others. The best procedure for obtaining maps is to first order the free index sheet of the state that interests you, then select the particular maps you need.

Although these maps are available from most blueprint and photostat houses, it is less expensive to order them from the government if your need isn't immediate. The address for both index sheets and maps is:

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Denver, Colorado 80225

Large orders are shipped rolled, but an order of only one or two may come folded unless you request otherwise. ///



"I don't like it. I'd rather have it done in Brontosaurus"

The Desert and Archeology

First of a series by DR. CARLOS MARGAIN,
University of Mexico

WHAT HAS the desert to do with the rise of civilization on our continent? To begin with, such interrelation sounds odd. Was the desert the place where civilization made its first steps in its development in the New World? Surely not all of them, if at all. Nevertheless, were it not for the desert we would not be able to know, as we do now, a number of facts related to the history of man in this part of the world. Today it is possible to say—with sufficient elements to prove and substantiate it—that the fundamental and basic step in the beginning and rise of civilization on our continent most certainly took place in a desert.

Yes, it is now known beyond doubt that about 5000 B.C., people living in a small valley 150 miles southeast of Mexico City discovered that by dropping a seed into the ground (in this particular case, corn or maize) a plant containing edible seeds would grow. They had discovered the basic principle of agriculture.

Were it not for the desert, we would not know, either, that about 9000 years ago a group of people occupying a region now called Mexico had already acquired the custom of eating hot chili peppers. Ever since then those hot peppers have constituted one of the basic elements in the food habits of the population of that area. This 9000 years of planting and eating chili hot peppers explains the fact that today, when anyone of the 40-million Mexicans who eat chili says "Esta salsa no es pica," (this sauce is not hot) you had better be careful. A tongue and throat with less long tradition is liable to find the concentrated fire of 9000 devils burning within!

Were it not for the desert, we would not be able to try to disclose, as is being done now by a number of specialists, the different steps man followed to become a highly-cultured sedentary with an intensive agriculture, after he had covered our continent for thousands and thousands of years as a low-cultured hunter and food-gathering nomad.

It has been precisely the desert, or more specifically, characteristics typical and peculiar to the desert, which has revealed that the ancient and highly developed civilizations of America had an independent beginning from those of the old world. These few known facts allow us of the 20th Century to speculate about one of

the most thrilling problems that interests Man: How and why did civilization and high culture come to be? Especially interesting, and completely unknown, is the question of how, where and when civilization in America started.

Among scholars of all nationalities who have been interested in this problem, Mr. R. D. MacNeish, an American, must be especially mentioned. For years he worked in the U. S., Mexico and Central America systematically going from one area to the next in search of a solution to this issue. From many possibilities, he at last selected a few areas in Mexico which he considered most likely to yield data relevant to the questions. Of these carefully selected regions, all had one thing in common: they were deserts! Why would MacNeish select deserts in general opposition to most of his colleagues?

The answer is simple. Complete, or nearly so, lack of rain in desertic areas permits the preservation of organic material in an incredible manner. Findings of man-made products of perishable materials hundreds and thousands of years old remain in a remarkable state. That was why MacNeish selected desert areas. What he was able to find in the course of three continuous seasons of work is truly fantastic. With the help of specialists in botany, zoology, physical anthropology, geology, and pre-his-



View from bottom of cave excavated by MacNeish shows great quantity of refuse left by man in 10,000 years.

toric ethnography, he was able to determine and establish one of the most remarkable sequences of man's cultural evolution, daily life and settlement in a desertic area during a continuous lapse of some 9000 years. States R. S. MacNeish, "It became apparent that the desert valley of Tehuacan was the region in which evidence could most likely be uncovered about the beginnings of the domestication of corn."

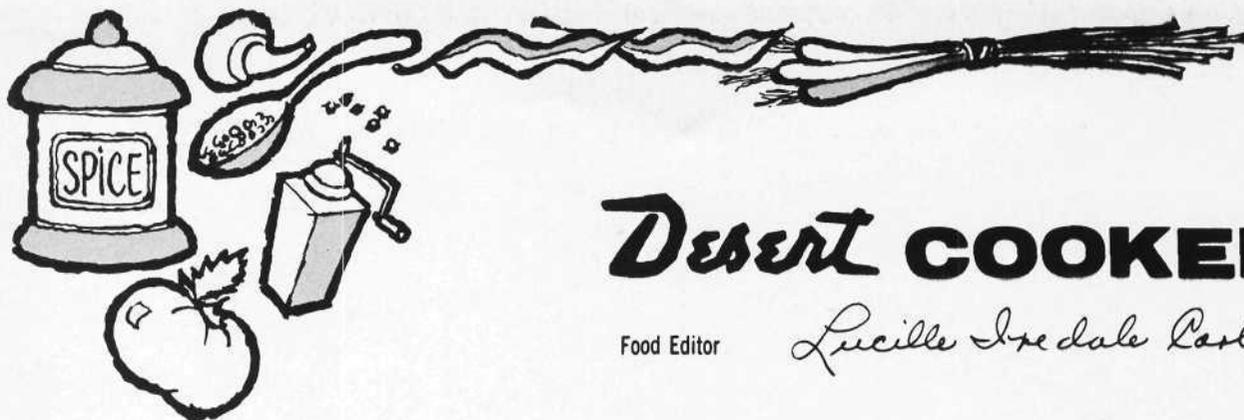
MacNeish's reasons for selecting the Tehuacan Valley area derived, first, from excavations and findings he and others had made in Northern and Southern Mexico and in caves in New Mexico, as well as one discovery in the deep sub-soil of Mexico City that revealed fossil pollen of maize belonging to the "last interglacial period, estimated by geologists to have occurred about 80,000 years ago"—that is, long before the populating and first arrival of Man in the New World. The pollen was thought to be that of wild maize which once grew in the valley of Mexico and has since become extinct. This settled an important question in that it proved corn, or maize, was undoubtedly a plant of exclusive and typical American origin.

After other surveys in Central America and Mexico, MacNeish narrowed to a reduced area the once vast territory of regions where he could find the beginning of cultivation of corn in the New World. This problem, about the when, where and how corn was first domesticated, is one that has puzzled people interested in plants ever since the discovery of America 500 years ago.

On the other hand, one has to consider that the problem is intimately related to the beginning and rise of civilization on our continent. Corn was totally unknown outside the New World before its discovery, and yet it was the basic and most important food among all highly developed American civilizations before Columbus. In fact, it *still is* the basic staple food in many Latin American countries, particularly those where pre-Columbian civilizations developed.

So, every investigator and, of course, MacNeish with them, believes that when we locate the origins, the place and the first steps in the domestication of corn we will be well on our way toward finding out where and how civilization evolved in America.

///



Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

ZETONI

2 onions, chopped
 2 garlic cloves chopped fine
 1 green pepper, chopped
 Saute onion, garlic and pepper in
 ¼ cup cooking oil. Add:
 1 cup tomato paste
 2 cups tomato soup
 1 can whole kernel corn
 Juice of 1 lime
 1 8 oz. can mushrooms, drained,
 reserve liquid.

Mix all ingredients together. Cook
 2 lbs. ground lean beef in mush-
 room liquid for a few minutes. Cook
 1 8 oz. package spaghetti in boiling
 water until tender. Add the meat to
 sauce and place in alternate layers
 with spaghetti in buttered casserole.
 Top with ¾ lb. grated American
 cheese. Bake at 300 degrees for ½
 hour.

STUFFED CREAMED EGGS

8 hard-cooked eggs
 ¼ cup butter
 1 ½ teaspoons prepared mustard
 ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 teaspoon minced parsley
 ½ cup cooked chopped ham

Cut eggs lengthwise in half. Remove
 yolks. Mash yolks and mix with
 softened butter and seasonings. Stuff
 whites with mixture, and place in
 shallow baking dish.

3 tablespoons butter
 3 tablespoons flour
 ¾ teaspoon salt
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 1 cup bouillon or stock
 ¾ cup thin cream
 1 cup grated processed cheese

Melt butter, add flour, salt and pep-
 per and blend. Add liquids stirring
 constantly until sauce boils. Cook
 for about 2 minutes, add grated
 cheese and blend. Pour sauce over
 eggs in casserole. Top with 1 cup
 soft bread crumbs mixed with 3
 tablespoons melted butter. Bake for
 30 minutes at 375 degrees.

ONE DISH MEAL

3 slices bacon, fried crisp and
 drained
 1 lb. cooked cubed ham
 1 can mushrooms
 1 8-oz. package spaghetti, cooked
 and drained
 1 can whole kernel corn, drained
 1 can lima beans, drained
 1 cup tomato juice

Combine all but the bacon; heat,
 and after placing in serving dish,
 sprinkle the crumbled bacon over
 the top. Serves 8.

BANANA YAM CASSEROLE

3 large yams boiled in their
 jackets until tender, but firm
 Peel and slice crosswise
 Slice 3 bananas crosswise, and
 pour juice of 2 lemons over them
 1 cup brown sugar
 ¼ cup butter
 ¼ cup chopped pecans or almonds

Butter casserole and alternate layers
 of yams and bananas. Sprinkle each
 layer with sugar and dot with but-
 ter. Sprinkle with pecans. Add more
 lemon juice if needed. Bake until
 potatoes are soft and top lightly
 browned, about 25 min. in moderate
 oven.

HOMINY AND ALMOND CASSEROLE

1 cup mushroom soup
 ½ cup thin cream
 ¼ teaspoon cayenne pepper
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 teaspoon celery seed
 ½ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
 1 teaspoon salt

Mix and simmer over low heat un-
 til blended. Drain 1 No. 2 ½ can of
 hominy and place in buttered cas-
 serole. To soup mixture, add ½ lb.
 toasted, blanched almonds which
 have been halved. Poured this over
 hominy. Cover with 1 cup buttered
 crumbs. Bake 30 to 40 minutes in
 350 degree oven.

EGGPLANT ZUCCHINI CASSEROLE

1 eggplant, peeled and cut in ¼-
 inch slices
 2 zucchini, cut in ¼-inch slices
 1 cup uncooked spaghetti, broken
 into 1-inch pieces
 1 cup sliced celery
 1 green pepper, thinly sliced
 1 clove garlic thinly sliced, or
 garlic powder to taste
 8 oz. Mazzarella cheese, sliced
 2 8-oz. cans tomato sauce
 ¼ cup water
 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
 ½ teaspoon salt
 Pinch oregano

Layer vegetables, spaghetti and
 cheese in order listed in greased 3
 qt. casserole. Combine other ingre-
 dients and pour over all. Cover and
 bake at 350 degrees for 1 hour or
 until vegetables are tender. Makes
 8 servings.

EGGPLANT CASSEROLE

1 medium egg plant
 2 slices bacon
 1 tablespoon chopped onion
 1 tablespoon chopped green
 pepper
 2 tomatoes
 Salt and pepper to taste
 Bread crumbs
 Parmesan cheese
 ½ cup water

Cut bacon into small pieces and fry
 until crisp. Remove bacon from
 grease in pan. Saute onion and
 green pepper in bacon fat until ten-
 der, not brown. Dice eggplant and
 add to onion and pepper. Add to-
 matoes cut up into pieces, and the
 water. Cook gently for about 5 min-
 utes. Add seasoning and bacon bits
 and turn into shallow baking dish.
 Top with bread crumbs. Cover and
 bake in 375 degree oven for about
 25 minutes. Remove from oven and
 sprinkle Parmesan cheese over top.
 Serves 4.

A monthly feature by
the author of
Ghost Town Album,
Ghost Town Trails, and
Ghost Town Shadows.

Broken Hills, Nevada

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



WHEN JOSEPH Arthur saw the chunk of float glinting with streaks of pure metallic silver, he could hardly believe his eyes. It was exactly what he was looking for, but the search had proven fruitless for so many years he could hardly believe the evidence now. He picked it up. It was real. Bonanza awaited under the sagebrush covering of the Broken Hills.

The Arthur family came to this raw Nevada country when Joe was a small boy. Mrs. Arthur pined for her native England, but her husband adjusted immediately and took a job in the mines in Nevada's Ruby Mountains. Often he took his son with him and little Joe grew up in an atmosphere of metallurgy, rocks, ores, silver and gold. Determined to be a prospector, the boy headed for the rock hills with a burro and a few supplies while still in his teens.

Success was elusive, though, and young Arthur had come close to giving up the search when he met another Englishman prospecting alone. This was James M. Stratford who had previously made a small strike, worked it out, and was now again becoming discouraged. The two bucked each other up by joining forces and working all winter and into spring, with nothing to show for it. At last they

agreed to give up. On their final day's search, Jim took the high ridge while Joe followed the gully. It was then he picked up the piece of glittering rock.

As soon as Joe stopped trembling, he located the outcropping from which his chunk of silver had rolled and staked three claims—the Belmont, Grand Prize and Butler. Then he took the chunk, went back to camp, made a big pot of coffee and awaited his partner. When Jim walked into camp, discouraged and ready to give up, Joe handed him the rock without saying a word.

On the strength of the sample, the two men raised enough capital to begin operations. They worked hard at their mines for five years, taking out some \$60,000, then George Graham Rice, notorious promoter from Rawhide, came along and bought them out for \$75,000.

Broken Hills enjoyed a moderate period of prosperity during the years the mines produced, roughly from 1910 to 1940. About 1918 Messrs. Daniels and Ross of Yerrington, Nevada, built a substantial hotel which furnished a social center for the town. Ross had a young, attractive daughter who helped in the kitchen and was much admired by single men in camp. Most of them kept their distance but one evening a persistent

admirer caught her alone in the kitchen and unsuccessfully attempted to force his attentions upon the girl. Repelled, he raged from the building, sweeping a kerosene lamp off of a table and spilling oil. In moments the entire building burst into flame. Ross, not far away, rushed into the building to save his daughter.

"Scotty" McLeod, now in his 80s and living in Yerrington, related the story to me. "The girl was dead, likely from suffocation," he said, "and Ross was so badly burned you'd hardly know him. My wife and I attended the double funeral in Yerrington. It was the saddest thing we ever knew."

Rice's speculative purchase of Stratford and Arthur's mines didn't pay off, partly because of disinterested and inefficient operators, partly because the best ore already had been removed. Smaller outfits moved in and also failed. During the depression a number of unemployed men worked the dumps and shafts, taking out a respectable \$197,195 in five years. Since then the town has steadily faded away. Maury Stromer stayed for years all by himself, but fell ill and went to live with his daughter in Paso Robles where he died in 1956. His cabin and many others stand bleached and lonely in the shadows of Broken Hills. ///

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LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

For the Birds . . .

To the Editor: Thank you for the splendid article about the condor in your April issue. As was summed up for us at a recent National Audubon Society convention, "The success of conservation efforts will be the measure of the level of our civilization." Again, thank you; we native Westerners appreciate tremendously all you are doing to preserve the best of the West as we have known and loved it.

BETTY JENNER,
Los Angeles, California.

Who Is Sandora? . . .

To the Editor: While driving around the west side of Panamint Range, somewhere south and east of Trona, we came upon a sign which read—Sandora 11 mi., or at least we thought it said 11 miles. The sign was weather-beaten until it was hardly legible. We wonder if a DESERT reader can tell us something about the name "Sandora." Was it a mine or someone's desert dwelling and where did the name originate?

NED SKINNER,
Capitola, California.

Sour Dough Recipe . . .

To the Editor: Just received the May issue of DESERT and find an error in my sour dough recipe. Where it states, "add ½ level teaspoon of warm water," it should have read "½ teaspoon of baking soda in a small amount of warm water. Pancakes without soda would be a miserable failure.

HARRY MURPHY,
Green River, Wyoming.

The Coal Canyon Ghost . . .

To the Editor: I have known of women to faint over a similar phenomenon as described in your May issue. It is called Will-o-the-Wisp and is a gas released along with dew that gets its glow from organic decomposition that is unbalanced by lack of heat.

DAN C. GEORGE,
Alta Loma, California.

Origin of Mr. Thing . . .

To the Editor: The article *Pai Pai Land* in the April issue mentions a Mexican guide by the name of Ambrosio Thing. Here is a story about his surname. Some years ago an Indian decided to have his name changed, so he went to court in San Diego to make it legal. When the Judge asked what he'd rather be known as, the Indian replied, "Any Damn Thing," which became his legal name. Today at the Potrero, California cemetery his tombstone reads A. D. Thing.

HAL SCHOFER,
Campo, California.

TO OUR READERS . . . we are concerned that the Man Who Found Pegleg's Mine did not answer the letters printed in the May issue before this one went to press. We hope he is alright and that we will hear from him in time for the July edition. C.P.

To the Man Who Found Pegleg's Gold . . .

To sell \$314,650 worth of nuggets in small lots of not more than 15 ounces at a time, you would have had to dig up some 2000 gold buyers. Are there that many in Alaska?

ROBERT BUCK,
Stockton, California

Readers have stopped to look at the black nuggets displayed in the DESERT Magazine office and some have commented that laws regarding the selling of placer gold are not the same as those for selling gold taken from mines. We have been told that it is possible to sell placer gold anywhere without all the faldederal of filling out government forms. Is this true?

CHORAL PEPPER, Editor.

I am doing my term paper on Pegleg's Lost Mine and read your articles in the March and May issues of DESERT with interest. Will you please answer the following questions?

Gold found in nature (free) is usually of a much higher concentration than that stated in your article. Can this be explained?

The fact that no claim was filed, coupled with your reluctance to engage in mining operations, suggests the possibility that your "mine" was on private property or within a State Park. No mention is made in the article of efforts to determine this information. Why?

I believe that gold dealers are required by law to keep records of gold bought and sold. Yet you allude to no record of such transactions. Wouldn't the government have been interested?

Although these questions tend to discredit your story, I personally feel such a mine could exist and your story is probably true. I do believe, however, that you should substantiate your claim to have solved the Pegleg puzzle with more facts.

JORDAN STEPHENS,
El Centro, California.

If this deposit exists—and we see no reason why it should not—it will be found, and soon. For everyone will be there looking for it, from the Little Old Lady who owned all the used cars to the elves from the Black Forest. And not all of them will be amateurs. You have very kindly told us where to look by telling us where *not* to look and stalling on a couple of questions. In recovering some \$300,000 with a metal detector, you have probably passed up about \$30 million in easily recoverable gold by telling the world about it. You speak of finding gold the size of match heads, but do you realize this was probably a concentration point and the soil there was perhaps ¼ gold? I also want to add, you're a darned good writer.

ED KIRKLAND,
Red Mountain, California.

Editor's Note: I'd also like to add that you're a darned good writer. Another one, E. S. Gardner, guesses you've made more money selling manuscripts than you have selling nuggets! Our editorial deadline is the 18th of each month incidentally. C.P.



**JUNE
PHOTO
CONTEST
WINNERS**

CONTEST SUSPENDED

During the summer months the Photo Contest will be suspended. Next month DESERT Magazine will start a new and informative page entitled "You Name it!"

First Prize

DESERT DESIGNS

William W. Simpson Torrance, Calif.

This interesting study of sand and shadows was taken at the Joshua Tree National Monument and captures a certain feeling of the desert. DATA: Homemade camera, 170 mm. Kodak Anastigmat, Verichrome Pan.

Second Prize

SPIDER WED Sam Hicks Temecula, Calif.

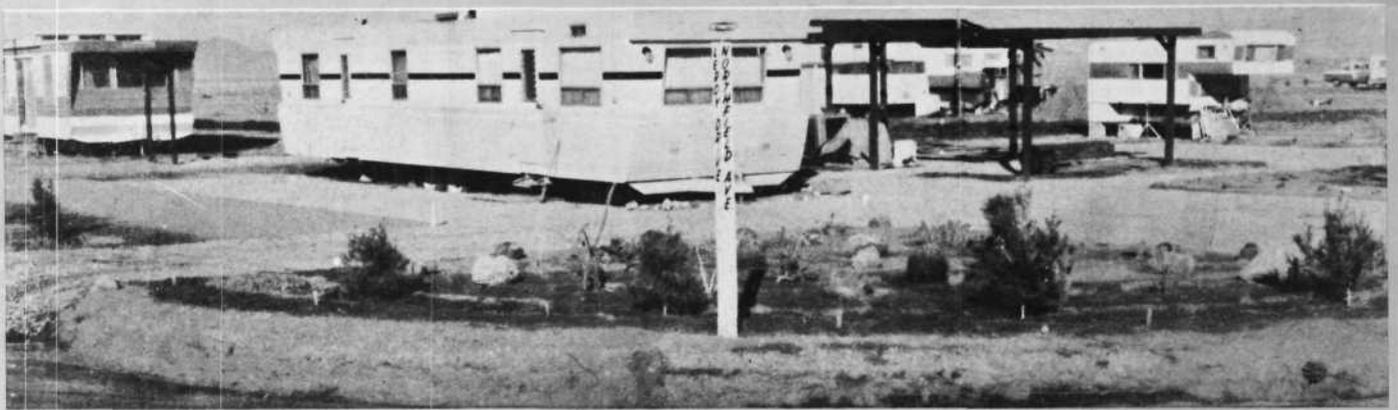
A dewy morning and early sunlight created this fantasy near Temecula, California. DATA: Not available.



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Actual view of New Kingman Addition Unit #6



Some of Mobile Homes on Unit #5, adjoining Unit #6

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