

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



DECEMBER, 1944

25 CENTS



Taken from Masai Point in Chiricahua National Monument, southeastern Arizona, by John L. Blackford.

PATIENCE

By FRANCES HOPKINS
Newark, New Jersey
Desert seed
Endures the dark,
Long rain-need
Fearlessly. The hour
Of storm once passed,
It springs to flower.

THE PROSPECTOR

By JAMES B. DUMMER
Los Angeles, California
Untutored in letters, in science unversed,
His, often the pangs of hunger and thirst;
With courage as rare as the gold he seeks
In the voiceless valleys, on tinted peaks,
He travels alone in the heat and cold
With stars for his compass like sailors of old.
The years on the desert gave him good health
And he blazed the broad way to a nation's
wealth,
When his eyes are dimmed, and his body is
stark
No high pointed shaft will his resting place
mark,
Yet he braves the lone trail with hope in his
breast
In the vanguard of progress—from him came
the West.

Desert Christmas

By KATHARINE M. SAWYER
Mojave, California

When you think of a desert at Christmas,
You think of a desolate space;
Bitter winds blust'ring round tough old grease-
wood,
No Christmasy look to the place.

But the Christmas greens from this desert
Are as fragrant as those from the snow,
And there's frost in the deep desert canyons
When you're cutting the greens where they
grow.

There's juniper, spicy and feath'ry,
To bend into grey-berried wreathes,
Long-needled pine with huge pine cones,
Live oak with small spiny-edged leaves.

Then the soft grey desert holly,
Red-barked manzanita mongst these,
Big bunches of mistletoe growing
In the tops of great sycamore trees.

What fun to bring home this beauty,
Make mantels and doorways all gay;
For this desert blooms truly to give us
A traditional green Christmas Day.

DESERT MOSAIC

By LAVONA BEACH POTTER
Los Angeles, California

Tyrian clouds in a coral sky
Conform to a timeless paragon.
Mountains, immobile, intensify
The echoing desert antiphon.
Huddles of boulders exemplify
The ruins of ancient Parthenon.
Patterns in sand and the silhouette
Of Joshua trees' macabre mold
Mingle together, a weird vignette,
Retelling a story ages old.
All of these gems form a carcanet . . .
Mosaic inlaid in desert gold.

WIND OF THE DESERT RIVER

By MARY PERDEW
Santa Ana, California

When the sun just tops the mountains,
And the sky is streaked with flame,
Then the wind is off the river,
With a scent no one can name,
Made of cottonwoods and smoke trees,
And a hint of 'dobe mud.
It's a scent you'll always long for,
If the desert's in your blood.
There may be sweeter fragrances
Across the miles and years,
But only the desert river wind
Can fill my heart with tears.

DESERT Close-Ups

• When Margaret Carrick first learned there were classes in flower arrangement she couldn't imagine anyone going to school to learn how to put flowers in vases. But she learned that even after five years of study and experiment there still are endless possibilities in her hobby. For several years examples of her work have appeared in magazines, and now plans are underway to publish photos taken by her husband of her arrangements in book form. Jack Carrick's photography also started out as a hobby but now he is a Los Angeles Times staff photographer. Some examples of their combined hobbies appear in Desert this month.

• Charles Kelly, who wrote the story of Charles Stanton in this issue, left Salt Lake City in 1941 to live in Fruita, a beautiful little oasis in a setting of scenic red cliffs. Kelly had been interested in this southeast part of Utah for a long time and had made many trips through the Wayne Wonderland. Since March, 1944, he has been custodian of Capitol Reef national monument with headquarters at Fruita. Postwar plans have been made to build a road through the monument to the Colorado river, thence through Natural Bridges national monument and on to Monticello, near the Colorado state line.

• For our Christmas story, Richard Van Valkenburgh has written about an experience he had while in the U. S. Indian service at Fort Defiance, Arizona. Since the war, however, he has worked for Uncle Sam in a different capacity—helping to get giant bombers off to the war fronts. He and Ruth and their son Dickie now are at Tucson where they plan to make their permanent home. But in the meantime Van is putting in long hard hours at the plane plant.

• Southern California's native palm oases will be the subject of a series of sketches to be presented in Desert Magazine beginning with the January number. Randall Henderson, who will write these stories has been photographing and logging the native palm groups found in the desert region as a hobby for many years. His list now includes 60-odd groups of palms, some of them in canyons, others on steep rocky hillsides, several out on the floor of the desert and many of them in the eroded clay and gravel hills that border Coachella and Imperial valleys. Each month's feature will include photographs, map, and a brief description of the oasis. A few of these oases have been described in previous issues of Desert, but there are many which never have been recorded in any publication.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

It may be, God forgot the desert,
As some folks like to say.
But not until, to protect its beauty,
He'd placed thorns to guard—always.



Volume 8

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Number 2

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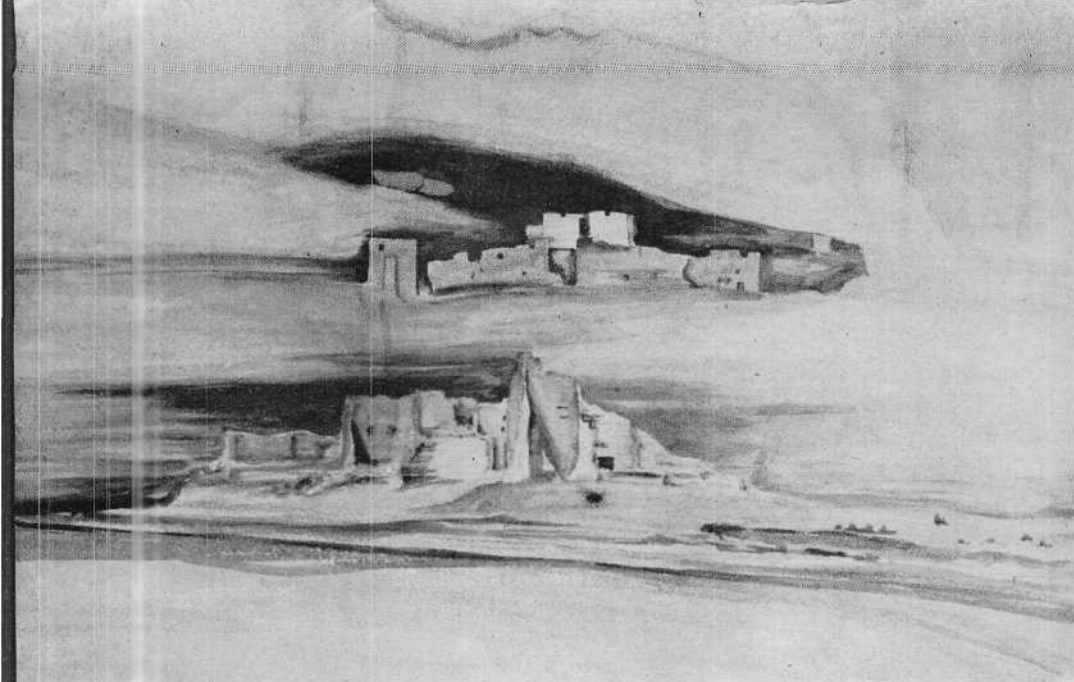
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The White House cliff ruins, home of Navajo gods in Canyon de Chelly, northern Arizona. From tempera painting by Charles Keetsie Shirley, Navajo artist.

I Watched the Gods Dance

By RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH

"**T**HIS is a bad thing to do, Hastin. To bray like a burro at the gods who sleep in *Kin'ni'nakaib*, the White House. It is only after four frosts have touched the peaks of the sacred mountains that one speaks of the *Yé'ii bichai*, the grandfathers of the gods," chided *Táchini*, Red Earth, who was my guide in the census survey of the Canyon de Chelly.

We had made camp under a hackberry tree near the foot of Woman's Trail. Across canyon the mysterious White House ruin was a pile of white cubes nestling in the shadows of its arched wind cave. My curiosity to count the echoes that would come bouncing back from the sound box made by the curving walls of the great canyon brought *Táchini's* gentle reprimand.

I revealed myself as a tenderfoot in the Navajo country when I asked *Táchini* for more information about the gods who dwelt in the White House. He added pointedly, "Hastin, good Navajo do not talk of the *Yé'ii* in the time of lightning, whirlwinds, and rattlesnakes. After the frosts I will take you to a *Klédji hatal*, or Night Chant. Then we will talk of the gods—even hear them sing and see them dance!"

Although I visited *Táchini* a number of times during the years that followed, his promise to take me to a Night Chant seemed to have been forgotten. Then deep one winter when we were all holed up at Ft. Defiance by the bad snow storms, Bení, *Táchini's* schoolboy son, turned up with a message.

"My father says that in 12 days the *Yé'ii bichai* will dance the Night Chant at *Ni'idzhi*, the Sawmill. In 17 days he will see you and me there." I looked at my calendar—17 days Navajo count, starting tomorrow, would take me to *Ni'idzhi* on Christmas night.

During the days before the dance I was fortunate in having Grandma Gordy come in from Coal Mine canyon on one of her raids on our larder. Knowing that our old friend had learned a little medicine from Old Gordy, her deceased husband, I asked her about the rite-myth of the Night Chant.

"La! Hastin," she began. "The Night-way is sung in one of the four major rites

It was in the Time of Crusted Snow, on Christmas night, that Richard Van Valkenburgh watched the Navajo gods dance and sing the ancient Night Chant. Talking God, with the snow crystals on the tips of his feather adorned mask gleaming like rubies, led four unmasked gods through a double row of fires. The rest of the sacred rite was enacted according to the pattern that had been transmitted for unknown generations. The Night Chant climaxed the nine days it had taken to perform the rare healing ceremonial called the Big God Way. This is a description of the ninth-day chant and the story the Navajo tell to explain the origin of the rite-myth.

or ways. These are In the Rocks, From the Timber, Dog Way and Big God Way. Of these, In the Rocks is the most commonly sung today while the Big God Way seldom has been sung since my childhood. Which version do you wish?"

Some time before, my best informant, *Ayoo' nalnezbi*, the Very Tall Man, had given me the Dog Way version. And as Washington Matthews many years before had recorded In the Rocks, I chose the Big God Way rite-myth. It was so uncommon that few medicine men could tell the whole story.

Grandma Gordy started her story, "*Djina*, Gordy told me this.

"*Hasjélte*, the Talking God who is also



Dancing Gods. This polychrome painting on walls of a wind cave in northeastern Arizona portrays Navajo gods dancing in Night Chant.

called *Yé'ii bichai*, the grandfather of the gods, dwelt in *Kin'ni'nakaib*, the White House. While visiting the Earth he met a woman of the Wandering People. After four days she became the mother of two boys.

"Far in the land to the east they dwelt with their mother. When they were half-grown one boy was struck blind. The other had both legs drawn up. Not being able to do their share of the camp's work they were turned out to die. That was the way in olden days.

"The blind boy carried the crippled brother on his shoulders. Together they started into the west. At every cliff dwelling they stopped and asked that the gods living there cure them. But these gods, mostly Puebloan, threw rocks and sticks at them and drove them away.

"After a long journey they came to *Kin'ni'nakaib* in the Canyon de Chelly. As today, it was the home of the Navajo gods. When Talking God saw them he said, 'These are my sons—I will cure them.' So he made 'medicine' and songs which made them whole.

"And this was the first time that the Night Chant was sung—when Talking God cured his blind and crippled sons!"

• • •

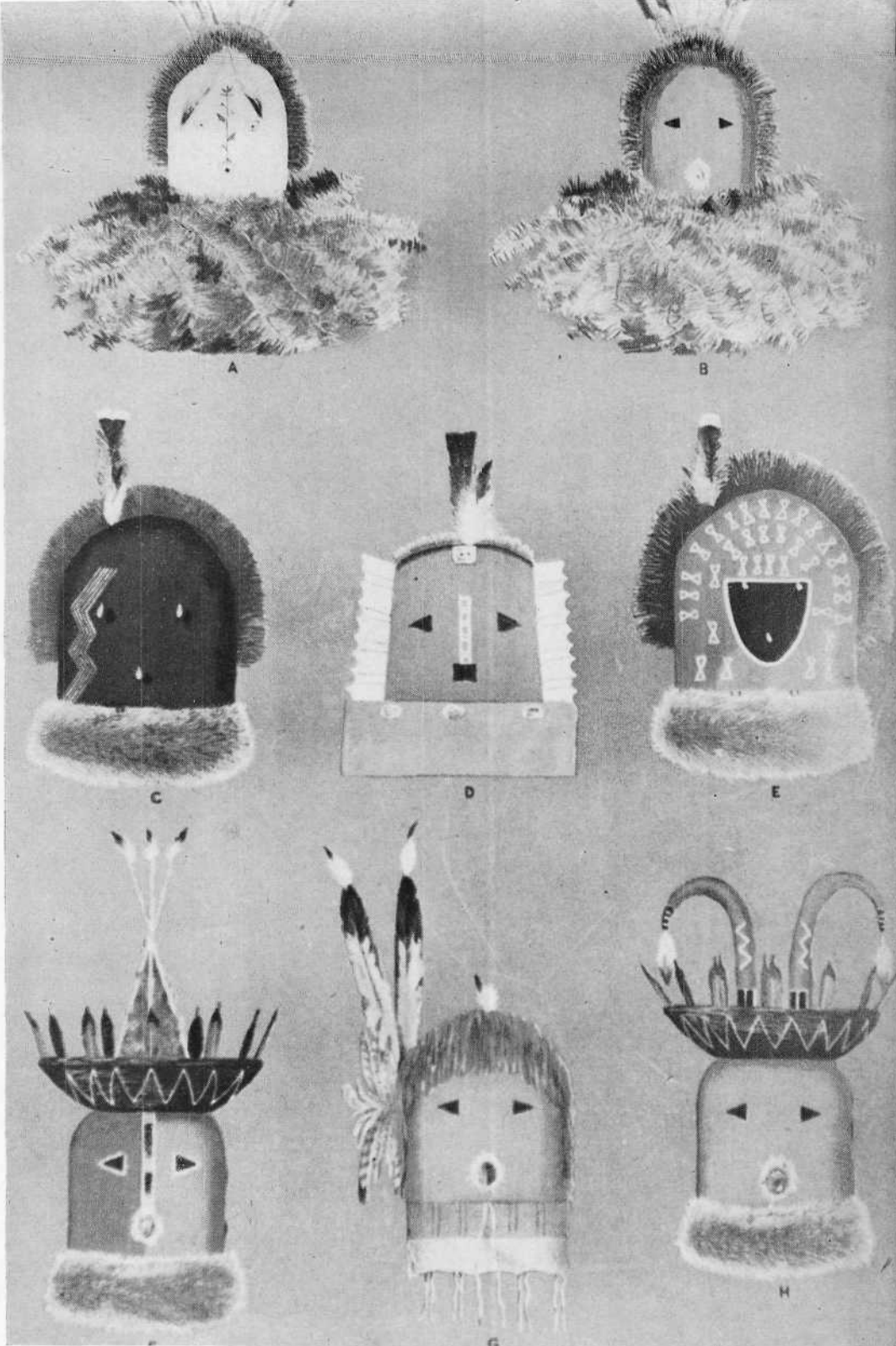
When Bení came for me on Christmas afternoon the thermometer had dropped to ten degrees below zero. Even though warmly dressed the black-wind paralyzed me as I went out to start my pickup. The 14-mile trip up through the pines to *Ni'idzhi* on a subzero winter night was filled with danger.

By the time the lights of Fort Defiance were behind and we were churning up Bonito canyon's deep gorge the wind had died and the snow was falling fast. As we passed out of the western portal of the canyon our lights seemed to end in a sheer grey wall. There is no count of the number of times Bení got out to pick up the trail and wipe the snow off our wind-shield.

Near Dove spring the snow stopped. Across the hills snow clouds scampered against the black background of the pine forest. It was a relief when we bucked through the drifts to the corduroy road that loggers had laid to *Ni'idzhi*. Before long Bení's sharp eyes sighted pin-pricks of red flickering against the mountain side.

Using these as lodestars we soon reached the outskirts of the dance. Stumbling through the litter of wagons and horses, and watching for the sharp teeth of the camp dogs we found our way to the dance ground. Huddled around two rows of great fires that crackled and leaped into the sky the Navajo warmed themselves as well as they could.

After some search we located the fire of *Táchini*. When I walked up with legs that were as stiff as pokers, my old friend



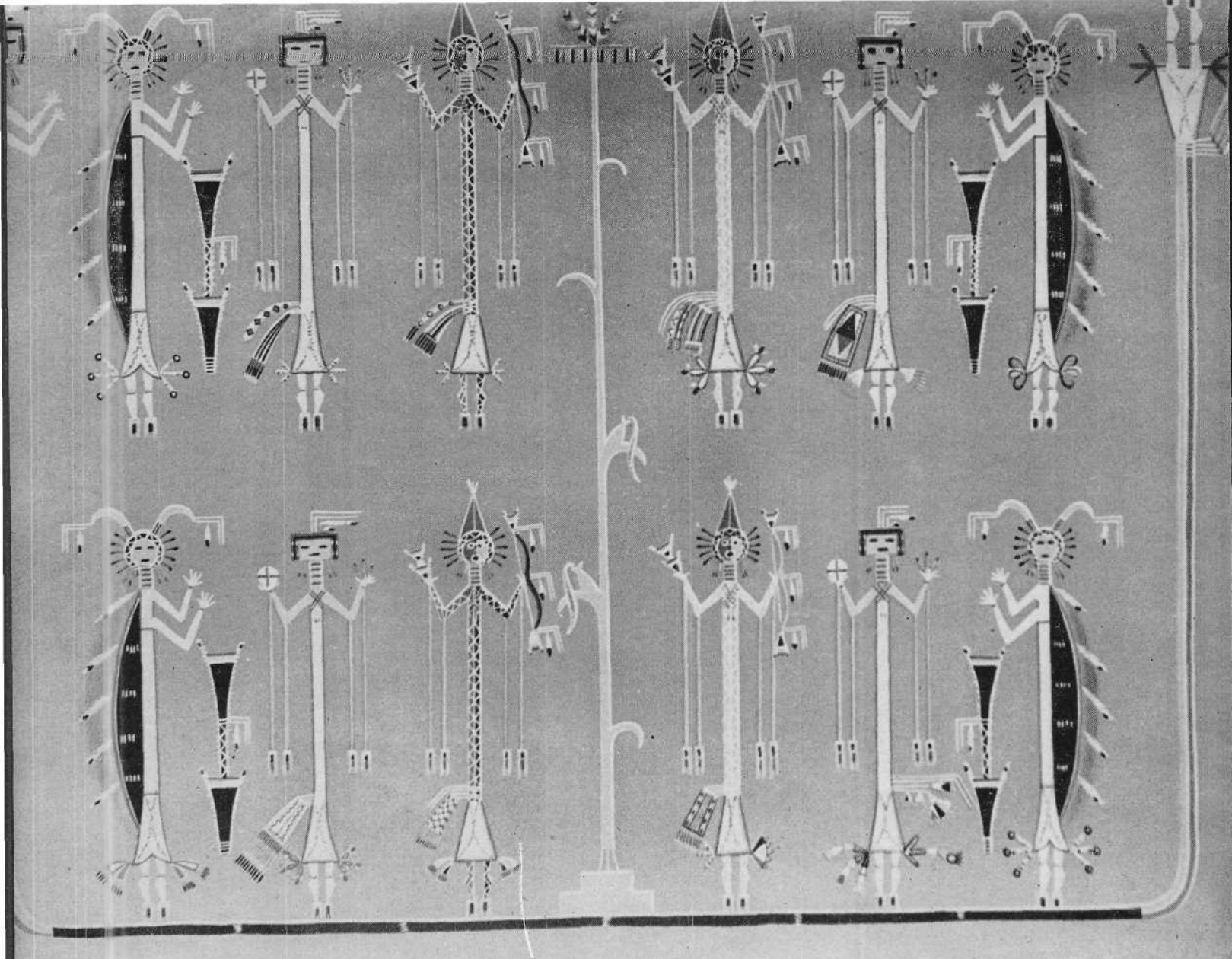
Masks used to impersonate Navajo gods in the Big God Way rite-myth. Only A, D, G appear in the Night Chant, described in this article. The others appear on preceding nights. A-*Hasjélte*, the Talking God. B-*Hasjébogan*, the House God. C-*Nayétnezhgani*, Slayer of Enemies. D-*Hasjé ba'ad*, Female God. E-*Tó bá'chis-chini*, Born of Water and the twin of the Slayer (C). F-*Tsábaoldza*, Fringe Mouth God. G-*Hasjé bik'a*, the Male God. H-*Gánskidí*, the Humpback God.

laughed as he looked at the blanket that I had pulled over my tingling ears, "Ha! I thought it was a Navajo until I looked at those big overshoes!"

While I sipped throat-scorching coffee and thawed out by turning around before the fire like a barbecue on a spit, *Táchini* told me of the events preceding my arrival. Eight days before, the ceremonial had

started for the cure of an old codger from Fluted Rock called, *Hashkanhatsoi*, Yucca Fruit.

Some time before that the medicine men had decided after "star gazing," "hand trembling," and other divination that the old man's palsy had been caused by *Yé'ii bichai* sickness. To cure this trouble, which had been brought on by



The Fringe Mouth sandpainting, made on the eighth day of the Big God Way represents a ceremony held by the gods at a cliff dwelling north of the San Juan river, Arizona. From this ruin there have come many of the rites of the Night Chant. Black line at bottom represents the cave in which the dwelling stands. Small white lines on black represent houses within cave. Coming out of both ends of cave are the rainbows that lighted the cliff dwelling. Terraced figure in center and at bottom is called Kós'sis'sin, or shaped cloud, from which arises on three roots a stalk of corn. Four outer figures represent the Humpback God. Middle figures are Female Gods. Four elaborate figures next to corn stalk are the Fringe Mouth Gods who perform the acts that aid patient in recovering from sickness.

participation in too many masked dances in which he had impersonated the gods, the *batbli*, medicine man, had decided that a Night Chant would be the only remedy.

During the preceding days of the ceremonial Dinétsosi, the head medicine man, had supervised in giving sweat baths in the *tache*, or ceremonial sweathouse. In addition the patient had been given liquid concoctions of plant medicine, incense to smell, and additional ceremonial purification by baths in soaproot suds.

To invoke the benevolence of the gods songs had been sung, prayers had been offered, and the rite-myth of the Night Chant had been told. To further please the Holy Ones *kétans*, or prayer sticks, had been made of carrizo cane and rosewood. Near the size of a cigarette the *kétans* were

decorated especially for the god whose blessing was desired.

On the second and fifth days small sandpaintings had been made. And on the sixth day the great Whirling Logs picture had been laid down in all its blending colors on the floor of the ceremonial hogan. Then on the eighth day the superb and complicated Fringe Mouth sandpainting brought this expression of Navajo ceremonial art to its perfection.

Something caught my eye as Táchini talked. From out of the door of the ceremonial hogan west of the fires, walked the head medicine man. Passing through the red zone of light he faded into the darkness toward the *Yé'ii bagan*, or gods' house, the brush shelter where the dancers were dressing.

Out of the black night came the mating

call of the mountain grouse—"Whu-huu-huu"—

"This is the call of Talking God," whispered Táchini as the intent crowd watched five dancers emerge from the east. With snow crystals gleaming like rubies on the tips of his eagle feather adorned mask, the Talking God led four unmasked gods through the double row of fires to the medicine hogan.

Before the hogan the patient and medicine man awaited them. Invoking the ritual the patient sprinkled the white-painted bodies of the dancers with corn meal. As a long prayer was recited sentence by sentence by the medicine man, and then by the patient, the god-impersonators swayed back and forth as they lifted their left feet in rhythm.

Then the Dancing Gods whooped and

bowed. They turned to make a graceful scooping gesture with their rattles as they passed Talking God. Together their voices accelerated and swelled to above the crackling of the fires to sing the introductory song of the Night Chant:

*"Haa yaa, Corn comes up
Comes up the corn
Oh, ho, ho, ho
Ee, yee, yee, yee
Haa naa, Rain comes down
Comes down the rain
Oh, ho, ho, ho
Ee, yee, yee, yee."*

Táchini told me, "'Tis the song of start and finish. It is the idea of the whole Night Chant. It is for rain to make *all* things grow. The patient's cure is for him alone, but this is for all the people. See—even the black tips on the eagle feathers on Talking God's mask mean black clouds—male rain. And the white tips on the feathers mean white clouds—female rain!"

The starting ceremony finished. Then the four unmasked dancing gods slipped away to the Yé'ii bagan. I watched as their chief, Talking God, remained to clear the dance ground. When he passed me I almost agreed with the children that he was a real god.

Besides his magnificent white mask adorned with 12 eagle plumes and collar of spruce, a large dove colored buckskin was slung over his shoulder. While the gourd rattle in his right hand beat rhythm a bough of spruce held in his left hand moved slightly in the same tempo. At the back of his waist a fox skin dangled from his belt with *conchas*, shell-shaped ornaments, as large as saucers—silver that gleamed in the fire glow.

Again came the "Whu-hu-huu" of Talking God.

Turning to me Táchini said, "La! Some time ago—in the Ripening of the Sugar Cane you asked about the Navajo gods. That is what I called you here for. Look!



Grandma Gordy, widow of a Navajo medicine man, knew the rite-myth of the Big God Way. Photo by the author.

The Holy Ones have come down from their home in Kin'ni'nakaih. They start with the *Na'd'kaib*, the Turning to White Dance."

Swiftly materializing out of the snow storm 14 fully masked Yé'ii appeared. As they passed by they shook their rattles and chanted in a low tone. Following Talking God came 12 blue masked gods. Six were *Hasjé'bi'aa*, Male Gods, and six were *Hasjé'ba'ad*, Female Gods. Behind them came the clown of the dance, *Tó'ní'lini*, the Water Sprinkler.

After being sprinkled before the medicine hogan with corn meal the Yé'ii moved out and began their dance. With arms linked the Male and Female Gods began to dance in a pattern similar to the Virginia Reel. The couple to the west began by linking arms and dancing eastward through the double line. After repeating the whole set four times they filed off in lock-step toward the Yé'ii bagan.

From then on at half-hour intervals the call of Talking God summoned new sets



In the Time of Crusted Snow the Navajo use sleds to travel over snow-bound trails of Navajoland.

of dancers. As they repeated the pattern of the first dance their voices varied from basso to falsetto as they chanted their ancient rhythm. Toward morning the repetition became monotonous. Notwithstanding the increasing cold I began to doze.

A hand shook me awake, "This is not the time to sleep, Hastin," whispered Táchini. "One might freeze. But worse than that—if Tó'ni'lini catches you he will throw ice water on you from his *tosja* or wicker water bottle. For no good Navajo sleeps while the Yé'ii bichai are dancing."

I had watched this weird and funny Yé'ii all night. In character with his blue mask surmounted by a plumed basket hat

and with baggy clothing bound with rings of spruce, he had mooched tobacco, extemporized new dances and pestered people. Prancing around, mimicking Talking God, his main forte had been gesturing to the sky and howling, "I'm the Big Chief. La! I'm the Big Chief."

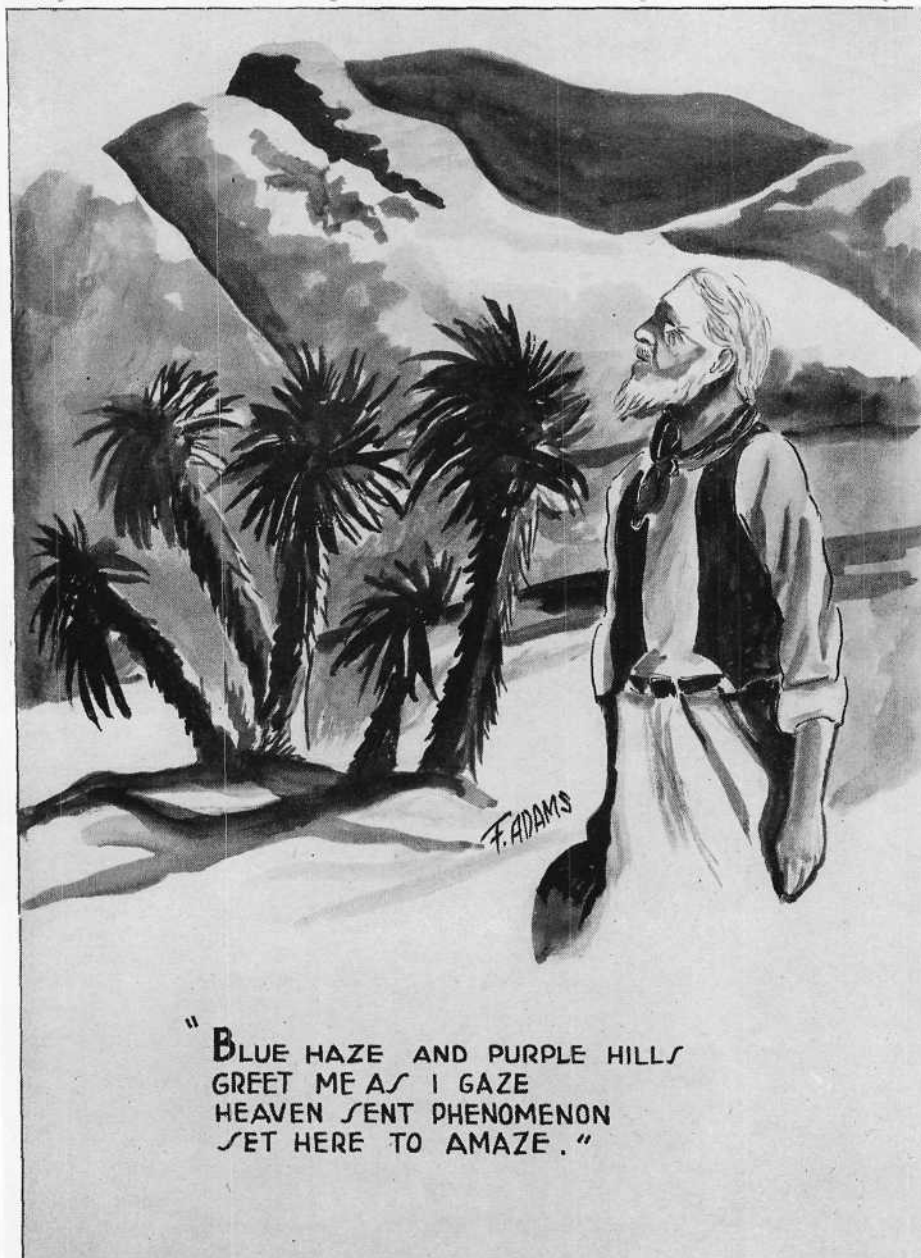
There seemed to be no promise of dawn in Navajoland on this freezing winter morning. Nothing seemed to stir the leaden pall that had settled down on the forest to freeze everything it touched. Huddled in their blankets the Navajo stayed close by their campfires—even when the dog-fights started out by the wagons.

Desert Philosopher . . .

SOLILOQUIES OF A PROSPECTOR

Drawing by Frank Adams

Text by Dick Adams



"BLUE HAZE AND PURPLE HILLS
GREET ME AS I GAZE
HEAVEN SENT PHENOMENON
SET HERE TO AMAZE."

Then there came a hint of grey light in the east. With this feeble promise of dawn the Navajo began to stir. For a moment they lost interest in the dance teams still coming on. Wading out into the snow to their frost-tinted horses they began to saddle and harness for their return journey home.

The chant of the dancers grew louder. Tó'ni'lini leaped higher and stomped the frozen ground harder—pulling new tricks to hold the interest of the crowd. When we returned from looking at Táchini's horses he said, "Look to the east—the blue of early dawn drives away the grey. 'Tis time for the 'going home' of the gods!"

The ethereal blue rising in a great arch threw a soft light on the gods as they stood before the medicine hogan. While we watched Táchini said, "All around us the people pray. Above us the real gods look down to bless us. 'Tis as close as one ever gets to them—in the blue dawn when they sing the song of *Doli* the Bluebird:

"At dawn
Doli the Bluebird sings
He has a voice
Bluebird sings.

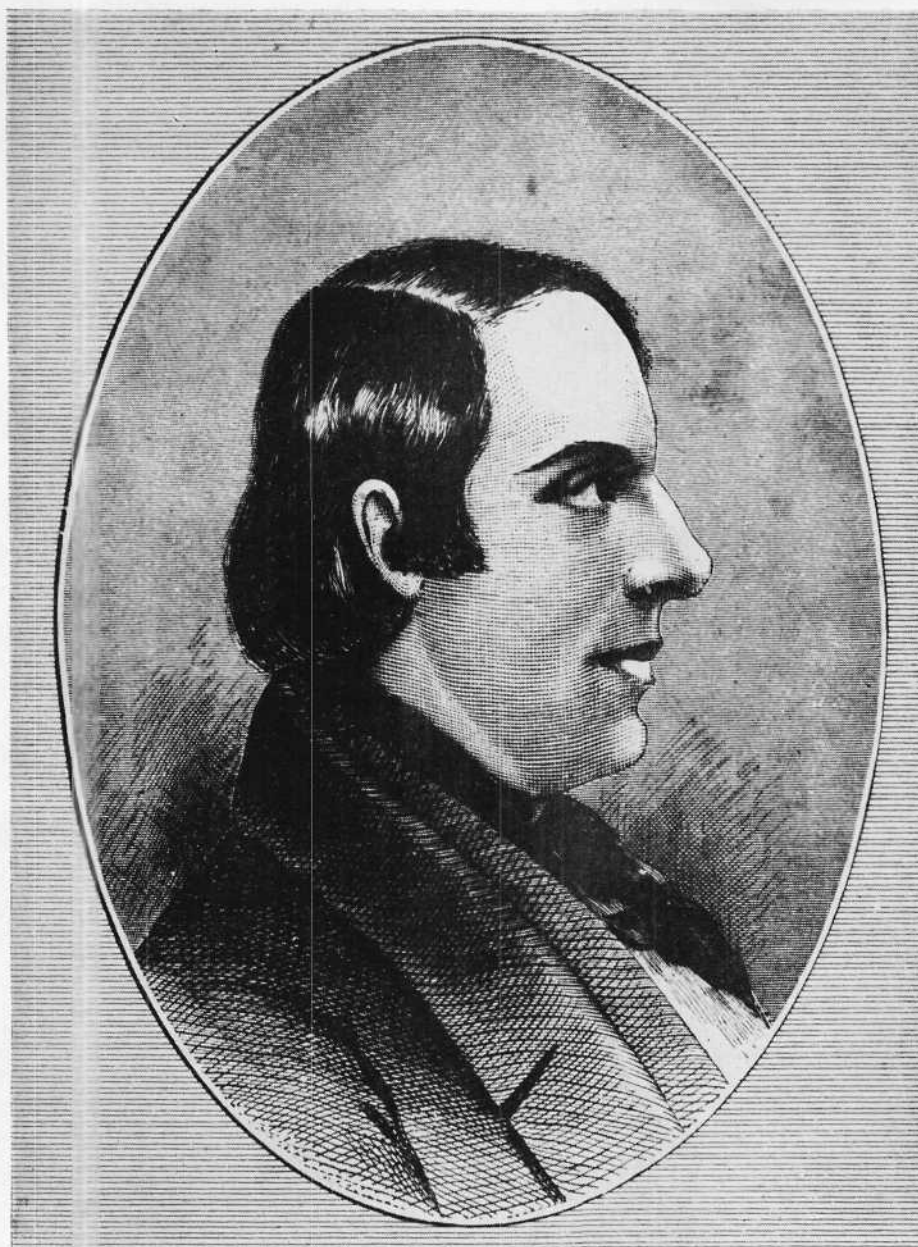
His beautiful voice
His melodious voice
His joyful voice
Flowing in happiness."

After finishing the Bluebird Song which included verses to Yellow Warbler, the Yé'ii turned away from the medicine hogan. Eastward they looked—across the snow covered land that rolled away in great swells. As the light grew strong and a path of crystals sparkled with the first rosy glow of the sun's promise of a bright day the Night Chant closed with the Aá'tsah t'ai songs which had started the dance.

With the last verse silence fell over the deep forest. The Navajo took corn pollen from their tiny bags. With deft movements they placed the yellow powder on the tips of their tongues, and the tops of their heads. As they tossed the pollen toward the heavens, Táchini murmured, "'Tis the final prayer for the blessing of the Gods."

By the time I had my motor warming up the dance was well broken up. While Táchini and I shivered under our blankets waiting for the heater to drive away the cold, the old man put his hand on my shoulder as he said, "My son, I have kept the promise made to you under the gods' home at Kin'ni'nakaih. You have now seen the gods sing and dance!"

"Aá'keh'beh, Thanks Grandfather!" I replied as we watched the sleighs and wagons of the Navajo move away through the drifts and disappear into the snow-fog swirling up through the pine forest. "This is one Christmas that I shall never forget—the White Man's holy day when I went with you to watch the Yé'ii bichai of the Navajo dance in the snow at Ni'idzhi."



Charles Tyler Stanton. From an oil painting, 1844. This woodcut in McGlashan's History of the Donner Party is the only known likeness of the pioneer hero.

Charles T. Stanton, although he was the hero of the tragic Donner party, has remained for almost a hundred years a comparative stranger to historians. When he joined the Donner brothers and their companions in May, 1846, on their way to California, none had known him previously, he was unmarried and stayed much to himself. Although he later was to save the lives of the Donner survivors and give his own in attempting to lead them through the Sierra snows, his story still remained little known until a recent discovery which has led to the uncovering of considerable new information . . . When Mrs. Bernice Johnson, of Ogden, Utah, was reading about the Donner party in a book she was preparing for review she was struck by the paragraph which told of the morning when the Donner survivors left the exhausted Stanton behind, saying he would come along presently—for that was the name of her great-uncle who, family tradition said, had frozen "to death in the mountains while guiding some emigrants." From a chest of family keepsakes Mrs. Johnson took a worn little bible bearing the name of Charles T. Stanton. During all the years she had known of the bible she never had connected it with the hero of the Donner party. Later research, to verify its ownership, revealed not only much more about Stanton's life but traced his family history back to 1635 in Virginia and proved him to be a relative of George Washington.

Donner Tragedy Relic Found

By CHARLES KELLY
Map drawn by John Hansen

ONE HUNDRED years ago the first emigrant wagon train crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains into California—a pathfinding expedition guided by 80-year-old Caleb Greenwood, picturesque mountain man.

Two years later, in 1846, the Donner party followed Greenwood's dim trail down Humboldt river, also bound for California, not yet known as the golden land. But disasters along the difficult road caused serious delays, so that by the time

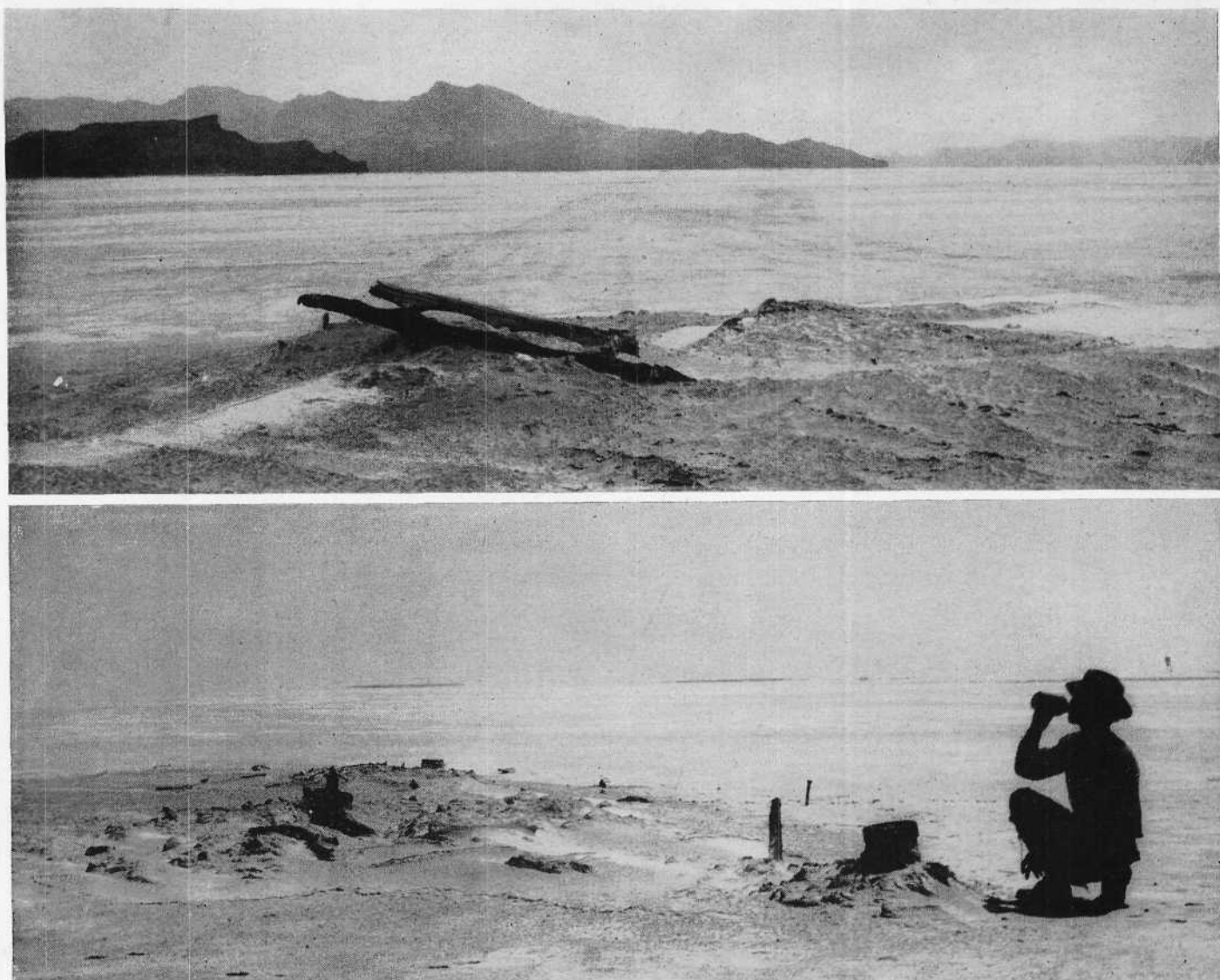
they reached the foot of the Sierras snow had fallen too deeply to permit passage of their wagons through the pass, and they were compelled to make a winter camp. Before spring 36 of the 80 persons comprising the Donner party died of starvation.

To those familiar with that tragic pioneer episode the unselfish activities of one man stand out in brilliant relief against a dismal background of suffering and death. Although Charles T. Stanton could

have saved himself, he chose to risk his life for his friends—and lost.

Historians long have recognized Stanton's heroism but unfortunately knew almost nothing about him. He was an unattached stranger in the party, a modest young man who preferred action to words. Who was he? Where did he come from? Why was he traveling west with the Donner party? No one could answer.

Then one day recently, Austin L. Johnson of Ogden, Utah, stopped at a book-



Upper—The old Donner trail is still visible in the Great Salt desert of Utah after almost a century. A wagon box was dug out of the salt here after this photo was taken. From this point it was 20 miles to water at base of Pilot Peak in the distance. Lower—Remains of James F. Reed's Desert Palace car, abandoned in Salt desert in 1846. Two of the wheels have been dug up and placed in museums since this photo was taken. Many other relics have been found strewn along the trail.

store and purchased a copy of Dale L. Morgan's new book, *Humboldt River*, thinking his wife Bernice might like to review it for her literary club. Mrs. Johnson began to read it that same evening and found it absorbing. But suddenly she was stopped by a paragraph which dimly recalled something she had heard as a small girl.

"On the sixth morning, when the others stirred from camp, Charles T. Stanton sat with his back against a tree . . . 'Are you coming?' asked Mary Graves. 'Yes,' he said, 'I'm coming soon.' So they went on, while he sat against the tree . . . feeling the cold chilling his veins, his flesh—then no feeling at all."

Bernice Johnson read the paragraph again, hardly daring to hope that what she suspected was true. Then she read it to her husband.

"Wasn't there a Charles T. Stanton connected with your family?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I had a great-uncle of that name, and I've often heard my mother say he froze to death in the mountains while guiding some emigrants. I never knew what year that happened nor where the mountains were, presuming they were somewhere in the east. Do you suppose it could be . . . yes, it *must* be the same man!"

Excitedly she went to a small chest filled with faded old photographs and family keepsakes. In the bottom lay a small, well worn pocket bible, printed in 1831 and showing evidence of having been water soaked. Lifting it out she carefully opened the cover. There on the flyleaf, in a bold hand, was the inscription: "Charles Tyler Stanton, Syracuse, New York, May 5, 1834." Underneath were the names of Philip V.R. Stanton and Sidney Stanton, two of his brothers. The little bible had been in her family as long as she could

remember, but all she knew of its history was that one fragment of family legend. The name and date, however, seemed to fit the story of the Donner party as told in Morgan's book.

Mrs. Johnson now was convinced that the little bible she held in her hand actually had belonged to the hero of the Donner party. If so it was a priceless relic of pioneer times, which had lain unrecognized for nearly a century. To verify her belief she began searching her family records for every scrap of information on her great-uncle. Later, in the Bancroft Library, Berkeley, she found a long letter written by Philip V.R. Stanton, giving some details of the life of his brother Charles and mentioning certain relics returned to the family after his death in the mountains. From these sources she now is able to contribute new information on the life of one of the West's outstanding pioneer heroes.

Her records show that Thomas Stanton,

ancestor of the family in America, came to Virginia in 1635, and that the Stantons were relatives of George Washington. Charles T. Stanton was born in New York in 1811, one of ten children in a well-to-do family. In 1835, one year after purchasing the little pocket bible, he left Syracuse and went to Chicago, where he started a mercantile business. He remained in business until about 1843, when he failed because of hard times following the panic of 1837. This failure and consequent loss to his creditors had a depressing effect on his spirits and energies. Of this period his brother Philip wrote:

"During those two or three years he appears not to have done scarcely anything . . . I endeavored in my letters to him to reawaken his ambition and to induce him again to engage in some sort of business; but all my efforts were apparently unsuccessful until within a few months prior to his setting out on his western journey. He then seemed to revive and to determine to do something, although he did not impart his plans to me, if indeed he had formed any."

In the meantime Charles' sister Permelly had joined the Mormon church and

Mrs. Austin L. Johnson with the pocket bible found on the body of her great-uncle, Charles T. Stanton, who perished in Sierra snows while attempting to guide the Donner survivors to California. Gene Wright Studio, Ogden, Utah.



moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. It was no doubt while visiting her that he first heard of the emigrant movement to California. His imagination was fired by the possibilities of starting over again in that distant land. Suddenly he made up his mind. Philip was surprised to receive a letter from him, dated at Independence, Missouri, May 12, 1846, stating that on the next day he would leave that place for California.

In Independence Stanton talked with scores of emigrants bound for Oregon and California. Impressed with the intelligence and dependability of George and Jacob Donner, he arranged to travel in their company. He was then 35 years old, unmarried, and had known none of the emigrants previously. Unattached and unencumbered by a wagon, he acted as one of the scouts for the emigrant company.

As the train moved westward Charles wrote letters to his brother Philip, a lawyer in Syracuse, sending them east with passing trappers on their way to St. Louis.

Every letter reached its destination, enabling Philip to follow his movements on a map in his office. At Bear river the Donner party met Lansford W. Hastings, who enthusiastically described a new cutoff he had discovered across the Great Salt desert which he said would save many miles of hard travel. Many emigrants refused to listen to this tale and kept to the old road. With no connection in the party Stanton could have done likewise, but having started with the Donners he chose to remain with them and share their adventures. On August 3 at Bear river he wrote his last letter, saying he would not be able to send another until he reached California.

Following the trail of an advance party personally guided by Hastings, the Donner party finally reached Weber river in Utah, where they found the dim road too rough for their heavy wagons. Here three men, including Stanton, rode ahead to explore a better road through the Wasatch mountains. The three scouts ran out of

food, wore out their horses and nearly died from thirst, but finally returned to guide the wagons over a route which a year later became the Mormon trail to Salt Lake City.

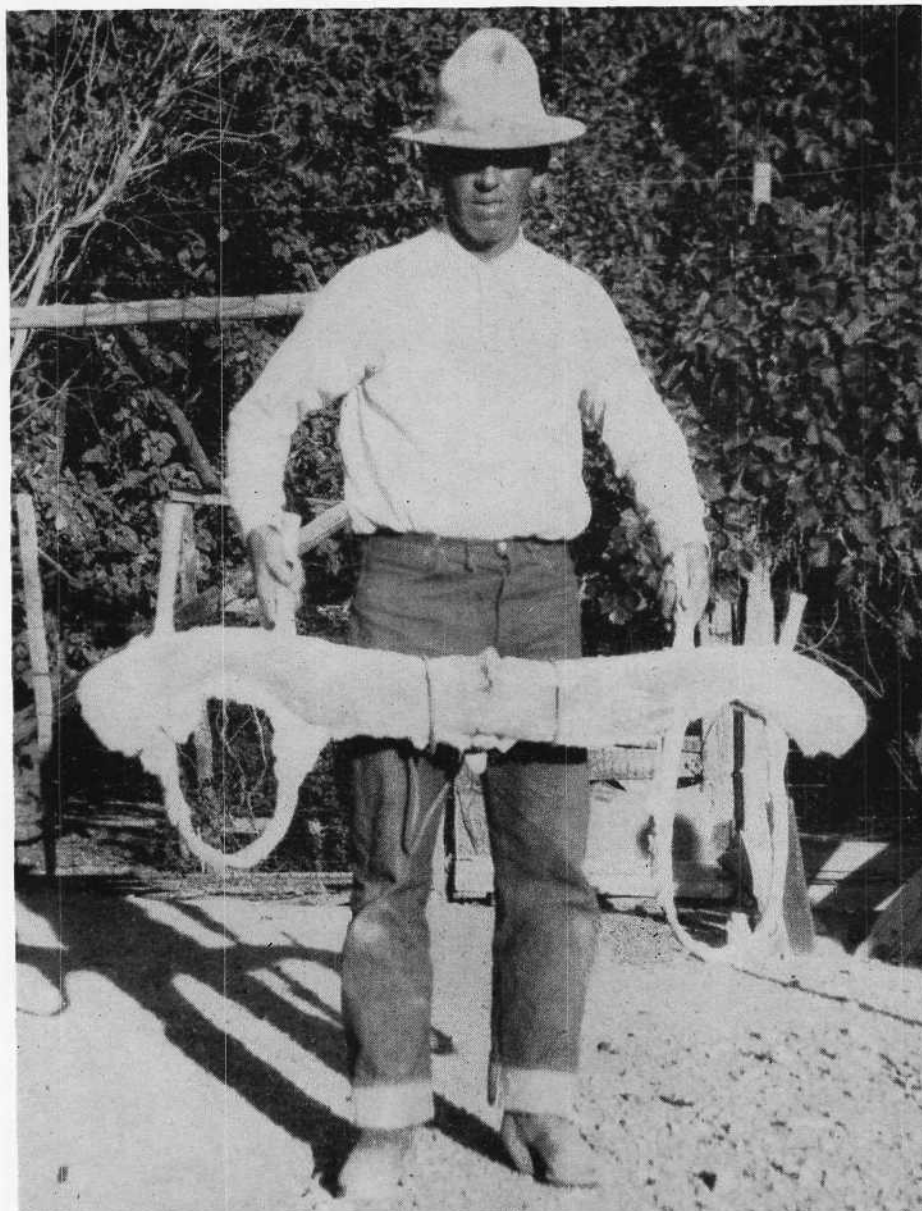
West of that future Zion, Hastings' cutoff crossed the Great Salt desert, 80 miles of barren salt plain where there was neither grass nor water. On this desert many teams gave out and wagons had to be abandoned, causing much suffering and delay. When the train finally was reorganized at Pilot's Peak in Nevada, food supplies were found to be dangerously short and it was therefore decided to send two men ahead to Sutter's Fort for more flour and dried meat.

One of those who volunteered for this dangerous mission was William McCutchen, who left his wife and family in the train. The other was Charles T. Stanton. Some were afraid that Stanton, with no relatives in the party, might not return, but he previously had demonstrated his character and the Donner brothers were satisfied to trust him with their funds and their lives. They were convinced he would not betray that trust.

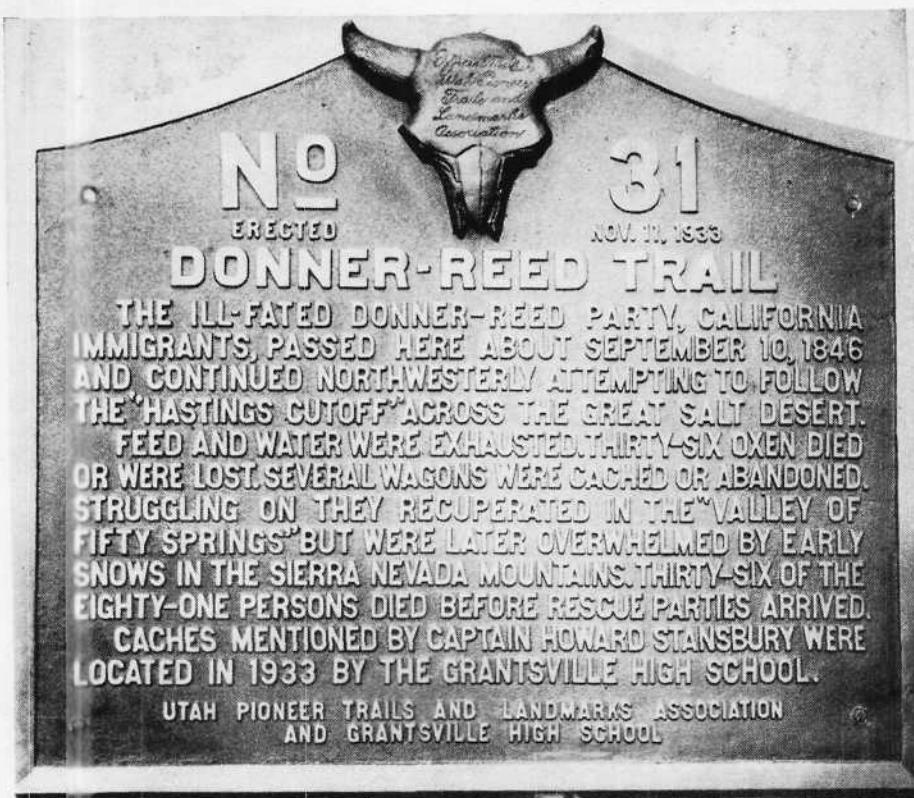
Pushing on along Humboldt river the wagons crossed the Sink and finally reached the base of the Sierras. By that time they were almost entirely out of food. But next day, to their great joy, a small string of pack horses was seen coming down the mountain, led by Charles Stanton, assisted by two Indians. McCutchen had been taken sick and was unable to return. Stanton, who might have remained safely in California, had come back, bringing supplies enough to see them over the mountains.

But misfortune, which had dogged the train so many miles, struck again. Snow began to fall so heavily that it was impossible to get wagons over the pass although, urged by Stanton, several attempts were made. At last they gave up and made camp on October 23. The supplies Stanton had brought did not last long. Their cattle wandered away in a storm and became lost in deep snow. Soon they were faced with starvation.

In this desperate situation it was agreed that some of the strongest men and women should make an attempt to cross the mountains on foot to notify Capt. Sutter of their condition. This group, appropriately known as the Forlorn Hope, consist-



Frank Dursee holding one of the ox yokes he found in a cache along the Donner trail in the Salt desert. Feathers from a feather bed in this cache were fairly well preserved after having been buried in salt for 90 years.



Inscription on the Donner-Reed Trail monument, located 45 miles east of Wendover, Utah, on Victory Highway, erected by Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks Association and the Grantsville high school.

ed of five women and ten men, including Stanton, the only one who knew the difficult trail.

These 15 left camp on December 16, with snow lying 20 feet deep in the mountains. They had almost no food and what little they carried lasted only two or three days. Already worn out by his previous exertions, Stanton was stricken with snow blindness on the first day. Somehow he managed to stumble along for five days, but on the morning of the sixth he was too weak to start with the others. They left him sitting against a tree—and that is where his body was found months later, frozen solid.

On January 17, seven tottering survivors of the Forlorn Hope stumbled into Johnson's ranch, above Sutter's Fort, bringing word of the conditions at Donner lake, and an expedition was hurriedly organized to carry relief back over the mountains. Except for their almost superhuman efforts, all those in camp would have died.

Members of the first relief party found Charles Stanton's body and buried it in

Sidney Stanton, brother of Charles, whose name also appears on the flyleaf of the Stanton bible.

the snow, after removing his vest, a Masonic pin, and the little bible from his coat pocket. These were carried back to Sutter's Fort and turned over to George McKinstry.

Philip first read of the Donner tragedy and his brother's death in the New York newspapers, in July, 1847, copied from issues of the California Star brought around the Horn in sailing ships. In November he received a package containing his brother's relics, sent by McKinstry, which he acknowledged with the letter fortunately preserved by H. H. Bancroft.

The history of Charles Stanton's bible was passed down in the family by word of mouth, losing many details in the process. The book itself was brought to Utah by Mrs. Johnson's grandmother when she crossed the plains, and that is how it happened to be found in Ogden.

Now, after almost a century, Mrs. Johnson has learned its tragic story. She plans to place the relic in some pioneer museum where it will be preserved as a memento of her great-uncle, Charles Tyler Stanton, who laid down his life for his friends.





Mesquite Mistletoe or Desert Mistletoe. The tiny berries are like opalescent pearls, creamy white to coral pink or red.

Mistletoe's for Christmas

By MARY BEAL

FOR CENTURIES mistletoe has been associated with the celebration of Christmas but the romance clinging to it has even earlier beginnings. It figured in ancient Celtic rites as far back as the time of the druids, when oak groves were temples of worship and the oak itself revered as the symbol of the One God. The mistletoe growing upon it also was held in veneration as representing man's dependence upon God. These priests of old sent around their attendant youths with mistletoe branches to announce the New Year and at their Festival of the Full Moon, mistletoe again had a stellar role. It also was valued medicinally, an infusion of the new growth being administered as a remedy for all diseases and called "Heal-all," which comes to us as the common name "All-Heal," listed by herbalists, both old and more recent, as a specific for most ailments and strongly recommended in convulsive disorders, especially for the cure of epilepsy.

Mistletoe held a prominent place in Norse mythology. Odin's son Baldur, the darling of the gods, was slain by an arrow of mistletoe, the only thing his mother failed to place under a vow not to harm him. After this tragedy the mistletoe was put under the tutelage of the Goddess of Love, it being decreed that whoever passed beneath it should be kissed, to signify that it was an emblem of love and not of vengeance. The modern Yuletide privilege of kissing those caught under the mistletoe is a survival of that legendary custom. Because it is quite generally used in Christmas decorations in this country there is a well-defined trade in mistletoe, the largest shipments of it coming from New Mexico and Oklahoma. It is Oklahoma's state flower.

There are more than 400 species in this parasite family in almost all parts of the world, particularly in the warm countries. Most of those in America belong to the genus *Phorodendron*, which means literally "tree thief." In the arid Southwest mistletoe is much more varied in form and habit and more abundant than where a more humid climate creates closer stands of trees with denser foliage. Between middle Texas and Southern California there are several distinct varieties of *Phorodendron* *flavescens*, which closely resembles the well-known original mistletoe, and also several distinct species. The stems of all are much-branched and swollen at the nodes, the flowers minute and sunk in the joints of the spikes, usually appearing in De-

cember, the staminate and pistillate in different plants. The fruit develops so slowly that by the time the berries are ripening the next crop of bloom makes its inconspicuous appearance. The seed is embedded in clear sticky pulp encased in a semi-transparent skin, forming a small pearly berry.

Our desert representative of the common mistletoe, closely akin to that of tradition, is

Phorodendron flavescens var. *macrophyllum*

This large-leaved variety is conspicuously common from western Texas to California. The yellow-green stems are very woody, forming bush-like masses 2 to 8 feet across, the young leaves quite densely hairy, becoming bald when mature, obovate, 1 to over 3 inches long and conspicuously veined. The flower spikes are an inch or less long, the globose, white berries ¼ inch or less in diameter. It infects cottonwoods and poplars chiefly but does not pass up willows, sycamores, black locusts and ash. Along the Mojave river bottomlands many cottonwoods are so heavily overgrown with this mistletoe as to be entirely green during the leafless season with the massed bunches of the parasite.

Variety *densum* has smooth hairless herbage, small narrow leaves not over ¾ inch long, dull cream or straw-colored berries. Its dense globular tufts sit erectly on desert junipers and cypress in mountain areas in Arizona and eastern California.

Variety *coryae* has for hosts several evergreen species of oak. The herbage is closely hairy, the rather broad leaves an inch or less long and the white berries a bit hairy at apex. Very common in Arizona, extending to western Texas and into Mexico.

Phorodendron californicum

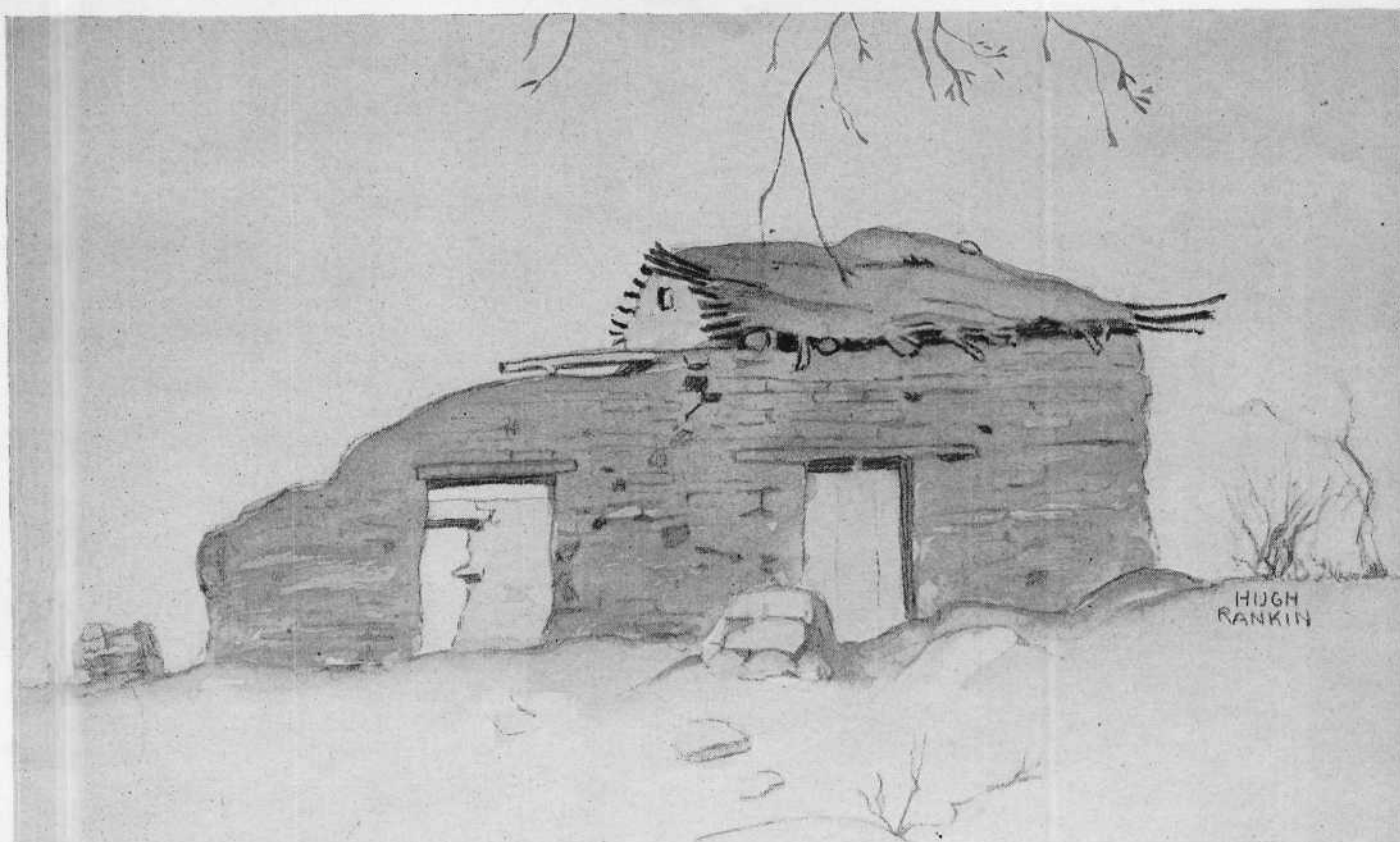
Commonly called mesquite mistletoe or desert mistletoe and quite different in appearance. Its leaves are reduced to mere scales, the yellow-green, slender stems dulled by a covering of fine greyish hairs and usually deep red on one side, from a few inches to 2 feet long, often curved or drooping and flexile. The tiny berries are like opalescent pearls, from creamy-white to coral pink or red, entrancingly abundant and beloved by many birds. It is hosted by mesquite, catsclaw, palo verde, and ironwood, occasionally creosote bush. In mesquite country it often takes over in a big way, its large bunches spreading to form great masses that at last cover the whole tree, sapping its vitality until it dies, the parasite thereby destroying itself. The birds are not the only ones to appreciate the berries. Indians too eat them, sun-dried and stored, and also the fresh berries stripped from boiled twigs of spikes. Clumps of mistletoe offer fine nesting sites for birds, especially tiny verdins and gnatcatchers. This bejeweled species is common on the Colorado and Mojave deserts, extending to Nevada, southern Utah and northern Mexico.

Phorodendron juniperinum

Another leafless species, the hairless, rather stiff, stout stems yellowish or light brown, the many crowded branches usually erect but sometimes pendulous in age, the waxy white berries very small. Parasitic on various species of juniper, from southern Utah to Mexico, from California to western Texas, from 4000 to 7000 feet elevation. Some Arizona Indians credit it with curative properties of high quality.

Arceuthobium campylopodum var. *divaricatum*

The genus to which this species belongs infests pine trees and the variety featured confines itself to the piñons. It is an erect robust plant, the leafless stems rather stout, 1½ to 6 inches long, olive-green or yellowish, the staminate plants more slender. The ovoid berries are olive-green, veiled with a bluish bloom. Usually found where there are piñons, especially on slopes and ranges in the Mojave desert, Arizona and New Mexico. An inconspicuous species as a rule.



*Vallecito stage station, before restoration, as it appeared when Hugh Rankin first viewed it in quest of the lost treasure.
Sketch by the author.*

Quest for the Lost Gold of Vallecito

"The rustler took two large ollas filled with gold and rode off across the valley. And when he returned he did not bring back the gold." This is the legendary clue that has led many treasure seekers to California's Vallecito valley in quest of hidden wealth. And here is a story that reveals some of the things that can happen to a tenderfoot when he goes in search of lost gold. He didn't find the treasure—but he's going back when Uncle Sam will let him have the gasoline.

By HUGH RANKIN

THERE'S a legend—
Some years after the Butterfield stage line was discontinued in 1861, a cattle rustler moved into the old abandoned stage station at Vallecito on the Southern California desert. He also was reputed to be a bandit who acquired much gold by robbing miners from the rich California fields.

Eventually, he decided to get out of the country with his loot, and sent his wife to Mexico City to buy a home for them. Dur-

ing her absence he was killed in a runaway accident.

A Diegueño Indian woman kept house for him during his wife's absence, and it was through her brother that the story of the lost gold of Vallecito became known. This Diegueño woman reported that shortly before his death, the rustler had taken two large ollas filled with nuggets, and had ridden off on a white horse across Vallecito valley toward the southwest. From the doorway of the old station the

woman later saw the horse standing on a knoll in what was then known as Potrero canyon. More recently the place has been known as Treasure canyon. Later the rustler returned without the ollas.

After the death of their employer, the Indian woman and her brother planned to search for the gold, which they were sure was buried in the Potrero. However, she was bitten by a rattler and died. Her brother thought it was a bad omen, and left the country.

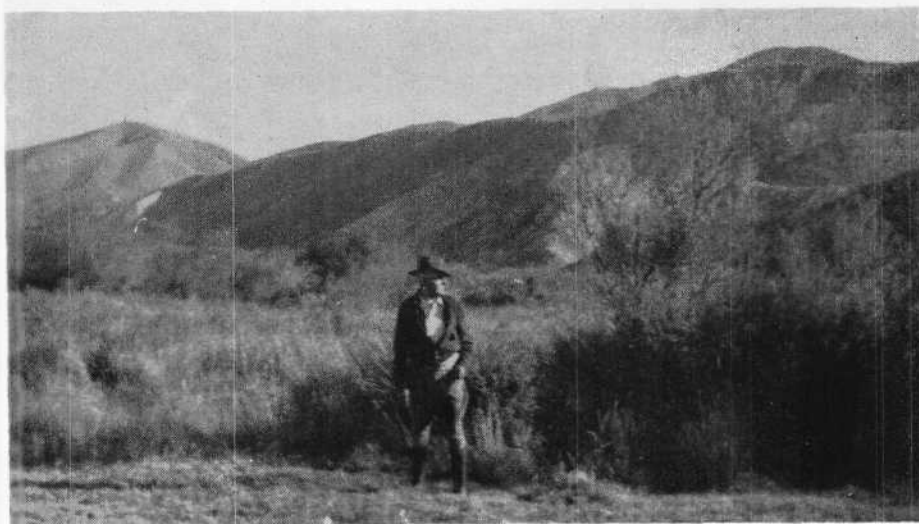
The rustler's wife returned, and also spent many weeks searching for the gold without success. Then she disappeared.

Years later Alexander MacLeod, of Los Angeles, on a prospecting trip, became acquainted with an aged Indian, and from him learned the story of the lost gold. MacLeod's informant was the brother of the woman who saw the rustler ride into Potrero with the ollas.

MacLeod had made one trip in search of the treasure with a doodlebug. He had excavated a deep hole at the point where the bug indicated it might be buried, but his grub ran out, and he had to give it up.

And now another trip was to be made to Treasure canyon. My friend Theodore A. Higgins was to go along with his radio finder, which, working on the principle of radar, was supposed to locate metallic substances beneath the surface of the ground.

It was through Higgins that I arranged to become a third member of the party.



The treasure seekers had to cross an alkali swamp, overgrown with tules and catsclaw, to reach Treasure canyon.

Our trip was made in the early 'thirties, before the old Vallecito station had been restored under the guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Strahlmann of San Diego.

In a jalopy creaking under the weight of camp outfit, shovels, grub, and gadgets for locating buried treasure, we left Los Angeles early one October morning.

Hugh Rankin uses radio finder on John Hart's grave, near the old stage station. Hart once lived in the abandoned station and died there in 1867.



At Compton and again at Oceanside we had to stop and patch our badly frayed tires. Then we headed inland through the pleasant Ramona country, to Julian, famous old mining town situated in a pretty setting of forested hills, then down the Banner grade and eventually along the one-way desert trail toward the valley of our hopes.

We camped that night in a setting of greasewood and ocotillo. We had not allowed for the coolness of desert nights at this time of year, and there were not enough blankets to keep us warm, but that discomfort soon was forgotten in the glory of a desert sunrise that revealed the details of the old adobe stage station just ahead. Vallecito in the early morning is a valley rimmed with pink and purple mountains. The one room of the old station which was still intact had a new window, and a door from which dangled a rope. Inside was a pallet of straw. There were holes in the mud roof from which protruded mesquite poles bound with rawhide. What little plaster remained on the walls was scratched with the names of previous visitors.

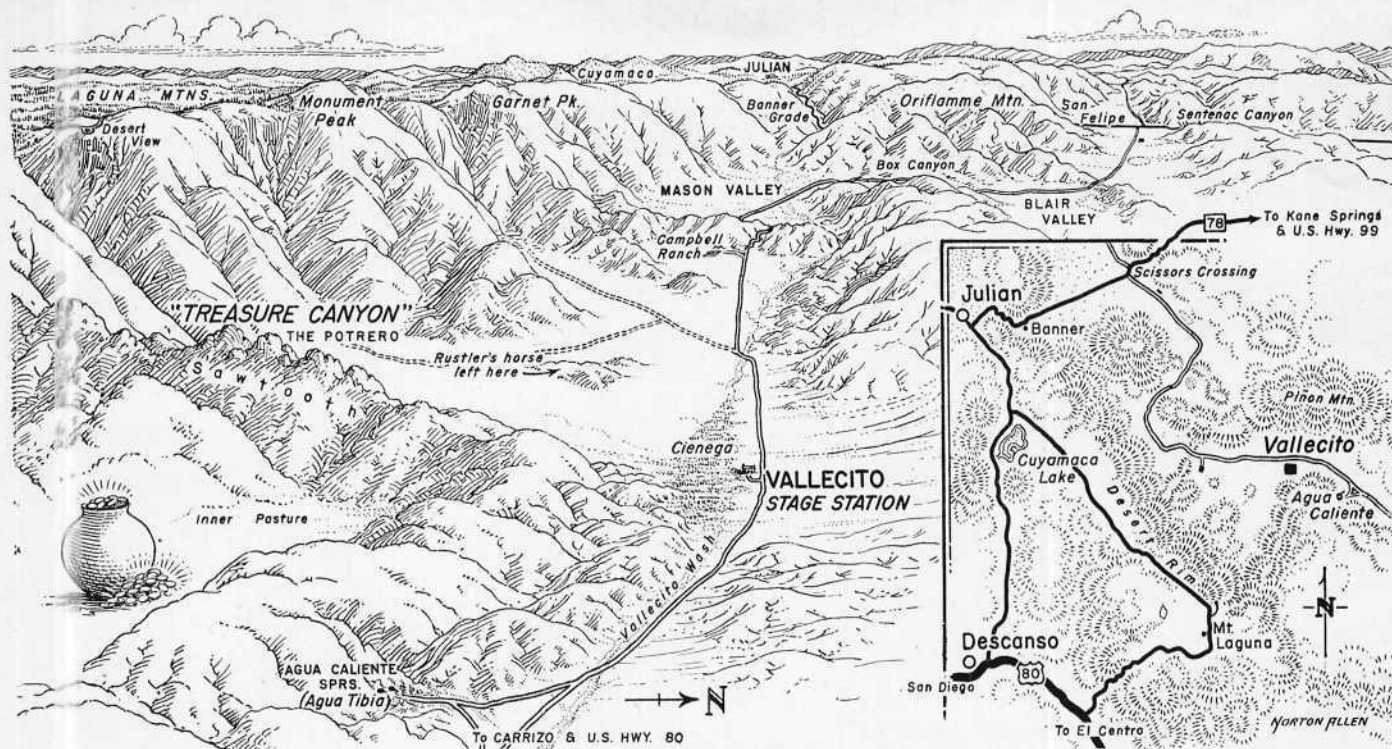
While we ate breakfast a quail in a nearby thicket broadcast to its mates that a new batch of treasure hunters had arrived. Obviously we were not the first—for the 'dobe and sand surrounding the old station was pitted with the holes of those who had been digging for the legendary gold of Vallecito. We felt sorry for those previous hunters. They had looked in the wrong place. We had the real lowdown on the Vallecito gold. It was out in Treasure canyon.

A tule-grown cienaga was but a stone's throw away from the station, and along its edge a spring had been boxed in for purposes of water supply. The water tasted of alkali—but it was the only available source. It curdled the soap—but that was a small matter to men who soon would have their pockets full of nuggets.

We had to cross the cienaga to reach Treasure canyon. It was an unlovely place. The trail was a soggy cow path. Catsclaw tore our clothing. It was slippery in places, and we were heavily loaded—but eventually the trail led to the firm sand of the bajada on the south side of the swamp.

We passed the hole where MacLeod had spent many laborious days digging for the treasure on his previous trip. Our divining rods indicated something there, but the radio finder said "no." We tested the finder by swinging it over our metal tools. The hum in the ear phones changed to a whistle. So we knew it was doing its work.

We explored the canyon, climbing dizzy rock faces that made me shaky—for I am a Tenderfoot with a capital "T." I learned that one should never grab at a bush when



the footing slips. These bushes all seemed to have thorns.

Once I found a broken olla and I let out an excited shout for my companions. But MacLeod blasted my enthusiasm. There once was a large population of Indians in this valley, he explained, and broken pottery is everywhere. Later we ran across large numbers of sherds. Some of them were flecked with mica that had the coloring of gold.

We were tired and a little crestfallen at the end of the first day. And there were more weary days of tramping and climbing ahead. But around the campfire in the evenings MacLeod, out of his years of prospecting on the desert, told endless tales of lost mines and of ghosts and the lore of the desert trail.

The mornings were glorious. After

cooking our flapjacks over a mesquite wood fire, we would start out with spirits high—sure that this day would bring better success.

One morning when we reached Treasure canyon, we discovered we had left camp without the divining rods. I returned for them, and in trying to reach the point where I was to meet my companions, became lost. I had a little pistol. It wasn't much of a weapon, but it would make a noise, and I fired it in the air as a signal to the others. It brought no response and so I plodded over more ridges, and resolved to pay more attention to the landmarks in the future.

Finally I heard MacLeod and Higgins somewhere up on the slope above, talking excitedly. When I climbed to where they were, they handed me the ear phones. The

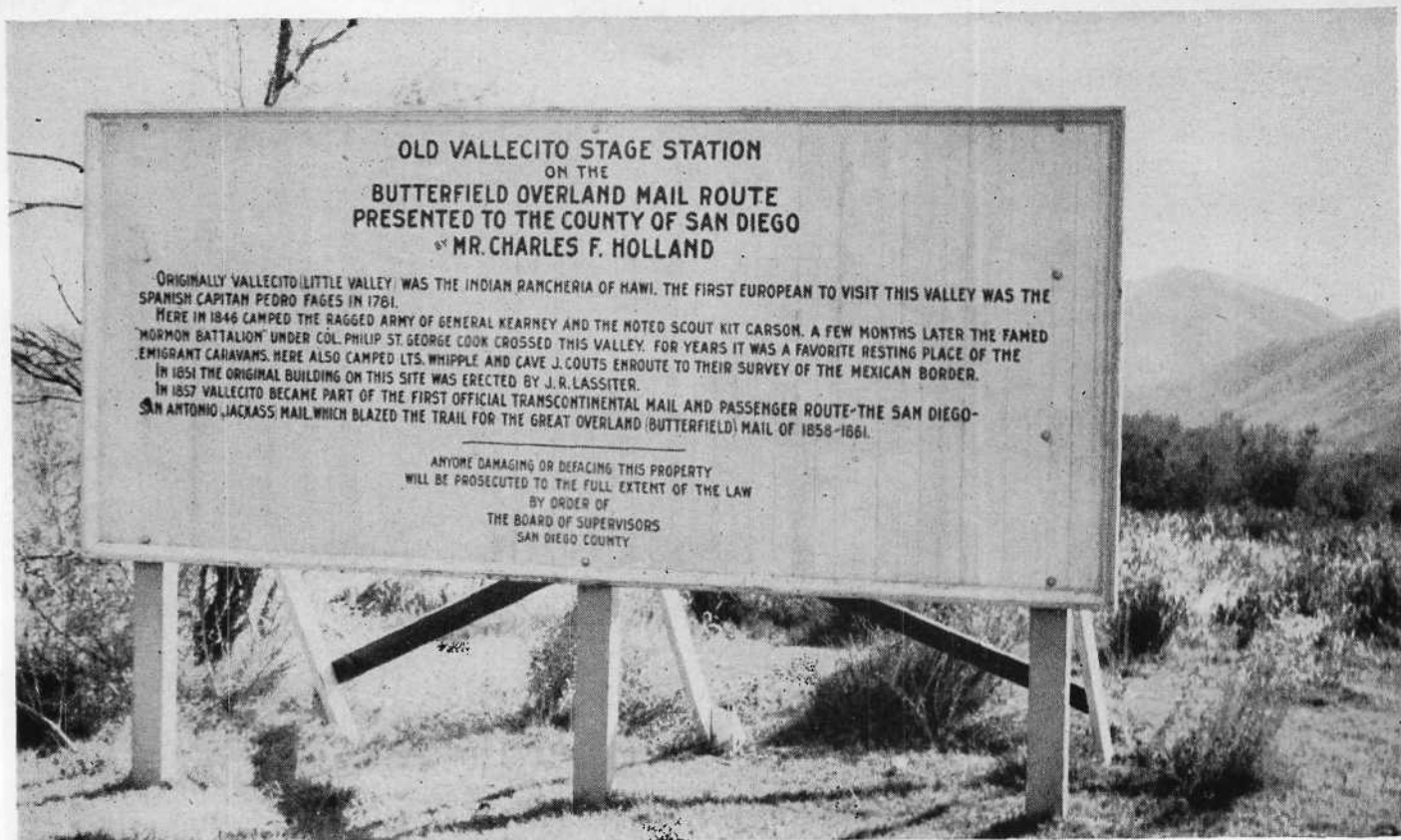
radio said "yes" and when we tried the divining rods they confirmed the fact that somewhere below the surface of the ground there was metal.

We were impatient to start digging, but it was late, and we decided to return to camp for dinner and come back later with lanterns. Along the way we discussed how many trips it might take to get the heavy gold across the swamp. And what we would do with it when we reached the city.

That evening we worked like industrious rodents. MacLeod was an artist with a shovel. He had a rhythm and poetry of motion that was a pleasure to watch. We all worked hard and the dirt flew in a steady stream. There were boulders to be removed, and these went crashing down the mountain side. One large split rock

*Vallecito stage station, after restoration under the guidance of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Strablmann of San Diego.
Photo by Carl O. Retsloff, La Mesa, California.*





Sign identifying Old Vallecito Stage Station on the Butterfield Overland Mail Route gives this brief history of the landmark: "Originally Vallecito (Little Valley) was the Indian Rancheria of Hawi. The first European to visit this valley was the Spanish Capitan Pedro Fages in 1781. Here in 1846 camped the ragged army of General Kearney and the noted scout Kit Carson. A few months later the famed 'Mormon Battalion' under Col. Philip St. George Cook crossed this valley. For years it was a favorite resting place of the emigrant caravans. Here also camped Lts. Whipple and Cave J. Coutts enroute to their survey of the Mexican border. In 1851 the original building on this site was erected by J. R. Lassiter. In 1857 Vallecito became part of the first official transcontinental mail and passenger route—the San Diego-San Antonio (Jackass) Mail, which blazed the trail for the Great Overland (Butterfield) Mail of 1858-1861."

yielded a foot-long lizard. It was a sickly green and obviously had not been out in the sunshine for a long time.

Down in the cienaga below, the frogs were filling the night air with a chorus that one hardly would expect to hear on the desert.

After we had removed the boulders, we tried the radio again, and this time there was nothing but a dull hum. We tried it again and again—but could get no answering whistle. The metal, perhaps iron, must have been in those boulders we sent rolling down the slope. So that was that.

One morning we got a favorable signal from the instruments. When we dug we found a tin can. But the signal persisted and so we went deeper—and unearthed an old stove lid.

When our food was exhausted we gave up. The lost gold of Vallecito still was lost, as far as we were concerned.

At a later date I returned for another effort to find the treasure. This was after the stage station had been rebuilt.

This time I was equipped with an improved radio finder. Tramping in the canyon, it signaled violently and continued to

do so as I moved it over an area about 20 feet in diameter. I was at a loss to account for so large an area. However, I had heard that buried metal may magnetize the surrounding earth, and so with my companions started digging. There was nothing but stones below, and with the hope that we had discovered placer ground, we

took samples back to Los Angeles for assaying.

The report was negative. But the radio finder again gave a positive register over those same stones.

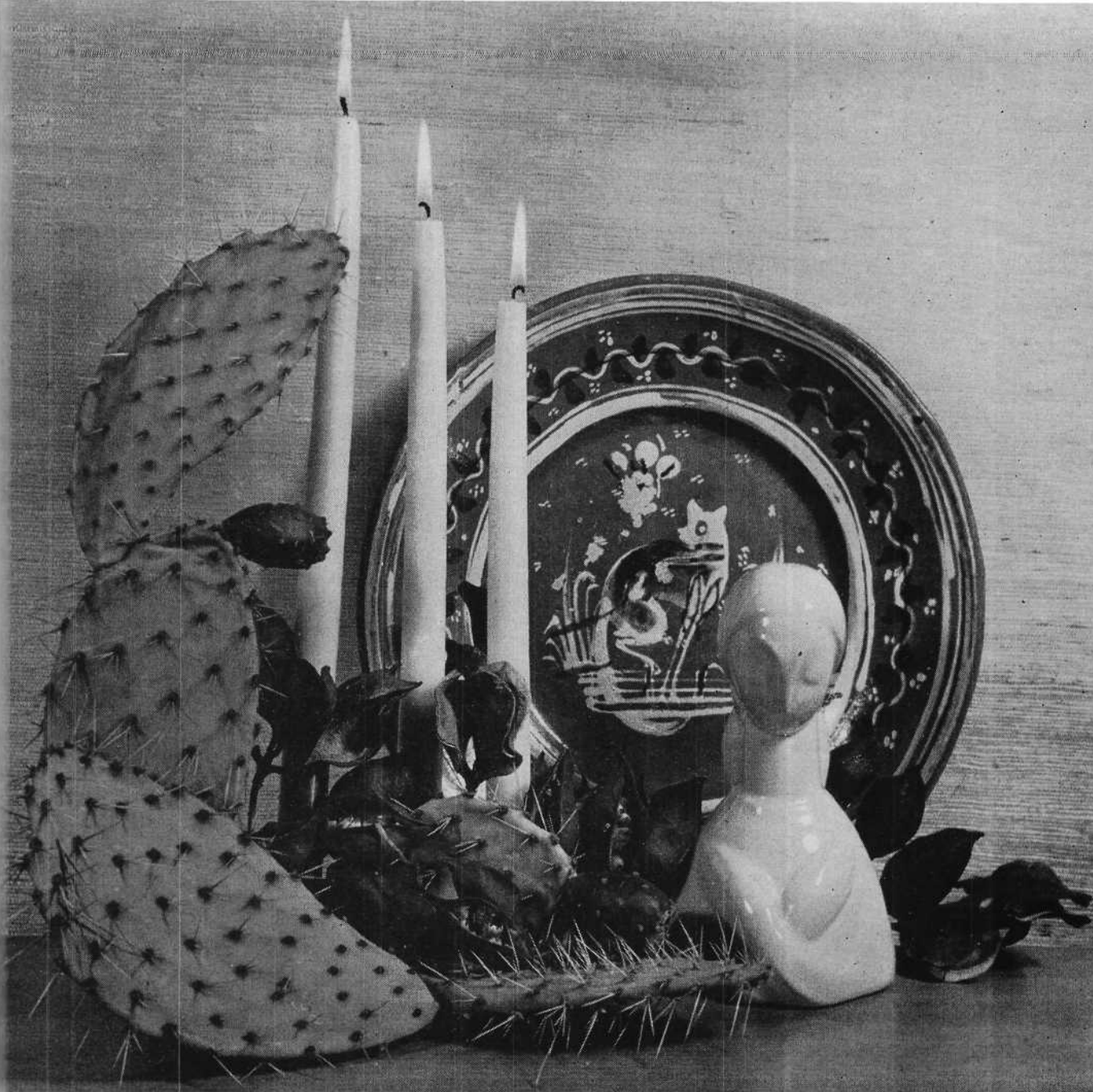
The signal was very very definite. I still believe there is treasure in that canyon. I am going back—when I can get gas.

FURTHER ANZA DESERT PARK DEVELOPMENT PROPOSED . . .

Proposals to increase both area and development of Anza desert state park, lying in the western Colorado desert in San Diego and Imperial counties, look forward to a postwar era of tourist travel.

When the history of Anza park first was outlined in Desert Magazine, April, 1939, filing fees had been paid and patents were pending on about 365,000 acres of the proposed total of 900,000 to 1,000,000 acres. Since that date, Desert Magazine readers and others have contributed funds to increase the acreage on which filing fees are paid to a present total of more than 408,000 acres. Patents now are pending on about 26,000 acres of unsurveyed lands in the Vallecito mountain area. While surveying will have to wait for postwar action, plans for further development are being formulated now.

Newest proposals were made in October in form of petitions to the recently created San Diego county park commission. Mrs. Louis Strahlmann and others asked that the Great Overland stage route, which maintained stations at Carrizo and Vallecito, be declared a historical monument. Another petition asking for immediate development of a park in the Borrego sector immediately south of Ocotillo and northeast of Vallecito, was presented by Thorwald Siegfried.



A mantel or buffet arrangement of much charm made from simple materials of the Southwest. The yellow of the pottery head is repeated by the yellow candles, and the brown and green of the pods and prickly pear cactus are picked up by the painted Mexican plate.

Desert Bouquets -- for your Holiday Table

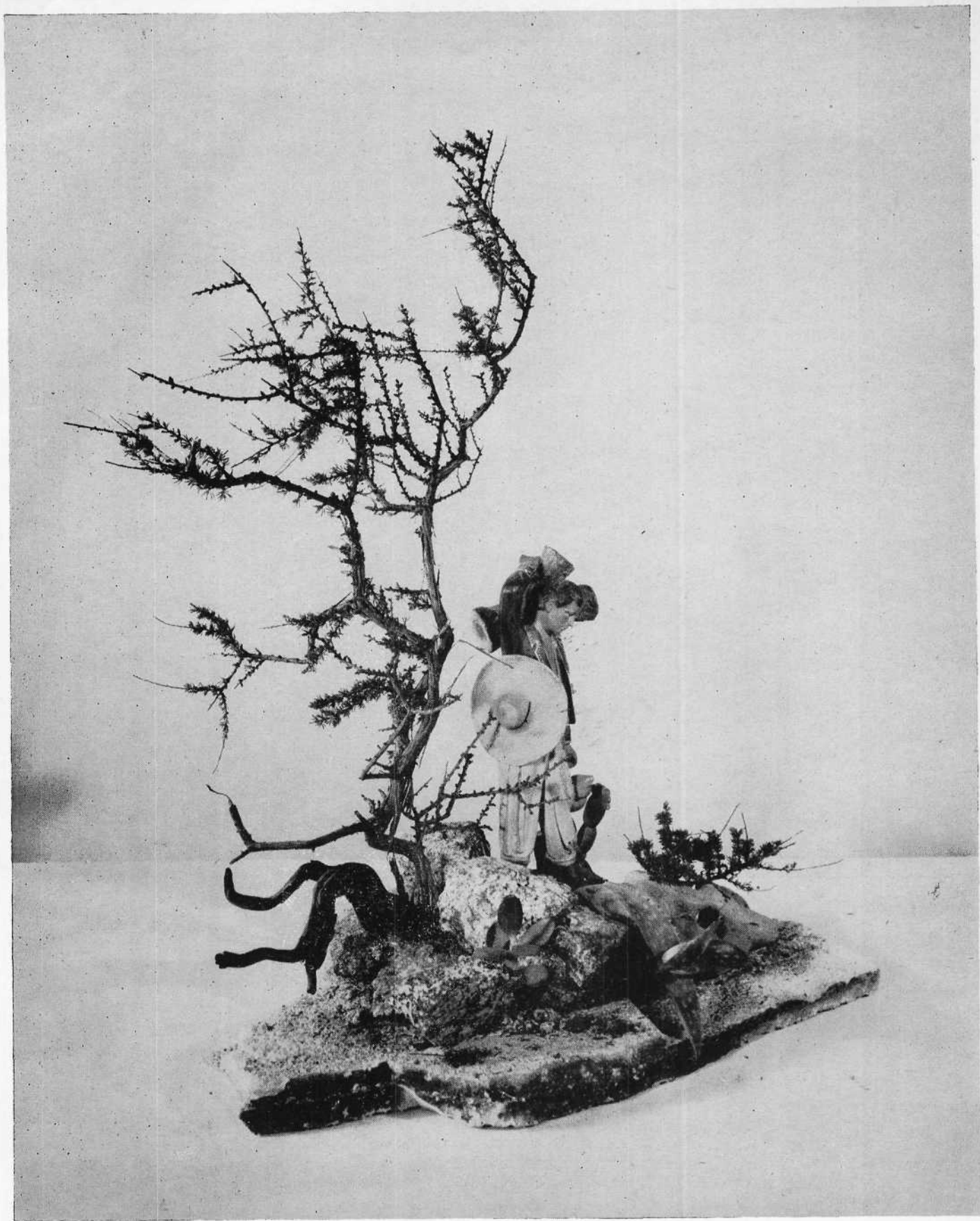
An ideal husband-wife hobby team has been developed by Margaret and Jack Carrick, of Los Angeles, California. Mrs. Carrick was not content just to "tag along," showing enthusiasm for her husband's interest in photography from a spectator's distance. So she began to study flower arrangement, filling the house with "practice" bouquets. When her husband needed subjects for indoor lighting experiments he found her flower arrangements good subjects. Since then they have taken many trips into the desert, which they find a limitless source of material for their hobby combination.

By MARGARET CARRICK
Photographs by Jack W. Carrick

DESERTLANDS and foothills of the Southwest offer such a wealth of decorative materials that often they are overlooked simply because they are so commonplace. There is exquisite beauty in the curves and angles of a rain-washed, sun-bleached stick

as many of us have noted and then tossed it back into some forgotten wash to lie unnoticed until it rots away. Try one as the main line in a wild-flower arrangement and see how much character it adds.

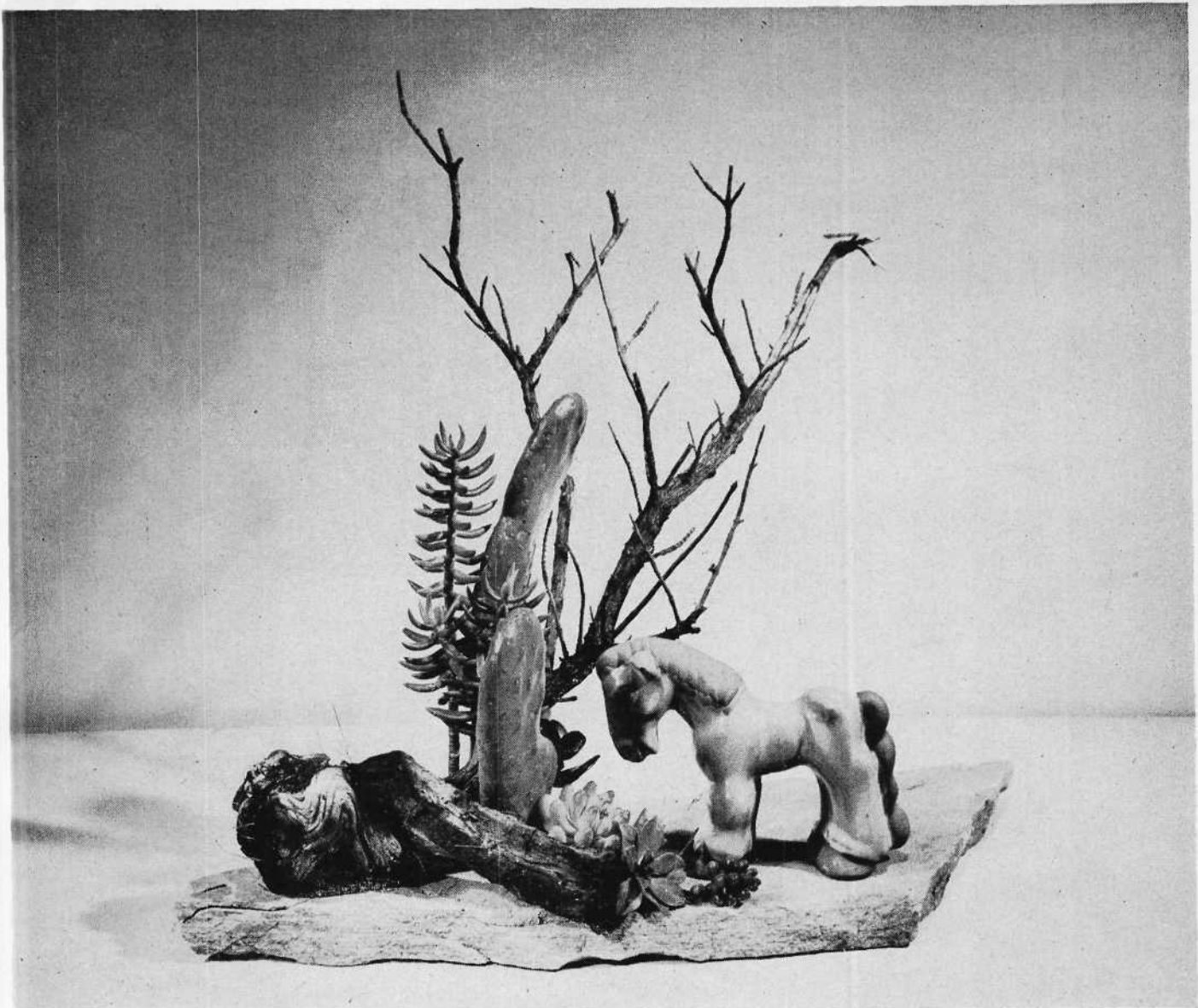
Gnarled roots and chunks of wood which have been



Windblown branch of chamiso forms "tree" in this setting for the woodcutter figurine from Mexico. Rocks, a few succulents and a gnarled piece of wood complete the picture which is set up on a sandstone base. Chamiso, *Adenostoma fasciculatum*, is one of a group of sweet smelling shrubs which belong to the rose family. It is common at desert's edge in the chapparal area of Southern California. Redshank, *A. sparsifolium*, is a coarser species, more effective in larger arrangements.



A pastel arrangement from the desert country. Pure white dead branches, wraith grey desert holly, pads of beaver-tail cactus with lavender tones, some pale turquoise stones—all set in a bowl of soft grey. The beaver-tail cactus, *Opuntia basilaris*, is found rather commonly on dry benches of the Colorado desert to the eastern Mojave, into Arizona. It is spineless but covered with areoles of brown glochids.



A dead branch, a few cacti and succulents and a knot of wood create a suitable background for this figurine of a sad-looking horse, set on a slab of desert sandstone.

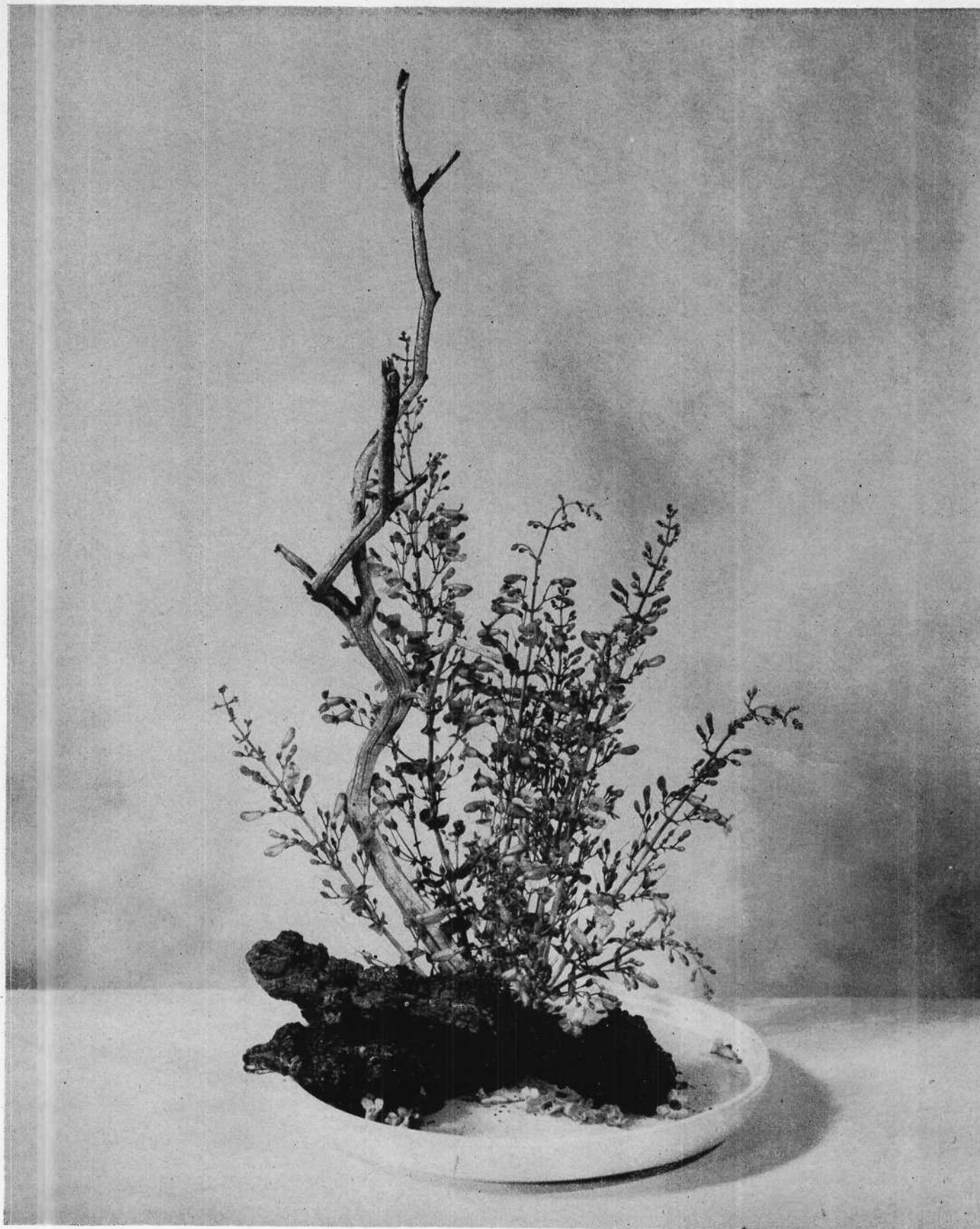
charred by long-gone brush fires acquire interesting patterns and designs which will add much interest to desert arrangements.

Flat pieces of sandstone make perfect bases for arrangements which require no water, which is true of a great many desert materials. Most cacti and succulents will last for many weeks without showing signs of deterioration and then will take root and grow again when planted after you've finished with them as a decoration.

There are hundreds of lovely desert shrubs which lend themselves well to home decoration and among the most satisfactory is chamiso, the common greasewood. The old growth becomes gnarled and windblown so that well-chosen branches make perfect "trees" to be used with figurines. They are so realistic that you can almost feel again the hot winds of the desert blowing through their sparse foliage. They dry beautifully and may be used over and over again in dry arrangements which will last indefinitely. The feathery new growth, after the spring rains, shoots up straight and tall and is a lush dark green with creamy white clusters of tiny blossoms at the top. These last well also but require water to keep them from drooping.

The resinous creosote bush is another shrub with fine-leaved foliage which is a delight to use either green or dried. The leaves dry into beautiful shades of brown and, if carefully stored between times, will keep for years. Take the dried branches outside, sprinkle with a fine spray and then shake off the excess water. When used thus in arrangements your house will have that faint, pungent odor that makes you smell again in memory that perfume which is the desert after a summer shower.

However, before picking any wild growth whatsoever, familiarize yourself with the laws regulating the taking of native plantlife in your own area. Remember that nothing growing in national parks and national forests may be cut at any time. On private property you must have the permission of the landowner and, even after this is granted, be very discriminating. Take only enough for your needs and, in the case of wild annuals, pick only a few from each plant to insure reseeding for the following year. Or, better still, grow some of these beautiful flowers and shrubs in your own garden if you live in an arid region.



A sun-bleached stick darts upward to make the dominant line in this arrangement of wild blue pentstemon, or beard-tongue. Pieces of charred wood conceal the pinholder and add a dark accent at the base. There are many beautiful species of pentstemon in the Colorado and Mojave deserts, both annuals and perennials. One of the species is the wild Canterbury bell. In the same family are such familiar flowers as linaria, snapdragon, Chinese houses, monkey-flower, many of which do well in cultivation.

Mines and Mining . .

Desert Center, California . . .

First 200 ton load of iron ore from Eagle mountains near here was sent October 12 to Henry J. Kaiser's California Shipbuilding corporation at Wilmington to be used as ballast in Calship's Liberty ships to increase their cargo carrying capacity. Daily average shipment is expected to be 250 to 300 tons, delivered by truck and trailer to Southern Pacific ore cars south of Indio. It is expected that a spur track will be built near present loading point on Highway 99.

Washington, D. C. . . .

To guide five-year program of synthetic fuel research and development designed to provide oil and gasoline from coal, oil shale and sources other than petroleum, an office of synthetic liquid fuels has been established in the fuels and explosives branch of U. S. bureau of mines. Initial appropriation of \$5,000,000 provides for three demonstration plants, one for extraction of oil from shale, another using direct hydrogenation process for converting coal, lignite, agricultural and other products to liquid fuels, and a third utilizing gas synthesis process.

New York City . . .

Refined lead output from domestic mines shows steady decline with July's total of 33,434 tons the lowest in several years, industry sources have stated. Consumers had to use all of foreign imports and had to draw increasing quantities from government-owned lead stockpiles, 30,000 tons being issued in September.

Denver, Colorado . . .

Mints at Denver, San Francisco and Philadelphia have turned out more than 3,000,000,000 coins in past year—about 1,000,000,000 more than ever before in single year. Over 2,000,000 pennies leave Denver mint daily while demand for silver dollars, nickels and dimes also has increased at lively rate. None of unpopular steel pennies have been made since Jan. 1 but they are expected to be "in circulation for the next 100 years."

Inspiration, Arizona . . .

Arizona's monthly output of copper was temporarily cut by 6,000,000 pounds, due to fire October 1 which destroyed electrolytic metal extraction plant at Inspiration Consolidated copper company.

Fernwood, Idaho . . .

Garnet abrasive grits from large alluvial deposit near here are being shipped to every state and Canada for use in aircraft production, shipbuilding, manufacture of sand paper, tumbling barrels, aluminum and magnesium castings and other purposes for which abrasives are required. Deposit of garnet sand has accumulated in valley from erosion of surrounding mica schist formation, stones varying in size from pin head to size of egg. Some of the stones are pure gem garnets; some pure sapphires have been found.

Geneva, Utah . . .

An urgent appeal for manpower at Geneva Steel company—now producing at 65 per cent capacity because of labor shortage—was made October 25 by R. G. Glass, vice-president and operations manager. He said immediate positions were open for 15 bricklayers, 10 coil and armature winders, five railroad car repairmen, five brakemen, five boilermaker helpers and 200 laborers.

Durango, Colorado . . .

U. S. Vanadium corporation, idle since Feb. 29, has acquired Durango Defense Plant corporation, and operations resumed early in October. Sale of Durango is first transfer of government vanadium mills to private industry since start of war.

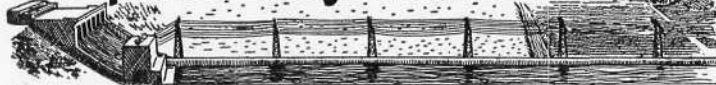
IMPERIAL IRRIGATION DISTRICT POWER

. . . Publicly-Owned

. . . Publicly-Operated

- Is helping the Imperial Valley farmer solve wartime production problems by providing low-cost power to overcome the labor shortage. It milks cows, irrigates land, sprays trees and vegetables and even breeds chickens. Costs go down as yields go up!
- The Imperial Valley man fighting in the front lines has a silent partner. He's the farmer who's daily winning the battle of meeting the huge food production goals. His righthand man is electricity . . . it serves as an extra pair of hands in the barnyard and in the fields. Electricity is invaluable to the farmer!

Imperial Irrigation District



Use Your Own Power—Make it Pay for the All American Canal

An argument of long standing at Yaquitepec at last has been settled. The relative merits of Dona Antonia, Juana - Maria - Better - Than - Nothing and General Machado no longer are in doubt. But the decision was reached at the cost of exhaustion to Marshal and Tanya, who acted as judges in the Great Tortoise Race. Ghost Mountain, surely, never before echoed to such pandemonium as it did on the day when the three pet desert tortoises "ran" their race to prove the claims of their respective owners—Victoria, Rudyard and Rider.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

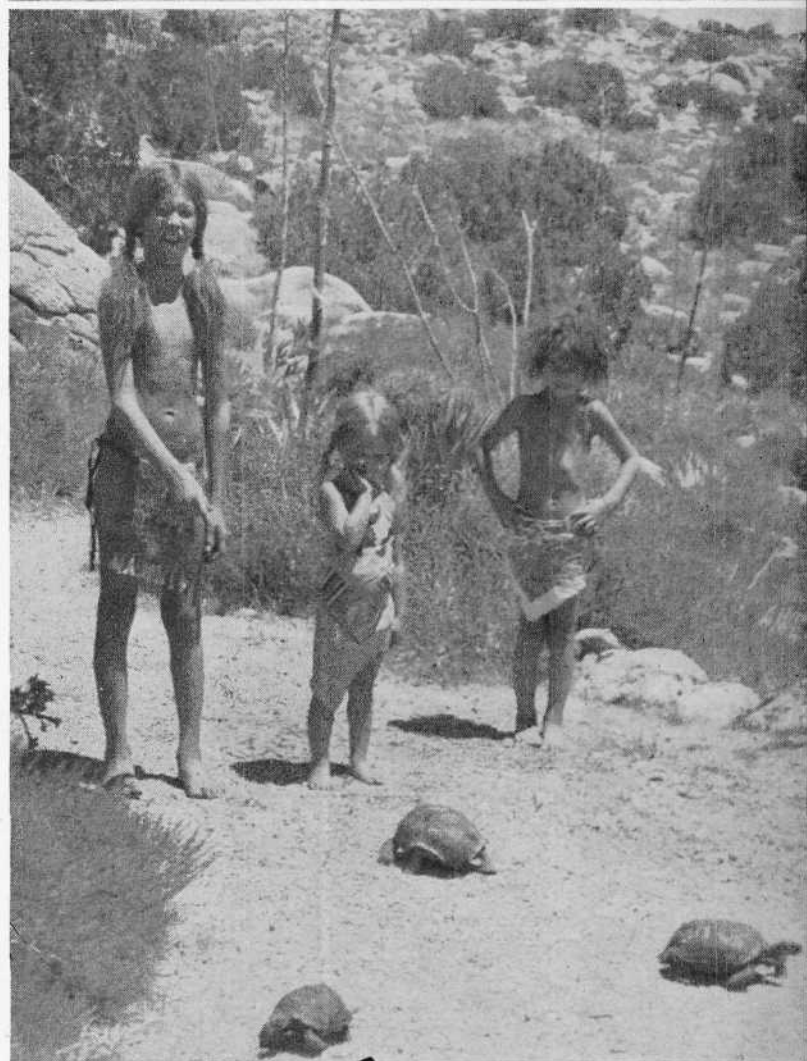
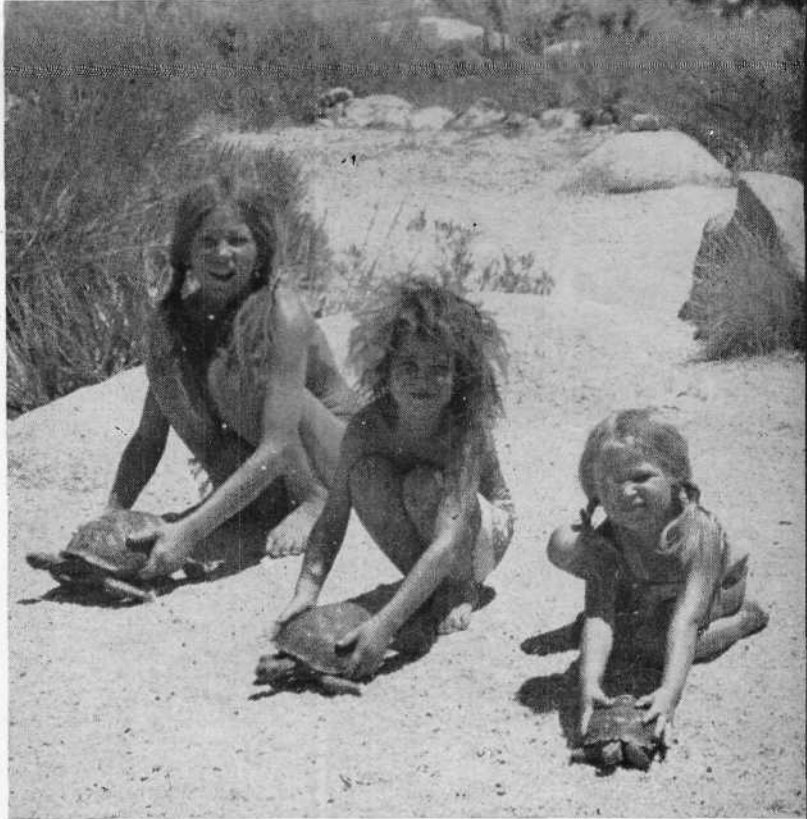
ON SEPTEMBER 27 the first flock of wild geese passed over Ghost Mountain, going south. It was early on a bright sunny morning, and our thoughts were on anything but portents of winter, when suddenly Rudyard, who had been working on one of the upper terraces, came bolting into the house: "Geese," he gasped breathlessly, "—wild geese! Going south! Quick!"

We all ran out to look, headed by Victoria who in her haste tripped sprawling over the threshold, but was too excited to lament the mishap. Yes, there they were. Against the turquoise sheen of the sky the geese stretched—a dark, irregular line of big, steadily flying birds, in a formation that was more like a great bent bow than a V. Above them, in the blue depths, there floated a long narrow ribbon of thin white cloud that might have been a canopy, held there in farewell by the sorrowful handmaidens of departing summer. Below them, flashing like a mighty shield of polished silver in the blue-grey mystery of the desert leagues, lay Laguna Salada in Mexico, like a course marker by which to steer. The great wings beat steadily, tirelessly.

Down through the silence of the desert sky their cries came to us. There is something poignant about the calling of wild geese. Something which one cannot quite define, yet something primitive and deep which stirs the soul like a hand upon harp strings. It was Ernest Thompson Seton, I believe, who in one of his books tells the story of an Indian who, confined in a white man's prison for some trivial offense, suffered all his trials with stoical resignation, but died of a broken heart when the calls of the passing wild geese drifted down to him through his prison walls. The story well may be true, for there is never a year that we hear the calling of the passing honkers without a lump rising in our throats and a tightening of our heartstrings. But perhaps it is because in the mighty symphony of creation each creature has been given some special note, the wild goose being entrusted with the call which will most stir the hearts of those to whom freedom is the most precious thing in life.

Yesterday was the day of the Great Tortoise Race. This Festival Occasion and Spectacular Contest long had been planned to decide once and for all the Yaquitepec speed championship for desert tortoises. The thunderous clamor of the excited crowds has died away. The dust has settled over the course. The judges have almost forgotten the abuse heaped upon them and, save for the chewings and scufflings of the victorious racers, still happily browsing among their "prizes" of cabbage leaves, things have returned almost to normal.

The race was the outgrowth of a long-standing argument between Rider, Rudyard and Victoria as to the merits of their favorite tortoises. Our tortoises are nicely graduated in size—their dimensions corresponding, in proportion, to those of their respective owners. Rivalry therefore is rather keen. Victoria, who claims Dona Antonia, the smallest, is always shrill in her



Above—The South youngsters with their pet tortoises at the "starting line." Below—The Finish.

assertion that Dona is the smartest, swiftest and most intelligent tortoise that the desert has ever produced. Claims which Rider and Rudyard, owners respectively of General Machado and Juana-Maria-Better-Than-Nothing, hotly deny.

"Why don't you have a race?" Tanya suggested once, jokingly. "That would prove everything."

The idea, somewhat to our dismay, was instantly adopted. "A race! Why of course! A race!" There ensued a hubbub of plans.

"But there'll have to be pwizes," Victoria declared shrilly. "Dona Antonia isn't going to run herself all out of breff winning for nothing."

"The winner shall be banqueted upon cabbage leaves," I decided. "Nothing less. So we'll have to postpone this contest until we get some."

They agreed to that—and I drew a crafty sigh of relief. I couldn't spare the time at the moment to supervise a tortoise race. But there came a day when cabbage leaves were at hand. Excuses and hedging were unavailing. So we pushed work aside and went out to stage the tortoise race.

The course had been selected long in advance—a fairly narrow strip of gravel between banks of rocks and clumps of mescal, which it was hoped would more or less confine the attention of the contestants to their purpose. Also a few broad and general rules had been agreed upon. For instance, the owner of each entry would be allowed to excite his racing animal to fresh bursts of speed by dangling before its nose choice bits of rattlesnake weed or other dainties. Also a certain amount of yelling, arm waving, endearing entreaty, and what not—within reason—were to be acceptable to the judges. The owners lined up their steeds, the starter slammed a tin can against a rock, in lieu of a pistol shot, and the race was on.

Surely never since Ghost Mountain was upheaved from chaos has there sounded amidst its rocks such a pandemonium of human laughter, yells and cat-calls. A chronicle of every detail of the ensuing 15 minutes would I fear make little sense even to us. We had expected something dull and wearisome; we found ourselves engulfed in madness.

Possessed by some unusual demon—possibly it was a sensing of the importance of the test—our turtles started out running in grim earnest. They plodded and sprawled in a sort of breathless turtle-haste. Jaws tightly clenched, necks outthrust and swaying from side to side, they waddled on as though the Evil One be-devilled them with a pitchfork. Up rocks and through cactus clumps they puffed, sliding down steep slopes and landing upon their backs in hollows—from which they had to be rescued by shrieking incoherent owners. The trouble was that they all persisted in going in different directions. "Turn round! Turn round and go the other way," Tanya kept shouting, quoting from a movie burlesque of a horse race we once had seen.

At the end of 15 minutes—invoking the time limit—we declared the race well and truly won. By measurements and calculations, and taking into account the tribulations and misadventures of each of the breathlessly plodding contestants, we decided that each and every one of them had come in first and were therefore all entitled to the first prize, a heaping portion of cabbage and lettuce leaves. Thus ended the first—and probably the last—Yaquitepec Tortoise Derby. Once is enough.

But our pets soon will be too sleepy for races, anyway. Long before this appears in print they will be dreaming the placid tortoise dreams of their hibernation period, safely tucked away in a warm corner of the house. For quite a while the instinct has been moving in them to prepare. And each day, now, when they are taken out to amble over the little juniper studded flat, to browse and nibble among the bushes and dry grass, they return to a certain bush beneath which, in the soft earth, they have begun to dig holes.

When we first came to Ghost Mountain and began to trace out, from guidestone to guidestone, the ancient pathways of long forgotten feet, it was not long before we came upon abundant traces of the Bighorn sheep. Their abandoned bedding places were in the shelter of overhanging rocks. Their whitened bones lay beneath gnarled junipers, in the silence of little glades. Their weathered horns blackened in the desert sun upon boulders

where Indian hunters had placed them for trail markers. There were no living sheep, for the Bighorn had gone, previous to our coming. Just as the Indians had gone, before the Bighorn. In the old days dusky savage and mountain sheep had shared this crest together. But the Indian had gone first. Now, too, the reign of the Bighorn was ended. The few survivors had faded away somewhere into those further reaches of the desert, where, despite game laws, the binoculars and bullets of stealthy "sportsmen" still pursued them.

But we never quite gave up the hope that some day we would encounter living specimens of these beautiful, freedom loving animals of the wastelands who, like the buffalo, have been swept almost to extinction by the white man's insatiable blood lust. For a while we even had serious plans of re-establishing the Bighorns upon Ghost Mountain—of building for them artificial catch-pools in the rocky canyons to trap storm water for their modest drinking needs. But this dream we were forced to abandon. Consultation with competent authorities established the fact that raising of mountain sheep, even under the most careful protective measures, is almost impossible. Furthermore we could not get any specimens of Bighorn, either young or old, with which to start our herd.

Years passed, and although we continued to search every ridge and crest on every desert tramp, we never saw sign of a living Bighorn. That there were some of them still alive and not far from Ghost Mountain, we now knew, for desert friends who had seen the tracks and occasionally glimpsed one of the little band, had told us. But we ourselves had no success in the matter. The buzzards wheeled and the shadows of drifting clouds wrought a thousand phantom shapes among the mirages and the buttes. But the Bighorn were gone.

Then suddenly, not a dozen days ago, as the whole family of us, out on an excursion, made our way down a dry desert valley some miles from Ghost Mountain, something big sped through the creosote bushes ahead. "A deer! A deer!" cried Rudyard, pointing excitedly.

But it wasn't a deer. As the dark body broke from the fringe of brush and leaped upon the lower rocks of a precipitous hillside not 30 yards distant, we saw that it was a great ram, a magnificent Nelson Bighorn. Victoria caught her breath in a little gasp of admiration. "Oooo!" she exclaimed softly. "—one of the sheeps!"

It was a monarch among sheep. In that flash instant in which, poised upon a boulder, he glanced back at us before starting upward, he was a sight to stop the heartbeat. The desert sun beat upon his great, dark horns and lifted head and shimmered his slatey brown sides and prominent white rump patch with a glow of fire. A split second—arrested motion cast in gleaming metal—he halted, appraising us. Then he started up, bounding swiftly up the almost perpendicular ridge with a sure footed skill that gave a deceptive illusion of leisurely ease.

Up and up and up. Until presently he reached the crest. Here, silhouetted against the hard blue of the sky, the tall sharp line of a dry mescal pole rising beside him like a lifted standard, he paused again. Silence held the desert—and us—as for perhaps 20 seconds he stood outlined against space. A creature of freedom, gazing out across the rocks and ranges of his homeland in whose beetling cliffs and hidden canyons still some trace of dwindling freedom lingers. Then he was gone. The skyline was empty, and our hearts came back slowly to normal beating.

TEACHERS ALL

*Then fear not you are doing naught
To help the world along.
Your every instinct, feeling, thought
Sways us to right or wrong.
Each man by living teaches. Each
Who would uplift the rest
Must by his life and actions preach.
Thus can he help the best.*

—Tanya South

LETTERS...

Gls Invited to Belfast . . .

Belfast, Northern Ireland

Dear Sir:

I was in the Southwestern states for three years, and to me it's just about the finest spot in the world, not excluding my own country. Will you ask any of your readers who may be with the U. S. forces in Northern Ireland to contact me. It would be such a pleasure to have a talk with someone else who knows and loves the desert. My wife and I will be glad of the opportunity of welcoming any such to our home. Our address is 30 Clara Park, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

STANLEY C. FOSTER

Clue to Organ Mountain Gold . . .

Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Sir:

The article relative to the lost mine in the Organ mountains, New Mexico, in the March, 1944, issue, has aroused my imagination. In 1917 while a soldier at Ft. Bliss I made a weekend trip to the Organs. While lunching at the base of one of the mountains I noticed a thin rock that had a very straight edge protruding from the ground. I pulled it up and found it was a perfect keystone about 10x16 inches and about one-fourth inch thick. Digging with army hatchet I found small pots of turquoise beads, quartz crystals, granite balls the size of a baseball, a stone knife with a carved frogshaped handle. I have only the keystone left. I often wondered if I ever could find anyone versed in Indian lore who would know what the markings were. I intended to return the following week with pick and shovel to explore further but the next weekend found me headed for France.

While in that locality I met an old Indian who told me among other things there was buried treasure in the immediate vicinity.

JOHN H. O'NEILL

China Wants Spider Silk Story . . .

Yucaipa, California

Dear Miss Harris:

Please send another copy of the April, 1944, issue of Desert containing Mora Brown's article on "silking" spiders. I received a letter last week from Chungking, China, requesting information concerning the work in this country, with illustrations of the spiders used. Mrs. Brown's article was most accurate in detail and the drawings were very good, so I want to send that article to them. They wish to take up the work over there.

NAN SONGER

Stand-in for Christmas Tree . . .

Altadena, California

Dear Sir:

I had been successful using succulents for Christmas wreaths, so I thought I would try decorating some of the spineless cactus that grows in two long hedges in front of our home.

The piece I chose was too heavy to handle in one section so it was cut into four pieces and set in a keg of sand in as natural a position as possible, and wired near the bottom to prevent shifting. That done, the rest was easy and fun—"leaves," or pads, were outlined with tinsel, stapled to the edges with paper clips cut in half. Popcorn edged a few of the lower edges, lights were put on candelabra fashion with coffee-can curls holding the wires to large headless nails.

The shiny balls also were held in place with headless nails or pieces of wire cut the proper length. A few succulents were arranged at the bottom, and desert smoke tree branches, splashed with wallpaper paste holding shiny Christmas snow gave a misty effect. It was put up ten days before Christmas and, like the succulent wreaths, was fresh when taken down after the holidays.

M. RIDKY

Appreciation for Lummis . . .

Denver, Colorado

Gentlemen:

My thanks to Desert for publishing the fine story of Charles F. Lummis. There is a man who cannot receive too much recognition for his work. I have believed for a long time he is one of the greater Americans. Won't you tactfully suggest to Marshal South that if his articles contained more desert lore and less baby talk they and the magazine would be improved?

CHARLES B. ROTH

Rode in First Rhyolite Auto . . .

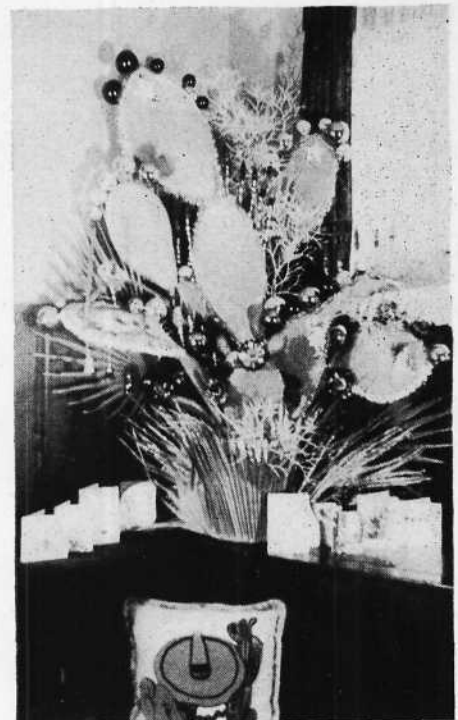
Olalla, Washington

Dear Desert Magazine:

Your magazine is a constant delight. I lived in Goldfield and Rhyolite three years during the boom. My first auto ride was out on the Amargosa desert in the first car in Rhyolite, owned by the Busch brothers . . . I am 93 years—shall we call it old or young?

I enjoy the letters from Randall Henderson—that is the first thing I look for when I open my magazine. The illustrations are beautiful. It's such a relief to get a magazine without a war picture. I have three grandsons in the navy.

MRS. ANNA S. BROWN



The Ridkys use prickly pear cactus for their Christmas table decoration.

Desert in the Jungle . . .

New Britain Island

Dear Sirs:

I have been borrowing Desert Magazine from one of my buddies for some time, so rather than pester him each month I am sending in my subscription order for two years. Having lived on the desert all my life I find your magazine is the only thing that brings the desert way down here to the jungles.

PETER N. LONCAR

DM Has Increase in Family . . .

San Diego, California

Dear Editors:

This is a formal notification that your "family" has had another increase—one more arm chair desert rat. And if this time the arm chair is a wheel chair, that does not mean a thing, for I know I get more pleasure and satisfaction from Desert Magazine than from any other kind of reading. But I was exposed properly, having spent quite some time in southern Arizona, all the way from Gila Bend to the Santa Ritas and later in the big camp when Inspiration was built.

So I was very happy to discover Desert Magazine. Every one of its departments holds my interest. You who publish it are to be congratulated on the quality of paper stock, the pictures, choice of articles—and everything about it.

Just recently I received from you a little note of welcome, together with a printed list of the most readily available back numbers. I sent for the entire list but still I am not satisfied. I want to fill in those gaps—I'm afraid I'm missing something!

RUSSELL E. TANNER

DM Readers Aid Park Extension . . .

La Jolla, California

Dear Miss Harris:

It gives me great pleasure to announce to readers of Desert Magazine who contributed funds to pay the filing fees on federal lands for the extension to Anza Desert state park, that the U. S. land office has issued patents to nearly all of the lands selected and that the desert park now includes over 408,000 acres. Patents are still pending on approximately 26,000 acres of unsurveyed lands in the Vallecitos mountain area. The survey of these lands must wait until after the war. There are postwar plans for the development of Anza Desert state park which, when realized, will afford desert enthusiasts many objectives for exploration.

GUY L. FLEMING,
Superintendent Southern District,
Division of Beaches and Parks,
State of California.

Ghost Camp Chair De Luxe . . .

San Gabriel, California

Dear Sir:

About two decades ago while I was exploring the old ghost camp south of Searles Lake which half a century ago was known as the Christmas diggings, I came across a contraption that was a surprise to an old Desert Rat like myself. It was something we hear a great deal about nowadays, but not then. It was an air-conditioned chair.

The chair was made entirely of half-inch pipe and canvas built on a wooden base for the chair to rock back and forth. Between the wooden base and the chair was a bellows made of canvas and wood. A half-inch pipe connected the discharge end of the bellows with a funnel shaped contraption fastened above the headrest of the chair. When the occupant of the chair would rock backwards the bellows would fill with air (it was 115 degrees when we were there) and when he rocked forward the cool exhilarating air would discharge, cooling the occupant's head and chest.

The chair had been there a long time; the canvas was all in tatters. I think it is still there, but the nearest one can get there in a car is two miles.

A. F. EADS

Wants Break for Relic Collectors . . .

Fort Lupton, Colorado

Publishers, Desert Magazine:

Just finishing my first year of DM and find I cannot get along without it. Born and raised in what used to be the "Great American Desert," DM gets close to my heart and creates a longing to see the Great Southwest. My only complaint is that you do not give us Indian Relic Collectors a break along with the Rockhounds.

RALPH W. HAYNES

No Salt for Sale . . .

Ogden, Utah

Dear Mrs. Brown and E.K.:

You should see the flood of letters since your article on Salt Lake salt crystals appeared in August Desert. Most offer to buy salt and other minerals—and I'm on the spot. I haven't a small piece of salt left in my collection, and so far my lake isn't doing anything about it. I pass over it several times a week and each time I am almost led to offer up a prayer to the Salt God.

FRANK E. CALL

DESERT QUIZ

Since you did so well with the True and False test last month, let's try this one.

It is a good brain exercise even if you don't get a high score. As a matter of fact the average person will answer less than 10 of these questions correctly. If you score 10 or more you are entitled to wear the badge of Desert Rat. More than 15 puts you in the class with the Sand Dune Sages. Answers are on page 32.

- 1—In the parlance of the prospector, a doodlebug is—
A tool for drilling rock for blasting..... A gadget for locating buried treasure..... A desert insect that crawls into a camper's bedding at night.....
A crane for lifting ore cars.....
- 2—On General Kearny's famous trek to California in 1846 he crossed the Colorado river at— Yuma..... Ehrenberg..... Parker..... Needles.....
- 3—Herbert Bolton's book "Rim of Christendom" is a biography of— Father Escalante..... Father Font..... Father Dominguez..... Father Kino.....
- 4—Phainopepla is the name of a desert— Bird..... Lizard..... Rodent..... Cactus.....
- 5—Ephedra was used by the Mormons for— Food..... Curing snake bites..... Making tea.....
Seasoning soup.....
- 6—Source of the Little Colorado river is in— Funeral mountains of California..... Wasatch mountains of Utah..... White mountains of Arizona..... Sangre de Cristo mountains of New Mexico.....
- 7—Brigham Young led the Mormons to Utah in— 1823..... 1830..... 1847..... 1862.....
- 8—Gold is most often found in— Volcanic rock..... Sandstone..... Limestone..... Quartz.....
- 9—The railroad which crosses the Great Salt Lake is the— Colorado & Southern..... Union Pacific..... Santa Fe..... Rock Island.....
- 10—The famous Petrified forest of Arizona is reserved as a— State Park..... National Park.....
National Monument.....
- 11—The form of quartz known as Carnelian is— Red..... Brown..... Yellow..... All three colors.....
- 12—The famous Rainbow bridge is located in— Utah..... Arizona..... New Mexico..... Nevada.....
- 13—Historic Lee's ferry crossed the— San Juan river..... Rio Grande river..... Great Salt Lake.....
Colorado river.....
- 14—Author of "The Delight Makers" was— Bandelier..... James..... Wallace..... Lummis.....
- 15—Halite is more commonly known as— Sulphur..... Soda..... Potash..... Salt.....
- 16—Catsclaw is a— Tree..... Bush..... Cactus..... Vine.....
- 17—Calico mountains of California were made famous by— A historic battle..... Discovery of diamonds there..... A rich silver strike..... Their scenic beauty.....
- 18—The old custom of the lower Colorado River Indian tribes was to dispose of their dead by—
Cremation..... Burial in the ground..... Deposit in a rocky cave..... Suspension in baskets from trees.....
- 19—If you were writing the name of a widely publicized canyon in northern Arizona you would spell the word— Havasupai..... Havusupai..... Havasupi.....
Havisupai.....
- 20—Fairy Duster is the common name of— A common desert insect..... A peculiar crystalline form found in asbestos rock..... A peculiar cloud formation.....
A perennial flowering desert shrub.....

HERE AND THERE...on the Desert

ARIZONA

Old Cultures to Be Sought . . .

TUCSON — Archeological reconnaissance in Point of Pines area, 100 miles east of Globe on San Carlos Indian reservation, will be undertaken next summer by staff of Arizona state museum with a new grant in aid of \$1000 from Viking Fund, Inc., of New York City, it has been announced by Dr. Emil Haury, museum director and head of University of Arizona's department of anthropology. Dr. Haury expects to locate evidences of ancient cultures of northern and southern Arizona, New Mexico and Old Mexico.

Highway Program Revised . . .

FLAGSTAFF — Highway construction program for state for first three postwar years will involve expenditure of \$21,465,000 in federal and state funds under provisions of congressional act as it now stands, U. S. Senator Carl Hayden reports. Revising original measure, state is given credit for its untaxed public and Indian lands on a basis of 71.5 cents federal to 28.5 cents state funds, so Arizona's share will be about \$2,155,000 annually.

New State Publication . . .

TUCSON — A new publication of University of Arizona, "The Arizona Quarterly," will publish material on history, anthropology, folklore and general literature of the state. It will give particular encouragement to Arizona authors who are temporary residents, members of university staff and faculty, and will seek a limited number of contributions from major authors outside state. Fred C. Cromwell, university librarian, is editor. Dr. Frank C. Lockwood, Arizona historian, is honorary editor.

Salt River Proposal Viewed . . .

PHOENIX — Proposal by Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes to take over operation of Salt River valley power generating system was being considered by Water Users association in October. Terms state that government would assume the \$24,200,000 indebtedness, cancel outstanding federal taxes, and furnish power for irrigation and drainage pumping at 2½ cents a kilowatt hour for period of 50 years. Proposal would be subject to congressional action before consummation.

Now They'll Have Address . . .

TOMBSTONE — Steps have been taken by city chamber of commerce to relieve confusing situation here by providing street signs and house numbering throughout residential and business districts. Students in high school manual arts department are preparing 80 signs needed.

Stories of Norwegian Air Force . . .

TUCSON — Miss Frances Gillmor, assistant professor of English at University of Arizona, has completed her fifth book, a manuscript on human interest stories of Royal Norwegian air force trainees at Canadian base. Miss Gillmore is author of *Traders to the Navajo*, *Fruit Out of Rock*, and other books.

John (Jack) Cushion, 62, veteran Arizona mine shaftsman and resident of state for 40 years, died in Phoenix Sept. 27.

CALIFORNIA

Plea for Women Date Workers . . .

INDIO — Riverside county farm labor offices in Riverside and Coachella are appealing for women to help grade and pack the 16,000,000-pound date crop of Coachella Valley. Growers have provided housing for women workers from 18 to 60 years old at the Desert Date camp located midway between this city and Coachella. It is a government-built center, with several dormitories of six rooms each. Los Angeles farm labor office, 329 W. Second St., is assisting in recruiting workers.

Desert Army Road to Be Repaired . . .

BLYTHE — First highway reconditioning job since desert army maneuvers, according to Palo Verde Valley Times, will resurface 53.5 miles of the Blythe-Needles road (State highway 146) from Riverside county line to a point five miles south of Needles. Contract was awarded to Carson Frazzini, Tonopah, Nevada.

For Nice Things . . .

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Chemically treated, extremely long-burning pine cones that create fascinating fairyland flames of orchid, cobalt blue, apple green and turquoise and lend magic enchantment to your fireside. Ideal for gifts. 18 to 20 Cones in box, So. Calif. \$1.10—Central and No. Calif., Arizona and Nevada \$1.15—all other Western States \$1.25—Elsewhere \$1.35. All prices postpaid. FAIRY FLAMES, 1104 S. Monterey St., Alhambra, California.

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San Antonio Date Shop

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INDIO, CALIFORNIA

FINEST HOLIDAY PACK—3 lbs. Fresh Rare Dates, Date Candies and Stuffed Dates, each in paper cup. Wonderful gift. Delivered in U.S.A. \$3.95

FANCY DEGLET NOOR DATES in can. 2½ lbs. Fresh and soft. Delivered in U. S. A. \$3.25

Gift Wrapped 15c Extra

Ballarat Prospector Dies . . .

TRONA—Chris Wicht, one of the last old time Death Valley country prospectors, died at a hospital here October 17, victim of a heart attack. More than 200 prospectors and other desert dwellers from the four corners of the Mojave trekked to the mesquite-surrounded cemetery here to attend his funeral. Born in New York, 1864, Wicht went to the Dakotas where he was associated in mining with Hetty Green, famous as the wealthiest woman of her time. He went to Ballarat in 1903 where he operated mining properties and a hotel; he started a resort in Wildrose canyon in 1917; later staked a gold claim and built his cabin in Surprise canyon. He knew Wyatt Earp when that Arizona marshal came to Searles Lake valley to settle claim disputes. Wicht had no known survivors. It has been proposed that his home be maintained by Searles Lake gem and mineral society as a memorial to him.

Holiday Visitors Welcomed . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Palm and Andreas canyons will be open from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. on Sundays and holidays with strict ban imposed upon smoking or fires, according to announcement by William Veith, local Indian agent. Picnics are approved and arrangements for week-day parties should be made by conferring with Mr. Veith at Indian office, 128 North Indian Avenue here.

The Desert Trading Post

*Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—
Actually about 1½ cents per thousand readers.*

MISCELLANEOUS

Indian Relics: 20 genuine Indian arrowheads \$1.00, Catalog. Geo. Holder, Glenwood, Ark.

Large stock of petrified palm. Twenty tons of rock specimens. Navajo rugs, reservation hand hammered silver and baskets from many tribes. Many other handmade artifacts. Daniels Indian Trading Post, 401 West Foot-hill Blvd., Fontana, Calif.

Famous BILLY-THE-KID MUSEUM, diversified HOBBIES DISPLAY, Attractive GIFT SHOP, Excellent ROOMS for tourists. CASA DE LAS CRUCES, "the most interesting establishment in the Mesilla Valley." Highway 70 (North) Las Cruces, New Mexico. Souvenir card five cents.

Protect your Dogs, Keys, Sporting Equipment and Social Security Numbers with metal name plates. Single 35c, 3 tags and SS plate \$1.00. State whether for dog, keys, etc. Cash with order. A. W. Bate, Ash Fork, Ariz.

LIVESTOCK

KARAKULS producers of Persian Lamb fur are easy to raise and adapted to the desert which is their native home. For further information write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52 Place, Maywood, California.

Huge Naval Base Planned . . .

BISHOP—Capt. Sherman E. Burroughs Jr., base commander, has announced progress of U. S. navy's largest ordnance test station, extending over Inyo, Kern and San Bernardino counties in Indian Wells valley. Structure, to be permanent experimental laboratory, is expected to cost \$48,000,000 when completed.

Fishing Permits Accepted . . .

HOLTVILLE—Application for permits to fish for mullet and carp in Salton sea during season from Jan. 1 to June 30, 1945 now are being accepted by fish and game commission. Final action on applications will be taken at early meeting of commission so permittees can make necessary arrangements for boats and gear.

Mexicans to Plant Flax . . .

EL CENTRO—Twenty thousand acres of farm land across Mexican border once used only for cotton will be planted to flax this season by order from Mexican consul's office in Calexico. Facilitating plantings will be six TD-O tractors and nine RD-6's received from United States, and main financing will be provided by Alfredo Aldrete of Tecate, owner of large-sized mill.

Museum Has Free Movies . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Desert Museum, under direction of Prof. and Mrs. T. D. A. Cockerell, is open for the winter and spring season daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m., free to the public. It is open any evening on request for natural history movies. About 100 films are available. Motion pictures on desert life and other natural history subjects are shown daily. Two afternoons weekly, Monday and Tuesday, at 3:15 there are special shows for children. Exhibits loaned by San Diego Natural History museum show mammals and birds in their desert surroundings. Other cases include displays of minerals, Indian artifacts, photography. A good library of desert books and magazines is maintained.

NEVADA

Most in Service . . .

RENO—Nevada tops list of all states with almost 12 per cent of its eligible men and women in armed forces, Col. T. W. Miller has declared. Committee to coordinate all state agencies dealing with welfare and rehabilitation of returning veterans has been formed by Governor Carville in order to prepare state for large numbers of men and women who will return after war.

New Boulder Power Director . . .

BOULDER CITY—Carlo P. Christensen, 57, Stanford university graduate and pioneer engineer of the West, has been appointed director of power of Boulder dam project by Secretary of Interior Harold L. Ickes. E. A. Moritz, regional director, had been carrying dual responsibility of his present office and that of power director since October, 1943.

We sell Nationally Recognized Fur Producing Karakuls. Have permanent market for wool and furs. Attractive investment for rancher or city investor. James Yoakam, National Distributor, 1128 No. Hill Ave., Pasadena, California.

REAL ESTATE

For Sale: 662 acres of foothill land in Amador County, California, 5 million feet of timber, quartz and gravel mines and large deposit of Dolomite lime and iron. Large caves in lime. Spring water, log houses, shop and tools. Close to good highway under construction. Write for further information. Address Owner, P. O. Box 36, Fiddletown, Calif.

Would you like a nice desert home and still be close to the shopping and amusement places? Our 10 acres with 3 room house and bath; city and irrigation water; electricity; located just 5 miles from El Centro, is for sale for \$3250.00 cash. Ideal winter climate; could be rented out in summer. Write Route 2, Box A, Imperial, California.

For Imperial Valley Farms—

W. E. HANCOCK

"The Farm Land Man"

Since 1914

EL CENTRO — — — CALIFORNIA



University Head Inaugurated . . .

RENO—Dr. John O. Moseley, at his inauguration as twelfth president of the 70-year-old University of Nevada, declared that students should feel they are "individuals and not cells in a social organism." Moseley is former dean of students at University of Tennessee.

NEW MEXICO

Cooperative Power Planned . . .

ALBUQUERQUE — Construction of 175 miles of rural power lines to serve communities of San Cristobal, Questa, Cerro, Costilla and Red River in Taos county will be started as soon as materials and labor can be obtained, according to Gaylord A. Burt, manager of Kit Carson Electric Cooperative, Inc. Cooperative's plans have been approved by loan examiners and negotiations already have begun with engineers and contractors.

Colorado Indians Vote . . .

GALLUP—Indians in Colorado were entitled to vote in November elections for state and federal officers provided they met requirements of voters and were at least 21 years of age and registered. Two years ago the question of Indian citizenship and privileges was decided by Colorado and all Indians eligible were urged to vote.

Navajo Speaks for Rights . . .

GALLUP — Henry Taliman, Navajo headman and only Indian to speak before national American Legion convention in September, pleaded there for full rights of citizenship, including the vote, for his people.

Silver Craft Changes Due . . .

GALLUP — Prediction of important changes in Indian silversmithing craft was made by M. L. Woodard, secretary of United Indian traders association, at Gallup Rotary meeting October 18. Changes involve a shift from coin to sterling silver, use of the metal in sheets instead of small slugs or coins, and the use of processed wire instead of hand-drawn. He said that although sales volume this year under war restrictions was \$1,500,000, this was about 60 per cent of 1940 business.

FSA Project Completed . . .

PLACITAS — An all-day celebration marked dedication of Placitas Water Facility project October 21, when for the first time 75 families who formerly had obtained all their water from a ditch had pure spring water piped to their homes. Springs were developed, reservoir was built and water was piped with funds provided by a grant in aid made by Farm Security administration. Residents contributed the labor.

Transplanted Sheep Seen . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Skull of one of the Canadian mountain sheep which were transplanted into the Sandia mountain area several years ago, was found October 8 by Samuel R. Servis, Tijeras Canyon forest ranger. Nine sheep have been placed in the area at intervals since 1939, Cibola national forest officials said. Four ewes were seen October 10 a quarter-mile below the Kiwanis cabin on the Rim Drive but no young have been reported.

Mrs. Fabiola D. Gilbert of Santa Fe was awarded certificate for outstanding contributions to agriculture and rural living, at annual meeting of Land Grant colleges and universities at Chicago in October.



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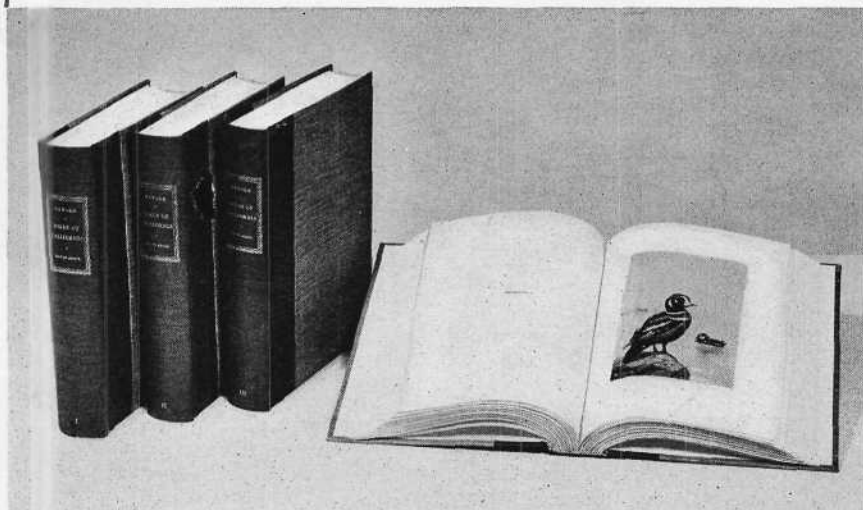
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Color plates include such desert birds as: Scott's, Hooded and Bullock's orioles, Cooper's and Western Tanagers, Green-tailed and Desert Towhees, Cactus and Gila woodpeckers, Valley and Desert quail, Roadrunner, White-tailed kite, Band-tailed pigeon, Verdin, Phainopepla, Lazuli Bunting, Arizona grosbeak, and 92 others.



Originally priced at \$200 a set, a few remaining sets of the de-luxe edition, already a collector's item, are offered at \$60.00 postpaid to any part of the U.S.A. Satisfaction guaranteed. To order, fill in coupon below.

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Please send me _____ sets of Dawson's
The Birds of California. Check enclosed.

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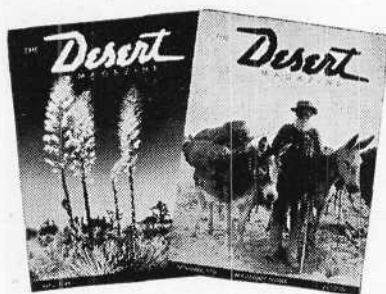
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We have obtained enough back issues of *Desert* to offer a limited number of complete volumes to libraries and others who desire them. Many of these copies are newsstand or subscriber returns and not in new condition, but all of them are complete and 100% serviceable.

Volume 1, Nov.'37 to Oct.'38	\$12.00
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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE

636 State St.

El Centro, Calif.

UTAH

War Plants to Be Sold . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Twelve industrial plants and sites in Utah will be disposed of by Defense plant corporation after they have been declared surplus. Although most of them now are being used for war production, Reconstruction Finance corporation said it would negotiate now for their sale or lease. They include Blanding mine properties, Columbia Steel company properties at five locations, Eitel-McCullough, Inc., Salt Lake City; Emsco Refractories company, Lehi; Kalunite, Inc., Salt Lake City; Utah Oil Refining company, Salt Lake City; U. S. Vanadium corporation, Salt Lake City; Vanadium Corporation of America, Monticello.

Meteor Found at Topaz . . .

DELTA—E. Eugene Gardner reported in October that Japanese residents from Topaz had discovered a large meteor about 2½ feet high, weighing many hundreds of pounds. It is dark red in color and shows partial melting of surface. It is planned to send it to the Smithsonian institution.

First Telegraph Commemorated . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—A public ceremony reenacting completion of the overland telegraph October 24, 1861, was conducted October 24 by American Pioneer Trails Assn. and a temporary marker was placed at the site, 63 South Main. A permanent monument similar to the one marking site of Salt Lake Pony Express station at 145 S. Main will be erected after the war, George Q. Morris, executive vice-president of the association, said.

No Deer? Take a Coyote! . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Many hunters who failed to find their deer this season accepted invitation of state predatory animal control committee to shoot a coyote or two before returning home. But Don E. Kenny, state agricultural commissioner, appeals to hunters not to bring pelts to the capitol. To collect the bounty of \$6 per animal, give affidavit before an area inspector that the predator was caught in a certain area; go before county committee of county in which animal was killed, or of your home county, where affidavit will be signed and feet removed as evidence the animal was killed. Committee then sends affidavit to county clerk, who forwards it to state auditor where payment is authorized. In addition to bounty, hunter can expect to sell a coyote pelt for about \$10, Kenny said.

Hot Springs Resort Planned . . .

DELTA—Plans to establish a half-million-dollar health resort, utilizing hot mineral waters of natural springs 28 miles northwest of here for treatment of poliomyelitis and other ailments, are being made by Salt Lake City business men.

Utah Birth Rate High . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Utah retained its distinction of having one of the lowest death rates and highest birth rates in the nation, U. S. census bureau figures have disclosed. State death rate last year was 8.3 per 1000 population, compared with national average of 10.9. Birth rate was 28.2, compared with 21.9 for nation. Natural increase in population (excess of births over deaths) was 12,170. New Mexico reported highest birth rate, 29.4 per 1000, but Utah had a higher vital index (ratio of births over deaths) than New Mexico.

George Beard, 88, prominent Utah landscape artist, photographer and art patron, died October 3 at his home in Coalville.

Dr. Samuel Clifton Baldwin, 89, one of nation's foremost orthopedic surgeons and dean of Utah physicians, died October 19 in Salt Lake City.

A WESTERN THRILL

"Courage," a remarkable oil painting 20x60 feet, the Covered Wagon Train crossing the desert in '68. Over a year in painting. On display (free) at Knott's Berry Place where the Boysenberry was introduced to the world and famous for fried chicken dinners with luscious Boysenberry pie.

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GHOST TOWN NEWS
BUENA PARK, CALIF.

DESERT QUIZ ANSWERS

Test is on page 28.

- 1—A gadget for locating buried treasure.
- 2—Yuma crossing.
- 3—Father Kino.
- 4—Bird.
- 5—Making tea.
- 6—White Mountains of Arizona.
- 7—1847.
- 8—Quartz.
- 9—Union Pacific.
- 10—National Monument.
- 11—All three colors.
- 12—Utah.
- 13—Colorado river.
- 14—Bandelier.
- 15—Salt.
- 16—Bush.
- 17—A rich silver strike.
- 18—Cremation.
- 19—Havasupai.
- 20—A perennial desert flowering shrub.

GEMS AND MINERALS

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

TEXAS STATE CLUB HAS BIG SAN ANGELO MEET

Since January, 1942, Mrs. Viola Block, Dallas, has organized two mineral clubs—Texas mineral society, of Dallas, and the State Mineral Society of Texas, which meets at various places. Mrs. Block hopes to build up other clubs throughout the state in the near future, each to be a member of the state organization.

State group met September 23-24 at home of President and Mrs. A. E. (Bill) Curry, San Angelo. Attending were more than 450 persons, including visitors, prospective members and members of societies in other states. Exhibits by members were of first interest. Mr. Curry's museum is an outstanding one, featuring crystals. Among the out of town collections shown were those of D. W. Danielson of Muleshoe, with asbestos, tiger eye, iceland spar and bookends of Arizona petrified wood; F. G. Hoskins of Eden, quartz crystal clusters; Mrs. Edith Owens of Honey Grove, colorful carborundum and other rarities. Next meeting will be held after the war, probably in Austin, the state capital.

Officers are: A. E. Curry, San Angelo, president; L. H. Bridwell, Forestburg, vice-president; Mrs. Viola Block, Dallas, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. Edith Owens, historian. Directors: D. W. Danielson, Muleshoe; Vance C. Tankersley, Miles; F. G. Hoskins, Eden; Wm. F. Dukes, Fort Worth; Milton L. Silberstein, Houston; Floyd V. Studer, Amarillo.

MANY AT TRONA'S THIRD ANNUAL HOBBY SHOW

Searles Lake gem and mineral society's third annual hobby show, held October 21-22 at Trona high school, was attended by 650. Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Matteson of Huntington Park and Harold E. Eales judged the hobby collections, which were entered by more than 100 exhibitors.

Award winners, adult division, were: Lapidary arts—Don Orr, 1st; Charles Stewart, special; Geodes—Margaret Pipkin; Searles lake minerals—Ralph Merrill; Jewelry—Ralph Hevener; Crystals—John Fox Sr., 1st; Ralph Merrill, special; Cabochons—Charles Stewart, 1st; Ralph Hevener, 2nd; Ralph Merrill, special; Polished specimens—Ann Pipkin, 1st; Ralph Merrill, 2nd; Charles Stewart, 3rd. In the junior division, mineral awards went to Valeria May Pipkin, 1st, and Jerry Wilson, 2nd.

Mrs. Josie Bishop won an award for her early days collection. For early western desert exhibit, George Pipkin won 1st place, Mrs. Bishop 2nd. Award for novelty rock dinner went to Kent Knowlton.

Among other classifications were photography, art, amateur motion pictures, airplane and ship models, needlework, desert relics, buttons, fossils, pottery, woodwork, sun-colored glass.

Newest members of Mineralogical Society of Arizona are Chas. A. Belz, Landsdale, Pa.; Kenneth H. Eggers, St. Louis, Mo.; George L. Dillard, Tucson; Richard L. Sylvester, Syracuse, N. Y.

MIDWEST FEDERATION HOLDS CONVENTION AT MILWAUKEE

Fourth annual convention of Midwest Federation of Geological societies was held October 7-8 at Marquette University, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Speaker at the noon session was Dr. F. L. Fleener of Joliet, president of the federation, who spoke on the importance of labeling collections with special reference to the type of minerals and the locality in which they are found. Evening speakers were Dr. E. F. Bean, state geologist, whose subject was Wisconsin geology, and Father Joseph Carroll, S. J., of Marquette University, who spoke on seismographs and earthquakes.

The group inspected the mineral and fossil exhibits at Milwaukee public museum, under direction of Elmer A. Nelson Jr., curator of geology. Second day they took a field trip to Ives Quarry where a number of additions were made to collections.

At the election of officers, Thomas Scanlon was elected president for the coming year. The federation was invited by Mr. Wilson to hold its 1945 convention at Joliet, Illinois.

DR. CHARLES CAMP CONDUCTS "PREHISTORIC FIELD TRIP"

At October 5 meeting East Bay mineral society enjoyed talks on Alcan highway and invasion of North Africa and islands of the south Pacific. Pictures through courtesy of Caterpillar tractor company shown by public relations manager Fahey.

Dr. Charles L. Camp, University of California museum of paleontology, took the members on a prehistoric California field trip, October 19. On the 22nd the society enjoyed a picnic supper at Leona park after visiting old mines near by. Display table was arranged by Al McGuinness at first October meeting and by R. W. Carpenter at second.

BROCHANTITE

Among the rare copper minerals is Brochantite, a combination of copper sulphate and copper hydroxide with 12 per cent water. Color emerald green, hardness 4, gravity 4. This mineral often occurs as brilliant green clusters of acicular crystals, with vitreous to pearly luster, or in drusy or reniform shapes encrusted on other minerals. It is found occasionally in the copper districts of the United States and a good specimen is a prize in any collection.

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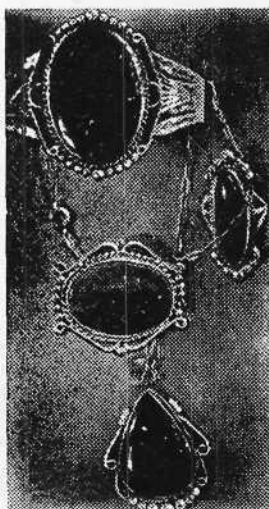
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AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Mineralogical Society of Southern California met October 9 in lecture room of Pasadena public library. E. V. Van Amringe reviewed a field trip taken earlier this year. Charles L. Heald showed movies taken on the trip. October display was sulfides, class two in new Dana classification of minerals.

Sequoia mineral society met October 3 in Parlier high school. Members brought some spare specimens for display or sale.

San Fernando gem and mineral society reports a substantial addition to postwar building fund, resulting from miscellaneous auction held October 15 at Valley Vista woman's clubhouse. Rabbits, ducks, cactus, jam, south seas "cat's eyes" were some of the articles offered willing bidders. A potluck dinner preceded the auction.

Secretary C. L. Doss of Texas mineral society writes that their regular monthly meeting was held at Baker Hotel October 10. Dallas public library loaned motion pictures of natural resources of Texas and views of Big Bend national park, also a film on quartz crystal mining in Brazil and copper mining in Chile. Boy Scouts obligingly furnished a projector and operator. Round table discussion followed showing of the films.

Dr. H. C. Dake reports that the new address of Mineralogist magazine is 329 S. E. 32nd St., Portland, Oregon. Their previous location, the Couch building, is being converted into a hotel for returning servicemen.

Joseph Burgess talked on flora of California at October 13 meeting of Long Beach mineralogical society. He also showed national park service pictures of volcanic activity of Hawaii. Mercury was mineral of the month and specimens of cinnabar and myrrickite were displayed. Jesse Hardman, retiring refreshment chairman received a polished heart in appreciation of her services. Her helpers, Mrs. Ada Soper and Mrs. Patterson, received cabochons. New committee members are Mrs. Lowell Gordon, Mrs. Orr and Mrs. Wilson.

GEM MART

ADVERTISING RATE
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Your choice of six of the following Utah minerals in sizes not smaller than 2x2-in. for \$2.50. Martite, Flowering Obsidian, Scordite, Native Sulphur, Molybdenite, Molybdenite, Ludwigite and small Azurite balls in a brown rock matrix. W. T. Rogers, 1230 Parkway Ave., Salt Lake City 5, Utah.

"Herkimer County Diamonds," Brilliant natural gem-like quartz crystals from Herkimer County, N. Y. Special Holiday assortments \$1.50-\$2.50-\$5.00-\$10.00 postage paid. Guaranteed satisfaction. H. Stillwell & Son, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Beach Moonstones, Agate, etc., 2 cents each, postpaid. Minimum \$1.00. Mountain Agate 15 cents per lb. here. White, 410 N. Broadway, Redondo Beach, Calif.

Xmas Offer: Don't forget your Rockhound friend at Xmas. Let me help to remember him by sending you a box of Colorado Beauties. 7 beautiful minerals in box, \$5.00. Jack the Rockhound, P. O. Box 86, Carbondale, Colorado.

Antique Jewelry: 12 articles antique jewelry, brooches, rings, lockets, chains, etc. \$3.60. 12 assorted hatpins—\$3.00. 12 stickpins \$2.75. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Minerals, Fossils, Gems, Coins, Glass, Indian Relics. Catalogue 5c. Purple Fluorite, 25c. Aluminum ore, 15c. Rose Quartz, 15c. Copper, 15c. Malachite, 35c. Azurite, 20c. Silver ore, 25c. Quartz Crystal, 15c. Selenite, 15c. Iceland spar, 15c. Feldspar, 15c. Pudding stone, 15c. Talc, 15c. Obsidian, 15c. Tourmaline Crystal, 25c. Fossil Shark tooth, 15c. Fossil backbone, 25c. Fine Fossil fish, \$3.75. Iron ore, 15c. Moss Agate, 15c. Fossil Amonite, 25c. Fossil snail, 25c. Fossil clam, 25c. Cowboy Lemley, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

50 ring stones, including genuine and synthetic—\$7.50. 12 genuine Opals or Cameos—\$2.75. Plus 20% tax. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Mo.

Rock Collectors Attention! Christmas and New Years Offer: Cuttables—Mexican Cherry Opals 50c, 3 for \$1.00; Malachite 75c, 2 for \$1.25; Chrysocolla slice \$2.00; Variscite 50c, 3 for \$1.00; Snowflake Obsidian Nodule \$1.00, 10 different \$2.00; Tourmalines 50c, 3 for \$1.00. Free Cabochon with all orders. All above for \$8.00. The Rockologist (Chuckawalla Slim), Garvey Trailer Park, 941 E. Garvey Blvd., Garvey 32P, Calif.

Jewelry stones removed from rings, etc. 100 assorted \$2.40. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis 1, Missouri.

Elba Iron Ore: Rare, in blade and crystal form, 25c up to \$5.00 piece. Something new for collectors. Valley Art Shoppe, 21108 Devonshire Blvd., Chatsworth, Calif.

Montana Moss Agates in the rough for gem cutting, \$1.00 per lb. plus postage. Elliott's Gem Shop, 26 Jergins Arcade, Long Beach 2, Calif.

\$2.50 brings you prepaid six rare and beautiful crystallized Arizona minerals. Vanadinite, Dioptase, Wulfenite, Willemite, Chrysocolla, Azurite. Specimens 1½x2 or larger. Wiener Mineral Co., Box 509, Tucson, Arizona.

Choice Palm Root—Full of eyes showing root and trunk structure. Very colorful. Sliced for Cabochons. 25 cents per square inch. Satisfaction guaranteed. GASKILL, 400 North Muscatel, San Gabriel, Calif.

INDIAN RELICS, Curios, Coins, Minerals, Books, Old Buttons, Old Glass, Old West Photos, Weapons, Catalog 5c. Lemley Antique Store, Osborne, Kansas.

Wanted: to buy, sell and exchange specimens outstandingly rare and beautiful. Sam Parker, 2160 East Van Buren, Phoenix, Ariz.

FOR SALE—Gem Aquamarine, specimen beryl. Large star quartz pieces, 7 pound crystal of Brazil rutile, terminated, semi plume. Moss and saganite agate. 6 inch sphere of variegated jasper, Montana sapphires and garnets up to ten carat gems uncut. The Desert Rats Nest, 2667 E. Colorado St., E. Pasadena, Calif.

Herkimer County "Diamonds," Sparkling, double terminated quartz crystals from famous Herkimer County, N. Y. Assortments containing 20 crystals, various sizes, single, twins, carbon and crystal inclusions, etc., \$1.50 and \$3.00 postpaid. Our "Crystal Surprise Package" will be a welcome addition to any collection, \$5.00 postpaid. We specialize in eastern minerals, Franklin, Paterson, N. J., and from other famous localities. H. STILLWELL & SON, Rockville Centre, N. Y.

Samuel T. Smetters spoke on minerals, mineralogy and meteorites at October 14 meeting of Marquette geologists association. The society's October bulletin carries an article on diamond prospecting in USSR submitted by Sgt. Steve Gulon, with army air forces in India.

Dr. D. H. Clark told of a trip to Horse canyon locality, showing specimens collected on the trip, at October meeting of Orange Belt mineralogical society held in San Bernardino junior college. E. C. Cline reviewed Chas. F. Lummis' book, *Mesa, Cañon and Pueblo*.

Paul Robinson of western electric company talked about experiences of an amateur lapidary at October 3 meeting of New Jersey mineralogical society, Plainfield, New Jersey. He displayed many examples of his art.

Seattle gem collectors club held its first regular fall meeting at chamber of commerce building September 19 with 70 in attendance, including visitors from Kitsap mineral and gem society. Friday ranch plume agate was discussed. Mrs. Ralph U. Gustafson read her diary of experiences at the plume bed and Lou D. Leader spoke on formation, digging and polishing of plume agate. He showed an excellent collection of the material.

Norman Whitmore, owner of Meco Assayers, addressed October dinner meeting of Pacific mineral society, Los Angeles, on tungsten. He donated specimens to all attending the meeting. A mineral specimen was presented as a prize to the member turning in the best written and most informative description of pyrite, violarite, molybdenite and karelinite.

Wm. B. Pitts' lantern slide collection of thin section agate, chalcedony and other minerals was shown at October meeting of Northern California mineral society. Bulletin of the society has acquired a name as result of contest held during August. A. L. Thamm Jr. proposed the winning title: Rockhound Journal of the Northern California mineral society, inc.

East Bay mineral society announces the following new members in September and October: Ben Chromy, Berkeley; Miss Eleanor Irvine, Berkeley; Mrs. Marcello Martinez, Alameda; J. Brinks, Robert Harlow, Fred J. Mauck, Mrs. Louise Morris, Miss Joan Morris, Paul Nordquist, C. H. Stevens, Mrs. Gertrude Pease, Mrs. Ida MacFarland, all of Oakland.

Where and how minerals are found was the subject of F. A. McMillin of the U. S. geological survey when he spoke for the Gem Collectors club, Seattle, October 17. Unique table decorations were arranged by Mrs. Arthur Foss and Mrs. Walter Larson. Flowers in hollow geodes were set upon beautifully polished slabs of petrified wood and other materials.

East Bay mineral society, Oakland, has begun an active year. Dr. A. Pabst of University of California recounted his experiences in collecting minerals in Norway, at September 21 meeting. He displayed specimens collected in the pegmatite deposits of south central Norway. His technical discussion was supplemented with tales of ancient Korgsberg silver mines operating since 1624, and information about the mineral industries and people of Norway. L. J. Hostetter exhibited part of his collection of minerals and crystals.

H. S. Keithley is again secretary of Mineralogical Society of Arizona. All club communications should be addressed to him at: Arizona Museum, West Van Buren street and Tenth avenue, Phoenix, Arizona. Meetings are held 1st and 3rd Thursdays, October through April. Mr. Keithley announces a membership of 217.

Sacramento mineral society reports a successful exhibit September 1-October 15 in Crocker art gallery. Chairman J. B. Nichols states that there were 20 cabinets of mineral specimens and polished material. A unique display was a small cabinet of minerals shown by Clarence L. Killam which once was the property of DeWitt Clinton Thompson and won the first blue ribbon to be awarded a mineral exhibit by state fair judges in San Francisco October 4, 1854. Harold M. Ward of Sacramento loaned a series of 15 oil paintings depicting deserted towns of gold rush days.

A gypsum crystal from the famous "Cave of the Swords," Naica, Mexico, is about eight inches long and contains 12 water bubbles. One of these bubbles, a very small one, travels slowly between six and seven inches in a straight line. Another, a long slender bubble, almost two inches long, moves back and forth only a very short distance, as the cavity is not much longer than the bubble. Many tiny bubbles move rapidly only one inch or less. These small bubbles often are hard to locate.

ROCKHOUND'S POSTWAR PLANS

By CHARLES G. SCHWEITZER

I know of places I would go
When war is o'er and victory's won;
When gas and tires can be secured
And rationing is past and done.

The desert would be first to call.
I long to breathe again its air,
And look around its sandy wastes
For gems I know are hidden there.

At Lavic, where the jasper lies
With showy hues that never fade.
On Chuckawalla's mountain sides
Where geodes yield to pick and spade.

The lovely palm near Calico,
Which deep among the boulders lies;
At Lead Pipe springs the nodules hide
With agate blue as summer skies.

And there are others I could name,
More places where I'd like to roam.
Of these, I guess, I'll only dream
And, for the present, stay at home.

Practical Lapidary Guide

Fred S. Young, of Portland, Oregon, has given us in his Art of Gem Cutting, one of the finest books on gem cutting ever published. He himself is expert at both facet and cabochon cutting, and has put into his book the results of his many years of practical experience. The amateur cutter who studies this book from cover to cover will find himself well repaid, and even the professional will find many things of value. 1942 edition. 112 pages, paper. \$1.50.

Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

Queer, isn't it, how rock shows 'r not important to unrockhouns. Nthusiasts simply cannot comprehend how anyone can hear about a gem display and not make quick trax to see it.

They're shure that if folks can just be xposed to the specimens at a xhibit they'll be converted to the rock cult. That's just about true, too.

If yu dont wantta luv the desert, says an old timer, don't expose yurself to it for any length uv time. Sum folks says they hates the bare old hot flat place, but after they stays there a while it gets um, shure. They may still say they despises it, n leave for back home. But a longin n restlessness soon seizes um, n they're onhappy till they can return to the spaciuosness uv th desert.

Shure is a good thing that politicks don't cum between rockhoun frens, for they don't see eye to eye on politikal subjecks any more than reglar human beins does.

COLORFUL MINERALS

CHALCEDONY

Most universal of all the quartz family is the common chalcedony. This mineral, dissolved in the hot magmatic waters under the earth's surface, appears in innumerable places and seems responsible for many otherwise unexplainable phenomena. It is the silicifying agent which changes blue African asbestos into tiger-eye. It "petrifies" many fossils. It penetrates and hardens soft and porous substances and often replaces the wood fibers in the petrification of wood. Common forms of chalcedony are familiar to every amateur, but the more unusual forms also appear unexpectedly in every part of the earth.

SUMMIT DIGGINGS DESCRIBED IN SEARLES LAKE BULLETIN

Searles Lake mineral news gives this information about Summit Diggings: The Summit Diggings placer district extends roughly three miles west from the Searles tunnel of the Southern Pacific inland route to Bishop. The "Diggings" consists of unconsolidated gravels and boulders which seem unrelated to anything found in this part of the country. While the gravel is 18 feet thick generally, the greatest values are found in the first 18 inches from the surface. The gold is evenly disseminated throughout the gravel, although local rich pockets have been found.

The deposits were discovered in the early middle 90's and were worked continuously until the middle 20's. Since then work on the ground has been sporadic although favored locations still are being worked. Values range from 80 cents to \$2.00 per yard, with an average of probably \$1.40 to \$1.50. Development has been retarded by lack of water. Much of the gold is coarse; nuggets up to \$4.25 are not rare, and one nugget worth \$790 was reported to have been found some years ago.

An example of the carelessness practiced by many mineral collectors came to light recently. Several calcite (Iceland spar) crystals, well shaped but of poor quality, were found somewhere in the western, or eastern part of Imperial county, or maybe somewhere else, at least within a radius of 100 miles. When these crystals were placed under the cold quartz light, they glowed with a red brilliance, exactly like and fully equal to the calcite from Franklin, New Jersey. All an ambitious person needs to do now is to examine about 10,000 square miles of desert carefully, in order to find a valuable deposit of easily salable material.

Ureco

LAPIDARY SUPPLIES



War priorities on many materials still prevent us from manufacturing lapidary equipment, but we do have available a good stock of the following supplies for the lapidary shop:

VRECO DIAMOND SAWS . . . give you better performance . . . longer life . . . faster cutting.

6-inch.....	\$4.50	12-inch.....	\$ 8.75
8-inch.....	5.50	14-inch.....	11.00
10-inch.....	6.80	16-inch.....	13.75

Be sure to specify arbor hole size required. Postpaid.

VRECO GRINDING WHEELS are made expressly for us by the NORTON CO.

	80, 100, 120 & 180 grit	220 grit
4 x 1/2-inch.....	\$ 1.05	\$ 1.10
6 x 1 -inch.....	2.40	2.60
8 x 1 -inch.....	3.60	3.90
10 x 1 -inch.....	5.00	5.30
10 x 1 1/2-inch.....	7.00	7.50
12 x 1 -inch.....	6.90	7.50
12 x 1 1/2-inch.....	9.60	10.40
12 x 2 -inch.....	12.30	13.30

Be sure to specify arbor hole size. Postage extra.

VRECO DRESSING BRICKS are an indispensable aid to keeping wheels true.

8" x 2" x 1" Dressing Brick.....\$.85

ABRASIVE GRAIN . . . Silicon-carbide grains in grit sizes 60, 80, 100, 120, 150, 180, 220, also F (240), FF (300), and FFF (400).

50c per lb. in single lb. lots
35c per lb. in 2 to 5 lb. lots
30c per lb. in 6 to 99 lb. lots
23c per lb. in 100 lb. lots or more
(Postage extra)

POLISH POWDER . . . Tripoli Polishing Powder, 2 lbs.\$.85

FELT POLISH WHEELS—Spanish White Felt . . . made expressly for us by Byfield Felting Co. These wheels are the proper hardness for polishing gem stones and flat specimens.

6 x 1-in.	\$4.25	10 x 1 -in.	\$11.00
8 x 1-in.	7.25	10 x 1 1/2-in.	14.90
		10 x 2-in.	\$19.00

Arbor hole sizes: 1/2", 5/8", 3/4", 7/8", 1".
Felt prices are postpaid.

SANDING CLOTH . . . CARBORUNDUM BRAND Silicon-carbide cloth for disc or drum type sanders. Grit sizes, 120, 220, 320.

Width	Price per Ft.	No. Ft. per \$	Price per 150 ft. Roll	Roll Ship. Weight
2"	5c	24 ft.	\$ 4.70	3 lbs.
3"	7c	15 ft.	6.90	5 lbs.
8"	17c	7 ft.	18.00	12 lbs.
10"	22c	6 ft.	22.00	15 lbs.
12"	25c	5 ft.	26.50	20 lbs.

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AMATEUR GEM CUTTER

and polishing equipment. Leland Quick, who conducts this department, is former president of Los Angeles Lapidary society. He will be glad to answer questions in connection with your lapidary work. Queries should be addressed to Desert Magazine, El Centro, Calif.

By LELANDE QUICK

T. A. Lewis of El Paso, Texas, is interested in going into the cabochon business after the war and he wants to know if one can cut cabochons by machinery and get mass production. No, Mr. Lewis, there are no such machines and there will never be assembly line production of gem stones I hope. It is still referred to as the lapidary "art" and a characteristic of all art is that human imagination coupled with human temperament must enter into it. Many gems are cut by amateurs who possess no artistic temperament or imagination but then there are many atrocious pictures painted by unimaginative artists and tons of bad verse written by untemperamental people. But pictures and poems do not come from machines. They will always be individual creations and real gems will always be individual creations too.

Of course there is mass production of "junk" jewelry, the trade term for the costume glass ornament business, and this is the result of assembly line methods just as the glass marble business operates at Clarksburg, W. Va. But who would take a pound piece of chrysoprase for example and subject such valuable material to the unimaginative machine? The nearest approach to Mr. Lewis' idea is probably the turquoise processing as it exists today although that still depends on skilled hand labor. I have seen lapidary shops so well organized that one could almost toss in a beach pebble at the front door and then run around to the back and catch the finished "moonstone" as it came out but in spite of the perfection of such shops there always remained a skilled lapidary with imagination between the two doors and I hope it will always be thus. There's no art in grinding hamburger.

Now then as for the possibilities of doing business with our native gem materials when cut by competent lapidaries I think that has been greatly neglected. Many a returned disabled veteran could build himself a profitable business in communities where gem material exists. The tourist business after the war will stagger the imagination and there probably will be many "art centers" built along the highways where the crafts and arts of the district will be practiced to high perfection. Being in Texas at the moment I have observed the great array of nightmarish souvenirs offered by the Mexican people to the present tourists. Sure there are tourists now—millions of them. Twelve million service people are sending home all kinds of baubles from all over the world and much of it from spots right here at home. There will always be artistic minded purchasers of art objects and good handcraft just as there will always be a large group of people who will buy anything at all. The mind that can comprehend the intricacies of a Navajo rug selling for sixty dollars is usually not the mind that sees interest in a rattan horse and rider for sixty cents. In other words there is a large part of the post-war traveling public who will be interested in true craftsmanship and art and that includes good gems cut from native materials by skilled and imaginative lapidaries. The possibilities of establishing such businesses are boundless.

E. P. Van Leuven of Bakersfield, California, thinks my statement in July Desert Magazine that the polishing process is really another grinding process may be ambiguous to some; that the Beilby layer is the polished surface and acquiring it is not to be confused with the grinding process. It is a fact that you can get as

fine a Beilby layer (a "polish") on a piece of rhodonite with a well worn piece of sanding cloth at high speed as you can ever achieve with tin oxide or any other polishing agent and the sanding cloth is an abrasive. The rhodonite acquires its surface flow with no further "polishing."

The point I really wanted to make was that fine scratches can be removed in the polishing process by the agents used which are really fine abrasives. The great point made by enthusiasts for cerium oxide for instance is that they can remove hairlike scratches in such substances as obsidian while they are acquiring the surface flow on the stone.

Many fine articles have appeared on surface flow recently (one by Mr. Van Leuven himself in September Mineralogist) but seldom does an article appear on any scientific subject that explains it as clearly to the layman as did Jerry Laudermilk's article "Mystery of the Magical Surface" in last month's Desert Magazine. There was an article that every rockhound and gem cutter should file and read again and again. It was as clear as the air in New Mexico. I read it in proof form and Mr. Laudermilk deserves great praise indeed for his splendid exposition of this interesting subject.

But Mr. Van Leuven's query and Mr. Laudermilk's article stimulated my imagination and many questions have arisen because of it. Once a Beilby layer has been attained on a gem is there any reason to suppose that further polishing is of value? Once a stone is "polished" will another hour's work improve it? If not, then any abrasive that will produce a Beilby layer at all is no better than any other agent. Cerium oxide can be no better than tin oxide then unless it accomplishes the surface flow quicker; it couldn't give a "better" polish for a Beilby layer is a Beilby layer after all. Have I just imagined then that my recent opals are "brighter" since I have been using cerium oxide or did I never really attain a Beilby layer with tin oxide? These thoughts keep running around in my head. What do they stimulate in yours?

In coloring agates black 13 ounces of sugar is added to a quart of water and the stone to be colored is soaked in the solution from 2 to 3 weeks. It is then soaked in a concentrated solution of sulphuric acid and slowly warmed for an hour. The acid is then brought to a boil for about 20 minutes. This process must be carried out with caution as water coming in contact with the acid will cause an explosion and the acid itself will give off poisonous fumes. One can avoid this danger by warming the acid for an hour and then permitting it to cool, repeating the process a number of times. The affinity of the acid to the water causes the treated stone to "sweat" after coloring. This can be corrected by thoroughly drying the stone for about two days and then immersing it in ice water for about six hours. Agate thus colored is known to the trade as "black onyx" and is very popular material for men's rings.

Because of too much activity in too many directions the state of my health has reached a serious point so that I must curb many of my present activities and undertake no new ones. I will therefore not organize the new lapidary societies mentioned in previous issues of Desert Magazine but if some one else desires to do so I will gladly give my file of names of interested people to them.



Just Between You and Me

By RANDALL HENDERSON

AFTER 19 months in the Army Air Corps in Africa, I am back at my old desk in the Desert Magazine office—and impatient to get out my sleeping bag and head the jolopy along one of the trails that lead toward the distant horizon. My present status is that of reserve officer on inactive duty.

For temporary sojourn, I found the Sahara desert where I was stationed from January to August full of interest. But one would not want to dwell permanently where the language and the customs and religion all are alien.

It is good to be home again, and to feel the crisp air of a November morning on the Southern California desert; to plan the trips that will be made when gasoline and tires again are available; and to open the mail that comes each morning from nearly every state in the union. There is a common bond of interest among Desert readers—interest that encompasses not only the colorful rocks and exotic plants and challenging mountain ranges—but that extends also to the beauty of the desert sunsets, the artistry of eroded hills, and the courage that sustains life in a land where Nature does no pampering.

My friend Phil Townsend Hanna of Westways magazine says we desert folks belong to a "cult." I don't care much for that word. In common use it implies devotion to some sort of intellectual fad. If Phil could read the poetry that still comes to this desk every day he would never accuse the desert fraternity of being overly endowed with intellectualism.

I really do not mean that as a slap at the poets. I love the whole tribe of 'em—good, bad and indifferent. What I mean is that poetry is self-expression that comes from the heart—more than the head. I wish the politicians who have been letting out their blasts over the radio the past few weeks had more poetry in their souls. Poetry, no matter how badly it is written, is honest expression of sentiment.

But if Phil Hanna insists that we are a cult, I won't quarrel with him. I will merely say that ours is the most free and independent and uninhibited collection of humans in all history—with its membership open to the whole wide world.

* * *

Desert Magazine has just passed its seventh birthday. Perhaps the readers will be interested in knowing what effect the war has had on a publication that devotes its pages almost exclusively to the art of peacetime living.

My associates who have been doing a super job of carrying on here while I was in Africa have been too modest to mention it, but Desert has gained many thousands of new readers during the past two years. And if you wonder how that was possible during a period when we are under strict rationing in the use of paper, the answer is that we closed down the advertising department soon after war was declared and reduced the size of

the magazine—not in reading text but in advertising. The only advertising we have carried since early in 1942 is that which came unsolicited. And yet despite the very limited revenue from that source, Desert has continued on a profitable basis—thanks to the interest and loyalty of its readers.

Our original charter list of 600 subscribers has grown to a monthly press run of 19,200 copies—and we would be printing thousands more if the paper limitations would permit.

Like other folks, the members of Desert's staff are dreaming plans for the days when the world will be at peace again. There are many interesting phases of the Great American desert which we have barely touched in past issues—and we are looking forward to the time when there will be more pages and the opportunity to share this desert lore with our readers.

A very large percentage of the men with whom I served overseas reside east of the Mississippi, and they were all talking about the "trip out West" after the war. They will not all come, but I am sure there will be enough of them to deluge the Southwest with visitors in the postwar period.

As that time approaches Desert will resume the mapped travelogs which were so popular in the days before Pearl Harbor. We now are gathering pictures and maps and information for the benefit of those who like to explore the strange and interesting places on the desert.

It is also planned, when the extra space is available in the magazine, to extend our editorial coverage to the deserts of Mexico. Sonora and Chihuahua and the peninsula of Lower California are happy hunting grounds for the botanist, the mineralogist, the historian and the explorer and traveler.

I have spent much time in the deserts south of the border—and to those friends who have expressed a fear that the desert areas in USA would become all cluttered up with picnic parties and postwar jeeps, I want to give assurance that Mexico is still a virgin field for the nature student and camper. Just now the Mexican deserts are an invitation only to the more rugged of the traveling clan—but the roads are being improved. Sooner or later you will be reading about Mexico's desert lures in Desert Magazine.

* * *

We have good news for those who have been saving their copies of Desert Magazine for the day when loose leaf files again will be available. Spanish grain cloth binders, the same as were formerly supplied, are on the way. We have the promise of an ample supply after the first of the year, and announcement will be made in due time. The cost of the materials—metal and cloth and gold leaf—has advanced and we no longer can sell them at the former prices. But the new prices will not exceed actual cost to us, for we have never attempted to make a

profit on binders. We regard them as a service to our readers—and a good advertising investment for ourselves.

* * *

This is being written just before presidential election day. I do not know whether Roosevelt or Dewey will be the new chief executive. But it is not conceivable to me that any one man at the head of our government can accomplish all that has been promised by the political speakers during this campaign—at least not by democratic processes.

Folks forget sometimes that in a democracy the powers of a president are limited. We want to keep it that way. And we should not demand of the president—whether Republican or Democratic—that public affairs be operated with the same machine-like precision that is possible in a dictatorship. One of the privileges in a democracy is the right to make a mistake without having to go to a concentration camp, or worse. That being true it is not fair to hold the president entirely responsible for the errors of the vast horde of subordinates necessary to conduct civil administration and a war at the same time.

Much has been said about the "alphabetical" agencies—the boards and commissions and bureaus now employed in research and in the executive branch of government. No doubt much streamlining can be done to decrease the overlapping functions of these various agencies. Many of them are the creation of an emergency period in which there has been no time for training and streamlining.

There always will be bureaus—in a democracy. That is the democratic way of doing things. The alternative is to turn the affairs of government over to a dictator backed by a gestapo, with orders to get things done—or else. We never have had that in this part of America—and if it ever comes, then this war will have been fought in vain.

And so—whether it is Dewey or Roosevelt—keep in mind that this is a democracy, and that racketeering in the unions, greed in business, arrogance in public office, lax discipline in the home and incompetence in the schools—these are things that cannot be corrected by some magical power in the hands of the president. Neither will they be corrected by science nor by a citizenship that thinks mainly in terms of monetary profit.

We cannot fulfill our obligation in the maintaining of a just and effective government by going to the polls once every four years and casting a vote for president, and then shifting the responsibility entirely to him. Democratic government is not one-man government.

You and I and our neighbors all across the continent are the ones who determine in the final reckoning whether we are to have honest intelligent administration, or racketeering and greed and incompetence.

The free enterprise system must ultimately fail, if we allow it to degenerate into a race merely to see who can acquire the most property and power for himself. And that is something you and I have to decide in the privacy of our own consciousness. No president can make the decision for us.

* * *

In Los Angeles recently I spent a couple of hours with Paul B. Witmer, registrar of the U. S. Land Office, discussing homesites for disabled veterans who will be seeking a dry healthful climate after they are released from the hospitals.

The original homesteaders in the Twentynine Palms area were of this type—World War I veterans who used their army savings and pensions to establish themselves on Uncle Sam's public lands. Most of them moved in and built their own cottages—and gained health while they were doing it. They formed one of the first American Legion posts in California—out there on what was then a remote undeveloped desert plateau. Many of them have remained through the intervening years when a paved road was built into the area, wells were drilled, and real estate subdividers moved in and created a community of beautiful homes—on the virtue of desert climate alone.

There will be many more such veterans after World War II.

Accessible public acreages are not as plentiful now as they were 26 years ago. But a new homestead law has simplified the problem of obtaining a homesite on the desert. Under the Five-Acre Tract law, any American can lease five acres of unoccupied land at a cost of a dollar an acre annually for the building of a cabin or rest home, or even for business purposes.

No expenditure on the land is required. Mr. Witmer believes that the regulations soon will be relaxed to enable the leaser to buy the land at a nominal figure after the lease has run long enough to show good faith on the part of the holder.

These lands are not intended to be used for speculation, and it is made clear they offer no means of livelihood. They are arid or rough and mountainous, and in most cases the development of water for irrigation purposes is not practicable. When the law, originally sponsored by Congressman Izac of San Diego, was passed by congress in 1938, the sites were intended for those who could afford a cabin in the desert or mountains, while earning a living elsewhere.

Now, however, there is a new generation of disabled veterans—and Mr. Witmer intends to see that the ex-service men have every opportunity to utilize these lands if they desire.

Mr. Witmer and others also are interested in training the pensioned veterans in various handicrafts, and in developing a market for the products made by these men while they are regaining their health.

* * *

In the first issue of Desert Magazine seven years ago we defined the ideals of our publishing venture in these words:

"The Desert has its own traditions in art, literature, industry and commerce. It will be the purpose of the Desert Magazine to crystallize and preserve these phases of Desert life as a culture distinctive of arid but virile America. We would give character and personality to the pursuits of Desert people—create a keener consciousness of the heritage which is theirs—bring them a little closer together in a bond of pride in their Desert homes, and perhaps break down in some measure the prejudice against the Desert which is born of misunderstanding and fear."

Today I am deeply grateful to the associates who carried on in my absence for the integrity with which they adhered to those ideals.

Much of the time I was too far away even for consultation by mail as to the editorial matter being prepared for the magazine. Each issue reached me in due time, as new and refreshing as to a total stranger.

Many of the readers of Desert have expressed a preference for a particular feature or department. I found myself turning first to the letters page. More than anything else I was interested in what friends in the big Desert family were doing and thinking.

I enjoyed the controversy over the Souths—Marshal and Tanya and their children. And while I very definitely am on the pro side—nevertheless I was glad that Lucile Harris published the letters from those who differed. I think those who criticize the Souths adversely are in a minority. But I have a great liking for minorities—especially when they have the courage to get up on their feet and holler, or take their pen in hand and write a letter. The democracy in which we live would be a very dull affair if it were not for the howling minorities.

I am in favor of letting the Souths live as they choose. They are not trespassing on the rights of others. Nor are they trying to regiment your life and mine—and I would suggest that we be equally generous in our attitude toward them.

As for Rider and Rudyard and Victoria—no one need be concerned about youngsters who are living as close to Nature as they do. They have a kindly father and a mother with an extra endowment of common sense—and they are learning some very important lessons which boys and girls raised in the big city are missing.

In all my acquaintance I know few homes in which love and generosity and cooperation predominate to the extent they do in the little mud cottage on Ghost Mountain.



NEW VERSION OF THE NAVAJO CREATION MYTH

A new version of the Navajo genesis, as told by the renowned medicine man Hasteen Klah of Nava, New Mexico, is related in **THE NAVAJO CREATION MYTH** by Mary C. Wheelwright, director of the Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

In the introduction, Miss Wheelwright has given her interpretation of the Navajo concept and practice of religion. She believes that the whole ritual process is directed towards appeasement of the various gods and Holy People by the supreme Begochiddy. Contrary to most interpretations, she further believes this is not based on fear, but an attempt to attain a harmonious relationship between man and the universe.

Klah's story differs from other versions in that Begochiddy is the important deity. Previously he has been associated with the Holy People, and usually enters the tradition as the "one from whom the Navajo obtained guns, bayeta, horses, and sheep." This single or ruling deity concept is unique in that most Navajo deities are dual—male and female.

Otherwise the general pattern of the Creation is similar to those previously recorded. Generally this is the upward progression of the Holy People through the various vaults of the Underworld to the lightened Upper World—the slow evolution from zoomorphic forms to human mind and body.

The rite-myths which combine to form Klah's version have been described as "a great tree from whose trunk many branches begin."

The rite-myth of the Blessingway Chant is a particularly valuable addition. It is new material and is from a rite that is common and important in Navajo ceremonialism. The comparative use of information from Etsah Hatrali Begay and other medicine men adds to the value of this section.

Fifteen page-size sandpaintings in color are well executed and have excellent interpretations. With these **THE NAVAJO CREATION MYTH**, in addition to being an interesting version of the Navajo genesis, is a definite contribution to the appreciation of Navajo ceremonial art.

Museum of Navajo Ceremonial Art, Santa Fe, N. M., 1942. Glossary. Size 7x10. \$12.00.

—RICHARD VAN VALKENBURGH

ARCHEOLOGISTS HUNT FOR BURIED TREASURE

Ann Axtell Morris' **DIGGING IN THE SOUTHWEST** could as well have been entitled, "It's Fun to be an Archeologist." She not only makes this science of prehistoric cultures a thrilling treasure hunt but she makes its language and techniques understandable to one who never has heard of such words as stratigraphy, who has not known the difference between Basketmaker I and Pueblo V, and whose only contact with mummies has been through Egyptian mystery movies.

Her reason for writing such a book was her desire to bring the subject out of the aloof environment of scientific reports and let others know the enchantment of archeology which since 1923 has lured her into strange and dangerous corners of the New World. And she chose the American Southwest, not only because most of her experience has been there but because it is a treasure-trove for the archeologist.

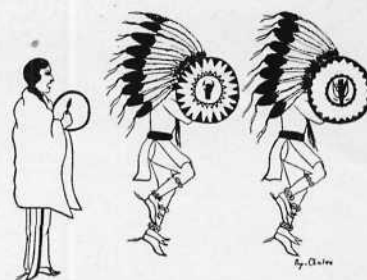
In an informal, blithe and often humorous way, Mrs. Morris tells the problems an archeologist faces when he tries to fit isolated clues into their proper places, so they may pass out of the field of archeology into that of history.

Between learning about the eight cultures which have been identified in the Southwest and puzzling over the findings which always are cropping up to blast archeologists' neat theories, the reader will enjoy watching archeologists in action. He will see them "manufacturing" their own roads as they venture into remote canyons and mesas, he will gasp as they scale sheer cliffs, he will learn how they live in camp and what archeologists' "shop talk" sounds like. He will see how archeologists go about their work of finding a site, clearing the debris, cleaning and mending pottery. And he will be surprised to find that these scientists endure discomforts and hardships that would shock a tenderfoot—or even an average desert rat.

There are many sidelights in the book, such as tips on the practical side of desert travel, intimate close-ups of the "irrepressible Navajo," and the landing of the Lindberghs near Canyon del Muerto after their aerial discovery of a cave dwelling.

For the student it is an excellent introduction to archeology; for the general reader it is a travelog which will both entertain and widen his scope of interests.

Doubleday Doran Co., 1941. Over 50 photos, 301 pages. \$2.50.



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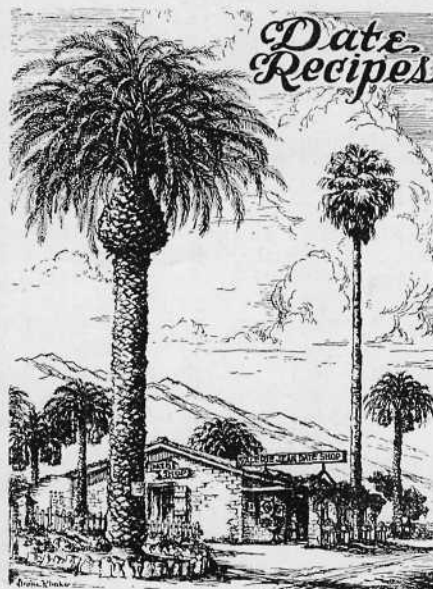
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