

The background of the cover is a photograph of a desert canyon. In the foreground, a river flows over dark, wet rocks. The middle ground shows a wide, rocky riverbed with reddish-brown soil and scattered stones. The background features steep, layered rock walls of a canyon under a clear blue sky.

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SEPTEMBER 1968

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Blue water of the Fremont River is in sharp contrast to the red cliffs of Utah's Capitol Reef National Monument as shown in the cover photograph by R. K. Mitchell, Sierra Madre, California. Esther Henderson photographed the majestic blooming Century Plants on Page 23 to illustrate the accompanying article on agave. Often confused with agave are the yucca shown on the back cover.

Desert Magazine BOOK Shop

ESTEVANICO THE BLACK by John Upton Terrell. The discoverer of Arizona, New Mexico and Cibola was actually an African slave who was finally slain by Indians because he lived too well, according to this well documented and controversial book. Excellent reading by the author of *Journey Into Darkness*, *Black Robes*, and other histories of the West. Hardcover, 155 pages, \$6.95.

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THE DESERT LAKE by Sessions S. Wheeler. The story of Nevada's intriguing Pyramid Lake, its ancient history, archeological finds, geology, fish and bird life. Paperback. \$1.95.

BOOK of the MONTH

ON

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TRAILS

By Randall Henderson

Founder and publisher of
Desert Magazine for 23 years

One of the first good writers to reveal the beauty of the mysterious desert areas. Henderson's experiences, combined with his comments on the desert of yesterday and today, make this a MUST for those who really want to understand the desert. Illustrated. Hardcover.

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EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS from Kings Canyon to the Mexican Border by Russ Leabrand. Maps for each trip with photographs, historical information, recreational facilities, campsites, hiking trails, etc. Paper, 165 pages, \$1.95.

OLD ARIZONA TREASURES by Jesse Rascoe. Containing many anecdotes not previously covered in Arizona histories, this new book covers haciendas, stage stops, stage routes, mining camps, abandoned forts, missions and other historical landmarks. Paperback, 210 pages, \$3.00.

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THE MYSTERIOUS WEST by Brad Williams and Choral Pepper. Rare book examines legends that cannot be proven true, nor untrue. New evidence presented in many cases which may change the history of the West. Hardcover. \$5.95.

ANZA-BORREGO DESERT GUIDE by Horace Parker. Second edition of this well-illustrated and documented book is enlarged considerably. Tops among guidebooks, it is equally recommended for research material in an area that was crossed by Anza, Kit Carson, the Mormon Battalion, '49ers, Railroad Survey parties, Pegleg Smith, the Jackass Mail, Butterfield Stage, and today's adventurous tourists. 139 pages, cardboard cover, \$2.95.

GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, \$6.25.

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BOOK REVIEWS

1000 MILLION YEARS ON THE COLORADO PLATEAU

By Al Look

A newspaperman and amateur archaeologist for 40 years, Al Look has combined his writing talents with knowledge of prehistoric times to produce a non-fiction story which reads like an adventure through time.

Calling the area of his investigations, the Colorado Plateau, "my back yard," Look gives a vivid account of the geology, paleontology, archaeology and uranium discoveries, starting back 1000 million years. His "back yard" is 100 miles long and is one of the world's richest areas for discovering facts about the past of our planet. Today it is one mile above sea level; 80,000,000 years ago it was more than 4000 feet below the surface of a vast prehistoric ocean.

The author's forte is in taking what ordinarily would be dry and difficult figures and statistics and translating them into interesting and enjoyable reading. The following paragraph is typical:

"To pin down 1850 million years: suppose the time space from now back to the American Revolution to be represented by one inch. Then back to the founding becomes one and one-half feet, and back to the time of the Folsom man in Colorado is measured by a city block. Back to the dinosaurs is one mile, but to reach the Monument Canyon in my back yard takes some 260 miles, about the north-south length of Colorado."

In writing about the Anasazi civilization (which present day Indians call the "ancient ones") Look states:

"The old forty-niners were no pioneers; Zebulon Pike was not the first to see Pike's Peak; old Francisco de Coronado and his conquistadors "discovered" nothing, and Eric the Red was a mere tourist. These were all rank tenderfeet to the Anasazi. We brag of an established, stable civilization, but the Anasazi people have had the same civilization in one territory for two thousand years. We are cultivating corn 450 years after Columbus, they were cultivating corn 1400 years before Columbus."

The current edition is the fourth printing. As reading matter it will last for months, as a reference, for years. Hardcover, 300 pages, illustrated, \$3.75.

WHERE THE OLD WEST NEVER DIED

By Paul Sanford

The majority of Baja California *turistas* have either visited or heard about the Meling Guest Ranch but few are familiar with its origin or the historic part its founders played in the settlement of *norteamericanos* in Mexico.

Located 117 miles southeast of Ensenada, the Meling Ranch, originally called San Jose Rancho, was the central headquarters for the North Americans who settled in the area for farming and mining.

Seen through the eyes of Bertie Johnson Meling who, today at 82 still reigns over the ranch, the story relates how her

father and mother settled in the area after leaving Texas.

Told in homespun vernacular, the book describes the hardships the pioneers in a foreign land encountered; overcoming bandits, floods, droughts and politics, plus the raids by Pancho Villa's marauding bands. Hardcover, 121 pages, \$4.95.

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California's Crater Lake

FORMED SOME 7000
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CRATER LAKE HAS
EXCELLENT FISHING,
ABUNDANT FLOWERS,
WILDLIFE AND
LAUNCH TOURS TO
SCENIC WIZARD ISLAND.

by Andrew Flink



If you've an eye for nature's beauty and a curiosity about the miracles born of her moods, or if you just like camping in the great outdoors, then Crater Lake is a place for you to investigate. It has its share of all these, plus Indian legends to enhance the appeal of this wonderland.

Mount Mazama, (its original name) was an ancient volcano that rose to approximately 12,000 feet. It was the largest mountain in the western part of a lava plateau that covered an area taking in parts of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, California and was part of the Cascade Range. It was formed by successive flows of lava ash, cinder and pumice that accumulated over a period of time. Streams and glaciers added to it by depositing rock debris and from it small valleys were carved in the side of the mountain. Standing on the rim overlooking the lake, evidence of the buildup is seen in many places around the crater wall.

The eruptions took place some 7000 years ago causing cracks to develop in the sides of the mountain; more cracks opened up under it allowing the drain of a tre-

mendous amount of molten rock. These disturbances caused the cone of the mountain to collapse to the inside and geologists have estimated that 17 cubic miles of the cone were lost in the collapse. Thus, a crater, or caldera was formed through volcanic action in one of the highest mountains in the Cascades and, through the passage of time, snow and rain provided water for the lake. There is no inlet of any significance and seepage is the only outlet, so evaporation and seepage combine to keep the water level reasonably constant. In the late 1800s, a geological survey expedition made a series of 94 depth soundings in the water. Using crude equipment, the depth was estimated to be 1996 feet. In 1959, a Coast Guard Geodetic Survey again sounded the lake and, using modern equipment, found the depth to be 1932 feet. Only 64 feet difference from the figures calculated by the first expedition.

Indian legends have their place in the history of Crater Lake. Called by the Indians, "The Battleground of The Gods," the background of their story is given in the Indian tale of the destruction of Mount Mazama. The Klamath Indians tell of the "Chief of the Below World," Llao, a god who passed through the summit crater and occasionally stood on

the peak. Sometimes, Skell, "Chief of the Above World," would be on top of Mount Shasta, about 100 miles to the south. Their legends tell of a war between the gods and of a time of great explosions, rocks flying through the air, flames devouring the woods and the Indian homes. There were many days of darkness except for the glare of the fiery mountains. The end of the battle came when Llao's throne, (Mount Mazama) collapsed inward. For more on these legends read *Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest* by Ella Clark, Univ. of Calif. Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1953.

Many Indian legends tell of the lake, but there are also stories of some of the first white men to view the beauty.

Crater Lake was seen by the first white man in June, 1853. John W. Hillman, a prospector in search of a lost mine, climbed upon a ridge and as he came to the top, the lake lay spread before him for miles. He named it "Deep Blue Lake" and returned to Jacksonville, a mining camp near Medford, to tell of his discovery.

On October 21, 1862, Chauncey Nye, leading a party of prospectors from Eastern Oregon, came upon the lake and, thinking he was the first to see it, named it "Blue Lake."

William Steel, of Kansas, stood on the rim in August of 1865 and gazed at the deep blue spectacle of the magnificent crater. He was so impressed with its beauty that he dedicated his life to it. It was through his efforts that Crater Lake became a National Park. After being established as a part of the Park system on May 22, 1942, Steel continued as a developer of the area, as a superintendent and eventually as park commissioner, an office he held until his death in 1934.

The walls of the crater from the water level to the top of the various peaks around the rim of the lake, reach from 500 to 2000 feet high. Throughout the 21 square miles of water are various islands and volcanic cones. After the peak was destroyed, volcanic activity within the crater produced a cone known today as Wizard Island. Only the top of this cone is visible, the rest lies some 2000 feet below the surface of the azure blue lake and is really a volcano within a volcano.

Launch trips around the lake provide a closer look at Wizard Island. The trip includes a few minutes stopover so you can climb to the summit, some 700 feet above the water. Once on top, you can look down 90 feet into the crater itself and view the 300-foot-wide interior. Continuing with the launch trip, you'll see a formation of rocks that remind you of a ship under full sail like the clipper ships that sailed the seas in the 1800s. This formation is called Phantom Ship.

These are just a few of the sights to be seen on the lake itself. The launch trip takes two hours to complete and is conducted by a Ranger-Naturalist who provides a running commentary about the distinctive, geological formations at close range along with lava flows, underwater fumaroles, (holes in the crater that acted as gas vents) and in general, many of the geological aspects of the crater not easily seen from the lake rim.

There are also walking trails if you enjoy hiking. Wildflower Garden is a short walk offering an abundance of plantlife to delight the eye. Colorful meadows of wildflowers, orchids, violets, monkey-flowers, painted-cup and many more are distinctively labeled.

Birds and forest animals are plentiful and guided tours are conducted daily by Park Rangers. For the benefit of fishermen, the lake is stocked with Rainbow



Launch trips take visitors to Wizard Island where you can climb 700 feet to the top and look down 90 feet into the crater and see the 300-foot-wide interior.

Trout and Kokane Salmon. William Steel planted the lake in 1888 with about 40 fingerling trout and the plantings were continued until 1940. Now, natural reproduction provides the lake with all the fish necessary for a fine days catch from rowboats available on a rental basis.

You campers aren't left out, either. The best campground is near Rim Village, but the entire rim is dotted with excellent picnic facilities. There are fireplaces, tables, water and well-equipped toilet facilities. There are no utility connections for house trailers.

If you wish to go around the rim of the lake but don't want to go onto the lake itself, a 35 mile bus tour around the rim is available and a continuous monologue is provided by the driver-guide. So there's something for everyone at Crater Lake. There are fees for the excursions but they are well worth the time and expense. The lodge and cabins at Rim Village are open from about mid-June until Labor Day or thereabouts and it's advisable to make reservations well in advance.

The appeal of Crater Lake is not exclusively for the summer outdoorsman however. Winter brings not only an average of fifty feet of snow annually, it also provides the winter sports enthusiast with a chance to try his amateur wings or for the professional to sharpen his ability on

one of the two ski trails from Rim Village to Park Headquarters. If you should decide to make the trip during the winter, you're cautioned to be well supplied with gasoline and oil because no service stations are open during the winter. Although snow plows keep the snow off the roads, chains should be carried as conditions change rapidly.

To reach the lake by automobile, drive on paved roads all the way from Klamath northward to the lake. Leave Klamath Falls on U.S. 97, take the turnoff where State Route 62 connects and then continue to the lake. The northern entrance, (closed during the winter) is southward from the junction of U.S. 97 and State Route 138. The west entrance is from U.S. 99 at Medford onto State Route 62 and directly to the lake. During the summer months, busses are available from Medford and Klamath Falls.

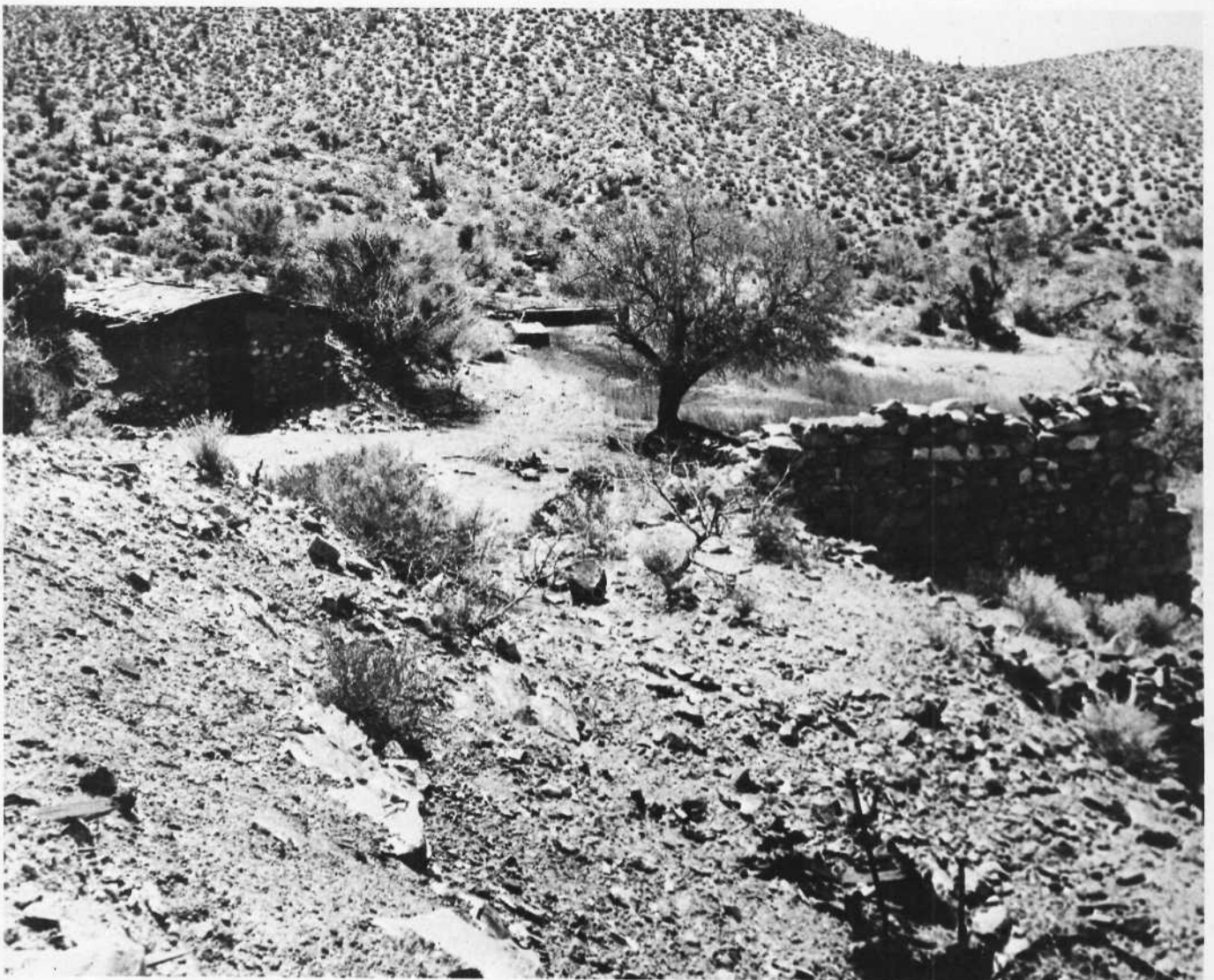
This is truly an area of rare beauty. The ruggedness of the crater as it borders the lake is matched only by the vivid colors of the lake and surrounding areas. Whether you're an outdoorsman or someone who just wants to get away from it all, Crater Lake offers rare splendor in a picturesque setting. If you'll take the opportunity to see the beauty created out of one of nature's more violent moods, it's a vacation trip you'll never forget. □

IWANPAH...

QUEEN OF THE

CLARK MOUNTAINS

BY H. C. HENDERSON





OUTH of the Mesquite Range, on the eastern slope of the Clark Mountains, lies the remains of the old silver camp of Ivanpah. This

townsite is not to be confused with the present-day railroad station, by the same name, on the Union Pacific railroad between Nipton and Cima. That town of Ivanpah is relatively a youngster, having been in existence only since 1903.

The old, original town of Ivanpah was situated around springs that are now shown on topographic maps as Ivanpah Springs. She first came into public view as the result of silver mining operations as early as 1867. This activity blossomed out to a full scale boom town with more discoveries of silver ore in the 1870s. Total silver production for this area has been reported to be in excess of \$4,000,000.

At her peak, between 1882 and 1885, when she boasted a population of 300, there were wagon roads connecting all of the segments of the town. These segments were mainly near one or the other of the springs and each had its share of structures, both dwellings and commercial buildings.

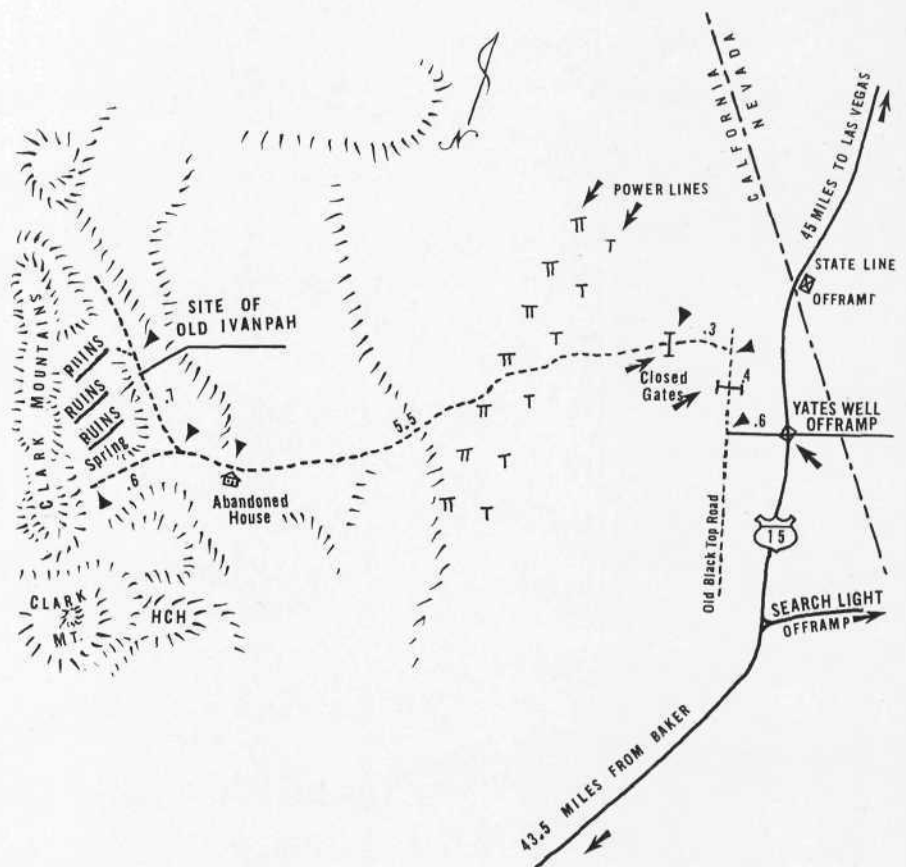
Ruins of one of the two mills are still quite identifiable, and so are the ruins of the smelter, the assay office, some of the stone buildings, a few adobe block houses, and here and there a "dugout" type home. Also, there are some remains of later attempts to reactivate the area for mining.

This is truly a ghost town. Not many people visit the quiet old lady of yesteryear, and a feeling of awe and deep respect is prevalent as one walks around through the ruins and underbrush. There are still to be discovered hidden dugout homes and adobe ruins that have been buried under many years growth of brush and weeds. Packrats, unmolested by man, have built many king-size nests. Some of these nests have been found, by this writer, to contain old bottles and other relics of great interest to the collector of Western Americana.

Two of the springs no longer have any water, but one still produces clear, spark-



With a population of 300 in its heyday, Ivanpah's mines produced more than \$4,000,000 in silver. Today, the once flowing springs are dry and the rock houses of the miners are occupied by packrats. Little known, the area may be rich in bottles and other collectors' finds. Undergrowth has covered many locations.





Searching for bottles and other finds, the author and his wife dig among the crumbling ruins of Ivanpah, whose heyday was between the years 1882 and 1885.



Once-filled water tanks and grassy areas are now dry and barren.



Ruins of stone houses are good grounds for use of metal detectors.

ling water that is caught in two large metal tanks for stock. Wild burros depend upon this source of water and are still watching over the townsites as not too silent sentries. If the visitor is lucky, he may be able to get a few good photos of the burros before they climb up, out of the low washes, into the brushy hills.

To reach this quiet and picturesque site, leave the freeway, Interstate Highway 15, on the Yate's Well offramp 43.5 miles north of Baker, California. From the freeway travel .6 of a mile west to a stop sign on a stretch of the old highway. Make a right turn and proceed north. There is a closed gate in this portion of the road. Please close this gate after passing through.

When .4 of a mile has been traveled, make a left turn at the fork in the road. .3 of a mile in this westerly direction will bring you to another closed gate. Again, close the gate behind you. Proceed 5.5 miles from this gate, passing the power lines, and you will come to an old, abandoned house. This building is a remnant of a later date than Ivanpah, and is of value only as a landmark.

Just beyond this house the road forks and the ghost town of Ivanpah has been reached. The left fork continues .6 of a mile west, ending at the water tanks. This area is a nice grassy spot where water has overflowed the tanks, and nearby the mill ruins and some of the stone buildings are located. The visitor will want to leave the car here and cover the area on foot.

From the junction, .7 of a mile on the right fork of the road, will bring you to the northernmost portion of the townsites. For those who are interested in looking for bottles, it is advisable to take along a metal locator to help find the hidden can piles. Many of these depositories were shallow pits that are now filled with dirt or covered over by brush. Look for them in an area that would have been near a home or in a ravine that would catch the rubble in case of flood water.

Any area that would have been a natural for the people to have thrown their cans is a good place to start your search. Diligent searching should yield many more relics. Who knows, maybe you will be the next one to find a sun-colored medicine bottle or some other token of a long gone era, a remembrance of a portion of our Western Americana. □

Eleodes Armata alias The Stink Bug!

by Richard Weymouth Brooks

Eleodes Armata is also known as a Circus or Pinacate Beetle, the Pinacate Range in Sonora, Mexico being named after him. He also is called a stink bug.

Eleodes is a friendly little creature and one of my favorite desert insects. There is hardly a time when he does not pay a social call to my camp, marching around munching on a dropped scrap of food with apparent delight and then moving on to his next engagement of the evening.

Slow moving and without wings, he is called a stink bug because when alarmed or disturbed he appears to stand on his head and gives off a rather musky odor, thus discouraging predators.

According to Zuni mythology Eleodes saved his life by duping Coyote into believing he had overheard a message from the gods under the ground. This, they say, is why he stands on his head today. Many Indians in the Pinacate Country consider his presence good luck. So when he pays a social visit to your camp, give him a morsel of bread . . . just for good luck. □



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Billy The Kid, The Dalton Gang and Bonnie and Clyde are today's television heroes. But back when the West was being settled these gangsters killed men and women solely for material gain. Criminals of their type were eventually eliminated by such lawmen as the Arizona Rangers as told in . . .

Then There Were The Good Guys

by Myriam Toles



HE bad men of Arizona have had considerable publicity, but some of those who helped to put them out of business, notably The Arizona Territorial Rangers, have had far too little. During the eight years the Rangers were in existence—from 1901 to 1909—they cleaned out of Arizona as choice a collection of horse thieves, cattle rustlers, killers and general undesirables as ever plagued a frontier. There were never more than 25 or 26 men in the organization at any one time; they had to cover a territory as large as all New England, and they were operating against thousands of criminals, but they secured an average of 1000 convictions yearly, none of them for minor offenses.

They were all good men in the Western sense; not exactly Sunday school characters, but they could ride, track and stay on a trail like Indians; they could shoot the eyelashes off a running coyote, and they could match any man in cool, hard courage. Possibly one of the reasons they have been overlooked by a thrill-seeking generation is that they were not given to killing, except as a last resort. The Rangers' code was simple—to stop a bad man, not be one—and their record is studded with the long chances they took to carry it out.

There is the story of the capture of the Mexican bandit, Chacon, by Burton Mossman, first captain of the Rangers. Chacon was known to have killed 29 Americans, and his total score of murders was reputed to be over eighty. It was his practice to kill not only those he robbed, but every witness to the crime. He was utterly fearless and incredibly skilled in eluding and ambushing pursuers. After each foray he escaped into Mexico where he was comparatively safe, as extradition was difficult, and he was careful to commit no crimes on Mexican soil.

Mossman was determined to bring Chacon to the waiting gallows. He crossed the line at Naco and made his way toward the hideout of Chacon and Billy Stiles, the famous Arizona train robber. At daybreak he rode boldly up to their campfire, dismounted and asked for a cigarette. He had left his rifle behind, and had only his pistol in its holster. Fortunately the outlaws had left their own rifles in their blankets, although they also wore their six shooters.

Chacon warily handed over the package of cigarettes. Mossman picked a burning stick from the fire with his left hand, then passed it to his right—his gun hand. It was a simple trick, done so naturally that for one instant, Chacon was deceived. It was the instant that sealed his doom. The next, he was looking into the

barrel of Mossman's pistol. With one lightning motion, the Ranger had dropped the burning stick and whipped out his gun. Keeping both men covered, he ordered Stiles to disarm both himself and Chacon, and to handcuff Chacon. Then retrieving his rifle, Mossman forced the two outlaws to mount their horses, and herded them back across the line. There he turned Stiles free with a warning to keep his mouth shut.

It was a highly irregular proceeding, legally kidnapping, as no one knew better than Mossman, but he got away with it. In the temper of the times, and in view of Chacon's record, few cared. The popular attitude was probably expressed by the sheriff who saw the Ranger get off the train with the handcuffed Chacon. "Well, I'll be damned" he said in simple awe.

The Arizona Rangers came into existence because the territory had practically been taken over by outlaws. Its immense, sparsely settled distances, bordered on the south by Mexico had become the happy hunting ground of criminals who skipped across the line whenever things grew too hot for them on the Arizona side. Sheriffs, hampered by county lines, and often by deputies who were hand in glove with the outlaws, were making little headway against the rising tide of lawlessness.

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Ranger Captain Tom Rynning was a typical leader of the lawmen who rid the Arizona Territory of bandits. He fought Comanches in Texas, Apaches in Arizona and served with the Rough Riders.

Cattle rustling had become an organized business, so powerful that in Navaho County, according to Dane Coolidge, there was a period of fourteen years in which no rustler had been convicted in the courts. Finally, in 1901, in answer to the demand of the cattlemen for some sort of law enforcement agency that would operate as the rustlers did, without regard for county lines, the legislature established the Arizona Territorial Rangers.

Because of Mossman's reputation as a

deputy sheriff of Navaho County, where he had broken up some of the worst gangs of rustlers, Governor Oakes Murphy selected him to organize and head the new force. Mossman planned to remain Captain for only a few months, but he remained a year, a year notable for the number of persons who forsook their old haunts, some for the penitentiary, others for localities they found healthier than Arizona.

At first the Rangers, only fourteen in number, operated secretly, wearing no

badge, and with their commissions sewn out of sight in their clothing. When Mossman resigned, after climaxing his record with the capture of Chacon, the organization had grown to twenty-five men, operating openly and respected by both the good and bad elements of the Territory.

Tom Rynning, who followed Mossman as Captain, was the same breed of Westerner. He had grown up on the frontier, fought Comanches in Texas and Apaches in Arizona, and served in the Rough Riders. He had the same cool audacity as Mossman, and the same willingness to take a long chance. He once walked into a saloon full of an outlaw's friends and walked out with his man, although the latter was a bit damaged in the process.

The outlaw, a notorious horse thief, was carelessly seated with his back to the door when Rynning entered and said quietly, "I want you, Wood."

The horse thief's reply was to shoot over his shoulder. It was a mistake. He missed, but the officer didn't. In that split second, Rynning had drawn, selected his exact target and shot off Wood's trigger finger. Then while the friends carefully kept their own fingers away from their guns, Rynning trimmed the ragged stump with his pocket knife, stuck it in a glass of whiskey to disinfect it, wrapped a rag around it and departed, with the bad man in tow—and no pursuers.

During the five years that Rynning was Captain, the Rangers considerably reduced both the popularity and the profits of rustling. By a sort of gentlemen's agreement with Mexican officials, they practically erased the line that had formerly protected criminals fleeing from Arizona. Thereafter, when the Rangers were on the trail of an outlaw, they could keep on into Sonora until they caught him—no questions asked, no extradition papers necessary.

About the time the Rangers had cleaned up the cattle country, they were called on by the mining camps. Wage disputes had developed into strikes, then riots, some of which were aggravated by bad feeling between Mexicans and Americans. The Rangers, taking no sides, disarmed the rioters and kept order until the disputes could be settled by peaceful means.

The most spectacular of these riots occurred at Cananea in 1906. Strictly speaking, the Rangers had no business to be there at all, since Cananea is just south of the border. But an official of the Greenne Cananea Copper Company had been killed, and the strike had become an anti-American war. When Colonel Bill Greenne, owner of the mine, telephoned to Bisbee that the trouble was out of hand, and that the *rurales*, the Mexican military police, were in Magdalena, twenty-four hours away, the Bisbee miners began organizing a rescue expedition. Fortunately, Captain Rynning, with some of his men, happened to be in Bisbee.

Realizing that an international incident was in the making, he reluctantly agreed to take command. He preferred the risk of losing his commission to the greater risk of letting the hot-headed rescuers set off without an experienced leader. He even managed to give the affair a semblance of legality, in which he secured the help of the civil and military governors of Sonora, who met the Americans at the border to protest the invasion. Luckily, the Mexican officials knew Rynning, and trusted both his word and good sense. After considerable argument they accepted his plan.

The Americans broke ranks and strung casually across the line. Then they were sworn in as volunteers in the Mexican army. Commissions were handed out generously. A Ranger lieutenant and a sergeant became lieutenant colonels, two Bisbee constables majors, and Captain Rynning full colonel.

Like the capture of Chacon, it was a highly irregular performance, but again it worked. When the Americans arrived in Cananea, things quieted down promptly. Some of that urbane expedition always maintained that a great opportunity was lost to exchange a portion of Sonora to the United States.

Rynning had carefully avoided receiving any of the telegrams Arizona's Governor Kibbey had been sending him, but on his return he went to Phoenix to face the music. The sizzling governor blew up and fired him, but when Rynning coolly pointed out that at the moment he was probably the most popular man in Arizona, the governor himself cooled off, and ended by reinstating him.

A year later he appointed Rynning warden of the penitentiary and Harry Wheeler became captain of the Rangers.

Wheeler had been Chief of Apache Scouts during the Geronimo campaign, and had soldiered in Cuba. A quiet fellow, he was utterly fearless, and one of the best shots in the world. His men were devoted to him. He served two years. Then the force was disbanded, chiefly because of Territorial politics, but also, because the conditions that called it into being no longer existed. The Rangers had put themselves out of business.

There is not space here even to list the exploits of individual Rangers, but a picture taken in 1903 tells what manner of men they were. They are a casual looking lot, sadly lacking in spit and polish. Only two wear coats; the others are in shirtsleeves and vests, and their headgear is lamentable. The only things uniform about them are the familiar, easy grasp of their rifles, and their air of lean, hard efficiency.

Good men all of them, and the Arizona of today is forever in their debt. □

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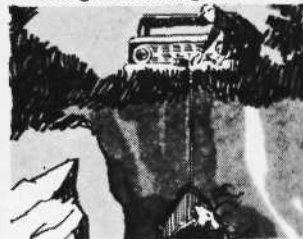
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AGAIN RISES DARWIN

by Elizabeth Beebe

photos by Bill Kelsey



On the road into Darwin you see the human shape of a low-lying mountain. Called "The Reclining Indian" by the Shoshone Indians, the long-time residents of Darwin say it symbolizes the spirit of their rising desert community.



DARWIN is one California ghost town whose ghosts are fast being replaced by real people. In the summer of 1967, to the great surprise of

the Clerk of Inyo County, people came to ask about free lots in Darwin. These inquiries were traced to a notice which had appeared on a public bulletin board in Lone Pine, near the county seat of Independence. Although it is still a mystery who posted the notice, the land rush which resulted dealt a death blow to Darwin's ghosts.

Darwin is approximately 100 miles west of Death Valley and 30 miles south-east of Lone Pine, six miles off California State Highway 190. The six miles took us through gently rolling desert country

to a large, working mine and mill, with offices and employees homes on the sunny hillside. Less than a mile further we were driving down the main street of Darwin, once filled with miners' voices and now almost silent and deserted.

Here we saw for the first time the mountain the Shoshone Indians long ago named "The Reclining Indian." Outlined against the sky a couple of miles to the south, its sharply etched profile resembles a human form. It has served for ages as quiet witness to the hurly-burly of Darwin's boom days when adventurers rushed in, some to make fortunes, others to lose them. Now the Reclining Indian seems to brood over the fallen shacks and sagging store fronts that for many years have caused Darwin to be known as a ghost town.

However, because of the sign on the bulletin board in Lone Pine, there are stirrings in Darwin; stirrings that are chasing away errant ghosts. Darwin is rising again and this time it is destined to become a solid residence city before long. At least this is the considered opinion of the town's most ardent devotee, Mayor Frances Black. Seated comfortably in a deep, soft chair by the cheery fireplace in her living room, Mayor Black chuckled as we hesitantly asked about ghosts.

"Ghosts?" she repeated. "Do I look like one? I've lived here for fifteen years, helping other residents to keep Darwin going and, like the others, I see a great future here. It is like a modern Rip van Winkle awakening from his long sleep."

Darwin was born in 1860, the year

Dr. Darwin French discovered rich silver deposits in that vicinity. The little camp took his name and, as news of the silver strike spread, soon had a brawling population of more than 5000. Mines honeycombed the desert and nearby mountains. Some barely yielded a living, but there were two sensational strikes; the Defiance and the Independence out of which \$1,280,000 was taken in a few years. Other silver properties were to produce more than \$2,000,000. Before long there were no less than 57 mines operating within the city's vicinity.

Hundreds of men worked in the mines and the mills. Furnaces were built to smelt the ore. Water was piped in from a hot spring in the Coso Mountains several miles away. There was a newspaper. There were saloons, gamblers and gay girls. For a few years, life was fast, furious, uproarious and unpredictable in Darwin. One sheriff's report noted that of 124 graves in the cemetery, 122 of those buried died by knife or bullet.

About 1880, the boom faded. This was caused not so much by the ores playing out as it was by the surfacing of raw human nature. Wage disputes arose, rivalries led to deliberately set fires. Accidental burnings took their toll in life and property. A decline in the price of silver was the final blow. With the departure of

the miners, the itinerant gold seekers and the good time girls, an almost deserted Darwin settled down dismally in the shadow of the Reclining Indian.

The big mill, which we passed on our way into Darwin, was purchased by the Anaconda Copper Mining Company in 1945 along with a group of small mines. Subsequently it was leased to West Hill Exploration Company, a Canadian firm and it is now in full production of lead, zinc and silver. It employs about 70 men. This mining operation is like a world of its own, however, and has little to do with the old town settlement.

Now the faith the 30-odd residents have held in a revival of Darwin seems about to be justified. Their dreams that Darwin would some day become a modern, lively, happy town has received its unexpected and dramatic boost by the anonymous note on the bulletin board in Lone Pine.

Inquiries about free lots in Darwin continued to trickle in to the County Clerk's office to the extent that Superior Judge John McMurray looked into the matter. He found that, years ago the court had platted a Darwin townsite and had assigned to miners plots of ground on which to build small shacks. The fee was only a few dollars and was to be applied to the cost of platting the townsite.

Only a few lots in Darwin had been improved through the years but the precedent, a charge of \$5.00 per lot, was a matter of record. Now, with the sudden demand for lots, Judge McMurray decided the fee would hold, but lots were to be limited, three to a customer.

The sporadic inquiries came to an abrupt halt one day in late summer when scores of excited would-be Darwinites mobbed the County Clerk's office reporting that a new note on the bulletin board had announced this as the last date for acquiring free lots. On that day, every one of the 254 available lots in Darwin was sold, not given away. But no one minded paying \$5. The only figure absolutely unmoved was the Reclining Indian.

Some buyers say they will speculate. They purchased lots sight unseen and they will sell them the same way. But the happy Mayor says that more than 25% of the town's new landowners plan to build houses and become permanent residents.

Mayor Black is aware of many problems which will arise with the prospect of a jump in population and it is through her efforts, and those of other Darwin's leading citizens, that Inyo County has established a Community Service District here.

"Our first project," said the Mayor,



The old and the new Darwin. Left, the first schoolhouse in Darwin still stands on Market Street. Another once-abandoned building has recently been renovated and now serves as a combination school and community hall. Right, George and Martha Simonson moved to Darwin from Gardena last July and re-opened "The Outpost", which had been vacant for 20 years. They offer everyday commodities. The Green Streak pump is empty as the gas has not been made for 25 years.

poking the fire, "is to have the lots properly surveyed and registered. Then the County is going to get us more storage for water. At the present time, the water we get from the Coso Mountains is apt to become scarce toward the end of the season, and then flood us during the winter. The County is to give us fire protection and help with sanitation. The Edison Company is putting in adequate street lighting. Already I see new telephone poles going up.

"With the cooperation of Melvin Barasconi, County Superintendent of Schools, we hope to open the school again. As it is now, a few students here make the 35-mile trip to Lone Pine and back each day by bus.

"We've formed a Boosters' Club which we think will play a big part in producing worthwhile and interesting projects for the good of the Community. There are only five directors on the Community Service set-up but everyone is to belong to the Boosters' Club. There will be a lot of fun in that."

Darwin will soon boast a little general store. Until recently, Postmaster Elsa Haskins brought groceries to Darwin house-

wives along with the daily mail. Early this year Frank and Sarah Cooley opened a restaurant in the old Rock House and across from it is the Mackey's interesting little shop of antiques, old bottles and unusual rocks. To both the Cooleys and Mackeys, their businesses symbolize the realization of long-harbored dreams.

Darwin offers livability of many kinds. For the retirees there is the respite from city life, crowds and traffic along with the comforting thought that these can be easily reached if need be. For young and ambitious adventurers there is the lure of prospecting as rich minerals are yet to be discovered in the vicinity. There is also the challenge of being in on the ground floor of a new, growing town.

And for all, there is the mild desert climate, the clear air and wide sunny vistas which are as changeless as the Reclining Indian.

Any ghosts that might be left in Darwin had best whip on out because the ether they once had to themselves is now an airline for those who fly in and land on Darwin's airstrip. This is a concrete forerunner to Darwin's potential. It was built and is kept up by Inyo County for

use in emergencies. So far, however, it is a convenience for private planes.

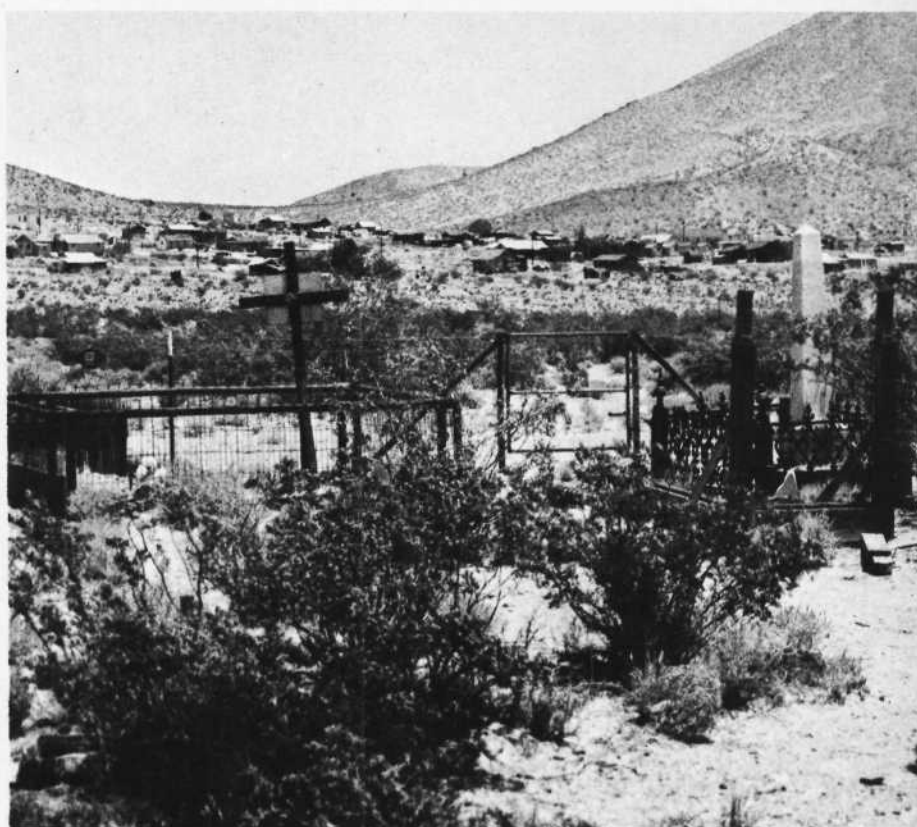
Vacationers looking for an interesting place to explore will find Darwin and its environs fascinating. Even a short visit here would be profitable, too, for abandoned mines yield rare rocks. Old bottles and other tokens of Darwin's lustrous days are still to be found.

The old cemetery south of town is a place for musing and picture-taking. The Chinese graves are unmarked except for crude wooden fences that once surrounded them but now lean in slivered ruins. The Indian graves are identified by elaborately carved wooden headboards against which bright artificial flowers have been fastened. Also, if you are interested in Indian culture, there are still a few Shoshones living in Darwin who, while conforming to their ancient customs, are not averse to an interview.

If you have the time, hike up the side of the Reclining Indian where you can survey the broad desert he has dominated for untold ages. For, as Mayor Black points out, he has been the one steadfast witness to the downs and ups of the little desert town of Darwin. □



Mayor Frances Black is a school teacher and long-time resident. She never lost faith that "Darwin would rise again."



The Darwin Cemetery is below the western edge of town. Stone monument on right, according to legend marks the grave of the only woman ever hanged in Darwin—she was caught cheating at cards.

SENTINEL OF UTAH'S BLACK ROCK DESERT

by George A. Thompson



ALONE and forlorn, at the edge of the Black Rock Desert, stands the crumbling remains of old Fort Deseret, once the bastion of defense in southwestern Utah. Erected in 1865, it offered protection to the settlers of Millard County and the surrounding area from raiding parties of Ute and Piute Indians. Completed on July 25th, 1865, it was probably built in less time than any other similar sized fort in the west.

Two competing companies of 46 men each under Captains Hawley and Pierce completed it in only 18 days. Built of adobe mud and straw mixed by horses hoofs in an open ditch and erected on a base of black volcanic rock, it was a refuge in the wilderness for settler and traveler alike. It was 550' square with 10' walls, 3'9" thick at the base and 1'6" at the top.

Fort Deseret was in almost constant use during the Blackhawk Indian War and wasn't abandoned until 1868. On one occasion a party of 45 men, who had been surprised at Packs Bottom by a large war party under Chief Blackhawk, narrowly saved their lives by racing the Indians to the fort. The fight at the fort was a standoff as the surrounding level plain kept the Indians at rifle range while the Sevier River, which flowed by one corner of the fort, assured the besieged men within plenty of water.

Today the ruins of old Fort Deseret are a reminder of Utah's pioneer days, and should not be passed by by anyone traveling in the area. It is located on State Road 257 only 10 miles southwest of Delta. A historical marker gives a brief history of the site while a brush

covered arbor nearby provides a shaded picnic area.

And while you're visiting old Fort Deseret don't miss seeing the site of the Gunnison Massacre only six miles further west. As you approach Delta on US 6/50 a historic marker just west of Hinkley on the south side of the highway describes the tragic events which occurred there in 1853.

Capt. J. W. Gunnison of the Army Engineer Corp with 11 soldiers and a Mormon guide named William Potter were surveying a route to the new settlements in southern Utah when they were attacked by an Indian war party on the morning of October 26, 1853. The attack came during the early dawn, just as Capt. Gunnison and his party were preparing breakfast. Their small camp was in a sheltered area under an over-hanging bank of the Sevier River, about two miles north of a black volcanic cone. The location had been poorly chosen, allowing the Indians to approach without being seen.

Capt. Gunnison, with 15 arrows in his body, was one of the first to fall, and before the surprise attack was over seven of the others were killed, including guide William Potter. Two of the soldiers caught their frightened horses and got away, riding bareback, while two others made their escape on foot by hiding in the thick willows that lined the river. It took them several days to reach Fort Deseret and it was 12 days before a burial party arrived at the massacre site.

It was incidents such as the Gunnison Massacre that made shelters like Fort Deseret necessary for defense of the early settlers in the Utah Territory. When you are visiting or vacationing in southern Utah be sure not to overlook these two historic sites. □



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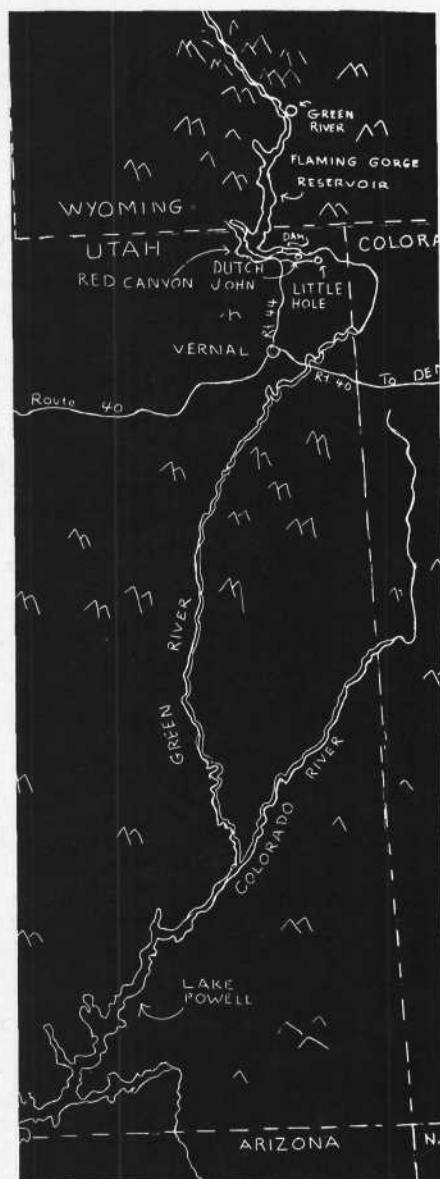
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Green River's White water, fast water

by Peter J. Burns



ARAFT ride down the Green River below the Flaming Gorge reservoir and dam in northeastern Utah is a thrilling experience for anyone who loves excitement and spectacular scenery. In the calmer, deep pools along the banks of the river, rainbow trout up to 3 pounds are an irresistible lure to any trout fisherman and will provide an additional attraction to the raft ride.

The Green River rises clear and mountain-fresh in the vicinity of Bridger National Forest in the western part of Wyoming. As it flows southeastward it becomes silt-laden and muddy on its long journey to its confluence with the Colorado just above Cataract Canyon in Utah. As the Green River flows through the canyon it deposits its silt and emerges so clear that one can see the bottom of the river. Below the dam is the 11-mile wonderland for raft riders. Through this sportsman's paradise the water runs white, ideal for raft riders who want to experience the thrill of "shooting the rapids."

Starting point is the small town of Vernal, located just west of the Dinosaur National Monument in the northeastern corner of Utah about half way between Salt Lake City and Denver. From Vernal travel north some 50 miles on Utah Highway 44 to a town with the unlikely name of Dutch John situated near the

southeastern end of the Flaming Gorge reservoir. Turn eastward on a gravel road about 6 miles to Little Hole where the U.S. Forest Service is located.

Garry L. Bliss of the Bureau of Land Management at Vernal writing in the Spring, 1967 edition of "Our Public Lands" states "The seven-mile stretch of the Green River from Little Hole downstream to Browns Park is administered on one side by the Bureau of Land Management and the Bureau of Reclamation; on the other side by the Forest Service. This rugged stretch is accessible in spots only by rubber raft. You can put your raft into the river at Little Hole and take it out at Browns Park. The trip takes about 5 hours, but it's a thriller. Those wanting a longer trip can board a raft just below Flaming Gorge dam and float 13 miles downstream to Browns Park."

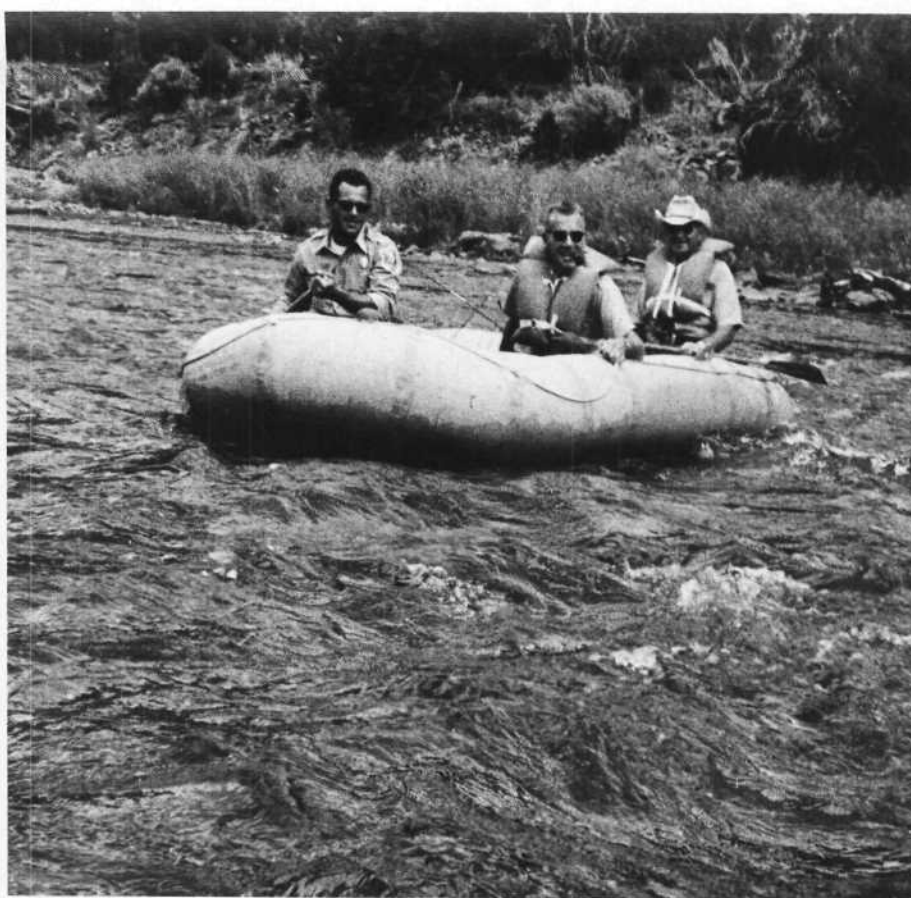
This is a one-way trip—you cannot return either by land or water—so before you start, check at Dutch John for complete information about the road to Browns Park, and while you're at it make arrangements to have someone meet you there. The gravelly, winding road is not too good, and directional signs are something to be desired. A four-wheeled drive is unnecessary, your own car will make it without difficulty.

The trip through Red Canyon is exhilarating. The swift-flowing water splits the canyon's red sandstone formations in half and speeds the vacationer on through

a wonderland of magnificent scenery. The canyon's walls rise for hundreds of feet straight up from the water's edge, splattered here and there with bunches of juniper and pinon trees, their bright green foliage heightened by their deeper shadows. Along the banks of the river ponderosas are seen in all their magnificent beauty.

The trip is to be taken during the summer months only; don't try it at other seasons of the year. You will have to provide your own rubber raft, life-jacket and other equipment. Under no circumstances go on the river without your lifejacket on. Don't try to go by canoe; you may wind up smashing into submerged rocks, trees and other obstructions. A word of caution: the trip down-river is not hazardous, but it is not without its dangers either, so before you try it be sure you know what you are doing. Also, be equipped to handle emergencies which will crop up at the most unlikely places. If you use reasonable care and caution you can look forward to a wonderful and exciting summer holiday.

□



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The amazing Century Plant



FOR years a species of plants known as agave have grown in gardens throughout the world. They are relatives of the genus *Amaryllis*, a lily-like plant, which accounts for the rosette of thick, fleshy leaves and central blooming flower stalk that are characteristic of the agave family.

How long the agave has lived in the Americas is not known, but Christopher Columbus selected species of agave to take back to Spain with him as partial evidence of his visit to the new world. In 1561 agave was introduced into Europe from Mexico, and in 1680 the agave of the West Indies was described and pictured for the first time in a book called *Muntings Aloe Americana Minor*.

Early European explorers found the plant was used by the Indians for food, medicine, and primitive industry. The fleshy bases of numerous species of agave were roasted and eaten. Mounds of agave bases were covered with earth and stone, then set on fire. These mounds of earth were known to the Indians as Mescal Pits. Roasting agave bases lasted from one to three days, and the food had a flavor much like artichoke. In later years the mountaineers of the southwestern United States made meals of roasted agave bases.

In addition to using agave for food the Indians used the juice from the plants to

cleanse and cauterize wounds, while the leaves were used to make a non-alkaline soap high in saponin. The leaf fibers were woven into sandals by the Indians, and the agave stalks were used for fences and rafters for their tiny homes. Some agave plants with sharp pointed leaves were planted as living fences to protect gardens from outside invaders.

The Aztec Indians wove a soft delicate cloth from the leaf fibers of the Agave Maguey. This cloth was fashioned into clothing worn by the Aztec nobles. This same leaf fiber was also made into a tough durable paper.

The same Agave Maguey, that was so useful to the Aztecs, is being grown today on vast plantations in Mexico. The Agave Maguey is the most impressive of all the agave. This tremendous agave plant thrives best at an altitude of 6000 to 8000 feet. The leaves may reach a length of nine feet and weigh over one hundred pounds each. The total weight of the plant being from one to two tons. When each plant starts to produce a central flower stalk they are tapped for a sweet sap. When allowed to ferment, the sap becomes a thick milky liquid known as pulque, a popular drink of Mexico. With further distillation of pulque sap, a strong liquor, Mescal, and Tequila are made. The total income from the pulque crop amounts to millions of dollars annually. Another product of agave sap is a rare sugar, agavase ($C_{12}H_{22}O_{11}$), that is sold for medicinal purposes.



by
**Theresa
Maine**

The leaves of several species of agave, the *Agave Fourcroydes*, and the *Agave Sisalana*, are cultivated on large farms in Yucatan, East Africa, and Haiti for a strong fiber used commercially in making rope. The dried white pith of agave stalks, when cut into slices, is used as insulating material, razor straps, and to line insect boxes.

In the United States the best known species of agave is the *Agave americana* or Century Plant. The plants usually have a large rosette of about 25 green or variegated green leaves that may reach a length of six feet at maturity. During the maturing years the plant is continually storing nourishment in these leaves to use in the final effort of flowering. The flowers are yellow in color and occur on a central flower stalk 15 to 40 feet high. It usually blooms in 10 years, if the climate and soil conditions are to the plant's liking; if not, the plant will not bloom for 10 to 60 years, hence the name century plant.

The geological formation of the ground has a direct influence on the growth and abundance of all agave. Most agave seem to prefer a limestone area where the bedrock is exposed in many places and has only a thin soil cap. This is why agave make excellent decorative plants for desert gardens. Since there are about two hundred and fifty species of agave, the desert gardener has a wide choice of these amazing plants to suit his garden needs. □



Pancho Villa State Park



ICNIC tables and a "Friendship Avenue" now mark the spot where, over a half-century ago, Mexican bandits had a picnic of blood in anything but a spirit of friendship. Pancho Villa State Park at Columbus, New Mexico, is three miles from the Mexican border. It is named for the bandits' leader—who may or may not have been there for the bloodbath. Some said they saw him astride his steed amid the shooting in those pre-dawn hours of March 9, 1916; but his reputation would have made him suspect, and in the darkness maybe many of the ragtag raiders looked alike. Long afterward, Gen. Francisco Villa, retired with honor from the Mexican army and living as a respected ranchero in his native Durango, claimed

to have been in far-off Casas Grandes with no knowledge of the incident.

It was the only armed attack on United States territory between the War of 1812 and Pearl Harbor; sixteen of our citizens were killed, including six soldiers. In the pursuit of Villa which followed, motorized equipment was used by our army under combat conditions for the first time. The transport trucks got mired in the mud of Chihuahua, but the crude airplanes fared better. They carried messages to field commanders from the base headquarters in Columbus, and dropped supplies to ground units over a wide area. There were several crash landings, but no air fatalities and only a few injuries; due to low speeds and low altitudes in those early days of aviation.

Personalities who became famous in later military ventures got their baptism

by **W. Thetford LeViness**

of fire in this so-called "punitive expedition" into Mexico. Gen. John J. ("Black-jack") Pershing led the forces in pursuit of Villa, and found it valuable training for his command in France in World War I. A cocky subordinate, Lt. George S. Patton, became "old Blood and Guts" of World War II fame.

Villa was never caught. The wily revolutionary was assassinated by a former member of his bandit gang in 1923. The naming of a state park touched off the most lively debates in the history of New Mexico.

State Senator Ike Smalley of Luna County introduced the bill for the new tourist facility to the 1959 lawmakers. The names of all who died in the raid and most of those who chased the bandits into Mexico could be found only in musty newspaper files or in military archives. But the name of Pancho Villa was still a hero symbol on both sides of the border. The bill breezed through both houses of the legislature, and Gov. John Burroughs signed it into law. Then the fuss began.

The late United States Senator from New Mexico, Dennis Chavez, was a great patriot and old enough to have remembered the Columbus battle. He read about the new park in his office in Washington. In a letter to the New Mexico Park and Recreation Commission, Chavez voiced his "strong objection" to the name chosen.

"The march of time has tended to lessen the full viciousness of this invasion of the United States and apparently many people have forgotten the horrible episode involving Pancho Villa," the letter stated.

Senator Chavez listed the names of all U.S. soldiers and civilians killed in the raid, and added that seven Villistas captured during the fighting were hanged in Santa Fe two months later. Since the law was already on the statutes, he asked the Commission to be "exceedingly slow" in establishing the park.

The venerable solon's protest was to no avail. Pancho Villa State Park was constructed on the site of old Camp Furlong. Its lone exhibit is a grease rack used to service the army transports before sending them into the Chihuahua desert.

New Mexico's Gov. Edwin L. Mechem was on hand for dedication ceremonies in 1961. Dona Luz Corral de Villa, widow of the legendary figure for whom the park was named, was the principal guest of honor.

Since then, picnicking facilities have been increased, and rest rooms built. Approximately 5000 varieties of desert flowers grow there, and a cactus garden has become famous in botanical circles everywhere. In 1966, Gov. Praxedes Giner Duran of Chihuahua came to dedicate 400 sycamore trees he had previously given to the park. He and Gov. Jack M. Campbell jointly named the park's main drive the Avenida de Amistad—Spanish for "Friendship Avenue."

Visitors to Pancho Villa State Park often cross the border at Las Palomas, Chihuahua, for a glimpse of a foreign country—with its Mexican food, its cha-cha music, and the lone bottle of cheer that can be brought into the country under current restrictive customs laws. □



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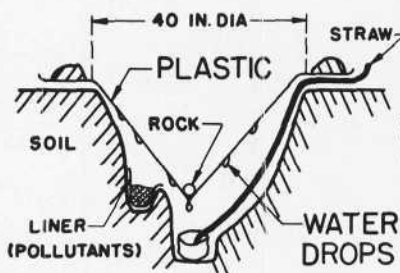
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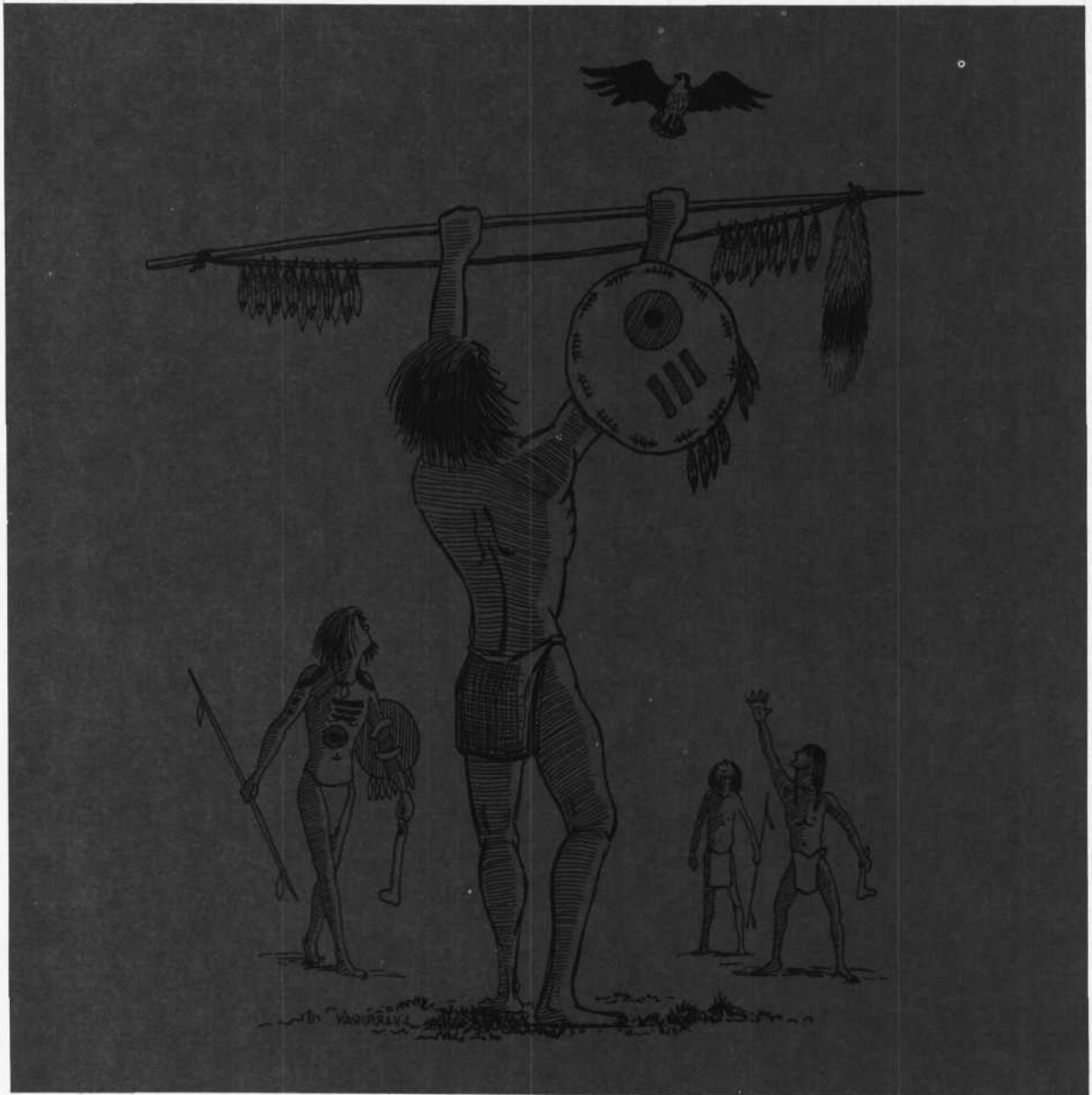
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Worshippers of the Red-tailed Hawk



by JAMES M. HARRIGAN



ON García Lopez de Cardenas, an officer with the Coronado Conquistadores of 1540-1542, was assigned the mission of exploring the lands to the northwest of Tiguex, the headquarters of the *comandante* in New Spain. Cardenas reached the Grand Canyon and, unable to proceed further, returned to Tiguex. In his report he mentioned a tribe of Indians called the Amacavas that lived on the banks of a great river far to the west.

Today, the Amacavas are known as the Mojaves. This was the first historical record of the fearsome Mojave Nation that would make its mark in the diaries and journals of nearly every traveler and wagon train crossing the Mojave Desert.

Fray Francisco Hermenegildo Garces was the first white man to actually visit the Mojave villages. In 1776 the famous padre-explorer deftly persuaded some of the Indians to guide him across the desert to the San Bernardino valley.

During the missionary period the Mojaves' experience with the white man was not good. The few Mojaves that approached the settlements were curious, and, when they sampled the fruit from the missionaries' groves, they were tied to a post and whipped. The Mojaves reasoned the white man was his enemy so they came in the night and stole the livestock. The Spaniards retaliated by sending expeditions of soldiers against them and, when California came under Mexican rule in 1822, as far as the Mojaves were concerned, they were the same people so the raids continued.

In 1826 Jedediah Smith and his party of trappers on their westward explorations made a surprise visit to the Mojave villages on the Colorado River. One might surmise at this point that the Mojave warriors, who were hostile at this time, were away on a campaign since Jed Smith and party passed through unmolested. On his second appearance at the Mojave villages a year later, it was a different story; the Mojaves attacked and killed half of the Smith party before they could escape. Later, James Ohio Pattie with another party of trappers was coming up along the Colorado River from the Gila River, and, as he neared the Mojave stronghold, the warriors fell up-



on his group and he was forced to retreat.

A specialist in warfare, the Mojave warrior, or Kwanamis as he was called, devoted his spare time to making weapons and dreaming of the Red-tailed Hawk. The Red-tailed Hawk was a messenger from their War God and to dream of the hawk was an especially good omen; it meant that the God of War had personally contacted the dreamer and he was to lead an expedition against the enemy. They painted their war arrows red and fastened three feathers on the shaft, blackened their faces and daubed red symbols of war on their bodies. This was to give them the magical protection against the enemies' arrows.

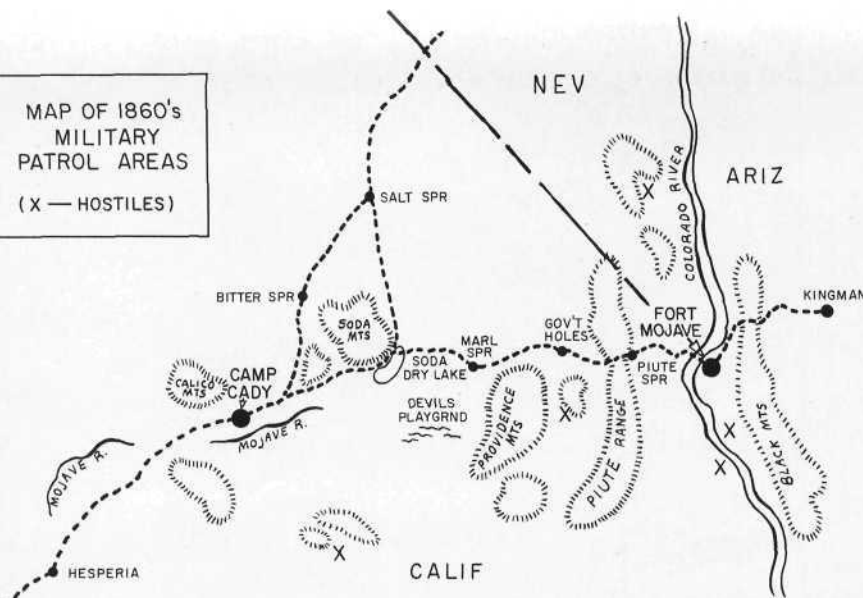
(The Red-tailed Hawk—*Buteo borealis calurus*—is one of the most fascinating

hawks found in San Bernardino County. I have observed them killing sidewinder rattlesnakes by carrying them aloft and dropping them on rocks.)

The Kwanamis were big, strong men, especially daring and seemingly immune to pain. They were the first to attack the enemy while the less experienced who followed were assigned the task of finishing off the fallen victims while the Kwanamis went on to engage another. A war party such as this was called *Wasauwic*, which means "all warriors," including the Kwanamis and those that were not Kwanamis, but were participating.

Not all Mojave men were Kwanamis. Training to become a Kwanamis began in the early teens and the initiates were

MAP OF 1860's
MILITARY
PATROL AREAS
(X — HOSTILES)



subjected to many agonizing tortures to test their courage. If the initiate succumbed to the pain or showed any expression of fear he was disqualified. The Kwanamis had no time for women and they never married. Only the Kwanamis were eligible to lead a war party and the one with the proper dream would be chosen.

The Kwanamis leader carried a battle halyard that was tied to an eight-foot long pole which had been sharpened on one end. Attached to the halyard were feathers of a hawk and a fox tail. He also carried in a small pouch tied around his neck his magic amulets of stone, bone or shells that would insure a victory. Strapped to his arm he wore a small round hide shield to fend off the enemies' arrows.

The principal weapon of the Kwanamis was a short heavy club made from the mesquite or palo verde tree. The piece

About the Author

A professional illustrator, James Harrigan has lived in the West most of his life and has been exploring desert areas studying Indian culture for more than 15 years. Combining his knowledge of the desert with extensive research, he uses his artistic talents to create articles such as *Worshippers of the Red-tailed Hawk*. His first Desert article, *Mojave Petroglyph Legends*, appeared in the June '68 issue.

was cut with a heavy branch angling out about ninety degrees from the main stem, the main stem being about 25 inches in length and the protruding branch whittled down to about six inches. Its entire shape resembled somewhat that of a short, very thick hockey stick. Spears six-feet long were used, sharpened on both ends and having a single feather attached near each point. Arrowheads of stone or bone were not used, the arrow shaft was sharpened on one end and the point was hardened by sticking it in hot coals. For guidance, three feathers were glued and tied to the shaft. Stone knives were used for skinning the heads of their victims and sometimes the entire head was cut off. These trophies were attached to the halyard after the battle for the return march to the village. Before returning to their village, the Wasauwic would take smoke baths to remove the stench



Fort Mojave was established after the Kwanamis attacked a small group of American soldiers exploring the Colorado River. This historic photograph, taken about 1860, shows Capt. Atchinson and three members of his command in front of his Fort Mojave headquarters. Map above shows area of Indian attacks.

of blood, the purpose being to prevent the spirits of the slain enemy from following them.

Mojave wars seldom lasted more than a few hours, however, the Indians have been known to hide in ambush for several days in order to insure a perfect surprise attack. Aggression by the Mojaves was feared even by distant tribes, from the Yaqui country in Mexico to the Hopis in eastern Arizona. An example of their fearsome domination is revealed in an account of a Chemehuevi trading episode; "... the Chemehuevi had approached the Mojaves as near as they dared and placed their articles of trade on the ground and ran back to a safe distance, the Mojaves came up and took what they wanted and threw down some things in exchange."

During historic times the Mojave was defeated in battle by the Pimas and Maricopas. The Mojaves allied with a tribe of White Mountain Apaches and the Yumas, and although greatly outnumbered, the fearless war party approached the enemy. The Apaches were mounted on horses and attacked first. After losing many men they fled, then the Mojaves and Yumas went in and lasted about two hours before they, too, ran away. The Pimas used poisoned arrows and the toll was heavy and the crestfallen Mojaves returned to their village amid jeers of cowardice. Some time later, the Mojaves attacked the Maricopas and drove them away to avenge their defeat.

For many years the worshippers of the Red-tailed Hawk enjoyed the raids upon the ranchos of San Bernardino County and upon the wagon trains crossing the Mojave Desert. Along with the Paiute and Chemehuevi, the harassment continued until 1859 when the Kwanamis attacked a small company of American soldiers exploring the Colorado River. This resulted in the establishment of Fort Mojave in the very heart of their domain, and the following year, Camp Cady was established near Daggett. The soldiers routed the Mojaves persistently wherever they found them until they begged for peace. In 1861, believing the Indians to be subdued, the soldiers abandoned Fort Mojave until the discovery of gold in the Black Mountains of Arizona and reports of Indian altercations warranted their return to protect the miners. Finally, and again when the situation

seemed well in hand, the soldiers were removed from both of the desert posts. Again the Mojave Kwanamis dreamed of the hawk, blackened their faces and painted the red war symbols of their bodies as smoke signals dotted the skies.

For three years the settlers in the San Bernarlino valley tolerated the renewed raids until finally, in a determined effort to put an end to the Indian harassment,

they organized into a sizeable group and set out to clean up the situation. In 32 days it was all over . . . the wing of the Red-tailed Hawk was broken and he would never fly again for the Mojaves . . . it was in 1869 that the Indians killed the last white man during a raid not far from the Las Flores Ranch near Oro Grande. □



Typical of the oxen and wagons used during the 1800's is this one photographed near the Colorado River. Whether the man on left is anticipating an Indian attack or just checking his weapon was unexplained on the back of the old photo.

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SAN BERNARDINO—

A City on the move!

by Jack Delaney



LEGEND, in order to be worthwhile, must offer a lesson of some sort and include a beautiful maiden—the fairest of them all! The following legend on the origin of San Bernardino's famous Arrowhead Landmark meets both of these requirements.

Many moons ago the Indians inhabiting California's San Bernardino Valley were strong and prosperous because of the fertility of the soil and the abundance of water. As they grew more powerful, they also became proud, selfish and arrogant. The Great Father, displeased and impatient with their ingratitude, taught them a lesson by sending down a hot, fierce spirit who blighted their vegeta-

tion and dried up their streams and lakes. The Indians, in desperation, cast themselves on the ground and offered any sacrifice if only they might have relief from the ravages of this devouring monster.

Suddenly, a voice from the skies demanded, "Give *Ne-wah-Na* as an offering to Heaven!" *Ne-wah-Na* (Maiden of the New Moon) was the only daughter of the Chief; she was the fairest and most beloved of all the maidens of her tribe. The Chief arose from his devotions, tenderly wrapped his daughter in her richest robes, adorning her with gold and jewels, and led her to meet the fiery wrath of the destroyer. When the sacrifice was completed, the heavens opened and a white arrow shot forth and struck down the heat monster. Then it struck the

mountainside and left its mark for all time.

Should you doubt this story, see for yourself the evidence on the southwest slope of Arrowhead Mountain, along the north rim of San Bernardino Valley. The best vantage point for viewing and photographing the unique Arrowhead Landmark is at the entrance to Arrowhead Springs. To reach this spot, drive through San Bernardino on Freeway 395, turn onto Highway 18, and drive a few miles to the Waterman Canyon turnoff (not far beyond the beginning of the grade), then follow the signs to Arrowhead Springs. (See *DESERT*, March '68).

Although its landmark may be based on legend, San Bernardino is not. If you are a nature lover, you'll enjoy its 15 city parks and the many recreation areas in the surrounding mountains (Lake Arrowhead, Snow Valley, Big Bear Lake, etc.). If you enjoy civic light opera, symphony concerts, fine art, and other cultural offerings, you'll find them here.

On Fifth Street, between "E" and "F", you'll see the spot where an improvised Fort was used in 1861 to hold off an irregular Confederate Cavalry that threatened the area. On the south side of Third Street, between "E" and "F", a marker indicates the location where bull and bear fights were held to entertain the early day miners (these fights had nothing to do with the stock market—real animals were used). At Third and "D" streets you'll see the site of the old stage depot, where you could have caught a stage coach to Yuma if you had been around in the old days.

The present County Courthouse, at Arrowhead, Third and Fourth Streets, occu-



San Bernardino's famous Arrowhead landmark.

pies the side where a Mormon stockade commanded respect many years ago; and due north (across Fourth Street) is the old Atwood Adobe which is the only remaining building that withstood the flood of 1862. It has been remodeled and painted to the point where it no longer looks the part, but under all of the modern dressing still stands the old Adobe. It is being operated as private property at present—not as a tourist attraction.

Explorer-Missionary, Father Garces, was the first white man to enter the San Bernardino Valley. He had accompanied the de Anza expedition in 1774, when it crossed the Colorado River near Yuma and made its way through Cajon Pass. In the 1800s, traders, soldiers, and settlers came. Later, in 1851, Mormon leader Brigham Young wanted a garrison to guard the wagon road in the Pass, and 500 men volunteered. This was the start of an important Mormon colony here. The following year, the Mormons purchased the San Bernardino Rancho for \$77,000. The Rancho included most of the land in the San Bernardino Valley.

In planning a trip to this community be sure to include a visit to the San Bernardino County Museum in your schedule—and allow plenty of time to explore this institution. It is located at Bloomington, which was a part of the San Bernardino Rancho in the mid-nineteenth century. It is eight miles west of San Bernardino, along Interstate 10 Freeway. Take the Bloomington offramp, and follow the road signs to the Museum. It is open to the public daily from 1 to 5 P.M., and there is no admission charge.

The San Bernardino County Museum is under the direction of Dr. Gerald A. Smith and an efficient staff, who are also responsible for the Sepulveda Adobe in Yucaipa, and the Asistencia near Redlands (see *A Tip For a Trip* in the June, 1968 issue of *Desert Magazine*). Among the many organizations identified with the Museum are the Audubon Society, Historical Bottle Club, Valley of Paradise Bird Club, and the County Archeological Society. It provides education and recreation for people of all ages, with a wide range of exhibits, both indoors and outdoors.

Most popular of the "fresh air" displays with the young fry are the Southern Pacific locomotive and Santa Fe caboose. Also displayed are an old jail that



San Bernardino County Museum is one of the best in the West.

served for many years in Daggett, California, several horse-drawn fire wagons dating back to 1910, and many other mementos of the past. The main building houses the archeological, ethnographic and historical exhibits, and an auditorium; the Earth Science Building contains displays relating to geology and paleontology; and the Ornithology Building features the fabulous Wilson C. Hanna egg collection and the bird mounts prepared by Eugene Cardiff, which have brought national and international recognition to the Museum.

Displayed in a large, well-lighted, air-conditioned building you'll see the largest collection of eggs in the world—more than 200,000 of them! They range from the giant product of the Elephant Bird, which was the largest bird ever known (it has been extinct for hundreds of years) down to the tiny offerings of the Caliope Hummingbirds. All are properly grouped and labeled, in long glass display cases. A placard reads that "these eggs are from every continent in the

world and are the work of numerous collectors during the past century."

You'll also enjoy the collection of birds' nests, and the several hundred birds (mounted in various natural poses), that are displayed throughout the exhibition room. This collection includes both land and water birds of northern and southern California, with a section for those native to San Bernardino County. You could easily spend a couple of hours in this building alone—and wish you had more time.

This city has progressed, during the past couple of hundred years, from an Indian stronghold—to a challenge for the early explorers, blazing a trail through the Cajon Pass—to a major Spanish Rancho—to a Mormon colony, complete with its own fort—to a pioneer gold rush town—to an important stage coach stop—to a mainline railroad stop—to a modern incorporated city of more than 100,000 people. San Bernardino's motto is in keeping with its performance through the years: "A City On The Move!" □

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There's a new SAN FELIPE

by Al Pearce



THE wind was unforgiving. It howled across the Gulf of California from the east, churning the ocean and forcing strong trees to bend in prayer. As its anger mounted, the water boiled in sympathy. Giant white caps reached timidly towards the heavens as though begging for mercy. The clouds darkened and then, as if by magic, the whole world turned mad.

Women screamed and men dropped to

their knees; children ran, seeking protection from the storm's wrath.

"I thought we were doomed," a woman said later. "I looked to the east and all I could see was one huge wall of water."

And then, the full, furious force of the storm struck. The small, sleepy village of San Felipe crumbled.

The little town, known to most Americans as simply, "a place across the border in Baja California," took the full force of the storm. Large 50 to 80 foot

shrimp boats were picked up like pieces of straw and hurled against the rocks.

The raging ocean swept against the village, inundating the streets and pounding against structures until they crumbled, leaving only grotesque shells as mute evidence of the storm's anger. Throughout the night the storm raged. Like an unhappy giant, it struck at everything in its path, leaving a swath of destruction in its wake.

Residents of Baja were later to call it the worst storm they had ever seen; they say it snapped telephone poles as though they were nothing more than skinny match sticks. San Felipe was probably the hardest hit. The bulk of this small community's buildings had not been constructed to withstand the fury of 100 mile per hour wind.

When it was over, the residents of the small fishing village emerged slowly and carefully from their hiding places. They stared in horror and amazement at the damage. The lower part of the town was still buried beneath part of the ocean; numerous homes had literally been blown away; roofs were gone from others.

Stores were flooded; huge boats were hundreds of yards from where they had been anchored; some had even been picked up and thrown onto the town's streets.

The road to the north, San Felipe's only connection to the outside world, was impassable. The storm had torn away miles of the highway. In some places, it was still buried beneath tons of water. The prospects were discouraging; the future looked dim. But the people of San Felipe squared their shoulders, rolled up



After the storm the home of San Felipe residents were only shells. Rocked by winds and high water, they collapsed. Residents fled to higher ground to escape.



San Felipe Bay was completely engulfed by the storm which buffeted the buildings in the background. One of the most picturesque villages in Baja, San Felipe is once again welcoming turistas. The area has good motels and restaurants.

their sleeves and went to work.

Now, one year later, many claim the storm was probably the best thing that ever happened. The town has been rebuilt. There are new homes where once there were shacks. The main street, now the pride of the community, has been paved. The highway to Mexicali, 125 miles to the north, has been rebuilt, and a stream of tourists are once again gathering at the border on their way south.

Rebuilding wasn't easy. Each board, nail, or brick was hard to come by. But the Mexican Government opened its vault and gradually the town was restored, but not without some confusion. The plight of San Felipe became front-page news and thousands of friends on this side of the border quickly responded to a call for aid.

As soon as the Mexicali road was partially rebuilt and passable, the hearts of Southern Californians turned south. Numerous cities on this side of the border rallied to the occasion. Tons of food and clothing were collected and rushed across the border.

Last April, the residents of San Felipe decorated the town for the second annual Mardi Gras. Some spectators insisted that the people's heads were held just a little



Fishing boats, damaged by the storm, today have been repaired and once again are anchored in the peaceful bay. The clear beach is ideal for swimming and collecting sea shells. Residents say the storm created better fishing conditions.

bit higher than before. For the first time in history, a parade marched through the town over a paved road. Before the storm, the pavement from Mexicali had ended at the edge of town.

During the Mardi Gras, it was difficult for spectators to remember that this was a "sleepy little fishing village." Store fronts were gaily decorated; many boasted fresh paint. The village was beginning to look like a small city. Now, a year after the storm, the city is still rebuilding. New and better stores, motels and restaurants have sprung up; other facilities are in the planning stages.

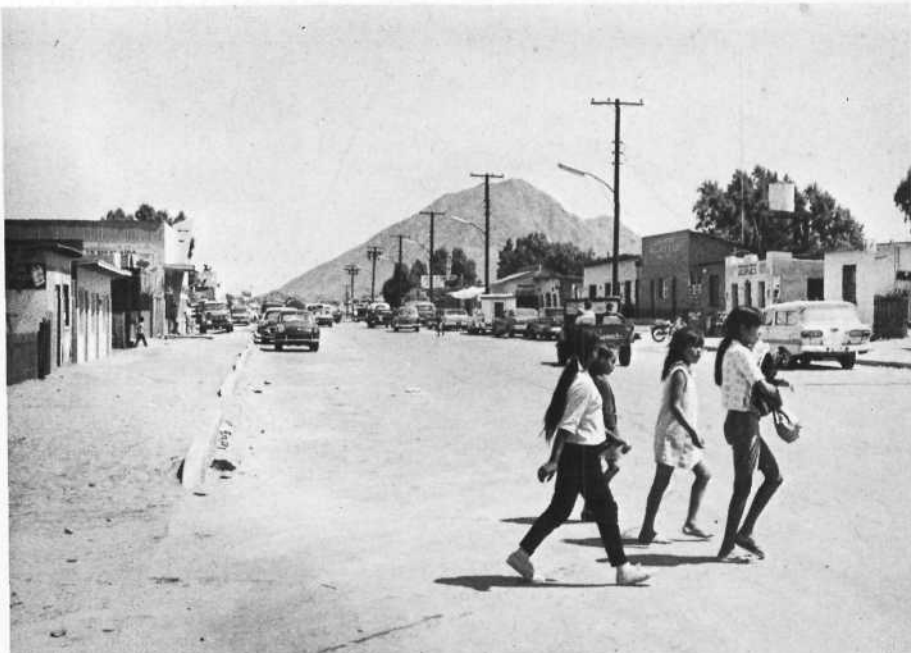
Much of the fishing fleet has been replaced by long-term loans from the government. Charter boats, catering to the American sportsman, are once again plentiful. New resorts are being constructed, and the city is turning its attention towards the American tourism dollar.

For years, San Felipe attracted only anglers from this side of the border. It was and still is a fisherman's paradise. In recent years, however, the ever-escaping American tourist has discovered that San Felipe is virtually a winter playground. The family has started following the angler and while he fishes, they roam the city streets, shop in curio stores, or they play lazily on miles of unspoiled beach and go swimming in the warm gulf water.

Lovers of the desert have also discovered San Felipe. The nearby barren, rugged mountains and the cacti-covered coastline is a continuation of the Southern California desert, warm and beautiful. Campers, seeking loneliness, find it on the Baja desert which stretches for miles along the coast line. San Felipe is becoming their headquarters.

The residents, with typical Mexican hospitality, are welcoming the strangers from across the border. The tourists are encouraged to attend either the Easter Mardi Gras, which is supposed to be even larger in 1969, or the Marine Day Celebrations during the first weekend of June.

They say the latter is even more exciting than the Mardi Gras. But regardless of which is the better, they are both featured attractions of a new San Felipe; a city almost destroyed by the wrath of a storm and rebuilt by the courage of people. □



Once dusty and full of holes, San Felipe's main street along the waterfront today is paved. Many new shops have opened. Sidewalks are planned. Although devastating at the time, the storm brought new life to this Baja fishing village.

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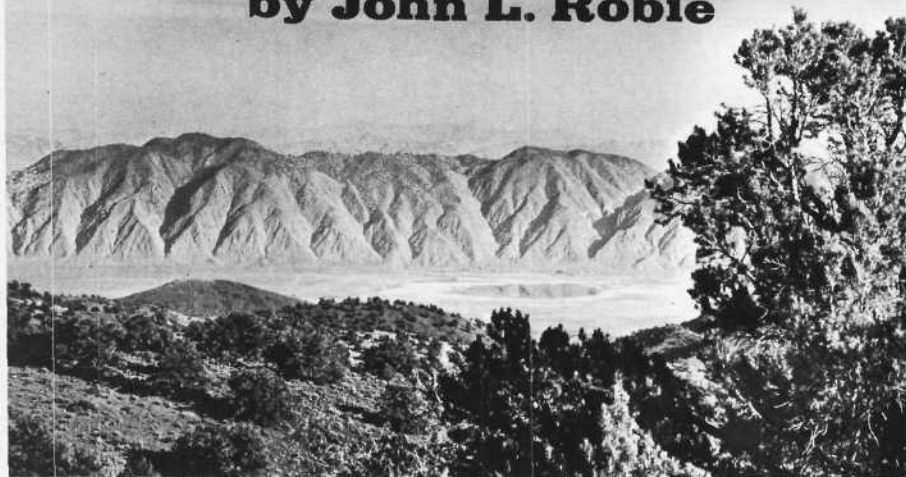
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GRAND VIEW

by John L. Robie



WESTERN travelers see many breath-taking views; and each new one is an exciting experience. My wife and I had driven the length of Nevada's Fish Lake Valley, across Deep Springs Valley, then climbed the winding road to the west. Turning off Highway 3 we started up the mountain to see the Bristle Cone Pine area. A few miles from the highway, and nearly to the end of the oiled road, we came upon the Grand View Campground. It is accurately named and a delightful desert mountain camping spot.

Travelers pulling trailers would be wise to leave them here before starting the climb to the high elevations, where the world's oldest living things cling to life and their rugged mountain top. From Grand View an unusual view awaits the visitor. Not only can you see where you have been, you can also see where you are going. We need to be able to do this more often. It is good for us to climb up a high mountain and survey the world below. High up in the clear desert sky we seem to be able to get a truer picture of life and the world in which we live.

I always feel very sorry for the hurried

desert traveler. There is so much to see, and in his haste he cheats himself out of a great deal; because, he just will not take time to look. Many times Inez and I have been enjoying the beauty of the desert landscape when a car has pulled up along side ours. The folks in it all pile out and rush over to the edge of the road, take one quick glance, shrug their shoulders and drive on.

From such a panorama as you get from Grand View Campground, the geology of the area opens up like a book. The whole story of millions of years is spread out before you. What has taken place, and the amount of time it took to accomplish it, staggers your imagination. Only when you come to realize that the mountain top on which you are standing was once the bottom of the sea, and through the constant buckling of the earth's crust was thrust thousands of feet into the atmosphere, do you begin to feel the magnitude of all you survey.

Grand View is 16 miles northeast of Big Pine, California. From Big Pine go east 10 miles on the Westgard Pass road. Turn north on the road to the Ancient Bristlecone Pine Forest. It is approximately six miles from the Westgard Pass road. There is a delightful campground there. No water. The nearest water is at old Batchelder Springs toll house 11 miles south. □

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Midas, Nevada

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

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



HERE were over 1300 ghost towns in Nevada. At least half of these have disappeared from the face of the earth, unless you can say that

a scanty pile of rubble or a hole in the ground constitutes a town. Many were tent cities lasting only until miners came to the end of a lead that looked rich on the surface but pinched out almost immediately.

Tents, when folded and carried away, leave little or no trace, so that towns of canvas vanished as quickly as they were erected. If mineral wealth was sufficiently long lasting to warrant the erection of stone buildings, parts of them remained to mark the spot for many years. By far the vast majority of Nevada's boom towns were spawned in the wild years

following the 1860s when mineral deposits were discovered. By the turn of the century most of these had faded.

In 1900 one of Jim Butler's burros strayed far enough from camp to discover a bonanza for the Belmont farmer and Tonopah was born. A second mining boom followed, and among new camps was Midas, contemporary with Fairfield, Seven Troughs, Rhyolite, Wonder, Rawhide and a host of others.

The first big gold discoveries in this part of Elko County were made in 1907. Many locations were staked out in a matter of a few months, their configuration suggesting the name Gold Circle for the camp. In less than a year it was apparent that Gold Circle would need a post office. Several leading citizens made application to Washington and in due time received a reply. The letter stated



there was a basis for the establishment of a postoffice, but the name selected was out of the question, as there already were too many place names incorporating the word "gold." Earlier established were Gold Hill, Gold Point, Goldfield, Gold Camp, Gold Basin, etc. However, some erudite postal official suggested Midas, the king who turned everything he touched to gold. Although most miners had never heard of Midas, they agreed.

Midas never mined anything but gold. The veins were in rhyolite on fault zones with quartz and oxides. Most of the veins lay in the same direction as do Nevada's mountains, north and south. Gold came harder for the miners of Midas than for its namesake, King Midas. The leads, while of good quality, were slim. There was a mill called Miners' Gold, the foundations still visible.

Charles Labbe, old time mining man, revisited Midas in the 1940s and later wrote "I like Midas, it is a one-street camp, altitude 5500 feet, the weather good all year round and is of easy access, about 42 miles west of Tuscarora, about 30 miles east of Getchell. There is a running creek in the canyon, many big trees provide shade for camping places. There are perhaps 30 houses . . . well kept with flowers and fruit trees. The best building in town is the schoolhouse."

When I drove down the main street there were no businesses at all, not even the usually ubiquitous saloon. Every building along the main thoroughfare was either boarded up or open to the winds and rain. The schoolhouse was obviously still unused, although a weatherbeaten sign stood at the entrance of the side road reading "Stop for Children." Mr. Labbe's camp grounds are still there.

Strictly from a Woman's Viewpoint

DILLY CASSEROLE BREAD

By Wells Sager

Naturally, you cannot bake this bread at the campsite. Make it at home and take it with you. It's great for breakfast, lunch or supper.

- 1 package dry yeast
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup warm water
- Combine these two
- 1 cup cottage cheese heated to luke warm
- 1 TB sugar
- 1 TB instant minced onions
- 1 TB soft butter or oleo
- 2 TB dill seed
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp soda
- 1 unbeaten egg
- $\frac{21}{4}$ cup regular flour

Combine cheese, sugar, onion, butter, dill seed, salt, soda, egg, soft yeast (yeast and warm water are mixed together first), then mix with flour and cover. Let rise to double size, punch down and work into loaf. Place in small bread pan or casserole and let rise thoroughly. Bake at 350 degrees 40 minutes or until brown.

ARIZONA BREAKFAST

By Ruth Silcott
Santa Ana, California

Pinch out center of bread slice and drop into hot oleo heated in fry pan. Drop egg into pinched-out center and brown on both sides. If desired, fry bacon first and use dripping instead of oleo.

To save valuable space, time and litter—before leaving home break eggs into $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint jar. A $\frac{1}{2}$ -pint jar holds 5 extra large eggs. The whites act as a cushion for the yolks and are easily 'but carefully' poured from the jar.

P.S. We enjoy this breakfast even at home and I think the readers will appreciate the easy preparation.

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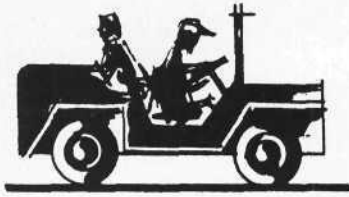
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BACK COUNTRY

FOUR WHEEL CHATTER

by Bill Bryan

The first NORRA Stardust 7-11 is now history. I pulled into the pit area about midnight Wednesday and met the early breakdowners. George Haddock was there, having hit some rocks too hard in the first 100 miles. Jim Garner and Scooter Patrick had just returned after losing a transmission. As the night wore on, more and more calls came in to pit crews requesting parts or tow cars. By helping to fuel and change tires on some of the cars I was able to learn of the problems, and who the good sportsmen were in giving their spare parts to help others. I saw the Holman & Moody-Stroppe Ford team replace a complete rear end in 20 minutes, and watched them loan parts and supplies to guys they were trying to beat on the track.

Around sun-up Brian Chuchua and Marv Patchen came in with their plane and offered me an air-tour of the course, and what a course it was! A few complained of lack of marking. A change in the rules somewhere along the line allowed some of the cars to bypass some real soft sand dunes and apparently the cars in the two-wheel-drive class were not notified of this change. No one finished in the two-wheel-drive class as this just was not a two-wheel-drive race course and should not have been advertised as one.

Apparently there were no secret check points to prevent short-cutting as I personally saw more than one vehicle taking a short cut, but from 3000 feet could not tell who they were.

The Stardust Raceway people were very nice and accommodating. This is an excellent area to hold this type of event, good pit area and the Union 76 Oil Company did a good job on fueling.

I heard the Bureau of Land Management people fought this race with all their might and it only came off on schedule by the skin of NORRA's teeth. I suggest for 1969 NORRA consider:

better communications with the check points, one longer lap instead of two short ones, two or more pit stops, some secret check points to prevent short-cutting.

I am beginning to wonder how many of these races our 4WD and dune buggy industries can support. Brian Chuchua and I started the National Four Wheel Drive Grand Prix. Brian was one of the first dealers to support this type of event. Then Milne Bros. Jeep dealership joined these events. Bill Hardy's East L.A. Jeep Center has now jumped in with both feet. Of course, there is one thing about off the road racing—all the money in the world does not make you a good driver. The only school is the one of hard knocks on the rocks and roll-overs in the sand. I think the NORRA and STARDUST RACEWAY people worked very hard, and this will be a first class event when they iron out the wrinkles.

☆☆☆

Would you like to correspond with a Jeoper in England? Do you have an M-38 G.I. repair manual you could spare? If so send it along to this man.

Dear Mr. Bryan: I managed to ferret your name out of a book that I recently read, and wondered if you could help me. For a number of years now I have been the proud possessor of a Willys Jeep and know every nut and bolt on it by name. Spares are very easy to come by and I have a comprehensive manual. Recently I managed to purchase an M-38 model, and am in the process of restoring it. I am hitting a few snags, and this is my reason for writing. Do you happen to know the name of anyone at the Willys factory in Toledo who I could write to, and purchase an M-38 manual? I have a few dollars tucked away, or if anyone is coming over to this country for a holiday, I would will-

ingly take them out for a meal etc., and settle it that way. Yours sincerely, Geoffrey Groom, 14 Eglise Road, Warlingham, Surrey, England.

☆☆☆

Don't forget the Imperial Sand Hills clean-up from Mammoth Wash to Buttecup will be held on October 5 and 6. All 4WD clubs are requested to participate, and I doubt if help from the dune buggy clubs would be turned down. This is a large undertaking and deserves all the support you can give. We are still trying to get permission from someone to erect signs at the existing portions of the old plank road to let people know they are not there for firewood or to carry home for souvenirs.

☆☆☆

A large group from the Sareea Al Jamel 4WD Club in Indio and members of the Sidewinders Club in El Centro made a joint trip down Indian Pass and over the hills to Picacho Park area. This is real good jeeping area, so keep it in mind for your trip of the month.

We made a trip some time ago taking the road north out of Wenden, Arizona to the Alamo Dam and across the Bill Williams River to the townsite of Signal and New Virginia, coming out at Highway 66. We then took the road to Havasu City, where they are relocating the London Bridge, and back down the Arizona side of the Colorado to Parker, Arizona. This makes a nice trip through some rugged country.

CLUB NEWS

The Tucson Jeep Club reports that the 1968 Arizona State Convention of Four Wheel Drive Clubs was a great success. Many compliments were received on the meals, choice of motels, meeting sites and the many diversified activities which were offered. We congratulate the Tucson Jeep Club for sending home so many happy four-wheelers.

Continued on Page 41



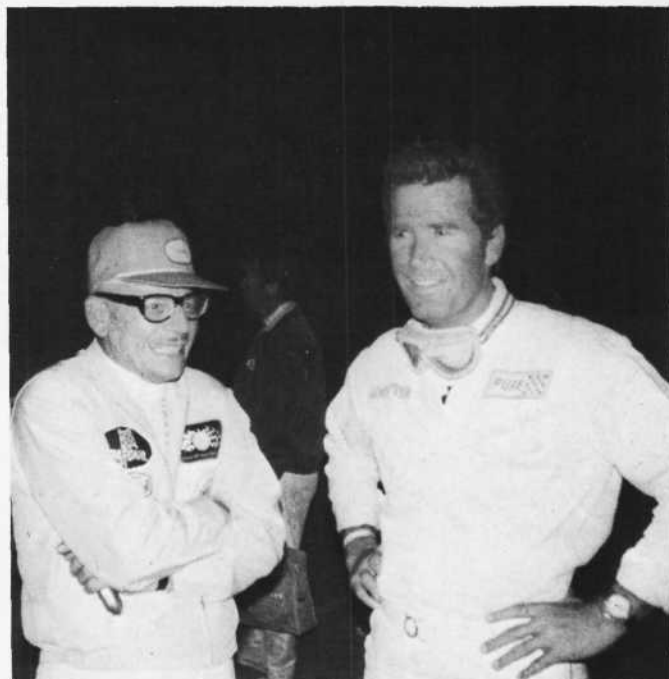
Seen at the Las Vegas 7-11 Meet

The National Off Road Racing Association's 7-11 Meet held at the Stardust in Las Vegas was filled with action.

Although this was the first time staged, the 7-11 Meet went smoothly. See Bill Bryan's column, opposite page.



Larry Minor, Bill Stroppe and Jack Bear inspect their prize-winning 1968 Ford Bronco. Their time: 27 hrs., 18 minutes.



Television star Jim Garner discusses the race with NORRA President Ed Pearlman. Garner's vehicle lost a transmission.



Actor Steve McQueen and Bud Ekins dejectedly inspect their Baja Boot dune buggy. Steve is an ace motorcyclist.



Vic Ambruzzes and Lew Ramey show what the well-dressed racing drivers wear. They always wear tuxedos when racing.

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CALIFORNIA TREASURE hunters attention! Here it is at last! Buried treasures and lost mines on a road map! Gold-bearing areas shaded in color, 38 inches by 25 inches, Northern and Southern California on opposite sides, 127 locations, 5300 words of clues and descriptions; keyed numerically and alphabetically, city and county indexes. Folded to pocket size. Only \$4. from your favorite rock, book and map shop. Or order from: Varna Enterprises, P.O. Box 2216, Dept. A, Van Nuys, Calif. 91404. 5% sales tax, please.

COLLECTOR'S ITEM: 1871 geographical map print, rare issue, Los Angeles, Kern, Ventura, San Bernardino areas. All old stage, freight stops, trails, roads, towns, etc. 18" x 24" rolled, \$2.95. Oma Mining Co., P.O. Box 2247, Culver City, Calif. 90230.

• MINING

UTAH ASSAYING Company assays gold & silver, \$3.00, platinum \$3.00. Spectrographs \$5.00. 172 North 9th West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84116.

ASSAYS. COMPLETE, accurate, guaranteed. Highest quality spectrographic. Only \$5.00 per sample. Reed Engineering, 620-R So. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, California 90301.

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• OLD COINS, STAMPS

CHOICE UNCIRCULATED silver dollars: 1880-81 S mint, 1883-84-85, 1899-1900-01-02 O mint \$3.50 each. 1878 CC mint \$15.00. Illustrated Coin catalogue 50c. Shultz, Box 746, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

• PHOTO SUPPLIES

PHOTO LOG. Record date, subject, and location as you take your snapshots or slides. 30c. Verdon, P.O. Box 118, Tempe, Arizona 85281.

• PHOTO SUPPLIES

CUSTOM FILM finishing by mail since 1932. Morgan Camera Shop "The complete photographic store," 6262 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California 90028.

• PLANTS, SEED

SMOKETREES, JOSHUAS, Orchids, Mesquites, Tamarix, Holly, Giant Saguaro delivered at 50c lb., plus mileage. Rancho Environmental Nursery, 71554 Samarkand, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

• REAL ESTATE

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FOR INFORMATION on acreage, home or lot in or near this desert area, please write or visit Ralph W. Fisher, Realtor, 73644 29-Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

QUIET, PEACEFUL Southern Utah mountain valley, 2 1/2 acres level, fertile and rich land including 1/2 mineral rights \$250. Cash or terms. Write: Dept. TPD, P.O. Box 17401 Holladay, Utah 84117.

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• TREASURE FINDERS

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PROSPECTORS — White's famous Goldmaster Metal-Mineral locators. S-63, \$169.50. Financing available. Visit The Bookman, 622 N. Orange, Redlands, Calif. 92373.

TREASURE-METAL and mineral locators. Free 24 page booklet. GeoFinder Co., Box 37, Lakewood, Calif. 90714.

GOLDAK TREASURE Locators—new for '68! A hobby you'll enjoy for fun and profit. Find coins, gold, silver. Goldak Dept. DMC, 1101A Air Way, Glendale, Calif. 91201.

TREASURE, COIN and relic hunters news publication. Only \$1 yearly. Sample copy 25c. Gold Bug, Box 588-D, Alamo, Calif. 94507.

GEIGER COUNTER makes excellent companion instrument for serious treasure seeker. Small, lightweight, transistorized, with earphone. \$69 postpaid. Kits available. Particulars free. Dealer inquiries welcome. Daniel Stoicheff, 701 Beach, Burnham, Pa. 17009.

FREE 128 page catalog on detectors, books and maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

• TREASURE FINDERS

POWERFUL METROTECH locators detect gold, silver, coins, relics. Moneyback guarantee. Terms free information. Underground Explorations, Dept. 3A, Box 793, Menlo Park, Calif. 94025.

• WESTERN GOODS

GHOST TOWN items: Sun-colored glass, amethyst to royal purple; ghost railroads materials, tickets; limited odd items from camps of the '60s. Write your interest—Box 64-D, Smith, Nevada.

FIFTY DEEPLY sun-colored bottles, jars, bowls, miscellaneous items.—\$1.50 to \$5 each. W. L. Savage, 3515 Mountain View, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405.

• MISCELLANEOUS

PANELISTS AT home wanted by New York Researcher. Leading research firm seeking people to furnish honest opinions by mail from home. Pays cash for all opinions rendered. Clients' products supplied at no cost. For information write: Research 669, Mineola, N.Y. 11501 Dept. IG-24.

AUTHENTIC SEAWEED COASTERS, gathered by divers along the California coast, scientifically preserved to retain their natural beauty. Please include 25c for mailing and handling. Coaster set of 4—\$2.50; 6—\$3.00. California residents add 5c on each dollar to: Algi-mar, Box 428, Del Mar, Calif. 92021.

FOURWHEEL CHATTER

Continued from Page 38

The Mavericks Four Wheel Drive Club reports that the Mitchells furnished the home-made ice cream around the campfire for the 21 Mavericks, the Mitchells, Uptons, Urroz, Wilcox and Wiswells who spent a three-day weekend exploring the old Virginia Dale mining area east of Twentynine Palms. A number of old mine camps were explored and some good four wheeling in the clear desert air was enjoyed by all.

The Imperial Valley Sidewinders report that with the cooperation of the California Division of Highways, who provided a truck and a volunteer driver, approximately 5 tons of trash was collected along the frontage road in the Imperial Dunes area. They estimate that about one fourth of the job has been completed.

New officers elected for the Wanderers 4WD Club are President Jack Mitchell, Vice President Howard Davis, and Secretary-treasurer Nancy Mitchell.

The Mountain Goats Four Wheel Drive Club of San Jose responded to a request to carry officials and transport equipment on the annual Castle Rock Challenge Ride. Forty-six horse entries started out Sunday morning and covered the 48 miles in approximately four and one-half hours. All horses but two finished with one still on the course!

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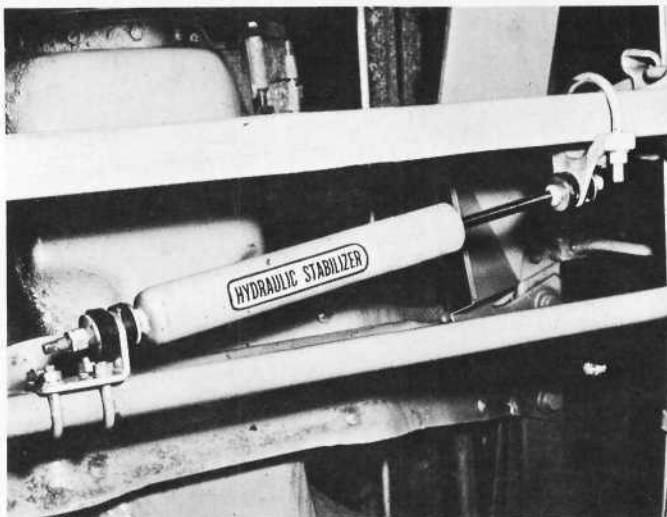
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COMBINATION HEATER AND COOKER

Guaranteed for 5 years, the 7,000 BTU Paulin Portable Propane Infra-Red Camping Heater can be connected to either a small 14-oz. cylinder or a large 20-pound tank with a hose. The unit is 100% flameless gas infra-red and thus is smokeless, odorless and safe inside tents, campers, boats, etc. according to the manufacturer. It can be used as either a heater or a cooker, accommodating a 10" frying pan. A knob is used to regulate heat temperatures. Complete with 14-oz. propane cylinder, stand, windshield and carrying case, the Paulin Heater Heater costs \$24.95. Available at camping and sporting goods stores. For free catalog write Paulin Infra-Red Products Co., Dept. DM, 16100 S. Waterloo Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44410.

This column is not paid advertising

A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

Did you hear about the cityite who stumbled into Ione, Nevada and thought it was named after Howard Hughes?

It would appear that the women are being a bit hesitant about sending in recipes and ideas for *View Point*. If you don't want publicity send them in anonymously, but do send them.

Took the family for a short but scenic vacation through Arizona, Utah and Nevada and was encouraged by the numbers of readers we met on the road. It seems that summer time is travel time.

Had a nice visit with Jim Hunt at Mexican Hat at his trading post and then on up the road to see Gene and Mary Foushee at their motel in Bluff. Our next stop was in Moab and was sorry to hear that Mitch Williams was ailing and resting at home.

Stopped to gas up in Hanksville, Utah and the owner, Reo Hunt, turned out to be an avid DESERT reader but an even more avid rockhound. Within a few short minutes he convinced me that there are many interesting specimens in that area and we will be going back in the fall to do a story.

Continued on to Capitol Reef National Monument and spent several days with Lurt and Alice Knee at their guest ranch right in the middle of the reef. Lurt, who has been tramping that area since 1939 gave me promise of several interesting articles. After eating homemade bread every day we tried to stow their cook away in the camper when we left but Alice caught us.

While shooting some slide material at Capitol Gorge ran into 30-year reader Bernard Tracy who is a ranger at the Monument. 30 years a reader! That means I was only nine years old when he subscribed! Bernard has been there for 19 years and told us briefly about some of the wildlife he has seen in the Reef.

Trips are nice but the Santa Rosas and the Little San Bernardinos never looked so good. There is no place like home, especially true when home is on the desert.

Letters and Answers

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope.

About Stone House . . .

Relative to the article (January, 1968) on rock houses in the Anza-Borrego area, that included a picture of what was called a fireplace, a square opening in a wall. I believe this was

an error, and that these square openings are ventilating shafts—the fire was in the center of the room. Sometimes a large stone was placed just a little in front of the ventilator to spread the draft to both sides of the room. It is an interesting matter of construction in Indian stone houses about which the writer of the article you published was probably not aware.

RUTH K. GRAHAM,
South Pasadena, California.

More Early Quakes . . .

In the June '68 issue the article on earthquakes failed to mention several others. In 1872 at Independence, California a severe shake caused a vertical displacement of over 20 feet with many casualties. In San Francisco in 1868 a severe shake caused a great deal of damage. At Ft. Tejon in 1857 a severe quake killed a number of soldiers. In 1812 an earthquake killed a number of Indians at the San Juan Capistrano Mission. In 1954 at Bakersfield a shake caused great damage and killed several people in nearby Tehachapi. Most of the casualties from the Long Beach earthquake were at Compton.

CHARLES NICKUM,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Calendar of Western Events

Information on Western Events must be received at DESERT six weeks prior to scheduled date.

AUGUST 17 & 18, SIERRA TREK of the California Association of 4WD Clubs, Northern District. Trip follows parts of the old Emigrant Trail starting in the Silver Lake-Kirkwood area along State Route 88. Designed for families. For information write: Chairman Ben Pugh, c/o California Association of 4WD Clubs, P.O. Box 5001, Sacramento, Calif.

AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 2, 7TH ANNUAL JULIAN WEED SHOW & ART MART. Display of weeds, wood and stone in unusual arrangements in the mountain community of Julian, California, 60 miles northwest of San Diego.

AUGUST 31 - SEPTEMBER 2, GREATEST SHOW ON SAND, PISMO 68, Pismo Beach, Calif. Sponsored by the California Association of Four Wheel Drive Clubs to raise funds for conservation and safety projects. Public invited. The annual event is one of the most spectacular in the West. Write to Charles E. Erickson, 16170 Amber Valley, Whittier, Calif. 90601.

SEPTEMBER 9-16, CALIFORNIA UNIT OF AVION TRAVELCADE CLUB 1968 Fall Rally, Lost Creek Organizational Campground, three miles from Visitor's Center at Manzanita Lake, near north entrance of Mt. Lassen Volcanic National Park. All Avion owners now members, or wanting to be members, welcome. Main events Sept. 12-15. Write Mrs. Gene E. Young, P.O. Box 341, Topock, Ariz. 86436.

SEPTEMBER 14 & 15, LONG BEACH GEM AND MINERAL SOCIETY'S 24TH annual show at Oil, Chemical and Atomic Worker's Hall, 2100 West Willow Street, Long Beach. Public invited, no admission. Called "Rainbow of Gems" this year's show will include displays, working exhibits and demonstrations in the fields of lapidary, crystals, silverwork and fossils.

SEPTEMBER 15 & 16, MEXICAN INDEPENDENCE DAY, Balboa Park Bowl, San Diego, Calif. Featuring Mexican singers and dancers, and mariachi groups, the annual event celebrates Mexico's rebellion against Spain. Public, free.

SEPTEMBER 28-29, CABRILLO FESTIVAL, SAN DIEGO BAY. Celebrating 426th anniversary of the discovery of California at San Diego. Pageant re-enacts landing by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo.

The Perfect Climate . . .

Could you send me the location of the most perfect climate in the United States and Mexico?

JACK PALMER,
Las Vegas, Nevada.

Editor's Note: This depends on elevation, time of year, rainfall and whether you are retired, young or old, active or inactive. According to the Las Vegas News Bureau, the publicity department of the Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce, you are living in the most perfect climate.

Still Alive . . .

In his article *What's In A Name* (May '68) William Thorton states Massai Point was named for the last surviving member of the Chiricahua tribe. He is mistaken, as the Indians still exist on the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona. My old friend, David Bravo Lugo (I never could get him to tell me his Apache name), before he died three years ago, told me the Massai were, at one time, real mean—they would kidnap Apache women, cut them up and leave them to die in the desert.

JAMES FLANDERS,
Downey, California.

Hills Are Loaded . . .

Being a relatively new subscriber to Desert, I find I have developed a real mania for the mystery and must know from the beginning how "The New Mr. Pegleg" brought about all this glorious reading.

The only thing I can't understand is after reading J. A. Lentz' "A Logical Look At . . . The Pegleg Gold" (May '68), and "Pegleg Nuggets or Peralta Gold?", including Mr. Pegleg's P.S. to Mr. Lentz (July '68), why aren't those little hills just crawling with weekend gold-seekers? Could it be that most people are armchair prospectors like me?

MRS. BETTY SAMIS,
Orange, California.

Editor's Note: We have quite a few armchair prospectors, especially east of the Rockies, however, our active readers are much in the majority. After publication of the Lentz article, his hills were 'crawling' with weekend gold-seekers.

Solar Cigarette Lighter . . .

In the June '68 issue regarding the interesting article "A Matchless Fire," where can I obtain the solar cigarette lighter?

HOWARD GRANGER,
San Lorenzo, Calif.

Editor's Note: Author Richard Weymouth Brooks says they can be purchased at most sporting goods stores for 98 cents. If you cannot find one, write to Lyman Metal Products, Norwalk, Conn.

Needs Baja Information . . .

I am trying to assemble information on the Isla Angel de la Guarda in the Gulf of California, and would appreciate any intelligence, great or small, your readers could give me of this often mentioned but little explored island. I would particularly like to know about plant life, paths, vegetation, water supply, the possibility of getting along on foot, rattlesnake dangers, etc. I have made three trips to Baja and searched libraries, but can find little information on the island.

HENRY HEYBURN,
3918 Leland Road
Louisville, Kentucky 40207.

He Had Three Wives . . .

The article on Lee's Ferry by Arnold Tilden (July '68) is quite good with a few exceptions. The heading says Lee was hung, but I have photos to prove he was shot. Also the article says he located at the ferry with one wife, Emma. In fact, he had three: Emma, Rachel and Caroline. It also states that the ferry was purchased by the Mormon Church from Emma after Lee was executed. The facts are that the church seized the ferry and Emma had to flee to Arizona. The church tried to seize her cattle, but a company of soldiers who happened to be there at the time rounded up her cattle for her and the church did not get them.

CHARLES KELLY,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

