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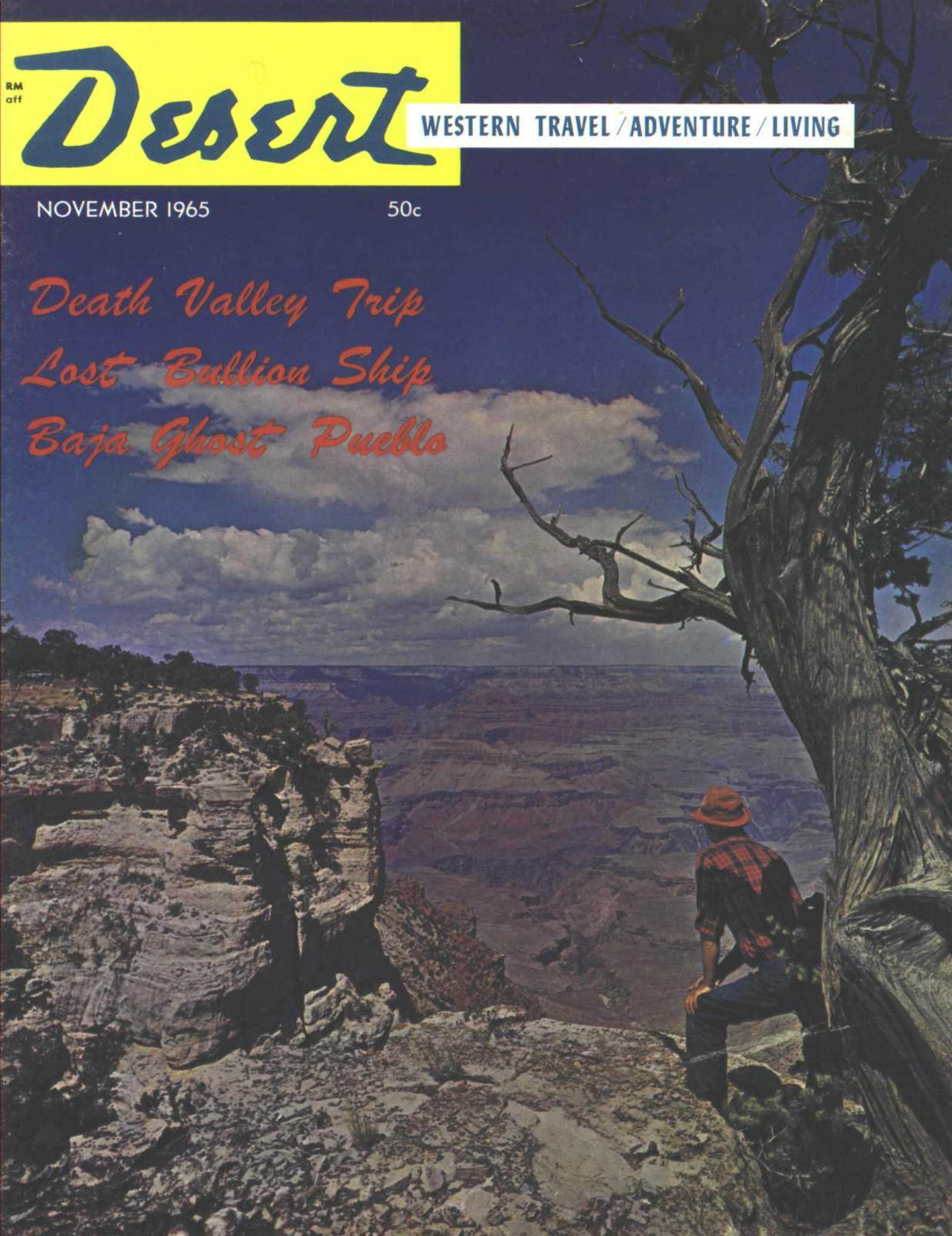
# Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

NOVEMBER 1965

50c

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*Lost Bullion Ship*  
*Baja Ghost Pueblo*



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

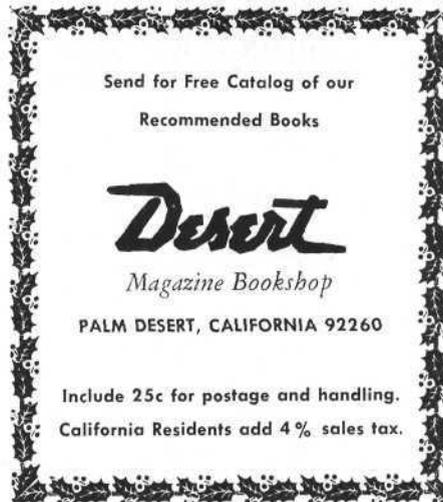
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**PLANTS IN HIS PACK** by Janice Beaty. The adventures of Edward Palmer, first botanist to explore remote Guadalupe Island of Baja and to dig into ancient ruins of Utah and Arizona. Long forgotten, a quirk of fate finally brought his remarkable career to light. Recommended for young readers as well as adults. Hardcover, illustrated. \$3.75.

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

**PAINTERS OF THE DESERT** by Ed Ainsworth. A beautifully illustrated and well-written roundup of 13 of the desert's outstanding artists—Dixon, Forsythe, Swinnerton, Fechin, Eytel, Lauritz, Buff, Klinker, Perceval, Hilton, Proctor McGrew, and Bender. Folio size, gold-stamped hard cover. Full color reproductions. 125 pages. \$11.00.

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# Desert Calendar of Events

Big event for November is the Annual Death Valley '49er Encampment in Death Valley, Calif. Nov. 11 through 14. The 16th year of the gala and exciting encampment, this year will be even bigger and better. For information write Death Valley 49ers, 175 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Other events this month are: 29 Palms Gem and Mineral Society's 5th Annual Show, 29 Palms, Calif. Oct. 23 and 24; Imperial Valley Rodeo and Brawley Cattle Call, Brawley, Calif., Nov. 8 through 14, Wild Burro Races, Beatty, Nevada, Nov. 9 through 11; 5th Annual Afton Canyon 4-Wheel Drive Junket, open to all 4-wheel drive owners, Hemet, Calif., Nov. 11 through 14, write Bud Jackson, 25480 Girard St., Hemet, Calif. for information.

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# Desert

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# Desert

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# WESTERN CHRISTMAS CARDS



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Thinkin' of you

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Down from the Hills *Harold Miller*

**502** Down from the Hills—Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



A Tree for the Ranch

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Artist Bob Lorenz celebrates his 21st year in the field of western art in a new location—Cheyenne, Wyoming. Our 1965 selection features Lorenz and other prominent artists—Phippen, Loughheed, Wiegner, Kleiber, etc. Finest quality heavy-grade paper, single folded to 4 3/4" x 6 3/4", with matching white envelopes. Extra envelopes always included with each order. Cards may be ordered with or without your name custom printed in red to match greetings. These exclusive cards available by mail only. Your order carefully filled and shipped within 24 hours right up 'til Christmas.

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## New Books for Desert Readers

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### ZODIAC PARTIES, MENUS AND RECIPES

By Choral Pepper

with illustrations by Al Merryman

This is probably the first time in history that an author reviewed her own book.

First, let me say, it isn't a desert book. It's a sort of wacky astrological party book. It was written prior to my becoming editor of DESERT Magazine, and during the process of moving to Palm Desert, the manuscript was packed in a box and forgotten . . . but not forever. When we recently moved the DESERT Magazine office to our new location, the box with the manuscript turned up in an old file. Not knowing what else to do with it, I sat on the floor amid packing cases and read it. And by darn, it was pretty good! It was like reading something written by someone else. So I packaged it up and sent it to Naylor Publishing Company, under an assumed name. Naylor thought it was pretty good, too. Then, in signing a contract, we had to admit our identity. After the ice was broken, it seemed sort of silly to use another name. So that's how it happens you're reading a review written by the author of a book that isn't about the desert or the West.

What it is about, chiefly, is people. What happens when you get a bunch of ego-proud Leos together for a party? What do you serve them? How do you set your stage so each guest will have a chance to star? And how do you lure this kind of man to the altar, in case you happen to be a single gal?

Well, all these things are in the book, with more about people under the signs of Aries, Taurus, Libra, Capricorn, Aquarius, Pisces, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Gemini, Cancer, and Virgo. It's a fun book, nothing serious, and whether you're impelled, compelled or repelled by the stars, you'll find good party ideas in it

and the same menus and recipes that insured years of success during my days as a party-giver.

But just to make certain the charm still works, I recently whipped up an exciting Aries dinner for my excited Aries husband. And let me tell you, no matter what anyone says, there just might be something to this astrology business after all!

The book is hardcover, and sells for \$4.95. We're taking advance orders from DESERT Magazine Bookshop and will fill them with first editions as fast as the books roll in. If you wish yours autographed either for yourself or for someone else as a gift, please say so and print the name clearly on your order. C.P.

### THE ROCK PAINTINGS OF THE CHUMASH

By Campbell Grant

When the author's article on Santa Barbara cave paintings appeared in DESERT (May '64) we noted that this book was in the process of being written. A number of readers inquired about it so we are pleased to announce that at last the book is published and available.

In the rugged mountains of Southern California Mr. Campbell has explored and discovered 61 previously unknown Chumash cave sites. With this material he has been able to reconstruct the lives of the long-vanished artists. Their recorded history begins with a 1542 diary notation by a member of Cabrillo's Spanish expedition to California, but in reality, this marked the beginning of their end, for the arrival of the white man brought on their decline and final extinction.

Vandalism and erosion are taking a toll. That these pictographs have been preserved in the hundreds of handsome black-and-white and color photo reproductions in this book is of great importance to the future.

Mr. Grant has done a fine job of gathering rare information and historic photos to enlarge upon his own discoveries and this is the only definitive work relative to the rock paintings of this most interesting of all California tribes. Their cave art work is considered the finest in

North America by many experts, although this reviewer believes there may be still undiscovered cave art in Baja California of equal interest. The book includes a brief description of Baja cave art along with that of Europe, Africa, Australia and other countries.

Those interested in prehistoric and primitive art will be as pleased with this book as those interested in archeology and regional history. 163 pages. Hardcover, \$10.

#### PIMAS, DEAD PADRES AND GOLD from the journal of Paul V. Lease

Upon the death of Paul V. Lease, an inveterate treasure hunter who had become obsessed with the idea that Jesuit padres had confiscated much of northern Mexico's gold for their own coffers, his widow accumulated his lifetime of notes and shipped them off to an old family friend to be consolidated into this nicely done paperback book.

The research accomplished by Mr. Lease is vast and detailed. His case is believable. His map is excellent. In addition to providing a good historical background to an exciting tale, he supplies plenty of fodder to the old controversial rumor that the Black Robes had amazing amounts of wealth stored away in Pimeria and Lower California.

The first edition is limited to 1000 copies, it includes 62 pages and a folding map based on mission locations at the time of the Pima uprising of 1751. \$3.00.

#### GHOST TOWN TREASURES

By Lambert Florin

With each new ghost town book Florin adds to his series, it's a temptation to write, "This is his best." Actually, "his best" probably depends more than anything else upon which ones you don't have. A full set is destined to be a collectors item of the future.

Dedicated to the project of photographing and recording each and every mining camp or ghost town of the West while there's still some remnant, even if it's only a tombstone, Florin devotes his full time to delving into the back country. His writing is rich with life. More than any other ghost town writer of note, he is blessed with an ability to project himself back into time. Others concentrate on enumerating facts and figures; Florin concentrates on human interest.

This newest of his series of five, large-format books covers material scattered

throughout the West, as do his others, but the bulk of interest lies in Washington, Oregon, New Mexico, Arizona and California. The photographs are superb, as always, and watercolors by Dr. David Mason also contribute to the beauty of the book.

One difference, though, publication costs have gone up. While the other four books sell for \$12.50 each, this new one is \$12.95.

#### HOSTEEN CROTCHETTY or "How a Good Heart Was Born"

by Jimmy Swinnerton, creator of the famous Canyon Kiddie Cartoons

The theme of this legend is probably 2000 years old, having passed to the Hopi Indians from their ancestors, the Cliff Dwellers. Here the Owl People, the Wood peckers and the Termite Queen consult with the Indian children in a scheme to eliminate an evil Kachina doll who suddenly appeared in their midst as a result of Hosteen Crotchetty's malice. Swinnerton's color and illustrations are superb and this delightful book for children will also be enjoyed by adults. Large format, \$7.50.

#### MINES OF THE HIGH DESERT

By Donald Dean Miller

Another book by the author of last year's *Shady Ladies of the West*. This one is less ambitious and a paperback, but it's the best account of high desert history to come to our attention. Not only are the Virginia, Dale, New Dale, Supply, and other early mines described in lively detail, but so are the early gangs that "traded" in cattle and honorable freighters who furnished the life blood between this remote desert area and the outside world.

The author served as a ranger in the area for a number of years and knew personally many of the characters about whom he writes, most of whom are now not living. The book has 63 pages, good historical photos and costs \$1.95

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.

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## Idyll for Outlaws

By **Frank J. Berberich**

**B**ETWEEN THE old town of Ballarat and Indian Ranch, the narrow slash of Surprise Canyon terminates 6.5 miles and 6433 feet higher in the Panamint mountains that frame California's Death Valley. At this precise spot, by an ironic twist of fate, a town was born.

In 1860 Dr. S. G. George, the discoverer of Surprise Canyon, began talking about canyon walls 10 feet apart and rising 800 feet. He spoke of the view of Panamint valley from lookout points and the secluded character of the terrain. When Dr. George said that two men with rifles could hold a regiment at bay, men with hard eyes and fast guns began to investigate. Soon the upper area of Surprise Canyon became the unofficial headquarters for tough gentry engaged in avoiding what law there was. They also found it an excellent base from which to spot wagons traveling Panamint valley, well in time for a leisurely holdup. Surprise Canyon provided an idyllic outlaw life, laced with liquor and easy pickings.

In 1873 the bombshell exploded and Panamint City was born! To their combined amazement, the outlaws discovered they had holed up over a rich silver lode. The only thing needed was capital. This was a major problem for the First Citizens of Panamint. Their combined experience in raising money had been confined to waving a six-gun at the right time and place for the greatest return in profits.

They were justifiably wary about



approaching financiers lest the approaching one climb on his desk and scream for the law. The young town nearly died of money starvation before R. C. Jacobs and E. P. Raines contacted Senator John P. Jones, a shareholder in the fabulous Comstock mine, and a man accustomed to dealing with hard men. He was also willing to gamble \$113,000 on Panamint.

With a banshee yowl, Panamint's population of gamblers, gunmen and prospectors celebrated the birth of the most slam-bang-up-and-coming town in the West. Speculators flocked into Panamint, heeding the call of silver. Included were six-gun experts such as Dave Neagle, Pat Reddy, Earl Rogers, Bill Fallon, John Small and John McDonald, to name a few.

By 1874 the town was an established fact and "supporting industries" began to show up. There was Uncle Billy Wolsesberger, known as Uncle Billy Be Damned, who sold goods and gimcracks. Jacob Cohn sold blankets, clothes, guns and ammunition. Miss Delia Donoghue opened a restaurant. Charles King put in a meat market and John Schober started a sawmill. The last, and most popular enterprise, was fulfilled with the arrival of Martha Camp and her "Camp Followers." The town broke out the bottled goods and celebrated for a week!

From the bottles laying around the place today, it would appear that Bitters and Stout Porter were two favorite

drinks. The Bitters of 1874 were a potent alcoholic beverage peddled under a thin guise of medicinal and moral cover. Due to the machination and hypocrisy of business men, Bitters were bottled dynamite. Pure food and drug laws were way off in the future. Bitters manufacturers, with a straight face and legal right, laced their products with cocaine, morphine or anything else they could find. They were medicine and they gave a man a lift, right? In fact, a few bottles of, for example, *Cocoinized Pepsin Chinchona Bitters* or *Wilson's Wa Hoo Bitters* could probably lift the Statue of Liberty off its base!

Such were some of the beverages stacked high in the stores of Panamint City, stores and saloons with rock walls two feet thick and tiny slit-like windows. Behind the loose rocks over the fireplace in a ruined miner's cabin, we once found an old fashioned thick glass bottle with raised letters reading, "Burnett's Cocoaine, Boston." For all the talk about other wild West towns, Panamint City was reputed to be the only town in which both Wells Fargo and the U. S. Post Office Department refused to do business. However, contact with the National Archives and Records Service indicate that a "Panamint" Post Office was once located (February 21, 1874) 105 miles southeast of "Owens" River, on the Panamint Creek, 80 miles east of Olanco, 107 southeast of Lone Pine, and it would service a mining camp . . . the words of the old records. The first

postmaster was William C. Smith (September 16, 1874) and next came Gustavus A. Swazey (September 29, 1874). Unhappily, there seems to be no record concerning the 13-day stint of Postmaster Smith and nothing quite jibes with the records of Panamint City.

The tempo of the town is further illustrated by the fact that the Good Citizens couldn't overcome their early training. The town turned out to help load the silver wagon and wave goodbye as it started down Surprise Canyon. As soon as it was out of sight, the townsmen raced to the best vantage points to hold it up! Senator Jones, nobody's fool, put a sudden stop to that. He ordered the silver cast into 500-pound rough balls and sent it out in unguarded wagons with one beat-up old prospector as a driver. How far can you run with a stolen 500-pound chunk of silver? The townsmen gave up in utter disgust.

The town didn't go soft. It roared along until July, 1875, when a flash flood picked it up, lock, stock and barrel, including people, and deposited it ungently down the length of Surprise Canyon. Six-gun artists John Small and John McDonald, among the few survivors, were quite put-out about the turn of events. To bolster their low morale, they tied up the town's remaining citizens and looted a safe of \$2500. McDonald's morale was much lower than Small's so he shot Small and took the whole kitty. This ended the wild days of Panamint City. ///

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## Globe's Famous Bell

By Margaret Mazei

**T**HE BELL OF St. Paul's Methodist Church of Globe was one of the first brought into the Arizona Territory. it was installed atop the original building in 1882. Besides calling people to worship, it served as the town's fire alarm and warned of storms and impending Apache raids. It rang as the death knell for at least one hanging. Because of its many frontier uses the townspeople nicknamed it "God's Alarm Clock."

That paragraph, prepared by Don Nelson of the Globe Record, will appear on a plaque to be placed on the present St. Paul's Methodist Church

of General Clinton B. Fisk of Sebright, New Jersey, aroused the interest of Easterners in the struggling little congregation and was so successful that her efforts produced a third of the actual cost of the building, as well as an organ, hymn books, Bibles and a communion set.

The first wedding held at St. Paul's started off to be a home ceremony, but self-appointed guests changed the plans. After invitations had been issued by the bride-to-be, Miss Tonnie Kennedy, a young cowboy approached the groom with a complaint that he hadn't received one. The groom explained that the wed-



*Trustees of the first congregation held their meetings in the newspaper office.*

this month when the historic bell rings to celebrate the 85th birthday of the church.

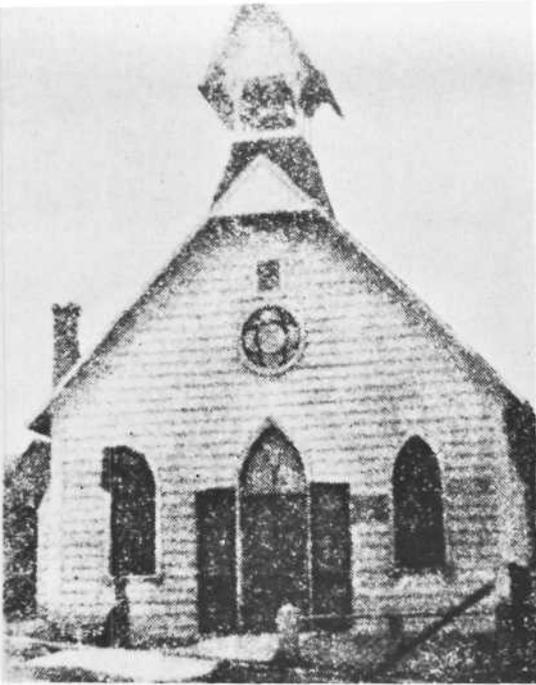
The minister under whose pastorate the original church was organized was the Reverend J. J. Wingar. He had heard of the growing community in the mountains and walked a 35-mile round-trip from the town of Pinal (near present day Superior) to tend the flock. For many months he made the trip every week, preaching on Sunday and returning to Pinal on Monday or Tuesday. Services were held in the office of the old Silver Belt, Arizona's oldest newspaper, until funds were raised to build a church. The mother of one Globe citizen, wife

ding was to be private, as the bride's house was too small to accommodate more than the members of the two families.

Refusing to accept defeat, the cowboy went to the bride. "At the laying of the church cornerstone in April," he reminded her, "you lost the race and said 'Alright, I'll be the first one married at the Church!' So Church it will be. Do away with invitations and give us all a hearty welcome."

The bride had all but forgotten the race when a shovel had been handed to each of three girls by a gentleman who announced that the one winning the race could turn the first shovelful of dirt for

**The first church bell in Arizona Territory  
will toll this November to celebrate its  
85th birthday.**



*Original St. Paul's Church of Globe.*

the cornerstone of the new church. And so it was that a remark made in jest was responsible for the first church wedding in Globe.

The hanging mentioned on the plaque followed a pack train holdup and shooting and, oddly enough, the man who

planned the holdup was the one who tolled the bell for the victim's funeral.

Cecil Grimes, his brother Lafayette, and a man named Hawley plotted to relieve the mule pack train of its Wells Fargo shipment at a time they were certain it contained enough to be worth while. Waiting among the loungers at Pioneer Pass when the buckboard from the railroad arrived, Cecil helped transfer the freight from the wagon to a mule train which then carried it down the trail to Globe. With quiet matter-of-factness, he handled the Wells Fargo box. Its weight told him that this day it contained the payroll for the Mac Morris mine. Departing in advance of the train, he alerted his brother and Hawley and then rode on to Globe.

The robbery went off smoothly and the two men rode away with the loot, unaware that they were being followed. Then old Doc Vail stumbled unwittingly

into their resting place and they shot him to insure his silence. Those shots brought Andy Hall, the driver, who had been trailing the robbers from a distance. That, of course, was his death warrant.

Lafayette Grime's abnormally small footprints betrayed him, in spite of all their precautions. When he and Hawley finally led the posse to the money, they were hung on the spot. Lawmen saved Cecil for a fair trail and he was sentenced to a mental institution from which he later escaped. Although he played the role of a sorrowing fellow citizen when the men were laid to rest, he never paid for the deaths for which he was partly responsible.

That original church structure served the parish for 48 years. Then, in 1928, Governor G. W. P. Hunt laid the cornerstone from it as a foundation for the present church, which stands at the corner of Cedar and Hill streets in Globe. ///



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*Badwater in Death Valley by John Gebhart.*

## *Lowest Graves in the World*

*By Daniel Reardon*

**A** FEW MILES west of Badwater, 282 feet below sea level in California's Death Valley National Monument, are the graves of Jim Dayton and Shorty (Frank) Harris.

James Dayton, the first to be buried here, was caretaker of Furnace Creek Ranch. He died in 1899 on the spot where he is buried while en route to Daggett for ranch supplies. Feeling ill, he tied his mules to the wagon and died while trying to seek shelter in the shade of a mesquite tree. At this spot temperatures as high as 134 degrees have been recorded. The mules, unable to escape, perished where they were tied.

Frank Tilton, a friend of Dayton, delivered a memorable western-type farewell at the brief funeral service. "Well, Jimmy," he said, "you lived in the heat and you died in the heat and now you've gone to hell."

Shorty (Frank) Harris, the occupant of the other grave, was Death Valley's most famous prospector. Only five feet tall, he grew twice as high among men. It all began in 1904 when, prospecting with E. L. Cross, he discovered the rich Bullfrog mine in the Bullfrog-Rhyolite

district near Death Valley. He soon parted with his share for only \$800, but this did not make him less popular with the men. Admiration and drinking money were all he craved. He could neither read nor write, so prospecting was more important to him than the huge rewards he permitted others to reap. Other strikes brought him little in the way of riches.

He sold his claim with Pete Aguerreberry at Harrisburg (named after him) for \$10,000 and some bad stock. Pete was really the discoverer, but Shorty was lucky enough to be along. Even at that, he almost lost it by talking too much before their claim was filed.

Shorty was reputed, and believed it himself, to possess "a nose for gold." Other prospectors consulted him as an oracle. When he loaded his jackass for a trip, men followed him secretly, and then openly, so great was their faith in him as a gold detector.

Although he didn't die until 1934 (35 years after Jim Dayton), he believed that the best burial spot for him was beside Jim at the very bottom of Death Valley. Honoring this request, a strange

assortment of mining camp characters assembled for his last farewell. In the extreme heat, they didn't overexert themselves digging a large grave, considering Shorty's small stature. What they didn't reckon with was the fact that Shorty rested in a standard size coffin. During the funeral the grave had to be hurriedly lengthened. Hence, Shorty was laid to rest in a somewhat reclining position.

The bronze historical marker above this unique gravesite is equally interesting.

It commences with Shorty's carefully composed final request:

*Bury me beside Jim Dayton in the valley we loved. Above me write: Here lies Shorty Harris, a single blanket jackass prospector. Epitaph requested by Shorty (Frank) Harris beloved gold hunter, 1856-1934. Here lies James Dayton, pioneer, perished 1898.*

Although the date of Dayton's death is given as 1898, it was actually a year later, 1899. Shorty's birth is given as 1856, but by his own statements he was born in Rhode Island, July 21, 1857. However, the wild burros which frequent the two graves show little concern over the mix-up of dates. ///

# THE TREE OF LIFE

By R. N. Buckwalter

**I**F A MAN puts his dreams into action, there's no guarantee his endeavor won't go awry, but it's the only way he's ever going to prove his point. And that's what happened to the dream of a wealthy Los Angeles builder back in 1936.

On a world cruise, Lawrence Holmes became fascinated with the Carob tree, often called the Tree of Life, which he found growing in arid areas around the

then ordered a shipload of beans brought over for his own use and to distribute to growers interested in helping him create a new market.

The Carob tree produces a pod about the size of the lima bean, each pod containing five or six large edible beans. The pod itself is used for food, or is ground together with the beans to form a flour-type meal.

Then along came progress. In 1936 the Metropolitan Water District built an aqueduct from the Colorado River to Los Angeles. A part of this project was the construction of a final settling basin, now known as Lake Mathews. This was in an arid, uninhabited part of California, with one exception. It overlapped about 1700 acres of Holme's Carob grove. When the bulldozers came, the trees had just approached maturity. Then came the water and all was washed into oblivion.

There's a sequel though. Lawrence Holmes, who'd been so certain of this venture he'd spent his entire fortune on it, died in poverty after an auto accident in Pasadena in 1950, just short of his 85th birthday. But he did prove his point. While everything else was destroyed on his Cajalco Valley estate, a small portion of his original Carob orchard extended beyond the Metropolitan Water District fence, and those trees are still there. About 50 in number, they have grown all these years with no care whatsoever, and still bear fruit. They are living proof that Lawrence Holmes was right and that the Tree of Life has a rightful place on our desert.

Anyone who wishes to see these trees will find them on the north side of Lake Mathews about 400 yards east of the main dam spillway. ///



*A few specimens of the Tree of Life still exist on the Southern California desert.*

eastern Mediterranean. It occurred to him that this tree that once grew in the Garden of Eden and supplied food to prehistoric desert nomads might bring fertility to our own desert Southwest. Upon his return to America, Holmes purchased several thousand acres of land in the Cajalco Valley some 15 miles southeast of Riverside, California, intending to plant the area in Carob trees. He



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# The Back Way to Trona

By Roberta Starry



**F**ROM RED Mountain to Trona the back way is a way missed by most motorists racing to California's Death Valley from metropolitan areas to the east and south. To miss it is a big mistake. Here is romance, spectacular scenery, mine diggings, collector's rocks and one of the few short-line railroads still in operation.

On September 27, 1913, Mrs. Joseph Hutchinson, dressed in the height of fashion, trudged behind a plow and a team of mules. Her long silk skirt swept through the sand and rocks scuffed her high-button shoes. A wide-brimmed hat pinned to her elaborate coiffeur shaded her eyes from the warm autumn sun. She was here to break ground for the future Trona Railroad.

When mule team freighting became too expensive for short hauls and trucks were still not practical on the desert, the

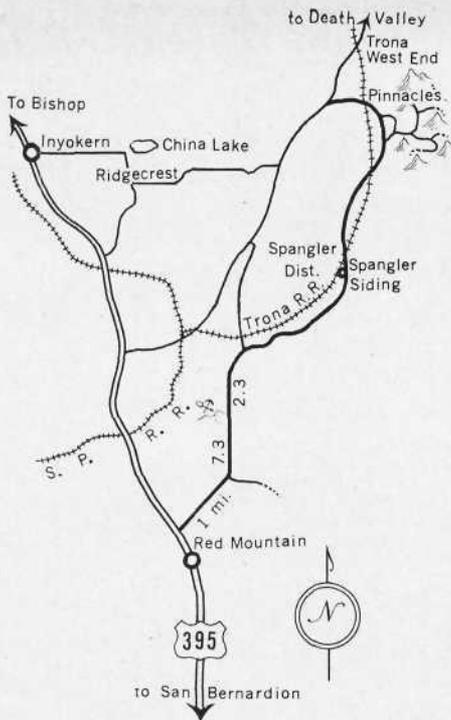
California Trona Company (now American Potash) was faced with a dire need for a railroad to cover the 32-mile stretch to the Southern Pacific line. Large companies refused to lay it because they'd already experienced losses by laying tracks to mine prospects which folded, sometimes even before a load of ore traveled the line. The struggling young company, harassed by claim jumpers, legal battles and development problems was desperate. Its entire future hinged on transporting its products to the main line at a reasonable cost. Finally, with their backs to the wall, company officials decided to gamble on building their own. Today it is one of the few short lines in existence, having managed to prosper while others sold their rails for scrap.

Its picturesque steam locomotives were replaced by diesel power in 1949, but if

you travel the area in the afternoon, you're likely to see this short line train making its daily trip to the Southern Pacific junction at Searles and, as a white cloud of powdered chemical billows from its freight cars, you get the impression that it's smoke from the engine and old No. 2 is still in use.

A day train and a night train transport over 6300 tons of soda ash, chlorides of soda, lithium, pryoborate, and borax daily, but in the old days the trains carried passengers as well. Time tables used to list stops at Trona, Boro-solvay (now West End), Rock Crusher, Hanksite, Pinnacle, Spangler and Searles. The only day stops now are in the spring-time when grazing sheep wander onto the tracks or, just about any night, when a herd of wild burro decide to explore the other side of the tracks.

Diggings in the nearby mountains in-



dicating the Spangler mining district. At the RR crossing there is still evidence of the old Spangler siding, once a water stop.

In 1896 William Spangler and his two sons left a farm in Tulare County, California, and headed for the Rand Mining District where a gold strike had started. With a four-mule team hitched to a light wagon, they hauled food and water over Greenhorn Mountain, down to Kernville, over Walker Pass and eventually to the hills across from Spangler Siding.

Their explorations uncovered low grade quartz floats with points of gold sticking out. Gathering a sample load, they were delighted when it ran \$45 to the ton. This was good enough to encourage them so they went back to their farm, loaded up their one room house and hauled it over the mountain to their new claim.

Tony and Rea, the Spangler sons, developed the district. Working by hand, swinging a single jack, they dug thousands of feet of underground tunnels. A hike through this area leaves you with a sense of awe for man's determined ability to search out and obtain earth's treasures. Distant formations along the route look like steeples, domes and spires, but as you draw near you discover that in actuality they are the geological remains of a day when the desert was tropical and fresh water flowed into Searles Lake. An ancient beach line lies 700 feet above the now dry lake, indicating

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A maze of roads run through the varied forms, providing an ever changing view appreciated by artists and photographers. A bit of imagination helps in seeing men, birds, animals and moon cities. In the morning and evening long, blue shadows accent the figures.

In addition to scenery, the area is rich with variegated red agate with dendrite, banded and plume agate, geodes and nodules and decomposed jasper that fluoresces a bright green under ultraviolet light.

Unless a recent storm has washed out roads, the entire route may be traveled in late model passenger cars. This back way, like all desert travel, can be a delightful experience unless you forget to carry water, a spare tire and shovel, or fail to stop in Red Mountain for gas, the last source of that most necessary ingredient until you reach Trona. ///

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# Ghost Pueblo In Baja

**B**AJA CALIFORNIA'S list of ghost towns is enough to give any gold mining fan an attack of acute gold fever before he gets half way through the history of the first mine. For, in her geological bosom are fabulous riches in nearly all of the minerals prized by society and industry—copper, mercury, sulphur, and gold. Baja has also contributed generously to Mexico's silver output, which equals almost half of the total world production.

My first trip to Baja was in 1903 by the Condit family stork which landed me in San Quintin about 130 miles south of Ensenada. Although I was reared, schooled, worked and have lived most of my adult life north of the border, Baja is the land of my dreams. So now and then, when the wanderlust stirs me to restlessness, I

allow a bit of nostalgia to mingle in my thoughts and, presto, I find myself headed for Baja. So it was that one recent morning my wife and I crossed the border at Tijuana at 6:00 a.m. My excuse was to share the pleasure of knowing El Alamo with my wife, who had never been there.

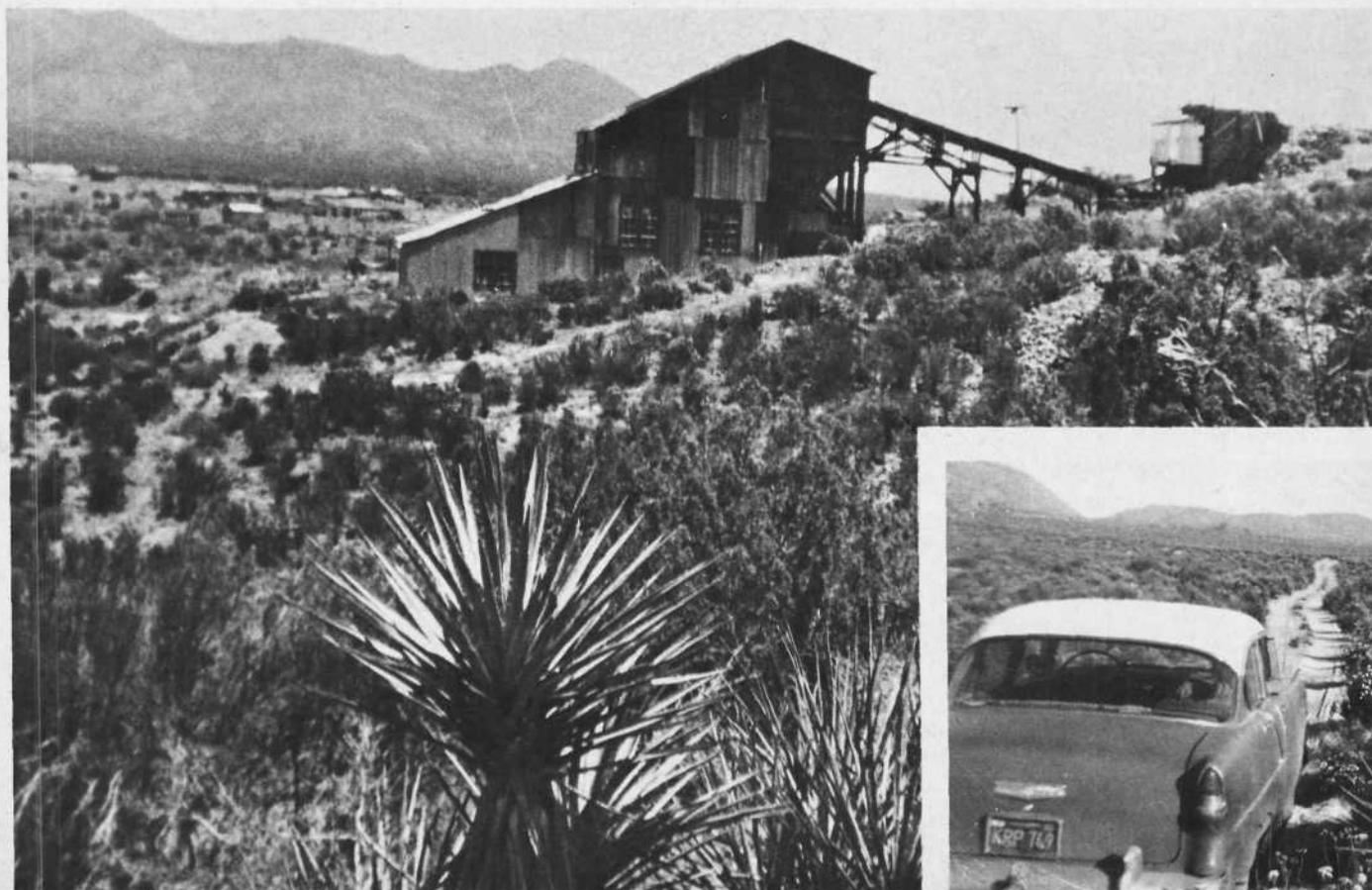
The gold boom era in Baja was actually a secondary event, being sequential to a colonization enterprise of vast proportions backed by foreign capital. Several large syndicates were involved, as the company rights were either sold or transferred from one to another and subsidiary companies were formed. Monetary backing came from small individual stock holders, private financiers, large finance firms, capitalists and some of the most prominent banking institutions in London and Wall Street.

During 1888 to early 1900, the Mexican Land and Colonization Company, with home offices in London, was in control of the enterprise in the Northern section of Baja. The company had almost half of all land of the peninsula at its disposal for colonization and also the right to exploit mineral resources.

About this time, in the course of exploratory surveys to evaluate the productive potential of the land, fabulously rich gold placers and quartz mines were discovered in the region of El Alamo.

The activity in the gold fields was of such magnitude that a subsidiary to the parent company in London was formed for the purpose of directing mining activities in Lower California. This sub company was called the Santa Clara and Lower California Mining Bureau, with offices in Alamo, Ensenada, San

*Ten stamp mill with El Alamo and Sierra Juarez in the background.*



## By John Robert Condit

Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco, St. Louis and New York. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, *San Diego Union*, and other California papers featured glowing articles about the rich bonanzas in Baja and in a few months the region of El Alamo was host to more than 8,000 population. Impressive buildings were erected, there was a newspaper, *The Alamo Nugget*, and fantastic plans were spun for the future, including a concession granted by the Federal Government to build a railroad from El Alamo to San Diego. More than 25 gendarmes found it difficult to keep civil order. Gold was so abundant just for the digging that no water wells were dug. Instead, water was hauled from the nearest spring, about 15 miles, and sold readily at \$2.50 per jug.

That was many years ago. Today only melted adobe construction remains, the frame buildings having long since been used as fuel for the wood stoves of the hopeful ones who wait for El Alamo to live again.

El Alamo is like all ghost towns in that it is a relic of a bygone era, but it is unique in that it had six or seven boom periods and it would still yield gold prolifically if worked. It also has the most amusing, yet plausible, stories of past incidents of any ghost town I know.

Have you ever heard of a louse race, with purses ranging in the thousands, winner take all? According to good authority, due to scarcity of water and necessary hygienic commodities, lice were common in the early days of El Alamo. After a rich strike a holiday would be declared and, there being no facilities nor materials for diversion, the miners improvised means to engage in their favorite sports, gambling and racing. A piece of white paper served as a track. The course was a penciled circle on the paper; the steeds, lively lice from the better's unshorn locks. The wagers—equal pokes of gold dust which all went into a jack pot. The first louse out of the circle earned for his master the entire pot!



We arrived at El Alamo about 9:00 p.m., welcomed in a darkness such as only exists in Baja by the soft yellow glow of oil lamps from three widely separated locations. No buildings were discernible, except those picked up in the beam of our headlights. The last time I had visited El Alamo was in 1933, so I had no idea who lived there now, but I approached the nearest lamp-lighted house and inquired for my friend Arriola. We were warmly welcomed by Don Louis Mesa and informed that my friend Arriola had passed away.

Mr. Mesa was quick in pegging us as *turistas en paseo* and that we were ready for some rest. He offered us a choice of either beds in his house or any place in his court yard for sleeping out under the stars. We chose the latter, as that was part of the purpose of our trip.

At sunrise we breakfasted beside an open fire on the outskirts of town, including in our menu some of the delicious Mexican bread recommended in his Baja books by Erle Stanley Gardner. Mr. Mesa had assured us there were no special arrangements necessary to visiting the mines, but some one would be glad to escort us if we wished.

El Alamo has, within a radius of 5 miles, some 20 or more key mines. Among them are La Viznaga, La Gloria, Las Virgenes, Los Angeles, La Cruda, La Quinota, La Princesa, Ulises. These include thousands of feet of tunnels and numerous surface operations. The only mining activity at present is dry placer on a limited scale and rework of tailing dumps, also limited, but some of them operated as recently as 1948. Mining equipment of all types and vintage lies

scattered over the ground, from early *arastas* to modern mechanized machinery.

A fair amount of statistical data is published about El Alamo, but very little of human interest and those living there today are of too recent vintage to tell tales of the past. We were fortunate to know Senora Josephina Bariloni de Cota of Ensenada who could tell us of the old days in El Alamo. Her father came directly from Naples, Italy, to the gold fields of El Alamo, where he operated a store, pool hall and cantina. Senora Josephina Cota speaks English, Spanish and Italian fluently.

"Yes, the stories of the abundance of gold at El Alamo were quite true," she told us. "Children at play in the streets and yards often found sizable nuggets." Her mother had once found a nugget weighing over one ounce in the gizzard of a chicken, she recalled. Before the long periods of drought in Baja, cloud bursts were quite frequent. After one of these, children and housewives would rush out to the slopes of the foothills bordering the town to pick up nuggets imbedded partially in the clay, their surfaces shining in the sun.

When Senora Cota was a small girl, her father presented her with a necklace on which were suspended 10 gold nuggets of exceptional size which he had taken in trade in his store. She loved her parents and was eager to please them by wearing the necklace, but she preferred their scoldings to the uncomfortable weight on her small neck!

The trip to El Alamo can be made fairly comfortably in a late model passenger car, although a good landing strip is located there for those having air transportation. We made the return trip from El Alamo to Ensenada in six hours, but en route we took much longer—even lingering for a bath at San Salvador hot springs.

Be sure to carry water and start with a full tank of gas. Little ranches never seem more than four or five miles apart and the natives' friendly greetings assured us of help should we need it.

Our road out of Ensenada led us up Canyon de las Cruces to a pass in the Descanso Mountains. Then we dropped rapidly into Ojos Negros valley. At the foot of this grade, the road forks. To the left is Real de Castillo where gold placers were first discovered in 1872 by Ambrosio Castillo, for whom the town was named. This town was the capital of northern Baja from 1872 to 1882. The

*Continued on Page 33*

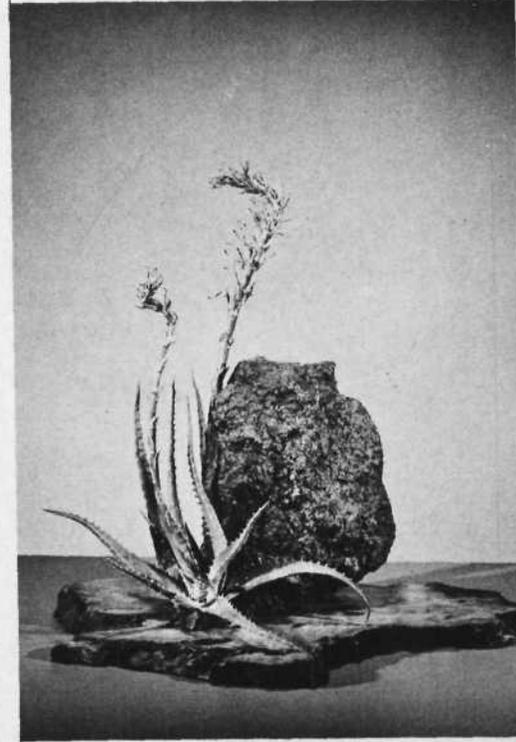
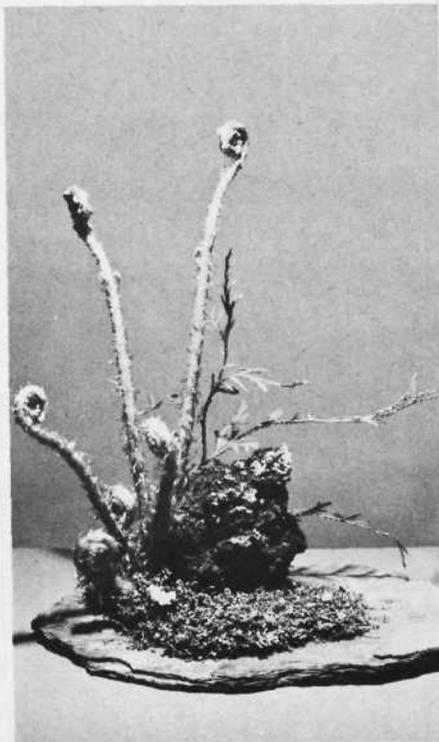
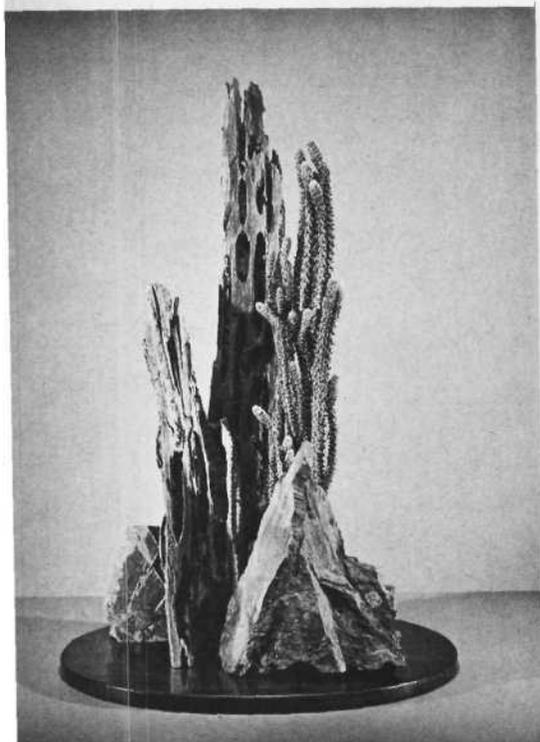
We were picnicking at a spot along the American River near the historic mining town of Auburn, California, when I found these striking pieces of shale. They are silvery blue-gray except on the weather exposed sides, which are rusty orange. On another family excursion farther up in the Sierras, I had discovered a fallen cedar tree that was disintegrating. The surface was like molten silver and the pits were filled with rust-colored pith. Exquisite in color and texture, the cedar with its deep indentation was a perfect complement to the smooth, sheer planes of the shale. The vegetation in this case came from a pine tree that had blown over in a storm. New growth had already begun, so I plucked the needles from around the brown, silver-tipped new growth and grouped them as an accent with the wood and stone composition. The whole is placed on a walnut base which reflects their forms in its polished surface.

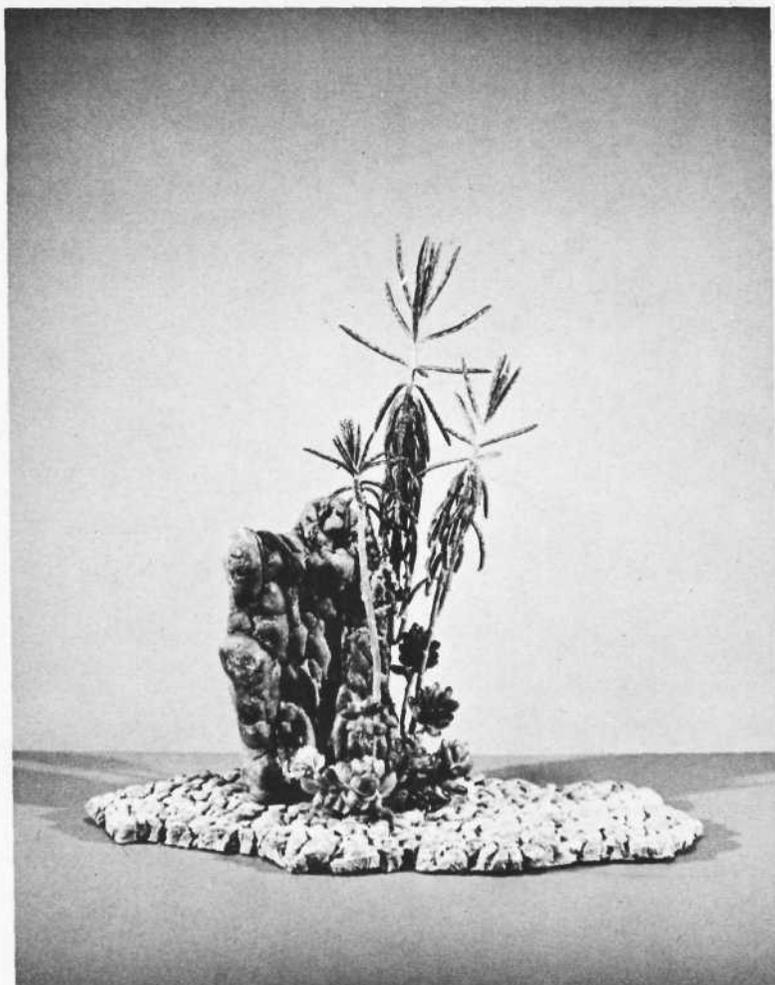


On an expedition into the California desert east of Daggett where we were looking for agate, we came upon this strange cinder. About six inches in diameter and charcoal gray with bits of white frosted over its surface, it suggested to me a primeval setting like the beginning of plant life on earth. On a slate base we'd found in the Sierra foothills, I placed baby tears moss, young fern tendrils and whisps of thujosis to look as though they'd arisen about the cinder as it cooled in an age when the world was young.

My husband dignifies this rock by the name of conglomerant. Its brilliant reds, golds, oranges, purples, grays and browns are repeated in the fruit of the opuntia cactus, while the duller tones are echoed in the bronze and tans of the ripened heads of Egyptian corn. Corn tassels and dried barley add a sparkling golden tan accent. An old, rusty iron wagon hub I dragged home from a desert trek serves as a base for the rusty plow disk. Even though there's a hole in the disk, it was not needed in this arrangement, as the materials are all dried.

Although it came from the bank of a canal, this piece of rust colored compressed ash suggested a desert vignette. On a redwood burl slab base, aloe leaves with their prickly, sharp edges, were re-grouped and placed on a pin frog. Spent blossom heads with delicate green stems and beige, papery flower sheaths are linear accents for the bold, solid form of the compressed ash.





*Dry arrangements are fun and practical as long as they are not left around to become dusty and disheveled. There is no excuse for this when you have a collection of rocks for inspiration, as it is always easy to create something fresh and new. A case in point is this grouping of concretions from Nevada's Pyramid Lake. Although it suggests a tropical island with palm trees swaying in the wind, it's actually only a foot high. The base is a section of crust from the dry lake bed while the mountain is another free-standing limestone concretion. Three varieties of succulents provide the vegetation.*

*A treasure from the countryside around Modesto, California, was the lichen covered granite and oak branches in this plate. Nature arranged the basic lines of the oak with the help of a little trimming to remove twigs that cross one another. Several pieces of granite were grouped to give weight to the base. There is a delightful affinity between the two materials, for each has lichens of unbelievable colors—pale turquoise, brilliant orange, mustard yellow and silver blue. A seedling columbine that came up in our garden repeats the yellow and orange of the lichens and gives an early spring touch to the arrangement. The base is a slice of redwood blackened by long immersion in water, its shape reflecting the original contour of the tree trunk from which it was cut.*

## What happened to THROWING ROCKS?

By Frances Louise Bode

**T**HE FUN OF this whole crazy rock collecting business is that it's a hobby for our whole family. While my husband and son search for "cutting rocks," those perfect specimens used for cabochons, I hang onto their "throwing rocks" rejected outside their workroom door. I hardly know a "cutting rock" from the hole it came out of, but I do know that the inherent beauty of any unusual rock may be a source of inspiration for a prize-winning floral arrangement—which constitutes my primary interest in their cast-offs.

This hobby has enhanced our lives by making us vibrantly aware of the beauty to be found everywhere in nature. We hope these ideas will stimulate a similar interest in the activities of other desert wanderers. ///



*Juan Jose Warner's  
own ranch and trading post  
as it looks today.  
Color Photo by  
Jack Pepper.*

# Warner

## *the man and the place*

*By Harry James*

THROUGH WARNER Springs ran one of the most important trails in California. Indian trading, hunting, and war parties traced and retraced it. Spanish Californians covered it on their journeys between the early mission settlements and, later, between their great ranchos. American trappers in their wide search for beaver plodded its dusty ways. Over it stumbled men from Vallecito whose tattered uniforms identified them as General Stephen Watts Kearny's Army of the West. Again, later, came men of the famous Mormon Battalion.

From 1858 until 1869 it was the first sign of green grass and civilization in 22 days for passengers who had traveled more than 2000 miles on the Butterfield Stage Route from Titon, Missouri, through hostile Indian country, barren deserts and lurking stage coach robbers. This era ended in 1869 with the completion of the first transcontinental railroad.

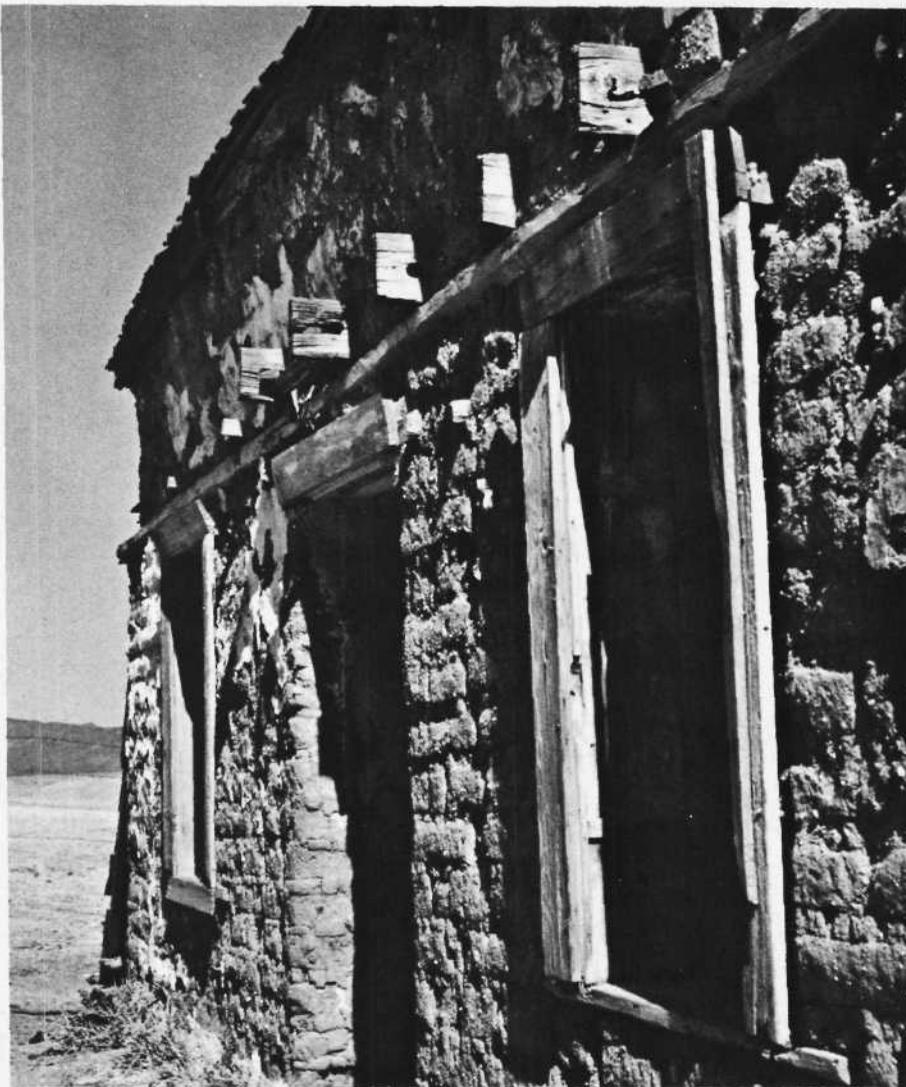
Unlike today's travelers who reach Warners on paved State Highway 79, the only cross-country route to Warners and thence to Los Angeles and the West Coast passed from Yuma and the vast wind-swept Colorado Desert through the rugged Carrizo Corridor between Vallecito and Laguna Mountains. What a welcome sight was the verdant valley of Warners, for after this area the trip was all but finished!

In sharp contrast to the days of Indian massacres and other forms of early Western violence, the valley today is peaceful and relaxing with a variety of attractions for vacationers throughout the year.

On the site where Indians used to heal their wounds before the advent of white man is now the family-style Warner Springs Guest Ranch where visitors relax in either the hot springs pool or another cooler one. The ranch has comfortable cottages and features all types







*Built by Cyrus Kimball in 1862, this adobe building has been incorrectly identified at times as Warner's ranch house. It still stands 1½ miles S.E. of the real stage station. Photo by Shirley Adams, Laguna Beach, California.*

of recreation, including golf and horse-back riding.

Today's Warner Trading Post, operated by Alfred Iller, offers not only groceries, but also clothing and souvenirs. Mr. Iller is an authority on the history of the area. Side trips from Warners may be made to Lake Henshaw, Palomar Observatory, Julian, Oak Grove and into the nearby Laguna Mountains.

On a hill near the Trading Post is a picturesque adobe chapel which serves the Cupeno and the Los Coyotes Cahuilla Indians of the area along with resort guests who visit the tiny church for Sunday mass.

Several miles down the road to Anza-Borrego, hidden by a low hill, is a small adobe building which once housed a rival to Warner's Trading Post. Known as the Kimball-Wilson store, it is remembered today as the scene of four gory murders committed "in the good old days." Close by is a gigantic sycamore

claimed by old-timers to have been used as a hanging tree. A small plaque in front of the adobe says it was a Butterfield stage station, although many authorities believe it was not.

Warner's own ranch house and trading post are still standing and are located down the road from the Guest Ranch. Unfortunately, because of vandals and souvenir hunters, authorities were forced to put a chain fence around the historic landmark. The beautiful countryside surrounding the old trading post is one of the largest working cattle ranches in Southern California. See color photo.

In 1830, Jonathan Trumbull Warner, then 23, had to move to a milder climate than his native Connecticut, so he headed for St. Louis where he secured employment with a party of mountain men headed for Sante Fe and led by Jedediah Strong Smith, whom Warner greatly admired. After Smith's tragic death in Sante Fe in 1831, Warner continued his

journey to California, en route seeing for the first time the area where he later established his ranch.

Known as 'Long John' because of his height and slinness, Warner traveled throughout California and Oregon, intending to return home. Illness changed his mind, however, and he obtained employment as a clerk in Los Angeles. Quickly he learned Spanish and became a co-partner in a store with Henry Melus. He then became a friend of Pio Pico, last governor of Mexican California. This friendship changed his life.

Living with Pico's mother was Anita Gale, the daughter of an English sea captain who had brought her to California when she was only five years old and left her with the Picos as their ward. In 1837 she and Jonathan Warner were married in the San Luis Rey Mission.

Because of his connections with the Picos and his friendship with so many leading California citizens, Long John became a naturalized Mexican citizen in 1843. Then, with the approval of the Picos, applied for an abandoned ranch of theirs in the Valle de San Jose.

This pastoral valley which came to be known as Warner's was also known as Agua Caliente because of its hot springs. The ranch had been granted to Jose Antonio Pico in 1840 by the then governor of California, Juan Bautista Alvarado. The Picos built a ranch house, planted vineyards, and grazed cattle there, but abandoned it within two years because of constant trouble with Indians.

In 1844, after obtaining his Mexican citizenship and adopting the name of Juan Jose Warner, the former Connecticut invalid received a grant for 48,000 acres in one of the most beautiful valleys in California.

When the Warners moved from Los Angeles to their new ranch, they lived in an Indian-built adobe near the hot springs before moving into their own quarters about three miles east of the springs. Here, too, Warner built the trading post which was to make him known far and wide during the years he was its proprietor.

One historical puzzle is how such a highly-regarded person as Warner could have taken into his employ a man whose name was connected with at least two of the bloodiest episodes in California history. William Marshall, a sailor from Providence, Rhode Island, jumped his ship, the Hopewell, in San Diego. After being jilted by a beautiful San Diego senorita, Lugardia Osuna, he left that

pueblo and made his way to Agua Caliente. There he ingratiated himself with a Cupeno Indian chief and married his daughter. Next he wormed his way into the confidence of Warner and became his most trusted employee.

When the war between the United States and Mexico broke out in 1846 California was to become one of the most hotly contested prizes of the confused campaign, a campaign which involved the Picos, Fremont, Kit Carson, and other prominent figures of the period. Warner was in a hot spot. He was a naturalized Mexican citizen and virtually a member of the Pico family, and Pio Pico was now governor of California. Somewhat inexplicably, his loyalties seem to have been with the United States and he became a confidential agent of Thomas Larkin, the Consul in Monterey, who was directing U. S. strategy in the war.

Uncertainty as to Warner's sympathies caused him on one occasion to be arrested by American forces and thrown into the guardhouse in San Diego. Only by feigning insanity was he able to escape being shot. During this period, William Marshall became a sort of major-domo at the ranch, and was on hand to receive the battered troops of General Kearny when they reached Warner's.

It was Marshall who supplied them with their first decent meal in days and there are stories that it was Marshall who supplied them with quantities of potent fire-water sold at the trading post. This, and kegs of wine the Army of the West found buried in the old chapel at San Ygnacio, may have been somewhat responsible for their inglorious defeat by the California Lancers at San Pasqual.

In 1850, the officials of San Diego County, eager for more revenues, levied a tax on cattle possessed by Indians of the back country. Some of the Indians paid meekly, but Antonio Garra, Jr., refused to pay. Marshall became one of the ringleaders in this tax revolt, but in sowing the wind, he reaped a whirlwind. The tax revolt exploded into a planned Indian uprising against all whites in Southern California.

Garra made contacts with Indians all the way to the Colorado River. White settlements everywhere were close to panic. The success or failure of the Garra revolt would hinge, it was generally believed, on whether or not "Captain-General" Juan Antonio of the Cahuilla Indians and his warriors would join Garra. Fortunately, he chose to side with the whites.



*The adobe in which Anita and Juan Jose Warner lived when they came to the valley still stands at the present day Warners Guest Ranch. H. James photo.*

Garra and his followers besieged the Warner ranch and trading post. Luckily, Warner had been warned by friendly Indians and had sent his family safely to San Diego. The besieging Indians killed one of Warner's servants, and Warner killed four of the attackers with his long rifle. Then he managed to escape and join his family in San Diego.

Further enraged, the Indians sacked the house, drove off Warner's cattle, and killed four helpless white invalids they found at the hot springs. Finally the younger Garra was captured by Juan Antonio, and all the marauders, with the exception of Garra Sr., were court-martialed by the American Army and shot. Garra Sr. met the same fate after a trial in San Diego.

William Marshall and Juan Berra, an-

other ringleader, were also taken to San Diego for trial. At long last Marshall got his come-uppance. Charged with high treason, robbery, and the murder of the four invalids referred to earlier, he was found guilty and hanged on December 18, 1951.

It is thought that Long John Warner did not again live at his ranch after the Garra near-destruction of it. Eventually he returned to Los Angeles where he resided until his death in 1895.

Despite the surge of development that has swept most of Southern California, Warner ranch country looks much as it did in California's yesterday. One improvement welcomed by all cross-country travelers, though, is the nice modern highway. ///



*Cahuilla Indians and resort guests still attend Sunday services in the picturesque chapel near the ranch compound. H. James photo.*

# The Mystery of the Hohokams

By Stan Jones

**P**ETROGLYPHS! PICTURES and symbols chipped into stone! The first I had ever seen!

There were many of them on these black desert stones. The sun, the moon, the stars, all painstakingly portrayed. Intricate designs chipped with exquisite care, beautiful in their artwork; a deer, a mountain goat with arched horns, all in a clustered circle around the oval depression of an ancient volcano.

There were more symbols and figures; the snake, the scorpion, stick-figures with round heads wearing what appeared to be a bowler hat!

*Depressed areas, bordered with boulders placed in straight lines, are remains of prehistoric Hohokam irrigation system.*

This was my introduction to a magnificent civilization. A trip to the University of Arizona in Tucson solved the puzzle of the petroglyphs, but curiosity urged me to look further into the mystery of this remarkable vanished race—the Hohokam.

In ever widening circles, atop the black boulder-strewn hilltop, I began to explore. Two odd features of this mountain, Cerro Prieto (Dark Mountain), puzzled me. Hardly discernable, because of desert brush and trees, there seemed to be a series of horizontal lines resembling giant steppes on the east slope of the mountain.

Too, something seemed unnatural about the dry washes running down from the steep incline of the mountain. They were definitely not of the ragged, uneven design that characterizes flood and cloudburst ravines of the desert lands.

Instead, from their beginning at the base of the cliffs near the top of the peak, each source-gorge appeared measured in distance from the other, all around the mountainside. Great banks of boulders lined their course.

Then, about midway down the slopes, each gorge sprouted additional and smaller gorges, also boulder banked, and these smaller channels fanned out in a series of inverted Ys. Nature's handiwork? I found that hard to believe. There was nothing left to do but climb up and explore.

Well, I found that new world, and it is, indeed, an amazing and thrilling one! It lies only 28 miles north of Tucson via a super-highway, and approximately eight miles west of Red Rock, Arizona, off a smooth, dirt road that, years ago, led to the once wealthy mining town of Sasco.



Almost touching Sasco and encompassing an area of nearly 20 square miles, this new/old world and its long-departed inhabitants have furnished the future with a puzzle that no one, to date, has been able to solve.

While Sasco disappears under the sands of time, it is strange to think that there, closeby, on the harsh, steep slopes of Cerro Prieto, stands evidence of a remarkable civilization that flourished at least 700 years before Sasco was built!

While exploring Cerro Prieto, I chided myself for believing that I saw odd characteristics in this tortured land where unbelievable and weird formations are commonplace. I climbed through the thorny growth of the mountain only a short distance before my heart leaped. There before me was a definite clearing, nearly six feet wide, leveled into the hillside, bordered by high stones, and extending north as far as I could see around the lower slope of the mountain! Definitely, a pathway. And on the bare ground lay piece after piece of broken clay pottery, some brilliantly painted, while strewn in profusion among the clay fragments were bright, chipped stones.

I had found it. The distinctive red on buff pottery remnants proved it. An original Hohokam site!

Deeply excited, I scrambled up the slope to discover ledges carved into the mountainside in a series of gigantic steppes, each terrace, with exception of brush now growing over it, table-top smooth and dotted with tell-tale heaps of broken pottery and chipped stone.

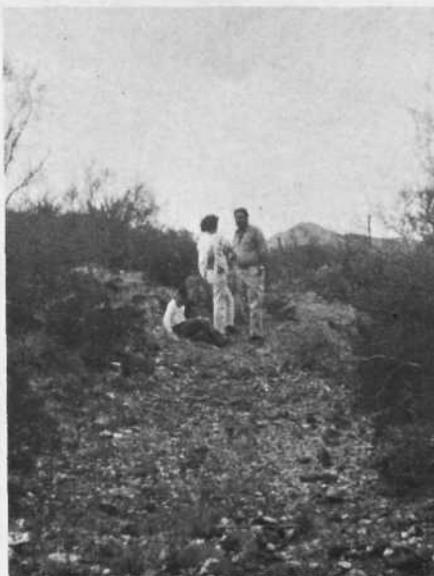
Nine great steppes, each about 30 feet in width, banked up into one another with definite walls of boulders inclined into the mountain's steepness, still holding firm after all these years. What a tremendous feat of engineering this entire project had been!

The steppes extended north around the slope of the mountain nearly half a mile and climbed upward in ever diminishing distances. At each level, as the steppes ended at the far northern extremity, the low, stone walls of rectangular buildings still remained.

By chance, I ventured from the east slope and the terraces toward the northern section of the mountain and, again, found excitement and wonder. There, on surfaces leveled into solid caliche and protected by great banks of boulders, were stone-walled frames of buildings, one after another, dotting the way up the entire slope into the heights of the mountain.

And what remarkable buildings! The

*Hohokam pathway at Cerro Prieto base.*



walls, most still intact despite the onslaught of the centuries, were fashioned with boulders cleverly fitted one into and against another, forming thicknesses of about a foot and a half. So perfectly constructed were these walls that a plumb-bob showed not a trace of lean or off-center.

The plumb-bob and a level and square, tested at a later date, proved that these people, classed as "aborigine" by history, somehow had learned, centuries ago, principles of architecture and construction equal to present day know-how, as each wall and corner of the rectangular buildings was absolutely perfect and true.

There were no roofs to these remarkable buildings, a fact which puzzled me.



*Petroglyphs were many and varied.*

The Arizona State Museum's staff, however, answered this question, as it is known that mud and thatch roofs, supported by ridgepoles, were the covering the Hohokams used. These had long since decayed and crumbled.

Square walls, round walls, oblong walls, hundreds of them, still standing, still outlining the great city of people who had once lived on that steep mountainside. Each gorge, each stream bed fanning out in a great inverted Y down the slope of Cerro Prieto was man-made, hacked out of solid caliche, and directed by a masive intelligence in a given direction. And each boulder, some weighing as much as a half ton, had been deliberately placed, one on another, to form a stream border that even the terrible power of countless cloud-bursts had never displaced. Had there been only one or two of these canals, the feat would not have been especially remarkable, but here were dozens and dozens of these fantastic water systems, perfectly preserved.

From the heights, nearly three-quarters of the way up those steep slopes, I looked out over the myriads of acres of level land below. Suddenly the tremendous extent of this engineered irrigation system became clear to me. As far as the eye could reach, in uniform pathways stretching for miles on the gently inclined land, the water run-off from this mountain and others nearby had been systematically and carefully channeled to irrigate thousands of acres of desert land. Even today this would be a monumental achievement, painfully evident by the fact that the land lies unirrigated and almost totally reclaimed by desert growth.

It is incredible that a people without metal tools or machinery could achieve such tremendous projects. But, they did, and the proof, preserved in remarkable clarity, still exists.

Who were they?

If you should ask the archeologists who have spent years in the study of these fabulous "Old People," they will answer, unhappily, that no shred of evidence has, to date, been uncovered which will answer this question. And, even more unhappily, they will advise you that two more vital questions concerning this old race lie unanswered: Where did they come from? Into what limbo did they vanish?

But they can tell you many things about these brilliant people. They can tell you that they made intricate and ornate jewelry out of stone, bone, turquoise and sea shell, that they grew cotton and wove its fibers into garments, that they

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*Well preserved walls of two Hohokam buildings on north slope of Cerro Prieto.*

were master artisans, engineers, architects, builders and agriculturists.

They can tell you that these ancient people had learned the secret of decorating beautiful clay pottery with bright designs which have lasted, bright and clear, up to this day. And they can tell you that the Hohokam had learned to etch wonderful designs on sea shells—with acid!

They speak with some awe about the fact that these old people, too, could melt metal, for proof of the use of metal is found in the paint which has endured through the centuries and more strikingly, in sets of tiny, copper bells, cast in some unknown fashion, so many years ago!

But there is one other tremendously important thing these detectives of lost ages do not know. And that is—what the Hohokam looked like! To this date, no perfect evidence of their features and stature has been found because—the Hohokam cremated their dead!

The archeologists have theories. The predominant one is that the Hohokam was a segment of an adventurous Asiatic race who crossed over into America via the Bering Straits and worked southward. But today, not one shred of evidence exists than can substantiate this idea.

In regard to the disappearance of these "Old People," the theory is held that sometime after 1400 A.D., for some reason, cultural or climatic, a breakdown in communal thought and effort occurred, climaxed by a long, slow decline of humanity into the present-day Indian tribes who occupy the southern desert regions.

I am certainly not qualified, by education or training, to debate these theories, but no one can prevent me from having a theory of my own.

And I have. It is one that will serve no useful purpose in solving the mystery of the Hohokam, but I believe some Nordic race braved the oceans and the ice of the extreme north, centuries ago, and entered, possibly, through Greenland, into Canada, then America, there ending an exploration that had taken them too far from home to ever return again. The great stone circle I found, with the center cross-piece leading east and west, corresponds somewhat to that circle found in Stonehenge, England.

My reasons for believing this are, perhaps, childishly simple. Chiefly, I believe it because I cannot find any record in past history of Asiatic races being other than short and squat. The Hohokams were of a strong, virile race. Their petroglyphs indicate a tall, slender people.

To test this theory, I coerced a group of friends of diverse heights to make marks on a blackboard and then took an average of the positions of the markings from ground level. If this test has any scientific value at all, it would prove that the Hohokam artists were at least six feet in height—or over!

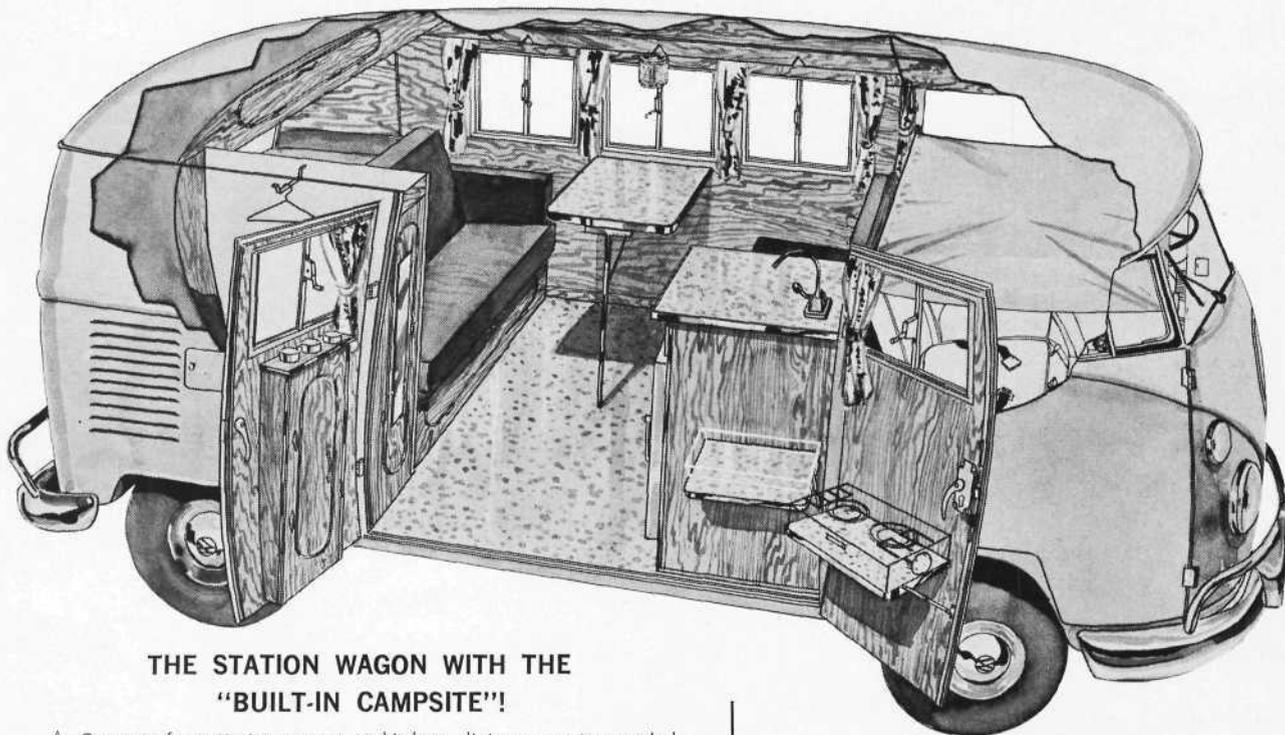
In regard to the disappearance of the Hohokam, of course it is possible that they declined into present-day Indian cultures. But, there too, many other explanations, just as plausible, are possible. Stone bowls left in the exact place of their usage, so many years ago, and pottery crumbling in the very rooms "they" cooked and ate and drank in, bear, I feel, a definite testimony to sudden departure.

Somehow, someday, I feel sure archeologists will, by methodical steps and good luck, solve the riddle of the "Old Ones" and their disappearance. And, just maybe, one of my theories will prove correct!

///

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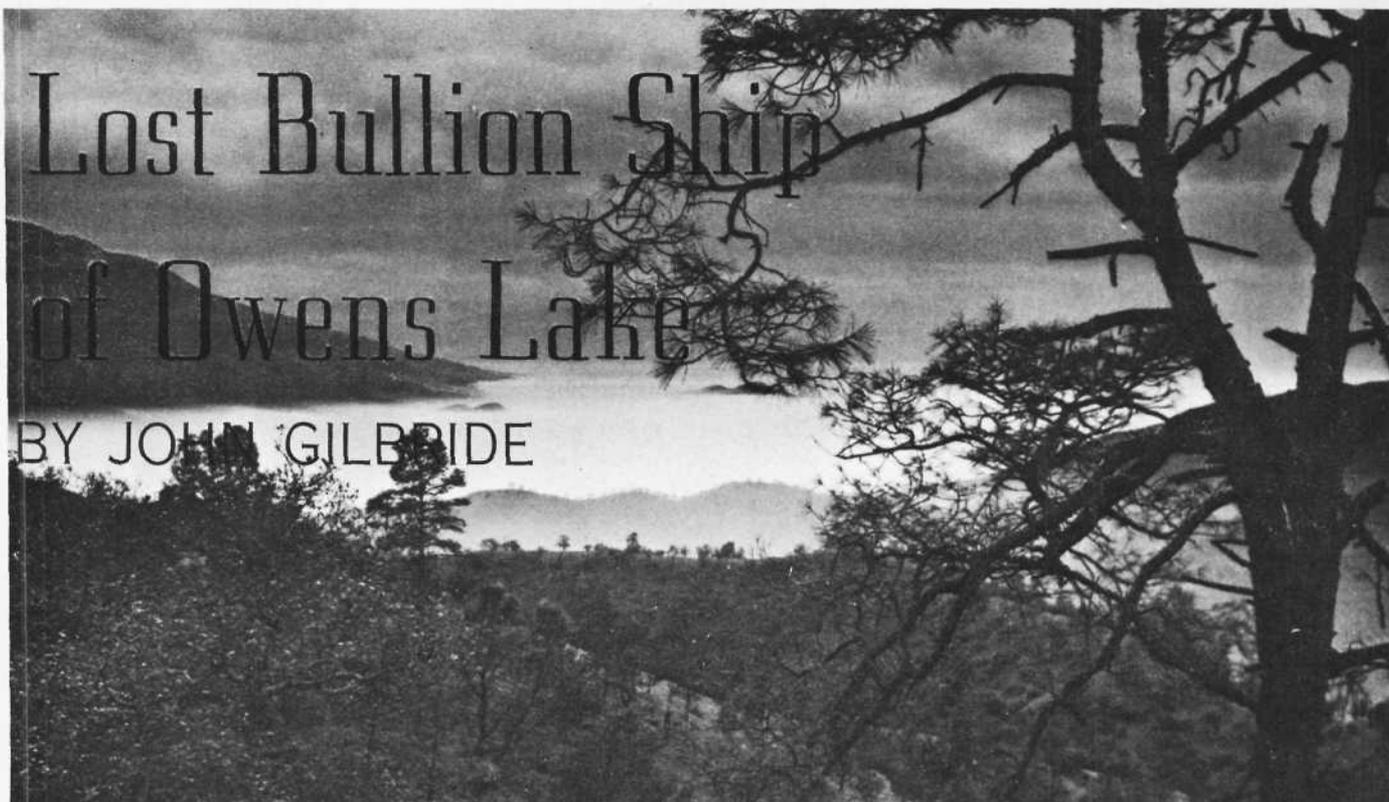
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**W**INTER HAD come to Inyo County, California. Bleak clouds stood above the Sierras and all mining activity for the year 1882 would be suspended soon.

A small steamer, laden with 83-pound bars of silver-lead bullion, plowed southwesterly across Owens Lake, arcing toward Cartago. As the sun dropped behind the gleaming Sierras, a cold wind whipped the blue-green water into gray manes of alkaline foam. The wind strengthened by the minute until the stubby little ship was fighting for survival against a 40-knot northwester square on her starboard.

Yard by yard, she was driven inexorably toward the shallow sand wastes below the Coso Range where the waves broke on sandy reefs and shallows. As the last daylight faded from the Inyo Mountains behind, the frantic crew felt a terrible rumbling crash in the hold as a pile of massive bars slid loose from its packings and tumbled across the slanted floor.

The vessel never recovered her balance. She spun slowly, throwing her crew into the water, went over on her side, and slid to the bottom amid sounds of wind, waves, hissing steam. Neither the vessel nor its cargo of silver bullion was ever recovered.

This legend of the lost bullion ship has been tucked away in the memories of local residents for over 80 years. Ask

anyone in Lone Pine, Olancho, or what is left of Keeler and they will tell you the same story. And that was how I—with all the misapplied energy of every new Californian—took up the hunt for the silver bars.

Sitting in cool comfort in Los Angeles, this particular treasure hunt seemed almost too easy. Owens Lake had dried up in the 1930s from a combination of natural and man-made effects. Anyone with a half-analytical mind, I felt sure, could trace the regular route of this vessel across the lake on a large-scale map, calculate the effects of a stiff side wind, and arrive at a small circle on the map within which a search could be concentrated. It was only by pure good luck that I decided to pass the lake with only a lingering glance last July, and continue up to Independence to do some historical research in the county seat. The dossier I built up in the cool, sane basement library of the county building ended my search right there, but the true facts turned out to be far more vivid than the still-current treasure-hunter's dream. If any DESERT reader has had thoughts of one day unearthing a pile of silver bars in the heat-crevassed salty wasteland that was Owens Lake, he might profit from these findings.

Steam ships were introduced into California lakes in 1864, when the *Governor Blaisdel* was launched on Lake Tahoe to carry lumber for the mines. When mine owners and burgeoning communities

nearby realized how much could be saved in freight costs, steamer transport spread rapidly throughout such lakes as Meadow, Owens, Donner, Mono, Walker, Klamath, Pyramid and Honey. Besides saving money, the steamers cut wagon and mule-train times to shreds and carried bulky equipment which would have been out of the question for teamsters on narrow, rugged trails. Owens Lake was the third waterway in California to adopt steamers, and the year was 1872.

At the time, the entire Owens Valley was a hive of activity. The immensely rich Cerro Gordo mining district in the Inyo Mountains on the east poured forth silver-lead ore from a dozen mines. On the narrow flats below—at the edge of the lake—the new Swansea smelting plant was producing about 150 83-pound bars of bullion per three-shift day from each of two furnaces; 25,000 pounds every 24 hours. Tunnel props and furnace charcoal to extend the mines and smelt the ores came from the mills and kilns across the lake in the Cottonwood Creek vicinity. Ranching and farming sprawled out across the lush meadows of Olancho on the south, and followed the 300,000-acre Owens River Valley on the north as far as Bishop.

The only crux was transportation. It took teams of 12 mules *five* days to move a standard six-ton load of bullion from the Swansea smelting plant across the sandy wastelands to the transshipment

point at Olanca. The same delays beset the ranchers, produce growers, lumber mills and charcoal makers. Although scores of small freight outfits were continuously on the move around the lake, you can see on looking back that steam-powered water transport was inevitable.

Only July 4, 1872 at 10:30 a.m., a small girl smashed a bottle of wine over the bow of Owens Lake's first steamer, and shyly voiced the ritualistic "I christen this ship the *Bessie Brady*." The place was Ferguson's Landing, named for entrepreneur D. H. Ferguson; the little girl was Bessie Brady, daughter of James Brady who was superintendent of the Owens Lake Silver-Lead Company at Swansea. Brady and Ferguson between them had just invested over \$10,000 in the newly-christened ship, in addition to which Ferguson had built a wharf and warehouse at the landing to which he had given his name.

The *Bessie Brady* was 85 feet long, had a 16-foot beam, a six-foot deep hold, and a relatively shallow draft. Records show she was powered by a 20 hp. 10x10-inch steam engine built at San Francisco by Pacific Foundry. The 52-inch screw was directly geared to the single piston. Through some error, the huge propeller was partially out of the water when *Bessie Brady* settled into her element. Most likely explanation is that the suppliers in San Francisco were unaware of *Bessie's* unusually shallow draft for a vessel of her displacement.

On June 27, the vessel made her pre- maiden voyage across the lake to Cartago, carrying 700 ingots (about 30 tons) of silver bullion to waiting Los Angeles-bound wagons. Satisfied by this trial sailing, Brady and Ferguson laid on everything from champagne to fireworks for the official July 4 christening, and took about 130 Independence Day celebrants on a trip around the lake to prove that water transportation was faster, cheaper, and infinitely easier. After the champagne corks and bunting had been cleared away, several weeks' final work was done on the superstructure.

From the beginning, the steamer was a complete success. With a speed of seven knots, she was able to make a straight run from Swansea to Cartago in under three hours, carrying passengers and 70 tons of bullion. The freight cost was less than half what one wagon team charged for a 6-ton load; in other words, about 1/25th the cost of land transport!

In September 1873, mine owner M. W. Belshaw bought out James Brady's interest in the *Bessie Brady* and built a

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wharf about six miles south of Swansea, where the Yellow Grade tramway came down to his smelters from the distant mines in the Cerro Gordo district. By 1876, a Southern Pacific Railroad line had been pushed north from Los Angeles to Mojave, so that the only slow section in the ingot shipping pattern was the wagon trail from Cartago to Mojave. Under the impetus of this speed-up in transport, activity in the Cerro Gordo mines rose to a fever pitch, while *Bessie Brady* bustled from wharf to wharf, day in and day out.

It was at this point—about March 1877—that she was joined by a second steamer. Col. Stevens' operations had grown to such an extent that he incorporated as the Inyo Lumber & Coal Company, and promptly ordered his own ship. And so the keel for a new steamer was laid near the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. The vessel was smaller than *Bessie Brady* so that the hull was completed and launched by mid-May of 1877.

Two days after the new hull was launched, an incident occurred which is almost certainly the genesis of the Lost



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Bullion Ship treasure story. A heavy wind came up during the night, after workmen had left the undecked hull floating quietly at its moorings. Under the combined effects of an exceptionally heavy rain storm and waves breaking full against its side, the new hull gradually filled with water and sank by the wharf. Owens Lake obviously had the pioneering spirit of helping out a distressed neighbor, for the hull was raised within two days mainly through the help of *Bessie Brady's* steam-powered tackle!

When finally ready to sail, the new ship was fitted with a powerful engine said to have come from the former *U.S.S. Pensacola*. She was christened the *Mollie Stevens*, after the colonel's daughter, and made her first trans-lake run early in June 1877, carrying timber for the Union Consolidated Mine at Cerro Gordo.

For a short time after that, both ships lived busy lives, but the beginning of the end for Cerro Gordo's lavish day appeared when silver prices slumped around the world and charcoal prices skyrocketed under the effects of dwindling timber supplies in the region. By the end of 1878, *Mollie Stevens* was swinging idly at her Cottonwood Creek moorings and



*Author and other treasure-seekers find relics of former mining days.*

the quietness of depression settled over this great basin. Almost exactly a year later, the ageing *Bessie Brady* was hauled ashore at Ferguson's Landing and stripped of her machinery.

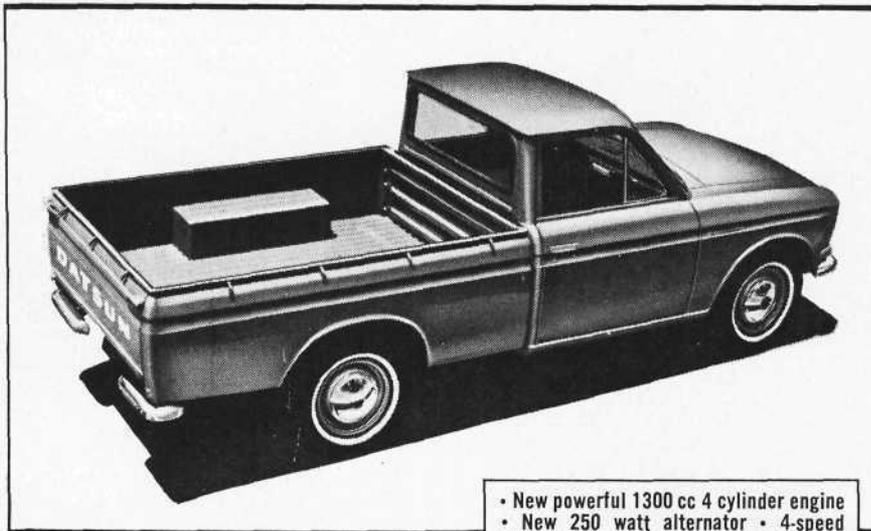
One last burst of activity came to Cerro Gordo before the district passed

into California mining history. As the *Bessie Brady* was being dismantled, Capt. J. M. Keeler came to the valley and bought out all major mining operations on behalf of some eastern financiers. A new townsite and mill location—to be called Keeler—were laid in on March 1, 1880. Within a year, a 10-stamp mill was in operation at Keeler for the new Owens Lake Mining & Milling Company. In a magnificent attempt at integrating the entire district, Keeler purchased Col. Stevens' lumber and coal business across the lake at Cottonwood Creek. The *Mollie Stevens* was promptly put to work hauling 150,000 feet of lumber to the resuscitated shafts at Cerro Gordo, and the lake echoed once more to the sounds of steam power.

So far as is known, the *Mollie Stevens* never carried any bullion shipments. The new stamp mills were so efficient that only the most highly refined bullion was produced. These high-grade bars could be economically shipped from Keeler to Mojave by fast stage, so that the older economies of slow wagon versus fast steamer no longer held.

The extent to which this once great mining district had declined was clearly indicated by the fact that Keeler's newly-organized Owens Lake Mining & Milling — encompassing *all* former mining companies in the area — only put out \$6,000 worth of silver per week, a far cry from the boom days when the Swansea smelters were pouring about \$37,000 worth of bullion every six days.

Both steamers fell victim to the last desperate efforts to keep the mines going.



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Keeler, finding the *Mollie Stevens* less efficient than the records showed *Bessie Brady* to have been, purchased the latter and had her towed to his town. There she was completely overhauled and refitted, while the *Mollie Stevens* was beached and cannibalized to provide the engine, boiler and auxiliary equipment.

*Bessie Brady* was almost ready to be re-launched on a hot, hazy May afternoon in 1882, when some malignant spark hit the near-explosive mixture of fumes from oil, caulking compound, paint and tar which filled the below-decks spaces. Within seconds, she was a bonfire. Within an hour, nothing remained but the hot, carbonized skeleton of a dumpy little ship so many had loved.

Barely a year later the southern terminal of the once-aggressive Carson & Colorado Railroad was operating in Keeler. The arrival of the trains signalled the end for the concept of water transportation—or so it seemed—and the Owens Lake steamer era passed into oblivion.

As I made the last note, and closed the last reference book in the hospitable public library at Independence, the conclusion was inescapable. There was no lost ship, its hold filled with shining stacks of silver bullion, lying in the wasteland that was Owens Lake. Only the half truths that treasure hunters live by sometimes, and some garbled local legends, had sustained this story through the years.

Later, as I drove through the lonely Inyo Mountains toward Panamint Valley, my disappointment gradually gave way to a feeling of peaceful detachment from the narrow, mean life forced on one by that modern strait-jacket, the city. More real than the Los Angeles traffic I had left temporarily was the vivid past that still haunts these ridges and passes. I stopped once on Route 190 to look back while the setting sun reddened the hills around Centennial Flat and filled the dry lake with shadows. It took no effort of imagination to see smoke rising from distant Swansea; to hear the rattle of ore trams and the shouts of rough mining men; to trace the criss-cross patterns of two small ships between five wharves that echoed under heavy boots.

I don't know . . . there isn't evidence of sunken bullion in history books, but some kind of treasure must have dropped overboard and become buried in today's desert sands. For nostalgia's sake, if not for the loot, I think I'll go back someday and take a look!

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## Cooney, New Mexico

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



IN 1870 young Sergeant James C. Cooney was a member of a scouting expedition out of Fort Bayard. At heart a prospector, Cooney noted several spots of float worth looking into once his hitch was served. The richest was an outcropping in the Mogollons (pronounced mugg'owns). Immediately upon being mustered out, he confided to a few trusted friends the location of his best discovery.

Forming an informal partnership, the men headed for the mountains. Insufficiently protected and under-provisioned, they were harassed by marauding Apaches and forced to retire to Silver City, to lick their wounds. There they took odd jobs and saved enough money to outfit another venture two years later. This time the party set out with two ox-drawn wagons filled with equipment and were successful in establishing a rough and-ready camp in Cooney Canyon, named for the discoverer.

Below on the flats was Alma, an agricultural community so harassed by Apaches the settlers had little time for farming. Citizens there called on the army-experienced James Cooney for help. The ex-sergeant was agreeable, but lost his life when Apaches ambushed him on the trail. James' younger brother, Captain Michael Cooney, then took over at the mining camp.

In the spring of '83 the Captain grubstaked a man named Turner, hoping to

extend their sources of gold and silver with further explorations. Turner never came back. When his body was discovered, pieces of ore were in his pack. Cooney decided to search out the spot they had come from, but next spring *his* body was found, this time frozen and only a short distance from where Turner's body had been discovered.

The camp of Cooney was failing because of depleted ores, but it had attracted many prospectors to the area in spite of the Apaches. This led to the finding of fabulous gold and silver deposits in Silver Creek Canyon, a short distance away. Some of the mines established there were Maude, Deep Down, Last Chance and the richest of all, Little Fanny.

The town had reached a population of around 1909 when Little Fanny was developed. Two years later a roster of thirsty residents was supporting 14 saloons. Included among businesses by then were five stores, seven restaurants and an unknown number of brothels, the last being segregated on the flat at the lower end of town. When this reporter camped in the area, the ghost town's only remaining resident, elderly Mr. Friolo, came by for a visit. "Well," he remarked, "I see you're stopping in the red-light district!"

The camp had a high death rate from what was familiarly called "miner's con," a form of silicosis of the lungs caused by inhalation of silicates or quartz

dust. When air-hammers working underground hit a vein of metal-bearing quartz, they stirred up a cloud of finely pulverized material irritating to the lungs. Inhalation over a period of only a few months was a sure invitation to the "con." The afflicted miner would then be relegated to a lesser job above ground, but the disease was progressive and usually resulted in complete disability or death.

The company made sincere efforts to end the casualties. Water hoses were installed alongside those powering the compressors and pumps, and miners were instructed to squirt water alongside the air gun. This method worked when used, but the men didn't like getting wet and considered the whole thing a nuisance. They dropped the water hoses when supervisors weren't around and the carnage of dust-ruined lungs continued. Then the company hit upon a solution by arranging the drills so they wouldn't work except in conjunction with water jets. Thus conditions improved.

By 1915 the camp's payroll was between \$50,000 and \$75,000 every month. Gold and silver bullion poured into Silver City in a steady 90-mile stream over frighteningly steep grades barely negotiable even by 18-mule teams.

These grades exist today and the rough, rocky road presents some hair-raising moments to city drivers, but several vacationists manage to spend summer in the old town along with the ghosts. ///

## GHOST PUEBLO IN BAJA

*Continued from Page 17*

right fork heads south for El Alamo. The road improved a little as we drove through fenced-in lanes with wheat and alfalfa fields on either side.

About four miles from the foot of the grade is Tienda Ojos Negros. Gasoline, oil, food, beer and water are available here from most hospitable hosts. Around the turn of the century before the long periods of drought in Baja, this valley provided lush grazing country for cattle and horses. Tienda Ojos Negros now occupies one of the original adobe buildings of the Circle Bar ranch, one of the biggest and most prosperous spreads in the history of northern Baja.

From Tienda Ojos Negros to Alamo there are 37 miles of deep rutted dirt roads. We made it in a 1955 Chevrolet, but would recommend something more rugged with better underclearance. There is plenty of water along this route. We counted nine natural watering places for cattle in about 15 miles.

Sangre de Cristo was our third stop—about 10 miles from Ojos Negros. Here is a natural spring, the water running into a hollowed-out log trough at the side of the road. About five miles further south is San Salvador, a hot springs rich in sulphur and other salubrious minerals. There's a weather-beaten frame shanty which houses a wooden bathing vat and baths are free for the taking.

Seven miles south of San Salvador is Pino Solo. This lone pine stood for hundreds of years as a stately landmark, until three years ago when it partly burned after being struck by lightning. Two years later, in its weakened condition, it was unable to withstand the force of a wind storm and now lies beside the road, but still is an unmistakable landmark. El Alamo is 15 miles south from here.

While searching for data pertinent to El Alamo history, I ran across a copy of the *San Diego Union and Daily Bee* of Aug. 23, 1898. It carries an article stating that Mr. R. G. Brown, manager of the Bodie Consolidated Mining Co. and C. W. Parsons, his assistant, had been inspecting new gold discoveries "in the Alamo region." Mr. R. G. Brown managed a company which operated a mine with a production of over \$100,000,000. Based on this criteria, I would say that should some day world economics and monetary values reach a balance point and gold mining is revived, El Alamo might be among the ghost towns to live again.

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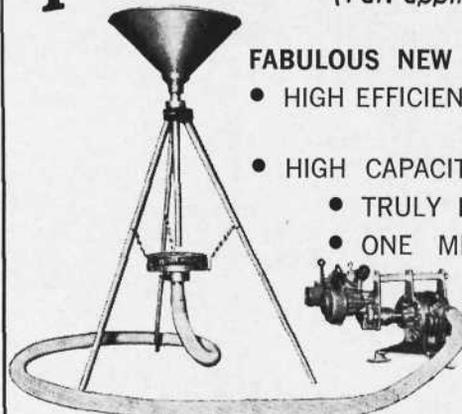
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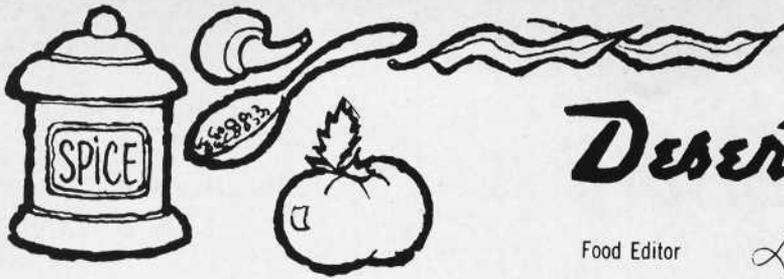


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# Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

*Lucille Inedale Carlson*

## TURKEY TETRAZZINI

- 4 ounces American Beauty Italian Style Spaghetti
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 cup diced cooked turkey (or chicken)
- 1/4 cup minced green pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced onion
- 1 cup shredded cheddar or old English cheese

Cook spaghetti in lightly salted water until tender; drain. (This dish is best if you use Italian type spaghetti.) Combine with remaining ingredients, reserving half the cheese. Pour into a 1 1/2-quart buttered casserole. Sprinkle remaining cheese on top. Bake in 400 degree oven for about 30 minutes. 4 or 5 servings. This casserole freezes well.

## GINGER CHICKEN ORIENTAL

- 1 1/4 cups chicken broth
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 to 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1 1/2 cups diagonally sliced celery
- 1/2 cup thinly sliced onion
- 2 cups diced cooked chicken
- 1 tablespoon Soya sauce
- 1 can sliced mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 1/2 cups packaged pre-cooked rice
- 1/4 cup toasted slivered almonds

Place broth, salt and ginger in sauce pan or skillet and bring to boil. Add celery, onion and chicken. Cover and cook over moderate heat until celery is tender crisp, about 10 minutes. Stir in Soya sauce. Drain mushrooms and combine liquid from them with cornstarch. Add to chicken mixture, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add mushrooms and heat. Meanwhile, cook rice according to directions. Place rice in center of serving dish, and surround with chicken. Sprinkle with almonds. Serves 4.

## BEEF STEW

Brown 1 1/2 lbs. stew meat in 1/3 cup margarine. Add 1/2 lb. sliced mushrooms and saute until tender. Sprinkle this with garlic salt to taste, salt and pepper. Add 1/4 teaspoon thyme and 1/2 teaspoon dill seed. Add 1/2 can consomme, 1 medium can tomatoes. Simmer for 1 1/2 hours stirring occasionally. Add 6 small whole onions, 6 small whole potatoes and 1 bunch carrots cut in 2-inch pieces. Cook slowly for 45 minutes or until vegetables are cooked. Thicken sauce with 2 tablespoons flour stirred into 1/2 cup water. Serves 5 or 6.

## TUNA CASSEROLE WITH ARTICHOKES

- 2 cans chunk style tuna, undrained
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Dash of nutmeg, pepper
- 1 1/4 cups milk
- 1 cup diced or grated American cheese
- 1 can artichoke hearts or 1 package frozen ones. I prefer the canned, but do not use the canned ones that are marinated.

1/4 cup soft bread crumbs  
 Drain oil from tuna into large skillet, add 2 tablespoons of butter and the onion. Saute onion almost tender. Blend in flour and seasonings. Gradually add milk. Cook, stirring constantly until sauce boils 1 minute. Add cheese, stir until melted. Combine with tuna and artichokes; turn into 1 1/2-quart buttered casserole. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter. Bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes. This is an unusual and delicious dish.

## BAKED CHICKEN WITH CHEESE

- 2 1/2-lb. broiler-fryer, cut up
- 1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon Soya sauce
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 1/4 cup grated American or Cheddar cheese
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon paprika

Place chicken in buttered baking dish. Pour melted butter mixed with Soya sauce over it. Combine sour cream, grated cheese, salt and paprika and pour over chicken. Bake at 325 degrees for 1 1/2 hours. Makes 3 servings or 4 small ones.

## PUERTO RICO POT ROAST

- 1 4-lb pot roast or rump roast
- 2 tablespoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- Dash of ginger
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped fine
- 2 onions, chopped fine
- 1 1/2 cups prunes
- 1 cup pitted ripe olives
- 1 can sliced mushrooms

Rub the pot roast with mixture of salt, pepper and ginger. Heat the shortening in Dutch Oven, add beef and brown on both sides. Add garlic, onions and 1/2 cup water. Cover tightly and cook over low heat for about 1 1/2 hours, turning occasionally. While roast is cooking, soak prunes in 1 1/2 cups water. At end of cooking period, add prunes and liquid to meat. Add olives and mushrooms, well drained. Cover and cook gently for about 1 hour more, or until roast is tender. To serve, surround meat with fruit mixture on a hot platter. Serves 6 to 8.

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by Sam Hicks



**R**UDA IS ONE of the most prevalent home-remedy herbs in the Southwest. It is frequently found growing in Mexican households either as a potted plant or as a shrub in the flower garden. Its yellow blossoms quickly change from flowers to thick pods which, when crushed, release an exhilarating fragrance that opens the sinuses much the same as does menthol. Its aromatic leaves and pods are cooked into teas of varying strengths which are taken for stomach disorders, and by women as an aid to menstruation. Ruda tea is carefully avoided during pregnancy. Its leaves, slightly crushed and rolled into small plugs, are inserted into the ear to relieve ear-aches.



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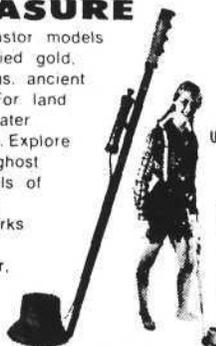
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# LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

### Hornitos Bound!

*To the Editor:* I enjoyed the numerous interesting articles of places to go, in the August/September issue. There are doubtless many DESERT readers who have no idea where the ghost town of Hornitos is located. The best way to get there is to go first to Merced (Calif.) on Hwy. 99, then north about 19 miles to Snelling, thence to Merced Falls (6 miles) and seven more miles to Hornitos, as shown on a road map. One of the noteworthy features of Hornitos is the escape tunnel which was used by the bandit, Joaquin Murietta. This tunnel ran from a saloon on one side of the road to a dance hall on the other side. The last time I was there one opening of this tunnel was still to be seen and it was plainly marked by a sign. Also, there was an interesting old general store which has been in continuous operation since the early days.

CLAYTON I. KANAGY,  
West Los Angeles, California

### Sturdy Steed!

*To the Editor:* In a letter titled "Expert opinion on Pegleg's Gold" (DESERT Magazine, August-September), Harry J. Phillips writes: "It is a matter of record that 'Nigger Jim' rode into San Bernardino County and sold \$40,000 worth of black gold from his saddle bags."

I wonder if Mr. Phillips would also be good enough to tell us if it is also a matter of record what size horse "Nigger Jim" rode and where he acquired such sturdy saddle bags. With gold priced at \$20 per Troy ounce (as it was prior to 1934), \$40,000 worth of pure, smelted, 24 carat fine gold would weigh 166 lbs. If the nuggets were of the usual purity, say 80%, then "Nigger Jim's" poor steed was totting 208 pounds of metal, plus any associated gangue minerals. Adding to this the weight of the saddle and rider, the total burden would be approximately 400 pounds. It may be that "Nigger Jim" had for his mount a Percheron or a Clydesdale, but if he rode an ordinary Western pony he could not have traveled far through the sands of the Mohave desert.

ROBERT W. BLAIR, M.D.,  
Los Angeles

*Editor's Note: DESERT's typesetter thinks big! It should have been \$4,000. C.P.*

### To The Man Who Found Pegleg's Gold

*From the Editor:* Because we imagine you have an academic interest in reader response to your claim to have found Pegleg's Black Gold, we'll bring you up to date. Letters are still arriving in great quantity, but the remarks and questions are ones already answered or of too little general interest to give space to on this page. We feel guilty about you doing all the giving and us doing all the taking and hesitate to run letters requesting answers because it is tantamount to asking for more nuggets. You have proven your point, in this regard, and if you use the same typewriter, or identify the postmark on your previous letter, we can judge the validity of your letters from that.

Because the negative letters or the ones with ridiculous requests stimulate controversy, we have probably given you an inaccurate overall impression by printing a majority of them. Actually, by far, the majority of our readers wish you well, praise your astuteness, and are (like Mr. Derfus wrote in the October issue) with you 101%.

We, personally, are somewhat concerned about you, however—especially when several months pass by without a letter—and hope you will let us know that you haven't been bonged over the head for your gold, or something. We haven't heard from you since the letter which appeared in the Aug./Sept. issue.

The nuggets are on display at the new home of DESERT Magazine, with the exception of the one photographed in the May issue. That one is in the bank vault to preserve for DESERT readers in the event we should have an earthquake or some such thing and the others should disappear. C.P.

### DESERT's The Answer

*To the Editor:* The August-September issue was superb—so accurate I didn't need to write in my diary about our trip to Bodie. Your magazine is the answer to many of my gift problems, both in the West as well as the East.

JANE CUNNINGHAM,  
Costa Mesa, California.



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## Collector's Item?

To the Editor: Due to the publicity that the discovery of the Pegleg Mine has aroused, I wonder if it would be possible for me to purchase a nugget or so of this stock of gold that the anonymous discoverer has sent to you. I would appreciate having a specimen or two in my collection.

J. M. YATES,  
Montreal, P.Q., Canada.

Editor's Note: As we stated in a preface to one of the Pegleg letters, we are not in the business of buying or selling gold nuggets, nor are we interested in acting as agents for such transactions. Nor are we agreeable to loaning the nuggets for various experiments, in regard to other requests. C.P.

## Wot Hoppened?

To the Editor: We were near the area of your Glass Mountain story in the Aug.-Sept. issue, so thought we'd hop over and take a look. However, the map and article do not jibe. Wot hoppened?

VERN FARNSWORTH,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Editor's Note: This is not hoppened. There are two glass mountains and we had two maps in the file and your editor, who often doesn't know where she's going, used the wrong map with the right story. So, follow either the story direction, or the map directions, whichever is closest to where you are, and you'll eventually arrive at "d" glass mountain. C.P.

## Desert Honor

To the Editor: Upon a recent trip to the desert I decided to take along some of my bottles and leave them in a remote place to turn purple in the sun. Hoping no one would take them, I wrapped this little plea in tin foil and placed it in one of them. I don't know if I'll be lucky enough to get them back, but it was worth a try.

"Desert Honor"

Only the magic of the desert Suns,  
Can change these bottles to purple ones,  
I'll place them here, and then I must  
Rely on "Desert Honor" with my trust,  
Please pass them by, and leave them here,  
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If temptation is too great,  
Please take one, let others wait.  
My thanks to you, for being kind  
Leaving these bottles for me to find.  
Leave your name and address too,  
I'll even write you a line or two.

NELLIE BUSCH,  
Newbury Park, California.

## Boosters

To the Editor: We look forward to DESERT anxiously each month—never knowing what to expect, and always pleasantly surprised. Of all the publications we subscribe to—and there are a great number—this one is the most stimulating. You have taught us to respect a part of the country that is really quite foreign to us. With chagrin, we learned that your southwest was colonized by whitemen before our Plymouth Rock. Somehow, back here, we were not conscious of the inroads made by Spanish missionaries into country that is now part of the U. S.

We have never been out West, but it is a family project scheduled for next summer. For the two years we have received DESERT—as a Christmas gift sent by a relative in Arizona, we have saved each copy in your binders and with them we are planning our trip.

ALLEN WHITEHOUSE,  
Cambridge, Mass.

## Tip Re Toes

To the Editor: DESERT Magazine continues to ruin my life, by making me want to be off on every trip—and I thank you for every issue.

In regard to the six-toed petroglyph article in your June issue, it might interest readers to know that among my Supai Indian friends it is not unusual for them to have six toes. Also years ago most of the older women had one or two finger joints missing and we were told that it was their custom when someone close to them died to cut off a joint or two, and to knock out a tooth or two also.

SOPHIE BURDEN,  
Wickenburg, Arizona.

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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