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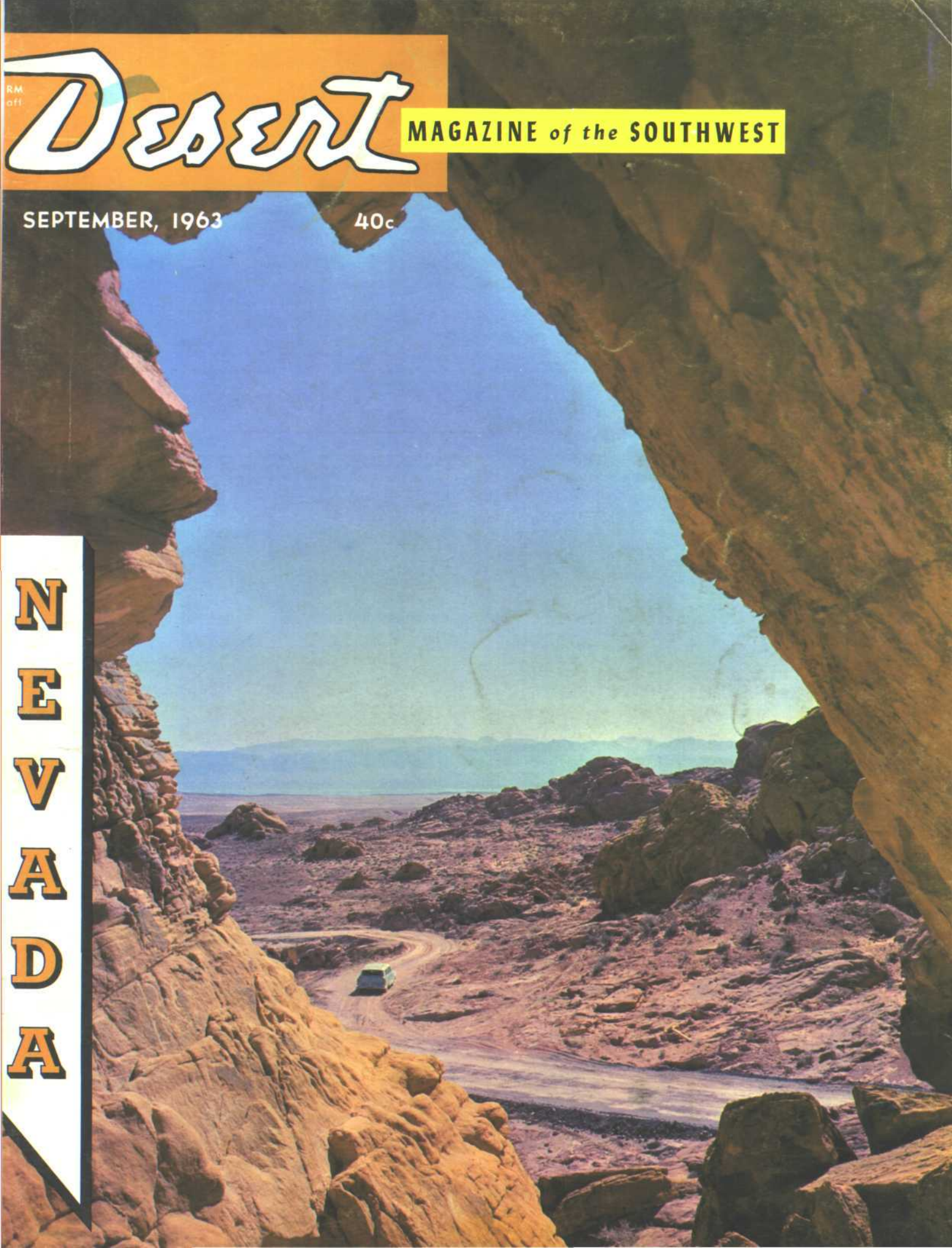
Desert

MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

SEPTEMBER, 1963 40c



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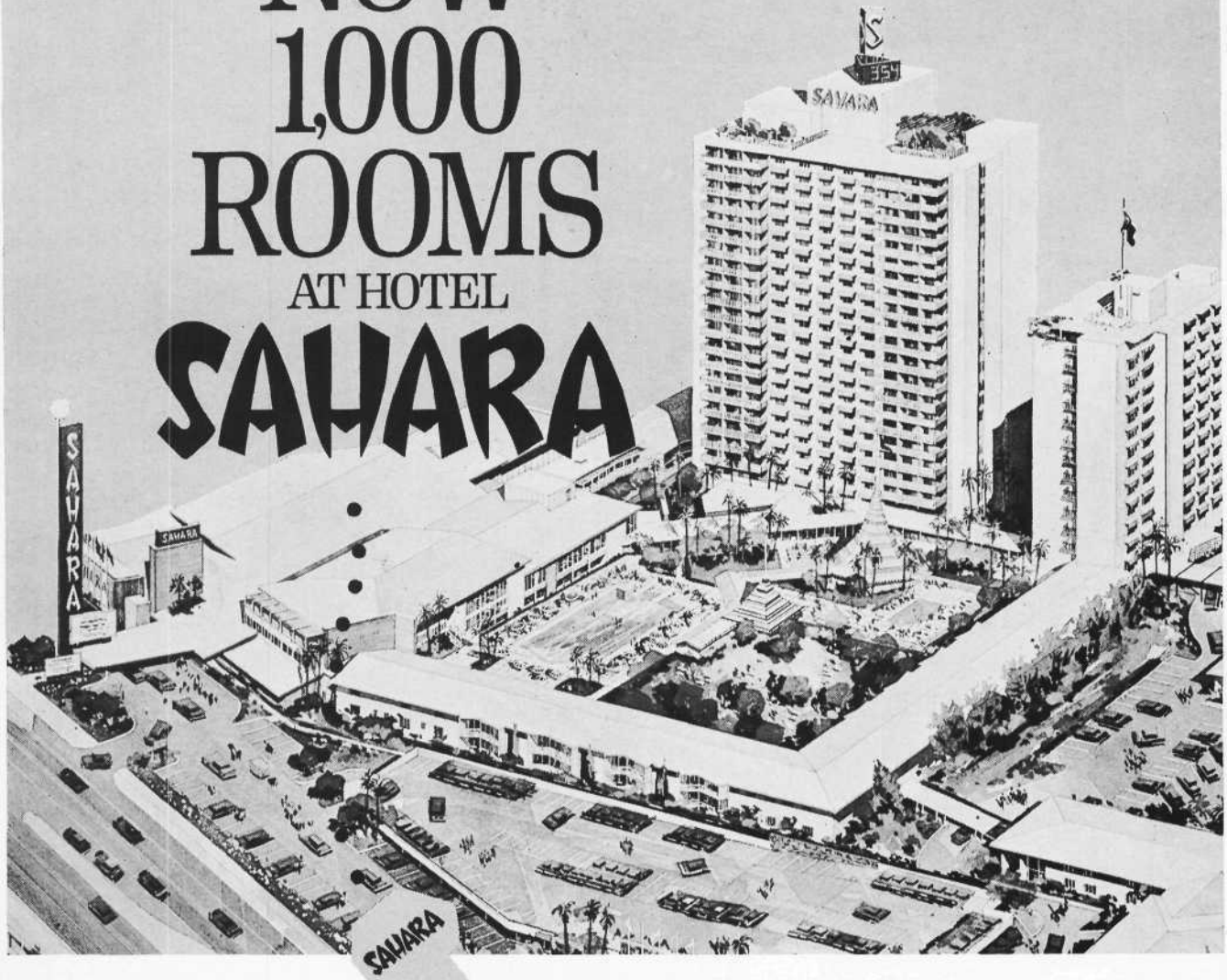

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CONTENTS

Volume 26 Number 9

SEPTEMBER, 1963

STALACTITES AND STALAGMITES CREATE WEIRD FORMATIONS FOR VISITORS TO LEHMAN CAVES NATIONAL MONUMENT, JUST SOUTH OF ELY, NEVADA.

THE SOUTHWEST IN SEPTEMBER . . . . . By JACK PEPPER

Salute To Nevada. Nell Murbarger captures the spirit of Nevada and sets the theme for this month's special issue in her "Joy Travels the Backroads." Since it is impossible to cover all of Nevada in one issue, next year we will feature other areas. Everyone has heard of Las Vegas and Reno so we have kept to the backroads to show you other parts of Nevada and to capture the feeling of The Silver State which will be "100 Years Young" in 1964.

Explore Lehman Caves. Although they probably will not find "little people with green faces" who, as superstition has it, once lived in Nevada's Lehman Caves, archaeologists this fall will start an extensive exploration of Room One, discovered in 1938 to contain bones of animals and humans. Dr. Charles Rozaire, Curator of Archaeology, Nevada State Museum, will head the group.

Sweet Ferdinand. Cows are beginning to smell like orange blossoms around Phoenix as a result of the efforts of former Air Force Major Charles Wolfe, who has started the first air-borne cow deodorizing

(continued next page)

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service. At least that's the claim of Wolfe, who says his harmless GS17 spray is making a hit with cattlemen. No comment from the cattle.

Lake Powell Ferry Service. Ferry service at Hall's Crossing below Hite, is still in operation, although it is best to make arrangements with J. Frank Wright in Blanding, Utah, in advance, according to J. Frank Wright, of the Lake Powell Ferry Service, Blanding Utah. The veteran Colorado river runner is also continuing his tours and plans to enlarge his service next season.

September Calendar. Aug. 28-Sept. 2—San Bernardino County Fair, Victorville, Calif. August. 30-Sept. 2—Days of San Luis Rey, Oceanside, Calif. County Fair and Livestock Show, Elko, Nev. 2—Annual Labor Day Rodeo and Fly-In Breakfast, Williams, Arizona. 6-7—Box Elder County Peach Days, Brigham City, Utah. 5-8 — Navajo Tribal Fair, Window Rock, Ariz. 7-8—Nevada Square Dance Convention, Elko, Nev. 13-15—Aerorama, Municipal Airport, Chico, Calif. 13-22—Fiesta de la Luna, Chula Vista, Calif. Utah State Fair, Salt Lake City. 14-15—Shasta Gem and Mineral Show at Veterans' Memorial Hall, Redding, Calif. 14-16—Washoe County Fair, Reno. 18-22—Thirteenth Annual Desert Empire Fair, Ridgecrest, Calif. 20-22—Air Races, Elko, Nev. 23-29—Kern County Fair, Bakersfield, Calif. 27-28—County Fair Days Celebration, Twentynine Palms, Calif. 50th Anniversary Celebration of incorporation of Needles, Calif. 28-29—Raisin Festival, Dinuba, Calif.

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"From_____"

Desert CAMERA

Edited By Frank Jensen

IN this day and age of automation it is a rare photographer who has control over his exposure. This column will be devoted to the vanishing breed of photographic devotees who still use an exposure meter independent of the camera, and who temper exposures with their own judgement.

Exposure of desert scenes ordinarily falls in a category somewhere between beach and snow scenes and the average landscape. In general, exposures for a front lighted scene (with the sun at your back) will require a decrease of a half to a full F-stop over what you would normally shoot.

Even the side lighted scenes, since so much light is reflected into the shadow areas, will require a slight decrease in exposure. In general then, let it be said that you should believe your meter when it tips the end of the scale and expose accordingly.

During the summer months this writer prefers to shoot desert landscapes during the afternoon. Say, from three o'clock on. In the late afternoon the shadows become longer and the light from the sun models the contour of the landscape. Toward sunset the red end of the spectrum dominates, and the most spectacular scenics are often caught on film just before the sun goes down.

On this point, here is a tip that might prove useful. Just before the sunlight fades on a scene, it will reach a peak brilliance. It is then that you shoot like mad, making certain to bracket your exposures. That is, expose one picture according to the meter reading, then underexpose two full F-stops, and overexpose two stops.

The worst landscapes are generally photographed during mid-day. The early morning hours are also good for summertime shooting, although I must confess that I have an aversion to getting up early, so can't speak authoritatively on this subject.

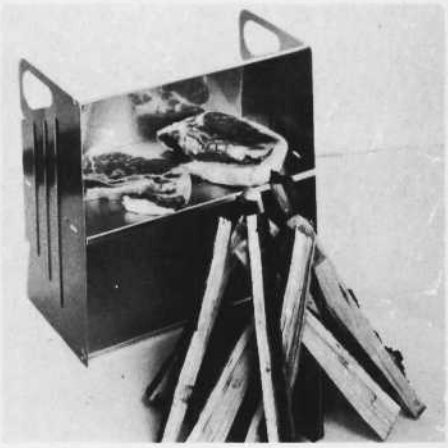
NEW IDEAS for DESERT LIVING

By DAN LEE

Outdoor Storage Room—

Wish you had more space to store garden tools or pool equipment? Maybe the answer is an extra outdoor room. The *Urban Spacemaker* is made of pre-fab aluminum panels which assemble to form a weather-tight outdoor storage. Size is 4-feet by 6-feet by 8-feet, or 6-feet by 6-feet. Height is 6-feet two inches. The bigger model has a full 52-inch double-door opening to make easier loading and unloading. Comes packed in seven pre-assembled sections, ready for erection by the handyman. The *Spacemaker* is pre-painted aluminum roof and sidewalls, and a good item for the mobile home owner, pool owner, or handyman. Price available from *Urban Spacemaker,* Urban Industries, Dept. DM 9, Marion, Ohio.

Reflector Camp Oven—

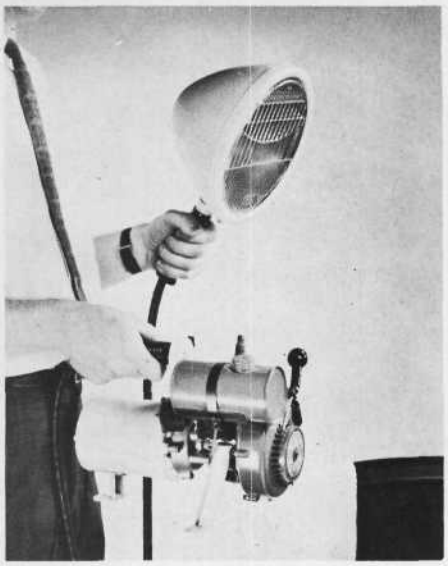


Here's a new item that's got practical appeal for campers. A small metal oven that sits beside the campfire and cooks meats by reflection. Retains natural juices, and gives cook more control over open fires. It even folds flat to a thin half-inch height, weighs just 2½ pounds, and has a cardboard carrying case. Sounds like a worthwhile way to cook without using pans or other equipment, and still produce something tasty. Priced at $6.95 prepaid, from Ponderosa Industries, Inc. Dept. DM 9, Box 348, Butler, Penn.

Datsun Truck—

Those cagey Japanese have done it again. This time they have built a little light pick-up to compete with Ford's Ranchero, from the looks of it. It's compact, sleek-looking, low in silhouette, and styled more like a passenger car than like a truck. Overall length of the new Datsun NL 320 pick-up is a short 13-feet, 8-inches, which indicates extreme ease of handling, parking, and driving in busy traffic.

The new Datsun is powered by a peppery 60-horsepower overhead valve engine, price $1696, plus license and taxes. Datsun, Nissan Motor Corp., Dept. DM 9, 137 E. Alondra Blvd., Gardena, Calif.

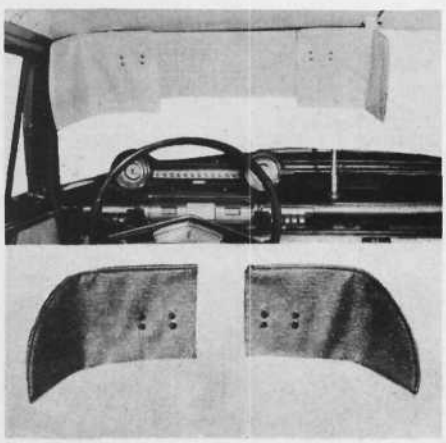


Gas-Powered Searchlight—

It has its own tiny gasoline engine, a ¾-horsepower two-cycle that powers a sealed-beam, 450,000 candlepower light. Fire up the little engine, and the searchlight gives enough light to flood an entire fairgrounds or for picnics, search and rescue operations, or a hundred other uses. The *Nobco Power Beam* is 20-times as powerful as the brightest automobile headlamp, according to the maker. Entire power generator, engine, and light weighs 20 pounds complete. Priced in two models from $150 to $170, depending on whether AC or DC unit is required. The *Power Beam* is self-contained, and produces its own light without outside power connections. Nobco, 151 North Pasadena Ave., Dept. DM 9, Pasadena, Calif.

Liquid Cooler Coating—

If you live in hot country you are aware of the effect of mineralized water on water-cooler tanks. Ordinary paints won't stop this rusting. Brand new on the market is Liquid Neoprene *Cooler Shield,* a real synthetic rubber coating that can be applied right over corroded metal, if directions are followed. Liquid neoprene, after drying, leaves a tough elastic film like a blanket, from one side of the cooler tank to the other. Because neoprene rubber is unaffected by water, salts, minerals, or anything else found in home water supply systems, *Cooler Shield* effectively blocks rust and corrosion, eliminates scale, and should reduce pump clogging to an absolute minimum. Priced at $3.95 per quart, plus freight, from Cooler Shield, Dept. DM 9, P.O. box 276, San Dimas, Calif.



Sun-Visor Extensions—

Now you can get relief from those annoying afternoon drives when the sun sneaks past your car's sunvisors just past the ends of the visor. The new *Glare Shields* are extensions which slip on over the ends of the visors, and can be adjusted up or down or sideways as the need arises. Upholstered in grey-silver color, visors are 4-inches by 4½-inches, priced at $3.75 each. For width of 6" by 6½-inches, price is $4.00 each, prepaid. J. D. Whitney Co., Dept. DM 9, 1917 Archer Ave., Chicago 16, Illinois.

Nevada

By Robert Warren, Director Department of Economic Development

DESPITE its small population, Nevada attracts more visitors each year than such world-famous tourist meccas as Florida and Washington, D. C. The fact that nearly 50 times the state's permanent population of 400,000 people visit Nevada each year attests to the accuracy of the state's official slogan: "Recreation Unlimited."

Probably no place on earth offers so much in the way of glamour and excitement. Top talents put on the world's best variety and theatrical entertainment nightly at a dozen "strip" establishments for the price of dinner or cocktails. Clubs along downtown Las Vegas' Fremont Street – which, incidentally, claims to have more neon signs and lights than Times Square–feature famous names in scores of lounge acts. In the northern part of the state, there is an almost equal variety of entertainment at world-famous casinos at Reno and Lake Tahoe.

One phase of Nevada which comes as a surprise to many visitors is its extensive natural scenic beauty. Along transcontinental Highway 40, across the northern part of the state, the spectacular scenery changes from the deadwhite salt flats on the eastern border of Nevada, to the towering Ruby Mountains and lush valleys near Elko, then to the rugged desert hills and valleys of the central part of the Sierra Nevada Mountain range.

Farther south along the state's eastern border is the spectacular Lehman Caves National Monument, 640 acres located on the eastern flank of 13,061-foot Wheeler Peak, one of the highest mountains in the Great Basin. Guided trips are provided along easy trails through the caves–a series of underground rooms with oddly formed stalactites and stalagmites, fluted columns, needle crystals and the like.

Other unusual natural wonders, many of them priceless discoveries for the camera enthusiast and the painter, include the lonely, "Sahara Desert" setting of the towering dunes of the Singing Sand Mountain, just off Highway 50 near Fallon; the strange tufa formations at (among other places in the state) Lovelock, on Highway 40; Beowawe's great geyser field (along with various other hot springs which bubble and blow through the earth's surface at places like Steamboat Hot Springs south of Reno); the state's nine state parks, ranging up to several thousand acres and including free camping and picnicking facilities (among them is the Valley of Fire, north of Las Vegas); the mysterious Amargosa Desert and the edge of Death Valley.

Nevada is blessed with four large and spectacular lakes–as well as scores of smaller ones. In the far southeast is Lake Mead, created in 1933 by the vast engineering feat of the Hoover Dam. Built in Black Canyon, the mighty ribbon of concrete spans a rugged gorge of the Colorado River. There is beautiful Walker Lake, near Hawthorne, and Pyramid Lake 30 miles north of Reno, which resembles the biblical Sea of Galilee. Both of these awesome desert lakes are remnants of a vast prehistoric inland sea called Lake Lahontan. And finally, there is the famous, incredibly enchanting Lake Tahoe, astride the California-Nevada border in the high Sierra Mountains.

The camper will have little problem finding almost any kind of spot to pitch his tent or park his camper in Nevada. Only a small part of the state's 110,000 square miles is "citified" or developed; within a few minutes of the bright lights and sophisticated living of Nevada's unusual cities, man can find solitude and quiet. He can explore literally scores of Forest Service camp grounds, National Park Service public camp grounds–or an isolated wilderness of mountains or desert, where the sight of a man is a rarity. An exciting choice of scenery–from sagebrush to tall pines, from desert sands to curving lakeshores–is his for the asking.

Nevada, moreover, is a paradise for the outdoor sportsman. Aside from the many mountain and desert streams which offer excellent trout fishing, there is unusual fishing appeal to the fisherman in Nevada's large lakes–most of it year-round.

Big game hunting is open to out-of-staters in limited numbers. Deer, elk, bighorn sheep are the main attractions (the latter are limited to a very few hunters). Upland game consists of partridge, chukar, sagehen, and the like.

Water enthusiasts will find everything from individual sports amid

RECREATION UNLIMITED

GOVERNOR GRANT SAWYER

spectacular surroundings to major unlimited hydroplane racing. Water skiing is increasingly popular on all the major lakes in Nevada as well as the many smaller ones, man-made and natural. In the southern and central parts of the state, it's a year-round sport. The same goes for all kinds of boating – speed boats, outboards, sail.

Nevada and snow skiing have been closely identified since the early days of the West. A century or more ago John ("Snowshoe") Thompson, who may have been the first skiier in the unexplored West, used long, crude skis to pack mail over the Sierra. Today, some of the finest ski slopes in the world are available in Nevada, most of them with the best of modern facilities. A big advantage is proximity and convenience: Slide Mountain and Mt. Rose ski bowls are 45 minutes from Reno; the excellent skiing on 11,910-foot Mr. Charleston is 45 minutes from the striking contrasts of warm, dry Las Vegas. Other areas spotted throughout the state make it possible for the skiing enthusiast to find slopes and deep snows within easy reach of almost any community.

Several other areas of outdoor activities, unusual or unique to Nevada, beckons throngs of visitors. Among them are some of the breathtaking modern man-made projects, such as Hoover Dam, near Las Vegas; the great open-pit copper mine at Ruth, near Ely—one of the worlds largest; and the fertile agricultural area near Fallon, created from the desert by the Lahontan reservoir and its elaborate irrigation system for some 670 farms. (The area is famous for Fallon "Hearts O'Gold" cantaloupe and for turkeys.) Known as the Newlands Project, the system created a huge man-made oasis in the desert and made the area Nevada's most important truck-farming area – despite a rainfall of only 5.3 inches per year.

The state is well known as a paradise for rockhounds. Semi-precious gems and minerals of all descriptions abound—agate, geodes, jasper, beryl, rhodonite, petrified wood, and garnet. Nevada also produces 87% of all turquoise mined in the world and yields some of the finest fire opal, sulfur, quartz crystals and wonderstone.

For those interested in archeology and early man, there have been several extensive diggings undertaken in the past. The Lost City Museum at Overton, in southern Nevada, gateway to the Valley of Fire, contains artifacts dating back 12,000 years to the earliest known days of man on this continent. Many are from the prehistoric Pueblo city which now lies beneath the waters of Lake Mead. Nearby in the Valley of Fire itself, the visitor can see other evidence of ancient man in the petroglyphs (picture writing on rock). And in the central part of the state, at Ichthyosaur State Park, he can see the fossilized imprints of sea-going reptiles 60 feet long and millions of years old.

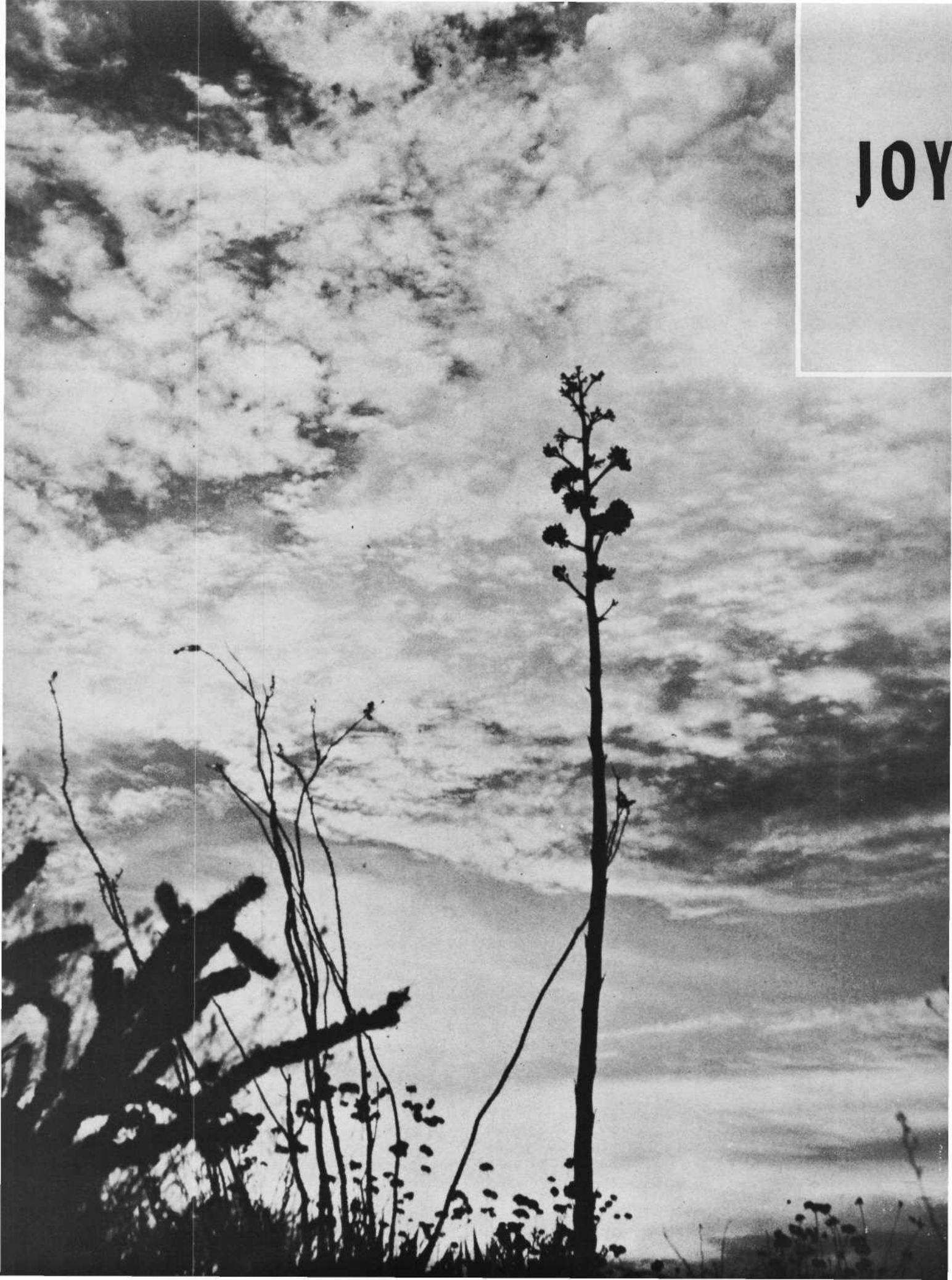
In the charming and friendly state capital, Carson City, is the Nevada State Museum, formerly the U. S. Mint where Carson City silver dollars were made. It contains a wealth of material relating to Nevada's pioneer past, some of it irreplaceable, and culminates with a replica of a mine in the basement. Full-scale exhibits show the detailed operation of a western mine with complete "head-bumping" realism in the 300 feet of tunnel.

Near Carson and to the south is Genoa, Nevada's first town, founded by the Mormons on the western edge of the fertile, sweeping Carson Valley. And to the east, along the Pony Express trail and the route of the Forty-Niners, stand the lonely adobe ruins of Fort Churchill, built to protect the pioneers from the marauding Indians.

In short, the State of Nevada offers the tourist a variety of attractions unmatched in the Union. And, as the state's youthful and personable Governor Grant Sawyer points out, this variety is accompanied by a quality which is unique.

Says the Governor: "I feel that in the long run it is the intangible that is responsible for much of Nevada's charm. We call it 'climate.' Our attitude toward life, except under the most urgent provocation, is relaxed, tolerant, and mindful that if others are allowed to go on their way unmolested a man stands a chance of getting through the world himself with a minimum of irritation.

"In a troubled and complex world, these intangibles are the assets, the gifts, that Nevada gladly shares with all visitors within its gates in the same abundance that they are enjoyed by our permanent residents."



JOY

TRAVELS THE BACK ROADS

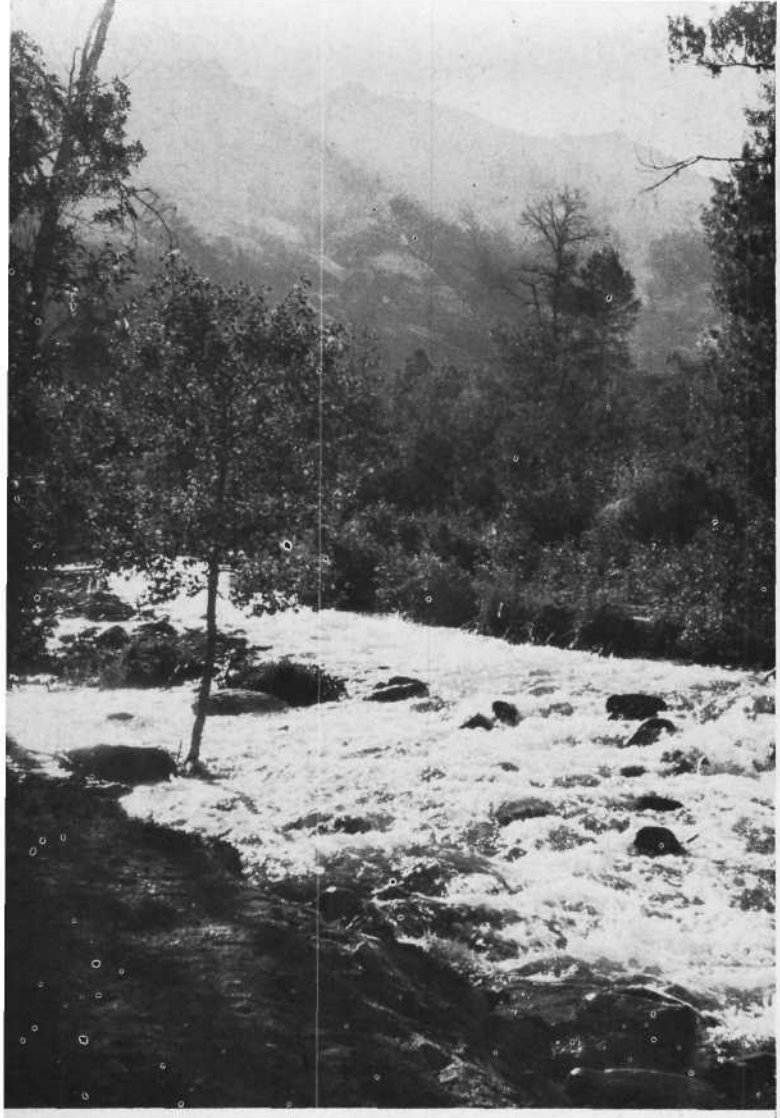
BY NELL MURBARGER

author of
Ghosts of the Glory Trail
Sovereigns of the Sage
30,000 Miles In Mexico
Ghosts of the Adobe Walls

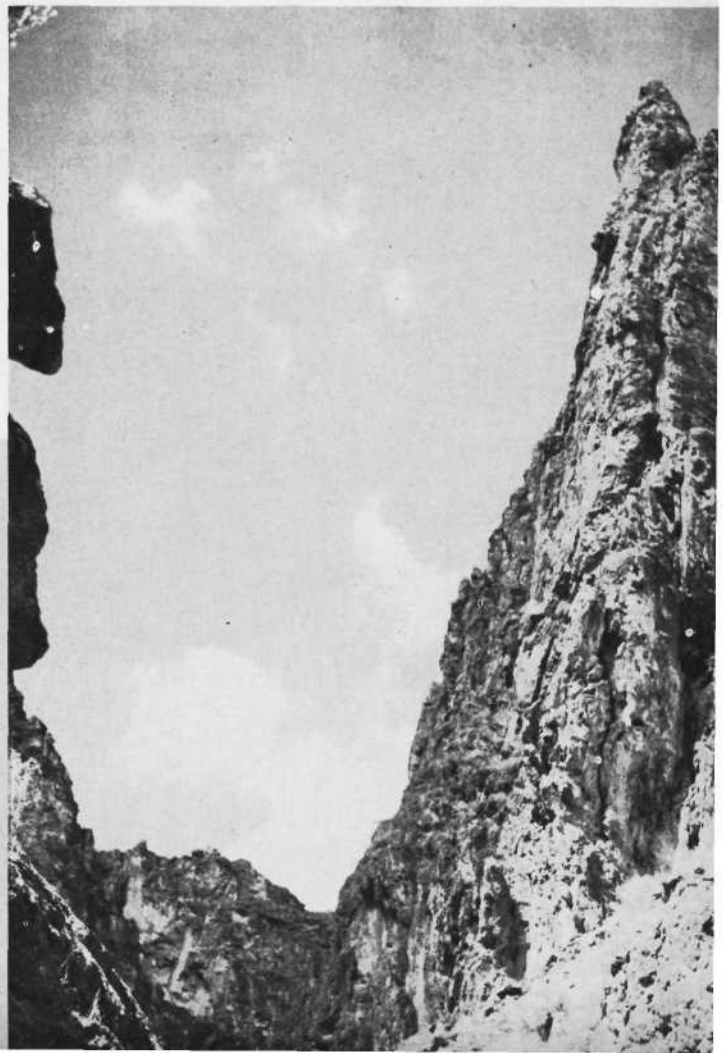
Of the myriad persons who visit Nevada each year, it is we devotees of the back roads, I believe, who reap the richest dividends; not, perhaps, in coin of the realm but in satisfaction, exhilaration of the spirit, and pure unadulterated joy.

We travelers-of-the-dim trails are followers of no one pursuit. We may call ourselves weekend explorers, amateur prospectors, treasure seekers, cave hunters. We may be rockhounds, fossil fans, fishermen, shutter bugs, ghost town addicts, history buffs, bird watchers, hikers, backpackers, campers. We may be rich or poor, old or young. The one characteristic we have in common is a periodical and overpowering urge to escape the noise and confusion of urban life and lift up our eyes to the hills and heavens.

Gracious hostess that she is, Nevada turns upon every visitor a smiling face . . . but, to us, she crooks a beckoning finger and says, in effect, "Come, wander with me! Come into my back country and I'll show you my treasures. I may even tell you a few of my secrets . . . "



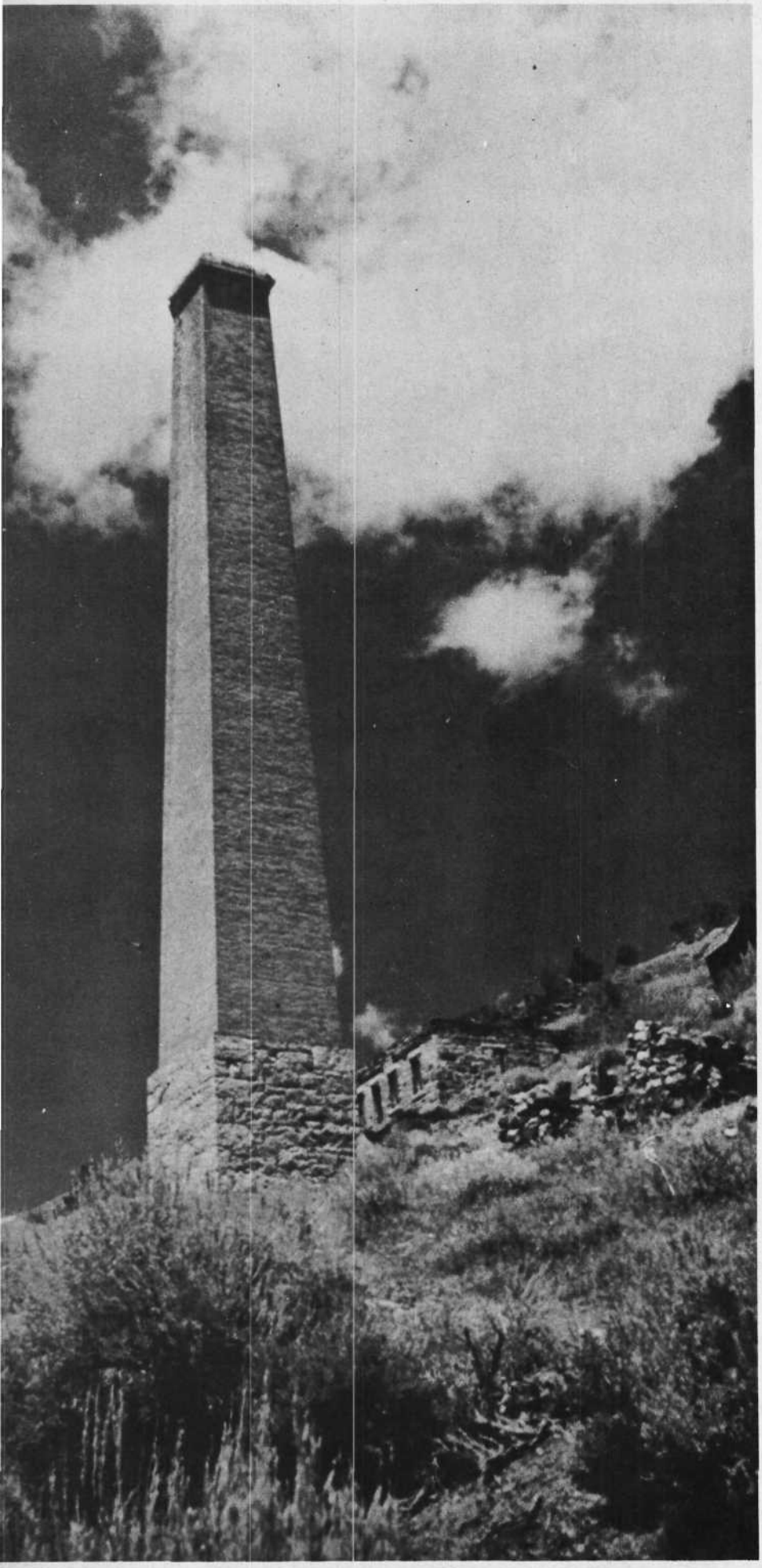
Sparkling streams of pure cold water, fed by snow-fields on the higher levels, go dancing down the canyons, cascading whitely, boiling around great boulders, licking the roots of giant trees. Here mountain trout flash and turn, the soft-footed creatures of the wild come to drink, and columbine hangs its fairy lanterns. In their descent from mountain summit to valley, some of these snow-born streams combine to form the wide, blue lakes of Pyramid and Walker and the jewel-bright lakes of the Rubies. Other streams and rivers combine to fill the man-made reservoirs of Lakes Mead, Mohave, Lahontan, Wild Horse, Rye Patch, each offering good fishing and the summertime fun of boating and swimming.



We who accept that invitation find that Nevada is a desert state, but not the bleak, sandy waste that term ordinarily suggests. Rather, it is a strong, hard, mighty land, where the skeleton of the earth lies exposed, where saw-tooth ranges rake the clouds and canyon walls seem to tower half-way to heaven. Lacing this highland desert from north to south is a corrugation of mountain ranges—the White Pines, the magnificent Rubies, the Toquimas, Toiyabes, Monitors, the Whites — their summits snow-crowned, their slopes darkened with tall pines and firs, their canyons bright with the autumn gold of aspens.

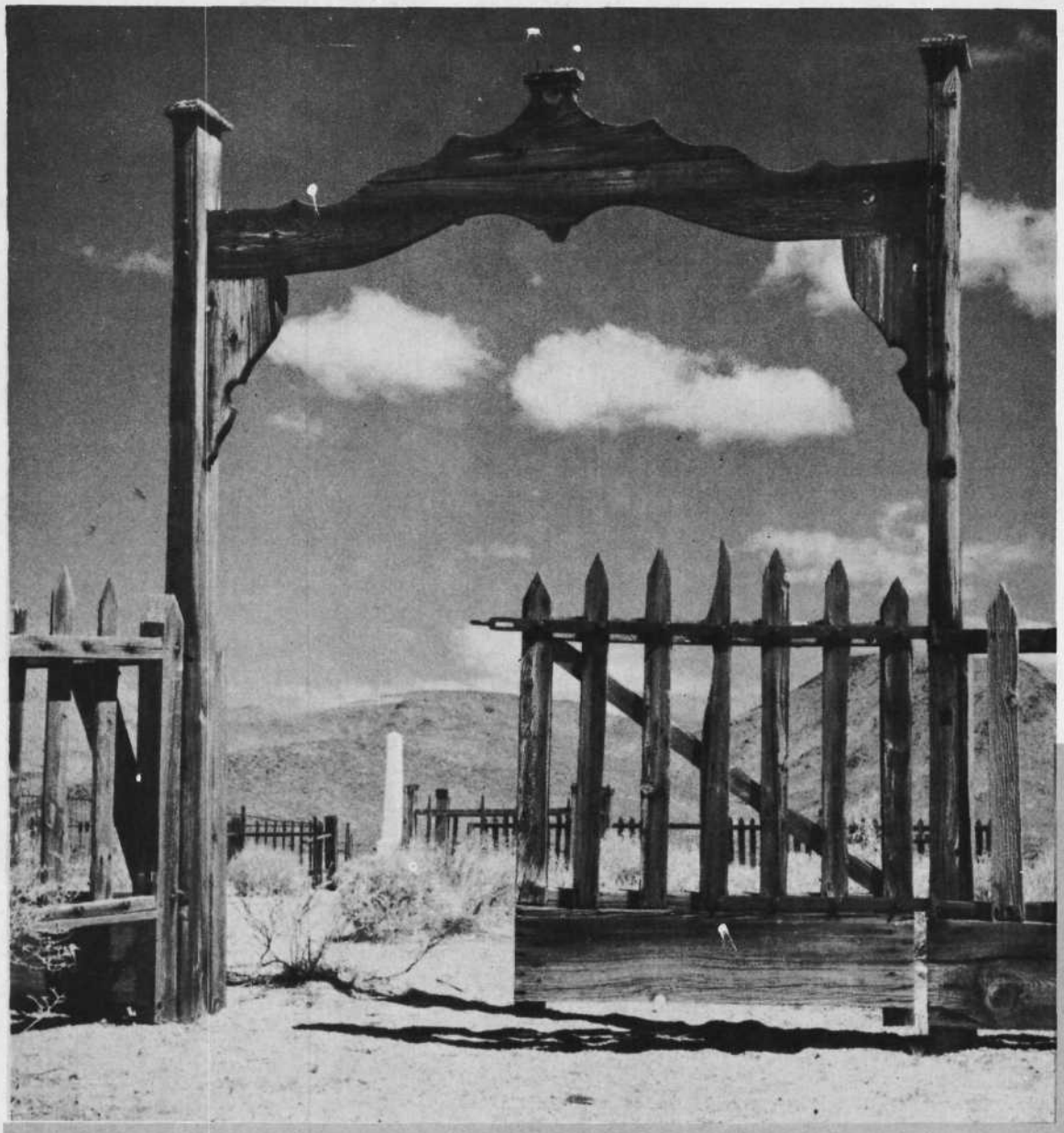
Not all Nevada streams are privileged to create lakes. Many disappear into the porous ground near the mouths of their canyons, or die in vast, white interior sinks. Still others are channeled through irrigation canals to thirsty valley lands where farm crops and hayfields await their life-giving substance.

Spanning the state's hills and valleys are thousands of miles of road ranging downward from wide, paved boulevards, to twisting byways better suited to saddles than to sedans. Every bend of every road extends an invitation to see the bend beyond; every valley is hemmed by mountains, every mountain has another side. Along these roads and trails are thousands of places waiting to be explored. Not in all the vacation weeks of two lifetimes might a man see every spot of interest Nevada has to offer, every canyon and cave, every ghost town and Indian battleground, every deserted mine and mill.



Though thousands of cattle and sheep roam her ranges, Nevada, fundamentally, is a mining state. Tunnels and shafts past all counting probe her mountains. Many of her people still talk and think in terms of ore, and every one of her 17 counties has poured forth its millions in earth-given treasure. Ore depletion and economic factors have caused many once-great mines to cease operation and the settlements they supported have, in their turn, become ghost towns. More than 1000 of these deserted villages, many with picturesque charm, today drowse in the Nevada sun, awaiting the camera fan, the relic hunter, the day-dreamer.

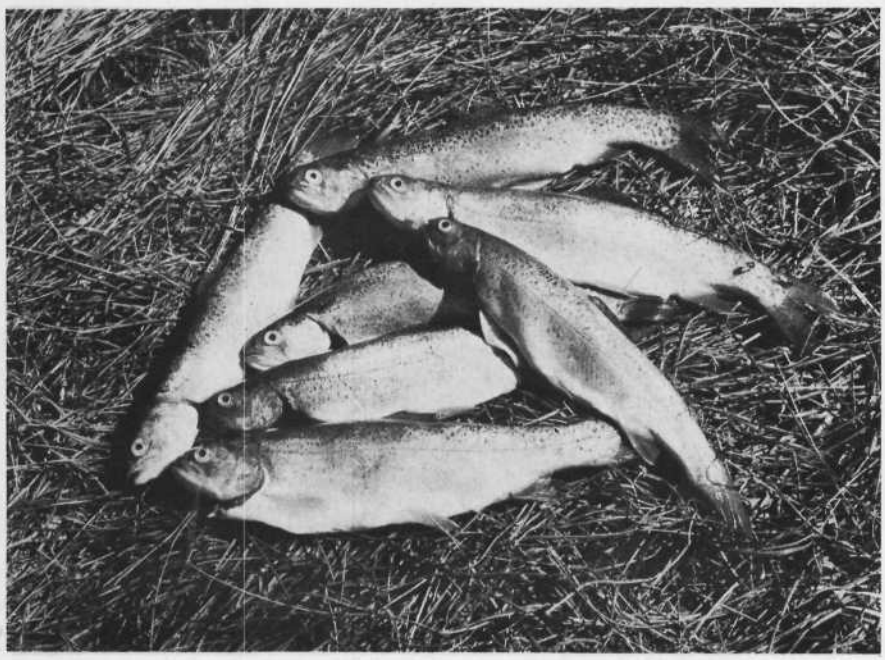
Other delvers-into-the-past find food for dreams in the state's old Army camps, Pony Express stations, stage stations. All these are places where history was made, where hoofs came galloping out of the night and away, and courageous men gave their all to win and hold a frontier land.



To anyone with a feeling for days agone, every pioneer graveyard in Nevada holds much of interest. In these desert versions of God's Acre, beneath weathered crosses and simple wooden slabs, sleep the nameless dead of the Silver State's youth—the heros and harlots, the slayer and the slain, awaiting together the Day of Judgement.

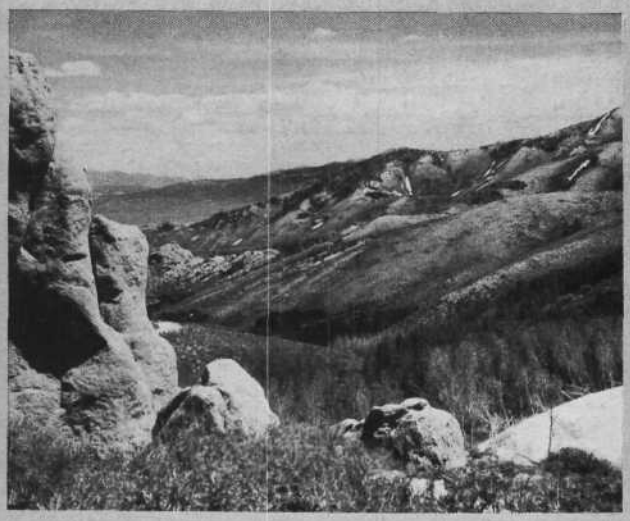
What is more fascinating than a crumbling wall discovered in some deep canyon far from any highway or present habitation Who cut these stones, and when? Who hewed these stout timbers? Who laid these sills, who framed these windows? Questions that any thinking person might ask . . . questions no living man can answer.

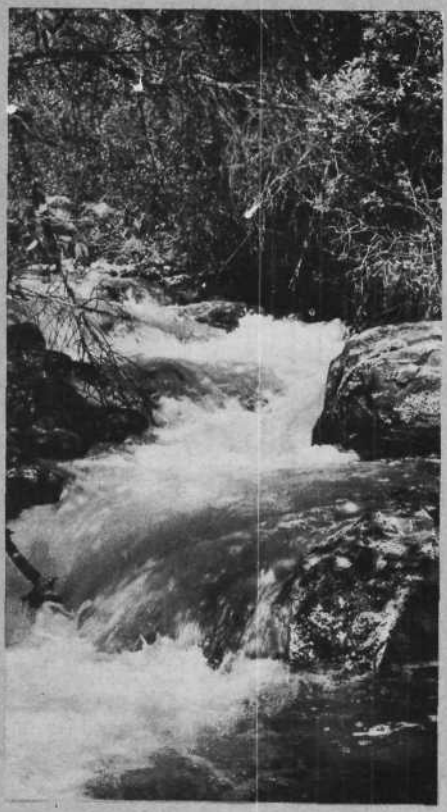
Like her old walls, almost every deserted cabin in Nevada has its unknown story. Whether a miner's shack high in the Toiyabes or the temporary abode of some dryland homesteader, each of these places knew its good days and bad, laughter and tears, hope and despair. Every empty cabin, one day, was somebody's Home, Sweet Home.

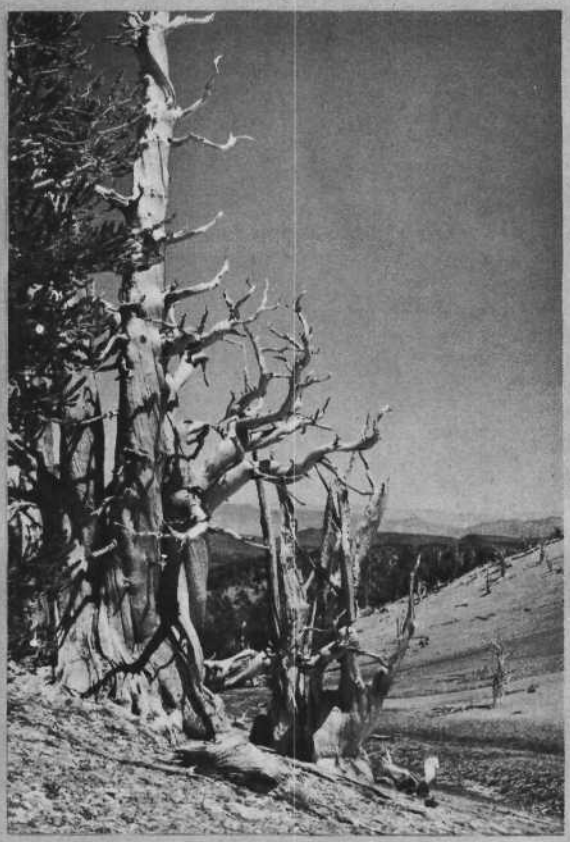


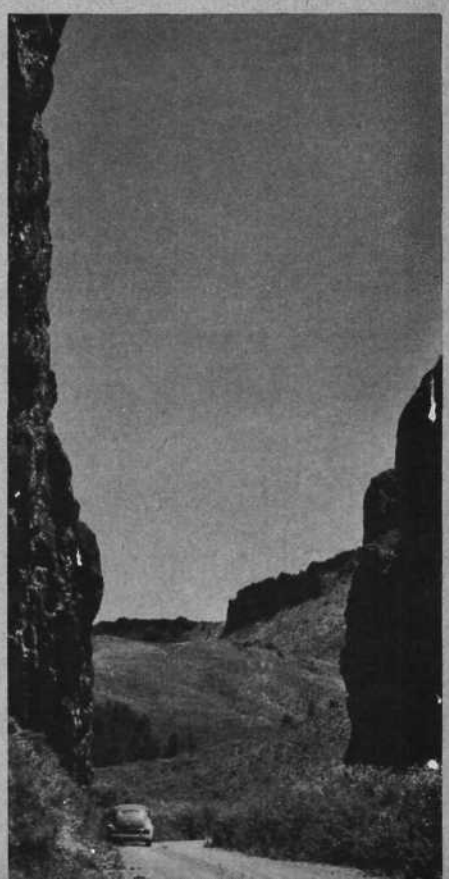
For visitors with more active turn of mind, Nevada offers amateur and championship rodeos, drilling contests, boat and burro races, skiing, hunting, fishing tournaments, horseback riding, pack trips, mountain climbing. There is never any lack of something to do, something to seek, something to find.

It may be only a wheel lost in the sage where some emigrant wagon broke down a century ago, a wind-twisted tree at timberline, an eagle's nest, or a bit of royal blue turquoise. What we find isn't important. All that really matters is that we are privileged to seek.









Even on those occasional trips when intrinsic reward is small, we may still take home with us the memory of a few glorious days in the desert or mountains, a perfect sunrise or sunset, a starlighted evening. So long as the restless breeze whispers of secrets and treasures still lost in the purple-shadowed canyons, so long as campfire smoke curls upward and birds sing at dawning, we travelers of Nevada's back roads will not go unrewarded.

Have you been to ESMERALDA where the mountain lion roam?

by choral pepper

THOSE who hoot and holler because empty space on the desert is growing slim should visit Esmeralda County. Here a Rural Area Development Committee, assisted by County, State and Federal agencies, has for several years sought financial aid to develop its enormous potential for a recreational area, but until such plans develop further, tourist facilities remain at a minimum. Hence, adventurers seeking unexploited areas may still enjoy a "last frontier."

And, an exciting one it is, with abandoned mines, ghost towns, old freight roads, stage coach stations, lion hunting and fishing. Its southwest edge, located on the fringe of Death Valley National Monument, encompasses some of Nevada's most awesome scenery and its Fish Lake Valley is currently the scene of an enormous agricultural project where hundreds of acres of desert land are being cultivated for alfalfa, corn, vegetables and permanent pasture. North of Fish Lake lies a sump known as Little Bryce Canyon where fossilized bone of prehistoric animals and marine life, petrified wood, agate and spectacular rock formations contribute to a rugged wonderland.

U. S. Highway 95 passes through one of Esmeralda's best known ghost towns, Goldfield. Still standing is the famous Tex Rickard house with its "champagne lawn." In 1907 the colorful fight promoter, whose influence extended all the way to Madison Square Garden when he handled Jack Dempsey, built his house on a $30,000 half-acre desert lot and surrounded it with grass which drank up $135 worth of water each month.

Goldfield's once-fabulous hotel, mine dumps and gems fields may best be visited and scouted by securing one of the town's old timers as a guide. Personnel in the County Courthouse will furnish maps and make arrangements.

Lambertucci Station, on the outskirts of Tonopah some 30 miles north of Goldfield, has also played a colorful role in the area's history. Victor Lambertucci, who arrived in N. Y. on the same boat as Marconi in 1903, is an Italian emigrant who left his native land in a personal rebellion against the Church "because you pay, pay, pay, and get nothing," he says. (Now that he has amassed a fortune he has apparently reconsidered and is investigating a little-known Holy Order in Italy to which he may will his estate).

Dressed in saggy trousers which might have accompanied him from Italy, Lambertucci runs a gasoline station on his highway property which once supported the first and only slaughterhouse in the area. Old delivery trucks, wagons, chopping tables, fat reducers and other relics of the Lambertucci Meat and Produce Company scatter across his acreage, reminders of the Tonopah heyday long ago.

Endeavoring to bring civilization to the desert (or introduce a bit of *Italia*), Lambertucci was the first resident to build a house of stone instead of frame and the first to plant an orchard where others said no tree would grow. His orchard soon grew into a nursery which fostered most of the trees now growing in Tonopah, in addition to supplying fruit for the Lambertucci Produce Company.

Luck eventually eluded this endeavor, however. Having selected his property because it was low and received the run-off water from the mines, he lost $183,000 when the mines shut down and his various enterprises were cut off from their water supply.

Eighty-year old Lambertucci is currently involved in a wild scheme to bring water to his land so he can fill the desert with trees by drilling an 800-foot tunnel through a mountain and pressure-pumping water along a 4-inch pipeline from the old Tonopah well. Over $50,000 is invested in his project thus far – and a lot of scoffers will be astonished if it works.

Responding to his lament that he can't accomplishment as much today as he used to, we said, "But you still get ideas."

"I get ideas," he laughed, "but that's about all I've got left!" Ideas, mind you—not just memories, like most old men.

Maybe it's the country that effects its people this way. Ernie Koop, Esmeralda County Department of Economic Development representative, thinks along similiarly enterprising lines. A resident of Fish Lake Valley, Ernie and his interesting wife (who drives a school bus to accomodate the rural schools) are former Californians who decided to pioneer a new area. A rancher by profession, Ernie also writes a weekly news column on Fish Lake Valley which reads with all the vigor of a White House report. To such as he, Esmeralda County is a swinging door to opportunity and the only thing holding up progress is a lack of people marching in.

For instance, Silver Peak, with its movie set atmosphere and mining history dating back to 1860, has natural hot springs which could be developed into a mineral bath spa. Goldpoint,

(*continued on page* 32)

BAUD STREET WINNEMUCCA

by STANLEY MILLER

ALL abandoned graveyards tend to be lonely, but one on the slopes of Winnemucca Peak is especially so, for the people buried here are not only of a bygone era, but they lie in a foreign land, thousands of miles from their homeland. Although the graveyard is only a few hundred yards from downtown Winnemucca, there is little to break the stillness except for the occasional rustle of desert breeze through the weeds or through the remnants of the wooden picket fence that once surrounded the cemetery.

Many of the graves are now scarcely discernable except for slight mounds or depressions in the ground. A close study of the badly weather-beaten head markers, now largely fragmentary, reveals that this cemetery is somewhat different from most forsaken burying grounds in the West. The inscriptions, which are scarcely visible, are in Chinese characters. At one time a brick altar stood in the center of the enclosure, its rafters blackened with smoke from prayer papers incense, or other funeral offerings. The altar disappeared a decade ago, the victim of vandals and brick collectors.

The cemetery is the last important relic of what was once a promising Chinese settlement existing along Winnemucca's Baud Street, in the valley below. The Chinese originally came to the area to work on the first transcontinental railroad, which reached Winnemucca in 1868. Some remained or returned to settle. Noted for their thrift and industriousness, they sought gold in the surrounding mountains, operated cafes, and performed other types of work. Wives and relatives were sent for, and by 1902, there was sufficient population and confidence in the future that a sizable brick joss house was erected. The community was of enough importance that Sun Yat Sen, father of the Republic of China, visited it during a journey to the United States.

The joss house crowned the crest of a fairly steep hillock. A flight of steps led down through a mass of homes and stores that clustered beneath it. The general effect was that of a mother hen with her chicks pressing against her for protection. Other Chinatown houses, of frame and adobe construction, sprung up across the street, extending for two or three blocks. As in villages of China, the buildings were built very close together, emphasizing the tightly-knit character of the settlement. Each window had its wooden shutters. Some buildings had signs with handsome calligraphy. Pigeons were raised for food, and flocks of them made themselves at home among the buildings, adding to the picturesque effect.

For many of Winnemucca's occidental youngsters, yearly trips to Chinatown to buy Fourth of July fireworks were intriguing adventures. On such occasions, prevalent tales of secret tunnels leading to opium dens came to mind, enlivening the visits. Use of opium was common in such settlements. Eventual razing of Chinatown revealed some traces of underground work, and earth removed for use as fill elsewhere in the city contained a wealth of tiny phials made of thick hand-blown glass. Some were still corked, with traces of powder inside.

The bright prospects that led to the building of the joss house in 1902 gradually dimmed. Cultural and economic opportunities in San Francisco's Chinatown and elsewhere were more enticing, and while Winnemucca itself continued to grow and prosper into a modern and progressive city, the oriental population drifted away. By the early 1950's Chinatown was almost entirely deserted. Buildings were boarded up and forsaken. Falling into disrepair, they constituted a fire hazard and an unwelcome haven for vagrants and they were consequently leveled. Finally, the only remaining building was the forlorn joss house itself. With the surrounding structures stripped away, it lost much of its exotic appeal. On March 8, 1955, despite considerable local controversy, the city council sent a demolition crew to destroy it. Within a few minutes, it was reduced to a pile of broken masonry, splintered wood, and twisted iron roofing.

The cemetery, having survived the community it served, seems destined to follow Chinatown into oblivion. One corner has crumbled into a gravel pit which undermines it. A barbed wire fence was recently put up to protect it, but there is little to save.

One of the largest copper mines in the world, the Kennecott open pit near Ely, Nev. is a mile long. The spectacular mine is visited by thousands annually. Photo by B. F. Goodrich Tire Co.

LAND OF CONTRASTS

Bill Kohlmoos

IMPRESSED by the fact that within a few miles of the hot desert there existed a 13,063-foot living glacier, famed British explorer Sir Edmund Hillary said, "This camp at the base of Wheeler Peak is one of the most pleasant camping areas we've found on our trip across the United States." He also remarked upon the absence of mosquitoes and gnats which had plagued his party at other stops.

From the desert to the alpine skyline of the towering Snake Range are five ecological zones, with a wide variety of flora and fauna. Local residents say it is amazing how one can spend a lifetime here and still discover striking new contrasts on every outing. The most scenic points in this area are in a broad strip from Caliente to Elko, with Ely in the geographic center.

The traveler coming from the south will pass through Las Vegas and head north on U.S. 93. Cathedral Gorge, with its weather-worn formations, is about 180 miles north of Las Vegas, between Caliente and Pioche. Shutter-bugs enjoy this area most when there are early morning or late evening shadows to accentuate the highlights of its pinnacles. Incidentally, our photographer friends tell us it is helpful to carry cameras and film in

DUCKS AND GEESE NEST IN MARSH GRASS OF RUBY LAKES

a cool chest for protection against the heat and dust.

Pioche, a picturesque mining town of the past, is about six miles north of Cathedral Gorge. A visit to the Pioche museum reveals a treasure-house of relics of early days. If you don't carry a spare gas can, it's a good idea to fill up here, for Ely is 108 miles to the north. To a driver who is accustomed to the company of thousands of other cars, the drive at first may seem lonely. But it's surprising what one can discover along the highway or by exploring side roads.

For example, about 50 miles north of Pioche, a right turn on U.S. 6 and 50 leads to Lehman Caves National Monument. These caves rank among the most spectacular in the world and contain unique formations found in no other caves. Nearby are Forest Service camp grounds and trailer parks along sparkling Lehman Creek. At a higher elevation, above the camp grounds, are forests of Bristlecone Pine. These trees were recently determined to be the oldest living things in the world—older even than Giant Sequoia. Some of them are between 4,000 and 5,000 years old and still living.

Roads suitable for pickup trucks or jeeps lead into the high country around Wheeler Peak, near Baker. The real back-country areas can only be reached by hiking or on horseback. At elevations between 10,000 and 11,000 feet are a number of alpine lakes. At 12,000 feet is Matthes Glacier, situated in a rugged cirque with walls rising vertically for more than a thousand feet to the summit of Wheeler Peak. A strong hiker can make it up and back in a day. Along the way you may see a wide variety of wildlife, including beaver, mountain lion, bobcats, eagles, and even elk. The mule deer in this country are noted for their large size, and trout fishing in the lakes and mountain streams is tops. This is the area referred to in a bill now in Congress proposing the establishment of the Great Basin National Park.

From the Lehman Caves area it is only an hour's drive to Ely. This is the central point for a wide variety of interesting side trips.

Five miles from Ely, at Ruth, is Kennecott Copper Corporation's huge open pit copper mine. This is one mile long, 5/8 of a mile wide, and 900 feet deep. This mine has been in almost continual production for more than half a century. From the visitor's observation point, one can watch the activity in the pit and listen to the recorded description of the mining history of Liberty Pit.

Ely's famous Garnet Hill is near Ruth. Garnets can be found lying free on the surface, or imbedded in loose rock. Directions to Garnet Hill may be obtained at the Ely Chamber of Commerce office, or by following the signs at the Ruth turnoff.

Appealing to sportsmen, Ely also boasts of its nearby Ruby Lakes where bass fishing is summed up in one word — excellent. While driving along this country in the early spring, you'll see nesting ducks and geese in the marsh grass. The 60-mile long road between U.S. 50, west of Ely, and Ruby Lakes is graveled, but like most of the other side roads in Eastern Nevada, is well-maintained and suitable for passenger cars.

If you're traveling in a pickup or 4-wheel drive vehicle, be sure to explore a few side roads into the Ruby Mountains. Nowhere in the west is there more beautiful country. You can catch a limit of Golden trout in short order in most of the mountain lakes.

Tourists visiting Ely are astonished to find broad, flat valleys so close to scenic mountains. Should you ask the Chamber office to recommend a short local trip, the Success Summit Loop Drive will probably be suggested where, within a few miles of town, you'll find forests of quaking aspen and tall pine trees. Often deer and elk frequent these hillsides. And best of all, this entire area is a hidden paradise. Only a handful of people know of its beauty, as it is not visible from the highway.

For a new kind of trip with relaxation and escape from crowds, there's no greater adventure than discovering the wonderful world of contrasts in Eastern Nevada. ///

GARNETS IMBEDDED IN ROCK AT GARNET HILL NEAR ELY

LAKE OF LEGENDS

By Elizabeth Ward

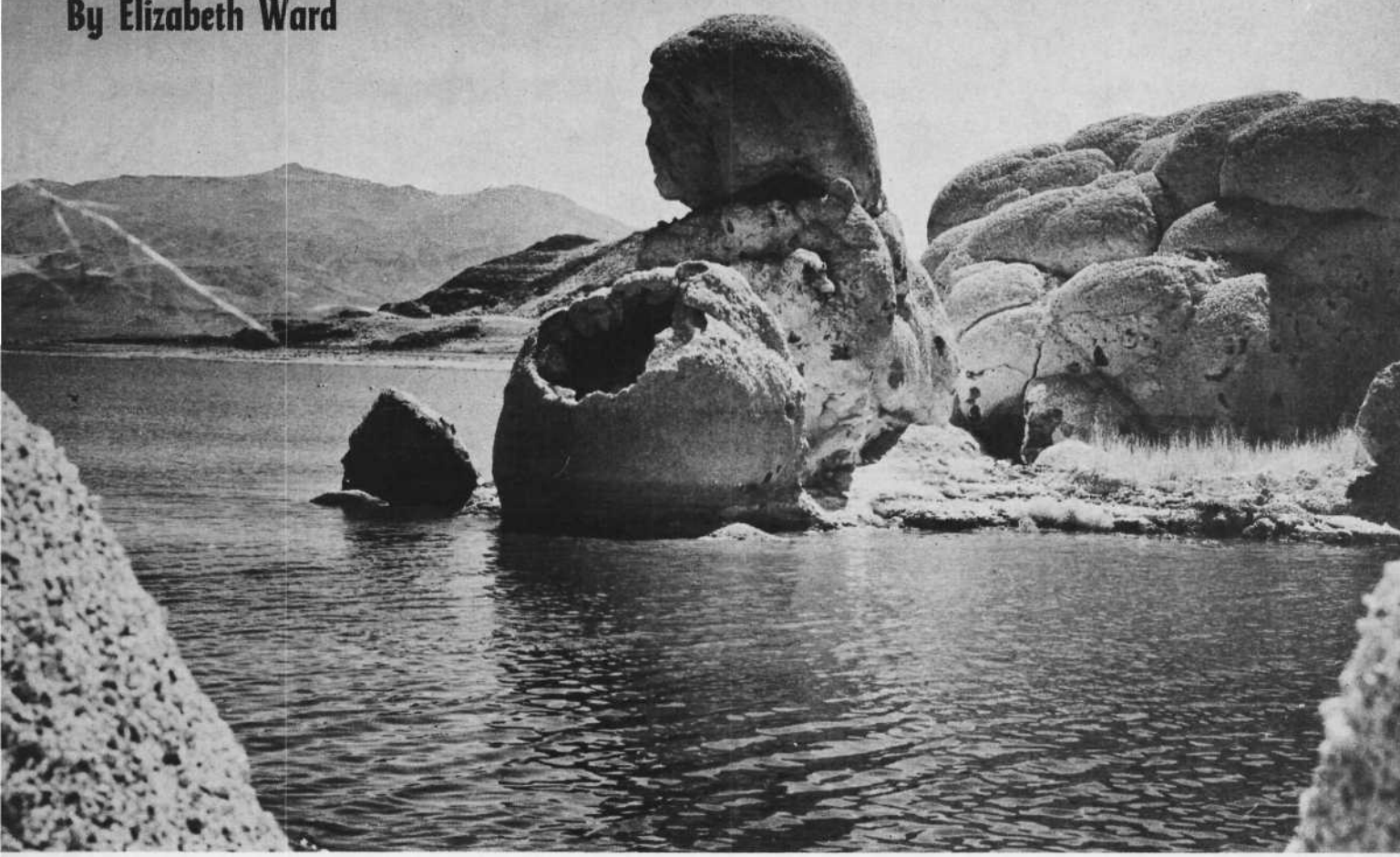


Photo by Adrian Atwater

DO YOU WANT to snag a cui-ui? Or photograph pelicans in the desert?

The remote region of Pyramid Lake, Nevada, is the only place where both of these unusual sports are possible. But the gold-green waters of Pyramid hold much more fascination for the visitor who spins over the long, rolling mesas on the road from Sparks for his first view of the shimmering panorama of this mystic lake. Pyramid is the largest remnant of the great inland sea of Lahontan which once covered western Nevada.

Captain John Fremont, coming down from the north, discovered Pyramid Lake in 1844. After wandering for weeks in a land of lost bare mountains, the staunch Pathfinder appreciated this "unexpected jewel of a lake" situated 4000 feet above sea level, with sparkling water teeming with fish, mysterious hot springs, and—strangest of all—thousands of pelicans, so many miles from a seacoast.

He gave the primitive lake its name, inspired by the 350-foot pyramid of solid rock jutting from the water. The Paiutes believe the pyramid is a giant basket placed on the head of an erring woman whose breath causes the hot springs below. But Fremont thought the pyramid resembled those of Egypt, both in shape and in mystery.

Considering the surrounding desert, Pyramid Lake gains by its very contrast. But it does more than that, casting a haunting spell by its strange coloration, which reflects the gold color of the sulphur-permeated hills. Vegetation is also gold-tinted, and the tufa formations reaching from the eastern shoreline to the dry bed of ancient Lake Winnemucca contribute their pale shades to the golden illusion.

Rockhounds love this fantastic area, where unusual mineral specimens as well as fossils—mammals, fish and bird skeletons dating back to prehistoric ages—have been turned-up in various excavations.

The fabulous fishing is a big attraction. A special permit must be obtained from the Paiute tribe, and the angler may secure a guide, or adventure on his own over the hundred miles of shoreline, or launch his boat from an excellent landing to explore areas that reach a depth of 300 feet. Fremont found the Indians pulling in crude nets of brilliant cutthroat trout of fantastic sizes. At the Carson City Museum there is a mounted specimen that weighed 41 pounds — a world's record. They don't come that big today, but fishing at Pyramid is still rewarding.

Our own curiosity concerned the cui-ui (pronounced *keewee*) —very common in Pyramid, but found nowhere else. These oddly-shaped, delectable fish reach a length of two feet, and weigh about six pounds. However, the prospective angler is warned that cui-ui may

(*Continued on page* 38)

GHOST TOWN HOPPING

No matter what route you travel in Nevada, a ghost town's sure to lurk nearby. Today they are haunted more with spirit than relic, but there's still something for everyone if you know where and how to look • Bottle diggers prefer sites to actual ruins, as their loot often lies underground in ancient dumps. Camera bugs and historians search for picturesque ruins, and treasure seekers, carrying metal detectors, might turn up anything, anyplace. A recent ghost-chaser found a $50 gold piece in the dust of a Hamilton street • Although the 20 towns listed opposite are a mere fillip to the hundreds scattered throughout Nevada, any traveler off to an early start will pass close enough to at least one of them to perhaps turn up a treasure of his own.

TWENTY NEVADA GHOST TOWNS

1. *Dayton,* at the mouth of Gold Canyon, was one of the Comstock's first settlements and a busy shipping point. Once known as Chinatown because of the number of coolies brought in to dig a water ditch, Caucasian residents rebelled and changed the name to Dayton in honor of John Day, a leading citizen. The Union Hotel boasted the first piano in Nevada. By-passed by U. S. 50, Dayton remains a well-preserved early Nevada community.

2. *Candalaria* is located in an ancient seabottom off of U. S. 95 between Tonopah and Mina. Among a cluster of ghost camps, it may be reached by following route 10 west at Rhodes for 8 miles and then turning east at Belleville (one of the seven other ghost towns.) Discovered in 1864 by Mexicans and named for a Catholic Mass Day, Candalaria became Esmeralda County's largest community, with about 30 business establishments, including 2 livery stables and a smithy.

3. *Aurora* earned distinction because it acted simultaneously as the county seat of Mono County, California and Esmeralda County, Nevada. A survey in 1863 finally placed it in Nevada. It was named for the "Goddess of Dawn" by J. M. Corey who discovered gold there in 1860. At its peak, population rose to 6000. The town's 761 dwellings were of stone and brick. It began to decline after 1870, and now there is little left to see other than the cemetery.

4. *Austin* is too much alive to be classed as a ghost town, but its geographical location in the center of the state as well as the hub of a series of adjacent ghost camps bears comment. Populated by 10,000 people in 1862, it rivaled Virginia City in importance. Lots sold for $8000 each and more stock swindles were consummated here than anywhere else in Nevada. Gold discovered by a pony express driver who didn't know what it was, initiated the Reese River Rush. Stokes Castle, one mile to the south, is an oddity commemorating an era when people built such monuments to themselves.

5. *Belmont.* In 1876 an optimistic legislature approved the fanciest courthouse in all Nevada to be built in Belmont. Empty and haunted, it still stands. Fairly well-preserved, Belmont remains one of the most interesting of the lesser-known Nevada ghost towns. After several ups and downs, the town appeared quite dead until 1809 when turquoise was discovered. This produced a brief revival, but after those veins ran out, the town slumped back into oblivion.

6. *Amador* was completely deserted by 1869, although it once contained 1500 people. Only seven miles north of Austin, it once competed with its mother city for the county seat. Nothing remains above ground of Amador, but it might be a good spot to launch a treasure hunt.

7. *Manhattan* was established in 1905. Although placer mining continued until about 1950, the town remained small with a constant shifting of inhabitants. There isn't much to see here, but it's a good site for purple glass hunters.

8. *Cortez* was discovered in 1863 by a Dr. I. Hatch. Here George Hearst invested heavily and founded his fortune. The peak population of Cortez reached 1000, made up mostly of Mexicans and Chinese. Burros were imported at one time to form a continuous string three miles long to transport water from the nearest spring. Only a cemetery and a few picturesque mill ruins remain.

9. *Unionville* is the town Mark Twain described in "Roughing It." The community at first consisted of two settlements so close together that they were called Arabia and were believed to be the richest silver mines in the world. Later the name was changed to Dixie. And then, still later, Union men arrived and won a local war thus raising the Union Jack and changing the name once again to Unionville. The community consisted of a two-mile long Main Street lined with adobe and stone buildings. Population reached 1500 before the mines closed in 1861. The oldest schoolhouse in Nevada still stands here.

10. *Star City* was the center of a district organized in 1860 about 10 miles north of Unionville in a deep canyon below lofty Star Peak. It was a particularly elegant town for its time and in 1865 was populated by 1200 residents. However, by 1881 it was already a ghost town. Only a few abandoned shacks and a chimney remains but it should turn up some interesting relics underground.

11. *Humboldt City* was established after Indians sent white men into the area searching for gold and silver. By 1863, 500 people resided in 200 houses. The town was particularly noted for its nice gardens and a babbling brook that ran along every street. There were two fashionable hotels and the usual amount of saloons and stores, some remaining in fairly good condition today.

12. *Dun Glen,* settled in 1862, was named by a nostalgic Scotsman named J. A. Dun. Twenty-eight miles northeast of Unionville, it was the rowdiest of the Humboldt circle of towns. Surrounded by towering mountains sparsely forested with stunted cedar, it had a population of 250 people who lived in houses of adobe and wood. Industrial interests shifted from mining to stockraising. One distinctive feature about Dun Glen —in spite of its raucous reputation, it was the only town in Nevada to stop work on Sundays—or maybe it was because of it! Very little remains today, but there should be many bottles.

13. *Tuscarora* was one of the most prosperous of early Nevada towns. Founded in 1867 by men searching for placer mines, it was named by a sailor who had once served on the U. S. Tuscarora. Treasure hunters should note that the original town was 2½ miles southeast of its present location, but was moved in 1875. The present location had 3000 inhabitants in 1876. Indians gave the residents much trouble and a fort was built in 1868 to afford protection. Nearby was a hot spring, once of great curiosity.

Although the prototype of a Western stage set in its day, Tuscarora was unique in that its citizenry behaved so well they made do with a lock-up rather than a jail. The town also boasted an opera house with a tilting floor that could be leveled for dancing or tipped to form a stage. After the mines closed in 1884, thrifty Chinese employed by the Central Pacific R. R. removed a $100,000,000 of overlooked gold. The mines were never thoroughly worked out and now only await pumps to boom again.

14. *Cornucopia,* 65 miles north of Carlin was the center of a district discovered in 1872 by Mart Durfee. In 1874 the town set a lively pace and contained 1000 inhabitants who polled 400 votes. There were 5 stores and many other buildings, among them a 30-room hotel and $8000 saloon erected by L. I. Hogle. Hopes ran high, but were soon shattered when the mines produced barely $1,000,000. Cornucopia may be reached by 4-wheel drive only via Route 11 to Deep Creek 68 miles north of Elko, then over 8 miles of steep trail into the Bull Run Mountains. Because the rich minerals lay on the surface of the ground only, the town collapsed after six years. It remains quite well-preserved, due to its difficult location.

15. *Mountain City,* originally known as Cope Town, was instituted when a tired mule driver stopped to rest and happened to pan for gold in the Owyhee River. At one time the town held many buildings, but some were subsequently moved and by 1881 only one of the 12 hotels continued in business. In the late '70s its population reached 2500. Since its original demise, the town has revived three times—with placer gold, a silver ledge, and later, copper discoveries. It now caters to sportsmen for hunting and fishing and may be reached 83 miles north of Elko on Route 43.

16. *Hamilton* was the center of a cluster of towns and had a population of 15,000. It once boasted of 101 saloons, 59 general stores, and the finest hotel of its day which was constructed of dressed stone imported from England and hauled around the Horn to San Francisco. The town burned down in 1885. It may be reached by turning south from U. S. 50 on a gravel road 38 miles west of Ely.

17. *Aurum,* largest of the Schell Creek group of towns, was promoted by a Dr. Brooks. Its original buildings were buried in a snow slide down the canyon, but many were rebuilt. Soon ranching became more profitable than mining. Aurum was not a rowdy camp, by ghost town standards, so bottle collectors would do better elsewhere, but there might still be some spoils of household relics where the original buildings were buried. Only a few broken foundations remain to mark the town.

18. *Reveille,* discovered in 1866, was more a camp than a town, since water had to be hauled 12 miles to run the mine. A mill was built at the water source in 1869, but the veins ran out in the '70s and tall hopes died. The site of Reveille may be reached by turning onto Route 25 at Warm Springs for about 26 miles, but it will take a dedicated ghost to find any signs of the old town.

19. *Eldorado* represented a mining district on the Colorado River which was worked by the Spanish a century before Ft. Mohave soldiers discovered its mines. There were 1500 residents there in 1863. Most of the houses were built of stone. The center of the district now is a pleasant town named Nelson, but abandoned mines are all around the countryside.

20. Potosi is a Spanish word that means "great wealth." Early Mormons learned of this mining district from the Indians and worked it for lead, but some believe the Spanish worked it prior to that. The Potosi camp died and revived several times until scarcity of water and supplies finally forced it into oblivion and it became Nevada's first ghost camp. Only a few stones mark the small town that once existed here. Goodsprings, nearby, is another fading remnant of the district. ///

DESERT RESEARCH

Wendell A. Mordy, Director Desert Research Institute

Under the direction of Professor Wendell A Mordy, Nevada's Desert Research Institute, scientists are attacking the problems of desert living from every known angle. Although only three years old, the Institute has drawn world-wide attention for what it has accomplished today and what it plans to do in the future. Professor Mordy, whose interests span all of the major areas of study at the University of Nevada, relaxes by playing the cello and painting desert scenes.

ABOUT one-third of the earth's surface is desert. Less than two percent of the world's inhabitants now live in such areas, but more are pressing in daily. People have discovered the joys of desert living; many who visit return to make the desert their home.

Swift population increases create urgent problems in arid zones. We need to know far more than we now do if we are to make available resources meet the needs of growing concentrations of people. Nevada's desert provides an ideal outdoor laboratory for such research.

The Desert Research Institute studies hydrology, atmospheric physics, geochemistry, solid-state physics, material science, high-vacuum physics, chemistry behavioral science and Nevada archeology. Projects are concerned with increasing the water supply, estimating underground water, weather modification and evaporation control, protection against climate, and specific studies directly useful to industries likely to locate in Nevada. We think this work will prove valuable to Nevada and similar regions through the world.

Institute scientists are studying such problems as how rain is formed, how cloud droplets grow, why and

where earthquakes occur in the Great Basin Region of the Western United States, and how plants are effected by low atmospheric pressures, to mention a few current projects.

The availability of water has limited development of deserts in the past. Domestic use consumes a great deal of water daily; for industry and agriculture even more is needed. Cloud seeding is one dramatic approach to increasing the water supply. In the laboratory and in nature, man has spectacularly changed clouds by introducing artificial nuclei. This suggests that we will someday be able to influence the occurence of rainfall. Other ways to change the climate may be found. The sooner this is done, the sooner the desert will bloom.

Evaporation control also could add to the available supply of water. About five feet of water evaporate from western reservoirs yearly. The Desert Research Institute has been contributing its part to a world-wide effort to reduce such losses. A suitable substance to be spread one molecule thick over surfaces to inhibit evaporation is sought.

Ground water studies at the Desert Research Institute are discovering more and more about the occurrence, quality, storage, movement and use of water in arid lands. Dr. George B. Maxey, well-known hydrologist, directs this effort. Dr. Maxey was formerly Professor of Geology at the University of Illinois, and was President of the International Commission on Ground Water, 1960-63. He has had many years experience in desert areas of Libya and the Western United States.

The Washoe, Paiute and Shohone Indian people found food and other necessities in what the white man thought was wasteland when he arrived. We can still learn a lot from these people, not only about desert living, but about their past way of life. The State's Indian population and its vast stretches of wilderness make Nevada a natural for research in Anthropology and Archeology. The Desert Research Institute has brought Dr. Warren d'Azevedo to the University of Nevada to head its Anthropology program. Dr. d'Azevedo formerly taught and conducted research at the University of Pittsburgh under Professor George Murdock—the "dean" of American Anthropologists.

One pet project during the last two years has been the creation of the world's first "Atmospherium"—the daytime equivalent of a Planetarium. Lapsed-time photographs of the entire sky are projected on the Atmospherium dome giving a dynamic, accelerated account of the development of weather phenomena. Special cameras with 180° wide-angle lenses were developed to take color motion pictures of the sky from horizon to horizon. A wide-angle lens projector was devised to show the lapse-time photographs on the atmospherium dome. The viewer has the impression of viewing the sky outdoors.

With a star projector the dome becomes a planetarium showing the night sky.

The Atmospherium building designed by Raymond M. Hellman, A.I.A., Reno, contains many unusual features including a hyperbolic paraboloid roof, and solar heating. In addition to the dome, the building also houses museum display space, an auditorium, laboratories, and a small scientific toy and book shop.

The building is called "The Charles and Henriette Fleischmann Atmospherium—Planetarium" in honor of the parents of Major Max C. Fleischmann. The Fleischmann Foundation has been one of the Desert Research Institute's most enthusiastic supporters. This unusual facility will open this fall.

The study of arid lands is not the only interest of the Desert Research Institute. Cancer diagnosis, refractory metals, human behavior, the philosophy of science, and many other subjects of general interest are now being investigated.

Once again pioneers are seeking riches in Nevada. Four-wheel drive vehicles have replaced the covered wagon. Radar sets, instead of scouts, scan the horizon. But the air of excitement and adventure is as lively as in the heyday of the Comstock Lode.

The object of the search is even more valuable than the gold and silver of bonanza days. The goal is new knowledge. The new pioneers are scientists.

The Desert Research Institute of the University of Nevada is a leader in this "knowledge-rush." Its most urgent task is learning to support more people in the desert. Its approach to this problem follows the old saying:

"Give a man bread and he will eat for a week;
Teach a man to grow wheat and he will eat all his life."

THE ATMOSPHERIUM PLANETARIUM OF THE DESERT RESEARCH INSTITUTE

(*continued from page 22*)

near the California border, provides ghost chasers with one of the best preserved towns in Nevada. Known as Hornsilver in its heyday, Ernie believes Goldpoint will boom again when the market price on metals rises to meet the high costs of labor, transportation, power, and other commodities necessary to the mining industry.

Coaldale, an old freight station community, has good motel accomodations now, but needs someone to run a guide service for gemstone collectors and ghost town tours to Candelaria, Gilbert and the mysterious Monte Cristo mines.

Fishing, ranching, farming and scenic beauty offer prime opportunities in Ernie's own Fish Lake Valley where Lida is also the sportsmen's headquarters for lion hunts conducted by Leonard Stephens.

A predator upon deer, cattle, horses and mountain sheep in the Silver Peak and White Mountain ranges, mountain lion may be hunted any season with no license required and whenever a cowboy or miner runs across a fresh kill made by a maurading lion, Stephens is alerted. Accompanied by clients seeking adventure from all over the world, Stephens and his trained hounds and horses often return from the hunt with their trophy alive—lassoed, trussed and packed, snarling and spitting, on the back of a horse.

This country may be reached by Nevada 3 at the U. S. 95 junction marked by Margie Guyott's Rock Shop and Cafe. When straying from any highway in Esmeralda County, Ernie recommends that travelers carry extra water, oil, a shovel, first aid kit and sufficient fuel to reach a source of supply. This is untrammeled country and a wise traveler will not forget it. ///

QUEENS OF THE COMSTOCK

By BOB RICHARDS
Former Editor, Virginia City Territorial Enterprise

They come from everywhere. They come from all over the United States and many foreign countries. In the saloons and museums and gift shops, accents of the Deep South mingle with the hard-scrabble twang of New England, the talk of Brooklyn mixes with the talk of Tulsa, and visiting Norwegians ask directions of visiting Mexicans. And most of the tourists sport outlandish get-ups they wouldn't be found dead in back in their home territory.

Virginia City that began life in 1859 as a mining camp now depends almost entirely for its income upon the tourist trade. It is the seat of tiny Storey County, indeed the only town in the county that altogether contains 616 people which makes it the sixth smallest county populationwise in the United States. Of these, a few more than 500 live in Virginia City.

There is one barber shop (open one day a week), one hotel, one service station and one newspaper. There are two grocery stores, two beauty shops, four motels, six restaurants, seven lunch counters, seven museums, 11 souvenir-gift shops and 18 saloons.

There is no garage, no clothing store, and for that matter, no doctor or dentist.

In the tradition of all boom mining camps Virginia City roared 24 hours each day. Fortunes were made (and lost) overnight, not especially from mining but from speculation in mining stocks. At $4 a day the miner's wages were the highest industrial wages in the world. To cater to them there were established sumptuous restaurants serving the very best of foods, saloons that were an amazement of crystal and polished mahogany, luxurious gambling palaces, entertainment that included appearances by the leading stage stars of the time at Maguire's and later Piper's opera houses, and a bustling red light district whose queen was Julia Bulette who was murdered for her jewels in 1867. The 1868 hanging of her murderer, one Jean Milleain, on a small plateau north of town was one of the young city's most splendid occasions.

In 1869 the Bank of California whose local agent, William Sharon, had acquired control of virtually the whole Comstock by lending money at low interest then foreclosing when payments could not be met, built the Virginia & Truckee Railroad, later extended to a junction with the Central Pacific at newborn Reno, thus considerably reducing freight costs to water powered mills on the Carson River.

All was set, then, for the biggest strike of all, the Consolidated Virginia whose orebody was uncovered in 1873 by John Mackay and Jim Fair who soon were among the richest men on earth.

This was the big Bonanza, and during the next few years Virginia City whose population (including neighboring Gold Hill) approached 30,000 revelled in prosperity. Even the Great Fire of October 26, 1875 that levelled the entire central section of the city slowed things down but a little. The burned area was completely rebuilt within a year.

Most people come to Virginia City because it is a living link with the Western past. There are no elaborate floor shows, in fact none at all (but some of the piano professors are just as entertaining), there are no glittering casinos (only two table games are in operation), none of the razzle-dazzle of Reno and Tahoe and Las Vegas. Yet there is something that none of those places has or ever shall have.

Walk the boardwalks in the dawn and you'll feel it. Walk them late at night when all is quiet and you'll feel it. Listen to the wind howl in the lonely winters and you'll feel it.

You'll feel a great age that is gone. And Virginia City lives in that age, that is also its present and its future.

THREE FRENCH ACTRESSES WHO AT NIGHT PERFORMED AT THE OPERA HOUSE ARE TAKEN ON A TOUR OF A MINE DURING THE HEYDAY OF THE COMSTOCK IN 1880.
Photo from Nevada Historical Socitey

NEVADA

1964 CENTENNIAL 1864

It won't be just the trappings of the past — the customs and costumes, the old facades, the oxen-drawn wagon trains and the flying feet of the Pony Express — that will live again in Nevada during the state's Centennial Celebration in 1964. The very spirit of the pioneers is stirring again.

January 1964 will set off a year-round explosion of Centennial events. Nevadans are going to re-ride the routes of the Pony Express, roll the Wagon Trains, restore the old false fronts of their towns and cities, wear the dress and fashions of long ago, and re-learn the skills of the hard rock miners and cowboys.

And they're inviting the people of the world to come to see what has made, and still is making, Nevada.

These are early listings and subject to change. For current information contact offices of the Nevada State Commission, State Building, Room 12, Virginia at Mill Streets, Reno, Nevada or Chamber of Commerce in the area of event.

JANUARY

Native Sons and Daughters Banquet Ball	to be announced
Statewide Centennial Religious Services	to be announced

FEBRUARY

Centennial Lincoln Day Ball	Reno-Sparks
Kickoff Dance (Washoe County)	Reno
Sahara Gun Show	Las Vegas
Sahara Mid-winter Trap Shoot	Las Vegas
Univ. of Nevada Winter Carnival	Reno-Mt. Rose
Dedication of Univ. of Nevada at Elko	Elko

MARCH

Gridley's Sack of Flour Auction	Austin-Virginia City
Spring Round-up	Ely
St. Patrick's Day Parade	Reno
Easter Day Parade	Carson City

APRIL

Statewide Centennial Wagon Train Treks	Henderson
Chemical Progress Week	Henderson
Industrial Days	Henderson
Horse Show	Henderson
Dedication of Payne and Palmer Monument	Elko

MAY

"The Nevada Story" by Univ. of Nevada	Reno
Armed Forces Day	Hawthorne
Sparks Anniversary Celebration	Sparks
Tournament of Champions (golf)	Las Vegas
Helldorado and Rodeo	Las Vegas

JUNE

National Press Photographers Convention	Las Vegas
Carson Valley Days	Minden-Garnerville
Harrah's Invitational Golf Tourney	Lake Tahoe
Silver State Stampede	Elko

JULY

Camel Races	Virginia City
Celebrations and Parades	Carson City, Reno, Las Vegas, Sparks, Elko, Ely, Fallon, McDermitt, Hawthorne

AUGUST

National Air Races	Washoe County
Fun in the Sun Fiesta	Lake Tahoe
Pony Express Days	Ely
Nevada Fair of Industry	Ely
Dedication of Potts Monument	Elko

SEPTEMBER

Early Day Nevada Families Celebration	Sparks
Elephant Races	Tonopah
Lion's Club Horse Show	Sparks
Lake Mead National Water Ski Race	Lake Mead
Max Conrad Women's Air Race	Elko
Stead Sports Car Race	Reno-Stead AFB
"Muscle Man Contest between Nev. and Penna.	Yerington
Elko County Fair and Livestock Show	Elko
Labor Day Parade and Rodeo	Fallon, Ely, Elko, Winnemucca

OCTOBER

Indian Tribal Council Pow-Wow	Carson City
Community Fair	Las Vegas
NEVADA DAY, October 31, 1964	Carson City

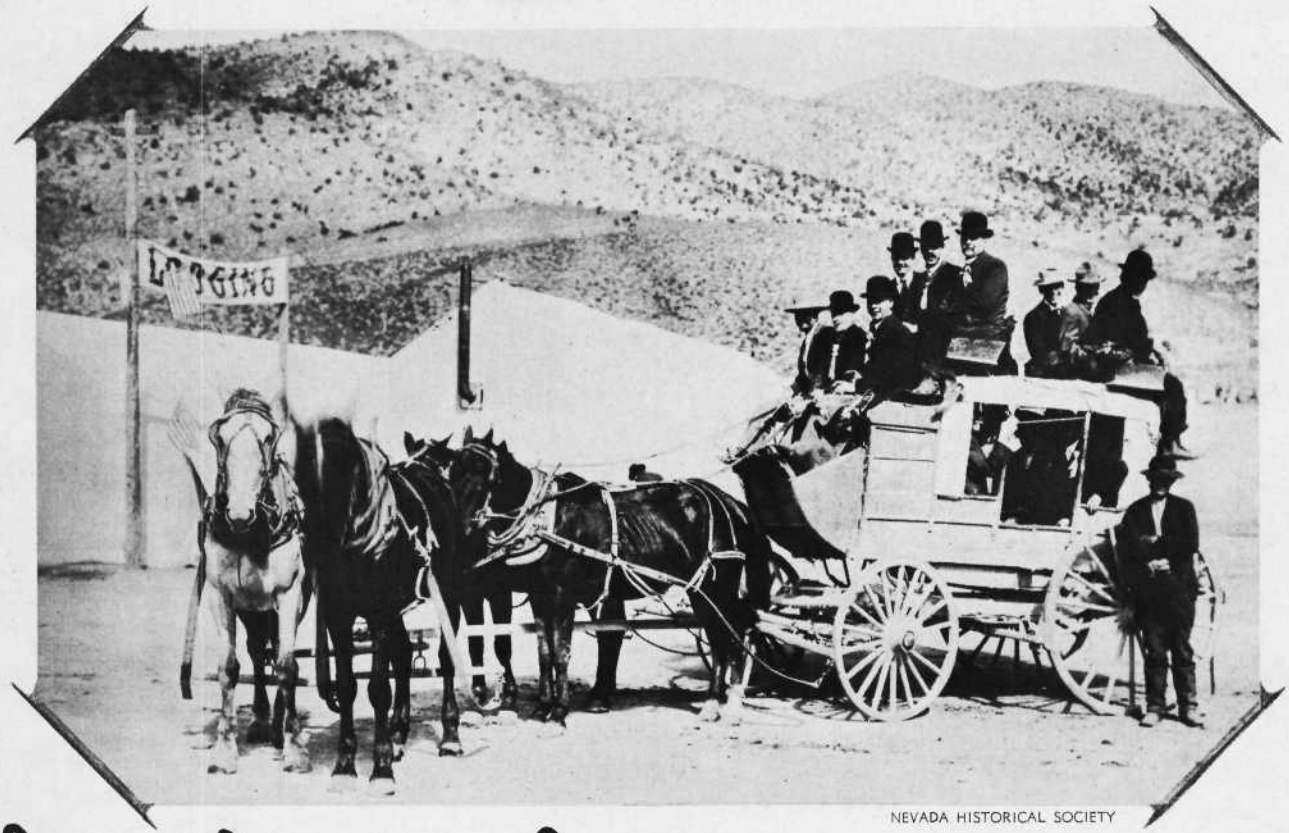
NOVEMBER

Wild Burro Races	Beatty
Veterans Day Parade	Sparks
National Fast Draw Championship	Las Vegas

DECEMBER

Christmas Parade	Ely, Las Vegas
Lollipop Lane Parade	Lake Tahoe

All Roads Lead to Eureka,



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

but they're better now —

Peggy Trego

IF you put your finger on a spot in the center of a map of Nevada, you'll come close to the name Eureka. Eureka (pop. 550, elevation 6500 feet) has been on the map close to a century, a city of the past with a vital and unique history, and a town of the present with more than a little charm.

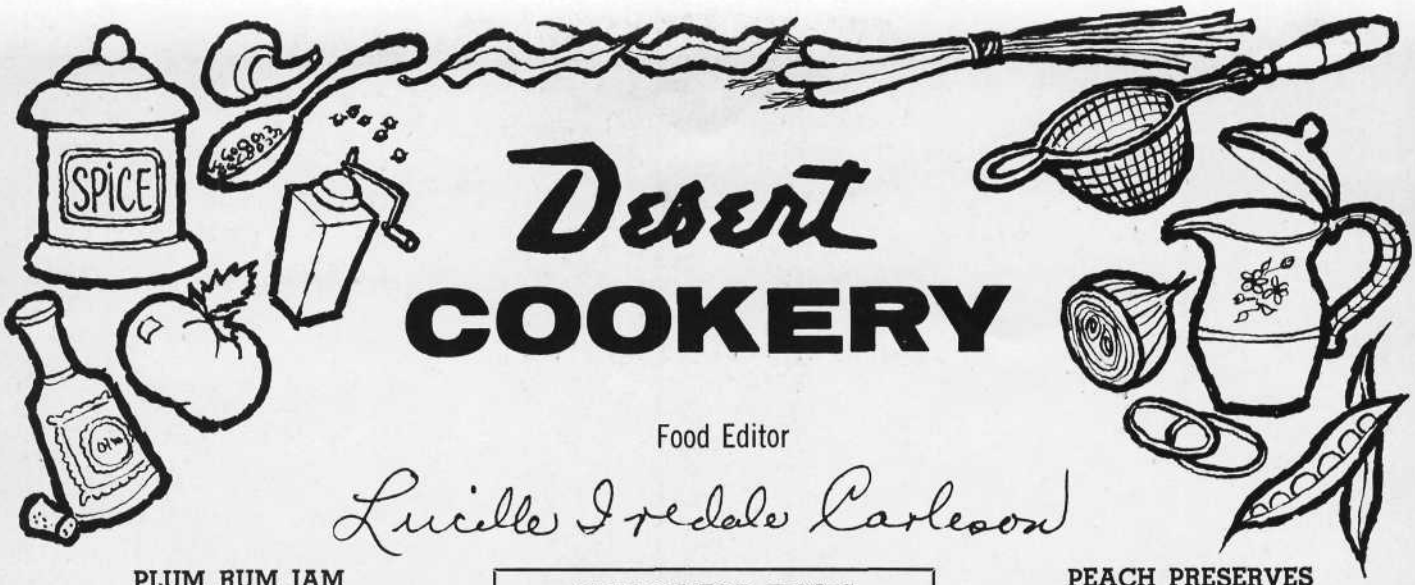
Transcontinental Highway U.S. 50 will take you there from east or west, and from the north so will Nevada's Route 20, a 90-mile paved link between U.S. 50 and U.S. 40. I am fond of Route 20, which follows the ghost trail of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad, and has a great width of untouched world along its length. It is an empty ride for those without imagination, but this was very much the way the land looked before white men saw it. This, too, was the way it looked to those who traveled the E&P to Eureka's great lead, silver and zinc bonanza. Here and there the E&P's path is marked by a photogenic trestle topped with a few old ties. The few ranches visible from the road are the more interesting for their isolation.

All roads to Eureka lead into its main street — a street that visibly reflects the past. Close together at the upper end of town are the Brown Hotel, formerly Jackson House and still welcoming guests, still gracious; the Theatre with its splendid balcony, originally the Opera House; and the Eureka County Courthouse, built in 1879 and still very much in use, housing a treasure of early-day records within its stately brick walls, with one of the early West's most delightful courtrooms on its upper floor.

There are trees and gardens in Eureka nowadays — something the early town's smelter-smog discouraged. There are grand old buildings dating back many decades, shanties and mansions side by side, and a sprinkling of newer homes.

The EUREKA SENTINEL building—complete with offices and machinery — is much as it was in 1879 when the SENTINEL'S harried crew strove to get out the paper while most of the town burned around them. The SENTINEL got out on time that blistering night, although

(*continued on page* 42)



Desert COOKERY

Food Editor

Lucille Iredale Carleson

PLUM RUM JAM

3½ cups prepared fruit (16 to 20 large red plums)
1/4 cup water
1/2 cup lemon juice
7½ cups sugar
1/2 bottle liquid pectin
1/4 cup rum

Pit, but do not peel plums, and cut into small pieces. Crush well and measure. Add water, bring to a boil and simmer, covered, for 5 minutes, stirring often. Add lemon juice and sugar, and again bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Boil for 1 minute, remove from fire, and add liquid pectin, stirring constantly Add rum, and pour at once into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin. Makes about 3 pints.

SATSUMA PLUM PRESERVES

Wash and cut in small pieces unpeeled plums.

Barely cover with water and cook until tender.

Measure and add 1 cup sugar to each cup fruit.

Cook until thickened and seal in sterilized jars.

APRICOT CHUTNEY

1 lb. dried apricots
1 lb. seedless raisins
1 cup preserved ginger
1 lb. dates, cut up
1 large onion chopped
2 cups brown sugar
3 cups vinegar
1 cup water
1/4 teaspoon salt
3 garlic buds, cut up

Combine in large kettle and cook slowly, stirring often. It takes about 45 minutes to thicken.

SEASON FOR FRUITS

A rose may be a rose to Gertrude Stein, but to a horticulturist it's an almond and a peach as well, since all three spring from the same genus.

Opinions differ, however, as to which tree sprung first, the flower, the nut, or the fruit. The Bible mentions that wood from the almond tree produced the rod of Aaron; poets have sung of roses ever since Rose White outwitted Rose Red; peaches have been cultivated in China since 2000 B.C.

In 1854 in our own country, gold miners fought for fruit from the only peach tree in California and paid as much as $3.00 for a single peach. Somewhat later the first almond tree in southern Nevada was planted by a gold prospector's son in Searchlight where its pink blossoms still soften a hard landscape.

(This boy was named Fred A. Carleson and is now a Salt Lake City businessman and husband of Desert Cookery author. Ed.)

September is the month when many fruits are at their peak. Although most of us have given up canning in favor of the fine preserves and relishes available in today's markets, it's still fun to prepare a few special ones for guests and family.

APRICOT JAM

Wash, pit, but do not peel apricots.

To every cup of fruit add 1 cup of sugar, and to every 4 cups of fruit add juice of two medium lemons.

Place in large preserving kettle and cook until thickened, stirring occasionally. Pour into glasses and seal with paraffin.

PEACH PRESERVES

Peel and cut ripe peaches into eighths.

For every cup of peaches, add 1 large orange, unpeeled and sliced very thinly.

To each cup of fruit, add 1 cup of sugar, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place in large preserving kettle, so that it will not boil over, and mix well. Boil, stirring occasionally, so that it will not burn, but try to keep the fruit in large pieces.

The time for cooking varies due to the ripeness of the peaches. After ½ hour, put a spoonful into a small dish and place in refrigerator to test. When it is quite thick, add 1 jar Marachino cherries. Seal in sterilized jars. It will thicken more as it stands.

ITALIAN PRUNE CHUTNEY

1 cup tightly packed light brown sugar
1 cup white sugar
3/4 cup cider vinegar
2 teaspoons salt
2 teaspoons mustard seed
2 cloves garlic, thinly sliced
1/4 cup chopped onion
1/2 cup preserved ginger, thinly sliced
1 cup seedless white raisins
3½ cups Italian prunes, halved and seeded

Mix sugars and vinegar together and bring to boil. Add remaining ingredients, except prunes, and mix well. Then stir in prune halves, and simmer until thickened. This usually takes about 50 minutes. Stir frequently and gently. Seal in hot sterilized jars and store in dark place. This makes about 1½ pints.

COOKERY

FRUIT CATSUP

30 large tomatoes
6 pears
6 peaches
6 apples
4 large onions
4 cups sugar
1½ pints vinegar
1 box Shilling's mixed pickling spices

Cut up all fruits, but not very fine. Put spices in a cloth bag, to be taken out when catsup is cooked. Cook slowly in large kettle until fairly thick, stirring occasionally. It takes about 1½ hours. Seal in sterilized jars.

SPICED PLUMS

1/2 gallon plums
3½ cups sugar
1 cup vinegar
1/2 teaspoon whole cloves
1/2 stick cinnamon
1/2 tablespoon whole allspice

Select plums that are firm, wash and dry, and pierce each plum with a needle. Boil sugar, vinegar and spices for 5 minutes and cool. Add plums. Simmer until barely hot all through. Cover. Let stand overnight. In the morning simmer until plums are tender. Pack in sterilized jars.

(In response to a reader's request, here is a recipe contributed by Audra Elliot of Salt Lake City).

1 quart kumquats
1-1/2 cups water
1-1/2 cups sugar

Wash kumquats and cut 2 slight gashes at right angles across blossom end. Make syrup of sugar and water. Cool. Add kumquats, cover and cook gently for 1 hour or until clear. Do not remove cover until preserves have cooled. Seal in sterilized jars.

be "snagged" only, which makes fishing for cui-ui a unique adventure.

The Paiute call Pyramid Lake *Wah-Pai-Shoni,* which means "water-where-the-cui-ui-live." The cui-ui schools furnish food for the pelicans, those huge birds that roost in pads of thousands on Anahao Island Refuge, which rises on the east side of the lake. At "dinner time" the water is a boiling mass of pelicans, swooping down in long dives for the luckless fish below. Their 240-acre rookery is protected by the Fish and Wildlife Commission, but permission to visit this interesting island can be obtained from the Fallon office.

Nixon, at the extreme southern tip of the lake, is the seat of the Paiute tribal government, which has had jurisdiction over Pyramid since the area was set aside by order of President Grant in March, 1874. The Battle of Pyramid Lake occurred in June, 1860, when young Chief Winnemucca lost 46 warriors to the U.S. Cavalry, but the Paiutes continued resistance until this land was assigned to their tribe.

Today, they lead pastoral lives. Carl Tobie, a friendly guide at Nixon, knows the remote spots of the huge lake, and a great deal of the lore of the region. He showed us the rugged northern area, where strange tall needle rocks, with their rows of immense spires and domes, range down the sandy beach, and weird spouts of steam hiss from subterranean hot springs.

One of the colorful legends of Pyramid concerns the odd tufa formation between broken rocky heights near the pyramid. Carl explained that the lake originated when a grieving Paiute mother told her quarreling sons that they must separate forever. She then took her basket and walked into the desert, heavy with her sorrow. Sitting down near a strange pyramid, she began to weep. Her tears flowed into a pool, which increased to a large lake. Then she turned to stone, and she still sits on the east shore, her eternal sorrow shaped in calcareous tufa. Less imaginative scientists attribute the lake source to melting glaciers, but the sad stone squaw seems very real.

Another legend says that Pyramid is the home of a malefic lake spirit which devours persons swimming in the water—doubtlessly inspired by the strong undertow in windy weather. But there are safe beaches for swimming.

The Reno Regatta Association sponsors international boat races at Pyramid each July, when the lake is alive with exciting hydroplane activity. And the Nevada Vaqueros, a statewide riding group, include the desert trails around Pyramid on their agenda.

But nobody needs to ride, or sail, or even fish to enjoy the contrasts of the lake. There are public campgrounds, but with a friendly Paiute rancher's permission, we pitched our tent along the Truckee flats, to better enjoy its silence and beauty. The breathtaking color of the surrounding terrain turned from gold to red to dark purple after sunset. Sleek cattle grazed nearby, and we heard the splashing of hungry fish, breaking the smooth surface of the water. An almost full desert moon hung over the enchantment, intensifying the aura of mystery cast by the ancient spell of Pyramid Lake. As an old squaw said, one can be happy here, just "sitting, and looking, and feeling." ///

SURVIVAL in the Desert

Second in a series of articles exploring the prehistoric Indian's formula for survival

DAYS may be blazing hot, but when the sun sets, desert sands grow cold. Igniting dried bark with sunrays through crystal or sparks from flint was a simple procedure to the savvy Indian. It wasn't lack of fire that almost defeated him. It was lack of wood to feed his fire.

Thousands of years ago much of our desert land was covered with lush forests. Petrified logs in such places as Nevada's Valley of Fire and Arizona's Petrified Forest testify to this But by the time man arrived there was hardly a tree in sight. For survival he eeked every possible use from each product the parched desert could provide.

One of the strangest was the cholla cactus with its prickles which seemed to jump out and snap. The Indians used this plant for firewood and ate its yellow fruit. But that wasn't all they wrested from the vicious cholla. A little bird known as the cactus wren nested in its branches and from these nests the Indians gathered their most coveted delicacy, cactus wren eggs.

Other plants yielded foods indirectly also, among them the desert birdcage. Usually we see it dried and crumbled beyond recognition, but in its living form it is known as the dune primrose and bears a beautiful white blossom. This flower particularly attracted a two-line sphinx moth that left larvae on its petals for food. Even DESERT'S cookery editor can't say how they prepared these fragile caterpillars, but suffice to say, they were delicate fare.

The buckwheat plant acted as another middleman in the weird chain of desert produce. This strange plant, distinctive because of its inflated stem, was relished by the plant-eating chuckwalla — which at times is inflated itself. Indians would await the chuckwalla beside the buckwheat plant and after capturing it, eat the lizard's succulent tail. Sometimes the chuckwalla escaped into a crack in the rock where he'd inflate his body until it wedged so tightly the Indian couldn't pull it out. Then the only way to capture the creature was by puncturing its body with a stick until the air whooshed out and he deflated back to normal size.

EGYPTIAN INFLUENCE IN MOAPA

By Charles E. Walsh

COURAGEOUS, hardy and ingenious are apt descriptions of the old-timers who subdued the Western deserts. Faced as they were with many hardships and difficult situations, they often solved their problems in unusual ways.

In southern Nevada, a large waterwheel—built for the purpose of lifting water from the Muddy River to the benchland above—is an example of the modern era pioneer's ingenuity. This waterwheel, though long abandoned, still stands in the fertile Moapa Valley, less than a mile south of Glendale.

It was during the early months of the depression of the 1930s that rancher Pete West, faced with the expensive upkeep on several miles of ditchland, conceived the idea of letting the river do the work of lifting the water.

His brother, Carl, Maynard Perkins and Raymond "Kelly" Mills, skilled workmen all, took on the task of building the giant wheel.

The site West chose is where the river flows near a low conglomerate cliff. The protruding foot was blasted away, making a perfectly perpendicular wall. Then a concrete mill race was constructed to direct the stream under the wheel.

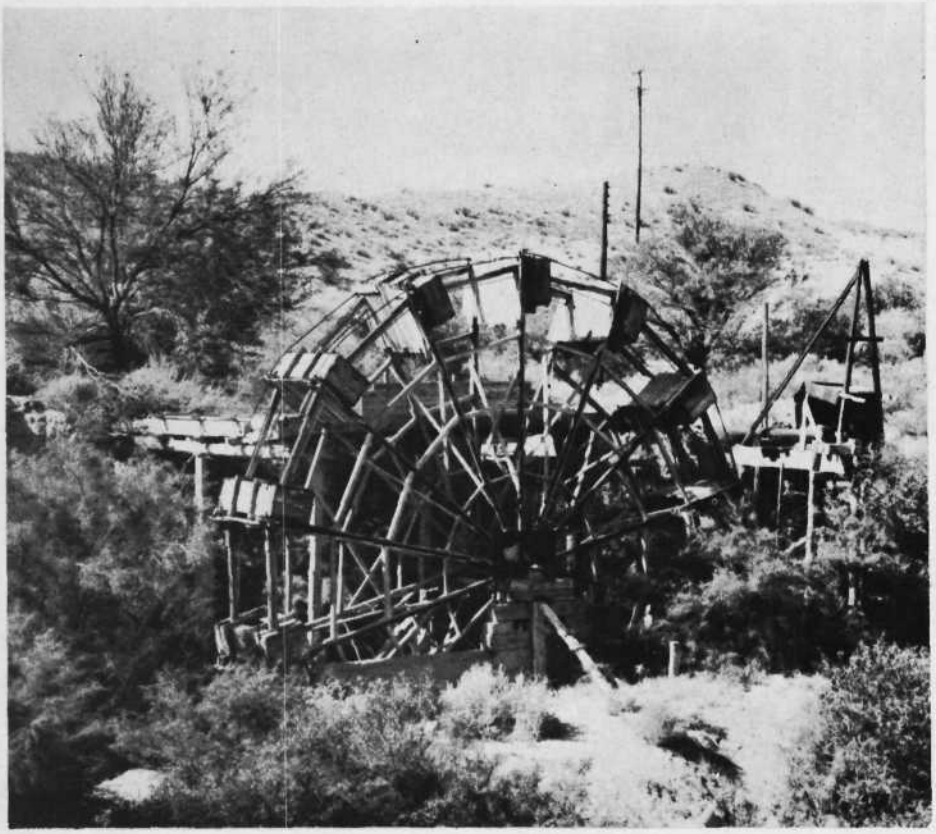
The men labored through the cold of winter and sweltering summer heat, and gradually the wheel's web-like timber and steel framework took form.

After eight months of work, the 38-foot wheel, with its 14 trough dippers, was ready for a trial run.

The flood gates were opened. Water rushed down the mill race, and the huge wheel began to turn—slowly at first, then gradually gaining speed. By the time the full stream was flowing down the race, the wheel was spinning wildly—so fast in fact, the dippers were only churning the water and going-up empty.

The wheel creaked and groaned under the force of the excess speed, and threatened to come crashing down. Perkins and Mills averted a catastrophe by rushing to the headgate and closing off the water.

The headgate on the downstream end of the flume was partially closed,



THIS OLD WATER WHEEL, A PROTOTYPE OF THOSE BUILT BY EARLY EGYPTIANS TO LIFT WATER FROM THE NILE, PERFORMED A SIMILAR FUNCTION FOR SETTLERS IN MOAPA VALLEY.

thus deepening the water in the race and reducing the speed of the flow.

This time, with a much slower rotation of the wheel, water was carried up in the big dippers and spilled into the catch trough above. Soon the irrigation ditch was brimming full, sending a steady stream of water to the thirsty land.

The Pete West waterwheel began operating in the summer of 1931 and ran for almost 20 years, lifting more than one second foot of water to a height of 27 feet. There was an occasional shutdown for maintenance, but the cost of operation over the years was only a fraction of what it had been to maintain the old ditchline.

Today, the great wheel turns no more. It was discontinued in favor of modern electric pumps.

Although the wheel is on private property, there is no objection to visitors. All that is asked is common courtesy and respect for property rights. ///

EUREKA

(*continued from page* 35)

the printers worked wrapped in wet blankets to keep from cooking. Currently the Nevada Parks Department is working to preserve the SENTINEL'S old quarters intact as a museum; the paper itself has been published the last few years from Tonopah.

At first meeting, Eureka seems quiet — even somnolent — but don't let that fool you. Certainly it is quiet compared to the way it was in the '70s and '80s when 19 huge smelters sent their poisoned smoke into the clear air, and there was a 24-hour uproar of wagons, trains and mills. But, Eureka is still very much alive, and the frequent plans to rejuvenate its mining keep it on the edge of another boom. There is still plenty of rich lead-silver ore underground (samples of that ore are collectors' delights), and Eureka itself is a county seat in the midst of an established ranching and mining area. Its people are good hosts; two hotels, three motels, and a couple of good restaurants cater to visitors.

My own favorite stopping place is the oldtime Brown Hotel, furnished with splendid antiques in some of the rooms and run by Mr. and Mrs. John Venturino — a pair who know the area intimately and are happy to talk about it.

Mr. Venturino came here from his native Italy as a young man — by accident. He had set out for Virginia City, but when his train stopped at Palisade he recognized a friend from the old country on the depot platform and got off to say hello. The friend urged him to forget Virginia City and head for Eureka. So John Venturino took the E&P narrow-gauge and has spent his life in the Eureka vicinity. He says he still plans a trip to Virginia City some day.

Two-and-a-half miles west of Eureka is its old suburb of Ruby Hill, once a town complete with theater, stores, newspaper and more than 2000 people. Towering hoists still dot the slopes of Ruby Hill, and buildings of the Eureka Corporation crown the ridge there. Whoever discovers a way to "un-water" the deep shafts of Ruby Hill will again make a fortune, they say. Meanwhile, the rubble of Ruby Hill's glorious days is picturesque and interesting.

There are acres of old cemeteries between Ruby Hill and Eureka, some indication of the early rough years. Rough they were, indeed; Ruby Hill chalked up two murders and Eureka had 18 in a 10-year period, one of the more lurid being the killing of one "Bulldog Kate" Miller by "Hog-eyed Mary" Irwin in 1876.

Although Eureka district was first discovered in 1864, the big boom didn't begin until 1869 when smelting processes for the complicated ore were installed. By the early 1880s Eureka had produced more than $65,000,000 in silver and 225,000 tons of lead. In the intervening years it had weathered two disastrous fires and three bad floods, as well as its own "war."

This battle occurred in 1876 when several thousand "carbonari" — men who lived by burning charcoal from scrub pine and juniper — marched on Eureka to protest the mills' price of only 27½ cents a bushel for charcoal. The carbonari had denuded the hills close to town, and each new season found them forced farther and farther from Eureka to find wood for their kilns; the milling interests, heavily dependent on charcoal for their furnaces, had refused to raise prices to cover the increased transportation. The charcoal burners finally poured into Eureka and literally took over while the mills halted and the towns-people hurriedly sent for the militia. The "war" was short-lived; the carbonari trickled back toward work, and the belated action of a sheriff's posse at Fish Creek (30 miles distant) took five lives and resulted in a bitter peace.

Violence is largely a thing of the past, and Eureka is a most pleasant place from which to explore some of the nearby country. It is rugged and beautiful land dotted with mines and ranches dating far back into the 19th Century. The fishing in the upper parts of the Diamond Range is excellent, and there are ghost towns and ghost ranches, abandoned dumps and stagecoach trails worth exploring by car or afoot. Gilbert Kneiss's BONANZA RAILROADS is a happy book to have along, especially if you want to re-trace the route of the doughty Eureka & Palisade both on the land and in the past.

The E&P lasted until 1938, a sorry remnant of itself at the last. Eureka's own great boom ended soon after the turn of the century, although there were sporadic returns of high times before the best of the mines were worked out or flooded. Eureka today is only resting a bit; every new diamond drill crew, every new scheme to re-work an old claim or set up a new one might be the beginning of another champagne era. Stay for a while, and unless you're totally immune to romantic possibilities, you'll find yourself convinced that the new bonanza isn't far off.

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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC Magazines, 1888-1961, any issue, maps, bound volumes. Free literature, "Geographic Hobby," price lists, circulars on books about collecting geographics. Periodical Service, Box 465-DE, Wilmington, Del.

WESTERN GEM Hunters Atlas—all three of those popular gem atlases combined in one big book, 93 full page maps with rock hunting areas spotted in color. Complete coverage of 11 western states, plus parts of Texas, South Dakota and British Columbia. Type of material, mileage and highways are shown. Price: $2.50 postpaid. Scenic Guides, Box 288, Susanville, California.

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

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(continued)

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• PLANTS, SEEDS

1962-63 WILDFLOWER and Wild Tree Seed Catalog, lists over 700 of the best varieties, 50c. Scientific name, common name, informative, artistic. Clyde Robin, P. O. Box 2091, Castro Valley, California.

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PLANT SPECIMENS in desert smoke trees, Joshua, willow, yucca, Ocotillo, holly, sugar bush. All desert and all grown from seed. Rancho Environmental Nursery, 71554 West Samarkand *Drive, Twentynine Palms, California.*

• REAL ESTATE

FOR INFORMATION on desert acreage and parcels for sale in or near Twentynine Palms, please write to or visit: Silas S. Stanley, Realtor, 73644 Twentynine Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, California.

OREGON RANCHES near Medford and Grants Pass, 50 to 160 acres low as $150 down, $35 monthly. Free catalog. Cal-Ore Ranches, 843-DX East Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

11,083.4 DEEDED acres, nine miles east of Winnemucca, Nevada, extending along Highway 40 from Button's Point to Golconda. $25 per acre. Principles only. J. A. Milem, 3300 Polk Street, Arlington, California.

ONE ACRE lots: Adjacent China Lake Naval Ordnance Test Station, Ridgecrest, Calif. AT 5-2528, P. O. Box B, Arcadia, California.

FOR SALE: 23 level acres, Lucerne Valley, ¼ mile frontage on Twentynine Palms Highway, $350 per acre. All or part. Owner: 10661 Wilkins Avenue, Los Angeles 24, California. Telephone: GR 4-6654.

GARLOCK GHOST Town desert home, three rooms and bath. Concrete block and frame. $7500. Terms. Johnson Real Estate, 7139 Canoga Ave., Canoga Park, California.

HIGH DESERT acreage and cabins, 1-¼ acre homesites $990. Ninety minutes from Los Angeles. Phelan Realty, Box 8/M, Phelan, Calif.

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• WESTERN MERCHANDISE

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

WE HAVE nice collection colored desert glass and bottles. Many varieties nice rocks and tables. Apache Tears, 20 for $1.15. Roeders Rock Shop, Box 355, Jacumba, California.

BEAUTIFUL LAVENDER sun-colored bottles and insulators of the Old West, $4 each. Selected to please. Harvey T. Smith, Box 673, Hilts, California.

• MISCELLANEOUS

FREE "DO-it-Yourself" leathercraft catalog. Tandy Leather Company, Box 791-K48, Fort Worth, Texas.

SEE OUR playing cards and other novelties, free samples and wholesale price list. Nina, 624 South Michigan, Chicago 5, Ill.

Las Vegas

BY STAN IRWIN
Entertainment Director
Hotel Sahara

Nevada, the seventh largest state in the United States and second smallest in population, is first in live entertainment. In less than two decades, Nevada rose from a waste-land to a "waist-land."

Las Vegas entered its present "waistland" era around 1952 with the opening of the Hotel Sahara with a press and Hollywood celebrity junket of more than 100 names.

It was around this time that the present day lavish Broadway type productions, combined with Hollywood and stage name stars, became the order of the night in the dining rooms.

As famed columnist Earl Wilson has said, "I can interview more name stars in Las Vegas in a few days than I can elsewhere in two weeks."

Now that we have booked most of the name stars in either our Las Vegas dining rooms or in our lounges —those who haven't appeared can be seen on our six golf courses and around our swimming pools—where do we go from here? We have already gone into the Broadway stage productions with booking of outstanding legitimate plays such as "Damn Yankee", "Flower Drum Song" and "Irma La Douce," to name but a few.

So where do we go from here? Since booking entertainment is a highly competitive business, I can't reveal my plans. Hoover Dam keeps bugging me, but we haven't figured out a way to float seats on the Colorado River. And how would you serve the entree to the audience? Maybe they could catch their own fish.

Another producer tried to get the signing of the Atomic Peace Pact at his hostelry, but lost out to producer Khrushchev. Another of my colleagues several years ago visited the Atomic Test Site 100 miles north of Las Vegas, but ruled out that production since they could not set off two detonations a night for the dinner and late shows.

Three others are out of town right now and I hear one is looking for the Abominable Snow Man in the Himalayas, another is seeking Whistler's Mother and the third was last seen in orbit looking for a Flying Saucer.

Where do we go from here? You'll just have to come to Las Vegas and find out. ///

LOST MINES AND TREASURES

1955

JUNE— Weight: "Hidden Gold of Bicuner"

JULY— Weight: "Dark Gold on the Tabaseca Trail"

AUGUST— Henderson: "Three Days in Devil's Canyon"

SEPTEMBER— Russell: "We Lost a Ledge of Gold"

1956

APRIL— Ashley: "The Gold I Lost in Morgan City Wash"

OCTOBER— Page: "Lost Jesuit Mine With the Iron Door"

1957

JANUARY— Weight: "Lost Apache Gold in the Little Horn Mts."

MAY— Weight: "Lost Silver in the Trigos"

NOVEMBER— Thoroman: "Lost Gold of the Four Peaks"

1958

MARCH— Robertson: "Papuan's Lost Placer Mine"

AUGUST— Heald: "Lost Bells of Tumacacori"

DECEMBER— Weight: "The Old Dutchman's Lost Ledge of Gold"

1959

APRIL— Weight: "Lost Silver in the Trigos"

MAY— Wortley: "Alec Ramy's Lost Bonanza"

1960

MAY— Weight: "The Lost Wilson Bonanza"

1961

JUNE—Weight: "Sullivan's Lost Gold"

JULY— Weight: "Monte Cristo Gold"

1962

AUGUST— Polzer: "Jesuit Gold"

NOVEMBER— Newcomb: "A Miser's Fortune at Pogue's Station"

Use These Back Issues Of Desert Magazine As A Guide To Exploring. Send 35 cents each or $1.00 for Three To Dept. 73, Desert Magazine Palm Desert, California

LETTERS
FROM OUR READERS

Drama at Jawbone . . .

To the Editor: With Richard C. Bailey's interesting article "To Claraville and the Burning Moscow Mine" in July's *DESERT* Magazine, here is an excellent view of the Jawbone Canyon siphon of the Los Angeles-Owens Valley aqueduct. Half a century ago it was the scene of a tragic drama. The grim actors were ranchers of Owens Valley, trying to save their peaceful acres from an insatiable metropolis bent upon gobbling up their water rights. In Jawbone Canyon the embattled ranchers literally fired their last shot in the unequal struggle by dynamiting the giant siphon shown in the photograph.

When the huge pipe, the size of a railroad tunnel, emptied itself into Jawbone Canyon, a vacuum was created that collapsed the pipe, ruining it forever, it seemed.

Field superintendent William Mulholland rushed to the scene with a corpse of able engineers and a phalanx of armed lawmen. A sorry sight greeted them. A mile of pipe made of one-inch Bessemer steel lay bent and rumpled, cupped like a large open ditch, whereas but a few days before it resembled a plump serpent stretched across the canyon. Was it a total loss? Never before had the engineering world been confronted by such a formidable dilemma! The engineers scattered round to examine the wreckage and consider ways and means of resurrecting it if possible.

Mulholland was a big Irishman with handlebar mustachios, who had risen from the ranks. Unfettered by an engineering education he now stalked alone, occasionally booting a loose stone or clump of sage and scowling like a Zuni medicine man. Suddenly he stopped with a jerk as if some one had called him. He paused in contemplation for a moment, then beckoned for his engineers to join him. "Boys," he boomed, "I got an idea! How about this—if water is so damn powerful it can suck pipe together this way, why in hell can't it round it out again if we put the pressure on?"

His learned associates had no answer. Their text books had not mentioned such an experiment. They soon got in motion themselves, however, and had a crew of workmen and mechanics sent out from Los Angeles to splice the pipe together and get ready to try out the boss' unorthodox scheme.

Some days later people of all faiths gathered in Jawbone Canyon to see what happened when the water was turned on. Experienced desert men advised the multitude to keep to a nearby knoll, lest they be swept into Searles Lake 50 miles away, should the big pipe break again. Everyone held his breath when the valves were opened and the ribbon of iron began writhing and groaning while rounding itself out again without leaking a drop.

Mulholland's name spread round the world. His elemental idea in hydraulics saved the taxpayers of Los Angeles several million dollars.

LEE STROBEL
Hemet

(*DESERT invites letters and answers to letters which are of general interest or informative to other readers*).

Unexplored Water Source . . .

To the Editor: Desert dwellers should conconsider experimenting with solar stills to obtain water from soil, vegetation and rock. Green leaves in a sealed quart jar exposed to sun will produce about a teaspoonful of water; seemingly dry soil will often produce even more. The use of mirrors to focus the sun's rays should increase yield. Soil should be taken from underneath boulders where sun has not already baked out moisture. Crushed rock will also yield water.

THEODORE B. DUFUR
Los Angeles

Prehistoric Horse . . .

To the Editor: With Richard C. Bailey's about the miniature horses, I recall a newsstory of about 30 years ago that told of the late Errol Flynn hoisting several out of a canyon where he'd discovered a herd of 20. I believe that they were exhibited at one time on the pier at Venice or Ocean Park. Whether or not they were of a prehistoric breed or from the area you mentioned, I don't recall.

HERBERT N. LANGLOIS
Los Angeles

To the Editor: About 25 years ago a herd of dog-sized horses called dwarf ponies was exhibited in Whittier for a small admission fee. Their heads were in proportion to their bodies and they were said to have evolved from horses left by the Spanish which had been trapped in the grand Canyon.

CLIFFORD T. VINCENT
Whittier

To the Editor: About those big-headed little horses—I've been told by Jack Taylor, foreman of one of our bigger cow spreads in southeast Nevada, that some 30 years ago Hualapi Johnnie Nelson came into Peach Springs and swore that he had found these horses in a box canyon nearby. Repeatedly he was told, "Johnnie, you've got to quit telling lies like this or someone's going to fill you full of lead!"

He must have been a convincing storyteller, however, as I've continued to hear the story for 30 years and at times have been so sold that I've taken a "pasear" myself. Anyway, what the heck! The Flying Saucers People have a club so why can't we have a Big-headed Little Horse Club too?

MURL EMERY
Nelson, Nevada

(EDITORS NOTE—*The Whittier and Venice ponies no doubt contributed to a miniature horse hoax exposed by Superintendent H. C. Bryant of the Grand Canyon in DESERT, Dec.* 1946. *"The horses which have been exhibited as coming from Grand Canyon have their origin in Shetland stock secured from a ranch in Mexico."*)

Treasure in the Mesas . . .

To the Editor: In going over a collection of early mining camp photos taken around the turn of the century by me and an M.I.T. classmate, Dan Johnson, I wondered why some observant engineer or prospector has not prospected the mesas which cover hundreds of square miles of country in the Southwest and where lava flows are thin and disintegrated.

There is no geologic reason why there may not be minerals deposited there either before or after the flows and covered by them. If I were 50 years younger, I'd investigate these mesas myself.

HENRY CURTIS MORRIS
Washington, D.C.

Pegleg, Again! . . .

To the Editor: About 1932 I was in charge of a crew making a preliminary survey of the transmission line between Iron Mt. and Hoover Dam. We were on a "fly camp" and I would have to find the nearest water. While camped between Turtle and Old Woman Mts., I would get water at Sun Flower Spring at the north end of Old Woman Mt.

Near the spring was scattered quartz on the ground. Being a rock hound, I looked around near the spring and found this inscription on the side of a big rock—"PEG-LEG SMITH, 1854" and below the name of a spring. I've forgotten its name, but it was a Spanish word. There was no spring, but some remains of willows indicated there might have been one there long ago.

If some of your readers would follow it up, I'd like to know what you can find out about it.

J. C. FILER
Redlands

Photo Credit . . .

To the Editor: I thought my story, "The Angel of San Jacinto," looked very good in the August issue. It is always an honor to be published in *DESERT*. However, you failed to give photo credit to my photographer. The photo of the Angel was taken by Leonard McCulloch of Banning.

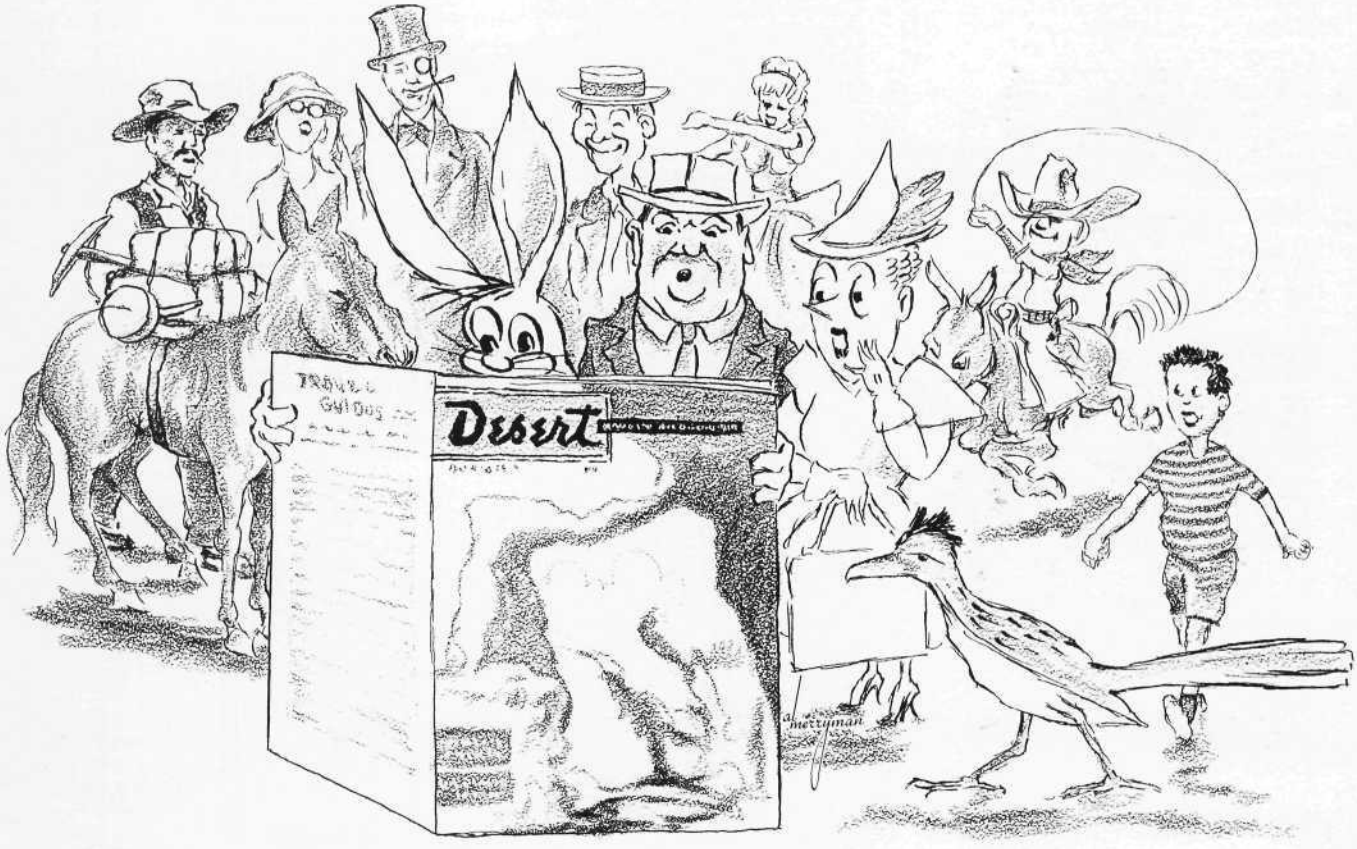
HELEN GILBERT
Santa Ana

Desert IN OCTOBER

√ Lost Mine in Baja

√ Lake Havasu Canoe Trip

√ Cultivation of Chia, Native Energy Food



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