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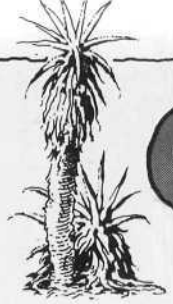
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VOLUME 44 NUMBER 2 February, 1981



CONTENTS

Oh, for wings like a dove, to fly away and rest! I would fly to the far off deserts and stay there ...Psalms *55:6, 7*

Departments

EDITORIAL 5
LETTERS 6
DESERT PRODUCT OF THE MONTH 24
DESERT ROCKHOUND 34
DESERT CALENDAR 35
TRACES IN THE SAND 38
THE SECOND TIME AROUND 40
CHUCK WAGON COOKIN' 41
THE LIVING DESERT 43
DESERT BOOK SHOP 60

Our Covers

For our front cover this month, David Muench faced his Linhoff 4x5 with 135mm Symmar lens west from Dante's View in Death Valley to capture the morning light on distant, snow-shrouded Telescope Peak. Settings with Daylight Ektachrome, E6 Process, were f22 at 1/10th sec.

Our back cover, also by Mr. Muench with the same camera and film (f28 at 1/10th sec., 360mm Rodenstock lens), shows a portion of Salt Marsh Springs, looking north across the Valley's vast salt flats toward Grapevine Mtn. at midday.

Features

DEATH VALLEY TODAY.....8
A Monument Without Its Builders
By Don MacDonald

OASIS FOR THE JET SET.....16
Fred Harvey's Furnace Creek Inn
by Mary Eileen Twyman

THE HAPPY WANDERERS.....18
A Light-Hearted Walk Through Death Valley
by M. C. Juhren

THE CASTLE IN GRAPEVINE CANYON.....21
by Frank Hammond

PRESERVING THE ANCIENT PUEBLOS.....25
There's a Right and a Wrong Way
by Margaret Cheasebro

THE CACTUS CITY CLARION..29
The West's Nosiest Newspaper
Mary Eileen Twyman, Ed.

FORT BOWIE.....45
Guardian of Apache Pass
by Joseph E. Stevens

THE TOP OF BAJA.....50
Sierra San Pedro Martir
by John Putney

SKY DETERMINES.....54
An Appreciation
by Don MacDonald

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EDITORIAL

The Great Water Caper

SOME SAY THAT Los Angeles, the "City of the Angels," has no right to be, and this condemnation has merit if you consider the folly of 10,901,200 people crammed into and immediately around a bowl without enough native water to serve several hundred thousand. Even the Indians knew that, frequenting the area mainly to fish and trade.

But Los Angeles grew nevertheless, at a pace far outdistancing the rest of California, and with this growth came an insatiable demand for water. The demand was met by a system of aqueducts, begun in 1907 and completed in 1970, that tapped sources hundreds of miles to the north and east. Students of history will remember that one in the 1930s, the Colorado River Aqueduct, nearly caused a second war between the states.

Residents of Inyo and Mono Counties who cheerfully sold their lands to the Los Angeles Department of Water and Power perhaps did not anticipate the consequences about which they now complain. They received excellent prices for this land and then, if they wished, were allowed to lease it back. And, too, their towns were provided with water systems by the DWP, at rates to the user never higher than those in the city far away.

But the facts remain that Mono Lake is both shrinking and increasing in salinity to a point where traditional life forms in and on it may not survive. The Owens Valley, in turn, is demonstrably drying up, because the water table is falling beyond the reach of the roots that must tap it.

Surprisingly, no proposed solution to the most visible of the consequences, Mono Lake, appeared on last November's ballot, although legal action has been filed against the DWP by the Sierra Club, Audubon Society and others. Voters of Inyo County, however, passed Measure A which calls for a five-member home commission to reevaluate and allot water rights, including those of the DWP which currently provide 60 percent of the Los Angeles Metro Area's total water supply.

No one except they who proposed it expects such a commission would or could be objective in the granting of future allotments to Los Angeles. Owens Valley foliage would come first. Therefore, DWP plans to harass the commission to death in court before it is formed, an action not as negative as it sounds for an agreeable (to DWP) compromise would be a commission at the state level. California is the only state in the nation without one.

A further argument in favor of a higher authority would be prospect of an end to the stalemate at Mono Lake. The Lake will never dry up, but it could reduce to half of what it is now which is half of precious little, what with sixty percent of its normal input being currently diverted. Oddly, however, Mono County voters don't seem disturbed as they unseated Joan Green, their county superviser most active in attempts to save the lake.

The problem with forming a state-level commission is that it would undoubtedly be apportioned and if it is, Owen's foliage and Mono's shrimp would be no better off than before. So once again we see the interests of the majority in sharp conflict with the survival of flora and fauna.

But unlike the Coachella Valley fringe-toed lizard versus man and his shopping centers (*Desert*, November 1980), Mono and Owens represent much more than just the life they support. Irreplaceable resources are involved. A truly apolitical body should be appointed with the authority to both hear and act, promptly, before it is too late.

Don Mac Donald

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Salute to Mexico Day Sunday, Feb. 22, 1:00 - 4:45 p.m.

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LETTERS

POWER HUM ADDLES BRAINS

While visiting a friend in San Diego County recently, I attended a meeting of the California Public Utilities Commission, the San Diego Gas and Electric Co., and landowners (among whom was my friend) affected by the utility's desire to acquire a 330-foot wide right-of-way on private lands for a multi-million-volt transmission line. The P.U.C. had previously refused permission for the utility to run the lines across adjacent, state-owned land on the grounds that they would be "ugly."

The protest of the landowners was long, loud and educated. Then, just as the meeting was about to adjourn, a haired-over individual said he wished to address the group. (I learned that when he had spoken at their meetings in the past — and it was so now — that the newspaper and TV cameras focused on the long hair as he spoke and weaved back and forth).

In his youth, he said, he had many times placed his head against the power pole near his home and felt the rumble down the pole jar his brain. Though it was only 440 volts, he said it hypnotized him and that caused him to dream of many things he might not have dreamed of otherwise. He said that he had researched the effect of rumbles caused by three to five million volts, and that the forces moved down more than they moved up. Thus, he said, anything down below was going to absorb something very strange.

He predicted rattlesnakes would become confused by the sensory elements of their tongues moving to the roof of their mouths and they would strike out at something not there; that the upset metabolism of cows would cause milk to be given down when it wasn't milking time; that lizards and birds and mesa mint and everything in the area that the state now protects would flee or dig deeper; and that the jack rabbit would come to consider it his profound duty to go out at night and insist the coyotes eat him.

The witness pleaded that something safe be provided for those, like him, who want to lean their heads against transmission poles for whatever reason. He noted three types of head-to-pole leaners: those with the usual three pounds of brains sitting firmly on their brain-pans and fitting their cranial cavities perfectly who should be provided with comfortable niches; those with thick skulls who needed the bare pole to absorb the full effect; and those with large cranial cavities and small brains who would require a fully-cushioned pole to prevent potentially lethal brain rattle.

The witness, looking straight at the committee members, suggested that the small-brain types, without suitable protection, might be rendered into a state of sleep wherein their decisions might be worse than now.

What was supposed to have been the final meeting on this subject was adjourned until sometime the next month without any action having been taken.

J. Joseph Shatney, Jr.
Truth or Consequences, N.M.

BARRY FELL FANS

Those intrigued by "Terra Calalus, U.S.A." (***Desert,*** December 1980) can read further on old world settlers in the Americas. Two sources are *America B.C.* and *Saga America*, both books by Barry Fell. Another resource is the Epigraphic Society, 6 Woodland St., Arlington, MA 02174. Prof. Fell is a founder of that group.

Allan B. Martin
Palos Verdes Peninsula, Calif.

Dr. Barry Fell suggests in his book, *America B.C.*, that the Celts may have been trading with American Indians prior to the birth of Christ. He further suggests that the reputed wealth of Gaul (furs and copper) which stimulated the Roman invasion of Britain was probably coming from America. There also exists evidence that the Egyptians, Phoenicians and others may have influenced the languages of various American Indian tribes. Studies have shown remarkable similarity between Egyptian and the Micamac Hieroglyphics. Stones bearing inscriptions found in the 1800s have only recently been deciphered; it is only in this Century that we have translated ancient Egyptian, Phoenician and Celt. That would seem to eliminate the possibility of a hoax as no one could write these inscriptions at the time they were discovered. And I remember a German language professor of mine who mentioned to my class fifteen years ago that the Hungarian language was very similar to Navaho.

Dr. Peter Cyrog, D.V.M.
Los Angeles, Calif.

GOOD VEGETATIVE MANAGEMENT

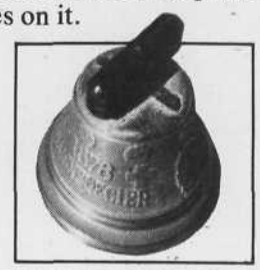
I have never before in my life written to a magazine, but your editorial in this month's issue (***Desert***, December 1980) made me so mad, I just had to say something. You made it sound like those kids did a great service to the state of California by burning off the dead brush. As you put it, "good vegetative management." I doubt very much if you or a loved one had risked his life to help put out the fire, or if you'd lost your home in the fire, that you would say "good management" and "they've suffered enough."

Sylvia Lyon
Redondo Beach, Calif.

It was those who did "risk their lives," U.S. and California forestry officials, who described the overall results of the fire as "good vegetative management," not us.

RECURRING RING

The July, 1968 issue of ***Desert*** had an article by Gale R. Rhodes entitled "Spanish Treasure of the Unitahs." In it the author mentioned an old Indian finding a small brass mule bell which had the inscription: "1878 — Saicnelegier, Chiantel, Fondeur." The bell also had two Spanish crosses on it.



Well, the other day an old prospector wandered into my service station and guess what, among other items, I bought from him? A bell that exactly matches the one described in your article.
Doug Smith
Essex, Calif.

FLORAL WHIMSY

I should like to tell you how delighted I was with Wayne Armstrong's article, "Curious Wildflower Names" (***Desert***, November 1980). I enjoy words, respect and like Latin, adore plants and appreciate humor. *Unifolium bifolium,* indeed! How many times I walked three-quarters of a mile to the lab at Cornell memorizing Latin names! And the "wait-a-minute" bush — I've expounded on it in several letters to friends already.
Dorothy Sherk
Pátzeuaro, Michoacán, Mexico

LONELY IN ILLINOIS

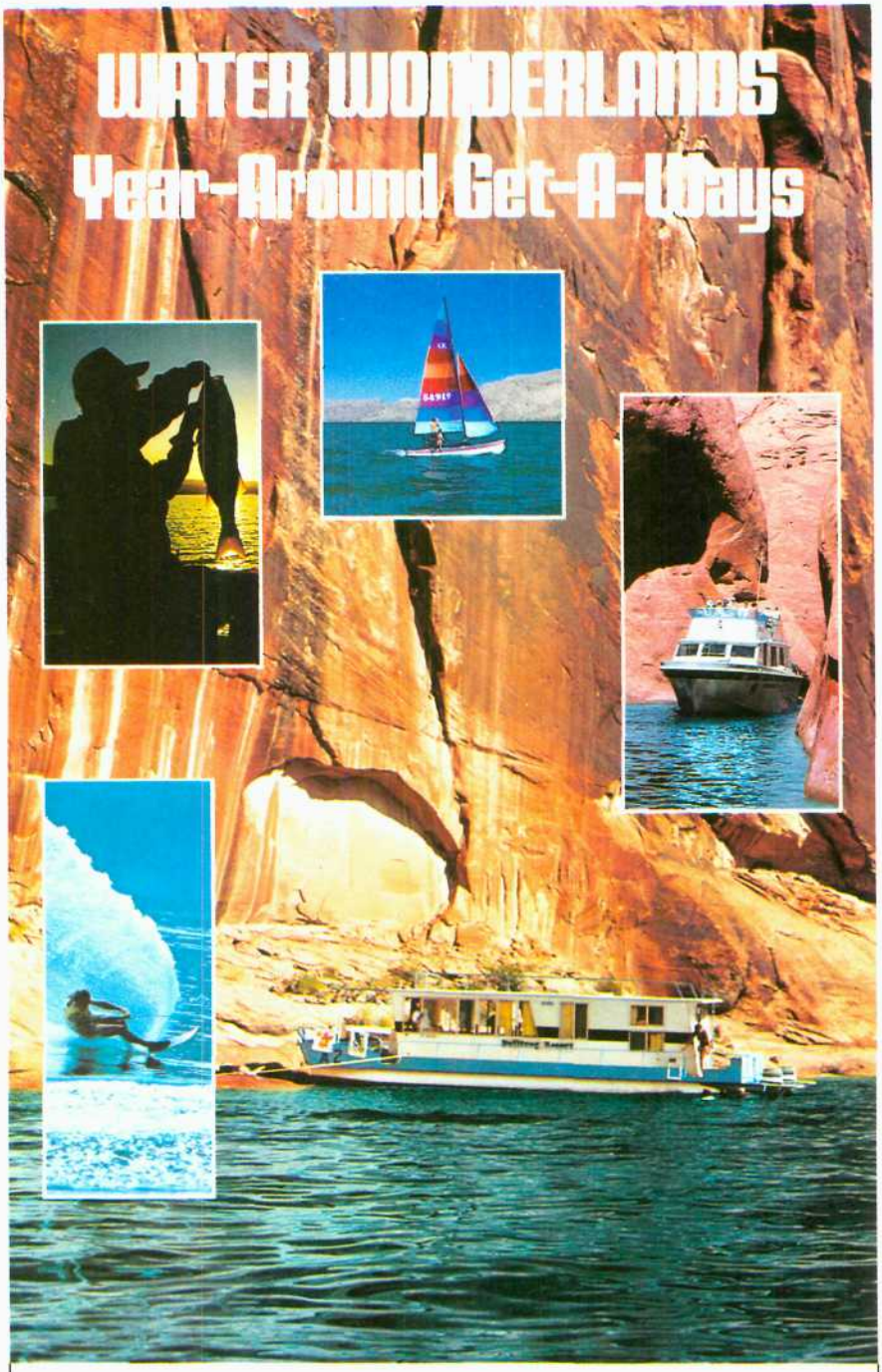
Sure wish you had more poetry to match all the wonderful desert magic. Sure wish you had a Desert Pen Pals Club where friends could exchange ideas.
Raymond Krum
Northfield, Ill.

"Traces in the Sand," a *Desert* pictorial featuring a poem selected from the many sent to us, is a new and regular feature, this month on pages 38-39. Readers who wish to help Mr. Krum form a Pen Pals Club may write him and his wife at 312 Third St., Northfield, IL 60093.

EYE PROBLEMS

I have been subscribing to *Desert* Magazine for the past 25 years, but the last few issues have been in finer print and I was unable to read them without a magnifying glass. There are so many good articles, I don't want to miss any of them.
Bertha Sherman
Montclair, Calif.

Since our December, 1980 issue, we have printed *Desert* in 9-point Times Roman. The Clarion uses 9-point Goudy Old Style. Both of these faces are more readable than type we have used in the past. In this issue, we have gone one step further and moved up to 10-point type in these same styles. Good and easy reading!



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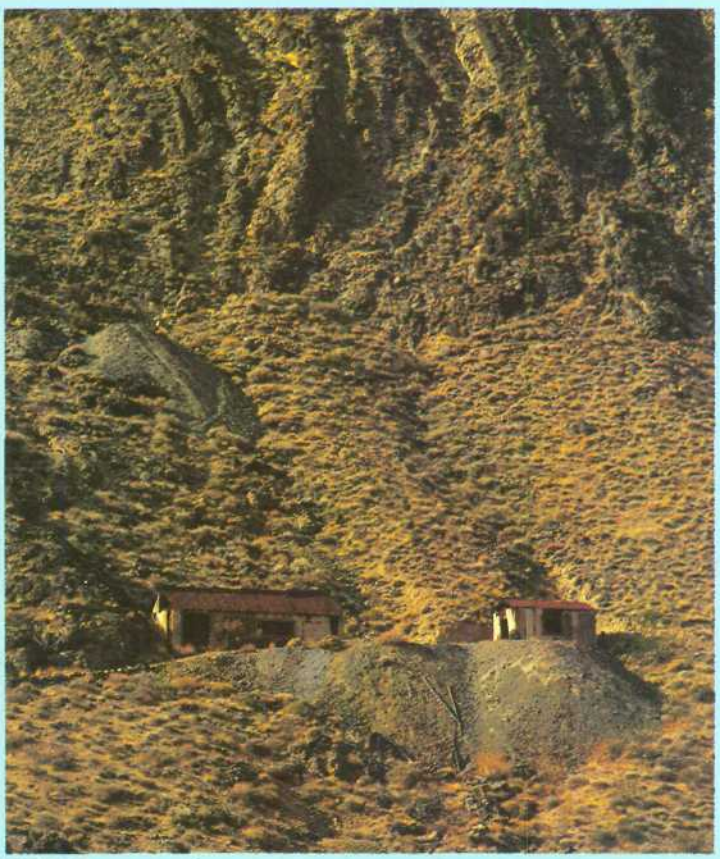
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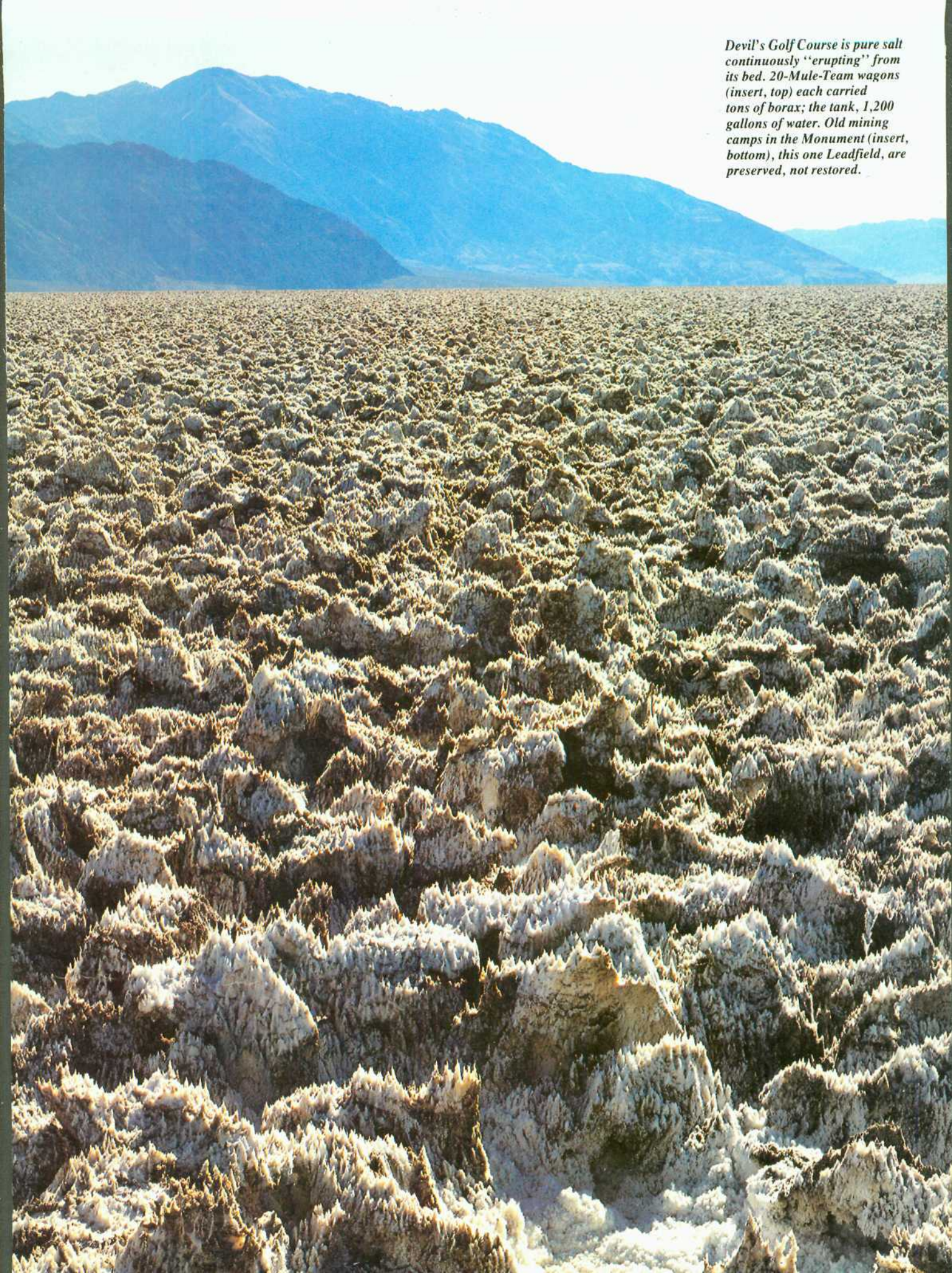
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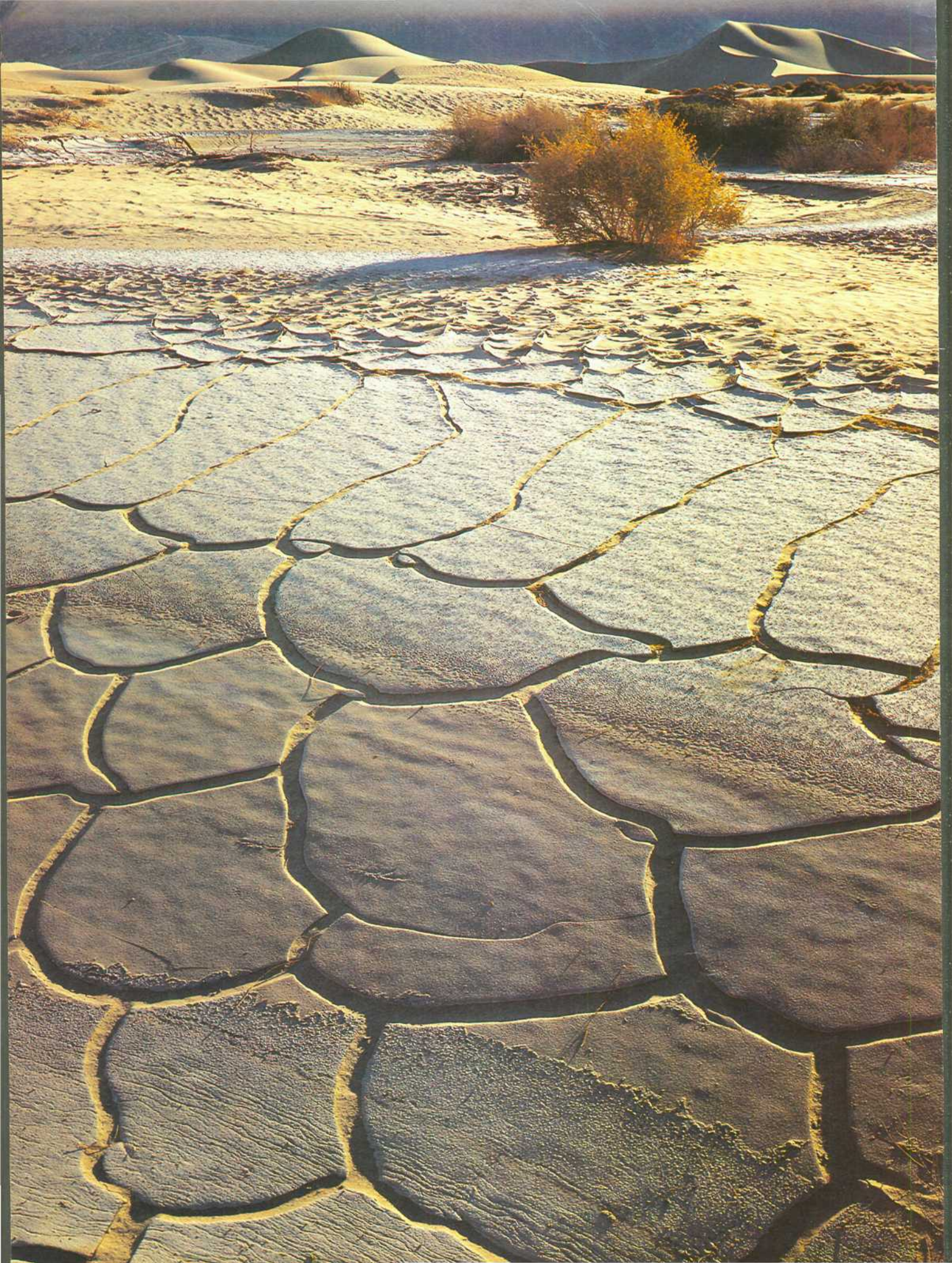
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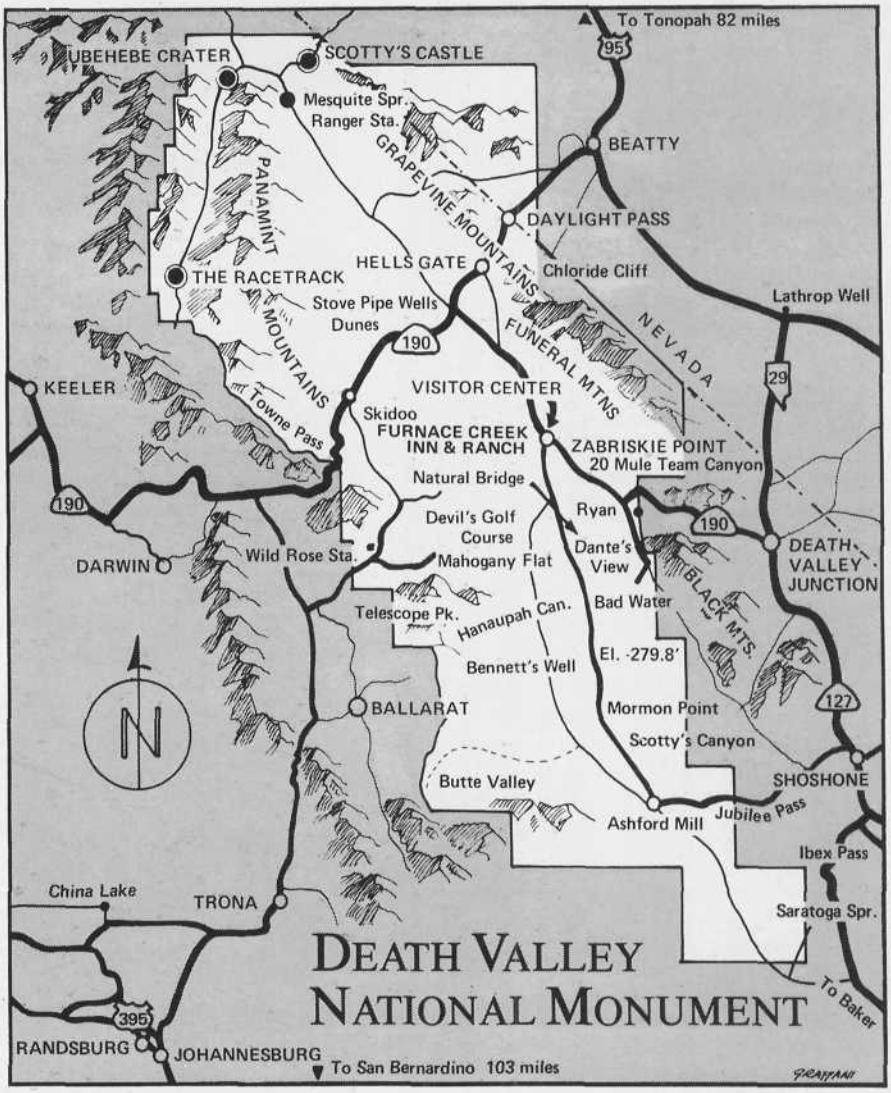




Devil's Golf Course is pure salt continuously "erupting" from its bed. 20-Mule-Team wagons (insert, top) each carried tons of borax; the tank, 1,200 gallons of water. Old mining camps in the Monument (insert, bottom), this one Leadfield, are preserved, not restored.



Run-off (opposite) evaporates into pleasing patterns on the Valley floor.



by **Don MacDonald**

DESERT MAGAZINE, now in its 43rd year, is only four years younger than Death Valley if you count back to when the latter became a U.S. National Monument. Then, too, we can look behind us 132 years to another significant date, that when an unnecessarily terrified, though perhaps genuinely discomfited, female 49'er gave the Valley its wholly inappropriate name. However, these events span very little time as history is measured, still less the way geologists count.

During this brief period, nevertheless, legends have been generated, told, and retold, by countless writers to the extent where their words surely outnumber the total set to paper on any other western subject. And the words continue to flow, even though the generating of legends stopped on about that day in 1933 when the Valley was taken over.

The reason, simply put, is from that day forward the characters in the drama, the humans who had pioneered the Valley, were first harassed and then preemptorily ordered to leave. Let Burro Bill Price and his wife, Edna, who chronicled this period, put it in their own words, as found in Edna's book, *Burro Bill and Me**:

"But also there was, we had heard, a new person abroad — a custodian of the newly-made National Monument. The Indians could not believe that they were no longer to hunt the mountain sheep, the rabbits, the ducks, on this, their own land from the beginning of the world. What would they do for food?

"'Well,' said Indian Tom, 'that man is only one. He no can be everywhere at once. Me, I will eat.' We, too, were dependent on game for food, so, like the Indians, Bill continued to hunt, as silently and warily as they. He learned to creep upon a rabbit so stealthily that he

*Strawberry Valley Press, Idyllwild, Calif. — $4.95

DAVID MUENCH

Today's ranger contingent in Death Valley is composed of young, college-trained men and women.

rarely missed a shot and, from necessity, developed a marksmanship that could clip a quail's head neatly from its body or catch a duck as it rose in flight."

But truce by default couldn't last. Edna and Bill, their friend Mac, John the Duke of Luxembourg, Neighbor George, Shorty Borden, Bill Corcoran and the others mentioned in this delightful little book, knew their days in the Valley were numbered: "Soon the brooding stillness would give way to a buzz of activity as the new Park Service set up its smoothly efficient machinery, and forever put a stop to the hunting and mining by which we lived.

"'Alley *Oop! On*delay! Get up, you long-eared bastards!' yelled Bill. The burro bells jangled a response and we were on our way to the most primitive land left in America — the Arizona Strip."

That was 1933. No character left a stamp with a later date less you consider the dubious ones of Death Valley Scotty who lingered on in "his" castle under the influential shield of the real owner, Chicago millionaire Albert Mussey Johnson. Shorty Harris and Seldom Seen Slim were off in Ballarat; borax mining was more and more restricted; there was nothing the pioneer in the Valley could do to sustain himself except capitulate and work for the government or Fred Harvey, Inc., the tourist concessionaires.

TODAY, ALL THE natural wonders and the most dramatic scenic views in the Valley are neatly spun together by a network of paved or graded roads. Visitors, who now number around 700,000 annually, are directed to these attractions by discreet sign-boards and once there, they may read about the spot upon which they are standing by extracting a descriptive folder from a nearby kiosk. The well-written guides are furnished at no cost to the government by volunteers from the Death Valley Natural History Association.

Once practically deserted in the summertime, even by the native Indians, Death Valley now hosts a significant and growing number of international visitors, primarily Germans and Japanese. Everybody is happy about this except the rent-a-car companies, whose maintenance programs fail to cope with the unique combination of drivers exuberantly experiencing open spaces unknown in their home countries and the extreme temperature. Their hard driving keeps the rangers' walkie-talkies buzzing with reports of cars in trouble.

And that recalls a legend. Mac, the Prices' friend, used to line the steep grade into Wild Rose Canyon with shiny five-gallon water cans, crudely lettered: "Help Yourself and Bring the Can to the Next Water, 3 Miles." When asked if anyone ever stole his cans, he replied: "Why no, it says right on the sign to bring 'em here."

Today's ranger contingent in Death Valley is composed of young, college-trained men and women who are smart in dress and mind. They are dedicated to their careers; I've never heard any complain about their assignment, despite the relative hardship and high cost of living in the area. Home for most is a stark pre-fab on stilts, in unshaded, military-like clusters.

And they tend to think in a military pattern. Oft-recurring in any conversation with them that may question existing concepts of protection and enforcement is reference to "our mandate." This relates to the role of the Park Service, outlined by the Act establishing it on August 25, 1916. Section 1, 39 Stat-535, says: "The Service shall conserve scenery and natural and historic objects and wildlife therein and provide for the use and enjoyment of same in such a manner and with such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

This mandate, as we learned from Edna Price, was effectively applied in Death Valley from its beginning as a Monument in 1933. Further intrusion by man, other than visitation, was progressively prohibited, and the language was soon translated to read expulsion of

THE RESURRECTION OF DEATH VALLEY

WITH SOUTHERN California bursting its seams, with attendant energy crises and waste disposal problems, we wouldn't be too surprised to see a resurgence of the "E. L. Marcy Plan." Marcy was an engineer who in the 1960s envisioned an idea so improbable and provocative that ecologists in particular thought he ought to be locked up.

What Marcy proposed was to set aside Death Valley as a natural reservoir to reclaim waste water from Southern California. The effluent, presumably after some prior purification, would be carried by gravity through gently sloping tunnels or tubes to be dumped into Death Valley's 282-feet-below-sea-level basin.

And that was but a part of his scheme. He envisioned a tube large enough to include besides the water, a rapid-transit system to whisk people and freight between the two destinations, thus inhabiting the "empty" Death Valley area and relieving the strain of over-population in Southern California cities.

Marcy theorized that evaporation from this new body of water, eventually covering the approximately 200 square miles of the Valley that lies at or below sea level, would change the desert climate. Forests would spring up, other lakes would form, and Death Valley would revert to the semi-tropical jungle it once was 2,000 or so years ago before a great upheaval turned it into a desert.

The painted, sun-baked hills would be coated with green grass, legendary lost mines would be buried in vinery, all the old clues and waybills (and old ***Desert*** Magazines) would be useless, and that wouldn't do at all. And, needless to say, U.S. National Park Service personnel disapprove unanimously of the Marcy Plan.

We checked with KABC-TV's genial weather expert, Doctor George Fischbeck to see if these imaginings could really come to pass, and he said indeed they could if Mr. Marcy's scheme were ever adopted. We wonder what ever became of Mr. Marcy?

Choral Pepper

WHERE TO GO AND WHAT TO SEE IN DEATH VALLEY

FURNACE CREEK INN AND RANCH RESORT: A true oasis in Death Valley. In its setting of mountains and valleys this resort offers you the choice of accommodations at either the Ranch or the Inn. Each has its own special charm. The Inn features gourmet dining at the Oasis Supper Club, while the Ranch offers more modest restaurants and has its own general store for gifts and souvenirs. Both locations offer swimming, tennis, golf, horseback riding and many areas for exploring.

STOVE PIPE WELLS VILLAGE: Centrally located so you can visit all of Death Valley's points of interest, this resort offers comfortable accommodations along with a saloon and dining rooms. There is a general store, service station and a heated mineral pool.

DANTE'S VIEW: A view unequaled anywhere in the world. From here you can see the lowest point in Death Valley at 282 feet below sea level against a backdrop of the 14,000-foot peaks of the High Sierra.

PUPFISH: One of the Valley's smallest creatures, they live in tepid streams and salty pools in various areas of Death Valley. Usually they don't exceed two inches in length. They are believed to have survived from the Ice Age lake when mastodons roamed the valley.

TWENTY MULE TEAM CANYON: Near Furnace Creek, this is where borax was mined. It once contained the first frame house in Death Valley which has since been moved to Furnace Creek Ranch and is now occupied by the Borax Museum.

TELESCOPE PEAK: The highest point in the Panamint Range. The base is below sea level and it reaches to 11,049 feet above sea level.

CHARCOAL KILNS: Eight-and-one-half miles above Wild Rose Station, these kilns were built in the 1870s to convert pine to charcoal which was needed for the Modoc Mines in the Panamint mountains. Shaped like giant beehives, the restored kilns are approximately thirty feet in diameter.

MESQUITE SPRINGS: This excellent site for camping is located at Death Valley Wash in a large grove of mesquite trees near a continuously flowing spring.

CHLORIDE CITY: A typical Death Valley ghost town which has had two booms, the last in 1910. Above the city is Chloride Cliff which provides one of the best views of Death Valley.

UBEHEBE CRATER: This colorful crater from an extinct volcano is approximately five miles beyond Scotty's Castle, measures one-third of a mile across and is 880–feet deep.

TITUS CANYON: On the road to Scotty's Castle, this is a side trip well worth the time involved. Six miles up the canyon is Klare Spring and about 2½–miles further on is the ghost town of Leadfield. This is a good canyon for exploring.

DEVIL'S GOLF COURSE: About six miles north of Badwater you can find this vast bed of rugged salt crystals. They take shape in various forms such as ridges, edges and spires of pure sodium chloride (common salt).

SCOTTY'S CASTLE: Near the mouth of Grapevine Canyon lies a palatial Moorish mansion. Construction was started in 1924 by Albert Johnson. The castle has eighteen fireplaces and a 260-foot swimming pool. Guided tours start on the hour.

THE RACETRACK: Approximately 26 miles south of Ubehebe Crater on a dry lake is this area known for its moving rocks. Looking carefully, you can see the tracks from the movement of the rocks. Scientists say this occurs as a result of high winds forcing the rocks across the ground when it is at the proper moisture level.

HARMONY BORAX WORKS: Located about one mile north of Furnace Creek Ranch is one of several sites where borax was refined. The old vats and boilers and some of the structure have been restored.

RHYOLITE, NEVADA: If you are interested in ghost towns, this is a good place to go. You can still see the ruins of the town along Golden Street. The famous bottle house and railroad depot are open to the public. Food and souvenirs are available.

BADWATER: This pond is 279.6 feet below sea level and several miles east of the lowest point on the American continent which is 282 feet below sea level. It is the habitat for species of insects found nowhere else in the world.

NATURAL BRIDGE: A few miles north of Badwater, a remarkable arch rises fifty feet above a wash. Beyond you can see a chute where water drops over the canyon rim and cuts into the wall. From here you can also see the former levels of the wash.

If you want to learn more about Death Valley, check the many books listed on pages 60-61. These titles and more are available at ***Desert*** Magazine's Book Store and Art Gallery, 74-425 Highway 111, Palm Desert, California. Hours: Weekdays, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.



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Death Valley has lost its most precious resource, its special kind of people.

those already there. Where a privately owned artifact was deemed "historic," it was acquired, often by methods that did not consider the wishes of the owner.

Various mining regulations, culminating in the Mining in the Parks Act of 1976, were and are rigidly enforced. This latter, in effect, required that operations be conducted at a profit. Those that weren't were considered frivolous and one by one, closed down, by court order if necessary.

The argument for this is perhaps best expounded by Ruth Kirk in her book, *Exploring Death Valley*.* Writing in 1956 and presumably updating her statements in the third edition, published in 1978, from which this is taken, she says: "Over 2,000 claims are staked in the National Monument, only a fraction feasible as mines."

Continuing, she reports: "Those that do operate are strip mines. A single borate pit and dump in upper Furnace Creek sprawl across more than 300 acres of landscape, yet the total life of the mine until the ore was expected to give out was only six years. Overall, similar modern borate mining has consumed one acre of Death Valley's surface for every 10,000 tons of mineral produced; in the southern Panamint Mountains where talc is strip-mined, the rate of surface destruction is six times greater.

"Yet these particular deposits are not needed. Borate and talc exist abundantly elsewhere in the country. Unique scenery has been fed into the manufacture of fiberglass, ceramics and paint which would have been produced anyway."

Ruth Kirk's husband, Louis, is a career naturalist in the Park Service. She, reflecting their mutual interests, is an eloquent spokesperson for the "mandate." And, too, the only empathy involved in whether borate and talc operations continue or are shut down is the financial interests of large corporations, their employees and stockholders. Taking their side is akin to being against motherhood, or for pollution. As worded above, restricted as it is to two highly visible activities, she lays upon us a compelling argument.

BUT WHAT about Edna and Bill Price, who once accidentally made camp on a spot used similarly by the 49'ers and, horrors of horrors, promptly erected a souvenir stand to hawk the relics they found there? What about Shorty Harris, Shorty Borden and the others who gave birth to the legends that draw people to Death Valley today? Didn't they in their time qualify at the least as "historical objects" to be left unimpaired for the enjoyment of visitors?

True, they'd all be gone by now, but a measure of their spirit could be preserved if a crack were left in that mandate to allow in younger men and women of the same mold. "Gold mines pock-marking the mountains," complains Kirk, "hardly any of which could possibly prosper."

Old Bill Thompson took nothing out of his Lost Burro Mine in the foothills of the Cottonwood Mountains. Bill, who acquired the claim in the 1940s, ran a fruit stand in Desert Hot Springs. He knew his predecessors had never gotten more than $5,000 out of the Lost Burro, but he dreamed he could.

And he'd go to the Lost Burro whenever he could steal time. He tried alone in a mine that had once worked sixteen men, and he wasn't successful as measured by the Mining in the Parks Act of 1976. There's valid question as to whether he ever intended to be which, in turn, could draw the valid answer, who cares? Perhaps Bill Thompson just wanted to be alone with his dreams.

Anyway, the government cared and Old Bill was inexorably pressured out. He had what is called an unpatented claim, wherein title to the land remains forever with the

*Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif. — $3.45

United States. The validity of his claim was due to be questioned in court, but Old Bill cheated them. He died of a heart attack early last year. Now, the matter can be resolved, without emotion, by his executor.

This is what I miss when I visit Death Valley today. Nobody that belongs there lives there. Even the feral burros, descendents of those without which man could not have made it in the Valley, are marked for removal. They cause dire harm, it is claimed. They wear trails in the land, foul watering holes, consume rare vegetation and are a hazard to motorists. If enough people won't "adopt" them under current programs, there is only one unspoken, hush-hush alternative — they'll be shot.

One can't really blame the government for this predicament, if you view it further afield than just the Valley. It was the cattlemen and sheepherders who hunted predators such as the lion and wolf to extinction and thus left nature without its controls.

Or can you? Burro Bill and Edna came to the Valley in a Ford and soon traded it for four burros. The animals were precious then; their livelihood in the Valley was impossible without them. And they took them along when they were run off because they were going to a place even more remote. Others in their turn just set their burros loose. That's how it started, the government.

It is still possible, of course, to lose one's self in today's Monument, both by Jeep and on foot. But you can't stay. I heard, for example, a ranger describe how one weekend he had climbed, hand over hand, to a spot he was certain no one had been before but while resting, he looked around. There, sure enough, was a marker. Someone had once claimed that remote peak.

It was an odd paradox, I thought, the ranger thinking he had pioneered and Indian Tom saying, "that man is only one. He no can be everywhere at once . . ." It's true, sooner or later, "that man" would be everywhere, one place at a time. And therefore, Death Valley has lost its most precious resource, its special kind of people.

(Publisher's Note: Both books referred to in this article are available through *Desert* Magazine's Book Store. See pages 60-61 for ordering information.)

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Run-off from spring-fed pool (right) is used for irrigation. Furnace Creek Inn (below) beckons travelers day and night at the intersection of two main enter roads to the monument.

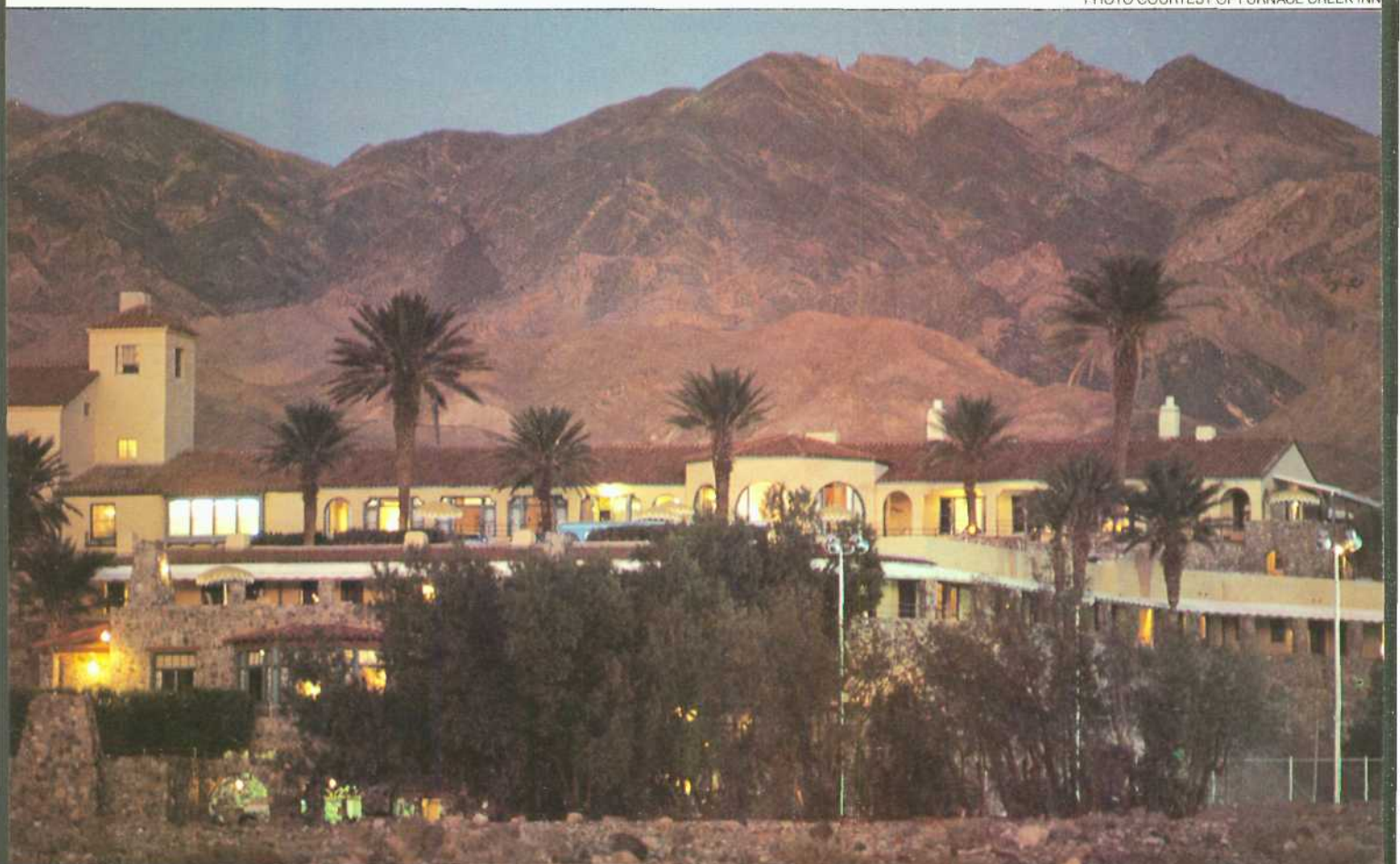


PHOTO COURTESY OF FURNACE CREEK INN

AN OASIS FOR THE JET SET

The Story of How the Furnace Creek Inn Came to Be

PHOTO COURTESY OF FURNACE CREEK INN



By Mary Eileen Twyman

WHEN THE 49ERS passed through Death Valley, terrified, worn in mind and body, certainly not one of the party would have predicted that someday, people would come there for enjoyment. The idea that a resort hotel would be built was unthinkable. Yet, records show they rested and replenished their water supply on the exact site where, 77 years later, construction started on the plush Furnace Creek Inn.

As early as 1851, pioneers were coming to Death Valley in search of minerals and some decided to stay.

The Pacific Coast Borax Company was quite aware of this untapped potential for tourism, and also, they owned the Tonopah & Tidewater and Death Valley Railroads. The only thing missing was accommodations for the travelers.

Much discussion resulted. Some executives of the Company were fiercely opposed to the idea of a grand hotel on the Valley floor. Nevertheless, Frank Jenifer, who at that time was vice-president of Pacific Coast Borax, invited Mrs. Nellie Coffman to evaluate the situation. Knowledgeable, direct and blessed with a lot of foresight, Mrs. Coffman drew on her many years of experience running the highly successful Desert Inn in Palm Springs and squelched adverse opinions very quickly with her strong, positive input. She even went one step further and suggested the hotel be built at Furnace Creek.

Plans for the hotel were drawn up by architect Albert C. Martin. The board of directors grumbled at the $30,000 price tag on the entire project, but they proceeded anyway.

So in February of 1927, sitting atop a small butte which had been an Indian ceremonial ground, and situated near the mouth of Furnace Creek, supplied with water from the same spring that had revived the 49ers, and facing the Panamint Mountains, the Furnace Creek Inn was open for business.

Quick-growing tamarisk trees were planted on the grounds to supply fuel for the fireplaces which were in each of the twelve rooms. All of the rooms opened out onto a veranda, and were contained in two wings extending on either side of the main building.

The accommodations, food and service were pure luxury. It was this deluxe treatment, combined with the desert magnificence and solitude of Death Valley, this perfect blend of contrasts, that caused the popularity of the Furnace Creek Inn to grow with a speed that amazed even the farsighted Nellie Coffman.

Automobile travel to the Inn began to increase in spite of the poor roads, and on either side of the parking areas five terrace rooms were added by fall of 1927. Ten more were completed in 1928, and 1929 saw the building of a seventeen-room annex for the hotel help, and the 87-degree spring fed a new swimming pool and dressing rooms. In 1930 a two-story, 21-room north wing was built and joined by an enclosed bridge to the main building. Another building, completely of stone, was also built for the kitchen help at this time. In 1934 the lower lounge and recreation room and the beautiful oasis garden were added in the ongoing expansion program.

With no more space on top of the butte for the proliferating Inn to stretch out, it began to reach upwards. In 1935, the enclosed bridge was removed and a four-story tower containing an elevator and 24 rooms replaced it. The kitchen and lobby were also enlarged, as was the dining room by removing the walls of ten of the original bedrooms. During this time several buildings were built away from the main hotel and further up Furnace Creek Wash for the help. By 1937, employees had 56 rooms set aside for their use.

THE SAME COMBINATION of impeccable hospitality, backdropped by an unconquerable wilderness, that attracted people to the Inn 53 years ago in numbers that forced a ten-year expansion program to begin the very year it opened, still fills the Inn with guests during its October to May season today.

Although attendants aren't as starched and uniformed as they were then, they serve you with the same graciousness. Famous authors over the years have written books in the seclusion of the Inn, while movie stars and politicians have sought refuge for less creative reasons. All know this same graciousness that invited them would respect their privacy and protect the solitude they came to seek. To its eternal credit, the Furnace Creek Inn stands on its own and doesn't rely on the notoriety of its visitors for publicity.

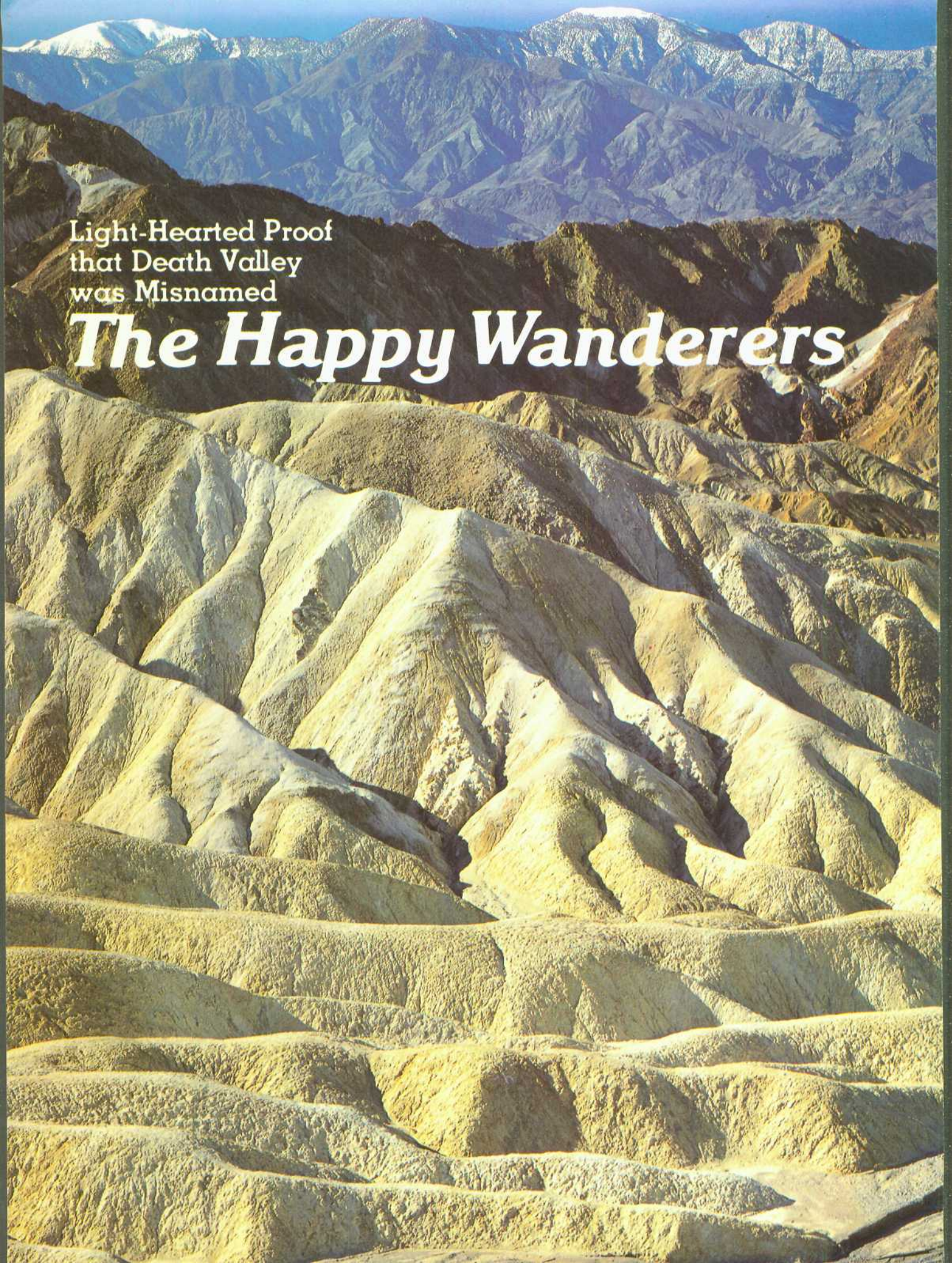
Just as the Inn operates on tradition, it has become a tradition to many families. It is not uncommon for the children and grandchildren of former guests to vacation at the Inn, sometimes in the same rooms used by their parents and grandparents. Many people are also married there, in the Oasis Garden where the slope of the lush grass-coated ravine rises gently around shadowed pools. For 46 years Deglet Noor date palms and fan palms have reached proudly skyward from this garden, spreading broad, fluted leaves against the withering rays of the desert sun; allowing this little space of green to flourish splendidly and boldly and in spite of the crushing environment.

Owned by Fred Harvey, Inc., an Amfac company since 1969, the Inn offers a modified American plan, air-conditioned rooms, swimming pool, tennis, badminton, a supper club with entertainment and a cocktail lounge. It also offers Death Valley National Monument, 2,000,000 acres, more or less, of capsuled history.

There is a paradox, a certain sadness, to Death Valley now. While the Furnace Creek Inn is in the process of planning even more expansion, what made Death Valley a place of such historical significance is no longer even allowed. While old enterprises like the Harmony Borax Works, the Ubehebe Lead Mine and the Lost Burro Mine are all looked upon as shrines, and the people who brought them about are lauded as a stout-hearted, lost breed, if a throwback to that breed would show up with pick in hand and burro on lead, he would be thrown out of the Valley, by law.

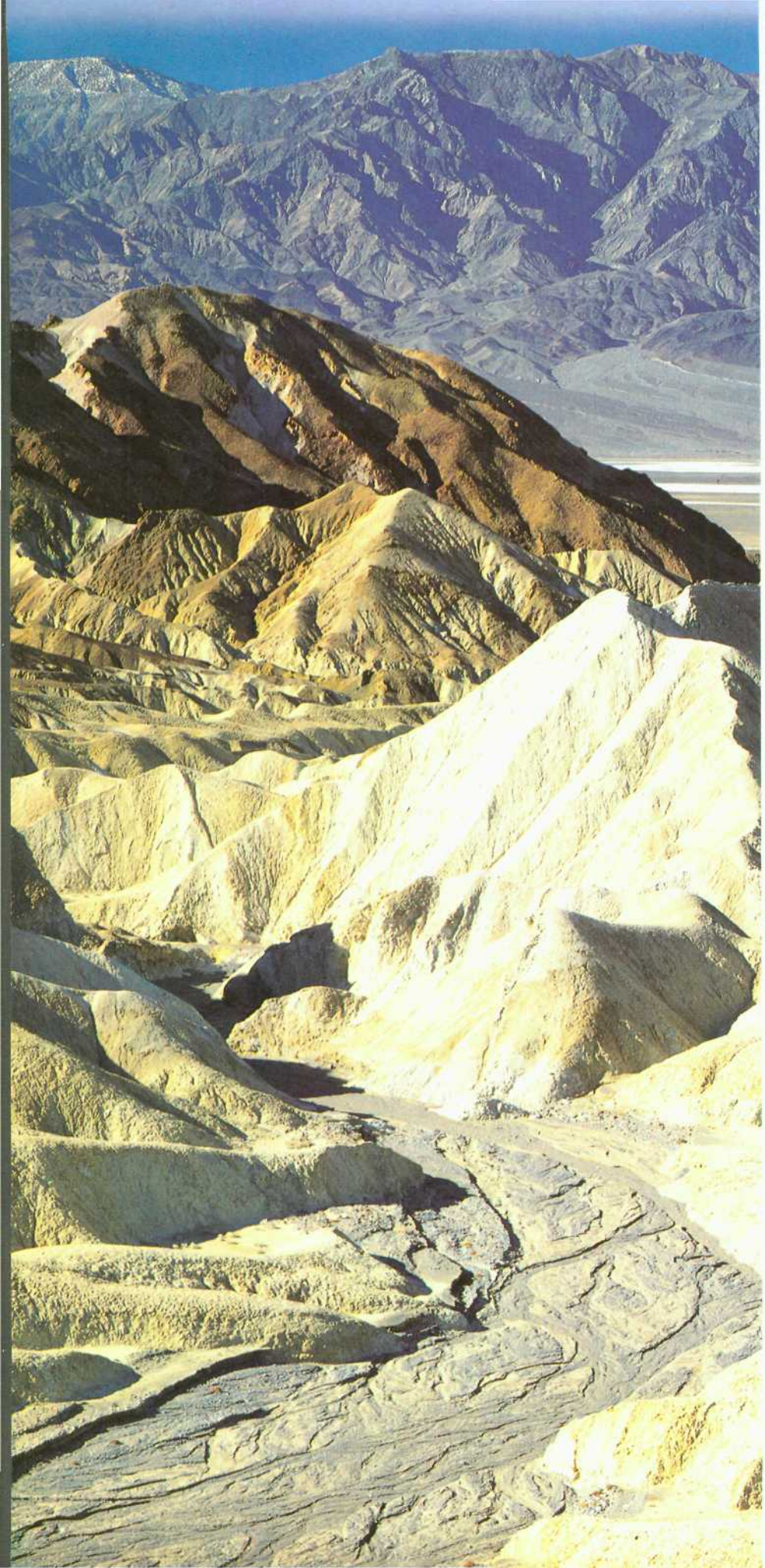
The burro, whose strong back and ability to live anywhere made it possible for prospectors to survive in Death Valley, is now scorned. If an unlikely pair such as Albert Johnson and Walter Scott announced plans to build a castle in Death Valley, the Park Service would lock them up and throw away the key.

The Furnace Creek Inn is more than a resort hotel. It is a private business, surviving on a small patch of private property within a saran-wrapped public domain. The Furnace Creek Inn is Death Valley's last pioneer.



Light-Hearted Proof
that Death Valley
was Misnamed

The Happy Wanderers



JEFF GNASS

by M.C. JUHREN

LATE IN THE summer of 1861, in Lida Valley, Nevada, a hopeful young man stood watching the loading of mules for a long trip and struck up a conversation with the two men in charge. They intended to go to San Francisco by way of Death Valley. They had four mules, two horses, a stock of provisions and thirteen dollars. He asked to go along.

It would slow them down to take him, for he had no horse and must walk unless one of the men would spell him. Furthermore, he wanted to take along a large bundle of boards. This, as the leader understated, would be "unhandy." But they must have liked him, and they all shared a liking for the desert and a refusal to believe in the fearsomeness of Death Valley. They agreed to take him on as a member of the party.

Death Valley at this time was at the depths of its bad repute. It had been eleven years since the Bennett-Arcane-Manly party and the Jayhawkers had gone through their well-publicized ordeal there. It would be another eleven years before the Valley would be competently explored. A few people had tried their luck there at prospecting, and their experience had all been bad. Rumors of silver ore had drawn them, after the gold had begun to play out.

Especially enticing had been the talk of a lost gunsight which its owner had replaced by one of silver, and the accompanying rumor that a cliff of pure silver existed in the Valley. At least two parties had gone in search of it, but individual members felt lucky if they got out with their lives. Not all of them did. Then, an offical survey party had gone in, that year, financed by politicians who wished to find out whether valuable ore was present on the California side of the Grapevine and Funeral Mountains. They became scattered while looking for water, and when the lost groups all

Naming this area of Death Valley the "Badlands" seems like overkill.

came together, by accident, at Furnace Creek, they decided they had had enough and left.

Then why did these three men elect to travel the width of the Valley with no more serious objective than a desire to see San Francisco? Well, they were very young, first-generation natives; the leader, George DeHart, cannot have been more than eighteen. This meant that they had been raised in the desert, and knew how to survive in it. It did not hold for them that debilitating fear of the unknown.

DeHart was very good at finding water, and he had a mule that was even better at it. By going down through the Valley, they could avoid the high passes of the Sierra and cross by the Walker Pass, the southernmost and lowest, which seldom had snow. And they wanted to show it could be done, that the Valley was not as bad as it had been painted. Also the new member of the party, whose name we know only as George, had an urge to name new places — an urge he did not speak of just yet.

As to the exact route they took, DeHart, living in Mecca, California, well into his eighties, never detailed it for posterity, but he gave enough stopping points that we can get out our maps, or into our car, or both, and figure it out, which is more fun anyway.

Starting from Lida, they had to go around Magruder Mountain on the southeast side, for the other way there was a high pass with, by that time, heavy snow. Following along the base of Magruder Mountain at about the 6,000-foot level, they would hit Tule Canyon about where it bends south. A road goes down it now. They might have heard about the canyon. It goes pretty straight south to about eight miles below what is now called Roosevelt Wells. Here the canyon forks. Taking the middle fork, they found a spring, a good one. It is about twenty miles from the town of Lida, a reasonable day's journey, as they hunted along the way. They set up a camp here; however, they soon broke camp and went somewhat further that day.

But first George proceeded to unpack his bundle of boards, and a can of paint. Then, to his companions' surprise, he painted a sign with professional skill, saying simply "Sand Springs." He explained that he was actually a sign-painter by trade. But he had the urge to name new places and, what is often harder, to make the names stick. To help ensure this, he erected his sign sturdily enough to hold in strong winds. It must have looked official, strongly placed and professionally painted.

"The sign got on the maps," said DeHart proudly, "and it is there to this day . . ." It was 1929 when he said this, but in our day, too, it is still the name on the maps. It can be traced from the old mining maps through the Rand McNally maps of 1883 and the Army Engineers Topographic Sheet of 1957, on down to the map the Automobile Club of Southern California will hand you today, if you ask.

They went on to a pleasing site some fourteen miles further on. There they found springs with wild grapevines growing lushly around, and fine pasturage for the mules. The vivid color of the grapevines could be seen from quite a distance; not from Sand Springs, for a projection of Gold Mountain is in the way, but from a short distance west of their camp, over near the foothills of the Last Chance Range, where they might have gone to hunt. Or, they may have simply decided to get on, after a rest which George, on foot, no doubt appreciated. At any rate, they went, and for that site George painted and erected the sign "Grapevine Springs."

"That name got on the maps, too," said DeHart, "and not only that, but it also spread to the nearby mountains." To the largest canyon, as well, and the local ranger station uses it.

They found a waterhole about forty miles south, almost at sea level. This place, too, offered forage, and George named it "Sacatone Flats." His spelling was phonetic, or perhaps he added the final "e" to make sure the word was pronounced correctly by Anglo-Americans. The name *Sacaton* is a Mexican one derived from the Spanish *sacate*. The English name is dropseed, or if you want the botanical Latin, it is *Sporobolus airoides*. His name was apt, for the sturdy bunchgrass is a striking sight when in seed, sending a maze of delicate stems to a height of three feet. It is found around marshy places and desert seeps, and doesn't mind alkali.

Yet this name got lost. Checking up some years later, DeHart found no trace of George's sign. Instead, another sign said "Surveyor's Wells." On the Rand McNally map there is a Surveyor's Spring but much further north. About where Surveyor's Wells was shown on an Army Engineers map, (there is a difference in the placement of sea level), the name "Midway Well" appeared; but on recent Auto Club maps, no name at all is in that location. About all that is sure is that Sacatone Flats was at the northern end of Mesquite Flats.

But if fate was unkind to George in his naming of this place, she was good to him in another way. He found a horse. At first it seemed utterly wild. It took all three men to get it into camp. Once there, it sniffed curiously, calmed down, then strolled over to a pan of dried biscuit dough in a pan, and ate it with relish. Now that he was quiet, they could see that a white line around his middle was the disintegrating remains of a pack saddle.

"Somebody had come to grief near there," said DeHart, "and we hunted for signs of him, but found nothing but an old gun flint that fell to pieces. We wondered how long the horse had been making it on his own. He became the pet of the party."

They continued to find it a pleasant trip, DeHart maintaining that there was always water to be found within thirty miles of wherever they were. They reached San Francisco to find that their thirteen dollars stretched well, with plentiful meals to be had for fifteen cents and a night's lodging as much as a quarter, but only if you wanted a private room.

DeHart's account differs refreshingly from others in that it was carefree, with no somber incidents. Not even an animal suffered. In fact, one was rescued and cared for. It shows how capable and responsible teenagers can be. And there is perhaps a touch of pathos in the anonymity of George, who had such zest for naming, but named nothing for himself and had nothing named for him.

Wouldn't it be a nice thing if someone somewhere in California's bureaucracy restored the name Sacatone Flats to some good grassy seep, perhaps even "George's Sacatone Flats?" But in any event, we must agree with DeHart that "two out of three is pretty good."

THE CASTLE In Grapevine Canyon


JEFF GNASS

BY FRANK HAMMOND

APPROXIMATELY 250 freeway and highway miles northeast of Los Angeles in the arid heart of what was once considered one of the most grimly forbidding parts of the world lies Death Valley, and in one of its canyons sits a wondrous castle.

Death Valley has many unique attractions which include Badwater, the lowest point at 282-feet below sea level on the North American continent, ruins of ghost towns and famous mining works, magnificent views and peculiar desert plants. But the goal of most visitors is Scotty's Castle high up the draw of Grapevine Canyon at the north end of the valley.

With wide pavement all the way, it's easy to get there. During daylight hours seven days a week, except perhaps in the dead of summer, the parking area across from the dry moat, originally intended to become one of the world's most eleborate and elegant swimming pools, will be lined with cars and tour buses.

The castle comes upon you suddenly. For miles there is little but rocks and sand. Then around a sharp bend there stands this masterpiece of Moorish architecture rising from the floor of one of the world's harshest deserts, where in summer ground temperatures of 165 degrees have been recorded. Even on the relatively high ground of Grapevine Canyon, it seems an illogical place to build a palace.

IT'S WELL KNOWN that Scotty's Castle didn't belong to Scotty at all. It belonged to Albert Johnson, a millionaire Chicago financier who had taken a shine to the colorful Walter Scott, one-time bronc buster for Buffalo Bill Cody's world-famous wild west show, and made the then obscure Death Valley prospector his partner. It was Johnson's $3,000,000 that built the castle in the 1920s just as it was Johnson's grubstake that financed all of Scotty's well-publicized stunts. Johnson's money, for example, chartered the Santa Fe train which, with Scotty helping at the throttle, attained speeds up to 106 miles per hour to make the record run from Los Angeles to Chicago in 44 hours and 50 minutes. It was likewise Johnson's money that Scotty used in San Bernardino and Los Angeles to light 50¢ cigars with $10 bills and throw silver dollars around when John D. Rockefeller was tipping dimes. Once when asked about his connection with "Scotty's" castle, Johnson replied, "I'm only his banker."

You can take a self-guided tour of the fifteen acres of grounds and walk up the hill behind the castle to where Scotty was buried in 1954, and there

Scotty's Castle (above) was opened to tourists even when it was privately owned.

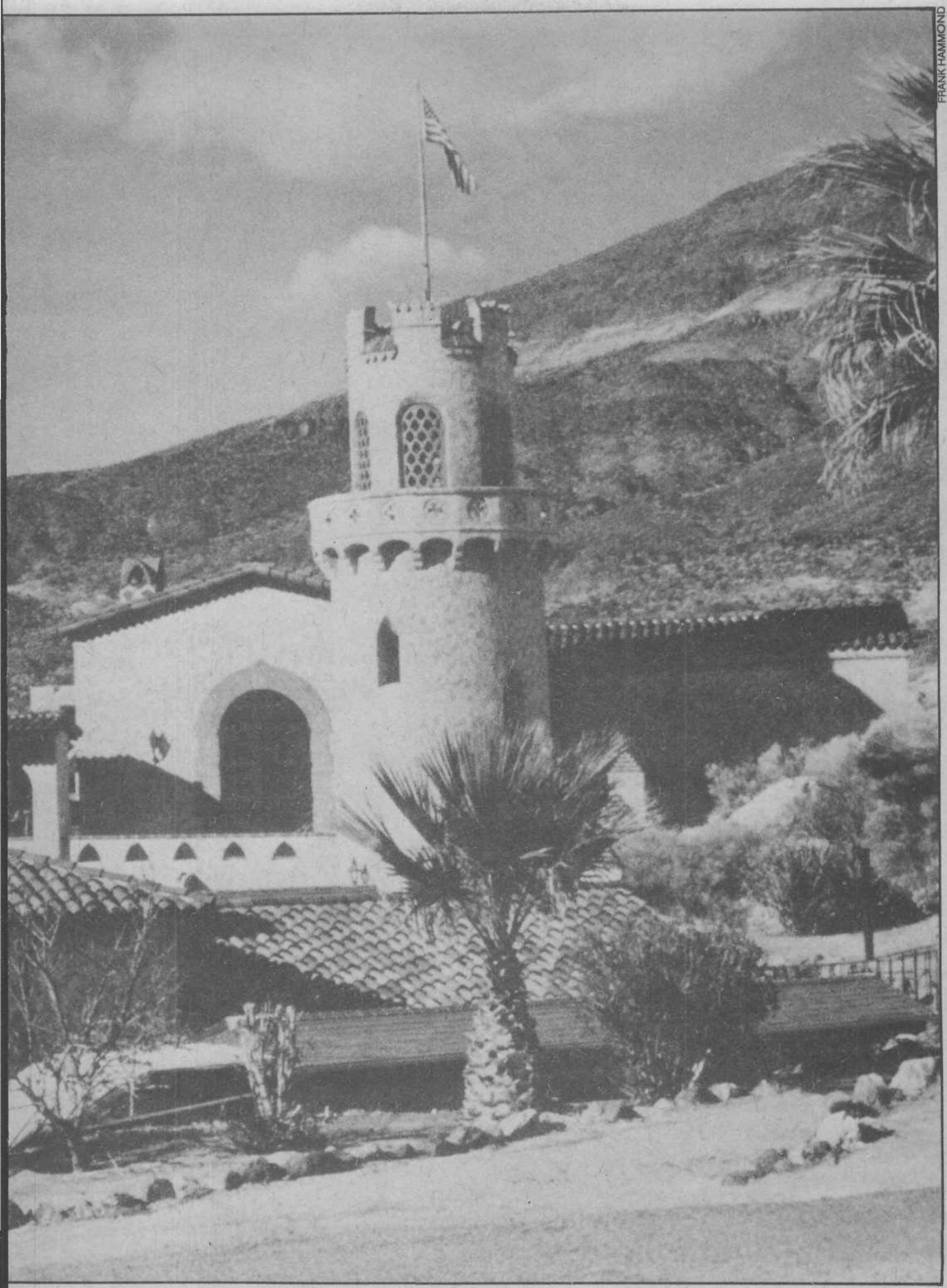
are frequent guided tours through the opulent castle, narrated by a National Park Service ranger.

THE ARCHITECTURE IS a mixture of Moorish and Spanish with modifications to adapt to the extremes of the desert climate. There is a pre-energy-crisis solar heating system engineered by Johnson. The kitchen is classical Mexican with bricks, a bee-hive oven and even a simulated well. Tiles on the floors are all from Spain, some of lavish design. There are sixteen fireplaces, and in Tie Canyon behind the castle there are 100,000 railroad ties which Johnson bought to keep warm (Death Valley can also freeze), enough to last 100 years with every fireplace going day and night.

Furnishings are ornate, either made to the Johnsons' design or purchased in Europe or Asia. The rugs are from Mallorca. The draperies are specially-tanned sheepskins, hand painted in New York. The music room has an organ with more than 1,000 pipes. It is hooked up to play automatically, and the guides give you a sample of what Johnson, his wife, Scotty and their guests once favored. Bach in Death Valley is an anomaly you won't forget.

Bell tower with its elaborate carillon is typical of the extravagances which prevented Albert Johnson from finishing his Castle.





FRANK HAMMOND

CAMERA WITH A VIEW



AS LOGICAL A combination as apple pie and ice cream, Tasco's new Bino/Cam 8000 is a happy mating of an interchangeable-lens camera with a wide-angle binocular. One 19-ounce piece of equipment in a single carrying case translates what you see to a permanent record in one motion.

The camera uses easy-to-load 110 cartridge film. This is readily available anywhere in Kodachrome, Kodacolor, Verichrome, Tri-X or equivalent formats, and Kodak at least will return your slides in frames with the same outside dimensions as 35 mm, thus permitting use of your existing projection equipment.

Of course a wedding, whether it be of people or photo/visual equipment, invariably demands a degree of compromise. The camera is not intended for professional use although the specs for the 7-power binocular with 20mm quality optics, a 508-foot wide angle field of view, BAK 4 prisms, rubber eyecups and built-in tripod adapter are standard enough in that field.

Tasco sees its primary market in people who would otherwise lug both binocular and camera to a sporting event. The standard 100 mm lens will stop down to a minimum of 25 feet at f22; f5.6 is limited to 75 feet, and the optional 70mm lens is a bit better at 15 and 40 feet, respectively. But the system is not intended for close-up photography.

Potential uses among *Desert* Magazine readers are apparent: you can both view and shoot the action while fishing, boating, bird and animal watching, or spotting and then photographing otherwise inaccessible landmarks. An optional 150mm lens is available for the latter purpose.

Unlike Tasco's earlier 7600 and 7800 models, binocular focus is independent of the pre-focused camera system, which has both 1/125- and 1/250-second shutter speeds. Nor is there an integral metering system; readings from a hand-held meter must be fed in by shutter speed and/or f-stop adjustments.

Again, because of focusing limitations and intended usage, no provision is made for synchronized flash, but a remote cable release is available.

Other accessories include a table-top tripod; ultra-violet, yellow or neutral lens filters; and two types of eye shields. A carrying case with shoulder strap is standard.

The earlier models mentioned, which may still be available at camera stores, integrated binocular focus with that of the camera, using a single 112mm lens with no optional sizes available. This system was abandoned with the new 8000 to gain lens interchangeability at minimum cost.

An indirect advantage resulting from the separation of the two focusing functions is derived by users suffering from impaired vision. Proper binocular focus for them might be incorrect for the camera.

Suggested retail price for the Bino/Cam 8000 is $299.95 at camera stores everywhere. Further information may be obtained by writing Mr. Robert Johnson at Tasco, P.O. Box 520080, Miami, FL 33152

Attention Manufacturers and Marketers:
Desert Magazine will be glad to evaluate your product for inclusion in this column. We require that it be new, commercially available and of specific interest to our readers. Where applicable, a returnable sample should be provided. For further details, write New Products Editor, *Desert* Magazine, P.O. Box 1318, Palm Desert, CA 92261.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAY
TO REBUILD OLD ADOBE STRUCTURES

Preserving the Ancient Pueblos

The stone walls at Salmon Ruins stand like a child's block city, partially built, then abandoned when interest waned. They are graphic reminders of a bustling past when Pueblo Indians made this sophisticated apartment complex in northwestern New Mexico their home. The walls reach skyward, chopped off by the hands of time and weathered by wind and moisture.

A crew of fifteen Navaho masons headed by stabilization director Larry Baker are repairing those walls. Baker is also director of the Puerco Ceramic Lab at Eastern New Mexico University, Portales. His stabilization assistant is Norman Nelson. Following the axiom of make it last but make it look like it's 1,000 years old, Baker has spent summer months since 1974 supervising putting the walls back together.

The ruins, located two miles west of Bloomfield, New Mexico, on U.S. 64, is a pueblo structure built by Chaco Canyon Indians beginning in the year 1088 A.D. It was inhabited off and on until the early 1300s, first by the colonists from Chaco Canyon, a trade center fifty miles to the south with contacts as far away as Central America, then by Mesa Verde Indians who farmed the area nearby before moving into the deserted complex.

Excavation at the ruins progressed in 58 of the estimated 200 to 250 rooms from 1972 to 1978 under the direction of Dr. Cynthia Irwin-Williams of E.N.M.U. Other rooms were left unexcavated to allow archeologists of the future with their presumedly better techniques to learn more about the complex and its culture.

However, removing sand that filtered into the ruins for 700 years left the uncovered walls vulnerable to erosion, particularly from moisture. Like a home, it always needs repairing somewhere. But, unlike a home, this ruin is almost 900 years old and has no roof to protect the walls.

"It needs preserving," said Baker. "They're just not building any more of them. Our orientation is to maintain and preserve the original architecture without making an exact duplicate, for that would take too long and be too costly."

In Baker's work with the Salmon Ruins architecture he has developed a respect for the early day masons. "The walls were built to take stress," he said. "They're wide enough at the base and strong enough to take a second story." When the apartment complex was inhabited, it did indeed have a second story.

The ruin sits on the alluvial terrace of the San Juan River's flood plain and water often seeps through the ground into the walls making moisture a challenge to the stabilizers.

The walls themselves are largely made up of stone veneer on two sides between which was poured a soupy adobe mix, a combination of mud, clay, stone, pottery chips and other debris. An analogy in modern architecture is poured concrete walls with the rubble core corresponding in function to the poured concrete, Baker said. The analogy falls down, though, he said, because today the forms are removed from poured concrete while back then the masonry veneer on both sides of the rubble core remained.

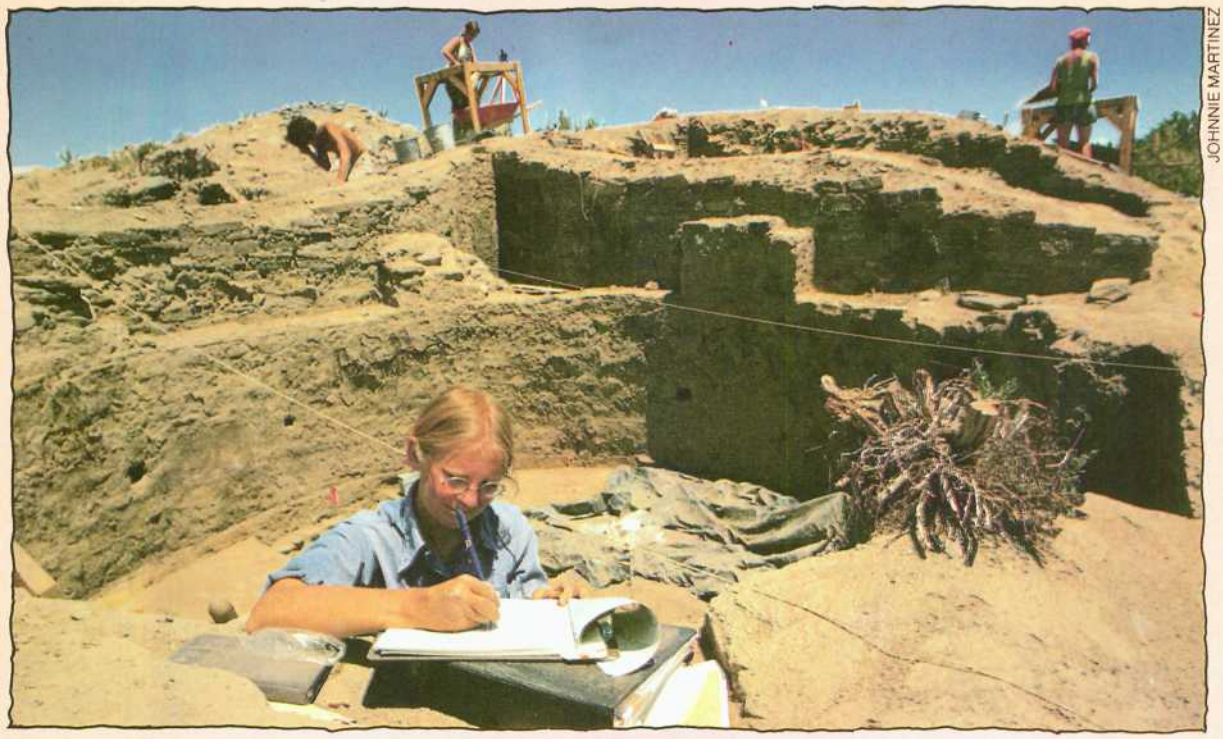
The masonry veneer expressed the builders' sense of artistry as they made patterns of different stone sizes, with large stones having bands of smaller stones running between them to form their patterns. Known as chinking, the small stones provide a designer's touch to the walls.

It is partly because of this style that Baker insists on taking pictures of each wall before it is stabilized. Then, using the pictures as a guide, modern Navaho masons attempt to replicate the banded pattern.

Most Navahos, because of their cultural beliefs, will not work at a ruins site. But, says Baker, stabilizing a ruin is different in their eyes than excavating one. With stabilization you're not disturbing things and releasing malevolent forces, you're restoring them.

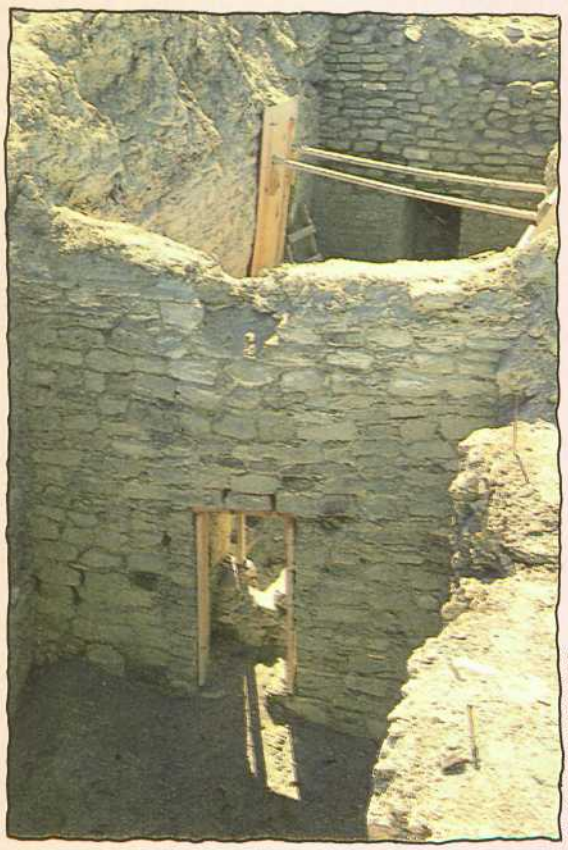
The masons pay special attention to stone length, width, color, grain size, make-up of the mortar joint and the style of chinking. Once the photographs are taken and the deteriorated portion of stone and

by MARGARET CHEASEBRO

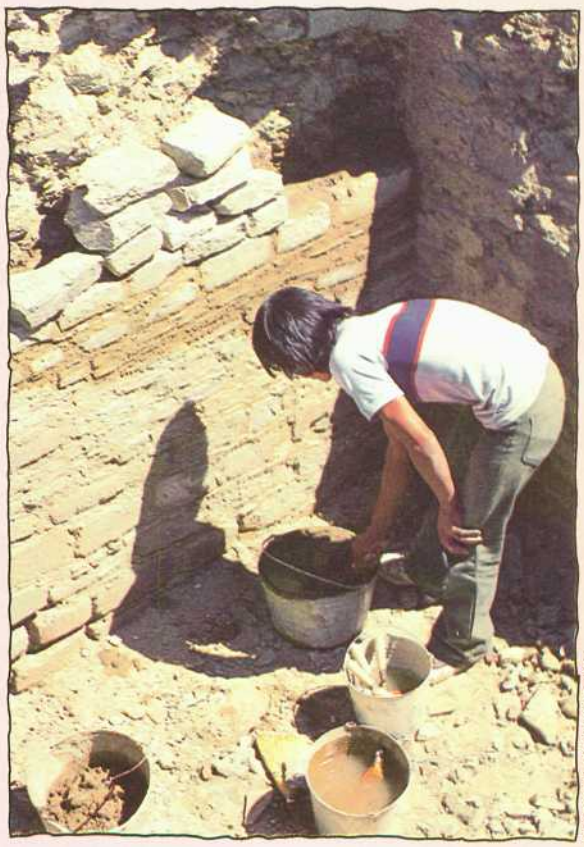


JOHNNIE MARTINEZ

FUNDS FOR THE PRESERVATION of Salmon Ruins are provided by the U.S. Heritage Conservation and Recreation Service, New Mexico Historic Preservation Program, the San Juan County Museum Association and the San Juan County general fund.



MARGARET CHEASEBRO



MARGARET CHEASEBRO

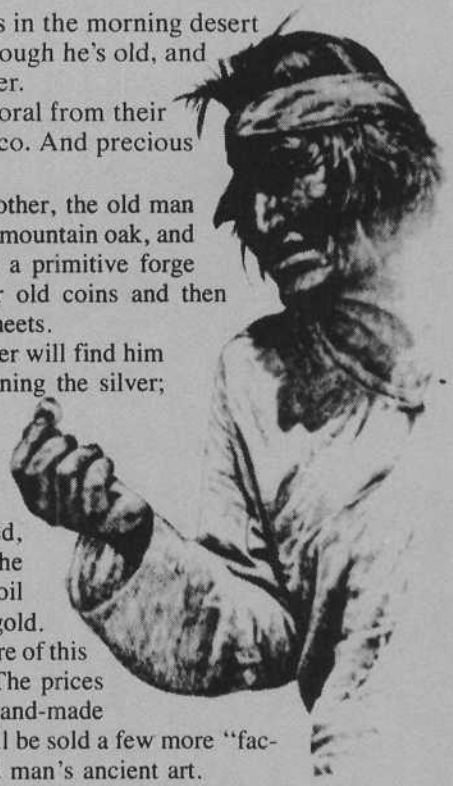
(continued on page 28)

A SHORT HISTORY OF NATIVE INDIAN JEWELRY-A VANISHING DESERT ART

Somewhere West of Denver, and South of the Great Salt Lake, an old man sits in the morning desert sun, patiently grinding bits of coral and turquoise into tiny hescke beads. Although he's old, and as wrinkled as the canyoned hills that surround his pole hogan, his craft is older.

When the Spaniards, relative late-comers to the Indian country, brought the coral from their sea voyages, silver had long been mined in the hills, or traded out of old Mexico. And precious turquoise and bits of shell had been tribal currency for centuries.





Later this day, or perhaps another, the old man will build a hot fire of pinon and mountain oak, and with crude leather bellows and a primitive forge smelt down lumps of silver or old coins and then hammer them into thin silver sheets.

Cold nights of the desert winter will find him before his fire, patiently fashioning the silver; filing, shaping and soldering until he has formed tiny intricate fixtures and ornaments to complement the summer's hescke beads. When he's finished, astute collectors will count the product of his patient ancient toil worth more than its weight in gold.

He will die soon, and a bit more of this ancient art will die with him. The prices will rise a bit more for the hand-made pieces, and the unsuspecting will be sold a few more "factory" pieces in place of the old man's ancient art.

Of such sad events are values made. And the wise person today buys value with beauty when possible.

Desert Magazine is one of today's values, with beauty. Each full-color page is an enchanting exercise in bringing you the desert as it is today, or as it was in past glory. While Desert can't bring you into direct contact with the ancient crafts, it can and does bring you the real desert with each and every monthly issue. For lasting value we suggest you enter your subscription today—the desert's beauty is truly timeless. This special offer is not!

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The walls are made up of stone veneer on two sides between which was poured a soupy adobe mix.

rubble core removed, the search begins for the right sandstone to use. The original masons were particular, too. They went as far as three miles away to get the type of sandstone they wanted. What is believed to be one of their quarry sites was found three miles from the ruins, Baker said, but neither it nor closer locations may be quarried today because, ironically, they are considered archeological sites and cannot be disturbed.

Baker is currently getting his stones from material that accumulated in and around the rooms after the apartment complex was abandoned and began to fall apart. Even here, however, he must choose carefully, for only undeteriorated stone may be used in the wall. Baker said sandstone outcroppings where ancient Indians gathered some of their stones occur on the mesas surrounding the ruins, but the exposed rock is deteriorating and cannot be used for building.

Once the stones are chosen, masons shape them with metal tools to conform to the original wall. Then they build up the stone veneer like laying brick.

They use a special mortar mixed to look like the adobe of the original builders. It is a combination of Ideal Portland cement, Tamms desert tan mortar color No. 3621, washed masonry sand and water. The mortar color takes the grayness from the cement and makes it look more like the original adobe, and the modern mixture will last a long time.

The cement and mortar color are mixed dry before adding the masonry sand and water to insure getting the proper color and mix. That mix varies every time a new shipment of cement or mortar color arrives, because different shipments sometimes vary slightly in color. Baker said his crew makes a test briquet each time they receive a new supply to make sure the mortar color matches what they have been using. The ratio has never exceeded eight pounds of mortar color to 94 pounds of Portland cement, he said. That is the manufacturer's specifications to keep from adversely affecting the cement's bonding properties.

Once masonry sand is added, that too can change the color of the mixture and must be tested if the sand source changes. In 1979 workers at the site quarried the same type of sand that original masons used to make the adobe. That allowed an even closer color match, Baker said, but in 1980 they received their sand from another source, so further experimentation in ingredient proportions was required.

The mortar mixture is weaker than that used for a sidewalk, said Baker. That's because moisture plays such a large role in wall deterioration. A sidewalk mixture is so hard it will not allow water to seep through it. Therefore, when it is used in a wall and moisture seeps through from the ground, the only way it can get out is through the stones. However, when water leaches through the stones it brings with it the salts that bond the stones together, causing the stones to deteriorate faster than normally.

Baker points out walls at the ruins whose upper portions were stabilized in 1973 by a National Park Service crew before they became aware of how harmful a strong cement mixture can be. Water that would normally seep through the entire wall leaches through the stones on the lower, unstabilized portion, causing them to deteriorate twice the normal rate. Making the cement mixture weaker than the stone itself allows moisture to leach through the mortar rather than the stone.

Once the masonry veneers have been stabilized, masons pour a soupy combination of mortar mixed with rocks between the two walls to bond them together. This mixture, called rubble core, is crowned on top to allow moisture to drain off the wall. Pieces of rock are also imbedded in the mortar at the top to discourage visitors from walking on the wall.

The walls are rebuilt only to their existing height. If Baker finds a portion of wall where the veneer has fallen away so badly that he cannot tell what rock and chinking pattern was used, "I won't fudge it," he said. He will not rebuild the veneer but will, instead, stabilize the rubble core. It not only allows accurate stabilization of the wall but lets visitors see what rubble core looks like.

Nor will he stabilize walls that are not deteriorating. Focus of the stabilization is on preserving areas that are badly deteriorated. To add an authentic touch, when masons finish the masonry veneer, they stipple the still wet mortar with whisk brooms to obliterate the trowel marks. Then they dust the mortar with dirt from the floor of the room in which they are working. But, warns Baker, dusting alone will not insure an "adobe look." That must come in the mixing of the mortar ingredients.

If a wall is in good condition except for adobe mortar that needs repointing, masons will remove that loose or deteriorating adobe, then wet the joints, the spaces between the stone, to reduce shrinkage and cracking during drying. Then they add the cement mortar, use a whisk broom and dust the finished mortar with room dirt.

Present-day ingenuity also adds strength to various wall features. Wall niches, pockets in the wall possibly used for storage, carried the weight of the upper wall without added support when Indians first built them. Today, Baker and his crew install reinforcing rods above those niches which are hidden from view. "They add more strength, and we hide them for cosmetic reasons," Baker said.

Reinforcing rods are also used above lintels in doorways, above ventilator shafts and windows, and as structural ties at the corners of second-story and high first-story walls. The rods are integrated into the wall caps and joined around the corners to keep the walls straight and strong. They are always placed so they cannot easily be seen to conform to the theme of make it old but make it look like it's 1,000 years old.

Today, though many ruins walls still need to be stabilized, the complex is turning into a solid, safe replication of the Pueblo ruins, a place through which visitors can safely walk and, in the summer months, watch stabilization work in progress first hand.

THE CACTUS CITY

Clarion

THE NOSIEST NEWSPAPER IN THE WEST

VOL. 2 NO. 2 MARY EILEEN TWYMAN, EDITOR FEBRUARY, 1981

HISTORIC JACUMBA RESORT ALIVE AND WELL

by Gregg Prosor

Jacumba, Calif. — Time didn't forget this once thriving town atop the Mountain Springs Grade on the old Butterfield Stage route about eighty miles east of San Diego. What was once called the "Hub City of the Mountain Empire" had been the victim in part of the opening of Interstate Route 8 and more directly, the invention of air conditioning.

This gentle decline, however, is about to reverse itself. Jacumba Associates, a San Diego-based group of investors, have re-opened the historic sixty-room hotel and associated motel and simultaneously, there has been an influx of artists and writers to augment the hardy 400 souls who have stuck it out through good times and bad.

Jacumba, the community, was first acquired as a package in 1919 by Bert L. Vaughn. In 1923 he began construction of the four-story hotel which opened its doors to guests on Memorial Day, two years later.

During the excavation for the building, workmen found a small green jade Buddha which today is cemented to the fireplace in the hotel's lounge. Where it came from and how it came to be buried in that spot is still a mystery.

Jacumba in the 1920s reminded observers of a small town transplanted complete with its culture from the midwest. There was a bandstand across from the hotel where Sunday evening concerts were staged. The Fourth of July was observed with speeches, music, fireworks and ice cream cones.



Photo taken about 1967 shows the Hotel Jacumba much as it appears today, although businesses adjacent to it have changed.

During World War II, however, servicemen and workers stationed in the surrounding mountains added some tarnish. The hotel opened a cocktail bar, Jacumba's first, which led to dancing, then what were described as "wild women" and even, it was said, gambling.

Vaughn sold the town in 1944 at what seems today like the bargain price of $250,000 to one W. A. Hansen of Fullerton, California. Then followed a succession of owners, Hansen taking it back several times in the interim, until it was acquired by Henry and Jeanne La Zare.

The La Zares developed a large clientele for the now aging hotel, but the burden of continuous maintenance was too much for them.

While Jacumba Associates have ambitious plans for their property, the project is better called a restoration than a modernization. There will be no television or telephones in the rooms, and some adjoining accommodations share a bath.

Hot springs, a jacuzzi and a Finnish sauna are housed within the hotel but the new managers, Jim Carman and Dave Baze, emphasize that the operation should not be thought of as a "fat farm."

The re-opened restaurant, serving gargantuan meals three times a day to guests on the American Plan, precludes losing much weight. Breakfast and lunch are also available to the general public. Jacumba may be reached via a marked turn-off on I-8 or directly on old U.S. 80.

—*Desert* News Service

SIDEWINDER LURKING IN STOLEN TOOL BOX

Blythe, Calif. — A local thief probably got the shock of his life when he opened a tool box he took from a pair of truck drivers.

They were asleep in their motel room here when someone entered their truck and took a tool box containing $550 worth of tools.

While the thief may have expected the tools, he also got a bonus—in the form of a live (and probably angry) sidewinder rattlesnake the truckers kept in the box.

Police have relayed the information to officials at Palo Verde Hospital, just in case someone suffering from a snake bite shows up there.

—Palo Verde Valley TIMES

DURABLE COACH A WORK OF ART

by Raymond Smith

Gardnerville, Nev.—Many present-day roads began as trails or toll roads, only later becoming part of our system of paved highways as we now know them.

And the ruler of the high desert transportation routes was the Concord. These famous coaches were built to carry passengers for long distances in minimum time. They were true "queens of the road."

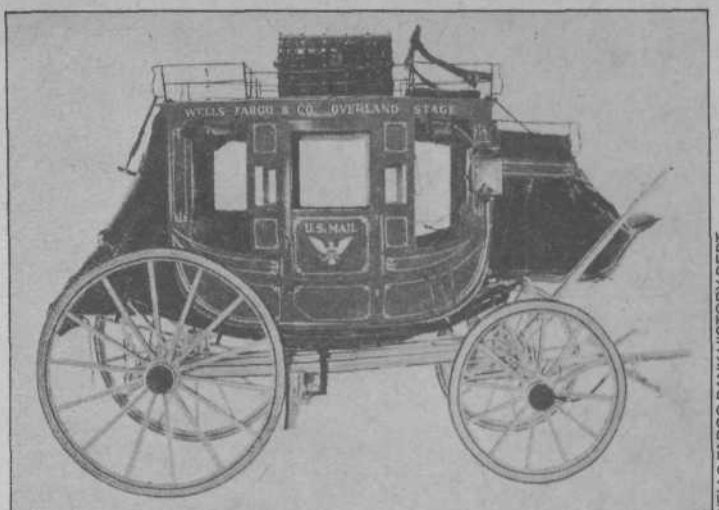
The Concords were also works of art. Although they weighed up to 2,500 pounds, they did not look it, being fully as trim and tidy as Chippendale chairs. They generally had straw-colored running gear, while the body was painted a bold red, often with somewhat gaudy landscapes or other paintings on the doors.

If the Concord was the queen, the driver was king. As he sat on the "box," he was recognized and admired as the captain, which he was. He had to be (and was) an exceptional man who knew his profession completely and was able to prove it every day, since he risked death at every turn of the road. This was especially true for the famed east side of the Kingsbury—from Friday's Station at Lake Tahoe to Genoa at the edge of Carson Valley and then on into Carson City. Stories of runaways, rock slides, holdups and hazards concerning staging in this area were common.

Hank Monk was generally regarded as the best of the coach drivers. His ability, often combined with a certain reckless daring, was said to be related to his prodigious ability to consume rotgut alcohol. It was Monk who was involved in perhaps the greatest coach feat of record on the east side of the Sierras.

In the early winter of 1862, with Monk driving, an iron shoe which had been placed under the wheel slipped out and the team bolted, although no one inside was aware of it. The brakes were useless. A Mr. W. F. Bennet of Wells Fargo was with Monk that day, and both soon realized that it was impossible to stop the stage; all they could do was to try to guide it around the familiar curves.

Monk held on as long as he could, the lines shredding his fine brown-colored gloves, but finally he had to give up. The horses were so well trained and familiar with the road that they kept to the track by instinct and arrived safely at the Van Sickle Station in Carson Valley some five-and-one-half miles from the summit (on the old grade), complete with two switchbacks, in the record time of sixteen minutes.



WELLS FARGO BANK HISTORY DEPT.

Quite a few Concords survived, this one owned by the Wells Fargo Bank.

Hank Monk was in stages thirty years with only one upset which happened when he was hurrying from Glenbrook (Tahoe) to Carson, while trying to make a train connection. Just east of Saint's Rest the stage overturned, spilling driver and twelve passengers, eight of whom were on top. No one was injured, but Hank never was quite the same after that and died not long afterwards.

Stages and staging in Carson Valley declined considerably after the advent of the Virginia & Truckee Railroad in 1906, but stages did continue to run over the mountains to Lake Tahoe and southerly towards Bridgeport until the introduction of the automobile coach in about 1912. After that the many liveries in Gardnerville were converted to garages and the queens of the road were no more.

—The RECORD-COURIER

TRAVELING MINING COMPANY HEADQUARTERED IN BUS

by Jeanette Hyduke

Blythe, Calif.—"We don't believe in the P.G.&E. owning our souls."

These sentiments were expressed this week in Blythe by Eric and Kerry Goodman, owners of a traveling mining company whose sole assets are contained in their traveling office-bus-home.

Goodman, former photographer for United Press International in New York, decided he was fed up with trying to compete for the dollar, when odds were against his ever saving many of them from his salary because of escalating prices.

For $2,000 Goodman outfitted a bus, loaded up his family, headed west, and together they are making a living from the land, mainly by mining.

The Goodmans said the area in and around Palo Verde has an abundance of fine gold.

"If we were allowed to pan in the Colorado River, we'd make a fortune," he said.

Goodman said that from Parker Dam to the Mexican Border the river is laden with gold, but the government does not give permits to dredge for gold in this area.

Goodman said he was not a wealthy man by conventional standards, but a great satisfaction, he says, comes to him and his family when they find industrial diamonds in clear lakes, and when they dredge for gold.

"We find jade in Willow Creek at Big Sur, and next week we will go south to Yuma and then on over into Mexico," he said.

"We are going to enjoy our lives on this planet and all that the earth produces is ours," Goodman said. "It is there for the taking, and I was never a stranger to hard work."

—Palo Verde Valley TIMES

ELK TRANSPLANT SUCCESSFUL

Owens Valley, Calif.—A total of 102 tule elk were captured in the Owens Valley of Inyo County and transported to augment three existing herds in central and northern California.

Twenty-two elk were taken from the Tinemaha herd and moved to Mt. Hamilton in Santa Clara County. Lake Pillsbury's existing herd in Lake County received 58 of the tule elk and the remaining 22 found new homes at Laytonville in Mendocino County.

The California Department of Fish and Game operation used a new herding technique on elk for the first time, a technique in which a helicopter herded the animals into an enclosure and in which the use of tranquilizing darts was held to a minimum.

***—Desert* News Service**

WILD TURKEYS REESTABLISHED ON OLD WOMAN

Kanab, Utah—Utah Division of Wildlife Resources game managers, working in cooperation with Warren Harward, a member of Utah's Wildlife Board, have successfully released thirteen wild turkeys on the Old Woman Plateau in Salina Canyon. Two gobblers and eleven hens were released, all in good condition.

The turkeys were raised from eggs by Harward at his ranch in Annabella, Utah. He undertook the project out of interest in seeing the birds reestablished in the area and their overall population expanded in the state.

The turkeys were released in an area that had previously had a population of wild turkeys which had disappeared over the years.

—Southern Utah NEWS

SUSIE DICK SPANNED A JOYFUL CENTURY

by Roberta McConnell

Gardnerville, Nevada — Susie Dick passed away in a Carson City rest home on October 19, 1966, at an undetermined age—anywhere from ninety to 101.

But Susie Dick's venerable age was not all that made her a legendary figure during her lifetime in the Carson Valley. It was her warm-hearted approach to living that made every day memorable for persons around her.

Half Paiute, half Washoe, Susie Dick was born at Mountain House, bordering Douglas and Lyon counties, sometime around 1874, according to Miss Grace Dangbert for whose family she worked and on whose land she lived until the last three years of her life.

A great talker with a "priceless sense of humor," Susie used wonderfully colorful, slightly mixed-up English which always produced a smile from her listeners. Celebrating the New Year, for instance, Susie always smiled warmly and wished her friends "Half a New Year."

Not beyond being arrested for drunkenness on occasion, Susie maintained strict personal standards and was scrupulously honest. If Susie borrowed a dollar from someone, there was no need to make a note of it; she always repaid her debts. Susie also had strenuous objections to young girls having numerous beaus even though by her own tally, she had had approximately eight husbands.

One special story about Susie, concerning a well-known photograph of her which appeared on the front cover of the *Sierra* Magazine has been told by several persons.

Although Susie frequently posed for photographers, and enjoyed doing so, she held out for a trade when Sarah Link, the Tahoe photographer, wanted her picture.

Informing Ms. Link that she, Susie, wanted a beautiful long dress for the "Big Noise Parade" (Fourth of July) if she were to pose, Ms. Link, unable to locate a garment she felt appropriate, personally took Susie's measurements and made the dress which she presented to her before the "Big Noise Day."

Delighted, Susie immediately went into the willows along the ditch bank outside town, changed to her new gown, and came out singing joyously.

"What a wonderful way," Miss Link said, "why do you sing?"

Standing tall in her new dress, Susie said, smiling, "If I no sing, I no happy, my heart he die. Me happy. Me sing. Me no die."

The picture, taken in that new dress as Susie sang, is said to be the one which appeared on the magazine cover.

—The RECORD-COURIER

CUSTOMER COMES UP SHORT IN BROTHEL

Tonopah, Nevada — One moral to the story behind a letter of protest against Sherry's brothel read by district attorney Peter Knight to the Brothel Board recently is that a man should not drink to a bargain struck in such an establishment until he has received services in full.

According to an anonymous letter writer, the agreement reached between himself and the brothel was he would pay $100, entitling him to one hour alone with the woman of his choice.

Apparently he was unclear on the price of the liquor offered by his female accomplice when they reached her boudoir. He accepted and drank the proferred highball.

After twenty minutes of subsequent entertainment, he was asked to vacate the premises or he would be removed. He chose to leave of his own will and swore to himself he would receive satisfaction elsewhere.

Being a man either obviously schooled in the law and knowing the full scope of requirements necessary to make oral contracts binding, or being a loving husband who did not wish to impose the financial burden of court costs upon his wife and family to rectify the unjustness he had been dealt, the sojourner selected to write a simple letter of protest and join the anonymous group of men who have experienced debauchery in its climactic moments, in a desolate Nevada brothel.

Obviously he was a compassionate fellow. He apologized for the quality of the typewritten letter, stating circumstances would not allow him to type the message in the sanctuary of his own home.

—Tonopah TIMES-BONANZA and Goldfield NEWS

STOREKEEPER STARTED GOLD RUSH

by Jack Reid

Sacramento, Calif.—Sam Brannan was certainly the father (some might say Godfather) of California's gold rush, and he was the first person to become a millionaire because of it. Yet, it is doubtful if he spent so much as a day actually doing any mining.

History records that gold in the Mother Lode was first found at Sutter's Mill on the American River. The date was January 24, 1848.

Brannan had formed a partnership with Charles Smith in September, 1847. They had leased space in Sutter's Fort for a store. Brannan learned about the gold find in late February of 1848, when Smith told him that gold dust had been offered in payment for goods at their store.

He was quick to realize the implications of it and careful not to publicize it in San Francisco, where he owned one of that settlement's two newspapers. He opened another store, this one right next to Sutter's Mill, and had printed a special "booster" issue of his newspaper, the *Star*, with heavy emphasis on gold discovery. He made arrangements for this to be delivered overland to the east by horseback, an early form of the later Pony Express. Then he cornered the market in pans, picks and anything else that could be used for placer mining.

Another trip to Sutter's Fort revealed that a much richer find than the one at Sutter's Mill had been made further down the American River. It became the first actual gold camp and was later named Morman Island. Brannan knew the time for action was at hand.

In early May he appeared in San Francisco with a quinine bottle full of gold dust and ran through the streets shouting "Gold! Gold! Gold from the

Continued on page 36 ☛

THE HELL-HOLE OF ARIZONA

by Virginia A. Greene



Prison Hill stands at the narrows of the Colorado River near Yuma, Arizona. Very few of the wooden buildings in this old photo are still standing.

The wind came up an hour before dusk and moved the sand into small hummocks under mesquite and along the edges of the bluff. Drying stacks of adobe brick channeled the powdery dust south to a steep pitch of granite.

April 28, 1876, had begun as do most days over Yuma, Arizona, clear and sunfilled, and had promised another brilliant sunset. New evidence of construction puckered the earth atop the bluff overlooking the Colorado River, that old brigand which twisted and plundered its way past the town and through the valley.

Proud, perspiring citizens slumped back down the fill toward their businesses and homes. They had watched Mayor A.J. Finley trowel the cornerstone into place and they rested well in the knowledge that the Yuma Territorial Prison was to become a reality. For 34 years, this institution would house some of the worst criminals of the most lawless period in American history.

Arizona Territory, wide-open in the 1860s, made law books more at home behind a .45 than in a court of law. Human life didn't mean very much and many people clamored for a prison.

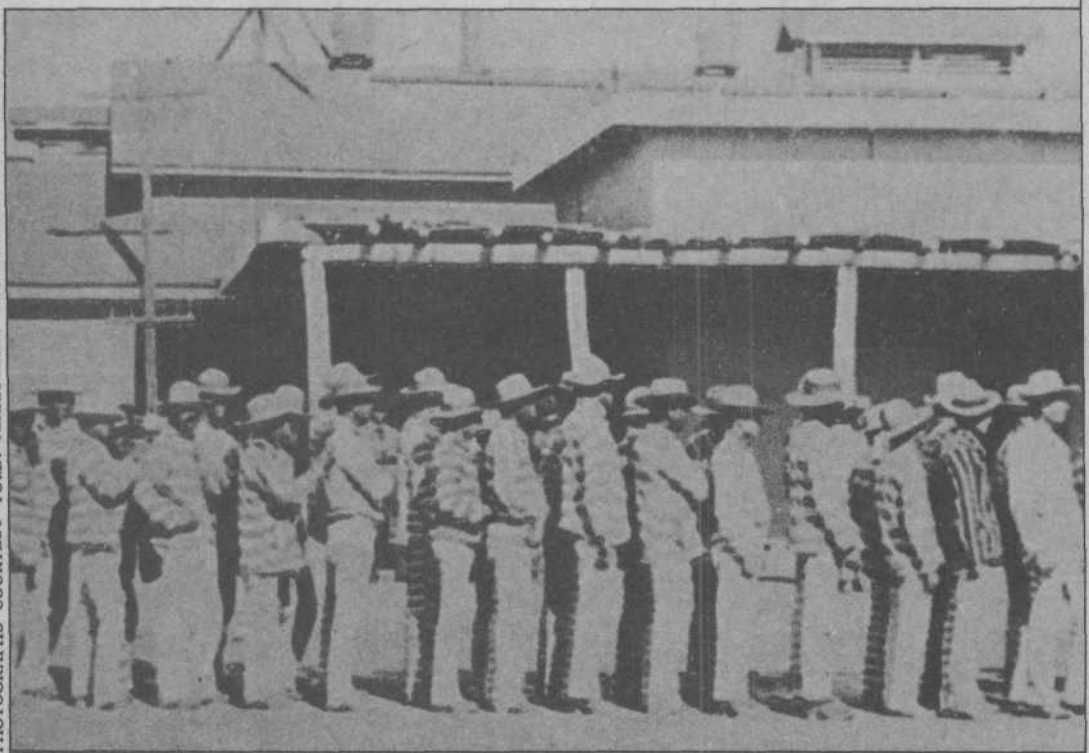
One editor demanded something be done, "to permit a few of our citizens to live until they die a natural death, so as to show the world what a magnificent, healthy country it is."

As a result of majority demand, the Territorial Legislature voted funds to build a prison. Bonds totalling $30,000 were authorized, Yuma was chosen as the building site and as labor was scarce, seven prisoners from the local jail were used to begin construction.

Law enforcement officers at that time were convinced that prison was meant for punishment, and they wasted no time worrying about rehabilitation and reform. The idea was to make the penitentiary so uninviting that the very thought of it would prompt a person to think twice before he acted outside the law. And if he did persist in carrying out a lawless act and then was caught, one stay in the prison was all he should need to convince him his decision had been wrong.

Yuma was ideally situated for such a purpose. Summer temperatures in the southwestern corner of Arizona run as high as 120 degrees in the shade, and with tin roofs, surrounded by a high wall which effectually cut off all breezes, the prison became, literally, an oven. Then, no heat in the convicts' cells during winter months sent the thermometer to the other extreme. Frequent dust storms blew in from every direction, providing still another kind of torture.

Walls eighteen-feet high, eight-feet wide at the bottom and tapered to a four-foot width at the top, made a perfect walkway for guards who patrolled from lookout posts at each corner. Over the years,



PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON STATE HISTORICAL PARK

Prisoners were relatively well treated and many worked daily at projects outside the prison grounds.

adobe, stone and iron set into place by an ever-increasing prisoner population housed 3,040 men and 29 women who were kept busy building and repairing the prison facilities and working at such jobs as wagon-building, garment manufacturing, road and levee building, farming, woodcutting, blacksmithing and lace-making. During their free time they handcrafted many items from metal, wood, onyx and horsehair. Except for a flower garden, there were few frills and very little decoration at the prison, and personal possessions were sparse. Two tests were applied to all proposed expenditures: Will they be functional? Are they necessary? Every building and improvement on Prison Hill, as it was quickly called, met these tests. Every inmate met the same tests. Each convict was allotted one toothpick. Beards were against regulations.

But life behind the forbidding walls was not as totally dismal as might be imagined. For the population of Indian, Mexican, Chinese, Negro and Anglo-American prisoners, it was not necessarily a final destination without hope.

The prison was actually a community activity. The gates were open to the townspeople and they came and went, selling goods and buying from the prisoners' bazaar. They visited the inmates and the guards, and the entire operation was open to public inspection. A deep cell was fitted as a library; a school of sorts was maintained from time to time, usually taught by the more educated prisoners themselves, and many inmates who could not read or write learned their letters there; the Yuma bandmaster formed a prison band numbering some forty convicts; and on Sunday morning, a choir composed of little girls and young women from one of the Yuma churches came and sang hymns for the inmates.

Despite its infamous reputation, all records indicate that the prison was humanely administered and was a model institution for its time. The only punishments were the dark cell, or "snake pit" as it was more commonly known, with its diet of bread and water for those who broke prison regulations, and the ball and chain for those who tried to escape. Prisoners had medical attention and access to a good hospital.

Western writers, movies and television have kept legends circulating and have painted a horrid Devil's Island at the Yuma location above the Narrows of the Colorado River.

Far from being an inviting place, neither was the prison a scene of horror nor a hell-on-earth. When it is viewed as a product of the frontier soon after the Civil War and during a time marked by increased lawlessness, its operation must be said to have fairly represented comforts and discomforts common to most of Arizona at the time. It was a desert and a pioneer institution which, in some ways, was so advanced that it utilized new discoveries and developments such as electricity, forced ventilation and indoor plumbing.

The fact of the prison's existence was exciting and glamorous enough. No guard and no convict ever forgot that it was a maximum security institution, but there is no need to embellish fact when telling its story. It was there that murderers, embezzlers, stage and railway bandits and other callous criminals literally sweated out their sentences with a restlessness common to all confined creatures.

It is said that during warm spring days and after hearing flocks of geese passing northward in the night, the old prison fairly pulsated with suppressed excitement. Guards were doubled, ammunition was checked and tension crackled within the adobe walls. The prison had no record of a major break, but the chief mission of a maximum security installation is to hold its prisoners while the dominating thought of nearly every convict is freedom.

Although a considerable number of inmates managed to escape while they were working outside the prison confines, in a sense the Territorial Prison was escape-proof. No break from inside the prison walls ever succeeded, nor did any prisoner successfully escape from a locked cell. The guards were not harsh, and they were strictly kept from abusing or manhandling convicts, but they also were instructed to use instant force to stop an escape or to put down a riot.

Arizona in pioneer days was a conglomorate of people, and the prison inmates were an assorted lot made up of a good cross-section of the Territory's ethnic mix. The crimes for which they were convicted reveal the character of the frontier, a rugged but fairly uncomplicated environment. Buckskin Frank Leslie, said to have shot Johnny Ringo and thirteen others, was probably the most colorful character to do time at the Old Pen. And there were Adam Munroe, caught in a love-triangle at the business end of a smoking gun, and Joe Boot, stage bandit and partner of Pearl Hart. Apache renegades, a bank president, Three-Fingered Jack Laustenneau, and John Kid Thomson, train robber, all shared facilities on top of the dun-colored bluff overlooking the Colorado.

Of all the 3,000 prisoners at Yuma, fewer than one percent were women. But, to nobody's surprise, these few caused as much trouble and received more publicity than did all the men. Their crimes were varied, but the kindest thing any superintendent had to say about any of them was that women were a terrible problem in a men's prison.

The most notorious of the women was Pearl Hart. Her only recorded crime was a poorly executed holdup of the Globe stage. But the lady stagecoach robber was a novelty to a news-hungry press which became carried away by the mystique of a female Black Bart and converted her into a seasoned veteran of crime. Her feminine wiles and handsome face and figure kept her in constant trouble until her release from prison.

Elena Estrada was another colorful inmate. Lacking self-discipline at the moment of crisis when she was betrayed by her boyfriend, she was not satisfied with his death and went somewhat farther than she needed. She cut out his heart and threw it into his face. This disturbed her peers and she was sent up for a short stay at the Territorial Prison.

Miss May Woodman, victim of a practical joke, shot to death a man who had spurned her in public, served three years of a life sentence and was then pardoned and disappeared from the Arizona scene.

Women at Yuma were few, and none of them stayed very long, for the administration invariably obtained early pardons for them. This was not a frontier kind of chivalry. The fact is, women in a men's prison were administrative poison.

The Territorial Prison at Yuma closed down in 1909 when the last forty prisoners were shackled together and marched down the winding road from Prison Hill to the train that was to take them to the new prison at Florence. The growth of the prison population had required additions to the facilities at Yuma from the first day until the last and all available space had been used atop the bluff. More space was mandatory.

During that same year, the high school in town burned and while new buildings were being planned and constructed, classes were held for four years in the former mess hall and hospital, and in the shops and some of the other buildings scattered over Prison Hill. Youthful optimism triumphed over environment and Yuma High School athletic teams are still known as the "Criminals" or "Crims," and to be a "warden" is to be a member of an honorary leadership club on that campus.

Through the years, the sun-baked ruins atop the small mesa overlooking the Colorado have housed various civic organizations for short periods of time and in 1941, the old Territorial Prison grounds and buildings became a museum which sees some 175,000 visitors annually.

Arizona, significantly, was a last frontier in western expansion, and from the time the Territorial Prison first was occupied by a group of fifteen felons in June, 1876, until it was abandoned 34 years later, it attracted unusual attention. The austere appearance of the adobe walls, the stern guards watching over a compound full of sullen prisoners, the sterile landscape and searing brightness of Arizona's sun gave it an air of mystery. The Colorado continues to claw at the base of Prison Hill. The mystery remains.

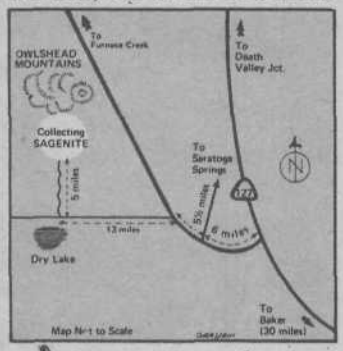
THE DESERT ROCKHOUND



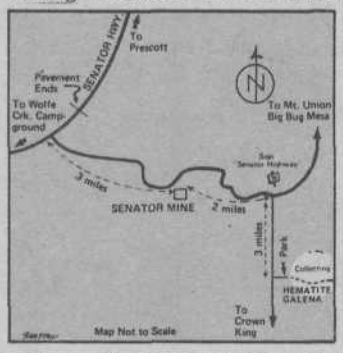
by RICK MITCHELL

Collecting Sites: In the November, 1980, issue of ***Desert***, a letter was published from Dick Rayner, Chief Ranger at Death Valley National Monument. In it, he corrected my statement that all roads into the Owlshead Mountains were closed and pointed out that there is, in fact, one still open. I was referring only to those going to the vicinity of the smoky quartz collecting site.

There is one bright spot in this confusion, however. The road mentioned by Mr. Rayner does lead to some very nice sagenite deposits. To get there, take the still open road, which is about 5½ miles west of the Saratoga Springs turnoff, and travel thirteen miles. Turn north and continue to the site, another five miles. By combing the hills in any direction, you can find a wide variety of material and even some nice geodes. I am told that smoky quartz can also be located in the area, but it can't be much.



Some very nice hematite and galena specimens can be picked up south of Prescott, Arizona, in Crooks Canyon. To get there, take the old Senator Highway out of Prescott and travel 8.1 miles from where the pavement ends. At the proper mileage, there is a canyon to the east, and the minerals can be found along the hillsides, in the wash, and in the dumps of the many mines that dot the area. The crystals are not extremely large, but some spectacular seam material, as well as smaller crystals, can be obtained by walking the canyon. As you hike, you'll see many remnants of earlier mining days—abandoned equipment, old rails and even collapsed buildings. At one time, this area was among the prime gold and silver producing locations in the state.



New Equipment: Covington has just introduced their new six-inch, all-diamond lapidary machine. It is a complete workshop in one compact unit, including a trim saw with vice, two Metal Bond diamond wheels, three Flex Diamond sanding and polishing wheels, a diamond polishing disc, a quick speed changer and a water system, all encased in an aluminum framework. The price of the deluxe unit is $749 and there are other models, with fewer accessories, at a lesser cost. For more information, contact Covington Engineering Corp., P.O. Box 35D, Redlands, CA 92373.

Plastic Technics is introducing plastic investment patterns for casting. These are claimed to be superior to the popular wax varieties, and produce castings that require very little finishing. In addition they cost less, can be made more exact and tend to be much more stable. They can be burnt-out exactly the same as wax, can be used with standard tools, and even in combination with wax. A variety of different patterns are available, and those of your own design can also be produced. For more information, write Plastic Technics, 13000 Saticoy St., Dept. D, North Hollywood, CA 91605.

Zick Enterprises is now manufacturing a new line of faceting laps. They are made by taking 3/16-inch aluminum and machine-flattening it both on the top and the bottom. A piece of copper sheet is bonded to the aluminum, under extreme pressure, for ten hours, and then re-machined flat before being charged. They also make a zinc lap for use with cubic zirconia. Both are extremely true, allowing very smooth faceting. Contact Zick Enterprises, 1608 Booth Drive, Sebring, FL 33870 for more information, telling them you saw it mentioned in ***Desert*** Magazine.

Instruction: The Gemological Institute of America is now offering what they call their "Doorstep Programs." These are classes covering a variety of subjects, scheduled in thirty different cities around the United States, Canada, Japan and Hong Kong. Courses include diamond grading, gem identification, jewelry arts, stone setting, jewelry repair, jewelry design, gem cutting and wax carving. Those interested should write the Gemological Institute of America at 1660 Stewart Street, Santa Monica, CA 90406.

Larry Stiers of Phoenix, Arizona, is currently conducting classes on "Gold Finding Secrets" for Phoenix College. It is a field class and usually is offered on weekends or Fridays on Lynx Creek, near Prescott. For more information, phone Joyce Kress, Community Services, Phoenix College, (602) 264-2492.

Diamonds In Wyoming: Kimberlite pipes have been discovered in Colorado and Wyoming but, so far, no diamonds. The Geological Survey of Wyoming has been given a one year extension, though, to continue its examination of the pipes and associated sediment to determine if diamonds do exist. Kimberlite is the only known primary source of diamonds that can be economically mined. Quantities of the kimberlite have been removed from the two most recently discovered pipes and will be thoroughly examined this winter.

Warning: Rockhounds often use acid for cleaning their mineral specimens and frequently, this cleaning is done in wash basins near where bleach is stored. If the acid should come in contact with the bleach, poisonous chlorine gas will be emitted. Breathing this gas can cause death in a matter of minutes and there have been instances of just that happening. There are also records of rockhounds trying to clean specimens with a combination of bleach and acid. This, obviously, is foolhardy.

Helpful Hint: When in the field, a quick way to tell if a piece of agate or jasper will take a good polish is to wet it. If the water soaks into the stone and quickly dries, it will not take a high polish. If, on the other hand, the water stays on the surface, does not soak in, and takes some time to dry, an adequate amount of chalcedony is present and the stone in question will probably polish well.

Hope Diamond: The *National Jeweler* notes that the famous, blue Hope Diamond in the Smithsonian will glow red in the dark after it has been exposed to ultraviolet rays. Experts say this property is not found in any other diamonds, a fact which makes this famous gem even more mysterious.

DESERT CALENDAR

Listing for Calendar must be received at least three months prior to the event. There is no charge for this service.

Jan. 31-Feb. 8: 22nd Annual Tubac Festival of the Arts, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily from Saturday, January 31 through Sunday, February 8. Visit Arizona's oldest European settlement during the festival. Resident and invited artists and craftsmen will be exhibiting and demonstrating fine arts and crafts throughout the village. Southwest foods and drinks will be available. You can see historic village studios, galleries and the State Presidio Museum. For more information contact: Tubac Village Council, Inc., P.O. Box 4004, Tubac, AZ 85640 or call Lorraine Mitchell (602) 398-2163.

Feb. 1: Operatic arias by Soprano Renata Scotto. Palm Springs Opera Guild of the Desert. This program is presented at the Palm Springs High School Auditorium. Prices for admission is $5-$25. Starting time is 8:15 p.m. For further information, call (714) 325-6107.

Feb. 7: Annual Shovel Race Championship held in Angel Fire, New Mexico. Over 50 entrants ride grain scoops in single-elimination heats; 20 wacky modified entries in dual competition. Entry fee is $2, show runs from 1-4 p.m. For more information call (505) 377-2301.

Feb, 7-8: Photo Adventure Workshop, held at Anza-Borrego State Park, Calif. This workshop has been developed by Ernest Wright and Fly Jarzabek. It consists of instruction in nature photography for amateur and working photographers. Lectures, demonstrations, working field sessions and photo critiques are emphasized. Programs are designed to encourage development of a person's own artistic skills. Workshops will be held outdoors. Participants must furnish own transportation, camping equipment or lodging arrangements, food, cameras and film. The fee is $35 for a weekend workshop. For more information contact F. Jarzabek, 3630 Geary Place, Riverside, CA 92501 or call (714) 683-4366.

Feb. 7-8: Everett Rock and Gem Club's 28th annual gem and mineral show, to be held at the Everett Masonic Temple on Everett Avenue, Everett, Washington. Gems from around the world will be shown. Lapidary dealers will not only show their wares, but will have demonstrations as well. Free hourly drawings will be held for handmade jewelry by club members. Light lunches and refreshments are for sale. Times are 9 a.m.-10p.m., with free admission. For more information write: Everett Rock and Gem Club, c/o 2314 Baker, Everett, WA 98201.

Ongoing: Wildlife World Museum, located in Monument, Colorado, 20 miles north of Colorado Springs. Lifelike displays of mounted birds, animals and marine life, plus hundreds of wildlife paintings, carvings and sculptures. Open Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.—5 p.m.; Sat. 10 a.m.—5 p.m. and Sun. 12 p.m.—5 p.m. Admission: Adults $1.00, 50 cents for children. For further information, call (303) 481-2220.

Feb. 10,11,12: Major desert paintings of Kathi Hilton will be exhibited at the Riverside District Office, Bureau of Land Management, 1695 Spruce St., Riverside, CA. Public showings will be from 2-8 p.m. For details, contact De Loris "Pete" Palmer at (714) 787-1424.

Feb. 13-22: Indio, California's National Date Festival. This huge annual event in the date capitol of the world will run for 10 days, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Some activities are the Queen Scherazade stage show, and other varied entertainment, rides, camel and ostrich races. Displays in crafts, date and citrus, rock and minerals and showing in the agriculture department and photo salon will also be available. A junior fair of livestock will be fun for the youngsters. Grounds admission is $3, 12 and over; $1, children 3-12; children under 3, free. Group discount rates are also available. For more information contact Bob Maxwell at (714) 342-8247.

Feb. 14-16: Mid-Winter Rendezvous held in Gallup, New Mexico. A gathering of mountain men will be in full regalia. Firebuilding, skillet-throwing contests, primitive weapons shoot and tee-pee village will be some of the fun activities. The events are sponsored by Red Rock Muzzleloaders. Admission is free. For more information, call (505) 722-5564.

Feb. 21-22: Second annual "Small World" miniature show and sale will be held at El Paso Civic Center in El Paso, Texas. The show welcomes commercial craft shops and dealers of miniature creations. A special contest featuring single box room or display box entries will be held. Hours: Sat. 10 a.m.-8 p.m., Sunday 12 noon-6p.m. Donations: adults, $2; children under 12, $1. For more information contact Jane Adams, Chairman Ways and Means, Assistance League of El Paso, P.O. Box 13294, El Paso, TX 79912, or call (915) 751-6975.

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RUSH Continued from page 31

American River!", showing the gold dust to all whom he encountered.

Skepticism instantly turned to belief. Almost everyone dropped everything and headed for the goldfields. The town's population of about 300 quickly declined to eighteen. But, when people tried to buy prospecting implements, they found there weren't any. Brannan had shipped them all to his stores up-country, where they were sold at scandalous profits.

The special edition of the *Star* was already on its way to the midwest and the east, where the gold story was picked up by numerous papers, including the prestigious New York *Herald*. This promotion went a long way to turning on the population east of the Mississippi, from where most of the 49ers came.

Now, Brannan really began to prosper. By 1857 he owned his own bank. By 1864, he had acquired sufficient prominence nationally to give the nominating speech for President Lincoln's second term at that year's turbulent Republican convention.

Brannan's fortunes began their decline in 1868, when he was shot five times during an argument over the ownership of a saw mill. He recovered, but never really regained his health.

Brannan died, broke and in obscurity, at Escondido, California, at the age of 70 on May 6, 1889.

—The NEVADIAN

GOLDFIELD'S PAST LAID BARE

by F. D. Howard

Goldfield, Nev.—Much has been written about the early days of Goldfield, about the fabulous glory holes of gold, the large plush Goldfield Hotel, the famous saloons and gambling houses and the prominent people who frequented them.

Now let's tip this ghostly gem of the desert over and reveal the bareness of its underside

After the news of the rich Goldfield discovery spread into the gold hungry world in the early part of this Century, people by the thousands began coming into the town daily.

With this influx of varied humanity from various places, some grim specter was almost sure to happen and it did. The Black Death struck. In a day or two the victim was dead and the corpse turned black. It was cholera, the most dreaded of all diseases, carried by rats and ground squirrels. Dozens died in the epidemic that followed.

Most of the dance hall dames and others of questionable character were known by their given names but many were nicknamed after reaching Goldfield, especially those who had drifted down from the gold camps of the far north. Some of the best known were Eskimo Sal, Klondike Kitty, Dawson Kate, Porcupine Nellie, Goldtooth Bess, Giggling Gussie, Swivel Bottom Fran and there were many others.

It has been said that Death Valley Scotty took a peculiar delight in tantalizing youngsters. One of his pleasures was to toss a small coin in the dirt for a boy to scramble after, then to step on the kid's hand when he tried to retrieve it.

Scott lived at the Esmeralda Hotel. If a crowd was around he would tip a dollar, if alone only a dime or nothing.

There is a story about a good deacon at a confess-your-sins meeting. He arose and cleared his throat. "Now in my youth," he confessed, "I was a very immoral young man—as many of the good sisters here present can testify."

The largest gambling operation ever to be in Goldfield was a big-money draw poker game at the Monte Carlo. Gold coins were used for chips, the ante was a five-dollar gold piece and table stakes were in order where pots could build up fantastically. The players had great stacks of gold coins—fives, tens and twenties piled on yellow-back certificates. Cheating was rare in such a game and anyone caught doing so most always wound up with a well-placed bullet through the head.

On Oct. 22, 1907, when the big game was going strong and Goldfield was at its peak, the Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York failed, followed the next day by the Westinghouse Electric Company. This kicked off the panic of that year when money almost went out of circulation. Goldfield went on script that was good only locally.

With the crash came a run on the John S. Cook and Company Bank. Tex Rickard went into action immediately and from his Northern Saloon wheelbarrow loads of silver dollars and packets of U.S. currency, all under armed guards, were taken to the bank and put on display in the front window. The run stopped. If Rickard and the Northern trusted the bank, so did the rest of Goldfield.

Such was Goldfield in the early days, almost void of hypocrisy, almost like a lovable child. The fiddler played and Goldfield danced merrily along, thumbing its nose at convention and conceding the same right to others.

—Tonopah TIMES-BONANZA and Goldfield NEWS

It has been said the power to tax is the power to destroy. If you doubt this, just look at our present predicament.

SLOT MACHINES SPARED IRS AXE

Salt Lake City, Utah — The Internal Revenue Service played an unfamilar role as giver when it contributed five antique slot machines to the Utah State Historical Society here recently.

The machines were confiscated from a club that failed to file required tax forms and make payment of a special tax.

The machines will be part of a future, temporary exhibit on the history of gambling in Utah which the Society is planning for the State History Museum at the former Rio Grande Railroad Depot in Salt Lake City. The exhibit will serve to document one form of recreation in Utah's past.

A U.S. Treasury Department survey compiled from gaming tax returns in 1942 revealed 761 slot machines in operation in Utah. By 1953, after sale of the machines across state lines became illegal, only 32 such devices were registered with the IRS in Utah.

—The San Juan RECORD

HISTORY-MAKERS TAPED FOR POSTERITY

Cedar City, Utah — Historians and archivists are concerned: Americans are writing fewer letters these days and for the most part no longer keeping diaries, once invaluable research sources for piecing together the past. To help counter this loss, however, many professionals are turning on their tape recorders to capture the recollections of the nation's decision-makers and pace-setters.

Pioneered at Columbia University in the late 1940s, the first so-called oral history interviews recorded the memoirs of political and military leaders who had participated in World War II, Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and Omar N. Bradley among others.

Things can and do go wrong with this technique. A 1959 interview in the Archives' collection with the American realist painter, Edward Hopper, produced little more than a series of blunt "yes" and "no" replies to questions on his work-loneliness and alienation in America. At last, when Hopper, eager to talk about prices his paintings were commanding, began to open up a bit, Mrs. Hopper cut in with, "Edward! Don't you discuss that."

— Iron County RECORD



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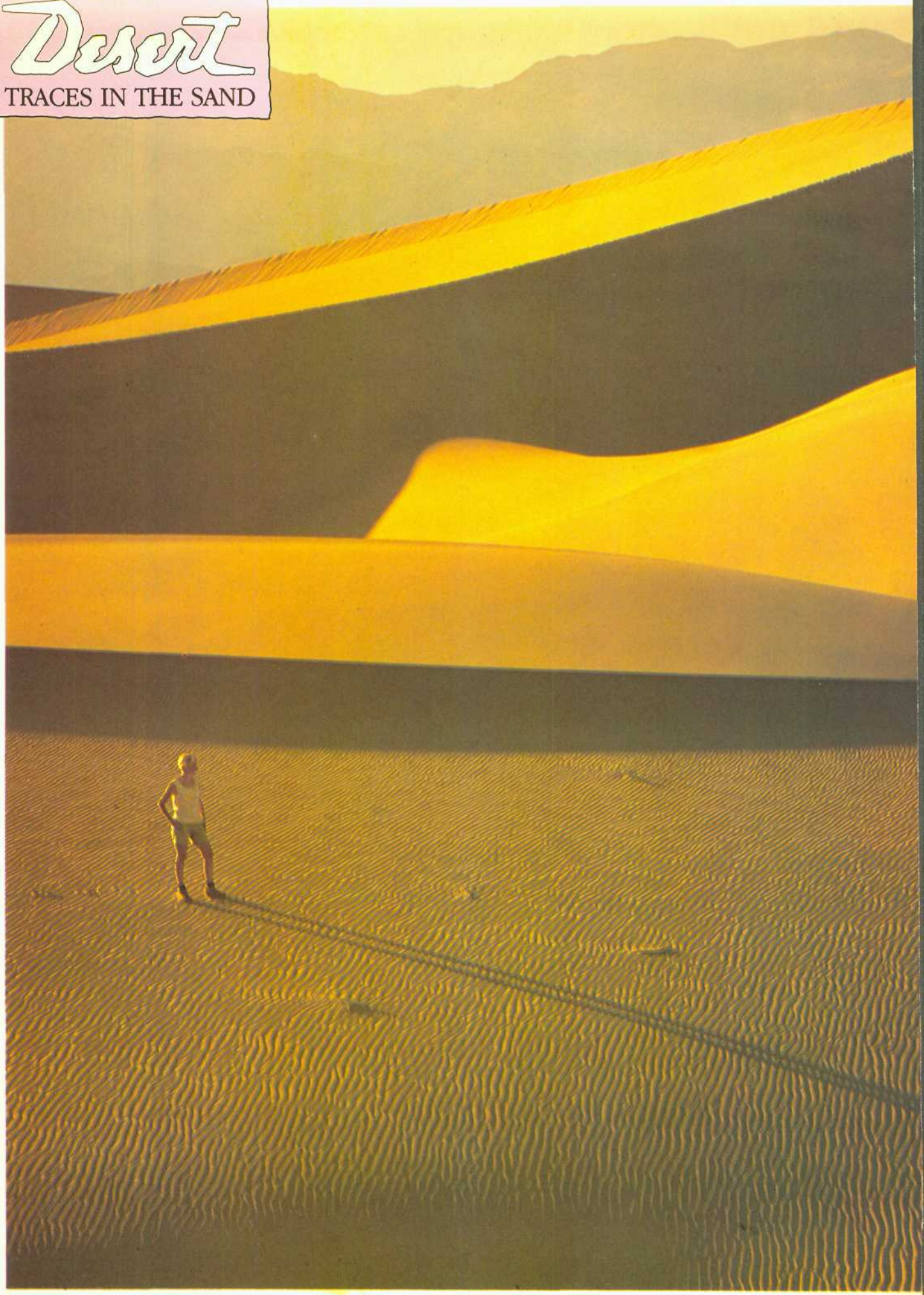
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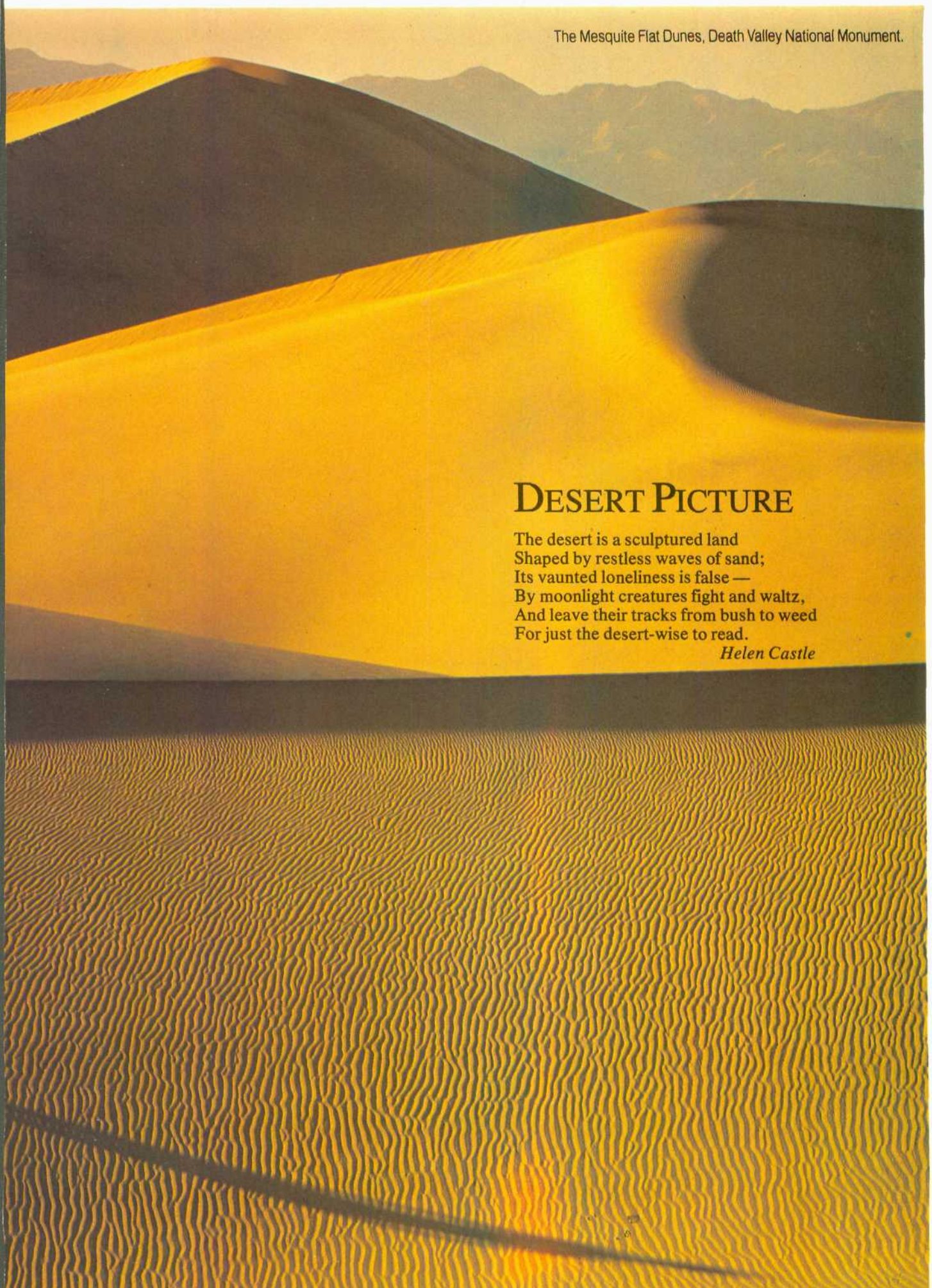
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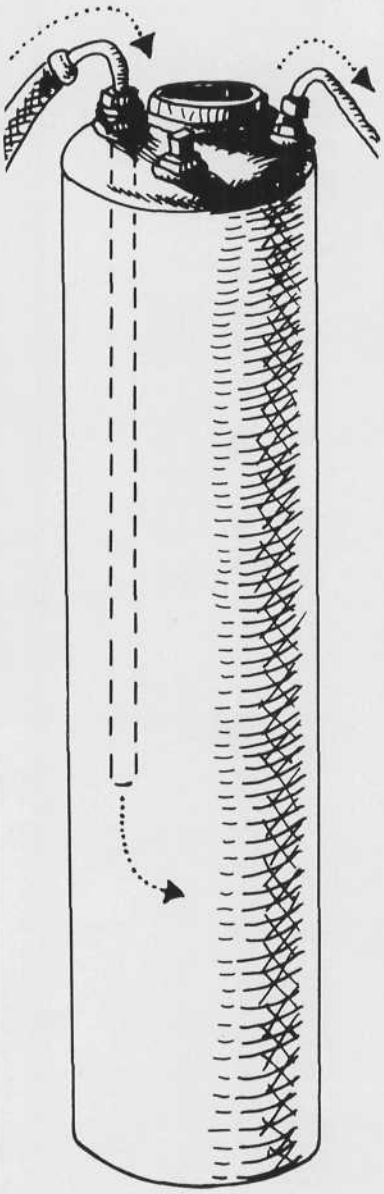


THE SECOND TIME AROUND

by Nyerges

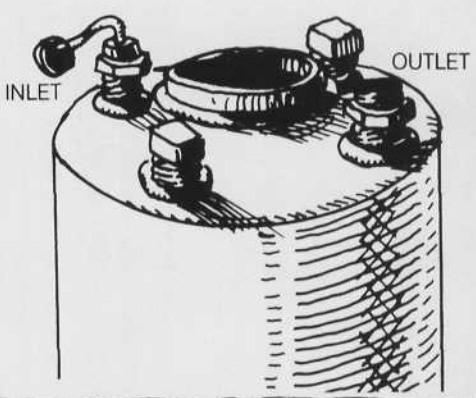
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The National Beef Cook-Off

by Stella Hughes



ILLUSTRATION BY RASA ARBAS

WHEN THE 7th Annual National Beef Cook-off was held in Scottsdale, Arizona this last fall, I jumped at the chance to serve as a hostess, or just plain flunky. It was Carol Anderson of Kingman, Arizona, National Chairperson of the 1980 Cook-Off, who asked me.

This affair, which is sponsored by the American National CowBelles, Inc., is for non-professional cooks. Winners from state levels flew in from 49 states to vie for $3,250.00 in prize money. The scene of the contest was The Registry, a posh resort which covers about as many acres as a Texas county and those assigned rooms in the south forty needed rapid transit (or at least a fast horse) to get back and forth to the ballroom, where 26 electric stoves and work areas were outfitted for the contestants.

The judging job was a difficult one. Contestants were allowed to use any recipe containing beef chuck, round, rump, fresh brisket or ground beef. (You will note all are the more economical cuts.) The recipe had to call for at least two pounds and not over five pounds of beef, with no other kinds of meat allowed. Total cooking time could not exceed four hours. Garnishes on the dish were permissible, but accessories such as placemats, flowers, figurines, etc. were not allowed. The dishes were judged according to taste: 40 points, ease of preparation and practicality; 20 points, originality; and 20 points, appearance.

Most contestants would have fared better had they stuck closer to the rules. Any recipe calling for as many as fifteen different ingredients—everything from frozen phyllo leaves, cream cheeses, slivered or whole almonds, sugared parsley, Mandarin orange sections, fresh strawberries or white seedless grapes—couldn't be considered practical by any stretch of the imagination. Nor could a dish be described easy to prepare when the directions took up one whole page of fine print, and required hours of fussing. Erwin Schumacher's Raisinated Ginger Peachy Roll-Ups may have been original, but called for twelve pineapple spears, a jar of peach preserves and a jar of ginger preserves, as well as a half-pound of golden seedless raisins. Then there were three red or green peppers, carrots, onions, soy sauce and mustard. All this, mind you, to go with two pounds of boneless round steak. Hardly a very thrifty or practical dish; I guesstimated its cost to be over $13 at Arizona prices for six servings.

Is it any wonder Lucille Roach, of Florissant, Missouri, won first prize of $1,500 with a simple dish called Baked Beef Brisket, using four pounds of boneless brisket, seasoned simply with plain old salt, pepper, onions and garlic and served up with gravy made from the drippings? You could hardly have called this dish original, and its appearance was so-so, yet barely thirty minutes after the last dish was presented to the judges, they had agreed almost unanimously on the winner.

New York's Mrs. Aline Ballentine lives in the small town of Ellenville, 100 miles from New York City. Her entry titled Chick-Chuck won second place, earning her $750.

Aline gave me some good tips on cooking. One was to use a small amount of sugar in the water when boiling corn-on-the-cob. Then she said to take the fresh green husks and cover over the roasting ears and let them steam in the kettle. This method imparts a wonderfully different taste to sweet corn. Another was to place a fistful of fresh green alfalfa on top of fresh ham to be baked the usual way. When the ham is done, simply toss the wilted alfalfa to the chickens. Someday I'm gonna try that.

CHICK-CHUCK

Mrs. Aline Ballentine
Ellenville, New York, 2nd Place

3 pounds beef chuck blade steaks, cut 1 inch thick
2 tablespoons butter
1 can (16 ozs.) garbanzo beans (chickpeas)
1 can (10¾ ounces) condensed tomato soup
2 cups chopped fresh or frozen rhubarb
¼ cup chopped onion
1 large or 2 small cloves garlic, minced
1 beef bouillon cube
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon chili powder
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon paprika

Brown steaks on both sides in butter in large frying pan. Combine garbanzos, tomato soup, rhubarb, onion, garlic, bouillon cube, sugar, chili powder, salt and paprika in Dutch oven. Heat, stirring to dissolve bouillon cube. Add steaks, cover and cook slowly 2 to 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Turn meat occasionally during cooking. Cut meat into serving-size pieces and serve with gravy, on slices of thin rye or French bread, if desired. Makes 8 servings.

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CHILI-BEEF RELLENOS WON-TON

Edna King
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2 pounds lean ground beef
2 medium onions, chpped
1 clove garlic, finely chopped
1½ teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon ground cumin
4 cups shredded longhorn cheese
24 green chilis (fresh roasted and peeled, or canned)
24 egg-roll wrappers
Fat for frying
Tomato cups with guacamole salad

Brown beef slowly over low heat in skillet or Dutch oven. Pour off drippings. Add onion, garlic, salt, oregano and cumin. Cook, stirring constantly, until onion is golden. Remove from heat; add cheese, stirring to blend. Remove seeds from chilies and pat dry with absorbent paper. Stuff chilies, using about 2 tablespoons of meat mixture for each. Place each filled chili diagonally on an egg-roll wrapper. Wrap each chili as follows: Place lower triangular flap over chili and tuck the point under it. Bring left and right corners toward the center and roll up. Seal edges with a few drops of water. Fry in deep hot fat (325 degrees) until golden brown. Place won-tons on a platter. Garnish with tomato cups filled with guacamole salad (homemade or commercial) and topped with ripe olives. Makes 12 servings.

BEEF-'N'-CABBAGE CASSEROLE

Maxine Brown
New Hampshire

2 pounds ground beef, best ground round or chuck
1 medium onion chopped
1 package (12 ozs.) sliced mushrooms
1 teaspoon seasoned salt
½ teaspoon garlic powder
1 can (8 ozs.) tomato sauce
1 medium-head cabbage, shredded
1 package (8 ozs.) Swiss cheese

Fill large casserole dish ⅔-full shredded cabbage. In frying pan brown onion, mushrooms, ground beef; add seasoned salt, garlic powder and tomato sauce. Simmer for 15 minutes; pour meat mixture over cabbage; top with Swiss cheese and bake covered in 350 oven for 1 hour.

For a free booklet containing prize winning recipes from all 50 states, write Arizona Beef Council, 5025 E. Washington, Suite 110D, Phoenix, AZ 85034. Please include a stamped, self-addressed, business-size envelope with your request.

Clues To The Black Beetle Mystery

by Susan Durr Nix

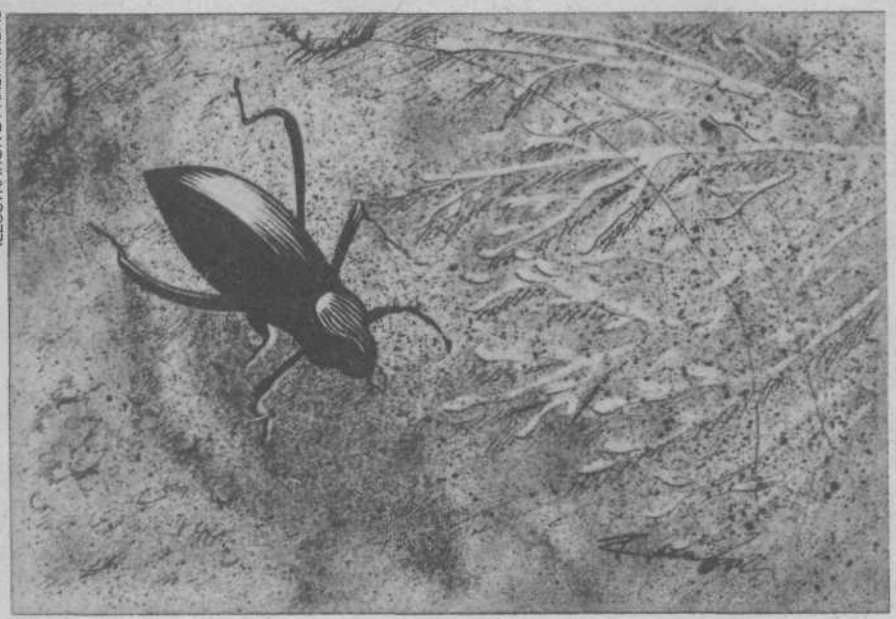


ILLUSTRATION BY RASA ARBAS

"THE MYSTERY OF the Black Beetle" sounds like vintage Conan Doyle or Agatha Christie, but this mystery has more to do with survival ingenious than murder most foul. Evolution authored a puzzle that still, after 100 years of scientific investigation, has no certain solution. The crux is this: Why are black beetles black? If dark pigmentation makes them more conspicuous to predators and absorbs more heat, why this coloration?

In the desert where the terrain is usually shades of white or tan, even a small brown beetle is easy to see. A large, pitch black one like the stink bug (*Eleodes*) sticks up a sore thumb. Then even if visibility to predators weren't a problem, heat would be. These aren't strictly nocturnal beetles, darkened to blend into nighttime shadows; they are commonly seen at midday, when the temperature of the sand is several dozens of degrees hotter than the air. They routinely take a double-dose of sunlight—directly from the sun and reflected off the ground—that ought to be lethal. Normally, so much of the success of desert plants and animals has to do with heat avoidance and camouflage that a nonconformist like the stink bug is a challenge to our understanding.

Everyone who has spent any time in the desert knows eleodes, the beetle that stands on its head. Its many common names other than the Greek—pincacte beetle, tumblebug, circus bug, acrobat beetle, stink bug—are well earned. *Pinacatl* is the Aztec word for ground beetle; tumblebug and circus bug describe both its clownish somersaults and gawky efforts to turn right-side-up and its splay-footed gait as it makes its way across dunes and driveways; acrobat beetle refers to the hand-stand posture it assumes when disturbed; and stink bug comes from the oily, smelly fluid it squirts out to repel predators.

These shiny black, hard-shelled insects are darklings, a large and predominantly western beetle family in North America, although related forms are found in almost all parts of the world, including your flour canister and cereal boxes. Desert varieties, especially eleodes, are among the insects best adapted to arid regions. Even in the bleakest and most desolate sands where life is sparse, they are relatively common. At high altitudes and low, in washes and backyards, west of the Mississippi but particularly in California, Arizona, Northern Mexico and Baja California, these beetles are *survivors*.

Obviously, then, being black can't be that much of a disadvantage. One secret of the stink bug's success is its beetle body. Long legs elevate it above the ground and enable it to run and dig. (Curiously, although eleodes beetles have been observed digging burrows, they don't seem to use them for protection from the sun. Instead they invade the burrows of kangaroo rats and round-tailed ground squirrels, often in groups of thirty to forty, which they seem to identify through an acute sensitivity to temperature differences at burrow entrances. Double occupancy doesn't seem to bother either the beetles or their hosts.)

Where otherwise scarce shade is often cast by small plants and rocks, small size is another valuable advantage. On the other hand, such a small body dries out more quickly. A beetle has neither an insulating layer of fur nor the ability to sweat and thus cool off by evaporation. Typically, insects prevent water loss by extracting the moisture from waste material in the intestine, and eliminating uric acid in solid form. The hard outer cuticle of a beetle's body also retains moisture. In an unusual but instructive experiment, several stink bugs inadvertently went through the dryer along with my laundry without becoming completely dessicated.

But surely this mysterious survivor must contend with damaging ultraviolet rays? For a long time, biologists thought that black's ability to block ultraviolet was the solution to the black beetle mystery. But it seems that insect cuticle, regardless of its color, acts as an ultraviolet shield. Back to square one: a dark beetle gets hotter than a light beetle, given equal exposure to the sun, so why black?

Maybe heat gain is an advantage, Watson. If so, it would, according to William J. Hamilton, III, of the University of California at Davis, explain the significance and evolution of black coloration. When body temperature rises, metabolism and locomotion speed up. As long as an animal has enough food energy, it will grow faster and reproduce more often than its lighter counterparts. Other things being equal, the darker beetle has the edge on survival.

Since stink bugs eat dried vegetation of which there is an overabundance in the desert, food energy is no problem. They often visit the nests of their successful neighbors, the harvester ants, to feed on discarded seeds and flowers.

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Like many ants, they take advantage of accidental food sources such as dead insects and other carrion, fecal material and the occasional baked bean. University of California, San Diego, biologist Philip Martz has recently discovered that they eat the new growth on tumbleweeds as well. Eleodes holds bits of food down with one foot and gnaws at it, like a little dog with a bone. If you disturb one at dinner, it may run away with its meal between its front feet.

The ability to take on extra heat is also an advantage in deserts where nighttime and winter weather is often quite cold. Eleodes beetles regulate body temperature by sunning and shading themselves or, in mid-summer, by confining activity to cooler hours.

However great the possible physiological dividends of dark coloration, a black beetle is still highly visible to predators. Eleodes' foul-smelling discharge doubtless discourages some, and after trial and error, teaches others, like scorpions, to avoid dark beetles with elevated abdomens. At least one animal has solved this problem, however. The carnivorous grasshopper mouse jams the beetle's hindquarters into the sand to thwart the discharge and consumes it headfirst. Desert Indians believed stink bugs put their ears to the ground to hear the gods speak. One story tells how Eleodes escaped being eaten by Coyote. The beetle claimed the gods were going to punish all the animals that had befouled their highway. Coyote, who had just relieved himself on the road, raced off to cover his spoor, forgetting Eleodes in his hurry.

Another notion has it that black is a warning color, shared by numerous distasteful or poisonous animals such as bees, flies, spiders, skunks and snakes. Theoretically, once a predator learns a small black creature is unpleasant, it will avoid anything that resembles it. Since black could be assumed to be easily recognizable, it should be an effective advertisement for "hands off." But there is no positive proof that black repels rather than attracts predators, or that stink bug evolution has favored blackness for protection. And, too, many animals are partially or wholly color-blind.

Many desert animals besides darkling beetles are black, including ravens and ants, and studies of their bodies and behavior may help solve the mystery of the black beetle once and for all. Desert animals collectively, in fact, are the least studied of all animal groups. Great numbers of species are little known, or not known at all. One of the functions of the Living Desert Reserve is to pass on some of the odd and wonderful facts about the few that are familiar inhabitants of our arid landscape.

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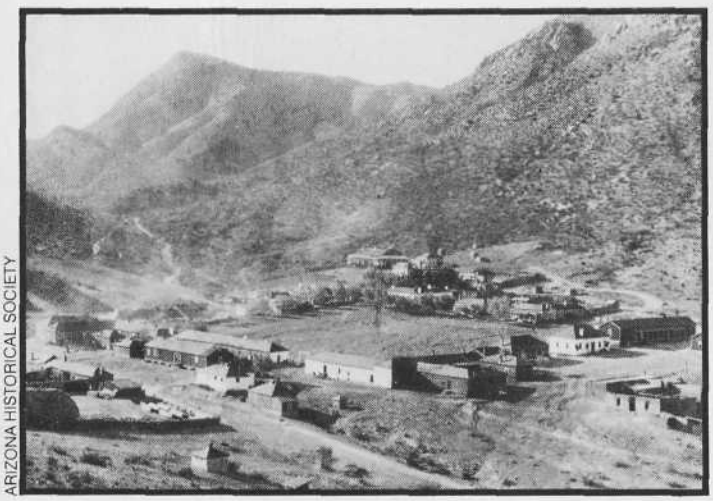
Guardian of Apache Pass:

FORT BOWIE

by
Joseph E. Stevens

THE BUGLE'S silvery call rang through the clear mountain air. It echoed off the stone and adobe walls of the frontier fort, reverberated among the cactus-studded crags of the surrounding peaks, and was swept away to the north on the back of a stiff afternoon breeze.

A shuffling mass of soldiers drawn up on the fort's sloping parade ground snapped to attention. In the midst of their formation was a circle of wagons and a cluster of Indian prisoners. Only the popping and snapping of the American flag whipping in the breeze and the snuffling of the mule teams hitched to the wagons broke the tense silence. The soldiers in blue and their sullen captives glared at each other with undisguised hostility. Suddenly, incongruously, there was a clash of cymbals and the military band arrayed around the flagpost struck up "Auld Lang Syne."



ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FORT BOWIE AS IT APPEARED IN 1894, SHORTLY BEFORE ABANDONMENT BY THE ARMY.

The date was September 8, 1886. The place was Fort Bowie, a lonely army post located in Apache Pass in the rugged desert country of southeastern Arizona. The Indian prisoners were Geronimo and his band of renegade Apaches, the last group of Apaches to violently resist the authority of the United States government. They were about to be shipped off to imprisonment in Florida, and with their departure an era was coming to an end.

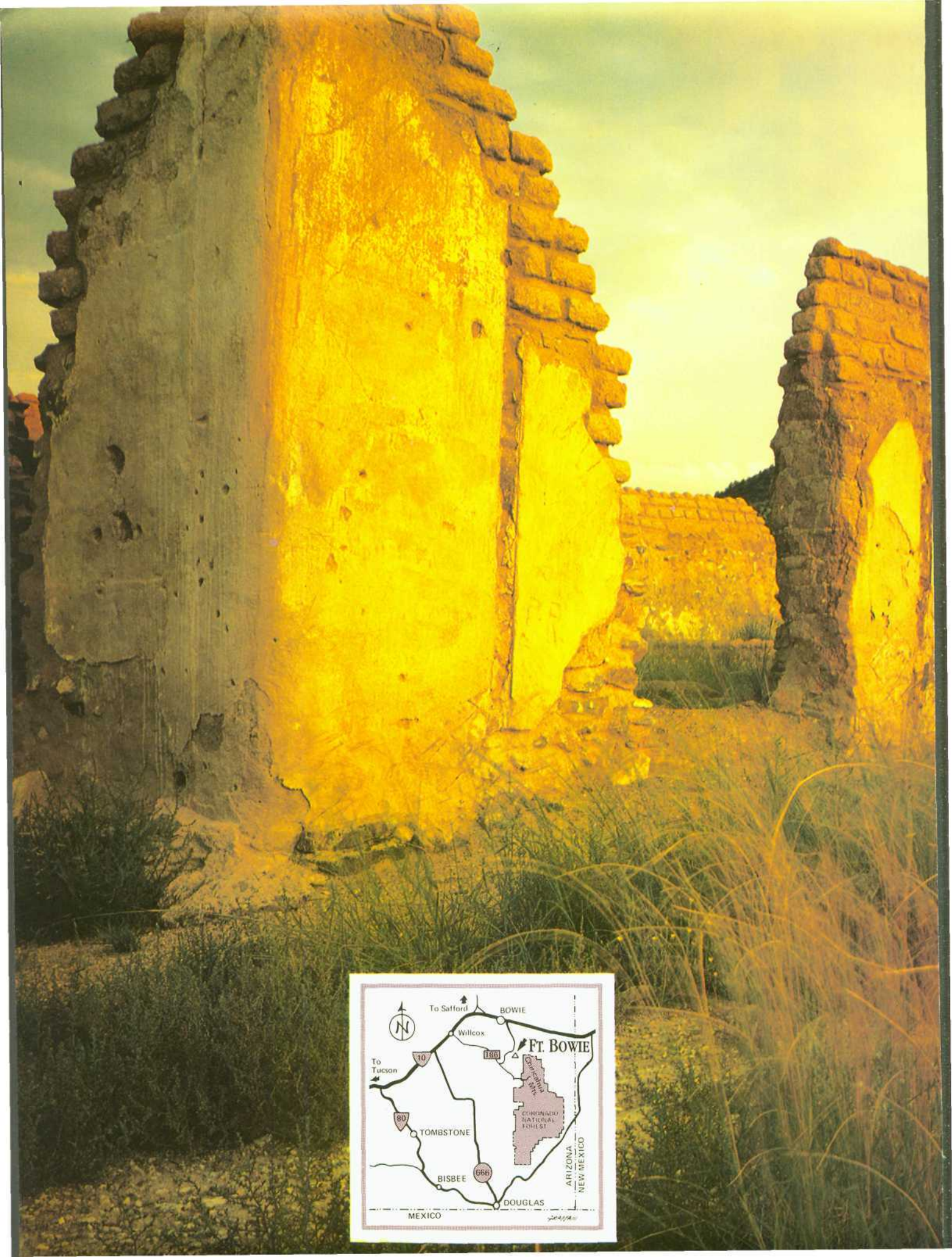
Today, almost a century later, the crumbling ruins of Fort Bowie recall that violent, formative chapter in the history of the desert southwest. The remains of the fort and the surrounding environs of Apache Pass are now part of a National Historic Site. They can be reached only by following a narrow, twisting one-and-one-half-mile foot trail.

IT WAS WATER, trickling from a crack in the rocks, that first drew people into this isolated and forbidding land. The fierce Chiricahua Apaches moved to the area in the 16th Century, giving their name to both the pass and the springs. For more than 300 years the Chiricahuas roamed the territory around Apache Pass, living on the meager bounty of the desert and on plunder seized during raids into Mexico.

Following the discovery of gold in California in 1848, Anglo-American prospectors and settlers began to pour into Arizona. These westbound travelers soon made Apache Springs a landmark on the overland trail. When John Butterfield laid out the route for his St. Louis to San Francisco stage line in 1858, Apache Pass was selected as a station site. A stone building and a corral were erected a quarter mile from the Springs and coaches stopped there twice a week.

At first the Apaches grudgingly tolerated this intrusion into their homeland. Their leader, Cochise, was friendly toward the Americans and for three years the Butterfield stagecoaches were permitted safe passage through the Pass. It was an arrangement that might have lasted indefinitely but for a tragic and avoidable incident.

This incident occurred on February 4, 1861, when a young, inexperienced Army officer named


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FORT BOWIE AS IT APPEARS TODAY. IT WAS HERE THAT GERONIMO (STANDING RIGHT IN THE PHOTO BELOW) AND NACHEZ, SON OF COCHISE, WERE HELD AFTER THEIR FINAL SURRENDER IN 1886.



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FORT BOWIE

George Bascom wrongly accused Cochise of leading a raid on a white settler's ranch. Bascom tried to arrest Cochise, a violent confrontation ensued, and the enraged Apache chief had to fight his way to freedom. Following his narrow escape, Cochise declared war on all whites.

The "Bascom Affair," as this unfortunate episode was called, led to a bloody reign of terror for settlers in southern Arizona. The situation was made even worse by the evacuation of many frontier forts and departure of their garrisons for the east, where the Civil War had begun. The Butterfield stage service was discontinued in March, 1861. The Apache Pass station was abandoned and the Chiricahuas once again held undisputed sway over the desert peaks and canyons, and over the precious waters of Apache Springs.

Their control was short-lived. On July 15, 1862, an army of volunteers from California, marching to New Mexico to head off a Confederate invasion, entered Apache Pass. Waiting for them, concealed behind boulders on the high ground above Apache Springs, were several hundred warriors led by Cochise and his ally, Mangas Coloradas. The warriors opened fire and drove the soldiers back but after several hours of hard fighting, the Californians wheeled up a battery of mountain howitzers and blasted the Indians out of their defensive positions.

General James Carleton, the experienced commander of the California Volunteers, instantly grasped the strategic importance of Apache Pass. Unless it was fortified and patrolled, every column of reinforcements and every supply train would have to fight the Apaches for water. He quickly authorized the establishment of a post to be known as Fort Bowie and ordered its commander to keep the pass clear of hostile Indians.

BOWIE WAS destined to become the focal point of the Apache wars. For the next 25 years it would serve as the base for punishing "search and destroy" missions against the wiley Apaches and as home, at different times, for hundreds of soldiers and their families.

A peace treaty was finally negotiated in 1872, but it was doomed to failure before it was signed. Raiding was an integral part of the Apache's nomadic lifestyle and it was only a matter of time before settlers and Indian war parties were battling again. In 1876 the U.S. government abrogated the peace treaty and ordered the Army to remove the Apaches to the barren San Carlos Reservation in the Gila River Valley of central Arizona.

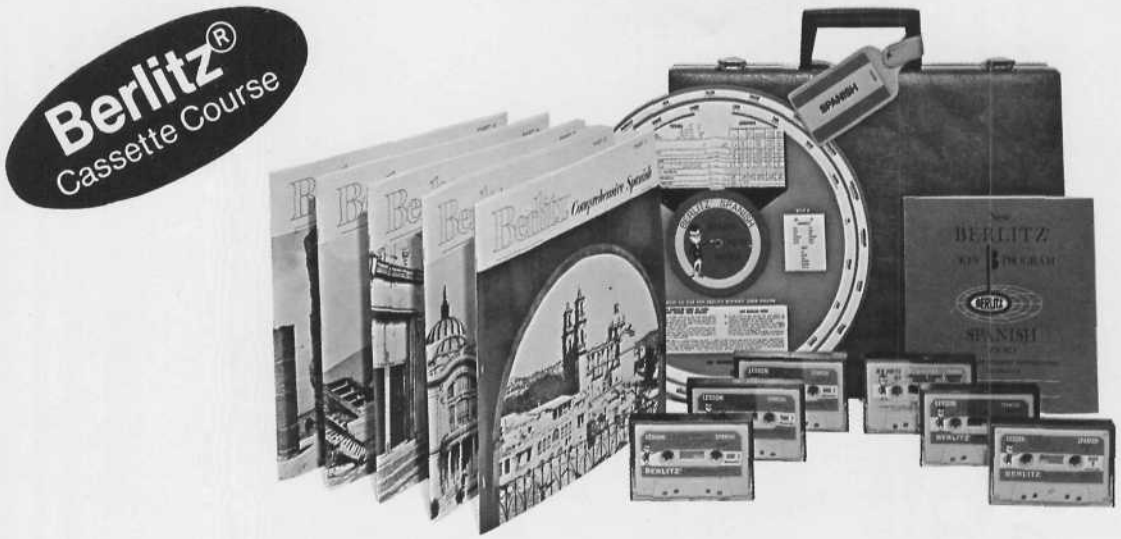
Not surprisingly, many of the Chiricahuas refused to go. Led by Nachez, the son of Cochise, and by a squatty, scowling chief named Geronimo, they fled into the Sierra Madre Mountains of northern Mexico and began a savage campaign against the border regions of Arizona and New Mexico.

Once again Fort Bowie became the bustling command center for a war with the Apaches. General George Crook, an unorthodox and highly talented Indian fighter, dispatched columns of Indian scouts and tough Army regulars out of Apache Pass in pursuit of the crafty Geronimo and his elusive warriors. For ten grueling years the soldiers chased the Apaches across some of the roughest and driest terrain on the North American continent.

Finally, on September 3, 1886, Geronimo and his band surrendered. They were escorted to Fort Bowie, then taken in wagons to a railhead to begin their long journey east. The defeat of Geronimo marked the end of the Indian Wars on the American frontier. It also marked the end of Fort Bowie's usefullness as a military post and on October 17, 1894, the Fort was officially abandoned.

Today, 86 years after the last trooper departed, Apache Pass is a place of wilderness solitude. The rocky peaks of Bowie Mountain and Helen's Dome loom like twin sentinels over the lonely parade ground where blue-clad soldiers once marched. A dramatic and tragic struggle between two cultures played to its end here. But now lizards skitter across the dust where soldier and Indian stood, grass covers the scars of old wagon ruts, and desert breezes sigh in and out among the ruins, mere ghosts of the powerful winds of history that once raced through Apache Pass and buffeted the sturdy walls of Fort Bowie.

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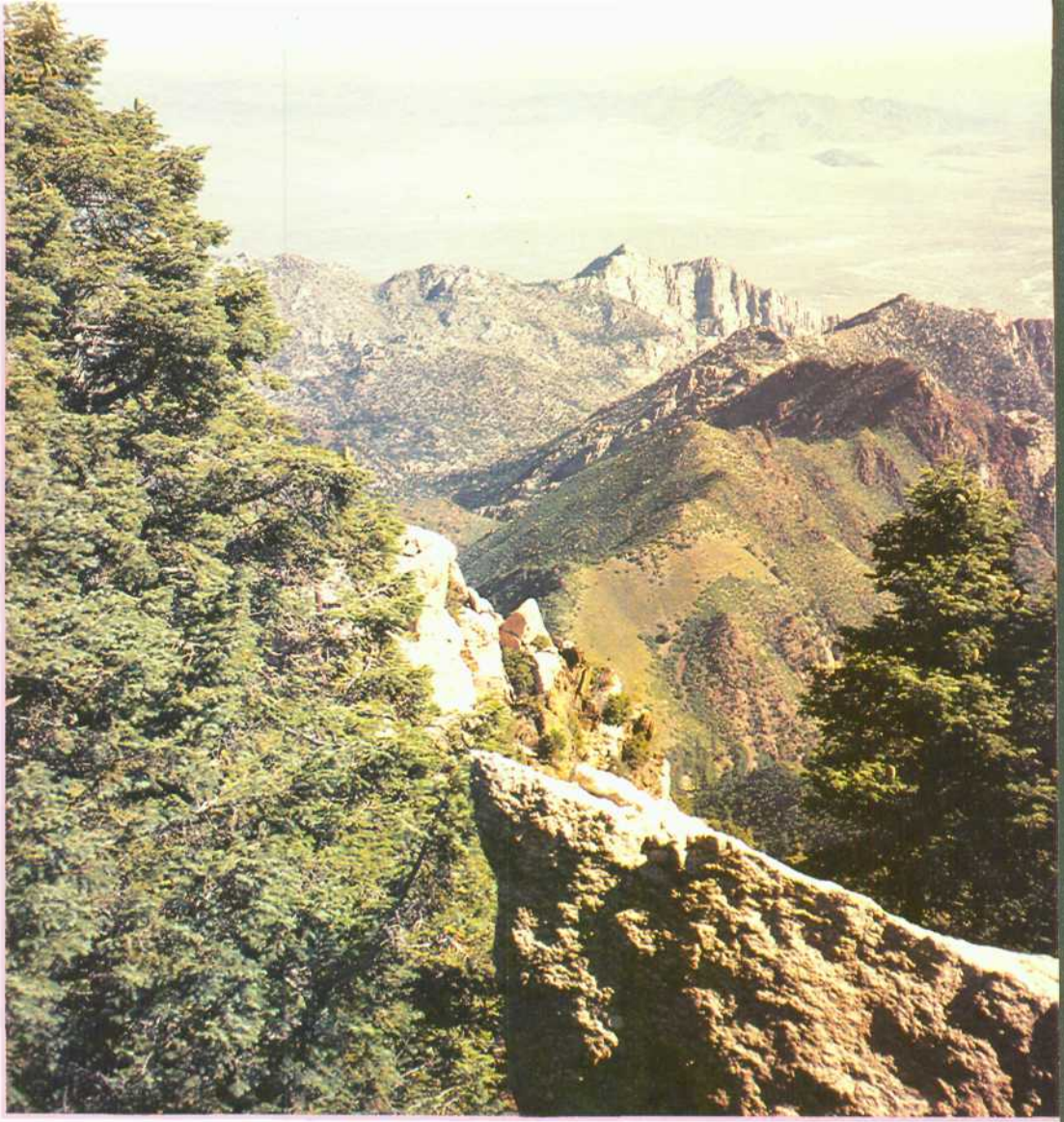
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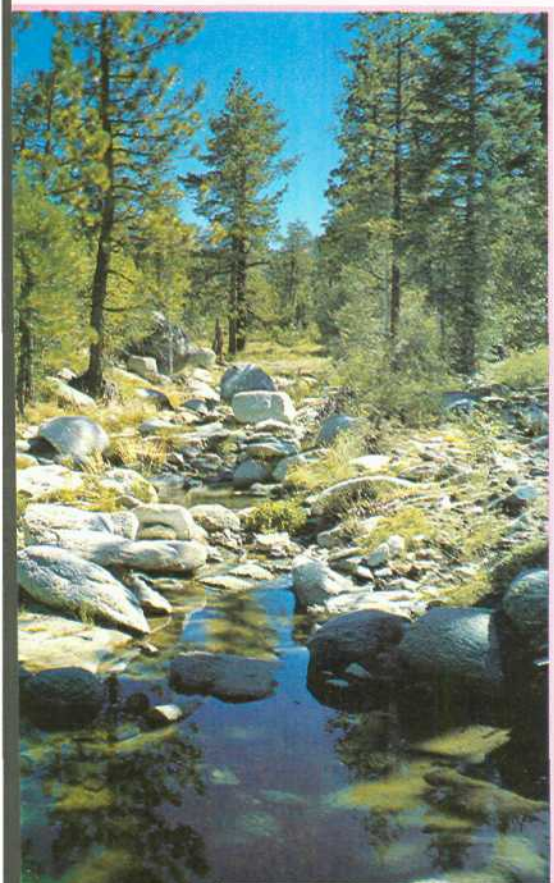
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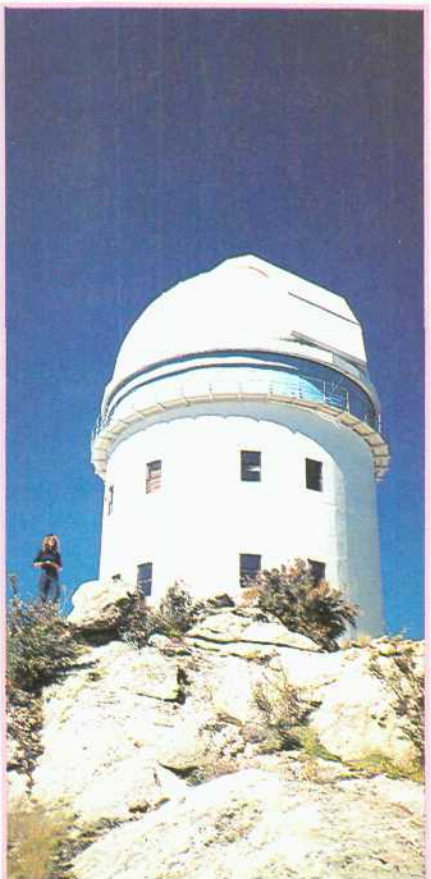
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Magnificent vista (right) from the high plateau of San Pedro Martir looks toward the Gulf across the San Felipe Desert. Running streams, conifer forests and, of course, Mexico's National Observatory (below) are features of the Park.









TOP OF BAJA

Article and Photographs by John Putney

NINE THOUSAND FEET above the beaches of Baja, the Sierra San Pedro Martir National Park is an alpine oasis atop the backbone of the peninsula. Groves of aspen trees shimmer along the banks of streams in a forest of pines. Flocks of pinyon jays scream through the treetops while deer graze in patches of lupine on the edge of cool meadows. Mountain lions and bighorn sheep make a stand in the jagged cliffs and canyons. Here it is possible to see both the Pacific Ocean and the Sea of Cortez.

The 170,000 acre park includes a high plateau. On the east it drops off and one can look almost straight down over a mile to the Valle de Trinidad, a desert of sand and cactus. Beyond that is the village of San Felipe and the sea. On the western side the slope is more gradual but the view is no less spectacular. In the evening crimson sunsets blaze across the ranges of mountains that taper to the Pacific. The tableland between is an isolated pocket of High Sierra flora and fauna.

The area became a national park in 1947 but remained undeveloped until 1968, when the Mexican government built its national observatory. It is no surprise that this site was chosen since the area is said to have the clearest air in the world. The high altitude combined with the phenomenally clean, dry air produces a nighttime sky that sparkles, with the Milky Way visible as a shimmering silver cloud. The observatory is not open to the public, but astronomers from all parts of the world come to use the facility. Campers in the area should make a point of emerging from their tents in the night to observe the



spectacle, when even without a moon, the starlight can produce shadows. The twinkling show is orchestrated by the hooting of owls, the wind crackling through the pines with a sound like rushing water, and the distant yelping of coyotes.

Above the treetops to the east, a jagged granite peak glistens white in the afternoon sun. The highest point in Baja, the mountain rises from the desert floor and towers a dizzying 10,126 feet. Sheer cliffs, deeply etched crags and crevasses, and deceiving passes and canyons make climbing here a task that should be attempted only by experienced mountaineers with a thorough knowledge of rock climbing. The mountain has had many names, but the one most commonly used by natives of the area is Picacho del Diablo (Peak of the Devil). From much of the park, Diablo appears to be an extension of the high plateau, but the view from the site of the observatory reveals that it is separated by a wide gorge, thousands of feet deep, known as Cañon del Diablo. From the west, the base of the mountain can be reached only after a strenuous two day hike down into the canyon. From the east, one must journey across the vast San Felipe desert.

Within the park are two hot springs, both accessible only by foot or on horse. One of the hot springs is near the ruins of the Mission San Pedro Martir. Built by Spanish Jesuits in 1794 for the purpose of converting a tribe of Indians known as the Quilihuas, the Mission was abandoned in 1806 after several years of disease and Indian raids. Unlike many other missions in Baja, this one was constructed of adobe rather than stone. Time has worn the four-foot thick walls and all that remains is a cemetery and the ruins, barely three-feet high. It is believed by many that the Mission site is haunted and that at night stones fly through the air. These stories are told not only by natives but also by gringos who have camped there.

Anyone wishing to backpack through the region should be warned that presently the trails are very poorly marked. Getting off them is easier than staying on. Often the trail will follow a dry wash or a path worn by deer and cattle. Because these natural pathways are much more obvious than the trail, there is a tendency to stay with them when the courses divide. It isn't until one finds himself in a box canyon or confronted by a virtually impassable configuration of huge granite boulders that one realizes he must begin the time-consuming chore of backtracking. The frustration of this is compounded when carrying a heavy pack. The markers that do exist are stone cairns, but they are often sparsely spaced and so poorly done that when one sees a stone atop another, there is often question as to whether it is a marker or a natural formation. The only map that is currently available at the ranger station is one that was sketched from memory by U.S. members of the Sierra Club in 1963.

No one should journey into the wilderness alone, and any group planning a trip of more than a day should get complete instructions at the ranger station. It should be completely understood that unlike in many U.S. national parks, there are no trained rescue teams or first-aid facilities, and it is doubtful that one will encounter other hikers.

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IN 1905, WHILE ON an expedition into Baja, a U.S. Biological Survey team discovered a species of trout unlike any other. The brightly colored fish is a type of rainbow that was found in only one stream, the Arroyo San Antonio, which washes down the western slope of the Sierra San Pedro Martir. The fish was named after its discoverer, E.W. Nelson, then director of the U.S. Biological Survey. Around 1930 another U.S. citizen, Edward Utt, introduced the Nelson rainbow trout into several additional San Pedro Martir streams. Today they can be caught in the streams that descend the western slope of the range. The most easily reached is La Grulla, which involves a hike of several hours. The stream, which flows through a grassy clearing, produces Nelson rainbow up to twelve-inches long. Those who don't wish to walk can take a guided fishing excursion on horseback offered by the Meling Ranch, a long-established guest ranch in the foothills west of the park.

In the early 1900s this section of Baja was a magnet for big game hunters who came to take advantage of Mexico's virtually nonexistent fish and game laws. They came in search of mountain lions, bighorn sheep and pronghorn antelope. In more recent times, some of the large game have enjoyed a comeback as a result of the enactment and enforcement of laws to protect it, and the development of national parks. Now safe from all but poachers, the bighorn sheep are seldom seen, but a lucky hiker might get a glimpse of one silhouetted in the distance on a lofty turret of stone, or making its way along the edges of the eastern escarpment where the granite cliffs and boulder fields form a fortress that shields the sheep from both man and natural predators. The mountain lions are also elusive. They can be hunted outside the park only with a special permit granted by the Mexican Department of Wildlife and issued according to current census figures of the population.

No hunting or even the possession of firearms is allowed within the park. However, there is currently a problem with amateur poachers who come in on horseback to take mule deer. Although fish and game violations are a felony in Mexico, poaching is difficult to discourage without the manpower to enforce the laws.

Like much of Baja, the Sierra San Pedro Martir is open range. As the summer sun dries the western foothills, cattle make their way to progressively higher ground. By midsummer, they graze in the open pastures of the high country, where they remain until the snows drive them down again. By the time the winter rains have made the desert bloom, the cattle can again be found in the warm base of the foothill canyons.

WHILE HIKING THROUGH the park, one might come across what will look like a crude shelter of sticks and tarpaper. There may be an old steel drum serving as a stove, and perhaps a rusty set of bedsprings. Nearby there will probably be an equally primitive-looking corral fashioned from dead tree limbs. This is one of the camps of the *vaqueros*, Mexican cowboys, who can sometimes be seen riding across the open grasslands tending the herds. Although the cattle compete with deer and other wildlife for grazing land, the range will remain open to them since the high-country meadows are vital to area ranches during dry seasons.

To reach the park, one must drive along Baja's Route 1. Eighty-five miles south of Ensenada and about eight miles south of Colonet is a dirt road leading off to the left. It is marked by a sign that says *"Observatorio."* After turning here, the traveler will bump along a road that follows the Rio San Telmo. After crossing the river for the second time, the road begins a steep ascent into the high chapparal country. As one gains altitude, vast panoramas unfold of the rolling foothills with the Rio San Telmo appearing as a sandy ribbon in the valley far below. As the ridge of the Sierra comes into view it still will look barren but, as one approaches, tall pines standing along the edges of sheer cliffs become visible. This is the perimeter of the plateau. After passing the Meling Ranch, the road again starts upward with the countryside becoming greener and cactus and sagebrush gradually giving way to small evergreens and scrub oak. Soon the traveler will arrive at the ranger station, in the shade of tall trees. He will have

covered almost fifty miles from where he turned off the paved road.

Most of the year the road is passable in an ordinary car, but those traveling in the spring or early summer should inquire about road conditions at the immigration check point in Maneadero, below Ensenada. The road occasionally washes out from the winter rains and in 1979, during exceptionally heavy rains, it washed out in more than fifteen places. There is no official date when the park closes but during the winter, deep snows make the road treacherous and often impassable for long periods. The observatory, however, remains open all year because in the winter the cold air makes the skies even clearer.

There is a bright future ahead for the Sierra San Pedro Martir. The park has come under the management of a new ranger, an educated, young and ambitious man named Jaime Ferrer. He has no intention of commercializing the park, but he is making some changes. He plans to have maps made of the area and he is busily at work establishing campsites. His assistant, Francisco Mayoral, is a man who knows the Baja backcountry as well as anyone. He served as a guide to the entire peninsula before there was even a road. Together they intend to more clearly mark the trails leading to the park's many attractions. As this is written, workmen are busily improving the road, putting in culverts and constructing drainage ditches.

There are a few who will remember this place as only being reachable by foot or horseback, or by four-wheel drive vehicle. To those adventurous few, the clearly marked trails and established campsites may come as a disappointment. Because the park is becoming more accessible and widely used, the danger of forest fires is increased and without guidelines to follow, too many people could easily pollute the fragile yet vital streams of the area. However, developing the region along the pattern of a well-run national park will bring about better enforcement of game laws and better management of wildlife. That, for the long term, may be the best way to preserve and protect this unique place on the top of Baja.

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SKY DETERMINES

an appreciation by
DON MACDONALD

IT DOES NOT seem at all odd to me that two great, surely classic books about our desert were written by easterners forced rather late in their lives by health to seek a cure in the arid west. A man becomes more than casually observant of his physician.

One of the books, of course, is everyone's indisputable choice, John C. Van Dyke's *Desert*, first published in 1901 and currently available in Peregrine Smith's paperback "Literature of the American Wilderness" series. The other whereof I speak is *Sky Determines*, written in 1934 by Ross Calvin and re-issued in paperback form by the University of New Mexico Press. It is less well known.

Van Dyke was 42 years of age when he came to the desert and Calvin, 38. Both men sought relief from chronic lung disorders and received it, not by convalescence but by a level of physical activity that in Van Dyke's case, at least, was unique. Van Dyke taught at Rutgers University; Calvin trained at Harvard for an academic career but entered the ministry instead.

Though both published widely on diverse subjects, each author thought these books his life's work as did a select segment of the public at the separate times they were issued. Neither book, however, could be considered a "best seller," perhaps because they each focus so sharply on matters of immense complexity. Entertaining, yes, hauntingly beautiful in part, true, but those appealing niceties were not their purpose. They are love stories, each man's with *his* desert. And they are free of jealousies; you are invited to share in this love.

We tasted Van Dyke with Jon Sering's sensitively illustrated appreciation on these pages last November. I, with photographers Jerry Sieve, Jeff Gnass and Andrew Steuer, III, address this to Ross Calvin and *Sky Determines:*

"It was most natural," wrote Calvin, "that the aborigines should think of the sky and its deities as rulers of their world. When the rainclouds formed above them and descended low into their valleys, they were readily transformed by primitive faith and simplicity into the hovering wings of the Thunderbird."

Sky determines. The statement seems somehow incomplete; yet, given thought, it is all-encompassing. "To comprehend the arid and beautifully strange land of desert, mesa and mountain, one begins by studying its sky. The desert sky is the source of the desert sun, as well as the life-giving rain."

Sky determines. The fact once acknowledged, one can see with Calvin how the sky shapes man's destiny, past and present, and particularly in the desert where the kindly or unkindly sequence of sunshine and rain can dictate everything about us.

The erosion that shrinks mountains carves canyons and builds the alluvial plain. The paths taken by water determine the habitat of flora, fauna and man. Thus, in the desert, man became herdsmen and miners, able to till the soil only where it accumulates in the confined valleys.

Although the desert for months and years at a time seems devoid of moisture, above that portion contained in California, Arizona and Texas there annually passes the equivalent of a sheet of water 340-miles wide, 350-miles long and one-foot thick.

Only part of this water falls into six life zones, and only four of these are frequented by man, or nature's other plants and creatures. The flora and fauna and until recently, man, are arranged in well-defined bands. In those parts of the desert where normalcy is yet unaffected by man,

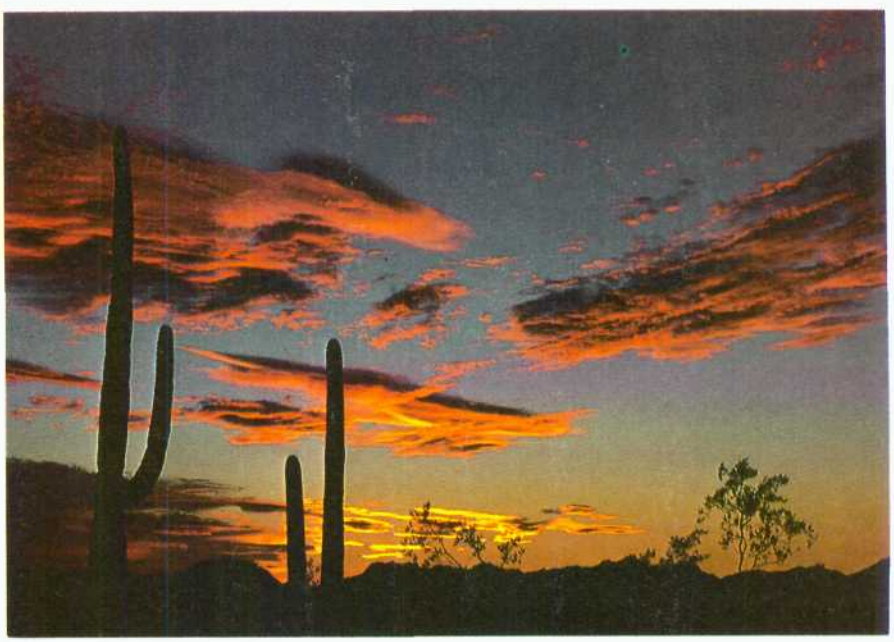
(continued on page 59)

JEFF GNASS

CHOLLA PATCH, Joshua Tree National Monument, California

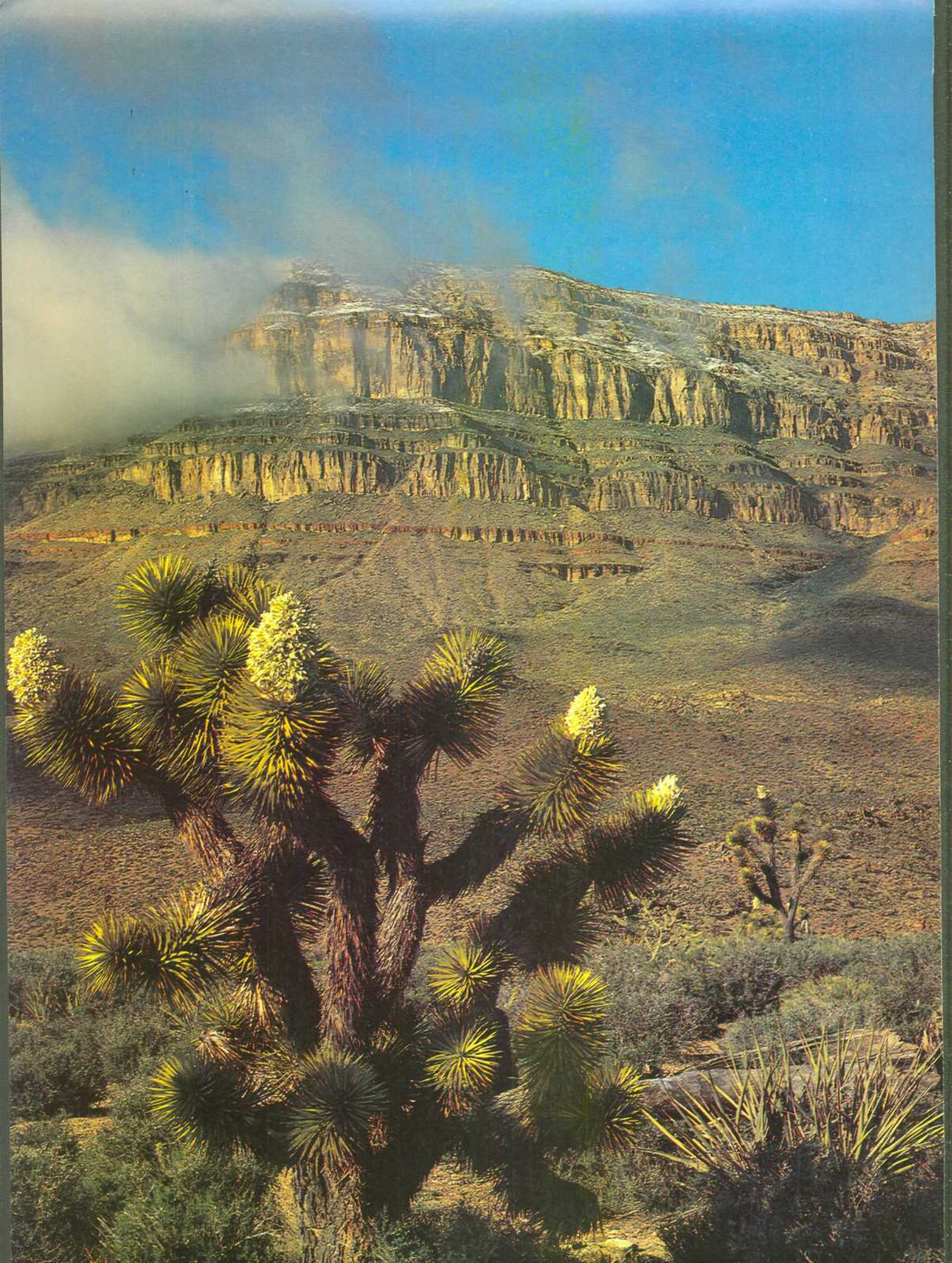
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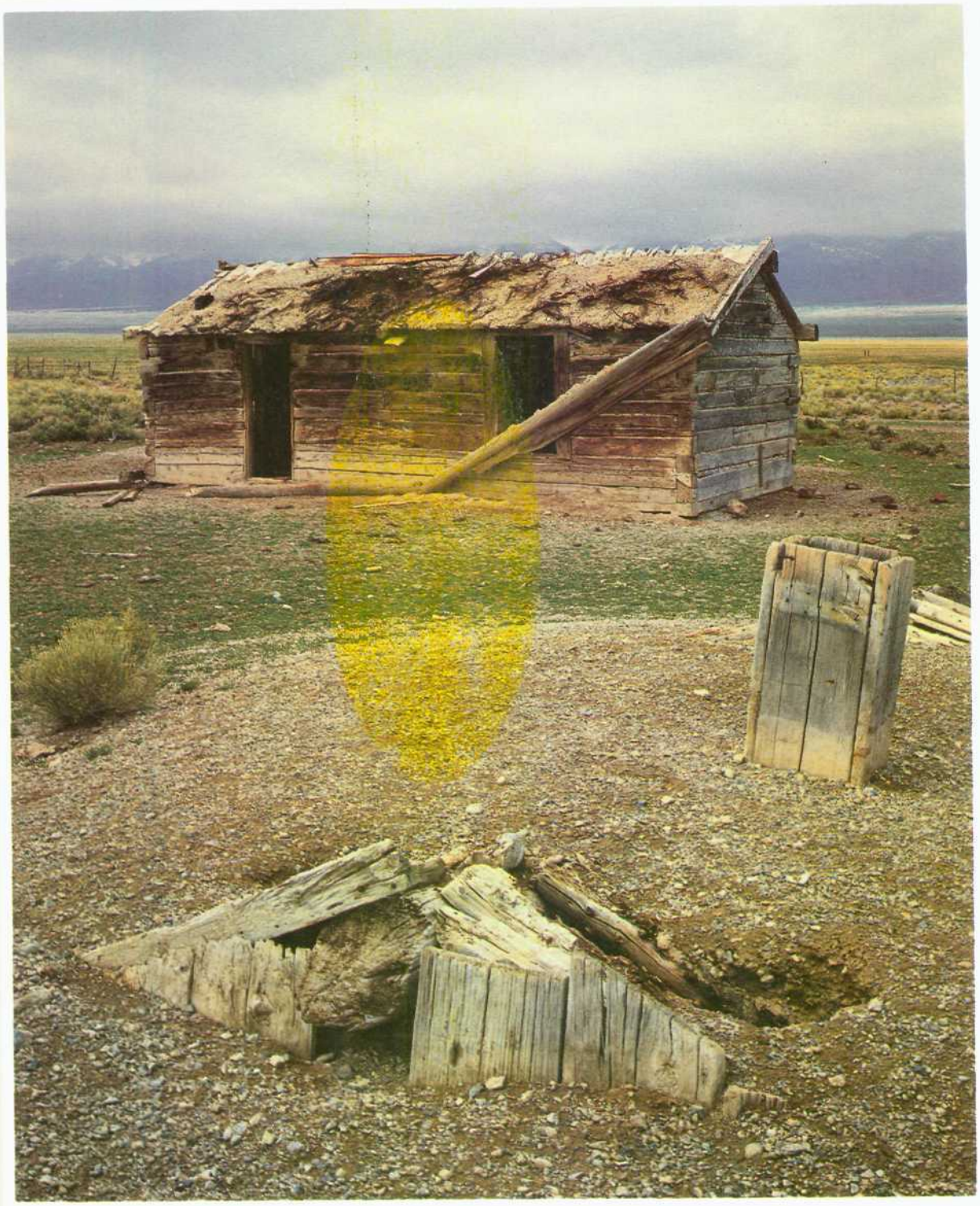
ANDREW STEUER

SUNSET, Catalina foothills, Arizona



'OSHUA TREES *below clouded Grand Wash cliffs, Arizona*

EARLY SETTLERS CABIN, Steptoe Valley, Nevada

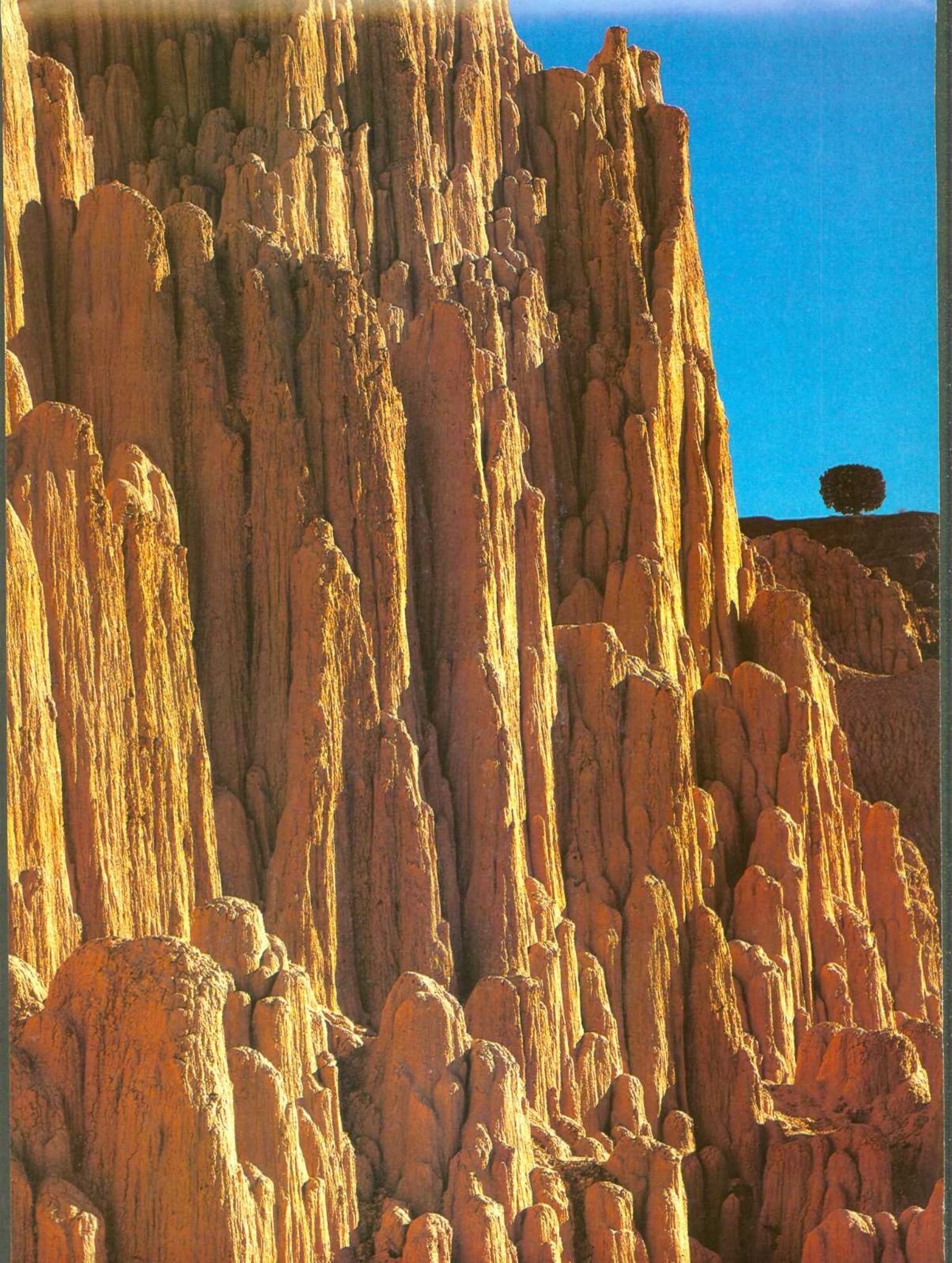


JEFF GNASS

"IN A FREE-AND-EASY TIME THEY HAD THEIR DAY, FOR THE LOOSELY OWNED CATTLE WANDERED AT WILL, THE RANGES WERE UNFENCED, AND THE ONLY TOKEN OF THE ANIMAL'S OWNERSHIP WAS ITS BRAND."

"IT IS NOT A MERE FIGURE OF SPEECH TO SAY THAT THE SKY HAS TILTED THE BALANCE BETWEEN DESERT AND HABITABLE COUNTRY; THAT IT HAS MARKED OUT THE CROOKED, DESCENDING LINES OF DRAINAGE . . ."

JERRY SIEVE



there is just enough life in exactly the forms needed to sustain one another. And, on the average, nature doles out sunshine and rain in proportion to maintain this balance. Sky determines.

That is the thesis. To arrive at it, Calvin began a log when he was twelve years old. When presented to the University of New Mexico Library in 1964, it represented sixty years of research in 1,260 pages. He added to it until his death at age 91 in 1970.

His obituary in the Albuquerque *Tribune* said: "Dr. Calvin would refer to himself as an ecologist, for his study of natural forms probed deep into the very foundation of all creation." And he did probe deeply, into mythology for example. With no apology to his Christian peers, he wrote: "Long ago one of the Greek sky gods stole the chariot of the sun. Unable to control the mighty coursers of Apollo, he permitted them to approach too near the earth, where the heat seared a broad band across its middle. To this day the scar of the burn remains. It is called the Sahara. On the other side of the earth, somewhere near the same latitude, another part of the same scar is visible, though less long and less deep. It used to be called the American Desert."

And unlike many ecologists, he is sympathetic to man's presence: "The desert, exotic, terrible, fabulous — what is it, and where? While the reality is no myth, its fangs have been drawn. With the first highway, its terrors paled; and with the first automobile, an iron horse which neither drouth nor heat can conquer, they disappeared. Today, for the motorist speeding at fifty miles an hour or better over a resilient ribbon of asphalt, it is no menace at all."

Here is one essential difference between Calvin and Van Dyke. The latter cried out, "The deserts are not worthless wastes . . . (they) should never be reclaimed. They are the breathing spaces of the west and should be preseved forever." Calvin, on the other hand, was inclined to welcome his fellow man to the desert.

There is another key difference, too. Van Dyke rode into the desert, not knowing or caring as to his destination, for three years with only his horse and a dog for company. Calvin spaced his experiences over a lifetime, never roaming too far and mostly by automobile from civilization, and thus never losing his relationship with it.

But most significant of all, Calvin was a scientist, or at least of that mind, whereas Van Dyke laid no claim to be. Van Dyke reported what he saw and experienced and suffered, seldom probing the causes. And he saw minutely for his pace was slow, sometimes painfully so. Calvin, in turn, painted with a broader brush, piecing together great chunks of his thesis at a time. But that is as it should have been for the concept, sky determines, encompasses almost the universe in its scope.

Calvin perhaps more so than Van Dyke was sympathetic to his fellow man anywhere, past or present, as witness: "History has persisted in misunderstanding the Apache. He has been viewed exclusively and constitutionally as an enemy, a sort of rattlesnake among men . . . The fact is, that so far from being by constitution an enemy to the rest of his fellow creatures, the Apache was nature's supreme example of adaptation to arid environment."

And again: "Nature, with a mother love always tenacious, planted the Apache in the desert, and before any alien species not specifically adapted could supplant him there, it would be necessary to modify, in some real sense, the environment. Otherwise, it would be as rational for a cornfield to supplant a patch of cactus."

Why a lifetime expended to prove we evolve around the caprice of the sky? Sky determines, as a two-word fact, lacks all hope. Calvin in his book of the same name shows how man can and has modified, and thus mollified, the despot.

(Note: *Sky Determines*, $4.95 pb, and *The Desert*, $3.45 pb, are available through Desert Magazine's Book Store. See pages 60-61 for ordering information.)

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DEAD MEN DO TELL TALES *by Lake Erie Schafer.* Related to BURIED TREASURE AND LOST MINES by Frank Fish, the author knew Fish for many years and claims he was murdered. Her book adds other information on alleged lost bonanzas, plus reasons she thinks Fish did not die a natural death as stated by the authorities. Pb., illus., 80 pgs., $3.00.

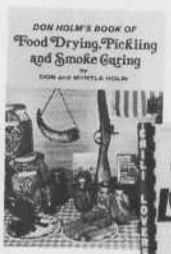
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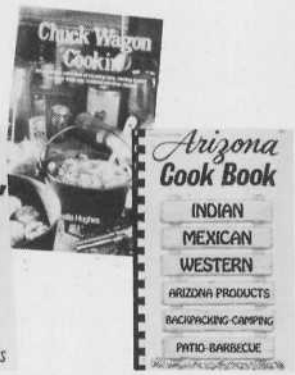
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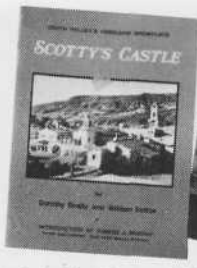
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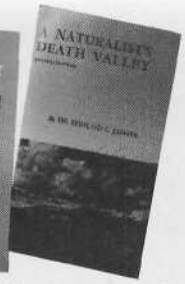
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Death Valley









INSIDE DEATH VALLEY *by Chuck Gebhardt.* A new revision of this comprehensive guide and reference text. Information on the accommodations and services, plus an outstanding Entry Guide listing 13 possible routes into the Valley, and a Place Name Index. Includes 70-odd photos of the commonly found points of interest, plants and scenics. An indispensable guide for anyone planning to visit Death Valley. Pb., 166 pgs., $5.95.

LOST MINES OF DEATH VALLEY *by Harold Weight.* This is a new approach to the enigma of Death Valley Scotty's life and legends and gives additional insight into the Lost Gunsight and Breyfogle bonanzas, plus other Death Valley mysteries. Pb., historic photographs, reference material, 86 pgs., $2.50.

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SCOTTY'S CASTLE *by Dorothy Shally and William Bolton.* The sumptuousness of the castle, its history, construction, and design of the buildings are told by the authors, both National Park Service employees who have been associated with the maintenance and interpretation of the property since the government acquired title in 1970. Pb., large format, profusely illus., $2.00.

THE NATURALIST'S DEATH VALLEY *by Dr. Edmund C. Jaeger.* In this revised 3rd edition, Dr. Jaeger covers and uncovers some of the mysteries of this once humid, and now arid trough. He tells of the Indians of Death Valley, the mammals, birds, reptiles, amphibians, fishes, insects, trees, wildflowers, and fossils. Pb., 66 pgs., $2.00.

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GOODBYE, DEATH VALLEY, *The Tragic 1849 Jayhawker Trek by L. Burr Belden.* In December, 1849, after following a false map purporting to show a short cut from Salt Lake City to the gold fields of California, this large party became mired in Death Valley. Pb., 61 pgs., $2.00.

EXPLORING DEATH VALLEY *by Ruth Kirk.* Written by a woman who lived in Death Valley, the hottest desert in the world, for three years while her husband served there as a ranger. Gives details on where to go by car, Jeep, and on foot, and a directory section telling where to find metals, lodging, gas stations, campgrounds. Illustrated with over 50 photographs. Pb., 88 pgs., $3.45.

DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY, *The Man and The Myth, by Hank Johnson.* For all its physical wonderment, Death Valley's most intriguing mystery was embodied in a paunchy, lone prospector who for 50 years captured the headlines of America with his bizarre and flamboyant escapades. This is the tale of Death Valley Scotty, also known as Walter Scott. Illustrated with an abundance of old photos, large format, Pb., $2.00.

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