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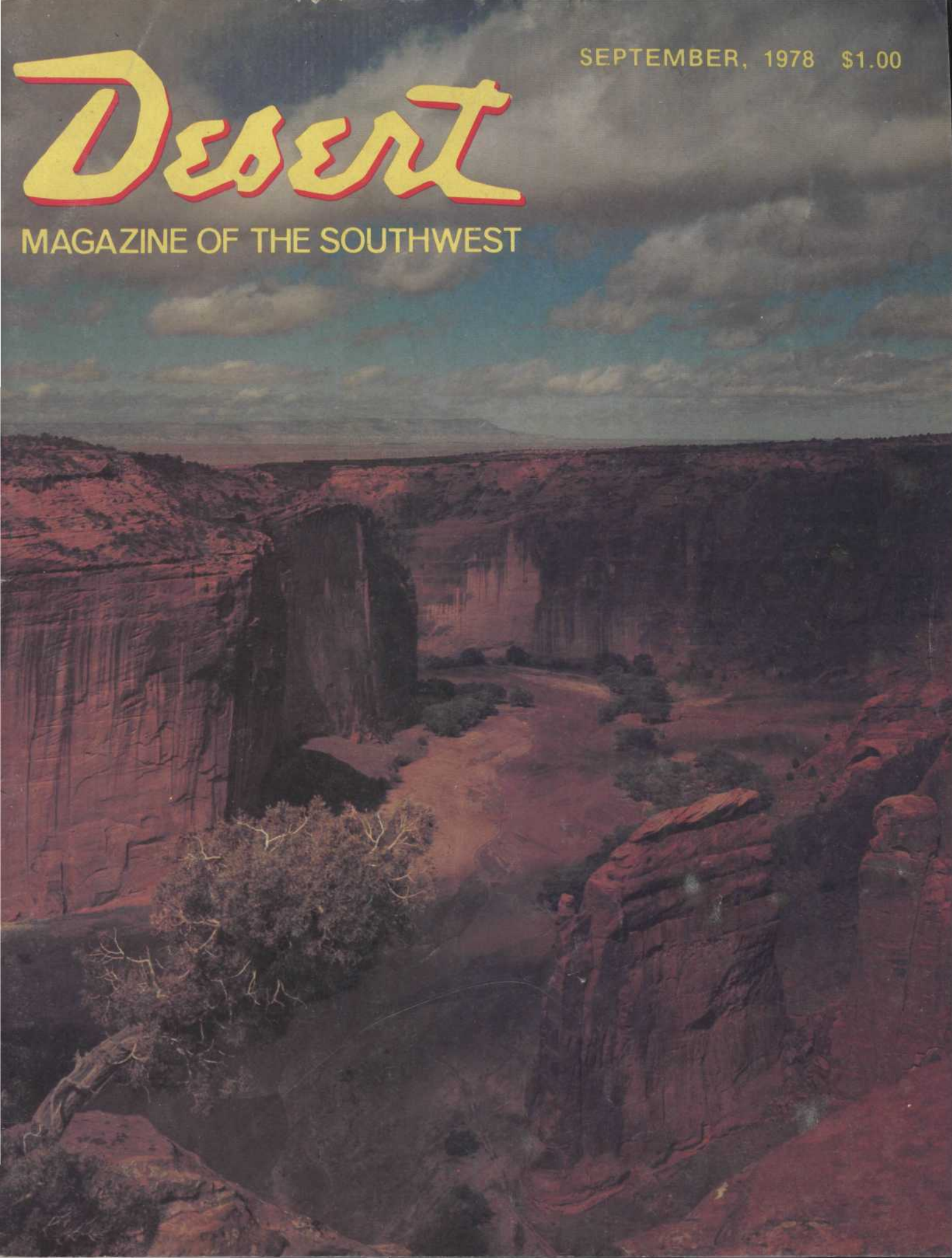

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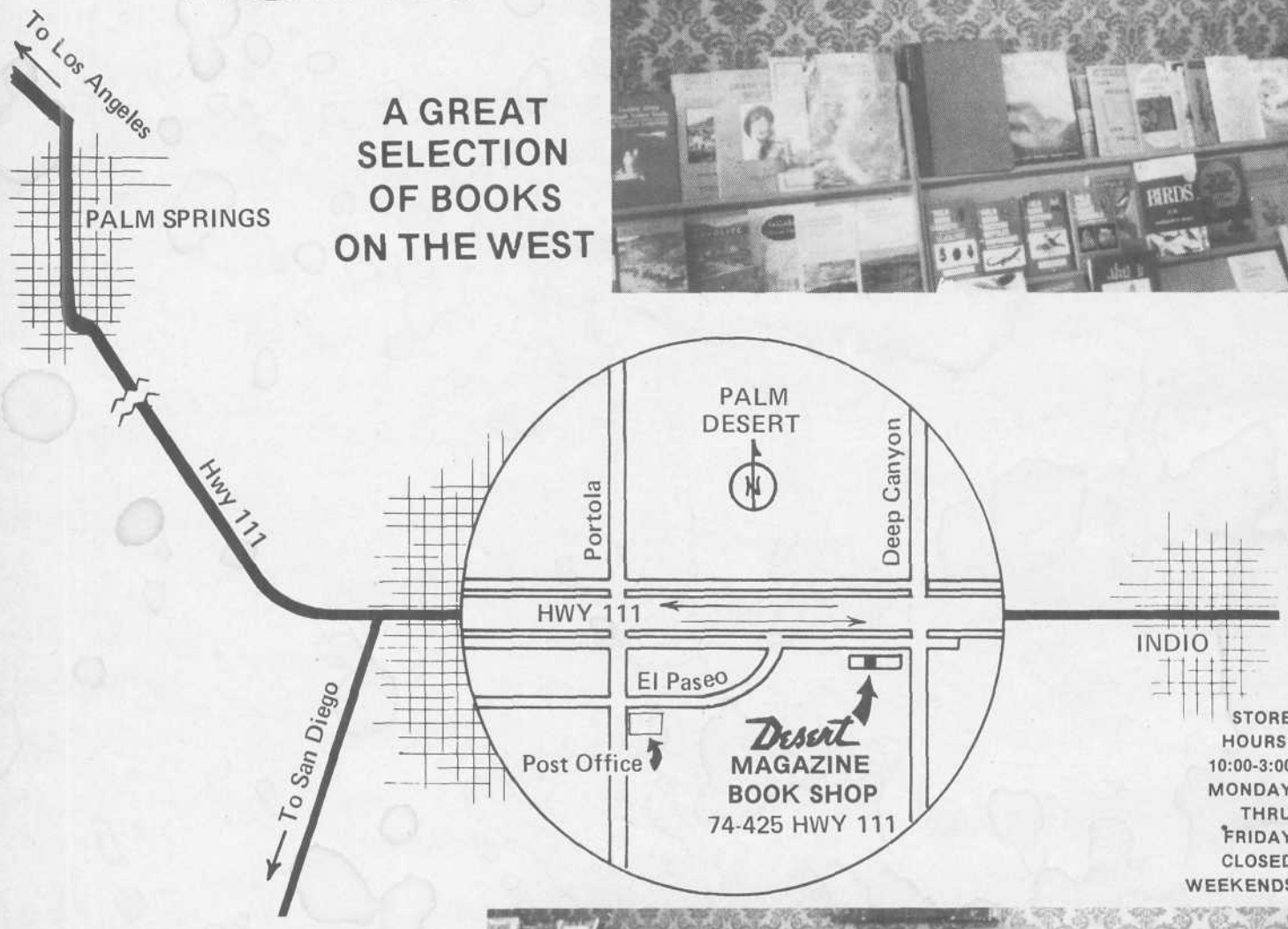

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Desert MAGAZINE

Volume 41, Number 9 SEPTEMBER 1978

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THE COVER:
Sliding Rock Overlook in beautiful Canyon De Chelly National Monument, Arizona. Photo by Neil Zakar, Mammoth Lakes, California.

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

NOW THAT you have had a taste of Stella Hughes' cooking (author of "What's Cooking on the Desert?), and a sample of her homespun yarns, we thought you might like to know just what kind of background she really has to give her that zesty, flavorful, western flair that comes so natural to her.

Although born on a farm in Oklahoma, she moved to California when she was 11. In 1931, she took her first trip to Arizona, and it was Arizona from then on, as far as she was concerned. Hooked on horses, Stella learned trick riding, Roman riding, relay racing at rodeos, roping—the works.

She married an Arizona cowboy, Mack Hughes, and spent her first year of married life on the edge of the Navajo Reservation—learning to cook with poor firewood, no firewood, flies, sometimes no water—and yes, the wind. Stella says, "In that part of Arizona the wind blows 13 months of the year. For 12 months, it blows real hard."

With the limited supplies on hand, it was pure genius how Stella learned to make do—and still come up with delicious meals for the cowhands. She learned Dutch oven cooking, some of it from Apaches who had a way with hardwood coals, and she learned the art of deep pit barbequeing from Mexican horsebreakers. So Stella is as authentic as her recipes, and her "Sourdough Biscuits" appearing this month should make a believer out of everyone.

———

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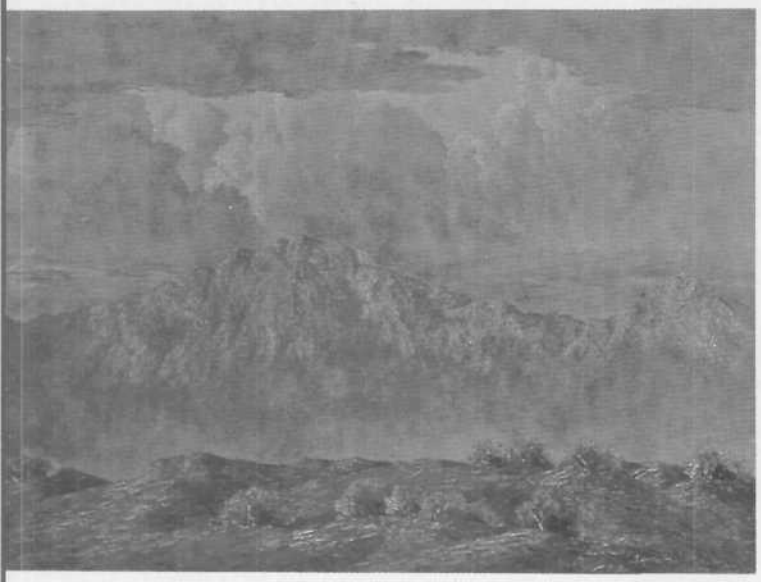

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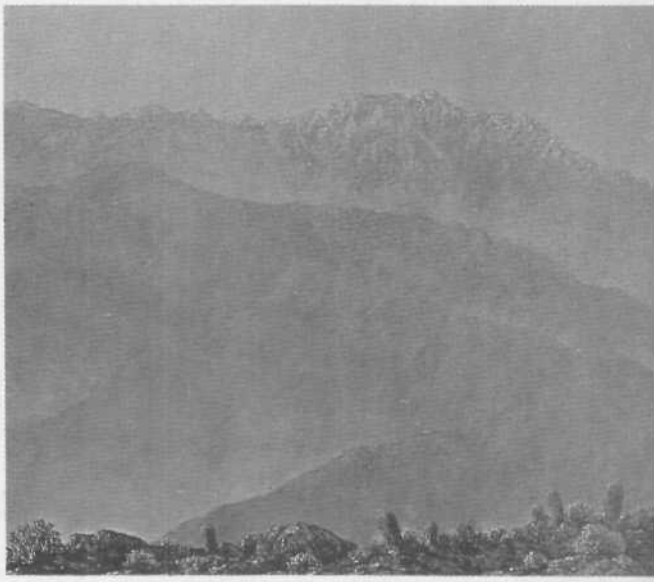
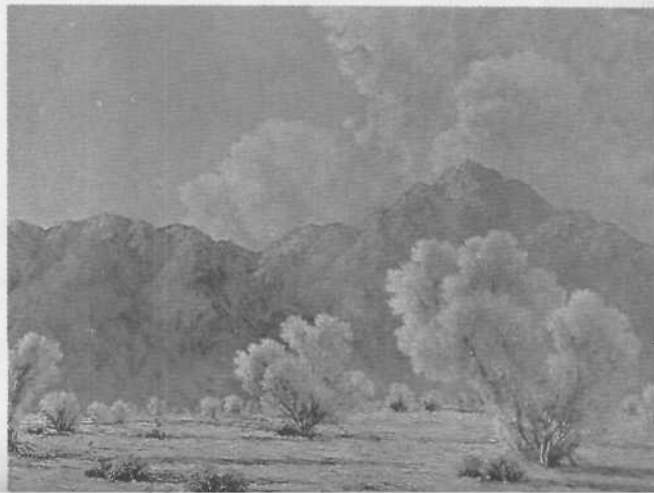


"SAN JACINTO SUNRISE"

"SMOKE TREES AND THUNDERHEADS"



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ANCIENT HUNTERS
OF THE FAR WEST
Edited by Richard F. Pourade

Camping around the shores of lakes and streams, long extinct, in what is now the American Desert, the people of the ancient *San Dieguito* cultures enjoyed a hunting-and-gathering economy that was to be the basis for all future aboriginal cultures of the Far West.

Exactly when the San Dieguitoans lived in Southern California, western Nevada, western Arizona, and northwestern Mexico is not known, for dating studies are still being carried out. However, present evidence indicates the earliest stage of the culture was in the area at least 10,000 years ago.

Part I of this book, titled "A Journey Into Man's Past," is a Foreword by Richard F. Pourade in which he describes the Indians of the Southwest as the first White Men saw them, and how little by little archaeologists began to realize that waves of other peoples had lived in the same land long before them and had disappeared.

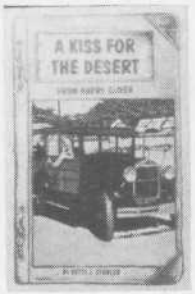
Part II, "The Ancient Hunters . . . Who Were They?," is by Malcolm J. Rogers, whose work on Early Man is the first overall synthesis devoted to solving the problems of the prehistory in the Far West. His analysis includes all the Early Man sites known to him, both published and unpublished, and he compares such studies as Ventana Cave, Gypsum Cave, Pinto Basin, Lake Mojave, Borax Lake, Little Lake, Newberry Cave, and others.

Included are summaries of Rogers' own archaeological site studies, extensive illustrations of artifacts from the region, maps, charts, photographs of sites, both in color and black and white, and an extensive bibliography.

In Part III, "When Did Man Come to North America?," Dr. H. M. Wormington of the Denver Museum of Natural History discusses the newest developments in prehistory of all North America and relates the findings on Early Men in the Far West to the rest of the continent, providing a valuable study tool for students, archaeologists and anthropologists.

In Part IV, "Where Did They Live and How Long Ago?," the latest information and techniques of dating Ancient Man have been compiled by Dr. Emma Lou Davis of the University of California Archaeological Survey, and Part V is devoted to "How Stones Became Tools and Weapons," by Clark W. Brott.

Ancient Hunters of the Far West is an authoritative and readable book which brings together most of what is known of Early Men in the Far Western United States as well as in all of North America. It contains 50 pages of illustration, 16 in full color. Included are unusual photographs of artifacts. Large format, hardcover, profusely illustrated, $9.50.



A KISS FOR THE DESERT
From Harry Oliver
By Betty J. Stohler

One of the most colorful men to leave his mark on the desert southwest surely deserved to be remembered in book form. Harry Oliver, who at times was also known as the Old Desert Rat, the Mirage Salesman and the Purple Knight of the Salton Sink, had tremendous talents, matched by his endless wit and humor.

Born in Hastings, Minnesota, April 4, 1888, Harry got his first taste of the desert in 1909 when he moved to the West Coast.

A few years later he landed a career with motion pictures as one of the leading art directors and unforgetable characters of the Southwest, and was also noted as an architect for several well known structures. His motion picture life, though quite significant, somehow did not fulfill Harry's soul as did the giant desert playground he so loved.

Oliver was also the designer and director of "Gold Gulch" in 1935, a 21-acre ghost town for the California Pacific International Exposition at Balboa Park (now San Diego Zoo).

When he left motion pictures for good in 1941, he led a most unusual life building his strange fort-like home at Thousand Palms, California; printing a hilarious newspaper called *The Desert Rat Scrap Book*; waking up the ghost of Peg Leg Smith and starting a monument to the one-legged character which is now a San Diego County Land Mark in the Anza Borrego Desert.

History of the Anza Borrego Desert is stressed in this book because of Oliver's interest in it, as well as the Death Valley 49er's Encampment and how it came to be. Harry designed the most colossal attraction of the Encampment, "The Burro-Flap Jack Sweepstakes."

He wrote scores of jokes, animal jokes being a favorite. He also fought for the protection of our desert's wild burros and the "'old Plank Road" 25 miles west of Yuma. Arizona

His campaign to stamp out litter is believed by many to have been the first, and won him a plaque of recognition at the 1956 California State Exposition, and the image of Harry Oliver riding his burro was immortalized by a Walt Disney drawing that subsequently appeared on thousands of litter-bags.

Oliver also wrote of the desert characters and historical sites that he felt should be known, including a chain of missions, many great parks, ghost towns, cavalcades, Indian Pow Wows and frontier days with bits of history from a variety of states.

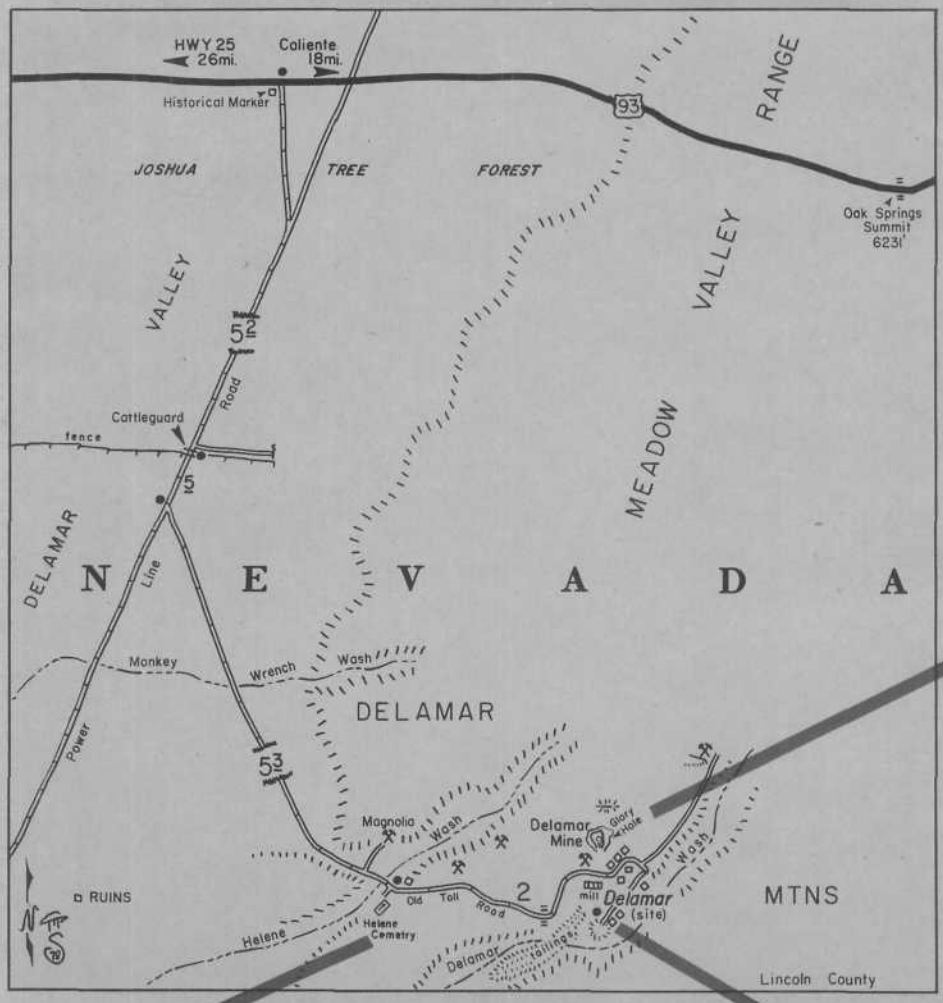
Old Sunshine was the name Oliver gave his 1929 Ford station wagon which tells a story of its own. The author became interested in the Desert Rat when she purchased his car in 1968.

Delightful reading, containing many excerpts from his *Desert Rat Scrap Book*, soft cover, profusely illustrated, 204 pages, $7.95.

DELAMAR GOLD GHOST

HAVEN'T YOU often wondered, when visiting a ghost town site, how people managed to lead a full and happy life in such an isolated setting? Delamar, in Lincoln County, Nevada, is a perfect example of a mining camp which rose under extremely adverse conditions. Yet, she became one of Nevada's leading gold producers, while her residents enjoyed some of the cultural pleasures deemed so necessary by the gentlewomen of that period.

There seems to have been a predestined plan for the development of a mining town. The first arrivals were prospectors—long used to spartan ways. As the claims were developed, freighters hauled in supplies and equipment. Hard on their heels were saloonkeepers, gamblers and female camp-followers—all anxious to keep the men entertained. Soon a small settlement of primitive tent and rock structures provided living quarters and temporary shelter for early businessmen. Besides the all-important saloon, there was usually a "tent boarding house and hotel." The latter operation, out to make a quick buck, often rented each bed to both day and night sleepers.

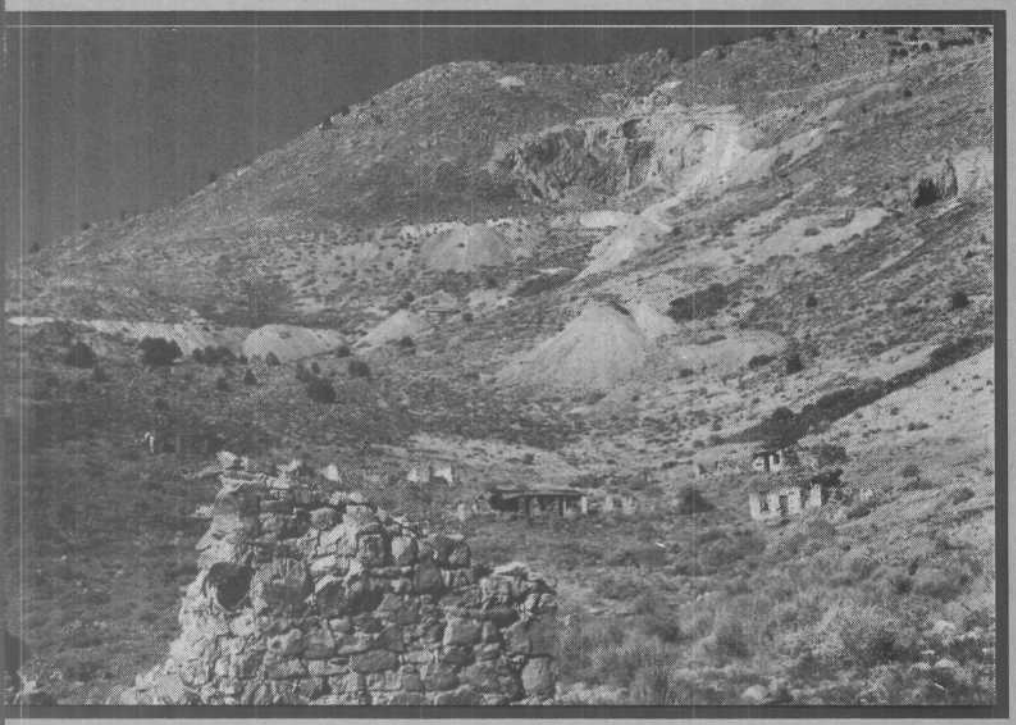


If the new "bonanza" appeared to have a future, more permanent buildings were erected or moved in from expiring towns. The temporary look vanished as a variety of storekeepers arrived with their families. Services expanded and the camp became a town. Delamar was not an exception to this rule.

In 1891, John and Alvin Ferguson, farmers in Pahranagut Valley, were hunting strayed mules on the western slope of the Meadow Valley Range. They stopped to rest and idly used a monkey wrench to break off a chunk of quartzsite from a nearby ledge. Their "chunk" proved to be rich in ore! The brothers hurried to the courthouse at Pioche and filed their claim—naming it the "Monkey Wrench."

by MARY FRANCES STRONG
photos by Jerry Strong

Word of the new strike spread quickly. Prospectors rushed to the site and the hills were soon covered with claims. West of the Monkey Wrench, a small mining camp was established and properly named "Ferguson." A mile south, near the Magnolia Mine, the settlement of "Helene" sprang up and sported a post office and newspaper—*The Ferguson Lode*. "Yep," the men were quick to boast as they had at other strikes, "the Ferguson District is going to be the biggest gold producer in the State of Nevada."



The dumps and glory hole [above] of the great Delamar Mine contrast prominently against the hillside, as do the ruins of the ghost town. Vandals have desecrated the Helene Cemetery [opposite], but thanks to the recent effort by the Bureau of Land Management, some of the damage seen here has been repaired. Photo courtesy of Las Vegas District Office of the Bureau of Land Management. Only foundations and weathered lumber remain at the mill site [below]. The crumbling walls in the background mark former business buildings along the "main street."

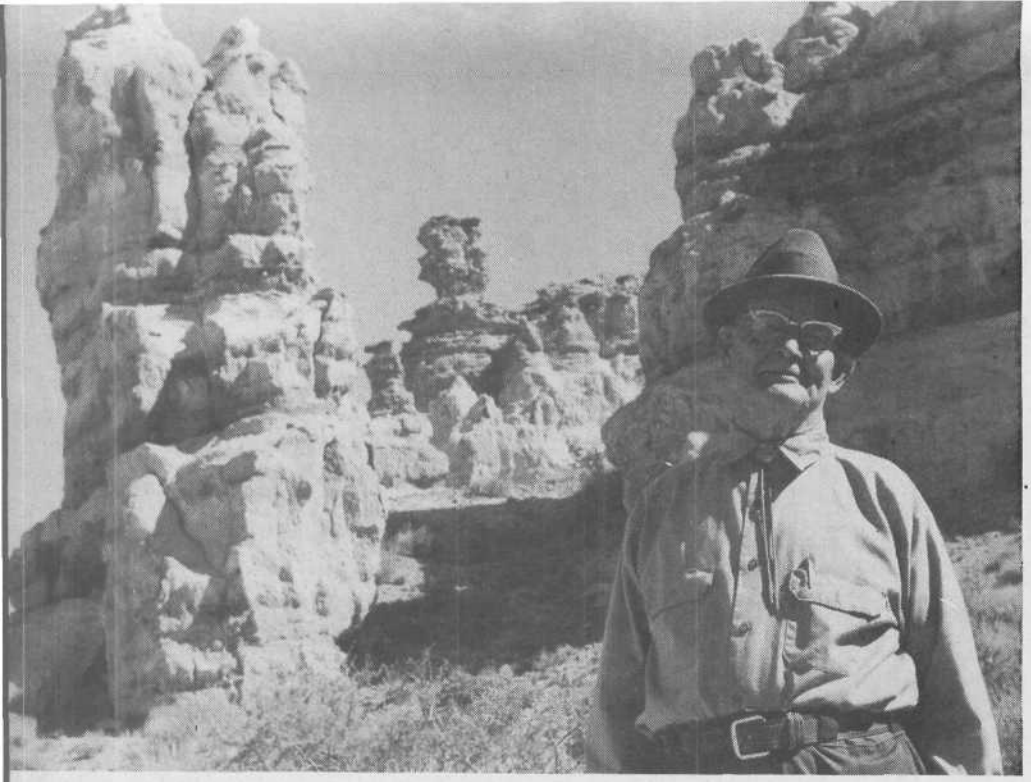
Early spring of 1892 found dozens of men still heading for the new district. Those from the north or east often stopped at John (Johnny) Lee's Ranch at Panaca to obtain hay and camp overnight. Two such men were Frank Wilson and D. A. Reeves. Before leaving the next morning, they asked Lee if he had any leads on where to prospect in the new area. "If we find anything good, you can bet we will cut you in on it," Wilson promised. Johnny showed them a piece of rich gold ore an Indian had recently given him. "He told me it came from a ledge near the two peaks you see off to the southwest," Lee pointed out. "Thanks, Johnny," Wilson replied. "We will check it out. Who knows, you may be our new partner."

About ten days later, there was great excitement at Pioche when word came that Wilson and Reeves had "struck it rich" in the Ferguson District. Johnny Lee happened to be in town when they were filing their "April Fool" claim and went over to talk to with them. "You betcha, we really struck it rich near the peaks," they boasted. Then, suddenly remembering their promise to Johnny, they quickly asserted they hadn't paid any attention to the information he had given them.

In those days, a man took great pride in having his word considered good,but Wilson and Reeves obviously were not gentlemen. Full of anger but in control of himself, Johnny stated, "Well, Wilson, I think you will make a lot of money but it will do you no good. You will die a pauper." Lee then turned on his heels and walked away. As we shall learn later, the prophecy of this honorable Mormon gentleman came true.

Development of the Ferguson District took on new impetus the following year—1893. Captain John R. De Lamar—who had make his stake mining silver in Idaho—purchased Wilson and Reeves' April Fool Mine then bought out the Ferguson brothers and numerous small claim owners. De Lamar was a man of action and the great "De La Mar Mine" was being born.

While it was destined to be one of Nevada's great gold producers, the De La Mar Mine was also known as the in-



Eightynine-year-old Lester Lee, of Panaca, was there during Delamar's bonanza days. His father supplied the town with fresh vegetables and ice. When the tailings were retreated in the '30s, Les worked as a carpenter and helped to build a new mill.

famous "Widow Maker." The gold occurred in Cambrian quartzite and mining, as well as milling, produced clouds of silica dust. The latter, like ground glass, permeated the miners' lungs and was fatal in two or three years. Hundreds of men died. At one time, in St. George, Utah alone, there were 25 widows of men who had breathed the "Delamar Dust."

At first, De Lamar installed a barrel-chlorination mill but it didn't prove satisfactory. It was replaced with a 300-ton capacity cyanide plant. With the mill in full operation, men came from every direction looking for work. The pay was $4.00 per day, which was considered "high" in those days.

The settlement of Reeves on the flat east of the mine rapidly expanded and was renamed "De Lamar." A post office was established in 1894 as "Delamar," and eventually the latter spelling was used for the town and the mine.

During the period 1895-1900, Delamar was Nevada's leading gold producer. Transportation was a problem, since the nearest railroad was at Milford, Utah. Armed guards accompanied the heavily laden wagons that regularly hauled out the bullion. Dozens of mule-driven, freight wagons brought in needed supplies. The 300-mile round trip took about three weeks.

Water was another problem—there wasn't any! Wagons hauled in barrels of the precious liquid and distributed it about town. Each building had a barrel at the front door which would be filled for one dollar. Conditions improved when three wood-fired pumping plants were installed to lift water 2100 feet from Meadow Valley Wash—a distance of some 15 miles.

Delamar was a lively town which boasted a tree-lined main street. Its sizable business district included many services plus a bank, large grocery and mercantile stores, livery stables, board and lodging houses, Chinese laundry and restaurants. Many of the buildings were of native stone. A fine school, two churches and a theater provided education and cultural events.

Around the turn-of-the-century, there were great numbers of "traveling entertainers"—musicians, singers, actors and actresses, dancers, speakers, along with the "shows" such as Indians, medicine men, circus, etc. They visited most of the isolated towns and were very popular. Delamar's theater provided the setting for this wide spectrum of the "Arts." Saloons, dance hall and numerous bawdy houses offered other forms of entertainment.

Delamar had its own unique method of broadcasting music for everyone. During the warm evenings, dozens of Italian miners would sit in front of their rock cabins and sing the songs of the old country. Lester Lee, of Panaca, described them as "Some of the most beautiful concerts you have ever heard."

Fresh vegetables were scarce in Delamar and Johnny Lee decided to try peddling some of those grown on his ranch. Using a wagon and team, the nearly 50-mile trip was made via Bennett Pass and Dry Lake Valley. The venture was successful, but even more importantly, Johnny saw the opportunity for selling ice. Without electricity, there wasn't any cold storage available in Delamar.

Johnny was sure he could make ice in Condor Canyon, three miles north of Panaca. This deep, narrow defile ran west to east and had winds blowing through from one direction in the morning and the other in the evening. Between September and May, not one of the sun's rays fell in the canyon. During the Christmas holidays, Johnny and his sons harvested the ice which was often 30 inches thick. The blocks had to be cut into a certain size, 18x11 inches, in order to store properly in the ice house.

Ice hauling began as soon as the weather warmed up. The blocks were loaded into a wagon and covered with sawdust. Crated vegetables, covered with cracked ice, were placed on top. Leaving about 6 p.m., they drove all night and arrived at the Delamar icehouse about 10 a.m. the following day. For 13 years, until electricity was available, Lee and Sons provided Delamar with 300 tons of ice yearly at $75.00 per ton.

Last October, Jerry and I were privileged to spend an evening with Lester Lee of Panaca—the son of Johnny Lee. Les is 89 years young with a memory as sharp as a tack. He regaled us with stories of "the Delamar days." I only wish there was space to tell them all here. When but a mere boy, Les helped his father with the ice business. He and an older brother often made the ice delivery. As would be expected, they had many adventures.

On one occasion, they were coming up Nelson's toll road and met a couple in buckskins, impatiently waiting for them to pass. When the boys arrived in town, they were immediately asked, "Did you see a couple in buckskins? They robbed the bank!"

Les stayed for awhile with his sister's

family at Delamar. His brother-in-law worked at the mill and Les regularly delivered his lunch. Quite often, he stood by and watched them clean the copper plates "just loaded with yellow gold." The ore was so rich that the miners did a lot of highgrading. Eventually, they were required to change clothes at end of shift and it stopped—for the most part.

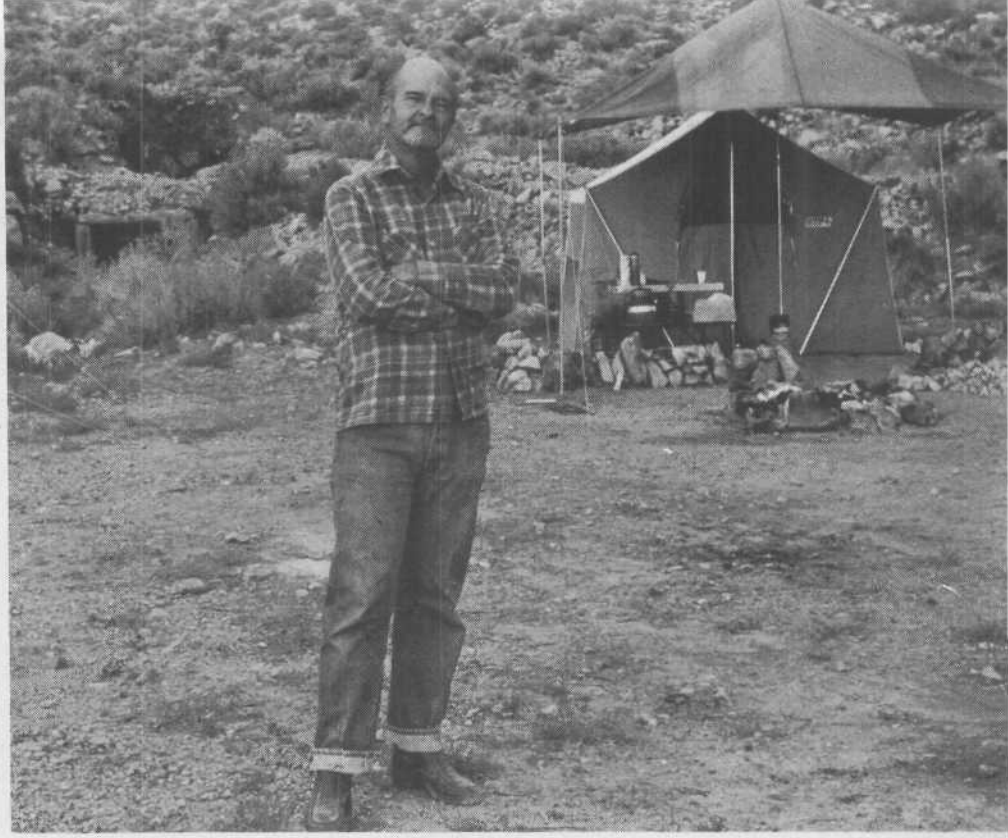
A man named Weiss ran one of the livery stables and had a few milk cows. Les went down to get fresh milk every day. Weiss would fill a five-gallon can about one-quarter full of water then add the milk. After a few days of this, young Les told him, "Mr. Weiss, my sister would rather have the milk without the water." Thereafter, they received whole milk.

The floors of the livery stable and barn were covered with straw and the inevitable happened. In 1900, Weiss was milking when a cow kicked over his lantern. The stables went up in flames and the southside of town burned to the ground. Only rock buildings withstood the blaze which couldn't be stopped with what water was available.

Two years later, De Lamar sold out to the Bramberger-Delamar Mining Company. The new owners remodeled the mill and brought in electricity from a power plant in Meadow Valley Wash. Mining continued but inflation began to rear its ugly head. Wages had risen to 10, 12 then 14 dollars per day, making further production unprofitable. In 1909, the Delamar Mine was shut down and most of the equipment dismantled.

When the tailings were retreated in 1932, the old town briefly came to life. A new mill was built—the school and post office reactivated. Some of the remaining buildings were rehabilitated. Operations lasted for eight years and gold values of $781,500 were recovered. The total sum taken from the district amounts to about 15 million dollars.

Jerry and I had been planning to visit Delamar for quite some time. Whenever we mentioned it, we were told, "You won't find anything there. Nothing left to see." I guess it is all in the eyes of the beholder, because we found the site one of the most fascinating we have ever visited. This was due, in part, to the personal description of its life and times by Lester Lee, as well as studying the fine old photographs in Stanley Paher's book, *Nevada Ghost Towns and Mining Camps*. From them, we'd actually had an advanced, intimate glimpse in Delamar's past.



Tom Shanahan of Las Vegas says he has found a rich gold vein in one of the Delamar's old tunnels. He has set up a comfortable camp at the site and is working the vein by himself. Though the Delamar Mine has been idle, except for a few lessees, it is still owned by the Bramberger family.

The old ghost town is easy to find. An historical marker identifies the turnoff from Highway 93. A later, left turn is not signed. Check your mileage at the cattleguard. The Delamar Road is on the left (east) a half-mile south of it. See map.

We followed the road southeast toward a pass in the Delamar Mountains. We couldn't see the townsite but soon passed the Magnolia Mine, crossed a deep wash, then turned right to the old Helene Cemetery. Over the years, vandals have torn down fences, broken markers, dug up graves and stolen items for souvenirs. Such wanton destruction has occurred in numerous old cemeteries throughout the Southwest. It is hard to understand and the damage must be done by people with a warped sense of values.

During the summer of 1977, the Bureau of Land Management began a "face-lifting" program for both the Helene and Delamar Cemeteries. Having seen Helene's "before" photographs, we were impressed by what they had accomplished. A sturdy fence now enclosed the site. Headstones were straightened, exposed graves filled in, wooden fences repaired and walkways reestablished.

The results of the vandalism is still apparent. A small, oblong, red-sandstone marker had been set over what was obviously a child's grave. On each end was a hand-carved animal resembling a sheep. It was beautiful. Yet, someone had purposely smashed it into several pieces. The inscription read, "Agnes Dei." Later, when talking with Ed Cilibert at the Las Vegas B.L.M. office, he told me it meant "Lamb of God."

Leaving the cemetery, we climbed toward the summit on Nelson's toll road. Just over the crest we had our first view of Delamar. Mountains of tailings lay in the canyon below us. To the north were the ruins of a large mill at the base of a towering peak. High on the mountainside, resembling a tremendous, gaping wound, was the glory hole of the Delamar Mine. The road now curved around a hill and led us to the millsite and tunnels. There, much to our surprise, we found a brand-new tent camp, obviously set up to stay awhile.

We later met the occupant, Thomas A. Shanahan—an Irish gentleman from Las

Continued on Page 46

EARLY DAY DESERT ARTIST RE-EMERGING FOLK FIGURE

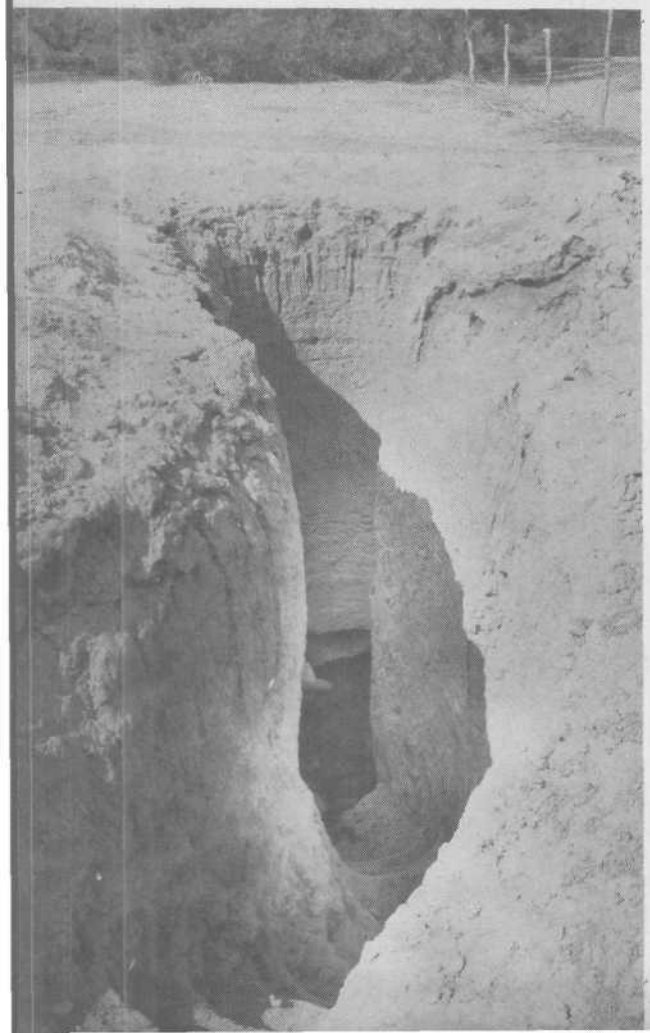
German-born Carl Eytel Played Important Role in Desert Books

by BILL JENNINGS

HIS ANTECEDENTS were middle-class German but his interest in the American West and his ability to withstand the desert's rigors made Carl Eytel an American frontiersman, a century later than most, but just as authentic.

Eytel immigrated from the Wurtenburg region in 1885 and originally was employed on a series of midwestern cattle ranches where he began sketching the angular creatures he worked among. When he saved enough money he returned to Germany for about two years for formal art training but returned to the United States in 1898, to remain until his premature death in a San Gorgonio Pass sanitarium in 1925.

After more ranch and slaughter house work, Eytel ventured to the little village of Palm Springs, then primarily a health camp. His lungs were weak and his story at that point began to mirror the biographies of countless other "lungers" and respiratory ailment victims who found the dry heat of the Colorado Desert a life-restoring haven.



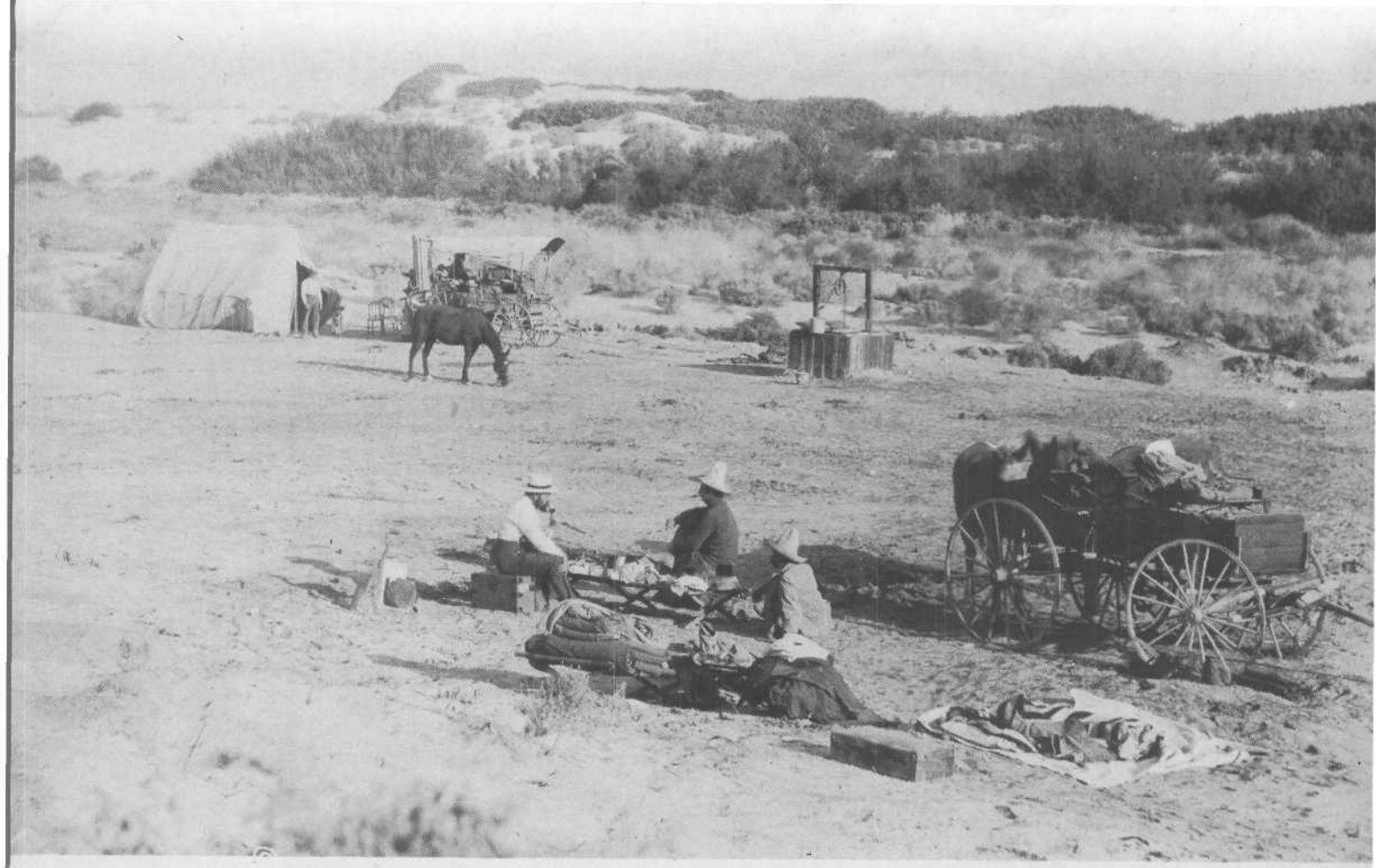
Left: It is believed the "peon" peering up at the camera from the depths of the hand-dug well near the old Martinez Indian village west of Mecca, California is Carl Eytel. The picture is from the C.C. Pierce Collection and was taken during the journeys of Eytel and George Wharton James, an early-day desert author in perhaps 1902 or 1903. Opposite page: Photograph from the C. C. Pierce Collection was taken near present-day Indian Wells in 1902 and shows the author, George Wharton James, seated on the case at the left. The man in the middle is unknown, but Carl Eytel is seated on the ground at right. The old county well on the edge of the mesquite dunes is in the center, with another camping party at the left.

Predictably, his health improved, but instead of becoming a captain of industry or agriculturalist as many of the convalescents did, he turned to the raw desert beyond Tahquitz Creek and became a wandering artist and journalist. He sketched and wrote for newspapers in Stuttgart and the major American German-language journal, the *New York Staats Zeitung*.

Palm Springs was his home, actually his headquarters for periodic forays into the deserts of southeastern California, Arizona and New Mexico. He became a friend of the Indians, through the medium of his sketchbooks, and was invited to witness many of the secret rites of the Hopi and the Navajo.

Eytel's friendships with the desert and mountain-pass Cahuilla of the Palm Springs area were such that when he died his grave became the first allowed for a white man in the Agua Caliente cemetery. Today, there are still only two white men buried in the Palm Springs tribal plot, a restful, oleander-bordered enclosure on Tahquitz-McCallum Way just east of downtown Palm Springs.

He acquired a doughty mustang pony from the Indians in some convoluted trade, probably sketches for horse. He named the desert-wise horse "Billy," and his travels henceforth were a little less arduous. When he was prosperous there was grain for "Billy" and usually a burro to carry their mutual gear, oil paints and canvas rather than pencil and wrapping paper for the artist's expression.



Eytel was befriended by Judge John McCallum and his daughter, Pearl, later to become Mrs. Austin McManus, the undisputed dowager queen of Palm Springs' burgeoning commerce in the 1920s and 1930s. They gave him a tiny plot of rock and brush on the banks of the Tahquitz Ditch, an occasional overflow stream out of Tahquitz Canyon.

Eytel built an eight by eight foot cabin out of redwood and pine boards from abandoned buildings. He slept and cooked outdoors except in the most arctic of winters, which can be pretty frigid, despite the press releases of the community's booster groups.

His bed was a simple wooden and wire frame over which he tossed one blanket or someone's discarded coat, in the mistaken belief that such spartan rest would restore his still precarious health. His diet was simple, often too much so, dictated as much by his financial condition as his preoccupation with his art and writing to the exclusion of more prosaic housekeeping matters.

In perhaps 1902 or 1903 he came to the attention of a successful writer named George Wharton James, an erudite easterner, a highly successful author of popular travel and anthropological books.

Together they covered many hundreds of square miles of the Colorado River lowlands, from Palm Springs to Yuma, up into the Dale Mining District of the Twentynine Palms country and the San Jacinto Mountains.

James' resulting book, "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," published in 1911, was a California classic and is still required reading in many history classes. James was generous. He described Eytel's role in the production as major, not merely for the more than 300 pen sketches it contains but for his previous-travel journals and botanical observations which James drew upon freely in the text.

James wrote an introductory chapter about his slightly-built and very reticent traveling companion. It is still valuable to us because it was the first biographical sketch of Eytel. He never wrote about himself.

"While Mr. Eytel (with the modesty that is one of the flowers of his character) would disclaim any right to be regarded as other than the artist of the book, I cannot do him the injustice to allow its readers to assume that I am the sole author of its literary contents.

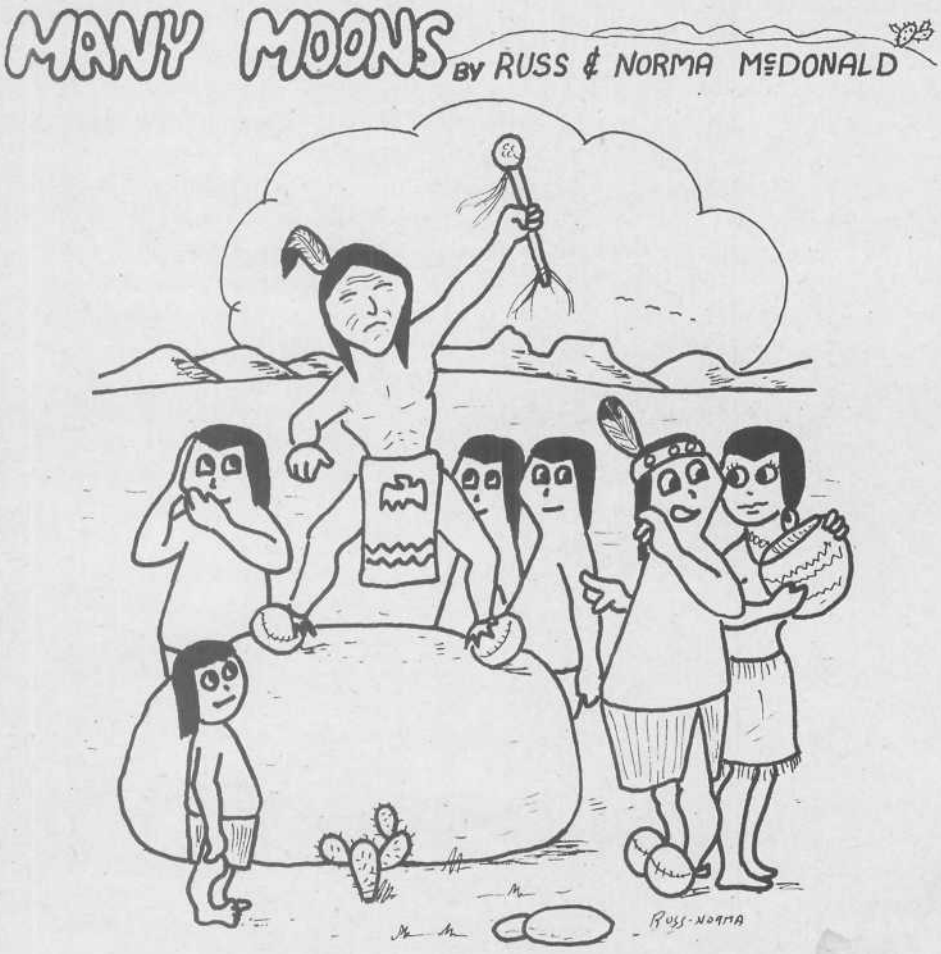
"While I have done the actual writing, many pages of that which is written belong to Mr. Eytel, and I wish him fully to share in any priaise which that portion of the book receives just as much as I wish him to be the sole recipient of all the praise for his beautiful sketches."

The James-Eytel partnership was the first of many such travel companion-artist relationships the artist experienced, but not with any great financial bounty resulting therefrom.

The James-Eytel partnership was followed by more solo travels, or rather "travels with Billy," as Eytel sometimes titled his little dime-store journal and the scattered prose among the paper sketches in his pads.

He became an important source for J. Smeaton Chase, the correct and somewhat austere Englishman whose California book series published around World War I included another desert classic still widely quoted.

Chase's "California Desert Trails" is perhaps a better book than James' early work but it lacks the direct contributions of Eytel and suffers the lag in time that made James' account such an essential history text. Being first, in the rapidly expanding culture of the Colorado Desert, gave James a great advantage.



This rare photograph of the former palm oasis, Twelve Apostles, is from the collection of Ole J. Nordland of Indio, California and was believed taken by the late Otho Moore as a small boy in about 1910. A Carl Eytel painting of this same grove is in the collection of Edmund C. Jaeger and will appear in a book about Eytel later this year. Mt. San Jacinto is in the background. Nothing remains of the oasis which was at the corner of Jefferson and Avenue 38 just north of Indio.

Eytel did most of the lovely pen and ink sketches for another Chase book that is a classic in botanical and geographical history. "Cone-Bearing Trees of the California Mountains" was a monumental effort.

Eytel also contributed more directly to a second "trails" volume by Chase, entitled "California Coast Trails," an account of horseback journeys from Mexico to Oregon.

Through Chase, who became a Palm Springs resident, Eytel came to know and assist Charles Francis Saunders, perhaps the most popular magazine and book writer of the desert in the 1920s.

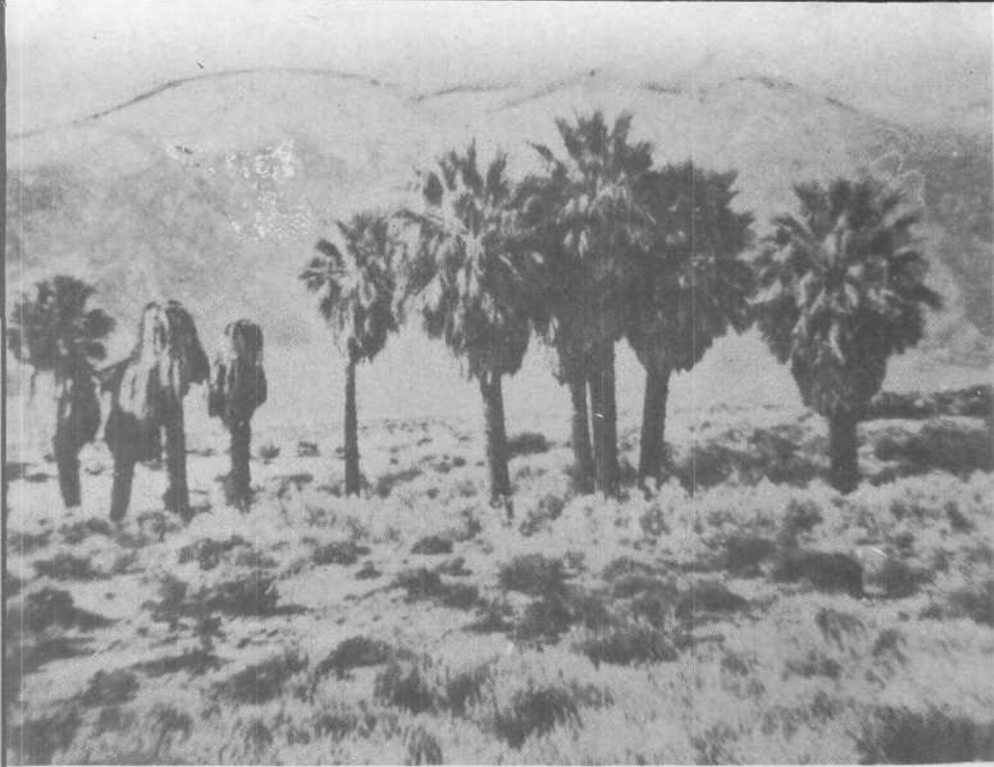
Eytel's greatest contribution to desert literature, however, was his inspiration to a young Palm Springs school teacher, a shy bachelor as himself. His neighbor in another small cottage along the Tahquitz Ditch, Edmund C. Jaeger.

The distinguished naturalist, probably the best known and most prolific of Southern California desert natural history writers of this century, gives Eytel the credit for getting him started, arousing both his interest and his ability to draw and observe the wonders of plant and animal life all around him.

Jaeger describes their relationship in a story, "Art in a Desert Cabin," appearing in the September, 1948 issue of *Desert Magazine*.

"One thing that stamped Carl Eytel as a man apart was his singleness of purpose," Jaeger wrote. "Art was his primary interest and he sought always to interpret sincerely and accurately the desert he loved. This inward urge to draw and paint well drove him relentlessly to the time of death."

Jaeger met Eytel on the eve of World War I when the Nebraska-born biologist was still a student at Occidental College.



Jaeger had come to Palm Springs, also partially for his health, at the suggestion of Raymond Cree, long-time Riverside County school superintendent.

He taught in the one-room Palm Springs school for a year, became a lifelong friend of Eytel and acquired an appreciation of the desert that has sustained Jaeger into his 92nd year. He wrote several books, ranging from wildflowers to a highly-readable dictionary of scientific terminology.

"Eytel inspired me to pursue this new interest, also helped me develop my own sketching style," Jaeger said in a recent interview. "I owe him a great deal."

Jaeger returned to Occidental, secured his degree and began a long career as a desert biologist, field worker and teacher. He taught many years at the old Riverside Junior College and continued to conduct annual "palaver" trips with his old students and friends until a year or so ago when ill health began to confine him more and more to his little garden oasis home in downtown Riverside.

Eytel's role is being recognized more and more. A new biography was completed last year by Roy Hudson, teacher and cultural figure at College of the Desert in the Coachella Valley. It is being published, posthumously by the Palm Springs Desert Museum, because Hudson died shortly after finishing his rough draft.

The museum has a group of eight pastel-shaded desert paintings by Eytel, numerous pen or pencil sketches and most of his travel journals, which Hudson drew upon. Another treasure of Eytel-iana is contained in the George Wharton James collection at the Southwest Museum in the Highland Park sector of Los Angeles.

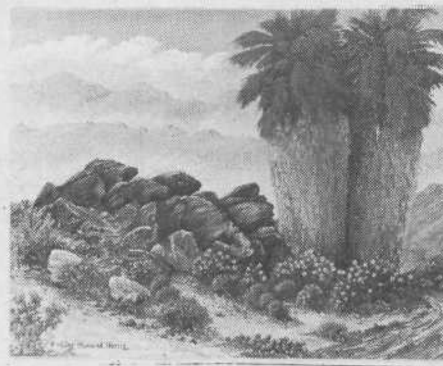
The most important repository, however, is Edmund C. Jaeger. He has several artistically and historically important Eytel paintings, including a unique view of the long-destroyed desert palm oasis of the Twelve Apostles, which stood until about 1905 in the sand dunes three miles north of Indio.

Jaeger gave most of the sketches and other Eytel memorbilia he inherited after the German's death to the Palm Springs Museum's director, Lloyd Mason Smith, in 1940.

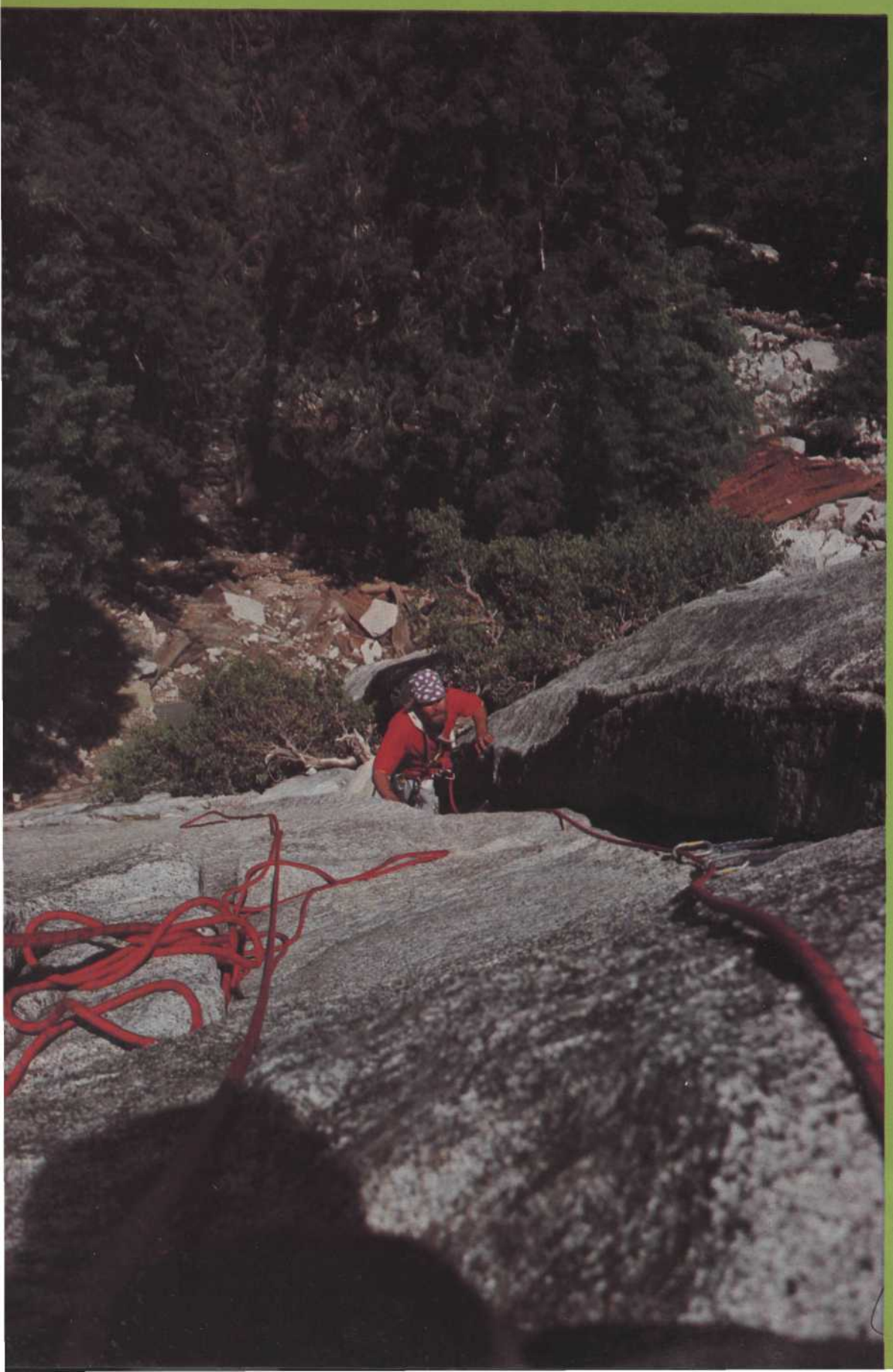
The present Desert Museum director, however, gets the credit for saving the material and thereby inspiring Hudson's manuscript. Fred Sleight found the pile of sketches, books and paintings in a dust heap shortly after he joined the museum in 1965, recognized their potential value as history and art and stored them away safely.

The paintings, faded and dusty, reflect a moody love of the desert's infinite shadings somewhat akin to that of John Hilton, but Eytel's shades are softer, more sand-like than the vivid impressions of Hilton.

Eytel's palms are perhaps his trademark. Certainly he caught the grace and delicate strength of the native trees better than most. His legacy still lives. □



Rock Climbing in S



A FAST-GROWING SPORT THAT IS GUARANTEED TO KEEP ITS FOLLOWERS IN SHAPE AND ON THEIR TOES!

by GAY BAILEY

Left: David Holmes of Hawthorne ascends a crack on Suicide Rock, pausing on a ledge to contemplate the remainder of the climb. The majority of the climbs on Suicide are of a greater difficulty than the beginner would want to attempt. Opposite: Paul Neal, a climbing instructor from Mission Hills, coaches a student up the friction route at Stoney Point. Deceptive looking because of the relatively low angle, friction can be quite frustrating to both the beginning and the advanced climber because of the lack of hand- and footholds.

outhern California

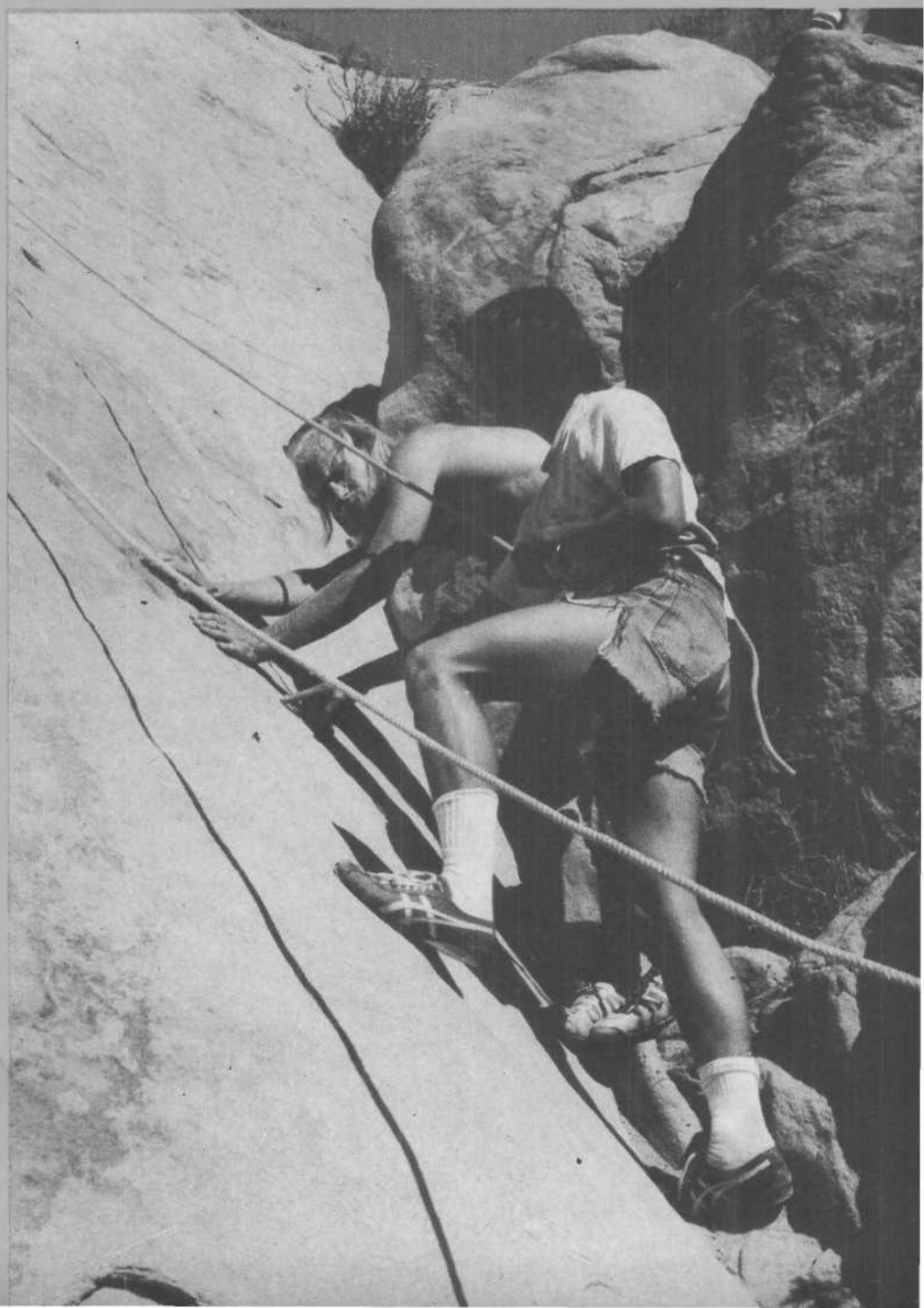
A SHOUT OF "Rock!" comes from above you. Do you excitedly turn towards the sound, wondering what treasure has been found? If your intuition says "yes," then beware the areas that are discussed below, because in rock climbing lingo, the call "rock" is a warning to those below that something has been dislodged and is hurtling down at top speed.

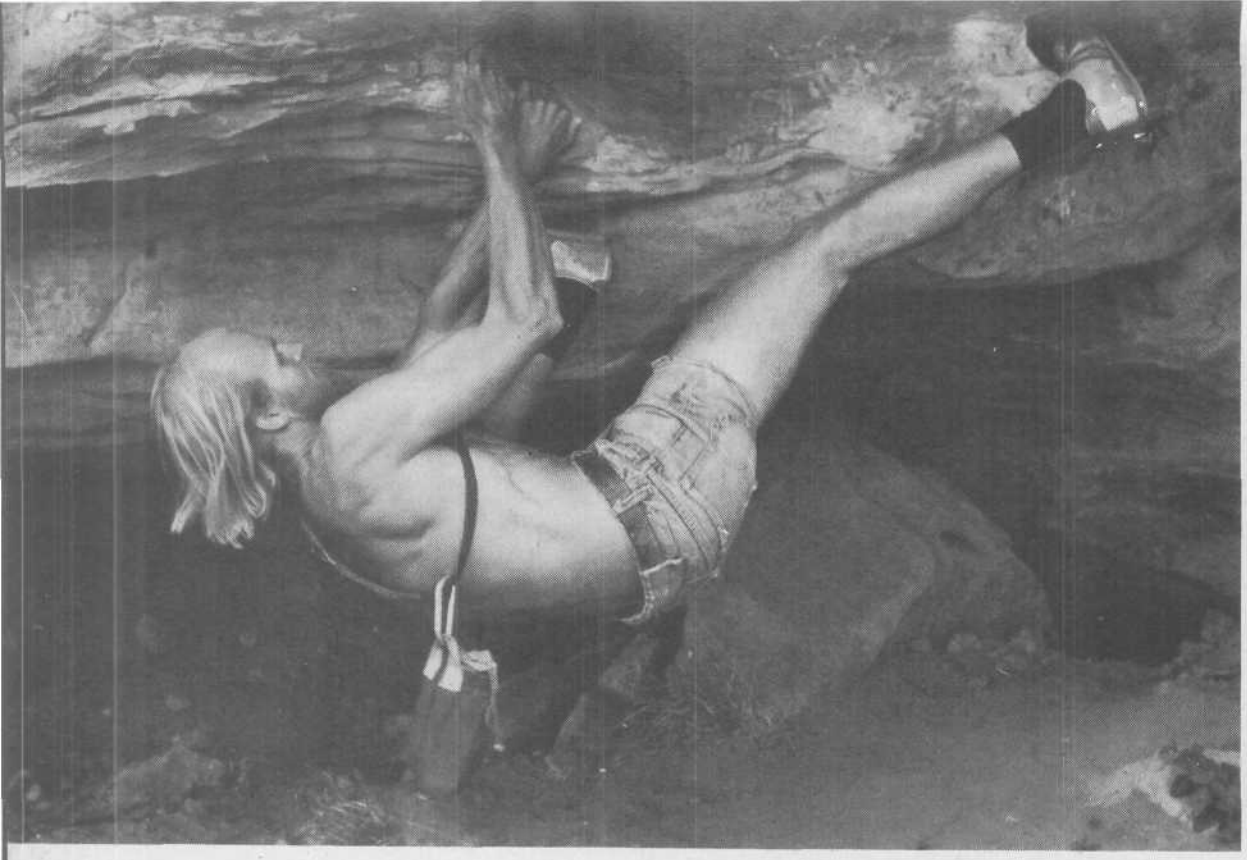
Southern California has some of the finest granite free climbing (handholds and footholds available—no need to use the artificial aid of slings and pitons for standing) in the Southwest, and during the past few years the sport has mushroomed to the point where people stand in line to do some of the easier and more fun routes on Lily Rock (referred to as Tahquitz Rock by climbers). There are large and small climbing areas that are used for a variety of purposes and for different seasons. If you are interested in learning to climb, then there are areas to practice safely. If you are interested in watching or photographing climbers, then you are surrounded by opportunities—IF you know where to go.

TAHQUITZ ROCK

Tahquitz Rock and its sister rock, Suicide, are located on opposite sides of Humber Park, just outside of Idyllwild. Take the San Bernardino Freeway (10) to Banning, then follow Highway 243 to Idyllwild. Humber Park is a day-use area, and it is there that you begin the trail to Tahquitz Rock, the prominent granite dome visible from the park. The trail leads off to the right from the lower parking area and crosses a small creek. Follow the trail until you come to a short white post (about a quarter of a mile from the parking lot) which marks an abrupt turn onto a steep, narrow trail. Follow this trail to the base of Tahquitz Rock, keeping to the right of the rockslide extending down from the face of the rock. At the top of the trail is a large boulder referred to as Lunch Rock. Here climbers relax before or after their climbs, eat their lunch, lie in the sun, discuss their exploits, swap tales of daring, and watch the diverse escapades that are happening on the West Face of Tahquitz. It is said that the hike up the trail takes 30 minutes, but that's for the conditioned climber who does it every weekend. Plan on 45 minutes and a lot of huffing and puffing if you're not in tiptop shape!

The routes going up the rock are called technical if they require ropes for protection and the use of both hand and footholds. Looking slightly to the left of the face, you will notice a prominent trough leading to the top. This is the easiest technical route to the summit and is often used to teach beginners. Its importance lies in the fact that it was the first route to the top, being climbed in 1936 by three members of the Sierra Club Rock Climbing Section. Leading up on both sides of the Trough and completely around the rock are numerous routes, most of them described in the *Climber's Guide to Tahquitz and Suicide Rocks*, by Chuck Wilts. This excellent guidebook gives maps, descriptions, and the degree of difficulty for the 100 and more routes





Paul Neal of Mission Hills, California, works out regularly at Stoney Point. Here he works on a problem called "Hot Tuna" which involves traversing about 30 feet of rock—all upside down!

to the top.

Should you want to go to the summit, there is a 3rd class (steep uphill, some use of hands, but no rope required) route called the Friction Route. It is used mainly as a descent by the climbers. The going is fairly easy following the trail to the right along the base of the rock and then up a series of granite slabs. To get to the summit requires a bit of route finding and getting down can be quite dangerous if you're not sure where you're going. For those who still want to climb up, I refer you to the route description in Chuck Wilts' book.

The difficulty of finding the proper downhill route is exemplified by Joe Fitschen. He discovered a new route in 1950 when he made a wrong turn on the friction slabs, resulting in a catastrophic 170-foot fall! Badly bruised and battered but not permanently maimed, he was back climbing again in a few months. Four years later someone climbed up where he had fallen, honoring Joe by calling the new climbing route "Fitschen's Folly."

Suicide Rock is located on the opposite side of Humber Park, the trail starting below the parking lot. The trail is much steeper, but not quite as long. The climbs there are all difficult and it is easy to get lost on the hike to the bottom of the rock, so I will leave it up to the reader to talk to some climbers if they intend on visiting that area. It is much smaller than Tahquitz Rock.

STONEY POINT

So you still want to learn some climbing? Well, the best place to start is out in Chatsworth at Stoney Point. It is often mobbed on weekends, with people from the Sierra Club and the Boy Scouts practicing their rappels, and with beginners trying their hand at friction, face climbing, traverses, chimneys and jams. (These are all terms that are meaningful to climbers—they describe the various methods of attacking different problems.) There are good climbers who can't get away to Tahquitz for the weekend and just want to keep in shape. There are also the so-called "boulders" who do nothing BUT go to Stoney Point and practice their feats of gynmastics, adhering to the walls as if they had pine sap on their hands and feet, getting into contorted positions as they raise a foot to the level of their chin, and grimacing from the effort of doing strenuous problems that take them six inches off the ground! Various boulders will have white marks on them—usually from chalk, which the climbers put on their hands for the more difficult problems. For them, it adds traction. For me, it counterbalances the sweaty hands that I develop when I contemplate something that looks a bit difficult!

Stoney Point is the obvious outcrop of sandstone boulders on Topanga Canyon, just north of the intersection of Topanga and Devonshire. You can park onTopanga or follow the rutted dirt road to the right and down the hill, parking wherever you can fit your car. There are trails winding throughout the area and it is quite easy to reach the highest points.

If you decide, after playing around on the rocks, that you would like to pursue the sport, then there are climbing schools (find out about them at various sporting goods stores), the Sierra Club Rock Climbing Section, or local public schools (U.C.L.A. Experimental College offers a class that is free to the public). Most people learn from talking to others already involved in the sport, and Stoney Point is the ideal place to meet them. Try little problems that are only a few feet off the ground. See what happens when you shift your weight. Discover what little things you can really stand on and hold onto. And most of all, talk to the people around you and ask how to do different things. They will be more than happy to demonstrate and show what they can do! Watch them and learn.

BIG ROCK

Big Rock is located behind Lake Perris, near March Air Force Base. Entry fee is $1.00, and if you are going to climb, then you must register at the kiosk. A dirt road goes off to the right just after entering and you follow that to

Taking a long delicate step over the head of his climbing partner, Glen Knight of Las Vegas, Nevada, makes a move from the top of a tree to the rock. He is tied into the rope using a seat harness, and the metal equipment hanging from his neck is wedged into cracks in the rock. The rope is then threaded through to prevent his falling. The climb is the Fingertip Traverse at Tahquitz.

the end, where there is a dirt parking area. From there, a trail leads over the dam and into the hills, winding around until you come out above the lake and the rock is on your right. Don't look around the corner for something bigger, as you won't find it. Big Rock is just one fairly short steep face, smooth, with no cracks in it. There are many routes side by side.

Big Rock is not used very often during the summer. It gets too hot and there are cooler places to climb—such as Tahquitz. But it comes into its own during the winter when Tahquitz is covered with snow and ice.

Most of the climbs are harder than the beginner would want to tackle. The holds are small and there is no place to put in protection (climbing terminology for putting something into the rock that the rope can be clipped into, holding him should he fall). There are bolts that have been placed in the rock, but these are often farther apart than the beginner would like. Face climbing involves going up fairly steep angle rock using little ledges, bulges and knobs for hands and feet. It is often hard on the feet muscles because you are constantly standing on your toes. Since Big Rock is nothing but face climbing, be prepared for a good workout. But at least the routes are short and you can rest often at the picnic tables at the bottom.

JOSHUA TREE

Joshua Tree National Monument is the other good climbing area in Southern California. Most people stay at the Hidden Valley Campground and climb in the vicinity of Intersection Rock. The area abounds with so many boulders that there is no limit to the versatility that the climber, hiker and photographer can find. The routes are relatively short compared to Tahquitz, but during the winter this is *the* place to go. Naturally, no one climbs there during the hot months, but when Tahquitz starts to get too cold to hold onto the rock, there is a mass migration to the desert. Once in a while, in spring or fall when Tahquitz is full of snow, climbers have been known to sit out desert hailstorms tied onto little ledges high above the desert floor!

There is a very large climbing guide to Joshua Tree, complete with history, routes and beautiful pictures, which can be purchased at most climbing stores. The main thing to know about Joshua Tree is that it is very hard on your fingers! It is like climbing on very coarse sandpaper, and if you fall you are likely to take off a reasonable amount of skin in the process. So do a bit of practicing before going out there—get your body into condition and your fingers well-calloused to prevent soreness from setting in after the first five minutes on the rock.

Still want to learn? Visit one of these places and watch firsthand what the sport is really like. Talk to some of the climbers. Go to your local sporting goods store and they will lead you to sources of information. It can be an extremely dangerous sport if the proper safety precautions are not taken, but when done properly, it brings about the finest sense of accomplishment, allows entrance to the wonderful wacky world of the bizarre, and clears the mind of all the problems that are really quite trivial. When you're holding on to a quarter-inch outcrop and your foot has just slipped out from under you, no thoughts enter your mind except how to stick to that rock! □

NEVADA SEA

I DON'T REALLY believe there is a thing I have to defend about Nevada —you either like it or you don't. But please don't tell me we haven't got everything in this state. From desert to mountain land and anything in between (and that includes Sea Gulls)—you can find it in the great state of Nevada.

And what brought on this tirade? There I was the other day, peacefully enjoying a very well written, interesting article in *Desert Magazine*, about the Utah Sea Gulls, by John Southworth, and whamm!! I read in disbelief, "The story is quite different in Nevada, however, where there are no Sea Gulls . . . "

Now being a dried-in-the-wool Nevada "Desert Rat" for 32 years, I can't hold still for this. Anyplace I've ever traveled in this state I've seen Sea Gulls. In fact just a few months ago I'd written a short newspaper article for the *Las Vegas Sun* on these birds. The article was basically a question—"How come we got Sea Gulls in the middle of a desert?" And the editor bounced it back, and said answer your own questions and we'll publish it.

So for two weeks I prowled libraries until I was knee-deep in information about Sea Gulls. I actually got to where I even hated Jonathan Livingston you know who. I learned more about those birds than I ever wanted to really know. But being the hard-headed type I continued to dig—mostly because the one question about how they got so far inland, no one else seemed to know either.

But after much persistence, eye strain and even being pointed at by neighborhood children as the "bird lady"—I found my answers.

Every place in the whole wide world seems to have Sea Gulls, and there are 44 different species. They migrate in flocks 10 miles long and a mile wide, and fly clear across the oceans. In fact, the Franklin Gulls of South Dakota migrate south all the way to Peru and Chile, just to get away from the snow. And no hitch hiking on 747s either—they actually fly the whole distance!

Lake Mead, here in southern Nevada—that blue jewel set in the center of desert sand and sagebrush—is approximately 600 miles inland from the Pacific Ocean. And yet five different types of Sea Gulls

Nevada Sea Gulls. Photos by Tom Childers.

GULLS

by FRANCES L. INTRAVIA

share this body of water with the desert "critters." It has the more common types, Ring-Billed and California Gulls, but also the rare Franklin, Bonaparte and Herring Gull. Sometimes there may be another type or two, also Terns, Cormorants and Pelicans.

And how the heck did they get to Lake Mead you ask? Well, sometimes they fly ahead of storms from Baja or the Gulf of California. But more often they get here, and further inland, because Gulls multiply so fast they outgrow their areas. And being a fairly intelligent type of bird, they split up house-keeping areas and look for new homes and food, rather than just perch around and starve to death.

Actually they were probably in this area long before Lake Mead was even there. It would be a simple matter for the huge birds to follow the Colorado River up into the desert. Sea Gulls, being scavengers, can live on practically any type of food, and the desert offers them a multiple choice of insects, including those miserable black crickets Mr. Southworth mentioned.

Oh, how I wished the Sea Gulls had flown from the Lake into the Vegas area the year we were invaded with those crunchy, little crickets. Yuk! I walked around with rubber bands on my ankles so they wouldn't jump up my legs.

But back to the Gulls. They can live on fresh or salt water—either one suits them fine. They have a gland in their nostrils that absorbs excess salt, and with a shake of their head the birds are rid of it. That's how 80,000 of them live on the islands of the Great Salt Lake, for that water is six times saltier than any ocean water.

Sea Gulls are long-lived birds, sociable in habits and breed in colonies. They lay two or three eggs as an average, so it doesn't take long for a colony to outgrow an area. Since the birds are capable of long-distance flying it would be no problem for say, half of them to break away and look for a better boarding-house. Banded birds from Europe are found very often in the United States, and that's no short hop.

So, as a result, Sea Gulls have roamed the world at will, and most certainly are all over the state of Nevada. Just last June we trailed them from Vegas to

Reno. On other trips into northern Nevada, we never passed a body of water but we saw flocks of these birds. They are really graceful in the air as they twist and turn and ride the air currents. Now on the ground it's a different story—they look a little yukky, 'cause they ain't too clean and man are they noisy! But in the air they seem to feel the changes in the wind direction before it ever hits, and bend or extend those long delicate wings to keep them on level flight.

We desert people all like our sand and cactus, the rocks and mesquite, ghost towns and pioneer history. It's primitive no doubt about it—but it also gives us a peaceful existence and the opportunity to recharge our batteries. But the few times a "Desert Rat" does get itchy footed and needs a change of scenery, a quick ride to Lake Mead provides it. You can rest on the shore or pier, and relax while the Sea Gulls go through their noisy, aerial flights. So the Gulls are very much an extra benefit in our desert.

Their sharp eyes never miss a fish or piece of popcorn and as a result, there's less garbage in their areas. It's just too bad they don't develop a taste for plastic or aluminum cans, then we'd have that problem solved too.

And smart—Sea Gulls are very smart. It takes a Gull chick almost five years to reach maturity so guess they do learn a bit in that time. And they can get to be 20 to 40 years old too. Just a little while of observing their behavior—the way they outfox one another when it comes to food, the way they take advantage of air currents, you know they've got a type of intelligence. I watched one huge hull fly across part of the salty Pacific Ocean to get a drink of fresh water from a fishing pier faucet. Salt glands or not, he knew where the good water was and flew a mile to get it.

But I also watched a flock of Sea Gulls in the middle of the desert do a very puzzling thing. Still haven't figured it out. We have a swampy area between Henderson and Las Vegas where many desert creatures live. The Sea Gulls fly about 15 miles from Lake Mead to browse around the swamp for food. And at least once a year there is a big fire out there—dry weeds, sagebrush, etc.,—and the smoke billows and the fire smolders, sometimes for days.

So as usual one year, it caught fire. I could see the smoke from North Las Vegas, and of course read the papers and heard about it on TV news. Two days and it was still smoldering and you could see the clouds of greyish-black smoke all over our valley. Next day, we drove to work and just as we passed a vacant lot, beside one of our North Las Vegas casinos, I see Sea Gulls all over the area!

But they aren't flying. Two acres of sand and rock, very little vegetation and

every six feet there stands a Sea Gull with wings folded. And that sand had to be hot, because it was 110 degrees in the shade that morning already. (Naturally that's an exaggeration.) But their web feet were planted firmly on the sand and all the Gulls were facing eastward.

Now I'm slow to wake up—the first two hours of the morning I can outsnarl a Bobcat. But I lost my lousy disposition as I insisted number one husband pull the car over and " . . . let's see what the heck these Gulls are doing." They never blinked an eye at the intrusion, just kept staring toward the southeast—toward the smoke clouds we finally realized. Nothing seemed to ruffle their feathers and they didn't even pay any attention to the insects that live on that vacant lot.

We watched them for 30 minutes and they didn't move. I came back on my lunch hour and they were still there. We came that way again late that night, and I'll swear none of them had even shifted their webbed feet!

Two days the Lake Mead Sea Gulls occupied that area—and for two days I went nuts trying to figure out why. Finally the fire was out, the smoke was gone, and so were the Sea Gulls, evidently back to the Lake.

Now why? The fire was not endangering the Lake—besides it's a big, big lake surrounded by umpteen miles and miles of empty desert. (Empty in the sense of no one to interfere with a Sea Gull's existence, because the desert is never empty to me.) But they could have chosen many closer spots if they were really worried about the fire. Did the leader Gull squawk . . . "Hey, let's fly over to North Las Vegas and watch the smoke?" Why didn't they eat for two days? Why did they just stand around? What purpose did they have in mind?

Well—maybe I can't answer all of those questions, and maybe some of our desert Gulls are just plain weird, and they may also be symbolic to most people of the sea—but they're here—all over the state of Nevada. Come on over and see 'em, and our mountains and deserts and lakes and rivers and beautiful blue skies and the fantastic sunrises and fabulous sunsets and any and everything else you might be interested. And I'm glad Mr. Southworth wrote that delightful article about Utah Sea Gulls, 'cause it gave me the opportunity to brag about the Nevada desert. □

EXPLORING ROC

A Father and Son Enjoy A 3-Day Wild

by MICHAEL D. SMITH

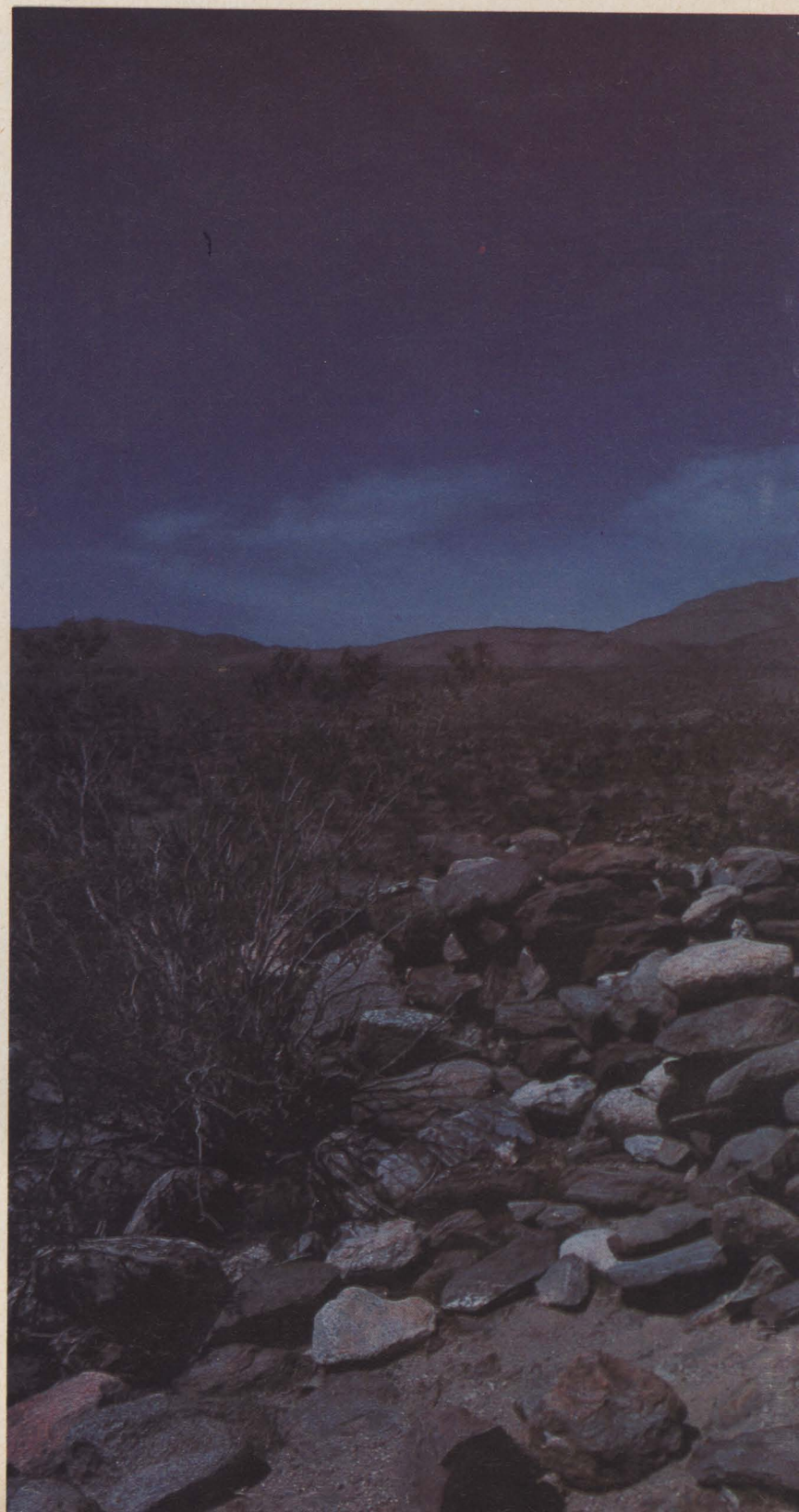
GOLD NUGGETS worth $18,000 were found in his mine, claimed Nicolas Swartz, before leaving for Chicago. He died there and his mine was never located again. He had lived in a rock-house after which the canyon and valley were named. I assume Nicolas Canyon in the northwest corner of the valley was named after Mr. Swartz himself.

That was 1906. Seventy-odd years later I was hunting for something that was easy to find in Nicolas Swartz's time. Escape. Escape from the crowds, tensions and pressures of the city. I wanted to take my 11-year-old son Jimmy where we could backpack unaccompanied by the weekend crowds. In Southern California this isn't easy to do.

After studying our maps we decided the Rockhouse Valley might be just what we were looking for. It was in our favorite winter camping and backpacking area: Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. And this was one corner of the park we hadn't visited.

To get to the Rockhouse area we turned left on a paved road just east of the Pegleg Smith Historical Marker on the Borrego-Salton Seaway. The pavement quickly turns into a washboarded dirt road. When the road forks, near Clark Dry Lake, stay to the left. The huge network of contraptions on the lake bed is a radio telescope that the University of Maryland uses to listen to outer space. After driving up Clark Valley for ten miles there is a sign it is four miles to the canyon mouth, the last two of which are best negotiated with a high-centered vehicle. Although I have seen a Volkswagen that could drive between the boulders, I had to drive over them to make it to the end.

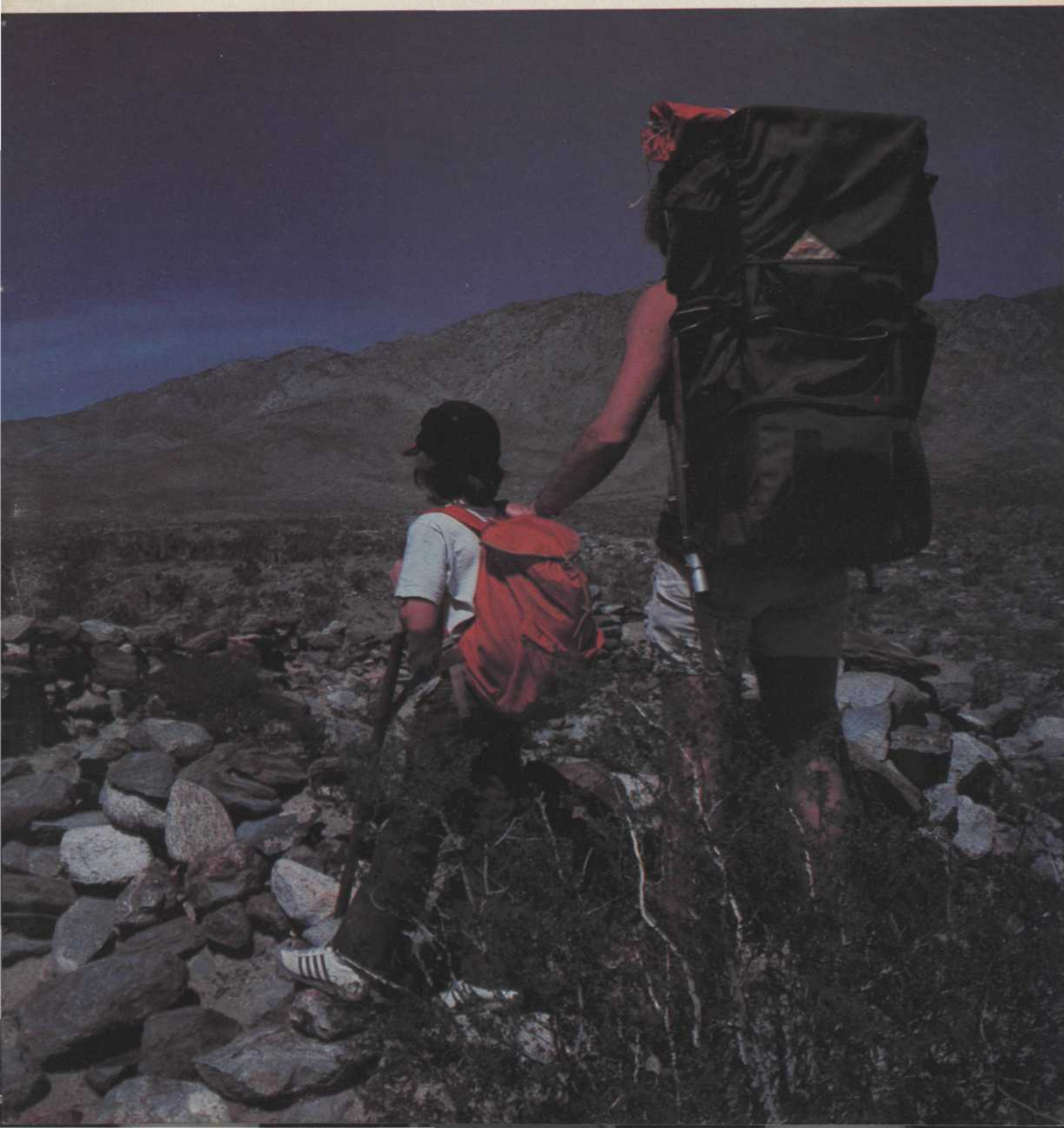
We were excited to see that ours was the only vehicle at the roadend. With so

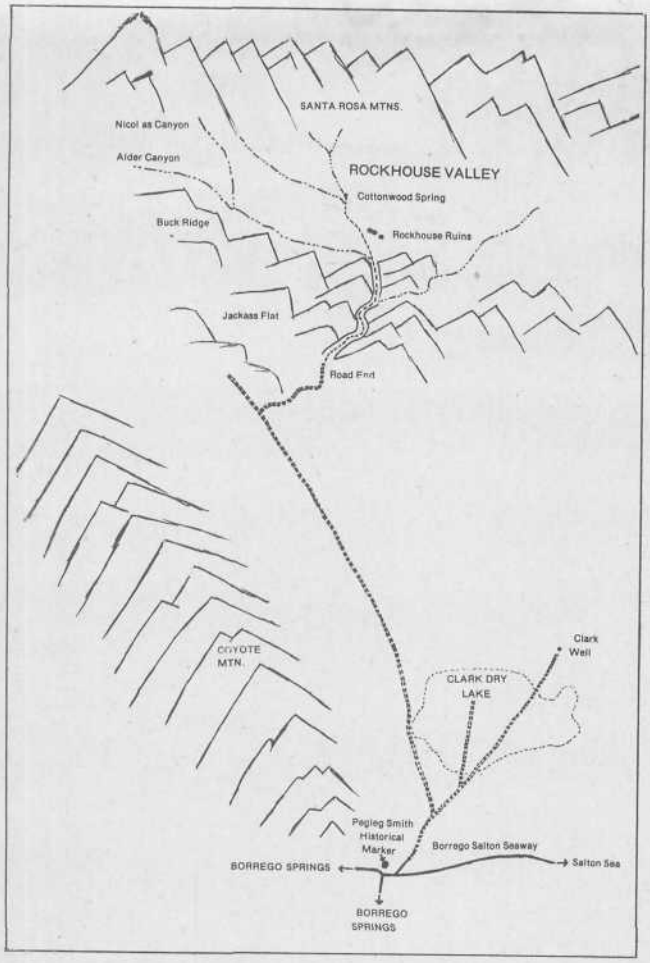


Author and son, Jimmy, pause at one of three rockhouse remains.

KHOUSE VALLEY

lerness Hike in A Quiet Desert Valley





Below: A close-up view of the rockhouse ruins that provided shelter for early-day prospectors.

many people trying to "get away from it all" these days, I'm often disappointed to find how many "brought it all" to the same places I did. It was a brisk January desert morning. We quickly locked our truck and hoisted our packs into place. My enthusiasm dipped slightly when I felt the weight of my pack.

When we studied the map before the trip, we noticed there was only one spring in Rockhouse Valley. It was Cottonwood Spring near the rockhouse ruins. We were currently experiencing a drought in California and had learned in the past that some springs have a habit of drying up or no longer exist. Consequently, we carried eight quarts of water.

Backpacking in a possibly dry area requires different techniques than hiking in the stream-filled mountains. First of all, I only attempt these hikes in the winter months and when possible try to reach our destination before the midday sun reaches its peak. I keep track of how much water we use to arrive at our destination and make sure we have at least that much to get back. I carry two Oasis canteens that have the handy clip that hooks on my belt or pocket and Jimmy carries one. This gets some of the weight off our shoulders.

We eliminate as many items as possible to offset the added weight of the water. Initially I forego cooking. This conserves water and the stove and fuel are not needed. The advantages of freeze-dried food are seriously diminished when you have to carry the water to rehydrate same. Our basic menu consisted of homemade jerky, canned tuna, hard-boiled eggs, honey, granola, and assorted nuts, dried fruits and candy.

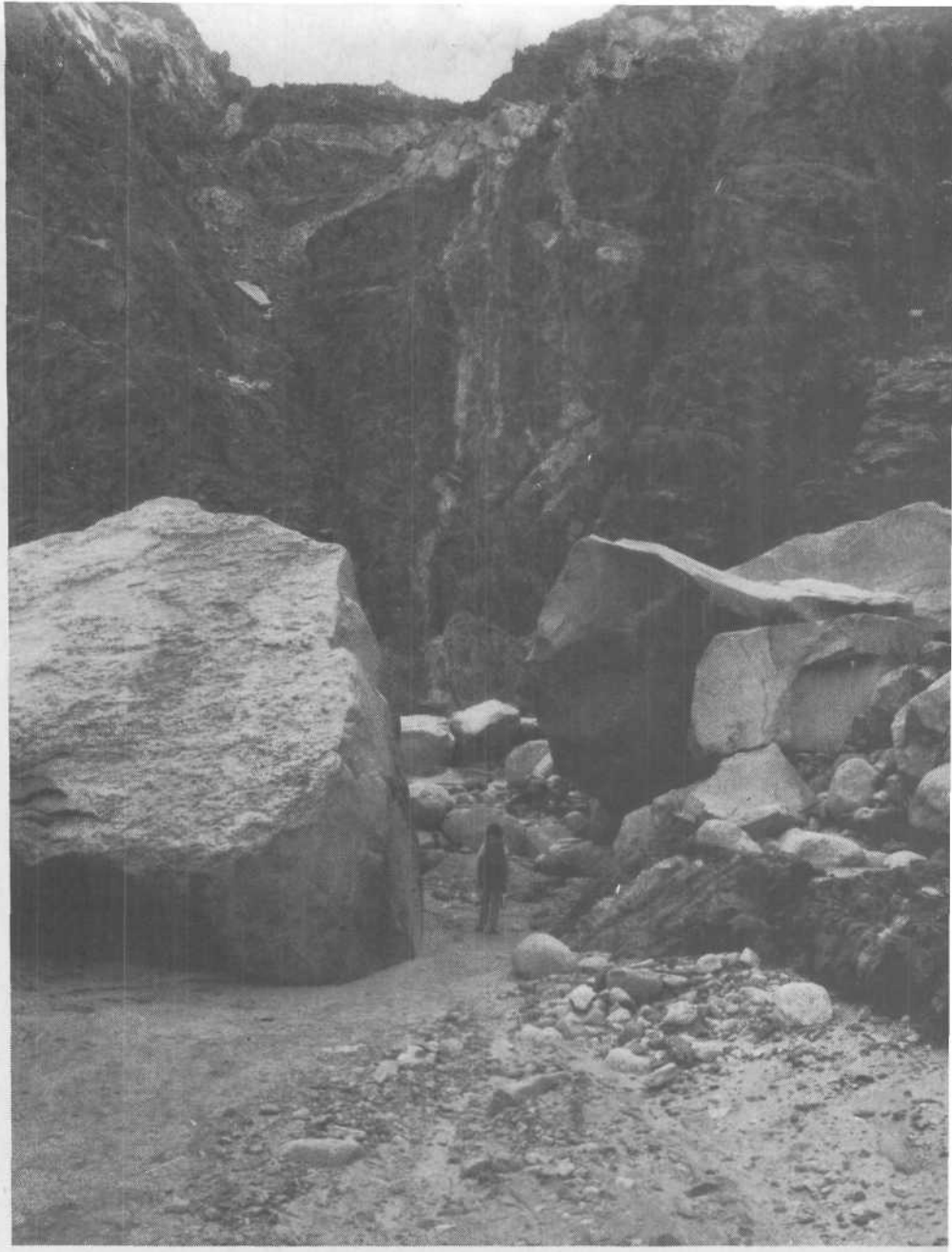
I've discovered, though I miss hot meals and drinks, that the joy of not cooking gives me a new found freedom while camping. It also gives us another luxury to look forward to when we get back to the city.

We weren't looking forward to the city just yet. The thrill of starting into the canyon and not knowing what was ahead soon eased my burden. I could tell by the look on Jimmy's face that he was excited, too. He has just reached the age where he enjoys hiking and takes pride in his ability to keep up.

After one quarter of a mile we came to Hidden Spring. It had stopped flowing and only contained about a gallon of water in a small basin. There was a regiment of honey bees guarding the perimeter and hovering over this valuable desert commodity. I was glad we carried our own and hoped Cottonwood Spring would be more productive.

The first tree we came to was a desert willow. It wouldn't have been noticed in a forest, but here alone in the canyon it had the limelight. I showed Jimmy how to identify a desert willow and we continued into the canyon.

The canyon walls steepened and narrowed as the trail snaked between them. Shortly we arrived at a dry waterfall about 30 feet high. We climbed up the right side of the canyon wall with some difficulty due to our cumbersome packs. This was the only place that offered any real obstacle. We discovered on the way



Little Jimmy Smith is dwarfed by immense boulders on the hike into Rockhouse Valley.

out that if we had backtracked a bit and gone up the left side, it would have been far easier.

One of the highlights of our canyon walk was a beautiful collared lizard. It scurried across the canyon floor and stopped on a rock while I got out my 300mm. lens. Camera ready, it posed patiently until I finished, then continued on its way.

As we approached the head of Rockhouse Canyon we saw an occasional juniper to attest to our elevation gain. I was telling Jimmy of the different uses the Indians had for the juniper trees when Rockhouse Valley came into view.

It was a vast alluvial funnel laced with canyons and dry washes which converged at the head of Rockhouse Canyon. The landscape was covered with a miniature forest of ocotillo, yucca and agave stalks amidst wind-sculptured boulders. The mighty Santa Rosas formed the backdrop with 8,716-foot Toro Peak at the zenith.

I took out my compass and topo map to locate Cottonwood Spring. These are two necessities, especially when venturing off the trail or hiking cross-country. I recommend buying a good compass with a small booklet of instructions. I often use my instruction booklet to refresh my memory. We all know the features of the desert can appear very similar—a fact that many a seasoned prospector learned the hard way.

The cottonwood tree or trees for which the spring was named had completely disappeared. Worse yet, the spring was dry. We were glad we carried an adequate water supply.

We decided to set up our tent in some soft sand about 50 yards north of the dry spring. The soft sand allows one to leave out his air mattress or sleeping pad. The tent was thrown in after a last minute rain forecast. A forecast proven false by beautiful 76 degree January days. This would be our base camp. We felt so buoyant after removing our packs that we couldn't wait to go exploring.

Our first trek was to see the rockhouse ruins. The ruins are about 700 yards southeast of the spring. On some maps they are mistakenly marked as Old Santa Rosa. Old Santa Rosa Indian site is two and one-half miles northwest of the spring at the base of the mountains. I helped Jimmy plot a course on the map and gave him the compass. He led the way over hills and through small dry washes.

"There they are," he yelled. Kit Carson couldn't have done any better.

Each of the three rock houses had the same floor plan—roughly an 8x10 room. Just enough to give the prospectors a place to sleep and eat out of the weather. Cottonwood Spring must have been more productive in those days. The most luxurious of the three had a fireplace. It also was the best preserved. The mud-chinked wall still stood about four feet high.

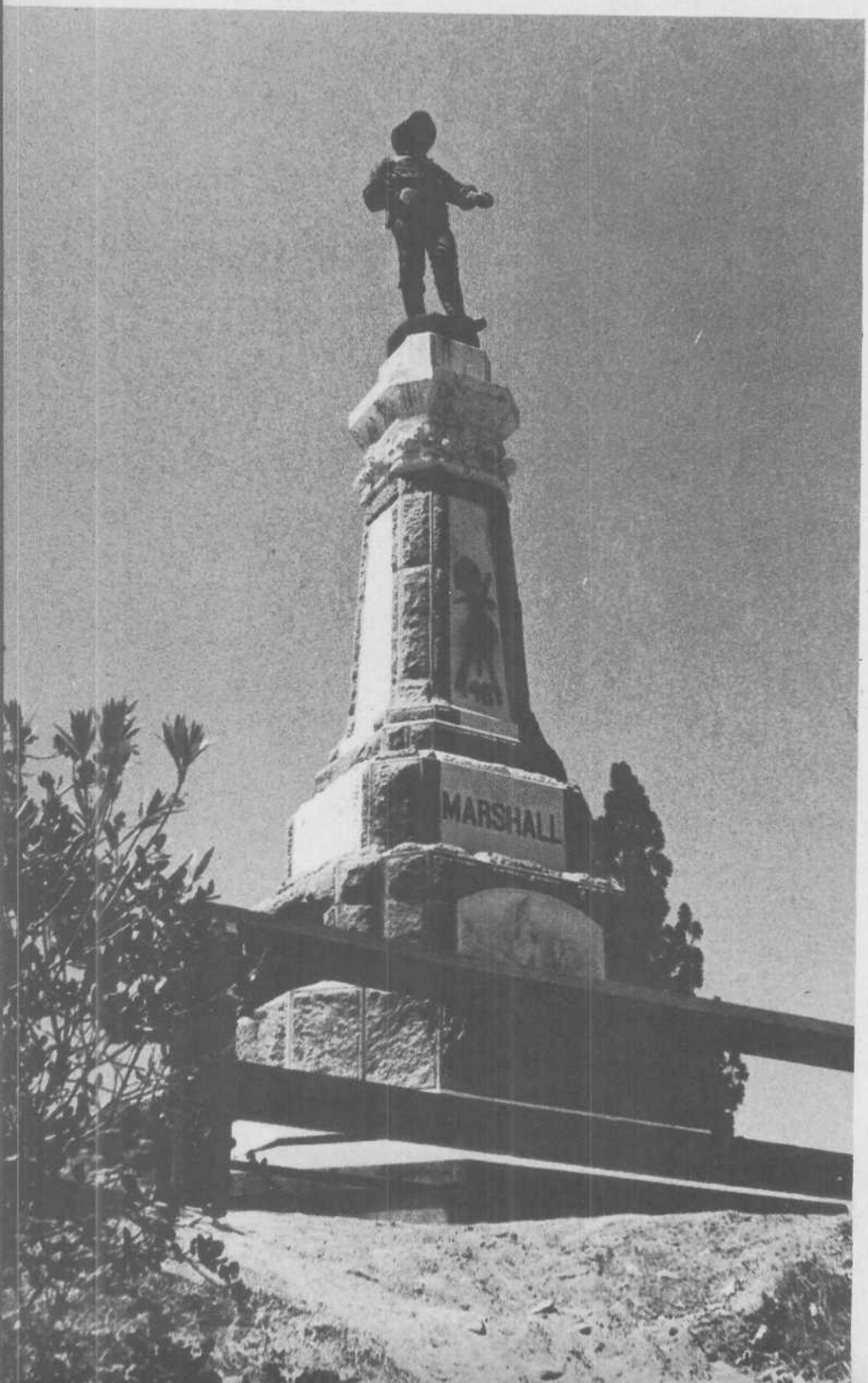
And so we spent our three days. Taking turns leading the other on small excursions. Each crest of a hill or bend in a canyon or wash hid a place we had never seen. It was hard to believe there were ten million people within a 150-mile radius of our camp, yet we would spend three days without seeing one of them.

As with most desert wanderers, I always entertain the possibility of stumbling across a lost treasure. Whether its value be monetary or sentimental, it could range from a pile of gold to an old bottle discarded long ago. But the treasure I found on this trip was gradually felt, not seen. Being together constantly for three days caused feeling to be expressed that seldom made it through the interference in the city. Like the desert willow, Jimmy had the limelight and we crossed bridges together that will remain forever remembered. □

Desert GHOSTS

by HOWARD NEAL

Coloma, California



The story of Coloma is, in a sense, the story of two men. Two men who formed a partnership that led to disaster for both. They were John August Sutter and James Wilson Marshall.

John Sutter was born in 1803, in Burgdorf, Switzerland. As a young merchant, with a new family, he always seemed to spend much more than he could earn. Facing tremendous debts, and the possibility of debtors' prison, he decided to abandon his family, his business and his country to sail across the Atlantic for a new life in America.

For five years Sutter traveled through what is now the western United States, Mexico, Canada and even Hawaii, before arriving in Monterey, California, in 1839. In Monterey he proclaimed himself "Captain" Sutter, and largely on the strength of his imagined rank, was granted nearly 50,000 acres of land in California's great inland valley. With the land grant in hand, "Captain" Sutter boldly announced plans for the creation of a new colony to be called New Helvetia.

Within a few years, much of Sutter's land was cleared, crops and orchards were planted and a fort was built near the confluence of the Sacramento and American Rivers. Sutter's Fort, with its shops, large kitchen, bakery and fine living quarters, became a favorite stopping place for travelers moving west, across the Sierra, to the Pacific slope.

Sutter had the dream of being master of a vast empire, and the dream was coming true.

James Marshall had a similar dream. It was one shared by many Americans of

James Marshall died in abject poverty on August 10, 1885. His body was buried on the hill above his cabin. In 1890, a large monument was erected above his grave.

his day. It was the dream of a new life in the West.

Born in New Jersey in 1810, Marshall had been trained as a carpenter and a wheelwright by his father. He had spent a decade moving west when he arrived at Sutter's Fort in the summer of 1845.

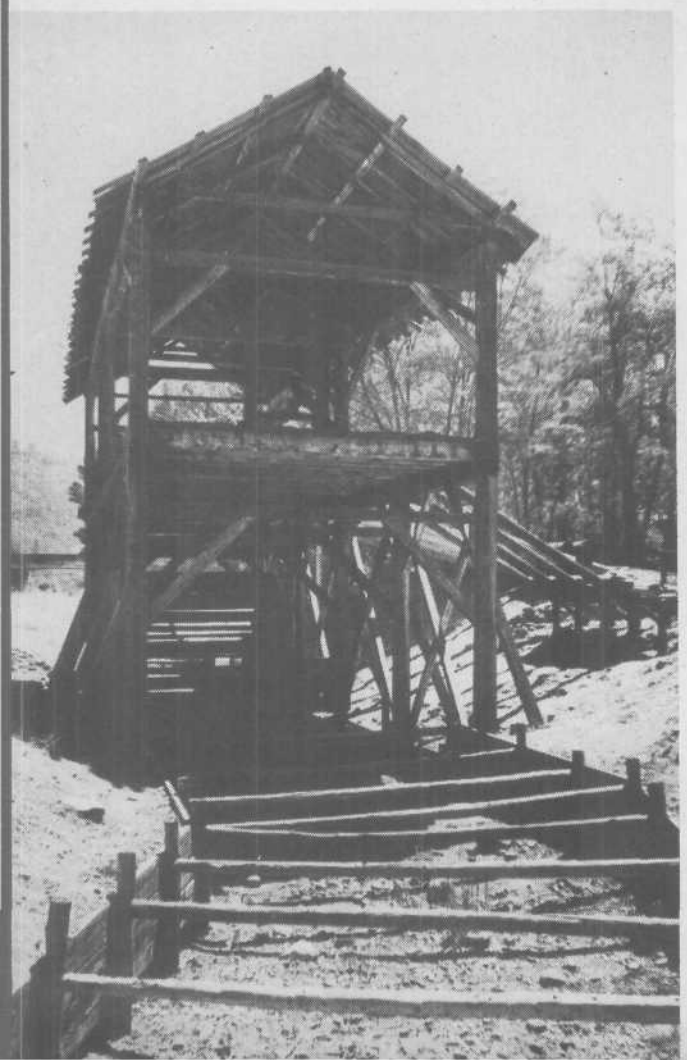
Shortly after Marshall's arrival at New Helvetia he became a carpenter in Sutter's employ. In the summer of 1847, though, Sutter decided that he needed lumber to expand his enterprises. As a result, he entered into a partnership with Marshall. Together they would build a sawmill.

The site selected was on the south fork of the American River. It was in the Sierra foothills, some 50 miles from Sutter's Fort. The spot, on a bend in the river, was called Culluma by the Indians. Sutter provided the men and the money for the project. Marshall was the project leader and, by contract, had a quarter interest in any lumber produced.

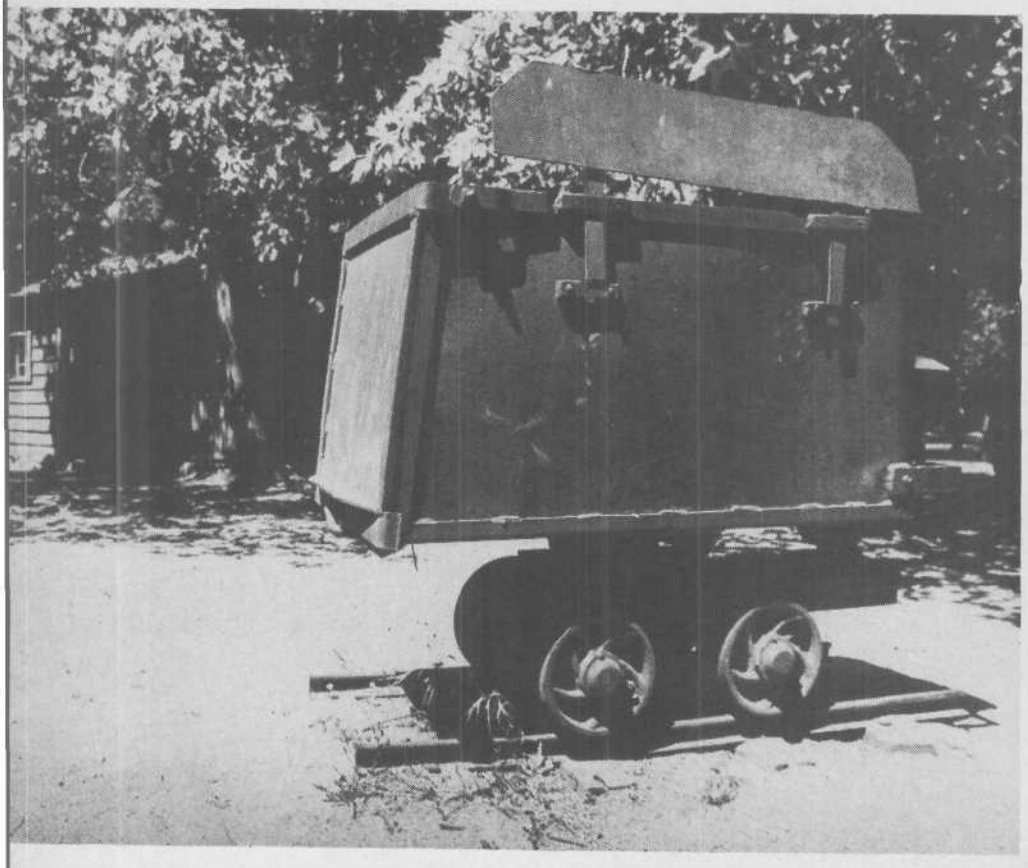
By January of 1848 the mill structure was nearly completed. Only one major problem remained. Water was not flowing correctly through the ditch, or tailrace, which had been dug so that the river water could turn the large mill wheel. On the morning of January 24, Marshall inspected the tailrace.

While walking through the shallow, man-made stream, he noticed a bright object on a rock under about six inches of the icy water. Then, he noticed others. Reaching down, he picked up a few small flakes. It was gold! Marshall had made the discovery that would change his life, Sutter's life and the lives of thousands.

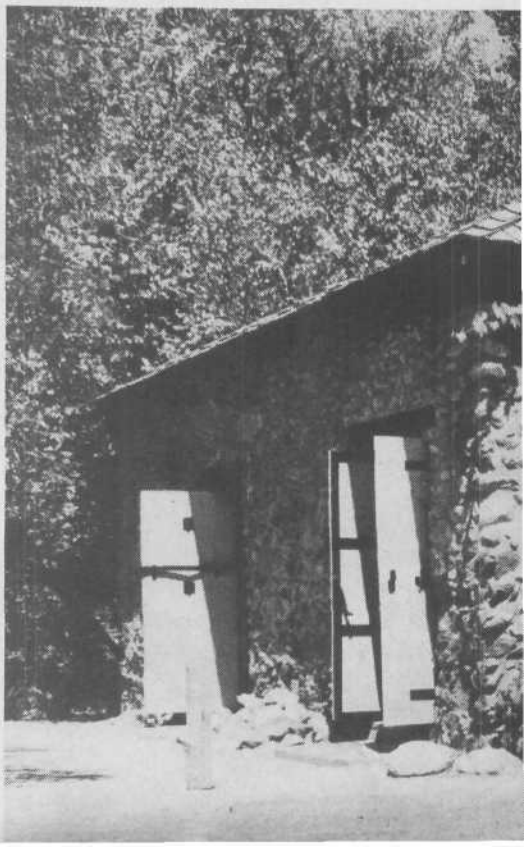
Gold had been discovered in California before. In 1842, Mexicans had found the precious metal in a canyon near the small pueblo of Los Angeles, and a party of American imigrants, moving to California, had found a few small nuggets in a stream near the Yuba River. Neither event, though, brought about the stampede caused by Marshall's discovery. Marshall, of course, did not know it at the time, but his actions on



Planned as a railroad hotel, an impressive structure [above] was built on Pilot Hill, six miles north of Coloma, by Alexander Bayley. When the railroad took another route, it became known as "Bayley's Folly." It was in the tailrace of Sutter's Mill [left], that James Marshall made the discovery that led to the California Gold Rush. A replica of the original mill stands in Marshall Gold Discovery State Historic Park.



James Marshall's cabin [left] still stands on a hill above Coloma. A few steps from his front door he could see the American River and the spot he made his famous gold discovery. Although placer mining was employed at Coloma, many displays at the State Park [lower left] show the tools used in all types of gold mining. Among these are the ore car illustrated, stamp mills and hydraulic mining equipment. A stone "Chinese Store" [below], dating from around 1860, was one of the few Coloma buildings to survive a disastrous fire in 1880. A number of the buildings that did survive still stand today.



that January morning in 1848 would change the face of California and the United States.

Following the discovery, and Sutter's confirmation that gold could really be found in quantity in the sands of the American River, Marshall and Sutter had two immediate goals. First, they wanted to get clear title to the land on which the discovery had been made. Second, they wanted to keep the discovery a secret. They failed at both.

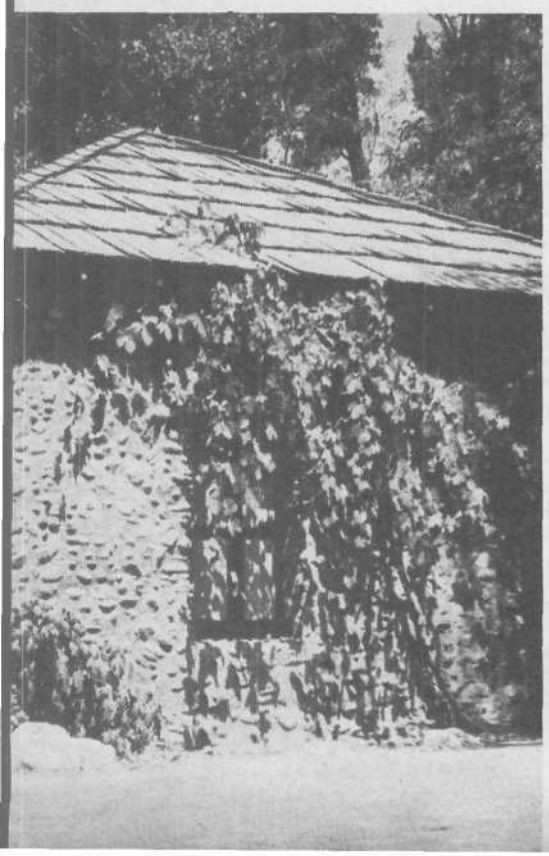
In an attempt to get title, Sutter made a treaty with the local Indian tribe, but the Governor in Monterey would neither recognize the treaty nor grant title himself. There was even less success at trying to keep the gold a secret. First, the word was passed among the workers at the mill. Next, the discovery was known by all at Sutter's Fort. Within days the cry of "Gold!" was heard as far away as San Francisco and Monterey. The California Gold Rush had started.

California's gold made many men wealthy. It made paupers of two.

The first to suffer was John August Sutter. His employees first abandoned his mill, then his fort and finally all of New Helvetia. Making little from the gold, his dream of empire collapsed. His crops and orchards were abandoned and his herds died in the fields. Greedy gold seekers trampled his land and even claimed squatters rights on his property.

Sutter again found himself deeply in dept. Land sales, including the sale of his fort, helped for a while, but by 1851 he had lost all of his property except a small farm on the Feather River. John Sutter was a broken man. New Helvetia was no more.

James Wilson Marshall's fate was no better than Sutter's. As the Argonauts moved in to pan for gold on the shores of the American River, Marshall demanded a share of any of the metal taken from what he considered to be his property. At first the miners laughed. Later, in anger, they drove him from the land.



Moving to other streams in the Sierra foothills, he tried to quietly become a miner himself. Wherever he went, he was quickly recognized, followed and spied upon. He was literally harrassed by others who hoped to be nearby when he made his next big discovery. Marshall, a bitter man, eventually became an eccentric recluse.

While the destinies of Sutter and Marshall moved inevitably from apparent wealth to poverty, a mining town was born, grew and prospered. The community on the banks of the American River at Sutter's Mill was called Coloma.

Coloma was, of course, the first important California Gold Rush town. It boomed quickly and within a few years was on its path toward decline.

By the summer of 1848, Coloma could boast a population of 2,000 and nearly 300 permanent structures. A year later 10,000 were living in the mining camp. It was a big, booming town, with big, booming prices. Gold dust was the currency, and such items as boots, shirts, picks and shovels sold for as much as $50 apiece. Coloma became the first model of many camps which grew, flourished and died along the Mother Lode. By the time 1851 came to a close Coloma had started its downward trek. Richer placers could be found in other Sierra streams, and elsewhere, actual hardrock mining of the Mother Lode was underway. In 1870 Coloma could only claim 200 permanent residents.

Today, Coloma is still a small, tree-shaded community on the bank of the south fork of the American River. More than half the town lies within the boundary of Marshall Gold Discovery State Historic Park, run by the California Department of Parks and Recreation. The park includes a museum, a replica of Sutter's Mill, many structures dating from gold rush days and a number of very interesting outdoor displays.

Any California history buff should visit Coloma, "The place where it all began." He should remember, though, that not all who found gold in the river sands found wealth.

Coloma is located on California State Highway 49, seven miles north of Placerville and approximately 50 miles east of Sacramento. □

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO

by CHARLES GARRETT

This is one of the old buildings that still stand at the old townsite of Spring Creek, Colorado.

About the author: Noted treasure hunter, author, publisher and metal detector manufacturer, Charles Garrett of Dallas, Texas, a lover of the great outdoors brings us his impression of Cripple Creek, Colorado.

UNTIL I visited Cripple Creek, Colorado I thought time machines existed only in comic strips or in science fiction TV series. Now I know, however, that there are in fact five time machines. One each sits right square in the middle of the five roads that lead into Cripple Creek. If you drive along any one of these roads you will be brought smack dab into the middle of the turn-of-the-century, honest-to-goodness gold mining town—Cripple Creek, Colorado, the town where time stood still.

The old brick buildings lined up on both sides of the downtown business district look pretty much the same as they did seventy-odd years ago. Hundreds of homes, richly adorned with gingerbread, still line the residential streets. Some are in such a perfect state of preservation that you would think they were built only yesterday. About a dozen beautiful old church buildings are still in use today. These buildings attest to the fact that not all early day inhabitants of Cripple Creek condoned saloons, gambling halls and bawdy houses. There are only a few of the old saloons remaining, complete with their original bars, brass rails and spittoons. At some you can walk right up and order something to quench your thirst.

A visit to the Old Homestead, one of the well-known "houses" of that day, is a must. Each of the "entertainment" rooms, the parlor and the back room where businessmen made and lost fortunes is decorated as nearly as possible with the original furnishings. Everything in the Old Homestead museum today is almost like it was 75 years ago. If you decide to visit the Old Homestead, I hope that your guide is the same young lady who escorted our group through the old "hotel." She led us through the building, describing some of the early day ladies and the gentlemen who called upon them and some of the events that took place. The sparkle in her eye, the enthusiasm in her voice, and the apparent absorption in what she was saying made me think that the girl almost be-

lieved she was in the time period she so vividly described and had lived the life she was narrating!

If your guide fails to mention Pearl La Vere, by all means ask her to tell you the story. Pearl lived at the Old Homestead 'way back in about 1895. Her lover was a man from Denver. She walked on a cloud all one day after receiving a telegram from him stating that he would see her that night. There are several versions of the story from this point on, but the one I like the best is that undoubtedly there was a "lover's quarrel." Perhaps the man told her he no longer cared. Pearl went to her room and took an overdose of opium. She did not live through the night. The next day all of her friends, many townspeople, and the town band walked solemnly behind the hearse as the girl was carried to the graveyard. The girl must somehow have been special because she was buried on the side of the hill facing the town. All the other "soiled doves" were buried on the back side of the hill! As the girl was lowered into the grave, a few words were spoken to attest to her gentleness in the world that she shared with a few close friends. Perhaps it was the dying girl's wish, who knows, but the sadness of the event was short-lived because on the way back into town the band struck up the tune, "There'll Be A Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight!"

After you leave the girl's gravesite, drive out of the cemetery, turn left at the main road and drive on to Mt. Pisgah. No visit to Cripple Creek would be complete without a drive to the top of Mt. Pisgah where you will be rewarded with a 360-degree panorama of the beautiful countryside. Perhaps you will be lucky that day to find Mr. Wilkinson on top of the mountain. Mr. Wilkinson and his wife own Mt. Pisgah and the campground below, and as my family and I reached the top of the mountain, he was there to meet us. He is a retired postman who was born and has lived in Cripple Creek all of his life. He remembers much about the early days, and it is with fondness in his heart that he describes well-remembered events and points of various places of interest from the top of the mountain.

"There is the old racetrack right down there," he'll say. "I can remember when thousands of people came out from Cripple Creek, Victor, Altman and other

This is one of the many beautiful church buildings that still stands in the old town of Cripple Creek. Some of the church buildings were built so well back in the late 1800s that they remain to this day in perfect condition.

towns to bet on the horses and watch them run. Do you see that old building, 'way over there in the valley between the two mountains? That's about all that's left of the old ghost town of Spring Creek. It flourished in the days when Cripple Creek was in its heyday. Spring Creek was almost as large as Cripple Creek, but now only a few buildings stand and only a few memories remain. In fact, most people have never heard of Spring Creek! It's a real mystery. When the gold supply ran out, the town dried up; the buildings disappeared. Why, there's not even a mention of Spring Creek in the town museum."

How right Mr. Wilkinson was. Later that day we asked the museum curator about Spring Creek. We hoped to find an old photograph of the town. I wanted to visit the townsite and use my metal detector to find some valuable relics of that by-gone era. As strange as it seems, there was no mention of Spring Creek, not even a map showing the old town.

It is a treasure hunter's dream to find an old ghost town that has never been worked with a metal detector. That was *my* dream early the next morning as I hiked a mile or so up the canyon toward the one lone building that Mr. Wilkinson had pointed out to me the day before. As I approached the old town site, I began to see more buildings hidden and nestled back up along the embankment on the opposite side of the creek from where I was walking. I found more than a dozen buildings and dugouts still standing, mostly out of sight among the trees. I was quite thrilled at the prospect of finding a place whre I knew there surely must exist hundreds of relics, old guns, knives, toys and other things buried beneath the soil or hidden in the old buildings. I spent a few minutes with my detector and found several old relics, a beautiful solid brass lock made in St. Louis, and enough other things to convince me that a metal detector had never been operated in Spring Creek. However, wanting to document my trip, I laid my detector aside to take photographs of all the old buildings.

After about 30 minutes, I was suddenly startled by a determined voice that said, "Get out of here!" I looked up to see an old woman, easily 80 years of age, dressed in black clothing, sitting on a horse across the creek. The old lady had a weatherbeaten appearance and a look in her eye that told me she meant business. Rather sheepishly I said, "Well, I'm only taking a few pictures." Quickly she retorted, "You didn't hear what I said, did you?" At the same time she shifted her right hand backward, exposing a six-shooter nestled comfortably in its holster. If ever there were a Calamity Jane and a Belle Starr wrapped up in one, this was surely her. I don't believe I panicked but I remember telling the lady very slowly that Mr. Wilkinson had directed me to this place and that he had told me he thought it would be O.K. if I took a look around. I know I must have breathed a sigh of relief when I saw the lady's features soften and she said, "Well, that may be, but I think you ought to get out of here." "Yes, ma'am," I said, as I began gathering my tripod, camera and metal detector for the fastest retreat that I have ever made!

The next day as I discussed this event with Mr. Wilkinson, he laughed a little and said, "Oh, yes, I know the lady. She doesn't own the place, but she has homesteaded it for many years and she thinks she does. I don't believe you were in any danger, but perhaps it's just as well you didn't try to press the issue and stay!"

Charles Garrett and his children [right] spent some time searching the townsite of Altman with detectors. One of the things they found was this two-ounce silver nugget that Charles is holding in his hand. The nugget laid there in the sands for 75 years until the sounds from the metal detector revealed its hiding place. This is a portion [center] of the townsite of Spring Creek, Colorado. Past the building seen in the foreground is where the Lady in Black said in a very determined tone, "Get out of here." Many fine houses like this one [bottom] are still in existence, creating the feeling that time stands still in Cripple Creek, Colorado! It was probably built by a very wealthy gold miner.

We spent several days visiting the ghosts of other old towns that were populated back in the days when Cripple Creek flourished. We visited Victor, in itself almost an equal to Cripple Creek. We visited Altman which was claimed by its inhabitants to be the highest town in Colorado. I admit the view from the mountaintop town was breathtaking. It was here that I found a two-ounce silver nugget with my detector. We spent some time panning gold from the stream that runs through Cripple Creek. We took the short train ride that runs on the same railway that carried ore from some of the Cripple Creek mines. We walked up into the mountains and down many of the streets of the old towns. We became truly fascinated by Cripple Creek and the surrounding area.

Since our first visit there we have returned many times. Each time we park our camper at Mr. Wilkinson's Mt. Pisgah campgrounds. He is always there to tell us new tales and to point us in a new direction to a place where we can discover the past. I encourage you to make a trip to Cripple Creek some day—the sooner the better, as the gold mining interests are buying up most of the property there and fences are closing off many of the old historical and fascinating places. Should you happen to see me there, be sure to give a yell. Perhaps we can walk back up into Spring Creek again and do some more exploring. Maybe the lady in black won't be there—or maybe she will! □

A simple magnifying lens [above] can open the doors to a fascinating new world of exploration and knowledge for young and old alike. Wherever we look during our roadside safari, we find a host of minikin creatures of countless sizes, shapes, colors, and habits, all of them busily going about their daily affairs. The honey bees [below] that we find buzzing around cactus blossoms during a roadside safari are probably the best known and most beneficial of all insects. Among the numerous foodproducing plants of California that depend primarily on wild or domestic bees for pollination are alfalfa, apples, almonds, apricots, artichokes, asparagus, barley, carrots, beets, cherries, celery, figs, cucumbers, melons, nectarines, oranges, oats, pears, peaches, plums—all these and many more.

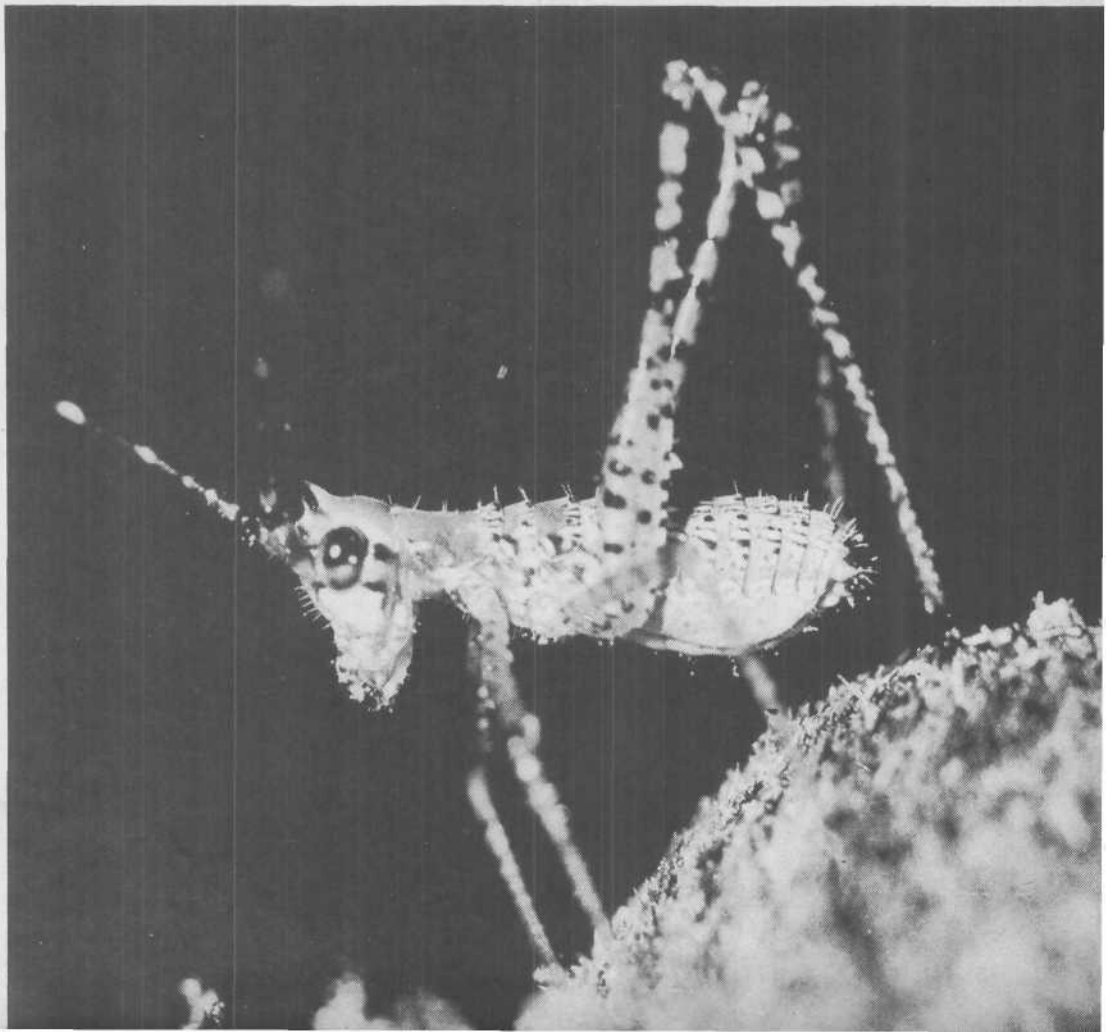
Roadside Safari

by C. WILLIAM HARRISON

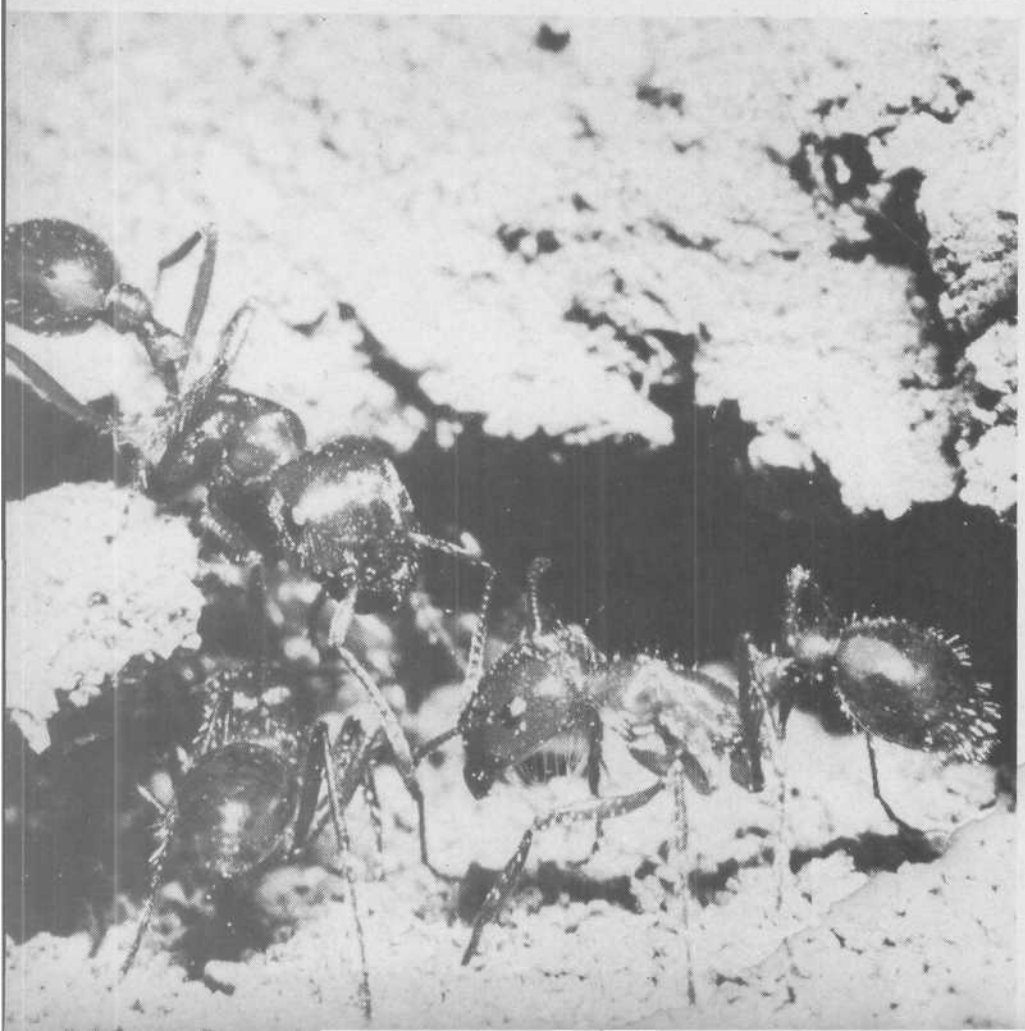
ALONG ALMOST every desert roadside there exists a frontier of nature which is often looked at but only rarely really seen. It is a forest of plants and animals that lies silent and secretive beneath our feet, and one that can be explored only on hands and knees through the eye-filling magic of a magnifying lens.

This wilderness of grass, weedlets, blossoms and buds is an ever-so-small universe that is inhabited by a host of seldom seen creatures that wriggle or creep on minikin feet, that vault here and there on springboard legs, or take to the air on elfin wings to search for a mate, for something to eat, or to escape from being eaten.

Through the miracle of a simple magnifyng glass, the stems and leaflets of grass and tiny weeds take on the startling appearance of a gargantuan forest of interwoven trunks, writhing vines, tangled twigs and rumpled fronds. We find ourselves peering into an alien world where grains of sand become jagged boulders, and where each bug or insect that comes into focus is transformed into a grotesque creature of primordial times, a monster in miniature. And indeed many of our 20th century insects and bugs are in fact primordial creatures, for they have existed virtually unchanged



Among the approximately 700,000 different species of insects that have been identified, some are farmers, fishermen, or miners, and others are hunters, trappers, or scavengers. In size, they range from a giant walking stick that measures some 15 inches in length down to beetles so microscopic that they can literally crawl through the eye of a needle. Some insects stalk their victims with movements so incredibly slow and deliberate that they seem not to be moving at all. Others, such as this tiger beetle [above], race across the hot sand of a desert streamside with a darting swiftness that is almost impossible for the human eye to follow. From birth to death, insects such as this immature grasshopper [right] are creatures surrounded by a multitude of mysteries. They do not have a nose, yet they smell. They have no ears on their head, yet they can hear. They have no lungs, yet they breathe. Their heart pumps blood, but unlike that of other creatures, it frequently reverses itself and pumps backward. Tiny and seemingly insignificant as these residents of deserts, grasslands, forests and streams are, it has been estimated that their combined weight exceeds that of all the earth's humans.



In the Middle Ages, the European cousins of this polka-dotted little beetle [left], which is often seen during a roadside safari, were so respected by peasants and farmers that they were dedicated to Our Lady, the Virgin Mary. Because of this, they are known in France as "the Cows of the Lord," and in Sweden as "the Virgin Mary's Golden Hens." Some of this aphid-devouring insect's other common names, all handed down from the distant past, are ladyfly, ladycow and, perhaps more familiarly to us, ladybuy, or ladybird. During the late 1800s, California's citrus trees were being killed off by the hundreds of thousands by a destructive insect pest known as cottony cushion scale. In 1888, an American entomologist visiting in Australia came across a species of the ladybird beetle which had a special appetite for scale insects. It was the importation of these scale-eating beetles, at a cost of only $1500, which rescued from annihilation the citrus industry that today is worth hundreds of millions annually. In numbers, ants [below] are the most abundant of all desert insects. And because they are gregarious animals, living and working together in colonies of from a few dozens to many thousands of individuals, their society of workers and warriors has often been compared with that of humans. Among one unique and fascinating species, the so-called honey ants of our southwestern deserts, the honeydew gathered by the workers is fed to certain members of the colony whose abdomens possess the ability to expand enormously. Functioning as living food storage vessels, these specialized individuals never leave the nest. Unable to walk because of their hugely bloated abdomens, they cling to the roof of their underground chamber, their sole purpose in life to regurgitate food on demand to hungry workers.

for some 200 million years, since long before the age of dinosaurs.

Equipped with a magnifying lens, a safari along a desert roadside requires both the patience of a hunter and a keen sense of curiosity. For there is far more to "little game hunting" than merely finding a bug or insect, watching it for a while, and then moving on to find another.

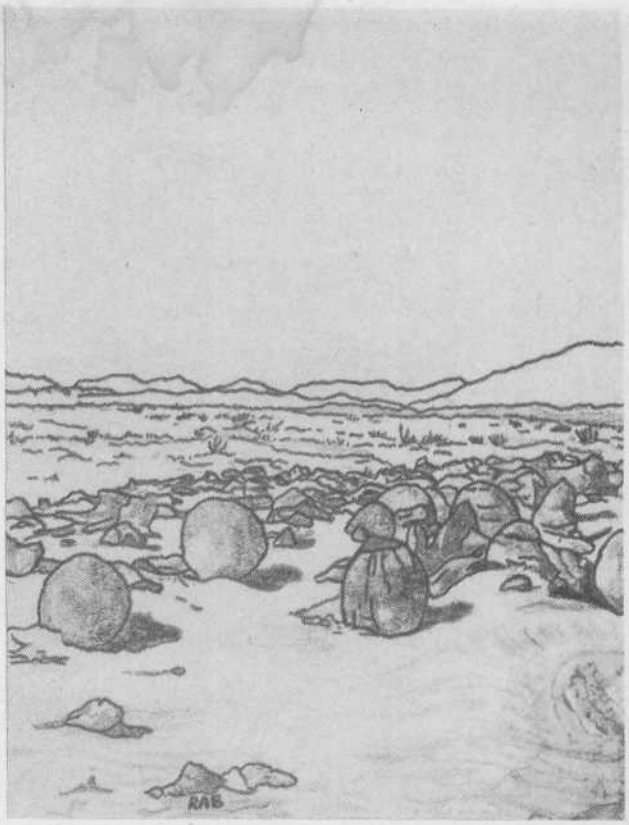
Only when we take the time and trouble to trail one of these tiny creatures as it makes its way through the grassblade jungle do we begin to unravel some of the fascinating secrets of its private life—what it eats and how it manages to escape being devoured by a hungry predator—where and how it was born, the miraculous manner in which it changes from one form to another as it becomes an adult, and how it mates in order to create new generations of its kind.

There is a never-ending drama of excitement and adventure to be seen and felt in nature's great panorama of life, death and rebirth among bugs and insects, but these unforgettable experiences come only to those who are willing to seek out and discover with alert eyes and questing mind. □

NO. 22 IN A SERIES ON CALIFORNIA PALM OASES

Una Palma

by DICK BLOOMQUIST



The remarkable rounded concretions of the Pumpkin Patch are located along Tule Wash a few miles southest of Una Palma. Pencil sketch by author.

FROM FIVE PALMS I began the brief roller-coaster hike up and down the mud hills to Una Palma, our final stop in Borrego's bewitching Badlands. This lone Washingtonia, whose Spanish name means "One Palm," is a staunch veteran some 33 feet tall with a pitted bole slightly over two feet in diameter, and ranks as one of the loftiest palms in the Badlands. I would guess it has seen at lease 150 summers come and go. How many redmen and burro prospectors have rested in its meager shade during those years?

One Palm strikes its roots on the bank of a small arroyo which joins Tule Wash not far downstream. The trunk, which lists slightly to the west, appeared to have been freshly burned when I first saw it late in 1972, for soot readily came off on my hand; the crown looked healthy, nonetheless. Alkali coats the ground at the oasis, but no moisture breaks the surface.

The country around Una Palma is uncommonly dry, yet its spell is deep. One of my most rewarding desert hikes took place in this sector of the Badlands back in 1965. From base camp at Barrel Spring near Ocotillo Wells, I tramped northeasterly to the fossil deposits of Shell Reef and on to the Pumpkin Patch concretions along Tule Wash, then northwesterly to Seventeen Palms by way of Tule Wash and Five Palms. From Seventeen Palms I planned to return to camp by the most direct route, which meant traversing the extensive mud hills south of the waterhole. There was a chance that some of the slopes might prove too steep, but I would attempt the crossing, at least.

From the tops of the first hills I climbed, could been seen the mesquite-covered dunes at Barrel Spring, six miles distant as the crow flies. There were some abrupt pitches at the beginning, yet the footing was good, and by scrambling I was able to get up and over. Then I picked up the first slender drainage channels running toward the south. These embryonic washes were at first only inches wide, but wide enough to allow one foot to be put ahead of the other. The mud hills rose sharply on either side, and over large tracts not a single living thing grew. Slowly the channels broadened, becoming a foot wide, then two, until finally they were full-fledged arroyos. Vegetation began to appear more frequently, also. Soon the hills opened up, and the nearly level floor of the desert was just ahead.

The journey through the mud hills was a memorable one, memorable for the terrain itself and for the absolute naturalness of the landscape. Not a track or a signpost or a piece of litter broke the spell. It was good to feel this purity, for the desert is fragile and much of its appeal lies in total wildness.

Beginning with Palm Wash, we have now seen all six palm oases within the parched Borrego Badlands. Our next two groves will provide a sharp contrast indeed, for they lie in the best-watered region of the entire Anza-Borrego Desert. □

Una Palma Log

From Five Palms, visited in the preceding article in this series, Una Palma is visible a fraction of a mile off to the southwest, and can be reached after an easy hike of about ten minutes. Like Five Palms, it is within the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. To reach the oasis by vehicle, continue past Five Palms for one mile to Tule Wash. Turn right (turn left for the Pumpkin Patch concretions outside the Park boundary) and drive up Tule for another mile to a tributary marked "Una Palma" which comes in on the right. The lone palm is located two-tenths of a mile up this fork at an elevation of approximately 400 *feet above sea level.* ***Four-wheel-drive recommended.***

What's Cooking on the Desert?

by STELLA HUGHES

Sourdough Biscuits!

THERE IS no great secret or sorcery connected with the making of good sourdough bread, even though some cooks would lead you to believe there is. However, it did take skill and unbelievable ingenuity on the part of the old-time cow-camp cook to protect and keep his sourdough starter. The loss of a starter was classified as a major calamity. It might mean a long trip to a neighboring ranch to borrow another, for virtually every meal drew on the starter for loaves of bread, bisuits and hotcakes. Some cooks even made cakes and cookies from sourdough.

The old-time roundup cook usually kept his sourdough in a wooden keg or crock. Sourdough should never be kept in a tin or galvanized container. Into this container, each day, the cook mixed necessary proportions of flour and water and set in a warm place to ferment, often taking the well-wrapped keg to bed with him on cold nights.

Almost all old-time cooks mixed their dough in a dishpan of flour. Making a well in the middle of the flour, they would pour in the starter, additional water, sugar and salt, and began mixing by turning in small handfuls of flour as they spun the dishpan around. They wouldn't have known how to get a good "scald" on their bread, making it any other way.

I've seen more than one cow-camp cook make his biscuits right in the top of the flour sack. They would then pinch off biscuits and put them in the Dutch oven. No mixing bowl, no breadboard, no rolling pin. Simple, but try it sometime, It looks easy, but sure isn't.

Sometimes the starter was left too long in the keg and would sour to the point of stinking to high heaven. The cook would pour off some of the old stuff, add some warm water and a cup of flour and be back in production again. Or he might sweeten the starter by adding a pinch of soda. Some very stupid cooks put back in the starter leftover pancake dough containing eggs and such. In no time at all the starter became a billious yellow and smelled like a cross between a skunk and a slaughter house.

I've read of several accounts of sourdough starters that had been kept going for years on end. I don't know why, when it is so easy to make a new starter from materials on hand, without benefit of commercial yeast. The only reason the chuck wagon cooks hated to lose their starter was because it takes from three to five days before a new starter is lively enough to begin using.

Sourdough, used for leavening in bread, goes back to the time of Christ. It's unknown who the first people were that discovered flour, or meal, with water added, and left in the open, would ferment and start bubbling and "working." Later, yeast was discovered, and now manufactured yeast has all but displaced the lowly sourdough crock behind the stove.

In the last few years there has been a surge of new interest in the old methods of cooking, and sourdough seems to head the list. So now, sourdough starters, dried and packaged, can be purchased by mail order. There are recipe books written on sourdough cookery. Old-time sourdough crocks came back on the market and are available in many large city stores.

The "wilderness" yeast is the simplest form of sourdough. To begin, take one cup of milk in a glass jar or crock and allow to stand at room temperature for 24 hours. Then stir in one cup of flour. Cover with cheesecloth and place outside for several hours. Wild yeast cells floating in the air hasten fermentation. It might take two to four days, uncovered in a warm place, before it begins to sour. If it dries out, stir in a little warm water to bring it back to its original consistency. Once it is full of bubbles and has a good sour aroma, it is ready to use.

If you're a purist, the wilderness yeast will suit you just fine. However, in these days of hurry and rush, the sourdough starter that is fast seems to be the most popular.

SOURDOUGH STARTER #2

1 package of dry yeast
2 cups warm water
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar

Mix all together in crock. Remember, do not use metal container. Let set in warm place for 3 to 4 days.

SOURDOUGH STARTER #3

Take 4 cups of water in which potatoes have been boiled. Add 4 cups flour, 2 tablespons sugar, 2 teaspoons salt. Mix well and let stand in a warm place until fermentation starts, which takes several days.

Each time you use part of your starter, replenish it with a mixture of equal amounts of milk (or water) and flour. Leave at room temperature, well covered. If not used every day or so you can freeze it. Since freezing slows down the yeast action, when ready to use be sure to leave at room temperature 24 hours until it becomes full of bubbles again.

An old-time roundup cook gave the recipe for dry yeast he made for taking on long pack trips where he would be away from civilization for weeks at a time. This dry yeast would keep indefinitely, and neither cold or heat affected it.

DRY YEAST FOR LONG KEEPING

Heat two quarts of buttermilk just to boiling point. Then add enough cornmeal to make a thick mush and boil about five minutes. Stir constantly to avoid lumping. Then put the mush in a crock and cool to lukewarm. Add three packages of commercial dry yeast dissolved in a cup of warm water. Stir well and place crock in warm place to stand

Continued on Page 46

Making sourdough biscuits [right and lower left] from an old time chuck box. The lid drops down to make a handy work table. The finished product [lower right], baked in a Dutch oven, makes a mighty appetizing fare.

The Trading Post

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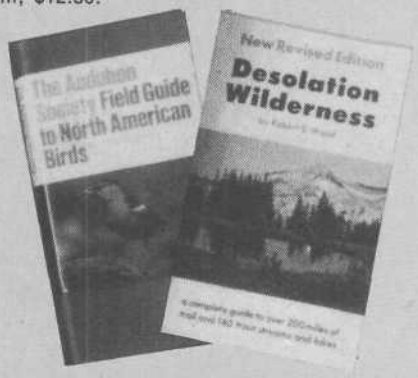

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SOVEREIGNS OF THE SAGE by Nell Murbarger. A collection of previously told tales about the people and the places of the great American Southwest by the original author, a longtime reporter of the desert. Many photographs, some of them now lost, several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

RETRACING THE BUTTERFIELD OVERLAND TRAIL THROUGH ARIZONA by Gerald T. Anhert. This book was written to mark the physical route and station locations in the most hazardous segment of the Butterfield Trail — Arizona. The author's original intent was merely to find, follow and map the Trail, however, the long and difficult task resulted in putting this vital information in a book which makes it easy for others to follow, or to provide a delightful armchair journey over this dramatic route. Profusely illustrated with maps and photos, this book is a visual hand-tool to the explorer; an exciting segment of Americana to the scholar and historian. Large format, hardcover, $9.75.

THE LIFE, TIMES AND TREACHEROUS DEATH OF JESSE JAMES, by Frank Triplett, edited by Joseph Snell. Published originally the month following Jesse James' murder in 1882, controversy has surrounded Triplett's book for almost 90 years since its first appearance. This present reprint brings to the public a work of both historical value and personal interest, made more significant historically by Joseph Snell's editorial contributions, and made more interesting by the passing years which have continued the facts and legends of the most renowned outlaw of America's West—Jesse James. Hardcover, well illustrated, 343 pages, originally priced at $15.00, now only $7.50.

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

BAJA CALIFORNIA AND ITS MISSIONS by Tomas Robertson. A must for those interested in the saga of the mission fathers, and who may wish to visit these almost forgotten churches of the lonesome peninsula of Baja California. Paperback, 96 pages, illustrated with photos and maps, $3.50.

THE WEST

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DESERT COUNTRY by Steve Crouch. Ninety photos, 60 in full color. Handsomely illustrated tribute to the land that lies from the Big Bend country of Texas across New Mexico and Arizona, to Death Valley and Baja. Large format, hardcover, published at $20.00, now priced at $10.95.

ROCK DRAWINGS OF THE COSO RANGE by Campbell Grant, James Baird and J. Kenneth Pringle. A Maturango Museum publication, this book tells of sites of rock art in the Coso Range which, at 4,000 feet, merges with the flatlands of the northern Mojave Desert. Paperback, illustrated, detailed drawings, maps, 144 pages, $3.95.

Don Holm's Book of FOOD DRYING, PICKLING AND SMOKE CURING by Don and Myrtle Holm. A complete manual for all three basic methods of food processing and preservation without refrigeration or expensive canning equipment. Also contains instructions and plans for building the equipment needed at home. An excellent publication and highly recommended for the homemaker, camp cook or the expedition leader. Paperback, well illustrated, $4.95.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY IN BAJA CALIFORNIA by Harry Crosby. A fascinating recounting of a trip by muleback over the rugged spine of the Baja California peninsula, along an historic path created by the first Spanish padres. It tells of the life and death of the old Jesuit missions. It describes how the first European settlers were lured into the mountains along the same road. Magnificent photographs, many in color, highlight the book. Hard cover, 182 pages, large format, $14.50.

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

EDIBLE AND USEFUL PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA by Charlotte Bringle Clarke. This unique book is a guide to identifying more than 220 plants used by both American Indians and pioneers for food, fibers, medicine, tools and other purposes. It also tells how to prepare, cook and otherwise use them. Plants are organized by habitat communities. Descriptions, photos, drawings and distribution information are given. An excellent reference. Hardcover, 280 pages, $10.95.

HOUSE IN THE SUN by George Olin. A basic desert primer with emphasis on the Colorado Desert of southeastern California and southern Arizona by a longtime naturalist, illustrated with his own outstanding color photographs. A site map and other figures. Paperback, profusely illustrated, 234 pages, $6.00.

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

BAJA [California, Mexico] by Cliff Cross. Updated to include the new transpeninsula highway, the author has outlined in detail all of the services, precautions, outstanding sights and things to do in Baja. Maps and photos galore, with large format. 170 pages, $4.95.

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

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

MEXICO'S WEST COAST BEACHES by Al and Mildred Fischer is an up-to-date guide covering the El Golfo de Santa Clara to the end of the highway at Manzanillo. Excellent reference for the out-of-the-way beaches, in addition to the popular resorts such as Mazatlan and Puerto Vallarta. Although traveling by motorhome, the Fischers also give suggetions for air, auto, ferry and train travel as well. Paperback, well illustrated, 138 pages, $3.00.

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

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

EXPLORING DEATH VALLEY, Third Edition, by Ruth Kirk. A completely revised and up-to-date comprehensive guide to the wonders of Death Valley National Monument. Details on where to go by car, by jeep and on foot, what times of day are best, possible side trips. Illustrated with maps and photos, 96 pages, paperback, $3.45.

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA: Explorations and Adventures on the Baja; 1908-1910, by Arthur W. North. A handsome new edition of an old favorite of many Baja California travelers, with new illustrations and all of the author's original photographs. A classic account of land and sea travels in a raw territory written after travels 70 years ago. Modern writers use North as a starting place. Hardcover, 130 photographs, 346 pages, $20.00.

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

MINING CAMPS AND GHOST TOWNS, A History of Mining in Arizona by Frank Love. Dramatic history of the mineral frontier as it affected one section of the vast American West, the Lower Colorado Region. Illustrated, hardcover, 192 pages, $7.95.

DESERT VACATIONS ARE FUN by Robert Needham. A complete, factual and interesting handbook for the desert camper. Valuable information on weather conditions, desert vehicles, campsites, food and water requirements. Information on desert wildlife, mines, ghost towns, and desert hobbies. Paperback, illustrated, 10 maps, 134 pages, $3.95.

BROKEN STONES, The Case For Early Man in California by Herbert L. Minshall. "The Broken Stones" peels back some of the story of man in America, back beyond the longest racial memory. Author Minshall pulls together all that has been learned or suggested by amateurs as well as experts, including his own discoveries. To them the broken stones are beginning to speak — and they speak of the presence of man on the American Continent many thousands of years before he shaped the first bow and arrow. Large format, beautifully illustrated, hardcover, $16.50.

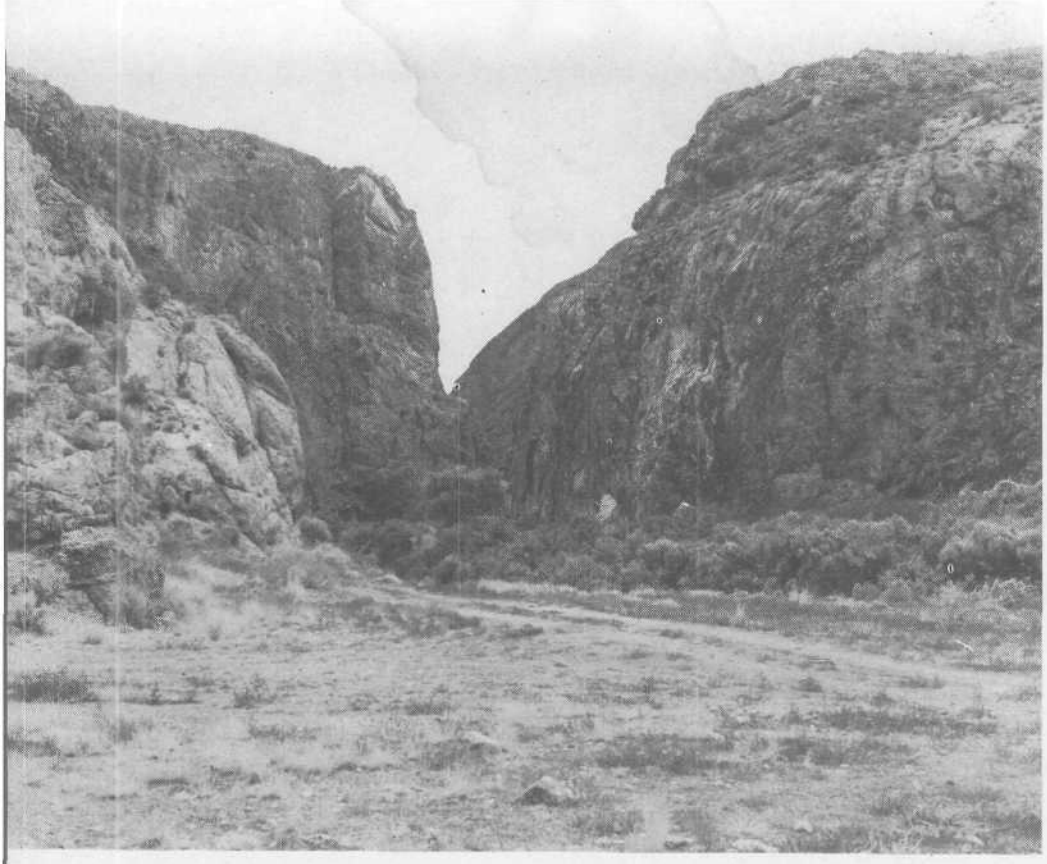
CALIFORNIA GEM TRAILS by Darold J. Henry. This completely revised fourth edition is the most authoritative guide for collectors of rocks, gemstones, minerals and fossils. Profusely illustrated with maps and contains excellent descriptive text. Paperback, $3.00.

SUCCESSFUL COIN HUNTING by Charles L. Garrett. An informative study of coin hunting, this is a complete guide on where to search, metal detector selection and use, digging tools and accessories, how to dig and the care and handling of coins. This new revised edition is a classic book in the field. Paperback, 226 pages, $5.95.

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

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

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



Condor Canyon could be called the "Narrows" of Meadow Valley Creek. This narrow, six-mile defile escapes the sun from September through May. It was a perfect, natural, ice-making machine. The ice prepared here by the Lees during winter supplied Delamar's needs for thirteen years.

DELAMAR

Continued from Page 11

Vegas. He greeted us warmly and told us he had struck a gold vein in one of the Delamar's old tunnels. He'd filed a claim, was living there and working it by himself. His wife and friends come up regularly with supplies. Tom generously presented us with a handful of his ore specimens. To date, we have not tested them for their gold content.

At this point, we had only seen the mill and two rock ruins but this changed when we rounded a curve east of the millsite. Row after row of rock cabins covered the lower hillside above the road. These were the former homes of the Italian miners. Many still had partial roofs—others only walls—still others were collapsed. From our slightly elevated view, we could dimly see the old streets and many ruins. Along the main street, some of the sturdy, store walls still remained in spite of the fire and nearly 70 years of weathering.

The discoverers of the great mine had not fared so well either. Reeves seems to have dropped out of sight. Wilson used some of his fortune to build a fine hotel—known as The Wilson—in Salt Lake City. Many years later, one of Johnny Lee's son was an overnight guest there. He noticed an elderly gentleman sitting in the lobby and struck up a conversation with him. They exchanged names and the oldtimer asked, "Are you from Panaca?" "Yes," Lee replied. "Then you must be a son of Johnny Lee. My name is Wilson and I knew your father." Young Lee then asked if Wilson lived at the hotel. "Yes," Wilson answered. "See that broom closet over there? They put a cot in there for me to sleep on and give me meals in exchange for my cleaning up a little around here," Wilson went on to explain. Johnny Lee's prophecy had come true—Wilson spent his last days as a pauper.

We spent what was left of the day wandering through the remains of Delamar. It was easy to see "she'd been quite a town." Gone but not forgotten by those who knew her well, the great, golden ghost lies sleeping. "There is still plenty of gold in her veins," we had been told time and time again. Maybe Tom Shanahan, or others like him, will bring the sleeping ghosts of Delamar to life once again. □

SOURDOUGH

Continued from Page 41

overnight. The next morning add enough dry cornmeal to make a stiff dough. Grease hands, and make small cakes about one inch by two inches in size. Put the cakes in a porous sack and hang in a perfectly dry place. This recipe makes from 50 to 60 cakes. When using to make bread use one cake to one pint of liquid.

SOURDOUGH BREAD

1 pint of sourdough starter
1 pint of warm water or milk
2 tablespoons sugar
2 teaspoons salt
3 tablespoons melted shortening
about 6 cups flour

Mix ingredients in order given, adding flour last, using enough to make a dough that can be handled. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and let rise. If warm it will double in size in about two hours. Remember sourdough is not a fast bread and takes about twice as long to make, from start to finish, as does regular yeast bread. Knead it down and let it rise again.

Shape into oblong loaves and place on lightly greased pan. Cover with cloth and set in warm place. Let rise until nearly double in size. Bake in a 350 degree oven for about one hour

SOURDOUGH BISCUITS

½ cup starter
2½ cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 teaspoon baking powder
bacon grease or cooking oil

Mix starter, milk and 1 cup of the flour in a large bowl the night before. Cover and keep in a warm place. Next morning turn sourdough out onto a breadboard with 1 cup of flour. Combine salt, sugar, baking powder and soda into remaining ½ cup of flour and sift over top of dough. With your hand, mix dry ingredients into a soft dough, kneading lightly. Roll out one inch thick. Cut with biscuit cutter, dip in warm grease and place close together in pan. Place in warm place to rise for 20 minutes to a half hour. Bake in moderate over 375 to 400 degrees for 30 minutes.

Serve hot biscuits with jerky gravy or with butter and honey. □

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Info on Cerro Gordo . . .

As a new subscriber I must say how much I enjoy your magazine. I especially enjoyed the article "Owens Lake Loop Trip" by Mary Frances Strong in your July issue. We are frequent visitors to Diaz Lake and know the area well.

She stated she had received no reply on her inquiries as to the status of Cerro Gordo. The ghost town is privately owned by a very friendly couple. For the fee of $1 per person you are not only welcome to browse to your heart's content, but anything you pick up you are free to take with you. The road was in good condition and we made the trip up in a '69 Toyota Corolla.

Be sure to take a jacket because even though it is hot on the valley floor it is quite cool up there.

MRS. WILLIAM SIMON,
Escondido, California.

Desert Fan . . .

My husband and I both thoroughly enjoy *Desert Magazine*, and all our family reads it when they come home. We have started several on their own subscriptions. We have made quite a few trips, enjoyable ones, from following articles in the magazine.

Thank you for a magazine I can show to my parents, my children *and* my grandchildren.

JEAN ASHINHUST,
Riverside, California.

Would Like Back Issues . . .

I've just recently discovered your interesting magazine and have subscribed to it. I note that you have some back issues available, but do you have any that are older than have been advertised?

MAURICE EVANS,
San Francisco, California.

Editor's Note: Desert Magazine *was first published in 1937. Back copies are available but not of every issue. Prices vary according to age and supply. Many libraries keep bound volumes and others have* Desert *available on microfilm. You might also check our "Trading Post" section. Many new readers quite often find what they want through the classified ads.*

Calendar of Events

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

SEPTEMBER 16 & 17, Mother Lode Mineralites' Gem & Mineral Show, Gold Country Fairgrounds, Auburn, California. Free admission, parking, camping, field trip.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, Centinela Valley Gem and Mineral Club's "Harvest of Gems" show, Hawthorne Memorial Center, El Segundo Blvd., and Prairie Ave., Hawthorne, Calif. Dealers, displays, demonstrations, prizes. Ample free parking.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, 38th Annual Show of the Los Angeles Lapidary Society, "March of Gems" at the Brentwood Youth House, 731 South Bundy, south of San Vicente. Dealer space filled.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, Carmel Valley Gem & Mineral Soceity, Monterey Co. Fairgrounds, Monterey, Calif. "19th Jubilee of Jewels." Dealer space filled.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, 10th Annual Bottle Show and Sale presented by San Bernardino County Historical Bottle and Collectible Club. San Bernardino Convention Center, 303 North "E" Street. Adult donation, 50c. Information: 714-884-6596.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, 12th annual "Magic in Rocks" show sponsored by the El Monte Gem & Mineral Club, Inc., Masonic Lodge, 4017 N. Tyler Ave., El Monte, Calif. Dealers, displays, demonstrations. Free admission and parking. Dealer space filled.

SEPTEMBER 23 & 24, Sequoia Gem & Mineral Society's 12th Annual Show, "Harvest of Gems," 1120 Roosevelt Ave., Redwood City, California. Admission, adults $1, 75c for students. Dealers, displays.

SEPTEMBER 26-OCTOBER 1, Hassayampa Valley Fair, Wickenburg's Community Center, Wickenburg, Arizona. Theme of the Fair will be Desert Living. Fun for everyone. For information contact: Ramrod Ken Schaeffer, Hassayampa Valley Fair, Drawer CC, Wickenburg, Arizona 85358.

SEPTEMBER 30, "Recreation in Rocks," sponsored by the Peninsula Gem and Geology Society, San Antonio Shopping Center, 2550 El Camino West, Mountain View, California. No dealers. Club sales of cutting material, jewelry and novelties. Geode cutting.

SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 1, the Third Annual Show of the Sierra Pelona Rock Club, William S. Hart High School Cafeteria, 24825 N. Newhall Ave., Newhall, Calif. Ample free parking, overnight for RVs. Dealers, demonstrations both days.

SEPTEMBER 30-OCTOBER 1, "Nature's Jewel Box," sponsored by the Napa Valley Rock & Gem Club, Inc., Napa Town and Country Fairgrounds, 575 Third st., Napa, Calif. Dealers, demonstrations, drawings. Donation 50c. Easy parking and camping facilities on the grounds.

OCTOBER 3-15, The Fresno Gem and Mineral Society, Inc., presents their 25th Annual Show at the Fresno Dist. Fair, Industrial Arts Building at the Fairgrounds located at East Kings Canyon Road and Chance Ave., Fresno, Calif. Admission to Fair covers admission to show.

OCTOBER 7 & 8, Searles Lake Gem and Mineral Society's 37th annual Gem-O-Rama, Recreation Hall, Trona, Calif. Camping, field trips, dealer space filled.

OCTOBER 7 & 8, "Back Country Arts Festival" sponsored by the Community United Methodist Church of Julian, California. Show to be held at the church. Admission free.

OCTOBER 7 & 8, Bisbee Mineral Show of 1978, National Guard Armory, south of Bisbee, Arizona near the junction of Naco Highway and Highway 92. Exceptional displays, special programs. Admission $1.00, children with adults free.

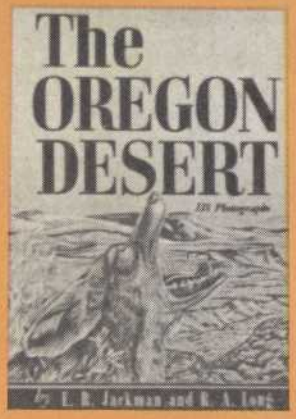
OCTOBER 7 & 8, the World-of-Rockhounds annual meeting, in the Hackberry Mountains. Take the Goffs road Exit north 10 miles, make a sharp turn left on to Landfair Road, continue about 9 miles to the WRA camp. Field trips, auction, campfire Saturday evening.

OCTOBER 7 & 8, Mohave County Gemstoners 8th Annual Gem and Mineral Show. Mohave County Fairgrounds, Kingman, Ariz. Dealers. Chairman: John Sourek, Kingman, Arizona 86402.

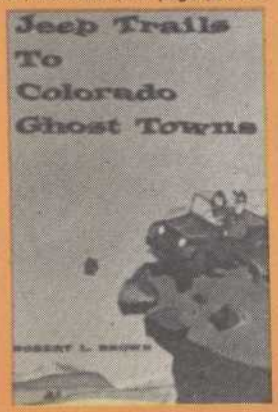
OCTOBER 13-15, Tucson Lapidary & Gem Show sponsored by the Old Pueblo Lapidary Club, Tucson Community Center Exhibition Hall, 350 South Church St., Tucson, Arizona. Exhibits, dealers, demonstrations. Admission $1.00 - children under 12 free with adult.

OCTOBER 14 & 15, Annual Show "Rock Trails West" sponsored by the Campbell Gem and Mineral Guild, Santa Clara County Fairgrounds, San Jose, California. Dealers. Chairman, Ralph Quain, Box 552, Los Gatos, California 95030.

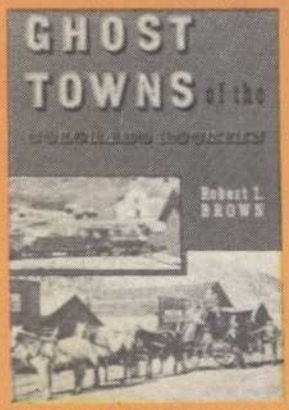
GREAT READING From CAXTON PRINTE



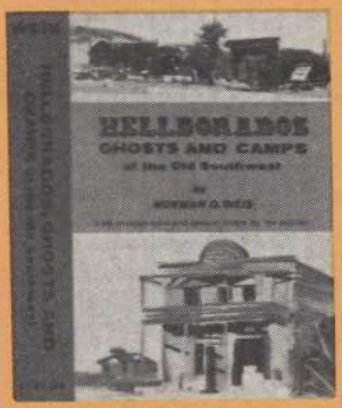
THE OREGON DESERT by E. R. Jackson and R. A. Long. Filled with both facts and anecdotes, this is the only book on the little but fascinating deserts of Oregon. Anyone who reads this book will want to visit the area—or wish they could. Hardcover, illustrated, 407 pages, $9.95.



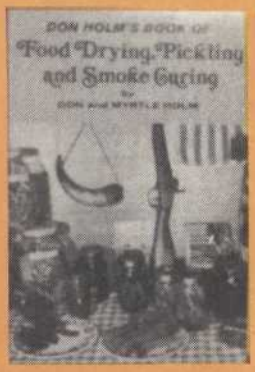
JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the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



GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of "Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns," this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, $9.95.



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



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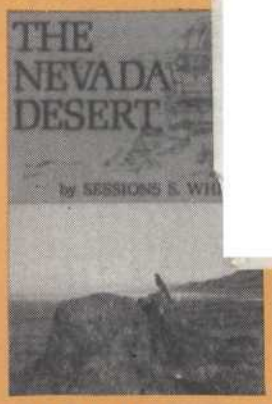
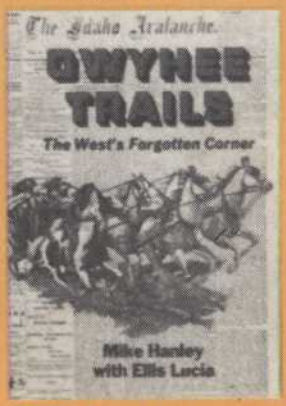
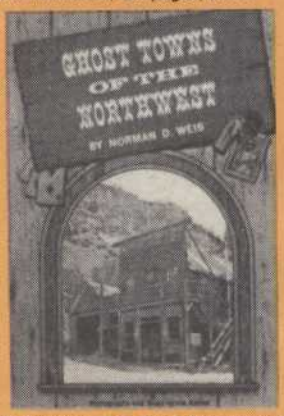


THE NEVADA DESERT by Sessions S. Wheeler Provides information on Nevada's state parks, historical monuments, recreational area, and suggestions for safe, comfortable travel in the remote sections of western America. Paperback, illustrated, 168 pages, $2.95.



OWYHEE TRAILS by Mike Hanley and Ellis Lucia. The authors have teamed to present the boisterous past and intriguing present of the still wild corner of the West sometimes called the I-O-N, where Idaho, Oregon and Nevada come together. Hardcover, 225 pages, $9.95.



GHOST TOWNS OF THE NORTHWEST by Norman Weis. The ghost-town country of the Pacific Northwest, including trips to many little-known areas, is explored in this first-hand factual and interesting book. Excellent photography, maps. Hardcover, 319 pages, $9.95.