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HUNTING THE DESERT WHALE by Erle Stanley Gardner. Among the first Americans to ever camp at Scammon's Lagoon in Baja California, if not the first, Gardner learned, while hunting the great grey whale with a camera that they don't sit graciously for portraits! Whale hunting and beach combing for rae treasures make for exciting reading. Hardcover, 208 pages, illustrated with photos. \$6.00.

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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

HUNTING LOST MINES BY HELICOPTER

By *Erle Stanley Gardner*

Many books have been written about the famous Lost Dutchman Mine in Arizona's Superstition Mountains, but this book will be a hard one to follow. It is Gardner's best desert book by far. Here is the suspense expected by the famous mystery writer's Perry Mason fans. Here is first hand adventure described so vividly that you, the reader, are right there. Here is mystery, excerpts from a highly-charged court scene in which a witness accuses a prospector of murder; and, here are splendid nights around campfires accompanied by the whir of helicopter blades and old friends.

Gardner and his cohorts had three objectives when they undertook this mission into the Superstition Mountains. One, they wanted to separate the wheat from the chaff that legend ascribes to the Lost Dutchman. They wanted a good first hand look at terrain too rugged to accommodate foot travelers. And they wanted to investigate a cliff dwelling they'd heard was so inaccessible that it could only be reached by helicopter. The Superstition Mountains have been proclaimed a wilderness area, so vehicles there are not permitted. To explore this incredibly rugged terrain by horse or foot would take a lifetime. Gardner is the first person to explore it by helicopter and write about what he found. He found plenty, too, but we don't want to spoil the book by telling it here.

In this book the Lost Dutchman legend is splendidly researched, both historically and first hand. Part of our Western lore, this particular lost mine has played a vital role in Arizona's past as well as its present. Its mysteries have intrigued adventurers the world over. *Hunting Lost Mines by Helicopter* is more than just an adventure book. It's worthy of a prominent place among collections of Western Americana.

The second part of the book is about a relatively unknown lost mine which Gardner considers even better authenticated than the Lost Dutchman, and equally adventurous. This is the Nummel lost gold ledge. DESERT readers will recall our story about it in the April 1965 issue

when we accompanied Gardner's expedition into the Trigo Mountains which lie along the Colorado River north of Yuma, Arizona. After that story was printed, Gardner conducted further explorations into the area and came up with some mighty hot clues.

Hunting Lost Mines by Helicopter is a book we enthusiastically recommend to all lovers of the desert and its lore. Well-illustrated, hard cover, 287 pages. \$7.50.

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

THE JOURNEY OF THE FLAME

By *Walter Nordhoff*

One of the best books on the Californias ever written, this book is now reprinted by popular demand. Originally published in 1933 under the name of Fierro Blanco, its true author was not revealed until after his death.

The Journey of the Flame tells of an epic passage from the tip of Baja California up to San Francisco which took place about 150 years ago. Although fictionalized, the author's deep understanding of early Spanish rulers, their Indian subjects and his familiarity with Baja's jagged land is so authentic as to class this book as authoritative. One of the famous legends to arise from its pages is that of the Spanish pearl ship swept into the Salton Sea region of upper California by a tempest in the Gulf of California. Whether or not the author repeated an ancient legend told him by natives or invented the incident himself is unknown, but like the rest of his book, it bears so heavily toward historically proven material that it may well be true.

The Journey of the Flame is a great reading experience and anyone interested in Baja California will find it among the most rewarding books ever written on the subject.

Hardcover, 295 pages. \$4.95.

PATHWAY IN THE SKY The Story of the John Muir Trail

By Hal Roth

Another book about the Sierra Nevadas of California, this one is authored by a crack photographer who has made the trek along the John Muir Trail a number of times. No worn shoe or soggy saddle blanket pocketbook, this is a spectacular account of California's primitive area written with vitality. With chapters on the history, geography, geology, meteorology, flora, fauna and people of the region, it's a point-by-point guide to be enjoyed by those who contemplate the trip as well as by those who have already shared the experience. Beautifully illustrated with black and white and some colored photos, it is 231 pages, hardcover, and \$8.50.

HISTORY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA

By Francis P. Farquhar

Written by a man who has personally walked the trails of this great snowy range, the author vividly recreates events following the Spaniard's first sighting of the range to the intensive exploring and mountaineering of today's John Muir Trail. In re-examining these events, the author has corrected errors which cast new light upon such figures as John C. Fremont, J. D. Whitney and Clarence King. From the paths of early trappers, the author observes Yosemite's Big Trees. He delves into the Sierra's economic and recreational features, and he reappraises Government surveys.

Illustrated with both historic and modern photos, the book contains 262 pages, is hardcover and costs \$10.00.

NAYARIT, MEXICO A Traveler's Guidebook

By Howard E. Gulick

The author, who co-authored Lower California Guidebook, the "Bible of Baja," has accomplished another splendid book in this one. With chapters devoted to the historic and scenic state of Nayarit, along Mexico's west coast, he delves into the manners and mores of the people, the archeology and pre-Columbian art of the region, flora, fauna, and geographical aspects.

One of the highlights of this book is a mile-by-mile description of the road from Tepic, capital of Nayarit, to the popular resort town of Puerto Vallarta. Until recently it was only possible to reach Puerto Vallarta by air. Even today, while a highway to it is under construction, a bridge across the Rio Ameica is not

even begun. However, during the dry season—from March to May—it is possible to ford this river and drive to Puerto Vallarta. Once the highway is completed, this glamorous, yet primitive resort will be entirely changed and no doubt the surrounding country will reflect the advent of increased tourism. If you have adequate transportation to negotiate the trip, the sooner you plan this trip the better. Mr. Gulick's book alone is enough to start you packing—and should be the first thing to go into your valise!

Hardcover, 168 pages, splendid maps and illustrated with photos. \$5.50.

DRAMA IN THE SUN

By Peter Odens

In recounting tales from Imperial Valley, California, the author does a fine job. He writes about the treasure ship of Salton Sea lost in an area where you can see the famous Crown of Thorn or gather rock concretions while you search for it. He tells the history of the Tumco mine and he describes courageous treks through hot desert sands which came to tragic ends. Well known old-timers of Imperial Valley play a role in this Drama in the Sun—Bill Duflock and Hal Biers of El Centro and Brawley, Mike Dowd who knew the Colorado River better than anyone else, Hugh Osborn who sponsored the Glamis Road, novelist Harold Bell Wright, and many others.

Of more than local interest, this little paper back with 64 pages is a good human-history of a region as exciting as any on the desert. Illustrated with photos and drawings. \$1.00.

a very amateur guide to ANTIQUÉ BOTTLE COLLECTING

By Bea Boynton

After finding her 39th bottle, the author launched upon this book. With great enthusiasm, she offers suggestions, procedures and very pertinent information for those who are just beginning to dig. Most of her finds have occurred near Virginia City, Nevada, but she has dug up lots of amusing lore along with her bottles and what she says in the book would apply to bottle hunters everywhere.

She explains what makes bottles purple and opalized and how to tell at a glance whether your find is worth hauling home. Only \$1.00, paperback, illustrated with good, distinct drawings and highly recommended to amateurs by this reviewer. Those who are already collectors will be amused, perhaps, but this book is not for them.

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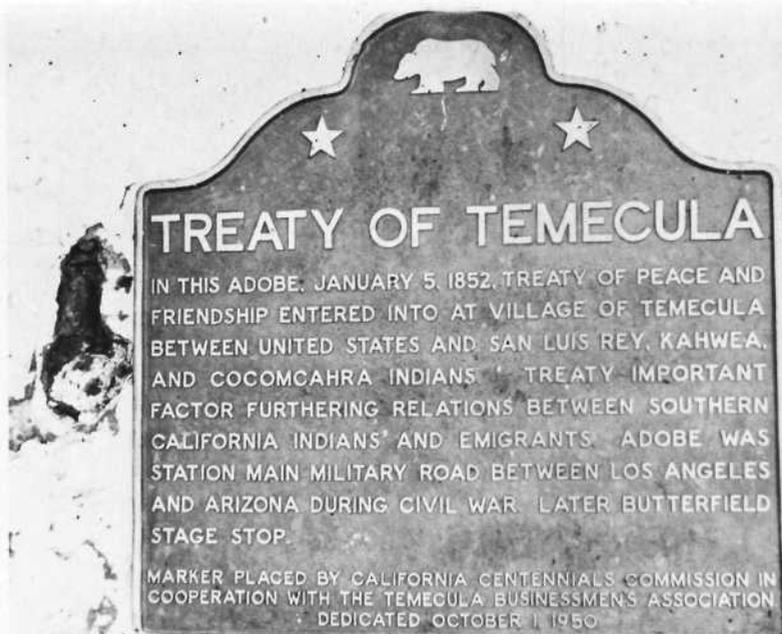
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Temecula Today

By Marie Valore

SEVENTY MILES from crowded, smog-filled Los Angeles County lies the quiet picturesque community of Temecula. The miniature town lies between March Air Force Base in southwestern Riverside County, and Escondido, on Highway 395. Temecula is part of early California's colorful history, dating back to 1769 when Juan Bautista de Anza, the famous Spanish explorer, first marched over the hills and valley surrounding the present town. The community derived its name from the original Indian rancharia that was once the town site.

In recent years archaeologists have excavated an ancient Indian village near the Temecula River, proving that many of the legends are true. Artifacts, such as

metates, ollas, and Indian arrowheads, have been found by both archaeologists and weekend hikers.

Rolling outward toward the purple tinged San Jacinto Mountains in the east, Temecula lies like a sleeping child, her fascinating secrets hidden from the unobserving highway traveler who passes hurriedly by her door. But time has caught up with Temecula, and sale of the surrounding land, owned by the Vail Ranch, has prophesied change.

The fertile land became a part of Mission San Luis Rey de Francia after the mission's dedication in 1798. The neighboring Pechanga and Pauba Indians that inhabited the region, came under the influence of the Church.

Historic Hotel Temecula is being restored by well-known publisher Horace Parker.



Father Antonio Peyri, who directed mission activities for 33 years, was their guardian. He built the region into a rich empire unsurpassed by any other mission in California. Thousands of head of cattle, sheep and horses grazed on the emerald green hills. The neophytes were trained to ride horseback and became accomplished vaqueros.

But just as the mission was at its zenith, Mexico won her independence from mother Spain; and a foreshadowing of doom fell over the mission system.



Bunkhouse on Vail ranch was once trading post with romantic history.

Wealthy Mexican land owners gazed enviously upon the coveted lands. The result was secularization of the missions in 1832 through 1834. The property was divided. A year later Jose Antonio Estudillo, a man of wealth in San Diego, received a large land grant encompassing the Temecula area.

The land was to change hands again after the Mexican-American War. Pioneers, those advance soldiers of Manifest Destiny, crossed the region in ponderous creaking covered wagons pulled by sweating teams of oxen and horses. They squatted wherever and whenever it pleased them.

In the 1880s a determined matron from Massachusetts, Helen Hunt Jackson, came to the county to study the plight of the Indians. Her remarks were hardly complimentary. She was appalled by the apathy and contempt the white man showed what he called "digger Indians," and her feminine wrath exploded in verbal indignation that eventually shook Washington D.C. After her departure she wrote a stirring book that was to become a best seller and bring her great fame. The novel, *Ramona*, is the fictionalized life of a half-Indian girl called Ramona who falls in love with a handsome Indian, Alessandro. In the book the Hartsel Store is mentioned as the place where Alessandro goes to sell

his cherished violin to obtain money for Ramona. The trading post, about two miles north of the Pechanga Indian burial grounds, is not fiction. It was owned by the Wolf family and today is used as a bunk house on the Vail Ranch.

In 1858 the sound of grinding wheels signaled the approach of the Butterfield Stage carrying both passengers and the U. S. Mail. The Wolf Trading Post was used as a way-station between Los Angeles and the Colorado River. The Butterfield Stage ran from St. Louis to San Francisco, but was abandoned about the time of the Civil War. Soon after, it reopened as a military road between California and Arizona.

In 1904 a gangling Arizona cattleman named Walter Vail purchased the land grants and built a cattle empire that has remained in his family for 60 years. Recently his descendents sold the sprawling ranch to the Kaiser Corporation for many millions of dollars. According to published accounts, the Corporation intends to develop the property into a modern community populated by some 400,000 people and complete with paved roads, schools, homes, orchards, and light industry. The sale of the land, which does not include the town of Temecula, is reputed to be one of the largest land transactions in recent California history. Over 87,000 acres are involved, and they have named it Rancho California. The master development plan is geared to span some 15 to 40 years.

So far there has been little change. Cattle can still be seen grazing along the fenced off highway. The hotel, bank, and grocery store in Temecula, of nineteenth century vintage, still dominates the rustic town. The artists, writers and philosophers who still call Temecula home have not yet packed their suitcases. Neither is there a For Sale sign tacked to the ranch of Erle Stanley Gardner, adventurer and author of *Perry Mason*, who lives there.

But time is measured for everything, including the woodrats that inhabit the fields and the lizards that sunbathe unobserved on granite boulders. The primroses, ghost flowers, maidenhair fern and wild apricot have not yet felt the steel blades of a road grader. And, at day's end the western rose-colored sunset spreads its fingers over a land that has changed little from the days of the ancients. Yet, you can't but wonder what the sale of the old Vail Ranch will mean to the unspoiled land surrounding the historic town of Temecula. It is hoped that much of it will remain the same. □



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Where to Get Mexican Maps

By Roger K. Mitchell

AS ANY seasoned desert-country traveler knows, detailed and accurate maps are an essential item to have before stepping off into the backcountry. This is true all over the world, and particularly true for our own Southwest. Good maps can not only save you much valuable time, but in certain cases might even save your life.

Good topographic maps are generally available for all parts of the United States, but it's a common complaint of rockhounds, bottle collectors, and assorted other types of desert enthusiasts that good maps are not available for the backcountry of Mexico. Oil company maps are lacking in detail for all but the main roads. Auto club, commercial, and tourist maps are often erroneous (one notable exception is the Automobile Club of Southern California's map of Baja California).

There are three sources for Mexican maps, however, that many people overlook. All three will send you a free catalog and welcome orders by mail. While these maps may not tell you which fork of the road to take, they are far more detailed than most.

The best known is the U. S. Coast & Geodetic Survey which publishes the 1:1,000,000 (1 inch equals 15.78 miles) World Aeronautical Charts. About a dozen maps are required to cover all of Mexico, and while they are cluttered up with various navigational aids, they do illustrate some important features for the earth-bound traveler. Physiographic features are indicated with 1,000 foot contours, and each contour level has its own shade of color. In addition, all heights of the larger mountains are indicated in feet above sea level. In some areas, particularly the states of Sonora and Chihuahua, these maps have been replaced with the beautifully shaded 1:1,000,000 USAF Operational Navigational Chart. The no-

minimal cost of these two series (25c per sheet) makes ordering them, sight unseen, worthwhile if you're not sure you can use them.

The Coast & Geodetic Survey publishes one other map of interest to the Mexico aficionados. That is the 1:2,000,000 Rio Grande JN-46 USAF Jet Navigational Chart. This giant 41½" x 57½" sheet covers all of Mexico except the eastern tip of Yucatan. The price is only 50 cents.

Coast & Geodetic Survey maps may be purchased from their authorized agents in most large U. S. cities or by mail from:

U. S. COAST & GEODETIC SURVEY
Distribution Division
14th and Constitution Ave.
Washington, D.C. 20230

Another publisher of Mexican topographic maps is the American Geographical Society. This organization publishes a 1:1,000,000 series covering all of Hispanic America. In this series, Mexico is covered by 13 sheets, four of which are out of print. Contour lines are at 500 meter intervals and closer at elevations below 50 meters. Relief is illustrated by different colored contours and submarine depths are also charted. While the same scale, the maps are often far more useful than the Aeronautical Charts. This is mainly because most cultural features, like roads, ranches and villages, are included, whereas in the Aeronautical charts only the main roads and towns are shown.

Their chief disadvantage is that many sheets are 20 or 30 years old. This factor of obsolescence is overcome in part by the fact that the maps were compiled by professional geographers who knew their business and produced a good product. A smaller map of relative reliability is usually included in the margin.

The price of the Hispanic America

maps is \$1.87 per sheet to Society members and \$2.50 per sheet to non-members. The 26x32-inch sheets are mailed in sturdy tubes. The maps and a free index sheet are available from:

American Geographical Society
Broadway at 156th Street
New York, N.Y. 10032

A third source for Mexican topographic maps is the Mexican Government itself. The Secretaria de Agricultura y Ganaderia publishes a 1:500,000 series which covers all of Mexico in 47 sheets. Contour intervals are 200 meters with shaded relief. While these are relatively new, 1958, something is left to be desired in the showing of cultural features, particularly secondary roads. Settlements as small as individual ranches are often shown, but the roads to them are omitted. Their great advantage is in size. At a scale of 1:500,000, they are four times more detailed than others. This is helpful in locating small hills and features which wouldn't show on the 500 meter contour intervals of the 1:1,000,000 maps.

The price for each sheet is 20 pesos, or \$1.60. Mexican money orders should be used when ordering. These are available at most large banks. An 18-page catalog of publications is sent free upon request. Orders should be addressed to:

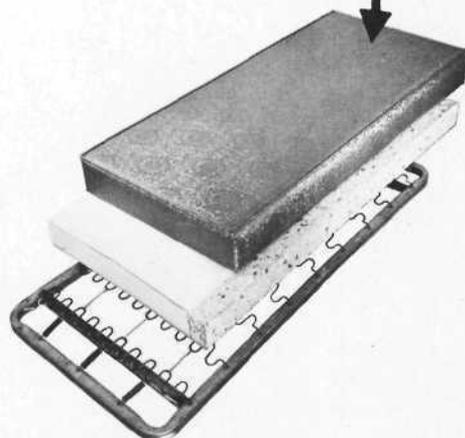
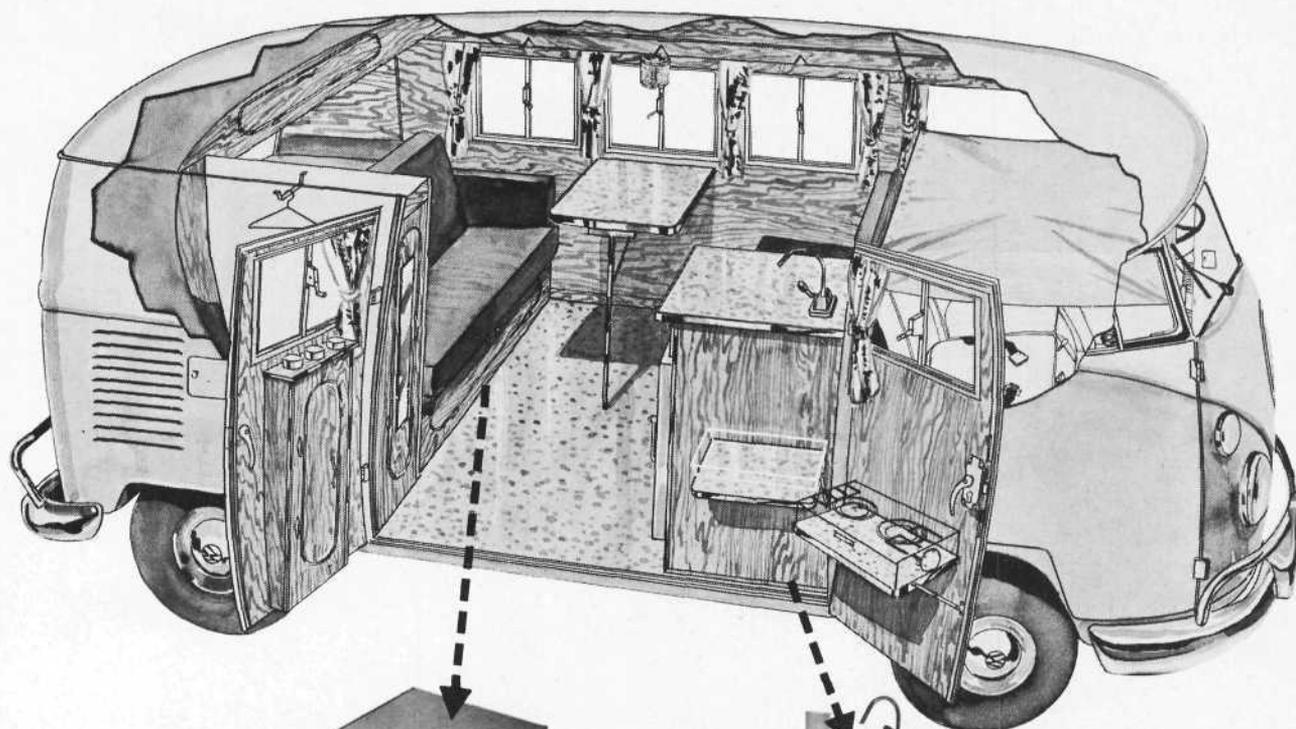
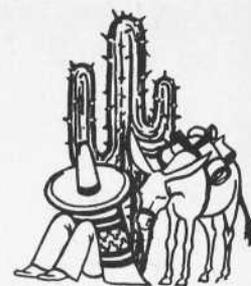
Secretaria de Agricultura y Ganaderia
Direccion General de Geografia y
Meteorologia
Ave. Observatoria No. 192
Tacubaya 18, D.F. Mexico.

In addition to these maps, there are excellent guidebooks to the states of Baja California, Nayarit and Yucatan which contain detailed back-country maps. If you have had trouble in the past finding good maps of Mexico, try these sources. They may not fill your particular need, but, they are far superior to what is generally available. □

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Zuni owl, Hopi kachina and Acoma owl make interesting group.



A trio of ceramic owls from south of the border.

Owls That Don't Hoot

By Edna Evans

THE LITTLE OWL figures are not listed in any text on ornithology nor mentioned in any bird watcher's handbook, but a variety of them can be found for sale in any shop that features authentic products of the Southwest and Old Mexico. And jolly little fellows those owls are.

Zuni owls first appeared on the scene in appreciable numbers six or seven years ago. At least that is when I first became aware of them. Not a one is scientifically accurate nor ornithologically identifiable, but each has its own characteristics and pedigree. They are roly-poly, white clay figures with brown and orange decorations. Acoma owls are also pottery, while Hopi owl kachinas are carved from wood. This trio represents the more northerly of the Southwestern owl tribe. They are produced by Indian artisans classed as pueblo dwellers. To the south, from desert areas where adobe villages shimmer in the heat, come owls woven as designs in baskets and trays, plus an occasional owl-shaped basket woven "in the round."

From still further south, across the border into Old Mexico, comes another group of owls. They are ceramic again,

but they boast a high gloss or polish, plus any number of delightful and whimsical painted-on floral decorations.

From admiring and collecting owl figures, I have advanced to collecting stories and legends about them. Indians today do not tell their tales freely to strangers—probably Indians never did. In some cases the reason is a religious one, closely tied with beliefs and heritages from the past. In other cases the barrier is a language one. Then, too, there are definite times for tale-telling. Winter, for example, has been story telling time in the pueblos and desert villages for generations. To tell them at other times would be unlucky, if not completely taboo.

The first owl I ever saw was a Zuni owl in a Scottsdale, Arizona, shop but all I could learn was that that it was a "sacred owl" and came from the village of Zuni in western New Mexico. My next bit of owl information came from the keeper of the curio shop adjoining the archeological site at Aztec, New Mexico. The Zuni owls, he said, were all made by one Indian lady in Zuni. She was very old and when she died there would be no one else to make them.

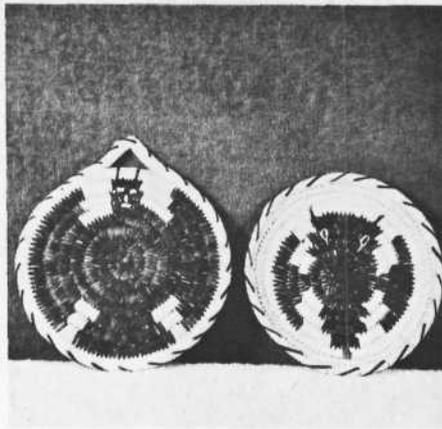
I must see that old lady, I told myself, and I'd better do it soon.

In Santa Fe, a curio shop proprietor elaborated on this information. It was not one old lady, he said, it was three old women who made the owls. But one of them had gone blind, the sight of the second was failing, and the third, who could still see, was the potter. The other two painted on the decorations by "feel."

Determined to see that trio before anything more went wrong, I headed for Zuni, located south of Gallup and west of Grants in western New Mexico. There, I did not find any old women making clay owls. I did find a long-established trading post facing the plaza with a trader's wife who smiled when I asked about the old women and their owls. There are no elderly Indian women so specialized, she said. The clay owls came from the vicinity of Zuni and a number of potters made them. They were sacred in the sense that the owl has a firm place in the legends and folklore of the Zunians. But just what the stories might be, the trader's wife either did not know or would not say.

Since then, I have learned that owls come from Acoma pueblo, too. These are more realistic than their Zuni cousins, and they are made of whiter clay

Papago owl baskets are rare.



with darker brown markings. The San Ildefonso potters make small animal and bird figures in the shiny black finish characteristic of that pueblo's ware. There are some owls among these figures, but they are not as numerous as those from Zuni or Acoma.

The Hopi owl kachina is an impressive figure carved from cottonwood root. He wears a mask that has a sharp curved, black-and-yellow beak and big yellow wings on either side of his head. The owl kachina's body is painted white and he carries a bow and arrows in one hand and a yucca whip in the other. This kachina represents the owl dancers who take part

in kachina ceremonies in the Hopi villages. The Hopi name for this figure is Monga, the Great Horned Owl kachina. There is also an owl woman, Mongwa Wu-uti, a screech owl, Hotsko, and a spruce owl, Salap Mongwa.

As for the Hopi tales about owls—one of my college students (she was Miss Indian Arizona a few years ago) told the following tale. Her grandfather had told it to her, she said, when she was a little girl living in Shongopovi village on Second Mesa.

A long time ago a little boy lived in one of the Hopi villages. Most Hopi children are well-behaved, but this little boy was different. He was bad. So his mother had to punish him. One afternoon, after he had been especially bad, his mother closed the door to the house and made him stay outside.

The bad little boy pretended not to care, but when night came, he was afraid and began to cry. He cried and cried, but his mother would not open the door.

An owl flew down and alighted on the ground beside him.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" she asked.

"Because my mother will not open the door and let me in," the boy answered.



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"Come home with me," said the owl. And she picked him up with her wings, put him on her back, and flew away with him to a nest high up on the cliff.

But the little boy's mother loved him, even though he was bad. When she decided he'd been punished enough, she opened the door and told him to come inside. There was no answer. She looked out and did not see him because the owl had carried him away.

Next morning the mother set out to find her son. She searched and searched. She asked everyone on the mesa if they had seen her son, but no one had.

At last, one day when she was going down to work in the corn field in the valley, a voice called to her. She looked up and there, in the owl's nest on the cliff ledge, was her lost little boy.

"Please return my son," she asked the owl.

"Very well," the owl answered, "but you must do exactly as I say for three days and three nights."

"I will," the Hopi mother promised.

The owl told her she must put her son in the dark storeroom at the back of her house. She must keep him in the dark for three days and nights, and during that time she must not look at him nor let him see the light. She was to feed him bits of raw meat, nothing more. After that she could look at him and let him out.

The Hopi mother promised to do just what the owl said and for two days and nights she did. But on the third day she could wait no longer. She opened the storeroom door and peeked in. But a ray of light peeked in, too. There was a soft noise, a flutter of wings, and something flew out through the crack in the door. When the Hopi mother opened the door wide and looked in, the storeroom was empty. There were some owl feathers on the floor, but her little boy had flown away forever.

The Papagos and Pimas of southern Arizona use the owl in their basketry designs, weaving the figure in black or red-brown. Tho these southern desert dwelling people, the owl is a mysterious creature associated with the spirits of dead tribesmen. The appearance of an owl seems to mean that someone is about to die or has already died; if the latter, the owl is actually the spirit of the dead person. The Papagos call the owl Choo-chookutt and they have a tale that explains the reason for the bird's rather mournful cry.

Once upon a time a Papago man lived

in a certain village with his mother and three elderly aunts. He married a woman who had three sisters, a mother, and a grandmother. The couple had only one child—a happy little girl. With so many unmarried aunts, plus two grandmothers and a great-grandmother, the little girl always had someone to look after her. But one day when she had grown to be almost as tall as a greasewood bush, the little girl became ill. Her mother and aunts and grandmothers and great-grandmother took turns caring for her. They even built her a special hut away from the adobe house in which the family lived.

One night, while the great-grandmother was watching her, the child lay so still and quiet that the old woman thought she was dead.

"Ow, oow," she began to cry, as very old people do.

The grandmothers joined in the wailing, and so did the aunts and the girl's mother.

"Ooow, oow," they all cried. "Our child is dead. Oow, oow!"

The Great Spirit heard their cries and came to see what was the matter. He knew that the child was not dead, and the women's wailing disturbed him.

"Can't you make them stop?" the Great Spirit said to the sick child's father.

"I can, if you give me the life of my child," the father answered.

"I will give you the life of your child," the Great Spirit said. "Your child will not die. These old women will not die either, but at night they will wail like birds in the light of the moon."

The child got better and time passed.

First the great-grandmother, who was very old and who sat all hunched up, turned into an owl and flew away. Then the two grandmothers found that the white hair on their heads had turned into feathers and they flew away. The aunts went to get water from the spring, but never returned. They, too, turned into owls and flew away.

At night, when Papago children hear an owl calling, "Oow, oow!" in the darkness, they can say, "There is great grandmother, or grandmother, or one of my aunts." And they are not afraid.

The Mexican owls may or may not have stories. I have never run across any, but they are cheerful looking little fellows and blend well with their Indian-made relatives north of the border.

And so, elusive though the little owls may be, my collection and the stories about them make an interesting hobby. □

Land of Knobs and Ridges

By Betty Mackintosh

IN EASTERN Imperial County there are two interesting old roads—one from the west, one from the south—to points on the Colorado River only six air-line miles apart—six miles of rough country where the Chocolates are cut by the river. Once a road along the river connected the two, but the filling of Imperial Dam (post 1939) caused the water level to rise enough to make it impassable.

Now there is again a road. The water level has lowered in the last two years and a state park is established at Picacho with a good dirt road leading to it.

If you turn off Highway 80 at Winterhaven and go north across the base of an arc made by an eastward bend of the river, you'll find remnants of a route cut by the mule teams that hauled gold out of Picacho and supplies back from Yuma until 1908, when Laguna Dam prevented water transportation down the Colorado.

Harold O. Weight's article, *Gold and Roses on Garces' Trail* (DESERT 12/50), tells of the building and destruction of a mission on the Colorado near the dam-

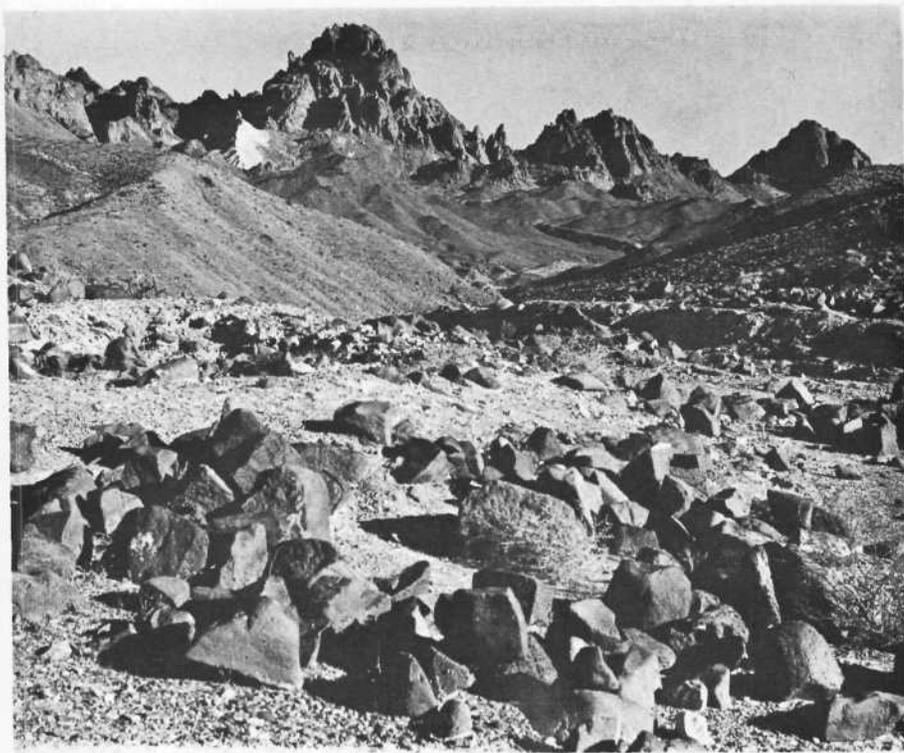
site, where gold was discovered around 1780. He also describes a chalcedony-collecting area 16.8 miles from Winterhaven.

After crossing the All-American Canal, the road takes a comparatively level course over desert plain and follows washes in which large Palo Verde and Ironwood grow. Little Picacho Wash, or Burro Wash, depending upon your mapmaker, is lined with walls of cocoa-colored rock. These are the Chocolate Mountains. In Lt. Ives' Colorado Survey reports (1858) they are referred to as the Purple Hills. The color depends upon the time of day. Peaks to the east look like pointed ice-cream cones, while on the left Picacho, the peak, dominates the landscape. Picacho inspired Zane Grey's book *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, whose hero describes the peak as, ". . . standing magnificently above the bold knobs and ridges around it . . . (with a) ray of sunlight that shone down through a wind-worn hole . . . grand, towering to the sky, crowned in gold, aloof, unscalable, a massive rock sculptured by the ages."

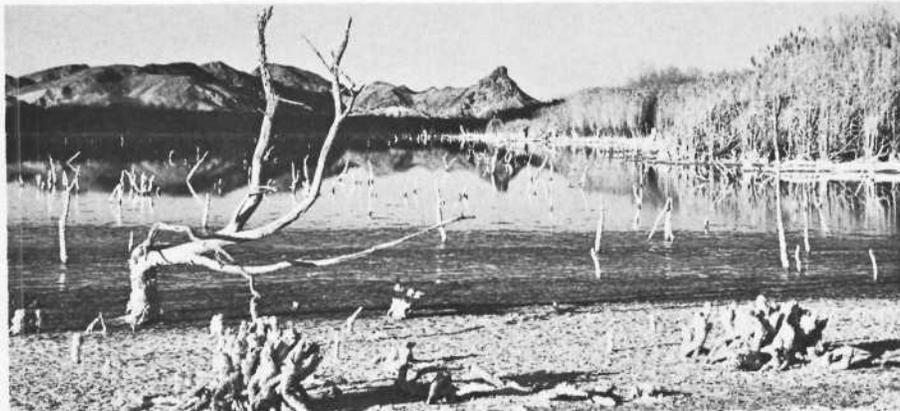
The window is still there, top center. It is not unscalable, though, as DESERT's founder, Randall Henderson, can testify.

Near the peak is the road to the Picacho Mine, now closed to the public. J. Wilson McKenney, in the March '39 DESERT, gives a detailed account of the





Backwater from dam and its evaporation frosted vegetation with alkali.



Ancient footpath through desert rocks.

A Chinese grave lies beside the road.



Ancient Indian campsites are evident everywhere.

mine's discovery, value, various owners, and the history of the town which was the mill site and shipping point. At the time he wrote, the town was expected to be flooded. The federal government, unable to get permission from the dead of Picacho to cover them with water, moved the whole cemetery to higher ground. Today, with the water partially receded, private camps, landings on the old town-site, and those of the Picacho State Park make up the fishing and boating resort.

The present nine-mile stretch continuing north through the ridges and washes of the Imperial National Wildlife Refuge touches the river only occasionally. The scenery here is closer, perhaps more colorful, than that between Highway 80 and Picacho. As the road crosses White Wash, the rock cliffs, contrarily, are red. A series of mud hills varies from yellow to green to lavender. From the ridge above Bear Gulch eroded sandstone columns, towering above very green Palo Verde trees, look like landscaped castles in contrast to the desert-varnished scape along the road.

Near the river again, a fox crossed in front of us and we saw trails where other desert animals had come to drink. Dead trunks of bushes and trees shone with a frosting of alkali crystals formed by the rise and fall of the water along the bank.

Where the road joins Indian Pass road at the 4-S Ranch, the river is narrow, passing between two rocky bluffs. At one time a cable-ferry crossed from here to the Hoge Ranch Road on the Arizona side. Campsites a short distance upriver may be reached by conventional car, but there the maintained road ends and the old wagon trail along the river is for 4-wheel drive vehicles only. We went on about another seven miles in our Land Rover, accompanied by two dune buggies, the latter showing their special merit on steep hills of soft dirt and loose rock.

On our return to the 4-S Ranch, now a Boy Scout Camp, we stopped to photograph a rock about 2½ feet high covered with rough petroglyphs which one of our companions had discovered.

The road up Gavilan Wash to Indian Pass, while not as wide as that from the Pass on over to the Ogilby-Blythe road, is traveled by all types of cars. It is a good road-bed, but it *is* in a wash, and washes can change. It might be well to



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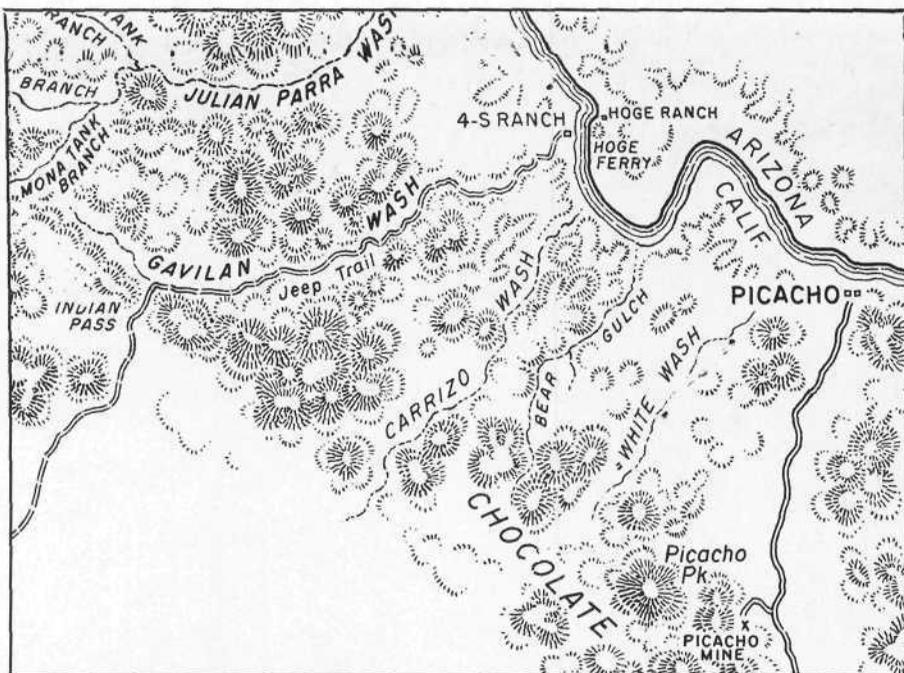
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make inquiry of cars coming from the opposite direction. We would recommend that a regular passenger car not get off the road in any sand or gravel. Vegetation in the wash is luxuriant for desert country. Trails lead into side washes toward the rugged peaks of the Choclates where petrified palm root is still found.

On up at Indian Pass, the clear foot trail, pottery shards, rock circles, and oddly incised lines on rocks definitely mark the spot as a main route of Indian travel. Mr. Weight (Rock Hound Trail to Indian Pass, DESERT 2/49) tells about these Indian signs. Also about the blue desert lapis and agate to be found west of Indian Pass. John Hilton, too, has referred DESERT readers to this area. We are told by rockhounds that even though the country has been worked, it's big country and wind and an occasional rain continue to uncover good polishing pieces of float in the broad washes sloping gently westward. Fine campsites lies in the Ironwoods not far from Indian Pass.

A 4-wheel drive trip cross-country to the west side of Picacho made us even more aware of what a wonderful guidepost this peak must have been for ancient people. Single file, we crossed a trail those people had made along the base of the hills. Cleared of rocks, it was visible for miles toward Picacho. A small herd of burro deer watched us a few seconds then bounded over rock and cactus into the protection of an arroyo.

On toward home, the following day, we turned south onto the Ogilby-Blythe road. Five miles brought us to the Gold Rock Ranch where we bought specimens of native gold-bearing rock—copper

makes it colorful. The Walkers, who live there, told us about Tumco, the old gold mine and ghost town in the foothills of the Cargo Muchachos two miles east of the main road. This was one of the largest gold mining operations of the region in the early part of the century. The name comes from the initials of The United Mine Co., which took over from the earlier Hedges. Partial walls, mine shafts, foundations of mine buildings, tunnels, and tailing piles tell some of its story. Mr. Walker came here to rework tailings, but his family liked the desert so he stayed to dig a well and establish a home.

Ogilby is another ghost town, but hardly a respectable one, only two graves, a few pieces of fence, and a bath tub remain of what was once a water stop for the railroad.

Back on Highway 80, our thoughts retraced the 60-mile circuit we'd taken from Winterhaven. We know that another day and another light, will reveal an entirely different facet of this wildly wonderful country. □

The Dream Flower, a Nightmare

by William Klette

Long, long ago, when the world was still very young and people lived deep in the darkness of the earth, a little boy and his sister found their way up to the outside world of light.

And that day, and on the day after, and on the day after that, they would walk in wonder in the sun and they saw and heard many things that the others, still dwelling in the darkness, never dreamed about.

When they would return home at night they would tell their parents of all the wonderful things they had seen and, as children often do, they talked so much that the Great Spirit of the Underworld heard about them and became angry.

Now one day the boy, whose name was Tanai, and his sister, whose name I have forgotten, were walking hand in hand in

the upper world, wearing a garland of flowers on their heads, when they found themselves face to face with the Twin Sons of the Great Spirit.

"How do you do?" said the Twin Sons.

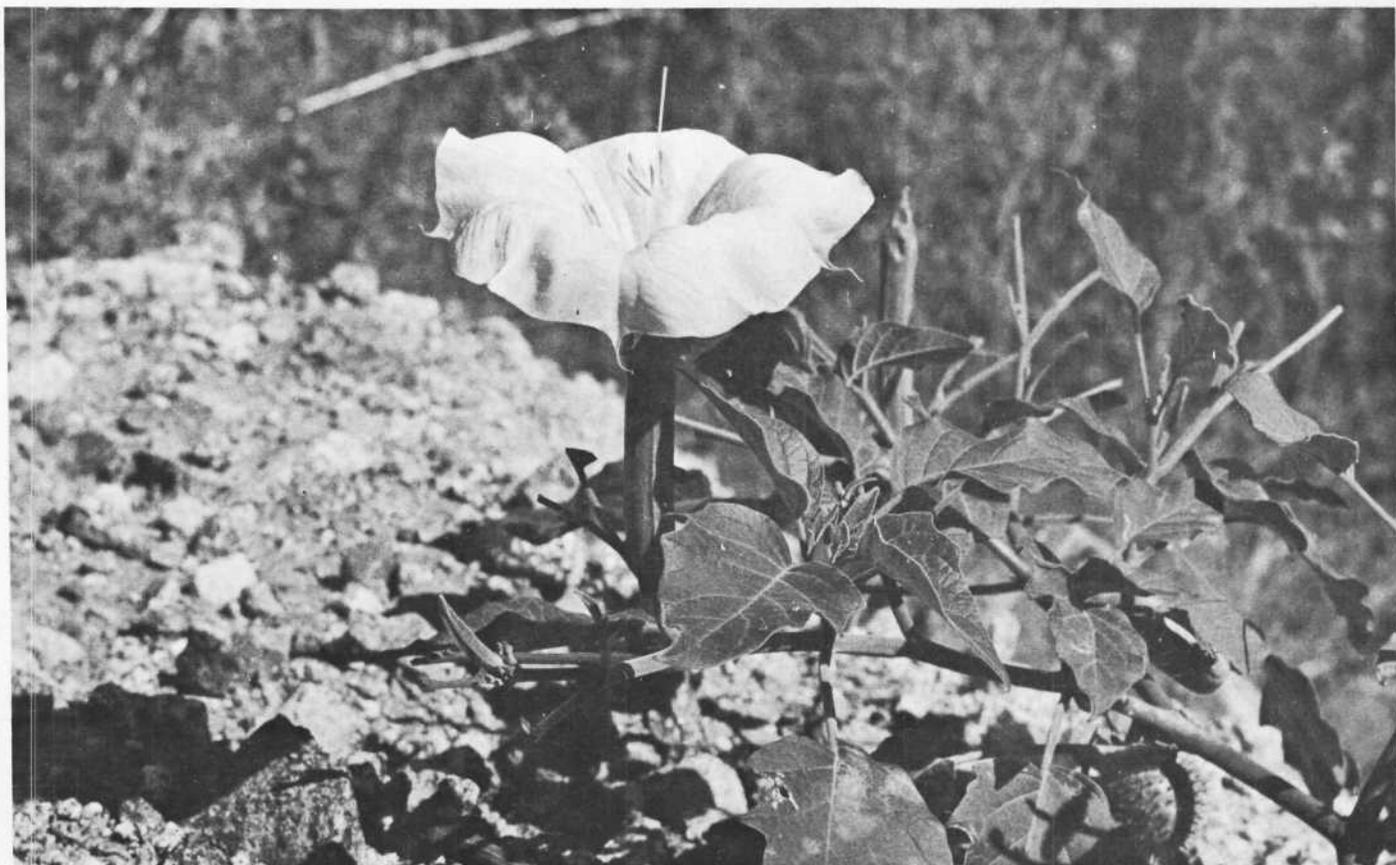
"We are happy," said the children, and they went on to tell, chattering like two little squirrels, of all the wonderful things that they had seen.

Now when they heard this, the Twin Sons decided that the children knew too much, and so they caused the earth to open wide and swallow them forever. And behold, a beautiful white flower appeared upon the spot where the two children had stood. And when the Twin Sons saw this, they called the flower *tanai* after the boy, and so it is called today.

Indian Legend

THIS ANCIENT story-teller could well have added, ". . . and to this day, whosoever eats of the plant called *tanai* shall see wonderful and strange things, even as did the young boy and his sister." For the white flower is the common Jimson weed, *Datura meteloids*, a large bushy annual usually found growing along old roadways and on wasteland. To the Indians of the American West it is the toloache, an important drug used by them for centuries in their secret rituals and in their puberty initiations.

Somehow, and just like in that old legend, "a long, long time ago," some brave aboriginal culinary expert found out that a decoction made from this near relative of the potato not only acted as a narcotic, but could produce visions.



This latter effect was the chief reason for all the supernatural powers attributed to the plant, and from this there spread out any number of organized cults and secret societies, each with the drinking of the drug as its chief feature.

Often as not, what an initiate might see in his dreams would have a definite relation to his later life. For example, a vision of beads or rich furs could well be taken as a sign of impending wealth. In the same vein, an animal seen in a dream might be adopted later as a family totem, or, as in some cases, it could be considered dangerous, to be avoided.

Among many of the California tribes, especially those who lived along the southern coast, feats of endurance were all a part of the drinking of the datura. The young men would be blistered with hot coals, whipped with bundles of nettles, and sometimes staked out over the nearest ant-hill. This was supposed to harden them and those who failed, that is, those on whom the narcotic properties of the Jimson had no effect, were looked upon as unfortunates, woman-like, and an easy prey to the enemy in battle.

The fairer sex were not to be left out either. Most tribes had some sort of puberty rites when the girls entered adolescence. As a part of the ceremony, they sometimes swallowed little balls of datura mixed with wild tobacco. Only those who did not vomit were considered virtuous. While there is no record of how many failed, or what might have happened later to these unlucky maidens, today's Indians have all admitted that this was a mighty hard test to pass.

But in almost every case where the use of the plant was a part of a sacred or esoteric ritual, the toloache god was considered too lofty and all-pervading to be impersonated. Sand paintings, ritualistic sandstone carvings, or dance costumes might be used, but never, as it was in the case of many of the other gods and spirits, would he be imitated.

Those who lived along the Mojave and the Colorado deserts were a bit more sophisticated in their approach. These individuals would drink a broth boiled from the leaves of the west side of the plant (the east side was considered poisonous) to acquire luck in gambling. Whatever was seen in the visions that followed, and dreams of some sort were bound to occur, would have a direct bearing upon the betting. If the gambler lost, it was only because he didn't interpret his dream correctly.

According to Kroeber's *Handbook of the Indians of California*, another com-

A Diegueno shaman in the standard costume used for Jimson weed puberty ceremony.



mon practice among California tribes was to boil the leaves of the datura in salt water, with the resultant potion guaranteed to give its user strength in battle, immunity from bear and snake bite, and good luck in the hunt.

But the Jimson weed was not alone the property of the North American Indian. The name datura comes from India, where for centuries it was known and used by thugs and assassins as a poison. In ancient Greece the temple priests of Apollo and the woman oracle at the Temple of Delphi used the weed to induce the ravings that produced their famous prophecies. Egyptians knew it as the thorn apple, and it was mentioned in the report of Mark Anthony's campaign against the Parthians in Asia Minor in A.D. 36: "The troops had to resort to roots and plants which they did not know. As a result, they also ate of one plant that killed men after driving them mad. Whoever ate of it forgot all that he had hitherto done and recognized nothing . . .".

The Inca's knew of it and used it as an anesthetic in surgery. The Indians of Columbia used it to cause a stupor in the wives and slaves who were elected to accompany the body of some great war-

rior or chief to the world beyond. It helped to keep these unlucky victims of the old practice of *sultee* quiet until they could be safely buried. And the Aztec priests were reported in the chronicles of Bernal Diaz to have used the toloache to deaden their senses for the arduous task of skinning alive their sacrificial victims.

The name Jimson weed is a contracted version of Jamestown Weed, and is named after a troop of soldiers stationed in Jamestown, South Carolina, in 1676, who cooked and ate the plant without knowing of its narcotic effects. The result was startling enough to be reported in the old historical records and resulted in its present common name.

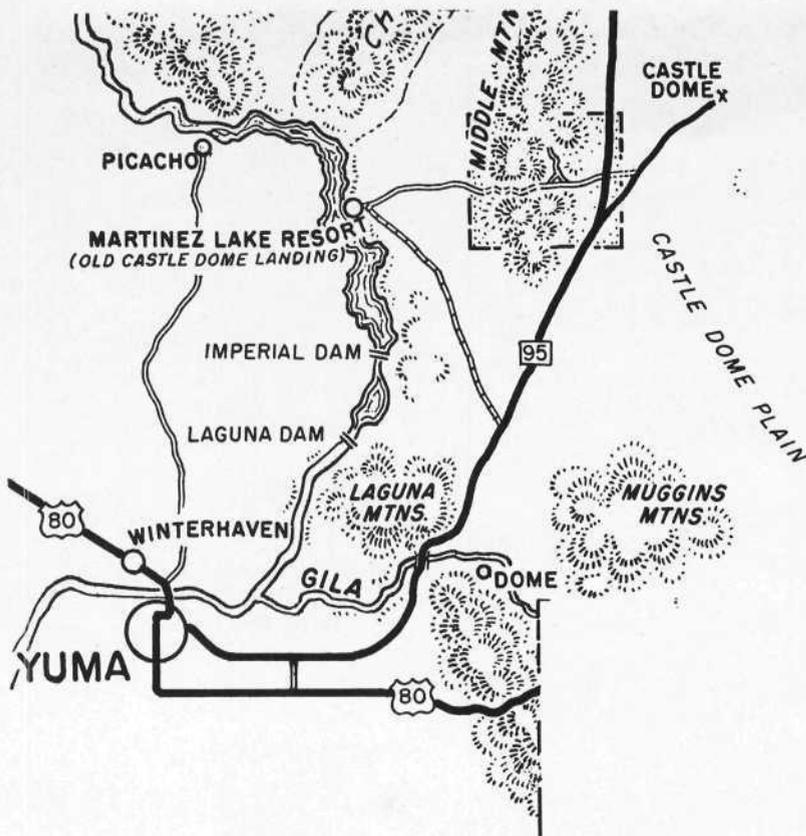
Roots, stems, flowers, or leaves; every part of the plant is deadly poisonous. Young children have died just from sucking the nectar from the flowers. The principal properties are two different and powerful alkaloids related to those in belladonna. In fact, datura poisoning symptoms are almost the same as belladonna with its resultant dilated pupils, hallucinations, delirium, and convulsions.

First comes a thirst which can't be quenched. The vision becomes impaired because of the enlargement of the pupils. The victim becomes excited, incoherent, and apparently insane. A common symptom is to pick at imaginary objects on themselves or in the air. Some even imagine bugs crawling over themselves.

The staid Pacific Coast Manual of Drug Plants list datura as ". . . a sedative, anodyn, deliriant, depressant, and mydriatic." This, in more common words, means that it soothes pain, causes delirium, lowers vital activities of the body, and dilates the eye. Quite a mouthful for just one lowly weed growing in a vacant lot or along some back alley.

In today's world of LSD and morning-glory seeds, of peyote and mushrooms, it's strange that the "beat" world of the bearded and unwashed haven't as yet discovered the datura. But it is a good thing. Outside of the chemical laboratory, there is no way for anyone to safely isolate its hallucinogenic properties. The step from visions to convulsions and death is a short one, and every plant carries enough of the deadly alkaloids to kill several full-grown adults.

All modern drug manuals state flatly that its use should only be by skilled herbalists and that it is absolutely unsuited for domestic use. And this is as it should be. The toloache is an important part of our aboriginal past. Let us leave it there. □



A Town With A Past

By Jack Delaney

HOW WOULD you like to receive free meals every day the sun doesn't shine? This was possible in Yuma, Arizona many years ago, where a local hotel made such an offer. The policy is no longer in effect—neither is the hotel that featured it. However, Old Sol is still blushing overhead, evidently embarrassed by the enthusiastic claims made by the local citizenry. Slogans, such as "On the Sunny Side of the West" and "The Sunniest Spot in the Nation," might be challenged by some Californians, especially the desert dwellers who live where Nature's oven door is frequently left open!

During my visit to Yuma no free meals were mentioned; but Sandy Montgomery (Miss Arizona of 1965) promised a good performance by the weather service and presented me with a *Sunshine Credit Card*. This card is good for 307 days of sunshine yearly and is valid only in Arizona. Old Sol performed beautifully, Sandy beamed knowingly, and I was convinced that with a beautiful gal like this around, the state would be safe in promising continuous year-round sunshine.

Yuma is located in the southwestern-most county in the United States. It is served by the shortest, all-year low level, coast-to-coast route: U.S. Highway 80 (the Old Spanish Trail). Highway 95 bisects Yuma from North to South. For

an enjoyable week-end trip from the Coachella Valley area, it is recommended that the motorist drive Highway 86 (to El Centro) and 80 to Yuma; and return via Highway 95 (to Quartzite) and 60-70 to Indio. This round trip of about 250 miles offers the maximum in travel appeal and interest.

The history of Yuma is overloaded with unpleasant episodes. If all of the recorded events of this area were listed in chronological order, the reader would give up the whole mess midway and completely miss the happy ending. For this reason, only a few of the highlights (or should they be called lowlights) of the past will be presented for their comparison value with the present. There is no point in a lengthy examination of the dirt under the rug when one drops in for a visit in a friend's home.

In the 18th century the Spaniards came with no regard or respect for the property of the Yuma Indians. The Indians showed no regard or respect for the physical well-being of the Spaniards. In 1781, soldiers and colonists from Spain arrived at the local mission and were soon victims of the Yumas. Nearly all, including the priest, were massacred and the mission was destroyed. This was only one of a series of tragedies encountered by immigrants to this Indian country.

The Old Spanish Trail is one of the oldest roadways in our country, dating

back to the 1500s when the Spanish Conquistadors were exploring the area. Pioneers of the gold rush days who chose this route for their trek to California had many sad experiences in the Yuma region. They found the Territory of Arizona wide open, with no law except that of the man with the fastest draw. Their belongings in camp were pilfered and their mules were stolen; thievery and treachery were practiced by the lawless white settlers, as well as by the Indians.

By 1875 flagrant and widespread crime had grown to the point where small value was placed on human life. The situation was so serious that an editor expressed the wistful hope that "a few of our citizens might live until they die a natural death so as to show the world what a magnificent healthy country this is."

About this time politicians, the honest ones, agreed that the Yuma area was ready for an "anti-crime" program. As a result, the nation's most notorious and hated territorial prison was built here. Ironically, most of the cells were dug out a rocky hill by the hapless convicts who were to occupy them. The exterior walls were made of adobe blocks. The cells were cold in winter, unbearably hot in summer, and the rough adobe walls appealed to scorpions and other "wild life." Some of the most desperate outlaws of the Old West were incarcerated here.

Before slamming the door on Yuma's



Right: Remnants of the famous black road between Yuma and El Centro still lie alongside the modern highway.

shady past, a few more milestones of history should be mentioned. The Butterfield Stage Line was established through this area in 1858, with more relief horses stationed along the route than there are standby automobiles at present-day rent-a-car services; the Colorado and Gila rivers had a tantrum in 1891 and swept Yuma away, but the good die young so this town lived on; and the Territorial Prison was abandoned as a "home away from home" for the badmen and badwomen of the West in 1909. The turning point for Yuma came in 1912, when the United States adopted Arizona as the 48th state.

Today, Yuma is a modern city of 33,000 residents, definitely slanted toward the tourist trade. About 56,000 motorists drop in for a visit each week, and more than 6000 spend the winter here. Accommodations include 28 motels, five hotels, and an adequate supply of trailer courts. While house trailers to rent are difficult to locate in most areas, several mobile home parks here offer this rental service. A survey of the city and surrounding region will reveal 44 parks for those who prefer to live on wheels.

When entering Yuma from California

Above: Hundreds of Indians come to Yuma in March for the annual Southwest Indian Pow Wow. Below: Yuma Territorial Prison is big tourist attraction.





(on Highway 80), the principal tourist street is Fourth Avenue (straight ahead); a residential section is to the right; and the Territorial Prison and Main Street are a few blocks to the left. Main Street, the city's business district, is definitely a mixture of old and new—with an accent toward the old. Fourth Avenue (Highway 80) offers an impressive assortment of modern motels and restaurants. About three miles out this thoroughfare, an attractive spread of swank homes and apartment can be seen along Arizona Avenue and Palo Verde Street, surrounding the Golf and Country Club. This is also

grounds and gardens are well maintained and parking space is provided.

Activities of this city are keyed to various times of the year, so the visitor should plan his trip accordingly. The Greyhound dog racing season runs from January through March at the beautiful multi-million dollar air-conditioned Greyhound Club; the Silver Spur Rodeo is held in February; the annual Southwest Indian Pow-Wow is featured in March; the Yuma County Fair is an early April event; a Flower Show is also offered in April; and a horse racing program at the Fairgrounds is scheduled for November.

clude motel and trailer park accommodations, and restaurants. Here one can play, boat, or fish—Arizona maintains open season year-round on all fish. Only 18 miles northeast of Yuma is Imperial Dam, which diverts water from the Colorado River into the All-American Canal (the angel of Coachella Valley farmers).

The Sonoran desert surrounding the metropolitan area is a rich hunting ground for rock hounds seeking semi-precious stones, ancient fossils, and petrified wood. (Maps are available at local rock shops.) Several interesting old ghost towns, abandoned gold mines, and remains of stage coach stations exist in this general area. Ancient Indian camp sites and trails can be seen, along with some petroglyphs on the rocks.

A jaunt to San Luis, Sonora, Mexico is a must for the visitor to Yuma; only about 25 miles south on Highway 95. Once a sleepy little village of adobe huts, it is now a modern town of about 30,000 people. The many shops display tinware, basketry, pottery, silver jewelry, and countless other items typical of this creative country. For the stouthearted, bullfights are presented during the winter months at La Plaza de Toros. San Luis is a charming, friendly town; and is more representative of Mexico's interior villages than most border towns.

Here are a few bits of information related to a California-Arizona trip that might be helpful to the traveler. Border inspectors of both states love each other's tourists, but dislike their plants—so leave your potted petunias home. Speed limits on Arizona highways are different for daytime and nighttime driving. The *maximum* is 65 during the day and 60 at night. Move your watch ahead one hour to Mountain Time entering Arizona. (This does not apply in the summer because they do not observe daylight saving time.) And, when you hear that the average monthly temperature at Yuma is 75 degrees, remember that two weeks at 25 degrees and two weeks at 125 degrees would average 75 degrees for the month.

Yuma today, plus all of the surrounding points of interest, offers many pleasant hours to the motorist who likes to go places and see things. The old story about the goose that swam backwards because it was more interested in where it had been than where it was going should not be used as an example of this community's thinking. When a city is transformed from an ugly duckling into a beautiful swan in a comparatively few years, it's worth seeing—so why not give it a gander soon? □



Boating on the Colorado River.

where Yuma's International airport is located.

So-called retirement centers that are so popular elsewhere are not found here. The feeling is that the whole city is somewhat of a retirement center. Three active senior citizen organizations, one under supervision of the City Parks and Recreation Department, provide a variety of activity, including crafts, movies, and dancing for the many thousands who spend the winter here. Also, there are nine city parks and three city swimming pools for public enjoyment.

Visitors, both senior and non-senior, who come for a short stay, are frequently interested in sight-seeing. In Yuma, the important "sight" to see is the old Territorial Prison, which is the leading tourist attraction in the State. This notorious institution of the Old West is now a museum, with artifacts on display. Visitors may climb a stairway to the top of the guard tower, if they wish, and enjoy a spectacular view of the river and countryside. As an Arizona State Park, the

There is also a Dog Show in November for pooch lovers.

The Silver Spur Rodeo parade is led by the Quechan-Yuma All-Indian Band in bright red blouses and feathered head-dresses. This band has been in existence for 55 years. The annual Indian Pow-Wow brings together many tribes of the Southwest. Some of the groups are the Apache Crown Dancers, Pima Basket Dancers, Mohave Bird Dancers, Navajo Hoop group of Parker and Tucson, Hopi Dancers, Cocopahs of Mexico, Paiutes from Nevada, and the Plains Indians from Oklahoma. It would be difficult to find a more colorful group of ceremonial performers—and none on the warpath!

For the roaming type of traveler, who likes to use his motel room as "home base" and investigate the surrounding country, there are a number of interesting side trips within a short driving distance of this city. Martinez Lake, about 35 miles north, has two recreation areas open to the public; Fisher's Landing and Martinez Lake Marina. Modern facilities in-

SAFARI IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

BY LARRY SPAIN

Not many Americans
are aware of it,
but desert-bred exotics
are being imported
from foreign lands
to supply an
African Strip, U.S.A.

THE TWO MEN wait motionless in heavy brush cover, movie cameras with long-range lens carefully aimed. A flash of motion up ahead telegraphs the presence of their quarry. Then suddenly, around an outcropping of rock, appears a head with pointed ears stiffly alert and two ramrod-straight horns jutting wickedly upward, like twin spears.

The head twitches almost imperceptibly and the animal's heavy body, half exposed, starts to wheel for some nearby rocks. One of the men shouts. The animal takes two stiff-legged jumps, and disappears.

The men lower their cameras.

"I think we got beautiful shots of that jump," one of them exults.

"Yeah," the other replies, "and we got something better than a kudu. That chap was a bull oryx with a real trophy head. Come on!"

Their film record was indeed of an oryx, a mean-tempered animal that won't shy from combat with a lion, and has been known to slay the big cat. They would have been perfectly content with "shooting" a kudu, the handsome spiral-horned antelope which can live where no other creature can survive.

The oryx was a prize; especially gratifying, since earlier that day they had missed getting footage of a huge, hairy-legged Barbary ram, denizen of North Africa's Atlas Mountains.

This may sound like a safari into the barren Sudan or the backways of Kenya; an expedition into the jagged mountains of Morocco or the blazing desert reaches of the Kalahari.

It's not. Such an expedition could be taking place in our own Southwest today. Nature lovers and wildlife photographers with a yen to "bag" such exotic

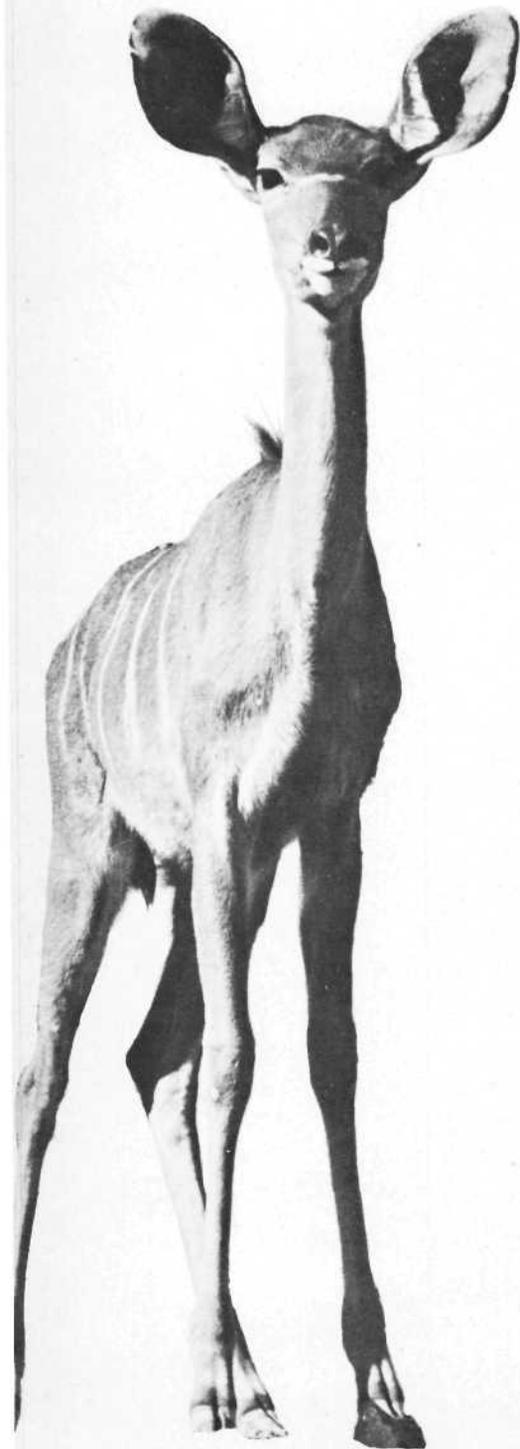


Family of Barbary sheep, New Mexico's first import of exotics, launched the growing craze for importation.

animals as kudu, springbok, ibex, sambar, blackbuck, eland, oryx, nilgai, mouflon, axis and red deer may do so by going no farther than Texas, and some other states.

The importation of African, European and Asian game animals has been quietly going in in the Southwest over the last few years. Yet comparatively few people know that it is possible to "go on safari" for these strange animals without the huge outlay of an African trek.

The female kudu is docile and even tempered, but not the male.



Several big Texas ranches maintain private preserves where all such animals may be seen, as do a few other states.

The revolutionary plan for importation was launched by the game commissioners of New Mexico 15 years ago when they liberated 52 Barbary sheep in the wilds of their Canadian River country, an area too rough for deer and elk. It was excellent terrain for the Barbaries, who love the rugged life. In 1962, twelve years after the release, the Barbary count was estimated at 1,500. These animals are just as hard to spot in New Mexico as they are in their native North Africa.

At the time the Barbaries were set free, there was much speculation and even alarm about what would happen. Many people thought the sheep would multiply and become a nuisance by spreading across the country and perhaps "tainting" other species. Arizona, then waging a desperate battle to save its native bighorn sheep from extinction, feared the Barbary would crowd the bighorn out of its home, or worse, cross-breed with it. Game department officials of the state threatened to shoot any Barbary that crossed her borders.

Oddly, perhaps, the Barbaries never strayed from their wild canyons. The success of this experiment led Texas ranchers and one large planter in Hawaii to import Barbaries.

Aware of the controversy their sheep release caused, the New Mexico officials waited more than 10 years to see how things worked out. Meanwhile, they had been conducting an extensive study to learn what other foreign animals they might bring in which would adapt themselves to the climate and terrain. Their prime goal was a sort of "African Strip" stretching from West Texas to California—a more or less barren area populated by a few valuable animals, but having a good potential as a habitat for warmth-loving animals of Africa and Asia.

The plan was not designed wholly to create better and more varied hunting for American sportsmen; it is an attempt to save several species of foreign animals from total extinction, a probability of the near future.

If the states involved fall in with the plan, The Strip may become one of the few places on earth where various species of exotic game still exist. The day of the big safari is rapidly passing. Consider what has happened in Kenya, with British influence removed. Then consider what has happened all over Africa. When the colonial powers pulled out, a century

of conservation and careful game management ended. The entire country is in a state of outlawry. An indiscriminate slaughter of animals by natives goes on uncurbed. It is feared that with the easy acquisition of firearms, once denied them, native tribesmen, with no knowledge of or desire to conserve anything, may soon shoot out the enormous game herds. Africa as an animal kingdom is doomed.

A few years ago, there were literally millions of Barbary sheep in the arid mountains of North Africa. Today, a single animal is rarely sighted. The springbok, Africa's national animal, once seen on the veldt in countless numbers, is almost gone.

In Arizona, the Phoenix Zoo recently acquired a small herd of Arabian oryxes, of which only about 10 still exist in freedom. The situation in the animal world, especially among the larger species, is grave, and a few men with vision are doing something about it. A wealthy Florida landowner is creating a huge game park for the preservation of the white rhino, the giraffe and the cheetah—all three of which are seldom seen on their native heath.

Foreign animal importations are heralded by big game hunters, naturalists, conservationists and wildlife photographers, but great care and close observation are necessary with all such imports. There is no way of knowing, short of a study over a long period, how a foreign animal will react to American animals of even the same family, and vice-versa. There are two schools of thought on this: those for imports and those against. The "purists" among naturalists feel that foreign imports will upset the balance of North American wildlife, produce cross-breeds, or even crowd out our native species.

The other school points out that in the 1880s several "foreigners" were brought into the U. S., among them the Chinese Ringneck pheasant, the Hungarian and chukar partridge, and the European brown trout. Today these are found all over the country and for more than half a century have provided sport for Americans—with no black marks against them. This clean record, however, doesn't keep the pessimists from voicing alarm at further imports.

In 1960, the New Mexico game people authorized the importation of several other African animals. For their second experiment they chose the Nubian ibex, ancestor of the domestic goat. Several varieties of ibex are found in the mountains of Europe through North Africa into Central Asia. The Nubian, a desert

variety, seemed the best suited to the barren country of the American Southwest.

But capturing crews found an alarming shortage of these animals, even in the Sudan, where they had once been found in greatest numbers. The crews shifted operations to Ethiopia, but here too the Nubian nanny had all but disappeared. No American zoos had any one species in large enough numbers to permit withdrawals for breeding purposes.

Arrangements were made with a wild animal importer in New York to supply, instead, the Siberian ibex from the deserts of Mongolia. This species is as well adapted to the climate and terrain of southern New Mexico as the Nubian, and is far more plentiful.

This was the beginning of a series of delays. In its efforts to prevent the spread of foreign animal diseases, the U. S. Department of Agriculture set up a ruling that requires all cloven-hoofed animals

to be held in quarantine for 60 days in the place of their origin.

Upon arrival in the States, the animals must spend an additional 30 days in holding pens near Clifton, N. J., for final disease testing purposes.

But these were not the only delays. The planners came up against another regulation that had gone into effect just prior to the ibex imports. All cloven-hoofed animals brought into the country must go to approved zoos only. None may ever be released. However, the offspring of these animals may be set free when they are old enough to shift for themselves.

About a dozen Siberian ibex now reside in the Albuquerque Zoo, where it is hoped their progeny will be numerous. The ruling that makes only the young eligible for release will slow down the program somewhat, yet these animals have a vital destiny: they may mean the differ-

ence between survival and extinction of several species.

The New Mexicans decided upon two other African animals as being in imminent danger of vanishing in their native land. These are the greater kudu and the southern oryx, or gemsbok.

In 1962, a capturing crew rounded up 14 kudu and oryx. The kudu is a graceful creature about the size of our elk. In the early days of colonization, South Africans slaughtered millions of these antelope in the mistaken idea that the source was endless. Some varieties were entirely wiped out. Remnants of the great herds were belatedly saved on preserves and in game parks but today, in these areas, native poachers are fast killing them off since there is no longer any protection.

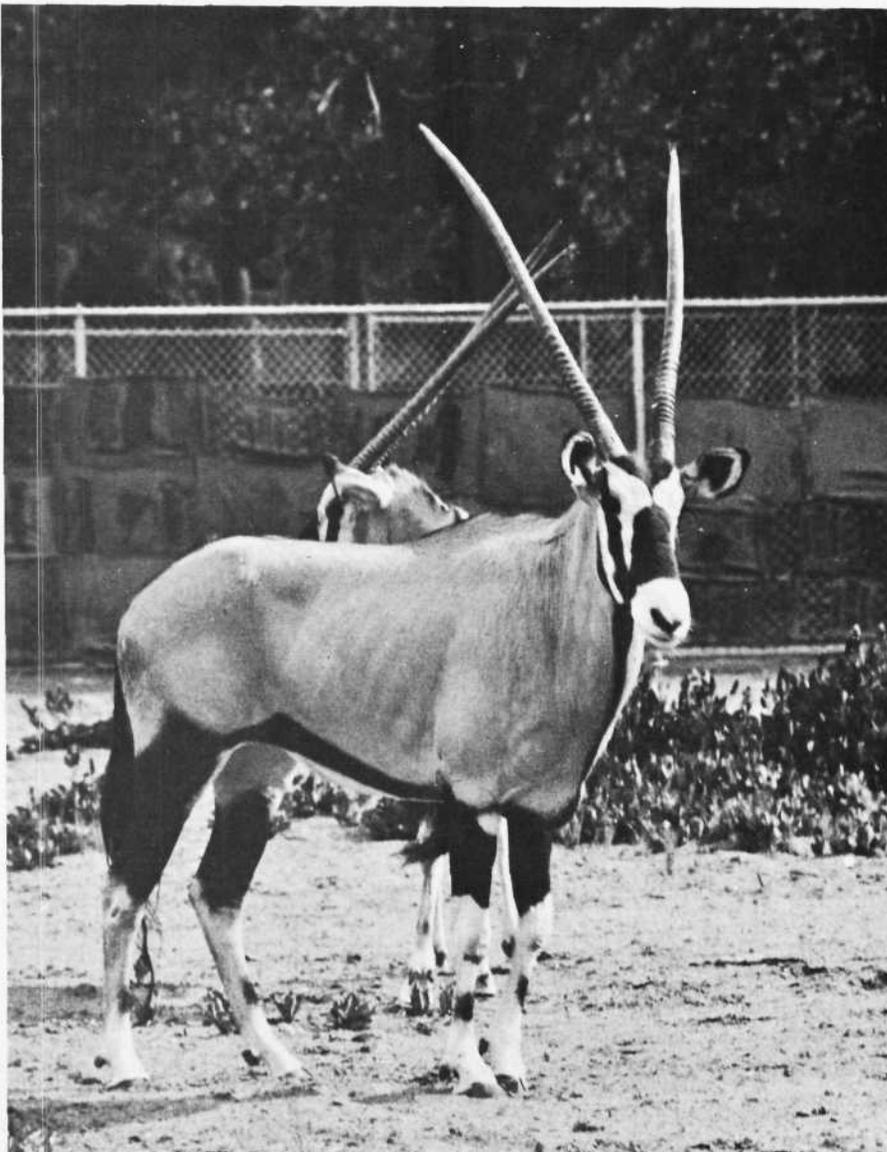
The kudu, with meat which gourmets claim is tastier than elk or beef, can live in terrain where few other animals are able to survive. They can go for weeks without water. Once they roamed from Cape Town to the Sahara, but in recent years they have been driven to a last stronghold around the borders of the terrible Kalahari Desert. Even here they are rapidly being shot out by the bushmen who have exchanged their poisoned arrows for guns.

The capturing technique is interesting. A fleeing kudu, which can outrun a race-horse for a short distance, is forced onto the open plain, where a speeding car takes over. A noose at the end of a long pole is dropped over the neck of the racing animal. The captured kudu is crated and hauled by truck to Okahanja, in South-West Africa, where, after its 60-day quarantine period, it is put aboard a ship.

The South African gemsbok is the largest of the oryxes. It was selected by the New Mexicans because it can endure extremely cold weather, but primarily because it's becoming very rare. The oryx will weigh up to 600 pounds. Both sexes have long, straight horns, much coveted by trophy hunters.

Unlike the kudu, which is docile and easily raised in captivity, the oryx is a mean and formidable fighter. Its javelin-like horns make it a deadly adversary. Camera hunters will do well to bear this in mind when going after this unpredictable animal. His defense tactics are worth mentioning. A herd of females, yearlings and young, upon sighting a leopard or wild dog pack, are said to let out a great bellow—which hunters say sounds like a lion's roar, and is calculated to have the same paralyzing effect. Presenting a bristling front of lowered

These oryx or gemsbok are well-equipped for battle.



horns, the animals launch the attack and any unfortunate animal that remains in their path is gored and trampled to death.

The oryx and kudu endure the violent changes of desert climate easily. Oddly, they stay fat no matter what time of year they are taken; yet their present habitat in the Kalahari is seemingly devoid of food, and rain may not fall for stretches of two or three years.

These animals, and others that may be imported by New Mexico, will be held at Albuquerque's Rio Grande Zoo, while their offspring accumulates. The young will then be moved to huge holding pens at Redrock, southwest of Silver City. There are several young kudu there now.

It may be about four years before enough young are collected to begin the New Mexico releases, but whatever time it takes, nature lovers are eagerly awaiting the day when they may go afield in their own "backyard" and see such strange animals.

The African Strip is a sound idea, viewed from the ecological standpoint and that of preserving fast-vanishing species. The states vitally concerned should approach the matter with open minds, and act quickly.

The several Texas ranches where these animals, and many others, are to be found,

including the vast King spread, got in on the ground floor, so to speak, bringing in their animals immediately after New Mexico released its Barbaries. One of the first was the Eddie Rickenbacker Ranch, near Hunt, Texas. One of its specialties is the sambar deer, a very wild creature. But it also has moulon, blackbuck, axis and sika deer (the latter from Japan,) besides native species.

On the famed 70,000-acre YO Ranch, near Mountain Home, Texas, you will see all the above, plus wild turkeys. Other ranches provide kudu and oryx. Game experts in Texas believe the blackbuck (India) is as fine a game animal as ever lived and perhaps the most beautiful of the world's antelopes. It may become as common as the state's native deer.

Don't expect to have an easy time finding this fleet antelope. He's one of the most difficult to spot. One of the reasons for this is the remoteness of these ranches and the comparatively few people who actually do see them. It is somewhat different on the preserves of New Jersey, Arkansas, Tennessee and Florida, where most of the above-mentioned animals may be seen. Their more limited space and more frequent contact with people have tended to make the animals somewhat less wild—but far from tame!

Efforts to save the world's larger and

more important animals, game and otherwise, are evident in many places. In Southern California, a member of the International Shikar-Safari Club is working to establish a huge game-breeding farm where African animals may be bred for release on that state's desert areas. California possesses vast areas of desert well suited to tropical animals—areas which now support little wildlife, if we except the horned toad and sidewinder.

There is interest elsewhere in the importation of foreign species. Venezuela, Brazil and Argentina have plans to bring in certain species that can adapt to the climates of their countries. Canada and Australia have enormous areas where there is a dearth of wildlife except for predators.

Recently the Department of the Interior, pressured no doubt by private and state interest in exotics, began a study to determine what types of foreign animals would survive in wild regions of North America. The government has no plans to import them, although it is presumed that part of their concern is to rescue dwindling species.

The imports in Texas and elsewhere have done well, but, as Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall said not long ago: "Little is known as to how these animals may compete with native wildlife and domestic livestock for available forage and water. More information is needed on the questions of disease and parasites which may be carried by exotic animals. And we must study the effects on land and water resource programs of the present and future."

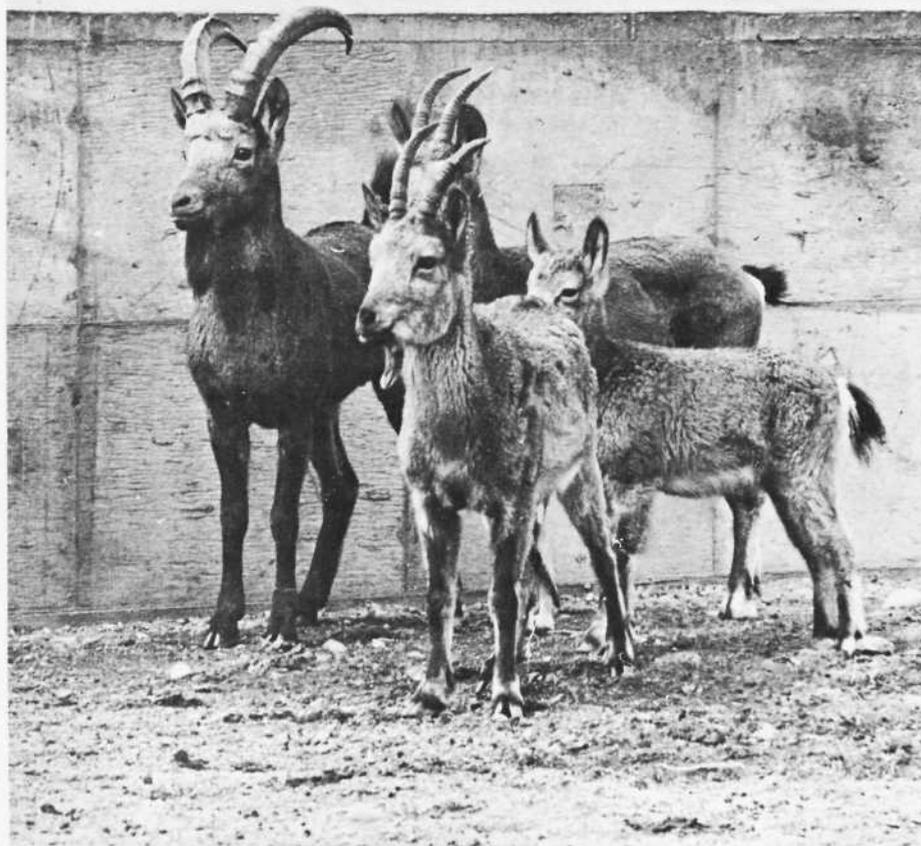
Interior officials emphasized that the study in progress will not be concerned with any one specific animal, broadly speaking. Rather, it will evaluate the basic questions to be asked and answered concerning habitat, animal competition and similar questions whenever a proposal is made to introduce an exotic animal to public lands.

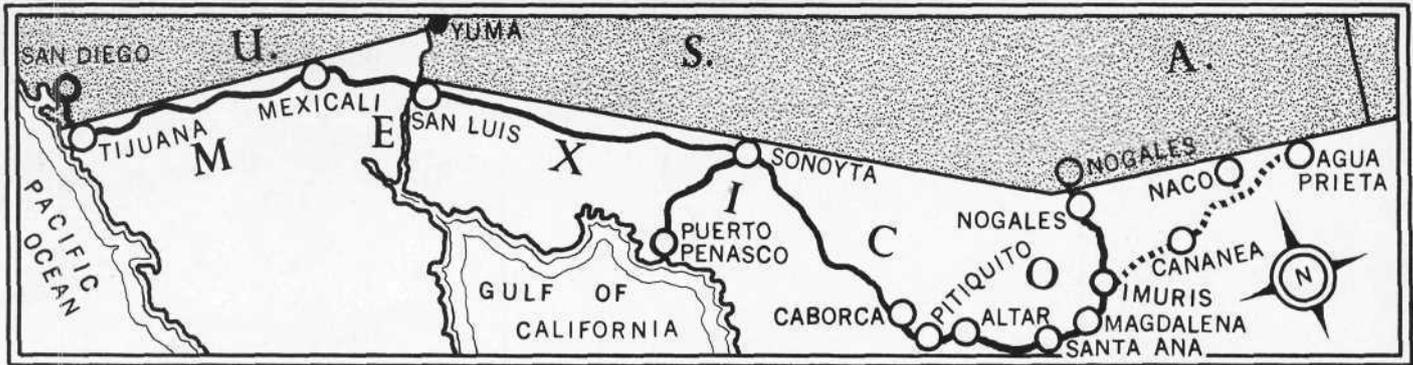
It is hoped that these findings will favor broad importations of rapidly-vanishing species so that future generations will be able to see how such animals looked and lived when the great animal kingdoms teamed with wildlife—without having to look up pictures and descriptions in encyclopedias.

This is the nature story of the century, but it must end on a note of warning. Any individual, county or state interested in securing exotic animals and thus salvaging them for posterity, had better act at once . . . for soon it will be too late.

□

The Siberian ibex is a fleet, elusive animal that requires keen sight to spot.





Along the Border

By Thetford Le Viness

IT WAS ICY cold when we left Santa Fe that December day, but sub-freezing temperatures wouldn't bother us for long. We were off on a wintertime adventure in Mexico, in a semi-desert area certain to be mild.

We were investigating the eastern portion of a unique experience in North American travel—the Padre Kino mission trail, south of Arizona and California. We would go as far as Caborca, in north-central Sonora.

Designated Mexico's Route 2, the full itinerary is from Agua Prieta, across from Douglas, Ariz., to the Pacific coast. The total distance of 618 miles to Tijuana in Baja California is dotted with teeming cities, historic shrines, and desert vistas. The road is paved, except for the first 53-mile stretch, to Cananea; this is now under construction. Nowhere along the entire journey is the traveler more than 75 miles from the limits of the United States.

Warmer weather greeted us just south of Albuquerque, and in Deming we peeled off some of our wraps. We took U.S. 80 through Lordsburg and Rodeo to Douglas and Agua Prieta.

We celebrated our arrival in Mexico with *aperitifs* of tequila, then had *tacos de gallina* for supper. We stayed overnight at a modern motel, and breakfasted the next morning on *huevos rancheros*, *tocino*, and *pan frances*. We were south of the border, and we wanted the full flavor of being there—with appropriate *salsas picantes!*

The necessary permits for ourselves and our car were a matter of minutes from courteous officials at the *aduanas*, and we set out early on the unpaved portion of

our trip. The road has a built-in desert-escape over every rise, and for miles it parallels a rail spur from Naco, another Arizona border town.

Cananea, a mining center in a setting of low sierras, is both progressive and picturesque. It has some of the best hotels, restaurants and stores to be found in the states of Mexico which face the U. S. frontier. There is no "tourist atmosphere;" it is a city attractive for this reason. And, it is the gateway to the mission trail. Many of the most impressive relics of Padre Kino's missionary efforts are in towns and villages along Route 2—paved from Cananea on.

Fr. Eusebio Francisco Kino, a Jesuit, arrived in 1687, an apostle to natives of the Pimeria Alta—the upperland of the Pima Indians. This comprised what is now Sonora and southern Arizona. The chain of missions he established reached as far north as Tucson and his work extended west to California. One of the greatest of early geographers in north-western Mexico, he was first to describe Baja California as a peninsula rather than an island.

None of the structures erected under his supervision still stand, but a few foundations and walls are thought incorporated in several built later at the same sites. Fr. Kino died in 1711. The missions he founded lasted till the Jesuits were expelled from Spain and her provinces in 1767.

It was chiefly laymen who kept the Faith alive in Sonora for the next quarter century. Then Franciscan and secular padres took up the work, and another wave of Sonora church building began. The structures along Route 2 today, some

in use and others in ruins, date generally from the last decade of Spanish colonial rule and the first years of the Mexican republic—roughly, 1775-1850.

The first site we visited was Cocospera, a majestic ruin up a steep escarpment visible from the road about halfway to Imuris. Luis Santiago, our capable driver who also helps me with my wheelchair, scrambled up the rugged cliff to take pictures. He got some dandies. Luis, born in Mexico, inquired in Spanish and was told the old building would crumble if restoration isn't begun soon. Already the roof has collapsed; services are held in a new chapel built a few feet away. We journeyed on, hoping some historical society would become interested.

At Imuris Route 2 joins Route 15, the highway from Nogales to Hermosillo, Sonora's capital. Imuris is another Kino site, but hardly anything remains today. We continued on the converged routes to Magdalena where the famous priest died and is believed buried.

Magdalena's church is a magnificent example of early 19th-century Christian architecture. In daily use, it is much restored, with a recently modernized interior. Its tower and dome not only dominate the city's main plaza, but may be seen from the countryside for miles around. There is a record of Fr. Kino's burial in Magdalena, but the exact site of his grave is a mystery. A monument near the church recalls his deeds and accomplishments.

We spent the night in Santa Ana, twelve miles to the south. Our hotel was in the Mexican tradition—a one-story structure with rooms along both sides of an oblong patio. We slept well, and after

breakfast in a cafe near the railroad station, we headed west. Route 2 branches in that direction at Santa Ana, while Route 15 continues south.

Mexico, apparently, has no bypass problems. With fewer cars and more pedestrian traffic than in the United States, the urban population actually *wants* to be bypassed. Route 2 systematically misses the business districts of the towns and villages it serves. It's a mark of the easygoing tempo of life south of the border—and part and parcel of the matchless charm of travel there.

Access roads to the settlements are usually well maintained. Altar, 52 miles from Santa Ana, is north of the highway; Pitiquito, farther on, is off to the south. Both were thriving Fr. Kino sites. We photographed the old white-coated church at Pitiquito. This edifice, like Magdalena's, has been repaired and altered many times through the years; it reflects little today of its early 19th-century vintage.

We next reached our destination. Caborca is a bustling cattle town with ex-

Continued on page 34



Ruin of Cocospera, just east of Imuris, was once a Fr. Kino mission site. Below: Beautiful, historic mission of Caborca.





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

That night all hands slept so soundly that several of the pack animals slipped away undetected. Early next morning the Mexican packers trailed them to a hollow on the side of a hill. Returning to camp, the wranglers brought not only the burros but several *chispas*, gold nuggets the size of pebbles. Then followed the frantic rush to the site even before partaking of more antelope steak.

News of this sort traveled fast, even in that early day of primitive communications, and in no time a settlement grew up at the base of the hill. The raw camp was named Weaver, although the guide had already moved on, not being cut out to be a miner. His name was also given to the smaller stream emptying into Antelope Creek.

Some fantastic stories were told by travelers returning to civilization after a visit to Weaver. One of these reported that he watched several men scratching the surface of the ground with no more tools than butcher knives and gathering up gold by the handfull. He said that while he looked on, the men took out 10 pounds, and that a day's digging would easily net \$1500. When all the gold "scratched up with butcher knives" was gathered, that was it though, none being found much more than six inches deep. Before the camp folded for good it was reported that a man was lucky to make \$1.50 a day, and only rarely was *chispa* of any size found.

During Weaver's lusty days the camp was infested with characters of all sorts and little effort was made to seek them out. It was said that at one time when Prescott and Weaver were contenders for the Territorial capital, Prescott won easily. The denizens of Weaver failed to show up at the polls when the deciding election was held. They were too busy in the saloons and brothels.

Our photo shows what was likely the powder house, safely secluded from the town behind a rocky ridge. In the background is an area now termed "Rattlesnake Heaven." □

WEAVER, ARIZONA

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

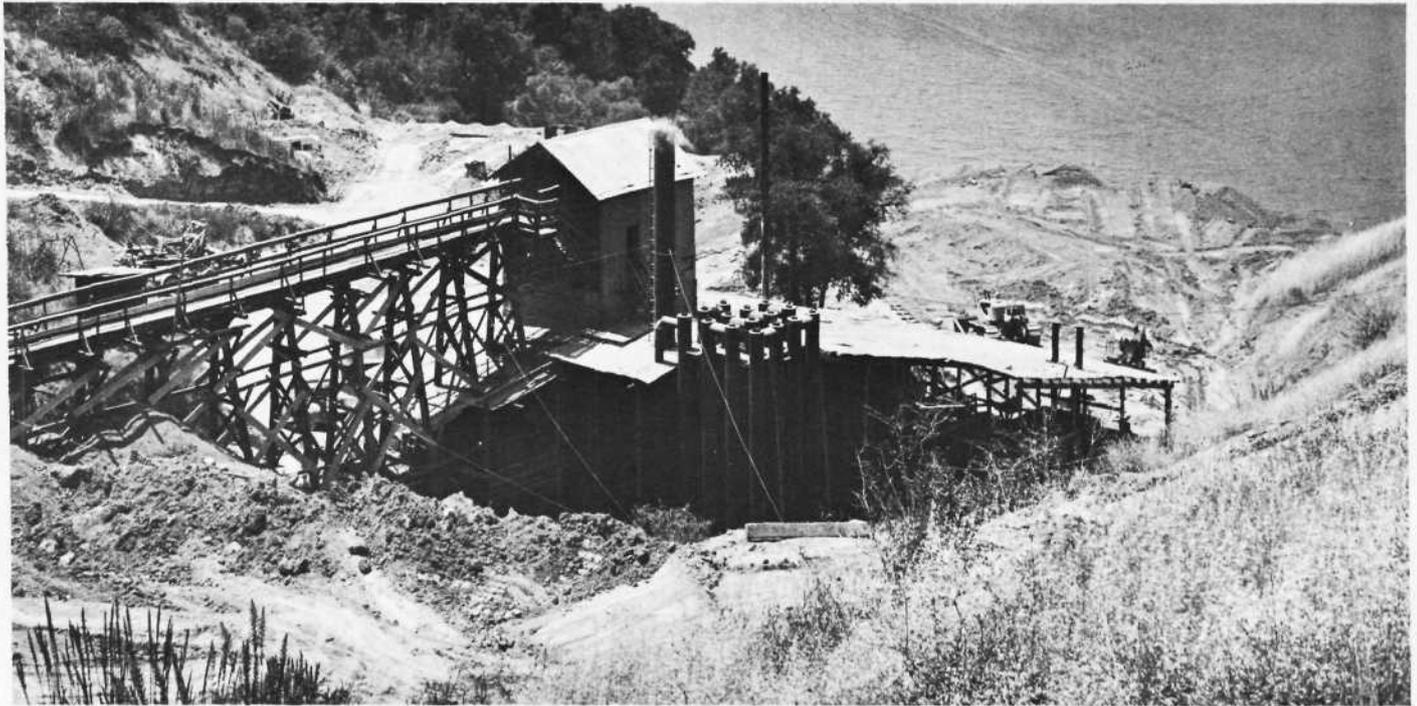
"THE NEXT morning the party went up the top of the hill where innumerable chunks and nuggets of gold were found in the sort of sloping basin. Peeples picked up \$7,000 worth before breakfast." Thus does historian Fish describe the discovery of what came to be known as Rich Hill.

It was the year 1862. A large party of prospectors headed by Abraham Peeples had joined their guide at a pre-arranged spot on the Colorado River, then headed for central Arizona in the

Bradshaws. The guide, though called Pauline Weaver, was no second Sacagawea. His given name was properly Paulino, a common enough Indian name conferred on the half-breed by his mother.

Arriving at camp beside a stream in the foothills, the party found plenty of antelope meat awaiting them. After supper several of the men panned a little gravel in a tributary creek and found some color, but not enough to get excited about, but encouraging.

Ancient Quicksilver Mines Revived



ALL THAT glitters may not be gold; today it might well be quicksilver. For the market value of the shiny, liquid metal has skyrocketed to an all-time high. And with this phenomenal price rise has come a rebirth of more than one of the ancient mercury mines of the West—a rebirth whose feverish activity reminds one of 1849 and the Gold Rush. Men are crawling about the old diggings, shoring up fallen timbering, greasing up the rusty old mills, removing the dust of years. In their eyes is the sure gleam of a newday El Dorado.

With a container of quicksilver you can hold in the crook of your arm bringing well above \$700, another bit of lore reminiscent of the Old West has been reborn: the stagecoach holdup, although today the stage takes the form of a truck. In one recent hijacking, masked bandits made off with a half-million dollars worth of the shiny loot. Other nefarious characters are smuggling the precious metal across international borders; less than-honest miners are secreting little containers within their clothing, peddling the stuff on the newly risen and thriving black market.

Behind the mercury bonanza lies a manifestation of the age-old "law of supply and demand." Demand for the

metal has increased, and production has lagged. The soaring economy of the United States, coupled with that of Western Europe, has created an almost insatiable hunger for the ancient metal, well illustrated by U. S. production of 13,000 flasks in 1964 against a national consumption of 70,000!

Though mercury may no longer serve as the backing for vanity mirror, or as the "bearing" upon which floated the giant revolving lenses of early light-houses, its uses today are legion. Large quantities, for example, are consumed in the manufacture of insecticides and fungicides. Mercury is called for, too, in the making of explosives, as it is in the amalgams that go up to make up the mundane tooth filling your dentist so unpleasantly plies you with. And the paint industry gobbles up large amounts. Still more goes into electrical devices of various sorts, including the silent light switches in our newer homes and the ultraviolet lamp we employ for that homemade suntan.

The new electronic watch you gave as a graduation present uses a mercury cell as its power source. These magical little batteries have gone into our satellites, too, powering transistorized equipment for "telemetering" information back to Earth. And let's not forget the growing

number of nuclear reactors in which mercury is being put to work. Indeed, with the continued expansion of today's numerous technologies, one can, without being facetious, predict a "bright and shining" future for quicksilver.

Down through the centuries, quicksilver has brought a gleam to man's eye. The metal has even been found in an Egyptian tomb dating back to 1500 B.C.! Though we know nothing of its extraction in those ancient days, we do know that at Almaden, in Spain, mercury has been mined continuously for more than 2500 years. And long before the time of Christ, the Chinese and the Hindu mystics of India included quicksilver among the "seven metals of the world."

Returning to the present, though, persistent rumors of unusual activity in the Santa Ynez mountains—the range that forms a towering backdrop for California's beautiful and Riviera-like Santa Barbara—brought this writer to hunt down the famed, century-old "Gibraltar" quicksilver mine.

You don't get into the Gibraltar easily. In fact, during the long forest-fire season you need a Government permit, issued by the Department of Agriculture's Forest Service, and a key to the locked gate providing access to the all but impassable

By John Desha Davies

little entry road that threads its treacherous way, mile after primitive mile, over the mountains and through the canyons toward the mine and its more recent neighbor, Gibraltar Dam. To come by that key requires a reason stronger than mere curiosity, for not only will you be treading within the closed fire-hazard areas of Los Padres National Forest, you'll be trespassing on the property of the Gibraltar Mining Company, parent company of Sunbird Mines, Ltd. The Sunbird people are the latest group to lease the old mine, and the way things look, they've got a "tiger by the tail."

Rushing in where angels fear to tread, an intrepid young photographer named Randle joined your scribe in a trip back to the mine—a trip that no one in his right mind would write home about lest he be roundly ridiculed for his foolhardiness. Especially when it is confessed that compounding our folly was the fact that we ventured in with an ordinary automobile, following a trail blazed by bulldozers and kept open only by the occasional passage of a hardy little Jeep.

After what seemed a rock-stabbed, jolting, man-defying eternity, we rounded a bend and below us lay the structures denoting our goal.

The noise of the mine's mill came up to us loud and clear in the surrounding silence, as did that of a bulldozer pushing great gobs of red slag off to the side of the operation. Far below, too, a pair of figures in "hard hats" pushed a mine car along a narrow, rickety, wooden trestle connecting a cut in the mountain-side with the machinery of the mill. Here on the hillside we paused, unloaded our photographic gear, and took some over-all shots.

The Gibraltar property, though well within the Los Padres National Forest, is what is known as a "prewithdrawal area," meaning that it was privately owned long before the national government took over the region. Today the government's chief interest in the mine operation is one of forest fire prevention, and takes such forms as setting the standards for blasting operations and controlling possible spark emanation from the stacks of the mill's furnaces.

We found Darcy and Adkins, the two

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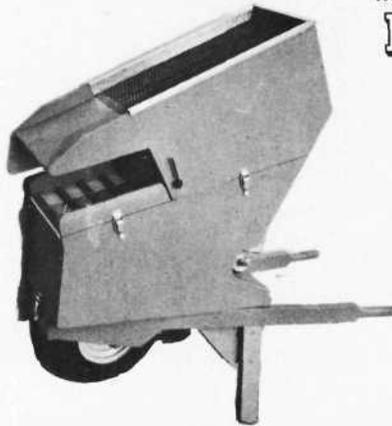
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"working" partners of Sunbird Mines' several backers, in an old trailer that serves as the mine's "on location" office. They emerged unshaven, but smiling, excusing their appearance with the information that the mine's water supply had gone out two days earlier with the failure of a pump. A man had been dispatched to Santa Barbara to look for repair parts, but hadn't returned. From a creek some miles distant, drinking and cooking water was being dragged, bottle by bottle, to be chlorinated and doled out sparingly. Bringing water up out of the nearby Gibraltar reservoir was impossible because of the almost vertical drop to the water's edge.

Adkins, whose youthful vigor belies his 50-odd years, has been mining for longer than he cares to recall. He has traipsed through canyon and over mountain in a thousand remote spots in the North American and South American

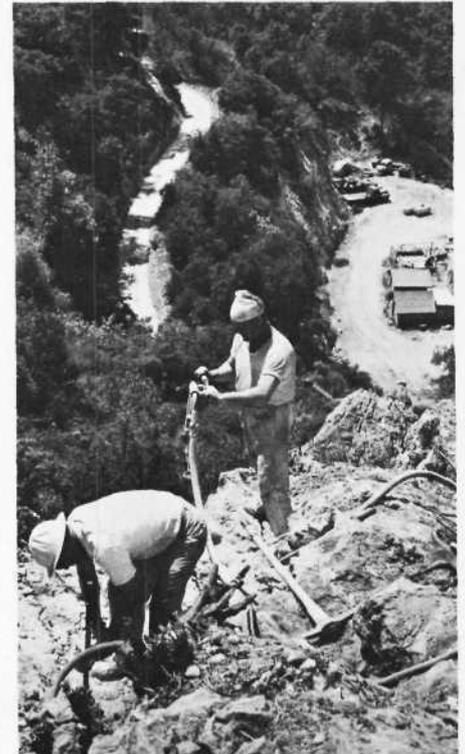
continents, pursuing the career to which he has devoted his life. Raised in the business, too, Darcy is a man who seemingly knows all there is to know about quicksilver mining. To him must go a great part of the credit for converting the ancient Gibraltar into the whirring enterprise it is today. The two men, along with their "financial" partners, are determined to make Sunbird's lease from Gibraltar Mining pay off. And with the zest for life their outdoor years have given them, it's a sure bet their plans for updating the old workings will come to a profitable fruition.

The old saying that a place is so far back in the hills that sunshine has to be piped in doesn't hold for the Gibraltar. In fact, there's so much sunshine they could profitably pipe it out of the hills. But there's no electricity, except what they make themselves—and the workings need a lot of it, not to mention the de-

mands of the employees' living quarters.

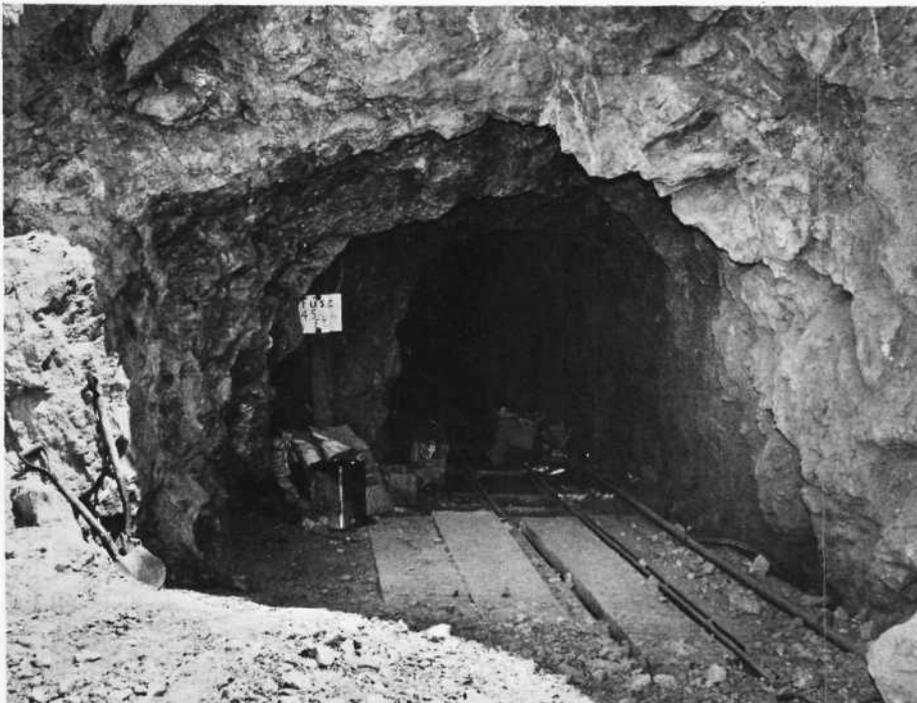
It's been a year since the mine had a telephone. The old crank phone on the wall, which used to connect the Gibraltar people with the Forest Service people, has been without wires since the disastrous forest fire of 1964. But they do have emergency communication, for which a radio transmitter can summon a helicopter from Santa Barbara.

The diggings under way when we were there were of the "open pit" variety. One reason for sticking with above-ground mining is a purely monetary one: insurance rates double the moment you go underground! On the day we went in



two of the open pits were being worked. The entire operation is composed of four levels not counting the tunnel, which was well down the mountainside from where we were perched. Here and there bronzed, dust-covered Mexican-Americans drilled into massive boulders, preparing to blast away portions of the hillside which would expose the yellow rocks with the telltale red splotches of mercury sulfide—better known as cinnabar. From these remote points the ore would find its way down a variety of chutes to the man-powered mine car waiting far below.

How do they know where to dig? They've got a map that shows the path of the big vein through the area, and even some of the offshoots, though most of the latter are located through the twin processes of "eyeballing" and "sampling." A man with an eye for the ore, a good prospector, can look at a cut in the



Closed by a recent cave-in, old Gibraltar tunnel penetrates 450 feet.

mountainside, walk right up to it, lay his hand on the rock, and estimate the percentage of return in less time than it takes to tell it—that is, men like Darcy and Adkins can. Time and again, as we rode and strode over the diggings, Adkins would pick up a piece of loose rock, break it on a nearby boulder, and point out a streak of cinnabar the blow had exposed.

Atop a peak dominating the diggings, stood an old wooden cross. This is the Mexican miner's way of asking the Almighty's protection as he goes about his dangerous calling. As if to drive home the point, two laborers wrestled with a jackhammer on the bare edge of a 75-foot precipice not far off; below, in a rocky shale, lay one of the men's hard hats, blown off by the gale that whistled across the narrow promontory on which they balanced.

After slipping and sliding down from the open pit sites we threaded our way across the old wooden trestle for a look at the mill. As some of the boys at the mine put it, they're running a "still" back in "them thar hills," for the pure mercury is literally distilled from the raw ore by condensation.

After the "dirty" quicksilver is ladled out of condenser wells into pails, it's carried to a "hoe table" where the mercury is stirred into powdery quicklime. Quicklime separates impurities from the pure metal, enabling the latter to be funneled through the opening in the table, from where it drops through a cloth strainer into a waiting pail. Here the boys pulled one of their favorite tricks out of the bag: they floated a heavy iron weight on top of the mercury!

The final operation is that of pouring the heavy, now pure, metal into iron flasks for its trip to market. The flasks, weighing a bit over seven pounds apiece, tip the scales at 76 pounds when filled with their precious cargo, yet are little more than the size of an ordinary quart-size milk container. Their weight when filled is that of the ancient Spanish "hundredweight."

Following our tour of the Gibraltar's roaring, hammering, and clanging operations, we stopped for a cup of ink-black coffee at the "Mexicanos" living quarters. Here we found Marina, cook for the mining camp, and the only female within more miles than the men care to think about.

Interesting is a story they tell of a lost fawn raised by Marina—a little fawn who'd hide in the back of a TV cabinet whenever a stranger dropped in, but that relished flapjacks and cigarette butts!

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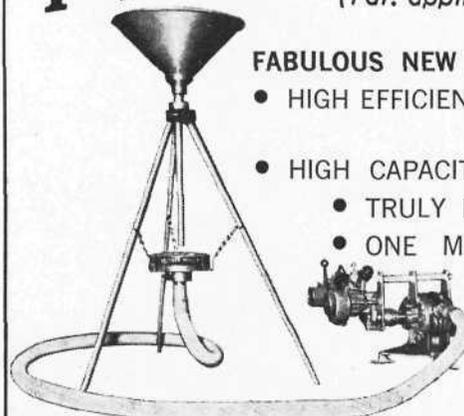
Later, as a full-grown buck, the deer would return to the mine and his benefactors, often bringing with him other deer who'd stand off at a safe distance as he paid his call. But one hunting season he disappeared; today the miners will change the subject if you bring it up.

Over coffee we spoke also of the turbulent history of the mine—of Jose Moraga, who in Civil War times stumbled into an outcropping of the vein as he hiked across the old Spanish land grant known as the Rancho Los Prietos y Najalayegua; of the early 1870s, when 200 Chinese clawed at the mine's "glory hole," pouring out mercury needed in

the refining of gold and silver at historic Virginia City; of long periods of inactivity when the Gibraltar lay all but forgotten; of bursts of activity during two world wars; of endless legal hassles over ownership, featured not only by "squatters rights" battles, but by suicides; of 40 days of rain when 11 men piled into a Jeep to escape being cut off by landslides; of a day the "Feds" found their way in and pulled out a handful of Mexicans using forged citizenship papers. By comparison, all is calm today—except for the Gibraltar's fabulous promise of a pot of mercury at the end of its silvery rainbow. □

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Along the Border

Continued from page 28

cellent accommodations for tourists. We took some more "patio hotel" rooms, and found a 24-hour restaurant next door.

Actually, there are two Caborcas. There is the place we stayed, and there is *la placita vieja*—"Old Town," as a similar section is called in Albuquerque. The new Caborca has wide streets and spacious parks and at night the fountains are illuminated in color. Sanitation seems al-



Cananea is a progressive mining town.

most a city-wide neurosis; metal trash cans line both sides of every thoroughfare, with garbage collection a "big business" of municipal government!

"Old Town" has one of the historically important missions still in use. In 1857 Henry A Crabb, a former California state senator, led a group of about 100 filibusters, all U. S. citizens, to Caborca. They tried a sort of soldiers-of-fortune "power-grab" of Sonora by helping unseat the incumbent governor. The rebels succeeded, but promptly repudiated Crabb. He and his party held out for several days in some adobe houses across the plaza from the church. Mexican troops besieged them; in the fighting which followed, gunfire damaged the church's facade. Forced to surrender, Crabb and 56 other survivors were executed the next day without trial.

This mission, an imposing structure of Sonora's classic period, still shows its battle scars. All the houses of a century ago—indeed, most everything constituting the old plaza itself—have disappeared since the town's relocation. The Crabb incident is related in eloquent Spanish on a plaque placed on the church in 1926. In 1958 a monument to Capt. Lorenza Rodriguez, killed when he questioned Crabb's motives in Caborca, was erected out front. Every year on April 6, anniversary of the siege and surrender, a fiesta is held to

recall the events. This, of course, extends to the new Caborca, where one of the main arteries bears the official name: *Avenida 6 de Abril*.

Inside Caborca's mission there's a musty smell—it's authentically old! It was here that many of the townsfolk went to pray during the Crabb episode—and couldn't get out to go home. Once during the conflict the filibusters tried to blow up the church with dynamite, but miraculously the charge didn't ignite.

We stayed a second night in Caborca, then returned home by way of Nogales, Tuscon and Salt River Canyon. Route 2 continues to the U.S. border in Sonoyta, then parallels the boundary to Mexicali and the coast. The entire itinerary, and many portions of it, are becoming ever popular since so much of the paving has now been completed. □

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This concludes a series of articles concerning the uses primitive people have made of native plants. A book on the subject, by Sam Hicks, will be announced upon publication.

Desert Dispensary

by Sam Hicks



IN THE INAJA dialect of the Mission Indians of Southern California, the tall, tubular grass which, in expert hands, is split evenly into three long uniform strands for basket making, is called Kuanaya. I have never heard this plant called by any other name, although I'm sure sufficient research would show it has been scientifically classified. Basket makers lose no time in splitting these tough stalks while they are fresh and pliable. About one-third of the top of each pointed stem is cut off and thrown away because it lacks strength. Then the square-cut end of the hollow stalk is carefully divided into three parts with the point of a knife, the end of one strand held in the teeth while the other two are pulled outward with the hands. The strands after being separated, are next tied in neat coils and stored until needed. They are soaked briefly in water just before they are used in the ancient

coil-binding process characteristic of much Southwestern basketry.

Each stalk of the long grass has a dangerously hard stiletto point which probes at hands, wrists and eyes while it is being pulled from the damp earth where it grows. A few inches at the base of each stem are colored deep brown. Higher up, the stalk is dark green, but soon after picking this color fades and by the time the strands are ready for use they graduate in color from tan to brown. These varying colors enable the basket makers to weave into their art the unique designs

which ornament their work. For certain designs where a great deal of solid color is required, some basket makers dye their Kuanaya strands with berry juices and, in more recent years, with water colored by rusty nails and bits of iron.

This tall, fibrous grass, which grows only in mountains near the source of fresh water, is rapidly disappearing. Due to persistent drought conditions in the Southwest and the diminishing number of mountain streams, Kuanaya is hard to find. However, it is still unselfishly shared in the handicraft by those who carefully gather it. □

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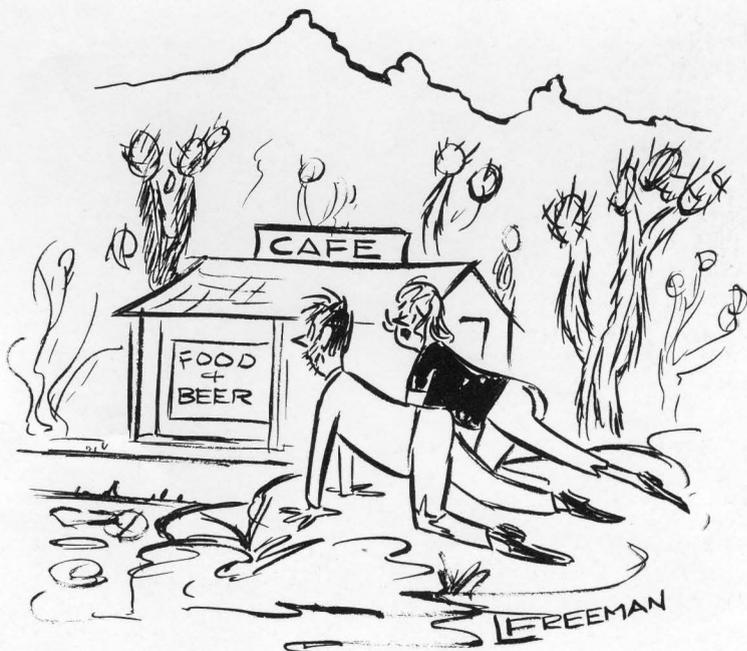
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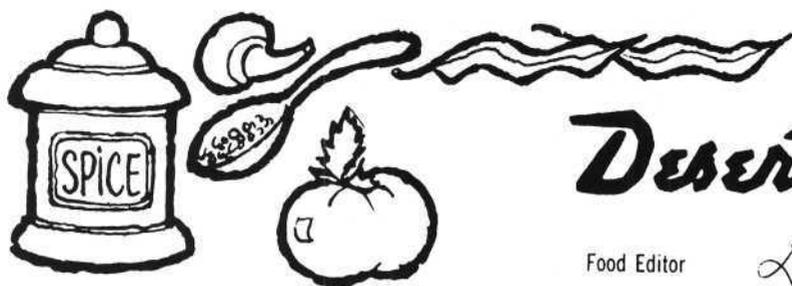
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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carlson

CORN SPOON BREAD

- 1 cup white corn meal
- 4 cups milk
- 2 cups canned whole kernel corn
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 1/2 teaspoons sugar
- 1 quarter lb. butter or margarine
- 3 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Bring 2 cups of the milk to a boil. Add corn, cornmeal and salt and stir over heat until thick. Remove from heat, add beaten egg yolks, butter, sugar and rest of milk. Beat well. Let cool. Fold in egg whites. Place in large baking dish or casserole, which has been greased, and bake for 1 hour in 325 degree oven.

CINNAMON BREAD

- 1 package yeast
- 1/4 cup warm water
- 1/2 cup scalded milk
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 3 cups flour

Dissolve yeast in warm water, add to milk, sugar and salt, cool to room temperature. Beat in egg and butter and about 1 1/4 cups flour. Add remaining flour and continue to mix until dough pulls from sides of bowl. Turn out on floured board and knead until smooth and elastic, about 5 minutes. Round dough into ball and place in well greased bowl, turning several times to grease on all sides. Cover and set in warm place until doubled in bulk. Punch dough down and divide into two parts. Roll each part into roll the length of bread pan and widen until it is fairly thin. Spread generously with butter, sugar and cinnamon and roll like jelly roll. Put joined side down in greased bread pan and let rise until doubled in bulk. Use rest of dough for another loaf. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 35 minutes. These make small loaves and are wonderful toasted.

FRUIT BREAD

- 1/4 cup dried apricots
- Cover with cold water and let stand for 1/2 hour. Drain and cut in pieces.
- 1 large orange, squeeze juice from it and reserve peel. Add enough water to juice to make 1 cup
- 1/2 cup seedless raisins or mixed fruit
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup chopped almonds
- 1 egg
- 2 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Put orange peel, nuts and raisins or fruit through medium blade of grinder. Add to mixed dry ingredients with orange juice. Add butter and beaten egg and vanilla. Bake in greased loaf pan at 350 degrees for 50 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

OATMEAL ROLLS

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup boiling water
- 1 package yeast
- 1/2 cup warm water
- 1 egg, beaten
- 2 to 2 1/2 cups flour

Place shortening, sugar and salt in large bowl. Add boiling water and stir until shortening is melted. Add oatmeal and cool to luke warm. Soften yeast in warm water and add beaten egg, then stir into oatmeal mixture. Stir in 1 cup flour and beat well. Let rise to double its bulk, work down. Take portion of dough and roll out into circle. Cut pie-shaped wedges from circle, spread with melted butter, and roll up, starting with wide side. Bend into crescents and place on buttered baking sheet. Allow to double in bulk and bake in 400 degree oven for about 15 minutes. If desired the dough may be placed in refrigerator, covered with foil. When ready to bake, form into rolls and let rise.

ONION-CHEESE BREAD

- 1/2 cup chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 beaten egg
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups Bisquick
- 1 cup grated Cheddar cheese, firmly packed
- 1 tablespoon poppy seeds
- 2 or 3 tablespoons melted butter

Cook onion in 2 tablespoons butter until soft. Combine egg and milk. Add to Bisquick and stir only until ingredients are just moistened. Add onion and half of grated cheese. Spread dough in a greased round baking dish. Sprinkle top with remaining cheese and poppy seed. Drizzle melted butter over all. Bake at 400 degrees for 20 to 25 minutes. Cut in pie-shaped wedges to serve. Serve hot.

TALAMEE

- 2 cups warm water
- 2 packages dry yeast
- 1/4 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons melted margarine
- 1 tablespoon peanut oil
- About 5 1/2 cups flour

Measure warm water into large warm bowl. Sprinkle yeast in and stir until dissolved. Stir in sugar, salt, margarine, peanut oil and about 3 cups flour. Beat until smooth, then beat in enough additional flour to make stiff dough. Knead until smooth and elastic, about 8 minutes. Place in greased bowl, turning to grease top, cover and let rise in warm place free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour. Punch dough down, turn out onto lightly floured board. Divide into four pieces and shape each into a smooth ball. Place on greased baking sheet; cover and let rise for 30 minutes. Flatten each ball to about 1 inch thickness. Let rise again for 45 minutes. Bake in 450 degree oven for 15 minutes, or until done. This bread is crusty and of somewhat coarse texture, on the order of French bread.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Black Magic . . .

To the Editor: Your special sale of 10 back issues is a delight. The story of the lost gold ledge of Picacho, Dec. '58, brings to mind a story my grandmother told me. An Indian man, in the 1920's, would come into Yuma to sell raw quartz gold to Mr. Sanguinetti. This gold came from the same area mentioned in your article and could be the same lost gold ledge. Quien sabe?

Occasionally my grandmother and a group of friends went to the ruins of the old mission of the Yuma Indians at Pot Holes, near where the old Indian lived. Among this group was a pregnant woman and a sorceress. Their object was to have a seance and ask the spirits to reveal the secret of the gold lode. Aboard a wagon drawn by a horse, they arrived at this place late at night. When they called to the spirits to reveal the secret, they heard, out of the darkness, a voice and a thump. "Aqui esta," thump! it went, "aqui esta," thump! "aqui esta," thump! Three times.

Well, you can bet that scared h— out of everyone, including the sorceress. They started to yell and scream and run for the wagon and the poor pregnant woman almost had her baby on the spot. They took off for home like a bat out of hades. And, you can also bet a sly old Indian is in his "happy hunting grounds" still laughing up a storm!

Thank you for "heap much good reading".

Oh yes, "Aqui esta," thump! is Spanish for "Here it is," thump!.

C. BARROS,
Indio, California

Late Item . . .

To the Editor: After my article on Datura was sent to you (see page 17), a UPI news item from Ojai, California, told of three teen-agers found screaming in the streets late one night. According to Ojai Police Chief, James Alcorn, they were hysterical and imagined multi-colored bugs crawling all over them. Later, in the hospital, the boys told officers they had been chewing seeds from the spiny pods of the jimson weed.

WILLIAM KLETTE,
North Fork, California

White Magic . . .

To the Editor: I read DESERT Magazine with great interest but have never yet written to you. In regard to the Mystery of the Hohokams in the November issue, if author Stan Jones would read the Book of Mormon he would find the answer to his lost civilization and their architecture and irrigation systems.

JOEL C. BALLARD,
El Cajon, California

Ghost Town Chaser . . .

To the Editor: We have certainly enjoyed your fine magazine over the past several years. To us one of the most interesting articles appeared in the recent August-September (1965) issue by Raymond Hillman titled "Nine Bridges Has Toiyabe". We have journeyed to more than 100 Nevada ghost towns and camps and Toiyabe City is the best yet. The setting of the ruins on the floor of a basin at the end of a very steep canyon is simply beyond description. Unfortunately, Toiyabe City has met with vandalism. The smelter stack, as described by Mr. Hillman and plainly visible in his photo on page 48 is no longer standing. Large piles of brick at the mouth of Ophir Canyon might suggest what happened. Also a cable was found stretching from the site of the stack, back up the road for about 50 yards. Later we heard through friends that people were indeed wrecking structures in Toiyabe City for the brick. I suppose in time the elegant hotel overlooking the city will also be torn down for some reason or another.

Mr. Hillman is correct in that only 4 wheel drives should travel the road, although a good 2 wheel drive properly loaded could make the grade. We counted the bridges both going in and coming out and all we could count is eight, but there is another bridge above the city. However, "Nine Bridges" sounds much better than "Eight".

A. L. LESPERANCE,
University of Nevada

Ardent Reader . . .

To the Editor: Keep up the good work with your wonderful magazine. When I get finished with each month's issue, there's nothing left because I read every word, even the ads and page numbers!

ERNIE COWAN,
San Diego, California

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