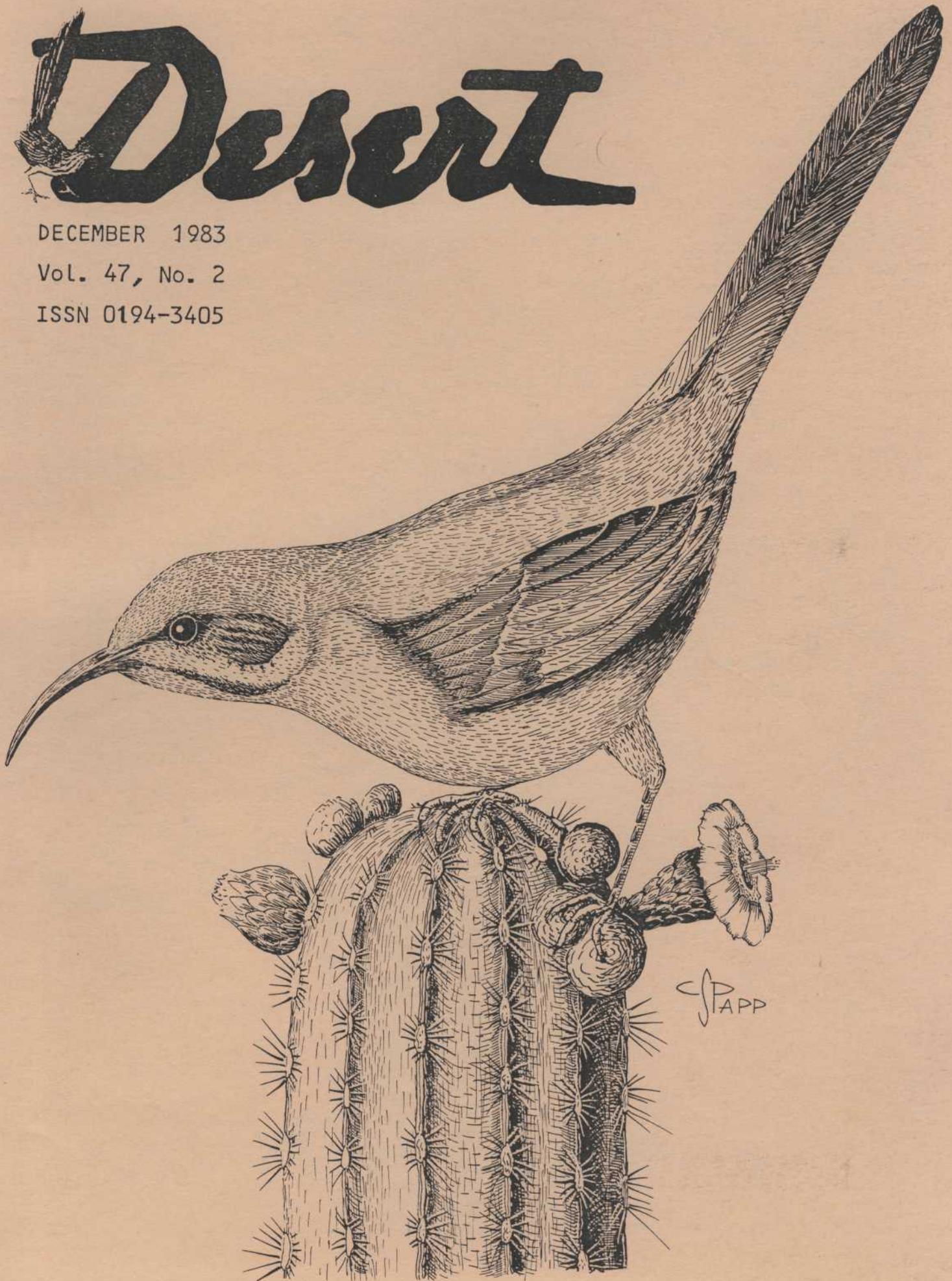


Desert

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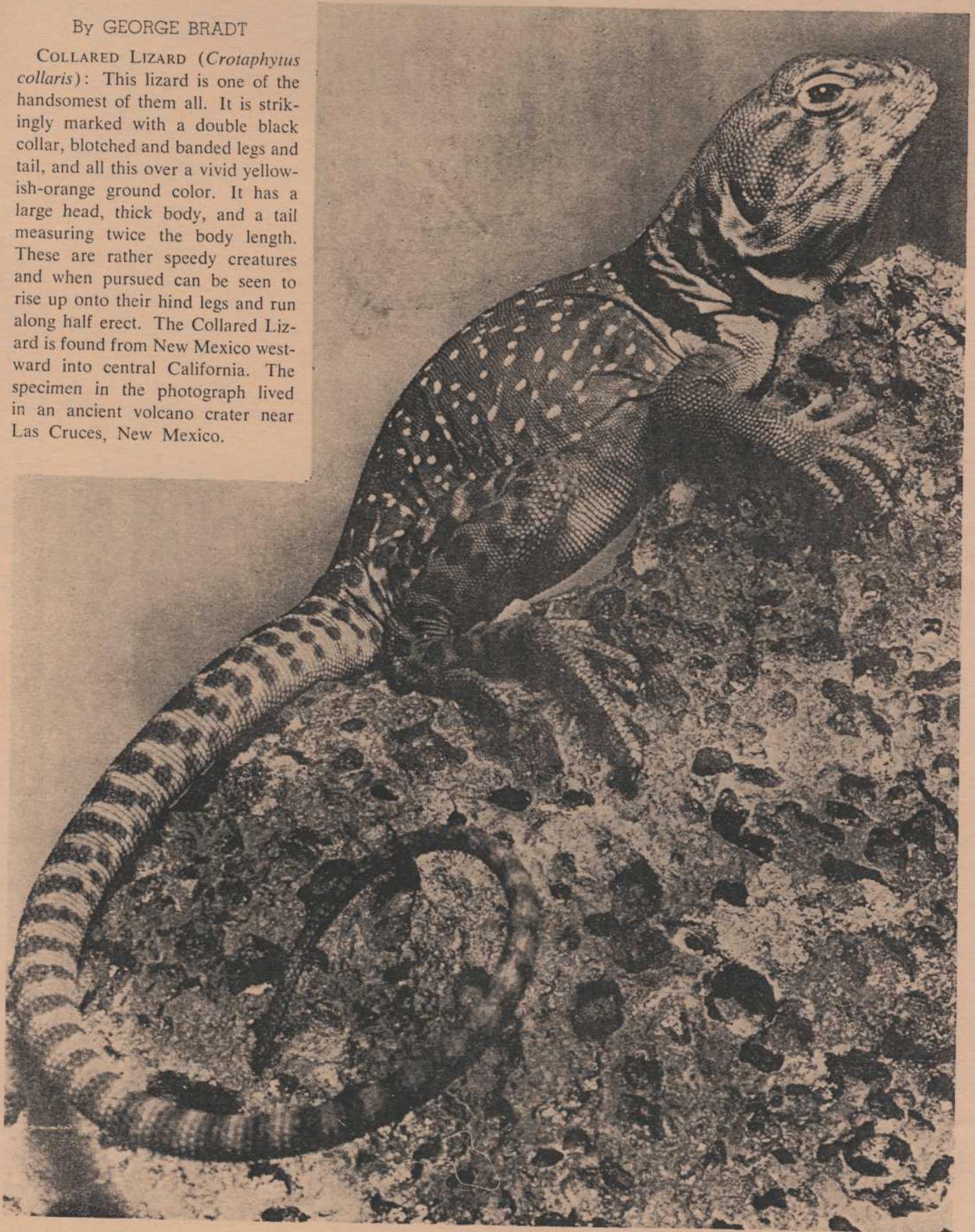
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The Wears a Collar for Identification

By GEORGE BRADT

COLLARED LIZARD (*Crotaphytus collaris*): This lizard is one of the handsomest of them all. It is strikingly marked with a double black collar, blotched and banded legs and tail, and all this over a vivid yellowish-orange ground color. It has a large head, thick body, and a tail measuring twice the body length. These are rather speedy creatures and when pursued can be seen to rise up onto their hind legs and run along half erect. The Collared Lizard is found from New Mexico westward into central California. The specimen in the photograph lived in an ancient volcano crater near Las Cruces, New Mexico.



DW GRANTHAM
Editor

M. BANDINI,
Photo Editor

P. RICHARDS,
Circulation



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Lupine Once Had a Bad Reputation

By MARY BEAL

Lupines are among the best known flowers in the world, and blue is the color most frequently associated with them. But there are many species, some of them amethyst, lilac and violet, and it is these lesser known members of the family that I want to present to *Desert Magazine* readers this month.

First, however, let's give a thought to the origin of the name Lupine, of world-wide usage. Farmers of ancient days thought this plant robbed the soil of fertility, perhaps because it is often found on waste lands. From this idea of the plant's ravenous or wolfish character came the name *Lupinus*, from the Latin for wolf, *lupus*. It has come down to us from the Romans but no longer are rapacious qualities attributed to it. Actually the plant is a legume, and is being planted in some southern states for soil fertilization.

Many Lupines are showy and handsome enough to be cultivated as favored ornamentals and it is not surprising that several species have an established place in gardens. Western species are among those in the front rank for popularity, even in Old World gardens where they were introduced by the early European botanical explorers sent to our pioneer West to seek new plants to beautify their gardens.

Lupine leaflets have the habit of folding up, usually during the heat of the day—you might call it taking a mid-day nap, though it's usually too long a sleep to be labeled a nap.

One handsome amethyst-flowered species is the Coulter Lupine, named for Dr. Thomas Coulter who first collected it about 1831. You may know it as Arizona Lupine or Loose-flowered Lupine. Botanically it is listed as

Lupinus sparsiflorus

An extremely unstable species, which has led to the segregation of several varieties, these are also inconstant. The species is generally larger than the varieties, usually a foot or two high, the stem rather slender, with few to many branches, the herbage clothed with soft hairs and also a scattering of stiff hairs. The palmate leaves have 5 to 9 leaflets, linear to oblanceolate, 1/3 to 1 inch long, on petioles 1 to 3 inches long. The slender racemes are 3 to 9 inches long and may be loosely flowered or occasionally densely so. The corollas are typical pea blossoms, about 1/2 inch long, a violet or lilac hue, the banner centered by a white spot which ages to a bright red-purple. The hairy oblong pods are about 1/2 inch long, constricted between the 4 to 6 seeds. It favors sandy soil of foothills, valleys and mesas, up to 4500 feet, in southern Nevada, Arizona, southern California and Lower California and should be found in bloom from March to May, often adding large sweeps of attractive color to the landscape. The commonest variety is *arizonicus*, sometimes classed as a separate species.

Var. arizonicus

Ordinarily 5 to 8 inches high, somewhat succulent, the flowers mostly smaller, the freshly opened corollas pale purplish-pink, lavender or lilac, often drying deep violet, the leaflets broadly oblanceolate. Usually found below



Chick Lupine — *Lupinus microcarpus*, var. *horizontalis*

3000 feet, preferring deep sand. Quite common in western Arizona, southeastern California from Death Valley to the Mexican border on down into Sonora and Lower California.

Var. barbatulus

Is identified by stout, hollow, very erect stems, larger leaves, and racemes up to 12 inches long, the corollas pale lilac or purplish with a more reddish tinge. Found in the Needles area of the Mojave desert, the Colorado desert and western Arizona. Another interesting species is the Wide-petaled or Chick Lupine.

Lupinus microcarpus var. *horizontalis*

or

Lupinus horizontalis var. *platypetalus*

A low trim plant 5 to 10 inches high, with somewhat succulent, stout hollow stems, branched from the base or a little above, the branches at an ascending angle. Except for the upper surface of the leaves, the herbage is soft-hairy, the long-petioled leaves with 5 to 9 leaflets 1/2 to 1 inch long. The clean-cut upstanding racemes measure 4 to 10 inches atop peduncles varying from short to long. The flowers are on very short pedicels, arranged in 3 to 8 close neat whorls, more or less remotely spaced. The corollas are lilac or lavender, fading to white and becoming papery in age. The ovate pods are covered with long soft hairs and sit erect in the whorl of calyxes, like so many baby birds in a nest.

Found in the northern, central, and eastern Mojave desert on sandy or gravelly flats and slopes at moderate to higher elevations.

Another wide-spread annual species of different habit of growth is the Bajada Lupine or

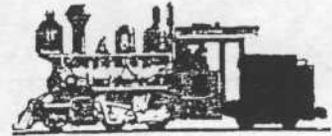
Lupinus concinnus

The specific name is interpreted as shapely, elegant or skillfully put together. Varying from the upright fashion of the preceding species, it follows a more diffuse pattern. From 4 to 8 inches high, the several branching stems from the stout base are inclined to spread out, the lower ones often decumbent. The herbage is densely clothed with soft hairs, which sometimes turn rusty or tawny in age, the many long-petioled leaves with 5 to 8 oblanceolate leaflets. The short racemes are rather dense and very short-stemmed, well scattered as a rule, and surpassed by the foliage. The corollas are lilac or violet, edged with a rich reddish-purple, the banner centered by a spot of yellow. It is an exquisite color scheme.

EXPLORING GHOST RAILROADS OF THE MOTHER LODGE

PART 1: THE ANGELS BRANCH

BY: DW Grantham



In this month's trip, we will explore the path of a long abandoned railroad that served the Mother Lode area. Part of this railroad the Angels Branch, Tuolumne City, and Melones Branch are abandoned.

Leaving California Highway 99 at Merced, California, we proceed north along County Highway J-59. Soon we are paralleling another abandoned rail route, the Yosemite Valley, and a Southern Pacific Branch. In a few miles, the Southern Pacific right-of-way heads west and we head northeast, still following the Yosemite Valley route. After crossing the Merced River, the Yosemite Valley route leaves us. We pass through the town of Snelling, itself steeped in early California history. Soon, we crossed the former right-of-way of the Hetch-Hetchy Railroad and an abandoned part of the Sierra, just before Crimea House, a long gone stopping place on the way to the Southern mines. At Keystone, we crossed the still active tracks of the Sierra and turned east on California Highway 108.

A short 15 minutes later we arrived at the town of Jamestown. The itself is a most attractive small Mother Lode community with the usual (one) main street. Along Main Street are numerous antique shops, a restored hotel, and many other small businesses. South of town is the railroad depot and roundhouse. This area has recently been acquired by the California State Park System.

Unfortunately, part of the Jamestown station burned several years ago so the park is missing a valuable artifact. In the round house, one can see many items of rolling stock, including several steam engines in running condition. The Sierra is frequently used for filming by the studios. Recently, The Gambler II with Kenny Rogers was filmed there.

The careful observer will notice that the Jamestown Station site is not on the main route of the railroad. Unusual?? Not really. The Station faces what should have been a busy branch line, now abandoned--The Angels Branch. The line served mining customers of North Tuolumne and Southwest Calaveras County.

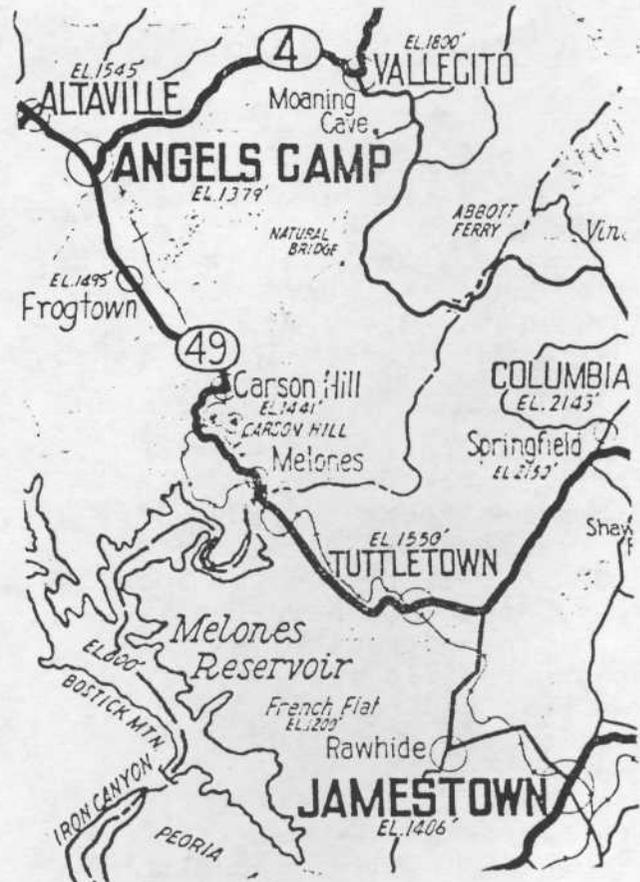
The Angels Branch has been gone for many years, but it is possible to follow large portions of the route. Tracks are still in place leading North from the Jamestown Station to just beyond the Pine Alley Equipment Rental Yard. Some old equipment is parked on this track, including a non-operating steam engine.

The right-of-way headed north from here somewhat paralleling the present day Rawhide Road. Going north on Rawhide Road from Highway 108, the road climbs until a summit is reached. The right-of-way is visible on the North side of the road and then turns 90 degree from the road and follows the side of the mountain which is really a large lava flow.

We continued down Rawhide Road past the former site of Rawhide, California, (1904-1906), looked at the historic Rawhide School building, and stopped about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile before Highway 49. The railbed crosses Rawhide Road at this point and heads toward its next station, Tuttletown. At the junction of Highway 49 and Rawhide Road, we turned left.

Very quickly, we arrived at Tuttletown (1857-1927). Numerous ruins mark the site. From here, the right-of-way proceeds north and winds around Jackass Hill. Located on the hill are a series of switch-backs. The hill was so steep and curvy that the trains could not navigate the grade. Therefore, the trains would have to go part way up a curve and then back into the next one.

Switchbacks are very unusual in California rail-roading. To walk back and see these, part at the Historic Monument commemorating Mark Twain's cabin (there are two--go to the one on the north). The historic marker is built on the right-of-way. Walk south and carefully cross the highway. If you follow the right-of-way around the hill, the switchbacks will be found. Some of the property in the area is privately owned so be sure to ask permission, if necessary.



Returning to our truck, we drove North on Highway 49, paralleling the right-of-way, to the South junction with old Highway 49. At this point, the right-of-way bears to the east, dips down to the former river level, crosses the river on a bridge, and begins to climb out of the river canyon on the North shore. Most of this area is under water now due to the filling of the Melones Dam.

Located below the new bridge, under many feet of water are the former towns of Robinson's Ferry (1879-1902) and Melones (1902-1942).

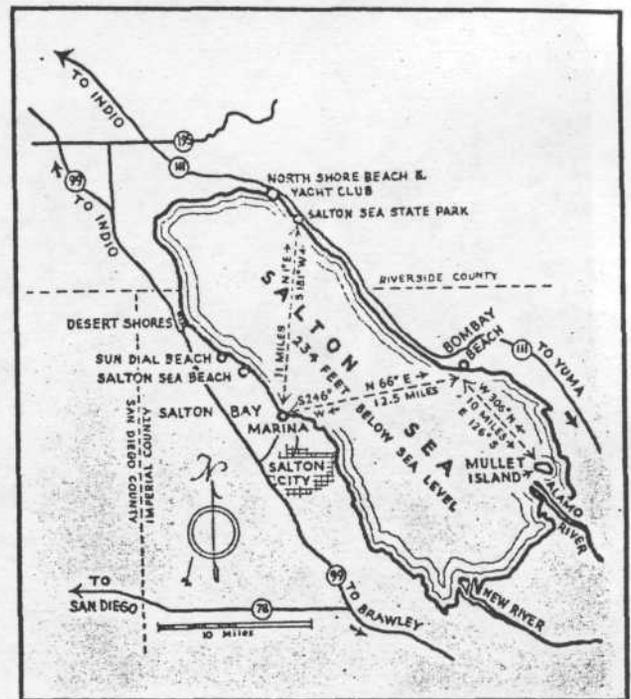
SALTON

SEA

Tucked into the heart of the Great Colorado Desert Lies the Salton Sea Basin, a below-sea-level bowl rimmed with mountain ranges. At the bottom of the bowl, the Salton Sea sparkles like a giant sapphire in blazing sun.

The Salton Sea has been called "Nature's Magnificent Mistake." There is no doubt that it is magnificent, but the mistake might be questioned. If Mother Nature erred in forming the present Sea, she is guilty of many other fumbling episodes in the past. In prehistoric times the Salton Sink was a part of the Gulf of California and separated from it on several occasions. When it was isolated from the Gulf for the last time a large lake resulted (referred to as Lake Cahuilla) which may have continued to exist until as late as 300 or 400 years ago.

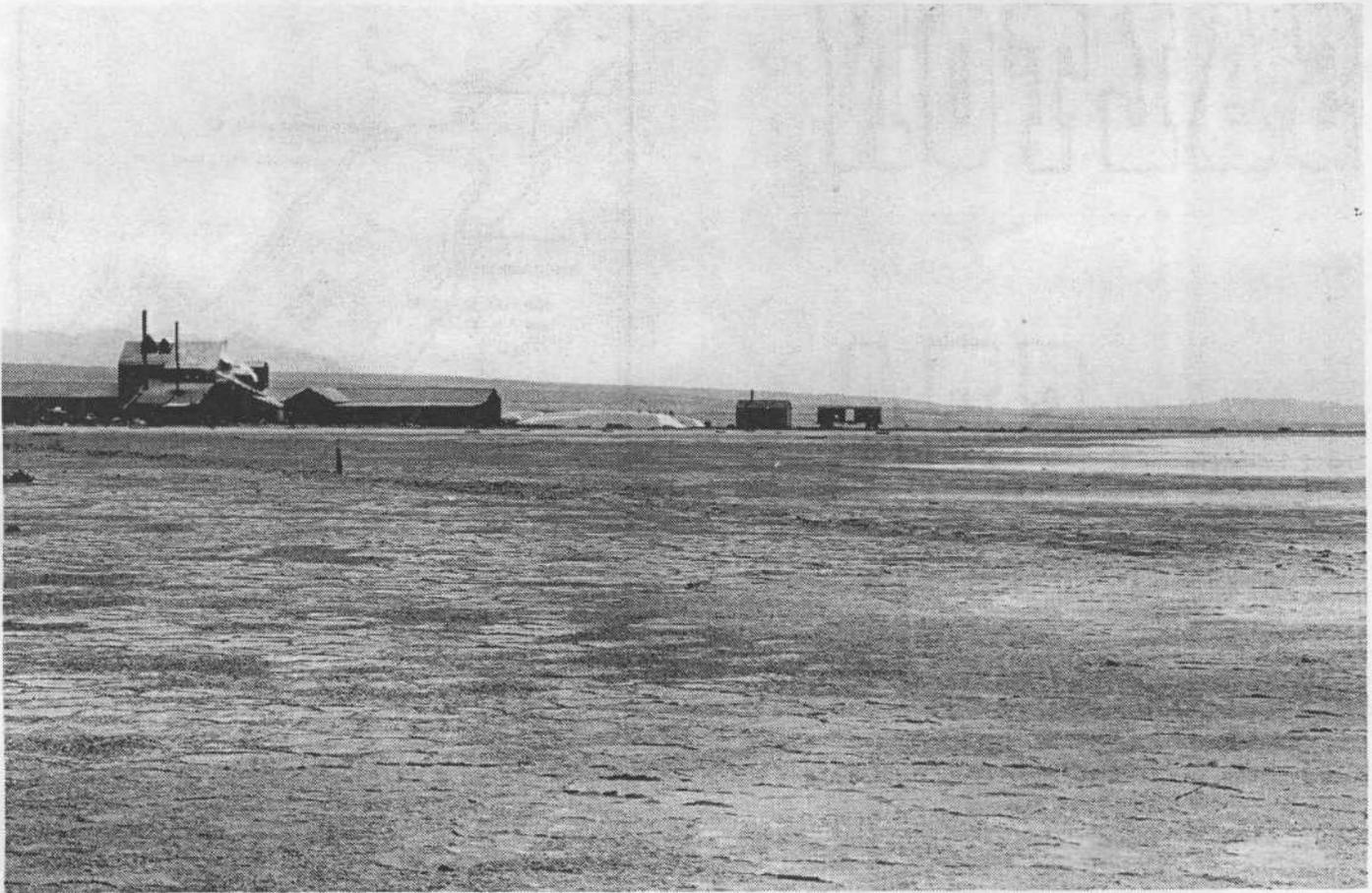
There is abundant evidence of the invasion of the Colorado Desert by the ocean many years before recorded history. It is pointed out in *The Mysterious West* (a fascinating book by Brad Williams and Choral Pepper) that the Salton Sink contains a vast oyster-shell bed formed



during one of the Sink's unions with the Gulf. These petrified shells of the ruffled oyster, averaging eight inches across, have been here millions of years. Helen Burns, in her booklet *Salton Sea Story*, reports that there are many square miles of marine fossil beds here and that some of them are 200 feet thick.

If we are determined to point the finger at Mother Nature we might ask why she trapped some 200-million-acre-feet of ocean water in Lake Cahuilla, then permitted it to evaporate, leaving approximately nine billion tons of salt which did not evaporate! Another example of Nature's muddled thinking is the fact that she set up a row of four small volcanoes along what is now the southwest shore of the Sea, then proceeded to cover them with water. They bubbled and steamed in protest, forming mud pots that were conspicuous in the area for years.

Men with imagination tried to turn the Salton Sink situation to their advantage on several occasions. In 1884 the New Liverpool Salt Company started production, utilizing the heavy



The Liverpool Salt Works in 1903. Site is now under water.

deposits in the northwest part of the basin. This enterprise ended abruptly in 1905 when water returned to the Sink. Another commercial venture was born about 60 years ago when it was discovered that enough carbon dioxide was obtainable from wells to support a dry-ice business with the Los Angeles area serving as the market. It passed away quietly a short time later.

In 1901 a heading was built on the Colorado River and a canal to convey water to Imperial Valley was constructed, entirely within Baja California, Mexico. This canal still exists and is called Canal del Alamo. Heavy floods of the Colorado and Gila Rivers in 1905 and 1906 cut through the headworks, enlarged the conveyance channel, and flooded Salton Sink.

So sudden was this onslaught that a string of freight cars was trapped on a siding next to the sprawling Liverpool Salt Works. The cars and the factory still remain at the bottom of the Salton Sea!

Old-timers now living in the valley tell harrowing tales of homesteading the land, excavating a canal 80 miles long to bring water from the Colorado River to water their crops. It was barely operating when the river went on a rampage, washed through the canal, swept over the valley, destroyed farms and homes. It took two years to stem the flood and turn the river back to its course, but it had left behind a large sea in the Salton Basin.

The people rebuilt the canal, extending it to water every part of the two valleys and, in record time, made it the largest irrigation system in the western hemisphere. They coped with heat and dust, sea and sand, salt and silt; they assumed staggering debts, adjusted crops to conditions never experienced by anyone anywhere-- and brought the land to a high level of productivity. Today people from arid regions all over the world come to the Salton Basin to study techniques used.

Salton Sink is a natural reservoir for storage of drainage water from the gross Salton watershed, which comprises some 6500 square miles of Southern California desert land plus about 1000 square miles of Baja California Mexico.

It is a land of sharp contrasts: high and low, drab and colorful, new and old; it contains rich agricultural districts thriving on irrigation, and naked burning deserts. People have come from far and near to wonder at its unique features, and have remained to play. In the last decade the basin has become a winter vacationland without the winter.

Summer, or near summer, abides in the basin the year round. Months of torrid days, with temperatures that sometimes reach 130 degrees, are followed by balmy winters with many days in the high 70's and low 80's. Nights are always sheer magic.

The dark brown Chocolate Mountains on the east, scarred by rainwashed gullies, attract few visitors; but thousands flock to the purple Santa Rosa Mountains on the west whose perpendicular walls are mosaics of brightly-colored quartzes, flints, granites and schists.

A series of shifting sand dunes cuts diagonally across the area, intersecting U.S. Highway 80 near Yuma, Arizona.

At the upper end of the sea the Coachella Valley, with citrus groves and date palms, is a bit of the Old World in the New; at the lower end the Imperial Valley extending to the Mexican border, is a vast checkerboard of green fields and feedlots that supply American tables with everything from lettuce and carrots to sugar and quality beef.

It is a land for hard sweating work as well as for leisure and play, the two so delicately balanced that one is not complete without the other. The basin was formed in geologic eras millions of years ago; sea and agriculture are new. They came into being less than eighty years ago, and grew up together-paving the way for the vacationland that was to follow.

As agriculture progressed through the years, transportation kept pace with it. Highways and Skyways followed railways, annihilating distance. This turned up a new by-product-vacationing. People were constantly on the lookout for new playgrounds, new places to see. Many of them had thought the desert an expanse of burning sands to be shunned, but now they became aware of its charms. The Salton Sea was there, and they came to look it over.

They found a beautiful body of water 42 miles long, 10 to 15 miles wide with a maximum depth of 50 feet. The fact that its surface was 234 feet below sea level was intriguing. They found the heavily salted water soft and caressing to the touch, and unbelievably warm.

The sea may have sparkled like a sapphire by day, but when the sun went down it took on the luminosity of an opal that struck fire in the moonlight. There was an eerie quality to its beauty. Also, the sea was a natural for water sports.

They found other attractions in the basin. They enjoyed the health-giving sunshine, the scenic and geological wonders, the fan palms (not related to the date palms), smoke trees with wispy blue flowers, Joshua trees with arms like gorillas. They saw for themselves the land that furnished them with melons, grapes, cotton and vegetables. They visited the people of the basin -big people doing big things. Busy as the growers were they took time out to make every visitor a booster.

Access to the area is easy and people come in ever-increasing numbers. Accommodations range from deluxe in the towns to modest along the sea, and are constantly expanding to take care of the influx of people. State Beach Park on the east shore has six miles of beach frontage with improved camp sites, picnic areas, bathing beaches and a boat ramp-at a nominal cost. It is a recreational paradise that becomes a trailer city in winter.

If space is all taken, as it usually is on week ends, a ranger will guide the traveler to unimproved areas along the sea where he finds facilities adequate for comfort.

Much of the recreational activity is concentrated at Salton City on the west shore. It is a busy place with people and trailers, marinas, beaches, a luxurious yacht club and a ramp big enough to launch ten boats at a time.

Water skiing and motor boating are the major attractions. The high density of the sea, due to its salinity, makes it one of the fastest bodies of water in the world for speed boats. At the 500 mile regatta held in October records are consistently broken.

The annual Corvina Derby and the famous Salton Sea Swim draw many swimmers and spectators. Swimming in the sea is an experience to remember; one floats like a cork.

Fishing is excellent. In addition to perch and bass, the sea is stocked with corbina or corvina a prized game fish belonging to the croaker family, so named because it makes a croaking sound. It usually ranges from 4 to 8 pounds in weight, but one wary warrior managed to evade anglers for a long time and, when finally caught, tipped the scales at 33 pounds.

The area is at its best for water sports from January through April and from September through November. In summer the water temperature rises to 90 degrees, in winter drops to 50.

Rock hounds and geologists find the basin a happy hunting ground. Huge animal tracks, presumably those of prehistoric mastodons, are solidified and preserved in rock around an ancient water hole. Vast coral reefs, enormous beds of fossils, shark's teeth, and oyster shells have convinced geologists that the basin was once the floor of the Gulf of California.

The Salton Basin has come a long way in a short time. No one who has seen its wonders, taken part in its recreational facilities, and known its people will ever forget it.

THE PAINTED DESERT

By GEORGE L. WILLIAMS
Flagstaff, Arizona

With easel set, the artist stands beside the
Painted Desert,
Waiting for the dawn's first rays to clarify its
hues.
He thinks to paint a masterpiece of this chaos of
color
But falters at the shading of its purples and its
blues.

As the sun mounts swiftly higher o'er this
land of ancient fire,
The hills and valleys lay benumbed in glacial
cold,
The artist waits, bewildered at the swiftly chang-
ing picture
As the purples turn to yellows and the yellows
turn to gold.

When the sun has reached its zenith and the
landscape lays a-shimmer,
And the fantasy of color fades into a tawny-grey,
Then the mirage works its magic. Tiny mound
becomes a mountain,
And a yawning chasm opens where the level
valley lay.

Swiftly evening shadows lengthen; steal across
this lonely land,
And the humbled artist, sleeping, dreams no
more of being great.
Thru the desert's revelation he has learned his
limitation:
God alone achieves the perfect; man can only
imitate.

Ruins

By DOROTHY ROGERS OLD
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Oh, crumbling ruins defying Time's great hand,
You stand and furnish me a gloomy trace
Of vanished tribes who once lived on this land,
You breathe the secrets of a vanished race
And warn me of the swiftness of Life's pace,
But Time's erosion weakens your thick crust
And slowly you are blending with the dust.

DESERT MOONLIGHT

By JENNIE R. AULTMAN
Trinidad, Colorado

Long shadows lie across the desert sand,
The twilight deepens, chilly grows the air,
In silhouetted form the rocks rise bare
And ghastly as if chiseled, and some hand
Had placed them there between the sky and
land;
The desert sun has disappeared, a glare
Still lingers in the sky as if to share
The cooling atmosphere near where they stand.
Reluctantly the sun withdraws her light,
And darkness closes down upon the scene,
While stillness reigns as desert birds take flight;
Then suddenly the moon with silver sheen
Leaps the horizon, lo! the desert night
With trailing robes comes forth, a beauteous
queen.

TO A NODULE

By JOSIAH NATHAN NUTTER
Long Beach, California
Oh, you were just an ugly rock
Until the lapidary's art
Revealed at last the hidden beauty
Held within your stony heart!

DESERT GARDEN

By JERRY M. DARRELL
Alma, California

If you must upon the desert dwell,
Take a hint from me.
If you cannot live without a garden, group
Cacti at the base of a Joshua tree.

Let there be cereus both low and tall,
And gargoyle growing opuntias queer,
A stately staghorn, a bisnaga pink,
And coryphantha dainty, dear.

Tall silvery cholla with its jumping spines
Beside a low, bristling grayhead,
An Opuntia ursina like a patch of snow,
With a parishi beside for a stain of red.

Group engelmannis with their purple bloom,
About barrels big and full and round,
Now scatter about your spiny plants,
Desert rocks of yellow, green and brown.

And when summer's strident heat
Beats upon the waterless land,
Everything will shrivel up,
But your gallant spiny band.

So if you must upon the desert dwell,
Take this hint from me.
If you cannot live without a garden, group
Cacti around a Joshua tree.

DESERT QUIZ

In the history of the Southwest a few names stand out above others because of some special part played in the exploration and conquest of the desert country. Some of them were missionaries, others were fighters. Some were Mountain men, others were Indian chiefs and a few were dreamers. Each of them demonstrated a high degree of skill and courage in his chosen field. From the list of names

in the column on the right, select the one which best fits the description in the center column, and write it in the blank space. For instance, every one who has read anything about the Southwest knows Jacob Hamblin was not a Paiute Indian chief. So, you rearrange them correctly. A score of from 12 to 15 is good, from 16 to 18 is excellent, and if you do better than that you belong at the head of the history class.

Answers are on page 31.

- | | | |
|-----------|---|-----------------------|
| 1. _____ | He was a Paiute Indian chief. | Jacob Hamblin |
| 2. _____ | He rounded up the Navajo. | William Lewis Manly |
| 3. _____ | He was governor of New Mexico. | John Wetherill |
| 4. _____ | His dream led to the reclamation of Imperial Valley. | Edward F. Beale |
| 5. _____ | He was a leader of the Apaches. | Palma |
| 6. _____ | He crossed Death Valley in '49. | Juan Bautista de Anza |
| 7. _____ | He led the Mormons to Utah. | Kit Carson |
| 8. _____ | He was a famous Mountain Man. | Adolph Bandelier |
| 9. _____ | He was with Kearny's Army of the West. | Major J. W. Powell |
| 10. _____ | He was the first to navigate the Grand Canyon. | Bill Williams |
| 11. _____ | He was a leader of the Navajo. | Winnemucca |
| 12. _____ | He brought the first camel caravan across the desert. | Lieut. Joseph C. Ives |
| 13. _____ | He led the first white party to Rainbow bridge. | Lew Wallace |
| 14. _____ | He wrote <i>Wonders of the Colorado Desert</i> . | Charles R. Rockwood |
| 15. _____ | He was a friendly chief of the Yuma Indians. | Geronimo |
| 16. _____ | He brought the first white colonists to California. | Brigham Young |
| 17. _____ | He found the lower Colorado river navigable. | George Wharton James |
| 18. _____ | He was a Mormon missionary. | Father Kino |
| 19. _____ | He founded missions in Pimeria Alta. | W. H. Emory |
| 20. _____ | He was a famous archeologist. | Chee Dodge |

High-Graders of Goldfield . . .

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

A HOWLING WIND whipped the sand around the base of Columbia Mountain, about 20 miles south of the newly established camp of Tonopah, Nevada, in the fall of 1903. The wind devils tore at the lone tent of Harry C. Stimler, the young 22-year-old half breed Cherokee prospector, destined to be known as "the father of Goldfield," although at that moment he felt little like a man of destiny.

However, when the hurricane, known to the desert dwellers of that region as a "Nevada zephyr," had subsided and Stimler was able to see the landscape around him in the clear light of an autumn sun he discovered that he had pitched his camp almost on the site of a very rich ledge of ore. This he located and in honor of the elements he called his find the "Sand-storm." Shortly afterward he staked out another claim which he called the "January."

Out of these two initial claims Goldfield, "Queen of the Camps," was born and a lusty queen she was, almost from the first day of her birth. Tonopah had been discovered in the summer of 1900 by Jim Butler and its mines already were producing much wealth. Stimler had been in the rush at Tonopah but had missed his golden opportunity in that area. Having incurred debts amounting to about \$15,000 he had been grubstaked by Jim

At the height of Goldfield's boom, nearly a half century ago, miners working for four or five dollars a day sometimes went off shift with as much as \$50 worth of rich ore concealed in pockets in their clothing. High-graders, they were called, and before the owners put a stop to the practice it is estimated that millions of dollars worth of "picture rock" was stolen in this manner. The information in this amazing story was taken from the records of the old mining camp.

Butler and a man named Kendall. Now he had struck it rich. All he needed was capital to develop the area.

Naturally, as the mines were discovered and developed, they attracted the attention of hardrock miners from far off Idaho and Montana. They swarmed in from Arizona, Colorado and Utah. The news that most of the discoveries were picture rock or jewelry rock brought in fortune-hungry lessees by the score, each one hoping to land a rich mine and skim off the golden cream. Miners who were willing to work for a paltry \$4 to \$5 a day just to be allowed inside the mines, came by the hundreds. Here was the opportunity of a life time. Wages,

poof! What were wages when a man could high-grade several hundred dollars a day if he was smart?

At first development was slow. Some of the early speculators grew restless. Veins seemed to pinch out and were lost. Gold hungry desert rats, failing to pick up chunks of pure gold, packed up their outfits and drifted away.

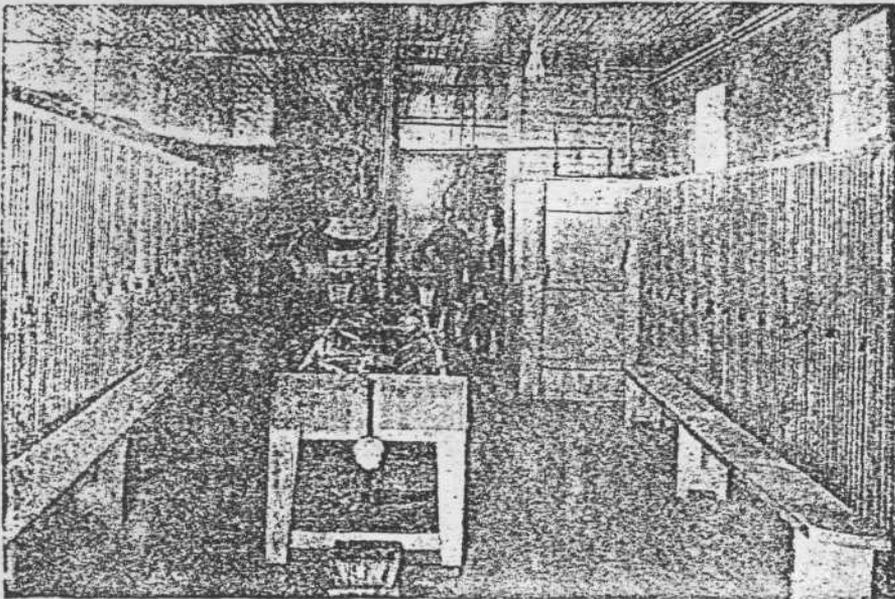
A few of the faithful remained and on October 20, 1903, a group of 17 men gathered on the main street of the tiny tented camp, and perched upon a pile of lumber, discussed the organization of a regular mining district.

Only these few really saw the necessity of such an organization. They had the faith necessary to bring about the creation of a bonanza camp. Among those present were Doc O'Tooie, Johnny Jones, Tom Ramsey, Bert Higginson, Harry C. Stimler, Billy Marsh, Al D. Meyers, Charles Taylor, Ole Elliott, Al McClelland, Claude M. Smith, Bob Dunn, Doc White Wolf, Jim Gleason, Tom D. Murphy.

A recorder of claims was needed.

Goldfield's Columbia Avenue in 1909. With the exception of the \$200 thousand Goldfield hotel on the right, all these buildings were destroyed by a fire which later swept the town.





Changing room in one of the mines, where miners were required to change clothing after coming from the shaft. Despite the protests of the miners, these rooms were installed to stop the high-grading of rich ore.

"Kid," said one of the group addressing Smith, the youngest of the party, "you're gonna be official claim recorder. Speak up, what shall we call this camp?"

Stimler, half jestingly, had named the place "Grandpah" (big spring) in contrast to Tonapah, an Indian name for "little spring," but this name had been voted down.

Smith was flat broke and bashful. "Heck, fellers," he said, scuffing at the ground with his foot, "I don't know anything about recording. I can't take such a job."

"Hell you can't. You can read and write can't you? We'll tell you what to do. You're elected."

"Okay, if that's the way you feel about it. I need some money so I'll take the job. My full name is Claude M. Smith and my first job is to call the name of this camp Goldfields."

"Goldfields she is, boys," said Al Meyers, he of the sturdy frame with hands as big as hams and a heart of the same size.

Later the "s" was dropped and the town was known simply as Goldfield.

Smith set about the task of recording notices and when he received a fee he stuck it in his pocket. He hoped in this way to collect enough money to pull stakes and get away from the place which in his heart he considered a dead camp.

Then the Mohawk, one of the Goldfield mines, produced riches beyond belief and the boom was on in earnest.

Goldfield became a mecca for promoters over night. With the capitalists came the horde of sharpers, gamblers,

saloon keepers, adventurous women and the usual quota of characters. And, as I remarked previously, the mines became the targets for high-graders.

By the time Goldfield was four years old it had a population of 15,000 inhabitants and it was still growing. The mines had produced the fantastic sum of \$45,000,000 in gold and in the two banner years, 1906 and 1907, \$37,000,000 were taken out of the depths of the desert.

No wonder J. W. Scott, a local poet, in his poem *Goldfield*, proclaimed her:

*Splendid, magnificent, Queen of the Camps,
Mistress of countless Aladdin's lamps,
Deity worshipped by kings and tramps.
The lure she is of the West.*

Among the great mines of the camp at the time were the Mohawk, Jumbo, Red Top, Combination, Florence, Consolidated, Combination Fraction, Great Bend and Daisy. The ore from some of these mines was unbelievably rich, some of it assaying as high as \$20,000 a ton and in 1908 a vein of considerable size produced ore worth \$76,000 a ton.

In general the original discoverers either sold their claims outright or leased them to men who had enough ready capital to develop the properties into paying mines. Naturally, with the gold fairly bubbling out of the quartz, the lessors turned their attention to skimming the golden cream from the mines. If picture rock, the ore which showed seams of pure gold, did not show enough color to the naked eye, it was by-passed in favor of a richer deposit, hence many of the older mines

today contain ore in paying quantities which was left behind by the get-rich-quick lessees of 45 years ago.

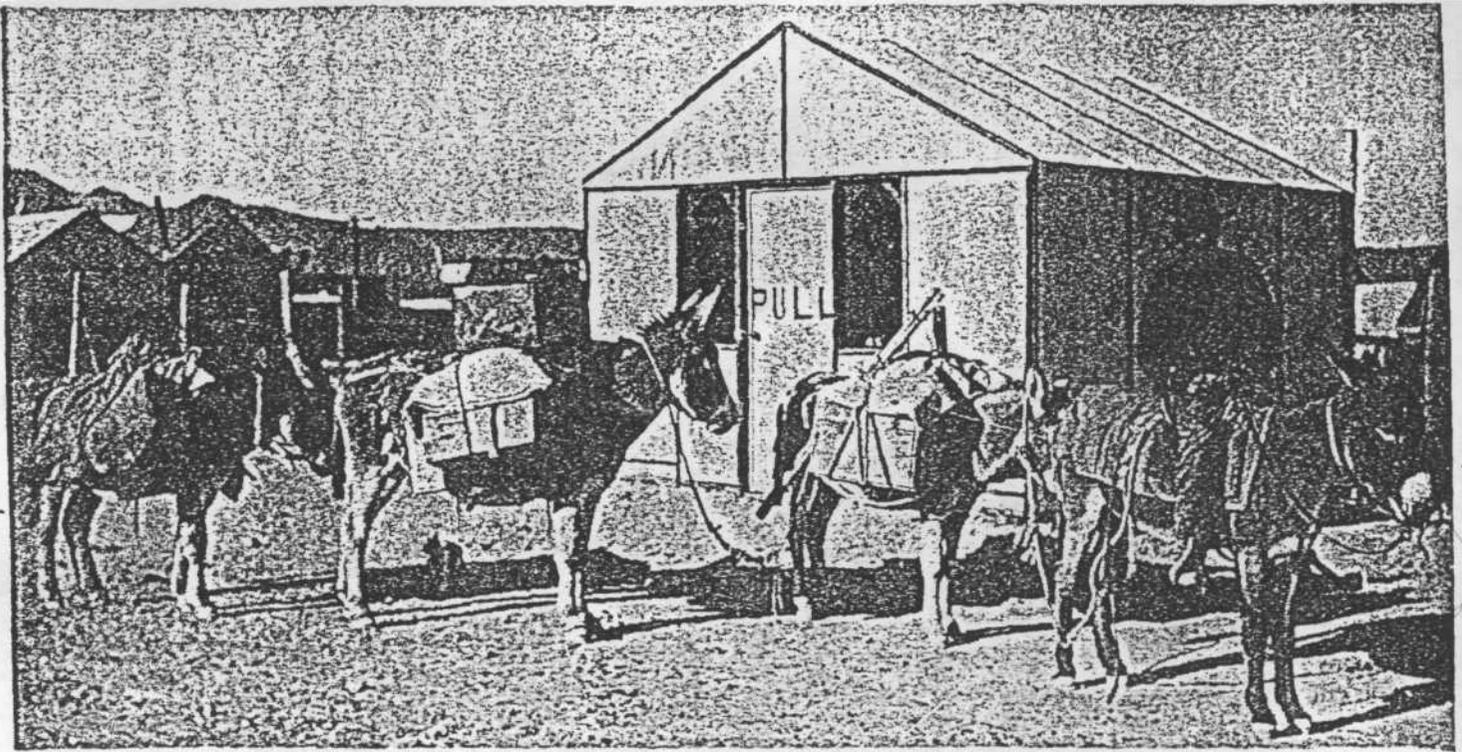
The monthly pay roll in Goldfield in 1908 was around \$500,000 but this was just chicken feed compared to the golden harvest of rich picture rock carted out each day by the high-graders who worked as laborers in the mines for a mere \$4 to \$5 a day.

In the beginning, the lessees paid little attention to the practice of high-grading but it dawned upon them that even as they were milking the veins of their precious contents to the detriment of the owners, so were they being milked of countless thousands of dollars by the miners. In fact, the few dollars in wages paid to the workers were a pittance compared to the sums being realized through the sale of illicit gold.

Labor troubles developed. One cause was the issuance of scrip in lieu of cash, when the banks of Goldfield suffered a temporary shortage of currency. Big Bill Haywood, known as the "Big Fellow," organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World, also called the Wobblies, moved into Goldfield to direct strike tactics and keep the miners in a constant state of agitation. Then the companies put in changing rooms where the miners were compelled to change clothes as they went in and out of the mines. This innovation brought forth a storm of protest. It interfered with the highly lucrative business of high-grading. It had been customary for miners working in the stopes that produced the richest ore to wear specially made shirts and trousers. Stout canvas pockets in the legs of the trousers and sewed to the underside of the back of the shirt were loaded each day with choice lumps of picture rock containing small fortunes in free gold.

The first case of high-grading to be prosecuted had been that of John Sheridan who was arrested in 1904 for allegedly stealing picture rock from the Combination. He was tried in the District Court at Hawthorne and was acquitted. In 1907 the mine owners began cracking down on the high-graders. On the night of November 6, young R. W. Saylor was arrested near the Combination mill at midnight. He had a sack of high grade ore, believed to have been stolen from the Combination. When first accosted Saylor dropped the sack and fled. Later, he attempted to sneak back and recover his loot, and waiting officers arrested him.

T. J. Smith was another miner accused of high-grading. He was accused of having received stolen ore from miners who had taken it from the Little Florence mine. An amusing



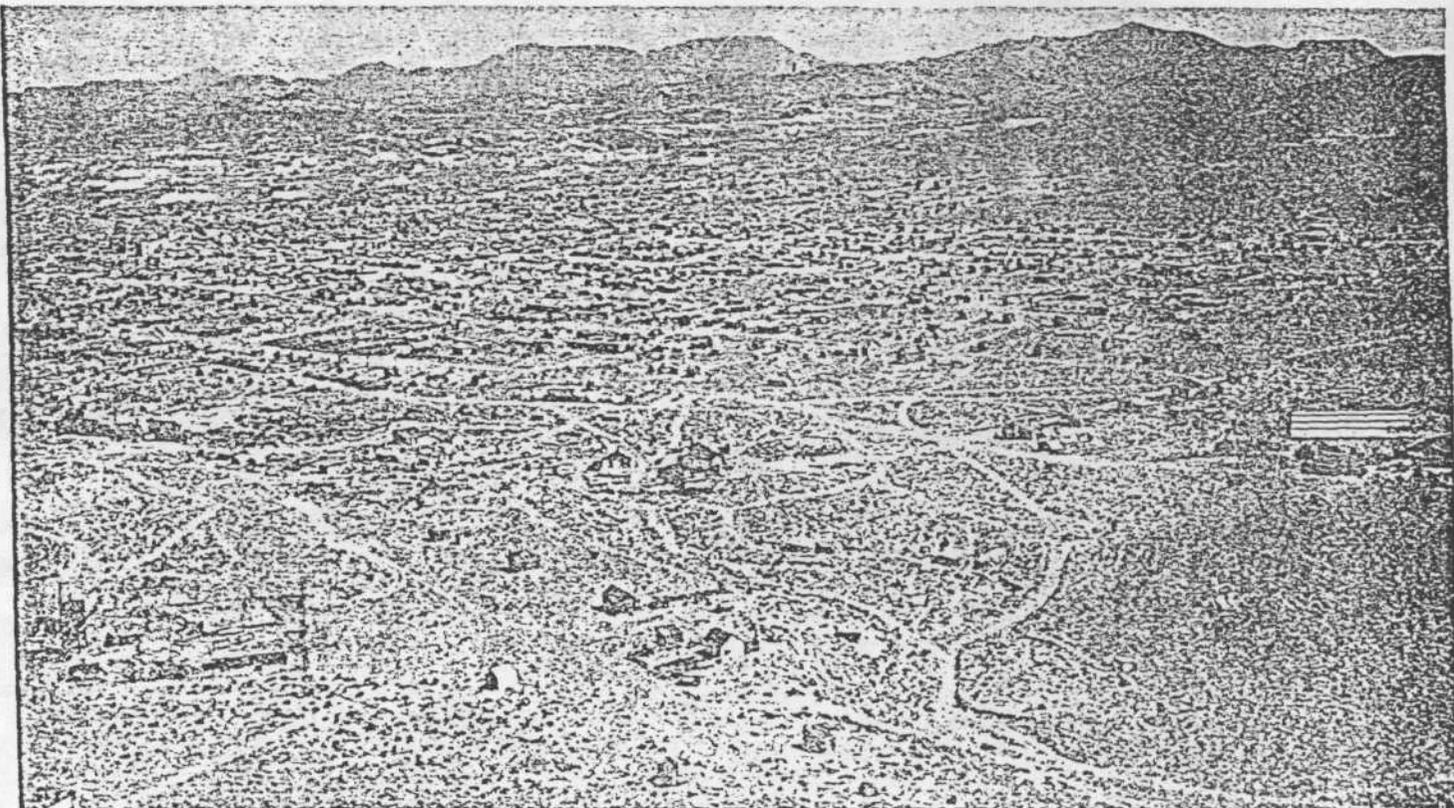
Nevada prospector in the days when new gold strikes were being made every few months.

incident developed at Smith's trial. One of the arresting officers, Deputy Sheriff Bill Inman, was called to the stand to testify. He produced a handsome specimen of picture ore which he stated quite candidly he had "glommed" at the scene of the raid. When requested by the judge to de-

fine the term "glom," Inman replied: "Glomming is high-grading and high-grading is glomming." Thereupon his honor ordered the choice bit of jewelry rock placed in evidence and marked officially as an exhibit. This legal procedure brought forth a storm of protest from the dep-

uty. It appeared that he had "glommed" that particular piece for his own collection and couldn't see the humor of the situation when Judge Hubbard calmly kept it as evidence. The amount of gold involved in this case was \$536.50. Smith was acquitted

Goldfield in 1908. Only a few of these buildings remain standing today.



November 23, 1907, after the jury had deliberated 15 hours.

Of all the assaying firms in Goldfield at that time, it was estimated that at least 90 percent of them were dealing illicitly in high-grade ore.

In a statement concerning the prevalence of high-grading, the Mine Owner's Association issued a statement December 9, 1907, blasting the miners' union for condoning the practice:

"The union has encouraged, protected and assisted its members in stealing ore from the mines of the district. The ores of Goldfield are very high grade and in all the mines are millions of dollars worth of ore running in value from \$2 to \$20 per pound. This ore has been stolen in a way almost beyond belief. During the six months ending December 31, 1906, there was stolen from the Mohawk mine alone not less than \$1,000,000 and during the past six months there has been taken from the Little Florence lease not less than \$2,000 a day. The union has refused to permit un-

derground watchmen, has ordered a strike when effective change rooms were placed upon the properties, has protested against every effort to prevent this practice, and in every way encouraged the ore thieves and thwarted the efforts of the mine owners to detect or punish them."

Late in 1907 the losses through high-grading had become so serious that the owners called upon the law-enforcement officers in the camp to put an end to the thefts. On December 10 five men, all members of the Western Federation of Miners, were arrested at gun point on the 300-foot level of the Rogers Syndicate lease and taken to jail. When caught, three of these men had on their persons 100 pounds of choice specimens valued at \$20 a pound.

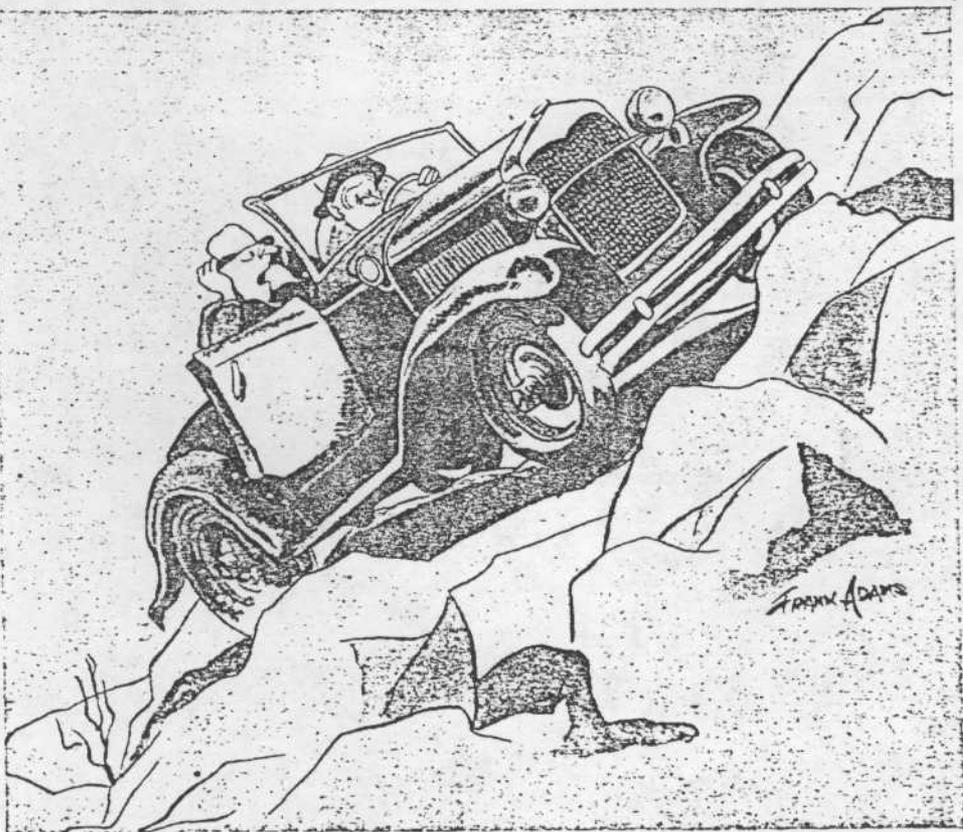
A few hours later three men were observed entering the Rosebud shaft of an adjoining lease after secreting their tools in the Little Florence mine. All these mines had connecting underground tunnels.

Deputy John Ramsey faced one of the men, J. Johnson, with a bob-tailed shotgun and demanded that he throw up his hands. Johnson was lodged in jail and later released on \$500 cash bail. He promptly skipped out.

Another raid was made on the premises of an assayer at 618 Fifth Avenue North, on the evening of December 17, 1907. Constable Inman (the same man who had glommed the high grade specimen) and his friend E. Gardner, allegedly caught the assayer at work reducing some stolen ore. This establishment had all of the earmarks of a crooked joint. There was an elaborate electric bell system wired to give notice of the approach of strangers and a peep hole in the door which opened from the inside. All of the illicit operations were conducted at night. The assayer was reputedly an old hand at the game and it was said he had been arrested in Goldfield twice before for the purchase of stolen ore. His place was completely equipped with electrical crusher plant, furnace and cyanide tanks.

So it went, raid after raid upon the assayers, and arrest upon arrest of the high-graders themselves. Hundreds of pounds of picture rock were confiscated but thousands of pounds escaped the vigilance of the guards. Some of the ore was shipped out of the state. Three trunks, filled with high grade ore valued at \$4000 and stolen from the Little Florence lease, were found in Salt Lake City. It was returned to the company offices in Goldfield. George Richardson, another assayer was arrested for receiving stolen ore. He too was said to have been in the business before, having previously been arrested in Pueblo, Colorado, with \$16,000 worth of fine specimens from the Mohawk mine of Goldfield in his possession.

Today Goldfield—almost, but not quite a ghost town—dreams in the shadow of Columbia Mountain. Some of the mines are again active and the townspeople, those who have stuck to the old camp like the faithful who laid out the camp in 1903, feel certain that when the price of gold goes up, Goldfield, like the fabled Phoenix of old, will arise from its ashes and once again become Queen of the Camps.



"Maybe ya shoulda took a look at this five acres before ya bought it . . ."

Sacred Mountain of the Tribesmen

This article was originally written in 1950

It was the time of the annual truce. All the nations were selecting their emissaries for the journey to Black Mountain. No nation claimed the mountain although it lay almost directly between the Chemehuevi and the Panamint Nations. It was a sacred place to the ancients. No man bore arms against a neighbor during the long journey to and from the mountain. He was safe from harm even though the way led him through the territory of several enemy nations. A period of one moon was recognized at the same season each year for the trek. After the secret ceremonies which were held atop the mountain, a like

time was guaranteed for the return home. Preparation for the ceremonial was vested in those nations adjacent to the sacred mountain. All who came from afar provided their own food and in some years, water. In dry periods the water which the crater usually contained was non-existent. The Shoshone, the Ute and Gosiute came from as far as the Great Salt Lake region; the Mojave, the Kamia and the Cocopah from the Colorado River valley.

—This is the legend of Black Mountain as told by an aged Indian to a miner whom he had befriended in the El Paso Mountains of California.

By A. La VIELLE LAWBAUGH
Map by Norton Allen

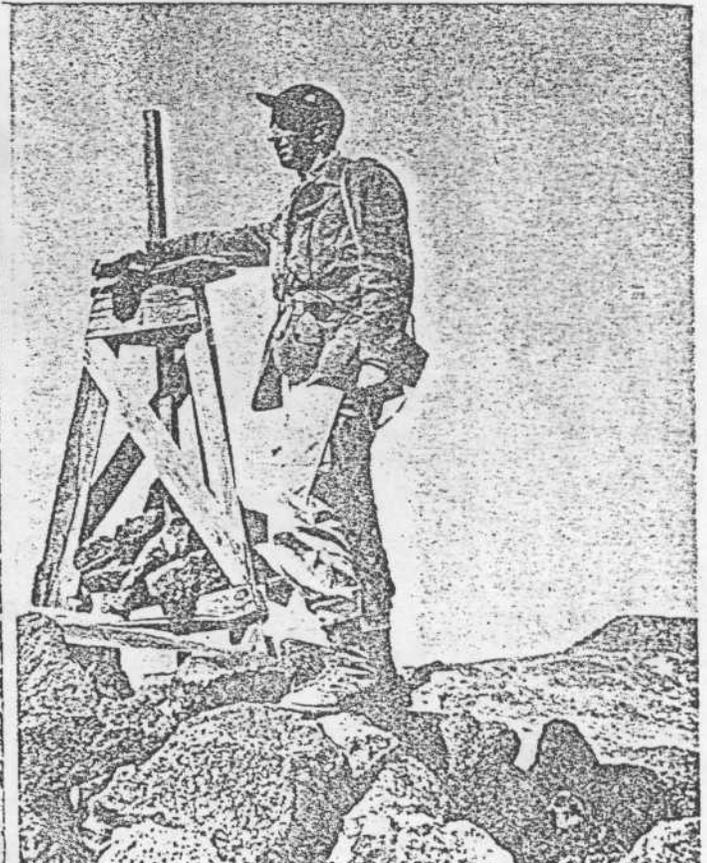
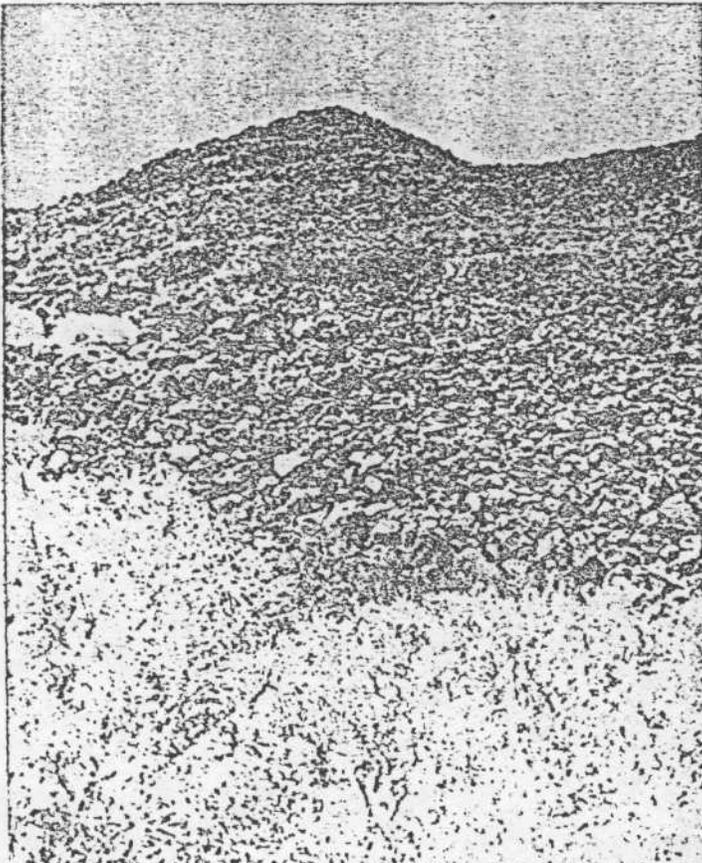
MY INTEREST in the ancient Indian ceremonial grounds in California's Black Mountain began early in 1949 when I was present at a meeting in Los Angeles sponsored by the Archeological Survey Group of the Los Angeles County Museum. It was stated that prehistoric ruins probably would be found in this region.

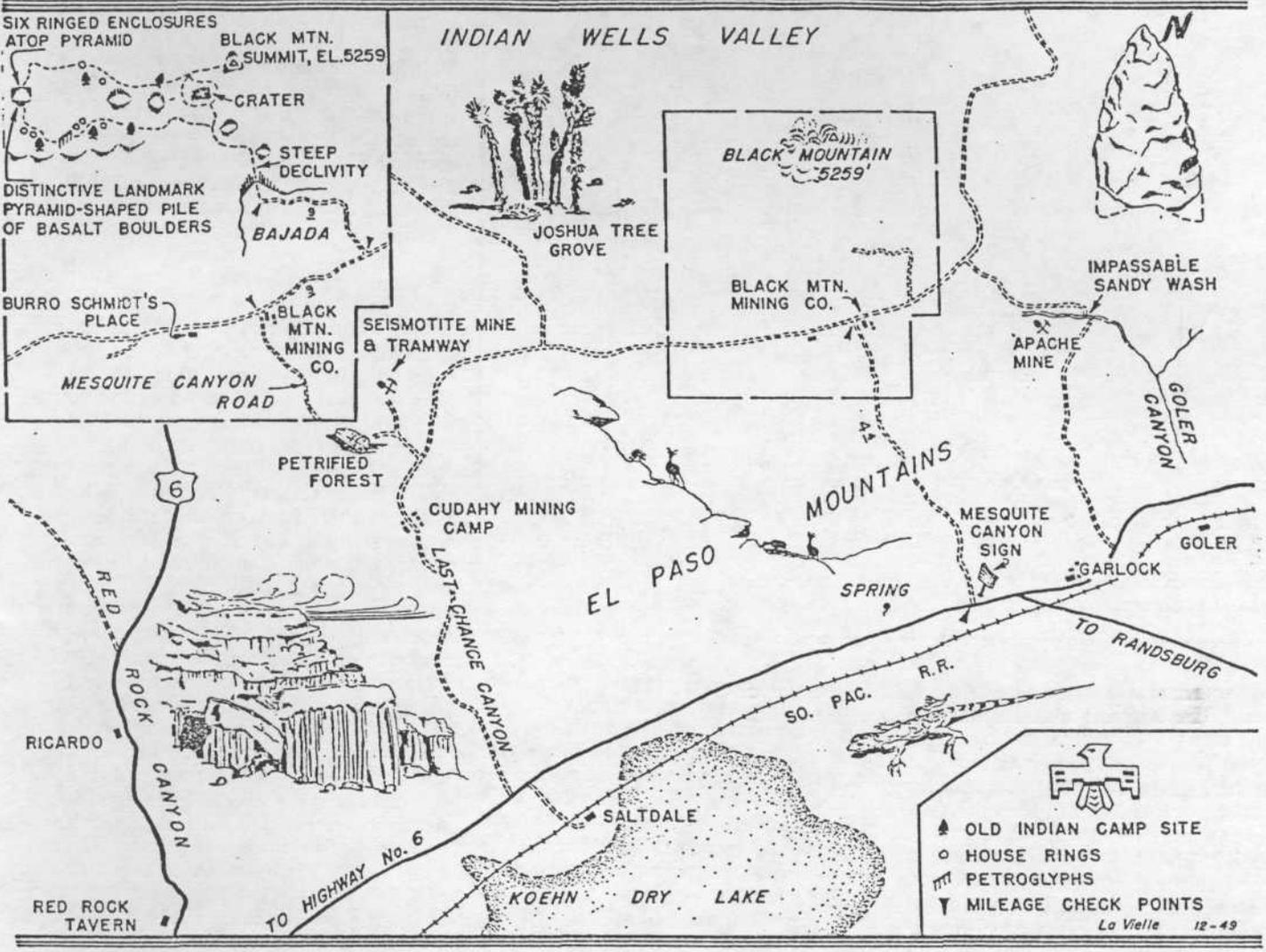
Following this meeting a little group of us made a reconnaissance trip into the area. Driving from Los Angeles we left the black top highway at Garlock and took the steep, tortuous canyon road into the Apache Mine. Finding the trail blocked by an impassable sand wash, we stopped at the nearby home of Mrs. Jane McDonald. Mrs. Birdie Hungerford, caretaker at the mine and who lived nearby, was with Mrs. McDonald. They extended to us a courteous welcome and very generously gave us much information about the area.

Three weeks later, on our second attempt to scale Black Mountain, my wife Neva and I drove in through Last Chance Canyon. Where this canyon swings abruptly eastward there are colorful clays and ash materials laid down in its eroded walls which were

This pyramid-shaped mound of basalt rocks was surrounded by six well-defined ringed enclosures—probably made for ceremonial purposes.

The author on the peak of Black Mountain. Indians no longer come here and white visitors seldom scale this remote desert mountain.





strongly accented by the bright morning sun. These materials were first deposited layer upon layer as volcanic ash. The decomposition of the ash which released silica for petrification converted the ash into a claylike rock called bentonite. When pure, bentonite is nearly white but in the Black Mountain vicinity it is stained all shades of red, orange, blue, yellow and brown by iron minerals which also had their sources in the volcanic ash. Temperature variations at the time of deposition also played a part in the color scheme.

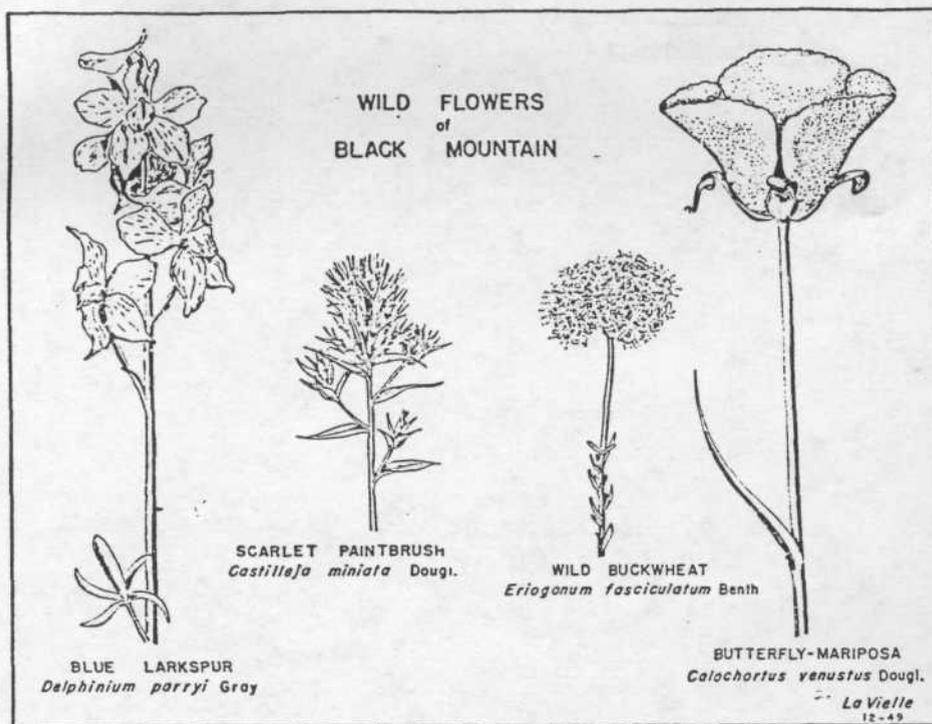
The Old Dutch Cleanser seismotite mine in the north fork is visible from the trail up the east fork. The tramway up the steep slope to the bed of pure white pumice near the top of the high wall hasn't been used for some time. Only a caretaker lives at the little cluster of company buildings. There are no indications that the mine will be reopened. Up the north fork, too, are the Chocolate Sundae Peaks (our own name for two beautifully shaped and colored formations) and a petrified forest.

Geology tells us that this petrified forest had its setting in the upper Miocene or lower Pliocene, some 2,000,000 years ago, (*Desert*, December 1943). The ground surface at that time, upon which the fauna flourished and from which the flora sprang, is now termed the Rosamond formation. Then came the violent era of volcanoes and uplifting of mountain ranges. Layers of volcanic ash together with vesicular and compact basalt covered the Rosamond. The massive red tuff-breccia exposed at Red Rock Canyon dramatically displays some of these layers of volcanic ash. The fine greenish-gray tuff which marks the Rosamond has yielded fossil remains including the three-toed horse and hornless rhinoceri. Some of these fossil finds were made in the petrified forest area.

The trail up the east fork is soft in some places. A deserted shack and some new mining equipment being installed on a canyon slope caught our attention. Greasewood and sagebrush are the predominate plants in the east fork. There are a few scattered yuccas.

Over the north rim of Last Chance Canyon, near the Holly Cleanser Mine, there is a beautiful little grove of Joshua Trees.

Our first stop for information was at Burro Schmidt's place. Burro is a veteran miner who has lived in Last Chance Canyon for many years. He had never climbed Black Mountain and so could not help us much. We continued along the road to the Black Mountain Mining Company's camp. Della Gerbracht, who lives there and is vice-president of the Kern County Chapter of the Western Mining Council, received us with open hospitality. That afternoon she took us on a conducted circle tour around the base of Black Mountain. While we drove along she told us of the early mines, and of contemporary mining. She showed us old Indian camp sites, many petroglyphs, bedrock mortars and quarries. Both she and her father were deeply interested in archeology. As we rounded the eastern flank of the mountain our guide pointed out the general location of some caves high up on the slope from which had been



taken some elaborately clothed Kachinas. The cloth material was reported to have been flax.

Della is a wild flower enthusiast. She told us how beautiful her country had been each spring until seven years ago when the first sheep were driven through. The bajada which extends from her place up to the base of Black Mountain was a sea of deep vivid red each May; a magic carpet of mariposas. The sheep not only ate the wild flowers but also damaged the root and bulb beds with their sharp hooves. Other wild flowers which annually made their appearance were scarlet paintbrush, forget-me-nots, blue brodiaea, purple onion, tansy phacelia, blue bonnets, dwarf lupine, blue larkspur, wild buckwheat and apricot mal-

spur. That night we camped on the bajada at the base of Black Mountain. The velocity of the wind increased as the sun went down and before bedtime we abandoned the idea of sleeping on our cots. We spent the night in the car, as we have done before, when there was wind or rain. During the night the wind changed, and rocked the car so violently I started the motor and swung the car around to keep it headed into the storm.

Daybreak brought no slackening in the force of the gale. We ate a cold breakfast in the car, then started the climb to the summit of Black Mountain. We carried only camera equipment, lunch, canteen and field glasses. There was no trail up the mountain side. In a deep saddle we found flint chips but no other evidence to support

the existence of a regular campsite.

The entire surface of Black Mountain is composed of a layer of olivine basalt, laid down when the eruptions occurred. Decomposition of the basalt and wind transported particles have covered over much of the rough jumbled blocks of basalt. All over the mountain we saw sprawling masses of angular, dark brown boulders. It's almost as though a giant had strewn gigantic pebbles at will on the slopes, or in other places carefully piled them up in pyramid-shaped heaps. Canyon erosion has exposed the underlying Rosamond, the upper surface of which has been burned red.

The crater, 50 feet deep and 350 feet in diameter, was southwest of the summit. Mountain clover, bunch grass, wild buckwheat and blue larkspur contrasted with the brown and black boulders scattered at random about the crater. A common plant which occurred from the floor of Last Chance Canyon to the summit of Black Mountain was the desert trumpet, a member of the buckwheat family. Other names given me by local residents for this curious plant are bottle weed and squaw cabbage. Rotting debris and other signs indicated that water had stood in the crater at the southwest side where tules appeared to have grown. Within our own time, water has been reported in the crater.

From the crater we trudged on up to the peak of Black Mountain at an elevation of 5259 feet. Two markers are set in concrete near a cairn of rocks. A wooden tower which formerly served as a stand for an anemometer is slowly going to ruin. The

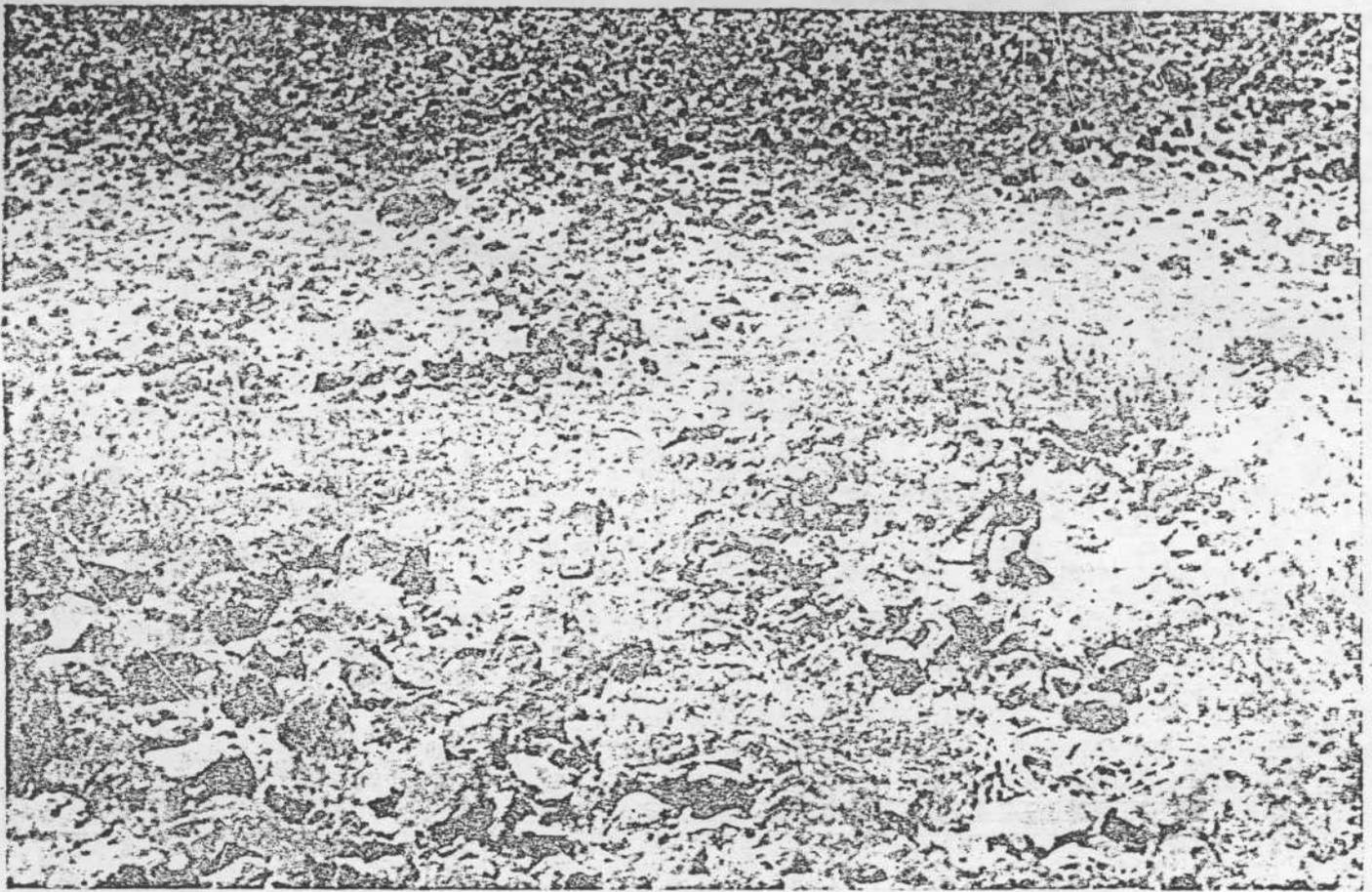
cups for the device are still there, lying at the base of the stand. It seemed that every loose particle in the Owens Valley to the north had been whipped into a seething caldron which was spilling over Black Mountain. A column of yellow color rose perpendicularly from Randsburg which was distinguishable through the haze by reflection of the sun on metal roofs. To the southwest, across the El Pasos, a strong wind was furiously sweeping Koehn Dry Lake, raising an angry cloud of tawny dust.

The mountain proper is a hog-back extending generally east to west with four outstanding humps along its run. Our way now was west, along the top of the mountain. Shortly after leaving the markers we came upon an old Indian campsite. Many chips were in evidence; a scraper was found. In a small, sheltered cut, on the north slope, we came upon a small patch of mariposa lilies which had survived the elements and the onslaughts of sheep herds. They were a darker shade than chinese red. This exotic wild flower seemed out of place on rugged Black Mountain. The pretty name of mariposa is the Spanish for butterfly.

Picture taking was almost impossible. I used speeds of 1/200th second and even then couldn't always hold the camera still enough. Further along we found jasper and moss agate chips and then the first real ruins. They were on the wind-swept northern flank of the mountain, set in a wild jumble of huge basalt blocks. The prehistoric builders had taken advantage of natural hollows formed when the boulders came to rest—evened them out into round enclosures and carefully walled them in. An entrance was left in the wall which averaged waist high. A roof structure was probably formed of small limbs taken from trees growing at the base of the mountain and closed over with tules from the water's edge in the crater. The floors of these ruins were strewn with debris.

We were near the pyramid-shaped peak at the west end of Black Mountain. From down below and from almost any approach it gives the appearance of a very regularly shaped pyramid. From a closer view it is merely a huge pile of basalt blocks. What earth is there has been transported to the interstices of the angular rocks by the wind. Many of the boulders were covered with a yellowish red brown lichen. This colorful parasite actually eats the rock upon which it lives. Through the acids which they secrete, lichens attack even the hardest of rocks. The rock beneath the lichen is easily scraped away to a slight depth.

The top of the pyramid was crowned with six well-defined ringed enclosures,



Two of the ceremonial rings on the shelf at the base of the pyramid-shaped cone of basalt rocks. A metate was found at the entrance to one of these enclosures.

the floors of which were covered with bunch grass. They bore no evidence of having been living quarters. Their exposed location would indicate another use. If the old ceremonial legend be true, they may have played an important part in the annual pilgrimage to the mountain. They could have been look-out posts built to offer a degree of protection from the violent winds.

Later, Neva and I came to a rough terrace of boulders. At its base was a level shelf of land upon which were two circular house rings. This village site was almost directly under the pyramid and extended eastward for about one quarter of a mile. We rested in the largest of the two rings and ate our lunch. There was a metate at the entrance to the largest enclosure. The rock comprising the crude wall was stacked about 30 inches high. The upper wall and roof covering may have been constructed from tules and grass. We found many flint chips in the immediate area but no finished implements. Proceeding eastward across the campsite we encountered more house rings, some petroglyphs and metates. Neva found an arrowhead near the second group of house rings. There were evidences all along here of places where water had stood.

Perhaps in wet seasons temporary springs flowed or the pools were formed in natural depressions.

In the late afternoon as we made our way down the slopes we met a small king snake. When young these reptiles resemble the venomous coral snake in all but color. But the king snake not only is harmless but is generally regarded as a friend of man, and we let it go on its way.

For amateur archeologists it had been a day of many interesting discoveries. We can only guess as to why the prehistoric Indians of the Mojave Desert and beyond came to this arid mountain—but we had found plenty of evidence that they did come here—and we would like to believe that their mission, as explained by the Indian legend, was one of peace. For those who may find it hard to believe the legendary long trek to Black Mountain, it may be well to quote some observations by Edwin F. Walker which are based on authentic archeological discoveries: "There were many trails north and south, east and west, along which traveled Indian traders, who were welcome even among warring tribes. Shells from the Gulf of Mexico were traded as far away as Wisconsin, and abalone from the Pacific coast was known to tribes of

North Dakota; pipestone quarried in Minnesota was traded over the plains area and as far south as Georgia; obsidian gathered in Yellowstone Park was traded into Ohio; copper, mined in the Lake Superior region, found its way into the Southern states; and worked turquoise from New Mexico has been found in Mississippi mounds."

American Indian tribes were frequently at war with one another, much as the clans of old Scotland. Unlike the Scotch clans who joined forces to fight the English, the North American Indians never united to throw back the early European settlers. Quite the contrary, they sided at times with the whites in attacking neighboring tribes.

But while the tribesmen warred on each other, Black Mountain remained a place of peace where tribal feuds were forgotten and the Indians of many nations came to commune with their gods.

In these days when humans are still at war, it is good to know that there does exist, out on the Mojave Desert, a shrine where peace-loving people still may go and perhaps learn something about those primitive tribesmen whose religion was so important to them that they would declare an annual armistice for purposes of worship.



Chronicle

Milestones, Magic, Myths, and Miscellaneous of the Great American Desert

DEVIL'S HOLE PUFFISH TO GET HOME

ASH MEADOWS, NEVADA - THE TINY DEVIL'S HOLE PUFFISH, LAST SURVIVORS OF A PREHISTORIC SPECIES, MAY GET A PERMANENT PRESERVE UNDER A NEW DEAL FOR 13,000 ACRES OF ARID NEVADA DESERT.

OWNERS OF THE ASH MEADOWS LAND HAVE AGREED TO SELL FOR \$5.5 MILLION TO A CONSERVATIONIST GROUP SEEKING A PRESERVE FOR THE PUFFISH, CAUGHT UP IN A LEGAL FIGHT THAT WENT TO THE U.S. SUPREME COURT IN 1976.

THE PLAN ALSO CALLS FOR A \$1 MILLION, FIVE-YEAR LOAN AT A LOW 5 PERCENT INTEREST RATE TO PREFERRED EQUITIES WHICH ORIGINALLY BOUGHT THE LAND TO DEVELOP IT, COMPANY PRESIDENT CLARK WYSONG SAID.

THE NATURE CONSERVANCY IS A PRIVATE, NON-PROFIT GROUP WHICH HOPES TO GET THE PROPERTY AND TURN IT OVER TO THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

D & RGW RR LINE REOPENED

THISTLE - UTAH - A MAJOR EAST-WEST DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD LINE WAS REOPENED AROUND A 3 MILE LONG RESERVOIR AND MUD SLIDE RECENTLY. A NEW TUNNEL WAS CONSTRUCTED ABOVE THE SLIDE. RAILROAD OFFICIALS HAVE NOT DECIDED WHETHER OR NOT TO REPAIR A LINE RUNNING THROUGH SOUTHERN UTAH. THE AREA WAS HARD HIT BY THE RECORD SNOW AND SPRING MELT.

SOLAR ONE

DAGGETT, CALIFORNIA - THE FIRST LARGE SCALE SOLAR ELECTRICAL PLANT, SOLAR ONE, IS NEARING OPERATIONAL COMPLETION. IT STILL IS IN ITS TEST PHASE, BUT IS EXPECTED TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

THE \$143 MILLION DOLLAR PLANT CONCENTRATES SUN ENERGY WITH THE HELP OF 1818 HELIOSTATS (MIRRORS) THAT FOCUS REFLECTED SUNRAYS ONTO A BOILER ATOP A 300 FOOT TALL TOWER. WATER INSIDE THE BOILER IS HEATED TO ALMOST 1,000 DEGREES, CREATING STEAM. THE STEAM THEN POWERS A TURBINE ELECTRICAL GENERATOR. THE CAPACITY IS 10 MEGAWATTS OF POWER. THERE IS A VISITOR CENTER FOR INTERESTED PARTIES. A SIMILAR OPERATION IS LOCATED IN HESPERIA.

DESERT AREA TO EXPORT WATER

SNOW CREEK, CALIFORNIA - A BOTTLING OPERATION IS PLANNED ON 12 ACRES NEAR THIS FORMER TOWN. NON-CARBONATED WATER WILL BE EXTRADED FROM DEPTHS AS DEEP AS 1000 FEET THROUGH STAINLESS STEEL PIPES AND BOTTLED DIRECTLY INTO SPECIAL PLASTIC BOTTLES WITHOUT THE WATER EVER CONTACTING THE AIR. THE WATER WILL BE SOLD AS A MINERAL WATER DRINK.



Chronicle

Milestones, Magic, Myths, and Miscellaneous of the Great American Desert

CALIFORNIA ZEPHYR STILL OPERATING

RENO-NEVADA-AMTRACK IS STILL OFFERING TRAIN RIDERS THE CHANCE TO RIDE FROM OAKLAND TO RENO. ONCE A DAY IN EACH DIRECTION THE TRAIN RETRACES THE PATHS OF HISTORY. LEAVING RENO, THE TRAIN CLIMBS UP THE TRUCKEE RIVER CANYON TO A HIGH POINT OF 7033 FEET AT NORDEN. CURRENTLY, IT CROSSES A WHITE WINTER WONDERLAND. THIS IS WHERE 47 PEOPLE PERISHED IN OCTOBER 1846 WITH THE ILL FATED DONNER PARTY. THE ROUTE THEN GOES DOWN THE WESTERN SIDE OF THE SIERRA NEVADA, ACROSS THE FERTILE SACRAMENTO VALLEY, ALONG THE SACRAMENTO RIVER AND INTO OAKLAND. FOR INFORMATION, CONTACT YOUR LOCAL AMTRACK OFFICE.

HISTORIC MAP EXHIBIT

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO-CURRENTLY ON DISPLAY THROUGH JANUARY 29, 1984 IS AN EXHIBIT OF 35 HISTORIC MAPS OF THE SOUTHWEST. THEY WERE MADE BETWEEN 1540 AND 1803. SOME SHOW CALIFORNIA AS AN ISLAND. EXHIBIT IS AT THE FINE ARTS MUSEUM ON PALACE AVENUE, OPEN 9 TO 5 DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY AND MONDAY.

BURROS OUT - SHEEP IN

CHINA LAKE, CALIFORNIA - NAVY OWNED LANDS NEAR THIS HIGH DESERT CITY WERE RECENTLY CLEARED OF FERAL BURROS. THEN TWENTY-FIVE BYHORN SHEEP, 8 RAMS AND 17 EWES, WERE RELEASED. THE SHEEP PREVIOUSLY INHABITED THE AREA BUT DISAPPEARED. THE BURROS WERE BLAMED FOR THE DISAPPEARANCE.

THE DESERT MAGAZINE

MONO LAKE IN DISPUTE

LEE VINING, CALIFORNIA - NO ACCORD HAS BEEN REACHED REGARDING THE WATER IN MONO LAKE. LOS ANGELES USES ITS WATER FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES. THE LAKE COVERS 60 SQUARE MILES, HAS NO NATURAL OUTLET, AND, DUE TO A DECREASING VOLUME OF WATER HAS BECOME 2½ TIMES AS SALTY AS THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

YET IT CONTAINS A TEEMING POPULATION OF A RARE BRINE SHRIMP, WHICH SUPPORTS A LARGE BIRD POPULATION. THE LAKE IS THE MAIN NESTING AREA OF THE CALIFORNIA GULL AND A RESTING PLACE FOR SOME 70 OTHER SPECIES OF BIRDS WHO STOP THERE ON THEIR ANNUAL MIGRATIONS. THE ISLANDS USED FOR NESTING ARE IN DANGER OF BECOMING ACCESSIBLE BY LAND DUE TO THE DRYING OF THE LAKE. IF THAT HAPPENS, ANIMALS SUCH AS COYOTES AND WOLVES CAN WALK OUT TO THE ISLANDS AND FEED UPON THE NESTING GULLS.

LOS ANGELES DEPARTMENT OF WATER AND POWER AND OTHER PARTIES ARE ATTEMPTING TO ARRIVE AT A SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM.

PALM SPRINGS TO HOST RACE

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA - HAS BEEN SELECTED FOR A HELIUM - FILLED BALLOON RACE. THE RACE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD, IS TO BE HELD MAY 5, 1984 AT RUTH HARDY PARK. ABOUT 20 BALLOONISTS ARE EXPECTED TO COMPETE.



Kern's sketch of the Yampai Indians who ambushed Leroux as he was scouting for the Sitgreaves party in northern Arizona.

Antoine Leroux-Pathfinder

Antoine Leroux is one of the "forgotten men" of western American history. As trapper, scout, guide and Indian fighter, he was no less esteemed in his day than his brilliant contemporary, Kit Carson. Unfortunately, there was no biographer to record the exploits of this French-Canadian guide of 100 years ago, and it has been necessary for Charles Kelly to go to many sources to compile the meager record contained in this brief story of one of the West's most dauntless trail-blazers.

By CHARLES KELLY

Illustrations accompanying this story are reprinted from the Sitgreaves report, and were made by R. H. Kern, artist for the expedition. The lithographer was Ackerman of New York.

SUNRISE of November 3, 1851, found a government exploring expedition camped on Yampai creek in northwestern Arizona. Across the breakfast campfire, finishing his third cup of black coffee, squatted the French-Canadian guide on whose knowledge of the country and its hostile inhabitants rested the success or failure of the expedition.

"Well, Antoine," said Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves, "will we find good water on today's journey?"

"I am not certain of that, Captain," replied Antoine Leroux, thoughtfully. "I have trapped this creek many times, but never crossed from here to the Mojave villages where you want to go. It might be best to wait while I look over the country ahead."

"Very well," Sitgreaves said, "the horses need rest and the grass is good here."

Picking up his rifle the guide rose to go. "If I find water," he said, "I will make a smoke signal and you can move on in the morning."

"Good! We will watch for it."

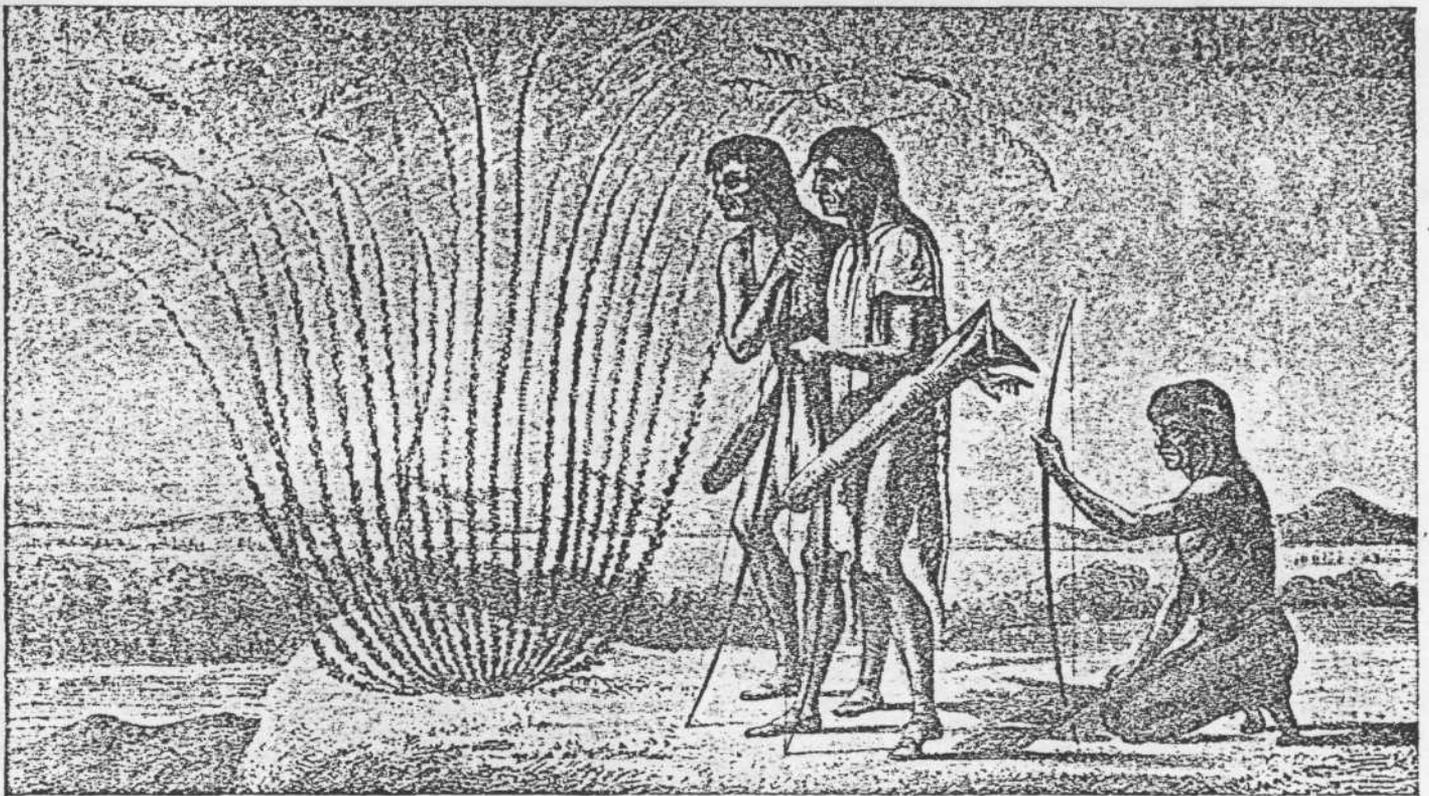
Mounting his Indian pony Antoine was soon out of sight in the broken desert. Up to that point it had not been necessary to do much scouting. He knew the country over which they had passed and was familiar with all its streams and waterholes. But the desert ahead was new to him. As he rode on and on the chances of finding water seemed more uncertain. Finally, in the distance, he saw a small mountain and rode toward it, hoping to obtain a more extensive view of the country. Climbing steadily

over rocky ledges and around large boulders he had almost reached its summit when he heard the ominous twang of bowstrings and found himself the target for a flight of arrows. Before he could dismount he had stopped three of the sharp flint points, two of which struck him in the head and one in the wrist.

Stunned by the sudden attack he fell from his horse, cursing himself in French for having been so careless. He should have known the Yampai Indians would have lookouts on every high point. They were close by, he knew, but fearing his rifle, remained concealed until they were sure he was dead.

Fortunately, Antoine's skull was hard and the two arrows had glanced off, leaving painful but not serious wounds. The one in his wrist had gone deeper. He pulled out the shaft but could not dislodge the flint point. Catching his horse he slowly and carefully worked his way down the slope out of range, then mounted and rode back toward camp, wrapping his bleeding wrist in an old piece of buckskin.

The pain of his wounds was bad enough, but what he could not bear was the thought of what Captain Sitgreaves and his men would say when they learned he had been so careless as to fall into an Indian ambush.



Cosnino Indians in northern Arizona.

For Antoine Leroux had a reputation to maintain. He had trapped every stream in the Southwest and was considered the outstanding guide and authority on all that country and its hostile Indians. Because of his experience he had been hired to guide this expedition.

How had he gained such an intimate knowledge of so vast a territory, whose wild inhabitants had been hostile since the days of early Spanish exploration? Unfortunately we have little information on Antoine Leroux's early life, for like most French-Canadians, he never kept a journal

of his travels. If he had, he would now be as famous as his contemporary, Kit Carson. However, the little it has been possible to glean from various sources seems well worth recording.

The Leroux family appears to have settled in St. Louis at an early date. Antoine

Mojave Indians visited by the Sitgreaves party in 1851.



first went to Taos, over the Santa Fe trail in 1822, probably with the Robidoux brothers, and thereafter made it his headquarters, marrying a Spanish woman and receiving a grant of land near Arroyo Seco. He undoubtedly assisted Antoine Robidoux in establishing Fort Robidoux, near present Delta, Colorado, and afterward (1837) Fort Uintah in northeastern Utah. His earliest expedition into Arizona seems to have been with Michel Robidoux in 1827. Near the Maricopa villages this party was attacked and nearly wiped out. The survivors joined James O. Pattie's trappers, continuing down Gila river to the Colorado. Here Pattie's group turned south to the gulf, while George Yount's party, undoubtedly including Leroux, went north at least as far as the mouth of Virgin river.

On a subsequent trapping expedition Leroux met Bill Williams on the stream which now bears his name. These incidents are all that is known of Leroux's early travels in the Southwest, but his detailed knowledge of that section proved he had explored almost every mile of it.

For some reason Leroux does not appear again in the records until 1836. In that year Gen. Kearny and his dragoons left Fort Leavenworth for California by way of Santa Fe and Gila river, guided by Kit Carson, Thomas Fitzpatrick and Antoine Robidoux. Behind them came Col. Cooke with the Mormon Battalion and a wagon train which, not always able to follow the cavalry, had to find a different route. The pathfinder employed for this difficult task was Antoine Leroux, whom Col. Cooke described as "a most sensible and experienced guide." Leroux guided these wagons where no vehicles had ever traveled before, his exploit placing him alongside Carson and Fitzpatrick in ability.

When the California campaign was concluded Leroux seems to have returned to Taos. Trapping was then about played out and he devoted more time to his ranch. But he was often called upon whenever the services of a dependable guide were required. In March, 1849, he guided Lieut. J. H. Whittlesey's military expedition against a band of hostile Utes, the same band which soon afterwards killed Leroux's old friend, Bill Williams. Again, in November of that year, he was chief of scouts under Capt. Grier, leading an expedition to avenge a massacre of whites by Apaches at Point-of-Rocks, when a Mrs. White had been taken captive. Discovering the hostile camp Leroux halted the command for a parley with the Apaches; but Kit Carson, disregarding instructions, rode headlong toward the camp, revealing the presence of soldiers. The surprised Indians wounded Capt. Grier, then killed Mrs. White before escaping.

During that same year Lieut. Simpson led an expedition into the Southwest, leaving his name on Inscription Rock and ending his work at Zuñi. To continue that



Zuñi buffalo dancer sketched at the time Capt. Sitgreaves was mapping the Zuñi river.

work the government in 1851 ordered Capt. Lorenzo Sitgreaves to map Zuñi river, the Little Colorado, and continue across the Colorado into California. In Santa Fe, where his expedition was organized, Sitgreaves hired Antoine Leroux as guide.

This expedition traveled to the mouth of Zuñi river, down the Little Colorado to the falls, around the west base of San Francisco mountains, then across the desert

to Yampai creek, where Leroux ran into the Indian ambush and was seriously wounded. Making his way back to camp he was treated by the army surgeon, Dr. Woodhouse, who removed the flint point. His head wounds healed quickly, but the one in his wrist became infected and gave him much pain and trouble the rest of the journey.

From Yampai creek Sitgreaves traveled southwest to the Mojave villages along the



Women grinding corn in Zuñi pueblo.

Colorado, then south to old Camp Yuma, where the camp was attacked by Indians, one soldier being killed. That no greater loss was suffered was due to Leroux's knowledge and advice. Sitgreaves had planned to explore upstream as far as the Virgin, but shortage of supplies compelled him to continue from Camp Yuma direct to San Diego.

Leroux remained in San Diego until April, 1852, when he was engaged by John R. Bartlett to guide the Mexican boundary survey eastward from that place. When Bartlett's party reached the Maricopa villages on Gila river, Leroux met Chief Blanco, who led the fight against Michel Robidoux, in which he nearly lost his life.

The year 1853 was a busy one for Antoine Leroux. In May he met Edward F. Beale, superintendent of Indian affairs, on the Santa Fe trail. Beale wished to be guided to California and Leroux agreed to go, but was taken sick and could not make the journey. In the meantime two government railroad survey parties had reached New Mexico, one under Lieut. Whipple, the other led by Lieut. Beckwith and Capt. Gunnison. At Albuquerque Whipple engaged Leroux as guide, but while the expedition was preparing for the journey his services were requisitioned by Gunnison, who was to explore a route from Santa Fe to Grand river and across the Green into the Great Basin. Picking up his "experienced and well known guide" in Taos on August 19, 1853, he began searching for a practicable railroad route through the mountains.

Gunnison found that Leroux knew every

mountain pass and its possibilities as a railroad route, describing them accurately in advance and saving much difficult travel. Crossing the mountains this party struck the headwaters of a stream later named for Capt. Gunnison, followed it some distance, crossed to the Uncompahgre and struck the old Spanish trail which Leroux had traveled many times with Robidoux.

Within sight of the Abajo and Lasal mountains on the upper Colorado, Leroux pointed out the Spanish crossing of Green river, mapped the route and returned to keep his appointment with Whipple. Traveling at night, with only two companions, he passed through the hostile Ute country safely. Of his services with Gunnison the artist Mollhausen said: "The confidence which he inspired—a confidence that had been earned by thirty years' toil in primeval wilderness—made us all rejoice not a little at having secured his services."

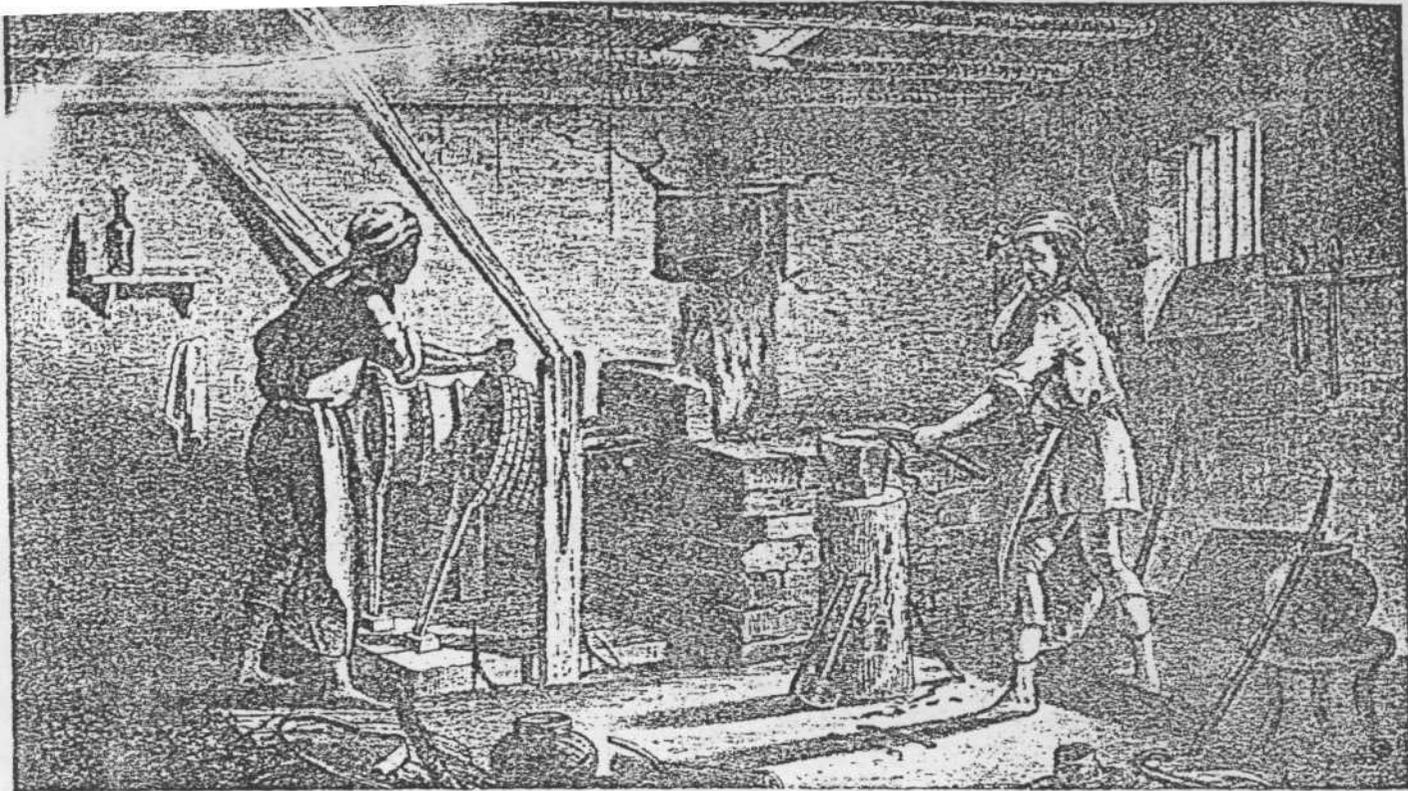
Back in Albuquerque Lieut. Whipple had assembled an immense cavalcade of 114 men, 16 wagons and 200 mules. He left on November 7, his route being through Laguna and Zuñi, past the present sites of Holbrook and Flagstaff, around Bill Williams mountain, down Bill Williams river to the Colorado, upstream to Needles where he crossed, then up Mojave river past Soda Lake to intersect the Spanish trail and continue into California through Cajon pass. In later years this became approximately the Santa Fe railroad route.

To conduct such a large expedition through almost waterless deserts placed a heavy responsibility on the guide. In places

Leroux crossed and sometimes followed his route with Sitgreaves two years previous. On White Cliff creek he met the band of Yampai Indians who had tried to kill him, but the size of Whipple's party kept them peaceable. Christmas was spent at Cosnino Caves near Winona, Arizona. After abandoning most of their wagons the party made a difficult crossing of the Colorado at the Mojave villages, being the first, Leroux said, to pass that place without a fight. Continuing west to the old Spanish trail they met a group of Mormons who told them Capt. Gunnison and most of his party had been massacred by Indians on Sevier river in Utah.

Returning from Los Angeles in May, 1854, Leroux traveled from the Pima villages to the Little Colorado at the mouth of Cañon Diablo, discovering the famous ruins in Verde valley. This route is shown on early maps as the Leroux trail.

Of his subsequent activities very little is known. No doubt he retired to his ranch at Arroyo Seco or his home in Taos. I have not been able to learn the place or date of his death. But Antoine Leroux deserves something better than oblivion. During his lifetime he was considered the equal as a scout of his fellow townsman, Kit Carson, contributing much to early knowledge of the Southwest. The routes he explored later were used by both railroads and highways through New Mexico and Arizona. But his only monuments are Leroux Wash at Holbrook, Leroux Island in the Little Colorado, and Leroux Springs near Flagstaff, named in his honor by Sitgreaves and Whipple. All those he guided spoke highly



Indian blacksmith shop at Zuñi in 1851.

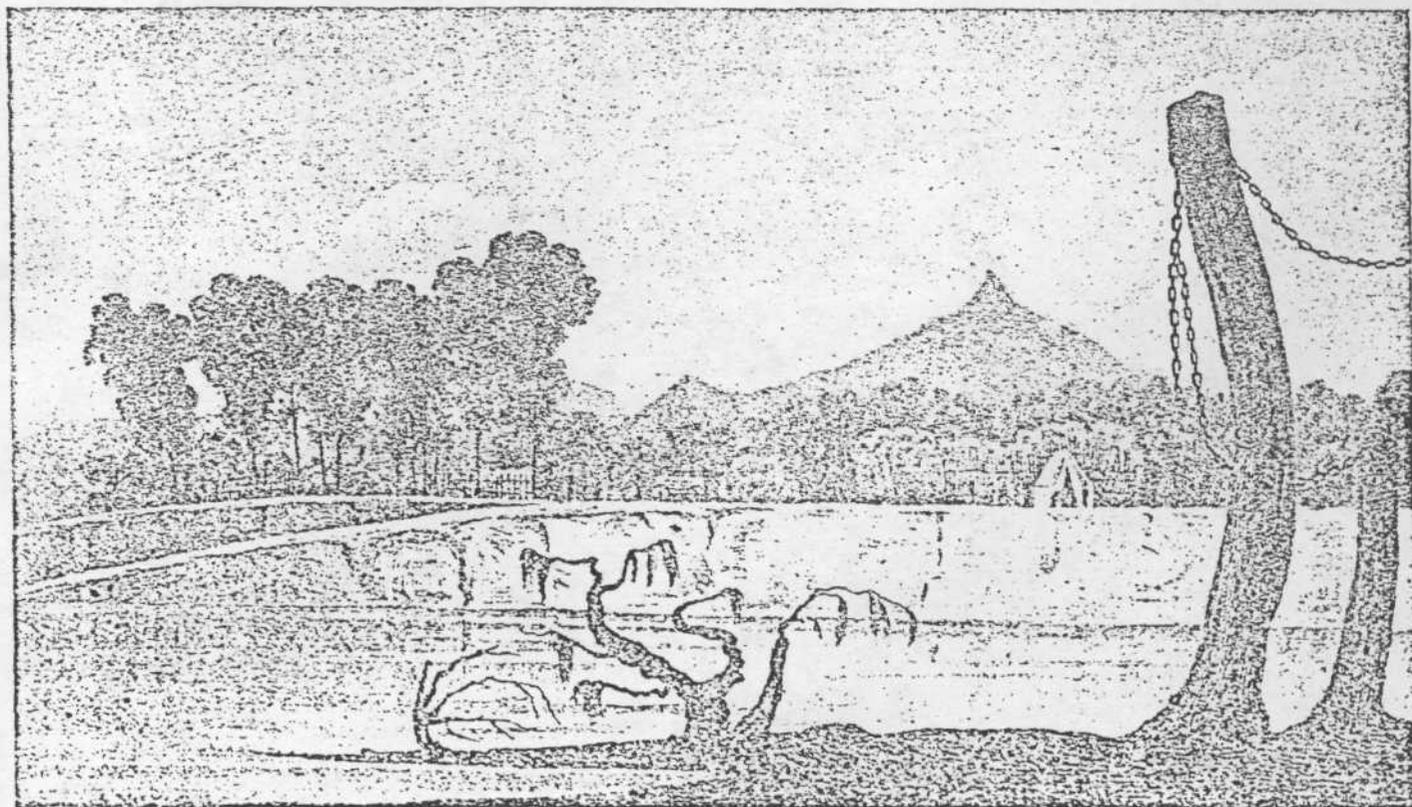
of his knowledge and ability, but none took time to record a description of the man himself.

It is exceedingly unfortunate that Leroux left no written record of his experiences, since he had a good education in both French and English. He was selected as a

delegate to the territorial convention at Santa Fe in 1851, and had been frequently consulted by topographical engineers when the first railroad surveys were projected. As late as 1868 his letters containing accurate descriptions of the Southwest were quoted by John C. Van Tramp and others.

No biographer discovered Antoine Leroux in time to preserve his story. Practically all that is known of him is contained in this brief sketch. This is a great loss to western history, for Antoine Leroux was one of the real pathfinders of the Southwest.

Fort Yuma at the time the Sitgreaves expedition crossed the Colorado there in 1851.



Calendar of Western Events

JANUARY 1 - SEPTEMBER, FORGOTTEN FLAMES
An exhibit of photographs and artifacts depicting the history of fire-fighting in Carson City. Daily, at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City, Nevada.

JANUARY 14 - HIDDEN CAVE TOURS
Leaves at 9:45 AM from the Churchill County Museum in Fallon. Information (702) 423-3677.

JANUARY 14 - 15, "GEMBOREE 84"
Tule Gem and Mineral Society, Veterans Memorial Building, 324 North Kaweah Street, Exeter, Calif., Exhibits, dealers, demonstrations, Admission Free.

JANUARY 31 - DEATH VALLEY: LAND OF CONTRAST, An Audubon Wildlife Film by Kent Duran. Duran will speak at the showing. 7:30 PM Wright Hall at the University of Nevada, Las Vegas Information (702) 739-3394.

FEBRUARY 9 - 12, GEM AND MINERAL SHOW
Tucson Community Center, 260 South Church, Tucson, Arizona, Hours 10:00 AM - 8:00 PM, Sunday to 5:00 PM, Exhibits, programs, Annual meeting of clubs, dealers. Large show. Admission \$1.50.

FEBRUARY 16 - 18, SCOTTSDALE GEM AND MINERAL SHOW, Camelview Plaza, Camelback Road and 70th Street, Scottsdale, Arizona, Exhibits, dealers.

FEBRUARY 17 - 26, NATIONAL DATE FESTIVAL, Riverside County's Fair Grounds, Indio, California. Exhibits of dates, citrus, Arabian Nights Pageant, Rockhound exhibits. Also Carnival and Midway. Admission charged. More on this in The Next Issue of Desert.

FEBRUARY 18 - 19 BRISTLECONE CHARIOT RACES, Twenty-Five 3 team races each day starting at 11:00 AM. At the Fairgrounds in Ely, Nevada.

FEBRUARY 19 - LAS VEGAS TRAVEL FAIR, Las Vegas Convention Center. 10:AM - 5:00 PM. Admission \$1.00.

MARCH 3 - 4 GEMS AND MINERAL SHOW, Monrovia Rockhounds, Masonic Temple, 204 West Foothill Boulevard, Monrovia, Calif. Displays, lectures, dealers, Free Admission.

MARCH 14 - APRIL 11, DESERT WILDFLOWERS, a class presented at the Living Desert Reserve, Palm Desert, Calif. An opportunity to learn about more than 60 desert plants. Information from College of the Desert, (619) 346-8041.

MARCH 17 - 18 RIVER GEMBOREE, Silvery Colorado River Rock Club, Junior High School Building, Hancock Road at Lakeside, Bullhead City, Arizona, Dealers, demonstrations, displays, Free Admission.

MARCH 31 - APRIL 29, TUCSON FESTIVAL 84, Fiesta's Craft Market, Dancers, entertainment, gunfighters, local food booths. Program is different on each weekend. Various locations in Tucson, Arizona area.

APRIL 21 - 22 SPRING ROCKHOUND POW WOW, Saddle Mountain near Mattawa, Southeast of Vantage, Wash., includes dig for picture wood. Tailgaters and swappers welcome. Info: Mrs. N. Greenlee, 7043 So. Clement Ave., Tacoma, WA. 98409.

In 1857 Uncle Sam brought a herd of camels to the United States to be used for transportation across the Great American desert. The experiment failed. But it wasn't entirely the fault of the camels. They did their job and thrived on the desert vegetation of the Southwest. But they had bad dispositions and they made hideous noises—and neither man nor mule liked the smell of them. The camels are gone—and in this story Frances Watkins has recalled some of the strange incidents of their passing.

When Camels Came to the Desert

By FRANCES E. WATKINS

SAVEITA dozed comfortably on the back of her pony as he ambled along the trail. She was on her way to the trading post to dispose of corn and squash and beans she had raised in her garden, and was surrounded by a bulging load of pots and baskets.

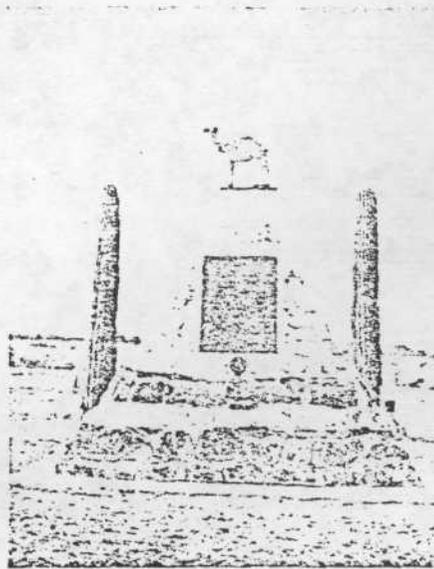
A rhythmic clang of bells came through the warm summer dusk. She must be nearer her journey's end than she had supposed, for tame cattle seldom wandered far from the corrals.

If Saveita had been fully awake she would have known that this sound came from no ordinary cowbell. And she might have been warned by the alert cock of the pinto's ears, by his wary step as the metallic tinkle came closer to the great rock which hid a turn in the dusty trail.

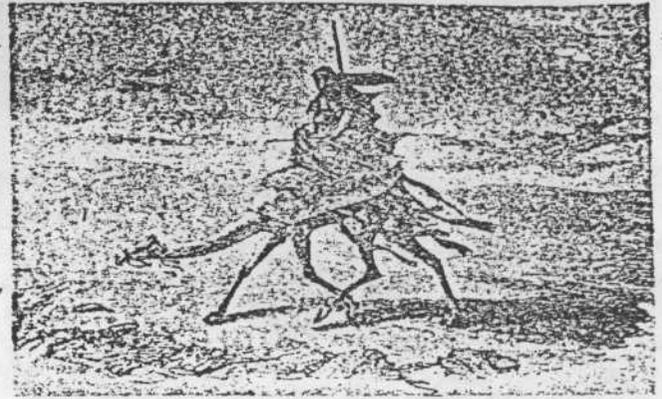
Suddenly all four of the pinto's feet left the earth in one leap. He achieved the incredible feat of reversing himself in mid-air, and disappeared in the direction of home, leaving broken pottery, baskets and vegetables scattered along the trail behind—also Savieta. The plump Pima Indian matron was very much surprised and somewhat dazed as she brushed the hair from her face and looked around.

Too startled even to scream she was still sitting on the ground when through the haze there loomed a fearsome apparition—a strangely dressed man leading such a creature as she had never dreamed. Its big head bobbed up and down at the end of a long curved neck. It had stiff awkward legs with spreading pads instead of regular feet, and, most astonishing or all, it had a great rounded hump on its back. It was followed by another and another.

Poor Savieta cowered in the dust, while the camel train, journeying by night to escape the heat of the day, passed silently on its westward way. It was dark before she summoned courage to go on to the home of her sister, near the fort. Limping, wailing, she wakened the family who roused to hear her tale of woe—of ghostly, ghostly visitants—of scattered and smashed goods. And they laughed at her! It seemed that the supernatural beasts were camels, queer beasts brought from far away to carry burdens over the desert. They were sup-



Grave of Hadji Ali (Hi Jolly) at Quartzsite, Arizona. Hadji Ali was one of the camelteers brought to United States with the animals in 1857.



This old lithograph was taken from the Senate Executive document printed in 1857 and titled "The Purchase of Camels for the Purposes of Military Transportation."

posed to live without eating and could go forever without water. They smelled like nothing on earth, and made outlandish gurgling, burbling noises, so that the horses and mules hated them and bolted whenever they came near. Strange men, who were neither Indian nor white tended the creatures. By the time Saveita's bruises were dressed and she had eaten a supper of stew and corn bread, she was somewhat calmed.

Things were brighter in the morning. The entire family went to the scene of the catastrophe, and together they salvaged most of the wares she had brought to trade at the post near the fort, although her pots were in fragments and the shelled beans sowed broadcast. She endured much good-natured teasing. If she had been content to carry her property in a *kihu*, a netted carrying frame, they told her, like her sisters and nieces, instead of perching proudly on a pony's back, this would never have happened. Then, the trader laughed so hard over her story of the tremendous beasts and their spectral leader that he gave her excellent bargains, and her oldest niece lent Savieta her *kihu* for the return trip. She returned home on her own two feet, well satisfied with her new turkey-red calico, wheaten flour and enough blue and white beads for a twenty-strand collar, in spite of aches and humiliation. There was more laughter and joking when she arrived on foot, the gay red and blue ribbons of a maiden's *kihu* fluttering about her motherly face. Indians have long memories for a joke, and Saveita knew that she would never live down this adventure.

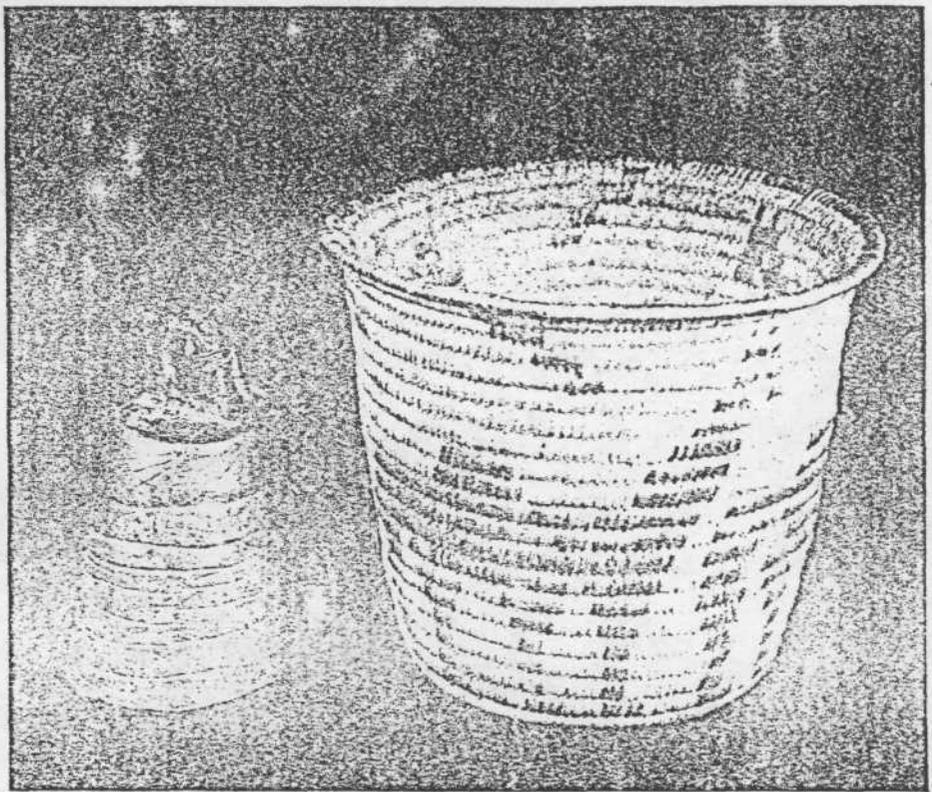
The next morning she got her willow basketry splints with black devil's claw for the pattern down from their place under the roof, and started a basket. It was a small basket, with a flat base and straight, steep sides, around which marched three chunky camels, led by an Arab cameleer. When it was finished she made another, bigger basket, with camels and Indians, and, up near the rim, a picture of herself

in her new checked dress, hands upraised in amazement.

While Saveita wove her baskets, the heavy bronze camel bells tinkled on their westward way. There were not too many settlements along the route to the Colorado River when camel transport was just another government experiment, but the course of the caravan was marked by runaway horses, frantic mules and swearing soldiers. Skeptical beholders prophesied that it would never work. Camels in America were against all nature, they said, unaware that under their feet rested the bones of vast herds of camels that had roved this region way back in the Ice Age.

It didn't work, but nature had nothing to do with it, unless it was human nature. It was just one of those unbelievably fantastic episodes in American history which Gilbert and Sullivan would have considered too bizarre as a plot for light opera. In fact, there was a sort of musical comedy atmosphere about the whole thing, and no one would have been surprised if the handsome young hero had burst into song, accompanied by a chorus of uniformed troopers, while Indians and muleteers danced across the stage and Arab camel drivers guarded their charges. All that was lacking was a heroine, and that could easily be overcome by a dark-eye seniorita coquetting at her barred window, or the golden tressed daughter of a settler, sturdily driving her father's covered wagon.

Early in the romantic fifties, while life in America was still something of a fabulous fairy tale, young Lieutenant Edward Fitzgerald Beale, stationed at Fort Yuma, proposed the use of camels for transpor-

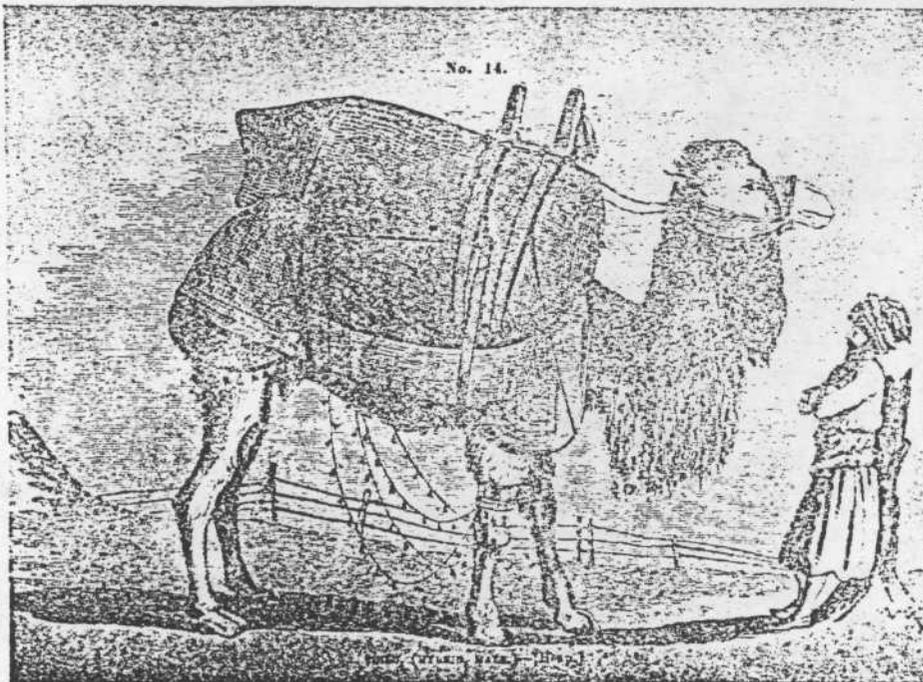


After the Pima Indians saw the camels, they made baskets picturing the strange animal. One of these baskets along with the camel bell is in possession of Southwest Museum in Los Angeles.

tation across the unknown wastes of the Great American Desert. His suggestion was received with enthusiasm by the visionary, ambitious Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, who promptly applied for an appropriation for the purchase of cam-

els. This was in 1852, and by March, 1855, the War Department had \$30,000 at its disposal, a big sum for those days.

The first miserable, seasick camels were unloaded at Indianola, Texas, February 10, 1857. Nobody wanted them, nobody loved them, except Lieutenant Beale and their native drivers. The lieutenant, seeking a wagon road across territory recently acquired from Mexico from Fort Defiance in Arizona to the Colorado River, gateway to golden California, tried out the first camel herd, which acquitted itself to his entire satisfaction. Not, however, to the satisfaction of the cavalymen and hostlers who had to take care of the clumsy brutes, and who refused to learn how to load and tend their temperamental wards. Camels weren't horses, they weren't mules, they weren't even oxen. They did not act like any civilized animal. Besides, if you hurt a camel's feelings he pouted, and camels turned out to be touchier than the most thin-skinned spinster. They pouted when they stepped on a cactus thorn, when their humps hurt, when their loads were a few pounds too heavy, when they were hungry, and sometimes just because they felt like it. It was all very confusing, so, somehow, accidents began to happen. One or two camels at a time would break away from the picket lines, to disappear apparently without a trace. Strange to say, men who could trail a mule through impenetrable chaparral in the darkest hours of a pitch-black night, failed to track an escaping



This drawing was used in 1857 to show members of congress the huge loads the camels could carry if brought to the United States for military transportation across the desert.



Bronze camel bell from ranch of General Edward F. Beal at El Tejon, California, where some of the camels were corralled after the experiment in transportation was given up.

camel up a sandy wash at high noon. Cavalry horses stampeded or became unmanageable when stabled near the camel corrals, another count against the brutes.

However, there is little reason to doubt that the animals would have thrived with proper management and food, for they did very well even under adverse circumstances.

But events were moving fast in the United States. Romantic extravaganza and comedy were swiftly shifting to tense drama, soon to culminate in the grim tragedy of Civil War. There was little time and less inclination for experiments which

might come to nothing after all. Officers and men in charge of the camels adopted a policy of passive resistance. Unless under positive orders, the camels were supported in luxurious idleness. After some years of useless expense, the government finally sold the herds at auction. Private enterprise was scarcely more successful than the government. In 1863 a camel transportation company carried freight between Tucson, Arizona, and the seaport of San Pedro, California. Then for reasons which were never recorded, it ceased operation. A herd was taken north into Nevada to carry supplies to the mines. The only souvenir of

this venture is a law, still active on the statute books, forbidding camels the public roads during daylight hours. A few were kept by General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, the inventive lieutenant, advanced in years and military honors, who used them to haul stores for his ranch at Fort Tejon, California. There were riots and stampedes in the pueblo de Los Angeles whenever the general's outfit came to town. Finally, camels were restricted to the military reservation.

Some of the "lost" camels lived and even multiplied in the secure fastness of the Arizona desert, where, according to well-authenticated tradition, their ghosts still wander, although the last of the herd has long since joined his comrades in the happy hunting ground. No doubt Saveita and her kinsfolk enjoyed an occasional camel steak, before the last tough old hump-back was shot by a wrathful prospector whose burros had been routed by the poor lonely derelict.

At General Beale's Fort Tejon ranch, a bronze camel bell, probably one of those heard by the Indians on that first journey, was all that remained of his dream of great caravans of richly laden camels swaying across the southwestern plains. The heavy bell, with its cryptic inscription, still wired to a stiff horsehair rope, found its way into the collection of the Southwest Museum, to keep company with Saveita's basket, the record of her first glimpse of a camel.

Now, the Southwest Museum overlooks Sycamore Grove, a favored picnic ground since the first days of the pueblo de Los Angeles, in California. There, one sunny afternoon, practically all the Germans from the town had gathered for a celebration, their rigs hitched nearby. Hi Jolly (Hadj Ali?) one of the imported camel drivers, a veteran of the French army in Algiers, who did not like Germans anyway, arrived in the midst of an impassioned speech anent the glories of "der faderland." He came seated proudly in a high yellow cart to which were harnessed two bored, high-stepping camels. Sycamore Grove is a long walk from the heart of Los Angeles, even today, and it was longer in the seventies, when only "country" lay between, but that German picnic walked home, every step of the way, while its horses careened over the southern California hills, the debris of its wagons and surreys and buggies littered the valley, its beer and sausage spread as a banquet before ground squirrels and coyotes.

And by what whim of fate or law of coincidence, did the basket made by that Pima woman so long ago, come into the same haven as the camel bell, where both may be seen, mementoes of the days when transcontinental railways were as yet visioned only by idealistic lunatics?

Desert

PRODUCT OF THE MONTH

Our product of the month, DECIPHER, is a fascinating new game of secrets that will have you scrambling to solve its \$100,000 message.

The game is based on a cipher code, which substitutes numbers for letters to spell a hidden message. For example, Julius Caesar wrote to Cicero using a Caesar substitution

key--each letter is moved three places down the alphabet, thus DESERT would be written "GHVHUW".

Thomas Jefferson was called the Father of American Cryptology. In 1922 Jefferson's wheel cipher turned up and cryptanalysts were astonished that the machine he built was as sophisticated as those used by the army today.

Of more particular interest to DESERT readers, Thomas Jefferson Beale transported a treasure of gold, silver, and jewels from Santa Fe, New Mexico to his home in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Fearing for his life or robbery, he buried the treasure and then vanished. He described his treasure's secret location in a series of three ciphers. Neither he nor his treasure has been found. To date, only one of his ciphers has been solved.

The solution to this modern treasure is locked in 2 safe deposit boxes. A \$100,000 prize will be awarded to the purchaser of the game who correctly solves the puzzle. An entry blank is included with the game. DECIPHER is available in department stores and game shops. It does offer a very difficult challenge but then again, the greater the challenge, the more interesting the problem is.

YOUR AD could be run on this page at modest cost — only 75¢ per word per issue (1 or 2 issues), 70¢ per word per issue (3-5 issues), and only 65¢ per word for the same ad in six consecutive issues.
We need copy on the 10th of the second month preceding issue.

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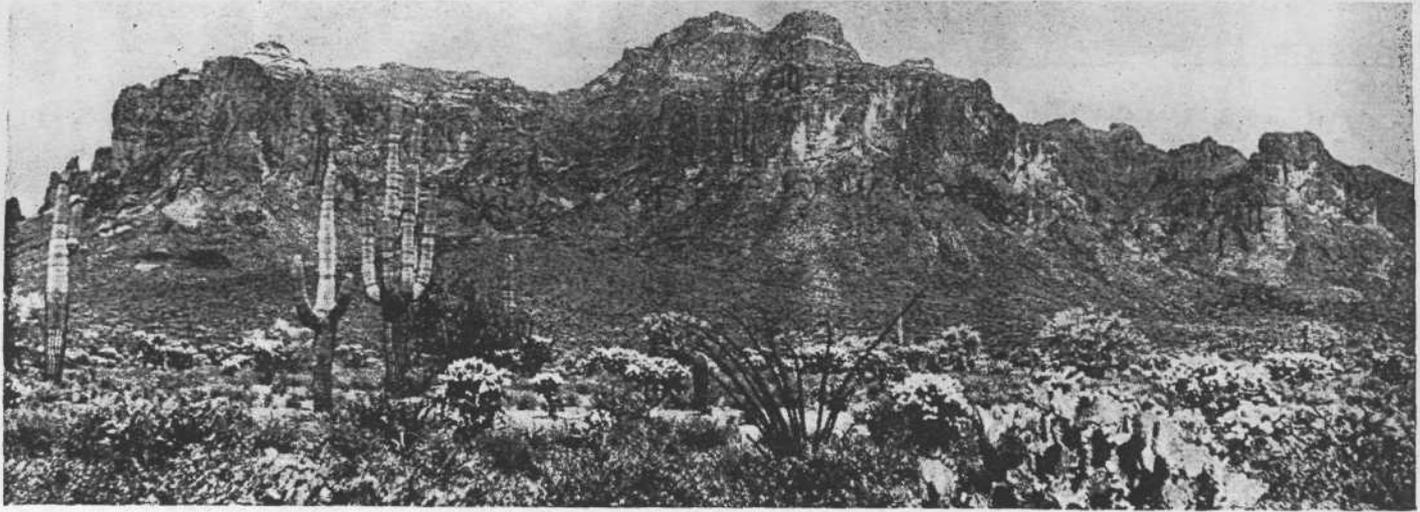
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QUIZ ANSWERS

- 1—Winnemucca was a Paiute chief.
- 2—Kit Carson rounded up the Navajo.
- 3—Lew Wallace was governor of New Mexico.
- 4—Charles R. Rockwood dreamed of the reclamation of Imperial Valley.
- 5—Geronimo was a leader of the Apaches.
- 6—William Lewis Manly crossed Death Valley in '49.
- 7—Brigham Young led the Mormons to Utah.
- 8—Bill Williams was a famous Mountain Man.
- 9—W. H. Emory was with Kearny's Army of the West.
- 10—Major J. W. Powell was first to navigate Grand Canyon.
- 11—Chee Dodge was a leader of the Navajo.
- 12—Edward F. Beale brought the first camel caravan across the desert.
- 13—John Wetherill led the first white party to Rainbow bridge.
- 14—George Wharton James wrote *Wonders of the Colorado Desert*.
- 15—Palma was a friendly chief of the Yuma Indians.
- 16—Juan Bautista de Anza brought the first white colonists to California.
- 17—Lieut. Joseph C. Ives found the lower Colorado river navigable.
- 18—Jacob Hamblin was a Mormon missionary.
- 19—Father Kino founded missions in Pimeria Alta.
- 20—Adolph Bandelier was a famous archeologist.



Rising sheer above the Arizona desert like the ramparts of a long-forgotten world the weird Superstitions of Apache thunder gods and Spanish ghosts guard the secret of long-lost mines.

Mountain Treasure

In the Superstition mountain region of central Arizona seasoned prospectors and dude gold-hunters alike still search for the fabulous mines reputed to have been discovered and worked by the ill-fated Peralta party from Mexico 100 years ago. According to legend, the gold concentrates that had accumulated when Pedro Peralta and his miners were killed by Apaches, later were recovered by a nephew—and here is the story of their recovery.

By BARRY STORM

THE YOUTHFUL looking but ragged Mexican, who called himself Ramon Peralta y Gonzales, had obviously endured an exhausting journey. He was gaunt and the roan horse, which had been his only transportation from California, was gaunt, and both of them were streaked with desert dust. But to Charles M. Clark, who was the telegrapher at Maricopa, neither man nor beast had suffered anything which could not be cured by rest and good food. So in this year of 1874, before the Southern Pacific had laid its tracks through the isolated Arizona villages and Ed Schieffelin had staked out his fabulous Tombstone claims, Clark offered the Mexican food for himself and the trade of two Indian ponies for the exhausted roan horse.

Gonzales accepted both with an obvious gratitude. And then after a few days rest he went to work around the village, making adobe bricks. Indeed, he must have intended to stay, for he informed his people in Sonora of his whereabouts by mail. But within a few weeks, he received a letter from his father, who was dying, asking him to come home immediately.

The second time Gonzales appeared at Maricopa many months later he had just come from Sonora, as he told Clark. And again he was even more fatigued than before, and the pony which he had ridden far and hard was beyond salvage. But this time, Gonzales confided, he had a map to gold, and he needed help to get it.

Maricopa was an isolated spot so Clark didn't mind making

conversation when he had the chance. And conversation with anyone who thought he knew where gold could be obtained was of high interest at a time when the mysterious Dutchman was keeping the whole territory excited with reports of fabulous hidden treasure.

"You mean you want a grubstake then," Clark said. "But how am I to know that you really have directions to where gold can be found? You haven't been in these parts long, you know."

"That is true," the Mexican said. "In fact, I have just come from Sonora where my father died. And you remember the letter calling me home. My father's name was Manuel Peralta, and he said that many years ago in his youth, before there were *Americanos* here, he had worked placer gold in the Rio Salado near the mountains called the Superstitions. He said that there was more such gold in those mountains in a canyon called Fresco. He made me a map to this gold, and I have come to get it."

Clark's interest immediately was aroused. For it was only three years ago that Andy Starr had told how a dying man named Jacobs had stumbled out of those same mountains with a wild story about finding a Spanish bonanza with the help of a map obtained in Sonora. And perhaps this map came from the same source!

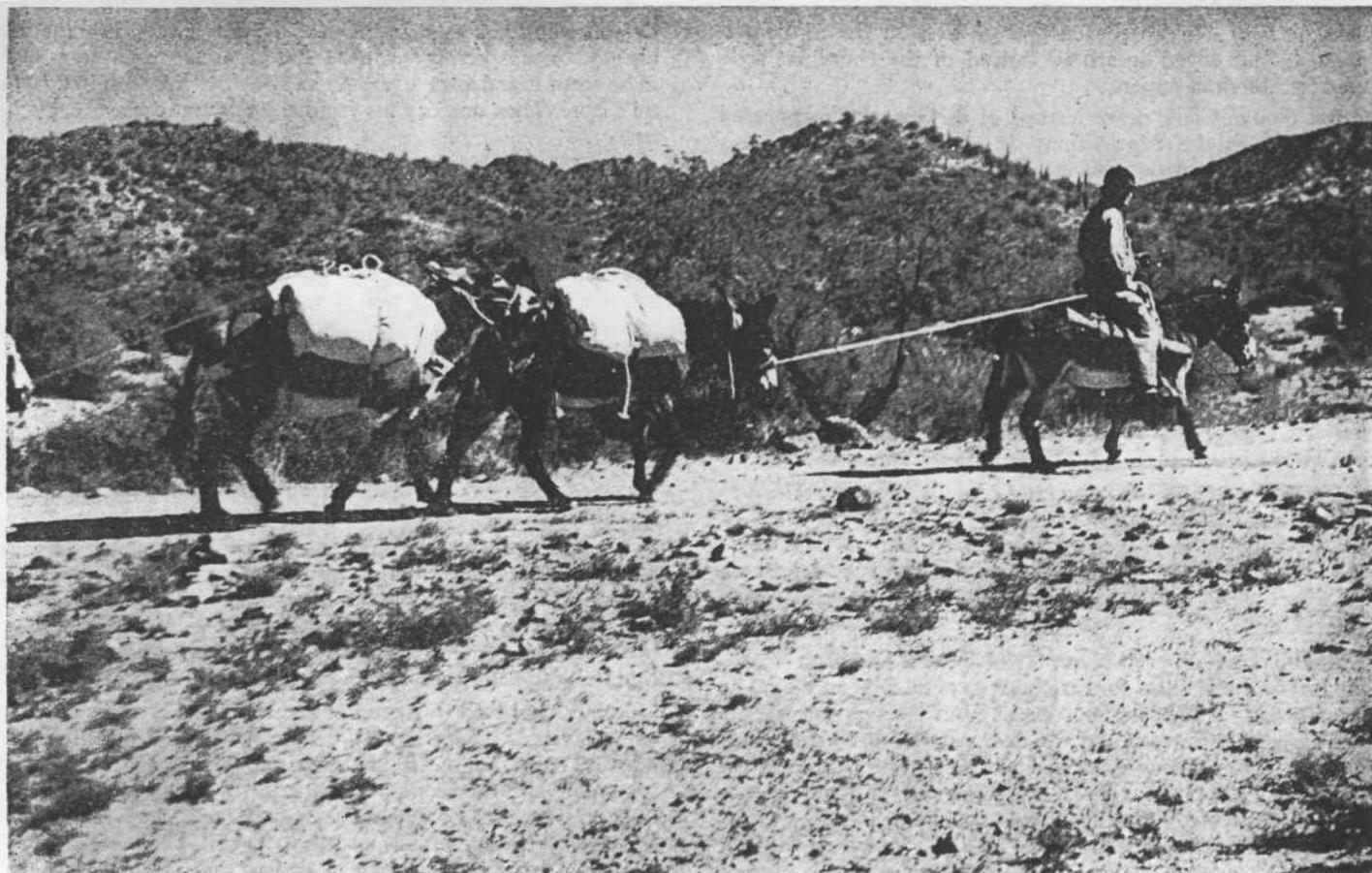
"Let me see this map then," Clark exclaimed excitedly. "Maybe I'll grubstake you."

"But, no," said Gonzales hastily. "I do not wish anyone to see the map."

"Then I'll not help you," Clark said.

It was only with great reluctance, and when he saw that he could expect no help otherwise, that Gonzales finally produced the map. He kept it firmly clenched in his own two hands while he allowed Clark to take a brief look at it. Clark saw that it was an outline sketch of the Four Peaks on the north and of Weaver's Needle on the south and that between the two a line had been drawn to intersect the Rio Salado or Salt river at a point about midway between where the tributary canyon marked Fresco came into the river. Four crosses were marked around the tributary junction with Cañon Fresco—and that magic word "*mina!*"

"Mine!" Clark translated excitedly. "Then where from this



Abe L. Reid, pioneer Arizonan who found a piece of rich Spanish ore in 1930 on the northern slope of Peralta-mapped mountain but not, in two years of hunting, the hidden mine from which it must have come.

line between the peaks which crosses the Salt river is the right canyon—this Cañon Fresco?"

"You'll help me with a horse and provisions and a rifle to save me from Apaches?" asked Gonzales narrowly.

"I'll grubstake you, if you let me copy the map," Clark exclaimed. And so the trade was made, and after Clark had hastily copied the map, the son of Manuel Peralta rode off toward the Superstitions on Clark's horse, with Clark's rifle in the boot under his leg and with Clark's grub in his saddlebags.

Crossing the desert toward the northeast then, the Mexican rode on past the western end of the mountains, through the pass at Apache Gap and on to the Salt river beyond at Mormon Flat. And then he merely followed up the riverbank until he encountered the two old arrastres near the site where his father had said placer gold had been obtained. Near the site, too, of the mapped Cañon Fresco!

But the arrastres were not all that he found.

There were human bones scattered about, still partially covered by the last disintegrating remnants of clothing. Nearby was the tumbled ruins of an old camp.

Gonzales passed by the remains of the 26 year old massacre of the Peralta workers wonderingly, and went over to the camp. And then with a gasp of amazement he saw behind the tumbled ruins of the breast-works, where Pedro's unlucky men on the river had made their last stand, the glitter of yellow gold shining through rotted hide sacks—concentrates from Pedro's mines back in the mountains!

This was indeed rare good fortune which Manuel Peralta had not foretold upon his deathbed. For with such a treasure Gonzales could live a full life in California. And no need now to seek

farther up the Cañon Fresco which his father had mapped, though that golden canyon was indeed right at hand, running southeast from the little valley later called Mormon Flat. It was in fact Tortilla canyon which trended east, and the *mina* location was about the junction of Peters canyon which came into it from the south, a scant four miles above.

And now all Gonzales had to do was fill up the sacks which he had brought along. So he returned to Maricopa days ahead of schedule.

Clark really became excited now when he saw with his own eyes this golden proof, so he thought, of the mapped way to fortune. For Gonzales showed him, and shared with him, a large baking powder can full of the yellow dust, which Clark did not know was lode concentrates panned from the arrastres and not true placer gold. And Gonzales, in the excitement, did not disclose the full truth of the fortune he had found but instead persuaded Clark to sell him the horse carrying the fortune for a paltry 300 dollars with which to travel on, he said, to relatives in California. Then he left Maricopa, riding west into the sunset, to vanish forever as far as Clark was concerned.

Clark tried to find the source of the gold which he had seen with his own eyes; then both he and his son searched, still unsuccessfully. They did considerable placering in LaBarge canyon with small success, entirely overlooking the fact that it is really a tributary of Tortilla creek, coming into the latter near its mouth.

To this day Tortilla creek is still unrecognized as the true Cañon Fresco. Here, Russel Perkins of Tortilla Flat reported finding huge ash piles and other remains of an obviously large encampment, and Clark's son, Carl, stumbled upon a piece of

hexagon drill steel sharpened Spanish-style in the form of a pointed, four edged spearhead instead of the chisel bit style used by American miners.

But though Clark never learned of it, Gonzales reappeared once more in the Superstitions 56 years later, seeking this time, from information obviously gained from relatives, the source of the golden concentrates which he had found upon the river. This time, too, in 1930, he came into the mountains from the southern side, trying apparently to set a course for Weaver's Needle from the desert below. But he was very old and the climbing was hard and in some way he missed his direction slightly so that he found himself in upper LaBarge canyon on the east side of Bluff Springs mountain instead of in Needle canyon on the west side. It was only the difference of a scant mile between but the sheer crags of the intervening mountain effectively blocked any view of La Sombrera from LaBarge canyon. And Roy Bradford was camping there!

Gonzales came to his camp, and casually asked Bradford to direct him to a high, black-topped hill which lay due north of another higher, hat-shaped peak which should be somewhere in the vicinity. He was Gonzales, he said, and he was seeking old mines which relatives from Mexico had once worked many years before.

Bradford was all excitement, for he himself had been searching for some years now for exactly those same mines. In fact, he recently had found at the junction of Bluff Springs and Needle canyons a huge saguaro into which stones had been embedded high up in such a way as to lead him to believe that they had been shot there by a nearby mine shaft blast. So Bradford was digging, he thought, even then upon the site of a hidden mine. And he too bluntly pressed the old Mexican for further details.

At this excited show of interest Gonzales fell into a wary silence from which he refused to be moved. Then Bradford, seeing that no more information was forthcoming and not wishing to disclose the site of his own digging to a total stranger, told the Mexican that the mountain he sought was yet many miles farther north. So Gonzales thanked him and again vanished into thin air, never to return. But with him vanished forever Bradford's one chance at fortune.

Yet, many years earlier, during the 1890's, John Carrol, a Mesa merchant, did cash in on his chance, and took his son with him on one trip to the ledge of bonanza gold ore to which he had fallen heir in payment of a delinquent bill. The ore had originally been found by a soldier from Fort Mc-

Dowell who spent most of his time off duty either drinking up his gold or prospecting for more. But he didn't dig it up as fast as he spent it and after a year he had run up quite a bill at Carrol's store. Then one day his regiment was transferred to Montana.

Carrol promptly asked for payment of his bill, and the soldier, to avoid having his pay attached, offered an alternative—"a sporting proposition." He knew, he said, where there was a ledge of rich ore in the Superstitions, even though he hadn't worked it as industriously as he should. If Carrol would call his bill even, he would tell him how to find it. And Carrol, himself, ought to have some idea about its value after cashing in the gold that the soldier had occasionally brought in.

Carrol did indeed have a very good idea of the value of that rock. He had already made plenty of profit from it, and secretly entertained the idea that a fortune was there if the ore lasted long enough. It was free milling gold in rotten hematite quartz which could be worked by hand at no cost. So he agreed to accept the phantom vein in full payment.

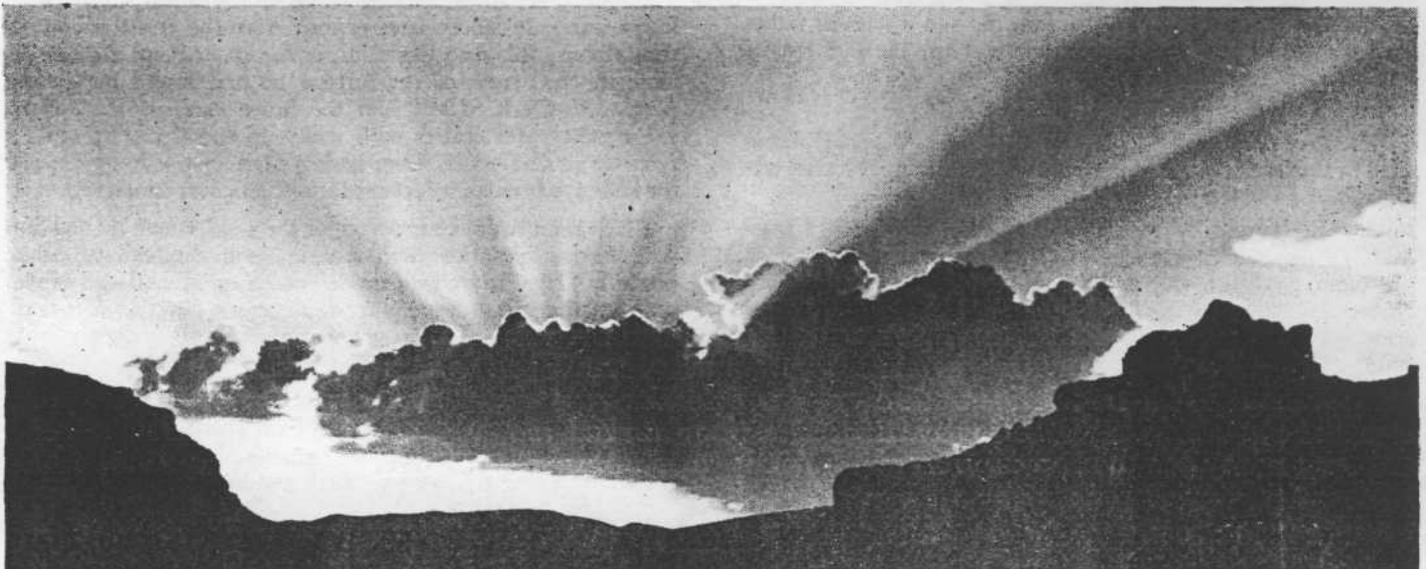
The soldier instructed him then to go to the parade ground at Fort McDowell, draw an imaginary line between the flagpole there and Weaver's Needle which could be seen in the distance, and then go up a canyon from Mormon Flat into the Superstitions where the line intersected. Probably there, he would still find the soldier's tracks, leading up canyon to the ore.

John Carrol took this good advice shortly afterwards and actually obtained enough gold to cause him to sell out his business and retire in ease. On his last trip to the ore, Carrol took his son along, and they rode horseback for over an hour from the river up what could only have been LaBarge canyon. Then they reached a well mineralized region of hills made reddish by oxidizing iron where many small arroyos drained down into the canyon. There they tied their horses and cooked lunch, leaving behind to mark the spot a frying pan, coffee pot and some cotton sugar sacks in which they had carried supplies.

From this point they went west up one of the arroyos a short distance to where a quartz ledge lay exposed upon a right bank. Here the elder Carrol obtained the small fortune which set him up for many years after. And then the ledge apparently vanished into thin air—was probably covered by erosion in the meantime. For twelve years later the younger Carrol returned alone, successfully refound the lunch camp, but never again the rich ledge he had once seen.

The thunder gods alone knew the secret!

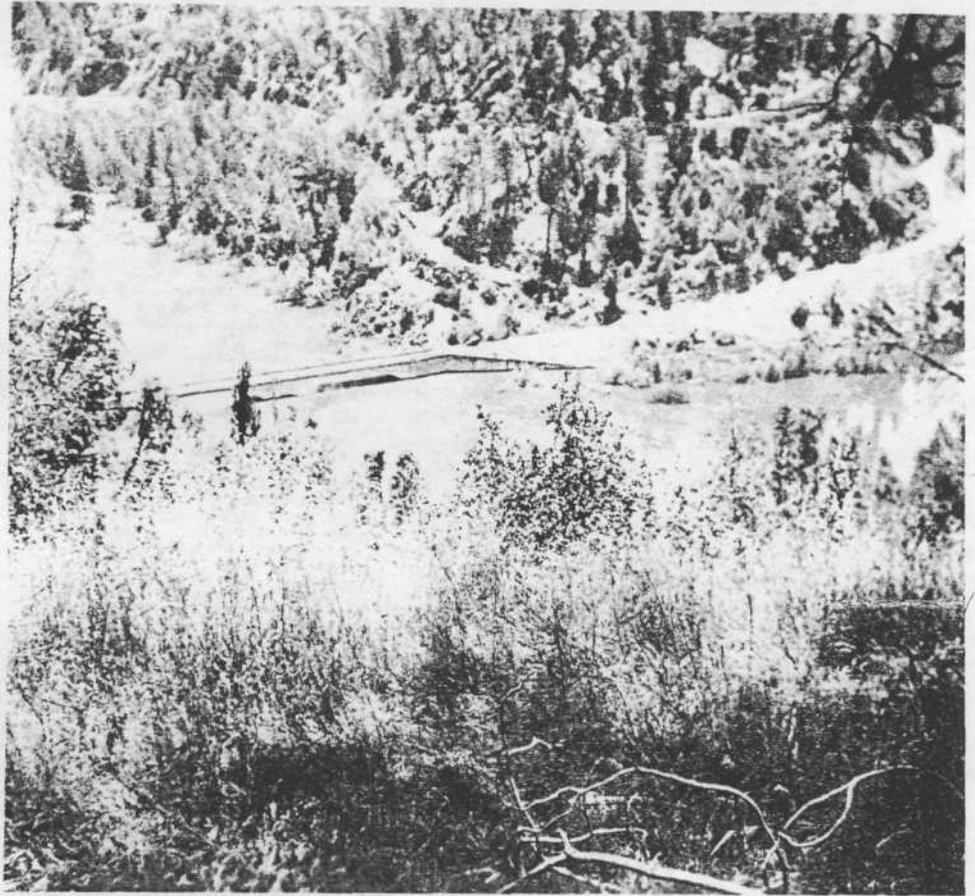
Apache Lake and other man-made bodies of water in the desert now hide much of the Rio Salado down which the Peralta brothers trekked a near century ago to find rich placer deposits and fabulous, half-legendary bonanzas in the nearby Superstitions.



Ruins, mine sites, and rubble litter the hillsides. The right-of-way appears out of the water near the old highway and climbs up the hill in a Westerly direction, passing under the new Archie Stevenot Bridge on its North side. I found several spikes and a crucible along this stretch of right-of-way.

Rounding the hill, the right-of-way turns east and passes numerous mine sites such as the Morgan, Melones, South Carolina, Union, Santa Clara, Iron Mountain, and Finnegan, to name a few. It re-crosses Highway 49 about 10 feet above road level, goes past the town of Irvine (1896-1909), and then into the Carson Hill area.

Carson Hill was the site of some of the richest gold strikes in California. The largest gold nugget ever discovered in California, 195 pounds, was found there in the early 1850's. Carson Hill was active on and off from 1849 to 1880 and again from 1909 to 1935. A station and numerous sidings were there. Not much remains today except a very large glory hole on the hill behind the right-of-way and lots of litter around the hill. This is rattlesnake country so be careful.



This is how the area around Melones appeared just prior to flooding by the new dam.

The right-of-way is just behind the rest area and turns north here, crossing the highway and heading for Angels Camp in almost a straight line. At Angels Camp, the station and other buildings are preserved as a residence. The original nature of the buildings are very obvious and are easily recognizable as railroad buildings.

To reach the station, go north on Highway 49 to Highway 4. Turn east on Hwy 4, a short distance to Depot road. Turn right (south) to the station. It is a private residence so please respect the owners privacy. For more information refer to DESERT, July 1968 (Carson Hill), October 1969 (Melones), and July 1967 (Angels Camp). The trip from Jamestown to Angels Camp is about 15 highway miles.

DESERT MAGAZINE BOOK SHOP

SNAKE RIVER COUNTRY

Bill Gulick

Photography by Earl Roberge

"Born in incredible beauty, flowing through incredible desolation, nourishing incredible fertility..."

So begins Bill Gulick's story of the Snake, perhaps the last important wild river left in the Pacific Northwest, a river that has, in earlier times, played a monumental role in exploration, in empire and in settlement. Now, because the wide expanse of country through which it flows is sparsely settled and capable of great development in the years to come, the present and future of the Snake should be as vitally interesting to the reader as its colorful past. 195 pages, 11 1/4 x 14 1/2, 100 full-color illustrations by Earl Roberge.

Cloth, boxed \$35.00 ISBN 0-87004-215-7

OWYHEE TRAILS:

The West's Forgotten Corner

Mike Hanley with Ellis Lucia

The Owyhees, as they rise impressively from the high desert of Oregon and Idaho, have been the site of mining booms and Indian battles, holdups and range wars. Precious metals abounded on their slopes, and their valleys held another sort of riches in the form of water and feed for cattle and sheep. Rancher-author Mike Hanley, who lives in Jordan Valley, Oregon, under the shadow of the Owyhee Mountains, and his collaborator, the well-known writer, Ellis Lucia, recount the boisterous past and intriguing present of this still wild corner of the West. 6x9, 225 pages, 102 photos.

Paper \$9.95 ISBN 0-87001-281-5

THE COMPLETE SOURDOUGH COOKBOOK

Don and Myrtle Holm

One of the near-lost culinary arts that is only now being rediscovered is that of sourdough cookery. Here, the Holms offer one of the most significant collections of recipes to herald this revival. From the right "starter" to delicious sourdough breads, cakes, waffles, and even pizzas, all the items have

been tested again and again in the modern kitchen. Many have been adapted for the hunter and camper, to be cooked as they once were, in the camp stove or over the campfire.

Paper \$6.95 ISBN 0-87004-223-8

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"You can have fun at the same time you are becoming self-taught and proficient in the ancient and wonderful ways of Drying, Pickling, and Smoke Curing."

Paper \$5.95 ISBN 0-87004-250-5

OLD-FASHIONED DUTCH OVEN COOKBOOK

Don Holm

The first of its kind in print, this is primarily an outdoor cookbook specializing in old-fashioned Dutch oven cookery and in sourdough recipes. There are numerous tempting recipes for hungry fishermen and hunters, including pot roasts, mulligan stews, and dishes made from bear meat, buffalo, woodchuck. It has a special section on sourdough cooking, and favorite recipes of several outdoor writers of the Northwest.

Cover plate by Charles Conkling. Sketches by Jack Ostergren.

Paper \$5.95 ISBN 0-87004-133-9

FERRYBOATS IN IDAHO

James L. Huntley

Here is the first lengthy account of the water transportation system, such as it was, that served Idaho from the time of Lewis and Clark until the present. Even before the coming of the white man, the native peoples of the Gem State knew the many great rivers in their land and how to cross them. This is the story of the Idaho ferryboats and the important part they played in the settlement and development of our beautiful state. 6x9-inches, 278 pages, 127 photographs, 27 maps.

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Twenty Miles From a Match: Homesteading in Western Nevada

by Sarah E. Olds
In 1908, Sarah Olds packed up her brood and went homesteading in the desert 35 miles north of Reno. With her invalid husband, she and her family made a home out of a rude cabin, planted fruit trees and a garden, drilled for water, hunted sage hens for sale in Reno, and built a schoolhouse. This story is for anyone who has ever dreamed of pioneering. It is a true account, told simply and honestly, with a delightful sense of humor. "A book to warm the cockles of your heart and make you proud of the human race." —*Pacific Historian*. ISBN 052-4, 182 pgs., illus., \$5.50

Western Carpetbagger: The Extraordinary Memoirs of "Senator" Thomas Fitch

by Eric N. Moody
Thomas Fitch tried his hand at everything from law to mining to politics. But his true fame was earned as the premier carpetbagger of them all, "the most corrupt man that ever followed politics on the coast." But this reputation may have been undeserved. The memoirs from the pen of Thomas Fitch reveal a fascinating individual who was humorous, scandalous, and sensitive. This entertaining view of the frontier west is heightened by little-known glimpses of Mark Twain, John Fremont, Wyatt Earp, Brigham Young, and Virginia City mining magnates. "Those who love the humor, adventure and audacity of the Old West will prize *Western Carpetbagger*." —*Nevada State Journal*. ISBN 050-8, 284 pgs., \$5.25

History of Nevada, 1540-1888

by Hubert Howe Bancroft

Bancroft's *History of Nevada* was first published in 1890 as part of a thirty-nine volume history of states and countries stretching from Alaska to Panama. The book appeared just after the mining decline, enabling Bancroft to describe the events with a sense of immediacy. The history begins in 1540 with a description of exploration in the earliest days. It continues with a discussion of emigrants, early settlers, and the Comstock Lode and closes with a review of state politics and development of the state's resources through 1888. Includes a new foreword by James Hulise. "Finest work ever done on the history of the western United States." —*Las Vegas Review Journal*. ISBN 063-0, 347 pgs., maps, \$8.00

Story of the Mine

by Charles Shinn

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A gallery of gunfighters—Wild Bill, Billy the Kid, Ben Thompson, Captain Jim Gillet, Ranger Bill MacDonald, General Lee Christmas, wolfish Bass Outlaw, grim John Slaughter, Curly Bill, and a host of others—who stood behind the star and some whom they faced across drawn pistols spring alive in the pages of *Triggerometry*.

As a veteran novelist, Mr. Cunningham has been as much interested in the gunfighter's mind as in his flashing hands. Not merely what a Wes Hardin did, but what quirk of mentality and interplay of circumstances forced him to do it, is shadowed in the portrait, making *Triggerometry* brilliant biography as well as history.

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Wayne Spurling

Southern Idaho has many ghost towns scattered among its mountains and deserts. In this book, Wayne Spurling provides an excellent guide to eighty-four of them, describing the history of each and its current state of preservation. Many photographs show highlights of the sites, and maps pinpoint the locations. It will be welcomed by the wilderness explorer and the armchair traveler alike. 6x9 135 pages.

Paper \$5.95 ISBN 0-87001-229-7

Martha and the Doctor: A Frontier Family in Central Nevada

by Marvin Lewis
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Hardscrabble: A Narrative of the California Hill Country

by Anita Kunkler
Told through the eyes of a growing girl, these personal reminiscences are the story of a family and an area which long continued to mirror early frontier practices. It reflects the heroic geography of Northern California and reveals the crude isolation and harsh physical conditions of life in a difficult time. "Related with such candor that we are left with a convincing portrait of a rustic way of life which remains a part of our cultural heritage." —*Library Journal*. ISBN 044-3, 298 pgs., illus., \$5.00

Eureka and its Resources

by Lambert Molinelli

In the late 1800s, the town of Eureka, Nevada, was seeking new residents to help stimulate its booming mining economy. To encourage growth, real estate agent Lambert Molinelli wrote this promotional book to lure new citizens. He touted the virtues of the town, including its prosperous mines, advanced transportation and communication facilities (stage and telegraph), and handsome new buildings. To further embellish Eureka, Molinelli included advertisements from local purveyors and businessmen. This reprint preserves the original contents and features a new foreword. "A charming account of mining in boom times." —*Pacific Historian*. ISBN 069-9, 137 pgs., illus., \$6.00

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DESERT MAGAZINE BOOK SHOP

Pioneering in Silver City

H. B. Ailman's Recollections of Territorial New Mexico 1871-1892

Edited and Annotated by Helen J. Lundwall

Harry B. Ailman, like thousands of other adventurous young men, came west to seek his fortune in the late 1860s. He is set apart from these countless others not just because he struck it rich, but because he left an invaluable firsthand account of his trek west and of his life as a miner, merchant, and banker in southwestern New Mexico. Discovered and published nearly a century after it was written, this memoir is an authentic and detailed account of the hard work, persistence and luck required to succeed in commerce in that era. Accompanying the engaging text are ten sketches, sixteen photographs, and four maps.

Ailman's story will appeal to all interested in authentic pioneer voices. It is an invaluable source of information on mining and commercial development in southwestern New Mexico.

Helen J. Lundwall is the librarian at the Public Library of Silver City.

April 1983 214 pages, illustrated
5 1/4 x 8
Cloth: 0685-3 \$17.50
Paper: 0686-1 \$9.95

Published in cooperation with the Historical Society of New Mexico.

GHOST TOWNS OF THE NORTHWEST

Norman D. Weis

Among the sixty-two ghost towns described, nearly twenty are "unknown," seldom visited, never before written about, mysterious in origin and location. The author has researched and studied the remains of these "unknown" sites and talked with those old-timers who could be found. The book, describing the ghost towns of five Western states, will appeal to anyone who appreciates a good story, as well as to insatiable searchers for remnants of the Old West.

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Sessions S. Wheeler

The unknown people who, thousands of years ago, lived beside a large lake and left behind puzzling evidences of their cultures; the first white explorers; the forty-niners who followed Lassen's "Death Route"; the desert's vicious Indian war; lost mines; and the history of the basin's big ranches are all included in the fascinating story of an unusual part of our earth, Nevada's Black Rock Desert.

"Buck" Wheeler is widely known as an authority on Nevada history and geology. THE BLACK ROCK DESERT is his 4th Caxton book.

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Under the Mountain

by Molly Knudtsen

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BEAUTY! Where in all the world is the beauty and majesty of natural things better symbolized than in this picture? Visualize these towering buttes of red and or-

ange sandstone against a blue sky flecked with the fleecy whiteness of passing clouds—and you will understand why artists and poets find in Monument valley one of the loveliest settings in all outdoors.

COURAGE! Undaunted by withering sun and with little rainfall, the juniper, sage, rabbitbush, cacti and scores of other members of the plant world carry on here year after year and occasionally burst into gorgeous blossom as a symbol of the courage which is their's.

ADAPTATION! Monument valley has peace and beauty and courage because here in this remote region the natural laws of adaptation have had little interference from hands of men. The living things in this setting have adapted themselves to their environment.

