

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



JULY, 1938

25 CENTS



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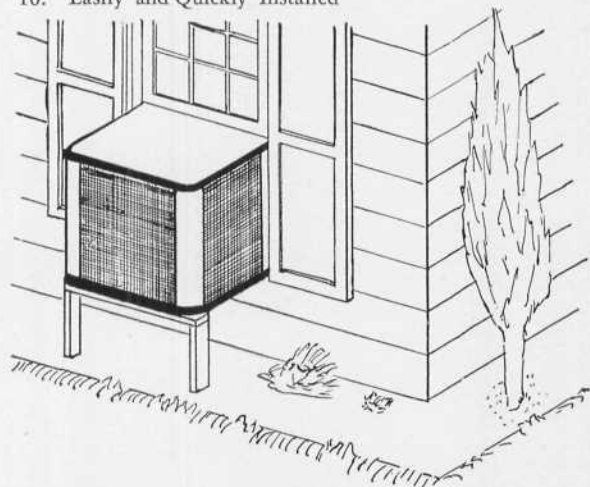
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CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

Nature is Love; and ceaselessly
She works both day and night
To heal the scars on her children,
Or repair the damage of blight.

Desert Calendar

- JUNE 26—De Vargas Memorial Procession of Our Lady of Victory, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
JULY 1-6—Ninth annual exhibit of Hopi arts and crafts at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff.
JULY 1-4—Frontier Days rodeo at Prescott, Arizona.
JULY 2-4—Fifth annual rodeo sponsored by chamber of commerce, Silver City, New Mexico. Johnnie Mulens, director.
JULY 2-4—Cavern City Cavalcade, rodeo, at Carlsbad, New Mexico.
JULY 2-4—Annual Indian Powwow at Flagstaff, Arizona. A. A. Johns, general chairman.
JULY 2-4—Rodeo at Pecos, Texas.
JULY 4—Annual rodeo at Julian, California.
JULY 14—Anniversary of that day in 1847 when Brigham Young stood at the mouth of Immigration canyon and said "This is the place."
JULY 14-16—28th annual Snake River Stampede at Nampa, Idaho.
JULY 16-31—Pencil drawings and block prints by Ernest W. Watson to be exhibited at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff.
JULY 16—Annual festival featuring "Ruy Blas" by Victor Hugo at Central City Opera House in Gallup, New Mexico.
JULY 19-21—Pioneer day program at Ogden, Utah.
JULY 21-25—Covered Wagon Days rodeo at Salt Lake City, Utah.
JULY 22-25—Horse show at Ogden, Utah. Old time western parade July 23-25.
JULY 26 to AUG. 6—Festival of Art, including desert paintings at Laguna Beach, Calif.

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Vol. I

JULY, 1938

No. 9

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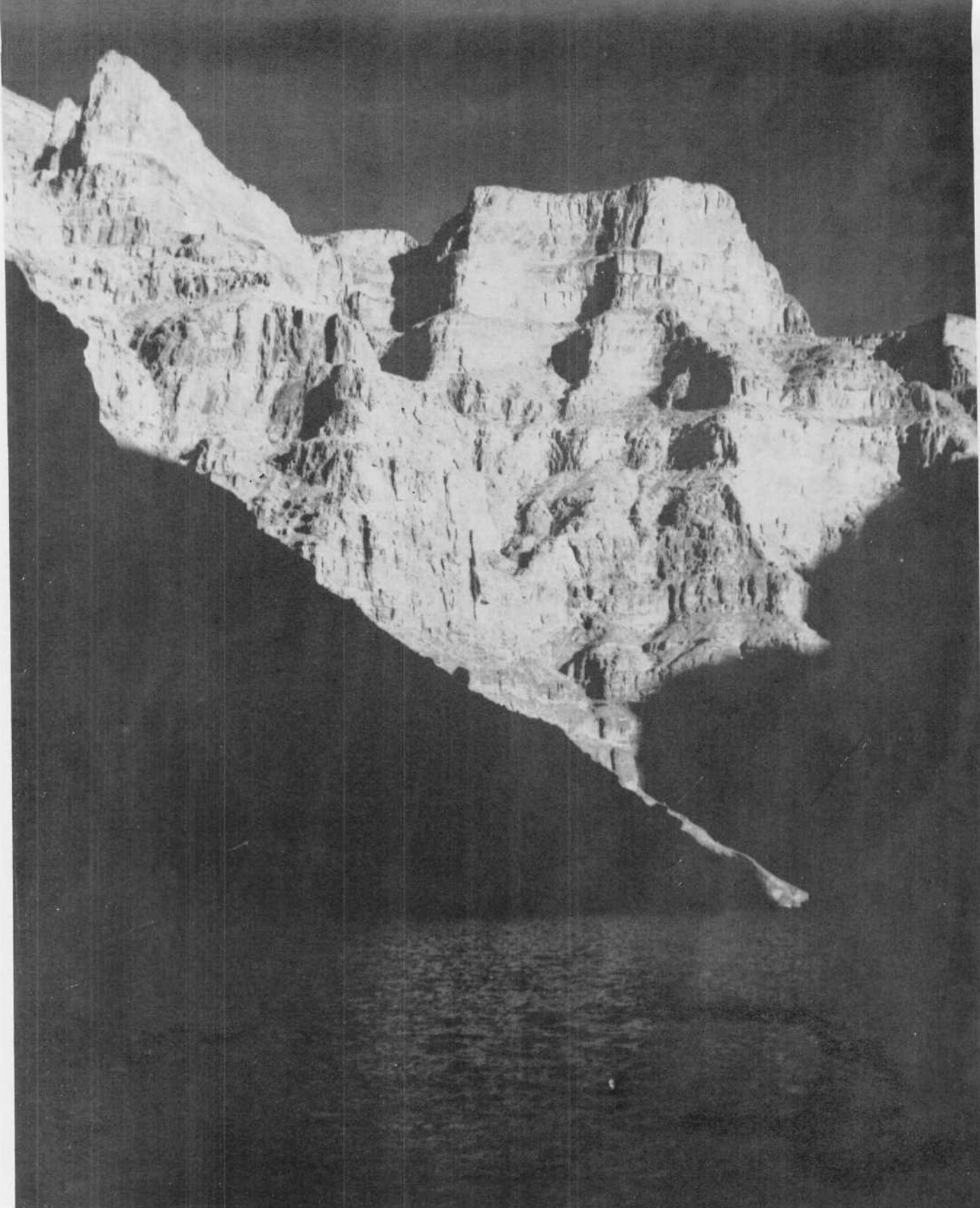
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Shadows (Lake Mead)

By WELDON F. HEALD
 "Los Arboles" — Rubio Canyon
 Altadena, California

This photo was awarded first prize in the May amateur photographers' contest conducted by the Desert Magazine. The view was taken at 3:30 p. m. January 15, 1938, with a FECA camera, Schneider F 13.5 cm lens, time 1/25 second, stop f4.5, Wrattan A 25 red filter, panchromatic film pack.

In addition to the prize winning pictures in the May contest, the judges wish to commend the following entries for special merit:

"Prickly Pear Blossom"

By George Clayton, 721 Loma Vista Drive,
 Long Beach, Calif.

"Sand Dune"

By Arthur Buckwater, 562 Eighth Ave.,
 Upland, Calif.

"Mammillaria Blossom"

By Mary Beal, Daggett, Calif.

LETTERS...

Los Angeles, California.

My dear Editor:

Now you have started something I would like to finish. Under the caption "Desert Place Names" in the June number, you are all wet as far as the reference to the town of Julian goes.

The first settlement in the little valley now known as Julian was made in the fall of 1869 by D. D. and J. O. Bailey and Mike and Web Julian.

The first gold-bearing quartz ledge was discovered in February 1870. A mining district was formed in March the same year with Mike Julian as recorder. The district was named Julian in honor of the first recorder.

The town of Julian was founded by D. D. Bailey in 1871. The survey was made by J. L. McIntyre. When asked why he didn't name the town Bailey, D. D. replied: "Mike was the best looking."

Julian was not on the old emigrant trail, nor was it on the Butterfield or Jackass mail route.

For years I have tried in vain to locate the Julian ranch referred to as being on the Jackass mail route between Yuma and San Diego. If you have any reliable information on that subject I would really appreciate it. I was owner and publisher of the Julian Sentinel for five years—the only newspaper ever published in the Julian mining camp.

James A. Jasper.

• • •

Yermo, Mojave Desert.

Editor "Desert:"

Have just finished reading from "cover to cover" the June issue and on page 36 found a surprising question. You ask to know the name of the fruit of cactus.

I thought it was as well known as Hollywood.

The name is TUNA, and I have only once heard a westerner call it anything else and had to ask her what was meant then. She called it a "prickly pear."

I am not sure but I believe the name Tuna is Indian, though it may be Mexican. Once I heard it argued that it was called Tuna because the fruit resembled fish, but the word is not fish in any language that I know of.

There is no more connection between Tuna (fruit) and Tuna (fish) than there is between Swallow (bird) and Swallow (the act).

Elmo Proctor.

• • •

Glenn Ranch, California.

Dear Randall:

Again it is to say that your poetry page in the May issue is the best to be found in any American magazine.

"The Desert Goes To Rest," by Mr. Jeff Worth is very fine poetry.

You are fortunate to have contributions from E. A. Brininstool, but he can write much better poetry than "My Desert Fastness," though that is nice work.

D. Maitland Bushby deserves considerable credit for "Hell Tooter Annie," and if he can do so well with such a subject, I'd love to see what he could do with "The Afterglow," which to many desert lovers is the most beautiful thing they ever see in the desert.

Again, congratulations, from the
Back Seat Driver.

Blacks Canyon, Mojave Desert.

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I have been reading your magazine since I found the first number in a drug store in Barstow, and I must say I have liked it fine. I am not much of a hand at criticizing but I think you want to print the truth about the Desert, so here goes.

That feller who wrote the article about desert turtles was plumb wrong about the desert sun holdin no terrors for this creature. I had a friend onct that caught one and put it out in the sun in a box temporary like and when he came back in about an hour it was as dead as all get out. He was wrong too about their layin eggs in a shallow pit and coverin them up with sand. I have watched them and they lay in a hole in the bottom of their burrow a good foot under the ground and at least two feet back from the entrance. They would plumb cook in the 90 days it takes them to hatch if they were near the surface.

I recollect some one brought a parrot into our mining camp onct and they named him Jack. Well you wouldn't hardly believe it but this here parrot layed an egg on the bottom of his cage so they renamed her Jill. Now this occurrence tho mighty interestin to us desert folks didn't prove a thing about the natural habits of parrots. Im afraid this feller has studied his Agazzies or whatever he calls em in the same back yard where that picture was taken instead of out on the desert.

Your faithful reader,

Shoshone Gus.

• • •

La Mesa, California.

Dear Editor:

Here is a bit of information about the fruit of the cactus given to me by an Indian whose ancestors were desert people. The Mexicans sometimes call this fruit Indian fig, or the Mexican word is Tuna. The Indian people gather the fruit by way of two pieces of wood made to form a tweezer or pincher. These two sticks are used chopstick fashion to lift the tuna off the main plant to be placed on the ground. Now a brush is fashioned from a weed which grows in the vicinity where cactus is found. This weed is sometimes called tar weed, and is used to brush the "splinters" off the fruit which can then be rolled on the ground until they are all off. If they do not come off easily the fruit is not ready to eat, but if they do the fruit is now ready to be peeled and tasted, and oh, so rare a treat awaits the taster.

In hope this information will suffice till you come upon a better method.

U. Lucas.

• • •

Orange, New Jersey.

Dear Editors:

Just a line to express my appreciation and to say how lucky I was to receive, as a birthday gift from a friend of mine living in Las Vegas, Nevada, a subscription to The Desert, including the back issues. How much I am enjoying this magazine need not be emphasized for from all the correspondence you receive you must be aware of its popularity.

After reading every space in the issues I am taking them to the Public Library so others here in the East may know and enjoy reading something of the loveliness and mysteries of the desert with its enchantment which to many means a barren waste land.

I love it and only those who have spent some time on the glorious desert know and miss its charm when obliged to live in the East.

Best wishes for continued success.

Elsa E. Livingston.



Graveyard of the Gods

By CHARLES KELLY

Some day probably Uncle Sam will make a national playground of Monument Valley along the Arizona-Utah border. In the meantime Harry and "Mike" Goulding who operate a little trading post in the area, have assumed a voluntary guardianship over this fantastic desert retreat. Here is a story about a region few Americans ever have visited.

JUST after sundown on a memorable evening last summer six of us—all desert fans—arrived at a remote trading post at the base of a 1000-foot cliff in southern Utah, a few miles north of the Arizona line. We came by appointment from places separated by nearly a thousand miles.

But it is worth such a trip to sit on the front veranda of the home of Harry Goulding and his pretty wife "Mike" who operate the post, and look across Monument Valley where huge monoliths in weird formation look for all the world like the tombstones of a race of forgotten gods.

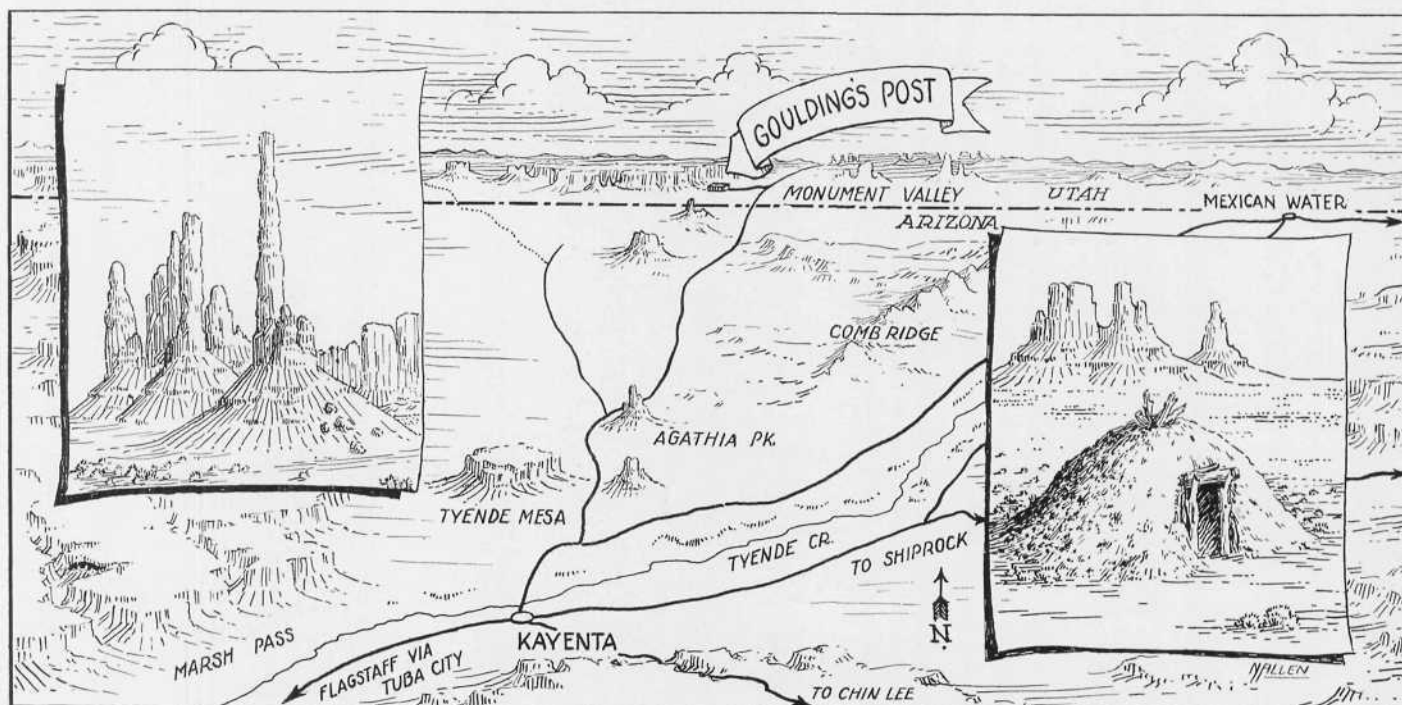
They are typically western hosts, these Gouldings. From their door it is 200 miles southwest to the nearest railroad at Flagstaff, Arizona, and about the same

distance to the north is Thompson, Utah, with wide spans of desert sand along the way in either direction. It is said the Goulding home is farther from a steam locomotive than any other white man's habitation between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, from Canada to Mexico.

Harry Goulding, about 35 years old, is a typical cowboy in looks and disposition. His wife, whose nickname fits her like a glove, still appears to be around 18. They came to the valley 12 years ago and started trading with the Indians in a tent. Today they have a comfortable home with running water, tiled bathroom, electric refrigeration and lights.

"How do you like our new road?" asked Harry.

"Some difference," I replied, "compared to what it was when I first saw it



nine years ago. What have you done with the sand?"

"Covered it with crushed shale. You can drive anywhere now without getting stuck. Wait till tomorrow and I'll show you a lot of new roads I have built all through the monuments. You can drive now to all the places you once visited on horseback."

"Do you mean I can drive to the Totem Pole?" I asked incredulously.

"Almost to the foot of it," grinned Harry.

I had first seen that country from the back of a Navajo pony, and didn't believe a road would ever be built to what I consider the most spectacular scenic spot in the entire West. But next day my host made good by loading us into his doughnut-tired car and driving us over a maze of trails between and around the towering monoliths which give the valley its name. At every turn I recognized scenes I had viewed on the previous trip only after many hours and days of weary plodding through deep sand.

Although we were now traveling with speed and comfort, I could not forget the thrill of that earlier visit when I saw the monuments for the first time. About 16 years ago the National Geographic Magazine published a series of photographs taken in Monument Valley by the geological survey, probably the first to appear in print. The scenes reproduced were so unusual, so weird, so mysteriously fascinating that I determined to visit the valley at the first opportunity. Five years passed before I was able to start for the enchanted spot in an old Model T Ford, with plenty of spare parts, a full kit of tools, grub for two weeks, 15 gallons of water, six dozen rolls of film—and a friend to help shovel sand and push on steep grades. It took us three days to cover 400 miles and we spent eight hours in the last 25 miles of deep sand.

We had expected to find a section of desert as dry and dead as the moon. To our surprise we passed several hogans of shy Navajos, and near sundown could not believe our eyes when we saw a stone house perched high on a red sandstone cliff. Pushing up the steep dugway we were met by the Gouldings. Our surprise at finding them was matched by the welcome they gave us.

That evening we learned something about our hosts. They had come to the valley 18 months before, and lived in a tent while building their stone house and trading post. The Indians still call the place "Tent Water." Harry was practically born in a saddle and probably never owned a suit of "store clothes." How he happened to meet "Mike" is a story I never heard, but it was a lucky day for Monument Valley when they met and still luckier when they decided to make it their home.

The post is built on a ledge at the foot of a perpendicular red sandstone cliff 1,000 feet high, in one of the most picturesque settings to be found in a land full of scenic surprises. The world is hereby challenged to produce a more magnificent panorama than that which greets the eye from the Goulding's front veranda. Orange sands stretch away in a wide sweep to a line of gigantic natural sandstone monuments silhouetted against the sky ten miles distant. Perfectly proportioned monoliths, with perpendicular faces, eroded from a single stratum of red sandstone, stand like giant tombstones marking the burial place of the gods of

bygone ages. At sunrise and sunset the monuments are illuminated by blazes of indescribable desert color, never twice the same. Set on a flat desert those groups of 100-foot obelisks present a weird scenic effect. They hold a curious fascination never to be forgotten by one who has seen them.

Harry and Mike, with that gorgeous spectacle constantly in view, have never lost their enthusiasm for this strange landscape. Their appreciation of its mystic beauty has increased with years. Although they have to truck in all supplies from Flagstaff, Arizona, or Thompson, Utah, each 200 miles distant, they have

Harry Goulding (left) with Mrs. Goulding and her brother Paul Knee, at their Monument Valley trading post. It was necessary to blast a hole in sandstone to provide rooting ground for this cottonwood tree.





no desire to live elsewhere. Occasionally they make the long trek to the railroad for a visit outside—and soon become impatient to return to their Monument Valley castle.

The visitor wonders how human beings can find a livelihood on such a desert. The fact is that Monument Valley supports a number of Navajo families, each with its flock of sheep and goats. These Indians, far remote from the white man's civilization, have a purer form of native culture perhaps than any other group in the Southwest. A majority of them are descendants of Chief Hoskaninni's band of "irreconcilables" who fled to the valley in the early '60s and for 30 years had no contact whatever with white men. Many prospectors, hunting for the lost Pishlaki silver mine, where Hoskaninni obtained nearly pure silver for ornaments and jewelry, never returned from their quest. Merrick and Mitchell were killed in the valley and two of the monuments have been named in their memory. Hoskaninni Begay, son of the old Chief, still lives in the valley which his father once owned, and was an eyewitness to the death of the two prospectors. Old Hoskaninni and his brave band of warriors never surrendered to the white soldiers, but the descendants of his band, although

Two of the many odd formations to be found in Monument Valley are shown in this picture.

shy and secretive, are friendly enough to those who come in an attitude of friendliness. The Gouldings both speak Navajo fluently and enjoy the confidence of their Indian neighbors. To their post the Navajos bring wool to trade for sugar, coffee, flour and occasional luxuries. Even the purchase of a can of peaches may consume half a day—but in Monument Valley time has no meaning.

Believing that the district would eventually attract many desert lovers, Harry Goulding has built miles of road through the beauty spots of this valley. He has also assisted in constructing a good county highway from Bluff to Kayenta, connecting with government highways to the north and south. He built a few cabins for the accommodation of travelers and installed modern conveniences in his home. But the traveling public seldom hears of this once inaccessible valley and comparatively few visitors have ever seen it. Harry's cabins are usually occupied by personal friends of the Gouldings and they have many of them in the great desert domain between Salt Lake City and Santa Fe.

Perhaps some day the federal government will make a national park of Monument Valley. When that time comes much of the credit for the pioneering work in the vast new national playground will be due to Harry and Mike Goulding—who are today serving as voluntary guardians for this remote scenic outpost.

• • •

NORTH RIM MONUMENT NOT TO BE ABOLISHED

A bill introduced in the present session of congress to abolish Grand Canyon National monument on the north rim of the canyon at Tuweep, Arizona, is not to be pressed for passage according to the statement of Senator Carl Hayden.

The original proposal was that 150,000 acres of the present monument be returned to public domain, and the remaining 130,000 acres added to the Grand Canyon National park, which is a separate recreational area from the monument.

Introduction of the bill immediately stirred a controversy between residents of the north and south sides of the canyon, and Hayden decided that in order to prevent further ill feeling the bill should be allowed to die.

The accompanying picture won second prize in the May photographic contest of the Desert Magazine. It was taken with a 4x5 Korona View camera on XF Pan film, exposure 1/10 second,

Photo by
EMIL EGER
Yuma, Arizona

Weapons For Indians

Text by
DON ADMIRAL

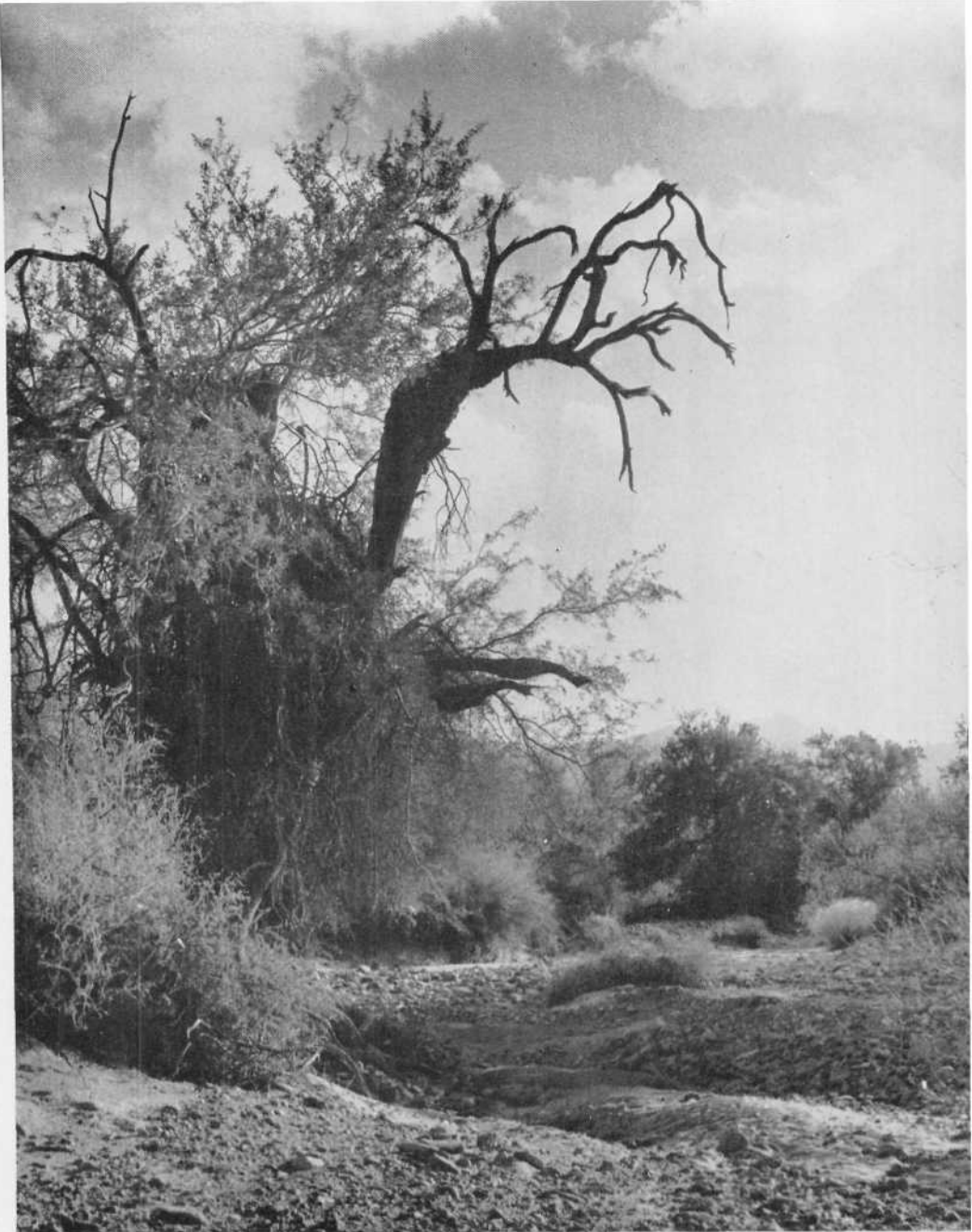
AMPLY equipped by nature to protect itself against the foes of desert vegetation, the Ironwood finds a congenial home in the desert arroyos and water courses. Its healthy self-sufficiency is disclosed in an abundant crop of leaves which gather nourishment for the tree and provide welcome shade for the desert traveler.

As the name implies, the wood is heavy and hard, especially when dry. It made excellent weapon material for the desert Indians, and relics recovered from caves where they had remained unused for long periods, show little deterioration. One such weapon I recall was shaped somewhat like an overgrown potato masher, and I judge it was a very effective skull-crusher.

The beans which grow on the tree were a substantial source of food for the Indians, being roasted and ground into meal.

Scientifically, Ironwood is *Olneya tesota*. The genus name *Olneya* is in honor of S. T. Olney, a Rhode Island botanist. The species name is from Spanish, meaning hardness. In Mexico the tree is called *palo fierro*.

Surprising as it seems to many persons,



the desert Ironwood is a member of the pea family. This same family also includes other desert trees. Examination of the white blossoms, tinged with blue, will disclose the resemblance to the flower of the pea.

The tree does not carry a heavy crop of blossoms, but is quite striking when in bloom. In Mexico it may blossom as early as April, but farther north the flowering period is early summer, hence casual visitors to the desert seldom see the bloom.

The Ironwood grows generally over the Colorado desert of Southern California, in the southern part of the Mojave, Arizona and northern Mexico.

One of the desert's most destructive parasitic plants is the mistletoe which sooner or later finds lodging in the veteran Ironwood tree and kills the branch to which it is attached. The accompanying photograph shows the enlargement of the limb caused by mistletoe.

Twelve thousand Indians from the northern Arizona tribes are expected to assemble at Flagstaff this year for the annual Powwow to be held on July 2, 3 and 4.



Josephine Jane, selected as the prettiest Navajo girl at last year's Powwow in Flagstaff

Oren Arnold visited last year's Powwow and by accident discovered that the most realistic part of the program is the unscheduled performance which takes place out in the pine clad hills where the Indians are camped—and not on the stage erected by the pale-face committee. Here is an intimate view of one of the strangest spectacles in America.

Powwow

By OREN ARNOLD

SAVORY odors proclaimed the supper hour as we walked into the forest, and immediately the pines awed us with their size and intimacy.

There and there and there through the needles we could see campfires stabbing the twilight, enhancing the mystery and beauty of the setting. Adele's hand clung to mine too tightly—she had been city reared—and unconsciously we spoke in whispers and moved on tiptoe.

Saplings to our right were so dense we could not see through the screen they made, but without warning from beyond them came a resounding "OOM!"

We froze there, senses strained. One of the red folk, we knew, had pounded his tom-tom. Again — "OOM - OOM! OOM-OOM!" One, then one-two, one-two, beats on a wilderness drum.

It seemed to be a signal or overture, for the rhythm changed and male voices began chanting "Ah-yah-h-h yah, ah-YAH-yah," a song of the centuries, so elemental it penetrated our souls and left indelible imprint.

Peeking with great caution we saw that six or eight young men had locked elbows to form a circle and beside the fire near them squatted the drummer. His face was lifted, and he chanted with the others as he beat the time, his eyes closed in rapture. He seemed somehow to roll

back the years. Fire glow painted his bronzed nakedness, high-lighted his cheeks, created magic shadows. Here, we realized, was theater indeed!

This was our impressive introduction to the little known Indian Powwow at Flagstaff, Arizona, an annual event of the first week in July. Because it is unrehearsed, entirely genuine and natural, it is, I think, the grandest "show" in America today. About 10,000 red folk were there when we saw it, and nearer 12,000 are expected this July, which probably will be the biggest peace-time gathering of Indians in history. Whole families, even entire villages including pets and other animals, will come.

We had at first no idea of the magnitude of the Powwow. We had registered that night at a tiny Flagstaff hotel, then driven to the nearby forest largely by chance.

Dancers Enlarge Circle

But as we stared at those twilight performers, we began to see that they were on the edge not of a little camp area but of a large cleared field. Other forms presently came running out of the trees. The initial chanting had been a sort of call. Soon the circle was 50 feet or more across and moving constantly because dancing had been added to the chanting and the tom-tom. Other drummers came too, and still more dancers to join the circle. "Oom-oom-oom, Ah-yah, Ah-yah-yah."

By eight o'clock the dancing-chanting ring was more than 100 feet across, and more men kept coming. A blaze had been lighted in the center, and half a dozen drummers now pounded out the rhythm. There seemed to be three or four songs each memorized perfectly by the assembly, as if handed down through the years (which they undoubtedly have been). The chanting would begin on a definite stroke of the drums, and end—usually with a half-shouted inflection—with another and louder final beat.

By 10 o'clock the circle had doubled again. By midnight it was still growing, and by two a. m. it was larger than a baseball field, with a great fire in the center, but Adele and I were too exhausted to stay longer. We had not eaten since noon, and we did not even remember missing supper, so enthralled were we. We returned to our hotel and went to sleep with "Oom-oom, Ah-yah-yah" still echoing in our ears. At five a. m. I was aroused and heard it again, but at nine o'clock, when we got up, it had ceased.

We ate as hastily as we could, rushed back to the forest and saw the picture by daylight, not of the dancing but of the many families who were encamped there.



Navajo Sand Painters. Photo by Frasher's.

This was the second day of the Powwow, and the white man with characteristic zeal had arranged a "program."

It was an unimportant program—dull and stereotyped compared with the spontaneous outburst of real Indian festival we had seen the night before. There were horse races and a series of carefully staged acts by individual dance teams. The grandstand was full of Americans who were being entertained not by a true Indian powwow, but by the white man's showmanship. But perhaps it could not have been otherwise.

Suspecting that still more show was to be seen outside the fenced racetrack area, Adele and I spent the day with Lo and his family. Let me testify, incidentally, that Lo really has a family now. "Poor Lo the Indian" needs not our sympathy, for he is not disappearing. Apparently he knows little and cares less about birth control. Subsequent statistical research bore out what we deduced at the Pow-

wow—that the population of Indian reservations is on the increase.

At noon Adele and I had edged into the good graces of a Navajo family (a little candy and several small coins helped) and so could sit unobtrusively and watch camp routine. The father had acquired a grown ewe from a white man. He brought it to camp. His squaw knelt over the sheep so as to press it flat to the ground. Then she took a long knife in her right hand, lifted the sheep's nose with her left.

"UMP-QUAH!" (or so it sounded) roared an aged Indian from somewhere in the background. The squaw hesitated. Two or three other old-timers came chuckling from neighboring camps, our grandfather placed a pan under the throat, and the squaw applied the knife.

Then the wrinkled old men passed around their savage cocktail, drinking with obvious delight.

We saw Indian fathers playing with

the babies, and laughing hilariously at the fun; which shattered in me an illusion ingrained since childhood—that all Indians are stolid and fierce. These fathers were not the scalping braves of the story books. They were men with hearts and souls. They had love and gentility, smiles and courtesy and dignity as well.

Indians at Home in Forest

We watched a woman make the *piki* bread of the Hopis, which my cartoonist friend Reg Manning calls diploma bread because it is paper-thin and rolled like the scroll that students get on commencement day. We saw a man making exquisite jewelry of Mexican silver pesos. We saw four men dribbling fine colored sand onto the ground to make their sacred sand painting. We saw Buffalo and Eagle dancers performing for a little knot of their own friends. We saw mothers swapping woman-talk about their infant offspring. We saw at least a dozen 'teen-age red girls as shapely and pretty as any ever turned out on the stages of Broadway.

The white citizens of Flagstaff conceived the idea a few years ago of inviting the surrounding Indians to town for a friendly barbecue. They thought maybe four or five hundred red men and women might come.

Actually four or five thousand showed up! In the mysterious underground telegraph of the reservations, word of the get-together got around, even to the most remote wickiups, pueblos and hogans. Red people who had never seen a railroad, nor an automobile, nor a locomotive, much less a telephone, a radio or a

bicycle, "came to town" for the first time in their lives. Several vast reservations are in the wilderness surrounding Flagstaff, in fact Arizona has more Indians—mostly holding to their native customs and costumes—than any other state.

Of course the whites did all they could to entertain the redskins, but they needn't have worried. An Indian is an artist at having a good time if the mood strikes him. No man, not even the southern negro, can discard his worries more readily than he. These reservation families needed no help from their friend Gladwell "Tony" Richardson (who has managed the last three Powwows). They could have a good time dancing and chanting under the pines, or having a few horse races of their own. Sociability there is *al fresco*, *ad lib* and *de luxe*.

Paradise for Souvenir Hunters

We made a few acquaintances during the three days, and still value those contacts. Our photographs of Josephine Jane, prettiest Navajo, are prized pages in our travel album. Our color moving pictures of the dances, of the camps, of the fires and the little costumed children at play, of the two grown boys who had a quick fist fight over possession of a rooster, all make grand "theater" of their own, and we have since exhibited these movies to awed friends as far east as the Empire State building. The rugs on our living room floor now, and the pots on our mantle and the bracelets on Adele's arm, are memories of those hours of powwowing under the pines.

Hopi Buffalo dancers on the left, and on the right the Hopi Hoop dancing team.

Flagstaff Has Natural Setting

Of course other white guests discovered the nature of the Powwow, its magnificence in both color and size. We could almost see the mental mechanisms of enthusiastic Los Angeles business men, trying to figure out some way of moving the show bodily to their metropolis. Phoenix, too, would give a left arm to have the Indians all come down there, and so would Tucson, El Paso and Denver. Representatives of these cities saw every hotel, every auto camp, every spare bedroom and even every spare cot in Flagstaff filled by white spectators last year, and Flagstaff is isolated in the mountains 200 miles from "anywhere." It is small; three or four hundred extra people crowd it to the brim. Now in Los Angeles, we could ballyhoo this thing nationally and bring in a million—!

But it wouldn't work that way; it can't. Flagstaff happens to be favored geographically. The natural charm of these primitive Indian ceremonies can be revealed only in such a place as the pine clad hills of northern Arizona—never on an artificial stage set up by the Paleface.

Flagstaff chamber of commerce through its secretary, J. D. Walkup, has announced that after July 1 information bureaus are to be established in the Monte Vista, Weatherford and Commercial hotels as a service to visitors in the Flagstaff scenic area. This information department is to be under the direction of Miss Dorothy Peach.





From painting by Clyde Forsythe, courtesy Biltmore Salon

DESERT SUMMER

By ELIZABETH SNOW
BLYTHE, CALIFORNIA

The desert summer days have come,
The saddest of the year;
When ants and bugs begin to crawl,
And flies buzz 'round my ear.
Old Sol is beaming down on earth,
The snakes begin to roam;
For there is one beneath the floor
Of the house we call our home.
Skeeters, they are coming too,
And gnats fly through the screen;
There's spiders lurking in the cracks,
And scorpions unseen.
It's good old summer time for some,
But for me it's just a fight,
Because I'm going to kill that snake
Before this very night.

• • •

DESERT LURE

By K. V. BENNIS
TEMECULA, CALIFORNIA

I like to read your magazine;
It tells of places I have seen
And other places, strange to me,
That I'd just love to go and see.
But every now and then some guy,
Not telling what it is or why,
Will talk about the desert lure—
Why try to keep the thing obscure?
For I might find it if I knew
The way it looks or where it grew.
Sometimes I have convincing thoughts
That they may mean the girls in "shorts."
I've seen most everything, I'm sure,
Except this thing they call a "lure"
But if it's girls in shorts, "by ging!"
Then I know I've seen everything.

The Prospector-- to his Burro

By E. A. BRININSTOOL
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

I've prodded you over the desert, and you
never was known to fail;
You're slow and lazy and hard to move at a
faster pace than a snail.
You're homely and rough and scraggy; you're
out in the cold and heat,
But you plod along through the sandy ways
where the smell of the sage is sweet.
You shamble over the desert, where it's hot as
a burning coal,
And stand the glare of a molten sun till we
get to a water hole.
You pick your meals where I leave you; you're
easily satisfied,
And you never kick at the load you pack far
over the stretches wide.
You're patient enough, and willing to travel
the sand dunes drear;
You're thumped and larruped across the hills
the whole of your rough career.
While nobody seems to love you, your voice
has a welcome sound
Out in the depths of the sand-swept plain at
night on the camping-ground.
What could I do without you in delving for
hidden gold!
The fame you've won and the name you've
won has never but half been told!
You ain't so much as a singer; I cuss at your
strident roar,
But you are a tried and a true old pal in trail-
ing the desert's floor!

DEATH IN THE DESERT

By WILLIAM BLAUVELT
PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Lord, a wet towel across my head,
A draught of water on my lips,
Would serve me better now than all the gold
That I have brought from all my ever-questing
trips.
If I might reach the cool, fair refuge of my
dreams
And lay my head upon its grasses green,
I should remain, though growing ever old,
There in that sanctum shaded and serene.
The sun bears down with furnace heat
Upon my body, and my muscles ache.
There is no shadow here, nor place to slake
The thirst that swells my tongue, no water
sweet
To cool my throbbing temples, to anoint my
feet.
I perish in the desert, far from friend and
gold,
No food, no shade, no water, haplessly grown
old.
The sands shall burn about me, merciless and
deep,
For I am faint and tired, and I lay me down
to sleep.
What dream is this? What vision wells about
me?
Whence rose these palms and all these flow-
ing springs?
Cool breeze of benediction, and all these per-
fect things?
The strains of matchless music, melting in the
air?
These verdant-growing gardens, blooming
everywhere?
Here may I sip the nectar of water, shade and
rest,
And ever-flowing goodness, in the gardens of
the West.
But by whose hand this largess? By what
fate is it given?
And is it dream, or cruel mirage, or the Oasis
of Heaven?

Indians will not go near the high peak on the Santa Rosa mountains, but since the construction of a new forestry road it is easily accessible to those who have no superstitious fear.

Toro is Taboo

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"**T**ORO peak is taboo among the Cahuilla Indians. They will not go near it."

This remark from one of a little group gathered around a campfire on Piñon flats in the winter of 1932 was my introduction to a mountain which since then has become one of my favorite hideouts.

Toro is the high point on the Santa Rosa range—that long rugged peninsula of rock which breaks away from the coastal range at San Jacinto mountain and extends eastward into the Southern California desert, ending at Travertine point near Salton sea.

The canyons and ridges of the Santa Rosas are criss-crossed with Indian trails. On the upper elevations of the range grow piñon pines and oak trees which were a prolific source of food for the desert Indians before the white men came to this arid region.

But not one of these old trails is found near the summit of Toro, although today it is part of the Santa Rosa reservation. The Indians shunned this mountain for reasons—well, does any white man really understand the enigma of Indian taboos? Sometimes I am not even sure that the present generation of Indians knows the true origin of many of those beliefs which we Americans regard as superstitions. But I respect those Indian traditions none the less.

The Palms-to-Pines highway had just been completed when I first became in-



In this cairn on the summit of Toro peak are two tin boxes where visitors leave their autographs.

terested in Toro. Until that time, the Santa Rosas had been closed area to those who follow only the highly-improved roads.

I wanted to see this peak which Indian legend has surrounded with so much mystery. And so, on an August day in 1933 when the thermometer at Indio was hovering around 116 degrees, my young son and I loaded our sleeping bags and grub on a pack horse and took the trail from the A. H. Nightingale camp on Piñon flats.

There was no road to the top of the Santa Rosas then.

I underestimated the time required to reach the timber belt where the first spring is located, and we climbed the last thousand feet with parched throats. The only compensation for bad judgment in

such an emergency is the refreshing thrill which comes with the first draught of cool spring water.

We camped two days at Mr. Nightingale's little log cabin at Stump spring, then took the easy trail along the 3-mile summit ridge to Virgin springs. From there it was a 700-foot climb over an unmarked route to the top of Toro.

To one who loves the desert panorama the cairn on Toro peak is a grandstand seat for a magnificent spectacle. Far off in the haze to the south is the dim outline of Mt. Signal, with the peninsular range of Lower California meeting the sky beyond. Directly below us is Rockhouse canyon and just beyond Coyote canyon where Captain Juan Bautista de Anza and his trail-blazing colonists spent three wintry nights in 1775. From the summit of Toro it is possible to trace the approximate route of the Anza expedition, as defined by Dr. Herbert Bolton, far out across the Borego desert.



Others who have reached the top of Toro have told me that on a clear day it is possible to see the Pacific ocean. I have never been able to do this, but I do not doubt it is possible.

The entire shoreline of Salton sea can be seen except on the near side where 6500-foot Rabbit peak, also in the Santa Rosas, partly cuts off the view.

Looking down across the north slope of the Santa Rosas toward Coachella valley the most conspicuous landmark is the great arroyo known as Deep canyon. I want to explore it some day. Members of the Sierra club have told me it involves some precipitous climbing, but is well worth the effort.

Since my first visit to Toro in 1933, there has been only one notable change in the panorama seen from its summit. It is now possible to look across the Coachella basin and follow the dim line of the Metropolitan aqueduct where it emerges from its tunnels in the Little San Bernardino and flows for a brief span across the open desert.

Today Toro is more accessible than it was five years ago. The U. S. Forestry service has built a good dirt road with a comparatively easy grade to the ridge and thence paralleling the crest to a point just below Virgin springs.

The hiker who wishes to view the desert landscape from this high point in the Santa Rosas may reach the summit in an easy hour-and-a-half trip from the end of the road. It is not a difficult ascent. Two little tin boxes in the cairn at the top contain signatures of many visitors, including that of a 7-year-old girl.

The Santa Rosa range will never be crowded with cabins or overrun with campers. At least, not unless some member of the scientific fraternity discovers a workable substitute for rain clouds. There is not enough water on these mountains to serve a large population. True there are forty-odd springs, a majority of which flow throughout the year—and the quality of the water is excellent, but the quantity is not sufficient to encourage cabinsite subdividers.

Santa Rosa mountains are surrounded by desert on three sides, but it always is cool in the shade of the pine trees above the 7000-foot elevation.

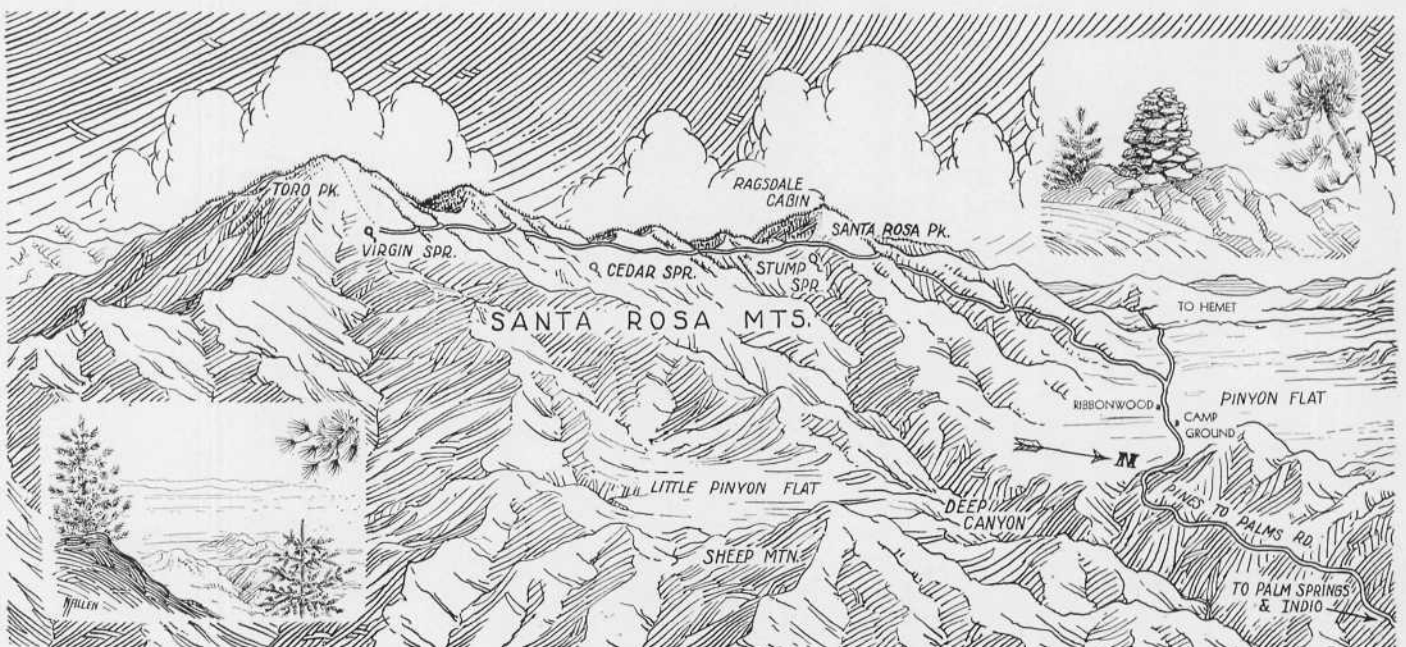
The Santa Rosas belong to the desert. Toro and Santa Rosa peaks and the 3-mile ridge which connects them are nothing more nor less than a huge pine-clad oasis whose slopes meet the sands of the desert floor on three sides.

The charm of this mountain oasis is that it combines many of the most favorable elements of mountain and desert. The air is dry, but the altitude insures against unbearably high temperatures. It is always cool in the shade of the pine, fir and cedar trees which grow abundantly above the 7000-foot level.

I mentioned the Nightingale cabin at Stump springs. The only other habitations reached by the forestry road are a road camp at Santa Rosa springs and the Steve Ragsdale log house on the summit of Santa Rosa peak. Ragsdale owns the section of land which includes the top of Santa Rosa mountain. When he is at the cabin, Steve is a cordial host to all who come "to enjoy but not to destroy." He is an outspoken foe of those who kill the wild game and otherwise rob the mountains of their native inhabitants of the plant and animal world.

The approach to Toro peak is over the Palms-to-Pines highway, either from Hemet and San Jacinto or from Coachella valley. From Hemet it is 36 miles to the point where the new forestry road takes off to the south and climbs to the top of the Santa Rosas.

From Indio it is 27 miles to the well-kept public camp ground on Piñon flats. Mr. Nightingale, whose camp adjoins the grounds, is a reliable and courteous source of information for those who have



questions to ask about Toro and the Santa Rosa mountains. He owns several sections of land in these mountains and knows every spring. The camp ground is nearly 4,000 feet above Coachella valley.

Three miles beyond Nightingale's is Ribbonwood where Wilson Howell has a little wayside shop. Howell is another obliging source of information. He knows the trees and plants which grow in his sector of the mountains and has a nature trail out through the manzanita where he will take the visitor when business is not too rushing. Howell is the world's champion conservationist, as anyone will learn during the first five minutes of conversation. If he had his way, the Santa Rosas would be a great park area where it would be a major crime to disturb either plant or animal.

He is an extremist—but we need an occasional Wilson Howell to safeguard us against that human tendency to sacrifice the beauty of the present and the security of the future for dollar profits.

I am grateful to Wilson for naming his place Ribbonwood, instead of Red Shank—which is another of the common names applied to the shrub which grows so luxuriantly in that part of the mountains.

From a lookout point near Ribbon-

Steve Ragsdale nails printed rhymes on the trees of his Santa Rosa mountain retreat in an effort to protect the wild life.

wood it is possible to look down nearly the full length of Palm canyon to Palm Springs. A trail leads down the canyon from this point to the desert resort and it is an interesting hike—if you don't mind the 14 miles.

From Ribbonwood it is less than a mile to the Santa Rosa forest road. The sign at the junction reads "8½ miles to Santa Rosa spring" and "10 miles to Santa Rosa peak." Since the sign was erected the road has been extended another 2.2 miles to a point just below Virgin springs.

Richard H. May, district ranger of the San Bernardino National forest, with headquarters at Idyllwild, is custodian of the public lands in the Santa Rosa range.

At the present time there are no public camp grounds along the new forestry road. It is planned to establish a camp at Santa Rosa spring during the present summer, according to Ranger May. Until then, no campfires or smoking are permitted on the public lands, and only with the written permission of the owner on private lands.

For those who fancy the idea of a trip to a mountain top where the woods are never crowded with picnickers — and who are willing to accept the fire restrictions in good spirit — the road to Toro is an open invitation.

Weather

MAY REPORT FROM
U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	76.1
Normal for May	75.0
High on May 31	108.0
Low on May 3	48.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for May	Trace
Normal for May	0.12
Weather—	
Days clear	21
Days partly cloudy	8
Days cloudy	2

W. B. HARE, Meteorologist.

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	77.4
Normal for May	76.2
High on May 31	109.0
Low on May 4	51.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for May	00.0
69-year average for May	0.04
Weather—	
Days clear	27
Days partly cloudy	3
Days cloudy	1
Sunshine 98 percent (421 hours out of possible 430 hours)	

Colorado river—

April discharge at Grand Canyon 3,328,000 acre feet. Discharge at Parker 532,000 acre feet. Estimated storage behind Boulder dam June 1—18,850,000 acre feet.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

All Decent Folks Welcome Enjoy But Don't Destroy

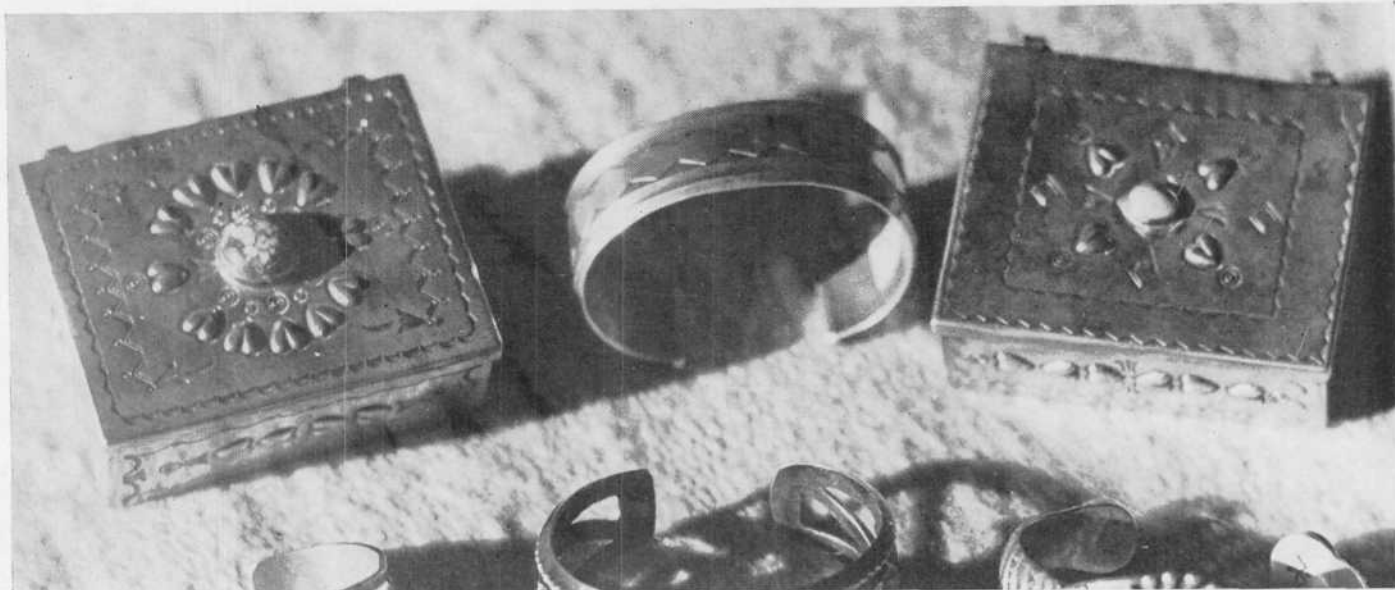
We bought this mountain for you and I
There is none other like it under the sky
This virgin forest, the deer, the birds
For its scenic beauty there is no words

If hungry then come to our house made of logs
We will share our beans and also our hog
But don't shoot our deer or birds, my friend
I catch you at it I'll kick your rear end

If you enjoy a smoke, we know how you feel
We'll give you cigars, before and after, with meals
But don't light a match elsewhere on this peak
If you do, sure as Hell, you will hear the judge speak

Our motto of life is the golden rule
If we kick your horse, you can kick our mule
This mountain, we know, decent folks will enjoy
Only fools with guns and fire will destroy

Nuff sed. S. A. RAGSDALE (Desert Steve), writer



Indian Jewelry-- Genuine and Imitation

By JOHN W. HILTON

If you ask a curio dealer to sell you an Indian turquoise ring for a dollar—you'll probably get one that no Indian ever has touched. Genuine Navajo and Zuni jewelry cannot be sold for such a price. In the accompanying article John Hilton gives readers of the *Desert Magazine* some tips to guide them when they go shopping for silver-turquoise ornaments. The picture above is of genuine Navajo jewelry.

FROM a Park avenue penthouse to Navajo hogan is a long distance both geographically and culturally but there are many things the women in these two places hold in common. Outstanding among their comparative instincts is their love for jewelry.

The New York girl might love the feel and appearance of a fine old pawn bracelet on her wrist, just as the Navajo woman, if she had the chance, might thrill to the beauty of a platinum and diamond bracelet, for both of these were made to appeal to their sense of beauty and that primitive desire for personal adornment.

Here their viewpoints diverge because back of each piece of jewelry is a wealth of tradition, both as to sentiment and intrinsic value. To the New York girl the dull blue glow of turquoise in its crudely wrought silver bracelet, is a thing of beauty prized for beauty's sake. To her it has no great intrinsic value. In times of financial stress she could not raise money on it as she easily might on her diamonds.

To the Indian woman, strangely enough, the diamond bracelet would assume about the same degree of importance as the turquoise did for the New Yorker. It is true she might encounter an expert in such matters who would be willing to purchase her diamonds at a fraction of

their value, just as the city girl might find a dubious market for her turquoise. But experts in diamonds are fewer on the reservation than turquoise buyers in New York. If she owned the turquoise however, she would have no trouble whatever in converting it into anything that she might want in her every day life. She could trade it for so many sheep or so many pounds of wool from another Indian, or at the traders she could turn it in for anything from yard goods to flour.

It is strange how certain gems have come to represent the very essence of material wealth to certain distinct groups of people. With us it is diamonds; to the Chinese it is jade; in Burma the ruby assumes great importance and in Ceylon the star sapphire; but nowhere is a single gem so deeply embedded in the life pattern of a people as is the turquoise to the Pueblo and Navajo tribes of our arid Southwest. In an article to follow I intend to describe in more detail the historical and religious significance of this interesting gem but at present we shall confine ourselves chiefly to its importance as an article of trade and a symbol of Indian culture.

The visitor in the Southwest finds turquoise jewelry much in evidence. The service station attendant has a turquoise

ring on his finger, the waitress at a roadside restaurant is wearing a beautiful bracelet of the same material and a woman of obvious wealth and position is seen in the lobby of a fine hotel wearing a necklace of turquoise beads that probably once adorned a savage warrior. In the heart of the Indian country nearly everyone wears some article of Indian jewelry, and half the shop windows carry displays of it. Traders at their posts give rough or cut turquoise to a Navajo in exchange for wool or madeup jewelry. White men trade horses, saddles, automobiles and even real estate for turquoise. The white people of the Indian country are fast becoming turquoise minded.

Sooner or later the average visitor feels the desire to buy a piece of Indian jewelry either for personal adornment, or for gift purposes. Thus a demand has been created for turquoise far in excess of the normal needs of the Indians and their white neighbors. This demand has given rise to widespread and profitable business covering Arizona, New Mexico, California, Nevada and parts of Colorado. The annual turnover amounts to many millions of dollars and affects the lives of thousands of Indians and white traders, curio store owners and turquoise miners.

It follows that in an industry of such

proportions there should develop certain unfair practices, the most conspicuous of which is the selling of inferior grades of artificially colored turquoise and imitation Indian jewelry, at reduced prices.

The buyer does not always realize that genuine Indian jewelry is the product of hand labor, wrought from coin silver and set with gems of actual value. The public can discourage the sale of imitation products by keeping in mind a few simple tests, and by insisting on the genuine Indian products.

In the first place, when dealing with a reputable merchant, price is more or less a criterion of value. Although some copying has been done of the fine pieces, most of the imitation jewelry comes within the price range of 25 cents to \$3.00. The customer should realize that there is something wrong with an "Indian ring" priced at 50 cents. It stands to reason that an Indian cannot buy genuine turquoise and silver, work a ring out by hand and sell it to a dealer at a figure low enough to retail at such a price. Such a ring probably is a trinket stamped out by machine from German silver and set with glass imitation jewels. If the price is 75 cents or a dollar, the gem may be an artificially colored stone set in sterling silver that has been rolled very thin and cut by machine. The only hand labor involved is in soldering the parts. This is done on an assembly line, often with apprentice labor.

The thinness of the silver is another fairly reliable test of the authenticity of the product. There is a certain structural solidity about a genuine Indian ring that is never found in a substitute. It is true that in a few instances Indians have been employed by white manufacturers to make products from thin silver and then the output sold as the genuine article. Not many of the Indians will lend their skill to this practice, however, and the flimsy character of the product and poor coloring of the stones are sure evidence of deception.

The designs on the imitation jewelry usually are a glaring advertisement of their origin. In most cases they look as if the designer was trying to out-Indian the Indian. These manufacturing shops have printed lists showing the meaning

of the various symbols, and often cover their jewelry with a meaningless jumble of as many of these as they can find room for. Occasionally, an Indian craftsman will turn out pieces marked with a mixture of tepees, thunderbirds, horses, crossed arrows, etc, but this usually is done at the insistence of a commercial dealer who wants all these designs to supply selling points for his clerks.

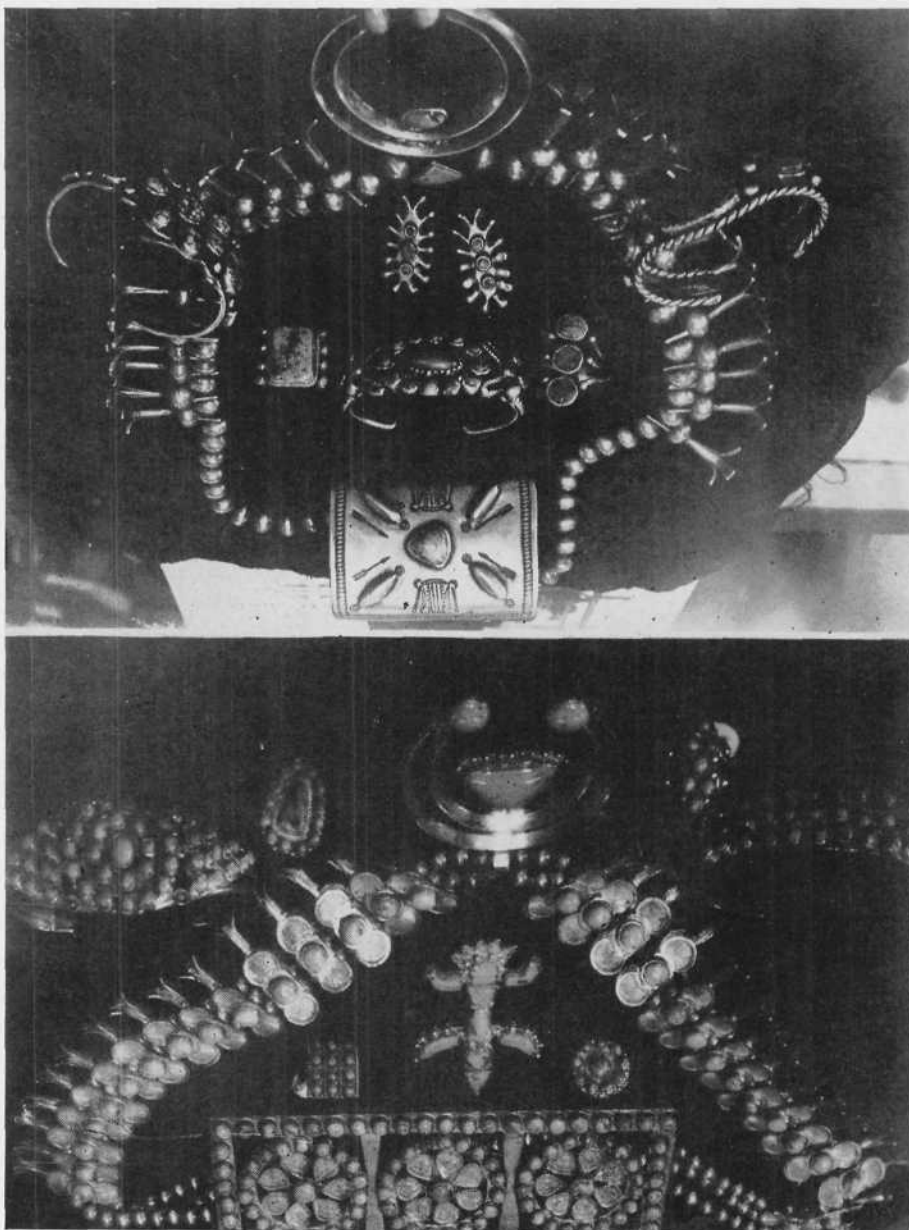
By far the finest Indian jewelry on the market today is made either on the reservation as a private enterprise of the craftsman, or by Indian workers employed by the better Indian stores who allow the silversmith free rein in the designing of his work. Some of the best Indian craftsmanship is produced in these store-shops because the owner often is able to furnish the Indian with a better grade of turquoise than he could have obtained with his own limited capital.

Left to his own resources the Indian will work only with genuine turquoise

and coin silver. He is an excellent judge of both and will refuse any stone that has been artificially colored or tampered with. This is as much a matter of religion as it is honesty for the stone is sacred to him. His designs also, if he is allowed free choice, show a simple and dignified feeling for fitness and form. There is nothing fussy or cheap looking about an authentic piece.

There is small supply of what is termed "old pawn jewelry" on the market. This finds its way into the stores through traders who are at times forced to sell pieces that were pawned but not redeemed by the Indians themselves. This type of jewelry is highly desirable because it was made by the Indian to wear himself and many times contains gems that have been handed down for many generations. It is not uncommon to find a bracelet or ring in this type of material that is set with old beads. These bits of

Continued on page 24



Upper Photo—Zuni jewelry differs not only in design from the Navajo but also in its profuse use of small turquoise stones. These small stones are cut by the Zuni themselves.

Lower Photo — Fine old Navajo jewelry. Note the simplicity of design and the heavy handworked silver.

Photos by Eunice M. Hilton, courtesy Indianoya, Palm Springs.



VIGILANCE

Photo by W. M. Pennington

"Feel" of the Desert

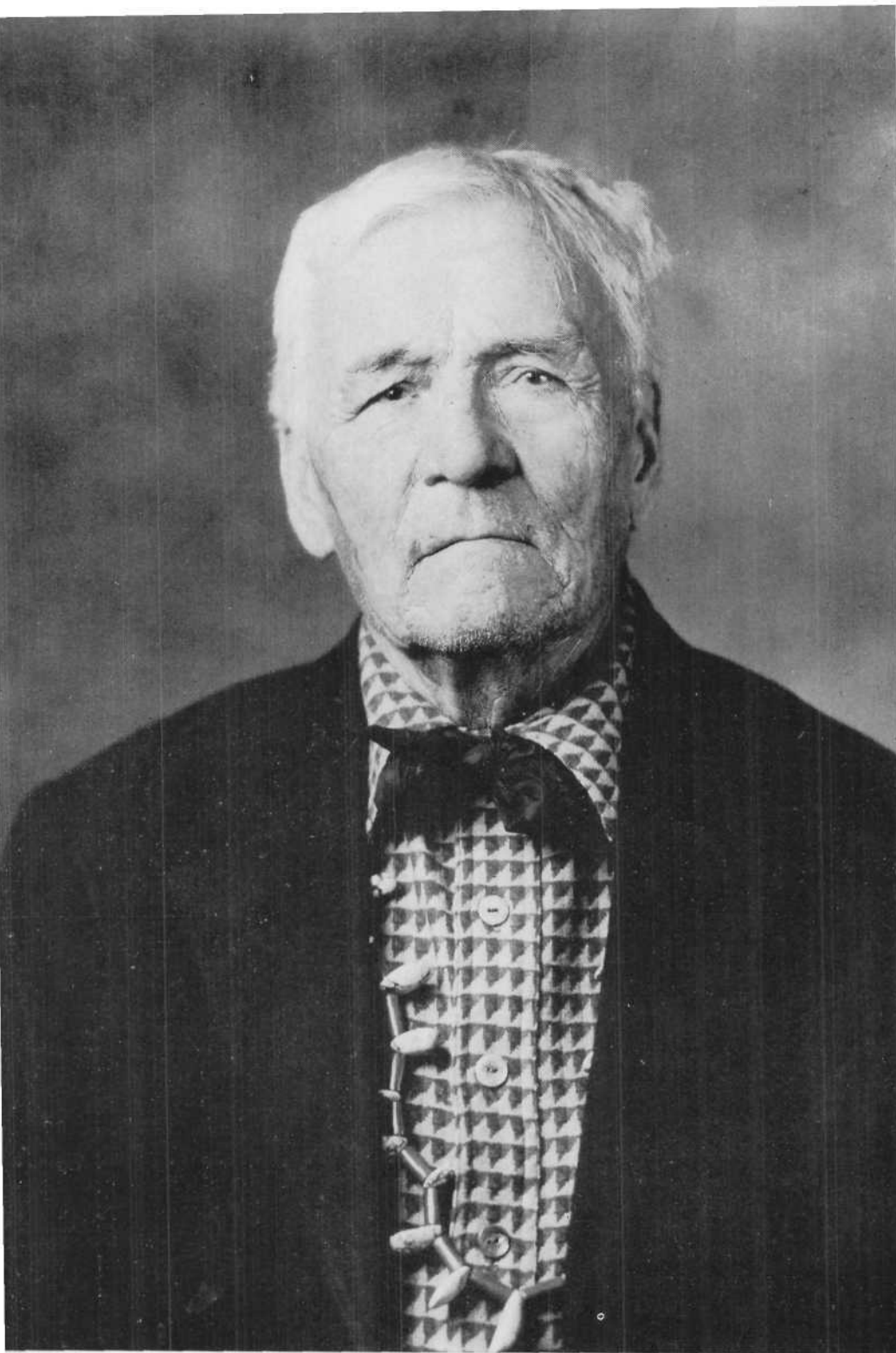
By JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

ETERNAL vigilance was the price for safety on the Navajo desert in the early days. Lofty mesas and stony pinnacles provided numerous observation points; keen eyes, which never had known the shelter of visor or hatbrim, probably felt no need for the aid of tinted binoculars.

From the earliest approach of the Spanish explorers in the 16th century, until after the Beautiful Mountain Rebellion had been quelled in 1913, the Navajos constantly watched for militant palefaces. The number who thus eluded Kit Carson in the middle 1860s never has been determined.

Generations of bitter warfare against neighboring desert tribes had sharpened the sense of vigilance. Fear of deserved reprisals from ranchers whose flocks and herds had been robbed may have nourished the habit of watchfulness.

The Desert offers obstructions to visibility—mirages, sandstorms, deceptive distances. But it balances the hazards by providing elevated observation points and by building up the sense of vigilance. Meet the Desert's rules and it will be your loyal friend; disregard them—and YOU will be the loser!



HENRY CHEE DODGE

AMONG the 50,000 Navajo Indians living in Arizona and New Mexico one man stands out, an example of honesty and fair dealing to his own people and to the white race that has assumed control of red men's destiny. That man is 80-year-old Henry Chee Dodge.

My first knowledge of this Indian patriarch came many years ago when I saw him the chief figure in a Fire Dance. Only those of you can visualize the setting, who have stood with two or three thousand silent, intent Indians far back where white people seldom venture, the

sound of falsetto Indian chanting in your ears, scent of pungent cedar smoke tingling your nostrils, velvety black night pressing in on all sides, medicine men performing their sacred rites, the thump of drum and rattle of magic gourds.

Chee Dodge was the object of the Healing Ceremony. It is true that when his ancient enemy, bronchitis, assails him he hastens to a government hospital and gratefully accepts all the modern prescriptions and nursing to be had. The nurses say he is a tractable and grateful patient. But as befits a true son of the Navajo nation, Chee Dodge has not forsaken his

Loved by his own people, trusted and honored by his white neighbors, 80-year-old Henry Chee Dodge is a pivotal figure in the adjustment of vexing problems which now confront the federal Indian bureau in its dealings with the Navajos. In this article Mrs. White Mountain Smith gives readers of the *Desert Magazine* a close-up picture of this venerated leader of the Navajo tribe.

Henry Chee Dodge, Navajo

By MRS. WHITE MOUNTAIN SMITH

own Red Gods and there are times when they must be appeased by native ceremonies.

Naturally when one is the main actor in a Healing Ceremony, a white visitor does not intrude to ask personal questions, so I watched the medicine man sprinkle the sacred meal and pollen, touch hands and feet and head, moving of course from the feet up, with a bunch of herbs and piñon branches, then toss the bouquet into the fire as a dozen naked figures darted into the circle with flaming torches and chased themselves and wicked spirits around and around. No, that was not the proper time to ask questions!

Last week I sat across the table from this man who has interested me far beyond any one of my own race. He greeted me with the courtesy and poise of a statesman. Except for a long calculating look he gave no idea of his thoughts when I asked him to tell me of his life and his plans for the Navajo nation.

"What is there of me that your white people care to know?" he asked at last

with a smile that banished the weariness from his eyes and softened his stern features. And this is the story he told me there in that dim smoky old room that has seen 60 years of conflict between his people and mine:

"It has been said that I am not a Navajo, that my mother was Jemez. (Jemez is a small pueblo on the Santa Ana river in New Mexico.) That is not true. Back when the Rebellion came, in 1680, and the Spanish soldiers were surrounding the village many of the Jemez women and children were sent into the Navajo country to evade capture. In many cases they drove a few sheep with them. My mother's mother, many generations back, came into the Canyon de Chelly region with those refugees and married a Navajo. For generations my mother's clan was Navajo. When the Navajos were fighting with other Indians and with the Mexican villagers Washington sent Captain Henry Dodge to stop the trouble and with him as his interpreter was a Mexican by the name of Juan Casonisis. This man saw and wanted my mother for his wife. Captain Dodge gave him permission to marry her and she lived in the camp with her husband and the soldiers. When I was born my father gave me the name of his honored captain, Henry Chee Dodge.

"My people kept breaking the treaties they made and by and by Kit Carson, Red Shirt, came to Canyon de Chelly and fought and killed many Navajos. The ones who ran away he waited for at the Place of Many Reeds. He sent runners all over the country to tell the Navajos to come there and they would be kindly treated. My mother had only me then and I was just four years old. My father and his father had been killed a short time before by Mexicans over at Tohatchi. My mother ran away to the Grand Canyon and hid there with some other Indians just below the rim where the big Watch Tower now stands. Another baby was born there and died. Then she heard of the words of Red Shirt and she came back here to Fort Defiance and she and I went to Fort Sumner with all the Navajo people. While at Fort Sumner my mother married again, this time one of our own people, a Navajo.

"I can remember when we came back to our land in 1868. All our hogans were torn down, the peach trees killed and bones of sheep everywhere."

"Did you go to a government school when you came back?" I asked.

Thomas Dodge, brilliant son of a worthy father. Educated in American universities, he is attorney for the Navajos and assistant superintendent of the reservation. Photo by Mullarky, Gallup, New Mexico.

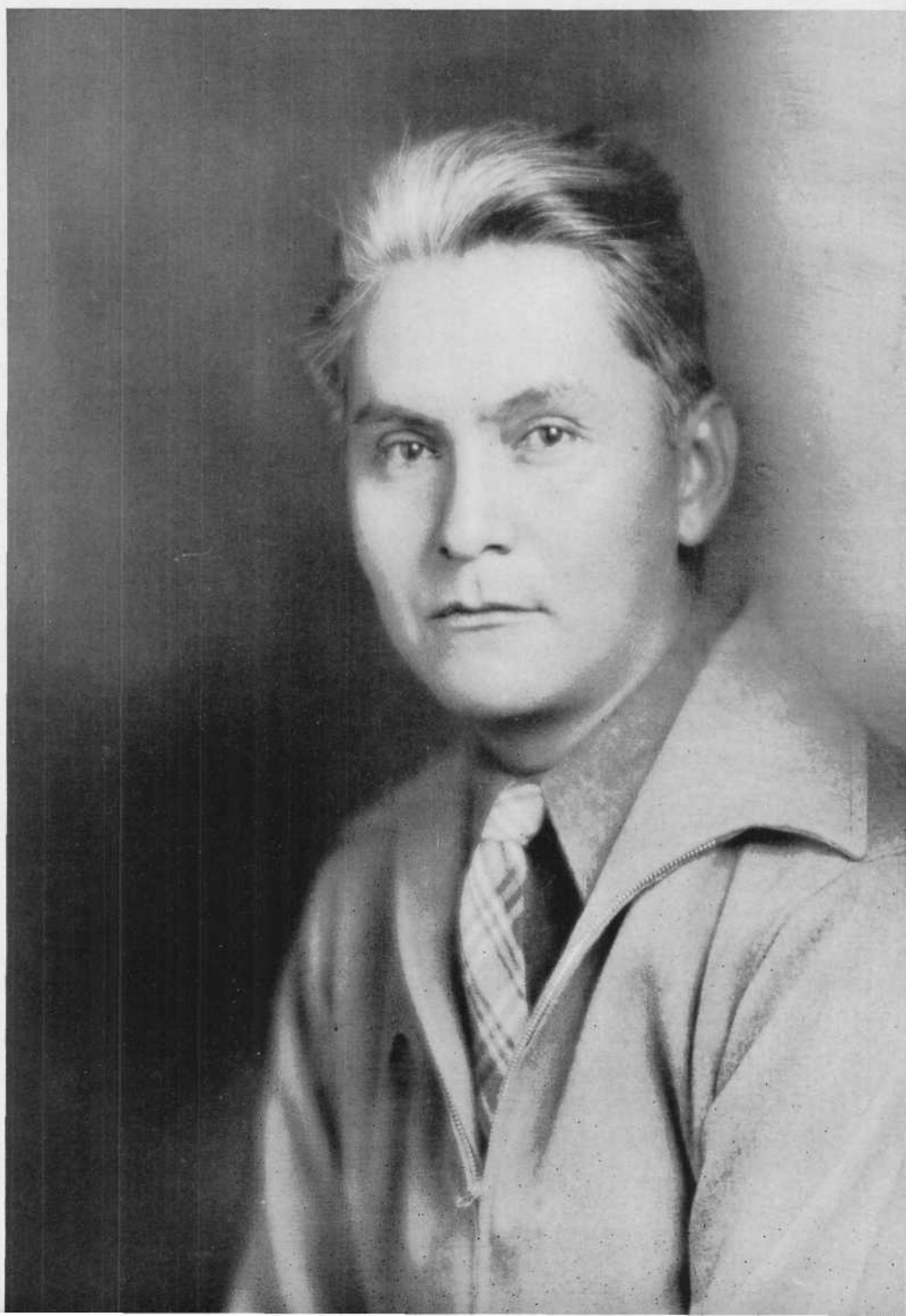
"No. I never went to school. I picked up my education along the road."

"But you have always been for the government schools, haven't you?"

"I have been for everything that would help the Navajos learn how to improve their lives. At first there were few schools and they were not well taken care of. Some of the children that were taken there sickened and died without their parents hearing about it for many months. So the Navajos were afraid of the schools. Soon they were fooling the school people by sending only the crippled and weak-minded children there. The strong, wise boys and girls were hidden out of sight when school officials came around. More than once I have gone with the agent asking my people to let him take the children to school. Once I remember

Black Horse, a hot-blooded young leader, attacked an agent just outside my store at Round Rock and he kept us penned in the store for two days and nights until other white men came and drove the angry Indians away. It used to be that way between white people and the Navajos."

Throughout all the turbulent years Chee Dodge has been a loyal friend to the government while looking out at the same time for the rights of his own race. During his younger years he served as official interpreter for Captain Bonneville and for all the early Navajo agents. Many a rough spot has been smoothed for white officials by the good judgment and friendship of this great leader. A picture in the Wittick collection in the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe shows him in his full regalia of fringed



buckskin. Touches of Navajo, however, creep out in the massive silver buckle on his belt and the deerskin moccasins. The handsome man of 30 thus pictured has given way to the shrewd, dignified old gentleman of today whose keen eyes miss nothing.

One of his descendants, Charley Shirley, has painted a life-size portrait of Chee Dodge in his Scout's uniform and it hangs in the place of honor at Window Rock, central agency of the Navajos. I doubt if there is a Navajo above ten years of age who does not know of, and honor this man.

In the passing years he has accumulated much of this world's goods. His name is among those of bank directors and stock holders in big corporations. His flocks graze over thousands of acres; his safety deposit box holds notes and mortgages. He could buy and sell many of his white friends. His poorer Navajo brothers go to him in time of need. And yet he lives very simply as befits one who is trying to set a good example. At Crystal, about 25 miles from Canyon de Chelly he has had a trading post and home for at least 50 years. And here for the comfort of his guests he has built a modern cottage. Overstuffed furniture fills the sitting room, the bedroom has a huge brass bedstead and a dainty slipper chair. In the

kitchen is an electric refrigerator. Power for this and for the electric lights, is furnished by a Delco plant. When this plant was installed and it came time to pay for it, there was no talk of "convenient terms." Chee went to his desk, a small child's desk which he bought from a mail order house, and calmly clipped enough coupons from Liberty Bonds to settle the account!

He does not live in the cottage. Perhaps he does not like the color of the upholstery on the furniture since he has conscientiously covered it with Pendleton rugs. Anyway he lives in his hogan in the back yard.

Once, when he joined his guests at breakfast in the cottage, jerky was served with eggs in place of bacon. Canned grapefruit and sweet buns were also served, but after one guest had undertaken to consume some of the jerky there was room for nothing else. Anyone should know that the longer jerky is chewed the more jerky there is to be chewed! There was nothing for it but to remove the huge wad as gracefully as possible or else suffocate in silence. Later Chee laughingly advised either swallow-

Barbecue at the constitutional assembly held by the Navajos at Window Rock, Arizona, last year. Photo by Indian Service.

ing the jerky without chewing or else taking it outside to the stone *metate* and pounding it to a pulp with another stone called a *mano*. I'm passing this on for what it's worth.

The chief pride of Chee's life is his talented son, Thomas Dodge. Perhaps 35 years old, his dark hair already is turning gray. The younger Dodge possesses a keen mind and the poise of a natural leader. Since his mother is a full-blooded Navajo, he really is more Indian than his father. He was educated in eastern colleges and prepared to fight the battles—legal battles—of his people. He is the recognized attorney for the Navajo tribe, and assistant superintendent of the reservation. In him his father lives again.

In these troubled times among the Navajos when they are concerned over the reduction of flocks; over soil erosion control; over the government requirement that parents furnish the children with school clothing; over half a hundred things that the well meaning administration is striving to do to aid the Navajos, Chee stands as the pivotal figure. From him the white race learns the temper of his people; from him the Navajos absorb patience and understanding, and his farseeing mind will be one of the principal factors in bringing the controversy to an equitable solution.





Craftsman of the Joshua Forest

When tiny borers attack the Joshua tree, nature changes the soft porous wood to a texture harder than mahogany—and provides materials for one of the most unusual workshops to be found in the West. W. A. Chamberlain, in the picture above, is the craftsman who has taken these worm-eaten logs and turned them into a livelihood.

By E. J. VAN NAME

OUT in the Joshua tree forest which extends from Antelope valley in Southern California to Victorville and beyond, visitors from many parts of the world are beating a pathway to the doorstep of a man who has created something new in the art of wood-carving.

If some one told you that the wood of a Joshua tree could be used in the manufacture of beautiful and durable bracelets, picture frames, jewel caskets, lampstands and countless other ornamental and useful novelties, I can almost guess your reply. Joshua wood, to those who have ever taken the trouble to examine it, has a pulpy fibrous texture which does not

LOCATION

The Chamberlain homestead is located on the edge of Mirage valley near the paved road which connects Palmdale with Victorville. At the road sign which reads "Palmdale 35 miles, Victorville 18 miles," turn north on a dirt road a half mile and then west a half mile.

even make good firewood. However, one man has discovered a value in Joshua trees which others have overlooked—and therein lies the source of this story.

Twenty years ago W. A. Chamberlain

sold his manufacturing jewelry business in Los Angeles and moved out to a Mojave desert homestead in which he had an interest. He went there with no other thought than to regain his health.

He built a neat little cabin and garage and made himself comfortable—and hasn't been in Los Angeles since. He lived there five years before he learned, quite by accident, that all about him was a potential source of wealth.

On the desk of a business office in Victorville, he saw an odd block of polished wood, used as a paperweight. Each time he returned to the office he was attracted to this bit of wood, and finally learned it came from near the root of a dead Joshua

tree—a tree evidently killed by a wood-boring worm or insect—and that there are many such trees in the Joshua forest. Nature, in an effort to combat the attacks of this pest, creates a wood substance harder than mahogany. That portion of the trunk which has become hardened is invariably full of wood borer holes.

"I have never found one of the borers," said Mr. Chamberlain, "but occasionally I run across a thin shell lining in one of the tunnels, evidently left there by the bug or worm that did the damage."

In one of the rooms of his cottage this craftsman has his workshop. It is located on the south side of the house and glassed in to provide comfortable working quarters during the winter months. Here he manufactures candlesticks, gavels, buttons, rings, table lamps, bookends and a long list of gift articles. Many of them are decorated with hammered copper and etched plates, and in some cases they are hand painted. Mr. Chamberlain does all the work, even to the making of the brass and copper hinges for his trinket boxes, and the tinting on the lampshades. He is a master craftsman in every detail of the operation.

The reputation of this desert jeweler has spread to the far places of the earth. He has a large clientele in Hollywood, and only a few months ago received a visit from Arthur Jarratt of the British Gaumont Film company who left an order which was filled and sent on its way across the Atlantic.

Recently he completed a beautiful jewel casket. A similar casket is in possession of Bishop Cantwell of Los Angeles. Its mate reposes in the study of a Catholic priest in Ennis, Ireland.

Visitors are amazed when they see the kit of tools with which this ex-jeweler does his work. The only power available for the workshop is the ancient car in the back yard. Mr. Chamberlain jacks up a rear wheel, attaches a sanding block to the hub and then starts the motor. That is the closest thing there is to a lathe on the homestead, and it serves only for roughing in some of the larger pieces. Most of the fine work is done with an old saw and a wood rasp, plus some polishing materials. Beautifully hammered copper is created with tools that might have been reclaimed from a junk yard. But behind these tools there is an artist who has patience and imagination.

Mr. Chamberlain invites each visitor to sign a guest register in which are recorded the names and impressions of a group of

He lives alone in a spick-and-span little cottage out on the Mojave desert—and welcomes visitors from all over the world.



Table lamp and shade produced in the Chamberlain workshop.

U. S. Army flyers from March field. The air pilots spent several days at the Chamberlain homestead while a motor was being changed in a huge bomber forced down in the Chamberlain back yard. There are signatures in the guest book from Japan and many other foreign countries, and it contains names which appear often in the newspaper headlines.

He lives alone but this desert craftsman has not gone back to the primitive. He shaves daily, and visitors generally find him clad in a freshly laundered shirt with necktie and creased trousers. A wind-mill generates electricity for a radio which keeps him in touch with the news of the outside world.

His homestead is neat and clean inside and out, and a well kept cactus garden surrounds the cabin. A five-hole golf course is open to all visitors and there is a prize awaiting the golfer who first makes the little course in par.

Those who complain that there are few birds on the desert would revise their story if they visited the Chamberlain garden. There is a morning and evening concert each day from the flocks of winged pets which patronize the Chamberlain bird fountains and nest in the cactus and other shrubs. In May this year a single cholla cactus contained the nests of three cactus wren families, each with a brood of baby wrens.

Mr. Chamberlain has some data for those who are curious as to the rate of growth of the Joshua tree. A 14-foot tree near his cottage was 18 inches high when he transplanted it to the yard 20 years ago. Nine years ago he took some of the seed from this tree and started a nursery. The seed all sprouted and today several of these 9-year-old trees are to be seen in the yard. They range from 10 to 15 inches in height. Offshoots from the roots of the older trees grow much more rapidly than seedlings, however. One 5-year-old offshoot measures nearly three feet.

As we were leaving the cottage Mr. Chamberlain told us of the man who came out to visit him and after listening rather indifferently to the story about Joshua wood and the borer holes and inspecting some of the finished products, exclaimed:

"Isn't it a pity they are so full of holes!"



Desert Folk Find Recreation at Seaside and Mountains

Desert breezes blow hot in July and August. Steve Ragsdale of Desert Center likes it that way but even he will steal a few weekends at his mountaintop home in the Santa Rosas to sniff the cool winds from the ocean.

Steve follows the practice of the average desert dweller who gets away from the high-soaring mercuries for an annual vacation. It is the rule that desks slam shut Friday night or Saturday noon and the sound of keys turning in locks rises to a high crescendo through the sweltering inland valleys.

Luckily, good highways lead Pacific-ward from all the desert areas of California, Nevada and Arizona. In a few hours the motorist, playing hookey from business, finds himself at his favorite ocean front.



If he is a true disciple of Isaac Walton, he will unpack his fishing rig and seek a place on the wharf or get a seat on one of the many charter or open-party boats which make regular trips from San Diego, Long Beach and Santa Monica to the Coronado islands. Big time fishermen go in for gamey sword-fish these months. The several good barges at Redondo, Hermosa, and south offer opportunities for the nimrod to pose before a camera with a good catch.

Yachtsmen are increasing along the southern California coast. A generation of young sailors is being developed at Newport where "snowbirds" are the popular craze. There is a protected bay where the sport may be practiced by the rankest amateur in safety, and there is the ocean for "Blue Water" skippers.

If the vacationist is not bent on active recreation, there are restful hotels and cottages facing the bay and the ocean where he can drink in the cool salt air, and, too, there is fishing aplenty.



While the Desert Magazine features life in the southwestern deserts, it recognizes the demand of its reader family for the annual change of scenery and temperature. That is why a travel and resort bureau has been established in the El Centro offices. For further information on fishing boats, barge schedules, mountain and seaside hotels and resorts, and general travel information, write the Travel Bureau, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

The Southland's newest
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Yachting Swimming Beach Sports Dancing

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California's ALL YEAR PLEASURE Harbor



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Lodges: American plan. \$8 a day, \$50 a week, up. Burton R. Ogilvie, managing director.

The Tavern: American plan. \$9 a day, \$55 a week, and up. Robert Foehl, resident manager.

Village Inn: European plan. \$3 a day, \$18 a week, and up.

Lake Shore Cottages: Housekeeping cabins \$3 a day (for 2 people), and up.

Cottage Groves: Housekeeping cabins \$3 a day (for 2 people), and up.

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Leave Long Beach 7 p.m.

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SECURITY BLDG., PASADENA



DATES

from a
desert
oasis

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

PRIZES TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

More and better pictures are coming in to the Desert Magazine office each month as increasing numbers of camera fans are finding here a prize market for their offerings. These contests are open to all amateurs and the range of subjects includes close-ups of plant and animal life, landscapes, rock formations, unusual personal pictures, and in fact anything on or of the desert.

Composition is no less important than subject. One contestant missed one of the prizes in the May contest because a light colored object was photographed against a light background—no contrast. Focus, grain and other fine points of photography enter into the judging.

Prizes are \$5.00 for first and \$3.00 for second place winners, and checks are forwarded promptly.

Following are the rules governing the contest:

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

CONTEST EDITOR,
DESERT MAGAZINE,
El Centro, California.

INDIAN JEWELRY

Continued from page 16

turquoise are drilled and usually mounted with the holes visible. Most of this class of jewelry is found only in the best stores and brings rather high prices.

A good guarantee of value in old pawn or in fact any Indian jewelry is to trade with a dealer who has an established reputation. These men are interested in their business and are good judges of the material they handle. They have pride in their standing and want to give honest value.

A majority of traders and curio dealers are in the business because they like it and they love the things they are selling. They would much rather sell you one genuine piece than a half dozen fakes. Many honest dealers are forced to keep a case of cheap imitations to meet unscrupulous competition but they despise it. The buyer himself asks for a fake when he says "Well haven't you something for about 50 cents or a dollar?"

• • •

Desert Trading Post

GEM CUTTING—Send your rough desert gemstones to F. H. Wallace, Box 344, El Centro, Calif., for expert facet and cabochon cutting and polishing. Gems and gem minerals for sale. Prices on request.

• • •

FOR SALE—White Star Cafe at junction U. S. 80 and State Hwy 94. Five acres. Business established 19 years. Sacrifice at \$10,000. Write Adam Witcher, Boulevard, California.

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TRAVELING THIS SUMMER? Write for descriptive pamphlets to help you plan your vacation. No obligation. Desert Magazine Travel Bureau, El Centro, California.

• • •

Army SADDLES—(McClellan) leather covered wood stirrups complete with luggage straps \$5 ea. Work harness (U. S. Army Wheel) complete with bridles, lines and collars \$30 per set. **TENTS, NEW** 8x10 \$8, 10x12 \$11, 14x16 \$20. All merchandise in good condition. Mail orders filled same day received. Sam Robinson, direct buyer of U. S. Gov't since 1925—2612 So. San Pedro St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Monstad Fishing Barges

are anchored for the summer in the bass, barracuda, yellowtail and other game fish grounds among the kelp beds off Redondo beach.

New streamline all-steel water taxi, fireproof and unsinkable.

Boats leave at regular intervals from Monstad pier.

REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



By LON GARRISON

"An' another thing," said Hard Rock Shorty as he finished carving his name on the top rail of the porch and got ready to begin on the middle one, "Speakin' of alum water springs, ol' Gene Banks down in the Panamints got to thinkin' one day about that spring on his ranch up in Fried Egg Canyon, an' he got a Doc out from Hollywood to look at it.

"Doc sends right back to town for some folks he knows that is too fat, and do you know Sir! by pattin' that water on the outside kindo' judicious like, an' drinkin' a bit too, it only took three-four hours to shrink them folks down 'til you wouldn't've knowed 'em! Say! Doc an' Gene goes into the reducin' business, an' starts the Fried Egg Canyon hotel for diminishin' you an' your bank roll with rates beginnin' at twenty-seven dollars an' a half a day! Inside a month they'd more customers'n money'n they could handle!

"Only lasted a month or two though—the durn spring dried up on 'em. Best idea seems to be that the water was gettin' stronger all the time an' finally she gets so much shrinkin' power she's too stout for herself an' shrivels down right out o' existence."

PALM SPRINGS TO SPEND \$16,000 FOR ADVERTISING

For the 1938-39 season Palm Springs Associates have set their advertising budget at \$16,000 and the summer and fall campaign will be outlined at once.

Nearly all of the approximately 160 business establishments in the village will join in the newly organized Business Men's Association, its organizers predicted following a session of directors at which "Pat" Patterson was elected president; Jack Wentworth, first vice president; Herbert H. Foster, second vice president; Dr. Russell M. Gray, secretary; Robert Ransom, assistant secretary; George T. Oliver, treasurer and Florian Boyd, assistant treasurer.

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in an oven
this summer



You can lick hot nights in the desert by insulating your home the Johns-Manville way. J-M Rock Wool shuts out heat on the hottest days, *makes your home up to 20 degrees cooler.*

We are equipped to blow J-M Rock Wool into walls and ceiling without disturbing the structure. Let us show you what we can do with insulation.

LET US GIVE YOU AN ESTIMATE; NO OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART

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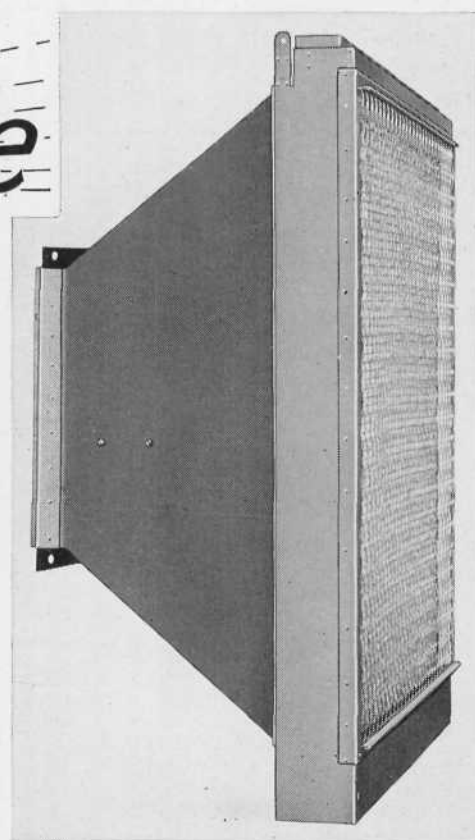
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Improved adjustable water
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Here and There ... ON THE DESERT

ARIZONA

Tucson . . .

Dr. Rodney Trueblood of Glendale was elected governor of the 21st district, Arizona Lions clubs, at the 15th annual convention here. Delegates picked Holbrook as 1939 convention city.

Phoenix . . .

The Dons Club of Phoenix on May 9 at junction of Highway 60 and the Apache trail dedicated a marker of native stone, surmounted by a copper plaque memorializing the history of Superstition mountain. Inscription on the plaque, written by Oren Arnold, a regular contributor to the Desert Magazine, reads: "Here lie the remains of Snowbeard the Dutchman, who in this mountain shot three men to steal a rich gold mine from Spanish pioneers, killed eight more to hold treasure, then himself died in 1892, without revealing its location. Dozens of searchers have met mysterious death in the canyons there, yet the ore lies unrevealed. Indians say this is the curse of the Thunder Gods on white man in whom the craving for gold is strong. Beware lest you too succumb to the lure of the Lost Dutchman mine in Superstition mountain."

Window Rock . . .

Traders from three states on the Navajo reservation were invited by General Superintendent E. R. Fryer to attend a conference here June 5 and 6 for discussion of mutual problems and the Indian service program. Invitations went to 163 trading post proprietors, who are, Fryer says, "at the very heart of the Navajo economic system." Discussion ranged from Indian arts and crafts to education, sheep breeding and land use.

Holbrook . . .

A resolution by Senator Ashurst for \$3,000 to investigate the feasibility of creating the Petrified Forest National Park in Navajo county has been reported without recommendation by the senate audit and control committee. The Petrified Forest is now a national monument.

Flagstaff . . .

T. E. McCullough, president of the Arizona Game Protective association, has posted \$100 reward for the capture of a wild ibex in Arizona. The ibex is a goatlike animal, native to Asia and Africa. Recently it formed the alibi for defendants in Mohave county accused of killing mountain sheep. They protested they had killed, not sheep, but ibex, descended from a herd released about 1900 by Theodore Roosevelt.

Tucson . . .

The name of the Spanish padre, Marcos de Niza, will appear on Arizona's 1939 automobile license plates in commemoration of the 500th anniversary of the first white man's entrance into Arizona. Counties will be designated by letters only, since Vernon Davis, superintendent of the motor division of the state highway department, advised it would be mechanically and financially impossible for plates to carry both the name of the padre and the county.

Phoenix . . .

To plan "mutual protection" against increased use of Colorado river water for irrigation in Mexico, representatives of the seven basin states have been invited to meet here on June 22. Secretary Donald S. Scott of the Colorado river commission for Arizona warns that complications are inevitable if the United States "stands idle while Mexico puts the water to beneficial use." Scott declares 424,000 acres in the Mexican delta are under cultivation or can be cultivated from existing canals. Additional 800,000 acres can be irrigated by extending existing facilities in the delta below the Mexican border, he says.

Quartzsite . . .

The Yuma-Quartzsite road, only north and south highway in Arizona west of Phoenix, has been incorporated in the state highway system. Allocation of \$12,000 for maintenance of the 90-mile route connecting southern and northern parts of Yuma county, has been made by the highway commission for the fiscal year starting July 1. The Quartzsite road will be known at state highway 95, will link San Luis, Son., Mex., with Las Vegas, Nev., via Gadsden, Somerton, Yuma, Quartzsite, Parker and Kingman. It will intersect three transcontinental highways, US 80, US 60 and US 66.

Kingman . . .

Three new weather bureau airport stations would be located in Arizona under appropriations in the pending agriculture department bill before Congress. They would be installed at Phoenix, Tucson and Kingman.

Chandler . . .

Members of the Chandler Woman's club on May 4 planted a tree in the club grounds as a tribute to Will H. Robinson, Arizona author, who died in April at his home here. Robinson wrote a number of novels, many articles and stories based on Arizona. His poem "Memories" was read during the tree planting ceremony.

CALIFORNIA

Palo Verde . . .

A new desert county, 100 miles square, carved out of parts of Riverside, San Bernardino and Imperial, is proposed by the Palo Verde Valley Times. It would extend as far as Needles, take in Blythe and Palo Verde to the south, include a great area of Colorado river bottom lands. It is estimated 25,000 people live in the suggested boundaries.

Palm Springs . . .

Villagers were wrong when they identified as swallows thousands of small, dark birds which circled a hacienda in Las Palmas estates, then darted down the chimney to seek shelter in the vacant house, where many were found dead. Dr. Raymond B. Cowles, UCLA professor, says the birds were migrants, the vauz swift. Cowles declared these swifts, migrating, travel in such numbers and seek shelter at night in such confined quarters that many are frequently suffocated by weight of their fellows clustering in layers.

El Centro . . .

California's Division of Parks has accepted from the federal government 168 acres in the vicinity of San Felipe creek for inclusion in the Anza Desert State Park. Patents have been asked for 160,000 acres in the Vallecitos area to be incorporated in the park, which will cover a total of 350,000 acres. Park commissioners, because of lack of funds, declined to buy the stone store at Campo, scene of colorful border incidents.

Palm Springs . . .

Uncle Sam would create a Garden of Eden for 50 members of the Palm Springs tribe of Indians, if Congress permits sale of some of the tribal land, John W. Dady, Mission Indian superintendent, told a committee in the House of Representatives at Washington. Dady favors sale of a tract adjoining the resort of Palm Springs. He said he believed the sale would mean about \$1,500,000 to the tribe.

29 Palms . . .

To build roads and trails and to make other improvements, a CCC camp for the Joshua Tree National Monument, adjoining 29 Palms, is advocated by Congressman John Dockweiler, who is pressing this plan in Washington.

Needles . . .

Early construction of an interstate bridge across the Colorado river at Needles has been the subject of conferences between business men of Needles, Oatman and Kingman. California highway officials say this state is ready to proceed with building plans as soon as cooperation of the Arizona Highway department is assured. Development of 80,000 acres of valley land is said to be affected and the span would shorten the distance from Kingman to the coast by 24 miles.

Blythe . . .

"Desert Steve" Ragsdale, president of the California division of U. S. Highway 60 association, was a leading spirit in the association's national convention at Bartlesville, May 20-21. Ragsdale's Desert Center is known from coast to coast, his fight for "the shortest route from Atlantic to Pacific" has put him in the front rank of Highway 60 advocates.

Indio . . .

Excavation of the Coachella branch of the All-American canal will probably start early next fall. This is indicated by opening of bids June 3 for digging first 45 miles of the 130-mile canal. Coachella branch takes off from the All-American canal proper 32 miles east of Calexico, runs along west edge of sand dunes north and west until it reaches Southern Pacific railroad tracks near Niland. This is the section on which June bids were called. Bids on the Coachella turnout from the main canal were opened in Yuma May 23. Atlas Construction company, Pasadena, was low bidder, at \$146,799.25.

NEVADA

Las Vegas . . .

Water in Lake Mead has risen more than 19 feet since February 1, 1938, storage behind Boulder dam reaching 16,000,000 acre feet by mid-May. This would cover the states of Massachusetts and Connecticut to a depth of two feet. Peak flow of the Colorado is not expected until late in June. The lake is now 109 miles long, nearly 500 feet deep at the dam.

Boulder City . . .

Use of Boulder dam power in Arizona for the first time has been authorized by the Arizona Corporation commission, which has approved a contract between the federal Department of Interior and the Citizens Utilities, operating at Kingman for a maximum of 50,000,000 kilowatts annually. The utility will spend \$315,000 for transmission lines.

Needles, California, will get power from Boulder dam some time after September 1, according to I. C. Harris, acting construction engineer of the Boulder canyon project.

Austin . . .

Toiyabe National forest, containing 1,800,000 acres, has been reestablished by executive order of President Roosevelt. Headquarters of the new unit will be set up at Reno. Area includes the Santa Rosa division in Humboldt county and the old Toiyabe forest in Nye, Lander and Eureka counties. Headwaters of some of the most important watersheds in the state lie in the Toiyabe, some of Nevada's best game areas also. Alexander McQueen will be in charge.

Fallon . . .

Western Nevada counties of Churchill, Lyon and Pershing will try their luck with flax growing. One hundred acres have been signed for seeding, with a minimum of \$2.68 per hundred pounds guaranteed for the crop, says the Fallon Standard.

UTAH

Salt Lake . . .

Salt Lake has just launched its first dry-land yacht. It has a light hull, a 12-foot mast and is sloop rigged. Two of its three wheels are under the bow. The third wheel is hooked to the steering gear, aft. Under canvas spread to the desert winds this boat built to navigate the salt beds makes almost incredible speed. Egypt has dry-land yacht clubs on the Sahara, but local builders say their craft is the first of its kind in this part of the world.

Vernal . . .

Half of Utah's federal aid road building program for the fiscal year 1938 is completed or under construction, says a report of the state highway commission. Of 57 projects, involving nearly \$2,000,000, the report shows 22 as finished.

Monticello . . .

John Collier, national commissioner of Indian affairs, is censured in resolutions adopted here by 150 Navajos, for a "regime of gross injustice." Claiming to represent 70 per cent of the Navajo tribe, the assembly here accused Collier of "handpicking" the tribal council selected in 1937 and asked for a new councilmanic election.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque . . .

After 7 months' illness, David A. Shoemaker, chief of range management for the U. S. Forest service in New Mexico and Arizona, died at his home here, aged 44 years. He had worked 25 years with the forest service.

Santa Fe . . .

According to State Game Warden Wm. H. Sawtelle, complimentary hunting and fishing licenses will be issued to pioneers 70 years of age who have resided in New Mexico 25 or more consecutive years. Resident fishing licenses are \$1.75 and non-resident licenses \$3.00.

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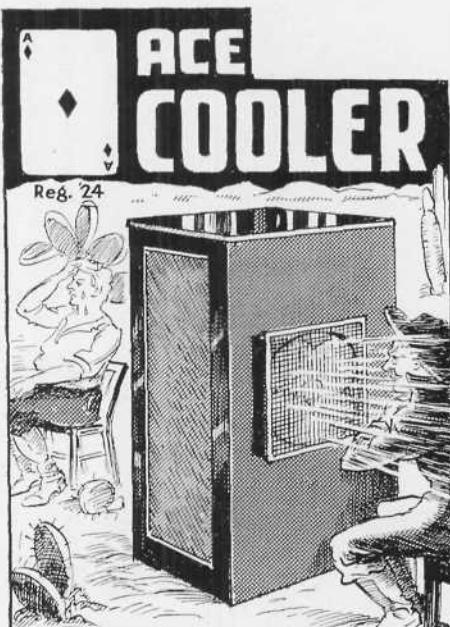
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DESERT PLACE NAMES

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

For the historical data contained in this department, the Desert Magazine is indebted to the research work done by Miss Scott; to the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names"; to Frances Rosser Brown of New Mexico and to Hugh O'Neil of Ogden, Utah.

ARIZONA

AGUIRRE PEAK (ah gher' re) Pima county

Southern end Baboquivari mountains, near Mexican line. After Epifanio Aguirre, killed by Apaches near this peak, a well known government contractor and freighter of early days. Born in Chihuahua, Mexico; educated in eastern U. S. Married Mary Bernard at Westport, Mo. Came west and settled in Chihuahua, Jan. 16 1870 he and a party were attacked near Sasabe, Arizona. All were killed except his brother, Conrado, who escaped. Aguirre's wife went back to Westport, in 1874 returned and taught school at Tucson for many years.

BLOXTON

Santa Cruz county

Station on Benson-Nogales branch of S. P. R. R. About 17 miles northeast of Nogales, on the Sanford ranch. Sanford ran about 13,000 sheep here in 1881 much to the disgust of his cattlemen neighbors. Named after Bob Bloxton, son-in-law of D. A. Sanford. (Arizona Yesterdays.)

BONELLIS CROSSING

Mohave county

Early Mormon settlement on Colorado river. Later called Stone's ferry. After Daniel Bonelli. According to Elliott, "Bonelli's ferry consisted of a flat boat which a man pulls across the river with a line. For two persons and a wagon the charge is \$10, with additional charge of 50 cents for each additional person. The river can be forded here but is very dangerous."

WHISPER MOUNTAIN

Coconino county

Near Flagstaff. Named by its discoverer, because the slightest whisper of people talking there can be heard more than half a mile away. Forest Supervisor Miller wrote, "It is somewhere near Sunset mountain. Unfortunately Mr. Conrad died before we could definitely locate it."

. . .

CALIFORNIA

CAJON (ka hone') San Bernardino county

Pass, settlement. Ele. 4300 ft. Crossed in March 1776 by Padre Francisco Garces; in 1826 by Jedediah Smith, first U. S. citizen to enter California overland; in 1851 by Mormon colonists who founded San Bernardino; in 1854 by Lieutenant Whipple, explorer. First pack train negotiated pass in 1831, led by Wm. Wolfskill. Word means "box-like; enclosed."

BOLINAS (bo leen' ahs)

Inyo county

Ridge. Sp. for "whale," referring to shape of large hill.

CUYAMACA (Kwee yah mah' kah)

San Diego county

Lake, rancho and peak. A Diegnan Indian word meaning "meeting of the winds," or "no rain beyond" and "end of fog." According to T. T. Waterman, anthropologist, U. C., the word comes from *kwee* (rain) and *amak* (yonder), referring to the peak's location between ocean and desert; or from *cuye* (eagle) and *maca* (nest). Peak is 4980 feet high.

FORT BENSON

Riverside county

In 1854 Jerome Benson, once a Mormon disciple, deserted the church. When the Elders refused to sell land to him because he was an outcast and backslider Benson settled on what he thought was government land. To defend his holdings, he lugged a small cannon to the place from the village of San Bernardino, installed this artillery in a small fort and loaded the piece with rocks. One blast from Fort Benson's rockcharged gun drove off would-be evictors, left Benson in undisturbed command. He finally got clear title to the property. Today nothing remains of the fort except a few stones marking a corner.

*Hetzel The
Photographer*

. . . of the desert

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GRAY'S WELLS

Imperial county

Named for Newt Gray of Holtville. Camp for workers on the plank road across the sand dunes to Yuma. First spike was driven February 13, 1915, with Ed Boyd promoter of the project. Imperial county furnished food and city and county of San Diego furnished lumber. First road was made of 2x12-inch planks nailed to cross-ties with two tracks, each 25 inches wide. Later it was changed to heavy cross planks, the full width of a wagon road. Parts of it may still be seen from the present paved highway, curving up and down across the dunes.

NEVADA

OWYHEE (oh y' hee)

Elko county

River. In 1778 Captain Cook gave this name to the Hawaiian islands and the Kana-ka influence was felt inland from the northwest coast, with an influx of islanders in the early half of the 19th century.

MOAPA (mo a' pa or mo ah' pa)

Clark county

Town and Indian reservation, originally *Moapariats*, meaning "the Mosquito creek people," a band of Pahutes who lived at one time in Moapa valley, southeastern Nevada.

NYE

county

Established 1864 out of a part of Esmeralda county; named after Gov. James W. Nye, first governor of Nevada territory, created by proclamation July 11, 1861.

LITTLE BANGOR

Washoe county

Mining and lumber camp established in 1863 and so called by citizens who came from Bangor, Maine.

MT. DAVIDSON

Storey county

Ele. 7827. Formerly known as "Sun peak." Named for Prof. George Davidson of the U. S. Coast survey.

NEW MEXICO

CUCHILLO (koo chee' yo)

Sierra county

Sp. "a single-bladed knife." May also mean one of six main feathers in a hawk's tail.

PUERTO DE LUNA (pwer' to day lun' ah)

Guadalupe county

Means literally "port of the moon."

TECOLOTE (tay ko low' tay)

San Miguel county

From the Aztec word *tecotl*, the ground owl. A Papago village in southwest Pima county, Arizona, at one time.

UTAH

CACHE (cash)

county

So called from the fact that early trappers and immigrants stored goods there as they passed through. Logan, the capital, located in 1859.

KANAB

Kane county

Plateau, village and creek. Settlement formed in 1870. Word doubtless of Indian origin; meaning unknown.

SALT LAKE CITY

Great Salt Lake was first seen by James Bridger in 1824-25. The city was founded and named by Brigham Young and party July 27, 1847.

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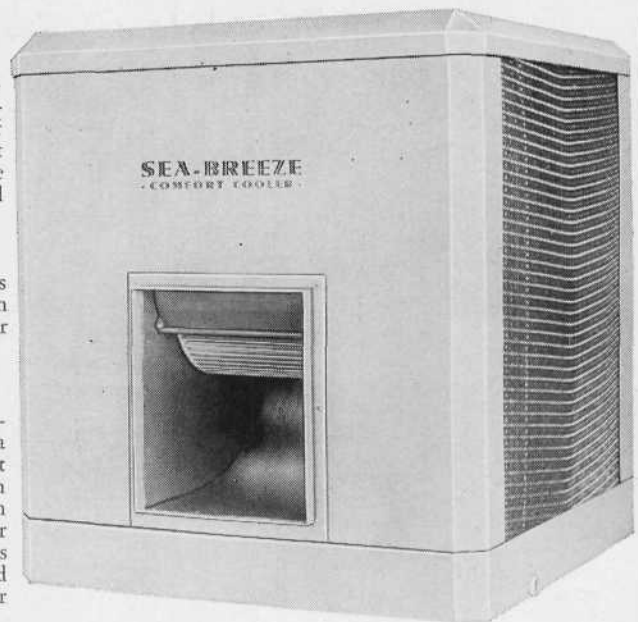
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SQUARE TOWER

of Hovenweep National monument. This is the correct title of the picture shown below. E. Boyd Hall of Santa Fe, New Mexico, identified the picture and won the cash prize offered by the Desert Magazine in May for the best letter of description. The winning manuscript giving the location of this Indian ruin is printed herewith.



By E. BOYD HALL

The Landmark picture in the Desert Magazine for May evidently was taken in the Hovenweep National monument of southeastern Utah, with the ruin called the "Square Tower" in the foreground.

These ruins may be reached from Cortez, 30 miles to the east in Colorado. Cortez may be reached over Highway 666 from Gallup, New Mexico (137 miles), or from Denver over Highway 160 by way of Walsenburg (advisable only in summer). There are also roads running south from U. S. 50 to Cortez.

While in the Hovenweep area the visitor should also see Yucca House, Aztec Ruins, Mesa Verde, Chaco, Canyon de

Chelly, all of which are in the same general area.

The ruins are thought to have been built by prehistoric Indians in their late period (Pueblo III) when their cultural level was at its peak, as indicated by pottery, weaving, etc. Whether drought or hostile nomadic tribes forced the abandonment of these dwellings, cannot be stated definitely. Scientists have pondered over the purpose for which the "Square Tower" was built. Its location in the bottom of the arroyo makes it necessary to discard the defense theory. One explanation is that it served as a stone age astronomical observatory. Pagan ceremonies may have centered around this tower. The best answer is only a guess.

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Announcement of Landmarks Contest

In one of the out-of-the-way canyons in the Colorado desert of Southern California, the above groups of native Washington palms are located—far removed from any others of their kind. In the more distant group a spring of good water is found.

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To the Desert Magazine reader who identifies this oasis and sends in the best descriptive article of not over 300 words a cash prize of \$5.00 will be paid. The answers should give geographical location, accessibility to highways or trails, and any other information which would interest desert visitors. If any legendary

material is available, that should be included.

This contest is open to all, regardless of place of residence, and the contest is to close on the evening of July 20. The winning answer will be published in the August number of the Desert Magazine.



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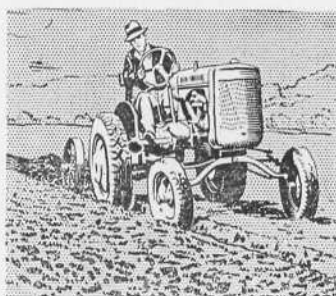
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DESERT MINING BRIEFS

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Confident that a new gold extraction process will enable them to extract gold and quicksilver from the briny deposits of Carson sink, prospectors have staked out thousands of acres in the area between Fernley and Fallon. It is asserted that in a demonstration run the newly invented process extracted \$8.00 to the ton.

Yuma, Arizona . . .

When a golden cone slipped through the fingers of Banker M. J. Hackett in the lobby of the San Carlos hotel here the banker's toes were endangered and a hole was punched in the tile floor. Kenneth Holmes brought the 23 1/4-pound lump of gold to the hotel from his mill at Araz. The gold was valued at \$11,995. When Mine Operator Holmes passed the cone to Banker Hackett for inspection it proved to be heavier than Hackett expected. Hotel Manager Charles Neeson said the three-inch hole in the floor would be repaired and a gold plate placed on it.

Silver City, New Mexico . . .

Notice from the Mining Association of the Southwest gives warning that assessment work on mining properties will probably be required after the end of the fiscal year June 30. Unless the moratorium in effect since 1932 is extended by the present session of Congress, all persons holding

Pioche, Nevada . . .

Development of vast fields of lowgrade silver, lead, zinc and manganese ore by using Boulder dam power is forecast here, with report of an interstate commerce commission order issued at Washington. I. C. C. authorized the Union Pacific railroad to acquire 8.69 miles of a line running west from this point. In its application for right to purchase, the U. P. said Combined Metals Reduction company plans to spend within the next five years \$2,600,000 on a mining plant near Las Vegas. The railroad would serve as outlet for ore reserves estimated at between 10,000,000 and 20,000,000 tons. National Lead and International Smelter are principal owners.

Prescott, Arizona . . .

Twenty-four councils of the Arizona Small Mine Operators association have been organized under direction of Charles F. Willis of Phoenix and state membership total is well above 1,000. Yuma has the youngest council, with J. M. Worthington as chairman; Roy E. Bennett, vice chairman and L. M. Snow, secretary. Goal of 3,000 members is the organization's aim.

Boulevard, California . . .

Heretofore all the jade found on the North American continent was in the form of ornaments taken from prehistoric ruins and supposed to have originated in Asia. Now comes a report that Konrad Kather, after prospecting 10 years on southern California deserts, has discovered a vein of jade nearly 2,000 feet long near here. K. K. is waiting to hear what mineralogists at the University of California decide about samples he sent to them.

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Writers of the Desert

CHARLES KELLY, who wrote "Graveyard of the Gods" in this number of the Desert Magazine is a resident of Salt Lake City and a printer by trade. Kelly merely writes as a hobby, but he has crammed a lot o' writin' into his leisure hours during the past few years.

Kelly is 49 years old and moved to Salt Lake City soon after the World war. He became interested in archeological exploration and his field trips led him across the old Donner trail so often that he became curious to know more about the ill-fated Donner expedition. Out of this research came "Salt Lake Trails." His second book was "Holy Murder," the biography of Porter Rockwell, Brigham Young's personal assassin.

Since then he has written "Old Greenwood," the story of an old trapper with the Fur Brigade; "Miles Goodyear," first citizen of Utah, and edited the journal of John D. Lee of Mountain Meadows Massacre fame. Kelly's sixth book, "Outlaw Trail" is to be released in the near future.

It is the story of Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch.

Kelly has made two trips through Glen canyon of the Colorado, and has planned a third excursion there this summer in an effort to find some old Spanish inscriptions reported to have been recorded on the rocks there.

He has made a special study of old emigrant names cut in the rocks along the overland trails, and is a recognized authority on Mormon history and other phases of pioneer activities in the Utah region.

• • •

ARTHUR WOODWARD, whose historical features have been so popular with Desert Magazine readers, is now working on the story of Father Garces who is perhaps the most colorful of all the early day desert padres. This article is scheduled for a future number of this magazine.

• • •

In submitting manuscripts to the Desert Magazine, writers should realize that good pictures are essential. The old days when any snapshot was a picture, are gone. So many good amateur camera fans are in the field now that there simply is no market for mediocre photography. The DM prefers glossy prints 5x7 or larger, with good sharp contrast.

❖ ❖ ❖

LIARS!

This page belongs to the Hot Air editor. During the summer months it will be devoted to a contest to determine which desert community is hottest. Imperial valley makes first bid in the story told below. Each month an award of \$5.00 will be given the contributor who sends in the best hot air story. The current contest closes June 30. The sky is the limit.

THE man wearing a yellow necktie sat where the sun could shine on him. He baked and baked and baked and kept cool doing it, somehow. A fellow commuter could restrain his curiosity no longer.

"I say," he exclaimed, "are you a salamander or what?"

"A what, I guess," said the man with the yellow necktie. "Why?"

"Well, you seem to soak up heat like a blotter blots up ink. How do you do it? Did you get frozen once upon a time?"

"No," the other replied. "I'm just used to the heat, that's all. I come from Imperial valley, California, where the rails melt."

"Gosh!" said the commuter. "Does it get that hot down there?"

The man with the yellow necktie turned with a look of triumph on his face.

"Friend," he said, "I've saw nails turn to liquid and run down the side of the house. I've saw anvils melt like butter. I've saw a cookstove, left out in the sun for half an hour, so soft you could fold it into a suitcase. I've saw a man take boilerplate and spread it like cheese with a caseknife. I've saw locomotives melt and run right off the track and leave nuthin' but a puddle. I've saw . . ."

"Say," cut in the commuter, "how do people live in a climate like that?"

The man from Imperial grinned. Then he took out a small jar and held it up.

"We use Jigsaw's Face and Skin Balm for Sunburn," he said. "I'm selling a few jars at cost just to introduce them . . ."

"Aw, go sell 'em to Satan," growled the commuter as he reached for his hat.

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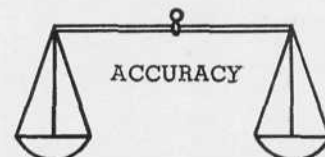
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of the desert Southwest, past and present.

RUTH M. UNDERHILL TELLS STORY OF PUEBLO INDIANS

SOUTHWESTERN history really begins with corn. That was many centuries before the white man came to America. No one knows whence the corn came, nor the exact period when it became the principal item of food—but to the Indian tribes of the great plateau region of Arizona and New Mexico—the Pueblo Indians we call them today—the beginning of the cultivation of corn was as epochal an event as the invention of the steam engine or the harnessing of electricity to modern civilization.

Thus does Ruth M. Underhill in **FIRST PENTHOUSE DWELLERS OF AMERICA** offer a partial explanation of the fact that certain tribes of American Indians built houses of mud and rock and attached themselves permanently to the land while others of the prehistoric groups on American soil continued to lead the life of nomads.

The "penthouse dwellers" discussed by the author include five general groups—Hopi, Zuni, Keres, and the two Tanoan groups, the Tewa and the Taos. The Hopi occupy three pueblos in northeastern Arizona, and the others are distributed over northwestern New Mexico in more than a score of villages.

They had developed a workable plan of communal life in which religion and government were practically synonymous long before Columbus came to America, and have clung tenaciously to their native traditions and customs in spite of invasions by alien enemy, the missionary efforts of clergy, and the well-meaning but not always helpful efforts of a paternal white man's government.

In open conflict they invariably lost to the white invaders—but neither Spaniard nor white American may penetrate the sacred kiva, that underground sanctum where religious beliefs are preserved and passed on from generation to generation.

In these days when both the state and the church of the white man are plagued by so many cross-currents of uncertainty, the codes and habits of a group of people who have been able to maintain the integrity of their traditional government and religion during 300 years of armed and unarmed invasion are of first interest. Especially so when this takes place right here on our own North American continent.

The author presents the historical background of the Pueblo Indians as the story has been pieced together through scientific research, and then devotes the major part of the book to a discussion of each

of the major groups, pointing out differences in the economic life and customs among the villages which would not be apparent to the casual visitor. It is a readable and informative book, by a writer well qualified to tell this story.

The publisher is J. J. Augustin of New York, and the volume is illustrated with human interest photographs taken by Lilian J. Reichard. R. H.

YALE PUBLISHES NEW BOOK OF INDIAN FOLKLORE

ORIGIN LEGENDS OF THE NAVAHO ENEMY WAY, By Father Bernard Haile, published by Yale University Press, New Haven, 320 pp. illustrated. This is No. 17 of the Yale University Publications in Anthropology. It is one of the monographs issued as the result of researches in the field of Anthropology which are conducted or sponsored by the Department of Anthropology in the graduate school of Yale, the Department of Anthropology of the Peabody Museum, and the Department of Anthropology of the Institute of Human Relations.

The present volume gives the original text and an excellent translation of this Navaho Origin Legend. The introductory remarks are vitally important, and the whole book is a most valuable contribution to the subject of folklore.

JULIA M. SETON.

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DESCRIPTIVE VERSES GIVE TRUE PICTURE OF DESERT

In lines that portray a remarkably true picture of her desert subjects, Irene Welch Grissom's book of poems *UNDER DESERT SKIES* is one of the most readable of several volumes of desert verse offered in recent years.

Thorny cholla, grotesque Joshua, ancient sahuaro—these and a score of other denizens of the wasteland are described with a simplicity which gives added charm to the author's work.

The poems for the most part are descriptive—but written by an observer who is keenly sensitive to the unspoken beauty of the things she found in the arid region and of the intangible lure of the desert as a whole.

Soft-toned photographs and pen and ink etchings by L. D. Cram and Glenn L. Spurgeon, staff artists for the Caxton Printers, who published the book, supplement the word pictures of the author to create a highly artistic volume.

• • •

OLD SANTA FE TRAIL SCENE OF HISTORICAL ROMANCE

There are few men as well acquainted with the history of the West as is Stanley Vestal, and no one better qualified to present a romance in its authentic setting. So that his *REVOLT ON THE BORDER*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston, has a double value in contemporary literature.

The scene is laid about the Santa Fe Trail at the time of its most dramatic history—1846, the year of the American Conquest. The characters of General Kearny, Governor Bent, La Tules and other mountain men all figure in the tale; and anyone interested in a picturesque presentment of pioneer history would do well to read the present story.

JULIA M. SETON.

• • •

THE LADY LAUGHS

By ROBERTA CHILDERS
GOLDFIELD, NEVADA

Our desert mother nature
Has a lot of fun,
So take a look about you,
And see what she has done.

She mixes violent colors
And clashes them at will;
Her plot of dead, dry tumbleweeds
Makes freckles on a hill.

Threads needles of the Joshua
With silk her spiders spun.
She bakes a tiny biscuit hill
Upon a mountain bun.

Her old limbs curled like rattlesnakes
Will make your blood run cold.
Pass rocks that glint and glisten,
She's kidding you—Fool's gold!

Her warm sun beats and there's no shade,
There isn't even a breeze.
She pretends at last to make amends,
At night—doggone, you'll freeze.

PUBLIC LANDS TO BE SOLD FOR HOMESITES

On June 1 President Roosevelt signed H. R. 8008 which authorizes the Secretary of Interior to sell or lease vacant and unreserved public lands in 5-acre tracts for homesites, recreation and other purposes.

This measure was sponsored by Congressman Izac of San Diego, and involves a radical departure from homestead laws which have been in operation to the present time.

Since a large part of the public land available for purchase and settlement under this act lies in the desert region of the Southwest, the operation of the new law may have an important bearing on future development of the desert areas.

The Desert Magazine will keep its readers informed as to regulations issued from time to time by the Secretary in carrying out the provisions of the new law. The full text of the measure is as follows:

AN ACT

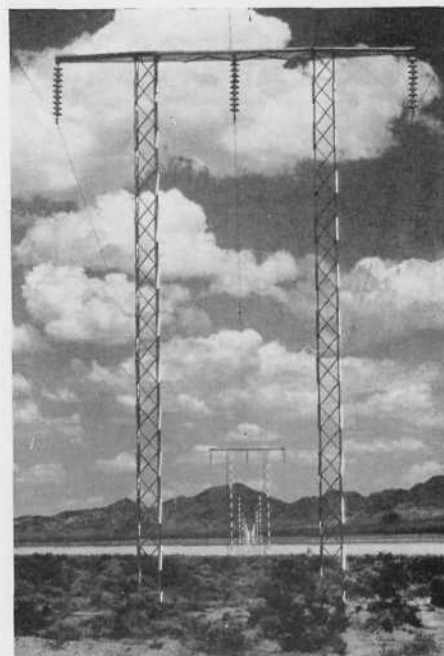
To provide for the purchase of public lands for home and other sites.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Interior, in his discretion, is authorized to sell, or lease, to any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who has filed his declaration of intention to become such a citizen, as required by the naturalization laws, a tract of not exceeding five acres of any vacant, unreserved, surveyed public land, or surveyed public land withdrawn or reserved by the Secretary of the Interior for any other purposes, or surveyed lands withdrawn by Executive Orders numbered 6910 of November 26, 1934, and 6964 of February 5, 1935, for classification, which the Secretary may classify as chiefly valuable as a home, cabin, camp, health, convalescent, recreational, or business site in reasonably compact form and under such rules and regulations as he may prescribe, at a price to be determined by him, for such use: Provided, That no tract shall be sold for less than the cost of making any survey necessary to properly describe the land sold; that no person shall be permitted to purchase more than one tract under the provisions of this Act, except upon a showing of good faith and reasons satisfactory to the Secretary, and that patents for all tracts purchased under the provisions of this Act shall contain a reservation to the United States of the oil, gas, and other mineral deposits, together with the right to prospect for, mine, and remove the same under such regulations as the Secretary may prescribe: Provided further, That this Act shall not apply to any lands in the Territory of Alaska.

Passed the House of Representatives April 18, 1938.

Attest:

SOUTH TRIMBLE,
Clerk.



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Please let us know how we can serve you desert power at our low rates and with our famous free services.

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Just Between You and Me

By Randall Henderson

IF I were asked to name the three most impressive members of the desert plant kingdom my answer would be—Saguaro cactus, Washingtonia palm and Joshua tree.

There are other shrubs and trees in the arid region more colorful than these, some more graceful, and perhaps a few more interesting (from the botanical standpoint). But none of the others dominates the landscape of its habitat as impressively as these three.

The desert palm is my hobby. The paradox of the Washingtonia is that a tree which requires an excessive amount of moisture at its roots should be found as a native only in the one part of western America where the water supply is least plentiful.

Regardless of my fondness for the palm, however, I am willing to concede that for showmanship the Joshua tree is by all odds the most striking member of the trio I have named. The Joshua has what the lecturer on salesmanship calls personality-plus. It is a clown, a villain, an elusive fairy, a grandfather, a witch—in fact it is everything or anything you want to make of it.

* * *

Recently I took time off for a rambling trip through the Joshua forest which extends from Lancaster and Palmdale across the southern part of the Mojave desert to Barstow and 29 Palms. The highway along nearly every mile of this back-of-the-mountains route across Southern California is through more or less dense forests of Joshuas. And along much of the route the desert floor was carpeted with yellow flowers of many species.

Near Palmdale I called at the Earl Desert Estates where M. Penn Phillips and his associates are creating a new town. It was gratifying to note that the subdividers are preserving the natural aspects of the desert landscape as far as possible. The buyers of cabinsite tracts mostly are people from the coast side of the Sierra Nevada range who plan to spend their weekends where the air is clear and the sun nearly always shines.

When the new Angelus Forest highway directly over the mountains to Palmdale is completed, Los Angeles will be only an hour by motor from the edge of the Mojave desert.

The surprising thing to me is that residents of the coast metropolitan area have so long overlooked the health and recreational opportunities of the desert slope of the coast range. I believe the future will see increasing numbers of city office workers commuting over highly improved roads through the mountain passes to permanent homes among the Joshua trees. Recently the supervisors of Los Angeles county set aside a thousand acres of the Joshua forest for park and recreational purposes.

The Desert Magazine seems to have loyal friends everywhere. At Lancaster I found Gordon W. Fuller eager to contribute some of his fine photography. At Palmdale, Henry Loft and his sister Bonnie of the South Antelope Valley Press gave me many interesting sidelights on their sector of the Mojave plateau.

Also, at Palmdale I found a charming bit of early California, both in the architecture of the Casa del Adobe hotel and the hospitality of its hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Mennig.

By all odds the most interesting institution in the Antelope valley region is the Indian Museum erected and maintained by Mr. and Mrs. H. Arden Edwards, Los Angeles school teachers. The building which houses the museum is perched among the rocks of Piute Butte 25 miles east of Lancaster. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards began collecting Indian artifacts as a hobby—and now have a display unique in many respects. Readers of the Desert Magazine will hear more about the Edwards family.

On the way to Victorville I stopped at the little cabin of W. A. Chamberlain whose remote desert crafts shop is described in this number of the magazine.

At Barstow I visited the studio of F. V. Sampson who lives part of the time in a cavern out among the rocks and has taken a series of remarkable pictures of small desert mammals. Sampson has so won the confidence of the squirrels and rabbits he is able to take close-ups of them in their natural haunts.

* * *

Everywhere in the desert are interesting people to meet and strange natural phenomena to learn about. I return from such a trip as this with ideas and material for a hundred-page Desert Magazine—and then my Scotch partner "Mac" brings me back to earth with a reminder that we will have to get some more subscribers and advertisers before we move up into the 100-page class.

* * *

Congressman Izac's bill providing for the sale of public lands in five-acre tracts has been signed by the President. And now it remains for Secretary Ickes of the Interior department to draft the regulations under which the land will be sold. This new measure may be a tremendous benefit to the West—or a headache. We'll await the next step with interest. In the meantime, some of those gullible tenderfeet who have been buying 10-acre rock piles in the Chocolate mountains of Southern California from wildcat salesmen may wish they had waited until they could make an honest deal with Uncle Sam.



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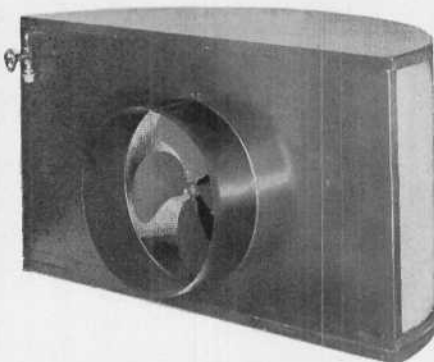
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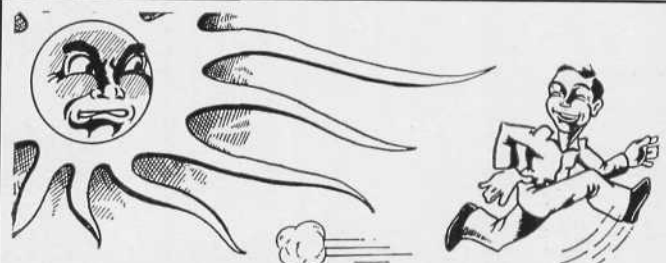
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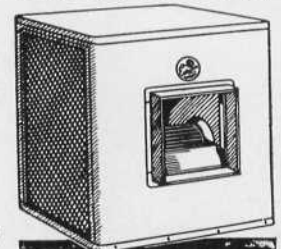
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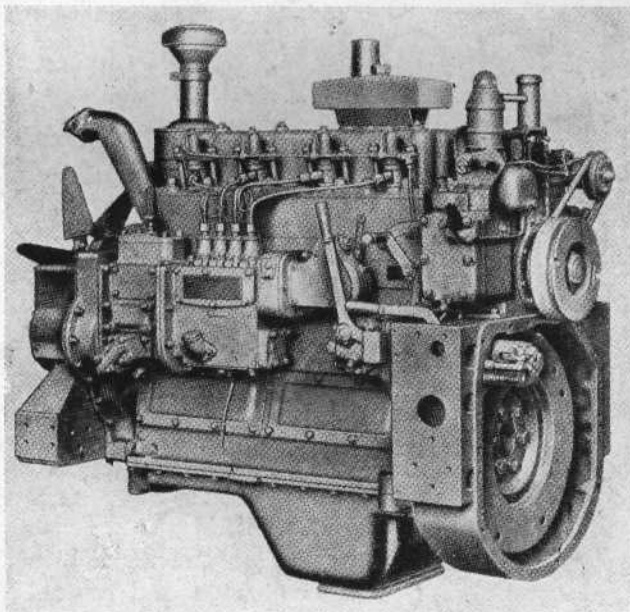
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