

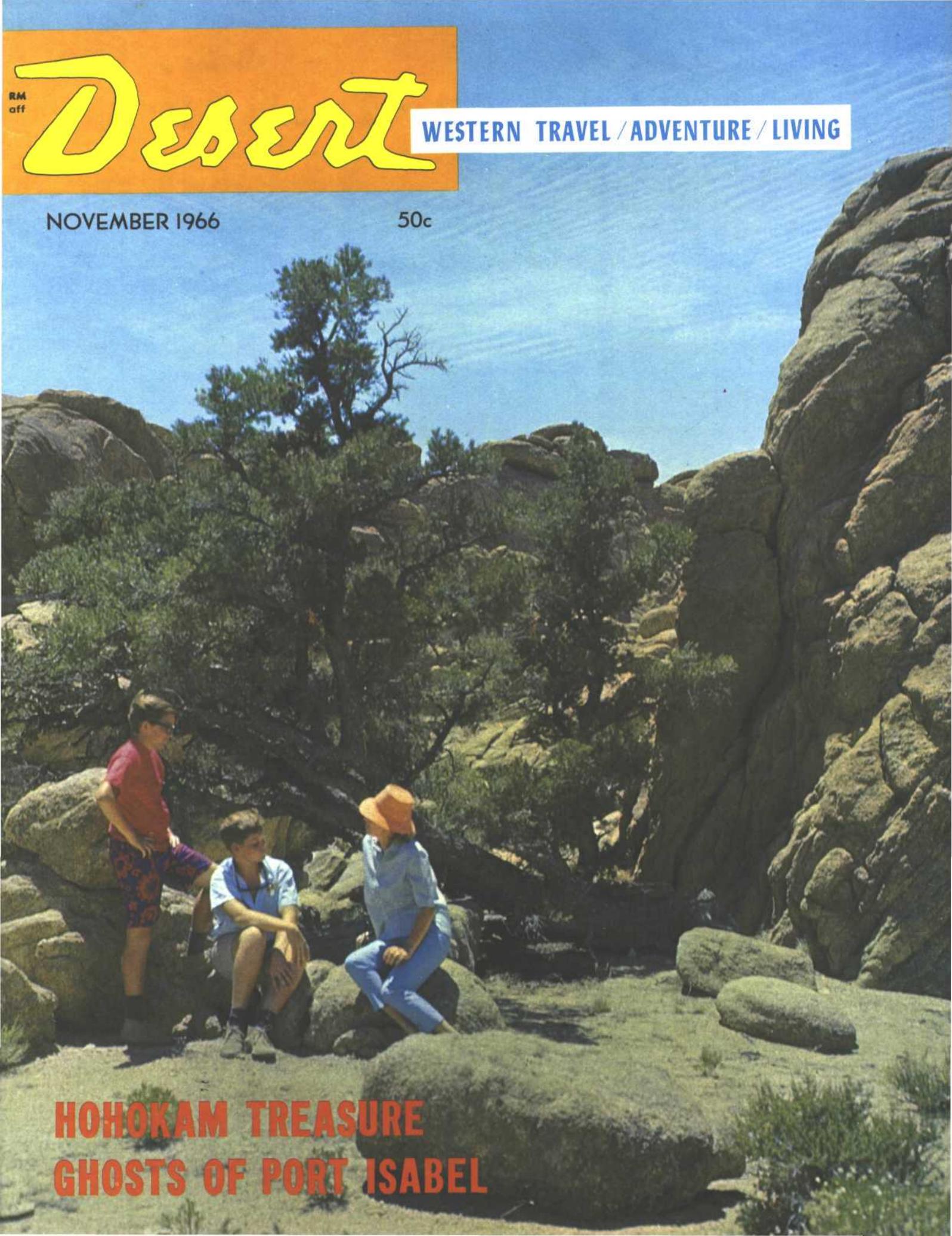
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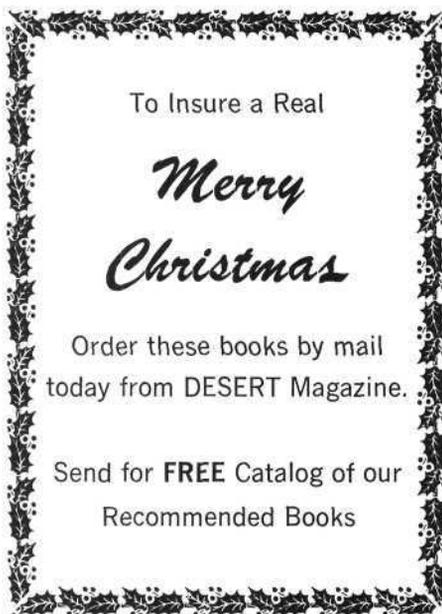
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Calendar of Events

"THE WEST'S GREATEST FREE SHOW" is the 17th Annual Death Valley Encampment in Death Valley National Monument, Nov. 10 through 13. For events schedule write to Desert Magazine, Dept. DVE, Palm Desert, California 92260. Please send self-addressed envelope.

Arizona State Fair, Phoenix, Nov. 4-13; Gem and Mineral Show at National Guard Armory, Montebello, Calif., 5-6; Exhibition of rare library collections from Mission archives, with Franciscan Friars answering questions, public invited, Mission San Luis Rey, San Luis Rey, 5-6; Salton City 500 mile boat race, Salton Sea, 11-13, Imperial Valley Rodeo and Brawley Cattle Call, Brawley, 12-13.

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

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

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New Books for Desert Readers

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By the editors of *Sunset*

This beautiful book, by far the finest to cover the unexploited regions south of the California and Arizona borders, will be prized by Baja and Sonora *aficionados*. Photographs are superb, maps are good. The book contains comprehensive information regarding accommodations, prices, routes, spots for skin diving, shell collecting, and hunting and fishing. Historical data is concise and the text is up-to-date and written with more vitality than is usual with *Sunset* books. Sea life, wild life, and plants are described with authority. The book is large format, 284 pages, and there is no limit to this reviewer's enthusiasm for this book. Whether or not you have been to the shores of the Gulf of California or will ever go, you will enjoy every page of *The Sea of Cortez*. Advance price before December 31, 1966 is \$9.95. For orders postmarked after that, the price is \$11.75. C.P.

TURQUOISE AND THE INDIAN

By *Edna Mae Bennett*

Starting with a map indicating turquoise mining districts in Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, this book carries the reader along a word trail through old Indian mystery caves, Spanish exploitations of turquoise mines, folk lore associated with the valued stone and modern Navajo and Zuni workshop techniques. It describes a rare, prehistoric Hohokam necklace found on a family picnic near Tucson and appraised by the Arizona State Museum as well as other turquoise artifacts. Rock hounds and collectors of turquoise will find this new book well-researched and worth having. Hardcover, 152 pages, \$5.00.

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By *Sylvia W. Howard*

Tin ware as an art and craft reached great heights in Mexico and South America many years ago, but only recently Americans discovered tin cans are for more than beans. This book contains patterns and instructions for creating sunbursts, masks, candle holders, trays, frames, figures and Christmas ornaments from your old tin cans. It is a fun book to have or give as a gift to hobby conscious friends. Hardcover, 64 pages, \$3.95.

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

REPUBLIC OF LOWER CALIFORNIA 1853-1854

Edited by *Arthur Woodward*

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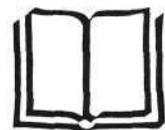
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Young are born at intervals of twenty to forty minutes. Over a period of five hours this mother gave birth to eighteen. Those shown are just a few hours old and have just freed themselves from the membrane enclosure.



THE DESERT'S OLDEST RESIDENT

by Robert H. Wright

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It has been a long time since the first trickle of water began to carve the Grand Canyon, but this desert dweller lays claim to having been around about four times longer.

"Hairy" is not really one of the West's most dangerous outlaws, even though he looks villainous enough. His punch is one

of the less potent among scorpions; not much worse than a wasp sting to a person in good health. There are two species which are deadly, and not to be trifled with, but oddly enough, they don't have as frightening an appearance as Hairy, and fortunately are less common.

Hairy being the oldest was also probably the first to develop one of our most cherished habits. Breathing. He has what is known as "book lungs" which are fore-runners of the oxygen bags we carry around today. He can get along with a little less pure air than we can though, and is sometimes found buried in the desert sand as deep as five or six feet where he digs to get water. Although he has many cousins located all over the world, and with different habits, *Hadrurus arizonensis* is restricted mostly to the deserts of the Southwest.

Hairy is not only old; he is rather backward, too. When it comes to I.Q. scientists say his is just about the lowest imaginable. And he is a real holdout for the status quo. Through the incomprehensibly long eras of time, most creatures have either become extinct (such as the dinosaurs—and they are just "young whipper-snappers" compared to Hairy) or have in some way managed to evolve. But not Hairy. He is almost totally unchanged today from the aquatic creature he was millions of years ago when he decided to earn the distinction of becoming one of the first air-breathing forms of life. He apparently thinks the old-way-the-best-way, and with his record of biological longevity, perhaps the old guy isn't really as stupid as we believe. □



The Giant Hairy can administer a painful sting with the black curved stinger at the end of his tail, but the venom is not usually fatal. The scorpion eats soft-bodied insects and spiders. When seeking prey, he carries his tail curled over his back ready to sting as soon as he grabs his prey with his front pinchers.

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY

took us for a ride

by Carlyle Lamar Nelson



AMONG THE exploits of the fabulous Death Valley Scotty, one of the most publicized concerned a venture in 1905 when he chartered a special train on the Santa Fe Railroad to establish a speed record from Los Angeles to Chicago. The price tag for this feat was widely reported at \$50,000, but documented records of the Santa Fe books disclose that the actual payment totaled \$5,500. The result of the undertaking was a new mark of 44 hours and 44 minutes, or approximately three hours faster than the fastest rail time to that date. A cherished residual for Scotty was thousands of column inches of publicity, which was one of his vanities. The following is a sequel to this fascinating bit of Western lore in which the writer was a participant, 32 years later.

My log book as an airline pilot for TWA discloses that on May 27, 1937, I was assigned as pilot for a special flight to Death Valley Scotty's Castle, to transport a group of TWA traffic and public relations personnel, newspaper men and photographers. Our vehicle was the old airline workhorse, a Douglas DC-3. Our landing field was a dry lake bed a few miles from the castle. We had been advised by wire that Scotty would meet us at 9:00 A.M., May 27th, at the designated landing area, and would be agreeable to the projected discussions, which were predicated on selling him on the idea of beating his record on the Santa Fe by approximately 34 hours, and thereby gain more nationwide publicity, which he still relished. Hence, according to confirmed arrangements, we arrived at the appointed place at the specified time—to find no

one to greet us. After a wait of about 30 minutes, a covered pickup arrived, driven by Scotty's "Man Friday." He announced that Scotty was on a binge in Beatty, Nevada, about 60 miles away over unimproved roads. Our key personnel went into a huddle and decided to make the trek to Beatty, pick up Scotty, and bring him to the Conference Table. While the rest of us tried to be comfortable in the broiling desert sun, they took off in the pickup.

After four or five hours, a cloud of dust appeared on the horizon in the direction of Beatty and the truck drove up with Scotty and our party. Although drunk, Scotty was lucid. In the truck were several cases of bottled beer, all up against the rear of the interior, and several cakes of ice, all against the front of the truck. Scotty would pluck a bottle of beer, bite off the cap, swizzle the contents down his gullet and the front of his woolen underwear, and throw the bottle off on the sand.

Then the debate began, with our personnel attempting to sell Scotty on the idea of making a trip by air in the fantastic time of 10 hours, plus or minus a few fractional hours, for the sum of \$7,500. We had to consider the possibility of mechanical trouble or weather hazard and delay, hence the variable.

Well, Scotty took these boys to the Council Table! He set up a proposal that would put the whole project on a gambling basis. For so many hours that we could beat his record, he would pay TWA x number of dollars for such a gain, in proportion to the improvement over the Santa Fe's time, measured in

hours. It was either we bet with Scotty, or the deal was off. After an hour or so of haggling, negotiations ran into an impasse and no agreements seemed forthcoming.

Then Scotty was invited to take his first ride in an airplane, a flight over his fiefdom. To this he agreed, providing he could take along his Man Friday and his dog, a massive animal on the mastiff plan. My pilot and I started the motors and soon took off with our motley cargo. We circled the castle, gaining altitude so that the entire spectrum of Death Valley was visible and encountering the usual desert thermal turbulence, or rough air. Instead of helping to make a sale, though, the flight back-fired when the three VIP passengers got airsick. Scotty and Man Friday were helped off, but the dog had to be hand-carried. The plot not only thickened; it soured.

Finally, in a desperate endeavor to salvage something out of the efforts, the TWA Traffic Manager decided to try a new tack. "Scotty," he said, "I think you're a wind-bag. I don't believe you've got the big money you are touted to have."

In answer, Scotty whipped off one shoe, from which he extracted five \$1000 bills. "If that don't prove nothin', I ain't took off the other one yet," he said, going to the rear of his pickup truck to pull out a bottle of beer.

By this time, it was abundantly clear to those who tried the soft sell and the hard sell that Scotty wasn't going to make a deal in our favor. We'd taken him for an airplane flight, but he's the one who took us "for a ride." □

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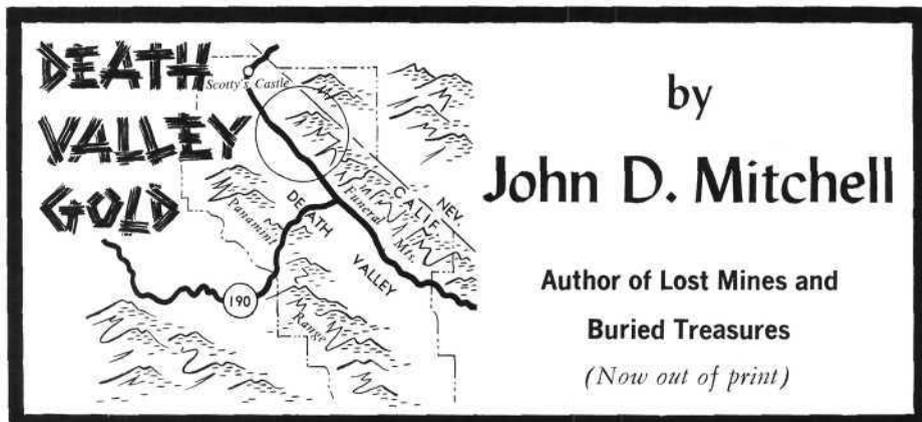
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By reader request DESERT Magazine will reprint a series of articles written by the dean of lost mine yarns, John Mitchell, which appeared originally in 1940 and 1941.



by

John D. Mitchell

Author of *Lost Mines and Buried Treasures*

(Now out of print)

HIGH UP along the eastern edge of Death Valley and not many hours' journey from Scotty's Castle there was discovered one of the richest deposits of placer gold ever found on the American continent.

Incredible as it may seem, 500 emigrants on their way from southern Utah to the new goldfields of California, in '49 and '50 passed over, and many of them died within sight of what may prove to be the El Dorado of the great Southwest.

According to the story two Pahute Indian brothers, many years ago, trudging along over the hot sand on the western edge of a dry lake searching for horses that had strayed from their camp, saw in the distance what appeared to be the entrance to an abandoned tunnel. Further investigation proved it to be the mouth of a cave. The overhanging rocks formed a cool shelter that protected them from the fierce rays of the summer sun and they were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to rest in the shade.

A cool breeze came from the depths of the cave and they heard the sound of running water in the distance. Removing pieces of limestone that had fallen from the roof and partly blocked the entrance, they went along the narrow tunnel to a point where the floor sloped downward and the walls opened out into a large dome-shaped cavern with a dark pool of water at the bottom.

Water boiled up from the center of the pool and formed waves that dashed against the rocky shore and broke into fine spray. The shore of the lake resem-

bled a great amphitheatre with step-like terraces extending down to the water's edge. The water bubbled up from the subterranean depths with such great force that it brought great amounts of heavy black sand and piled them on the terraces around the lake. Some of the sand trickled back into the pool only to be brought up again and again.

One of the Pahutes took a handful of this sand out into the sunlight. It sparkled with small nuggets and flakes of gold, all worn smooth from constant churning in the pool. Returning to the cave again the Indians were surprised to see that the water was receding, leaving thousands of tons of the rich sand stranded on the terraces around the edge of the lake. It was growing late in the evening when the brothers made their way back to camp.

Keeping their secret to themselves they left early in the morning, taking with them a wagon and several sacks. Entering the cave again they found it full of water just as it had been the previous day. The small waves were rolling and breaking against the shores as if in some mysterious way they were connected with the tides in the Pacific ocean.

After filling their sacks with the golden sands the two brothers decided to explore the cave. By the dim light of a primitive torch they had brought along, they could see hanging from the dome-shaped roof long beautifully colored crystals resembling great icicles. Stalagmites stood up encrusted all over with gems that sparkled like diamonds. Here before their eyes beneath the burning desert sands was a magic castle that outrivaled

a chapter from the Arabian Nights. Here in this Aladdin's cave strewn about on the floor and in the dark pool lay thousands—perhaps millions of dollars worth of gold. Never in all their lives had they seen anything like it.

Near the center of the pool was a small rocky island. One of the brothers decided to swim to it. When he had reached a point about half way across, the bottom seemed to drop out of the pool and the water rushed into the subterranean outlet with a gurgling roar, taking the unfortunate Indian down with it. The other Indian remained for several days and although the water in the pool continued to rise and fall with the tide, he never saw his brother again.

Among many Indian tribes there is a taboo against returning to the place where one of their number has met death. So the Pahute never again saw the golden cavern beneath the burning sands of "Tomesha."

Ancient water lines around the dry lake bed below the cave indicate that in prehistoric times when the water level in the Pacific ocean was higher than today, the lake may have been filled with water from some subterranean source—just as



Rough going in the Funerals.

the pool in the cave was filled when the Pahutes found it. The bedrock of the dry lake is known to be covered with several feet of black sand which from all indications was forced out of the cave with the water. The gold (if any) presumably settled to the bottom upon entering the quiet water of the lake.

It is a fact that there are several of these caverns in Death Valley from which water apparently gushed in ancient times. Perhaps some of them contain black sand and gold like the one herein described. It has even been suggested that the gold-laden sands of such a cavern may be the mysterious wealth of Death Valley Scotty. □

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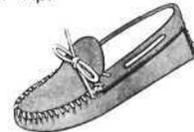
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The Magic of Baja

by Choral Pepper

Editor of DESERT Magazine

Gardner Cave

Part Five of Six Parts

Exclusive report on recent Erle Stanley Gardner Expedition

THERE WE waited, Sam Hicks and I, atop a mountain so high that mapped references read simply "over 3000 feet." The only way up to or down from the primitive ranches on the mesa of this Cerro San Francisco is by muleback, unless you arrive by helicopter, as we did.

Flying with pilot Don New in the Fairchild-Heller helicopter, Dr. Carlos Margain, Sam and I hovered over rambling walls, reservoirs and garden patches sprawled across the flat top of the mountain. Cattle stampeded in all directions, some running head-on into the rock walls of their corrals, while goats covered under anything in sight and chickens flapped blindly, too stunned to even seek roosts. Only the people of San Francisco remained calm. As dust settled and the 'copter blades whirred to a stop, the men of the village approached.

Expecting to meet Erle Stanley Gardner, who'd dropped from the sky four years before, they were reserved until they recognized Sam Hicks, who'd accompanied Gardner on the earlier visit.

Sam assured them Uncle Erle would be along the following day. In the meantime, we'd landed to double-check Sam's remembered directions to Arroyo San Pablo, the location of the now famous Gardner Cave. Dr. Margain wished to officially record it and some additional sites for the *Museo Nacional de Antropologic* in Mexico City. Because we had much to cover and would be alone in terrain as rugged and remote as any in the world, Uncle Erle had given us strict orders to return by 4:00 p.m. and not to vary the schedule one whit. This was important because, if we weren't back in camp on time, the

other helicopter would know where to search for us.

When the Mexicans at San Francisco learned of Dr. Margain's interest in caves, they all started to talk at once. One among them had found a cave completely different from the rest. This was a true cave, rather than a cave shelter, and it had three entrances leading into its black recess.

Don New scraped the sand with his feet and pretended not to hear. He knew very well Carlos was going to want to change the flight plan. And he was right. "Just a quick drop down the the mountainside," Carlos assured him, translating the vaquero's directions from Spanish. "It'll only take a little minute. Now we go!"

Because this terrain was the roughest Don New had ever flown over and its canyons were dangerously narrow for hovering, he wanted to keep the load as light as possible. The result was that he took Carlos and a vaquero guide while Sam and I awaited their return at San Francisco.

For a while it was very pleasant. Sam is a natural-born visitor and I'm a natural-born snooper, so while he lounged under a ramada with the men, I ambled among the courtyards of the ancient village, peering over walls and watching women and girls feed animals in the corrals. The village was very, very old. Members of one of its seven families traced their ancestry back 200 years, but that was not the beginning of the settlement.

The floor plans of rambling foundations suggested an obsolete use for some of the structures—and indeed there was. This was the site of the early Jesuit mission *Nuestra Senora de los Dolores del Norte*. There is no published reference which places this mission in its correct position. Founded by Fathers Sistiaga and Consag, it was never very prosperous due to its location and dependency upon water caught in natural tinajas. This same problem exists today and its present seven families are about all the area can accommodate. Because of its high altitude, however, San Francisco attracts more rain than lower regions and the climate is desirable both winter and summer. There is some evidence that the Franciscans inherited Dolores from the Jesuits, finally suppressing it in 1768 and moving vestments and other churchly articles to a more productive mission.

The men of San Francisco came out to greet us as we landed in the helicopter. Small remains of Dolores foundation indicated by arrow.

These walls are all that remain of the Dolores Mission, identified in this article for the first time in modern history.



The fact that the exact site of Dolores, until now, has never been published makes sense when you realize that prior to our arrival, members of the 1962 Gardner expedition were the first and last strangers to ever visit this remote community. One native, 82-years old, has lived there his entire life and never known a stranger to set foot on the land, nor had his father before him.

Although an ancient mission trail leads to San Francisco, the village lies at its end and travelers following mission trails have circumvented this one in favor of trails leading from one point to another. Every household article, every stitch of clothing, every tool must be created on the spot or carried up the tenuous, precipitous mountainside via a two or three day mule ride from the nearest community, San Ignacio. Imagine the self reliance it requires to live here!

Money doesn't change hands in San Francisco. These people obtain necessities by bartering cheese packed in crates woven from twigs and kept cool with palm fronds during the muleback trek to market in San Ignacio. They also tan goat and cow hides for barter. We noticed horsehair saved like yarn and stored by hanging from a rafter so rodents wouldn't steal it for nests. This is combed and woven into bridles.

A small chapel is the center of worship today, visited by the priest from San Ignacio who comes once a year on All Saints Day when the community holds a rosary. Of the an-



cient mission, only one or two roofless, stone-walled rooms remain, although many of the meandering rock walls outlined mission corrals. I noticed a healthy stand of prickly pear cactus which at one time formed a hedge—consistent with the practice of Franciscan and Dominican padres who instituted such hedges for protection against wild Indians. As the Jesuits didn't cultivate prickly pear at their other abandoned missions, this suggests at least a short spell of Franciscan occupancy. But I think only the dedicated Jesuits would have stuck it out for long at Dolores.

Time seemed to be slipping by faster than it should. I closed my ears to the bleating of goats and tinkle of burro bells and listened hard for a whirring of 'copter blades. It had been a mighty long minute since our friends had taken off. I joined Sam in the shade of the ramada, and we exchanged a look to that effect. He glanced at his watch. With the Mexican vaquero aboard, we didn't want his people to think we were concerned, but quite frankly, we were.

Then a sight such as I've never seen appeared before us. The women of the village arrived, carrying babies scrubbed and polished, and all dressed in their most colorful best—lots and lots of color! Their black hair shone in the sun, arranged with generous coatings of lard, and a few even tottered across the rough ground in high-heeled shoes. I wondered what they thought of me dressed in jeans with a loose-hanging shirt, but there was no sign of anything other than genuine pleasure that we'd dropped from the sky to pay them a visit.

It was warm in the sun, so we moved back to the ramada. Gradually the women disappeared, but the children remained, politely listening and looking away shyly when I smiled at them. I thought of the coming day when Uncle Erle would land in a helicopter bulging with gifts and the excitement which would take place then!

There had been a school teacher here for a short time several years ago, a relative of one of the families, but now there was no one to teach the children. It seemed unfortunate that these handsome, alert and highly-bred children should be denied an education—and yet, they were obviously happy, resourceful and self-reliant. If they could live this life forever, they'd mature into emotionally adjusted adults like their parents, but it's inevitable their future will be caught up in the mainstream. Even now the community is clearing rocks from an area they propose to use for an airstrip so emergency supplies and San Ignacio's new air-minded priest can be flown in.

Surreptitiously Sam and I discussed plans for rescuing our companions in the helicopter if it didn't appear soon. Already one and a half hours had elapsed. We decided to give them 30

Choral Pepper takes notes at San Francisco while awaiting return of helicopter.



minutes more. Even the Mexicans now directed nervous glances into the sky.

On the stroke of the moment we'd decided to issue an alarm, the men rose to their feet in one body. Not as attuned to foreign sounds as they, it was a minute or two before I detected the whirr of 'copter blades. Soon the craft rose above the sharp sides of the plateau and settled to the ground.

Carlos Margain was excited. He'd found the first reported cave of this type in the area and he officially gave it his name. In the short time he had to investigate it, he determined only that the cave had known human occupancy. Typical paintings of a huge red rabbit, a black rabbit, a doe and a human figure with arms upraised marked each of the three entrances, but there were no paintings inside the cavity.

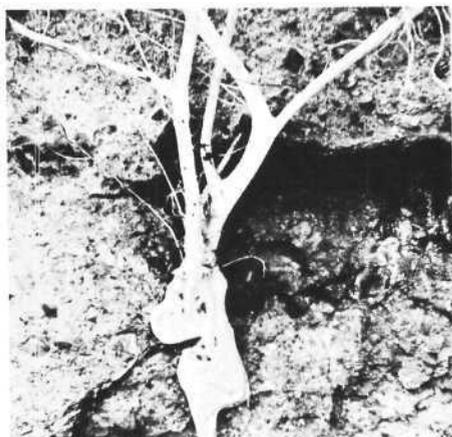
Almost as soon as we'd taken off, we landed again at a flat spot on the opposite side of the canyon to the west. This was exciting country with extremes of high and low desert in juxtaposition. Coral, turquoise and chartreuse lichen clung to the pink rock wall from which a narrow path was carved by hundreds of thousands of burro hoofs. As we avoided looking into the deep canyon which dropped sharply from a thread-like trail, Carlos, Don and I kept up a constant stream of chatter to keep ourselves from thinking of things like snakes which might lurk in the brush. Sam, of course, marched in advance, fearless.

When we reached the first of the caves we were seeking, it was a beauty—big and broad with giant murals. I recognized it as one described by Diguët, the French archeologist who explored this region in the 1890s. Diguët puzzled over a basin-shaped hollow which had been dug into the rear of the rock wall. He thought perhaps it was used for holding water or to mix the binding material for pigment. Now the wall above it it blackened with smoke and there were signs that both humans and animals had sought shelter here. Diguët remarked that none of the caves he found had been used for habitation, as no artifacts were evident. However, we were to find bone whistles, manos, yucca cordage, obsidian chippings and other relics in most of them, which probably indicates they were occupied by tribes other than the mysterious race who painted them.

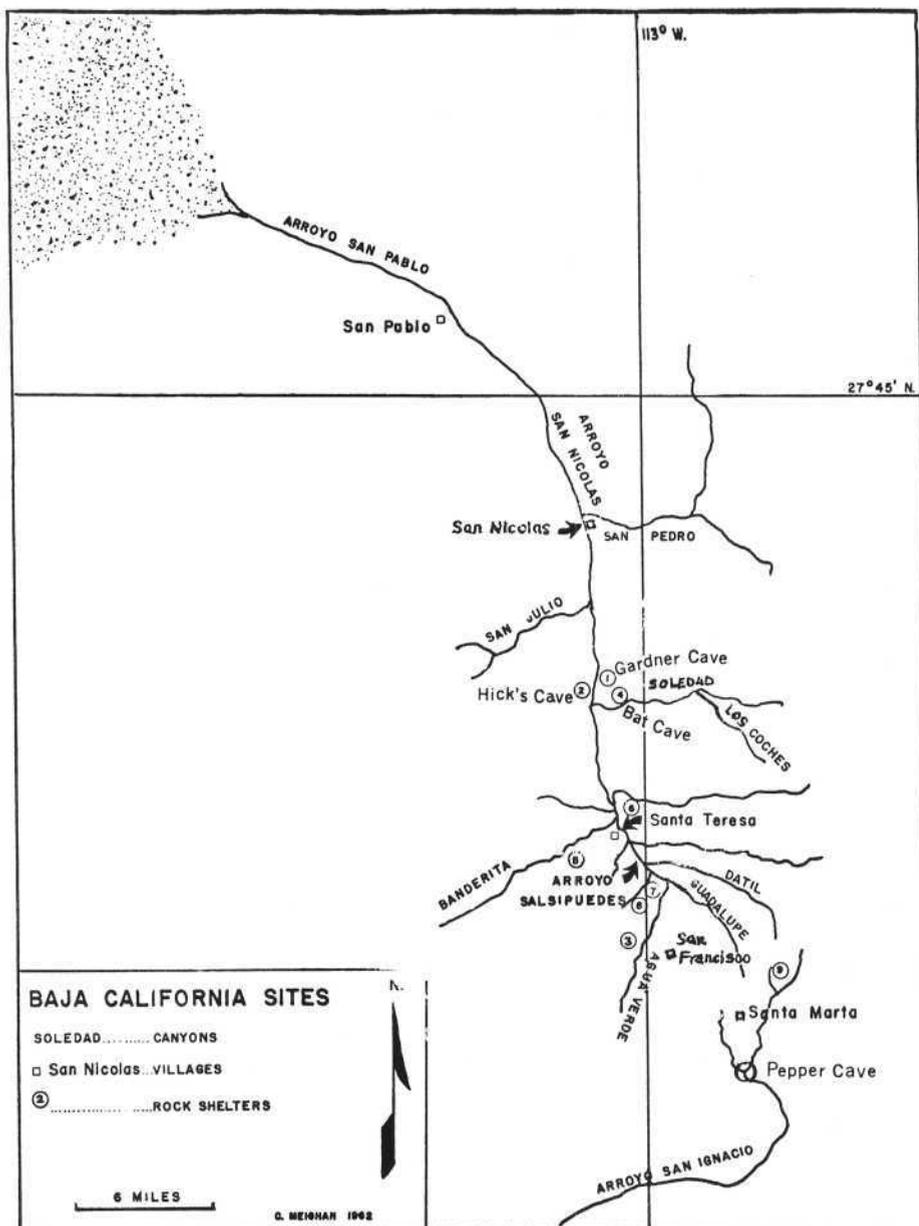
Back in the helicopter, I could sense Sam's excitement. We were hovering over a long, serpentine canyon which could only be Shangri-La. Sparkles of water gleamed in its depth, interspersed with silken sand bars, eroded boulders and palm trees taller than even the royal palms of Hawaii. The air was still, even the tu-tu of fronds barely making a whisper. And the canyon was gloriously clean. Accenting a Watteau palette with powdered sand and scrubbed boulders, slender trunks of

The ladies appeared en masse, dressed in their best to welcome us.





Above: A fig tree grows in Gardner Cave. Below: Sometimes we had to land on top of a plateau and climb down to find caves. Right: Map made by Sam Hicks locates all caves discovered on Erle Stanley Gardner expeditions and named and numbered by various members of the party. These were officially recorded for the Mexican government by Dr. Carlos Margain.



palm trees naked of husks and burned black rose to the sky.

It was a strange thing, this burning of palm waste up and down the canyon. Surely no one had deliberately set them afire, and with no trails into the area, an accidental fire was unlikely. When Gardner landed here by helicopter four years ago, his party puzzled over this then. Their conclusion, as described in Gardner's book *Hovering Over Baja*, was that static electricity is set up during windstorms by the rustling of fronds, one against another. Soon they burst into flame and the fire spreads with each gust of wind. Fortunately, palms are so constituted that fire travels rapidly among the dead fronds, but leaves the porous trunk section and fresh growth at the top smoke-blackened, but still alive. Perhaps this is Nature's way of keeping her palm forests uncluttered, but whatever, the clean-lined sweep of graceful palms springing from the gushing waters that nursed them was so stirring, so dramatic and silently beautiful that we felt like intruders being here.

I don't know if the race of men who established their identity here by painting murals along the canyon walls had more right to it than we had, but I think they did for the simple fact they remained. Whether they were eleven-feet tall, as believed by the Indians who followed them in historic time, or

whether they stood on stilts to paint their murals, as did the ancient Maoris of Polynesia, they lived as one with the deer, mountain sheep, rabbits, condors, antelopes, whales and sea mammals which thrived on the peninsula and its surrounding seas. They slayed these beasts for sustenance, but they recorded their grace and beauty for posterity—life-size and vital. And they did it with great risk of life and limb, unless they were, indeed, 11-feet tall.

Sam described Hicks Cave, discovered by him in 1962, as we hovered near it and then Don New spotted a landing area. He stayed with the 'copter while Carlos and I followed Sam through fronds that crackled underfoot and over rough granite boulders to the base of Gardner Cave. Truly fit for a man-god or aborigine king, this cave undisputably contains the most impressive of all Baja California cave art. From below it, we could see areas of brilliant color curl outward with the upper slope of the cave shelter's roof, but from no single point could the 600-foot long expanse of mural be viewed at one glance. The climb to the ledge-like floor of the shelter was terraced with steep stretches of granite almost impossible to climb without ropes, but somehow we made it up to the cave. I won't go into detail about the paintings here, as Dr. Clement Meighan, U.C.L.A. archeologist who accompanied Gardner's first

expedition into this region, wrote a brilliant article about it for *DESERT Magazine* in July, 1965.

However, there is one feature which has been ignored in previous reports, both by Gardner in his book *The Hidden Heart of Baja*, in his article for *Life Magazine*, and in Dr. Meighan's story. I won't sidetrack it here.

On the rear wall at one point of the shelter, located about three feet above the floor, was a natural basin in the rock wall where water seeped through the rock. The wall in this place was damp and a small palm had taken root in a crack of the floor. Then, a few feet further along the ledge, a fair-sized fig tree sprouted from the wall. I'm not much of a botanist, but palms grow rapidly, so this one was young, perhaps sprung from a seed deposited by a pack rat. The fig tree, I believe, is the *ficus ghabata*, a species native to Mexico. Aztecs on the mainland used to use its bark to make a paper from which they cut out effigies to accomplish feats of black magic, such as making hexes. They grow slowly, so I wouldn't hazard a guess as to its age.

But that isn't the mystery of the cave. The thing that jarred me was the presence of three crosses painted on the wall beside the water seep. Each was somewhat different in the curlicue embellishes at the ends of the arms. Carefully executed and about 12-inches in height, all were painted with a yellow pigment. The cross bar in each case was located above-center, with the arms of the crosses drawn in outline and the centers left unpainted. Dr. Margain said they were typical Roman Catholic crosses. This is no doubt true, but similar crosses were con-

Part of Gardner Cave is visible in cavity at upper right. This is the typical type of location and structure for painted caves of this region.



sidered sacred by a number of archaic civilizations long before Christ.

Except for one thing, I would have considered them the work of latter day hunters who took shelter in the cave. That one thing was a drawing of a life-sized deer painted in the same yellow pigment as the crosses. In no other cave paintings of this entire area is yellow pigment used—only white, black and red.

Now a contemporary hunter could have painted both the crosses and this deer, but if he did, he must have been about 20 feet tall or else worked from a skylift. For this enormous yellow outlined doe is painted high on the up-slope of the shelter's roof, extending well beyond the ledge-like floor of the cave. In fact, directly below this outer, upper-lip of the shelter is a steep drop of 75 feet and the canyon walls above the caves extend for several hundreds of feet, also straight up-and-down. It's unlikely that a hunter wandering through this Utopia would, or could, have moved enough boulders himself to erect a trestle in order to reach such a spot, and then taken time to dismantle it simply for the sake of adding one yellow doe to the red and black ones already there. Furthermore, this single yellow doe is so entirely consistent in style with the others that it is difficult to believe it was not put there as a part of the original cult.

If this is so, then this race of man who so mysteriously appeared and disappeared may not be as old as we think. There are spearheads depicted in the murals, extending from the bodies of slain animals. Fire-hardened spearheads have been found among the debris of Gardner cave, but such spears were used also by the retarded aborigines found by early missionaries, so the ones recovered from the cave were not necessarily those of the artists. A wooden peg found in the shelter, dated by radiocarbon at U.C.L.A., indicated the shelter was occupied about 550 years ago.

Nevertheless, at least one of these aborigines had been exposed to Christianity, presuming the crosses are Catholic crosses. If so, this would put the people who painted the caves into a time span following 1519, the year Cortes entered the Valley of Mexico. History records that word of Cortes' arrival preceded him all of the way from Yucatan, with Indians arriving from great distances to reach the scenes of action even before the curtains rose. It's possible Indians from Baja navigated the Gulf of California, or runners circled it to the north, between Cortes' arrival on the mainland and Iturbe's brief visit to Baja, in 1616, and returned to warn their people of the havoc the Spanish were creating under this sign of the cross in the land of Moctezuma.

Carrying this supposition further, imagine a group of Baja's cave artists having left their mountain retreat for a fishing expedition to the Gulf. We know they were familiar with sea-life because of the whales depicted in their murals. Then, much to their surprise, where formerly they had met only depraved Indians, this time they beheld a robed priest holding mass on the beach where his ship, exploring the Gulf of California, had put into a bay to look for fresh water. It could have been Cortes' ship, the *Concepcion*, in 1533, 160 years before the Spanish returned to colonize and explore the Baja peninsula.

Stealthily, the native fishermen approached the strangers, curious, yet frightened. A Spanish bullet brought down a bird. This gun could also shoot down sacred deer, already growing scarce. The robed priest made the sign of the cross above a contrived altar covered with cloth, the ends of which were embroidered with three golden crosses. Observant, as primitive peoples have always been, the natives imprinted these de-

signs in their minds. Because of repetition in the priest's ceremony, it was apparent the symbol of the cross held significance.

The eldest of the fishermen consulted with his companions. Could these be the same people their scout had seen on the land beyond the waters of the Gulf? Were these the people who ravaged the great nation of the Aztecs? They must report this to their wizard chief. But how could they depict golden crosses when their only pigments were red and black?

Perhaps the bay where they encountered the stranger was San Raphael Bay, inland from where a friendly tribe decorated cave shelters with an entirely different kind of magic, painted in a variety of colors. The fishermen would warn the tribe there of what they'd seen and ask for a chunk of the material from which their friends mixed yellow paint.

Back at their mountain retreat, they drew the crosses on the cave wall to show their people. After studying them, the wise leader said, "This sign is a warning; we must go." They were a traveling race, or they'd never have reached Baja's shores in the first place. Perhaps, like the Maoris of Polynesia, they had sailed into the sun in search of forebears who'd split from the tribe to seek peace and new lands. Baja was only an interlude, so now they would set forth again. While runners carried the message through the myriads of canyons where each family had decorated its own shelter, the wizard paid a last, giant-sized tribute to his sacred deer, using the yellow pigment to render the deer as powerful as the golden cross.

Then, long before the Jesuits came to settle the eastern coast of Baja—maybe a century and a half before—these people constructed rafts of tough mangle, such as their ancestors had constructed, and prepared to seek another land.

But a new generation among a small population can experience great change. The new ones were expert hunters, but knowledge of currents and navigation had vanished with their fathers who had sailed to this sea-girdled land. If any now escaped the torments of the sea, the storms, the tricky currents, the man-eating sharks, they were too few to multiply and carry on the traditions of their heritage. By the time the Jesuits discovered their brilliant caves, the people for whom the caves had meaning were no more.

This imagined sequence could be close to the truth. The people may have been giants and, like dinosaurs, became overspecialized in height and couldn't support themselves. Or, they could have degenerated, or killed one another off in a series of battles. Or they could have migrated north and died in the dreaded *Infierno* region of Baja. But judging them by their art, they were a vital, prideful people with wit and intelligence. Nothing indicates they may not have lived here around 550 years ago, as the carbon-14 test suggests, but if we give the drawings of the crosses and the yellow doe the attention it deserves, these people were still on the Baja California peninsula when Cortes came to California, and later.

In spite of the fact Gardner cave has been described on the pages of *DESERT* before, I feel privileged to have seen it first hand and to be able to write about it again. It contains by far the most impressive and ambitious of any recorded prehistoric pictographs on the North American continent. When I discovered a cave site of my own on the following day, I experienced some part of the excitement Uncle Erle and his team must have felt when they first came upon Gardner Cave. □

To Be Continued



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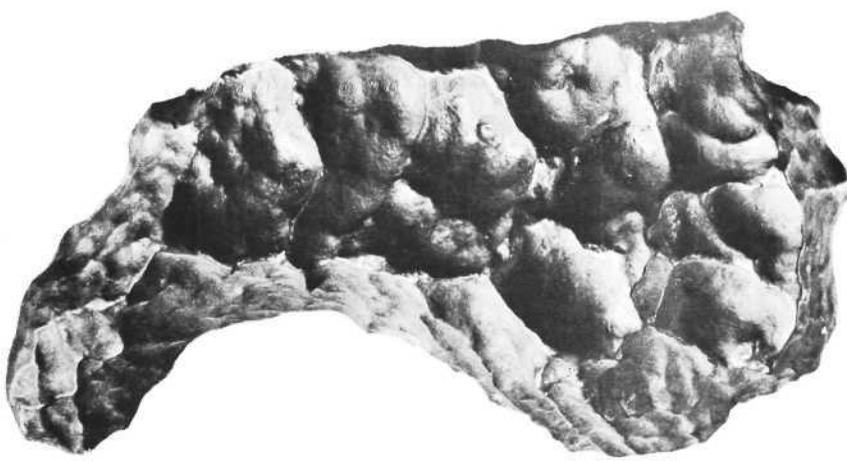
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Space Stones



*How
to
catch
a
falling
star*

WITHIN THE past half-dozen years the desert has become science's number-one location for studying outer space. Moon-simulating terrain like Arizona's Meteor Crater and Grand Canyon have brought both astronauts and researchers to the desert for a close-up look. Even more intriguing is the fact that the desert is the only area on earth which preserves actual stones from outer space: the meteorites. And it is meteorites that provide science with the most direct and tangible evidence of conditions outside our planet.

Science estimates that the earth's atmosphere is bombarded with as many as 400,000,000 meteors *daily*. Of these, only 20,000,000 are large enough to form "shooting stars" visible on earth. Although most of these are completely consumed before reaching the ground, there may be as many as 900 meteorites which actually land on earth *yearly*. Three-quarters of these probably end up in the oceans. Of the 225 meteorites that may fall on the land, most of these disintegrate through oxidation. In fact, about the only ones that do survive are meteorites that land in arid regions like our Southwestern deserts. But until the present era of intensive desert exploration with advanced equipment, only *three* or *four* of these stones ever found their way into collections.

Now the picture has changed. With modern rockhounds, prospectors, and campers invading the desert en masse, it is perfectly possible for an amateur to stumble upon a meteorite . . . if he knows what he is looking for. A serious shortage of research specimens has prompted the American Meteorite Laboratory (P. O. Box 2098, Denver Colo.) to distribute free identification leaflets to anyone in-

terested, which include the following facts:

Meteorites are not light porous rocks. They are often marked with shallow pits but are not porous. They are not round like a ball. At least no round one is yet known. They are not hollow. Meteorites do not come to the ground in a burning condition. They do not set fires. They burn while high in the air but generally cease burning about 5 to 20 miles above the soil.

Meteorites are usually much heavier than ordinary rocks. They are generally irregular in form—almost any shape. They are often pitted more or less. The corners and edges are notably dulled or rounded. A few meteorites are conical in shape. Meteorites are covered with a thin fusion crust due to burning during their flight through the atmosphere. This crust is nearly or quite black in most meteorites at the time of the fall. Later it becomes brown from rust if exposed to the weather. They nearly always contain an alloy of nickel-iron. This metal may be in small grains embedded in a stony matrix or it may constitute almost the entire meteorite. In either case it can be detected by grinding a corner of the suspected specimen with an emery wheel or emery paper which will reveal bright white metal.

Should you happen to find a stone which conforms to this description, you should submit it to a scientific institution for more exhaustive tests by experts. American Meteorite Laboratory (a private company) makes such tests free of charge (but asks that return postage be included if the sender wants his rock back). Two Southwestern universities make similar tests: Arizona State University, Tempe, Arizona; and Institute of Meteoritics, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M.



by Janice Beaty

The spot where the meteorite is recovered should also be marked by the finder in case the area turns out to be strewn with other space stones. Impact may have buried most of them underground where they can be located only with high-powered detectors. The pattern they form on the ground is important in determining the path and rate of their fall. Scientists would, in fact, prefer that all meteorites be left in place, and only their position recorded on a master search grid for the area.

Once in the laboratory, meteorite specimens are sliced, weighed, x-rayed and analyzed with spectograph, microscope and chemicals. Overall aim of this intense scrutiny is to discover the circumstances of their origin and their life histories. No one is really sure where meteorites come from in the first place. Over the years theories have ranged from: The moon, the sun, a planet, a comet, the depths of space, the asteroid belt . . . to the earth's own volcanoes. One modern theory proposes that tiny solid particles in space form into large planet-like bodies which eventually break apart, and whose pieces are later captured by the earth's gravity. The process may take centuries, with some of these pieces orbiting the earth like man-made satellites and never falling.

Facts gleaned from the study of meteorites are invaluable in our space program. Because of their own fiery plunge to earth, they have helped to determine the best shapes and materials for missile nose cones. Because of their long exposure to cosmic rays, they offer the best means for studying the effects of this radiation. Previous study of the metallic content of meteorites has led to such important advances as the development of stainless steel and armor-plating for ships.

But modern man was not the first to be

intrigued by desert space stones. A large iron meteorite weighing 3,407 pounds was found in a tomb at the ruins of Casas Grandes, Chihuahua, Mexico in 1867, where it had been carefully wrapped in linen like an Egyptian mummy by the ancient people. The most sacred desert meteorite of all is the famous "black stone" of the Moslems, preserved as a holy relic at Mecca since the A.D. 600s.

The Southwest's most famous meteorite is undoubtedly the celebrated "Tucson stone," a ring-shaped iron weighing 1,370 pounds, which was discovered in a pass of the Sierra de la Madera mountains by Spanish soldiers and taken to the old Presidio at Tucson. After the withdrawal of the Spanish garrison, it was set up in the town square as a public anvil. An army doctor stationed there in 1860 (B. J. Irwin) finally convinced the town it should be sent to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington. This was finally accomplished with great difficulty over the next three years via Hermosillo, Guaymas, San Francisco and the Isthmus of Panama.

Today the Southwest's most outstanding meteorites are included in the famous Ninger Collection at Arizona State University. Its 1,220 specimens representing more than half of the known meteorite falls on earth, make it one of the four most important collections in the world, and the only one of major size at any university.

Arizona's own meteorite falls are well represented in the collection. The "Canyon Diablo irons," for instance, were found by the thousands in the 1890's around the huge "Meteor Crater" blasted out of the Arizona desert by a prehistoric meteorite perhaps 22,000 years ago. Only dry desert air could have preserved so many bits of metal for such a long span of years.

Over 14,000 separate pieces were recovered from a remarkable meteor "shower" which occurred at Holbrook, Arizona on July 19, 1912. Other Arizona falls include: Ashfork, 1901; Bagdad, 1961; Camp Verde, 1915; Clover Springs, 1956; Cottonwood, 1955; Ehrenberg, 1862; Gun Creek, 1909; Houck, 1927; Kofa, 1893; Navajo, 1921; Pima County, before 1947; San Francisco Mts., 1920; Seligman, 1949; Silver Bell, before 1947; Wallapai, 1927; Weaver Mts., 1898; Wickenburg, 1940; Winona, prehistoric.

So keep your eyes open and your metal detector clicking. Yours could be a most important contribution to space science, should you really "catch a falling star." □

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Zane Grey Country

by Jan S. Paul



PHOENIX AND Tucson have long been the recognized "fun in the sun" cities of Arizona, yet Flagstaff, on U. S. 66, if for nothing more than tourist volume, should rate very high. The number one side trip from Flagstaff is definitely the Grand Canyon, with Oak Creek Canyon and the first capital, Prescott, as close seconds.

There is a third trip, however, which, in the short span of 350 miles, takes in some of the most historic and scenic areas of the state. Zane Grey immortalized the Tonto Basin and Mogollon ("Muggy-Own") Rim and this trip goes through both, with some very excellent scenery and a few Indian dwellings as well.

Drive south out of Flagstaff on Interstate 17 toward Camp Verde. Montezuma Well is the first stop, approximately 10 miles north of Camp Verde. From time to time visitors to this historic site have created problems by dropping coins and other objects into the well. The really big attraction in the area is the Montezuma Castle National Monument, but another point of worthwhile interest is the splendid cavalry museum at Fort Verde. It is one of the best such displays in the nation.

From Camp Verde the route lies eastward to the little settlement of Strawberry. The road is unnumbered, but as there is only one road a wrong turn isn't possible. The settlement of Strawberry

is the site of the oldest standing schoolhouse in the state. Built in 1885 of hand hewn logs, it is an interesting place to visit. Just south of Strawberry is Pine where the oldest annual Pioneer Day celebration in Arizona is held.

Take State 87 south. Five miles south of Pine is the turn-off to Tonto Natural Bridge; 400 feet long, 180 feet high, with a 150 foot span. It is a spectacular sight, and much easier to reach than most of the other natural bridges in the southwest.

Next stop is Payson, under the Mogollon Rim. It is a thriving town of approximately 2,000, built primarily on a lumber and cattle economy. The largest seismological observatory in the Western Hemisphere is located just five miles north of town, and for those interested

in the Zane Grey saga, an inquiry will get quick directions to the site of the old Zane Grey cabin where he lived and wrote his famous stories of the Mogollon Rim. Payson also boasts the world's oldest rodeo, started in 1884 and held each August.

South from Payson the road drops into the very heart of the Tonto Basin. Fifteen miles south of Payson, our route leaves State 87 in favor of State 188, the direct road to Roosevelt Dam. Just beyond the town of Roosevelt is the Tonto National Monument on State 88, the Apache Trail. State 88 goes on south to Globe, but we shortly head back north on State 288. This road passes the Sierra Ancha Experimental Forest; however, our main objective is the town of Young.

Here is something unique in our present jet age; a quiet, simple place, unmarred by the hustle and bustle. There's no electricity nor telephone service in Young and the nearest doctor is at Globe, 90 miles back down the road we just came over. Life is simple and it takes a sturdy breed to live there, but just for a little while it's a welcome change.

Beyond Young the road tops the Mogollon Rim and crosses State 160, continuing back to the northwest along the top of the Rim. From here you can look into the Basin and see all the places you have been. This Rim road ends at State 65 midway between Strawberry and Clint Wells. It's possible to go back to Flagstaff via Camp Verde, but more new scenery unfolds by going right on State 65. At Clint Wells the route leaves the numbered road in favor of an unnumbered road north. This road passes through Happy Jack and along the eastern shores of Lake Mormon and the rather curious Mary Lake—eight miles long and less than a mile wide. There used to be a dirt road past tiny Marshall Lake to Walnut Canyon National Monument, but it is now necessary to drive out of Flagstaff on 66 to reach this monument. Our road joins Interstate 17 three miles south of Flagstaff.

While the entire loop may be made in one day without strain, a more leisurely trip can be made by stopping overnight in Payson, or at one of the eight Forest Service camps in the Basin and Rim area. In any event, eat lunch in Young. The place may be simple and slow-paced, but the food is excellent. □





Lost Treasure of the Hohokam

by Ed Houck

AN ANCIENT treasure, pre-dating the Spanish Conquest, is once again drawing attention to Arizona's Casa Grande. Lured by the soft, green lustre of emeralds, today's treasure hunter is researching the Gila River Country of Arizona. No idle whim motivates him. He knows a large olla of chalciguites, "stones of the fineness and quality of emerald," buried in the general area of Casa Grande National Monument, is a matter or recorded history. He believes Casa Grande's history contains the key to over one hundred similar treasures in the same area. Spurred on by keen competition and encouraged by the fact the United States Government's obstinate attitude toward gold does not apply to this treasure, he is concentrating his efforts towards recovery of the easily-disposed-of gems.

The treasure belonged to a lost tribe whose civilization vanished about the mid-fifteenth century. Their towns, each with its huge temple and irrigation canals, stretched along the Gila, Verde and Salt Rivers of Arizona. Some of their lore, including the olla of gems, was well established in Pima legend. These legends were written into the history of the Casa Grande by the explorers of New Spain. Somewhere in this recorded history lies the secret of the lost Hohokam hoards.

First Spanish explorer to learn of the treasure was the remarkable Jesuit, Kino. "He worked tirelessly in continuous peregrinations and in the reduction of all this Pimeria. He discovered the Casa Grande . . ." Thus reads the death record of Eusebio Francisco Kino as recorded by his co-worker, Augustine de Campos in the year 1711. This tribute, written at Magdalena, Sonora, Mexico, referred to the Casa Grande some 175 miles to the

north. The credit given was justly due for it was Kino, the tireless frontiersman, who found the remains of an ancient civilization sprawling along the Gila River in 1694. He listened to the Pima legends and named his discovery the Casa Grande (Big House) in honor of a particularly large structure that remained standing. A building "as large as a castle and equal to the largest church in these lands of Sonora."

Kino returned to his Casa Grande in 1697, this time in the company of Captain Juan Mateo Manje. Manje, a young Spanish officer, described the Casa Grande in his book *Luz de Tierra Incognita*. It is this building, still standing today, that marks one of the treasure sites.

At the time of Kino's discovery, the Pimas venerated the Casa Grande as a temple of Moctezuma. Offerings of arrows, jewels, feathers and other articles of value were put into a large room of the building to placate the god. The Pimas knew of an olla of precious stones

buried nearby and believed that anyone who touched the olla would only bury it deeper; if he attempted to take it, he would fall to the bottom of the hole. They refused to burn any of the timbers in the ancient building and their beliefs extended to a small, cleft hill in the vicinity. It would close on all who traveled through, according to their legend, and therefore it was sacred.

After Kino's death, Campos made the journeys to Casa Grande. He attempted to dissuade the Pimas from their beliefs by burning timbers of the building and throwing the Pima offerings from the temple. His efforts are looked upon by treasure hunters, most of whom view clerical history with a jaundiced eye, as an attempt to force revelation of the treasure location from the Pimas. In either case, his labors were in vain. For, when he asked the Pimas to tell him the location of the treasure, they remained silent. Not so the young officer Manje. With the matter-of-factness of his trade,

Casa Grande today



he recorded the unsuccessful efforts of Campos in his *Luz de Tierra Incognita*.

In 1742 another Jesuit, Ignacio Javier Keller, passed the Casa Grande on his way to the Moqui Country north of the Gila. Much of this trip remains a mystery. A mystery heightened by his description of a Casa Grande structure half a league in length and depth, divided into square blocks three or four stories high, with a reservoir in front and canals in every street. The author of the *Rudo Ensayo*, who records Keller's description, conjectures the building was situated north of the Gila. Possibly that author, knowing Keller, had some reason for his

of the Anza expedition to California, visited the site. Garces called it the House of Moctezuma and referred his readers to Font for a description. Both Font and Lieutenant Colonel Anza, who accompanied the priests on their trip, sketched the ground plan of Casa Grande for their diaries.

The Casa Grande of the early Spaniards was part of the ruins scattered for miles along both banks of the Gila, east and west of the Santa Cruz River. The limits of the ruins were never clearly defined but they were extensive. Over one hundred towns went to make up the debris. Many-roomed, multi-storied dwell-

ed, as well he might have been. They described the buildings whose inside surface was "as beautiful as the pottery of Puebla." They guessed with uncanny accuracy at the width of the canals "about ten varas wide" and attempted to assess the depths by tying pieces of cord together and weighting them with a rock. They puzzled over the disappearance of the builders and listened to the Pima legends of the Hohokams; the Ancient Ones, whose leader El Siba (Ciba) peered through the small, round, east/west holes in Casa Grande's walls and saluted the rising sun. They nodded with understanding, born of personal experience, when the Pimas told of the Apache harassment that finally drove the Hohokams away. They recorded their observations, paused for a last look at the Casa Grande, then, like the former inhabitants of the big building, they traveled *mas alla*.

By the eighteen hundreds, a single building still stood in the V of the Gila and Santa Cruz Rivers. Other ruins in the area had melted away. Early travelers, following the Gila Route, re-discovered this building and even as their Spanish predecessors, paused to wonder. Their number included James and his father Sylvester Pattie; Colonel W. H. Emory, who traveled with Kearney's party in 1846 and Charles D. Poston, later acclaimed the "father of Arizona." Poston remarked in his writings that Pauline Weaver, old time mountain-man and famous Southwestern frontiersman, carved his name on the walls of the Casa Grande in 1836. The name P. Weaver and the date 18— is carved on an inside wall of this building and may be seen today.

These explorers of the eighteen hundreds found other ruins, some larger than the Casa Grande. Colonel Hodge, in his book *Arizona as It Is*, describes the ruins of a large town six miles east of Phoenix. Near the center of the ruins



Casa Grande 1880

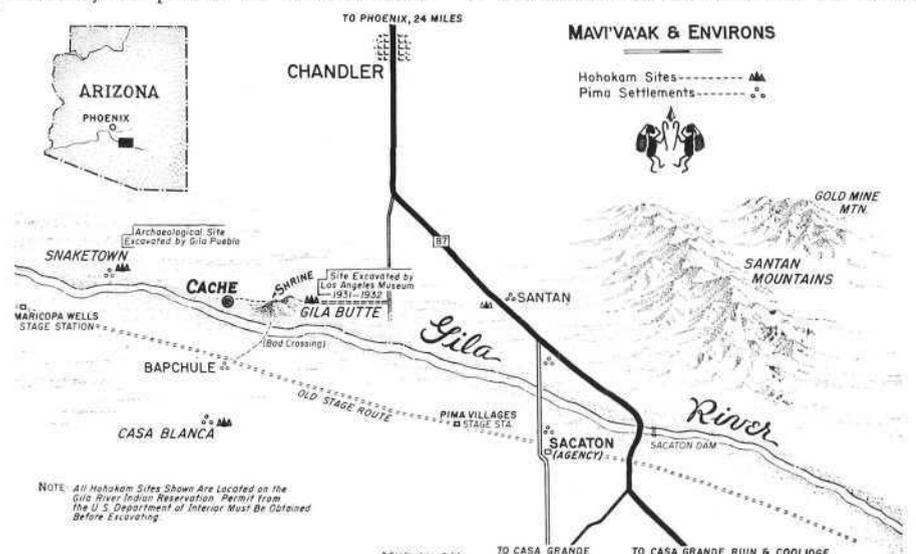
conjecture. In any event, it is interesting to note that others described a large reservoir in the area of Kino's discovery, south of the Gila.

Still another Jesuit visited the Casa Grande in 1744 and again sometime after 1751. Jacobo Sedelmayer, who later joined Ignacio Keller to become key figures in the Pima Uprising of 1751, trekked to the ruins and wrote of his findings. According to his reports, he visited similar ruins north of the Gila and along the Salado (Salt) Rivers. Some doubt is cast on his journeys, however, by the fact he copied his description of the Casa Grande from that of Juan Mateo Manje; in parts, sentence for sentence.

Jesuit treks to the Casa Grande ceased with their expulsion from New Spain in 1767. But the black robes of the Jesuits were soon replaced with the grey robes of the Franciscans and in 1775, two of the newcomers visited the Casa Grande. Fr. Pedro Font and Fr. Garces, members

lings dotted the length of the vast ruins as late as the eighteen hundreds and an irrigation system, with large canals, still wound through its various divisions.

Each Spaniard in his turn was impressed by the part of the ruins he view-



was a building 275 feet long and 130 feet wide whose debris formed a mound 30 feet high. J. R. Bartlett, member of the Boundary Commission and author of *Personal Narratives* found ruins along the Salt River and in the area formed by its junction with the Verde. Ruins found near La Tempe contained the mound of a building 200-225 feet long by 60-80 feet wide. This mound, like all the mounds and buildings, fitted Fr. Font's description of the Casa Grande; they were "true to the cardinal points of the compass."

Until 1892, when the lands around the old building were reserved by executive order, unknown hundreds of settlers, soldiers and travelers had examined the structure and many scrawled their names on the walls. These early Westerners, in spite of their holographic proclivities, were as deeply impressed as the Spanish had been and they did something about it. Through their efforts and the efforts

of those who followed, the Casa Grande became a National Monument in 1918. Today, two miles north of Coolidge, Arizona on state highway 87, shielded from the elements by a modern metal umbrella, the lonely remains of the Hohokam civilization stand in silent despair. No sentry scans the desert from its towering rooftop. No one watches the calendar hole to "salute the sun" and determine the time for planting. There is no need—for the civilization that lived behind defensive walls, built watchtowers, prayed to unknown gods and cremated their dead, has vanished. When they disappeared, they took their history with them and only bits of items, used in their stay, remain to puzzle archeologists.

Why they abandoned their treasure is one of the many mysteries of the Casa Grande. Perhaps it had a particular symbolic/religious value with a dedication to that temple. If so, over one hundred similar treasures may exist in the Casa Grande

de area—one to each town. Only time and persistent hunting will tell.

In addition to the abandonment, the treasure hunter is confronted with the mystery of the contents of the ollas. Are they really emeralds? Well, if the Hohokams were a northern tribe of the vast Aztec kingdom, there is a very good probability they are emeralds. The Aztecs had plenty, as Cortez discovered. But even if they are not emeralds, the search is still on. An olla of jade "of the fineness and quality of emerald" would bring a staggering fortune on today's market.

Other treasures may exist in the form of pearls. Sedelmayer, without giving reasons for his belief, advanced the hope that pearls might be found in these rivers. He may have had good reason for his optimism. Excavations have shown that the Hohokam made jewelry of turquoise together with shell from the Gulf of California. If they used shell from the gulf, they may also have used pearls. Sedelmayer would certainly have recognized pearls. The Spanish in his time were harvesting hundreds of pounds of them. Where? You guessed it—the Gulf of California.

If you would search for Moctezuma's treasure, take heart. Southwestern treasure is being recovered. But contrary to popular belief, not by accident or X marks the spot maps. Anyone who knows exactly where to dig is going to do just that—why should he hand you the shovel? Most recoveries are being made by exhaustive research coupled with imagination. In the case of Casa Grande, whatever your research discloses can be used in your search for the other treasures. A chain is nothing but links. Bear in mind, however, that the Casa Grande National Monument itself is *not* open to search. When researching, check your sources thoroughly, many are biased and you will have to learn to check what they say against known facts and other authorities.

Don't be discouraged by contradictions, especially among the writings of the Jesuits. Take it from an old Isabel researcher, for every Baegert who decries the poverty of Lower California, there is a *Rudo Ensayo* author to note that ships from Baja, loaded with grain, were delivering at the mouth of the Yaqui River and taking on passengers for the pearl fisheries. Get used to it, it's all part of the game. And a wonderful game it is!

Whether you search for tangible wealth or tidbits of history like a name scrawled on a wall, the treasures of Casa Grande are waiting to be found. Welcome to the search! □

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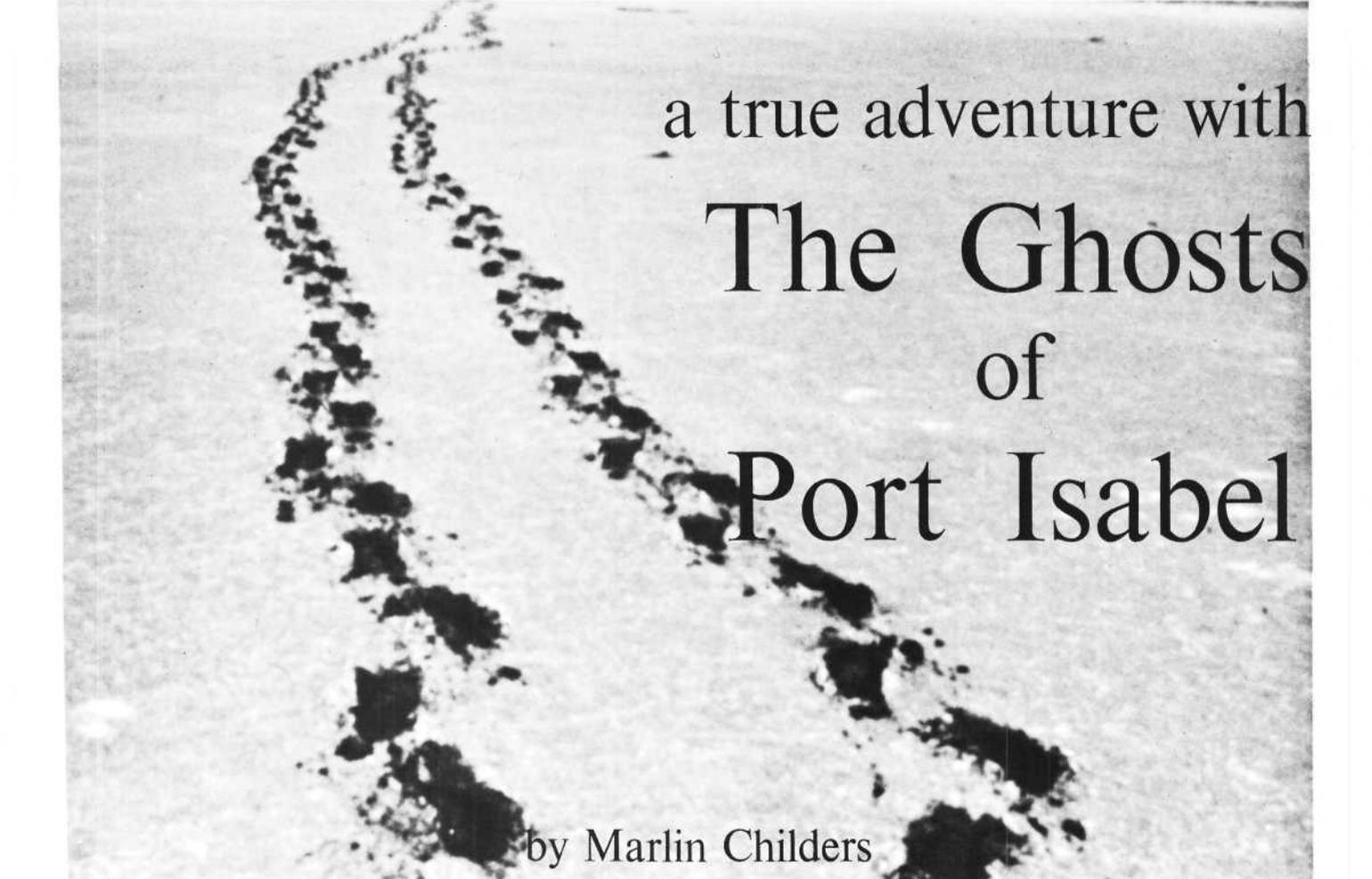
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The Ghosts of Port Isabel

by Marlin Childers

IF SHIPS have ghosts and if ghosts have children the ghost ships of Port Isabel must be restless and confused and the children wrought with uncertainty concerning their ancestry. The nearest maritime office for boat licensing and registration was in San Diego. By water that was 1500 miles away—south over the unpredictable Sea of Cortez and back along the west coast of Baja California. Furthermore, it was difficult to operate the flat bottom boats upstream under the force of cross winds and the bore tide from the Gulf offered a real danger. If a craft survived this peril, it might ram a mud bar in the shallow river or encounter flood waters from up-stream rains that could destroy it in minutes.

Those charged with keeping supplies and passengers moving on the Colorado River and with the transporting of rich ore to ocean going vessels in the Gulf found it expedient to convert and improvise usable parts of unrepairable boats for the use of other vessels. To accomplish this, they established a boat building and repair facility at the head of the Gulf and another up-stream at Fort Yuma, or Colorado City, as it was called then. Registration and official papers from wrecked river craft were commonly transferred to newly constructed boats in order to avoid

the difficulties involved in official commissioning. With this co-mingling of parts and papers, how was a self-respecting ghost ship to know with certainty its family tree?

This disregard for maritime laws can be condoned when you consider the extreme conditions under which commerce operated on the Colorado River during the 19th century. These things Captain John R. Myers and I reflected upon on the way back to Yuma, Arizona after a harrowing trip to the abandoned shipyard on the Colorado delta.

Captain Myers, U.S.N., better known as "Dick" to his friends, became curious about the little-known delta lands during his duty at the El Centro Aero Space Recovery Facility where he was the Commanding Officer. Later he was transferred to Phoenix and our plans to explore it were interrupted until I revived his interest with a telephone call to suggest he join me on an expedition to seek out the lost 19th century Port Isabel.

We met as scheduled and on our first night out camped at the top of the cliffs overlooking the mud flats a few miles below El Doctor, Sonora, Mexico. We barbecued a steak, and while the campfire flickered, reminisced of other trips into little-known areas around the mouth of

the Colorado River. Many had been without incident, but on several occasions our physical and mental capacities were pushed to their limits. Little did we realize that the trip ahead of us was to be more trying than any previous sojourn into this land of mud.

For years I had read about the former port of call at the head of the Gulf of California. I had seen it documented on old maps, but there were no roads nor distances from known points to locate the former repair facility and the exact location was impossible to determine.

Discouraged, I had given up hope of finding the former port when Dr. Richard Merriam, a geologist from U.S.C., showed me an aerial photo with a white rectangular area which could possibly be the location of Port Isabel. A few days later, with Jim Adkins and Jim Bailey of El Centro, California, I flew down across the delta and over the mud flats. We followed the well-defined San Jacinto fault and located the rectangular white zone that appeared on the aerial photo. The area was surrounded with debris foreign to the area. We felt certain this was the former boat repair depot.

As we flew from the delta land, I felt confident I could return to the Cliffs by the old road to El Gulfo and find the

survey marker. I would then be able to spot the north tip of Gore Island and by taking a compass reading and following it for six miles, I could expect to arrive at Port Isabel. Simple! The only catch turned out to be that when we reached the survey marker by land, Dick Myers and I could not see Gore Island.

July first broke hot and humid. Our never to be forgotten experience was underway. We had brought along a trail bike in order to carry back souvenirs and hoped the ground would be firm so one of us could ride the machine part of the time. However, within 100 feet of the starting point we were using all of the machine's pulling power and all of our pushing power to keep it moving. Mud clung to its wheels and frame like taffy candy. Because of my weight there was

came more aware that this inhospitable land was not meant to be trespassed. The noon sun bore down on the salt covered mud, reflecting its heat into our faces and blinding our eyes. The motor bike, laden with mud, finally refused to budge any further.

While we rested, sitting on the machine, we considered the perilous situation we had created for ourselves. My eyes told me I was seeing something that resembled the old shipyard I'd seen from the air. Finally convinced it was real, we altered our course and struggled toward it. Even without the burden of the machine, the mud was formidable. As we approached the port, it became necessary to rest every few steps. At last we climbed the elevated earth surrounding the dry dock facility and found it firm enough to bear our weight.

iron, varied in size from 1/2 inch to four feet in length and hand-tooled wooden parts had been carved to order. An old wood hand-operated water pump with brass foot valve was still intact and inside the pump was a beautiful bottle, presumably dropped there while the pump was in use. Interesting bottle and glass balls lay everywhere; some purple and all hand-blown.

Bellows used to start the forge furnaces were intact as was a windlass for raising the gates to control the flow of water into the dry docks.

Only one building remains standing, although there are signs of at least three others near the larger dry dock.

After an hour of poking around, we left reluctantly, taking with us several bottles and some glass fish balls. Heat from the sun had drawn water to the sur-



Old windlass was designed to raise and lower floodgates which controlled access and egress of water to drydock.



Old ropes, bottles, all kinds of debris was found at Port Isabel.



Author inspects iron weight probably used to secure boats while being repaired.

no riding for me, but Dick, some 35 pounds lighter, rode about 50% of the time. The other 50% of the time, the machine rode us.

We passed several ground water flows with tulles growing around them. The water was evidently from sources other than the Gulf, but tasted salty and brackish. Some of these water flows were aligned and the direction and alignment was perpendicular to the San Jacinto and other major faults in the area. Future study by geologists may find this of significance.

In the areas where these water flows existed, the earth was soft and made progress difficult. We widened our distance from the cliffs and with each step, be-

It appeared that no one had visited the port since the last river boat departed and that the end had come quickly.

I felt like an intruder as I wandered about, inspecting the various remnants of this once busy shipyard. The elevated area around the dry dock facility was apparently created by workmen while excavating a sump in which to repair the damaged boats. It was here where we discovered a wealth of interesting relics left behind when the port was abandoned.

The ship fitters who worked there were an ingenious group. Not only had they hand-forged metal parts to repair boats, but they even manufactured the tools with which they performed these duties. Hand-made nails and bolts, both brass and

face and the mud which had been firm on our arrival was now soft while the soft mud was softer yet.

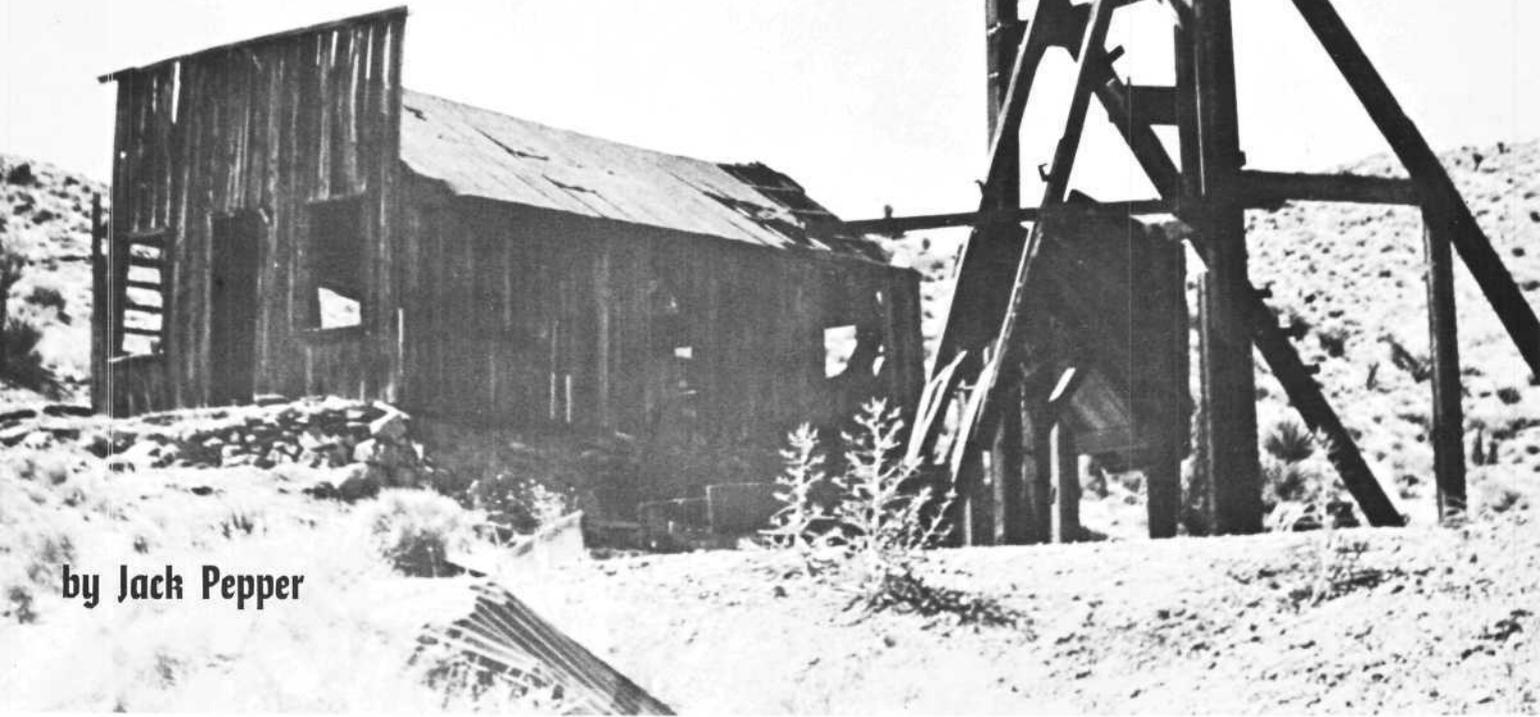
In spite of the misery of the trip—I'll never do it again—I feel very close to this former epic in history and will always wonder what, exactly, befell the boats of Port Isabel. Do its ghosts rest in peace or frustration?

There are relics with historical significance which should be salvaged. It does not seem likely, however, that anyone will gain access to the old dry docks with equipment capable of removing the heavier items.

One thing I am sure of: Visits to Port Isabel haven't a chance of becoming a national pastime! □

The Road to Vanderbilt

An ideal fall weekend trip by either passenger car or 4-wheel drive into the Lanfair Valley and New York Mountains in California's San Bernardino County, including a mysterious telephone booth out in the middle of nowhere!



by Jack Pepper

ALTHOUGH THE Eastern financier probably was unaware of it, a once prosperous gold mining town in California's San Bernardino County was named after Cornelius Vanderbilt III.

Vanderbilt is located 2 miles off a good gravel road which runs between Goffs on the south and U.S. Highway 15, ten miles south of the Nevada border on the north.

The 37-mile Ivanpah Road between Goffs and Ivanpah is suitable for passenger cars and is criss-crossed by numerous side roads leading to abandoned gold and silver mines and picturesque tree-covered country. Fascinating rock formations provide nooks and crannies for private camping. The area around Grotto Hills in Lanfair Valley, and where the road passes through New York Mountain, is excellent for rock hunting.

Near an abandoned mine I found a man digging down several feet deep in a wash. "I used to hunt for gems and minerals, but now I have more fun digging

for bottles," he said, producing three vintage specimens.

It is easy to miss the short road to Vanderbilt from the gravel road. I passed it twice before discovering the entrance which cuts through a small hill 2.2 miles

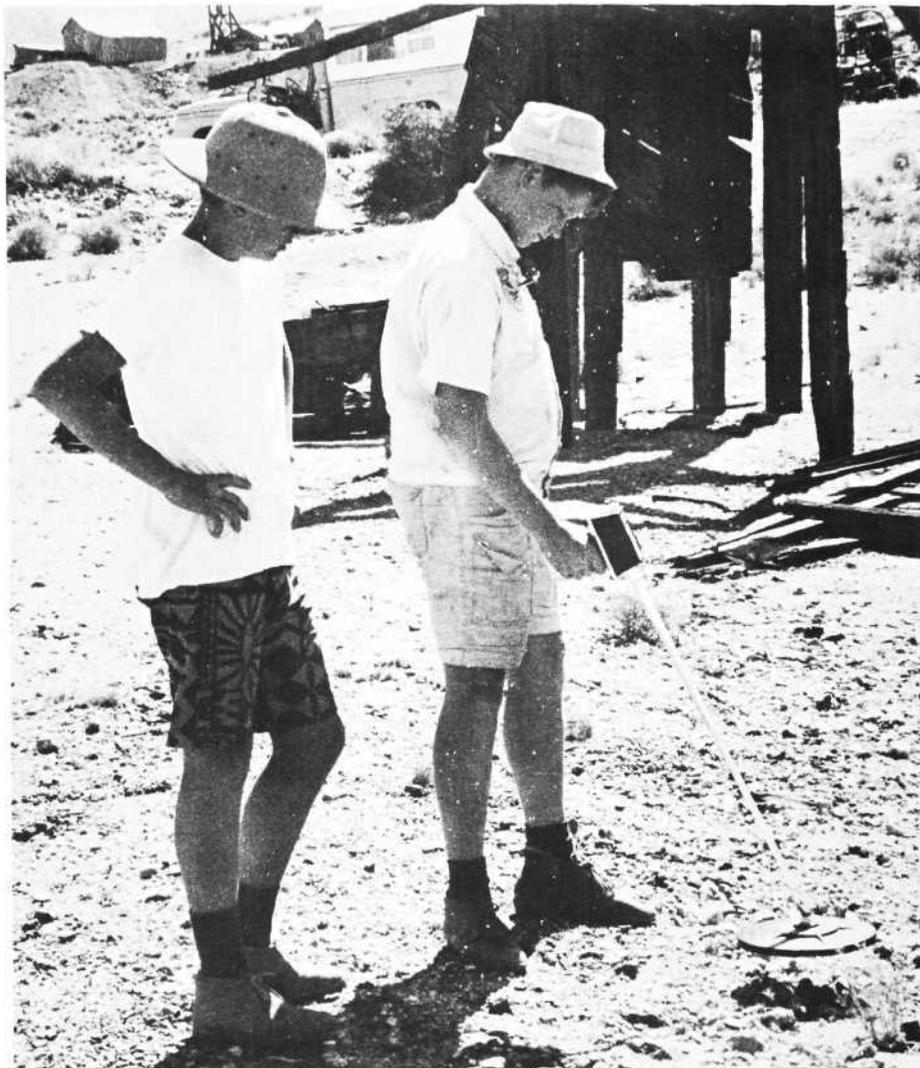


Why this working telephone booth was put out in the middle of nowhere is a moot question as there are more jack rabbits than people around it.

southeast of the U.P. railroad station at Ivanpah. This Ivanpah should not be confused with the former mining town of Ivanpah located on the east slope of Clark Mountain.

Originally the road was a railroad bed, but long ago the rails and ties were removed and the top graded for automobiles. Although narrow, it is passable for passenger cars for 1.4 miles to the first side road, from which the ruins of Vanderbilt may be seen to the right. Drivers of passenger cars should leave their vehicles here and hike the short distance up hill. Four-wheel drive vehicles can make it up to the ruins. (Do NOT go up to the next side road and enter. It leads to a working mine and trespassing is prohibited.)

The largest frame building still standing housed the offices of the Gold Bar Mine built in 1900, the year the community adopted Vanderbilt's name. Other famous mines included the Boomerang, original name of the community, Bonanza King and Gold Bronze. The area was de-



Trent Pepper and Wayne Purves use Goldak's new Commander metal locator in search of buried valuables around the mines at Vanderbilt. Below, after unhitching the "Grasshopper," the author and his son prepare to use the versatile vehicle to explore the more rugged parts of the New York Mountains.



veloped by A. G. Campbell after being discovered by Bob Black, a Piute Indian. Campbell shipped a 10 stamp mill from one of his Utah holdings and within a few weeks things were booming.

There was only one problem; how to ship the ore to market other than by slow mule-train. Denver capitalist Isaac E. Blake, who also had mining interests throughout San Bernardino County, solved the problem by constructing a branch line from Goffs to a point just south of Vanderbilt. This railroad, at the summit of the New York Mountains, inspired the railroad junction town of Manvel, built in 1892. Named for Allen Manvel, then president of the A. & P., the name was later changed to Barnwell. Its ruins are visible from the junction of Ivanpah Road and Hart Mountain Road, which continues on to Searchlight, Nevada.

Named the Nevada Southern, the branch line connected with the Atlantic and Pacific (later the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe) at Goffs. The next year Blake financed another branch line connecting Manvel with the main line at Ivanpah. Now connected to the outside world by rail, Vanderbilt grew and prospered as its 3000 inhabitants supplied ore to a gold-hungry world.

Among a half-dozen saloons were the



In front of a shell that once housed the offices of the Gold Bar Mine, Bob Williams, Phoenix, Ariz., and his brother, Dick Williams, Hacienda Heights, Calif. discuss the colorful history of Vanderbilt with Choral Pepper.

Gold Bar and Whist Club, open 24-hours a day. Virgil Earp, one-armed brother of the famous marshall of Dodge City, owned the only two-story building in town where lodge meetings and dances were held. The community also had a weekly newspaper, The Shaft, four restaurants, three boarding houses and a half-dozen general stores.

Water was nearly as expensive as good whiskey. Jim Fisk hauled it in and sold it for \$1.00 a barrel. Going a step further, he started an ice plant at Manvel and supplied not only Vanderbilt, but also Searchlight, albeit on a limited basis since he could only produce a ton of ice daily.

As the ice melted and disappeared in the hot sun, so did the veins of gold under Vanderbilt. After producing several million dollars worth of gold and silver during five bonanza years, the miners, dance hall girls and merchants gradually drifted away to resume their activities elsewhere. Although there was still gold, the principal treatment by amalgamation used in those days no longer worked on the low grade.

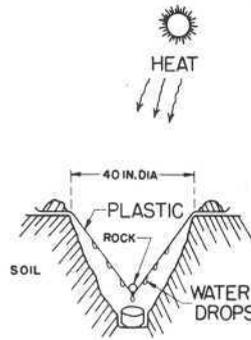
With the demise of Vanderbilt and the construction of the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad through Las Vegas in 1905, which captured the Nevada markets once served by Manvel, the railroad junction ceased to exist. As years passed, tracks were torn from the beds and transported away so today you can hardly trace what once was the life-line to Vanderbilt.

Another abandoned mine site which may be seen from the Ivanpah Road (called the Lanfair Road at the Goff's intersection) is the Sagamore Mine (DESERT, July, '64). Many other mines, reached by sideroads, are being reworked today, so observe No Trespassing signs and watch children, as mine shafts are not marked. It is not wise to explore mining areas after dark.

One of the best camping areas we've found in Southern California is located along the New York Mountain Road which intersects the Ivanpah Road about 17 miles from Goffs. We made our base camp here amid huge boulders and giant juniper trees. (See cover.)

After a day or two here, you'll be looking for an excuse to stay longer. If you decide to call the boss to tell him about your sick, helpless old aunt, you won't even have to return to the highway. Out here among the sage brush and jack rabbits, on Ivanpah Road, you'll find just what you need—a telephone booth!

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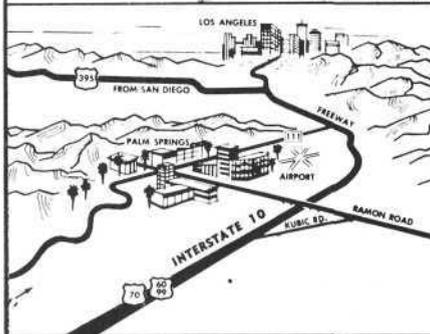
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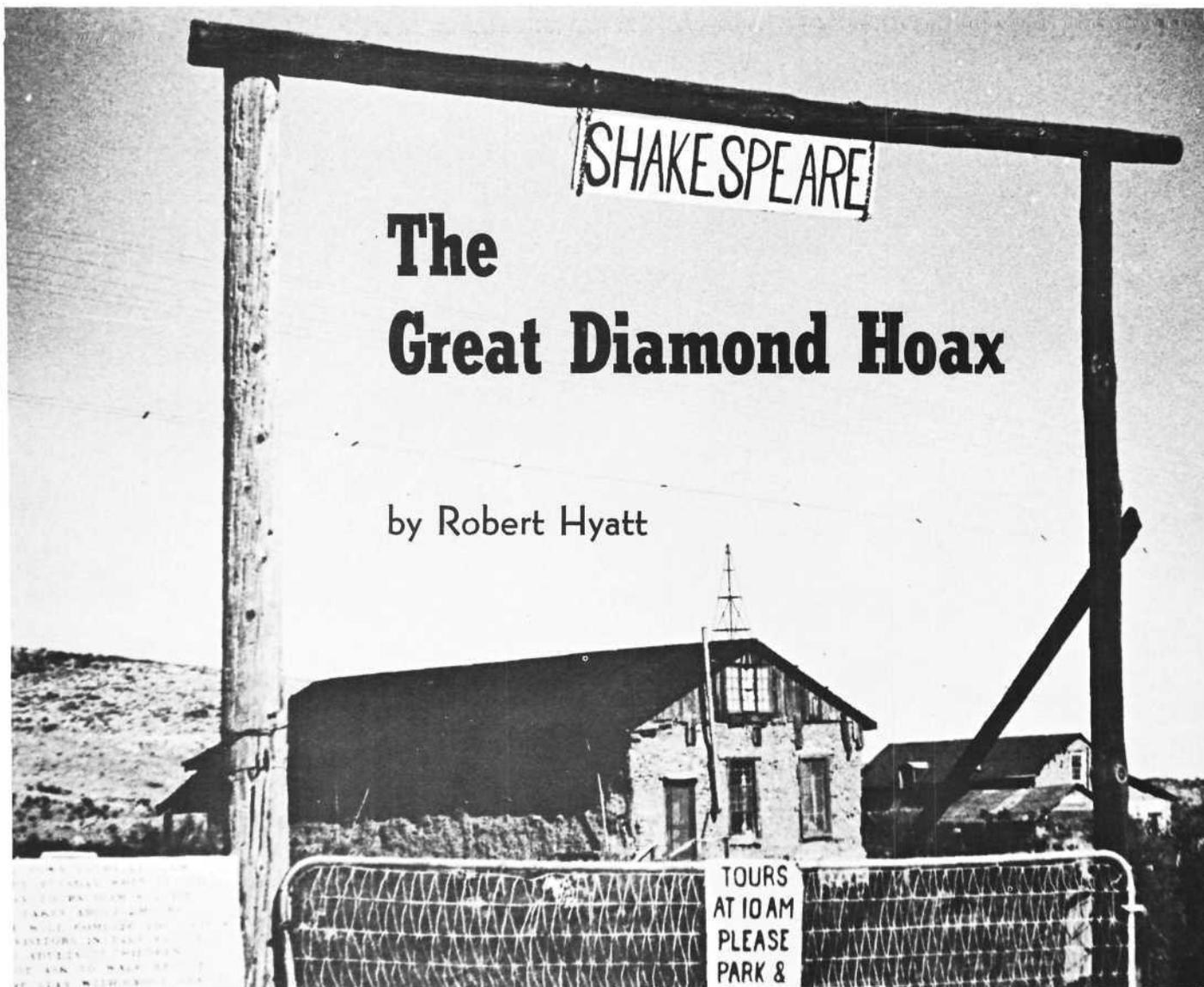
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THE GLORY days of wicked old Shakespeare, two miles south of Lordsburg, N. M., are gone forever but her fabulous memory lingers on and her ghosts are still chuckling.

Their merriment is not due to her wanton ways, for she was probably no more of a tart than many another mining camp of her day. It's because she allegedly touched off a swindle of such heroic proportions that it tickles the West to this day—even after nearly a century.

We use the word "allegedly" because the exact location of the legendary "Great Diamond Hoax" of the 1870s, a fraud that suckered many of the world's leading financiers out of millions and fooled the top mining experts of the time, is still unknown.

How such a fabulous site could become "lost" is one for Ripley, but such is the case. The fake diamond "field" which launched this monumental swindle is variously placed in Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming, but can be pinpointed in none of them. Why?

A mystery like this is a challenge to any reporter when it is remembered that for the past century mining held the spotlight and mineral claims were quickly filed and recorded to prevent "jumpers" from moving in. A departure from this strict rule would seem incredible in view of the enormous importance of the real estate involved.

The possibility of an oversight in filing this claim seemed too freakish for these reporters to accept. The first step was a canvass of the guardians of the five states' historical documents. A subsequent exchange of letters reveal some interesting observations, but no facts. Here are a few excerpts—the first from Mr. Burt M. Fireman of the Arizona Historical Foundation, Phoenix, who takes an uncharitable view of the whole thing:

"It is beyond my belief why any state would want to 'claim' the site of the Great Diamond Hoax. If others in the Mountain Area wish the dubious honor, let them have it.

"Since Asbury Harpending (author of

'The Great Diamond Hoax', published in the 1880s) was involved, I am inclined to accept his vague account of the precise (sic) location. Since the entire thing was a hoax, and the perpetrators never did publicly announce a location but kept it a close secret except to the investigators, who can really say? Newspaper accounts published were non-conclusive. Wild-eyed searchers looked in southeastern Arizona, as Harpending points out, while others went into northeastern Arizona—in the vicinity of the Four Corners—hoping to find the riches there . . ."

Mrs. Enid T. Thompson of the State Historical Society of Colorado goes out on no controversial limb. Her letter simply states that a reading of Richard Bartlett's "Great Surveys of the American West," and the Harpending book, will reveal the facts.

John James, Jr., Utah State Historical Society, is more daring, but undecided:

"The so-called 'Great Diamond Swindle' took place in Utah or Colorado—at least one involving Asbury Harpending

and Clarence King (government geologist) was in that area . . ."

Only Mrs. Katherine Halverson, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, takes a wild swing that would brush aside the shroud of mystery once and for all. Says she:

"In reply to your question about where the diamond swindle of the 1870s took place, a famous diamond hoax in 1876 was perpetrated by two prospectors who salted the Table Rock area in Carbon County, Wyoming.

"The book (by Harpending) is the most comprehensive material we can suggest on the Wyoming diamond hoax in which Horace Greeley, the Rothschilds and others were taken in . . ."

Whoa, Mrs. Halverson! Were there *two* diamond hoaxes? The one we're discussing seems, from the meager details available, to have kicked off in 1871 or thereabouts, and had collapsed long before the date you mention.

From the Museum of New Mexico, in Santa Fe, we received only an unsigned card which advised us that the Historical Society was a private membership group and did not fill mail requests for reference library service.

Here we have five professional history groups (one mute) who are unable to agree on a place or even a date of an event that rocked the world 90-odd years ago.

Now the big question: How could there be all this uncertainty about the time and location of a diamond field, faked though it was, when several experts examined it? What muzzled those experts when the bubble burst and a universal laugh went up? Were their faces so red they refused to admit having any connection with the stunt? What



The old Grant house.

about geological reports, jewelers' appraisals, company books and stock records, to say nothing of county or territorial mine claim records? How could all these documents vanish?

And time. Someone over the years must have talked, tipped off the location of the field. The instigators of the hoax must have crowded plenty.

The more one digs into this dilemma the more insoluble it becomes. Yet we know the names of the perpetrators, the bank where the whole thing began, the jewelry firm that assayed the original rough gems, the geologists who tested the field. And then we hit a blank wall.

Let's review the event briefly. It started in the early 1870s when two prospectors, Philip Arnold and John Slack, walked into San Francisco's Bank of California with a heavy sack of rough diamonds which they claimed to have "found" in a nearby state.

Bankers being what they are, they should have been instantly suspicious; no diamonds have ever been found in the continental United States. Geologically, the odds were one in a million against such a find. Years later, some low-grade industrial diamonds were unearthed in Arkansas and are still found occasionally.

Were the California bankers blinded by the glitter before them, or by rosy visions of the vast profits to be gleaned from a domestic deposit? Anyway, in no time several financial wizards were up to their ears in the sensational "discovery" and busy pencils were jotting down figures—dazzling figures.

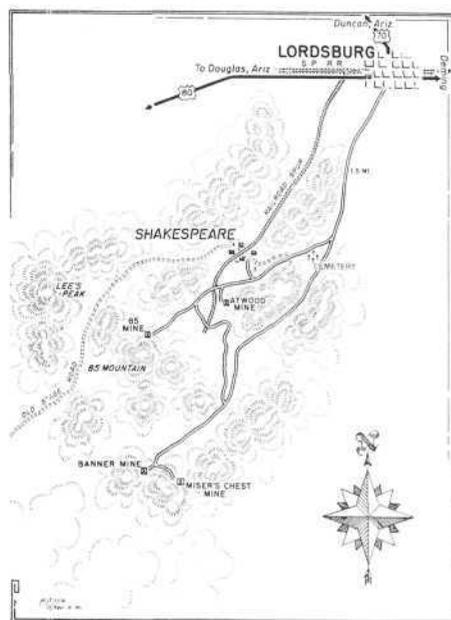
The pair of scamps agreed to guide a couple of men to the location to prove

they had a real find, and did so. They took the precaution of blindfolding their guests when within 20 miles of the site, going and coming. Meanwhile, the diamonds they "found" were sent to Tiffany's, in New York, for appraisal. That reputable firm placed a tentative value of \$150,000 on them. All doubt faded.

When the startling figure hit the newspapers, a sort of insanity ensued. Everyone wanted in on the deal, if it meant hocking their homes, their businesses, and even their souls to raise money to buy stock. A party, including Henry Janin, one of the foremost geologists of the day, made the trip to test the field. They were guided by Arnold and Slack, who took the most circuitous route until the confused party believed they were at least 100 miles from the railroad whereas they were probably less than 20, or so the story goes. One of the greenhorns thought he heard a train whistle, and perhaps he did, but Arnold joshed him out of it.

Janin, the expert, and a man of unquestioned integrity, pronounced the field genuine. That clinched it. A company was formed with a capitalization of some \$10 million. Arnold and Slack were bought out for \$300,000 apiece (which strangely ended up in Arnold's hands, while Slack was never heard from again), and America's first diamond mine seemed ready to produce untold wealth. Stock sold like lottery tickets. More than \$15 million worth was sold in England, the majority of it by Asbury Harpending, and sizable blocks were unloaded in other countries.

Then disaster.



Charles King, a sharp government geologist, inspected the field. He might have turned in a glowing report like Janin, except for one thing: he found a curious diamond—one already cut and polished! Outraged, King reported, "The clumsiest salting job I have ever seen."

And that was that.

Now, how had all these experts been so completely gulled? There were many explanations at the time, much rationalization, but the main reason must have been they *wanted* so badly to believe in the impossible.

It seems to be well known that Arnold purchased the rough diamonds in Amsterdam and London, smuggled them into the U. S. through Canada, and salted the field over a period of years, letting a couple of winters obliterate all traces of his work.

When the crash came, Westerners howled with glee—those who hadn't been stung. Arnold, a Kentuckian (as were Slack and Harpending), became something of a hero in his native Harlan County where, with the passing years, he seems to have gradually slipped into anonymity, but with a tidy fortune to ease his declining years.

Most of the prominent names connected with the swindle faded. Banker Ralston, whose financial institution sparked the hoax, was also a key figure in Shakespeare during and after its "diamond boom." He ended up swimming out into the Pacific and was never heard from again. Suicide?

The much-quoted Asbury Harpending, who actually was as close to Arnold and Slack as three fingers in a knothole, tried to clear himself of stigma by writing his "expose" book, *The Great Diamond Hoax*, wherein he made no mention of his own shenanigans in the fraud. Those who knew him well at the time were well aware of his association with Arnold and Slack and of his promotion and stock-selling activities in the salted field.

Other well-known names connected with the fraud might be dredged up, but whether they were on the profit or loss side of the caper is not known because the documents bearing their names apparently do not exist. This seems incredible when you consider that while winners in a fraud may clam up for obvious reasons, losers always squawk, threaten or start lawsuits. There are no records of such. Is it logical to assume that all records of the swindle have been rifled?

This brings us to Shakespeare, which didn't exist by that name in the early '70s, but which seems the most likely

locale of the "diamond" field. Shakespeare underwent a rash of name-changing. About 1865, Uncle Johnny Evensen, an employee of the Butterfield Stage Lines, built a relay station at the foot of the Pyramid Mountains and called it Grant. Or someone else did. A few years later it became Ralston City after the California financier had invested in some nearby silver claims. But long before either of these names came into being, the place was known as Mexican Spring and Round Mountain Spring, for a trickle of water that kept a rock basin filled, now long since gone.

It was in 1879 that Col. William Boyle, wealthy and high-ranking British mining engineer, came to the area from St. Louis and renamed the ramshackle town Shakespeare—not, certainly, because of any semblance to the Bard's home. One of its three streets he dubbed Avon Avenue and then, either foreseeing a future in its ore (the diamond scandal had simmered down), or in a burst of nostalgia, built a hotel and called it the Stratford Hotel.

The north wall of this old hostelry, still standing, was part of a Confederate fort built by Indian labor brought from Texas. Over the years, many prominent guests signed the register, among them Gen. Lew Wallace, Robert Ingersoll, and Col. Boyle himself. Once, down on his luck, Billy the Kid is said to have washed dishes in its kitchen to pay for meals.

Raiding Apaches were always a menace and frequent visitations by outlaws kept the populace jittery. John Ringo, Curly Bill Brocius, Sandy King and Russian Bill were among the bad men who bellied up to the bar in Roxy Jay Saloon, the town's social center. When a vigilante committee was formed to clean up the town, they hanged King and Russian Bill from a rafter in the dining room of the Grant Hotel, which also stands. The rafter served as gallows for the simple reason that it was the only substantial beam in town; there were no handy trees.

The Roxy Jay was torn down around 1895 and its lumber and bricks hauled to Lordsburg where that town's first church was built of them. It is still in use.

The late Mrs. Emma Marble Muir, who became a well-known historian of southwestern New Mexico, left many recollections of her life in Shakespeare. Born in Virginia City, Nevada, her father had worked for Ralston for years. The family moved to Shakespeare about 10 years after the diamond hoax. Mrs. Muir refers to many persons who had first-hand knowledge of the glittering fraud and recounts that as a youngster she dug (un-

successfully) for any diamonds the greedy might have overlooked.

The site, as she recalls, and as Johnny Evensen told her, was a bluff of no great prominence called Lee's Peak, hard by the town, and she had it on authority of one who claimed to know, that some of the gems used to trick the experts were still there. Perhaps they still are. Nearly a century has passed since the international scandal and literally hundreds of people have searched vast areas and old records in five states for the "lost" field. If anybody found it, he has not come forward.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hill and their daughter have for many years been the sole residents of Shakespeare and now own the town. Their unique dwelling is the old mercantile store which they have converted into a local museum.

Mrs. Hill recently published the results of 25 years' research, in which she presents evidence for Shakespeare's having been the true location of the salted field. She notes conversations with children or close kin of former residents and a few with aged residents who were still alive a quarter-century ago. In none of these interviews was she able to learn much about the swindle because, as she says, "They were afraid to talk,"

All those interviewed said that after the scheme collapsed, many residents moved out, apparently fearful of dangerous repercussions. They stated that the diamond promoters brought in a dozen Texas gunmen to "keep order" but primarily to see that no one got near the salted area.

The gunmen, according to these accounts, warned all departing residents to never talk about the diamond fiasco, if they wanted to keep on living.

All accounts agree that Asbury Harpending was seen often with Arnold and Slack, and that Arnold was known as "Notorious Arnold" because of other shady deals in the Territory. These things may or may not be substantiating evidence for Shakespeare's claim as the locale of the diamond field. They are too nebulous to be called proof. On the other hand, no area in the four other states involved has come up with even a tenth of such evidence supporting such a claim.

So, until something better in the way of final proof is available, the bluff of Lee's Peak near Shakespeare will hold the dubious honor among the "experts" as the place where Arnold and Slack salted the earth with rough diamonds.

And don't forget the ghosts of Shakespeare! They have a glitter and a sparkle that the shades of ordinary ore camps never acquired. □

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

Grafton, Utah

BY LAMBERT FLORIN



FROM ITS inception in the 1820s, the Church of Latter Day Saints had endured persecution by outsiders the Mormons termed "Gentiles." At last the brethren found a homesite in the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Here they set to work bringing water from the Wasatch Mountains to the arid but fertile lands below, building houses and planting gardens. The place seemed a permanent refuge where members of the faith could live in peace, until it became painfully evident that available food and lumber were insufficient for the rapidly burgeoning population.

Family after family was notified by leader Brigham Young that stakes must again be pulled and belongings piled on wagons and handcarts. Many grumbled, some accepted with stoicism. Soon Provo, Ogden and Brigham City sprang up from the desert floor and forts were established as far away as Idaho. Then the tide turned south to a land where cotton raising could be attempted, a land they would call Dixie. St. George became the metropolis, the center of a cluster of

smaller villages scattered in an area even more desolate than the original homesite by the Wasatch. One of these satellite towns was Grafton.

The site selected was on the south bank of the Virgin River in full view of several of the "Temples of Zion" in what now is Zion National Park. The first building erected was one of logs, a school. As others were raised, the Mormons planted cotton, corn and vegetables.

Then all this activity, sparked by leader Nathan T. Tenney, was wiped out when raging flood waters of the Virgin destroyed most of the infant town. What the settlers didn't know was that thunderstorms in the Zion area were almost immediately followed by massive run-offs in the drainage system, with the Virgin receiving accumulated waters in a raging torrent.

Next year a new Grafton was started about a mile upstream. The schoolhouse was moved, log by log. Other buildings were salvaged, new fields plowed and planted. Cotton plants bloomed and burst

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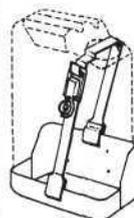
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into fluffy balls. At least they were supposed to. All too often a late frost or even a cool spell crippled or killed the tender plants. An irrigation system was started across the river at a small settlement called Duncan's Retreat. There settlers got together \$1800 to finance the digging of a ditch to carry water to their fields. Chapman Duncan, founder of the town, was charged with the job. Lacking engineering knowledge, Duncan dug his canal away from the stream. When the needed fluid was turned into the conduit, the water refused to flow. It was then villagers composed a little song to be sung to the tune of Dixie. "Oh, away down in Pocketville, where Duncan dug his ditch uphill!"

Even when irrigation methods became more dependable, making possible big crops of cotton, troubles weren't over. Now the market was glutted. Lint from Grafton's tiny hand-made gin with that from Rockville, Virgin City, Santa Clara and other centers grew into supplies for which there was no market. While Brigham Young and his elders huddled over this emergency, the inhabitants of Dixie turned to another project, that of producing silk.

Their almost omnipotent leader, Young, had instructed the settlers to plant mulberry trees right at the start. These by now were large enough to bear a good crop of foliage. Silkworm eggs, arriving in semi-dormant condition in early spring, were kept cool until mulberry leaves burgeoned, then brought out into light and warmth to hatch. Leaves were clipped into fine pieces and spread over trays. The shreds increased in size as hungry worms (in reality caterpillars) grew. When the larvae attained a length

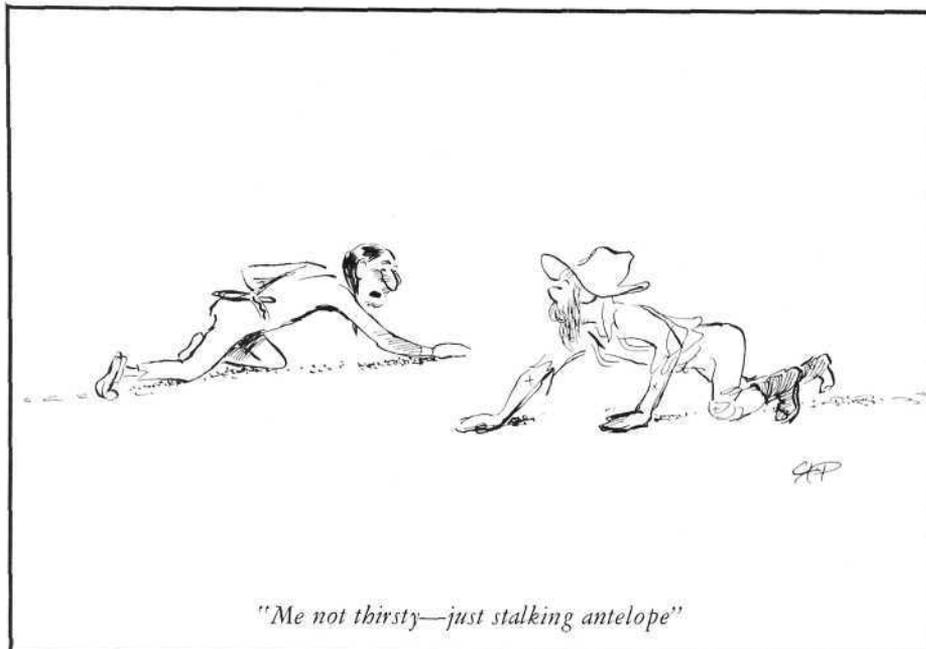
of four inches, it became sluggish as a sign of maturity. At this time brushy twigs or other supports were provided. Upon these the worms attached themselves and spun surrounding cocoons.

Some of these, males and females differing in size, were saved for future generations of silkworms, others were put to death in hot water. Dried out, the cocoons were gently brushed with something similar to a whiskbroom twisted into stronger strands. In Salt Lake City, the crude product was made into the first silk dresses seen in the colonies.

About this time the Virgin removed almost all tillable soil, forcing settlers to retreat to the raising of cattle and sheep. Stock was driven to Zion highlands in summer and brought down to the mild climate of the lowlands in the winter. No sooner had this adjustment to fate been made when a final blow fell. Grafton was attacked by Indians. Abandoned entirely, as a result of this, the town was doomed to extinction.

Our photo shows the little cemetery on the fringe of Grafton. Many of the stones bear names of settlers followed by the grim phrase, "Killed by Indians." Evidently some savages died in skirmishes, too. In a far corner are several wooden markers carved with brief inscriptions. One reads "Ind Puss." In the left background looms Mount Kinesavu, a red rampart on the outer fringes of Zion.

A narrow steel bridge crosses the Virgin at Rockville. From its south end, a primitive road leads north approximately two miles to Grafton. Town and cemetery are on private ground given over to cattle. (Watch out for the bull.) □



"Me not thirsty—just stalking antelope"

Hints for Desert Travelers

by Bruce Barron

This month's hint contributed by Evelyn A. Farwell

COOKING IN A HOLE



HAVE YOU ever tried cooking in a hole in the ground? It is an ancient way of cooking, but still practiced by primitive people in many countries.

First you must dig a hole in dry ground about three feet in diameter, at the very minimum. Fill it with wood and continue to pile wood over it. You should have a pile of wood about three times the size of your hole. If you are doing this on the desert, you'd better bring your wood along with you. Hardwood makes the best coals.

After hole is dug and wood piled in and over the hole, set it on fire and let it burn down to coals. Next, remove some of the coals in the center with a shovel and place the food, wrapped in aluminum

foil or in a dutch oven, in the hole. Cover the food container with a layer of coals and then refill the hole with dirt from one foot in depth to 18 inches. Then forget it!

A roast of beef with vegetables in a Dutch oven will cook in about four hours. Timing needn't be exact so long as there is sufficient moisture in the pot. In addition to roast beef, I have cooked corned beef with all vegetables except cabbage, which is cooked separately so as to not overcook; chicken, fish chowders, and New England style pork and beans (these require six hours). Go easy on spices when you cook in a hole because flavors will be accented more than when you cook on a stove. □

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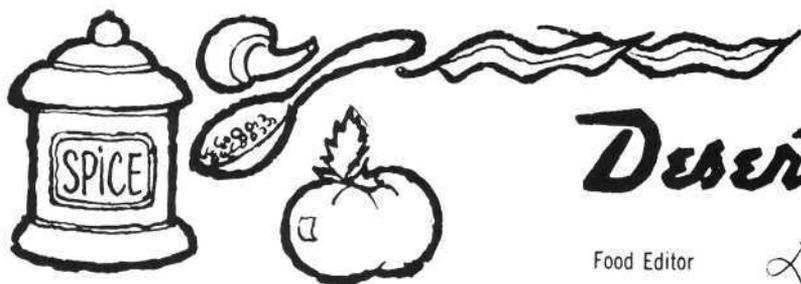
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Inedale Carlson

MANDARIN CRANBERRY SALAD

- 1 envelope unflavored gelatine
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 11 oz. can Mandarin oranges
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 16 oz. can whole cranberry sauce
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans or slivered blanched almonds

Drain Mandarin oranges and place syrup in a sauce pan; add gelatine, and sugar, place over low heat and stir constantly until gelatine is dissolved, then remove from heat. Add lemon juice, cranberry sauce, diced celery, Mandarin oranges cut in halves and chopped nuts. Pour into ring mold and refrigerate. Unmold on bed of greens, if desired top with mayonnaise. Mayonnaise thinned with strawberry yogurt makes a pretty pink topping. Serves 9.

JERUSALEM PUDDING

- 1 envelope gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup powdered sugar
- 1 cup cooked rice
- 1 pint whipping cream
- 1/2 cup chopped figs
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/2 cup blanched, slivered almonds
- 1/2 cup chopped candied cherries

Soak gelatin in cold water for 10 minutes, then set in pan of hot water until dissolved; add powdered sugar, salt and a teaspoon vanilla and add to rice and fruit. Whip cream until stiff and fold into mixture. Chill. This may be placed in a long loaf pan and sliced to serve, topped with whipped cream.

DELICIOUS SEA FOOD SALAD

- 1 package lemon Jello
- 1 tablespoon gelatine
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 1/2 cups salad dressing
- 1 cup crab meat
- 2 cups shrimp
- 1 small can of pimento, cut in small pieces
- 1 small bottle of stuffed olives, sliced

1 1/2 cups chopped celery
Soak gelatine in 1/2 cup cold water. Dissolve Jello in 1 cup hot water. Add the soaked gelatine to the hot Jello and stir until completely dissolved. Beat in the salad dressing with rotary beater until blended. When mixture begins to thicken, add all the other ingredients, gently folding crab and shrimp into it. Serves 10.

LOW CALORIE SLAW DRESSING

This is as good as a sour cream dressing, and the lime flavor adds an unusual taste.

Into a carton of lime-flavored yogurt, stir 1/3 cup vinegar, salt to taste and 1 tablespoon sucaryl. Stir into a bowl of shredded cabbage. This will dress a small head of cabbage. Serves six.

MACARONI SALAD

- 1 lb. elbow macaroni
 - 8 oz. bottle French dressing
 - 2 tablespoons chopped Bermuda onions
 - Freshly ground pepper to taste
 - 1 carton dairy sour cream
- Cook macaroni in boiling salted water until tender; rinse and drain. When macaroni is cold, combine dressing, pepper and onion and mix with macaroni. Let marinate overnight in refrigerator. At serving time, blend in sour cream and salt to taste. This is delicious and will serve 10.

BUTTERMILK FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

- 2 tablespoons flour
- 3/4 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- dash cayenne pepper
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 3/4 cup buttermilk
- 1 slightly beaten egg
- 1 tablespoon salad oil
- 1 1/2 tablespoons wine vinegar
- 1/4 cup orange juice

Combine flour, salt, mustard, cayenne and sugar and cook in heavy pan over low heat, or in double boiler. Gradually stir in beaten egg and buttermilk. Stir constantly while cooking. When thickened, remove from heat and stir in oil, vinegar and orange juice. If too thick you may thin with a little cream. This is good with fruit salads or cabbage-pineapple slaw. Recipe makes about 1 1/2 cups.

MOCHA SALAD

- 1 3 oz. package of orange-banana gelatine
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1/4 cup cold water
- 1 3 oz. package cream cheese, softened
- 1 small can crushed pineapple
- 1/2 cup chopped pecans
- 1/2 cup flaked coconut

Dissolve gelatine and coffee in boiling water; add cold water. Blend in softened cheese and chill mixture until it begins to thicken. Fold in undrained pineapple, nuts and coconut. Spoon into mold and chill until firm. This is an unusual salad and very good.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Hot Stuff . . .

To the Editor: The article about amateur prospecting in your October issue was interesting, but the writer stated that tests could be made with a few inexpensive chemicals which are not dangerous. I disagree. Nitric is a dangerous, strong corrosive acid and should not be handled without proper precautions. Mercury is also dangerous, which is good to know, because amateur gold miners sometimes use it to recover gold. The fumes produced by "burning out" with mercury are deadly.

DONALD E. LEAKE,
Long Beach, California.

More Pickled Heads . . .

To the Editor: In the Aug/Sept. Letters, there was a picture of Murrieta's pickled head. I think maybe someone had better pickle another one—lighter colored and more slender. My grandfather, his father and brother came to California from Hermosillo, Mexico, in the same caravan with the Murrietas during the goldrush in 1849. According to my grandpa, Murrieta was about 6-foot tall and weighed 175 pounds. My grandfather identified him when he was dead!

MANUEL AVON,
Irwindal, California.

Fight For Glory . . .

To the Editor: In October there appeared a letter from Mr. Frank Masland giving the startling news that in Pennsylvania exists a Box Huckleberry Bush over 13,000 years old. If true, this bush was at least 8,000 years old when California's "Oldest Living Thing on Earth," the Bristlecone Pine, was just starting to grow. I would like to see DESERT Magazine follow up Mr. Masland's claim for the Huckleberry Bush with a special article which would deal with what seems now to be a controversial issue over what is the oldest living thing on earth.

Whoever suspected that Pennsylvania had something that might be in competition with California!

HENRY BARNBROCK,
Redondo Beach, Calif.

Editor's comment: Mr. Masland accepts the challenge and will give the coup de grace in a forthcoming issue. C.P.

For Purple Glass Collectors . . .

To the Editor: I am distressed by the incomplete state of Fred Ford's otherwise fine little vignette on Endless Ed, the British remittance man turned bandit, in your March '66 issue. Ford notes that the monocle-wearing Endless Ed may have taken his mortal exit in the vicinity of Indian Wells, and concludes his article by declaring the possibility ". . . that somewhere, within a 12-mile radius of Indian Wells, \$9,000 in gold coin is hidden and, among the scattered bones of a bandit, possibly an ancient antique rifle too."

But lying amongst these mortal shards, would there not also be a purple glass monocle?

L. S. GURNEY,
Santa Monica, California.

The Tree Grows in Libertad . . .

To the Editor: In Part II of your Baja series you said the Cirio grows only in Baja. How do you account for those I saw in Libertad on the Sonora coast across the Gulf.

DAVID YOUNG.

Editor's comment: I should have said they grow only in Mexico, but even that could be wrong. According to Vegetation of the Sonoran Desert by Shreve and Wiggam, the Cirio (*Indria columnaris*) is the most bizarre plant of the Sonora Desert. There are large stands spread here and there between Rosario and Sta. Rosalia in Baja and a single small grove around Libertad in Sonora. According to Meet Flora Mexicana, the Desert Museum near Tucson and the Boyce Thompson Arboretum near Superior, Arizona have succeeded in cultivating a few which may be seen there.

Readers who have never seen a Cardon, the largest species of cacti, which is so remarkable in Baja, might like to know that El Rancho Galapagos, the well-known cactus grower in 29 Palms, has presented DESERT's editor with a Cardon to display in the Desert Magazine bookshop. Any reader with a "wicked sense of humor" is invited to see it! C.P.

Colorful Tourists . . .

To the Editor: We took our binder of 1965 issues with us on our vacation and reviewed some articles on places we wanted to see. It was because of your article on The Valley of Fire that we visited and enjoyed an overnight stay there in our trailer. Among other places we enjoyed were Lake Powell, Bryce, Zion, and Oak Creek Canyon. We are going to call our slide trip "To the Land of Color." I want to say thank you for printing such an interesting magazine.

MRS. K. F. MCGINNIS,
Camarillo, California.

Nostalgic for DESERT . . .

To the Editor: I used to work with DESERT when Randall Henderson was editor-publisher. Wonderful land, the desert. Thank you for getting the magazine back to what it used to be. Love Choral Pepper's account—*The Magic of Baja!*

DOT KOVARIK,
Monterey Park, California.

Controversy re Mineral King . . .

To the Editor: Charles R. Grizzle, writing in the July issue of DESERT about "Mineral King's Hidden Payloade," adopts the attitude that the development has only positive advantages. There are disadvantages too. An all-weather road into the area means many miles of extensive cut and fill work right through the heart of beautiful terrain. And once the road is completed, people will pour into Mineral King in such numbers that the essential nature of the location will be seriously jeopardized.

ANTHONY L. LEHMAN,
Claremont, California.

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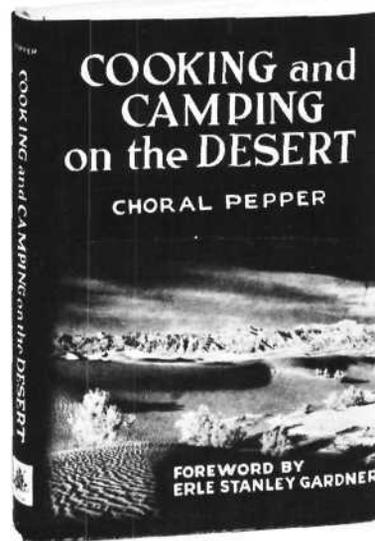
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CHRISTMAS GIFT?**

Cooking and Camping on the Desert

by Choral Pepper
with a chapter on

**Driving and Surviving
on the Desert**
by Jack Pepper



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