

THE

Desert

MAGAZINE



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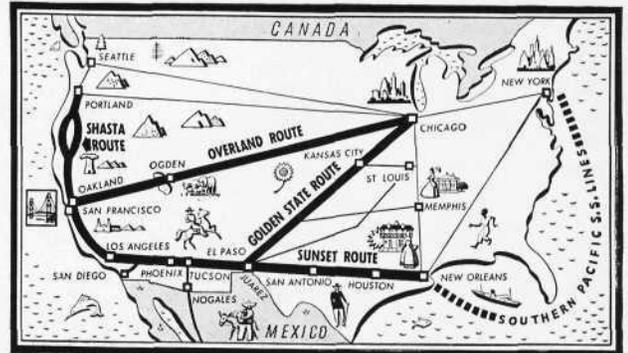
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DESERT

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.

- NOV. 15-DEC. 29—Arizona and New Mexico open season on waterfowl.
- NOV. 19-DEC. 5—Elk season in two large northern Arizona areas. 300 special permits issued.
- DEC. 1-3—Arizona Education Association convention, Phoenix.
- DEC. 1-3—Arizona Vocational Association convention, Phoenix.
- DEC. 6—Western States Water Engineers and Water Commissioners convention, Phoenix.
- DEC. 11—Sierra Club climb, Mt. San Antonio (el. 10,080), expecting to use crampons and ice axes.
- DEC. 10—Northern Association of Sanitarians meet, Phoenix.
- DEC. 12—Guadalupe Day at Santa Fe, New Mexico and various pueblos, usually seven days after Shalako at Zuni.
- DEC. 12-13 — Western Growers Protective Association meet, Phoenix.
- DEC. 15—State convention of new Arizona Federation of Law-Enforcement Officers, Phoenix. E. J. Wyatt, federation president; W. C. Joyner, executive vice-president.
- DEC. 24—Christmas Eve dances at churches of San Felipe, Laguna, Isleta, Taos, New Mexico.
- DEC. 25—Christmas Day dances at Jemez, Santo Domingo, Tesuque, Santa Clara and other New Mexico pueblos. Dance ceremonial at San Felipe starts 2:00 a.m. No chairman; just walk in; bring plenty of warm wraps.
- DEC. 25—Los Pastores, related to ancient shepherd plays, is given in the Mexican communities of New Mexico.
- DEC. 31, JAN. 1-2—Sierra club excursion to Split Mountain and badlands of Borego Valley, California.

Continuous through fall and winter: series of public art exhibits in Fine Arts building, University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. Featured are paintings by representative New Mexico artists. Ralph Douglass, director.



Vol. 2

DECEMBER, 1938

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

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THOROUGHBRED

Photo by Wm. M. Pennington

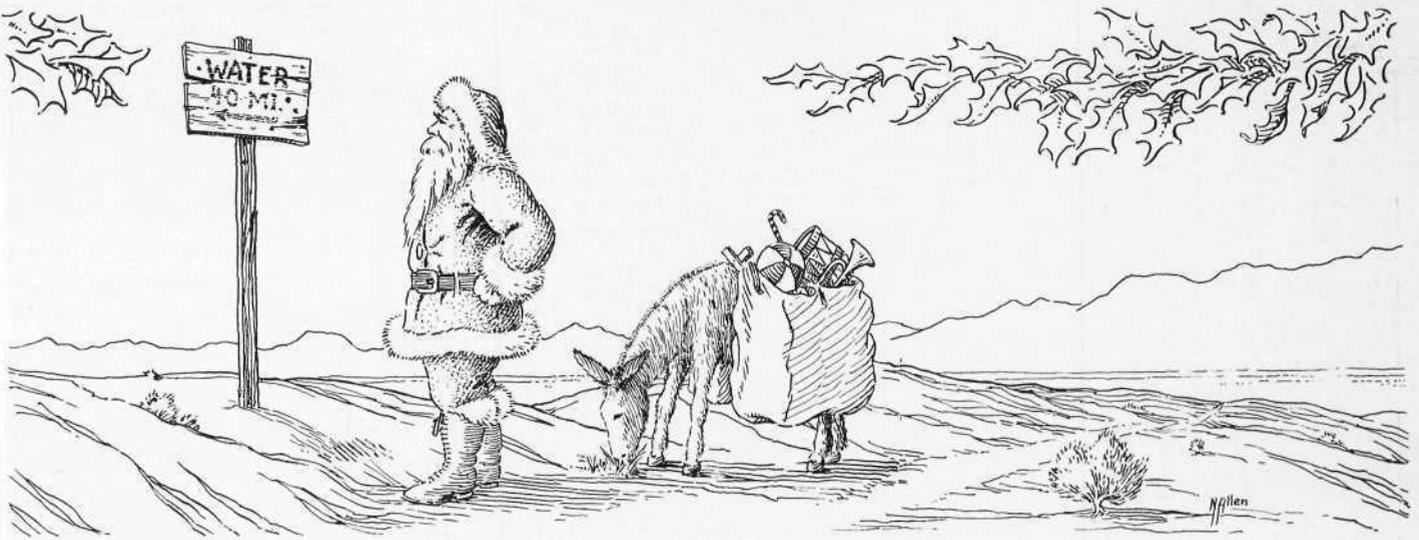
'Feel' of the Desert

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

No lengthy list of fancy names gives pedigree to the Navahorse. He would flee from the teeth of a currycomb as from a nest of mad rock hornets. He has never known caresses from the strokes of cuffing brush, and he'd founder on a nosebagful of oats.

But, for all that, he's a thoroughbred!

Wiry, tough and lean—he is what the desert has made him. Of hopelessly tangled ancestry, the fact that he has survived is proof that from myriad strains he has drawn the elements required by his hazard-filled existence.



What would you do to create Christmas atmosphere in your home if you lived in an arid land where there were no trees to decorate and no stores from which to buy tinsel and candles and imitation snow—where all the traditional decorative materials were lacking? Virginia Duncan found the answer to this question in a remote little desert shack. It's a story that will help you understand and appreciate the true spirit of Christmas.

When Santa Claus Comes to the Desert

By VIRGINIA DUNCAN



This artificial poinsettia seems quite at home on a prickly pear cactus.

FIRST CHRISTMAS ON THE DESERT

By LOIS ELDER STEINER Phoenix, Arizona

Christmas Morn on the desert!
A room with a brown board floor,
A greasewood tree in the corner
Cracks in the kitchen door.

Someone playing a mouth-organ,
Mem'ries of other years.
"Be it ever—oh, ever so humble"—
A choke in the throat, then tears.

Down on the brown board floor
Three pajama-clad figures I see,
And the greasewood there in the corner
Gleams brighter than any tree.

Christmas Morn on the desert!
What matter the cracks in the door?
The gold of the sun comes peeping
through
And brightens the brown board floor.
All littered with string and cellophane,
That eager hands have torn,
Carelessly scattering the labels,
"With love—on Christmas Morn!"

Christmas Morn on the desert!
Oh, I know in after years,
Just the scent of a desert greasewood
Will bring back the mem'ries' tears.

AS a desert enthusiast I stand amazed at the versatility of Santa Claus, especially after one personal adventure with him. I had been hurrying toward a Christmas Eve party, when my car skidded into a boulder and broke down. In this hectic age I should, of course, have been grateful simply for life itself, nevertheless I can think of no moment when my spirits were lower than on this particular evening. My wreck had occurred at a point between Tucson and Picacho, Arizona, in about the wildest stretch of desert North America affords. And in five minutes I realized I could not reach home until Christmas morning.

On a dirt trail more than eight miles from any main road, I knew that probably no other motorist would pass for days. I did the logical thing. I set out to walk to a light I could see "a mile or so" away. It turned out to be four miles — thanks to crystal clear air of which desert poets sing—but I made it. And it was here that I had my most memorable encounter with Santa Claus.

Now I am not going to wring tears, or even try a sad-and-sentimental Christmas story. After all, this is a botanical treatise, which I hope proves the adaptability of human beings as well. That



light proved to be in a home, a "desert rat's" nest if you will. The man was a poverty stricken miner, or who would have been a miner if health had permitted. How he and his wife and four children managed to live, I never quite learned. How they managed the Christmas spirit is our immediate concern.

Within a radius of 10 miles of them grew nothing but cacti; nowhere was there a single leafy thing save possibly a clump of greasewood and a few assorted desert weeds. And yet—that next dawn found a marvelously beautiful Christmas tree in their front yard!

Understand, no charity wagon came. No church or government agency sent out a sparkling holly, spruce or fir. Nevertheless there stood a tree, decorated, sanctified.

Mrs. - - - (I withhold her name) had simply slipped out in the dark cold night and decorated a saguaro cactus. It was a century-old thing, 15 feet tall. She had used a ladder. She had made her decorations secretly, and her presents as well. I have never seen a happier set of children, and I have seen Christmas dawn in some wealthy homes.

This mother had made streamers from colored paper, some I recognized as advertisements stripped from old magazines. She had added real tinsel preserved from better times. She had made popcorn balls

Those cactus spines are not always friendly to humans but they make good hangers for Christmas decorations.

with candied molasses (which were tasty indeed), of popcorn grown by their own hands, watered with buckets. Her bed-ridden husband had cut whorls from tin cans—long strips of the shiny metal scissored around and around, then pulled out like a spiral spring—and these made simply precious decorations. With hammer and nail he had poked a half-gallon can full of holes, wired on a top, and set a candle inside. It made delicate, swaying, mystery lights that Christmas evening, which brought life and added beauty to the entire tree.

I did not have a chance to photograph that tree; I wish I had. But since then I have found others.

Near Phoenix one year there lived in a desert shack a man who eked out a living making rustic furniture. He (or his wife) must have spent all of 25 cents on decorations, for theirs was also a saguaro Christmas tree, with gaudy things from the town stores. The tree was not quite three feet tall, but lovely.

Near a meat packing plant in Phoenix are three saguaro cacti growing about six feet apart. Fine healthy specimens, with few arms, these are the only trees of any

sort near there, and yet each Christmas for three or four years these have been transformed into things of rare imagery simply by stringing them with colored electric lights. During Christmas week last year, my family and I chanced to pass there at 8 o'clock one evening, and saw nearly 20 young people grouped there singing. I made a point of joining them for a short while, and while we caroled "It Came Upon A Midnight Clear," I studied the individuals. Most of them were Mexican youths. Three were negroes. All were obviously poor; one was even barefooted (but this is no great tragedy, in our warm Southwest). I sang and looked, and then spoke.

"May I have the honor now," I suggested, "of buying everybody a bag of candy, in the little grocery up the road aways?"

Of course I was granted the honor. What I really wanted to do was go somewhere and cry.

I have tried making desert trees myself, and to those who haven't I recommend it. Even to those persons who have leafy evergreens in their yards, or can afford to buy them.

The peculiar thorns of a saguaro, growing in thick sharp clusters, are perfect for hanging almost any decoration or gift. With the slightest artistic ingenuity, any adult or child can make the fat

trunk of any saguaro a thing of genuine Christmas beauty. If it happens to grow near some of the lesser desert things, such as cholla or greasewood, they may all be draped with tinsel and streamers in even more pleasing array.

A Catholic school decorates a saguaro each Christmas, and so do some of the students in the University of Arizona at Tucson. I myself have used the desert health-seeker's idea of punching a can full of nails. I used an empty tomato juice can, gallon size, kept the sides polished brightly, put a red flashing light inside. Friends of mine have adapted this too, for last year I saw three hanging from one group of desert plants.

The cholla cactus also can be decorated but I do not altogether recommend it. One decorates a cholla at his own risk, and I daresay not even Lloyds of London would issue insurance. A cholla, famed as the "jumping cactus," is most vicious of all. It is said, without too much exaggeration, that a cholla will sneak up to you in the dark and stab you with its vicious needles, and of course it will prick you with its barbs if you try to hang silver bells on it. Nevertheless, decorating it is fun, and it makes a truly bizarre "tree."

The buckhorn, the Joshua tree, even the fantastic prickly pear, can be used at Christmas, and often are used, I have discovered. Mostly they turn up decorated at or near homes that have no other choice in the matter (I have seen one dead skeleton of a cholla decorated, not unworthily.) Strangers to the region must understand that the desert is too arid for most of the conventional trees. Many a desert home, especially of poorer people, is far far from any sort of forest, save that of the desert itself. And the desert's growth is practically all thorny, and leafless in the ordinary sense.

Out on the range the cowboys have their Christmas trees. They do the best they can with the materials at hand—and if the decorations are rather unconventional the Christmas spirit is there just the same.



A saguaro on the desert or an evergreen in the parlor — they all look alike to Santa Claus.

On the other hand, the thought of decorating leafless desert growths at Christmas is not exclusively a resort of poverty. In recent years, many an aristocratic home has gone in for this kind of Christmas tree. Wealthy families from the east have been delighted to establish winter homes in the desert, and are willing to sacrifice northeastern traditions in order to avoid northeastern blizzards and snow. Nevertheless, they go in assiduously for the Christmas spirit. I am sure that one great saguaro, growing near the Biltmore Hotel in Phoenix, must have

held \$100 worth of baubles last year. Its many electric lights flashed and twinkled merrily at night, and the Christmas sun be-jeweled its glass and metal by day.

Of course, all desert Christmas trees are *living* trees.

I mean, people do not cut desert growths and move them into the living room. This would never do! A cactus is out of place under any roof, and more and more do desert people frown on destruction of desert growths anyway. And it is, of course, against the law. Then, too, more people enjoy the decorated trees if they are left outside. Many homes are coming to the two-tree idea, with one decorated on the front lawn, and a smaller conventional tree inside. If this be sign of affluence and prosperity, so be it; let us therefore give thanks that we live where we do!

It was the warm desert Southwest, incidentally, that started the fad of outdoor decorations at Christmas time, regardless of desert growths. Until 10 or 15 years ago, outdoor decorations were almost unknown, except in a general way such as on city streets and on municipal charity trees. It was fashionable to hang wreaths and lights in windows, and to go about caroling at night, but it was not proper to decorate shrubs and trees in the yards, nor the roofs of houses themselves. All that has been changed.

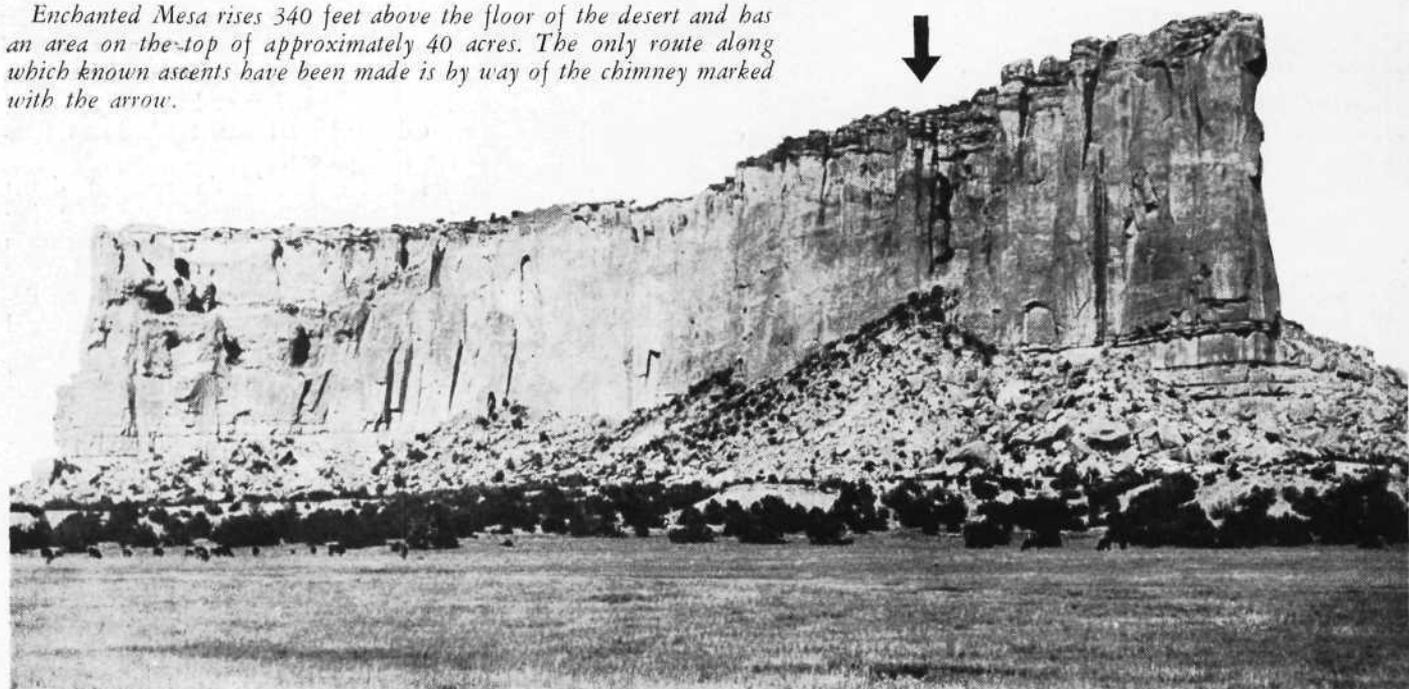
It may have been some astute electric utility man who conceived it, but at any rate he did a good thing. In the Southwest where people do get outdoors a lot in winter, campaigns were launched to make houses beautiful at Christmas. Often contests are held, with valuable prizes offered. And even the humbler homes are likely to show Stars of Bethlehem, or

Continued on page 25

Decorating a buckhorn cactus is a job that calls for both skill and caution—but those sharp spines have no terrors for this child of the desert. After all, Christmas is what you make it.



Enchanted Mesa rises 340 feet above the floor of the desert and has an area on the top of approximately 40 acres. The only route along which known ascents have been made is by way of the chimney marked with the arrow.



Home of the Whistling Ghosts

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

Acoma Indians of New Mexico say their ancestors once lived on the top of the Enchanted Mesa. According to tribal lore a huge slab of stone served as a ladder until it fell one day, leaving three women of the tribe to die at the top, and stopping all passage up the precipitous rock wall. The Indian story was generally regarded as just a legend until 1897 when Dr. Frederick W. Hodge and a group of associates reached the summit with extension ladders and found numerous relics of an ancient Indian civilization there.

"**I**T was an innocent challenge that caused me to climb the Enchanted Mesa the first time. A health-seeker from the east—much older than I—was telling me his experience in making the ascent. He found it a thrilling adventure to explore the birthplace of an ancient legend. I wanted to see the place for myself. If he could climb to the top, so could I."

Ed. P. Edlund paused in his recital. He did not know how badly I once had wanted to make that same challenging climb. That was in 1926 when my trail-mate Will Evans, his daughter Gwen and I were "exploring" west-central New Mexico. We had visited ancient Acoma—three miles south from Katzimo as the natives call Enchanted Mesa—whose present inhabitants say their ancestors once dwelt on top of the smaller mesa.

We had been reliably informed, however, that Katzimo could not be climbed without ladders, ropes and a gang of men to handle the ladders. Our time was limited. We left the lonesome little sky island with determination to return and

explore it—sometime. None of us has kept that resolution, but the haunting mystery of Katzimo remains with me—and here in my study was Ed Edlund, casually referring to the *first* time he had climbed Enchanted Mesa!

"Do you mean to say," I gasped, "you have climbed it more than once—Katzimo, the home of the whistling ghosts?"

"Yes," Ed laughed, "I've been up three times. I'd like to go again—although the ghosts tried their best to drive me away."

The mirth in his dark eyes and the chuckle in his voice assured me the ancient spooks had not bluffed my friend. He seemed to expect more questions. He got 'em!

"Well, how did you get up the first time—with an extension ladder and a gang of helpers? Did you see any traces of the ancient hand-and-foot notches in the stone? How long did it take you to make the climb?"

"That first climb was in 1931 when my wife and I were living in Albuquerque. With a group of friends we packed

a picnic lunch and motored to the base of Katzimo, leaving the highway (U. S. 66) at the Spanish settlement of Paraje and following the trail that led to Acoma pueblo. We had no ladders or ropes or any other special equipment. All in the party had expected to make the climb, but a nearer view of the sheer 400-foot cliff changed the minds of the others.

"There is only one route that can be followed to the summit of Katzimo—the same that was used by the prehistoric inhabitants. See that dark scar on the side of the mesa, above the highest point on the heap of talus reaching up from the base of the cliff?" He pointed to the spot, near the right end of the picture which is reproduced herewith. "That scar is a natural chimney in the cliff. It may have been started by a crack in the sandstone caused by internal movement of the earth. It seems to have been enlarged by the wearing action of wind and water.

"According to legend a huge slab of stone once leaned from the valley floor to the throat of the chimney. In that slab

the ancient inhabitants had clipped holes to serve as steps for reaching the top. It was the collapse of the ladder rock that caused the Indians to abandon Katzimo, leaving on top the three women who perished and became the ghosts which haunt the mesa. Above the place where the slab once leaned many of the step-holes still may be seen. They are used by climbers today for the steepest part of the ascent."

As Edlund described his solitary climb I seemed to share the unusual adventure. I remembered the talus slope at the bottom—an insecure heap of jagged stones which once had formed part of the ancient ladder rock. Some of them may have been used in the walls of prehistoric buildings on top of the mesa. A single careless step on a tottery rock might have

resulted in serious injury before the climber could have accomplished the easier half of the climb.

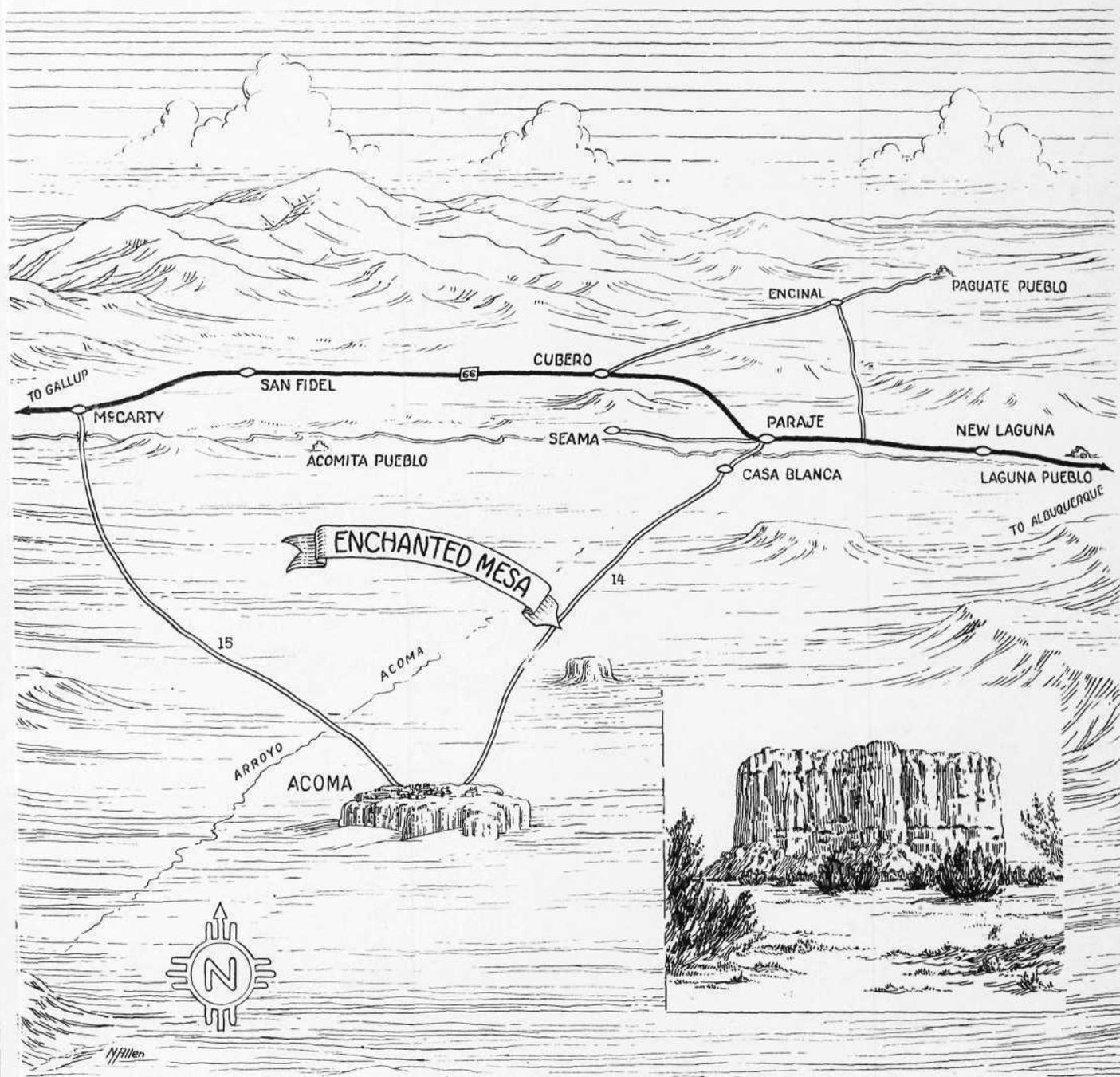
Above the talus the cliff frowns in forbidding steepness. The chimney was the obstacle that dared would-be climbers in both ancient and modern days. I wanted to know exactly how Ed had managed it without ropes, ladders, pitons or human assistance.

"Any sort of help would have been a hindrance in that chimney," Edlund declared. "I mean anything that required the use of hands. When you start up through that crack you need all the hands and feet you have — to keep yourself from being upset by the blast of air that comes up from the plain. I'm more than half convinced it is the whistling of that violent air current which causes Indians

to believe Katzimo is haunted or bewitched or enchanted.

"When a movie company filmed RED-SKIN in 1928 they shot some of the sequences on top of Enchanted Mesa. At some time in the past shallow holes have been gouged in the vertical walls of the narrow crevice. Sticks of piñon and cedar have been inserted in these holes to form a primitive sort of ladder up through the steepest part of the chimney. But the sticks were old and unstable when I went to the top and I had to test each one carefully before trusting my weight on it.

"The height to be climbed in this way was about 50 feet, as I remember, and the rungs were spaced at about two-foot intervals. Not in a vertical or sloping line, as a conventional ladder would have been, but following the outline of





Ed. P. Edlund, who climbed the Enchanted Mesa three times, is shown here with the sombrero that made one of the climbs necessary.

the rock—which at the upper part bulged out in a precarious overhang. What a climb that was — with the whistling ghosts constantly trying to tear me off the shaky sticks that formed the crude ladder!

"Above the topmost stick the chimney assumed a moderate slope. That is where I used the ancient foot-holes which served the Indians as steps. As I crawled upward on all fours I couldn't help admiring the hardy aborigines who had carried water and supplies for several hundred persons up that same trail. I had felt the route was too treacherous even to be burdened with a camera."

Since part of Edlund's youth and early manhood had been spent riding the cattle ranges of western Kansas and eastern Colorado—where arrowheads and other Indian artifacts seem to sprout from the windswept soil—his interest in exploring ancient sites of Indian culture seemed wholly logical. Trained as a grinder of lenses he is interested in hunting for bits of turquoise and petrified wood that had been polished by primitive craftsmen.

"You reached the summit without accident," I reminded him, "What did you see up there? What did you find?"

"John," he answered, "I'm not a superstitious man. I don't believe in ghosts—but there is something QUEER about that place! By the time I reached the top an ugly wind had started blowing—enough force to sweep a man off the narrow little mesa—and the whistle in the chimney had become more like a moan. I sat down to rest, with my back against a boulder. There are a few stunted cedars on top — most of them dead for lack of soil, their naked roots reaching down into cracks in the stone. The place I had reached was cut off from the main massif by a four-foot crevice that seemed to extend down to the mesa's foundation.

"On level ground a four-foot distance doesn't amount to much. But where a stout wind is tugging at you and a slight slip might send you crashing onto broken rocks 300 feet below, you wonder whether such a leap is worth the effort. I hadn't lost anything on the opposite

side of the crack — and I stood a fair chance of losing everything if my foot should slip. I had not found anything of interest on the side where I was resting. I decided to go back down the chimney and rejoin my wife and friends. Then I realized I did not know how to find the way down.

"That may sound silly, John, since I've told you there is only one route to the top of Katzimo. But there are two ways to get down: either jump as did one of the squaws in the legend, or find the ancient trail which leads to the chimney. I chose the trail, but I could not see it. The rim of the mesa is jagged with cracks and they all look alike from the top. Although there was chalk in my pocket, taken along to mark some petroglyphs, I hadn't thought of marking the spot where the trail comes over the rim of Katzimo. The strong wind discouraged the idea of wandering along the edge in search for the chimney. I flopped down onto my belt buckle and crawled around like a rattlesnake looking for winter quarters. When I found the right chimney I was so relieved I didn't mind having failed in my hunt for arrowheads and potsherds, and the shaky sticks in the ladder seemed as firm as a steel fire escape."

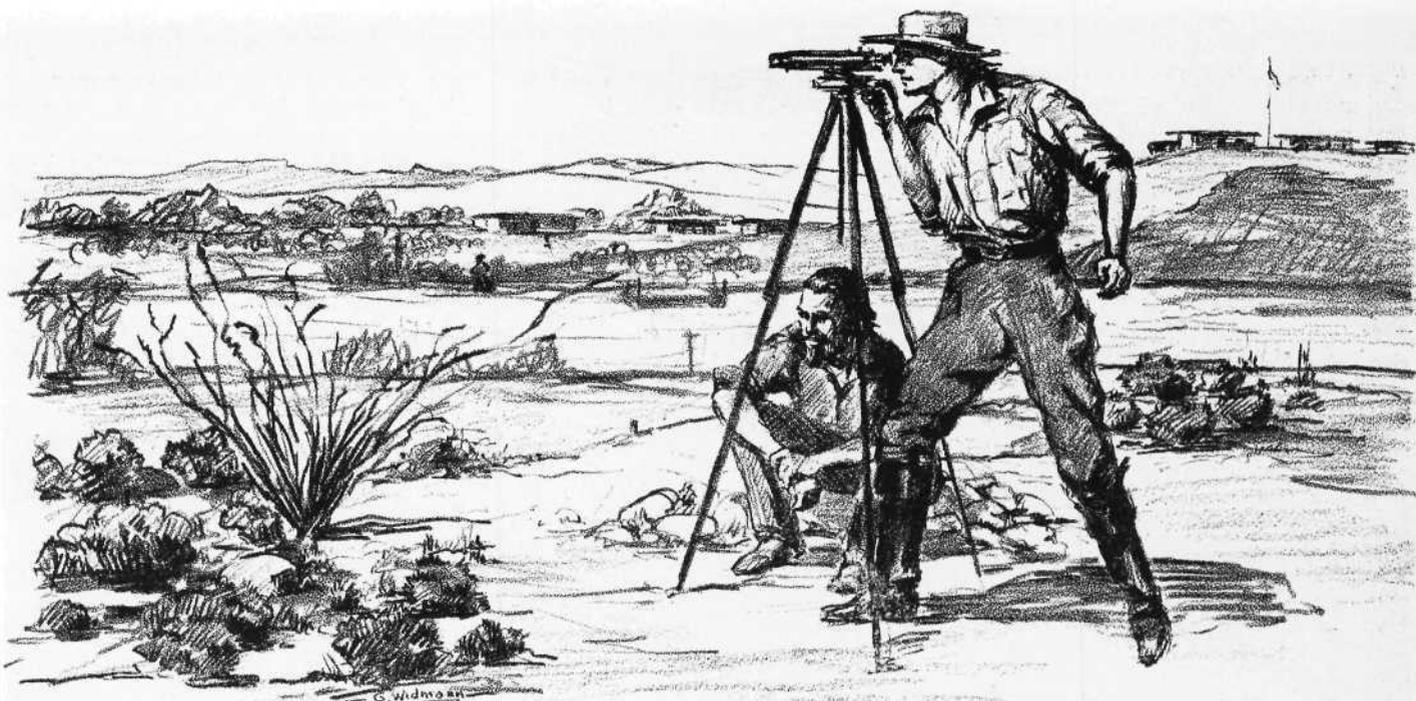
His first climb netted Edlund nothing more than the satisfaction of having accomplished a hazardous undertaking. The ancient trinkets of Katzimo—if any—yet remained where the ages had hidden them, waiting to be found. A year later with John Nusbaum of Albuquerque, Ed again climbed Enchanted Mesa.

Piloting Harveycars through the Indian country Nusbaum had become familiar with lore and legends of the region. He had climbed Katzimo several times. He led the way. When the two reached the four-foot split on top of the mesa Nusbaum leaped the gap and shoved across it a light wooden bridge which someone had left on the far side. Edlund crossed and the two searched the 40 or 50 acres of the mesa's top—looking for artifacts, but finding none on the windswept stone. After the fruitless search Nusbaum declared: "A fellow's a fool to take crazy risks like this—looking for something he never will need. My wife and baby son need me alive and I'm going back to them. Coming, Ed?"

Nusbaum led the way down the makeshift ladder in the chimney. The usual blast of air was whistling up from the sandy plain, tugging at the men as though forbidding their descent.

"It seemed the whistling ghosts did not want to be left alone," Edlund continued as he described his second trip down the narrow flue. "As I dropped off the bottom rung of the ladder my big sombrero was jerked off my head, sailed 60 or 70 feet straight up into the air and

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Hermann Ehrenberg

-- Seeker of High Adventure

By ARTHUR WOODWARD
Art by GLORIA WIDMANN

A visitor once described the town of Ehrenberg on the Arizona bank of the Colorado river as "the liveliest place this side of San Francisco." That was in 1870 when millions of dollars in placer gold were being taken from the gravel washes a few miles away. Today the old town has almost disappeared. But the memory of the man for whom the town was named should be preserved by desert people for he was an outstanding personality on the Southwest frontier.

A young surveyor with a white scar across his forehead wiped the perspiration from his face and squinted through his instrument. It was hot muggy weather on the bank of the Colorado river that August morning in 1854.

Four other men lounged in the scant shade watching the engineer. Occasionally they turned their eyes across the stream toward a cluster of low stick-in-the-mud houses on the west bank, where stood the ferry establishment of L. J. F. Jaeger.

The man at the transit was Hermann Ehrenberg, a young Saxon who had followed the high road to adventure since he was 15. Now at the age of 34, he was standing on the eastern shore of the Colorado going through the motions of laying out a town in the midst of uncivilized desert in the hope of bluffing ferry passage for himself and his companions out of the stubborn Dutchman who carried emigrants across the swirling waters at \$25 a passage.

With Ehrenberg were Charles D. Poston, that strange, forceful pioneer-believer in the waste lands of the newly acquired Gadsden Purchase, Peter Brady, H. S. Stevens and one other. This party

had arrived recently at the river after a six months' tour of reconnoissance in what is now Arizona and part of Sonora. They had visited the towns of Fuerte, Alamo, Guaymas and Hermosillo. They had seen the quiet valley of El Altar and pressing west and north had come to the head of the Gulf of California and thence moved upstream to a point opposite Fort Yuma.

They were worn out physically and their finances were exhausted when they arrived at the ferry. They had nothing to trade and no means of earning money to pay their way across the river. Jaeger was a hard-headed Pennsylvanian who had been in California since 1848 and had established the ferry near Pilot Knob in 1850. His price as stated, was \$25. Pay it or swim. That was his ultimatum.

Poston and Ehrenberg didn't feel like swimming and they had no money, so they decided to make the Dutchman transport them on their own terms. Their plan was simple. Ehrenberg was a civil engineer. The land on the eastern side of the stream was unoccupied. It was an excellent site for a city. They would lay out a city, sell the lots and maybe open a ferry in competition with Jaeger. Such was the rumor they started and in short

time it reached the ears of the ferryman.

Day after day Ehrenberg continued his work of laying out streets and squares. Lines of stakes appeared. There was every indication the new subdividers meant business.

The upshot of it was that Jaeger, who couldn't bear to see any development going on without being in on the ground floor, agreed to take two of the lots in the new city in payment for ferriage of the entire party across the river.

The story spread and soon everyone who passed that way was laughing at the manner in which Jaeger had been hoaxed. The laughter died however when it was learned that the madmen who had staked out a 936-acre townsite among the mesquites and creosote bushes actually had filed on the site in San Diego. They named the town Colorado City. Later the name was changed to Arizona City and on February 3, 1873, it was re-named Yuma. Thus out of the need for transportation across the river, born of the fertile imagination of Hermann Ehrenberg and Charles Poston, the thriving city of Yuma came into being.

Who was this Ehrenberg?

He was born in Saxony in 1820. In 1835 he ran away from the counting

house where his father had placed him, and took ship for New York. Apparently that metropolis had no charms for him and he set out for New Orleans. Friction matches were less than ten years old at that time, hence they were a valuable commodity and young Ehrenberg earned his living en route to the southern city by making and selling loco loco matches.

In New Orleans he found the air surcharged with war talk. Far to the west lay a great undefined area known as Texas. A handful of American pioneer settlers were bent on wresting that land from Mexico. Volunteer regiments were being raised all over the south. There were the Mustangs of Kentucky, the Mobile Grays, the Red Rovers of Alabama and the New Orleans Grays. Ehrenberg, with youthful enthusiasm for new adventure, enlisted in the New Orleans unit. On December 5, 1835, he received his first baptism of fire at the storming of San Antonio.

Four months later Ehrenberg was one of the 445 American prisoners who filled the old church in the little Mexican town of Goliad. Their commander, Colonel James W. Fannin, Jr., badly wounded, had surrendered March 20 to a superior force of Mexican troops under Lieutenant Colonel Nicolas de la Portilla. On the evening of March 26, 1836, the prisoners of war were celebrating their impending parole. Within a few days they would be on the way home. Unknown to them, however, orders had just been received by Portilla from his superior, the notorious Santa Anna, to execute every one of

the North Americans. It was a difficult order for a soldier to obey. But Portilla was a soldier and he had to carry out the command of his superior officer.

Accordingly, at dawn on the morning of the 27th the Americans were marched out of Goliad in three columns. When but a short distance from the pueblo, the Mexican troops, acting as escort, suddenly wheeled and opened fire upon the unarmed prisoners. In that brief moment 300 Americans lost their lives. Twenty-seven men, more quick-witted than their comrades, dropped to the earth as the fatal volley was fired. Hermann Ehrenberg was one of these men. Under cover of the billows of black powder smoke he crept into the tall grass and made his way to the banks of the San Antonio river. Here he was seen by a Mexican officer on horseback who pursued him. Down swept the officer's saber and Ehrenberg fell with his face terribly slashed by the steel blade. He carried the scar of that encounter the remainder of his life.

Left for dead, the lad revived and made his escape. He found his way to an abandoned rancho. Later he was captured by Mexican troops, but his youth and the condition of his wounds touched the heart of General Jose' Urrea who set him free. Ehrenberg then followed in the wake of the retreating Texans and

Blythe-Ehrenberg ferry in the horse-and-buggy days. Some of the present residents in the Palo Verde valley will recognize their old-time neighbors in this picture.

was with them at San Jacinto where the last important battle of the Texan war for independence was fought.

At the end of the campaign Ehrenberg returned to Germany where he stayed long enough to write and publish a book on Texas.

It is said that this volume, *Der freibekampfung in Texas in jahre 1836*, published in Leipzig in 1844, and never translated into English, was an important factor in the post-war German emigration to the Lone Star republic. During this period, Ehrenberg also applied himself to the study of civil engineering and in the roving life that followed, this profession always kept him in bread and butter.

In 1844, the year his book appeared, Ehrenberg landed a second time in New York. At that time the wilderness territory of Oregon was the talk of the town. Newspapers carried long articles concerning the marvelous opportunities awaiting settlers on the shores of the Pacific.

Ehrenberg apparently saw the possibilities for a young civil engineer in such a country. He joined an emigrant train leaving St. Louis and trekked west over the long difficult trail to Oregon. Traffic over one of the most famous roads in North America was just beginning and Ehrenberg rode in the van. He eventually made his way to Astoria, that western outpost of American enterprise, founded by another German lad.

Here Ehrenberg set up his transit, laid out townsites and mapped tracts of land for settlers. He did this sort of work for





Ruins of old Ehrenberg as they appeared in 1920. Only mounds of adobe mark the site today. Photo by Frashers.

two years, then he saw the mirage of adventure on the western horizon. He sailed for the Sandwich Islands, thence south to the Marquesas, Fiji, Samoa and Tahiti. Those lands seem to have held a charm for the men of the Caucasian race since they were first discovered. Like a homeless ghost Ehrenberg drifted through the unspoiled isles of pleasure for a year, then once more followed the gleam to South America.

He was in Valparaiso when Stevenson's Regiment of New York Volunteers put into that port en route to Alta California. Ehrenberg promptly enlisted with the outfit and sailed north, hoping perhaps to avenge a saber slash received ten years before on the banks of the San Antonio.

In July 1847, Colonel R. B. Mason directed Lieutenant Colonel Burton to embark on board the store ship Lexington with Companies A and B of Stevenson's Regiment, destination La Paz, Baja California. Young Ehrenberg sailed with this detachment which relieved a naval force holding that station. While on this tour of duty the regiment was besieged by the Mexican forces for 30 days and Ehrenberg was in the thick of the fighting. In September 1848, the ship-of-line Ohio took the war weary men on board and returned to Monterey where the companies landed in October. Several months before the soldiers arrived, a thin flat *chispa* of gold no larger than one's little finger nail had been discovered in a new mill race at Coloma. That golden spark fired a conflagration that enveloped the whole world. Every man who was foot loose, and thousands more who were not, were caught in the holocaust, blinded and burned by the magic gleam of that little flake of raw GOLD.

Many of the discharged members of

Stevenson's Regiment left immediately for the gold fields. On November 5, 1848, Ehrenberg in company with T. E. Ketchum, Lieut. George Pendleton, James B. Morehead, a man by the name of Young, and Sergeant Beasley, set out from Monterey for the mines.

Thenceforth Ehrenberg was one who rubbed the golden lamp of dreams. He sought the Genii of fortune in all parts of northern California. When not engaged in gold seeking he was surveying mining property for others. He laid out a town at the mouth of the Klamath river. He led the gold rush to Gold Bluff. From 1848 until 1854 he moved restlessly from camp to camp.

In February, 1854, Ehrenberg set out with his friend Poston on a tour of the Gadsden Purchase. With the maps and information derived from that trip Ehrenberg was able to draw the first good map of Arizona. This was published in 1855. In this same year, Poston, who is worthy of a separate story, took the sketch maps and data accumulated by his party and traveled extensively in many large eastern cities seeking to enlist capital on the side of the Sonora Exploring company as the expedition was termed. Ehrenberg remained in Arizona. He was in Tucson August 15, 1855, to welcome Poston and the newly arrived members of the company Poston had brought from the east. Ehrenberg, already feeling himself a founder-citizen of this new land, was a member of a convention called at Tucson this same year to memorialize Congress to admit Arizona as a territory.

The Sonora Exploring company went actively into the mining business. It acquired 80 mines and 20,000 acres of land, 17,000 of which were included in the purchase of the old Arivaca rancho,

15 miles southwest of Tubac. In 1857, Ehrenberg, whose health was poor, remained in the desert looking after the interests of the company. He made more trips into Sonora and in 1858 joined Poston on a second tour of the east, seeking more capital for their silver mines.

Although the ventures of the Sonora Exploring company eventually were brought to a standstill by Apache hostilities and the outbreak of Civil war, the interest in Arizona territory as a mining region had been well stimulated by the efforts of Poston and Ehrenberg.

Placer fields were discovered along the Colorado and in the north central interior of the territory. Prospectors had accompanied Captain Johnson in the General Jessup on the exploration of the Colorado in 1857. Gold sluws found in the pouches of slain Apaches caused writers to dub Arizona "The Land of the Golden Bullets." New towns mushroomed along the river like magic. Hardyville, Bradshaw's Ferry, Laguna de la Paz, El Dorado, these were a few of the concentration points of the swarms of gold hunters. Hundreds of men flocked to the new diggings. Old mountain men such as Pauline Weaver and Captain Joseph R. Walker guided parties of prospectors to likely spots where gold might be found. A new stage route between San Bernardino and the Colorado was laid out. One of the new stations along this road was known as Dos Palmas. In 1866 it was maintained by a man known simply as Smith.

One night in October 1866, Hermann Ehrenberg made up his bunk under a brush ramada outside the adobe station of Dos Palmas. He had with him \$3,500 in gold. All his life he had followed the trail of adventure and fortune through many lands. Only in recent years had he begun to achieve some degree of financial success.

That night, under cover of darkness, an unknown assassin shot Ehrenberg through the heart with a rifle ball and robbed his corpse of the money. It was rumored that an Indian who knew he had the gold was the guilty party, but Poston, who had stayed at the same station the night previous to the murder, said he believed the station keeper was the murderer.

The year following the death of Hermann Ehrenberg, a new town was born on the Arizona shore of the Colorado a few miles south of the older pueblo of Laguna de La Paz. The site of this new desert metropolis was a quarter section of land opposite the river landing on the west bank known as Bradshaw's Landing. It bore the name of Mineral City but the prospectors and river people who remembered the quiet German engineer,

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Mission of San Xavier del Bac.

Photo by Putnam Studios, Los Angeles.

Shrine of the Desert Padres

By JO-SHIPLEY WATSON

It was a gala day in the little Pima settlement of Bac on the southern Arizona desert when black-robed Father Kino arrived in the heat of September in 1692 to hold first Mass in an improvised temple of mesquite branches. The Indians liked the white man's magic and asked that a permanent mission be established there. And that was the beginning of the Mission San Xavier del Bac. Today one of the most beautiful churches in America, built by the Franciscan fathers, stands near the site of Kino's first mission—and a worthy padre carries on the ministry that was begun 246 years ago.

IF I had met my milkman in chain armor or the grocer in doublet and hose, I would not have been more startled than I was to come upon such architectural splendor on a desert landscape of cactus and sage.

I got my first glimpse of the mission of San Xavier del Bac in southern Arizona on a bright Sunday morning in spring. I was on an ancient trail. Fray Marcos and perhaps Coronado came this way in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola. Padres and trappers, Indian scouts and pioneers and soldiers—and today, tourists—all have traveled the Santa Cruz valley at Tucson.

Our car swished through the tiny stream of the Santa Cruz river and there, on ground somewhat higher than the valley floor, rose the gleaming white mission. A dazzling picture, as foreign to the desert as if by some strange magic it had been dropped here from out a city in old Spain.

I was accustomed to think of old missions as of a dull drab hue, the color of the adobe from which they were made. But here is a mission of marble whiteness. Its bricks are baked, its stones are carved, its marbles come from afar. Thus even the material of San Xavier contributes to the air of apartness sensed at every turn.

The church door, its huge panels mortised and dovetailed together, opens into a somber nave. The air was heavy with age and incense. A beam of light, slender and blue-dyed, pushed its way through a narrow Moorish window, deeply set in the six-foot wall, and touched into life a rare mural of the Holy Family set high on the groined arch above.

Below, two grim and ancient stone lions, mute symbols of the power of old Castile, stood guard at the altar rail. Suddenly I became aware of two living figures kneeling before a shrine, as still and unreal as the images around them. Silently

I retreated, leaving them in the shadowy stillness of the old mission with heads bowed low before their saint.

Outside was the brilliant and shadeless desert, edged round with purple and lavender mountains. The mission was motionless and silent. I felt as if I were pushed back from our modern high-tensioned life 200 years. Even the motor car looked strangely out of place at the hitching racks below.

Peace flowed about me and for one brief instant I caught the throb of life in the old mission and sensed vaguely the consuming passion of the dauntless padre who founded this church.

Father Eusebio Kino, Austrian born scholar and Jesuit was the first to bring Christianity to the desert Indians of Pimeria Alta (northern Sonora and southern Arizona).

When the Father turned northward toward Bac that September in 1692 he dreamed of future triumphs of the Holy Faith in a vast new land. He would extend the boundaries of Christendom even to the Apache strongholds.

Father Kino packed his outfit like a seasoned pioneer. His cavalcade of soldiers, servants, pack mules and a drove of mares left a cloud of dust like the smoke of a signal fire. The vaqueros had driven the cattle many leagues, all the way from Dolores in Pimeria Baja. Men and beasts were choked.

For the Indians at Bac it was a memorable day. Not since the last raid of the dreaded Apaches had there been such a furor in the village.

The Black Robe Comes Today

"To-day I do not build barricades and shoot arrows," said little Chuco, son of the chief, as he strained his eyes toward the south, "I sweep the paths and raise the arches, the Black Robe comes."

Father Kino's fame preceded him. Chuco was the first one to meet the strangers. He carried an olla of water, the desert's greatest gift to man.

Out of the desert and along a well-swept lane formed by two files of Pimas in gala attire marched the procession, led by the padre in a black robe, carrying a cross, and speaking the Pima language. Kino was indeed a man of magic. The ramadas were ready for the famous visitor and his followers.

Shyly the chief and his head man advanced to receive the beribboned canes of office. Men, women and children gazed curiously at the horses, strange animals they had never seen before.

Soon there was laughter and gayety, for the Pimas are a friendly people. When the packs were opened and they saw the glass beads and bracelets, the scissors and knives, their happiness was complete.

Eagerly the natives watched Father Kino enter the largest ramada, a frame of forked poles covered with mesquite, to say the first Mass before a portable altar. This rude temple of poles and branches was the first church at Bac, "the place of the well."

Chuco and many other children were baptized that day, and there were "long talks" in the evening. Writing about it later, Father Kino said, "I was received with all love by the many inhabitants of this great rancheria." Father Kino did not stop with this first rude temple. Eight years later he returned and with his own hands laid the foundation of "a very large and spacious church."

Indians Prove to be Good Farmers

The present San Xavier Mission, a perfect Latin cross, is near these ancient foundations. Years later, in a letter to King Philip V of Spain, Kino gave a glowing account of Bac. He said, "There are already very rich and abundant fields, plantings of wheat, maize, frijoles, lentils—there are many Castilian fruit trees; as fig trees, quinces, oranges, pomegranates, peaches, apricots, and pear trees—with all sorts of



Father Mark Bucher who carries on the work started by Father Kino 246 years ago. Photo by Al Buehman, Tucson.

garden stuff such as cabbages, lettuce, melons, garlic, anise, mustard—and Castilian roses and white lilies."

Today sagebrush and mesquite trees cover the site of this former paradise.

I stood in the walled atrium looking south as the neophytes did of old, but the desert gave no hint of clanking conquistadores and sandaled padres having passed this way. Heat waves ran like quicksilver over the waterless plain. The past was as though it had never been. Yet this lonely land not only was known, but books were written about it as early as the sixteenth century.

Only one living thing ties the present to that adventurous past. The giant saguaros, casting their shadows across the paths of the Spanish conquerors and the missionary Padres, still grow beside the forgotten trails. If these mute supplicants of the desert could talk what strange tales they would have to tell.

Fifty-six years after Kino's death the persevering Jesuits were expelled and the gentle Franciscans took charge of the Sonora chain. From about 1828 when the Franciscans were

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Dream-Plant of the Tribesmen

By FRANK A. SCHILLING

IN Zuñi-land when the A'shiwanni, or rain priests, go at night to ask the birds to sing for rain they place a very small quantity of the powdered root of *U'teawe Ko'hanna* into their eyes, ears and mouths. They say the birds are never afraid to tell A'shiwanni that they will sing for them when they have the powder in their eyes, ears and mouths.

When the plant is gathered by the rain priest, four plume offerings are prepared, two for the two children, A'neglakya and his sister, and two for his deceased predecessors. Each offering is deposited separately in an excavation made by the priest with an ancient bean-planter, with appropriate prayers that the rain may come and fructify Earth Mother and make her beautiful.

The Zuñi Indians say that two children, A'neglakya and his sister, who lived in the center of the earth, often came to the outer world visiting the people. They observed closely everything they saw and heard, repeating all to their mother. This displeased the Divine Ones, who concluded that the two children should be banished from this world for all time. Flowers sprang up where the two children disappeared into the earth, flowers exactly like those worn by the children in their hair.

This plant, so sacred to the Indians of the Southwest is known to the white man as the Jamestown, or Jimson weed, or the thorn apple. In his account of the medicinal plants of New Spain, Hernandez describes a species of *Datura* of eastern Mexico, having pubescent leaves, and known as "*toloatzin*" (inclined-head). This name was modified to the form "*toloache*," and applied to several species of *Datura*, or Jamestown Weed. Modern botanists have classified these plants, and in California and the southwest there are no less than four species, namely: *Datura meteloides* DC (*toquacha*) which is found as far north as the Sacramento valley, along the coast and extending eastward into Texas and southward into Mexico; *Datura discolor* Bernh., growing in the Colorado desert; *Datura tatula* L (purple thorn apple), a native from tropical

America and widely distributed in California, but infrequent; and *Datura stramonium* L (stramonium) also known as the Jamestown or Jimson Weed.

All are coarse, rank-smelling herbs, with large leaves and funnel-shaped flowers, resembling a giant morning-glory. The botanical name *Datura* is derived from the Hindu name *Dhatara*, Asia being the land of origin of the plants according to some authors, while others attribute the origin of the American *Datura stramonium* to Europe.

The Nightshade family, to which the genus *Datura* belongs, includes a large number of narcotic plants, among them tobacco; the mandrake, a potion of which Cleopatra asked Charmian to give her so that she might sleep out the period of Anthony's absence; and the belladonna, or Beautiful Lady, a name given to this particular plant from the practice once common among women of touching their eyes with it to make the pupils large and lustrous. To this family also belong several cultivated plants and vegetables—the potato, tomato, egg-plant, cayenne pepper and chili, and the petunia.

The *Daturas* are highly narcotic and contain drugs that produce visions and hallucinations of terrifying aspect. The narcotic properties are unquestionably the cause of the tremendous supernatural powers ascribed to the plant and responsible for its selection as the foundation of an important ritual. The vision-producing effect was enhanced by several days of fasting before taking the drug.

The Jimson weed was a top ranking medicinal and ceremonial plant among the early Indians of the North American continent, especially in the southwestern part of the United States. Among the Zuñi the medicine of the Jimson weed was the property of the rain priests and the directors of the Little Fire and Cimex fraternities. The Zuñi doctor used the root of the plant as an anesthetic while performing simple operations, such as setting fractured limbs, treating dislocations, making

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Many folks dream of a little shack on the desert where there is peace and freedom and health. Lillian and Dick Ross found the way to make this dream come true. To them, the desert was an unknown land, but they brought enthusiasm and friendliness to their crude little cabin home—and the desert gave back to them in heaping measure. Here is a narrative that will help you understand the fascination of the land of cactus and greasewood.

We Found the Warm Heart of the Desert

By LILLIAN BOS ROSS

LOS ANGELES streets were rain-rivers, a driving February deluge splashed down on us as we dashed from house to car. We began our adventure on a dark, cold four o'clock morning hour, but to us it was the brightest dawn of many a day.

Our old pattern of life had been crumpled up and dropped into a doctor's waste basket. We had to seek not only a road back to health, but a sign post that would show us a new way to earn a living.

We still had an old car with four thin tires and a total capital of \$35; we both had covered-wagon grandparents, had inherited a disregard for difficulties and a hunger for new horizons. Neither of us had ever been in the desert, both of us had wanted to go. Now we were on our way.

As we drove south, rain pelted the car until we left Riverside behind us. Then we dived into a brilliant white fog. This fog was warm, like white wool, and luminous with the sun that almost came through. At Palm Springs the sun won out, and we had our first sight of the



"We were rich in sun and sand and silence" wrote Lillian Ross from her little shack on the Borego desert. This is the "studio" where Lillian and Dick turned professional writer and woodcarver.

desert, but not the desert we were seeking.

We stopped an hour in Palm Springs, saw luxurious hotels with bright patios, brown happy looking strollers on the streets. We had shed overcoats and mufflers ten miles back, and still we looked like visitors from Mars. Conventional street clothes set us apart from these folks in shorts and sandals.

It was mid-morning when we left the gay little city, and the sun of midday hung hot in a blue sky when we came to the place where our chosen road met the main highway. There had been no family conflict over road choice. We had studied a map of the great Colorado des-

ert and together had settled quickly upon an empty space marked "Borego Desert State Park." One road was shown leading into this new state park and the rest of it looked almost as unsettled as in the days when DeAnza and his men marched through.

It was an exciting moment when we turned our car off the main highway and we were on "our own road Westward."

After the first half-mile civilization except for the road we were following was blotted out. It was a golden world of folded sand and strange new plant forms. The desert cacti wear as many faces as the mixed population of a cosmopolitan city. At this first seeing, nameless, they

flowed by our moving car as beautiful, interesting strangers.

I had visioned the desert as a flat, dun-colored expanse, exhilarating in its emptiness. The real desert was a series of vivid and subtle colorings. Far on its edges floated mountains, blue, pink and rose. The sand was not sand color at all, nor was its color fixed. Depending upon shadow, or plant growth, or the angle of the sun, it was as vari-colored as the mountains that rimmed it.

After 18 miles of warm, empty desert, we came to a trim white house; a white-painted gas station, and a big white watertank and windmill. The owner was as friendly as the handful of trees that completed this oasis. While we were getting gas and oil we inquired about cabins in the state park and learned that our nice big empty state park was really empty! No cabins, no accommodations for tourists at all.

We had a bad moment, a Babes-in-the-Woods moment without even strawberry leaves to cover us; a feeling that the desert was indeed wide and empty.

Then the man polishing the windshield looked up to say thoughtfully, "We got a little shack yonder," pointing to a tiny cabin on a little rise. "We rent it out now and again, you could take it for the night—"

How thankfully we took it!

As the black velvet silence of the night folded around us and the widest sky either of us had ever seen traced new star-roads above us, we knew we were not going to leave the desert. We loved it.

We woke with a nagging thought of where and how we should live. The cabin

we were in was \$1.50 a night, but with \$35 to last as long as we could make it last, a second night of such extravagance was unthinkable!

We Get Kindly Tip

In the morning, while Dick packed the car, I paid our host for the cabin. His voice was so kindly, his eyes so friendly, I found myself telling him what we were looking for, and why.

"You could camp in one of the deserted cabins," he said. "Plenty of 'em around." He gave us directions for finding three places, adding, "Pick out one with screens; flies get thick when the sheep come in to pasture on the flowers."

Even our old car seemed excited as we drove away and within a mile, came to the first estate on our list.

It had screens,—and windows!

We ignored the half of the roof that was gone—we'd heard it seldom rained in the desert. We got the door and the windows opened, chased out a vinegaroon and a lizard—(who walked right back in, so we named him Bill and told him to make himself at home) and felt that we ourselves were home.

We drove back to the gas station and got the name of the owner, so we could write to him, and that was only the beginning of what we got. The pioneer spirit of hospitality and generosity flourishes in the desert of today, as it did when the old West was waiting, vast and unknown.

We drove back to our half-roofed palace and again I was surprised not to see it until we were almost upon it. The desert looks so flat, but it has a gentle rise

and fall, getting its look of flatness from the far horizon.

From our door, the desert stretched away to the Vallecito mountains on the south, to the Santa Rosas on the north, between them sand, cactus and silence, no house, no moving thing. This empty silence, as warm and living as a friendly hand, seemed the last word in luxury. We swept the floor, made the bed, put a fire in our little black stove, and felt like Adam and Eve in a golden paradise.

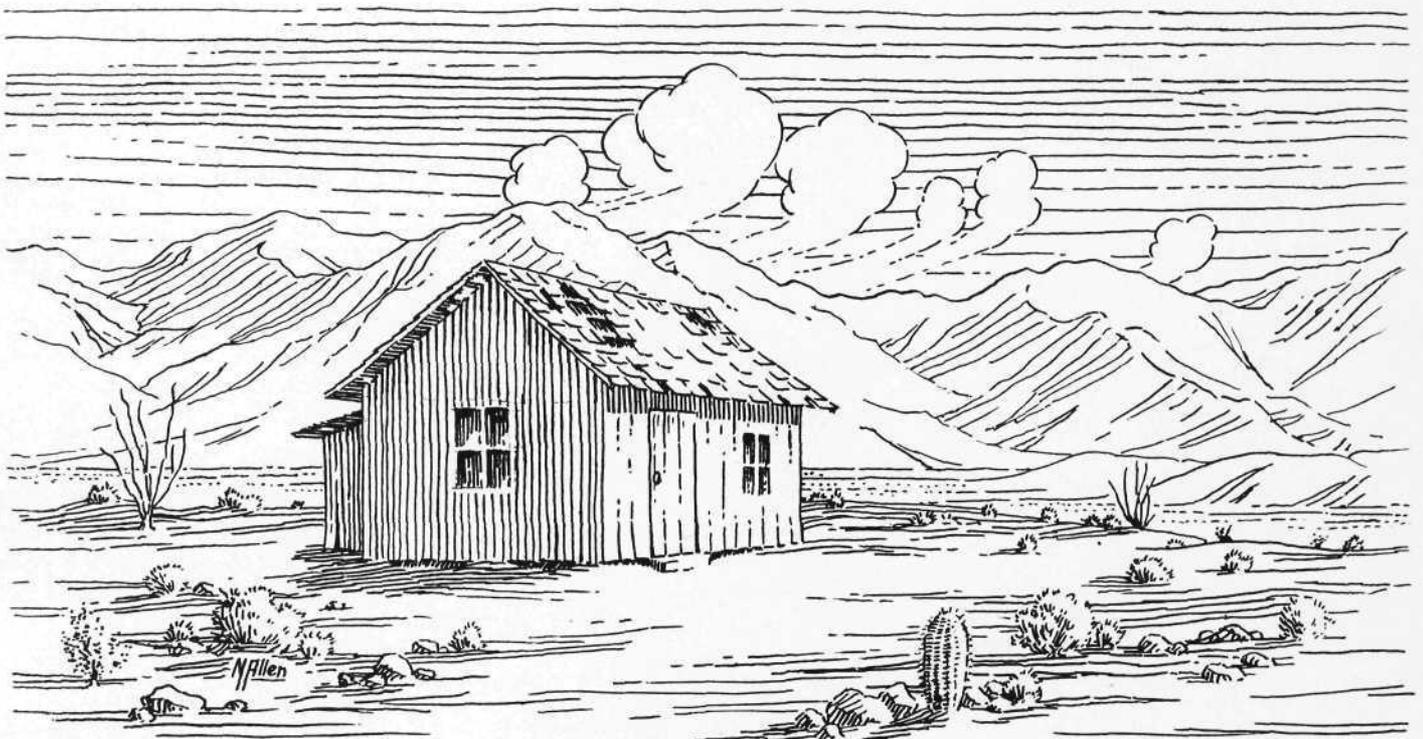
We gave this day to housekeeping and were sleeping soon after the first star was winking at us through the piece of roof we didn't have. By the next nightfall we had cupboards and chairs out of boxes, and were getting under control the intricacies of living a mile away from water.

That night it rained! Our bed was under the solid piece of roof. We scurried about with a flashlight gathering up odds and ends and we were soon all shipshape and rejoicing in the storm. We'd set out everything that would hold water. We woke in bright sunshine and found we'd caught about enough rain water to wash a cup.

I decided our house should have a name. Dick got a smooth board and his paints and soon we had a sign hanging beside our door. A gaily dressed witch was stirring a huge cauldron hung on a tripod, and the name "Gypsy's Warning" was in bright colors.

Then we decided to add exploration to our program and from the "Gypsy's Warning" we set out to see the new and strange in our strange new world.

It was 18 miles to the Borego post-office and the road was a track through



soft sand on which the car swayed and turned as though it had a mind of its own. The trail kept climbing up until we could see Superstition Mountains, blue above the golden sand, seeming to float in the air. The sparkling Salton sea glimmered toward the east, and to the north the cone-shaped hills of the Borego badlands loomed, desperately alike. That was their danger—mile after mile of glittering golden cones all the same shape, height and hotness.

Sorting of mail after the stage arrived was a leisurely business. The stage brought a few supplies, a lot of mail order catalogues, and newspapers.

Looking at the papers was always a shock. In the cities flood, war, murder, and disgrace; in the Borego desert our world-shaking events were the slow opening of the beautiful desert lily, the finding of a flint arrowpoint.

As one day of blissful sun and silence followed another, the little "Gypsy's Warning" came to mean everything that home can mean. It was as though Mother Earth had taken us for her children. The birds had nests in the mesquite, the pack-rat had his burrow in the ground, and we had "The Gypsy's Warning." We were rich with sand and sun and silence.

We went to see mountain tops of ancient shells looking down on the silent sand. We climbed high in the wild canyons and found the rock formations of what we called the Circle Houses. These enduring reminders of some forgotten tribe were like abandoned houses one would expect to find on the mountains of the moon. The rock circles were perfect, the door spaces as definite as when the copper feet of the Old People paused there long ago.

We marveled at wind carvings, thousands of them, all from the desert sandstone by the winds of centuries. There were strange trees, animals, sandstone people, some grotesque—all weirdly beautiful. And every day we saw the miracle of dawn in the desert; of sunset over what Dick called "The Unbelievable Mountains."

My husband was completely happy with the beautiful wood he found on the desert, some of it bleached and sandblasted to an incredible smoothness. Putting ironwood in the cook stove made him restless every time a piece was sacrificed to the household gods. Ironwood is as heavy as it sounds, as dark as ebony, and a marvelous wood to carve.

At first Dick's carving was a sort of busy work, something to do sitting in the doorway watching the sunset — waiting for supper. But as he grew stronger, calmer, so did the carvings. They were as simple as our days on the desert, as clean of line as the windswept dunes. An ageless peace was in the figures he carved from desert woods.

When tourists' cars passed, our sign, "Gypsy's Warning," attracted the curious and the friendly, even the souvenir hunter with money to spend! One day I asked an obviously opulent passing stranger in to see our house. Queerly enough, I had asked him out of pity. As he read our "Gypsy's Warning" his eyes had the wistful look of a little boy who doesn't know the game that's being played, but longs to have a hand in it.

"Artists, aren't you?" he asked as he stepped inside. He looked around with brightening eyes and said, "This is the real thing!"



Passing tourists were attracted by the odd sign that hung at the doorway.

I liked him. He was right. This was the real thing.

Brown beans were bouncing merrily, doing a bean ballet on the jolly black stove with the clove of garlic, the bit of bay-leaf, a ham bone and some wild sage. Bill, the lizard, was at his favorite perch, the northeast leg of the stove, waiting patiently to snap up an occasional ant.

Dick had decorated the lazyback chairs, made from packing boxes, with carvings of the birds and beasts of the desert. Empty tin cans, the labels soaked off, made half a dozen silver wallvases to hold desert flowers and vines. Gay painted curtains of pleated butcher paper hung at the windows, and my husband's water colors of the desert brightened the walls. The shelves he had put up were getting crowded with his carvings. I had been writing letters, so my typewriter was out, with papers scattered around.

The stranger asked, "Which is the artist and which is the writer?"

I was shocked to hear my own voice saying, "I'm the writer." I saw my husband's amused face and wanted my brash words back.

We talked of this and that, places and people, trends and taxes. Finally our visitor got up to go, saying, "I envy you two. I'll think about all this, many times."

He looked around and picked up a small sandstone carving, asking, "How much is this?"

Dick's mouth was opened to say,

"Take it along; glad you like it" I knew. That was what he always said when some one liked one of his pictures or carvings, but this time I jumped the gun.

I said, "It's only a dollar." It was the wrong thing to say. I know now, that the first patron felt that if a work of art was valued at only a dollar, it was scarcely worth that! But he put down a round silver dollar, a real dollar, and went out as though he did hate to leave.

From his car he called back, "I've got a friend who's crazy about art. Could I tell him to look you up?"

Assured that he could, he drove away. I went back into the house, got desperately busy stirring the beans.

"Well, as a writer, you're a blamed good cook," said Dick, after dinner.

I defended myself, "Well, a writer is some one that writes. I always intended to be one, someday. Very well — I'm a writer. And no more amateur stuff for you, my fine fellow! YOU are an artist!"

My husband spun the dollar thoughtfully on the scrubbed table. He finally said, "I must be — I've sold some art. I almost passed out when you turned mercenary — 'It's only a dollar' — we should have given him that crazy little gadget. Didn't take me ten minutes to make it."

"Swell!" I answered, hardhearted as Scrooge.

A week went by. I wrote. I wrote reams, having more fun than I had thought possible; also moments of heart-break.

Dick was carving at a big ironwood Indian, boldly tried giving him seashell eyes from shells picked up on an old sea bed, now a desert. I named the Indian "Khewah" and thought he was nice.

The friend of our Passing Stranger arrived and I saw the same reaction to our work shop in the desert.

We were very gay as we waved him "Good-by!"

We could be. With him, standing proudly upright on the front seat of his car, went "Khewah," staring at the world with his seashell eyes! We watched him out of sight and went back inside the "Gypsy's Warning."

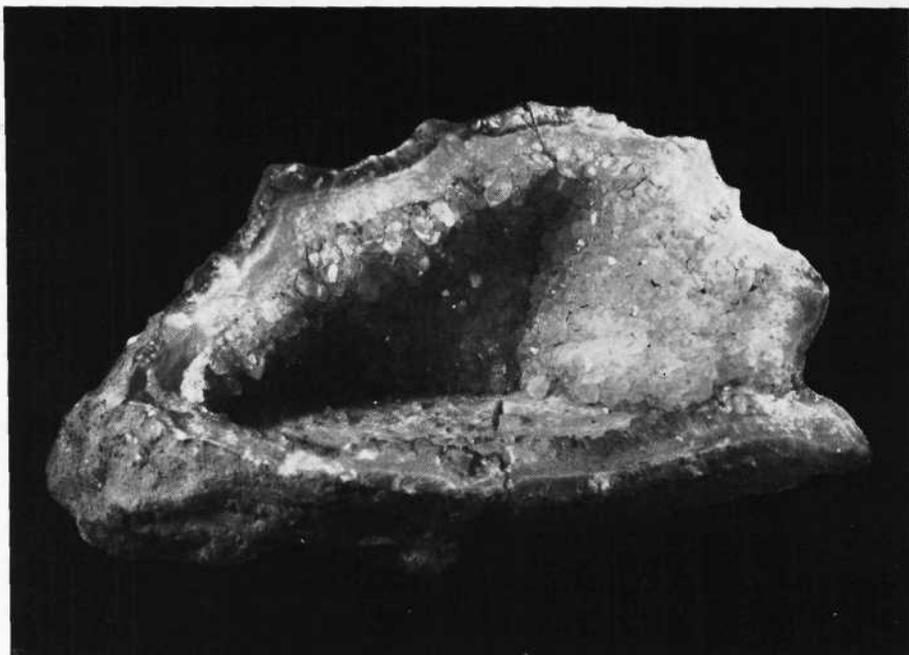
Dick and I approached the table cautiously, not sure we hadn't dreamed the whole thing. On the table, quietly resting, not skipping about like our galloping hearts, were two tens and one five-dollar bill.

I tottered to the typewriter and smuggled a couple more yellow men across the border. Dick sank down in his chair and picked up the one luxury we had brought, a new book of poems by John Holmes called "Address to the Living."

I stopped clicking keys to call excitedly, "Dick, I've done it! I just thought of

Continued on page 33

When John Hilton went into the Rainbow canyon area north of Twentynine Palms to look for geodes, he supposed of course they would be back in the hills. He failed to find them there—but he made some other discoveries which will be of interest to gem collectors. Later he located the geodes. They were in the wrong place—all of which proves that desert gem stones are where you find them. Here is a story that will make you want to pack up the camp outfit and start for Rainbow canyon. The accompanying picture is a broken segment of one of the stones in the field.



Crystals for the Collector

By JOHN W. HILTON

Photographs by HARLOW JONES

To say "geode" to a rock collector is enough to start him on most any kind of an excursion. These surprise packages of the mineral world are a never-ending source of pleasure and astonishment to the gem hunter. No matter how many of them are opened there never are two exactly alike.

And so when word came to me that visitors were finding some very pretty stones in a recently discovered field near Twentynine Palms, California, I wanted to go and see what I could add to my own collection. Also, I knew that if the field was worth while the editor of the *Desert Magazine* would be interested.

It had been several years since I had visited the Twentynine Palms region and I was not fully prepared for the surprising development that has taken place there recently. The newcomers were all strangers to me but I found them courteous and obliging. A majority of them are well informed on desert subjects, and enthusiastic in their loyalty to their own community and its scenic assets.

I was fortunate enough to have Harlow Jones, young Twentynine Palms photographer, as my guide and companion

on the trip to the geode field. We started off toward the far horizon with a tank full of gas, plenty of water and lunch for the day. Our objective was Rainbow canyon, north and a little west of the Twentynine Palms settlement.

Find Landmarks on Trip

The first important landmark we passed along the way was Mesquite dry lake. Like many other playas the bottom of this basin is as flat as the proverbial barn floor and provides an excellent landing field for the army and civilian planes which come here occasionally. Jones told me that a robot plane, capable of taking off and landing without a pilot, was tested here by the government.

Beyond Mesquite lake we found four miles of rather rough road and then we came to Deadman dry lake. According to local legend this playa got its name during an early day cattle feud when men settled their differences with gunpowder.

Leaving Deadman lake we started up a gently sloping arroyo in which were many smoke trees. We were traveling northwest, parallel to the main range of the Bullion mountains. Ahead we could

see where the granite portion of this range ended in an area of highly eroded sedimentaries. These in turn had been cut through with igneous intrusions and the heat of the latter had baked the sediments into fantastic colors. At the point where the range turned to the west volcanic material was much in evidence.

As we neared this volcanic formation I saw fragments of geodes scattered in the arroyo. We stopped and Harlow pointed out an area where he said was an abundance of geodes lying on the ground.

On the basis of previous experience in geode fields I concluded that if there were so many of them on the flats we would find even more of them in the hills above. We were directly south of a striking rock formation which I have marked on the accompanying sketch as Geode Butte. It is a good landmark to identify the spot. A fairly large canyon opens up to the right of this butte and I decided to explore that first.

We were soon on our way up the canyon. For equipment, I carried pick and specimen bag, and Harlow his camera. Lest the reader visualize Harlow Jones as climbing lightly over the rocks with a

miniature camera swinging from his shoulder I want to say that his picture taking apparatus was an 8x10 view affair in a carrying case big enough to cause a strike in the porter's union if he ever goes to the city with it. A photographer willing to carry such an outfit into the desert deserves to get good pictures.

Crystals Show in Cliffs

A short distance up the canyon we encountered red cliffs on our right that sparkled in the sunlight with hundreds of crystals. This must be the home of the geodes I thought. But the crystals turned out to be calcite of the dogtooth and nail-head spar varieties. There is an abundance of this material and it is an attractive addition to any collector's mineral cabinet. These crystals occur in irregular cavities which are connected through the mother rock by stringers of calcite.

Continuing up the canyon we encountered more calcite in various forms, but no geodes. Some of the calcite filled bubbles in the rock and one would expect geodes to be found here. I found a few specimens almost equal to the optical grade of the type known as Iceland spar. These crystals can be cleaved into nearly perfect rhombs and if placed over a dot on a piece of paper will show two images. This is due to the double refraction of Iceland spar. A few of these specimens exhibited beautiful moss-like inclusions of black or brown and make desirable stones for exhibition purposes.

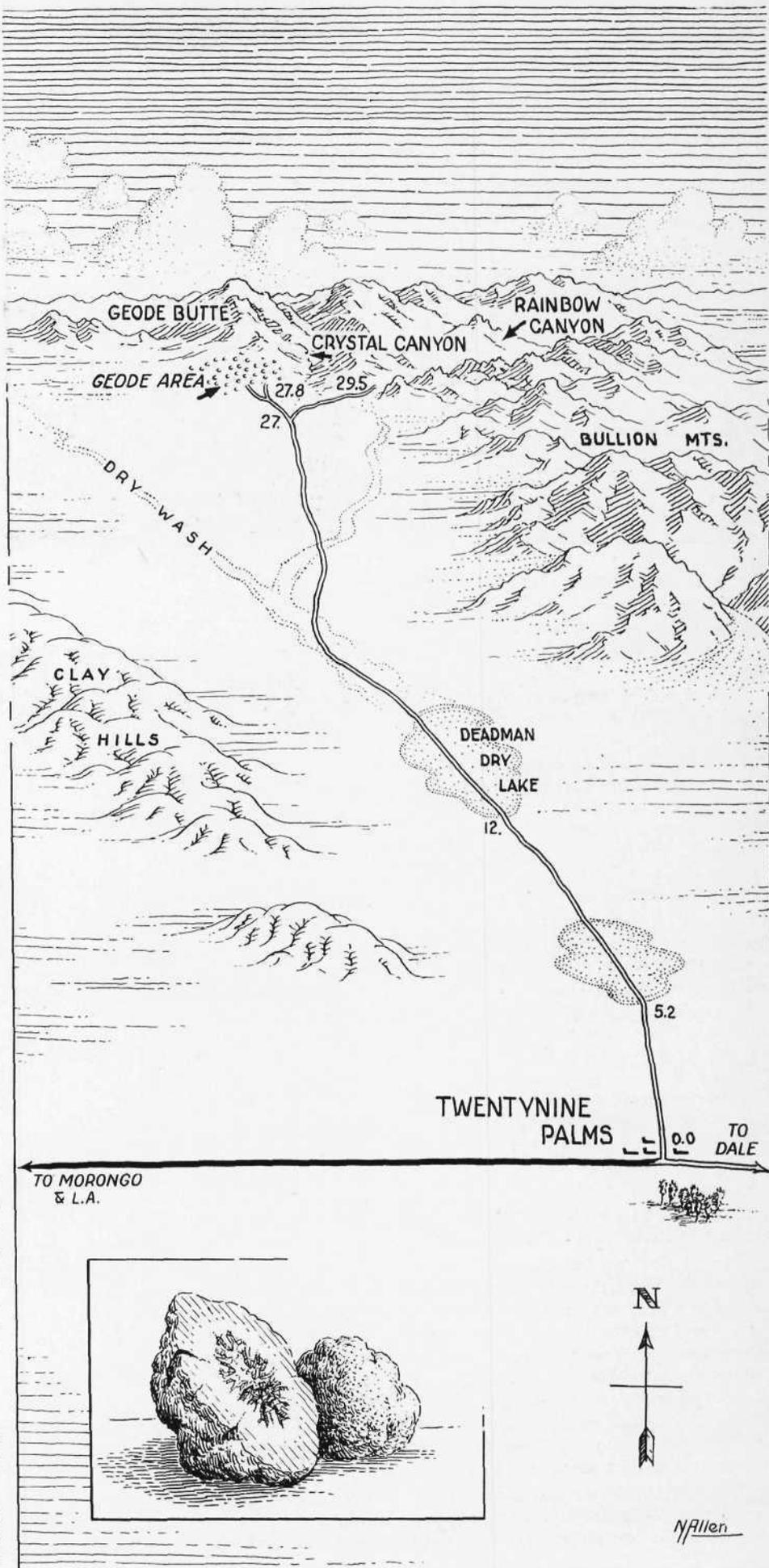
We left the canyon and climbed the left bank where we found some rather attractive veinlets of agate, but still no geodes. Reaching the summit we encountered a few small geodes and many specimens of vein agate, some of which were beautifully marked with yellow and black bands.

From this summit we could look out across the Twentynine Palms plain and see the greater part of the Joshua Tree national monument. To the west the high peak of San Gorgonio was the most conspicuous landmark. To the north and east extended the Mojave desert in all its quiet beauty, with such landmarks as Bristol dry lake and Amboy crater in the distance. This scenic view is worth the trip even if no geodes were to be found. The banded agate here would be a welcome addition to the collection of any amateur gem hunter.

Finds Green Crystals

We circled Geode Butte, following the ridges back to the arroyo where the car was parked.

It was near the base of the butte that I made my best find of the day. I was attracted to the green coloring in a rock





Above is Geode Butte, a landmark which serves as an excellent guide for those visiting the Rainbow canyon area.

formation. This type of green stained volcanic rock is not uncommon in geode areas. But here, instead of geodes were bubbles filled with Iceland spar. Unlike any calcite I have ever seen these crystals contained green moss-like inclusions. A cleaved section resembles a polished piece of extra clear green moss agate.

I decided to have a look at the area which Harlow had first pointed out as the place where the geodes were to be found. Sure enough, they were there in liberal supply, all sizes and shapes. I was puzzled to know why they were so abundant out on the flat while few were to be found in the hills above. Across a narrow ravine I found the answer.

Here were geodes in place, inbedded in the soft rock which formed the walls of the arroyo. They had not traveled from the hills above but were weathering out of the rock underfoot. This area extends over a mile along the flat lands near the base of the hills. Any collector will find good specimens here.

The hills back of the geode field may have other prizes for the stone collector. I would like to explore them further.

We wanted some pictures of Rainbow

The white stones in this photograph are the white chalcedony segments of geodes, most of them broken in the weathering process of the ages. Unbroken stones are found in place in the wall of the arroyo nearby.

canyon so we returned to the car and took the road in that direction. It was a fairly good trail at first, but the summer rains had done much damage. We followed an arroyo for a distance and then found faint car tracks leading out of the wash on the right. These led over a rocky terrain crossed by several sharp dips.

Finally we turned to the left and headed into an arroyo and back into the hills—and then we knew how Rainbow

canyon got its name. Great masses of tan sandstone have been split and broken, and fine threads of green volcanic stain have pushed their way up through them forming intricate patterns resembling an oriental textile. Over the hills are pink and lavender clays, or white volcanic ash capped with black lava.

Nearly any conceivable color combination can be found here, and everywhere the patient hand of erosion has sculptured these superb materials into masterpieces of design.

Persons planning the side trip into Rainbow canyon should keep a careful lookout for the faint trail turning to the right out of the first wash. The entire area from Rainbow canyon to Geode Butte appears to be promising country for the mineral and gem collector.

This is not a difficult trip for seasoned desert travelers, but is not recommended as a first excursion on the desert for the uninitiated driver. The road should not be attempted without plenty of gas and oil, and there should be a shovel along—just in case. Although some of the washes appeared rather sandy we did not find it necessary to use a shovel on this trip.

The accompanying map is a reliable guide for those desiring to visit this geode field. Many pretty stones will be found here—and a large area has not been explored. Sooner or later I am going back there to follow some of those canyons into the mysterious hills beyond.



Visitors will gather in the little New Mexico village of Tortugas in December to witness a strange spectacle. The Tortugans will be observing their annual Fiesta of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Their festival is a curious mixture of ancient tribal ceremony and Catholic ritual, in which the natives dance to the rhythm of tom-toms—and pause in their pagan rites to pay homage to the Virgin. An odd form of religion, perhaps, but in the hearts of these villagers are faith, hope and tolerance. So what matters the mode of their worship?

Rhythm of Tom-toms in Tortugas

By ANNA BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM

It is the evening of December the eleventh. Over the jagged peaks of New Mexico's mountains the sun casts a gorgeous red light which quickly intensifies to a somber purple. Suddenly, as darkness comes on, a light appears on the side of Tortugas, the little lonely tortoise-shaped mountain between the valley and the Organ range. Another light appears, and then another, until they form a fiery cross which grows more distinct in the gathering darkness. In the northwest the volcanic chimney of Mount Picacho is likewise decorated with a glowing cross.

In the valley below, row on row of *luminarias* glorify the flat-roofed adobe houses in Tortugas village. Here and there, women, their figures shadowy in the faint light, move about outside the houses completing the preparations of a busy week. The Fiesta of Our Lady of Guadalupe already has begun and soon the streets of the little village will echo with voices, some happy with the prospect of Fiesta, others—sightseers—curious, and perhaps a little scornful.

Juan Pacheco, standing outside his *casa*, has been watching the flames as they leap upward in the clear dry atmosphere and then gradually sink into a nest of bright red embers. In Juan's faded eyes and deep-lined countenance there is no expression of emotion. He is a little weary from last night's *Virigio*, where in the cold gray church he knelt with a little company of men and women renewing their vows to the Virgin and doing penance for their sins. The long vigil has purged his soul and heartened his spirit. Fiesta, rejoicing, is the order now—dancing, feasting, gay laughter.

Being a member of *Los Indios* group (there are two other groups, the *Danzantes* and the *Matachines*), Juan will not join the procession of men and women who make the



Juan Pacheco, chief of the dancers, is about to start the ancient tribal ceremony which is carried on to the accompaniment of tom-toms.—Rives Photo.

mountain pilgrimage to light the fires in honor of the Virgin. But year after year since early childhood he has been an active participant in other features of the celebration. Tomorrow, old though he is, he will lead the dancers, directing their intricate steps, keeping time to the tom-toms, his face serious and immobile as befits the sacred character of the dance. For weeks he has been in training in order to be able to endure the strenuous nature of the exercise.

Juan can remember the days when men and women made the journey to the mountain barefoot, or on hands and knees, in token of repentance for their sins, or in fulfillment of vows made to the Virgin the evening before. The pilgrimage is less painful today, but faith in its purging power has not diminished. Forgiveness of sin, healing of the sick, happiness for the future—these are the blessings sought by the penitents.

It was from Juan that I had the story of the origin of the Fiesta. In his veins flows the blood of both Spaniard and Indian. He was a lad at his father's knee when he first heard the legend of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Hundreds of years ago, he told me, in the year 1531 the Virgin appeared to Juan Diego the sheep herder, on the barren hillsides near what is now Mexico City.

"Go to the priest, Don Quanahago," she commanded, "and tell him I desire a chapel to be built on this very spot."

She disappeared and the lad hastened to do her bidding.

But the priest refused to believe the boy's story and the Virgin, appearing again to the young sheep herder, offered to give him proof. She caused roses to grow on the hillside, though it was the month of December and very cold. The boy gathered the roses and placing them carefully in his *tilma*, hastened again to the priest. Unfolding the cloak he found imprinted on its fold a marvelous painting of the Virgin. The priest was convinced of the miraculous revelation and a chapel was built on the spot where the Virgin had appeared. Ever since that time the twelfth of December has been kept as a great festival in Mexico, and carried across the border it is observed among certain Pueblo Indians in the United States. With the passage of years certain modern innovations have crept in but the pattern remains the same.

While Juan was relating the story the winter moon gradually edged its way over the mountains. The fires paled and disappeared, and the little procession, so strangely primitive, made its way back to the village. Juan took leave of me and went inside his *casa* to prepare for his part in the Fiesta.

Already the village was crowded with spectators. Automobiles filled the open space near where the dancing was to begin. The crowd was orderly and frankly curious. There was a slight delay and then the dancers came.

Grotesque indeed they appeared in their tall feathered headgear, their pink and blue shirts and white stockings.



Juan learned the Indian dances in Mexico 40 years ago and today teaches the intricate steps to the boys and girls in Tortugas.

Paper roses, tiny mirrors, beads and ribbon streamers added further ornamentation, producing striking effects. From a short distance away the flames from a bonfire flared upward and lighted the faces of the dancers. Gravely they bowed to the image of the Virgin and then up

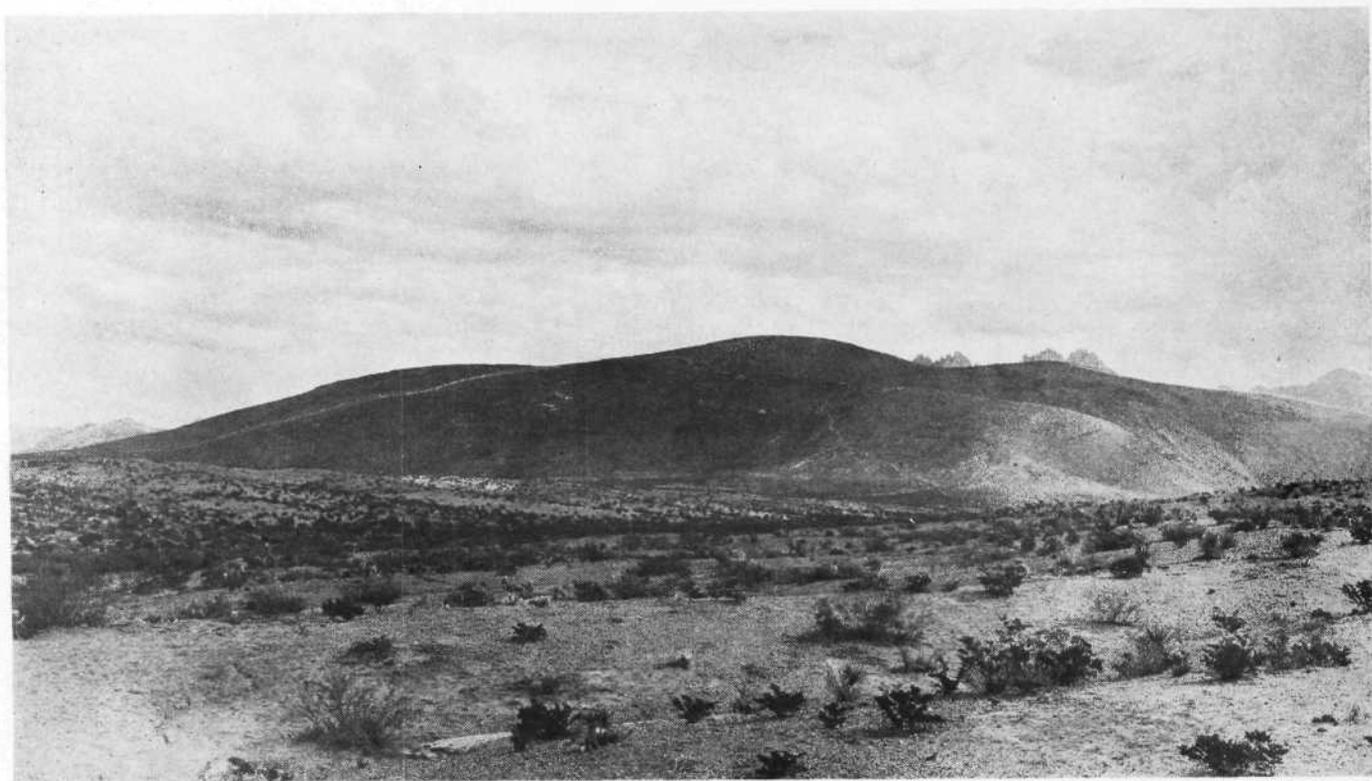
Tortugas mountain where the fires are lighted on the evening preceding the fiesta.

and down, backward and forward, young men and old, some women and a few children, began to trace the intricate pattern of the dance. A jester livened the scene for the onlookers, but the faces of the dancers were solemn, their thoughts intent upon the ritual before them.

New people arrive upon the scene and augment the ranks of the spectators. Many of those who have been watching become restless and wander about the village, pausing occasionally at the rudely improvised stands where coffee and frijoles with red chili are being served. But ever and ever continue the beat, beat, beat, of the tom-tom and the low incessant chant of the dancers. The hour grows late and the crowd thins, but the dancing continues. At last in the small hours of the morning the dancers seek a few hours of rest and the village sleeps.

The following morning, the twelfth, finds dancers as well as village folk at the church where Mass is being observed. Neither in Juan's deep-lined face nor in the faces of the other dancers is there trace of weariness. It would seem that for this occasion they are upheld by some inner urge that takes no account of fatigue. For two hours they remain in reverent silence after which the dance is resumed, this time in front of the church. Again the clear, winter stillness is broken by the sound of tom-tom and weird chanting, "Hi, yi, yi," over and over, or so it sounds, strange music and primitive indeed to the uninitiated, but certainly

Continued on page 29



My Burro

BY R. S. BERRY
Los Angeles, Calif.

My burro is a quadruped
Whose virtues may be truly said
To lie in things that he has not,
Compared with what your auto's got.
Though while in speed he doesn't rate
There's other things what compensate.
Fer one thing, it is good to know
That safety lies in goin' slow.
When we go travelin' down a hill
We need no brakes to 'void a spill
Or bring us to a sudden stop
To 'void a pinch by a traffic cop.
There are no gears to shift or grind,
No steerin' wheels to break or bind,
No tires to blow, no clutch to slip,
No spark to miss, or cogs to strip.

My burro has no lights to glare
No bell to ring nor horn to blare,
He has no tank to fill with gas,
No body all enclosed in glass.
There are no joints to lubricate,
No taxes fer a license plate,
No battery to test an' charge
Nor storage fee in some garage,
No water tank to spring a leak
When climbin' to some mountain peak
No sparkin' plugs to spit an' sputter
When I drive him through the water.
He needs no fuel to make him go
At speeds in high, his speed is low.
An' there's no crankin' to be done
When the starter fails to run.

That burro is a wondrous cuss.
Say! How'll you swap fer your old buss?

• • •

DESERT HOLLY

BY EVA CARPENTER IVERSEN
Lone Pine, California

Small shrub that lifts its prickly leaves,
Pale grey, like wraith or ghost;
Denizen of desert's arid wastes—
Grown in silence, where God lives most.

Hardy and strong, though small and pale,
Disdaining gauds and folly;
Brave, are all things desert born,
Lovely, silver-grey holly.

Easy to break as a woman's heart,
Strong, as her love is strong—
Wild and untamed as the desert night,
A part of the desert song.

Pure and holy, on Christmas Day.
It greets the dawning morn.
Through tragedy it grew to grace,
As did Christ, in Bethlehem born.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

Winds that come with breath
untainted;
Sunshine with its boundless span,
Quiet beauty, rich in treasure,—
This the desert, unspoiled by man.



CHRISTMAS TRYST

BY LAURA C. PETERS
Pasadena, California

I know a place which men have missed
Where desert holly grows,
Beyond a shield of jutting rock
Deep in a place it knows
Will not be seen by prying eyes
It hides itself for me,
And shapes a misty loveliness
Which only I shall see.
For some would come to pluck it out
And heedlessly destroy,
But I would only watch beside
And share its secret joy.
It knows I come but to adore
Its dainty comeliness;
It knows when I have gone away
I send my heart to bless;
And knowing all I give to it,
It reaches back to me
With gifts of beauty born of love;
It gives a sweet decree
That I shall have, when winter comes,
Its heart's most precious gift,
As it unfolds through Autumn months
A bank of leafy drift.
And when I come on Christmas Eve
To where its arms have spread,
There, interspersed among its leaves,
Are bleeding spots of red;
And where I saw but recently
The shaping of a bud,
It gives me now its happy heart
In crimson drops of blood.

• • •

CURIOSITY

BY CORA L. KEAGLE
Pixley, California

Indians at the westbound flyer
Gathered in to sell their wares,
Met the gaze of eastern tourists
With unblinking, stolid stares.

Then a lady, to a warrior,
With a puzzled interest said,
"Can you be a full-blood Indian,
You've no feathers on your head?"

Indian Tom, from Albuquerque,
Answered her and gave this reason,
Language courtly, just from college,
"Madam, it's our moulting season."

BEARING MYRRH

BY ROBERTA CHILDERS
Goldfield, Nevada

The desert welcomes Christmas,
It wakes from deep repose
To throb with joyful greeting—
Above, the same star glows
That lit an older desert,
And clean, sweet sage incense
Its winds bear ever upward
In humble reverence.

• • •

THE DESERT

BY HAZEL A. REYNOLDS
El Centro, California

A winding road across the desert floor,
Enchanting haze and magic, full of lore,
Bright desert flowers blooming here and there,
Strange cacti and the graceful lily fair.
From age to age, this waste shall bloom and
dream,
Mysterious and silent and supreme.

• • •

PRAYER IN THE DESERT

BY FLORENCE R. CORBY
Los Angeles, California

Oh, Lord, what worthy psalm
Can my voiceless heart lay upon thy desert's
altar?

What worthy thought to calm
Before the strength of hills that never falter?
What brighter candles could I light
Than those made by Your hand
Whose ivory blossoms burn so white
Against the desert sand.

What greater sermon could I hear
Than springs from desert weeds
That die then bloom, year after year—
Eternal life in small parched seeds.
What finer rug from Persian loom
Unrolled for sacred prayer
Than this You made from flowers bloom
That scents the desert air.
Oh Lord, look deep into my heart
As on Your rug I kneel—
I cannot say in whole or part—
I just keep still—and feel.

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Mines and Mining . .

Tucson, Arizona . . .

Western copper wears a brighter face, with gradual upping of prices and mine and smelter reopenings. Anaconda, throughout the length of holdings in Arizona, Utah, Montana and Nevada, is cheered by assertion by its president, C. F. Kelley, that "things are decidedly better." At Butte, Montana, operations resumed by Anaconda on November 1 put 6,000 men on the payroll. Arizona's big producers have announced production step-up and wage hikes. Thousands of miners have been put on a 44-hour work week. They're assured of overtime pay, too, under the new wage-hour law.

Tombstone, Arizona . . .

So-called small mines in Arizona account for one-third of the three billion dollars in gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc produced in the state since records have been kept of mining activity there. This statement is made in a report issued recently by the Arizona Small Mine Operators association. Moreover, one third of the men engaged in Arizona mining are at work in groups of three to 100 at small mining properties. U. S. Bureau of mines report classifies Arizona holdings as eight "large mines" and 1,626 mining properties which are producers, but rank as small mines. W. J. Graham, president of the little fellows' group, says the small mines actually represent 99.5 per cent of the producing units.

Los Angeles, California . . .

Search for strategic war minerals in the United States was urged upon the federal government by the American Mining Congress in resolution adopted before adjournment of the annual convention here. National defense plans, in the present troubled state of the world, must include adequate supply of materials for war, the congress declared. Delegates deplored governmental prohibition of development of valuable mineral areas in national game preserves and "needless restrictions to such development on other public lands."

Yuma, Arizona . . .

Arizona Red Cloud Mining company has bought a 150-ton flotation plant and will move it from an abandoned property near Chloride, Arizona, to the Red Cloud mine in southern Yuma county, according to Ogden Chase, representing the buyers. Surveys for water pipe line and mill site are being made, Chase says, a road has been built to the railroad at Dome and operations will be started by January 1. The Red Cloud is said to be one of several mines worked in early days by miners who shipped their ore by boat from Yuma to Swansea, Wales, for reduction. It is said to carry values in molybdenum, lead, silver and vanadium.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Experiments at Boulder City and Pullman, Washington, have solved the problem of electrolytic manganese, says a bulletin from the U. S. Bureau of Mines. A special report outlines the process.

Twentynine Palms, California . . .

Eastern part of the 800,000-acre Joshua Tree national monument should be reopened for prospecting and mining, according to Secretary Victor J. Hayek of the Southwest Mining association, which has drafted resolution to bring the request to the attention of government officials. Local Chamber of Commerce leaders are in sympathy with the miners' request, but will oppose any movement to withdraw the vast area from jurisdiction of the national park service.

Mojave, California . . .

Like a yarn from a "western" pulp, is the story of search for the missing heirs to an interest in a million dollar Mojave desert gold mine near Ludlow. According to the California Mining Journal, William Wheelock, veteran prospector, was grubstaked 10 years ago by Lee Yim, Chinese desert character. Wheelock discovered the Old Pete mine, south of Ludlow. In August of this year Wheelock died, victim of heat prostration. Coroner R. E. Williams says Wheelock is supposed to be survived by a sister, living "somewhere in the east." Because Wheelock at one time said he was a relative of Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," this clue will be followed.

Moab, Utah . . .

Mohrland, once a flourishing coal mining community, has joined the ranks of ghost towns. Its last resident has moved away and the Emery county town is now deserted. Huge coal deposits there did not play out. The place was abandoned when the United Fuel company consolidated its activities at Hiawatha, six miles to the north, and to that location Mohrland residents have moved. All buildings at Mohrland were sold at a flat rate of \$50 each.

Socorro, New Mexico . . .

New Mexico's School of Mines here is the only major educational institution in the state aided in campus projects during 1938 by PWA funds, receiving \$90,000 for buildings to cost \$200,000.

Superior, Arizona . . .

Magma Copper company reports production of 24,704,041 pounds of copper during the first three quarters of 1938, at an average cost of 8.065 cents per pound. Company's net income, after deducting estimated federal income taxes, is reported at \$330,449. Average selling price per pound was 9.418 cents.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Along Arizona and Nevada shores of Lake Mead 50 miles upstream from Boulder dam will be found one of Nevada's richest gold mining areas, according to F. G. Frawley, in press association news story. Large districts that have only been scratched by burro-equipped prospectors seeking high-value pockets have recently been shown to have deposits of thousands of tons of low-grade that now can be mined at a profit, thanks to water transportation on the lake, Frawley says.

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Shrine of the Desert Padres . . .

Continued from page 13

banished the mission was practically abandoned. The Papago ex-neophytes alone were left to care for the building as best they could.

Then this radiant mission of San Xavier fell open to the four winds to become the rendezvous of outlaws and bats, a refuge for sheep herders, and a shelter for weary travelers. The cooling shade of its protecting walls has refreshed men of many faiths.

To-day life around the mission has ebbed to a slender thread, yet San Xavier del Bac now ministers to the Papago Indians. Father Mark Bucher, O. F. M. is in charge of the San Xavier Mission and its four dependents, San Jose, Cayato, San Pedri, and Balkeuch. A student and a teacher in the Seminary of Santa Barbara, California, Father Mark came to San Xavier Mission in August 1937. A quiet man of culture, intelligent and sensitive by the nature of his training and experience, he is well fitted to follow in the footsteps of Padre Francisco Garces, the Franciscan, whose name is still spoken with reverence among the Papagos.

I heard a canary singing, and children's voices coming from the living quarters. With a thrill of discovery I pulled the bell cord. A trickle of sound filtered through the thick walls, bringing a serene and friendly sister to welcome me into the long, low living room. The walls were overlaid with baskets. Some were very old, but the greater number appeared new. These are the work of the Papagos, skilled basket makers.

Standing on an ancient trail in Pimaland this lovely mission rises in its beauty, a monument to the courage and religious zeal of the padres who have ministered here. A thing apart, little known, San Xavier del Bac is one of the rarest antiquities in America.

. . .

When Santa Claus Comes to the Desert . . .

Continued from page 5

Santa actually approaching the chimney, all done artistically in paint and cardboard and light. Most striking of all was a "growth" of poinsettias about six feet across on stalks, and from the roadway were not out of proportion. Many a winter tourist, already accustomed to oh-ing and ah-ing at desert miracles, took those poinsettias in stride, thinking them real. I have no doubt some wrote back home about the marvelous growth down here!

I have never experienced it, but I still hope to find myself in some isolated ranch house or cowboy bunk house at Christmas time, to study the unique way Arizona cowboys have of cavorting with Christmas trees. I have been able to purchase just one photograph, although I have never seen such cowboy trees.

Cow waddies, it seems, have the habit of decorating whatever tree is handiest, with whatever "decorations" are handiest. Now you will realize that in the hard busi-

ness of herding steers, glass and tinsel and ribbon play relatively small parts, if any. So what *do* the cowboys use?

In order to round out this article properly, I asked that specific question of E. J. "Buck" Bradney, who has spent most of his 40 years in a saddle. He penciled this list of ornaments which he remembered seeing once on a mesquite tree: 22 empty peach and tomato cans, 2 coffee cans, 1 empty catsup bottle, 6 assorted broken bottles, 1 old shoe, 5 horseshoes, 1 rattlesnake hide, 1 broken monkey wrench, 1 skunk's tail.

I have seen a skunk's hide, mounted, and I am willing to admit that the tail was ornamental. Buck swore that the entire tree was beautiful; and Christmas being what it is, who are we to contradict him?



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WRITING COWBOY OF THE NEW MEXICO RANGE

Marriage partnership with Gene Rhodes sometimes was difficult, and there were periods when poverty was just around the corner, but there was no dullness in the life-time romance between the New Mexico cowboy-poet-writer and his wife from rural New York.

May Davidson Rhodes has given intimate glimpses of her life with one of the most colorful characters in the West during the last half century, in her biography **THE HIRED MAN ON HORSEBACK**—My story of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, published in October by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Gene Rhodes sold his first story, *The Man and the Hour*, to Charles F. Lummis of the *Land of Sunshine* Magazine for ten dollars. That was in the winter of 1899, a few months after he and May Davidson were married. From that time until his death in 1934 he wrote eleven books and many hundreds of poems and short stories. He was a faithful chronicler of the West, the West of that period when it was still raw and untamed. Rhodes was a cowhand before he was a writer—a quick-tempered thoroughbred of the range, industrious, independent and afraid of no man or animal.

The other cowboys laughed when he read as he rode—but Gene Rhodes felt in his heart that he must write and the New York girl who became his wife helped keep alive that desire, even when it meant privation in the little shack that was their home.

Rhodes was a puzzle to the critics of his day. To many, he was just another writer of Westerns. Students of American literature today place a much higher valuation on his work.

To May D. Rhodes he was at times a problem husband—but always a lovable one. Her book is unusual and readable. There are times when the reader will wish she had been more definite in her explanation as to the reason for what came to pass—but it is no simple task for a woman to write the story of her own husband.

Evaluating the work of Gene Rhodes in an introductory chapter of the book, Bernard DeVoto wrote: "He passed this way. He lived in a hard country in a laborious time, loving that country and its people. In the fullness of his love he wrote about what he knew . . . he scratched his name on Inscription Rock. An honorable time will have passed before wind and sand can erase it." - R. H.

PREHISTORIC INDIANS ALSO WERE CURSED WITH POLITICIANS

Adolf F. Bandelier spent eight years in intensive ethnological and archeological research among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. His accumulation of notes formed the basis of his monumental "Final Report" to the Archeological Institute of America. But something even more precious, because it is more accessible to the public, came of this study.

He and his friend Charles F. Lummis were first to explore the Tyuonyi, or Rito de los Frijoles, traditional home of the Keres tribe northwest of Santa Fe. Trudging afoot under the weight of a 40-pound camera, they were without shelter and often without food, but they hiked and climbed. They measured and mapped and photographed the region which was to furnish the setting for one of the most fascinating "prehistorical" novels ever written. **THE DELIGHT MAKERS**, the major portion of which Bandelier wrote in 1885 in Santa Fe, was first published by Dodd, Mead and Co. in 1890. In the second edition, published by the Smithsonian Institute in 1916, appear for the first time many of the photographs made by Lummis under Bandelier's direction in 1890.

A romantic novel it is called, yet the settings, architecture, manners and customs, creeds and rites are authentic. Only the plot is Bandelier's own, and even that, he says, has its basis in traditions still preserved by the Keres of Cochiti and the Tehuas of Santa Clara.

THE DELIGHT MAKERS has also been called a reconstruction of a civilization, but it is more than that. It is a recreation—the physical setting is restored, as a thorough scientist would do it, but into it has been breathed the spirit of personal and tribal life.

The drama of a mysterious people provides the motif for the book as a novel. But aside from its entertainment value, the sidelights on the visualized history, ethnology, archeology and primitive psychology enrich the background and add immeasurably to appreciation of the southwest.

The plot has its genesis in the intrigues of the powerful Koshare or Delight Makers to gain increased power in the tribal council. As a result of the quest for personal gain and revenge on the part of a few leaders in this group, the Tyuonyi people move step by step toward inevitable destruction.

Since 1916 the Tyuonyi has been part of a national monument named in honor

of the man who immortalized it. Today, as a result of extensive restoration work, visitors may see the dwellings of the Keres in the beautiful little Frijoles canyon of the Bandelier national monument. So vivid is the impression left by THE DELIGHT MAKERS that it would not seem strange, in approaching the Rito, to see the women of the Corn tribe building their new communal house with the friable pumice boulders and mortar—the cunning nature-woman Shotaye slipping cautiously toward the plateau forest for herbs—the Koshares going through their ridiculous antics during an intermission in the great autumn ceremonial in the square.

—LUCILE HARRIS.

• • •

BANDELIER'S BODY TO REST PERMANENTLY IN SPAIN

Adolph F. Bandelier's body will rest permanently in a crypt in the cathedral at Seville, Spain, according to the decision of a group of American scientists who have been considering the possibility of reinterment at the Bandelier national monument in New Mexico.

Announcement of the final decision was made recently by Dr. Edgar L. Hewett, president of the School of American Research and director of the Museum of New Mexico. It was stated that the crypt where the noted ethnologist was buried in 1914 has been purchased in perpetuity.

A permanent plaque now has been placed on the Seville crypt, reading: "Adolph F. Bandelier, Archaeologist, Archivist, Historian. Born in Bern, Switzerland, August 6, 1840. Died in Seville, Spain, March 18, 1914. A great American scholar."

Dr. Hewett and Dr. James F. Zimmerman, president of the university of New Mexico, are cooperating with the national park service in working out a series of programs for nation-wide observance of the Bandelier centennial in 1940.

Professor Edgar F. Goad of the university of New Mexico, is writing a biography of Bandelier, who has been described as one of the greatest of American scholars, and one of the least known. Most of Bandelier's research work was sponsored by such organizations as the Peabody institute of Harvard, Carnegie institute, and the American Museum of Natural History. He died while investigating colonial documents in Spain for the Carnegie institute.

• • •

NEW FOREST ROADS

During the next ten years the forest service will spend more than \$20,000,000 on a system of highways, truck roads and trails through national forests in Arizona, according to announcement made at Washington. The completed system will include 24,000 miles of highways, 113,000 miles of truck roads and 152,000 miles of foot trails.

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Writers of the Desert . . .

JO-SHIPLEY WATSON, whose visit to San Xavier del Bac resulted in a story about this old desert mission for readers of the Desert Magazine, is a native of Emporia, Kansas, and now a resident of San Diego, California. She is a contributor to *Etude*, and for six years edited the children's department for that magazine. She also contributes to other musical publications. Recently Miss Watson has extended her writing to other fields.

. . .

Another desert housewife who contributes to the Desert Magazine is ANNA BLANCHE CUNNINGHAM of State College, New Mexico. Her home is not far from the little village of Tortugas, locale of the strange fiesta about which she writes in this number. She has written interesting features for *NEW MEXICO* and other magazines of the Southwest, spends as much time as possible traveling and visiting the interesting places in the desert out-of-doors. Her husband is a teacher in the New Mexico state college.

. . .

VIRGINIA DUNCAN, whose Christmas story is in the Desert Magazine this month, lives in Phoenix, Arizona, and makes no pretense to being a professional writer. She keeps house for her husband, who is star salesman for the Diamond Match company in Arizona and New Mexico, plays a mean game of Chinese checkers, and writes about the desert in her leisure time because she loves it. Frequent trips with her husband have given her an intimate acquaintance with many aspects of the arid country. She and her husband take desert movies in color, and get so much pleasure out of this hobby they wonder why more of the desert dwellers do not have movie cameras.

. . .

FRANK A. SCHILLING, who wrote about Jimson weed in this edition, is a structural engineer and builder in Los Angeles when he isn't writing and lecturing on the natural sciences. A resident of the Southwest for the past 35 years, he has made a hobby of the trees and flowers which grow in this part of the continent. During the past 10 years he has been lecturing on the lore of the Southwest and for five years spoke over Radio KEGA of Los Angeles on conservation and natural history. He is president of the Nature Club of Southern California and a member of many scientific organizations. Other articles from his typewriter will appear in future numbers of the magazine.

"I feel a special interest in the Desert Magazine," writes LILLIAN BOS ROSS, "because you bought my first magazine feature." This was the story of her trip to the Elephant Trees which appeared in the No. 1 issue of this magazine in November, 1937. Since then Mrs. Ross has marketed many of her manuscripts, her work being mostly in the field of fiction. Mrs. Ross's writing career actually was started on the desert, as related in her article in this issue.

NAVAJOS LEARNED ABOUT SILVER FROM MEXICANS

Atsidi Sani was the first native silver worker among the Navajo Indians. He learned his trade from a Mexican silversmith brought into the Fort Defiance region by Captain Henry L. Dodge in 1853.

Authority for this statement is Arthur Woodward, curator of history at Los Angeles Museum, whose new book *NAVAJO SILVER* has just been published by the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff.

Woodward's research in the field of Navajo craft work in silver led to the following conclusions: That the Navajos learned their craftsmanship from the Mexicans, but that the designs of their silver ornaments came originally from more easterly Indian tribes.

. . .

Dream Plant . . .

Continued from page 14

incisions, and the like. The root and flowers of *Datura meteloides* are ground together into meal and applied to wounds of every description, which are said to heal rapidly under the treatment.

The Mojave Indians gather the leaves and roots, which they crush and mix with water. This concoction is allowed to stand for several hours and is then drawn off. The drink is highly narcotic and produces a stupefying effect which continues for some time. The Pahutes call the plant *Main-oph-wee?* and use a watery infusion of the bruised seeds to induce intoxication.

In California the use of the Jimson weed was largely in connection with the initiation of boys into manhood and tribal status. This is especially true of the Yokuts, a tribe living in the San Joaquin valley, and also the Luiseño Indians living near San Luis Rey and San Juan Capistrano missions in Southern California. The Gabrieleño Indians drank the extract mixed with salt water, in order to give them strength, impenetrability to arrows, immunity from bear and snake bites, and also to bring fortune on the hunt. The Mariposa Indians also used the plant, and

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



By LON GARRISON

"Argaments? Shucks. I don't mind 'em," opined Hard Rock Shorty. He loaded his battered corncob with ground hay, and stunned a passing bug. His audience prudently moved to the windward.

"But," continued Hardrock, "I met a guy oncet who sure did hate argaments. He was about as incommunicative a cuss as I ever seen. I met 'im one day up on Fryin' Pan Crick. I had me a little prospect up there I was doin' assessment work on, an' one day when I went after my burros, here was this stranger settin' on a rock out by the spring watchin' his burro fill up. I went over an' set down along side of 'im an' we neither of us said nothin' for a minute or two.

"Then the stranger spoke up. 'Think it'll rain?' he asked.

"I looked the sky over careful but before I could answer, this other guy's burro got all tangled up an' by the time he got straightened out, my donks was runnin' away an' by the time I got back the stranger was gone.

"Next summer about the same time I was up there again, an' one day here was this same stranger on the same rock watchin' his burro. I went over an' set down beside 'im again.

"'Nope, I don't think it will,' I said.

"'But just then my burros run off an' I had to leave. I didn't see 'im no more 'til the next summer, an' one day there he was settin' on that rock again.

"I went over to set down too, but all of a sudden he jumped up.

"'Well,' he says, 'I think I'll be goin'. I never did like these damn argaments.'"

it was the custom of the medicine men of the Hualapai Indians of Arizona to utter oracular prophesies while intoxicated by it. The Yuma dreamers used it to stimulate their dreams.

Tom-Toms in Tortugas . . .

Continued from page 22

pregnant with meaning to the Indian of long ago.

The people of the village are friendly and Juan Pacheco took me with him to the noon-day feast prepared by the women. The tables were laden with chicken, roasted meats, huge pots of frijoles, and stacks of tortillas, hot with chili dressing.

More dancing in the afternoon. One of the ceremonies, the "Dance of the Munchachos," is performed by boys and girls, some very tiny. The little girls are dressed in white, their dresses strung with ornaments, and the boys in pink or blue breeches and shirts. The steps, even of this dance, are intricate and the children, with shining eyes and serious faces, follow carefully the lead of their elders.

At last the sun drops behind the western mesa. Another "Twelfth day" in the New Mexico village is drawing to a close. The holy picture, escorted by a guard of honor, is solemnly and ceremoniously taken to the church. The people follow and the church is quickly filled. There is a hushed silence as the priest begins his service before the flickering candles. A dancer still in feathered headgear kneels beside a dark-eyed señorita attired in modern dress. More dancers, more village folk, come in and the service continues.

Thus, in the silence of the church, the Fiesta draws to a close. A strange intermingling it has been of the old and the new, the old as expressed in the ancient tribal customs of the Indian dance, the new in the religious rites of the Christian faith.

Hermann Ehrenberg . . .

Continued from page 11

philosopher, miner and soldier-adventurer re-named the new town Ehrenberg.

Within three years Ehrenberg had drawn away most of the remaining population from La Paz and in December 1870 a visitor to the latter town wrote: "This was once the chief town of the Colorado, is situated some five or six miles above Ehrenberg, some distance from the river, owing to which latter fact, it has lost wealth, people and prestige. But it was by no means a dead town when Mr. White visited it. Court was in session, and people were in attendance from all parts of the Territory, so that the old town presented some of the former bustle and activity that used to prevail in its streets. But it is proposed to take from it the honor and profit of being the seat of government for Yuma county, and should its rivals succeed in doing this, speedy decay and dissolution will follow."

Before many years La Paz was just a memory.

Ehrenberg, the rival city, was at this time "the liveliest place this side of San Francisco. Although not two years old, the place has many fine buildings and new ones are constantly going up. The landing in front of the place is one of the best on the river, and in the warehouses of Messrs. Goldwater and Bro. Bryant and Frank and others, very large and safe establishments, nearly all the freight that comes to Northern Arizona is stored until teams are provided to haul it to its destination.

"So that, with the constant arrival of steamers from Arizona City and the mouth of the Colorado; the arrival of freight teams from California and Central Arizona, as well as two stages a week, it is no great wonder that Ehrenberg is a lively growing place. Besides it is easy of access from the interior."

That was written 68 years ago. Recently I stood in the doorless opening in a crumbling adobe wall of one of the "finest buildings," all that is left of old Ehrenberg. Mesquites grow from mounded adobes where once stood the warehouses and dwellings of the "liveliest place this side of San Francisco." Two or three hundred yards away on the graveled mesa is the well traveled transcontinental highway, traversed annually by thousands of tourists. Alongside the road are stone covered graves, the cemetery of Ehrenberg that was. There sleep some of the men who helped rear those mouldering adobes that sag into the silted river bottom. A tall rock and concrete monument in which are imbedded rusty guns, miner's candle sticks, pick heads and other relics of bygone days, erected by Jim Edwards of the Arizona Highway Department, stands guard over the sleeping dead. That monument was raised to mark the swiftly disappearing remnants of one of the many ghost towns of the Colorado but it is more than that. It is a fitting symbol of the man who gave his name to that river-born huddle of adobe houses . . . Hermann Ehrenberg, whose body rests somewhere beyond the river in a nameless desert grave.

Weather

OCTOBER REPORT FROM
U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	71.6
Normal for October	70.6
High on October 1st	98.
Low on October 17	42.
Rain—	Inches
Total for monthT
Normal for October	0.47
Weather—	
Days clear	17
Days partly cloudy	10
Days cloudy	4
G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist.	

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	73.2
Normal for October	73.3
High on October 1	100.
Low on October 17	49.
Rain—	Inches
Total for monthT
69-year average for October	0.26
Weather—	
Days clear	25
Days partly cloudy	3
Days cloudy	3
Sunshine 91 per cent (320 hours out of possible 352 hours).	
Colorado river—	
October discharge at Grand Canyon 596,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 566,000 acre feet. Estimated storage November 1, behind Boulder dam 23,000,000 acre feet.	
JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.	

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Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Tucson . . .

Four hundred delegates were welcomed by Mayor Henry O. Jaastad of Tucson, when the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers convened here in regional session on November 1. Streamlined methods of copper stripping were among the convention topics. It was the institute's first session in the southwest in 16 years. Phelps Dodge president, L. S. Gates, "renewing old friendships" among conventioners, took occasion to state that copper "statistically" is in a quite healthy and active condition.

Winkelman . . .

Arizona Mohair growers, owners of more than 100,000 Angora goats, heard, among other things at a meeting here, discussion of how to develop a market for goat meat. Only assured market to date is said to be in communities along the Mexican border, where it sells readily. Incidentally, new uses are being found for kid hair in garment manufacture. Of the fall clip in the local district 35,000 pounds have been sold, goat hair at 35 cents per pound, kid hair 54 cents.

Tombstone . . .

The Epitaph is being rewritten. One of the west's most famous newspapers has been turned over to new hands. Clayton A. Smith, linotype operator on the paper the past two years, succeeds Walter H. Cole as editor. In farewell Editor Cole announces "the mantle of perpetuating the life of this famous weekly falls upon the youthful shoulders of Clayton A. Smith." Retiring, he "lavs down the quill with no regret. . . ." On the other hand, says Editor Smith: "with somewhat of a feeling of awe, joy and regret, we take up the quill and proceed with the task before us." To his readers he promises: "If this week's issue does not measure up to what you expected, bear with us awhile and we'll certainly do better."

Chandler . . .

Versifiers, here's your chance! Mrs. E. M. Blake, state chairman of the poetry department of the Arizona Federation of Women's clubs invites entries for the 1938-39 poetry contest. Not less than 15 lines nor more than 30 lines on any of these subjects will be considered: "A Prayer," "Moods" and "The Quest." Deadline is February 15, 1939. Contestants will send their offerings to Mrs. Blake at Chandler.

Tucson . . .

Wrapped in an overcoat on a warm evening, Wayne Saft knocked at the door of W. P. Tharp, deputy game warden. To Mrs. Tharp, who answered his knock, Wayne explained: "A deer came charging down at me out of the Santa Rita mountains. I ran and the deer ripped out the seat of my trousers. It made me so mad, I turned right around and shot him. The deer must have been mad, too, because after I killed him I saw that somebody had shot at him before and the bullet had grazed his flank."

CALIFORNIA

Blythe . . .

Palo Verde valley ranchers are turning their eyes to Grand Rapids, Michigan, waiting to see whether tamarisk trees will fashion new styles in furniture. Beauty of grain and color of dressed, polished tamarisk seems to have stirred manufacturers, inspired them to quizzes as to rate of growth, saw-mill locations. Tamarisks are found in most irrigated regions of the desert, used as windbreaks, propagated from cuttings, grow rapidly and send roots almost incredible distances to water. Arizona U. may put in a 10-acre test plot. Palo Verde farmers think California U. might follow suit.

Palm Springs . . .

Vaqueros del Desierto rode early in November on a four-day trip from Palm Springs, camping each night at an interesting spot on the desert. The itinerary indicates the well chosen route taken by these riders, more than 100 strong, buttressed by a horse doctor, chuck wagon, beer wagon, round-up boss, top wrangler, straw boss, corral boss and camp boss. They went from Deep Well ranch, through Devil's Garden to Mission creek; thence through Little Morongo canyon to Coyote hole in the Shadow mountains and past Kev's ranch on to Stubby springs, before riding through Thousand Palms canyon and across the wide desert floor, home to Palm Springs. Riders came from as far as San Francisco to join the expedition.

Imperial . . .

Ben Hulse has been re-elected president of the Imperial County Fair and directors are at work on plans for the 1939 fair to be held March 4 to 12, inclusive. President Hulse's associates on the board are T. E. Anderson, Calexico; Sam Rowe, Westmorland; Charles Sperry, Calipatria; J. C. Archias, Brawley, and Earl V. C. Northrop, of the Eucalyptus district.

Needles . . .

Before November's close, the reservoir basin behind Parker dam on the Colorado river is expected to attain the 444-foot level. Livestock has been removed from the Chemehuevi valley in anticipation of rising waters. At Topock a deep lake will be formed around the rock outcrop on which the settlement was built. Boathouses will be constructed there.

El Centro . . .

"The project nearing completion in Imperial valley is one of the best examples of man's ability to transform a desert into a garden spot." Thus Harold L. Ickes, secretary of the interior, speaking late in October at the inaugural of Imperial's new public power system and dedication of headworks for the All-American canal, which will carry water to more than 1,000,000 California acres. Fifteen thousand persons ate barbecued beef, saw the cabinet member push buttons turning on electricity, starting water through the nation's biggest irrigation canal.

NEW MEXICO

Santa Fe . . .

Two youthful Indian artists from New Mexico are doing murals for the U. S. interior department building at Washington. Allan Hauser, Apache from Santa Fe, is painting "Breaking Camp During Wartime" on the north wall of the Indian Arts and Crafts room, will paint also a buffalo hunt. Gerald Nailor, Navajo from Santa Fe, is painting a mural "Stalking Deer" in the same room.

Albuquerque . . .

During the travel year ended September 30th New Mexico's White Sands national monument was visited by 110,805 tourists, says an announcement by the department of the interior. The increase over the preceding year was 27,738, largest percentage of any increase in any national monument in the southwest, and in total attendance outdistancing the other 25 monuments. Casa Grande national monument in Arizona had 33,761 visitors.

Gallup . . .

Lambs raised on the Ganado demonstration area of the Navajo soil conservation service averaged 76 pounds, set a new weight record. The average is three pounds per animal above the 1937 record, tops the 1936 figure by eight pounds, and is 16 pounds more than the general average for lambs raised outside of demonstration bounds.

Contest Winners

Awards for the best amateur photographs submitted in the October contest sponsored by the Desert Magazine were as follows:

First prize of \$5.00 to O. Wiederseder of 153 Manor St., Altadena, California.

Second prize of \$3.00 to A. W. Schimberg, Room 426 Federal Office building, San Francisco, California.

The winning pictures will be published in future numbers of the Desert Magazine.

Following are the rules governing the monthly amateur photographer's contest:

- 1—Pictures submitted in the December contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by December 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 December contest will be announced and the pictures published in the February number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
El Centro, California.

NEVADA

Reno . . .

Open season for a short time each year on mountain sheep is a possibility in Nevada. R. L. Douglas, chairman of the state fish and game commission, reports investigation is under way in the Sheep Mountain district. Douglas says he believes it can be done without materially depleting "the vast herds" that range that district.

Las Vegas . . .

Three little antelope, now four months old, have been promoted from milk diet to rations of rolled oats and are doing nicely, thank you. Forest rangers at Mt. Charleston are their nurses. One buck and two does are only survivors of a family of 18 antelope transferred from northern Nevada in June.

UTAH

Vernal . . .

One thousand aerial photographs of the Ashley national forest will be taken under direction of the forest service, to be used in mapping the area. Ground crews will go over the territory photographed, and with line and transit will collect data to supplement the pictures. The flying photographers say that in two months they have been on the job they were able to take pictures only three days, because clouds above or below the plane blot out forest surface. Pictures are taken at 25,000-foot altitude.

Cedar City . . .

For first time in history, visitors to Bryce national park passed the 100,000 mark during the year ended September 30th, registers totaling 101,851.



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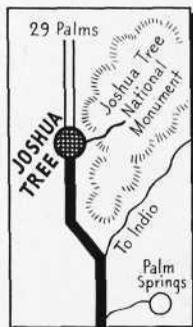
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DESERT PLACE NAMES

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

CHRISTMAS

Gila county

Postoffice and mining camp at end Winkelman branch, Arizona Eastern rr. In recent years the little postoffice here is swamped with Christmas letters and cards sent under cover from all parts of the United States to be mailed out from the office bearing official stamp "Christmas." According to the Arizona Republic, Dennis O'Brien and Bill Tweed located copper claims in Dripping Springs mountains about 1878. In 1882 Dr. James Douglas located claims adjoining. All were found to be within the San Carlos Apache Indian reservation and prospectors were forced to leave. In 1900 some one at Washington became interested and eventually reservation lines were changed. This decree was signed a few days before Christmas 1902. A wire was sent to George Crittenden and his partner, N. H. Mellor which reached them at their camp on Christmas Eve. They acted promptly. Reaching the Gila at midnight, they waited for daylight, forded the stream and made their locations. "I guess we jumped the claims of O'Brien, Tweed, and Dr. Douglas all right," said Mellor, "but it was Christmas day in the morning so we filled our stockings and named the place Christmas in honor of the day."

LOUSY GULCH

Gila county

On upper Tonto creek, about one mile southeast of Payson. Fred Coxen says, "In the 80s Ben Cole and his two sons, Emer and Link, had a mine here. They worked it during one winter and all became lousy. So they called it by that name."

CALIFORNIA

PANAMINT

Inyo county

Mountains, village, mine. Formerly a tribe of Shoshonean Indians. Panamint as a town was established in 1874 with Jacob's Wonder mine.

TORTUGA (tor too' gah)

Imperial county

Twelve miles east of Niland on the SP rr. Spanish for "turtle" or "terrapin." The desert tortoise was found in great numbers near here, far from any visible water supply. "In 1880 Tortuga was only a flag-stop," says one writer. It still is.

BANNING

Riverside county

Ele. 2318. Laid out by Dr. Welwood Murray of Palm Springs and named in honor of his friend Phineas Banning, founder of a stage line in 1852.

NEEDLES

San Bernardino county

Settled in 1882 when the railroad reached that point. So called from a group of pointed rocks or pinnacles, in one of which the wind eroded a hole or "eye." Padre Garces first reached the place in 1776, traveling up the Colorado river. He named the surrounding mountains Sierra de San Ildefonso. The pinnacles are about 480 feet high, were named "Needles" by Ives in 1857.

NEW MEXICO

SOCORRO (so ko' rro)

Socorro county

When Don Juan de Oñate and a group of starving followers reached Teypana, a Piro Indian village on the eastern bank of the Rio Grande opposite the present site of Socorro in 1598 they were given maize by the Indians living there. In commemoration of this generous act Oñate called the village Socorro. In 1626 a Franciscan mission at Pil-o-Pue, a Piro village across the Rio Grande from Teypana, was dedicated to Nuestra Sonora del Socorro, Our Lady of Help. It is thought that about this time the two villages consolidated and became known as Socorro. Following the Pueblo Indian revolt in 1680 most of the 600 inhabitants fled for refuge to a site on the Rio Grande 16 miles below El Paso and established a town which they named for their old home place. In 1817 the Spanish crown gave land grants to 21 families at Socorro, New Mexico, to promote colonization. For many years the townspeople lived within a wall as protection against Indian raids. Silver, lead and zinc mines in the vicinity were recorded as early as 1630 (Benavides). The county took its name from the town.

NEVADA

CRYSTAL PEAK

Washoe county

Townsite laid out in 1864 on the California-Nevada line by the Crystal Peak mining company, soualled from the crystallized gold quartz found in the mountain.

PIOCHE (pee' o chee)

Lincoln county

Formerly Panaca, from Panacker-Silver. Settled in 1868 by James Grange and E. M. Chubard, who erected a small furnace for smelting. Town laid out in 1869 and named by Mrs. S. E. C. Williamson. Indian agent for the district at the time was F. L. A. Pioche of San Francisco, who owned most of the mines in the vicinity. In 1872 at its peak Pioche had a population of 10,000. Boulder dam power has revived the neighborhood.

UTAH

BRIGHAM CITY

Box Elder county

Incorporated February 10, 1867, and of course named for Brigham Young.

GARFIELD

county

Established March 8, 1882. First called Snow county after Erastus Snow, a pioneer of 1847. Since President Garfield had been assassinated only a year before (dying in September of 1881) Governor Murray suggested the name for the county as an appropriate mark of respect.

MORGAN

Morgan county

Town and county named for Jedediah Morgan Grant who left Salt Lake with a small party early in 1855 to found a new settlement in Weber valley. County formed January 17, 1862.

Home of the Whistling Ghosts . . .

Continued from page 8

came to rest on top of the mesa! I'm rather proud of that sombrero and didn't choose to leave it as a toy for the ancient ghosts. I simply climbed Enchanted Mesa for the third time and rescued my hat."

When Coronado and his conquistadores visited Acoma pueblo in 1540, the legend of Katzimo already was venerable with age. The Spaniards interpreted the name as *Mesa Encantada*—a more pleasantly mysterious term than Ghost Rock as later frontiersmen might have translated it. Those first white visitors described the natives of Acoma as friendly and industrious.

It was the late Charles F. Lummis who in the middle 1880s first reported the ancient legend to the English reading world. His numerous books still intrigue the fancies of those who have not seen this land of wonders—still serve as authentic reports of Southwestern lore and legends.

Like many others who try to understand the mysteries of the region, Lummis believed most Indian legends had been evolved from historic facts. He has said that for a number of years he literally haunted the base of Katzimo, searching for evidence of the ancient inhabitants and trying to devise means for reaching the summit.

Not everyone shares Lummis' high regard for Indian legends. In 1897 a tenderfoot professor from a famous eastern university assumed the role of de-bunker and sought to disenchant the Enchanted Mesa.

This seeker after Truth paved the way for his exploit with widespread newspaper publicity. To the scene he brought a corps of reporters and cameramen—together with miles of rope, a bo'sun's chair and a mortar for hurling a line across the top of the mesa. The paraphernalia was unloaded at the railway station of Laguna, New Mexico, then hauled in farm wagons to the base of Katzimo.

After four days of trial and error they anchored a three-inch hawser across the mesa's tip. This heavy rope was used to haul the professor to the summit in the bo'sun's chair and perform his de-bunking act at ease.

Well, he got there safely enough—the first white man ever known to have made the ascent. The chair descended and was elevated again, bringing newshawks and cameras to record the findings of the hardy explorer. The man of learning came to the conclusion that his were the first human feet ever to have trod the lofty table—although some of the photographs clearly displayed hand-and-toe

notches of the ancient trail to the chimney. The notches and a handful of primitive potsherds which he gathered, he described as "freaks of erosion." From Laguna's telegraph station he assured news presses of the world that the myth of Enchanted Mesa had been exploded by his skill and knowledge.

Dr. Frederick Webb Hodge, distinguished archaeologist from the Bureau of American Ethnology, was exploring in New Mexico at the time and decided to investigate Katzimo. Using a wooden extension ladder made in six interchangeable six-foot sections, he and his scientific party reached the top in a little more than three hours' climb—including the tedious care required for bringing up old-fashioned cameras. Their trained eyes quickly recognized the step notches as the handiwork of aboriginal man, and in cracks of the stone these experienced seekers found numerous artifacts such as stone axes, potsherds, arrowheads and beads.

Scientists Verify Legend

Thus the historic basis of Katzimo's legend was verified by accredited authorities. The Acoma Indians rejoiced in knowing they had not been misled by a doubtful myth. Both the heedless contradiction and the scientific verification occurred within the space of a few weeks, in middle 1897.

On June 22, 1898, Lummis at last realized his ambition of exploring Enchanted Mesa. Using the Hodge extension ladder, in two hours and ten minutes his party of 16 persons—ranging in age from 68-year-old Theodore H. Hittell to Lummis' six-year-old daughter and

including Dr. and Mrs. David Starr Jordan—climbed from the valley below to the top of Katzimo. Of this experience he wrote:

"We remained on the summit till the sun was low, scouring its 2500 feet of length—and not ignorantly. We knew ancient potsherds when we saw them, and we saw many. Virtually every member of the party found some . . . It was only in crannies of the weathered rock, where they could not be 'washed overboard' by cloudbursts, we found arrowheads, shell beads, turquoise beads and a pendant, and agate spalls that had come 200 miles by prehistoric barter from the petrified forest of Arizona; showing that arrows were not only used but *made* on the mesa's top. A stone ax and a smoothing stone (a porphyry pebble polished on one side by years of use in smoothing pottery before firing) were also found . . . The descent of the cliff, like the climbing, would have been dangerous except with expert mountaineers; but with them there was no difficulty."

That last sentence in the Lummis report is important. For all except experienced climbers, Enchanted Mesa promises difficulties. But to those "Deserteers" to whom every pinnacle is a challenge—the thrill of exploring the legendary home of the whistling ghosts will be ample compensation for the difficulties.

Believing in ghosts or not, you must remember the queer blast of air which surges up through the narrow chimney forming the only route for ascent of Katzimo. And since violent storms can wreck the puny devices of men against nature, it may be well to ask advice at McCarty on 66 before leaving the trail to Acoma—and leave your big sombrero in your car.

I wish you lucky findings and happy landings!

. . .

We Found the Warm Heart . . .

Continued from page 17

a way to make this story about the smugglers seem possible!" He didn't answer and I went on, feeling anything was possible. "When I finish this, I'm going to write real things; about the desert, about the Elephant Tree, the Spangled Tents Beyond Split Mountain, maybe about the 'Gypsy's Warning!'"

He looked up from the book he was reading, said, "Listen a minute."

I listened. My husband read in his deep voice,

*"It is too late to use the map
Our parents used. Lay out your own
Roads westward - -"*

He put the book down on his knee and said thoughtfully, "I think we've found

it - - I believe we've got our feet on our new road."

We had. We are still on it. It's not an easy road. The old pioneer roads were not easy: they led up hill and down into hollows and bogs, as this one does. 1838 and 1938 have one vital thing in common. Today as a hundred years ago, the road sign should read: "Stay with your chosen road; follow it; and don't turn aside. It leads at last to a new land of opportunity and freedom."

Life has handed me many things, but nothing I would trade for a rainy morning when I got my first glimpse of "Our Own Road Westward."

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Lehman Caves

national monument in eastern Nevada. The buildings shown in the accompanying picture are the headquarters at the Lehman Caves

Johns Harrington of Los Angeles won the prize offered by the Desert Magazine for the best identification and descriptive article about these caves. Harrington's manuscript is printed below.



By JOHNS HARRINGTON

ON the eastern slopes of Mt. Wheeler in White Pine county, Nevada, is Lehman Caves national monument, pictured in the October issue of Desert Magazine. The building to the left is the office and residence of Ted O. Thatcher, the ranger-naturalist stationed at this out-of-the-way monument.

Lehman Caves are well known for their marvelous stalactites and stalagmites, which through the millenniums have formed all sorts of curious shapes. Recent work at the landmark has altered its appearance from the outside, considerably, as a new entrance to the caves has been dug. This opening saves visitors a tiresome climb up the hill from the park service quarters, and an equally tiresome descent down steep wooden steps to the cave floor.

Archeologists under S. M. Wheeler and A. E. Gaumer, assistant, are digging in the dirt cone formed by debris collected for thousands of years under the old entrance. Both human and animal bones have been uncovered.

The citizens of White Pine county bought the caves in 1934 and gave them to the federal government. The landmark remained under the U. S. forest service for a year and then was turned over to the park service to become a national monument.

As Mt. Wheeler is the highest peak in Nevada, snow occasionally blocks the road to the caves despite the fact that they are situated at a comparatively low elevation on the slopes. Lehman Caves are located 70 miles from Ely and six miles from the little town of Baker. From Las Vegas, the landmark is reached via Caliente and Panaca.

Indian legend says that at one time a blue-faced little dwarf lived in the caves. This superstition was quoted in the December 1937 issue of Desert Magazine in an article relating Ranger-naturalist Thatcher's method of "milking" rattlesnakes.

Besides the scenic attractions in the caves themselves, there are many other features in this area which prove interesting to tourists. Trout fishing is usually good in a number of streams in the vicinity, most prominent of which is Baker creek. In thickets near this stream is "Ice Cave," whose end has never been reached, and nearby are two more inviting and accessible caves that have been partially excavated by the State of Nevada and the Southwest Museum, Los Angeles.

Anyone who plans a trip to Lehman Caves during the fishing season should include trout tackle in his list. Camping equipment is advisable also, though accommodations are usually available in Baker.

LANDMARK IN UTAH

Who can identify this odd rock formation?



Here's a Contest for Utah Travelers

Nature is kind to desert travelers. In the great expanse of the Southwestern part of the United States where distances are great and highways are few, a kind Providence has supplied natural markers which have served both Indian and white man as guides to waterholes and settlements.

The above landmark is one of these natural guide-posts. It is located in Utah—in southeastern Utah to be exact.

Many of the readers of the Desert Magazine will recognize this rock formation. Others will want to learn about it. And so a prize will be awarded to the person who sends in the correct name and the best descriptive article of not over 400 words.

The manuscript should give the exact location relative to towns and highways, estimated height, and any other geological, legendary or historical information available.

Entries should be addressed to Landmarks Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California. The contest closes December 20, 1938, and the winning answer will be published in the February number of the magazine.



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B-BAR-H RANCH

in the Coachella Valley near Palm Springs

(Mailing address: Garnet, Calif.)



By RANDALL HENDERSON

THE Christian religion was born on the desert. The wilderness where Jesus spent 40 days in fasting and prayer before he began his ministry was a desert wilderness. And so, the folks who live in palatial homes, surrounded on Christmas Day with costly gifts and glittering tinsel, need not feel sorry for the little mother in that humble desert cabin about whom Virginia Duncan has written in this number of the *Desert Magazine*. That desert mother was closer to the real heart of Christmas than is possible among people to whom Christmas giving involves no sacrifice.

* * *

A student of theology once told me that all the great religions of the world came from the deserts—from prophets who found their inspiration during periods of lonely vigil in the solitude of the undisturbed wastelands.

While I am not familiar enough with the history of religion to verify this rather broad assertion I am convinced after listening to the political ballyhoo that has been coming over the radio the last few weeks that the mad merry-go-round of our present civilization is not producing any prophets worth mentioning.

* * *

During October I spent a day at the non-professional rodeo which Cal Godshall and his cowboy friends put on every year at Victorville, California. They call it an amateur show, but if those ridin' wranglers from the Mojave are amateurs I am curious to know just what are the qualifications of a professional.

On my way to Victorville I detoured out across Baldy Mesa to the homestead where Pat and Ethel Caughlin are raising game birds for breeding purposes. They have scores of pens for many different species of quail, pheasant and partridge—and their affection for those birds is second only to their feeling toward their own children. The pens are out in the juniper and native desert shrubbery—so the birds have all the advantages of their natural haunts, minus the hazard of hawks, coyotes and hunters. There'll be more about Pat and Ethel in the *Desert Magazine* later.

* * *

Returning from Victorville I stopped at Barstow where F. V. Sampson has some of the most remarkable desert wildlife pictures I have ever seen. In order to secure them he lived for many months out in a little den among the boulders near the Mojave river and cultivated the friendship of the desert animals and birds. As a result he has some close-ups so life-like and unusual he often has been accused of using stuffed models for his photography.

* * *

From Barstow I drove to Yermo to meet Walter and Kenneth Wilhelm and their mother—three interesting personali-

ties. Mrs. Dora Wilhelm, the mother, grubstaked a prospector many years ago and acquired a mine on the Mojave desert which she worked herself. That was in the days when none but the strong could survive the rigors of living and making a living on the desert. Mrs. Wilhelm was a good miner and a good mother. Walter and Kenneth grew up in the rocks and greasewood. Their hobby was the making of primitive hunting weapons. Today Kenneth is a world champion in the use of bow and arrow. The boys not only are expert archers, but have become adept in the use of blowgun and sling shot. Walter is a fossil collector and gem cutter. His range is the whole Mojave desert, and he has rigged up an old jalopy with big tires and extra gears that climbs rocks like a mountain goat.

Walter Wilhelm and John Hilton ought to know each other. They are a couple of desert rats with so many interesting hobbies it is a pity they have to take time off to earn a living. What a marvelous playground this desert is for those who make the most of its opportunities!

* * *

Reading a reprint of one of Jack London's stories in the *Readers Digest* recently I ran across this description of one of the characters:

"The trouble with him was that he was without imagination. He was quick and alert in the things of life, but only in the things, not in the significances."

There's a thought for students of human nature. Isn't that a rather enlightening formula for classifying human beings?

For years I have been seeking the answer to these questions: Why is the desert a place feared and hated by some, while for others it has a genuine fascination? What type of person falls under the spell of the arid region? Or is it possible to isolate and identify the particular microbe that causes some people to become enthusiastic devotees of the desert?

Generalizations usually are inaccurate and often unfair—but of this conclusion I am quite sure, that an unimaginative person never acquires much attachment for the land of sand dunes and pastel hills.

Those who see "only the things" find no beauty either in the color or form of the desert landscape. Appreciation of nature's artistry is limited to those who have the vision to see behind and beyond the artificial aspect of things—those with the power to deal with "significances."

To these the desert is interesting because they recognize in this strange world of paradoxes the opportunity to gain new understanding of the miracle of Creation.

And of course some of them have to write poetry about it. Heaven bless them for that—I only wish I had the space to print all their poems.