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By Edwin Corle

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Compiled by Glen A. Settle

This little paperback published by the Kern-Antelope Historical Society contains four lively stories, two of them formerly published in the 1800s. The first is an exciting account of an attack made upon John R. Spears in 1892 by a grizzly bear; the second is from the diary of Dennis Searles recording his trip to Searles Lake in 1890. The third is by Mel Sanford who, with his father, came to Ballarat during its heyday and participated in the mining activity there. The final chapter is a humorous essay on the lost mines assayer Martin Engel has not found.

Glen Settle, who compiled this material, is curator of the Tropic Gold Camp Museum at Rosamond, California. Antelope artist John Burgess illustrated it. Contains 52 pages. \$1.50.

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This is a hardcover, limited edition of 1000 copies, priced at \$8.95.

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Ghosts of Silver Reef

By Earl Spendlove

"IF HE finds anything in this, we'll ride him out of town on a rail," a bristly-bearded miner said, picking up several pieces of a broken grindstone from the floor of a blacksmith shop in Pioche, Nevada.

The man referred to was an ambitious young assayer who had gained the name of "Metaliferous Murphy," because he found metal of some sort in every rock he examined. The citizens of this booming mining camp, skeptical of his optimistic reports, had decided to give him one last chance to redeem himself, so they sent him the pieces of broken grindstone.

"Silver," the report read, when it came back, "837 ounces to the ton!"

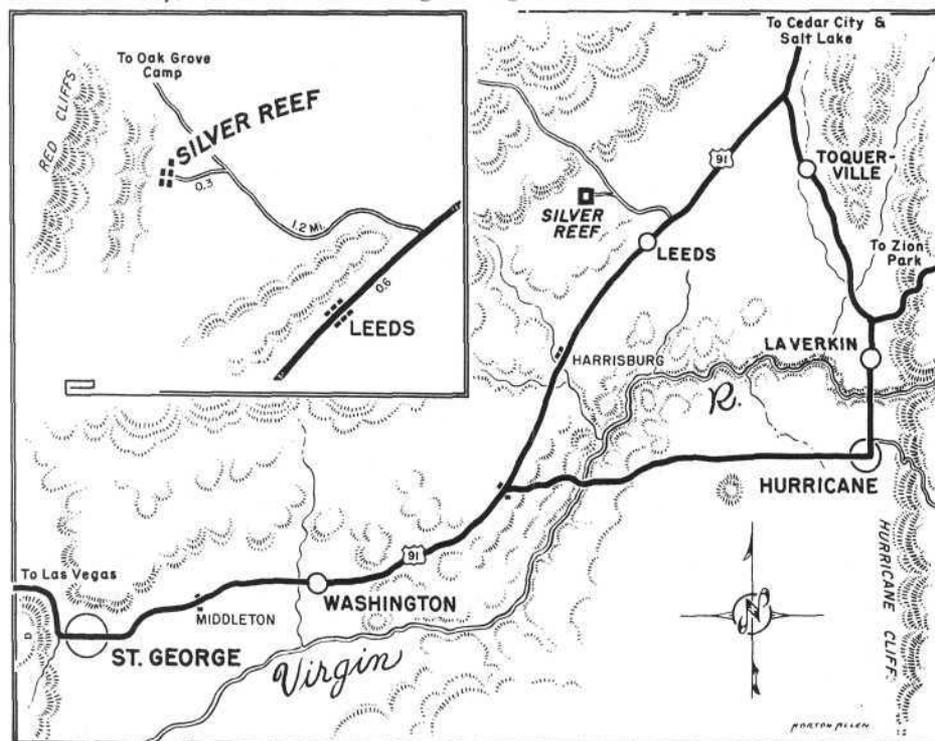
"Impossible," the local mining authority said, "silver simply does not exist in sandstone." Murphy's doom was sealed. They carried him to the edge of town on a rail, dumped him onto the ground, and warned him he'd be tarred and feathered if he returned.

"Metaliferous" hung around just long enough to learn that the grindstone had been brought to Pioche by a Mormon peddler from Leeds, Utah, 30 miles south of Cedar City, Utah. Then he high-

tailed it to that tiny southern Utah community where he learned that Alma T. Angell and Isaac Duffin made grindstones from slabs of sandstone picked up in the nearby hills. Carefully he prospected three sandstone upthrusts running through the country in a northeasterly direction. Early in the 1870s, on what was known locally as the White Reef, he staked the first claim in one of the most fabulous silver producing areas ever discovered.

What happened to Murphy after he staked his claim, no one knows. But, in spite of what the experts said, silver was found in the standstones of the White, Buckeye, and Leeds Reefs. Evidently Mother Nature had not read an "expert's" book for, in this area, she had done many things to challenge the wits of mining men. In some places she forced silver-bearing solutions into porous sandstone and formed lenses of black silver sulphides, worth from five to 50 thousand dollars. Where the sandstone fractured, the solutions entered the cracks and fissures and the metal was precipitated out and plastered onto the rocks. When the veins were opened, horn silver could be rolled, like great sheets of leather, from the sandstone walls.

This unusual occurrence amazed mining men. In a letter dated February 7,





1876, William Tecumseh Barbee, a self-styled mining expert wrote, ". . . This is the most unfavorable looking country for mines that I have ever seen in all of my varied mining experiences, but, as the mines are here, what are the rock sharps going to do about it?"

Some of the best ore was found in fossil plants discovered in some of the sandstone layers. This vegetative matter, which included branches and trunks of trees, was deposited along with the sand on the bottom of an ancient sea, long before the dawn of history. As time went on it was replaced, a cell at a time, by silver sulphides, creating veritable "Money Trees." One of these, discovered in the Buckeye Reef in the late 1870s by Patsy Cassidy and Barney Ross, netted the two lucky Irishmen \$14,000.00!

News of the rich discovery spread like wildfire and, in one wild rush, prospectors, promoters, miners, merchants, and ladies of pleasure all with dreams of easy wealth, flocked to the new diggings in the heart of Brigham Young's Cotton Mission.

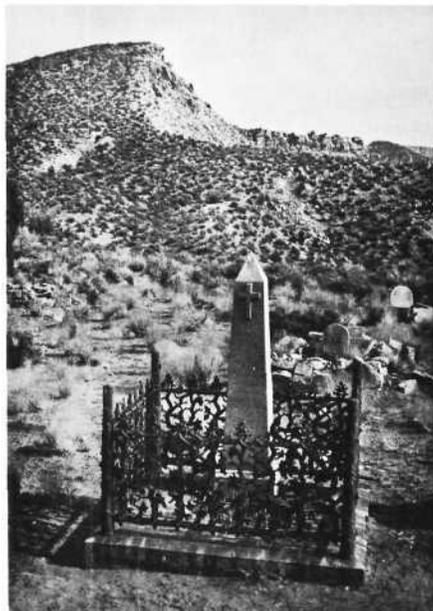
Barbee, a high-pressure promoter if there ever was one, subdivided a sandy flat just north of the Buckeye Reef, named it Bonanza City, and tried to sell lots in what he described as the "Metropolis-to-be" of southern Utah. His development was not successful. The miners and merchants simply moved a couple of miles to the north where the land was free and established a new camp called Silver Reef.

The Post Office was established in February 1877, and by 1879 almost 3000 people lived in the rip-roarin' camp. Father Lawrence Scanlan, doughty priest who had looked after the souls of the Irish-Catholics at Pioche, followed his flock to the "Reef" and built a church.

Mormon and Protestant preachers, in their efforts to save souls, occasionally "borrowed" the Catholic church, but it is doubtful if the religious influence offered much competition to the eight saloons and two or three dance halls strategically located along the mile-long main street.

The miners worked hard and played harder and death and violence were common. Hardly a week went by when someone failed to die an unnatural death. In one shoot-out, John Diamond, a deputy U.S. Marshal and Jack Truby, a mine foreman, killed each other. When the sheriff investigated, both men were carrying .41 caliber revolvers, both had been shot several times—with both .41 and .45 caliber bullets! Evidently friends, or enemies, had joined in the fun.

Henry Clark, a young man from New York, achieved distinction in death: He has the fanciest grave in the fast disap-



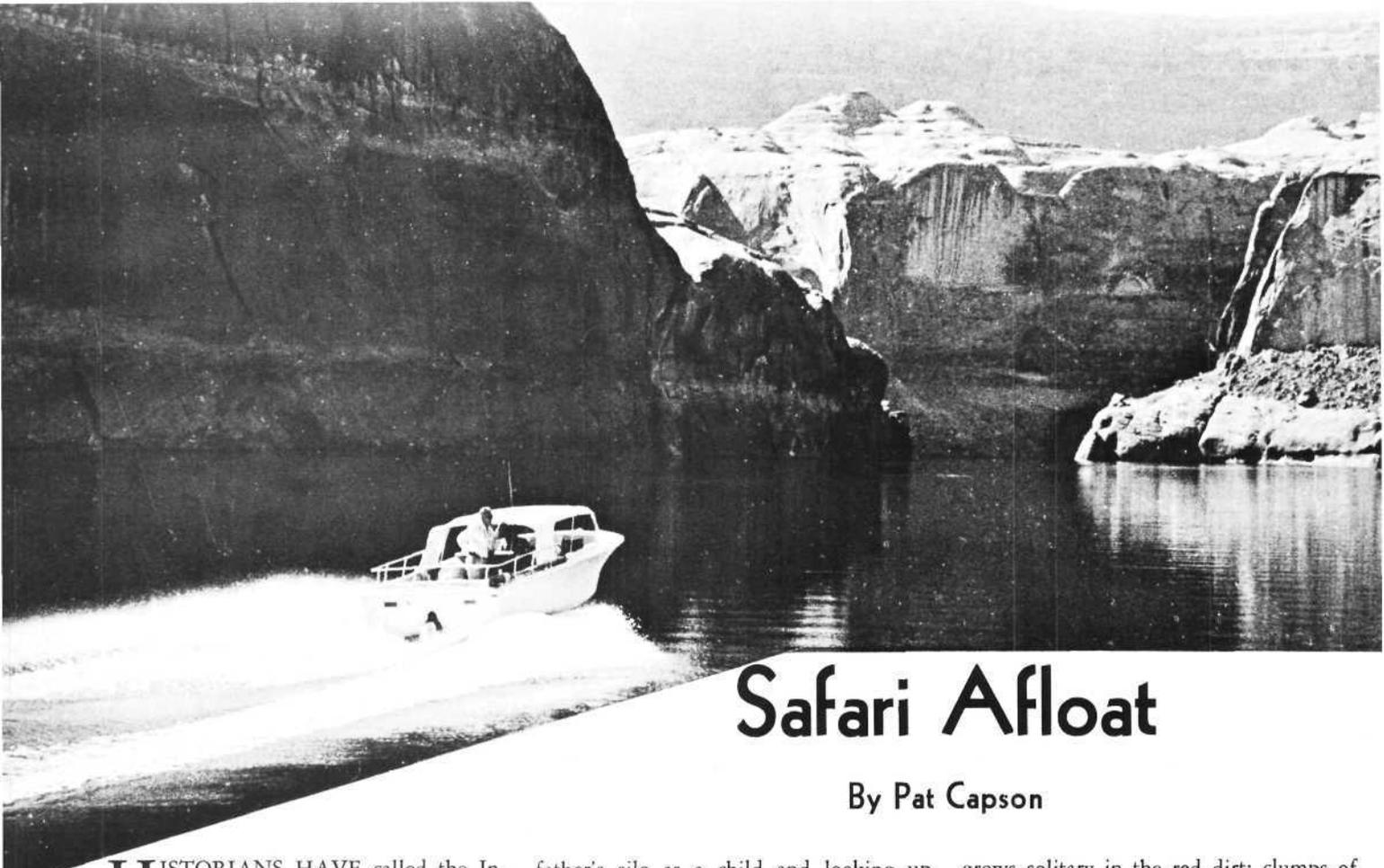
Grave of Henry Clark guards the trail through Buckeye Reef.

pearing cemetery at Silver Reef. Clark was killed one night when he accused a faro dealer named Saxey of cheating. Both men went for their guns, both fired, and both dropped dead. Saxey's grave was marked by a rough lumber slab, but Clark's father enclosed his son's grave in a beautiful iron filigree rectangle, shipped from Russia, and erected a handsome monument.

At times justice was as swift and as brutal as the crime. In the fall of 1880, Mike Carbis, foreman at the Buckeye mine, fired Tom Forrest, whom he suspected of stirring up trouble among the Irish miners. A couple of days later, on the morning of October 3, Forrest slit Carbis' stomach open. The killer was apprehended and lodged in the county jail in St. George, Utah. That night a mob of 40 men rode into town, overpowered the sheriff, and hanged Tom Forrest to a cottonwood tree. Forrest's grave can no longer be identified, but Mike Carbis sleeps beneath a tall marble slab, half hidden in a tangle of brush and trees in the south end of Bonanza Flat.

Today, there is little left of the bustling mining camp of the 1880s. A few tombstones stand in Bonanza Flat, and Henry Clark, protected by his fancy fence, guards the trail that leads through Buckeye Reef. On the brushy slope, where the town once stood, are a few rock ruins and under a huge mulberry tree is the old Wells-Fargo bank, the only building to resist the ravages of time.

The town is gone, but on hot summer evenings when shadows crawl from beneath the big mulberry and stretch themselves across the cactus-covered flat, the ghosts of Tom Forrest, Mike Carbis, and all the other citizens of this rip-roarin' town parade silently up and down the long-gone board walks of old Silver Reef. □



Safari Afloat

By Pat Capson

HISTORIANS HAVE called the Indian Wars the last great American adventure, but I can testify there's still some left and I've just had a taste of it. With two other couples, my husband and I spent a long weekend at Lake Powell and we found the beauty and adventure that has drawn people to southern Utah for centuries.

Lake Powell is not for the faint-hearted nor the ill-prepared. It stretches for 150 miles and the only supplies (as of now) are at Wahweap on the west end and Hall's Crossing at the east end. It covers countless miles, and stretches a little more each day, for this giant is still growing and at maturity will be 185 miles long with 1800 miles of shoreline.

This lake is like no other lake; this land is like no other land. You cruise for hours, looking, looking, looking. The water is wide and deep and for miles there's not a handful of shoreline. Where the lake ends, sandstone cliffs begin, looming like ancient Titans, pink and brown and tan and striped; some sculptured by an artistic nature, some so clean and stark they look as if they had been cut with the swipe of a sword. Each turn reveals a new vista until you feel inadequate to appreciate or react. Each side canyon has its own special beauty. Some canyons are so narrow and the walls so high you strain to see the sky. It reminded me of standing at the bottom of my

father's silo as a child and looking up at the remote blue. Some canyons ended abruptly and we were forced to back out; some opened up unexpectedly and sunlight splashed down on a shelf of sand and greenery. The lake will rise another 200 feet before it is filled to capacity. As we surveyed the gargantuan scenery, we speculated as to what new areas this would open up when the beauties we now witnessed were submerged.

Rainbow Bridge was our destination for the first afternoon, so we turned from the lake into Forbidding Canyon, and then into Rainbow Bridge Canyon. Here the channel narrows and stills and the walls are immensely high. The air is cool and the light subdued as twilight. It is a hushed and lovely chamber and we rode through it slowly and silently. The channel ends at Rainbow Bridge landing and here we disembarked. Water has filled the canyon to the point where you now have about a two mile hike to the Bridge.

We were blessed with a glorious spring day and when the sun beat down on the red rocks and sand, we knew we were in the desert. We walked along a path of flaked sandstone as fine as face powder bordered with the tenacious shrubs, trees and flowers which have mastered this inhospitable land. The snow white Sego lily, perfect in form,

grows solitary in the red dirt; clumps of wild daisies bloom brilliant yellow; the small cactus issues a handful of thorns and a lovely fuchsia blossom; the large porcupine-like cactus sends up a spire of white flowers. Only the rocks grow great in stature in this country.

We had packed a lunch and now yearned for a shady spot in which to eat it. We found no tree, but a far lovelier retreat. I suppose you might call it a grotto. To enter it is like entering an air-conditioned room. Water drips through the sandstone cliffs above and wherever it emerges, clusters of maiden-hair fern mark the spot. We sustained our bodies with sandwiches and our souls with the sights around us. It was a choice moment—one to be remembered and relived later when life quickened its pace.

Rainbow Bridge is to be experienced, not described. Some react with shrieks of delight; others gaze in silent wonder. It helps not at all to be told that it is the greatest natural bridge in the world or that the capitol building in Washington, D.C. could be placed beneath its arch. In this land of mammoths, you have already lost all sense of size and now you lose all sense of time.

My advice to travelers on Lake Powell would be to make your plans and always be ready to change them. We had planned to seek the four-pound bass reported to be biting somewhere on the lake, but

as we prepared to leave Rainbow landing, a boater arrived with news of turbulence in the channel. With that we decided against leaving our snug harbor and with the zest of pioneers, began portaging our gear up the mountain to a lofty perch.

One area we designated as the kitchen and set about unloading campstoves, stools, pots and pans and the gear civilized people regard as essential in the wilds. A huge, flat rock-bed of sandstone served as the bedroom and the men began blowing up air mattresses and unrolling sleeping bags. We complimented ourselves on choosing a magnificent site . . . we could walk to the edge of the plateau and see the wide, dark river below; we were enclosed in giant, looming cliffs and far above clouds glided slowly across our skylight. Then the wind came . . . in mischievous, swirling gusts . . . and air mattresses sailed through the air like balloons, steaks took flight and fine red sand peppered the potatoes and onions. This is the moment of truth for the untried camper. Fortunately, our party (half of whom had never camped before) was equal to the task. We had brought along the essential ingredient for successful camping, a sense of humor. The mattress was pursued, the steak retrieved and shaken and the potatoes given a good stir. We soon learned that the capricious wind was to be our companion for the night.

Darkness comes quickly when the walls of your sleeping chamber are several hundred feet high. And how delicious is repose to the hiker, how long ago the morning seems, how far away are home and responsibility. It is joy to lie flat on your back in a snug sleeping bag and look up at huge, dark walls on every side, capped with the twinkle of celestial lights. Below, in the dark, the river lapped at the cliffs, rhythmically, interminably, persistently sculpturing grandeur for future explorers.

On our second morning we "discovered" Twilight Canyon, Mystery Canyon, and Music Temple. Powell himself named these places and one can sense that this one-armed ex-Union major had the courage of a soldier and the sensitivity of a poet. We were aiming for the San Juan River, still hoping to catch those elusive (perhaps legendary) big bass.

Where the great wide canyons have filled with water, Lake Powell becomes indistinguishable from its off-shoots and were it not for the buoys which mark the main channel, you could easily detour innumerable times. At last we turned into the San Juan and found a cove suitable for swimming, tanning and, hopefully,

fishing. Fishermen, please note: If all the little fish in Lake Powell grow to be big fish, it will not be deep enough to hold them. They came after the lure in schools and fought each other off for the chance to swallow the hook. These colorful babies would hardly make suitable hors d'oeuvres and if they have any big brothers and sisters, they are still there.

There must be exhilaration in landing a big fish, but after watching my husband, I have concluded there is more to the sport than that. The true fisherman seems to find restoration in the crystal water and the ritual of selecting and preparing his equipment, casting and reeling in a hundred times in an afternoon. The impatient man displays infinite patience in this role.

After leaving the San Juan, we headed down Lake Powell to explore more lovely canyons and perhaps camp at Last Chance Bay. But once again the wind cut short our excursion and changed a pleasant cruise into a choppy ride to be terminated with all possible haste. We had been warned by friends to make our camps early and now we saw the wisdom of this advice, for great stretches of shoreline are not level enough to hold a sleeping bag.

We pulled into the first inlet we spied and secured our boats. The solid red rock felt reassuring beneath our feet and we made camp at the base of a great cliff which receded at the bottom like the beginning of the huge cave. Then we set out to do some exploring, on foot. Our first problem was finding a way up and out of this great stone bowl in which we had taken shelter, the lowest point in the surrounding cliffs being the height of a wall in a house. The resourceful men solved it by constructing a ladder of driftwood logs while we laughed at the thought of some learned group coming upon our "instant artifact" and speculating about the crudity of the civilization which had produced it. After mastering this hurdle, we hiked to the top of a 200-foot cliff from which we could look upon this country, rather than up at it. Both perspectives are necessary to appreciate its vastness.

That night, if the moon rose at all, it rose unheralded on six unconscious river rats. The next morning we headed for Wahweap, 50 miles away, frustrated over so much we were leaving undone, unseen. And yet, has anyone ever left this land feeling otherwise? Surely not. You must come back again and again.

And so must we. □

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Back Country Pop Art



By Rell E. Francis

UPON OBSERVING these strange monuments against a Utah sky, an amateur archeologist would believe he'd discovered a New World Stonehenge, perhaps, or a primitive aqueduct, while a curious tourist coming from Arches National Monument might suspect he'd come upon an undiscovered natural wonder. On closer inspection, though, another thought might occur to him. Were these strange sculptures the work of a jaded pop artist seeking new expression?

However he might try to explain what

he'd seen, he'd have an easier time convincing you of the "big ones" he failed to catch in nearby Fish Lake.

The truth is, they are the achievement of a solitary shepherd, Lorenzo Larsen of Glenwood, Utah. Larsen, a 55-year-old bachelor, built hundreds of these rock sculptures over a period of 20 years while tending his flocks, but only recently, when he happened to erect one visible from the road to popular Fish Lake resorts, were his activities recognized by the public.

On the other hand, he apparently likes to display his art where it can be seen by motorists. Part of his enjoyment is watching the tourists "explore and puzzle" over his creations. "I've had a good time watchin' a dad arrange his wife and kids in the windows of my rockwork and grind away with a movie camera," he chuckled. "Once I spied a couple of black and white specks moving up the hill. Turned out to be two nuns. They stopped before some laid-up rock and made the sign of the cross. I hadn't

Resembling ancient structures, these monuments crest the Parker Mountain summit above the junction of Utah highways 24 and 25 between Sigurd and Loa and may be seen en route to Utah's popular fishing resorts at Fish Lake.



realized 'til then that the rocks looked like a crucifix."

Ordinarily Ren has no particular subject in mind. "When I run across some good flat rocks I start piling them up and mostly work for good balance. Occasionally I see something that appeals to my imagination and develop it into a figure . . . like that teapot up there or that one over yonder that looks like an old lady in a rockin' chair." Larsen believes his rock building ideas come about because of his early experience when he helped his dad supply the stone for many of the homes in Glenwood. His well-proportioned monuments, erected on private rangeland, are characterized by a main pillar with attached lintel stones that branch out to form pleasing contours and negative shapes.

The local forest ranger refuses to allow Ren to build his rocks on the government land. "It's not that I don't like them, but we've got enough rock in the forests now," he complains. Actually, Ren does not have to haul the rock far; it is plentiful on the hilltops.

Lorenzo has had no formal art training, but a study of his creations indicate a natural sense of composition and aesthetic sensitivity. He has some musical talent as well. Once he won third place in an amateur contest by playing a tune with an aspen leaf placed between his tongue and teeth.

Other herders think he is nuts for staying out in the hot sun messing with rocks, but Lorenzo reasons that "sittin' around one day seems like two weeks. When I lay up rock I lose all sense of time." More than a pastime hobby, his work is an intellectual pursuit, for Larsen has a keen mind.

"He's just as smart as my other kids who finished school," Lorenzo's mother proudly says. "Sometimes when he starts talkin' he sounds like a college professor. Once he outspelled a college student."

Although well read and conversant about international affairs, Ren maintains a complacent, unaffected attitude toward world problems and politics. Larsen is a symbol of the vanishing frontier man who lived close to the land. While some may consider his efforts trivial, others may covet his uncomplicated existence, realizing that the true measure of a man's success is not his position or wealth, but the pride he takes in his work and the creative pursuits of his leisure. While others pile up records, Larsen will go on piling up rocks, satisfied with his "niche" in life. □

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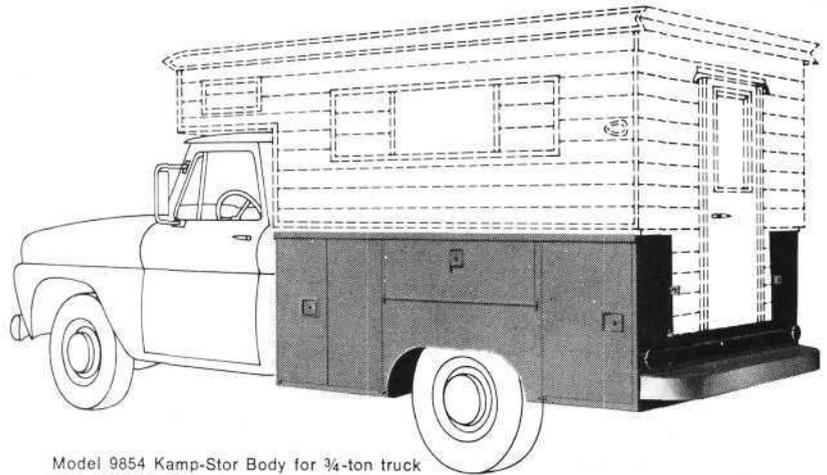
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Trial By Fire

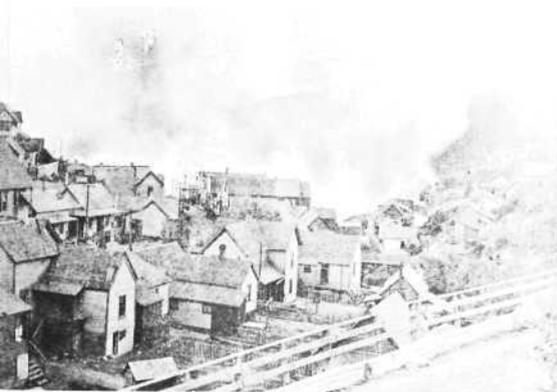
By George Thompson

This once fabulous mining camp is now one of Utah's most fashionable summer-winter resorts.

THE MOUNTAINS of Park City have produced treasure for nearly a century, but now a new treasure, unsuspected by old-timers, is beginning to be realized. Broad highways from Salt Lake City focus on Park City and tourists speeding along U. S. Highways 30 and 40 turn off after reading signs advertising Treasure Mountains attractions. Mining took wealth from these mountains and carried it to distant cities. Now tourism is bringing it back.

The meadows north of Park City,

Utah, were first appreciated by Parley Pratt while enroute to Salt Lake Valley in 1847 with Brigham Young. He quickly laid claim to the area and named it Parley's Park. Then, five years later, he traded it to Samuel Snyder and Jedediah Grant for a yoke of oxen. The Snyder family farmed, built a sawmill and, as they multiplied like the Lord told them to, they established new farms and populated the valley which became known as Snyderville. Snyder reportedly discovered ore in the foothills of the valley, but



Park City goes up in flames in 1890.



Ontario Mill in Park City.



First business building erected after fire.

Brigham Young discouraged mining among his followers, so it wasn't until the end of 1868 that the first claim was filed in what later became known as the Park City Mining District. This claim was the Young American Lode and a year later its first shipment consisted of 40 tons of ore.

In 1872 Rector Steen, Augustus Dawell, James Kane and Herman Budan made camp where they'd been prospecting west of Lake Flat. By a spring near camp, Steen discovered an outcrop of ore, later said to be so small it could be covered with a handkerchief. Steen located this outcrop as the Ontario No. 37. At the same time, George Hearst, a San Francisco mining engineer and father of William Randolph Hearst, was in McHenry Canyon examining some claims. Hearst decided against buying these because of difficulties encountered with underground water flows. However, he noticed Steen's camp as he crossed into Ontario Canyon from Lake Flat and stopped to visit. Steen showed Hearst his ore outcrop and when Hearst expressed interest the two entered into negotiations. Within a month the sale was consummated for \$27,000. After that the Ontario produced more than \$50 million and paid dividends in excess of \$15 million. This small outcropping was one of the few ore outcrops in the Park City district and the story illustrates what an important part chance played in the establishment of the camp.

As its fame spread, miners moved in from other areas. Cabins were built against canyon walls and shacks were erected along Silver Creek for several miles. A group of Scotch miners built a small settlement around the shores of Lake Flat. Each home had a pier from which residents rowed rafts across the lake to visit neighbors. This lake has since been drained by underground mining operations and now contains water only when snow melts in the spring.

As miners and prospectors congregated, the settlement became loosely known as Parley's Park City, later abbreviated to Park City. The number of miners increased as new claims were developed and new homes were built near the mouths of the canyons in which the mines were located. These were the first permanent establishments in Park City.

In 1879 George Snyder's daughter died. The miners had made no provision for a burial site so Snyder presented the new camp with a 40-acre cemetery. The city was incorporated in 1880 and a newspaper, the Park Mining Record, was

started by James Schepback the same year. It is now published as the Park Record and is Utah's oldest weekly newspaper. In 1881 a telephone communication was instituted and two years later the first school was built by the Ontario Company to accommodate children living in the canyon. Following that a number of parochial schools sprung up below the canyon, as the Mormon influence ran second to the high percentage of Irish-Catholic miners.

The Ontario Company encountered serious water problems right from the start. In 1888 a three-mile tunnel was started to connect with the 1500 foot level of the shaft. Work was started from both ends, the surface end called Camp Florence. It was completed when the workings met six years later. It was so straight that daylight shone from the portal to the shaft.

Before the tunnel was completed, the Ontario installed what was not only one of the world's largest pumps, but also a marvel of engineering. This pump, known as the Cornish pump for the Cornish men who built it, had a fly-wheel 30 feet in diameter which weighed 70 tons and had a connecting rod 1060 feet long, built of Oregon pine with each section joined by bolted iron plates. The connecting rod hung suspended in the shaft and operated the pump. The pump had a single piston 20 inches in diameter and a 10-foot stroke. Power was supplied by steam boilers whose fires consumed most of the timber on surrounding hills. After they were denuded, teamsters hauled wood from Strawberry Valley, some 50 miles distant, by wagon and team. The initial cost of the pump was \$110,000 with installation charges raising the overall cost to \$250,000!

In 1889 Thomas Kearns and David Keith leased a group of claims which were later to become the fabulous Silver King Mine. It is said that Kearns walked into Park City without a cent to his name. He met Keith, an old friend he'd known in Nevada, who was foreman for the Ontario, and the two leased several claims. One of these became the Silver King and it was reported that from a hole only 200 feet deep, over two million dollars was recovered in high grade silver. Since that time the Silver King has produced ore valued in the hundreds of millions of dollars and paid dividends of more than \$35 million. Kearns was later elected U.S. Senator from Utah.

Some two dozen millionaires were made by the mines at Park City. The

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camp's eventual production exceeded \$400 million with over \$75 million paid in dividends. The mines contained over 100 miles of underground workings and were served by three separate railroads, two standard gauge and one narrow gauge. Much of this wealth made its way to Salt Lake City where silver barons built showplaces along South Temple Street, known as millionaires' row. Fine business buildings were constructed which still stand, among them the Kearns Building, Keith Building, Judge Building and the Tribune Building. Park City became one of the most famous mining camps in the West and its population rose to 10,000. Then tragedy struck.

At 4:00 a.m. on a Sunday morning in June of 1898, a Chinaman reported smoke billowing from the kitchen of the American Hotel. The night policeman fired three shots to arouse sleeping citizens and within minutes the whistle atop the Marsac Mill was shrieking a warning. Prevailing South Canyon winds carried the flames to adjoining buildings and by 4:30 four buildings were kindled in flames. Special trains of fire fighting equipment were dispatched from the towns in the lower valleys, but arrived too late to stop the fire. Flames grew higher and in-rushing winds increased their intensity, carrying hot coals and firebrands onto buildings behind the fire fighters. Intense heat made it impossible for the firemen to get water hoses to where they were most needed and it soon became obvious drastic measures must be taken if any part of the town were to be saved.

Dynamite was then brought from the mines and helpless residents stood by as their homes and business houses were blown up to stop the flames advance. With the fire finally under control, over 200 dwellings and business houses had been destroyed, among them the Grand Opera House, the City Hall, several banks and churches, and some 27 saloons. Homes on Rossie Hill were consumed and Park Avenue had vanished. Nothing remained of Chinatown.

Almost before the ashes were cold, people began cleaning up the charred remains. Tents were erected and relief committees helped the homeless and hungry. Although assistance was offered from all over the West, the citizenry of Park City preferred to rebuild themselves and soon a new city rose on the ashes of the old, better in all respects. Comfortable homes replaced shanties and business buildings of brick and stone replaced old wooden structures. Eventually

the mud roads were paved, modern power and water lines were installed and better fire fighting equipment purchased. The camp became a city.

Park City suffered ups and downs during the following years. Fires struck often, causing serious damage, and labor strikes of long duration and great cost were endured. Low metal prices during the 1950s combined with rising costs closed all but the largest mines. The famous Ontario and Silver King consolidated with other properties to form the United Park City Mining Company. This and the New Park Mining Company, organized during the 1930s, are the only companies of consequence now being operated and they employ less than 200 miners. Residents moved away to find new jobs and business houses closed their doors. It appeared that time would take the toll that fire could not. But Destiny had other plans!

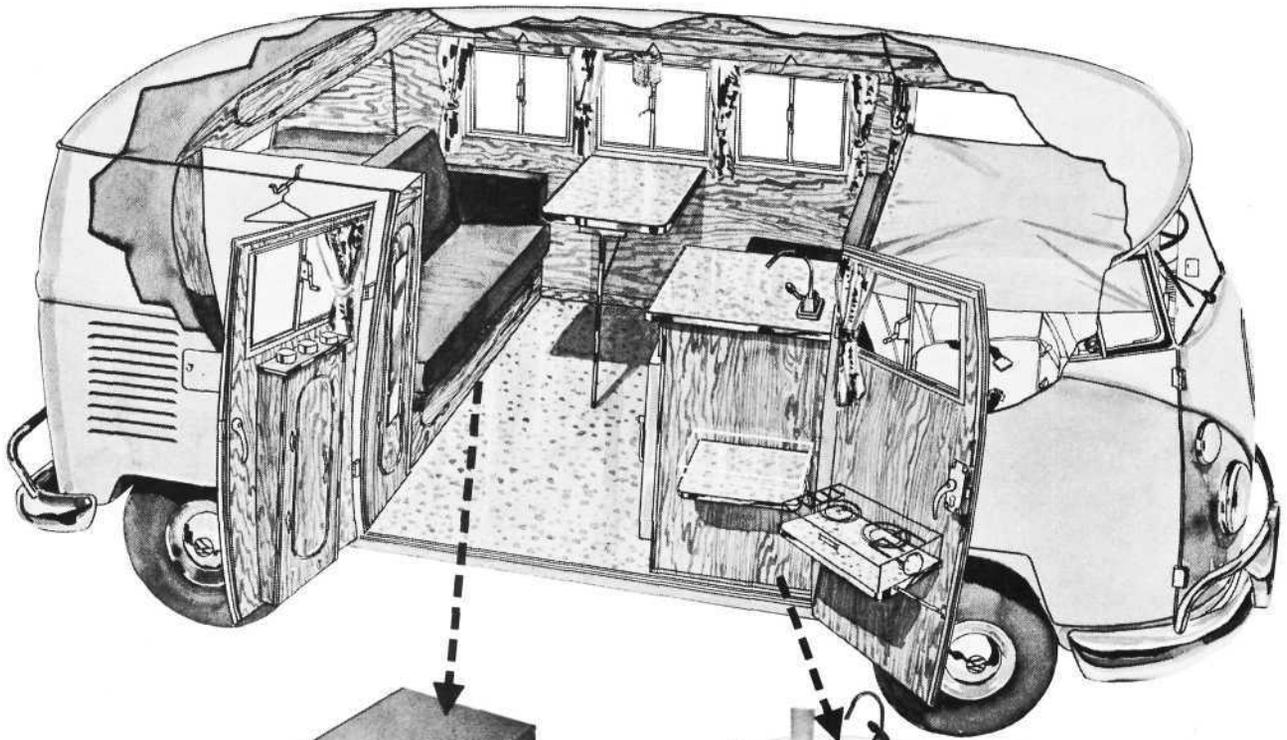
Although large deposits of mineral yet remain underground, it's doubtful that mining will be responsible for Park City's future. A number of factors combined to revive the old town, not the least of which is snow! Ecker Hill, located some 10 miles north of town, was at one time a famous ski jump and Otto Carpenter, a long time resident, has operated Snow Park, a ski lift and winter sports area on the east side of town for many years. The real re-birth of Park City, however, was brought about recently by the federal government through its Area Redevelopment agency. This agency granted large loans to the United Park City Mining Company to build a year-round sports resort on its properties. With this, a spectacular new ski lift, the longest gondola ride in the nation, was built, a golf course laid out, and the old Spiro mine tunnel re-timbered to carry skiers and tourists deep into the heart of the mountains from where they are lifted to a surface high above the city by the Thaynes Shaft hoist. From here they can either ski back to town or ride a lift to a modern restaurant perched atop Crescent Ridge. Several beautiful hotels have been constructed and others are planned. This vast recreation complex, known as The Treasure Mountains, has spawned new restaurants, quaint shops and night clubs, new homes, and a condominium apartment building. Even with all this, prospects look promising for more.

Those who held faith with this unusual community during its low days, now point with pride at their new boom town. Park City, they say, survived its "Trial by Fire!" □

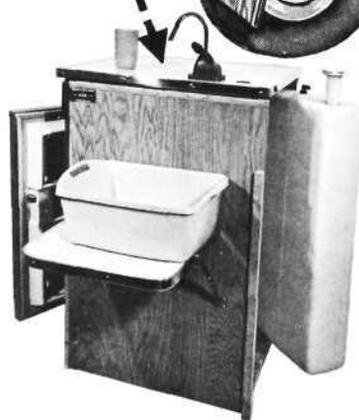
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New Road to Zion

by Frank Jensen

SOMETIME BEFORE the summer of 1967 the National Park Service will open a brand new section of Zion National Park to the vacationer. This, the Kolob section, covers about 76 square miles of canyon and mesa country in southwestern Utah. The grading of a new road—which penetrates six miles of the Kolob—is all but complete, while the black top is expected to be laid down by next fall. The road leaves busy interstate highway 15 about mid-way between St. George and Cedar City; clings for a quarter of a mile to the eroded slopes of the Hurricane Cliffs, then follows the middle fork of Taylor Creek a mile or so before swinging south toward Lee Pass. It terminates two miles beyond Lee Pass at an overlook of the Finger Canyons of the Kolob Terrace.

The entire route is impressive. Once atop the first ridge, great butresses of the Finger Canyons rise above the horizon like the prows of rocky ships. These fingers mark the edge of the Kolob Terrace, a 7,000-foot highland, as well as the western limits of the plunging cliffs, isolated mesas, natural arches, bridges, and deep, narrow canyons of the Colorado Plateau Province itself. Although there are no developed trails into the 1600-foot deep Finger Canyons at the present time, foot paths are planned in the overall development program.

Lee Pass is the finest viewing platform for the Finger Canyon area. From this ridge you can see the three forks of Taylor Creek, Naguant and Timber Top—two isolated mesas which are virtually islands in the sky, and look down into Timber and La Verkin Creeks, the principal drainages to the south. Lee Pass was named for John D. Lee, an early Mormon Settler who participated in the infamous Mountain Meadow Massacre. Lee used the Kolob as a hiding place during the investigation of the massacre.

The dominant formation of Lee Pass is Navajo Sandstone, a cross-bedded rock which in the Finger Canyon area is 2,000-foot thick. The Navajo was laid down in an ancient, wind-swept desert covering parts of six states at a time when dinosaurs dominated the earth. Varying in color from white to salmon or brilliant

red, depending on its mineral content, it is the great cliff and arch maker in Zion, and, in the Kolob section, has carved the world's largest natural arch. This particular arch, located in a side canyon of La Verkin Creek, measures 315-feet at the base and is 332-feet high—some 32 feet higher than Rainbow Bridge.

South of Kolob Arch, Gregory Butte towers 2,500 feet above La Verkin Creek. Named for Dr. Herbert E. Gregory, the first man to scientifically survey the Kolob, it was described by him in 1936 as follows: "If only one spot in Utah and Arizona were available as a platform for a lecture on the geology of the Colorado Plateau Country, I think I would choose Kanarra Mountain where the sedimentary series (Kaibab to Wasatch) is in sight, where the Great Basin topography abuts against the plateau topography, and where the erosion, the faulting, and volcanism characteristic of the plateau province could be discussed and illustrated with nearby examples."

The Virgin River and its tributary streams (La Verkin Creek in the Kolob) are the principal sculptures of the Zion region and each year carry away billions of tons of ground up rock. Most of this wearing away occurs during the spring run-off or late summer flash floods. The rest of the year these streams are placid affairs flowing from one emerald pool to another. La Verkin Creek may be reached by either foot or horseback via an established trail running through the entire Kolob section of the park. The canyon bottom is lush with plant life and crystal clear springs seeping from cracks in the porous sandstone while in the slit-like side canyons cliffs are festooned with vegetation like hanging gardens. Above La Verkin Creek, however, stark, massive walls of Navajo Sandstone dominate the landscape and remind you that the desert is never completely lost.

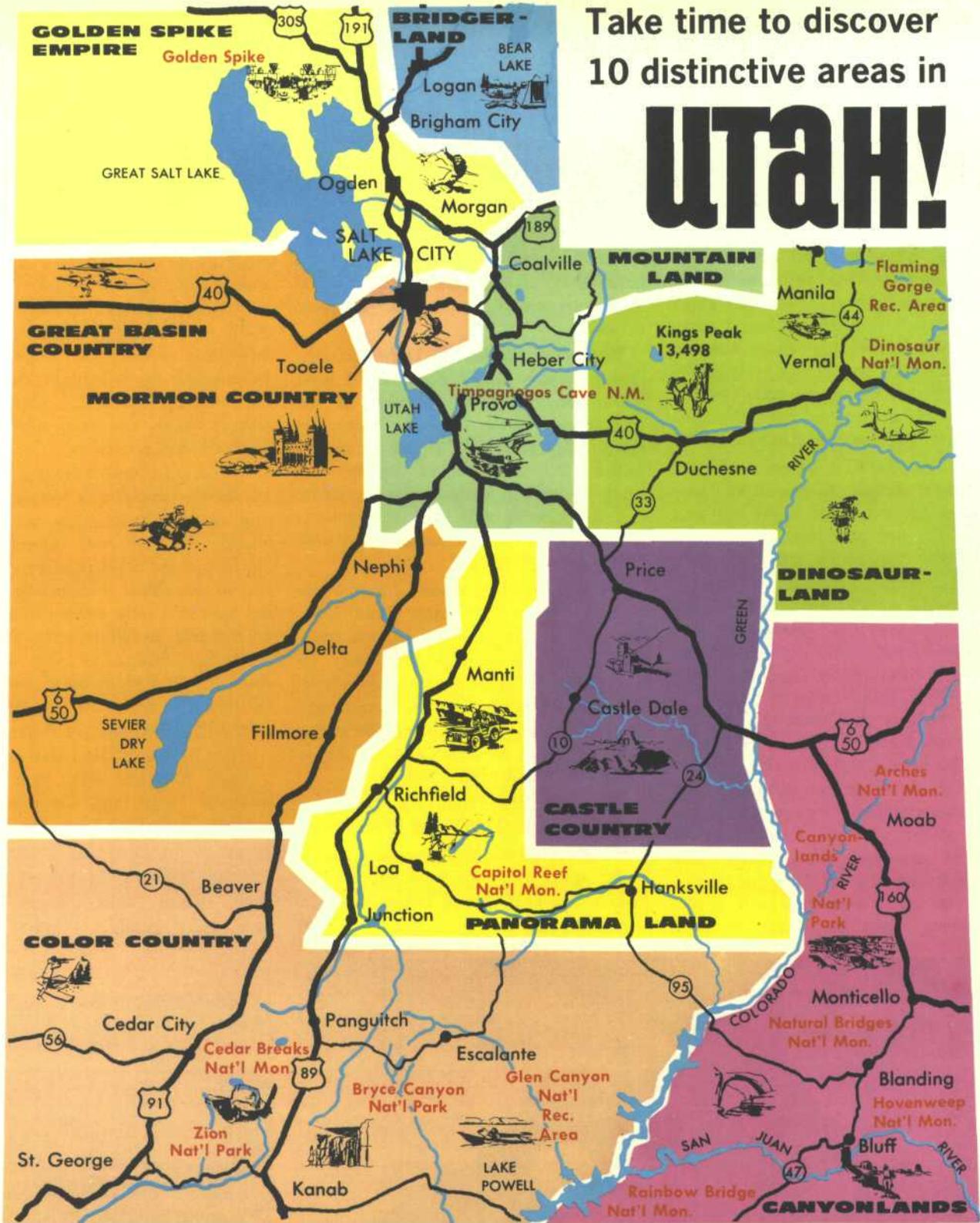
East of Arch Canyon, with its huge natural span, the trail leaves La Verkin Creek. One fork leads to Willis Creek and the top of the Kolob. The other crosses an ancient landslide into Hop Valley. Hop Valley is another phenomenon of the Kolob. At one time, hundreds

of centuries ago, it was a crooked, narrow canyon like all the rest of Zion. Then the mouth of the canyon was blocked by a landslide and filled with sand. Hop Valley is so different from other canyons of Kolob Terrace that the sight is startling. Its stream emerges from the sand at the head of the valley, meanders lazily across the flat sand-filled bottom and then disappears again into the sand at the foot of the valley. The new road will cut the distance to the Kolob Arch in half, making it a 12 rather than a 24 mile hike in and out. Hop Valley, too, will be accessible in a single day to the rugged hiker.

There are two Kolob views which you can see from an automobile without waiting until 1967. One is from the farming village of New Harmony, west of the Zion turn-off, and not far from the place where John D. Lee once tilled the soil. The other is from Death Point. You must have a burning desire to explore the Kolob to take the ride to Death Point. To get there, follow a dirt road that climbs the face of the plateau south of Kanarrville (another small farming town 13-miles south of Cedar City), take the first turn to the right after driving several miles, then proceed south across a bench known as the Buck Pasture. In the seven miles between the turn-off and the end of the road there are exactly eight gates, most of them barbed wire, and all must be opened and closed. The road is rough and best suited to a pick-up truck or jeep. It ends abruptly at the head of a box canyon. To reach the point, you must walk another mile along a rough trail sometimes blocked with a tangle of oak brush and manzanita. The view from Death Point, however, is magnificent, and worth the effort it takes to get there. From this one vantage point it is possible to look down on Kolob Arch, or across La Verkin canyon to Gregory Butte, Timber Top Mesa and Hop Valley—a breathtaking sight which befits the grandeur of the Kolob. It was probably a panorama such as this that caused an early Mormon to name this country the Kolob for, freely translated, it means "Near the Throne of God." □

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The Outlaw Trail of Robbers Roost

AROUND THE turn of the century the "Wild Bunch," led by Butch Cassidy, rode the Outlaw Trail from Hanksville to the Green River and, when the posses were close, on beyond. The trail across Hell Hole leads to a sand slide that drops down to the Dirty Devil and, after half a dozen quicksand crossings, comes out through Roost Canyon. At the head of the canyon, where the eroded mesa drops away, a lone chimney marks the site of Robbers' Roost, between Hanksville, Utah and the Green River.

At a horse's walk, it is two hours from the Robbers' Roost to the Roost. It is there that Art and Hazel Ekker and their son, A. C., live and run a ranch that spreads over 136 square miles of mesas, buttes and arroyos and rims the canyons that mark the western bank of the Green. It was there also that Hazel and Pearl Biddlecome learned to ride and rope with the best of them and to regard the visits of the Wild Bunch and the posses as equally exciting and equally welcome. Pearl married and moved on to another world. Hazel married Art and together they have turned a few waterholes and an occasional clump of grass into a successful spread. Art and I met in 1963 when we rode and jeeped together on an exploratory trip in land we hoped would one day be a national park. It was then, along about the fourth or fifth

evening cup of coffee, that Art mentioned the Outlaw Trail. To one who needs but the slightest excuse to fly from Pennsylvania to that empty land of blue sky and far off horizons, the most casual reference to anything as romantic as an Outlaw Trail provided more than adequate excuse.

We met in Hanksville, Dock Marston, Oliver Johnson and I. Dock and I have spent many nights at the head of the great rapids of the Colorado River, our minds filled with the thrill of the day to follow. When we come together we bring excitement with us for we know that the morrow will find us following new trails. So now we saddled and took off on a new adventure.

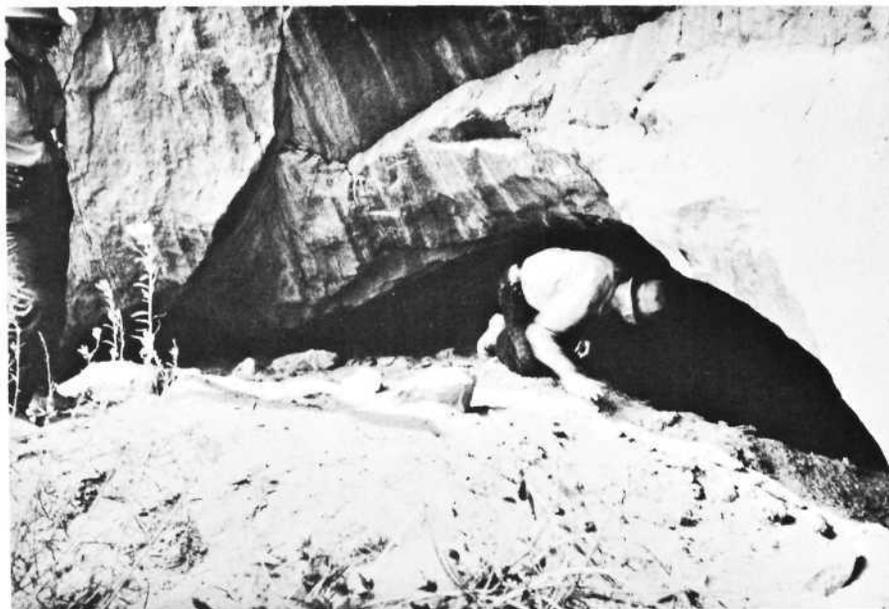
I was mounted on a horse I soon knew I would thoroughly enjoy. "Old Red" they called him, though he was only eight years old, a rich red color, 16 hands with plenty of bone and an intelligent eye. It means a lot on a nine day trip to like the horse you will be living with. We were all well mounted. Art is justifiably proud of his remuda.

Our first drop from the flat mesa country was into Dry Valley Wash. From there we crossed Meadow Gulch and, rising again, rode the mesa across Hell Hole to the Dirty Devil. Dropping down the sand slide, we found it still lives up

to the name the Major gave it. The Old Trail follows the river for many miles, crossing and re-crossing, each time through muddy water that hid the treacherous sandy bottom. Art's long experience enabled him to pick the riffles and we crossed without seriously bogging down in the sucking sand. It is always interesting to watch the ground begin to wave under the weight of slowly walking horses. Experienced animals know what it means and move quickly before the hard shell breaks.

It was cold, with a strong wind, and we shivered under our jackets. Anticipating rain, we made camp early in Roost Canyon. By 4:30, with dinner over, the rain descended. Rain gives movement and life to sun-baked, slumbering slickrock. But rain isn't only a thing of beauty. As we watched, it followed the roof of our overhang, inching its way closer and closer to where we huddled. Soon we lost all interest in its aesthetic qualities. Sometime during the night, it stopped.

After a typical Ekker trail breakfast—2 eggs, four pancakes, three or four slices of bacon and black coffee, we saddled and rode down Roost Canyon almost to the Dirty Devil, then climbed out and followed the rim of the South bank. Where Roost Canyon joins the river, there stands a Navajo sandstone



Outlaw Cave at Robbers Roost



Cleopatra's Chair and Elaterite Butte.

By Frank Masland, Jr.

formation, its red wall rising 500 feet, its graceful curve shaped by the bend of the river. Gradually we worked our way over intricately cross-bedded, slickrock and up through several gravel chimneys. We climbed the Angel Trail, so named because some ancient wit remarked that wings were needed, to where it peaks out on the flat mesa range on which Art's cattle graze and over which we rode to Art's Roost Ranch, our home for the night—another 15 miles behind us.

Sunsets and sunrises at the Roost Ranch are sights long to be remembered. Far off in the Northwest there is just a shining glimpse of a rosy stream that seems maligned by the name of Dirty Devil, until you try to hike it. Straight out from the ranch, across a vast expanse of mesa country dotted with occasional buttes, loom the snowy peaks of the Henrys, each wearing a pink nightcap. It was still cold. With reluctance we tore ourselves from the warmth of the Roost the next morning and rode out again around bald knobs and over slickrock to the junction of Clyde Canyon with Horseshoe. Clyde isn't much of a canyon, but just over the rim there is a small cave and in that cave are interesting petroglyphs and a prehistoric stone box. Precariously and inhospitably situated, we wondered what motivated its ancient artist to choose that site.

There is a live stream in Horseshoe Canyon and we followed its sandy bottom a mile or so to a group of excellent Fremont Culture petroglyphs. The primitive artist's stone canvas stretches for a 100 feet above a ledge that was easily reached from the Canyon floor. Ascending from Horseshoe to the Upper Pasture, we rode for an hour and a half before making camp on a juniper studded hill. Sand gave way to slickrock, which sloped off in undulating waves and disappeared into the canyon. On the high mesa it had been so cold that we were glad to walk our horses, or drop into an arroyo out of the wind. Later, as I lay in my bed under the arms of a juniper, the overcast sky melted away and one by one stars pecked through. This was the end of the grey, cold days. From then on the nights would

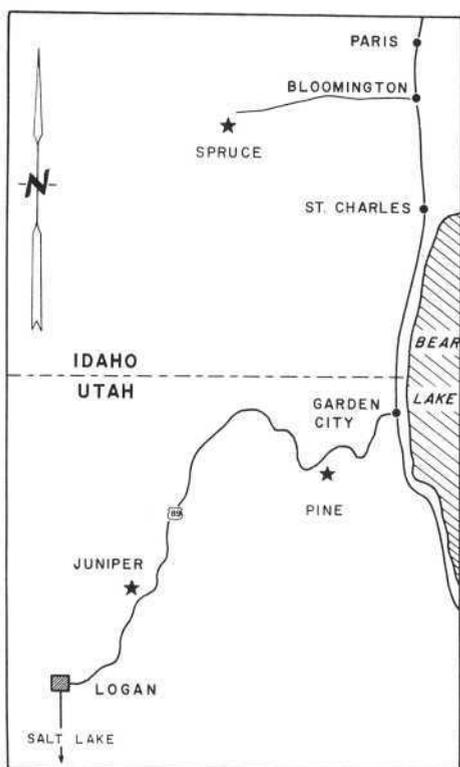
Continued on page 38



Three of the largest trees of their species occur within a 30-mile radius in Utah.

SENTINELS OF THE CACHE

By John D. Hunt



LIKE SENTINELS guarding the grandeur of the Cache National Forest in Utah and Idaho stand three of the largest trees of their species in the Intermountain Range. Until recently, these three trees were thought to be the largest and oldest of their species on record. However, it is now rumored one will have to step down in favor of a new "King of the Englemann Spruce" in Oregon. Nevertheless, Old Juniper and Mountain Monarch, the other two, still maintain their stature.

Located within 30 miles of one another, in a part of Utah not noted for its large trees or extensive forests, majestically stand the largest Rocky Mountain red cedar (*Juniperus scopulorum*) and limber pine (*Pinus flexilis*) on record in the United States. Farther north into Idaho, still within 30 miles, stands the largest of the three trees, although no

Left is Mountain Monarch. Below is second largest Englemann spruce in the world.

longer the largest Englemann spruce (*Picea engelmannii*), recorded in the United States.

Sixty-seven miles from Logan, Utah, tourists may see these trees as each one stands only a short distance from U. S. Highway 89, the popular tourist route between Yellowstone National Park and Salt Lake City. Although each tree is close to the highway, a day's time is necessary to contemplate the beauty and uniqueness of the three.

Leaving Logan and heading east on U. S. 89, the first one to visit is Old Juniper, the Rocky Mountain red cedar. The trek to the tree is an adventure in itself. A trail runs along rock ledges and up moderately steep inclines above the canyon floor, but the two-hour hike requires an effort amply rewarded upon arrival at the site. Like a rugged mountain man who inhabited the area 150 years before, Old Juniper stands, gnarled and confident, on a rocky limestone ledge overlooking beautiful Logan Canyon. Its approximately 3,500 years of age are beginning to show. However, its 26-foot 8-inch circumference and 45-foot height leave no question of doubt that Old Juniper deserves his place as king of the Rocky Mountain red cedars. Rocks, cliffs and flora below provide a breath-taking panorama.

Leaving Old Juniper and arriving back at the highway, you drive only 19 scenic miles to reach a short trail to the large limber pine. This is known as the Mountain Monarch. Here, at 8,000 feet, is the summit of the mountains—different species and environment than just 19 miles back where stood the first sentinel of the Cache.

At the highway is a large marker designating the Limber Pine Trail. There you may pick up a self-guided tour bro-



"Old Juniper" is the largest of its species in the world.



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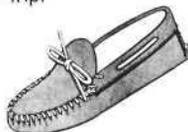
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chure and embark upon a thrilling adventure in ecology. In 1962, in cooperation with the U. S. Forest Service, Professor S. Ross Tocher, of Utah State University, developed a self-guided interpretive trail to the Mountain Monarch. Following this improved trail, you can hike to the tree and return in one hour. The trail follows a moderated grade along the fire, pine and sage of the south ridge and returns through aspen and mountain mahogany along the swale to the east. Shaded rest points and scenic overlooks occur frequently. The pages of the brochure, keyed to descriptive stations along the trail, describe and explain the soil, the snow, the trees, the plants and the animals which are an integral part of the area's ecology. The influence of man and benefits accrued to man are graphically depicted at each of the 15 stations along the way.

Station 16, the last and most impressive, brings to view the Mountain Monarch. Twenty-four feet, 5-inches in circumference and 44 feet high, the tree stands like a giant hand with each finger the size of a respectable limber pine tree. Although, like many a grand lady, the tree has never yielded her actual age, it is safe to say she has been standing on the summit of the Wasatch Mountains for more than 2,000 years.

Back at the foot of the trail and continuing along highway 89, you find around the first curve one of the striking scenes in northern Utah. Some 3,000 feet below is beautiful Bear Lake. Due to the high carbonate content of the water, when viewed from above the beautiful blue of the lake is unparalleled by any other body of water. Although not widely known, it provides a multitude of recreational activities.

Turning north at Garden City, Utah, the highway follows along the edge of Bear Lake to Bloomington, Idaho. Turning west at the main intersection in Bloomington and up Bloomington Canyon, there's a scenic drive of about nine miles to the foot of the Engelmann spruce. Spared from the axe of the pioneer woodsman, the size of this spruce is most impressive. Smaller in circumference than the pine or juniper, it is more than twice as tall. About 2,000 years old and nearly 20 feet in circumference, the spruce stands 104 feet.

Nearby runs a stream of clear mountain water interrupted occasionally by a serene beaver pond. In this tranquil setting lies a small picnic ground where you can contemplate the three sentinels of the Cache. □

Weaving through the
Four Corners Country,
the Anasazi Trail continues to reveal
unknown cities. Here the author
tells of new discoveries.

THE ANASAZI TRAIL

by MEL LEWIS

FOR ABOUT 25,000 years, if archeological dating methods are correct, the magnificent charm of the Southwest has been infectious to the soul of man. Of the innumerable ancients who passed this way, many succumbed to its inexplicable beauty and left a monument of sorts to their passing.

We know of the most ancient ones only by the discovery of an occasional projectile point embedded in the fossilized bones of a pre-historic animal; or, perhaps, by a bit of woven vegetable fiber which has survived in the debris of a smoke-blackened cave. Evidences of subterranean, or pit houses, tell us of later arrivals, who left behind beautifully crafted basketry to tax the imaginations of archeologists. Even later, but still pre-historic, people built remarkably engineered communal buildings in the forms of pueblos and cliff dwellings. Irrigated



*Hovenweep Castle and Pueblo del Arroyo
were built by advanced culture.*



farms were common and artistic pottery was in abundance.

Who were these people? Where did they come from? Why did they leave? Where did they go?

Archeological study has provided some of the answers to these questions, but by no means all of them. These old ones, or the "Anasazi" as the Navajo calls them, left no written records, so the history of their existence must be assembled bit by bit, piece at a time, a day at a time, until finally the whole is summed. Our universities seek tirelessly to fill in this chapter of our American Heritage and we *aficionados* of the desert are in a position to help.

Those of us who have tasted the pleasure of "discovering" a ghost town or a lost mine have but sampled a breath of the winds of excitement to be had in the





discovery of an untouched ancient ruin many hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years old. The real satisfaction in making such a discovery, though, comes with the knowledge that you have added a page to American history.

A great many ruins have been discovered already. The most significant have been re-constructed and stabilized; but there are hundreds more yet to be discovered and some of these will very likely prove more important than those already known. But where are we to search?

The Anasazi (old ones) were human beings, just as we are. Their needs, however primitive, were as basic as ours. They needed water, food and shelter. They, therefore, located themselves in areas which offered the best combinations of these things and with the least expenditure of effort to acquire them. Generally, then, such areas will provide the most productive hunting grounds for the searchers of prehistoric habitations.

Locations which offer the best combinations of these conditions are along water courses. A river, a tributary, flow-

ing springs or even dry washes. Whatever form the watercourse takes, prevailing climatic conditions may offer one of the best clues toward likely ancient habitation. When considering an area for exploration, pose these questions. Will the area support primitive farming? Would it support wild game? Does it offer a moderate variety of edible vegetation? If the answers are in the affirmative, you will not be wasting your time in giving the area a serious look. Keep in mind, though, that during the early Anasazi years, the Southwest is thought to have been considerably more humid than it is today. So an area too arid to meet the basic requirements for human sustenance today may have been ideal in pre-historic times. In cases like this, a basic knowledge of geology is a great help.

Our major Southwestern watercourses and their tributaries are liberally sprinkled with pre-historic ruins, although some rivers seem to have held a greater attraction to the Anasazi than others. An outstanding example is the San Juan, which

for almost its entire westward course is a veritable storehouse of ancient Indian ruins. Many of these may be visited without wandering too far from the family auto. Probably the most productive and easily accessible part of the San Juan begins at its confluence with the Animas River, at Aztec, New Mexico, and along its westward drainages into the Four Corners country.

Along the Gila, Verde and Salt Rivers of south and southeastern Arizona, are hunting grounds of the highest order. The ancient inhabitants of this area were called the Hohokam, a Hopi word meaning the "old ones." Indeed, some of the most significant archeological finds to date have been located along the drainages of these rivers.

The Rio Grande, northward from Elephant Butte reservoir in New Mexico, and through to its headwaters in southern Colorado, offers excellent examples of restored ruins, as well as fine possibilities for new discoveries. As an added attraction, when exploring along the upper Rio Grande, you will find a few Indian

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peublos which have been inhabited continuously since pre-Columbian times.

The Chaco River, from its birth in Chaco Canyon, New Mexico, to its confluence with the San Juan near Shiprock, courses through some of the most primitive desert area in the Southwest. This is largely 4-wheel drive country, but worthy of serious consideration because along the Chaco's scarred banks and alluviated flats lie some of the most exciting ruins yet to be explored.

It is not at all improbable that you are destined to locate ruins which will equal in importance those of Mesa Verde or Chaco Canyon. That such ruins do exist is no myth. I have personally explored two untouched sites as large as the Cliff Palace at Mesa Verde and Pueblo Bonito at Chaco Canyon. It is curious, but nonetheless factual, that from late pre-Christian times until about 1200 A.D., many regions of the Southwest were more densely populated than they are today. Considering that, it is not difficult to imagine the pages of history yet unturned. Will one of those pages be opened by you? Needless to emphasize, should it be, leave your discovery undisturbed and report it to the nearest university, park headquarters, or recognized museum. □

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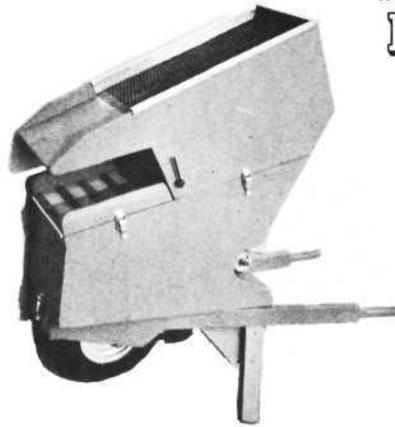
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Family Adventure

By RAYE PRICE

THERE ARE some who think South-eastern Utah's scenery is inspiration to adults and boredom to children. They roar along freeways towards beaches or Disneyland, they fill trailers with fishing rods and water-skis, and vow that the only way to family vacation is "go where there's plenty of action."

We tried it the other way. A few experiences in back country had taught us the satisfactions of bumping along trackless roads in dusty deserts to ogle wind-carved formations, study prehistoric ruins, and swallow red dirt with tuna fish sandwiches on a tail-gate picnic. We were in the market for a Land Rover and an adventuresome future; we had the expense rationalized as an investment in togetherness; all we had to discover was if our three daughters would agree. I wouldn't say we lowered parental horns and charged, but, could be, we used a little salesmanship.

Our maiden voyage was in a Pontiac . . . all the comforts of home. We sped down paved highways to Moab, Utah,

then wound up to Dead Horse Point for a look at the view. But, we didn't just stand there; we scouted rock specimens and let everyone take a turn with the camera to record her personal reaction to the spot.

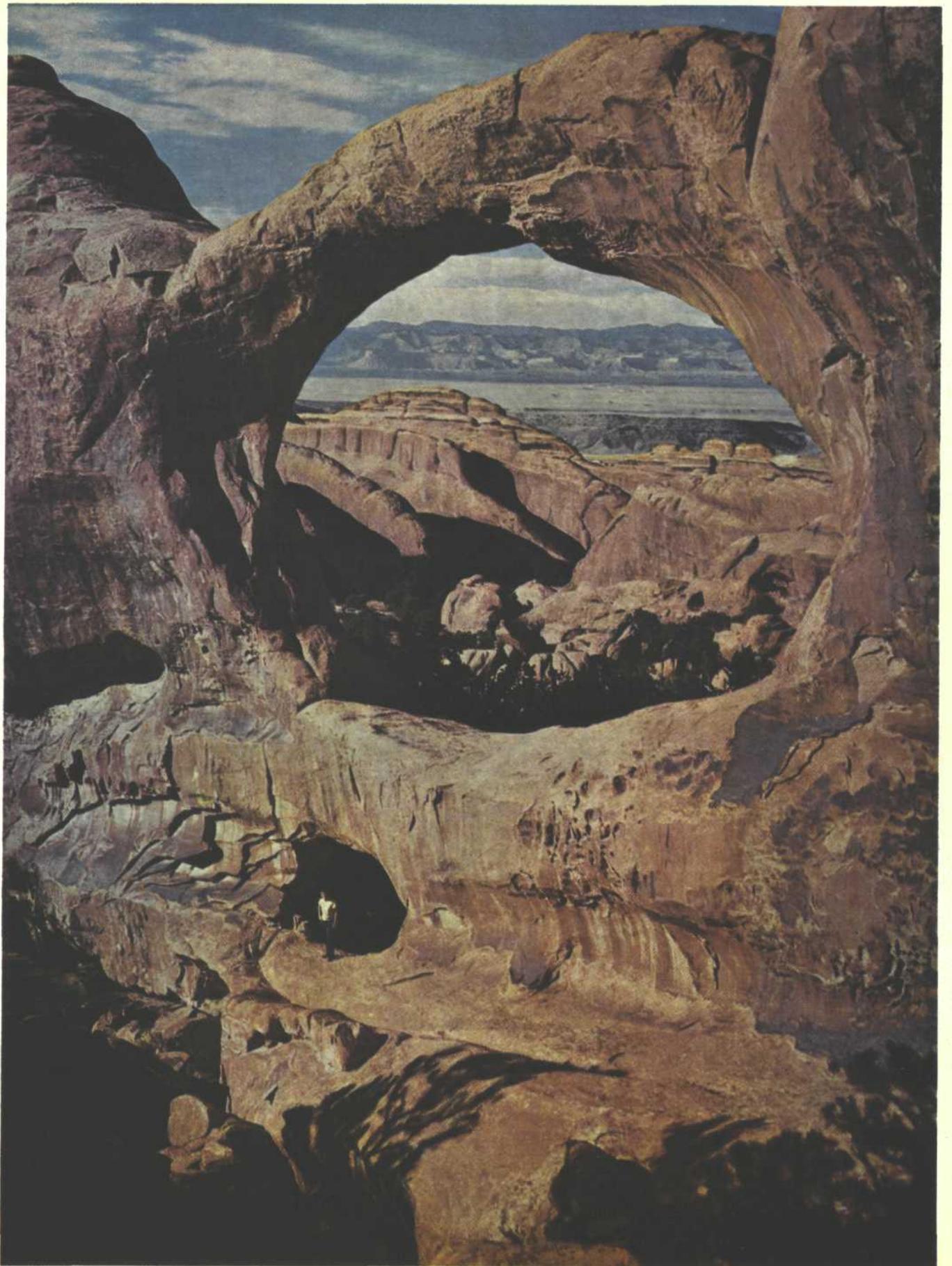
Next day, we toured Arches National Monument. We stood under Balanced Rock to get an eerie perspective and matched names on our map with the distant spans . . . but the girls became intrigued with what was close at hand; a palette of vari-colored sand. Not content with merely admiring the different hues, they wanted to participate in the desert. K. C. dug through luggage until she found a plastic toothbrush case; she plugged the air-vent with a Band-Aid and set her sisters to collecting sand samples. They carefully poured one color at a time into the transparent vial and ended with a souvenir destined for our home museum shelf.

The 1½-mile hike to Delicate Arch was a chance to get the feel of slickrock and appreciate the numerous natural gardens of twisted juniper and wild flowers hidden among the boulders. Somehow, we

responded to Delicate Arch more than the others. Perhaps it was because of the effort expended to reach it or maybe the way it stood alone to frame snowy peaks of the distant La Sal Mountains.

It was at Mexican Hat the girls had their first taste of Utah jeeping. Jim Hunt, operator of the San Juan Trading Post and a Navajo linguist, took us to the Valley of the Gods and entertained us with names for every redrock statue from Santa and Rudolph to the Girl in the Bathtub. We peeked into the deserted Lee ranch house (a native stone cottage which boasted homemade luxuries of fireplaces, running water and a shower, in its day) and braved the switchback road to Muley Point, where we gazed into four states, silhouetted by Monument Valley and snaked by the Goosenecks of the San Juan. Now that their imagination had been whetted, the girls saw kidney-shaped swimming pools where water had collected in the slickrock's weathered surface on Muley Point . . . city girls at heart.

Paradise Valley was our next stop. Jim pointed out steep, rocky San Juan Hill





In Comb Canyon the Price family explored ruins.

with its wagon tracks from the Mormon pioneers' treacherous ascent still visible. Because he was acquainted, Jim introduced us to a Navajo family and the girls visited the hogan and scampered with kid goats. A little further, at the mouth of Comb Wash, we hunted arrowheads, examined petroglyphs, and climbed into Indian ruins. Even little Cammy felt giant-like in the tiny rooms that used to house prehistoric families. An Easter morning with Indian pottery "baskets" from the bunny and some of Emery Hunt's hard-boiled eggs crayon-decorated, completed a delightful first trip . . . and set the tone for the next.

It wasn't OUR Land Rover, but our local dealer loaned us one for a trial run. If all went well, there'd be a four-wheeler in our driveway, soon. This time we headed for Capitol Reef and the "Land of the Sleeping Rainbow." Allyn was first cap-

tured by the name but soon fell into the trap of all Southern Utah visitors . . . attempting to identify the sandstone strata.

We decided to get our first bearings by joining Lurt Knee's Sleeping Rainbow Ranch tour the first day . . . and were glad we did. Few people know the area as Lurt, a fact which not only made his tour interesting, but gave us targets for future exploring we'd be doing alone. He helped Allyn with her geologic study and explained, "As we drive from Capitol Reef to the San Rafael Swell, each layer of sandstone goes under, one at a time;" we could gauge our climb by noticing strata that had run along cliff tops appearing at progressively lower levels.

There are 20,000 square miles in the Land of the Sleeping Rainbow. As we jeeped down Highway 24, Lurt pointed to dirt roads which could take us to Cathedral Valley, past Factory Butte to the

Dick Price prepares lunch for K. C., and Cammy.



"Dead World," or into Goblin Valley. We drove past huge pock-marked boulders which we tabbed Swiss Cheese Rocks; we skirted pink-feathered Tamarisk, Prince's Plume, Pentstemon, and Indian Paintbrush; around Caineville, the scenery changed to the drab Mancos formation "Squaw Skirts."

Fascinating pictographs stopped us on the edge of the San Rafael Reef, Lurt pointed out the Hidden Splendor uranium mine, and we picnicked in the Sinbad Desert below Honda Arch. A trip we feared might seem too long with too much driving to suit the girls, resulted in an enthusiastic journey into awareness for them . . . nothing was too insignificant to escape their notice . . . an amazing fact in such vast country.

There was little question where we'd go the next day; once the name Goblin Valley was mentioned, the girls decided. Leaving the Knee Ranch, we took time to further study the things Lurt had told us about; colorful Chinle formations which the Indians had labeled Sleeping Rainbow, the bleached domes at Capitol Reef, sheer desert-varnished walls squeezing the narrow Capitol Gorge, which ends with a hiker's trail to petroglyphs and a pioneer register.

We'd heard mixed opinions of Goblin Valley; we were glad we'd decided to see it for ourselves. While it wouldn't amount to much were it only viewed from the observation area, Goblin Valley is delightful close at hand. It's nature's sense of humor. We might have looked like idiots climbing around the formations posing on "elephants," "ducks," and "rocket-ships," but, again, we were participating in the desert . . . and that's what hooked the children.

We took our time going home. When there was a sand dune, we played in it; careful to be sure we were off the National Monument, K. C. added to her cactus collection. There was no compulsion to "make good time" and hurry home.

We have a bright red Land Rover, now, and we've stocked it with supplies for OUR kind of sightseeing; a travelling library for quick reference about rocks, geology, desert flowers and birds; a spade to keep K. C. from digging cacti with bare hands and a whisk broom for dusting everything from rock specimens to ourselves; a picnic kit of staples and first aid supplies in case we "participate" too enthusiastically. Our maps are for jeep roads and our horizons unlimited. Looks as if we've found plenty of action in the desert. □

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The Monster-Monster Maker

by BOB HYATT

IF PROFESSOR Elbert H. Porter of Salt Lake City had his way, horned toads, gila monsters, lizards and other desert denizens would be earth-shaking in size and nightmarish in appearance. In fact, in his "lost world" studio, 15 miles south of Utah's biggest city, his crop of monsters is just that—gigantic nightmares.

Porter, who has the "What's My Line" occupation of the world's only full time dinosaur maker, likes his critters *big*, but he sticks to the facts of nature as she was. He build life-size creatures which roamed the earth millions of years ago and sells them to a world market.

A visit to his cavernous workshop, known as Dinosaur Land, is like a behind-the-scenes tour of a horror movie set. Standing in the midst of his bizarre groups in various stages of construction, including small clay and plaster models,

casts of two-ton shin bones, and the fossilized tracks of behemoths that took 30-foot strides, Porter will obligingly fill you in on the earth's earliest and ugliest wildlife. He'll point out that most of these long-gone giants have counterparts—little changed in eons of time except in size—living in our deserts today.

A talented artist, Porter was professor of sculpture at the University of Utah from 1947 to 1959, and is a lifetime paleontology buff. He got into his unusual business when there was talk of building Echo Dam on Utah's Green River some years ago. Porter offered to build life-size dinosaurs and place them around the lake to depict the fauna of the region in prehistoric times.

That plan fell through, but the professor was "hooked" by a vision of King Kong type animals clomping through a modern world. He knew the average per-

son's knowledge of prehistoric natural history was limited to pictures and museum bones. Clothe the bones in "flesh," he reasoned, show the animals in their true colossal dimensions, and public interest would be captured, which might lead to a profitable market for monsters.

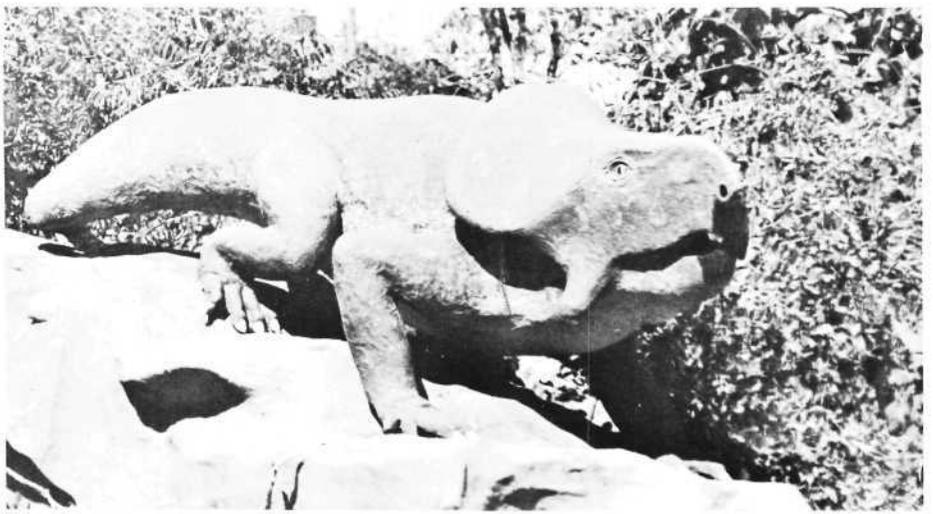
He discussed the idea with friends, including Dr. William L. Stokes of the University's geology department, a recognized authority on dinosaurs. All agreed there was merit in the idea, and they were willing to back him in setting up a prehistoric animal "factory." Porter decided to give up his faculty position and go into the business full time.

He had a good grasp of paleontology, but felt he needed broader knowledge of the mammoth subjects he intended to tackle, so he spent a year visiting museums, studying scientific journals, and interviewing leading paleontologists.

When he returned from his travels, *Dinosaur World* was incorporated with 10 board members and about 200 stockholders. It was agreed that Porter would receive a flat fee for each animal he turned out, an arrangement under which he still operates. While company details were worked out, he earned his living as a free-lance sculptor.

In late 1959, the company opened its doors in Vernal, Utah's huge dinosaur graveyard. For 18 months, Porter produced his monstrous product and set up exhibits. But the visitor crop proved inadequate to sustain the venture. So three years ago the company purchased a 30-acre tract and built a studio near Salt Lake City, which has a large tourist turnover. A sort of Disneyland of Dinosaurs was the goal, with 100 different animals in as near natural settings as possible, an "active" volcano, an ancient lake, a miniature train ride through the "Age of Reptiles," a museum and motel. All of these things haven't been built, but the nucleus of this Mesozoic menagerie is now well established. Porter believes it will eventually become a going tourist attraction, but more important, it will serve as an excellent showcase for his ponderous wares. Prospective buyers can select from actual samples.

Soon after *Dinosaur World* was opened in its new location, and after Porter and three assistants had spent nearly a year building a *Diplodocus*, a sales folio and price list went out to museums, zoos, colleges, and amusement parks in various countries, offering prehistoric animals built to order in any pose. The response was unexpectedly good. A museum in Brussels wanted a *Triceratops* (\$15,000); Amsterdam thought a *Tyrannosaurus Rex*



(\$25,000) would liven up their dry bone collection; a zoo in West Berlin pondered over a *Diplodocus* (\$35,000-\$50,000), and finally settled for a pair of *Protoceratops* (\$10,000 each; a public park in Rio de Janeiro wanted a woolly mammoth (\$15,000) and an *Edaphosaurus* (\$4,000).

Inquiries also arrived from Hollywood. Movie makers wanted details about prehistoric animals for possible use in science-fiction thrillers. (Ordinarily, the "monsters" used in these films are created with miniature sets and trick photography—often with live lizards such as iguanas and the monitor variety. But there is a trend now for far-out movies with higher budgets.)

Orders for items with such jarring price tags never come in batches, but the volume is increasing, although not to the point where the company is paying dividends. High as they may seem, these prices include little profit margin when you consider the time required to turn out an animal from scratch. *Tyrannosaurus Rex*, almost as big as *Diplodocus*,

takes 10 months of work, with two or three men on the job. A profit is possible only when additional orders come in and duplicates, which take only a fraction of the time, are sold. Porter supplements his income by displaying his monsters at other recreational areas and parks around the country with duplicates.

Porter concedes that nobody knows the exact conformation and color of the creatures although paleontologists, and sculptors, can come very close to actual reproduction through the study of fossilized bones and skin fragments. Then, too, as he explains, "We have many living animals that unquestionably resemble those of prehistory—lizards and other reptilian types, toads, frogs, bats, to name a few."

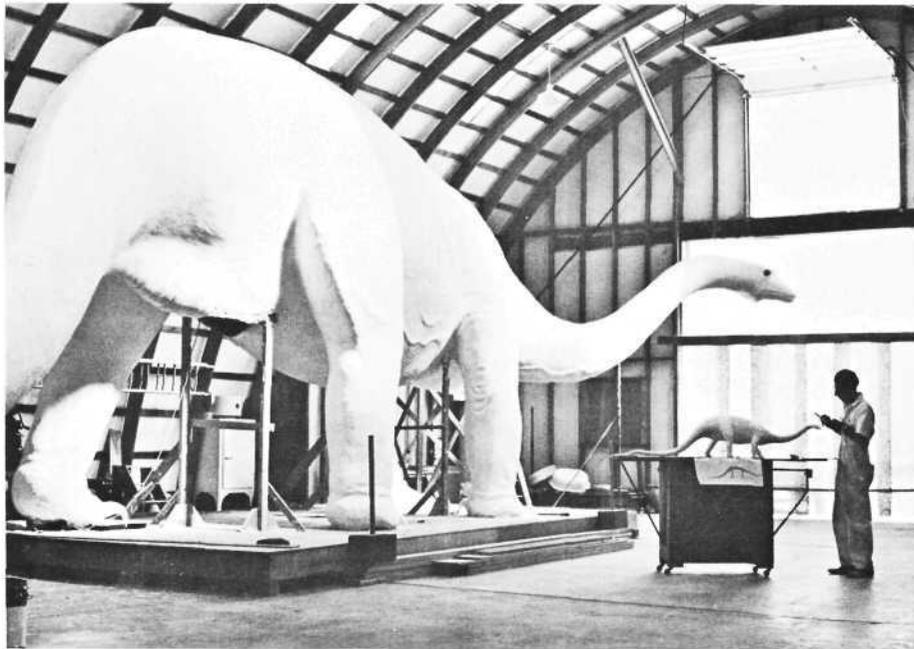
Porter has for a pet a tiny collared lizard, which sometimes serves as a model. This little chap runs erect on its hind legs exactly as did the giant *Tyrannosaurus Rex* and *Allosaurus*.

The monster maker has orders to build several creatures which will make even the *Diplodocus* seem small by comparison. Two of these are the *Brontosaurus*, or *Thunder Lizard*, and the *Brachiosaurus*, largest of the dinosaurs, which stood 48 feet high.

As this is written, Porter is roaming the San Diego Zoo, one of the world's largest, doing what everybody does: looking at the animals—more than 4,000 of 'em. But he's giving them a much closer look than you or I might. He carries a camera and sketch pad, and what his eyes miss, the camera catches.

Whatever he learns from these living beasts will be reflected in his prehistoric creations, with the result that future productions will probably be more lifelike and more accurately detailed than ever.

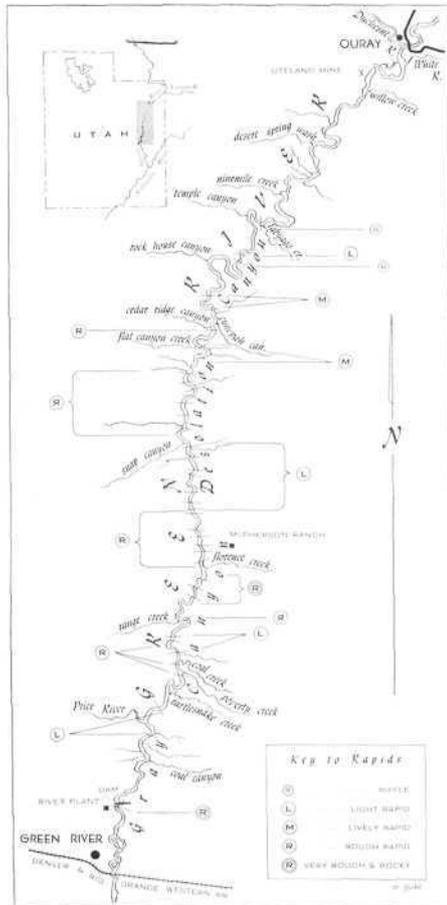
So if you're in the market for, say, a *Rhamphorhynchus*, hold off for next year's model. The F.O.B. price will be \$20,000. □





Drifting down Desolation

By Keith Wright



eroded materials and debris. With adolescent disregard for discipline it makes a brief side trip into Colorado, then returns to Utah where it flirts alternately with mountain and desert. A few miles more and it abandons the mountains completely giving itself wholeheartedly to the desert. Ceaselessly it moves seaward—now calmly, now raging—gouging chasms so deep that there is little reason to scoff at tales whispered, prior to the 1869 exploration by Major Powell, that for many miles the river, like Coleridge's sacred Alph, ran underground.

Robert F. Kennedy family), and Desolation Canyon.

As an amateur river rat and an ardent admirer of Glen Canyon, I had thought occasionally of Desolation Canyon and the possibilities it might offer, but never generated much enthusiasm for it, probably because of its dreary name. Then last year my 16-year-old daughter, Loye, and several of her schoolmates were looking for adventure. Suddenly I found myself with a volunteer crew of seven girls anxious to boat through Desolation Canyon. A 10-man life raft and a two-man kayak provided river transportation, so we had plenty of space, even for all the odd-shaped containers seven girls produced at embarkation time.

During the first half of the run the river flows smoothly and we spent lazy hours absorbing the sights and sounds of nature, using barely enough paddlepower to stay inside the ambling current. Then, quite abruptly, the river changes its disposition.

The first rapids are gentle. There are no tricky currents or hidden boulders to create hazards. Loye and I were exhilarated with the sensation of speed as we bobbed along in the light, low-lying kayak, while the others relaxed in the rocking-chair comfort of the air-cushioned raft. All agreed that the activity was a welcome change after several days of unbroken smoothness.

I had borrowed a movie camera to get some action shots, and it looked like now

IT SEEMS to me that there's an overwhelming incongruity in having a river flow through a desert. What vagrant whim of nature would juxtapose hundreds of miles of searing sand and lifeless rock? Yet here in the West—as in some other sections of the world—we have adequate examples of this inconsistency. The inscrutable Colorado River is one such paradox.

Its main branch, the Green River (Coloradoans may wish to argue the point), is constantly in the process of creation high in the mountains of Wyoming. But as it regains momentum, after having its vigor momentarily checked by Flaming Gorge Dam in northeastern Utah, it loses its mountain-stream innocence and gathers up a discoloring load of

Following the initial exploration by Powell's group, a scattering of others found unusual beauty and excitement as they pitted their fragile boats against the fury of the cataracts or drifted through the serenity of Glen Canyon.

But until after World War II the river was comparatively unknown, seen only rarely by adventurers with experienced guides. With the appearance of the war-surplus life raft, however, things changed and Glen Canyon, in particular, was invaded by hundreds of people. But the closing of Glen Canyon Dam brought this era to an end, and while the impounded waters of Lake Powell provide an incomparable recreation area, some adventuresome spirits still prefer a river to a lake.

For them there are several runs still open—under competent guides—such as Cataract Canyon, Canyon of Lodore, Yampa-Green (recently visited by the

was the time to put it to use. But since we had only single-blade paddles, it required both of us to control the kayak. So we had one of the girls transfer from the raft to the kayak, enabling one of us to take pictures while others kept the craft under control. The kayak is an 18-footer with a single open cockpit and a carrying capacity of 500 pounds. We were well within the bounds of safety—so we innocently thought. Then we rounded a bend and met a set of rapids larger than any we had yet encountered. Three-fourths of the width of the river was strewn with boulders and lodged driftwood, offering no possibility for clear passage. On the other side the main current funneled furiously down a narrow channel. What obstacles lurked in the way we had no opportunity to observe, but since there seemed to be the possibility of a clear run in that direction, we headed directly into a long series of leaping waves.

During the first plunge, the water in the kayak, which had accumulated to a depth of two or three inches, ran into the nose, driving out the pocket of buoyant air. Then, as we reached the bottom of the trough, the water-laden nose plowed into the face of the next wave, pouring gallons of murky water over us. This pattern was repeated as we sloshed into the next trough. Now, however, the nose was so heavy with water that it hardly rose at all and we, waist deep in chill water, partially submarined through the next wave.

Though completely swamped, the kayak bore the combined weights of the three of us, and it seemed for a moment that all we must do was remain headed downstream until we could find a landing place. Then, suddenly, it filled with water and began to roll. I leaned to the opposite direction to counteract the roll, but uselessly. As the spill became inevitable I yelled to the girls to hang to the kayak. Then we rolled into the river, I on one side, the girls on the other.

What happened during those first exciting seconds we have never determined precisely. When I saw the girls safely clinging to the upturned kayak, I glanced around to appraise our situation. A few feet away I saw the canvas musette bag containing my two cameras. With what I thought was considerable presence of mind I paddled out to it, clutched a chunk of the canvas in my fingers, and paddled back to the kayak.

We were all wearing life-jackets; fortunately I had insisted upon that. But it was just plain luck that the raft was only a little behind us when we capsized. As soon as its occupants saw our plight they

began paddling to overtake us. As the raft gained on us, it became obvious that it would drift by too far away for me to grasp the lifeline. So I lifted the soggy camera bag and yelled for someone to reach out and take it. Unfortunately for me, our grasps failed to connect. The bag with the cameras immediately disappeared.

In a rare moment of triumph all the vivid expressions I had accumulated as a G. I. and as a coal miner sprang up, instantly ready for action. Somehow I confined myself to the more mild ones which, I am sure, helped stimulate the crew on the raft into synchronized action. Soon they brought it to a position whereby I could hang onto it while Loye and Bonnie acquired a more stable position on the kayak.

Later examination showed that the cockpit combing was damaged, and Bonnie's back bruised, but the misfortune was slight compared to what it might have been had we not been wearing life jackets—or if the raft had not been near. Three days later, we finished the run, towing the capricious kayak behind the raft.

All year long it bothered me to think about the unnecessary capsizing, and when several young people expressed an interest in running the river this year, I started making plans for another trip. On this one I was determined to ride the kayak through all the rapids.

However, I took the precaution of lashing a large inner tube to each end and stuffing a smaller tube inside each end so we would still have buoyancy even if we swamped. Also, once we hit the rapids I insisted that we pull ashore at the bottom of each set and bail out water that had accumulated. There were times I wished I had left the kayak at home, but it plunged safely through all of them. Actually, it proved to be an excellent craft in the rapids, stable and highly

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maneuverable even in the largest waves and trickiest currents. The run was pleasantly successful.

I'm convinced that under the supervision of an experienced river guide (not me, ladies, I'm a rank amateur), Desolation Canyon has the makings of a good family run—outstanding scenery, lazy sunning along the quiet stretches, excitement enough through the rapids, and adequate solitude to allow the rare opportunity for meditation. Just remember that any river with enough impunity to brazen its way through hundreds of miles of arid plateaus and deserts must be approached with the respect it deserves. □

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Flaming Gorge

By RAYE PRICE

Colorful buttes, chimneys, and pinnacles form a scenic background for Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area in Utah-Wyoming. When full, the reservoir is 91 miles long with 42,020 surface acres, providing ample room for such water sports as fishing, boating, swimming, and water skiing.

VISITORS ARE hot on the heels of progress at Flaming Gorge Lake, near Vernal, Utah. It might seem like trick photography to personnel of the National Park Service, U. S. Forest Service and Bureau of Reclamation, who jointly administer the recreational area, because almost the instant they place a charcoal stove, it's sizzling with steak, they build a dock and it's moored with boats, construct a campground, and it's filled.

It's a big lake. When completed, 91 miles will stretch from Dutch John, Utah, northward to the fringe of Green River, Wyoming. At capacity, 3,800,000 acre feet of water will be stored in the boundaries of a 375-mile shoreline featuring

redrock cliffs tapestried with desert varnish, striated tilts of sandstone, rolling forests, beaches and flatlands.

Maritime explorers may take their pick of several permanent campgrounds this season. A new installation at Antelope Flat will be completed with facilities similar to those at Lucerne Valley . . . 120 campsites, a picnic area, ranger contact station, swimming beach, boat launching ramp and dock, comfort stations, running water and charcoal stoves. Other permanent sites are at Cedar Springs and Dutch John Draw, with boating campgrounds, accessible only by water, at Jarvis Canyon, Gooseneck, and Hideout Canyon.

Things are happening in the northern reaches of the lake, too. Fifty temporary

campsites will be ready for summer visitors at Buckboard Crossing and a paved access road and water system are nearing completion. Concrete boat launching ramps are already being used at Buckboard, Squaw Hollow, Firehole, and Brinegar Ranch sites and they are equipped with temporary facilities. This year, the Manila and Green River District ranger headquarters will be open as well as that at Dutch John. Campers should inquire about camping fees, fishing licenses and regulations.

Fluctuating water levels pose one of the major problems at Flaming Gorge. The lake might be too low to reach northern campgrounds or, as happened last summer, it could back up as far as Firehole. Heavy spring run-off sometimes floods beaches and temporary sites, but the cooperative agencies make immediate adjustments to facilitate continual use by visitors. Boaters are warned to keep an eye out for floating debris, especially in heavy spring waters.

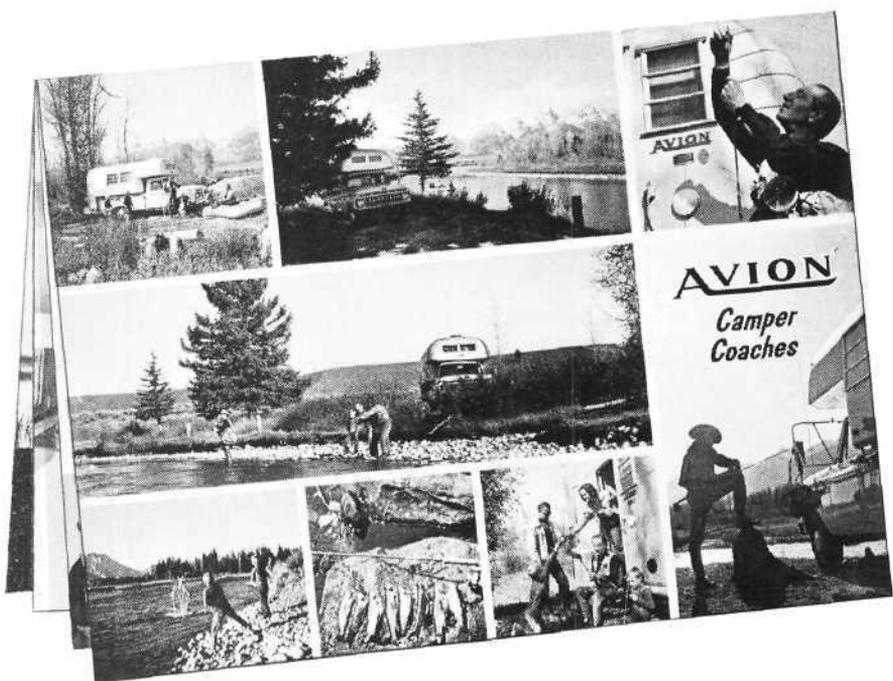
Marinas will be available this season to furnish marine gasoline, boat rental and mooring, and camping supplies at Lucerne Valley, Antelope Flat, and Cedar Springs. Docks are located at all ramps except Bronegar Ranch. The U. S. Forest Service is constructing a ramp at Sheep Creek in addition to those now in use at Dutch John and Cedar Springs.

Access roads skirt the lake from Green River, Wyoming through Manila, Utah to the dam, now that the Sheep Creek Road, damaged by the flash flood last June, is reopened.

There's much to do at Flaming Gorge. Swimming beaches and broad lagoons for water skiing give boatmen a chance to cool off and fishermen might be seen 24 hours a day casting for rainbow trout. (The lake has also been stocked with kokanee salmon which are expected to show up in catches when they spawn this autumn.)

Relief models of the area are interesting museum displays in the Flaming Gorge Visitors' Center, located at the dam, and a self-guiding tour through the powerplant and dam will be completed by the Bureau of Reclamation for this summer's visitors. Evening naturalist talks are presented in season at Antelope Flats and Lucerne Valley.

Landlubbers will find trailer camps and several lodges in the area and horses may be rented at Red Canyon Lodge. It's a new resort and it's growing fast. If you've never been there, don't miss it; if you're making a return trip, be prepared for surprises. □



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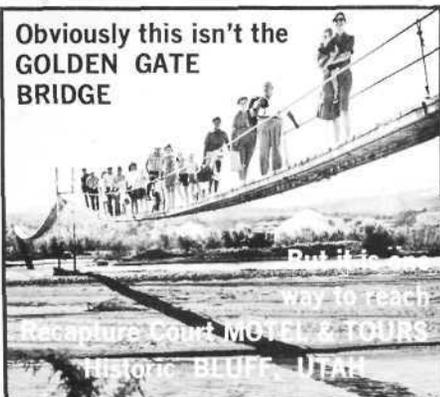
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THE OUTLAW TRAIL

Continued from Page 19

be gorgeous, the days just warm enough and the sky Utah blue.

With three pack mules and six riding horses and creaky joints, it takes a bit of time to get underway in the mornings. Someone usually rolled out between 5:30 and 6:00. Whoever did, built a fire and put the coffee on while Art's son, A. C., rounded up the stock. Usually he returned in time to hear the cook sing, "Chineago," the white man's version of the Indian's "come and get it."

Our ride this day presented us with outstanding vistas. From the head of Horseshoe Canyon we overlooked an infinite number of buttes and spires of that vast eroded land that falls away to the Green. Early visitors to this mystic land named it well. From all angles, Cleopatra's Chair sits atop the world—even as did the lady. Junction Butte marks the wedding of the Green and the Grand. Panorama Point provides just that—a seemingly endless 250 degree view. Jack and His Family is a great lonely butte and standing on its top are one large spire and one not quite so large, surrounded by a population explosion.

That night, after crossing the great flat stretch of the Spur, one of the best pastures on Roost Ranch, we camped at the upper end of Horsethief Canyon. Though the weather was perfect, we laid our fire near an overhanging ledge. A pack rat had found it equally enticing and built a nest some four feet square. With so little building material lying loose on the slickrock it must have represented years of effort. Below, storms of centuries had cut through the soft rock to form a basin and there, protected from evaporation, was a large pool where the horses watered. Above the drop-off on the slickrock were numerous shallow pools where we humans watered and where we had our first good wash since leaving the Roost. Shallow, tank water, subject to evaporation, may be muddy and

populated with wriggly things, but it is always cold and refreshing, internally and externally.

After an early dinner, Art and A. C. rode down the canyon to check on the trail. From camp to the Green was "unknown territory." They returned at sundown to report they believed we could get through. By the time the next night rolled around we knew we were in the hands of optimists.

Horsethief has two drop-offs of major proportions. The first is traversed over a long steep sand slide. Deep sand on a steep slope can be tricky. Horses bog down to their knees. It is necessary to lead them and, since we too bog down, it isn't easy to keep a step ahead of the horse. Some horses are careful and some are not. I had no trouble with Old Red. He was always willing to go where I went and instantly slowed when I raised the hand that held the reins.

The second jump is a big one, several hundred feet high—or rather down—from where we were and with sheer walls. We rimmed it, following the trail to a "fall-off" that can't be described with any other word. Not only steep, the footing was rough, loose rock and it had been unused so long that in a number of places it was blocked by slides. It was, in fact, an abrupt talus slope, the rocks varying in size from pebbles to boulders. Art went first. The others strung out behind with the pack animals, hopefully, in the rear. I say hopefully, since bunched stock on a narrow cliff-side trail can mean plenty of bleached bones deposited by sheep and cattle that had failed to make it.

I spent many hours leading my horse on slickrock trails in Navajo Country, but I never had to achieve such agility as I did to stay on this two-foot trail ahead of the horse. You don't really walk on a trail like this—you leap from rock to rock, shifting the reins from hand to hand to keep the horse and yourself where you hope both will be. That

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we got down with no troubles was due to the trail building skill of Art and A. C. and the experience and intelligence of Art's stock. At the bottom we camped by a seep which we converted into a spring by means of a willow stick sliced in half to form a trough. It was only when finally I stretched out that I was sure both legs were still the same length.

The following day we rode the Horsethief to the Green. The junction is marked by a thin, ragged fin. This day and in this canyon we rode through pages of geologic history, through red Navajo, Kayenta and Wingate sandstones, on down through the Chinle and Shinarump formations and at the bottom, the Moencopi. But then we had to retrace the fearsome trail back to Horsethief—only this time we went up instead of down. It's better that way!

From Horsethief we rode the rim of Millard Canyon. The two forks of Millard soon join to form one of the largest of the Green River's tributary canyons. Walls are abrupt, too sheer for any trail and talus at their foot gives way to a vast sea of undulating rock sweeping for miles across a series of beaches to the distant, tamarisk and willow-covered banks of the Green. We climbed a mesa to feast our eyes on one of the finest views anywhere in the land.

When finally time ran out, we found a tank in the slickrock that held enough water to carry us over for the night. Then the next day we rode on to the Roost Ranch, where beds felt good under our saddle-weary bones.

But we hadn't quite covered the Out-

law Trail. There was still—the hideout to see, the notorious Robber's Roost. After a hearty breakfast, we again mounted our horses and rode seven miles over a slickrock trail that led down from the mesa rim to the outlaw's hideout. Nature had provided them with a fortress. A live spring oozed from the ground, flowed through a grove of cottonwood and then disappeared into the flat floor of the basin where the outlaws had built a corral. The stone chimney of what was once a building still stands. At the end of a narrow fork are two well-hidden caves and past them flows enough water to meet the needs of a man and to camouflage the cave entrances with stands of willow, hawthorne and mesquite.

It was the habit of the Wild Bunch to hole up here while their stolen horses grazed on pasture land above and they vented their brands. A guard was posted on Deadman Mesa. Anyone approaching could be spotted in time for the horses to be rounded up and moved, or for the Wild Bunch to take cover in their impregnable fortress.

Legend suggests that the posse was never too anxious to tangle with the outlaws. They usually arrived a few days after the Wild Bunch had departed. On one occasion their timing was off and they appeared on the rim while the Bunch were in the Basin. A few wild shots were exchanged and one of the Bunch shot through the leg, a minor discomfort from which he recovered. Butch Cassidy, their 20-year-old leader, completed his brief career of train and bank robber and horse thief without inflicting any human fatalities. The law saw no reason to follow him when he decided to retire south of the border.

After climbing out of the Basin, we were met by a truck from the ranch, so here we unsaddled and turned loose our horses. While watching them race toward the Roost we were so loath to leave, we couldn't help but be grateful that "good won out" and the Wild Bunch left this land untainted.

It would be hard to cover the entire Outlaw Trail afoot, and impossible by vehicle, but the trails to Robbers Roost, to the Dirty Devil, Horseshoe Canyon with its magnificent primitive art gallery, and to other spectacular points are traversed by parties led by various Utah guides who arrange such expeditions each summer. Some combine 4-wheel drive vehicles with hiking, others use pack horses or, like Roost Ranch, accommodate expeditions of varying lengths entirely by horseback. □

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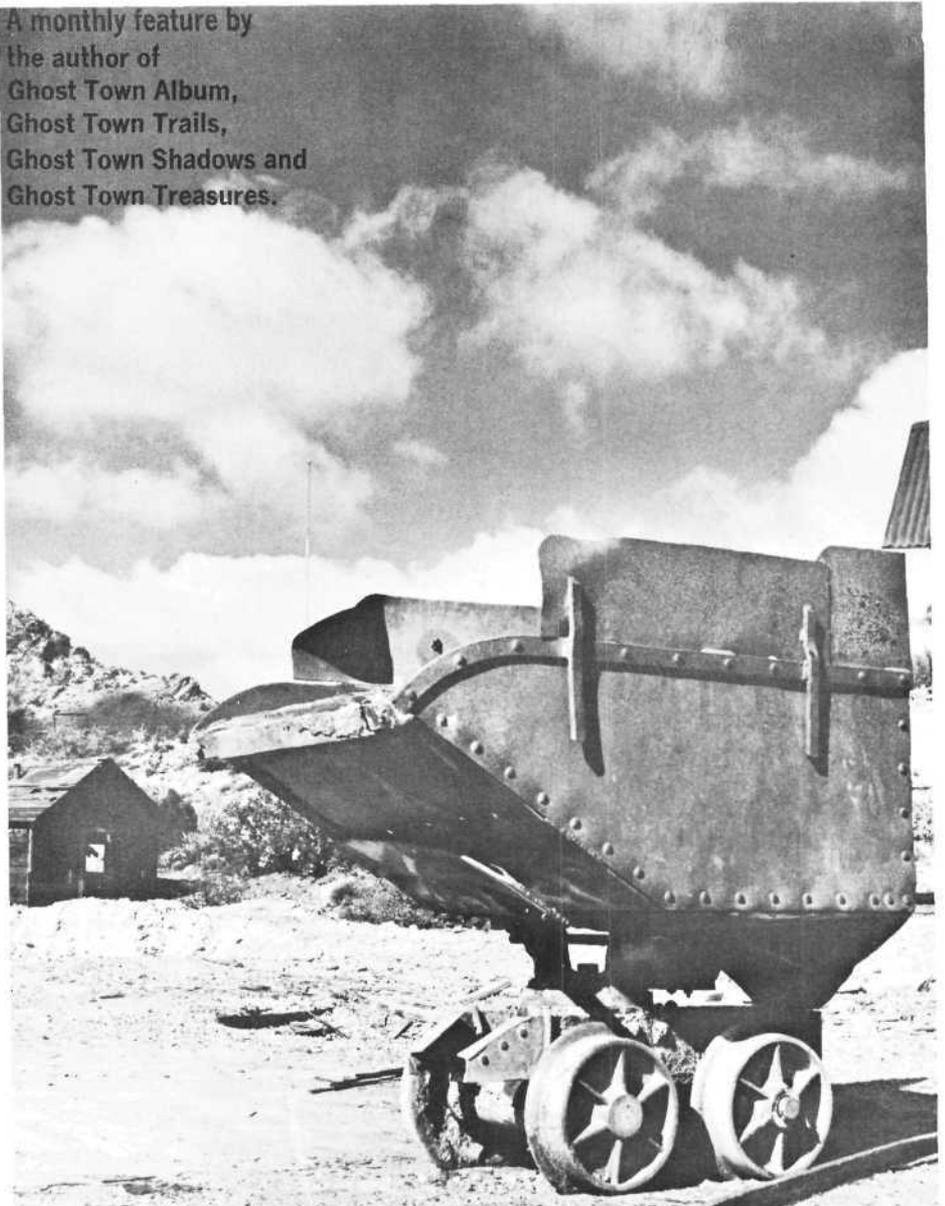
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Mineral Park, Arizona

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

MUCH OF the arid Southwest lacks trees for building lumber so early house builders resorted to a substance always present, the earth. Fortuitously, this lack of trees prevents the formation of humus in the soil, which while not good for growing vegetables, lends itself, when mixed with water, pressed into forms and dried in the sun, to the making of bricks. Buildings of adobe bricks were substantial and insulated against heat and cold, but were extremely vulnerable to large amounts of rain. With age and neglect, old "adobes" gradually melt away.

In the country around the old mining camp of Mineral Park, Arizona, the winter of 1884 had brought on a succession of unusually heavy rains. During

the night of April 1, there was a down-pour even more violent than preceding ones. Next morning, in the predawn darkness, the Chinese cook at the Palace Hotel was scurrying on his way to work. As he passed the large adobe house of the Moses Steen family, he saw that it had collapsed in the night. The cook raised the alarm, then went on to his job.

Four-year-old Mabel Grace Steen and her 14-year-old sister, Nellie, had been sleeping in the same bed. Little Mabel Grace was still alive; Nellie was crushed to death. Dead also were the father and mother. Eight-year-old Madison was pressed down under a beam, but was not seriously injured. He said he heard no outcry from his sister or father, but that

his mother had cried and moaned for some time before she died.

Many years later Nell Murberger, author of *Ghosts of the Adobe Walls*, interviewed Mrs. Ballard Hardman of Seattle, daughter of Mabel Grace, who related the story of the rescue, emphasizing the danger of extricating the tiny girl who would be her mother. Volunteers formed a human chain, passing along one brick at a time until a passageway was opened. "Mr. Hays, one of the rescuers," said Mrs. Hardman, "crawled in until he could get hold of one foot, whereupon he dragged my mother free. She was unconscious and bleeding from the ears. Not until his little sister was safe would Uncle Madison allow the men to extricate him. He was later found to have a broken collar bone as well as several fractured ribs."

The first prospectors in western Arizona were soldiers attached to Fort Mohave on the Colorado River. They found gold in the foothills, which fostered the boom towns of Goldroad and Oatman. Other searchers were rewarded with the discovery of silver veins in the Cerbat Range. As a result of activity in this area, Mineral Park grew up on a juniper-covered, park-like bench bisected by a small stream, although the creek promised an ample water supply, it turned out to be impregnated with chemicals. As the need for water grew, Harris Solomon started a packtrain to transport it from Keystone Spring, several miles distant.

By 1880 Mineral Park was a booming camp, with four saloons, a restaurant, hotel, school and several stores. The town although exhibiting such metropolitan aspects as the Mineral Park Cultural Society, was so far in the hinterland as to be virtually inaccessible. A traveler from the East was forced to cross the northern part of the U.S. on the Union

Pacific to San Francisco, go down to Los Angeles, thence overland to Yuma. There he would board a paddle-wheel steamer and proceed up the Colorado as far as Hardyville, where he'd await the some-time-stage to Mineral Park. Yet, in 1884 the town had a population of at least 1000, all of whom, except new infants, arrived via this route.

Missing among institutions of Mineral Park were a bank and a church. The town newspaper, the *Mohave Miner* agitated for a real bank with a capital of \$50,000 to \$100,000, but without tangible results. Lacking a regular church, residents did establish a non-sectarian Sunday school. Commented the *Miner*, "It is very important to the children as well as the community, whether they shall be trained to the gentle, kind and good, or grow up in evil, vicious habits, a curse to themselves their parents and community."

To a town so isolated from the world, news that a railroad would be built was like a bombshell. Property values rose and a new hospital and school were planned. In 1883 the rails did pass through the area but failed to touch Mineral Camp by 15 miles. Business men hacked out a road to the nearest point and rail officials erected a station, but it wasn't as anticipated. Businesses concerned with shipping moved to the junction of road and rails. Others followed and soon a new town, Kingman, was born. Mineral Park today is a true ghost town. Nearby you can see its old cemetery where one of the graves holds the victims of the collapsed Moses Steen home.

Our photo shows a front-dumping ore car, rather unusual since most are side-emptying. The flag pole behind it stands over company office buildings still in fair condition. □

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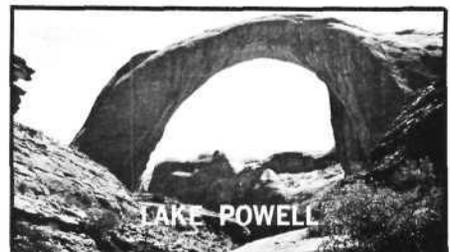
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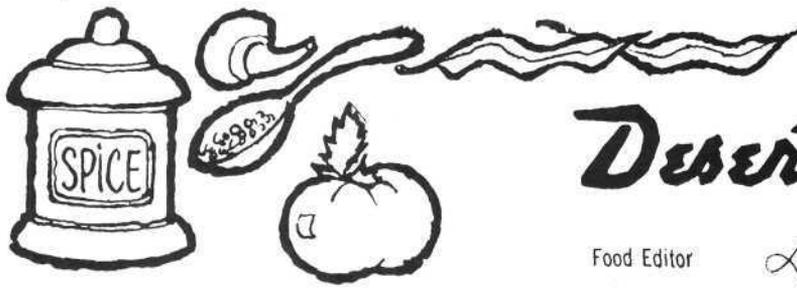
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Inedale Carlson

NOODLE SPINACH LOAF

3 tablespoons butter
 1 tablespoon flour
 1 cup milk
 4 cups cooked noodles
 1/4 lb. American cheese, grated
 Salt, pepper and paprika
 2 cups cooked spinach
 Make white sauce of butter, flour and milk. Arrange in alternate layers the noodles, chopped spinach, cheese and white sauce which has been seasoned to taste with salt, pepper and paprika. Top with a layer of cheese. Bake in a 375 degree oven until nicely browned.

SPINACH TIMBALES

2 cups cooked spinach
 2 eggs
 2 tablespoons milk
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons nippy cheese cut fine
 1/2 teaspoon salt, pepper to taste
 Chop spinach very fine. Beat egg yolks light, add milk, melted butter, cheese and seasonings. Mix with spinach and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Fill buttered molds with mixture. Place in pan of hot water and bake in 375 degree oven until firm. Turn out on hot plate, garnish with slices of hard boiled egg and pour cheese sauce around timbales.

SPANISH LIMAS

1 onion chopped
 1 green pepper chopped
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 cups strained tomatoes
 salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 can lima beans
 1 1/2 cups grated American cheese
 Saute onion and pepper in the butter, add strained tomatoes and cook slowly for 10 minutes. Add seasonings and beans, which have been thoroughly drained. Simmer slowly for 20 minutes. Put beans and cheese in alternate layers in buttered casserole; bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes.

SCALLOPED SWEET POTATO AND APPLE

6 sweet potatoes
 6 apples
 1 cup brown sugar
 1/2 cup butter
 water
 Boil sweet potatoes, peel and slice. Peel, core and slice apples. In buttered casserole, put layers of sweet potatoes, apples, brown sugar and butter. Repeat until all are used; add a little water. Bake in 350 degree oven for 1/2 hour.

SYRIAN EGGPLANT

Peel and slice a medium size eggplant. Salt and fry in deep oil. In a skillet brown 1 1/2 lbs. ground lamb and one chopped onion. Season to taste. Place in alternate layers in a buttered casserole the eggplant and the lamb. Pour over this a small can of tomato sauce. Bake in a 325 degree oven for 1 hour.

EGGPLANT SOUFFLE

1 medium size eggplant
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 1 cup milk
 1 cup grated American cheese
 3/4 cup soft bread crumbs
 2 teaspoons grated onion
 1 tablespoon catsup
 Salt, pepper, dash of cayenne
 2 eggs

Broiled bacon
 Peel eggplant, cut into small pieces and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly and mash. Make cream sauce with butter, flour and milk. When thickened and smooth, add eggplant, cheese, crumbs, onion, catsup, seasonings and beaten egg yolks. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into buttered casserole and bake in 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes. Garnish with broiled bacon and serve immediately.

STUFFED ACORN SQUASH

4 baked acorn squash
 2 teaspoons chopped onion
 2 tablespoons butter
 1 1/2 cups moistened bread crumbs
 1 egg
 Salt and pepper
 Remove baked squash from the shells and mash. Cook onion in butter, add squash and crumbs and cook until a soft mixture. Place in empty shells, sprinkle with a few reserved bread crumbs and dot with butter. Cook in 350 degree oven for about 1/2 hour.

PERUVIAN POTATOES

Boil potatoes, peeled and cut lengthwise.
 Sauce: Brown a few pieces of garlic in olive oil, when brown, discard garlic. Pour tomato sauce in the hot oil, add a 3 oz. package of cream cheese cut into small pieces, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, white of 1 hardboiled egg, cut into small pieces, and the yolk mashed until smooth. Add salt and pepper to taste. Heat all together and pour over potato halves. In Peru these are served on lettuce leaves.

TANGERINE SWEET POTATOES

4 boiled sweet potatoes
 1/4 cup butter
 1/2 cup sugar
 1/4 cup water
 Tangerine sections
 Cut cooked sweet potatoes into halves, lengthwise. Arrange in shallow baking dish so that there will be only one layer. Make a thin syrup of butter, sugar and water and pour over potatoes. Bake uncovered in 375 degree oven for about 1/2 hour, or until syrup has been absorbed by potatoes. Baste a few times during baking. Just before serving, place cold tangerine sections generously over potatoes. Sugar lightly and place under broiler for a few minutes until tangerines are heated.

Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron



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Symptom—Leaky radiator. Treatment: Add a small can of black pepper or a sack of "roll your own tobacco," or whites of a couple of eggs. Run engine until hot—operate car with radiator cap fitted loosely to avoid pressure build up. For severe leaks caused from a stick or sharp object rupturing core, first dip aluminum foil in egg white, and pack tightly in offending hole, then treat as above.

Symptom—Leaky gas tank or fuel line. Treatment: Rub a bar of slightly moistened soap over break until scab of soft soap stops leak. If severe leak, first plug or

wrap with string of cloth coated with soap.

Symptom—Blown fuse. Treatment: After repairing the "short" causing blowing of fuse, wrap exterior of blown fuse in a sliver of aluminum foil and reinsert in fuse bracket (replace with proper fuse at first opportunity).

Symptom—Vapor lock (car bucks, and stalls when hot) — Treatment: Where fuel lines run close to manifold, insulate by wrapping lines with aluminum foil—also wrap bottom of carburetor and sediment bowl to reflect radiant engine heat.

Symptom—Tire has slow leak (not caused by defective valve core). Treatment: Let all air out of tire, until completely flat, then raise car with jack until air starts to suck in through stem, funnel a can of evaporated milk into tire. Replace core and reinflate. Centrifugal force from driving causes milk to ooze into offending hole—coagulation of milk forms a latex-like sealant.

Symptom—Icing, filming or fogging of windshield. Treatment: Rub windshield with tobacco (moistened sack of "roll your own" or plug tobacco will apply easiest).

Symptom—Corroded battery cable. Treatment: Cover battery post and cable with baking soda—Rinse corrosion off with water (avoid soda entering filler plugs). If cable has been severely weakened by corrosion, reinforce by tightly wrapping in several layers of aluminum foil. □

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DESERT Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. 92260



Jack's Jottings

Each year we devote the May issue of DESERT to The Different World of Utah. Choral and I have spent many pleasant and exciting days in the Beehive State always finding new thrills and experiences. It would be impossible to cover all of Utah in one issue so we have selected articles which will give you at least a feeling of the adventure you will encounter. I want to thank Emanuel Floor and his efficient staff of the Utah Travel Council for assistance and also Frank Jensen, of Cedar City, a great photographer and writer who has "covered" Utah for years.

Since comparatively new Lake Powell is constantly growing in area and services anyone wanting detailed information on the area should write to the Superintendent, Glen Canyon National Recreational Area, Page, Arizona or our advertisers who will be happy to answer questions about their areas. As of this date there are services at Wabweap Basin, Rainbow Bridge, Hall's Crossing and Hite Marina. Operated by Art and Bill Greene the Wabweap Lodge and Marina near Glen Canyon Dam and Page, Arizona, is the largest and most complete. A ferry presently operating at Hite across the Colorado will be replaced by a new bridge scheduled to open in early summer.

Although Utah's Canyonlands was made a National Park last year it will be sometime before extensive roads are built through this scenic and rugged area. To see it before it gets too "civilized" I strongly recommend a 4-wheel guided tour, an experience you will never forget. See advertisers in this issue for the tours.

Speaking of backcountry vehicles I have received numerous letters from readers of DESERT and Erle Stanley Gardner's newest book "Hunting Lost Mines by Helicopter" asking about the Grass-Hopper, a queer looking vehicle capable of going places even a 4-wheel can't go. It is built by J. W. Black, a mechanical genius who also builds other back country equipment such as the Pak-Jak and Burrito. Black built the Grass-Hopper for Erle Stanley Gardner for his Baja California expeditions. It has a special chassis and uses a Volkswagen engine. Informa-

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Three Cheers for Delaney . . .

To the Editor: Jack Delaney's four stories in the March issue of DESERT were all thoroughly enjoyable—despite the fact that I flunked the Coachella Valley Date Quiz!

It is really a pleasure to have the Southwest which I love so much described in the stories which Mr. Delaney writes. I hope to visit Idyllwild the next time that I am in the area, since the description of the resort town sounds so enchanting. Many of us Southwesterners tip our hats to DESERT—but a special tip of the hat goes out to Jack Delaney.

JIM MCKINNEY,
National City, California.

Surviving Reviving . . .

To the Editor: Please send me your latest book catalog. I have just received my own copy of *Cooking and Camping on The Desert* and think it is really wonderful. The chapter by Mr. Pepper on desert driving and surviving is something that has been needed for sometime. There are many new people to the Nevada Test Site from the East and with summer coming on you can be sure the book will be highly read. Keep sending your book catalog as I use it continuously for reference on desert books whenever people inquire on them for their own libraries.

MRS. MONA C. LUPO,
NTS Librarian
Mercury, Nevada.

Glad Tidings . . .

To the Editor: I like and am glad to have the three Arizona articles in the April DESERT. My compliments for a fine magazine.

FRANK P. KNIGHT,
Director,
Arizona Dept. of Mineral Resources
Phoenix

tion on how to build your own Grass-Hopper with complete plans and photographs can be obtained by sending \$10 to J. W. Black, Paradise Motors, 5651 Skyway, Paradise, California. Black also sells all of the parts needed to assemble the vehicle, including tires.

Choral Pepper, editor of DESERT Magazine, has just returned from a three week expedition to Baja with Erle Stanley Gardner where she divided her time between the helicopters and Grass-Hoppers. The first article in a series on the expedition during which they found new cave paintings and other discoveries will start in the June issue of DESERT Magazine.

Jack Pepper

I Lava Mystery . . .

To the Editor: Your readers might like to know what I've learned about diamonds in California. They were found in the Johannesburg area when there was mining there, but few, if any, have been reported recently. An old timer told me that in the lava of extinct volcanoes, the vug holes often hold these stones and he had found one which cut into a carat stone. The best time to search for them is on a dark night with a flashlight. The volcanoes appear about 40 miles above Johannesburg on Highway 395. The lava is rough and you should wear heavy shoes.

In the April issue you had a story about the bentonite clay deposits around Newberry which hold water for artificial lakes. I understand that blue clay chimneys similar to those of South Africa exist in that area also. Someday a lucky rockhound might just happen to turn up a diamond deposit there.

RETTA EWERS,
Riverside.

Earp is Everywhere!

To the Editor: In your March, 1966, issue of DESERT magazine, on page 36, there is an article by W. D. Stephens entitled "Surprise, Mr. Earp!" stating that Wyatt Earp drove through the San Geronio Pass in 1862 stagecoaches full of "gold hungry prospectors." Impossible, for in 1862 Wyatt Earp was not in the San Geronio Pass nor was he in the state of California. He did not arrive in California until 1864 so it remains a mystery just how he could be in Iowa and driving a stage through the San Geronio Pass in 1862. Don't you agree that this would be a tremendous physical feat?

Much has been written about what Wyatt Earp did and did not do. In fact, it has gotten so out of hand that people are making up wild stories, confusing legends and myths about the man and his times, of which very few know anything. For 25 years I have been collecting and researching on every phase of this man's life, his family and associates, and last June had the pleasure of annotating and writing the foreword for a reprint of an article written in 1929 by John Phillip Clum entitled "It All Happened in Tombstone," and published by Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona. One of my annotations for this article states that the famous so-called "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" did not happen at the O.K. Corral, the first time this fact has appeared in print. Also, this summer I am happy to say in the town of Tombstone, Arizona, my personal and private collection of material relating to the Earps will be on permanent display for one reason basically—to clear up so many of the errors, mysteries and mis-statements concerning the long and fascinating life of Wyatt Earp.

I enjoy your magazine and hope that you will print this letter so that people will realize that in 1862 Wyatt Earp was not driving a stage through the San Geronio Pass. I am also at work at the present time on what will eventually be three volumes concerning Earp's life and exploits, which will be completely and historically documented from cradle to grave and I hope at long last will clear up so many of the mysteries.

JOHN D. GILCHRIESE,
Field Historian,
University of Arizona
Library 314.

Every Desert Traveler Should Have This Book!!

Cooking and Camping on the Desert

By Choral Pepper, Editor Desert Magazine

PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 1966 by THE NAYLOR COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Before you load one piece of camping gear, before you lay in your stock of provisions, read this book from cover to cover. You'll have a better time on your trip because you'll eat better and travel lighter. In addition to recipes for an amazing variety of flavorsome dishes that can be prepared in camp without fuss or furor, Choral Pepper tells you how to mix flapjack batter without a bowl . . . how to use your Dutch oven for a complete meal in one utensil . . . how to put plastic bags and aluminum foil to inspired uses . . . how partial preparation at home can give you more time for having fun on the desert.

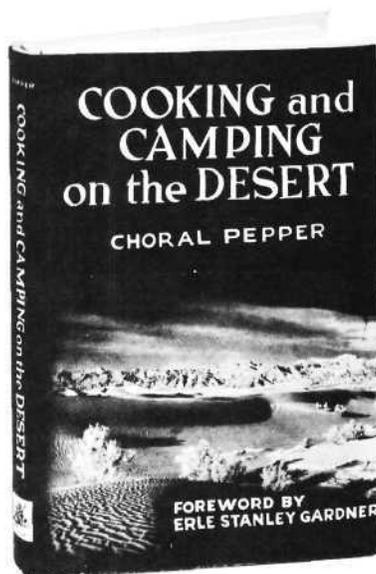
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JACK PEPPER

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Foreword

by

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



"Choral Pepper is a wizard in the art of desert cookery . . . It will come as a distinct surprise to most people how many, how varied and palatable are dishes that can be prepared on the desert. This cookbook opens the magic gates."

—ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

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At Bryce you can ride horseback or take a hike down the many trails that explore the mysteries of the canyon depths. Pleasure-filled activities also await you at Utah's other two national parks, nine national monuments, nine national forests, 27 state parks and 22 major lakes and reservoirs. And there's nothing quite like the thrill of seeing Temple Square in Salt Lake City or "floating" on Great Salt Lake.



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