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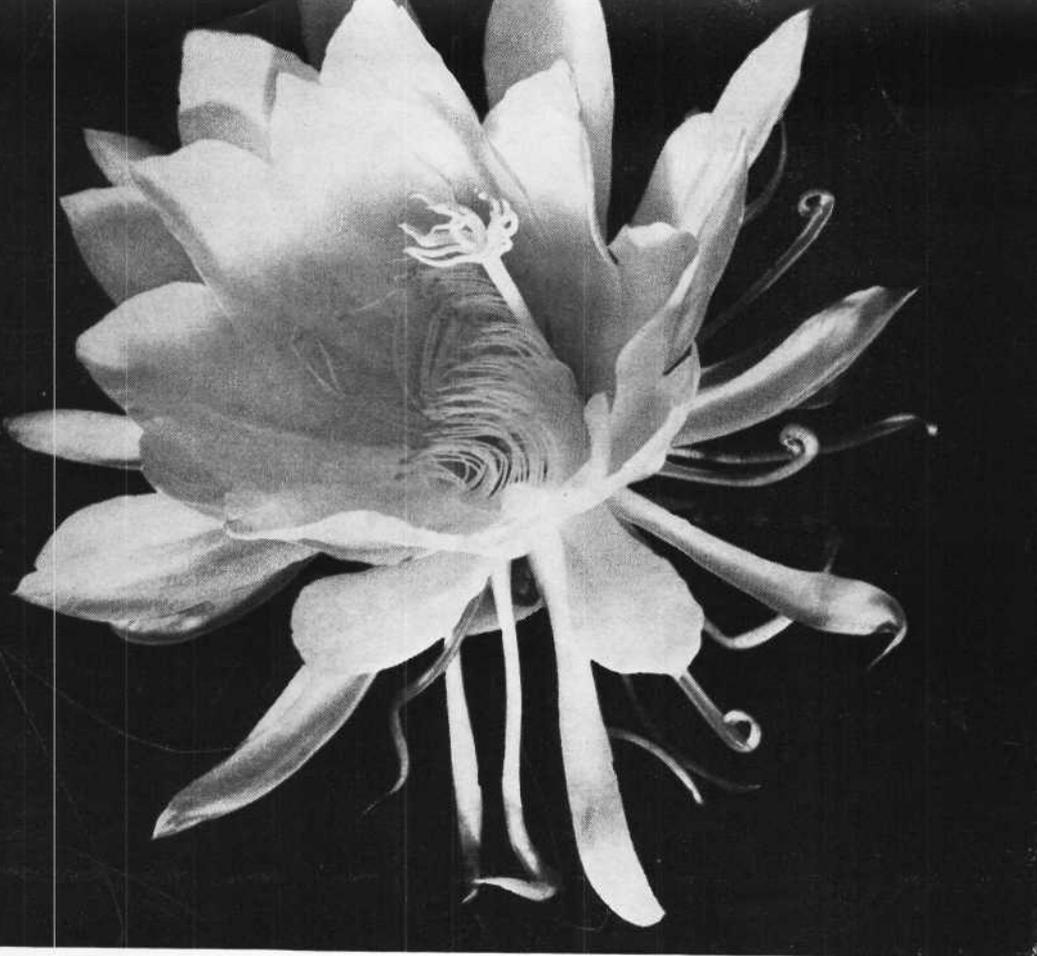
Desert

M A G A Z I N E



MARCH, 1940

25 CENTS



Queen of the Desert Night

(*Epiphyllum macropterum*)

By IVAN B. MARDIS
Tucson, Arizona

This picture of one of the night blooming cereus species was awarded first prize in the Desert Magazine's amateur photographic contest for January. Taken with an Avus Voightlander at f32, 3 seconds, with floodlights.

Special Merit

In addition to the prize winning pictures, the following amateur photographers entered pictures of more than ordinary quality:

Dick Freeman, Los Angeles, California.

L. B. Dixon, Del Mar, California.

R. B. Cadwalader, Los Angeles, California.

...

Ancient Mill

By ARLES ADAMS
El Centro, California

Awarded second prize in the January photographic contest of the Desert Magazine. These metates were found under an overhanging rock along the western rim of the Southern California desert. Photograph taken with a Kodak Recomar 18 with Plenachrome film, 1/25 sec. at f8.



DESERT Calendar

- MAR. 1 Miliza Korjus, star of The Great Waltz, in recital Plaza theater, Palm Springs, California.
- 2-3 Motorboat racing on Salton sea, sponsored by Palm Springs-Coachella Valley Motorboat Racing association.
- 2-10 Imperial County Midwinter fair, Imperial, California. Dorman V. Stewart, secretary.
- 3 Third annual student rodeo, Arizona university, Tucson. College student competitors from 5 southwest states.
- 3 Demonstration of pottery making by Lulu Howard and Lena Meskeer, St. Johns Indian reservation, program of Arizona museum, Phoenix.
- 8-10 First annual Indian show and ceremonies, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 9-10 Hell Hole canyon in Borrego valley to be visited by Southern California Sierra club. Leaders Mr. and Mrs. Russell Hubbard.
- 10-16 Annual spring music festival at University of Arizona, Tucson. Alec Templeton, featured artist, to appear March 13.
- 12-24—Flagellation of *Los Penitentes* in Rio Grande settlements, from Espanolo north to Taos, New Mexico. Not open to public.
- 13 Piñon nuts subject of Dr. Elbert L. Little, ecologist, at Phoenix, Arizona museum.
- 15 Alec Templeton in piano recital at Palm Springs Plaza theater.
- 16-24 Sierra club will visit central Arizona and Grand Canyon, led by E. Stanley Jones, Al Baldwin and Frank A. Schilling of Los Angeles.
- 17-24 Holy Week celebrated with processions and ceremonies in Spanish-American villages of New Mexico.
- 17 Winter championship gymkhana at Palm Springs.
- 17 Arizona Cactus and Native Flora society meets at Phoenix. Mrs. Gertrude D. Webster, president.
- 18-19 New Mexico Cattle Growers association meets in Gallup.
- 20 Bird banding topic of Natt N. Dodge, park naturalist, Arizona Museum, Phoenix.
- 22 Early Indians of Southern California subject of Edwin F. Walker, Southwest Museum archaeologist, at Sierra club meeting, Boos Bros., Los Angeles.
- 23-24 Agua Caliente springs near Vallecito setting for weekend of Sierra club. Pat Carmichael leader.
- 28-30 Desert cavalcade, annual festival of Calexico, California. Al Vierhus, association president; Mrs. Rose Brown, pageant chairman.
- 28-31 La Fiesta del Sol and horseshow at Phoenix. P. B. Murphy, secretary.



Volume 3

MARCH, 1940

Number 5

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Monrovia, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Desert Magazine for February just to hand. The 12 '39s are in regular order in the nice binder you sent to me upon the renewal of my subscription. Thank you.

Am pleased to note that Marshal South is to be a contributor. I read his "Desert Refuge," in the Saturday Evening Post.

In one of my scrapbooks I have his essay, "The Rule of Power," published in The Los Angeles Times many years ago. Have also three stirring verses, "America," which I committed to memory.

It was in the American Magazine I believe that I found that wonderful poem, "Progress," written by Mr. South during the World War. In some way the magazine was lost before I copied it but fragments remained in my mind for years after and finally I wrote to Mr. South at Oceanside and asked him if he would kindly take the trouble to send me a copy of the poem. By return mail came a letter with the leaf taken from the magazine. He apologized for the somewhat worn condition, saying it was the last one he had. At once I made a copy and returned the leaf with my thanks. Promptly came back a reply thanking me for its return. I have made many copies since for friends who appreciated the poem.

Perhaps some day I may have the opportunity to meet Mr. South in person, at least I hope so.

W. H. MARQUIS.

• • •

Morongo Valley, California

Dear Editor:

No author tells about it in the famous Desert "Mag."

Like they do 'bout other places when they want to boast and brag.

But Morongo never grumbles nor complains about its lot,

For the Master-Mind remembers what most writers have forgot;

And the beauty of the valley—coming from the hand of Him—

Shall delight the eyes of thousands when the printed page is dim.

Joshua trees with arms a-pointing north and south and east and west,

Yucca's flaming candle lighting up the hillside's rugged breast,

Spanish dagger's warning challenge to the stranger passing by,

A coyote's dismal howling where the deep-scarred canyons lie,

Wild birds practicing their music—these tell more, in Nature's way—

'Bout the Valley of Morongo than what writers try to say.

Oh! there is no author living who can picture the scene

Like the Master-Mind has writ it on the desert's age-old screen.

CASSIE WILLIAMS.

• • •

Lemon Grove, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

In the quiz of the last issue of the Desert there is a question (19) dealing with ocotillo and hedionilla. I have always heard that the word hedionilla applied to the creosote bush. The use of the word to mean ocotillo is new to me. Can you give me any information in this regard?

FLETCHER A. CARR.

You are right. Hedionilla is the Mexican name for creosote bush. Quiz editor apologizes to you and all the other Quiz fans.

—R. H.

LETTERS

Las Vegas, Nevada

Gentlemen:

I wish to thank you for the binder for 1939; I consider my Desert Magazine invaluable and I treasure the copies that I have.

May I offer a suggestion, or even make a request, that at some future time you publish an article on the prehistoric flaking of arrow points, dart points with an authentic explanation of the method used by the prehistoric Indian in flaking these implements.

As a desert rat and an amateur archaeologist, I am both interested in and grieved at the ignorance of the tourist on this subject.

Thank you for your attention and wishing the Desert Magazine unlimited success, I am
W. S. PARK.

Thank you for the suggestion, Dr. Park, and I assure you such an article will appear in the Desert Magazine a little later.
—R. H.

• • •

Santa Maria, California

Gentlemen:

I was interested in the article "Massacre Cave" by Richard Van Valkenbergh in the last issue of your magazine.

The author may have wondered why there were no skulls in the cave. I got nearly the same story as printed from a man whose father ran a boarding house in that part of Arizona many years ago. The Indians told him about the cave.

He said he and his brothers, probably before 1900, visited the cave and took away several sacks of skulls which they sold, or at least offered for sale, to the Smithsonian Institute. This will probably clear up why there were no skulls among the bones in the picture.

H. B. TAKKEN.

• • •

Chloride, Arizona

Dear Editor:

At the end of the year 1939 there is one thing that I am very thankful for—and that is the grand Desert Magazine. Have the first issue, and wouldn't part with it for many times the price offered for it today.

If I ever remain in one place long enough, I want to order the few issues I have missed. I have been out in the sticks for two years and have been unable to get to town often enough to get the full set.

To make sure that I get all of them in the future I am sending in two subscriptions, for myself and my daughter. With best wishes for the success and continuance of a real magazine.

MRS. IVA M. IRELAN.

• • •

Gentlemen:

Sunland, California

I have been around the desert since 88. Now at the newsstands there are so many it is difficult for a person to find the magazine he is looking for.

My advice to you would be to keep as a permanent cover the burro picture on Desert Magazine of January 1940. There is no pen that can write it so well—the cacti and burro too.

EBERT.

Bolivar, Missouri

Gentlemen:

Through a friend of mine I have received a year's subscription to the Desert Magazine. I have received two numbers of it and have read them from cover to cover. What a delightful publication it is and what fascination its pages have furnished me.

I have been through much of the desert country of the west, and to me there was nothing but sand, sage brush, prairie dogs and cacti, scorched by a burning hot sun. Nothing at all that appealed to me or gave me any thrill. But your splendid magazine has taught me one thing in particular. There is a thrill, and things to appreciate, in any country where you learn to live and to see with your eyes and hear with your ears, the beauties of the scenery and the charm nature has in store for you.

From my home here in the Ozarks I can readily appreciate how much I would like to belong to one of those desert societies that has for its purpose the study of the various kinds of sand and rock formations and plant life of the desert. It is so strange and so different from the life and earth formations of other parts of the world.

All people seem to love the environment in which they have lived for a long period of time, whether it be on the sands of the desert, in the towering mountains of the Rockies, the broad prairies of Kansas or the Dakotas, the corn belt of Iowa or the hills and hollows of the Ozarks.

How we love our Ozarks! High mountains, covered with beautiful forest trees that roll and sway in the breeze like the restless ocean waves. Deep canyons, rich fertile valleys, fine orchards and vineyards, and best of all, clear cool mountain springs that burst from the mountain sides and form rushing mountain streams that go dancing and singing between moss covered banks and over miniature waterfalls down to their home in the sea. To my mind there is no place in all the world so full of genuine joy and pleasure as a walk by the side of one of these little clear bubbling mountain streams.

Was there ever a scene so enchanting
Or a fairyland filled with such thrills
As an evening by the clear crystal waters
Of a creek that flows down through the hills?

To me there is none, and your magazine has taught me to have a profound respect for the love that all people have for their native soil. I shall look forward with a lot of pleasure to each of the remaining numbers of your fine magazine.

W. S. WHITE.

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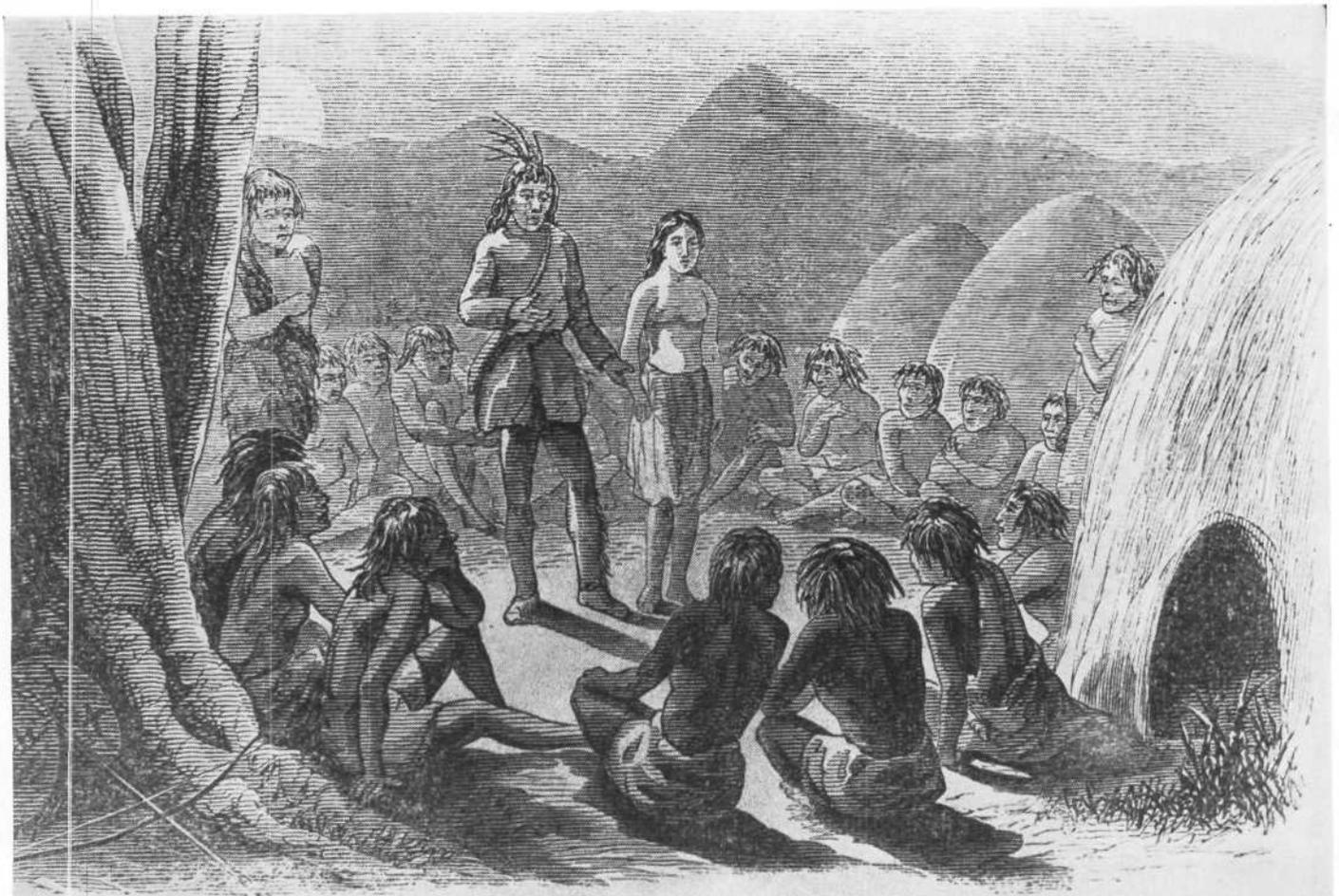
San Bernardino, California

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find two poems which I offer you to publish. I'm a prospector and have a fourth interest in a Death Valley gold mine, from which we have taken \$17,000 since 1934, and most of which went back down the hole to find more ore. I come to San Bernardino quite often so I keep a mail box there if you choose to use either or both of these. Your autograph on a check would surprise me most pleasantly.

LEON NOYES.

Thanks, old-timer. I like your verses, but the Desert Magazine is like your gold mine. We are taking out some good ore—but it is all going back in the hole. I hope one of these days we will strike a rich lead—and then we'll start paying the Poets. Just now all we can offer them is "Thank you."
—R. H.



OLIVE BEFORE THE INDIAN COUNCIL.

Slave Girl of the Mojaves

In the bitter conflict between Indian and white emigrant for the possession of the southwestern territory there was treachery and cowardice — but there was also courage and honor. Perhaps in no other episode in the history of western America are these opposing traits in human nature brought so conspicuously into the foreground as in the tragic story of the Oatman family which attempted to cross the desert plains in 1851-2. Here is a story of savage cruelty—and of a white boy whose loyalty and devotion deserve a finer tribute than has so far been given.

By OREN ARNOLD

LOYCE OATMAN had been warned repeatedly of the grave danger of traveling across the Arizona desert. In 1852 it was a hazardous undertaking even for a strong wagon train with a military escort. And he was traveling with his family alone.

But he scoffed at the stories of Indian depredations. He was determined to reach California, and with a courage born of ignorance he plodded ahead. It was on the trek from the village of Pimole, Arizona to Fort Yuma, that he paid the penalty for his foolhardiness.

Young Lorenzo Oatman first saw the danger that day, and touched his father's arm.

"Whoa!" The father halted his oxen. Then to his wife—"There is a movement yonder. It may be redskins!"

To keep from revealing her terror Mrs. Oatman began re-arranging things in their food box. Olive, the oldest girl, was standing wide-eyed on the opposite side of the wagon, and little Mary Ann was holding the line that controlled the oxen.

The suspense was not long. Hideously painted, nude save for G-strings, the Indians suddenly let out deafening shrieks and came swinging their war clubs. Oatman's one rifle could not stop them. Lorenzo Oatman, the 15-year-old son, was struck first on the head. As his knees folded he caught a glimpse of mother reaching for her baby, heard Olive scream,



OLIVE OATMAN.

then knew nothing more. That was in mid-afternoon.

What happened there was virtually inevitable. It was, moreover, symbolic of the march of empire which seems ever to have advanced in tragedy and blood. The Oatman episode was not the greatest drama in the Indian troubles, and not necessarily the most tragic, but it was the one that ultimately most inflamed people everywhere. It commanded first regional, then national attention, due doubtless to the fact that the central figures were lovely Olive Oatman and her little sister, Mary Ann. Their true story became the best-seller book of its day, and even in 1940 is a veritable saga, although to our modern shame not even a suitable marker is on the spot of the massacre.

The attack occurred near the Gila river in what was then the territory of New Mexico, later Arizona territory. It is almost as wild looking today as it was in 1852, although it may now be reached by a 20-minute side trip from paved Highway 80, turning at the village of Sentinel. On modern trips, Agua Caliente is nearest white settlement to the site.

The Oatmans were an eastern family with more courage than discretion, an independent party of California gold seekers. Besides the parents and the

four children mentioned, there were Lucy, C. A. Boyce, Jr., and a babe in arms, seven children in all, crawling westward in an unescorted covered wagon along the dangerous Mexican frontier. Less than a thousand whites lived then in all of Arizona.

I have here omitted the horror details of the massacre itself. That was only the beginning of the story anyway.

When young Lorenzo Oatman regained consciousness the moon was gleaming in his face. Efforts at rising were halted by extreme pain and he never knew how long he took in gaining his hands and knees. He sat there trying to think. Blood was all over him now. Blood! . . . Memory of the attack surged back strong!

He looked around and presently saw the family wagon silhouetted, a black skeleton of itself, on a rock bluff 20 feet above him. Evidently he had been thrown over for dead. But he had fallen in soft sand.

He climbed back up there. Mutilated bodies of his mother, father, brothers and sisters lay around — all but Olive and Mary Ann. These two girls were nowhere to be found. The wagon had been ransacked, burned. The oxen were missing as was everything else of value. Lorenzo was almost crazed with horror and pain. He knew not where to go, yet he couldn't just sit there and wail. He started walking. He found water in the Gila river, but near



LORENZO OATMAN.

the next midday he realized that he would soon die of hunger if food could not be found.

Help came unexpectedly. He had trudged aimlessly, suffering acutely and fighting the most terrifying of hallucinations, when he was terrified in reality by the appearance of two Indians. They were mounted, and coming directly toward him.

Miraculously, these proved to be friendly hunters (probably Pima or Papago) not Apache as the killers had been. They carried him safely back to the white village of Pimole from which the Oatmans had started their desert trek.

Alone, penniless, and attracting much attention and sympathy, Lorenzo begged for an expedition to try to rescue his sisters. Sympathy, however, was all that could be given him. To arm 50 men and start searching in the wild hills would be suicidal, the settlers declared. It was sound reasoning from their standpoint but it did not satisfy Lorenzo. Fury and yearning settled within the lad. He began then and there to devote his life to a search for his sisters.

Another party of travelers came through the village and offered to take Lorenzo on to Fort Yuma, his original goal. He went with them—braving the same hazardous journey as before—and

Illustrations accompanying this story are copies of etchings made by an artist named Felter in 1857. The portraits of Olive and Lorenzo are said to be excellent likenesses. The tattoo marks were put on Olive's face by the Mojaves. The picture of the massacre was drawn from the detailed account told by Olive and Lorenzo. The Fort Yuma scene shows the commander greeting Olive on her return with Francisco, her rescuer, immediately beyond them. Francisco points to the Indian maiden who helped him get the white girl away from the tribesmen. In the records this Indian girl is referred to as the "princess."

re-visited the place of the massacre. Bones of the dead were buried but no trace of Olive and Mary Ann was found. In Fort Yuma Lorenzo went at once to Commander Heintzleman as friends had suggested.

"Your sisters have probably been killed by this time," the officers assured the boy.

"But they weren't killed with the others!"

"Well, the redskins just wanted to torture them and kill them that night, probably, son. That's Apache fashion, you know."

"No!" Lorenzo insisted. "Other Indians, friendly Pimas, say they have heard rumors of two white captives in the Apache camps."

The officers smiled, in fancied kindness and wisdom.

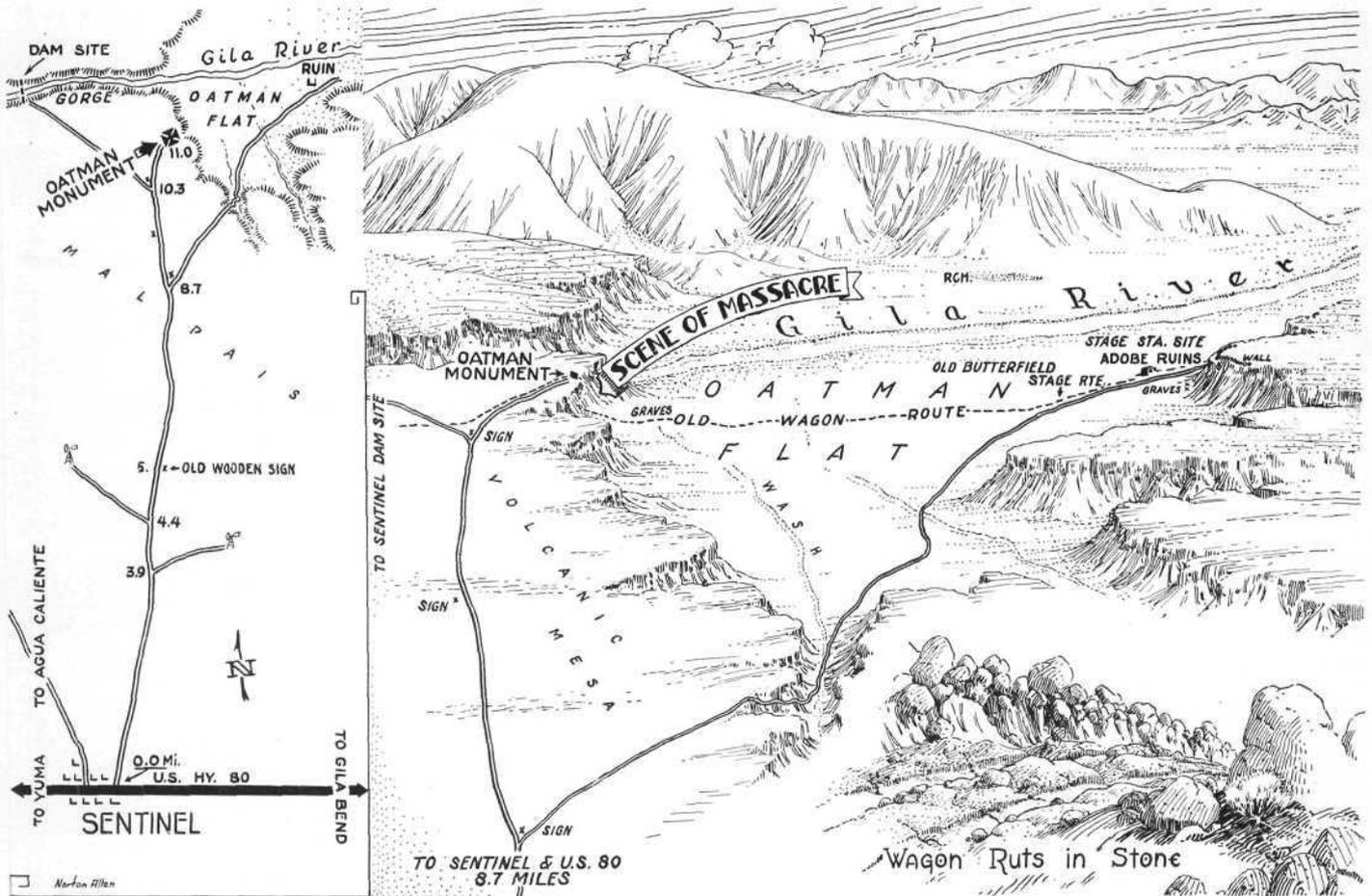
"Hardly," one of them said. "Of what value would two mere girls be as captives? Especially one just seven?"

Lorenzo saw it was hopeless to argue with soldiers. He told his story to miners, prospectors and others who drifted in. Considerable interest was aroused after a few weeks and finally a group of men met one night and discussed the matter thoroughly. Other rumors, bearing out the reported captivity of the girls, had sifted in by then. The men armed themselves and took provisions, determined to set out on a rescuing expedition. The soldiers stepped in again.

"No," ordered the commander. "It cannot be permitted. To begin with, all we have to go on is the word of a scared boy. Second, you are not strong enough in numbers and equipment to make the long trip that would be necessary. You



THE MASSACRE.



would have to go 200 miles or more from the fort. You would all be ambushed and killed."

Lorenzo's disappointment was maddening. A Dr. Hewit had befriended him, giving him clothing and a place to stay. He was so incensed for the boy that he took him and departed for San Francisco, hoping to enlist a party of volunteers there for the search. Soon, however, Dr. Hewit was called east on a personal matter and Lorenzo Oatman was left in San Francisco alone. The coast city at that time was gold mad; everything centered around the fabulous wealth to be taken from the nearby streams. Nobody could be interested in a boy's tale of Indians. Lorenzo found employment easily enough but he made no friends. Every hour his mind held to one absorbing theme — to find Olive and Mary Ann. This distraction doubtless interfered with his work, for he was injured and lost the job he had. He went then to the nearby mines to work. One night he told his tragic story to a group of hard men. They listened attentively for a while.

But his heartfelt narrative was mistaken for a yarn, nothing else. Every subsequent effort he made to tell it there met with incredulity and scoffing. In his anxiety he left his job and went with a party of travelers to Los Angeles, hoping to arouse some interest there. This was in October of 1854.

The three years had added stature and strength to Lorenzo Oatman. Starting anew, he told his story this time with better results. A man can be believed when a boy cannot; Lorenzo at 18 appeared almost a man. In Los Angeles, he heard some news brought by travelers.

"They are saying in Yuma," one new arrival declared, "that two girls by the name of Oatman were captured a while back, and one of them is still living with the Mojaves, away to the north of there."

This was combined hope and sorrow for Lorenzo. And somewhat confusing. Olive and Mary Ann had been captured by Apaches. Conceivably the girls had been sold to the Mojave tribe, but if just one were reported now, one must have died.

Another detail was that a Mr. Grinnell at Fort Yuma had become interested in the fate of the Oatman family and was actively trying to promote a rescue party. Lorenzo wanted to go back there but he had no money. Fort Yuma was nearly 300 miles from Los Angeles.

A party of miners was being organized, he learned, to travel eastward across California to prospect in hills reputedly rich with gold. They would go almost to the Colorado river. Yuma was on the Colorado, and although Yuma was farther south Lorenzo joined the party hoping to go somewhere near the Mojave Indian

country. Meanwhile he told his story again and again with all the force a stalwart young man could command. People believed him now. Many of the men had by now heard the same story from other sources. Lorenzo's hope was to convert this prospecting party into a rescue expedition which might at least learn the fate of Olive and Mary Ann. He couldn't pay the men for it. It would be necessary to sell them the idea as a volunteer move. He almost succeeded. The party actually crossed the Colorado river into Arizona but when the time came to go into the dangerous Indian country they balked. Stories of Indian atrocities were too frightening, and the group marched back.

In Los Angeles again Lorenzo joined a surveying party headed for the same general area. Under strict government regulation, this party could not leave its assigned duties but Lorenzo was permitted to do some scouting on his own.

"He took great risks," it is recorded. "He would outfit himself and travel alone to distant Indian villages, not knowing whether they would be friendly or otherwise. But he heard conflicting stories concerning Olive's fate and so accomplished nothing. Everywhere it was said that she was alive, but that was all. The Apaches had traded her to the Mojaves. The Mojaves were somewhere else."

Lorenzo joined at least two other sur-

veying groups with no important results; then finally went again to Yuma in 1855. By chance a letter had been left there for him by a Mr. Rowlit saying little but verifying reports that Olive still lived. Rowlit had been in the Indian country himself and had authentic news of the captive girl. Only one girl was mentioned now, a grown girl. Lorenzo again deduced that Mary Ann must have died.

His next move was to prepare a full statement of his case and send it to the Los Angeles Star. This newspaper published it "with some well-timed and stirring remarks." The story of the Oatmans had, during the past four years, begun to spread all over the west. Lorenzo's published letter aroused great interest whereas his tearful pleadings as a boy had evoked only laughter. Soon thereafter a Mr. Black came to Los Angeles from Yuma with more news.

"The Mojave Indian chief sent a messenger to Fort Yuma," Black reported "and offered to sell two white girls to the commander of the fort. The price wasn't high but the commander refused."

The Star published that detail and indignation soared. Only alibi the commander had was that he couldn't afford to be obligated to an enemy chieftain, and

didn't believe the story about the captive girls anyway.

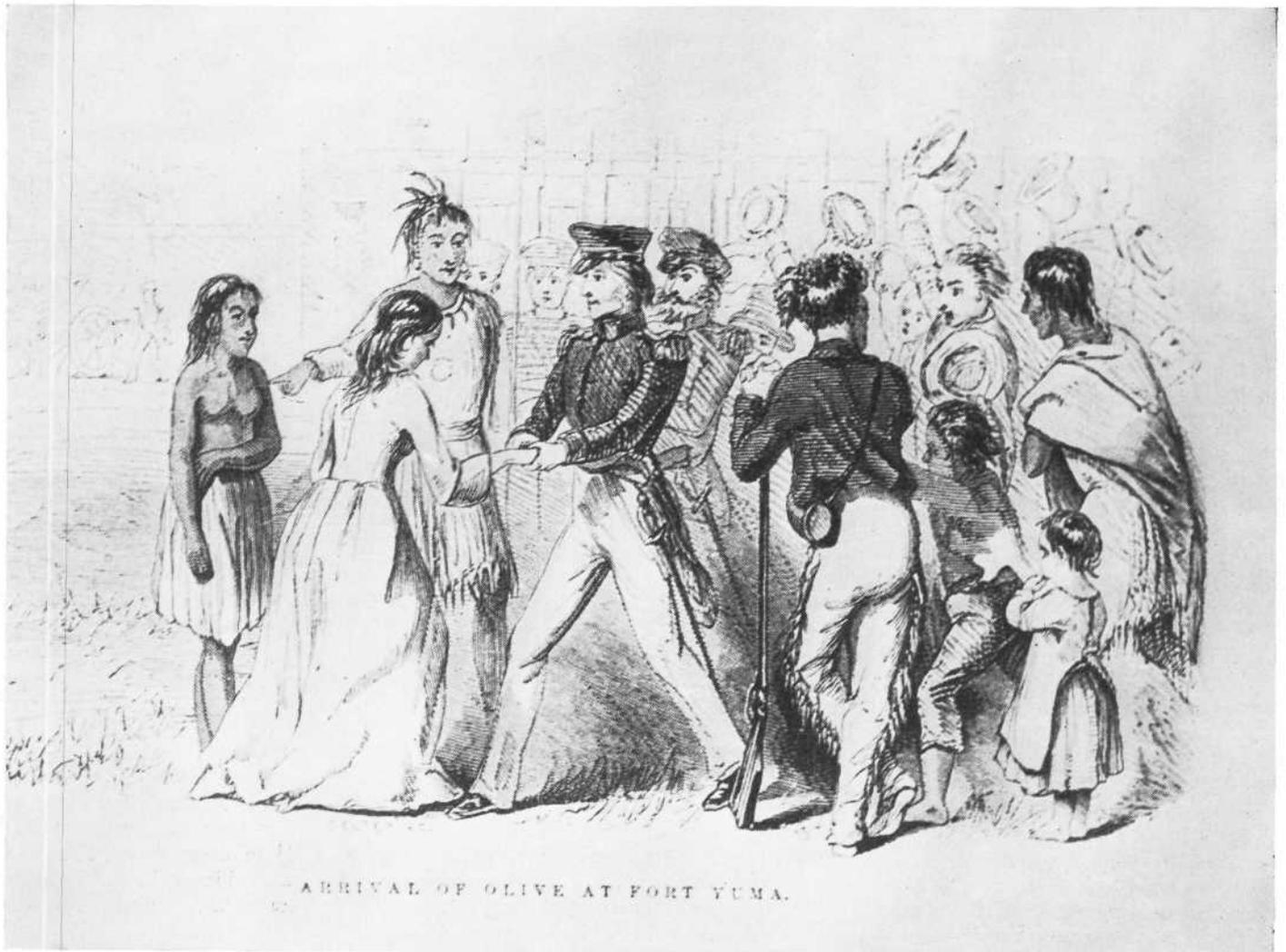
Lorenzo then drew up a petition, signed by a great number of citizens, imploring the governor of California to outfit men and horses for a rescuing party. The governor, J. Neely Johnson, in a letter dated January 29, 1856, stated that the laws of California prevented him from providing the "men or means to render this needful assistance," and referred Lorenzo to the Indian department of the federal government. But official Washington was having troubles of another sort then; the Civil War was in the offing.

Lorenzo next borrowed money and went alone into the Mojave country, starting from Fort Yuma. He headed north, close to known water courses for protection from thirst. Most of the time he traveled at night for the excellent reason that enemies could not spot him so readily. By day he would sleep in a cave, under an over-hanging rock, or in any dense and protected shade that he could find. Much of the trailcraft he knew had been taught him by older men on the previous prospecting and surveying parties. His plan was to go alone to the camp of a sub-chieftain known to be friendly to the whites and try through him to open ne-

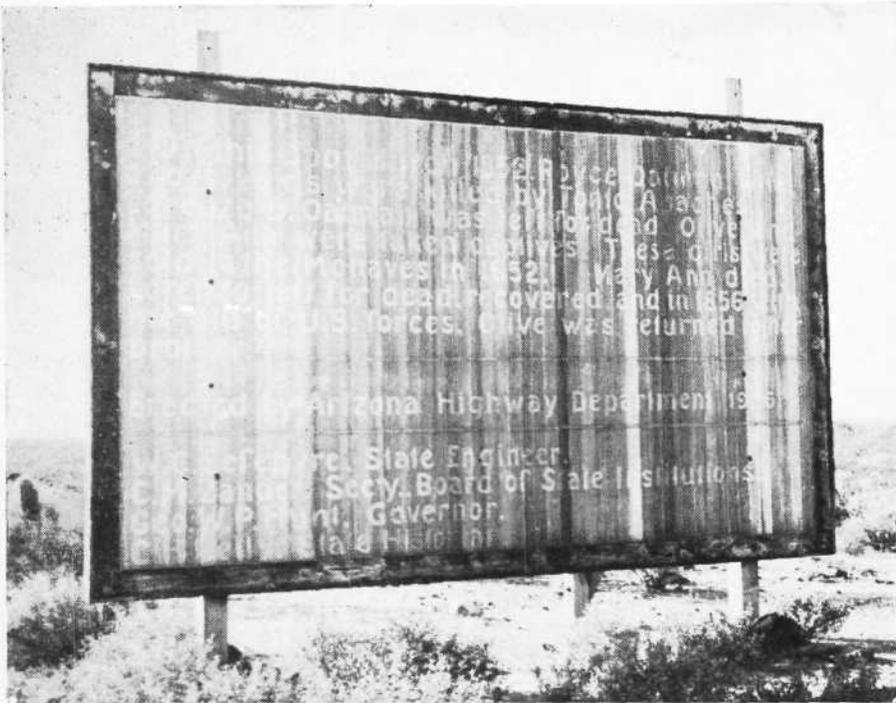
gotiations with the Mojaves who held Olive. Failing that, he was desperate enough to try to slip into the Mojaves' camp at night and rescue Olive single-handed.

In spite of his vigilance Lorenzo was detected by three Indians. They sought to slip up on him, but he was alert and ready. The three crept very close. Lorenzo fired at the right moment and probably killed one. He ran, dodging, pausing for breath when he could, shooting back when he had the glimpse of a target. He feared other Indians had heard the shooting and so would come to aid their brethren. By luck, though, he reached the Colorado river soon after nightfall. He swam into it, clung to a limb and escaped his pursuers by drifting with the swift current. Then he was able to fashion a crude raft and eventually arrived half starved, at Fort Yuma.

He next went to a place called the Monte some 200 miles away in California. He was in search of work although he was so despairing as to be of little value to most employers. Two days after he reached this place a friend rode up to him and handed him a copy of the Los Angeles Star, pointing to a headline. It read:



ARRIVAL OF OLIVE AT FORT YUMA.



Weathered and neglected, this signboard bearing the names of four former Arizona state officials, is the only monument marking the scene of the tragic Oatman Massacre. The inscription reads:

"On this spot March 1852, Boyce Oatman, wife, two boys, two girls were killed by Tonto Apaches. Lorenzo D. Oatman was left for dead. Olive and Mary Ann were taken captives. These girls were sold to the Mojaves in 1852. Mary Ann died. Lorenzo left for dead, recovered, and in 1856 with the aid of U. S. forces, Olive was returned to her brother." Erected by Arizona Highway Department 1926. W. C. LeFebre, State Engineer, C. M. Zander, Sec'y Board of State Institutions, George W. P. Hunt, Governor, C. H. Kelly, State Historian.

"An American Woman Rescued From The Indians!"

In just 22 more words the dispatch said that Olive Oatman had been rescued from the Mojaves and was now at Yuma.

Of course Lorenzo was almost frantic with new hope and joy. He hardly dared believe what he read. Friends helped him to get pack animals and equipment and one friend accompanied him on the slow trek to Fort Yuma once more.

There was much yet to learn when he got there. In the words of that decade's newspaper reporters, "it is best to draw a kindly veil over the actual meeting of Olive and Lorenzo." One earnest witness wrote that "language was not made to give utterance to the feelings that rise, and swell, and throb through the human bosom upon such a meeting as this;" and another testifies in writing that "for nearly one hour not one word could either Olive or Lorenzo speak."

In time, though, Olive's entire narrative was heard again and again. The girl herself had changed incredibly. Beautiful when Lorenzo had last seen her, she came back to him with her face disfigured by crude tattooing. Her chin was hide-

ously marked. Her body held numerous scars.

Her true story (on record to the last harrowing detail) was told and retold throughout Southern California, spread rapidly to the cities on the coast, thence to the east. It made the thriller headline of that day and subsequently made the sensational best seller as a book.

Olive and Mary Ann had been forced to witness the brutal murder of their parents, brothers and sisters in the attack on their wagon. Then they were started walking away as burden carriers. Innumerable times they were beaten. They had almost nothing to eat for days. Their feet became bloody and raw. The two reached the Indians' home camp in a virtual coma, crawling part of the way.

Then their first year of captivity set in with cruelties for routine. The two girls were forced to do every menial task. They lived only on the scantiest fare—nuts, roots, wild beans. Meat was denied them. Often they were tortured solely for entertainment of the Indian children and squaws. Little Mary Ann was so weakened that she died. Olive buried her and often kept lonely vigil beside the grave.

The Apaches tired of her after some

months and traded Olive to the Mojaves for a few trinkets. But she fared no better there, indeed the Mojaves had even less to eat than the Apaches, she found.

Despite Lorenzo's repeated efforts, Olive's deliverance came eventually through a kindly stranger. Mr. Grinnell, a mechanic, was stationed at Fort Yuma three years after the Oatman massacre and he became interested in the fate of Olive and Mary Ann. He was so incensed at the fort commandant for not giving Lorenzo aid that he undertook the girls' rescue as a personal project. He learned in time that the little girl had died but he persisted in his efforts to locate Olive.

His procedure was to offer a reward for Olive's return. This had been done also by Lorenzo through numerous newspaper announcements, but Mr. Grinnell wisely offered it where it would do the most good. He spoke constantly of the reward not to the white people but to the Indians who came frequently to the fort. His reward was offered not in terms of money but as horses, clothing, food, such things as the Indians could use. Nothing came of it for a long while, then one day at 4 p. m.—

BOOM! BOOM-BOOM!

The fort cannons roared.

Men shouted from the parapets. Rifles cracked. Flags were waved. All the residents and soldiery came running.

To everybody's amazement a friendly Yuma Indian named Francisco had come to claim the reward. The intrepid fellow had walked nearly 400 miles round trip, endangered his life and out-bargained the Mojaves to acquire ownership of Olive Oatman. He led her to Mr. Grinnell and calmly waited for his pay. Grinnell did not have the reward ready but of course it was gathered with great haste.

The brother thought now to take Olive to Oregon where she would be far from the setting and the people of the Southwest, and perhaps could find partial forgetfulness. Her failing health could be reclaimed and only the tattoo marks—ugly streaks on her skin—would remain to show of her captivity. In Oregon they could start anew.

But Fate still was not done with Olive Oatman. The girl brooded unceasingly. She and Lorenzo made money from the book written about them and they attended school for six months. But her melancholia grew worse. On March 5, 1858, Lorenzo sailed from San Francisco with her on the steamship Golden Age, and disembarked at New York.

The sea voyage did her no good and when they tried to establish a home in the east Olive took no interest in it. Lorenzo tried in every conceivable way to aid her but nothing helped. In a little while she became ill and died, after having gone completely insane.

Ute

By

JOHN STEWART MacCLARY

Photograph by

WM. M. PENNINGTON



OUR "fine-feathered friend" in this Pennington picture was known as Buckskin Charley or Charley Buck. By either name he was known as the direct successor of famous Chief Ouray who was the leader of the entire Ute nation. Between 1880 and 1936 Buckskin Charley directed the Utes from his home at Ignacio, Colorado, on the southern Ute reservation.

No daubers of clay nor beaters of sheet silver, no weavers of baskets nor carvers of wooden dolls, essentially the Utes were warriors and raiders. In the early days of white occupation of the region they formed a definite hazard to frontier civilization. But their leaders sensed the folly of such a course and made friends with the white men.

After the famous Meeker Massacre of 1879 most of the Utes were moved to Utah. It may be interesting to note that the name of the state is derived from that of the Indians. The surviving Utes now number near 2,000.

Rugged old Buckskin Charley was widely known as a loyal friend of both Utes and whites. On his chest is a medal given to him by President Benjamin Harrison. The late Theodore Roosevelt frequently mentioned him favorably. It would have been worth while to witness the parade of Buckskin Charley and 350 other bedecked Ute braves along historic Pennsylvania avenue in Washington. In 1905 this actually occurred!

"Out here," said Montana Jim, "one finds peace of mind, and peace of mind means one thing—contentment. Sophistication is false. It's the height of imbecility. And money is just a worry. But contentment, that is the most precious thing in the world." Jim has found his contentment on a piñon covered hillside in Nevada where despite his 70 years he digs each day in the prospect hole where he hopes to find enough gold to keep him in beans. That's all he asks of life — just beans and bacon and magazines, and the freedom of the great outdoors. That is his Utopia!

Montana Jim's Utopia

By MARIE LOMAS

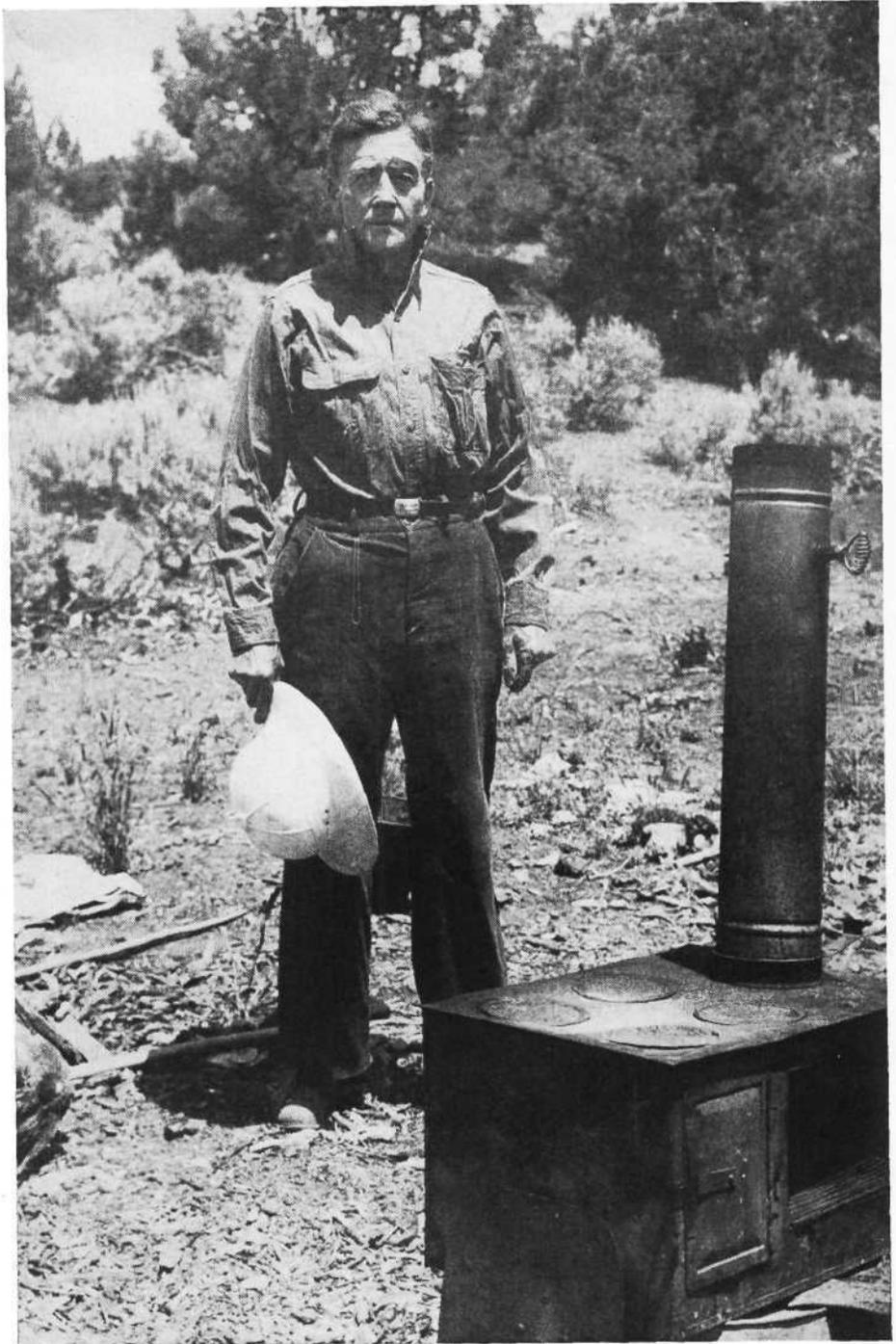
"U TOPIA five miles." It was a roughly penciled sign, perched precariously across a clump of sagebrush—a splintered piece of packing-box sign, 60 miles out and 6,000 feet up from "civilization."

"That's like Montana Jim to put up that sign," Martin said. "He always trims things up a bit when he likes the diggings."

But Utopia, here in this remote spot somewhere in Nevada's desert mountains? It seemed fantastic, bizarre.

For miles we had been traveling an unmarked route. It was somewhere east of Carson City that we had left U. S. 50 to cut cross country through this sagebrush-strewn region. Now and then we had to take to the dry washes until rocks and boulders forced us back to the trackless flats once more. Rough going, but Martin's brush-jumping ship of the desert, with its high-powered motor and over-size wheels could get through. It had to get through because it carried a cargo of grub for Jim.

For years Montana Jim and Martin had been partners. They met, Martin told



Montana Jim Isachsen

me, during the exciting days of the Tonopah boom — Montana Jim Isachsen, prospector and soldier of fortune, and Martin Scanlan, prospector, mining engineer, lawyer. That was in 1906 or soon after Martin had just been elected president of the miner's union, when Jim appeared, looking for a grubstake. He got it and now after thirty-odd years the partnership was still intact.

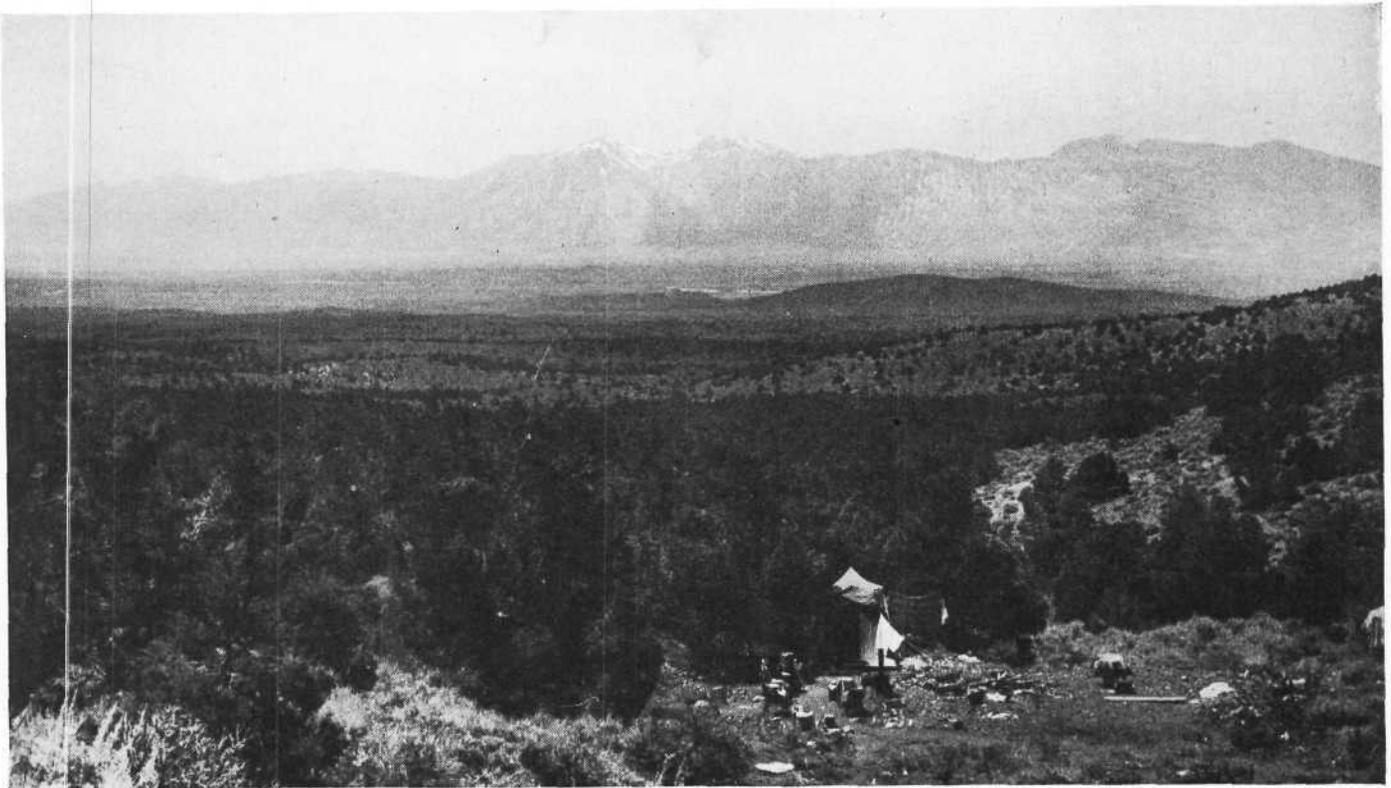
This was just one of Martin's weekly or bi-weekly excursions into the hills—stark, stone-faced mineral hills that now rose sharply ahead of us. As we began the narrow precipitous climb along a ledge that once, perhaps, had been a road, we could see great black holes in the

cliffs that marked the prospecting activities of some bygone day. Once we passed a crumbling ore mill, a bleached skeleton of stone that still clung to the very edge of the once famous diggings, the old Comstock Lode.

Occasionally we stopped to remove rocks and small slides from the path as we climbed higher and higher toward the blue Nevada sky. There was no turning out nor going around. Only inches separated us from the edge and oblivion in the deep purple haze that hung over the valley 1000 feet below.

"What is it," I asked, "a lake, or just a shadow in the valley?"

Martin was occupied with the car and



Montana Jim's "Utopia" near Carson City, Nevada.

the more important problem of trying to get the rear wheels to follow the front wheels around the short turns.

"Yeah," he answered abstractedly, "yeah, there's a valley between."

"But between what?" His words had sounded almost cryptic and I was curious as to their meaning.

"Oh between here and there, I guess," he said vaguely, a sidewise nod indicating the entire scope of barren, desolate peaks in the distance. "Or maybe, between us and pay-dirt, who can say?"

It was the ever-present philosophy of the prospector, "Somewhere out there, there's gold just awaiting to be brought out." Gold, gold, gold—and the lure of the unknown. But once one has adventured for gold, I thought, he would be a strange one indeed, who wouldn't adventure again.

Abruptly, with no hint of what lay beyond, we rounded the last sharp angle of the ledge and came out into a broad open space once more. And here was Montana Jim's sign, "Utopia five miles." But it was more than a notice to those who wandered into this remote region that Utopia was just over the hill. It was, I felt, another mile post on the longest and most fascinating trail in the world, the trail of the old-time prospector on his endless search for gold.

We arrived at Utopia on a level a little above Montana Jim's camp. It stretched out before us in strange conglomeration—a flapping wind-torn tent tucked in among scattered piñons, mortars, pestles,

picks and pans, rock samples spread on newspapers and on a broken-down wooden chair. The red cover of a magazine fluttered with gay abandon. From the rusty stove in the kitchen, a kitchen that was the whole out-of-doors, a thin wisp of smoke curled upward and disappeared against the deep blue sky.

"Utopia," I thought, and marveled.

"All ashore that's going ashore," Martin said as we climbed out and began to unload our cargo from the hold under the rumble seat.

At the sound of voices the flap of the tent lifted and Jim appeared. He didn't come at once to meet us, but stood there for a moment. Erect, with shoulders well back, there was something almost gallant in the unmistakable military bearing. His hair was still brown and he looked no more than 50 in spite of his more than 70 years. An old-timer? It was hard to think of him as such. There was youthful agility in every motion as he climbed the hill toward the car.

Lucky Strike at 16.

It was the first time I had met Montana Jim, but I had heard his name so frequently here and there in the desert country that it seemed I had known him a long time.

He won his first gold when he was little more than 16, made a good strike in British Columbia. From that time on he had roamed the hills with a prospector's right-of-way from Guanajuato to the Bering sea. There had been what he called

his Mexican "escapade" when he lost all the dough he had made. He had prospected in Arizona and New Mexico and was on hand for the opening stampedes to Tonopah, Goldfield and Rawhide, Nevada. Bodie, too, had known Montana Jim.

Once in Carson City I had heard old-timers tell of a thrilling chapter in local history when Jim took a small boat through the turbulent waters of a canyon on the Carson river during a brawling spring freshet to rescue a man, a stranger, whose boat had been swept over the Ditterdink dam. Even as far away as Washington D. C., Jim's name had been mentioned for he was commended by the government for his discovery of carnotite in Nevada, the rare canary-yellow mineral from which radium is obtained.

And now, here was Montana Jim in person.

"We won't inconvenience you if we stay for grub," Martin called by way of greeting.

"Oh my no!" Jim said quietly. "It would be a sorry day if you didn't show up."

He began to gather up the supplies as Martin unloaded them. Weiners, sauerkraut, green onions — then he looked disappointed but I thought I caught the suggestion of a twinkle at the corners of his eyes.

"No cake?" he asked, solemnly.

"No cake," Martin replied with finality.

"Beans?" Jim tried again, hopefully.

"Gone up on account of the war," Martin said.

"Well, now, ain't that deplorable!" Jim really looked sad. The bottom had dropped out of the world, at least out of his world. Life without mulligan and beans was unthinkable.

"But I brought some anyway," Martin said as he produced another bag. "And here's some sugar and some canned stuff and, oh yes, here's a batch of magazines."

Montana took them eagerly. "If I didn't have anything to read at night by the light of my lantern I'd clear out," he said half apologetically.

Steaming hot sauerkraut and weiners, the crisp tang of green onions, the lift of rich black coffee! Out there, on top of the world with the whole out-of-doors for a dining room, we ate and talked. Beyond us the stillness seemed to stretch out to far horizons, peaceful after the hustle and roar of traffic-ridden towns.

Perhaps he read my mind, or it may have been that such thoughts are inevitable when one is far from the beaten path, for Jim put my thoughts into words.

Money Is Just a Worry.

"Out here," he said, "one finds peace of mind, and peace of mind means one thing — contentment. Sophistication is false," he went on. "It's the height of imbecility. And money is just a worry. But contentment, that's the most precious thing in the world."

Contentment, of course! That was it. Contentment could be Utopia in any man's country.

For some time Martin and Jim talked of the old days in Tonopah, back when they had first teamed up, Martin to furnish the grubstake and Jim to do the prospecting. Martin, just back from Alaska, was starting out in law practice. They recalled the night when he was installed as president of the miner's group. That was when the members came to the meetings with guns on their hips. Martin made his inaugural speech. A past secretary, interpreting it as a reflection on the former administration, started belligerently down the aisle. The burly ex-secretary in a canvas wind-breaker advanced slowly with deliberate step. Martin started down to meet him, matching each menacing step with a deliberate step of his own. As they drew closer and closer, the room became breathlessly silent, tense. The man moved on to meet Martin—and then kept on walking, right on through a side door and out into the night.

Martin and Montana laughed heartily over the incident. Through other do-you-remember-whens ran such familiar names as Fraction Jack, Swinging Door Sam, Johnny-Behind-the-Rock and Step-and-a-Half Kid. Even Death Valley Scotty was included in the reminiscences.

"Reminiscences," Jim explained, "are the real pleasures—those we have hoarded to draw upon in our declining years. Momentary delights are fleeting, like the snow that falls on a river, white a moment then gone forever."

He stopped talking a moment while he filled a dish with water from his meager supply in the canvas water bag.

"It's for the desert sparrows," he explained.

"Come and see my study," Jim suggested.

The "study," one might say, was just off the kitchen—a semi-circle of small piñon padded with a few extra branches set upright to give the effect of seclu-

Continued on page 37

DESERT QUIZ

Here is another of the Desert Magazine's monthly tests to determine how much you really know about the great American desert. This list of 20 questions includes geography, history, Indians, mineralogy, botany and zoology. The list is designed both as a test for those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the desert region, and as a course of instruction for the tenderfoot in the Southwest. If you can answer 10 of these questions you are a well-informed student of the desert. No one but a Desert Rat could get 15 of them right — and if you do better than that you are entitled to write S. S. D. after your name. That stands for Sage of the Sand Dunes. Answers on page 43.

- 1—The mineral most commonly associated with iron in meteorites is—
Silver..... Copper..... Tungsten..... Nickel.....
- 2—Canyon del Muerto is a tributary of—
Canyon de Chelly..... Grand Canyon.....
Boulder canyon..... Green river canyon.....
- 3—Indians whose reservation is in and adjoining Palm Springs, Calif., are—
Cocopah..... Chemehuevi..... Cahuilla..... Diegueno.....
- 4—According to the Merriam classification, desert mesquite tree, creosote bush and burroweed are in the— Transition zone..... Upper Sonoran zone.....
Lower Sonoran zone..... Hudsonian zone.....
- 5—United States park service is in the—
Department of Interior..... Department of Agriculture.....
Department of Treasury..... Department of Commerce.....
- 6—The Chuckawalla lizard of the desert probably derived its name from—
American Indians..... Spaniards..... Scientists..... Desert Homesteaders.....
- 7—Kaibab forest in northern Arizona is considered a paradise for—
Botanists..... Deer hunters..... Rock climbers..... Fossil hunters.....
- 8—Tonto Basin is in—
California..... Nevada..... Colorado..... Arizona.....
- 9—Wupatki national monument is noted for its—
Strange rock formations..... Herds of wild buffalo.....
Prehistoric Indian ruins..... Scenic forests.....
- 10—Most expert dry farmers among the Indian tribes of the Southwest are—
Papago..... Navajo..... Acoma..... Hopi.....
- 11—The word "ceramics" is used in connection with—
Weaving..... Basketry..... Pottery..... Painting.....
- 12—The original Coronado expedition into New Mexico was in—
1680..... 1605..... 1540..... Date unknown.....
- 13—Leader of the first camel caravan across the great American desert was—
Kit Carson..... Lieut. Beale..... Lieut. Emory..... Bill Williams.....
- 14—St. Johns, Arizona, was founded by the—
Mormons..... Spaniards..... U. S. Army..... Mission padres.....
- 15—The old Chisum trail became famous as the route of—
Westbound goldseekers..... Route between Missouri river and Santa Fe.....
Route followed by the Spaniards between old and new Mexico.....
Cattle trail between Texas and Kansas.....
- 16—Oldest Franciscan mission located in the Southwest is near—
Phoenix..... Taos..... Tubac..... Santa Fe.....
- 17—The real name of the Yuma Indians is—
Hohokam..... Shoshone..... Cocopah..... Quechan.....
- 18—First railroad bridge across the lower Colorado river was built at—
Parker..... Topoc..... Blythe..... Yuma.....
- 19—Stove Pipe Wells are located in—
Escalante..... Painted desert..... Death Valley..... Imperial Valley.....
- 20—Capital of Utah is located at—
Provo..... Salt Lake City..... Ogden..... Cedar City.....

February is anniversary month at Yaquitepec. It was during this month in the early '30s, that Tanya and Marshal South turned their backs on the world of radio and movies and crowded boulevards and began to build a new home on the top of a remote desert mountain. Marshal, in this second installment of his monthly diary tells of their arrival on Ghost mountain, and some of the problems they faced in those early days of their desert sojourn.

DESERT DIARY

By MARSHAL SOUTH

February at Yaquitepec

THE clear, metallic calling of quail in the grey dawn. There is something particularly fascinating and "desert" in the call note of the quail. On Ghost mountain our quail have confidence. They seem to know well that no gun will ever be raised against them. And they repay our protection with friendliness.

Sometimes in the nesting season they bring their energetic, scurrying broods on exploring expeditions right around the house; the lively youngsters, looking for all the world like diminutive ostriches, padding and pecking everywhere, while the old birds patrol proudly on watchful guard, or dust themselves luxuriously in the dry earth at the base of our garden terrace. There are few birds more handsome and decorative than the quail.

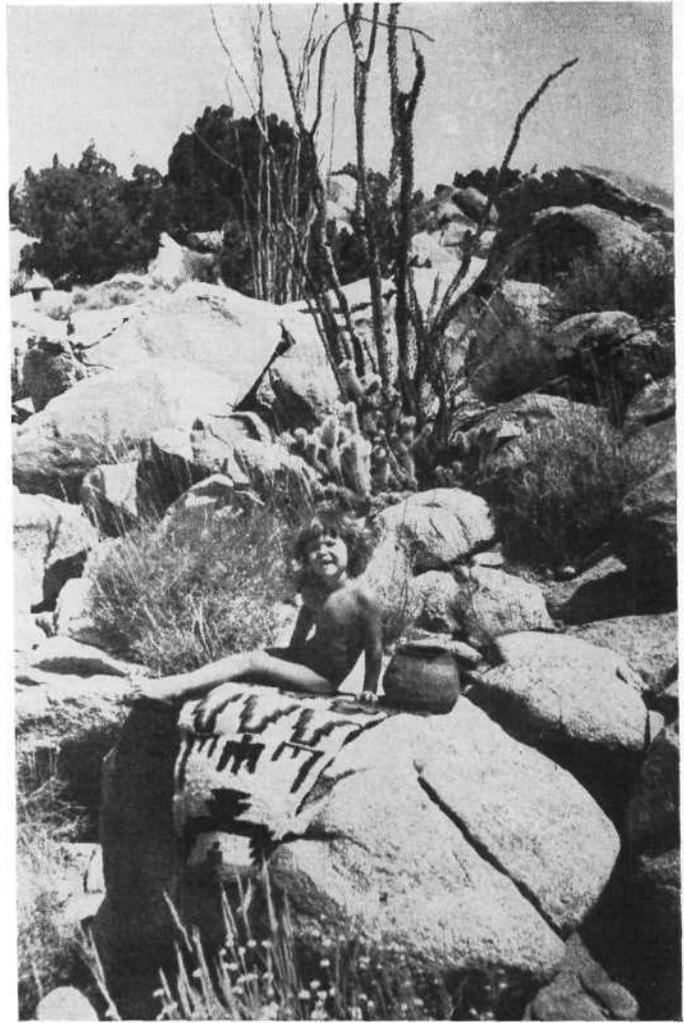
They nest regularly on Ghost mountain, but not often do we discover where. They are adepts at concealment. Once the glint of the sun upon broken eggshells betrayed an old nest that had been made scarcely 18 inches from our foot-trail. Screened by a bush and under the shelter of a granite boulder it had been hidden perfectly. Scores of times we must have tramped past, almost scattering gravel upon the sitting bird. But we had never glimpsed her.

Dawns decked with grey cloud and sometimes rain-streaked are a feature of our season now. There is nothing "regular" about the desert. Uncertainty is its keynote and its eternal fascination. Last night the drumming beat of rain made music on the iron roof of Yaquitepec and this morning we woke to a shower-splashed dawn. The sky to eastward was piled high with scudding mountains of white and grey mist, their summits tinged pink in the rays of the rising sun.

Away out above the lowland desert, sun and cloud-wrack fought a battle for supremacy. About nine a. m. the sun won through to complete victory. Against a backdrop of silver showers that screened the footslopes of the Laguna range the desert flashed up in dazzling brilliance. And over all, like a jeweled scimitar, its hilt in the desert and its point upon the summit of Granite mountain, a mighty rainbow arched the sky. It will be a warm and brilliant day today. Tomorrow there may be snow. *Quien sabe!* This is the desert.

February touches always a warm spot in our hearts. For it was in a February that we first came to Ghost mountain and set up the beginning of our desert home. That, too, was a year ordered in the desert's consistently irregular fashion. For spring was exceptionally early. Warm breezes blew through the junipers and the days were hot.

We like often to go back in memory to that day. Tanya carried an axe and a can of pineapple. I carried a rolled seven-by-nine palmetto tent. Already, on exploring ascents, we had made seven previous climbs on as many different days, seeking an easy trail to the summit. And we had convinced



Rider South is happy among the mescal and juniper and ocotillo of his desert. The earthen pot and the rug shown in this picture are homemade.

ourselves that there was no easy trail. On this day of "home-founding" we cast caution to the winds and made a frontal attack, toiling upward through the cholla and the mescal bayonets and the frowning boulders and the slides of loose, broken rock.

It was a savage climb. But at last we reached the east-facing slope of the little sub-ridge that we had named Yaquitepec. We dumped our burdens in the shade of a juniper and dropped breathless beside them. A tiny, jewel-eyed, turquoise-hued lizard, sunning itself on a weathered hunk of granite, cocked its head at us speculatively. Past our feet, through the pattern of shade flung by the branches above us, a huge pinacate beetle, solemn and dignified as an old rabbi in a long frock coat, ambled, wrapped in meditation. Overhead against the dazzling glint of the blue sky a lone buzzard wheeled. All about was the drowsy hush of peace. "It's heaven," Tanya said softly. "Oh, why didn't we come here years and years ago?"

There was work, that first day, as well as climbing. Among the rocks and sagebrush and mescals that crowded around us there was no space even for a tiny tent; there was scarce room to pick wary footsteps. Space had to be made.

Mescals are stubborn things at times. Especially when attacked with such an unsuitable weapon as an axe. And the chollas were frankly hostile and had no intention of being evicted without wreaking vengeance. I chopped and hacked and Tanya carried, lugging the ousted vegetation and heaving it off to one side in a bristling heap. It is astonishing how

Continued on page 36

White Satan of the Desert

By VANCE HOYT

AS night enveloped the desert, the faintest rustle of a breeze drifted through the ghostly forest of Joshua trees where we had lain all day unable to sleep.

Bill sat up red-eyed and yawned, then wiped the perspiration from his face and shirtless torso.

"What's the menu for supper, Doc?"

Before I could answer, a long mournful ululation came shuttering across the waste spaces from a red butte a mile away, ending in an uncanny rattle of yips and yaps.

"There's the vixen, and she's on time," grinned Bill, getting stiffly to his feet. "Now listen!"

Then it came, from somewhere down along the banks of the Mojave wash, the reply of her mate "White Satan." Harsh as a rasping file, it was like some fiend chortling with laughter.

As an animal psychologist, I had long been watching this family of coyotes with cubs in the heart of the Mojave desert. I had heard of the white coyote, a sport of his breed, and it was my desire to eulogize this song dog of the spaces as the hero of one of my books.

Since only one out of every 40,000 coyotes is born white, I wanted to record something of the albino's life history. At a small ranch beyond the arroyo, Bill and I had observed White Satan and his mate rob date palms of their fruit and play tricks upon a pack of dogs. Several times we had watched them seek food by heeding the presence of buzzards, and once it was our luck to witness the old dog-coyote destroy a rattlesnake.

Of the many scenes I have observed in animal behavior in the wild, this one thrilled me the most. It happened shortly after sunrise, when the thermometer was more than 100 degrees in the open. That a coyote should know a rattlesnake is extremely susceptible to the rays of the summer sun I am doubtful. Nevertheless the sire seemed to make use of this fact.

Having cornered the sidewinder in an open area, he prevented the reptile from seeking shade by milling about it, keeping it coiled. He kept the snake striking at him but carefully eluded each thrust. His system apparently was to wear the

serpent down under the killing rays of the sun. And that is exactly what happened.

Within 15 minutes the poised head of the rattler began to drop, its mouth opened, exposing the white interior. Then the stricken snake gasped, shuddered and lay quiet. The next instant, and quick as a nerve reflex, the sire severed the head of the sidewinder clean of its body.

I had witnessed the episode through a pair of field glasses, and more than ever was impressed by the cunning and high animal intelligence of the coyote. Although commonly branded as a thief and a sneak, the jackal of North America, I have always admired the cleverness of the chin-dog of the Indians that has outwitted man at every turn—a true exemplar of the biological law "that he who is persecuted the most becomes the cleverest."

My respect for the "kyote" started back in the sodhouse days of Oklahoma. I can distinctly recall as a boy, witnessing a coyote being "sledged" along at the end of a steer's tail. Now and then the long horn would stop, but before he could kick, or whirl and charge, his tormentor would let go and bound a short distance away. There he would sit, lolling and grinning at the bellowing bovine. What other wild animal can boast of such a sense of humor?

I have also seen a coyote go through a watermelon patch, sampling ripe melons with his unerring senses of smell and touch. He is likewise a connoisseur of berries, grapes and other sundry fruits. But the rodents upon which Don Coyote feasts as a regular diet are the greatest destroyers of crops. So no matter in what unfavorable light we view this much maligned wild dog of sand and sage, he has some scores in his favor.

Certainly he is not the coward he is supposed to be, unless caution and guile are undesirable traits of behavior. What more could be expected of the fighting prowess of any wild animal than to lick three dogs his size. And I have seen a coyote do that very thing on several occasions.

It was only the night before that Bill and I had finally located the den of the

Call him a coward and a thief if you will, but do not discount the intelligence of the coyote. He exemplifies Nature's law that "he who is persecuted most becomes cleverest." Here is a coyote story based on the actual observation of a man whose studies of wildlife have made him a recognized authority. You'll learn some surprising facts about the "wild dog" of the desert from Dr. Vance Hoyt.

Photographs by Paul Fair
Reprinted through courtesy of
Westways Magazine

albino and his mate with the aid of several dogs we had borrowed from the ranch. Two of the dogs had cornered the white coyote among some rocks in the arroyo, and before we could obtain a flashlight picture of the scene, the hounds were badly "nicked" and White Satan had vanished in the night.

He had led the dogs away from his den on a tangent, but later we picked up the scent-thread of the vixen and it led us to the base of the red butte. It was then nearly dawn, and assuming that the burrow must be somewhere near, we rounded up the dogs and returned them to the ranch. Then, establishing a camp in the grove of Joshua trees nearly a mile away, we tried to get some sleep during the heat of the day.

I had selected the time of full moon for observation purposes, and old Luna was well above the eastern horizon when we approached the red butte. We had scarcely reached our hideout between two wind-carved monoliths, when the white sire again sent his cry shuttering through the night from the direction of Mojave wash. For several moments we waited, but no reply came from the female.

"Probably the vixen knows of our presence," suggested Bill, "and is lying low."

"Undoubtedly," I affirmed. "But maybe we can throw her off guard."

I instructed Bill to reveal himself and move off in the direction of the Mojave river, in hope that the vixen might think she was unwatched. This would also give us an opportunity to keep the white coyote under observation as well.

For more than 30 minutes I scarcely moved and was careful to keep under cover. Then cautiously I raised my night glass to my eyes. In the bright moonlight I could see for considerable distance.

Scanning the base of the butte where the scent of the vixen had led the dogs on the previous night, I searched for the female coyote or evidence of a den. The wind was in my favor.

The moments passed. Still the vixen did not reveal her presence. There was no sign of any living thing within the radius of my glass. Then suddenly I



Wise, prolific, and ready to adapt himself to any circumstances, the coyote not only is holding his own in numbers almost everywhere but is even extending his range.



He's just a puppy—but the alertness which he has been endowed by years of persecution is already apparent in the tilt of his head and the gleam of his eyes.

caught the movement of a shadow-like form threading its way through clumps of sage and greasewood along the base of the butte.

Undoubtedly it was the vixen. But she was returning to the butte—not leaving it!

Pausing on a small outcrop of volcanic rock, she stopped and stood for a long time observing the terrain below. Now and then she looked in my direction, sniffing curiously. But a faint breeze sweeping down from the butte prevented my detection.

Presently she turned and slinking up the side of the butte vanished in a rubble of rocks. I had found the den, but as quickly, lost it!

To my surprise the vixen soon emerged from the lair with a small cub in her

mouth, held by the nape of the neck. Retracing her path along the base of the butte, she vanished in the night among the desert shrubbery. The clever old mother was transporting her young to a new home.

It was early May, and knowing that the cubs could not be more than a few weeks old, I decided to capture one of them. I had owned several coyotes in the past as pets. One I had acquired during the filming of "Sequoia," called Nikki, became as docile and lovable as any dog I ever knew.

As I arose to take the kinks out of my legs, I glimpsed the white form of the sire approaching the rubble of rocks. I crouched, waiting to see what would happen.

For a while the old dog-coyote tacked

about the base of the butte, sniffing at the scent of the pups the hounds had left in the sand on the previous night. He was lean, but a large brute for a coyote, weighing possibly 40 pounds. He was not pure white, but a solid grey color, like a northern wolf.

Presently he also vanished in the lair and reappeared a moment later with a cub in his jaws. He moved off through the night in the direction his mate had gone.

Cautiously working up the slope, I approached the den. It was a narrow passageway between two leaning boulders, running back into the base of the butte. Its interior was as black as a mine shaft. I snapped on a flash light and found the lair empty.

Without horses and dogs it was impossible to find where this family of coyotes had located its new home. So Bill and I walked to the ranch and again secured mounts and a hound named Dougal.

It was midnight when we returned and picked up the scent. We did not want to frighten this family of coyotes unduly. We were not hunting coyotes but observing them for informative purposes. It was their home life in which I was interested.

Old Dougal started on a dog trot toward the east. The farther he led us the faster he traveled. We had gone more than a mile when on our right a short distance away there came the most insulting series of yips and yaps I had ever heard from a coyote. It was the white sire attempting to divert the nose of the dog from the trail of his mate.

The hound stopped instantly. Then, before we could intervene, he set out in the direction whence had come the challenge, baying to high Heaven. Thus ended our search for the new den that night.

It was dawn before Dougal returned to the ranch weary and footsore, with his tail between his legs. However, the next evening we went back with a new hound and picked up the trail of the vixen.

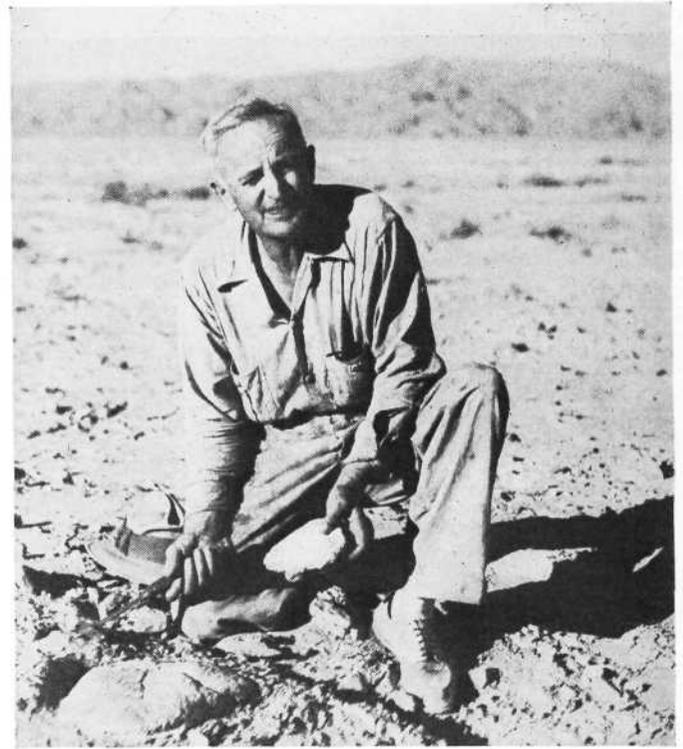
By now the scent of the she-coyote was faint in the warm sand, and the old female dog had trouble in nosing it out. She was also hampered by a leash, which must have insulted her dignity. But we were not hunting coyotes for sport. Rules of the chase meant nothing to us. This time we traveled on foot.

Presently we approached a large upthrust of sandstone. The hound began to strain at the leash, as if the scent had suddenly turned hot. We assumed the new den was located in or near this outcrop.

We did not dare proceed farther with the dog for fear of defeating our pur-

Continued on page 39

One of John Hilton's favorite outdoor sports is finding mineral specimens in unexpected places. No one ever thought of looking along the shores of Salton sea for gypsum crystals and alabaster until Hilton learned about it through his friend Gus Eilers. Gypsum is by no means a rare mineral, nor is it hard enough for gem purposes—but for those who want some varied specimens combined with an interesting day of exploration along the shoreline of ancient Lake Cahuilla, here is an accurate log for the trip.



Gus Eiler gets a lesson in rock collecting on his trip with John Hilton.

Crystals Along the Shores of Salton Sea

By JOHN W. HILTON

WHEN the mighty Colorado river broke away from its captors in 1905, cutting new channels across the Salton basin in Southern California and inundating large areas in Imperial valley, the engineers and farmers who worked so feverishly to divert the flood waters were thinking mainly of the disaster which threatened the agricultural lands.

And while it is true the farmers stood the heaviest loss, agriculture was not the only loser. The floor of the Salton basin was rich in minerals. There were huge beds of salt, great fields of concretions, deposits of gypsum and alabaster and other products of value or interest to the mineralogist. Today these deposits have been dissolved or lay hidden on the floor of Salton sea.

Had the flood not been diverted when it was, this story would not have been written because the locale of the mineral field described for Desert Magazine readers this month is only a few feet above the present level of the sea.

Gus Eilers of Date Palm beach first called my attention to the minerals along the seashore. He told me that with some of the guests at his beach resort he had been hunting for purple glass near one of the old Southern Pacific railroad camps, and had come across some fine white rock and lovely yellow crystals. He wanted me to identify them.

Gus is not a rock collector himself, but he has lived on the desert long enough to

acquire the habit of picking up the colorful specimens of stone which he finds on his tramps over the hills and in the arroyos. He brings them home and keeps them around the house until some one comes along who can identify them.

His specimens on this occasion were not hard to name. The white rock proved to be a very nice grade of alabaster, and the yellow crystals were excellent specimens of golden selenite. The latter occurs here in two forms. One of them is a "fish tail" twin that in some specimens resembles a spear point. The other is highly clustered, forming a huge radiating disk of twinning crystals, sometimes a foot in diameter.

When I asked Eilers as to the amount of material available in the field where he picked up his specimens he informed me that the yellow crystals were to be found over a considerable area, and that the alabaster occurred in small seams exposed to view for at least a half mile.

That sounded interesting, and I asked him to take me to the place where he found the rocks.

It was a 12-mile drive along the narrow North shore macadam road to the place. He was watching the telephone poles along the railroad tracks which parallel the highway, and when he came to one marked E-46 he parked his car along the highway.

It was not hard to find the gypsum crystals. We began picking them up as soon as we crossed the tracks. I could see

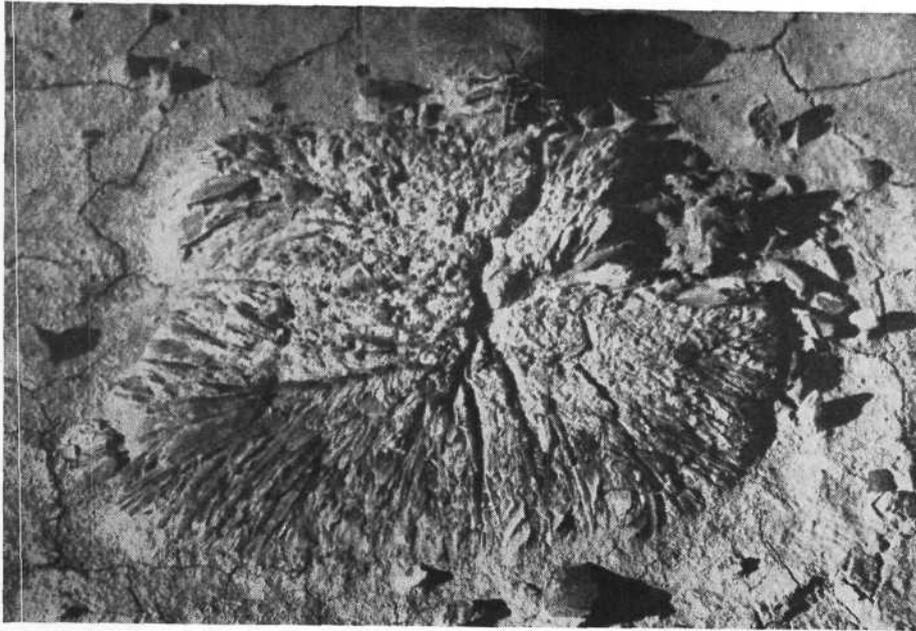
at once this was no ordinary deposit. Gypsum occurs here in nearly all its forms—not on a commercial scale, but in a variety to please any rockhound looking for gypsum specimens. We found the crystallized type, both golden and colorless, the fibrous rock that resembles silky asbestos, known as satin spar, and the fine-grained snow white form known as alabaster.

The sun was disappearing behind the snow-capped peak of San Jacinto and we had little time to explore the field, but I saw enough to convince me this would be an excellent locality for a mineral trek.

Gus promised to return with me again to make a careful log of the field, and secure pictures for the Desert Magazine. He told me there were some interesting sandstone caves near our route, and I wanted to visit these also.

That night after supper our family indulged in one of its favorite indoor sports—that of unpacking and gloating over the mineral specimens collected on the trip. As we were doing this, some one suggested that we turn off the light and examine the specimens under the ultra-violet lamp and see if by chance any of them would fluoresce.

First we tried the alabaster, but it showed no activity, nor did the colorless type of gypsum crystals or the satin spar. But the yellow crystals were indeed a beautiful sight. When placed under an ordinary argon bulb their edges glowed a lovely light green and even the large



Radiating disk of twinning gypsum crystals from the field described in this story. Many of these crystals are highly fluorescent.

radiate groups were a mass of brilliant fluorescence.

When we turned off the lamp we noticed that the last crystal under the argon was still glowing. A little experimenting disclosed that many of the yellow crystals were not only fluorescent but phosphorescent as well.

On our next trip to the field, Gus and I decided first to explore the caves. We parked our car at the little railroad station of Durmid and hiked toward the low range of clay hills to the east. Even from the highway I could see the dark shadows that marked the entrance to the caverns.

The shore line of ancient Lake Cahuilla which once filled the Salton basin to a point 15 feet above sea level, is quite apparent as one walks from Durmid toward the hills. Travertine tufa on the clay and sandstone hills themselves marks the high waterline, where the ancient sea undoubtedly stood for a long period of years.

About halfway between Durmid and the hills we came to sandstone outcroppings jutting from the floor of the desert. One of these appeared to have been used as a sort of register for visitors who had passed this way in previous years. Many signatures and some dates had been incised in the sandstone. Some of them are in Spanish—and a few of them

Above—Seams of gypsum and alabaster extend across the desert floor for more than a half mile.

Below—These caves in sandstone were once occupied by Indians. They are located near the mineral field described this month by John Hilton.

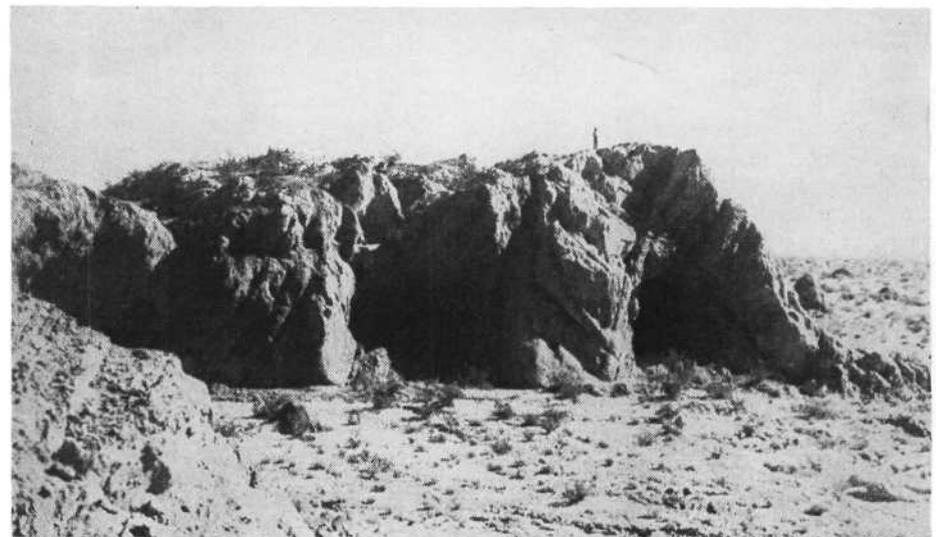
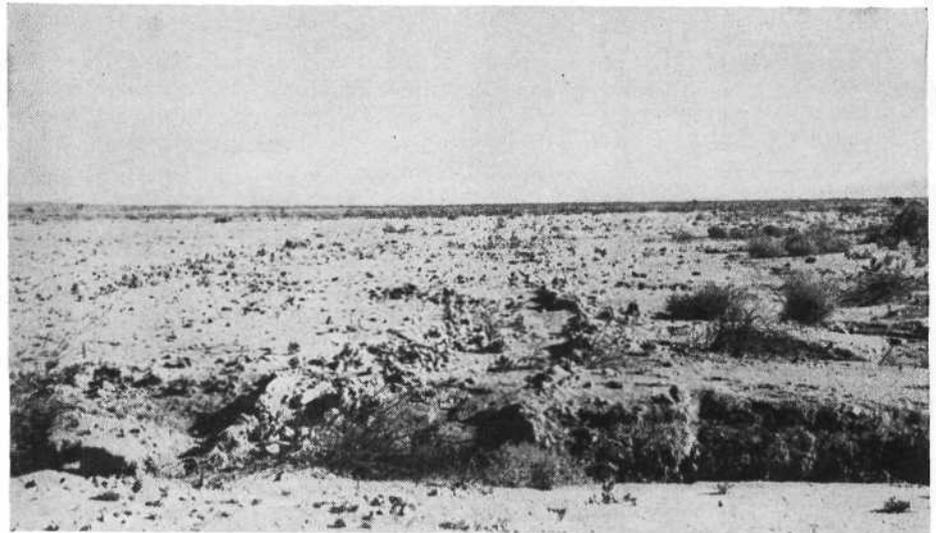
looked for all the world like Chinese. I hope sooner or later a Chinese rock-hound will visit this spot and tell me if

those strange marks really were made by his countrymen.

As we approached the hills it became evident the caves were larger than they had appeared from the distance. It is hard to say whether they are entirely the work of nature, or partly excavated by human hands at some remote period. The sandstone slabs which formed the roofs are on a slant following the tilt of the strata in this area, but there is evidence that some enlarging has been done at some time in the past.

The ceiling of the first cave we entered proved to be another "desert register". Many signatures had been scratched in the sandstone. The earliest of these is dated 1870, and a number of them showed 1871. After that the visitors were few, or they did not take the trouble to register their names until the early 1900s up to 1906. In 1905 and 1906 the Southern Pacific was moving and removing its tracks to higher ground to escape the rising waters of Salton sea, and the signatures during this period probably were left by men on the construction work.

With the flood waters of the Colorado



under control and the railroad tracks once more permanently located, the register becomes silent—until 1926. From this date until the early '30s the signatures are numerous. There are no recent entries—and I would like to believe that this is due to the increasing attitude of "enjoy but don't destroy" on the part of desert visitors. When those first signatures were etched there in 1870 and 1871 it was a hazardous venture to come out into this desert area. Those hardy pioneers had every right to leave a permanent record of their achievement—and I am glad they did. But today anyone may go there—and our present civilization is leaving enough permanent records of its achievements to tell posterity the story of our wisdom or folly—without scratching our names on the rocks.

Exploring further, we found many caves in the sandstone, some of which showed evidence of Indian occupation. On the floor of one cavity was a pile of fine dust and screenings, evidently left there by an archaeologist who had been sifting the sand for artifacts. The screen and a tub were near at hand—as if the relic-hunter expected to return.

Today the caves are inhabited only by wasps and bats. Great clusters of mud wasps' nests are attached to the sidewalls and ceilings. The bats are of the "elephant ear" type and the deep cracks and crevasses in the sandstone are filled with colonies of these flying mammals.

But we came here to learn the extent of the mineral deposits—already we had spent half the day exploring the caves.

From Durmid we followed the highway to the pole on which our number appeared. The yellow gypsum crystals do not extend more than 50 yards beyond the railroad tracks. From this point the gypsum ceases to occur in clusters and is arranged along seams and wavy bands roughly paralleling the shore of the sea.

These seams of gypsum are between layers of upturned clay and sandstone and dip at a sharp angle to the surface. Whether they were laid down as sedimentary deposits between other layers of sediment or were in ancient rock masses turned on end and cracked, and the cracks filled with water deposited gypsum from hot solution below, is a matter for a structural geologist to decide. I do not know. While gypsum is common here, the seams are too widely separated by bands of clay and other foreign matter to be worked on a commercial scale either for decorative rock or for the manufacture of plaster.

There are almost as many types of gypsum as there are veins in this area. Each ridge of protruding crystal differs in some point from the others. Some are of the silky type, but so clear they will transmit light, while others are as white as snow but so fine grained they look almost like unglazed porcelain. Others are fine grained, but due to impurities are discolored. In a few instances this discoloration adds to the beauty of the stone. The collector who is seeking material for sculpturing should gather the snow white rock.

Along some of the higher beach lev-

els we encountered pumice stones that had floated up on the shores of the sea in prehistoric times. This material may have originated at the pumice and obsidian deposit near Mullet island, or it may have blown north from one of the small craters below the Mexican border.

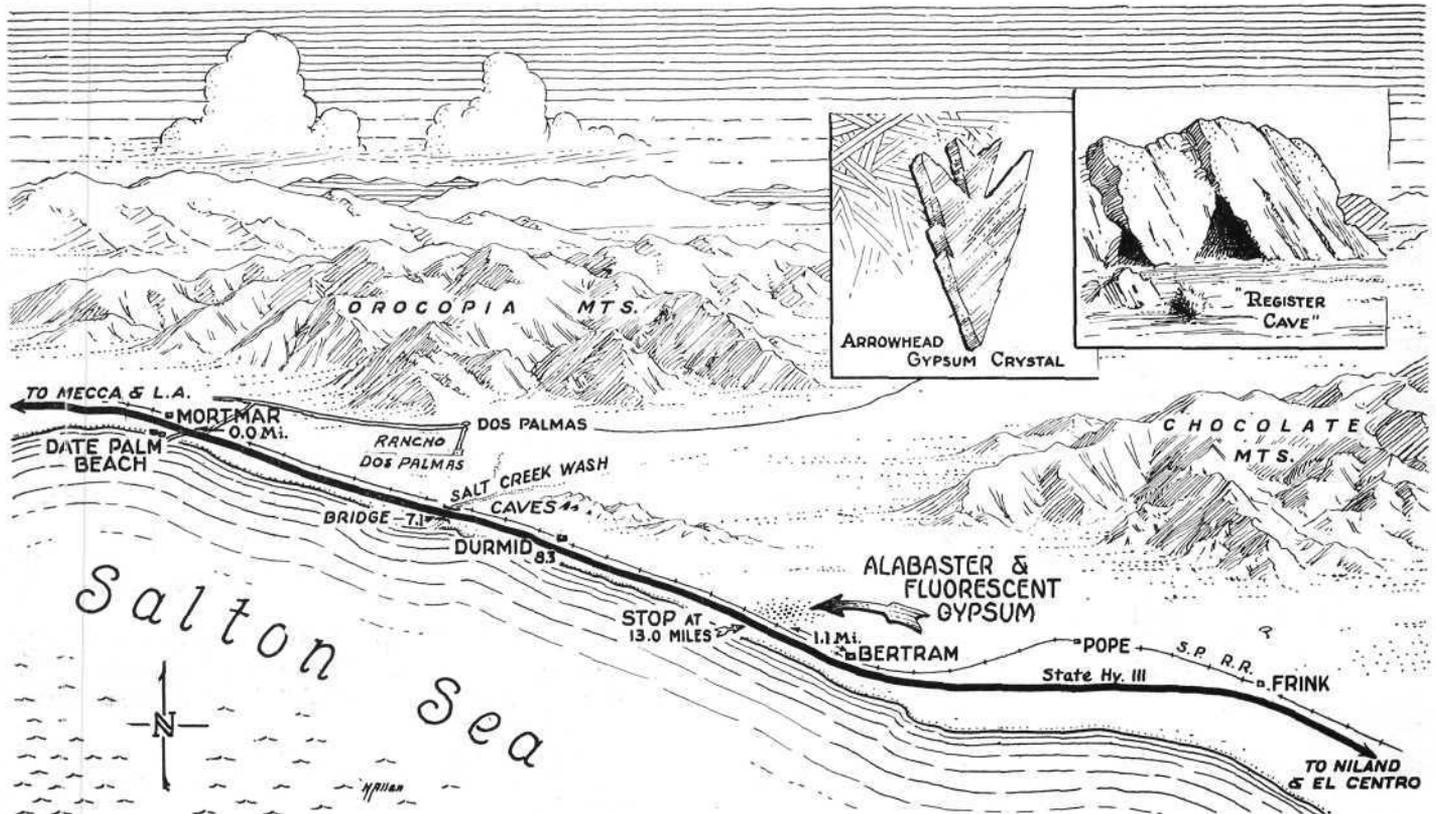
Tiny shells served as a constant reminder that we were walking on the dry bottom of an ancient lake. Here and there we encountered the larger shell of a fresh water clam, as well preserved as if it had washed up on the shore only a few days before.

Three-quarters of a mile from the railroad tracks we began to find concretions and we soon were in a field of solid sandstone turned on edge and weathered into many fantastic forms. We had left the gypsum behind, but the odd forms encountered here are worth the short additional hike necessary to reach this spot.

As we trudged back to the car Gus and I discussed the uses of alabaster and the possibilities of its application in decorative arts in the desert. Since ancient times this fine white rock has been a symbol of beauty and purity. Once a ruler of India built a wonderful tomb for his favorite wife—the Taj Mahal. The interior of this world-renowned tomb is of pure white alabaster inlaid with semi-precious stones.

Since the time of the earliest Egyptians and Chinese this soft white stone has been prized for its use in the decorative

Continued on page 40



Story of the Humming Bird

(A Hopi Legend)

As told to
HARRY C. JAMES

Illustration by
W. MOOTZKA, Hopi Artist

H ALIKSAI! It was indeed in the old days of Oraibi that a great dry time came upon us. For four years not a drop of rain fell upon our corn plantings. But even rain would have been of little use the first two years of the dry spell, for heavy frosts killed the young plants long before they felt the need of rain. Our supply of food stored for such an emergency was gone. Many families moved away from the village in their search for food.

When the fifth year came and still no rain, the last of those remaining decided that Oraibi was accursed and they left. The town was deserted except for two little children—a boy and his sister — who were left behind, no one seems to know how, when their mother and father fled.

One day the little boy made a tiny figure of a humming bird out of the pith from a sunflower stalk. This he gave to his little sister to play with while he went to hunt for food.

While the boy was away, his sister amused herself by throwing the toy bird up into the air and catching it when it came down. To her surprise the little bird suddenly came alive and flew away.

When the brother returned, he was indeed surprised to learn what had happened. He had found no food, however, and that night the two lay down to sleep almost dead from starvation.

The next morning they were awakened by the little humming bird's return. He flew right into the children's house and entered an opening in one of the walls.

The boy reached into the hole where the bird had disappeared and found that it opened into quite a large space. He couldn't touch the bird, but he found a fine ear of corn that the bird had brought them. They broke the ear in two and roasted it. As they were eating, the bird flew out of the opening and disappeared out of the door.

The next morning the humming bird came back with a larger ear of corn. For four days he brought them food in this way, but on the fifth day he returned with nothing. When the boy reached into the opening in the wall to search for food he discovered only the little pith figure of the bird. He held it in his hand, saying; "I know you are really alive. Please go and find our parents! Bring us some more food, but please try to find our parents and bring them back to us!"

The boy asked his sister how she had brought the bird to life. The little girl took the figure of the bird again and, holding it by the tips of its pith wings she tossed it high in the air. The little bird came alive instantly.

As the humming bird flew around again, he saw a red flower on a cactus plant a little distance away from Oraibi. He flew directly there, and seizing the cactus plant with his bill, the bird pulled it up. There underneath the plant was an opening. The humming bird flew through it into a small kiva. Here were growing several kinds of grasses and medicine plants. At the north end of the kiva was an opening. The



bird went through it into another kiva. In this kiva some corn was growing. Pollen was dusted over the floor underneath the leaves of the corn plants. At the north end of this chamber was an open place leading to still a third kiva, where the humming bird found all kinds of grasses, medicine plants and a fine planting of corn. In this third kiva lived the God of Growth, the god who watches over all growing things and who makes the seeds strong.

In this last kiva there were also many kinds of birds. A group of humming birds spoke to the God of Growth. "Someone has just come into our kiva!"

"Let him speak to me," God of Growth said, so the little humming bird flew directly toward him.

"Why, oh Chief of All Plants, have you listened to the words of the bad people in the world above and hidden yourself away from all the plants that need you? Many good people are starving since you have retired to this secret place! The fields are dry and desolate. Nothing is growing! Only two little children are left in Oraibi. Come up out of this kiva and see!"

The God of Growth promised to help. He gave the humming bird some food to take to the children.

The next day God of Growth decided to help the people. He left the third kiva and moved into the second one. That day it rained a little. He stayed in this second kiva for four days. At the end of that time he moved into the first kiva. When he did that, it rained at Oraibi and the plants began to awaken again. After four more days he left this kiva and came up on earth and found all the herbs and grasses growing again.

The little humming bird searched for many days and finally found the parents of the two children. All the people of Oraibi had seen the rain clouds around their old village and soon returned to their homes.

When the little boy grew up he became the village chief of Oraibi and the descendants of the two children have been the village chiefs ever since.

Desert Trails

BY KATHARINE BRECKINRIDGE MOORE
Stockton, California

Oh, desert trails are merry trails
When spring is on parade,
And ocotillo wears its plumes
Like some coquettish maid.
Sweet flower scented trails allure
Till eager quest is won.
I kneel before a lily—frail
And cloistered desert nun.
Cool, shadowed trails are healing trails
When night's kind fingers bring
Relief from summer's beating sun
And hours that crush and sting.
On such a trail I stand tiptoe
To reach a smiling star . . .
So close all beauty seems to be,
All grief so dim and far.

ROYALTY

BY RUBY MCLEOD TAYLOR

Mill Valley, California
The Mesa's peak is bare and bleak
As morning shadow casts its gloom,
But the princely crest at sunset
Dons gallantly a crimson plume.

TO SILVER, A COYOTE

BY EDITH OSBORNE THOMPSON
San Diego, California

Lord of the brush and the clover
Wily and cunning one,
Silvery fleetfoot rover,
Flash in the morning sun;
Swift as a cloud-spun shadow,
Across the waving grain,
Swift as the gentle patter
Of sudden summer rain.

Silent as bending grasses
Along the upland height—
What prey will you be stalking?
Where will you hunt tonight?
Robin Hood of the desert—
Here is my madrigal,
I give you a song, Coyote—
Lord of the chaparral!

SEEKER OF DREAMS

Dedicated to Frank Coffey

BY L. SANDRA DEETH
Glendale, California

Trudging slowly along o'er the desert
A little old Seeker of Dreams
Patiently trailing a jack,
With odds and ends of a pack
On its sturdy grey back;
In its wise old eyes humor gleams.

Trudging slowly along, lone, forgotten,
A little old Seeker of Dreams
And I heard him say
That the world of today
In its mad bustling way
"Is hurryin' too fast, it jest seems."

Trudging slowly along in his own world
A little old Seeker of Dreams.
He's panning the sand
In a wonderful land
Of a sunset grand
A finding rich strikes in its streams.



Photograph by G. E. Barrett

RESURRECTION

BY VIRGIE TIMMONS
San Francisco, California

They who say there is no life after death
Have never lived in this still far land,
Have never known the catch of breath
At the beauty of the rippling sand,
Have never watched the desert resurrection
After gentle rains have touched the buried
seeds,
Have never watched them push their way to
perfection
A rebuke to folk who idly prate of creeds.
They who say that we shall not live again
Have never felt the glory of a desert flower
Rising from its tomb that doubting men
Might see, and seeing know a Higher Power.

SUNRISE ON THE DESERT

BY RUTH D. POWERS
Brown, California

I wonder if you know the thrill,
Of the desert early dawn;
In winter, when the color floods
The sky, before it's gone.

Rich crimson, fading into pink,
Shot through with deepest gold;
Splashed here and there with amethyst,
With master strokes so bold.

The dazzling brilliance of the hues,
So vibrant, rich, and clear;
Viewed from across the valley, seem
Somehow to be so near.

They grow to be a part of you.
For moments so sublime,
Absorbed within you make your life
More colorful, and fine.

For symphonies of color are
So rich in tone and hue;
And if you will, — you may absorb
This loveliness in you.

CREED OF THE DESERT

BY JUNE LE MERT PAXTON

—A young catsclaw, one day in
fear,

Clung to its mother, growing near,
"Tut, tut, my child, don't fright-
ened be,

That queer old neighbor is a Jos-
hua tree."

DESERT AT REST

BY MARY S. KINNEY
Blackfoot, Idaho

I love to go to the desert
And watch it change its hue,
From the golden glow of sunset
To one of midnight blue.
All the bushes, twigs, and sagebrush
In one soft, velvet fold
Gather the shadows around them
With twilight's gentle hold.

Night comes on with a soothing breeze
To kiss the earth "good-night;"
Coyotes call; and the night birds cry,
While sleepy owls take flight.
Then, the mystic hush of midnight
Upon the desert creeps,
With the silver touch of moonbeams,
How peacefully it sleeps!

I pause awhile in prayerful mood,
For all that's good and best,
And twinkling stars look down upon
A desert now at rest.
I steal away with cautious step
To waken not a clod;
I lift my heart in joyful praise,
For I have been with God.

A DESERT CYCLE

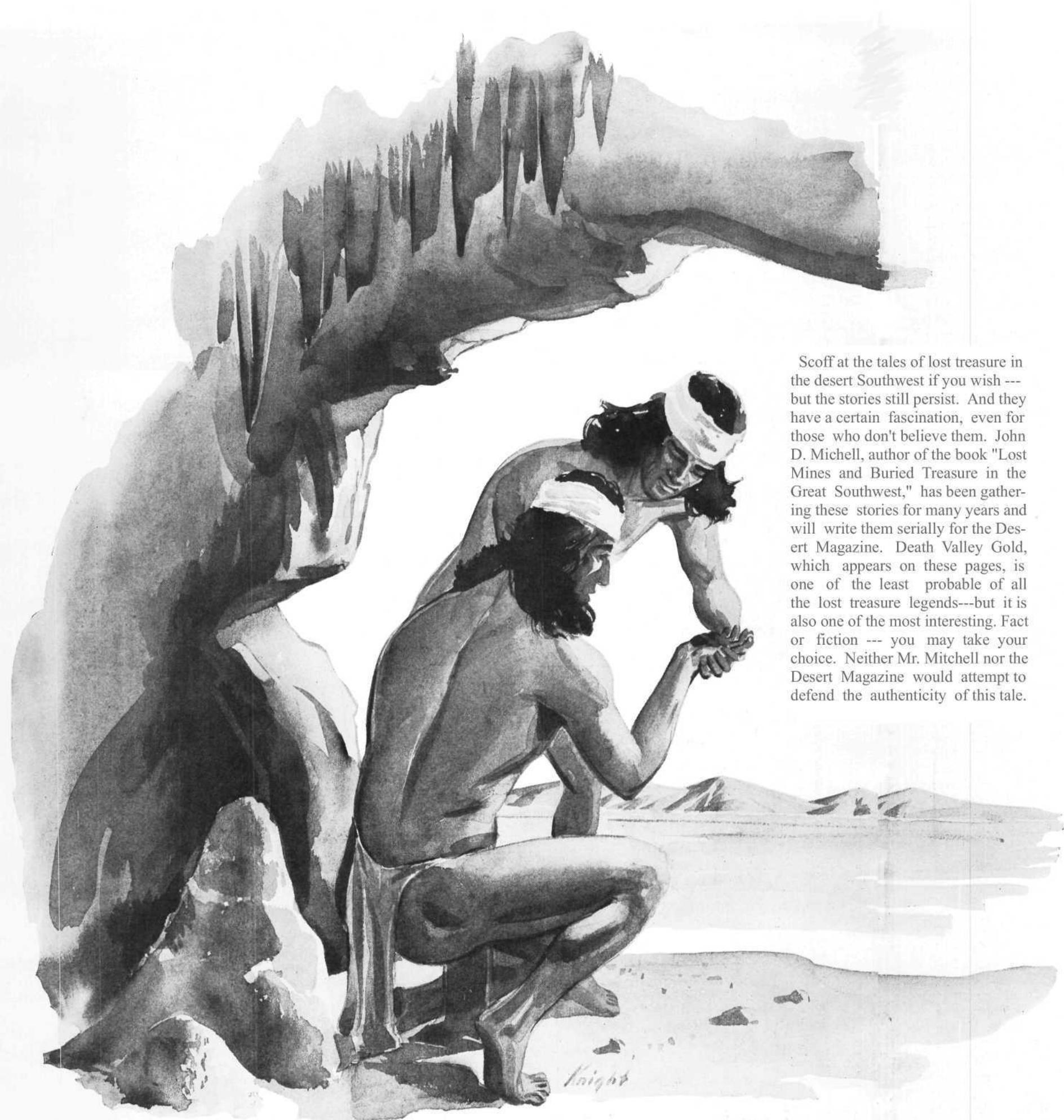
BY MARGARET CRAWFORD
Phoenix, Arizona

I saw a night born—saw it rise
From the rosy ashes of the day,
A magic veil of silvery grey,
Darkening before my eager eyes
'Till in misty blue o'er the earth it lay.

It hugged the desert—wrapped each scar
Upon its face in the azure cool
Of deepening shadows; formed a pool
Where here and there a glistening star
Glowed brightly like a golden jewel.

It lingered softly—its brief stay
Like the haunting echo of a dream;
Then, all too soon, there came a gleam,
An eerie hue of emerald ray
To pierce its calm with shimmering green.

I watched in awe—the night was gone,
Its dusky depths were stirred with light,
A shaft of gold put its blue to flight,
But in its wake came glorious dawn
And I saw a day born of the night.



Scoff at the tales of lost treasure in the desert Southwest if you wish --- but the stories still persist. And they have a certain fascination, even for those who don't believe them. John D. Michell, author of the book "Lost Mines and Buried Treasure in the Great Southwest," has been gathering these stories for many years and will write them serially for the Desert Magazine. Death Valley Gold, which appears on these pages, is one of the least probable of all the lost treasure legends---but it is also one of the most interesting. Fact or fiction --- you may take your choice. Neither Mr. Mitchell nor the Desert Magazine would attempt to defend the authenticity of this tale.

Rushing to the mouth of the cavern with a handful of the black sand, the Pabutes found that it sparkled with nuggets of flake gold.

Death Valley Gold...

By JOHN D. MITCHELL
Illustration by Gene Knight

HIGH up along the eastern edge of Death Valley and not many hours' journey from Scotty's castle there was discovered one of the richest deposits of placer gold ever found on the American continent.

Incredible as it may seem, 500 emigrants on their way from southern Utah to the new gold-fields of California, in '49 and '50 passed over, and many of them died within sight of what may prove to be the El Dorado of the great Southwest.

According to the story two Pahute Indian brothers, many years ago, trudging along over the hot sand on the western edge of a dry lake searching for horses that had strayed from their camp, saw in the distance what appeared to be the entrance to an abandoned tunnel. Further investigation proved it to be the mouth of a cave. The overhanging rocks formed a cool shelter that protected them from the fierce rays of the summer sun and they were glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to rest in the shade.

A cool breeze came from the depths of the cave and they heard the sound of running water in the distance. Removing pieces of limestone that had fallen from the roof and partly blocked the entrance, they went along the narrow tunnel to a point where the floor sloped downward and the walls opened out into a large dome-shaped cavern with a dark pool of water at the bottom.

Water boiled up from the center of the pool and formed waves that dashed against the rocky shore and broke into fine spray. The shore of the lake resembled a great amphitheatre with step-like terraces extending down to the water's edge. The water bubbled up from the subterranean depths with such great force that it brought great amounts of heavy black sand and piled them on the terraces around the lake. Some of the sand trickled back into the pool only to be brought up again and again.

One of the Pahutes took a handful of this sand out into the sunlight. It sparkled with small nuggets and flakes of gold, all worn smooth from constant churning in the pool. Returning to the cave again the Indians were surprised to see that the water was receding, leaving thousands of tons of the rich sand stranded on the terraces around the edge of the lake. It was growing late in the evening when the brothers made their way back to camp.

Keeping their secret to themselves they left early in the morning taking with them a wagon and several sacks. Entering the cave again they

found it full of water just as it had been the previous day. The small waves were rolling and breaking against the shores as if in some mysterious way they were connected with the tides in the Pacific ocean.

After filling their sacks with the golden sands the two brothers decided to explore the cave. By the dim light of a primitive torch they had brought along, they could see hanging from the dome-shaped roof long beautifully colored crystals resembling great icicles. Stalagmites stood up encrusted all over with gems that sparkled like diamonds. Here before their eyes beneath the burning desert sands was a magic castle that out-rivaled a chapter from the Arabian Nights. Here in this Aladdin's cave strewn about on the floor and in the dark pool lay thousands—perhaps millions of dollars worth of gold. Never in all their lives had they seen anything like it.

Near the center of the pool was a small rocky island. One of the brothers decided to swim to it. When he had reached a point about half way across, the bottom seemed to drop out of the pool and the water rushed into the subterranean outlet with a gurgling roar, taking the unfortunate Indian down with it. The other Indian remained for several days and although the water in the pool continued to rise and fall with the tide, he never saw his brother again.

Among many Indian tribes there is a taboo against returning to the place where one of their number has met death. So the Pahute never again saw the golden cavern beneath the burning sands of "Tomesha."

Ancient water lines around the dry lake bed below the cave indicate that in prehistoric times when the water level in the Pacific ocean was higher than today, the lake may have been filled with water from some subterranean source—just as the pool in the cave was filled when the Pahutes found it. The bedrock of the dry lake is known to be covered with several feet of black sand which from all indications was forced out of the cave with the water. The gold (if any) presumably settled to the bottom upon entering the quiet water of the lake.

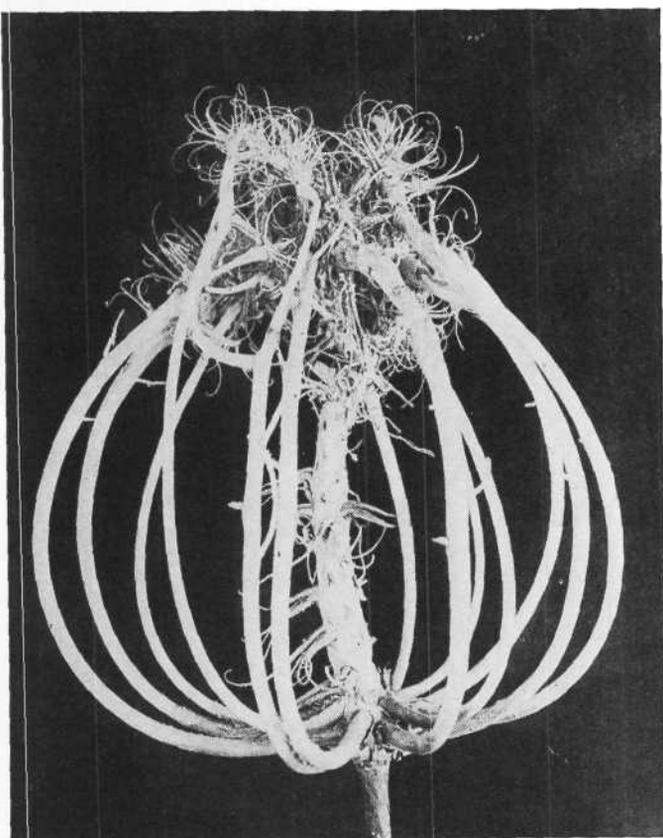
It is a fact that there are several of these caverns in Death Valley from which water apparently gushed in ancient times. Perhaps some of them contain black sand and gold like the one herein described. It has even been suggested that the gold-laden sands of such a cavern may be the source of the mysterious wealth of Death Valley Scotty.

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flake gold.

Nearly every desert visitor knows Evening Primrose—but not all of them know that the white-ribbed "baskets" so often found rooted in the sand are the dried stalks of this lovely white flower which blossoms at night and takes a siesta when the sun comes out.

Basketmaker of the Desert



Above—An early morning picture, taken just as the petals began to close for the daily siesta.

Below—This Evening Primrose "basket" weathered wind and sand for 2½ years before this picture was taken.

By MARY BEAL

THE botany books call them *Oenotheras*, but to you and me they are Evening Primrose. They greet the daybreak all tricked out in their best bib and tucker but before the sun is high they begin to droop and soon they have closed their petals for their daily siesta, which lasts until the lengthening shadows of evening revive their vibrant grace.

There are many members of the Evening Primrose family and they are among the most common of desert flowers—but common only in the sense that they grow everywhere in the arid region. There are two general groups—the one that sleeps when the sun is out and opens its blossoms at night, and another group which follows the more conventional habit of sleeping at night. The Desert Magazine this month will present only some of the day-sleepers.

One member of the Evening Primrose family is a skilled craftsman—and if you have tramped the desert sands you undoubtedly have seen her handiwork, perhaps without connecting it with the large-blossomed white Primrose that flowers after the winter rains.

She is a basketmaker. The baskets take form when the flowering season is over. You will recognize them from the picture on this page. The one in this photograph had resisted wind and rain for two and one-half years before I brought it in.

Of the two general divisions of *Oenothera*, one has a stigma divided into four linear lobes, and the other has a globose or disk-like stigma. The latter happens to be our Day Sleeper.

Oenothera trichocalyx

(*Oenothera deltoides* of some botanists)

Known as Basket Evening Primrose, it was Yerba Salada to Spanish California and must have been popular on the menus of those early days. After its salad days are over, basketwork is well underway but not completed until full maturity rounds out the life cycle.

Its unique baskets are fashioned in this wise. A stout erect stem two to eight inches high (rarely over one foot) and often cone-shaped, densely crowded with flowers, rises from the center of a grey-green rosette of velvety leaves. Skimpy rains curtail the growth to this simple form. With generous showers several branches, six to over 20 inches long, spread out from the base like spokes from the hub of a wheel, leaves and flowers adorning the up-turning ends. As they develop, the upward curve increases until maturity finds the tips meeting or overlapping above the center, forming a stiff round basket. These white skeletons stand indefinitely.

The white flowers are two or three inches across, the four broad petals deeply notched, turning pink as they age. The slender, sessile capsules are much thickened at the base, recurved or reflexed when mature.

Occasionally individuals or groups are inclined to go off on tangents of their own. The main stem may be flattened to a width of three or four inches, perhaps flaring into a fan-shaped top eight to over 12 inches wide, the whole densely covered with flowers. Several years ago I found a large colony of these individualists flourishing on the sandy flat verging upon the lava beds surrounding Mt. Pisgah on the Mojave desert. All the vagaries of self-expression were there in a superlative degree but each eccentric outdid itself in blooming.

You'll be astonished to know the number of blossoms on some of these exuberant plants. Chosen at random in dry basket stage, two average specimens yielded a capsule count of nearly 1000 each. One center had 362 capsules, the other 306, the branches from 44 to 77 each. This species is abun-

dant in sandy areas at moderate altitudes in the Mojave and Colorado deserts and Arizona.

Oenothera californica

A perennial with stems four to over 12 inches long, more or less trailing. The long rootstalk sends up many slender very leafy stems, loosely flowered. The downy narrow leaves, an inch or two long, are pale blue-green with wavy margins, shallow toothed or lobed or entire. Regular day-sleepers are the white flowers, two or three inches broad, aging deep pink. The very slender, ribbed capsules vary from cylindrical to four-sided. Rather common in river bottoms, sandy flats and washes of valley and mountains in all California desert regions, as well as nearer the coast.

Oenothera primiveris

From a perennial root the very short thick stem spreads out a broad rosette of narrow downy leaves, two to seven and one-half inches long, irregularly toothed or sometimes finely cut nearly to the mid-rib, on long petioles. The sparkling yellow flowers, aging pink, are two or three inches across and sessile, rising from the center on long calyx-tubes which resemble stems. The four-sided capsules are more or less ovate with ridged angles, and sometimes dotted with red glands. Consistently vespertine, they brighten few daylight hours but awake they add charm to sands of the central and eastern Mojave and Colorado deserts, southern Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas.

Oenothera caespitosa

(*Oenothera caespitosa* var. *marginata*)
(*Pachylophus marginatus*)

Another perennial with variable, more or less hairy leaves, one to five inches long, growing in a basal tuft on long petioles. The four-sided buds open into snowy white flowers, sometimes over three and one-half inches broad, aging pink, on stem-like calyx-tubes three to five and one-half inches long. The four-sided capsules are broadly linear to narrowly ovate with nubby ribs or narrow, toothed wings. Sandy stretches in the canyons of the Providence mountains have yielded my best specimens and only last spring a freakish *caespitosa* in lower Bonanza King canyon challenged my credulity when I discovered it dangling in mid-air from a long rootstalk stretched from a crevice in the overhanging rock wall. Sandy slopes and washes are its usual habitat, in the Inyo and Mojave deserts from moderate altitudes to 7500 feet.

ICKES REPORT INDICATES SERIOUS INDIAN PROBLEM

Present welfare and future fate of Indians in the United States involve two major problems: (1) rapidly increasing population and (2) fixed boundary limits within which there is a steadily diminishing productivity of the land on which they live.

These conclusions are advanced by the secretary of the interior in his annual report which cites Arizona's Papago tribe as a perfect example of these problems.

"The early habitat of the Papago," the report states, "was in southern Arizona, stretching from the city of Tucson across the Mexican border into the state of Sonora. On the reservation in the U. S., around 6,200 Papagos are now living. Originally they resided in 10 or 12 villages, but today, with their expansion helped by water developments throughout the reservation, they have 55 permanent and 34 seasonal villages.

The reservation was at first one of well-vegetated ranges, perennial grasses, desert shrubs, cacti and desert trees. Due to over-

grazing the ground cover has been depleted and accelerated erosion is active on most of the range. The digging of deep wells and construction of other water developments have enabled the population to spread out over the entire area, putting greater pressure everywhere.

"It is not known just how many head of livestock the Papagos own; estimates run from 12,000 to 25,000, while the soil conservation service has estimated the carrying capacity of the range at 9,675 cows year long.

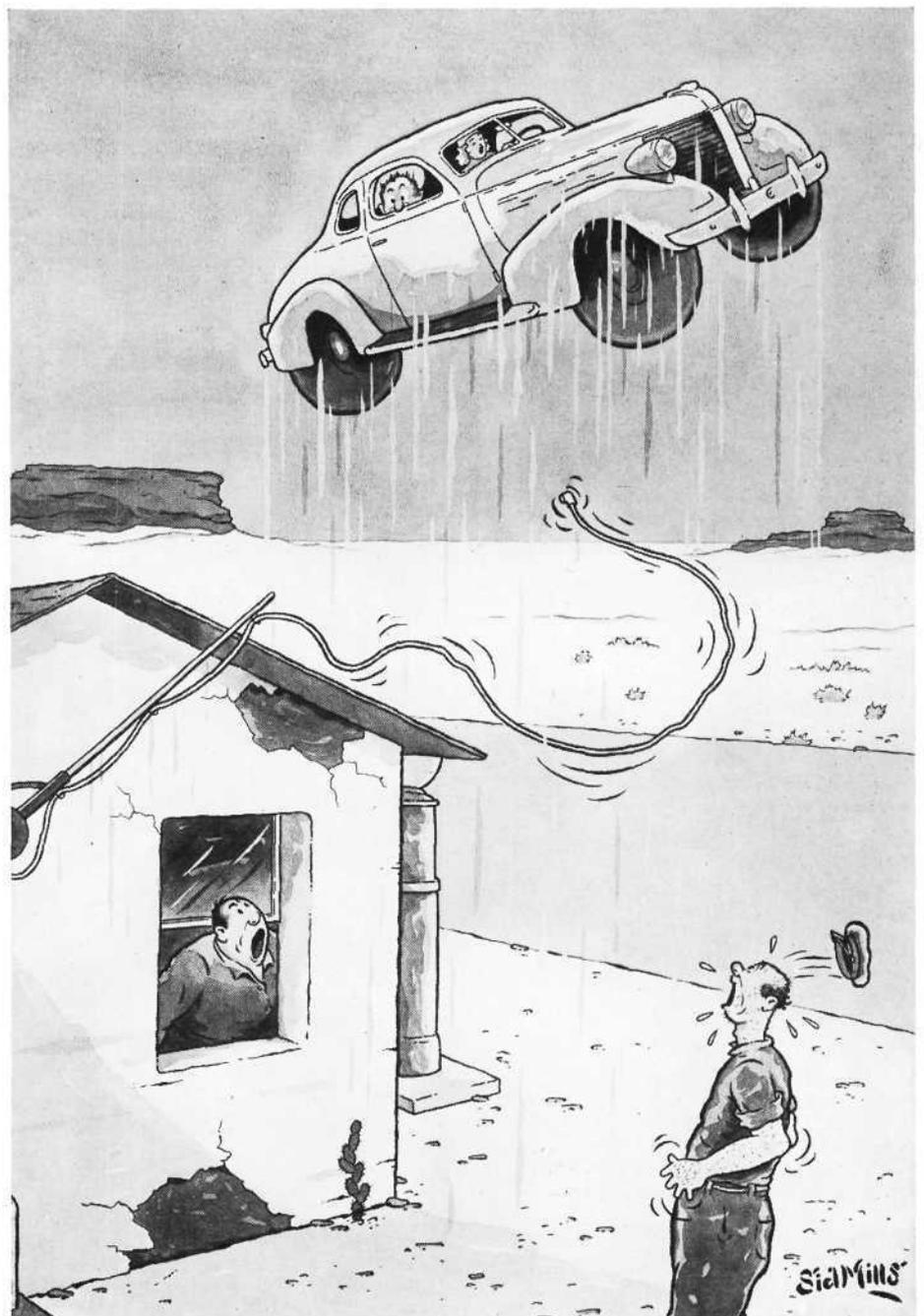
"The economy of the Papago today involves three elements; agriculture, livestock raising and earned wages. Accurate figures of the relative proportion of these three sources of income are lacking. Studies made in 1936 would indicate that there was in that year an average

family income of about \$530. Of a total income, \$775,000, about 16 per cent came from domestic crops and wild food gathering and 24 per cent from livestock, sold and consumed. In other words, less than half of the income came from the land. Fifty-two per cent was attributed to wage work—17 per cent from government CCC wages, nine per cent from private wages and 18 per cent from wages earned in copper mines at Ajo."

For the Papago and other Indian tribes faced with a like problem of resource conservation, it was said, the difficult task of education in sound land-use practices, and also of inaugurating practical conservation programs to save the soil from further exhaustion and to stabilize its use, was still to be faced.

TRAGEDIES OF THE DESERT

—By Sid Mills



"I meant t' warn yub, Joe, but y' gotta go easy with this desert air!"

CACTI

This page belongs to the growing fraternity of cactus and succulent collectors. Hobbyists in this fascinating field are invited to send in their notes and suggestions to the Desert Magazine.

LUCILE HARRIS, Editor

FISHHOOKS THAT GROW IN THE DESERT SAND

BY GEORGE OLIN

If the traveler through the desert country of Arizona should meet a small inoffensive cactus with a profusion of graceful spines, the chances are that he would have found *Mammillaria microcarpa*, most common fishhook cactus of the southwest.

In its varied forms, it ranges from western Texas to Southern California, and from southern Utah into the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora. It thrives in many kinds of soil but is found in greatest abundance in the high rocky grass lands of south central and southwestern Arizona. The large clumps of cholla and the sparse desert grass give needed protection to the young seedlings and shield the mature plants from the full force of the desert sun. Under these conditions they will often reach a height of 6 or 8 inches. Clumps of 4 or 5 heads are often found when growing conditions are favorable but it is essentially a small plant and clumps of more than 8 heads are unusual.

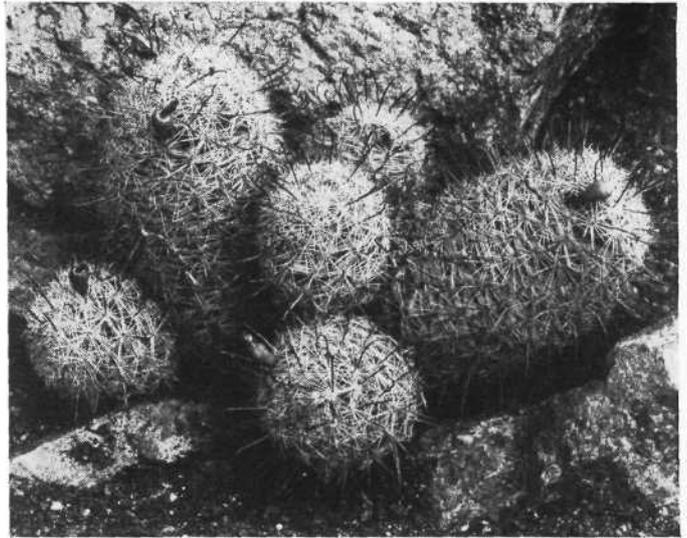
The fruit of *Mammillaria microcarpa* is small and of a vivid scarlet color. It has a most agreeable, slightly acid flavor and is relished by the desert birds and rodents. The seeds are very small as the species name would indicate. They form one of the surest means of identifying the plant since they are covered with small pits. Under a low power glass they resemble nothing so much as tiny black golf balls. Other species closely related have smooth seeds.

Mammillaria microcarpa was named in 1848 by Dr. George Engelmann. His description was based on material sent to him by W. H. Emory who had collected it on his famous expedition across the continent in 1846. According to Lieut. Emory the type plant was collected on the eastern side of the Gila, one day's trip by pack train from the mouth of the San Pedro.

A short description follows: plants simple or in small clusters and range in size from 2 to 12 inches in height. Stems will vary from 1 to 4 inches in diameter. The tubercles ascend in spiral rows about the stems and each tubercle is tipped with from 15 to 30 radial spines which will vary in color from all white to white with black tips, and with 1 to 3 central spines, all dark and hooked. The axils of the tubercles are naked. The pink flowers are borne near the tips of the stems and are from 1 to 1½ inches long and broadly funnel shaped. The style is longer than the stamens and is purplish. Stigma lobes are 7 or 8 in number and are green. Fruit clavate 1 to 1½ inches long, scarlet in color, and the seeds are small, shiny black, and covered with small pits.

California cactus growers and dealers have organized recently as the California Cactus Growers. Carl Hagenburger was elected president. Purpose to discuss collective advertising that will give the public a better knowledge and understanding of nursery grown desert plants.

Due to war conditions Cactus and Succulent Journal of Great Britain has announced suspension of publication. The journal is a reliable source of information on the little known African succulents, which parallel our desert cacti.



This *M. microcarpa* was photographed south of Gila Bend, Arizona at an altitude of 2500 feet. It is shown in fruit and is an average specimen.

ARIZONA FLORA SOCIETY DEDICATES NEW BUILDING

Completing the second phase in creating a desert arboretum, the Arizona Cactus and Native Flora society dedicated, on January 21, the administration building of the Desert Botanical Garden.

A year ago 800 acres within the state game preserve of Papago Park, near Phoenix, were set aside for the project. Under the sponsorship of the society, with the cooperation of the state and various organizations and individuals, it already has become an outstanding institution. With the recent opening of the administration building it has assumed a new importance to students and visitors.

Conforming in design and decoration with the natural setting, the building is a thick-walled adobe of modified Mexican-Indian architecture. The library-assembly hall, furnished in Mexican style, will serve for society meetings and exhibits. The nucleus for a library



New administration building for Desert Botanical Garden dedicated at Phoenix in January.

of the Southwest and desert plants has been donated by Mrs. Gertrude D. Webster, president of the society and leader in establishing the garden.

The botanical study section will be divided into geographical units. Thus, a hillside will be devoted to plants from arid Africa, other sections to species from Mexico, South America, etc. By this method the visitor may gain a clear picture of the vegetation in the major desert areas of the world.

Most of the garden is reserved for the natives—cacti, yuccas, ocotillos and other

southwest desert plants, enhanced by a natural landscaping effect. This type of planting will be extended to more than 400 acres.

Widespread interest has been evidenced by contributions from many sources. The H. O. Bullard collection of Hackensack, New Jersey, Boyce Thompson Southwest Arboretum of Arizona and the Cactus and Succulent Society of America are among sources of valuable plant material. Gustaf Starck, who first conceived the idea, Charles Gibbs Adams, landscape architect, Fred Gibson and Dr. Forrest Shreve have given invaluable assistance.

The purpose of the botanical garden, as stated by the director, George E. Lindsay, is to have a center in the desert where desert vegetation may be studied and taxonomic research carried on; to have a place where anyone interested in botany may learn about desert plants, both from observing the plants themselves and through use of the library; and to maintain a station where conservation methods may be devised and rapidly disappearing species may be propagated and saved from extinction.

COAST CACTUS GROUP DOUBLES MEMBERSHIP

Growth in popularity of cactus raising and collecting is proved by the fact that the Southern California Cactus Exchange doubled its membership during the past 12 months. It now has an active list of over 90 men and women. Headquarters are in Los Angeles. Meetings are held the third Sunday each month in clubrooms or gardens.

Officers are Harley A. Doty, president, Mrs. B. Ginter, secretary, Mrs. A. J. Bourke, treasurer, Mrs. H. K. Grimes and Mrs. Frank Mark, trustees.

Magazines for the Collector

Two well-edited magazines are published in the Southwest for hobbyists who make cactus and succulent collecting a scientific pastime.

CACTUS AND SUCCULENT JOURNAL, Scott Haselton, editor. Monthly. Published by Cactus and Succulent society of America, Box 101, Pasadena, California. \$3.00 a year.

DESERT PLANT LIFE, Ellen Rooksby, editor. Monthly. Publication of American Succulent Societies. Address Desert Plant Life, 824 E. Broadway, Glendale, California. \$1.50 a year.

TOO MUCH WATER MAY CAUSE ROOT DECAY

According to E. C. Hummel, whose commercial cactus gardens at Inglewood, California, are among the largest in the west, the practice of digging a hole and filling it with rock and sand before setting the cactus plant is a mistake, as it makes a well in which surplus water collects, causing loss of roots by decay. It is often preferable to deroot the plant and let it heal before planting. If it is well healed before placing in the ground and other conditions are favorable, a new root system will grow eventually. In the case of large plants it may require three years, but smaller plants become established in six months.

In selecting native cacti it is well to remember that a few of them are extremely difficult if not impossible to keep in cultivation. Any type that multiplies in clusters or grows from branches will usually make a good garden plant.

ANNUAL SOUTHWEST SHOW TO BE HELD IN JUNE

The annual cactus show of the Southwest Cactus Growers will be held June 15 and 16 in Los Angeles.

The Cactus Growers, sponsored by the Los Angeles city recreation department, are beginning their sixth year. Meetings are held each Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. at the Manchester playground, 8800 South Hoover street, Los Angeles. First and fourth Tuesdays of the month are study nights. The second Tuesday is trading night, and the third is potluck night with speakers and motion pictures. February guest speaker was Lawrence Gonzales, horticulturist with the Harry Johnson nurseries at Hynes, California.

Officers are Roy Miller, president, John Akers, vice-president, George Olin, secretary, Harry Beam, treasurer. Dues, \$1.00 a year.

TWO PROJECTS PLANNED BY OKLAHOMA HOBBYISTS

The establishment of cactus collections in the Will Rogers Park conservatory in Oklahoma City and in the Oklahoma university botany department greenhouse at Norman are two major projects of the Cactus and Succulent Society of Oklahoma. Radio talks and exhibits at the annual Oklahoma City flower shows are additional means of popularizing cacti in that state.

Winter care presents problems unknown in milder areas and proves the genuine devotion of this group to its hobby. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wiese, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Kelk, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry T. Johnson have greenhouses. Others have glassed enclosures, while many winter their collections in basements.

Five years ago the society was organized and today there are 50 active members. Some of the collections number four or five hundred species, that of Jay E. Gilkey being considered the largest. According to Mrs. S. P. Seela, president, many of the members combine the hobby of gem and mineral collecting with that of cactus collecting.

Oklahomans do not have to rely solely on exotics for their collections. There are about three dozen species native to state. These rank first in the outdoor gardens, and are supplemented with some of the hardier species of Texas, New Mexico and Colorado.

At least six genera are represented among the natives. *Echinocereus* claims species *reich-enchii*, *baileyi*, *albispinus*, *perbellus*, *vividiflorus*, *purpureus*, *longispinis* and *oklahoma-*

ensis. The last three are regarded by many as varieties. *Coryphantha vivipara* is the single member of its genus, although some claim various species instead of varieties. In the southwestern corner of the state are *Homaloccephala texensis* and *Neomammillaria heyderi*. There are several species of *Neobesseyia*, the commonest being *missouriensis*. In many areas *Opuntias* are plentiful, both *cylindropuntia* and *platyopuntia*.

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- | | |
|------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| 1 Old-Time Tin Type (Photo Shop). | 31 Western Gem Shop. |
| 2 Patio and Rancho Furniture Store. | 32 Navajo Silversmith. |
| 3 Gipsy Wagon (Fortune Telling). | 33 Mexican Saddle Shop. |
| 4 Western Book Store. | 34 49 Bar. |
| 5 Dude Ranch Outfitters. | 35 The Wooden Indian Tobacco Shop. |
| 6 Chuck Wagon (serving out-door meals). | 36 Cactus Stand. |
| 7 Western Music Store. | 37 Stetson Hat Shop. |
| 8 Cowboy Boot Shop. | 38 Horse Hair Worker. |
| 9 Saddle Shop. | 39 Western Hobby Exchange Shop. |
| 10 Navajo Blanket Weavers. | 40 Leather Workers. |
| 11 Texan Tamales (Stand). | 41 Indian Pottery Shop. |
| 12 Bead Workers. | 42 Horn Novelties. |
| 13 (Lavender) Cowboy Silk Shop. | 43 Western Whittlers. |
| 14 Cowboy Artists. | 44 Pony Express Coin and Stamp Shop. |
| 15 Sombrero Workers. | 45 Gay 90's Cafe. |
| 16 Frontier Theater. | 46 Chink Charlie's Restaurant. |
| 17 (The Spur) Cocktail Bar. | 47 Golden Gate Japanese Garden Cafe. |
| 18 Desert Shop. | 48 Western Clothes Shop. |
| 19 Cactus Candy Shop (candied, stuffed fruits) | 49 Sportsmen's (Outdoor Shop). |
| 20 Old West Trading Post. | 50 Bad Boy Shop. |
| 21 Western Actors Headquarters. | 51 Silver Inlay Shop (Firearms). |
| 22 Assayers Office. | 52 Prospectors Shop (Equip., Mining Books). |
| 23 Western Magazine Shop. | 53 California Italian Restaurant. |
| 24 Sante Fe Display. | 54 Wells Fargo Display. |
| 25 Kactus Kate's Flapjack and Bacon Shop. | 55 Early Railroad Engine and Car Display. |
| 26 Cigar Maker. | 56 Old-Time Boot Black Stand. |
| 27 Cowboy Overall Shop. | 57 Calamity Jane's Dance Hall. |
| 28 Shop of Patio Fixen's. | 58 Wild West Swap Shop. |
| 29 Blacksmith, Barbecue Equip., Brand Irons. | 59 Desert Artists. |
| 30 Desert Rats Nest (A Cocktail Bar). | 60 Dude Ranch Information. |

Also want to buy or rent, Stage Coach—Covered Wagon—Ox Yokes—Caretta—Branding Irons—Old-Time Firearms—Saddles—Mining Equipment—Cannons—Fire Equipment—Wine Press—Relics of Ghost Towns—Missions—Pony Express—etc., etc.

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# HERE AND THERE ... on the Desert

## ARIZONA

### Phoenix ...

Seven states of the Colorado river basin continue discussion of contract terms Arizona advances as covering equitable allocation of water impounded by Boulder dam. Sister commonwealths agreed to consider Arizona's claims provided that state would ratify the Colorado river compact, dividing effective in 1926 stream flow between upper and lower basins. Judge Clifford H. Stone of Denver is chairman of a seven-member committee pressing negotiations hoping to submit and compact to next session of Arizona legislature.

### Tucson ...

Poisonous plants, growth stimulated by warm weather, are "rampant on portions of Arizona ranges, says a warning to cattlemen issued by William J. Pistor, head of Arizona University department of veterinary medicine. Loco weed and burweed are chief sources of losses reported. Other plants which produce prussic acid and are dangerous to cattle, Dr. Pistor says, are Johnson grass, mountain mahogany and some species of catsclaw.

### Flagstaff ...

Twenty-three men and women made their kills in January in the first of two state-supervised buffalo hunts in remote Houserock valley of northeastern Arizona. Another group of 25 hunters formed second expedition for trophies third week in February. Women in the first hunt were Mrs. Amy Wagner, Phoenix, and Mrs. Hazel Wittkop, Tucson.

### Tucson ...

Songs and tunes of pioneer days, folk-music of cowboys on the range, of Mexicans and Indians, are being collected by Dean Arthur Olaf Anderson of Arizona university's college of fine arts. No other anthology has been made entirely of Arizona songs, says Dean Anderson. Women were responsible for most of the texts in pioneer ballads included in his research so far. Anderson says types of music show variation peculiar to different localities. Roistering Tombstone favored lusty numbers attuned to life more explosive than districts inhabited by peaceful homesteaders whose preferences ran to softer melodies.

### Window Rock ...

More than 60 Navajo men and women, from 26 to 70, were students at the adult school's two weeks' session this winter. They studied silversmithing, tanning, carpentering, weaving, canning and animal husbandry. Many of the pupils spoke only Navajo language. Instructors carrying on class work in English and Navajo, report marked success.

### Ajo ...

Organ pipe cactus national monument, now extending from a point south of here to the Mexican border, has a permanent custodian, William R. Supernaugh. There are 516 square miles in the monument. Plans call for a museum, offices and several residences. Supernaugh has set a camp for temporary headquarters.

### Yuma ...

Up from the lower reaches of the Colorado river, Jim Dick, Cocopah Indian "something over" 80 years old, traveled here to the county seat to look into this "social security." He was barefooted, hungry. Word had finally got to him that there were such things as old age pensions. They told Jim that if he wasn't born in this country, or if he wasn't a citizen he couldn't qualify for the pension. He was born in Sonora, had never learned to read or write, so citizenship was out of the question. County supervisors gave him courteous hearing. Surplus Commodities gave him rations. Jim Dick will have food, if no other social security.

### Yuma ...

Senator Carl Hayden reports the U. S. reclamation bureau has approximately \$1,500,000 available to continue construction of the Gila irrigation project. The money will come from a \$4,000,000 appropriation made in 1939 to build power lines from Parker dam to Phoenix and to the Gila project, the senator says.

### Tucson ...

Arizona pioneers' museum has acquired as a loan the saddle once used by Jack Heath of Tombstone. Jack was the only one of six defendants who got off in February, 1884 with less than the death sentence after trial for killing three persons in a raid on a store. Tombstone citizens disagreed with the jury's verdict, took Jack out of jail next day and hanged him to a telegraph pole. A coroner's jury decided he "came to his death from lack of breath." The five other defendants were hanged legally, all at the same time.

## CALIFORNIA

### Death Valley ...

Here's the answer to the mystery of Death Valley Scotty's wealth, if any, as given officially by Scotty himself. In a statement addressed to Uncle Sam's internal revenue collector and to California's income tax supervisor, the famous occupant of Death Valley's \$2,000,000 castle says: "To the best of my recollection, I have had no income for about 30 years except money borrowed from my partner, A. M. Johnson. About 30 years ago I found gold ore and buried some in caches or deposits in the mountains. The gold ore is very rich. I have not converted the caches or deposits in the mountains into cash. There are many hazards in the mountains. Trails and landmarks are buried by cloudbursts. I have not lost any of my caches or deposits. I've had many accidents. The rugged mountains are never safe, at best, unless you are ready to fight your way through."

### Niland ...

Twenty thousand sheep pastured on the desert in this region and as far east as Yuma, Arizona, had no water for 60 days, but grew "fat and full." So reports sheepman R. H. Carr, who says the woolies thrived on desert flowers—particularly on the most luxuriant crop of sand verbena in 25 years. Carr says many lambs born on the desert, at the age of three months weighed 60 pounds, without ever tasting water.

## El Centro . . .

Bees are busy workers in southeastern California's reclaimed desert. Imperial tops all California counties in honey production with 1,260,000 pounds during 1939. This would be enough to spread on more than 10 million stacks of hotcakes, allowing two ounces of honey to each serving of cakes. An average of 90 pounds of honey per colony was made by the 14,000 colonies of bees in the county, or about three times the average colony output throughout the state.

## Blythe . . .

Tourist tide rises to new peak in southwest. All-time record for automobiles entering California at this point was reached December 30, 1939, when officers checked 1163 cars in one day. This figure does not include 50 trucks and 11 stages recorded same day. Nearly 300,000 vehicles were tallied during the year as total of east and westbound travel here. Barstow reports travel increased 16 per cent during 1939 over 1938, more than 1,500,000 tourists passing through Barstow during the 12 months ended January 1, 1940. Records were smashed by an average of 4,370 persons per day. For all California, border stations reported 1,028,393 automobiles — excluding commercial vehicles—up from 913,995 in 1938.

## Needles . . .

San Bernardino county supervisors propose to claim for California a strip of rich bottom land east of the Colorado river in this vicinity. Revision of the California-Arizona boundary would be necessary. Question is: Is state line center of existing channel of meandering river, or three miles to east, where it was fixed when surveyed in 1883? Attorney general at Sacramento has been asked to weigh this problem.

## NEVADA

## Reno . . .

No serious shortage of irrigation water is indicated in Nevada for 1940, according to a report by the U. S. weather bureau. Fall and winter rains put Nevada ranges in good condition and accumulation of snow in the mountains was measured early in the new year. Considerable holdover supply of water behind irrigation dams from last year also encouraged farmers.

## Carson City . . .

Having bought from Uncle Sam the old mint building here to be used as a state museum, Nevada now needs money to maintain the structure and to make a beginning in collection and display of exhibits. Calling for public subscriptions to the fund, Judge Clark J. Guild predicts the museum will become one of the most valuable historically in the far western states.

## Las Vegas . . .

Contract for construction of a \$500,000 tourist hotel here has been awarded to the William Simpson construction company of Los Angeles, officials of the hotel corporation announce. Everett Crosby is president of the concern, and stock is held by Californians.

## Boulder City . . .

Boulder lake will be open for fishing every day in 1940, according to George Hanson, chairman of Clark county commissioners, but certain shallow areas will be set aside as protected waters during the spring spawning season. At a meeting in February between national park service, biological survey and state officials regulations were proposed for protecting bass in restricted areas of the lake.

## NEW MEXICO

## Hachita . . .

Bert Farnsworth, 35-year-old-miner, says he planned to deliver \$11,000,000 in gold to the United States treasury for the Yaqui Indians and the Yaquis agreed to pay him one-fourth of the value of the gold for the job. He is under \$1,000 bond for action by the federal grand jury on a charge of smuggling gold across the Mexican border by airplane. Authorities charge his plane, loaded with bullion, landed here without reporting. Farnsworth declares he had a permit from the U. S. treasury department to deliver the gold, which he says came from a Yaqui store of treasure south of Guaymas. He added that he is a blood brother of the Yaquis, who brought him up, made him a brother by writing on his wrist with a feather dipped in blood.

## Farmington . . .

Forty Navajo Indians gathered at Shiprock, defying U. S. officials to arrest two of their number for refusing to brand their horses as required by federal rules. Recently the government rounded up thousands of old and decrepit horses on the reservation in an attempt to protect drought-parched range. Indians feared the branding order was another move to take away their livestock. No actual arrests were made.

## Santa Fe . . .

Eight mountain lions were killed by Frank Armijo, state game department lion hunter, during three months hunting in the Gallinas mountains. Livestock men had complained lions were killing cattle, colts and deer. Part of the time Armijo hunted in bad weather, snow falling and two feet deep on the level.

## Gallup . . .

Zuni Indians live in a culture offering a basis of security lacking in more competitive civilizations, reports Dr. Ruth Bunzel of Columbia university. "There is little chance for one member of the tribe to accumulate wealth at the expense of another because of well developed institutions for sharing any surplus," she explains.

## UTAH

## Ogden . . .

A. G. Nord, supervisor of the Cache national forest since 1936, has been appointed assistant regional forester of Region Four, in charge of the division of recreation and lands. He is in charge of all recreational use and planning activities in the 24 forests of the region.

## St. George . . .

Congress will be asked soon to supply money to start construction work on the Colorado river-Great Basin project, it is announced here. If carried through this project will be larger than the Boulder dam project and will bring under cultivation an area estimated at 600,000 acres of desert land. Application has been filed for rights to 1,500,000 acre feet of Colorado river water, reservoir sites have been diamond-drilled, canals and reservoirs have been surveyed.

## Vernal . . .

A region of a thousand lakes, fine fishing streams, in a timbered region of scenic beauty to the crest of the High Uinta mountains will be opened up by a highway project announced here by forest service officials. Construction of a road from Dry Fork into the Boldy mountain area to connect with the Iron springs and Vernal-Manila roads, forming a loop highway system, was explained by Supervisor A. L. Taylor. CCC workers this spring will provide crews to start work on the upper end of the road.

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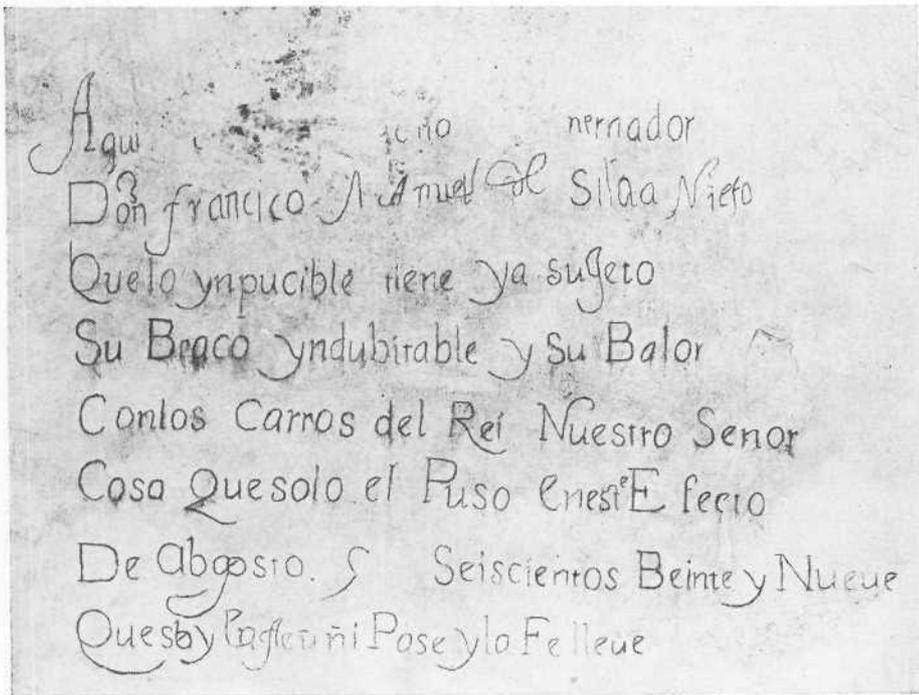


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## GREYHOUND

## EL MORRO

In order that readers of the Desert Magazine may have the most complete information available regarding the accompanying inscription on El Morro rock in New Mexico, the judges awarded two first prizes in the January Landmark contest. Mrs. Nelson Gray, librarian at the New Mexico State Teachers college at Silver City entered the most informative manuscript covering the circumstances under which this message was inscribed on the rock, and C. F. Saunders of Pasadena, California, presented the most authoritative data as to the translation of the Spanish words. Prize checks were sent to both entrants. An unusually large number of well-written manuscripts was submitted in this contest and the judges spent many hours discussing the relative merits of each before reaching a final decision. The prize-winning entries are printed on this page.



MRS. NELSON GRAY and C. F. SAUNDERS

**I**NSCRPTION ROCK, named El Morro by the Spaniards, is a great castle-like butte with almost perpendicular walls 215 feet high and with space enough on top to have been the seat of two prehistoric pueblos. It is in Valencia county, western New Mexico, on the old Indian trail between Acoma and Zuñi (latitude 35, longitude 108½).

It was a famous stopping place of the Spanish pioneers as well as early American emigrants, there being water and wood at the base as well as grazing for stock.

Members of expeditions for king or church, many of them famous in the history of the Southwest, while camped here, cut their names with appropriate comment in the soft sandstone surface, and so created in time what the late Charles F. Lummis called a "stone auto-graph album."

The inscription may be translated as follows, the missing or uncertain portions being bracketed:

1. *Here (passed the Gov) erior.*
2. *Don Francisco Manuel de Silva Nieto.*
3. *Who the impossible now holds subject.*
4. *His indubitable arm and his valor.*
5. *With the wagons of the king our lord.*
6. *Thing that only he put in this effect.*
7. *Of August 9 (one thousand) six hundred twenty nine.*
8. *That (?) to Zuni I passed and carried the Faith.*

The bracketed portion of line 8 has greatly puzzled translators because the

original, while clear in its epigraphy is probably an abbreviation formed by compounding certain letters. Dr. F. W. Hodge, the distinguished ethnologist, has rendered it tentatively as "it be seen that"; H.L. Broomall, in a paper published in "Proceedings of the Delaware county Institute of Science, Media, Pa., October 1895," makes a good case for "it might be heard" (*se oyera*); Lummis, whose book "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo" contains what is probably the best popular account of the Rock and its inscriptions, leaves a blank for these enigmatic words. Nevertheless, the general sense is plain enough in the light of history. A notable feature of this inscription is that it is composed in verse form, line one rhyming with four and five; line two with three and six; line seven with eight.

It records the passing of Francisco Manuel de Silva, who with four friars and 30 soldiers established two missions on sites now occupied by Zuñi pueblo and Ojo Caliente. The expedition of Governor Silva and Friar Perea of 1629 carved its history in two inscriptions, the second of which is quoted above. The impermanence of "the faith" is recorded in subsequent carvings. A soldier named Lujan recorded an expedition to avenge the death of Father Letrado in 1632.

Again "The Sarjento Mayor, the Captain Juan de Archuleta, the Lieutenant Diego Martin Barba and the Alferes Augustin de Ynojos pass by here in 1636" bent on subduing the Zuñi.

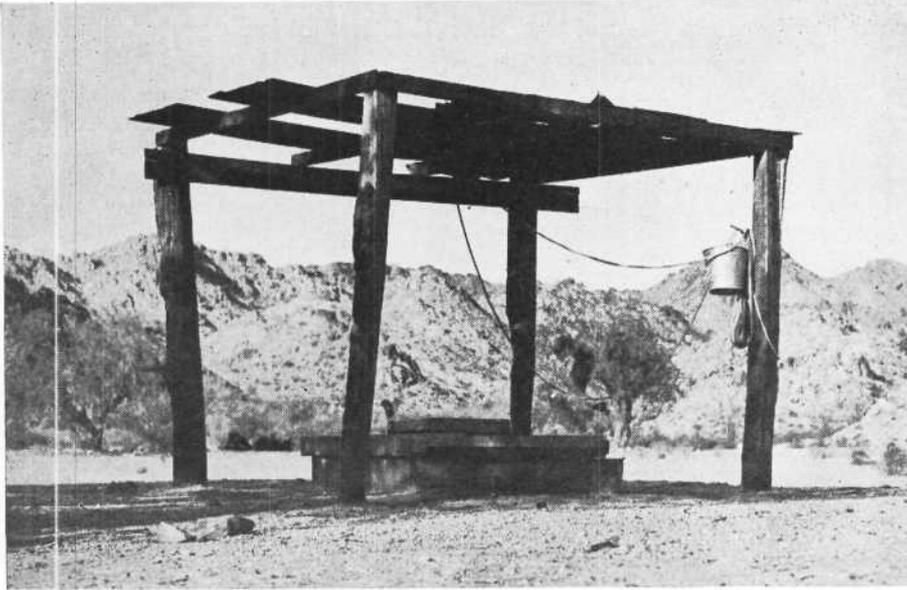
A later famous inscription is that of General de Vargas, who recorded in 1692 that he conquered all of New Mexico "at his own expense!"

Aside from the fact that it is now a national monument, the historical records at El Morro are especially valuable because the archives at Santa Fe were destroyed in 1680, the Franciscan archives in 1857, and only a few documents of New Mexican history have been found in the Mexican and Spanish archives.

Inscription Rock is in El Morro national monument (established 1906) with Robert R. Budlong as custodian in charge. There are 240 acres in the monument and it is 7,200 feet above sea level. It is approximately 37 miles from Highway 66 at Grants and 50 miles from Gallup. Good desert roads lead from both junctions and the trip may be made in comfort except during occasional periods when it is closed by winter snow or summer rain.

# Water hole in Southern California

## Who can identify this picture?



### Prize Landmark Contest Announcement

For the March Landmark contest the Desert Magazine has selected an old watering place located at a strategic point on one of the unimproved desert roads of the Colorado desert in Southern California.

Good water is found here—and it has saved the life of more than one traveler in a region where there are no service stations and few water holes.

This well is named after the man under whose direction it was drilled. To

the Desert Magazine reader who submits the most informative 500-word story about this watering place a cash prize of \$5.00 will be paid. The manuscript should give the location, distance from nearest town, history of the well as far as is known, and all available information.

Entries in the contest must reach the Desert Magazine office not later than March 20, and the winning story will be published in the May number of the Desert Magazine.

## Prizes to Amateur Photographers

Each month the Desert Magazine offers two cash prizes for the best camera pictures submitted by amateur photographers. The first award is \$5.00 and the second \$3.00.

Pictures are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Entries may include Indian pictures, rock formations, flowers and wild animals, canyons, trees, water holes—in fact anything that belongs to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the March contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by March 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when postage is enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the March contest will be announced and the pictures published in the May number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

**Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.**

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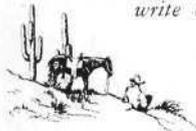
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# Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, to Margaret Hussmann of Nevada and Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah.

## ARIZONA

DEL SHAY (basin and creek) Gila county

After Del-che (Red Ant), Tonto-Apache chief who lived here with his band. "He was brave, able, bold and enterprising, and rightfully regarded as the worst enemy the white man ever had," says Bourke. According to Col. W. H. Corbusier, U. S. Army, who served in Arizona in early days, "Del-che's scalp with the long hair attached and one ear and part of his face was brought to me at the agency some 15 miles above Camp Verde in May 1874. There had been a price offered for his dead body and three Tontos brought the scalp in to prove they had killed him. There was a large pearl button tied to the lobe of the right ear with the scalp." Col. Corbusier sent the trophy to the commanding officer at Fort Verde. In turn he sent it to Lieut. Schuyler, Indian agent, 14 miles above Verde, present location of Cottonwood. There Indian scouts made positive identification. Barnes says Fish had a wild story from Banta claiming that in 1869 he and Cooley on their way to Fort McDowell had Del-che for a guide. Banta said: "By some hook or crook, Del-che was decoyed into camp by a white flag and shot to death by the camp doctor." But Barnes declares the Corbusier story is amply verified by an article in the Tucson Citizen of August 22, 1874. Dr. Warren S. Day, post surgeon at Camp Verde in the early 70s, wrote from Prescott in 1913: "Schuyler and I had accidentally let Del-che escape a few days before and were anxious to capture him. General Crook gave me two sacks of 'dobies' holding 200 Mexican dollars. He told me to use them any way I wished to secure the return of the chief. We decided to try Del-che's brother. He came to our tent and placing a Navajo blanket on the floor I tossed dollars into it until he counted a hundred. Then he grabbed the blanket, threw it over his back and left. Four or five days later he returned, bringing Del-che's head with him." At Camp McDowell in 1931 Colonel Schuyler verified this version, together with the account given by Corbusier, Barnes adds.

## CALIFORNIA

EXPLORER'S PASS Imperial county

This name was given by Lieut. J. C. Ives, commander of the Colorado river exploring expedition in 1858, to the pass about 15 miles north of Ft. Yuma, where his party navigating upstream in the iron steamer Explorer reached the first of several ranges "of low purple hills crossing the Colorado with a northwest and southeast trend." Ives wrote on January 12, 1858, "The pass through this range was not visible till we were almost at its mouth. The hills are but a few hundred feet in height, and the scenery, though picturesque, by no means grand; but it presents an agreeable change to the broad monotonous flats which we have been surveying for so many weeks." He had voyaged from the mouth of the river. "We have named the pass after our little steamboat," he added. More than half a century later, federal engineers built a dam across the river near the gap Lieutenant Ives described, Yuma county, Arizona, at the eastern edge of the pass now known

For the historical data contained in this department the Desert

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names;" to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, to Margaret Hussmann of Nevada and Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah.

## NEVADA

CLEAR CREEK

Douglas and Ormsby counties

Mountain torrent and old stage station. The creek runs a short course in the Sierra Nevada to union with Carson river, is situated in northwestern Nevada a few miles south of Carson City. In early days the old stage station on the boundary line of Douglas and Ormsby counties was located near the creek. Mark Twain and two companions were caught in a heavy blizzard a few rods away from the hotel. They lost their way, night overtook them. They had four matches, failed in efforts to light a fire to keep them from freezing. The three men rolled up in their blankets, expecting to die, awoke in the morning astonished to see the hotel near by. Today one of the chief highways to Lake Tahoe derives its name from the creek, following its course through the mountains.

## NEW MEXICO

HAGERMAN

Chaves county

For J. J. Hagerman, president of the Pecos Irrigation and Investment company.

ILFELD

San Miguel county

Formerly called Fulton. Charles Ilfeld was a pioneer merchant of New Mexico.

LA BAJADA (lah bah hah dah)

Santa Fe county

Sp. "incline, or slope." So called because the town is built on a slope between Santa Fe and Albuquerque.

MONTEZUMA

San Miguel county

Named from Montezuma college, which in turn was named for the last Aztec emperor of Mexico (1503-1520).

## UTAH

ANNABELLA

Sevier county

(Ele. 5250; pop. 180; settled 1871). Named for two of the first women settlers of the town, Ann S. Roberts and Isabella Dalton. The name was first applied to a spring near the community and later was transferred to the settlement.

FAIRFIELD

Utah county

(Ele. 4,860; pop. 170; settled 1855). So named because of its pleasant surroundings. Here Col. Albert Sidney Johnston established Camp Floyd which he named in honor of John B. Floyd, secretary of war under President Buchanan. The camp later renamed Fort Crittendon, for John Jordan Crittendon, U. S. senator from Kentucky. Received its present name in 1861.

GORGOZA

Salt Lake county

Named for a Spaniard who is said to have invested almost a million dollars in a narrow gauge railroad extending from Park City to Salt Lake City. John W. Young, son of Brigham Young, after failing to raise money in the United States for the railroad, traveled to France and solicited the financial support of Gorgoza. The Spaniard, at first reluctant, was eventually persuaded to sponsor the project after Young drew the picture of a large city and offered to call it Gorgoza.

# Mines and Mining . .

## Reno, Nevada . . .

Three brothers, Charles, Fred and Logan Gilbert, veteran prospectors, used two trucks, a trailer and two saddle horses on a six weeks' search for the famous Breyfogle lost mine in the wild country southeast of Tonopah, but without success. They did find Breyfogle arch and the inscription "Breyfogle, 1863." It was about that date when Pete Breyfogle turned up in Austin with gold ore incredibly rich and enraged miners nearly lynched him when he couldn't lead them to location of his discovery. Pete's bonanza has been lost ever since.

## Tucson, Arizona . . .

Dr. T. G. Chapman will head Arizona U. college of mines established by regents as a separate unit on January 8. Appointment, effective July 1, comes to Dr. Chapman near the close of his 24th year with the university. He will also direct the Arizona state bureau of mines. Dr. G. M. Butler, present dean of the college of mines and engineering, will become dean of the college of engineering, set up by the January division of university departments.

## Washington, D. C. . . .

More than one-third of the copper produced in the United States during 1939 came from Arizona mines. Figures in U. S. bureau of mines' annual report: Arizona copper output, 259,200 short tons, valued at \$53,913,600. Total for the country, 722,700 short tons, an increase of 30 per cent over the 557,763 short tons output in 1938. Five states, Arizona, Utah, Montana, Nevada and New Mexico produced 89 per cent of the United States total. New Mexico stepped up its production 125 per cent during the year.

## Prescott, Arizona . . .

Indiana purchasers paid \$250,000 for the old Climax gold mine, a producer since 1864, according to agent Andy Bettwy. The property includes more than three miles of tunnels and from 700 to 800 yards of drifts. Twenty men are now employed there, but new owners will undertake "extensive development," says Bettwy.

## Tucson, Arizona . . .

First smelting of gold and silver in what is now the United States was done at the Tumacacori mission, according to the department of the interior. Exact date of the smelter's operation has not been determined, according to department officials, but "the Spanish mission at Tumacacori went up about 1690 and was rebuilt between 1791 and 1822. The smelting took place early enough in that era to be the first of its kind in the U. S. Ore was probably brought from the mountains east and west of the mission."

## Elko, Nevada . . .

Colorful figure of Nevada mining, S. Frank Hunt, 76, died in January at La Jolla, California. He was discoverer of the famous Rio Tinto copper mine in northern Elko county, was widely known as a geologist and benefactor of Nevada university.

## Sacramento, California . . .

California retained its lead in American gold production during the past year. The state's 1939 record was 1,407,529 ounces, worth \$49,263,500. Domestic gold output was highest in history, totalling 5,579,931 ounces valued at \$195,297,600, about \$23,000,000 more than the previous record year of 1938. Ten leading gold producing states and territories: California, Philippine islands, Alaska, South Dakota, Colorado, Nevada, Arizona, Utah, Montana and Idaho, in the order named. Nevada passed Arizona by a slight margin. Idaho tops silver producing states. Silver output in the U. S. for the year was 64,938,093 ounces, worth \$44,079,190.

## Battle Mountain, Nevada . . .

James Ring has patented a gadget he thinks will cut down volume of profanity used by miners. It is an improved burner for carbide lamps. Heretofore miners have carried little wires attached to their hats, used the wire to clear fouled burner. With the Ring burner, the miner presses a little button and a plunger cleans the nipple from the inside.

## Virginia City, Nevada . . .

Canada's war materials board has contracted with the American quicksilver company to buy 100 flasks of quicksilver monthly for the next four months, reports R. D. Gardner, manager of the company operating eight miles from here. Recently about two flasks daily were produced, until snowstorms compelled suspension of work.

## Carson City, Nevada . . .

U. S. Senator Pat McCarran announces he will revive his bill to support and grubstake prospectors. Predicting a "possibility of success" for the measure, McCarran says it would develop mineral wealth of the nation and give employment to many. The bill would provide prospectors with food, clothing, equipment and a living wage from the government.

## Phoenix, Arizona . . .

Arizona small mine operators association wants congress to authorize the Reconstruction finance corporation to make loans of \$5,000 or less for "exploring raw prospects of reasonable merit." To finance these loans, President W. J. Graham of the ASMOA says Washington will be asked to earmark \$35,000,000 annual income he declares the treasury receives from seigniorage on silver purchases at the mints.

## Rhyolite, Nevada . . .

Exploration continues at the Original Bullfrog mine in southwestern Nye county near here. Sinking the main shaft deeper, it is proposed by the operators to drive lateral tunnels below the old workings. Following discovery in 1905 by the late "Shorty" Harris, this mine produced rich gold ore, some of the specimens being used as jewelry. From the mottled coloring of the ore the Bullfrog district derived its name. Burm-Ball mining company of Auburn, California, is making the present development, indicating that a mill may be built in the spring if findings justify the investment necessary.

# Gem Collectors!

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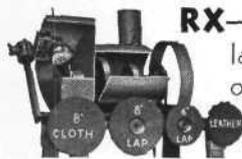
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**Gems and Minerals**

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to other collectors.

—ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor—

**CALIFORNIA FEDERATION  
 CONVENTION APRIL 20-21**

The Santa Barbara Mineralogical society is completing plans for the fifth annual convention of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies, Saturday and Sunday, April 20-21, headquarters Santa Barbara museum of natural history. The club under the direction of C. D. Woodhouse, vice-president of the federation, offers an interesting program including round table discussions on gems and minerals and lapidary work.

Exhibits will be divided into two classes—amateur and commercial—and placed in separate sections. The committee would like as many exhibits as possible, and would appreciate knowing in advance the number and size. A prize is offered for the best mineral specimen collected in California between May 1, 1939 and April 1, 1940.

A garden sightseeing tour is scheduled for wives who are not Rockhounds.

Annual banquet will be held at Santa Barbara's famed Restaurant del Paseo. Besides good food, there will be entertainment by Spanish singers, dancers and musicians. New officers will be announced, and the evening will be climaxed with an auction.

• • •

In Nevada, during the past summer, there have been found some quartz crystals remarkable for inclusions of antimony minerals. Some show rosettes of acicular stibnite crystals, and some have needles of cervantite. A few show combinations of stibnite and cervantite, the sulphide and oxide, respectively, of antimony.

• • •

Bruce Neal has been elected chairman of the 1940 convention of Northwest Federation of Mineralogical societies to be held in October at Spokane, Washington. All rock collectors of the Southwest are urged to plan their vacations to include the convention.

• • •

April issue of the MINERALOGIST will be a special convention number, featuring California and the federation, and dedicated to John Melhase, first president of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies.

• • •

Plainfield, N. J. Mineralogical society in cooperation with Rocks and Minerals association is to sponsor a mineral day at the World's fair in New York June 17.

• • •

Smithsonian Institute has acquired a huge topaz crystal from Minas Geraes, Brazil. It is pale blue on the outside and pale sherry color within, weight 153 pounds.

• • •

Northern California Mineral society announces a course in physical and historical geology, conducted by Anatol Glas, A. I. M. E.

• • •

Arthur C. Terrill is giving instruction in mineralogy to a class of adults four nights a week at Fullerton high school.

• • •

Mineralogical societies are urged to get their reports in promptly to the Desert Magazine so that printed notices may be up to date.

**Cogitations**

**Of a Rockhound**

BY LOUISE EATON

• Some rockhounds takes themselves seriously; but mostly they jus' grins, hitches up their pants, an' tries to beat the other feller to the best finds.

• Wouldn't it be sumthin if rockhounds could see flowerz as well as rocks! Any gemmer can rattle off mouthfillin words like chalcotrichite, crocidolite or pseudomorph, but he'd probly think phacelia was a disease er a prehistoric animul, an' a salazaria some new fangled French stew. The desert is almost covered now with brave little plants. And how fat an' lush the cactuses is! Of course rockhounds see verbenas an' such, but mainly jus bezuz they covers up the rocks.

• It's amazin how many college degrees are ncountered mongst a pack of rockhounds—MA's, Md's, DD's, PhD's,—an' how little these degrees shows on the surface. Rockhounds is kinda like Weary Willies: they dont like to shave their whiskers off, ner waste much water cleanin up out on the desert. But you can count on one thing shure: Their minds is clear an' clean. They tells lots of funny stories an' jokes aroun their evenin campfires, but never a off-color one; nor does they ever hurt anyones feelins, either.

• Rockhounds aint snobbish. But they shure is clannish an' xclusive. They dont much like to waste their time with folks not vitally intrested in their rocks; furthermore they cant comprehend how anyone can be unintrested an' still be human. But jus' let someone show a flicker of attention, an' he's besieged by all rockhounds in his vicinity an' overwhelmed with information an' advice. They tells him where to collect specimens, plans trips enuf to last half his natural life, urges him to see their collections instanter, an' to go with them on the very next field trip—rain er shine. If he dont want to talk, eat an' sleep rocks, he better git.

Imperial Gem and Mineral society made a field trip January 28 to Picacho peak, near Imperial dam, obtaining excellent quality Jasper, agate and chalcedony. The club has recently been made a member of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies. Trips scheduled by the Imperial society in February and March include the following:

February 24-25—Overnight camping trip to Turtle mountains.

March 10—One day trip to marble and fossil fields in Coyote mountain.

March 30-31 — Overnight trip to Quartzsite, Arizona, field.

## Misnamed Minerals

### "Mexican Onyx"

True Onyx—A stone of the Quartz family, hardness 7, and specific gravity 2.7. True varieties of this stone are few in number and rather rare. Onyx is distinguished by characteristically parallel lines of highly contrasting colors. Black Onyx has parallel lines of black and white, while Sardonyx must have lines of brilliant carnelian red and white. Many old cameos are carved in Sardonyx.

"Mexican Onyx" is a variety of metamorphic limestone, related to marble. Its hardness is only 3 and specific gravity 2.6. Chemically, it is calcium carbonate instead of silica. It is a beautiful stone and often resembles true Onyx in color. An ordinary pocket knife cuts it easily, while true Onyx is much harder than any steel. A chemical test is easy. Hydrochloric acid effervesces at once on "Mexican Onyx," while true Onyx is untouched by acid.

Sequoia Mineral society at Reedley, California, recently elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Paul Eymann president, Jay Holliday vice president, Dora Andersen secretary-treasurer, Wm. Dyck assistant secretary and E. E. Eldridge state federation director.

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### BIRTHSTONES

#### March—Bloodstone

Bloodstone is one of the many stones of the great quartz family. It belongs to the branch of that family known as Chalcedony or Crypto-Crystalline quartz. The finest bloodstone is of a brilliant dark green color, liberally sprinkled with tiny, bright red spots of iron stain. As the size of the red spots increase, the value of the stone decreases.

Bloodstone, to many devout persons, has a highly religious and sentimental value, due to its supposedly miraculous origin. They fondly believe that Bloodstone sprang into existence, through a miracle, from the blood-sprinkled grass around the Cross of the Savior.

### LOS ANGELES COLLECTORS TO FORM NEW SOCIETIES

At least three new mineral societies are to be formed in Los Angeles among applicants who registered with Mrs. Gertrude McMullen during the Western Mineralogical exposition in January. It is planned to complete the organization of the new groups within the next few weeks so they can participate in spring and summer field trips.

More than 15,000 persons visited the exhibits at the exposition in the basement of the chamber of commerce building, according to Dr. John Herman, general manager of the event. So successful was the project that the sponsoring groups voted at a general banquet held on the last night to make it an annual event.

### BARSTOW ROCKHOUNDS FORM NEW SOCIETY

Forty-two charter members paid their initiation dues of \$1.00 in the newly formed Mineralogical society at Barstow, California, January 20. This is the first collector's club to be formed in the heart of the Mojave desert region where there are many fields of fine minerals, some of them practically unexplored.

Ernest Chapman, president of the California federation, and C. B. Woodhouse and Nelson Whittemore of Santa Barbara were present to assist the local collectors in the formation of their society.

Tom Wilson and Frank Miratti of Beacon Tavern initiated the plans for the new club and the organization meeting was held at the Tavern cafe.

### RARE GEMS COLLECTED ON TRIP INTO MEXICO

Editor Paul Vandereike of Mineral Notes and News, official bulletin of the California Federation of Mineralogical societies, received from Wendell O. Stewart the following interesting report of the Stewart-Calvert collecting trip in Mexico. Stewart wrote:

"Earl Calvert and I returned Christmas Eve from our third collecting trip into Mexico, having traveled this time 2,600 miles by car and 2,000 miles by train. At the El Potosi mine at Santa Eulalia, Chihuahua, we collected a fine group of hemimorphite (calamine) crystals from the caves leading off from the mine tunnels. We drove over terrible roads south of Chihuahua to the great gypsum caves at Naica, and in the third level of the mine which penetrates these caves collected clear perfectly terminated selenite crystals up to 12 inches long. Great groups of crystals weighing hundreds of pounds covered the ceilings and walls, and mammoth crystals, five feet long and eight inches in diameter lay on the floor, too heavy to lift.

"On Iron mountain, Durango, we broke open

silica veins to secure gem quality apatite crystals, singly and in groups in the matrix. The veins occur in the hematite which is being mined at present by a Mexican company.

"In Queretaro the opal dealers and lapidaries were visited, colored pictures taken of their equipment, etc., and rough and polished opals bought. Gems of great beauty and fire were displayed. Guanajuato supplied geodes in fluorescent hyalite, valencianite, a rare feldspar in crystal form found only in the Valenciana silver mine, silver crystals, amethysts, rare forms of calcite, cherry opals, dolomite, pink apophyllite, etc. Fine aragonite stalactites were taken from the caves at Los Lamentos, which occur in the Ahumada mine, worked for lead and molybdenum, much of these minerals being in the form of wulfenite crystals of great beauty. At the Hilltop mine in Arizona beautiful groups of wulfenite crystals were purchased from the miners.

"The choicest samples of the Mexican minerals will be on display at the Federation Convention in Santa Barbara next April."

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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE

636 State Street

El Centro, California

## DESERT DIARY . . .

*Continued from page 13*

heavy a swollen-leaved, lusty mescal plant can be. And what a devilish thing it is to carry. Sweat ran down our faces and our bodies. Before beginning we had piled our clothes in the cleft of a great rock. Nevertheless, we were desperately hot. We were glad enough, after a while, to call a halt. We sat down in the thin shade of our friendly juniper and stove in the head of the pineapple can with the axe. We munched the juicy yellow slices and drank the syrup. Ever since that day we have had a particular affection for pineapple.

A space to accommodate a seven-by-nine tent doesn't sound excessive. But by the time we had removed all the rocks and shrubbery we felt as though we had cleared at least an acre. Then we set up the tent. That was triumph. We stored the axe and the empty pineapple can inside it, carefully tied the entrance flap shut, and weary but happy, turned to go back to our base camp at the foot of the mountain.

It was late. The sun had already reached the jagged mountain crests to westward, and across the lowland desert to the east fantastic shadows were gathering about the buttes and washes. We knew we would have to hurry, for we had to run the gantlet of a myriad bristling lances before we reached the mountain foot. It wouldn't be a pleasant thing to attempt in the dark.

Despite wearied muscles, we forced ourselves to speed. At the edge of the cliff, just before we swung over to tackle the long downward trail, we paused to look back. There it stood, the brave little brown tent, amidst a tangled desolation of rock and thorn. The long leagues of desert shadows were chill and purple behind it. It looked very tiny and lonely, standing there where never tent had stood before.

It brought a queer lump to our throats. "It's going to be home," Tanya said huskily. "It is home, already. I wonder why we didn't come here before?"

Then we scrambled away down the mountain to a campfire and welcome supper and bed. And that night, as we stretched weary limbs in our blankets and watched the march of the desert stars, coyotes sat on the ridges and yammered at us. And the wind came up across the long stretch of yucca-staked wilderness and skirled through the tall, dead mescal poles and through the junipers with eerie whisperings. But our hearts were warm. They were with that brave little tent, keeping guard amidst the mescals and the shadows and the wistful brown ghosts upon the summit, far above us.

That was in a February. Yes, we like February. It is a grand month.

## DESERT HIGHLIGHTS . . .

L. J. Murphy who operates a museum in connection with the famous "bottle house" at Rhyolite, Nevada, reports that 3,094 visitors stopped to see his relics during the first 41 days of the year.

Members of the Swiss club and the Holtville, California chamber of commerce, are planning to hold a ski tournament in the sandhills along U. S. Highway 80 between Yuma and Holtville. Since snow seldom falls in this area the steep dunes of sand will provide a substitute.

Ernest Hall of Salome, Arizona, whose hobby is collecting woodpecker nests found in dead saguaro cactus trunks, reports that after several years' search he finally has found a nest just the right size for a cactus lampshade he has been building.

# MONTANA JIM'S UTOPIA . . .

Continued from page 12

sion. There was a table, or rather, a board with four legs, more sun-yellowed magazines that half hid a faded brown picture—a boy, 16 perhaps, with curly hair and a sensitive mouth, trim in a smart military uniform.

"That's me taken in the old country, Norway," Jim said. "Couldn't stand the confinement of so much routine so I cleared out." For just a moment, it seemed, the door to a far different life had been opened and then as quickly, it had closed again. He would say no more about the old days.

"How do you like this?" he asked, changing the subject as he took a bottle, opalescent in deep bronze and purple coloring, from its cigar box niche on the piñon and held it up to the light. "It's cracked and it's broken," he said, "but ain't it a beauty?"

There was no doubt about it—it was cracked, broken but beautiful.

## Secret of Utopia.

Written in indelible pencil and hung on the branches as on a library wall, I read:—

"Utopia I have named my west,  
Utopia stands, unique, the best,  
How few of us have learned to find,  
Utopia dwells within the mind."

The secret of Montana Jim's Utopia! What did it matter if it wasn't quite iambic pentameter? The thought and the feeling were there. Real Utopians, in truth, these old-time prospectors with their fascinating sense of superiority toward the artificiality of the world's civilization.

"What are the chances of finding real pay dirt now?" I asked, getting back to more practical things.

"Well, there's an old saying that mines are made and not found," he said thoughtfully. "They have to be developed and I guess that is more true today than it ever was. We used to find plenty of out-croppings but now we have to dig for them.

"Plenty of rats today say there is just as good a chance as there ever was, but all I say is, maybe they know it but they sure don't put it into service. You can throw a 20 dollar gold piece in a dusty road and maybe a hundred people know it's there. But how many find it? Just one! It's the same with a mine.

"It's kind of tough sometimes, prospecting," he went on. "You don't just tap on rocks. You dig! And there's flies and mosquitoes and rats and blistering sun. There's drought, starvation maybe, and thirst. Water is always the scarcest thing there is, more so than gold. But we can't quit. No real prospector ever quits."

"Discouraged? Sure thing! Lots of times. But when I can't find anything worth sticking a pick into. I just recall the friendly, optimistic words an old Irish desert rat gave me one time. 'Never mind, Montana,' he said. 'As long as ye have power to wield a pick, she is apt to yield ye a fortune anytime!' And maybe I'm egotistical-like but I'm thinking this old rock-hound has super-abundant picking power yet."

"A prospector needs little of worldly goods," he went on. "Just plenty of beans and bacon and a good supply of optimism."

With that, Jim glanced across at the sun, lowering now toward snow-capped peaks in the distance. He stood up.

"Please don't let me be keeping you," he said and with that we were dismissed.

As we wound our way down through the shadows, through the rugged grandeur of desert mountains, Jim's words kept running through my mind. "Contentment," he had said, "is the most precious thing in the world."

Someway, now that I'm back where the street cars bang over switches and horns honk far into the night, I like to think of Montana Jim wending his way over the hills—a smile for good fortune, a shrug for bad, just one of the little group of vanishing vagabonds of the desert. They are the men who have found and traded most of the gold the world enjoys for the freedom of the wide open spaces and the peace of mind that is their Utopia.

. . . .

## MORMON BATTALION IS HONORED BY MONUMENT

Heber Grant, president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, in January dedicated a monument to the famous Mormon battalion in Presidio park, San Diego, California. More than 5,000 persons attended. The memorial marks the spot where the battalion camped at the end of its march from Council Bluffs, Iowa in 1846-47, the longest recorded infantry march in military history.

# Desert

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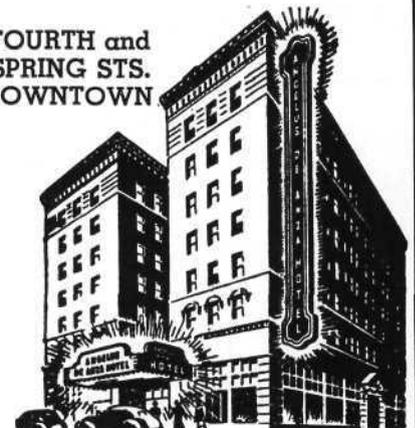
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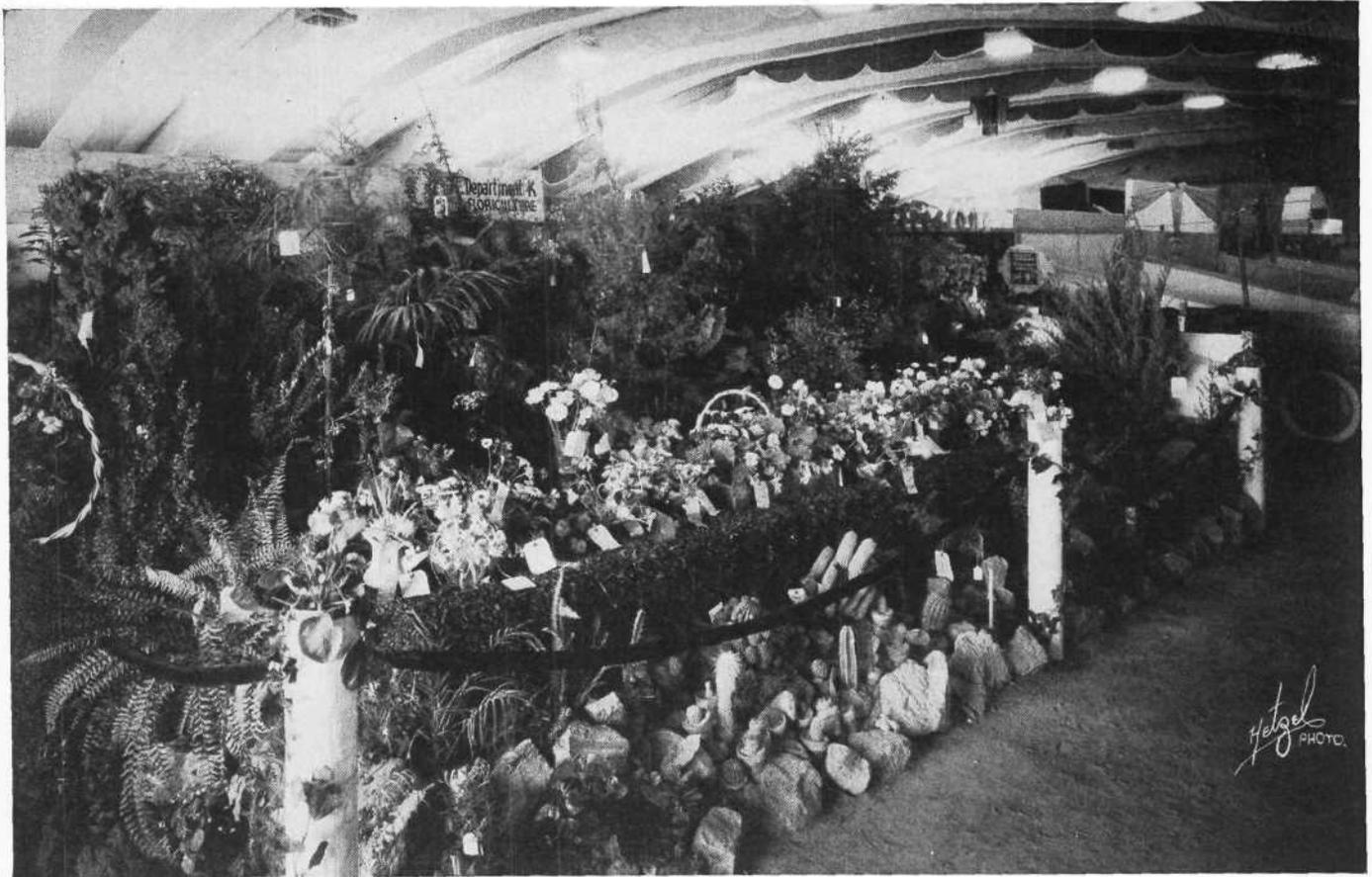
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When snow and ice cover most of the country and King Winter holds frozen court elsewhere, Imperial Valley exhibits a profusion of flowers, fruits and vegetables at a county fair unique because in no other locality would it be possible at that season to assemble such displays of field grown products. The accompanying picture shows a section of the exhibition hall

at Imperial County's Mid-winter fair, scheduled this year for March 2 to 10. Dorman Stewart is secretary of the fair association. Ben Hulse is president of the board of directors. During the past 10 years the Imperial fair has developed into one of the outstanding agricultural exhibitions of the Southwest, astonishing proof of man's conquest of the desert.

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**BORDER CITY TO PRESENT ANZA'S TREK IN PAGEANTRY**

Desert Cavalcade is the name of Calexico, California's three-day fiesta scheduled for March 28-30, when Juan Bautista de Anza will march again, and border residents of Mexico and the United States will re-enact in pageantry the stirring days of frontier history. The spectacle will be staged by local people from Calexico and its sister city of Mexicali across the international line. Theme of the festival runs from the desert crossing of Captain de Anza's expedition on its way to the California coast missions from Mexico, down through the years to the changing of the desert into the rich agricultural empire of Imperial Valley. Al Vierhus is president of the festival association; Mrs. Ceceile Kelso is chairman of the pageant writers' group; Blanche Wieben is director of dances. The program will include a school children's parade, the pageant, costumed parade and costumed ball. The event will attract many visitors, who will find comfortable, modern accommodations, and who will witness an interesting exposition of colorful incidents in a region noted for its wealth of historical drama.



*This is the cave in which Dr. Hoyt found the coyote lair mentioned in this story.*

## WHITE SATAN OF THE DESERT . . .

*Continued from page 16*

pose. The next night I returned alone and continued my search for the lair.

Lying concealed in a cove of creosote, I studied the upthrust of sandstone. The full moon had just risen in the east, brilliant and red as a ball of fire. At the edge of the great block of sandstone near its base I discovered the entrance of a wind-carved cave.

For a long time I fixed my night glass upon this spot, but no living thing appeared. I was certain this must be the

new lair, and decided to find out if I were right or wrong.

Cautiously I approached the cave, pausing now and then to determine if either of the old ones were about. Reaching a projection of sandstone at the very lip of the cavern I lay low for some moments, listening intently. Not a sound of life came from the interior of the den.

Switching on a flashlight I saw coyote tracks in the sand about me. Also there were bits of rodent fur and freshly gnawed bones strewn in the opening of the enclosure. I shot a beam of light far back under the overhanging ledge. But the lair was not inhabited. The cubs had been moved again.

Then a startling thing happened. A loud weird mocking cry, broken by a succession of gurgling yaps, split the dead silence about me like the spine-tingling wail of a maniac. It came from directly behind me.

Turning, I caught a picture I shall never forget. Standing on the brink of a table formation across a small wash, stood the white sire, silhouetted against the disk of the rising moon, with head tilted to the zenith.

Once again came the same indescribable ululation, with rising intonation that ended in a cackle of unearthly sounds. If ever a wild animal laughed at man, that coyote laughed at me.

Then the brute was gone; and that was the last time I ever saw the albino. But my purpose was fulfilled. The White Satan of the Mojave had given me inspiration for my book.



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## CRYSTALS ALONG SALTON SEA SHORE . . .

Continued from page 19

arts, and today desert lovers with a little skill and patience can also indulge in the fashioning of small objects from this interesting mineral.

Alabaster can be cut with an ordinary hack saw and carved with a pocket knife. Sandpaper or emory cloth stretched over a piece of wood is all the tool needed to smooth down the surface. A good polish can be secured by simply rubbing with leather and a paste of zinc oxide and water.

For those who have always wanted to try their hand at fashioning something out of stone, but have held back because of the cost of tools necessary to cut harder rocks, alabaster is the answer.

And even if there were nothing else to attract the visitor to the north shore of Salton sea, the panorama of a desert sunset across Salton sea is a picture that is reward enough for any human with a little poetry in his soul.

. . .

## RECREATIONAL AREA FOR SALTON SEA PROPOSED

Proposals for the establishing of a public recreational area along the shores of Salton sea in Southern California were revived early in February when Secretary S. G. Wilder of the Mecca chamber of commerce presented the matter to the Riverside county planning commission. With the exception of a limited number of private holdings, the shore line of the sea has been withdrawn from entry or is held by the Imperial irrigation district.

It has been generally assumed that the variation in the sea level was due entirely to waste water from the Imperial canal system, and owners of private frontage along the sea recently protested to the Imperial directors against the fluctuation which they said discourages permanent improvements. The sea has been rising an inch a week for some time, it was stated.

Engineers for the District denied that waste water from the canal system is entirely responsible for the rising level of the sea, and the idea was advanced that it might be due partly to seepage waters from the Hayfield reservoir of the Metro-

## Sez Hard Rock Shorty of . . . Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"Dusty?" asked Hard Rock Shorty. "Yup. I've seen times it was right dusty. Back thirty-fourty year ago we had a dust storm folks still talk about."

He looked out across the sun baked landscape and relaxed contentedly in the shade on the Inferno store porch.

"Yes Sir—that was a real duster. It blowed for 43 days an' nights not countin' Sundays an' holidays. Dust was so thick yuh could walk on it. Old Pisgah Bill was drivin' a freight wagon in from Tonopah an' for over 30 mile he drove six mules right on top o' the dust. He busted a singletree up in the pass an' in fixin' it he hung the busted one in the top of a little pinon tree there. After the storm was over he went back after the singletree and found it up 19 feet in the air.

"Down here in Inferno it was kind o' dusty too. It was so thick we dug tunnels to go across the street. An' the funniest thing o' all was that when the wind stopped blowin' we found out that a gopher out back o' the post office drilled a set o' holes about six foot up in the dust. He sure looked foolish. The dust all settled an' left him an' his holes just settin' there outside the back window."

politan water district. While the reservoir is 30 miles northeast of Salton, it was suggested that an earthquake fault would make it possible for the water to flow this distance underground.

The problem of rising water in the sea always is more serious during the winter months when evaporation is at a minimum. When warm days come the sea-level normally recedes.

California state fish and game commission has planted fish in brackish waters of the sea at various times in an effort to provide sport fishing here, but so far this project has not met with marked success.

# Desert Area Defined by Geological Survey . . .

What part of the continental United States may be considered the desert region? Here is the answer to that question given by the United States geological survey:

" . . . a great triangle whose base, 800 miles long, is the Mexican border from the Peninsular mountains, in Southern California, to the mouth of Pecos river, in Texas, and whose apex is in north-central Oregon. The west side of this huge desert triangle is the mountain wall formed by the Peninsular mountains, the Sierra Nevada, and the Cascade range; the east or northeast side is a less definite line extending from north-central Oregon through Salt Lake City and Santa Fe to the mouth of the Pecos river. Its area is about 500,000 square miles, or about one-sixth of the area of the United States.

"This region is by no means devoid of natural resources or human activity. It contains prosperous cities, fertile agricultural districts, forest-clad mountains, a

large aggregate number of watering places, rich mines and an unknown wealth of mineral deposits yet to be discovered and exploited. But the localities that have water supplies comprise widely separated oases in a vast expanse of silent, changeless, unproductive desert whose most impressive characteristic is its great distances and whose chief evidences of human occupation are the long, long roads that lead from one watering place to another.

"In the future existing oases will be enlarged, others will be created, and the mineral and agricultural products of the region will be greatly increased. But in spite of all that man can do, this large region will remain essentially a desert, and large tracts will remain uninhabited and devoid of water supplies."

O. E. Meinzer, writing for the geological survey, says: "The desert . . . has a peculiar fascination. Its solitude and silence are soothing to the man who comes to it from a busy life and much human contact . . . great distances and magnificent landscapes tend to enlarge and ennoble the human mind. It is a land . . . of abundant bright sunshine, of pure, bracing air . . . its nights . . . with a sky overhead so intensely starry that it inspires awe and reverence."

## The Desert Trading Post

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 2½ cents per thousand readers.

### DESERT REAL ESTATE

FOR SALE:—600 acres Arizona's picturesque fertile land, nestled under Weaver mountains above Wickenburg the Duderanch mining Capitol of the West. Elevation 3,000 ft. Climate perfect. 130 once under cultivation. Soft water well 265 ft. deep with gasoline pump. Good for speculation as Phoenix engineers preparing now to construct dam just above this property. Has clear title. Priced \$5 an acre for quick sale. Half cash. Write owner Box 53, Sierra Madre, California.

### POINTS OF INTEREST

CATHEDRAL CITY, California, is a small nicely situated village; quiet and inexpensive, where you learn to love the desert. See W. R. Hillery.

BENSON'S Service Station. Headquarters for visitors to Borrego desert region. Gas, oil, water, meals, cabins, trailer space, information. On Julian-Kane Springs highway, P.O. Box 108, Westmorland, California.

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#### AMERICAN ATTORNEY

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### BOOKS

BOOKS for gem and mineral collectors. May be obtained by addressing Desert Crafts Shop, 636 State St., El Centro, California. See listing and prices on page 33 of this issue of Desert Magazine.

### MAGAZINES

ARCADIAN LIFE MAGAZINE. Tells the story of the Ozarks. Points the way to Pastoral Living. \$1.00 a year - copy 25c. 2c a word Classified. O. E. Rayburn, Caddo Gap, Arkansas.

### CRAFTS

NAVAJO RUGS — direct from an Indian trader. Prices are now the lowest in history of Navajo weaving industry. Rugs will be sent on approval to responsible parties. Write for prices and information.—E. A. Daniels, 306 San Francisco St., Santa Fe, New Mexico. (Mention the Desert Magazine.)

#### PIUTTE BUTTE TRADING POST

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BOULDER DAM engraved plates \$1.50 each, imported from England. Colors: Wakefield pink, light or Staffordshire blue; also six inch teapot tiles same design and colors \$1.50 each. Mailing charges collect. UL-LOM'S DESERT STUDIO, Box 925, Las Vegas, Nevada.

INDIAN RELICS. Beadwork. Coins. Minerals. Books. Dolls. Old Glass. Old West Photos. Miniatures. Weapons. Catalogue 5c. Vernon Lemley, Osborne, Kansas.

WHEN IN MISSOURI, stop at Missouri Mule Novelty shop at Kohler City, near Barnhart on Highway 61. Handmade novelties and jewelry. Berea college student products. Minerals, toys, paintings, books, etc.

### PIPE

## PIPE

Reconditioned and new pipe, casing, valves and fittings. Write for prices and booklet.

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## Weather

### JANUARY REPORT FROM U. S. BUREAU AT PHOENIX

| Temperatures—                  | Degrees |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| Mean for month .....           | 55.6    |
| Normal for January .....       | 51.2    |
| High on January 29 .....       | 82.     |
| Low on January 27 .....        | 31.     |
| Rain—                          | Inches  |
| Total for month .....          | 0.04    |
| Normal for January .....       | 0.80    |
| Weather—                       |         |
| Days clear .....               | 8       |
| Days partly cloudy .....       | 10      |
| Days cloudy .....              | 13      |
| G. K. GREENING, Meteorologist. |         |

### FROM YUMA BUREAU

| Temperatures—                                                                                                                                                                         | Degrees |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------|
| Mean for month .....                                                                                                                                                                  | 59.1    |
| (Warmest January since 1893)                                                                                                                                                          |         |
| Normal for January .....                                                                                                                                                              | 54.4    |
| High on January 30 .....                                                                                                                                                              | 81.     |
| Low on January 19 .....                                                                                                                                                               | 40.     |
| Rain—                                                                                                                                                                                 | Inches  |
| Total for month .....                                                                                                                                                                 | 0.04    |
| 70-year average for January .....                                                                                                                                                     | 0.45    |
| Weather—                                                                                                                                                                              |         |
| Days clear .....                                                                                                                                                                      | 15      |
| Days partly cloudy .....                                                                                                                                                              | 13      |
| Days cloudy .....                                                                                                                                                                     | 3       |
| (Sunshine 80 per cent, 254 hours out of possible 318 hours).                                                                                                                          |         |
| Colorado river—January discharge at Grand Canyon 285,000 acre feet. Release from Boulder dam 775,000 acre feet. Estimated storage January 31 behind Boulder dam 22,800,000 acre feet. |         |

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.

Ready about February 1

DESERT

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By EDMUND C. JAEGER

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636 State Street El Centro, Calif.

# BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

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

### YUMA INDIANS ONCE MADE SUPERIOR POTTERY

First detailed study of Yuman pottery was presented by Malcolm J. Rogers as No. 2 of the San Diego Museum Papers, 1936, San Diego, California.

Ethnologists heretofore had considered the ceramic output of this Indian stock inferior to the better known Puebloan. The author states that although the design is primitive and unskillfully applied, the best examples exceed the Puebloan in thinness and hardness and equal it in symmetry of form. To compare the quantity of production with the Puebloan would also give an erroneous impression, for the differing social customs were largely responsible for the scant remaining specimens of Yuman pottery.

The second section of the 50-page report consists of comparative studies in which the Yumans are divided geographically into Western, Colorado desert, Colorado river and Eastern groups. Ethnological background, general processes and descriptions form a basis for comparisons.

Bibliography; color plate and black and white photos. Map of Yuman and Shoshonean district c. 1800 A. D. \$1.25.

• • •

### NEW GUIDE BOOK ISSUED FOR SOUTHWEST TRAVELERS

Twenty-six southwestern national monuments are described and illustrated in a GUIDE issued by the Southwestern Monuments association, Dale S. King, editor.

Frank Pinkley, who supervises the monuments from headquarters at Coolidge, Arizona explains in the introduction the difference between a national monument and a national park. A monument is an area set aside by the president primarily for its educational value, with secondary recreational and inspirational value. The purpose of a national park, which is proclaimed by congress, is reversed, the recreational value being foremost.

A double-page map shows location of the monuments in Arizona, Utah, Colorado and New Mexico. Full information on each monument follows: personnel, location and area, date established, season, facilities, description and history. All are illustrated with excellent photos. Reading list, 50 pp. 30c.

• • •

### SETON VILLAGE PRESS PUBLISHES POETRY BOOK

PICTOGRAPHS OF THE SOUTHWEST is a small volume of poems issued by the Seton Village Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico. The contributors, called the Seton Village Poets, include writers of international note as well as such native-sounding names as Wazinina and Watonka.

Many moods and reactions to the desert are expressed in varied form. From the effective couplet style of Clark Brown through the Pueblo drama-poem of Hartley B. Alexander to the free verse of Witter Bynner, the verses crystallize the feeling of the poet for the Southwest.

Also presented are Ernest Thompson Seton, Loren Baum, Madge Hauger, Alice Heap, La Rue Paytiamo, Arthur Pfaff, Lester Thomas and Roy A. Keech. 50 pp. \$1.00.

### BACKGROUND OF ESTEVAN AND CABEZA DE VACA

Although the historical novel GALLEONS SAIL WESTWARD, by Camilla Campbell, is not strictly a book of the desert—its two leading characters, Cabeza de Vaca and the Moorish slave Estevan, played significant parts in Spain's first attempted conquest of what is now the desert region of the United States.

With three companions, all shipwrecked survivors of the ill-fated Narvaez expedition to Florida, Cabeza de Vaca and Estevan spent nine years traversing the swamps along the gulf coast and the arid region of western Texas before reaching a Spanish outpost at Culiacan, Mexico. Most of the time they lived and traveled with wild Indian tribesmen.

It was during this long painful trek that they heard of the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola, and Estevan became imbued with the idea of reaching them—an idea which led to his violent death later in one of the Zuni villages.

Published by Mathis, Van Nort & company of Dallas, Texas, as a children's book, Galleons Sail Westward is based on F. W. Hodge's translation of the *Relacion* of de Vaca, and has a historical value and a vivid presentation which will make it enjoyable reading for many adults. Illustrated with blockprints by Edna McKinney. Bibliography, 321 pp. \$2.50.

• • •

### DRAMA IN THE STORY OF GEMS AND MINERALS

GEM TRADER, a fascinating new book by Louis Kornitzer who is remembered for his popular "The Pearl Trader," has recently been published by Sheridan House, New York.

Kornitzer's own personal record as a gem trader is a theme of romance, both in the conventional emphasis upon the romantic characteristics of jewels themselves, and in the author's own attitude toward his subject and experiences. This book is the rambling story of the life of a man to whom gems have meant more than bread.

With a simple directness the author weaves dramatic, humorous, astonishing tales, and tales of pathos, in which he traces the lives of some of history's great gems and also of the human lives these stones have touched and influenced.

Gem tables, a gem bibliography, and colored illustrations of gems are included. The English publication is listed as THE BRIDGE OF GEMS. \$2.75.

MRS. QUITA RUFF.

• • •

### ROMANCE OF A COWGIRL IN THE BIG BEND REGION

Nellie Morris grew up in a Texas newspaper office, lived many years at Big Spring in the heart of the cattle country. This background gave her much rich material for the book she has written to tell of woman's part in Western ranch life. IN CLOUD OF DUST, publishers Mathis, Van Nort & company of Dallas, has appealing simplicity. The romance of a small-town girl and her struggle to save the land and cattle from drought, sandstorms and rustlers add interest to detailed description of day to day life in the little known Big Bend area of the Lone Star state. \$2.50.

The DESERT MAGAZINE

## Writers of the Desert . . .

VANCE HOYT, psychologist and naturalist, spent many months in the desert securing material for his coyote story *Song Dog* which was published in book form last year. And out of that same experience with desert wildlife he has written "White Satan of the Desert" for this number of the *Desert Magazine*.

Hoyt is a psychologist and naturalist, now teaching in the Los Angeles schools and writing the syndicated nature column "Walks and Talks with Nature" for coast-to-coast newspapers.

At present he is working on a biography of his grandfather, "Buckskin Joe," scout and frontiersman in the early days in Kansas, Indian territory and Colorado. Vance Hoyt was raised by his grandfather after his father was killed in the land rush in Oklahoma, and it was from "Buckskin Joe" that he acquired his love for the outdoor life of the plains and mountains.

When not occupied with his teaching, writing and lecturing Dr. Hoyt is pursuing his other hobby which is geology and fossil-collecting. His companion usually is his son who is majoring in geology at the University of California, Los Angeles.

• • •

White Mountain Smith will leave Arizona this spring. Superintendent of Petrified forest national monument for past 10-1/2 years, he has been transferred to Grand Teton national park, Wyoming. Thomas Whitecraft, former chief ranger at Glacier national park in Montana will take the Petrified forest under his supervision. Charles Smith and his wife spent nine years at Grand Canyon, where Smith was chief ranger, before going to the Petrified forest. Mrs. Smith has written widely known books dealing with the southwest and is a regular contributor to the *Desert Magazine*.

• • •

JOHN D. MITCHELL whose series of lost treasure stories is starting in the *Desert Magazine* this month, is a Kentuckian who has spent many years in the mining industry of the Southwest. His profession is mining engineer—and the collecting of tales of buried treasure and lost mines has been a hobby for many years. He is author of the book "Lost Mines and Buried Treasures of the Great Southwest."

### DESERT QUIZ ANSWERS

*Continued from page 12*

- 1—Nickel.
- 2—Canyon de Chelly.
- 3—Cahuilla.
- 4—Lower Sonoran zone.
- 5—Department of Interior.
- 6—American Indian.
- 7—Deer hunters.
- 8—Arizona.
- 9—Prehistoric Indian ruins.
- 10—Hopi.
- 11—Pottery.
- 12—1540.
- 13—Lieut. Beale.
- 14—Mormons.
- 15—Cattle trail from Texas to Kansas.
- 16—Santa Fe.
- 17—Quechan.
- 18—Yuma.
- 19—Death Valley.
- 20—Salt Lake City.



## DESERT BOOKS

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### CACTI AND BOTANY

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- DEATH VALLEY, A GUIDE. New publication of Federal Writers Project. Very complete and beautifully illustrated—\$1.00; cloth \$1.75
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- DESERT OF THE PALMS, Don Admiral. Scenic wonders of the Palm Springs region. 56 pages 50c
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- CARTOON GUIDE OF NEW MEXICO, T. M. Pearce, with illustrations by James Hall. 108 pages of amusement about this fascinating state \$1.00

Prices above postpaid in U. S. A.  
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## Desert Crafts Shop

636 State Street

El Centro, California



# Just Between You and Me

By RANDALL HENDERSON

ONE cannot live close to the desert without a growing sense of appreciation and reverence for both the artistry and utility with which the Great Spirit planned this world of ours.

Consider for instance, the Evening Primrose which Mary Beal has written about for this number of the Desert Magazine. The rains and sunshine bring forth a luxuriant plant that spreads exquisite white blossoms over the sandy landscape. When the flowering season ends the tips of the spreading branches slowly draw together forming a spherical "basket" which is caught by the wind and rolled over and over across the desert like a tumbleweed. Thus the seeds are distributed in preparation for another life cycle. It is just a practical little plan Nature has devised for perpetuating the Evening Primrose.

\* \* \*

There's a big pile of mail to be answered every day, and manuscripts to be read—and I cannot go out into the desert as often as I want to go. The rocky trails have a fascination that gets into one's blood—and I miss them.

But my artist friend Johnny Hilton has helped me out. He brought the desert into my office. All last week he was daubing with his palette knife on the wall above my desk—John never uses a brush—and now when I get mad at the poets, and these four walls become too confining, I can pause and spend a few moments loafing in the peaceful atmosphere of Seventeen Palms in the Borrego badlands of Southern California.

We selected Seventeen Palms as the subject for our mural because John and I both love the place. To me it is the typical American oasis—symbolic of all the mystery and beauty and courage of the desert.

No road leads to these palms—only a pair of sandy ruts winding up the wash—a trail that vanishes with every rainfall.

I think this painting in the new Desert Magazine building is a masterpiece. The purple haze over the Santa Rosa mountains in the background, the pastel strata of the clay hills, the vivid coloring of the palms—the entire picture is about as near as man can ever hope to copy the landscape which the Great Artist created in this remote desert region.

\* \* \*

And now that we have the mural on the wall, the next problem is that rock garden in front of the office, I've been working on it—but I ran out of rocks. One of my friends suggested I try the old gag Huckleberry Finn used to get the boys to whitewash his Aunt Mary's fence. I haven't any fences to paint—but if you are heading toward El Centro and pass a pretty rock along the way—well, you know what I am hinting. It really would be an honor to have a nice little boulder planted there as a permanent monument to your interest in

the progress of the one and only Desert Magazine. And besides, it would save me a lot of backaches!

\* \* \*

Will M. Pennington, whose rare photographs of Indian life have appeared in every number of the Desert Magazine since this publication was started, died at his home in Alhambra, California, during the past month. He was 65 years of age.

The best testimonial to the character of Will Pennington is that grizzled Navajo chieftains with an inborn distrust for white men accepted and posed for him without hesitation. They knew he was genuine. Readers of this magazine will share with members of the staff a sincere regret in his passing.

\* \* \*

In the editorial column of a Nevada newspaper I read this rather amazing paragraph, quoted from a veteran mining man:

**"The best investment the State of Nevada could make would be for the legislature to appropriate sufficient funds to plough under every ghost town in the state. Too much emphasis is being placed on failure and not enough on opportunity and success."**

May heaven have mercy on the soul of the man who said that. I know there are people in this world—lots of them—whose only yardstick for measuring success and failure is the almighty dollar. But I really did not expect such a proposal to come from a man who has lived for many years on the desert.

Those ghost towns are not a symbol of failure—they are monuments to the faith and hope of courageous men and women. They were built by red-blooded pioneers who came into the desert wilderness to seek wealth with which to erect schools and churches and highways. The wealth they mined from the earth has not been lost. It was used to build hospitals and reclaim desert waters and to bring learning to American children. And it is still serving that purpose. There is no failure in that.

Those roofless cabins and paneless windows no longer yield a cash income it is true—neither do the ancient Indian pueblos of Arizona and New Mexico which were abandoned by their original inhabitants because of drought or epidemic or enemy hordes. But is that any reason why they be destroyed?

Nevada's ghost mining towns are priceless relics of one of the most virile periods in American history. They stand today, not as evidence of failure, but as an inspiration to young Americans to go out if they can and match the valor of their granddads.

Anyway, that's the way it looks to the desert rat who writes this page.