Desert

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST

SEPTEMBER, 1975 75c
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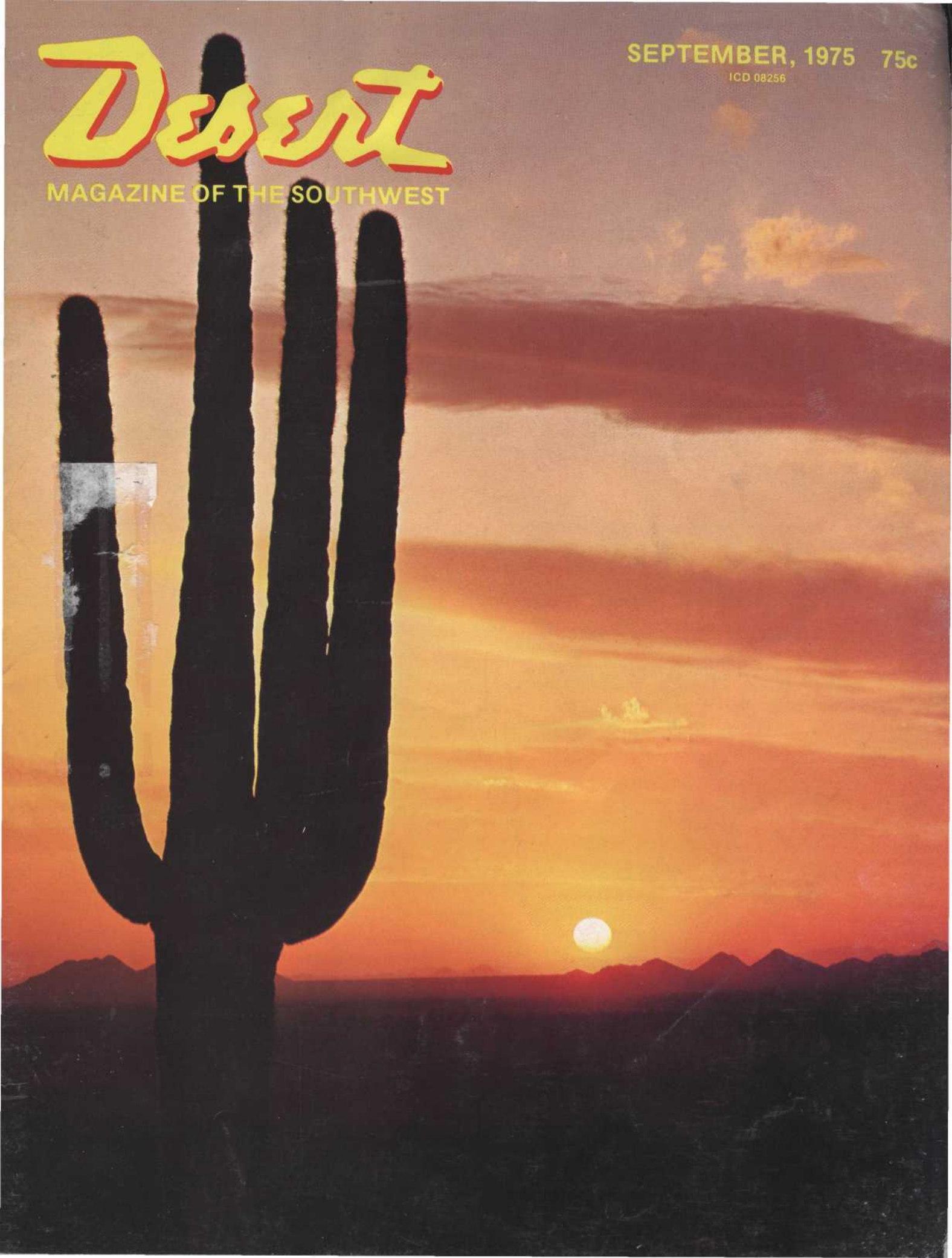

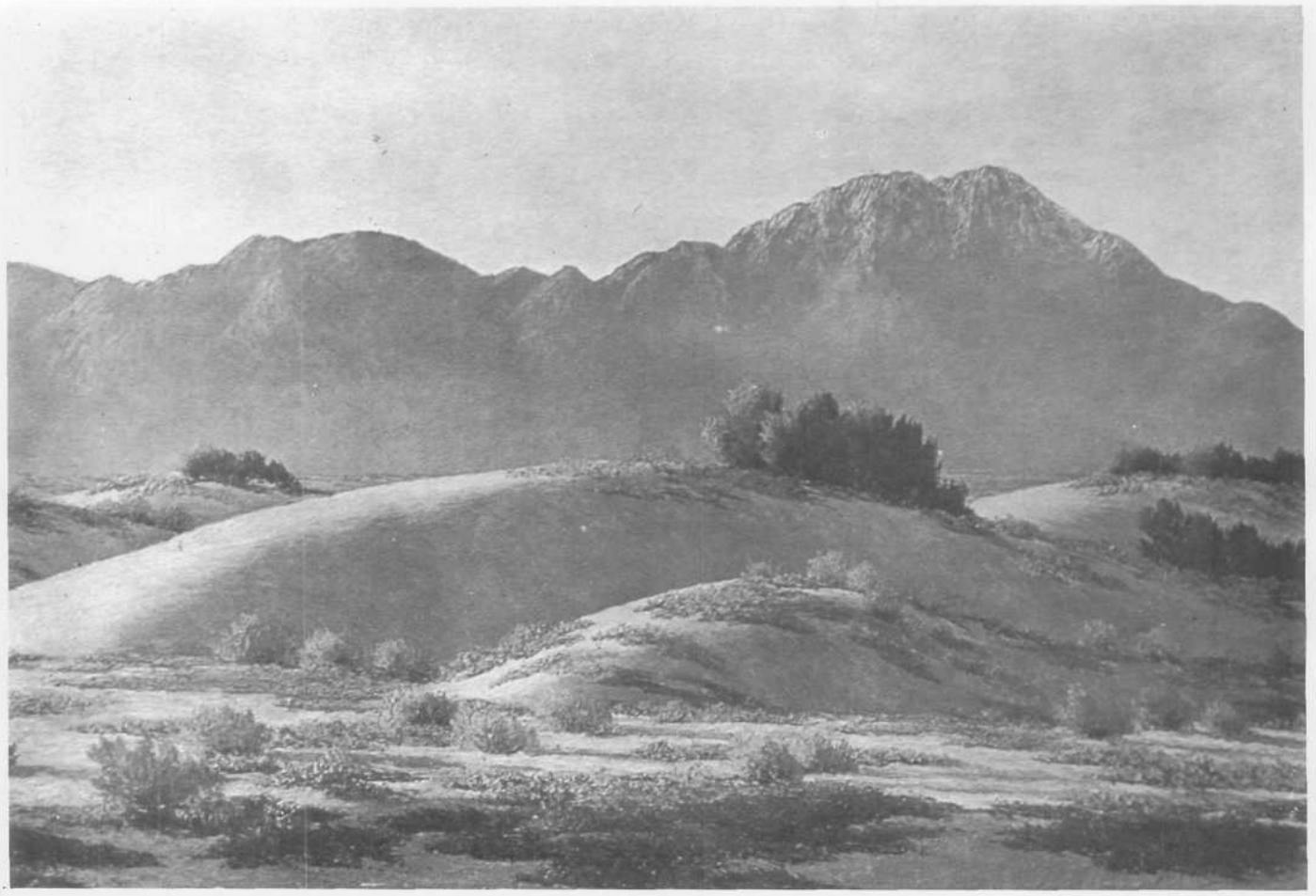

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John Hilton

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Many art critics consider John Hilton the foremost painter of desert scenes of the West. His oils are hung in galleries throughout the United States and are constantly in demand. Desert Magazine has a limited supply of prints of his painting entitled "Contrasts" showing sand dunes covered with desert wildflowers and the Santa Rosa Mountains in the background.

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Desert MAGAZINE

Volume 38, Number 9 SEPTEMBER 1975

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THE COVER:
Saguaro at sunset, Southern Arizona. Photo by Josef Muench, Santa Barbara, California.

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

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A Peek in the Publisher's Poke

IT IS a good feeling to see an old friend after a long absence. Usually, such an occasion brings to mind a number of moments shared together in the past. Josef Muench, this month's cover photographer, is a true old friend of *Desert Magazine*. Since August, 1939, when he first graced our cover, (see inset) Josef has contributed his lensmanship to bring the great Southwest to your easy chair. But it has been a long time since he last appeared in *Desert*. I'm sure that his credit line will remind you of many, many memorable photos; Monument Valley, Grand Canyon, Lake Powell, Baja California, wildflowers in majestic bloom—you name it in the West and Josef has shot it.

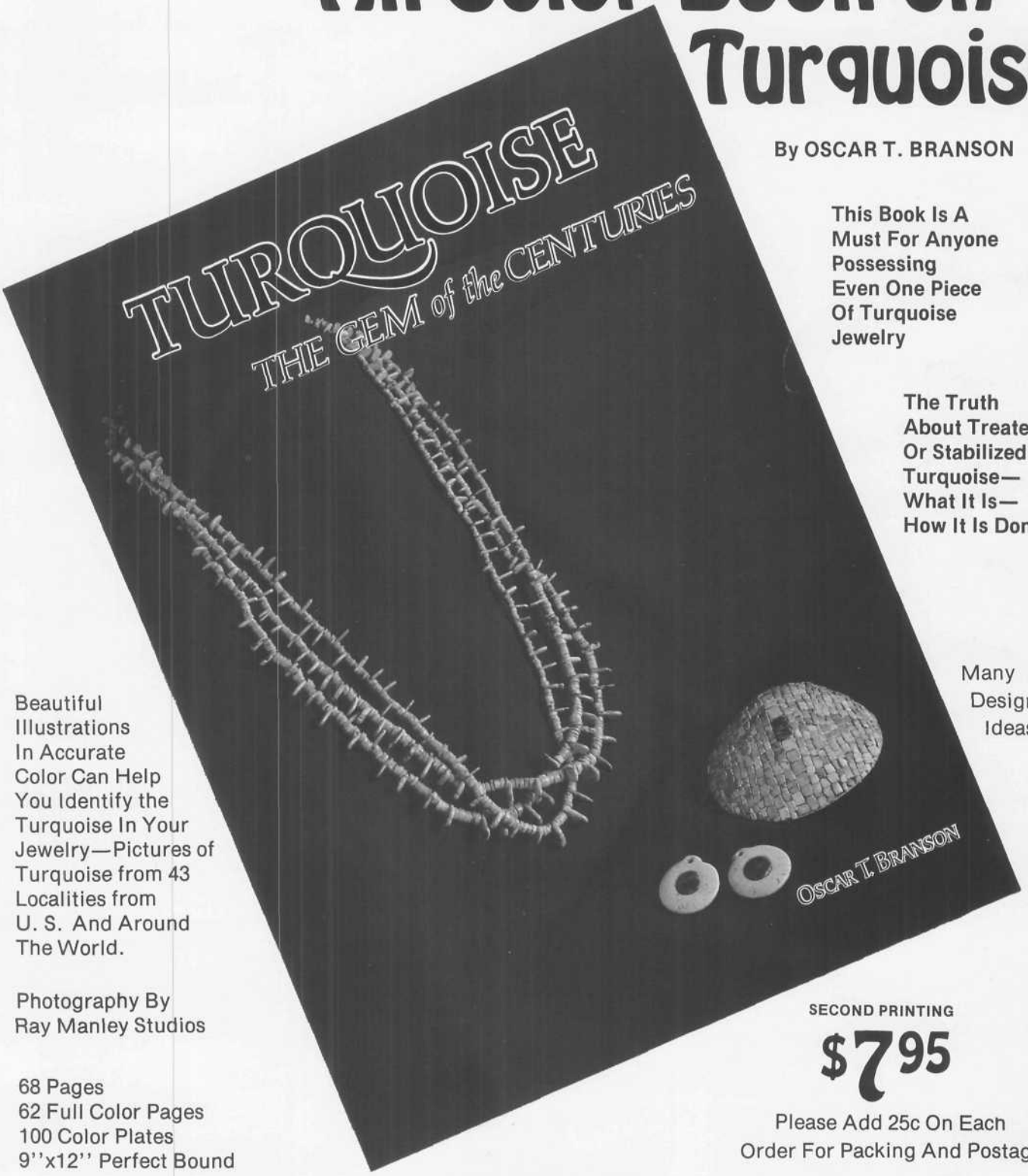
Not long ago I called his Santa Barbara home to inquire if he had any material available. Two weeks later, to my happy surprise, he popped into the office with his portfolio. In no time at all the viewer was illuminated and a colorful panorama of scenic transparencies paraded before my eyes.

Then, I made my move. Grabbing the "Saguaro at Sunset" and dropping my voice, I said: "Hold it Joe, I've got you covered! Again."

William Lumpkins

The First and Only All Color Book on Turquoise

By OSCAR T. BRANSON



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Jeanette Coyle
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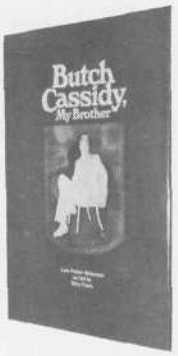

BUTCH CASSIDY, My Brother
By Lula Parker Betenson
as told to Dora Flack

Since the highly successful film, "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," several books, other publications and myriad efforts to cash in on the sudden international fame of two formerly regionally known cattle rustlers and hold-up artists have substituted expediency and notoriety for historical truth.

Mrs. Betenson has set the record as straight as possible, considering the flood of nonsense that came before. Her book does not attempt to gloss over brother Robert Leroy Parker's escapades. She admits he was an outlaw who fell from grace but also cites the good qualities of his complex personality and rather full life. Her book serves also as good general history of the Intermountain West nearly a century ago and offers much insight as to why men like Parker-Cassidy and others turned to crime in the hard scrabble, dirt-poor days before uranium, oil and the other later-day wealth sources of Mormon Utah, Idaho, Colorado and New Mexico.

She contributes additional information to the most interesting controversy about Cassidy nee Parker. Did he really die in a classic shootout in remote Bolivia as the movie and the Pinkerton detectives tell us? No, she says. Butch returned to the United States, living out a long and generally peaceful life. Mrs. Betenson does not tell us where her brother is buried, for good reason. The early family home on a small ranch just south of Circleville, Utah has been badly vandalized in recent years and souvenir hunters surely would pick the gold out of his teeth as quickly as they pulled nails from the barn walls.

The book is professionally written and personally inspired, a worthwhile addition to anyone's shelf of western lore.

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Frank Dean

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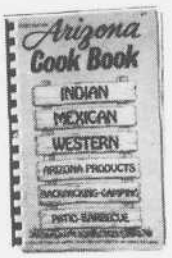

By Al and Mildred Fischer

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TREASURE UNDER YOUR FEET
By Roy Volker and Dick Richmond

Treasure Under Your Feet tells both beginners and experienced owners of electronic metal detectors how to be more successful at doing just that—discovering buried treasure almost everywhere man has trodden on this planet.

Written by Roy Volker and Dick Richmond, two colorful adventurers who have logged many years of successful prospecting with detectors, the 126-page handbook of metal detecting offers the reader a short course on everything one should know about searching out and recovering many types of buried or hidden valuables.

Opening chapters of the book discuss in simple language how to select and use a metal detector, different types of instruments currently available, tips on recovery of buried coins, "rules of the road" concerning prospecting on private and public property and detecting techniques that are more productive of treasure finds. Other chapters are devoted to caring for coins and tips on marketing them, most likely places to look for valuable antiques and how to dispose of them for a good price and searching for treasure from sunken Spanish galleons.

By planning hunts and methodically searching areas, the authors suggest that amateur treasure seekers can "work" many productive areas near their homes. Valuable information is given on finding treasure in such familiar places as beaches, church yards, old homes, parks, school yards, battlefields and even in your own back yard.

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THE WEST

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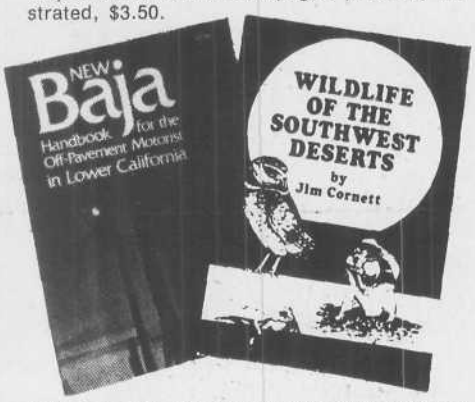

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BALLARAT, Compiled by Paul Hubbard, Doris Bray and George Pipkin. Ballarat, now a ghost town in the Panamint Valley, was once a flourishing headquarters during the late 1880s and 1900s for the prospectors who searched for silver and gold in that desolate area of California. The authors tell of the lives and relate anecdotes of the famous old-timers. First published in 1965, this reprinted edition is an asset to any library. Paperback, illustrated, 98 pages, $3.00.

LOAFING ALONG DEATH VALLEY TRAILS by William caruthers. Author Caruthers was a newspaper man and a ghost writer for early movie stars, politicians and industrialists. He "slowed down" long enough to move to Death Valley and there wrote his on-the-spot story that will take you through the quest for gold on the deserts of California and Nevada. Hardcover, old photos, 187 pages, $4.25.

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

OWYHEE TRAILS by Mike Hanley and Ellis Lucia. The authors have teamed to present the boisterous past and intriguing present of this still wild corner of the West sometimes called the I-O-N, where Idaho, Oregon and Nevada come together. Hardcover, 225 pages, $7.95.

FROM MAINE TO MECCA by Nevada C. Colley. The history of California's Coachella Valley is told by the author who knew many of the oldtimers and listened to their stories, sometimes humorous, but always telling of their struggle and fortitude in developing one of the most formidable deserts in this country. Hardcover, 245 pages, $5.95.

WILY WOMEN OF THE WEST by Grace Ernestine Ray. Such women of the West as Belle Starr, Cattle Kate and Lola Montez weren't all good and weren't all bad, but were fascinating and conflicting personalities, as researched by the author. Their lives of adventure were a vital part of the life of the Old West. Hardcover, illustrated, 155 pages, $7.95

TEMALPAKH by Lowell John Bean and Katherine Siva Saubel. Temalpakh means "from the earth," in Cahuilla, and covers the many uses of plants used for food, medicine, rituals and those used in the manufacturing of baskets, sandals, hunting tools; and plants used for dwellings. Makes for a better understanding of environmental and cultural relationships. Well illustrated, 225 pages, hardcover, $10.00; paperback, $6.50.

Six by Three Mother Lode

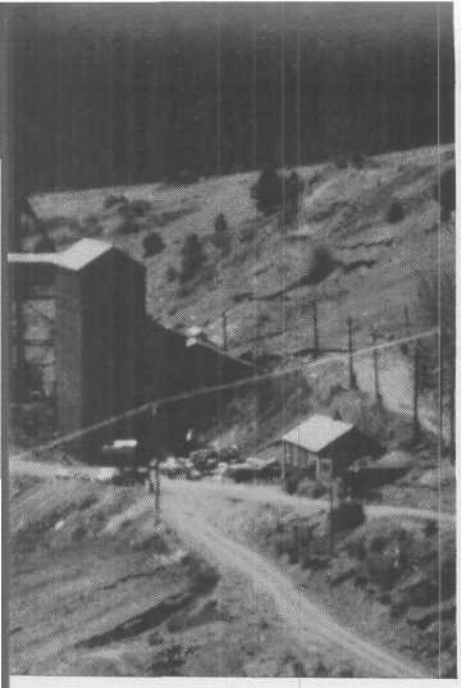
by AL von DERING

THERE'S A six by three mile chunk of terrain high up in the Colorado Rockies that's the world's richest gold district. True, there are other regions in the world that have produced more gold, but these districts cover many, many square miles, not just a few like famous Cripple Creek.

Many mining districts are born overnight, so to speak, after their discovery. But not Cripple Creek. It took 12 long years of serious prospecting by Cowboy Bob Womack and then two years more before others became convinced that Womack had, indeed, made a big discovery.

This long hunt for gold on the back side of Pike's Peak began when Bob Womack, while riding the range in 1878, happened to spot a piece of rock that looked different from the others in the vicinity. Being a prospector at heart and a cowboy by necessity, he picked up this odd greyish-colored stone and found it heavy for its size. He was unable to find other pieces of the same rock, however. Still, he could not forget his piece of float and on the next trip into Colorado Springs, he took it to an assayer. The report came back: Very, very rich, for this was a piece of sylvanite ore that he had found.

Bob knew the vein that was the source of his piece of float just had to be someplace above where he had found it so he began his long search for its origin. Eventually, he located other pieces of sylvanite and finally, he staked a claim covering the area where he found the heaviest concentration of float. Obtain-



ing a grubstake on the basis of assay reports, he started working his claim. The results were discouraging. Eventually, he sold the claim and began looking farther afield. The miner who bought the claim worked it the rest of that season with no better results, and abandoned it as worthless.

Not locating anything else, Womack decided to return to the area of the original claim once more. This time, however, he started his exploratory digging in another section of the old claim and it was not long before he uncovered the vein for which he had been searching so many years. Understand, though, that at this elevation of just under 10,000 feet, the prospecting season is quite short and winters are very long. Still, Womack had spent a sizable chunk of his life following his will-o-the-wisp.

Even with a proven vein of rich ore, Womack still had problems in its development. It takes a lot of cold hard cash to finance and develop a hard rock mine. Those with that kind of money were just not interested in Womack's El Paso mine. For one thing, sylvanite ore does not look like what it is, a rich gold ore. Most people were more familiar with quartz ores in which the gold content is generally quite visible. In sylvanite, this is not so. Also add to this the fact that there had been a couple of false mining rushes in the vicinity, perpetrated by swindlers. One to the west of Mt. Pigsah, a prominent local landmark, and the other farther to the north near Florissant. At any rate, development money was slow in coming. Little did these people realize that Womack had discovered the richest, most concentrated gold-producing district of them all, a true mother lode.

Bob Womack filed his discovery claim in the fall of 1890. As the word spread throughout other Colorado mining camps, professional prospectors started dropping in to have a look-see. Some, like Old Man Stratton, prospected the area thoroughly. He found a section some five miles to the south of the Poverty Gulch discovery area that was to his liking and staked a series of claims. Some he gave away and some he retained. All proved to be incredibly rich. Many produced as much gold in a few days as other mining areas in the West produced in their lifetime.

Cripple Creek made millionaires by the dozen and Old Man Stratton was one of the richest. As the fates often decree, the locaters of mining camps die penniless and such was the fate of Bob Womack.

The city of Cripple Creek was platted in the rolling hill area below Poverty Gulch and on the ranch where Bob Womack rode the range. Victor, the second major city of the district and only slightly smaller than Cripple Creek, was established on the slopes below Old Man Stratton's mines. The Woods brothers, who platted the town, discovered their very rich "Gold Coin" mine when blasting for the cellar and foundations of their new hotel. The "Strong Mine," one that continues to produce today, is also within the city limits. The Gold Coin has long been shut down.

Far Left: Visitors at the minehead of the Mollie Kathleen Mine Museum. Left: The El Paso Mine is working again. Above: School is out in Independence.

In 1892, the district began to expand rapidly until by the turn of the century there were over 500 mines in operation. Peak population, according to the most optimistic figures, reached the 100,000 mark. These people lived in the two major cities and 10 or 12 smaller communities. A more realistic figure perhaps would be half to two-thirds that figure. More than 10,000 men were engaged in actual mining operations. Millions upon millions of dollars poured from these rich mines.

The district was served by three rail lines, the first reaching the area in 1894. These were the Midland Terminal that came in from the north, the Short Line that came in over the mountains from the east and the Florence and Cripple Creek that came in from the south. There were two street car lines. One, called the "Low Line" ran around the lower reaches of the mining area on its way between towns. The other, called "The High Line," ran over the top of the mining district where the elevation approaches 11,000 feet.

With the exploration period over, consolidation set in as individuals sold out to major syndicates and other mines were worked out. As miners burrowed deeper

and deeper, water became a serious problem. This was alleviated to some degree by drilling in drainage tunnels under the district, but water was, and still is, a problem.

World War I brought a halt to mining and although it was resumed after the Armistice, it never regained its former prominence. The flu epidemics of the times decimated whole families. Others left the area, never to return. Many mines never reopened. But mining continued and many more millions came out of the ground.

When the Great Depression hit, some 125 mines were in operation. The population of the area had dwindled to perhaps no more than a tenth of its peak times. Only the Midland Terminal Railroad still served the district. The other two and the street cars had long since disappeared from the scene. Still, Cripple Creek and Victor were busy, prosperous cities and the district felt little of the effects of the depression.

World War II had an even more drastic effect on Cripple Creek than the first war. Once again, the mines closed and even fewer reopened at the end of the war. The costs of mining, measured against the government's pegged price of gold, made operations very marginal at best. The decision to tear out the Midland Terminal didn't help a bit.

The Ajax Mine above Victor.

With it went the mill down in Colorado Springs that had been treating Cripple Creek ores for over a half century. A new mill was built in the district to service the mines, but finally, in 1961, it, too, was forced to shut down and with it the handful of mines still in operation also closed.

Only a few old-timers stayed, plus a few businessmen. Old buildings became vacant and many fell victim to high altitude winters. The camp was dead, coming to life only briefly each short summer as a tourist attraction. The fame of the Imperial Hotel Melodrama brought in many. Others seeking a cool and restful summer climate bought old miners' homes and made them into summer residences.

The El Paso and Mollie Kathleen mines began to take visitors below the surface on escorted tours of their diggings. The old Midland Terminal depot in Cripple Creek became a museum of district relics. The old "Parlor House," the last of the "Red Light" street buildings also became a museum.

Old mining districts die hard. Those familiar with Cripple Creek have always known that there was still ore in paying quantities there. When the price of gold went up astronomically and the federal government raised the pegged price, things began to look up for Cripple Creek. The mill is to be reopened. The Ajax Mine, high on top of the mountain above, Victor, reopened and if you can believe local talk, put on crews to work three shifts a day and was manning its

great water pumps 24 hours a day, seven days a week. The Strong mine reopened as did the El Paso. The latter is not Bob Womack's El Paso but the big mine below the highway not far out of Victor on the way to Cripple Creek. While in the area last summer we heard rumors of other openings being contemplated. Only the Mollie Kathleen, on the slopes of Tenderfoot Hill above Cripple Creek, is now open to visitors.

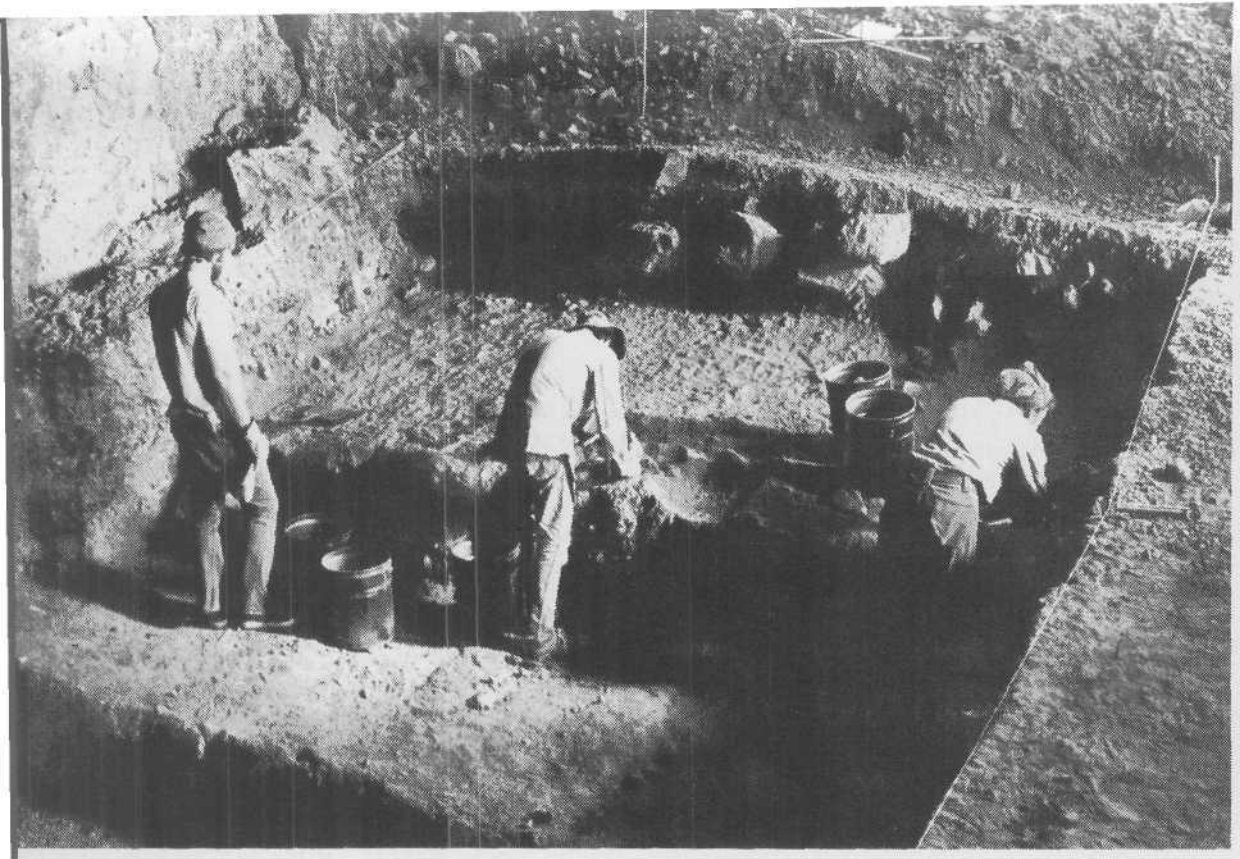
In the end, though, it's tourists that have kept Cripple Creek going. Today, those business buildings still standing have been or are being restored and contain tourist-oriented businesses for the most part. A housing shortage has led to some building and the importation of a number of mobile homes.

Where miner's boots clomped up and down the sidewalks, now tourists throng. Last summer, on a stroll up Bennett Street, Cripple Creek's main street, we observed vehicles from nearly every state in the Union, plus a number from Canadian provinces.

Small wonder, this influx, for here is an extremely interesting old mining camp with a great history. It is possible to drive through and around the mining area, however much of the district away from the highway is closed to visitors. This is due to the danger of cave-ins of the old mining stopes. From a distance you can observe those few mines that are working. A stroll down Bennett Street permits close examination of the remaining old buildings, most of which bear the date of 1896. Cripple Creek was virtually destroyed by fire in the spring of that year and when she rebuilt, it was in brick, to last.

Cripple Creek's wonderful mountain scenery by itself would constitute reason enough for visiting the area. With Pike's Peak rising up to the east and in view from the top of the district, the ground falls off to the west and south into canyons and valleys. The fantastic Sangre de Cristo mountain range stretches across the southern horizon and extends to the north. The hill on which the mines are located is covered largely by aspens. In fall these are shimmering delights of gold. A carpet of wildflowers covers open slopes in summer. At altitudes running from 9,500 to 11,000 feet, it is never hot in summer and at the same time the climate and elevation are invigorating, demanding deep breathing and a relaxed attitude for full enjoyment.

When you plan your next trip to Colorado, allot a day or two, or more if possible, for a visit to Cripple Creek and Victor. Plan to take in the Melodrama Theater at the Imperial Hotel. Visit the Mollie Kathleen mine and the museum in Cripple Creek and be sure to spend time exploring the roads of the district and don't forget Victor. Such an itinerary assure a memorable Colorado vacation. □



Excavating the cave, the area was carefully measured and patiently screened. Photo courtesy Nevada State Museum.

An exciting archeological site...

THE LAST S

by DORIS CERVERI

IT ISN'T OFTEN that a dry, dusty cave will reveal its carefully guarded secrets, but when it does something startling is uncovered.

This is what happened over a two-year period when archeologists and students were excavating a cave in a remote area of northwestern Nevada where the scenery is spectacular.

The most significant discovery was found at the three-foot level. Two pink strata of volcanic ash were found; one within the occupational area of the cave; the other below it, extending to a depth of eight feet.

"Although Crater Lake is 250 miles from the cave area," declared Jonathan Davis, a pleistocene geologist, "we believe this volcanic ash was deposited during its eruption. Similar deposits of this material, which have been authenticated, were laid down in many areas of the Pacific Northwest. It has been proven that cinders, rocks, etc. are projected skyward with tremendous force. Ash, in particular, travels through the air for great distances. However, this is the first time the ash has been found any place in Nevada. Gradually over a period of years the material was covered over by layers of lava, rock and soil which hardened. Later, water flowing in the area seeped through the rocky layers, pockets of air within it cracked and large holes were formed, one of them being a cave entrance."

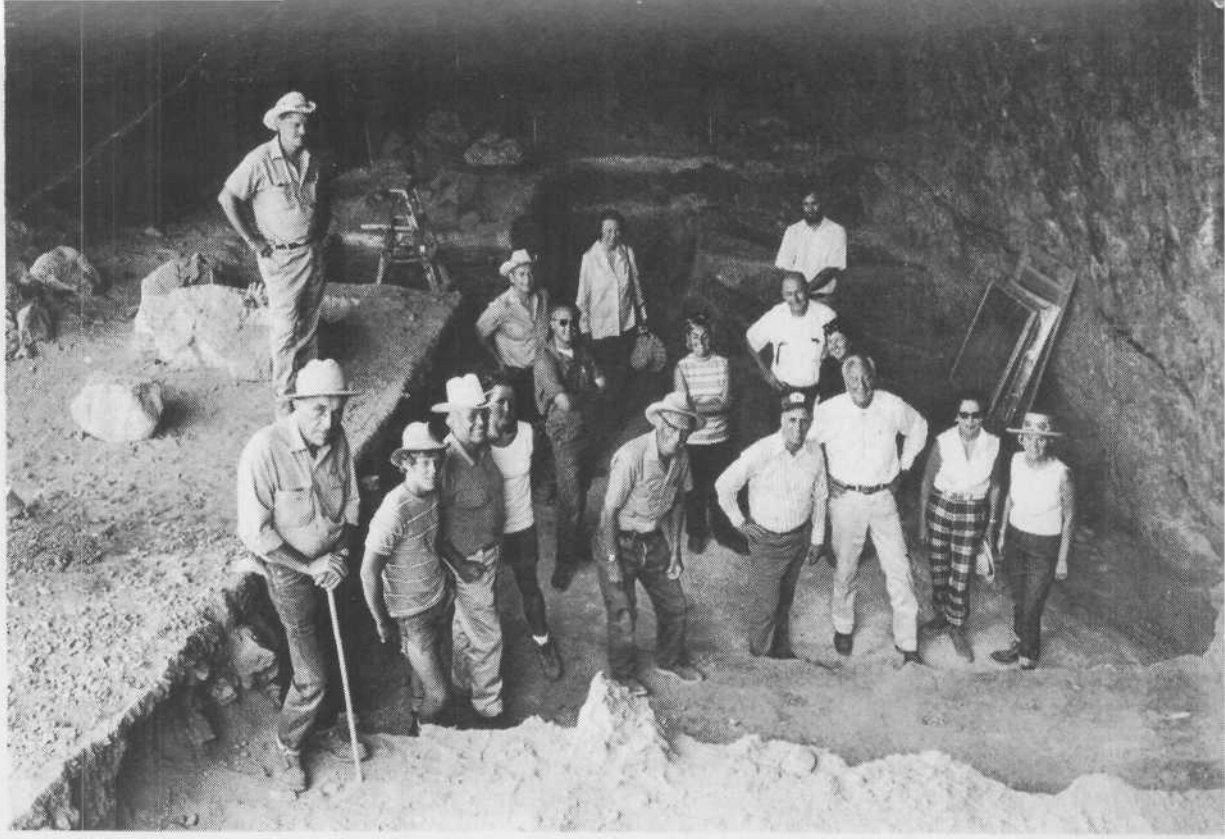
Another unusual find for this desert locale was fresh-water mussel shells in a stratum. These were probably taken from the creek which runs below the cave through a picturesque canyon.

In addition, obsidian projectile points and stone scrapers of a type that previously have been found only on ancient beach terraces of dried up lakes within the Great Basin were turned up. Also, pieces of coiled and twine basketry were found. The best specimen was a fairly large fragment of closely-woven basketry which unfortunately was the only part left after having been chewed and utilized to line a rat's nest.

Numerous pairs of sagebrush sandals were dug up. One unique pair had the toes and heels almost worn through but the soles were still intact and ankle thongs were attached to them. Bits of netting used in rabbit drives, cordage and for sandals were also uncovered.

This year's group spent considerable time collecting coperlite and seed samples. A soil flotation method was used to process large soil samples (about a cubic foot). Soil is dumped into a machine and water is added which causes seed to float to the surface where it is collected with fine screens.

Students excavating the cave last summer found numerous bones on the sur-



The Last Supper Cave archaeological excavation was visited last summer by members of the Nevada State Museum board of trustees and other interested parties. The dig, which unearthed some unexpected evidence of man's occupation of the cave some 10,000 years ago, will be completed this summer with the aid of a grant from the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation.

UPPER CAVE

face and wooden bloodstained pegs which had been used to stake hides to the floor of the cave to be dried. This was evidence that the bones, etc., had been left there the early part of this century, and were the remains of a feast. During the early 1900s, when pioneers traveled across Nevada and some food sources previously utilized by Indians became depleted, the Indians rustled livestock for food in retaliation. This they carted off to remote places, such as caves where they could enjoy a "last supper."

Stan Smith of Reno discovered the "Last Supper Cave" in 1969 while he was chukkar hunting in the area. Upon his return to Reno, he reported it to archeologists at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City, but no excavation work was attempted, principally because of a lack of funds. However, when financial aid for the project was given by the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation, work started in June 1973. Student fees also augmented the grant.

The reason the work was not completed the first season was because the cave proved to be far richer archeologically than was anticipated. All excavation work was co-sponsored by the Museum and the University of Nevada. Dr. Thomas N. Layton, director of the museum, was overall director. Assisting him were Dr. J. Davis, geologist and Robert York, a museum archeologist whose job was field supervisor and teacher. Other members of the staff included two cinematographers and a cook.

Students who worked in the cave for practical on-the-site field experience were juniors majoring in anthropology and they received six credits.

Residents of the area and others working in local opal "digs" often visited the camp. They were treated to a tour of the canyon and cave by whichever member of the staff or student was available, and also had an opportunity to watch two young sparrow hawks found and raised by the workers. They also had a chance to oh! and ah! at the daring bravery of students who occasionally rappelled down the sheer cliffs which rise several hundred feet above the canyon floor.

In the months ahead, archeologists will pour over and critically examine hundreds of artifacts, the seeds, the coperlites, the volcanic ash, the shells and every other bit and piece relating to man's occupation of the cave. Dating of some of the artifacts has already established that the cave was used not only in this century, but as far back as 10,000 years ago. Seeds will furnish data on what kinds of food were eaten. In fact, all the knowledge gained will enable archeologists to put into place yet another piece in the jigsaw puzzle of early man's life in the Great Basin.

The Last Supper Cave holds no further secrets! □

Adventure Is Where You Find It

ADVENTURE is a state of mind. But beware; drink deep, or taste not, adventure also is contagious.

In its most simple form, adventure might be something so seemingly mundane as simply taking a different route to work. It's a change from the ordinary; a momentary escape from life's boring slump.

In recent years, psychiatrists — bless their hearts, have provided mankind, and women, too, with a new source of comedy. They have said that any deviation from routine constitutes an adventure. And this deviation — they insist — is what adds fuel to the soul and sparkle to the heart.

It also adds variation to conversation. How long has it been, for example, since you've discussed your route to work with your wife? Or, how long has it been — if you're a woman — since you have talked about making the bed.

What the heck! Leave it unmade once in awhile.

Adventure. That's what this article is all about. Simple adventure which will be easy to digest.

Adventure doesn't have to be an African safari — this writer has been there. It doesn't have to be a hectic ride down rapid waters, I've done that, too. It's not necessarily a hunt for bear in Alaska. I've tried that. Nor does it have to be anything connected with the gargantuan accomplishments of television cameras.

It's a state of mind. It's anticipation. It's a stimulation of the pancreas glands and the maddening flow of adrenalin.

This can be caused by a beautiful scene.

Let's talk about anticipation, one of the prime ingredients of a stimulating adventure. But let's be practical. Let's combine this discussion of anticipation with the outline of a real adventure.

How about a trip down a river? How about the Owens River.

This river flows gently through the Owens Valley. It's tranquil, easy to negotiate and full of large trout. If it's so tranquil, you must be asking, "Where is the anticipation?"

Well, there is a rough *spot*. It's a real lulu. Unless you're a pro at running white water, you'll have to get out and walk . . . and, you don't have much time to make up your mind whether you'll walk — or run it.

Let's start this journey down the Owens River at Bishop, California. This is a fascinating little town located incongruously between the coniferous covered High Sierra Mountains to the west and the barren, desert-like White Mountains to the east.

A simple surplus rubber raft is adequate for the trip. They can be purchased for a few dollars at just about any Army surplus store. Throw in a bit of camping gear and toss the raft into the river.

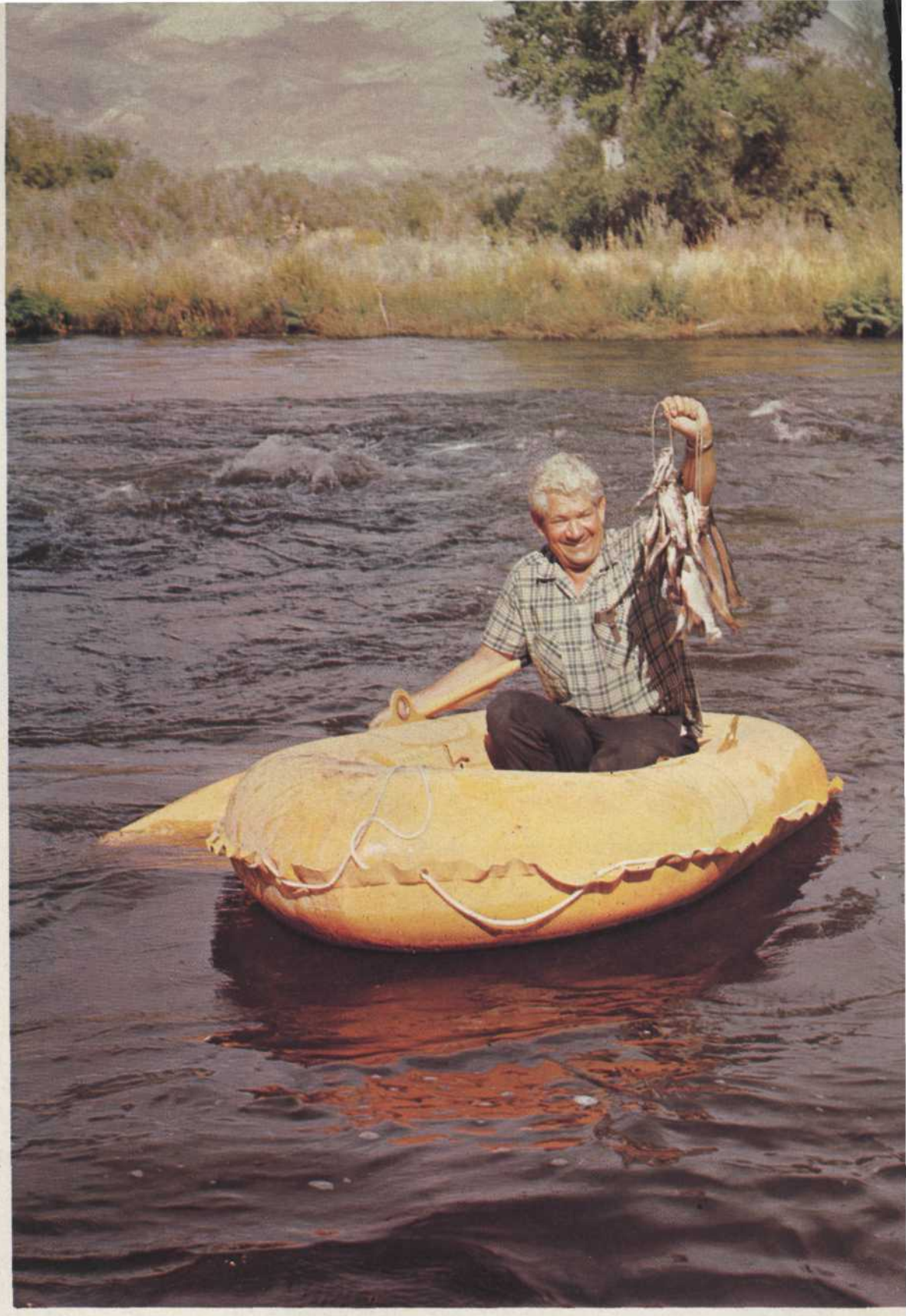
Highway 395 goes through the center of Bishop. A turn to the east at just about any of the major intersections will take you to the river. From here on, it's easy . . . except that rough spot. You have to keep this "spot" in mind as you let the current carry you downstream.

That's right! Let the current do the work. You can fish, go to sleep — or whatever. But don't get too involved. That rough spot is going to be somewhat demanding. And it's only a few miles south of Bishop.

The first time I floated down the Owens, I had been told about this rough spot. But I wasn't too concerned. I have run just about every river in the west. However, it's the anticipation. And this particular spot has its way of creating anticipation.

The river snakes back and forth across the valley floor. It's bordered by thick — and unpassable — vegetation. Over the top of the cattails and tules, there is a magnificent view of both the White and

by
AL PEARCE



There's fishing, too. Timon Covert, of Fontana, California, shows off a string of trout taken while floating down the Owens River. The float trip can be made in two days, if too much time is not devoted to fishing.

High Sierra Mountains, Sierra Nevada, if you prefer. The Sierras are crowned by snow; and the deep-blue sky is partially blanketed by billowy clouds. It's really quite peaceful.

But after floating downstream a mile or two, this sound disturbs the silence. You strain your ears to identify this peculiar noise. What is it? It has a familiar, disturbing quality.

Anticipation mounts. It sounds like—but can it be? It is! Or, at least, it sounds like a waterfall.

It's right around the next bend — no? Well, it's around the next one.

But no, it isn't. Nor is it around the next, or the next, or the one after that.

Talk about anticipation????

Each bend generates a new pitch of excitement. The shores on both sides are thickly bordered by vegetation. There's no hope of beaching. You begin to think you have already passed the point of decision.

Continued

Now and then, however, there is an opening in the tules. You stare anxiously downstream. The sound of falling water grows louder. The opening on the bank's edge looks more inviting, more secure.

You push on. Hoping, wondering — and anticipation mounts.

Then, another bend in the river — and it's there. There is a drop of about five feet in 10 feet. But it's full of protruding rocks.

Actually, there is a lot of time—a minute at least—to make a decision. There is even a convenient opening in the vegetation-thickened banks.

You glance back and forth quickly. You paddle frantically for the "opening." But you hesitate. You glance once again towards the foaming water. The rocks are thick.

Then . . . you'll throw caution to the wind, take a deep breath — and do what I did . . . paddle like hell for that opening on the bank. You will have just about used up that minute.

There is a feeling of exhilaration when you reach out and grab a hand full of vegetation and the rubber raft swings easily against the security of the bank. There is a feeling of accomplishment; a feeling of having done something.

Just below this miniature waterfall, the Owens River spreads its influence. This is one of my favorite spots. It's beautiful; restful and fascinatingly inspiring.

The Owens River, for about 20 miles south of Bishop, is largely inaccessible. Not too many people have come this way. Maybe this is the reason I like it so much. There are a whole flock of people a half-dozen-or-so miles away. But here, you're practically lonely.

The vegetation below this falls is accommodating. It spreads away from the banks, giving room for a comfortable camp.

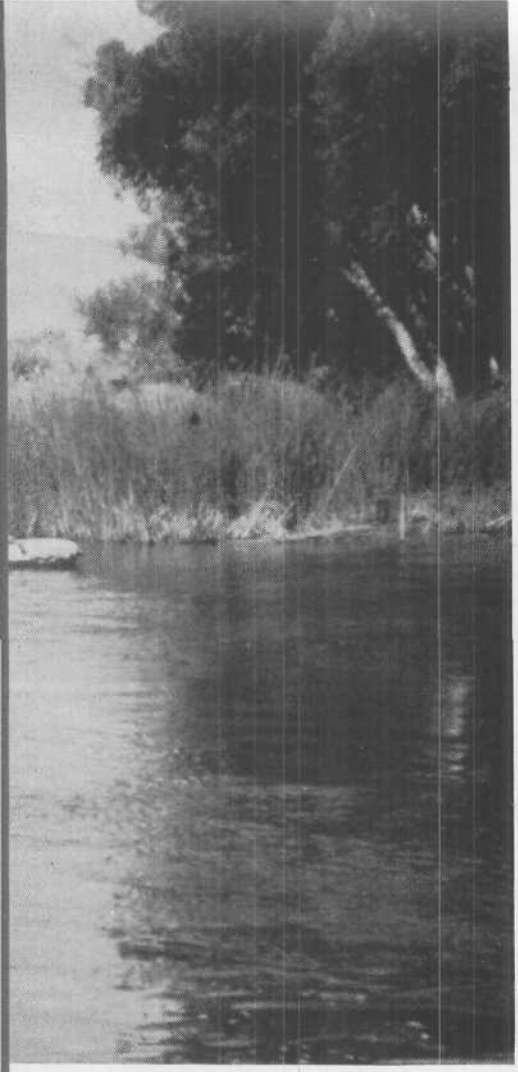
There is a dirt road to this point on the river from Highway 395 — only three or four miles away. You can call it quits here; or you can start here. It's the only road to the river for about 20 miles south of Bishop.

There is no reason to quit here, however. The next few miles are a real pleasure. The river flows easily — no more surprises. It's real gentle — almost as though it was trying to apologize for the one inconvenience.

The current lazily creeps along at about four, or maybe five, miles per hour. All you have to do now and then is a bit of steering to keep the raft in the middle of the stream. It's that simple.

There is even time for fishing. I caught a four-pound German brown trout along this stretch several years ago.

Although I am generally an advocate of ultra-light tackle, I advise against it on this part of the Owens River. It's not practical. Those tules we were talking



The Owens River narrows to form rapid water and widens for moments of tranquility. Here, Timon and the author float peacefully with the current while trying to pull trout out of the weed-lined bank.

about are always too close and too convenient for a trout seeking an avenue of escape. The fisherman needs enough muscle to keep the trout and the tules separated. Otherwise, it's "goodbye."

The last time I drifted down the Owens, I was with Timon Covert of Fontana, California. We made this first section easily in a morning's time. After camping the night below the falls, we made the second part of the run.

This is what makes it so simple. Bishop is an easy drive from anywhere in Southern California. And the river can be floated easily during a weekend, with plenty of time left to drive home.

Our wives were with us and they met us below the falls and again just north of Lone Pine where we got out of the water. However, this is not really a requirement for floating the Owens. With an inflatable raft, it's easy to get a ride from the end of the trip back to the starting point. Passersby stop anxiously to hear your story.

As I said earlier, that second part of the river is charming. There are a few obstacles, such as a fallen tree now and then, but these are easily negotiated. Like the section of the river along the falls, it turns and twists, but now there is no need for concern.

Floating down the Owens River may not be the type of adventure that would attract a Hollywood camera crew, but it is a break in routine which might stave off the psychiatrist a bit longer.

It also is the type of diversion which might lead to an unquenchable thirst. Adventure does this to people. While seemingly just a diversion of the moment, it has a tendency to stimulate the appetite.

From the Owens, there's the Deschutes River in Oregon; the Salmon River in Idaho; or the angry Colorado River through the Grand Canyon.

But once you've done a particular thing — no matter what the scale — some of the anticipation fades.

It's the new; it's the different that keeps the soul young — and hopeful. □

A part of a bird's training consists of feeding on the glove, demonstrated here by John Morales and his Sparrow Hawk.

EXPECTANCY WAS in the air as Jim Anderson walked into the field with a Peregrine Falcon on his glove. The falcon was cast off and rose into the air. After circling, it waited on. Prey was released and took to flight. In one brilliant dive the falcon struck, bound to and came to the ground with its quarry. This happens uncountable times daily in the world of Nature. Along the chain of life, each weak link is removed and the chain kept strong.

What made this event unusual? It happened at the Annual Field Meet of the California Hawking Club. A "captive-bred" Peregrine Falcon had demonstrated its ability to work in partnership with man. For those who had not before witnessed the beauty of the relationship between a falconer and his bird of prey, the field trials were an awe-inspiring and unforgettable experience.

Long interested in raptors after having enjoyed many years of pleasure with our red-tailed hawk "Roja," Jerry and I accepted the invitation from the California Hawking Club to attend their Field Meet. It is a yearly event which brings together falconers and interested guests from all over the State of California. Practicing the art of falconry, each man or woman, and their raptors, compete against each other. It is a showcase where the training and skills they have worked hard to develop can be demonstrated for others to enjoy.

Perhaps, more importantly, the Meet affords the opportunity for falconers to discuss birds and falconry in general with others of like interest. Though there are many good books on the subject, nothing is more informative than discussion between experienced and neophyte falconers.

During the years our hawk "Roja" traveled the desert with us, she always attracted considerable attention and a great deal of respect. People were fascinated as well as afraid of this calm, quiet, gentle but fierce-looking bird. Few of the people we met had any knowledge about birds of prey. "Is that an eagle?" was generally the first question they asked. This was followed by, "Does he eat meat?" uttered in hushed tones. Apparently, the average person has had little opportunity to learn about birds of prey, their important role in Nature or falconry.

The art originated in the Far East over 4,000 years ago when men employed hawks to provide food for the table. It was later taken up as a sport by emperors, kings and other noblemen who practiced falconry on a large scale. They had the time and money for such activities. Falconers were hired to seek out and train rare and endangered birds so the noblemen could vie for the honor of owning the finest hunters and largest number of birds.

Kubla Khan is said to have kept over 200 gyrfalcons and 300 other hawks. He employed a force of 10,000 "beaters" to scare up game during his hawking expeditions.

Trade between the Far East and Europe introduced falconry to the Continent. By the 6th Century A.D., English noblemen had become enthusiasts and during the next seven centuries, falconry was mainly the "sport of kings." However, wide interest in it began to develop among the common man. The 16th Century was an era when falconry rose to be the most popular sport in Europe. Yet, 200 years later, few men practiced the ancient art.

A HAWKING WE DID GO!

Left: Jorge and Allison Meyer prepare to hunt with their Harris Hawks. It is a team effort employing their well-trained dog to flush the game. Below: A captive-bred Peregrine Falcon spreads her wings to a winter sun while resting on her block at the Annual Field Meet of the California Hawking Club.

by MARY FRANCES STRONG

Photos by Jerry Strong

Resurgence of interest in falconry was largely due to the efforts of Colonel Thornton of Thorneville Royal, England. An enthusiastic and accomplished falconer, he helped to form a Hawking Club in 1775. Since then, the practice of falconry has continued in Europe. Subsequently, it was taken up in the United States and today is a highly skilled sport.

At the present time, there are approximately 700 licensed falconers in California, though not all of them are active. Birds of prey are protected by Federal and State laws, yet many of them have become endangered species. The indiscriminate use of pesticides in their breeding areas has been an important factor in their decline. Hundreds of raptors are killed yearly by farmers and so-called "hunters." Many young nestlings are taken illegally every year and they do not survive in the hands of the unskilled.

Steps are now being taken to prevent all of the afore-mentioned practices.

Due, in great part, to the efforts of the California Hawking Club, there are strict requirements for obtaining a falconry license in California. Three classes are issued—Apprentice, General and Master. An apprentice must be sponsored for two years by a holder of a General or Master license. A written test also must be taken before an applicant is allowed to possess a raptor. Full information on the Laws and Regulations pertaining to falconry may be obtained from: California Department of Fish and Game, 1416 Ninth Street, Sacramento, California 95814.

In 1970, Jack W. Hagan, long-time falconer, recognized the need for those of like interest to organize. Consequently, the California Hawking Club was born with Jack as its founding president. The Club is dedicated to "keeping falconry a legal, licensed sport and working with local, state and federal officials to insure the future and betterment of the art of falconry."

Members receive a quarterly Newsletter and yearly Journal. Through these fine publications the standards and quality of falconry in California have been markedly improved. Director's meetings are held periodically and the Annual Field Meet is scheduled each December. Anyone interested in membership may write to: California Hawking Club, P. O. Box 786, Sacramento, California 95804. I am indebted to Jack Hagan and Omar White for graciously providing some of the background material on the club and its activities.

Preservationists seem intent on taking away a great many of our hobbies and pleasures. They are determined to force us into accepting only their ways. We can be thankful we live in a democratic society and we must all work hard to keep it so. Closing the California Deserts to all recreationists but hikers is one of the preservationist's goals. Another thing they wish to bar is falconry.

The California Hawking Club is keeping well informed on proposed bills adverse to falconry. Its members are alerted and countermeasures are taken to insure the hobby's continuation. Reasonable regulations are welcomed and many of the club's proposals have been accepted.

Though affluency is not necessary, falconry does require a special breed of man or woman for training birds of prey. Their love and enjoyment of these majestic birds must be deep enough to overcome the many obstacles which will be encountered. A falconer must also have unfailing patience; wide knowledge concerning proper care, feeding and training; plus a willingness to spend several hours daily with his "bird."

This all adds up to accepting a different lifestyle than his friends. He will find that many of the latter will shake their heads and remark, "He is certainly different all right!" In a falconer's home the bird comes first. Whether raising an eyass (nestling) or a passager (wild bird taken in its first year), a deep relationship will eventually develop between the falconer and his raptor. It is only after he has won the respect and friendship of his bird that they can work as partners. The skills developed must be practiced regularly.

Today, "Game Hawking" is only one phase in the modern art of falconry. Many programs are underway to help protect endangered species, as well as all raptors. Great strides are being made in raptor medicine, captive breeding, development of sanctuaries and rehabilitation.

The captive breeding programs by falconers are proving successful. Not only are Peregrine Falcons (an endangered species) being bred for use in falconry, but there is the potential for healthy, uncontaminated birds to replenish and strengthen wild populations. Can any preservationist group in our nation boast of a comparable feat?

During the last five years, many California falconers have been engaged in the breeding program. It has taken effort, money, trial and disappointment but Spring 1975 is a time of progress. While the main interest at present is in Peregrine and Prairie Falcons, the captive breeding of Harris Hawks (known as the Desert Hawk) and Goshawks is also being tried.

Emery Molchan is one of the first to attempt breeding Prairie Falcons in a completely controlled environment. Artificial lighting is used and the falcons have been left alone for over six months. Their quarters are arranged so they can be cared for without being disturbed by man. Due to controlled lighting, the falcon laid six eggs in March—a month early! Falconers await the hatching success with great hope. It looks like a first

A long-time attraction to the regal characteristics of birds of prey eventually led Allison Meyer to the sport of falconry. Pausing briefly between flights with her Harris Hawk, she contemplates their next move.

will happen in 1975.

As this article was in its final preparation, word from a dedicated and helpful falconer, Omar White, was received that the falcons had successfully hatched an eyass! Congratulations are in order for Emory—the first man in California to "hatch" a captive-bred Prairie Falcon.

Little is ever heard about the work being done by skilled falconers to rehabilitate sick and injured birds of prey. All dedicated falconers readily give their time and money to save the life of a bird. Injury is generally the problem and, most likely, the bird has been shot and left to endure a lingering and painful death.

Desert's family of readers will probably be shocked to learn, as I was, that thousands of great birds of prey, including our endangered American symbol—the Bald Eagle—meet this fate every year. Such actions have played a prominent role in the decline of many species of birds.

During the Field Meet last December, we were all thrilled by Jack Balonchee's little Merlin. His speed of flight and accuracy was most remarkable. Even more so is the background of their relationship. Jack received the Merlin from the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. He had a veterinarian set the bird's broken wing, but it was the very necessary "tender, loving care," provided by Jack, that returned an injured bird to his full capabilities as a fine flyer.

Many such birds are returned successfully to the wild each year by falconers who do not seek thanks or publicity for their efforts. It is enough that a bird flies free. Falconry as a sport has no parallel in that dedication to wild birds and trained birds has the same deep and personal commitment on the part of the falconer.

At one of the evening programs during the Field Meet, we sat alongside a young "Hawker." He was very informative and willing to answer the questions of "newcomers." Like the young, he was positive in his statements and left little room for error. We enjoyed our talk with him.

One of his comments particularly interested me. "There are two kinds of falconers," he told us. "Those who truly practice the art of falconry and the pet keepers." The latter words were said with a great deal of scorn. His point was well taken. No one should keep a healthy bird of prey just to "show it off" to friends. To do so brings on an early death for the bird.

Many California falconers are engaged in the captive-breeding of birds of prey. Here Emery Molchan's Prairie Falcon broods her eggs. She has since hatched an eyass—a first in captive-breeding under a controlled environment. Photo by Omar White via a one-way mirror.

I disagree with the young man only in that I feel there are three classes of falconers—the two he named and those who offer "succor and sanctuary." Many injured birds recover but cannot be returned to the wild. Usually, this is due to a wing being so severely damaged they cannot perform sustained flight. Their lives should not be destroyed if it is possible for them to lead a full and happy existence though sustained flight is impossible.

When we lost our beloved "Roja," we considered taking an eyass to replace her. However, due to the arrival of three baby barn owls (*Desert*, June 1975), our plans were postponed. While rearing the barn owls, we rehabilitated two injured raptors and came to the conclusion a better project for us would be to care for injured birds.

Early this year our friend, Game Warden Doug Baker, brought us a Passager, Red-tailed Hawk. She was promptly named "Roja the Second." Several weeks later, a Tiercel-Passager Red-tailed Hawk joined the family. We called him "Rusty." Both hawks had been shot and severely injured.

In May, a month-old, Great Horned Owl joined our rapidly expanding raptor family. Unharmed, but lost from the nest, "Princess" needed foster parents.

Roja and Rusty are recovering but they will be unable to care for themselves in the wild. At the present time, they are "in training" and by fall should be ready to travel the desert back-country with us. They are beautiful, intelligent and readily adjusting to their new life. We have special plans for them and feel they can make an important contribution in the education of our young people concerning the importance of raptors in Nature's chain of life.

Falconry's original purpose was "Game Hawking." Today, it has truly developed into an art of many facets. Its skills can only be acquired by study, observation and experience. The falconer's dedication and interest has expanded to include research, breeding and protection.

After 4,000 years, one basic fact remains the same. Success in falconry is entirely dependent upon the relationship between "man and bird." That partnership is won only through love and respect. When the fierce, proud bird on his glove turns and looks at him with soft, warm eyes—the thrill is indescribable. It is a marriage of man with a wild creature. The years ahead will be for both of them to enjoy together. □

Old wagon near one of the crystal clear ponds at Pipe Spring National Monument. Photo by Cloyd Sorensen, Jr.

Arizona's Pipe Spring

by MICHELLE METHVIN

The parlor desk where the business of cattle raising was ledgered.

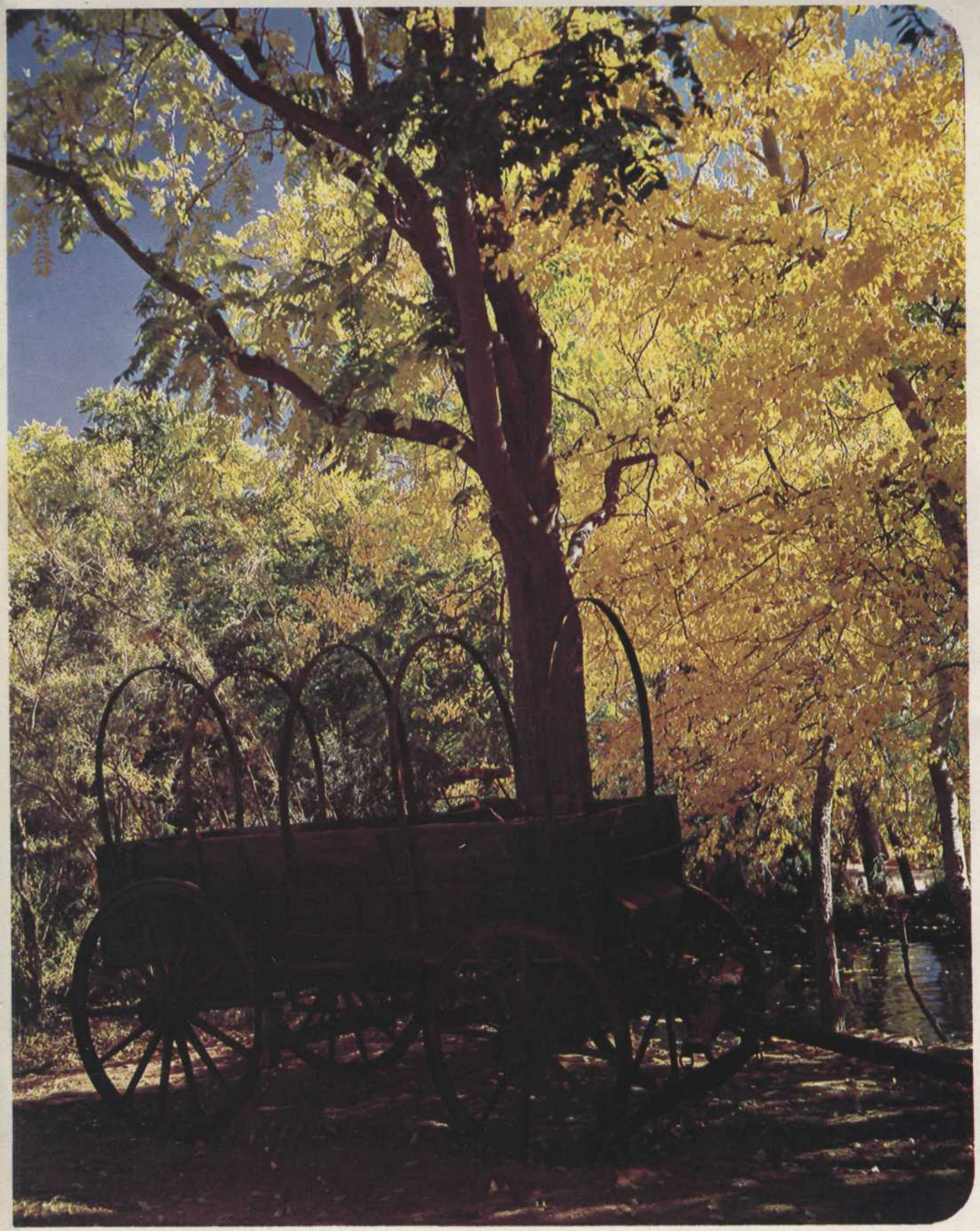
WHILE MANY tourists have traveled the road that leads from Bryce and Zion National Parks to the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, the majority of them have passed by perhaps one of the most interesting national monuments in the surrounding area.

Designated as a national monument by President Harding in 1923, Pipe Spring has not been truly "discovered" by the road-bound sightseer because it is not on a direct route. Yet to reach Pipe Spring, you must travel only 15 miles southwest of Fredonia, Arizona, on U.S. 89 via Arizona 389.

There are no overnight accommodations at Pipe Spring, the nearest being Fredonia and Kanab, Utah. However, if you are interested in even one small segment of the settling of the Southwest, there is no excuse for not seeing and visiting this national monument.

Located between the Grand Canyon and St. George, Utah, it has been almost ignored. Though it is surprising how few people have visited Pipe Spring, it is amazing how many more do not know of the monument's existence.

Pipe Spring is a tiny oasis, situated in a semi-arid land on the Moccasin Terrace near the edge of the Vermillion Cliffs. Facing south, it is nestled on the edge of the Arizona Strip. Water, collect-



ed by sandstone to the north, is gathered and rushes along the Sevier Fault. It provides roughly 65,000 gallons of pure spring water which flows from Pipe Spring each day. But that is not all that flows from Pipe Spring. Abounding history bubbles up and spreads, touching and becoming part of many other events and happenings in the westward expansion.

A few of the earliest Indian tribes who knew of the spring's existence and made use of it, were the prehistoric Basketmaker and Pueblo Indians. Nearby ruins indicate they lived, worked and settled into communities around the area. The Paiute Indians used the spring in their seasonal migration, as well as the Kaibabit Indians who referred to the spring as the "Yellow Rock Water."

The first Europeans who even came close to the spring were Spanish explorers in 1776. Francisco A. Dominguez and Padre Silvestre Veliz Escalante were seeking a trail from Sante Fe, New Mexico to Monterey, California, when they wandered into Central Utah. It was on their return to New Mexico, hungry, discouraged, tired and lost, that they came within five miles of the spring. Their guides didn't see it. In a hot land, with only red and variable shades of brown for color, a green oasis in the distance was to go unnoticed.

On October 30, 1858, Jacob Hamblin, a Mormon missionary and guide, and his party of fellow missionaries, found and used the spring while en route to the Hopi Pueblos. They were probably among the first white men in the area. It was then that the area became known as Pipe Spring.

William Hamblin, Jacob's brother, was a boastful man where his talent with a rifle was concerned. His companions, according to tradition, hung a silk handkerchief from a tree limb and told William he couldn't hit it. Hamblin fired away, but upon inspection of the handkerchief, not a hole was to be found. The lightness in weight of the silk caused the handkerchief to be pushed aside as the bullets hit, instead of passing through. Realizing the joke that had been played on him, Hamblin made a bet. He borrowed a pipe from Dudley Leavitts, one of his companions, and measured off 50 paces. The story goes that Hamblin wagered he could shoot out the bottom of the pipe bowl, without touching the sides. He won his bet.

James M. Whitmore left Salt Lake City for St. George in 1861 on a mission for the Mormon Church. Whitmore was a man with an appetite for land and a vision of what land could do. After leaving St. George, he arrived at Pipe Spring in 1863, its first owner. A dugout was built near the spring and Whitmore's "ranch" became the beginning of a settlement. The settlement was to see hardships and setbacks, but in 1870, the vision of one man became the reality of another.

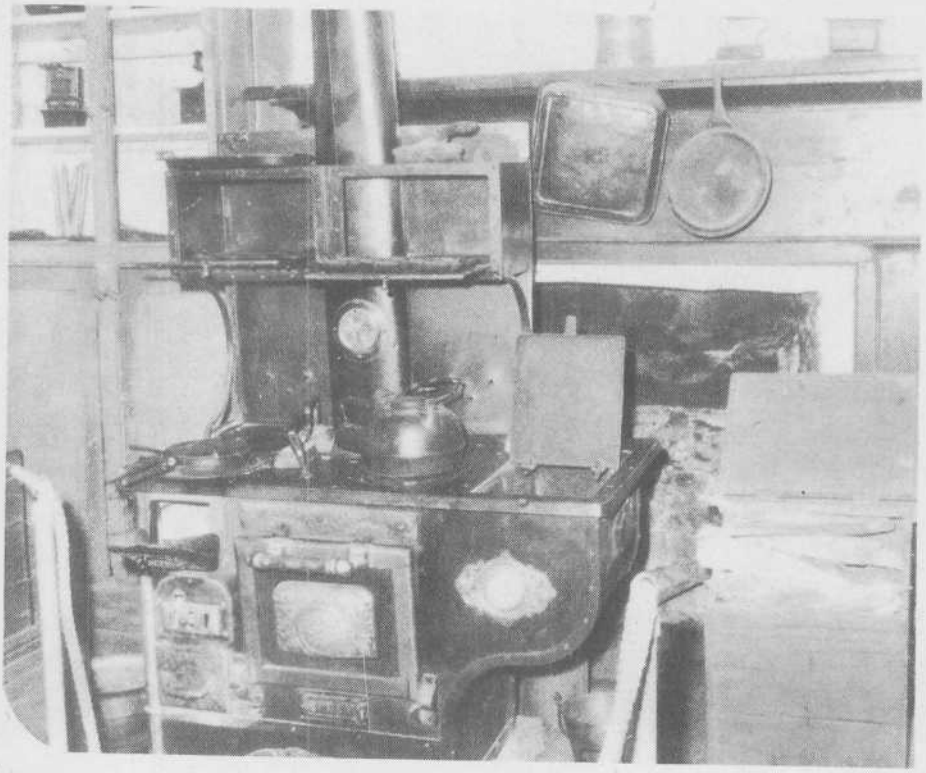
Because the Civil War had created a significant withdrawal of military forces in the far reaches of the West, uncontrolled and bitter fighting broke out between the Navajo Indians and the settlers. The situation became so intense that Union forces were finally ordered to the Northern Arizona territory. By March of 1864, the army led by Colonel Christopher "Kit" Carson had gathered many Navajos, and the infamous Long Walk began. It ended in April of 1864 at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. The Indians were confined to the Bosque Redondo Reservation, but the army had taken only about half of the known hostile Indians in the area. The remaining half were on the move and they were hungry. The most easily accessible source of food were the stock belonging to the settlers that were grazing to the west and north of the Colorado River. Pipe Spring, Moccasin Spring and Short Creek were all near or bordering the Arizona Strip, a massive area of land, 12,000 square miles in size. It was here that the Navajos and the Mormon settlers began their territorial struggle.

It was January 8, 1866, that the sheep on James Whitmore's ranch had been driven off, and Whitmore and his herder, Robert McIntyre, rode out to look for them. It was not until January 20, 1866, that their bodies were found, pierced by arrows. As murders of other settlers continued, all the communities east of Pipe Spring were abandoned.

With the continuing raids on sheep and cattle, a militia from St. George was sent to Pipe Spring. Headed by Colonel J. D. L. Pearce, headquarters were set up in a rock house, built for the militia, just a short distance from Whitmore's dugout. The year was 1868.

It was also in that year that the Federal Government arranged an agreement with the Navajos. The Indians were promised annuities of food and livestock and were allowed to return to their land.

The original wood stove in the kitchen.



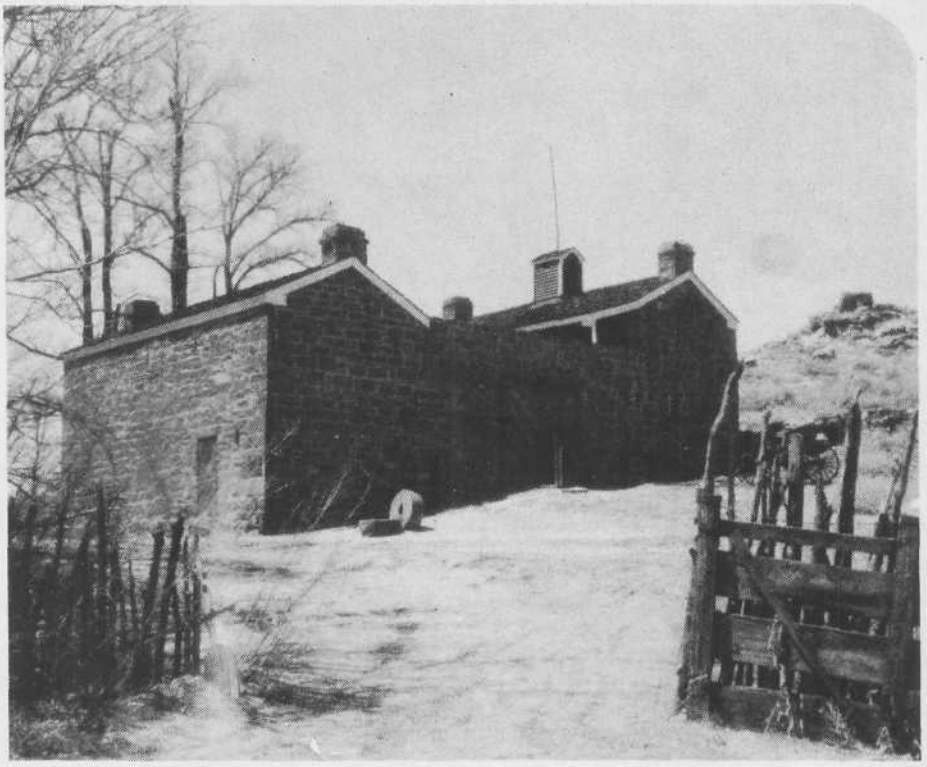
In 1870, Major John Wesley Powell, scientist and famed explorer of the Colorado River, and Jacob Hamblin, entered into treaty negotiations between the Navajos and the Mormons; that being the Treaty of Fort Defiance.

In 1870, Anson Perry Winsor and his family were assigned to Pipe Spring by the Mormon Church. His task was the starting and developing of a cattle herd. On September 12, 1870, Major Powell, along with Jacob Hamlin, was enroute to the Unikaret Mountains to investigate the deaths of three of his 1869 expedition members. Brigham Young, President of the L.D.S. Church, was on a journey to examine sites for resettlement, and for the first time these three men met at Pipe Spring.

Brigham Young decided that "Pipe Spring would be an excellent site for a stone fort, built for convenience and safety, and that the prime grazing land and the bountiful flow of such good, pure water would produce the finest herd of cattle in the southwest." It was only at Pipe Spring that lush pasture land and abundant water was to be found. The Arizona Strip was just that, stripped. It was stripped of a growing feed potential for cattle by indiscriminate herding practices and was too arid for crops without water, of which the spring was the only source.

With the securing of the titles to the land and the spring from the widow of James Whitmore, the construction of a fort began in October of 1870. The stone was taken from the talus of a cliff just west of where the militia was housed. Ox-drawn stone sleds hauled the rock along a road (part of which is still there and used as a portion of the nature trail around the fort) about half way up the talus. Once the initial cut in the mountain was made, the stone cut, and then reduced to the desired size, it was hauled to the fort where it was shaped to the exact size needed and hoisted into place.

The fort, or Winsor's Castle as it became known, consisted of two rows of two-story redstone houses facing each other and separated by a courtyard which was closed at both ends by high walls and heavy double gates. A third structure was built, quite possibly for a few of the men who worked on the construction of the fort. And finally, one last building, to provide living accommodations for those men who were to labor at the fort.



A view of Winsor Castle taken from the corral.

The Winsor Castle Stock Growing Company was organized on January 3, 1873, not long after the completion of the fort. Winsor began to collect the loose stock on the range and stock from the older, more established surrounding communities. This latter was done by purchasing or tithing. Tithing is usually one-tenth of an annual produce of one's land or its equivalent and is paid as a tax to support the church or the clergy.

Just six months before the company was founded, there were anywhere from 300 to 400 head of cattle (predominately milch cows) on the range. With the nutritious grass and the spring always at a high level, the herds increased substantially.

A cheese factory was installed in the south wing on the bottom floor of Winsor Castle, and between 60 and 70 pounds of cheese were produced each day. The spring water was utilized by channeling it into the south wing and then on to the cattle troughs outside. The butter churn, cheese press and many other memorabilia are on display in the south wing for you to inspect and in some cases, handle.

Each of the rooms is furnished, mostly through contribution, with the utensils, furniture and artifacts of the day, and a guide will direct you through the rooms, answering any questions you may have.

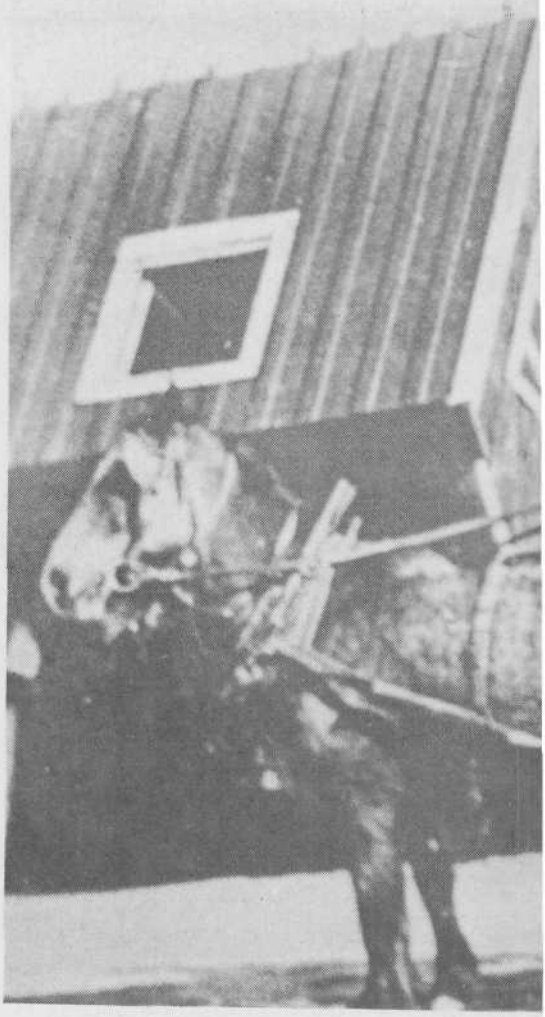
On December 15, 1871, the first telegraph station in the Arizona territory was set up in the castle. The Deseret Telegraph, owned by the Mormon Church, ran south from Salt Lake City.

A branch of the telegraph connected Rockville, Utah (in Zion Canyon) to Pipe Spring and then on to Kanab. The telegraph is on display as well as a portion of the original line, which can be seen on the nature trail.

In 1879, the Canaan Cooperative Stock Company absorbed the Winsor Castle Stock Growing Company, and in 1888, it sold Pipe Spring and its buildings to B. F. Saunders. From then until 1906, the ownership of Pipe Spring was to change three more times. The last owner, Charles Heaton and his associate, Stephen Mather, had the desire to see Pipe Spring become a national monument, which it did in 1923.

By following a pathway from the visitor's center, you enter a peaceful, serene corner of the world which is not just a stone fort, but an important segment of the history of the West. □

Nevada's Driest Diggings



by
CRAIG
McDONALD

A TALE OF A TOWN THAT IN ITS FIRST YEAR PRODUCED $4 MILLION IN SILVER BUT NOT A SINGLE BARREL OF WATER!

This odd-looking contraption provided some relief for dusty denizens of early-day Tonopah.

A SHAGGY PROSPECTOR, named Jim Butler, stumbled on what would become one of Nevada's greatest silver discoveries, 207 miles northwest of Las Vegas. It was May 19, 1900, when Jim made his find in the area which he later named Tonopah, the Shoshone word for "little spring." Why Jim chose this name is hard to figure, since there was no water for miles around, precisely one of the reasons earlier miners had not prospected in this region.

Word of the silver strike leaked out and before long adventurers arrived in Tonopah by the flock. Many miners were successful in getting rich quick, but a serious problem had to be overcome to

Water was freighted into Tonopah by horse-drawn wagons where it sold for $2 and up per barrel.

insure the camp's longevity. Water was still not found despite numerous efforts to locate this valuable source.

Even if water was not absolutely essential for the prospectors, it was of extreme importance for the stock. Soon, the newly-formed mining enterprises and stage companies were forced to purchase their own tank wagons to haul water from Ralston Valley. Nevada newspapers saw humor in Tonopah's "water shortage crisis" and several declared editorially that the situation was not as bad as it was made out to be. "After all," wrote one sagebrush editor, "Tonopahans neither drink water nor use it to take baths in."

But Tonopah citizenry did not think the matter was so funny, especially considering that many prospectors brought their wives and children with them. Before long alert businessmen took advantage of the dire situation, brought water wagons to the isolated diggings and sold water to eager purchasers at $2 and up per barrel.

The miners, and particularly their wives, carefully used and reused each drop of water. Using one bucket of water, a lady washed her hands, cleaned fruit, laundered her clothes, scrubbed the floors and irrigated her small garden.

A barber, who had not been successful in his mining adventures, struck it rich by creating an ingenious gadget that became the only bathing facility in early Tonopah. Using the water crisis to his advantage, the barber dug a hole behind his shop and lowered a barrel of water into the ground. A pump was placed in the barrel and a piece of grating, connected to the pump, was put on top of the barrel in a teeter-totter fashion.

When a man (or woman) stood on this odd contraption and shifted weight from one foot to the other, he would become showered with water, which in turn filtered back down into the barrel to be used again. Four bits bought permission to take a shower, plus a bar of soap and a towel.

Meanwhile, Tonopah's population blossomed out over the countryside and before long, word of the great silver strike (and water shortage) spread around the world. In its first year of existence, Tonopah produced over $4 million of silver, yet not a single barrel of water. The 3,000 citizens patronized a half dozen water companies but there simply was not enough water to go around. Eventually, some of the water became badly contaminated. This, coupled with Tonopah's poor sanitation facilities, caused a widespread epidemic in the winter of 1904.

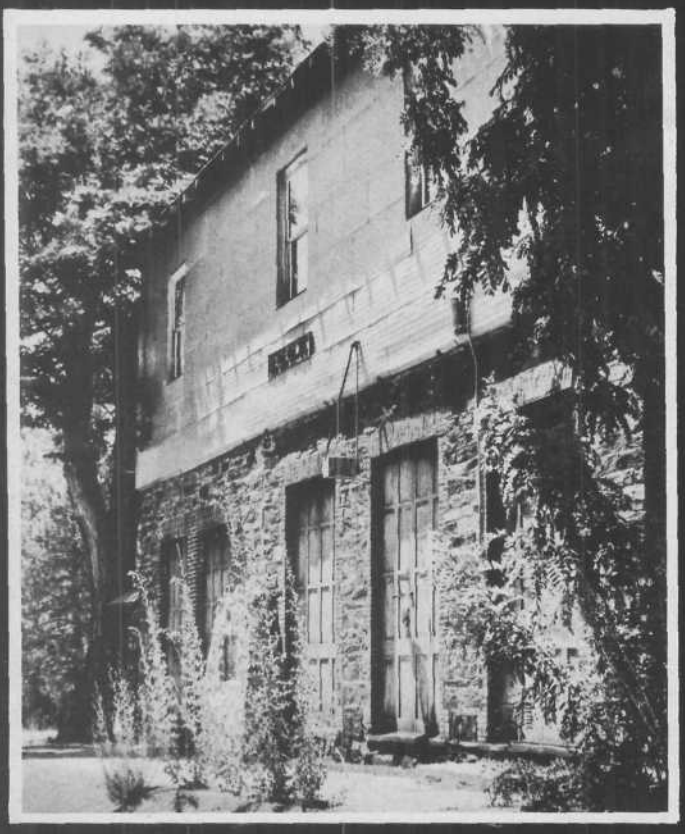
Only after 56 deaths were recorded did the city form a committee which watched over the fresh water now being piped in and which met sanitation standards. With new regulations the silver community continued to prosper and soon the great water crisis of infant Tonopah was forgotten amidst the city's success.

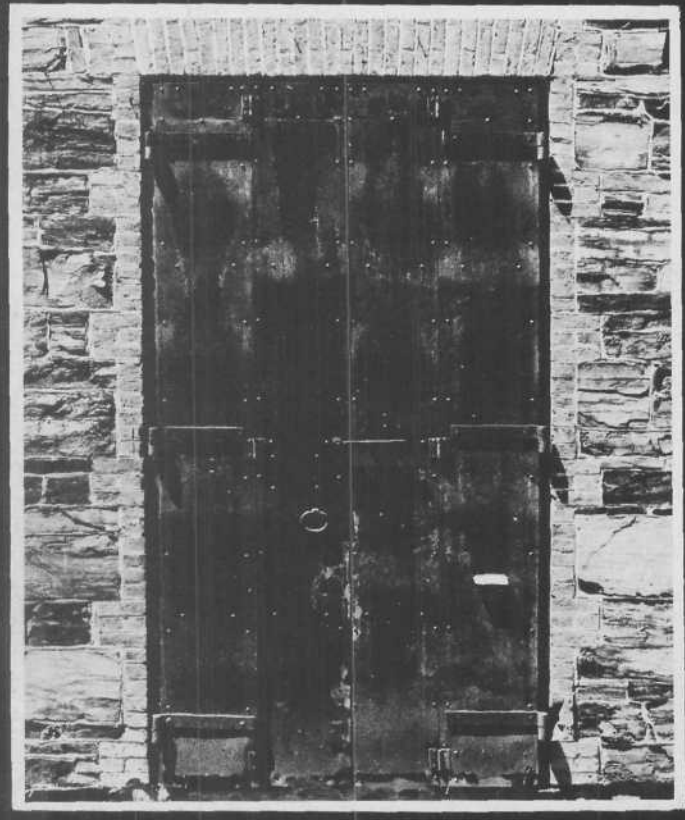
Today, few old-timers remain (in the town at the junction of U.S. Highways 6 and 95) who can recall the great excitement surrounding the water wagon days when water was regarded in importance second only to silver. But the pages of history will always show that, although Tonopah boasted 50 saloons, it was the "driest diggings in Nevada." □

Desert GHOSTS

by HOWARD NEAL

Big Oak Flat, California





LOCATION: Big Oak Flat is located approximately five miles east of California Highway 49 on Highway 120, an entrance route to Yosemite National Park.

BRIEF HISTORY: Shortly before James Savage had arrived in California, in 1846, tragedy had struck his life. During his family's tortuous overland crossing from Illinois, both his wife and his child had died.

In spite of this tragedy, or perhaps because of it, Savage played a major role in the historic events that took place in California during the decade following his arrival. Without the responsibilities that a family would have pressed upon him, he became famous as a soldier-explorer and wealthy as an Indian trader and miner.

James Savage seemed to do it all. He worked at Sutter's Fort. He helped James Marshall erect the famous sawmill where a gold discovery would change the destiny of the West. He was a soldier in John C. Fremont's California Battalion. He was in charge of the Mariposa Battalion and led that group into the mountains to become the first white explorers of Yosemite Valley. During these same years he made a major gold discovery, successfully traded with the Indians, and still had time to take five new Indian wives. James Savage was a busy man!

The gold discovery was made late in 1849. On a small plain, dominated by a mammoth oak tree, Savage discovered a shady piece of land that was fabulously rich with gold. The news traveled fast. One of the richest placer mining areas along the entire length and breadth of the Mother Lode had been

Above: Big Oak Flat's Odd Fellows Hall has been in continuous use since gold rush days. There are a number of stone and adobe buildings and ruins in Big Oak Flat that date from the boom times when some $25 million was taken from nearby diggings. Left: Because of the constant threat of fire, many Mother Lode Country buildings were made of stone and brick and had iron doors and shutters. The door shown, on Big Oak Flat's abandoned merchandise store, was shipped around Cape Horn. Opposite Page: Mount Carmel Catholic Church, in Big Oak Flat, shows the influence of New England style architecture on California Mother Lode Country buildings, particularly churches. Many graves in the church cemetery date from the last century.

Photographs by Howard Neal

found. Within a few weeks there were hundreds of miners at the spot known as Savage Diggings.

Savage Diggings quickly became a mining camp. Then, equally quickly, it became a town. Savage Diggings did not seem to be a proper name for a growing community. So, the name was changed to Big Oak Flat in honor of the giant tree that dominated the local countryside.

As the population of Big Oak Flat climbed above 3,000, every accessible piece of gravel was dug, moved, and washed, until some $25 million in gold had been extracted from the soil.

People who build mining towns never seem to believe that, someday, the gold will be gone. Particularly along the Mother Lode, the buildings were constructed to last several generations. At Big Oak Flat the design of the major buildings was in that Mother Lode tradition. The walls were of brick or hand-dressed schist, and the doors and shutters were of iron.

The buildings at Big Oak Flat were designed to endure the ravages of both man and nature. The huge tree was meant to cope with nature, not with man. Within a few years of the first mining activity, the soil around the base of the tree had been dug to a depth of five feet. Roots were exposed and the oak started to die. A fire, in 1862, finished man's work. Man killed the tree. In a sense, though, man left a larger monument. The buildings at Big Oak Flat still stand as quiet reminders of an era when man's lust for gold killed a tree but built a state.

BIG OAK FLAT TODAY: The venerable oak, reputed to be the largest in California (with a trunk some 13 feet in diameter), is gone, but some of the wood from that giant is still preserved in a monument beside Highway 120. Additional reminders of a bygone era include a large general store, which is no longer in use, and a still larger I.O.O.F. Hall, well into its second century of use. Both are among the best preserved original examples of Mother Lode architecture in California gold country.

The population of Big Oak Flat has dwindled to a mere 100, but the picturesque community is still a very popular stopping place for the thousands who each year travel what is called the Big Oak Flat Road to Yosemite and the High Sierras. □

Utah's Goblin Valley

Strange rock formations in the valley.

by RONALD J. NELDNER

Sunrise in Goblin Valley

GOBLIN VALLEY, Utah's newest State Reserve, was opened to the public in the summer of 1973. Although it was possible to visit this valley of sandstone statues by horse or four-wheel-drive vehicle prior to the opening, new roads and camping facilities now make this wonderland of nature available to all.

The campground is of a primitive type, neat and clean, with pedestal-type grills and fiberglass picnic tables. Rated for 20 units, there is no restriction on trailer lengths.

One mile from the campground, a valley overlook provides a unique viewing point where the position of the sun alters the appearance of a "goblin" so that an hour later it has taken on a new and different personality. Time and nature have created these sandstone creatures, and to really appreciate their unusualness, adequate time should be spent walking among and observing them. As long as there is no vandalism or defacement to the "goblins," no restrictions will be placed on where a visitor may wander in the park.

Made of Entrada Sandstone, the "goblins" sit on pedestals of silt and clay which steadily erode under the forces of wind and rain. Fragile as they are, new ones are being formed as others tumble down, making it possible for future visitors to enjoy the valley.

Located on Utah 24, 37 miles south of the junction of Interstate 70 and Utah 24, or 22 miles north of Hanksville, on Utah 24, then west on a county road with the last seven miles on a good, dirt road, the park is open all year with the best visiting time April to December. □

A Mountain of Gold

by JOHN W. ROBINSON

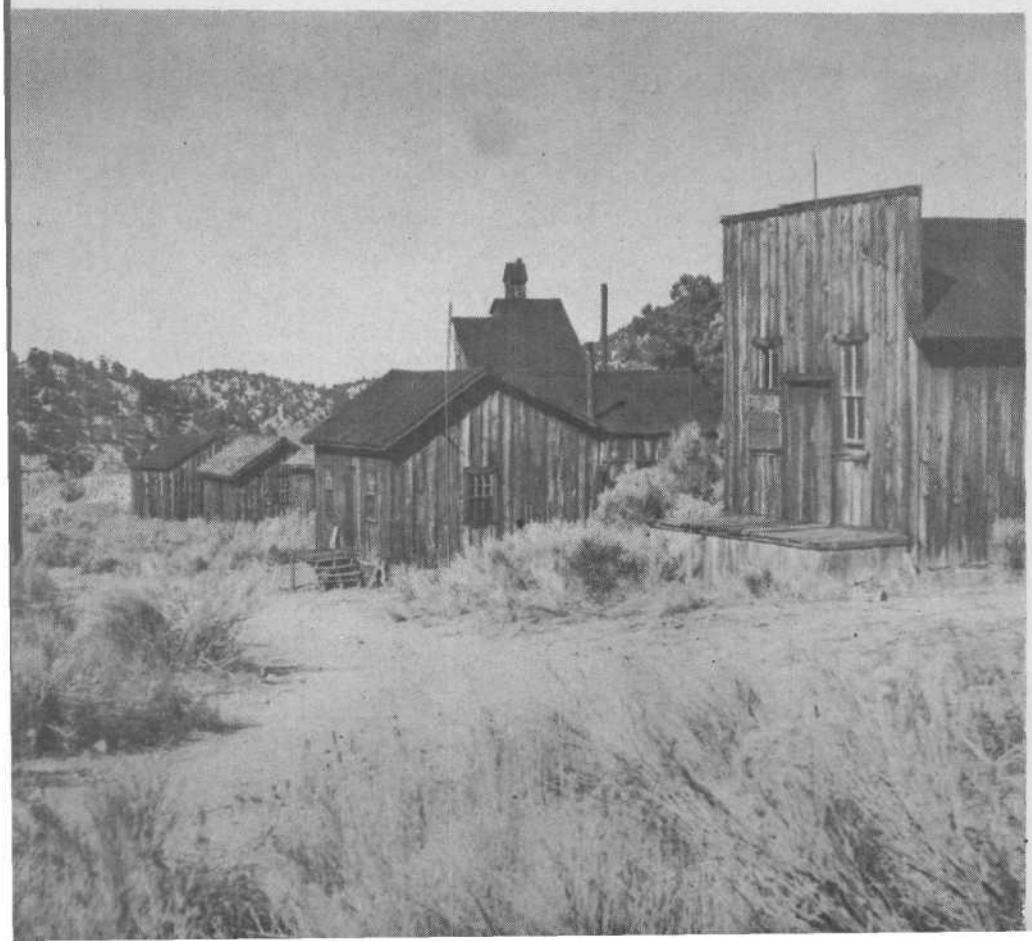
THE LONG, tapered hogback of Gold Mountain, 8,220 feet high, dominates the northeastern skyline of Big Bear Valley in the San Bernardino Mountains. The pinyon and juniper-clad mountain is quiet now, visited only by occasional hikers and sightseers. But a century ago things were different. Gold Mountain witnessed one of the most frenzied mining rushes in Southern California history. And the excitement was all caused because the Carter Brothers — Barney and Charley — thought they had found a golden bonanza on its slopes and Lucky Baldwin believed them.

The Carter Brothers were a pair of hard-luck prospectors who had drifted from mining strike to mining strike all over the Southwest. They came up to Holcomb Valley in the San Bernardinos, scene of an earlier strike, in early 1873. Finding the area already staked out, they ventured onto the ridge that separates Holcomb Valley from Big Bear Valley. And it was here, in the late summer of '73, that the brothers located a claim, rich in gold-bearing quartz, that they believed would win them a fortune. They named their quartz ledge "The Rainbow" and, a few days later, filed on it with the Holcomb Valley Mining recorder.

The news of the Carters' gold strike caused tumultuous rumblings among the Holcomb Valley miners. Scores of them hurried over to stake their own claims, and in a few days the entire top of the mountain was staked out.

When one John Brown, Holcomb Valley mail carrier, rode into San Bernardino a week later with his packets full of gold from "Carters' Mountain," the whole town went mad with excitement and the rush was on. The *San Bernardino Guardian* carried these triple-high captions: "GREAT EXCITEMENT; WASHOE ECLIPSED BY HOLCOMB; CHARLEY CARTER DISCOVERS A MOUNTAIN OF GOLD!"

Two men who hurried to Carters' Mountain were Samuel H. Baird, veteran miner with San Francisco financial connections, and Samuel T. Curtis, lately manager of Lucky Baldwin's incredibly rich Ophir Mine in Virginia



Bairdstown [later known as Doble] about 1910.

Rare photo of Gold Mountain mill in operation [date unknown].

City, Nevada. Quietly they bought up the richest prospects, including the Carters' interests, reportedly paying in the neighborhood of $30,000 per claim.

Baird and Curtis then journeyed to San Francisco, where they allegedly assigned a half interest in the new mines to Baldwin.

Elias Jackson "Lucky" Baldwin (1828-1909) was a San Francisco multi-millionaire who had made his fortune on the fabulous Ophir Mine of Nevada's Comstock Lode. He reportedly earned the nickname "Lucky" because of his luck with race horses and, some say, beautiful women. Baldwin was a back-room financier who liked to keep his dealings secret from the public, hence the true details of his part in the financing and development of the Gold Mountain mines have never come to light. When the Gold Mountain Mining Company was incorporated with 60,000 shares of stock worth $10 apiece in January 1874, Curtis was named as the principal owner, although Baldwin was really the man in control.

C.B. Glassock, Baldwin's biographer, writes that the San Francisco tycoon received word of the Gold Mountain strike from a prospector he had grubstaked (Baird?). Baldwin had never been in Southern California, but he decided to check out the mountain of gold himself. He came by boat to Santa Monica and journeyed by wagon through Los Angeles and the San Gabriel Valley, the latter lush and green after winter rains. The beautiful basin so impressed him that two years later he purchased Rancho Santa Anita and made it his Southern California home for the remainder of his life. Continuing on to Bear Valley, he inspected the mines.

A more sober appraisal than the initial assay report revealed that the ore on Gold Mountain was generally low grade, but it was present in such great quantity that he could return a profit if proper milling facilities were provided.

Baldwin proposed to solve this problem by erecting a mammoth 40-stamp mill—to be the largest in the southern half of the state.

He was equally impressed with the agricultural possibilities of Bear Valley. A short time later, he purchased in the name of his brother-in-law, T. B. Fawcett, 6,000 acres, encompassing half of Gold Mountain and the entire eastern end of Bear Valley, for mining and agricultural purposes.

Meanwhile, things were happening on Gold Mountain. The *Guardian* reported, "Even the dangers of the elements are dared by the hardy prospectors in their impatient pursuit of the shining gold . . . They are blasting rock, 30 feet above the surface, which on being tested, assays $600 to the ton." Since there was not yet a stamp mill on Gold Mountain, the ore was hauled over to Holcomb Valley for crushing.

In February, Baird and four carpenters fought their way through eight-foot snowdrifts and began building a town above the northeast shore of Bear Lake (today's Baldwin Lake). They erected first a hut and blacksmith shop — the first buildings of what soon became known as "Bairdstown."

Bairdstown grew fast. By September it contained, besides many miners' cabins, "a butcher shop, two boarding houses, and, as a matter of course, two saloons."

"Prospectors are flocking in from the mining districts of Nevada, Arizona and California to our mineral belt!" exclaimed the *Guardian* in October, 1874. In a burst of optimism, the newspaper

Current photo shows remains of hopper at Gold Mountain, with Baldwin Lake in the background.

proclaimed, "We believe that the Carter quartz mountain will eclipse any quartz discovery ever made on this coast, or any other!" By year's end Baldwin's Gold Mountain Company was employing 150 miners and had three tunnels progressing deep into the auriferous ledges. Others, including the Carter Brothers, were locating claims all around the mountain. Gold Mountain became one big anthill, and the "ants" were digging with a frenzy!

Baldwin was pouring in money for development. In October, the first machinery for his great 40-stamp mill arrived in Bear Valley and more was on the way. By mid-December the mass of machinery was under a roof, and mechanics were hurriedly assemblying it. Baldwin sent a crew of Chinamen to build a road three miles to Cactus Flat, where it would junction with the Cushenbury Road to the desert and afford ready access to his mines. On the other side of the mountain, Baldwin's industrious Chinese were busy digging a six-mile flume from Van Dusen Canyon to supply water to the mill.

By the beginning of March, 1875, Baldwin's great 40-stamp mill on the slope of Gold Mountain was assembled and ready for operation. Baldwin, fresh from a six-million dollar profit from his Ophir Mine, arrived in Bear Valley with a large assemblage to witness the grand opening. The tycoon and his friends, 180 miners, Bairdstown residents and numerous inquisitive visitors from Holcomb Valley and San Bernardino looked on as — on the afternoon of March 8, 1875 — the mechanical monstrosity first drew fire and sprang to life with a deafening roar. Henceforth, the natural stillness of Bear Valley was punctuated, day and night, by the recurrent thump of the galloping stamps — rather hard on the nerves of the uninitiated, but sweet music to miners and investors.

Lucky Baldwin remained two weeks at the mines. The facilities so far had cost him $250,000 he said, and he talked of a 100-stamp mill that might be erected in Bairdstown if the mines continued to pay. He departed carrying a large ore sample that he had personally chipped from the ledges.

With the Gold Mountain mines working around the clock, demanding more in labor and services, Bairdstown grew into a fair-sized mountain community. The *Guardian* described it thusly: "There are now in the town three stores doing a general merchandise business, two livery stables, three restaurants, two hotels, several saloons, one blacksmith and shoeing shop, one tailor, a bakery, a Chinese wash-house, one shoemaker, and a barber, one meat market and slaughter house. The professions are represented by two doctors, and a limb or two of the law, no minister yet." The newspaper carried ads spelling the merits of Hack Hurley's "Gold Mountain Hotel: good restaurant, charges reasonable;" Pattridge and Berry's "Elegant saloon, best of wines, liquors and cigars;" John Andrew's "Miners and Prospectors Restaurant, table set with the best the market affords." David Vice was proprietor of a drinking establishment he named "Our House Saloon," but which others called the "Vice House." The *San Bernardino Argus* commented that there were "ten gin mills and one quartz mill in Bear Valley." The miners of Bairdstown were a hard-working, hard-drinking lot.

They were also a hard-fighting bunch. Hack Hurley was arrested for shooting a Chinaman at the "China House" after a friend of his was singed with a Chinese firecracker one evening. The judge released him for lack of evidence, but someone put several bullets in the China House door. One humor-loving miner "lit up" a sleeping Quartz Wilson and did a bullet-dance as a consequence. A Mr. Dodson waved his gun at merrymakers in the Pattridge and Berry Saloon. The crowd fled out the back door. They timidly returned a short while later, only to be sprayed with bullets by the waiting Dodson. The cemetery just outside Bairdstown gained occupants at a rapid rate.

Dame Fortune is fickle. The great Gold Mountain boom lasted only a year and a half. Disillusionment began to set in by May, 1875, when the Gold Mountain Mill shut down 20 of its 40 stamps. The *Guardian* expressed contrary reasons for the shut down: "Some say the mines are a fizzle, others that Baldwin is playing a game of freeze-out. We incline to the latter opinion."

Lucky Baldwin was certainly unhappy, but the reason is not clear. His biographer quotes him as saying, "Those fellows who are running it are stealing all the profits." He fired Mine Super-

Lucky Baldwin with wife, daughter and grandson.

intendent George Gleason. The angry Gleason departed immediately, taking with him a vital piece of the mill machinery — the blow-off water valve. Had it not been for the watchful eyes of the chief engineer, the mill would have blown up. Was Baldwin playing the freeze-out game, trying to gain control of all the Gold Mountain mines by making it appear the ore was low grade? Or did he order the shut-down because the mines were not returning profits? Many suspected Baldwin's motives at the time, but in view of subsequent mining ventures on Gold Mountain, most ending in frustration, the latter appears to be the case.

Baldwin's Gold Mountain Mill shut down completely on October 11, 1875, and the miners began to drift away. Bairdstown lost most of its inhabitants. The *Guardian* lamented, "Bear Valley is a dead mining camp today . . . The owls fly in and around the deserted camp with nothing to disturb or make them afraid. And the grizzly is monarch of all he surveys . . . If Lucky Baldwin started in to play a freeze-out game, he has admirably succeeded."

Baldwin was busy spending his fortune elsewhere — on his newly acquired Santa Anita Ranch, on his race horses, on the troubled Bank of California, on plans for his new San Francisco luxury hotel. He apparently lost all interest in Gold Mountain. He would allow his mines to be worked by others, but never again would he pour vast sums into the venture.

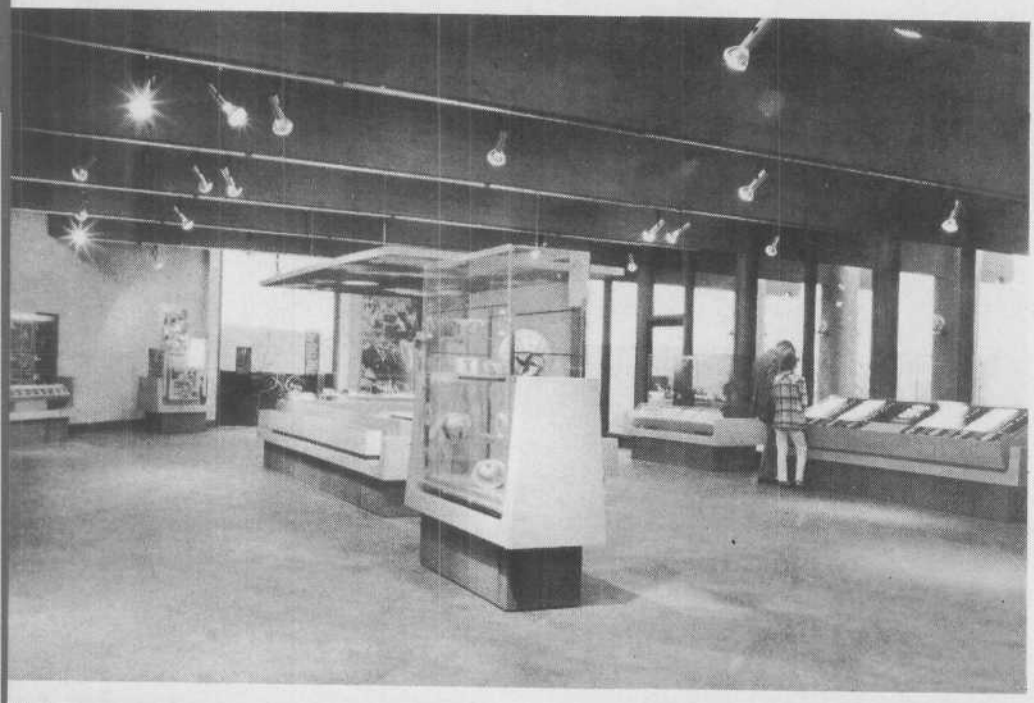
Baldwin's great 40-stamp mill, erected with so much glory and promise in 1875, came to an inglorious end on August 14, 1878. The *San Bernardino Times-Index* reported that "fire had broken out in Lucky Baldwin's Gold Mountain Oremill about two o'clock in the morning . . . the hillside was a mass of embers."

The Gold Mountain mines were worked again on several occasions, but they never lived up to their original promise. Baldwin's son-in-law, Budd Doble, tried his hand without success in 1893-1895. Bairdstown, renamed "Doble," came briefly back to life during this venture. Captain J.R. De La Mar and Thomas Oxnam worked the mines on brief occasions early in this century. The latter erected an expensive cyanide plant for leaching out the gold. The only real excitement occurred in 1910, when five miners were nearly entombed in a collapse of the main tunnel. They managed to claw and dig their way 400 feet out to safety.

The last effort to wrestle gold from Gold Mountain was undertaken shortly after World War II, but the venture was abandoned after a few years and the equipment was removed.

All is quiet on Gold Mountain today, save for the wind that whines through the pinyon pines. The diggings are eroded and only foundations remain of the once thundering stamp mill and the cyanide plant. Bairdstown belongs to the ages. Only its small cemetery remains to remind us of the intrepid miners who once lived and labored on Lucky Baldwin's Mountain of Gold. □

The Barstow Way Station



THE WAY STATIONS along the westward trails in pioneer days were places offering rest and refreshment from the journey, news of the trail ahead, and information about the country and conditions that awaited the traveler. The Bureau of Land Management way station provides much the same service for today's desert traveler, primarily the recreationist seeking a change of pace from modern urban life. Exhibits and materials provide information, education and interpretation of the desert and the myriad natural resources found there.

The Barstow Way Station is the first in a series of planned way stations at key points throughout the California Desert. It was dedicated and opened to the public on October 26, 1974. The Barstow Way Station, located on Barstow Road

Above: Visitors look at exhibits in the Barstow Way Station. Left: Focal point of the many interpretive exhibits in BLM's Way Station is a large relief map showing attractions of the High Desert area.

The Barstow Way Station shortly after its completion.

just off Interstate 15, is the headquarters of the BLM's High Desert Resource Area and desert rangers operating in that area. Its exhibits inform visitors of the lands, resources and attractions of the High Desert.

Through these exhibits and handout materials, the way station provides the public information and education that is the cornerstone of the BLM's "people management" program for the desert.

A large diorama shows points of interest and other exhibits offer information on plants, wildlife, such cultural resources as early Indian artifacts and history of the desert. Recreationists are warned of the desert's natural hazards, such as flash floods, intense heat and vast distances, as well as manmade threats such as abandoned mine works and unexploded bombs and shells from past military maneuvers. In addition to hazards, visitors are informed of sources of emergency assistance and desert survival techniques. Information is also available such as seasons of use, regulations, fees and management policies.

BLM Director Curt Berklund, in his dedicatory address for the way station, said, "The Barstow Way Station, like our Desert Ranger Force, embodies a concept of land and resource management."

"Briefly stated, this concept is: that provided information, education and assistance, those who use the desert and all the national resource lands will act responsibly.

"Conservation of these lands and their great resources is not simply the job of the BLM ranger or resource specialist, but of all the people of the nation and most particularly those who use the desert environment."

DESERT RANGERS

The role of the desert ranger is that of ambassador of good will for programs of environmental protection and natural resource management. The tools of his trade are information, education, and interpretation. BLM hired its first ranger in 1972, and the first full class of rangers completed training in 1974. The Department of the Interior is seeking law enforcement powers for BLM from Congress, including arrest and citation authority. This is viewed as vital to performance of the Bureau's mission, but the desert ranger's role is not likely to change even when such authority is forthcoming. The ranger's primary job will be to seek compliance with sound conservation practices through informing and educating users of the desert and other national resource lands.

Continued

CALIFORNIA DESERT PROGRAM

BLM administers more than 12 million acres, or about one-half of the total of the California Desert. Recreation use, nearly three-fourths of it involving motor vehicles such as dune buggies, four-wheel-drive vehicles and motorcycles, grew from some 4.8 million visitor days in 1968 to more than 11 million by 1973 — more than double in five years.

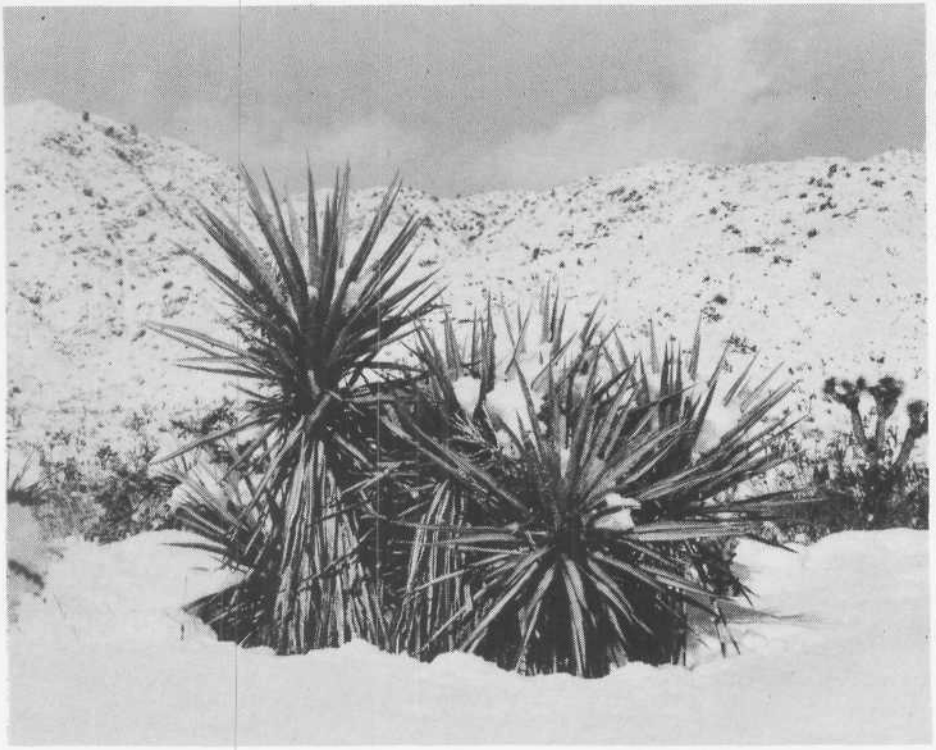
The California Desert Program developed from BLM's initial study of the desert in 1968. It consists of concurrent elements of interim critical management and long-range planning. The interim management includes the way stations, the desert ranger force and measures to protect users and threatened resources and to alleviate conflicts among various users. The planning phase is aimed at developing a comprehensive plan for the management, protection and use of the national resource lands of the California Desert.

Many people participated in formulation of the desert program, including off-road enthusiasts, rockhounds, campers, miners, scientists and state and local government officials, and BLM invites continued public participation.

Director Berklund, in dedicating the Barstow Way Station, said, "We are moving to meet the needs of people seeking recreation on the national resource lands, while also providing the management of people's uses of these lands in order to protect the basic values people are seeking from the desert . . . in a very real sense, we are not dedicating just a building today, but a concept of land and resource management." □

Desert Plant Life

by JIM CORNETT



THE MOJAVE YUCCA is a durable plant, able to tolerate winter's subfreezing temperatures, yet endure long summer days when the thermometer tops 120 degrees F. It withstands dust storms that can blind an animal and accompanying winds over 60 miles per hour. Yet, possessing all this hardiness, the yucca places its fate upon a fragile moth without whose pollination fertile seeds could not develop.

Actually, the feats of the Mojave yucca, *Yucca schidigera,* are not so unusual. It survives, as do most desert perennials, in the face of harsh environmental conditions. Plants, unlike animals, must endure the environment. They cannot seek shade or cool burrows when ground temperatures exceed 190 degrees. Nor can they escape the icy winter winds that frequent the desert landscape.

However, the Mojave yucca is well able to survive such extremes of heat, cold and aridity. The stomata, small openings in the leaves which allow water vapor to escape, close during periods of drought or great heat, minimizing water loss. The angular arrangement of the leaves catches what little rainfall there is, and directs it toward the trunk where the roots can absorb this runoff. Not growing in the hot, low desert basins, it need not face the severest desert conditions found on the valley floors.

Desert travelers frequently confuse the Mojave yucca with the much taller Joshua tree. Mojave yuccas seldom grow to heights above six feet, whereas the Joshua tree averages nearly 20 feet when mature. The Mojave yucca also has much longer leaves than does the Joshua tree. Both plants often grow together making comparisons easy.

The fruits of this useful plant appear in late spring and ripen during the in late spring and ripen during the summer. In the past, various Indian sects flowers were also eaten but could be extremely bitter. The leaves provided long fibers used in basket making.

Botanists are constantly shifting the yuccas back and forth between the agave and lily families. The yuccas do have characteristics common to both groups and so may always be the source of lively debate among scientists. At the present time those advocating the placement of the yuccas in the agave family (agavists???) seem to have an edge. □

Rambling on Rocks

by
GLENN and
MARTHA VARGAS

FLUORESCENCE: The Color That Isn't There

A DISPLAY OF fluorescent minerals is a breathtaking thing. One pushes a light switch in a room of subdued light, and just plain rocks suddenly glow with brilliant colors. When the switch is released, the rocks revert to their original plainness. We have often watched persons viewing this for the first time. They want to take the rocks out into daylight to see if they have color. On occasion, even though we know better, we have had the same urge.

The phenomenon of fluorescence is concerned with the molecular makeup of the mineral involved. If a mineral that will fluoresce is bathed with ultra-violet light, its molecule is distorted. The light has the power to push some of the electrons out of their orbit, and forces them to a higher energy level. Once they are out of orbit, and in the higher energy level, there is not enough energy in the ultra-violet light to force them to remain in this position. They absorbed energy when they were pushed out of orbit, so when they sink back into orbit, they give off the absorbed energy in the form of light. Once they are back in correct orbit, they may again be pushed out of it. The process will continue as long as the specimen is bathed with ultra-violet light.

Associated with fluorescence is phosphorescence. The minerals that will show this variation are those that have electrons that do not quickly fall back into orbit. Thus, when the ultra-violet source is turned off, they will continue to glow from a few seconds to minutes afterward. The difference between fluorescence and phosphorescence is the amount of time necessary for the electrons to fall back into normal orbit, but in most, it is so short that the human eye cannot register it. The name fluorescence is derived from the mineral fluorite, in which it was first observed. The name of fluorite is derived from the Latin *fluor*, to flow. This stems from the fact that fluorite will easily melt, and is used as a flux in furnaces. Thus the name fluorescence has its roots in a word concerning melting. The word phosphorescence fared better, it is from the Greek *phos*, meaning light.

Fluorite is a very common mineral in metal mines. Miners soon noticed that underground, in the yellow light from a miner's lamp flame, the mineral was one color, but out in daylight, which is high in ultra-violet, it was usually another color, and always much brighter.

This discovery was made many years ago, but until the manufacture of a lamp that would emit ultra-violet light, the behavior of fluorite was only a curiosity to be pondered.

Today, small portable fluorescent lamps are moderately priced, and many mineral collectors own one as part of their prospecting equipment. Most collectors are struck with the situation where the minerals that fluoresce the best, are very drab looking in ordinary light. Some normally beautiful minerals will fluoresce brightly, but they are in the minority. Thus, a collection is always a source of surprises and wonderment for the first-time viewer.

The ultra-violet lamps (usually called "black lamps") used by mineral collectors are of two types: short wave and long wave. It must be remembered that ultra-violet light is of extremely short waves to begin with, and now we speak of short wave and long wave ultra-violet light! There really are two types, and each behaves differently and have different types of sources.

The long wave type may come out of an ordinary-looking bulb that may be placed in an ordinary electrical socket. Another looks like a fluorescent light bulb, except that it is very dark colored instead of white.

The fluorescent bulb we all know so well is an application of fluorescence, thus the name. Within the bulb, ultra-violet light is played on a powder that

lines the inside of the long tube. The powder fluoresces, and we have visible light.

The short wave black lamp is more intricate. Short wave ultra-violet will not pass through glass, as will the long wave. The short wave lamp is made of a tube of fused quartz. The process of making these is costly, thus short wave lamps are usually priced many times higher than long wave lamps.

Each of these lamps will excite different minerals, although some minerals will respond to both. The short wave lamp will give far better results with more minerals than will the long wave lamp.

Fluorescence has other uses besides lamps. It can be a tool in the search for minerals. During the last great war, we were critically short of tungsten, used to harden steel. Scheelite, the most common ore of tungsten, fluoresces a brilliant blue-white. During this period, many desert prospectors owned portable black lamps. During the beginning of the exploration for uranium-bearing minerals, it was found that one of them would fluoresce, and the lamp was again put to use.

The giant ore mills that reduce various minerals to the metal components use ultra-violet lamps to help sort out unwanted materials. They may use the lamp to help remove unwanted ones that fluoresce, or vice-versa, to remove the unwanted ones that do fluoresce.

Petroleum fluoresces, so drill cores are examined under ultra-violet light to determine the presence of oil, even in minute quantities. The lamp has been used in crime detection, as well as other applications.

The professional mineralogist and gemologist finds that fluorescence has a very important part in the study of color of minerals and gems. It has long been known that a number of gems are one color in artificial light, and another in daylight. At first, this was not attributed to fluorescence, but the evidence has become too great to ignore.

It has been found that color in minerals is due to a number of reasons, but generally, it is some impurity in minute amounts that causes color. In some cases, it is the fluorescence of these minute impurities that causes at least part of the color of some minerals.

What are some of the best fluorescent minerals, and where might they be found? This could produce a large list. A few excellent sources should be noted, however.

The champion of them all is an area in New Jersey, known as Franklin, or Franklin Furnace. This is a zinc mining area. Here, some of the ores are highly fluorescent. Willemite becomes a bright green. It is usually mixed with calcite that turns bright red. The combination is spectacular.

From Mexico comes a mineral known as adamite that turns a bright yellowish green. The best of the fluorescent fluorites comes from England. Those of this country are usually a disappointment. From Canada comes wernerite that turns a bright orange.

Our desert area produces many good examples, many of which can be found on the ground out in the open. The famed chalcedony rose (pronounced kal-sed-ony) usually fluoresces yellowish to greenish. Many pieces of calcite will show one of a number of colors. A walk across a desert flat, at night, with a black lamp will often garner some unusual minerals.

Other objects besides minerals fluoresce. The walk across the desert may uncover a scorpion that turns a bright yellow-green. Other denizens may also show some color.

Among the more common everyday things, false teeth are startling under the lamp. Lipstick is another, and in combination with false teeth, the contrast is nearly hilarious. The modern dyes used in today's synthetic cloth will often show dazzling colors. Some of the cloths will fluoresce.

For those that have never seen fluorescent minerals in action, we suggest that you attend the next mineral show in your area. We promise you, at first you will not believe it. □

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Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must include stamped self-addressed envelope

Brings Back Memories . . .

I surely enjoyed the article in the July, '75 issue on "A String of Pearls" by Thomas W. Moore.

What caught my eye was the mining towns of Gibsonville and La Porte. This brought back great memories of my childhood when I used to go camping and prospecting in that area. But what I hoped in reading was only a slight mention, and this was about the mining town of Onion Valley.

I hope some reader out there sees this letter and ventures to write an article on Onion Valley. The history behind this town of once a thousand people, wild onions, placer mining, and stone foundations can surely be found on the tombstones of its small cemetery. The winters alone bring about one of the deepest snowfalls in the Sierras.

I hope more readers can enjoy the beauty of this small valley.

HARRY W. LENHARD,
Butte, Montana.

Puzzled by "Murals" . . .

I would be very grateful for any information regarding some remarkable painted murals on rock formations near Kingman, Arizona. The murals are in vivid colors and appear to have been painted fairly recently, in fact, a scaffold is still in place.

The murals are located a few miles up a dirt road from the settlement of Chloride, Arizona, which is located on Arizona Highway 62, about 20 miles or so northwest from Kingman, on U.S. Highway 93. I found the murals entirely by accident, looking for a BLM campsite called "Cerbat Mountain." I never did locate the BLM campsite as the Chloride road becomes a maze of dirt roads in hilly area, and there is no trace of any BLM directional sign. But there are crude hand-lettered signs directing to "Murals."

Someone has spent a tremendous amount of time painting these murals, in a most remote and rarely visited area, where they will be seen by very few people. There must be an interesting story here.

FRANK W. ELLIS, M.D.
Los Alamitos, California.

Beating around the Burrobush . . .

In a recent article on the Burrobush plant (May, '75), I discovered an error which I feel should be brought to the readers' attention.

The generic name of Burrobush is not *Ambrosia dumosa*, as reported, but *Franseria dumosa*. The genus *Ambrosia* refers to four species of ragweed. The two genera are quite similar, the difference being that the fruiting involucre of *Ambrosia* contains a single row of short prickles below a single beak, while the *Franseria* involucre is armed with several rows of spines below the one to four beaks.

I base my information on "A California Flora" by Philip A. Munz. Aside from this detail, I wish to express my thanks for an excellent magazine.

ROBERT GOSS,
Blue Jay, California.

Editor's Note: Author Jim Cornett states: "Mr. Goss is right. There are many similarities between Ambrosia *and* Franseria. *So many, in fact, that* Franseria *has now been placed in the* Ambrosia *genus, thus giving us* Ambrosia dumosa. *Munz lists this name change in his supplement [p. 149] which appeared in 1968, ten years after publication of his* A California Flora. *Perhaps I should have made mention of this recent name change."*

Credit Due . . .

The cover and the centerfold are impressive. You have done a great job of it. I thought that your readers might wish to know that the photographer of the paintings is Frederick L. Richards, of Pasadena, California. A professional photographer today, he has many war time photos to his credit as a navy combat photographer.

He is the official photographer for the American Indian and Cowboy Artists Society. Your readers have seen his work on other subjects in the past in the *Desert Magazine*.

Y. E. CHEYNO,
Sunland, California.

Wrong Caption . . .

The subject of your July cover was beautifully photographed and well deserved, however, the caption is wrong. It is the Bayley House and not the Old Grange Hall. The historical marker just south of the house designates the site of the first Grange Hall in California and does not refer to the house, although the Bayley family was responsible for both. The future of Bayley House is now in doubt, and a campaign is under way to urge the State Parks Department to accept and restore it, a fine cause for all you preservationists out there.

JIM CRAIN,
San Francisco, California.

Calendar of Events

SEPTEMBER 13 & 14, 9th Annual Harvester of Gems & Mineral Show, sponsored by the Sequoia Gem & Mineral Society, Redwood City Recreation Center, 1328 Roosevelt Ave., Redwood City, California. Dealers, Demonstrations, Food, Door Prizes. Dealer Space filled. Admission. Chairman: Preston Bingham, 1144 17th Ave., Redwood City, Calif. 94063.

SEPTEMBER 20 & 21, California Barbed Wire Collectors' Antique Barbed Wire Show at the Topanga Plaza Shopping Center, 6600 Topanga Canyon Blvd., Canoga Park, Calif. Admission Free. Contact: Pierce Jensen, Jr., 22819 Gershwin Dr., Woodland Hills, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 20 & 21, The Magic In Rocks Show sponsored by the El Monte Gem & Mineral Club, Inc., Masonic Temple, 4017 No. Tyler, El Monte, Calif. 91732. Dealer space filled. Chairman: Johnny Johnson, 11416 Mulhall St., El Monte, Calif. 91732.

SEPTEMBER 27 & 28, "The Show That Shows How," Gem and Mineral Show, sponsored by the Mother Lode Mineralites of Auburn. Free Admission. 20th District Fairgrounds, Auburn, California.

OCTOBER 3-5, Fourth Annual "Rough Run" in Afton Canyon, sponsored by the Pasadena Free Wheelers. Registration, $7.50 donation. For details write: Jerry Wendt, 326 E. Colorado, Arcadia, Calif. 91006.

OCTOBER 4, "Recreation in Rocks" sponsored by the Peninsula Gem and Geology Society, Rancho Shopping Center, Foothill Expressway and South Springer Rd., Los Altos, Calif. Features: Gold Panning, Club sale of cutting material, etc. No admission. No dealers. Contact: Frank Dina, 1118 Lisa Lane, Los Altos, Calif. 94022.

OCTOBER 4 & 5, Second Annual Arts Festival, sponsored by the Julian Arts Guild and the Community United Methodist Church. All Media Arts Show and Crafts. Grounds of the Methodist Church, Julian, California.

OCTOBER 5, 11th Annual Live Turtle & Tortoise Show, Pasadena Center, Conference Bldg., 300 E. Green St., Pasadena, Calif. Admission, 75c for adults, children under 12 free with an adult. Proceeds to go to the Desert Tortoise Preserve.

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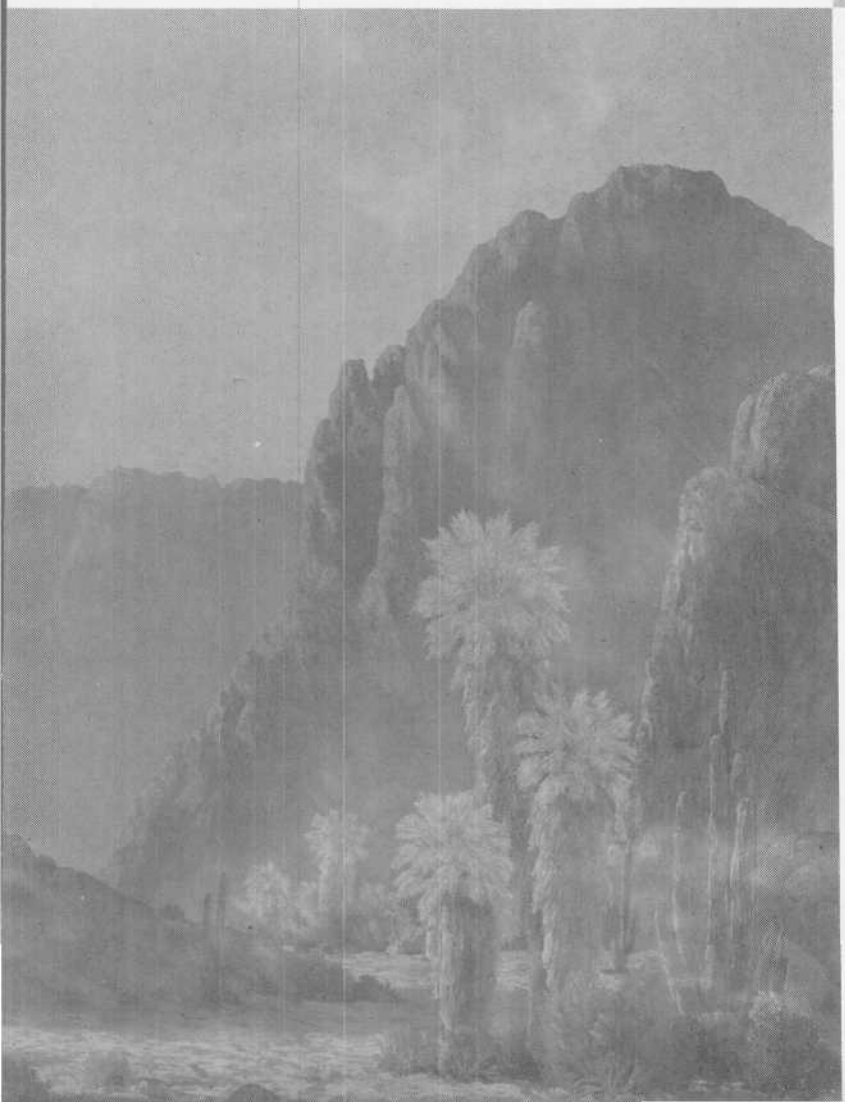

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