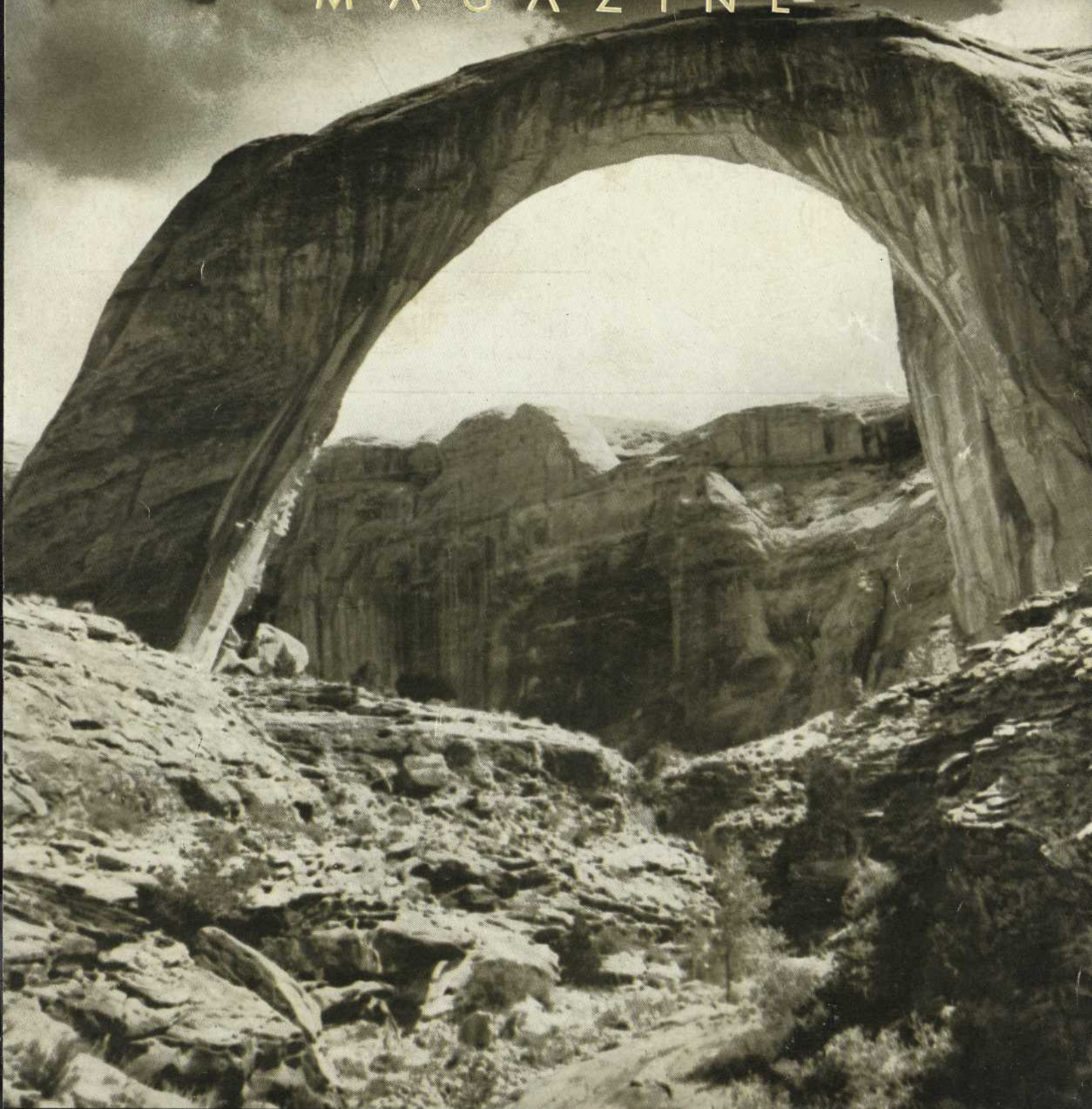


THE

# Desert

M A G A Z I N E



MAY, 1938

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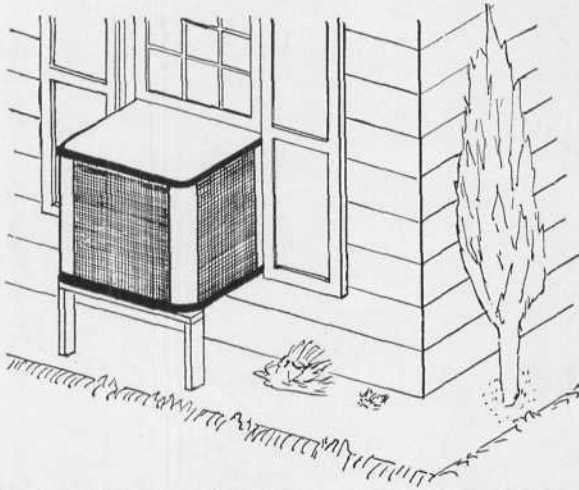
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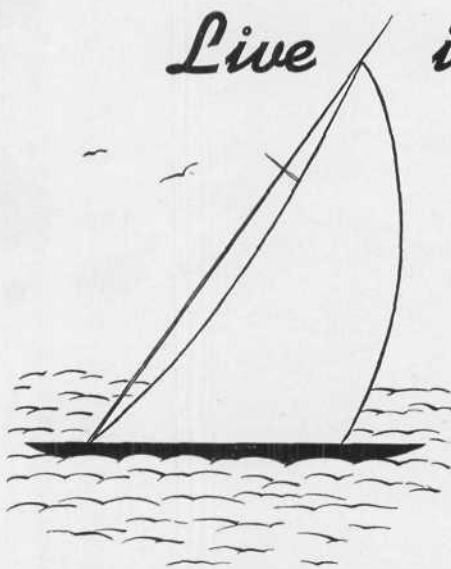
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## Desert Calendar for May

- APRIL 23-24—Ramona pageant to be presented at Hemet, California. Pageant also to be presented on weekends of April 30-May 1, and May 7-8.
- APRIL 28 to MAY 1—Frontier Day "Helldorado" at Las Vegas, Nevada. Horseman's association to stage rodeo during last three days of Frontier Day program.
- APRIL 30—University of Arizona students to hold their first annual rodeo at the grounds of the Tucson "La Fiesta de los Vaqueros." Lee Lowery in charge.
- APRIL 30-MAY 1—Pioneer Day celebration to be staged at 29 Palms, California. Mrs. Arthur Hastings is general chairman.
- MAY 1—Annual horse show at Yuma, Arizona.
- MAY 1—Great Corn Dance and Feast Day of San Felipe at San Felipe Pueblo, New Mexico.
- MAY 3—Ceremonial dances, Taos Pueblo, New Mexico.
- MAY 3—Feast Day of Santa Cruz and annual fiesta and performance of Los Moros y los Cristianos, New Mexico.
- MAY 6-7—Mormon officials from Salt Lake to participate in dedication of monument to Geo. A. Smith, Jr., at Tonalca, Red Lake, Arizona. Smith was killed by Navajos in 1860.
- MAY 7—Hiking Club of State Teachers' College at Flagstaff to make practice hike to Mount Elden as training for 5-day trip to lower Grand Canyon later.
- MAY 9—Annual prospector's mining course to open at Winnemucca, Nevada, and continue four weeks.
- MAY 10-11—Episcopal diocesan convention at Raton, New Mexico.
- MAY 12-14—National regional band contest at Provo, Utah.
- MAY 13-14—Annual Livestock show at Delta, Utah.
- MAY 13-15—Tenth annual Cactus show sponsored by the Cactus and Succulent Society of America at Rust's Nursery in Pasadena.
- MAY 14-15—Barstow, California, will celebrate Calico Days at "The Old Trading Post." Leon P. Whitney, chairman.
- MAY 15—Feast Day of San Ysidro in San Ysidro and other villages, New Mexico.
- MAY 16-17—New Mexico Pharmaceutical association convenes at Raton, New Mexico.
- MAY 27-28—Annual fiesta held in the plaza of old Albuquerque on Saturday and Sunday following May 26, feast day of San Felipe de Neri.
- MAY 28—Six-month trout season opens in Arizona.
- MAY 30—Pioneer Days celebration at Clovis, New Mexico.



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MAY, 1938

No. 7

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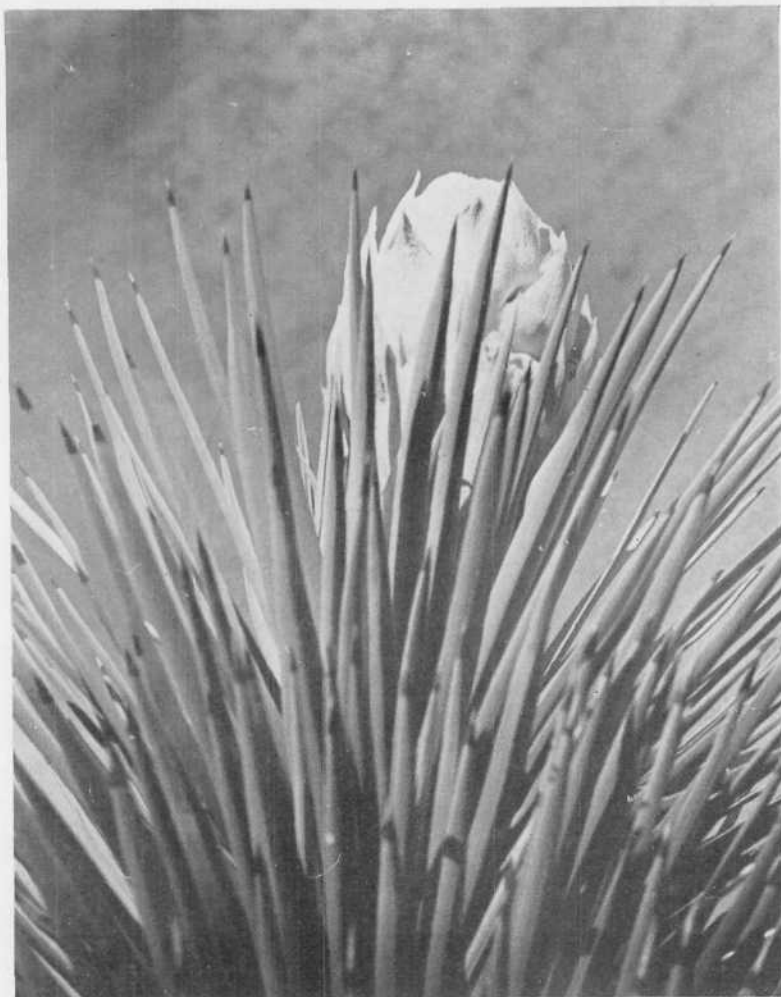
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## *Devastation*

By GEORGE CLAYTON  
Long Beach, California

Awarded first place in amateur photographic contest of the Desert Magazine in March, this picture taken in Death Valley with a 4x5 Graflex, Panchromatic film, yellow filter, 1/40 second at f11.



## *Budding Bayonet*

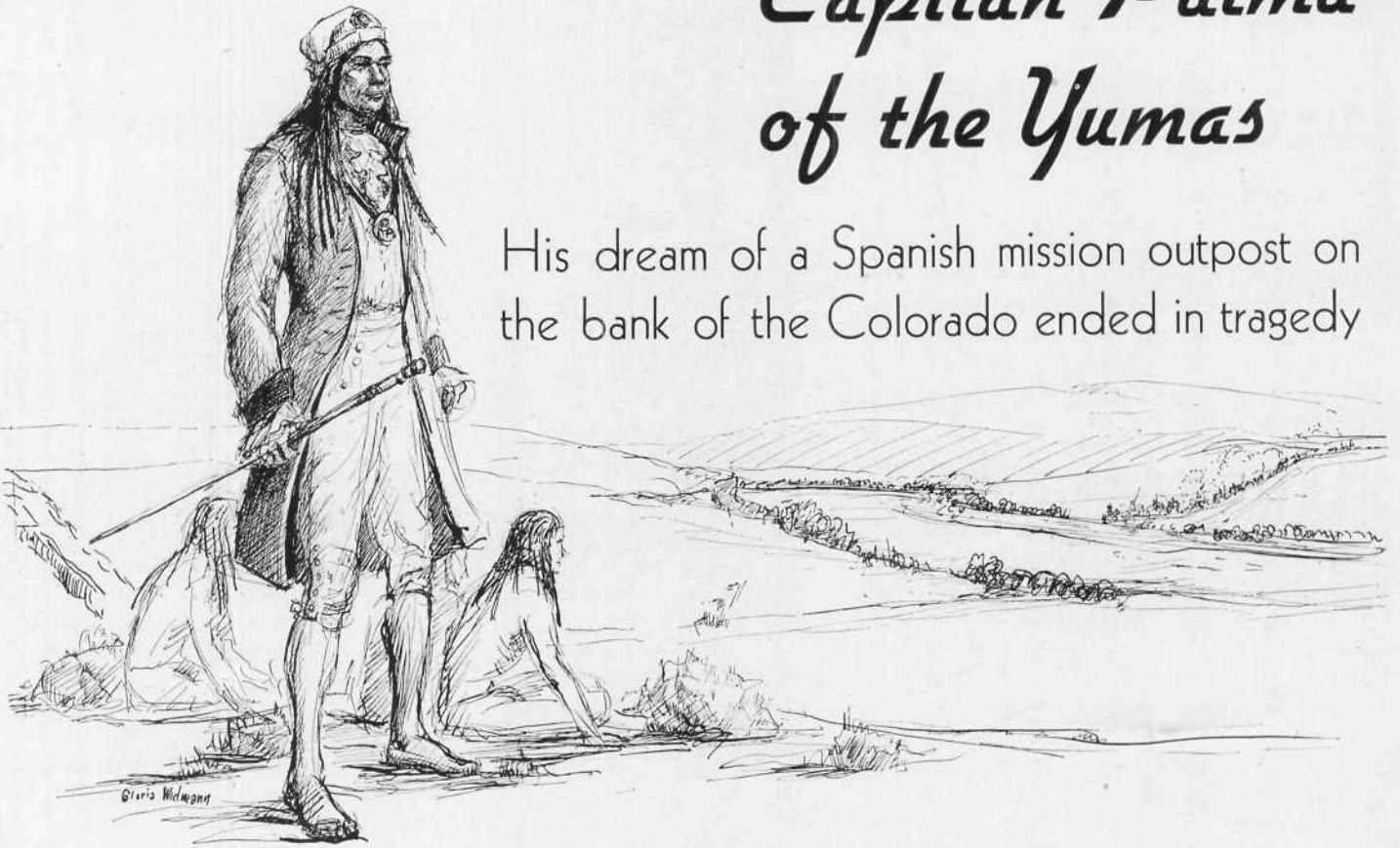
By HAROLD R. TAYLOR  
San Bernardino, California

Second place prize winner in the Desert Magazine's March contest. Taken near the Lancaster cut-off through Cajon with Model C. Leica, Panatomic film, 1/20 second at f9.



# Capitan Palma of the Yumas

His dream of a Spanish mission outpost on the bank of the Colorado ended in tragedy



By ARTHUR WOODWARD  
Drawings by Gloria Widmann

**I**N THE cool patio of Gobernador Don Bernardo Urrea's adobe house in El Altar, Sonora, Lieutenant Colonel Juan Bautista de Anza sat staring at the colorful garden with unseeing eyes.

His mind was a hundred leagues away—far out on the trail to Alta California. That was a trail he had never trod, but *gracias a Dios* he would soon be traveling it if only he could get the necessary horses and a guide who knew the way.

Here it was December, 1773. Everything had been in readiness for the long trek to Monterey when the accursed Apaches swooped down and drove off a large number of pack animals and saddle horses destined for the journey. Pursuit had been useless. Given three or four hours head start, the Apache raiders could never be caught. Anza learned this to his sorrow, even as did American troopers one hundred years later.

Anza had turned his face south to the Altar Valley for remounts. Don Bernardo had promised aid. Now, with a fresh supply of animals seemingly assured, the leader of the first overland expedition to California was anxious to complete final preparations. If he could but find a guide to lead him through the leagues of desert land that stretched so far to the west, all would be well.

"*Senor Capitan!*" A *soldado de cuera*,

one of the 60 leather jacket troopers who acted as guard at the presidio of Altar, broke the quiet of his musings.

Anza swung around in his chair.

"Yes?"

"*Indios, mi capitan.* Two Indians from the west. One speaks Spanish. He says his name is Sebastiano Tarabal. He says he is from San Gabriel in Alta California. The other is called Salvador Palma. He is a Chief of the river Indians. They wish to see your Excellency."

Anza slapped his hand upon the table joyously. The warm December sunlight falling upon the garden of orange and lime trees, seemed suddenly alive with good cheer.

"*Indios from California? Hay que Chihuabua!* Send them in, *tonto*. Send them in!"

"*Perdon, capitan*, but before this Sebastiano agreed to see you he wanted to bargain that he wouldn't be punished. It seems he ran away from the priests at San Gabriel. He fears your wrath."

"Punished? *Madre de Dios y todos de los santos!* Short of murder, I'd forgive him anything, even to stealing your wife, *mi Jose*. Send them both in and bring

plenty of wine. This is a good day after all."

Under such conditions did Anza meet the two Indians who were to contribute largely to his success in blazing the overland route to Alta California from the province of Sonora.

Of the two almost naked Indians who squatted in the pleasant patio garden of the *comandante* that sunny December day in 1773, the most important was Olley-quotuiebe, 'The Wheezer,' named by the Spaniards Salvador Palma, powerful leader of the Cuchanos. Bolton the historian said: "Without Palma's aid Anza's work could not have been accomplished, for, as the sequel proved, the Yumas controlled the gateway to California."

It was Palma who had offered to guide the runaway Tarabal from the Colorado river to the Spanish garrison town of El Altar. Tarabal had been sent by the *padres* of Baja California to San Gabriel mission to aid the priests at that place. However, the Indian from Lower California had tired of sedentary life and, taking his wife and another San Gabriel Indian man, had fled east toward the great river. Of the trio, Tarabal alone had won through the fearful desert alive.

It has been suggested that Palma hoped to obtain a reward from the authorities for bringing in a deserter. What seems more probable is that the Yuma leader

hoped to receive gifts for helping one whom he thought might be a friend to the white men. Who was there to tell Palma that *Indios* who ran away from Spanish missions were to be punished?

For the first time in El Altar, Salvador saw an adobe church with three bronze bells in the simple bell gable on top of the flat roof. It was an unpretentious structure, surrounded by an adobe box wall, but in the eyes of the Yuma headman it must have been a glorious edifice. There were no such buildings in Yumaland. There were no priests, no soldiers with gaily painted leather shields and long shining swords. Nor were there such gleaming white houses as those which enclosed the dusty plaza. Palma must have been awed as he squatted there in the cool green patio, drinking a strange sweet liquid that burned pleasantly, and eating a sponge cake that was foreign to his tongue.

Perhaps it was there in that garden, with its tinkling *acequia* watering the growing palms, (today they tower like giants against the cool blue bowl of Sonora sky) that the dream of Salvador Palma was born.

For Palma, when he jogged home a few days later after being well treated by Anza, was resolved that ere long there would be a Spanish mission on the hill beside the Colorado. The Cuchanos would have grey-robed priests among them. There would be Spanish soldiers with lance, sword and musket to help the Yumas fight against their enemies.

Two weeks later, Anza, in spite of a second raid upon his horse herds, left the presidio of Tubac amid the *vivas* of the scanty populace and a ragged salvo of musketry. At the head of the procession with Anza and the two *padres*, Juan Diaz and Francisco Garcés, trotted Sebastiano Tarabal, the guide. Tarabal no longer feared to return to California. Anza was his friend.

All was quiet when the expedition reached the Colorado. The journey over *el Camino del Diablo*, the Devil's Highway, had been particularly trying, and before they reached the broad, brown stream disquieting rumors came to their ears. The Yumas were preparing for war.

Ugly stories also had drifted like smoke through the Yuma bottomlands. The Spanish were coming 100 strong to raid

Yuma homes and steal Yuma women. The instigator of this whispering campaign was Pablo, Capitan Palma's brother, whom the Spanish soldiers with their aptness for bestowing nicknames were soon to call *Capitan Feo* (Captain Ugly Mug). He was decidedly ill-favored, had a harsh voice but was a persuasive orator. However, Palma, who cherished his dream of a mission beside the river, had promised Anza the Yumas would welcome the newcomers with open arms, not war clubs. Hence, he said, any Yuma who would slay a Spaniard must first slay Palma.

This determined stand on the part of their strong minded leader smothered the war talk and it was a merry, shouting throng of Yuma men, women and children who greeted the trail-weary Spanish party on the east bank of the Colorado river that late March day.

Palma had been unable to meet Anza with the rest of the tribesmen. His absence worried the Spanish leader.

It was late in the afternoon. The boisterous throng surrounded the little party and although the Indians carried no weapons, the Spaniards were uneasy. The white men kept their hands upon the hilts of their long straight swords ready for instant action. At five o'clock a hush fell upon the Indians. Into camp strode Palma, his face wreathed in a smile of welcome.

Anza was relieved. The evident respect paid to the Yuma leader indicated that the Indians would heed his words.

Palma was glad to see his Spanish friends, but one thing bothered him. The *soldados de cuera* never relinquished their arms. Was that friendly? The Yuma war-

riors had laid aside their clubs and their bows. Why didn't the Spaniards put aside their arms? Anza explained that it was a Spanish custom for the white warriors never to be without their weapons.

"Ask these *Indios* if they accept *Capitan Palma* as their *cacique*?" said Anza to the interpreter.

The answer was a vociferous affirmative.

"Good," responded Anza, "tell them I shall give him something from the Great King that will show our love for Palma. The Spaniards love the *Indios* as their own children. We recognize their great leader as a mighty *capitan*."

"*Ajot! Ajot! Good! Good!*" shouted the naked throng.

Around Palma's neck Anza hung a medal pendant from a bright red ribbon. The silver medallion bore the likeness of Carlos III, King of Spain. Palma fingered the gleaming token with gentle hands. Then he made a speech. He was glad the Spaniards had come. Now the Yumas would help them cross the river. When the next sun climbed into the sky all of the Yuma men and women would aid the white men to the opposite shore.

The crossing was made the following morning at a spot designated by the Indians. This was not far above the junction of the Gila and Colorado.

It was a colorful sight. Palma was in charge, his turquoise earrings bobbing briskly as he shouted orders to the tribesmen who had assembled to ferry the Spanish party over the muddy stream.

*Continued on page 34*

*This drawing of the old mission church at Altar, Sonora, was made from an original sketch by Sr. Alberto Escobar whose family still lives in the historic Mexican town. Capitan Palma and Tarabal first met De Anza at this place.*







## Bitter Food for the Burro

By DON ADMIRAL  
Palm Springs Naturalist

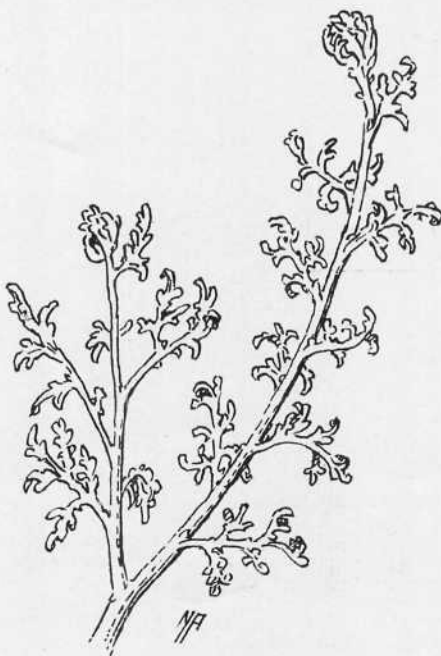
**B**URROWEED is the Number 2 adventurer of the desert, ranking next to the creosote bush in its hardiness to withstand rigorous growing conditions in the zone of little rainfall.

One of the most lowly and inconspicuous of desert shrubs, Burroweed nevertheless serves a useful mission in life. The desert burro munches it with apparent relish—and therein is found the source of the common name. Humans would regard it as an extremely bitter morsel—but why try to explain the ways of any member of the donkey family. It is not likely that man or beast will ever dispute the burro's right to a complete monopoly of this source of food.

Few visitors to the desert, and not many of the residents of the arid region, are able to identify the Burroweed. Often they call it sage—but more frequently ignore it entirely. During the greater part of the year it remains nearly leafless and apparently dead. Winter rains, however, bring forth a fine growth of leaves which give the entire desert landscape a more colorful aspect.

The gray-green leaf is compound with one to three sets of leaflets. Each of these is minutely lobed. A close examination is necessary to note this distinc-

tive characteristic. Under favorable growing conditions the leaf may be an inch long but usually is less, often not more than a quarter of an inch. The leaves appear to hug the branches and this some-



times leads to error in identification as this arrangement is characteristic of several other shrubs.

Burroweed is a low rounded gray-green bush from one to two and one-half feet in height. The lower branches usually are dead and discolored. While there is nothing striking about the shrub, a careful examination of its structure and outline makes its identification comparatively easy.

The yellow flowers are small, and individually are inconspicuous. They are arranged in terminal catkin-like spikes which become noticeable because of the dense clusters. Burroweed is monocious—that is, there are two types of flowers on each shrub, staminate and pistillate.

*Franseria dumosa* is the scientific name. *Franseria*, the genus name was given in honor of a Spanish physician and botanist of the 18th century. *Dumosa*, the species name means shrub, and seems entirely inadequate for so courageous a desert plant.

Burroweed ranges far and wide over the arid regions of southwestern United States and down into old Mexico. Usually it is found below an elevation of 3,500 feet but has been known to grow in an altitude of 6,000 feet.

# Anything Can Happen --on the Desert



*Prof. Wigglesworth tries hatching porcupine eggs in a hen's nest.*

By OREN ARNOLD

(Scientific sketches by Reg Manning)

As special investigator for this magazine, I have the honor of presenting to the American public the inside confidential reports of scientists and scholars comprising the Desert Institute of Truth and Veracity. What is science going to do tomorrow? What new fields will open in the development of human affairs? What can be expected from our regional thinkers everywhere? These significant questions are answered, far in advance of usual press releases, in the following official reports taken direct from the case files of the Institute.

April 1, 1938.

## CASE NO. 1

**M**OST significant development on the desert this year (available to the public by midsummer) has been in the field of commercial rubber. The Institute's Dr. Throckmorton Q. Throttlebottle has completed test growings of a new wild rubber plant, and hundreds of thousands of specimens have been quietly set out along sandy desert highways. Leaves of this plant are naturally adhesive on one side. Motorists suffering flat tires simply pluck a leaf, press quickly over the aperture in the tire, and drive on.

Far more important, though, is the plant's potential service in reducing the toll of automobile deaths. Limbs from the rubber plant are so effective that metal bumpers on automobiles soon will be discarded altogether for rubber tree

bumpers. Then when the car strikes a pedestrian, the result is not a funeral but a pleasant bounce.

In this connection, one of Dr. Throttlebottle's tests proved interesting. His test car slipped from its parking place at the top of a 200-foot hill, rolled down and struck a rock cliff. The rubber bumper bounced it back up to the top, and it rolled down on the other side.

At the bottom of the other side was another cliff, so the rear rubber bumper struck it and bounced the car back over the crest again.

Each bounce had force necessary to clear the hilltop, moving the car just fast enough to prevent Dr. Throttlebottle's getting in to put on the brakes. He could evolve no means of stopping the bouncing.

On the second day he began charging 25 cents admission to see the bouncing

car. Soon he had money enough to buy an entirely new automobile, so he sold his concession on the old one and left town. At this writing, the old car is still bouncing—a testimonial to the efficacy of rubber bumpers.

## CASE NO. 2

Honesty impels a report on another rubber plant experiment not quite so successful. Growing of the rubber plants into full sized trees proved relatively easy, and so one scientist had lumber sawed from the rubber logs, hoping thereby to make a distinct contribution to the government's campaign for more flexible housing.

Beams, planks, moulding, wall board, shingles, everything was sawed from the rubber tree. Construction proved simple because carpenters could easily stretch the timbers to fit any given space, thus avoiding sawing and waste. A test cottage of



five rooms was constructed and the scientist was living comfortably in it.

One day, however, his wife went to her bridge club, carelessly leaving the gas stove on, unlighted. When she returned, the rubber house had been inflated to three times its normal size and had floated away.

Eventually a woodpecker, naturally mistaking the house for a thing of wood even though high in the air, pecked a hole in it. This emitted the gas, and the structure fell on an isolated hillside where the ruins may still be seen.

#### CASE NO. 3

Scientists in New Mexico this season have successfully crossed sugar cane with lemon trees, to produce a delicious brand of natural-growth lemonade. Following this, however, Institute workers also grafted on gourd stalks, so that next year carload shipments can begin of gourds filled with fresh lemonade already sweetened and sealed, saving the cost of manufacture and canning.

#### CASE NO. 4

Naturalists at the Grand Canyon in Arizona have achieved a triumph over this epic of nature. There, as you may know, tourists have long been carried to the bottom of the mile-deep gorge on common, ordinary mules. A persistent problem has been to make this travel comfortable and economical, for Canyon trails are narrow and steep. A mule could carry only one passenger, moving stiffly and dangerously around sharp turns.

This year, however, naturalists of the D. I. of T. & V. successfully crossed two biological species—the common mule and the elongated dachshund dog. The result is an extremely long mule which can carry 12 passengers at a time, single file, even around the sharpest curves in the trail.

Furthermore, the canine characteristic was transmitted also to the hybrid's ears. Thus the new saddle animal has ears almost as long as its body. The ears are simply tied back to a post attached to the hindmost saddle to form a natural sun canopy for all 12 passengers.

#### CASE NO. 5

Professor Marmaduke Wigglesworth, vice-chairman of the Institute of Truth and Veracity (a typical, lovable, absent-minded college faculty man devoted to his science) personally reported on his biological achievements.

By chance his college acquired a setting of wild porcupine eggs (rare indeed). These he placed, as a test, under a common hen, who brooded dutifully. One morning the hen found herself suddenly raised up on stiff quills and has not been mentally normal since; but Dr. Wigglesworth raised the baby porcupines by hand, on the desert.

He spent three months training them. After the first week of coaching, the young porcupines were able to shoot their quills, one at a time, and hit a tin can or rifle target 50 feet away. From that it was easy to teach them to bring down quail, rabbits, squirrels, ducks and other game. On command, they can now shoot as many as 10 or 20 quills simultaneously, for a shotgun effect. Eight Mallard ducks at one throw was the record achieved, in desert tests.

Farmers will get relief by using the porcupines to pick ripe apples and such. The little beasts thread up and down the orchard rows, flying from limb to limb, then darting quickly to the shipping baskets or crates and discharging the fruit from their quills.

#### CASE NO. 6

Scientists have long been worried over the millions of fertile acres in the West,

too dry to grow crops. They would produce if water could be put on them from Boulder and Grand Coulee dams, but most of the acres lie at altitudes half a mile or more above the level of the lakes.

This year Institute workers solved the problem. They discovered that western mountains, being highly mineralized, had naturally and normally impregnated the lake waters with iron in solution and in tiny particles. They reasoned, also, that electricity from the two dams' power plants was very cheap.

So—by the simple process of placing electro-magnets at the upper ends of irrigation ditches and canals, the ironized water is attracted and caused to flow up hill rapidly, where it can be diverted onto the fertile farm land.

#### CASE NO. 7

The only tragedy of the year among Institute workers was suffered by the hor-

#### *The new Grand Canyon Mule*





*Rattling for the Sheriff*

gricultural division. A D. I. of T. & V. engineer had gone alone into the isolated mountains to study the scientifically important Petrified Farm. There the trees are petrified, the creek water is glass with petrified fish motionless in it. Sadly, the mule carrying this engineer died from eating petrified grass, and then the engineer himself succumbed from eating petrified strawberries.

#### CASE NO. 8

Trappers for the Institute reported an item worthy of future study, especially



*And then the woodpecker came along and pecked a hole in it.*

in the climatological division. This occurred in California.

A bear was caught in a trap. It jerked its tail off, in escaping from the trap, and the climate there was so ideal that the bear promptly grew another tail.

More significant, however, is the fact that the tail also promptly grew another bear.

#### CASE NO. 9

Herpetologists for the Institute, Drs. Blinkus and Theobald, made new discoveries anent rattlesnake venom. Doing field work, Dr. Blinkus struck at a new species of rattlesnake with a hoe handle. The snake bit the hoe handle. So potent was the reptile's poison that the hoe handle promptly swelled to the size of a log.

Discussing this phenomenon after nightfall, the two scientists carelessly threw the log on their campfire. It flamed readily, but a gust of wind blew smoke unexpectedly onto the two men. So potent was the poison then in the smoke that Dr. Theobald was quite overcome, and would have died if Dr. Blinkus had not promptly dragged him to fresh air and safety.

#### CASE NO. 10

Valuable records were preserved for Drs. Blinkus and Theobald by the pet rattlesnake kept in their laboratory. A burglar broke into the laboratory, crawling through an open window in the dead of night. The snake heard the criminal, began rattling. Stricken with fear of the unseen snake, the burglar crouched in a corner.

The snake—well-trained by the scientists—crawled up to the window, threw

the catch which let it down and locked it. Then he crawled to the other side of the room, coiled around the doorknob, stuck his tail through the keyhole and rattled for the police. . . .

(Other scientists and scholars are invited to send in their case reports, if strictly true. Mail to the author, in care of this magazine. The author's thanks already are due Ernest Douglas, Ray Howland, Reg Manning, the late Will Barnes, and other source minds, especially in the West.)

## PRIZES

to amateur photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers prizes of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for the first and second place winners in a prize contest for amateur photographers.

All prints must be taken on the desert and the subjects may include close-ups of plant and animal life, unusual personal pictures, desert homes and gardens, weird rock formations and landscapes and scenic shots.

Composition, lighting, focus and the other fine points of photography are no less important than subject.

Rules governing the contest follow:

1—Pictures submitted in the May contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by May 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 2 1/4x3 1/4 or larger.

5—Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the May contest will be announced and the pictures published in the July number of the magazine.

Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR,  
DESERT MAGAZINE,  
El Centro, Calif.





NAVAJO WEAVERS

*Photograph by W. M. Pennington*

## THE "FEEL" OF THE DESERT

NAVAJO INDUSTRIES—The culture of sheep and the weaving of rugs—are displayed in this desert scene, which also reveals much of what is included in the natural life-work of Navajo women. Tending the flocks of sheep and goats, from early childhood

until marriage; bearing children and rearing them; weaving blankets and rugs from the wool they have clipped, then exchanging the finished products for food and clothing, Navajo women seldom find time for civilized frivolities.



"Cozy" McSparron has been an Indian Trader at Chin Lee in the heart of the Navajo Reservation in northeastern Arizona for 26 years. For real human drama there probably is no more interesting place on earth than a remote trading post. In the accompanying sketch Mrs. White Mountain Smith has revealed both the comedy and the tragedy which enter into the daily life of one of the most highly respected traders among the Navajos.

## *Trader at Thunderbird*

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

"I WANT to see Navajo life without any frills!" said my eastern visitor. And we chose a Trading Post far from civilization for her first visit to the largest tribe of Indians in the world.

Following a map of the far-flung Navajo Reservation spread over 16,000,000 acres we left Holbrook, Arizona, on U. S. 66 and followed it 40 miles east to a little post office and gas station called Chambers. Turning abruptly north the reservation road wound up hill and down through sand and cedars, past dirt covered hogans hidden against sheltering hills. Our road cut through the ancient Indian Ruin, Wide Ruins, and we stopped to pick up bits of colored pottery that hundreds of years of Arizona weather had not robbed of their painted designs.

A little farther beyond the ruin two Navajo girls were trudging along in their full calico skirts and velvet blouses. Their hair was drawn back into coarse nets and bright colored combs held it in place. Around their shoulders they wore store made blankets. I stopped the car and opened the door. Without a word they entered and seated themselves with the dignity of queens. I drove for miles without a word from them, but when a faint sound of rattling medicine gourds and the thin falsetto wail of "singers" came to us the girls grew almost loquacious. "Stop!" they said in chorus, and left us without a backward look. They were going to the Squaw Dance in full swing just around the hill.

Forty miles from the main highway we passed through Ganado, homestead of Don Lorenzo Hubbell, blood brother of

Red Horse, Navajo Chief, who sleeps the long sleep on the same high hill across the wash, with his white brother.

Navajo hogans grew more numerous as we traveled and flocks of sheep and goats straggled across the road. By looking closely the little boy or girl shepherds could be seen peeping out from some secure hiding place. Proffers of "all-day-suckers" usually lured them from their refuge long enough to grab the candy and then run like scared rabbits.

There is a stretch of road which runs through broken badlands, gray and red and beautiful in its stark barrenness. Close beside the trail is a well with heavy logs over the top. A Navajo woman was drawing water in a battered bucket to fill the hollowed log which served as a trough. Thirsty sheep pushed their hot noses into the water and drank deep gulps. A sort of pen built of logs set upright close together attracted my attention. The Indian woman told me this pen surrounded a spring that was full of snakes and the logs were around it to keep stock from going there to drink. I'm not sure whether the snakes were fenced in, or the sheep fenced out!

Noon sun lay hot on Thunderbird Ranch when we drove into the grove of cottonwoods surrounding the trading post and guest houses. Evidently my friend "Cozy" McSparron had taken time out for lunch and left his Navajo customers to their own devices. One of them was unloading a fat lamb from his wagon and was quite disconcerted to find that it had died of heat during the seven-mile journey from his hogan. Other Navajos waited with sacks of wool to trade for groceries and an old woman sat in the shade enjoying a meal of canned tomatoes which she drank from the can.

Thunderbird Trading Post is at the mouth of historic, and prehistoric, Canyon de Chelly, which is the very heart of the



Navajo Nation. And its owner, L. H. McSparron, known half way 'round the world as "Cozy," has been there with the Navajos for the past 26 years. This warm hearted, lovable Irishman is not merely a trader. He is the intimate friend and counselor of every Navajo in that region. Over the wide door of the post is carved the Navajo Thunderbird whose wings, flapping, cause the thunder's crash and whose flight among the clouds causes the raindrops to fall for the benefit of the Indians.

### Trading Is an Informal Procedure

We lunched with the McSparrons in their cool homey ranch house and followed "Cozy" to the trading post. When the door was opened the waiting Navajos came inside and seemed in no hurry whatever to begin their bargaining. Women settled themselves on the concrete floor and nursed their babies. The men occupied the benches and eyed the shelves loaded with treasures over which they had gloated dozens of times. There were ten gallon hats, chaps and bright sateen shirts and cowboy boots, and quite marvelous wide leather belts studded with colored glass.

A plump matron entered with a rug and spread it on the counter while she waited for "Cozy's" comment. It was here in Chin Lee with the insistence and assistance of Trader McSparron that the old-time Navajo rug designs and colors were revived. Knowing the years of patient work he had given to this project I wandered over and inspected the rug. It was more a blanket than rug, so smooth and soft and flexible it was. Big enough to cover a bed, it was one of the most beautiful pieces of Navajo weaving I had ever seen. The colors were a harmonious blending of soft yellow and warm brown, with touches of black and rose. The design was quite simple and followed stripes running across the blanket from side to side, there being no border. It is only in recent years that figured borders have been added to Navajo rugs.

"It is a beautiful blanket," "Cozy" told the weaver. While they agreed upon a price I turned to watch other customers. The owner of the dead lamb approached and talked rapidly in his native tongue to the trader. Cozy laughed.

"Clit-tso thinks because the lamb was alive when he started with it I should not mind its being dead now. I'll give him the groceries he came after and he can bring me some piñons in payment. Maybe they'll get here in better shape!"

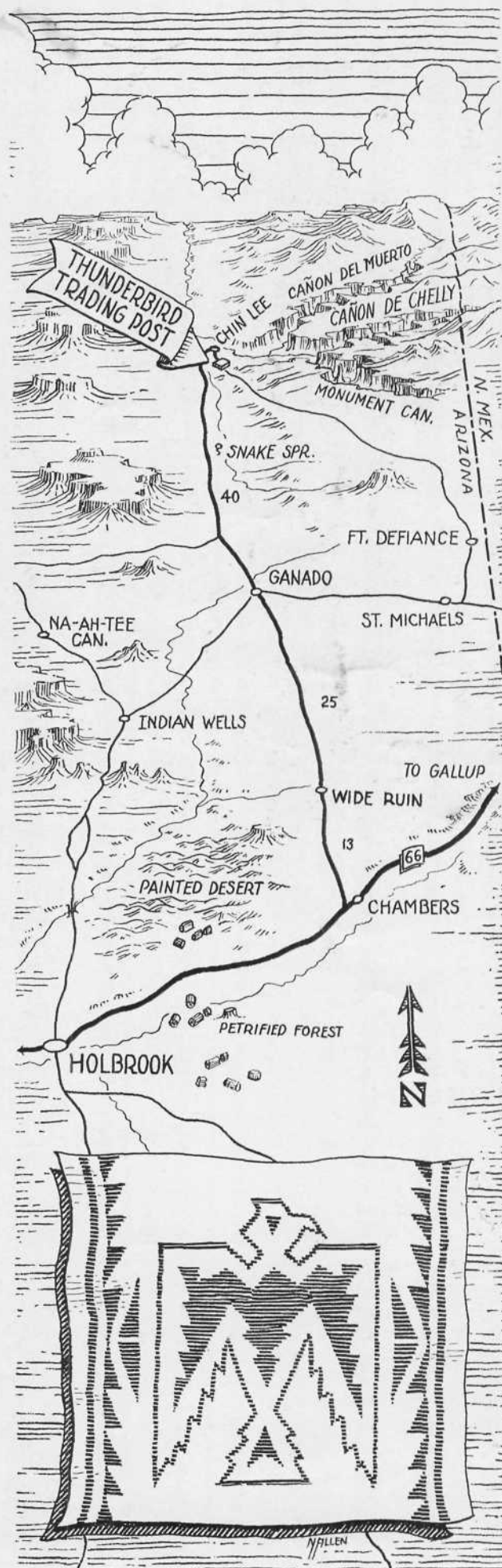
### Meet a Big-Hearted Pawn Keeper

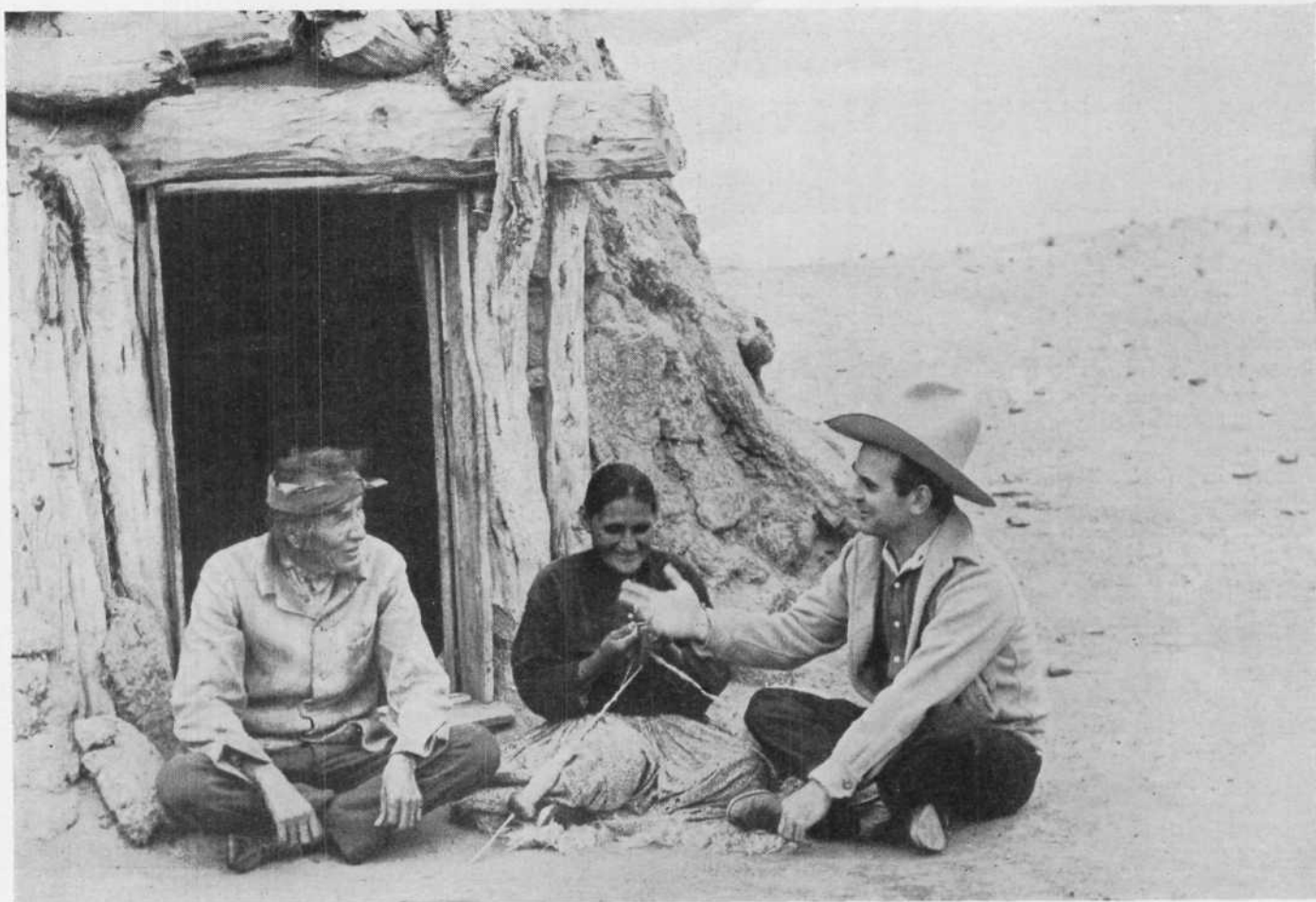
An old, old withered squaw approached the counter and gazed longingly at the "pawn" goods. Pawn is just that—personal property left as a pledge for goods purchased. Silver belts and bracelets and rings, shell and coral necklaces; hand braided rawhide ropes, sacred medicine baskets, anything and everything that the trader will lend a few dollars on. When the sheep are sheared or the spring lambs sold the Indians come in and pay their bills and redeem their belongings. If a trader sells anything in pawn he might as well move out of the country without delay. His business is dead.

There was a running fire of Navajo grunts and groans and choking sounds indulged in by both old lady and trader. He hunted among the necklaces and gave her one that was strung with everything from bear claws to turtle shells.

"She is the only woman 'singer' in this part of the Reservation," he said. "She wants to hold a healing ceremony over a woman who has bad dreams and she can't work properly without this medicine necklace. She'll bring it back to me when the sing is over!"

Five or six Navajo men entered the store bringing a feeling of tension and discord although not a word had been spoken. "Cozy" recognized the importance of their visit and greeted each one by name and gave them cigarettes. One began to





*"Cozy" McSparron stops at a Navajo hogan to chat with his friends.*

speak. I slid over as near as possible and looked and listened. The calm of the Navajo Nation certainly was disrupted. I couldn't understand a word of it but "Cozy" talked awhile and they went out and got on their ponies and rode out of sight around the hill.

"Cozy" turned to us. "I have to go up the Canyon to bury a little girl. You are going along. Do you think your friend would care to go with us?" I noticed he hadn't asked me if I cared to go, and I waited for the joker. He was busy collecting wearing apparel such as a red calico dress and brown shoes and stockings and a blue hair ribbon and blue glass beads.

"What are you going to do with those things?" I asked.

"You are going to put them on the girl and I'm going to bury her!"

And that was that!

It was midafternoon when we reached the hogan of Many Goats, father of the dead girl. Already the hogan was in shadow, but when one lives at the bottom of a thousand foot chasm one cannot expect too much sunlight. As we were driving to the hogan "Cozy" told us what happened. Many Goats had a ten-year-old girl that herded the sheep while they grazed in the grassy coves. Their neighbor, Yellow Singer, owned a burro and the little girl sometimes rode it after her

sheep. That morning when she got on the burro it threw her and broke her neck. The men involved and some of their clansmen came on a twofold errand to "Cozy," their friend. He was to bury the girl, and he was to settle their dispute about payment for the girl's death. No Navajo will touch a dead body if the task can possibly be turned over to a white man. "Cozy" took care of that duty.

Said Many Goats: "Yellow Singer's burro killed my daughter. He must pay me well for the girl. She was learning to weave good like her mother!" But Yellow Singer demurred: "Seven years ago your son shot my son as they came from the Government School. The gun was your gun. My son died. You did not pay me then and a son is worth much more than a girl!"

"Go to the agent and if he doesn't settle it for you, call a talk together of your Chapter Council. After all I'm not Solomon. I'm just an Indian Trader."

We dressed the girl in the bright new garments, wrapped her in a blanket and buried her in a sandy place. Rocks were piled over the grave. Then we went

visiting some of the weavers of native dye rugs.

"The Navajos have a never failing gold mine in their weaving if they stick to the old-time colors and design," said "Cozy." "What we are trying to do up here in Canyon de Chelly is to pay honest prices for honest work and encourage the women to weave two or three really good blankets each year rather than a dozen inferior ones."

"But, after all, they have to eat while they work," I protested, "and if it takes four months for a big rug the family is likely to go hungry!"

"When a good weaver begins a blanket she tells me. I go to see if she has cleaned and spun her yarn well, and if she has used vegetable and mineral dyes. If she has done that and is making an old design I allow her to buy the necessary food for her family at the Post and she brings me the work when it is finished."

"But what if she takes it to some other trader?" our visitor asked.

"Cozy" gave her a disgusted look: "Say, Navajos are honest until white people teach them to cheat!" I murmured an apology for my tenderfoot friend and ventured another question.

"Why are you an Indian Trader?"

"Because I like the Navajos and like to live among them. I was born at Gallup (80 miles south) and outside of years spent in school at Denver I haven't been



gone from here long at a time. I came out here 26 years ago and these people are real people. I think a Navajo blanket is far more interesting and beautiful than your imported Persians. Here I can make an honest living for my family and be among Indians I admire for their courage and independence."

We drove along the sandy bottom of Canyon del Muerto looking up at the stark straight walls of red stone. Tucked away in almost every sheltered nook was a deserted habitation, empty these last six or eight hundred years. And in every grassy cove at the foot of the cliffs, sheep grazed and smoke curled from a hogan. The long dead Indians have given place to the very much alive Navajos.

From such a hogan the dwellers waved and called to "Co-zee!", and we left the car and went to call on them. It was the home of Old Gray Horse's wife. She permitted him to live there with her as long as he was a good Indian. As we neared the hogan Old Gray Horse began to run around in circles, now crouching close to the ground, again leaping into the air, and circling once more. My friend hung back debating swift flight to the automobile. Personally, I didn't crowd into the foreground. "Cozy" was quite calm.

"Yes, yes, Grandfather. I think that is a good idea. I'll see what can be done about it!" Grandfather subsided and accepted a cigarette. "He wants a couple of turkeys to catch grasshoppers that are eating his corn crop," said the trader.

The two women of the hogan brought their spun and dyed yarn to "Cozy" for inspection. He examined it and left some color cards with them for their guidance. These exact copies of old rugs, color and all, are made from the best ancient Navajo rugs in museums and distributed by people interested in keeping Navajo weaving at a high standard.

Back in front of the open fire in Thunderbird Ranch we sat in chairs draped with old Navajo rugs. The floor was covered with rugs of all sizes and designs. Out on the wide veranda couches and

## Writers of the Desert



*Reg Manning, cartoonist-writer*

lounging chairs were gay and comfortable with Navajo weaving. No wonder famous and worth-while people come year after year from every corner of our country and even across the sea to rest and vacation here at Thunderbird. The guest cabins are decorated with Indian workmanship and if there is a Squaw Dance or a sing within a hundred miles the Indians tell "Cozy" and he and his friends are welcome guests.

Navajos drive their wagons into the shade by the Chin Lee Creek and make camp. Visiting Navajos take charge of the guest hogan close to the trading post. Old men sit on the bench under the carved Thunderbird and smoke and talk of the days when Kit Carson penned their people in the Canyon de Chelly and captured many thousands of them. On the smooth green lawn the trader's two little girls play with their Navajo nurse, while their mother works among her flowers and the big collie dog supervises everything going on.

And this is the domain of "Cozy" McSparron, Trader at Thunderbird.

REG MANNING, whose humorous cartoons appear in this number of Desert Magazine, covered his school books with crazy caricatures of his teachers. He left school ten years ago to join the staff of the Arizona Republic as a news photographer, although he says he didn't know which end of the camera took the picture. He wanted to draw and his employers finally let a few of his cartoons slip into print.

In the last two years he has led most of the nation's political cartoonists in Literary Digest reprints and his work is reaching a growing audience through syndicated features. His first complete illustrated book came off the Augustin press this month: "Reg Manning's Cartoon Guide to Arizona." Within a week after it appeared in the bookstores 3,000 copies were sold in Phoenix alone, and a rush order was sent to the publisher for the printing of a second edition. Manning's full page "Big Parade" in each Sunday's Republic has endeared him to all Arizonans.

He may be found at his drawing board any hour of day or night in the studio of his Phoenix home—in green eyeshade and blue denims. He has a tremendous capacity for work.

The Desert Magazine is pleased to welcome Reg Manning to its pages, both because of his ability as an artist, and because his entertaining portrayal of desert subjects has been a tremendous contribution to popular knowledge of the great desert Southwest.

• • •

LON GARRISON, creator of the Desert Magazine's Hard Rock Shorty, is a park ranger in the federal service. Material for the Hard Rock yarns was obtained during a period when he was on duty in Death Valley. Garrison is now stationed in Yosemite Valley.

• • •

CORA L. KEAGLE, whose first Desert Magazine feature appears in this number, resides at Pixley, in California's San Joaquin valley. Her idea of a perfect weekend is a trip into the Mojave desert where she may prowl around at will in the old mining camps or explore out-of-the-way canyons. Between trips, an attractive cactus garden provides desert atmosphere in her own home yard.

• • •

For the information of writers, the Desert Magazine requires a pronounced human interest slant in all its features. Ordinarily the limit for manuscripts is 1500 to 2000 words, occasionally an article is good enough to justify 2500 words, but this is the exception. Writers whose copy has not appeared in the magazine are urged to query the editor, giving a brief outline of the material, before submitting. Such inquiries are gladly answered.

Although only six months old the Desert Magazine now goes to subscribers in 40 states and six foreign countries. California ranks first, Arizona second, and New York state third in number of subscribers.

*In Canyon del Muerto, heart of the Navajo country*



*Desert garnets in the rough and polished are shown in the accompanying picture.—Photo by Eunice Hilton.*

# Garnets Are Where You Find Them

By JOHN W. HILTON



**"INSURED for \$5,000."**  
When the express man handed me the tiny parcel he called my attention to its declared value. With trembling hands I cut the seals and unwrapped the contents. Would it be a priceless ruby, or a large spinel or a hitherto unknown gem? These questions raced through my mind as I removed the final wrappings. Members of our staff crowded close as I brought the gem under the bright light of the appraising room.

There before us lay a large and beautifully colored garnet—full of flaws. It was practically valueless.

I had corresponded for weeks with the owner of this stone. After many reassurances on my part he finally had risked sending it to me for appraisal. His local jeweler had told him it was a ruby of the finest quality and a stone of great value.

Incidents of this kind are not infrequent in the life of a gem appraiser. The

local watch-maker or self-styled authority on gems assures his friend that the garnet he has found is a ruby, or the quartz crystal he has discovered is a diamond.

Garnets actually include a considerable variety of silicates having kindred formulas, differing in composition and color, but with the same crystallization. There are more kinds of garnets than the average person suspects. Their colors range from deep red to fine rose pink and the variations include brown, orange, purple, yellow and even green.

The range of occurrence of this gem is almost as varying as its color. Hard and tough, the garnet withstands the battering and grinding of erosion. For this reason it frequently is found in alluvial deposits on the deserts.

Notable among such deposits are those in New Mexico where garnets are found as smooth slightly angular pebbles. These are of the pyrope variety and are a fiery shade of red. Their

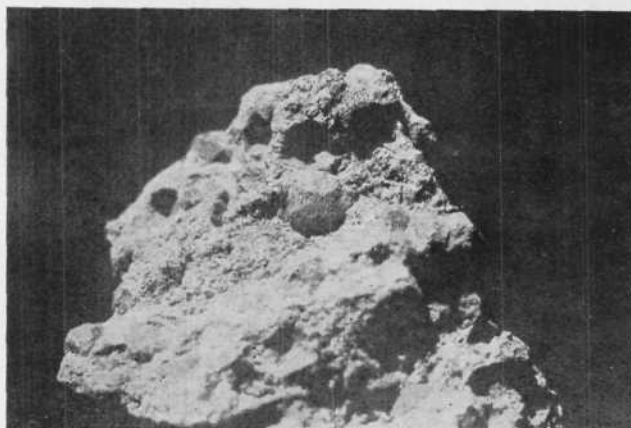
shape, size and color suggest the origin of the name garnet. The word comes from the Latin *granatus*, having many grains or seeds, and more directly from pomegranate because of the close resemblance in color and shape to the seeds of this fruit.

In certain parts of Arizona and New Mexico there is a common belief that ants mine these little gems and arrange them in neat rows around the base of their hills. It is a fact that many fine little garnets are found around the ant hills. The explanation is simple.

Pyrope garnet is a heavy mineral having a density of about 3.75. This makes it heavier than ordinary gravel. The ants do not purposely mine garnets. The gems are removed and brought to the surface because they obstruct the underground tunnels. Because they are heavy and smooth, the garnets naturally slide to the base of the anthill. Another factor which tends to make them conspicuous is

*Continued on page 35*

*Almandite garnets in granite. This is the most common type found on the desert. It seldom if ever is of gem quality.*



*Essonite garnet from the old Garnet Queen mine in the Santa Rosa mountains of Southern California. Not being worked now.*





## *Santa Rosa Mountains*

Halftone  
Reproduction  
of painting by

**BONNIE WELCH**  
Brawley, California



# *The Desert is Her Workshop*

By LARRY D. WOLMAN

AS A housewife on a desert homestead, combating insects and sandstorms and with none of the comforts of a modern home, Bonnie Welch has seen the desert at its worst.

And yet, through and beyond the dust clouds and the shimmering heat waves of a midsummer day her artist's vision has always found the serene beauty of the desert landscape, and today her canvases are attracting increased attention among those qualified to judge the value of desert portrayals.

Prospectors following the canyons in the arid region of Southern California occasionally come upon a lone artist working with paint and brush in places so remote as to be regarded as inaccessible by the ordinary motorist. That is where Mrs. Welch does her finest work. With Mr. Welch as a companion she loads her sleeping bag in a sturdy car and goes out in quest of new subjects. When she finds the picture she wants she camps on the spot—studying and working until she has recorded her impression on canvas. Generally these places are far off the regular highway.

Mrs. Welch spent her girlhood in Washington, D. C. She attended school there and was a student in the classes at

the Corcoran Art Galleries. Later she came west and after a brief residence in Brawley, California, moved with her husband to a homestead on the virgin desert near the Salton Sea in 1915.

Keeping house in a tent when it was necessary to haul drinking water for miles, and caring for her family did not permit much time for art work during those first few years on the desert.

But Mrs. Welch never lost interest in her painting. When the opportunity came, she went to Santa Barbara for several months to study under Kabaley. In recent years she has been able to devote her time almost entirely to the work she loves. Part of each week is given to adult classes in art, and the remaining time finds her somewhere out on the desert working at her easel. As an open studio, the desert sometimes has its disadvantages. Sudden gusts of wind may fill the fresh paint with sand. Insects seem to have a special liking for the artist's pigment. And there are days when the glare of the sun makes it necessary to keep shifting the beach umbrella which provides shade. But these are not serious obstacles to a woman who finds complete happiness in the creative art of painting.

During the last three years Mrs. Welch

has been spending part of her winter months at a studio in Palm Springs, where she has found a profitable market for certain types of work.

She has developed a special technique of her own for colorful miniatures of the desert, done in oil on parchment. There is widespread demand for these miniatures and there have been times when the orders came faster than she could produce them. She will not give all her time to these parchment paintings because she prefers to work on canvas. It is in these larger portrayals that her long and intimate association with the desert finds most accurate expression.

Once each year her paintings are exhibited at Brawley under the sponsorship of the El Centro chapter of National League of American Pen Women. Mrs. Welch's canvases have seldom appeared in the commercial exhibits in the recognized art centers. The reason is that orders for her work come regularly to her door.

She has lived through all the moods of a desert whose greatest fascination is its ever-changing aspects. It is both her home and her workshop, and her work is outstanding because she loves the landscapes which she paints.



Not all the women in the hell-roarin' days of the old western mining camps were painted girls of the dance hall—as the fiction writers would lead us to believe. There were also some fine intelligent wives and mothers who faced the hardships of a lawless frontier with no less courage than their men. Such a character is Mrs. Laura King who went to the Calico Silver camp on the Mojave desert in the '80s and has spent the most of her life there. Here is the story of one of the REAL women of the West.

## Mother of a Ghost Town

By CORA L. KEAGLE

*Photo by F. V. Sampson, Barstow*

"**Y**OU should have come over that road in an ore wagon behind six horses," laughed Mrs. Laura King, oldest inhabitant of the "ghost" mining town of Calico, California, when we spoke of the ride up the hill from Barstow near by on the Mojave desert. "That was the way we took our pleasure rides 50 years ago. I remember one especially. That was the day we all went down to the picnic at Fishponds to dedicate the new irrigation canal to the Van Dyke ranch. We had a good time, too."

First mention of Mrs. King, who went to Calico during the height of the silver mining activities in the '80s, had brought to my mind the image of a weather-beaten mountain woman with perhaps a pinch of snuff in her apron pocket. Instead, she proved to be the "lavender and old lace" type with a soft southern voice reminiscent of her Texas ancestry. Her

brown eyes sparkled as she told us tales of her early days in Calico.

The cottage where she lives with a devoted son and daughter, faces the sunset across the precipitous brink of Wall Street canyon. In the living room are rare old photographs, sketches and paintings of historical persons and places. A glass fronted case holds a valuable collection of ores and on the book shelves are autographed volumes by writers of the desert. Among these are the names of W. P. Bartlett and Earl Derr Biggers.

Mrs. King told us something of the early history of Calico. She knows the story well for the major part of her lifetime has been spent among the colorful hills of Calico.

For 30 years after Jedediah Smith came through Cajon Pass, opening up an overland route, traders, trappers and miners passed along the foot of the Calico mountains on their way to Los Angeles, ad-

mired their beauty and passed on their way, for no one but a greenhorn would look for precious metals in volcanic rock.

Mother Nature must have smiled to herself when she planted all that silver in unsuspected volcanic rock, preparing for the great treasure hunt which lasted seven years or more.

One of these travelers, admiring the vivid coloring, the red of volcanic rock, the cream and chocolate of the clays and the great gashes of blue and purple shadows where the canyons cut across, remarked, "They are as purty as a piece of Calico." And what could be more beautiful than gay calico print, symbol of missing feminine companionship. And so they were named. Later when the only newspaper was issued it bore the appropriate name, "Calico Print."

A silver mine discovered near Barstow sent prospectors scurrying into the nearby hills. The first strike was made at the



head of Wall Street canyon by John C. McBride, an Irishman, and a Portuguese named Lowery Sylva. This name is often incorrectly given as Lowery "Silver." The mine, for sentimental reasons was christened the "Sue" but after it passed into other hands became known as the "Sioux."

With this discovery the rush began. Rich deposits were found also in Bismark, Occidental and Odessa Canyons to the east. This new region was called East Calico.

In a short time there were hundreds of miners honey-combing the hills. This was the poor man's opportunity to mine, for the deposits were shallow and as the ore could be sent down chutes by gravity no expensive machinery was required. There was never a hoist in the mines.

At first it was a man's country only, for no trees grew on the red hillsides and there was no lumber with which to build houses.

Of her personal history Mrs. King says, "My husband joined the stampede in 1884. We left our Los Angeles home and I took my four children for a visit with relatives at Azusa while George went ahead to get a house. There are limits to the pleasure of visiting indefinitely with four small children so I wrote George to get a house if he had to build it of brush. Back came the answer, 'But there is no brush.' However a new lumber yard at Daggett solved the problem and a house was built just across the gulch from the Bismark mine where my husband was employed. Later we bought

this mine from John M. Daggett, for whom the town of Daggett was named and who was afterward lieutenant-governor of California."

Life in the new home was busy. Interesting people and events compensated for the hardships. In addition to caring for her family Mrs. King boarded the men who worked in her husband's mine, did their mending and mothered them in many ways. There were no Indians. The domestic help was Chinese. She saw two future governors, Waterman and Markham, make fortunes.

#### Discovered a Mine by Accident

She tells with a chuckle of the day she discovered a mine. "I was sitting on a log with my husband and reached down to pick up a piece of bark. Under it was a piece of ore that proved to be the outcropping of a rich mine. So you see I am a real miner."

Mr. King died in 1887 and Mrs. King made trips "outside" to put her children in high school at Pomona. On one of these visits an attack of pneumonia left her lungs in a serious condition. She says the desert air of Calico cured her and that she will never again leave.

Looking from her front window she can see across Wall Street canyon to the hillside, pitted and gashed with the remains of entrance tunnels made back in the days when over \$60,000,000 in silver ore was shipped out. At the foot of the hill is the stone barricade where Johnny-Behind-the-Rock lived. His signature was J. Mackay but he was considered a bit "daffy" because he talked to himself and

to the rocks and dug aimless trails and tunnels over the hillside.

A little to the right are the ruins of the old post office from which "Dorsey," the mail-carrying dog, started on his route.

At the left stand the walls of the adobe saloon where a card shark died of "lead poisoning," when he was found cheating at cards.

Farther to the left, at the foot of the hill, the old cemetery speaks silently of those who once made history. Here the surface of the ground is cheerful with pebbles of blue, green, red and white, like a great warm quilt designed from tiny scraps of gay print, its pattern broken only by the heaps of stones and wooden head boards that mark the graves. Epitaphs in black paint stand out in high relief, the soft wood having been deeply etched away by whirling, sand-laden winds. What an advertisement for the preserving virtues of somebody's paint!

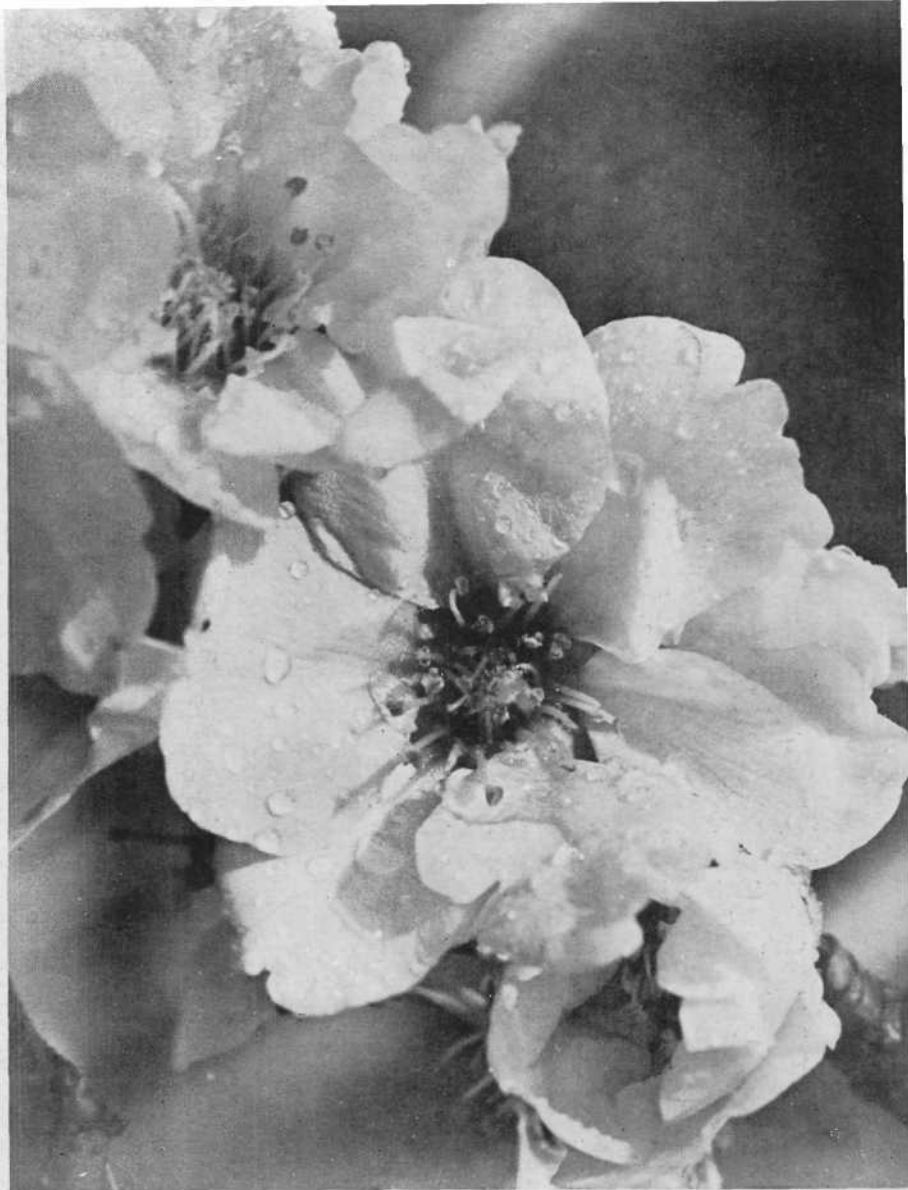
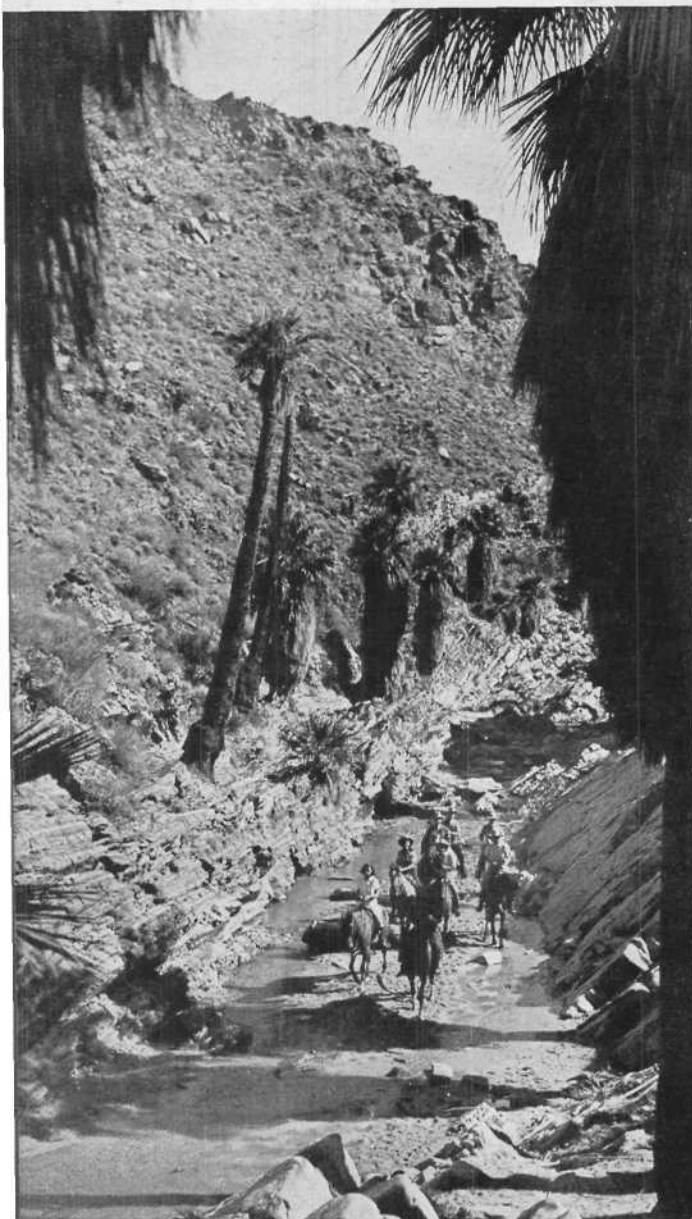
After seven fortune making years the upper reaches of the mines were exhausted and expensive machinery would have been required for deep work. Then, suddenly, the price of silver dropped to where this expense was prohibitive and almost as suddenly the mines were deserted.

Mrs. King and her family believe there is still a fortune in silver down under those twisted masses of rock and clay and that when the price is right the ghost town will come to life again. It would be a kind turn of fate if its reincarnation should come about while those who helped make its history may still reap a reward. But whether a new strike is made or not, Mrs. King will still cling to her sunny philosophy "All's right with the world."

*This copy of a rare old photograph shows Calico in the days when millions of dollars in silver were being taken from the colorful hills of that area. The original of this print was torn and the lines show where it was patched.*



# Prize Winners



Prize winning pictures in the recent contest sponsored by Palm Springs Associates are presented on these two pages. Judges were Charles Kerlee, nationally-known commercial photographer; Ralph Braddock, Los Angeles Times rotogravure editor, and Robert Freeman, advertising art director. Prints were obtained through the courtesy of J. R. Osherenko.

## PEACH BLOSSOM . . .

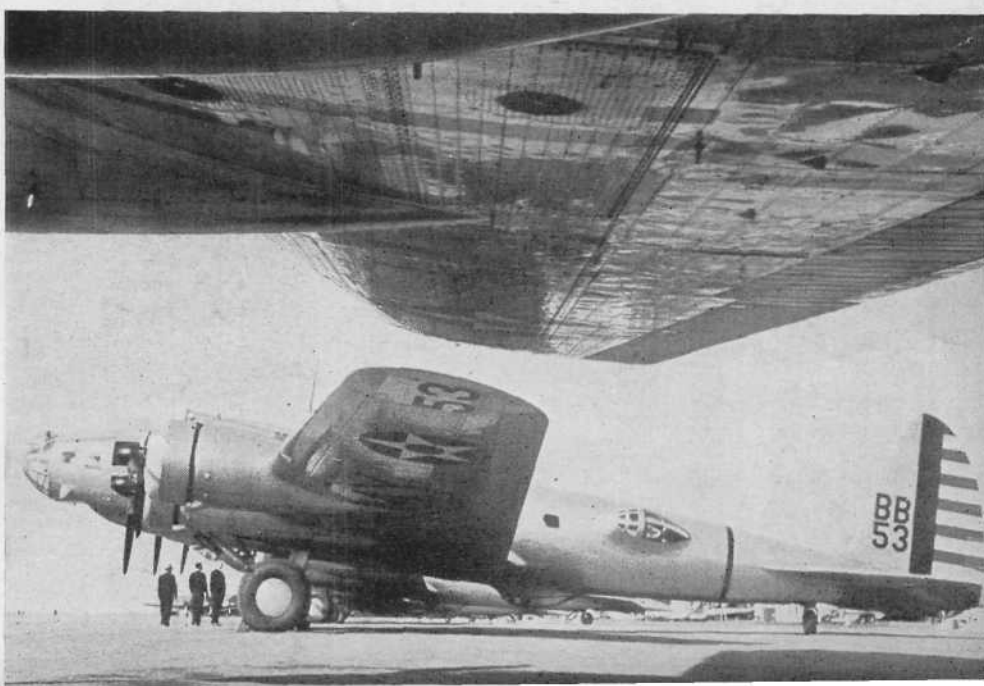
Awarded a prize by popular vote of visitors at the contest gallery. This picture was taken six inches from the blossoms by Bill Smith, swimming coach at Palm Springs.

## PALM CANYON . . .

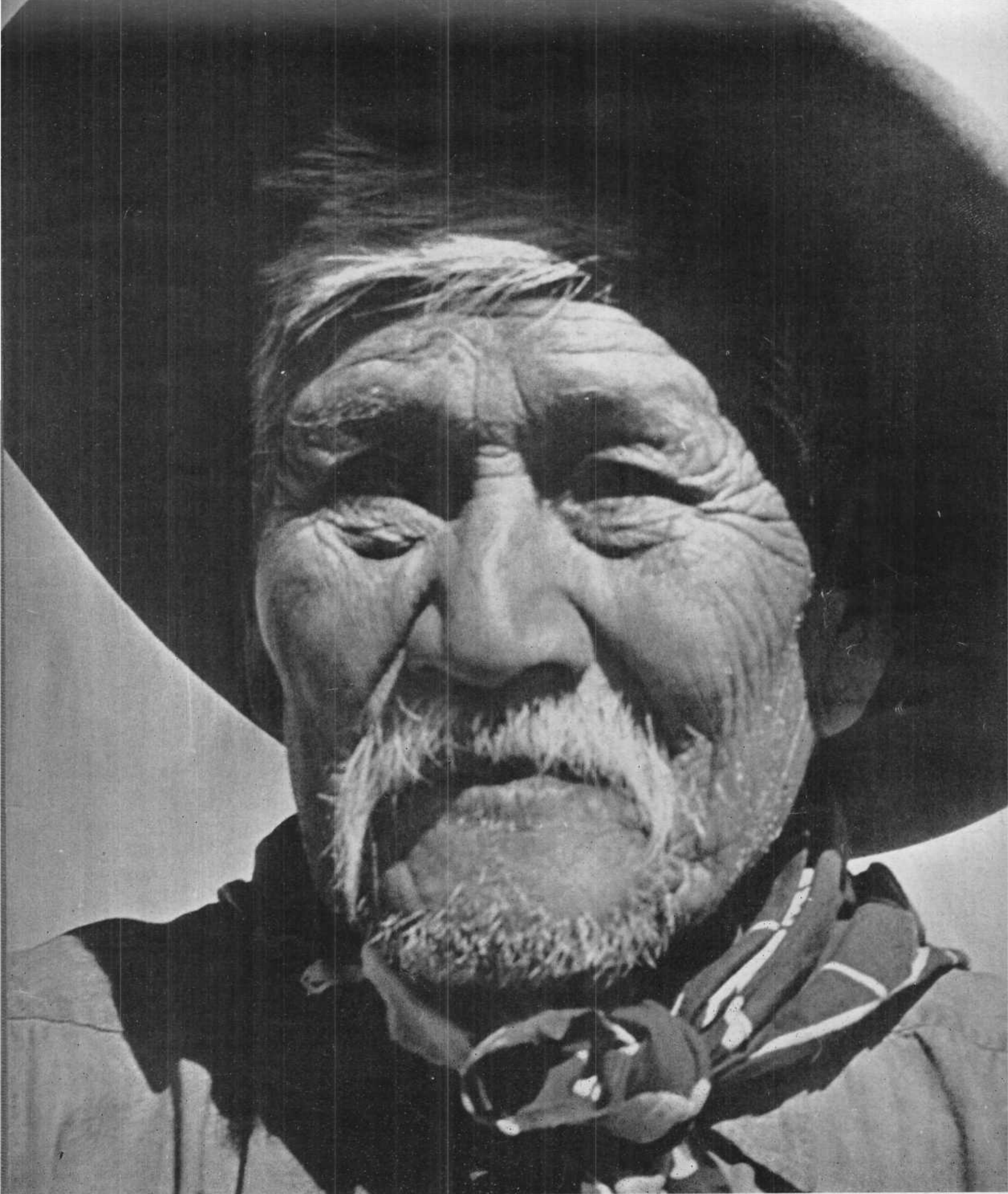
One of the prize winning pictures in the professional division, this picture taken by Chuck Abbott, cowboy host and photographer for the Desert Inn.

## BOEING BOMBER . . .

First prize winner in action and candid division, taken by William Schiller, Palm Springs guest.







### *Pedro China . . .*

Character study of 113-year-old member of the Agua Caliente Mission band of Indians at Palm Springs.

This prize winning picture in the professional division was taken by Frank Bogert, publicity director for El Mirador hotel at Palm Springs.



## *The O'Briens of "Palo Verde Shack"*

By RANDALL HENDERSON

WHEN the winter snows begin to fly, Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Brien, like many of their neighbors in the palatial Grosse Pointe suburb of Detroit, Michigan, begin packing to go to a warmer climate.

A majority of the neighbors go to Florida. But the O'Briens start west. Their destination is a certain little three-room shack perched on the bank of a sandy arroyo at the foot of the Cargo Muchacho mountains in the desert of Southern California.

And instead of spending their winter months in the unproductive pursuits of de luxe vacationists, the O'Briens are supervising the operation of a mine which perhaps some day will be a paying investment, but in the meantime is providing steady employment for 110 mining employes and a comfortable livelihood for more than 300 persons.

These mine owners from Detroit, John

J. and Louise O'Brien, are interesting people. Not because they are wealthy and have access to Detroit's most fashionable society. But because they have found their greatest happiness in the simple life of a remote little mining camp on a desert which pampered human beings generally regard as the ante-room to hades.

Every morning large coveys of quail come in from the desert to find grain that has been left for them inside the Ocotillo hedge which surrounds the O'Brien's "Palo Verde shack." And when the birds have eaten their fill and taken a drink from a little fountain in the rocks, the squirrels come for their daily handout.

But while Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are winning the confidence of the birds and animals which share their 500-acre mining property, they are also earning the respect and friendship of a growing community of human beings—the employes and their families who live in the newly

created town of Obregon and work in the mine. Mr. and Mrs. John J. O'Brien of Detroit are not sure yet whether their mine will be a profitable investment—but in the meantime these folks from the big city have found the desert pays big dividends in freedom and contentment. And so they spend as many months as possible each year at a little cabin near their ore shaft in the Cargo Muchacho mountains of Southern California.

created town of Obregon and work in the mine.

It was this mining project which first brought the Detroit couple to the desert. John J. —he is "Cap" to his friends—formerly was a newspaper man. During the war he served as a major in the air corps. He is a man with wide experience in many fields, and while he does not call himself an engineer he has had technical experience in both mining and big scale ranching.

Mrs. O'Brien has played a leading role for many years in civic and social welfare activities in Detroit. She comes from a family of successful business executives, and many fine civic achievements in Detroit are credited to her industry and ability. She has not forsaken her city responsibilities, but she has found new opportunities for creative work during her winter vacations on the desert.

Four years ago these mid-westerners



became interested in the old American Girl and other mining properties in the Cargo Muchachos, five miles from Ogilby in eastern Imperial county. The property had been worked extensively a half century ago. Some high grade ore was taken out during that early period of operation, but when the richest veins were worked out the owners discontinued operations and the original mill was dismantled.

Old mine surveys and exploration records, however, disclosed large bodies of comparatively low grade ore which could be mined and milled profitably only by the expenditure of large capital.

Engineers made a favorable report on the property, and the O'Briens purchased the American Girl along with several unpatented claims in the same area. Stock promoters tried to induce Mr. O'Brien to form a company and put shares on the market but he and Mrs. O'Brien have refused to do this.

"It is a gamble," he said. "We believe we have a property which eventually will prove to be a paying investment. But no mining property, until it is fully developed, is a sure thing and we do not wish to take the responsibility of gambling with the money of other people."

A 150-ton flotation mill has been erected and the property is now in full operation with two shifts working daily. It is not paying its way yet, but in the meantime the owners are finding some compensation for their losses in the thought that they are providing steady employment for the largest camp of mine workers in the Colorado desert area.

Next to the operation of the mine, the most interesting problem to the owners has been the development of a little community of homes for the employes and their families.

The visitor who arrives at Obregon for the first time is impressed with the appearance of the camp. Small mining camps are notoriously ill-planned and slovenly in appearance. But here is a community of 50 or more houses, spread out in a rock arroyo, where cabins are painted, yards and streets are marked with orderly rows of rocks, and there is evidence in every direction that company and workers are cooperating in an effort to keep the camp clean and make living conditions attractive.

When county school authorities ruled that they could not spare funds for the erection of a school building the O'Briens built it with their own money. The county, however, has provided a teacher for the 30 or 40 children of the mine workers.

Pioneering in a desert mining camp with no paved streets or servants or stores was a new experience for Mrs. O'Brien.



*Allen McDonald, veteran of the mines, sharpens drill bits for the men who work down below—and takes pride in doing a good job of it.*

All her life she had been accustomed to the conveniences of a modern city. But after her first visit to the property, and before it offered as many comforts as it does today, she fell in love with the desert. It was her suggestion that a little cabin be built where she could spend as much time as possible close to the mine.

"The only thing I knew how to cook when I came out here was scrambled eggs," she said. "I had planned to learn cooking before I came, but kept putting

it off until the day before we were to leave Detroit when I called my cook upstairs and told her, 'Now, Anna, tell me how to cook.'

"I conquered coffee in a percolator, and if I do say it, I can make the best cream of wheat I have ever eaten. I always give it a tremendous stirring just before serving.

"One night I tried macaroni—using a combination of two recipes. I almost lost my mind, and had the kitchen littered with dishes and pans. Not because I used too much macaroni, but because there are so many things to do to it. The result was worth the effort, however. I thought I had reached the ultimate when I served fresh asparagus cut up in cream as a friend of mine had made it."

The American Girl produces gold ore which assays from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a ton. There is also some copper, enough to pay for the smelting charges, and a trace of silver. The ore is broken up and concentrated at the mill, and shipped to Superior, Arizona, for the final processing.

The O'Briens give much credit for their smooth-working organization to W. D. McMillan, superintendent of the mine. He is a graduate mining engineer with an unusually wide range of experience in Africa and Europe as well as the United States.

The Cargo Muchachos have played an important part in the mining history of the Southwest. Millions of dollars in gold was taken from the old Tumco mine

*Continued on page 33*



*Miners who operated the American Girl nearly a half century ago could not be bothered with ore which assayed less than \$10 a ton. But with modern equipment the O'Briens are handling \$4.00 rock profitably.*



## My Desert Fastness

By E. A. Brininstool

I'm in my desert fastness—the silent, painted land,  
Where sunrise glories thrill me, and where,  
Across the sand,  
Gleam splendors which no painter but God  
Himself can show  
In changing lights and shadows, spilled by the  
sunset's glow.

Across the wide arroyos the broken buttes rise  
high,  
And far beyond, the mountains, whose white  
crests pierce the sky.  
The wine-like air brings to me the desert  
smells I love—  
The scent of sage and greasewood from mesa-  
lands above.

I'm in my desert fastness—a barren solitude!  
No city noises clanging outside my cabin rude.  
Only the gentle breezes across the sagebrush  
floor,  
In low-crooned, soothing rhythm, drift idly  
past my door.

Oh, glorious desert country, your magic spell  
I know!  
Your lure is strong, resistless, when from your  
depths I go!  
Your wild wastes call and beckon in accents  
glad and true,  
And your calm stretches soothe me when I re-  
turn to you!

### DESERT'S RECOMPENSE

By Hazel Goff

The Spirit of Spring walks the desert  
And showers with a generous hand  
Garlands of earth's brightest flowers  
To sweeten the pale barren land.

Azure and purple and carmine,  
The desert's gay blankets unfold,  
And ripple in breath-taking beauty  
O'er dunes which have lain bare and cold.

As though for the summer's hot crispness,  
And winter's chill winds to atone,  
The Spirit of Spring gives the desert  
Its moment of beauty—full-blown.

How the unfruitful sands come to blossom  
In loveliness—only God knows;  
But in Spring for a brief thrilling heartbeat,  
The desert does "bloom as the rose!"

### "HELL-TOOTER" ANNIE

By D. Maitland Bushby

Six feet, and straighter than a Navajo,  
She towers among the modern women here.  
Her gypsy garb and golden spangled ear  
Accentuate her leathered neck to show  
The years; but age will never dim the glow  
Of her warm heart though she has known the  
fear  
That comes with war cries heard at night. The  
cheer  
She brings is good for any man to know.  
No one can doubt these things of her and yet  
There are some foolish ones who show sur-  
prise  
At her full-blooded oaths that brightly jet  
Into the quiet air to spark her eyes.  
Today seems hers with yesterday forgot,  
But twitching hands betray what eyes do not.

### CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

*When Mr. Road-runner was out  
today,  
He met old man Turtle plodding  
this way,  
With a smile so pleasant and man-  
ner so gay.  
Says Mr. Road-runner to Turtle, "I  
pray  
Your happy secret you will con-  
vey."  
"Cheerful work and sunshine;  
Rest, with no strife."  
This is the secret of the turtle's  
long life.*

### IF ALL THAT GLITTERS

By Lois Elder Steiner

If all the gold in all the hills  
Would glisten in the sun,  
Do you suppose there'd be enough  
For everyone?  
Do you suppose we'd want to share  
Or leave one piece behind?  
And if our friends got more than we,  
Do you suppose we'd mind?

### AFTER SUNSET

By Ruth E. Willis

Here on the desert I often watch  
The mountains change in hue;  
From a sunset tinted afterglow  
To one of midnight blue.  
They gather the dusk about them,  
Each soft, dark velvet fold,  
And slumber at peace in the silence  
Through the deepening twilight in bold  
Silhouette against a star-set sky . . .  
We scale the top of each dreaming peak  
In awe—my soul and I.

### PALO VERDES

By Irma P. Forsythe

You are so lovely  
Palo Verde trees when spring  
Has draped your limbs  
In golden robes that waft  
Like butterflies on wing.  
You are as happy laughing girls  
In gowns of soft chiffon  
Who dance thru mellow moonlit nights  
And gaily greet the dawn.

### THE DESERT GOES TO REST

By Jeff Worth

There's a purple haze o'er the distant hills,  
And a golden glow in the west,  
The moon hangs low in the eastern sky  
As the desert goes to rest.  
As night comes on with swift advance,  
And the evening star shines bright,  
A coyote howls, and a night bird cries,  
While an owl sets forth in flight.  
There's a mystic hush o'er the silent plain,  
As the mantle of night is spread;  
A tranquil pause—and the day is done—  
And the stars are bright overhead.





*Resting from their self-imposed toil, Nan and Pete examine the Desert Magazine while Charles puffs a cigarette. Nan carved by hand the corbels under the rafters and the panels of the great doors. One of Charles' paintings hangs on the wall. This is a view of the large living room.*

## Just an Old Army Canteen

—but the Bolsius trio, Pete, Nan and Charles have salvaged the 'dobe walls and turned it into a home that radiates charm and hospitality. This is the story of three westerners who have had a lot of fun doing a tough job.

By J. WILSON MCKENNEY

THREE YEARS ago the Bolsius family, brothers Pete and Charles and Pete's wife Nan, "discovered" the abandoned canteen built in 1873 near Fort Lowell, seven miles north-east of Tucson, Arizona.

What to others was a quaint but worthless ruin was to them a fairy castle, a long cherished dream materialized before their eyes. Their vision began to take form as they scratched their first plans in the desert dust, chattering excitedly of the things they wanted to do to transform this old

building. Here was their Paradise: a smiling Arizona sun; the green and brown tints of the river bottoms nearby shading into the hazy purples of the Catalinas; 65-year-old walls rich in history.

But first they must purchase the property. During six months of negotiations, they camped in a nearby shack. Nan cooked on an improvised adobe camp stove out-of-doors. Curious Mexican neighbors came up on horseback, peered into the steaming kettles,

rode away silently shaking their heads. These people must be *muy loco*.

So sure were Pete and Charles and Nan that they could express their creative artistry in these adobe walls, they bought ten thousand board feet of ties and bridge planks from an abandoned railway 35 miles away and hauled it to the property before the deed was signed. When the formal transfer was made, they bent to their task.

As they worked they drew from their neighbors the story of the fort and the canteen. They found interesting notes in old manuscripts at Tucson, copied down names and dates. They learned that the first army troops were garrisoned at Tucson in 1862, the year after the outbreak of the Civil War, and remained there during the war. In 1866 a permanent military post was established and named Camp Lowell after Brig.-Gen. Charles R. Lowell of the Sixth Cavalry.

The story goes that the soldiers at the post were too frequently enamored of the Mexican señoritas. To escape the wrath of a citizen's vigilance committee, the commanding officer ordered the Bluecoats to march into the desert. Seven miles out he ordered them to dig in. So in October, 1873, Fort Lowell was built on a tributary slope of the Santa Cruz river.

Fred Austin, saloon keeper, had to build his canteen a quarter mile from the outer wall of the fort. It was completed about the time the fort was ready to occupy. The fort is now completely in ruins, only fragmentary walls showing where buildings once stood. But only roof, doors, and windows were gone from the canteen when the Bolsius trio arrived in 1934.

A. P. (Pete) Bolsius came from his ancestral home in Holland in 1920, met, wooed, and married Nan, a sturdy Iowa farm girl. Nan has the eyes of a dreamer, the brow of a poet, and the energy of a successful business woman. Pete is a good mixer, even-tempered, hard-working, a good provider.

Brother Charles, regarded by the industrious Bolsius clan as a ne'er-do-well artist, came to America in 1930 and lived a life of ease with Pete and

Nan in New Mexico. He had been educated to a life of leisure and had received a thorough training in art, but had given no indication that he would succeed the illustrious Van Gogh. For three years he dabbled with paints, recording southwestern landscapes on canvas, but disdaining to soil his hands with hard labor.

When the three found their dream house, Pete was unanimously elected breadwinner. He continued to make good as a traveling salesman, "bringing home the bacon" on weekends. Then he would relax by stripping down to shorts and tussling with 'dobe and timbers.

Charles manfully took his baptism of labor in 'dobe mud. He salvaged old bricks from nearby fallen buildings and fitted them into the broken sections of the old canteen walls. Without knowledge of construction technique, his sense of artistry guided him. He built or rebuilt fireplaces in seven rooms, patterning them after the bowed A styles he had seen in old missions and churches of the southwest. He moulded walls to leave well-placed *nichos* for Nan's wooden saints. Persistence overcame inexperience. He reset the first window casing seven times before he was satisfied.

The task was prodigious but the three seemed never to be dismayed. They made no elaborate plans in advance but each morning at breakfast they discussed the work to be done during the day. They frequently traced their plans in the dust with a twig. Always the three agreed on a step before it was attempted. If one dissented, a compromise was adopted.

Finally they removed the debris of the fallen roof and raised the walls to the desired 14-foot level. They were ready in June, 1935, to raise the 16 ponderous timbers which were to span the living room.

Neighboring Mexican folk had watched the work with growing interest. Called on for timber-raising, they turned out *en masse* for a gala holiday of work. Two dozen men lent their hardened muscles to the task, lifted the

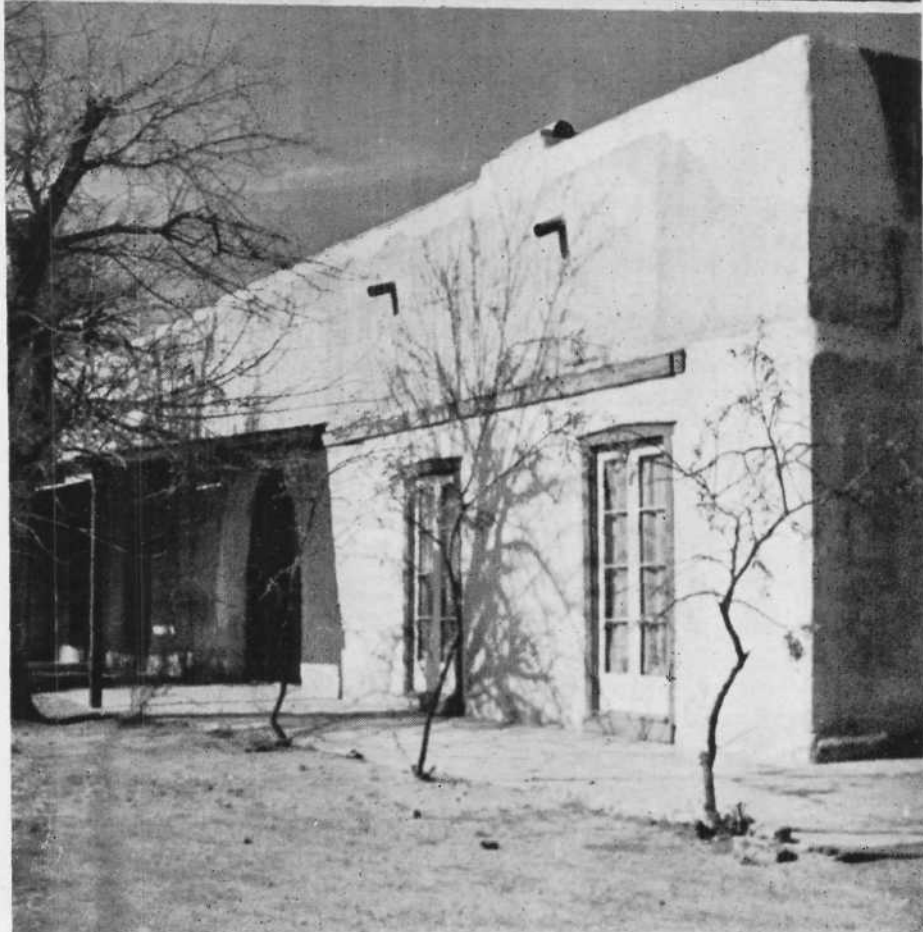
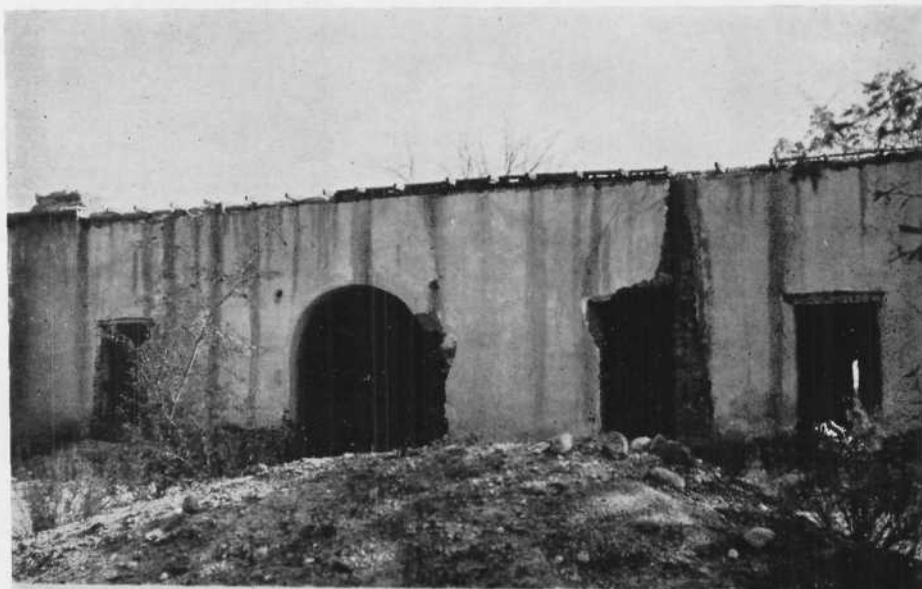
great beams into place and laid the planks on the roof.

In token of their appreciation, the Bolsius family were hosts to 40 happy Mexicans on the following Christmas eve. Boys brought guitars and girls wore bright dresses. Old walls rang with gay songs and new rafters vibrated to the rhythm of dancing feet.

Set next to the wall under each rafter end, massive wood corbels were placed. Nan had carved the 32 pieces herself, using a cheap saw and chisel. She

discovered a talent for wood carving, creating intricate but harmonious designs in the 20 panels of the great doors in the living room, cutting pedestals and plaques and furniture, and whittling in her spare time at wooden statuettes for the *nichos*.

The living room is the old *zaguán* or courtyard, originally open at each end with a large arched gateway. Two doors, each four by nine feet, close one opening and a large paneled window seals the northern end. Walls and



Rear view of ancient Fort Lowell canteen as it was when the Bolsius family first saw it in 1934. Doors and windows were gone, roof caved in, walls in bad repair. At right is the old fort as it appears today after three years of reconstructive work and planning.



fireplace are an unbroken white. As the sun goes down Pete and Charles, smoking quietly, sit before the fireplace and watch the changing purple hues on the Santa Catalina mountains, while Nan lights tapers under the bas-relief figure of the Virgin of Guadalupe. Every detail of the room suggests peace and restfulness.

The living room is 14 by 36 feet. Charles' studio, well-lighted and simply furnished, is 20 by 22 feet. It and the 20 by 13 foot dining room were formerly living quarters of the saloon keeper's family. Pete's office-studio, 20 by 15 feet, was formerly the gambling hall. Adjoining it is the bedroom, 20 by 20 feet, which was the saloon proper in the old days. The low west wing completes the 113-foot front elevation, housing the kitchen and Nan's writing den. Across the front of the house is a wooden arcade. Native palo verde and Arizona ash shade the walls.

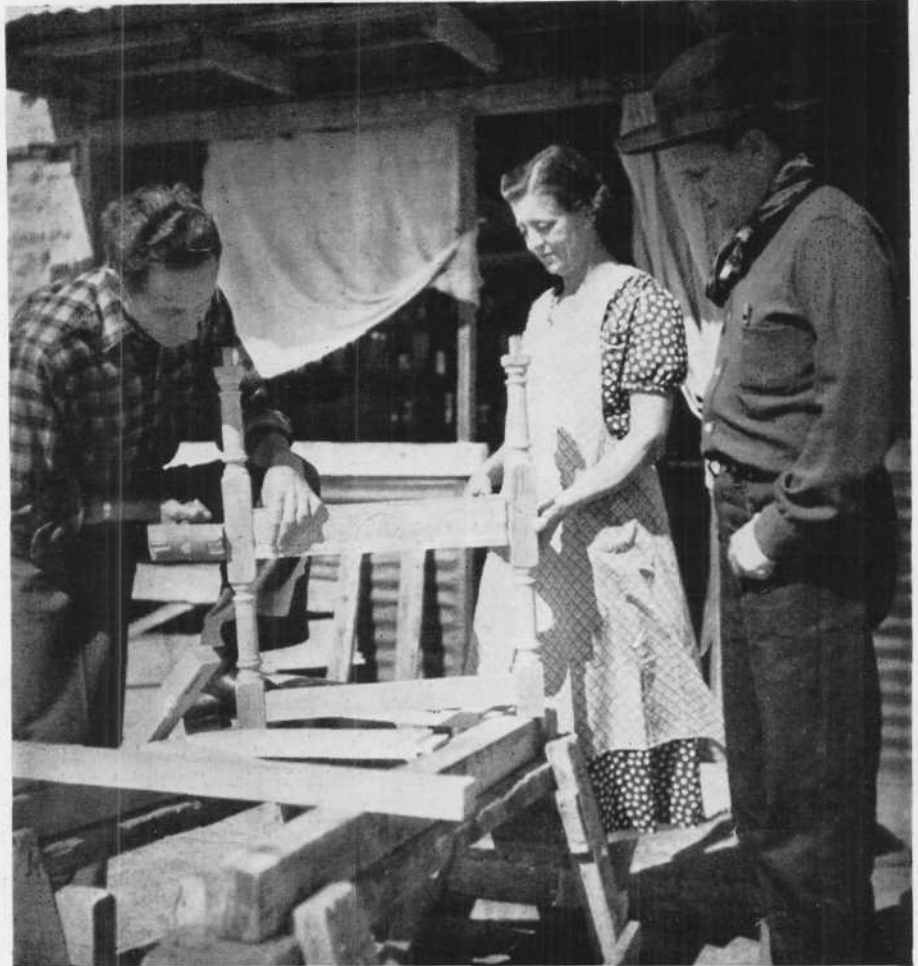
Original floors were hard packed clay but they are now of cement, the only construction job with the exception of the timber-raising not done by the industrious trio.

Linseed oil, whiting, and "elbow grease" were liberally applied to all old wood used in the interior. Cracks and blemishes in the wood are not hidden. The finish looks like old walnut.

After three years of work, Charles and Nan say there is still much to be done before they will be content. They expect to build a bathroom next, an arched, tiled, modern creation. Then they have places for a carpenter shop and a guest apartment.

A job already half finished is the making from rough lumber of a complete set of furniture for the home. The massive dining table, which will accommodate 12 guests, has been set in place. Charles is now fashioning a model for 12 chairs for the dining room. He has completed a master bed and low-boy from railroad timbers, patiently fitting small pieces of wood in place. Nan has some early American furniture which was brought overland to Iowa in 1843. They are proud of the Queen Anne chair, dated 1704, a relic of Holland.

Nan received a guest book for Christmas. She takes the names of visitors and the list is growing daily. Novelist Thornton Wilder came once and said he would be back. The Tucson Woman's Club will hold a silver tea in the home next week and the daughter of Fort



*Artist Charles handles the mallet while Wood-Carver Nan assists. Bread-winner Pete looks on in approval. All the furniture for the home is being made in a small shop, which was the original shack in which the Bolsius trio lived while the ruins were being reconstructed*

Lowell's first surgeon will play the harp.

Restoration of Fort Lowell as a state park is increasing the list of visitors. Although the 40-acre area was set aside nine years ago, only now an effort is being made to preserve and restore it as a historic monument.

On a slab of pine Nan has carved the words "Las Sactes" and below the legend is a clenched fist holding three arrows. In English the words mean "The Arrows." The symbol is an adaptation of the 16th century Dutch crest of the Bolsius family. Henceforth *Las Sactes* will be the name of the home. Only the spirit of dogged determination and ingenuity remains of the Holland ancestry; here has grown from the decay of American frontier days a vital and beautiful creation, a home radiating the charm of true western hospitality.



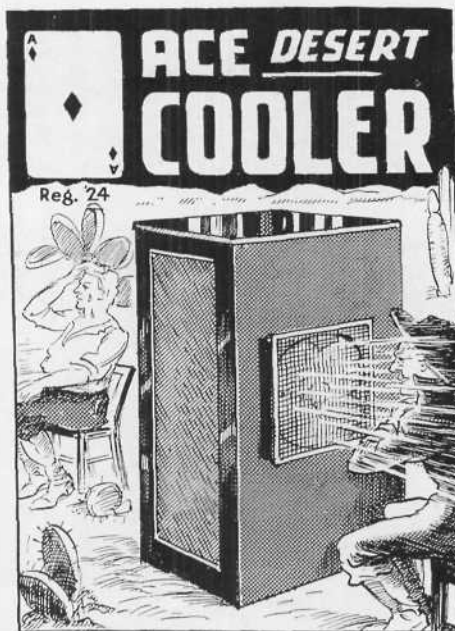
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## Desert Magazine

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# DESERT PLACE NAMES

... Compiled by TRACY M. SCOTT ...

For the historical data contained in this department, The Desert Magazine is indebted to the research work done by Miss Scott; to Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names"; to Frances Rosser Brown's contributions to "New Mexico" magazine, and to other sources.

## ARIZONA

### BIG DRY WASH

Coconino county.

Scene of the last fight between U. S. troops and Apaches in Arizona. Lieut.-Col. A. W. Evans, 3rd Cavalry commanding officer, called it the "Battle of the Big Dry Wash" in his official report. "The fight was July 17, 1882. Indians were White mountain Apaches under Na-ti-a-tish. We found only 22 dead bodies. I counted them myself next day for the official record." Letter Gen. Thomas Cruse. It was really on East Clear creek.

### HARRIS MOUNTAIN

Cochise county.

On east side of Chiricahua mountains at head of Turkey creek about four miles north of Paradise. A lot of treasure, diamonds, etc., was taken from Mexicans by Zwing Hunt and others and buried here, according to Noble. "Buried here in this canyon, according to the story, is the pillage of many robberies in Old Mexico and the southwest. The value of \$3,000,000 was placed on it by the dying outlaw supposed to have taken part in the robberies and burial of loot."

## Weather

### MARCH REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month.....	59.4
Normal for March.....	60.7
High on March 24.....	84.0
Lowest on March 31.....	36.0

Rain—	
Total for month.....	0.89
Normal for March.....	0.68

Weather—	
Days clear.....	11
Days partly cloudy.....	13
Days cloudy.....	7

W. B. HARE, Meteorologist.

### FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month.....	62.2
Normal for March.....	64.1
High on March 24.....	86.0
Lowest on March 31.....	40.0

RAIN—	
Total for month.....	0.61
69-year average for March.....	0.34

Weather—	
Days clear.....	19
Days partly cloudy.....	8
Days cloudy.....	4

Sunshine 85% (317 hours out of possible 372 hours)

### Colorado River—

March discharge at Grand canyon, 884,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 538,000 acre feet. Estimated storage behind Boulder dam April 1—15,450,000 acre feet.

## MOHAVE COUNTY

In northwest corner of state along Colorado river. One of the four original counties. "An Indian word meaning 'three mountains' from proximity to Needles." Hodge. Barnes says the Howell code originally spelled this word "Mojave," but according to authorities of that day "due to an ignorant clerk" legislative enactment creating the county seat spelled it "Mohave."

## CALIFORNIA

### CARRISO (kar-ree'-so) San Diego county.

Spectacular 11-mile canyon between San Diego and Imperial valley. Railroad skirts its side about 1,000 feet from bottom of canyon and only slightly less than that distance from the top. Fossils of Atlantic ocean corals near end of gorge. Word means a tall grass used by Indians in basketry and also to produce a kind of sugar.

## NEVADA

### RENO (ree' no) Washoe county.

Named after Gen. Marcus Reno. City founded by Central Pacific railroad company in 1869. Name means literally "reindeer." Sp. pronunciation ray' no.

### TUSCARORA (tus cah ro' rah) Elko county.

Mountains and town. A tribe of North American Indians who first lived in North Carolina (1711). Word means "hemp gatherers." Town founded September 1867.

## UTAH

### ESCALANTE (es cah lahn' tay) Iron county.

Town and valley. Literally "scaling or climbing" a slope. Also Sp. surname. Felipe Escalante was leader of exploration party, November 1580.

### MT. LINNAEUS (li nee' us) San Juan county.

Elev. 11,000. Named in honor of Carolus Linnaeus (Karl von Linne') famous botanist and naturalist (1707-1778).

## NEW MEXICO

### EL HUERFANITO (el oo er fah nee' to)

San Juan county.

Mountain. Sp. literally "little orphan;" one who stands alone; a lonely one.

### MOGOLLON (mo gol ly one')

Catron county.

Mountains and town. Means literally "a hanger-on, a parasite" and is also Spanish surname as well as name of one of the Apache tribes.

### TRAMPEROS CREEK (trahm pay'er os)

Union county.

Sp. "Cheaters; swindlers; trappers for the unwary." May refer to quicksands or to the unreliability of the natives.



The DESERT MAGAZINE



# Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



**H**ARD Rock Shorty settled farther back in his chair and retitled his hat so the sun-beam through the hole in the brim missed his nose.

"You know?" he confessed. "I don't think I ever told you about Gene Bank's kid's goat. It all started with that alum water spring down there in the Panamints.

"One day Gene come hikin' back from town after bein' gone three-four days, an' finds one o' his mules is gone, an' the wagon with it. His wife hadn't seen nothin' of 'em so Gene rared back to town for the sheriff. Old Law an' Order come out, an' looked the thing over, an' just then Gene's oldest kid come by ridin' in a toy wagon hauled by a long-eared goat.

"Where'd you get that goat an' wagon?" yelled Gene.

"Why, they're yourn!" says the kid an' just then the old goat stuck its head back an' hee-hawed just like a durn mule.

"You know, that kid'd washed the mule in a bucket o' that alum water that Gene kept in the barn for settin' wagon tires. An' the only reason he hadn't shrunk up both them mules was that he couldn't catch the other'n.

"Gene was mad on account he didn't know how to stretch the mule out again, but after that he never kept none o' the water around the place—didn't know when the kid'd get a notion to put it in the tank the hired man was usin' for a shower bath."

## AIRWAY WORKERS BLOW UP NEST OF RATTLESNAKES

**NEEDLES**—Work on the desert brings unexpected discoveries, an airways construction gang found when blasting for a beacon light foundation near Eagle Pass. A nest of rattlesnakes was blown sky high and at the same time a hidden apiary was uncovered, disclosing quantities of wild honey. Startled by the noise of blasting, a herd of wild burros raced by.



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## BOREGO PALM CANYON

In the edge of the mountains northwest of Brawley, reached by scenic desert roads through ocotillo-strewn badlands, is Borego Palm Canyon. This desert wonder spot is well worth a visit at this time of year.

For further information regarding the desert beauty spots near Brawley, write the

**CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**  
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## DATES

from a  
desert  
oasis

Write R. C. NICOLL, Prop., Thermal, Calif.



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Calexico, where he always finds the  
best for the least.*

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# Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

## ARIZONA

### Quartzsite . . .

Money has been made available and work will start at once to restore Fort Tyson, built in 1856 for protection of settlers in this district from Indian raids. First water well dug here still exists, across the highway from the old adobe army post. It was called Tyson's Well, which was also the name of the first post office. Mrs. Nettie H. Kuehn, widow of Charles V. Kuehn, presented the old fort building and surrounding ground to the Arizona state highway department in 1937. The highway department won federal aid for the restoration.

### Tucson . . .

Dean S. M. Fegty of Arizona University's college of law was honored April 9 by a banquet arranged by students and alumni. After being a member of the university faculty 23 years Dean Fegty has resigned, effective at the end of the present semester. He is to be succeeded by Dr. James B. McCormick, law professor who joined the Arizona faculty in 1926.

### Parker . . .

Parker dam is 85 per cent completed. Five giant steel gates, each weighing more than 600,000 pounds, are now being installed to control release of water into the Colorado river below the dam. It is planned to begin backing up water in the 55 mile reservoir soon, preparing to divert a billion gallons daily into the Metropolitan aqueduct which crosses the entire state of California to serve 13 cities. Parker, "the world's deepest dam," will raise the level of the river 70 feet.

### Tucson . . .

Arizona's state museum on the university campus has received 350 pieces of Maricopa pottery, representing types difficult to secure. The collection was made between 1885 and 1907 by the family of Mrs. Caroline Smurthwaite, living during this period on the Maricopa Indian reservation. Purchase for the university was made by Burrage D. Butler, Chicagoan, a winter resident of Phoenix. Half of the collection will go later to the Arizona Anthropology association for display in Pueblo Grande.

### Yuma . . .

William B. Linder, clerk of the county board of supervisors, couldn't find his way back to camp where he had left his wife, but he did find while wandering in an unsurveyed area south of Sentinel many interesting Indian artifacts. Just as a searching party was being organized to look for Linder he arrived at Aztec, after a 30-mile walk, his quart canteen of water nearly empty. In a shallow wash four miles wide Linder discovered metates, ollas and bits of broken pottery said to be of prehistoric era.

### Tucson . . .

Bob White quail and mule deer are being restored to the Tucson mountain park, according to C. B. Brown, Pima county agricultural agent and wildlife restoration chairman. Mountain sheep are also returning to the area, Brown says, reporting four were counted there recently, with a survey revealing 85 bighorns in the Catalina mountains. Plans are afoot to introduce wild turkeys.

### Safford . . .

A monster elephant's head, three feet wide and four feet long, with tusks seven feet in length and seven inches in diameter, has been unearthed in a desert area about 20 miles southeast of here. Finder is Ted Galusha, field anthropologist of the Frick laboratories, American Museum of Natural History, New York. The mastodon skull is believed to be one of three of its kind so far discovered in the United States and is said to have belonged to a beast inhabiting the district a million or so years ago.

### Yuma . . .

Pupils of five valley schools have exterminated nearly 10,000 gophers in a campaign sponsored by the Yuma county water users' association. Bounty of two cents for each gopher tail is paid in an effort to prevent loss of irrigation water through rodent burrowing. Individual farmers add to this bounty and return to young gopher trappers runs from three to seven cents for each gopher killed. Tommy Watson in the Gadsden district has turned in 417 gopher tails.

. . .

## CALIFORNIA

### 29 Palms . . .

Lizard Tanks, somewhere in the Sheephole mountains between Morongo valley and Amboy, was the goal of a recent motor caravan from 29 Palms. Although the motorists failed to locate the excellent spring old-timers say they found while prospecting in the district, the searchers explored a dry lake bed and an abandoned mine.

### Brawley . . .

Imperial valley's Astronomical society will build a 12-inch reflecting telescope, it was announced following a meeting at the Brawley Junior college. M. Nagata, a valley resident internationally known as an astronomer, will help to grind the mirror and will supervise construction and mounting.

### Palm Springs . . .

In spite of opposition which became apparent in the closing days of the campaign, sponsors of the plan to incorporate Palm Springs were confident that the proposal would carry by a substantial majority at the election scheduled for April 12.



## Indio . . .

Forty low rental farm labor homes will be built near here by the federal Farm Security administration as a part of its migratory camps project. Announcement was made by H. P. Hallsteen, sector engineer of construction, after contract for the buildings was awarded to a Los Angeles company. Similar homes in Kern county rent at \$8.20 per month. Tenants are selected from migrant families now occupying their own tent shelters at labor camps.

## Calexico . . .

To all parts of the United States, to Canada and to Mexico Imperial valley in California and the Salt River valley in Arizona will soon be shipping the annual harvest of cantaloupes from approximately 25,000 acres.

## Olancho . . .

Jay N. Holliday has purchased the Jordan Hot Springs summer camp in the high Sierra and is making extensive preparations to open it for vacationists on May 15. Pack trains will be operated from Jordan pack station near this town.

## El Centro . . .

California's state park commission has given the name Anza Desert State Park to an area of nearly a million acres west of here. Starting at Coyote mountain, the new park extends west to Monument and Garnet peaks, 6100 feet high, thence north to Riverside county line. Four administrative units include the Carriso area from Boulder Park to Carriso creek; Vallecito, covering Vallecito and Mason valleys; Borego with its valley and palms, and Salton sea, along U. S. highway 80 between Kane Springs and Traverline point. Entrance to the park where several desert roads meet near Coyote Wells has been named the El Centro gateway. El Centro's Chamber of Commerce has prepared a bulletin describing points of interest in the park.

## Banning . . .

Too much water is bad for fish. Surveys show floods are responsible for poor outlook as opening of Southern California fishing season May 1 draws near. However, reports from Inyo, Mono and Kern counties indicate all fishing lakes on the eastern slope of the high Sierra territory are well filled with trout and old-time anglers predict July will be a bumper fishing month. Deer and upland game birds come through spring storms with little losses. Imperial valley game refuge sheltered more than 40,000 ducks and geese, officials said and waterfowl enjoyed flooded areas.

## Lancaster . . .

Hibernating rattlesnakes disturbed by recent floods were swept down into the desert, where many have been found and killed.

## NEVADA

### Ely . . .

Skeletal remains found in Lehman caves are the subject of a report from the Smithsonian institution. Two human skulls are classified as "long head" and "round head," first resembling the "basketmaker" type, second typical of a northern race. An animal skull is identified as that of a wolf, smaller than any known form in the Nevada region and suggesting domestication. Available evidence prevents assigning any age to the finds, but further investigation is indicated, the report says.

## Austin . . .

Miners near Fallon are puzzled by ore which shows assay values as high as \$59 in gold and yet will not pan a color. William G. Pierce says it is a dark brown rock he thought might carry low cinnabar values. Five samples taken from different points showed gold predominating after assays were made, despite negative results from panning.

## Boulder City . . .

Rated Class A Boulder City airport was dedicated April 3, with departure of first air mail in two big TWA transport planes. Federal and airline officials took part in the ceremony, 40 newspaper correspondents were there to tell the world. Several daily stops by east-bound airlines are scheduled. Government plans call for floodlighting and landing beacons.

## Fallon . . .

*Toiyabe* will probably be the name of the new national forest to be created out of parts of the Humboldt and Nevada national forests, according to Supervisor Alexander McQueen. Central Nevada residents want to see a recreational area developed at Kingston creek, south of Austin, McQueen says. *Toiyabe* is the Indian name for "black hills."

. . .

## UTAH

### Bingham . . .

Utah Copper company will soon begin mining a Salt Lake county highway. To do this the company is completing a vehicular tunnel one mile long and costing \$1,000,000. Heretofore the mining operations have extended along each side of a serpentine stretch of road less than two miles in length, from Cars Fork to Copperfield. Within three months it is expected big shovels of this, one of the world's largest open pit copper mines, will be biting into the roadway.

. . .

## NEW MEXICO

### Gallup . . .

Despite conquest and pestilence the American Indian population is increasing with "startling rapidity," according to an Associated Press report which says the Indian bureau is concerned because there is no corresponding increase in land and resources held by the tribesmen. Here are census estimates for genuine natives of this country: When the white man first came, 846,000; at the turn of the century 266,000; today 337,366.

## Albuquerque . . .

Carlsbad caverns are the only national park showing a profit to the federal government, Representative Dempsey has told the House of Representatives at Washington. Revenue of \$239,000 in 1937 is more than double operating costs, he said.

## Winnemucca . . .

Because a friendly deer made it a habit to eat clothes hanging on the line at ranches in Paradise valley residents finally protested. They said the deer with the strange appetite knew when washday came around, not only ate the clothes but walked right into houses if doors were left ajar. Penned now in a chicken coop, the animal will be given to Reno's Idlewild park.

## Jordan Hot Springs

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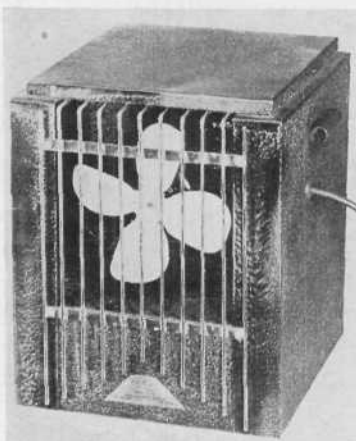
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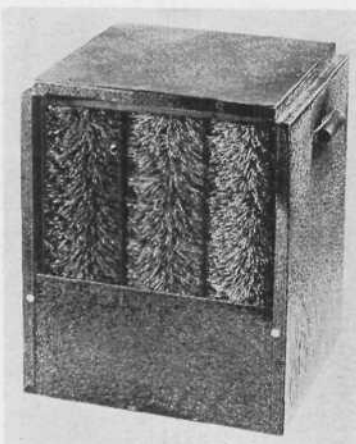


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## WINNER

H. E. W. Wilson of Pasadena, California won the \$5.00 cash prize offered by the Desert Magazine in March for the best 300-word story identifying and describing this picture. Mr. Wilson's prize winning manuscript is printed below.



## SEVENTEEN PALMS OASIS

—in the Borego Badlands, California

By H. E. W. WILSON

**T**HIS is a picture of one of the better known water holes in the Colorado Desert in San Diego county, California—"Seventeen Palms." It is located twelve miles from U. S. highway 99, and is reached by way of Salada Creek. It is just west of Imperial county, the line passing close by. Elevation by government survey is 410 feet above sea level.

There is an old wagon road, now impassable, leading from Fish Springs round Clay Point, which crosses Salada Creek, and is laid out over the wide mesa between Salada and Tule Wash; it passes Zacaton Spring heading for the spring by the Three Palms, and thence by circuitous dry washes to Seventeen Palms. Originally this road continued to Borego Springs, and the part from the edge of Borego mountain to the springs is still used, the other part is practically nonexistent and visible only in spots.

Quite a few people visit Seventeen Palms reaching it by auto either from U. S. highway 99, if it hasn't rained recently, or from Borego valley by way of the "Doc Beatty" road, as it is called locally.

It is a really beautiful spot, as the

photograph shows and there is open water, which is only fit for drinking after the spring has been thoroughly cleaned out.

The oasis gets its name from the seventeen palms that originally stood there, but some have been destroyed and new ones have grown up in the present century, so the visitor today, after a careful count wonders how it got its name. There are several Indian trails leading to this water. One trail from the spring ends about half a mile away on a high ridge. Evidently this was a lookout, showing that Indians camped here in days gone by.

*Hetzel The Photographer*

. . . of the desert

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# IN SOUTHEASTERN UTAH

Who can identify these old ruins?



## PRIZE CONTEST

Somewhere in southeastern Utah a Desert Magazine photographer took the picture printed above. It is in a place accessible to all travelers and no doubt many of them have seen these ruins.

As a test of the faculties of observation and memory, the Desert Magazine offers a \$5.00 cash prize to the reader who sends in the best story of not over 300 words identifying and describing the ruins, and particularly the masonry which stands in the bottom of the arroyo in the foreground.

All available information should be given as to location, possible origin, known history, and peculiarities of construction.

In order that this may be strictly an amateur's contest, the rules will bar entries from persons in the federal service

or having a professional connection with the ruins.

To be eligible for the prize, answers must be in the office of the Desert Magazine by May 20, 1938. The name of the winner together with the prize answer will be published in the July number of this magazine.

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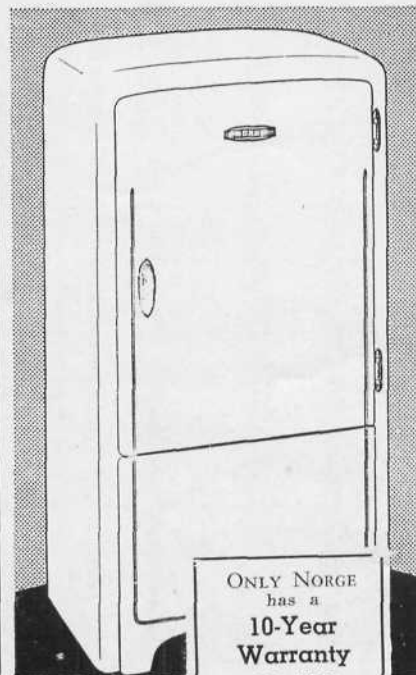
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## BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

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### LUSH DELTA OF COLORADO REVERTING AGAIN TO DESERT

GODFREY Sykes, research associate of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, has devoted 45 years to study of the Colorado river delta. Two volumes carrying the imprint of the Carnegie institution and the American Geographical Society of New York record the results of his observations during three phases of the lower river's history.

His studies of the delta began when the region was still an unexplored wilderness, unchanged by any form of human enterprise. The second period traces a great westerly diversion when the river rose and wrecked the works of its would-be masters. Finally, at Boulder, Parker and Imperial damsites the great stream has been checked.

The delta which once supported a lush jungle of willows, cottonwoods and hydrophytic growth and was the feeding ground for a flourishing wildlife, is reverting to desert. Fish, which Sykes saw in "such incredible numbers" on his first visits to the area, are now almost "nonexistent by comparison." Waterfowl are far less numerous. Raccoons, water rats and the beaver have virtually disappeared.

Held back by newly constructed dams and diverted into manmade channels the lifegiving water is reduced to a trickle in an area which once poured a spendthrift flood torrent into the Gulf of California.

#### Boating in the Jungle

The Colorado delta includes approximately 3,325 square miles and extends approximately 70 miles inland from the headwaters of the Gulf. To the northwest lies Salton Sink, below sea level, receiving basin for flood season overflow waters when the channels in the lower delta were unable to carry off the peak load. Through one of these overflow channels leading toward the Salton basin Sykes ventured in a small light boat in 1891, first explorer to traverse the tortuous course of the stream across the present day Imperial valley to the sea. It was a one-man exploration of an uninhabited and unknown jungle of mesquite.

In those early years of exploration Sykes once camped for 10 days on the Sonora shore to observe the tidal bore. His field notes describe the phenomenon:

"The birth of the bore is a curious sight as witnessed from a favorable point on

shore. Following on the long period of ebb, one sees small uneasy wavelets forming in the slackening current, and these gradually develop into patches of broken water, moving to and fro without any apparent purpose or method. Gradually out of the gathering uneasiness, a gentle stationary roller is formed in the channel and at right angles to the current. It quickly extends, until in a few minutes it stretches from shore to shore. As it becomes more pronounced and steep-fronted from the gathering pressure behind it, the front edge forms into a comber and it begins to move up-stream, quickly increasing in size and speed as it goes and being followed by a further series of rollers and a rapid rise in the water level."

About a mile upstream from its birthplace the height of the breaking wave would swell up to six or seven feet, with a tumbling front and "much turmoil."

#### Nearly Swamped by Bore

"The roar of the rushing and falling water is almost awe-inspiring when heard from a stranded boat in the face of a night-time bore," comments Sykes. "This predicament was experienced upon one occasion, in a small boat, but fortunately with a rather moderate bore and no damage other than partial swamping." He measured one bore which rose 10 feet in five minutes.

Every paragraph of Sykes' two books, "The Colorado Delta" and its supplement "Delta, Estuary and Lower Portion of the Channel of the Colorado River 1933 to 1935," gives evidence of the scientist's devotion to his task. Here is a painstaking, accurate, honest research report by a man with exceptional qualifications for his job. Those who read these books will gain an intimate knowledge of one of the least known of North America's deltas, and a high respect for a scientist who did his work so well.

T. H. L.

...

#### NEW ARIZONA GUIDE BOOK WRITTEN BY CARTOONIST

Arizona's prehistoric Indians must have been terrible dish washers, says Reg Manning. Otherwise, how can you account for all the broken pottery scattered around over the state.

Reg Manning, for the information of those who do not already know, is the artist who draws cartoons for Arizona's



leading newspaper, the Republic of Phoenix. His cartoons are so good they are reprinted frequently in magazines of national circulation.

But Manning's talent is not limited to the drawing of comic pictures. He can also put his humor in terse entertaining English. And this is what he has done in the writing of his "Cartoon Guide of Arizona," a 124-page book which came off the press last month; J. J. Augustin, New York City, publisher.

Manning probably planned his book as a guide for tourists. Arizonans will find it no less interesting and informative than visitors, because the author has disclosed rare knack for colorful witty expression. Geography, history, Indians, cacti—the whole state is there on parade. And while the author has presented his Arizona in a humorous vein, the book is a gold mine of authentic information. Reg Manning knows his desert and his mountains and has provided a volume which every type of reader will enjoy.

The book is liberally sprinkled with Manning cartoons, and includes a 16x19 map in which the widely diversified activities of Arizona's white and Indian population are presented in caricature.

R. H.

## THE O'BRIENS . . .

*Continued from page 21*

at Hedges, and there are expert mining men who believe that profitable values still remain to be brought to the surface there. Over the hill from the American Girl is the Old Padre Madre property where Ned Holmes and his associates are working on a vein which runs as high as \$15.00 to the ton in gold. There are also kyanite and talc deposits in the district which are being worked intermittently.

There is always the possibility that the men who are tunneling and drifting down in the heart of the mountain will encounter richer veins than have yet been drilled. But it is doubtful if any new strike on the American Girl property would bring to the O'Briens a reward of more genuine worth than the freedom and health they already have found in their little shack on the desert.

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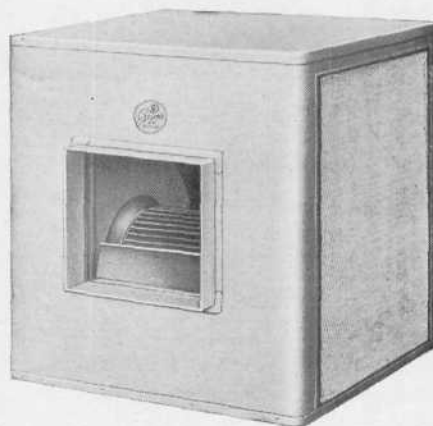
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# Capitan Palma of the Yumas . . .

*Continued from page 4*

The mighty Colorado was crossed without the loss of a single life, thanks to *Capitan Palma* and his hospitable people. To show his appreciation Anza invested Palma with a silver mounted cane of office. These canes were the insignia of authority carried by Spanish military and civilian officials of the 18th century. They were bestowed upon influential Indian leaders who thereby became officials of Spain—in a left handed sort of way.

It was May before Anza, returning from his first trip to Monterey, once more stood on the brink of the river beside the Yuma *cofot*. Stout timber rafts, constructed by Yuma men in fulfillment of promises made weeks before floated in the water. Again Palma importuned him for priests, soldiers, settlers. Anza promised the eager Indian that a settlement would be made in good time.

In November, 1775, Anza once more met Palma on the Colorado. The Yuma leader was overjoyed. Now his dreams would come true. He gave Anza a gift of beans. In return Anza gave Palma a magnificent suit of clothes. For the first time in his life Palma wore a fine ruffled shirt, a pair of trousers and a jacket with a yellow front, trimmed with gold lace. From his shoulders hung a blue cloth cape decorated with gold galloon. On his mud stiffened hair was set a black velvet cap adorned with imitation jewels and a crest like a palm symbolizing Palma's name. All this was a gift from his Excellency Don Antonio Bucareli y Ursua in recognition of Palma's loyalty to the Spanish explorers.

Then, gently as possible, Anza broke the news that no mission could be established at this time. Such things took a great deal of consideration. The King must first approve—perhaps later. Salvador Palma swallowed the bitter dose. He pointed out the site he had chosen for the mission church. It was on the hill where the Indian school stands today. The hill of La Concepcion. He was disappointed, but he still kept his faith in Anza's promise.

When Anza returned to Mexico in May, 1776, Palma was determined to go with him to carry the plea for a settlement to the higher authorities in Mexico City. There was nothing Anza could say that would swerve the Yuma leader from his purpose. With Palma rode three other tribesmen. Late in the evening of October 26 the four wondering Indians strode through the streets of Mexico City. Their

long trip was done. They were in the mecca of their provincial dreams.

Bucareli sent Palma a new outfit. This consisted of a uniform with coat and breeches of shiny blue cloth with similar buttons, and a vest of fine scarlet trimmed with gold braid. In his hand Salvador carried a new cane. Thus arrayed he stood before Bucareli at the feast celebrating the birthday of Carlos III. On February 13, Palma and his three friends knelt in the great cathedral of Mexico City and were baptized. Palma was henceforth to be known as Salvador Carlos Antonio Palma.

Early in March, 1777, the Yumas set out for home. They had cost the Spanish Crown nearly 700 pesos, but the Spanish officials deemed this a cheap price to pay for the peaceful acquisition of a firm foothold in a savage borderland. With such a powerful ally as Palma in control of the river people, everything would be favorable for the projected settlement on the Colorado.

But alas for rosy hopes. In Palma's absence Pablo's tongue had been wagging. The wonderful stories of Spanish grandeur told by the returned chieftain branded him a braggart and a liar. He had forsworn the Yuma gods. He had become bewitched by a Spanish spell. The old man began to lose his grip upon his people. Months passed before the King's orders to grant Yuman requests for missionaries and settlers were finally carried out, and the delay had only con-

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firmed the Indians' suspicions that the Spanish were not to be trusted.

Then the settlers did come . . . but everything went wrong. The King's orders had been not to appropriate the Yuma lands or disturb the Indians. These orders were disregarded. The wrong type of men had come to the Colorado.

Palma now a disillusioned and embittered man, led the Yuma warriors in a general uprising against the Spanish invaders. In July 1781 the blow fell. Among those who perished were four Franciscan padres and of these one was Francisco Garces, the pioneer priest who had traveled so many thousand miles among various tribes.

Spanish soldiers were sent out to gather the bones of the slain missionaries and

chastise the recalcitrant Yumas. The remains of the four priests were carried in one box to the mission of Tubutama in the Altar valley and buried. Later they were removed to the mother church of the Franciscan order at Queretaro. As for punishing the Indians, nothing was accomplished. The paint daubed warriors evaded the handful of soldiers and taunted them from the river thickets.

Today an Indian school stands on the hilltop site where Palma had hoped to see a Spanish settlement he believed would add power to the Yuma nation. It would be a deserved tribute to his service in Southwestern exploration and settlement if Palma's name could be given to the school in which young Yumas today study another civilization.

. . .

## Garnets Are Where You Find Them . . .

*Continued from page 14*

the wind. Lighter bits of gravel are blown away, leaving the colorful little stones exposed on the surface.

Pyrope garnets are also found in place in basic igneous rock such as peridotite in a number of places in the deserts of the Southwest. Almandite or almandine garnet is often found as a water-worn pebble but is seldom of fine gem quality. It ranges from wine red to purple and is a beautiful stone if large and perfect enough to cut.

The finest almandites I have examined were brought to me from the Black Rock desert of Nevada. According to information given me by the finder they are weathering out of very soft mica schist. I lost contact with the Basque who brought them in, and have never been able to get exact directions for reaching the place where they were found.

Essonite, ranging from brown to red is a variety of grossularite garnet found along the limestone contacts in the Santa Rosa mountains of Southern California, and at the old Dos Cabezas mine near the Mexican border. I have seen very beautiful essonite from Arizona and from the Mojave desert near the Tehachapis.

Spessartite, another orange to red type of garnet is found in gem quality in the garnet ledges of inland San Diego county, California. These are sometimes marketed under the trade name of hyacinth.

The varieties of garnets are almost endless and mineralogists are adding new classifications even today. A few general rules apply to the entire group.

First, the hardness varies from 6.5 to 7.5. The hardness test makes it easy to

distinguish a garnet from a ruby. Topaz will scratch garnet, but never ruby.

Second, the garnet belongs to the isometric system of crystals. In this system all the corresponding faces are equidistant from the center of the crystal.

Spinel is the gem most likely to be mistaken for garnet. However, spinel almost always crystallizes in octahedral form. Garnet takes nearly every other form in the isometric system, but only in rare instances is an octahedron.

In searching for garnets, keep in mind that the stone must be nearly the size of a pea to be worth cutting. Only large and perfect stones ever command high prices on the market. No amount of cutting will change a milky stone with flaws into a clear, perfect gem, despite popular belief to the contrary in some desert communities.

Misunderstanding as to the ability of the gem-cutter to change imperfect stones into perfect ones came as a result of unscrupulous practices on the part of certain gem dealers a few years ago. Due to cheap labor, Europe was able to supply small gems far below the actual cost of cutting in this country. When a customer sent in a worthless stone these dealers merely substituted a European cut garnet and although they assessed only the regular American cutting charge against the gem they sometimes realized as much as 200 per cent profit.

This apparently harmless bit of deception had far-reaching effects. Hardly a week passes when some one does not tell me about beautiful garnets found in localities which could not have produced stones of gem quality.



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## GOING TO San Diego?

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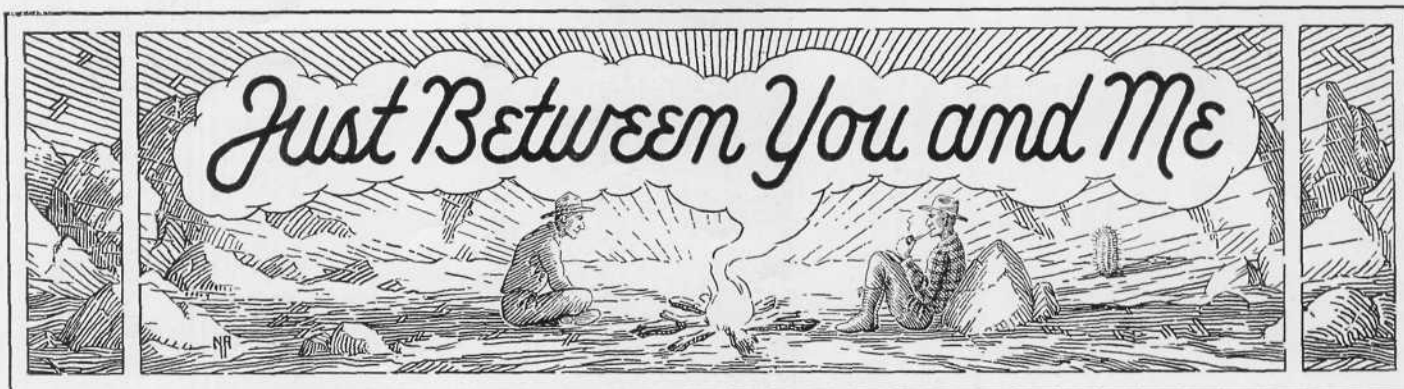
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

ONE of the desert trails I always find interesting is the road out of Mecca, California, which leads up into a precipitous gorge in the Orocopia foothills and eventually comes to the entrance of a narrow tributary canyon in which Hidden Springs are located.

The springs are well named. They are found in a sheltered little amphitheater less than 300 yards from the main canyon—but so well concealed that the stranger going there for the first time may have difficulty finding them without previous directions from one who knows the way.

Around the larger of the two pools is a group of veteran palms—quite evidently natives. To reach these palms it is necessary to clamber over and under huge blocks of conglomerate which have fallen from the high vertical walls overhead. But it is not a difficult trip.

The foot-trail leads through a short tunnel formed by the fallen boulders and as the visitor emerges from semi-darkness into the sunlight there suddenly comes in view one of the most charming palm oases to be found on the Colorado desert. It is a picture to thrill the most callous traveler.

✧ ✧ ✧

Several years ago a signboard was erected along the main highway marking the location of Hidden Springs. Immediately the vandals began to move in, and within a short time several of the trees had been destroyed by fire and the trunks of others were scarred by the initials of those nit-wits who do that kind of thing. The cove became littered with lunch boxes and the springs were clogged with debris.

But the Great Spirit who watches over the desert would not permit this to go on. Two years ago a torrential cloudburst wiped out the canyon road and carried away the signboard.

The trail has been opened again, but the sign has not been replaced. And as far as I am concerned, I hope it never is restored—at least, until adequate provision is made for the protection of those springs and palm trees.

I am glad to report that on my last visit to Hidden Springs, only a few weeks ago, I found the oasis looking cleaner and more natural than for many years. Nature will restore the beauty of this scenic retreat, if dumb humans do not interfere too much.

✧ ✧ ✧

This question as to how far highway officials and chambers of commerce should go in signposting the scenic places on the desert is open to debate. It is a problem with many angles. Where the security of travelers is concerned, waterholes should be posted. There can be no dispute over that point.

But when it comes to marking the scenic areas merely for picnic or sight-seeing purposes—I share the viewpoint of those

who say that it should not be done until steps have been taken for the protection of native plant life and water supply.

Those who have a genuine interest in seeking out the remote arroyos and springs and rock formations will find a way to reach these places without a signpost at every turn in the trail. This type of visitor does not deface the landscape.

It is natural that chambers of commerce and other promotional agencies should want to capitalize their scenic assets as much as possible. And I have no quarrel with them as long as they recognize a twofold responsibility—to preserve as well as publicise.

Hidden Springs has furnished a striking example of the penalty that must be paid when natural beauty spots are made accessible to the public without restriction or guardian of any kind.

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So much for that! And now we'll call the monthly spelling class together and see what can be done about this word Piute, or Piaute, or Payute, or—well, it is that Indian name which the writers have abused so badly.

Recently two men I regard as qualified authorities have written me that the word properly is Pahute or Pah-Ute. The former spelling is used by George E. Perkins of Overton, Nevada. He has spent much of his life among these Indians and speaks their language. The same spelling, with the hyphen, is given by Chas. Battye of San Bernardino who lived a half century ago among the Chemehuevis, an offshoot of the Nevada tribe.

According to these veterans Pah is the Ute word for water, and forms the first syllable of many Indian names in Nevada and California.

Here at the Desert Magazine office we are inclined to follow the authority of the old-timers, and use the spelling Pahute. Not that we want to start a controversy, but rather because the true pronunciation of the first syllable is "paw" rather than "pie," and it would seem therefore that the original spelling is most logical. The question is open to debate, however.

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And now I would like to remark in closing that I wish these desert poets were not always such serious minded folks. I'll grant that the desert has a strong appeal to the deeper emotions. But we also have a lot of fun out here in the cacti and sand dunes, and I really would like to sprinkle a little humor on that poetry page now and then—if some of our verse-writing contributors will furnish the rhymes.



# LETTERS . . .

It's a long hard trail but we found the bloodstones, writes Iris Field, one of many motorists who have visited the gem field in the Orocopia mountains described by John Hilton in the March number of the Desert Magazine.

Indio, California.

Editor, Desert Magazine:

We had received our copy of the Desert Magazine for March and the trip to the bloodstone deposits described by John Hilton sounded too interesting to miss.

We could hardly wait for Sunday morning to arrive but at last the alarm awoke us and with well filled lunch basket and plenty of water bottles we started out from Indio!

We always enjoy the trip down the north side of Salton Sea, especially early in the day, and as Sunday, February 15th was a beautiful day our drive was especially pleasant.

We followed the map carefully, leaving the highway at Date Palm Beach as directed, taking our speedometer reading for exact mileage and had no trouble finding the way. However, it certainly takes seasoned desert travelers to keep on to the trip's end for it is some road—sand, rocks, ruts, and at times only a trail, but we belong to a family of die-hards and refused to turn back short of our destination. We passed other cars by the roadside; one called as we went by in low, "This is as far as we got." Nevertheless, we arrived at Clemens Well and the old stage station and from there took the road leading into the canyon to find that at least seven other cars had followed the same map and had all arrived safely.

With our picture and map in hand we followed up the canyon and great was our delight when we located the exact spot which Mr. Hilton had pictured and where his hammer had tested.

We did not at the time know positively which were the bloodstones but we gathered a quantity of the beautifully colored rocks. We planned to use them for our rock garden even though they failed to be the real stone. Later Mr. Hilton assured us that the specimens we took him are really bloodstone and he has agreed to cut and polish several sets so that we may have them set in rings and pins.

We are surely satisfied with our first mining adventure and we thank Mr. Hilton and the Desert Magazine for an interesting trip and a delightful day.

Iris Field.

. . .

Pasadena, California.

Dear Editor:

In regard to the controversy that has appeared in different numbers of the "DESERT MAGAZINE" on two subjects: the spelling of the word "Ocotillo," and the renaming of "Badlands." I should like to venture my ideas, in hope that if I am wrong I may be corrected, and so learn the truth, while if I am right they may perhaps benefit others.

In the case of Ocotillo, I can quote no authority, as I learned it so long ago that I have completely forgotten where I read it, but here it is: Ocotillo was originally spelled Toco-tillo. The first T being silent, was gradually dropped from the spelling, but Toco-tillo is still the correct way to spell the word.

Now as to the second matter: The name Badlands should never be changed, but the term Painted Desert should still be recognized, as the latter, in reality, is but a very slight corner

of the Badland area, and is such a beautiful sight if seen from the right spot that it deserves a name to itself distinctive from that of the vast area known so appropriately as the Badlands. Therefore I say let us have both the Badlands and the Painted Desert of Borego.

H. E. W. Wilson.

. . .

Reno, Nevada.

My dear Mr. Henderson:

Apropos your March issue—splendid in every department.

Like the high class of the page of poems, but detest the title "Desert Rat." Am not censuring Harriet Markham Gill, for her poem is true to type and it is the commonly accepted term.

I have known many such characters—philosophical, keen students of Nature's lore, honest and dependable—but not one has resembled in any attribute the genus *mus*. I contend the name is untrue to these likable old relics. They are a breed that is slowly passing.

Chas. W. Patch.

. . .

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Editor:

In many of the articles published in your admirable magazine I have found reference to the quaint but to me incomprehensible remark: "a car equipped for desert travel." Some months ago I had reason to find out just what it might mean if I only knew, for I was stuck in the sand and had a lovely time getting out. In order to prevent such incidents as much as possible in the future I suggest that you publish an article in your magazine that will help me and others to be better prepared for desert travels. For, you must know, I will not be kept out of the desert any more, thanks to the Desert Magazine.

Wishing for more travelogs, the history of the country and mining and for an ever BIGGER AND BIGGER magazine.  
Alfred Schmitz.

*All right, Mr. Schmitz, we will have that article for you a little later. Others have made the same request—and so we will try to tell you both how to keep out of sand, and how to get out when you're stuck—as we all are sometimes.—R. H.*

. . .

Los Angeles, California.

Dear Sir:

I have just seen a copy of Desert for the first time, and am moved to write a few words of appreciation. I do hope Desert is here to stay for anything so delightful should not "perish from the earth"—ever!

My husband and I both appreciated the fine photography of W. M. Pennington, and the article on gem stones by John Hilton. And I enjoyed the poetry page too for that is my hobby.

Mrs. Thomas F. Goff.



Wm. W. Dyer  
220 E. Alosta Av  
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2/39

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*H. C. Worthington*

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