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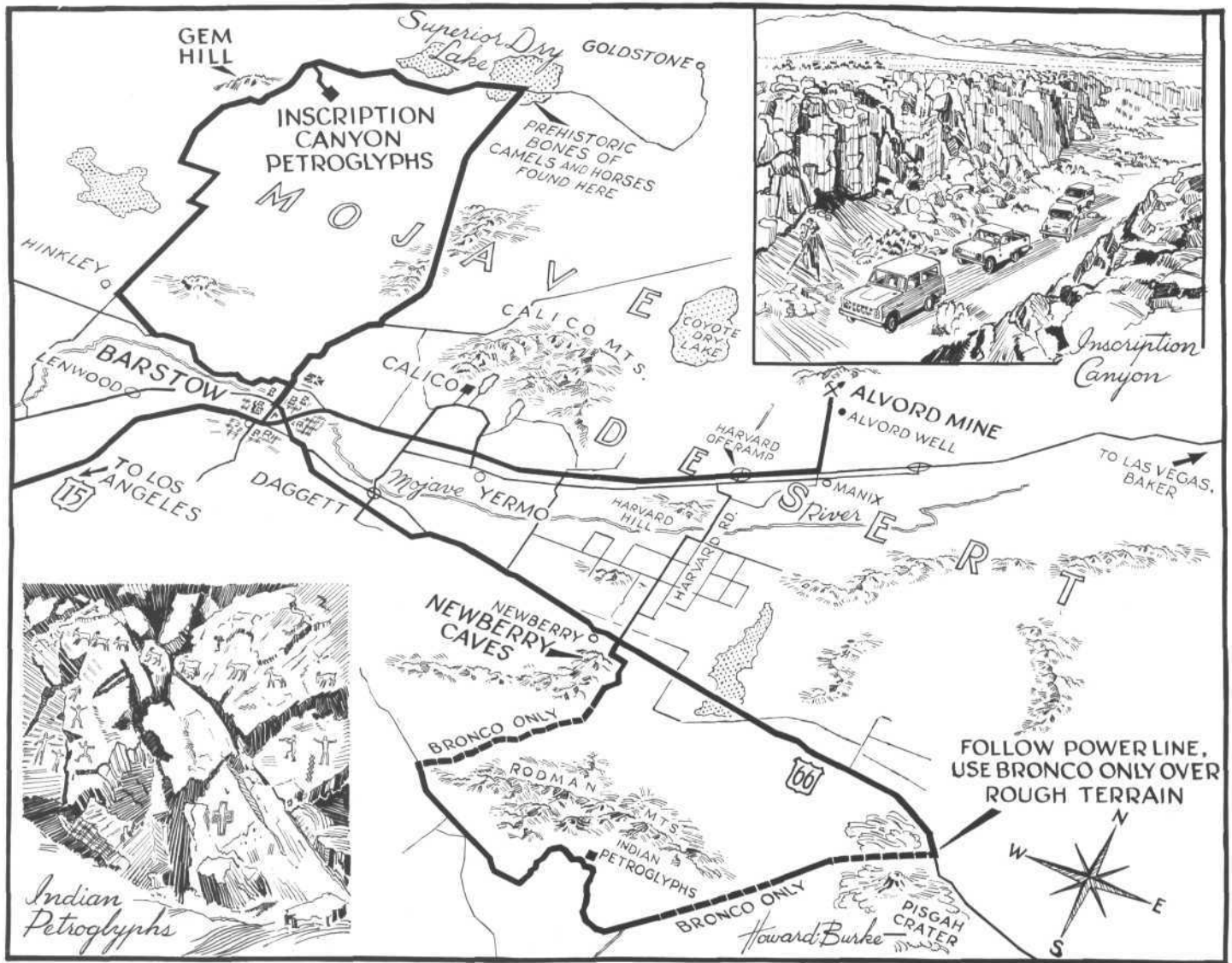
WESTERN TRAVEL / ADVENTURE / LIVING

MAY 1967

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UTAH'S CANYONLANDS
SOUTHERN NEVADA
PREHISTORIC CALIFORNIA





San Bernardino County is rich in archaeological sites and is a happy hunting ground for rock hounds. Above map was made by Howard Burke, official artist for Slim Barnard's popular weekly television show, *The Happy Wanderers*, which recently featured the area. Left, Dr. Gerald A. Smith displays Indian scrapers found on Gem Hill. See story on Page 28.

MAY, 1967

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THE COVER

Al Morton, of Salt Lake City, Utah calls this spectacular scene in the New Canyonlands National Park (see article on page 6) "In The Shadow of the Needles".

INSIDE COLOR

Smoke Tree in the Carrizo Wash along the old Butterfield Stage Route in California's San Diego County with the Carrizo Badlands in the background was taken by Cloyd Sorensen, Vista, Calif. Linhof, 150mm lens.

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New Books for Desert Readers

EXPLORING CALIFORNIA BYWAYS
from Kings Canyon to the Mexican Border
By Russ Leadabrand

The areas explored include the Randsburg Mining District, the San Andreas Fault, the Ojai Country, Southern Inyo, and the Butterfield Trail. Maps are included and each trip is well illustrated with black and white photographs. The author has a sincere desire to share his back country adventures with readers and his text contains historical information, recreational facilities, campsites, hiking trails and quality of roads in each area. The trips are slanted toward family outings and all information is up-to-date. Paperback, 165 pages, \$1.95.

HANDBOOK OF CRYSTAL AND
MINERAL COLLECTING

By William B. Sanborn

Both amateur and experienced collectors will find this book rewarding. It isn't a guided tour to fields, but it does describe in detail the environment in which you are apt to find collecting sites and it defines open-pit mines, outcrops, dikes and veins, float, etc. The physical properties of minerals and crystals, the difference between a rock and a mineral, inclusions, pseudomorphs and the different kinds of crystals are all described. The book ends with suggestions for specimen collections, classifying and mounting them. Paper, illustrated with photographs, 81 pages, \$2.00.

THE HISTORIC VALLEY OF
TEMECULA - 2

By Horace Parker

In keeping with a "promise 'em anything but give 'em nothin'" theme, the unratified Treaty of Temecula in 1852 between the Indians and the U.S. government was characteristic. The Commissioners delegated to study and determine a solution to the California Indian "problem" contracted over 13 times the amount of their appropriation, including the setting aside of over seven million acres of land, so the Senate refused to ratify any of the treaties. In Southern California this resulted in the Garra Revolt of 1851, which was in reality an Indian uprising. This little paperback tells all about it. Illustrated with photographs and early sketches, 26 pages, \$1.00.

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

WILDFLOWERS OF THE GRAND
CANYON

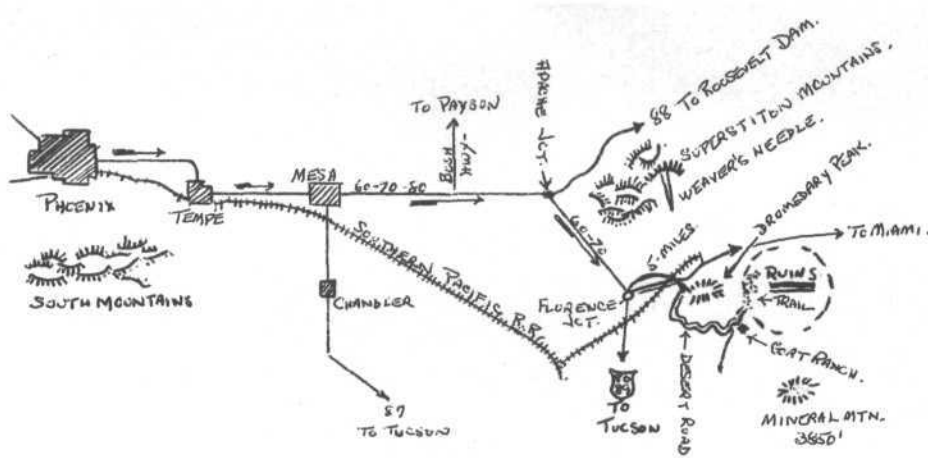
By John Stockert

This little book on wildflowers, compiled by a former Park Naturalist of the Grand Canyon, has fine colored photos to illustrate the written descriptions of 75 flowering species. With an elevation ranging from 9000 to 1500 feet, the Grand Canyon area varies greatly in temperature and precipitation. Most of the flowers illustrated will be found in other summer travel areas. The book is a handy size to carry in your glove compartment, identification is simple, best flowering dates and local Indians uses and other interesting facts about each species is included in the text. Paper, 50 pages, \$1.25.

20th CENTURY COINS OF MEXICO
By Spencer Murray

The author states emphatically that this is not a price list, but merely a guide to the 1966 evaluation given Mexican coins. Many with low mintage totals are priced far below what American coins of the same mintage bring. This is because Mexican coin collecting has not reached the popularity of U. S. coins, but it also is a reliable indication that the only direction in which the value of Mexican coins can go is up. The current one centavo coin, for instance, is worth so little in American money that it costs more to produce than its face value. It is expected that this coin will be discontinued. And there's a tip for collectors! A bag of 5,000 B. U. will run you \$4.00 U. S.

This little 31 page paperback is full of information like that. \$1.00.



Going to Ruin

by Ralph Fisher



IF YOU are one who enjoys "going to ruin" and have Arizona on your itinerary, here is a splendid way to do it.

Five miles beyond Florence Junction on Arizona route 60-70 toward the old mining town of Superior, look for two signs on the right reading "Ajax Mine" and "Herring Mine." A gravel road will carry you from that point along a seven-mile drive through acre upon acre of thorny desert plants. Tree cholla, saguaro, ocotillo and greasewood sprout from sandy washes alongside fresh tracks of roadrunners, quail, chuckwallas and Gila monsters (protected by law). You might see a fast fleeing jack rabbit or a javelina feeding on prickly pear cacti, and you are bound to hear the sweet song of a mockingbird and spot a busy cactus wren.

After passing an old corral and an abandoned ranch, park your automobile under the shade of a mesquite and set forth on an easy two-mile hike up the sandy wash of Raymert Canyon.

Along the trail you will see the same glittering sands and rocks that enticed the first pioneers and prospectors into these hills, canyons and mountains of the once Crook National Forest. There are Indian petroglyphs cut deeply into the face of stone, prospector's cairns, abandoned diggings and a few recent ones.

Don't let the range cattle spook you. Follow their trail and it will lead you to a stone water tank full of cool water piped from a clear spring just around the bend from Raymert Ruins. You may see mule deer near here.

The beauty of old ruins on a ridge above the tank will challenge your imagination, for these ruins are not of Indian design nor origin, but do have an Indian



history. Early Apaches often gazed down on the white pioneers who packed in the material that made these ruins possible. The first building was erected as a military outpost of the old fort at Picket Post, but was shortly abandoned by the army and taken over by prospectors searching for gold, silver and copper. In 1894, the old outpost was rebuilt and enlarged into a desert colony with smelter, assay office, adobe houses, a corral and a United States Post Office. It was named Reymert, to honor pioneer J. D. Reymert who risked Apache vengeance and desert isolation to open the Reymert Mine.

Old records show that in 1881 J. D. was a newspaperman, lawyer and pioneer in the little town of Pinal where he published the Pinal Drill. Today, his town and the smelter are history. You can sift the sands and find fire-brick made in California by the Pacific Brick Company, shipped into Tucson, then

freighted to Pinal and packed from there into Raymert Canyon.

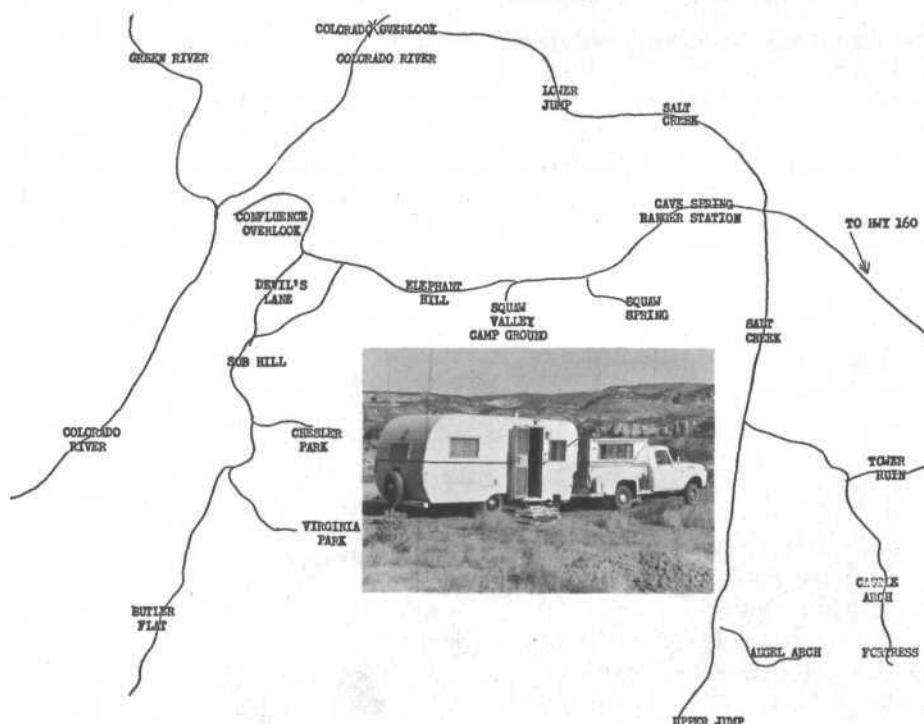
Rusty, modern metal drums, branded 1925, also play a part in the silent mystery. Dig deep within the contents of a huge old oven and you will find pieces of crucibles once subjected to extreme heat when the crude ore was melted. Both prospectors and ranchers packed one and one-half inch pipe into the canyon, which they assembled and laid like a big snake to carry spring water down the canyon to a huge rock tank that continues to this day to water the cattle of the Wayne Taylor ranch. You will find broken pottery, rusty bolts, and many other relics of a time long past.

Modern records spell it "Raymert," although old records spell it "Reymert." The latter is correct. But Reymert or Raymert, the ghost town that lived twice, will come alive again as you visit it. □

Plan now for the CANYONLANDS



by Bill Barnard



ANYONLANDS, the newest addition to the National Park System, is still a paradise for those who appreciate uncrowded, remote wilderness areas.

However, route stakes for paved roads forecast a different future. An opportunity to visit the area while it is still primitive may be drawing to an end.

The Park is divided into three parts by the confluence of the Colorado and Green Rivers. The northern section in the triangle created by the joining of the Green and Colorado Rivers is known as the Island in the Sky and is reached via Moab, Utah. The roads are improved dirt to most of the points of interest and usually passable in passenger vehicles. The southern section, known as the Needles, is east of the Colorado River and is entered via a 36-mile improved dirt road heading west from Highway 160 at Church Rock about 15 miles north of Monticello, Utah. The third area is known as the Maze or Land of Standing

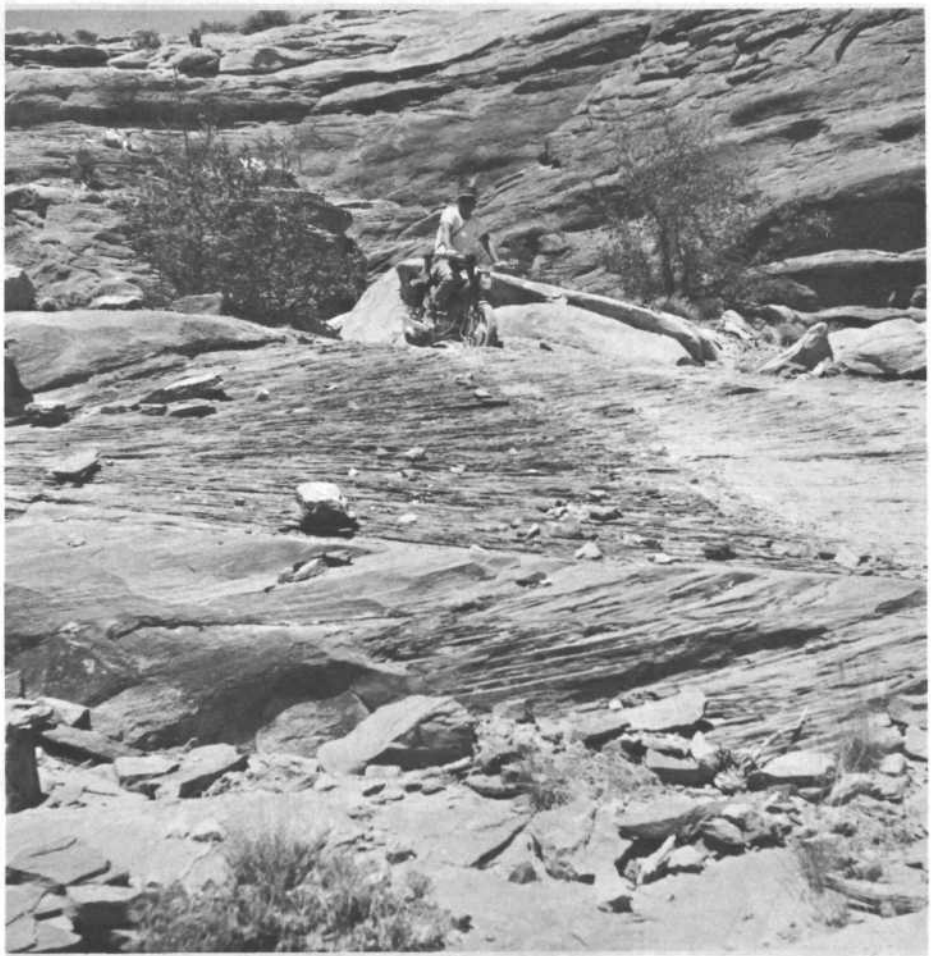
Rocks and is west of the Colorado River. This area is the most rugged, inaccessible of any part within the Park boundary and requires back-country equipment and lots of time.

We drove a 4-wheel drive Ford half-ton truck pulling an 18-foot house trailer. The road to the Park, though rough for a trailer, can be negotiated in any standard vehicle. However, once inside the Park, 4-wheel drive or a trail bike is mandatory. A short distance past the Squaw Valley Camp Ground is Elephant Hill, an incline which cannot be traversed in a standard car. This hill must be negotiated in order to reach the most scenic points within the Park. The east slope is not overly difficult, but the west slope is narrow and has turns too sharp to negotiate, so you must drive in reverse part of the way down. At the top of the hill, the Park Service has placed a steel axle in a boulder for a winch point, should you need it. According to legend Elephant Hill was named by a pioneer who decided the only way to cross it was like Hannibal crossed the Alps, on an elephant.

Our method for exploring the area was to establish a headquarters at the Squaw Valley Camp Ground, east of Elephant Hill, and take trips into the back country from there. To conserve on gas, we made good use of our trail bikes, as the nearest supplies are at Monticello, Utah, some 50 miles distant. There is no firewood in the Park, nor is there water at the camp ground; however, water may be obtained at the ranger station or at Squaw Spring. The rest rooms are of the pit variety. There are few, if any, commercial maps of the area that are adequate; however, for 30¢ each, the following U.S. Geodetic Survey maps of Utah may be obtained from the U.S. Geological Survey, Denver Distribution Center, Denver, Colorado: Upheaval Dome, The Needles, Hart's Point, The Spur, Orange Cliffs, and Hatch Point. These maps will give literally every trail, creek, and prominence of the areas they cover. Below are the chief points of interest accessible from Squaw Valley Campground.

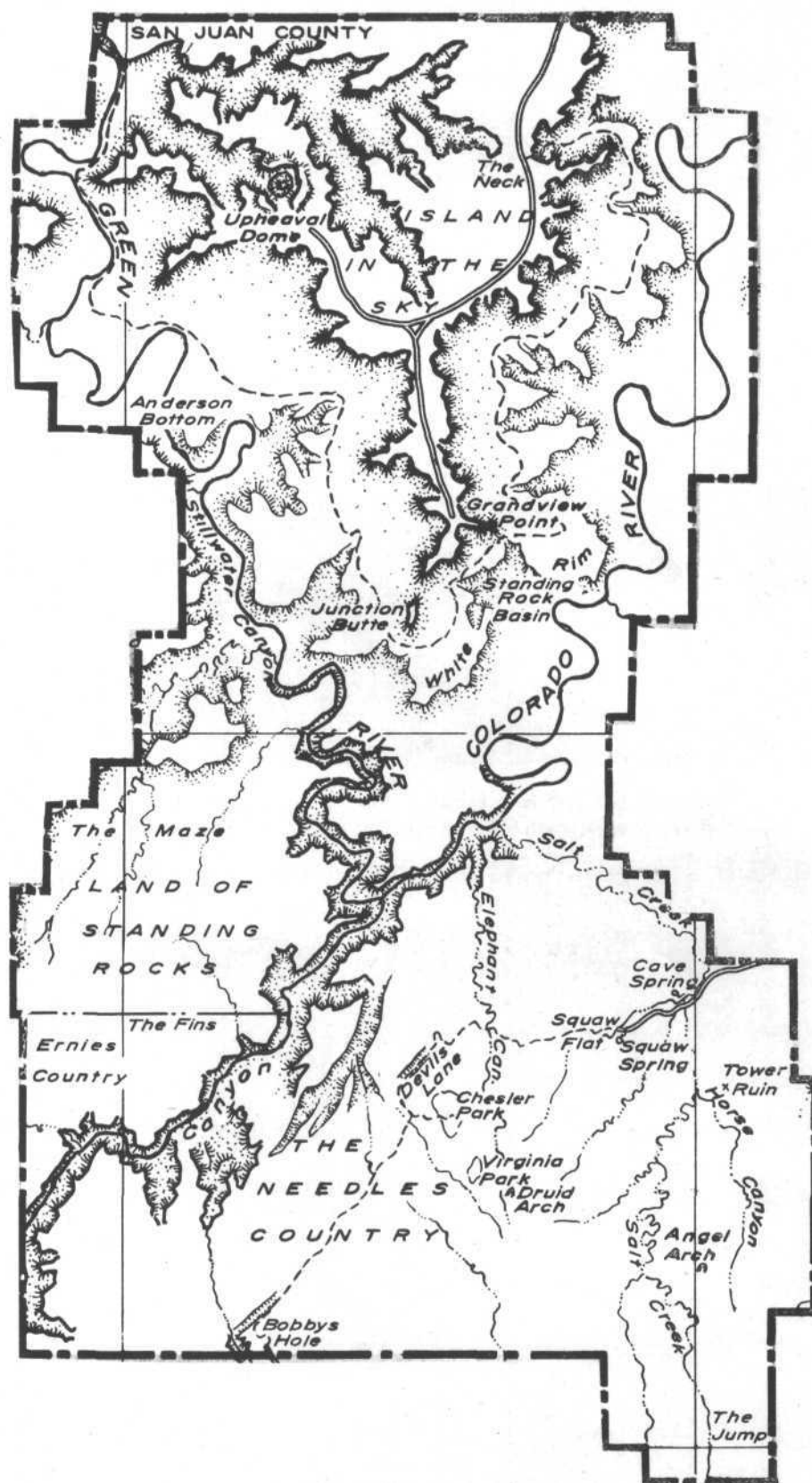
Confluence Outlook is located west of the "Hill" where it overlooks the junction of the Green and Colorado Rivers at the north end of treacherous Cataract Canyon, graveyard of many boats. At the confluence, where the Green and Colorado Rivers meet, their decidedly contrasting colors produce an interesting delineation.

Colorado Overlook is reached via a jeep trail leading in a northerly direction to Salt Creek Lower Jump. The "jump" is a waterfall and it is not named "lower"



Four-wheel drive vehicles and trail bikes are best for getting around in the Canyonlands. Below is a Colorado River overlook above a 1500-foot vertical drop.





due to its reduced height, but because of the fact that it is downstream from other jumps on the Creek. The trail from the main dirt road in the Park to the jump can be negotiated in standard drive vehicles. Beyond that point you need 4-wheel drive. At the overlook it is possible to see the Colorado from a great height and watch its meanderings.

Chesler and Virginia Parks are located west of the "Hill" in the Needles Section to the south. The Needles are named for the erosive effect which has caused vertical stone spires to remain standing, much as needles in a pin cushion.

The Salt Creek Jeep Trail follows the creek bed for approximately 15 miles. It passes the Paul Bunyan Potty, a rock formation with an obvious resemblance to its name, and continues on to the Tower Ruins. These old Indian cliff dwellings were probably abandoned about the same time as those of the Mesa Verde area, about 1200 AD. If you continue up Salt Creek, you may visit Angel Arch and the Upper Jump.

Temperatures here are said to range from -20° to 120° . However, these are guestimates, as at no time has the area been thickly populated. It was, and is still, used for grazing range cattle. The average altitude is 5,000 feet. Precipitation is generally rain in the late fall, which could amount to several inches and render dirt roads impassable.

According to Park Service officials, the present proposals are that for every mile of paved road in the park, there will be an equal distance of jeep roads. Concessionaires are supposed to be located outside of the park, as well as the rangers' residences. The only proposed buildings within the park will be a visitors' center and service area for government vehicles. However, even with these careful plans, paved roads will increase the visitors and reduce the solitude of the area.

For persons living in Southern California, an interesting itinerary to reach the Park is via Grand Canyon, Monument Valley, through Four Corners, up to Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado, to Canyonlands and home via Moab, Capital Reef, Bryce and Zion Canyons, and Las Vegas. The roads inside the park are rugged and should not be attempted by any but an experienced driver. There are a few four-wheel drive trips conducted by guides whose vehicles are air-conditioned and comfortable and who will furnish all gear necessary for a one-day or several-day expedition into the most scenic and rugged parts of the park area. These may be contacted through their advertisements in *DESERT Magazine*. □

New Rock Park in New Mexico

by Irene Mitchell



HERE'S A new happy hunting ground for rock collectors in the Southwest, thanks to the State of New Mexico. Rock-

hound State Park near Deming in southern New Mexico encompasses 240 acres of rocky land on the western slope of the Little Florida Mountains. It is designed specifically for mineral collectors who are encouraged to take home samples of the many kinds of rocks that lie in profusion about the park's semi-arid landscape.

Agate is the most common stone at Rockhound Park and it is found in red, brown, light blue, green, blue-red, and lavender. Larger rocks may be cut and polished for specimens. The agate occurs in several forms, including black sagenite agate, fortification agate, and tippage agate nodules. Quartz occurs in varied form, also, and the careful searcher may find amethyst, quartz crystals, and brec-



ciated jasper. Also available are perlite, kaolin, psilomelane, blue opal, pink opal, and geodes.

New Mexico's Parks Commission has

scarified the area to make the rocks more accessible. If the surface supply should ever become depleted, though at first glance this seems unlikely, the state plans to remove another layer of soil to expose more rocks.

Rockhound State Park is six miles south of U.S. highway 70-80-120 and is a pleasant side trip for travelers going through Deming or Las Cruces. N.M. 11, an easy, unpaved road, turns off the main highway and leads directly to the park. The state has provided 25 camping-picnicking shelters with benches and tables, drinking water, and toilets. There is a \$1.00 fee for overnight camping.

The lazy collector will find that he has only to walk a few feet from his car to find interesting stones. Those who want to work can hike up the mountainside. They will be rewarded with a panoramic view of the Big Florida Mountains and the basin in which Deming lies. □



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A Little Bit of Fact about A Little Bit of Horse

by Choral Pepper



ANYONE who has lived long in country bordering the mid-regions of the Colorado River is bound to have heard the legend of the little horses. These dog-sized animals, escaped from stock brought to this continent by the Spanish *conquistadores*, had been trapped in a box canyon from which they couldn't ascend; then, through interbreeding, had degenerated to a smaller prehistoric model. Other versions suggest that the species descended from the three-toed *Merychippus* that roamed the earth during the Pleiocene era. In most legends the box canyon is located in the Grand Canyon region, but a miniature wild herd also has been reported somewhere near Lake Mohave on the Arizona side.

In the 1930s a news story circulated which described an expedition in which the late actor Errol Flynn hoisted several miniature horses out of the Grand Canyon, after having spotted them from a plane. Later these animals appeared in a Southern California amusement park and at public exhibits throughout the West. In spite of a statement by Grand Canyon Superintendent H. C. Bryant claiming that the horses were of Shetland stock and had been secured from a ranch in Mexico, the legend persists to this day.

Evidence contrary to Bryant's appeared in *DESERT Magazine* in August 1960 when the late Laura Adams Armer, a distinguished authority on Navajo culture, included a photograph of a man standing on the edge of the Grand Canyon with a perfectly proportioned dog-sized horse draped across his shoulders. The photo, presented to Mrs. Armer by an itinerant photographer, could have been faked, but her story accompanying it was readily accepted by old-timers familiar with little horse legends.

When she explored the Betatakin ruins in the early 1920s, her young Navajo

guide told Mrs. Armer the following story. He had started out at sunrise one morning to rope wild horses when his own mount, a pony called Tony, charged up a steep cliff directly into the sun. Quivering and whinnying, Tony reached the top and headed for a grove of aspen. The Indian gave the pony its head, curious to see what had excited him. After racing through the aspen, Tony jolted to a stop. There on the mesa, pawing the ground near a dark pool of water, were ten undersized white horses such as the Indian had never seen. He and Tony watched silently until the tiny horses vanished. Then the Indian dismounted to inspect the grass-covered ground around the pool. The horses were so light there wasn't a hoof print to be seen!

A further story attested to by Mrs. Armer's guide was about an ancient cliff dwelling he had found which contained fossil bones of a horse so small the Indian could hardly believe his eyes. The skull was about the size of a coyote's, but the jaw held the regulation number of 42 teeth and other skeletal characteristics of a horse. Because Navajos traditionally shun skeletons, convinced they are *chinde*, or haunted, the guide concluded the bones left in the cliff dwelling must have predated Navajo occupation of the region.

Tourists swarm all over the Grand Canyon today, but few white men stray far from the beaten paths and the Grand Canyon country covers a lot of territory. Jack Naylor, the foreman of a gigantic cow spread in southeastern Nevada, tells of an Indian cowboy named Hualapi Johnnie Nelson who came to the Peach Springs ranch some 30 years ago and swore he had seen a herd of dog-sized horses boxed into a canyon near the Colorado River, but southwest of the Grand Canyon.

"Johnnie, you've got to quit telling lies like this or someone's going to fill you full of lead," Taylor warned the Indian.

But Johnnie must have been convincing. The story still goes the rounds in Nevada and not too long ago Nevada adventurer Murl Emory launched an expedi-



The photo above appeared in an early issue of DESERT Magazine. It is possible it was faked.

tion to look for them. It was unsuccessful, but Emory says he isn't through yet.

Like many another paradoxical legend, this one just might be true. Recently we visited John Ellena's Regina Winery at Etiwanda, near Los Angeles, to examine some Lilliputian horses exhibited there. These midgets are horses in every sense of the word; not Shetland ponies nor the stunted Welch pony bred to work in mines. Whereas a Shetland stands from 32 to 46 inches, Lilliputians stand a good seven to ten inches shorter.

Weighing only two pounds at birth, Ellena's horses are derived from a dwarf horse bred during the last quarter of the 19th Century by General Julio Roca, former president of Argentina. When his nephew, Julio Falabella, later inherited the ranch with its stock of normal and dwarf horses, Falabella experimented with the dwarfs and ultimately instituted a breed of his own, the Midget.

Choosing the smallest of the original

For many years the little horse legend has been a desert enigma. While doing research for a forthcoming book titled *THE MYSTERIOUS WEST*, which is co-authored by Brad Williams and will be published next fall by World Publishing Company, *DESERT*'s editor turned up the evidence for this story.



The Lilliputian horses above are on display at John Ellena's Regina Winery near Los Angeles. They were bred in South America.

100-year old blood line of the dwarfs, he had the mares impregnated at two years of age, thirty months before the usual time, while their abdomens were not yet completely developed. Although this confined the unborn colts to the barest minimum of comfort, they went full term. Then, small as lambs when they foaled,

they proceeded to grow at a normal pace, reaching adulthood in four years without gaining over 36 inches in height.

According to Falabella, the key to the whole thing is consanguinity, belonging to the same blood line. If a dwarf mare should be fertilized by a horse not of her same family nor type of blood, the foetus

will develop normally and kill its own mother. Falabella's tiniest midget, fully grown, is 30 inches high at the withers and weighs only 45 pounds.

Through the years Falabella has bred 10,000 dwarf horses from his normal stock and 800 midgets from the dwarfs. Of 17 imported to the United States, where they are called Lilliputians, the Regina Winery has nine, the children of Jacqueline Kennedy possess two, and the remainder are owned by a ranch in Oregon. They sell for \$2000 each.

Because consanguinity is the key, Laura Adams Armer's Navajo guide might very well have seen a herd of ten white midget horses. Although the nine in California are sorrel, appaloosa and bay chestnut, they derived from a variety of selected bloodlines. The wild midgets trapped in the Grand Canyon would have resulted from interbreeding among the offspring of a single pair. And, if it happened once, it could have happened twice, which would account for the varying legends. It is relevant that the Argentine midgets achieve remarkable longevity, some have lived for 40 years, on a diet identical to that of a standard horse, although of smaller portion. This latter factor would be important in a box canyon with limited forage.

In the future, it may turn out that Falabella's experiment with the Lilliputians was in the way of a prognosis. A recent AP newspaper feature lamented that "big" people eat too much and suggested that humans be bred down in size in order to cope with the population explosion and our dwindling food supply. It was pointed out that we could then double-deck classrooms, houses could be smaller, and seven billion people could fit into the space now occupied by three and one-half billion.

Should such a plan go into effect, it would provide a practical reason for the Lilliputian breed. While he awaits an industrial change-over to midget machines, little man could revert to the little horse.

□

The Pothole Placers

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



BUFFALO hunters, trappers, scouts and other frontiersmen always kept a sharp lookout for rich gold deposits on their forays across the great plains and into the mountains of the west.

Early day buffalo hunters and trappers on their way from Deadwood, South Dakota, to Montana, Idaho, Utah and the Spanish settlements on the Pacific Coast reported that the Snake Indians of Utah were bartering gold nuggets for supplies, but had refused to disclose the source of their wealth, even to white men who were on friendly terms.

Letters of these early day trappers and hunters to friends in the east reported that the Snake Indians often were seen with buckskin pokes filled with large gold nuggets said to have been washed from the sands and gravels in a secret location by Indian women.

Many years later, Frank Lane, a graduate just out of Yale Law school, saw one of these letters from a trapper in the

West, and decided to do some prospecting in the Snake country before settling down to engage in practice.

Lane chose for his partner another college graduate, who for the purpose of this story, we will call John Howard. Together the two men set forth with fresh hearts and high hopes to search for the golden mirage that lay beyond the snow-capped Rocky mountains.

For many months the young eastern college men prospected in the Colorado Rockies and thoroughly enjoyed their association with trappers, buffalo hunters, scouts and prospectors. Day after day, month after month they combed the rugged mountains in search of pay ore, but beyond the discovery of a few low-grade gold quartz ledges, they had little success.

Finally the near approach of winter drove them down through the sunset canyons and mountain gorges and out onto the plains of eastern Utah on the border of the Snake Indian country where they established a permanent camp and prospected for gold during the months that followed.

Here the inexperienced prospectors had no better success than in the mountains of Colorado and Lane became discouraged. As spring approached he grew more restless and spent most of his time around camp.

Finally the two tenderfeet moved their camp farther out on the plains and after several days journey halted their pack mules one night at the base of a low-lying granite mountain where they pitched their tent for the night. The iron-stained mesas around the great uplift were full of pot holes. A heavy rain had fallen and the holes stood full of water. The desert was covered with green grass, making it an ideal camp for both men and beasts.

Howard was pleased with the country and had a hunch that they were going to find the elusive pot of gold for which they had been searching.

But Lane grew more restless and decided to turn the outfit over to his partner and return east and take up the practice of law in Boston.

Howard became the sole owner of the outfit free to live the life he had grown



to love. After the departure of his friend he mounted his saddle mule and rode out for a short hunting trip on the surrounding plains.

He bagged an antelope and on his way back to camp stopped at one of the pot holes to get a drink for himself and water his mule. The noonday sun was shining directly into the hole and as he stopped to drink he saw some shining pieces of ore at the bottom of the shallow cavity.

Then he waded into the water and scooped up a handful of the yellow stuff. He knew at once he had found the bonanza for which he and his partner had been searching.

He put the nuggets in his pocket and went to camp. After a hurried meal he returned to the pot hole with a gold pan and worked all afternoon scooping the gravel from the bottom of the hole and panning out the nuggets. As the sun disappeared in a blaze of fire beyond the ragged edge of the western world that lay far across the desert he made his way back to camp with an estimated \$700 worth of gold taken from the one shallow hole.

For weeks the lone prospector lived on the game that roamed the plains around his camp and panned the dirt and gravel found on the bottom of the numerous pot holes that dotted the iron-stained mesas around the great granite mountain.

When the cold winter winds again came across the plains Howard made his way to the nearest settlement with buckskin bags of gold which later proved to be worth nearly \$100,000.

He returned east with his fortune but through bad investments eventually lost much of it. Many years later he tried to return to the scene of his fabulous strike, but either failed to reach the right location or the pot holes had been worked out, for he did not find a single nugget of gold.

Old-time cowboys and sheepherders refer to a place in eastern Utah as the "pot holes" but none of them have ever been known to pick up nuggets in this region.

According to one version of the lost gold story, the pot holes described by Howard were not natural holes such as occur in sandstone formation in many parts of the west, but were excavations made in a gravel conglomerate by the Snake women to obtain the gold mentioned by the early day trappers and hunters, and that a fortune still awaits the prospector who will find that conglomerate deposit. □

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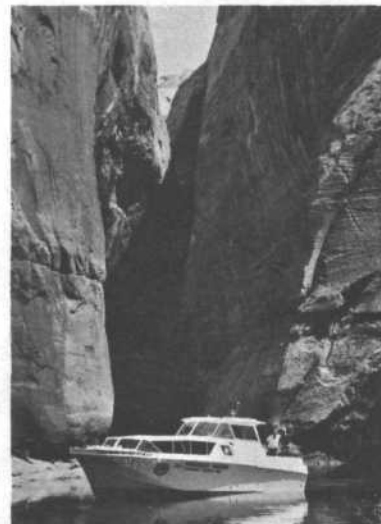
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Paul Bunyan's Woodpile

by Earl Spendlove



LONG time ago, before our grandfathers were little boys, Paul Bunyan took Babe, his blue ox, to Utah to dig the Great Salt Lake. Now Ole Paul was an ambitious man, and after work and on Sundays he explored the countryside for miles around. A hundred miles to the south he discovered rich deposits of gold, lead, silver and zinc in what is now the Tintic Mountains.

In a week he could have mined enough ore to send an astronaut to the moon, but Paul loved the blue sky and the sunshine and had no hankering to burrow in the ground. He knew that some day persistent prospectors would find the ore and hordes of miners would move into the mountains. When they did, they would need wood to run their steam engines, their smelters and to keep themselves warm during the long, cold winters. So, in his spare time, Paul logged off the mountains, sawed the

trees into cordwood and stacked it on a high peak, just south of a big juniper.

Johnny Inkslinger, Paul's bookkeeper, surveyor and inventor of the double-barreled fountain pen, made a map that showed the big juniper. Right next to it he put an "X" to show where the wood was. But, when the lake was finished, Ole Paul went back East to log off the Up-Side-Down mountains and plumb forgot about his woodpile.

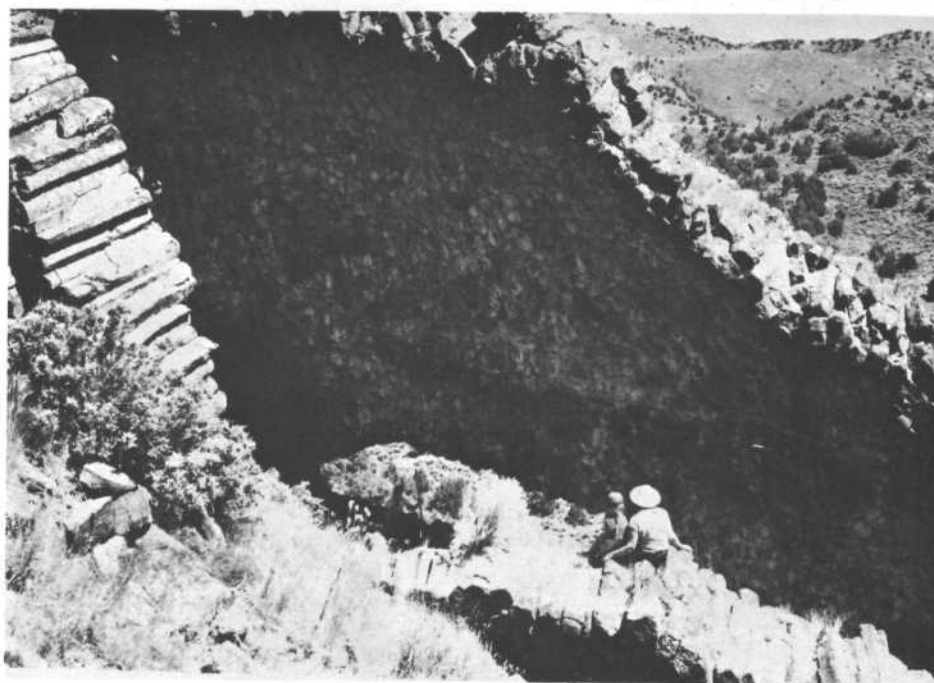
The story of Paul and his fantastic blue ox, like many of the tales of this great American, may or may not be true, but the Tintic Mountains did become one of the richest ore producing areas in the West and the woodpile is still perched precariously on a peak, just south of the big juniper.

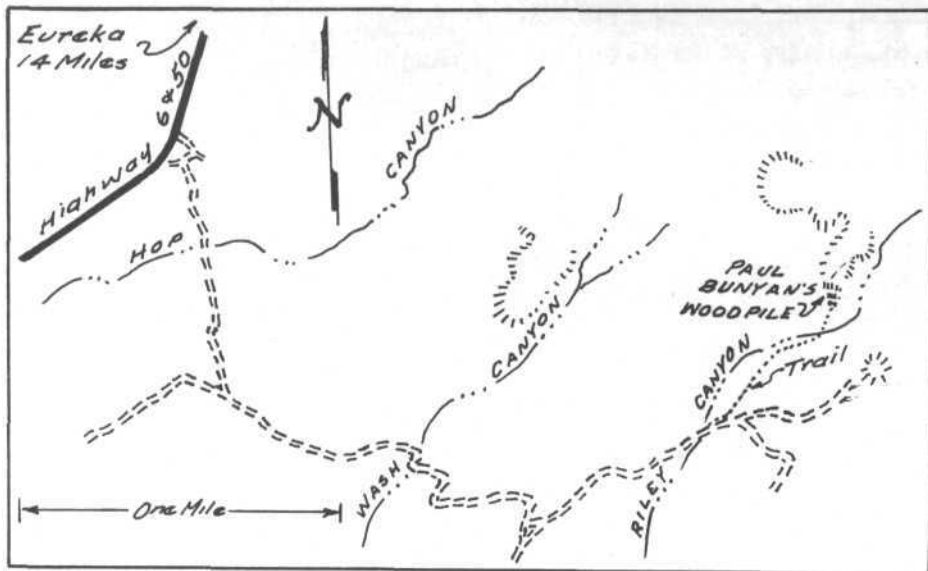
Most people, hurrying over the highways that link Salt Lake City with Las Vegas, Los Angeles and San Francisco could, by adding a few hours and a few miles to their journey, visit Paul's old stomping grounds. From Salt Lake City it's 57 miles south over Interstate Highway 15 to Santaquin, where you turn west on Interstate 6 and 50. It's 10 miles from Santaquin to the Elberta cross-roads and the highway stays in the valley and leads you through green pastures dotted with red cattle and past prosperous irrigated farms. Just west of Elberta you leave the verdant irrigated land and sweep upward across a drab, grey, sagebrush-covered plain toward the mountain.

It's 10 miles from Elberta to Eureka and once in the mountains, the landscape is dotted with scrubby juniper and the road twists and turns and soars higher and higher. Road cuts, slashed through the ridges and hogbacks, show streaks of red, yellow and green, indicating minerals to be found in the mountains. The surrounding hills are scarred with holes gouged in the earth, old mine shafts, and roads built by prospectors and miners in their search for underground riches. When you reach the summit, just east of Eureka, you are 6583 feet above sea level and we'd suggest you visit the area in spring or summer.

Eureka, clinging to the sides of the gulch that runs west out of the mountains, is different from the somber, solid little farming towns in the valley. A look at the huge mine dumps, the old mills and the towering, broken skeletons that stand guard at the entrances of abandoned mines tells you that in its youth, this was a rowdy, rollicking mining town, ever ready for a fight or frolic. With motel and cafe accommodations, it is not yet a ghost town, but houses are boarded up and the main street is lined with emp-

Paul Bunyan's woodpile, a little the worse for wear, still appears deceptively realistic.





ty business houses and locked churches. Around the mountain, two and three miles to the south, are the almost deserted towns of Mammoth and Silver City. Two miles south of Silver City is Diamond, site of the first discovery in the Tintic Mining District. Now, the town is gone and the old cemetery slowly fades into the landscape.

To see Paul's Woodpile, drive 14 miles south of Eureka on Highway 6 and 50, take the dirt road to the left and drive exactly three miles back into the hills. Park in the shade of a cottonwood grove in the bottom of the draw and follow an easy trail up a dry streambed for a half mile and look up! There, right on top of the mountain, just south of the big juniper, are three giant stacks of cordwood. Several smaller stacks sit on the shoulder

Old cemetery at Diamond. The original find in the Tintic Mining District was made on Sunrise Peak in background.



to the south. It has been a long time since "Ole Paul" went away and left his woodpile. The ends of the stacks have tumbled down and the logs are scattered all the way to the bottom of the draw.

At close range, the logs in this fantastic pile are found to be three, four, five, and six-sided columns of lava, 10 to 15 inches in diameter and as much as 15 feet long. The piles are tilted to the north and the ends of the logs on that side are comparatively smooth. On the south, wind, water and frost have rounded the logs and grass, brush, and prickly pear grow in the cracks between them. There is a huge hole at the base of one stack. Here the logs have fallen out and left a large picture window that looks out across the canyon to the south.

All indications are that this strange formation had its beginning as a core in the neck of an ancient volcano. In cooling, the molten mass hardened into many-sided, unbroken columns of lava. After eons of time, the surrounding material was eroded away and the core was left standing, similar to Devil's Tower in Wyoming. Continued erosion undermined the giant monolith and, like a great layer cake, it toppled over and fell onto its side. The layers separated and remained standing on their edges. The force of the fall, or subsequent erosion has caused the layers to tilt to the north.

The first white man to see this fantasy of nature was probably John Boone who, about the middle of the last century, brought a herd of cattle and horses to the broad, grass-covered valley that lay west of the mountains. His livestock did well and his herd increased. But the fat cattle and horses attracted the attention and envy of Tintic, the renegade Goshute, and he and his followers ambushed and killed

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John Boone at the mouth of a canyon about five miles north of the woodpile.

A few years later, in the fall of 1869, a Mormon cowboy stumbled onto a sparkling specimen of ore almost on the exact spot where Boone had been murdered. On December 13th of that year, four men staked claim to the Sunbeam Mine and before the end of the year a score of frenzied men were prospecting the canyon, just north of Sunrise Peak. Not all of them found gold and silver but they did find beautiful, clear white quartz crystals which they thought to be diamonds. So, it was only natural that the town which sprang up on the north slope of the mountain was called Diamond. Within a year the tops of the Tintics were flooded by hundreds of wild-eyed men who had dreams of easy wealth and the towns of Silver City, Mammoth and Eureka were spawned in the places where the big finds were made.

Never, before nor since, have so many colorful characters been assembled in one place. Among them was Anna Marks, a crafty, scheming Russian female, as kind and gentle as Khrushchev and a master of profanity in two languages. There was the "Bourbon King," who tried to drink the saloons dry and "Uncle" Jessie Knight, a Mormon who uncovered a bonanza in his Humbug Mine and established his own town to keep his miners away from Demon Rum.

Typical of many who find the wealth they dream of was John Beck, the Crazy Dutchman. He sold a rich claim in the Diamond Area for a paltry sum, then sank a shaft in the gulch below Eureka Hill.

"The danged fool can't even sell his hole fer a well, 'cause there ain't no water there," the miners laughed.

The Crazy Dutchman laughed too, but he laughed best, for at 200 feet he struck one of the richest ore deposits in the Tintic District. Overnight he became rich and famous, but, like many another who suddenly becomes wealthy, his fortune slipped through his fingers and he died a broken, penniless man.

The Crazy Dutchman and the rest of the hardy breed who pioneered the Tintic Mining District are gone. The Tintic towns, like over-ripe fruit, are slowly withering away. Some have disappeared altogether. Water in the mines, high cost of labor and equipment, and low mineral prices have taken their toll. But if Ole Paul were to come back to the Tintics, he'd find his woodpile, a little worse for wear, still standing on the peak, just south of the big juniper. □

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What-ho, Southern Nevada!

by Doris Cerveri



AFTER a dull, dormant winter when the promise of spring is in the air, an urge comes to many of us to take a slow jaunt into the desert, to explore

little known by-ways, and to roam through cool, steep canyons and valleys. In spite of the fact that loneliness, thirst, hunger and death have been experienced in the desert, the anticipation of seeing indescribable vistas of beauty and color, as well as unbelievable oddities and unusual phenome-

na has lured thousands of tourists into the open every year.

Southern Nevadans, as well as dozens of tourists traveling throughout the southwest, take advantage of Las Vegas' proximity to interesting desert areas and, using Las Vegas as a stop-over base, make exploratory trips into the desert over a week-end, or go on a different jaunt each day.

The Lake Mead National Recreational Area (LMNRA) offers such a rich variety of scenic contrasts, numerous activities, and sight-seeing excursions to choose from

that it is difficult to decide which trip to take

Lake Mead, created by Hoover Dam, has wide, sandy beaches and sheltered coves along a 550-mile shoreline. Guides conduct tours daily through the Dam from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and in the evening illustrated programs covering historical, geological, and biological aspects of the area are presented by park naturalists at the amphitheater adjacent to the Boulder Beach Camp.

The 45 square mile surface of Lake Mohave (DESERT, Aug. '63), formed behind Davis Dam, provides numerous recreational activities including boating, water skiing, fishing, and swimming. Here, too, are good sandy beaches and excellent campsites. There are also interesting geological formations and ancient Indian petroglyphs on canyon walls along the lake shore.

These two lakes may be reached over good highways from Kingman, Arizona, Needles, California, and Las Vegas. However, maps, pamphlets, and mileages are furnished by the National Park Service Headquarters office at Boulder City, only a few miles from Las Vegas. Naturalists and rangers stationed there are most cooperative in giving out detailed information and advice. Well organized tourist service, such as conducted tours, auto caravans, and guided walks are something relatively new in southern Nevada, but those conducted by the rangers have been popular.

Fishing is on a year-round basis at both lakes and a fishing license from either Nevada or Arizona is acceptable. It is wise, though, to read the current regulations concerning creel limits before fishing in either lake.

Few roads in the LMNRA will take you through more interesting scenery than the winding dirt road to Christmas Tree Pass, named from a species of pinon pine abundant in the area. Leaving the Katherine Ranger Station, turn right at junction onto Nevada 77 and cross Davis Dam. Continue to next junction where you take a right turn onto a dirt road. You are now entering the Newberry Mountains. Although this area is reached by somewhat



rambling rough side roads, it is clearly designated by signposts.

The Newberry Mountains are composed of interesting granite formations caused by tremendous upheavals and millions of years of erosion. These strange extrusive rock formations are of much interest to geologists. In this area, too, are more than 250 native birds, 60 species of mammals, and several species of snakes, lizards, and other desert creatures of interest to zoologists. A botanist would be thrilled also with the various forms of plant life which have made strange desert adaptations.

Another refreshing change from Las Vegas city life is the 15-mile trip to Pine Creek Canyon, which starts off the dirt extension of West Charleston Boulevard

following the third turn to the right off the main road. The lower part of this canyon is a beautiful spot for those who enjoy picnicking in the pines near a stream or exploring flower-laden fields at the foot of a mountain. Children can wade in the spring to catch frogs, and camping and picnicking facilities have recently been installed by the Bureau of Land Management.

A longer drive leads to Carpenter Canyon, which drops out of Spring Mountains into the Pahrump Valley south of the west face of Mt. Charleston. Although this trek is 55 miles from Las Vegas, the beautiful drive to Mt. Springs summit, a 5,200 foot gateway to Pahrump, makes the trip worthwhile. Yucca and Joshua trees tower over purple sage,

lilies, thistle and other late blooming flowers and shrubs. The Pahrump area is a productive cotton growing community and the turnoff for Carpenter Canyon from the main Pahrump road is to the west of the first farms. A small BLM sign notifies the motorist he is leaving Clark County and entering Nye County.

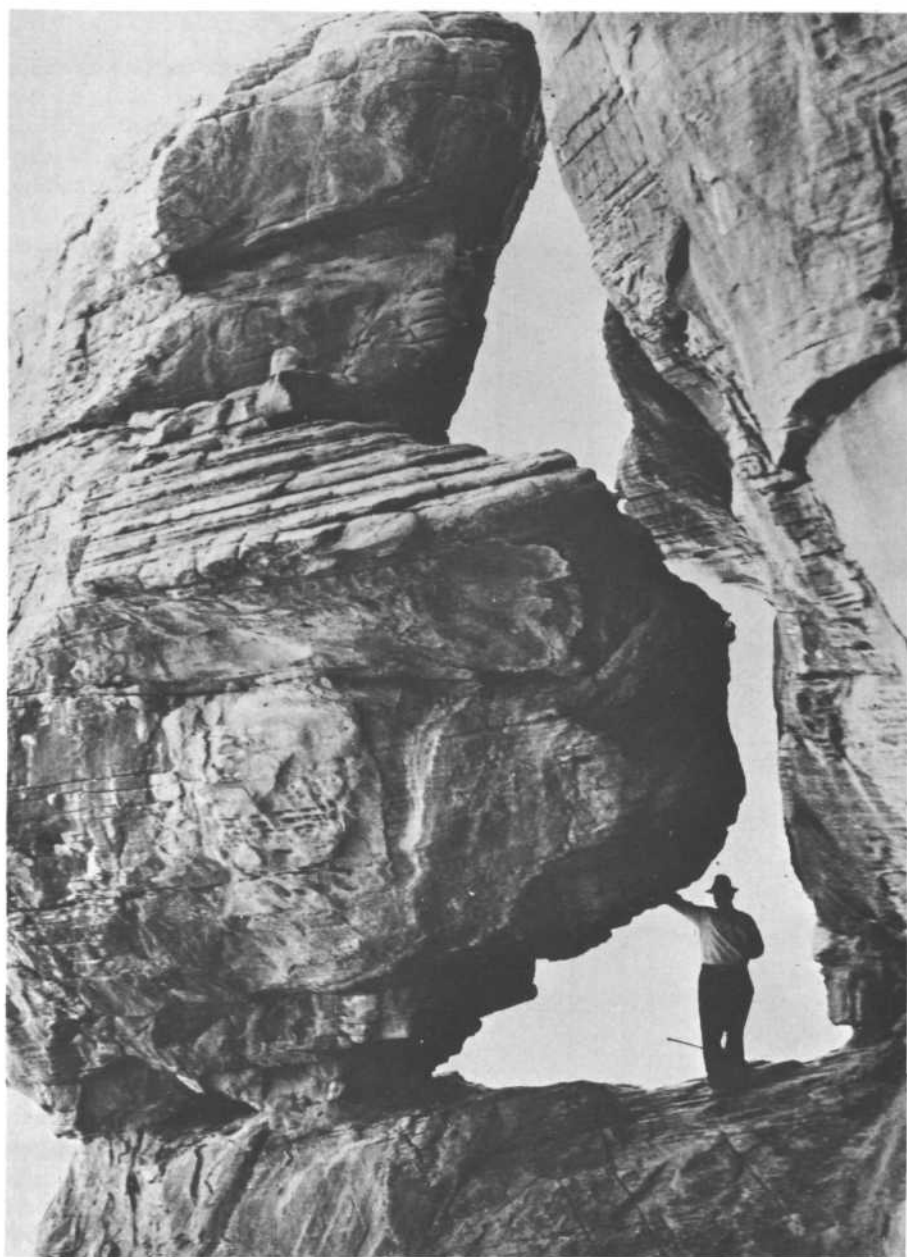
Ten miles from this turnoff is a parking area. The road is uphill and a little rough. After crossing a cattle guard in a drift fence by a storage shed, there is a fork in the road, but you will come right back to the canyon by going straight ahead for several miles, passing a dilapidated shack on the way. Don't attempt this road with a low car. The right fork, however, can be easily navigated. Leave your car in the turnaround area on the shoulder of the canyon and hike along the pipeline. Soon you will come to a small gravel dike. A half mile further is a gurgling, tumbling creek which widens as you pass through the pines. Here is an ideal spot to spend a few hours.

The road to Searchlight (DESERT, June '65) on Highway 95 south from Las Vegas is a delightful Sunday drive. Among Joshuas and mining scaffolds may be seen relics of the days when mining was a major industry in Nevada. Legend has it that this camp was named in 1898 by two brothers who took inspiration from the name of their box of matches. Or it might have been named because a scoffer said, "If there's any gold here, it'll take a searchlight to spot it!" There was plenty of gold in Searchlight. During its heyday over six million dollars worth of turquoise-speckled gold ore was gutted from the rocky terrain.

Known as a lawless camp, the town had 38 saloons. Most of the citizenry, always eager for excitement, provided unusual entertainment one memorable Fourth of July. Two jack burros were matched against each other. Thousands of dollars and mining claims were wagered on the outcome. One burro was named Thunder, the other Hornet. They squared off on a level area below the town and their kicking, biting, and general ruckus raised a dust cloud visible for miles. In the beginning Thunder had the best of it, but later Hornet plied heels and teeth so well that Thunder ran off into the desert. After all the wagers were collected, winners made a beeline to the saloons to celebrate.

The most interesting feature of a trip to Searchlight is a side trip to Fort Piute, eight miles west. At the junction of US 95 and the Cottonwood Cove road, turn right at the sign to reach Cottonwood, then turn left and proceed south on US 95. Built beside Piute Creek in a little known

Rock formations at Valley of Fire present many a weird image.





Above: Brilliant painted pictographs only 22 miles from Las Vegas are identical to those of the Chumash tribes found near Santa Barbara, California. Below: DESERT's editor was happy to find this refreshing spring in Red Rock after a long trek by horseback. Photo Las Vegas Sun.

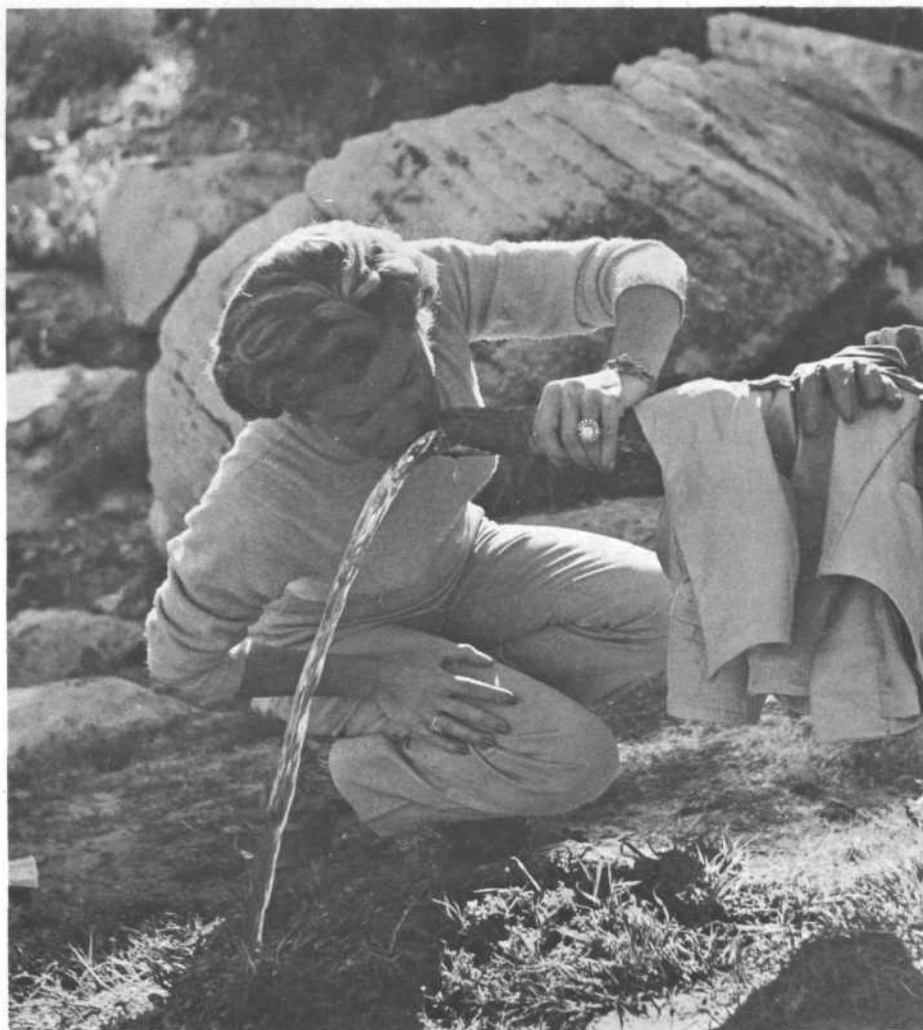
canyon, the fort was used by soldiers who stayed there while constructing the Government Road, a route established to protect western migrants and to maintain open supply lines between Camp Cady to the east and Fort Mohave on the Colorado River. Indian troubles ceased soon after its construction. Low rock walls still stand with gun ports intact. Watercress is abundant in the creek, which runs all year, and a good petroglyph site lies upstream.

Twelve miles from Las Vegas a pleasant recreation spot is being developed by a committee of Las Vegas citizens with the assistance of county, state, and federal officials. This complex of canyons can be reached from a road which begins at the west end of Charleston Boulevard and circles south to the community of Blue Diamond. Containing 10,000 acres, Red Rock Recreation area features multicolored sandstone rock groups lying in front of 12,000 foot Mt. Charleston. Red rock cliffs rise above the desert floor to overlook a desert garden of Eden composed of Joshua trees, yucca, and numerous species of cacti. Along the sharp east escarpment in Red Rock there are a number of narrow, steep-walled canyons, cool and moist. The abundance of plant life includes ferns four feet tall. At six different locations Indian pottery and other artifacts have been found, in addition to campsites, rock shelters, mescal pits, petroglyphs, and colored pictographs.

Seven picnic grounds and trailer sites

and a new 52-unit camp were completed by the U.S. Forest Service last fall around the bases of Mt. Charleston, Mummy Mt. and McFarland Peak. All are reached on good black-topped roads leading out from W. Bonanza Avenue in Las Vegas, which turns into the Tonopah highway on Nevada 95. Roads leading to Kyle and Lee Canyons are clearly marked. Just below the ranger station is the Kyle camp ground with 26 units. Above the station is Fletcher View with picnic sites and 11 trailer spaces, and at the end of the road is Cathedral Rock Camp with 80 units. Last year the Forest Service completed a large picnic and overnight facility called Mary Jane Camp, named for a waterfall which cascades down the north side of the canyon two miles from camp. Another spectacular sight is Big Falls dropping 200 feet from a rock cliff at the head of Kyle canyon.

Camp McWilliams is located in Lee Canyon, a year-round recreational spot. On the scenic loop road between Lee and Kyle canyons are three other camps; Hilltop with 36 units; Mahogany Camp, restricted to clubs and large groups of people (on reservation only), and Deer



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Lee's Canyon and Mt. Charleston, which tower above Las Vegas, offer a startling contrast to the desert below.

Creek, the only camp with a running stream. There is a charge of 50¢ a day for the use of the sites unless you have a recreation and conservation sticker costing \$7, which admits the holder to any national park or camp ground in the country.

Horseback riding through Joshua trees and desert vegetation along the road to Charleston Park is a popular diversion. This park, at an elevation of 11,810, is famous for both summer and winter recreation. Trails for experienced hikers lead to the top of limestone peaks and a paved road extends to the recreation center.

From Las Vegas the motorist may travel 32 miles on the main Salt Lake highway (91-93, Interstate 15) turning off where it intersects with the highway to Overton, Nevada 12. This route takes you to the Valley of Fire State Park through roads that are unpaved but which are maintained and kept in good condition. The Park contains picnic facilities but no over-night campsites.

The Valley of Fire lies in fantastic terrain amid jagged walls of blood red, aztec sandstone. Rock elephants, dragons, beehives, and other grotesque formations are actually "petrified" sand dunes with cross-bedding the same as found in active dunes. Some rocks are covered with well-preserved petroglyphs or rock writings. Another interesting part of the valley is covered with fragments of a petrified forest. Because the formations provide weird winding passages, it is easy to become lost in the maze. It is wise to stay on marked trails.

Overton, a few miles away, is the nearest center for gasoline, motel accommodations, and shopping facilities. Here, also, is Lost City Museum which has one of the most complete and largest collections of early Pueblo Indian relics in the Southwest.

When you next visit Las Vegas, allow yourself time to explore the country beyond the famous "Strip." You will find it an exciting contrast to the city's swinging attractions. ☐

Along an Ancient Trail Today

by Walter Ford

The writer, an explorer and scientist, has spent many years seeking out-of-the-way places in the Anza-Borrogo desert. Here he shares with DESERT readers one of his favorite trips.



UN AND adventure await you along the Borrego section of romantic Anza Trail. You can wander over ancient campsites, climb a granite-covered ridge to get an unparalleled view of the desert, or relax in a warm sunny cove. Or you can delve into legends of lost mines, mysterious roving lights and buried silver stolen from an ambushed wagon train.

West of Highway 99 the floodwaters of Carriza and San Felipe washes unite to form the Marsh of San Sebastian, which Captain Anza named when he and his party camped there in December, 1775. Later it became one of the most important watering places in the Borrego region for the countless prospectors and adventurers who searched for hidden wealth. At the time of Anza's journey, San Sebastian sustained a large Indian population, but

today there is little human need for its water.

There are two trails to San Sebastian, both of which require 4-wheel drive vehicles or sand buggies. The most direct route leaves Highway 99 about 1.7 miles southeast of Highway 78 and extends westward 5.5 miles over the storm rutted remnant of the old Kane Springs-Julian road. A longer, but more interesting, route leads down Carriza Wash from the second trestle on the narrow gauge railroad to its junction with San Felipe Wash. This trail crosses the shore line of old Lake Cahuilla and affords a close-up study of beach terraces and fields of sun bleached shells that tell of the life in that ancient sea. Anza indicated an Indian village of considerable size at San Sebastian, but today only the ashes of dead fires, bits of pottery, and crumbling bones provide a clue to its extent.

During the early 1900s, an attempt was made to introduce a modern civilization to

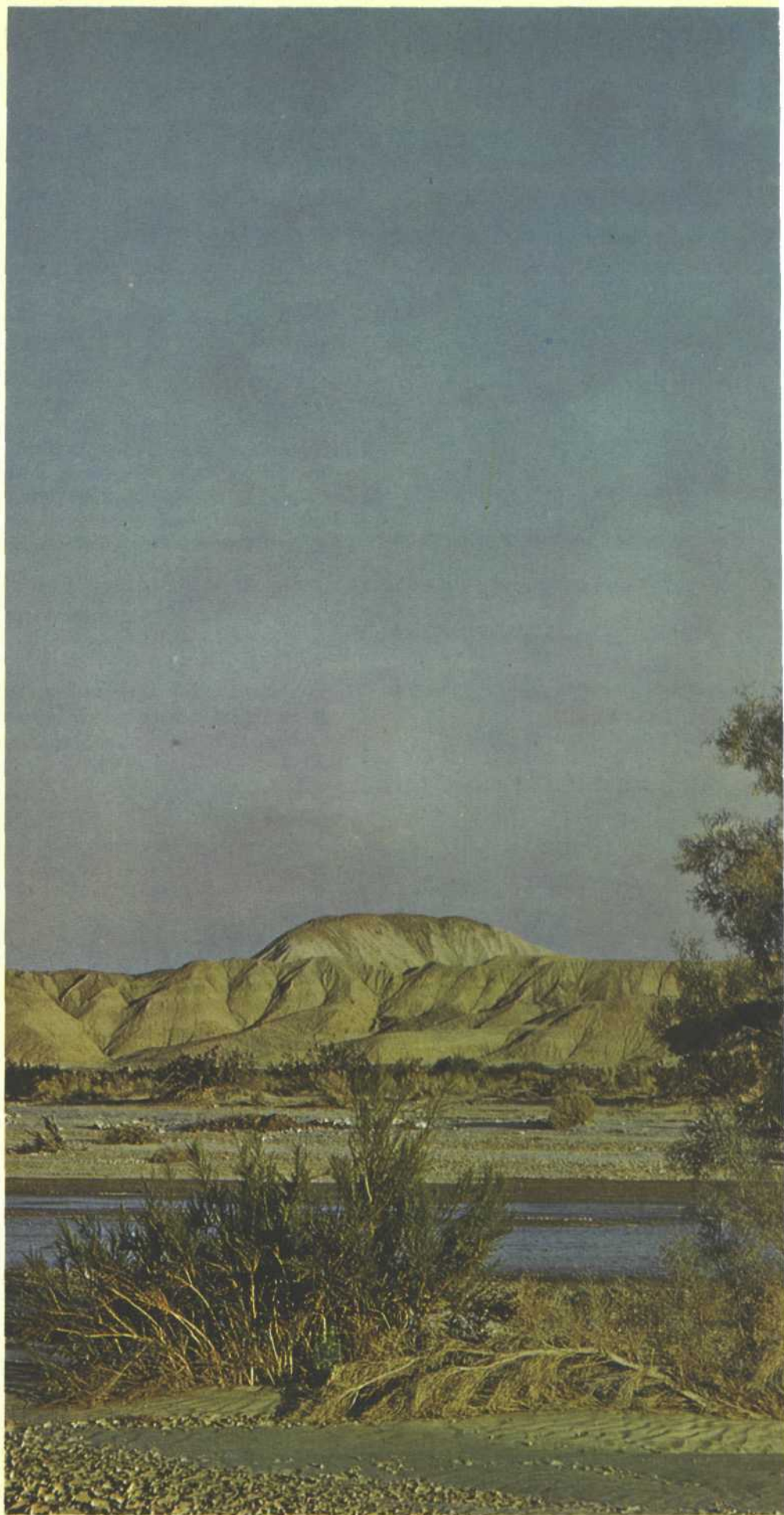
View of Rainbow Wash from Font's Point. Group in lower center begins trek to San Felipe Wash.



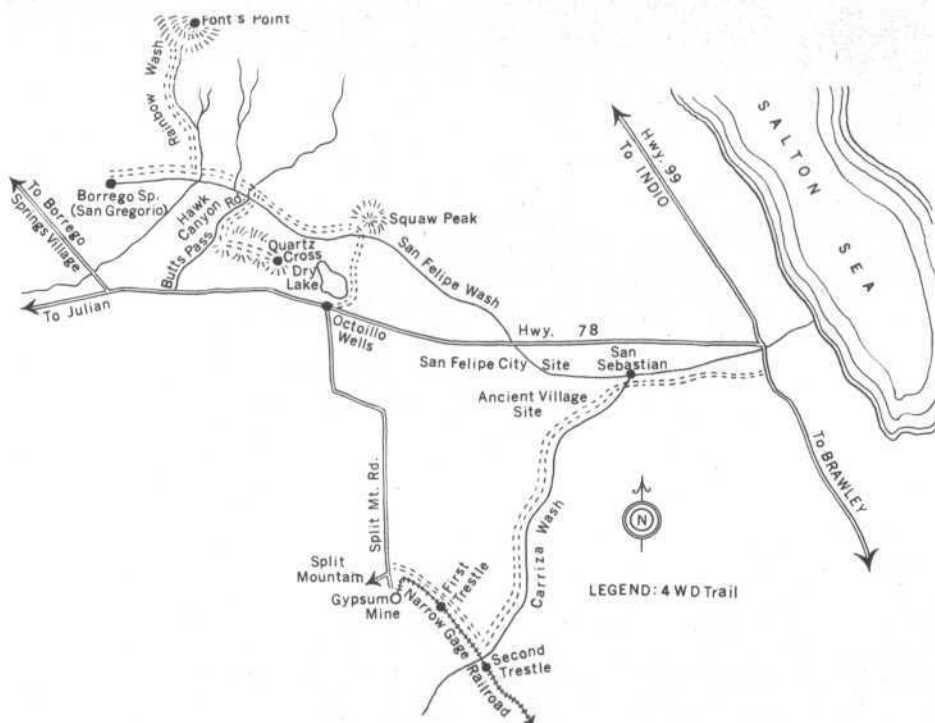
the area. A townsite was laid out and named San Felipe. Dwellings were erected, wells were drilled, crops were planted, and an air of prosperity prevailed. But the newcomers had not foreseen the devastating effects of searing heat, flashfloods, high winds and drifting sand. One by one they gave up the struggle and departed from the scene. Few surface remains are evident to mark the locale, but from under the sand sun colored glassware and odd-shaped bottles are frequently recovered.

Three miles north of Ocotillo Wells and a short distance from Anza's line of march, there is a low lying hill known as Squaw Peak. In size Squaw Peak is not very impressive, but its contributions to desert lore are many. Untold numbers of early-day searchers for the Peg-Leg mine concentrated their efforts on the Squaw Peak area. One group was so certain they had found the source of Peg-Leg's gold that they dug a deep tunnel and named it Three Buttes, after his famous landmark. Lack of water hampered their operations and eventually the project was abandoned. The late Henry Wilson, dean of Peg-Leg hunters, told me that in 1914 he met three men on Squaw Peak who were hunting for gold solely on the advice of a seeress who had assured them they could not fail. Unfortunately, Henry was never able to learn the outcome of the search.

One of the desert's classic legends concerns a ball of light that frequently drifted across the terrain as if looking for a place to land. Although prospectors claimed to have seen the strange phenomenon at widely scattered points, Squaw Peak was the most favored location. To most observers the light appeared as a luminous sphere, but to others it looked like a lantern held by a huge skeleton. An old tale from the Borrego region tells about a deputy sheriff from an adjoining area who concluded that the roving lights were caused by human hands and decided to run the culprit down. When the light appeared and failed to heed a command to halt, the lawman shot it full of "holes." When he returned in daylight to pick up the remains, he found only furrows where his bullets had creased the ground. Probably the moving lights were caused by the combustion of gases rising from the earth, like the will-o'-the-wisp over marshy terrain. But the skeleton with the lantern—who knows? Oldtimers who claimed to have seen the apparition stoutly maintained that it was the ghost of old Peg-Leg searching for his lost







Line on the mountain poses a mystery. It is unlikely the ancient sea rose this high. Below: ancient trails lead to quartz cross.



bonanza. If followed, they explained, it would eventually lead to pay dirt. So, if you camp near Squaw Peak some moonless night and see an eerie light moving unsteadily over the land, watch it closely. Peg-Leg's ghost may be on the march again.

Five miles west of Squaw Peak at a guide post marked Butte Pass, a road leads from San Felipe Wash to Hawk Canyon, 1.8 mile to the south. Here pastel shaded bluffs mark the entrance to one of Borrego's most interesting primitive campgrounds. Sandstone cliffs and a 1,200 foot mountain form a little valley which provides a sun-drenched playground when the weather is calm, or a protective haven when wind and sand are cutting capers on the open desert. The canyon's tranquil atmosphere suggests nothing more strenuous than reclining in the sun and watching the swallows and hawks as they fly in and out of niches of the canyon walls. However, if a hike is desired, there is a long terrace a few hundred feet below the top of adjacent Borrego Mountain which looks like the shore line of an ancient sea, except for an absence of shells. The location of the line on the 1,254 foot mountain rules out the probability of its being caused by ocean waters. Perhaps a close-up study could provide a geological clue to its origin.

The Butte Pass road continues past Hawk Canyon 1.8 mile, where it joins Highway 78. At the top of the pass a

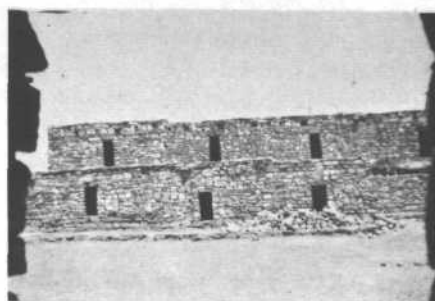
short distance beyond Hawk Canyon, the road crosses a low ridge which gradually ascends to the eastern end of Borrego Mountain, approximately two miles away. Close to where the ridge adjoins the mountain there is a natural formation of a huge quartz cross imbedded in a granite boulder about 15 feet in diameter. Between the arms of the cross there is a large hole to catch water draining from the boulder. Stone scraper marks within the hole indicate that it may have been made with the heat-and-quench with water method. Trails leading from it to ancient village sites to the south and to old Borrego Springs indicate that the stone symbol played a part in the lives of early inhabitants, but we can only speculate on the ways in which it served.

From a scenic angle, a visit to Font's Point is always a rewarding experience. For an unusual approach, follow Rainbow Wash from its junction with San Felipe Wash to the first tributary on the west that enters the clay hills, and you will be on your way.

The spring where Anza camped and which he named San Gregorio was known in later years as Borego Spring to travelers through the area. When the old wagon road between Brawley and Julian was established, the original spring was abandoned and a new one was dug across the wash and closer to the road. Dwelling sites of the Indians who inhabited the region when Anza was there may still be seen and occasionally a metate for grinding seeds and corn is found. About 15 years ago a desert wanderer found some old Mexican coins near a cabin south of the spring. The cabin has since disappeared, but its debris may still hold some interesting finds.

There is an old legend which tells of an Indian ambush during a night raid "somewhere near Borego Spring," in which the occupants of a wagon train were slain and their wagons burned. Sensing Indian trouble the travelers are said to have buried a large amount of silver bullion beneath the wagons before the raid. Down through the years burned wagons have been reported from widely scattered desert points, but the most authentic clues, if there can be such, place the tragedy in the vicinity of old Borego Spring. Treasure hunters should keep in mind that the spring site, now known by its modern name as Borrego Springs, lies just within the boundaries of Anza-Borrego Park where unauthorized digging is prohibited. A check with a map in any park ranger station will show the areas near the spring which are free of such restrictions. □

Typical Apache wickiup.



Kinishba Ruins.
Campsite at Colley Lake.



General Crook's cabin.



Old Fort Apache.



Hon-dah, friend!

by Lee Lucas



N THE language of the Apache, "Hon-dah" means "be my guest," and for years the White Mountain Apaches have been offering that invitation to vacationing palefaces—urging them to take advantage of the hundreds

of free campsites that are to be found on the scenic Fort Apache Reservation.

We've often accepted that invitation, and each of our vacations on the reservation has begun in precisely the same way. We drive far up Little Diamond Creek, where the stream is narrow, with rushing white water and deep secluded pools. Our special campsite is tucked against a steep slope, among fern and sumac, and overlooked by most tourists.

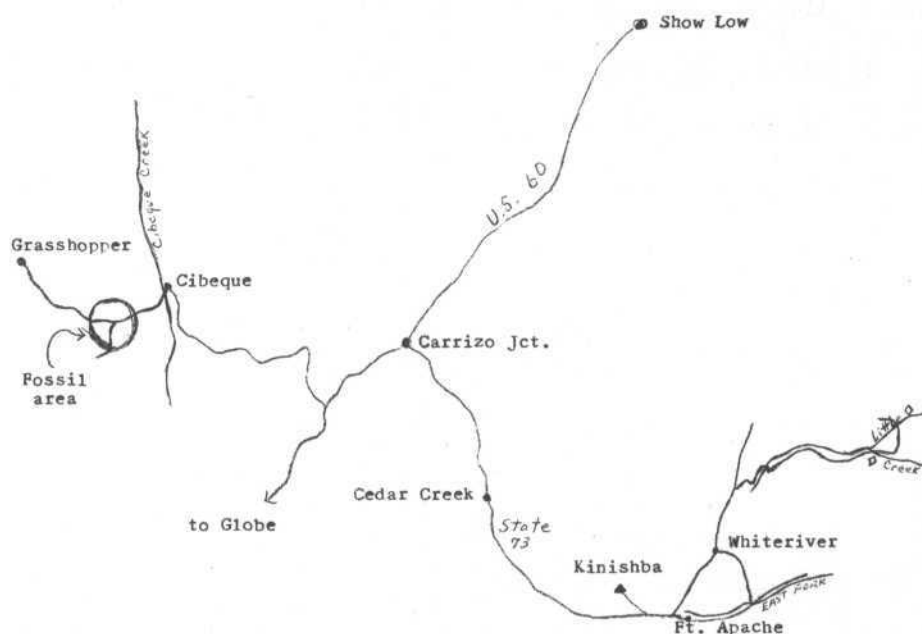
We build a campfire, put our blackened coffeepot on to heat, then unpack the car vowing firmly to spend the entire week just fishing and taking it easy.

The fishing is so good that we manage to catch our limit of trout nearly every day. Wildlife is plentiful, and it's commonplace to see deer bounding through the tall pines, or to come across a flock of gobbling wild turkey. One evening, as we sat motionless, we watched a raccoon and her brood catfishing and methodically wash each one in the frigid water.

However, just as it happens every year, by the third day in camp we had minutely examined every clump of violet and columbine in the vicinity. Even fresh fish fried over the campfire had lost its appeal. With one accord, we decided that we'd had our fill of fishing and loafing. After getting a few groceries, we drove east out of Whiteriver. About seven miles later, the road dipped down and followed the East Fork of the river. We ignored the bridge that crossed the river and continued to follow the road upstream.

Apache wickiups and little Indian gardens wedged between crimson cliffs and a sparkling stream proved a temptation to our camera. The Apaches, if approached with courtesy, will usually consent to having their pictures taken, but they expect a token payment.

Geronimo's Cave, along East Fork, is



not easy to locate, but as you drive along the base of cliffs that slope up from the left hand edge of the road, begin searching in earnest. When the road leaves the stream to climb upon the mesa, you have passed the cave. The opening is narrow and it is easy to see how the old Apache renegade vanished without a trace, leaving the pursuing cavalry milling in angry bewilderment. It was only later that the entrance was found, tucked away in a cleft of rocks. Deep within its recesses, I'm told, there is a trickle of clear water where the old chief quenched his thirst. The steep slope directly in front of the cave is sprinkled with pot sherds and flint.

Driving back downstream, we crossed the bridge at East Fork so we could visit old Fort Apache and the nearby military cemetery. The fort was a strategic post of vast importance because of its proximity to both the Navajo and Apache tribes. Cavalry barns and other buildings are still standing, including the rugged log cabin home of General Crook. It was here that the famed Apache Indian Scouts trained who fought side by side with the cavalry and helped to track down renegades from their own tribe.

But there's a tragic footnote to the story of those hard fighting Apache

Scouts. After the renegade Indians had been rounded up and sent to Florida for confinement, General Miles arrested some of the peaceful Indians too—including the same Apache Scouts who had served so faithfully under General Crook. The terrible injustice of the act grieved General Crook deeply, right up to the very day of his death.

About three miles from Fort Apache, a dirt road leads to Kinishba, the ancient ruins of the Pueblo III period that dates back to the 1200s. A massive site, it consists of hundreds of rooms strung along the crumbling edge of an arroyo. In places, the ground is littered with painted potsherds and pieces of worked flint and shell. It is strictly forbidden to take artifacts, but at other places on the reservation it is all right to hunt and keep arrowheads, as long as they are found on the surface.

Next we headed to a spot where we often hunt arrowheads and have never left without finding at least several—Cibeqe. The trading posts there are not always open, so we always fill the car with gas at Carrizo Junction.

The road that leads from U.S. 60 to Cibeqe crosses and recrosses the old military trail often used by Crook and his troops. If you look closely, you can

see the narrow winding trail for miles at a time. Along stretches of it I've found empty cartridges and once a coin half-buried in the sand. It was a token issued at Fort Huachuca and used by the soldiers at the post commissary. What could you find with a metal detector, I wonder?

A few miles before Cibeqe, the road dips into a valley and follows the creek. This was the vicinity of the Cibeqe Creek Battle on August 30, 1881. Trouble flared up when a cavalry detachment from Fort Apache took Nakaidoklini, the White Mountain Apache medicine man, into custody. He had been causing unrest among the Apaches by prophesying the resurrection of several great chiefs. One hundred armed Apaches attacked the cavalry in a vain attempt to rescue Nakaidoklini. The medicine man was killed, along with his wife and son. Today, cornfields and wickiups dot the battlefield and it is criss-crossed with roads. The village of Cibeqe is one of the most primitive settlements on the reservation and many of the Indians still use a horse and wagon for transportation.

Cibeqe is the best arrowhead hunting country I've ever seen. Cross the bridge and turn right on the first road. Nearly every hilltop and mesa bordering the

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creek provides a good place to find them. My record is 15 in one afternoon.

The road from Cibique to Grasshopper is passable, but rain quickly turns it into a muddy obstacle course. It cuts through a fossil bed which is worth the risk of getting stuck. One rock often contains four different types of fossils, some a deep coral color.

Grasshopper is a cowboy camp nestled in the pines. Indian ruins here have been partly excavated, some by President Johnson's daughter who wielded a trowel and brush on a summer vacation. A short drive up along Cibique Creek takes you to secluded campspots. If you care to drive farther, you will come to deep pools where fishing for German brown trout is excellent. Crisp, tender watercress crowds the edges of the stream and pennyroyal grows along its banks. One evening, when the mosquitos were so bad they made fishing impossible, I crushed the fragrant leaves of pennyroyal and rubbed them on my arms and legs. It may be an old Indian trick, but as an insect repellent, it works!

The northeastern corner of the Fort Apache Reservation contains dense stands of ponderosa pines, interspersed with lush meadows and lakes. Dirt roads wind up to the higher elevations through aspen, blue spruce and fir. It's in such a setting that Hawley Lake sparkles like a blue gem. Even in winter hardy fishermen hack holes in the ice covering its waters to catch fish.

For me, the real highlight of a trip to Fort Apache comes when I can see the Apache Devil Dancers. This is an honest-to-goodness ritual, not just a show put on for tourists. A description of the dance, written in the 1880s, proves that the ceremony hasn't changed a whit in intervening years. On the night of the ceremony, the air is filled with drums and the girl who is "coming of age" dances around an enormous bonfire, keeping time with a feathered staff. White feathers flutter against her shimmering black hair and the glowing sparks from the fire rise like fireflies against the velvet sky. The girl, resplendent with beadwork, dances the night through.

At an unpredictable moment, the Devil Dancers appear, emitting short hoots. The dancers twist and turn while bells tied to their fringed skirts jangle in frantic rhythm and bits of mirror on their fan-shaped head-dresses reflect the orange flames of the fire. I've never taken a picture of the Devil Dancers because it is impossible to capture on film the glistening half-naked bodies of the dancers,

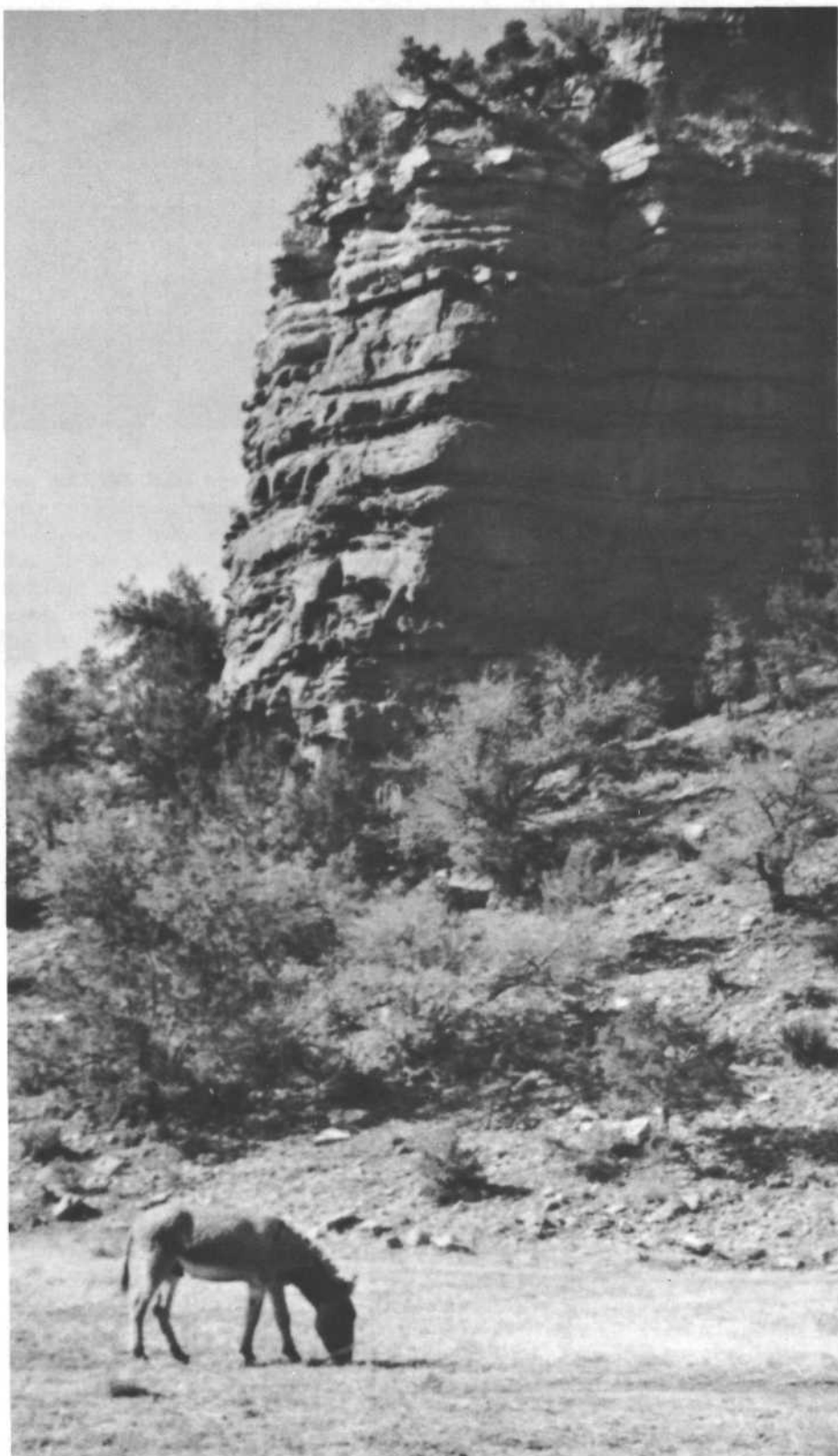
the pungent odor of the burning logs, the gripping beat of the drums and, strangest of all, the eerie feeling that it could all be happening a hundred years ago.

Too soon our vacation came to an end. Reluctantly, we rolled up our sleeping

bags and stowed our gear in the car. "You know," someone muttered, "the next time I come to Diamond Creek, I'm going to roll out my air mattress and spend the entire week just relaxing."

But with so much to do and see, I sure wouldn't bet on it, would you? □

Undisturbed by the region's violent history, a burro grazes near Geronimo's Cave.



San Bernardino's Archaeologic Backyard

by Jack Pepper



HOOTING a recent television show in the rich archaeological and gem stone area near Barstow, California was a bit frustrating for veteran producer Slim Barnard who for many years has covered the West for his weekly travel show, *The Happy Wanderers*.

There was just too much to cover and every time Slim was ready to shoot a sequence the star of the show had wandered off looking for artifacts. Dr. Gerald A. Smith, director of the San Bernardino County Museum, may not watch his cues like Rock Hudson, but he certainly knows his Ps and Qs as far as the fascinating history of the area is concerned. This I learned during our two-day trip, a joint venture of *Desert Magazine* and *The Happy Wanderers* series.

Ten thousand years before the Spaniards reintroduced horses to America, prehistoric man hunted horses and camels in Southern California. Today, scientists such as Dr. Smith hunt for the bones of prehistoric men and animals and the few man-made clues such as figurines, flinted rock and cordage.

One of the best hunting areas to find the clues to the mysteries of the past is around Barstow. When prehistoric men and animals roamed through this area during the Wisconsin period of the late Pleistocene or Ice Age, 10,000 to 20,000 years ago, the land was much more verdant with flowing rivers and wide shallow lakes surrounded by willows.

As the rivers and lakes dried up and the verdant landscape gave way to sand people and animals died or moved to more fertile plains, leaving the dry soil to preserve their bones and artifacts, either underground or hidden in caves, many of which are still undiscovered and unexplored. In addition to its prehistoric significance, the area is great for hiking and rock hounding.

I had arranged to meet Slim and his group with Dr. Smith at Gem Hill in Black Canyon early one morning. Arriving ahead of schedule I spent an hour exploring and found some excellent agate specimens along with several basalt chips, residue of the Indian arrowhead makers. Gem Hill is located to the right of the north end of Black Canyon.



Top, Lewis and Chuck Cook inspect Newberry Cave with the aid of flares. Above, typical petroglyphs found in area.

The entrance to Black Canyon can be reached from Hinkley, a small community just northwest of Barstow. From Hinkley, there are two roads which go north approximately six miles to the entrance of Black Canyon.

Since there are so many off-roads in the area I strongly recommend before going on this trip to obtain a San Bernardino County map, such as published by the Automobile Club of Southern California. If you stay on the main Black Canyon road, drive carefully, and NOT DURING A RAINY SEASON, you can make the trip in a passenger car. Side trips to the mines and other gem fields in the area should be restricted to pickups or 4-wheel drive vehicles.

As you go through Black Canyon on the right you will find Indian petroglyphs, many of which have unfortunately been defaced by vandals. Near the end of Black Canyon is a well on the right. Two tenths of a mile from the well take the right hand fork and 2/10ths of a mile further Gem Hill will be on your left.

When Slim and Dr. Smith arrived in their Ford Broncos they were accompanied by Lewis Cook and his son, Chuck, owners of City Ford Company in Los Angeles, and Bob Anderson and Ralph Cumming, Dr. Smith's assistants. Although Ford Broncos have 4-wheel drive we did not need the extra power during the entire first-day circle trip from Barstow and return. (See map.)

Dr. Smith turned out to be not only an excellent guide, but also an interesting story teller and, sometimes to Slim's dismay, a real happy wanderer.

Leaving Gem Hill we passed Scouts Cave, which actually is a small building. Just before you reach Scouts Cave there is a road to the left which leads to Opal Mountain. Although we did not have time to visit the area, Dr. Smith said it is also excellent for rock hunting. A 4-wheel drive or pickup is recommended for this road.

Keeping to the right we drove two miles from Scouts Cave and stopped at a rock formation just outside the north entrance to Black Canyon where we had lunch. This rock formation has several interesting Indian petroglyphs and makes an ideal picnic spot.

Keeping to the right again and alongside the cliffs we traveled less than one mile where we stopped at Inscription Canyon, a narrow passageway between the cliffs extending about a half mile. The Indians had a field day here, covering the rocks with all types of petro-

glyphs, some showing desert varnish indicating great age.

From Inscription Canyon we took the road to the extreme right along the cliffs and after about three miles turned left and onto Superior Dry Lake. Here again there are several different roads making a county map helpful. Superior Dry Lake looks like a giant unpaved airport.

It was here some 10,000 years ago prehistoric horses and camels roamed, only to eventually disappear. Their prototypes were not seen again in America until the Spanish brought horses with them for their conquest of Mexico and U. S. Army Lt. Edward Beale brought camels from Arabia in 1857 to the southwest desert to use as beasts of burden.

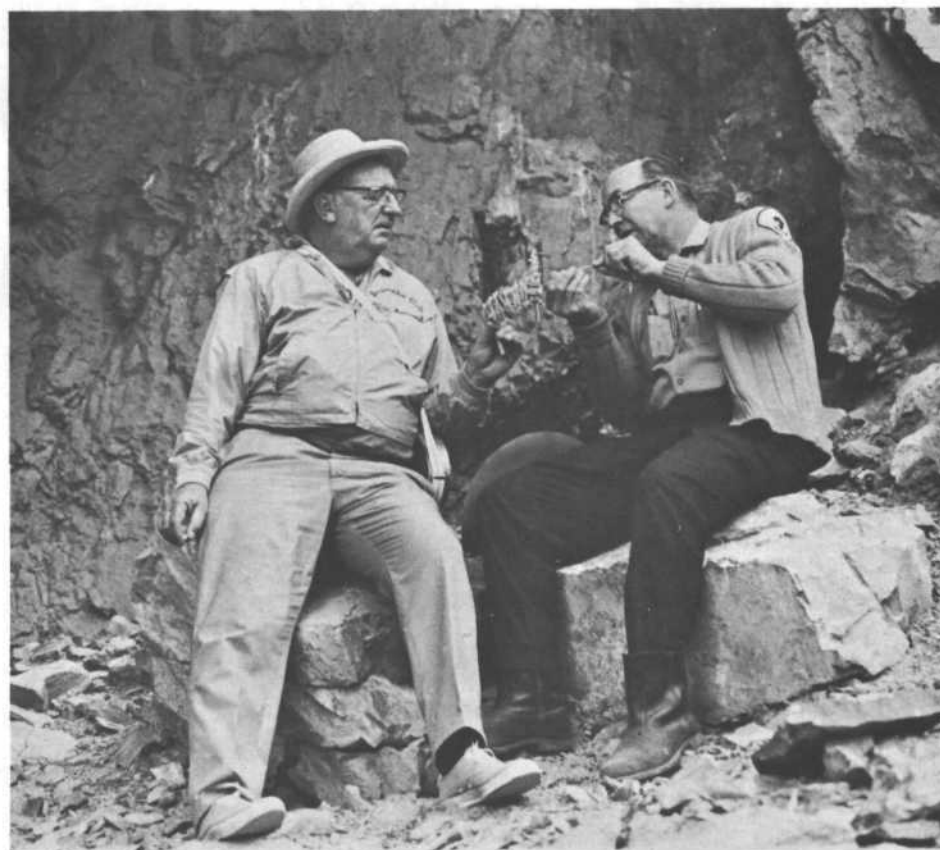
As we walked along the shores of the former lake Dr. Smith said he had previously found bones of both prehistoric horses and camels in the area, as well as basalt spear and arrowheads. Following the prehistoric period the area was occupied by the nomadic and primitive Chemehuevi and Desert Serrano Indian tribes.

These Indians usually traveled in family groups of approximately 25. Their diet included rabbit, tortoise, chuckwalla and mesquite beans and an occasional antelope if they were lucky. They were noted for their basketry rather than pottery and traded with the Mohave Indians of the Colorado River. Dr. Smith thinks the petroglyphs in Black Canyon and Inscription Canyon were made both by recent Indians and prehistoric people and could be as old as 3000 years.

Just how long prehistoric man has been in Southern California is still a matter of controversy. Dr. Louis S. B. Leakey, one of the foremost authorities on early man, believes man inhabited the Western Hemisphere as long ago as 60,000 to 80,000 years. Dr. Leakey is personally interested in the current archaeological diggings in the Calico Mountains being sponsored by Dr. Smith's museum and the National Geographic. Although authorities at the diggings have not released definite figures it is believed that the project will eventually show man existed in the area many thousands of years earlier than previous discoveries have revealed.

As it was getting late our search for artifacts in the Superior Dry Lake area was limited and what we did find Dr. Smith discarded as of no value. He said the area is rich in archaeological clues, however, but lack of time and personnel has restricted its exploration.

Dr. Smith has no objections to families



Top, Ralph Cumming and Chuck Cook pour gasoline on torches preparatory to entering Newberry Cave. Indian paintings were found on the entrance walls. Below, Dr. Smith shows television producer Slim Barnard, left, how prehistoric people would jab a twig figurine believing it would assure good hunting. The ancients lived in the cave and hunted in the valley a mile below. (See map on page 2).

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looking for artifacts in the area. He believes amateur archaeologists should be allowed to search for artifacts.

"Many important discoveries have been made by the average person just out on a Sunday hike," he explained. "The youngster today whose interest is stimulated by finding artifacts will be our archaeologist of tomorrow."

However, Dr. Smith said any persons finding isolated bones or artifacts should give them to the museum which has jurisdiction over that particular area so the finds can be evaluated. And any large discovery, such as a cave containing artifacts, should NOT be disturbed, but reported to the proper authorities immediately. He pointed out that the position of bones or artifacts, the depth found and other factors which seem unimportant to a layman all contribute toward the overall picture.

"It's like a giant jigsaw puzzle and we cannot put the pieces together if people take the artifacts home and stick them in the garage, or disturb artifacts found in large deposits," he explained.

The following morning we took the long and rugged hike up to Newberry Cave, 13 miles east of Daggett. Newberry Cave is a typical example of an important archaeological find being discovered by persons who removed important artifacts without first reporting to proper authorities. Although it was first discovered in 1933 its scientific excavation by the San Bernardino County Museum was not started until 1953.

It was only after the original discoverers of the cave happened to mention their find to an amateur archaeologist that Dr. Smith was informed. Two years and 2500 man-hours later the important discovery has been evaluated and the artifacts placed in the San Bernardino Museum. Found in the cave were manos, bone awls, atlatl shafts, sandals made of willow and juniper bark, scrappers and the important split twig figurines. Made of willow and sticks the figurines are in the form of animals. It is thought that after making the effigies the hunters would then jab them with a stick and thus assure a successful hunting. There were no arrowheads or bows found indicating the use of the atlatl, a throwing shaft, for hunting. The occupants lived 3,000 to 5,000 years ago.

Those who are hearty enough to make the mile hike up to Newberry Cave will find the excavation well worth the effort. The scenery is magnificent and there are other caves in the area. But, remember to abide by the sign at the entrance to the cave which states it is protected by the Federal Antiquities Act, as are all archaeological sites, both known and unknown. And in your future wanderings if you find artifacts report your discovery immediately to the nearest museum. Who knows, maybe your name will be placed in a plaque in the museum as an amateur archaeologist who has contributed toward modern man's search to solve the mysterious past of his ancestors. □



Our caravan of Ford Broncos stops in Inscription Canyon for a television sequence for The Happy Wanderers. There are Indian petroglyphs on both sides of the canyon.

by Shirley Rose Higgins

Shopping the Indian Trail



HE squaw's fingers moved with care, threading yarn through a primitive homemade loom. Seated beside her mud hogan humming softly to a baby, she seemed centuries removed from modern America.

"Ya'a-t'eh," we smiled in greeting. "The rug you're making is very beautiful."

Shy, low pitched laughter was the typically Navajo response, a self-conscious acknowledgment of our compliment.

Scene was the vast, incredible and ancient lands which comprise the Four Corners Country. Yet its foreign atmosphere more closely resembled remotest Asia or the Far East.

If the idea of shopping in foreign markets and visiting with natives intrigues you, there's no need to dust off the passport and hop a plane to Haiti's Iron Market or a Tangier's bazaar. Arizona's colorful Indian culture and delicately crafted handwork are as unique as any existing in today's world.

Indian arts and crafts have always ranked high among collector's items. But the old ways are slowly disappearing, even among remote tribes, and in the not too far distant future many of these handcrafted quality items will be museum pieces.

There are dozens of trading posts scattered across the Utah-Arizona Navajo reservation, and the rugs definitely do vary according to area. After years of collecting, this traveler has found the Tuba Trading Post at Tuba City, just off newly paved State 64, offers a consistently fine assortment. Tight weave, fine vegetable dyes and unusual patterns, plus the opportunity to browse undisturbed, distinguish this post established in 1870.

What can you expect to pay? A 31" x 59" of exceptional weave runs \$45. Others, equally attractive, range from \$25 to \$40 and are stunning enough to double as either wall hangings or floor coverings. Ceremonial Yei-Bei-Chai are usually in the \$50 bracket. The less intricate double saddle blanket style starts around \$14. Larger sizes are more expensive. If purchased off the reservation, double or triple these prices.

A Navajo woman of considerable artis-



tic talent shears her own sheep, cleans and scours the wool, using native soap root. After the fibres are combed, the hand spun result awaits dyes either chosen at a trading post or gathered from nearby fields. She then strings the warp fibers uniformly up and down on her homemade loom and proceeds to build her rug. Style will vary according to area—names like Teec Nos Pos, Two Grey Hills, Ganado Red, Lukachukai Yei and Wide Ruins identify the section where that particular rug was woven.

Wools used in the rug of your choice may be prepared in several ways. Wild holly root, prickley pear and juniper berries may have been used to produce such natural shades as yellow, maroon and tan. Soft, pastel shades resulting from these herbs and berries are particularly appealing. Or perhaps the weaver will prefer the natural color of the wool as it comes from the native sheep—white, black, brown and a grey mixture achieved by carding black and white fibers together. Other weavers might use aniline or commercial dyes, or possibly combine the techniques.

Before purchase, check for uniform weave, but allow for the fact that this

is homespun wool. Spread the rug out full length to be sure it lies flat without curling and that the sides and ends neither curve nor narrow. Also check for sameness of color—occasionally a weaver may run out of yarn and continue with some dyed to a slightly different intensity. Some rugs are time consuming works of art, others less complicated in design, which also influences price.

"Yarn tassels at the corners are to let the evil spirits out," confided a weaver we visited in awesome Canyon de Chelly. "I always weave in small flaw so the gods won't be insulted. Only they are perfect."

How should you care for these rugs? They may be vacuumed, swept, or brushed in dry snow and then swept thoroughly, as with an oriental rug, of you live in the north. Dirt has a tendency to filter through them, rather than become embedded. Never shake them with a snapping, however, as that may loosen the tight knit. They may also be shampooed or dry cleaned, but cleaning fluids tend to remove the natural lanolin, so don't clean too often. Experts recommend a naphtha solvent rather than a commercial one and rug cleaning shampoos are favored over dry cleaning. Avoid machine washing, as



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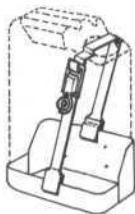
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the agitating action of a washer loosens fibers as well as removing lanolin.

Mothproofing rugs intended for wall decoration with a good spray is a wise precaution. As collectors, we store those not in use by rolling them individually around a stick, with a liberal dose of moth flakes, and inserting in large covered barrels well laden with moth balls. A quick airing and they're ready for use.

Wetherill's Post displays its fine rug assortment in piles behind the jewelry counter. Prices are right and the selection good. A shortage of overnight accommodations formerly made travel here difficult, but completion of Kayenta's multi-million dollar Monument Valley Inn has remedied that problem and brought luxurious living to the heart of the reservation. If you've the time, jeep tours from Gouldings or Mexican Hat will have you raving about Monument Valley's dazzling scenery.

Many trading posts (like Warren's at Kayenta) store rugs in their pawn vaults, the reservation equivalent of a city bank vault. But here the wealth hangs from hooks rather than secreted away in safety deposit boxes! Nowhere else, even in a museum, will you ever see such a breathtaking display of turquoise jewelry. Lining the walls, often from floor to ceiling, are delicately created pieces, as beautiful as precious stones and oftentimes as valuable. Navajo wealth is measured in jewelry. He pawns it for groceries and other staples. Unclaimed old pawn is often for sale to outsiders. Navajo silversmiths are noted for their old rock cast method, where melted silver is poured into a design first carved in stone. Hopis are also expert silversmiths.

Fred Kabotie has been passing his knowledge of silver work to young artists through the Hopi Silverguild Co-op near Shungopavy. A sterling silver overlay set of cuff links we purchased there was embellished with the distinctive storm warning pattern and its \$7 price tag did not reflect its true value.

Carved and colorfully painted Kachina dolls, mud-head dolls and attractive coiled and wicker baskets are other good buys in trading posts from Hotevilla to Keams Canyon. Many tribes excel in basket work. Paiutes on the Kaibab Reservation edging Utah's border are acclaimed for their wedding basket, a coiled,

shallow container of symbolic design. Apache women on the San Carlos and Fort Apache Reservations (between Show Low and Globe on U.S. 60) also are renowned for basketry, as are the Hualapai living in and above the Colorado River Canyons and the Pimas and Papagos, down in the southern cactus country.

You can still find decorative Papago baskets in traditional patterns, but intricate horse-hair weaving is no longer common. Materials used today are yucca and willow fibers as well as saguaro and ocotillo. A basket bringing \$6 or \$7 in statewide gift shops can be bought on the reservation at Sells for \$1.75 and up. The large trading post atop the hill there offers a wide selection.

Many of these tribes also create dramatic, highly styled pottery. Because it is not glazed and is fired at low temperatures, it is necessary to insert a liner of some sort if used for flowers. Other adaptations might include lamp bases, pencil and crayon containers. Maricopa potters create highly polished ceramic bowls certain to be a conversation piece in any home.

To many sun-seekers, the S in shopping stands for Scottsdale, Arizona. Sophisticated, with a Western accent, merchandise found here combines the glamour of Michigan Boulevard with Palm Beach's Worth Avenue. A zoning law demands that all buildings be constructed in a style reminiscent of the pioneer West—but what pioneer ever had it so good! Silk screened fabrics are big news here, with designs capturing desert flavor or depicting Indian petroglyphs and sand paintings.

Art collectors will detour down to Tucson, oldest Spanish settlement in Arizona. Flags of Spain, Mexico and U.S. have flown over this historic village, now a growing art colony just off Route 89 south of Tucson.

If you agree that shopping for native handcrafts can be half the fun of any trip, your travels in Arizona should be a real delight. Don't worry too much about getting it all home. This writer accumulated a whooping 100 pounds and found TWA's air freight charge Phoenix to Chicago was a moderate \$13.20. Santa Fe passengers simply pack up their purchases and transport them with their luggage. □

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Chinese Camp

BY LAMBERT FLORIN

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



LACER claims at Chinese Camp in California's Mother Lode were very rich. When Sunday morning came and church bells rang, even the most devout of miners reluctantly waded out of the muck and walked up to the little wooden edifice, shovels and picks still in hand. It speaks for the patience of the Padre that this sort of situation was accepted in patience. Wives of the miners, though, took corrective steps. They opened their trunks, took out the treasured satin and velvet gowns and paraded to Church as though dressed for a wedding. The aura of elegance achieved its purpose. On the following Sunday their shamed spouses remained away from their claims and attended church services in proper dress.

Several stories, none authenticated, explain the place name of Chinese Camp. In the excitement of the gold rush, a sea captain deserted his ship in the bay at San Francisco and brought his entire crew of Orientals to the spot 10 miles south of Sonora. Another version has several English prospectors hiring a Chinese crew as laborers. A third story relates that when the older diggings at neighboring Campo Salvado became exhausted, the Chinese workers there moved north to join a similar gang traveling south. When they met, they founded Chinese Camp.

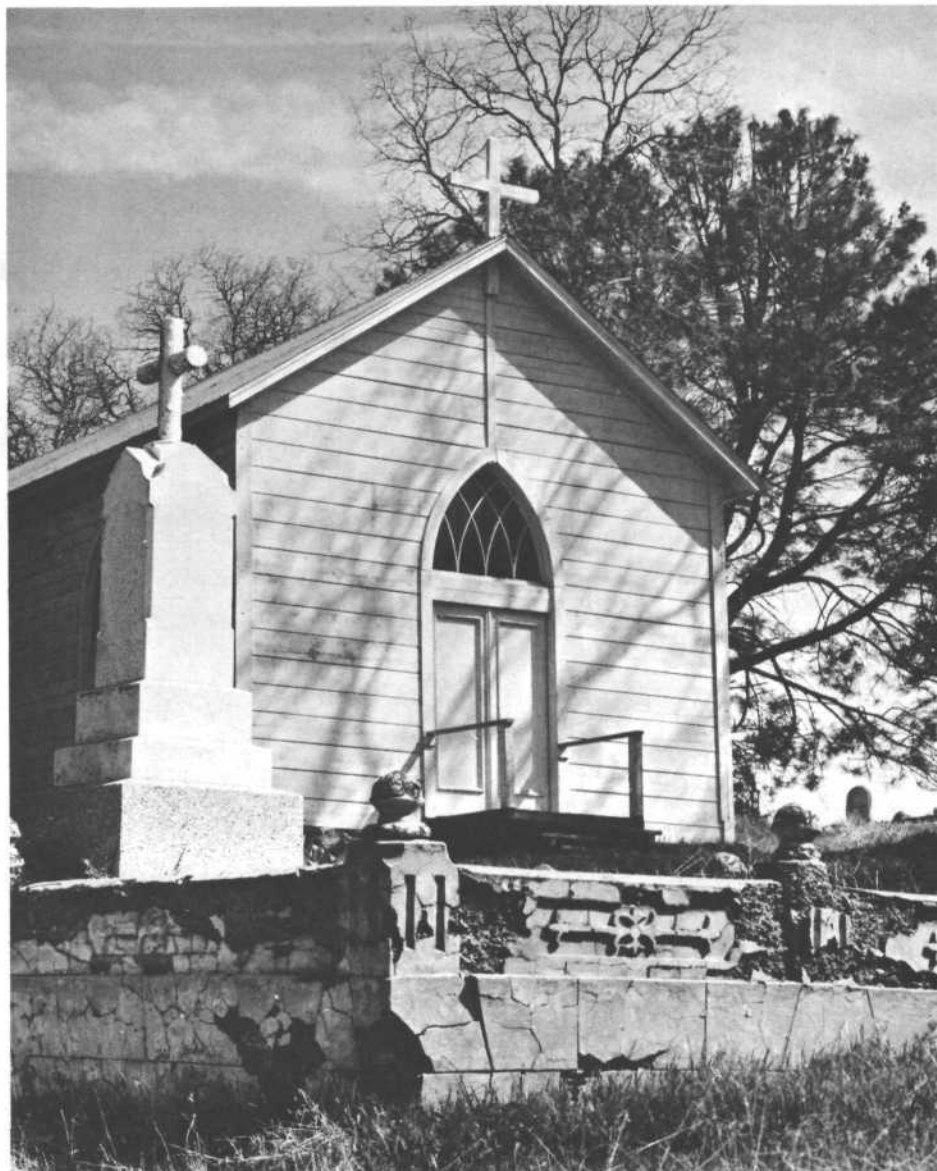
Whatever the circumstances, its population remained largely Chinese and the usual troubles between Celestial factions occurred. The camp was the scene of the first full scale tong war in California, which started when a stone rolling from one claim onto another caused a trifling accident. A voluble argument developed into a division of the entire Oriental population. Some sided with the San-Yap Tong, others with Yan-Wo. Arrangements were made to settle the quarrel on the field of honor, a spot selected near Crimea House, and guns were ordered from San Francisco. Most weapons, though, consisted of pitchforks, spears, tridents and pikes made by the local blacksmith.

On September 26, 1856, 900 Yan-Wo and 1200 opposing San-Wap Tong members met on the meadow near the hostelry. Hostilities consisted mostly of screaming and yelling, but firearms in inexperienced

hands did cause the deaths of four men and wounded several others. American law officers halted the battle by arresting 250 combatants.

With the exception of laundries and joss houses, most businesses were operated by whites. At first the streets were solidly lined with brush ramadas, Mexican style, but later permanent structures were erected with brick facings in front of rough walls of cobblestones set in mortar. Most of these are now in ruins, although some in fair condition sport wooden false fronts which were added to provide a suitable setting for a gold rush movie. There are enough residents and nearby farmers to justify a postoffice which operates in an old brick-fronted structure.

Our photo shows the Catholic Church. It has been saved from complete ruin by judicious restoration. An old photo at hand shows sad deterioration in walls and roof, a nearly ruined small steeple precariously perched on the roof near the front. The churchyard is filled with old graves, some slabs dating in the 1850s. At the rear is seen a large Digger pine. Named for indigenous Digger Indians, these conifers differ markedly from the popular conception of pine trees. The trunk branches several times, the needles droop in flaccid fashion and are dull grayish green in color. Their huge cones weigh several pounds when fresh and the recurved spikes on their scale-tips are vicious. □





The Blood-Stained Sidewalk

by Kenneth Marquiss



CHIROPRACTOR'S mangling rack is about the last place you would expect to find lost mine information, but that is where I heard about the deposit of gold rich conglomerate ore that must be somewhere under the frowning eastern brow of Toro Peak in the Santa Rosa Mountains of California—the wildly rugged rockpatch that is in DESERT Magazine's "back yard."

The autumn before Pearl Harbor I had been hurt in an accident at a mine in the Mother Lode; and for five kinky months thereafter found out how little sleep you really need. After pouring a lot of money down the remedial drain without any lasting results, I finally called on the local chiropractor.

During one of his curative sessions, the talk drifted to mining. He told me about a patient with a wow of a gold ledge story and promised that the next time this patient came in, he would see if the old man was interested in a deal.

So one evening I sat in the modest West Riverside home of a man I will call Mr. Morrison and drooled over his story

of a gold ore ledge that would make us all rich, if I could find it.

In his younger days, Mr. Morrison had been a ditch and pipe-line contractor. Two of his regular crew were a pair of Indian brothers particularly adept at setting and "mudding" the joints of tile and pipe. One day when the supply truck had a flat, they found a spot out of the wind and while it was being fixed talked about what they would do if they had plenty of money.

The oldest brother said, "When I was a boy, my father and I found a rich gold deposit. If we had enough money now for machinery and supplies and to build a mule trail into the high mountains, there would be plenty for all of us."

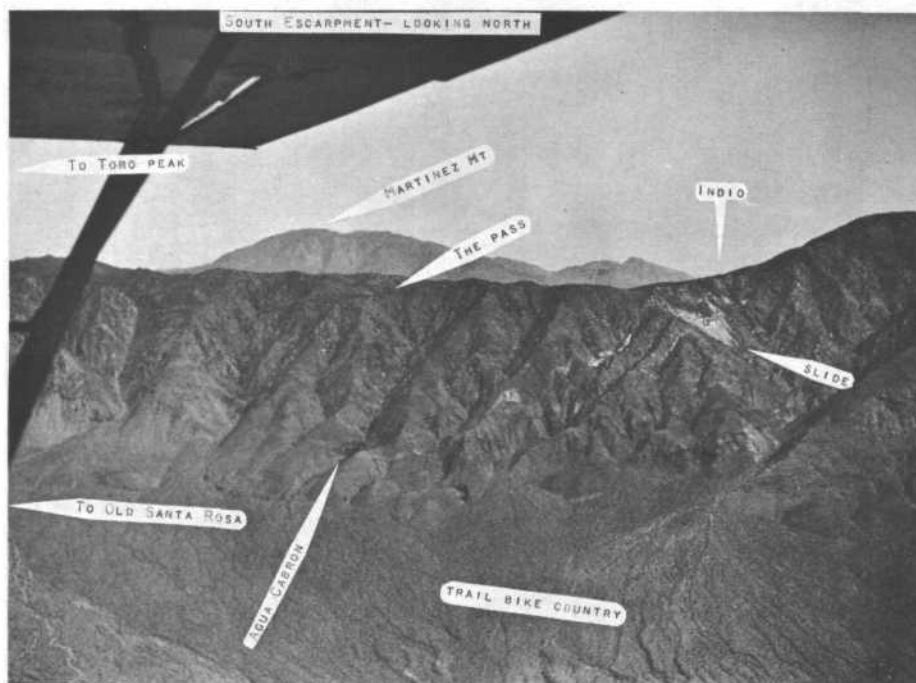
The younger Indian glowered at his brother. "Shut up! You trying to kill us?" he growled.

The older Indian laughed. "The kid had a pretty good education, but he is still superstitious as hell!"

The tire was changed by then so the subject of gold was dropped and the men climbed back into the truck. There is an old Indian superstition that it is sure and painful death to show a white man the location of any kind of gold: placer, treasure or hardrock. A brief study of history of the Spanish conquest of Latin America will show that the superstition had solid and logical roots.

Some weeks later, when they were alone, Morrison broached the subject of the gold ledge to the Indian. Work was slack and the Indian's fourth child was imminent so Morrison had some powerful arguments. They shook hands on a deal.

The Indian said that when he was a boy he had gone deer hunting with his father in the Santa Rosa Mountains. Near the little flats at the pass where the old migration trail goes over the top of the mountain the father had shot a deer. The shot hit too far back of the shoulder and they tracked the animal for almost a half a mile before the blood spoor led over the edge of a small cliff about 30 feet high. Below it the carcass had landed on a yard wide horizontal ledge of cement-colored



rock full of little pink and green pebbles that looked like broken chunks of sidewalk concrete.

As they were dressing out the deer, the father spotted gold flakes and flattened little wires all through the ledge. He knocked off a chunk to put in his pocket. During the long ride home he explained to his son how gold ore was mined, sent to a mill and later became money. And he stressed the danger of the old tribal curse.

Morrison and the Indian agreed to make a trip to look for the ledge as soon as the next contract was completed that spring, before the desert end of the trail became too hot.

There were four men in the party that went up Martinez Canyon and camped at the little rock cabin where Jack Miller used to ranch. They had driven a car up the canyon as far as possible and continued on foot. The sky was bright and clear when they left, but soon clouded over and just before they arrived at the pass an unseasonal snow storm screamed down off of Toro Peak.

Lacking equipment and supplies to wait out the storm, they beat a hasty retreat back down into Martinez Canyon, with snow blowing so thick the Indian lost the trail and almost walked over a cliff. The sudden storm really shook him. He wouldn't accept the argument it was just a weather fluke; he knew an evil omen when he saw it and would not walk one more step up that mountain!

So they went home.

I had never heard of puddingstone conglomerate as a worthwhile gold ore, but Morrison said the Indian's small sample about the size of a large plum, was shot full of metallic particles that looked like brass filings under a machine shop bench. He also said that the rock looked just like an ordinary grey hunk of broken sidewalk concrete, with colored pea gravel aggregate.

At the time this story reached my ears the war was on and gas was rationed so progress was slow. One small break came when the Navy lost a flight of five training planes due to a sudden storm. Several companies of California State Guard, including mine, were ordered to the bordering Borrego Desert for a protracted and fruitless search. By mixing some stiff-walking hanky-panky with official business, I was able to get a good scouting idea of the topography.

After the war I made six trips by foot and one reconnaissance flight into the Santa Rosas, without success. The old trail the Indians used in their seasonal migrations between a winter camp near

Salton Sea and a summer home on the west side of Toro is not hard to follow. It leaves the old Martinez Indian village, goes up Martinez Canyon to its junction with Black Rabbit Canyon, then climbs south-westerly up the north side of the main Santa Rosa ridge, and crosses the pass through some little pinyon covered flats. Thence it zigzags down the south escarpment to the year-round spring called Agua Cabron by Indians and Mexicans because of the supposed efficacy of its strong waters. (The unprintable English name given it by old time cow pokes was based on the same superstition.)

From this spring, the trail heads west across the high *bajadas*, past the tumbled rock wall ruins of Old Santa Rosa town-site; leads on to the good water in Old Nicholas Canyon, and ends at New Santa Rosa in the present Indian Reservation of that name.

Countless horseshoes, boots and moc-casins have cut the trail a foot deep in solid rock in some places; in others it fades out and you have to depend on the little "duck rock" markers atop boulders along the way.

Mr. Morrison indicated that the ledge should be to the east of the pass, but all I found there was the scar of a huge landslide. A close check of the rubble at the base of the slide showed no indication of "sidewalk ore."

About half way down the south escarpment and approximately a half mile west of the trail are some large pegmatites containing unusual tourmaline and almandine garnets. I found only a couple of pink-green tourmalines, but the garnets were everywhere. Those I saw were friated and not gem quality, but some of the crystallization was beautiful. I found one, a perfect pentagonal dodecahedron, so large I could not encircle it with a thumb and middle finger. Perhaps if the gold-greed had not been so strong, I'd have had some fringe benefits.

The country is wild and rough, good water holes are scarce and prospecting in that wind-blown stretch of towering rocks is no weekend operation.

I'm not superstitious, but every trip into the Santa Rosas seemed jinxed. A civilian jeep developed freak troubles the only time in its history, my burros broke their hobbles twice and I wasted three days and 15 miles of bootleather rounding them up; and the plane motor developed an asthmatic wheeze and we drifted down to cactus level before we pulled out of the glide. Maybe the Indian's young brother was right! At any rate, consider yourself warned. □

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A ONE-DAY TREK TO OLD MEXICO

by Jack Delaney



SIGN on a place of business reading "Will return in one hour" is meaningless, unless the time of departure is shown. Similarly, the term "one-day trip" means nothing unless the point of origin and method of travel are known. In the following description of a one-day trip the unknowns are being eliminated at the beginning by the statement that the point of origin is Yuma, Arizona; the method of travel is by passenger automobile; and the destination is the Mexican village known as El Golfo de Santa Clara.

A Mexican village named *El Taco* or *El Relleno* or even *El Refried Frijoles* would cause me no confusion because my knowledge of the language was acquired from the menus of Mexican restaurants in the United States. The name *El Golfo*, however, suggested to me a country club atmosphere with electric carts rolling over green pastures and natives calling out, *cuidado* (fore). This impression was incorrect. El Golfo de Santa Clara is a quaint fishing spot. It is the northernmost village located on the east shore of the Sea of Cortez (Gulf of California) in Sonora, Mexico.

Centuries ago, when the first white man ventured into this area inhabited only by Indians, he brought with him a gracious way of living, a language and an architectural style. This influence has left its mark in Sonora, the wealthiest and the second largest state in Mexico. Its major industry is tourism. I sampled the product of this industry by entering Sonora through the border town of San Luis and continuing on to El Golfo de Santa Clara. My purpose was to obtain first-hand information, untinged by native enthusiasm, for the benefit of interested short-trip travelers.

Mrs. D. and I, accompanied by our miniature pinscher, Munchie, crossed the International line into Mexico fully prepared with a gallon jug of good old United States water and Munchie's good-health certificate. The water was useful for the well-being of ourselves and our pet; and Munchie's good-health certificate was an important item upon re-entry into the United States. The guards at the border gate cared not if we had athlete's feet, iron-poor blood, or even a severe case of Montezuma's Revenge! Only the physical condition and good health of our pooch was of importance.

Before venturing into this foreign land, Mexican automobile insurance should be obtained. (Coverage is available for a day or two at a reasonable cost.) Insurance protection is important in Mexico because, according to their code, an accident is considered a criminal offense. Also, in order to be recognized, your automobile coverage must originate with a Mexican company regardless of where it was purchased.

Should you be interested in taking this trip into Old Mexico, drive south on Arizona's Highway 95 about 25 miles to the border. Enter San Luis and drive straight ahead to the first signal light—this is Obregon Avenue. Turn left here, drive to Sixth Street, and turn right. Proceed about 10 blocks to Carranza Avenue, turn right and within a couple of blocks you will be on Calzada Constitucion—the road to El Golfo. It is paved the entire distance of 60 miles.

About half way to El Golfo the road passes through Riito. Here you'll see a picturesque little church with the bell up above and a well and water pump on the ground in front of the structure. The town also has a jail, a drinking establishment or two, several miscellaneous places of business and a generous sprinkling of adobe and mud dwellings. Small roads at right angles to the El Golfo highway lead to interesting villages. Some of these are unique. One of them, between San Luis and Riito, is a sub-village named *Sequentia Siete*, which means 57. It is 57 kilometers (about 33 miles) from San Luis. The railroad runs down the center of the main street, dividing the village into two sections. The east side of the street is in Sonora, Mexico; the west side is in Baja, California.

Here and there along the highway you'll see a cross beside the pavement. These mark spots where certain Mexican nationals were killed. Usually the crosses are decorated with flowers and wreaths. They are redecorated on the Day of the Dead (November 1st), the equivalent of our Memorial Day.

The approach to El Golfo is spectacular. If your arrival coincides with low

tide you'll thrill to the extremely wide strand of beach stretching out for 34 miles. The soft clean sand, the large assortment of shells near the water, the fishing boats at anchor, the rugged fishermen, the hundreds of sea gulls, and the blue surf present an impressive extravaganza of nature and man.

At El Golfo, the Gulf features the second highest tide in the world. (The highest is in the Bay of Fundy between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.) Tides of 24 to 27 feet are a dramatic occurrence at this beach and they come in rapidly. The first indication is the signal for fishermen or sunbathers to scramble to the nearest exit. We were told that one visitor almost lost his jeep on the beach by lingering a little too long.

The Gulf of California is a natural fish trap because it shoals abruptly into the mouth of the Colorado River. The principal fish available here, from November to April, is the giant totuava, ranging from 100 to 300 pounds. In June, the marlin and sailfish arrive. Few experiences can equal the fight between a man and a 600-pound marlin, or even a 150-pound sailfish. It is a battle of wits, fast thinking, and action against the superb cunning of these denizens of the deep. In addition to the above, yellowtail, grouper, red snapper, shrimp, clams, and turtles are also available. A few years ago, a school of yellowfin tuna (weighing up to 250 pounds) arrived; it was estimated to be 100 miles long! One celebrated event is the annual grunion run. According to reports, billions of them cover the beach as far as the eye can see—some of them even running in the daytime!

The town itself is a typical bit of Old Mexico, still not spoiled by tourists. It is scheduled for promotion as a quaint fishing village in order to attract visitors, but progress thus far has been slight. Recently a number of improvements have occurred, however. The highway from San Luis is now paved, overnight accommodations are available in a new, modern motel and two or three eating places offer good food. Although quite small, the motel is clean and reasonable. It has a modern bar for guests. The town's eating places naturally feature a menu on the piscatorial side—such as fresh shrimp brought in from the beach.

In addition to the above, the town has a general store, a service station, a beer parlor, school house and about 200 adobe houses. Natives spend their days fishing and their evenings indulging in fish-talk.

As a visitor, you may follow the same program or just stroll the beach and watch the activity.

Here is a tip for "Americano" tourists: Should you have any questions related to the town, its accommodations, or its activities, look up Senor Jesus Jossef. He is the Chief of Police, owner of the new motel and bar, owner of the beach restaurant and owner of a large portion of the town. The natives all know and respect him. He could be called El Senor Golfo!

On the way back to the International line, take the time to see at least a part of San Luis. This progressive community of 50,000 happy people has developed a modern shopping district offering an excellent variety of Mexican arts and crafts. Browse in the central area, then drive west on Highway 2 slightly over a mile, to the Colorado River. To cross the river on the toll bridge (40¢ per car) adds one hour to your life. It is here you change from Mountain to Pacific time.

Forget about the extra hour and drive back to the central district, then continue east on the same road about three miles and you will see a colorful display at the *Panteon Municipal*. This is the San Luis cemetery. Crosses, monuments, and vaults are painted in gay colors and covered with wreaths of flowers. Next to magnificent vaults are crude wooden crosses and baby cribs to mark the graves of the poor. Even in death, the materialistic contrasts of this country are evident. *Panteon Municipal* is an interesting place to visit, even though you wouldn't want to live there.

El Golfo de Santa Clara offers a delightful experience to visitors willing to accept it for what it is—a quaint fishing village. It would be difficult to plan any other trip to a foreign country, limited to a single day, with all of the unique features this jaunt has to offer. □

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G. A. Press,
Yuma, Arizona.

For maps showing old mines in Southern California—and northern—I use county maps published by the Automobile Club of So. California. These are real sleepers as they are primarily road maps, but they locate old mines as accurately as they do secondary roads and even jeep trails. Combine these with topographical maps of the area you are searching and you have the best combination. You cannot buy the maps from the Automobile Club of So. California, but they are free if you are a member . . . and the membership fee is very reasonable. In Arizona there is probably a similar association, under the A.A.A. For information on placering, or any type of mineral, write to the California Division of Mines and Geology, Ferry Bldg., San Francisco, Calif. There are branch offices in Sacramento, Los Angeles and Redding. A one year subscription to their Mineral Information Service is only \$1.00 and will keep you informed of all of their new material.

I am retiring and am very interested in mining, minerals and ghost towns. I understand the Lost Dutchman mine has been found. Would you have any information on this?

James E. Breeland,
Pasadena, Calif.

Several months ago two men from Oklahoma City claimed they had found the Lost Dutchman from the "authentic" map and that they had gold to prove it, but they weren't saying anything else for a while. I think the Lost Dutchman . . . or Peralta . . . or what have you, has NOT been found. See Erle Stanley Gardner's HUNTING LOST MINES BY HELICOPTER for latest on the Dutchman.

I formerly had a complete file with all original maps and history of Adam's Diggins, southern New Mexico. I lost all of these interesting papers in a fire in 1950. I am interested in knowing if you have any of this old data in your files. I would appreciate hearing from you or any of your readers who may have some of these interesting stories.

Mrs. I. Mason,
P. O. Box 38,
Wrightwood, Calif. 92397.

No information on Adam's Diggins in DESERT files. Maybe a reader can help.

We are asking for your help in locating a group of middle-aged Jeep-hounds who read Desert Magazine and want to "hit the trail" whenever funds and time permit a trip. No converted hi-compression engines, speed, jumps, show-off runs, etc. Just old Military "bangers" to slowly travel the back trails, return to base camp, plan another "hop", return to camp for evening meal and talk about a night or next morning trip. Love desert "scroungers"—bottles, rocks, bones, etc., in other words—go out in the Jeeps to play. A group of couples to eat, drink, prowl and have a lot of silly fun together. We feel a Lot of Us are around—just getting together is the thing. We might even be able to form a Coyote Patrol—hunting, chasing, laughing, taking pictures—but—never harm any Desert Creature. If you choose to put this request in your Magazine, we hope Slow-poke desert prowlers will send us a card so we can get together.

Willis and Marion Storms,
5422 Fidler Ave.,
Lakewood, Calif. 90712.

I am going to add a book on modern and practical prospecting to my library. And here I find myself in a bit of a spot since there are so many. I feel you people are quite well set to make a suggestion in this respect.

Shorty Harris,

*A single blanket jackass prospector
Which jackass is kidding which?*

What's New?

An informative 2-page brochure on "Tips on Land Navigation with a Magnetic Compass" has been prepared by the Dinsmore Instrument Company, Box 345, Flint, Michigan 48501. To get the FREE brochure from this well known compass manufacturer send a STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE to the above address.

Newest metal detector on the market is Goldak's lightweight, multi-purpose "Commander" Model 720. Weighing less than 4 pounds the new detector has been tested under actual field conditions for



its effectiveness in locating buried objects up to 5 feet in depth. For detailed information write the Goldak Company, Dept. D, 1544 West Glenoaks Blvd., Glendale, Calif. 91202.

Also on metal detectors (which we discussed in last month's Back Country Travel) Bill Reynolds, of White's Electronics, 1101 Pleasant Valley Road, Sweet Home, Oregon, recently left with us their popular Model 63 Gold Master, one of many models they manufacture. For detailed information on their models write to above address.

Although we do NOT sell metal detectors at Desert Magazine we now have quite a few models on display which we will be happy to demonstrate if you want to drop in the next time you are in Palm Desert. We're on the corner of Larrea and Lantana. You'll find a metal detector is great fun . . . and many times profitable . . . for the family outings. Other places to see and buy good metal detectors are the Compton Rock Shop, 1405 South Long Beach Blvd., Compton, Calif., Philtron Electronics, 10056 Cunningham Ave., Westminster, Calif. and Jacobsen Suppliers, 9322 California Ave., South Gate, Calif.

Increased demand for the popular Alaskan Campers has resulted in their opening another new office, this time in the San Francisco-Sacramento area. The new sales and service office, which will have all of their many models, is located at the Pittman Road intersection of U.S. Highway 40 and Interstate 80, in the Fairfield-Suisun area. Mail address is Rte 1, Box 332, Suisun City, Calif. 94585. Telephone 707 425-1771.

Trading Post CLASSIFIEDS

• AUTO ACCESSORIES

LAND ROVER OWNERS—Armstrong Hi-Flotation tires, 9" wide wheels, genuine Rover centers. Free catalog. Cepek, Box 181-D, South Gate, California 90280.

COMPACT BUSES, Vans—Build yourself Camper Unit. Detailed plans, Instructions, Photographs, \$2.95. Volkswagens Set D2; Econoliners, Dodges Set D4. Dot Campers, Box 67D, Saugus, California. 91350.

CAMPERS, Travelers, Boaters. Build traveling kitchen—Fits all station wagons—Complete Food Preparation/Storage Center—Use in car or out. Plans, Photographs, Instructions—\$2.00. Dot Campers, Box 67D, Saugus, California. 91350.

DESERT SURVIVAL KIT! Sun-powered, can distill 2 quarts of water a day from desert earth. Scientifically proven. Pocket size. Only \$2.49, order today, get FREE survival facts booklet. Sun Still, Box 11432-DM, Phoenix, Arizona 85015.

• ART

RANCHO ENVIRONMENTAL EMPHASIS: Point enlargement of Leonardo de Vinci's swipe at Botticelli for landscape triviality! Twentynine Palms. (Call 367-6124 for directions).

• BOOKS - MAGAZINES

THE BOTTLE TRAIL, new, volume 7. Old facts, records, "Wooden Mold." \$2.15 each book prepaid. May Jones, Nara Visa, New Mexico 88430.

OUT-OF-PRINT books at lowest prices! You name it—we find it! Western Americana, desert and Indian books a specialty. Send us your wants. No obligation. International Bookfinders, Box 3003-D, Beverly Hills, Calif.

"OVERLOOKED FORTUNES" in minerals and gem stones; here are a few of the 300 or more you may be overlooking: uranium, vanadium, tin, tungsten, columbium, tantalum, nickel, cobalt, gold, silver, platinum, iridium, beryllium, emeralds, etc. Some worth \$1 to \$2 a pound, others \$25 to \$200 per ounce; an emerald the size of your thumb may be worth \$1000 or more; learn how to find, identify and cash in on them. New simple system. Send for free copy "Overlooked Fortunes in Minerals," it may lead to knowledge which may make you rich! Duke's Research Laboratory, Box 666-B, Truth or Consequences New Mexico 87901.

ARIZONA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map 1881, small early map. 1200 place name glossary, mines, camps, Indian reservations, etc. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-E Yosemite, San Jose, California.

SURVIVAL BOOKS! Guerrilla Warfare, Wilderness Living, Medical, Guns, Self Defense, Nature. Books—Vital, Fascinating, Extraordinary; Catalog free. Adobe Hacienda, Route 3, Box 517A, Glendale, Arizona 85301.

GUIDE TO MEXICO'S gems and minerals: localities, mines, maps, directions, contacts. English-Spanish glossary, too. \$2.00 postpaid. Gemac, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

NEW 7TH EDITION: "Ghost Town Bottle Price Guide"—redesigned, revised, enlarged. Leading western price guide on antique bottles, \$3 postpaid to Wes Bressie, Rt. 1, Box 582, Eagle Point, Oregon 97524.

DESERT MAGAZINES: 1940-1954. Make offer. Tony Morela, Lake Isabella, Calif. 93240.

• BOOKS - MAGAZINES

BOTTLE COLLECTORS, treasure hunters, prospectors and explorers—this is the book for you! "California Nevada Ghost Town Atlas". Modern highway maps that lead to the fabulous camps of yesterday. Complete with photos and historical background for 400 sites. Price \$2.00 postpaid. Cy Johnson, Box 288, Susanville, Calif. 96130.

"GUIDE TO Old Bottles, Contents & Prices." 250 illustrations, ads, labels plus price list, \$2.75. Valuable cross reference to "Handbook for the Bottleologist," 1000 bottles, description and rarity, \$2.75. Richard Fike, 1135 Maxfield Dr., Ogden, Utah 84404.

INVITATION TO VISIT your Oregon Desert this summer. Begin enjoyable vacation now. Send for "The Oregon Desert" \$6.50; "East of the Cascades" \$4.95; "Oregon for the Curious" \$1.95; "Northwest Gem Trails" \$2.00. Postpaid. Comprehensive list of paperbacks, cloth-bound on bottles, ghost towns, rock hunting. Gemland, Box 243, Bend, Oregon, 97701.

A BOTTLE COLLECTOR'S Book and "The Past In Glass" by Pat and Bob Ferraro—two most complete sources available for novice and advanced bottle collectors. Illustrations, checklists, explanations. \$3.25 each postpaid. The Little Glass Shack, 3161-B 56th St., Sacramento, Calif. 95820.

NEVADA TREASURE Hunters Ghost Town Guide. Large folded map. 800 place name glossary. Railroads, towns, camps, camel trail. \$1.50. Theron Fox, 1296-C Yosemite, San Jose 26, California.

"GEMS & MINERALS," the monthly guide to gems, minerals, and rock hobby fun. \$4.00 year. Sample 25c. Gems & Minerals, Mentone, Calif. 92359.

"ASSAULT ON BAJA," E. Washburn, 3934 Cortland, Lynwood, Calif. \$2.00 tax included, "zest of discovery" writes Belden; "wide-eyed experience" says Powell USC.

GHOST TOWN GUIDE: Complete guide to over 100 ghost towns in California, only \$1.95. W. Abbott, 1513 West Romney Drive, Anaheim, California.

FRANK FISH—Treasure Hunter—said Gold is where you find it. His book "Buried Treasure & Lost Mines" tells how and where to look, 93 locations, photos and maps. 19x24 colored map pinpointing book locations. Book \$1.50. Map \$1.50. Special: both \$2.50 postpaid. Publisher, Erie Schaefer, 14728 Peyton Drive, Chino, Calif. 91710.

DESERT MAGAZINES: 1938 to 1957 less 10 copies, \$100. Also 55 sell individually. Charles Hoppa, 4416 Stevely, Lakewood, Calif. 90713. Phone 213-421-9295.

BOOK HUNTING is our business, service is our product. No charge for search. Satisfaction guaranteed. D-J Book Search Service, P. O. Box 3352-D, San Bernardino, Calif. 92404.

DESERT MAGAZINE, 300 issues, first edition 1937 through October 1962, \$50. "Touring Topics," 1922, 70 different, \$20. D. H. Clark, 1522 Wembley, San Marino, Calif. 91108.

SEND SELF-ADDRESSED envelope for information about Cactus & Succulent Society and free book list to Cactus Journal, Box 167, Reseda, Calif. 91335.

GHOST TOWN MAPS—New book titled "California Ghost Town Trails" has pictures, maps to California ghost towns. \$2.95. A Abbott, 1513 West Romney Drive, Anaheim, Calif.

HOW TO PLACE YOUR AD

★ Mail your copy and first-insertion remittance to: Trading Post, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California 92260. Classified rates are 25c per word, \$5 minimum per insertion.

DEADLINE FOR CLASSIFIED ADS IS 10TH OF SECOND MONTH PRECEDING COVER DATE.

• DESERT STATIONERY

DESERT LIVINGCOLOR portraits, notecards. 69 assorted \$6.90. Roadrunners, wildflowers, cactus, dozen assorted, \$1.50. Free brochure. Artist Henry Mockel, Box 726, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

• EQUIPMENT - SUPPLIES

ENJOY BACKPACK camping. Free booklet tells how. Gerry, Dept. 15, Boulder, Colorado 80302.

• FOR WOMEN

LADY GODIVA "The World's Finest Beautifier." Complete beauty treatment in one jar. Write: Lola Barnes, 963 North Oakland, Pasadena, California 91104.

• GEMS

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA. We have everything for the rock hound, pebble pups, interesting gifts for those who are not rock hounds. Minerals, slabs, rough materials, lapidary supplies, mountings, equipment, black lights. Why not stop and browse? Shamrock Rock Shop, 593 West La Cadena Drive, Riverside, Calif. Overland 6-3956.

POCKET GOLD, \$2. Placer gold, \$2. Gold dust, \$1. Attractively displayed. Postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Lester Lea, Box 1125D, Mt. Shasta, California.

CHOICE MINERAL specimens, gems, cutting material, machinery, lapidary and jewelers supplies, mountings, fluorescent lamps, books. Sumner's, 21108 Devonshire, Chatsworth, Cal.

• GUEST RANCHES - MOTELS

C-BAR-H GUEST Ranch—Rest or Play—a real western holiday. American plan includes three delicious meals each day, horseback riding, comfortable cottages, swimming pool, ranch lodge activities, hay rides, sports galore. P.O. Box 373D, Lucerne Valley, Calif. Area Code 714, CH 8-7666.

• HOME STUDY

LEARN OIL painting by mail. Also casein or acrylic. Amateur, advanced. Easy, fascinating, naturalistic. Easy payments. Art, Box 486, Montrose, Colorado.

• INDIAN GOODS

FINE RESERVATION-MADE Navajo, Zuni, Hopi jewelry. Large selection of old pawn and Kachina dolls. Fine old baskets. Navajo rugs, Yei blankets, Chimayo blankets and vests, pottery. Kaibab moccasins. A collector's paradise! Open daily 10 to 5:30, closed Mondays. Buffalo Trading Post, Highway 18, Apple Valley, Calif.

FINE OLD Indian Baskets, fetishes, trade beads, pottery, books. Write us your wants or ask for listings. Museum Supply, Box 4230, Torrance, Calif. 90510.

AUTHENTIC INDIAN jewelry, Navajo rugs, Chimayo blankets, squaw boots. Collector's items. Closed Tuesdays. Pow-Wow Indian Trading Post, 19967 Ventura Blvd., East Woodland Hills, Calif. Open Sundays.

• INDIAN GOODS

SELLING 20,000 Indian relics. 100 nice ancient arrowheads \$25. Indian skull \$25. List free. Lear's, Glenwood, Arkansas.

• MAPS

SECTIONIZED COUNTY maps — San Bernardino \$3; Riverside \$1; Imperial, small \$1, large \$2; San Diego \$1.25; Inyo \$2.50; Kern \$1.25, other California counties \$1.25 each. Nevada counties \$1 each. Include 4 percent sales tax. Topographic maps of all mapped western areas. Westwide Maps Co., 114 West Third Street, Los Angeles 13, California.

OREGON BOOMS and busts map now available. Complete showing of ghost towns on either folded field map \$1.00 or parchment suitable for mounting \$2.00. White's Electronics, Inc., Sweet Home, Oregon 97386.

TREASURE—descriptive list of maps locating lost, buried, sunken treasures, 29 pages. 65c including postage, handling. M. Reichardt, 2447 Hamlin Lane, Sarasota, Fla. 33579.

• MINING

PAN GOLD, 75 California locations—\$1. Authentic leather dust poke—\$1.50. Pans small—\$3.00, large—\$3.75. Postpaid. H. Walker, Box 606, Oak View, Calif. 93022.

UTAH ASSAYING Co., gold and silver specialists. Gold, silver, lead, copper: 1.50 each. Spectrographs \$5 each. 172 North 9th West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84116.

CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH material; books, commercial papers; other rare Americana. Museum Supply, Box 4230, Torrance, Calif. 90510.

GRUBSTAKING FOR PROSPECTORS and explorers. Write: John Gronek, Box 6675, Chicago, Ill., 60680.

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

• OLD COINS, STAMPS

DOLLARS—1878 CC Mint \$3.50, very good. 1878-79-80-81-82 S. Mint, 1883-84-85-99-1900-01-04 O Mint uncirculated \$3 each. 100 page catalog, Coins, 50c. Shultz, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110.

• PHOTO SUPPLIES

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

• PLANTS, SEEDS

CHIA SEED, with story: 12 ounces, \$1.50; 3 1/2 pound \$5.00; 18 pound \$21.00. Pollen Chia Commerce, 435 West Elizabeth, Brownsville, Texas 78520.

RANCHO ENVIRONMENTAL'S distinctive 1967 bioculture "The Joshua Tree National Monument native Juniper." Tentative deoxygenation for airmailing, mid 1967. \$3.50 each germinate, plus \$1.95 for deoxygenating. 71554 Samarkand Drive, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

EL RANCHO Galapagos Cactus Growers. You are invited to visit our greenhouses and cactus gardens on the east slope of Copper Mountain. Star Route 1, Box 710, Twentynine Palms, California. Phone 362-4329.

• REAL ESTATE

400,000,000 ACRES government public land in 25 states. Some low as \$1.00 acre. 1967 report. Details \$1.00. Public Land, 422DM Washington Building, Washington, D.C.

• REAL ESTATE

YUCCA, ARIZONA, improved tract 195x350' partly fenced, cactus, Joshua trees on property. Water, electric power, sanitary facilities and horse corral. By Route 66. \$2350.00 cash. O. Kruger, Echo Hills Ranch, Star Route 1, Auburn, Calif. 95603.

FOR INFORMATION on real estate in or near this high desert community, please write or visit Ralph W. Fisher, Realtor, 73644 29-Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 92277.

160 ACRES level desert land on highway west of Blythe, \$250 an acre. Terms. Phone (213) 596-1210. 1300 Weeburn Road, Apt. 30-G, Seal Beach, Calif. 90740.

4.81 ACRES, Lot 6, Section 12, TP 3 N RTW. Due south Lucerne Valley, Calif. \$2500. Owner, P. O. Box 71, Lake Hughes, Calif. 93532.

• TREASURE FINDERS

NEW TRANSISTOR instrument detects buried coins, firearms, treasures, gold, silver. \$19.95, up. Free catalog. Relco A-18, Box 10563, Houston 18, Texas.

FREE 84 page catalog on detectors, books and maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

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

PROVEN SENSITIVE M-Scopes locate coins, relics, gold, silver, etc. Guaranteed. Terms. Free fascinating booklet. Fisher Research, Dept. DM7, Palo Alto, Calif. 94302.

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

NEW FOR '67! Goldak treasure locators. Find coins, gold, silver. A profitable yet fun hobby. Goldak, Dept. DMC, 1544 W. Glenoaks, Glendale, Calif. 91201.

FIND BURIED coins, treasures, relics. New super-sensitive, low-priced detectors for land or underwater use. Free information. Sensitronix, 2225-L Lou Ellen, Houston, Texas 77018.

• TREASURE FINDERS

NEW REVOLUTIONARY analytical transistorized metal detector. Push button tuning, automatic tuning, etc. Many models. Free catalog. Gardiner Electronics Co., Dept. 51, 4729 N. 7th Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona 85013.

• WESTERN GOODS

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

ANTIQUE BOTTLES. Illustrated price list. Send self addressed envelope: Smithson, Box 3351, Anaheim, Calif. 92803.

• MISCELLANEOUS

PURPLE BOTTLE? Instructions for purpling glass indoors, much faster than sunlight—no danger of breakage. \$1.00. Ann Brown, 6233 Warwood Road, Lakewood, Calif. 90713.

SOUR DOUGH Biscuit, Sour Dough Pancake and Son-of-a-Gun Stew recipes with full directions, \$1 each. Frank Murdock, Dalhart, Texas 79022.

WANTED FOR research project: historical recollections, old photographs of California ghost town of Providence. Please write Nicholas Clapp, 2175 Stanley Hills Dr., Los Angeles, California 90046.

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Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Irene Dale Carlson

SCALLOPS AU GRATIN

- 1 package frozen scallops, thawed
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1½ cups celery cut very small
- 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons chopped onion
- 1 small can or bottle of sliced mushrooms, drained
- 1 can mushroom soup
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice

Melt butter in skillet; slowly cook celery, onions, green pepper and mushrooms. Heat scallops in mushroom soup and cook for a few minutes; add lemon juice. Add the cooked vegetables to this and salt and pepper to taste. Place in shallow buttered dish and sprinkle ½ cup shredded American cheese over it. Bake at 375 degrees for 20 minutes.

CAPRI BROILED FISH

- 2 large pieces rock cod, red snapper or similar fish fillets salt and pepper
- ¾ cup shredded Cheddar cheese
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish
- 2 tablespoons chili sauce
- ¼ cup cooking oil

Place fish on an oiled broiler pan and brush tops with oil. Salt and pepper. Broil about 2 inches from heat for 5 to 8 minutes, depending upon thickness of fillets. When fish are browned lightly, turn over. Broil this side the same length of time. Be careful not to over cook. Fish should flake but not be dried out. While fish is broiling, mix the other ingredients and spread on top of fish, return to broiler for 1 to 2 minutes or until cheese melts and browns a little.

AVOCADO SUPPER SANDWICH

- 4 hamburger buns, halved
 - 1 can tuna, chicken or turkey
 - 2 medium sized avocados
 - 1 can cream of mushroom soup
 - 2 tablespoons chopped pimento
 - ¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese
- Toast hamburger bun halves. If using tuna, drain and pour boiling water over, drain again. Bring soup to boiling point, stir in pimento. Pile tuna on top of toasted buns, then slices of avocado. Pour hot soup over it and sprinkle with Parmesan cheese. Put under broiler for about three minutes or until cheese is melted. Turn off broiler and leave in oven a few minutes so that it will be thoroughly heated.

OCEAN PERCH WITH STUFFING

1 PACKAGE FROZEN OCEAN PERCH

Thaw and attach two pieces together with tooth picks in form of a wreath. Place on well greased baking pan. Make the following dressing and set in small mounds in center of wreath.

- 1½ cup bread crumbs
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery

salt, pepper to taste and dash of sage

- ½ cup whole or halved blanched almonds

Enough water to moisten so that the balls will hold together.

Melt butter and saute onion and celery until tender; add to bread crumbs with seasonings and almonds. Moistened with warm water which you have used to rinse out the buttery pan onions and celery were sauted in. Brush all with melted butter and bake about 25 minutes in a 350 degree oven. Lift carefully with spatula to serving plates.

BAKED POTATOES WITH TUNA

- 4 Idaho potatoes
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons milk
- dash of pepper, ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon prepared mustard
- 2 cans Tuna chunks
- 1½ tablespoons lemon juice
- 1½ tablespoons mayonnaise

Bake potatoes until tender. Remove from oven and split in two, being careful not to break skins; scoop out insides. Combine Tuna, lemon juice and mayonnaise and divide between potato halves. After filling the shells, top with following: beat the potatoes, milk, salt, pepper and mustard until fluffy. Pile this on top of Tuna, and bake in 350 degree oven for 20 minutes. Sprinkle parsley over top before serving.

OMELET MILANO

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 6 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 unpeeled zucchini, medium size, sliced very thinly

salt and pepper to taste

Melt butter in medium size heavy skillet. Slowly cook onion and zucchini, salt and pepper to taste. Do not let onions brown, but when they begin to get tender, pour the beaten eggs over them. Let them cook uncovered at low heat until the bottom begins to solidify. Have your broiler turned on, and place pan under broiler, watching constantly until top of eggs are cooked. Have a warm chop plate ready, loosen omelet around edges and turn onto hot plate. Place slices of fresh tomatoes around border, and serve with toast. This makes an excellent light supper.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Postcard Plea . . .

To the Editor: For the past two years I have been building up a collection of colored picture post card views of the old west, the desert and railroads, mines and ghost towns as a hobby. I have been an avid reader of Desert Magazine every month ever since it was first published in the middle 1930s. I am now a cripple, confined to a bed and wheelchair, unable to travel or work. I spent a lot of time in my younger days traveling around the desert until I moved to the east coast some 15 years ago. Now that I am crippled the only way I can travel is by reading Desert Magazine and collecting post cards. Any and all post cards sent to me by your readers will be greatly appreciated.

J. C. BURCHARD,
P. O. Box 293,
East Haven, Conn. 06512.

More on Lake Powell . . .

To the Editor: Congratulations on your entering the war against littering and thoughtlessly or maliciously vandalizing our antiquities (or our modernities, for that matter). Obviously, policing is not the answer, but rather educating everyone to enjoy the wide open spaces whether on a Sunday afternoon drive or a two-week jeep trip.

In the map of Lake Powell you have indicated a ferry at Hite. Of course, the old Hite has been drowned out and there are now some \$4,000,000.00 worth of spectacular bridges crossing the White Canyon, the Colorado River (Lake Powell), and the Dirty Devil. These three bridges were dedicated last June by Secretary of the Interior Udall. Also, it is possible to take a ferry from Hall's Crossing to Bullfrog Creek Basin, from which a good jeep road continues on to Utah 95 and Hanksville.

EUGENE D. FOUSHEE,
Bluff, Utah.

New Englander Longs for Sun . . .

To the Editor: I have been receiving DESERT for many years. My uncle was the late Professor Hebert Colcord, head of the Latin department at Pomona College, who long ago left Danvers to go to California to help raise Pomona to its present standing. His daughter, Mrs. Miriam C. Posh of Claremont, sends your magazine to me. I can't help but wonder if New England holds the fascination and mystery that the West has, as your articles are so often of the early mining period. We in New England have only old houses, history of witchcraft days, and the Revolutionary War in Salem and Concord. We have cold, cold days and skiing and skating. Where I live near Salem Village, we aren't so proud of the historic hanging of so many people, although we do have fine old houses where sea captains lived when this was a rich town and ships came with china and pepper. Your magazine is a delight—such fine quality paper and printing! I give my copies to the Public Library and I know many readers here enjoy them.

MARGARET HUTCHINSON,
Danvers, Mass.

Death Valley Comes Alive . . .

To the Editor: I think there is a conspiracy afoot! Just got back from Death Valley for the first time. *Nothing* prepared me for the riot of color and fantastic scenery I saw. Why is the big pitch on only the grim and forbidding? Why little in print about what is *really* there? Anyway the secret's out now with me and I'll go back many times (but not in the summer). You're doing a great job, keep it up.

JEROME W. ANDERSON,
Whittier, California.

New Reader . . .

To the Editor: After reading *Hunting Lost Mines by Helicopter* by Erle Stanley Gardner and seeing the photograph of DESERT's publisher and Mr. Gardner's other friends, I am anxious to subscribe to your magazine. I am glad Mr. Gardner takes those exploring trips and writes about them so we armchair explorers can get a first hand, or second hand, view of your part of the country. I do not expect to get out there myself as I have ties here, but I am so happy to have found this way to learn about the West.

EDITH FIELD,
Binghamton, New York.

Desert Therapy . . .

To the Editor: The desert helped me to compose myself during a time of emotional stress. Maybe it will help others.

When the pressures of life are the greatest,
And the multitudes throng about:
That is the time for the desert,

Where you can cry or laugh or shout.
When the clouds are greyest and black,
And you can see no way to the end;

That is the time for the desert,
Whether alone or with a friend.

When it's silence you need—so to think,
And your minds in a terrible quandry;

The space and quiet of the desert,
Will help you to find the boundary.

When you're down on your luck or love,
And to reflect you feel you must;

The sky and air of the desert,
Can clear your mind of the dust.

When the problems of life almost break you,
And the burden too great to bear;

That is the time for the desert,
And you'll find that your God is there.

W. E. B.

Too Much "Off-Limit" . . .

To the Editor: Just want to tell you I enjoyed reading Lee Dufur's article, "War Departments Private Garden." It does seem a shame so much country must be Off Limits to so many people. Also, it is regrettable that Coso Hot Springs can't be released so that people who need to go to those hot baths for their curative qualities can go there. Tecopa is a fine place, but it is quite a distance for some folks to have to drive to get there for only a few days stay.

MAUDE A. KEMP,
Independence, California.

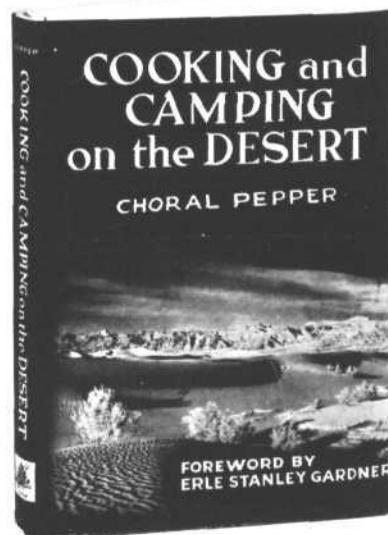
Cooking and Camping on the Desert

by Choral Pepper

with a chapter on

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