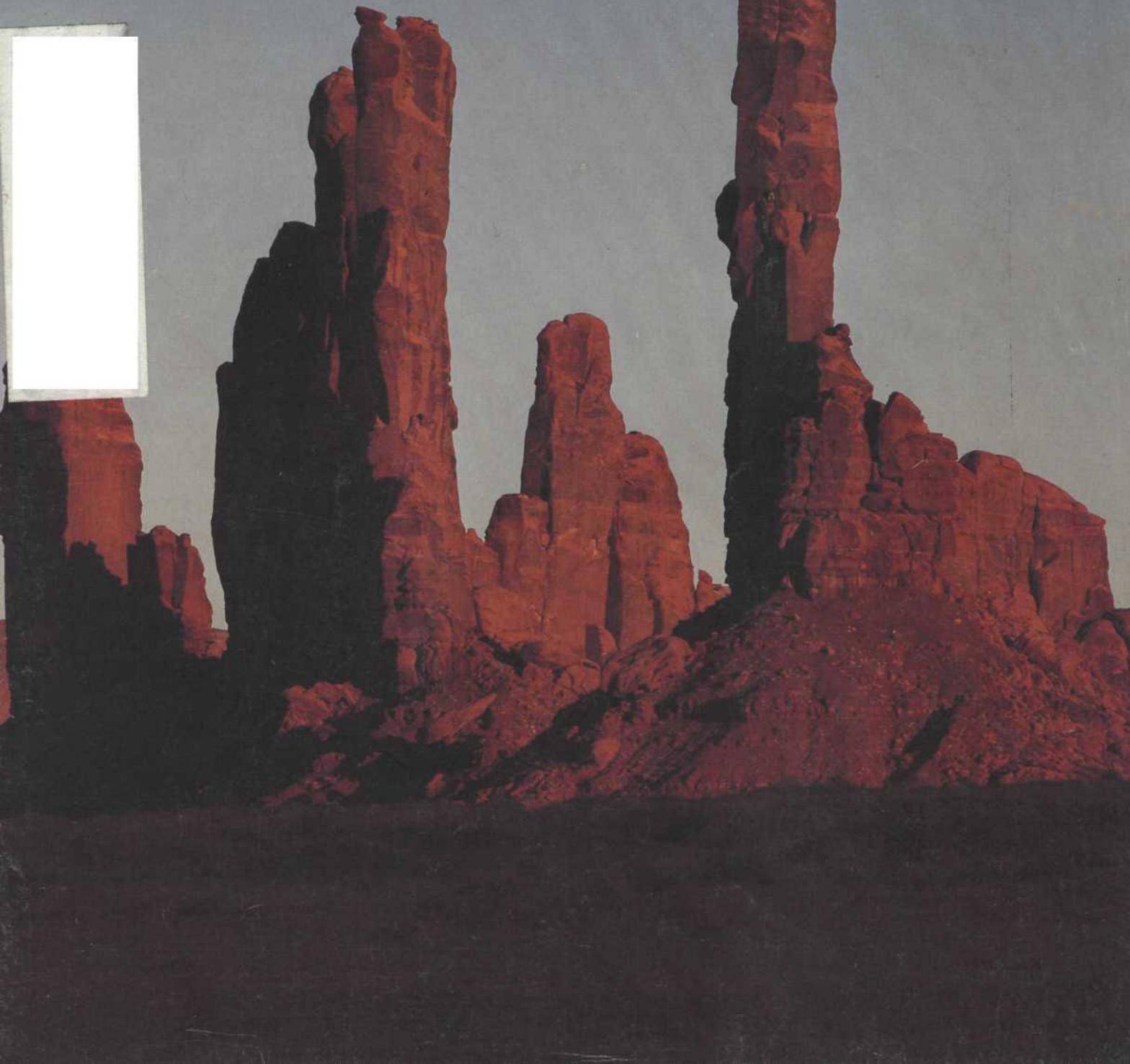


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THE COVER:  
Yebichel Rocks—Monument  
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California.

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# A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

**W**HAT AN issue to wind up 1978!  
We've got medicine men and their  
wares; Indian hostility in Arizona;  
hunting for railroad spikes with a metal  
detector; a quick look at the humble  
earthworm; a Southern California wil-  
derness area is visited—and that's just  
the half of it!

We revisit the ghost town of Bodie;  
learn about a nasty fungus that causes  
Desert Fever; take a trip to Borrego  
Palm Canyon; take a look at the Jimson  
weed; definitely to be *overlooked only* is  
Torowear on the rim of the Grand Can-  
yon—and then we top it all off with a fa-  
vorite recipe for Vinegar Cobbler!



It has been a good year, meeting so  
many of you personally for the first time,  
and reviewing friendships from the past.

We at *Desert Magazine* wish to sin-  
cerely thank all our loyal advertisers,  
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*William Kuyper*

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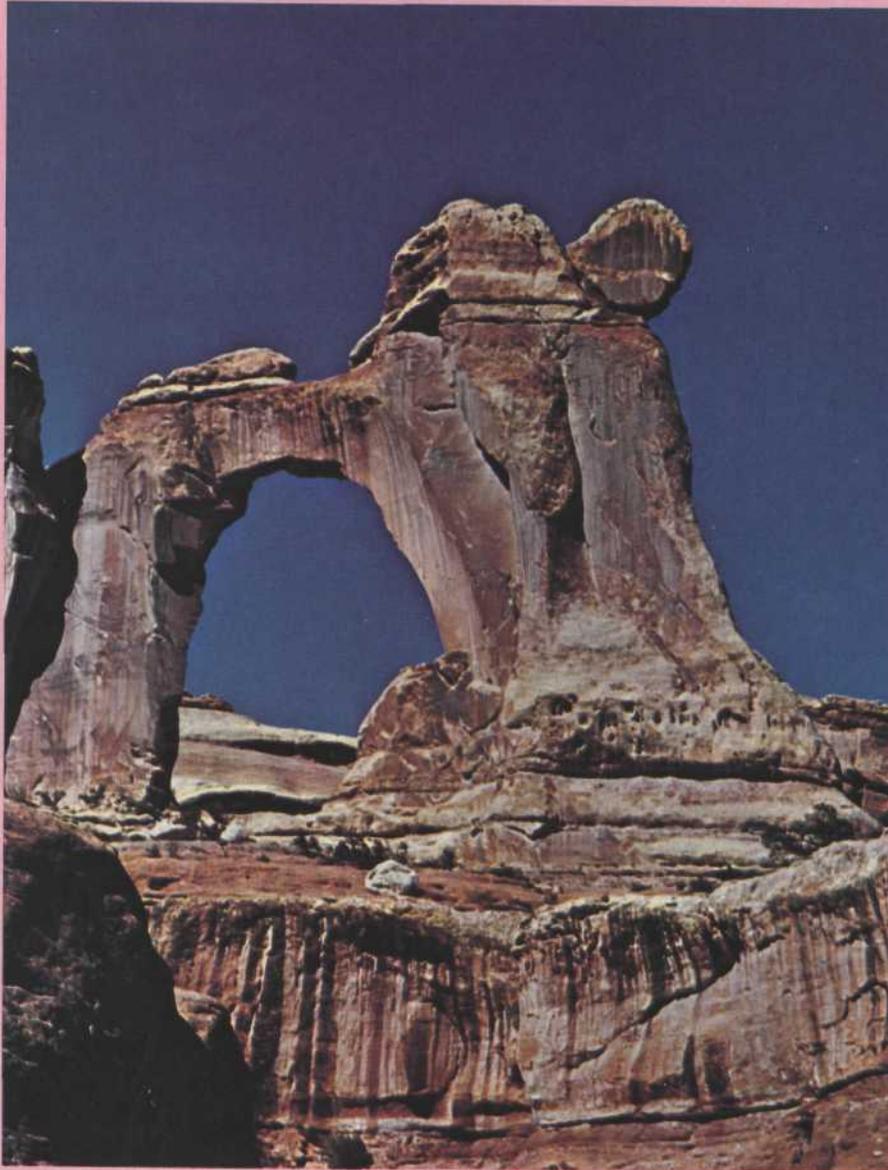
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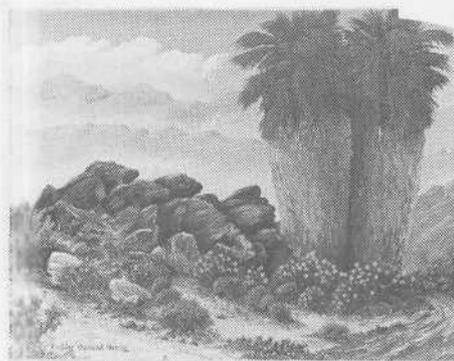
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# Books for Desert Readers

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**THE ANZA-BORREGO  
DESERT REGION**  
A Guide to the State Park  
and the Adjacent Areas  
By Lowell and Diana Lindsay

After more than a decade, there has appeared a new guidebook to the famous Anza-Borrego Desert State Park to suc-

ceed the series written and published by the late Horace Parker. It has been worth the wait.

The new guide, from Wilderness Press, the West's most prolific publisher of trail guides, is the result of many years' first-hand research by a husband-wife team, Lowell and Diana Lindsay, now of Amarillo, Texas, but former Californians.

Mrs. Lindsay earlier completed her master's degree requirements in western history at San Diego State University by writing the history of the half-million-acre park, which was later made into a book, "Our Historic Desert: The Story of the Anza-Borrego Desert."

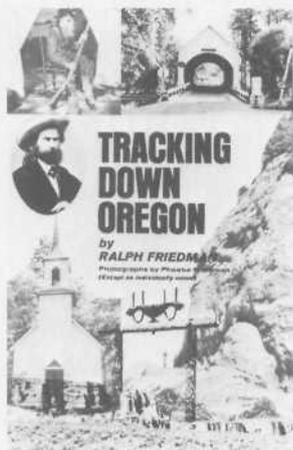
To compare the Lindsays' new guide with the Parker series, "Anza-Borrego Desert Guidebook," is unfair to both publications. Each is superb in its own way; each shares certain techniques, particularly in trip logs and historical vignettes.

The Lindsays have driven or hiked hundreds of miles in the huge park and adjoining Yuha Desert Unit administered by the U. S. Bureau of Land Management. They have taken or accumulated hundred of new and old photographs from which the 80 prints and maps used in the book were selected. Most particularly appreciated is the foldout map in the back of the book and the series of locator maps showing roads, trails and even the names of U.S.G.S. topo maps covering the region.

The Lindsays have not relied on descriptions, mileages and history compiled by researcher-writers. They have done their own, over a period of several years. The result is a book long overdue, well worth waiting for and very interesting for both the casual reader and the serious visitor who intends to drive or hike the region described.

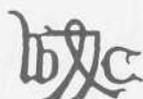
There are 65 trips along 700 miles of jeep trails, paved roads and hiking routes.

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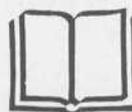
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306 Pages 6" x 9" \$5.95

Oregon, says author Ralph Friedman, is more than places and names on the map. "It is people, past and present, history, legend, folklore. . . ." So we invite you to track along with him, in this new book from Caxton, to encounter the rare and unusual in Oregon, "to locate a waterfall seen only by a few, to hunt out a burial ground soaked with the juices of history, to discover the amazing Jim Hoskins of Pilot Rock, the tragic Captain Jack, the remains of Fairfield, the cavalry names etched on a desert bluff, the legend of a gunslinger. . . ."



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**BOOKS**



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**THE BLACK ROCK DESERT**  
By Sessions S. Wheeler

Dr. Wheeler, a professor at the University of Nevada, Reno, has become the resident expert on some of the most rugged, romantic and historic arid country of the American West, namely the Black Rock and other elements of the Great Basin Desert of his home country, Nevada.

By our count, this is his fourth book on this region and its people. The first, "Paiute," is a classic study of one of the West's most elusive and least-known aboriginal peoples.

The Black Rock is a relatively small enclave in the overall Great Basin but its importance has been properly assigned by the author, who prefers to be called "Euck." Which is very appropriate because he's as western as the big country he writes about and hardly seems to be burdened by his academic status.

One of the plus features of this new volume is the outstanding art contribution by Craig Sheppard, an oldtime working cow person who acquired formal training as a painter and educator and used the combination, as in this book, to display outstanding illustrations involving horses, Indians, cavalry and rocks. It is a rare combination of writing and artistic skills.

Wheeler traces the true history of the Black Rock as an immigration route before, during and after the California Gold Rush, its status as the scene of one of the epic, if little-known Indian-Army battles of the West, its physical and geological history, as well as its importance to the Indians to the region.

In addition to Sheppard's stirring action paintings, there are many contemporary photographs and several accurate and pictorial maps.

Many *Desert Magazine* readers will learn of the Black Rock Desert for the first time by reading Wheeler's colorful history. Others, who have toured, rock-

hounded and camped in its barren but beautiful canyons and playas, will learn more of its history, particularly the Peter Lassen party and other '49ers who mistakingly assumed it was a shortcut, complete with animal feed, ample water and easy grades.

In fact, the Black Rock today, as yesterday, is a rare spot, tough on the uninitiated but rewarding for those able to handle its terrain and climate.

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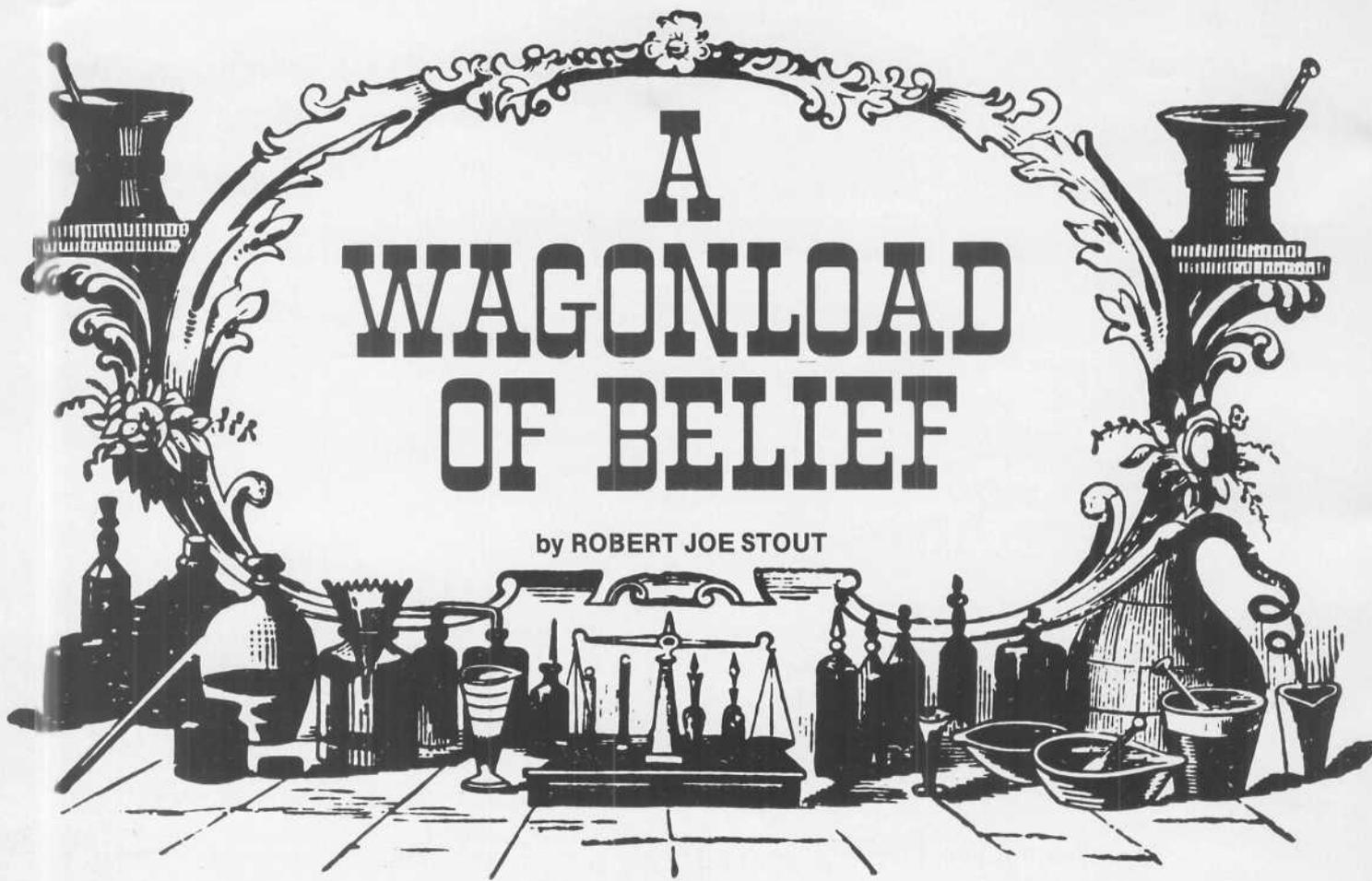
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An advertisement from the Massopust Store, C. 1851.  
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THE PAIR of gaily bespangled, mule-drawn wagons attracted only slight attention as they dawdled westward into the orange groves surrounding Riverside, California, one crisp spring morning 70 years ago. The driver of the lead wagon, a short, Dickensian character with a red nose overlooking a monstrous curled pipe, smiled and tipped his hat to the farm people he passed.

"Come on into town, see the medicine show . . . you're invited to the medicine show . . . come see the fabulous medicine show . . ." he croaked, so genial in his approach that the townspeople couldn't resist liking him. Now and then he'd hand a girl or reticent, shawl-wrapped old woman a nostrum in an odd-shaped bottle covered with a cheaply inked inscription: *Dr. Maybrun's Precious Skin Balm and Irritant Salve*.

Near the railroad station, eight or ten blocks from the center of town, the two wagons pulled into an empty lot. "Doc" Maybrun hopped down from his perch, rubbed his hands together and gestured to the driver of the wagon that had followed him. A few curious boys, barefoot

and mop-haired, the station agent and a couple of women in long dresses and sunbonnets threaded their way through thistles and Johnson grass to get a closer look at the "Doctor" and his traveling emporium. He smiled, tipped his somewhat dusty bowler over one eye and commented on the town's beauty and obvious wholesomeness of its inhabitants.

His head rocked back; his laughter deepened; with practiced poise he stepped to the box of the nearest wagon and waved towards the heavens. Thunder crackled and a burst of incandescent green zigzagged into the clear sky above them. Children scattered and the women gasped. The doctor laughed.

"Ladeez! Good citizens! Is that the way you awaken in the morning? Zesty? Popping with life? What? Who said no? A night of good rest should recharge the electricity in your systems! You should leap from the bed . . ."

Poof! Another skyrocket burst above the good doctor. He leaned forward to inspect the faces of his audience. The fireworks had attracted attention; men, women and children were approaching the vacant square from all directions. He let them crowd closer to his wagon, then, with a worried professional air, he singled out one of the first-comers. "Tell me honestly, ma'am. Do you suffer from backaches? Zestlessness? Low spirits? Do you catch yourself thinking you won't make it through the day? Do you have to stop frequently to rest?"

The woman, a slender, dark-haired mother in her early thirties, hung her head and nodded. The doctor leaned towards her. "Madam, I assure you, there's no need for it. The Indians never felt that way. Neither did the Chinese. Why? They took the sun's own tonic daily.

"The sun's own tonic!" He thrust his head back and shouted the words. "Madam, I happen to have with me one of the last of an original potion, a recipe given me by my grandmother who studied on the lap of an Oriental princess."

Sure enough, from beneath his long coat Doc Maybrun produced a dark-colored bottle labeled *Original Old Indian Zephyr Tonic*. In full view of his rapidly assembled, curious audience, he uncapped it and thrust it into the mother's hands. "Drink as an Indian would," he urged, "and tell these people—neighbors of yours—what effect it has. It's free—absolutely no cost! Just drink from it, deeply. Here, face your friends, let them see you . . ."

The woman, despite embarrassment, followed the doctor's instructions and took a long pull from the flask-shaped bottle. Her face reddened and she nodded. Heeding the doctor's continuing urgings, she drained the bottle and tossed it aside. The doctor, standing beside her, clapped his hands. "Oh!" she gasped. "Oh, my goodness. Why, I— I . . . it's wonderful! It's really wonderful!"

On-lookers jostled each other for a chance to bid for the few remaining bottles. The doctor sold the last few that he had in his wagon, then went scrambling through the smaller, back-up wagon for more. Three, four, five bottles appeared at a time—and were snatched by eager

customers. Somehow, he managed to satisfy everyone's demands, abetting the dollar-a-bottle that he collected by putting squat little jars of skin balm and a special old Turkish corn-remover (made from scented lye soap) on sale for 50 cents each.

Six such performances in three days netted Doc Maybrun more than the local druggist had made in four months. His highly sought elixir was nothing more

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Typical posters from the days of the traveling medicine shows. Photos courtesy of the New York Historical Society, New York City.



*An herb seller of the past.*

than a combination of senna leaves, hypophosphite calcium, fennel seed, sugar and . . . alcohol!

By contemporary barkeeping standards, it was 78 proof.

No wonder a bottleful made a harried mother feel good!

Maybrun's medicines weren't the only potent ones being marketed at the turn of the century. Scarcely a year before, the United States Treasury had ruled that the popularly distributed *Peruna* must have a medicinal smell or it would be taxed as liquor. Lydia Pinkham's Compound, possibly the most popular alleviant for "women's distress" ever developed, ran about 36 proof (the same as modern-day California sherry) and Angostura bitters, essential for a good Manhattan, was sold throughout the country as a health tonic long before it became a mixer.

The invention and sale of herbal cures can be traced through history to Ur and Egypt. Plants known to possess healing qualities were carried throughout the

civilized world by merchants from all corners of the Roman Empire. Throughout the Middle Ages various types of "natural" medicines were sold by traveling peddlers (including absinthe, opium and a variety of fermented beverages) and commentators on the early days of life in the New World, including Jean de Crevecoeur and Ben Franklin, make note of European and Indian cures available in this country, both at apothecary shops and from itinerant merchants.

By the end of the Civil War, these traveling pitchmen had developed both routes and reputations. For 40 years they ranked with the most colorful characters on the American scene. So seldom were their remedies medically sound, a Topeka, Kansas drugstore advertised, "We sell patent medicines—but we don't recommend them!" Prince Nanzetta, who toured the West for years, publicly advised his brethren, "Take the easy dough and get out of town fast!" Hundreds of people died every year after taking some pitchman's "snake oil" or

"wizard lotion." But times were hard, the winters severe and entertainment hard to come by. Homesteaders in places like Wilbur, Nebraska, and Socorro, New Mexico, loved the patent pitchmen—even though the charlatans, knowingly or unknowingly, damned near killed them.

Nor were all the enterprises strictly small potatoes. A New York-born flim-flammer who called himself "Doc" Healy temporarily took on an Iroquois assistant (the two had met in an up-state roadhouse and gotten drunk together). Healy drummed "Old Indian" recipes (the "chief" provided tangible proof that the nostrums had indeed originated with a tribe of he-men in the great outdoors) and was so successful he proceeded to launch the Kickapoo Indian Medicine Company. In less than three years he had nearly 100 wagons touring the West, each with a pitchman, an entertainer and at least two Indians (none of whom were from the small Texas tribe bearing that name). They sold balms, liver pads and moonshine mixed with spices and fruit syrups. Their founder became a millionaire.

As did Lydia Pinkham, Dr. David Jayne (creator of a famous vermifuge), James Ferdan, who exploited the dignified and Godly Quaker image, and Dr. Hamlin, whose "Wizard Oil" was wholesaled to drugstores and ordered and re-ordered until well after the passage of the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act of 1906.

Lost manhood tablets, bust developers, dyspepsia pills, abortifacients, V.D. cures (euphemistically labelled "a treatment for a disease resulting from youthful indiscretions . . .") and corn removers flooded the West. Dr. Swayne's Wild Cherry Tonic was touted as a cure for "the Civil War Army disease" (morphine addiction). It contained morphine sulphate and was a fix, not a cure. (An even more sinister use of morphine sulphate was a compound peddled as a children's teething medicine.)

Nevada Ned, a highly successful pitchman who never had set foot in the state he claimed had yielded so many of nature's secrets to him, developed an addiction to his own "Catarrh Powder." (It was a mixture of menthol, sugar, milk and cocaine.) Fellow's Hypophosphites, commercially bottled somewhere in the East, contained glucose, sugar, water,

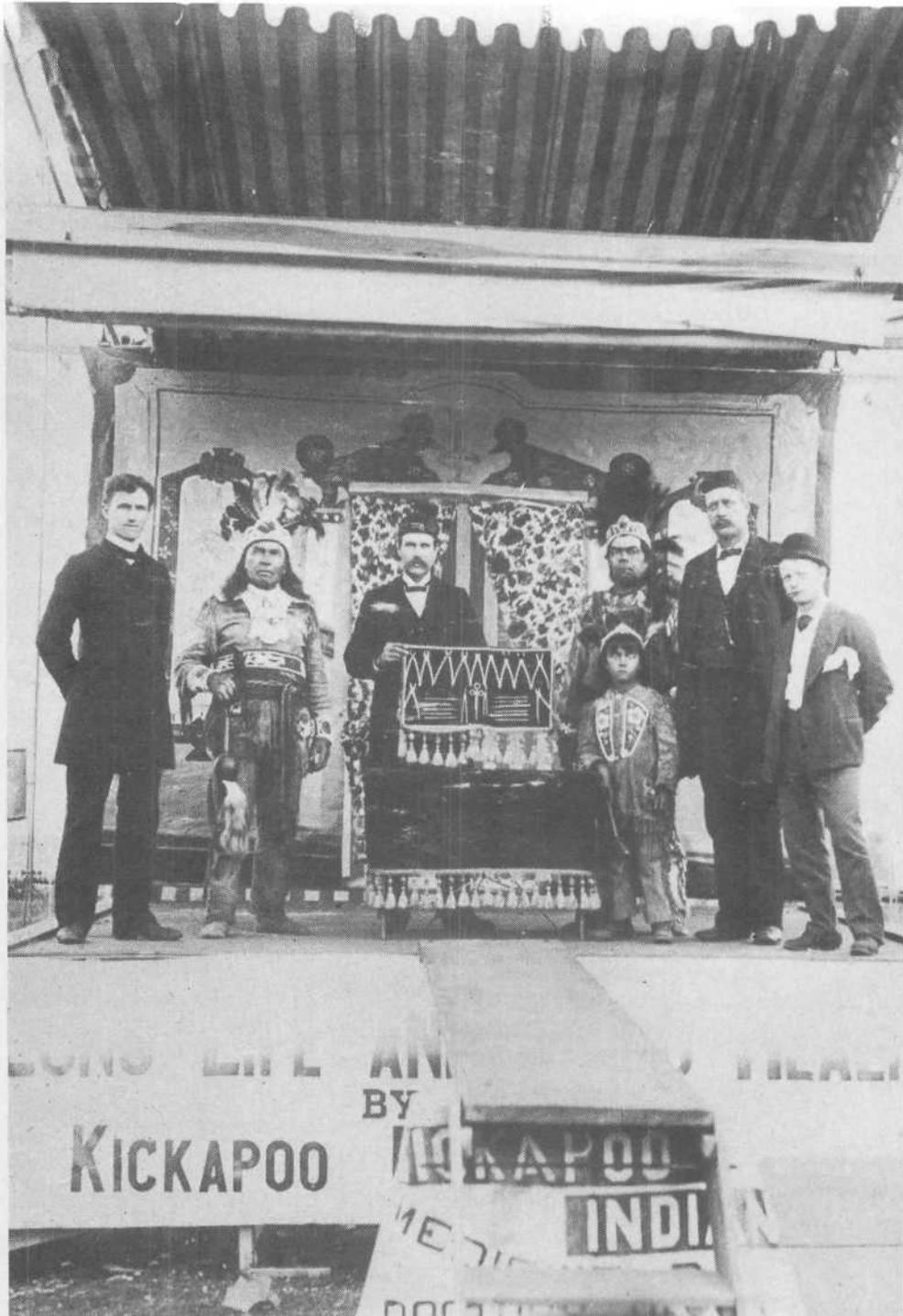
*Kickapoo Indian Medicine Show  
at Marine, Minn., C. 1890. Photo cour-  
tesy Minnesota Historical Society.*

quinine, calcium, potassium, manganese and strychnine! Hamlin's Wizard Oil, an external medication, was 4/5ths alcohol and 1/10th chloroform with a little gum camphor and oil of sassafras thrown in. Hashalew's Elixir of Life was a combination of cacao (the source of cocaine) and alcohol; once the pitchman had a route established, he could count on a high volume of return trade.

Women ranked high as medicine peddlers. They traveled under exotic names like Lotus Blossom, Princess Ida and Madame DuBois and toured the small towns west of the Mississippi with an entourage of musicians and male protectors. Their best customers were middle-aged men and their best products were male "revitalizers," supposedly developed from some Asiatic or American Indian source.

South Texas and Louisiana residents were graced by the summertime appearance of Suzanne, "The Cajun Princess." Tall, dark-haired, a native of New York City (though legitimately married for a while to a New Orleanian of French ancestry), she swung into towns like Conroe and Abbeville with verve and style. Two black buglers and a banjo player raced into town to proclaim her arrival. An enormous Acadian, broad of shoulder—a Paul Bunyan of a man—escorted her to the square. She had a gospel's sincerity and, though in her thirties, was young in appearance and physically well-endowed. "Perhaps," she'd begin her spiel, "you ladies shouldn't listen to this . . ."

But of course they would, tittering and edging close enough to hear. The tale of the Princess, briefly but emotionally told, traced a heritage worthy of *Evangeline*. After 2,000 miles of traveling and untold tribulations, her people had arrived in Louisiana. But, unfortunately, the younger men had perished—or deserted; only the patriarchs—"no longer vital"—were left to keep the family alive. One of the women, the Princess' grandmother, saved the daughter of an Indian chieftain by snatching a poisonous snake and strangling it. The Indian offered any reward the woman could name. She asked for "children"—intending, the Princess explained, that the



Indian provide a virile man to fill her womb with children.

Instead the chieftain brought her a sacred vial. Within a week, the old Acadian patriarchs who drank the potion—"regained the vitality of vigorous young men. Their wrinkles receded; their bodies grew strong; their wives felt delight again . . ."

Blushes and titters from the women, shrugs and laughter from the men. The Princess leaned forward. "Must you wait until your wives embarrass you?" She tilted her head knowingly. "All right, come along ladies." And then, to the men, "My assistant will walk among you with the product from the sacred

formula. You may purchase it . . ." (and she gives a wink) " . . . secretly from him."

"But remember! For it to be effective, you must not touch alcohol for at least three days. And eat nothing but raw vegetables and the leanest meat."

Testimonies for her Cajun Princess Male Revitalizer were easy to obtain. That the compound was a mixture of tomato juice and iodide iron, plus herb flavorings, is beside the point. Her voice—and figure—were enough to arouse old desires. Particularly after two days of abstaining from alcohol, a diet of raw vegetables and a wagon-load of belief! □

# THE BASCOM AFFAIR

## Revisited

IMPORTANT FROM ARIZONA!

OVERLAND STAGE ATTACKED!

Train Destroyed by Indians!  
Overland Driver in Captivity?  
Eight Murdered Men Lying by  
the Roadside!  
Sixty U.S. Soldiers At Apache Pass!

INDIANS OBSTRUCT THE ROAD!

The Chief Taken Prisoner, etc., etc.

*Tucson Weekly Arizonian, Feb. 9, 1861*

THE TERRAIN in the Sonoita Valley is serene. Softly rolling foothills rise to the Santa Rita Peaks on the west and to the Patagonia Mountains on the south-east. The prairie landscape is dotted with oak trees and cut up by countless arroyos.

I could have revelled in the peaceful beauty of the Sonoita Valley, never knowing that this valley, only two hours from Tucson, was once witness to treacherous conflicts between settlers and the Apaches. My appreciation for southern Arizona and its history was heightened during a weekend camping trip with George and Sis Bradt. The Bradts have taught for years in the Elgin school near Sonoita and are well-versed in the history of the area. As we headed north on Highway 82 from Nogales, the hills and ravines came alive with people. Our intention was to explore the site of a kidnapping which occurred in the valley in late 1860 and sites of subsequent events in Apache Pass, some 80 miles northeast of Nogales, which helped precipitate the Apache Wars of 1860-1886. Historians refer to the incidents as the "Bascom Affair."

In 1858 John Ward rode into the Sonoita Valley and started a ranch on a bluff overlooking an arroyo. A year or so later a young woman from Santa Cruz, Sonora

named Jesusa Martinez came to live at the Ward ranch. She had two children, a little girl named Theloro and a 12-year-old son named Felix. The excavated ruins of the adobe home they shared can be seen on a bluff east of Highway 82, 14.5 miles north of the junction of Highways 82 and 89 in Nogales.

While Ward was away in Mexico on business in October, 1860, Apaches raided the ranch, drove off the stock and kidnapped Felix. When Ward returned from Mexico and discovered what had happened, he tried to follow the Indians, but eventually returned to nearby Fort Buchanan for help. He asked Lieutenant Colonel Pitcairn Morrison, the post commander, to send troops to recover his stock and to rescue Felix. Ward accused Cochise and his warriors of carrying out the raid.

On January 29, 1861, Second Lieutenant George N. Bascom left Fort Buchanan with 54 soldiers of Company C, 7th Infantry for Apache Pass where Cochise and his band of Apaches lived. John Ward and an interpreter named Antonio accompanied them.

The troops arrived in Apache Pass on February third. Bascom stopped briefly for water at the Butterfield Stage station near Apache Spring telling the stage employees that he was on his way to the Rio

Grande. He then continued three-quarters of a mile down Siphon Canyon and made camp.

The next day Cochise, suspecting nothing, went into Bascom's tent for a visit. With him were his brother, two nephews, a woman and a child. After they entered the tent Bascom accused Cochise of responsibility for the raid on the

by  
**KATHRYN  
COCHRAN**



George Nicholas Bascom—born in Kentucky, 1836. He graduated from the Military Academy in 1858, 26th of 27. He held the rank of captain when he was killed at the Battle of Valverde, New Mexico on February 21, 1862.

Ward ranch. He told the chief that he and his relatives would be held prisoners until Felix Ward and the stock were returned. When Antonio translated this, Cochise slit a hole in the tent and escaped through the astonished soldiers who had meanwhile surrounded the tent. A second warrior followed Cochise, but he was knocked down by a rifle butt and



*Right: Scene of the wagon train ambush. Below: All that remains of John Ward's ranch house can be seen on a bluff east of Highway 82.*

was bayoneted to the ground. Miraculously he survived. The other Indians, still inside the tent, were captured and tied up.

Later, on the afternoon of February 5, Cochise and a number of his warriors appeared at the stage station. Cochise had contracted with the stage company to cut firewood and was on friendly terms with the stage employees. The station keeper, Charles Culver, his assistant Walsh and stage driver, James Wallace, were still unaware of what had happened in Bascom's tent. Thus, when Cochise called to them the three men went out to him unarmed and in shirt sleeves. As the Indians tried to seize them, Walsh and Culver rushed for the station followed by a shower of bullets. Culver was shot in the back at the door of the station. Walsh tried to escape over the wall of the corral, but meanwhile Bascom's men had arrived and entered the corral from the rear. A soldier, mistaking Walsh for an Indian, shot him in the head, killing him instantly. Upon seeing the soldiers Cochise retreated, dragging Wallace away with him to the Apache camp.

That evening a wagon train entered Apache Pass from the west on its way to the Rio Grande. The wagons were being driven by eight Mexicans and two Americans, Jordon and Lyons. Just be-

yond the summit the party pulled off the mail road and made camp in a wide meadow. As soon as they had made camp Cochise attacked. The eight Mexicans were tied to the wagon wheels and burned. Jordon and Lyons were taken alive.

Evidently that same evening Cochise appeared with Wallace on the hill east of the station. A stake with a paper attached was driven into the ground. The message from Cochise to Bascom read, "Treat my people well and I will do the same by yours of whom I have three."



Bascom had not know previously of prisoners other than Wallace.

The next day, while his warriors remained hidden in a deep ravine west of the station, Cochise appeared with Wallace on the flat ground between the ravine and the station. Wallace was bound and showing the effects of his captivity and exposure to the February cold. Cochise offered to exchange Wallace and 16 government mules for the Indian prisoners. Bascom refused, demanding that Lyons and Jordon also be released. Cochise would not agree and so the parley ended. Cochise and Wallace went back to the ravine and retreated with the other warriors.

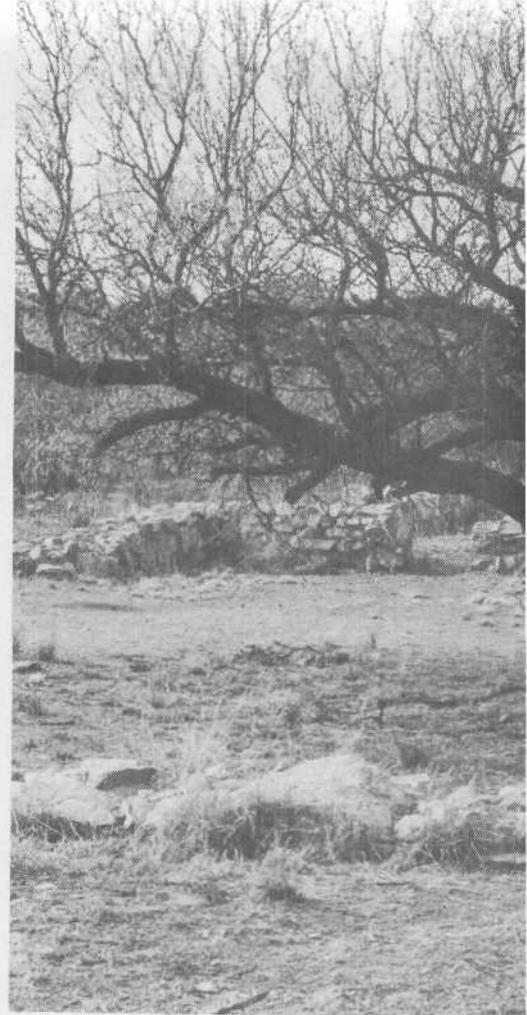
The Butterfield Stage was due in from the east that night, February 6. The Indians had placed piles of brush across the road hoping to ignite them as the stage approached. The fires would block the path and provide enough light for the Indians to shoot the occupants of the stage from the canyon walls. Fortunately on that day the stage was running two hours ahead of schedule and the Indians were not on hand to execute the ambush. The brush was removed and the stage proceeded safely to the station. The conductor, A. B. Culver, brother of the station keeper Charles Culver, decided to go no farther.

The east-bound stage which arrived in Apache Pass near midnight on February 6 did not have such a peaceful passage.

Two miles west of the station, not far from the site of the wagon train massacre, Indians fired on the stage. The driver, King Lyon, was shot in the leg and the lead mule was killed. After cutting out the dead mule the stage and passengers proceeded toward the station. Several times they stopped to remove obstructions placed in the road by Indians. At one point the stage road descended a rocky gulch and crossed a stone bridge. Cochise had removed the sides of the bridge and otherwise damaged it hoping to plummet his enemies into the ravine and make easy prey of the survivors. However, the stage was going so fast when it reached the bridge that it slid safely across on its axles. The wheels, hanging off the sides of the bridge, took hold on the other side and stage and passengers were able to reach the station about 2:00 A.M. Thursday morning.

After four days of conflict in the pass Cochise appeared to have the upper hand. At this point Lieutenant Bascom decided to send a messenger to Fort Buchanan asking for supplies and medical assistance.

William Buckley, superintendent for the Tucson-El Paso division of the Butterfield Company, had arrived on the east-bound stage. He sent A. B. Culver to Tucson to ask troops from Fort Breckenridge (later to be called Camp Grant) to escort the west-bound stage out of the



Chiricahua Mountains.

Meanwhile the excitement in Apache Pass was not over. On February 7th or 8th Apaches hid in the brush just below Apache Spring about 700 yards east of the station and ambushed a party of soldiers as they were returning from watering the stock. One Butterfield employee was killed and one soldier wounded. Fifty-four mules were driven off.

On February 10 Assistant Surgeon Bernard J. D. Irwin arrived with a small escort from Fort Buchanan. They brought with them three Coyotero Apaches captured with stolen stock in Sulphur Springs Valley.

Shortly thereafter reinforcements arrived from Fort Breckenridge without incident. Cochise had seen the reinforcements coming and was nowhere to be found, nor were his captives.

Vultures were seen circling close to the ground near the mail road at the western end of the pass. When soldiers investigated they found the mutilated bodies of the three Americans. Wallace was identified by the gold fillings in his teeth. The soldiers buried the dead near where they had been found next to the stage road.





Left:  
Foundation of  
the old  
Apache  
Spring Stage  
Station.  
Opposite:  
Butterfield  
stage road  
as it descends  
toward the  
bridge which  
was damaged  
by Indians  
during the  
Bascom  
Affair.

Many soldiers demanded that the Indian hostages be hung in reprisal. Bascom hesitated, but when Moore, the ranking officer from Fort Breckenridge, offered to assume full responsibility Bascom agreed to the plan. The soldiers broke camp to return to their respective forts. As they prepared to leave the pass they stopped at the graves of the three Americans. The six warriors were hung from the limbs of a large oak tree nearby.

The woman and child were taken to Fort Buchanan and later released.

Cochise did not soon forget the fate of his relatives. His attacks against the invading white man lasted for 12 years until Major General Oliver O. Howard, nicknamed the one-armed general, made peace with Cochise in 1872. Incidents broke out again in 1876 following the death of Cochise. The Apache Wars continued intermittently until the surrender of Geronimo in 1886.

As we stood shivering in the winter wind on the ridge overlooking Siphon Canyon, we tried to imagine the people living those events of over 100 years ago. We had descriptions of the Bascom Affair taken from military reports and from accounts by Butterfield employees who

were involved. With these and the help of Bill Hoy, ranger at the Fort Bowie National Historic Site in Apache Pass and expert of the history of the Chiricahua Mountains, we had relocated the sites of most of the major incidents of the Bascom Affair. It was not difficult to let our imaginations reconstruct the action, but we wondered what became of the people after Bascom left the pass.

Felix Ward was never returned to his family. He was probably captured by the White Mountain or Coyotero Apaches, not by Cochise's Chiricahuas. He was raised as an Apache and emerged as a young adult, becoming an Indian scout and interpreter known as Mickey Free by the Army.

Exactly one year after the Bascom Affair, Lieutenant Bascom, now a captain, was killed at the age of 26 in the Civil War battle of Valverde, New Mexico.

Cochise remained in the vicinity of the Chiricahua Mountains. Having broken his peace with the Americans during the Bascom Affair, he began to wage full-scale war against the invading settlers who continued to be drawn to Apache Pass by the life-giving waters of Apache Springs.

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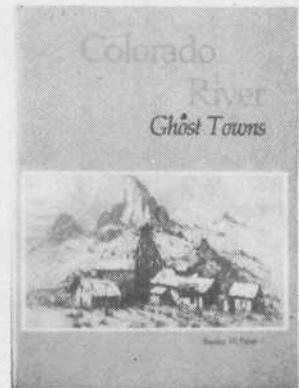
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# Follow Those Old Rail

**P**ROSPECTING ALONG old railbeds with a metal detector can be very rewarding, and there are many miles of untouched areas left. My treasure hunting partner, Alan Shaw, and I recently spent a day following one in Northern Nevada and found it to be very profitable. This particular railbed had once been used by the historic Virginia and Truckee Railroad.

We started at the ruins of an old railroad town called Mound House, about seven miles from Carson City. During the 1860s, this was a busy interchange between the V&T and the narrow gauge Carson and Colorado Railroad. At that time the Carson-Comstock stage road

also ran through Mound House, and tolls were collected there.

By 1869, this little town was a thriving hub of activity and a jumping-off point for the surrounding communities of Dayton, Pine Grove and Sutro. Tents, rock and wood houses dotted the landscape, and in 1884 a post office was finally established.

The town grew slowly, but lived on until 1905 when the Carson and Colorado Railroad converted from narrow gauge to standard gauge rails and built a by-pass which rerouted its line from Mound House. In November of 1905 the post office was removed and the town began to decline.

Between 1913 and 1921 there was a revival when gypsum mining began near Mound House. A camp of about 20 buildings was erected and used during those years. In 1921 the gypsum company transferred its operations to Gerlach and the town died again, except for the V&T rail station. That old building survived until 1939 when the last V&T locomotive blew its lonely steam whistle and operations ceased. The tracks have all been taken up since and the only reminders of the town are a lot of scattered tin cans, purple glass, junk and an old tombstone protected by a faded picket fence.

One very intriguing fact is that this little town was in existence during the years that a U. S. mint operated in Carson City, just seven miles west, which means that the populace in Mound

House undoubtedly carried, lost and buried coins minted in Carson City.

Many of these coins are rare and well worth the treasure hunter's time. A short while prior to our visit to the site, we had seen three very nice Carson City minted coins that a treasure hunter had found at Mound House. He had a quarter valued at \$1500 in the red book, a dime worth \$1100, and a half-dollar worth \$95. Very nice finds, indeed, and we hoped to have some of the same good luck.

After putting in several hot dusty hours at the site of Mound House, our detectors went ape! There is more metallic junk in the ground there than at many of the larger sites we've visited. We found dozens of tin cans and square nails, but no coins. However, when Alan turned up a perfect narrow gauge railroad spike, inspiration hit us like a ton of bricks.

"Hey, Dick!" he called, holding up the old spike. "D'ya know what they're getting for these up in the tourist shops in Virginia City?"

"Not exactly," I replied.

"Up to a buck apiece," he answered. "If you brass plate them and frame them on an old piece of wood, they're worth a lot more."

My interest was aroused.

"What do you have in mind, Alan?"

"Maybe they didn't take the spikes when they pulled the rails up," he said.

"You might have something there," I answered. "What are we waiting for?"

As with any old railway, the railbed was built very well, and quite easy to follow. We crossed the highway and began following it down the hill toward the long defunct mill sites on the Carson River.

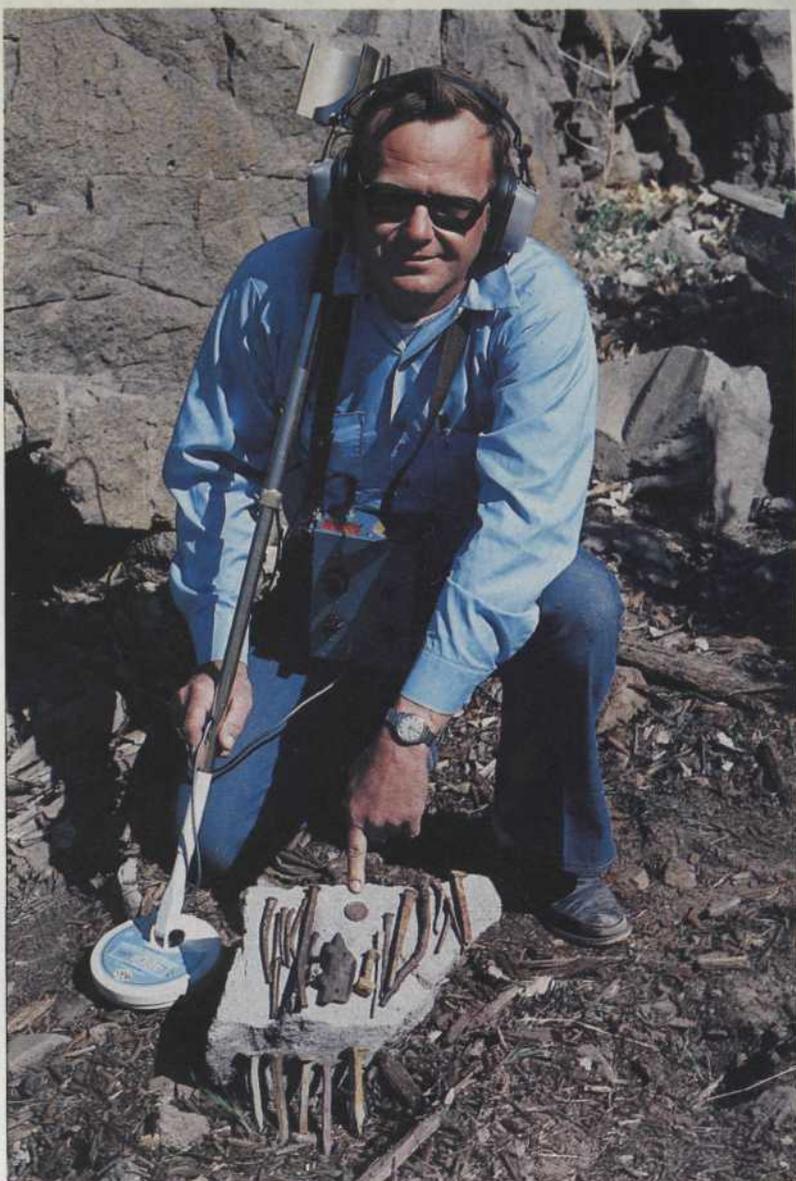
It was not long before the detectors began sounding off. The railroad spikes were everywhere. They were buried under about three inches of topsoil with



by **RICHARD  
TAYLOR**

*My treasure hunting partner, Alan Shaw prospects at the site of an old cabin beside the V&T railbed. It was here that we found an old buckle, an 1853 two-cent piece and more railroad spikes.*

# beds!



*Above: The 1853 two-cent piece and railroad spikes we found at the site of the old cabin.*

*Left: Alan Shaw checks around the remnants of a V&T Railroad bridge near the Carson River.*

which time and the weather had concealed them.

Luckily there was a gunnysack in Alan's pickup. He hurried back to get it while I continued uncovering one spike after another.

Before we'd gone an eighth of a mile, we had found a third of a gunnysack full of perfect narrow gauge railroad spikes and were already eagerly counting the revenue we'd get for them in Virginia City. Lady Luck must have been with us

that day, because we were soon to make an extraordinary find.

It happened at the ruins of an old cabin that we came upon next to the railroad. We were taking turns lugging the heavy sack of spikes when we spotted the cabin remnants.

"Maybe this was a crew shack for gandy dancers at one time," I suggested.

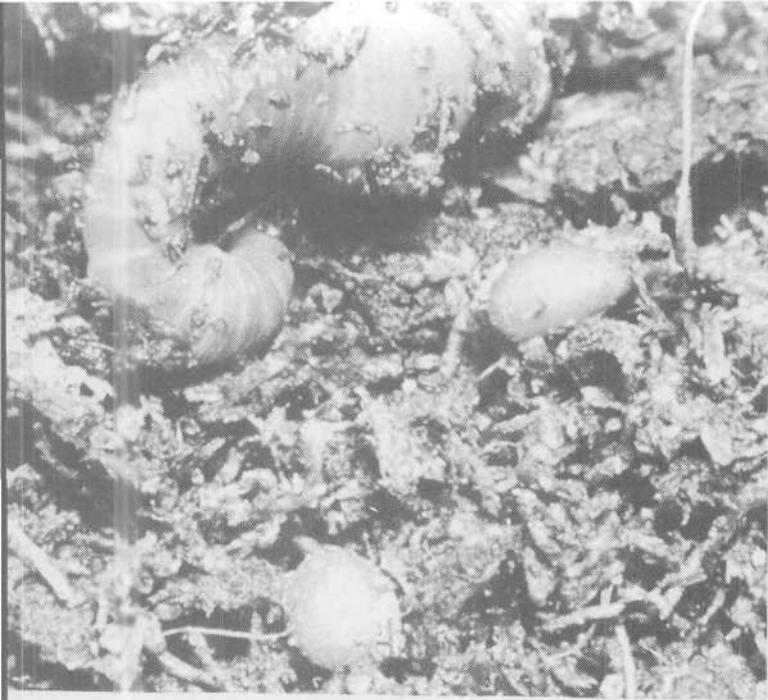
We both thought it was worth checking with the detectors, so we decided to do a real job of it. Our efforts

paid off royally, as the detectors pinpointed an interesting old buckle and an 1853 two-cent piece. Unfortunately, I accidentally scraped the face of it while digging. The dry climate had preserved it well, but no amount of cleaning would remove the scratch.

We also found several more perfect spikes at the cabin site, before the sun started to sink.

This had proven to be one of our more successful treasure hunting trips, and we still have many more miles of old C&C railbed to follow. Hopefully, we won't flood the railroad spike market.

For those of you who choose to follow the old railbeds in your areas, there are probably many good old spikes just waiting for you under the topsoil, as well as gandy dancer camps and shacks to explore. I hope your luck will be as good as ours. Good hunting! □



After mating, some earthworms produce egg capsules [cocoons filled with eggs] so tiny that they are difficult to see without a magnifying glass.

# That Humble Hero - The Earthworm

by C. WILLIAM HARRISON

**O**UR EARTH is inhabited by a vast multitude of strange and wonderful animals. Some spend most of their lives in the air, and others dwell in rivers or in the depth of lakes and oceans. Some creep, crawl, hop or scamper on the surface of the land, and countless others, such as the earthworm, make their homes in the dark and silent underworld beneath the surface of the ground.

Although they are seldom seen except in freshly dug gardens and fishermen's bait cans, earthworms are found in almost every part of the world. All in all, there are about 7,000 different species of earthworms and their relatives known to zoologists. About 90 of these species are native to North America.

The most common varieties of our familiar earthworms grow to about four or five inches in length. Occasionally, some can be found that measure up to

ten inches. In equatorial South America, however, a giant earthworm grows to a length of seven feet, and in times not long past was worshipped by native Indians. Giant earthworms also are found in India, Australia, and South America, where some are said to reach as much as ten feet in length.

Earthworms have never been very tempting to most people of the civilized world as food. But among more primitive races, such as the Maori tribesmen of New Zealand, they have been looked upon as tasty and nourishing items for a family meal.

Humble as it may be in size, appearance, and habits, one would not ordinarily think of the lowly earthworm as an unsung hero. Yet that is exactly what it is in every sense of the word. Only when we get to know it better in the way it lives and labors do we begin to realize

that it is truly a doer of mighty deeds.

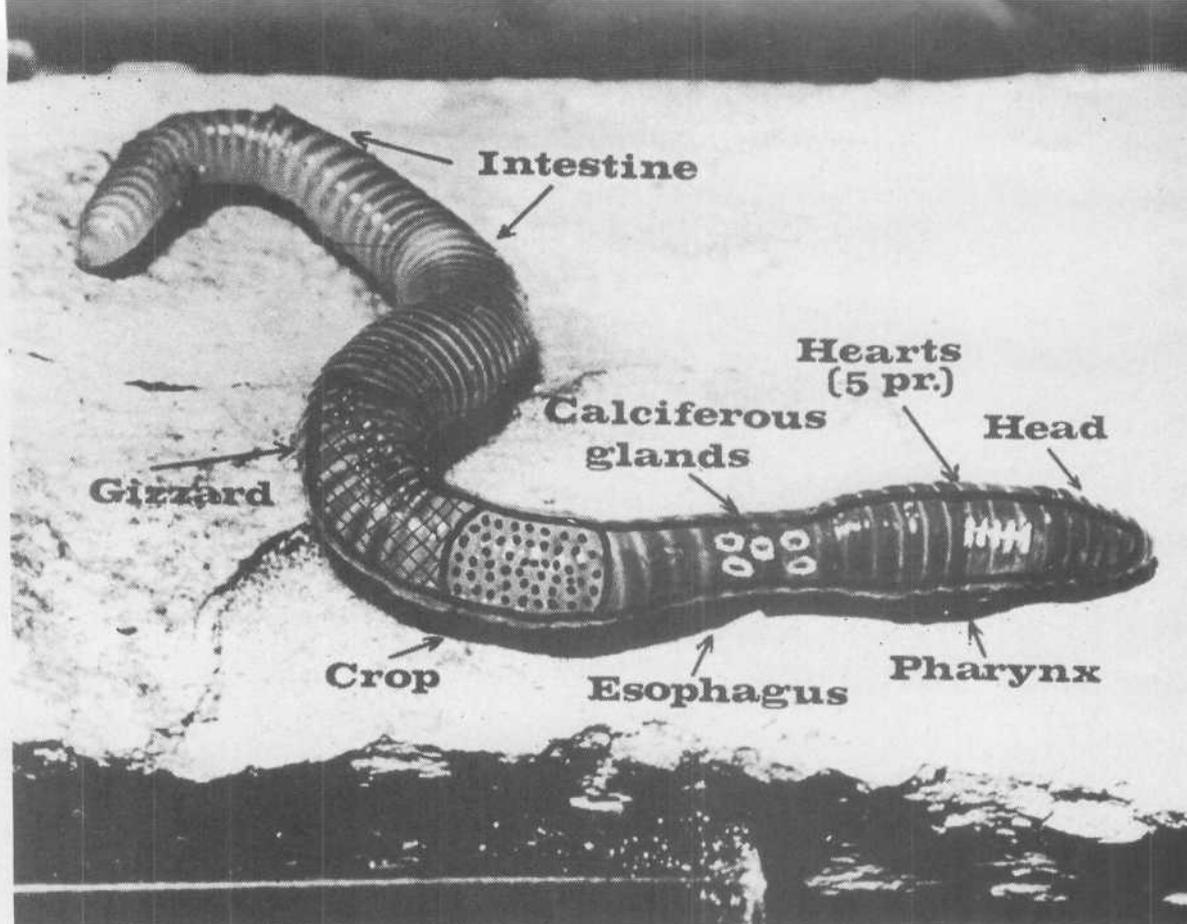
Because it manufactures fertile soil out of sand and other substances, the earthworm is a maker of lush meadows and productive fields for the raising of foods and fibers for human beings. Without it, our earth would be a far less hospitable place for people and other living things. As a matter of fact, our planet might be so harsh and barren that man and most other forms of life could not exist on it.

To some people, this lowly creature is known as an "angle worm." Others refer to it as a "night crawler" because it



There are as many as 500 ringlike segments in the body of some species of earthworms. Each has its own network of nerves, its own blood vessels, its own muscles, and its own system of carrying off wastes.

Even though the earthworm has no eyes, ears, or lungs [it absorbs oxygen through the tissues of its body wall], nor a brain capable of thinking or remembering, it is well equipped to carry on its simple way of life. Unlike animals that dig dens and burrows, the earthworm does not simply push the soil aside. Instead, he actually eats his way through the earth. The tunnels he leaves behind him permits air and water to enter the soil more easily, and enables plants to put down and spread their root systems more rapidly and with less effort.



is after dark that it crawls out of its burrow to feed and mate. In some places it is best known as a "dew worm" because it often is found in the dew that settles on lawns and meadows during the night. In other areas it is called a "rainworm" because it is so frequently seen on the surface of the ground after daytime rains.

So many earthworms emerge from their burrows after a heavy downpour that people once believed they actually "rained down" from the storm clouds above. This was only a superstition, of course. It would be more correct to say that they "rain up" during a drenching shower as they become flooded out of their underground burrows.

Having no feet or legs, the earthworm travels by means of four pairs of tiny bristles that grow from the lower edges of each of the many riblike segments of its small but mighty body. It is able to move forward or backward at will by gripping the ground with its bristles and then expanding or contracting either the ribs in front or those behind.

With scores of body segments joined together by softer tissues, the earthworm can shrink or stretch itself to an almost unbelievable extent. When necessary, it can taper its nose down to a needle-sharp point and make its body

thin enough to enter tiny crevices and holes. Then, by expanding its sturdy little frame powerfully, it widens and lengthens its burrow by thrusting the soil particles apart.

For its size, the earthworm is probably one of the strongest creatures on earth. Given time, it can force its way through dense, hard clays. A worm weighing less than 1/30th of an ounce is capable of moving a stone weighing as much as two ounces. This is the equivalent of a 100-pound boy or girl muscling out of their way an object weighing 6,000 pounds!

Nature created the earthworm to be an expert at what it does best—eating. Anything and everything that happens to lie in its path—decaying roots, animal and vegetable remains, living and dead bacteria, even mineral soil and small stones—all are to the earthworm things to be devoured. In due time, everything that has not been absorbed into the worm's body as food is deposited on the surface of the ground in tiny mounds of waste materials, called "castings." Rich in nitrogen, potassium, phosphorus and other important elements, earthworm castings are probably nature's most valuable source of plant food.

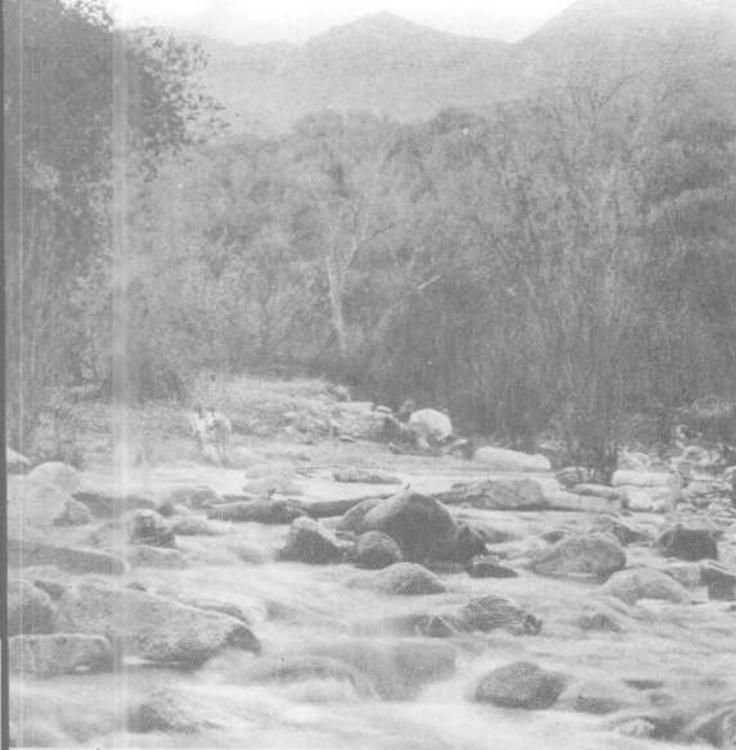
If it seems difficult to believe that anything as small and lowly as the earthworm could accomplish anything

really worthwhile, we must consider the creature in terms of numbers. It has been estimated that the total weight of earthworms in the United States is at least ten times the weight of our nation's entire human population!

The noted British naturalist, Charles Darwin, estimated that each acre of good soil contains up to 50,000 earthworms, and that in a year's time they produce more than 15 tons of soil-nourishing castings. In 20 years, this would amount to a layer of new humus (decomposed animal and vegetable matter) from two to three inches thick deposited on the surface of the ground.

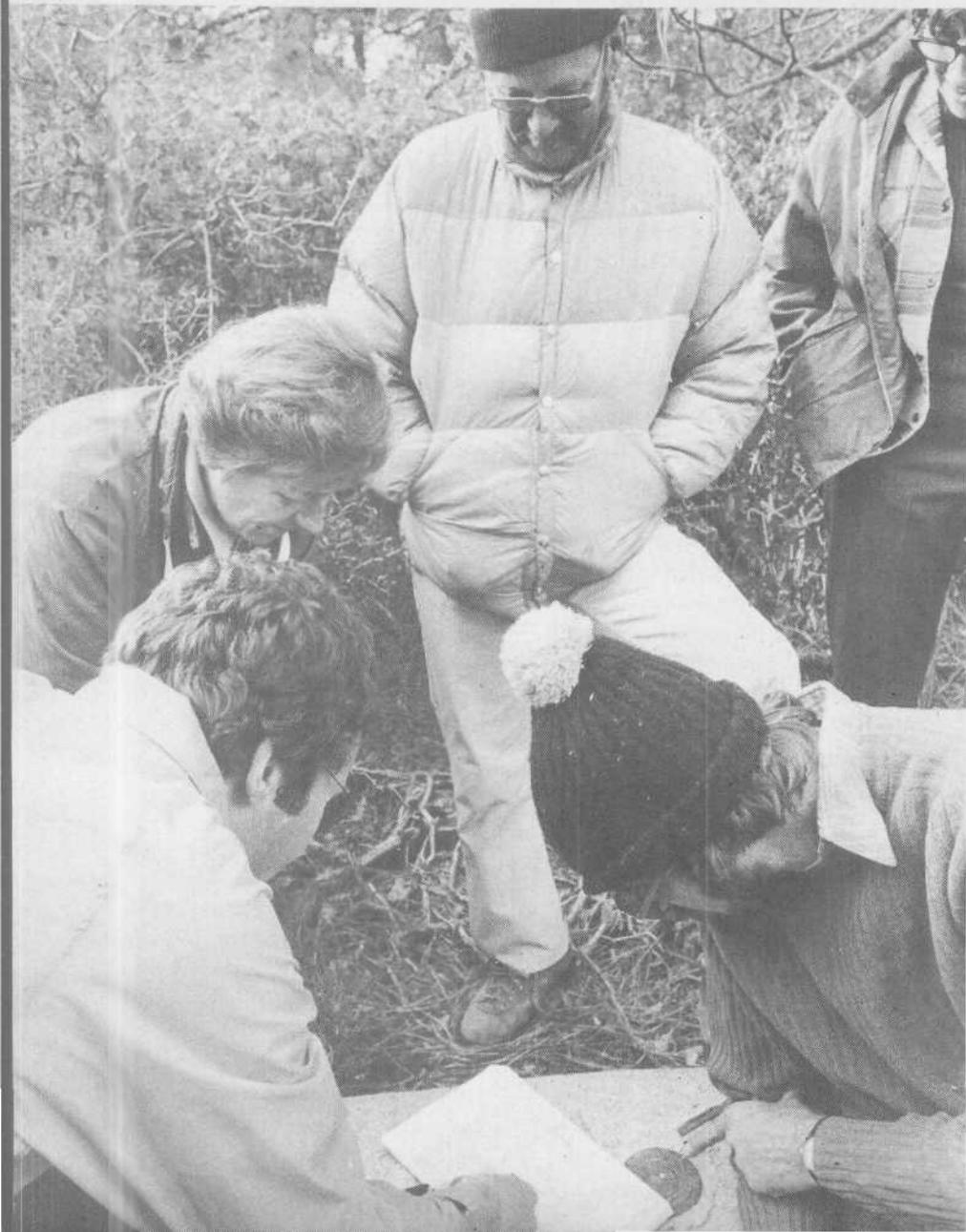
One modern scientist sees the earthworm as a possible solution to America's rapidly-growing waste disposal problem. His idea is to place an army of earthworms in a vast enclosed container filled with garbage, leaves, and the like, and let the worms take care of the disposal problem in their own way. A hundred tons of earthworms, he estimates, could consume in a day's time the 100 tons of wastes that are produced daily by a city of 75,000.

So it well may be that the lowly earthworm, that humble hero of fertile soils, will someday become an unseen hero in man's efforts to clean up his littered and polluted environment! □



# Agua Tibia's Wildde

Arroyo Seco Creek, normally a trickle, is swelled by winter rains.



A THIN SHAFT of sunlight pierced the pale canopy of the sky as we rested contentedly on our perch of rocks at Eagle Crag. Below us a mighty canyon yawned, choked with brush and boulders; and beyond, a succession of purple ridges marched southerly toward an ethereal horizon deep within Baja California. Silence and stillness hung in the air. We had arrived at the pinnacle of our journey, a fitting climax to a long trek through the Agua Tibia Wilderness of Southern California.

My hiking partners and I were savoring our success at "bagging" a new peak, but this was not the sole object of the climb. As San Diego area residents, this was an opportunity for us to study and appreciate the great diversity of native flora and fauna in our own local mountains, and to enjoy the quiet grandeur of San Diego County's only statutory wilderness.

We were fortunate to have chosen an opportune time of year for a visit—a cool February weekend following a sustained period of rainfall. Early in the year, the shaggy foothills clad in soft chamise and flowering ceanothus still looked inviting. Scores of giant manzanita were in full bloom, with thousands of white to pinkish-white, tubular florets. High on Agua Tibia Mountain, we strolled through a

*"Bagging" a peak sometimes requires a bit of detective work.*

# rnness World

by JERRY SCHAD

*On Eagle Crag, the view stretches from the Channel Islands to Baja California.*

magnificent coniferous forest with lingering patches of snow at our feet. We endured a chilly evening at "base camp" amid the pines, with nothing to warm us except conversation and good cheer; then scrambled out of bed the next morning at dawn to meet the challenge of Eagle Crag.

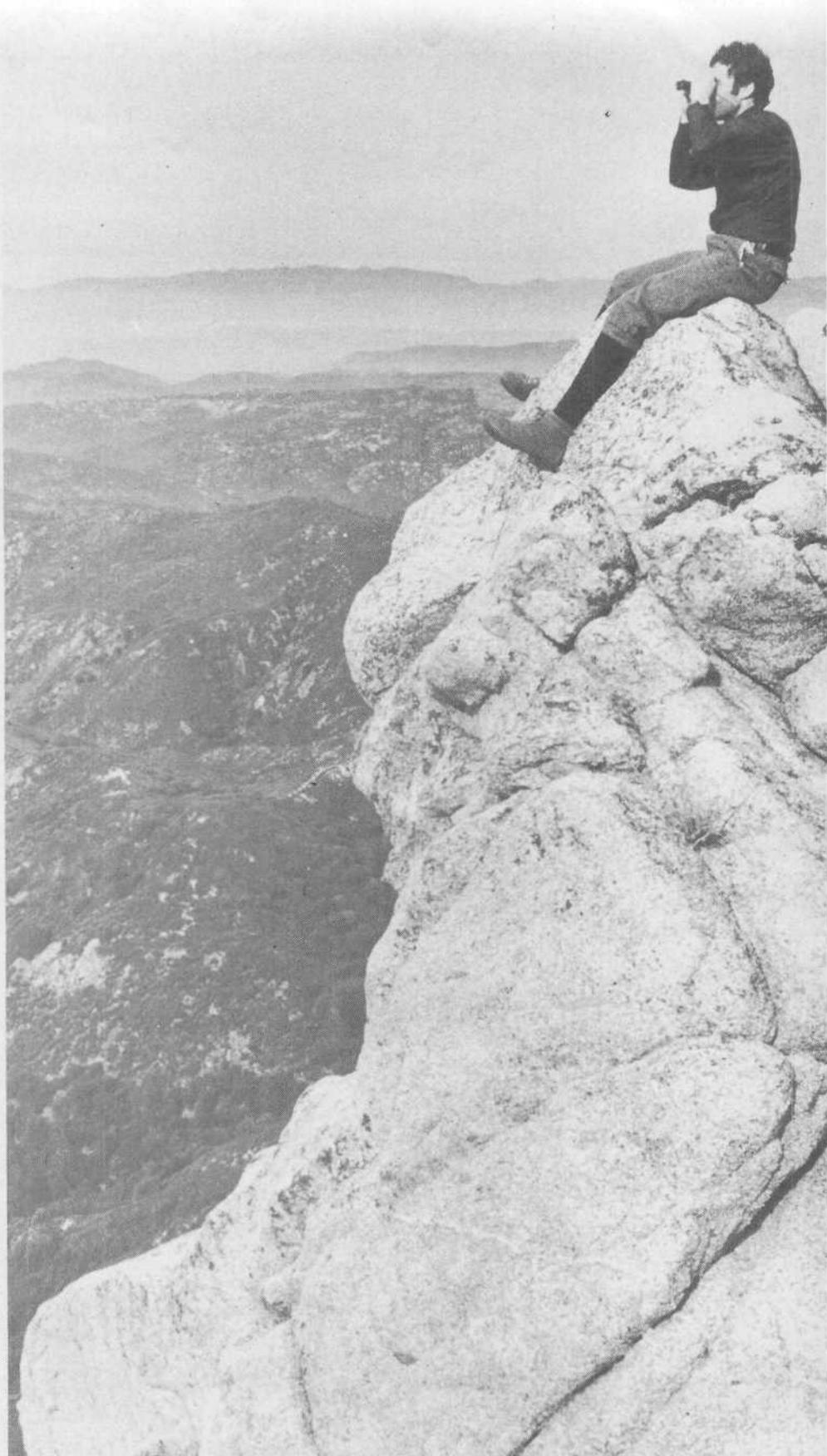
It's perhaps not surprising that the world of Agua Tibia is little-known even to Southern Californians, outside of a modest number of semi-regular users and members of scouting or outdoor organizations. Like many wilderness areas, its existence is not publicized in tourist or travel guides, not can its location be gleaned on most road maps. But it does exist on Forest Service maps. The 28-square-mile wilderness occupies a corner of the Cleveland National Forest on the north slope of the Palomar Mountains astride the Riverside-San Diego County line.

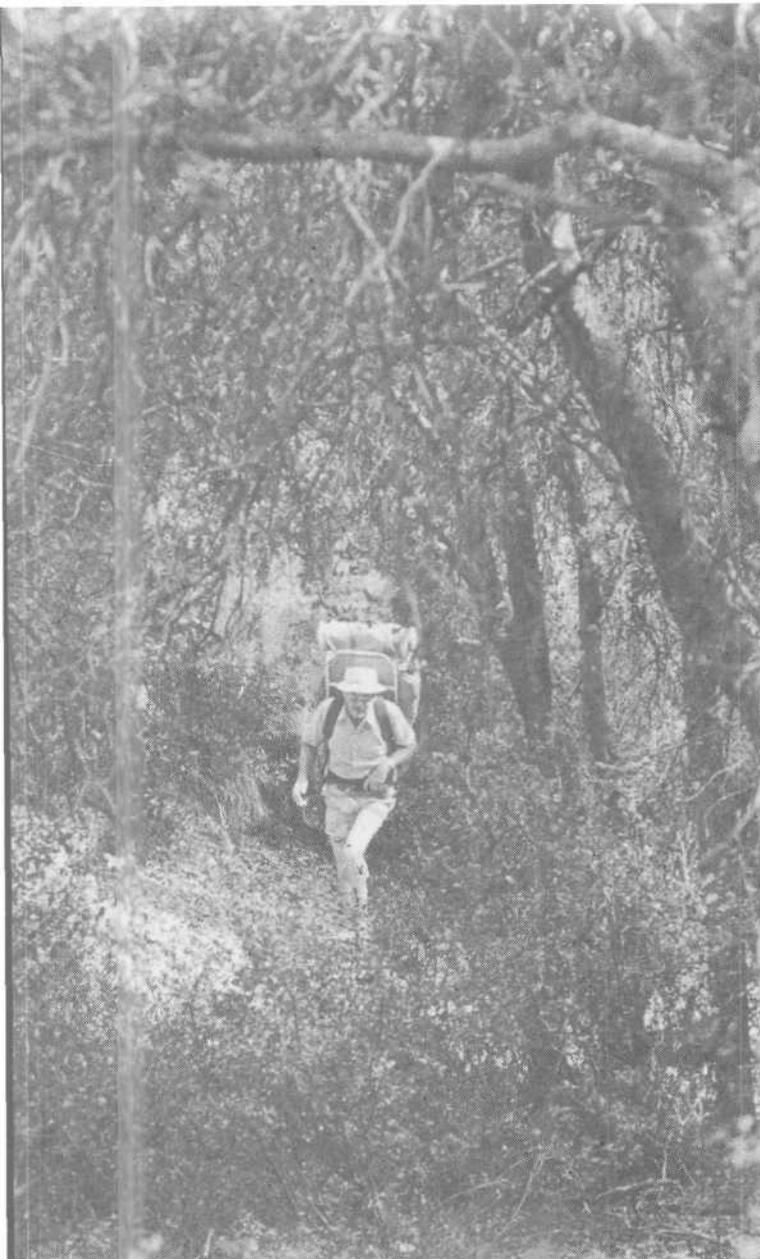
Before 1975, the wilderness was known as the Agua Tibia Primitive Area, a designation applied by the Chief of Forest Service in 1931. Of the roughly 27,000 acres contained within the boundaries of the primitive area, about 9,000 at the south end included a temporary

Indian withdrawal that dated back to 1903. This "Mission Indian Reserve" is a curious anomaly that persists even today. It is assigned to no particular tribe in San Diego County, although several reservations are nearby. The local Indians continue to use it occasionally for

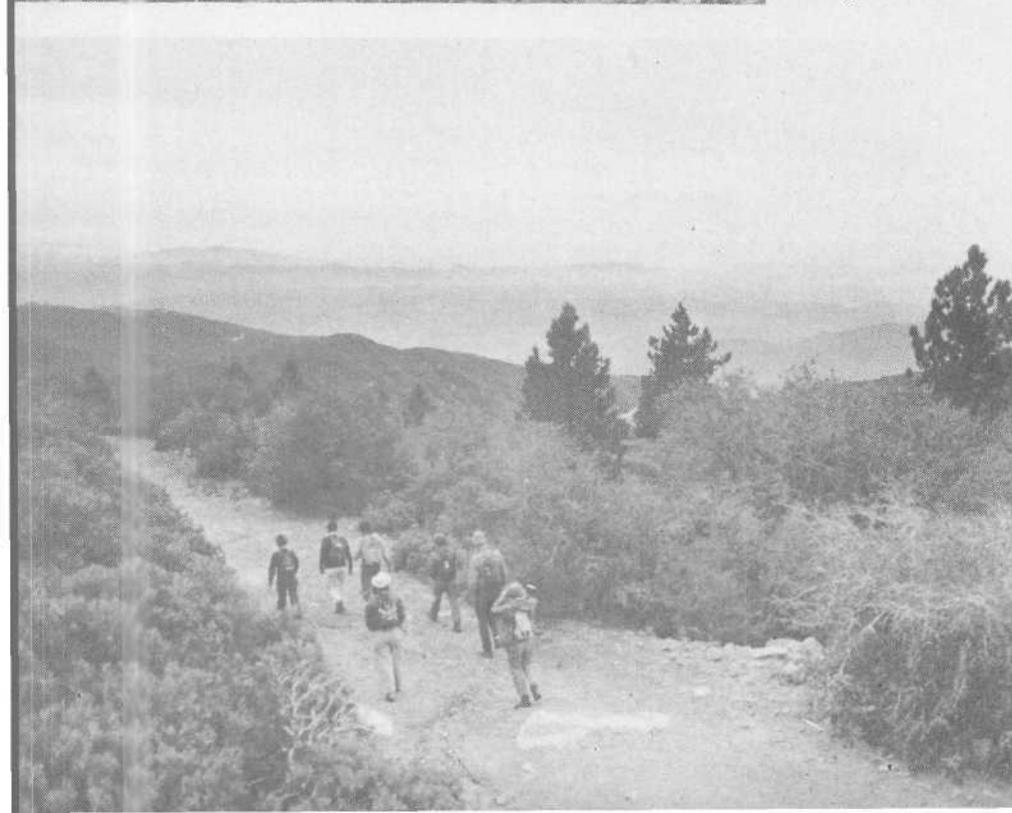
hunting and to cut a few trees for their own use.

In January, 1975, the northern two-thirds (about 18,000 acres) of the primitive area acquired full wilderness status by federal law. This insures that man-made "improvements" shall never in-





*Pine Flat Trail [left] offers easy passage through an otherwise impenetrable thicket of live oak and chaparral. Palomar Divide fire road [below] is no longer maintained, but provides an excellent hiking route.*



trude, and the area will forever remain in its natural state.

To enjoy Agua Tibia as we did, plan to come after the rains of winter or early spring. In the brief periods following storms, the normally tinder-dry canyons and bleached arroyos come alive with the sound of rushing water. Late spring almost guarantees the appearance of myriads of delicate wildflowers.

Wildlife is plentiful here, but covert in its appearance. The list includes western gray squirrels, cottontail and jack rabbits, raccoons, opossums, bobcats, ring-tailed cats, flying squirrels, gray foxes, coyotes, weasels, skunks, badgers, mule deer and mountain lions. The sighting of feral hogs has even been reported! Bird species seen here include golden eagles and four kinds of hawks.

There is but one public access to the wilderness—Dripping Springs Campground located ten miles east of Interstate 15 on California Highway 79 in Riverside County. The campground itself is a delightful place to spend a night (fee \$2 per site) under spreading oaks, sycamores and cottonwoods. Arroyo Seco Creek trickles alongside. The elevation here is 1600 feet.

There are seasonal restrictions on entering the adjacent wilderness. Entry is prohibited during fire closure, which runs from July 1 to the first appreciable rainfall in autumn. Check with the Forest Service beforehand if in doubt.

Prior to entering the wilderness area, you must obtain a "wilderness permit" from the Forest Service ranger station at the entrance to the campground. Since water is generally not available outside the campground, you should pack along a canteen if you plan to hike more than an hour or two. Overnight backpackers should be equipped with a camp stove, since open fires are not allowed in any season.

The wilderness area is entered from the south end of the campground. Here Pine Flat Trail fords Arroyo Seco Creek and immediately begins a switchback ascent leading to the summit of Agua Tibia Mountain on the Palomar Divide. The trail is well-engineered, with grades seldom exceeding ten percent. A mile or so up brings into view Vail Lake in neighboring Rancho California to the north. On clear days, a panorama of Southern California's loftiest mountains—Old Baldy, San Geronio and San Jacinto—

form an impressive backdrop. As you climb, the low brush along the trail gives way to larger shrubs; then, at about three miles, the giant chaparral appears.

Ordinarily, periodic fires sweep across the dry hillsides of Southern California in late summer or early fall, discouraging the growth of mature chaparral. But here, at an elevation of about 3500 feet, there are examples of truly gargantuan-sized shrubs—manzanita and red shanks grown to heights of 20 feet. They represent the equivalent of a "climax forest," unburned and undisturbed for at least a century.

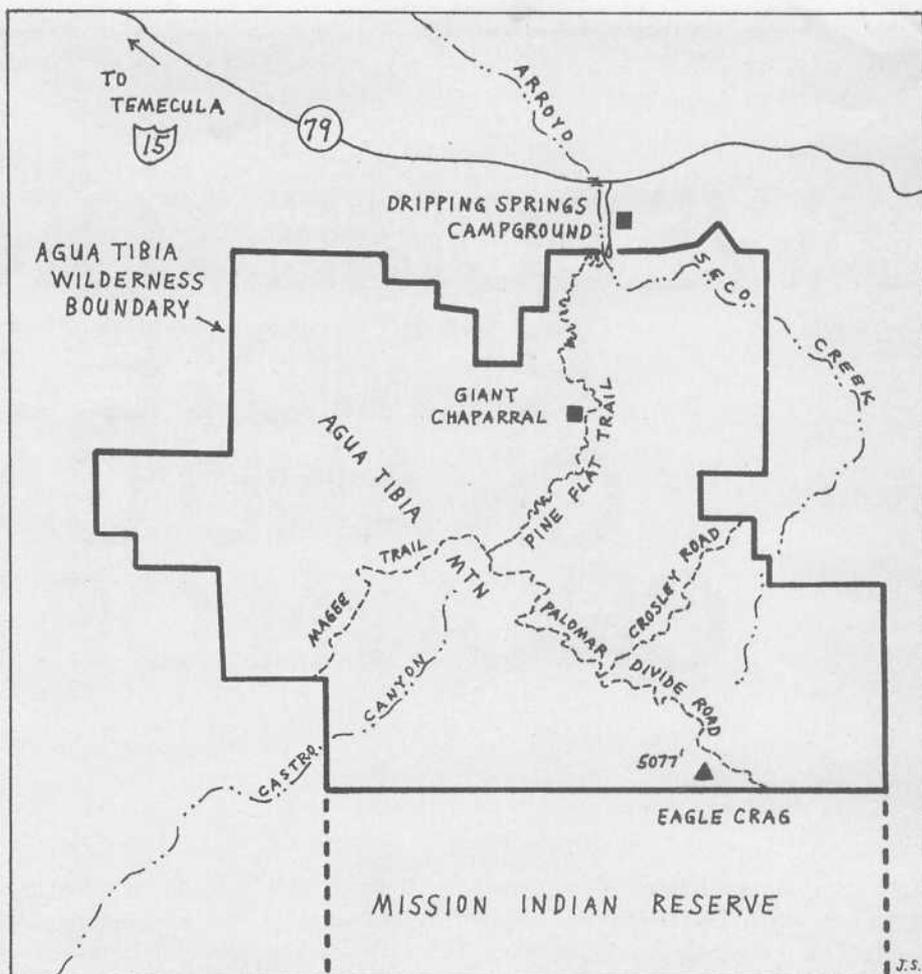
At four miles the trail descends a little, and a view opens up to the southeast. The white dome of the Hale Telescope at Palomar Observatory sparkles on a distant ridge. Again you resume switchbacking, while the scenery changes from chaparral to oak and pine forests.

At trail's end (elevation 4400 ft.), on a saddle atop Agua Tibia Mountain, is the Palomar Divide Road. This former maintained fire road is now abandoned and left for the elements to slowly (and in some cases, rapidly) return it to nature.

A fine view of the mountains and valleys to the south, and the Pacific Ocean to the west, may be had by walking a few hundred feet southeast on the fire road to a point overlooking Castro Canyon. It is approximately six and one-half miles one-way from the trailhead to this viewpoint, probably the farthest any prudent hiker should venture on a one-day outing.

Overnight backpacking, however, opens up the possibility of visiting the most spectacular landmark in the wilderness—the 5077-foot Eagle Crag. To reach this dramatic outcropping, you must continue about four miles southeast on the fire road, then scramble up a timber- and brush-infested slope to the pile of rocks at the top. The register on the summit has recorded only a few visits each year.

The Agua Tibia Wilderness uniquely preserves a vegetative cover that stretched unbroken across Southern California's mountains as little as a century ago. Today there is at least this one parcel of land in which it shall remain. Whether you come for a few hours or a few days, walk two miles or twenty, Agua Tibia has something original to offer you. □





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# AWESOME TOROWEAP REMOTE JEWEL IN GRAND CANYON'S CROWN OF BEAUTY

by **BILL JENNINGS**

**I**N THE entire 277 miles of the Grand Canyon, from Lee's Ferry to Grand Wash, there is only one place where you can drive a passenger car to the brink of the Inner Gorge of the Colorado River and look down 3,000 feet directly to the river, at least from the North Rim.

That place is Toroweap Point in the Tuweep Unit of Grand Canyon National Park, some 70 miles southwest of Fredonia, Arizona. If the official name of the place draws a blank, remember it was the Grand Canyon National Monument until about two years ago.

If that's still a blank, don't worry. You're not alone. In a good year perhaps 1,500 to 2,000 people visit Toroweap, as compared to the several million logged into the better known of the park's attractions, South Rim and North Rim.

For one thing, there's a 65-mile-long washboard dirt road off Arizona State Highway 389 eight miles west of Fredonia on the way to Pipe Spring National Monument and St. George, Utah. That's the best access road!

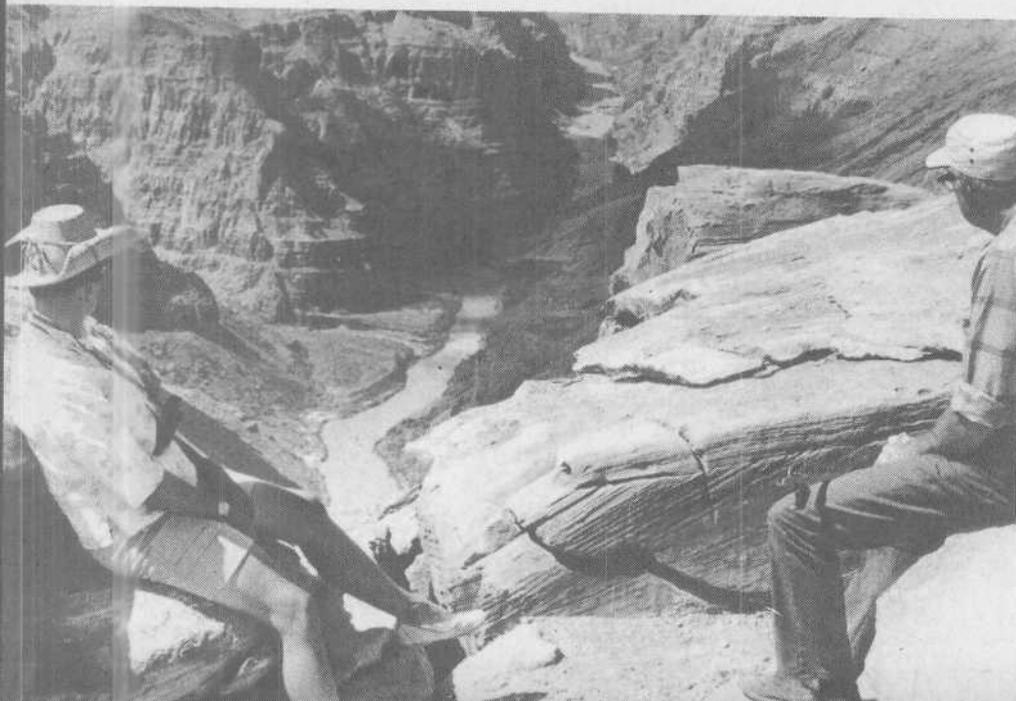
For another, there are no accommodations, only emergency drinking water

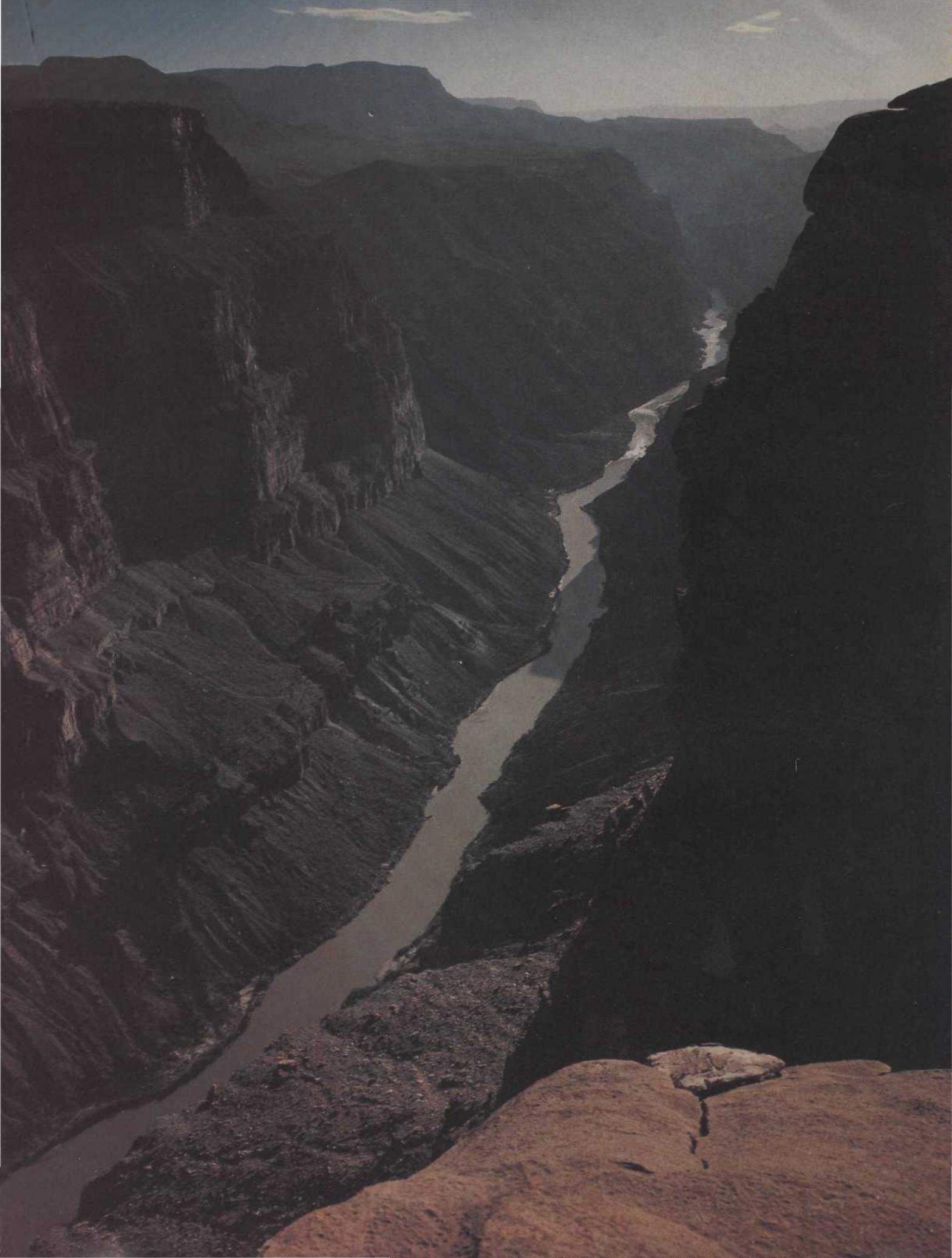
and almost daily thunderstorms are likely to drive campers off the rim during the peak summer vacation season, particularly in July and August.

However, the long trip, the inconvenience and the lack of company add to the spell of Toroweap for many. Remember, if you want to stay in your car right up to the end, it's the only place to gaze into the Inner Gorge and see the River. The only place. And it was still free last summer.

The parking circle at the end of the six-mile track from Tuweep Ranger Station is deceptive. There are two somewhat worn picnic tables, a sign-in register with typewritten sheet explaining the geology and a little of the natural history of the place. If you stop first at the ranger station, Caretaker Ranger John Riffey, a living legend in the National Park Service, gives you a two-page mimeographed handout. Not one of those slick "You are here" maps and trail guides the Park Service favors, just a two-sheet paper that explains how the

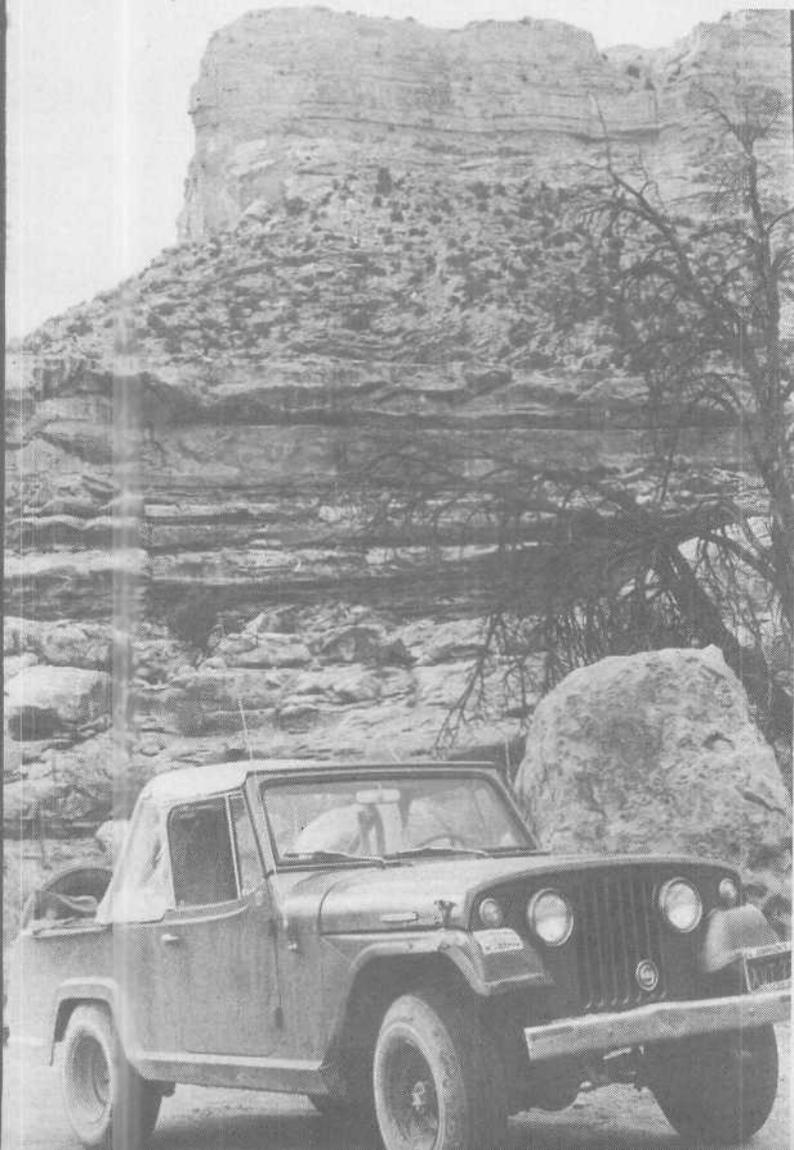
*Mr. and Mrs. John Riffey, the only regular residents of Toroweap-Tuweep Unit of Grand Canyon National Monument, look down on Lava Falls, 3,000 feet below. Worst rapids in Grand Canyon make only a low murmur from this distance, and only when wind is right.*







*Mt. Trumbull sawmill, used briefly in the 1870s, provided huge pine timbers for Mormons' famed Dixie Tabernacle at St. George, Utah, 80 miles away. Site has been preserved by Forest Service and BLM and is often visited by Mormon families in summer.*



*Campgrounds at Toroweap Point on the Colorado River are spartan but just right for many hiker-campers. This is the only place a public road reaches the Inner Gorge in Grand Canyon for more than 180 miles downstream from Lee's Ferry.*

1932-era monument got here and what vast upheavals of nature resulted in the gorge you are about to see and the spectacular rock work around it.

Just getting out of the car doesn't do much for the first-time visitor to Toroweap. Boy, the second time, you're sure ready.

You have to walk maybe 100 feet either south or east to get there. There being the Edge, and for those of you with acrophobia, such as the writer, look out, hang on to your teeth. You are about to be scared right out of your trail boots, jogging shoes, thong sandals or whatever. There it is!

You get a premonition about halfway from the car. You suddenly notice there is a void of some kind just beyond that line of junipers and pinyons, sort of an airy nothingness that stretches about a half mile over to the other side, but you have to get closer.

Many writers have tried to explain that first-time feeling at Toroweap. The only one I know who came close was Francois Leydet in his Sierra Club classic, "Time and the River Flowing: Grand Canyon," published in 1964. He had just completed a dory or skiff trip from Lee's Ferry through to Upper Lake Mead and came back to Toroweap to sort it all out.

The ground beneath his feet turned into 3,000 feet of fragile air, Leydet recalled. My first time, with my acrophobia, fortunately was at night, after a hard day's jeeping up from Grand Wash through the Wolf Hole, lonely, almost abandoned ghost town Mount Trumbull and the loveliness of Nixon Spring. I didn't see the hole in the wall until I woke up next morning. Wisely, I had thrown down my bedroll by the car, sensing but not seeing the abyss just beyond.

Since then, I've been to Toroweap twice, over the past decade, and had the whey scared out of me both times. I'm still trying to get my perfect picture of the river from the rim, but just trying, not succeeding.

The best time to come up on the nothingness, the 3,000 feet of bird flying space out there between Toroweap and the Hualapai Indian Reservation across the river, is during a thunderstorm, which I did the second time.

Then the gasping sound you make involuntarily is punctuated by crashing thunder and you can only occasionally

*Toroweap roadhead eight miles southwest of Fredonia, Arizona. Here the long washboard clay track to the remote Tuweep Unit of Grand Canyon National Park leaves the highway. Road is marked by BLM for Nixon Spring and Mt. Trumbull, but makes no mention of the park.*

see the blank space in the strata of hard rock, much of it limestone, and the more recent lava, lit by the brilliant momentary flash of lightning.

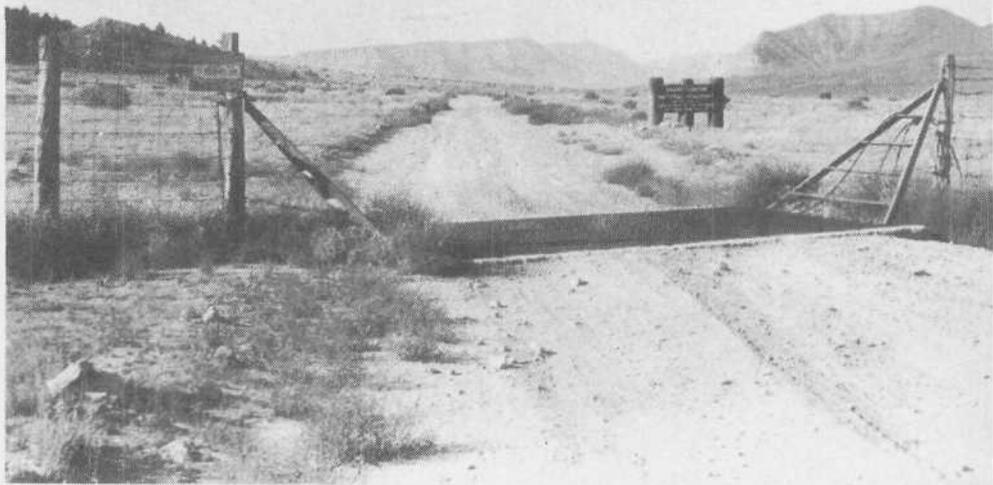
They say there is another way. Take a dory or one of those huge aquatic blimps of rubber liferafts down the river and camp at Toroweap Beach, just before the bottom drops out at Lava Falls. On a scale of 1-10, Lava generally rates 11-plus to many river runners. That's why Riffey scratched a sort of trail from Vulcan's Throne down the lava slide to the river so faint-hearted river visitors can climb out to his little airstrip and safety.

Few do, but it must be comforting to know there is a way out of the gorge just before the meanest rapids of them all.

Riffey is a legend in the park service because of his tenure at Tuweep, reportedly a longevity record. Zeke Johnson, who was the first custodian at Natural Bridges National Monument, 250 miles to the northeast near Blanding, Utah, served from 1916 to 1948, much of the time for \$1 a month. Riffey, however, equalled his mark some years back, before the 1932-established Grand Canyon National Monument was merged into the Grand Canyon National Park, and he expects to retire from Tuweep in a few years.

We missed Riffey this trip. His wife (a professor of biology at Western Washington State University at Bellingham) said he had taken a tire up to Fredonia for repair and was due back that night. We left very early the next morning, for the two-day run home by way of Kanab, the North Rim, House Rock Valley and Flagstaff. We didn't see him at daylight when we drove out past the comfortable sandstone house that is both ranger station and home for the Riffeys up the valley from the point.

*Believe it or not, this is Aimee Semple McPherson's Tuweep Valley temple, an annex of the famed evangelist's Los Angeles headquarters of the 1920s. Building was established by a sect of her church and has long been abandoned.*



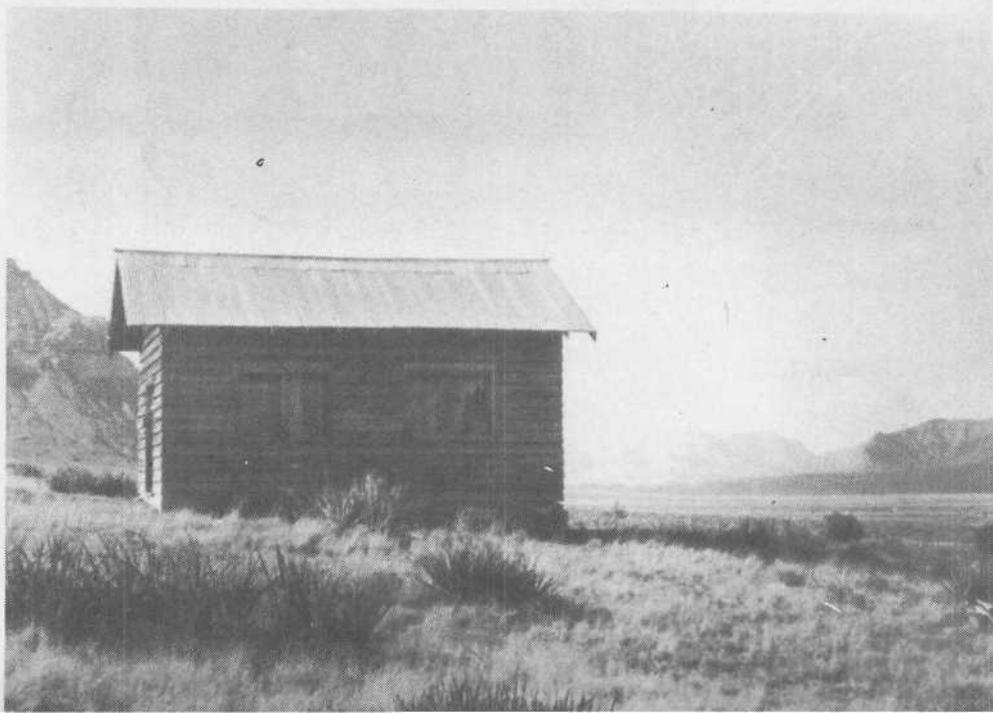
But we'll return in another year or two, this time maybe to stay for a week. We hiked part way down Riffey's trail to the river a few years ago, but turned back when it became a race to see who was going to reach the river first over the duck-marked switchbacks, us or the lava boulders we kicked loose.

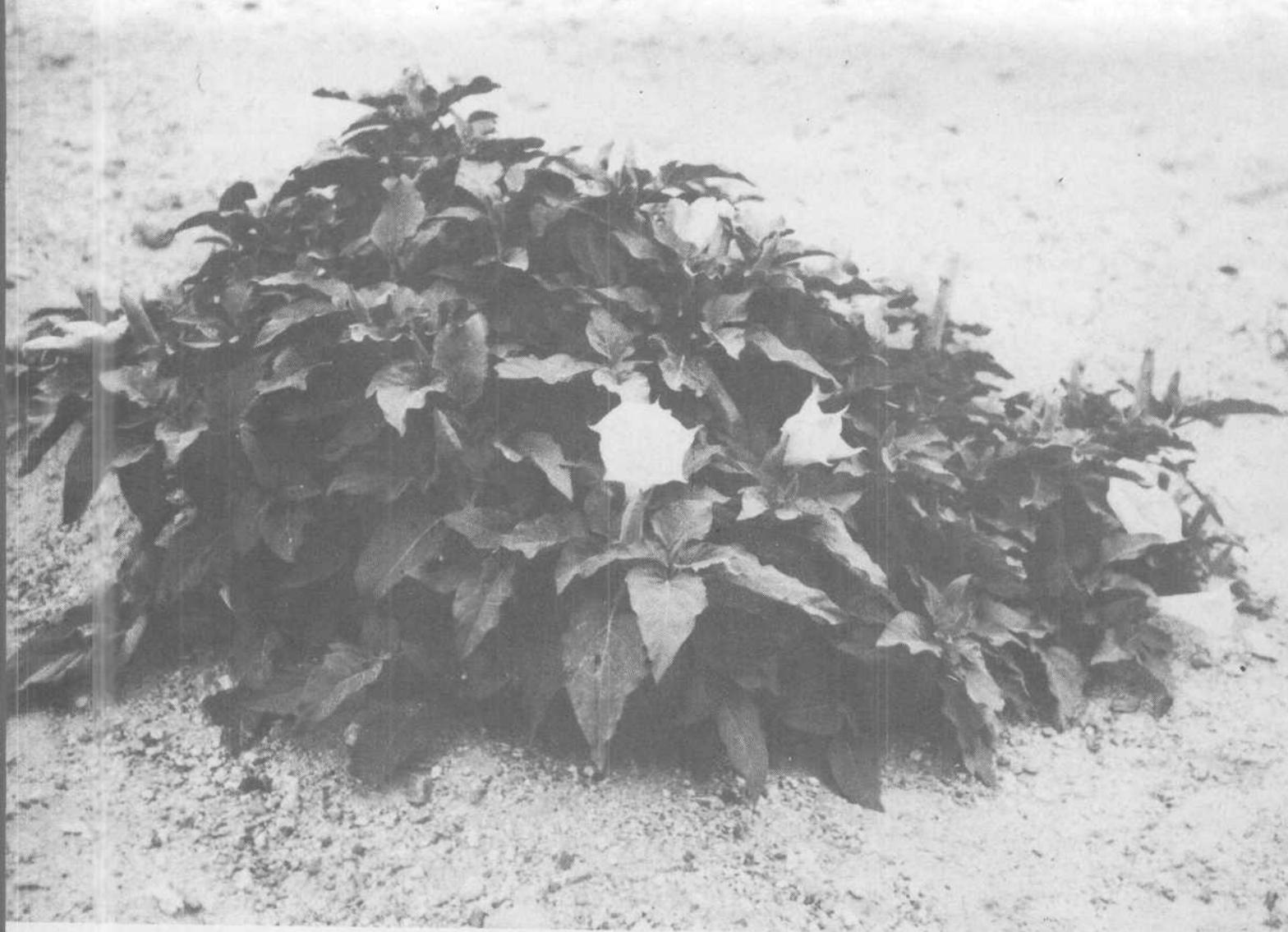
It's still amazing to some that the Park Service doesn't attempt to increase visitation at Toroweap. There is only a Bureau of Land Management sign at the highway showing the way to Nixon Spring and Mount Trumbull, an almost ghost town established by the Mormons nearly a century ago. After you go down

the red clay washboard road a mile or so you can see a small Park Service sign indicating the distance to Tuweep and denoting the change in status from monument to a unit of the huge park.

The changeover was ordered in a Congressional bill four years ago when conservationists became alarmed that the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation might install two or more dams, one in Marble Gorge upstream and another at Bridge Canyon, 25 miles downstream from Toroweap. The bill merged Marble Gorge and Grand Canyon monuments with the main park, which had administered them anyway

*Continued on Page 39*





# JIMSON WEED

by RON SCOGIN

HERE ARE only two widely naturalized plants occurring in the southwestern desert and adjacent chaparral which are dangerously poisonous. Both of these plants are members of the potato family — a group of plants well-known for their poisonous constituents.

One of these dangerous plants is the tree tobacco, *Nicotiana glauca*, a tall, leggy shrub recognized by its tubular yellow flowers which are abundant in the

spring and summer. The tree tobacco is not actually native to the American Southwest but was introduced from South America and has found it so hospitable here that this plant is now very commonly seen in disturbed areas.

The other poisonous plant is considerably more dangerous and the object of our story; it is the native jimson weed, known scientifically as *Datura meteloides*. This plant and its relatives have been used by man for hundreds of years for both the noblest and basest of motives. Its constituents have been utilized to relieve pain during primitive surgery and the setting of broken bones, to intoxicate users and yield hallucinations enhancing communications with gods and spirits and to stupefy the intended victims of thieves and assassins. The plant and its constituents were the same — only the motives of the user and the dosage applied varied.

Our native jimson weed is one of about 15 species of this plant group which are found world-wide in warm temperate

regions. Wherever these plants are found they have been universally utilized by ancient peoples for one purpose or another. Two species of *Datura* are found in our American Southwest. *Datura meteloides* is a native here, probably originating in Central America and migrating naturally through Mexico and into America. *Datura stramonium*, very similar in appearance and also commonly known as jimson weed, probably originated in Central Asia but has been carried worldwide by the activities of man — frequently as seed in the soil ballast of early sailing ships.

Both species of jimson weed are indeed weedy plants, usually found along roadsides and in other areas such as fields or pastures disturbed by the activities of man. They are sprawling shrubs, one to three feet tall. The leaves are large and emit a rank, heavy odor, especially when crushed or bruised; hence, one of the common names for this plant, the stinkweed. Numerous large, showy, tubular, pure white flowers ornament the plant during the summer. By late summer the flowers are replaced by a spiny fruit the size of a small apple and containing numerous small, disc-shaped seeds. The spiny armament of the fruit gives this plant yet another of its several common names, the thornapple.

The most commonly used popular name for *Datura* plants is "jimson weed," which is a corruption of the name "Jamestown weed." This name derives from an incident in our nation's early history in which British soldiers were sent to Jamestown, Virginia in 1676 to quell a riot known as Bacon's Rebellion. The soldiers were poorly provisioned and due to lack of food many ate a leafy potheb which is commonly found in the Jamestown area. The plant was an Eastern relative of our jimson weed and many of the soldiers became deathly ill and others exhibited very strange, aberrant behaviors. These soldiers discovered anew the fact, known for hundreds of years to native American Indians, of the potent chemicals contained in this plant.

The jimson weed, like many of its relatives in the potato family including potato, tomato, eggplant, tobacco and many others, are very rich in powerful chemicals known as alkaloids. These compounds are present in all parts of the jimson weed, but especially concentrated in the seeds and leaves. Through

the centuries primitive people have used the jimson weed and its close relatives to produce concoctions for various religious, medical, recreational and violent activities.

The Aztecs of Mexico used jimson weed, known to them as "ololiuhqui" or "the magic plant," to prepare drinks used by priests and medicine men during ceremonials to aid them in communication with their gods or to help diagnose a particular medical problem. The seeds were considered sacred and sacrifices were made to them. The Incas in Peru made a preparation of the plant which was given by their ancient surgeons to numb patients before minor surgery or, by giving stronger doses, to render them comatose for several days of post-operative recovery. Another ancient Peruvian Indian tribe (the Chibachas) put the plant to a different purpose, using it to induce a stupor in women or slaves who were then buried alive with their deceased husband or master. Relatives of the jimson weed have been used for centuries in India by thieves and assassins to produce insensibility in their intended victims; while in Turkey, poorer natives smoke the leaves of this plant rather than the much more expensive opium and with somewhat similar results.

In our Southwest there was widespread knowledge and use of *Datura*, known to the Indians as "toloache." They used bruised leaves and roots mixed with water to produce a pain-relieving, narcotic (sleep-inducing) drink and a recreational intoxicant, the effect depending on dosage. Poultices of mashed leaves were applied to burns, bruises, cuts and wounds to relieve pain and an ointment was prepared by combining mashed seeds and grease to be applied to sores, boils and swellings. Sixteenth century Europeans and early southwestern pioneers would smoke *Datura* leaves or, for children, inhale the smoke of burning leaves as a cure for bronchial asthma because the alkaloids effectively reduced bronchial spasms. This practice occasionally came to grief because the amounts applied were imprecise and poisoning of small children sometimes occurred.

The powerful poisonous principles in jimson weed are now well known chemically and still widely used in purified chemical form as an antispasmodic

agent, an anodyne (pain reliever) and a narcotic (depressant and sleep inducer), but are now used in precisely measured dosages.

An unusual pattern of poisoning is noted in *Datura* in that more humans, unfortunately usually children, are reported poisoned each year by this plant than are livestock; the reverse is the usual case in plant poisoning. Livestock finds this plant generally distasteful due to the high alkaloid content of about one-half percent of the plant weight and will eat it only in the absence of other suitable forage. A few leaves or several seeds contain sufficient alkaloid to poison a small child. Numerous cases are reported of the poisoning of children drinking the nectar of the showy, white flowers, eating the seed or making "tea" from the leaves. Families spending much time in the desert would do well to teach their children at an early age to recognize and avoid jimson weed.

Once ingested the poisoning syndrome is first expressed as intense thirst and disturbance of vision (due to great dilation of the pupil of the eye). This is followed by a red, flushed appearance to the skin, a rapid pulse and weak heartbeat. The victim may become delirious and incoherent, hallucinate and may experience convulsions and become comatose. The precise effects of the poison are highly variable depending on the plant part eaten, the amount ingested, the size of the victim and other factors. Appropriate treatment for a victim is to induce vomiting with salt water or syrup of ipecac and seek immediate medical aid.

The physiological action of the alkaloids in jimson weed is so potent that the pupils of the eyes may become dilated simply by rubbing the eyes after handling the leaves of this plant. The alkaloids of *Datura* are, in fact, precisely the compounds, prepared in carefully measured, pure form, which are used by ophthalmologists to dilate the pupil during routine eye examinations. These compounds are also one of the few known antidotes for debilitating nerve gases developed for military use.

When you see the jimson weed along desert roadsides, treat it with the respect it deserves and marvel as well at the variety of uses to which the ingenuity of the human mind has put its powerful constituents. □

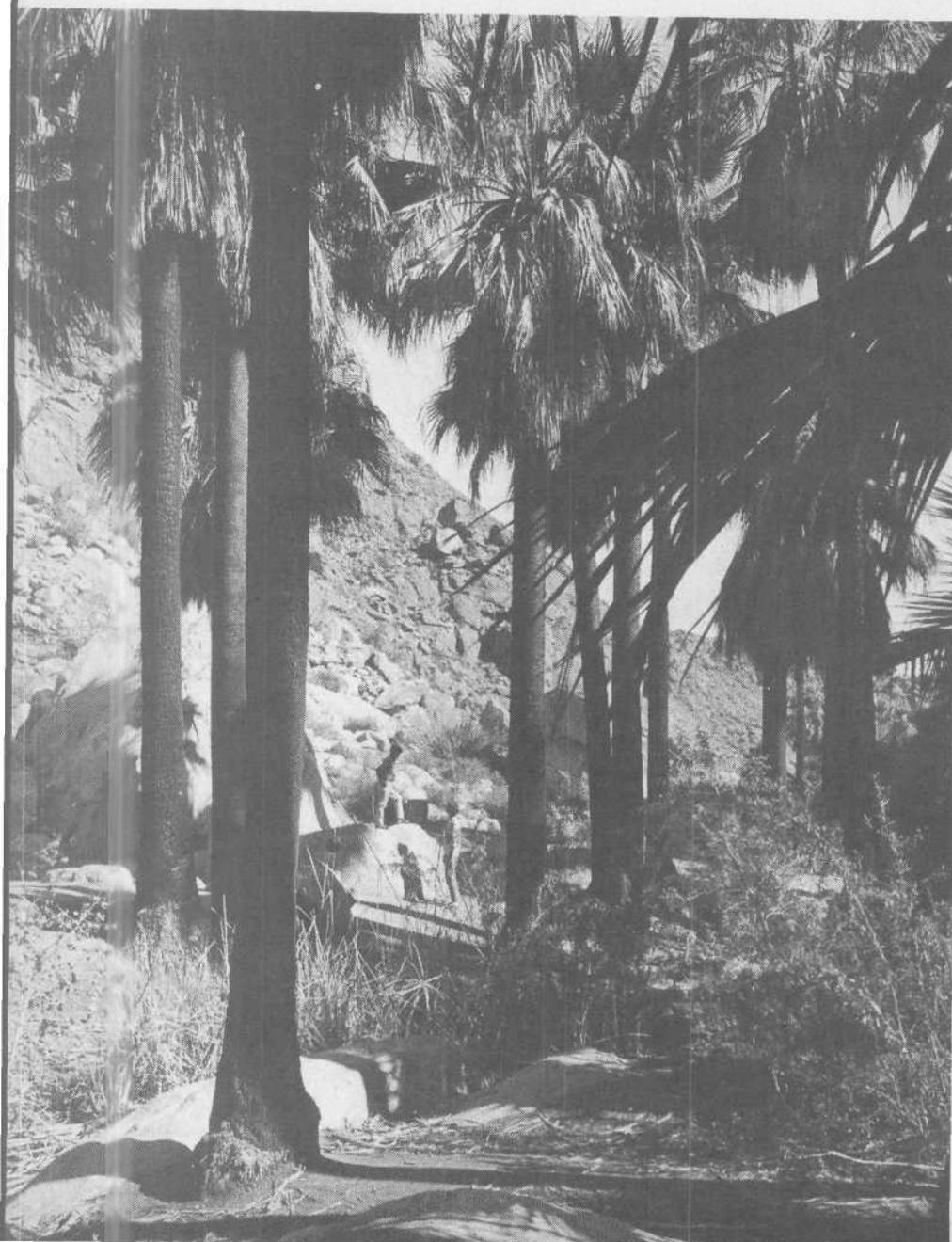
# Borrego Palm Canyon

by DICK BLOOMQUIST

**B**ORREGO PALM CANYON, under the sign of the Indianhead—a jagged peak immediately to the north—is the third largest palm oasis in California. Although we'll be exploring only the first grove, which totals some 245 trees, the entire canyon probably holds between 800 and 1000 Washingtonias in five or six separate clusters.

Palm Canyon near Palm Springs (*Desert*, April, 1977) reigns supreme in numbers of trees, with over 3000. Nearby Murray Canyon (*Desert*, March 1977), with at least 1000, is the crown prince. The only threats at present to Borrego Palm's position as number three are Andreas Canyon (*Desert*, March 1977) and Thousand Palms. Andreas contains close to 700 Washingtonias in the portion open to the public; the upper canyon is closed to entry, but I have viewed it from a distance and doubt that the grand total for this oasis equals Borrego Palm's. Privately owned Thousand Palms in the Indio Hills has at least 700 trees.

A self-guiding nature trail one and one-half miles long lead to the first grove from a parking lot adjoining the state park's Borrego Palm Canyon Campground. It's an easy hike and one that provides much information on the plant life of the desert, for the trail folder identifies several of the wide-ranging species we've already encountered elsewhere; catsclaw, cheesebush, creosote, desert willow, mesquite, ocotillo, desert lavender, ironwood and others. On numbered post along the route calls attention to several shallow Indian grinding holes in



granite; near the base of the outcrop I saw a fragment of reddish pottery. Many kinds of birds occupy the gorge seasonally or year round, and as I walked along I noted a Wilson's warbler as well as an occasional thrasher.

The broad canyon gradually narrows, Borrego Valley fades from view, and the rough, rust-colored walls of the San Ysidro ("Saint Isidore") Mountains enclose the hiker. Soon the first palms appear—three small ones just below a knot of gigantic boulders. On my last visit a waterfall dropped over these rocks, but earlier this section of the creek bed had been dry, no water appearing until the edge of the main grove was reached. Not far beyond the fall, the palms begin in earnest, accompanied by arrow-weed, willows and scattered sycamores. At one time a length of rusted pipe could be seen here, perhaps a relic of cattle-ranching days or of the state

#### MILEAGE LOG

- 0.0 Christmas Circle in Borrego Springs. Drive west toward Anza-Borrego Desert State Park headquarters on Palm Canyon Drive.
- 1.5 Enter Anza-Borrego Desert State Park.
- 3.4 Road ends at parking lot. From here it is one and one-half miles by trail to Borrego Palm Canyon oasis. Elevation at palms 1200 feet.

park's Civilian Conservation Corps years. Before the park's establishment in 1933, cattle camps were sometimes set up at the mouth of Borrego Palm Canyon.

This first grove consists of approximately 245 trees, the tallest of which push luxuriant crowns 35 to 40 feet into the sky. Fire has struck almost all the Washingtonias, scorching their fibrous trunks. At the upper end of the oasis the palms spread out from the creek, forming an attractive little forest free of undergrowth. Water running over the rocks and the aroma of vegetation add to the charm of this idyllic retreat.

With Borrego Palm Canyon we say goodbye to the northern reaches of the Anza-Borrego Desert. We'll be traveling many miles to the south now on the old Southern Emigrant and Butterfield trails to Palm Spring, once an important watering place along these historic routes.

# PALM SPRINGS A LA CARTE

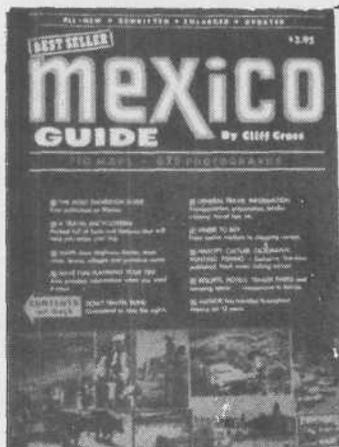
by Jack Delaney

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# "Goodbye God, I'm Going to Bodie!"

by CHARLES R. TALIAFERRO

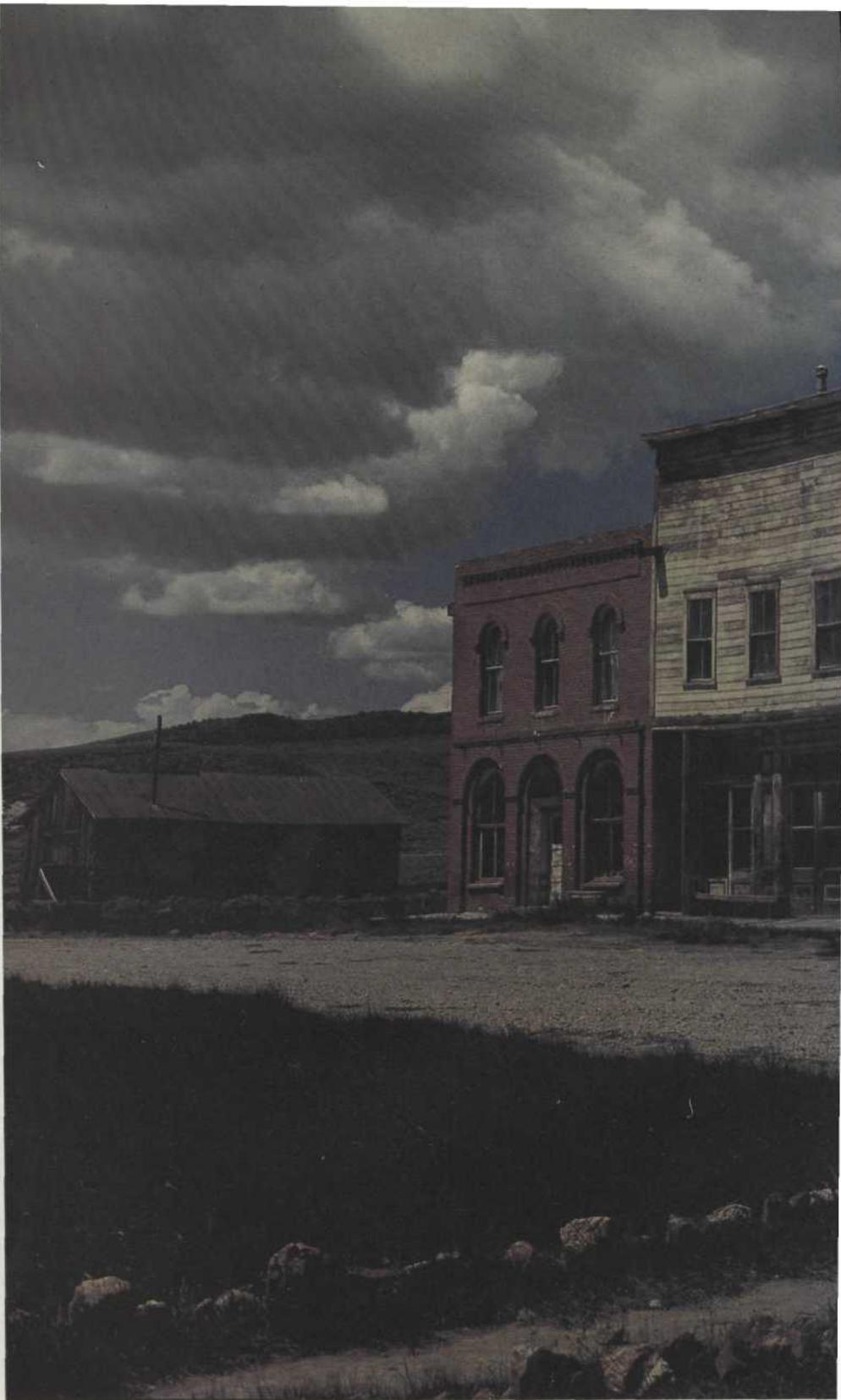
*Bodie street scene.*

*Color photo by  
Neil Zakar, Bishop, Calif.*

**O**UR TITLE is attributed to a little girl whose family was moving from Aurora to Bodie, and concluded her evening's prayer with "Goodbye, God, I'm going to Bodie."

There is no pretense about Bodie being a real ghost town, its ancient buildings teem with history and a redoubtable reputation and tarnished glory.

Bodie is located in Mono County, east of the Sierra-Nevadas, approximately 15 miles from the small community of Lee Vining on Highway 395. You can also get to Bodie by taking a dirt and gravel road several miles south of Bridgeport. Both routes are "wash-board" roads and wind through scenic vistas. You pass relics of headframes and ramshackle



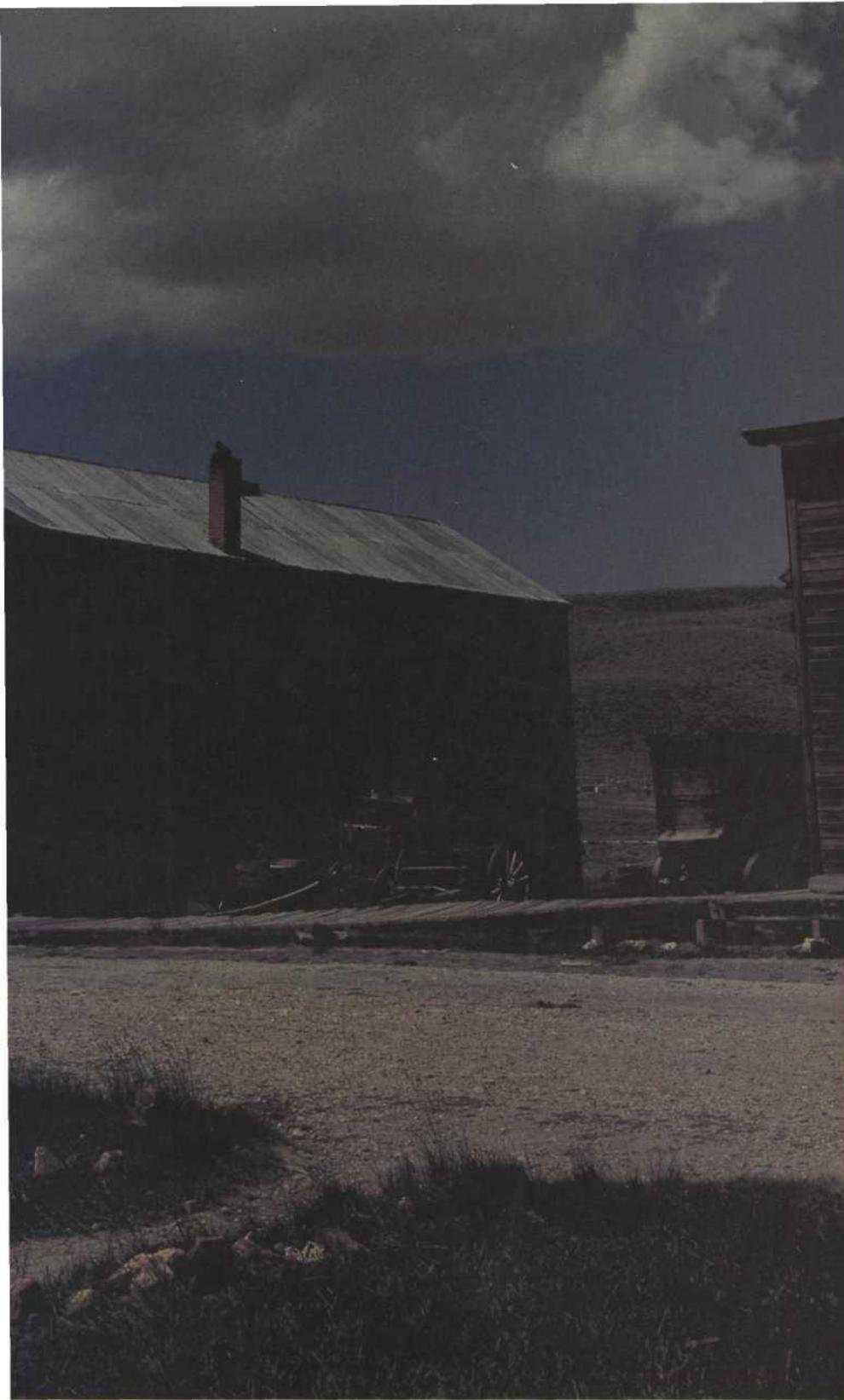
stone shelters, which are best appreciated in the springtime or early summer months.

Bodie is part of the State of California's Park System and its russet and gold wooden buildings are discreetly maintained in a conditioned of "arrested decay," while the natural elements slowly but surely take their seasonal toll.

Just before entering Bodie proper,

Main Street is blocked off, as no vehicular traffic is allowed in the town itself. Drive several hundred feet north and east to the spacious parking lot. Here, clean comfort stations are available for the weary traveler.

After walking for a few minutes down a short pathway, you are immediately witness to one of the most astonishing scenarios in the history of the West—a



great bonanza and a great bust! The wooden buildings, resting in an immense arid sink, their false-fronts leaning with their mass, the old boards curled by time and weather, a cornucopia of signboard delights, welcomes your inspection. No smoking is allowed due to the high fire danger inherent with the old wooden buildings.

Along Main Street the creaking

wooden sidewalk takes you past the Miners Union Hall, the Odd Fellows Hall and the classic post office. Long unused streets, paths and alleyways crisscross the town. The venerable facades of the buildings speak of Bodie's unbounded prosperity, while the weeds grow freely around the many scattered artifacts.

The cemetery above Bodie offers a

tour of the past and you can almost hear voices long silenced. The inscriptions, carefully carved in the headstones, bear mute testimony to the violence and passions of Bodie, and varied memories flicker in the silent shadows of flowers placed long ago in remembrance of someone long since gone. On one old headboard I found that line later used in the "Wolfville" stories: "Life ain't in holdin' a good hand but in playin' a pore hand well." In another I found a grave which love had tried to safeguard with a pyramid of stones all undermined by someone seeking treasure under the beloved dust.

For the history buff, Bodie is truly a gold mine (no pun intended). Hardly had the discovery of gold been made in the summer of 1860 before two Californians, James Stark and John Tucker, began buying up claims from the original owners. By the end of 1862, they had been joined by Judge F. K. Bechtel, and the three soon owned most of the major gold-producing claims in the young district.

Additional capital was required for full development, however, and in the early months of 1863 the trio went to California's then Governor Leland Stanford, who emerged in March as president of the Bodie Bluff Consolidated Mining Company and was capitalized for over one million dollars. A further amalgamation took place the following year when a number of mines and claims that had not been picked up by Stark, Tucker and Bechtel in 1863 were absorbed, along with the Bodie Bluff Consolidated, into the Empire Company of New York, capitalized at ten million dollars.

It wasn't until 1877 that the Bodie mines began to pay in quantities sufficient to justify the investments. In that year, the Standard Mine struck an extremely rich vein of gold, and in 1878 uncovered a vein that was assayed at three to four thousand dollars a ton. The lode was found, the bonanza was here!

Bodie became a "boom town." Activity suddenly blossomed, 65 saloons were open for business and were notorious throughout the West. Gunplay was common as disputes were settled in the town's gambling halls. Miners lavished golden nuggets as tips to the infamous madames of Maiden Lane and Virgin Alley. One of the town's newspapers, the *Bodie Standard*, in an editorial com-

menting on the daily violence seen throughout the district said: "There is some irresistible power that impels us to cut and shoot each other to pieces."

Out of this violence came the notorious "bad man from Bodie." History doesn't factually record the existence of this individual, and it isn't even known if he was a single person or a composite of several men. In any case, the "bad man from Bodie" became a legend in its own time and survives to this day. The miners "toiled and wrestled, and lived a fierce, riotous, wearing, fearfully exciting life," one historian wrote.

Bodie can lay claim to the honor of having the first long distance power plant and transmission line terminus in the United States. Although electric power had been developed, up to 1862 it could only be effectively utilized at its source of generation.

The superintendent of the Standard Mine, Thomas Legett, was convinced that electric power could be transmitted by wires to any distance. After months of arguing for his proposal, Legett got the go-ahead to construct a power plant at Green Creek, a half-dozen miles above Bridgeport. The stockholders of the Standard Mine had many reservations about the electric plant and the 13-mile

transmission line to Bodie, and called the grandiose project "Legett's Folly."

Legett had a straight line surveyed from the power plant site to Bodie, and the resultant power transmission line had no angles or curves. At this point of time in the development of electrical power transmission, Legett was afraid that the electricity would fly off into space if the power line wasn't built in a straight line. A telephone line was built alongside the power line for communication between the Standard Mine and the power plant at Green Creek.

The Standard Mill was shut down temporarily and equipped with electric motors and everything needed to convert from steam to this "new" means of power. The stockholders were furious about the expenses and the shut-down of the mill. Thomas Legett knew his idea had better work or his reputation would be ruined.

The switches at the power plant were thrown, the lights slowly came on, and the huge primitive motors hummed to life. Thomas Legett's grand experiment was a brilliant success!

People were coming to Bodie in droves, by horse, mule, wagon, walking and by stagecoach. It was a difficult journey by any means of the day. One news-

paper offered the following list of travel tips for stagecoach passengers:

"The best seat inside a stage is the one next to the driver. Even if you have a tendency to seasickness when riding backwards, you'll get over it and will get less jolts and jostling. Don't let any sly elph trade you his midseat.

"In cold weather don't ride with tight fitting boots, shoes or gloves. When the driver asks you to get off and walk, do so without grumbling. He won't request it unless absolutely necessary. If the team runs away—sit still and take your chances. If you jump, nine out of ten times you will get hurt.

"In very cold weather abstain entirely from liquor when on the road; because you will freeze twice as quickly when under its influence.

"Don't growl at the food received at the station; stage companies generally provide the best they can get. Don't keep the stage waiting. Don't smoke a strong pipe inside the coach—spit on the leeward side. If you have anything to drink in a bottle pass it around. Procure your stimulants before starting as 'ranch' (stage depot) whiskey is not 'nectar.'

"Don't swear or lop over neighbors when sleeping. Take small change to pay



*The cemetery overlooking Bodie is illustrative of the boom and bust ideas of the early mining camps. The mill [to the right] slowly rusts away, and behind can be seen the old slag piles and tailings.*



*Two early-type gas pumps reflect Bodie's final days in the age of the automobile. Discarded mining machinery abounds in the deserted street. In the background is the old school house and the hills surrounding the once boom town.*

expenses. Never shoot on the road as the noise might frighten the horses. Don't discuss politics or religion. Don't point out where murders have been committed if there are any women passengers.

"Don't lag at the wash basin. Don't grease your hair because travel is dusty. Don't imagine for a moment that you are going on a picnic. Expect annoyances, discomfort, and some hardship."

Nevertheless, people kept coming to Bodie; miners, cardsharps, saloon-keepers, men, women and children—all looking for their individual "end of the rainbow."

After several years of glory the valuable pay-dirt started to dwindle. The mines of Bodie were running out of the rich ore, however, and only two mines continued operating past the turn of the century. The boom and bonanza days of Bodie had come to an end. From the miles and miles of dark tunnels beneath Bodie had been drilled, blasted and milled an estimated 21 million dollars in gold, half of this amount supplied by the Standard Mine alone.

Speculators in San Francisco provided grubstakes to prospectors gambling on one long shot after another for the discovery of a second Bodie bonanza, and with every glimmer of possibility a strike

would develop, it was as much the product of wishful thinking as it was the discovery of gold or silver.

These men, hacking, chopping digging and washing; these ungifted amateurs—former law clerks, gentlemen farmers, delivery boys, butchers and blacksmiths—infested the hills surrounding Bodie like ants, each of them determined to fill his own pocket, with no more sophisticated equipment than pan, pick, shovel, sweat and optimism. But the gold had vanished beneath the very primeval earth the prospectors were standing on. Is it really gone? Perhaps deep within some dank shaft or drift, the square-set timbering stands silent vigil over the golden spectrum of nuggets awaiting their eventual discovery by someone. And of these nuggets, in its glittering striations, can be read much of the history of Bodie mining, from dream to civilization. It's over now, the dream-seekers and the empire-builders have gone forever.

Today, Bodie is a living monument to the hopes and dreams of its pioneer miners and their families. The cluster of old buildings will delight the heart of any ghost town buff. While only a faint glimmer of its former self, Bodie's remaining structures all contribute to the

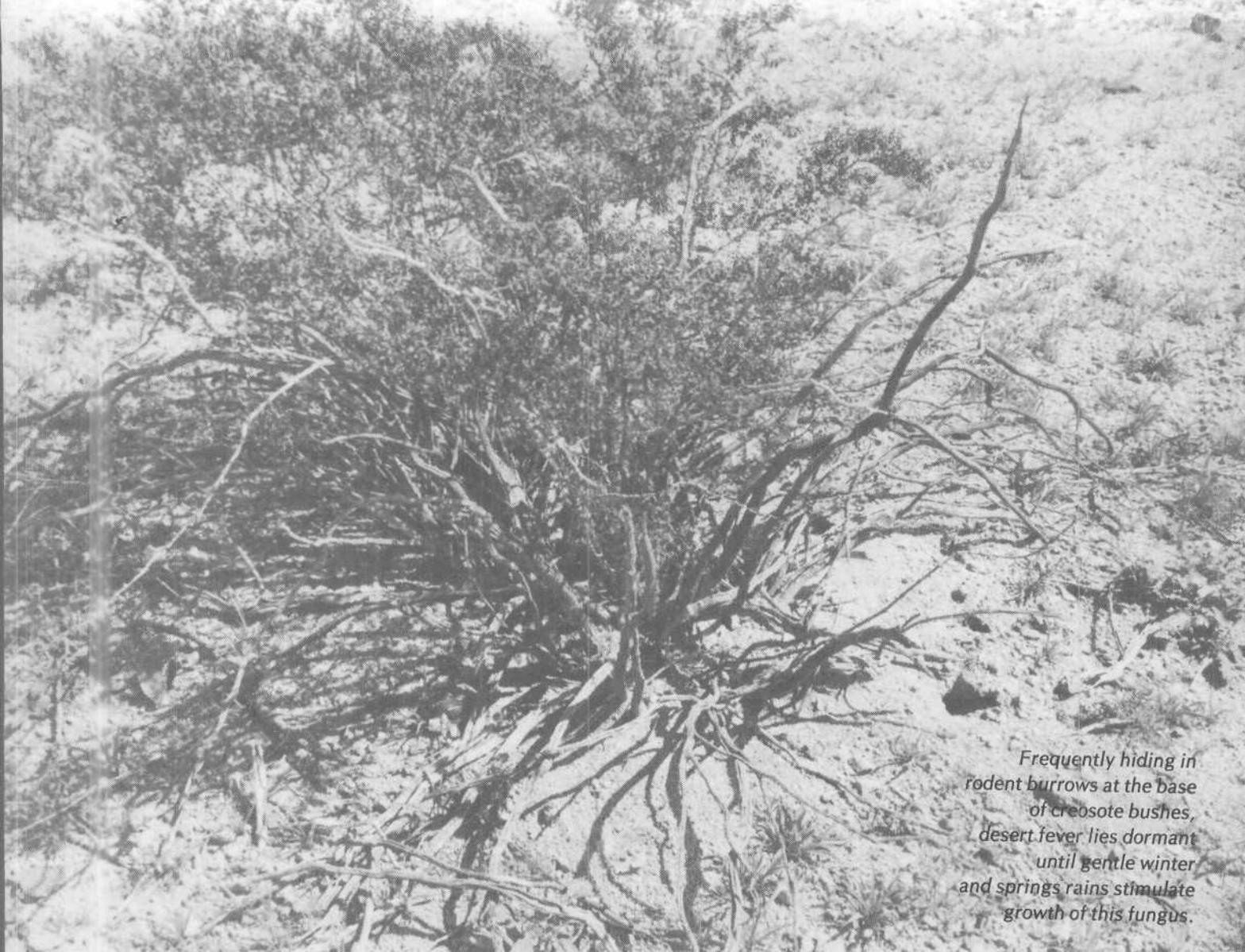
general feeling that here time has stopped, the turmoil is over. What is left is a ghost town with an atmosphere worth sampling.

You won't find, however, any shops or souvenir stands selling bumper-stickers, postcards or phony sarsaparilla drinks. Instead the Park Ranger will give you an informational booklet about Bodie and spare you and your family the feeling of being in a tourist-attraction environment.

Visitors are cautioned in visiting Bodie during the winter months. Drifts of snow 10 to 20 feet deep are not uncommon, and the temperature often drops below zero. During the summer months it's hot and dry, so be certain to have a full tank of gas and plenty of drinking water. You can make the trip to Bodie in an ordinary passenger car, but for side trips, often a four-wheel-drive vehicle is required.

The unimproved roads to Bodie are studded with picturesque remnants of long ago mining operations. The crumbling remains of someone's wind-blown shack or stone shelter, the dark entrances of old mines beckons the foolhardy and adventurous few. But under no circumstances enter the underground labyrinth of these ancient shafts and tunnels. The supporting timbers are rotten

*Continued on Page 38*



Frequently hiding in rodent burrows at the base of creosote bushes, desert fever lies dormant until gentle winter and springs rains stimulate growth of this fungus.

# Desert Fever Fungus

by JON SERING

**T**HE GENTLE rains of winter and spring are often looked upon as a re-birth of the desert. After the initial intoxicating wet odors of the creosote bush fade, wildflowers begin to cover sand dunes, washes and *Bajadas* with a profusion of color. In the joys of excess, birds, rodents, and reptiles feed on the now abundant plant life.

But lurking at the base of the creosote and lying seemingly in wait in rodent burrows for the warmth of the sun, a desert danger awakens. Unseen by the naked eye, *Coccidioides immitis* is no longer dormant.

*Coccidioides immitis*, or Cocci (pronounced "coxy") for short, is neither poisonous snake nor deadly scorpion. It is a fungus found in the arid soil of the

Southwest which causes the disease *Coccidioidomycosis*, more commonly known as Valley or Desert Fever.

Desert Fever is found in California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and northern Mexico. Besides being commonly found near creosote bushes and around rodent holes, Cocci is also associated in conjunction with ancient Indian burial sites. It is so prevalent, in fact, that Cocci has become an occupational hazard for archaeologists.

The conditions most favorable for Cocci include elevations below 5,000 feet and hot weather following a rainy season (5-20 inches of annual rainfall). Simply put: the Desert Southwest.

Cocci must be inhaled into the lungs to cause Desert Fever. Therefore, it is not a

contagious disease which can be transmitted from person to person. Dust storms can carry the tiny spores hundreds of miles from the endemic area. But even road construction, off-road activity, or a child digging in the dirt can release the spores.

Over 30,000 cases of Desert Fever were reported in the United States in 1976, but this figure is suspect. The majority of people afflicted with Desert Fever may never know they had the disease. And others simply had flu-like symptoms and got well without medical help. Fortunately, it seems that once a person has contracted Desert Fever they are immune to future illness.

Yet, while the majority of people infected by Cocci have either minor or no

symptoms, there are every year several severe cases. So severe, that death occurs due to meningitis or pneumonia.

The first symptoms usually occur one to two weeks after infection. A fever will develop along with headache and possible nausea. Resembling the flu, Cocci, if mis-diagnosed, can be mistaken for pneumonia or tuberculosis. Also resembling mononucleosis, the person afflicted experiences extreme fatigue.

Children with the illness are easy to diagnose, normally. Dr. Hans Einstein, a Tucson, Arizona physician, states, "If a child has a headache, fever, and a rash on the palms of his hands and on his lower extremities, he's got it!" Fortunately, children are rarely seriously affected by the disease.

The danger in adults lies in failure or reluctance to be treated medically. If Cocci spreads from the lungs to other parts of the body, incurable spinal meningitis may result.

So what can one do to prevent getting Desert Fever? At this time, other than completely avoiding the desert, there is no prevention. Some studies are being conducted to see if endemic areas can be sprayed with Cocci-killing chemicals from the air. But then there is the yet unanswered question as to how this would affect the environment. There is also presently work on a vaccine, which appears promising.

Additionally, studies are being conducted to determine which specific areas of the desert contain Cocci. The Bureau of Land Management has contracted with Dr. Chester Leathers, a microbiologist from Arizona State University, to study portions of the California Desert for the presence of the fungus. After this study is completed, Cocci's growth in the desert soils and its spread should be better understood.

But in the interim, there is no need to move or vacation in Hawaii, Alaska, or even New York City. If Desert Fever is suspected, consult your doctor and request a skin test. If recognized in its early stages, Cocci can be controlled. Over 90 percent of the patients treated for this disease recover completely.

If you're still not convinced that the desert is safe, then take the family down to the ocean to lay on the beach, soak up the sun, and build sand castles. But guess what you can find *there* . . . ?



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*Old wagon wheels and wooden frame buildings typify the historic California gold rush ghost town of Bodie.*

**BODIE**

*Continued from Page 35*

and the shafts are unsafe and dangerous. There is no warning when a shaft collapses and the danger is real and ever-present.

The best route to Bodie is via the Cottonwood Canyon Road just above unusual Mono Lake. It follows the contours of the land and you can observe many of nature's acts of handiwork in the geological formations and cleaving of the earth's surface. During inclement weather, inquire locally at either Lee Vining or Bridgeport before venturing onto these remote roads, because conditions can change from one day to the next.

While camping and RV facilities are not available at Bodie itself, campgrounds (both public and private resorts) are located all along Highway 395, as well as excellent restaurants and motel accommodations in Lee Vining and Bridgeport. Maps, showing routes to Bodie, are available at local service stations. Gift shops in both towns have books, maps and pamphlets for sale on the history of Bodie and the surrounding area.

From its former self, Bodie is dead. The clamoring population is gone, buildings and streets have become weed-grown, the mine buildings and machinery rusting, the ambitious architecture left to the vagaries of the wind. Bodie is a tribute to the power of optimism.

As you walk the streets of Bodie, pause for a brief moment; it's very quiet, but if you listen very carefully—you may even be able to hear the shouts and the laughter of those wild and unrestrained years when gold was king and there was the *humbug of hope*.

Bodie is an obituary for mining towns and camps throughout the West that are no more.

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## AWESOME TOROWEAP

Continued from Page 27

There is still some demand for the Bridge Canyon site, both by federal and engineers and the Hualapai Indians, who own the land on the south side of the river at that location. There is a road to the river from old U.S. 66 to Bridge Canyon and the Indians conduct two-day float trips from there to Pierce Ferry at the head of Lake Mead.

Access to the river from the north or the Arizona Strip side is difficult, except by Riffey's trail and another switchback track downstream at Whitmore Wash. You can reach the river beach by car in Grand Wash, south of Mesquite, Nevada, nearly 75 miles downstream, but the Grand Wash Cliffs are considered the western boundary of Grand Canyon so that route doesn't threaten Tuweep-Toroweap Valley's status as the only north side road access in the canyon proper.

In his interesting off-road travel guide, "Grand Canyon Jeep Trails," author Roger Mitchell lists eight jeep-quality tracks in the strip, from Grand Wash east to Whitmore Point. All lead from Interstate 15 at either Riverside or Mesquite, Nevada. You can also reach this region over reasonably good graded dirt roads directly from St. George, Utah, Colorado City, Arizona, and Fredonia, but none of these routes are passable comfortably during the frequent thunderstorms in July or August or during the infrequent snow and rainstorms of winter.

Riffey saves up his accumulated holidays and days off and spends the Christmas holiday season with his wife in Bellingham, flying out from his little dirt strip near the ranger station. She spends her summer free time at Tuweep and presumably still functions as cook and/or tour guide for river float trips. They have a somewhat unusual but highly satisfying homelife as a result.

Our most recent trip, made in August, indicated few if any changes thus far with direct National Park status for the lonely outpost at the lower end of Tuweep Valley. Riffey is still custodian, ranger, grader operator, trash can dumper and a gregarious host for those lucky enough to talk with him at the overlook.

It is doubtful much change will occur, due to the high cost of road improvement and the difficulty of sustaining improved campgrounds at the point. Riffey still provides emergency water for campers careless enough to forget to bring any, or motorists whose radiators rebel against the steep, dusty grades. You also should bring your own campfire wood, and a tent at least, because those storms can be something else.

This year, however, Mrs. Riffey told us, there had been no rain from April on, at least at Tuweep, and the country showed it. The cattle stockpounds on BLM grazing leases in Mainstreet and Tuweep valleys were still wet, however.

The best time to visit Toroweap is in the early summer or perhaps after August 15 until mid-September. If you have time, take the Mt. Trumbull-Nixon Springs side trip either in or out. Nixon Springs is the center of a tiny enclave of the Kaibab National Forest, isolated from the North and South rim districts of this huge pine forest.

Here are a number of successfully introduced wild turkeys, a small but thriving deer herd and a real historic spot in Mormon history. The spring was

the site of a water-powered sawmill built in 1871-1877 to provide pine timbers for the beautiful "Dixie" tabernacle at St. George, 80 miles to the northwest. The Mt. Trumbull millsite is marked with a joint Forest-Service-BLM sign and adjoins the only reliable spring on the entire strip, a good place to stock up if you plan to camp anywhere else.

Mount Trumbull, better known as Bundyville, is now generally deserted except in summer and is marked only by road signs and a gradually fading one-room schoolhouse at the main intersection. From there north the St. George Road ascends the Mainstreet Valley and goes through the Wolf Hole, site of an old ranch and near an interesting stand of perhaps hybrid oak trees that are listed among Arizona's many official natural landmarks. A branch road from Wolf Hole by way of Mud Mountain will bring you to the freeway at Mesquite but this is strictly a heavy-duty vehicle route, as the writer learned several years ago.

Lonely Toroweap is the crown in the very interesting diadem of scenic and manmade wonders of the Arizona Strip, and well worth the long rough trip getting there. □

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# What's Cooking on the Desert?

by STELLA HUGHES

## Vinegar Cobbler!

HOW LONG has it been since you tasted Vinegar Cobbler? Or eaten a piece of "pieplant" pie? Or sweet potato, prune, raisin or dried apple pie? Or even a tallow pudding? Or for that matter, did you ever?

Even the names of these simple desserts from out of the past bring sighs of nostalgia from old-timers. They have fond recollections of the simple life when the pioneer cooks did the best they could with what they had.

At the turn of the century ranch dwellers never knew what it was to have iceboxes, and ranch kitchens went for weeks and even months without a supply of green leafy vegetables, fresh fruit or berries. Only when gardens were in production and fruit ripe at harvest time would tables be graced with desserts made from anything other than dried or home canned fruit.

During roundup, the cowboys out on the range never saw a green vegetable (unless an onion sprouted). Eggs were as scarce as hen's teeth, and with thousands of cows roaming the hills, fresh milk wasn't even thought of. Besides canned milk, tomatoes and corn, outfits held canned goods at a minimum and seldom had anything but dehydrated fruit for dessert. Dried apples were the most popular—with peaches, apricots, prunes and raisins being used by most cooks.

In the warm Southwest, the ultimate in refrigeration in the winter time was the screen porch, and in the summertime a desert cooler was used. This was a simple frame box with open sides and set on four legs. The box was covered with burlap and on top set a 20-gallon water can, with nail holes in the bottom, allowing the water to drip slowly onto the sacking, thereby creating coolness by evaporation. Shelves made of screen or chicken wire were built inside for holding food. The legs of the cooler rested in water-filled cans to discourage ants. This contraption, when set in the shade where all available breezes could reach it,

would keep butter, eggs, fresh vegetables and fruits very well until used.

All the old recipes that were enjoyed in the good old days are making a comeback. And why not? Just because we can have strawberry shortcake every month of the year, ice cream every day, fresh pineapple, bananas and other exotic fruits from all over the world, doesn't mean the old favorites weren't derved good eating.

I ate my first vinegar cobbler at the roundup camp of a northern Arizona ranch back in the early 1930s. I noticed the cowboys lapped up the last gooey morsel, and gave the dour old cook high praise. One even went so far as to swear his dear old mother couldn't have done any better.

Thirty years later I acquired the recipe from Bessie Filleman of Eagle Creek, Arizona. At the annual Cattle Growers meetings, Bessie never failed to make a big bread pan of vinegar cobbler. All the old-timers kept a watchful eye on the cobbler, and warned the young fry (anyone under 45) to keep their cotton-pickin' hands off until they's gotten first dibs.

### BESSIE'S VINEGAR COBBLER

- 4 Cups sugar
- 2½ cups water
- ¾ cup vinegar (cider or white)
- ¼ pound butter
- nutmeg to suit

Put all ingredients in pan you are going to bake in, or use a Dutch oven. Let mixture boil while you make your favorite pie dough. But, if you are a slow piedough maker, don't let vinegar solution boil more than ten minutes. Rollout dough thin, and cut in strips. Crisscross on top of hot vinegar solution. The strips of dough will sink, but don't fret, they soon float to the top. Put in oven at once and bake at medium heat until brown. It should take about a half hour. Funny thing, but when cobbler is done the gooey stuff thickens, and the whole mess is down-right larrupin'. If you don't think so, just try it.

Holloway Jones, a former Texan, once cooked for the Double Circles on Eagle Creek in Greenlee County, Arizona. Jones was onery, dirty and mean, but could make pies that were the best ever eaten. He was a real pie artist, and could make delectable concoctions from the most unlikely materials. He made sweet potato pie that rivaled any ever made

from the finest pumpkin. His dried apple pie with raisins and molasses was forever remembered by those who ate it. In season, he made currant, blackberry, wild plum and gooseberry pies. His custard pies—when he had the eggs—were thick, creamy and a delight to the palate. Nor could any woman make a vinegar pie as old Holly made them. Rhubarb, or "pieplant" as it was called in the early days, was made into pies that were a gourmet's dream. Even just plain old raisin pies as Holly built them, were something to write home about.

When cooking at the home ranch, with eggs available and thick cream from the milk house, Old Holly really came into his own. Meringue, referred to as "calf slobbers," browned to a golden hue, would be piled three inches high on creamy butterscotch pies. Or whipped cream, lavishly slathered on tart green apple or other fruit pies.

It was too good to last. Old Holly's disposition finally got him into trouble, and a cowboy shot him in the heel. Not a Double Circle 'puncher, as none that had eaten Holly's pies would have even said a harsh word to him. Instead, it was a nonfeeling lout, from a neighboring ranch. Probably picked the fight with Old Holly through jealousy or spite. Anyhow, after his foot healed, Old Holly went back to Texas. Though no one ever heard of him again, he was never forgotten. His skill as a pie artist was the criterion used by the cowboys to judge the efforts of other cooks that followed in Old Holly's footsteps, but never quite filled his shoes.

#### HOLLY JONES'S SWEET POTATO PIE

Boil sweet potatoes until well done. Peel and slice very thin. Line a deep pie pan with good plain pastry, and arrange the sliced potatoes in layers, dotting each layer with butter and sprinkling sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg over each layer, using at least  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar. Pour over 3 tablespoons whiskey, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, cover with pastry and bake. Serve warm.

#### SWEET POTATO PIE #2

Make regular pumpkin pie, only substitute pumpkin with same amount of sweet potatoes. The sweet potatoes must be cooked very well done, peeled and put through blender, or mashed with potato masher until smooth and creamy. Proceed as with baking a pumpkin pie. Some cannot tell the difference.



#### MOLASSES PIE

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup dark molasses

Beat together all ingredients. The juice of one lemon improves the pie very much. Bake in a pastry shell until custard is set. Cool for several hours before serving. This is a great favorite with children. (Taken from Queen of the Household, 1881.)

#### DRIED APPLE PIE

Take 2 cups cooked dried apples, sugar to sweeten, spices, dash of salt and sprinkle bits of butter over all. A tablespoon of brown sugar can be added. A little lemon juice gives good flavor. This pie is good with some raisins added when cooking the apples. Put in lined pie tin, cover with crust and bake in moderate oven. Serve with slab of good sharp cheese.

#### PIEPLANT PIE (Rhubarb)

- 3 cups pieplant (rhubarb)
- 1 tablespoon flour
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon butter

Wash pieplant, do not skin; cut in small pieces. Mix sugar and flour well in pieplant. Place in crust, dot with butter and cover with upper crust. Bake in moderate oven.

#### PRUNE PIE

- $\frac{1}{2}$  pound prunes
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon butter
- 1 tablespoon flour

#### Vinegar Cobbler, ready for the oven.

Wash prunes and soak in cold water. Cook in the same water until soft. Remove stones, cut prunes into quarters and mix with lemon juice and sugar. Line pie plate with crust, put in the prunes and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons of prune juice, dot with butter and dredge with the flour. Put on upper crust and bake in moderate oven.

#### TALLOW PUDDING

Cook in a pot several kinds of dried fruit; apples, peaches, apricots and raisins. Chop up fine small pieces of good white tallow or suet and add to fruit. Cook until done, not too soupy. Add sugar and spices. Cover with regular pie dough and bake in moderate oven until crust is brown. This is a real tallow pudding. Some people think a tallow pudding has to be steamed in a sack.

#### MOCK CHERRY PIE

Cover bottom of a pie plate with crust. Reserve enough for upper crust. For filling use 1 cup of cranberries, cut in halves;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins;  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar; 1 tablespoon flour; lump butter size of walnut. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Some like a little more sugar.

Our pioneer cooks had recipes for many other kinds of "mock" pies. Mock pecan pie, made with pinto beans was a great favorite. Then there was mock mince pie made with raisins and rhubarb. Mock lemon pie was vinegar custard pie. These old time cooks were great for substituting and their ingenuity was boundless. □

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**HAPPY WANDERER TRIPS** by Slim Barnard. Well-known TV stars, Henrietta and Slim Barnard have put together a section of their trips throughout the West from their Happy Wanderer travel shows. Books have excellent maps, history, cost of lodging, meals, etc. Perfect for families planning weekends. Both books are large format, heavy paperback, 150 pages each and \$2.95 each. Volume One covers California and Volume Two Arizona, Nevada and Mexico. **WHEN ORDERING STATE WHICH VOLUME.**

**CALIFORNIA II — Photography** by David Muench, **Text** by Don Pike. Travel from mountain to seacoast to fertile farmlands exploring remote and hidden valleys, populous cities and isolated ghost towns, discovering the beauties and variety of this Golden State. 165 beautiful 4-color photographs, large format, \$27.50.

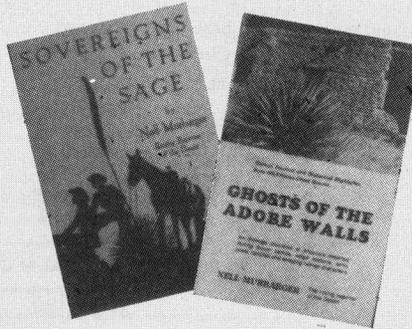
**HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA** by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and everyone interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, routes to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II Installations, etc. Hardcover, extensive index, highly recommended, \$12.50.

**FROSTY, A Raccoon to Remember** by Harriett E. Weaver. The only uniformed woman on California's State Park Ranger crews for 20 years, Harriett Weaver shares her hilarious and heart-warming experiences being a "mother" to an orphaned baby raccoon. A delightful book for all ages. Illustrated with line-drawings by Jennifer O. Dewey, hardcover, 156 pages, \$5.95.

**NEVADA OFFICIAL BICENTENNIAL BOOK** edited by Stanley W. Paher. Many hours of reading enjoyment for ghost towners and city dwellers alike. Over 200 authors are represented including Nell Murbarger, Harold Weight and Stanley Paher who have been contributors to *DESERT Magazine*. 247 original stories, 430 illustrations, maps, 528 pages. Large format, hardcover, \$15.00.

**GHOSTS OF THE GLORY TRAIL** by Nell Murbarger. A pioneer of the ghost town explorers and writers, Miss Murbarger's followers will be glad to know this book is still in print. First published in 1956, it now is in its seventh edition. The fast-moving chronicle is a result of personal interviews of old-timers who are no longer here to tell their tales. Hardcover, illustrated, 291 pages, \$9.95.

**PHOTO ALBUM OF YESTERDAY'S SOUTHWEST** compiled by Charles Shelton. Early days photo collection dating from 1860s to 1910 shows prospectors, miners, cowboys, desperados and ordinary people. 195 photos, hardcover, fine gift item, \$12.50.



**INDIAN JEWELRY MAKING** by Oscar T. Branson. This book is intended as a step-by-step how-to-do-it method of making jewelry. An intriguing all-color publication that is an asset to the consumer as well as to the producer of Indian jewelry today because it provides the basic knowledge of how jewelry is made so one can judge if it is well made and basically good design. Paperback, large format, \$7.95.

**GRAND CANYON JEEP TRAILS I** by Roger Mitchell. Eight interesting trips on the forgotten Shivwits Plateau on the Northwest rim of the Grand Canyon are described. A rating system is included to determine how rough a road is before you try it. Much of the material in this book is original research, never having appeared in print before. Paperback, amply illustrated with maps and photos, \$1.50.

**GEM TRAILS OF ARIZONA** by Bessie W. Simpson. This field guide is prepared for the hobbyist and almost every location is accessible by car or pickup. Accompanied by maps to show sandy roads, steep rocky hills, etc., as cautions. Laws regarding collecting on Federal and Indian land outlined. Paperback, 88 pages, illus., \$4.00.

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**THE COMPLETE NEVADA TRAVELER** by David W. Toll. An excellent guidebook listing towns of interest, campgrounds, ghost towns, state parks and recreational areas, ski areas and general items of interest. This book will appeal to the weekend traveler and vacationing families alike. Well illustrated, excellent index, 278 pages, \$3.50.

**GOLD AND SILVER IN THE WEST** by T. H. Watkins. Over 200 photos, illustrations and maps, many in full color. Complete story of gold and silver mining in the American West, Alaska and British Columbia, including sagas of conquistadores chasing myths in Old Mexico, speculators chasing profits in North American mining camps, instant towns, the evolution from simple placer to major industry, etc. Large format, hardcover, originally published at \$17.50, now priced at \$10.95.

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**GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS** by Nell Murbarger. A reprint of Arizona history by one of the desert's outstanding reporters. Old mines, towns, army posts, people and areas are reborn into vivid life by an expert writer who knows her areas and subjects. With handy locator maps and many photographs. Paperback, \$7.95.

**SOVEREIGNS OF THE SAGE** by Nell Murbarger. A collection of previously told tales about the people and the places of the great American Southwest by the original author, a longtime reporter of the desert. Many photographs, some of them now lost, several excellent Norton Allen Maps. Paperback, \$7.95.

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**SOUTHERN IDAHO GHOST TOWNS** by Wayne Sparling. 84 ghost towns are described, along with the history and highlights of each. The author has visited these sites by pickup, 4WD and by foot. 95 photographs accompany the text, and maps detail the location of the camps. An excellent reference to add to the libraries of those fascinated by Western history. Paperback, 135 pages, \$3.95.

**SAND IN MY SHOE**, by Helen Bagley. A firsthand account of life in Twentynine Palms, California when it was little more than a remote oasis. The book is a minor classic, a distillation of a life style that to a large extent had vanished decades before the start of Twentynine Palms as a community. Delightful reading, introduction by Harold and Lucile Weight. Hardcover, 286 pages, 35 photos, \$8.95.

**HELLDORADOS, GHOST AND CAMPS OF THE OLD SOUTHWEST** by Norman D. Wels. The author takes you on a 7,000-mile tour of the Old Southwest, visiting some 67 ghost towns and abandoned mining camps, one never before mentioned in written history. 285 excellent photos. Hardcover, 320 pages, \$9.95.

# THE WEST

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**THE MAN WHO CAPTURED SUNSHINE, A Biography of John W. Hilton** by Katherine Alsworth. Although John Hilton is best known as the "Dean of American Desert Painters," he is also a distinguished botanist, gemologist, zoologist, noted writer and linguist, guitarist and singer. Anyone who has seen or heard of Hilton's marvelous talent will want to have this delightfully written biography. Hardcover, includes eight beautiful four-color reproductions of his paintings, \$12.95.

**DEATH VALLEY: Geology, Ecology, Archaeology**, by Charles B. Hunt. Death Valley has long been a place of fascination for people the world over, and much has been written about it. Now, however, all aspects of this famous (or infamous) desert have been brought together in this book. Lavishly illustrated with 163 photos and line drawings, paperback, 234 pages, \$6.95.

**DESERT RIVER CROSSING, Historic Lee's Ferry on the Colorado River**, by W. L. Rusho and C. Gregory Crampton. A graphic history of the major site along the Colorado between Glen Canyon and Grand Canyon, its residents, exploiters and a bit of the natural and ancient history of its strategic location at the only place in more than 150 miles either up or downstream that you can safely get any kind of vehicle to the river bank. Paperback, 126 pages, many maps and photos, \$5.95.

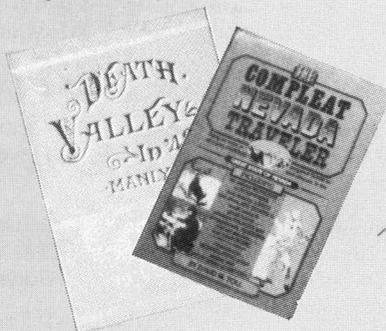
**THE SOUTHWESTERN INDIAN TOURS** by D. H. Thomas. The history of the Santa Fe-Fred Harvey bus and auto tours that brought visitors to previously little-known Indian villages and pueblos. Files of the railroad were widely used for this book. Hardcover, \$8.95; paperback, \$5.95. 327 pages.

**WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS** by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this excellent book on all the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, illustrated, \$3.95.

**THE OREGON DESERT** by E. R. Jackman and R. A. Long. Filled with both facts and anecdotes, this is the only book on the little but fascinating deserts of Oregon. Anyone who reads it will want to visit the areas—or wish they could. Hardcover, illustrated, 407 pages, \$9.95.

**CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GHOST TOWN ATLAS and SOUTHWESTERN GHOST TOWN ATLAS** by Robert Neil Johnson. These atlases are excellent do-it-yourself guides to lead you back to scenes and places of the early West. Some photos and many detailed maps with legends and bright, detailed descriptions of what you will see; also mileage and highway designations. Heavy paperback, each contains 48 pages, each \$2.00.

**CHUCK WAGON COOKIN'** by Stella Hughes. Recipes collected straight from the source—cowboy cooks. Contains Mexican recipes, instructions for deep-pit barbecue and the art of using Dutch ovens for cooking everything from sourdough biscuits to Son-of-Gun stew. Paperback, 170 pages, \$4.95.



**GEMSTONE AND MINERAL DATA BOOK** by John Sinkankas. This book is a compilation of data, recipes, formulas and instructions designed specifically for use by mineralogists, gemologists, jewelers and lapidaries. While most of the information is derived from the sources referenced throughout the text, much is original, reflecting the personal experiences of the author in testing materials and techniques used in lapidary and mineralogical work. Paperback, \$4.95.

**ARIZONA PLACE NAMES** by Will C. Barnes, Revised and enlarged by Byrd H. Granger. Excellent reference book with maps, Biographical information and Index. Large format, hardcover, 519 pages, \$11.50.

**RAILROADS OF NEVADA AND EASTERN CALIFORNIA VOL. II** by David F. Myrick. Just as Vol. I detailed the history of the Northern Roads, Vol. II expands the railroad history to the Southern Roads of Nevada. This volume also contains a useful Index to both volumes, and is a reliable and accurate travel guide today as the reader wanders among the ghost towns of the past. Lavishly illustrated with maps and old photos, large format, hardcover, \$15.00.

**UTAH** by David Muench, text by Hartt Wixom. The impressions captured here by David Muench's camera and Hartt Wixom's pen bring to life a most beautiful under-one-cover profile of the fascinating state of Utah. Large 11"x14" format, hardcover, 188 pages, \$25.00.

**NEW MEXICO, Photographs by David Muench, text by Tony Hillerman.** Depicting New Mexico's many and varied contrasts in a unique blend that is her mysterious beauty — and a grandeur that is our natural heritage. Hardcover, large format, 188 slick pages, \$27.50.

**SELDON SEEN SLIM** by Tom Murray. Profiles and vignettes of the colorful "single Blanket jackass prospectors" who lived and died as they looked for gold and silver in Death Valley. Slick paperback, exclusive photos of the old-timers, 65 pages, \$3.00.

**NEVADA GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMPS** by Stanley W. Paher. Covering all of Nevada's 17 counties, Paher has documented 575 mining camps, many of which have been erased from the earth. The book contains the greatest and most complete collection of historic photographs of Nevada ever published. This, coupled with his excellent writing and map, creates a book of lasting value. Large format, 700 photographs, hardcover, 492 pages, \$17.50.

**DEATH VALLEY IN '49**, by William Lewis Manly. The newest reprint of a Death Valley classic, written by one of the heroes of its most tragic period, with a new foreword by the superintendent of the Death Valley National Monument. Paperback, 498 pages, \$8.95.

**GHOST TOWNS OF THE NORTHWEST** by Norman D. Weis. The ghost-town country of the Pacific Northwest including trips to many little-known areas, is explored in this first-hand factual and interesting book. Excellent photography. Best book to date on ghost towns of the Northwest. Maps, hardcover, heavy slick paper, 319 pages, \$9.95.

**JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS** by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. Illustrated, 239 pages, end sheet map, hardcover, \$9.95.

**A FIELD GUIDE TO WESTERN REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS** by Robert C. Stebbins. A Peterson Field Guide, 207 species, 569 illustrations, 185 in full color, 192 maps. The best book of this type. \$8.95.

**CALIFORNIA GEM TRAILS** by Darold J. Henry. This completely revised fourth edition is the most authoritative guide for collectors of rocks, gemstones, minerals and fossils. Profusely illustrated with maps and contains excellent descriptive text. Paperback, \$3.00.

**ARIZONA** by David Muench. The finest pictorial presentation of the Grand Canyon State ever published. One of the outstanding color photographers of the world, Muench has selected 160 of his 4-color photographs which are augmented by the comprehensive text of David Toll. Hardcover, 11"x14" format, 200 heavy slick pages, \$27.50.

**ISHI IN TWO WORLDS** by Theodora Kroeber. Ishi was perhaps the most remarkable personality of this century. A Yahi Indian, and lone survivor of a doomed tribe, he was found in the corral of a slaughter house near Oroville, Calif. For the rest of his life, Ishi lived under the care and protection of the staff of the University of California's Museum of Anthropology. An incredibly sad but beautifully told story. Hardcover, many excellent photos, both color and black and white, 262 pages, \$14.95.

**LOST LEGENDS OF THE SILVER STATE** by Gerald B. Higgs. The author provides interesting reading on 16 legends about the golden age of Nevada. Illustrated with rare old photos. Hardcover, 147 pages, \$7.95.

**RAILROADS OF ARIZONA VOL. I** by David F. Myrick. More than 30 railroads of Southern Arizona are presented, together with 542 nostalgic illustrations, 55 special maps and an Index. A valuable travel guide and a reliable historical reference. Large format, hardcover, 477 pages, \$19.50.

# Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

## Interested In Old Books . . .

I read with interest the article by Bill Jennings in the September issue on Carl Eytel ("Early Day Desert Artist Re-emerging Folk Figure). Mr. Jennings mentions two books, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," by George Wharton James, and "California Desert Trails," by J. Smeaton Chase. I have tried unsuccessfully to obtain these two titles. Can you suggest where I might purchase them?

WALLACE BROWN,  
San Diego, California.

*Editor's Note: Mr. Jennings states that the above two titles are now out-of-print, but try checking your used book stores. You may get lucky and find a rare copy. You might also check with your local library.*

## Praise for Pastels . . .

The beautiful desert country has never been presented any better than the pastel majesty of the Hiltons, John and Kathi!

Their paintings are as compelling as the desert itself, and one must rise early to catch the first light of day and observe many a setting sun to create such stunning scenes.

JOHN FELLOWS,  
Los Angeles, California.

## Thrilled By Cover . . .

I can't tell you how thrilled I was when the last issue of *Desert* arrived with Kathi Hilton's fine art on the cover. I have been a long-time admirer of John Hilton, and am so pleased she is carrying on a great family heritage. Keep up the good work and especially the Western Art.

JEANNE MCGRAW,  
San Bernardino, California.

*Editor's Note: The Hilton name has been with Desert since its early days and we, too, are thrilled to share Kathi's fine work with our readers.*

# Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

DECEMBER 2 & 3, 9th Annual "Red Carpet" Gem and Mineral Show, Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, 1855 Main Street, Santa Monica, California. Outstanding professional and amateur gemstone, mineral and fossil displays. Working demonstrations; dealers.

DECEMBER 9 & 10, American River Gem and Mineral Societies 14th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, Placer County Fairgrounds, Hwy 65 and All American Blvd., Roseville, California. Exhibits, demonstrations, 75¢ donation.

JANUARY 20 & 21, "Gemboree '79" sponsored by the Tule Gem and Mineral Society, Exeter, California.

FEBRUARY 9-11, 1979, Annual Gold Rush Days Show and Sale, Wickenburg Gem & Mineral Society, Community Center, Wickenburg, Arizona. Free admission.

FEBRUARY 15-17, Scottsdale Gem and Mineral Club's 14th Annual "Western World of Gems" Show, Camelview Plaza, 6900 East Camelback Road, Scottsdale, Arizona. Dealer space filled. Chairman: Cliff Bruce, 8720 East Jackrabbit Rd., Scottsdale, Arizona 85253.

FEBRUARY 16-25, National Date Festival's "Gem and Mineral Show," sponsored by the Coachella Valley Mineral Society, Desert Gem and Mineral Society, San Geronimo Gem and Mineral Society, Shadow Mountain Gem and Mineral Society. Fairgrounds, Highway 111, Indio, California. Information: Chuck Gage, National Date Festival, P.O. Drawer NNNN, Indio, Calif. 92201. Exhibit entries close January 23, 1979.

FEBRUARY 17 & 18, 1979, Tenth Annual Antique Bottle and Small Collectables Show and Sale of the Peninsula Bottle Collectors of San Mateo County, San Mateo County Fairgrounds, San Mateo, Calif. Admission and parking free.

FEBRUARY 17 & 18, 1979, "Gold 'n' Gems," hosted by Del Air Rockhounds Club, Inc., Hounds & Hammers, Marquardt Mineral & Lapidary Club, Sierra Pelona Rock Club, and VIP Gem & Mineral Society. 11th Annual Show, San Fernando Valley Gem Fair. Over 130 exhibits. Dealers, demonstrations, lectures. Free parking.

FEBRUARY 24 & 25, Santa Clara Valley Gem and Mineral Society 24th Annual Show, "Treasures of the Earth," Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, 344 Tully Rd., San Jose, Calif. Dealer space filled.

MARCH 2-11, Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral Society presents their 32nd annual show as part of the California Midwinter Fair at Imperial, California. Guided Field Trip to Old Mexico Saturday, March 10th. Parking across highway for campers. Admission charged to Fairgrounds.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, 12th Annual River Gemboree "Copper Bonanza" sponsored by the Silvery Colorado River Rock Club, Junior High School, Hancock Road, Holiday Shores, Bullhead City, Arizona. Copper and associated mineral displays. Demonstrators, dealers, parking and admission free.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, the Northrop Recreation Gem and Mineral Club will present its 19th annual show, 2815 W. El Segundo Blvd., and Wilkie Avenue, Hawthorne, California. Parking and admission free. Dealer spaces filled.

MARCH 17 & 18, 1979, Monterey Bay Mineral Society of Salinas, Inc., presents their 32nd Annual Rock & Gem Show, Masonic Temple, 48 San Joaquin St., Salinas, California. Dealer space filled.

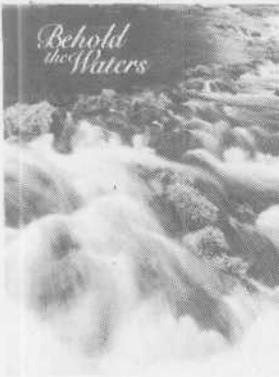
MARCH 18, 1979, Annual Desert Gardens Walk of the Anza-Borrego Committee, 11 a.m. at the new Visitor Center near Anza-Borrego Desert State Park headquarters. Tours of the building as well as audio-visual programs in the small auditorium. There will be archeology and paleontology demonstrations. Plant, wildflower, bird and general desert walks will be led by State Park Rangers. The Visitor Center is a short distance west of the community of Borrego Springs, Calif. Plenty of parking. Bring good walking shoes, sun-shade hat, lunch and water (for hikes). Information available at park office.

MARCH 24 & 25, 1979, "Stone Age '79" Show, sponsored by the Santa Ana Rock & Mineral Club, Laborers and Hodcarriers Union Hall, 1532 East Chestnut, Santa Ana, California.

APRIL 1, 1979, Orange Belt Mineralogical Society's 33rd Annual Gem and Mineral Show, National Orange Show Grounds, Hobby Building, San Bernardino, California. Dealers and demonstration workshop.

APRIL 7 & 8, 1979, Northside Gem & Hobby Club's annual Gem Show, Wendell High School Gymnasium, Wendell, Idaho. Demonstrations, exhibits.

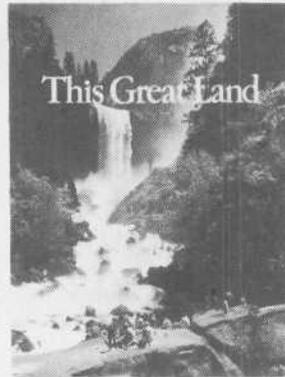
MAY 26 & 27, 1979, Verde Valley Gem & Mineral Show, Mingus Union High School, Cottonwood, Arizona. Sponsored by the Oak Creek Gem & Mineral Society of Sedona, Arizona and Mingus Gem and Mineral Club of Cottonwood, Arizona. Dealer space filled.



Behold the Waters



Creatures Great & Small

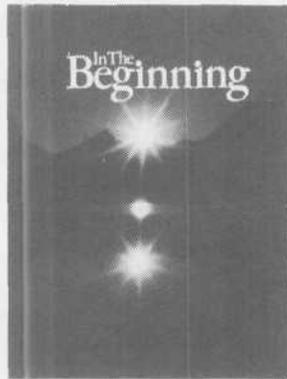


This Great Land

His Living Creation



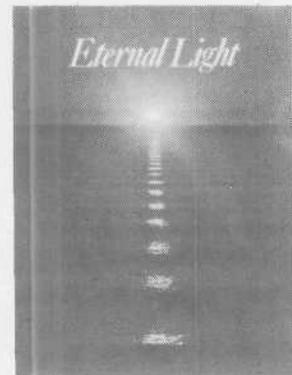
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The Psalms We See



Eternal Light

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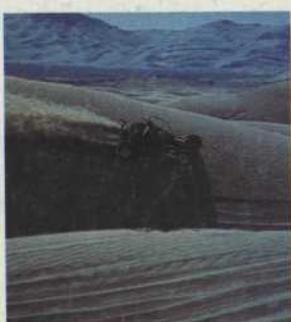
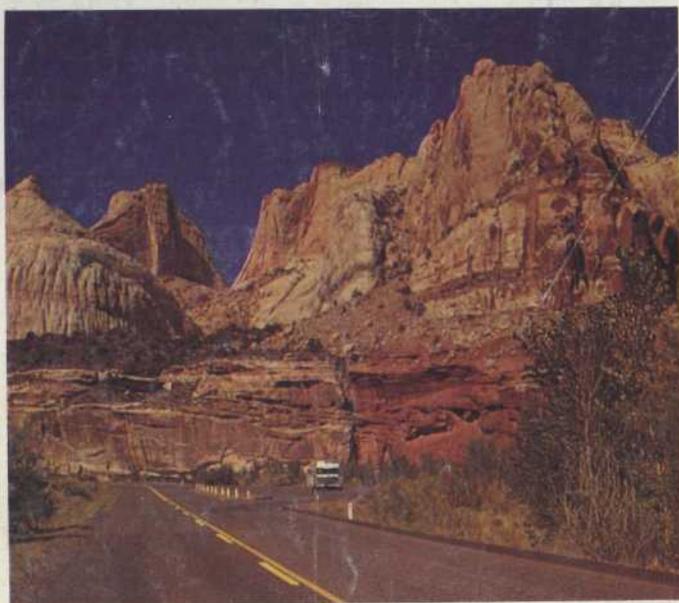
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