

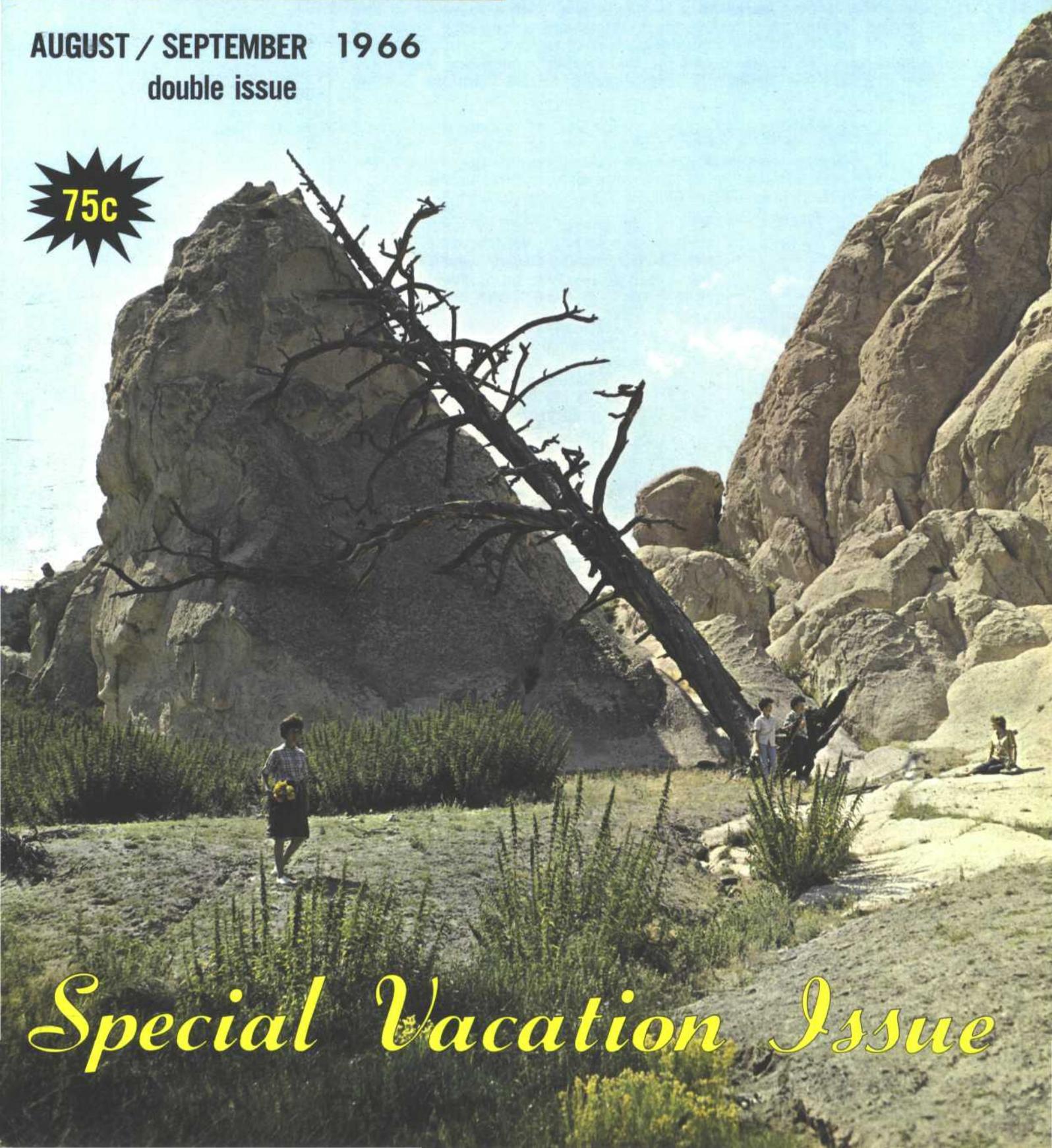
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# Desert

WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

AUGUST / SEPTEMBER 1966  
double issue

75c



*Special Vacation Issue*

# Read these Reviews!

Choral Pepper and her husband, Jack, edit the "Desert Magazine" and from time to time they turn out a book about the sandy, flowered areas to which they swear eternal allegiance. "Cooking and Camping on the Desert" is such a book and it is a good one. With a foreword by Erle Stanley Gardner, a friend of the Peppers and a long-time desert rat himself, the book offers a goodly number of recipes . . . in addition, it offers an excellent basic text for the amateur apprentice desert rat. **DR. FREDERICK SHROYER, Los Angeles Herald-Examiner Literary Editor.**

"Cooking and Camping on the Desert" is more than just a book on preparing for a desert outing or making meals that will appeal while in camp. This book is a brief manual on how to survive in the desert . . . the book is a must for anyone making a trip to the desert, whether it is his first or fiftieth. **BILL HILTON, Santa Barbara News-Press.**

Now a recognized wizard at camp cookery, none other than Choral Pepper, who edits Desert Magazine, has written a new book, "Cooking and Camping on the Desert" which needs to be in everyone's camp kit, and above all needs to be read while desert safaris are yet in the planning stage. **L. BURR BELDON, San Bernardino Sun-Telegram.**

Those who've done even limited camping know what (Erle Stanley) Gardner is talking about—and will probably enjoy what Choral and her husband, Jack, talk about in the book . . . This reporter, sometime camper-fisherman is neither gourmet nor cook—but Choral's handy book makes me enthusiastic enough to want to be. **REX NEVINS, Riverside Daily Enterprise.**

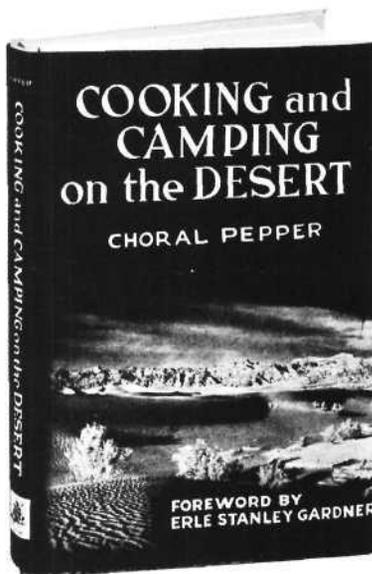
Special Chapter by  
**JACK PEPPER**

Driving and Surviving on the Desert



Foreword  
by

**ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**



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EDITOR'S NOTE: Some dates are subject to change. If you plan a trip to attend a specific event, we suggest checking first with the local Chamber of Commerce.

EVENTS DEADLINE: Information relative to forthcoming events in the West must be received TWO MONTHS prior to the event. Address envelopes to Events Editor, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California 92260.

JACK PEPPER, *Publisher*

CHORAL PEPPER, *Editor*

Elta Shively  
*Executive Secretary*

Al Merryman  
*Staff Artist*

Rose Holly  
*Circulation*

Marvel Barrett  
*Business*

Lois Dougan  
*Subscriptions*

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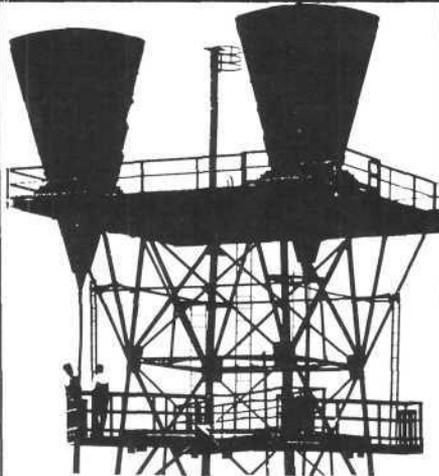
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By Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

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## New Books for Desert Readers

### DECORATIVE DESIGN IN MEXICAN HOMES

By Verna Cook Shipway and  
Warren Shipway

Each time the Shipways produce a new book on Mexican interior design and architecture, we think it has to be their last because there just couldn't exist any more fresh material in one country. However, they've come up with another as fresh, as exciting and as stimulating in ideas as their other three.

For this one they picked up ideas from a rare Tarascan Indian home in the wooded country west of Lake Patzcuaro. The example they used, dating from 1780, shows a decided Chinese influence and the fascinating porch posts from similar houses in the same area are photographed and sketched in detail so you can copy them for your own distinctive dwellings.

There are also highly original and decorative kitchens decorated with glazed pottery from Oaxaca, examples of wrought iron used in new ways, ranch houses, elaborate city houses, pebble-trimmed walks, intimate patios, ancient relics intermingled with modern treatments, primitive with sophisticated, and as many, if not more, practical and amusing ideas that will make you ready to start all over again even if you just finished a house. In addition to all this, the 350 photographs in the large format book give you an intimate glimpse behind the walls of Mexico's most splendid and creative residences. 249 pages, \$12.95.

### IT ALL HAPPENED IN TOMBSTONE

By John P. Clum

Here is an eye-witness account of the famous gun battle between the feuding Earp brothers, Doc Holliday and the Clantons and McLaurys. John Clum, publisher of the *Tombstone Epitaph* was there. Years later he wrote this recollection of the battle and events which preceded it and followed. Annotations in the margins by John Gilchriese, authority on Western Americana, contribute greatly to Clum's recollections. These point out locations of Tombstone residences and other buildings which may be seen today and present pertinent information as to who and why certain characters are brought into the story by Clum. Hardcover, 45 pages, \$4.00.

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.

### DESERT GEM TRAILS

By Mary Frances Strong

This field guide to the gems and minerals of the Mohave and Colorado deserts and adjacent areas of Nevada and Arizona is probably as good a one as you're going to find. Once a gem field is publicized, thousands of rock hounds visit it and before the article or book is out of print, there may not be a gem left. DESERT Magazine hesitates to recommend guides to gem fields for that reason; also, what at the time of publication may not be private property, may be someone's desert retreat a month later. Covering such a vast area as this 80-page paperback does, it's unlikely the author *currently* visited each area personally, even though she no doubt has during her long history of collecting. For that reason there may be a few disappointed readers who won't find conditions quite as described in the book. But on the whole, the gems and minerals described do—or have—been present in the areas designated in the book and it most certainly will point you in the right direction, even should it fail to fill your poke! \$2.00.

### THE NATION OF THE WILLOWS

Frank H. Cushing's journey to the Havasupai Indians in 1882.

Originally published in two installments in the *Atlantic Monthly*, this 1880 account of anthropologist Cushing's visit to the Havasupai Indian village on the floor of the Grand Canyon, known as the Nation of Willows, was one of the first made by a white man. The book's foreword, authored by anthropologist Dr. Robert Euler, praises the fact that subsequent explorations have turned up only three slight errors in Cushing's original account. Written with sensitivity and an intimate understanding of primitive

people, Cushing describes wondrous customs, such as presenting a friend with fingernail cuttings to express confidence, as such a personal appendage could be used through sorcery to produce evil if the recipient were so inclined! Legends of Havasupai goddesses are related along with a vivid description on life in the Nation of Willows. A decade after Cushing made this remarkable trip, life as he found it came to an end. A reservation was established, a teacher imported, and native ways fell in favor of new ones established by the white man. Hardcover, 75 pages, \$4.00.

### GOLD IN THE SUN

By *Richard Pourade*

Fifth and lastest in a series of books about Southern California commissioned by publisher James Copley, this one picks up the story at the turn of the Century and takes it to the dawn of the Roaring Twenties. Of particular interest to DESERT readers will be the fantastic story of the filling of the Salton Sea, the reclamation of Imperial Valley and chapters on Hatfield the Rainmaker and the development of gem mining in San Diego and Riverside counties.

Here is history written with color and style. A stunning book with priceless historical photographs and a large format, it has 282 pages and sells for \$9.50.

Third and fourth of this series are *The Silver Dons* and *The Glory Years*. They, too, contain fine quality photos and, in format, match the set of five volumes. *The Silver Dons* recounts the wrestling of the Franciscan Missionary land by Spanish Dons and, in turn, lost to them by American pioneers who came for gold. It covers Indian wars, cattle wars, the fateful marches of Gen. Kearny and the Mormon Battalion, and filibusters and the war in Baja California. Then *The Glory Years* follows, all about the early boom period of Southern California when San Diego's population jumped from 5,000 to 50,000 in two years, and then collapsed overnight to less than 16,000. This volume covers the gold rush to Julian, the transcontinental railroad struggles and the armed bandit threats that plagued hamlets along the international border.

This reviewer can't speak highly enough of the value of these beautiful volumes in the contribution they make to Western Americana. \$9.50 each.

### TIME AND THE TERRACED LAND

By *Augusta Fink*

Where street signs say "Stop for Horses" and the world's only talking sea lion lives, is only a freeway apart from bustling Los Angeles, but a moon apart in atmosphere.

Palos Verdes Peninsula terraces along the sides of a hill overlooking the broad horizons of the Pacific Ocean in such a way that almost every street enjoys a view. And, it has been this way for a long, long time. Although many ancient Indian cultures occupied the area, the last was the Gabrielano tribe, named for the San Gabriel Mission, who lived in willow wickiups which resembled half an orange with the skin side up. Pushing them aside in the 1700s, Spanish explorers moved in and the first land grant to be made in California became the Rancho San Pedro, almost half of which was to later become Rancho de los Palos Verdes. Outfits were readied for sea at this port and soon more and more settlers discovered, like the talking sea lion at Marineland today, that it was a convenient and ideal place to live. Inns and plazas and huge estates sprung up, along with tourists, commerce, and litigations. In this book all is accounted for. Those already familiar with the lovely peninsula will enjoy the book, and so will those who just like assurance that such a place exists! Large format, 136 pages, well-illustrated with photos. \$7.50.

### THE COMPANY TOWN IN THE AMERICAN WEST

By *James B. Allen*

Although hundreds of these remote, one-industry communities dot the map and have played vital roles in history, little has been written about the "Company" town. Such communities were—and still are—economic necessities when commercial services, utilities and recreational facilities are non-existent near areas of work. Here, of course, was a perfect opportunity for grasping industrialists to take unfair advantage of employee-tenants under their control, but history proves that in most instances the communities were happy ones and when relegated to ghost status, are still remembered with affection and pride. A town with no employment nor housing problems has its points and Mr. Allen paints a good word picture of Western mining and lumber company towns which sound attractive even today. Hardcover, 205 pages, \$5.95.

## NEW BOOKS

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**RARE MAP REPRODUCTIONS from the year 1886.** Series I includes three maps, Arizona, California and Nevada. Series II includes New Mexico, Utah and Colorado. Reproduced on fine paper. They show old towns, mines, springs and trails now extinct. Each set of three, \$3.75. Be sure to state series number with order.

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**RESURRECTION OF DEATH VALLEY** by E. L. Marcy. Fantastic, yet feasible solution to future water problems. Author proposes cyclic system in which waste water of Southern Californians drained into vast inland sink in Death Valley where it is purified and used for irrigation. \$2.00.

**EARLY USES OF CALIFORNIA PLANTS** by Edward K. Balls. Tells how native Indians used plants for subsistence. Checklist contains both popular and scientific names. \$1.75.

**TREASURY OF FRONTIER RELICS** by Les Beitz. A collectors guide to western frontier relics with descriptions, uses and prices. Hardcover. \$6.95.

**COOKING AND CAMPING ON THE DESERT** by Choral Pepper. Also useful in your own back yard. Contains chapter by Jack Pepper on driving and surviving in back country. Recipes are named for ghost towns and lost mines and suggest places to go and things to do. Hardcover, \$3.95.

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# Jeepers Peepers

by Alma Ready



*It all started with this . . .*

"SPRING PEEPERS" herald the season almost everywhere, but we didn't expect to hear them in the desert.

And we didn't, in the spring. The insistent coo of doves, a thrasher's shrill whistle and the joyous song of the mocking bird, these were the sounds of our Arizona spring.

But as summer became unbearable, clouds began to gather. A black veil obscured the setting sun, mesquite branches flailed and Yuccas bowed their heads before the wind. Lightning rent the clouds and the rain poured out. The smell of wet dust rose from every leaf and stalk and water poured down each small hillock. Rivulets swept dead leaves and even whole trees into rising streams which emptied, finally, into Big Wash, where the muddy torrent heaved and boiled as it roared beneath the bridge.

The rain stopped after the sun had left the world in darkness. Nothing

could be heard but the tumult of relentless rushing water. Then morning was ushered in by a new sound, wholly unexpected. Clear above the noise of highway traffic throbbed a chorus of "Spring Peepers"—here, in the midst of summer, in the Arizona-Sonoran desert!

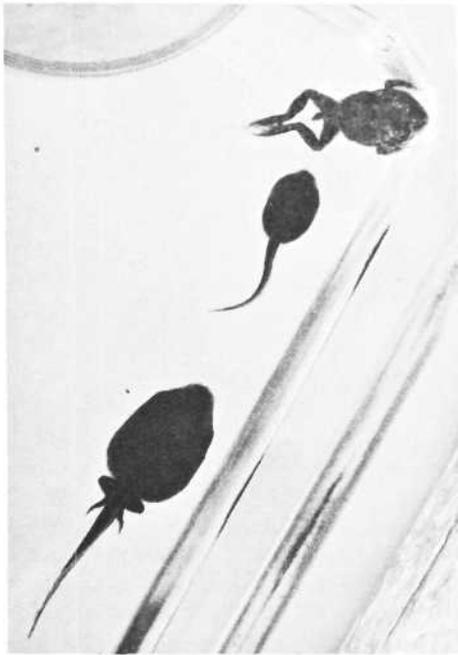
Big Wash had been cleansed and emptied, its gleaming sandbed water-etched in streaks and whorls. But a hundred yards away, water had collected in a two-acre flat and lay glittering where yesterday the cattle browsed. This "lake" was the source of the noise, a raucous insistent, perpetual, deafening din. Because of its soft, muddy margin, we couldn't get close enough to see what was going on, but the pavement beside us showed clearly what had taken place during the night.

Streaked with gore, it was dotted with hundreds of round, leather patches, the remains of a host of toads which had at-

tempted to reach, or leave, the "lake" by crossing the highway. Flattened by traffic and already dry in the morning sun, these three-inch circles aroused speculation as to how many toads still remained in the water.

In the evening, another toady chorus led us down a dirt road in the desert. Flooded, impassable, the road itself had become a sporting place for toads. Undisturbed by our headlights, hundreds of wet, warty creatures frolicked in the shallows. Tiny toads, no larger than my little finger nail, hopped busily about. Middle-sized ones crossed and re-crossed the road in search of only toads-know-what. As I squatted in the mud for a closer view, one stared solemnly for a while, then elevated his rear and, like a bandy-legged, overstuffed foot-stool, *walked* ponderously away.

In roadside ditches, water was gently

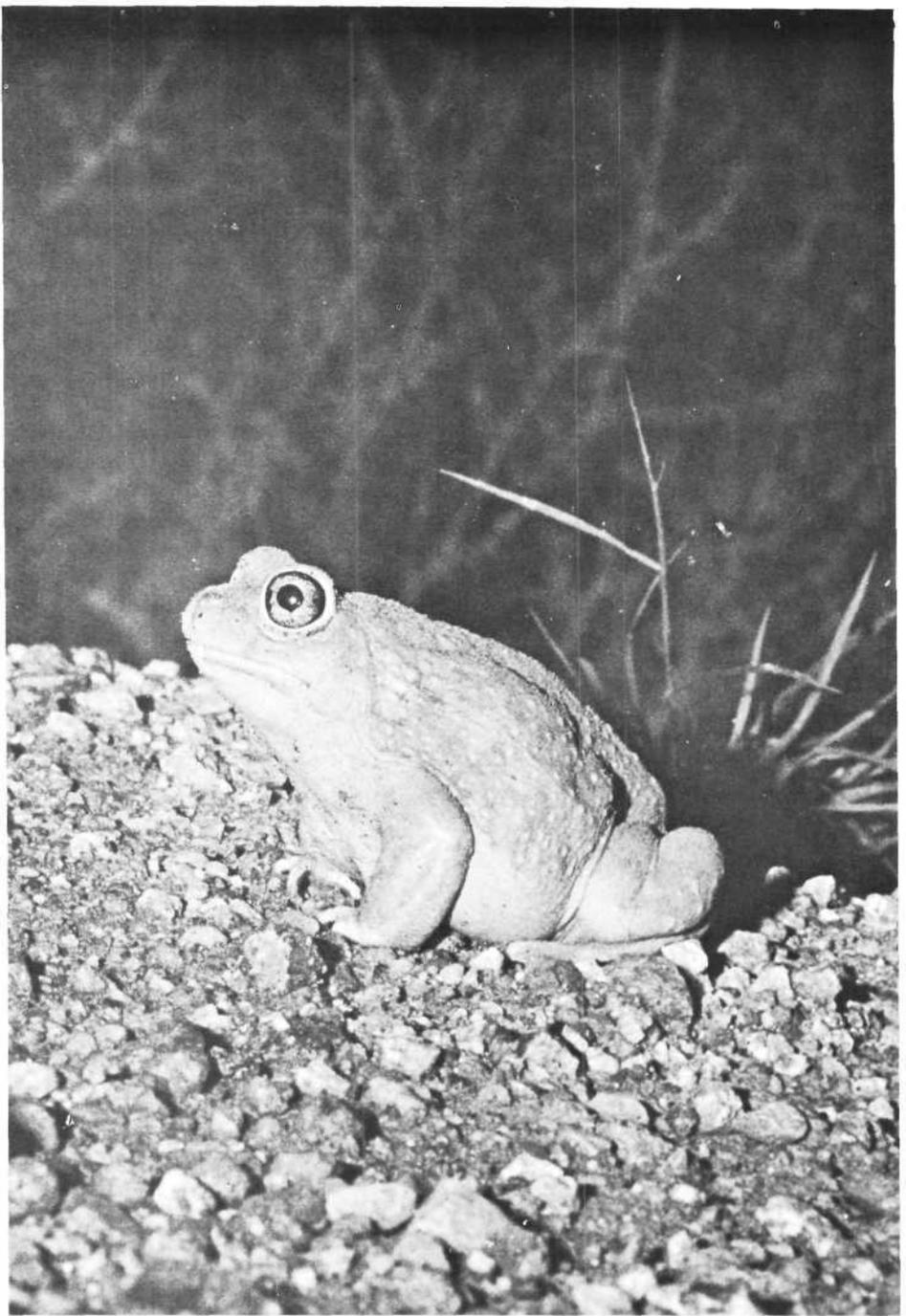


*and then it became this . . .*

but continually disturbed by the bobbing up and down of croakers rising as vocal sacs inflated, then quietly submerging as the air escaped. Others floated somnolently in pairs, or singly, darted about in games of chase. An occasional extempore dive stirred more yellow mud into the murky water.

Already blobs of black-spotted jelly were floating among the twigs and debris of last night's storm. Within 24 hours, each of these black spots would emerge as a wriggling tadpole. Within three weeks, hundreds of tiny toads would evolve.

We remembered another summer and a bowl of tadpoles we'd found in a canyon pool. In scooping up the tadpoles, we'd inadvertently scooped up some green algae, and were surprised to find that in a day or two it had totally disappeared. From then until the toads developed, we gathered algae nearly every day. To them



*and now look!*

it was the staff of life. Here, too, in this desert pool, they scraped up algae as fast as it formed. When conditions became crowded and food scarce, the stronger preyed on the weak.

Ten days later we returned to find our toad haven had shrunk to nothing and water remained only in ditches where tadpoles steamed furiously upstream under water, shot to the surface for a gulp of air, jerkily assumed a horizontal position, and hurried on. At the end of the line, they turned and rushed in the other direction. With luck, they'd make it. First, eyes would begin to bulge and a peanut shaped waistline would develop.

Then spots would appear and appetites falter. A foreleg would suddenly emerge from a nearly transparent "casing", and within a few hours another would appear. Before another day's end, lungs would have developed, replacing gills, and the tail would be absorbed.

They would remain excellent swimmers, in spite of webless feet, but as toads they'd spend most of their time on terra firma or, when the weather became too hot or too cold or too dry, beneath it. And like this, they might live for 30 years, balancing nature with their diet of insects as they join forces with other friends of man. □

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## Saga of a Sierra Sawmill

**T**HE YEAR was 1873 and high in the Inyo Mountains, the silver and lead smelting furnaces of Cerro Gordo were operating 24 hours a day at an unprecedented rate. After seven years of continuous mining operations, the insatiable appetite of the ore smelters had all but exhausted the juniper and pinon forests of the Inyos. Timber was desperately needed, not only for the smelters, but for shoring in the mines and for fuel to heat the buildings of Cerro Gordo.

In January of 1873 a solution to the problem was proposed by Colonel Sherman Stevens, a pioneer resident of the Owens Valley. Colonel Stevens suggested going over to the High Sierras "just across the valley" and building a sawmill high on the timber-abundant slopes. At first the venture did not sound feasible, but the wood shortage was growing critical and something had to be done. The Owens Lake Company, one of Cerro Gordo's two rival companies, agreed to loan Stevens \$25,000 to build the sawmill, provided he would charge them 25c a cord less for wood than he charged the other company. It was agreed and Colonel Stevens set about building one of the most remarkable feats of engineering in California at the time.

In spite of heavy winter snows, a trail was immediately started up Cottonwood Canyon in the eastern escarpment of the Sierra Nevada. At a point seven miles above its entrance, the narrow canyon suddenly opens into a large basin. Stevens decided to build his sawmill here

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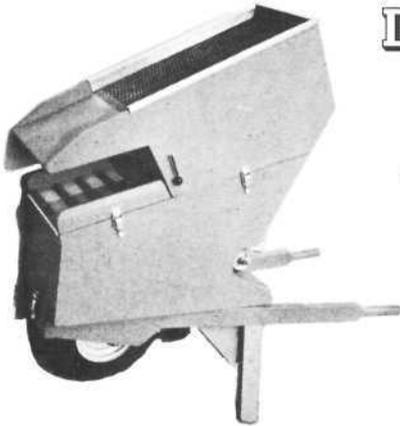
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by Roger K. Mitchell

where Jeffery, Lodgepole and Foxtail Pines were abundant, as well as white and red fir.

The first trees cut were used to make living quarters for the workers, as snow was still many feet deep. Shortly, the mill structure itself began to take shape and by June of 1873, the first boards were being cut. The next phase of the project was to build a flume down the steep canyon all the way to the Owens Valley-Los Angeles "bullion road" near the edge of Owens Lake. This was a distance of some eight miles with a vertical drop of almost 6,000 feet.

The mill, powered by water and equipped with a ripper, a crosscut, and an edger, began to turn out finished boards which were assembled into 12-foot lengths of "V" shaped troughs. The flume was thus started at the millsite and diverted waters from nearby Cottonwood Creek would carry each section skidding down the flume to a crew of waiting carpenters. Work progressed in this manner at the rate of 1½ miles per month and by early November it had reached its destination.

Soon the efforts of Colonel Stevens bore fruit. There was cut lumber for the mines and buildings and unfinished lumber for the hungry smelters. At the mouth of Cottonwood Canyon these products were loaded on wagons and hauled two miles down the alluvial fan to a wharf on the Owens Lake. The finished lumber was loaded upon a steamship, the Bessie Brady, and carried nine miles across the lake where wagons once again waited to

haul it 4,600 feet up the infamous Yellow Grade to Cerro Gordo. The unfinished timber, however, was burned in the charcoal kilns on the west side of Owens Lake, then transported as charcoal to the smelters at Swansea and Cerro Gordo.

Considering the harsh winters of the Sierra Nevada, it is surprising that any of this 92-year-old operation should still remain. Yet it does. Even a casual visitor can drive to the old charcoal kilns marked by a sign 10 miles north of Olancho on highways 6 and 395. For the more energetic, Steven's trail, now maintained by the Forest Service, makes the ascent of Cottonwood Canyon. The five-mile climb is strenuous, but the scenery alone makes the hike worthwhile. From the trail, sections of the old flume are evident in many places.

The mill itself was constructed of heavy timbers and obviously built to last. The large four-foot saw blade rests on its cradle, awaiting the cut trees still lying on the mill's approach ramp. The diversion canal and penstock which carried water to turn the turbine are on the hillside above the mill. Sierra snows have taken their toll on the worker's cabins, however, as only one remains.

Anyone planning to visit the Stevens' sawmill should not forget their fishing pole. This is the home of the famous Golden Trout and the Cottonwood Lakes Basin is but a few hours hike above the sawmill where more than a dozen lakes are set in a timber line cirque. Even a novice angler can catch his dinner here. □



*Charcoal kilns near the terminus of the flume at the edge of Owens Lake may be visited by passenger car.*

*Locating and following old trails is one route to treasure.*

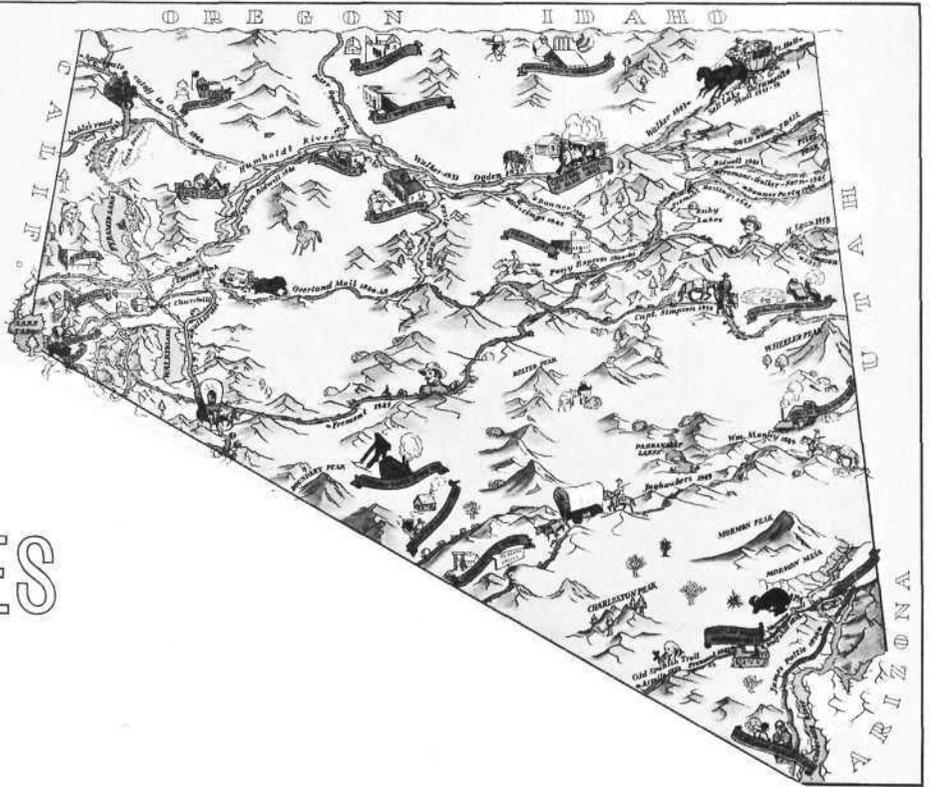
# LOST MINES and TREASURES of NEVADA

by Doris Cerveri

**T**HE STORY about the fantastic deposit of gold nuggets located somewhere in the vast area comprising the Black Rock desert in northern Washoe County is over 200 years old. Hundreds of people have searched in vain for this horde.

The first report of the gold was told by a padre when he returned to Mexico with several large nuggets. According to his log, it took him weeks to make the long trek across the desert. He planned to organize an expedition to go back to the desert, but before his plans were completed he died. Almost a century passed before a California mining man traveling in Mexico heard of the discovery. He obtained permission to study the Padre's old maps, log, and records, and after studying them went to Nevada where he prospected all the way from Buffalo Springs to High Rock Canyon. His party found nuggets, too, but failed to locate the rich ledge described by the Padre.

Later, a Frenchman passing through the desert took refuge in a cave during a storm. Building a fire he saw great nuggets of shining gold on the floor of the cave. A second compartment to the rear was literally paved with gold. Noting the landmarks after the storm abated, he loaded a sack with nuggets and returned



home. Before the Frenchman could return to the area, he, too, became ill and died. His friends spent months following the map he had drawn, but the gold-studded cave has never been found. The Padre's rich ledge still lies undiscovered in Nevada.

Genoa, the first pioneer settlement in Nevada has a legend of missing gold pieces and a pine tree. It goes like this: One day in 1860 the stagecoach, making its regular run from Placerville to Genoa with a shipment of gold coins for Comstock payrolls, was held up by two masked bandits. They heisted a little wooden keg containing \$20,000 in golden eagles. No trace of the bandits nor the gold was ever found. However, 20 years later an inmate of a Montana prison explained to astonished officials before his death that he and his partner had only taken \$2000 of the gold with them (all they could carry at the time) and had buried the rest at the foot of a large pine tree in Genoa. Residents of Carson City, Genoa, and the surrounding area dug up the terrain for miles around, but found nothing. After the great avalanche of 1882 the region was considerably altered. Landmarks and trees were destroyed, making the location of the gold even more difficult to ascertain. But as oldtimers say,

"All you have to do is find the right pine tree."

Snowshoe Thompson was well known to the pioneers of eastern Nevada for his bravery and fortitude in delivering mail during the severe snowstorms plaguing the Sierras. He knew every foot of ground between his home in Diamond Valley at the eastern base of the Sierras, and over the mountains of Placerville. Many times after returning from a trip over the mountains he brought back rich specimens of quartz heavily flecked with gold. It was his intention to operate the mine when he quit working. On his deathbed he said he could see the outcropping of the mine from his bedroom window. After his death the entire countryside was searched without success. Every square foot of ground between Horseshoe Canyon and Hawkins Peak was thoroughly gone over by prospectors. Somewhere in the Sierras Snowshoe Thompson's Lost Mine is slumbering.

Quite some distance from this bonanza is another lost mine. In 1880 W. A. Hawthorne, a middle-aged Nevada businessman, was roaming the hills about 15 miles from Luning when he spotted a rich looking ledge. The more he dug the richer it seemed. Soon darkness came and he had to return to Luning, determined

to return the next day. However, he became involved with business affairs, and later took sick. First one thing and then another delayed him. When he finally went to where he thought the ore was, he couldn't find the place. For months he searched frantically; others helped him to no avail. Years later, in 1900, two cattlemen were running a small herd across the desert and came across a hole containing a rusted pick and shovel. The finding of a rich ledge of cinnabar by these two men is authentic, but whether it was Hawthorne's lost mine is still in doubt. Some claim his ledge was gold ore and is yet to be found.

For about 100 years the lost Breyfogle mine has baffled prospectors. Jacob Breyfogle, an Austin blacksmith, left town to go prospecting around Austin. One of his horses strayed from camp. In searching for it, he became lost in the desert. He wandered for many days, and the route he took has been a matter of much speculation for years, but most authorities believe he ranged from Silver Peak to Ash Meadows and possibly through Forty Mile Canyon. In any event, while delirious he came across a reddish outcropping of strange ore laced with gold. With his feet cut to ribbons from lava rocks, his tongue swollen until he couldn't talk, his lips bleeding, and his eyes swollen, he still recognized this as rich ore. He drew out his pick and filled his pockets with samples. Later he was rescued by Indians while staggering toward a mirage lake. After his recovery, he exhibited the rich ore at Austin and created a stampede of searchers which continues to this day. Breyfogle himself led searchers out in the hills, but never found the original outcropping. Other rich strikes have been called the lost Breyfogle mine, but this has never been proven, so perhaps one of the richest mines in the country is waiting for the person who can retrace the rambling steps of a small town blacksmith and uncover his rich treasure.

In back of historic Bowers Mansion, 20 miles from Reno, Price's lake nestles at the foot of Slide Mountain. The area is primitive, quiet, and beautiful. Here is located Price's lost gold mine. He used to bring gold nuggets down the mountain, catch the train at Bowers' Landing and take it to the mint in Carson City. Before he died, many years ago, he covered up all traces of his mine so no one could find it, and it still remains hidden somewhere in the area.

For the hardy who demand awesome country, the Lost Shepherd gold mine near Jarbidge, Nevada remains to be

discovered. Sometimes called the most inaccessible mining camp in the State of Nevada, Jarbidge lies in a true Alpine setting at an elevation of 6200 feet. Gold was first discovered here in 1908. Those who didn't depend upon gold, owned sheep or had other interests. One day a Basque shepherd stumbled upon a rich ledge of gold supposedly near the eastern end of the Jarbidge River in northeastern Nevada about nine miles from the Idaho border. He couldn't leave his sheep to report the bonanza, but when fall came he returned to the base camp and displayed his rich samples of high-grade ore. When spring came, he and his boss started out to re-locate the gold. After traveling for several days, they reached the base of a steep mountain. "The gold is not far away," the Basque said. But as they continued along the trail, the shepherd grew overly excited and collapsed with a heart attack, without disclosing the exact location of the gold. His employer looked in vain, but was unable to find the ore. Since that time others have searched the area, but the Lost Shepherd mine remains as elusive as ever.

For over 60 years the Lost Cabin Mine has been the object of a careful search by prospectors, seasoned mining men, and the greenhorns. A first report was in 1890 when two veteran prospectors in a Tonopah saloon agreed they would like to examine a rugged, precipitous mountain near town which had a 3000-foot sheer bluff on one side of it. Each had passed this mountain many times and both were of the opinion it contained mineral in large deposits. It's not known whether they made a competent geologic and metallurgical survey of the sheer side or not, but by a circuitous route the two men reached the top. Then, climbing down it about 500 feet, they found a narrow overhang which afforded a good foothold. A few yards above this, they saw a rich vein of gold. On the top of the bluff they built a small cabin with a rock fireplace inside. When this was completed, they stocked the cabin with groceries and started to work on the orebody, but did not accomplish too much because winter set in. Townspeople, reconstructing what later happened, believe that during a howling blizzard the two men must have stepped outside the cabin and were swept away in a gigantic snowslide. Their bodies were found 2500 feet below the cabin several months after the storm. By this time wind and snow had destroyed all signs of the trail to the cabin. Many have tried to reach the site, but all have failed. The cabin remains the only clue to the gold. Find it, and you'll

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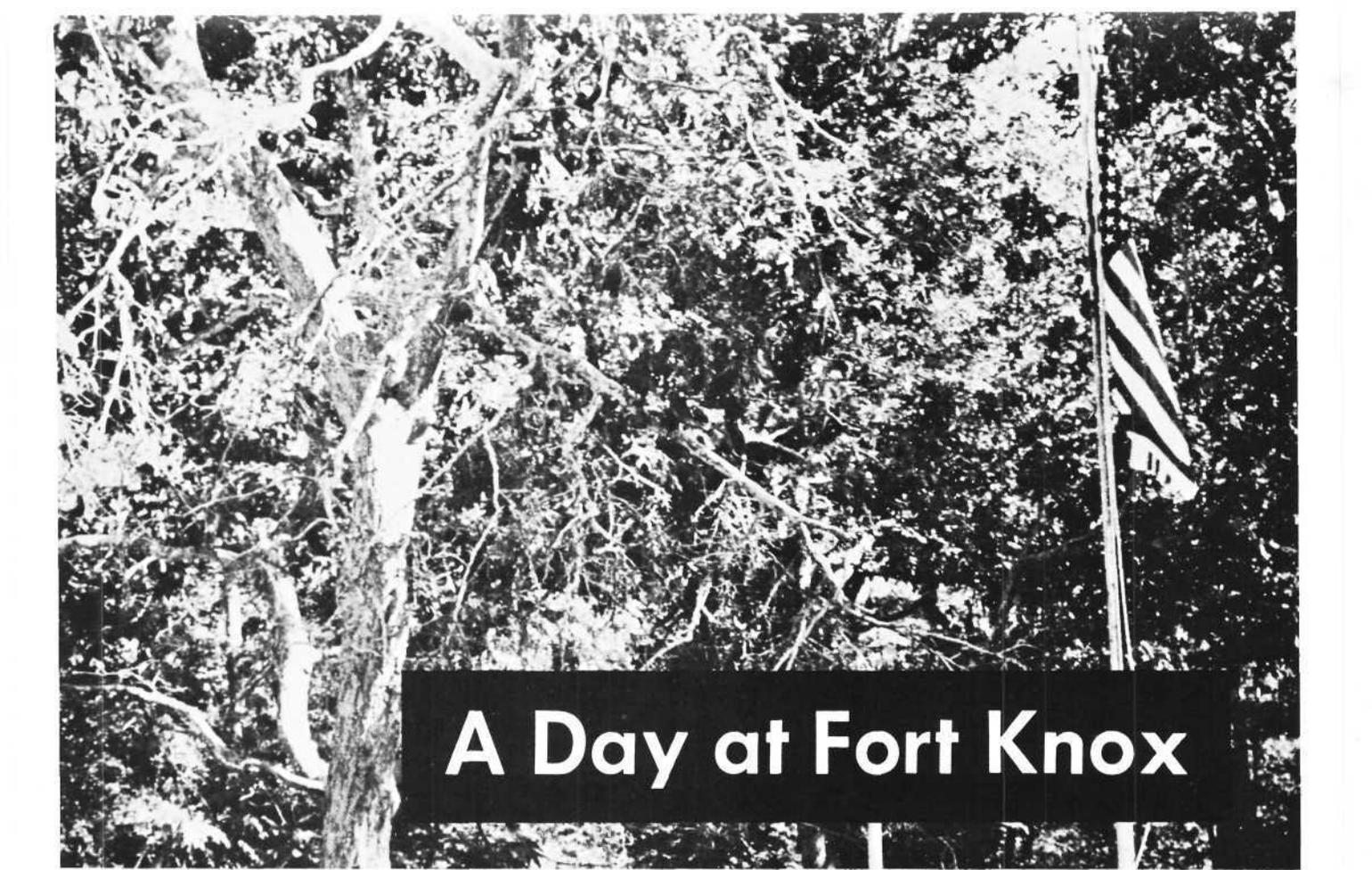
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not only discover a rich vein, but the gold which the two men had already mined and stored will no doubt still be in the cabin!

On one side of a small range of mountains in Churchill County near Fallon is a town known as Painted Hills; on the other, a town called Sand Springs. In 1880, in the hills between these two towns, a man named Henry Knight ran into a cave while sinking a shaft 50 feet down. The cave had been made by natural forces and was, according to his story, completely lined with gold. The more he dug, the more gold he uncovered. While digging he became ill. Although he stopped to rest, he felt no better and thought it was from working underground. After coming up to fresh air he felt no better, so he returned to Fallon where he told about his fabulous discovery, without revealing its location. The secret of the cave died with him and became a Nevada tradition. In 1933, George Forbes, another prospector, was wandering through the alkali desert near Sand Mountain and claimed to have rediscovered the cave. His story was the same as Knight's, and he, too, did not reveal the location. Before Forbes could arrange for capital and equipment to work the cave, he mysteriously disappeared. Today no one knows where he went or where the gold-lined cave is. Current maps do not show Painted Hills, but Sand Springs is on Highway 50 and Painted Hills is over the mountain from Sand Springs. The cave is presumed to be near a volcanic vent with piles of rock nearby in the hills northeast of Sand Mountain.

In January, 1866, two Idaho men found rich-looking ore which resulted in an entire area having a boom. The little community was named Hardin City and it's in northern Washoe County. A mill was built and although several tons of ore were run through, the result was nothing. Over and over the ore was run through, with always the same result. The rock from Hardin Mountain was barren of ore values. Oldtimers said the mine had been put under a spell, and the mill was supposed to be haunted. Hardin City died as fast as it had been spawned. If someone could explain the Hardin City mystery, he could probably make a fortune.

Although Nevada is a veritable storehouse of mineral resources waiting to be uncovered, the emptiness of desert space is beyond the imagination of those uninitiated and it's foolhardy to venture into this unfamiliar country without letting someone know where you are going and unless you are properly equipped. □



# A Day at Fort Knox

by Jack Delaney

“HEY CAP, look at what I found!” James W. Marshall excitedly called something like this to his employer, Captain John A. Sutter, a short time after he had accidentally stubbed his toe on a couple of gold nuggets the size of green peas. The Captain, after a minute inspection of the “find,” agreed that these were not pertified peas. He suggested that the discovery be kept a secret. It was reasoned that, should the news leak out, a stampede would result. To make a long story short—the news leaked out and a stampede resulted.

Jim Marshall’s discovery of gold in California occurred on January 24, 1848. At the time, he was supervising the erection of a sawmill on the bank of the American River at Coloma for Captain Sutter. Unfortunately, before being sworn to secrecy he had shown the nuggets to his workmen at the mill. The resulting people-to-people broadcast was heard around the world and, in a short time, the irresistible pull of gold was evident—fortune seekers came in droves.

For many years the King Midas influence was concentrated in the northern and central part of the State, around the

general area where the presence of gold was first established. Then someone said, “Gold is where you find it,” and the adventuresome sourdoughs decided to find it in other regions. They evidently found it, in varying quantities, throughout the West. In 1869 the shout of “Eureka” rang out in the Julian area of Southern California. This San Diego County town came to life as dozens of mines started operating and an avalanche of miners trekked to the diggings.

At the time, San Diego was one of the principal counties of the southland including most, if not all, of what is now known as Riverside and Imperial counties. The town of Julian became such an important factor during the *gold rush* that it once came within one vote of becoming the county seat. The story is that the one vote was that of a supervisor who was unable to exercise his franchise that day because of elbow bending activity.

The history of old mines and miners makes interesting reading, but for those who would rather lay aside the history books and see places as they are today, here is a suggestion. Pack a picnic lunch and spend a day inspecting an old mine at Fort Knox, near Julian, California, where millions of dollars in gold rests in 21 idle mines owned by one man, Judge Frank Herron.

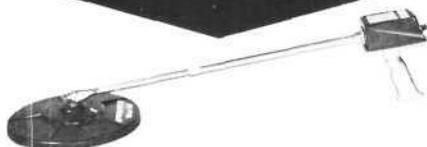
Here, narrow gauge rails, rusty ore cars, a mill, and huge piles of tailings can be seen. This is not an amusement park—it’s the real thing. However, serious-minded people interested in exploring old mines may spend the day and even do a little panning in the stream below the mill. The gate at the entrance is usually open on Saturdays and Sundays and the Judge will see that your visit is an interesting one.

Fort Knox is about 94 miles from Indio, 75 miles from San Diego, and 2500 miles from Fort Knox, Kentucky. From the Coachella Valley, drive southeast on Highway 86 to Kane Springs, turn right on Highway 78 and drive along the old Butterfield Stage route through Ocotillo Wells, past the “Narrows” (scene of many stage coach robberies in the old days) to the settlement of Banner. Proceed another half mile or so to the foot of the Banner grade. Watch closely for the Fort Knox sign with an American flag above it to the left of the highway. It sets back about 20 feet from the road.

The Ready Relief mine is about 1000 feet from the highway, easily accessible by foot. In 1893 the State Mineralogist reported that this was the largest and most extensively developed mine in the Banner region, earning considerable fame

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as a producer. In its present state, it's dry (no seepage) and safe to explore. Walls and ceilings of the tunnels appear to be solid rock (or quartz), so solid no shoring is needed.

After touring the Ready Relief, stroll along a trail leading up the canyon about a quarter mile to the North Hubbard mine. Here are the narrow gauge rails, a rusty ore car and remains of old rock shacks. Because of seepage, the North Hubbard is not suitable for entry, but is worth seeing from the exterior. The Old Kentucky, about a mile up the grade, is also waterlogged at present. Other claims dot the landscape along the way.

The deposits in this complex, between Banner and Julian, are believed to be off-throws from a mother lode never located, but identified from the surface by outcroppings of quartz. All of the outcroppings are oriented in a single direction, which may have significance. Geologists express an opinion that the mother lode is located at the junction of three earth faults near the town of Julian. Someday, when "mammy" is located, the greatest demonstration of "instant gold" in history may result! (At the moment, a prominent businessman in Indio is toying with the idea of forming a group to search for the mother lode.)

As was the case with most western mines, those in this section were abandoned, or at least closed until further notice. If mines could talk they would probably have expressed relief when the operators departed. After all, they had been stripped of much of their wealth and deserted with no show of appreciation. Their only consolation is the fact

*Judge Frank Herron rests at Fort Knox.*



that millions in gold still remain in the "back room." Even though mines at Fort Knox are presently at rest, the mill is in operating condition and frequently activated for the interest of visitors.

This is the last remaining large mill in the region. Until recently, quartz was brought in by truck for custom milling at \$10 per ton, but this activity appears to have died out. The equipment is powered by electricity which is generated by water power piped in from a spring about 1500 feet higher on the mountainside and about a mile away. During a trial run of the set-up, the water pressure was so great it blew the flanges off the generator! The mill consists of two crushers, for first and second run, a ball mill for pulverizing, and a large riffle table for



*The Ready Relief was the most extensively developed Banner district mine in 1893.*

separating the gold from the pulverized ore.

During my visits to Fort Knox, many happy hours were spent chatting with the Judge, picnicking and exploring—with a little dreaming thrown in. I recalled having heard that the tailings at the various mines and mills contain a fortune in gold, lost through inefficiency of the process in the old days. With this in mind, I climbed over huge piles of tailings, fully expecting to fill my pockets with nuggets. The outings were enjoyable, but not fruitful. My entire horde still consists of a one-dollar gold piece, dated 1880, given to me by my grandfather years ago.

Judge Frank Herron is a sparkling little man in his 80s. He may have slowed down a bit physically, but his mind is still keen. According to information obtained from his friends, he served as a judge for many years in Julian. In an effort to verify this, I asked the Judge about his past and was told, "Oh, I got that title from judging dog shows!" This is an indication of the modesty of the man who owns 21 mines containing millions in buried gold!

In 1952 all twenty-one were consolidated into one 400-acre complex which he named "Fort Knox." Water is brought down from a spring at Fountain

*Visitor pauses at entrance to North Hubbard Mine.*



mine. A Proof of Labor, filed with the State and County, shows that considerable maintenance and improvement work has been done in recent years—so there would be no basis for calling this old West mining area a ghost town (or ghost empire). It's more like a silent stadium waiting for the next game to start when—if ever—Uncle Sam starts the ball rolling with a raise in the price of gold. With the price fixed at \$35 per ounce since

'34, the production of this metal is no longer economically feasible. For that matter, even the accumulation of *money* may not be economically feasible these days! Judge Herron advocates an increase in the price of gold to \$52 per ounce. At this figure a 20th century gold rush could be induced which would render the government's anti-poverty program useless!

Another possible solution to our nation's gold shortage is suggested by a man from Juneau, Alaska, who believes the government might consider subsidizing gold mining with varying subsidies appropriate to each area. This approach would eliminate the hazards that an outright increase in price would introduce into the world monetary situation. The thinking here is that more might be accomplished through subsidies on gold production than on the growing of carrots and beans!

The situation of insufficient gold at the *original* Fort Knox, and an abundance of it resting in hundreds of mines that have been "at ease" for years is a problem of small concern to the Sunday picnic crowd. Judge Herron's Fort Knox continues to prove its value as a taste of yesterday for those who enjoy hiking through the canyons and exploring old mines and mills while munching on a baloney sandwich. □



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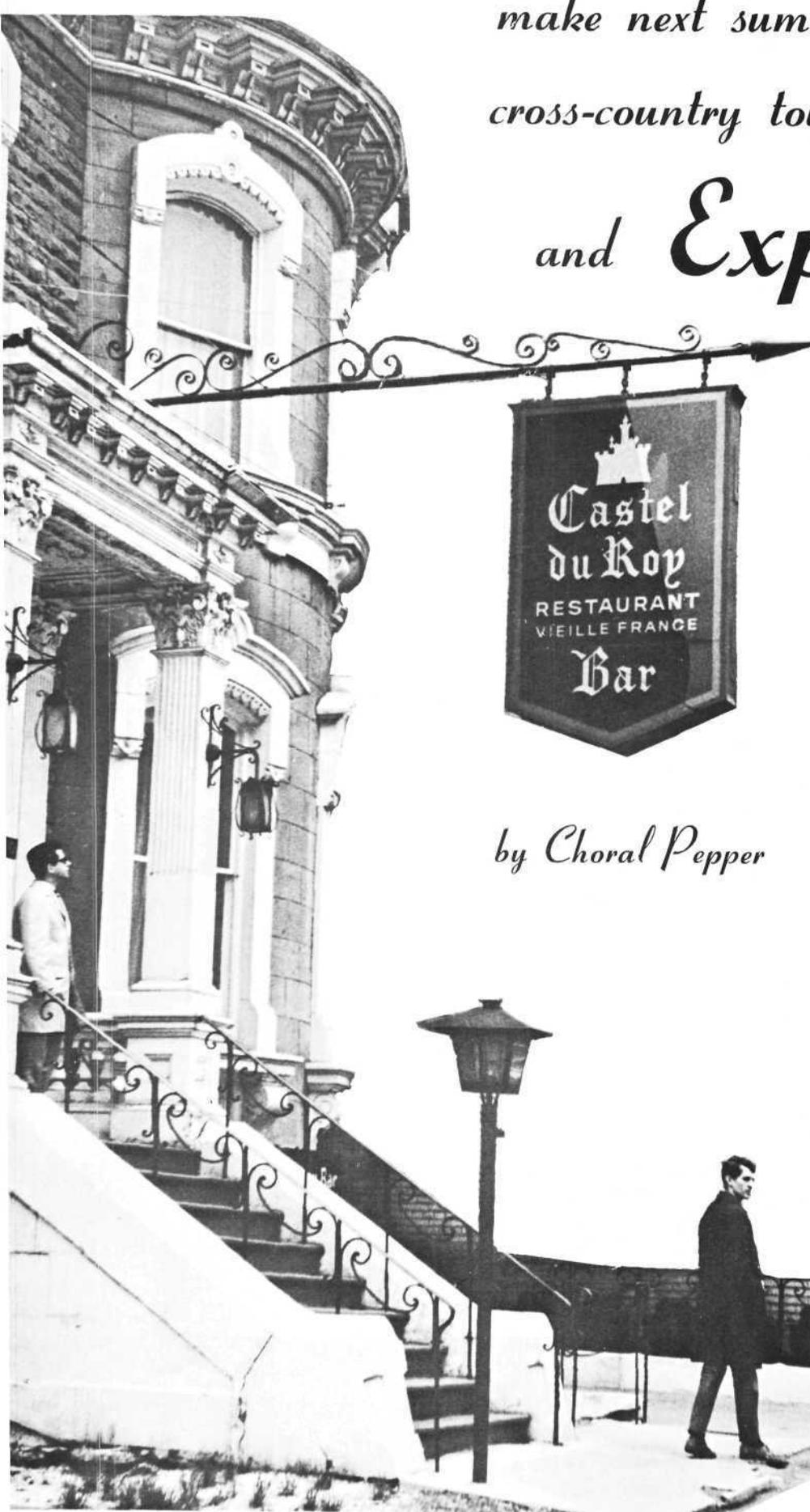
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THIS IS jumping the gun on next year's vacation, but an exciting thing is happening and we think DESERT readers might want our first-hand impression while long-range plans are in the making.

At the invitation of Expo '67 we flew back to Montreal, Canada, for two days to visit the site and see what's in store for us next year. This world exhibition, scheduled to open on 1000-acre Ile Sainte Helene in the St. Lawrence waterway next April, is going to be so vital, so stimulating and so advanced technologically that it will be like a lease on life in the future just to see it.

by Choral Pepper

The theme for this International Exposition is an impressive one. Taken from the book *Terre des Hommes* by French author, poet and aviator Antoine de Saint-Exupery, it is: "To be a man is to feel that through one's own contribution, one helps to build the world." This thought is stimulating 57 countries to build pavilions on Ile Sainte-Helene grounds in which each can share its own special development with the world. The theme encompasses sub-themes such as man in his world as a producer, as a provider, as a creator, as an explorer and as a dweller. It's interesting to observe what an important role environment plays in each countries' interpretation of the theme.

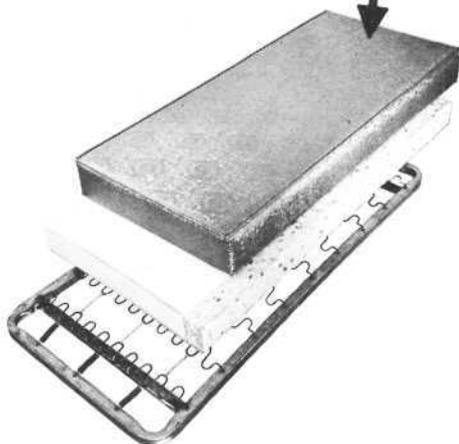
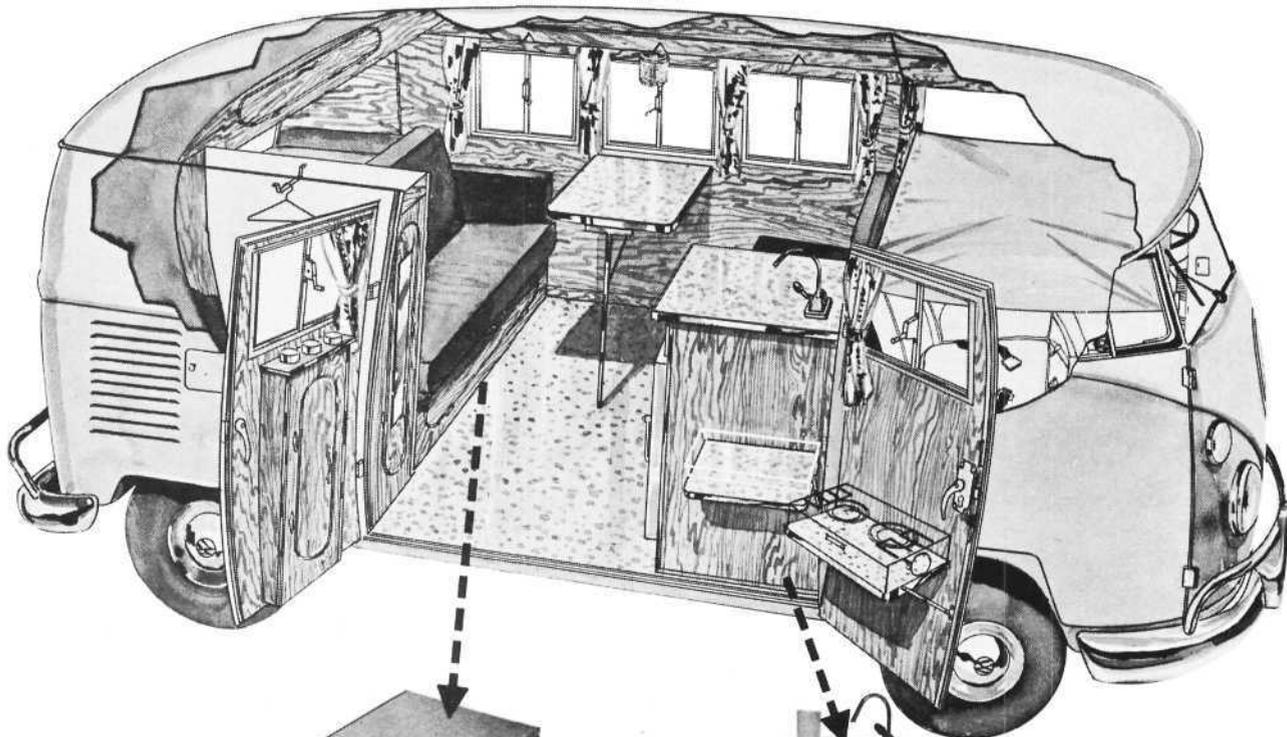
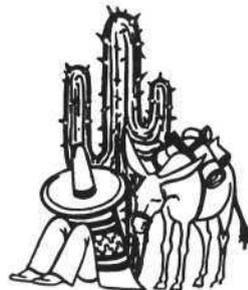
The United States and Russia, for instance, are pursuing the theme of exploration in space. Their pavilions will be on separate islands within the main island, joined by a bridge. We haven't detailed information on the Russian exhibit, but the U. S. will go so far as to explore the very essence of Life itself and the organic chemicals to produce it. An exhibition such as this could only come from a nation which has solved most of its basic problems, temporarily, at least.

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representing one of the most unique exhibitions of all and is among the first to begin installations. We talked to Pete Van Derkleut, the technical engineer for Amsterdam's famous Disney-type artist, Joop Geesink. An entire Dutch city will be built to scale so you can walk through it and see how Holland finally solved the problem of the dyke after Peter's finger got tired. The problems that arise in erecting such productions are fantastic. Little things like converting electrical outlets become major problems.

In contrast to too much water in the Netherlands, Israel's problem has been too little. Its pavilion will show the world how Israelites have accomplished desalination and reclaimed their desert.

France is probably farthest ahead in underwater exploration and its pavilion will show the newest advances—and those projected for the future—featuring man in the ocean.

In addition to individual exhibits sponsored by various countries, there will be one golden acre of land on which is produced a variety of foods illustrating advanced methods for feeding the world; there will be a 2000-seat theatre with top entertainment from all countries; an art gallery which will remain as a permanent building; and, of course, a "fun" sector with the latest thing in rides available to the roller-coaster set.

Pavilion buildings will encompass architectural methods never used before—covered with plastic, cantilevered, prefabricated, molded, and built of every conceivable type of material. One which interested us is a three-dimensional apartment house. This multi-storied building exemplifies a new concept for urban living with each dwelling having its own garden on one of the various staggered elevations. Bathrooms are constructed of Fiberglas, molded all in one piece and simply dropped into place by a crane. The bathtub of the future, as with other fixtures of the bath, in no way resembles those to which we are accustomed. This structure, located on the river with a view of Montreal's spectacular skyline, will be one of the most popular exhibits and will remain as a condominium. A number of its apartments are already subscribed.

We were infected with the enthusiasm of the French Canadians for this project. Rather than considering that they are doing the world a favor, they seem to appreciate this opportunity to show their country to the world and are sparing nothing in ingenuity, organization, funds and work.

A good example is the story behind

their receiving the bid. First, you must realize a World Exposition is definitely not a World's Fair. Whereas a World Fair is commercial, a World Exposition is non-commercial, financed individually by the separate countries which exhibit, and its sole purpose is to advance world education. This is the first one to be held on the North American continent—the last world Exposition was in Brussels. When the International Bureau, which decides such things, accepted bids for Expo '67 back in 1960, it was originally awarded to Russia. The usual time limit for organizing such an Exposition is seven years. Russia hired a staff of 2000 people and went full speed ahead for two years; then changed its mind and decided not to hold the exhibit after all. Canada, who had also bid for it, was then given another chance, although warned that five years was a short shift. This writer

*Artist's sketch of entrance pavilion at Expo '67.*



attended the opening at Brussels in 1958 and was disappointed at how disorganized the pavilions were, but we're ready to wager that on opening day at Montreal, the little trains will be running to carry you from place to place, pavilions will be finished, and you'll be in for the thrill of a lifetime. There's just nothing like a successful opening when a city is as dedicated in its work as this one is. In contrast to Russia's staff of 2000, Montreal is doing it with a staff of 900!

This beautiful city is the seventh largest city on the North American continent and the second largest French-speaking city in the world. One resolution the city as a whole has made is not to bilk the public. Prices for rooms will be frozen and must be posted on each door and there will be plenty of accommodations available. Even the University and a number of private schools, which will be closed for the summer, are contributing rooms for tourists. An official non-profit housing bureau called Logexpo has been organized to arrange accommodations for you at deluxe, commercial or budget fares, depending on your choice. There will also be a number of campsites established for campers and trailers. The address to write for information is Logexpo

po Expo '67, Place Ville-Marie, Montreal. Expo '67 opens April 28th and closes October 27th.

Of special interest to Western motorists is the fact that 1967 is also the Centennial year for the Confederation of Canada. Across the entire country special events will be scheduled. Those with campers could travel from coast to coast above the border, visiting quaint Vancouver, seeing the famous Calgary rodeo, fishing in the great lake country between Winnipeg and Montreal, and then returning via the northern states in the U.S. Or, you could fly to Montreal, pick up a new car in Detroit after visiting the Exposition, and drive West from there, weaving back and forth across the border at the most interesting points. One thing to remember in this event is that planes don't fly directly from Montreal to Detroit, so schedule your flight to Windsor, directly across the bridge from Detroit and closer, in most cases, to where you'll be picking up your new car.

Whereas western Canada is British in influence, Quebec is French. Directional signs are printed in both English and French, but you'll sense that thrill which comes with visiting a foreign country. Montreal has an architectural fascination

*New concept of three-dimensional living is explained in story.*



distinctly its own, its people are wide-awake and friendly and if you haven't visited Montreal in recent years, as this writer hadn't, you'll be astonished at its progress. Nevertheless, the old charm remains—splendid restaurants, romantic reflections of light in water, the spectacular skyline, corroded copper roofs and row

upon row of tall stone-faced residences with tangles of exterior stairways spiraling down to the streets.

It's still early and Expo '67 publicity is just beginning to hit the press, but keep it in mind for next summer. We're sincerely convinced that for DESERT readers it will be a worthwhile trip. □



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# The Mine That Won the West

by C. W. Harrison

THE FRANCISCAN padres of Missions San Carlos and Santa Clara could not have dreamed that the mysterious red pigment with which native Indians painted themselves would someday not only change the course of California's history so far as Spain and Mexico were concerned, but also would become a deciding factor in preserving the United States as an undivided nation.

The Indians called that strange red pigment *mohetka*, and told of digging it out of a sacred cave in a place known to them as *Pooyi*, in the coastal hills not many miles south of Mission Santa Clara.

If Father Serra and the good padres who carried on after his death recognized



*New Almaden's ruins are often painted by artists.*

that peculiar vermilion clay as pulverized cinnabar, the principal ore of quicksilver, they kept their secret well. The last thing those devout missionaries wanted was for hordes of miners to come rushing into the country to disrupt their work among the pagan tribesmen.

Now designated as a National Historical Landmark because of the history-shaping events that revolved around its subterranean treasures, New Almaden's unique out-croppings were first worked in 1824 by Mexicans who believed that the remarkably heavy vermilion rocks contained silver. It was not until 1845 that a knowledgeable Mexican discovered that, instead of coin metal, New Almaden's red ore was heavy with an even more valuable metal—quicksilver.

Andres Castillero had been sent north from Mexico City with orders to negotiate the purchase of New Helvetia from Captain John Sutter, the Swiss immigrant who had started a colony on the Sacramento River. During the last several months, far too many American trappers and adventurers had been gathering in the vicinity of Sutter's Fort for the Mexican government's peace of mind. If Sutter's landgrant could be purchased, the unwanted Americanos could legally and permanently be evicted.

Time and the tides of fate were against Andres Castillero and the Mexican government, however. They had waited too long. Each month had brought increased numbers of trappers, adventurers, outcasts, and land-seekers through the lofty passes of the Sierra Nevada to the golden

valleys of California. And far too much time had been given to those unwanted intruders for debate, decision, and the making of plans.

They were men to be reckoned with, those intruders from beyond the Sierra. Former mountain men like Ezekiel Merritt and Jim Clyman, prospectors such as Peter Lassen and farmers such as William B. Ide, and pioneers of a state-to-be such as William L. Todd, nephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. On the scene, too, was Kit Carson, scout for Captain John C. Fremont's military force which had en-



tered California, so the Captain said, on a scientific expedition.

Within a few weeks after Andres Castillero opened negotiations with the Swiss-born Johann August Sutter for the purchase of New Helvetia, the rebellious Americans launched what has since been called their Bear Flag Revolt to annex California to the United States.

Castillero himself unknowingly helped bring about this great change in the course of California history. While resting at the Santa Clara Mission, he had been shown samples of the heavy vermilion ore which the native Indians called *mohetka*. He recognized it at once as cinnabar. Because the ore reminded him so much of cinnabar he had seen at quicksilver mines in Almaden, Spain, he chose *Nuevo Almaden* the name for the mining claim he filed on in the Arroyo de los Alamos.

Once in production, New Almaden rich ores freed all wealth-producing mines from Mexico to Chile from their dependence on costly Spanish quicksilver. They soon proved an even greater blessing to California and the United States, however, for without New Almaden's quick silver, the Mother Lode's gold-laden placers and Nevada's bonanza silver mines could not have been developed so richly and rapidly. Recovery processes in all gold and silver mines of those days required quicksilver for amalgamation.

The enormous wealth produced either directly or indirectly by the New Almaden mines helped finance the North and insure its ultimate victory during the Civil War. And while the guns were going off, it provided the fulminate of mercury without which the rifles and pistols of the blues would have been silent as those troopers marched in battle against their brothers in gray.

The estimated hundred miles of shafts and tunnels in New Almaden's Mine Hill have produced more than a million flasks (contents 76 lbs. each) of mercury. At today's values, this would add up to more than a quarter billion dollars. And after more than a century of production, Mine Hill is still contributing to the wealth and security of the nation it helped create and preserve.

New Almaden, long neglected by chroniclers of American history and by the average tourist, lies 12 miles south of San Jose and Santa Clara County Road G-8. Slumbering in the shade of giant sycamores along the banks of Alamos Creek, New Almaden is a town in which history was made and still lives on in crumbling adobe walls and quaint board and batten houses. □

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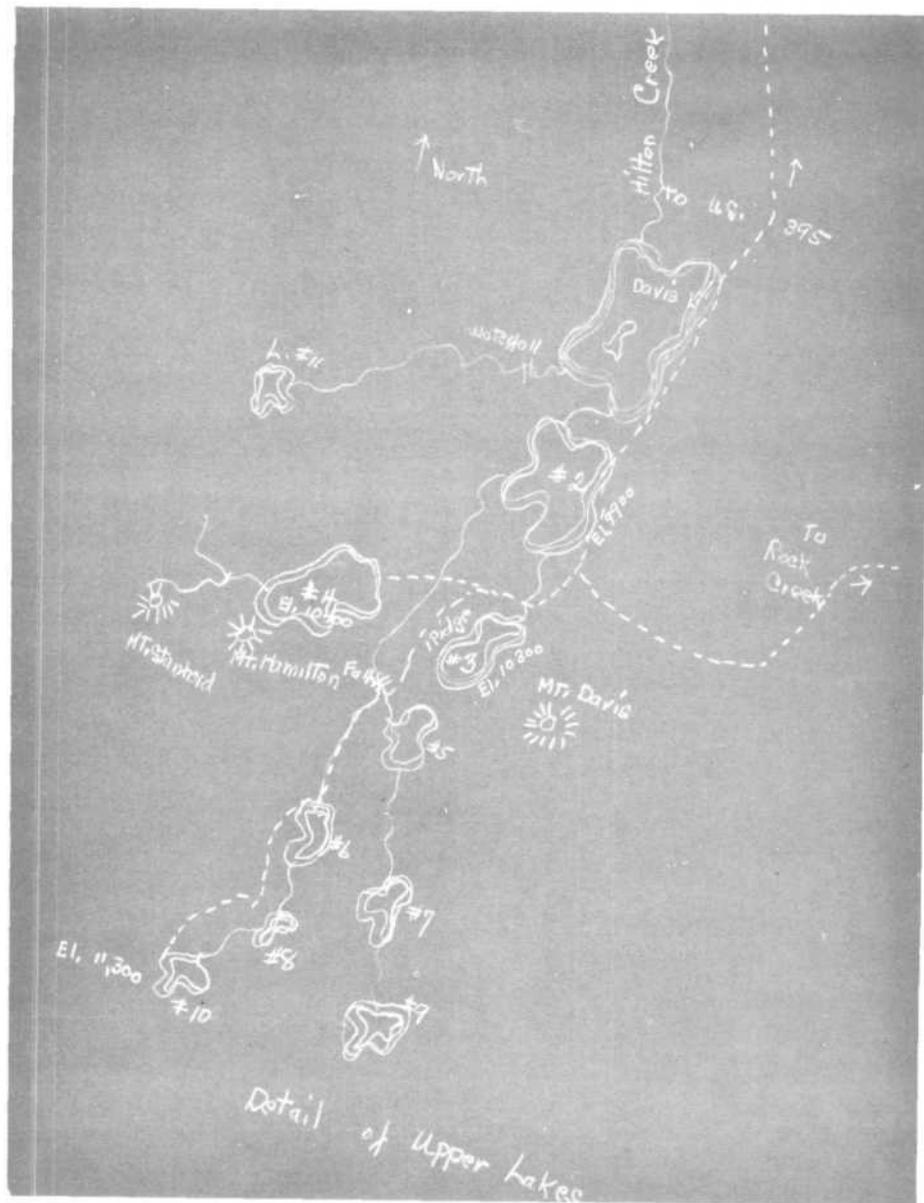
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by Helen Gilbert

OUR HORSES climbed steadily up the switchbacks of the first hill—a sandy moraine sparsely covered with mahogany and sagebrush—from where we could look back to Long Valley and Crowley Lake gleaming in the morning sunlight. Beyond, the White Mountains stood sharply etched against the clear blue sky. After months of dreaming, we at last headed back to Hilton Lakes!

For 25 years our family has roamed High Sierra trails and spot-packed to remote areas. We now prefer Hilton Lakes in the Inyo National forest because the pack-trip is shorter and less strenuous than to other favorite spots, and yet timberline lakes are easily reached by one-day hikes. Hilton Creek canyon is just over a ridge from popular Rock Creek resorts on the south. Although close to well known areas, it's primitive and reached only by foot or pack-train.

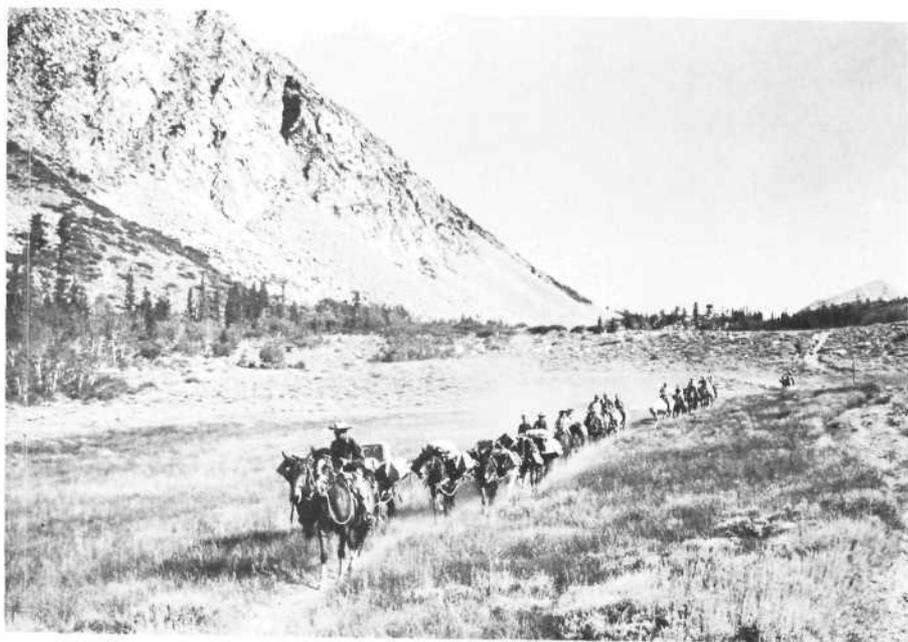
To reach Hilton Lakes pack station, you turn off U. S. 395 about 31 miles north of Bishop and then west for half a mile to the pack station. The best time is in July or August, as the season is short at these 10,000-foot elevations.

At the corral, Ed Kyte was getting our horses ready. In spite of his long work-day, Ed Kyte is easy-going and friendly, with the courage and patience born of long hours on the trail. We have learned to trust the packer and respect his "know-how," which makes our trips safe and pleasant. Ed led off with his pack-string, each mule carrying two balanced loads of provisions and camping gear, with riders following.

At the top of the switchbacks, Hilton trail follows an old mining road, then turns towards Hilton Creek. As we pulled up our horses at the creek crossing in a beautiful grove of Aspen, Ed was telling some of his guests how the canyon got its name:

"Richard Hilton ran a dairy on this creek for more than thirty years," he said. "The Hiltons grazed cattle up this canyon in the early days, before 1870, furnishing milk to the McGees, the Sommers, and later, to gold miners. John Hilton was one of the first settlers."

## HIGH CAMP AT HILTON LAKES



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We who enjoy eastern Sierra resorts and reach them easily from paved highways can scarcely realize the hardship, violence, and bloodshed that were a part of the history of these borderlands of California.

Our trail skirted the big upper meadow—a favorite with those who prefer stream fishing—and continued climbing. Although the trail does not cross any major pass, the first part traverses open country and is hot, sandy, and steep. Even if you hike "out," as some do, it's better to make the trip up the canyon on horseback.

There's an unusual absence of a transition life zone in the canyon. After pinon pine and mountain mahogany a

lodgepole forest follows immediately, with occasional Jeffrey pine on sunny slopes.

We saw the waters of Davis Lake set in lovely meadows dotted with gentian. Across the inlet and along the shoreline there's a sandy, crescent-shaped beach ideal for picnicking. Tracing the streams through the meadow, there's a picturesque waterfall where the stream drops from an upper basin called "the tub." Here the lake is well stocked with German Browns, but of course they don't compare with the fighting Rainbows in the higher lakes.

We made the five-and-a-half mile trip to Hilton Lake in two-and-a-half hours and it seemed like coming home. On a pack trip we take only the barest neces-

sities. One item especially useful is a pan made from a square-sided, five gallon oil can. This fits the pack boxes and can later be used to carry water or for a boiler. Eggs are carried in coffee cans, packed solidly with oat meal which is later eaten and the cans used for cooking. Two "tin" frying pans of the same size fit together and serve as griddle, fish fryer, or dutch oven. Clothing, towels, and other small items we packed in duffle bags in place of suit cases. A tent and air mattress are worth their added weight, too, we think.

For 30 years a camp with lodge and cabins was located here, every board, keg of nails, and cook stove brought in on mule back. But when the High Sierra Primitive Area was established in 1932,





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Hilton Camp was one of the areas affected and a program of amortization was worked out, terminating the lease in 1961. Now all signs of the old camp are gone.

High upper lakes are easily reached by one-day hikes from this base-camp. A steep hike of one-mile brings you to the first of the high lakes (3) with a magnificent view of the valley and the canyon below. Upper lakes may also be reached by foot-trail or pack-train from Rock Creek resorts.

We climbed over glacial rocks to the south end of the lake where the water was blue-green against snowbanks which still stood under the warm summer sun. Here, an hour or two of concentration will yield amateur, as well as expert, a good catch of Rainbows.

The eastern face of the Sierra is one of ruggedness and power. A few pines cling tenaciously to rocky crevices, gnarled, twisted, and bent almost double by the wind. In contrast, along the stream grow tiny White Heather bells; and on a rocky ledge, a marmot may be sunning itself. On the ridge above the lake, Nutcrackers nest in the Western Hemlock, piercing the stillness with their incessant cries. The trail to other lakes (5, 7, and 9) follows this ridge and in the distance you can see another (4) lying in a glacial cirque at the foot of Mt. Hamilton, one of the major peaks of the Sierra Crest.

Streams from all the upper lakes traverse the meadow below this lake, winding through knee-high grasses, and providing excellent stream fishing. Talus slides and two deep, emerald bays edged with willows form the east side of the lake. On the west, cliffs come down to the water's edge. A few scattered hemlock are so dwarfed by the cold and snow of this 10,400-foot elevation they form a dense, low thicket of branches.

Eastern Brook trout are plentiful. Climbing to a sand bar near the inlet, we fished the deep water just off the shelf with good results. Ardent fishermen can find Golden Trout in the still higher lakes, but it's rugged hiking.

After eight glorious days, we joined a group for the trip "down the hill," more convinced than ever that a vacation spent in the untrampled solitude of a designated Wilderness can give a family renewed strength and confidence.

Where the trail skirts the Big Meadow, we turned from the trail for a last spectacular view of the Crest. These granite peaks stand eternal in the sun and cast their image of beauty on the soul. An awareness of that beauty makes all the hardship worthwhile. □



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# The Magic of Baja

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

WE WERE camped beside the Rock House at El Barril. This is a lonely spot along the Gulf of California where the water is so clear it's phosphorescent. I sat atop a mound of clam shells catching up on notes while the men popped up tents and unloaded cars. Soon the sky turned to opal, the campfire sprung into action and Sam Hicks started to prepare his special noodle casserole.

Having myself just written a book called *Cooking and Camping on the Desert*, I felt it behooved me to do a little close watching. I'd revealed a number of Sam's choice recipes in the book, but this one he'd managed to keep to himself.

"I'll run down to the sea and get water for the noodles," I offered, grabbing up a pail.

"Not for *my* noodles, you won't," Sam snapped.

"But why?" I persisted. "You have to cook pastas in lots of water or they turn pastey. The water in the sea is clean and it's already salted. We just can't afford to waste our fresh water."

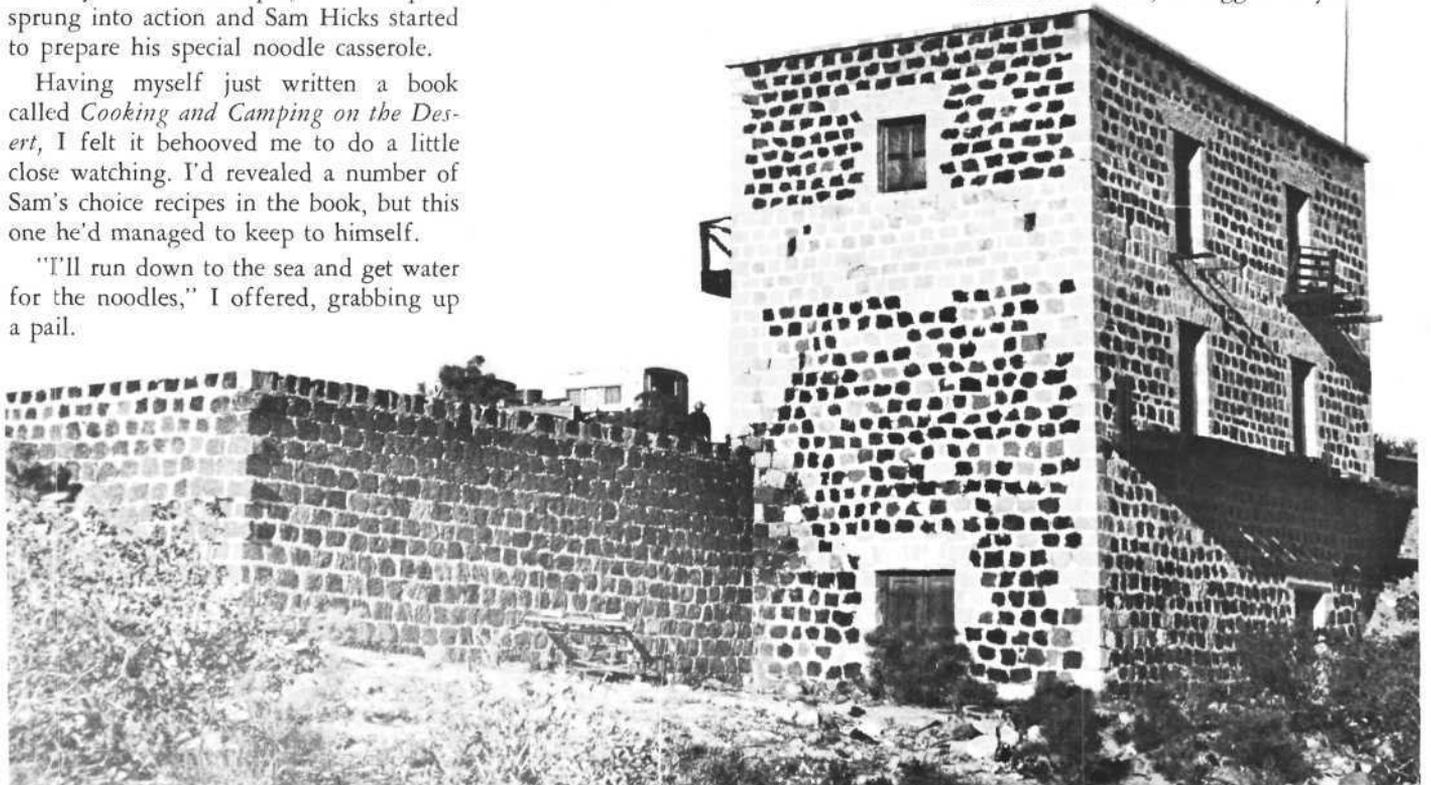
"When you start cooking on a fire instead of a typewriter, I'll listen to you," Sam laughed, uncorking a five gallon jug of fresh United States Temecula Ranch

water and dumping it into the noodle pot.

I seethed. I boiled. Besides, my feelings were hurt. And the waste of water!

"Now, Sam," Uncle Erle intervened. "I think Corke should be allowed to cook her noodles in sea water if she wants to. It might even work . . ."

By this time I had a few others on my team, so in a separate pot we cooked a batch of sea water noodles. In the above-mentioned book, I suggested you rinse



them off with a little fresh water after they're cooked, but we ate them straight from the sea water and they were fine. This is a good thing to know about when you're short on drinking water and camped near a sea. And, I must say this for Sam. He's a man of rigid principle and not easily convinced, but after tasting our salt water noodles, he threatened to write a cookbook and steal that one from me!

The trip through unmapped country between our previous camp and El Barril was not without incident. During the whole time of criss-crossing from wash to wash to break a trail, we didn't see so much as a trace of a track left by any previous vehicle, although we did find an abandoned rancho in good condition.

It was a funny thing about this place. A ramada and an ancient frame house sat on a low hill overlooking an immense rock-walled corral. J. W. Black, who has accompanied Uncle Erle on a number of

expeditions into Baja back-country, remarked that the corners of this corral were sharply squared, rather than rounded, a characteristic typical of those built by the prolific Villavicencio family who has owned ranches in Baja as far back as history is recorded. But the fact that no road nor trail led into the region puzzled us, until Ynez, our Yaqui guide, observed that it wasn't a permanent ranch, but one used only for round-ups when there's enough rainfall in the area to pasture cattle.

Then later, back home, I ran onto another interesting bit of information. While trying to locate the lost Padre Golfo Camino, a trail through this area which had been broken, but soon abandoned in favor of the inland mission trail, adventurer Arthur North, over half-a-century ago, wrote about meeting a rancher whose name was Fidel Villavicencio. This Mexican gentleman was involved in a mining venture with the Englishman Dick Daggett, whose

son is a resident of Bahia de los Angeles today. The Mexican spoke excellent English, having been educated in the United States, and North commented further upon the superb workmanship apparent in his gear, especially complimenting his saddle and shoes. (We were shortly to make a similar comment about the gear of a descendant!)

The neatly constructed stockyards and vastness of the spread indicated far more than just a temporary abode and a verdant patch of green gave evidence of a spring in the rugged mountain behind the ranch.

At the beginning of this break-through into virgin desert, we'd found occasional rows of desert-varnished rocks lining the edge of what Arthur North, traveling by mule, referred to as remnants of the lost Padre Golfo Camino, but now there was nothing to indicate the land had ever been traversed—even by coyotes. One bad spot, where we came close to giving up, sliced so sharply down into a deep wash that the men worked for several hours alternately shoveling and rebuilding the bank into a grade. For this country, trucks should be hinged in the middle so they'd bend!

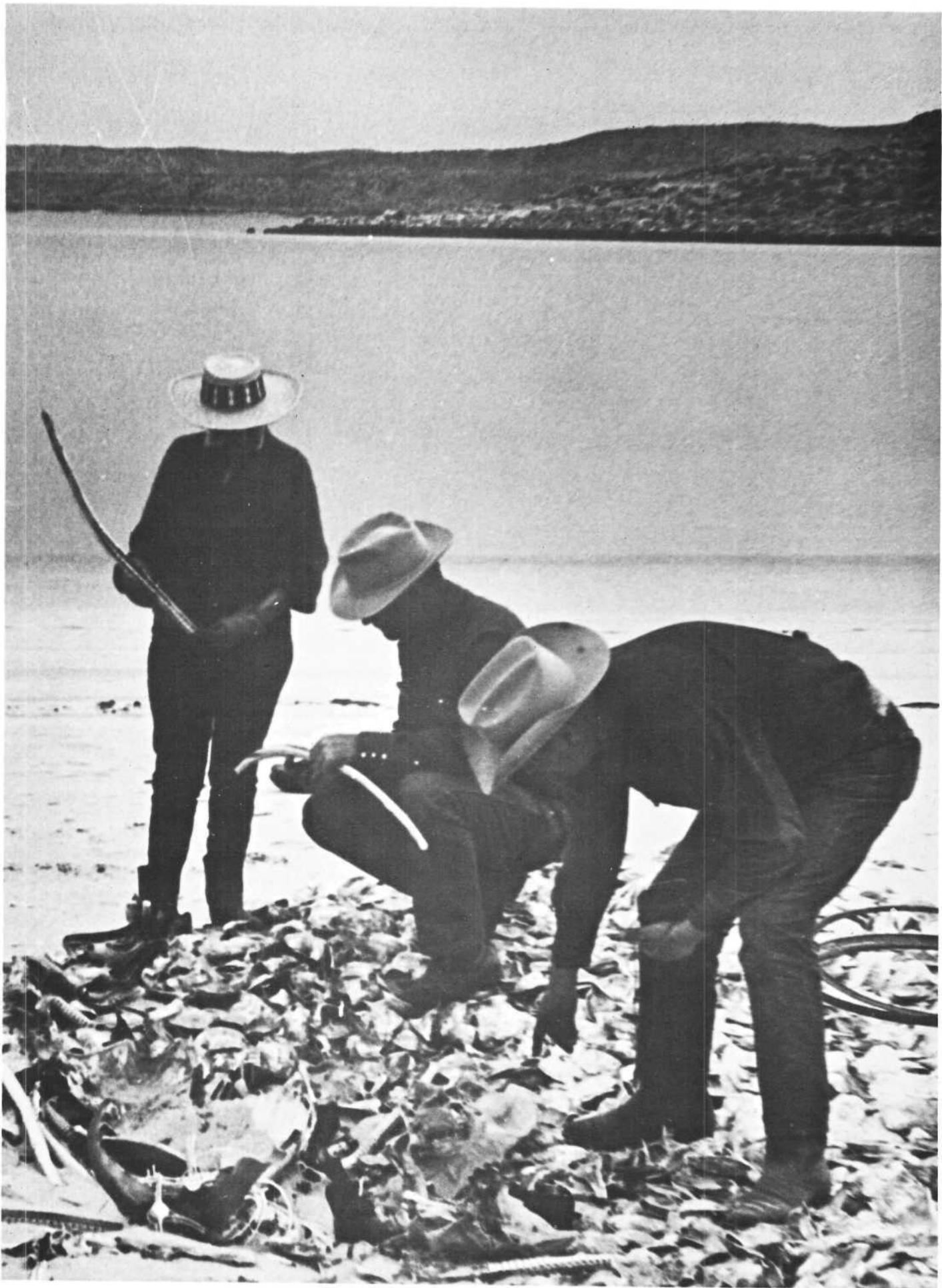
But even country like this is "home" to the Mexican vaquero. We heard a whoop from Uncle Erle and the caravan halted. At the front of the line, Uncle Erle was embracing an old friend.

Lorenzo Villavicencio isn't a man you'd be likely to forget. About six-foot-four, he looks like all opera stars ought to look. Broad-chested, independent and devastatingly masculine, he's a true vaquero. He and his *compañeros* dismounted from their mules, removed the packs from their burros to rest the animals, and then joined us for lunch. Enroute to do a little business at a ranch in the north, they were seeking a short cut through this region from their ranches at El Barril.

Erle Stanley Gardner first met the Villavicencio family when he was gathering material for the *Hidden Heart of Baja* and in that book he wrote a great deal about them. Their height, for one thing, intrigued him. Some of these brothers are almost seven feet tall! Later, on this



*Opposite: On the beach at San Francisquito Bay we collected bleached shark bones which looked like intricately carved ivory. Left: When two vaqueros meet, they speak the same language, even when it's expressed in a foreign tongue. Here Sam Hicks visits with Lorenzo Villavicencio.*



trip, we were to drop onto some remote ranches by helicopter and meet other members of this native Baja family, equally tall. I shall write more of that in forthcoming installments.

Everything these ranchers had in the way of gear was manufactured by themselves, including hand-forged bits and spurs. Lorenzo wore leather leggings embellished with distinctive tooled designs repeated on his sturdy saddle and *aparejados*. Tough leggings in this country provide better protection from sharp cactus spines than do the chaps our cowboys wear.

At last we rumbled out of the unmapped portion of our route and onto the El Arco-El Barril road. Our tracks aren't ones to try to follow alone, but we did prove this region can be crossed with experienced drivers and rugged vehicles in top condition. Our only catastrophes were flat tires punctured with cacti. I don't believe any vehicles anywhere have had a more honest test for endurance and performance.

The country we now approached was strewn with granite boulders eroded into monsters, castles and swollen doughnuts. In places, walls hundreds of feet long resembled fortresses, but they weren't built by man. This is powerful, nightmare country while it lasts, but soon the elements take over and the boulders diminish into heaps of sand banked against stunted palo blanco. As the terrain cascaded toward the Gulf, wild carnations and blue lupine splashed a fragrant path of color into the blue, blue sea.

It is here you first see the towers of the windmills which pump water into lush fig, date and citrus orchards of El Barril. Immaculately clean and orderly, the Villavicencio ranches are bright with flowers, sunshine and beautiful children. Few Baja travelers turn off Highway No. 1 to follow this vaguely defined road which ends, ultimately, at San Francisquito Bay on its left fork and at the Villavicencio ranches on its right. These people befriended Uncle Erle on a previous expedition and one thing Uncle Erle never forgets is a friend, so now we came laden with gifts to celebrate a reunion—foot-treadled sewing machines for the women, steel files for the men and canteens and harmonicas for the children. They all came out of their sun-baked adobes to greet us and after a brief visit we crossed through their ranches to camp beside the old Rock House. Later they joined us for a fiesta.

The old Rock House is another of those realities which rises like a dream in Baja. Once a woodstop for steamboats, it was built in the 1880s by a German who is

said to have traded ironwood used to fire the boats, for supplies brought around the Horn or from San Francisco by sea. The name *El Barril* has a nautical connotation meaning "water cask," so perhaps water was taken aboard here too. A huge three-story affair constructed of native stone, it's a dramatic landmark along the coast. A balcony which once gave entre to a series of hand carved doors, today sags in disrepair, but the stonework of the house looks sturdy enough to make history in the future.

During the latter part of the 1800s when steamboats plied the Colorado River, the Gulf of California was the only port of entry and a fair amount of trade passed this way, headed for Fort Mohave and the mines above Yuma. Some of the barges and sternwheelers which carried on this trade were actually built in Mexico, but were financed with funds



*J. W. Black examines hand-forged spurs made by the Villavicencio family at their El Barril ranch.*

and constructed of lumber from the U.S. which, with a cooperative *compadre* in the customs office, made them "American built" vessels not subject to import duty. It's astonishing that a building the size and value of the Rock House would be a mere wood stop when further up the coast and on the river such operations were conducted by Indians who simply gathered the wood and left it along the shore beside a container nailed to a post in which payment was deposited. The Rock House is an intriguing enigma for romanticists like me. Perhaps someday we'll learn that it harbored pearl smugglers or pirates . . . or, perhaps, the "American-made" shipbuilders.

Streaks of gold faded from the sky and left us in a firelit patch of darkness. Bruce Barron strummed his guitar and

soon Sam joined him with a mandolin. At moments like this, with the scent of burning mesquite in the air and soft voices in the night, I liked to withdraw to the aloneness of my tent and let the sounds and smells and memories of the day seep into my subconscious. When they come to you this way, removed from the distractions of participation, they are magnified. And it is those moments I can close my eyes and go back to so easily now.

With morning came sunshine and the revving up of the Chapulinos. We were off through a glistening stretch of desert to San Francisquito Bay. The sand here is decomposed granite bleached to a stark white and sprinkled richly with hunks of azure-colored copper ore. We didn't determine the copper's source, but maybe it accounts for the exotic color of the sea in this area.

The tiny beach at San Francisquito lies in a jewel box setting between walls of black lava studded with rock oysters. Adobe ruins nearby recall the short-lived career of an ambitious fisherman who instituted a fishing industry some years ago. The idea was good, but the operation failed when hundreds of cans of sardines he'd brought in to use for bait all swelled and exploded. Then, to add to his ill-fortune, after getting his car into the area, he couldn't get it out. So now it rusts in the sun alongside exploded sardine cans while his adobe hacienda melts with the rare rains. Whoever he was, he lacked the typical Mexican ingenuity that has mastered this tough land. Perhaps he was a gringo.

This is a fine beach and an ideal place to camp—better, actually, than the Rock House, as that is on private property and permission must first be obtained to camp there.

A short distance from the bay—but too far to have been deposited by turbulent seas—there are three mounds of old oyster shells so high they look like mountains. At first we thought they were kitchen middens, but Ricardo Castillo, our kitchen midden expert, found no charcoal nor artifacts to suggest ancient Indian habitation. Nevertheless, the shells didn't arrive there naturally. Some one put them there at great effort. It was the creator of that great detective Perry Mason who finally came up with a plausible answer.

The shells, very likely, were deposited by pearl smugglers; perhaps during the Spanish era when the padres prohibited pious Indians from diving, hoping to save them from moral corruption by Spanish soldiers interested in turning a pearl into a quick doubloon. The loot

Primitive oven is used by Villavicencio families for baking at their El Barril ranches. Below: Jean and Sam visit with the children.



was stationed far enough from shore to elude watchful eyes aboard mission vessels carrying supplies up and down the coast, and the harbor could safely accommodate the pongos of native pearl-ers. Even the old Rock House might fit into a latter-day pearling enterprise. It lies within an easy burro ride of this bay.

There's some pretty potent looking country both north and south of El Barril—country without roads—and someday we'll camp again at the Rock House and explore it all with a fleet of Chapulinos.

Those were the things we talked about, and dreamed about, while bumping toward El Arco on Highway No. 1, which is little smoother than its less dignified offshoots. We stopped there, at El Arco, for lunch at the modest casa-restaurant of a nice lady who dispatched children of all sizes into all directions to acquire the ingredients for a grand *machaca*. It's rarely, along this route, that such a large contingent as ours appears for a meal. Perhaps to stretch a limited supply of beans, our lady chef mixed them with cooked barley. And it was delicious. The firm texture and subtle flavor of barley kernels does great things for beans. You should try it.

Ynez, our Yaqui guide, had an abandoned ranch in mind for our campsite on this night. It was about 28 miles west of El Arco and far enough from the main road to be hard to find. But it was a gorgeous spot, this Cueva Colorado Ranch, with plenty of dead wood. While we sat around our fire, gusts of wind from surrounding canyons split the splendid silences and hoodoo shadows moved among the twisted trees. An old well, a corral

and an empty concrete reservoir hinted of former prosperity, but many years of drought had left the land improvident. This year, however, it would come alive again at round-up time when the vaqueros move their cattle through the region and, with another good year of rain, the ranch might be reactivated.

I was curious about the painted cave for which the ranch was named, but Uncle Erle had already explored this area when he was enroute to Scammon's Lagoon to gather material for *Hunting the Desert Whale*, so we left early the following morning and drove directly to San Ignacio. There we were scheduled to meet the celebrated Mexican archeologist, Dr. Carlos Margain, two Fairchild helicopters with crews, and the greatest adventures we've ever had! □

To be continued



Above: Mysterious mound of shells may date back to pirate days. Below: This abandoned ranch was one of our prettiest camps.



*Some particles of metal were usually discarded with the garbage. In dumps buried for 100 years or more, large pieces of metal may have disintegrated to a mere rusty stain in the soil.*



*If the garbage had been "pitted" by some neat house-holder of yesterday, your chances of finding "whole" bottles are greatly enhanced.*

*Search the history books, or "pick the minds" of the old-timers, to discover the site of an early (preferably before 1900) community.*



*If the refuse seems to extend deep, a shovel may be necessary.*

*Bottle-digging: a hobby as fascinating as digging for gold, and perhaps as profitable.*





*The old "privy holes" are "glory holes" for today's diggers. The rich loam often contains rare poison bottles, or precious old whiskey flasks.*

# Dig That Bottle

by Grace Kendrick

**T**HE MOST fascinating hobby to hit the West since 1849 is that of bottle-collecting. Thousands of bottle-hungry prospectors are traveling by 4-wheel-drive vehicles or afoot, into remote outposts, hoping to repossess discarded glass objects.

Ten years ago, this was an appropriate hobby for a retiring old lady who simply took her choice of the bottles from the surface of the ground. But today's successful pursuit of the hobby requires the detective work of Sherlock Holmes and the stamina of a miner's burro.

History buffs realize that every valley and canyon in the West was once occupied by an optimistic settler. Avocations and financial conditions of these early Westerners are discernable from remnants in their city dumps. Starry-eyed miners imported luxuries from all over the world, abandoning all tendencies toward frugality, thereby creating lucrative bottle-mines for today's Western traveler. □

*A metal-detector is fun to use to find the dump,—especially in vegetated areas.*



*Old bottles discarded by the early settlers of the west, have become valuable sought-after antiques.*



*Scratch the surface of the ground with a rake or pointed hoe to see if the bottles have become buried with floods or shifting sands.*



*Perhaps all that remains of an early settlement will be rocks piled in rectangular formations: the tumbled foundations of homes of yesterday.*



a passenger car trip to see . . .

## The Oldest Thing Alive

by Choral Pepper

NOT EXACTLY what botanists call "tree people," my husband, Jack, and I are still curious about unusual botanical specimens. Last fall we were told that the rare Bristlecone Pine stretches its weird limbs on the peak of a mountain overlooking one of our favorite Nevada vacation spots—Pioche.

Partly because we always like an excuse to visit Pioche and partly because we'd never seen a Bristlecone, we pointed our Pontiac in the direction of Nevada and headed north. A few miles south of Pioche we regretted we hadn't brought the camper, however, as we've long wanted to stop at the beautiful, uncrowded campground at Cathedral Gorge and

summer and fall is an ideal time of the year here for camping.

Late the next morning we left our motor lodge and found the Highland Mountain road out of Pioche. Climbing upward to 9300 feet, with 23 switchbacks, it passes from the gold and orange terrain of Pioche into a pygmy forest of juniper, then suddenly melts into fat pinon pines. As the good dirt road ascends, the forest thickens and fir and spruce join the juniper and pinon.

Soon we arrived at a small picnic ground amid a grove of tall trees. Seven in number, red-barked and over 100 feet high, they surround two picnic tables provided by the forest service. These are the

trees which once stimulated a local controversy. Referred to as "the big trees," for the simple reason that they *are* big, they are still no relation to the famous Sequoia, also known as the "Bigtree." These are giant Ponderosas, and they provide a pleasant stop for lunch.

As we drove along, we stopped to examine each new kind of pine, wondering if we'd recognize a Bristlecone if we saw one. What we did know about the *Pinus aristata*, in addition to its Latin name, is that it is also popularly called the Foxtail pine because its plumage resembles a tail. These are the oldest living things on earth, some in the Bristlecone Forest of Inyo National Park in California having been assessed at 4600 years.

What causes their longevity is an ability to stop growing during long periods, especially during prolonged drought. But the surprising thing about the whole business is that even if a patriarch tree remains in a state of suspended animation for as long as 25 or more years, when it does begin to grow again, it experiences a complete biological renaissance, producing new cones with life-producing pollen pods. And even more surprising, this may continue to happen when a tree's 4000 years old. If scientists ever isolate that gene, our population will *really* explode!

Photos of the Bristlecone inevitably depict a broad-trunked, knarled arrangement of empty branches with occasional offshoots of sparse bristle. Outside of an area high up in the Inyo National Forest, which is confined within a National Park were guided tours along designated paths are available to tourists, Bristlecone are hard to see. There's a fine stand in the mountains above Ely, Nevada, but you have to pack in to get near them. I've heard reports from helicopter pilots that a few grow atop Mt. Charleston above Las Vegas and a couple were recently reported near Cedar City, Utah, but, again, a four-wheel drive vehicle or hike is necessary in order to reach them. If this passenger car road within a morning's drive of Pioche would reveal a Bristlecone forest in which you could





have the thrill of discovery without Park department signs pointing the way, this was a treat we were anxious to get into print.

We were there in early September, before winter snows fell. Juicy pine cones dripped with fragrant sap and pricklepoppies, blue ground daisies and vivid paint brush splattered rich color among the shadows. Shafts of warm sunlight filtered through a filigree of quaking aspen and then we twisted around a sharp bluff and there, before us, was a very funny tree. Tall and well-shaped, thick clusters of needles hung from its branches like the fingers of a Siamese temple dancer. "Could that be it?" I considered.

"Uh-uh. Looks too healthy for a Brislecone," Jack decided.

A little further and we came upon a grove growing in a wide crevice protected from the wind. Jack stopped to bend a twig toward the camera so I could get a close-up. "It looks like a tail," I commented, observing how its bushy needles narrowed to a point tipped with a purple cone.

"This is it then," Jack exclaimed, "The foxtail pine!"

As we approached the apex of the mountain where winter winds are fierce, the trees grew shorter and more stunted, like those of photos we'd seen. Perhaps photographers deliberately choose models with an "ancient" look rather than those which thrived in protected spots, but all of them are beautiful, misshapen or not. They're like no other pine tree on earth.

Located on the peak of Highland Mountain is a Federal Communication station, which accounts for the good condition of the road. The superintendent, who commutes from Pioche, was there when we arrived and took us on a tour of his set-up, which looks about as complicated as a space capsule.

On the downhill trek we explored several side roads and found signs of deer around the springs, but to really get back into this country would require a 4-wheel drive or hiker's boots.

Pioche is about as ideal a place to vacation as any offbeat trail-tracker could find. By-passed some three miles by U.S. Highway 93, this picturesque community terraced up and down the sides of a series of golden hills was once the wildest mining town in the Wild West. Slightly

fictionalized, its history is recounted in a February 1964, *DESERT* story, called "Chioche."

Home of the largest reduction mill in the world, Caselton Mill, its mining activity has been a constant saga of boom and bust. Currently enjoying a boom period due to Uranium king Charlie Steen's amalgamation of Combined Metals at Caselton with his Grand Panam Company, new tourist accommodations have been built in town and there's a housing shortage, but vacationers will still find it virgin territory for back country exploration.

At Spring Valley, on the eastern fringe of town, springs have been funneled to produce a sandy-beached lake for recreation. This should be filled and an ideal place for swimming and water skiing by now. It's amid a splendid setting (see this month's cover), and cool in summer.

If you are resourceful and able to find pleasure without guided tours or superficial stimulation, there's so much variety in terrain and activity around Pioche that, like us, you'll begin to think of it as a favorite "getting-away-from-it-all" place, too. □





Left: The Rios adobe, oldest adobe in California to continuously house one family. Below: Peach trees planted by early Padres still bear fruit.

## Old Capistrano Town

by Joan Weiss



VISITING "THE Jewel of the Missions" at San Juan Capistrano with its magnificent *Companario* (bell wall), the traditional swallows and the old Chapel Dome ruins is an unforgettable experience. Close by live the descendants of the Juaneno Indians, who were completely settled when Father Junipero Serra arrived in 1775.

To the north of Pacific Coast Highway (101) you can visit thick-walled, rough-textured adobe buildings which are still in use. The Jesus Aguilar home on Ortega Street is now a real estate office owned by the Mission. Since it stands on a prime location, rumor has it that the building may be razed to make way for a modern gasoline station.

"This is what we must eliminate," Chief Clarence Lobo says, himself  $\frac{3}{4}$  Juaneno. "Preserving our historical sites is far easier than restoring ruins once erosion has begun."

Chief Lobo, 51, is the elected chief of the Juanenos, as well as a member of the planning commission of San Juan Capistrano. He is a native of Capistrano, as was his great-great grandfather who was born in 1776, three years before Portola and his Spanish sailors started out from

La Paz looking for ports and mission sites along the California coast. In fact, Lobo's great-great grandfather came to the San Juan Capistrano Mission when he was 60 years old to be baptized and it was then a priest recorded his birth date. With baptism the Juanenos were given Spanish names, although the Mission records show them as Indians.

Sprinkled among modern buildings is much evidence of the Juanenos. It isn't uncommon to find an arrowhead on the ground or to hear Clarence Lobo identifying a herb for his sons, Wesley and Clarence. Historically, the Juaneno Indians were a part of the Gabrielenos and assigned their origin to a place called *Sebat* or *Suva*. Research has narrowed this site down to one of five in the region of Los Nietos—very possibly where Pico Rivera is now. The migrants settled in their new country under the leadership of a woman chief.

In order to completely emancipate themselves from the Gabrielenos, the Juanenos changed their dialect, although they kept the same culture and religion. There was such a great ceremonial union throughout the area, however, that their songs were still sung in the Gabrieleno dialect.

The name of Juaneno developed after a feast when they stopped near the present San Juan Capistrano and slept piled up for warmth and comfort. Next day they named the place *Acagchemen*, meaning "a pyramidal form of anything which moves, such as an ant hill." A modern Juaneno transcribes this as *A-bash-amen* and from this word the Juanenos took their tribal name.

The oldest adobe in California to continuously house one family is the Rios adobe. Joaquin Rios arrived in California with a band of Spanish soldiers in 1725 and in 1794 he built his adobe house on what is now Los Rios Street, close by the Mission. He planted olive, apple and fig trees and sowed in a garden each year to supply his family with produce.

Santiago Rios, Joaquin's son, fell heir to the house which stood on seven acres of land within the boundaries of Rancho Boca de La Playa, Orange County's most southerly rancho.

Damien Rios, born in 1860, became the third generation to live in the house. With his grandfather's ingenuity, Damien brought horses from Catalina Island across the channel to the mainland at San Pedro on home-made rafts. It was the

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early 1890s and he wanted to train the wild horses for racing. It was a treacherous journey, with only two or three horses crossing at a time. Crude oars were his only propulsion and he was at the mercy of both wind and currents. By timing his crossing to coincide with the rising tide, he landed several rafts successfully, but others capsized and some wild horses were lost.

The Rios family was very close to the Mission. Gertrude cooked for the Fathers for 20 years; Mike posed for the famous painting "The End of the Trail," painted at the Mission, and other members of the family helped Father O'Sullivan with restoration work.

The Rios adobe is open to the public by a telephone appointment with Mrs. Foy. Present owner Mr. Dan Rios, Laguna Beach constable and U. S. Marshal, prefers showing it on weekends. The house and grounds typify early California with its statue of St. Francis of Assisi, patron saint of birds, and an old grinding stone.

For almost 170 years and six generations, the Rios family—and before them the Jauneno Indians—have lived not in the shadow, but in the rainbow of the San Juan Capistrano Mission and its perpetual culture and history. □

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# BEAR FACTS



by Eugene McAllister

PERHAPS IT was a foolish thing to do, but it was not an act of bravado. I never could stand a show-off and besides there were no witnesses. I was not trying to impress anyone, except a big bown bear. My sole purpose was to test a theory.

During many summers I had observed bear behavior in the garbage dump of one of our National Parks. I had witnessed, through the windshield of my car, a series of performances which rather consistently followed this pattern:

Bear A occupies a favored spot among the leftovers from the campground garbage cans. Bear B approaches. There is a brief pause for mutual appraisal. B makes a short, stiff-legged jump a few inches in A's direction. A ignores the challenge and B withdraws, or, A withdraws and B moves in.

Once I saw a photographer approach a feeding bear, pause, raise his camera and then depart rather hastily without a picture when the bear made that characteristic short, stiff-legged jump in his direction. I was convinced that he was bluffing and that he would have retreated had the photographer returned jump for jump, or perhaps have initiated the procedure. In that case he would probably have snapped a rear view. The question tormented me until midnight.

It was then that I awakened to the familiar sound of a garbage can lid clattering to the pavement. A few of the bolder bears did not wait until the cans were emptied at the pit, but made nocturnal visits to the campgrounds where they noisily pawed over the iceboxes and

cupboards of careless campers who left food on the tables, in tents or in open cars.

Prominent signs throughout the Park warned campers that "teasing, touching, feeding or molesting" any bear or deer was prohibited.

My purpose was not to tease or molest when I crawled out of my sleeping bag and put on my heavy hiking shoes. It was a cool, crisp night. There were few campers in the area. They had long since abandoned their campfires for tents and trailers. Brilliant moonlight filtered down through the branches of tall lodge pole pines to reveal a very large bear standing erect, pawing through the rubbish in the can nearest my camp. What better time to test my theory?

I advanced to within 30 feet of my subject. We eyed each other for a moment. Then I made a truly bear-like jump a few inches in his direction. He did not move. This was my signal to withdraw and I certainly entertained the thought. Instead, I tried two jumps in rapid succession, landing heavily, clump-clump. He responded promptly by removing his forepaws from the can to stand on all fours. I made a hasty decision. I seemed to have gained on the double jump. I would try three. It was the magic number.

He took off in the direction of the river and did not look back until he had reached the other side. There he paused briefly, shook himself vigorously and strode in a most resolute manner toward the cabin occupied by the Chief Park Ranger.

I had a strange feeling that he was determined to report me. Or was he just bluffing?

Mitch Williams'

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# DATING OLD MINING CAMPS



by Kit Carson

**G**HOST TOWNS and abandoned villages arouse a great amount of curiosity as to when they were occupied, when abandoned, and *why*. To answer these questions Lucien A. File, head of the research department for the New Mexico Bureau of Mines, conducted a study on the subject and came up with some interesting observations which will make it possible for you to arrive at a good many of these answers yourselves.

As certain as distinctive periods of the past are dated by old bottles and tin cans, mining camps and old houses may be dated by what archeologists call their "middens," or trash dumps, as we call them. Throughout the years the design and style of articles manufactured for home consumption have changed. Bottles and cans are an excellent source for dating. These are usually found in dumps or scattered around old ruins.

Another method for arriving at dates of unknown sites lies in old newspapers often found in tumbled down houses. Sometimes these were used for insulation and may be recovered without destroying the ruins.

Camps active before 1900 may be dated by soldered tin cans, square nails, and beer bottles with hand-finished necks. Bottles of this period were stoppered, not metal capped.

In his research, File found that mining camps from 1900 to World War I were characterized by round nails and bottles with hand-finished necks, but the bottles had lips for metal caps, instead of cork stoppers.

Hand forged nails were used as a construction material as early as 11 B.C., but, of course, didn't enter the Western Hemisphere at that date. Hand forging of nails was practiced during the Colonial Period as a family enterprise and traded to merchants for supplies. Wire nails came into production about the turn of the 20th century. My experience with old buildings of the Southwest dates the square-headed nail, with tapered, flat shanks, as popular soon after the Civil War until about 1900.

Another period distinguishable through molding practices is from the 1920s until the early 1930s, when the bottles had finished necks and tin cans were crimped instead of soldered. This period may also be determined by certain mechanical tools lost around the settlements, like the "monkey wrench" of the Henry Ford contraption, or "knuckle buster," as many were wont to brand the spanner.

Tin cans for preserving food prior to World War I required lead solder along

the seams, on the sides, and for the little hole on the top of the can lid. This portal allowed steam to escape during the canning process and, as one of the last procedures during the preserving process, it was soldered. Food in this type of can demanded particular attention, as certain foods of acid content required a different tin coating than other fruits or vegetables.

Before World War I, most bottles were finished by hand; after this date they were finished by machine. In the earlier method, seams on the side of the bottle ended at the neck, which was added to the bottle in a separate hand of annealing. In machine finished bottles, the identifying mold-mark extends up the entire length of the two sides and even across the lip of the neck.

Bottles prior to 1900 had a distinctive marking. During the 1890s, and earlier, soft drink and beer bottles were made to receive corks. The crown type (crimped cap) as we know it today, was introduced after that time.

Camps active before World War I show an abundance of purple glass fragments, whereas younger camps have little purple and an abundance of clear glass. Purple glass found in older camps was originally clear, but sun exposure caused a photochemical change in the manganese oxide in the glass, causing the color to change to purple. When glass was made by hand, the process could be adapted to the material; but with the appearance of machinery in the glass blowing process, the glass had to be adapted to the new invention and this required pure material less reactive to color changes from exposure. Length of time required for glass to change color depends upon the composition of the glass, especially of the manganese content, and upon the color of the background, but color changes can occur within a month, although color becomes more pronounced as exposure is lengthened. Violet colored backgrounds seem to accelerate the change, presumably favoring ultra-violet light.

It should be remembered that some old glass bottles were clear and did not contain manganese; therefore, remained clear. Bottles at old time mining camps often have surfaces, some beautifully iridescent. This is the result of excessive alkalis, especially sodium, in the mix. Most utility glassware found in old camps is known as soda-lime glass. Alkali content was not well controlled in older times, but was curtailed when glass commenced to be produced by the machine. Glass at the older camps is, therefore, likely to have corroded or iridescent surfaces. □

# For a real summer adventure

## Outpost of the Padres



by John Robinson

**B**AJA'S FORGOTTEN mission, it has been called. Nestled high in the western foothills of the rugged Sierra de San Pedro Martir, Baja California's loftiest range, are the crumbling remains of long abandoned Mission San Pedro Martir de Verona, lonely mountain outpost of the Dominican padres.

Unlike most of Baja's missions, the ruins of San Pedro Martir are accessible only on foot or horseback. The nearest roadhead is Santa Cruz, a cattle rancho below the western spurs of the Sierra. Southeast from the ranch, a distinct but rocky trail winds over chaparral-covered ridges and across pinyon-dotted slopes to the small, picturesque mission valley, 16 miles away. Another, longer approach can be made from the San Felipe Desert on the eastern side of the Sierra, crossing the range via the historic Camino Santa Rosa, a steep trail built by the padres over a century and a half ago. Five of us, bent on visiting this least known of the peninsula's nine Dominican missions, decided to try this eastern route, much to our later chagrin.

Camino Santa Rosa, or more correctly what is left of it, enters the Sierra de San Pedro Martir at Canyon El Cajon, a deep, rocky chasm penetrating well back into the precipitous eastern escarpment of the range. To reach Canyon El Cajon, one

must cross some 40 miles of the arid, cactus-rich San Felipe Desert. Fortunately a network of sandy dirt roads, most of them passable to high clearance standard cars, criss-cross the desert floor and give access to most of the major canyons on the eastern flank of the Sierra.

Arthur Walbridge North, noted author of two Baja classics, termed the Santa Rosa Camino "one of the most diabolical in all Lower California." After struggling for two days over huge boulders, around sheer waterfalls, through thorny brush, and up steep ridges, all five of us are inclined to agree. Only occasional remnants of the ancient trail onto the lofty San Pedro Martir tableland were discovered; the rest of it has evidently reverted to wilderness.

Once on the plateau, nature's contrast is startling. Ocotillo, scrub oak, and pinyon abruptly give way to stately forests of Western Yellow Pine (*Pinus ponderosa*), supplemented here and there by stands of Sugar Pine, Cypress and on the higher ridges, Lodgepole Pine, White Fir, and Aspen. Underbrush, so thick and impenetrable on the lower slopes and in the canyons, is virtually absent on the plateau, giving the pine forests the appearance of a well-kept, spacious park. Surrounded by desert, uncharted, virtually unknown, difficult to penetrate, the lofty tableland of the Sierra de San Pedro Martir is truly a mountain Shangri-La, an alpine island of

green amid a vast, arid ocean of browns and grays.

A short hike through the tall pines found us, quite suddenly, on the edge of spacious, serene Santa Rosa Meadow. This huge clearing, over a mile high, is one of several on the San Pedro Martir plateau that have been utilized for summer grazing since mission days. The cattle are seasonally driven up steep trails from ranchos below the western slopes to feed on the rich meadow grasses. We picked a pine-shaded campsite beside a cool, trickling stream for the night. The distant scream of a mountain lion and the baying of several nearby coyotes reminded us that we were not alone and provided an eerie backdrop to our silent camp amid the pines.

Next morning we descended the more gradual western slope of the Sierra to Santo Tomas, a small, lush meadow nestled snugly between rocky ridges. Our dusty trail then turned northwest, leaving behind the tall pines and entering semi-arid pinyon and chaparral country. Following this well-defined footpath, built by the padres and their Indian neophytes a century and a half ago, we reached the picturesque mission valley in two hours. A cool stream shaded by a handful of stately Ponderosa offered welcome shade and refreshment. Other than these few tall pines along the watercourse, the small valley floor is covered

with sage brush. Scrawny pinyons border the valley and dot the surrounding ridges.

The crumbling remains of Mission San Pedro Martir de Verona are located on a small rise near the northwest edge of the valley. Unless one knows where to look, the ruins would be easy to miss. Fortunately we were armed with diagrams from Peveril Meigs' *Dominican Mission Frontier of Lower California* (1935), the English language authority on Baja's northern missions. Even with diagrams, it was difficult to make out the former mission lay-out. The earth has reclaimed nearly all of the abandoned outpost. Dirt mounds remain where thick adobe walls once supported handsome roofs of red tile. Most obvious is the heavy stone stubble of once tall, sturdy rock walls, built to protect the mission from frequent Indian raids. Scattered outside the south wall are a few broken tiles.

The story of this mountain outpost of the holy faith is brief and colorful, and parts of it are shrouded in mystery and controversy. On April 27, 1794, a small, weary party of Spanish missionaries and

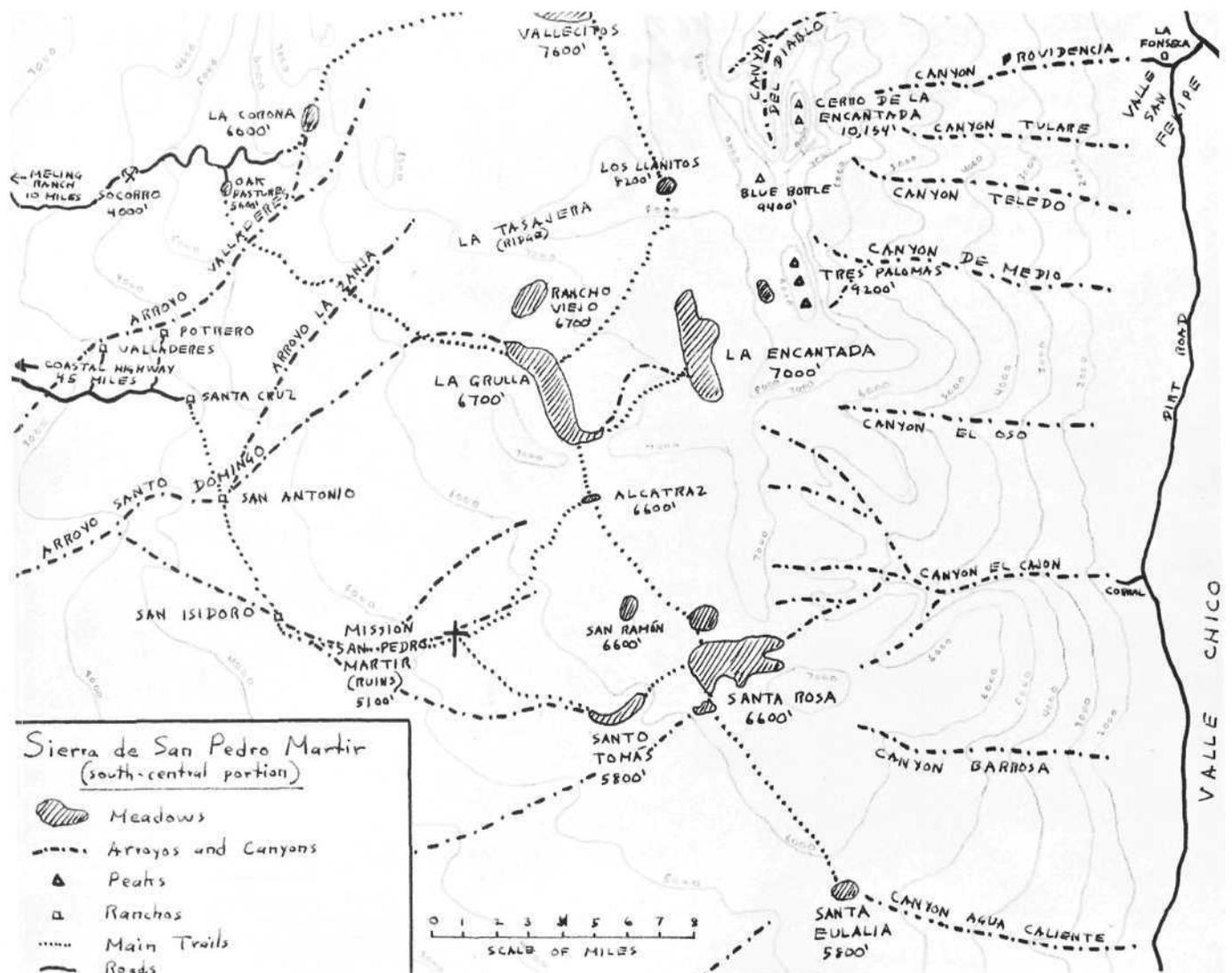
soldiers, completing a difficult journey of two weeks, arrived at a pleasant, pine-rimmed meadow high on the western slopes of the then unnamed Sierra de San Pedro Martir. Their stated objective was to Christianize the Cahuilla Indians living in the rugged foothills and deep canyons of the lofty range. Later that same day Fray Cayetano Pallas, leader of the party, planted the holy cross, celebrated mass, and formally dedicated Mission San Pedro Martir de Verona, the sixth of nine Dominican missions established on the peninsula. This original, high mountain site of the outpost, known as Casilepe by the natives, is unknown today. Historians speculate that it may have been either Santa Rosa or Santo Tomas Meadow.

Throughout its comparatively brief life, Mission San Pedro Martir endured a troubled existence. Christianizing the proud, independent Cahuillas proved to be a difficult task. Even before the end of 1794, Indian raids and the cold alpine climate of Casilepe caused the mission outpost to be moved some three leagues

west to a lower meadow called Ajantequedo by the natives. This new site, which became the permanent location of the mission, possessed a warmer climate, more fertile soil for crops, and better natural defenses against marauding Indians.

Mission San Pedro Martir, isolated from the mainstream of Spanish life on the peninsula, must have presented a picturesque appearance during its harried existence. A study of the extensive ruins reveals that the mission buildings were strategically located and well constructed. A sturdy stone wall enclosed a large courtyard adjacent to the main adobe building. Two bulwarks with cannon embrasures offered protection from unfriendly Indians. The roof and parts of the mission floor were handsomely tiled.

The small mission valley was extensively cultivated. Corn, the main crop, was supplemented by beans, wheat, and barley. The fields were watered by an ingenious system of irrigation. Near the upper end of the valley, on both sides, springs break out from the hills a few





feet above the valley floor. From these almost ideally situated springs, well-constructed irrigation ditches led along both sides of the valley for half a mile, so placed as to make possible the irrigation of any part of the flats.

As important as agriculture to the mission economy, was stock raising. Herds of cattle and horses summer grazed in the lofty mountain meadows of Santo Tomas, Santa Rosa, La Grulla, and La Encantada. When winter snows blanketed the high country, the livestock was driven down to lower elevations below the mission, probably to San Isidoro. An extensive system of trails connected the mission with the various mountain meadows.

Although written data regarding Mission San Pedro Martir is scant (the Dominican padres were not the avid chroniclers of their Jesuit predecessors on the peninsula), it appears that the mission population was never large. The only population figures available show 60 persons in 1794, 92 in 1800, and 94 in 1801. The Cahuillas were troublesome and not easily subdued. One authority estimates the Sierra aboriginal population during the early mission period at 630, of which less than 20% were ever domesticated for mission work. At Mission San Pedro Martir, as at all Baja California missions, the Indian death rate far exceeded the birth rate, primarily the result of small pox epidemics.

San Pedro Martir de Verona was the first of the peninsular Dominican missions to die, although just when its downfall occurred is a subject of dispute. Written records covering the later years of this beleaguered mountain outpost are almost nonexistent. Various estimates place the terminal date as early as 1806 and as late as the mid-1820s.

Today, a century and a half later, only the before-mentioned rock stubble, earthen mounds, and broken tiles mark the site of this once proud, beleaguered sierra outpost of the padres. The lonely mission valley lies still and the fields uncultivated, overgrown with sage brush. Occasionally life does return briefly to

this picturesque, forgotten hollow in the shadow of the mighty Sierra. A Mexican vaquero sometimes grazes his small herd near the mission grounds, oblivious to the colorful pageant of a bygone era that once took place nearby.

Late that afternoon, after thoroughly exploring the mission ruins, we headed back into the high country. Two hours later, back in the tall pines, we made camp, tired from a long day of hiking but satisfied in reliving a bit of Baja's colorful past. Next day we paid a brief visit to marshy, boulder-strewn La Grulla, the largest of the mission grazing meadows. This huge clearing in the heart of the San Pedro Martir offers a truly alpine panorama, with boulder-stacked ridges and sharp granite picachos piercing the surrounding skyline. To the northeast, visible from the southern end of spacious La Grulla, towers the 10,000-foot forked summit of Cerro de la Encantada (Mountain of the Enchanted), crown of all Baja California. Known also as Picacho del Diablo (Peak of the Devil) and La Providencia (The Providence), this lofty granite peak is a challenge to climb, a wonder just to look at—a perennial sentinel standing guard over Baja's highest range.

The following day we regretfully headed home. Not another soul had we seen in this superb mountain wilderness. Back down diabolical Canyon El Cajon we scrambled, occasionally following a semblance of the ancient trail, but usually plowing through brush and around waterfalls. As we drove away, Baja's lofty Range of the Martyred Saint Peter slowly faded in the evening twilight. We all vowed to return, but never again by devilish El Cajon. □

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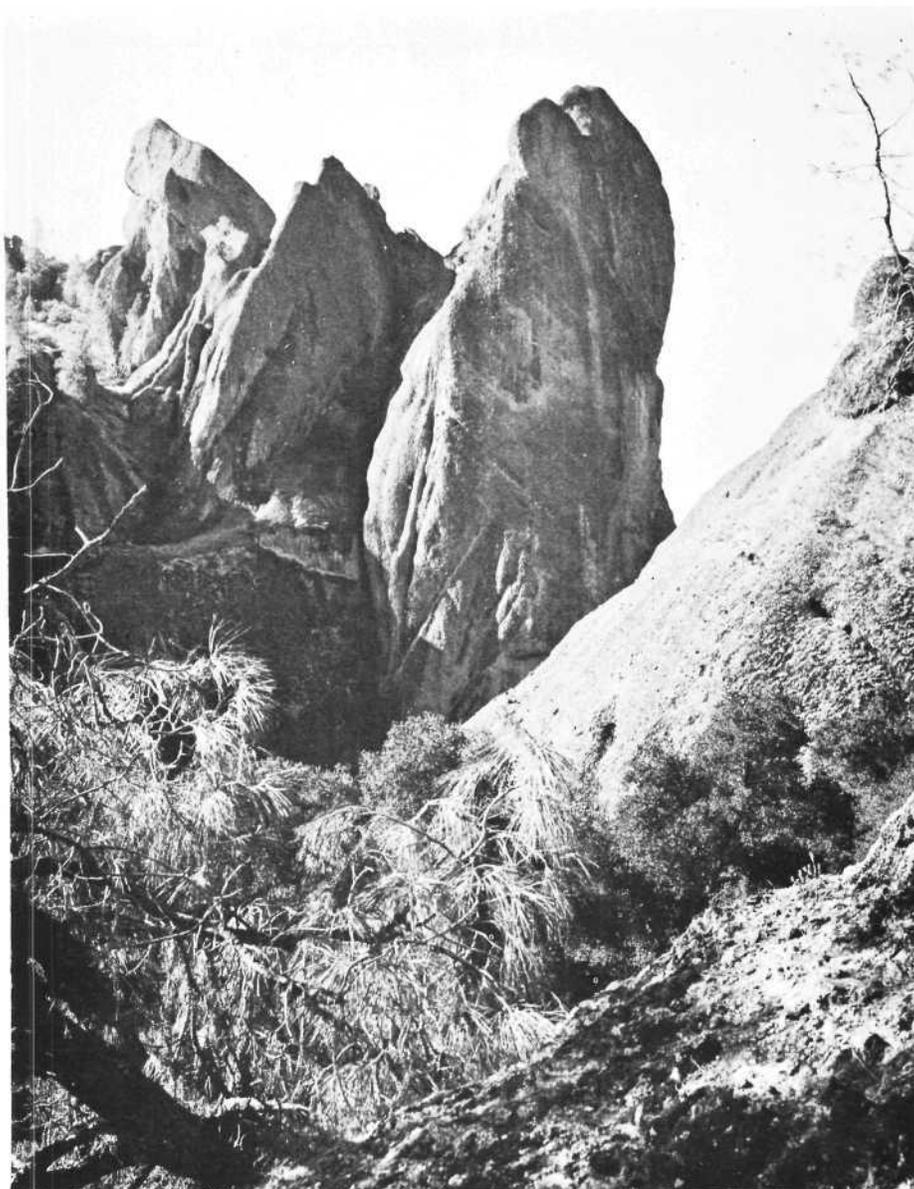
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by Emily Stobbe



**I**T COMES as a surprise when you're barreling along Highway 101 in California's rolling Salinas Valley cattle country to learn that a few miles east lies a sky-stabbing set of pinnacles, spires, and crags—remnants of an ancient volcano—and now Pinnacles National Monument.

Captain George Vancouver must have been surprised, too, when in 1794 he hiked inland from Monterey and later wrote in his diary that he "was gratified with the sight of the most extraordinary mountains I had ever beheld." He compared them with "a sumptuous edifice fallen into decay."

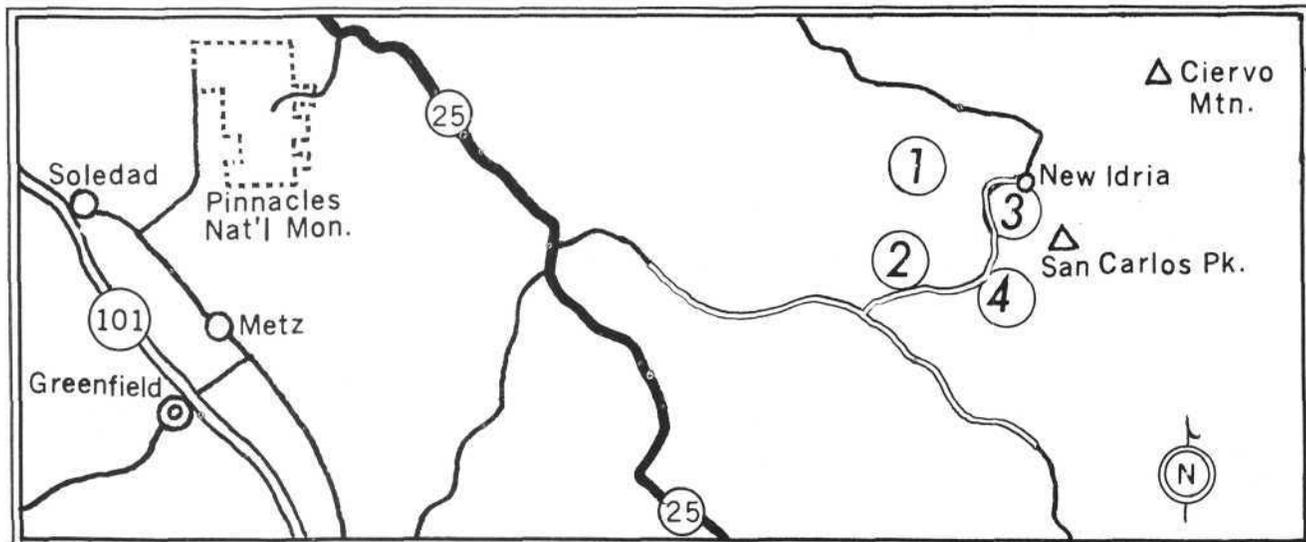
Midway between Hollister and King City on State Route 25 in San Benito county, home of the rare benitoite, the Pinnacles are approached from the north on a paved two-lane road. But 40 years ago this was a one-way wagon road under time control—the first 20 minutes of each hour you went up, the next 40 were for going down. The C.C.C. later widened the road to accommodate trailers as well as automobiles.

Perhaps it is best Vancouver, who was checking out California for British colonization, didn't make a return trip or he might have chanced upon silver mines operating secretly in the pinnacles area. Indian "neophytes" reputedly carried the ore to Carmel for the Mission San Carlos Borromeo, where it was used for religious ornaments. Under the curse of death, Indians swore never to reveal the

## VOLCANIC LEFTOVERS

*Caption for map:*

1. Cinnabar
2. Amethyst
3. Benitoite
4. Garnets in chlorite schist



location of these mines. When the '49ers flooded California, Mission fathers ordered the mining shafts sealed and camouflaged.

Once, it is told, an Indian maiden did consent to lead a white man to the mine, but en route was overcome by "evil spirits" and refused to continue despite many beatings. Another prospector, known for great endurance, searched alone. He covered 100 miles every day of his life, they say, until he died—a poor man.

Less romantic but more factual, the bandit Tiburcio Vasquez is said to have hidden \$7,000 here. He and his men robbed, killed and generally terrified the central California population a century after Vancouver's visit. Some of his band used the Pinnacles for a hideout. Posse after posse gave chase, only to lose them into the "side of the mountain"—possibly the mines.

In 1873 Vasquez held up the local Tres Pinos general store, shooting three men in the process. He finally was caught in Los Angeles; tried, convicted, and hanged (in San Jose), but the \$7,000 booty never was found.

Today the most ardent treasure seeker in the Pinnacles is easily dissuaded from the lure of hidden mines and buried loot by simply looking about him. The wild rugged beauty of the Gabilan Range goes back 30 million years when a gigantic volcano shook the earth's innards. From under a once-flat granite plain, molten lava oozed through fissures and formed a dome-like 8,000 foot mountain, three times the height of the present day Pinnacles. Cooling of the outer layers caused huge slabs of this lava mountain to break away, forming talus slopes of mammoth rock. Tremendous explosions ejected masses of rhyolitic lava and fresh magma. The hardening and cracking of this flow produced breccia, a rock making up the major part of the Pinnacles today.

Two large faults followed, on the east and west boundaries of the monument, and are considered splinter faults of the famous San Andreas fault, six miles east. The earth between these fractures dropped and tilted several degrees to the west. Erosion of the volcanic rocks resulted in the scenic crags and spires in the 11-mile long area. President Theodore Roosevelt proclaimed it a national monument in 1908.

You can start exploring on the easy and fascinating Bear Gulch Caves trail via Moses Spring. Dark passages beneath behemoth-like boulders are artificially lighted, but a flashlight comes in handy. Stream action once cut under mammoth

volcanic rocks, causing them to slump down and form this covered canyon. You can stand in the Bandit Room, named for Vasquez, and look trustingly at the ceiling, a 200-foot boulder weighing probably a quarter million tons! Bear Gulch Reservoir, sparkling in the bright sun, will be a welcome sight after your "entombment."

The five mile High Peaks trail treats you to the most spectacular views of the rocky crags, domes, and spires, taking you 1,300 feet up for an unforgettable panorama of the entire monument.

Your eye travels downward to the lower slopes dressed in a mantle of chaparral, a brush growth adapted to dry 100 degree summer and fall heat. Boasting many of the water saving characteristics of desert vegetation, these plants include greasewood chamise, manzanita, buckbrush ceanothus, and hollyleaf cherry.

Fire control has led to an increase in Digger pine, but the trees house many of the larger birds, rarest being the duck hawk. The prairie falcon, for which the Gabilan Range is named, is commonly seen dipping and soaring above the spires. Patient bird watchers may spot a golden eagle, but everyone can enjoy the aerial antics of the turkey vulture silhouetted against the brilliant blue sky. Adding to the grace and beauty of the 135 species of birdlife are the violet-green swallows, white throated swifts, and the brown towhee.

A racoon may visit your campsite during its night ramblings, but the black-tailed deer, gray fox, and bobcat prefer a more secret existence. Silent flying bats flutter through the evening's mysterious peace in these volcanic remnants.

Chalone Peak trail takes you to the highest peak in the monument, 3,305 feet, where a fire lookout is manned during the summer. It's a nine mile round trip.

No water is available on any of the 17 miles of trails, nor at the Old Pinnacles campground which is labeled "primitive." You're on your own in this section; take flashlights in the caves here and enjoy the unspoiled beauty while you can. The Balconies trail connects these campsites with another unimproved campground, West Side, where layers of colored rock are especially beautiful in early morning. It is said condors once nested here.

However, Bear Gulch campground (named for Grizzly bear that once roamed this country) is set among shady groves of live oak and buckeye at 1,250 foot elevation, and has a life-giving creek for bonus. Drinking water, rest-rooms, and a museum are available and open all year round, but the best time to visit is spring or fall.

An added incentive to come in the cooler months might be the sight of rock climbers rappelling off the higher peaks—their rubber soled boots lightly grazing the sometimes vertical descent. An almost inexhaustible number of climbs, ranging from first to sixth class, lure the adventurous with such names as Goat Rocks, The Flatiron, Crud and Mud, The Hatchet, and Condor Crags.

Don't let it keep you away, but the earth's crust is still moving in this area today. Hollister, 35 miles north, has more earthquakes annually than any city in California. Golfers at nearby Bolado Park Golf Course take it in stride when the green starts slipping as their ball nears the cup. After all, it could be sliding the right way to sink a too short putt!

There also is an unpaved road to the undeveloped side of the Pinnacles from the west, just off Highway 101, north of Soledad, but it does not connect with the road on the east. Foot trails, only, complete the circuit. This helps to preserve the primitive geologic recreational area for all who come to rest, explore, and wonder at nature's quiet spectacular. □

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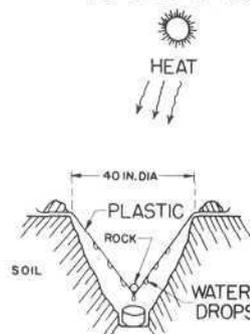
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HOW IT WORKS

# The Cabbage Patch Treasure

**HOLLYWOOD IS  
FAMOUS FOR  
MANY THINGS,  
BUT FEW  
KNOW OF ITS  
ELUSIVE  
SPANISH TREASURE**

*by Retta Ewers*

**T**HERE IS treasure—a lot of it—buried somewhere beneath a street in Hollywood in the days when Hollywood was called "Cabbage Patch."

In 1865 a shepherd, Diego Moreno, was attending his flock at San Bruno, California, near San Francisco, when he saw three horsemen in the distance. Creeping into some bushes, he waited quietly for them to draw near. When they'd approached within 300 feet of his hiding place, they dismounted and, taking six bags from their saddle bags, proceeded to bury them, not seeing Diego.

That night Diego took a spade and dug up what the men had hidden. The bags, wrapped in buckskin, were heavy and he could carry only one at a time, so he made three trips, taking them to his cabin where he hid them under some old quilts and clothing. For a month he didn't touch them. No one came to see him; nor did the three men return.

All this time Diego debated with himself about what he should do—whether to keep what he had found or tell the authorities. Cupidity won. One evening he hung a blanket over the window, locked the door, and opened a bag. Inside were gold doubloons, gold watches, and much jewelry. Guiltily he put everything back, re-wrapped the bag, and placed it with the others, then went on with his work as if nothing had happened. But his mind was busy.

Should he open the others to see if all were alike? Curiosity grew too great, so one evening he did as before and opened every package. He found not only doubloons, but jewelry of every sort—loose diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, some still set in fine pieces of jewelry.

Hiding everything once more, Diego wanted to think. He was sure the treasure must have been brought up to California by boat from Mexico, for he recognized the jewelry and gold doubloons as of Mexican origin. But how could he use

it for himself? Finally he decided to quit his job and go back to Mexico.

Diego then packed two mules, hiding the treasure among his belongings and started south, circumventing where he might be intercepted. When he finally reached Cahuenga Pass, on the outskirts of what is now Hollywood, he passed through it and camped on the south side of the hills. During the night he dreamed that if he went into Los Angeles, he would be killed and his treasure taken. Because of that, he buried the six packages where he could return later to get them. The spot he chose was about halfway between his camp and a tavern which stood near the present junction of Cahuenga and Highland Avenue on the hillside opposite the main road (just about opposite the Hollywood Bowl). There he buried the jewels, money, and precious stones. He then measured the distance from a *fresno* tree, the only one of its kind near the cache.

Diego fell sick, however, and a fellow Sonoran took him into his home. In gratitude, Diego told his friend, Martinez, the entire story and where he had concealed the treasure, promising that when he was well they'd dig it up and share the riches. But Diego grew worse and before they could get a priest he was gone.

Thus Jesus Martinez, with his 16-year-old son, went to search for the treasure. They found the *fresno* tree (Western Ash) and were about to begin their search when the father fell down, had a fit of some sort and expired. This so frightened the boy that he ran away and would never return.

About 1885 another shepherd, a Basque, with his dog and animals were using the Pass for pasturage when he noticed his dog digging some distance away. The next day the dog left the sheep and the man and dug in the same spot. The Basque, curious to know what was interesting to his dog, went over, continued to dig, and unearthed a 'buckskin-covered

package. He took it to his camp and opened it. He had wished to return to Spain. Now he could. First, he made a quilted robe to wear, sewing the treasure inside the quilted squares. He reached Spain, stood on the deck of the boat waving to his friends, lost his balance and fell overboard. He sank like a rock.

This was only one of the bags, however. The other five are not reported as found.

The origin of this treasure came about when Maximilian's forces were in Mexico and the Mexicans resented the fact. They appealed to the populace for money to purchase arms, ammunition, and army equipment. Such a response was given that Gen. Wm. Walker, taking the Mexican's cause, persuaded the officials that the treasure should go to Alta, California, for safety. They chose 10 trusted men, one a sea captain, Captain Malcolm, to take the bags, appointing a Mexican to accompany them. The Mexican's duty was to dispense the money; perhaps he kept some himself. He died suddenly and Capt. Malcolm was one of the three men who buried the loot—the three men Diego saw.

When the captain and his two men went to dig it up, it was gone. The two men quarreled, each accusing the other.



They fought and both died. That left only the captain. Later he heard of the Basque finding the treasure, but before he learned that only a small part of it was recovered, he was shot in a Los An-

geles street by an unknown assassin. So, five buckskin-covered packages of treasure are still somewhere under the streets of Hollywood—"La Napolena" or "The Cabbage Patch." □

# Where Are They...?



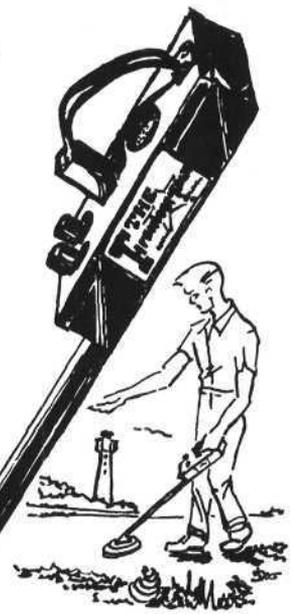
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# From Harvest to Horses

by Ron and Fran Wickerd

**T**HE MUSICAL Spanish name of Murrieta conjures up California's legendary Mexican *bandito*. Surprisingly, Joaquin Murrieta, the scourge of the golden state's Mother Lode, had nothing to do with the naming of the quiet town far to the south. Instead, Don Juan Murrieta, a peaceable, land-loving Spaniard from Santuree, Spain gave the name to one of Southern California's most beautiful valleys.

Restful, smog-free Murrieta is only 85 miles south of crowded, pulsating Los Angeles off U. S. 395. It lies between March Air Force Base in southwestern Riverside County and Escondido in San Diego County, within easy driving distance from San Bernardino, San Diego, Palm Springs and Oceanside.

Peaceful Juan emigrated to the United States in 1863, ten years after the notorious Joaquin was allegedly apprehended and killed. While engaged in stock raising in the San Joaquin Valley, he became acquainted with Don Jose Gonzales, one of his countrymen from Bilbao, Spain. Don Jose was soon to leave for the Temecula Rancho in Southern California to raise sheep. When he learned that Don Juan was in poor health, he advised him to go south where the climate was drier.

Soon after Don Juan's arrival in the early 1870s, he and his partners pur-

chased the Temecula and Pauba Ranchos which comprised some 52,000 acres. With Don Jose as superintendent, they introduced sheep raising into the area. Vast herds of fat, sleek cattle and other livestock also grazed contentedly on the extensive, lush lands. At that time the present town of Murrieta was part of the Temecula Rancho.

While Don Juan engaged in his vast ranching activities, his health improved. After a number of years he suffered financial reverses, however, so he sold his ranching interests to move to Los Angeles



*Pioneer Tarwater home is now valley landmark. Below: First white child in region was born in Gonzales house built in 1879.*



and the Murrieta townsite was purchased by the Temecula Land and Water Company and subdivided in 1884. In 1885 the Murrieta Post Office was established; thus the poetic name became official. Not to be confused with the town, Murrieta Hot Springs, four miles east, takes its name from the same source.

If Don Juan returned today, the gentle rolling countryside would appear much as it did when he ranched here. Horses and cows still graze peacefully in the abundant, green carpeted pastures and colts and calves are as frisky as ever. The sea-cooled breezes that sweep across the valley every afternoon still carry the scent of sage and chaparral and yesterday's quiet still prevails throughout the townsite.

The overwhelming, purple-tinged peaks of Mt. Baldy in the north and San Jacinto in the east still offer a jagged, snow-covered background and to the south in San Diego County, majestic Mt. Palomar still proudly soars toward the heavens. Today, on its summit, its helmet-like dome, a 200-inch reflecting telescope, the world's largest, can be seen from Murrieta.

As peaceful Juan rode about the placid valley on horseback, he, no doubt, often thought about his notorious namesake. One branch of the Old Emigrant Trail traversed the valley. It is chronicled that Joaquin often followed the old Trail on his way to his expansive *rancho* in Old Mexico. Occasionally the bloody bandit and his henchmen were reported to have driven great herds of stolen horses and carried priceless loot to his vast domain in Sonora. Rumor has it that 200 pounds of unrecovered gold dust (approximately \$200,000) was cached not far from Murrieta in the Rawson Canyon area near Hemet, a veritable bonanza for modern treasure hunters.

Although Murrieta may not have the recent Indian heritage of nearby Temecula, artifacts prove it a former site of Luiseno Indians. Metates, mortars, ollas and other Indian relics have been found near the Santa Margarita River. Scooped-



out holes for grinding acorns on flat, giant-sized boulders may be seen in the nearby Santa Rosa Mountains hugging the west side of the valley.

Over the summit of the Santa Rosa is the mesa. This live oak, flat grassland devoted to the grazing of cattle is *Portrero* country, the Spanish word for pasture ground. A vast open range formerly owned by the Vail Cattle Empire, it is now part of Rancho California. On this upland mesa the rugged cowboy pursues his daily activities and the smell of singed hair under the branding iron is routine.

*Portrero* country is a popular area for Murrieta Trail Riders. The odor of bacon, coffee and roasting meat over an open fire is savored at their cookouts. While sleeping under the stars, they might hear coyote, fox, deer, or mountain lion treading along secret trails toward a hidden spring. For the less adventurous, a pleasant drive over good mountain roads makes for a pleasant afternoon.

The fact that Murrieta is today becoming the Kentucky of the West only enhances its charm. The valley's future is well established as a center of western horsemanship. Expansive Arabian, Quarter-horse and Thoroughbred farms dot the valley. Its ideal location, excellent climate, abundant water, and convenient highways make it ideal for horse owners.

Bernard J. Ridder, prominent newspaper publisher, has recently established Murrieta Stud, a 66-acre farm for the raising of thoroughbreds. His adobe-style ranch house located on a sloping hillside west of town commands an open sweep of rolling green pastures, flat paddocks and sleepy tree-shaded Murrieta.

Count of Honor is now standing at stud at Ted Dillon's Thoroughbred Farm. He was California's first leading money-winning juvenile sire of 1965. Many future champions will, no doubt, come from this farm in the not too distant future.

Horseshows and barbecues are regular occurrences in this horse-minded community. Under the guidance of nationally known horsewoman Leona Cooper, the Vaqueritos of the Valley play a prominent role in the community's equestrian activities and old buggies and other typical western regalia are often displayed for special events.

In 1858 the crack of the Butterfield Stage driver's whip signaled the approach of the famous stagecoach. Spirited horses traveling at a perpetual gallop barreled through the valley carrying passengers and the U. S. Mail. In summer, grinding wheels kicked up a billow of dust in the stage's wake and in winter, hub-deep in mud, torrents couldn't stop it from reaching its destination.

During California's gold rush era wagon train emigrants found a haven in Murrieta after failing to make a strike in the Sierra Nevada foothills. One such argonaut, B. W. Tarwater, arrived in the golden state while the cry was on everyone's lips. Seeking a more stable way of life, he traveled throughout California on horse back until struck with the beauty of Murrieta Valley. In 1889 he settled there and opened a general merchandise store.

For many decades Mr. Tarwater, known affectionately as Uncle Ben, was a respected and loved personality throughout the area. His store was where valley residents gathered to gossip and discuss current events. In those days old-timers argued around a pot-bellied stove while sampling free cheese and crackers for their noon-day snacks. His passing was the end of an era and now the old Tarwater home stands as one of the valley's oldest landmarks. Under new management, emigrant descendants still gather at the store to discuss the latest news, although today the subject is horses.

There's a good chance this historic, unhurried community will remain basically rural for many years to come, as large horse farms will prevent it from growing into another Southern California urbanized community. □

# Walker's Hidden Landmarks

**I**F YOU'RE looking for the quietest place on earth—where you'll jump when a pine cone drops, you'll find it along Lynx Creek at Walker, the site of the first mining camp in the north-central part of Yavapai County, Arizona.

Discovered in 1863 by a party of California goldseekers led by mountaineer Joseph Reddeford Walker, whose name is also perpetuated in Walker Pass in the Sierra Nevadas and in Walker River in Nevada, news of the bonanza produced an immediate boom in the area. Temporary shelters sprang up every 100 feet along the creek. Prospectors worked with pans, spoons, shovels and rockers; later sluice boxes and dry washers. Lode mining followed and mills were erected.

Then came quiet years on the creek. The struggle for survival in such remote country was too much for even hardy prospectors and miners. In late 1879, however, the entire district looked brighter. *The Arizona Miner* reported: "About \$100 in gold was paid by placerers each day last week for supplies and not a fair amount of water there." In the late 1880s, a dam was made for water storage and in the early 1890s hydraulic mining was done on a large scale.

A community called Walker developed in the heart of the gold discoveries and businesses flourished until the area grew exhausted of minerals that could be profitably mined. A lull came then, lasting until Phoenix folks discovered it was an ideal place for cool summer homes.

Today, as you pass through Walker, there is no indication of its importance to the state's economy in the early days. However, if you take time to look, you will find landmarks. Thence comes the urge to dig, literally, for the truth about this place. The road itself follows the old route in many places; it formerly followed the creek more closely, having started as a burro trail. Later it became a wagon road for the stage and ore hauling. The Seven-Mile Place, approximately two miles from Black Canyon Highway in a south-easterly direction, was a stage stop and overnight place. Six miles be-

yond this the present road crosses the creek. A cement bridge was built there by the W.P.A. It crosses the creek again at a wooden bridge about a mile farther.

The Walker area begins at the 2nd U.S. Geological Survey mark on top of Smelter Hill, 6½ miles in from the highway. If you stop at the altitude sign (6,225 feet) take time to walk toward the creek and see the old Howells Smelter. Part of the rock walls still stand and the house nearby, still occupied, was the company office. The community called Howells which sprang up around the smelter was not considered part of Walker, farther up the creek. The Howells graveyard, about 300-feet to the right of the present road, had 15 burials within its white-fenced enclosure, none of which is evident today.

The C.C.C. camp of the '30s was located beyond the Stone House. A large

slab remaining near the creek is still a favorite camping area. Crumbling remnants of a stone house, erected by German immigrant Nick Slumberger in 1905 is down the road. Better constructed than most, its frame portion was added by a



Above: The old log cabin as it is today.  
Below: Charcoal kiln built by Jack and Joe Carmichael in 1880.



## . . . a cool, quiet place for dreamers

by Alaina Potter

later tenant who boarded workers at the Black Diamond mine.

Go on down the road, cross the cement bridge, and continue to the Walker Store on the left side of the road. Then walk a quarter of a mile up the gulch. Here stands a beehive-shaped structure of stone built about 1880. Charcoal was made from burning oak standing on end in this kiln. Smouldering heat reduced the wood to a coke-like fuel which was used to operate the smelter. A few other charcoal kilns dotted the area but only this one remains, a spectacular reminder of its builders, Jake and Joe Carmichael.

The Henderson Orchard, near the cement bridge, is the landmark nearest the center of Walker. Across the creek on the original Walker road stood a row of business establishments. The George G. Hendersons operated the freight depot with related industries such as blacksmithing and stables. The building with the store front was the freight house.

What is now known as Sawmill Flat, beyond the orchard, is the fill made by excavation of the Walker end of the Poland-Walker tunnel, built at the turn of the century. The top was leveled and a sawmill later located there. The Mud Hole mine dump is prominently situated high above the road, an identifying landmark for the center of Walker in its heyday. The hospital was close to it, as well as a boarding house and bunkhouse. The Stukey store was on the same side of the road.

Across the creek, approaches to the small-gauge railroad trestle mark the location of the Dixie ore mill. This railroad bed leads to the Poland tunnel entrance below the present roadbed. The entrance, now locked up for safety, can be seen by walking on the lower road from the flat. At the right of the wooden bridge stand the remains of the Filtering Plant built in connection with the Sheldon mine. The concentrates were processed there before being sent to the smelter.

Evidence of the Sheldon mine (probably named for James C. Sheldon) can be

seen about a mile up Rich Gulch which runs into the creek a little to the right of the wooden bridge. It was the deepest mine, which accounts for its huge dump. The present Sheldon up this gulch is a new road. About 200 feet from the original Sheldon was the Shelton (belonging to Christopher Y. Shelton) on the road which follows the creek.

Rivalling the "Beehive" in importance, and actually preceding it historically, is the log cabin on the old Shelton road leading to Hassayampa Lake. People who were here in the '80s remember it as being one of the five cabins when they came and believed it to be one built by the Walker party or an early prospector. The first gold was found here, although the exact spot has not been determined. Knapp Gulch runs into the creek at this point. A little farther up the road on the

right are colorful tailings from the Sheldon mill, pumped here through large wooden pipes.

I hope you will go on up the road past the aspen and fir trees to the Potato Patch, a particularly pretty place on a level once called Davis Flat. Later, potatoes were raised on it, hence its plebeian name. Although it is on the Hassayampa Creek immediately before the Senator mine, many of us are convinced, since reading *Joseph Reddeford Walker and The Arizona Adventure* by Daniel Ellis Conner, that the Walker party first made camp here.

The old mining camp of Walker and its gold digging days are gone, but if you explore this country high above Prescott National Forest, you'll find its landmarks still have stories to tell. □



"ACCORDING TO MY MAP, THIS IS THE EXACT SPOT WHERE IT'S BURIED."

# Crossing Grand Canyon by Foot . . . by Justine Lancaster

**T**O TRULY appreciate the grandeur of Grand Canyon, you must see it on foot. The hike is not as hard as you may think, provided you don't try to make it in too short a time. This is an ideal way to spend part of your vacation or a long weekend.

For the average hiker, making the 24-mile Kaibab Trail trip in two days is strenuous. A three day trip, with a day spent at Phantom Ranch resting, is much easier and more enjoyable. A person in excellent physical shape can cross the canyon in one day.

Kaibab Trail is the only cross-canyon trail in the park. The other way to get from rim to rim is to drive a 200-mile loop around the eastern end of the canyon. Have someone drive your car from the North Rim to Yaki Point at the head of the South Kaibab Trail to meet you.

Hikers will want to stay at the campground near Bright Angel Point to get an early start into the canyon. You should leave the North Rim no later than 8:00 a.m. to cross the canyon floor with the least amount of mid-afternoon heat. Starting earlier is advisable. The hike is best made from north to south because the North Rim is 1000 feet higher than the South and the North Kaibab Trail is longer than the South. The best season is from May through September. Temperature varies from the canyon rims to the river. It will be quite cool when you begin the trip, but it may reach 110 degrees at the river during late July afternoons. Wear comfortable hiking boots with lots of ankle support and be sure to wear a hat, as the canyon floor is desert and quite warm year-round. Heavy slacks are recommended, as is a long sleeved shirt for protection from sun. Make the trip with a minimum of three other persons.

Entering the North Kaibab Trail, you are surrounded by giant ponderosas. As you slowly descend via switchbacks into the canyon proper, you pass from tall timber into pinyon and juniper, then through scrub pine and finally into open canyon with yucca, prickly pear and other cacti. The canyon walls are records of life of the last two billion years. Starting with the present age at the rims, they give accounts of the earth back to the Precambrian Age at the canyon floor.

Hikers should always wait quietly on the *outside* of the trail when mules are passing. Hikers coming out of the canyon

have the right of way, going in be sure to walk on the outside of the trail.

The North Kaibab Trail is moderately steep, with switchbacks to Roaring Springs Campground. The water here gushes from the steep walls and roars down to the canyon floor. About a mile below the spring, the trail lowers to the canyon floor to begin a gradual descent to the river, crossing Bright Angel Creek several times by wooden bridges.

From Roaring Springs to the last campground you travel through a broad level plain. The sheer walls of bright Angel Canyon rise abruptly in the distance. The trail is well maintained and is presently being improved from Roaring Springs to Phantom Ranch. Water is available at Roaring Springs and along



the lower creek. There are four campgrounds on North Kaibab Trail—Roaring Springs, Halfway Point, Ribbon Falls and a final camp four miles north of Phantom. All have picnic tables and restrooms and water.

The canyon narrows dramatically after the last campground until you reach Phantom Ranch. This section is spectacular, twisting along the base of narrow vertical walls.

Phantom Ranch is a cool oasis with tall cottonwoods surrounding the native stone cabins and corrals. Facilities are part concessionaire and part Park Service. A swimming pool and showers are free. Suits (25c) and towels (15c) may be rented. Meals may be purchased at the ranch, but are served at one time only. Reservations in advance are recommended. Coffee and soda are available anytime during the day. Breakfast (\$2) is served at 7:00, lunch (\$3) served at noon, and dinner (\$4) promptly at 6:00. Meals are hearty and good. If you wish to stay at the ranch instead of the campground, you must have reservations in advance. The campground is the river side of the Ranch and there are restrooms, tables, fireplaces and a sleeping shelter. The Suspension Bridge across the Colorado is the only river bridge in the park. Over 300 feet long, it connects North and South Kaibab Trail.

Immediately after crossing the bridge, you pass through a tunnel blasted through a solid rock wall and begin the steep climb up South Kaibab Trail. There is very little shade and *no water* on this trail. Carry at least two quarts per person. The trail is well maintained and fairly wide, with many switchbacks. Walking sticks are helpful on the steep uphill spots.

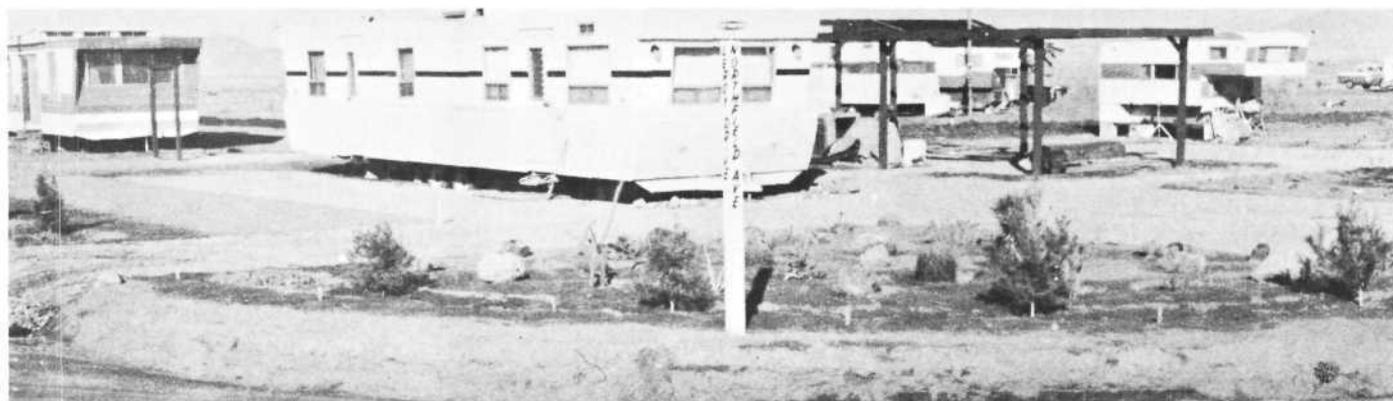
South Kaibab Trail is seven miles long, but will, due to the 5000-foot climb, seem at least three times that. The average hiker takes eight to nine hours to reach Yaki Point from Phantom Ranch. You should leave the ranch at 4 a.m. to avoid the afternoon sun. Expect a brief afternoon shower as you near the South Rim.

Bright Angel Trail is four miles longer than South Kaibab and also has little shade except at Indian Gardens. Water is available midway at the campground. It's an easier trail than South Kaibab, but lacks the spectacular views of the canyon. □

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# KINO'S GRAVE IS FOUND!

**N**OT MANY vacation-bent tourists venture from the main highway of Mexico to explore the dusty little town of Magdalena. Most are in a hurry to reach fishing resorts at Guaymas and Mazatlan, or to continue south to exotic Mexico City, or Acapulco. In any event, all who enter Mexico through the Arizona border town of Nogales soon arrive at Magdalena, Sonora, a quiet little hamlet on the Magdalena River. Occasionally a different breed of traveler comes to the town, turns off the *Carretera Internacional* and disappears into one of the narrow streets leading to the Plaza and Church. These, for the most part, are historians, archeologists or just plain devotees coming to pay tribute to a great pioneer, Father Eusebio Francisco Kino.

Kino, a Jesuit missionary, came in 1687 to Pimeria Alta, an area reaching from northern Sonora to the Gila River in Arizona. On his shoulders fell the task of

developing and exploring this great region of *tierra incognita*. He domesticated wild Indians, introduced cattle and agriculture and established the first semblance of civilization and Christianity in this part of the North American continent. To Kino is also credited the eventual verification of a land passage to the Californias. He died in Magdalena in 1711, after 25 years of laborious tasks, and was buried in a chapel in Magdalena he had come to dedicate, the chapel of San Francisco de Xavier, Kino's patron saint.

That much is known to history. What hasn't been known—until now—is the exact location of this chapel with his grave. Time and elements long ago eliminated all vestiges of the *Capilla de San Francisco de Xavier*. The Jesuits were expelled soon after Kino's death and Franciscan fathers who filled their posts completed unfinished churches and built new ones where needed. Records are

**After a century  
of mystery  
Kino's grave has  
been found.**

**Here is the  
story, exclusive  
for DESERT,  
written by a  
member of the  
excavation party**



*Exposed foundation of old Franciscan convent is at front, right of city hall. Legend claimed it was built over ruins of Jesuit chapel which held Kino's grave. This clue led excavators to follow foundations of different structure to the correct site. Kino's grave is under large canopy at right. The small one covers grave of Indian neophyte buried near Kino.*

## BY JUANITA RUIZ

vague in reference to the San Xavier Chapel. For years the ruins of a small church in the vicinity of the present church were considered its probable remains—until Father Kieran McCarty, historian at San Xavier Mission near Tucson, discovered a document identifying these as of late Franciscan construction, built about 100 years *after* Kino's death!

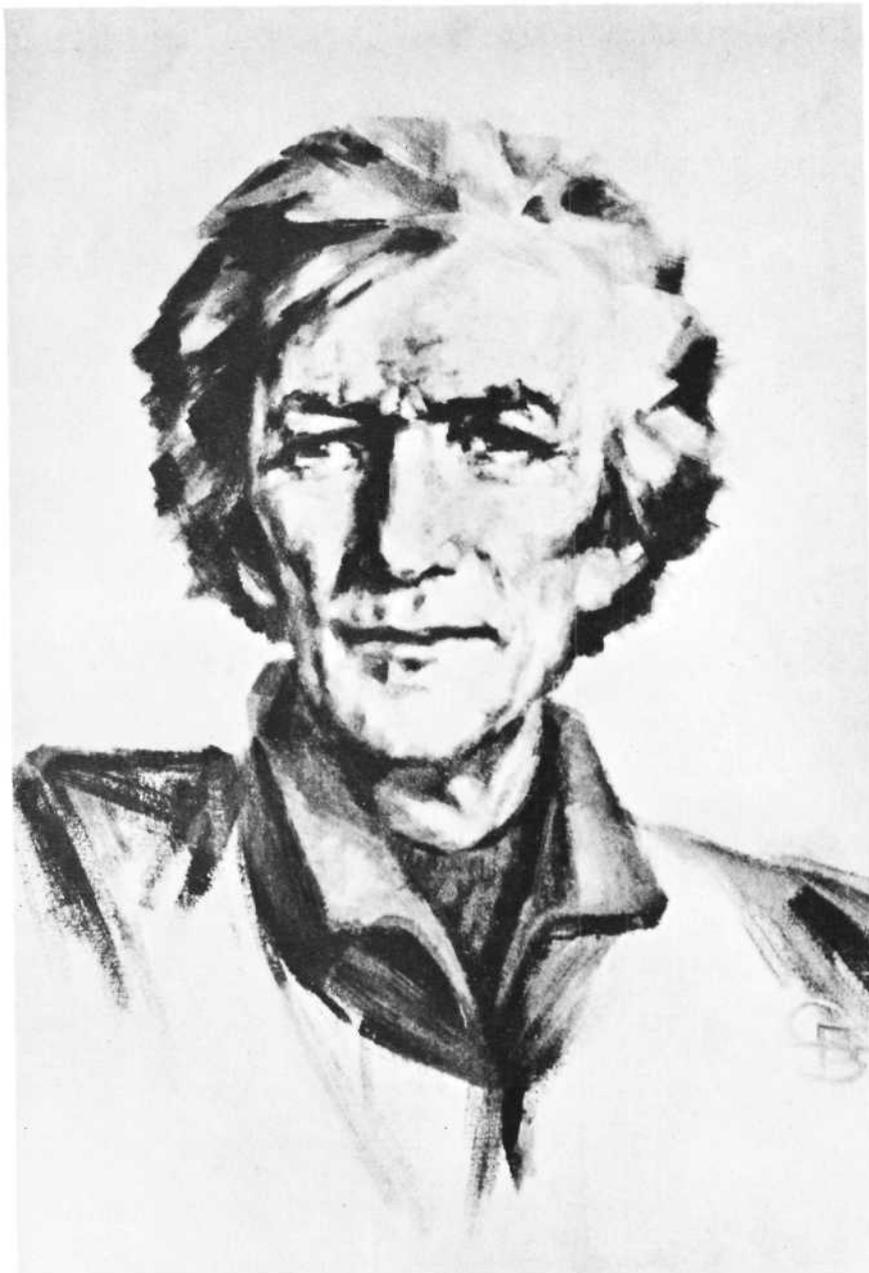
Two years ago the State of Sonora commenced the important task of locating Father Kino's grave. Ruins and grounds around the supposed locations were investigated, but revealed nothing significant. The search then centered within the confines of the Magdalena jail, which meager records indicated as having been constructed over the grounds of an ancient convent and cemetery. Stories relayed by word of mouth through centuries of legend also claimed this site as that of an ancient *capilla*, or chapel.

The locale of the jail, however, yielded little to encourage the search until this past April when investigations were renewed with greater impetus. Heading them were Dr. W. Jimenez Morena, Prof. Jorge Olvera and Dr. Arturo Romano, all of Mexico's Institute of Anthropology and History, and Dr. William Wasley of the Arizona State Museum, an authority on Sonora missions.

Pooling their vast resources of history and anthropology, they fit together pieces of forgotten lore, eliminating false clues, and finally concluded that the vanished chapel of San Francisco de Xavier and Kino's grave must lie underneath or near



From this skeleton of Kino scientists have diagnosed the cause of death. An eroded cross and a few rosary beads rested on the pectoral bone.



*A composite painting of Father Kino.*

the present jail and city hall. Pitting the street with excavations, they at last unearthed an extensive foundation composed of two different types of mortar—one a mixture of lime or caliche and the other a fusion of mud. This clearly indicated the find as belonging to two different epochs. Could these have represented the remains of the old Franciscan convent built over the ruins of the Jesuit Chapel?

Encouraged, they increased their staff with volunteer help and worked around the clock, excavating, sifting, and studying—following the different structures and stratas of mortar to a conclusion.

It was an exciting day when they reached the first grave. Its skeleton they identified as that of an Indian neophyte who, according to record, had been buried about a year after Kino, and near the great

Priest's grave. Now they knew they were on the trail!

Carefully they continued their work, digging and sifting with extra caution. At last, under the roots of a citrus tree, a human bone was found. Then another, and another. When an eroded Jesuit cross, resting against the breast bone of the skeleton, was revealed, the search was over. This, in addition to other factors, was what they were looking for. During the last week of May, everything fell into place. There now remained no question. Here, at last, was Kino's grave. And now it is hoped that from these dusty ruins will rise a monument and memorial museum dedicated to one whom many consider the greatest pioneer explorer and developer of the Southwest—Father Eusebio Kino. □

# Collecting Mammoth Arrowheads

by Roger Mitchell



EVERY SUMMER thousands of Southern California vacationers head up the Owens Valley to their favorite vacation spots in the High Sierra. As they speed along highways 6 and 395, few motorists realize what interesting little treasures lie but a few feet off the road, scarcely noticed at 65 mph. Among other things, there is Fossil Falls, the charcoal kilns, the earthquake fault, and an old Indian campsite which has yielded hundreds of arrowheads.

Archeologists and amateurs interested in our early Indian heritage are no strangers to the Inyo-Mono County region of east-central California. Here are a number of important sites which give us a glimpse into the forgotten days of early man. A few modern day explorers may have visited the extensive petroglyphs in Fish Slough just north of Bishop (see DESERT Aug. '63) or perhaps the outstanding petroglyph sites at Wild Horse Mesa now within the borders of China

Lake Naval Ordnance Test Station. Still a few others might remember the important Stahl Site near Little Lake where the Southwest Museum uncovered the 5,000 year old artifacts of the Pinto culture.

Although ancient arrowhead workshops have been found in the Saline Valley as well as around Mono Lake, the Hot Creek site is by far the most accessible and has yielded some of the finest arrowhead specimens found.

The arrowhead collecting site is on the south side of highway 395 at a point 0.9 miles east of the Mammoth Lakes turnoff and 0.1 mile west of the Mono County Sheriff Station. Park on the wide shoulder of the road and walk a few yards south of the road. Notice the deep flour-like soil is littered with millions of obsidian chips. This obsidian did not form here naturally. It was probably found on the hill just to the north across Hot Creek, and brought here to be worked and chipped into arrowheads.

From the millions of obsidian chips lying everywhere, it seems likely that this site was in use for perhaps centuries.

Nearby is an outcrop of black basaltic lava which contains a dozen or so bedrock mortars. At the base of the lava flow previous arrowhead collectors have dug a number of holes. Do not let this deter you in your search. Both the lava flow and the surrounding sageland are full of these obsidian chips. It requires a keen eye to discern a genuine arrowhead among the millions of chips, and because of this many arrowheads have been overlooked.

It is difficult to date the earliest occupancy of this site with any accuracy. One might reasonably speculate that the area was in use 1000 years ago, and it seems likely that Piute squaws ground meal in the bedrock mortars as recently as 150 years ago. The arrowhead factory was probably used only seasonally, as winter snows may get quite deep here. Whatever the period of use, it must have made an ideal camp. The surrounding sageland was abundant with small game as well as deer and antelope. Nearby also were the warm waters of Hot Creek and the sacred ground around the Casa Diablo geysers. Another consideration for choosing the site was the close proximity to an inexhaustible supply of obsidian, probably the finest and most easily worked arrowhead material known.

The collecting site is within Inyo National Forest, so under Public Law 209 (Federal Antiquities Act of 1906) collecting artifacts from the surface is permissible without a permit. Digging for arrowheads however, is unlawful. □

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# Hawaii-on-the-Snake

by James Powell

**Y**OU'D HAVE to be a troglodyte not to hear about surfing in America today. And what does it call to your mind? Malibu and teen-age movies? Blondes and bikinis? Or maybe Hawaii, where the sport developed among Polynesian royalty, and where the waves still come biggest. But do you ever think of the deserts of Oregon and Idaho? Certainly not, you answer, suspicious of my sanity. Well, you should, for it was there American surfing began—or almost did.

If you were a Hudson Bay trapper in Idaho in 1819 and wanted to take your catch west, there were two ways you could do it: go overland, and get shot by the Indians; or float down the Snake River, and get drowned in the rapids. Tough working conditions all around, but the water route had at least the fringe benefit of predictability. You could learn where the riffles were and be ready for them. They weren't going to jump you from ambush.

Three thousand miles to the southwest another kind of white water conquest was going on, and had been for centuries. Surf riding probably originated in Tahiti in the fifteenth century. Tahitian immigrants carried it to Hawaii, where it developed into the sport as we know it. Compared with the plastic foam boards of today, the solid wooden planks of the Hawaiians were cumbersome things, yet with them they achieved such skill that by 1819 legends of their exploits had spread throughout the world. They had even reached the remote Hudson Bay encampments on the upper Snake, where to some unrecorded trapper there occurred an idea: why not import Hawaiian surfers to pilot the fur-laden boats through the rapids?

Where history falters imagination must take over. We must imagine Kamehameha I—the great Kamehameha—as he assented to the trappers' request and sent throughout his kingdom for the finest waterman its amphibious race could offer. We must imagine the contest, as each strove for what to the ancient Hawaiian was the highest good: to serve his *Alle Nui*. We must imagine a ship, and the sun on the brown, muscular bodies of the three winners as they looked for the last time upon their king and the beautiful islands whose garbled name they were to sow with their blood in a harsher, alien soil.

Would the experiment work? Could the Polynesians have out-performed the mountain men in the foaming gorges of the Snake? We shall never know, for on the journey overland the party was attacked by Indians, and the three islanders were killed.

In memoriam, the surviving trappers decided to name the river on whose banks the massacre occurred after the Hawaiians' homeland. But an unexpected difficulty arose.

The mountain men were intelligent men for, more ruthlessly than any college exam, the wilderness weeds out the mentally unfit. They could cross deserts and mountains where the modern student would perish. But intelligence is not literacy, and now they had to spell "Hawaii." Surely a job for a Superman! They did the best they could, "Owyhee."

And Owyhee it has remained—for the river, the desert it drains, and an Idaho county: a tragic-comic memorial to a forgotten footnote of history even more bizarre than the importation of camels into the Southwest! □



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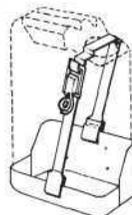
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A monthly feature by the author of Ghost Town Album,  
Ghost Town Trails, Ghost Town Shadows and Ghost Town Treasures.

# Canyon City, Oregon

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

**A**MONG THE many famous "lost mines" of western history, the story of the Blue Bucket is possibly the best known, at least in Oregon. The legend, if legend it is, had its origin in the wanderings of the "Lost Wagon Train" of 1845. This unfortunate group of immigrants, led by Stephen Meek, attempted to find a short cut across Oregon rather than hazard the dangerous rapids of the Columbia River. Stephen Meek, a brother of the capable Joe Meek, was ignorant of the route he "sold" to the members at \$5.00 per wagon.

One of the first of many unfortunate incidents occurred shortly after Meek's party divided from the section determined to risk the known river route. Sarah Chambers, the young wife of Rowland Chambers, died along the trail shortly after entering Oregon from Idaho. Typical of stories told is this version.

Two days after Sarah was buried in the lonely wasteland, the party stopped at a stream to camp overnight. The children went down to the creek to play, taking with them a little blue toy bucket. They found some pretty yellow pebbles in the water and when called to supper, placed the rocks in the bucket and hung it under the wagon.

During the remainder of the trip the party was lost most of the time. Many members were buried along the way, dying of thirst and hunger. Eventually a pitiful remainder reached The Dalles and safety. After ultimate arrival in the Willamette Valley, the little blue bucket hanging under the wagon was discovered.

Someone mashed one of the pebbles with a rock against the iron wagon tire. It was gold, but the exigencies of scratching a toehold in the raw, new land kept them from getting too excited about anything that couldn't be eaten.

However, it's hard to suppress news of anything like gold nuggets, so those from the Blue Bucket mine remained obscure only until the settlers became comfortably established. Then some of the young, adventurous men set out to relocate the little creek with the shining yellow pebbles.

The story of subsequent searches for the spot is long and complicated. Details of some of those, starting from the grave of Mrs. Chambers, are given in *Ghost Town Shadows* and our forthcoming book *Boot Hill*, the latter showing photos of the hard-to-find grave itself.

One search party did find gold, lots of it. Whether their location was that of the lost Blue Bucket is anybody's guess, but it was the Blue Bucket story which led them to Whiskey Flat, above which the roaring gold camp of Canyon City soon flourished. When the first gold was found in Canyon Creek in 1862, there wasn't a soul around other than the original prospectors. In three years, 10,000 miners and camp followers trooped up and down the gulch.

Added to the usual shootings generated with too much imbibing, was the strife and bitterness of the Civil War, even in this far outpost. Miners were rather evenly divided between those from Oregon adherent to the Union cause, and those from California who leaned toward the Confederacy.

Supplies had to be brought in from The Dalles by packtrain, using the old Dalles Military Road. Originally established for moving troops engaged in Indian warfare, the route soon became clogged with traffic carrying supplies to the remote gold camp. One conspicuous incident along this trail through the Oregon desert was the attack on a stage driven by Henry Wheeler.

On September 7, 1866 Wheeler, accompanied by Wells Fargo man H. C. Page, was driving the regular mail stage. The vehicle carried \$10,000 in greenbacks, \$300 in coin, several valuable diamond rings and other negotiable items. Without warning, the stage was attacked by a band of 20 Indians. In the first volley of gunshot, Wheeler received one that passed through his face, carrying away several teeth and part of his jaw. In spite of the injury he managed to get down to the ground and release the lead team from the harness while Page kept the Indians at bay. Then they mounted the



horses, neither of which had been ridden before, and got away.

Shortly they reached the safety of a stage station along the road. The Indians, more interested in looting the abandoned stage, didn't follow. The historic spot is marked by a bronze monument along the present highway about four miles east of Mitchell.

Canyon City today holds many of the original buildings, though others were

destroyed in 1937 by fire. One log cabin remaining was the home of poet Joaquin Miller. Miller arrived in the Willamette Valley in 1854. Ten years later he bought a band of cattle, a wagon and a team of horses and moved his wife and baby to Canyon City. Some of the fruit trees he planted there still bear fruit. The above photo was taken on the front porch of the Miller cabin. The chair is carved from a single log; sitting in it for long could cause curvature of the spine! □

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# Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

*Lucille Iredale Carlsson*

## PINEAPPLE BOATS

- 3 small pineapples
- 1 box strawberries
- 2 pears
- 1 cup melon balls
- 1/2 cup French dressing

Cut pineapple in halves lengthwise. Scoop out pineapple meat, leaving a 1/2 inch shell. Turn pineapple upside down to drain. Dice pineapple meat, discarding core. Dice pears, and combine with pineapple, strawberries, melon balls and French dressing. Cover and chill for a couple of hours. Drain fruit and spoon it into pineapple shells. Garnish with sprigs of mint. Pass the dressing drained from fruit. 6 servings. If you wish to use this as a dessert, do not use the French dressing to marinate, but substitute the following dressing; 1/2 cup orange juice mixed with 2 tablespoons corn syrup. If you wish, you may pour 3 tablespoons Port wine or Rum over the fruit before chilling.

## BEAN SALAD JULIENNE

- 1 28 oz. can pork and beans with tomato sauce
- 4 green onions chopped
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 2 cups shredded cabbage
- 6 oz. boiled ham
- 6 oz. Swiss cheese
- 4 tablespoons spicy French dressing

Chill the pork and beans after draining well. Cut ham and cheese in thin strips. Combine all and toss together lightly with dressing. 4 servings.

## DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALAD

- 1/4 cup dairy sour cream
- 1 cup fine curd creamed cottage cheese
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1/4 cup honey
- 3 teaspoons lime juice, or more to taste

2 tablespoons minced parsley  
Combine sour cream, cottage cheese, mayonnaise and honey and beat or put in blender. Add lime juice and parsley.

## DEVILED DRESSING

- 2 packets Lawrey's Green Onion Dip Mix
- 1 cup dairy sour cream
- 2 teaspoons prepared mustard
- 1/2 cup chopped sweet pickle
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 4 to 6 tablespoons light cream

Blend Green Onion Dip Mix and sour cream. Add mustard and pickles. Mix well and blend in lemon juice and cream. Makes 1 1/2 cups. This is delicious over asparagus spears rolled in thinly sliced Danish ham on buttered light rye bread.

## YOGURT DRESSING FOR FRUIT SALAD

- 3/4 cups strawberry yogurt
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon honey
- 1 tablespoon French dressing
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon Lawrey's Seasoning Salt

Blend all together. This is delicious served on peach or pineapple and cottage cheese salad.

## CRAB AVOCADO SALAD

- 2 cans crab meat, flaked
- 1/2 cup minced celery
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 cup oil
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
- 3 avocados

Combine celery, crab meat, lemon juice, seasonings and oil. Toss gently to blend. Cover and chill for an hour or two. Just before serving, cut avocados in halves and remove seeds. For a dressing, combine: 1/2 cup mayonnaise, 1/4 cup chili sauce, 1 tablespoon wine vinegar. Fill the avocado halves with the crab mixture and pass the dressing. I find Milani's Slaw Dressing also is good with this salad.

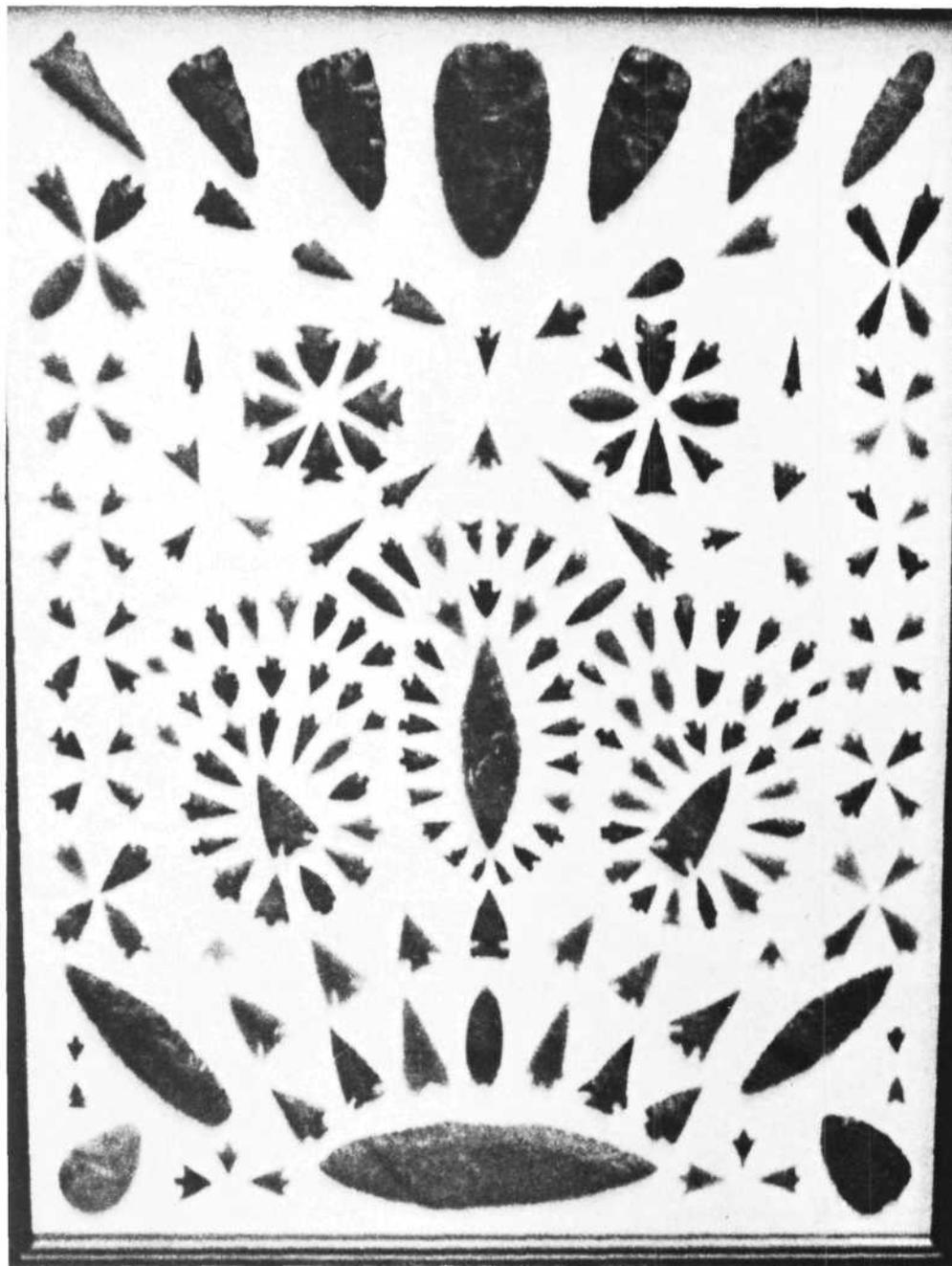
## SHRIMP AND EGG SALAD

- 1 can deveined shrimp
- 3 hard cooked eggs
- 1 cup sliced celery
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1 tablespoon green onion
- 1/2 cup peeled diced cucumbers
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise

Rinse shrimp in cold water and drain well. Dice two of the hard cooked eggs; combine with shrimp, celery, parsley, onion and cucumber. Add salt and grated lemon peel. Blend lemon juice with mayonnaise and stir lightly through the shrimp mixture. Chill and serve on greens. Garnish with the other hard cooked egg which has been sliced. Sprinkle with paprika.

# Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron



**I**NDIAN ARROWHEADS hold a fascination for nearly everyone. Most desert travelers have at least a few tucked away amongst their mementos. Here are some ideas that will prevent these irreplaceable treasures from becoming lost, strayed, broken or stolen. If you are lucky to have a copious collection, you may wish to frame them in a similar manner as those pictured in the above photograph done by Otto Hansen of Susanville, California.

For best aesthetics, spend a little time arranging your pattern before starting the gluing process.

If you have only a few, take an old wall clock (or kitchen clock) and glue an arrowhead at 12, 3, 6 and 9 o'clock respectively. If the existing clock face is too ornate, obliterate the face by gluing on a piece of light cardboard, leather, metal, wood, felt or heavy cloth, then arrange your arrowheads accordingly. If

you have some "trade beads," wampum, or small bright flint chippings, you can use these to fill in the rest of the hours or to frame the face. It may be necessary to bend the "hands" slightly to make clearance for them to ride over some of the thicker artifacts.

A glance at this clock will not only give the time of day, but will give cause to relive the thrill and adventure of the time you first found these artifacts. □

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"IF YOU THINK THIS IS NOVEL YOU SHOULD SEE OUR STATIONS IN THE REDWOOD COUNTRY."

# Letter from . . .

## The Man who found Pegleg's Black Gold

In the March, 1965, issue of DESERT Magazine, an anonymous writer claimed to have found the legendary Pegleg black gold within a 30-mile radius of Salton Sea. He also claimed to have recovered over \$300,000 from this gold by removing the black coating and selling it to collectors in Alaska. He backed up these claims by producing a number of the nuggets now on display in the bookshop at DESERT Magazine. In subsequent issues, The Man Who Found Pegleg's Black Gold answered questions from readers which appeared on the Letters pages.

In June, 1966, there appeared in DESERT an article by historian Robert Buck who has reason to believe the black coated gold nuggets originated in an ancient Spanish mine on the Calaveras River and had been transported to the desert area by a Peralta mule train en route to Sonora. When a catastrophe befell the mule trail, Mr. Buck theorizes, the nuggets were abandoned where they remained until the original Pegleg Smith discovered them, and later DESERT's anonymous writer came upon them. Here, in a letter, is what our modern Mr. Pegleg thinks about it. C.P.

Dear Choral Pepper:

I did not reply to your letter in the April issue as there was little to add to the story. Your article in the *Ford Times* was very interesting and covered the subject briefly but precisely.

My motivation in writing this time was the story in the June issue by Robert Buck, which deals with a new theory on the origin of the Peg Leg black nuggets. Mr. Buck's account may be closer to the truth than any of us realize. Let me explain: Sometime after the first discovery when I had plenty of time to think and after I had read a great deal on gold and gold mining in general and on placer mining in detail, I began to wonder why the nuggets were on or near the surface of the ground when by all laws of nature they should have been on a bedrock formation. As I indicated in one of my letters, there is heavy material in the area, possibly ancient bedrock that was broken up when the area was pushed up, and after long and careful study, the only logical explanation was the one I advanced in my original story, which you bring out in your *Ford Times* article. I might mention that this is also the exact theory that Mr. Buck brings out in describing the origin of the Peralta black nuggets.

I covered the country for several miles in all directions without finding another trace of black gold except at the site of the original discovery. I did say, that in line with my theory of the origin of the black nuggets that it was possible they might be discovered in other areas where the ancient stream bed was exposed to the surface—provided it *was* exposed

anywhere else. With all the searching going on, I've expected someone to stumble onto more black gold. The fact that they haven't, or at least haven't made it public, lends credence to Mr. Buck's theory that the black nuggets I found might possibly be the shipment of Peralta's black nuggets from the old Spanish mine on the Calaveras River. Assuming for a moment that this theory is true, it is not too difficult to imagine the Peralta caravan being attacked by Indians who would have been interested in the scalps, the burros and undoubtedly the personal effects of Peralta's men. But when they opened the packs, the heavy black nuggets would have been of no possible interest to them and they would have been dropped or scattered on the ground as they were unloaded from the burros. Remember that in the early 1800s, Indians had not yet learned the value of gold.

Also, one small thing I've never mentioned before as it didn't seem important is the fact that on one of the early trips my detector picked up something, and upon digging down a couple inches I found a corroded buckle which is similar in appearance to those I've seen in photographs of early Spanish artifacts. I've still got it around somewhere and if I can locate it, I'll take a photograph and send it to you.

The Peralta theory might just be the answer after all, for it certainly is a logical explanation to me, and perhaps just as possible as my own original theory. During the succeeding 150 years it is not unreasonable to believe that many of

the nuggets could have been covered and uncovered by the action of the wind and the occasional heavy rains that come to the desert areas.

Once or twice during the 10 years I harvested the black nuggets I thought of the possibility of their once having been one of the early Spanish gold shipments going towards Mexico City—especially after finding the buckle. However, if the history of the Spanish treasure caravans is true, they always carried bars or ingots of gold or silver that had been smelted.

Anyway, such a caravan could have been lost on the way, with the men being killed by Indians or dying of thirst in the desert. There are many accounts of Spanish gold and silver caravans disappearing, never to be found again.

With this in mind I once looked over the terrain to see if my discovery site could have been in line with a trail or caravan route through the country. I will say this, and in so doing will give a further clue: Yes, my discovery site is in an area through which a caravan might have chosen a route.

Sincerely,  
The man who found  
Pegleg's black gold

P.S. As I said, I once considered Mr. Buck's theory but at the time couldn't figure out where the black nuggets could have come from, as there were no reported deposits of black nuggets in the Southwest. The story of the Peralta's black nuggets and the corroded buckle that didn't seem important when I found it, have caused me to reconsider. □

# LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

## Anyone Know Hussy and Mackay?

*To the Editor:* In the June issue of the Desert Magazine I enjoyed reading "Did Pegleg's Gold Belong to Peralta" by Robert Buck. He mentioned that history credits the discovery of Gold in California as found in a mill race at Sutter's mill by James Marshall in January 1848. History does record this, but six years earlier, in March of 1842, Francisco Lopez discovered Gold near Newhall in Placerita Canyon. From this discovery many thousands of dollars were shipped to the Philadelphia Mint.

Recently I was in Washington D.C. and spent a few days in the National Archives going through the old records which they have from the old Philadelphia Mint. Unfortunately the entries of the early days were not entered in too much detail when a gold shipment was made.

Recorded in the National Archives in Washington D.C., the first large gold shipment from Bullion deposited by Hussy and Mackay. This California was dated January 30, 1838—Gold shipment was a little over 820 ounces. A smaller shipment by the same men was made in March, 1836, about 31 ounces. Perhaps someday I can find out from what part of California these men shipped this gold, as it is not recorded in the early Mint entries. Perhaps your readers can help me. I would like to find out more about Hussy and Mackay.

GLEN A. SETTLE,  
Rosamond, California.

## Either You Like It or You Don't . . .

*To the Editor:* In response to a request in the June LETTERS section, I searched my files for a recipe for S.O.B. stew. There was no standard recipe, but there was a general starting point, as follows:

- 1/2 Heart
- 1/2 Spleen
- 1/4 Liver
- 1 full set of Brains
- 1 Tongue
- All the Sweetbreads
- 3 feet Marrow Gut
- All of the meat from inner side of ribs
- 2 cups Melted Leaf Fat

Sometimes kidney was used, and often onion and chili powder. Generally a young calf was selected since it had the proper texture marrow gut. This marrow gut is not really gut at all, but a long tube that connects the two stomachs of young calves. The gut is tender, and has the marrow-like taste that renders a most delicate flavor to the stew.

After the calf was killed and still warm, the ingredients were prepared. First the fat was cut and placed in the pot. While this melted the heart and tongue were cubed and added. These two are the toughest portions and require longer to cook. Later, the rib meat, sweetbreads and liver were cut and added. Last, the marrow gut was cut into narrow rings and placed in the pot. Water was then added to gain the desired consistency.

The brains were cooked separately and with a little flour to thicken the brew. A few moments before leaving the fire, the brains were stirred into the stew and the whole mess served.

My hat is off to anyone with the nerve to try this Witch's Brew.

WILLIAM I. LEIKEN,  
Granada Hills, California.

*Editor's note:* Our thanks to other thoughtful readers who sent similar recipes. C.P.

## It Takes All Kinds . . .

*To the Editor:* Factual reporting can help in your readers' enjoyment of Baja. Your article, the *Magic of Baja* in the June issue is inaccurate in the following statements:

1. Papa, not Pappy, is the proprietor's name at the Gonzaga Bay resort.
2. I've never noticed the harbor being tricky.
3. Your reference to the cardon as a sex symbol doesn't need such a description in this type of magazine.
4. 70 feet is adding 10 feet to the tallest cardon yet measured.
5. Prehistoric Indians were indifferent to life; not too happy from a surplus of easy-to-get food.
6. The water at La Gringa is not always cold and silvery clear.
7. The musicians don't play every night at Bahia de los Angeles. I've been there.
8. A headland is not an island.
9. Now I know what I'll do when my DESERT subscription runs out.

GLEN R. TRAVIS,  
Altadena, California.

*Editor's comment:* 1. Sam Hicks has known Senor Fernandez for many years. He calls him "Pappy." Perhaps you are confused with Antevio Diaz at Bahia whom many call "Papa Diaz" because of his bevy of beautiful daughters.

2. In his book "Cruising the Sea of Cortez" Spencer Murray goes into great detail about the trickiness of the harbor at Gonzaga Bay.

3. DESERT's editor has a wicked sense of humor.

4. We photographed one cardon we estimated at over 60 feet tall.

5. It is more likely that prehistoric Indians, like people in the world today, adapted to their environment. Some environments were more plentiful than others.

6. We, personally, have Scuba dived at La Gringa in the middle of August and if the water is cold then, it's a good indication that it always is. Glen Vargas, a skin diver and part time resident at Bahia, warned us that this spot is always colder than the rest of the bay—perhaps due to off-shore springs.

7. The mariachis at Bahia de los Angeles are subsidized by tourists rather than the management. They play nightly, provided they have a "live" audience.

8. I stand corrected.

9. You can't win 'em all, can you? C.P.

## Non-believer . . .

*To the Editor:* With a find as big as the Hank Brandt mine, how come no pictures of the double-decked cave and carved ship? Also, gold doesn't just disappear. There would have been some left, I'm sure!

LEWIS EYLAND,  
Vista, California.

*Editor's comment:* The author of the Hank Brandt Mine article in the July issue is not a professional writer. She said they were so excited about finding the mine, they only photographed it. We hope to get in when it cools off and take our own cameras. There has always been speculation that the Hank Brandt was "mined out" when Hank moved to San Diego. This does happen. C.P.

## Anyone for Pickled Head? . . .

*To the Editor:* What an eerie coincidence to have just observed "the pickled head of Joaquin Murieta" on display at our local Manton Trading Post, and on the same day to receive the June copy of DESERT with Al Merryman's excellent sketch of the gruesome head. We rushed back and took the enclosed photo for benefit of DESERT Readers. This "head" has been shuttled between private museums and peep shows for the past several years and was recently acquired by the proprietor of our local antique dealer from the "Old Town Museum" near Almaden, California.

Anyone else know where there's another "authentic" bottled head of this famous bandito?

BRUCE BARRON,  
Manton, California.



## New Yorker Discovers DESERT . . .

*To the Editor:* While visiting my sister in California, I came across your magazine for the first time. Imagine my surprise to discover that my presumably loving sister refused to allow my filching it! She refused, even, to let me cut an article from the issue which I wanted to keep. Having been in the editorial field for some years, I simply cannot imagine a magazine so sacred it cannot be cut. You have a most interesting book. It must be fun to edit. I would like to order it.

EDWARD McCABE,  
New York City.

## New Pegleg Claim . . .

*To the Editor:* Having found nine black gold nuggets on the desert in Pegleg country, I was excited over Mr. Buck's article in your June issue in which he tells of finding some up north. I think that if you will check with the Railroad as to where they obtained the black rock ballast used between the ties, you will find that Mr. Buck's article bears some significance.

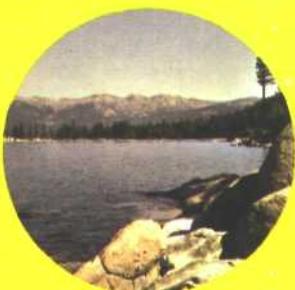
MR. ANONYMOUS,  
La Mesa, California.

## Beware of Swindlers . . .

*To the Editor:* I see you are getting mail about the Lost Dutchman being found. What actually happened is that a group filed a series of claims encompassing several acres atop Bluff Springs Mt. This area has been minutely explored and reported devoid of mineralization. According to a recent *Apache Sentinel* article, the F. B. I. is currently checking on fraudulent sales of stock to gullible investors.

ROBERT BLAIR,  
Los Angeles, California.

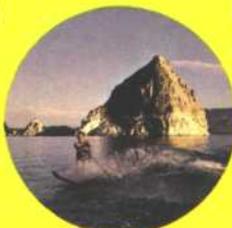
*Editor's note:* Dr. Blair wrote the fine article on the Lost Dutchman in the June, 1966, issue of DESERT and is a recognized authority on the area and the legend. C.P.



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