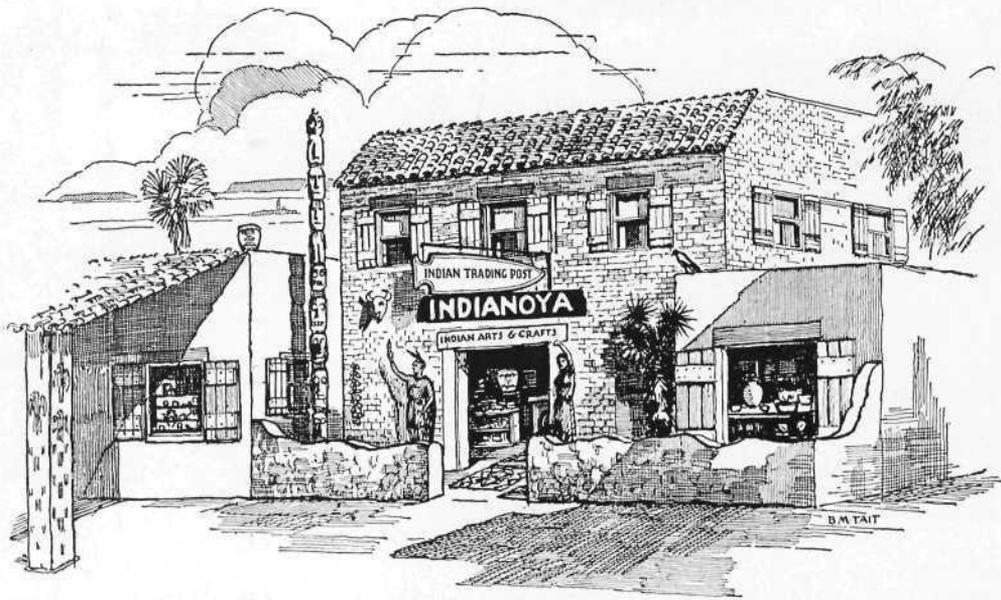


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DESERT

Calendar

Civic groups in the desert area are invited to use this column for announcing fairs, rodeos, conventions and other events which have more than local interest. Copy must reach the Desert Magazine by the 5th of the month preceding publication. There is no charge for these announcements.

- OCT. 27-29—State Nurses association convention, Douglas, Arizona.
- OCT. 27-29—Southwestern Medical association convention at El Paso, Texas.
- OCT. 29-30—Annual convention of Arizona State Junior chamber of commerce at Globe.
- OCT. 30—First annual Coachella Valley Horse Show at Indio, California.
- OCT. 30-31—New Mexico Health association's convention at Las Vegas.
- OCT. 31—Nevada celebrates its 74th birthday.
- NOV. 1—Western States conference of Water Commissioners and Engineers, J. C. Wanslee, chairman, Capitol building, Phoenix.
- NOV. 1-5 — American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers at Tucson. B. R. Hatcher, chairman.
- NOV. 7-12 — Fiesta del Sol at Phoenix.
- NOV. 10-12 — Arizona Bankers association convention at Phoenix.
- NOV. 11—Armistice Day festivities in all desert towns.
- NOV. 11-12-13—Sierra Club of California to tour Lake Mead on chartered boat.
- NOV. 12—Indian Corn dance, Jemez pueblo, New Mexico.
- NOV. 12—Indian Buffalo dance at Tesuque pueblo, New Mexico.
- NOV. 14-15—Arizona Pharmaceutical association's convention at Phoenix.
- NOV. 16-19 — Annual Hellzapoppin rodeo at Buckeye, Arizona.
- NOV. 19—Homecoming Week at University of Arizona, Tucson.
- NOV. 24—Thanksgiving Day.
- NOV. 25-27—Rodeo and '48er at Chandler, Arizona.



Vol. 2

NOVEMBER, 1938

NO. 1

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RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor
TAZEWELL H. LAMB, Associate Editor
J. WILSON MCKENNEY, Business Manager

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LETTERS

El Cajon, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Speaking of rattlesnakes! After spending all but five of my 63 years in the West it was not until last week that I tasted rattlesnake meat. I killed a young plump one. The meat was white and tempting so we decided to try it. Lacking a recipe we simply put it in the frying pan with butter and a little white sage and fried it. But the result was uninteresting. The meat was juicy but tough, and lacking in flavor. Perhaps we cooked it too soon, or maybe we should have pot-roasted it with herbs.

Bring on your desert cooks and give us a good recipe. And this suggests that you might publish a collection of recipes native to the big Dry and Lonesome. For instance, how to roast grated green corn a la Navajo, how to make piki bread like the Hopi, how to roast mescal and prickly pear—in fact something first hand to take our mind off of canned goods and cellophane packages. Why man, we're getting so we think in cellophane and behave like a label.

MAYNARD DIXON.

• • •

Beatty, Nevada

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Nestled in a hollow in the hills, just 15 miles from the brink of Death Valley, lies this little mining camp of Beatty. Our nearest neighbor is Goldfield, 68 miles to the north. Las Vegas lies 115 miles to the south, and between these points there is nothing. Nothing, did I say? Nothing but harmony, peace, quiet, vast distances and over all and permeating all the inaudible symphony of the desert.

We who become attuned to the desert grow to feel her heart throbs, to love her every phase and mood. For this reason your wonderful Desert Magazine is beloved by us all. Its sentiments commingle with our own. When our local newsdealer receives his monthly consignment there is a mad scramble to procure copies.

VIRGINIA CASTILLO.

• • •

Pala, California

Dear Sir:

In reading a recent issue of the Desert I find under the heading of "Desert Place Names," the name of Julian as an old gold camp. Which is correct, but there is an error regarding the mining of kunzite. Kunzite has been mined in Pala in northern San Diego county, the only place in the world where the deep colored spodumene has been found, and named after the late Dr. Kunz.

Discovery of this gem in Pala was made in 1902-3 and I have mined kunzite and tourmaline here myself.

I wish to compliment you on your splendid magazine. The very interesting articles you print should be preserved in some way for future generations to read.

VICTOR RENE.

P.S. Pala, Spanish for shovel, in local Indian language means water. The place was most likely named by the Indians as the village is located on the banks of San Luis Rey.

San Francisco, California

Dear Sirs:

I write you about the cover of the October issue—Monument Peak, California. Using a fine tooth comb and a magnifying glass we are unable to find a word in the magazine about where Monument Peak is. Also, we have worn out all our maps hunting, and with no success either. Now don't do that again—it's not fair. Of course you do run a picture puzzle contest inside, but if this cover is one I certainly cannot solve it. Please tell about it in your next issue.

P. K. McFARLAND.

Apologies to the McFarland family for our negligence. Monument Peak pictured on the October cover is the northwest boundary corner of the Colorado River Indian reservation, located across the Colorado river from Parker, Arizona, and not far from the new Parker dam. In the February number of the Desert Magazine was a story by Glen Dawson telling about his efforts to climb this peak. It is still unclimbed.—Editor.

• • •

Yucca Grove, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

The spirit of the desert and the hospitality of desert people was so beautifully expressed to us at Yucca Grove by the hosts there, the Nickersons, that I am writing this to you.

If I live to be 100 years old I will probably still be a greenhorn and blunderbuss. Hoping to visit the old Turquoise mines as pictured in your magazine, we planned to camp overnight at Yucca Grove. Not knowing what was there we supposed we would have to pitch our tent among the cacti.

We were agreeably surprised to find an up-to-the-minute camp court and service station with a friendly invitation to pitch our tent in their grounds with no charge for conveniences.

But here is the real story, and the joke is on me. Being dumb, I supposed those old Turquoise mines were Indian workings long since abandoned. The Nickersons gave me plenty of helpful information about how to reach the mines and assured me I could find a few samples of gem rock to take home. We returned from the trip with some turquoise specimens—and then learned we had taken our samples from old mines belonging to our Yucca Grove friends. However, they assured me others were doing the same thing—and they had no objection. Fine desert people!

ROSS TILTON

• • •

Tel-Aviv, Palestine

Dear Sirs:

On request of the book and newspaper shops we take the liberty of asking you to confer on us the sole agency of your magazine in Palestine.

For reasons of introducing your journal and in order to avoid returns kindly send us only five copies for the beginning.

Our distribution and propaganda department are the best guarantees of saving your interest. Only in Tel-Aviv we are supplying 70 kiosks, besides Jerusalem, Haifa and the colonies.

Yours faithfully,

International Newspaper Service.
Otto Klein, Manager.

Barstow, California

Dear Sir:

It is indeed an oddity to find an entire magazine such as yours devoted to the desert country, but when that magazine combines good reporting with accuracy in its articles, we have at last attained a perfect combination.

For the above mentioned attributes and for the exceptionally good article on "Odessa Canyon in the Calicos" in your October number I would like to extend congratulations of the Barstow chamber of commerce and to wish your publication a long and healthy life.

R. H. KNAGGS, Secretary.

• • •

Los Angeles, California

My dear Randall:

I have noted in the editorial of your delightful Desert Magazine that you are in search of some ideas on cactus fruit. The early Spanish settlers of California use the term "tunas," referring particularly to the fruit of the broad-leaved opuntia, which is so common throughout the state. Next to this the term "prickly pear" probably has the widest circulation. These were quite commonly used in Southern California households when I was a youngster and were regularly sold in the market.

My Spanish dictionary says that the word tuna means an "Indian fig," but the term was in such general use for the fruit of the opuntia that the plant itself was frequently known as tuna-cactus to the Gringos. The flavor and delicacy of the fruit varies widely with the different varieties of cactus plant. That of the giant cactus is especially good and is known to the Mexicans by the same name as the parent plant—saguaro—as also is the case with the pitahaya, which is probably the finest of all for table use.

The Indians of southern Arizona used to make a saguaro syrup and the bright colored juice makes an interesting addition to cold drinks or to the lighter colored fruit jellies. I think the logical name for the fruit of each species would be the commonly used Spanish name now generally applied to the well known plant varieties. In English the root word is the name of the fruit and we add the term tree, vine, or bush, as necessary, to indicate the parent plant.

As to the methods of stalking and capturing the creature and preparing it for the table, touch not, handle not, until you have first procured a branch bearing the terminal leaves of the white sage, if any is to be found, and dusting the tunas thoroughly with this while still in place upon the mother plant.

The tufts of tiny needles, a sixteenth to an eighth of an inch in length, which are the most troublesome feature of the defense, may be completely removed in this way, as they adhere to the slightly gummy velvet of the sage leaf. Other varieties of the sage may be similarly used but the white sage is best. The fruit may then be twisted from its mounting with the hand, which is much less dangerous than the common procedure of attempting to spear it off with a knife while it is still fully armed.

Just one more hint, if perchance any of these demoniac spikelets should get into the hand, the best way to remove the irritation is to rub the hand in the hair. Yes—that's right! These spines are so tiny that they cannot be plainly seen and any other mechanical method of removal is likely to break them off or shove them farther into the skin. This method has been used for generations by the people who gather tunas for the commercial market.

WILLIAM R. HARRIMAN.

Grand Canyon

By BERT FAIRBANK
509 W. Palm Lane
Phoenix, Arizona

Awarded first prize in September contest for amateur photographers. Taken with a Senior Six 20 with f4.5 lens. Time 1/25 second, stop f11, Agfa No. 3 filter, Panatomic film.

Other meritorious photos in the September contest were submitted by the following amateurs:

Miss Louise Mosely, Redlands, California "Joshua Silhouettes."

Alfred Schmitz, Hollywood, California, "Smoke Tree."

Juanita Schubert, Azusa, California, "Bryce Canyon."



Desert Home

By J. G. SUTHARD
832 Ohio Avenue
Long Beach, California

Second prize winning picture in September contest. Subject is western Mourning Dove nest in Opuntia. Taken with Rolleicord camera, Zeiss triotar f4.5 lens, K4 filter, 1/50 second f16.

Rumors were current that rich veins of gold were to be found somewhere on the Navajo reservation. Despite the warnings of government agents, prospectors secretly invaded the forbidden territory in quest of the treasure. Many went in—few returned. This was a half century ago. Henry Chee Dodge, venerable leader of the Navajos, was serving as an interpreter in the Indian agent's office at the time—and it was he who finally solved the mystery of both the gold and the fate of the miners. Here is the story, dug from the records at old Fort Defiance by Mrs. White Mountain Smith.

Navajo Gold

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

“**M**INERS, many of them, are going into our land to hunt the forbidden gold. They must not go. Our people will kill them and their soldiers will attack our women and children. You send for Agent!”

Nich-lee, a Navajo school boy, brought this appeal to Trader Mitchell at a remote trading post on the New Mexico reservation late in the afternoon of June 24, 1890.

A few hours later, under cover of darkness, Nich-lee sped away toward Fort Defiance bearing the following letter from Mitchell to the Indian agent at the headquarters there:

San Juan County, N. M.
June 24, 1890

“There are a hundred prospectors camped below here on the Arizona side. One of them told me they are waiting for reenforcements from Gallup and Durango when they will proceed to the Carrizo mountains to prospect for gold. The Indians are excited over this and are prepared for them . . . These miners will yet plunge the Navajos and whites into another war if something is not done *and at once*. The Indians have made some pretty strong threats. I have been informed by friendly Indian who will deliver this to you, that these miners are prepared as they think to stand off the Navajos when they reach the Carrizo mountains. I think differently and will do what I can to keep you informed.”

Trader Mitchell was killed later by the Navajos and one of the pinnacles in Monument valley now bears his name.

But his message to Fort Defiance brought action. A troop of soldiers was dispatched immediately to the Carrizo mountains where 15 miners were found desperately trying to defend their lives against an attacking force of Navajos. They were escorted to the edge of the reservation and told to stay out of there in the future.

This merely was one episode in a series of clashes that had been going on for years between white gold-seekers and Navajos.

The miners came, sometimes alone, more often in parties of two or three or a half dozen. They would depart from the railroad towns along the Santa Fe for an unannounced destination in the heart of the Navajo country—and that would be the last ever heard of them. Officers seeking to solve the mystery of their disappearance found only a cold trail.

Months later a horse, or a gun or perhaps the prospector's



“White Miner—stay away!”

pick or saddle made an appearance hundreds of miles from where the miner was last seen.

“I trade corn and mutton for it!” the ready explanation was always forthcoming. “I gamble with Navajo at sing and win the gun and horse!” “What Navajo? Where is he?” Only a contemptuous shrug answered.

Into historic old Fort Defiance, army post which has weathered every storm for near a century, drifted the whisper that gold lay to the north in Navajo mountain and in the high Carrizos. Gold in the Navajo country! Gold that the Navajos knew all about but refused to discuss with white men who had robbed them of everything else worth while. Gold they themselves did not value but kept concealed from *babannas*, searching for it so madly.

The Carrizo mountains lie to the north of Canyon de Chelly and rise to a bleak height of 10,000 feet. White men, old-timers in that country, could not believe that gold was to be found in that formation. Nor was it likely that it had lain there undiscovered all the years white soldiers had ranged that territory searching out Navajos to be taken by Kit Carson. Prominent clansmen from Navajo mountain and the Carrizo region were brought into the fort and questioned. Again a blank wall was encountered. The Navajos either looked calmly through their questioners, or showed uneasiness and fear.

A famous ethnologist declared learnedly that the reluctance of the Navajos to speak of the gold had to do with their

racial superstitions, dealing with the plundering of Mother Earth. The officials had never heard of that superstition, but neither had they heard of Navajo gold. It is equally certain that the Navajos knew of no such superstitious belief, but they readily grasped at the story so conveniently put into words for them. It would, they thought, explain any accidents that happened to prospectors who searched and dug for the forbidden treasure.

In 1884 a middle aged business man of Baltimore, Samuel Walcott, feeling that the time had come when he could indulge his desire for adventure, converted a big part of his assets into money and prepared to go west. Paying all expenses of the journey, he chose as a companion young Jim McNally.

They made a leisurely trip across the continent and stopped at Flagstaff to look around the Indian country. When they were seen there no longer it was supposed that they had resumed their wanderings.

Relatives Become Worried

Four months later authorities at Flagstaff received anxious letters from relatives in the east. The letters said that neither man was familiar with desert or mountain and that deep anxiety was felt for them since they had gone on a gold prospecting trip. They had written their families they were going deep into the Navajo reservation on the positive track of a rich deposit. Their guide, a Navajo, was to meet them at dawn, and they were leaving the town secretly as the Navajo

said they would be followed and robbed of the mines should their errand be known. They were fully outfitted for a two months' stay and would not write again until they had discovered the gold and protected their rights to it.

To Fort Defiance came the officers once more. But no information could be gotten there. Then Navajos friendly to the whites were sent out to mingle with their red brothers at healing dances and in the gambling games which followed the sings, to see what clues they could gain.

Through Indian channels word trickled back into the fort, "Two Americans, one young, one old, killed and robbed." No one could say definitely who killed them, but the story was told of friendly Indians visiting the camp of the white men. The latter became quarrelsome and the old man was killed. The young man knew too much, and he was killed.

Chee Dodge Reveals Story

Henry Chee Dodge, from his hospital bed at Fort Defiance a few weeks ago gave me this story of what happened.

"Back around 1880 and during the following years white men who ventured into Monument valley and the Carrizo mountains were murdered by the Navajos. Mostly the Indians killed in self-defense, they said, or because some of their families had been slain by white men and they were avenging their wrongs. But always the white men so killed were robbed and their horses stolen. In less than ten years 20 or more prospectors

were killed and robbed and their people were getting very angry with the Indian agent because he did nothing about it.

"At that time I was the interpreter at Fort Defiance and many times I knew that another miner had been killed long before the white agent heard of it. My people whispered it among themselves and sooner or later the news came to me. But the miners had no business up in the Indian country hunting gold that did not belong to them, and I had lost nothing up there so I wasn't going to tell the agent about it and maybe get sent up there to look for trouble!

"But after Mr. Walcott and Mr. McNally were killed there was such a big fuss stirred up something had to be done. An old outlaw by the name of Osh-ka-ni-ne, which name means something about war, was known to have been the leader of the killers. He went over and hid among the Pahutes but others of his party, Ten-nai-tso-si (Slim Man), Tug-iyezzy (Little Whiskers) and Osh-ka-ni-ne-begay were rounded up. They told the story of the murder, all except the information as to how the miners came to be in there looking for gold. That story was learned later.

Son Tells How Death Came

"The son of the murderer told me this: 'My father and I rode close to Navajo mountain and saw a smoke. Going high on the mountain we could see the camp of two Americans. My father left me to watch and he went down into the camp. They gave him tobacco and coffee and he sat and smoked. Then he came back and said they wanted to buy corn and mutton and we would take it to them in the morning. We found two friends and an old man who told us that these men had come to dig for gold and they must not find the yellow metal in our country. The old man said that only once had a party of white men reached the Place of the *Ola* (gold) and that they were leaving with big sacks of it when the Navajo Gods caused them to die. And no other white man must find the gold. But the next morning my father and I took the mutton and corn over to the camp. We hid it in the bushes and went in and drank coffee and smoked the tobacco they gave us. The young man, McNally, went to get the five fine horses staked out from the camp, and my father said, 'We are ready to trade.'

" 'Wait, wait until my friend comes back,' the old man answered.

" 'We waited and while we waited we looked around the camp. There was an

Typical Navajo family group in the Carrizo mountain region. They have no quarrel with the white man —if he will mind his own business.



ax tied in a sack. And a Winchester gun leaning against a rock. I picked up the gun to look at it and Walcott was angry. My father started to take the ax from the sack so he could see it and Walcott said angry words to him and tried to hit him. My father had to hit him in the back of the head so he fell down dead. Then McNally came with the horses and saw the old man dead. Our friends were around the camp and they came running to help us because the young man tied three horses together and from behind them he tried to shoot us. It was necessary that he be killed because he shot our old medicine man in the head and made the blood come. But we took the old man to his hogan and tied up his wound and came back to watch the young American. All day we watched him and in the night he slipped away and we had to follow him for hours before we found him dead. We buried him, and never will we show a white man where he is under the rocks and sand. He would have died anyway and we took the things the miners had. Our medicine man said to kill the young man because white men would kill us if we let him go.

Bad Trip for Navajos

Chee Dodge paused to make sure I was following his narrative. "Well, the agent said to go and get the bodies of the white men and to bring in the killers. We went, soldiers and Navajo guides and I. I would have stayed at the fort willingly because I had not lost any white men or any mean Navajos, and the Pahutes said they would kill us if we came for the dead men or the living ones. And that was in the Pahute Strip in those days. Still we went. And we found the body of Mr. Walcott and brought it back to the fort on a pet mule. The mule wished to stay close to the Navajos who were in charge of the dead man. The Navajos wished to stay away from the dead man and when the mule came close to them they threw stones at him. But 11 days later we came to the fort and from there the American, Walcott, was sent back to his people in the east. The body of young McNally never was found. Only the Navajos who buried it know where it lies."

But while the body of Walcott was recovered, the mystery of the Navajo gold remained unsolved.

Matters came to a climax in 1893 when there came to the agent at Fort Defiance a letter from St. Louis, Missouri, asking for information about a Mr. Field of that city who was missing on the Navajo reservation. He had been seen last in Flag-

staff where he purchased some pack animals.

"Going prospecting?" an acquaintance inquired.

"Just that!" said Field and his tone permitted no further questioning. Had he disclosed all he knew he could have told of a Navajo lurking in out-of-way corners until he attracted the attention of the easterner. Then specimens of rich gold-bearing quartz were shown and a cautious agreement was made to meet at dawn, Field to have full prospecting outfit, food, tools and equipment for a long stay in the mountains. "Plenty gold, but no other white man must know. They follow, maybe kill and rob. You come with me and I show you gold, and when you have what you want you give me money and horses."

Field went secretly before daylight to meet his guide, and with him rode Death. Into the old fort strange stories drifted and Chee Dodge, a Navajo himself and official interpreter heard them. Most of them he pondered and kept to himself.

Through circuitous channels, however, information was obtained which led to the finding of the body of Field partly covered with rocks in a dry wash many miles to the north.

It was quite definitely known that Osh-ka-ni-ne was the murderer, but he had fled to the Ute reservation. In the records at Fort Defiance is this brief note addressed to A. P. Camp, St. Louis, Mo., and signed by E. H. Plummer, acting agent at Fort Defiance at the time:

"Dear Sir: I cannot get away now to arrest the murderer of Mr. Field, but he will be turned over when he is arrested."

As far as the records show no one ever could get away long enough to arrest this murderer and the game of "you-come-get-gold, I-get-you" went merrily along with death for the losers.

"I Called His Bluff"

"Chee, is there gold on the Navajo reservation?" I asked. Henry Chee Dodge was silent a moment, and then he laughed. And here is the story he told me:

"I will tell you. After many white men came for gold and were killed the agent said I must learn about it. So I went out and stayed with my friends far in the mountains. When a healing sing was held I was there and I saw lots of clothes and guns belonging to white men exchange hands in a gambling game or when the horses raced. Always the story of where the belongings came from went back to Osh-ka-ni-ne. When a miner disappeared his horses and goods found their way to the hogan of Osh-ka-ni-ne. And

by and by traders came to the fort to complain that Osh-ka-ni-ne had defrauded them. He had agreed to bring them pack-mule loads of rich gold ore if they would give him loads of food and supplies with which to go out and get the gold. They gave the goods but got no gold.

"When he could fool no more traders he began to hang around the railroad towns or send some of his gang to show rich *ola* (gold) ore to foolish eastern men. The newcomers, eager to have the gold for themselves, would equip themselves for a long stay away from civilization and slip out into the reservation under cover of darkness, following a guide who led them into a trap. Three or four weeks later Osh-ka-ni-ne or his clansmen could be found innocently hanging around town again.

"Even in those days I was not exactly poor, and I got word to Osh-ka-ni-ne I wished to have a share in the gold he owned. But I must know that gold was really there before I parted with any money or supplies. He sent word to bring a pack train and meet him in the Carrizos and he would lead me to the mine. I called his bluff, but instead of a pack train I took ten soldiers and went a week before he expected me. The soldiers hid themselves and I went into the camp. He was not pleased to see me and kept stalling about where the gold was.

Rogue Admits His Guilt

"At last I said to him that he did not speak with a straight tongue. His story of gold in the mountains was a lie.

"You know of no gold in the Carrizos or in Monument valley or Navajo mountain. This gold you show me is from a white man's mine up north. Sometime you have murdered a miner and stolen this gold. Soldiers are here, and as I spoke the soldiers rode into the camp—to take you and your followers into the fort where you will be hung for murdering white miners. It is time to tell the truth.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GOLD?"

"He answered 'It came from Colorado as you said. But we will never hang for killing the white men that came into our country to steal gold which is not theirs!'"

He was correct. Not one of his murdering thieves paid for their deeds. His son lives today and boasts of watching the two miners, Walcott and McNally, meet death.

But white men still go into the forbidden land and sell their lives to the Navajos because to them the lure of gold is sometimes greater than love of life.



PRIDE

Photo by W. M. M. PENNINGTON

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

'Feel' of the Desert

Navajo! No student of the Southwestern Indians would hesitate in identifying this man as one of the tribesmen who call themselves Dinneh — "The People." When applied to an individual the word means "Man."

Courageous warriors, bold raiders, brave hunters—the history of the race as known today is packed with accounts of valiant conduct. Navajos who know the origin of the name by which white men call them are tolerantly amused by its original significance. The word "navajo," according to the Museum of Northern Arizona in Flagstaff, is the corrupted form of a Spanish word meaning "planted fields." But tribal lore contains no evidence that "The People" ever tilled the soil.

Here is the story of a group of Southern California desert hikers who found adventure close by one of the main traveled roads. They undertook to make a downstream traverse of Deep canyon which parallels the Palms-to-Pines highway in the Santa Rosa mountains. Down between the precipitous canyon walls they found deep pools where it was necessary to swim, and waterfalls that could be descended only on ropes—but the rugged grandeur of the setting was ample compensation for the difficulties of the trip.

Rope Down and Swim Out

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"VIC OWNBY says there are several falls with an overhanging drop of from 50 to 100 feet with deep pools below and it is necessary to swim out when you reach the bottom. The canyon walls are perilously steep, with poor footing."

This was the message that came back to me when I sent word to friends in the Santa Rosa mountains of Southern California I wanted to undertake a trip down Deep canyon.

It was not a reassuring prospect. But for years I had been traveling up the winding route of the Palms-to-Pines highway from the floor of Coachella valley to Piñon flats—and wondering what scenic treasure might be in the depths of the gorge which drops away so precipitously on the left side of the road. The desert's most striking beauty spots often are found in such places.

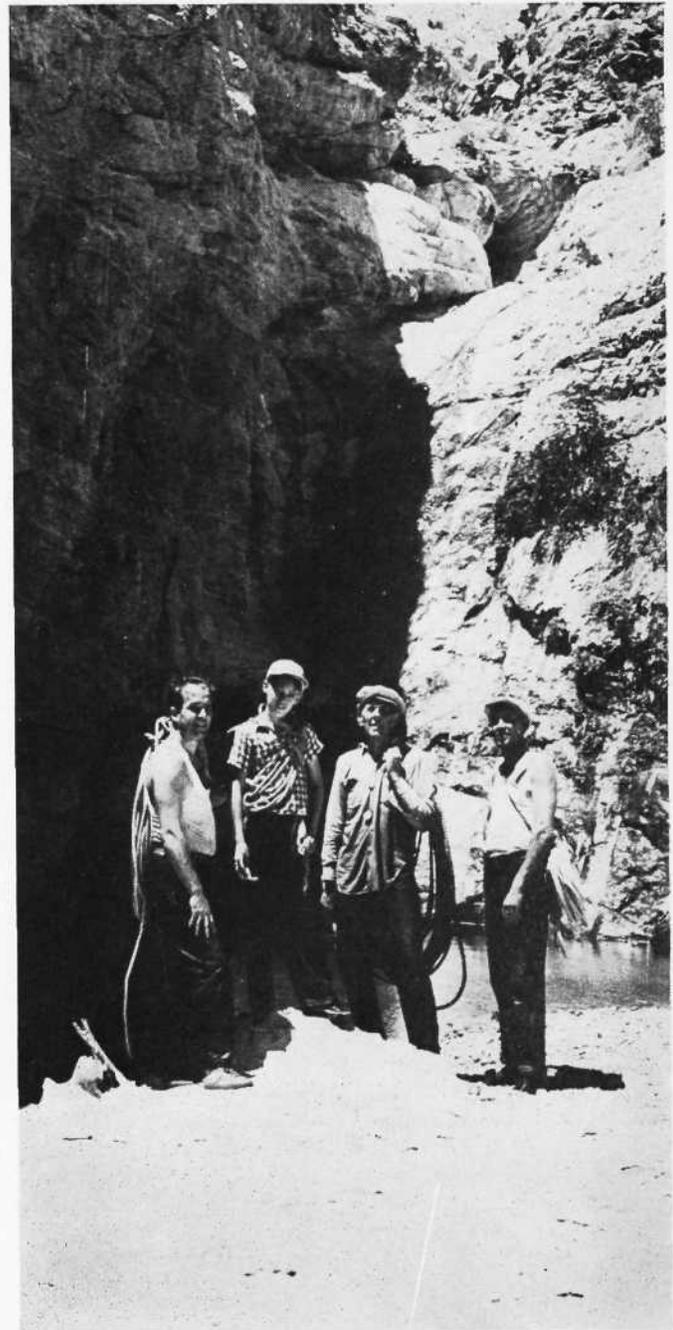
I had been told there were native palm trees in Deep canyon—and since the *Washingtonia filifera* is a lure that attracts my camera to all sorts of remote desert nooks, there was nothing to do but explore Deep canyon, waterfalls or no waterfalls. I could always turn back if the going became too rough.

And so the trip was arranged. Our rendezvous was the roomy cabin of F. F. Taylor, high up on the mountain slope overlooking the upper gorge of Deep canyon. The party included Fred Taylor, Jr., his 12-year-old son Freddy, Vic Ownby, Charles Olson, Wilson McKenney and the writer.

Ownby and the Taylors had made previous attempts to go down the canyon. They had roped down over two of the waterfalls they encountered, and on one occasion Fred and his son found themselves trapped in a narrow sector of the canyon with insufficient rope to go either down or up. They spent a chilly night in the gorge and climbed out the next day when more rope was lowered to them from above.

But Ownby and the Taylors had never gone beyond a point where the little stream in Deep canyon disappeared over the edge of a smooth granite dike and dropped an unmeasured distance to a green pool of water that could be seen far below. They had worked down the canyon to this point on one trip, but lacked the equipment to undertake the descent of a precipice of such height. This was one of the obstacles to be overcome on the July day when we met at the Taylor cabin for an early morning start.

Our equipment included four 100-foot ropes, a couple of drill bits, and some short pieces of iron pipe to be drilled



Four members of the Deep canyon exploring party. Left to right—Fred Taylor, Jr., Fred Taylor III, Vic Ownby and Charles Olson. They used 400 feet of rope in making the trip and had to drill iron pipe into the rocks for belay purposes.

into the rock for belaying purposes if necessary. None of us knew what difficulties might be encountered beyond the point where the Taylors had turned back.

It was an easy hike down the slope below the Taylor cabin to the floor of the upper canyon, a drop of approximately 600 feet. Our starting point was at an elevation of 3500 feet. The sandy floor of the upper canyon provided a good trail at first but we had not proceeded far before the grade became steeper and there was an increasing number of huge boulders to be surmounted.

Deep canyon in July is a chasm of a thousand blue-green pools. Only a small stream of water was flowing on the surface, and in some places this disappeared entirely, but the sands evidently carried a generous supply of moisture for we found it necessary to wade or swim or detour one pool after

another. However, it was no hardship to dive into a pool of cool crystal water, for the thermometer in Coachella valley a few miles away was above the 100-degree mark.

Deep canyon is clean. Desert dwellers will know what I mean. The arroyos which empty into the desert valleys are clean or brushy according to the frequency with which great floods of storm water come down from the slopes above. Floods of cloudburst proportions carry away the smaller vegetation and even uproot native palms and other large trees. Deep canyon evidently has many such floods.

The predominating tree in this canyon is the cottonwood. There are about 150 of them along the 10-mile route of our traverse. I was disappointed in the number of palms—only 41 of them including both veterans and young trees. I had expected more, but evidently the storm floods come too often to permit them to multiply. Those we saw were growing up on the sidewalls, some of them 500 or 600 feet above the floor of the canyon. It is mystifying to see native Washingtonias clinging to the rocky sidewalls of a canyon with no visible supply of water. But water is there—a hidden supply that never reaches the surface. Otherwise there would be no palm trees.

Our first climbing problem was a waterfall with a sheer drop of 75 feet. But there was an easy detour so we did not uncoil the ropes. Further downstream we came to a 12-foot drop where it was necessary to dive in and swim a 40-foot pool. We arranged an overhead tramway with the ropes for the transportation of knapsacks and equipment.

No serious difficulties developed until we reached the junction where Hidden Palms canyon comes in as a tributary from the west. Palms-to-Pines travelers who have never stopped along the highway for at least a glimpse of the Hidden Palms oasis have missed one of the desert's most enchanting surprises.

Like Bandits Trapped in a Hideout

To see these palms from the highway it is necessary to park the car at the Adair cabin located by the side of the road at the top of the winding grade which comes up from Coachella valley. A sign marks the location of the palms. The visitor takes a short walk along the trail which leads from the cabin to the top of the ridge above the palm group. They may be seen far below, huddled together like a band of outlaws trapped in their hideout. A path leads down to the palms and the little spring which flows in the midst of them—but this is not a trip for high-heeled shoes or overfed tourists.

Two healthy cottonwood trees on the floor of Deep canyon mark the junction where the Hidden Palms tributary comes in from the west.

We did not stop long at this point for the canyon walls were closing in and we were eager to know what those towering cliffs held in store for us.

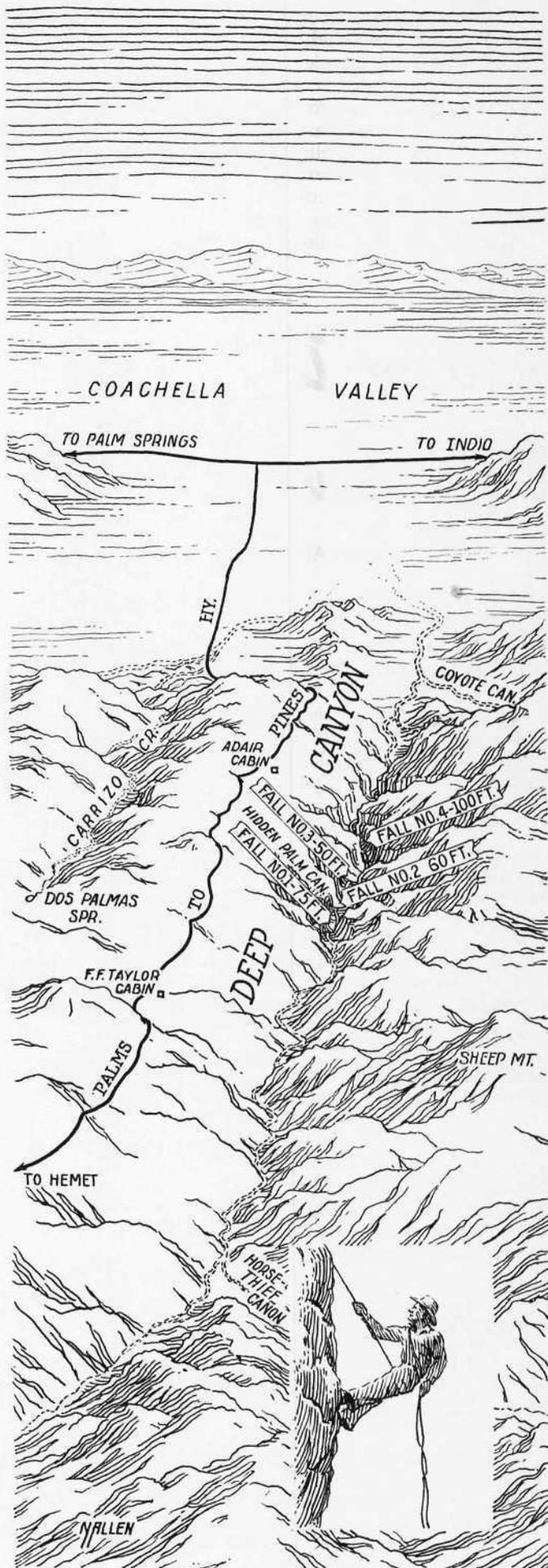
The answer was not long delayed. Just around the next bend we came suddenly to an abrupt drop of at least 60 feet. Below was an inviting pool of deep green water. There was no detour here.

The Taylors had roped down this waterfall on a previous trip and the iron pipe they had drilled into the rock at the top for belay purposes was still there. It was a case of rope down and swim 30 feet across a deep pool to reach firm footing. Again we arranged an overhead tram to shuttle the knapsacks and extra clothing to the dry sandbar beyond the water.

We were in the most precipitous sector of the gorge now and our progress was sharply downgrade as we scrambled over boulders and swam and waded through crystal pools that followed one another in close succession.

Less than a quarter of a mile from our last rope-down we came to major fall No. 3—a 50-foot vertical drop over a face of rock that was decorated with great hanging gardens of ferns.

We found a rock at the top around which to belay the rope





One of the bikers on the 100-foot drop at Fall No. 4. A cooling spray of water showered the ropers as they came down these precipitous rock faces. The rope was doubled around its belay and pulled through when the last man had reached bottom.

and I think we all felt a trace of disappointment when Charles Olson went down first and reported that the pool at the base was only waist deep. It was nearly noon, we were nearing the floor of the desert, and those refreshing plunges into deep water were welcome variations in the program.

The big adventure of the day was still ahead—but not far away. We had gone but a short distance when we arrived at the top of a waterfall no member of this party had ever descended. This was the point where the previous Taylor expedition ended.

From the smooth granite slabs where we stood it was impossible to see the face of the fall below, but far beneath us the outer edge of a pool was visible. Vertical distances always appear greater when looking down than when looking up—but it was quite evident we were facing a longer rope-down than we had encountered before.

It was noon and by unanimous consent we dug into the knapsacks for lunch—and while we ate we discussed the possibilities of the descent. We had no way of knowing whether one of our 100-foot ropes would reach the bottom. To make sure the first man down would not find himself at the end of the rope dangling in midair many feet above the pool, we tied two ropes together. While the rest of us were arranging the ropes Vic Ownby was busy with his drill bits sinking a hole in the granite ledge in which to drive down an iron pipe for belay purposes.

Fred Taylor went down first, using a climber's sling which enabled him to lower himself at will without undue strain on his arms. This sling is formed by facing the belay and running the rope between the legs, then around the left hip

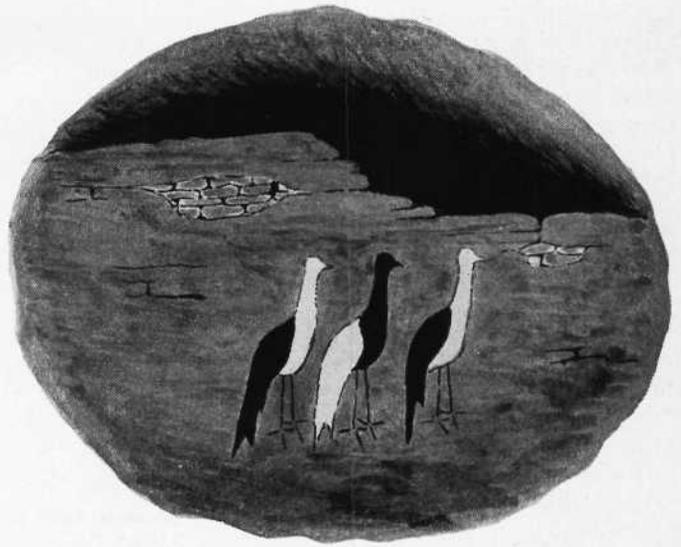
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At the bottom of most of the waterfalls it was necessary to swim a deep pool of water before reaching solid footing. This picture was taken from the top of the fall with the camera pointed almost vertically into the pool below.



We Found the 'Three Turkey' Cliff Dwellings

By RICHARD F. VAN VALKENBURGH



Crumbling walls and foundations of literally thousands of prehistoric Indian dwellings are to be found scattered over the desert area in southwestern United States. Most of them are well known to archaeologists who have explored them and preserved artifacts recovered from the ruins. Recently a Navajo medicine man led Richard Van Valkenburgh, ethnologist in the U. S. Indian service, to a group of well-preserved cliff dwellings not previously reported. Here is the first published story of the rediscovery of these ancient houses in an unnamed canyon in northeastern Arizona.

HIGH up in a wind and water worn cove in the precipitous wall of an unnamed and unmapped canyon in northeastern Arizona is a well preserved group of prehistoric cliff dwellings, which, as far as scientific records show, have never been entered by white man or living Indian.

My first hint of the existence of this well-concealed habitation of ancient Indian tribesmen came in 1934 when I was doing field work in Canyon de Chelly. With a party of Navajo companions, I was camped at the base of a sandstone wall across from where the well-known White House cliff dwelling is located.

One day while we were lounging on the floor of the canyon, catching the warming rays of the winter sun, one of the Navajos mentioned a group of houses which he believed that no white man had ever seen. He said they could be identified by three large turkeys painted in brown and white pigment on one of the exposed walls.

When I asked him about the location, he gave an indefinite gesture with his arm which might have meant east, south, west or north—and would talk no more. I knew this man too well to press the matter any further, but I made a mental note that this was a story to be followed. I was sure he was telling the truth.

During the next three years I made inquiry among my Navajo friends, but gained not a single clue as to the location of the mysterious house with the three turkeys.

Then, one day in June 1937, Avoo'anlh nezi, an intelligent old Navajo medi-

cine man whose hogan is far back in the large ponderosa pine area of the Navajo reservation, asked me to furnish transportation for a party of Indians who wished to get red and white pigments for the sand pictures to be used at a Male Shooting chant—a Navajo "sing" held for healing purposes.

With Avoo'anlh nezi as guide, we followed the little-traveled road that led in the general direction of Canyon de Chelly. We soon left the sun streaked shadows of the dense pine forest. Below us lay miles of piñon and juniper clad mesa land. In the foreground only the gash of the high red walls of Canyon de Chelly broke the green sweep of the desert. Far in the background, rising in hazy blue, stood the Blue mountains near Blanding, Utah, and the Sleeping Ute close to Cortez, Colorado. No wonder these ranges are sacred to the Navajo.

We dropped off the mountain down a steep and rutty wagon trail. The trail became dim and soon we were bumping across rolling tableland covered with chemise and clumps of piñon. As we traveled farther and deeper into the wild country, the terrain became more broken. Deep gullies forced us to leave our car.

A dim foot-trail wound through the piñon pine ahead of us. My Indian companions evidently had been over the trail before. Within a half mile we came abruptly to the rim of a deep canyon, gashed in the floor of the tableland over which we had been traveling.

Our path zig-zagged down a precipitous sandstone cliff and led to a deserted hogan in a little amphitheater formed by

the canyon walls. Surrounding the old Navajo dwelling was a tiny meadow of green and violet beeweed.

Then we climbed out of the canyon on the opposite side and soon came to the place where the medicine men were to obtain their pigments.

The Indians got down on their hands and knees and scraped the colored sands into red and white piles. Then they took flour sacks from their belts and scooped up the pigment and placed it in their bags. Soon these bright-hued sands would be used for the picturization of Navajo folklore. Avoo'anlh nezi, with the masterly skill of a veteran medicine priest, would be drawing intricate designs with it on the floor of the hogan of a sick Navajo.

With sacks well filled we took the back trail. The day was warm and the Indians perspired under the heavy loads they were carrying. When we reached the old hogan in the little meadow at the bottom of the canyon we stopped in the shade to rest and smoke.

After a while Avoo'anlh nezi took his cornhusk cigarette from his lips and said to me: "Hosteen, hidden around the bend that lies under the red cliff one will find the opening to a deep and narrow canyon which leads to an old cliff house. Few white men, if any, have seen this place. The sun is still high—shall I lead you there?"

I told him I would like to see the cliff house, and we started immediately. We were soon in a deep and narrow canyon hemmed in by sheer 500-foot walls.

Clumps of mountain oak bordered the

bed of the dry meandering wash. Old hogans were perched high on inaccessible and defensible points. Avoo'anlh nezi identified these as the homes of his relatives, who as fugitives, had hidden in the canyon to escape the scourge of Kit Carson's Utes and Mexicans in the Navajo war of '64.

The canyon grew deeper and the shadows broader. Springs began to seep out of the banks and small pools of water bordered by lush vegetation replaced the aridity of the upper canyon. High among the cliffs swallows appeared against the sky. The shrill cry of hawks and the grinding of our shoes in the sand were the only sounds to break the silence.

Hairpin turns in the canyon every few hundred feet restricted our view both forward and backward.

The blue sky lay above us in a narrow slit. The trip was becoming dull by the monotony of this limited view and incessant meandering. Ascending a steep wash bank, which stretched our muscles and took our wind, we reached the summit of a low oak-covered knoll.

My guide was gazing toward the top of the opposite wall. I followed his upward glance—and there in a vast cove in the horseshoe bend of the canyon wall was the most perfectly preserved group of cliff dwellings it has ever been my privilege to see.

In the shade of an oak I sat down to study the picture before me. There were 20 houses as nearly as I could determine, built of sandstone slabs. The circular walls of a plastered kiva stood above the cluster of buildings. And there on an upper wall were three turkeys painted in brown and white pigment.

This was the legendary Tatzih bekin—the House of the Three Turkeys!

I judge the turkey figures to be at least six feet in height. They were grouped close together and the pigment which was put there perhaps 800 years ago is in a fine state of preservation.

Consider the industry of the hundred or more tribesmen who built these cliff dwellings long before the white man came to America. Every stone had to be carried up the 50-foot vertical hand-and-toe trail from the floor of the canyon to the cove. Probably notched logs with yucca fiber guide-ropes were installed to make the task easier—but even with these crude facilities the building of those homes required months and perhaps years

Avoo'anlh nezi, Navajo medicine man, with Richard Van Valkenberg, writer of the accompanying story of the rediscovery of the legendary Three Turkey House. Photo by Milton Jack Snow.

of gruelling labor under extremely hazardous conditions.

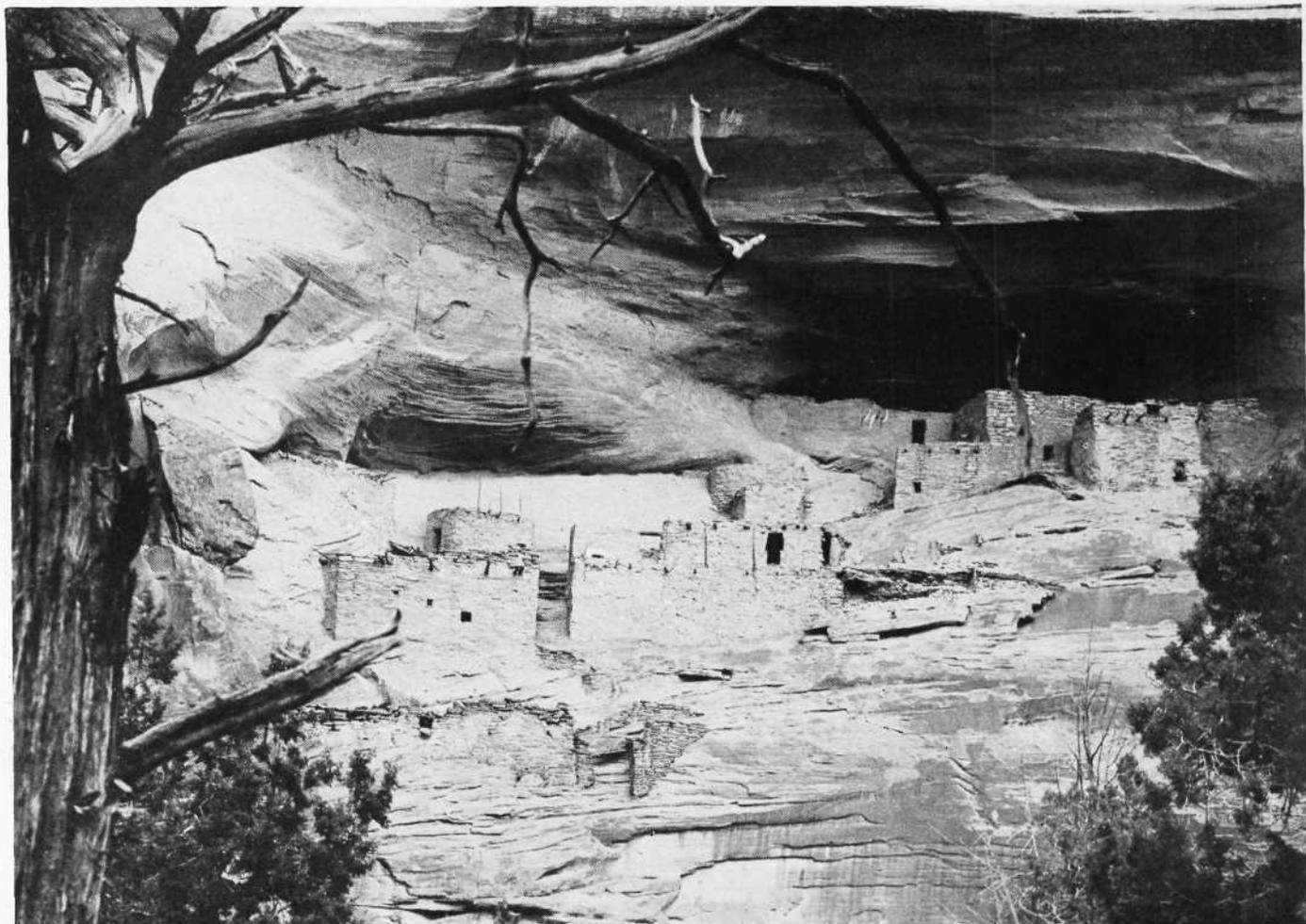
Why did they select such an inaccessible spot for their homes? Presumably for defensive purposes. If this is true, they must have had a devout respect for the prowess of their enemies because in addition to the protection afforded by a wall which is unscalable to an ordinary climber, they erected a stone parapet on the sloping edge of the cave floor just below the dwellings.

I asked Avoo'anlh nezi for his explanation of the extreme defensive measures adopted by these prehistoric tribesmen. He answered:

"These old people whom the wind, rain and lightning destroyed and whom we call the Old Strangers lived in this country before the Navajos. Only our Gods and Holy People lived here then. Also the Enemy Monsters. These Monsters would come and sit at the base of the cliff and try to charm the old people to come down or catch them when they were working in their fields. That is why they built high in the cliff."

It was difficult to realize that this perfectly preserved cliff settlement was a dead place. Wood smoke should have been coming from the roof vents. Up on the flat mud covered roofs, naked children should be playing. Burden-laden women should be climbing the sheer





hand-and-toe trail while little brown men pulled their stone hoes through the growing corn in the fields in the canyon below.

The old medicine man's casual offer had unexpectedly brought me the long-wished-for experience of viewing a prehistoric cliff dwelling in pristine condition.

Presently we moved nearer to inspect the dwellings at close range. Before long we were at the base of the red sandstone cliff in which eons of wind and water had carved out the cave. Sheer wall stood above us. The only breaks were two narrow shelves. Scaling the treacherous sandstone slope which led to the lower part of the trail, we found the worn concavities of the old hand-and-toe trail.

Standing against the wall between the first and second benches was an oak pole 20 feet long. It had been hewn with a sharp metal object and not by the blunt stone axes of the old people. I suggested that a Navajo at some time had attempted to make the ascent but Avoo'anlh nezi stated definitely that none of his people had ever entered the houses.

I spent the rest of the afternoon trying to scale the cliff while the Navajos lay under a tree and laughed at my clumsy efforts. The deepening shadows of sunset

Apparently as intact as when their prehistoric owners deserted them perhaps 800 years ago, the Three Turkey House dwellings are in an inaccessible cove 50 feet above the floor of the canyon. The three turkeys in brown and white pigment may be seen on an upper wall in the background. Photo by Milton Jack Snow.

drove us from the canyon that day with Tatazih bekin still unconquered.

While Three Turkey House was often in my mind, it was over a year before I could again visit the site. Harry Chandlee, a visitor from the west coast, and my interpreter, Scotty Begay, helped me carry 100 feet of rope over the tedious trail into the canyon and to the foot of Tatazih bekin. We tried to swing the rope from a high overhanging ledge above the cave in which the houses lay but our hard work proved fruitless. The upper lip extended too far out and a man making the descent down the rope would find himself dangling far over the canyon instead of the houses.

We discovered that the old oak pole which we found on the ledge on our first trip was rotten. New green ones were cut but were neither long enough nor strong

enough to insure safe ascent above the dangerous jumble of talus that lay below. Again we were stalemated and as we struggled out of the canyon that evening, no Penitentes could have felt more painfully the increasing weight of that snaky burden of rope. Tatazih bekin lay above us, serene and unexplored.

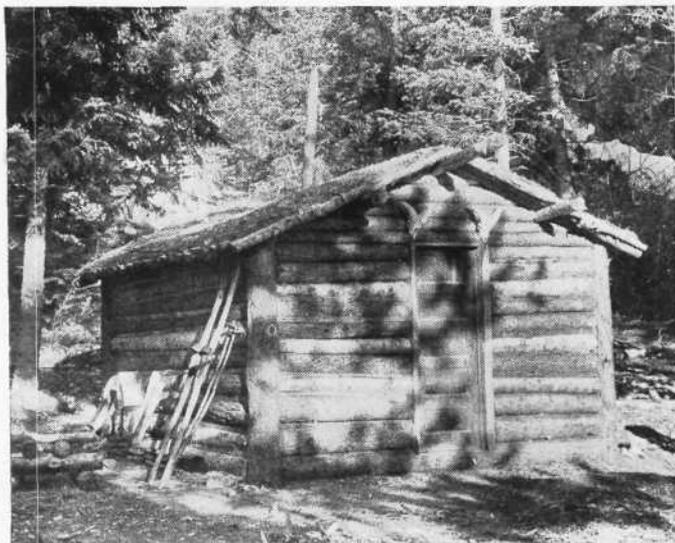
Two weeks later Milton Jack Snow, companion of many an archaeological expedition in the Southwest over the past ten years, returned with me to obtain pictures, some of which are shown as illustrations in this story.

Fearing the site might be accidentally found by some wandering outsider and its remarkably preserved architectural features despoiled, the location of the discovery has been made known to the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff.

Recently, I learned that I was not the first white man to view Tatazih bekin. Sam Day II and his brother Charley were guided to this place by Hatalli nezh, a Navajo medicine man, 40 years ago. They took pictures of the well preserved structures.

Others may have visited the place. It is the opinion of the Navajos in the vicinity, however, that Three Turkey House has never been entered in modern times even by their own tribesmen. The remote cliff

Continued on page 37



Deserted cabin in Hidden Forest where Heald and Hayden camped while exploring the area.

IN the heart of the desert fifty miles northeast of Las Vegas is a secluded area known as the Hidden Forest of Nevada. It is not a forest of cactus nor desert shrubs as one might suppose, but a fine stand of timber covering the middle section of the Sheep mountains. Within the depths of the forest and standing high upon a mountain side is a magnificent natural amphitheater of vari-colored sandstone which, according to legend, may once have been an Indian temple of sun worship.

Hidden Forest appears on many maps but when I inquired about roads and other details I could get no information. And so, with Jim Hayden as companion, I started out to see the place for myself.

Approximately 40 miles from Las Vegas on a seldom used road between Corn creek ranch and Alamo a dim trail leads off to the southeast toward the cactus covered slopes of Sheep range. Written in pencil on a small stake at the junction point is the legend "Hidden Forest."

The road wound through a sparse growth of cactus up the gently sloping alluvial plain for three miles, then a sudden turn brought our car to a stop on the edge of a boulder strewn wash in which a thriving forest of Joshua trees was growing. Could this be the Hidden Forest? Was it possible that someone with a grim sense of humor had led us on a merry chase of 350 miles from Southern California for nothing more than a view of a forest of Joshua trees of which we had so many back home?

Forest Has Natural Gateway

The road, if such it can be called, entered the wash. Our car, threatening to balk at every turn, picked its way over the boulders and through the Joshuas, and finally reached an area of sand and sagebrush surrounded by vertical walls of rock. Ahead was a narrow gap—a natural gateway. As to what lay beyond, we could only guess. At any rate it was an inviting prospect. Unconsciously I pressed down on the gas, sending the car bouncing over the rocks. After covering a few hundred yards we reached the bottom of a narrow canyon with high walls of limestone on both sides. The vertical walls of the canyon soon gave way to steep mountain slopes covered with juniper and piñons. Great outcrops of limestone jutted here and there in odd formations.

Soon scattered pines began to appear, and as the car slowly wound its way up the canyon, the number of trees increased

The road to Hidden Forest is rough and rocky and seldom used, but for the desert explorer who has the equipment for such a trip the remote timbered oasis described in this story holds generous reward.

Hidden Forest of Nevada

By CHAS. L. HEALD

until we were surrounded by a dense forest of yellow pine. We were in the mysterious Hidden Forest of Nevada. The canyon widened and in a little clearing we came to a log cabin. It was a neat little place, but showed no evidence of having been occupied for some time. Inside there was a small stove and table with two short sections of a log to serve as chairs. Just the place for us to live during our stay in the forest.

We unloaded our blankets and provisions from the car and carried them into our newly acquired home. It wasn't long until a fire was roaring in the stove and dinner was on the way. Later we lolled around on our soft pine needle beds and marveled that such a wonderful place should be visited by so few people.

A wide variety of pines and other conifers grow in the Hidden Forest. Piñons and junipers are found in the lower altitudes, while in the upper portions, cedar, yellow pine, white pine, fir, and the rare foxtail pine are seen. The animal life of this locality, probably due to lack of water, is limited mainly to wild horses and bighorn sheep, with a few birds and rodents. Included among the birds, the woodpeckers, towhees and hummingbirds are the most prominent, while the smaller animals include chipmunks, rats and mice.

Snow Used to Operate Mill

In 1895 a sawmill was built on the eastern slope of the range, opposite the Hidden Forest, by John Thomas and W. V. Perkins of Overton, Nevada. As there were no streams, the boilers were supplied with water by melting snow, which meant that the mill could be operated only during the winter months. This did not prove satisfactory and the project was abandoned. A few years ago the remaining machinery and equipment was removed to a more favorable location in southern Utah. Previous to the building of the sawmill, the Mormons had produced small quantities of lumber from the forest by hand operations.

In the morning we started out on an exploration trip, lured on by the legend of the Indian Sun Temple. A mile up the canyon the road ended at another cabin, also deserted. At this point, which is about eight miles from the turn-off on the Alamo road, the canyon divides. One water-course continues three miles to the foot of Hayford peak, while the other goes to the right about half a mile where it encounters a wall of

blue limestone underlain by white quartzite. The blue limestone has weathered to form huge pinnacles. Above this wall of limestone, what might be called the Upper Hidden Forest canyon extends several miles, ending at the foot of Hayford peak at a point northeast of the other canyon. Hayford, known to the old-timers as Niggerhead peak, is the highest mountain in the Sheep range, having an elevation of 9,730 feet. Southwest of Hidden Forest canyon, Sheep peak towers to an elevation of 9,706 feet.

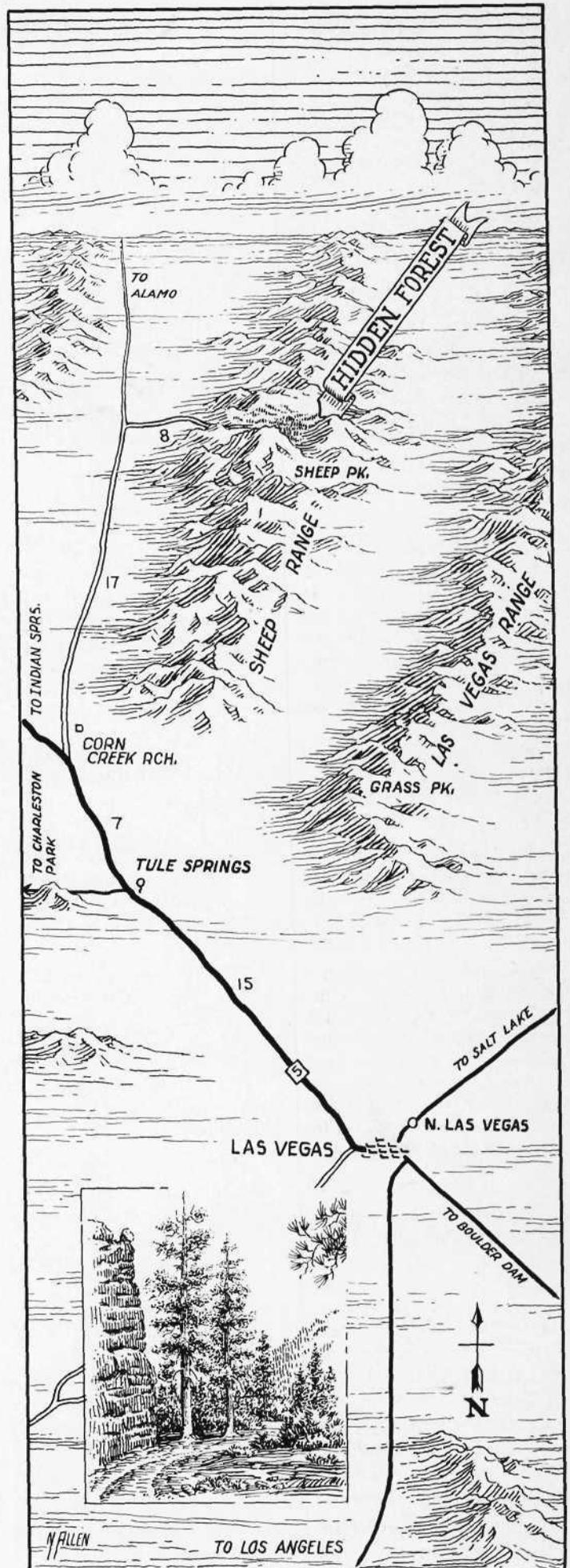
On the north wall of the canyon great outcroppings of limestone and conglomerate occur. The tops of the peaks are mainly of badly jointed and weathered blue limestone, although a few are of sandstone. Between Sheep peak and Hayford peak the country is badly faulted. Some of the strata are tilted to nearly vertical position while others are practically horizontal. The vertical outcroppings are found high on the west bank of a canyon leading off to the northwest of the Hidden Forest canyon. Higher on this same bank, the limestone takes on the shape of a huge wall, on which the corners have been weathered round and many caves have been developed. In one place a natural bridge has been formed. Under the north end of the bridge is a large cave with stalactites hanging from the ceiling and stalagmites on the floor. The bridge was formed by the collapsing roof of a limestone cave, leaving a portion still standing to form the arch. To the south and west is an outcropping of conglomerate of sandstone, quartzite, and blue limestone. Below this to the south is another outcropping of limestone with a number of caves, in front of which are the remains of crude shelters evidently built by the Indians who inhabited this region hundreds of years ago. Inside the caves we found charred wood.

Quest for Indian Sun Temple

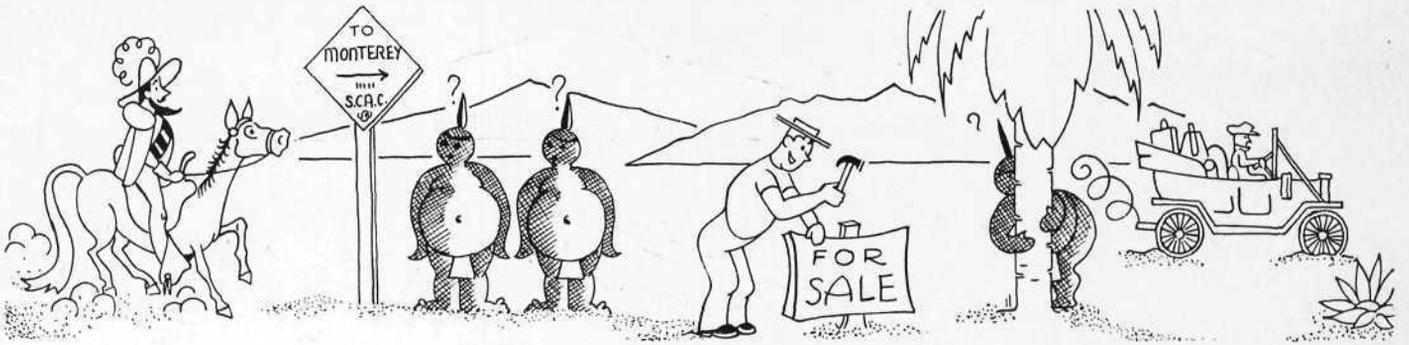
Following our discovery of the evidence of prehistoric cave dwellers, the mystery of the so-called Indian Sun Temple again became uppermost in our minds. A short distance northwest of the Indian caves we came upon a natural amphitheater carved out of the rocks. The formation is high above the canyon floor and is in the shape of a large crescent with vertical 75-foot walls. Inside of the crescent and extending down to the floor of the canyon, great quantities of broken rocks cover the mountain sides. This amphitheater was formed by the breaking off of portions of the wall, leaving the crescent-shaped structure of red, yellow and white sandstone. One might imagine this to have been a natural temple of sun worship. There is no evidence that the place was ever frequented by the Indians, however.

Although snow can be found in the sheltered places nearly all year, there is no running water in Hidden Forest. A small spring is located about a hundred yards northwest of the end of the road where the canyon divides. Motorists going into this area should carry plenty of water and should also be equipped with shovel and axe. Fire precautions are especially important here. This area is too fine to be despoiled by careless humans.

As Jim and I stood on the jagged ridge midway between Hayford peak and Sheep peak, we could see below us the full extent of the Hidden Forest canyon with its many varieties of trees. In the late afternoon the outcropping pinnacles of rock cast queerly shaped shadows across the canyon walls. The deep silence is broken only by the calls of the birds and the whisper of wind in the pines. There is peace and mystery in the solitude of this remote forest-oasis in the Nevada mountains.







SOME time ago—a matter of a hundred and fifty years or so—there tramped wearily through the sand dunes of what is now the Colorado Desert a gentleman bent on covering himself with dust and glory. That he nobly succeeded in both purposes is forever to his credit, but not to the interest of this particular story. The adventurer was the illustrious Captain Juan Bautista de Anza in the service of Charles of Spain, and he was on his way to Monterey, on the coast of California.

Juan has no legitimate place in this tale; we mention him merely because he was the first white man to appear in even the remote vicinity of Palm Springs. Whether or not he actually honored the desert oasis with his presence is a matter over which historians disagree. The log records the fact that he found the Indians of the district not particularly chummy. This in itself is significant. Even then those simple souls were aware of their particular place in the scheme of Destiny, and they just couldn't be bothered with a lot of colored beads and second-rate hardware.

In the ponderous course of events Don Juan has passed on to a well-earned reward and a place in history's stuffy obscurity, but the little palm-fringed water-hole on the desert has shown the world it held a much livelier fate in store. De Anza had neither the time nor the inclination to tarry, due to the pressing nature of his business, but the palefaces to come were under no such compulsion. They moved in, bag and baggage, like a flock of long-lost relatives. To their surprise, they found they liked the place, and a few of the farthest-sighted decided that in all probability others would like

PALM SPRINGS

Oasis

By JAMES L. CARLING

Art Sketches by Bee Nicoll

it. With this thought in mind they appropriated all land visible to the naked eye, and the boom was on. Lo! (the poor Indian) found himself hustled unceremoniously over on a small portion of his own back yard, where he was allowed to sit and simmer, meditating on the magnanimity of the white brother.

Thus, say the wise ones, was born the incredible village of Palm Springs, America's Foremost—if one is to believe the further assertions of these sages—Desert Resort.

As a resort, it must be admitted that Palm Springs is a strictly seasonal proposition. During the summer there is no one there but the lizards, snakes, and scorpions, and their contemporaries, the few year-round villagers. The thermometer soars joyously, now and again ringing the bell at a 115 degrees or so. Indian ponies roam the streets, houses and mansions alike lie stark and brooding under the sun. The stores, except for groceries and drugs, present the blank sur-

faces of boarded-up windows, and all is peace and quiet and heat.

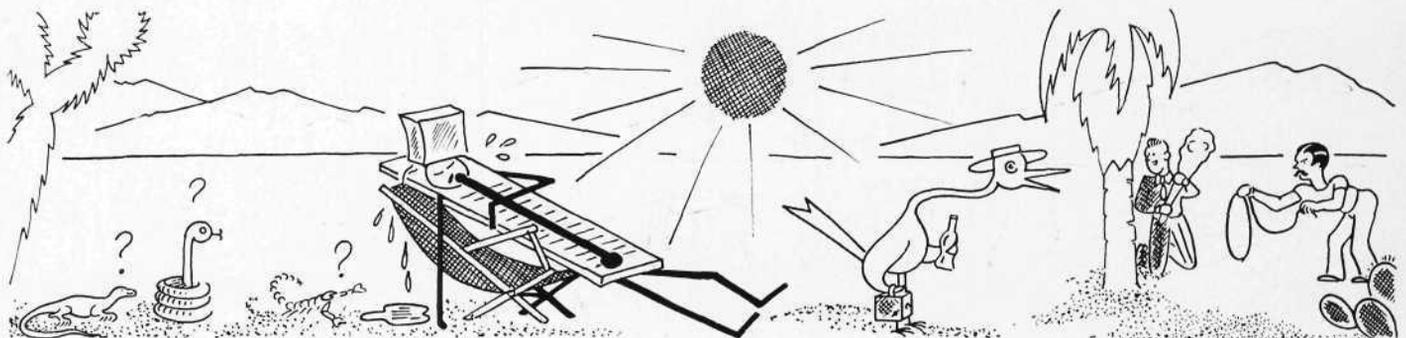
But along about September first the annual minor miracle takes place. The thermometer begins to have sinking spells, the scorpions look at one another in consternation, and with one accord start to hunt up nice cozy hibernating places for the winter. The hardiest of the desert fanatics come creeping back, and the town, revitalized by the infusion of new blood, pulls itself together and knocks the sand out of its jeans. There is something about the ceremony of opening a house after a three or four months' vacancy on the desert that is reminiscent of the unsealing of a Pharaoh's tomb. The intrepid adventurer opens his front door with a grinding of gritty hinges and blinks in the semi-gloom of the shuttered interior. The accumulated heat of the summer slaps him in the face. After his eyes have grown accustomed enough to the dingy room so that he can walk without risk of annoying any of the black widows which have taken up residence during his absence, he staggers to a window and throws open the shutters, admitting the blessed light of a brand new season. From then on, it's merely a matter of elbow grease.

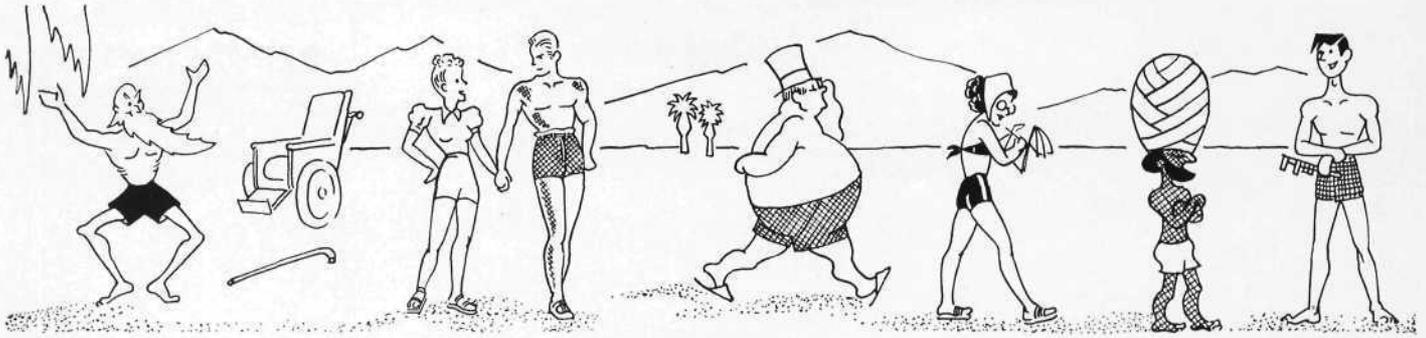
After a period devoted to renovation, actual business begins again at the old stands and a few new ones. Goods are ordered and things prepared generally for those wariest of birds, the Tourists. And when the first of the species arrives, the scout preceding the mass flight, what a prodigious rejoicing is heard! He is the harbinger of winter, lovely, lovely Winter, and the season is on.

Make no mistake, eager as the local merchant may be to "sell" the tourist, and

Palm Canyon

Photograph reproduced on opposite page taken by Frank Bogert of El Mirador Hotel.





however fancy the price he sets, Palm Springs has a number of things which come free of charge, and which are hard to duplicate anywhere else in the world. The sunshine, for one thing, in all its never-failing glory, and the air, dry and heady as a fine wine. The desert itself must possess some tonic quality, for old-timers drop years off their ages when they wiggle their toes in the sand, and become skittish as young colts. As for the youngsters, the brief shorts outfits revealing bronzed bodies attest to the fact that the sun-god finds no lack of worshippers. Sunbathing is practically obligatory in Palm Springs. No matter who you may be, statesman or stenographer, Maharajah or mechanic, star, script-girl, butcher, baker—yes, even if you make candlesticks—you bake, sizzle or parboil, according to your respective dermatological reactions.

To the traveling observer, it would appear that all the world and his brother feel the urge, at some time or other, to come and see what Palm Springs has that the other resorts haven't. However, it isn't as easy to define as all that. Whether the visitor is disappointed or not depends pretty much upon his own personal capacity for enjoyment. And it must be pointed out that the desert's appeal is such that a dissatisfied "guest" is a very rare duck, indeed.

No matter what your favorite sport, Palm Springs offers the opportunity to indulge in it. Whether it be bouncing over desert trails on the hurricane deck of a strong-minded horse, cleaving the blue waters of the town's numerous pools, chasing the elusive white ball over the greensward, or conducting wholesale massacres of defenseless clay pigeons—it's all there. Even to the latest and most

modern of sports, flying. Planes zoom in and out of the airport all day long, and there are amiable gentlemen who will teach you how to ride herd on a sky-bug in practically no time at all.

Down the valley are the Date Gardens, if you insist, where you may actually see that dates do grow on trees and not in cellophane-covered boxes. Here you will be regaled on the slightest provocation with an interesting little biological summary entitled "The Sex-Life of the Date." To those misguided souls who have always considered the date a fairly stodgy and unimaginative fruit, this is apt to be somewhat of an eye-opener.

Native Palms in Background

The canyons around about Palm Springs are justly famous for their beauty. In most of them grow the magnificent *Washingtonia filifera* palms, which are reputed to be prehistoric and found nowhere else except on the desert of the Southwest. Don't get the idea from this that there are likely to be any other forms of Paleolithic or Mesozoic life barging about at loose ends. You won't find any dinosaurs snuffling into the lunch or missing links swinging through the fronds. The nearest thing to Stone-age man which you may see will be the movie companies who occasionally use the palm "forests" as a natural setting. All the canyons are operated by the local Agua Caliente tribe of Mission Indians, who charge a nominal admission fee.

The Indians themselves are interesting to those who take the trouble to seek them out. They are definitely unspectacular in everything except size, lack all of the show and color of the Plains Indians. However, their legends and ceremonials form an obscure but bizarre background

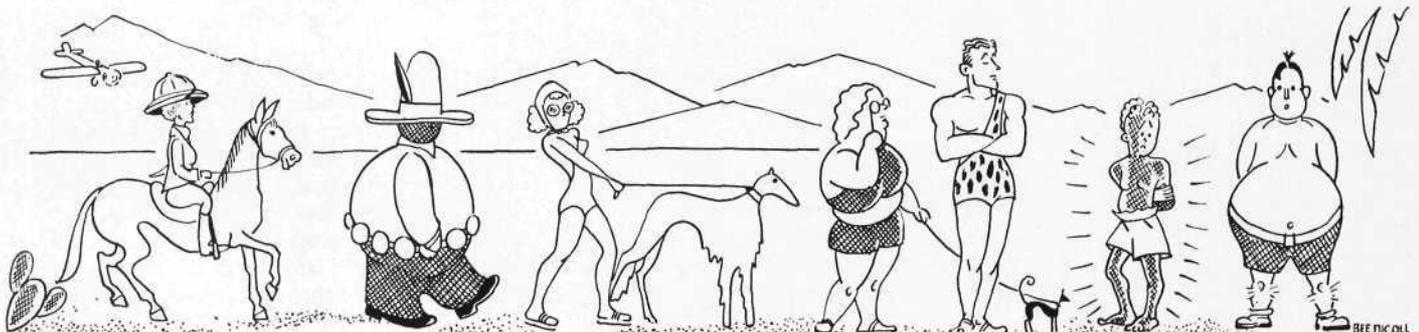
to the sophisticated life of the rest of the village.

Probably nowhere else in the world are people more informal in manner or dress. Semi-nudity is calmly accepted in this small community. Week-ends, when Hollywood moves in more or less en masse, all the typists and script-girls, extras and stars descend to a common level of halter and shorts. Of necessity, the level is in some instances more common than others, but altogether the effect is uniformly entertaining. Only when the more buxom of the matrons cast caution and girdle to the winds are the results apt to be disastrous. These ladies must be seen to be appreciated. No poor words could do them just justice as they cruise majestically along the main promenade.

The male element is also interesting, if only as specimens. They may be classed into three distinct groups: first, the Tarkan, or He-man, type, tanned and decorative and a distinct asset to the local scene. Second, the genus *Homo Homarus*, or Lobster type, which may be had in any body style, but only the standard sunburn-magenta color. Third and last, the Bartlett, or Pear-shaped contingent, over which we may draw the kindly curtain, in print, if not in the too, too solid flesh.

The above-mentioned lads and lassies are, of course, vacationers, on the desert for a few days or a few months. They can hardly be called tourists; the dyed-in-the-wool tourist is the "Let's drive down next Sunday" fellow, and when he comes he brings his friends and relatives. He is ubiquitous. He clutters the streets, he pops from behind bushes. With his bottles and his cans and his empty Kodak film boxes he is in the hair and under the

Continued on page 43



The accompanying photo of one of the Praying Mantids was taken by R. C. Proctor at Phoenix.

Praying Mantis of the Desert

By CHARLES F. HARBISON

SEVERAL years ago when I was living on a ranch near Seeley on the Southern California desert an odd-looking insect was attracted to the light from our sitting room window one evening in late summer.

A little seven-year-old guest first noticed the visitor and exclaimed: "There's a funny looking bug on the screen. What is it?"

We went out and with little difficulty captured the insect and brought it inside. Our little friend was right, it was a strange looking creature. Since it was easily identified as one of the Mantids, we promptly gave it the nickname of Mantie.

Adult Mantids may be winged or wingless. In some species the males are fully winged, the wings extending beyond the body, while the females have very short wings. The front pair of wings are leathery in texture and protect the larger hind pair, which fold fanlike under the fore wing when the insect is not flying.

The insect we had brought into the house that summer evening was one of the praying Mantids, *Stagmomantis* sp. These Mantids are also called Soothsayers and Devil's Rear Horses. The reason for these common names is evident if one observes the insects closely. At rest the insect raises its front pair of legs in a prayerful attitude. The habit of lifting the first part of the body at an angle to the rest of the body has given this insect its name of Devil's Rear Horse. Another common name is Mule-killers. In certain sections of the south it is believed that the brownish fluid exuded from the mouth is fatal to live stock.

The Mantids for a long time have been



listed with the orthoptera of the insect order. This order, the "straight winged" insects, includes grasshoppers, crickets, cockroaches, walking-sticks and Mantids. But some modern authors place the Mantid group in an order of its own which they call Mantoidea, Mantodea or "Mantid-like" insects.

Mantids are found distributed throughout the world. In tropical mantids the wing covers sometimes resemble leaves of plants in form and color. A species from Java so simulates the flower of a local orchid that at first glance it is difficult to tell which is flower and which insect. This coloration is both protective and aggressive. These Mantids must escape their enemies and they must obtain live insects for food. Because of their resemblance to the flower they are hidden from enemies and the insects on which they feed approach without fear, within striking distance of the ever hungry Mantid.

Our Mantie thrived on our window sill. She captured all kinds of insects which we placed before her. She stood by the hour, her four rear legs widely spread and the first segment of her body raised. The fore limbs were held in their character-

istic praying position. But let a luckless moth approach within reach of the motionless Mantid. Mantie would spring into action. The moth was quickly grasped by her front legs and drawn up to her mouth much as a man does with a long ear of corn. She then proceeded to bite off and swallow great pieces of the body. After completely devouring the body of her victim, she dropped the wings and legs of her prey to the floor.

One day Mantie surprised us by laying about 30 eggs covered with tough brown mucus. The egg case, about twice as long as wide, was firmly glued to the sill.

Mantie lived until early winter. Then one morning we found her dead on the window sill. Her story was finished but the next spring from the egg mass came her descendants. These small insects looked very much like their mother, except for size and lack of wings. They grew up by a series of molts. After each molt the developing wings were a little larger in proportion to the length of the body. The latter part of summer the insects went through a final molt and came out winged adults. The life cycle was completed.



Above picture is a close-up of the ancient beach pebbles as they lie on the desert today.

Beach Combing on the Desert

By JOHN W. HILTON

Agate and jasper are to be found in almost unlimited quantities along the ancient beach lines at certain points on the desert, says John Hilton. Collectors should know their rocks before they start looking for this gem material, however, because during the countless ages these beach pebbles have been exposed to the sun they have acquired a uniform coating of "desert varnish" which conceals the true coloring of the stone.

ONE of the finest specimens of fossil agate I have ever seen was picked up on the seashore — but not along the Pacific shoreline, or any other ocean we know about today.

It came from the desert—from one of the ancient beaches formed countless centuries in the past when the face of the earth presented a different picture from that of today.

Those old shorelines are in many places, and for the collector of gems, fossils and other curios they offer a rich field for search. The modern beach combing on the desert will find a greater variety of agate, jasper and other precious stones than can be obtained along the shoreline of any existing ocean. Without even the risk of wetting his feet, the visitor may find shells, coral and plant forms imprinted in stone millions of years old.

Fossils found among these pebbles represent several geological ages, some of them dating back to the time when there were no vertebrates in an ocean bed which later was raised and perhaps became the top of a mountain.

Rivers and streams carried bits of rock from these mountains back to the shoreline of still another ocean where they were worn into smooth round pebbles

and cast up on another shore. In our southwestern desert, after many such cycles, eventually these water-worn rocks found their way to the bed of a tremendous river or gulf which drained much the same territory as the Colorado does today.

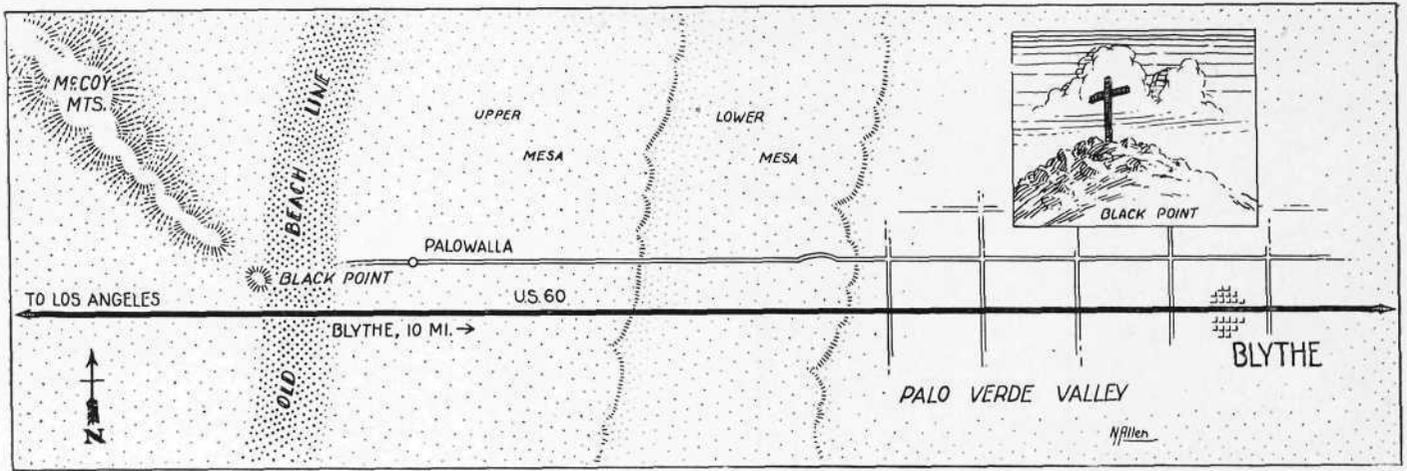
High on the tablelands and hillsides above the course of the Colorado are the ancient beaches of this great prehistoric waterway. Sometimes they parallel the present river and at other points they are miles away from it. They extend along a plainly marked basin from the Mexican border to Nevada and perhaps farther north. Some of the pebbles found on this old beach can be traced to fossil beds as far north as Montana and it is believed that others were brought from northern Canada by the movement of the glaciers in the ice age.

The visitor will not be greatly impressed at first sight of one of these ancient beaches, for the reason that their color and variation are concealed beneath a uniform coating of "desert varnish." It has never been fully explained why rocks exposed on the desert for a long period

take on this shiny brown surface coating. One theory is that it is caused by the action of the ultra violet rays of the sun on the iron content in the rocks, bringing a thin coating of limonite or iron oxide to the surface. Another suggestion is that the coating is the waste matter left by the growth of certain desert fungi over a period of centuries. The fact remains that the pebbles along the old beachline are quite uniformly coated with the brown substance, and that some of them are stones with no iron content whatever.

While to the superficial observer the pebbles appear to be all alike in substance, close study will reveal the fact that under the surface there is a great variety of color and pattern. Brilliant red and yellow jaspers vie in beauty with carnelians and banded agates. The diligent collector may even find water-worn pebbles of amethyst, topaz and quartz crystal. Even gold bearing ore has been found among these beach pebbles—but the veteran collector knows that gold will never be found in paying quantities in such deposits.

One stone generally overlooked on these beaches is black onyx. This gem was very popular in former years as a setting



for diamonds. Fashions being fickle, it may return to vogue.

Black onyx merely is a trade name for a nearly jet black chalcedony. Much of that used during the period of its popularity was artificially colored. Pieces of agate or chalcedony with a somewhat porous surface were selected by German gem dealers and steeped for months in hot sugar water. This treatment was followed by soaking the stone in sulphuric acid. The acid decomposed the sugar imprisoned in the pores of the stone and left a black residue of carbon. The blackest of these stones were then sold to the trade under the name of black onyx.

Here on the desert beaches can be found enough pebbles of natural black coloring to supply the world with its "black onyx" if that gem should again become a popular favorite.

The carnelians in these beach deposits usually are small but some of them are of very fine color. Occasionally moss agates

are found, but the stone of outstanding interest is the fossil agate.

Until the collector becomes familiar with fossil agate pebbles he is likely to pass them by as their beauty is concealed beneath an uninviting exterior. Most of them have a white lime-like coating under the brown varnish surface. They appear to be opaque until they are cut. Then comes a surprise, for the stone that appeared to be merely a dirty piece of limestone often turns out to be translucent, with light tan or pink body and white or black markings. These marks may be the outline of a seashell, a bit of coral, or the flower-like design of the cross-section of a crinoid stem. Some of them contain fossil prints of prehistoric plants. A microscope will bring out hidden beauties of fossil design in all of them.

The ancient beach lines I have been discussing are accessible to the public at many points, without going far from the paved highways. With mile after mile

of the old seashore exposed under the desert sun, the supply of gem rock from this source is practically inexhaustible. Readers should not get the impression, however, that they may walk out on the desert at random and pick up nicely colored gem stones. The desert does not flaunt its jewels. They are there—but only for the painstaking student and collector who knows what he is seeking and who is willing to devote time and work to the search.

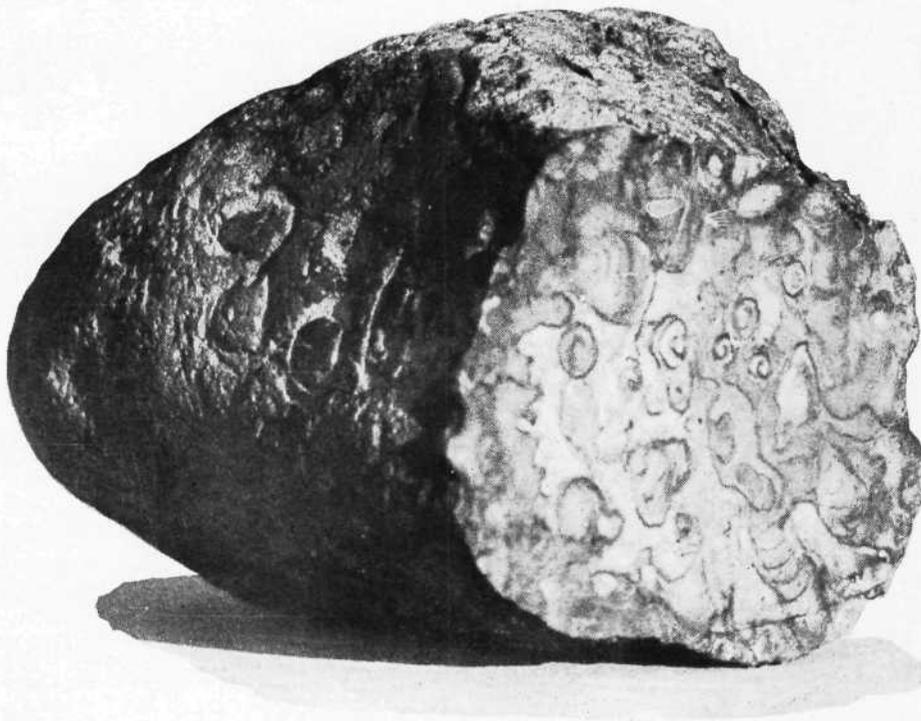
The sector of the old beachline shown on the accompanying map is one of the most accessible of the many places where ancient beach pebbles may be found. Another point where the old shoreline may be readily followed is above Topoc on the Arizona side of the river. Farther south, Highway 80 crosses the beach only a short distance west of Algodones Junction in eastern Imperial county, California.

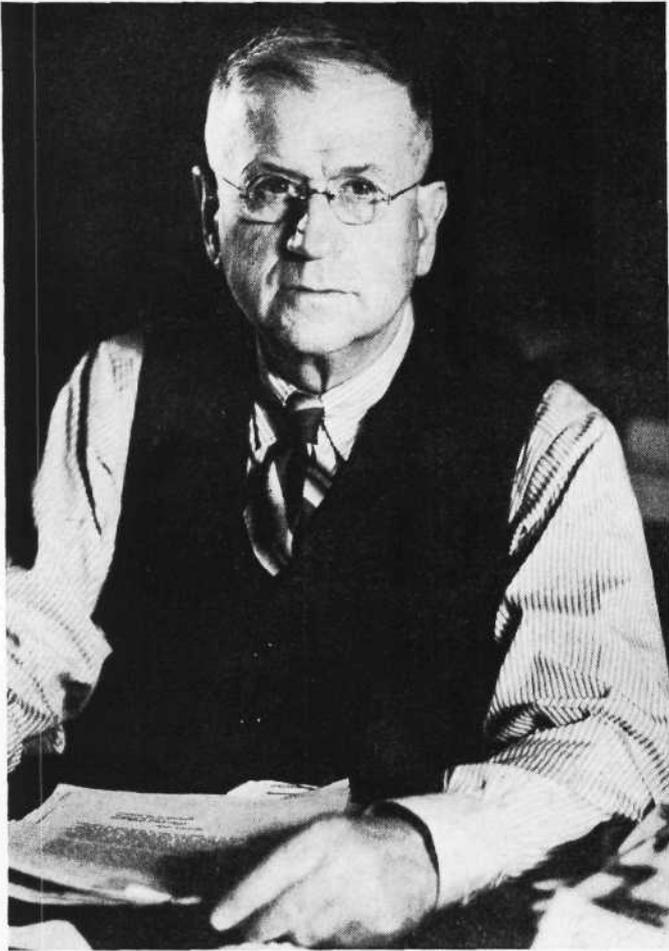
An exceptionally fine deposit of pebbles is on the Arizona mesa bordering the Chemehuevi valley between Parker and Needles.

As a result of the building of Parker dam, the Chemehuevi valley is now being filled with water and will become Lake Needles. By odd coincidence, the eastern shore of the new lake will follow very closely the coastline of the ancient sea which once occupied this area. When transportation is available on Lake Needles it will be possible for the collector to go by boat directly to the places where gem pebbles may be picked up.

For readers who are not expert collectors of gems or fossils, but who are interested in the natural phenomena of the desert, the places mentioned in this text offer worthwhile objectives for a pleasant desert excursion. Desert beaches have no splashing surf to offer as an inducement — nor are they crowded with ungainly human shapes, or littered with hot-dog wrappers.

Fossils exposed by cutting through one of the agate beach pebbles. This reproduction is natural size.





Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes

WHEN Sam Truesdell came to Imperial valley in 1906 the old devil of a river was pouring into the Imperial basin through a tremendous hole in its banks and threatening to drown the whole country. Nobody seemed to be able to stop the flood. Calamity howlers said the valley was ruined. "Better not stop here," they advised the young settler. It was his first experience with the wild vagaries of the unruly Colorado, but he was to see more of them in the next 30 years.

Sam decided to stick. He filed on a homestead, a place full of sand dunes, near the Alamo river. Leveling the land was a tough job. Sam put up a tent and made a shade with arrow-weeds and brush. Soon he had 80 acres planted in alfalfa and a little later he bought cows and started a dairy.

Two years after he filed his homestead, Sam married Ann and Mrs. Sam moved into the tenthouse and made it a home. When they set their first window with glass in it, she sewed curtains to hang at the window. It was a grand day when they bought the door with a knob on it.

The valley was filling up with settlers. Land was to be had for the asking. It was a young country, its pioneers were young men with the ambitions of the youthful. Many of the youngsters under-

took too much, ran into financial disaster; many had their fingers burned, learned caution. Some failed and moved away, but others came to take their places. Roads were built and improved, schools began to dot the valley here and there; the sprawling desert was changed into a farming community, villages took form, the irrigated district was organized, the settlement became of age.

"Water shortages were the bane of our existence," Sam said a few days ago, as he sat in the comfortable living room of his modern, well planned farm home. There were flowers on the table. Through the windows could be seen date palms and grapefruit trees, graceful eucalyptus and a flower-bordered lawn. Across the drive, beyond the row of athols, green fields of alfalfa stretched away in the distance. Sam and Ann have come a long way since the day of the first window with glass in it and the door with a knob.

"Everything we have now has come from the land," he added. "Always the valley's problem was how to control the river. We were dependent on it for every drop of water. Our lives depended on it. Between flood and drought we were in jeopardy all the time.

"We knew we had to have a dam on the river and a canal on American soil. We started the fight for Boulder dam.

To the ranchers on 450,000 acres of irrigated farmland in the Imperial valley of California the Colorado river has been both an angel of life and a demon of destruction. Once the river broke through and threatened to submerge the entire valley. At other times when there was not enough water for all, it was necessary to prorate the supply. Always there existed the hazard of maintaining a main canal which flowed through a foreign country. But now the days of uncertainty are over. Boulder dam has been regulating the river-flow for the last three years, and this month water is being turned into the new All-American canal. Imperial valley is celebrating the fulfillment of a 20-year dream. The experience of Sam and Ann Truesdell—those are not their real names—is the story of hundreds of Imperial valley pioneers.

Water for a Desert Empire

BY TAZEWELL H. LAMB

Imperial Dam and the All-American canal were part of the plan. When somebody asks me what Imperial dam and the All-American canal mean to us, I have to tell him that some things are too deep for words."

As this number of the Desert Magazine comes from the press, Sam Truesdell and Mrs. Sam will be among the thousands of persons assembled at the Imperial damsite for dedication ceremonies marking the completion of the project which is to mean security against flood and drought for all future time.

Secretary of Interior Ickes will press a button. Electric motors will raise the big roller gates and the Colorado's water will surge into the biggest irrigation ditch this nation has ever dug to carry water to dry land.

The folks responsible for the structure across the river 15 miles north of Yuma, and for the \$33,000,000 All-American canal — and for Boulder dam, too—are Sam Truesdell and the other settlers of Imperial valley. They came to the desert to establish their homes—and it was necessary that these homes have security both against too much water and too little.

"We were happy in our first tenthouse home," Sam reminisces today. "All our youthful experiences are happy mem-

ories and we enjoy them. But we enjoy new things too, and the dam and canal open a new vista to all of us.

"The desert's charm is not lost for me when the green of cultivated fields replaces the tans and browns, when trees and shade give material form to the desert mirage. Here we have both pictures. Imperial valley is home. To folks like me it is the fairest spot on earth and Imperial valley is full of folks just like me." Sam is a poet as well as a farmer.

Not only to the Truesdells and their valley neighbors is the new dam important. The structure is dedicated to service of an area as large as the state of Connecticut, an arid region big enough to make two states each the size of Delaware, a land in which Rhode Island could stretch to three times its dimensions with room to spare.

To the farming and urban communities in a sweep of desert half as large as the cropped land under Aswan dam in Egypt, Imperial dam will divert water without which life would be impossible.

When President Roosevelt dedicated Boulder dam on September 30th, 1935, he said:

"The farms, the cities, and the people who live along the many thousands of miles of this river and its tributaries, all depend for their permanence in value upon the conservation, the regulation, and the equitable division of its ever-changing water supply."

Three dams have been built to conserve, regulate, and distribute water from the Colorado to the river's lower basin lands. First is Boulder, the world's highest dam, storing a supply sufficient to give 5,000 gallons of water to every inhabitant on earth. One hundred and seventy-five miles downstream, Parker, the world's deepest dam, stores and diverts water for 13 cities of the Metropolitan district in the Los Angeles region, com-

This Reclamation Bureau photograph shows the overflow sector of the new Imperial dam—looking east from the California headgate.

munities which require one billion gallons of water daily. Below Parker 137 miles, Imperial dam will divert water to Imperial and Coachella valleys in California, to the Gila and Yuma valleys and mesa lands of Arizona and water passing this point will supply also the Sonoran mesa and Mexicali valley in Mexico.

In size, Imperial is not a great dam. It was built to divert, and not to store water. It will raise the river level only 21 feet. Its length is 1770 feet from Arizona to California abutments. But under this dam the potentially irrigable area has been estimated at the amazing total of two and three quarter million acres.

At the east end of the dam, on the Arizona shore, are headworks for the Gila project, planned to irrigate eventually 650,000 acres. An initial unit of 150,000 acres is now being developed.

At the west end of the dam, on the California side of the river are headworks of the All-American canal, which will replace the present channel supplying Imperial valley with water through Mexico.



There are four roller gates at the canal intake, each gate 75 feet wide. Through three of these gates water will flow to channels leading to desilting basins, where the river will be cleaned, its load of silt removed before the clear water passes into the canal proper. The fourth gate opens on a channel directly into the canal.

Route of the All-American canal winds through mountain cuts, towering sand dunes, across desert mesas and over rocky gulches, 80 thirsty miles to Imperial valley. Branching at a point 40 miles west of the river, a junior section extends 130 miles northwesterly, skirts Salton Sea and crosses Coachella valley, where date gardens and citrus groves and grapes thrive in a fertile district under the shadows of the Santa Rosas, with lofty San Jacinto guarding the pass to the coastal plain.

The main canal is practically completed. Digging is under way on the Coachella branch.

Nearly all of the 3,000 workers who sweated through five torrid summers under a blazing sun on the shadeless desert and in the bed of the muddy river to build the dam and canal have gone now to other jobs. Only a handful of the builders will be there to see the dry canal take its baptism.

Seasoning the first section of the big ditch will lead the water from Imperial dam to Pilot Knob, 21 miles. A small flow will be increased gradually, to prevent washing away canal banks, to insure

sealing bottom and sides with slow moving silt.

After the first section has been seasoned, water will be introduced into the second section of the canal and the sealing process will continue from the river to a point west of Calexico in Imperial valley.

How long will it take? Your guess may be as good as anybody's. Government engineers believe it will be finished before New Year's day 1940. There are no precedents to serve as guides. One hundred and sixty feet wide, and in places 100 feet deep, the All-American presents new problems.

One of them is the ten-mile stretch through the sandhills of eastern Imperial county, where many famous movies of the French foreign legion and kindred subjects have been filmed. This is where cuts 100 feet deep were made. Here diggers found, 40 feet below the mesa floor, a huge tooth, nearly one foot long, identified as belonging to a mammoth which lived here before this region was a desert, in an age when the world was young. How well will this sandy stretch hold water in the canal channel?

Another problem is blow sand. High winds sweep desert regions and then sand moves across the dunes in a stream flowing as water flows. One board of engineers favored concrete lining for the canal in the dunes area, with slope sufficient to carry off inblown sand to a settling basin. Later, federal engineers decided to leave the waterway unlined, to combat moving

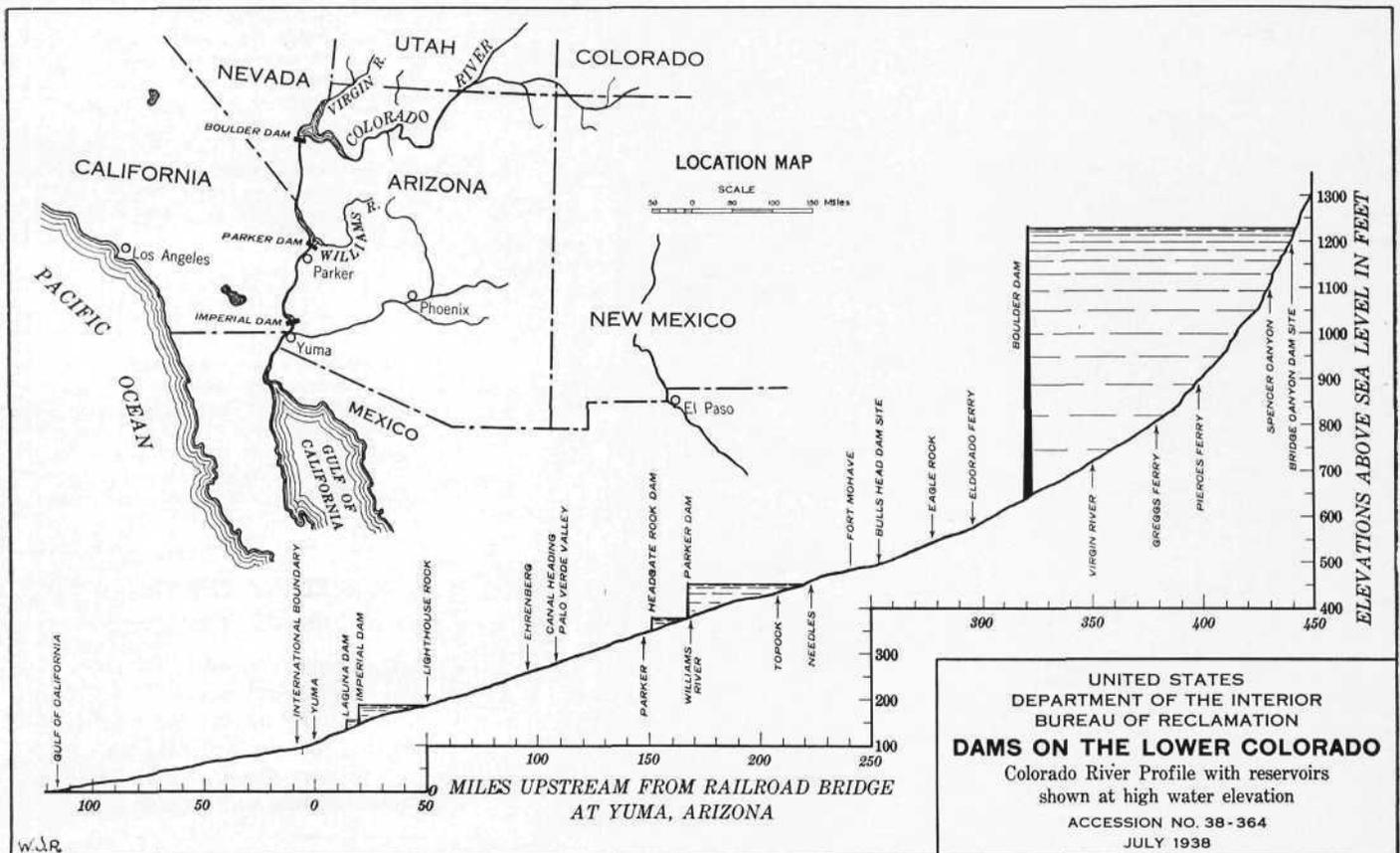
sand recommended (1) growing vegetation in a zone on each side of the canal, (2) spraying sand with crude oil, (3) covering sand dunes with coarse material; (4) excavating a berm 15 feet wide on each side of the canal.

Surrounding development of new lands under the dam are many unknown factors. Approximately 400,000 acres on the California side, which will some day be opened to entry with preference to men who served in the armed forces of the United States, must first be surveyed and systems for water distribution and for drainage must be installed. Surveys have been ordered by the reclamation bureau for a first unit of 10,000 acres on the Imperial East Mesa.

Hydro-electric development along the All-American proceeds under federal financing for a power system owned by the people of the Imperial Irrigation District. Revenues from this system will be used to repay the government the cost of building the canal.

When Secretary Ickes is in Imperial valley he will throw a switch at Brawley starting service over a 600-mile rural electrification project and an interurban power system linking the valley's cities.

The night of October 17 there will be a time of celebration in Imperial valley. The Truesdells and their neighbors have dreamed and battled for the Imperial dam and All-American canal for 20 years—and now that their dream has come true it is natural and proper they should celebrate.





RAIN IN THE DUST

BY RUE MARQUIS
Los Angeles, California

After the long hot summer, following dusty trails
Waiting in vain for showers, when every rain sign fails;
I watch the clouds come drifting, and hear the wind at last,
Feel my seared lungs bursting, and smell the rain in the dust.

Heat waves dance and flicker, mirages come and go,
Under the sun's red fury, parching the fields below;
Days that taunt and stifle, nights without sleep or rest,
All is past and forgotten when I smell the rain in the dust.

Gone is the thirsty choking, eyes smarting from sun and sand,
Blistering feet, and chafing, from riding over the land;
Water for withered grass roots, burned by the summer's lust,
I breathe its cooling freshness, and smell the rain in the dust.

New courage for desert dweller, food for the hungry herds,
Drink for the leafless treetops, sheltering songless birds;
Faith in tomorrow's promise, works that are wise and just,
I lift my face to the heavens, and smell the rain in the dust.

SOUTHWEST CORNER

By GRACE MEREDITH
Santa Fe, New Mexico

With the acequia-madre running close by
And a fragrant yard under a patch of blue sky,
Four thick adobe walls stand firmly around,
Making a house on a corner of ground—
Five airy rooms wherein sun and moon roam—
That dear ones have blessed with the spirit of home.

Shack on the Desert

BY VIRGINIA CASTILLO
Beatty, Nevada

O give me a shack on the desert,
Away from the turmoil and grind,
Where mountains and distances beckon.
Where peace and quiet I may find.

What value this mad rush for baubles,
This quest for amusement and thrill;
The gain that's bereft of enjoyment;
The pace that must shatter or kill.

So give me a shack on the desert
Where the cloud tints at sunset are gay
Where night comes with bright spangled heavens
And I live close to God every day.

THE CURE

BY GRACE SAYRE
Pasadena, California

Oh, every man is a vagabond
On desert sands and hills
And every wind the physician
To blow away his ills.
Oh, every day is a holiday
And every sun that fills
The heart of a desert roamer,
Can be the cure it wills.

Oh, every man is a vagabond
To roam the desert space,
Communing with stars of Heaven,
Glimpsing beauty's face.
And every day is a memory
Of treasured bits of time.
For in the desert's open grace
Is rhythm for a rhyme.

REMEMBERING YOU

BY HAZEL LYONS PARKER
Los Angeles, California

I walked the way we used to go
Into the desert dusk together.
Not a thing was changed — pale dune
And dark mesquite, the crescent moon;
And dream-drenched in the afterglow,
The old beloved sweep of space!
And when I reached our secret place,
I found the sagebrush whisp'ring leaf
To leaf, as if recalling, dear,
The tender things you used to speak.
And there was once, across a reef,
I thought a small bird came to seek
The happy sound of your swift laughter.
You will say my heart conferred
This loneliness on leaf and bird,
But as I walked, 'tis certain, dear,
I heard an errant wind sigh, "She
Is here — but where, oh, where is he?"

MY LITTLE CACTUS

By THELMA IRELAND
McGILL, NEVADA

The cactus, a deceiving plant,
Its flower, sweet and fair,
Its foliage, barbs that seem to say,
"Just touch me, if you dare."
My dear, you are the cactus type,
Your face a flow'ry thing,
But, Ah, your lips are like the barbs;
Your words have such a sting.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

Each Smoke Tree and Willow,
Cactus and Shrub
Is holding his cup out today;
For the thunder god rides on
billowy clouds,
And drinks will be given away.

Dates of the annual Phoenix fiesta this year are November 7 to 12.

Fiesta del Sol

By OREN ARNOLD

QUOTE You will know that The Desert Magazine is never interested in chamber of commerce ballyhoo, Mr. Arnold, but if your Phoenix Fiesta is real, if it touches the hearts of our desert people, then we certainly want an article about it, and photos UNQUOTE.

*M*Y Dear Mr. Editor:
Thanks for your good letter. I accept its challenge.

Come with me now to Library Park. It is past midnight but— see the crowd? Look, there under the brightest light. It is Alita. I think her full name is Maria Guadalupe Esperanza de la Montoya y Montes, but we call her Alita. In her great golden sombrero, her figured skirt that flares in countless ruffles, and flounces up with just the right peekaboo—isn't she sweet! She is just 15, is Alita. Note the perfect grace and rhythm of her motions. You can understand every word of her song, even away out here!

*Señoritas singing,
Dancing everywhere;
Happiness is ringing
Through the autumn air.
All the people calling
On the old frontier,
News of celebration—
What is it we hear?
"Viva-a-a-a, La Fiesta!"*

But let's move on to that little plaza down near the railroad freight depot. See, there's another crowd. Listen:

*Arizona maidens,
Beautiful and gay,
Hold a welcome for you
When you want to play.
Leave your cares behind you—*

We won't pause here, though; we'll move on to the business street corner, there by the sign that says "Botica." From



Two of the dancers who entertained visitors at the Fiesta del Sol last year

it and its surroundings you will know we are still in "the Mexican district."

*You can find Juanita,
Colleen or Sassy Sue,
Girls of all the nations
Waiting here for you.
Cowboys on their horses
Riding in to town;
Shooting, laughing, singing,
Yelling all around:
"Viva-a-a-a, La Fiesta!"*

It is the same melody, Mr. Editor. The same simple tune, with a hundred or so people singing. Look at the old man swaying and smiling. And the group of middle-aged women clapping their hands. It is a love song; a heart song. We could hear it tonight in perhaps 50 places about Phoenix.

For this is a Fiesta night. I know, for I was also here last autumn, when the first Fiesta del Sol was roaring. I saw a hundred thousand people drop their worries of one accord and set out happily to play.

I do believe—come to think of it—the local chamber of commerce had a tent somewhere, with an imported Hollywood dance band. And to be sure, a few couples who know no other way but to buy their pleasures found some sort of release there, and so God bless them. But the rest of us, the mass of us, danced and sang with complete freedom and we did not spend a thin dime unless we just wanted to.

It may be that the chamber had some thought of making money. I do not know, nor care. What thrilled me—and the others of us who truly love the Southwest and its people—was that a Spirit of Play had suddenly suffused the desert's largest city, and had spread many miles beyond its limits to exalt all manner of folk, humble and proud. We needed a Spirit of Play in 1937. We need it again in 1938; in fact we need it every year. It helps us to forget such cosmic phenomena as dictators and strikes and wars and burdensome taxes, it helps us to approach that sentimentalized but highly significant Brotherhood of Man.

This region has a very fine heritage of Play.

It was here, as a matter of fact, that a play-loving people pioneered this nation just four centuries ago. The United States was not founded on the Atlantic seaboard as historians erroneously declare, but by romantic Spaniards in the languid, lovely old Southwest.

About the first thing they did when they arrived here was to kneel in thank-

*"El Charro" goes to the fiesta.
Photograph by Claude Bate of Lon
Megargee's painting.*

fulness to God, and the second thing was to shout "VIVA, Let's have a Fiesta!" And, Mr. Editor, when our pioneers set out to make whoopee a la Espanol, they really had a celebration!

Everybody, literally everybody, came. Juanita, Colleen, Sassy Sue, yes indeed. Such Anglo-Saxon families as had drifted in were there en masse. The families of miners, trappers, hunters, farmers, ranchers, soldiers, friendly Indians. Everybody. Care and worry were ostracized, enmities forgotten. Such words as "depression" and "recession" existed then only as synonyms for laziness. People who work are entitled to play, and did so. Theme of their fiestas was singing and dancing, love making and comedy, as always.

Knowledge of this heritage has lingered in our Arizona people. They were ready and anxious to revive the fiesta spirit. Last year thousands and thousands of people, rich and poor, donned Spanish costumes and set out to have fun. Community spirit has never been finer in this desert town.

Last year's parade was the grandest ever held in this state—and had not an advertising or business float in it! This year's program promises to be even better. People do love a parade. The street decorations—great Spanish shawls (18 feet square) and banners—will be everywhere. Costumes will be more colorful, more numerous. At least 20 orchestras

will be playing night and day, on the streets, in the parks, in the hotel and bank lobbies, in the stores. Wandering minstrels will be singing, señoritas will be dancing here and there, and we will pause to sing and dance with them. Caballeros will ride into town as in the pioneer days. Blanketed Indians will be squatting on paved curbs, in friendly powwow. Cowboys will indeed be "shooting, laughing, singing, yelling all around." The same themes will dominate this year.

The Phoenix fiesta is not a big doings in the money sense (I have inspected the chamber of commerce books.) Some three or four thousand dollars only has to be spent, for such public items as decorations, lights, music. The elaborate parade floats are all private enterprises of enthusiastic clubs and other organizations. The musicians are mostly willing volunteers. The costumes are private pleasures.

The grand thing is that the people themselves, the workaday folk, Mexican and Saxon alike, react spontaneously to the spirit of relaxation and play. This will not show on the financial statistics, but, among the imponderables it certainly is one of the most valuable things in Arizona.

(The fiesta song is copyrighted 1938 by Oren Arnold and Elizabeth Quillin. All rights reserved).



29 Cabbage Palmettos

BY LARRY D. WOLMAN

DICK PROPHET who lives in an old adobe house near one of the springs told me the story of the 29 palms. Dick isn't an old-timer on the desert, but he is one of those inquisitive mortals always delving around for information.

When he went to the Twentynine Palms settlement on the southern edge of the Mojave desert of California for his health a few years ago he did what every curious newcomer does—he went out and counted the palms.

They didn't check out right. He found 21 mature trees which probably have been growing in the oasis for a hundred years or more — and more than 200 young palms which evidently had sprouted from the earth in recent years.

From various sources Dick was able to piece together the story of the original 29 palms—and the fate of the missing trees.

First white man to note the existence of this oasis was Col. Henry Washington, U. S. surveyor who established the San Bernardino base and meridian in 1852. Colonel Washington and his party found excellent water at this point and established a camp here. In his log book the colonel recorded the fact that there were "29 cabbage palmettos" in the vicinity.

Emory Saw Them First

Colonel Washington was not the first white man to call them cabbage trees. Lieutenant W. H. Emory who was a member of the Kearney expedition to California in 1846 saw familiar trees in the Carrizo gorge region and wrote in his diary: "... at the head of the creek several scattered objects were seen projected against the cliffs, hailed by the Florida campaigners, some of whom were along, as old friends. They were cabbage trees, and marked the locale of a spring and a small patch of grass."

Since Colonel Washington's time eight of the original 29 palms have fallen. Two of them, according to hearsay, were cut down between 40 and 50 years ago by miners who used them to make an arastra for grinding their ore. Two more were cut down during the same period to construct a bridge over a narrow canyon in the nearby mountains. The frondless trunk of one of the old veterans still stands 40 feet in the air, a victim of woodpeckers, according to the story.

That leaves but three of the original trees to be accounted for—and their fate

remains a mystery. Perhaps Dick Prophet will find the answer sooner or later.

Fifteen of the old trees bear the scars of fire which swept away their natural skirts. Indians camped at this spot long before the white men came. Those long skirts of dead fronds were the abiding places of evil spirits according to the legends of the *Cahuillas*—and that probably explains the fire damage to these trees, as it does the fire scars on the trunks of many veteran palms found on the Southern California desert. The red men dispersed the enemy spirits by burning the fronds.

Washingtonia filifera is the scientific name of this native palm of the Southern California desert. The classification was given by Hermann Wendland, a German botanist in 1879, as a remembrance of the Great American.

The *Washingtonias* at Twentynine Palms are believed to mark the most northerly appearance of the native palm of this species in America.

Several springs of good water are found along the arroyo in which these trees grow. At the eastern end of the oasis is a historic adobe building, occupied by the first permanent settlers of Twentynine Palms. This building is said to have been erected in 1877 by two prospectors, Billy Neves and Jack Rankin, and was occupied by the Reverend Baldruss of Santa Ana and a miner named Gilmore.

Old Campsite for Indians

Indian relics recovered from the region of the oasis are now in possession of the Southwest museum in Los Angeles. The old Indian trails extending across the desert in the direction of Cottonwood springs to the south and other springs farther north on the Mojave may still be traced. Indians camped at this place as late as 1913.

The young palms which have sprouted in recent years are being well guarded by the present owners of the land and Twentynine Palms will remain an oasis of native *Washingtonias* long after the veteran trees found here by Colonel Washington and his surveyors have returned to earth.

Under the impetus of an active chamber of commerce the village of Twentynine Palms today is assuming the proportions of a modern well-groomed town. Its main assets are the health-giving sunshine of a rolling desert plateau, and the

Sez Hard Rock Shorty

of

Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"A feller was tellin' me the other day about this fish over in Arizony that got so used to dry weather he drowned when it rained there a year or two ago."

Hard Rock Shorty hitched up his gallus straps, lit his pipe, and settled down to take life easy.

"It's a lie—yes sir, no truth in the durn story at all. Couldn't be true. An' the way I know it's wrong is that it ain't never rained over there. Not in forty-five year, anyway."

"An' speakin' o' rain, I recollect one time over by Ubehebe that I seen one o' the durndest things ever happened in this country. Had me a prospect over there, with my tent by a water hole, an' right outside the tent was a empty barr'l. How come the barr'l was there? I dunno—some guy'd been haulin' water in 'er I guess, but there she was layin' on 'er side, both ends knocked out, an' the bunghole pointin' up at the sky."

"One day come one o' them cloudbursts — a reg'lr gully washer like they has now an' then. I was settin' there in my tent watchin' it pour down when all of a sudden quite a stream o' water begin runnin' by. I went out to see what it was, an' it was that barr'l—big stream o' water runnin' out. Do you know, it was rainin' in through that bung hole faster'n it could run out both ends, an' while I was watchin' the water got so deep around the barr'l it floated 'er away."

ancient oasis of native palms. It is but natural that the villagers are looking forward to the time when the strip of land occupied by the stately *Washingtonias* will be set aside as a community park and one of the most charming oases on the Southern California desert preserved as a reminder that nature, rather than man, was the creator of the desert's most impressive monuments.



Twentynine Palms Oasis

Desert in Water Color

LIFFORD LEWIS of the class of '36 at Pomona College, Claremont, California, is the painter of the Twentynine Palms picture reproduced in halftone on this page. The original is in water color.

Lewis spent last season in the Twentynine Palms area, and plans to return to the same sector of the desert to continue his work this winter. His studio is a light truck in which he also carries his camping equipment, and he sleeps under the stars wherever he happens to be painting.

His boyhood hobby was ship models and his interest in art was the outgrowth

of the pencil sketching which was a necessary part of his hobby.

He studied with Millard Sheets and F. Tolles Chamberlin after completing his college work, and later was associated with Milford Zornes in the painting of the murals which decorate the newly constructed postoffice at Claremont. Lewis has done some sculpturing but the desert has a strong attraction for him and the form and color of desert subjects more readily lend themselves to the tools of brush and easel.

Several of his water colors will be exhibited in Los Angeles and Pasadena this November.

First Year Along the Desert Trail

"We would like to feel that these pages will impart to our readers some of the courage, the tolerance and the friendliness of the desert—that this issue and every issue will be like a cool spring of water at the end of a hard day's trek—and that you will go with us along the desert trail and find the journey worth while."

—From the *Desert Magazine*, November, 1937.

TO DESERT MAGAZINE READERS:—

We've been on the trail a year now—this is the first anniversary number of the *Desert Magazine*. It has been a pleasant year—made so by the interest and loyalty of an ever-growing circle of readers and contributors.

When the No. 1 issue of our magazine came off the press a year ago we were venturing into a new field. Nothing just like the *Desert Magazine* ever had been published. We did not know much about the magazine business. But we had gained a rather intimate knowledge of the desert through many years of close association, and we felt there was a field for such a publication as this.

And now, after 12 months of operation, we are glad to report that our progress during the first year has been greater even than we had anticipated.

The *Desert Magazine* was not a project hastily conceived. The plan had been taking form many years before the first number was printed. We wanted to issue a magazine that was clean, and true to the desert. It was a rather idealistic enterprise as we planned it—and we were aware that such projects do not always thrive in the materialistic atmosphere prevailing in the world today.

Starting from zero, our paid subscription list has grown to 2450—and another 3,000 copies are being sold each month through newsstands and other agencies. This has been accomplished practically without paid solicitors, and with only a small expenditure for promotional work. Today the *Desert Magazine* goes regularly to 44 of the 48 states, to three of the territories, and to five foreign countries. The list is growing more rapidly now than at any time since the magazine was started.

This growth is due to the loyal support given by desert-

minded people. We know only a few of them personally, but we are grateful to every one of them. We feel very deeply the obligation to keep our magazine up to a standard which will continue to justify their confidence.

It is a stimulating experience to sit here in the office day after day and read the letters coming in from all parts of the country. When the same mail that brings us a note of approval from a scientist of high standing, also brings a friendly letter written in the scrawl of a veteran prospector at some remote corner of the desert—then we feel that we are keeping to the trail along which we started. This has happened more than once.

On the business side, we have not yet reached the point where the magazine is operating at a profit. But that is not our primary goal. We have refused to accept liquor or other objectionable advertising. Our reward has been a wide circulation in schools and in homes where ideals are high.

Our staff at the El Centro office consists of the four members whose pictures appear on this page. But we are deeply obligated to many others—to Tony Endres, our advertising representative in Los Angeles, to Norton Allen who has supplied much of our art, and to scores of writers and artists and photographers whose work has appeared on the pages of our magazine.

While we are pleased with the progress of the first year, we are entering the second 12 months with appreciation of the work we must do to reach the high standard we have set for the *Desert Magazine*.

We hope our companions on the trail this first year—the folks who have bought and read our magazine—have found enjoyment and profit from their association with us.

Very cordially,

THE STAFF.

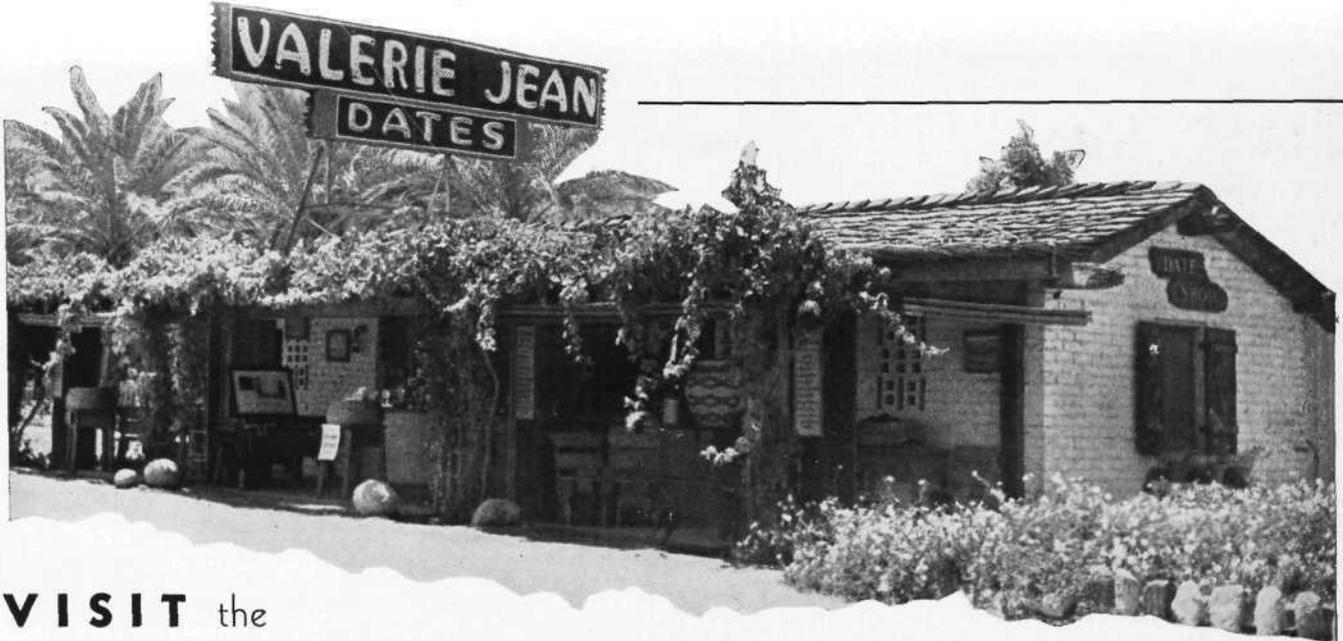
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 fection.

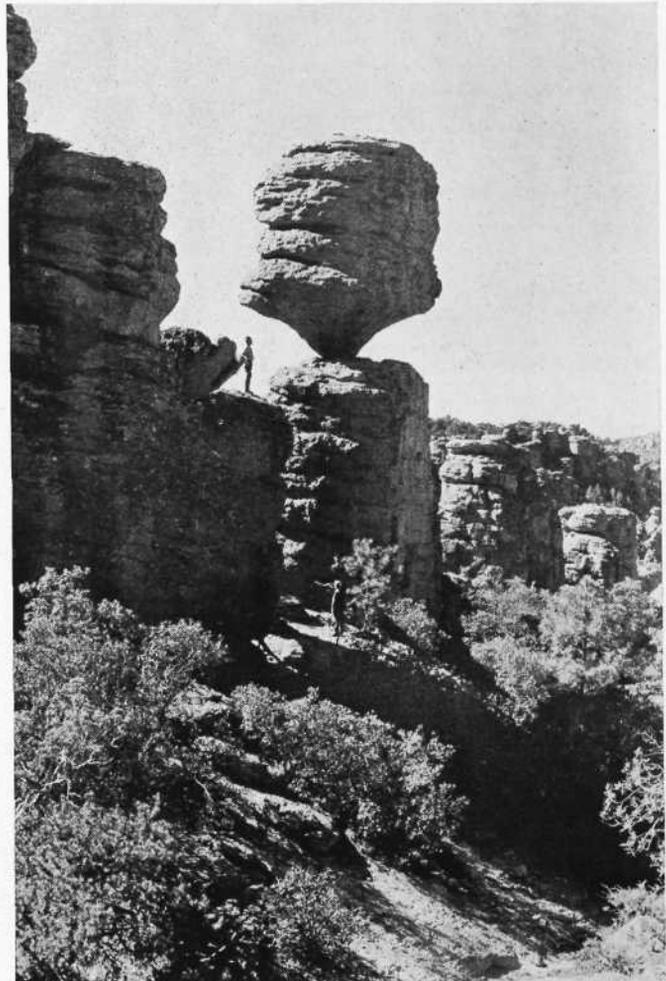
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Balanced Rock

Betty Safford Belding of El Paso, Texas, won the cash prize offered by the Desert Magazine for the best identification and description of the landmark shown in the accompanying picture. This photograph was taken in the Chiricahua national monument in southeastern Arizona. The winning manuscript is printed below.



By BETTY SAFFORD BELDING

THE striking rock formation pic-
 tured in the September issue is of
 "Balanced Rock," the most fam-
 ous of many balanced rocks in Chiricahua
 national monument.

This national monument is in south-
 eastern Arizona and may be reached by
 leaving U. S. Highway 80 at Benson,
 Tombstone, Bisbee, Douglas or Rodeo—
 from Benson about 75 miles east over
 State Highways 86, 81 and 181; from
 Tombstone and Bisbee 65 or 70 miles
 north and east over roads connecting with
 State Highways 81 and 181; from Dou-
 glas about 65 miles north and east over 81
 and 181; from Rodeo, the shortest road
 — about 30 miles — west and north
 through Cave Creek canyon and the very
 beautiful Coronado national forest with
 many glorious mountain views. There are
 other approaches from towns on State
 Highway 86, connecting with U. S. 80 at
 Steins or Benson.

This wonderland of rocks was dis-

covered by Neil Erickson and Col. Staf-
 ford in 1886. In 1924 it was made a
 national monument. Its geological story
 extends back some millions of years.

Part of the rocks may be seen from
 an automobile and a splendid system of
 trails has been developed. One of the
 longest trails, nine miles, which leads
 past "Balanced Rock," may be hiked or
 taken on horse-back. Horses may be se-
 cured at Faraway Ranch, Neil Erickson's
 home, which lies at the entrance to the
 monument. Here food and lodging also
 may be had. For those preferring to camp
 out, campsites are maintained in the mon-
 ument by park service. This monument is
 open all year.

Chiricahua (cheery-cow) was named
 for a tribe of Indians whose stronghold it
 was. Indian legends abound and it has
 long been regarded as a "Holy Place" by
 the Apaches. It is a spot well worth in-
 cluding in any trip that brings one into
 this section of the Southwest.

Here's a Southern California Landmark!
Can you identify the picture?



**CASH PRIZE IS OFFERED
FOR THE BEST ANSWER**

Somewhere on the Southern California desert the above rock is located. It is a popular location for campers and picnic parties. Also, there is some legendary history connected with it.

Readers of the Desert Magazine will be interested in knowing more about this spot, and in order to get the best possible information the publishers are offering a \$5.00 cash prize to the person who sends

in the correct name together with all available information as to the location, highways, distance from nearest settlement, and any historical or legendary material available.

The manuscript should be limited to 400 words, and addressed to Landmark Department, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California. The contest closes on the evening of November 20, and the winning answer will be published in the January number of this magazine.

Monthly Photographic Contest

Each month the Desert Magazine offers cash prizes to amateur photographers of desert subjects. These contests are open to all readers of the magazine regardless of residence.

The first award is \$5.00 and the second \$3.00. The pictures may include any desert subject photographed on the desert. Close-ups of plant and animal life, unusual personal pictures, well-composed landscapes and scenic effects, rock formations, water holes, oases and recreational pictures are among the subjects suggested.

Following are the rules governing the contest:

- 1—Pictures submitted in the November contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by November 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 1/4 x 3 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 November contest will be announced and the pictures published in the January number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
El Centro, California.



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7-71

Rope Down and Swim Out . .

Continued from page 10

and up across the front of the body and back over the right shoulder. The left hand grasps the rope as it dangles behind the body. The right hand holds the rope in front as it comes from the belay. Where the rock face to be descended does not overhang too much it is proper technic to walk down the vertical wall, releasing the rope in short hitches with the left hand as the descent is made.

The rope is doubled around the belay point, and then pulled through after the last man is down. For added security another rope is knotted around the waist of the climber and kept taut from a second belay as the descent is made.

We found a 100-foot rope just touched the surface of the water in the pool below. The descent was made in a small stream of water which trickled over the fall and gave the roper a cool shower as he de-

scended. The face of the fall was wet and slimy with moss, making it impossible to keep a footing on the vertical wall, and members of the party had to hang free and lower themselves as they would on an overhanging cliff.

The surprising fact at the 100-foot fall was that the water at the bottom was just knee-deep—the shallowest pool we encountered all day.

Below this major fall we found more pools and a few vertical drops of 10 to 12 feet, but only once during the remainder of the trip was it necessary to uncoil the rope.

At the top of the big fall our altimeter showed an elevation of 1650 feet. A half mile farther down the canyon walls began to spread out and a hot blast of air blowing up the channel served notice we

were approaching the floor of Coachella valley.

Pools became less frequent and then disappeared entirely and soon we were trudging along on the sandy floor of a wide arroyo. We followed the Deep canyon fan to an elevation of 900 feet, and then, rather than continue through four or five miles of heavy sand before reaching the highway beyond we took a short-cut climb of 900 feet up to the Palms-to-Pines highway where we had arranged for cars to meet us.

We estimated the total hike from the Taylor cabin at 11 miles. The time was eight hours.

For experienced climbers the Deep canyon traverse is not difficult. It should not be undertaken, however, without plenty of rope and some knowledge of its use on vertical walls.

Veteran Leads the Party

None of the members of our party could be classed as expert in the art of rock climbing, and yet we made the trip without serious hazard. On the long descents we used a special sling for 12-year-old Freddie Taylor. Vic Ownby, 63 years of age, whose experience as a hard rock miner served us well when it came time to sink belay irons in the rock at the top of the falls, was out in front leading the younger members of the party much of the way. His agility at an age when most men have given up all thought of hard physical exercise is the reward of an active life in the outdoors.

We left the iron belays in place for future climbers.

The Deep canyon trip should be undertaken only at certain times of the year, preferably during May and June. Unless there are summer showers to refresh the pools they may become green with scum in late summer. A trip in midwinter when a larger stream of water is flowing down the canyon would be exciting—but frequent plunges in chilly water at that time of the year might involve much discomfort before the day was over.

Deep canyon offers an adventure—tame, perhaps, according to the standards of professional adventurers—but with enough thrills to satisfy any ordinary explorer of the out-of-the-way places.

The rugged splendor of Deep canyon is reward enough for any physical hardships encountered along the way. It is a wild rocky gorge, and while I have devoted most of this story to the physical problems of traversing the canyon, I want to record my opinion that for sheer rugged grandeur Deep canyon deserves rank as one of the most impressive scenic areas in the Desert Southwest. And I am sure it will never be crowded with traffic.

SIDEWINDER SAM . . .



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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 the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names"; to Frances Rosser Brown of New Mexico and to Hugh O'Neil of Ogden Utah.

ARIZONA

ALPINE Apache county
At head of San Francisco river. Ele. 8,000 feet. In September 1880 Will C. Barnes was here, he writes, scouting with Troop E, 6th Cavalry, Capt. Adam Kramer commanding. Indians under Victorio had gone through this valley ahead of the soldiers and had killed several men and women who were buried by the troopers as the bodies were found. It was then known as Bush valley, after Anderson Bush, first settler. Called Frisco later by the Mormons. About 1882 name was changed in recognition of altitude. Jacob Hamblin, early Mormon missionary who died Aug. 31, 1886, is buried here.

AMERICAN RANCH Yavapai county
Early day stage station on road Ehrenberg to Prescott. According to Orick Jackson, "Owned by J. H. Lee, who ran a store and station here. Indians attacked the station, killing Lee. A man then leased the place, took a sack of flour, placed strychnine in it, left the store open and the sack handy for all comers. Some soldiers under Dan Leary, the scout, came along and found 24 dead Indians and 14 more very sick in a nearby camp. The affair raised an awful fuss among the Indian lovers of the east."

BEAR SPRINGS Navajo county
So called, says Barnes, because on a round-up about 1885 a bear was killed here by roping him. Ranch here located about 1886 by James Stott, a boy from Massachusetts, who started a horse ranch, the "Circle Dot." "Because of his alleged affiliations with questionable horse dealers, he was taken from his cabin in August 1887, by a vigilance committee, and hanged, with two other men, near where the Holbrook-Pleasant valley trail crossed the Verde road."

CALIFORNIA

CRAFTON San Bernardino county
To honor Myron H. Crafts, who was born in 1816, came to California in 1861 and settled on what was then known as East-berne valley. He named Mts. Lincoln, Garfield and Harrison and was active in civic affairs. A personal friend of Indian Chief Cabazon, he once gave the old Indian a suit of clothes and a stovepipe hat trimmed with bright ribbons, "which he wore with a lordly air." Crafts died September 12, 1886.

TELESCOPE PEAK Inyo county
First climbed and named by W. T. Henderson in 1860. So called because of the vast area visible from this point. Ele. 11,045 feet, in the Funeral range, Death valley. Henderson was the man who later helped to dispose of Joaquin Murietta, the bandit. He also established the first mine law in Inyo county (1860).

TRONA (tro'nah) San Bernardino county
Sp. "royal throne, a high place of importance."

NEW MEXICO

TAJIQUE (tah hee'kee) Torrance county
Probably the Hispanized Tewa name of *Tasbi kee*. The Tigua name was *Tush-yit-nay*. A mission was established here. Formerly a Tigua pueblo.

ALAMEDA (ah lah may'dah)

Albuquerque county
Sp. "grove of poplar trees," or public walk.

BUEYEROS (boo ay yer'os) Union county
Sp. "ox drivers," referring to an early encampment of stock men.

JICARILLA (hicka ree' ya) Lincoln county
Mountains and town. Sp. "chocolate cup"; a gourd or gourd tree. Also refers to one of the Apache tribes who used the gourds for cups.

MIMBRES (meem'brays) Grant county
River and town. "The willows." *Mimbrenos*, willow or like willows was the name of an Apache tribe.

NEVADA

BUFFALO MEADOWS Washoe county
Established in 1865 on the Western Pacific railroad at former site of buffalo grazing grounds.

ELY White Pine county
From John Ely, native of Illinois, who rose from poverty to great wealth through fortunate mining projects. In the early 1870s he became interested in promoting mines in French Guiana, in which he lost all of a great fortune. He regained it in part, but eventually died a poor man in Montana.

HASTINGS CUTOFF
A short cut over the mountains made popular at the time by Lansford W. Hastings, a guide, who advised emigrants to try a shorter route to California by going around the south end of the Great Salt Lake, as early as 1846. This route had been partly explored previously by Fremont, and when properly followed down Weber creek usually resulted in great saving of time and life. However, the illfated Donner party late in 1846 took this cutoff and due to lateness of the season and unusually heavy winter, met with historic tragedy.

UTAH

CASTLE GATE Carbon county
Established in May 1893 and named from a peculiar castellated formation of the mountains forming a gateway to the valley in which the town is located.

DESERET (des er ette')
Town and name frequently used in Utah. From the Book of Mormon; means "honey bee." The beehive is one of the important symbols of the Mormon church.

PROVO Utah county
From the Provo river. Name origin somewhat in dispute. Probably from Etienne Provost, member of the Ashley expedition sent to explore for the Missouri Fur company in 1822. Was probably first white to look upon the Great Salt Lake. Another account says the Provo river was named by General Fremont in 1845. He had purchased a horse from a pioneer named Proveau and gave the horse the name of its former owner. When the horse died on the "banks of the stream to the southwest of the Great Salt Lake" the name of Proveau was given to the river. This latter account is not generally accepted. City incorporated January 21, 1864.

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Mines and Mining . .

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

From Grand county comes the story of a miner who had an oil and gas prospecting permit for 2,560 acres of public land in the Harley Dome region. He sank a well and encountered gas of exceptional value. But he couldn't sell it or give it away—because it carried a high content of helium, and his prospecting permit reserved to the government all rights to any helium that might be found.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Tests are now being made over 15,000 acres of placer ground and lake bottom lands in the Rawhide district, Mineral county, preparatory to extensive operations if satisfactory values are found. The Gabbs Valley company has been erecting a 400-yard plant for gold recovery. The concrete and Steel Pipe company of Los Angeles has sunk 90 test holes in search for indium, a rare metal said to be worth \$400 a pound.

Hawthorne, Nevada . . .

First shipment to leave the famous Lucky Boy mine in 12 years, a 31-ton car of silver ore was shipped to a Salt Lake smelter recently. The Lucky Boy formerly was well known as the producer of fabulously rich ore in a bromide formation. Two groups now have leases on the property and while the present ore is being taken from the upper levels, it is planned later to go below the 900-foot level where high grade ore is known to be located.

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Arizona is highest among the states in the production of copper, and the United States leads the world, according to the report of the U. S. Bureau of Mines. More than 35,000 men are employed normally in the production of copper. Montana ranks next to Arizona in total output.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

A first dividend of \$75,000 was paid to stockholders of the Getchell Mine, Inc., September 21. The 600-ton mill installed at the property 43 miles east of here is one of the most modern in the state. It has been in operation only since February but is now at full capacity. George Wingfield is president and Noble H. Getchell manager.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

A monthly gold output of \$100,000 is reported from the Chiquita mines, largest producer in the Goodsprings district of Clark county. According to James Maxfield, manager, the company mill is handling 75 tons of ore daily. It is planned to double this capacity. Operators in the district are trying to arrange to bring Boulder dam power into the area.

Picacho, California . . .

Preparatory to large scale operations at the old Picacho workings along the Colorado river 25 miles north of Yuma, a 500-ton mill is being moved from Tonopah, Nevada, to a site near the mine. Announcement of the Picacho program was made by Felix D. Mayhew, veteran mining man who has been active as a prospector and operator in Arizona for many years.

Battle Mountain, Nevada . . .

Manager E. L. Ralston of the Chemical and Pigment company of Oakland reports that his concern has mined 8,300 tons of barium from its tax claims at Argenta this season. Bulk of the shipments went to Los Angeles. Barium is used as pigment for paint and for oil well drilling.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

The forming of Lake Mead has made possible a saving of \$10.00 a ton in the transportation of mineral-bearing ore from regions which formerly were almost inaccessible, according to mining engineers. Prospectors are now combing the area bordering the lake shore and at least one company is planning to install barges on the lake for transportation of mineral from claims now being developed.

Flagstaff, Arizona . . .

As a result of favorable geological reports, the United States government has withdrawn 10 sections of land in northwestern Arizona for naval oil reserve purposes. The structure is said to be similar to that found in the Virgin City area in Utah.

Austin, Nevada . . .

Reporting rich values in ore recently taken from the Berlin mine 50 miles southeast of here, William L. and W. M. Foster and R. Clemens recently exhibited samples streaked with free gold. The ore was taken from a 30-inch quartz ledge near the surface, they reported.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Assay reports showing gold values of \$2,854.85 a ton were received early in September by Joe Clifford at a new strike on the Verdi property. The samples were taken from a 10-inch vein at a depth of 12 feet. The assay also showed \$19.85 in silver.

. . .

'Three Turkey' House

Continued from page 13

where the dwellings are located is too well hidden and the walls below are too precipitous to make the houses accessible to the ordinary pot hunter.

Archaeologists equipped with facilities for scaling the walls will have visited Tatzih bekin before this story appears in print—and what they find there will be preserved for the benefit of all American citizens who with the Navajo Indians are its rightful owners.

Whether or not Tatzih bekin yields a wealth of loot, the scientific men will have an exceptional opportunity to study the architecture of the ancient builders down to the finest details for these cliff dwellings appear to be as intact as when their prehistoric owners abandoned their hard won homes and departed on their last mysterious journey to an unknown land.

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ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Peach Springs . . .

Sparkling crystals cover the walls of Cononino caverns which are to be opened to the public as a scenic attraction early next summer. The caverns are located 14 miles east of Peach Springs near Highway 66. Under an agreement recently announced, the three owners have deeded the cave to Cononino county, but have retained for themselves a lease under which they will erect a lodge and cabin accommodations for visitors. The three men are Walter Y. Peck, Stanley Wakefield and Edmund R. Cosgrove.

Tucson . . .

A giant saguaro bloomed and bore fruit in New York city this year according to word received by the University of Arizona from Stanley G. Ranger of the New York Botanical Garden. Last June, in response to a request for a specimen the university shipped the cactus in full bud to the botanical garden where it was planted. The saguaro will be on display during the New York World's Fair.

Safford . . .

Riley Shirley has killed three mountain lions during the last 60 days, two of them in Rattlesnake canyon in the Klondyke country, and one in the Galiuro mountains. The last one measured eight feet in length and weighed 200 pounds.

Clifton . . .

With 19 charter members from the towns of Clifton and Morenci, a new Rotary club has been formed here with W. A. McBride as temporary chairman. W. R. Carty, governor of the 43rd district of Rotary International, was present at the organization meeting.

Window Rock . . .

Jake Morgan, bitter opponent of the Collier administration of Indian affairs, was elected chairman of the Navajo tribal council at the annual election held during the latter part of September. More than 11,000 tribesmen took part in the balloting, it was announced at the Navajo agency.

Flagstaff . . .

Professional photographers are barred from entry in a photographic contest sponsored by the museum of Northern Arizona between October 26 and November 13. The contest is open to amateurs in Flagstaff, Williams and Winslow. Each exhibitor may enter two prints, 8x10 or 11x14 inches. Entries must be in by October 22.

Tucson . . .

What is perhaps the only diary of a cowboy written in Arizona has been given the Arizona Pioneers' Historical society by its author, Evans Coleman. The faithfully-kept diary was begun in April 1896 and records many events of "outlawry" and long cattle drives. The society has also received a 60-year old gift of ribbon wire used on a corral fence in the Galiuro mountains in Graham county. J. W. Buchanan of Tucson has given the society a stein bearing the signed names of members of the first Arizona senate.

Tombstone . . .

Late summer rains have resulted in an unusually fine display of fall wildflowers in the ranching areas according to the report of Mrs. Fred S. Bennett who spent her vacation on the range.

CALIFORNIA

Needles . . .

Preparing to take full advantage of the recreational facilities provided by Lake Needles, local outdoor enthusiasts have formed the Needles boat club with Gene Key as first commodore. According to information received here water in the new lake behind Parker dam will reach the maximum level before the first of November, and this will bring the northern tip of the lake almost to Needles townsite.

Twentynine Palms . . .

"Dauber Dan," formerly of the Antelope valley, has opened a studio in the Joshua Tree Village and plans to devote his time during the present season to water and oil paintings of the region in and around the Joshua Tree national monument.

Niland . . .

With a pressure of more than 200 pounds, the third carbon dioxide well to be brought into production this summer along the eastern shore of Salton Sea has just been completed according to Manager Carl M. Einhart of the Pacific-Imperial Dry Ice company.

Palm Springs . . .

Famous in years past for her prize-winning baskets, Mrs. Ezilda Brittan Welmas of the Cabuilla Mission band of Indians at Palm Springs, died recently. She was 70 years of age and the mother of Indian Officer Joe Welmas.

Mojave . . .

Bones of a prehistoric elephant which is believed to have roamed the earth between 25 and 30 million years ago recently were discovered 30 miles northeast of here according to the report of H. Flagler Cowdon, mineralogist. Cowdon said he uncovered massive rib bones, teeth and tusks while digging on a slope near the Mojave petrified forest.

Indio . . .

With an estimated production of 7,000,000 pounds of dates in California and Arizona this year, the AAA is planning to divert 1,750,000 pounds of substandard fruit to livestock feed, alcohol and other by-products. Growers will receive 3½ cents a pound for their inferior fruit, according to F. R. Wilcox, director of marketing for the AAA administration.

NEVADA

Las Vegas . . .

Snow fell on 11,910-foot Charleston peak early in September this year according to the report of rangers. Two forest fires were started by lightning during the storms.

Boulder City . . .

Remains of a giant ground sloth will be one of the exhibits in the new national park museum being installed here under the direction of Robert Rose, naturalist. The museum is one of many attractions planned for visitors to the Boulder dam recreational area.

Searchlight . . .

This old mining town is scheduled to be on a paved highway before the winter is over. The new oil macadam road has been completed from Las Vegas to within 17 miles of Searchlight, and bids are to be called on November 1 for the remaining sector, according to J. M. Murphy, division engineer for the state highway department.

Ely . . .

As soon as funds are available exploration work is to be started in a cave in the Smith creek area east of Fallon under the direction of M. R. Harrington of Southwest museum, according to information from the U. S. Forestry office here. Harrington also plans to continue excavations at the Lehman caves when cooperative arrangements can be made with the national park service.

Reno . . .

Dr. Leon W. Hartman has been named acting president of the University of Nevada to serve until a new president is chosen by the board of regents. The appointment was announced after Dean Maxwell Adams asked to be relieved of his duties as acting president due to ill health.

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe . . .

Bad roads cost Santa Fe \$142,000 a month during the tourist season this year, according to an estimate of the chamber of commerce highway committee. Of the six road sectors needing improvement, the committee listed the 10-mile link in Highway 285 between Lamy and Kline's corner as the most serious obstacle to tourist travel to Santa Fe.

Alamogordo . . .

Scientists interested in the white mice found on the White Sands national monument, have had difficulty trapping the little rodents. However, a recent expedition caught several of them, and they are to be taken east for a study of their protective coloring.

Santa Fe . . .

An initial grant of \$2,500,000 has been made by the Public Works Administration to start work on the \$8,000,000 Arch Hurley irrigation project. Work is to be started this year on construction which will reclaim 45,000 acres of land, it is reported.

Lordsburg . . .

An outgrowth of the Hildago county livestock show, the New Mexico Livestock and Fair association has been formed to erect permanent buildings and conduct the show annually on a broader basis, it is announced by George Cureton, president.

UTAH

Salt Lake City . . .

Asserting that Utah has nothing to gain and may lose valuable resources if the federal government creates the proposed Escalante national monument along the Colorado river, State Engineer T. H. Humphreys has aligned himself against the project. Supporting the park project is the Associated Civic Clubs of Southern Utah. George L. Collins, assistant director of the national park service who is investigating the project, says it is not the policy of his department to force the issue.

St. George . . .

Residents of Littlefield, located in the northwestern corner of Arizona, proposed recently that the little tip of Mohave county in which their town is located, be taken away from Arizona and annexed to Nevada. They have direct highway connections with Nevada, but are cut off from the remainder of their own state by the Virgin river. The proposed change in state boundaries was presented at a meeting held in St. George, Utah, to consider plans for the development of Virgin river irrigation projects.

Cedar City . . .

Visitors are going to Zion National park in increasing numbers according to the report of Superintendent P. P. Patraw. The register showed 130,670 names on September 1, an increase of 7.77 percent over last year. Utah led with 38,189 registrations and California was second with 36,049.

Delta . . .

A desert mystery of long-standing was solved recently when a party composed of Charles Kelly, author of several western books, Frank Beckwith of the Delta Chronicle, and Roderic Korns of Salt Lake City found the 90-year-old camp of one of the parties which made the tragic crossing across the Death Valley region in 1849. Following the vague notes contained in the diary of Henry W. Bigler, one of the members of the gold-seeking party, the Utah men discovered the rock on which Bigler carved his initials. The old campsite is near the Bowers ranch in Beaver Dam wash.

Beaver . . .

The pinenut crop in this area is heavy this year and old-timers say the Indian axiom that a big crop of nuts means a long cold winter has never failed. Large quantities of the nuts have been gathered both for private and for commercial use.

DESERT WANDERER ON THIS MONTH'S COVER

Desert Charley, whose home is wherever he and his burros are camping for the night, is the subject of this month's cover. The Desert Magazine is indebted to J. A. Frasher of the Frasher studio of Pomona, California, for the following information about this old wanderer:

"He has traveled all over the United States. We met him first in Death Valley, then months later he was up in the Sierras. He charges people for taking pictures of his outfit, thus picking up the few quarters he needs for his meager way of living.

"At one time he made a few hundred dollars, quite a fortune for him, working in a moving picture. That gave him beans and bacon for many months. Also, he purchased a few more burros.

"He permitted us to take pictures of him in several different poses. In return, we sent him a few hundred cards gratis which he sold for 25c or 10c or whatever he could get.

"At one time we received a pitiful letter from him. Some one had poisoned all but two of his burros. He wished us to trust him for a few hundred cards until he could get on his feet financially again. Eventually he paid us for the cards.

"About two years ago we met him near Albuquerque. He had traveled through Colorado and was on his way to Southern Arizona where we last heard from him. He then had four animals. The last information we have had regarding him came from Phoenix where he was living in a deserted house and suffering from rheumatism."

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THEY FACED THE DESERT AT ITS WORST—AND WON

When the Bennett-Arcane party of gold-seekers sought a shortcut route to California in the winter of 1849 and nearly perished for lack of food and water on the long trek across the Death Valley region they were saved by the courage and loyalty of William Lewis Manley and John Rogers.

Manley told the story of this tragic episode in desert history in a book published in 1894. His narrative is an absorbing tale of human fortitude and loyalty in which the writer, with commendable modesty, minimized his own heroic role.

None of the members of the Death Valley expedition of 1849 is living today, but the human drama of that memorable event is recreated with startling clarity by George Snell in **AND IF MAN TRIUMPH**, recently from the press of The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho.

Snell has taken the grim bitter details of that fearful journey and presented them in terms of human courage and sacrifice. With all the odds against them, the men and women and children in that ill-fated ox-train clung to life with a tenacity almost beyond belief.

The movement of the book is rapid, but into the swift-moving action is woven a fine descriptive detail that gives the reader an intimate picture of the desert.

"I was so dogged out," said Lewis Manley, "that I fell asleep while it was still light and didn't wake up until the light had come again. Dawn on that desolate expanse was like nothing I had ever seen. In that cool, breathless moment, in a silence complete, hushed, vast, the whole earth seemed dead, or at least in a kind of deathlike sleep, for there was no living thing anywhere, not even a cloud in the gray sky above. No leaves were there to flutter, no small animal to scurry or squeal, no bird to wing through the limitless distance. If ever a complete stopping of life was on earth, it was here at dawn."

Manley and Rogers, with no families of their own to depend upon them, might have escaped much of the torture imposed upon their companions. But when the temptation came, these two remained loyal to their self-imposed trust.

Manley and Rogers should not be forgotten—and George Snell's book, aside from the fine artistry with which he has presented his subject, will be a lasting memorial to two of the most courageous characters in the winning of the west.

R. H.

AN ENGLISHMAN COMES TO THE DESERT—AND LIKES IT

Not even the most gorgeous real estate folders have been able to exaggerate the enchantments of the Arizona deserts, writes J. B. Priestley after a winter spent with his family near Wickenburg.

The English author's impressions of America, and particularly that portion of it west of the Rockies, are given in an autobiographical volume, **MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT**, Harper Brothers, New York and London, 1937.

Priestley found the Arizona "air so crystal clear and persistently aromatic," and the "stars as precisely defined as stars in a planetarium." When he visited the Mojave desert "a cold wind raked the dunes." Beside Salton Sea he was almost fearful because there was something in the absolute silence which suggested the prehistoric condition of the world, and what it might be again when man disappeared forever. "One bumblebee could have shattered the crystal quiet like a squadron of bombing planes." But near the little hut he used for study in Arizona, there was indescribable beauty, opportunity to view life in its proper perspective and even to philosophize over the theories relative to the "Universal Stream of Time."

Mr. Priestley catches the romance of the west, the spirit of the past, when Indians raided or the bad man "shot up the town"; of the pioneers who died of thirst on the desert and were buried under the sand, and the padres who founded the old missions.

But there is romance in the present which he does not miss: the endless miles of long cement roads stretching across deserts and mountains and dotted with gasoline stations where he is greeted with friendliness and courtesy quite in contrast to the gruffness of the service station men of England; grinning and healthy C.C.C. boys; transients thumbing their way; high powered sedans and old Fords "festooned with bedsteads and frying pans"; and countless small towns ablaze at night with neon signs and appearing to the author like blocks from Hollywood dropped into the middle of the desert.

Los Angeles is an unreality, as fictitious as any film set of Hollywood; Santa Barbara is almost as unreal although more picturesque; San Francisco is typical of the America Mr. Priestley loves; but in these desert towns there is reality and true democracy. Here no one seems to be very rich nor very poor, and "once you are through" you become "Jack and

Smoky, Shorty and Hank" so that after a few months of this, to return to England is like "dropping back into the feudal system."

The charm of this autobiography for lovers of the American southwest lies in the author's appreciation and portrayal of familiar scenes and customs. It is interesting to see ourselves through the eyes of an Englishman, especially one who writes with the literary style and critical acumen of J. B. Priestley; and who loves the desert even as we do.

EMILY HOGAN.

• • •

A HAYWIRE HISTORY OF BOREGO VALLEY

Harry Oliver is now an art director in Hollywood, but at one time he owned a ranch in Borego Valley, California— one of those desert ranches which grow a prolific crop of greasewood and burroweed.

In DESERT ROUGH CUTS, published by the Ward Ritchie Press of Los Angeles, Oliver has given a glimpse of some of his Borego neighbors—Uncle Tobe of the Busy Bee store, Screwbean Benny, Trapdoor Lewis, Too-Honest Charlie, and others.

Oliver created the characters, but he gave them personalities that sparkle with humorous desert philosophy. The little book is "dedicated to the world's greatest optimist—the Desert Prospector." It is artistic in format and there's many a laugh in its pages.

• • •

Weather

SEPTEMBER REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	86.8
Normal for September	82.7
High on September 9	107.
Low on September 13	67.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	T
Normal for September	0.75
Weather—	
Days clear	20
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	4

G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.
FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperature—	Degrees
Mean for month	87.4
Normal for September	83.6
High on September 13	108.
Low on September 8	64.
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.35
69-year average for September	0.35

Weather—	
Days clear	25
Days partly cloudy	4
Days cloudy	1

Sunshine 94 per cent (349 hours out of possible 371 hours).

Colorado river—
September discharge at Grand Canyon 955,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 530,000 acre feet. Estimated storage October 1, behind Boulder dam 23,180,000 acre feet.
JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs eight cents a word, \$1.60 minimum per issue—actually about 10 cents per thousand readers.

REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE—Highly improved 20 acre ranch 12 miles northeast downtown Tucson in guest ranch district on Tanque Verde road. Two adobe houses; one modern with Flamo gas stove, ice-box, lights, water, concrete floors, insulated beamed ceiling, kitchen heater. Other used as tenant house. Two wells; one dug and other 350 foot 16 inch case drilled, only 18 feet to soft Rincon water. Gasoline pump, 1000 gallon storage tank tower, large uncompleted swimming pool, ranch completely piped for irrigation. Plenty of shade trees, fenced, cattle guard, galvanized iron chicken houses with concrete floors. Insured title guaranteed. Price \$10,500.00; \$8500.00 cash; \$2000 mortgage. Address owner care of Desert Magazine, Box 14.

DESERT VALLEY RANCH SALE—Ideal for rest haven, scenic resort site, agricultural pursuits. In Kern county, 160 level acres. Two houses, double garage, well, trees, development. Any reasonable offer accepted. **HIGBEE RANCH**, Cantil, California.

HOME & INCOME. 6-rm. modern lodge on lot 150x260 ft. Plenty room for additional rental units. Located in grounds of beautiful semi-desert all year Club and Resort. 1½ hrs. from L. A. Building boom and property values mounting. For Sale by owner on very easy terms or trade for city property. Box 12, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

NOVEL, NEW CABIN set on 1¼ Acres rich, level land with abundance fine water. Adj. popular desert club 60 miles from L. A. All-year climate. \$665, \$25 dn., \$10 mo., including water rights & Club privileges. Owner, 2397 E. Colo. St., Pasadena, Calif.

GUEST RANCHES

CALLING ALL DUDE RANCHES within 50 miles of Phoenix! (Palm Springs also note) . . . We have a city fella who pines for the wide open spaces, who will trade his \$50,000 estate in Los Feliz district—all clear—12 rooms—6 bedrooms—4 baths—Mediterranean architecture) for dude ranch of equal value (also clear). Competent appraisal invited. **RECREATIONAL PROPERTIES INC.**, Developers of Rancho Mirage, 1201 Pershing Square Bldg., Los Angeles.

RANCHO LOMA VISTA — Desert Guest Ranch. U. S. 80 highway at Aztec, Arizona. Rates \$2.50 per day.

NEW Palm Springs-Indio cutoff promises wonderful business opportunities at **RANCHO MIRAGE**.

BOOKS

BOOKS—We have a stock of the best reference books available on desert life. Write your requirements or for quotations on our combination offer. Desert Crafts Shop, 597 State St., El Centro, California.

JAEGER'S CALIFORNIA DESERTS, Admiral's **DESERT OF THE PALMS**, and Chalfant's **DEATH VALLEY**—all to one address for \$5.00, postpaid.

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED original poems, songs, for immediate consideration. Send poems to **Columbian Music Publishers Ltd.**, Dept. R85, Toronto, Canada.

DESERT FORD—equipped with 7½-inch tires and trunk rack. 1929 model coupe in good running condition. Just the car for exploring the out-of-the-way places where no roads exist. Car in garage at El Centro. Get in touch with owner by addressing the **Desert Magazine**, El Centro, California.

CORNELL'S INDIAN SHOP, Gallup, New Mexico. Sand pictures, Chimayo ties, Purses, Blankets, Runners, Silver, Rugs. Orders filled promptly.

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL?—Booklet of instructions and Will form blank for One Dollar. Satisfaction or money back. Send dollar to **Desert Crafts Shop**, 597 State Street, El Centro, California.

MAGAZINES

GIVE a subscription to the **Desert Magazine** this Christmas. Sent monthly for a year to three addresses in U. S. A. for \$5.00. Subscription Dept., **Desert Magazine**, El Centro, California.

BACK NUMBERS of the **Desert Magazine**. Beginning Nov. 1 there will be an advance in price on some of the back numbers. If you miss any copies from your Vol. 1 file, order them now at 25 cents a copy, except; Vol. 1 No. 1 (November 1937).....50c The supply of this first edition is limited but remaining copies go at the above price. Complete file, first volume, November 1937 to October 1938 in handsome loose-leaf binder, complete postpaid in United States, for only\$3.50

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BY AUTO: Drive on U. S. 66 to Essex, then turn north over good desert road to the caves. From U. S. 91 turn south at Windmill Station.

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Writers of the Desert . . .

IF RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH learns to speak the Navajo language, one of his highest aims will be realized. He is working at it diligently over on the Navajo reservation at Fort Defiance where he is on the payroll of the U. S. Indian Service as a research expert.

Van Valkenburgh's story, **WE FOUND THE THREE TURKEY CLIFF DWELLINGS**, in this issue of the Desert Magazine is one of many interesting experiences he has had in his association with the Navajo. He has done considerable work in the field as an archaeologist and is making ethnology his special study at the present time.

The Indians like him, and his close friendship for them has given him a welcome in hogans where other white people would be regarded with distrust.

Mineral collecting and pictorial photography are the two pet hobbies of CHAS. L. HEALD of Altadena, California, who wrote the story of his visit to **HIDDEN FOREST OF NEVADA** for this number of the Desert Magazine.

He is a printer by trade and owns his own shop, but steals away at every opportunity to seek out the little traveled trails in the desert country—looking for mineral specimens and taking pictures. He is 26 years of age and plans to enter the University of California as a geology major next year. He is a member of the Mineralogical Society of Southern California.

JAMES L. CARLING has watched the passing parade of serious and frivolous minded human beings at Palm Springs during the past five winters—and out of his observation has given the Desert Magazine the feature article **OASIS** which appears in this number.

Carling is 23 years old, and according to his own confession is "just an ordinary fellow who wants to write." He lives at Palm Springs with his sister—the sister being Bee Nichols, the young lady who supplied the art work to go with the Palm Springs story. Her sketches have appeared in several Palm Springs publications.

Bugs are just bugs to the ordinary human being, but to CHARLES F. HARBISON they are both a livelihood and a hobby. Harbison is entomologist at the San Diego Museum of Natural History, and therefore was well qualified to write the brief sketch about the **PRAYING MANTIS** which appears in the Desert Magazine this month.

His special hobby is the Dragonfly or-

der, and he is building up a noteworthy collection of specimens at the museum. In addition to his other duties there he teaches groups of students and conducts nature walks. He has a degree in science from the University of California.

This month the Desert Magazine adds a desert cartoon to its features—thanks to the work of M. E. BRADY whose pen line **MEB** is well known to readers of the monthly cartoon magazine **Famous Funnies**.

Brady has established his permanent home at the Smoke Tree Villas in Twentynine Palms, California. While he is a comparative newcomer on the desert he and his young sons already have started a mineral collection—which is merely one of the first stages of becoming a confirmed desert rat.

HUNTERS!

Duck and Geese Open Season

begins **Oct. 15**

California's shooting season on waterfowl opens October 15 and closes November 28. The best place in the state to get your bag limit is along the river-marsh lands near Brawley. There's real sport in this desert paradise for sportsmen.

Plan to Make Brawley your Headquarters for This Year's Trip

For latest information about hunting conditions and scenic attractions, address Secretary,

BRAWLEY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Brawley, Calif.

DESERT MAGAZINE BINDERS

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OASIS . . .

Continued from page 18

feet. For all that he is welcomed with open arms. Your genuine Villager spends his Sundays home under the bed when the voice of the tourist is heard in the land. The folks parade up and down the main street in droves, their dark "city clothes" making dismal spots against the background of sand and sun. Much as they may look like a lot of unhappy fish cut of water, they imagine themselves to be having a heck of a time, so everybody is happy.

Palm Springs' roster of distinguished guests is literally endless. Big-wigs of every sort, potentates and panjandrums, eventually find their way there from the farthest corners of the globe.

Being only a matter of a hundred odd miles from Hollywood, or a two and one-half hour automobile drive, the desert is easily accessible, and Hollywood takes full advantage of the fact. Numbers of the better-known stars have homes there in Palm Springs, and others spend all of their free moments at the beautiful hotels and guest ranches. It is the sandbox of movie and Southland society, and any week finds the town filled with notables of one kind or another.

So it goes, from September to May. Palm Springs seems to hold some individual fascination for all who go there, and the world's sophisticates find peculiar delight in reverting to the simple state, to bask and play in sun and sand with all the childish abandon of their infancy. The merry-go-round of people, varied and colorful as a crazy-quilt, snoop, squint, and shuffle happily about in bare feet and sandals, reveling to their hearts' content in freedom and the incredible joy of living.

The winter will, like all things, come to an end at last, and the parade will move on while the desert sinks again into her summer siesta. But that never worries the Villagers. They know that somehow, somewhere, a bit of fire that is an eternal part of this arid, enchanted land has entered into the blood of each visitor, and that it will continue to draw him as irresistibly as a great magnet. Go where he may, there is a single conclusion which is foregone:

He'll be back!

• • •

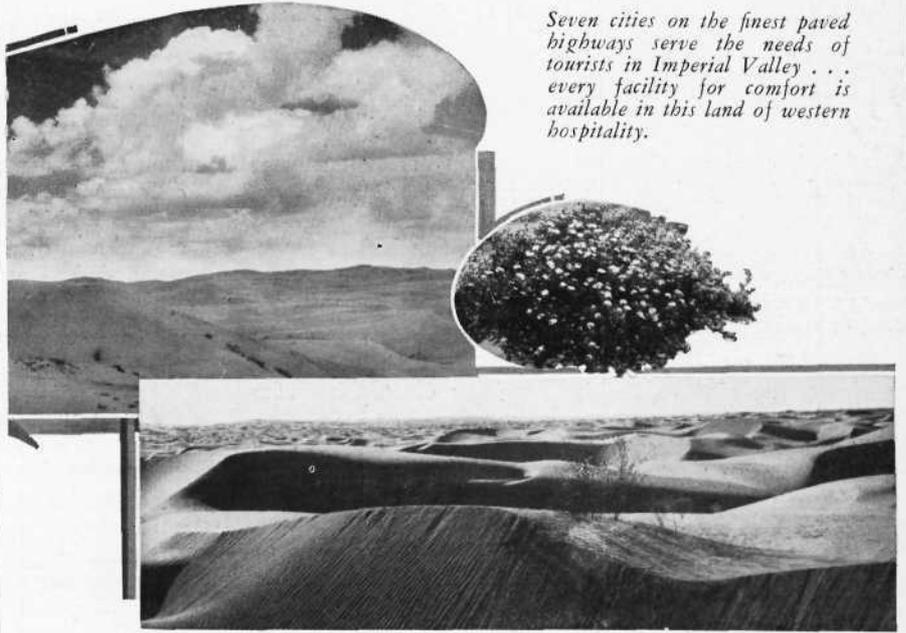
PALM SPRINGS MUSEUM TO BE OPEN NOVEMBER 15

Don Admiral, director of the Palm Springs museum, announced that the exhibit room will be open to the public after November 15. The museum is maintained by local contributors and there is no admission charge.

Scenic Wonderland of Imperial Valley, California

With the Salton Sea on the north, Mexico on the south, the Colorado river on the east and the blue sierras on the west, Imperial Valley of Southern California is a scenic desert bowl with a verdant agricultural empire at its center.

Seven cities on the finest paved highways serve the needs of tourists in Imperial Valley . . . every facility for comfort is available in this land of western hospitality.



To those who love the desert, here is beauty . . .

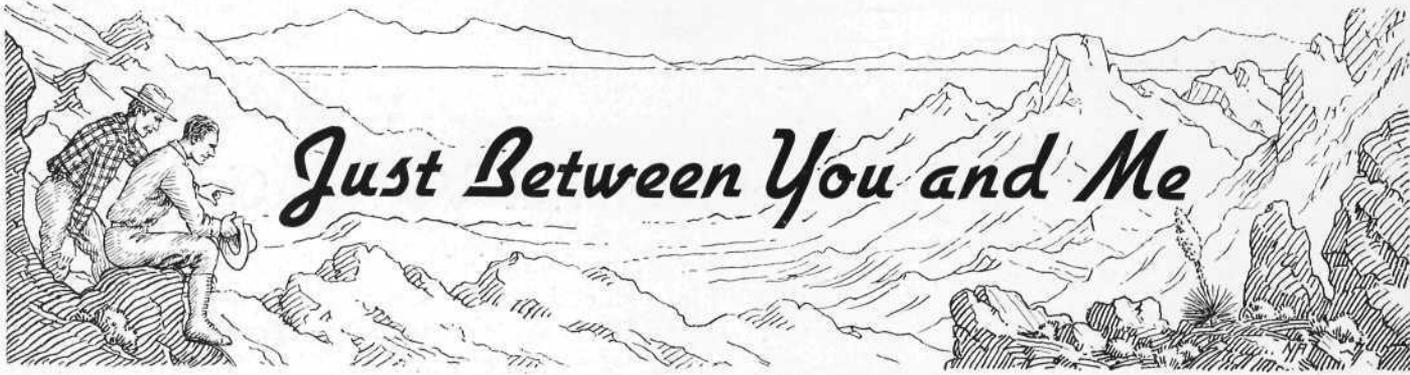
Do you want Mexican or Chinese fare in glamorous **mañana** land? Mexicali is just across the border. Do you want old ghost towns of former mining booms? Picacho and Tumco beckon. Do you want to see the greatest canal in the world? The all-American canal, \$33,000,000 project, is nearing completion. Do you want to see wood sink and stone float? Pumice and petrified wood are side by side on the shore at azure Salton sea. Do you want to stand on the brink of gushing mud volcanoes? The Mud-pots are a novel experience. Do you want to find beauty and relaxation in the desert? Dozens of palm-lined canyons in rugged mountains are within easy driving distance of the Valley.

Endless variety in desert's scenic attractions . . .

This fall or winter come to Imperial Valley . . . to enjoy a weekend or a season in the "Winter Garden of America" . . . rest and relax at moderate expense . . . take your pick of long or short side trips as you visit the interesting scenic and historic spots of this desert wonderland . . .

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Just Between You and Me

BY RANDALL HENDERSON

WITH my good friend Harry Woods I spent a couple of days recently in California's Borego Desert state park. We hiked up Coyote canyon along the route Juan Bautista de Anza and his colonists followed 163 years ago. Then we took a dim Indian trail into one of the gorgeous palm canyons which extend back into the San Ysidro range.

Californians — and especially the people of the desert — should be grateful to those men and women who worked persistently for many years to have this area set aside as a public playground. One of these days the Desert Magazine will carry the story of the origin of the park, giving credit to those who sponsored the plan.

At present, the finest scenic areas in the Borego region are inaccessible except to those who are willing to tramp long hours through sand and in boulder-strewn canyons. There are many springs of pure water in the park, and more than 20 canyons and tributaries in which native palm trees grow in oasis-like clusters.

Santa Catharina, where de Anza made an overnight camp December 23, 1775, has the largest flow of water of any of the springs along the western rim of the Colorado desert. A lone palm stands on a little bench in the arroyo near the springs.

The landscape along Coyote canyon has been little disturbed since the de Anza caravan passed that way. Sooner or later no doubt the state park department will build a highway along this route. Such a road is necessary if the park is to be opened to motorists. But the many canyons tributary to Coyote, where the real scenic beauty of the park is to be found, should remain always as they are—accessible by foot-trail to those who are interested enough to expend some energy in reaching them.

* * *

Some of our readers liked the sidewinder cover on the September number of the Desert Magazine. Others didn't—and were quite frank about it. I am grateful for all the opinions—because those who differed were friendly in their criticism.

Here is my answer to one of those who objected:

"The desert is not the hell-roarin' place depicted in the pulp magazine and the movies—nor do we wish to present it as a pink-tea sort of paradise.

"The real desert is an invitation—but it is also a challenge. It appeals to humans with vision and courage—but the appeal is not entirely in its colorful sunsets, its pastel shades and its quiet restful canyons. Consciously or unconsciously, the grim forbidding aspects of the desert also have an appeal. Therein lies the challenge to courage.

"The rattlers are symbolic of that challenge. Also the heat, the catsclaw, the Gila monster, the aridity. They are a true part of the desert. Without them it would not have the fascination it holds for men and women of imagination. The fear-

some aspects of the rattler, the tarantula and the scorpion have been greatly exaggerated. They are hostile only when their security is threatened. And after all, are we humans any different?"

All of which merely is my personal viewpoint—and is not offered as a defense of the sidewinder cover. I am aware that some of the finest people on earth have a natural horror of rattlesnakes. I hope they found enough beauty inside the September magazine to compensate for their dislike of the cover.

* * *

At Twentynine Palms recently I asked several of the townsmen whether they regarded their community as part of the Mojave desert or the Colorado desert. Local opinion differed—and that leaves the question open to discussion. I would be interested in any authoritative opinions the readers of the Desert Magazine have to offer. The dividing line between the two deserts never has been very clearly defined.

Twentynine Palms is interested in the building of a new highway toward the east to connect with the Metropolitan Water district's paved road near Rice. The opening of this highway link will provide a new inter-state route into Southern California. Parker, Arizona, would become an important gateway for transcontinental travel.

With the Joshua Tree national monument as its chief scenic asset, Twentynine Palms is growing steadily. The landscape is sprinkled with subdivision signs. Many attractive homes are being erected.

There are two kinds of real estate men operating in the desert country. One type sells the desert. They are men with imagination—they understand and appreciate what they are selling. The others are land hawkers whose only interest in the desert is the dollars it will bring them. The real developers take every opportunity to tell about the charm of their desert country. The others bore you with tales of the shortcomings of their competitors. Twentynine Palms has both kinds. So does every other community.

* * *

I have a friendly feeling for the members of the rhyming fraternity—but some days I wish they were not so generous. They've almost got me buried in verse. If William Shakespeare himself should return from the grave and offer one of his masterpieces I would have to turn it down or make one of those indefinite promises—and the good Lord knows I have made too many of them already.

What makes the job really difficult is when one of the subscribers sends in a long letter of praise for the Desert Magazine—and then in the last paragraph adds: "I hope you can use the enclosed verses."

Now what is a desert editor going to do in such a spot? I wish I knew the right answer.