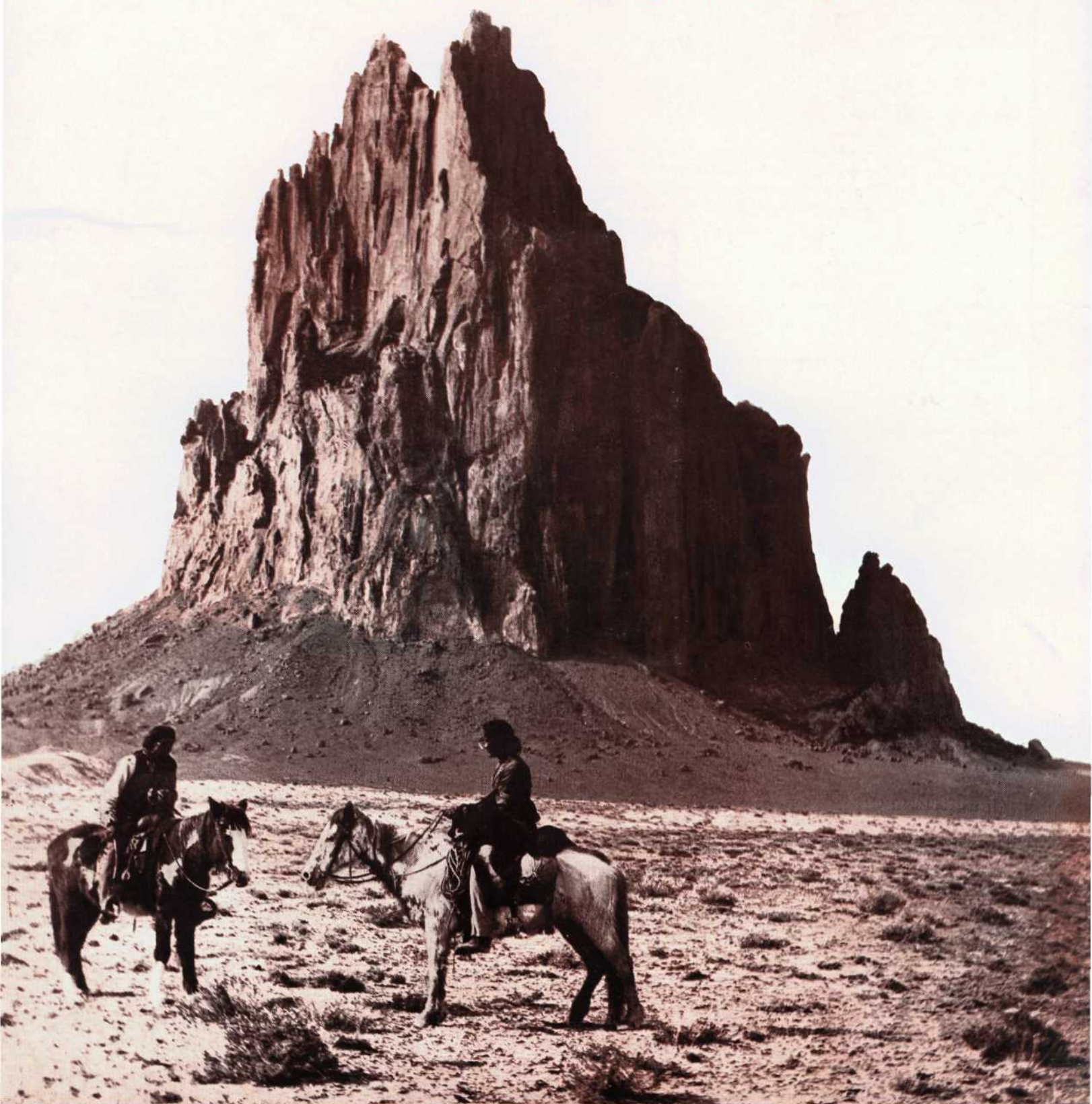


THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



FEBRUARY, 1938

25 CENTS



Sun-laze in Arizona..

COME to Tucson, where winter temperatures range from 60 to 80 degrees, and enjoy quiet rest or invigorating recreation. Spacious Arizona Inn, Spanish cottages built around a patio garden, offers rare hospitality.

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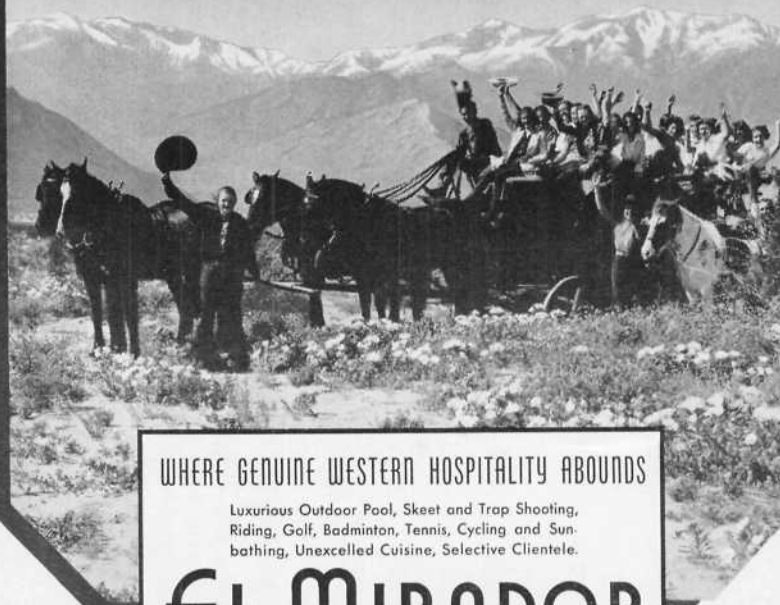
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THE
DESERT
INN



CREED OF THE DESERT

When Catsclaw and Cactus hold opposite views,

They never grow violent or raucous.

On the contrary, they act as gentlemen should, Debating with dignity —cautious.

—JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

DESERT

Calendar

for February

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.

JAN. 28-29—Rodeo at Palm Springs.

JAN. 28-29-30—Rodeo at Casa Grande, Arizona.

JAN. 29-30—Members of Sierra club of California to camp overnight at Borego Palm canyon and explore Borego painted desert and Rock house canyon.

FEB. 2—Candlemas Day dance at San Felipe, New Mexico.

FEB. 4-5-6—Stampede and Date Festival at Indio, California.

FEB. 6-13—Tenth annual invitational golf tournament at Brawley, California, sponsored by lettuce and cantaloupe growers and shippers.

FEB. 11-12—Northern New Mexico Teachers' association to hold convention at Raton.

FEB. 11-14—World's championship rodeo at Phoenix. Sponsored by Junior chamber of commerce. Richard Merchant, director.

FEB. 15—Turtle dance at Taos, New Mexico.

FEB. 18—Kenneth Chapman of the Anthropological laboratory at Santa Fe, N. M., to speak on crafts of primitive races at Heard museum, Phoenix.

FEB. 17-22—Six-day live stock show at Tucson.

FEB. 19-22—Rodeo at Tucson.

FEB. 19-20—Sierra club of California to camp at Painted canyon near Mecca.



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FEBRUARY, 1938

No. 4

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Notice of change of address should be received by the circulation department the first of the month preceeding issue.



Rim of Death Valley

By EDMUND P. BURKE

608 South Cochran Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

This picture was awarded first place among the photographs submitted in the December contest of the Desert Magazine.

This is an enlargement of a photo taken by a Zeiss Ikon, Eastman Super-Pan film, f32, 1/4 second, Wratten G. filter, 30 minutes before sunset on December 27, 1936.



Horned Toad

By GLADYS KNIGHT

Christmas, Arizona

Awarded second prize in the December photographic contest of the Desert Magazine. This was taken with an Eastman 620, panatomic film, 1/25 second, f.11 with filter. Distance 4 feet.

A Gentleman With Daggers

By DON ADMIRAL

HANDSOME CABALLERO of the desert is the Ocotillo. Tall, lithe and graceful, the closely grouped wands swaying in the breeze appear to be galloping over the sands while their scarlet plumes nod to passers-by.

Cheerful and gracious, this striking desert shrub seems to reflect the traditional hospitality of the gentleman of old Spain. But like a true *caballero* it also possesses the weapons for a haughty and painful repulse of those who become too familiar.

Generously equipped with the means of withstanding the extremes of desert climate, the Ocotillo adapts itself to its desert home without the appearance of struggle. Unlike the Creosote bush which is a rough and ready adventurer, the Ocotillo has chosen the limited localities in which it finds life congenial, and confines its home to these.

Although not the hardiest of desert shrubs, Ocotillo is one of the best equipped for life in the arid region. The structure of the wand-like branches is such as to conserve moisture and resist the effect of hot winds. Thorns line the stalks, protecting them from marauders. These thorns originally

were the stems of the first leaves grown on the branch.

The leaf cycle of the Ocotillo is governed entirely by moisture. A heavy rainfall brings out a new growth of small green leaves. As the moisture supply diminishes these leaves turn to beautiful shades of orange and red like the autumn coloring of many deciduous trees, and then drop off. This process of leaf-growing may take place three or four times during a rainy year.

Ocotillo is not Cactus

Even though it possesses formidable thorns, the Ocotillo, contrary to popular opinion, is not a cactus. It is a candlewood. It is called candlewood because the wood is so resinous that lighted splinters may be used for lighting purposes. The Mexicans call the splinters *ocotillos*, or little *ocotes*, after a pine tree knot which is sometimes used as a torch.

The magnificent plume of red tubu-

lar blossoms gives rise to the name of flaming sword as well as candle flower, but Ocotillo is the word in general use.

Fouquieria splendens is the scientific name. *Fouquieria*, the genus name, is in honor of a French medical professor, Fouquier. *Splendens*, the species name, is derived from the scarlet plume of the flowers but could aptly refer to the entire plant.

Ocotillo frequently is used in the desert region for fencing purposes. It is so efficient it will turn back a burro. The canes are cut and stuck into the ground and several strands of wire woven through them to keep them in place. Under favorable conditions the stems take root and become a living fence armed with daggers.

The habitat of the Ocotillo extends from the desert slopes of the coastal range in California eastward into Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, and south into Mexico.

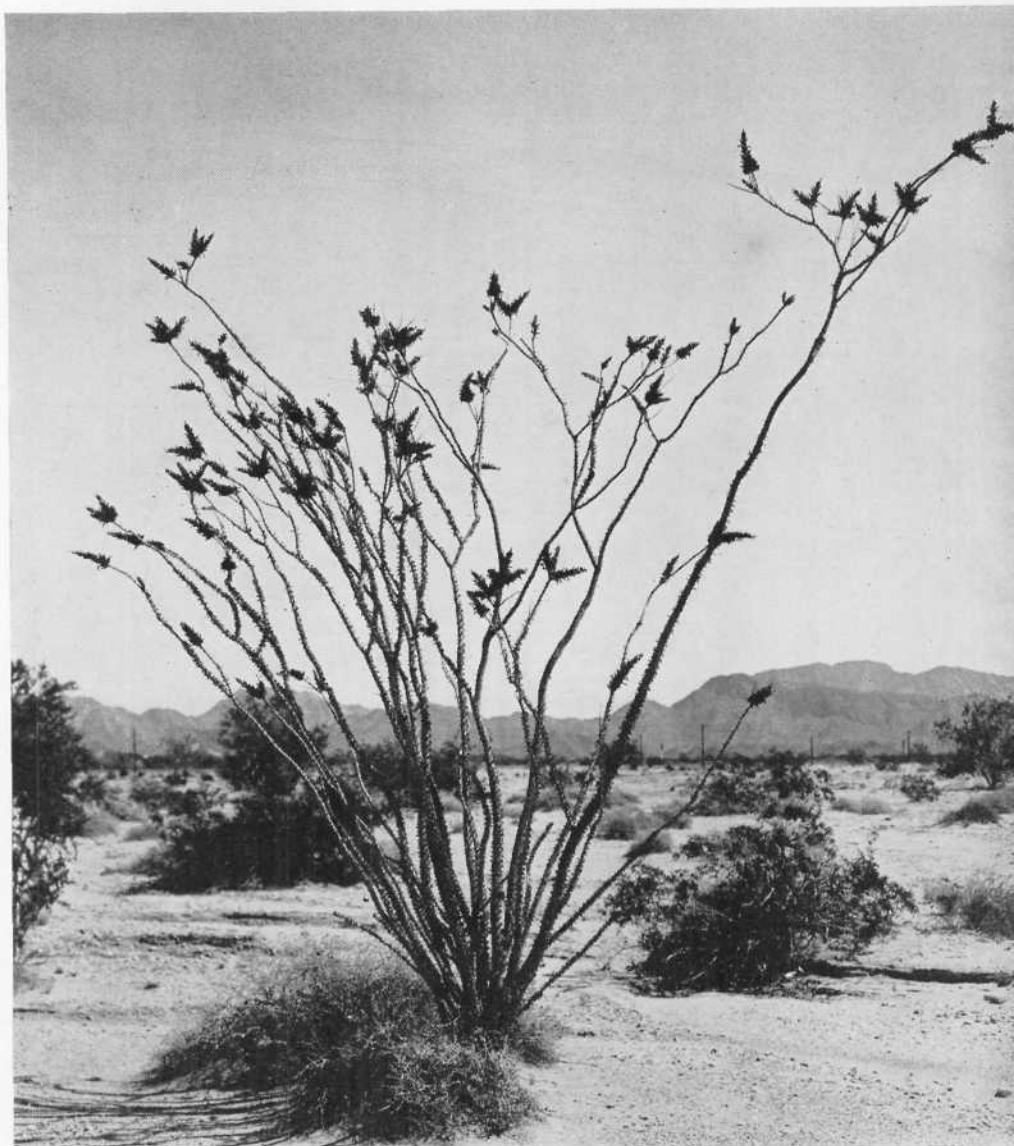


Photo by Hetzel

Tom Pavatea, Hopi Trader

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

He ran away from the white man's school, and lived to become a merchant prince among his own people. Tom Pavatea is more than a trader, he is a benevolent father to the Hopi tribe. He cannot write, but his code of honor is respected by men of all races. This intimate story of an outstanding Hopi Indian is written by a woman whose books and magazine articles have qualified her as a high ranking authority on Indian life and cultural aspects of the desert frontier. Readers of *The Desert Magazine* will enjoy this story by Mrs. White Mountain Smith.

AT THE GAP, called Walpi, half way up the hazardous road to the Hopi Mesa, is a stone altar, the Spider Shrine. And here drenched in the warm drowsy October sun I found my old friend Tom Pavatea, dreaming away a stolen hour. He had climbed up the winding trail past Tally Rock with its graven record of slaughtered Navajos and Apaches, to lay a perfect ear of blue corn among the other bahoos—prayers—placed on the altar.

Tom's thick hair was bound away from his face by a brilliant band of purple silk. His shirt was plush, green crushed plush, belted in at the waist by a row of huge silver conchos, a belt made by his hereditary enemy the Navajo. Around his neck were numerous strands of wampum strung with great blobs of native turquoise, workmanship of the Zunis. For Tom is the greatest Indian trader among the Southwest Indians. It was he who encouraged his Hopi people to resume and increase the manufacture of their native handicrafts, and through him they market thousands of dollars worth each year, thus keeping their beautiful crafts alive and making themselves independent of white man's charity.

"How old are you, Tom?" I asked him with the liberty of friendship.

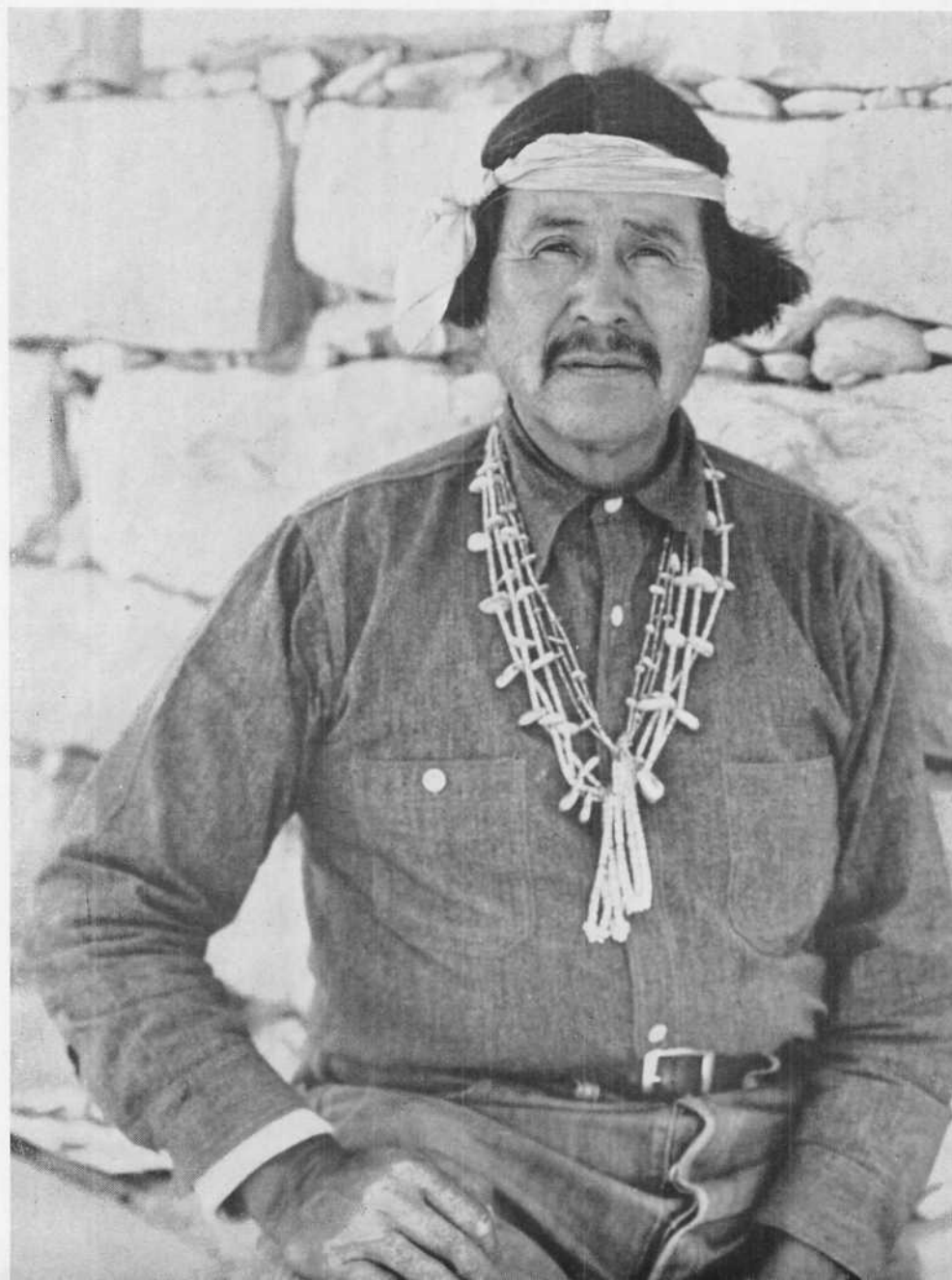
"I cannot tell, maybe sixty years, maybe sixty and five. The seasons come and go. I begin my store in 1896. I think I am twenty-five then. I am busy and do not mark the years. I am old when I look back on the mistakes and suffering of my peoples. I'm young when I look forward to the things yet to be done. When I cannot longer move about and do those things that wait, then I'll be old and it is time to die."

He ceased to speak and looked out across the desert; across the native burial ground where his parents and his children are, where most of his dreams are buried in the grave of his first born son; on to the great stone store that houses his thriving business. His eyes were full of things hidden to the white race. I thought of the last

radio talk given the world by Oliver W. Holmes on his 90th birthday. This primitive unlettered Indian had expressed in his own simple way the same great sentiment of one of the greatest trained minds the United States has known. He said: "To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task. But I may mention one thought. The riders in a race do not

stop short when they reach the goal. The race is over, but the work is never done while the power remains. For to work is living. I quote from a Latin poet: 'Death plucks my ear and says, Live, I am coming'."

Tom, the merchant prince of the Hopis, sat there diligently searching his brain for incidents of his life that would amuse or entertain this white





*The Watchman—all's well
on the Walpi*

woman, E Quat-che, ("my friend"). It has never occurred to him that his life is a book of thrilling adventures, pages of danger and tragedy, of sacrifice and heroism, fighting an endless battle against poverty and ignorance, greed of white men, despair of red men. It has been a grand fight and today Tom Pavatea stands as a monument of integrity and fair dealing among all races.

"I have just come from Ne-Nah-Phi's house," I said. "She will not live many more days!" I spoke of the old Tewa woman, his foster mother.

Raised by Tewa Mother

Tom's soft brown eyes filled with tears. "She is the only mother I ever knew. My own mother died when I little baby, my father too, and she took me into her home as one of her own. I remember running around the mesa playing with other little boys. We had no clothes to wear. When I was cold she wrapped me in her own skirts until I stopped shivering. And when I was six the white officers came and took me away to school at Keam's Canyon. I did not care for school at all. I say to me, 'You do not need to read and write. You go home!' So I come back home. The officer come after me—a short way after. I wear Uncle Sam's clothes home, he say. I do not know I have any Uncle Sam, but he take the clothes back

with me inside them. I think! Next time I run home I take clothes off and leave them for my relative. I come home bare those twelve mile. My people hid me in the corn room where it is dark but the officer find me and take me back. He whipped me many times but I always run home. He mad. He stop coming for me, and so I still do not read and write!" He chuckled slyly as he remembered how a naked little Hopi lad outdid the white officer.

"For fifteen years I herd sheep for Tom Keam. He pay me maybe twenty-five cent a day and food, very good food. I have coffee and sugar and flour and lots of good beef. I save those quarter. One day I count them. I very rich. I have more than two hundred dollars. So I trade them to Mr. Keam for sheep and I drive them to the mesa. I build a corral in the wash, and a big storm come and sheep go down the wash, very dead. I herd sheep some more, save some more quarter. Then I go and say 'I will have a store.'

"My brother Henry have seventy-five dollars. I have not so many but thank him for the sheep herding work and go. I go to Holbrook, to Mr. Schuster, who had much goods for trade. 'We want a store. We can get good baskets and

pottery and rugs the Hopi and Tewa peoples make. You give us goods to trade, we bring those things'. We give him our money and he give us goods, oh, much more goods than we have money. He trust us, you see. And he loaded those goods into a wagon of his own and he say:

"'You sell these goods for rugs and baskets and pottery. You bring back to me with my wagon and horses. I give you more things to trade.' And so it was that I become a trader."

A simple story, simply told. Tom added an afterthought: "I never steal from Mr. Schuster; he never steal from me!"

Loved by Tribesmen

Back of that little saga of Tom's career lies drama. Tom Pavatea is a beloved god to his people. He feeds the hungry little children of his tribe. "Because when I was little I was often hungry." He clothes the helpless old folks. "They wrapped me warm in rabbit skin blanket when I am little and cold."

One day a Hopi boy was guarding his mother's sheep and playing with an old twenty-two rifle. A Navajo lad appeared and—Navajo-like—decided to appropriate the gun for himself. In the scuffle he was shot. Clansmen gathered, and Hopis armed themselves and rushed

to the scene. In a hastily erected juniper shelter the wounded boy lay dying. The mother demanded the life of the Hopi boy in atonement. Tom heard of it. He hurriedly visited the nearby sand banks and rock crannies used by him as First National Banks, and from tobacco pouches and tomato cans extracted a quantity of money. He knotted his treasure in the middle of an old red handkerchief and joined the mob. The Navajo women interrupted their death wails to count the money he offered, and the Hopi people snatched their boy and left without saying goodbye.

Today that Hopi boy stands behind the counter in Tom's store, trying in a measure to take the place of Tom's eldest son who died last year of tuberculosis, leaving six small children under Tom's care. The boy, Theodore, Tom sent to school and made him stay there. "I cannot read or write. I can only figure by counting on the scales. You must be educated, so that you can go on when I stop." But death stepped in and Tom carries on while another son is being trained.

Wife Speaks No English

Tom married a Tewa girl. She was a daughter of the people who came to live with the Hopis and to be Keepers of the Trail. Or, perhaps I should say, *she* married Tom, since the girls in that tribe select their man and like the Northwest Mounted go out after him. Her name is "Quang" and she speaks no English. Why should she? She has Tom between her and the white world. And is not her husband the smartest man in all their tribe? She too went to school just long enough to be re-christened "Julia" and then she stole a few crusts of bread and thus fortified and equipped ran back to the mesa and was never captured again.

Tom, as his fortunes ascended, established her in a big stone house near the store, and there Indian fashion her six children were born. Two of them lie in the graveyard just a stone's throw away. Rather, they *sit* in their deep square graves, chins on knees, securely sewed into hand woven blankets, their faces turned toward the Grand Canyon place of Hopi souls. It cost Quang just eight hundred pounds of ground cornmeal to purchase Tom from his foster mother. "She got a bargain," chortles Tom. "Besides I have to weave her two blankets, and make her a pair of white doe skin moccasins and leggings. I put a whole deerskin in each buskin." He dresses her in the richest plush jackets, and adorns her with silver and turquoise. She is his wife and when his fine brown eyes stray toward the slim giggling school girls, Quang



Store where Trader Tom barter groceries and clothing for the blankets and baskets and pottery of his tribesmen

quickly brings him back to earth.

From a tiny rock hut with a dirt floor Tom's business has grown to a twenty-five thousand dollar a year enterprise. The big shadowy trading post is divided into two parts. One side is piled high with brilliant baskets from the Second and Third Mesas, with creamy golden pottery from the First Mesa and with Katchinas, painted gourds, drums and hand woven blankets made by the menfolk in their underground kivas, clubrooms. Here, in these down-cellar havens, the men gather and gossip and do their work, safe, because the women are not allowed to descend the ladders! "Just like a Masonic Lodge," says Tom.

Invests in Bonds

In exchange for the handicrafts of his tribe Tom trades sugar and flour and all the things white education has taught the Indian to need. With the money Tom buys Government bonds. He bought a thousand dollars worth of Liberty Bonds during the war and since then has taken over six thousand dollar's worth from his tribesmen who wanted their money. Tom, at one time trusted a bank to keep his money. "It busted!" said he. "I never again see my money I put in there. Somebody else, a white man I guess, must have take it!" So now any extra change he has he buries in a coffee can.

Tom is not what the missionaries call a Christian, but when they need money to build a bath house or to send

a blind child to an institution, he never fails them.

"Why are you not a Christian, Tom?" He looked back at the mesa, lying shadowed in the sunset. "I have not the time. I have not the money. Too many of my people need food and clothes. Too many must be cared for. I am too busy to be a Christian!"

"Write me, I pray, as One Who Loves His Fellowmen!" I murmured, under my breath, and I made no effort to explain when my Indian friend turned puzzled child-like eyes upon me.

SHIPROCK

Shiprock, majestic in its towering reach toward the turquoise skies of northwestern New Mexico, gives us the cover for The Desert Magazine this month. The photograph is one of William M. Pennington's best.

This mighty monument rises from the very core of the earth, more than 1800 feet from its base to the top of its tallest spire, commands a widespread view of the desert in the homeland of the Navajo Indians.

Impressive in massive dignity; cathedral in design, to the early Indians Shiprock was endowed with sacred significance. In its shadow the tribesmen gathered for ceremonial rites.

Navajo name for the great rock is Sa-bi-ta-ih—literally, "Rock-With-Wings." Ground plan of the monument, as seen from a plane, resembles the shadow of an enormous bird in flight. Mystery is how could the medicinemen of centuries long ago have known that, for Shiprock cannot be climbed. Volcanic dikes give the bird-like ground outline.

Legends declare the huge mass of stone once flew through the air as a bird, before it came to rest in Navajoland.

Geologists of the modern school, discarding legend, say the great bulk of basaltic lava is a volcanic "plug," an extrusion of molten lava from far below the crust of the earth.

The two Navajos in the photograph and their steeds remind one of descriptions of the followers of Genghis Khan, who swept out of the Far East to scourge Europe, astride tough little horses kin to the pair pictured.



BAH-ULTH-CHIN-THLAN

Photo by W. M. Pennington

THE FEEL OF THE DESERT

ACCEPTANCE

ACCEPTANCE of what was unavoidable, and adjustment to new conditions were the problems faced by Bah-Ulth-Chin-Thlan, member of the Navajo tribe during that critical period when the white men were advancing westward into the Indian domain.

This Pennington photo-portrait reveals the thoughtful dignity of one of the leading tribesmen. Where militant Be-Zhosie chose to sulk and preach defiance of the white man's laws, Bah-Ulth-Chin-Thlan was one of the group which advocated peaceful acceptance of the new order.



John W. Hilton casts an expert eye on a newly found geode

Among the many hobbies of desert people there probably is none more fascinating than the collecting of the semi-precious gem stones which are found in a surprising number of places in the arid region. With the thought of arousing added interest in this hobby, and perhaps aiding many who would like to collect gems if they know how and where to start, The Desert Magazine has arranged with John W. Hilton to write a series of articles on this subject. Few people know their desert gems better than Hilton. He is both a collector and an expert in the art of cutting and polishing what he finds. His first contribution, printed on these pages, is written mainly for the beginner, but subsequent articles will contain data which will also interest the experienced gemologist.

Happy Hunting Ground for Gem Collectors

By JOHN W. HILTON

HAVE you ever found a rough diamond? Well, neither have I although diamonds have been found right here on this desert. More of them have been thrown away than have been saved or recorded.

In the files of the California State Mining Bureau are authentic records of such finds. In one instance a very large stone was literally broken to pieces by workmen who were ignorant of the nature of their discovery. The pieces were divided among them and as far as the records go have all been lost except one which eventually found its way to the office of the state mineralogist where it was identified as a diamond.

This incident illustrates my reason

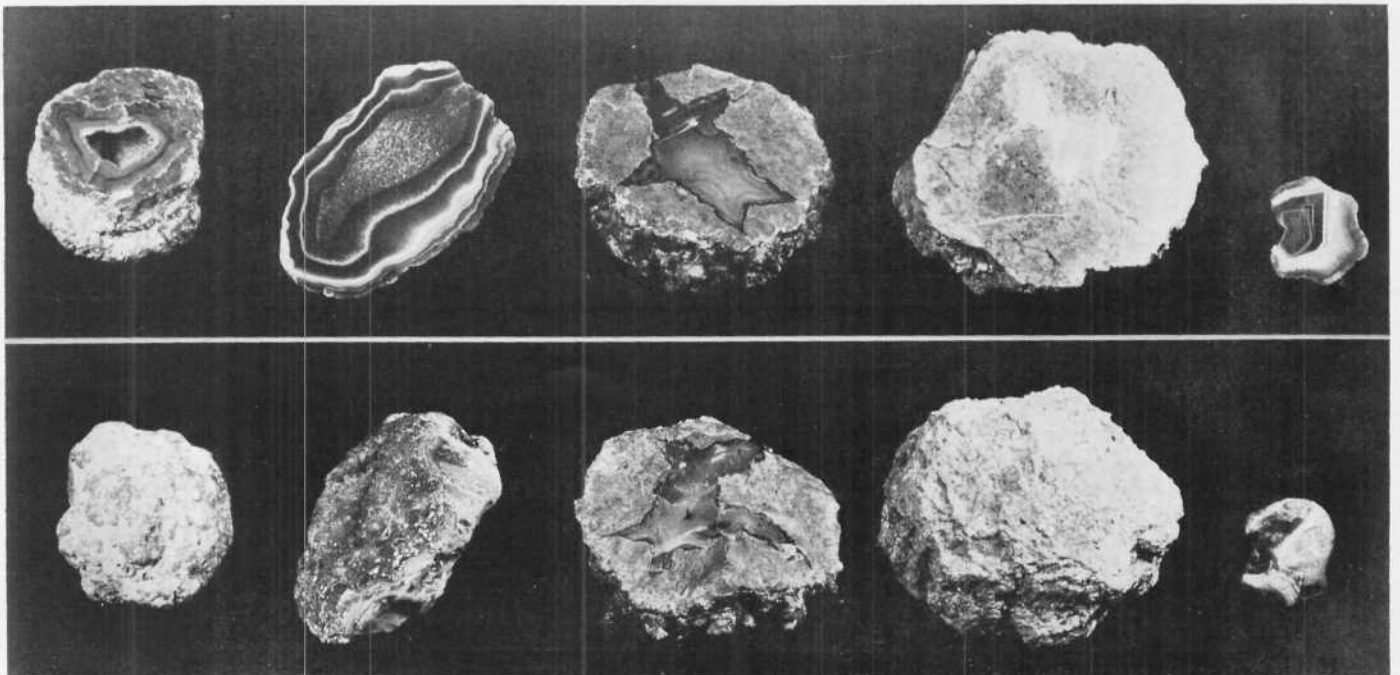
for laying down rule number one for gem collectors, "Never break a stone that appears to be a gem." Prospector's picks should be used to dislodge gems from the parent rock and in some instances to chip off a little of the coating from the stone—but do not break it up.

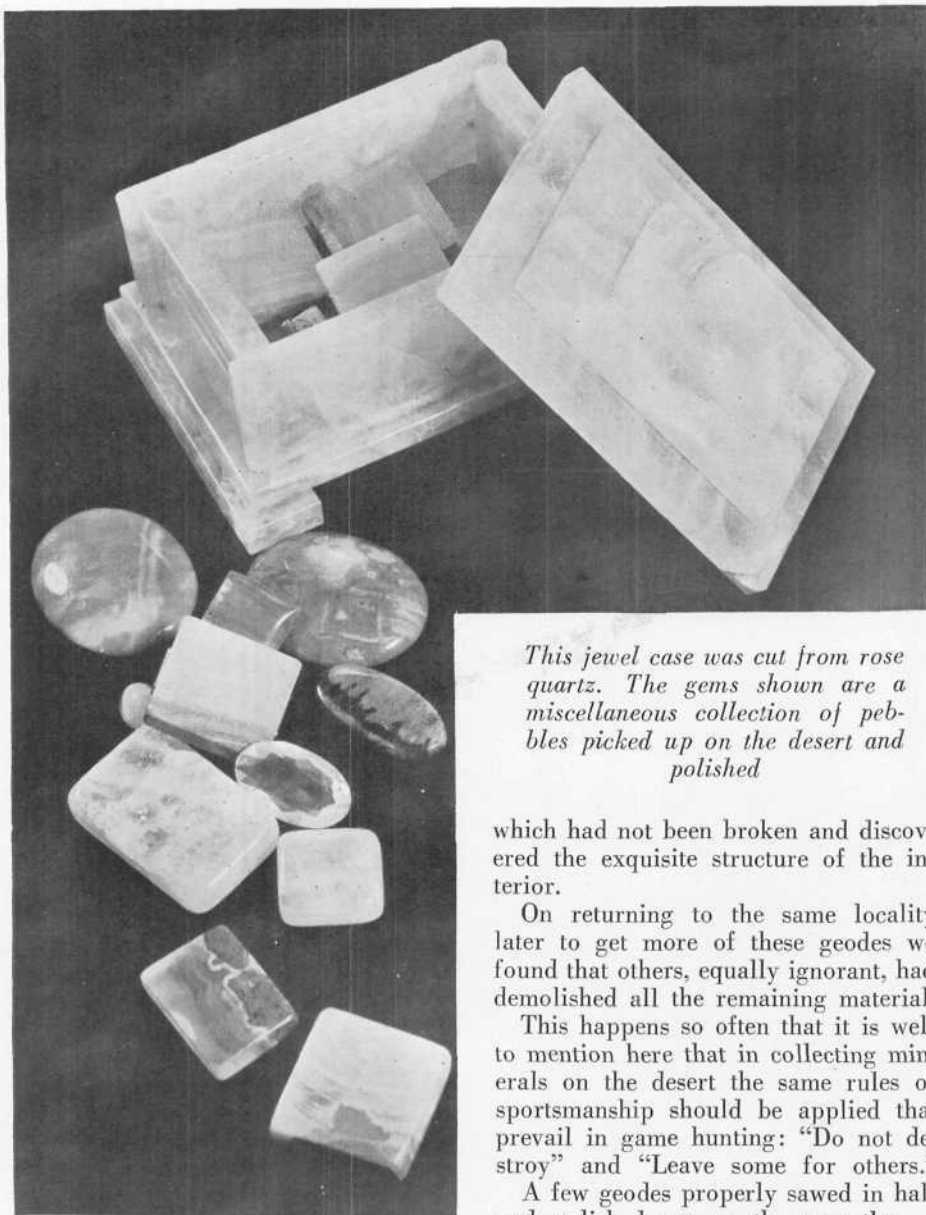
It is true, our chances of finding a genuine diamond on the desert are slight, but there are dozens of other gems which any of us may encounter on our desert trips if we keep our eyes open. Many of these stones, although

having comparatively little commercial value, are as beautiful and often more interesting than the higher priced gems. There is added to this the satisfaction of personal discovery which gives the stone a value for its finder which cannot be measured in terms of money.

I shall never forget my first gem collecting trip to the desert. I was working as an apprentice lapidarist in one of the small gem cutting establishments in a Southern California beach town. The owner's collection included a few Australian opals. From the very

Just ugly stones until the lapidarist saws them in two and then rare beauty is revealed. These are geodes found in many places on the desert. The lower row shows the rough stones and the upper row a cross-section after they have been sawed and polished. Photos by Dewey Moore





This jewel case was cut from rose quartz. The gems shown are a miscellaneous collection of pebbles picked up on the desert and polished

which had not been broken and discovered the exquisite structure of the interior.

On returning to the same locality later to get more of these geodes we found that others, equally ignorant, had demolished all the remaining material.

This happens so often that it is well to mention here that in collecting minerals on the desert the same rules of sportsmanship should be applied that prevail in game hunting: "Do not destroy" and "Leave some for others."

A few geodes properly sawed in half and polished are worth more than a whole sackful of broken fragments.

Gems found on the desert are of two main sources. The first are those stones which have been carried to their present location by water. The second are those found in or near the mother rock where they were formed.

The former type is called an alluvial

BLOODSTONE

Next month John Hilton will tell readers of *The Desert Magazine* about Bloodstone—what it is, how to identify it, and where it is found. He has also prepared a map as a guide to gem hunters who will be interested in visiting one of the most accessible fields where Bloodstone is to be obtained in the Southern California desert. The map will be published accompanying the article.

HARDNESS TEST

In this column each month I will discuss some of the technical terms which necessarily appear in a series of articles on gemology. Later, when the meaning of the more important physical characteristics have been explained and the technical terms defined, I shall devote this space to notes on gem cutting.

The first and most important test used in identifying gems is hardness. According to the scale generally used there are ten degrees of hardness. These degrees are represented by ten well known minerals, talc being (1) and diamond (10). Only four of these are needed for testing stones of gem quality, namely: feldspar (6), quartz crystal (7), topaz (8), sapphire (corundum) (9).

The hardness test is simple. A hard mineral will always scratch a softer one, but the reverse is never true. For example, mineral (3) will not scratch mineral (4), but (4) will scratch (3). Any mineral scratched by feldspar (6) has a hardness of (5) or less, and has no gem value. Any mineral that cannot be scratched by (9) is a diamond.

Test specimens of the four minerals can be obtained at small cost, and are very useful for the gem seeker.

first these gems held a strong fascination for me. The name opal was a magic word.

One evening while looking over a California map I saw the name "Opal mountain" marked on the desert section 35 miles northwest of Barstow. My youthful imagination immediately built up a picture of a country where opals might be found as easily as moonstones were picked up on the beach.

I was of course disappointed when I finally visited the district with my father and a friend. We failed to find opals of gem quality but we did discover a number of large bomb-like volcanic rocks which proved to be geodes. Some of these were hollow and others were filled with beautifully marked and colored agate.

In my ignorance I broke these up indiscriminately, ruining some fine specimens with my hammer. Later I became aware of my mistake when I sawed a few of the smaller geodes

deposit and it may be along the course of a recent cloudburst, a prehistoric river bed or an ancient beach line. It might be well to mention here that the face of the desert has been altered repeatedly and what was once the bank of a river may now be the top of a mountain. Gems in such deposits, being of harder material than most of the rock above them, survive the hundreds of miles and thousands of years of travel to be cast finally upon a river bank or washed out at some distant beach. Or, after centuries of waiting, the land may have tilted leaving the deposit high on some desert hillside. Then perhaps a summer cloudburst may dislodge it and send it on its way to be redeposited in a stream bed below.

Some of the gem pebbles found on the floor of Imperial valley may have gone through this cycle several times, and their source may be traced along ancient river beds as far north as Canada. In such a locality, almost any pebble having a pleasing color and a smooth non-porous texture with a hardness sufficient to resist a common file can be polished into a gem.

With the added leisure of our modern system of living, people are casting about for hobbies to occupy their time. I cannot recommend too highly the hobby of collecting desert gems. It is an avocation that will take one out into

Continued on page 30



Boarding House for Birds

By NATT N. DODGE

SLAMMING the door of his car, the Agent stepped briskly toward the house of Engineer Willard Bradley at Grand Canyon Village. As he paused before knocking, a tiny bird darted from a pinon branch overhead, hovered beside his face, and chattered excitedly. As if this were a prearranged signal, other birds came winging. One swooped to his shoulder, another perched on his hat, several fluttered about his hands, others settled on the porch rail and on branches. It was all quite bewildering to the Agent and he was plainly relieved when a pleasant-

When winter comes to Grand Canyon and the usual sources of food are buried beneath the snow, the birds and animals flock to the door of Blanche Bradley, wife of a Park Service official. Here they find a friend whose cupboard is never bare. Mrs. Bradley's interesting experiences with the wild life of the park are told in the accompanying article by Natt N. Dodge.

Mrs. Bradley interviews one of the Pigmy Nuthatches which has become a regular boarder. The bird evidently is not quite sure of the part played by the photographer

faced lady opened the door and bade him enter.

"Whew!", he exclaimed, turning down his coat collar, "lots of people keep dogs, but that's the first time I've ever been met at the door by birds. Do they scare off burglars?"

"Oh no", explained Mrs. Bradley smiling, "they thought you had something for them. They were after a hand out. Dogs and cats," she added, "are forbidden in a National Park so the wild things are not in constant fear. They learn that people won't hurt them, and with a little time and patience they may be tamed quite easily."

Mrs. Bradley has always been interested in birds. Wherever she has lived, she has made a hobby of feeding them, but it was not until the long, hard win-

ter of 1936-37 that she put this interest to practical use. Snow, which began falling on Christmas day and blanketed the Southwest to the Mexican border, piled up in three-foot drifts on the South rim of the Grand Canyon. After a few days, it became apparent to residents of Grand Canyon Village that rabbits, deer, and the various species of birds which spent the winter in that area were having difficulty finding sufficient food. Then Mrs. Bradley went into action. She hung from tree branches several grape baskets containing grain, placed crushed pinon nuts on boards laid on the surface of the snow, fastened suet to tree trunks for the woodpeckers, and in a sunny corner of the porch she made a feeding box and stocked it with cornmeal and cereal for the smaller birds.

Ravens Arrive

First boarders at the Bradley house were a pair of ravens. These awkward black foragers, which she later named "Honeyboy" and "Sassafras," had appetites that played havoc with the meager supply of foodstuffs. Finding that these birds preferred meat, Mrs. Bradley stocked up with scraps from the local butcher. These she scattered and from the kitchen window watched with delight the antics of the big ebony tramps as they shuffled clumsily about in the soft snow. Twice a day, as regularly as her own children exclaimed, "Mother, I'm hungry!", the two ravens announced their presence with harsh croaks. Mrs. Bradley was astonished to find that the two of them consumed fifteen pounds of meat a week. She began to realize that she was in the bird restaurant business. Juncos and chickadees were patronizing the hanging baskets, woodpeckers and sapsuckers frequented the suet posts, and breadcrusts tossed out on the snow were eagerly sought by rabbits, Abert Squirrels, and by the mule deer which inhabit the pinon-juniper forest which blankets in somber green the rolling wilderness of the Coconino plateau.

Throughout the winter, Honeyboy and Sassafras were Mrs. Bradley's star boarders. These birds, like the comedians for whom they were named, proved to be great mirth provokers. Their antics made their awkward pseudo-dignity the more grotesque. On occasion, Mrs. Bradley tossed out some weiners left over from a P.T.A. party. Shortly after, she noticed Honeyboy, with wings outspread and beak

gaping, pushing himself along on the surface of the snow, plunging his head into drifts and gulping great mouthfuls of the cold stuff. For a few moments Mrs. Bradley was puzzled although stirred to hilarity by the crazy appearance he made. Then she remembered that the weiners had been split and liberally flavored with mustard.

The passing of winter and the melting of the snow did not lessen the popularity of Mrs. Bradley's bird boarding house. Instead, the demands upon it increased. Incoming hordes of migrating birds stopped at the Bradley lunch-counter to gulp down a hasty meal or to leisurely partake of a satisfying variety and quantity of food. Summer residents settled down in the vicinity and began to look about for nesting sites. The food baskets required more and more frequent fillings. Rock squirrels and chipmunks came out of hibernation and devised varied and ingenious methods of getting into the feed trays. Nuthatches, chickadees, bushtits, titmice, robins, chipping sparrows, juncos, mourning doves, and crested jays became steady patrons. Migrating crossbills, grosbeaks and house finches stopped at the Bradley oasis for short rests and deep drinks at the water basin. Chestnut-backed bluebirds settled in azure showers. Flickers augmented the woodpecker waiting-line at the suet racks. Although apparently fond of breakfast food cereals and corn meal, the flickers found difficulty in eating it.

By this time, Mrs. Bradley had become absorbed with the fascinating study of the activities of the various birds that had taken up residences in

the vicinity and, in order to encourage as many as possible to stay, she placed nesting boxes in the trees. Several of these were immediately investigated by house hunters, and nest-building was soon in progress. Bluebirds and nuthatches occupied nearly all of the quarters, entertaining the Bradley family with their broodrearing activities. A sleek rock squirrel took up its residence beneath the Bradley house and became a family pet, but created considerable antagonism among the bluebirds whose nests he insisted on investigating. He was not a welcome visitor, and was always driven off with a fierce beating of wings and snapping of beaks.

Birds Become Friendly

With the passing of summer and the maturing of the fledgelings, the birds began to show more of an interest in their hostess. Frequently, as Mrs. Bradley replenished the food in the baskets, nuthatches or chickadees flew down to hover about her head or alight on the edges of the dish she held. She talked to them in conversational tones always moving quietly and slowly. They soon learned to know her voice, and would come at her call, dropping down upon her shoulder or outstretched hand. Often a Rocky Mountain nuthatch might be seen on the windowsill peering intently at his benefactress washing dishes just inside.

Although both species of nuthatches have become very tame and literally mob Mrs. Bradley every time she steps outside, a chickadee has made himself particularly intrusive. When hungry,

Continued on page 28



When deep drifts make travel difficult and food hard to find, deer came to the Bradley back door for a daily handout



Recognized as two of the most skilled rock climbers in the West, Glen Dawson and Bob Brinton recently attempted to scale the unconquered walls of Monument Peak near Parker, Arizona. They failed to reach their objective, but the story of their adventure is none the less interesting because it gives an insight into an outdoor sport which is gaining in popularity among western Americans. The picture on the left shows Dawson on a typical rope down over a vertical face of rock.

Unclimbed Pinnacle OF THE DESERT

WHEN Engineer Harrington, chief of a party of U. S. Land Office surveyors engaged in running the section lines on the Colorado River Indian reservation at Parker, Arizona, in 1912, sent out a detail one morning to locate and mark the northwest boundary corner of the Indian lands, the men came back a few hours later and reported that it couldn't be done.

"No human being can climb the peak where that corner monument is supposed to be located," they told Harrington. "And so we did the next best thing and drove the iron post horizontally into the base of the pinnacle."

It is still there.

So far as the records show, Monument Peak remains unclimbed, although four men who rank high among Pacific coast rock-and-rope experts have made the attempt.

Monument Peak is a conspicuous needle of disintegrating granite located across the Colorado river and a few miles north of Parker. The Indian reservation includes a triangular slice of California soil, and this peak marks the apex of the triangle. Few people except residents of the immediate area had given much notice to this striking landmark until the U. S. Reclamation Bureau started construction of a dam in the Colorado river for the Metropolitan Water District.

Rock scalars among the dam workers often discussed the possibilities of an ascent and finally in April, last year, John Mendenhall and John Schaffer made the attempt. Although both men rate high as rock climbers, they were not well equipped for a vertical ascent involving so many difficulties, and reached a point only about half way up. They reported, however, that the peak might be scaled by climbers supplied with pitons and other equipment of the climbing fraternity.

Regarding this report as more or less a challenge, a well-organized attempt was made on the peak last October by Glen Dawson and Bob Brinton, ace rock men of the Sierra club of California. They reached the spike which Mendenhall and Schaffer had driven into the wall, and Brinton advanced perhaps 30 or 40 feet above, but at that point the men decided that it was too hazardous to continue.

The story of this last attempt is given in the accompanying report written for Desert Magazine readers by Dawson.

By GLEN DAWSON

It was George Bauens who first told me about a spectacular unclimbed monolith near Parker Dam. Then another Sierra Club member, John Mendenhall, showed me pictures taken during an attempt which he made on the peak.

Bob Brinton and I decided that we would try it. One night last October we followed an old road and camped just below what we thought was the unclimbed pinnacle. The next morning we went up with ease—but it was the wrong peak.

After some inquiry we found the road leading from Parker dam into Copper Basin. And there across the basin was an impressive pinnacle of rock which dominated the whole landscape. There could be no doubt that this was Monument Peak. Its sheer walls were a challenge to any climber.

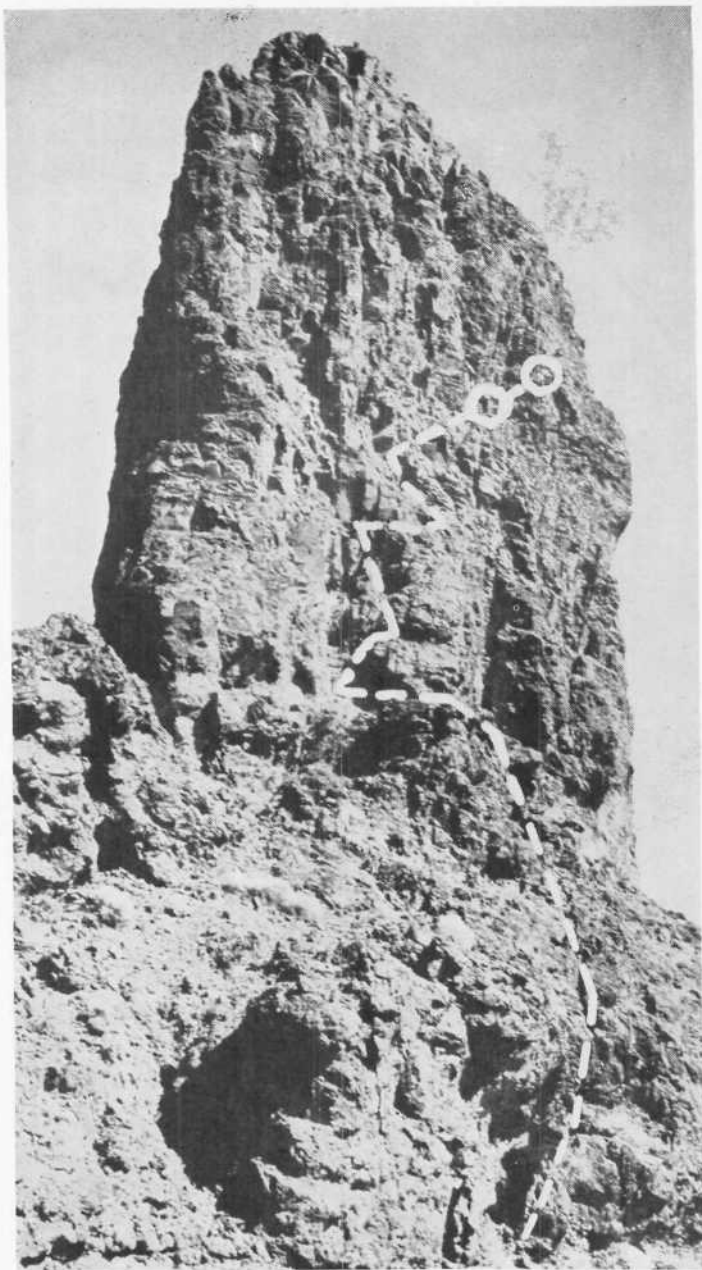
A warm steep scramble brought us around to the west side of the peak where it adjoins a more massive mountain. Here we found a bench mark, the highest point reached by the surveyors.

Towering immediately above us was a great pile of rocks, brittle and loose to the slightest touch, yet rising in a vertical wall more than 360 feet overhead and 2446 feet above sea level.

A glance at the wall is enough to discourage anyone, but after coming across the state of California we had to go through with the formality of trying it. Using 90 feet of 7/16 inch yachting rope, Bob and I started the ascent. For difficult climbing, a party of two is the minimum and three the maximum, tied together on one rope.

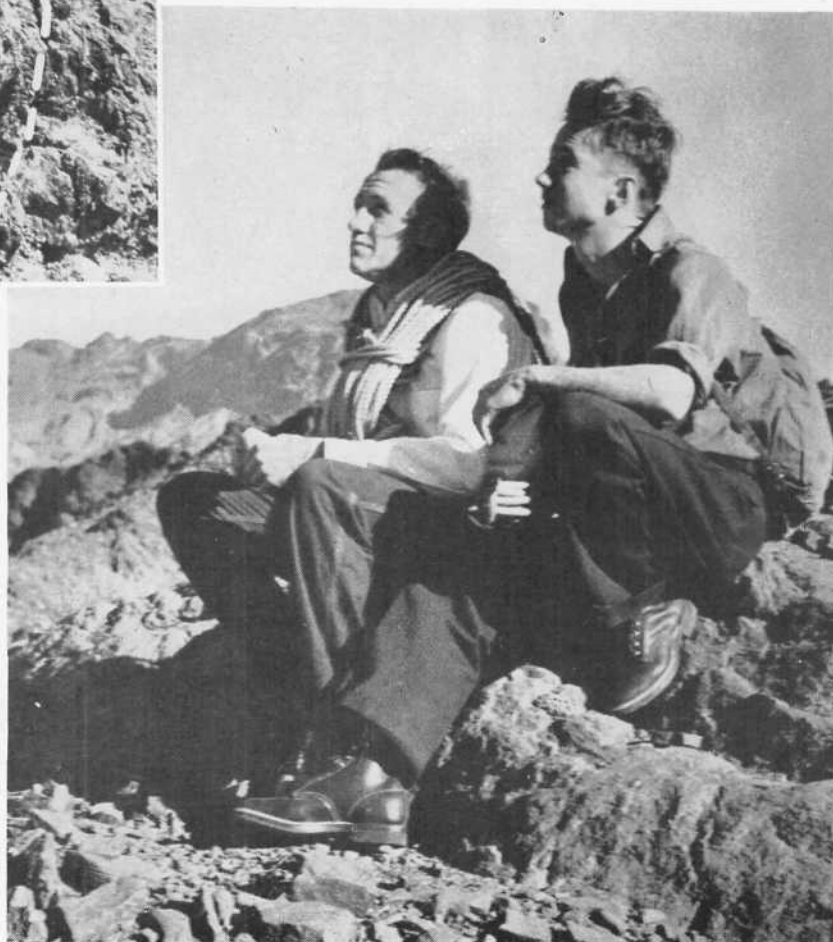
With a bowline knot at his waist, Brinton went first and I protected him as best I could by belaying the rope around my hips. He moved cautiously, testing each rock,

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Dotted white line shows the route taken by the two climbers. In the small circle at the top is Brinton at the highest point reached in the climb, with Dawson just below. For the protection of the climber above, Dawson has a secure hold on a safety rope which is knotted around Brinton's waist.

Bob Brinton, left, and Glen Dawson studying a possible route up the broken rock face which leads to the summit of Monument Peak. The softness of the rock rather than lack of footing and handholds defeated the climbers.



He Lost His Life's Savings

---but Helped Reclaim a Desert Empire

By RANDALL HENDERSON

came — located on the present site of Calexico. But in one of the tents was a former government doctor from the Indian reservation at Yuma. He had discontinued his practice to develop his newly acquired homestead and to help pilot the affairs of the new irrigation project in which he was financially interested.

When he heard the story of the Mexican wife in distress he said he would go. They rode all night with only the stars and the dim silhouette of the distant Cocopah mountains to guide them. At ten the next morning they arrived at the camp, and the Mexican woman was soon relieved.

As compensation for his 140-mile trip across an unfriendly desert, the doctor received from the Mexican a grateful "*muchas gracias!*"

And that "thank you" just about sums up the total reward which has come to Dr. W. T. Heffernan in return for the investment of all his savings and the major years of his life in the bringing of water to the Colorado desert.

Dr. Heffernan was the man who supplied funds for C. R. Rockwood's "crazy dream" when all other sources failed. Rockwood, for the information of those who do not already know, was the engineer who first conceived a feasible plan for using Colorado river water to convert the west's most forbidding desert region into one of the most productive gardens in the world.

The first meeting of these two men—Rockwood and Heffernan—who were to play leading roles in the reclamation of Imperial valley, was at Yuma



This personal sketch of Dr. W. T. Heffernan has been in preparation for several weeks. The day before the manuscript was to go to the printers, on December 29, word came of the doctor's death. We had hoped that the printing of this record might bring a glow of added happiness to the closing years of the doctor's life. But since that could not be, we offer it unchanged as a tribute to the memory of a man to whose vision and courage the whole of Imperial Valley is a living and growing monument.

—Editor.

LATE ONE night in 1902 a distracted Mexican rode into the little cluster of tent houses which formed the headquarters camp for engineers who were building a canal from the Colorado river to reclaim the Salton Sink of California.

"I must have a doctor," he cried in broken English. "My wife is verree seeck. My three *muchachos* they all alone. They cry."

He had traveled 70 miles across desert barrancas and through mesquite thickets to reach the nearest settlement. His camp was at El Mayor far down on the delta of the Colorado river.

There was no practicing physician in the little border settlement where he

DEVIL'S GARDEN

Halftone
Reproduction
of painting

By **PAUL GRIMM**

Palm Springs



in 1892. Dr. Heffernan was 25 then. He had been graduated from the medical school at the University of Cincinnati, his birthplace. A young physician, just out of school, he wanted to see something of the world before settling down to an established practice in his own office.

He went to Washington and took an examination for the U. S. Army Medical corps. He passed the examination, but the Army wanted to send him to a remote post in Montana. He disliked the idea of a frigid winter climate and rejected the commission which was offered him.

Then he went across to the Indian Bureau. Yes, there was an opening where he would not be troubled with zero weather—at Yuma, Arizona.

And so the young doctor came west to become resident physician and surgeon for the Yuma Indian school at \$1500 a year. Later he served for four years in the additional capacity as physician for the Arizona State penitentiary, then located on the hill overlooking Yuma.

He was a highly skilled surgeon and there were constant demands for his services from private sources. With two salaried positions and a lucrative private practice he soon accumulated a sizeable savings account.

Then came the meeting with the visionary young engineer who wanted to make two blades of grass grow on land so arid that it would not even sprout a cactus.

Painter of the Desert Sunlight

APPRECIATION and understanding of the subtle lure which the desert holds for thoughtful human beings is evident in the paintings of Paul Grimm, who has spent his winters for the past seven years working in the vicinity of Palm Springs, California.

He is a master painter of the sunlight, and it follows naturally that his best work is done in the desert. His studio is the great outdoors, and more often than not he will be found in a secluded arroyo or on a remote hillside painting a desert landscape which the eyes of casual visitors have never seen.

Grimm is a native of Capetown, South Africa. Born of German parents,

he spent his boyhood in Germany and Switzerland. Later he accompanied his family to Rochester, New York, where his painting career was begun.

Recognition of his work has come from many high sources. He won the Bausch & Lomb scholarship for painting, and later in Germany was awarded a six-year scholarship in the Royal Academy at Dusseldorf.

His summers are spent in painting the High Sierras. In his recreation hours he will often be found rolling an excellent game of ten pins at the Village bowling alley. His pictures are exhibited exclusively in the Findlay gallery at Palm Springs.

They messed together in the old Yuma hotel, and their acquaintance developed into a warm friendship. Rockwood talked incessantly of his plans for diverting the Colorado into the Salton Sink. Dr. Heffernan liked Rockwood, and was interested.

When the engineer's original backers ran out of funds before the preliminary surveys were completed and withdrew from the project, Dr. Heffernan offered to help with his own savings.

Rockwood was without funds of his own, and practically every penny which went into the promotion and development of the Imperial project between

1892 and the entrance of the Chaffey interests into the undertaking many years later, came from the checkbook of Dr. Heffernan.

First it was \$7,800 to buy up the original surveys and equipment; then \$5,000 down and \$250 a month for the Andrade option on Mexican lands through which the canal was to be constructed; then \$2,000 for the option on Hall Hanlon's river ranch where the heading was to be located.

In 1895 the Southern California Land and Improvement company was formed

Continued on page 31

Graveyard of the Mammoths

By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

ONE DAY—probably within the next three years—the hardrock excavators and builders will put away their tools, and Americans will be invited to come to a certain desert hillside along the Green river in northeastern Utah and view one of the strangest sights in all the world—

Cross-section of a prehistoric graveyard—the burial place of Gargantuan reptiles which roamed the earth 140,000,000 years ago!

Today the Dinosaur National Monument is just an obscure dot on the map. But it requires no prophetic vision to foresee the time when the unusual museum now in preparation at this place will be one of the most popular attractions in the whole park system.

My first visit to the Dinosaur monument was in 1928. I had seen photographs of a partial dinosaur skeleton, apparently carved in relief on the vertical face of a cliff located somewhere in the monument reserve. I wanted to see the queer thing—to make my own pictures of it.

When a business errand took me into the Uintah basin of Utah, to Duchesne and Vernal and the Whiterocks Ute Indian agency, it appeared to be convenient time to spend an extra half day hunting dinosaurs. My brother, vacationing with me, shared my interest.

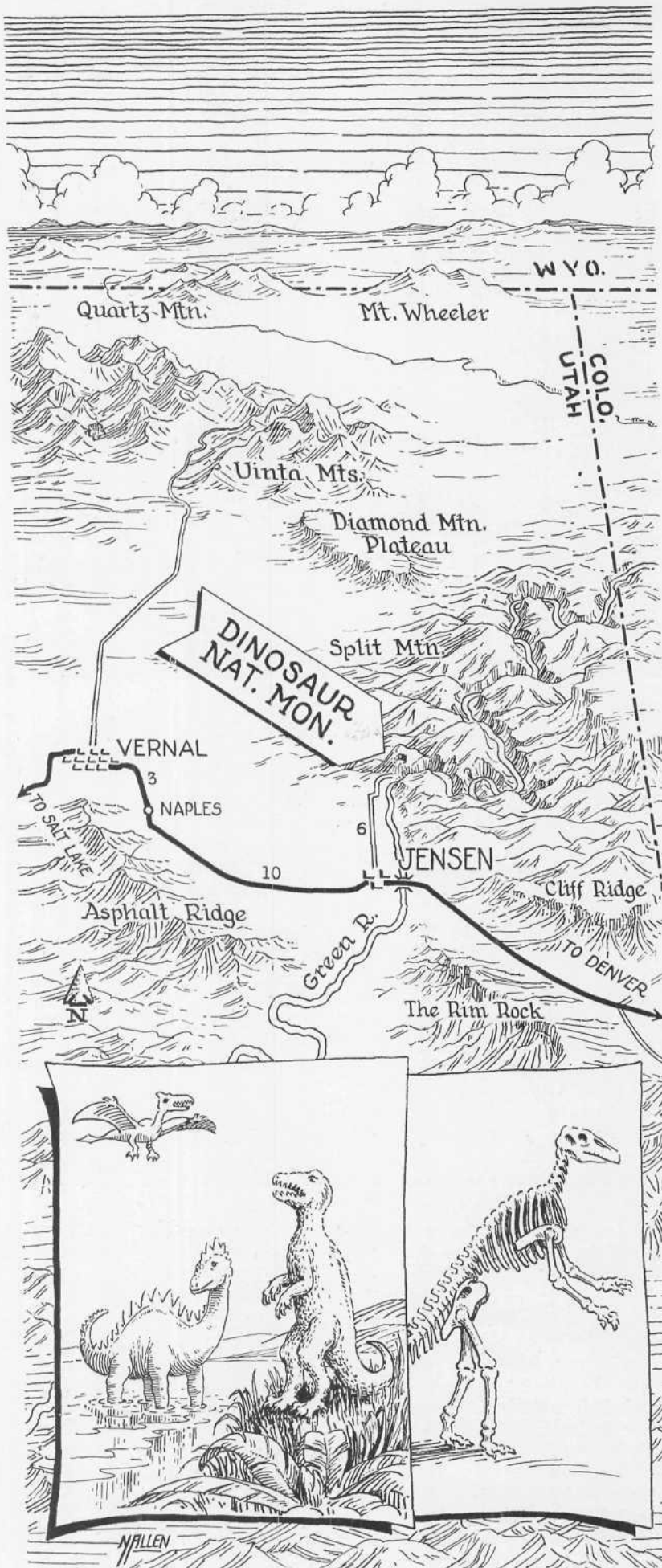
"According to the road map," Bill said, "the Dinosaur National Monument is due north of Jensen, Utah. There appears to be about five or six miles of dirt road between Jensen and the Monument—and Jensen is on the highway that leads from Salt Lake City to Denver. Let's go and see what there is to be found."

We inquired at Jensen's post office-store regarding custodians or guides in the National Monument. The proprietor was away. The information gained from the young man on duty was not encouraging.

"Up there," he pointed northward, "There ain't no guides, nor custodians, nor nobody. Just bare hills with a few holes in 'em. They were taken more than one hundred miles, to the railroad at Price, Utah. I've heard that they shipped seven carloads. They didn't leave nothin' to see. You can go up to the hills an' prow around, if you like, but you'll just be wastin' time."

But we went to the hills, just the same.

The distance northward from Jensen and Highway 40 was almost exactly six miles to the spot where the dirt road came to an end. Fields of alfalfa on the fertile flood plain of Green river emphasized the drab tones of hills in the Dinosaur





Artist's concept of animals which roamed the earth 140,000,000 years ago. Painting by Charles R. Knight under direction of Henry Fairfield Osborn. Copyrighted by American Museum of Natural History. Reproduced in Desert Magazine through the courtesy of Dr. Barnum Brown.

National Monument. Those cedar-dotted mounds have the appearance of immense sand dunes. But they aren't. Instead, they are the prehistoric equivalent of modern structural concrete; sand and gravel and lime, bonded together into a solid mass of stone that is harder and tougher than any cement paving.

Scientists believe that when the vast inland area was covered by a Jurassic lake—some 140,000,000 years ago—the great sandstone hills which we see today were sandbars and shoals of quicksand. The fossil skeletons now entombed in solid stone must have been swept as carcasses into the quicksand from distant regions. Once buried in the heavily mineralized sand, shut away from sunshine and air, the bones were petrified by chemical replacement of cells with the minerals which cemented the sand grains together.

That theory is logical and scientifically sound. It explains why some of the fossil skeletons are found dismembered and jumbled together and why as many as eleven different kinds have been found in this particular locality.

High on a ridge which formed the eastern wall of the canyon there was visible evidence of past excavation. A tiny house of concrete blocks, with open door and empty window, overlooked a deep gash in the hill. Probably the building had housed the office of scientists in charge of the work.

Near at hand was a signboard declaring that this was the Dinosaur National Monument with the added warning:

"Carving or writing of initials or other inscriptions on any wall, formation or building is strictly prohibited."

The visible cleft in the hill, below the abandoned little building, seemed the logical place to look for the dinosaur skeleton-in-relief we were seeking. We climbed the steep gritty hillside, scarcely knowing what we might expect to see.

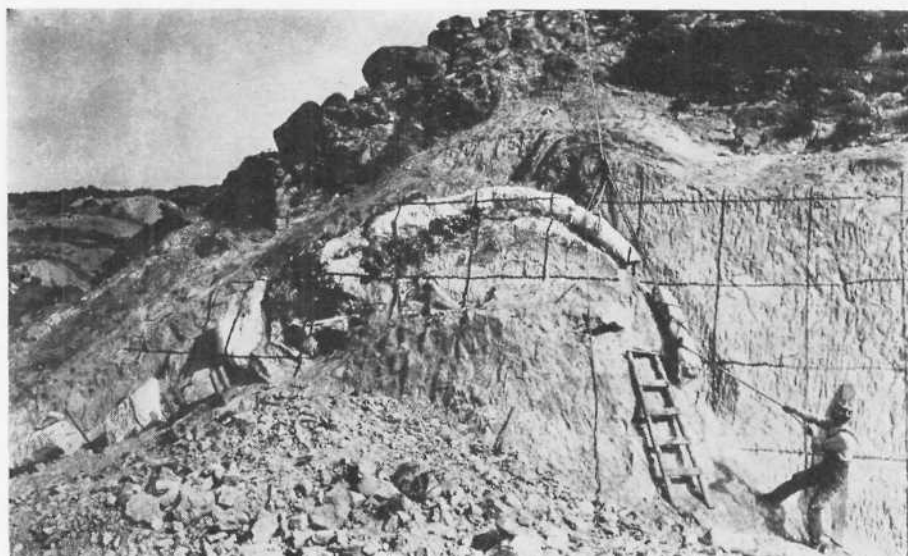
What we saw in the cleft was only the evidence of past human labors. It appeared that all seven carloads of fossil bones had been quarried from that pit. But the job of mopping-up had been

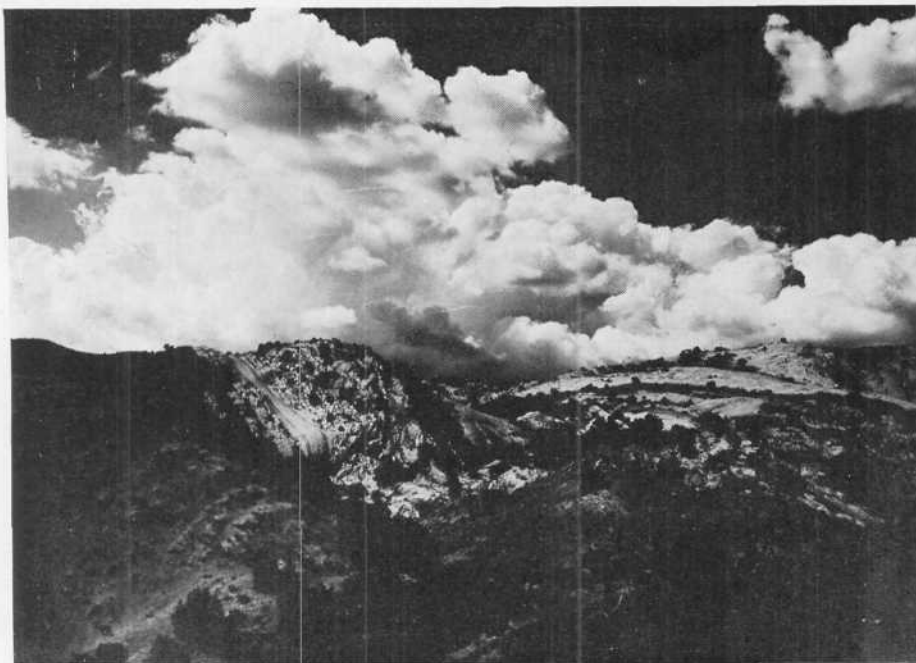
thorough. As our informant at Jensen had warned, "They didn't leave nothin' to see."

If you visit the Dinosaur National Monument today, searching for the cleft I have mentioned you will not find the spot. It has been dug away. A new landscape has been created.

From 50 to 100 men have worked for nearly three years carefully pulling the hillside apart, inspecting each piece of loosened stone for fossil remains it may conceal. The stone which we trod in 1928 was broken into rubble long ago.

At the stage of excavation shown in this photograph the skeletons to be exhibited in the Dinosaur National Monument will be left imbedded in the rock and coated with protective varnish. Carnegie Museum photograph.





Hills where Dinosaur National Monument is located. Picture was taken just preceding cloudburst which visited the spot October 15, 1937. Photo, courtesy National Park Service.

The excavation is many times deeper than the one from which seven flat cars were loaded.

Into that excavation, before long, will go carpenters and stone masons, glaziers and decorators, steam-fitters, plumbers, electricians—every type of artisan and craftsman required to erect an ultra-modern museum building. And all of them will be supervised by scientists whose aim is to preserve visual evidence of prehistoric life in Utah.

The specially designed museum building will be as unique as its unusual setting. The entire north wall of the 190-foot building will be formed by the fossil-bearing cliff. The fossils will not be removed from the stone which has encased them through the ages.

Instead, they will be left in place as a permanent display of petrified bones in the matrix whose chemical action has transformed them into stone. Above and below and in front of the specimens, stone particles will be skillfully removed. The effect will be a panel of ancient fossils sculptured in bas-relief. Concealed spotlights will emphasize important details.

The opposite wall of the building will be covered by a gigantic mural 20 feet in height and 190 feet in length showing the dinosaurs as they looked when alive in the swampy terrain 140,000,000 years ago.

In the center of the room will be life-scale models of the creatures whose fossil skeletons are exposed in the north wall. Trained guides will explain the exhibits, answering questions and relating facts concerning the discovery and development of this most unusual ex-

hibition.

It was Dr. Earl Douglas of the Carnegie Museum who, in 1909, started excavating where the petrified tail of a dinosaur projected from a cliff of stone. By the time that skeleton had been removed from its stony tomb, it was identified as an unusually fine specimen of *Brontosaurus*, the rarest and the largest of sauropod dinosaurs, 80 feet in length and 15 feet high at the hips. By accident the bones were distributed between three institutions which had dug for fossil specimens. One had the tail, another had the long neck, the third had the body of the beast!

Eventually all the parts were acquired by the American Museum of Natural History which will assemble the fossil bones and display the ancient giant in New York City.

President Woodrow Wilson, in 1915, set aside an area of 80 acres surrounding the quarry. This tract was given the name of Dinosaur National Monument and was placed under the jurisdiction of the National Park Service. Recently the State of Utah has increased the area by giving 12 sections of adjoining land.

The American Museum of Natural History became actively interested in the possibilities of the Dinosaur National Monument in 1931. Since that time the general development of the Monument has been directed by Dr. Barnum Brown of the American Museum staff, whose activities in the field of vertebrate paleontology have extended over 40 years.

In the present project work has been cooperatively shared by the National

Park Service, the American Museum of Natural History and the State of Utah. Employing emergency workers on tasks not demanding technical skill, the National Park Service is excavating to the depth assigned for the museum site and will erect the building in which the exhibits will be displayed, also the houses for resident custodians.

Other improvements in the hands of the National Park Service will include the development of water supply, and the creation of a huge parking area for the accommodation of motoring visitors.

When the rough work of excavation is completed, the American Museum is to supply technically trained workers for the purpose of cleaning away surplus stone from around the fossils to be displayed.

The State of Utah is to improve the road from Jensen to the Dinosaur National Monument, creating an all-weather route over which the interested folks of the world may comfortably travel to visit a display such as can be seen nowhere else on earth.

ROAD INFORMATION FOR DEATH VALLEY VISITORS

Motorists planning trips to Death Valley this winter will be interested in a late bulletin issued by the National Park Service describing road conditions in the national monument:

From Baker via Shoshone and Death Valley Junction—all paved.

From Shoshone via Salsberry and Jubilee passes—fair gravel road from Shoshone to Ashford Mill; paved from Ashford Mill northward on east side of the Valley.

From Las Vegas via Death Valley junction all paved.

From Beatty via Daylight Pass—rough gravel road from Beatty to Daylight Pass; paved from Daylight Pass westward.

From Lone Pine via Townes Pass—the new Mt. Whitney-Death Valley road is open. This provides an excellent approach to the Valley from the west, all oil-surfaced except 3 miles west of Townes Pass.

From Olancho via Townes Pass—fair gravel and sand road from Olancho to junction of new road, balance oil surfaced.

From Trona via Wildrose and Emigrant Pass—good gravel road from Valley Wells to mouth of Wildrose Canyon; paved from Wildrose Canyon eastward.

All main roads within Death Valley National Monument are open and in excellent condition with following exceptions: Titus Canyon—closed temporarily; open later; Road north from Surveyor's Well to Scotty's castle, rough but passable.

LETTERS

The mail man brings in an armful of 'em every morning—some with checks, others with good wishes, and a few with new ideas and criticisms. They are all stimulating, because they prove that many people, both on and away from the desert, are interested in this publication. We're never too busy to appreciate a letter—so this is your invitation to write. We would like to hear from every reader of this magazine at least once a year.

Temecula, Calif.

Dear Editor:

Your magazine, December issue, front cover picture of Borego Badlands. Atta boy, Desert! Stick to the old names so that we will know what you are talking about.

Borego Badlands—that's just what it is to every old-timer. When they try to change the name of a place like the Badlands to "Painted Desert" it's like calling Buffalo Bill "Willie."

K. V. BENNIS

Highgrove, California

Dear Sir:

I picked up your December number of The Desert magazine, the first copy I ever saw, and I must say that it is something California needs more than a good five-cent cigar. It is chock full of interest from cover to cover, for folks who love the desert.

OTTO H. ROWLAND

Poetsville, Arizona

Editor, Desert Magazine:

O Editor please,
I'm down on my knees
To pray for the fate
Of our Magazine great.

There's Stingle and Steve
And McCall I believe
Who try to write verse
Which couldn't be worse.

They'd smear up your Mag.
With illiterate slag,
And kill every trace
Of sweetness and grace.

So head them off now
These poets low-brow,
Our Magazine save
From a punk rhymster's grave.

Yours, JINGLER
The World's Worst Poet

Alliance, Ohio

Dear Messrs. Henderson and McKenney:

From a gracious friend 2,000 miles away I received your first number of The Desert Magazine. Those who do not love the desert probably do not permit themselves to find much beauty in life itself.

There is only one thing I dislike about your new magazine, and about my friend in Nevada for sending it. That is that it makes me restless for the freedom of the desert now—while I know that I must seek happiness in my work which is here.

(Miss) JO BINGHAM

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Last weekend, following a hobby of knocking around in desert places, my son and I took a run up Pushawalla canyon, the trip which was described in a recent issue of The Desert. The scenery was all you described, and we enjoyed the experience immensely . . . And incidentally I think your article relative to Pushawalla must have

brought out some traffic, because the trail up the canyon and beyond the first amphitheater of palms had gotten a little cut up—to such an extent that we had to cut brushwood and dig out of the sand three times on the trip. But these little incidents are what make desert travel interesting.

D. C. MacEWEN

Pomona, Calif.

Dear Sir:

Why didn't you people publish a magazine like this long ago? To my knowledge this is the best magazine on the newsstands today, and no foolin' either. I sure wish you success.

STEVE MARCIAS

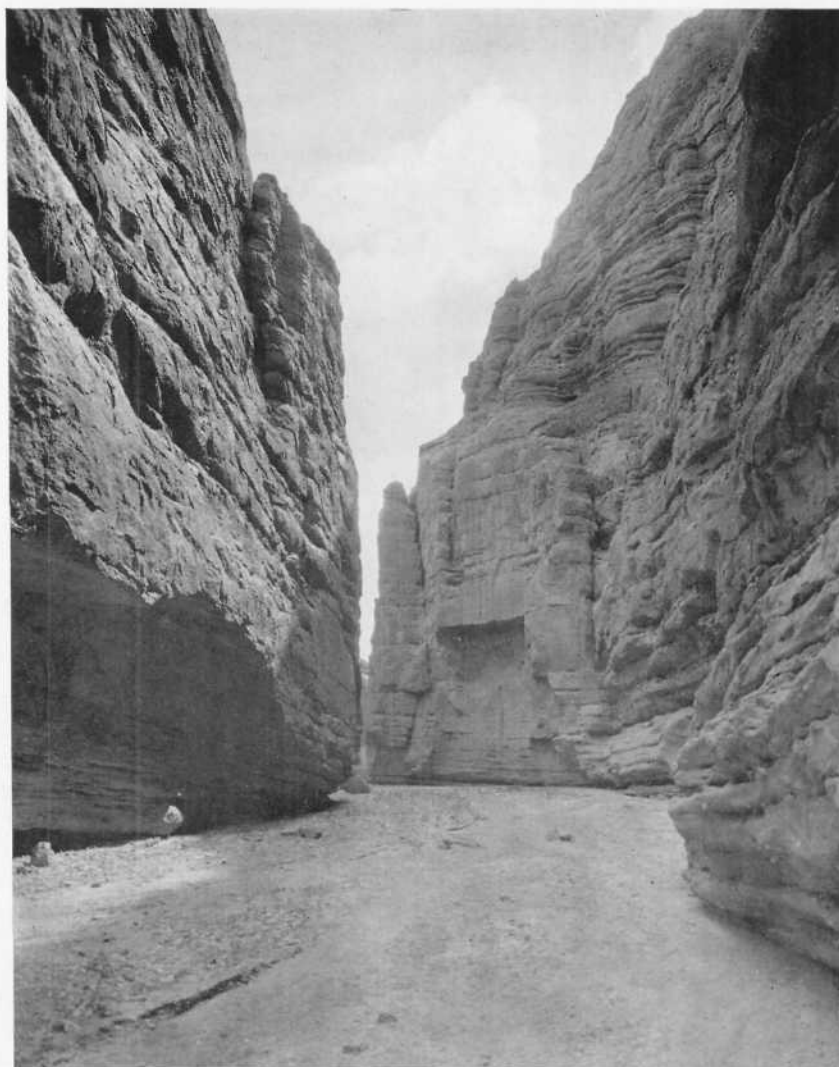
Tucson, Arizona

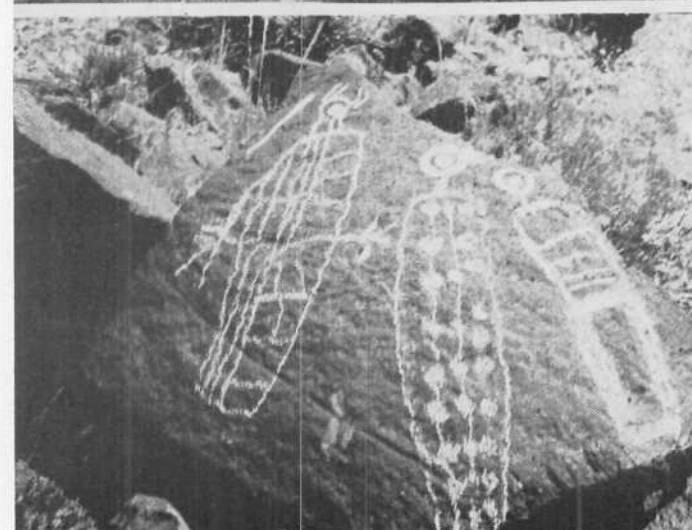
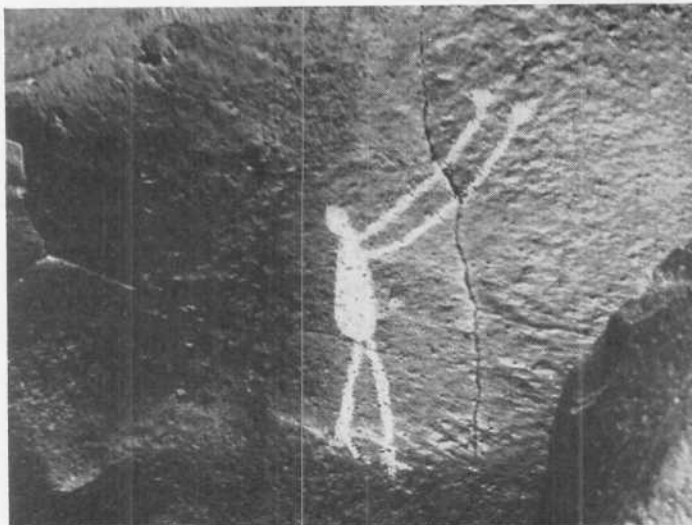
To the Editor:

I want to thank you for publishing The Desert. It's brimful of what the desert holds, and so many people miss entirely. I want you to know that your magazine is appreciated, and many here are buying it.

CORRINE FENTON

Painted Canyon in the Indio-Mecca Hills





Precipitous rock walls of the desert in many places are covered with curious images, sometimes painted but more often incised in the rock itself. No one knows how long they have been there, nor can any living person state with assurance just what they mean. But they are there, the graphic symbols of a race of people who were striving perhaps to give expression to that same inner urge which causes the men and women of today to write poetry and carve exquisite sculptures. With the thought of throwing some light on the origin and meaning of these mysterious symbols, *The Desert Magazine* asked F. R. Johnston, president of the Archeological Society of Southern California, to give his conclusions regarding some of them.

Art Gallery of Ancient Indians

By F. R. JOHNSTON

IN INYO county, California, is a small canyon, unnamed on the maps but often referred to as Sand Tank canyon, which may properly be called the Art Gallery of the prehistoric Indians of the desert.

Ten thousand or more petroglyphic figures, representing the crude art of many generations and perhaps many tribes of ancient dwellers, decorate the vertical walls of this obscure gorge for a distance of approximately three miles.

The picture writings of the early Indian inhabitants are to be found in many places on the Southwest desert, but here is the greatest collection known to exist in this region.

There are five horizontal strata of rock in the composition of these canyon walls, with petroglyphs on all of them. Those near the bottom show the wearing effect of flood torrents, and are not as distinct as the ones above.

Combining the conclusion of geologists and archeologists, one is led to the conclusion that a dense population of Indian tribesmen made their homes in the region of this canyon at a period when water and game were far more plentiful than today.

Different types of petroglyphs tell the story of different periods of occupancy. None of us is expert enough to state definitely that a given petroglyph is an authentic reproduction of a certain animal or bird, and yet the meaning of many of them appears to be clear.

At one point in the canyon is a figure which closely resembles an opossum—and yet the scientists tell us that the 'possum has been a native of the coastal area less than 150 years. The deer and the goat appear to predominate. Bear tracks are shown, but not the bear. This animal was held in sacred awe by the Indians and its death was the occasion for a ceremony.

Many of the pictures appear to be merely the artist's illustration of an idea or dream or legend. This group

of symbols of course is beyond the possibility of translation.

The data presented on the opposite page in explanation of the petroglyph pictures, is offered merely as the writer's interpretation of these strange symbols. No one can say with absolute assurance just what these rock drawings mean.

The following descriptive paragraphs are numbered to correspond with the pictures, starting at the top of the opposite page.

1—Possibly a mythological figure. More likely a ceremonial pose, showing a tribesman with arms out-stretched in supplication to the Gods. Indians never addressed their deities kneeling, as do the white men.

2—Here the hunter is after game. Note the arrow in the back of the foremost deer, bent at right angles near the top. All hunting scenes where there was a direct hit with bow and arrow are depicted thus. If the animal has been killed with a spear the weapon is straight, and generally extends entirely through the body.

3—One character, left center, is outlined as a Deity in elaborate dress. The circle with cross is believed to represent a roll of blankets or a trader come to barter. The outline second from the right is a series of small lakes or basins of water. The two outside figures could represent looms, or might be dream symbols.

4—This represents three bodies wrapped for burial. These images are found on a large sandstone boulder at the upper rim of the canyon. The rock is about four feet in diameter. The markings no doubt pertain to the rank and material wealth of the deceased Indians.

5—This is the most interesting of all the pictographs found in the canyon. It represents 81 men on the march. My interpretation is that this depicts the migration from the valley about the time the Owens valley lakes began to dry up and water became scarce. Only one water sign is shown—the circle with line indicating a lake or source of supply. The figure standing above the group is taken to be the chief. At the left and below the lake is an animal, probably a deer. In most instances the petroglyphs in this region show an abundance of game. The lone deer in this picture indicates that game is disappearing as the water supply diminishes.

6—The main character is a warrior with headdress and regalia of the Buffalo dance of the plains Indians. While no buffalo are known to have existed in this region, it is possible that a tribesman may have witnessed such a dance and reproduced it here to show others what he had seen, just as dream visions were recorded on the rocks. The coiled snake is typical of the region, and was revered by all tribes. The serpent is in closer contact with the Earth than any other of the Little Brothers of the redskin. An animal is shown quite clearly near the snake.

7—This picture is at the entrance to the canyon and shows two warriors in battle. Probably the larger of the two figures is the home tribesman, a mightier man than his enemy. All men in Indian pictures are similar in form. Women are distinguished by the presence of some sort of skirt.

8—Shows deer and fawns being pursued by wolves or coyotes. Several such scenes are depicted in the canyon.





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A ONE MAN'S TOWN
Owner: S. A. (Desert Steve) Ragsdale

Unclimbed Pinnacle

Continued from page 13

keeping his weight on his feet and using his arms and hands for balance, but not for lifting purposes except when necessary.

He came to a ledge where he could belay me, and he took in the rope, keeping it not quite taut as I moved up the rock face toward him. A belaying point is known in climber's language as a stance, and the distance between two stances is a pitch.

Two pitches up the face we came to a tin can containing the record of John Mendenhall and John Schaffer who made the attempt similar to ours in April, 1937. At their highest point they had driven an iron stake into a crevice. Brinton went up to the stake and drove in a piton, which is an iron peg with a hole in the end. This equipment is made in Germany especially for rock climbing. A snap ring known as a carabiner is clipped into the piton and the rope clipped into the carabiner. On the ascent of the higher Cathedral spire in Yosemite 38 pitons were used.

Route Becomes Hazardous

When Brinton began working his way up the next pitch over loose rock above a massive overhang I began to think about our margin of safety. Brinton is a brilliant leader and I was anchored to the piton, but I felt that our experience in loose rock did not justify our going further.

Geoffery Winthrop Young, leading authority on mountain climbing, considers consistent judgment the most important factor in leadership. Since turning back on Monument Peak I have tried to analyze my own reactions to determine whether for the time being I was unduly frightened or justly cautious. The climbing is not difficult as climbing goes, but very dangerous.

In Yosemite and on Tahquitz Rock near Idyllwild the granite provides fewer handholds but is much more dependable. German mountaineers take their climbing so seriously that they attempt ascents which English and American climbers consider unjustifiable. Drawing the delicate line is one of the major problems of rock climbing and mountaineering.

We had spent two days finding our peak and in a few moments I had made the decision to turn back. The theory that it is better to be too cautious than not cautious enough was about the only consolation for our failure.

For the descent we took out our 200-foot rope of 5/16 inch diameter and attached it to the middle piton with a sling rope. Climbing down is usually more difficult than going up, and roping down properly is one of the most important skills of a rock climber.

We doubled the rope and when we reached a tiny ledge retrieved it by pulling it through the sling. This process was repeated to the base. The last rope down was over an overhang and the rope burned us slightly in spite of extra patches on our pants.

Peak Can Be Climbed

Old timers say that Monument Peak is impossible, but both rock climbing parties who have reached the half way point believe it can be conquered by an experienced party with a less conservative mental attitude.

Our trip was not disappointing because we did not reach the top. Rather, it was dismaying because we did not find good rock on which to work. Exploring has always been a major sport in the desert regions, and with more and better roads the way is being opened for more detailed explorations.

Climbing ability depends on natural aptitude and upon training and experience. In Los Angeles, San Francisco and Berkeley, Sierra club experts regularly give instruction in climbing technique on practice rock walls.

The Southwest is full of peaks which may have climbing possibilities. Shiprock in New Mexico has been given up as impossible by more than one mountaineer. Picacho, near Yuma, is a delightful climb, and for the expert the great flat-topped summits of southern Utah are climbs worthy of the highest traditions of Alpinism.

Development of the sport of rock climbing in the Southwest is a new and entrancing field. Those who enjoy the adventure of a precipitous rock wall may yet discover what Monument Peak failed to provide—a good desert rock climbing center.

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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

AJO—Pima Co., Arizona

Sp. "garlic." Elevation 1,850 feet. Railroad station and copper mine at southern end of Tucson, Cornelia and Gila Bend R.R. Station established 1916. One of oldest mining camps in state, worked continuously since 1855. First shipments of ore to San Francisco in 1856. Emory called it Ajo in 1854.

"The Ajo Company was formed in San Francisco in 1854, with Major General Robert Allen, U. S. A., president; E. E. Dunbar, secretary-manager. First ore packed to Yuma on mule back at a cost of \$105 a ton." (Poston.) Named after Ajo mountains. Wild garlic grows all over hills in good seasons.

"Dr. McDougal found two very interesting plants. One was Ajo lily, from which the mountain range and valley are named. The root we found tasted very like an onion set." (Hornaday.) In 1926 the residents of Ajo tried to change the name to Greenway in honor of Major John C. Greenway, of the Rough Riders, who developed the mine, built the railroad to it, and did much for the town. The change was not approved by the U. S. Geographic Board because of its rule against supplanting old, well established names by new ones. Postoffice established Aug. 29, 1900.

HASSAYAMPA RIVER—Arizona

Originally spelled "Assamp" in old mining notices. Later, "Hassamp" or "Hasiamp." Rises in Yavapai county on north slope of Mount Union; flows south, enters Gila at Powers Butte, Maricopa county.

According to D. E. Connor: "Was first called 'Haviamp.' Wheelhouse, secretary of the mining district, did not like the spelling; said it was not Spanish enough and in the district notices he spells it 'Hassayamp'."

"Said to have been named by Pauline Weaver and to mean 'beautiful waters.'" James, *Arizona the Wonderland*.

"According to a Yuma Indian employed by me, this name 'Hassa-yamp' means 'water that is hidden' or 'water that is in a dry bed.'" Letter, J. H. McClintock.

"You've heard about the wondrous stream
They call the Hassayamp
They say it turns a truthful guy
Into a lying scamp.

And if you quaff its waters once
It's sure to prove your bane
You'll ne'er forsake the blasted stream
Or tell the truth again."

—Orick Jackson

THE NEEDLES—Mohave Co., Arizona

Group of three sharp peaks on Arizona side, Colorado river. About five miles below point where Santa Fe railroad crosses river. So called by Whipple, 1853. Ives says: "A cluster of slender, prominent pinnacles named by Lieut. Whipple, 'The Needles'". Town of same name on California side of river.

THOMAS PEAK—Apache Co., Arizona

Elevation 11,470 ft. Apache Indian reservation. One of main peaks in White Mountains east of Ft. Apache. After Major General Thomas, U.S.A. Turning point on line between Indian reservation and National forest. Also called "Baldy" on some maps.

SUPERSTITION MTS.—Pinal Co., Arizona

Elevation 5,030 feet. Huge uplift 40 miles east of Phoenix. Name "Superstition" has been accounted for by stories told early settlers, especially the Spanish, by the Pimas, that these mountains or at least their front peak were "bad medicine." Indians said Apaches from its summit watched for wandering bands of Pimas or Maricopas and descended upon and killed them. "Their arrows could not fail them," so the Pimas said. Undoubtedly the valley Indians dreaded or revered these mountains as the case may be. These rough uninhabited mountains are fine setting for legends of "lost" gold mines. The "Lost Dutchman" mine is one of these legendary affairs for which no historical basis exists. Romance, however, will live long after historical facts fade away.

CALIFORNIA

CAHUILLA—Riverside Co., California

(Kay wee'yah) A Shoshonean tribe or dialect group of San Geronimo pass and the Colorado desert. Also a reservation in Riverside county. Word according to Mott means "master." Name of clear water lake which once occupied below-sea level basin of Imperial valley.

FURNACE CREEK—Death Valley, California

Remains of an old furnace were found here and supposed to be the place where the Mormons worked ore in 1858. The anvil at Anvil Springs was also supposed to be of Mormon origin. Chalfant refutes this theory, however, and thinks the equipment belonged to Mexican miners.

OLANCHE—Inyo Co., California

(Oh lahn'chah) The Yokuts tribe was called Yaw-lan-che, and it is likely the town, peak and mine in Inyo county are a derivative. Means "huge wave," (Mott.) The first mine by that name was worked in 1864.

NEVADA

CARSON CITY—Ormsby Co., Nevada

Also valley, river, etc. All named for Kit Carson who was in Carson valley in 1830-33. Carson City incorporated in 1875.

NEW MEXICO

ALBUQUERQUE—New Mexico

Don Francisco Cuervo, temporary governor of New Mexico under Spanish rule founded the town in 1706, naming it San Francisco de Alburquerque. This was to honor himself and the Duke of Alburquerque, viceroy of New Spain who had given him the appointment. The Duke later ordered the San Francisco part changed to San Felipe in honor of King Philip of Spain. Later inhabitants of the town dropped the first "r" and also the San Felipe.

UTAH

UINTA—Uinta Co., Utah.

(U-in-tah- or Win-tah). Also town and river. Town settled in 1850 by Dan Smith and first called East Weber, but on March 4, 1867, when the Union Pacific reached that point, name was changed to Uinta. Uinta was a great Ute chief who was active about 1849. County formed in 1880.



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Here and There

... ON THE DESERT

PHOENIX, ARIZONA—

Winter lettuce shipping season came to a close in the Salt river valley the first of January with a total loading of 2971 cars, approximately 200 less than was shipped the previous year. There are approximately 12,000 acres of spring lettuce which will be ready for harvest about the first of March if normal weather prevails.

INDIO, CALIFORNIA—

Highway 99 through this city is to be widened and the notorious "bottleneck" eliminated during 1938 according to assurances given by the California Highway commission. Work has already been started clearing the right of way.

TUCSON, ARIZONA—

Mrs. Georgia Scott Forbes was re-elected president of the Arizona Pioneers' Historical society at the annual organization meeting December 29. Other officers are Mrs. Phyllis M. Saunders, vice-president; John C. Etchells, treasurer and Mrs. George Kitt, secretary.

29 PALMS, CALIFORNIA—

Twenty-Nine Palms Inn, which has the distinction of being the oldest hostel here, recently has been sold to the 29 Palms Company, with Mrs. Edith Thatcher as part owner and manager.

LAS VEGAS, NEVADA—

The Valley of Fire area north of here is to be restocked with antelope if plans sponsored by the Clark County Fish and Game Protective association are successful. This region is regarded as a perfect habitat for antelopes if they are given protection from hunters. Forty young animals are to be supplied by the Biological survey from northern Nevada.

COACHELLA, CALIFORNIA—

According to Supervisor Frank Dillon, a new county ordinance is being prepared which will prohibit the pasturing of sheep and other range stock on Riverside county lands where wildflowers are growing. The new ordinance is to be strictly enforced, Dillon said.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA—

American Legion members have erected a monument to the Unknown Soldier in Tombstone's historical Boothill Cemetery. The monument is of black manganese built in the form of an obelisk with a bronze plaque, the work being done by Legionnaires themselves.

BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA—

Palo Verde valley produced its first important commercial crop of pecans this year. A. E. Bottel, agricultural agent for Riverside county, estimates that the output will amount to 16,000 pounds or more.

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO—

According to Col. Thomas Boles, superintendent of the Carlsbad caverns, millions of bats which make their homes in the caves left early in December for their annual flight into Mexico where their food supply of insects is more plentiful during the winter months.

IMPERIAL, CALIFORNIA—

Premium lists are now available for Imperial Valley's annual Midwinter Fair which is to be held here March 5 to 13. The exhibits include the entire range of agricultural products, livestock, handicraft, art, domestic science and miniature aviation. D. V. Stewart of Imperial is secretary.

KINGMAN, ARIZONA—

Asserting that Anson H. Smith was the real "Father of Boulder Dam," citizens of Mohave county, Arizona, have petitioned Arizona representatives in congress to have Smith's name "inscribed on imperishable stone or bronze" and placed at the dam where it may be seen by visitors. Through his Mohave county newspaper, Smith was advocating the construction of such a dam as early as 1890, and there was much local resentment when his name was omitted from the memorial previously placed at the project.

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA—

To provide additional recreational opportunities for winter guests, the Palm Springs Associates, a civic organization, has announced plans for a Snow and Sun festival to be held in the San Jacinto mountains. Ski and toboggan courses are to be prepared and a program arranged by Ray Murray, publicity director for the Associates. Dates have not yet been announced.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA—

Starting with the coldest January weather on record, 1937 became one of the warmest years in the history of the Weather Bureau, according to the report of the local office. The thermometer showed a total excess of 450 degrees of temperature above a normal year. There was a deficiency of 2.27 inches of rainfall in the 12 months.

PIOCHE, NEVADA—

Cecil W. Creel, director of agricultural extension for the University of Nevada, was one of the two persons nationally honored by the American Farm Bureau Federation for "distinguished and meritorious service in the interest of organized agriculture," during 1937.

DESERET, UTAH—

Samuel W. Western, aged 94, has been keeping weather records for the U. S. Weather Bureau in this community for 40 years. He ranks as the oldest of the volunteer observers for the bureau.



ELMER SEARS

He grows lettuce and cantaloupes in Imperial Valley and is the chief sponsor of the annual Vegetable Growers and Shippers golf tournament to be held at the Del Rio Country club at Brawley, California, February 6 to 13. This is an invitational tournament for amateurs with trophies and other awards in excess of \$1500 for the winners. Director of the tournament is Tom Reha, professional at Del Rio club. More than 350 entries are expected.

INDIO, CALIFORNIA—

As a result of unusually warm winter weather, many varieties of desert wildflowers already are out in full blossom. Sand verbenas also have been plentiful along the sandhill route east of Imperial valley and in the Coyote well area along Highway 80.

BOULDER CITY, NEVADA—

If experiments now in progress are successful, fishermen will find excellent sport in the Colorado river below Boulder dam as well as in Lake Mead. Recently 25,000 rainbow trout were planted just below the dam and more are to be added during the winter. Bass fishing in the lake has proved increasingly popular during the past year as a result of many fine catches.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA—

Plans have been recommended for the construction of an earth dam at the upper end of Lake Mary and the maintenance of the resulting reservoir as a game refuge, according to Tom McCullough, chairman of a local committee of the Game and Fish association. The area will be closed to duck hunters. A second wild life restoration project is to be undertaken at West Cataract dam near Williams.

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA—

Stating that there is still a fortune in silver and other minerals to be taken out of the Tombstone area, Dr. B. S. Butler of the geology department of the University of Arizona, and Eldred Wilson of the Bureau of Mines, recently have completed a three-year survey of the mineral resources of the region. Their report, which is to be published within the next few weeks, includes maps and detailed information as to their findings.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO—

According to estimates from federal sources, the American pinon nut crop this year may amount to 1,000,000 pounds. The nuts are harvested from national forests and adjacent lands in Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah.

GOLDFIELD, NEVADA—

Plans for the revival of this old mining camp as a tourist and pleasure resort were announced recently when Louis D. Snader acquired a half interest in the Goldfield Hotel from Ray Holbrook, formerly sole owner. Both men are to be identified with the operation of the property in the future. The building is to be remodeled, and efforts will be made to restore some of the glamour which surrounded this hostelry in days when Mark Twain was one of its guests.

YUMA, ARIZONA—

An improved Stoneman cotton strain, said to produce more and larger bolls, has been developed at the Yuma farm of the University of Arizona. Selective work was carried on by E. H. Pressley of the plant breeding department, aided by G. E. Blackledge, Yuma county agricultural agent. About 9,000 pounds of the seed will be available for planting next year.

29 PALMS, CALIFORNIA—

Over 100 species of wild birds are found in the 29 Palms area according to a recent publication prepared by Frances Carter, former resident of this region. It was while here that she prepared the material for her paper "Bird Life at 29 Palms".

AJO, ARIZONA—

Seeking information about the life and explorations of Marcos de Nizza, believed to be the first white man to enter Arizona, Dr. Maynard Geiger of the Santa Barbara mission and Fr. Bonaventure Olaser of the Papago reservation mission, recently went to Altar, Sonora, to trace the route followed by the Spanish padre in 1539. A book is in preparation, which will bring to light much hitherto unpublished data regarding the Marcos explorations.

NOGALES, ARIZONA—

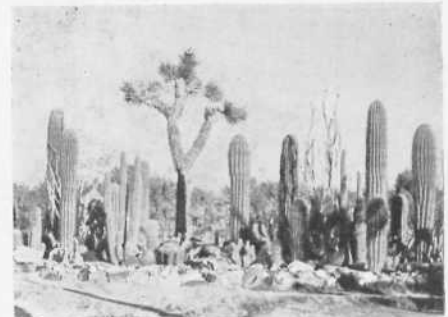
Permission to sell \$330,000 worth of stock for the erection of a custom smelter and concentrating plant at this point has been granted to a group of Nogales business men headed by Wirt G. Bowman. The permit granted by the Arizona corporation commission provides for the issuance of 66,000 shares.

TUCSON, ARIZONA—

Papago Indians at historic San Xavier del Bac village have a new chief. Cornelio Norris, sacristan of the mission church which was founded by Father Eusebio Kino in the 17th century, was given the "cane of authority" at a ceremony held in December. He succeeded Leonard Rios. The "cane of office" ceremony was inaugurated in 1688 when Father Kino bestowed such a cane on the leading villager and designated him as the authorized representative of the crown. The ritual which has evolved around this ceremony is a strange combination of pagan dances and Christian hymns.

TUCSON, ARIZONA—

H. O. Comstock, innmaster at Arizona Inn, recently announced the completion of construction on a new recreational area at the famous hostelry. A beautiful swimming pool by Paddock, two new Har-Tru tennis courts, badminton court, putting green, and lawn billiards are included in the spacious grounds.



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ODE TO A HORNED TOAD

By THE HOBO MINER
Salome, Arizona
"Where She Danced"

You harmless little quadruped
That thru the deserts roam,
I envy you—your horned head
You never need to comb.

You have no cares about the time
You do not watch the clocks
Nor worry how you'll get a dime
With which to buy your sox.

You do not worry o'er the bills
Nor how you'll pay the rent
You find no trouble in the hills
These ills to circumvent.

You care not for the style's decree
Nor fashion's latest mode

For all the ladies whom you see
Are dressed a la Horned Toad.

They do not paint their lips and face
Each time they "fill a date"
Nor pull a glass out every place
To keep their hat on straight.

You do not drive for twenty blocks
For space to park your car;
You park among the desert rocks
No matter where you are.

I envy you—your wide abode
Your desert waste immense
And though you *are* a Horned Toad
You have your recompense.

BEAUTY

By Thelma Ireland

Just a bunch of scattered buildings
Laced together by some tracks.
Nothing beautiful about them;
Sordid, shabby, more like shacks.

From them tower mighty steeples;
Smoke stacks with a snow white plume
Cast their shadows on the dump grounds—
Remnants of an early boom.

No, it's not a pretty picture,
But to those now working there,
That smoke coming from those chimneys
Is a scene of beauty, rare.

THE DESERT FEVER

By June Le Mert Paxton

I'm packing my grips, I'm closing my doors,
I'm leaving this desert behind;
The days are so lonely, the night is so still,
I'm dreading the silence I once sought to find.

Why tarry here longer since health is regained?

Why linger amidst the vast space?
I'll hie to the city, I'll join in the din,
I'll resume my former mad pace

(In the City)

I'm surrounded by comforts and luxuries
plenty;

My time is all taken I find.

I'm busy with phone calls, solicitors, tradesmen.

And so many errands to mind.

The darkness comes on but it too takes its toll—

For the gay crowds have only begun;
The radio blares and the auto declares the young folk

Are out for some fun.

But now something happens—I can't quite define it;

A vagueness, a longing it seems.

A something that's bigger and better within me—

A soft crying need of my dreams.

That urge to be free in body and soul—the call of the primitive races,

And at last I must own, that nothing atones

For the joy of the great open spaces
Since I've diagnosed the case, there's no time to waste;

And I'm sure I want never to leave her—
For what I found out, without any doubt—
I've a case of the old Desert Fever.

MY MESQUITE TREE

By Mary Lane

It isn't tall and stately
Like the pine tree on the hill,
It has no majestic splendor
Like the famed "Oak by the Mill,"
It doesn't have the symmetry
Of the cottonwood nearby,
But of all its homely virtues
An admiring friend am I.

Its trunk is gnarled and crooked
Its branches twisted, too,
Its leaf though soft and fernlike
Each hides a thorn from view.
But from beneath its branches
A swing goes to and fro'
And so it serves its purpose,
The Mesquite tree by my door.

For happy childish laughter
Can be heard throughout the day,
As the children in the shadows
Of the old Mesquite tree play.
And when I count my blessings
I number, first of all
The sturdy old Mesquite tree
Close by my 'dobe wall.

SAND DUNE

By Doris Caldwell

When Death and I keep tryst I want to spend
That hour in some wide, sun-scoured desert place

Too dry for tears, where scuttling sands erase
The fumbled footprints of a journey's end.

That day I want to see blue heaven bend
To meet a low white hill; I want to face
The clean-edged wind where greasewood bushes trace

Their naked lines as dusk and desert blend.

There Death and I will bargain—and his hand
Will touch me kindly. As the day grows older,
Comfortingly the softly moving sand
Will tuck itself, quilt-like, against my shoulder

Till presently, beneath a bone-white moon,
I am a part of some blue-shadowed dune.

BOOKS OF YESTERDAY and TODAY

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

PADRES HAD NO FEAR OF THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY

TRAVELERS today undertake the passage of that rough waterless trail across southern Arizona known as Camino del Diablo with the feeling that they are facing a hazardous adventure.

But not so in 1701 when the Jesuit Black Robes, Eusebio Kino and Juan Maria Salvatierra, were the first Europeans to make this perilous journey. "Almost all day," Father Kino wrote in his diary, "we were saying and chanting various prayers and praises of Our Lady in different languages—in Castilian, in Latin, in Italian and also in the Californian tongue, for the six natives of California . . . were so well indoctrinated and instructed in everything that they sang the prayers which the father rector had already arranged for them in pretty couplets, in the California language."

To Father Kino, intrepid padre of the desert frontier, a journey of 500 miles into an unknown desert region was a joyful experience—if there were souls to be saved at the end.

Students of history are indebted to Herbert Eugene Bolton of the University of California for an exhaustive report of the life and work of this Jesuit missionary. The story is told in "Rim of Christendom," the MacMillan Company, 1936.

Dr. Bolton describes the writing of his 655-page book as "an adventure both in foreign archives and on the trail." The author devoted much time over a quarter of a century to intensive research in Mexico and European countries and along the many trails which Kino followed in Sonora and southern Arizona during that period from 1681 to 1711 when the black-robed priest was extending the frontiers of both Church and Crown into new Indian lands where few white men had ever been seen.

Quest for Heathen Souls

Kino, as a young priest assigned to duty in New Spain, was obsessed with a fervent desire to establish missions in lower California where he visualized a vast world of opportunity for reclaiming heathen souls. But fate and his superiors decreed that his life should be devoted to Sonora and the unknown lands of Pimeria Alta beyond. The Father accepted the change in plans gracefully and later gave generous aid

to his friend Salvatierra when the latter was assigned to the California field.

One of the great moments in the lives of both these courageous padres was when together they ascended a high peak near the present location of Yuma, Arizona, and looking toward the west confirmed the idea that had been taking form in Kino's mind for several years, that the sea which separated Lower California from the Mexican west coast was in reality a gulf, and that California was not an island as the crude maps of the previous period had shown.

This was in March, 1701. Later in the year Kino made another trip to Yuma and down the Colorado river to the headwaters of the gulf, further confirming the belief that the South Sea (Pacific Ocean) could be reached from Sonora by an all-land route. It was a momentous discovery and Father Kino was acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic for his contribution to the geographical knowledge of the day.

Kino was more than a missionary—he was a colorful pioneer, explorer, astronomer, cartographer, builder, rancher, and when necessary the director of military operations against the warlike Apaches who were constantly threatening the lives and possessions of both the Churchmen and their Indian neophytes.

"Rim of Christendom" is a monumental contribution to the history of early American exploration and colonization. More than that, it is a well deserved tribute to one of the most devout and constructive leaders who came to American shores during that period when European civilization was being transplanted to the Americas.—R. H.

LAST WORD FOR DESERT PLANT COLLECTORS

Twenty-five thousand specimens of desert plant life grow in the 15 acres of the Huntington botanical gardens at San Marino, California. Collected under supervision of William Hertrich, who has given more than 30 years to the work, this is declared by botanists the most comprehensive showing of Xerophytes to be found anywhere in the world. Xerophytes is the label applied to plants structurally adapted to resist drouth.

Henry Huntington provided money, Curator Hertrich searched arid regions all over the surface of the earth.

Now the collector has written "A Guide to the Desert Plant Collection," and has illustrated it with photographs taken by the author. Text and illustrations are admirable. Between the covers of this 32-page guide the reader meets many of the plants familiar in our own southwestern country, as well as a host of strangers from South America, Africa, faraway Madagascar; meets, too, a writer who not only knows his subject, but also has succeeded in presenting it with simple and beautiful clarity.

The booklet may be ordered by mail (25 cents postpaid). —T.H. L.

3

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ANSWER

MRS. CARMINE RAGSDALE of Desert Center, California, won the \$5.00 award offered by The Desert Magazine in December for the best identification of the picture below. Mrs. Ragsdale's answer is printed herewith.



Cabin Home of "Gus" Lederer

CORN SPRINGS OASIS

By CARMINE RAGSDALE

THIS cabin is located at Corn Springs, 16 miles southeast of Desert Center, California. The desert spring at this little oasis is surrounded by giant native palms. It is asserted by some writers that these palms were planted by the early Spaniards, but this is not true. According to the Indians who inhabited this valley before the white men came the palms have been there for many generations.

This little desert cabin was the home for many years of Gus Lederer, prospector, artist and desert philosopher. Although the cabin was burned not long ago, the memory of its owner and his paintings will remain long with his friends and those who visited Corn Springs.

August Lederer came to Corn Springs in 1915 and built the cabin. Each spring he would go to Imperial valley and work through the cantaloupe season to obtain money to support him for the remainder of the year at Corn Springs. During the summer and winter he spent his time prospecting through the hills and in painting beautiful pictures of the surrounding landscapes. Two of his best pictures are of wild mountain sheep in their natural habitat, and one he painted of himself in the palm grove at the Springs.

Late one night in 1931 Gus was awakened by a sizzling sound and the smell of smoke. Jumping out of bed, he rushed outside just in time to escape a dynamite blast which wrecked his bed and half of his cabin home. The old prospector rebuilt the cabin, but replaced the wood floor with cement.

Gus died in 1932. He was bitten on the spine by a black widow spider and spent many months in the hospital before he succumbed.

In 1924 Gus Lederer and Desert Steve Ragsdale buried Tommy Jones, prospector and desert Rambler, at Aztec Wells, three miles southwest of Corn Springs. In 1932 Desert Steve brought the body of Lederer back and buried it beside the grave of his friend. No doubt the spirits of these two old friends of the desert are now prospecting and roaming over the hills together in the invisible land of hereafter.

BOARDING HOUSE FOR BIRDS

Continued from page 11

he will perch on the windowsill and call shrilly until crushed pinon nuts are set out for him. If an upstairs window is open, he will fly inside, find his way downstairs, and hop about in the livingroom and kitchen. If not fed, he will follow Mrs. Bradley about her housework uttering plaintive calls. He soon learned where the pinon nuts were kept and frequently raided the pantry. This habit became a nuisance, so Mrs. Bradley covered the dish of nuts with a plate. Finding his food supply cut off, the chickadee perched on the back of a chair and gave Mrs. Bradley a severe scolding until she relented and uncovered the nuts.

Mrs. Bradley's most recent interest is a grey fox which comes to the back

door every night. If there is not food set out for him, he hides in the shadow of the garage and yaps shrilly. She has only seen him once or twice, but the food is gone every morning and small tracks tell of his visit. Mrs. Bradley is working on a device with which she hopes to take a flashlight photograph of this shy nocturnal boarder.

Willard Bradley, engineer for the National Park Service, will not admit that he is in accord with his wife's hobby. "One boy in University and two children in grade school don't seem to be enough for the missus," he says, "so she takes a couple a thousand birds on the side. Fifteen pounds of meat scrap a week for the ravens, forty pounds of grain last winter plus twenty-five

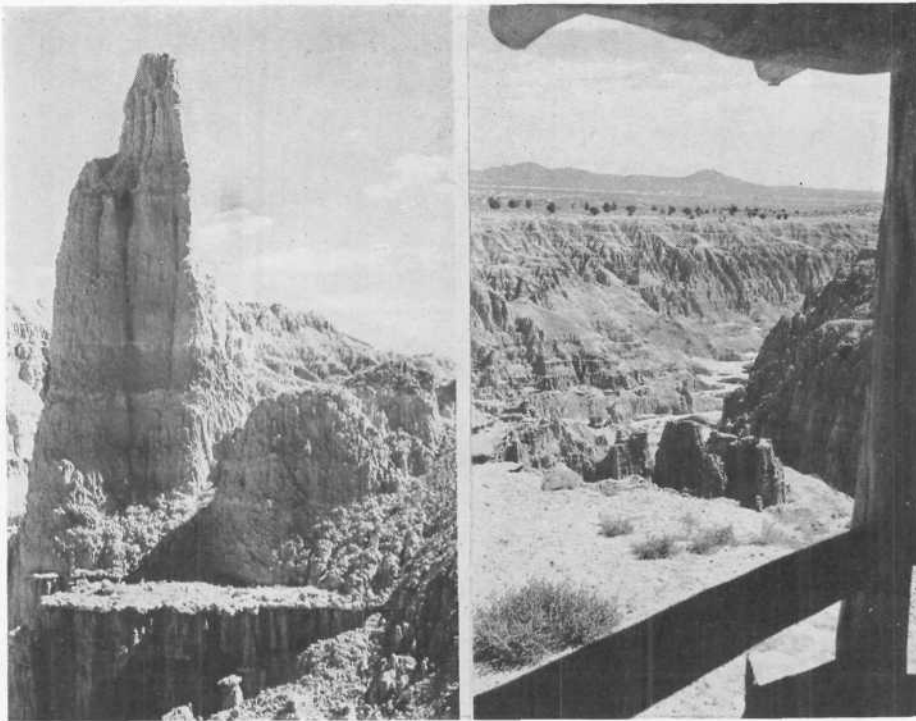
pounds of pinon nuts at two-bits a pound, beside several packages of corn-meal and breakfast food sure run up the grocery bills."

However, Mr. Bradley is just as ready to jump up from the table to look at a new bird as is his wife, and he may be seen quietly slipping a few pinon nuts into his pocket as he sneaks out of the back door to feed one of the Rocky Mountain nuthatches, his special pet.

Bird study, Mrs. Bradley contends, is an education as well as a lot of fun. It's worth the price, even at the expense of incurring the caustic remarks of her husband. If other folk don't approve of her hobby and think she is crazy, she has lots of friends among the birds and not one of them will hesitate to prove that friendship—especially if Mrs. Bradley has a handful of pinon nuts.

SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA!

Who can identify this scenic landmark?



DESERT MAGAZINE OFFERS PRIZE FOR IDENTIFICATION OF THE ABOVE PICTURES

IN ORDER to give the Landmarks contestants a little extra help this month, The Desert Magazine is showing two different views of the same general landscape. These pictures were taken at one of Nevada's picturesque canyons.

To the person, regardless of residence, who sends in the most accurate and informative story of not over 300 words about the above Nevada landmark a cash prize of \$5.00 will be paid. The story should give all avail-

able information including distance to closest town, highway facilities, etc.

To be eligible for the prize, answers must be in the office of The Desert Magazine, El Centro, California, by February 20, 1938. The name of the winner together with the prize-winning reply will be printed in the April 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.

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SONES

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EL CENTRO

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON

"I WAS just thinkin' the other day," mused Hard Rock Shorty, "about the time I first seen old Echo Mountain."

Shorty scratched his back liberally on the door post before he slid down onto the vacant bench in the shade of the store porch.

"Old Amalgam Ammons an' I was prospectin' over on Eight Ball crick, an' one day Amalgam says to me—

"'Hard Rock, you see that high peak a stickin' up way over yander? Well, that's Mount Whitney, the highest peak in the United States.'

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"Just this," said Amalgam. "We're campin' right here an' tonite I'll show you why I calls her Echo Mountain."

"An' just afore we turned in, old Amalgam aims his nose over towards the mountain an' hollers, 'Time to get up!'

"An' do you know, eight hours later, right to the second, the echo got back so plain I really thought it was Amalgam a yellin' at me. Yup! I'll always remember Echo Mountain!"



HAPPY HUNTING GROUND FOR GEM COLLECTORS

Continued from page 9

the open in a region famous for its health-giving sunshine.

It is a hobby which offers attraction to many different types of mind. To the person with a leaning toward the artistic, the colors and patterns in these gems will be a source of never-ending pleasure. To the person with a scientific bent the geological chemistry and crystallography involved in the formation of gems are stimulating fields of interest and study. For the person with an interest in mechanics or craftsmanship the building of cutting machinery and the cutting and polishing of stones add immeasurably to the pleasure of collecting.

Gems found in or near their mother rock will be discussed one at a time in the articles to follow in this series, as will specific alluvial deposits. In the meantime if you wish to get the most out of your next trip out on the desert, take a little time out from the admiration of the skies and mountains and examine the ground beneath. You may discover beauty under your feet.

WEATHER

December Report from
U. S. Bureau at Phoenix

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month.....	56.9
Normal for December.....	52.0
Highest on Dec. 30th.....	77.0
Lowest on Dec. 19th.....	36.0
Rain—	
Total for month.....	0.41
Normal for December.....	1.00
Total Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....	5.37
Normal Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....	7.78
Weather—	
Days clear.....	15
Days partly cloudy.....	7
Days cloudy.....	9

C. T. TERRY, Meteorologist.

From Yuma Bureau

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month.....	60.3
Normal for December.....	55.2
Highest on Dec. 11th.....	78.
Lowest on Dec. 22nd.....	34.
Rain—	
Total for month.....	0.35
67-yr. average for December.....	0.53
Total Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....	4.30
Normal Jan. 1 to Dec. 31.....	3.47
Weather—	
Days clear.....	21
Days partly cloudy.....	5
Days cloudy.....	5
Sunshine 83% (258 hours out of possible 311 hours).	

Colorado River—

December discharge at Grand Canyon was 410,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 365,000 acre feet. Estimated storage behind Boulder Dam January 1—15,050,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

LOST HIS SAVINGS

Continued from page 15

and the first action of the board of directors was to borrow \$6,000 from Dr. Heffernan on a 90-day note—which was never paid. In addition to these and other sums, Dr. Heffernan was contributing constantly to the travel and living expenses of Rockwood.

Altogether, Dr. Heffernan put over \$40,000 into the project—and to date has gotten back \$500 of his investment.

Being on the ground, he had first choice of all the virgin desert land when it was opened for homesteaders. He selected a half section just west of the Calexico townsite—and then in 1905 and 1906 when the Colorado river broke through to Salton Sea he saw the greater part of his ranch melt away like sugar and go down the New river gorge toward the Sea.

He worked in many different capacities in those early days—serving at various times as purchasing agent, as secretary and treasurer of the irrigation company, as storekeeper and postmaster at Imperial.

When the Chaffey's took over the project and Rockwood and Heffernan were forced to sacrifice their interests, Dr. Heffernan traded his stock in the Imperial Land Company for the townsite of Mexicali—and became involved in litigation which has not been finally settled to this day. The Mexican title never has yielded the doctor a penny of return.

For many years Dr. Heffernan has

been a practicing physician in Calexico. When ill health forced him to retire early last summer he went to the home of his niece, Mrs. W. N. Bradshaw of Spring Valley, near San Diego, where he has remained.

In his memoirs, written a few years ago at the request of the Imperial Valley Pioneers' association, Dr. Heffernan disclaimed any idealistic motives in his original investment in the Imperial irrigation project.

"I considered it a means to secure a competency," he wrote, "and measured the result to be obtained solely by the scale of dollars and cents."

And yet, those who know Dr. Heffernan would never accept this assertion at its face value. No man interested merely in dollars and cents could face the everlasting bad fortune which robbed him of the fruits of every investment, and retain the rich, friendly attitude toward life which is his.

He is a kindly and generous man. There is a twinkle of humor in his deep-set eyes when he discusses the "breaks" that have gone against him in every financial venture.

There is no bitterness, and above all he retains a great loyalty to the memory of his friend Rockwood who passed away more than a decade ago.

His is the heart of a true pioneer. He asks no reward for the service he rendered to Imperial Valley—but only that his neighbors and friends will find health and happiness in the land which he helped to reclaim for man's use.

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 February contest must be received at the Desert Magazine

office by February 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.

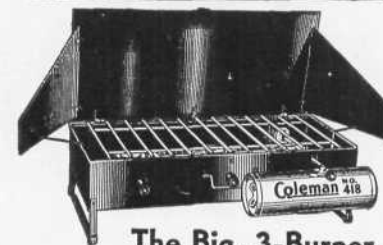
Winners of the February contest will be announced and the pictures published in the April number of the magazine.

Address all entries to:
CONTEST EDITOR, DESERT
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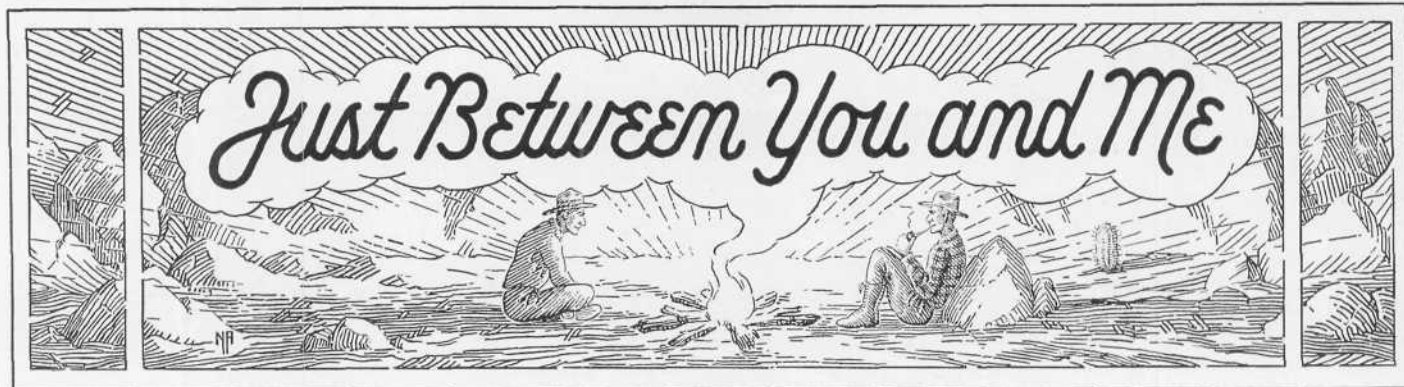
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

SOME of my Sierra Club friends came out from the city to spend New Year's Day on the desert. We drove out across the Chuckawalla valley on Highway 60 to a sign which reads, "Chuckawalla Spring 17 miles," and then turned south over a rough but passable trail which led us to the mouth of a secluded canyon.

It is a lovely spot—one of those quiet retreats where there are no jangling telephones or bad-mannered auto drivers or cranky bosses. It is the kind of a place you and I dream about when this everlasting battle to keep pace in a highly competitive world makes us weary and depressed.

That night we sat on the sandy floor of a deep-walled canyon around a campfire of blazing ironwood. We sang old-fashioned songs to the accompaniment of a ukelele and a guitar, and members of the party told us about the gem stones found on the desert and the relics of prehistoric Indian life.

When the embers died down we crawled into our sleeping bags with clean desert sand for a mattress, and overhead a canopy of stars undimmed by the gasses and fogs of the metropolis.

A majority of those in the party were from Los Angeles. It is good for city folks to come out and camp on the desert. The conditions under which they live and work are highly artificial. Their souls become cramped and their nerves jittery. They are too far removed from the soil which is the source of their sustenance and shelter. There is largely a man-made world—and they forget that Nature's law takes precedence over both the supreme court and the cop on the corner. There would not be so much tragedy and distress in the newspaper headlines every morning if city people would spend a weekend occasionally in the solitude of a remote desert waterhole or canyon.

We found pure water in Chuckawalla Spring, and gathered crystalline geodes on the surrounding hills. And returned to work on Monday morning as refreshed as if we had been away on a two weeks' vacation.

* * *

Why am I writing all this? Frankly, it is because I know this page will be read by a number of friends and acquaintances who wonder where I find anything alluring about the desert. And why I am bored to the point of discourtesy by their night clubs and parties.

* * *

Some of my desert neighbors have expressed concern lest the travel sketches and other information given in *The Desert Magazine* will make the scenic places too popular, and lead to vandalism.

It is a serious question, and one which enters very largely into the preparation of text matter for these pages. The primary goal of this magazine is to reveal and preserve the desert—not to exploit it. I hope that readers will believe me when I say that no money could buy space within these covers for the promotion of ideas that would rob the desert of its charming aspects.

I am quite sure of one thing—that those people who read this magazine are not the kind who dig up cactus and daub paint on the Indian petroglyphs and shoot holes in the road signs. On the other hand I would like to feel that *The Desert Magazine* will provide a common meeting ground for that fine fraternity of humans who have learned to know and love the real desert—and who will accept the leadership of this publication in a persistent crusade for the protection of desert life and landscape.

* * *

My respect for the human family has gone up several notches during the few months I have been associated with this new publication. A magazine of this type is interesting only to people with active minds and a zest for living and learning.

Every mail brings a stack of letters written by such people. Many of these letters come from men and women long past middle age—but they are not old people in the real sense of the word. They retain the enthusiasm of youth, and after all that is an asset worth more than all the gold in the world.

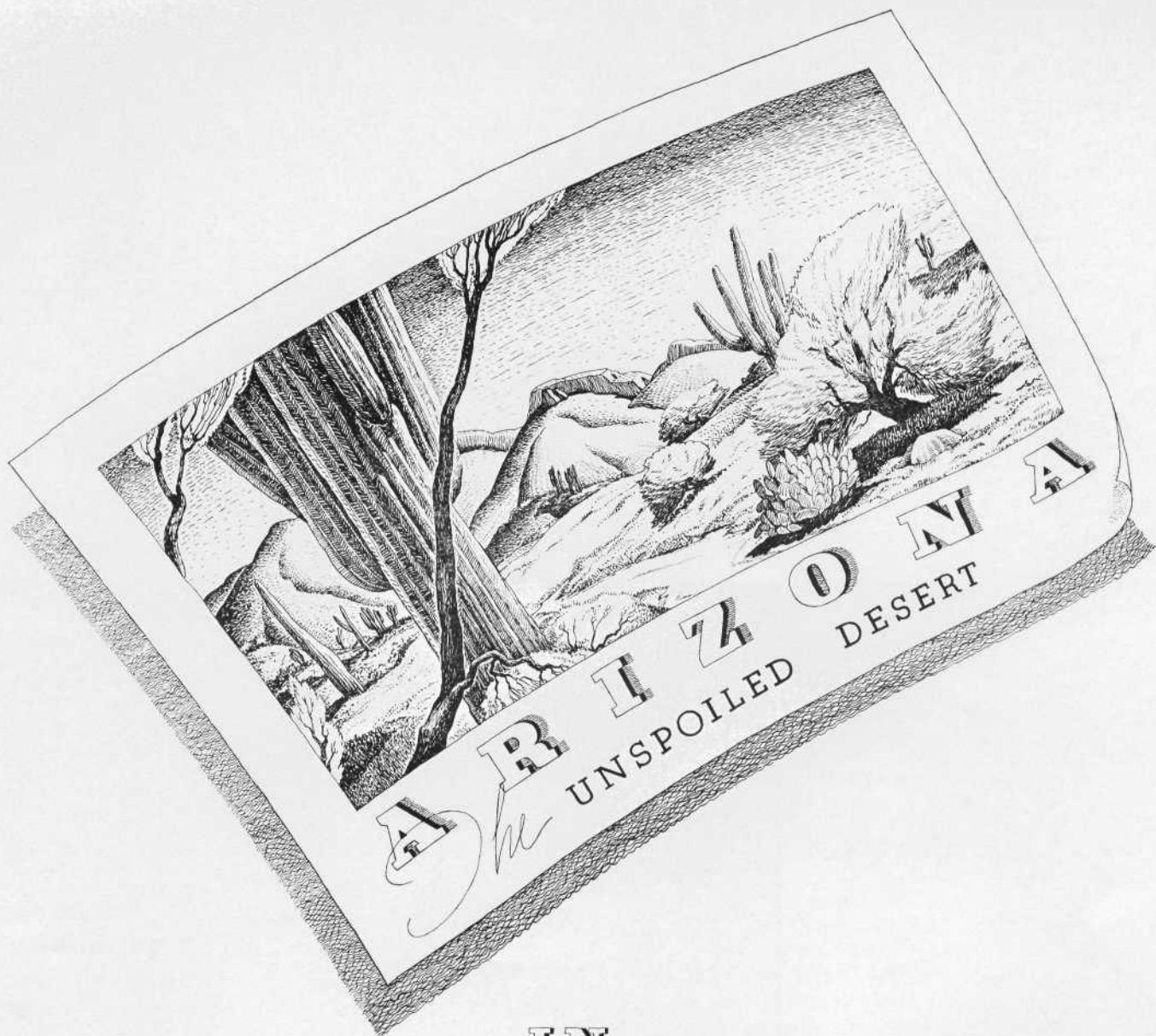
I wish it were possible to enlarge the staff of *The Desert Magazine* to include all those enthusiastic friends who have written such cordial letters, frequently accompanied by free will offerings of verse or pictures or manuscripts. I would like to share with all of them the stimulating experience, and the fun, that go with living out here on the desert and writing and editing a magazine of this character.

* * *

I am sure *The Desert Magazine* has many friends who will be interested to know that our circulation is gaining every day—8700 copies this month. We started with 7,000 in November, added 500 in December, another 500 in January, and now it is 700 more for February.

* * *

But there are still a few people in out-of-the-way places who haven't found out about the magazine yet. I am sure some of them did not read the December number because I saw a very beautiful Christmas card a few days ago with Ocotillo spelled "Ocatilla." May the Benign Spirit which rules the great silent places have mercy on the soul of the printer who did that.



I**N** the very heart of a virgin desert-land rich in romance of past civilizations and glowing with rare beauty lie PALOS VERDES HILLS. Nestled under the shelter of pine clad peaks these fertile hills roll away to broad desert valleys and distant purple mountains. Unmatched climate, naturally protected from extremes of temperature, tunes all life to a rich, satisfying tempo. Pure, soft underground water flows to nurture lush oases of semi-tropical growth. Secluded from the prying, clamorous world sooths; yet a pleasant fifteen minutes by motor brings you to the center of the modern cosmopolitan city of Tucson, overflowing with the flavor of centuries of colorful history.

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A GRAVE MISTAKE

One of the gravest and most expensive mistakes made by farm equipment owners is to purchase inferior replacement parts and permit improper installation. Equipment owners sometimes buy the best type of tractor but often permit themselves to be sold shoddy and inefficient replacement parts by a firm with no interest in the economical operation of the equipment.

It is true that in some cases owners can buy off-brand replacement parts and hire untrained mechanics at a few pennies less than the cost of genuine parts and skilled service. But in the long run the few pennies saved will cost the owner many hundreds of dollars in delayed operation of the machinery and material decrease in trade-in value.

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off-brand parts before he resells the tractor. He therefore discounts the cost of replacements when he accepts the trade-in.

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