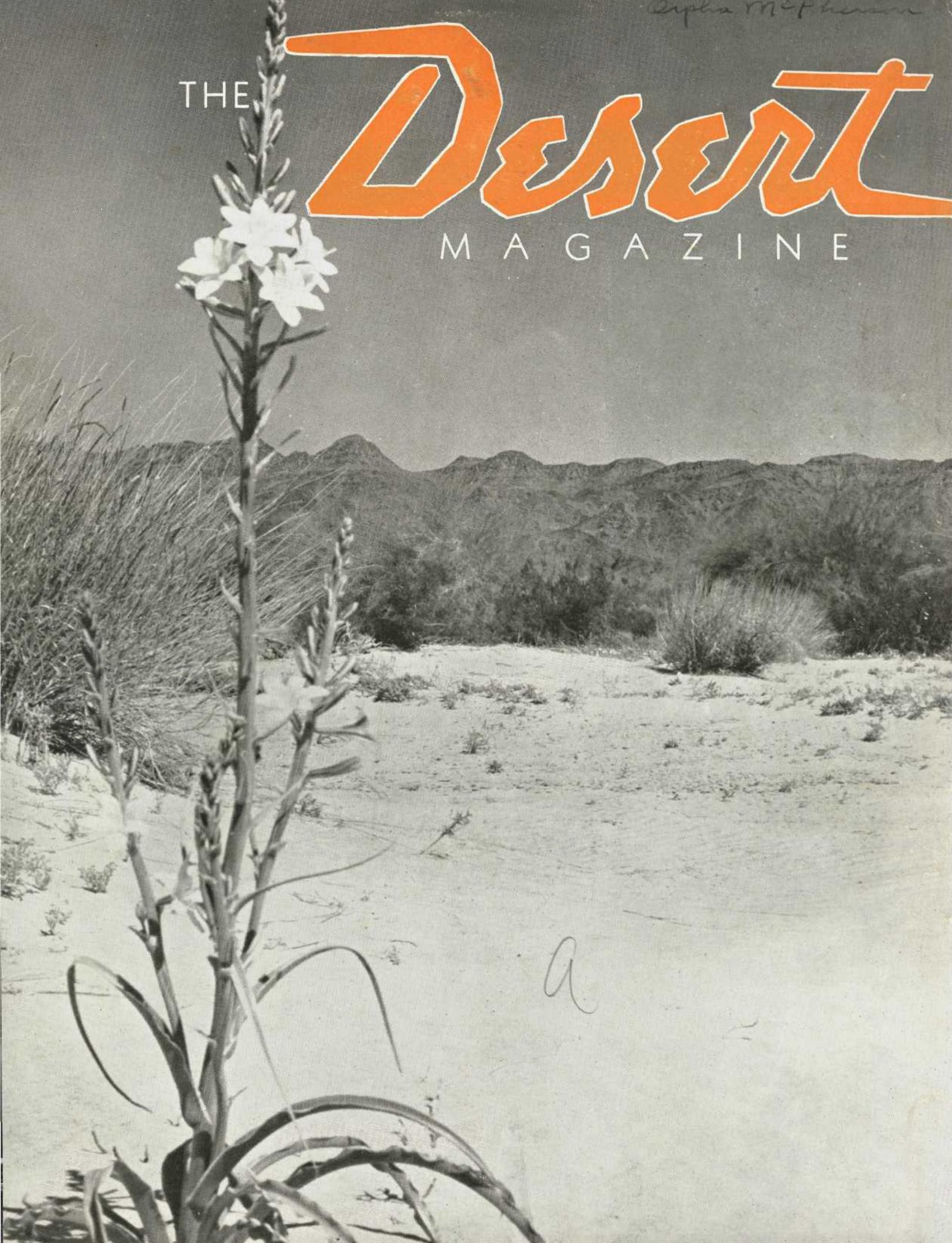


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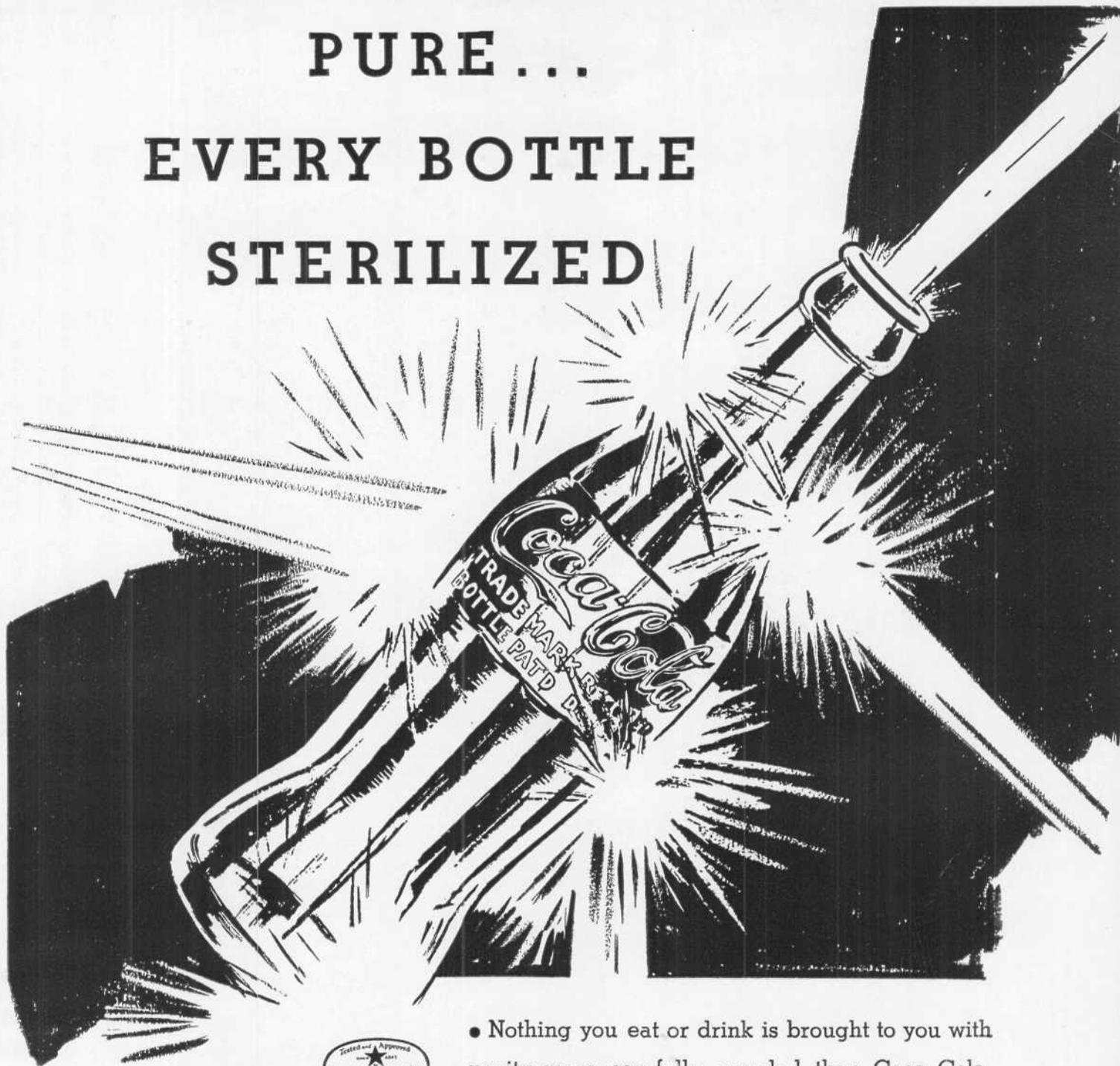
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MARCH, 1938

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CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

*Guard us closely Cacti mother,
Guard thy children as of yore;
Strap upon thy thorny armour
That is what God made it for.
Guard us 'gainst those thoughtless
people
Who all rules or signs ignore.
We are here to live in freedom,
That is what God made us for.*

DESERT

Calendar

for March

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

FEB. 27—Annual lost gold trek of the Dons Club of Phoenix to Superstition mountain. Arthur H. Weber is chairman of the trek committee.

MAR. 5-6—Sierra Club of California to camp overnight at 48 Palms and visit Inscription Rock, 29 Palms and other scenic points in Joshua Tree National Monument area.

MAR. 5-13—Imperial Valley Midwinter Fair at Imperial, California. Agricultural and livestock exhibits and entertainment program.

MAR. 12—University of Arizona at Tucson to select outstanding piano and voice students in state to appear on April 10 with Tucson Symphony orchestra.

MAR. 12-13—Annual Papago Indian ceremonials to be held at the historic San Xavier del Bac mission. Mrs. Thomas Lawther who sponsored the revival of these old dances, is in charge of the preparations for this year's program.

MAR. 18—Mrs. Elizabeth W. Ayer Campbell, associate of the Southwestern Museum, to give lecture at the Heard Museum in Phoenix.

MAR. 25-26—Annual district musical festival at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

MAR. 26-27—Sierra Club of California to camp overnight at Martinez canyon in Coachella valley and explore old Indian trails.



Vol. 1

MARCH, 1938

No. 5

COVER	Desert Lily in Coachella Valley Photo by DEWEY MOORE	
CALENDAR	Important events scheduled for March.....	1
LETTERS	Peter Spraynozzle writes to the editor.....	2
PHOTOGRAPHY	Prize contest winner.....	3
HISTORY	Pauline Weaver of the Restless Feet By ARTHUR WOODWARD.....	4
NATURE	Lily of the Wastelands By DON ADMIRAL	7
TRAVELOG	Thousands Play on Uncle Sam's White Sandpile By LOUISE C. RUTZ.....	8
FANTASY	Tonto Ruins By EDITH LITCHFIELD DENNY.....	10
PERSONALITY	Dick Wick's Frog Still Lives at Salome By RANDALL HENDERSON.....	12
DESERT GEMS	Bloodstone in the Orocopias By JOHN W. HILTON.....	14
PERSONALITY	White Medicine Man By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH.....	16
CAMERA ART	Feel of the Desert By JOHN STEWARD MacCLARY.....	18
WEATHER	Yuma's Sunshine Reporter By J. WILSON McKENNEY.....	19
NEWS	Here and There on the Desert.....	20
POETRY	"Desert Rat" and other poems.....	22
PRIZES	Amateur photographer's contest.....	22
BOOKS	Present and Past Literature of the Desert.....	23
LANDMARKS	Prize contest announcement	25
FICTION	Sez Hard Rock Shorty By LON GARRISON.....	26
PLACE NAMES	Compiled by TRACY M. SCOTT.....	28
COMMENT	Just Between You and Me By the EDITOR.....	32

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LETTERS

"Heaven and the desert have about the same number of people," writes Peter Spraynozzle, lovable philosopher whose voice is known to all who listen to KSL broadcasts from Salt Lake City. Peter's letter, printed on this page, will strike a responsive chord in every reader who has learned to love the desert country.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

The Desert Magazine,

Dear Sirs:

Through the kindness of someone unknown to us, Joe Bush und me, Peter Spraynozzle, of Sheepfold, flock masters of the desert out where "big gates swing on little hinges," have been privileged to read your No. 2 issue of Vol. 1 of the Desert Magazine.

In reading the letters on page three Joe und me note that all are from California, so Joe suggested I write und tell you that here in Sheepfold where the Utah Nevada desert is our front yard, we like the Desert Magazine, too.

Sheepfold is just a little place when houses and people are considered, but for territory wherein there is room to grow, of that we have plenty. Back of us to the east are the timber mountains, tumbling down through the Lost Lamb Canyon comes "Bad Man Creek," southwest of us the desert, und north the tint und sparkle of Great Salt Lake.

Here we have our home, Joe Bush und me, built where the canyon fans out into the desert. Back up the canyon we have built us a dam that makes a sizable lake to hold the flood waters of the "Bad Man" water we use to irrigate the ranch und grow the feed vid which we winter feed the flocks and herds that run the summer range on the Forest Reserve.

There is nothing at Sheepfold that is pretentious, nothing to brag about—or be ashamed of. Our houses, barns, bunk houses, corrals, shearing sheds, lambing pens, cattle chutes and poultry runs are all built of logs. "Bad Man Creek" generates for us electric energy that gives us light and power. In the big living room of Joe's place there is a baby grand piano und a little old parlor organ, a radio and a telephone, that keeps us in touch vid the doings of the world. All that we have in common vid the world—the big and little cities of the nation—und then we have what the people of the cities do not have—behind us the timber mountain range, before us the magnificent distances of the desert, und sometimes Joe Bush und me, from a high point on the summer range, like to look away to the north und see the setting sun draw its ribbons of gold across the indescribable blue waters of Great Salt Lake.

Joe Bush und me, Peter Spraynozzle, know the desert country—know it from the Columbia to the Rio Grande, from the Rockies to the Coast—und we love it. To Joe und me the desert is always clean, always in order. It's like our conception of Heaven that way, und like my boy Pete says—if vhat his Sunday School teacher says is true, "Heaven und the desert have about the same number of people."

At a gas station in the Dixieland of Utah last summer a tourist vas busy dusting his car. Because of the red dust Joe Bush asked him if he had been to Bryce Canyon. The tourist said he had, but that he would not have gone if he had known that his car would be covered with red dust.

Joe Bush told him it was too bad, but that a man who would not dust his car to see Bryce Canyon would not cleanse his heart to see God. In a ride over the desert in

the Dixieland to Utah, Joe said that if there were no Bryce Canyon, no Cedar Breaks, no Zion, no Grand Canyon, a drive over the magnificent distances of the desert country of Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada, would still be worth the time and cost. A lady tourist riding in the front seat vid Joe said, "Maybe so, but if you can see anything of grandeur or beauty in that awful desert out there, I don't see it," und Joe said, "But lady, don't you wish you could?"

Und so like Joe Bush says, maybe Desert Magazine will help those who love the desert, who see its beauty, who feel the call of it—who know the toll it has taken of those who have come unasked, uninvited, and unprepared, to search its vast domain, to rob, ruin and plunder—but those who know the warmth, the mother love the Desert has for those who come to build and develop, to bring water to her parched lips, to carpet her sands with grass, to fringe her vast boundaries vid trees, to decorate her bosom vid field and orchards, to hang about her throat a necklace of cities and towns, schools, churches, und the homes of happy, contented people.

Und so as Joe und me, Peter, hang up our chaps and saddles and coil our lass rope round the horn, we wish the year of 1938 will bring advertisers, subscribers, and readers to the Desert Magazine, und we hope that from its pages your readers will learn to know, understand und love the Great American Desert.

Yours very truly,

PETER SPRAYNOZZLE,

By Sam F. Kiefer

* * *

Pasadena, California.

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Let me add my congratulations, along with the thousands of others, on your publication. It is more than just a magazine, it is the voice of the desert itself. I wish you continued success.

BOB LEINSTER.

* * *

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I just received your February issue. You have a wonderful thing in this magazine but there is one place you have sadly neglected.

The place I have in mind is "Thousand Palms Canyon," six miles north of Edom. You mentioned Thousand Palms canyon in another issue but there is a great story there. The owner, Paul P. Wilhelm, has a unique and interesting story in modern pioneering. I think his story and poetry would help your magazine. I speak with authority because I spent two months in his haven of peace and that is the reason I want others to know of its beauty.

I sincerely enjoy the Desert Magazine and enjoy reviewing the scenes I loved so much.

HARRY R. HINDS.



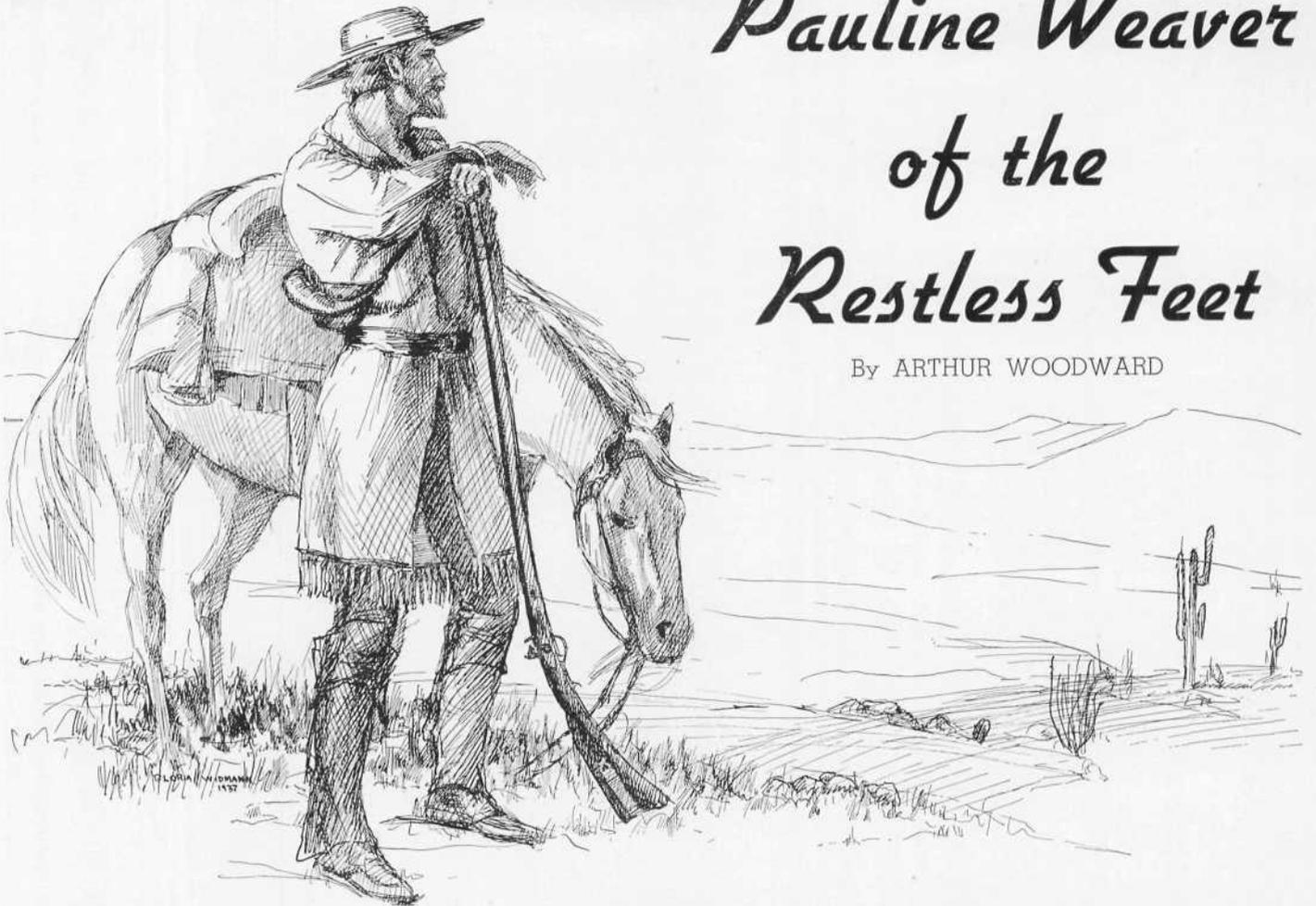
Saguaro Blossom

By RALPH H. ANDERSON
Yosemite National Park, California

First prize photograph in the January contest of the Desert Magazine. This picture taken in the early morning with 3½x4¼ Graflex, K-2 filter, 1/25 second at f8, commercial pan film.

Pauline Weaver of the Restless Feet

By ARTHUR WOODWARD



IN THE COOL semi-darkness of Casa Grande, that magnificent Hohokam ruin on the bank of the Gila river in south central Arizona, a buckskin clad mountain man hacked at the pinkish grey caliche of the north wall with his skinning knife. Outside the building, a knot of men, similarly garbed, lounged in the shade of the towering structure.

With a grunt of satisfaction the knife wielder ceased his labors.

"Thar," he muttered, "that's the way my stick floats. Any man can read it."

The rambling letters spelled "P. WEAVER 1832", and such is our introduction to that half-legendary trapper, scout and prospector credited with being "the first settler of Prescott."

His name was Powell Weaver, although in later years he was to be known variously as Paulino, Pawlino, Pawline or Pauline, or just plain "Old Weaver". He is best known as Pauline, but it is my opinion that Powell was changed to Paulino by the Mexicans and this in turn was Anglicized into Pauline.

Of his early history little is known. One account, written by Sharlot M. Hall and Alpheus Favour, "Pauline Weaver, Trapper and Mountain Man", states that he was born in Tennessee, of mixed Cherokee and white blood in the

Sketch of Powell Weaver drawn by Gloria Widmann from such meager descriptive detail as is available. No photographs of the old scout are known to exist.

year 1800. Other sources give 1806 as the year of his birth.

Powell Weaver made his first definite entrance upon the stage of western history in April 1830 at Fort Smith, Arkansas, as a youth of twenty-four when he signed his name, in company with forty-two companions, to the articles of agreement drawn up by Captain John Rogers and Calvin Coffee to go on a trapping expedition into the Shining Mountains.

"All the outfit will be furnished in advance, as well as such merchandise as is required for the three years expedition payable in beaver fur at three dollars per pound on the return of the expedition."

This was in the sunset of the beaver trade for American trappers. Soon the new fangled silk hats were to make their appearance and this factor, combined with the ever increasing scarcity of beaver and drop in demand for beaver fur was to see the end of the far famed

mountain men. With the exception of three men, and as far as I am aware Powell was not one of these three, the company was composed entirely of greenhorns who had never fought an Indian or stuck a trap in a beaver dam.

The outfit left Fort Smith in May and headed west for the Rocky Mountains. Each man had a rifle, pistol, belt axe and six traps. They carried their belongings on pack animals.

Fall was giving way to winter when they decided to rendezvous on the north fork of the Arkansas about 100 miles above Pike's Peak. Ten of the party decided they had seen the elephant and turned their faces home.

The following spring the expedition traveled leisurely down the Gila, trapping side streams and exploring along the way. By the latter part of January 1832 they had reached the Casa Grande which Weaver promptly turned into a private autograph album. Today if you visit the ruin, which is a well known National Monument, "Major" Frank Pinkley, the Superintendent of Southwestern Monuments who has been ruminating in the desert for the past thirty years, more or less, or one of his able staff will point out to you the half obliterated letters carved by P. Weaver on

Ruins of an ancient Indian civilization, the remnants of the old Casa Grande structure are today under the protection of park rangers and are being guarded against further destruction. The overhead canopy was erected by the National Park Service.

the smooth hard surface of the north wall.

On the Gila near the Pima village of Blackwater the trappers ran into trouble. The Indians stole the beaver traps and killed some horses. This was too much for the hot blooded mountain men. They decided to give the red skins a lesson. Six of the men hid themselves while the others left camp in a manner calculated to convince any watching Indians that the place was unguarded. The brown skinned desert dwellers swarmed in to loot and the concealed riflemen opened fire—then moved on, leaving a number of dead Indians sprawled among the creosote bushes beside the river.

The next day the trappers pushed on to the Colorado river where they secured foodstuffs from the Yumas. Here the outfit divided. Eleven of the men headed west across the desert and arrived in Los Angeles on February 10. The others stayed to trap on the river and later followed their companions to the Pacific coast.

One cannot condone the cold-blooded manner in which Weaver and his companions dealt with the Indians on many occasions. But it must be remembered that the old frontier was a hard school, and only the prize pupils survived.



In 1845 Powell and his old trapping companion, Isaac Williams, then a prosperous owner of Rancho del Chino, applied for and received in joint ownership from the California governor, Pio Pico, a grant of land in San Geronimo Pass. Here Powell made his home until 1853 when he sold his share of the land to Dr. Isaac W. Smith, an emigrant from Iowa.

In 1849 Duff Weaver, Powell's younger brother, joined the latter in California, later taking up government land in San Timoteo canyon near Redlands.

When Antonio Garra, an educated Cupeno Indian, conspired with Bill Marshall, a renegade English sailor living near Warner's Ranch, to lead all of the Indians in southern California in one grand uprising in the fall of 1851, the white men in the area from the Colorado river to the lower end of the Tulare valley were greatly alarmed.

Powell Weaver, living in the heart of that territory, decided to take a hand. He gave Juan Antonio, fierce old war eagle of the desert Cahuillas, horses and sent him to capture Antonio Garra's son.

The mission was successful and Garra Jr. was carried a prisoner to Weaver's place. There the young captive wrote a pathetic note dated at "Rancho del Senor Paulino Guiva" to "El Sr. Gral. Vin", kissing the latter's hand and awaiting his pleasure.

"Vin" in this case was El Senor General Joshua Bean, the somewhat bombastic leader of the state militia, then camped at Rancho del Chino. He immediately marched to Weaver's ranch, made an imposing but useless treaty with the Cahuillas, took young Garra back to Chino and there executed the young rebel early on the morning of December 27 1851. The famous Judge Roy Bean, the "Law West of the Pecos",



One hundred and six years ago Powell Weaver carved his autograph on the walls at the old Casa Grande ruins—and the letters are still legible. Photo courtesy National Park Service.



This granite boulder with bronze plaque marks the grave of Powell Weaver at Prescott, Arizona. It was purchased with funds contributed by the school children of Yavapai county. Photo by Bate Studio, Prescott.

Like all free trappers, Weaver was never one to submit completely to military discipline, and when the discovery was announced he turned from military scouting to guiding would-be gold hunters through the arid hinterland of unknown Arizona.

In October 1864 the old scout seems to have had some idea of settling down on the Colorado and operating a ferry near La Paz. In company with J. R. Simmons and several others Powell petitioned the Arizona legislature for a ferry permit. Either official permission was not granted or Weaver changed his mind. He seems to have been an eternal wanderer.

In the spring of 1865 Powell's Apache enemies caught up with him. The old man was ambushed and shot. He was taken to the military hospital at Whipple and recovered. His son, said to have been born of a Chemehuevi mother, was slain by the Apaches near Wickenburg in 1865 or 1866.

In the following year Weaver was attached to the 14th Regiment of Infantry, then stationed at Camp Lincoln on the Verde river.

Here, alone, in his solitary camp pitched in a grove of cottonwoods near the fort, the restless feet of Powell Weaver were forever stilled on the night of June 21 1867. The army doctor diagnosed the cause of his death as "congestive chills" . . . but no doubt the Apache arrows or bullets of two years previous contributed to his death.

He was buried with military honors by his comrades of the 14th Infantry in the lonesome post cemetery at Camp Lincoln. There he slept quietly until June 1892 when his remains, along with other soldier dead, were removed by Government contractors, and reburied in the cemetery in the Presidio at San Francisco, California.

On October 27 1929 the bones of the old scout were once more reinterred in the soil of Arizona in the city of Prescott with fitting military and civil honors.

An imposing granite boulder bearing a bronze plaque, purchased by the school children of the county now marks the last resting place of Arizona's restless wanderer.

In the words of the newspaper correspondent who wrote his obituary for *The Weekly Arizona Miner* of July 13 1867:

"Earth lie gently on his bones."

whose legal exploits are frontier legends, probably acted his first and only legitimate legal role of judge at this court-martial. His name as Lieutenant Roy Bean is signed to the original court-martial papers.

Weaver continued to live on his ranch, bickering now and then with the Cahuillas, until he disposed of his property in 1853. In the same year he drifted to the Colorado river where he offered to accompany L. D. Oatman into the Mojave country to rescue the captive Oatman girls.

Apparently he was still on the river in 1857 when he accompanied Captain George A. Johnson, in the "General Jessup" that year on the exploratory

trip up the Colorado. Powell was official meat getter for the expedition.

The Civil War broke out and California and Arizona became centers of military activity. Weaver, because of his knowledge of the desert regions, was called upon to serve as scout and guide for Federal troops operating out of Fort Yuma.

For many years there had been various rumors of rich gold fields in Arizona. It was known as "The Land of the Golden Bullets." Sixteen civilian prospectors had made the trip upstream in 1857 and now, in the spring of 1862 great placer fields of the precious metal were discovered along the Colorado north of Yuma.

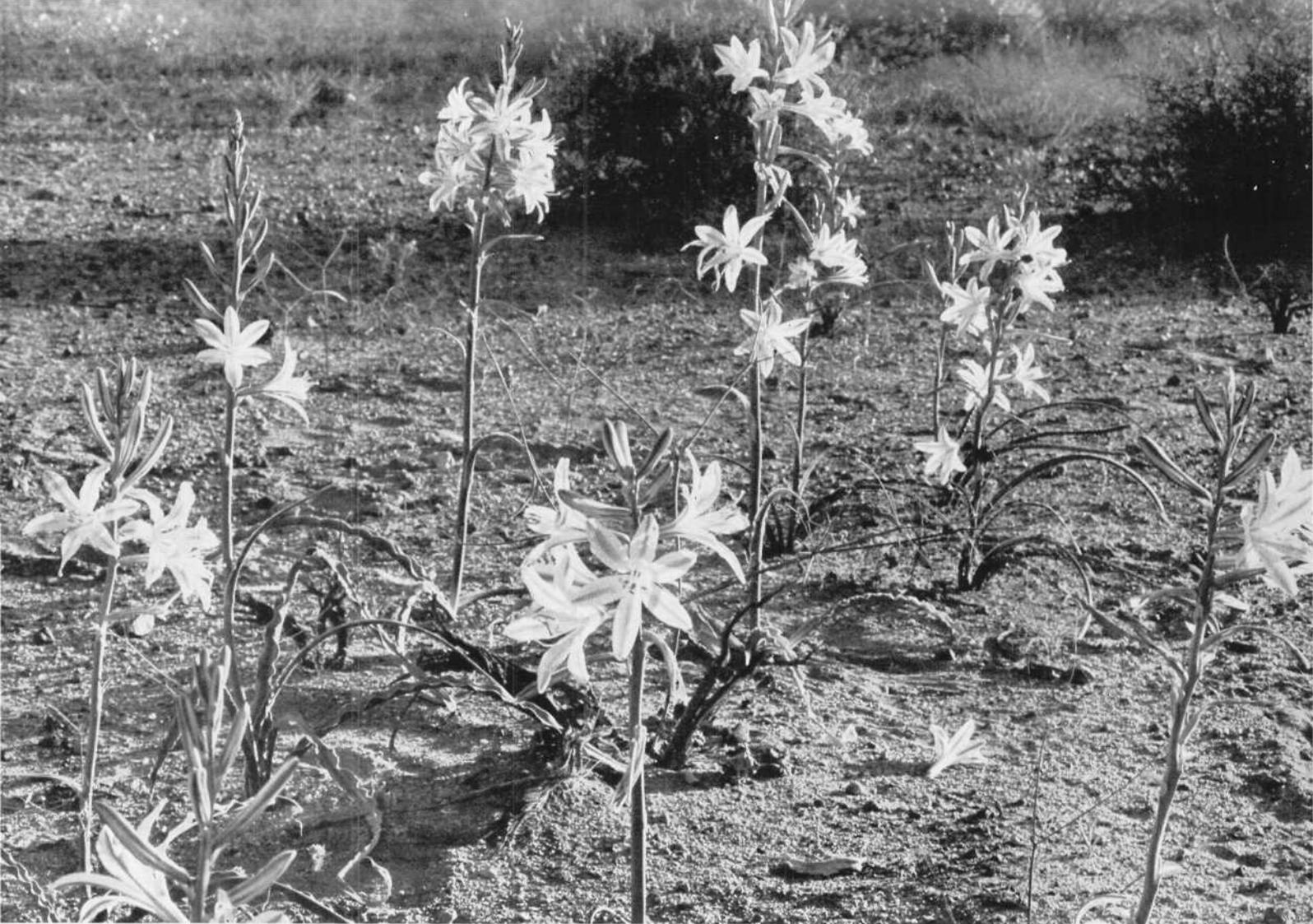


Photo by Frashers

Lily of the Wastelands

By DON ADMIRAL
Naturalist of Palm Springs

AS I WATCHED, unseen, a motorist jammed on the brakes of his car and ran to the roadside where a beautiful flower was growing. His hand closed around the stalk, then he hesitated and relaxed his grip. In the end he brought his camera from the car and took a picture—and the desert lily remained to sway in the breezes.

None but the most callous of landscape marauders would rob the desert of the exquisite blossom of this lily of the wastelands.

Its beauty and symmetry are enhanced by a contrasting background of somber desert soil and varnish-covered pebbles. Often it is found in the most barren places—in the Yuha basin of Southern California west of Calexico for instance, where even the hardy Creosote bush has found it hard to survive.

It is a true lily, the only one found in the desert of the United States. *Hes-*

perocallis undulata (Gray) is the scientific name. The genus term *Hesperocallis* is from the Greek, meaning "Beautiful Inhabitants of the West." When science is thus moved to expression of the romantic, we may be sure there IS beauty. The species name refers to the narrow crinkly leaves which are a distinctive characteristic of the plant, often reaching the length of more than a foot.

The stout pale bluish stalk grows from one to three feet in height. When the leaves first come through the ground they usually spread out close to the sand, but as the stalk gains height it carries the leaves with it. The flowers are from two to three inches long and of pure white, striped with pale green and blue on the outside. There is a delicate fragrance to the blossom.

Spaniards generally lean toward the romantic in the selection of names, but in the case of the desert lily they dis-

regarded the flower and gave to the bulb the name of *ajo*, which is Spanish for garlic. Indians used the bulb for food in much the same way that onions are now used.

Unfortunately, the stalk is rather tough, and when landscape vandals seek to pick the flowers they generally pull up the entire plant, bulb and all. There is a serious danger that the sections of the desert along the highways will be entirely denuded of this rare flower.

The habitat of the desert lily is the desert region of Arizona, Southern California and Northern Mexico. The flowers usually are to be found in March and April, but only in seasons when there has been winter rainfall.

Unusually warm winter weather this year brought the desert lily to blossom much earlier than normal, and flowers were seen along the western rim of Imperial valley in January.



Thousands Play on Uncle Sam's Big White Sand Pile

By LOUISE C. RUTZ

ASKED to name the most impressive National Monument in the desert Southwest, a member of the U. S. Park service without hesitation replied:

"White Sands National Monument in southern New Mexico!"

Whether or not others share this opinion, the fact remains that 91,532 visitors were recorded at the headquarters of the "white sandpile" during the year ending September 30, 1937. This is nearly three times the number registered at any of the other National

Monuments in this area during the same period.

Nature, in a prankish mood, created on the arid flats between Las Cruces and Alamogordo literally mile after mile of desert sands which in the commonly accepted meaning of the word are not sands at all.

There are 143,000 acres of snowy dunes of gypsum—heaped like rolling hills of sugar against a typical desert background.

Scientists estimate that it took nature 30,000 years to complete her protective

task of turning the ordinary field mouse, found on the borders of the White Sands, from the usual grey to the white of its sandy environment.

Already covering an area of 275 square miles, the dunes are still in the process of making. Ten miles back in the center of the Sands is an old lake bed, drying up and working itself out by the process of making these crystals of gypsum. The gypsum is carried down from the surrounding hills in solution. When the water evaporates, it leaves the snow white crystals on the surface of the ground. The prevailing southwest wind piles them in rippled dunes, sometimes as high as 75 to 100 feet. The entire body, along a 30-mile front, is moving toward the east at the rate of approximately eight inches a year.

In spite of the lack of vegetation in the White Sands, and their otherwise desert aspect, water is reached at a depth of only 18 inches in the valleys between dunes. It is mineral water, not exactly a tasty beverage, but it is water in the desert, is safe to drink, and has no ill effects.

Mother Nature, taking the trouble to develop protective coloring in her field

mouse, did not overlook the other animal and insect life. Even the lizards and crickets found within the boundaries of the Sands are a creamy if not snowy white.

According to the statement of Fred W. Emerson, botanist at the Normal University, Las Vegas, New Mexico, 62 species of plant life are found in the dunes and the level flats between them. The narrow-leafed sand verbena, Emerson points out, is found nowhere else on earth. The plant display includes four species of mallows, milkweed, morning glory, mustard, *Gilia*, thirteen species of aster, one true verbena and several species of cacti.

A startling phenomenon, occurring at water holes or other water caches back in the Sands, is the transformation at certain seasons of clear waters to a blood red. Later they fade to a milky white and finally clear up again. Easily explained by the presence of a fairly common biological growth, the bizarre effect of blood-on-snow is nevertheless sensational and has led to many weird legends of violent death or a curse evoked by some angry spirit.

Some years ago the Government acknowledged the unique nature of the Great White Sands by proclaiming a large portion of them a National Mon-



Newly erected administration building at White Sands National Monument in New Mexico

ument. Always a Southwestern playground, the Sands then became a national attraction.

As a sand pile they eclipse Sonny Boy's wildest dream. Thousands of school children gather there for recreation throughout the year. There are no cliffs for the baby to fall over, no streams to drown in, no way for the small boy's clothes to be wrecked. It is a picnic site that is paradise to a harassed mother.

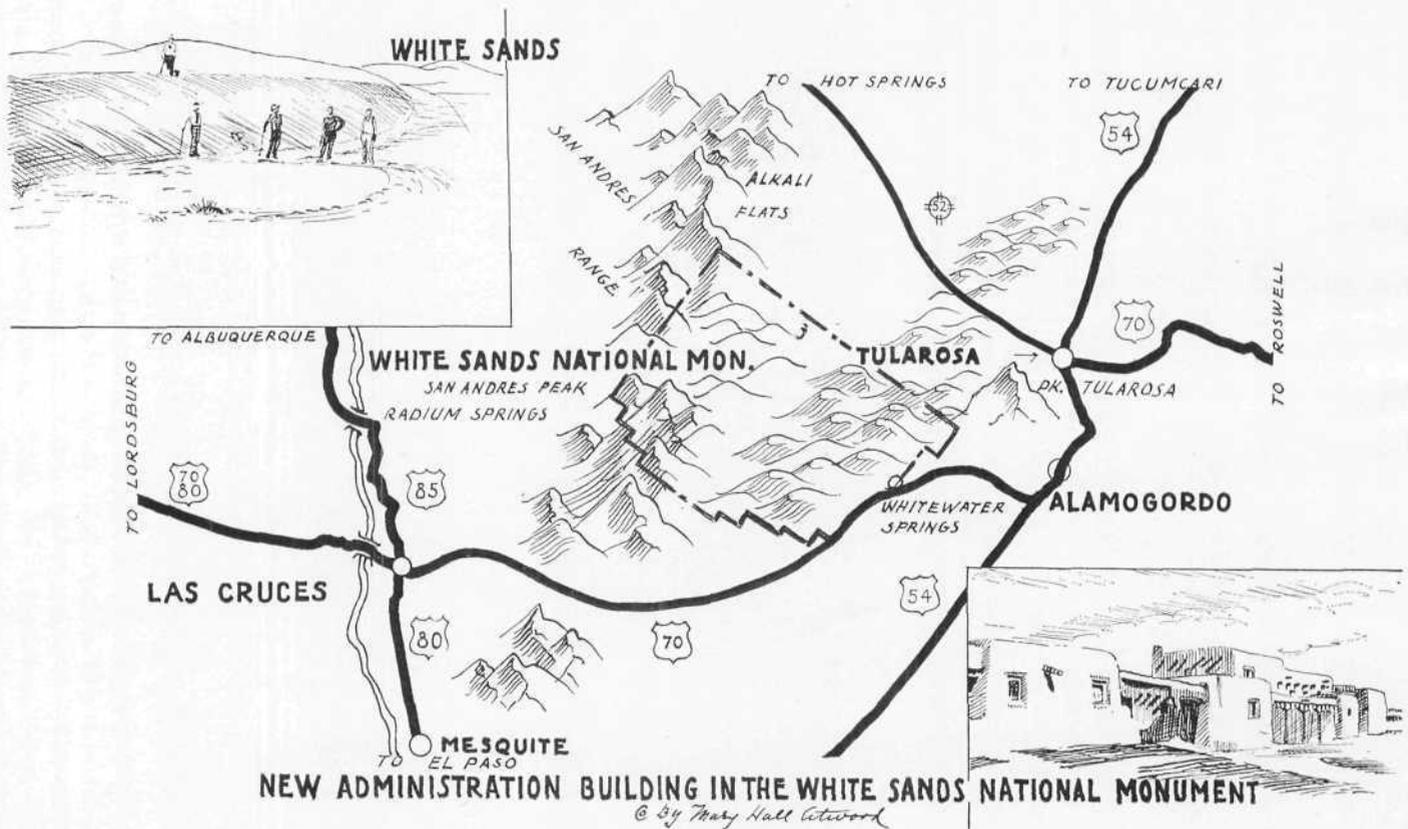
And, speak of sunset on the desert! Always partial to the desert, the great god Sol has never failed to make his

most gorgeous exit behind the desert sand hills or the semi-arid mesas. Perhaps the riot of color is no more splendid in his leave-taking over the white sand dunes. Perhaps it is only the contrast of snowy dunes against the myriad colored skyline, but no one who thrills to the splendor of a desert sunset could fail to treasure the vivid showmanship with which the sun god bids good night to the Great White Sands.

The National Park Service has constructed a road five miles into the Sands and near the turn-off is erecting a group of Park Service buildings, including a museum, Park Service headquarters, and other buildings, employing the southwestern architecture which harmonizes so well with the desert.

Good highways lead to the site, 90 miles from El Paso, Texas and about 17 from Alamogordo, New Mexico. It is open the year around, an all-year play spot. And while technically gypsum is not sand, at least not the ordinary silica or quartz sand, technically or not it is still a magnificent sand pile.

Administration of the White Sands National monument is under the direction of Tom Charles, custodian, and James B. Felton, park ranger.



Tonto Ruins

A FANTASY

By EDITH LITCHFIELD DENNY



TUCKED away in caves high up in precipitous walls of rock are the ancient cliff dwellings of the Tonto National Monument in central Arizona.

The visitor climbs a wobbly ladder to reach one of these ruins—and wonders what manner of people lived in them, and why they were put in such inaccessible places.

If this same visitor could look back over the centuries and glimpse a scene enacted here, perhaps five hundred years ago—

A sun-bronzed figure, clad only in loin cloth, comes up the pathway to the foot of the cliff and stands gazing upward. The man lifts his shoulders in a sigh of well being, then starts his ascent of the steep slope. Part of his climb is by way of an intricate stairway of mesquite limbs and woven brush. As he nears the top he turns and surveys the valley below.

“My land, my people now. May the Great Spirit give me strength to carry on my father’s work.”

A welcome “helah” from above disturbs his reverie and he climbs on to meet a comely dark-skinned girl with a small boy on her hip.

“My lord, we are waiting, your people. The mourning is over and you may return to your new place.”

She bows to the man and he, gravely, bows in return. Then suddenly he snatches the boy, tosses him in the air and catches him deftly with one arm. With the other he draws the maiden to him. Arm in arm they turn from the edge of the cliff and enter the nearest doorway. As they push aside the curtain of deerskin an old man appears from the shadows.

Aged Chief Bids Farewell to Son

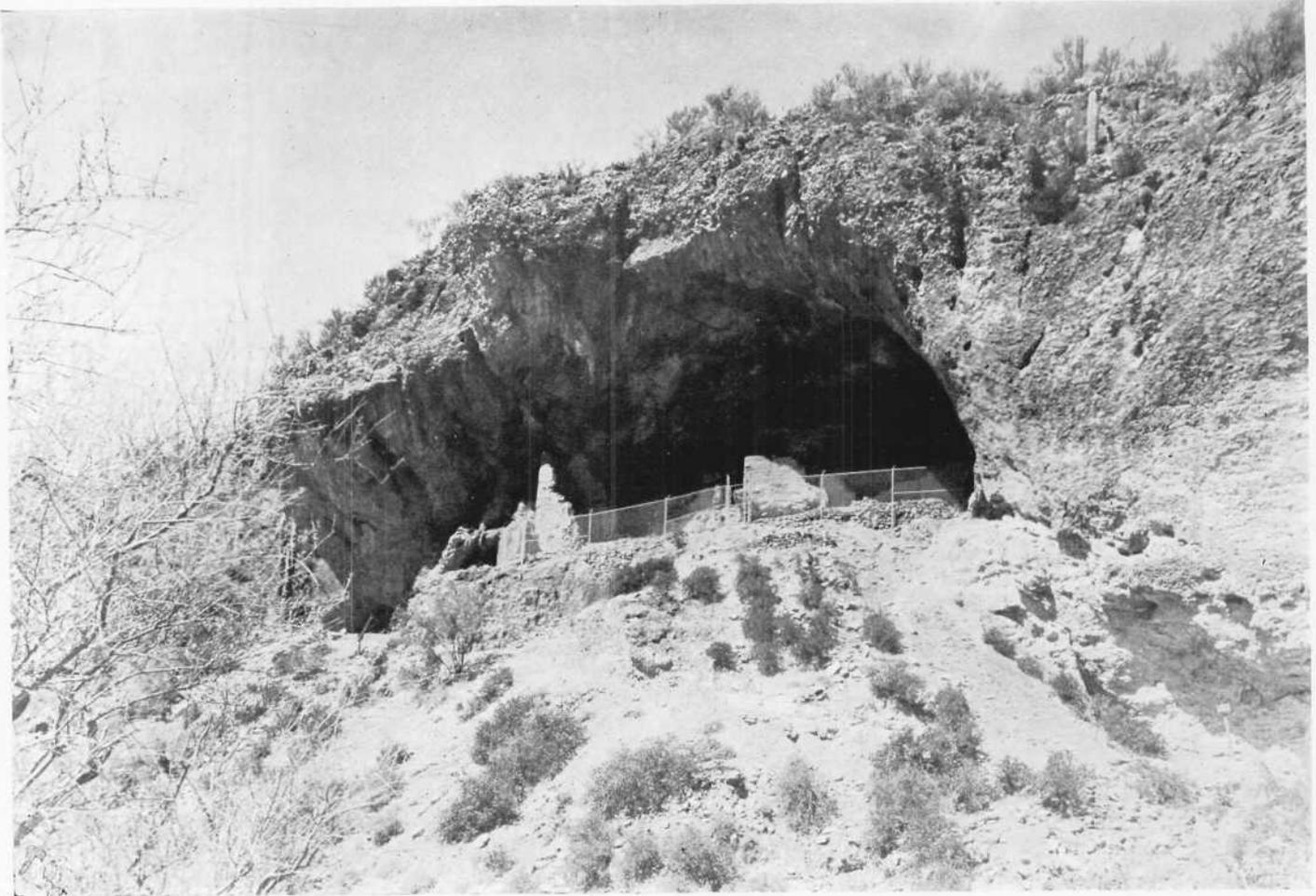
“It is well that he stayed not here for the mourning. The Chief, his father, is with the Great Spirit. Fortunate are we that the young Chief looks not back on sadness, but forward to great deeds for his tribesmen. He saw not his father’s death since he followed the ancient tradition, leaving when the breath began to fail. The memory of the still face will never trouble him. He will recall only the parting words, “Go, my son, to the living fields that you may start your rule with life.”

The youth’s return must be observed with fitting rituals. A feast is prepared. While the hunters go out in quest of meat the women prepare to bake crisp cakes of ground maize. Members of the tribe assemble in an atmosphere of gaiety. Each brings a gift of food, pottery, cloth or basket to be laid at the feet of the new Chief. Fires burn long through the night until the people, mindful of tomorrow’s toil, go one by one to their rooms in the cliff dwelling.

The fields of squash, maize and cotton are cultivated, reaped, sown, and the seasons pass. The gods have been generous and the food supply is abundant. Leisure hours are spent in the making of tools, and in laughter and play.

Then comes a summer of extreme heat and little rain. The crops lack water and fail to mature. Deer and sheep have gone to distant waterholes. A breath of famine touches the dwellers in the cliff houses and some of the weakest do not survive.

Springtime brings new hope and the seed is planted for another harvest. But still the water does not come and starva-



*Located not far from Roosevelt dam in Arizona, the Tonto ruins today are under the guardianship of the National Park Service with Ranger Tom Onstott on duty to guide visitors through the old cliff houses and the museum.
—Photo by Frashers.*

tion is a grim reality. A few young men start out to explore the regions beyond the valley, but do not return.

Another year, and few of the tribesmen remain in the once thriving cliff city.

Then, out of the West at dawn one day comes a youth, weary, plodding with desperate determination to reach the dwellings high up in the cliffs. He is met at the foot of the precipice by an aged couple. It is the same lad who a few years before was tossed fondly into the air by his father, the Chief.

"My lord," he said, "toward the setting sun lies a fertile land, where there is water and growing things. I will lead you from this place of desolation to a new home where there is life. Come, let us go."

The Chief calls the remnant of his people together and hastily they gather their scant possessions. A few wish to order their homes, but the Chief bids them cease.

"Let our houses remain as they have been, that the spirits of our ancestors may not feel lonely when they return. Let them find the few grains of maize that remain in the grinding bowls, tools in the racks, doors open. We have our future, let them have their past."

When the sun is low the people file

down the narrow trail and silently fall in behind the youth who is to lead the way to a new land of promise. A last longing look is directed to the cliff city high up in the rocky wall—and then the little band moves away toward the distant hills.

The sun is setting in the west. Silence envelops the cliff dwellings—the valley changes, grows dim as a green haze gives way to brown, and it becomes a desert again. And thus through the centuries that have passed.

* * *

Today the casual visitor standing on the ledge beside the Tonto cliff dwellings looks out across the desert slopes to a dark thread of water winding along its tortuous channel until, beyond the curve of the hills, its flow is halted before the face of a great dam. Emerging from a spillway in the dam a new stream takes form and spreads out through myriad canals to bring life-giving water to the broad valley below.

Perhaps the picture that appears today is symbolic of that which has gone before—of the ancient cliff dwellers for whom life was a quiet meandering stream until slowly and inexorably its

existence was dammed by adversity. And perhaps, like the stream of today, the last survivors of that prehistoric race found a way through the barrier and passed on to a new life at some distant point beyond.

Or are the Tonto ruins as we know them now merely the fallen walls and the ageless dust of a dead past?

WITHOUT THE RAIN

If little desert birds can sing a song
When they are dry,
Like nothing in the world was wrong,
Oh, why can't I?

If they can work through hours of
dust and heat
To build a nest
Among the thorns, and still keep
sweet,
Without a rest—

Then surely I so strong must not
complain
Or sit and cry;
If they can sing without the rain
Then so shall I

—LOIS ELDER STEINER

*I'm an old bull frog—and dang my hide,
I cannot swim because I never tried.*

—DICK WICK HALL.

Dick Wick's Frog Still Lives at Salome

By RANDALL HENDERSON



DICK WICK HALL died in 1926—but the spirit of the desert poet and humorist whose stories entertained readers of the Saturday Evening Post during the four or five years preceding his death, still lives at Salome, Arizona.

Dick Wick dreamed of the day when the townsite surrounding his “laughing gas station” would be a mecca for health seekers, and people would come from all over the world to play on his “23-mile golf lynx” and make the acquaintance of the “frog that is seven years old and never learned to swim.”

When the Sage of Salome passed away it appeared that all these dreams had gone for naught, and that the little Arizona town was doomed to be just another gas station along the broad highway.

That was 12 years ago. But the tradition of Dick Wick Hall lives on at Salome, and a huge replica of the famous frog now occupies a place of honor in a little green park along the paved boulevard.

And now we come to the subject of this sketch—the woman who erected the monument to Dick Wick Hall's frog.

Addie Lee Van Orsdel is her name. She not only has restored the Salome frog to its proper place in the Salome landscape but she has a desk full of drawings and specifications for other projects designed to fulfill the destiny

of Salome as conceived by its former first citizen.

Mrs. Van Orsdel not only is the owner of the real estate left by Dick Wick Hall but she also is the watchful guardian of the Hall traditions and is determined that the Salome of which Dick Wick dreamed shall yet become a reality. And when Mrs. Van sets her mind toward a goal the devil himself had better be wary about crossing her path.

She is a true westerner with a story of frontier experience more thrilling than fiction.

The Van Orsdels, Addie Lee and her husband, arrived in Salome in October, 1927. They had spent 10 years placer mining in Alaska but Mr. Van Orsdel was in poor health and they were seeking a warmer climate.

They stopped overnight at Dick Wick Hall's Blue Rock Inn. They knew all about Dick Wick and the Salome frog. They had read and reread his Saturday Evening Post stories by candlelight during the long winter nights near the Arctic Circle.

Hall had been dead over a year when the Van Orsdels went to Salome, but the local people liked to talk about their former townsman. And so Mr. and Mrs. Van Orsdel learned about the plans he had made for establishing a great desert health center at that place.

They learned how the little town ac-

quired its name. Many years before, just after Dick Wick had opened the Laughing Gas Station, a covered wagon jolted in over the rough trail. A comely girl, barefooted, jumped out, and the sand was so hot she kept dancing.

Hall asked her name and she replied, “Salome.” Hall gazed at the bare-footed Salome of the covered wagon. “I'm going to name my town ‘Salome—Where She Danced!’” he drawled. And this is the legend which appeared a short time later on a big sign along the roadside.

The Van Orsdels found copies of the “Salome Sun,” Hall's little newspaper—“made with a laugh on a mimeograph.” They were intrigued by the cowboy-miner's vision of a marvelous winter resort at this place. They decided to stay and see if the idea was practicable.

Two years were spent exploring the nearby desert, visiting waterholes and canyons, and, of course, they did some prospecting, too. Almost before they realized, their capital had dwindled to \$50 and it was necessary to go to work.

The result was a little service station and lunch room—Mrs. Van Orsdel's idea. They called it “Salome Van's”. It was a crude affair, but Mrs. Van Orsdel is a born trader, and it grew.

Before many months there were 28 cabins on their land. But the depression which had started in the east finally reached the Salome desert, and the Van

Orsdels found themselves one day with an income which had fallen off until it would not meet the payments.

Mrs. Van packed her traveling bag and went down to Phoenix to see what could be done about it.

"I visited all the accounts, and told each of them frankly about every detail of the business." Mrs. Van laughs when she tells about it now, but it was no laughing matter then. "They all agreed to bear with us.

"Later one of the firms became impatient and told us they were going to repossess their property. I begged them to wait, but the president of the company said he was through waiting. Finally I induced him to come to Salome and pay us a visit.

"When he arrived he found several carpenters working on a new unit of our plant. His disapproval was evident at once.

"We're doing this to take care of increasing business," I told him. "The men were idle and are doing this work in exchange for a few groceries, and they are glad to get the chance."

In the end the manager not only agreed to carry the account indefinitely, but advanced additional credit to furnish the new building. Eventually every one of the debts was paid.

The business kept growing and lean-tos were added to the building until, as Mrs. Van tells it today, "I almost had to get down on my hands and knees to get out of any but the front door."

Then, just when they were beginning to see clear sailing ahead Mr. Van Orsdel died. Mrs. Van's determination to carry on toward the goal which Dick Wick Hall had established many years before never wavered. She served good meals and extended a friendly welcome to every guest. A prospector in a threadbare jumper was as much at home in her place as a celebrity from Hollywood.

Her most critical test came in June, 1933, when a fire swept through her plant and destroyed the entire property with the exception of 12 cottages. She had an investment of \$50,000 with only \$10,000 insurance.

Before the embers were cold Mrs. Van put up a sign announcing to the world that Salome Van's would be rebuilt bigger and better than ever. Ten years of placer mining in Alaska had taught her that there is no defeat ex-

cept when courage fails.

"Why should people worry about losing money?" she asks. "Buildings and the things you put in them can all be replaced. It's what is inside of you that counts. I've been broke so many times I cannot recall them all—but it has been a grand adventure."

The Van Orsdels spent a year and a half in Florida before coming to the desert. They went there in 1925 when the boom was on. "I made money in real estate there," she recalls, "but it was the unhappiest period of my life. I wasn't at home among those high-toned easterners. I was too blunt and abrupt for them. So we sold out and came west again."

Mrs. Van Orsdel needed capital to rebuild after the fire, and went out with characteristic energy to find it. The re-

sult was a partnership with R. N. and W. J. Shefler of Los Angeles. The company arranged for the payment of all the old obligations and invested \$50,000 in a new dining room and curio store and cabins. Visitors are amazed to find such comfort and service in the heart of the Arizona desert.

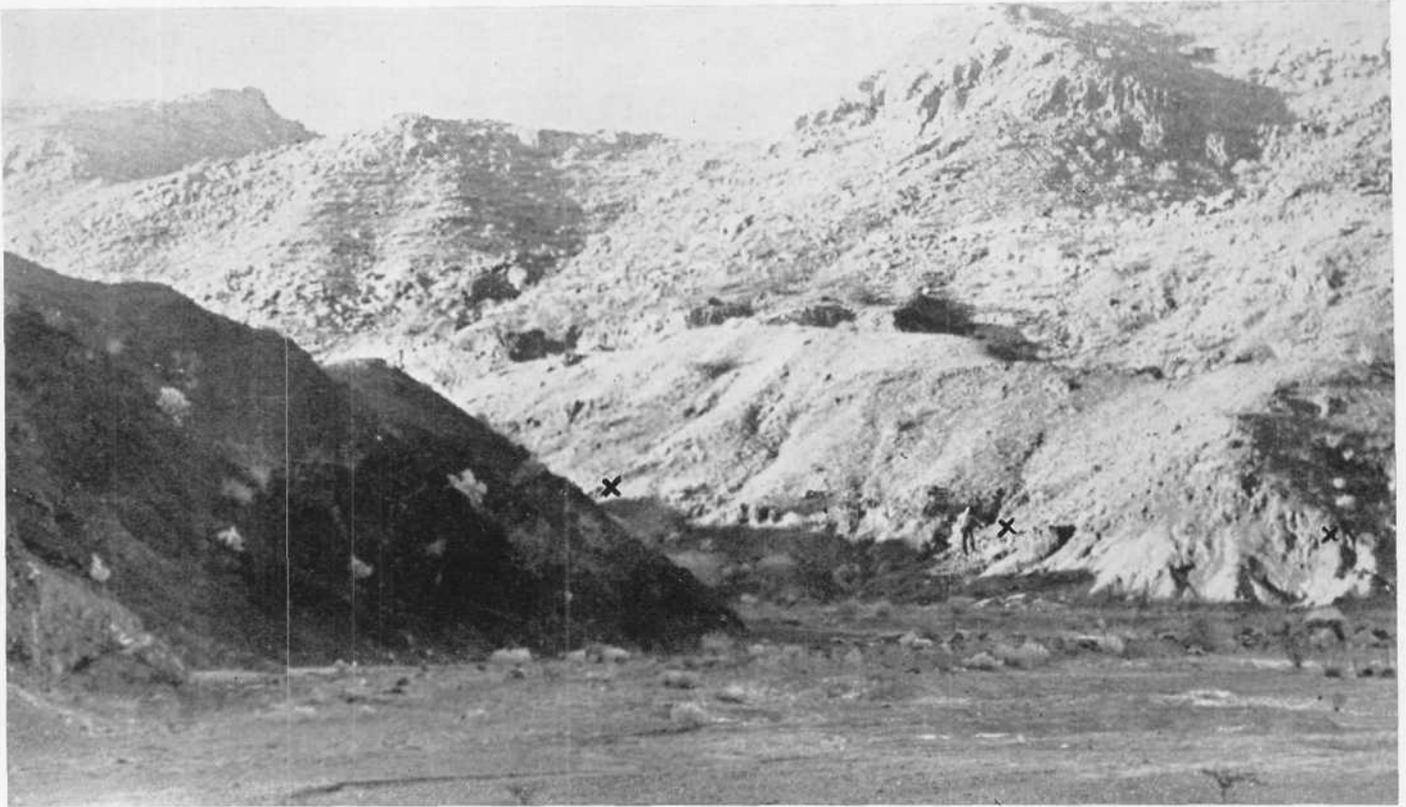
Any ordinary human being would be satisfied with such a business. But not Mrs. Van Orsdel. The Dick Wick Hall dream still persists. The Van enterprises of today merely are the initial unit in the program Mrs. Van hopes to carry out.

She has several hundred acres of rolling foothills at the base of the Harquahala mountains, two miles from Salome. That is to be the site of a dude ranch, with trails to the picturesque canyons

Continued on page 30



Addie Lee Van Orsdel in a corner of her curio shop. Portrait over the fireplace in the background is Dick Wick Hall.



Bloodstone in the Orocopias

By JOHN W. HILTON

SYMBOL of courage, the birthstone for March and a magic charm to insure success in dangerous enterprise! Such are the qualities attributed to Bloodstone by sages of the world.

Bloodstone or heliotrope, as it was called by some, has been valued as a gem for thousands of years. It has been unearthed in ancient graves of Egypt, southern Europe and the Orient. It is well represented in all the large gem collections of the modern world, appearing in most of the conventional shapes and in some instances excellent carvings.

A fine example of the last mentioned form is the famous head of Christ in the Viennese collection. In this beautiful piece the red spots are so arranged as to represent drops of blood across the thorn-scarred forehead and down the cheeks.

Consisting of a green translucent form of quartz, Bloodstone bears markings of red with sometimes a little yellow jasper. It has a hardness of seven.

FOR AMATEUR COLLECTORS

As a special courtesy to readers of the *Desert Magazine*, John Hilton has offered for a limited time to identify any rocks which may be brought or sent to him for classification. He merely asks that the sender furnish return postage and give the approximate location of the field where the specimens were found. This service is intended primarily for novices in the hobby of gem collecting and is offered without obligation. Parcels should be marked with the name and address of the sender and mailed to John W. Hilton, Thermal, California.

Chemically it is of lowly origin being mostly silicon di-oxide with a trace of iron. This substance forms the basis for most of our common rocks, sand

At the base of the Orocopia mountains near Salt Creek wash where outcroppings of Bloodstone are found. X's indicate only three of the many deposits in this vicinity.

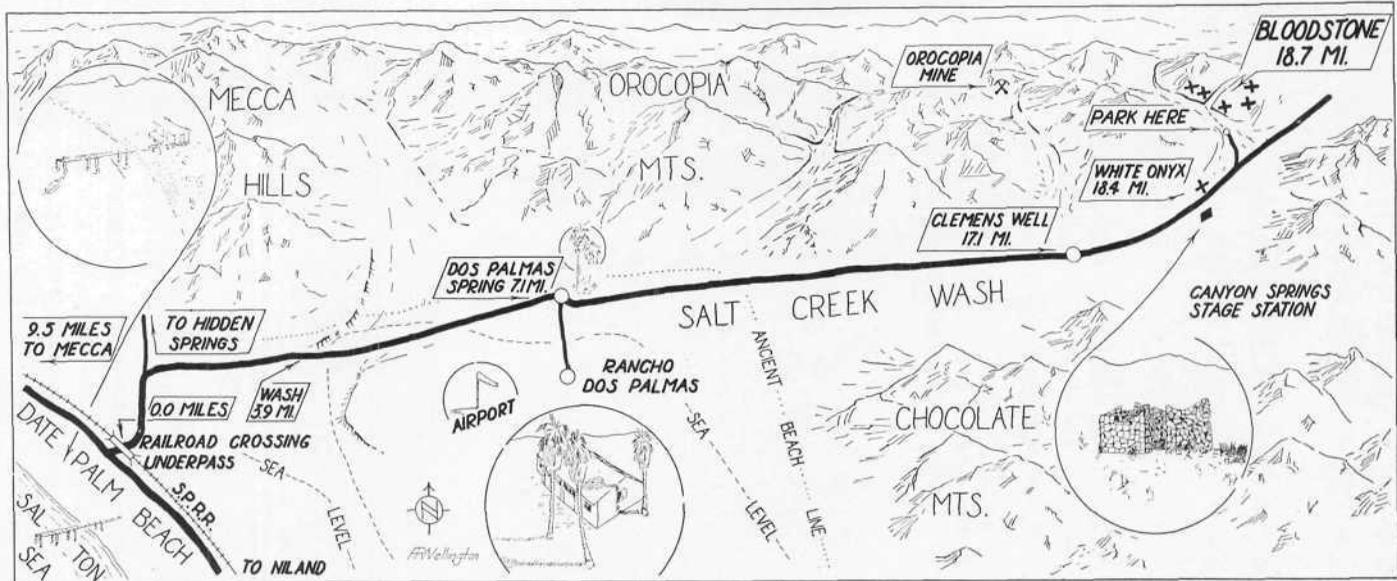
and soil. Yet by the alchemy of nature it has been recrystallized to a form which gives it real gem quality.

The occurrence of Bloodstone in our deserts has been of special importance to me as I have had an interest in a Bloodstone deposit in the Panamint mountains near Death Valley for several years. More recently I learned that fairly good samples of this gem stone may be found near Canyon Springs in the Salt Creek pass in Southern California.

My first trip to this new gem field was made with great difficulty. The north shore road along Salton Sea had not been constructed, and it was necessary to follow the old power line patrol road from Mecca east through Dos Palmas and thence along the old Bradshaw stage route to the ruins of the Canyon Springs stage station.

There had been a cloudburst in the vicinity a short time before and the trail was over an endless series of cross gullies, with plenty of sand in the bottoms. It took an entire day for my artist companion and me to travel the 30 miles to the old stage house.

The following morning we set forth up the branch canyon opening directly across from the ruins of the old station. Here we found a scene to bring



joy to an artist, geologist or gem hunter, for in the maze of highly colored upturned rock was written a most interesting story. The red, brown and pale green sandstones standing at every conceivable angle bore proof of an ancient lake bed that had been turned topsy-turvy by some tremendous force. In some of the nearly vertical rocks we could trace the pattern made by mud cracks along an ancient shore, while in others we could see ripple marks in what was once a sandy bottom now turned to stone.

A little farther up the canyon we found large intrusions of dark plutonic rock which, contrasted against the lighter sandstones, made a color pattern of fantastic beauty.

Near one of these intrusions we saw the first specimens of Bloodstone. The boulders are not solid Bloodstone. They are rather green on the surface with a soft crust, being composed of a poor grade of jasper opal. About two inches below the surface is a hard agatized layer where the Bloodstone is found. The center is of a lighter color and is softer.

These undoubtedly were boulders that were laid in the lake bed in prehistoric times. When the mountain range rose, cracks formed which brought the plutonic rocks in a semi-liquid form up through the broken layers of the lake bed to points near the surface. Here as they solidified the heat made profound changes in the sandstones nearby, in some places altering them almost beyond recognition. It was this heat which formed the gem stone.

The nature of this deposit does not recommend it for a commercial gem mining venture but it is well worth a visit by collectors. Colorful specimens of Bloodstone are obtained with a little

patience. These deposits outcrop many times over an area of several miles and here and there in the blackish plutonic rocks can be found small geodes of

Continued on page 31



*Bloodstone in the rough, and as a polished gem of rare beauty.
Photo by Eunice M. Hilton.*

So completely has Dr. Clarence G. Salsbury won the confidence of the Navajo Indians that sometimes even the old Medicine Men of the tribe come to him for relief from their physical ailments. Dr. Salsbury with a staff of able assistants is conducting the Ganado mission hospital on the reservation in northeastern Arizona. In the accompanying article Mrs. White Mountain Smith gives interesting information about one of the most remarkable institutions in the whole desert region.

White Medicine Man

OF THE NAVAJOS

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

ONE WOULD not look for a modern hospital, superbly equipped and manned by specialists whose very names spell superiority and money, in the heart of the Navajo reservation. Yet, believe it or not, such an institution exists right here in our own desert country, 40 miles from the nearest paved highway.

Thirty-five years ago, part of the wealth of Russell Sage was set aside to finance mission work among the most troublesome Indians of that period, the Navajos. What better way to bring word of the One Great Physician than to heal suffering Indian bodies and release deluded Indian minds from dark superstition?

And so, at Ganado, in the northeastern corner of Arizona, and near the

center of the great sprawling 16,000,000-acre reservation, a tiny adobe building was set in the middle of thirty acres of rattlesnake infested desert. The builders had nothing much to work with except courage and—I have always thought—a sublime ignorance of the obstacles to be encountered!

Today, this same thirty acres is covered with a settlement surrounded with flowers and gardens and trees representing an outlay of \$1,500,000. A hundred young Navajos live happily in the modern houses and school, where they learn things essential to them in their progress toward modern life. They learn, if they are boys, to raise the crops suitable to that altitude and desert climate; to improve the herds which are the backbone of Navajo existence; to care

for the various machinery introduced on the Reservation by the Government; to master simple carpentering, and to keep at its highest level the old time crafts of their tribe, such as silverwork and tanning of hides.

The girls are taught simple cookery, not over high voltage electric stoves such as the non-reservation schools use as equipment, but over the crude hot rock baking stones and the coals of cedar smoldering in the center of every Navajo hogan floor. They are beginning to learn how to dry and can vegetables and fruits for winter use; how to keep their bodies and clothes clean and sanitary; how to care for the numerous babies of the Nation, and how *not* to feed them green corn and unripe melons.

Field stations conducted by this Hospital Mission teach the older Navajos the same sort of thing the youngsters are learning. They, too, bring their sewing and washing and breadmaking and farm problems to the teachers and nurses traveling from station to station. Hundreds of minor ailments are treated and cured in these places back of beyond. Navajos are taught to be proud of being Indians, proud of the beautiful

Air view of the \$1,500,000 mission hospital in the heart of the Navajo country. Photo by Mullarky, Gallup, N. M.



blankets they weave and of the lovely turquoise and silver jewelry pounded out on their crude anvils. They are taught to reach out to the white race and secure such knowledge as will make them better Indians.

At the head of the Ganado Mission are Dr. Clarence G. Salsbury and his wife. And one must not forget the small fox-terrier so dear to the patients in the hospital. When the "Hosteen Doctor" makes his frequent rounds, the little dog trots proudly along, ready to roll over and play dead, jump through the hoop or walk on his hind legs and sing for the convalescent children.

Dr. Salsbury is a big friendly man with a ready laugh and a firm hand-clasp and the Indians trust and respect him. His blunt honesty with them has won their complete confidence. He is never too tired, never too hurried to listen to their individual troubles; to show a strange father and mother, who have brought their child, and perhaps two sheep to pay the year's tuition, around the school and hospital, or to

Mother love is the same everywhere, among the people of all races—and since the Navajo mothers have learned that the white man's medicine often brings healing where their own traditional methods fail they are willing enough to submit their babies to the annual clinic at the Ganado mission hospital.—Photo by Mulkarky, Gallup, N. M.

answer a call to some remote hogan to give medical aid and comfort to a sufferer.

Each year this dynamic leader, placed by the Presbyterian church in a desert-surrounded wasteland, draws to the hospital the outstanding medical and surgical specialists of the day. Here a clinic is held, and the maimed and the halt and the blind and the just plain sick, are brought into the hospital by wagon, by pack horse, or by the roomy ambulance belonging to the Mission. Physicians and surgeons and oculists and heart specialists and lung experts thump and probe and X-Ray and consult as to what ails the patient. Here these leaders of the medical and surgical world forget the proper bedside manner for pampered socialites and the thousands of dollars they might be collecting in fees, and one and all join in a great, generous orgy of healing.

As for the Indian patients, by some miracle understood only by themselves and the big dependable doctor they love and trust, they submit themselves tremblingly but with determination to these examinations and cures.

Because of this yearly clinic, once hopelessly crippled children move about and lead normal happy lives; Indian mothers are spared to rear and love their children; wise old leaders of the tribe see their life span lengthened so that they may counsel and guide the destiny of their Nation in this critical period of Indian welfare.

To this clinic comes Dr. Fred Albee,

perhaps the greatest bone specialist of our time. It was he who invented the electric motor with a variety of attachable saws, bits and drills for reconstructing human framework. Dr. Joseph Madison Greer, whose bonework is likewise famous, flies his own plane from Phoenix and takes a nurse when he makes three or four trips a year to Sage Memorial Hospital. What is begun at the clinic this good man finishes quietly during the year.

Through almost superhuman efforts Dr. Salsbury established and maintains an accredited School for Indian Nurses in connection with the hospital. It is the only training school in existence for Indian girl nurses. This school trains the native girls, who understand as no white nurse can the fears and beliefs and superstitions of their own race, to go out as health missionaries among the different tribes.

One Indian nurse can do more good among her people than a regiment of white people can accomplish. These Indian nurses are listed with the National League of Nursing; they are fully accredited by the State of Arizona and by the American Medical Association. If you think thorough training and complete knowledge of the subject is not essential to pass those tests, just try it!

Under the supervision of this "White Medicine Man," 1505 patients were treated in the main hospital in 1937. In addition, 11,450 Navajos were cared for in the field stations. From the far

Continued on page 30





NAVAJO WOMEN

Photo by W. M. Pennington

THE FEEL OF THE DESERT

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

THE FEMININE TOUCH that rocks the Navajo cradle (which has no rockers) literally rules the Navajo family world. Traditionally, the Navajo Indians formed what is known as a matrilinear race, clan lineage and control of property wealth being transmitted through the mothers. While this traditional practice still is carried on, education in the white man's ways has been responsible for exceptions.

One can but wonder regarding the unavoidable domestic complications in the old days of universal Navajo polygamy. The children of the same father, borne by different mothers, would not belong to the same clan and would not share the same family name. The father was but a convenient accessory before the fact of their birth.

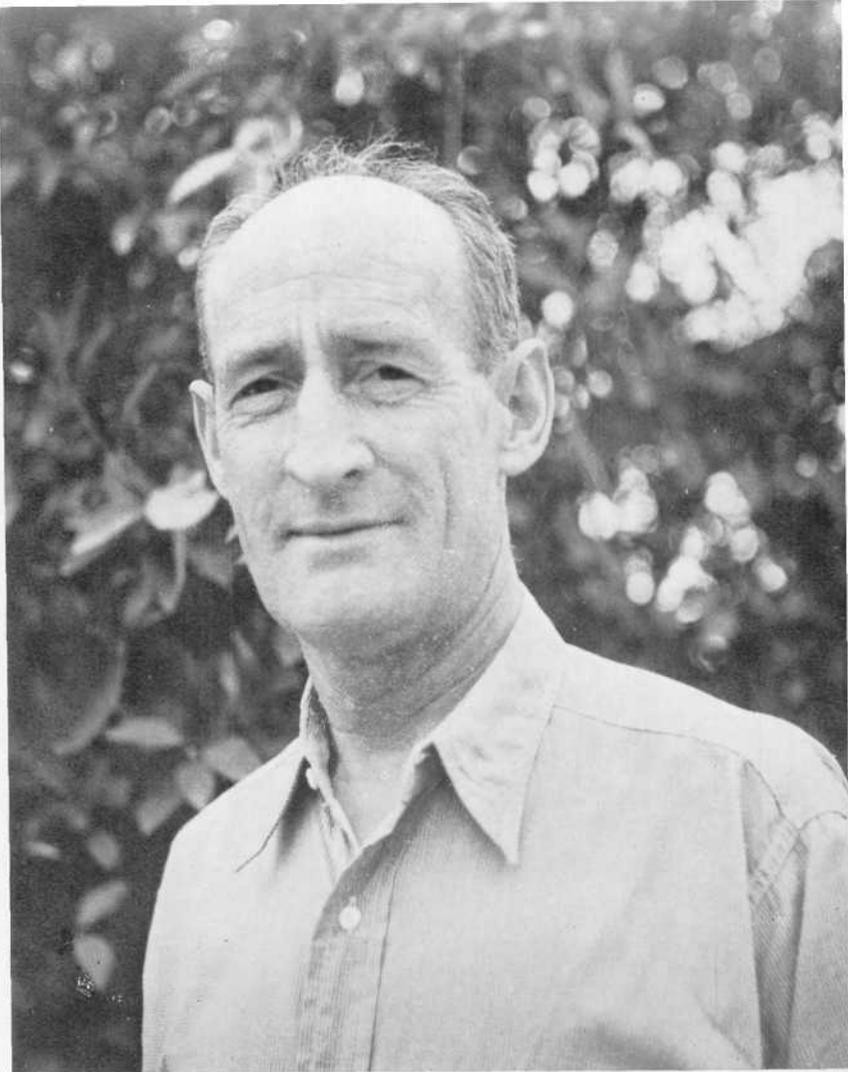
The Navajo women in the Pennington picture are not wives of a single husband. Beginning with the withered old woman seated in the door of the family hogan and ending with the smiling girl bending above her, they represent four generations of Navajo womanhood in a single family. The small fifth member of the group is a boy.

The "streamlined" hogan is an edifice which will withstand fierce desert wind storms. It is warm in winter, cool in summer, constantly ventilated by fresh air entering the single door and expelled through the smoke hole—but it is extremely unhealthy. When you consider that as many as a dozen persons at the same time may live in this single dirt-floored room, spread of tuberculosis among the Navajos is understandable.

James H. Gordon is Uncle Sam's official recorder of sunshine and rainfall at Yuma, Arizona. Some years it doesn't rain, but there is always an abundance of sunshine—more than at any other point in the United States. In this interview he tells some of the interesting sidelights about his job.

Yuma's Sunshine Reporter

By J. WILSON MCKENNEY



TO ONE MAN in the desert rightfully belongs the title of Weatherman-in-Chief of the Sunshine Capital of the United States. Of course mild-mannered James H. Gordon, U. S. Meteorologist at Yuma, Arizona, lays claim to no such lengthy title but the fact remains.

Year after year since 1907 the delicate instruments in the Weather Bureau office at Yuma have recorded the sunshine, minute by minute, until a record has been piled up for the world to shoot at. Charts published by the Weather Bureau show Yuma the bullseye in the center of the sunniest region in the United States.

Here in the lower Colorado River Valley the sun shines, on an average, 90 percent of the possible amount through the year. Old Sol is hidden but one hour in ten. Compare this with the ill luck of some sections of the country where the sunshine averages only four hours out of a possible ten.

If wealth were measured in sunshine this lower Colorado Valley would be the richest area in the United States. This sunshine, especially during the winter months, is a commodity of great value. It makes possible bumper year-round crops, attracts capitalists and film stars who buy it dearly, absorb it languidly and praise it above rubies.

Judging by the esteem in which sunshine is held by man, this keeper of the records must be a person of some importance. He is soft spoken, short of stature, retiring, with a receded hair line on his well shaped head and a friendly interest in mankind and his weather problems. This month he completes his 17th year of service with the Weather Bureau in the big adobe house beside the Colorado River.

120 Degrees Is Record

James H. Gordon loves his work. He treasures a secret pride in breaking records. Sunshine, of course, stands at the top of the list. Other sections have their sunshine slogans—New Mexico, Texas, Florida—but when it comes to checking with the records the lower Colorado Valley ranks an easy first. There are other records, too: a high temperature of 120 degrees, hit just once since 1878; 365 days without measurable rainfall, and so on. Few inhabited sections of the world can equal the Yuma mean summer maximum temperature of 105 degrees and few, if any, populated areas show an average rainfall as low as 3.37 inches. All these, even the hot summers, Gordon believes, are definitely assets and make possible the miracle garden spots that have grown up in the desert.

One of the most significant factors in

the weather is Relative Humidity, Mr. Gordon tells his visitors. Among the common varieties of weather conversationalists, humidity has been the least understood element of climate. But with the coming of summer house-cooling devices desert dwellers became humidity conscious. Today the wet-bulb temperature is as important to them as the maximum.

The wet-bulb temperature corresponds with that of the wet excelsior mat through which air is drawn and forced into the home. Afternoon cooling of twenty degrees from evaporation is common, Mr. Gordon states. Thirty degrees is not out of the ordinary. On one occasion the difference between the air temperature and that of the wet bulb was 47 degrees. The winter visitor at Gordon's 75-year old adobe office is only casually interested in summer heat, but he is enthralled by the delights of the winter climate.

"Why is the desert winter climate so desirable?"

The weather man answers thoughtfully. "This is the way I have doped it out. The clear, dry air of the desert winter has the sparkle and vitality of a clear, sunny day in the snow country, but without the cold. And instead of a few, we have many, many days of that

Continued on page 26

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Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

FLAGSTAFF . . .

In protecting Indian lands against too much intrusion on the part of the white man, 530,000 acres in the Hualapai reservation have been set aside as a "roadless area" by order of John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs. This is just one of 12 reserves of this type established by the Indian department.

PRESCOTT . . .

After serving 27 years as secretary of the Yavapai county chamber of commerce Miss Grace M. Sparks resigned her position in January. Dissatisfaction with the policies of a newly-elected board of chamber directors was given as the reason for her action. She continues to hold the post of Immigration Commissioner for Yavapai county, however.

KINGMAN . . .

Charles P. Elmer, Kingman attorney, reported that he and members of his family recently saw three animals which he believes were Ibex while motoring over the highway to Boulder dam. The strange animals were 150 feet away, he said, and remained in sight for ten minutes. Similar reports have been received here for several years, although state game officials have been inclined to the opinion that the animals are mountain sheep. It is said that Theodore Roosevelt released several Ibex in Nevada following his big game hunt in Africa many years ago.

PHOENIX . . .

Arizona's mine production during 1937 amounted to \$89,800,000, which is \$32,000,000 in excess of the 1936 output, according to estimates given by the U. S. Bureau of Mines. Copper led the other metals with 568,500,000 pounds worth \$68,788,500. The New Cornella mine, a Phelps Dodge property at Ajo, was the biggest single producer.

TOMBSTONE . . .

Claiming to have discovered the largest body of cobalt ore known in United States, Walter Lombardi and Fred Mayhugh have filed on 61 claims totalling 1,200 acres. Samples from a 70-foot shaft assay as high as 21 percent cobalt, they report.

GRAND CANYON . . .

Shrubs are budding in the Grand Canyon national park as a result of unusually mild winter weather. There was several feet of snow in some parts of the park this time last year. As a result of favorable weather and open roads January travel to the park was 245 percent greater than in 1937.

CAMERON . . .

Twelve Arizona hunters, 10 men and two women, were permitted to shoot one buffalo each from the state protected herd in House Rock canyon on January 22. The names of the hunters were drawn by lot from 371 applicants. Each hunter was permitted to retain one quarter of the meat, the head and the hide. The state reserved the right to sell the remainder of the meat.

AJO . . .

Led by Prof. A. A. Nichol, a group of scientists from the University of Arizona have been exploring the sites of prehistoric Indian villages in the Growler, San Cristobel and Mohawk valleys south of this city. A number of relics have been found in the area, representing both Indian and early Spanish occupation.

AGUILA . . .

Mrs. Nellie Moore in her required report covering trapping operations in the state during 1937 stated that during the last two months of the year she caught 40 coyotes, 18 lynx cats, 19 gray foxes, 4 badgers and 2 skunks.

TEMPE . . .

Desert Citrus Growers' new cannery shipped its first carload of grapefruit juice to the Pacific coast market in January. The plant has a capacity of 1,000 cases daily and uses fruit from the Phoenix and Mesa districts.

CALIFORNIA

YERMO . . .

A total of 460,646 automobiles carrying 1,326,130 passengers entered California at the five desert quarantine stations maintained by the state department of agriculture during 1937 according to figures recently made public. The following tabulation does not include trucks or stages:

Station	Automobiles	Passengers
Blythe	129,061	366,823
Daggett	67,399	200,842
Fort Yuma	111,728	315,678
Parker	8,829	23,449
Yermo	143,629	412,138
TOTALS	460,646	1,326,103

BRAWLEY . . .

L. G. Goar, superintendent of the agricultural station at Meloland has warned Imperial Valley hay growers not to sell their alfalfa short this season. The early appearance of aphid infestation threatens to reduce the first cutting of hay 50 percent according to Goar's estimate.

CALEXICO . . .

Supervisors of Imperial county have been asked by bee-keepers to pass an ordinance limiting the hours when airplane dusting may be done in the vegetable fields. Owners of the apiaries stated that the bees do most of their honey collecting during the morning hours, and urged that dusting from the air be limited to the late afternoon and evening period. Otherwise the dust poisons their bees, it was stated.

PALM SPRINGS . . .

By vote of the Agua Caliente Indians here the toll for entering Andreas and Palm canyons was increased February 1. The former charge of 25 cents for each automobile remains the same, but in the future this toll will include only the car and two occupants. Each additional passenger will be required to pay 10 cents.

PALM SPRINGS . . .

Sponsored by the Palm Springs Associates, a desert museum was opened at the Plaza Arcade here February 1 as a community project. Don Admiral, desert naturalist, is to give illustrated lectures each Tuesday and Friday for Palm Springs visitors. The museum includes exhibits of desert flora and fauna and Indian relics.

BANNING . . .

Ten miles of the 13-mile San Jacinto tunnel unit of the Colorado River aqueduct have now been completed according to General Manager F. E. Weymouth. Water and labor difficulties have beset this tunnel project from the beginning, but operations are now progressing smoothly.

BARSTOW . . .

Mr. and Mrs. J. Dotters have sold the famous Cliff House property at Newberry which they have owned for many years to Mr. and Mrs. Tobin of Pueblo, Colorado. Newberry has been a well known desert watering place for 60 years and the Dotters property include service station, cafe, grocery store, cabins and swimming pool.

EL CENTRO . . .

Members of the California Park Commission met with members of the El Centro chamber of commerce at a dinner in Barbara Worth hotel January 28 to discuss plans for the development of the Greater Anza Desert Park which eventually is to include nearly a million acres of land on the west side of the Salton basin.

BRAWLEY . . .

Construction of a new desert road extending north from Imperial valley cities and connecting with Highway 60 at a point approximately half way between Blythe and Desert Center was promised recently when Riverside and Imperial county officials went over proposed alternative routes and announced that they had agreed on the approximate alignment of the new highway. The route selected extends northeast from Niland by way of Beals well and cuts through the Chuckawalla mountains at a point 6½ miles west of Chuckawalla wells.

HOLTVILLE . . .

Acorns from Imperial valley's only known oak tree recently were sent to the California department of agriculture for experimental planting at Devil canyon, San Bernardino county, and in Berkeley. The Holtville tree has been classified as *Quercus virginiana* and is plentiful in Texas and other parts of the Southeast. It is not known to have been planted elsewhere in California except Imperial valley, however.

NEVADA

BOULDER CITY . . .

To record earthquake shocks in the Boulder Dam area a seismograph is being installed by the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation according to Tom C. Mead, associate engineer on the project. Mead is a son of the late Dr. Elwood Mead, commissioner of reclamation for many years.

FALLON . . .

Mrs. George Eckman reported recently that she had panned out \$100 in placer gold from two yards of gravel which she excavated with a pancake turner. The gravel was taken from the bottom of a well she said.

LAS VEGAS . . .

Winter sports in the Charleston mountain area were given impetus recently when a Desert Ski Club was formed here under the sponsorship of the Junior chamber of commerce. Instruction for novices in the art of skiing was arranged, and the first snow party held on February 12.

OVERTON . . .

Recent important discovery of the bones of prehistoric animals which roamed this area in the Pleistocene age, have brought added interest to the archeological field which has been known to exist here for several years. Excavation of ancient Indian villages has been going on under the direction of M. R. Harrington of the Southwest Museum for nearly ten years, but it was not until recently that the full extent of the fossil remains was known. CCC workers are now excavating under the direction of the national park service.

NEW MEXICO

PORTALES . . .

Amateur archeologists recently destroyed evidence which might have been a valued contribution to the study of prehistoric man. A skeleton of undetermined age was found, but because it had been removed from the sands where it was located it was of little value to scientific men. The geological age of surrounding structures has an important bearing on such discoveries and when they are removed from their natural surroundings the most valuable clues are lost.

ALBUQUERQUE . . .

Supervisor O. Fred Arthur of the Cibola National forest reported that first "spring" robins arrived in the forest this year in the middle of January, many weeks earlier than usual. In the central Rio Grande valley 60-degree weather prevailed.

SANTA FE . . .

Recent research work has disclosed that the stone towers which are seen on the mesas of northwestern New Mexico and northeastern Arizona were built by past generations of Navajo Indians as lookout stations for the protection of their families and herds, according to Mrs. Ina Cassidy, director of the state writers' project. Mrs. Cassidy said she obtained her information from a time-worn Spanish record dated Nov. 12, 1788.

UTAH

SALT LAKE CITY . . .

Describing the Henry mountain wilderness in south central Utah as the "darkest Africa" of the United States, Dr. Frederick J. Pack of Utah University recently declared that this is one of the most inaccessible regions in the country. Surveys are now underway to determine if any valuable mineral resources exist in this area.

PROVO . . .

Bids were opened on February 10 for the Deer Creek dam which is to be constructed 16 miles from this city as part of the Provo River Reclamation project. The dam is designed to provide additional water for 40,000 acres which are now under development but which lack a dependable water supply.

SALT LAKE CITY . . .

As part of its program to provide work for its members, the Latter Day Saints church spent \$3,000,000 on building projects during 1937 according to the report of Presiding Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon.



Coming
ANOTHER SUPERB



Super CHIEF
to CHICAGO

Because of the pressure for space on the Super Chief, Santa Fe's once-a-week 39¾ hour Chicago flier, we are delighted to announce the approaching completion of a second superb Diesel-drawn train, streamlined in stainless steel, for this service. • Thus, beginning about February 20, the Super Chief service between Los Angeles and Chicago will be doubled. The new train will feature the same beauty of appointment, roominess, and smooth-riding comfort that won instant popularity for the present Super Chief.

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7-6



DESERT PSALM

By Edward Winterer

Ten thousand feet beneath the crest,
Of San Jacinto's snows,
A silver stream winds through a vale
Where the palm of the desert grows.

This vale unites the forest glades
With the mesquite's wind swept lines,
And blends the music of the palms
With the chorus of the pines.

The thirsty winds sip from the leaves,
As the roots drink from the stream;
Thus Nature's mystic way goes on
Like the changes of a dream.

The sunrise greets this charming vale
With a crimson light caress,
As the palms hold their graceful fronds
In loving tenderness.

And when I view this wondrous theme
From the cedar to the palm
I think I know Who wrote the words
Of this soulful desert psalm.

I LOVE IT!

By "Scotty Mac,"
the Desert Rhymester

I've got no fancy names to call the desert—
No paints nor brush to picture what I see.
Don't know a single word that rhymes with
desert,
But I can tell you what it means to me...
I love it!

Young sun a'climbin' up the stairs o' mornin',
Lean coyote slinkin' home to spend the
day,
Slim rattlesnakes a'buzzin' friendly warnin',
Ga'nt buzzards wheelin' high in search o'
prey...
I love it!

High Noon—the desert's hot as Hell's bake-
oven!
Canteen's dry—what's a man to do for
drinkin'?
Tap a cactus. Mother Desert's harsh but
lovin'.
I raise my eyes, Sun smiles down, both
a'thinkin':
"I love it!"

Early evenin' an' the moon won't show to-
night.
Of coyote calls her pups to start aprowlin'.
Million stars so close I almost feel their light.
Folks, in the desert you won't ever hear
me crowlin'!
I love it!

THIRST

By Roberta Roberson

The withering sun drops grudgingly,
Still clutching mountain edges,
Then horses follow winding trails
Over blistered desert ledges
To idle windmill—still air cursed.
A dry trough greets their day-long
thirst.

Desert Rat

By Harriet Markham Gill

He lived in a shack on the desert's rim,
Where earth and heaven meet;
He was long and lean with a mangy look,
And they called him Ornerly Pete.
But never a maverick strayed his way,
That it wasn't housed and fed;
And never a stranger passed his door,
But was given food and a bed.
And never a day went by but Pete,
Ragged, and old and lean,
Strolled out to the edge of the desert's rim,
And with his old eyes, desert keen,
Saw the beauty in the sunset's glow,
In the cloud banks in the west;
He filled his soul with nature's gifts,
Before he lay down to rest.
They named him Pete, the desert rat,
And no man called him friend;
But I think he'll fare as well as they,
When he comes to his journey's end.

A MEMORY OF SPRING

By Mary E. Perdew

Ocotillo's tipped maroon,
Gay the Palo Verde plumes,
Brilliant sun and gorgeous bloom,
Springtime on the Desert.

Primroses deck the sandy dune,
Fill the air with sweet perfume.
Softly shines the silver moon
Springtime on the Desert.

Nightfall brings the coyote's cry
Wild geese call from out the sky.
Sound of quail when dawn is nigh.
Springtime on the Desert.

MESSENGER

By Adelia M. Prudden

It showered today on the desert,
A breeze from off-shore told me plain;
A breeze heavy laden with perfume
Of purple sage just after rain.

A breeze which brought me a message—
Come back to the Land that you love!
Come back to the trails on the mesas,
To campfires and stars close above.
Come back to your friends of the desert
Who wait with a handshake for you
Come back, desert rat, to your Home-Land
Where friendships pan high, and are true.

Oh, wandering breeze from the desert
Go back, with this message from me—
Too late came your message, my lover;
Too late! I have wed with the Sea!

REST

By William M. Galbraith

Swear as you will the hard,
The frugal barrenness of sand;
The waste, the wide discard
Of changeless land—

Shrink as from bitter wine
This acrid taste of heat.
Turn back to where the pine
Lifts green and sweet—.

But when the mind is tired
Of walls, of hills to climb,
Of noise and the conspired
Demands of time,

Here changeless on the earth
Of change, of din and stress
Is rest, the soothing worth
Of quietness.

PRIZES TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

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

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

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

Rules governing the contest follow:

1—Pictures submitted in the March contest must be re-

ceived at the Desert Magazine office by March 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, 2¼x3¼ 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 March contest will be announced and the pictures published in the May number of the magazine.

Address all entries to:
CONTEST EDITOR, DESERT
MAGAZINE, El Centro, Calif.

BOOKS OF YESTERDAY and TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

MABEL DODGE WANTED A CHANGE—AND GOT TONY

MABEL DODGE LUHAN's fourth volume of intimate memories, "Edge of the Taos Desert," tells all—or at least as nearly as Mrs. Luhan could tell in 366 pages—of the romantic experience culminating in the author's union with Tony, the pueblo Indian who became her fourth—or is it third?—husband.

Her earlier books relate the story of her youth in Buffalo, Lenox, Newport and New York; her first husband's tragic death and the whirlwind courtship after which she became Mrs. Edwin Dodge; her villa in Italy which according to her publishers, Harcourt, Brace and Company, attracted a "procession of notable citizens of the world" and her salon in New York which "startled the town."

The present work is introduced by her sudden decision to go to New Mexico because "I felt I wanted a Change."

She spent one day in Santa Fe, and acquired a thorough dislike for the town. Her unfavorable impression of certain members of the colony of writers and artists seeking inspiration in the rarified atmosphere of the New Mexican capital is described as frankly as she describes her emotional response to Tony Luhan's qualities. And that is 100 per cent frankness.

Her meeting with the captivating red man was preceded by a dream in which she had seen "the same face, the same eyes, with the living fire in their depths." And Tony's first words to her were: "I seen you before, already." His face, she writes, was "like a noble bronze" and she cites a feminine acquaintance who is in Taos from the East to study the aborigines, as authority for the statement that Tony has lovely eyelids.

This was in January. Then spring came to Taos valley and the lady's heart. When Tony went away, guided by the Eastern authority on eyelids, there was no way for Mabel Dodge to communicate with him. Tony couldn't read. Then, she says, "I wandered lost in empty space. 'He who loves with passion lives on the edge of the desert.' I thought I was going crazy."

This deplorable condition was alleviated when Tony returned and announced with the simple dignity of

truth not to be contradicted: "I back."

She knew this to be LOVE. "What I had heretofore taken for love in myself and others," she says, "had been a succession of neuroses with their various fixations, compulsions, and the many complex sensations of vice . . . the pitiful neurotic escape from reality and from inner self." And so she and Tony were married.

Taos landscapes are admirably described. T. H. L.

RARE POETRY FROM A SHACK ON THE DESERT

LOIS ELDER STEINER lived in "a little brown house" on the desert—one of those drab unpainted shacks such as the homesteaders build and then leave behind because they cannot win a livelihood from waterless soil.

But she found sweet contentment there with her husband and her children—and her desert.

To those who wonder how any human being could be happy in such a place, Mrs. Steiner has given a beautiful and convincing answer in her own little book of poems, "Through the Window of My Heart."

She paints no false glamour for her desert surroundings. Rather, she faces the realities of a land where drought and insects and sandstorms are an ever recurring discomfort, and tragedy is never far away—yet finds reflected in her own courageous heart another desert of beauty and inspiration.

Both the sentiment and the format of the 32-page volume are the work of a woman of rare understanding and creative ability. The attractiveness of her book is greatly enhanced by a series of true-to-the-desert pen sketches by Pearl Elder and printed in purple tint.

Mrs. Steiner's "little brown house" is at Salome, Arizona. R. H.

NEW BULLETINS ISSUED BY MUSEUM AT FLAGSTAFF

Dr. Harold S. Colton, president of the Museum of Northern Arizona at Flagstaff recently has announced two new bulletins published by the Museum:

One is a "Handbook of Northern Arizona Pottery Wares," by Dr. Harold Sellers Colton and Lyndon I. Hargrave, 267 pages, part of the edition bound

in cloth. Copiously illustrated with half-tones of the many varieties of pottery found in northern Arizona, it is the outstanding authority on its ancient and present-day ceramics. Cloth bound, \$4.

The other bulletin, 53 pages, is titled "Winona Village; A XIIIth Century Settlement with a Ball Court Near Flagstaff, Arizona," by Prof. John C. McGregor of Flagstaff State college, now taking special work for a year at the University of Illinois. This bulletin also has many half-tone illustrations. Price 75 cents.

Other bulletins will soon be issued. The first, by Professor McGregor, is now in press. It is titled "How Some Important Northern Arizona Pottery Types Were Dated." The price will be 60 cents.

GEOLOGY OF THE SOUTHWEST

Eldred D. Wilson, geologist of the Arizona bureau of mines at the University of Arizona, has completed an article on southwest geology which is to be included in a German printed volume, "Geology of the Earth." The book is being edited by Prof. E. Krenkel of Leipzig. Wilson's material is to be incorporated in a chapter entitled "Geology of North America."

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WINNER

RUTH WATSON, Taos, New Mexico, won the \$5.00 prize offered by the Desert Magazine for the best identification of the January Landmark photograph. The prize-winning description of Pecos, N. M., pueblo ruins is printed beneath the photograph.



Ruins of Cicuye (Pecos) pueblo mission, New Mexico

By RUTH WATSON

THE Pecos Ruins are situated twenty-seven miles east of Santa Fe, New Mexico, and just off U. S. Highway 85 to Las Vegas, three miles north of the town of Rowe and about two miles north of the Santa Fe Railroad.

"Pecos," says one authority, "had a longer period of recorded occupancy than any other known pueblo." Spanish called the community Cicuyé, when its people in 1540 offered submission to Coronado. From Pecos in 1541 went "The Turk," captive Comanche, to guide the Spanish astray on their quest of mythical golden cities.

When the homesick conquistadores turned homeward in 1542, aged Friar Luis de Escalona remained at Pecos to wrestle with infidel souls. Pecos people killed him.

The mission was built before 1620. In the 1680 uprising against the Spanish the church was wrecked. After 1700, the Pueblo declined due, principally, to the advent of the savage Comanches from the Llano Estacado to the east.

By 1750, the population had been reduced to one thousand souls by warfare. In retaliation, the Pecos warriors organized, marched out into the enemy territory, were apparently ambushed and practically destroyed. Then,

in 1788, smallpox fell upon the harassed people. By 1805, there were only 104 men, women and children remaining.

Finally, the Jemez Pueblo, a tribe of the same linguistic stock, invited the handful of stricken people to withdraw completely from Pecos and come to them. In 1838, the seventeen survivors of these overwhelming disasters made the long and arduous trip into the northwest to the Jemez Pueblo.

Pecos swiftly fell into decay. The north building, however, continued to stand in such a condition that in 1841 Governor Manuel Armijo was able to incarcerate a number of Texans for a time. The Army of the West under Kearny stopped at the ruins on their march to California in 1846.

No other church of the period in New Mexico was built with an arch. The arch over the doorway is shown in the photograph.



DATES

from a
desert
oasis

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

OASIS ON COLORADO DESERT

Who can name this historic waterhole?



A PRIZE IS OFFERED FOR BEST LETTER IDENTIFYING THE PICTURE SHOWN ABOVE

Near the group of native palm trees shown in this photograph is a spring well known and often visited by the explorers and prospectors who came to the Colorado desert of Southern California during the latter half of the 19th century. No road leads to this spring, although it can be reached during most of the year by a car equipped for desert travel.

For the most accurate and informative letter of not over 300 words identifying and describing this desert oasis

THE DESERT MAGAZINE will pay a cash prize of \$5.00. The letter should give all available information.

To be eligible for the prize, answers must be in the office of THE DESERT MAGAZINE, El Centro, California, by March 20, 1938. The name of the winner together with the prize-winning reply will be printed in the May number of the magazine.

Writers should give the source of their information, whether a matter of record, or hearsay. Answers should be written only on one side of the page and addressed to Landmarks Department, DESERT MAGAZINE, El Centro, California.

SCHOOL MA'MS MADE A STATE OUT OF ARIZONA

School ma'ms from the east really made a state out of Arizona. This is the conclusion of Fred S. Bennet, veteran cowman, whose daughter Mrs. Houston Davis, is chairman of the historical committee of the Tombstone Woman's Club.

Speaking at a meeting devoted to Arizona history, Mrs. Davis gave her father's version of the early settlement days.

"A long time ago when the Arizona territory was sparsely settled, it was customary to send east for a school

ma'm whenever a new school was started. This worked out very well, except that the school teacher invariably was young and good looking, and before the end of the first year one of the eligible bachelors in the neighborhood had persuaded her to say 'yes.'

"In June there was always a wedding—and in September a new school teacher. This kept going on for years and since all these weddings naturally made more schools necessary, the population began to increase very rapidly.

"And thus—Arizona really owes its growth and good manners to the girls who came west to teach school."

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HARDNESS TEST STONES

... for determination of gem stones as mentioned by Mr. John Hilton in the February edition of the Desert Magazine.

... a set of four stones, including feldspar, crystal quartz, sapphire, and topaz crystal, postpaid50c

... a complete set of ten stones, including a diamond on a holder stick, postpaid....\$1

JACK FROST

316 No. Buena Vista Hemet, California

YUMA'S SUNSHINE REPORTER

Continued from page 19

sort. Even in December and January the sunshine averages a good eight hours a day. In the period from November first to April first rain falls, on the average, only three daylight hours a month. There is a fair expectation of fog for an hour or two once a year. Days when there is no sunshine come with about the same frequency. Our children stay tanned, winter and summer."

Gordon knows what he talks about. He has grown up with the weather. Born in Connecticut in 1882, he soon recognized the superior climatic attractions of the West and at four years of age moved to California. Graduated from Occidental College in 1908, with the right to wear the Phi Beta Kappa key, he entered the Weather Bureau in 1910. He served at five different stations during the next eleven years and after one year in the army, was assigned to Yuma in 1921. In the 17 years on his present station he has built up a great fund of weather information concerning the various areas about Yuma, especially on winter temperature conditions on mesa and valley lands.

Flood Warnings Given

In cooperation with other government departments Gordon has had much to do with keeping a record of river stages and issuing warnings in time of flood. Completion of Boulder Dam effectively curbed the upper Colorado. Parker Dam provided for absorption of sudden floods from Williams River. This is perhaps the prize flash-flood stream of the United States. Overnight the flow has jumped from nothing to 92,000 second feet. In some of the narrow canyons the rushing torrent was more than eight feet deep. The Gila River still holds the possibility of overflow and damage along the lower reaches but dams have ended the danger of any such great floods as came in the past.

Except to accomplish an occasional laundering of the air, rainfall on the irrigated areas of the desert is not desired. Someone's hay is always down, or his alfalfa seed, or perhaps the wash-lady is coming. The rancher draws his rain out of a canal, what he wants when he wants it. A glimpse over the long columns of rainfall figures is interesting. Some areas of the world have more rainfall in a single year than Yuma has measured in sixty-eight years. Yuma's "wet year" was in 1905 with a total of more than eleven inches. That date



Yuma weather station records more sunshine than any other station in the United States.

brings to old-timers in the lower Colorado Valley the recollection of the break in the river bank and the roaring flood that formed Salton Sea.

The weather man's job requires vigilance at all times. In addition to keeping track of all weather happenings for

the local record he must send to Chicago every six hours a code message showing barometer reading, temperature, weather, wind, clouds, rainfall, humidity, visibility and ceiling height. Chicago is the gathering point; also the distributing point and these reports coming in from all quarters of the nation are sent out again to form a basis of weather forecasts, to keep airlines informed of conditions through which their ships must fly.

"The weather man is damned by everybody," Gordon grins. "Some want it wet and some want it dry. We can't please them all. We get blame for the bad and little credit for the good. A mistake in forecasting may be remembered for years while any number of correct predictions may be forgotten. But we like it. There is a fascination about it and a peculiar contact with the problems of mankind that is most interesting. And once in a while there is some special accomplishment. Maybe only the weather man himself knows about it but in some difficult weather situation he has applied the understanding and knowledge that years of work have given him, and gets the right answer. Feels good. In California we used to get regular calls Monday morning to know if it was safe to go ahead with the washing. That's one smile we miss here on the desert."

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON

"SHUCKS," mourned Hard Rock Shorty, "I sure hate to go home an' tell my pardner that as long as I been in these Panamint Mountains, I went an' done a green-horn trick like that!"

Shorty sighed deeply and retreated farther into the shade on the store porch.

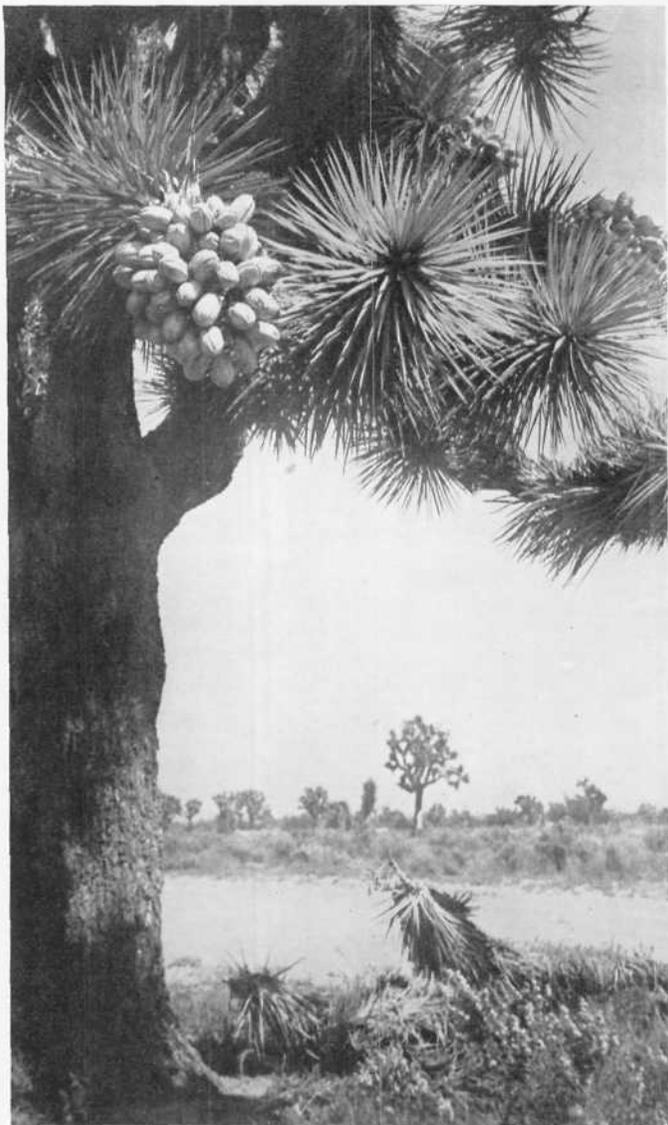
"Do you know?" he continued. "I left home at ten o'clock this mornin' with as fine a span o' mules as they was in the state, an' now look at them moth eat, lop eared jug heads I got! No bigger'n burros!"

"I've heard lots o' fellers say that water up to Mineral Springs ain't no good, but when them mules started to take a drink I thought they'd be all right. Usually a mule's pretty smart. I'm sure glad I didn't try 'er none myself! But them mules each took a swig an' right afore my eyes they shrunk down to the size you see 'em now!"

"Yes, Sir! That's one o' them alum water springs an' that blamed water shrunk them mules down to burro size! I like to never got the harness took up enough to get to town. If they'd a took one more drink I'd a had to shoot 'em for jackrabbits!"

"Shucks! I sure hate to tell my pardner!"





JOSHUA SEED CLUSTER

By ETHEL M. McCLARREN
1337 Sierra Way
San Bernardino, California

Awarded second prize in the January contest conducted by the Desert Magazine for amateur photographers. Taken with an Eastman 616 camera, compur lens, f16 at 1/25 with Verichrome film.

DESERT FLOWER FIELDS CLOSED TO LIVESTOCK

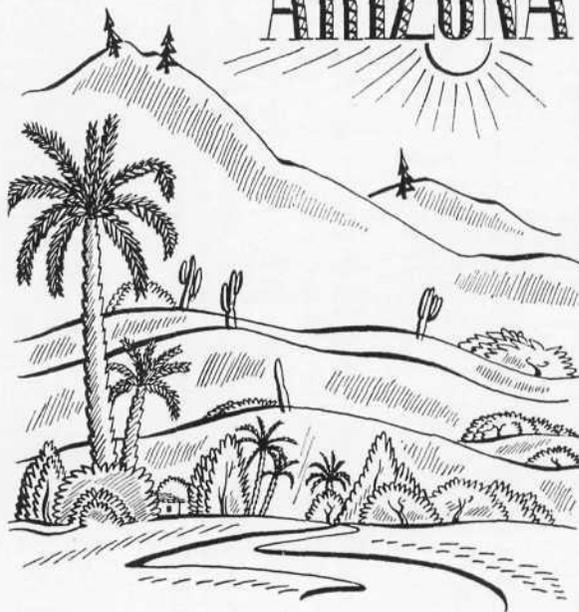
As a result of an ordinance recently adopted by Riverside county supervisors, a large portion of unoccupied lands in Coachella valley will be closed to cattle grazing during the flower season from March 1 to May 30. Two reserves have been established between Whitewater and Mecca. The supervisors also amended a previous ordinance which prohibits the transporting of desert flora over county highways, to include sand verbena and desert primrose.

STILL SELLING WORTHLESS ROCK PILES

"Sucker ranches" on the rocky slopes of the Chocolate mountains are still being sold in spite of the warning given by state and county authorities against these investments. As many as eight such transactions have passed through the hands of an Imperial county, Calif., title concern in one day during the past month.

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DESERT PLACE NAMES

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

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

ARIZONA

ADAMSVILLE Pinal county.
 Village founded circa 1866, on north side of Gila river, 3 or 4 miles west of Florence. Located by and named for Charles Adams. Parish says first modern flour mill in Arizona was erected here 1868. "A resident of Adamsville in 1869 and a clerk for Nick Bichard was John P. Young, San Francisco journalist, early editor of the San Francisco Chronicle." (McClintock.)

BEAR SPRINGS Cochise county.
 "Ojos de los Osos" (o hos) At southern end of Whitestone range, about 35 miles from Tucson. Here, May 5, 1871, Lieut. Howard B. Cushing, 3rd U. S. Cavalry, was mortally wounded in a fight with ambushed Apaches under Cochise. Cushing, who came to Arizona in 1869, was one of the famous Cushing brothers; another attacked the Confederate ram Albemarle; a third was killed at Gettysburg, and a fourth died in the U. S. naval service during the Civil War. Fish calls Cushing "the Custer of Arizona."

CULLEN'S (or CULLING'S WELL) Yuma county.
 About 38 miles west of Wickenburg, near Parker branch of the Santa Fe railroad. "Named for an Englishman who kept a stage station on Ehrenberg-Wickenburg line." (Farish). McClintock says that after Cullen or Culling died, the station was kept by John Drew. One night a man nearly dead from thirst staggered into the station. He had seen the light from the station through a window. After this Drew always kept a lantern burning on top of a tall pole so that anyone lost on the desert might see it if near enough. Drew called himself "Keeper of the Desert Lighthouse."

VERMILLION CLIFFS Mojave county.
 East of Kaibab National Forest. "We leave behind us a long line of cliffs many hundred feet high, composed of orange and vermilion sandstone. I have named them Vermillion Cliffs." Powell, Sept. 13, 1869. They form the eastern, southern and western sides of the Para plateau.

CALIFORNIA

AGUANGA—(ah wang' a) Riverside county.
 Has no connection with the Sp. word *agua*. Formerly a village of Shoshonean-Luiseno Indians. Kroeber considers it the Indian word *awa* plus *nga*, the Indian ending signifying location. Mentioned as a way station as early as 1848. A station on the Great Southern Overland Mail, 2nd Divn., L. A. to Yuma (1858) where it is also shown as "Tejungo."

INDEPENDENCE Inyo county.
 Formerly Camp Independence. Soldiers under Col. George S. Evans, sent to Owens valley to quell Indian uprisings, named the camp on July 4, 1862.

JACUMBA (hah coom' bah) San Diego county.
 Village and hot springs. Word according to Mott is "hut by the water." The Digueno word means "magic springs" and is probably more nearly correct, since at times the springs are mysteriously drained down out of sight and then allowed to fill up again.

TEHACHAPI, Mountains, pass, town (tee hatch' ah pee) Kern county.
 A now extinct tribe, originally *Ta-ha-cha-pa-han-nah*. Means literally "windy, drafty; windblown."

NEW MEXICO

ACOMA (ah ko mah) Valencia county.
 Pueblo and Indian reservation. Word means "people of the white rock," referring to the district where pueblo is located. Alvarado, one of Coronado's lieutenants, was first white to see Acoma, in 1540. Castenada, official reporter for the expedition, wrote that no army could possibly be strong enough to capture the village, because "it is up on a rock out of reach, having steep sides in every direction, so high that it was a very good musket that could throw a ball as high." Fifty-eight years later, Juan de Onate's *maese de campo* and 30 men were slain by the Acomese, whose cacique had warned them the white man would bring trouble.

Onate sent 70 Spaniards to punish the Indians. The story of the attack this little band pushed to success against 3,000 warriors in a three-day battle after scaling the walls of their fortress-city is one of the most thrilling in American history. The Spaniards not only climbed in the face of volleys of stones and arrows showered on them, but dragged with them a small howitzer they later loaded with rocks and fired against the cliff-top fort.

There was one trail to the sky city: a broad stairway of 200 steps, then about 100 narrower steps, at the very top a series of holes in the rock for a space about three times as high as a man, in which climbers inserted their toes and held on at the same time by their hands.

This was January 22, 23 and 24, 1599. In 1680 the Indians of Acoma rebelled again, killed their Franciscan priest and drove off the invader, only to surrender to de Vargas 12 years later. The church was rebuilt in 1700 and Acoma since then has known peace. Lummis says the ground plan of the church is more extensive than any cathedral on the continent.

LAMY Santa Fe county.
 Named for Archbishop of Santa Fe, the Most Reverend John B. Lamy, referred to by Willa Cather in her popular book, "Death Comes for the Archbishop." Lamy came to New Mexico in 1851, and as soon as he could carry out educational reforms, established day and boarding schools in Santa Fe.

BENT

Otero county.

Named for Charles Bent, first territorial governor of New Mexico, appointed by Gen. Stephen W. Kearny, when he occupied Santa Fe August 18, 1846. In January 1847 Governor Bent was in his home at Taos when men from the pueblo and discontents from the town broke into his house, shot and scalped him. Bent's daughter, Mrs. Teresina Schenrich, five years old at the time, says her mother and an Indian woman, using a spoon and a poker, dug a hole in the adobe wall of the house, through which the women and children crawled. When Bent tried to escape by this hole, he was already wounded and had been scalped. The mob followed through the hole and fired many shots into the governor's body before he fell dead at his wife's feet.

GALLUP

McKinley county.

County seat. Elev. 6506. Named for D. L. Gallup, once general comptroller of the Santa Fe Railway.

MESILLA (may see Ilyah)

Dona Ana county.

Sp. "little table land" on which the town is built overlooking the Rio Grande. At Mesilla the Gadsden purchase treaty was signed in 1853. At Mesilla Park the state college is one of the best known agricultural and engineering schools in the southwest. Through the streets of old Mesilla the statue of San Ysidro is carried in procession, so that this patron of crops may look over the fields and add his blessing to the benefits of later day aids to farming.

NEVADA**VIRGINIA CITY**

Storey county.

Named for James Finney, an old miner from the state of Virginia and known as "Ol' Virginy." Now almost a ghost town; at its peak circa 1862-63.

WINNEMUCCA (win ne muk'ka)

Humboldt county.

Named for a Piute Indian chief, active circa 1859. He died October 1882. Word means literally "giver of bread" or "provider."

UTAH**MORONI** (mo ro' neye) San Pete county.

Called by present day stage drivers "Morony." The Mormon angel who gave the Plates to Joseph Smith, founding the religious sect. Town established 1859; incorporated 1866. San Pete was an Indian chief.

OGDEN

Weber county.

River (now the Humboldt) and city.

From Peter Skeen Ogden, a Hudson Bay company trapper who trapped there in 1825. The city was laid out in August, 1850, by Brigham Young, and named from the river.

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*For further information write Secretary, Imperial County Fair
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DICK WICK'S FROG

Continued from page 13

in the nearby range. The plans have all been drawn.

Deeper in the drawers of her desk are drawings and specifications for other projects, one of them a dream-child so fantastic it is doubtful if Dick Wick Hall in his most optimistic mood could have visualized anything so glamorous for the Salome desert.

Mrs. Van Orsdel has acquired all of the Dick Wick holdings including the Salome townsite. What is more impor-

Dick Wick Hall's old Blue Rock Inn has been replaced with a new \$50,000 desert dining room.

tant, she has become convinced that Dick Wick's dream of a great desert health resort can be made a reality—and she has unbounded faith in her own ability to make the dream come true.

She is confident that sooner or later people actually will be coming to Salome to play on Dick Wick's mythical Greasewood Golf Lynx—23 miles around and 28 days with the help of cow ponies to complete one game of golf.

WHITE MEDICINE MAN

Continued from page 17

reaches of the reservation, stretching from desert valley to mountain plain, come the Indians to be cured by this white doctor whose magic is more powerful than their most potent "Singer." In the gray stone hospital so far from what we call "civilization" is room for 85 patients. And there is a daily average of 82 throughout the year.

Strangest sight to me, is that of famous old medicine men whose service among their own tribe is legendary, resting tranquilly against white pillows in the sunny ward of a Christian hospital. With graying hair in characteristic wool-bound knob, and blue turquoise earrings proclaiming their high calling, they surrender themselves to the white medicine man whose healing power puts theirs to shame. With patient eyes glued to the door through which will come their White Hope, their leathery old faces light up childishly when Dr. Salsbury enters. They are like children as they try to attract his attention.

"Yah-eh-teh, Shih-chai, Hello, Grand-

father! See, the arm moves! I can shut the fingers!" and Old Man Black Ears grins engagingly at his physician.

"Ah-hah-lah-nih! Healer, today the pain is not so great!" and Gray Mountain swings a gaunt, stringy leg pivoting on an artificial ball and socket newly sawed out of some other portion of his anatomy.

A little child, frightened and wizened from a twisted spine when she closed her eyes on the operating table weeks ago, opens those eyes now and flirts with Big Doctor.

Beside a cot a Navajo mother sits with tears streaming down her smooth brown cheeks. Truly, this white medicine man is worth listening to. Last week little son was kicked in the head by a plunging mustang. A singer of their clan held the necessary ceremonies over him but the evil spirits refused to retreat. There was nothing to do but leave her one man-child lying in the sand to die alone as is Navajo custom. So the family went away where the death

"chin-dee" could not follow, and the poor mother's heart was empty. Yesterday—it still seems like a strange dream—one of the white clad nurses came and said "Your son lives in the big House of Healing. Doctor Salsbury found him in the sun and sand and took him to the hospital. He will get well. You come and see!" And she is not childless now. She shyly touches the White Doctor's coat as he passes. Did not a lone woman touch the garments of the Man of Galilee?

Nothing is farther from Dr. Salsbury's wish than to be personally worshiped. There is no posing, nor 'Holier Than Thou' attitude in his bearing. His one earnest desire is to lessen suffering and illness among the Navajo people, and through the help and knowledge thus imparted to them, to aid them in throwing off the darkness of superstition.

For twelve years he and his wife dwelled and worked among the Chinese in Asia. For the past decade the Salsburys have been the motive power behind the work at Ganado. There is no method of measuring the forward steps the Navajo Nation has taken under the direction of this White Medicine Man who has earned its faith.

WEATHER

January Report from
U. S. Bureau at Phoenix

Temperatures	Degrees
Mean for month.....	55.0
Normal for January.....	51.2
High on January 13.....	77.0
Lowest on January 25.....	31.0

Rain—	Degrees
Total for month.....	0.52
Normal for January.....	0.80

Weather—	Degrees
Days clear	21
Days partly cloudy.....	6
Days cloudy	4

W. B. HARE, Meteorologist.

From Yuma Bureau

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month.....	58.4
Normal for January.....	54.4
High on January 27.....	77.0
Lowest on January 30.....	35.0

Rain—	Degrees
Total for month.....	0.07
67-year average for January.....	0.45

Weather—	Degrees
Days clear	24
Days partly cloudy.....	1
Days cloudy	6

Sunshine 84% (267 hours out of possible 318 hours)

Colorado River—

January discharge at Grand canyon was 330,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 348,000 acre feet. Estimated storage behind Boulder Dam February 1—14,990,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

BLOODSTONE

Continued from page 15

agate that are quite interesting when sawed in two.

Today this deposit may be reached by a better road than we traveled on that first trip, although it is not a timid driver's highway at any time. The route up Salt Creek wash is sandy but passable for a careful driver. The water at Clemens well is fit for use in radiators, but not always desirable for drinking purposes as it is an open hole and rodents sometimes fall in.

To reach the Bloodstone deposit today the motorist should leave Highway 99 at Valerie corner, between Indio and Oasis, and travel east over Avenue 66 about six miles to Mecca. From there the north shore road is followed 9½ miles to Date Palm Beach. Three-tenths of a mile beyond the Beach turn north under the railroad trestle and follow signs marked Rancho Dos Palmas. Set the speedometer trip to zero at the railroad bridge and follow the map. It is dirt and gravel road from this point, and in some places sandy but should offer no serious difficulties as it is being traveled regularly.

Beware of Sand

It is best to take the trail to the right near Clemens well as the left trail is quite sandy.

At a point one and three-tenths miles beyond the well the road passes close to a small outcrop of white onyx on the left. Very pretty specimens are obtainable here. Three-tenths of a mile beyond this point the road leaves the main wash, entering the canyon directly opposite the ruins of the old stage station. Follow this canyon bed until the rocks block travel by auto. A good driver will turn the car around before stopping as it is much easier to start in sand if the auto is headed down hill.

Four-tenths of a mile beyond the parking place the canyon divides into two branches. In the wedge between, at the points marked X on the photograph, the first Bloodstone nodules will be found. There are several outcroppings, and also some small geode beds in the vicinity—a field which will make the trip worth while for any gem collector.



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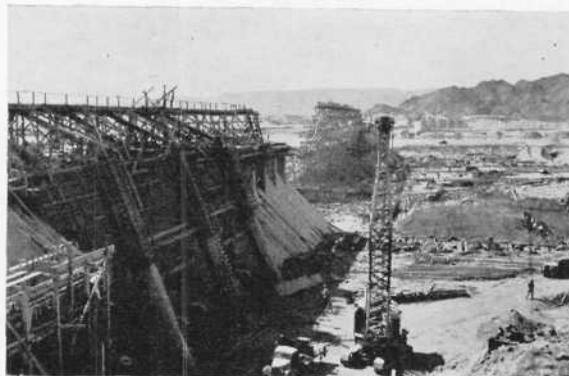
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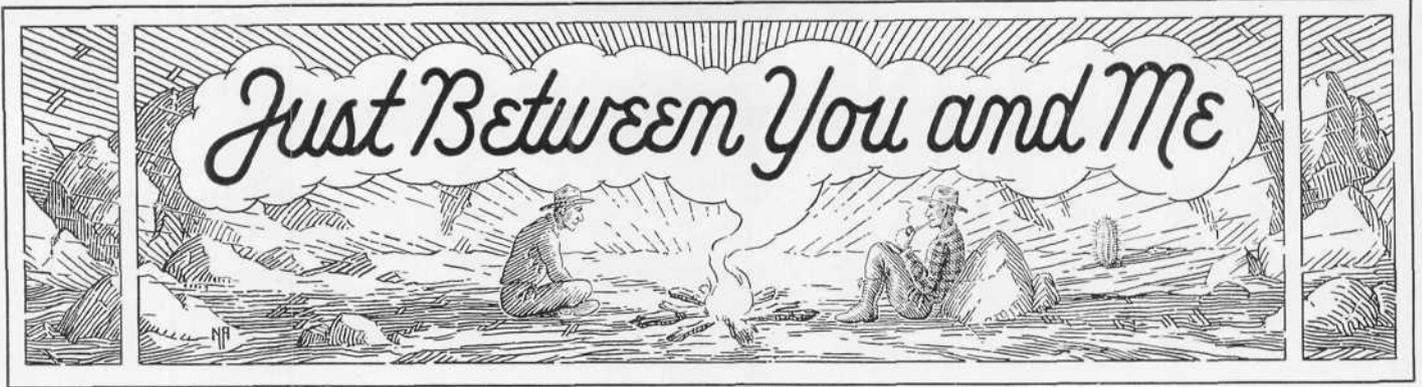
In Imperial county you can now see nearing completion the greatest man-made river in the world. The All-American Canal, 80 miles long, will soon deliver Colorado river water to Imperial Valley entirely on U. S. soil. At this stage in construction you will find the project especially interesting.

The Big Ditch is 22 feet deep, 130 feet wide at the bottom and 200 feet wide at the top. It starts at the Imperial Dam and desilting works, skirts rocky Pilot Knob, cleaves through the great sand hills, and crosses the desert to fertile valley lands.

Visit Imperial Valley this spring and see this tremendous project, which will assure water and power for the "Winter Garden of America". Note agricultural wealth and estimate the potential values to be developed in the next few years.



For further information about the Canal or the agricultural and scenic attractions of Imperial Valley, write B. A. Harrigan, secretary, IMPERIAL COUNTY BOARD OF TRADE, Court House, El Centro.



By RANDALL HENDERSON

ONE of my favorite desert retreats is that jumbled maze of highly eroded clay hills which lie between the Salton Sea and the Borego valley on the west. They are known to the old-timers on the desert as Borego Badlands.

There are no improved roads into the area, but experienced sand drivers may reach them from Highway 99 by following the circuitous channel of any one of a half dozen arroyos which cross the paved road between Westmorland and Travertine point.

From a distance, these mud hills appear to be devoid of plant or animal. And yet back in the hidden recesses of many of the canyons are to be found native palm trees which cling tenaciously to life in spite of a gradually diminishing water supply.

Part of this area has been taken into the new Borego State Park. And what a mecca it will become for artists and photographers and the more daring among the desert visitors when a passable road makes it accessible to the public!

* * *

A few days ago I followed a winding automobile trail which leads from Borego valley up to the southeastern tip of the Santa Rosa mountains. From a narrow crest I could look down upon the entire Badlands region. It is one of the most colorful panoramas in the Colorado desert of Southern California.

The southern skyline of my picture was the hazy silhouette of Mt. Signal and the peninsular range in Lower California. Behind me were the Santa Rosas. To the east I looked across the glimmering waters of Salton Sea to the Chocolate mountains beyond. And on the west rose the precipitous desert slopes of San Ysidro and Vallecito ranges.

These distant horizons formed a perfect frame for the highly colored chaos of eroded mudhills spread out directly below.

* * *

The rugged beauty of the Badlands has been known to the more adventurous explorers of the desert for half a century. George Wharton James and J. Smeaton Chase both visited this area many years ago and gave us graphic descriptions of the weird maze of gullies and clay hills to be found here. But it was not until recently that the trail from Borego to the lookout point was opened. It is not a good road yet but the breath-taking panorama which suddenly comes in view is ample compensation for any hardships encountered along the way.

From some source a move has been started to substitute "Painted Desert" for the historic old name by which this region always has been known. I am inclined to agree with K. V. Bennis of Temecula who suggests that this proposed change is like calling Buffalo Bill "Willie."

If there must be a new name, let's adopt something more original than "Painted Desert." Arizona already has a Painted Desert—and it is a gorgeous landscape, and worthy of the name. With the vocabularies of English, Spanish and Indian at our disposal, surely a descriptive term can be found which will do justice to those fantastic Borego hills without copying a name already applied to another part of the desert.

There has been too much duplication of place names in the desert. As population increases and the arid Southwest becomes better known it will lead to endless confusion.

And so I am going to cast my lot with those who still call them the Borego Badlands.

* * *

California is not the only place where there is controversy over place names. In Arizona the Pioneers Historical society is seeking to restore the original nomenclature of the early days to some of the geographical points.

Among the questions under dispute is the spelling of the state flower, the Sahuaro. An act of the legislature several years ago established the spelling as Saguaro. The Historical society asks that the decision be reversed and the "g" changed to an "h".

* * *

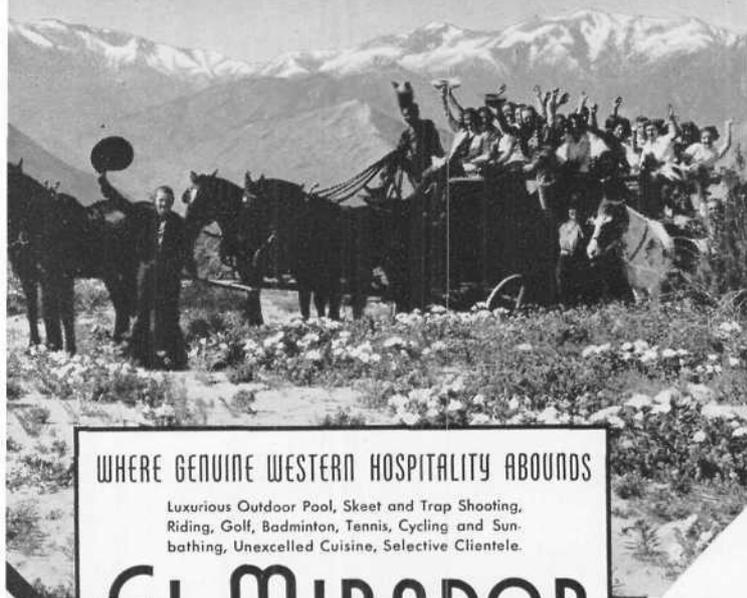
I am going to stay out of the Arizona controversy. I have troubles enough over this problem of spelling. I might have known when I started throwing brickbats at the folks who spell Ocotillo incorrectly that sooner or later one of the bricks would turn out to be a boomerang.

Today one of the pesky things bounced back at me. It came in the form of a letter from R. B. Ericsson of Arcadia, California, who wants to know why I put an extra "a" in the middle of Chuckwalla, spelling it Chuckawalla.

That just about gets me down. My feeble reply is that I do it because all the desert rats out this way pronounce it with the extra "a". According to Mr. Webster's dictionary and a majority of the map-makers I am wrong.

I have sent an SOS to Edmund C. Jaeger whose "California Deserts" is one of my most valued reference books. He also puts the extra "a" in Chuckwalla. If he doesn't dig up an acceptable authority, I am sunk.

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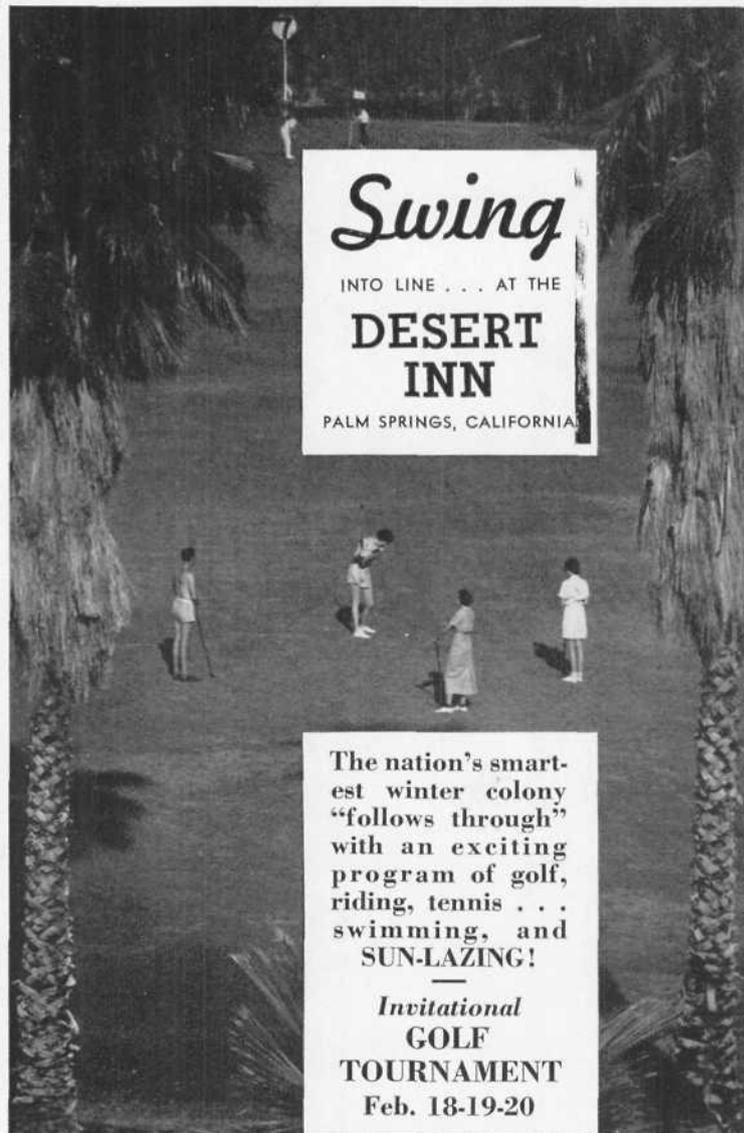
METER-MISER

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CALEXICO



Swing

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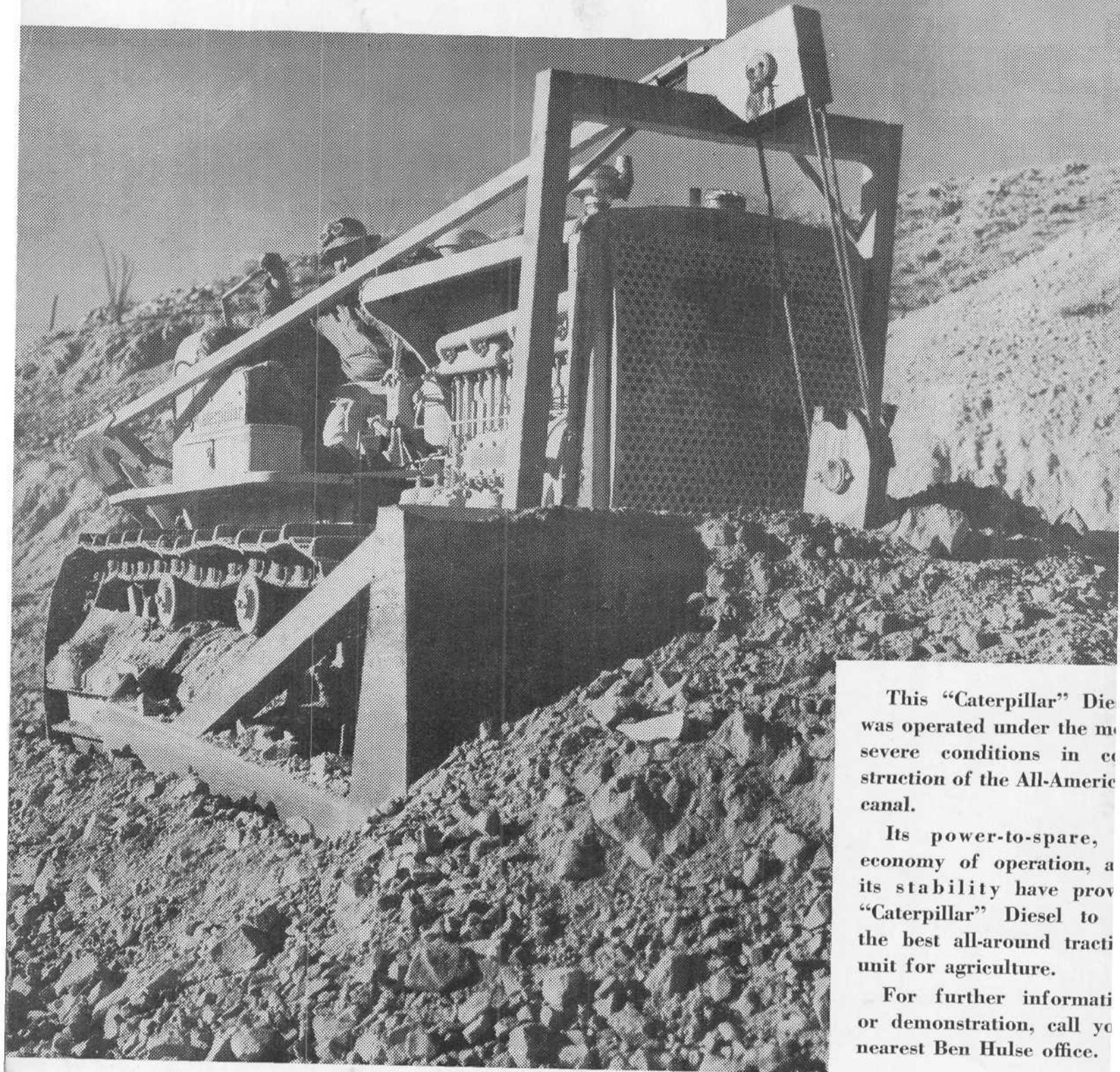
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