

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E

DECEMBER, 1947

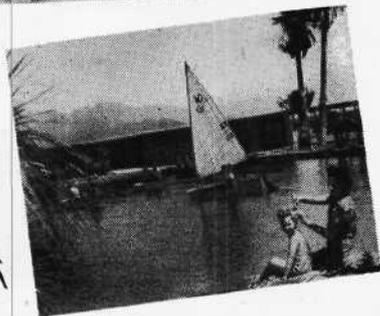
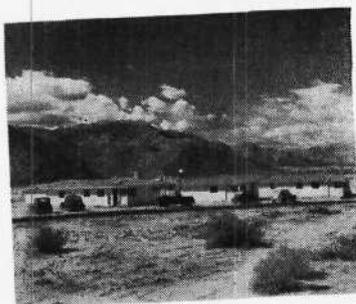
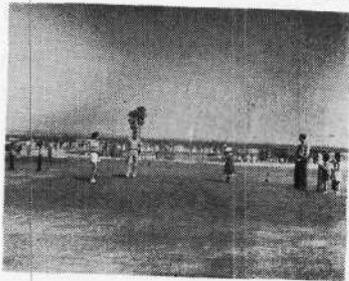
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DESERT CALENDAR

- Nov. 28-30—Desert Peaks section of Sierra club to climb Picacho peak in Southern California and Castle Dome in Arizona. Niles Werner, leader.
- Dec. 1-6—National Indian Celebration, show and all-Indian rodeo, Mesa, Arizona.
- Dec. 4-6—National Congress of American Indians, fourth annual convention, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
- Dec. 6—Imperial Highway association monthly meeting in El Centro, California. Dinner at Barbara Worth hotel at 7 p. m.
- Dec. 6-7—Sierra club hike, Hidden Springs from Box canyon, beyond Mecca, California. Desert Steve Ragsdale, leader.
- Dec. 7—Lecture and color pictures: "Cliff-dwellers of the Mesa Verde, Colorado," by Paul Coze, Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California, 3 p. m.
- Dec. 15—Approximate date annual Snow Cup race (Giant Slalom) sponsored by Salt Lake Jr. Chamber of Commerce, Utah.
- Dec. 21—Golf tournament open to all Boy Scouts, Imperial-Yuma council. Country club, Brawley, California.
- Dec. 24—La Posada, Christmas Eve Mexican ceremonies, Tucson, Arizona.
- Dec. 24—Midnight Mass, mission churches at San Felipe, Laguna, Isleta and other pueblos, New Mexico.
- Dec. 25—Christmas day dances and celebrations, Jemez, Santo Domingo, Tesuque, Santa Clara and other pueblos, New Mexico.
- Dec. 28—Annual rendition of "The Messiah," with full symphony orchestra, oratorio chorus of 400 voices and guest soloists. Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Dec.—Exhibition, Paintings of the Southwest by the late Edgar Alwin Payne. Southwest Museum, Los Angeles, California.
- Dec.—Shalako, house dedication and visit of the Gods. Date indefinite, usually early December. Ceremonies at night, photography prohibited. Zuni pueblo, New Mexico.
- Dec.—Papago Christmas ceremonial (exact date not available), Tucson, Arizona.

HOPE

By TANYA SOUTH

Again, oh Soul of mine, look up!
Again behold the stars!
Once more cling fast to love and hope!
For nothing mars
The inner Light that shines so clear,
When we dispense with hate and fear.



Volume 11	DECEMBER, 1947	Number 2
COVER	JOSHUAS AT SUNSET. Photo taken in New York mountains near Needles, California, by J. K. Yoakum, Parker, Arizona.	
CALENDAR	December events on the desert	3
INDIANS	Geronimo, Apache Raider By ROSELLA MATTMUELLER	4
HUMOR	Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley	6
ADVENTURE	Grand Canyon Voyage By RANDALL HENDERSON	7
CONTEST	Prize announcement for photographers	12
MINERALS	Nature's Onyx Factory By LEWIS W. WALKER	13
PERSONALITY	Lady of the Hot Springs By HAROLD O. WEIGHT	16
ART OF LIVING	Desert Trails, by MARSHAL SOUTH	19
PHOTOGRAPHY	November prize winners	21
ARTISTRY	For the Desert Home at Christmas By MARGARET CARRICK	22
PROGRESS	For Desert Magazine—a new Home	24
TRUE OR FALSE	A test of your desert knowledge	25
MINING	Current news of desert mines	26
LETTERS	Comment from Desert's readers	27
NATURE	A Burro's Back is Tough By BACIL B. WARREN	28
NEWS	From here and there on the desert	29
LAPIDARY	Amateur Gem Cutter, by LELANDE QUICK	36
HOBBY	Gems and minerals	37
BOOKS	Reviews of current Southwest literature	44
COMMENT	Just Between You and Me, by the Editor	46
POETRY	Ghost Town, and other poems	47

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RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor. BESS STACY, Business Manager.
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He was cruel and relentless in his war on the whites—but he was following the traditional code of his tribesmen—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. Geronimo's hatred of the intruders in Apache country began the day his mother and wife

and children were murdered in cold blood by Mexican troopers. But when he extended his marauding to the settlements of U. S. citizens he was doomed to final defeat—and eventually he realized that and laid down his arms in surrender.

Geronimo, Apache Raider

By ROSELLA MATTMUELLER

A GROUP of small boys, copper-skinned and naked, crept among the trees and rocks. Suddenly one threw himself on the ground. With loud whoops the others ran to him and the first one to reach and touch him yelled "coupe." Again and again they repeated this and each time the same boy would reach the "victim" first.

Finally the rest of the boys gave up in disgust, saying to the victor, "We stop. You get all the scalps."

"Sure, me great warrior," the lad boasted with a grin.

Great warrior! Did he even then have visions of the future? Did he know that some day his name would chill the heart of many a brave man?

Geronimo—Apache war chief! Most historians have drawn a word picture of this great Indian fighter showing him only as a ruthless and cruel savage, waging relentless war upon any and all whites.

But delving back into his life, we find him following the normal pursuits of the Apache life—until that fateful day in 1858.

Born in No-doyohn canyon, Arizona, in June, 1829, he was a member of the Be-don-ko-be band, which made its home around the waters of the Gila river. His name was Goya-thele. The name Geronimo was given to him by the Mexicans.

As a baby he hung in his cradle at his mother's back. As he grew older, his mother taught him the legends of his people. She taught him to pray to the Great Spirit for wisdom and strength. And when he was big enough he was sent into the fields to help break the ground for the planting of winter food. In the fall the beans, corn, melons, and pumpkins were harvested and stored away in caves to be used when needed.

But the task he really liked was to cut and cure the wild tobacco. He watched with envy the older boys strutting around smoking their first cigarette, for that meant they had gone out alone and killed big game. Not until he had accomplished that feat would he be allowed to smoke. But that day would soon come. And when it did there would be no laughs and jeers at him for his awkwardness, he thought with satisfaction. Hadn't he been secretly prac-

ticing the fine art of rolling the tobacco in oak leaf wrappers for days?

The least of little Goya-thele's and his playmate's worries was clothing. It was something to do without whenever possible, which usually meant all summer. Even in winter very little was worn. Being more modest, the women wore a skirt, consisting of a piece of cotton cloth fastened about the waist and extending to the knees. The men wore breech cloth and moccasins. In the winter they added a shirt.

When Geronimo was small his father died. His body was arrayed in his finest clothes, his richest blanket wrapped around him and his favorite pony saddled and led behind the procession as they carried him to the cave in which he was buried.

Although Geronimo's grandfather had been a great chief of the Mimbreno tribe, his father did not succeed him through heredity, because he had fallen in love and married a girl of the Be-don-ko-be tribe, which made him a member of her people. So it was that a sub-chief, Mangus Colorado, became chief.

When Geronimo was 17 he was admitted to the council of warriors. Now he could go on the warpath with the others. And now he could marry Alope. Alope of the flashing eyes, the tempting lips, the slender body—a maiden to grace the wickiup of a brave warrior. When he approached her father, he demanded many ponies for her, many more than the young brave possessed. With a whispered word to Alope he left the village and was gone several days. When he returned he had more than enough ponies to pay for the hand of the Indian girl.

It was in the summer of 1858 that Chief Mangus Colorado took the whole tribe into Mexico, traveling toward Casas Grandes. Shortly before reaching there, they stopped on the outskirts of a small town to camp for a few days. Each day the men would go into town to trade, leaving the camp under the protection of a small guard.

Late on the fourth day, after a successful day in town, they were returning to their camp in high spirits, laughing and singing. Just before reaching camp, they saw some of their women and children rushing

toward them. Sensing trouble, Geronimo spurred his pony to meet them. At first he could make nothing of their hysterical words. When he did understand what they were trying to tell him, their words struck bitterness to his heart.

These women and children were the survivors of their camp. A troop of Mexican cavalry had attacked suddenly and swiftly, killing all the men and many of the women and children, including Geronimo's aged mother, wife and three children. Then they had stolen their horses, arms and supplies.

Geronimo gazed on the carnage before him. He was as one turned to stone, his mind numb, incapable of thought or action. He had lost all! For the moment he was conscious of nothing but overwhelming grief. Then slowly, as he looked upon the bodies of his loved ones, a terrible hate grew within him and he vowed vengeance upon those who had done this thing to him and to his people.

That night a council was called and it was decided that as there were but a few warriors left, their arms and supplies gone, they could not fight a winning battle against the Mexicans. So the chief ordered them to prepare at once for the return journey home.

When they arrived at their own village, Geronimo burned the wickiup and all the possessions of his beloved Alope and the little ones. Then he burned the things belonging to his mother. Such was the custom. Never again was he content with the quiet life, and never did he forget his vow of vengeance.

It was almost one year later that Chief Mangus Colorado called a council of the warriors, saying:

"Again we have weapons. Again we have supplies. Are you ready to take the warpath against the Mexicans?"

All were ready and eager. Geronimo was elected to seek aid from the other tribes. In making his appeal to them he said:

"I will fight in the front of battle. My loved ones were all killed there, and I too, will die if need be."

Three tribes responded, and it was not long before they were assembled on the Mexican border. Their families were hid-



*Geronimo, Apache war chief—probably the most feared of all the Indians.
From painting by E. A. Burbank.*

den in the nearby mountains. There they would wait for their warriors to join them.

Traveling on foot, each tribesman carried enough food for three days. They marched an average of 15 hours a day, stopping only to eat. Geronimo acted as guide. He followed the river courses and mountain ranges which afforded concealment from enemy eyes.

Arriving at their destination they made camp—and waited. Early the next morning scouts reported two companies of cav-

alry and two of infantry were approaching the camp. Watching closely as they drew near, Geronimo recognized the cavalry as those the women had told him attacked their camp. When he informed the chieftains of this, he was told he could direct the battle because he had suffered more than any of the others. This was a great honor and he was determined to exact payment in full.

Despatching part of the braves to attack the rear, he led the charge with a fury that

took him into the midst of shouting, screaming men, of slashing swords and gunfire. For two hours the battle raged, and when it was over not a Mexican trooper was alive. Then over the bloody field rang the high-pitched, spine-chilling cry of Geronimo, the Apache war-cry.

And there, still covered with the blood of his enemies, hot with the joy of victory, Geronimo was made a war chief of the Apaches.

The others were now satisfied, they felt

they had repaid in full the killing of their people. But not so Geronimo. Peaceful pursuits were not for him. From then on he waged constant and relentless war upon any and all Mexicans. Gathering a few warriors, sometimes only two or three, they attacked villages and farms, raiding and killing.

These raids were not always confined to Mexicans, and when white settlers in Arizona territory began to suffer, the U. S. army appeared on the scene.

Chief Cochise was prevailed upon to hold a conference with the military in Apache pass. The young army officer in charge accused him of stealing cattle and attempted to arrest him. Cochise cut his way through the tent wall and escaped, but his fellow chiefs were captured.

After that, there followed a period of treaties made and broken by both Indians and whites, neither trusting the other. Troops were sent out to capture Geronimo and his band. The wily warrior disbanded and the soldiers could find no hostile camp.

Once it appeared that a peaceful settlement with the Indians was about to be consummated. Then Mangus Colorado was murdered by soldiers. He had gone voluntarily in response to a request from white soldiers to talk peace. He went alone to their camp near Pinos Altos, New Mexico. They placed him under arrest and that night, charging that he had attempted to escape, shot him to death. Years later General Miles wrote, "Mangus Colorado was years ago foully murdered after he had surrendered."

This trickery gave added incentive to Geronimo and his band to resume their war against the whites. There followed another long period of fighting, raiding, killing, with both the American and Mexican troops.

Eventually, Geronimo realized he was waging a losing battle. At this opportune time, a message arrived at his Sonora camp with word that General Miles wanted to talk with him. He was willing, but he did not know Miles and was distrustful. To allay his fears, Miles dispatched Lt. Charles B. Gatewood to Sonora to talk to him.

Lt. Gatewood was well-known to Geronimo and his band. More important, they had great respect and admiration for him. For several years he had been "head-man" on the reservation, administering their affairs. He understood their nature and their customs, and he talked their language.

Geronimo greeted the lieutenant warmly and listened attentively when he delivered Miles' message, which was a demand for surrender. Upon being asked for advice, Lt. Gatewood told him his wisest course would be to surrender.

A council was called and the Indians discussed it among themselves. Feeling against the proposal ran high, so Geronimo

informed the officer they felt they could not surrender under the terms offered—which meant giving up their whole Southwest to a race of intruders.

But Gatewood was a diplomat. He played his trump-card, and that was the news that the great bulk of the Mimbreño and Chiricahua Indians, including relatives of Geronimo, who had remained peaceful on the reservation near Fort Apache, already had been rounded up and sent to Florida.

This was a severe blow to the war-chief. He called his band together for another discussion, finally telling Gatewood he would give him his final decision the next morning. Keeping his word, he met him and announced he would meet Miles, on condition that Gatewood accompany them. Also that he and his men should be allowed to keep their arms. Gatewood agreed. The following morning the entire band started for Skeleton canyon, reaching there in 11 days.

Here General Miles greeted Geronimo with these words, "Geronimo, if you will agree to this treaty all will be well. I will build you a house. I will give you cattle, horses, and farming tools. In the winter I will give you blankets and clothing so that you will not suffer from the cold."

Geronimo nodded agreement. A large

stone was placed on a blanket before them and the general said, "Until this stone crumbles to dust, so long will our treaty last."

Then he swept away a spot of ground clear with his hand saying, "Your past deeds shall be wiped out like this and you will start a new life."

And as the old Indian fighter nodded his head in silent agreement, the ghost of a little copper-skinned lad whispered proudly:

"Sure, me great warrior."

PALM SPRINGS TO CELEBRATE NELLIE COFFMAN'S BIRTHDAY

Palm Springs women planned to provide 80 birthday cakes, each with a single candle, as part of an old-fashioned family picnic celebration of Mrs. Nellie N. Coffman's 80th birthday on November 1. Mrs. Coffman founded world-famous Desert Inn as a tent hotel nearly 40 years ago, and is remembered for the personal interest she took in the hundreds of invalids who sought health on the desert, often providing them with special foods and sheltering and supporting whole families when death struck. The birthday will be one of thanksgiving that operations she underwent last summer have restored Mrs. Coffman's sight after nearly four years of blindness.

Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley . . .



"That's a purty fair piece o' petrified wood fer a newcomer," Hard Rock Shorty admitted grudgingly. "Shows the grain, an' them knot holes is kinda natcher. Too bad it's busted up so small. 'Taint more'n two feet long, is it?"

"Holy mackerel!" protested the rockhound. "Do you expect me to find a whole tree? This piece weighs a ton!"

"Now don't take it too hard," Hard Rock comforted him. "I said it wuz a nice piece—fer a beginner. Course I've found whole limbs." He puffed at his pipe, a reminiscent gleam in his eyes.

"Best piece I ever found wuz a limb still fastened t' the crotch o' the tree where it grewed, all petrified an' with petrified twigs. In the crotch amongst them twigs wuz a petrified bird's nest full o' petrified eggs. You wouldn't hardly believe that unless you seen it, would you?"

"I knowed I had somethin' them scientist fellers would go crazy 'bout. But I didn't say nothin' 'cause I cal-

culated to do a little sciencin' on my own. I figgered them eggs wuz plumb dried out an' deehydrated. So I soaked 'em in water and set 'em under a ol' hen.

"That hen wuz mighty faithful. Set three weeks an' began to look surprised. Three weeks more an' she looked downright worried. Well, after a few more weeks o' incubatin' I heerd them eggs a-poppin' an' my ol' hen come a-runnin' and a-squawk-in' at me.

"Yes siree, them durned petrified eggs hatched all right, but them pore baby birds wuz all born petrified."





When the rapids looked bad, a landing was made above and the boatmen looked the water over and then went into a buddle to determine the best route through.

Grand Canyon Voyage . . .

Following the river trail blazed by Major Powell 78 years ago, Randall Henderson was a member of the 1947 Nevills expedition through Grand Canyon. Last month the author wrote of the departure from Lee's ferry and the rough water encountered at Badger and Soap Creek rapids. This month he continues his narrative through the treacherous Hance, Sockdolager and Grapevine rapids.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

VASEY'S Paradise is a little oasis on the sidewall just above the river—a hanging garden fed by a huge spring of clear cold water gushing out of a hole up in the canyon wall. Pouring down over the sandstone face, the water has deposited an apron of travertine which has become a tapestry of flowers and shrubs. I saw moss and ferns, scarlet monkey-flower, Indian paint brush, yucca, agave and joint-weed. There are even a few redbud trees clinging precariously to the sidewall. Major Powell named the

place in honor of his botanist friend Dr. George W. Vasey of St. Louis.

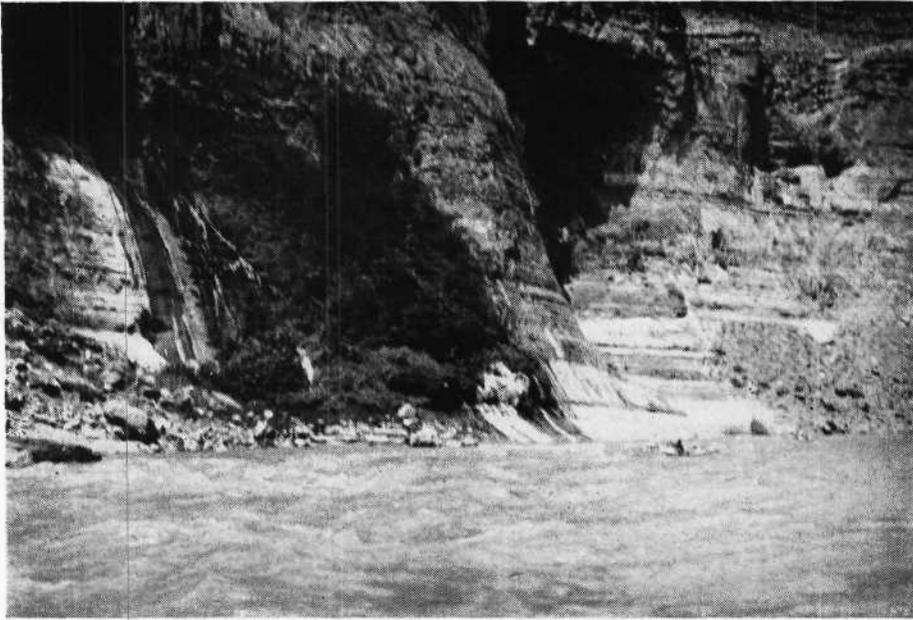
We made camp on a little sandbar above the oasis—and were eager to fill our canteens from Nature's big faucet, 120 feet up on the side of the cliff. But it was not as simple as that. At this stage of the river the water was surging past the base of the wall at 10 or 12 miles an hour—too fast for the swimmer or boatman to put in and stop there.

Doc Marston, a powerful swimmer, solved the dilemma by going downstream

on the end of a rope which we belayed from above. He found a toehold where the stream cascaded down to the river's edge. Later Francis Farquhar joined him, and the canteens were filled by lowering them downstream on the rope, and then pulling them back against the current. Later Doc and Francis returned with the help of the rope.

So we had cool spring water that evening. As we rolled out our sleeping bags at dusk a canyon wren high up on the sidewall sang a friendly greeting to the visiting voyagers. The following morning was spent exploring caves in the Coconino sandstone above camp. Some members of the party worked up to a higher ledge where a human skeleton had been found on a previous expedition.

Barry Goldwater says there are four things you can do when you come to a rapid in the Grand Canyon: "You can run it, line it, portage it, or cuss it and climb



Vasey's Paradise—a little oasis on the sidewall fed by a stream of cool water gushing out of the cliff above.

out." Certainly climbing out would be a desperate alternative. Even in the few places where it can be done, the scaling of those 2000-to-5000-foot sidewalls with only the meager supply of water one could carry would be a terrifying possibility. Emery Kolb believes more shipwrecked voyagers have lost their lives trying to climb out of the canyon than have been drowned in the rapids. Perhaps the skeleton up there on the ledge above Vasey's Paradise was the victim of a futile effort to reach the top.

It was 98 degrees when we shoved off from Vasey's at 11:10. We took a last look at the ice-cold water gushing out of the canyon wall, and wished Nature had provided more of them along the way. Mid-day temperatures always ran over 100 degrees in the sun—and the oarsmen and passengers on these little boats have no escape from the sun. The water in the canteens, even when it is fresh water, soon becomes tepid. And when we drank river water, as we did about half the time, its temperature ranged from 76 to 79 degrees. Muddy water at 79 degrees is not a refreshing drink.

A mile below Vasey's Paradise is Redwall cavern where the erosive action of the sand-laden water has undercut the sidewall and formed a great open cave that extended 200 feet back under the overhang. We pulled in to the sandbar that formed the floor of the cavern, and the place was so cool and inviting we remained there for lunch. I estimated the span at the front of the cavern as 500 feet across and 150 feet high.

Elma Milotte stepped over to what she took to be a piece of driftwood, and then took a second look when it began to coil. It was a two-foot sidewinder. Either it sensed the fact that it was among friends or it was too comfortable in that shady

spot to be combative. It showed no resentment when we prodded it into all kinds of poses for the cameras. No one wanted to harm this peace-loving reptile—and for all I know the little horned rattler is now boasting to its progeny that it is the most photographed snake in Grand Canyon. I am sure that is quite true.

Below Redwall we ran five small cataracts including 36-Mile rapid where there was fast rough water but no hazardous holes or eddies. Below here were five or six miles of comparatively smooth water and Norman passed the message back that the passengers could take over the boats if they wished. We took turns rowing, and performed some feats of navigation not in the book. We passengers soon discovered what the boatmen already knew, that those Colorado river eddies, even in what appears to be mild water, are powerful currents which can spin a boat around like a carnival chariot. We learned this the hard way. Before the amateur regatta was over, the flagship *Wen* was tagging along at the tail-end of the procession—a most humiliating position for the little craft that has led five expeditions through Grand Canyon.

It was raining as we passed the Royal Arches, some rather spectacular recesses high up in the sidewall. The rain was delicious. It dropped the temperature to 84 degrees and since we were wet much of the time anyway it made little difference from which direction the water was coming.

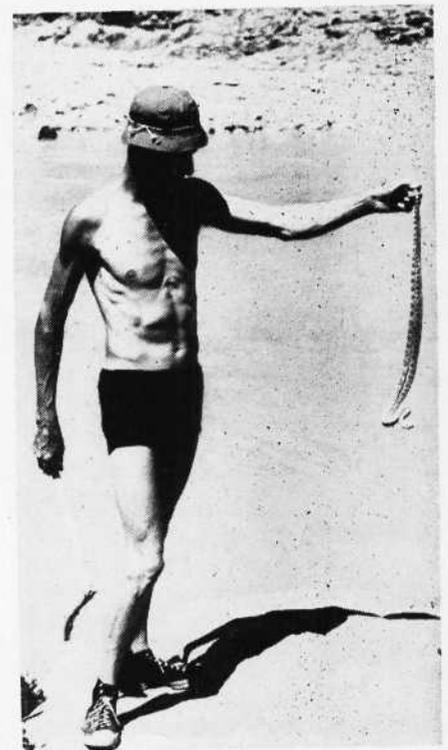
At 2:35 we reached President Harding rapid. This is said to be the place where the U. S. Geological survey was camped in 1923 when word came over the radio that the President was dead. Norman insists the map-makers put the name on the wrong rapid.

The rapid looked tough. There was a huge submerged boulder in midstream at

the head of the fall, and woe to the boatman who would allow his craft to be sucked into the hole below that rock. Norman looked it over and decided to run it without passengers. Francis Farquhar, who is a skilled amateur oarsman, took the *Joan* through while Otis Marston, the regular pilot, set up his tripod on the rocks and took pictures.

Night camp was scheduled for Nancoweap bar, and we reached there at 4:35. Where Nancoweap and Little Nancoweap creeks come in from the North Rim the canyon walls spread out and form a little valley of about 400 acres—Nancoweap valley. The landmark for our camping spot was a conspicuous mesquite tree on which is a board put there by a previous expedition. It reads "Nevills' 1942 Floaters." This is one of Norman's regular camping places. A stream of clear water comes down the canyon, and there are great piles of drift from which to draw firewood. The 400 acres in this little valley are covered with dunes and mesquites and catsclaw—a bit of Southern California desert transplanted to the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Thanks to the high stage of the river and resulting fast water we were running ahead of schedule and Norman announced we would remain over a day at Nancoweap. There are prehistoric Indian granaries high up in the cliffs that border the valley. Scattered among the sand dunes I saw bushels of broken pottery and other evidence of prehistoric Indian habitation.



Kent Frost demonstrates that a rattler held up by the tail may do some squirming—but cannot strike. This was the snake found at the mouth of the Little Colorado.

A day for exploring this area was an extra treat for all of us.

We slept through the first night on the sandbar at Nancowep in a drizzling rain. Most of us carried waterproof tarpaulins, but we were not expecting the rain that blew in soon after we turned in for the night, and some of the bedding and clothes got wet. But the sun was out next morning and with driftwood we built drying racks for the bedding, and pup tents for shade. Nancowep rapid was pounding against the limestone wall opposite our camp but we soon became so accustomed to the noise we scarcely heard it.

To give you a glimpse of how the time is passed on shore by our little band of voyagers in this far-off corner of the earth, here is an excerpt from my notes dated Tuesday, August 15, at 9 a. m.: "Norman is raising a dishtowel flag over the pup tent he erected early this morning by draping his tarp over a driftwood frame. Garth is sitting on a rock shaving, his mirror perched on another boulder. Marjorie just learned this is Elma's birthday, and is improvising a little gift out of tin cans and toilet paper. (It was presented later with appropriate ceremonies.) Kent is out in the dunes looking for Indian artifacts. Otis is tinkering with his camera—it is a busy job keeping four cameras in operation in this land of water and blow sand. Margaret is combing the sand out of her hair. Pauline is building a pup tent—it may rain again tonight. Al is rigging up a dark room for loading his cameras. Francis is reading the Powell report he brought along on this trip. Rosalind is heating water for some laundry." Me? I'm pounding away on my portable on a table I improvised from timbers I found in the drift.

The daily camp chores on such an expedition take many hours—unloading boats through those tiny hatches, repairing clothes, doing laundry, carrying water, maintaining some semblance of cleanliness, laying out the bedrolls, cooking, cleaning up camp, doctoring sun-blisters, scratches and bruises that are inevitable. But for the most part these are pleasant hours, for there is deep satisfaction in being on your own for awhile—in a far-off world where cooperation rather than competition is the rule.

At Nancowep we entered the Grand Canyon national park. Noisy Nancowep rapid proved to be little more than a heavy riffle when we bobbed through it in the boats. There were a few fleecy clouds in the sky—just enough to make the kodachrome photographers happy.

After a short run down the river we landed above Kwagunt rapid. It is not a major cataract, but had some spectacular waves, and members of the party wanted to take pictures of the boats going through it.

Then Cape Solitude came into view—a projecting point of the South Rim that rises a sheer 6150 feet above the junction

where the Little Colorado enters the main stream. But before we arrived at the Colorado Chiquito we ran 60-Mile rapid. We plunged into it without stopping. The waves were eight feet high and three of them swept over the stern deck of the *Wen* in quick succession. But Norman has placed some very stout and convenient ropes on the decks of his boats, and with a good grip on these ropes all I got was another ducking. With the temperature at 106 degrees, the water was refreshing.

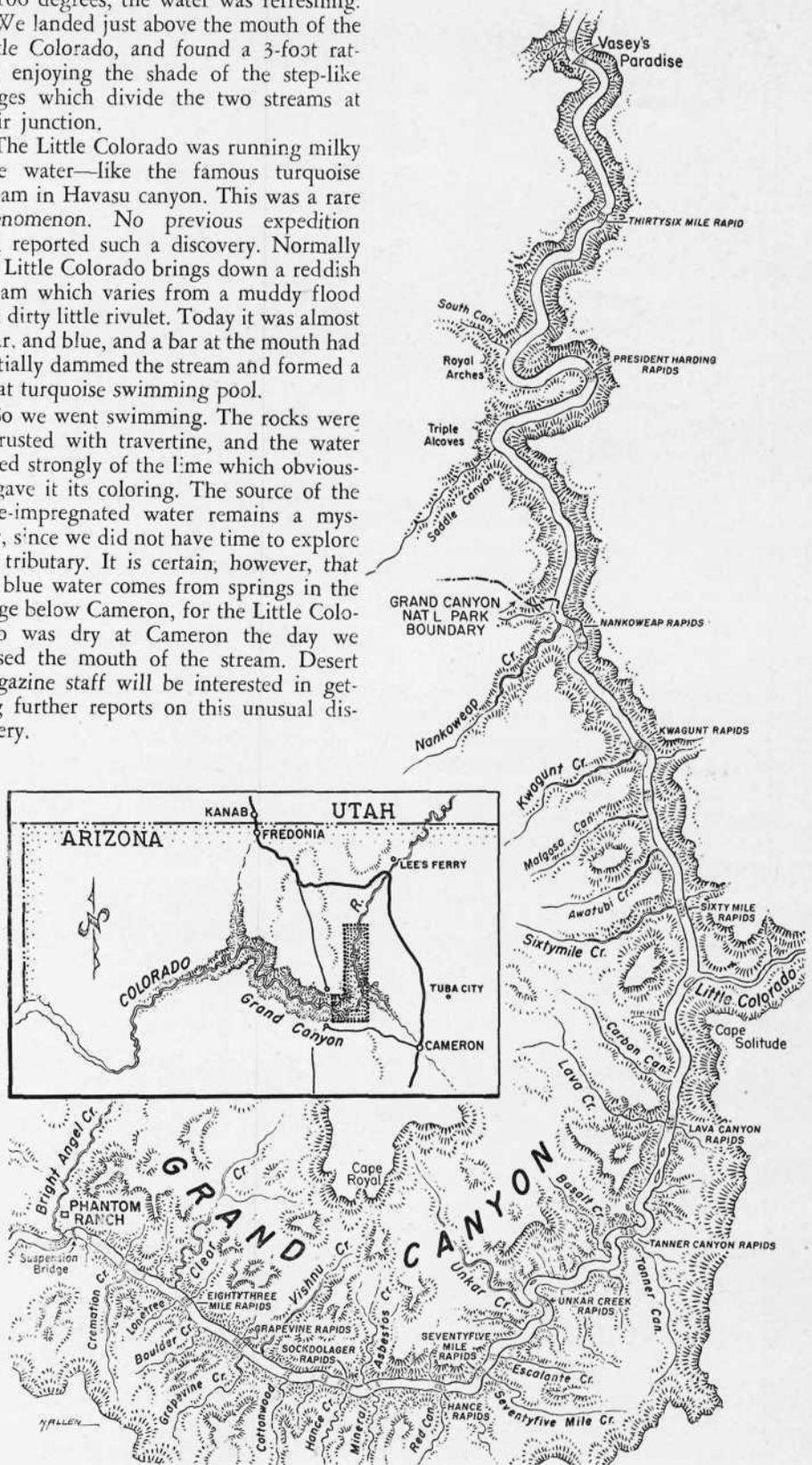
We landed just above the mouth of the Little Colorado, and found a 3-foot rattler enjoying the shade of the step-like ledges which divide the two streams at their junction.

The Little Colorado was running milky blue water—like the famous turquoise stream in Havasu canyon. This was a rare phenomenon. No previous expedition had reported such a discovery. Normally the Little Colorado brings down a reddish stream which varies from a muddy flood to a dirty little rivulet. Today it was almost clear, and blue, and a bar at the mouth had partially dammed the stream and formed a great turquoise swimming pool.

So we went swimming. The rocks were encrusted with travertine, and the water tasted strongly of the lime which obviously gave it its coloring. The source of the lime-impregnated water remains a mystery, since we did not have time to explore the tributary. It is certain, however, that the blue water comes from springs in the gorge below Cameron, for the Little Colorado was dry at Cameron the day we passed the mouth of the stream. Desert Magazine staff will be interested in getting further reports on this unusual discovery.

We made a short run after leaving the Little Colorado and landed at the head of Lava canyon rapids for our night camp. From here it was less than a mile's hike to the old camp and mine where Seth B. Tanner, Mormon pioneer, tried many years ago to develop a copper mine, with values in other minerals.

The mine has long been abandoned, and the old camp out on a flat among mesquite





Otis Marston examines the mystery skeleton—perhaps of a Colorado river boatman who tried to climb out.

trees is today just a shambles of decayed wood and broken equipment. With flashlights we entered the old mine tunnel, wading in water to our shoe-tops. The timbering had decayed, and I felt none too secure in the old workings, but I saw a mineral display of rare beauty in there.

The seepage water coming through the walls has encrusted the tunnel with white crystalline salt, and from the ceiling were hanging tiny stalactites of what appeared to be azurite and malachite. They were dainty little "icicles" of blue and green, the longest perhaps 2½ inches. Occasionally on the sidewalls a crystalline formation of deep blue azurite could be seen in vugs among the salt crystals.

In a more accessible place they would have to post guards to keep the rockhound fraternity running off with this rare cavern. Here is a beautiful blue and green and white stalactite cave in the making. And as if these colors were not enough I saw a stalagmite stained with the golden brown of hematite. But Nature has protected this rare mineral display well, for the old Tanner trail which once led down from the South Rim is no longer passable.

Fortunately, this old mining tunnel is in the Grand Canyon national park, and the rangers will take over for the preserva-

tion of this colorful formation if it ever again is made accessible from the top.

Norman found a few sticks of dynamite and some caps in the tunnel, and as a safety measure he and Kent took them out on a bar along the river and exploded them.

At Tanner camp we were in view of Hopi Tower on the South Rim, and that night we lighted a huge pile of driftwood as a signal that we were running on schedule. Norman had arranged in advance that other fire signals should be used in the event we were in trouble.

It was at Lava Canyon rapids that we picked up our mascot. Just at daybreak a blue heron flew in and from its perch on an off-shore boulder, looked our camp over. Evidently the bird liked the looks of the outfit, for it stayed with us all the way through the canyon to Lake Mead. Each day it would fly over just after we had shoved off, and keep ahead of us all day, stopping at each bend in the river until we almost caught up and then flying on a few hundred yards ahead.

We shoved off at 9:05 in the morning and rowed across the river to inspect another mine tunnel visible from our camp. It was just a shallow "coyote hole" but turned out to be a veritable museum of mining relics. When the operators abandoned it they carefully stored their tools,

burro harness, groceries, medicines, dynamite and even the camp library in the tunnel. And as it had remained dry, most of the items were well preserved. We found magazines dated 1928.

The bailing crew had work to do going through Lava Canyon rapids, but the boats never were in trouble, and after running some heavy riffles below, we landed at the mouth of Tanner canyon, downstream 1½ miles from the mine, and spent the day exploring. We were running ahead of schedule, thanks to high fast water in the river. It was down this canyon that Seth Tanner built a trail to bring in supplies and pack out ore. I suspect that little ore ever reached the top. My impression of the mine was that the rhyolite formation there is threaded with tiny stringers of very rich ore—but it takes more than tiny stringers to make a copper mine, and no larger body of pay ore ever was uncovered.

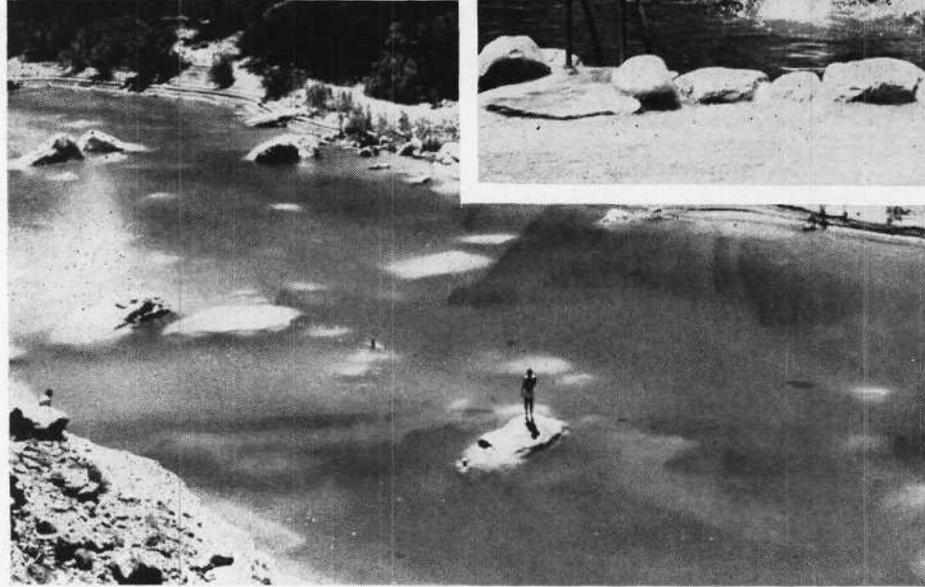
The last time the old Tanner trail was given a working assignment was in 1923 when the government rangers attempted to drive 5000 head of deer from the Kaibab plateau on the North Rim across to the South Rim to keep them from starving to death. It was a charitable plan—but the deer did not like the idea of being regimented. Before they reached the Colorado

river they stampeded—and that was the end of the deer drive.

We built a signal fire again that night for the folks in Hopi Tower nearly 5000 feet above us, and got some dots and dashes in return, but were unable to translate them into an intelligible message.

We were up at five the next morning. All loose items except the bailing cans

*Swimming pool of turquoise waters
—at the mouth of the Little
Colorado.*



Phantom ranch—a little oasis maintained by Fred Harvey near where Bright Angel creek flows into the Colorado.

were stowed in the hatches, and lifebelts given a careful checking. For today we were to face five of the 17 major rapids between Lee's ferry and Lake Mead: Unker Creek rapids, 75-Mile, Hance, Sockdolager and Grapevine.

Unker Creek was a long C-shaped rapid, the river plunging against a sheer wall on the left. Norman looked it over—and then announced we would all ride through. It was rough enough to be exciting but the boatmen kept well away from the wall and we had no difficulty.

Thirty-five minutes later we reached 75-Mile rapid. The waves here were the largest we had seen, from 10 to 12 feet high, but there were no bad rocks in the way and we ran it without stopping. All the boats had to do some bailing going through.

Then we came to Hance, and the boatmen studied it carefully for this one really looked vicious. Great waves broke over submerged boulders in the channel, and there were so many of them I wondered how the oarsmen could find a way through. But they did it, and Elma rode with Norman as a passenger, the first woman to ride through Hance rapid.

This cataract was named for Capt. John Hance, who was guiding visitors down into the canyon from the South Rim on a trail he built himself in the 1880's. Captain John has been dead for many years,

but the tall tales he delighted in telling his visitors are still repeated around Grand Canyon campfires.

We finished the run through Hance rapid at 10:40, and an hour later arrived at Sockdolager. Tough ol' Sockdolager! This is a cataract no Colorado river voyager ever forgets. It isn't the worst rapid in the canyon—but there is no way to portage the boats or walk around it. Abrupt walls rise many hundreds of feet on both sides—and you either ride through or your journey ends here.

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who accompanied the second Powell expedition in 1872, described Sockdolager in *Romance of the Colorado*:

"We heard a deep sullen roar and from the boats the whole river seemed to vanish instantly from the earth. (From the side-wall above) we could look down on one of the most fearful places I ever saw or hope to see under like circumstances, a place which might have been a gate to hell . . . We were nearing the beginning of a tremendous fall. The narrow river dropped suddenly away, and then beaten to foam, plunged and boomed for a third of a mile through a descent from 80 to 100 feet, the enormous waves leaping 20 to 30 feet in the air and sending spray twice as high. On each side were the steep, ragged granitic walls, with tumultuous waters lashing and pounding against them in a

way that precluded all idea of portage or let-down. It needed no second glance to tell us there was only one way of getting through."

One of Stanton's boats, the *Marie*, was smashed here, and in 1927 Clyde Eddy and Parley Galloway made it through and then capsized in an eddy at the lower end.

But Sockdolager has tamed much since Dellenbaugh's vivid description was written. Col. Birdseye's government survey party took actual measurement of the fall and found it to be between 24 and 25 feet. The waves when we reached there did not exceed 12 feet.

But from a ledge above Sockdolager looks bad. The canyon walls close in to form a narrow portal which backs up the stream. Once through the portal the water plunges down a steep incline where great waves look as if they would engulf any craft which got in their way. The boats must stay in the waves, for ragged walls on both sides threaten to crush any boat which slides out of the central channel.

I am sure that at the high stage of the river Sockdolager is less terrifying than in low water. Anyway, we hung tight to the ropes and made it through with no trouble. Norman led out in the *Wen*, giving the other boatmen orders to follow at five-minute intervals. We were tossed around like a chip in a storm, but the boats were always right side up. Good old boats!

In quiet water below the rapid Norman pulled to shore and we climbed to a ledge to watch the others come through. The rocks were so hot they almost blistered our hands.

Three miles below Sockdolager we came to Grapevine rapid—and this was the roughest of them all. Grapevine is another of those cataracts that have to be run. There is no way to climb out or hike

around. This rapid is a short sharp straight-away. The boatmen studied their route carefully, then we shoved off. The waves almost stood us on end in places, and four of them broke over the *Wen* and gave us a good dunking. But the boat always came out on top.

Then all hands started bailing, for we could hear the roar of another rapid below. For the next few miles the cascades came in such quick succession the bailing passengers never got the boats emptied. Zoroaster, 83-Mile rapid and Clear Creek with heavy riffles between them were run in fast order. There were so many of them it almost seemed like one continuous cataract, and Norman, master navigator that he is, once admitted he was lost. But we had passed the five major rapids on this day's journey, and we knew that around one of the bends below we would come in sight of the suspension bridge which spans the Colorado at the foot of Bright Angel trail.

Below the mouth of the Little Colorado we had left the limestones of Marble canyon and entered the hard grey and black rocks of Upper Granite gorge. The walls were shot with intrusions of black basalt, and in some places the volcanic material came down to the river's edge. Between 83-Mile and Zoroaster rapids the erosion of the river had cut and polished some of this basalt into miniature temples and domes and battlements. Wet by the spray from the river they looked like finely polished ebony.

July 18 had been a day of thrills. We had come safely through some of the most treacherous rapids in Grand Canyon, and we were happy when Bright Angel bridge came in sight.

We pulled into smooth water below the bridge at 3:05—just five minutes late on Norman's schedule. Doris Nevills, Mrs. Lon Garrison and Jim Eden, ranger, were on the shore to greet us. And over on a sandbar under a tarpaulin was a big stack of boxed food which had been packed down on mules to replenish the commissary for the two weeks' journey before we reached Lake Mead.

We spent two days enjoying the fine hospitality of Manager Willis Malone and his wife May and their associates in the operation of Fred Harvey's Phantom Ranch. The ranch is on the floor of Bright Angel creek a half mile above where the creek enters the Colorado.

There was a swimming pool constructed of native rocks, with a waterfall at one end. The peaches in the orchard were ripe. The stone cabins were air-cooled, and the Malones served meals which, if such a thing is possible, excelled the usual Harvey standard. At mealtime deer came to the dining room door to mooch food from the guests.

Packtrains arrive at all hours of the day, bringing guests and supplies from both

the North and South Rims. One of the popular pastimes at the bottom is watching the dudes arrive. The North Rim trail to the top is 14 miles, the Kaibab trail to the South Rim 7 miles, and Bright Angel trail 11 miles. Riders not accustomed to the saddle sometimes have to be lifted off their mules at the end of the trail. It is a rugged journey for the tenderfoot—but after a few hours of rest and a swim in the pool they are ready to go again.

Phantom ranch is a delightful oasis in a high-walled desert. There are fish in the stream, which was named by Powell in 1879. After drinking warm muddy Colorado river water for several days I can understand why Powell called this clear cool stream Bright Angel creek.

According to Cliff Jenkins, temporarily on duty at this station as government hydraulic engineer, the Colorado river had dropped to 26,000 second-feet during the week since we left Lee's ferry. This is near Norman's perfect stage for Colorado river navigation.

Living in the stone ranger station at the mouth of Bright Angel are Mr. and Mrs. Orville Stoker. Their responsibility is to keep the trail in repair, and their kindness often is extended to weary hikers who

spend a night in the nearby public camp ground.

The second day at Phantom, Lon Garrison, assistant superintendent of the park rode down from the rim. Lon had expected to be there when we arrived, but a 17-year-old boy had gone outside the guard rail at Hopi point on the South Rim two days before, and had slipped and fallen 1000 feet down the sidewall. Lon remained to direct the search and recover the body before joining us. Grand Canyon park has had a record season for tourists, over 600,000 of them this year, but Dr. Bryant and Lon and the other rangers never appear too busy to be courteous. The Park service probably has the highest morale and the finest type of public service in the entire organization of government. Outdoor environment helps make that possible.

Two carefree days at Phantom ranch passed quickly, and then we prepared to shove off for the rough water ahead of us in Middle and Lower Granite gorges before we reached Lake Mead.

(The third chapter in Randall Henderson's story of the voyage through Grand Canyon will appear in the January issue of Desert.)

SMALL DESERT FOLK Photo Contest

The small folk of the desert are not publicity seekers and seldom do they sit willingly for portraits. But they are always present—pack and kangaroo rats, lizards, insects, spiders, birds—and they form an important part of the desert scene. Desert Magazine wants pictures of the little desert creatures, and prizes in the December contest will go to the photographers who best portray them in their native habitat.

First prize is \$10, and second prize \$5. For non-prize winning pictures accepted for publication \$2 each will be paid. Entries must reach the Desert Magazine office in El Centro, California, not later than December 20, and the winning prints will be published in the February issue.

HERE ARE THE RULES

- 1—Prints must be on black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.
- 2—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.
- 3—Prints will be returned only when return postage is enclosed.
- 4—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights of prize winning pictures only.
- 5—Time and place of photograph are immaterial except that they must be from the desert Southwest.
- 6—Judges will be selected from Desert's editorial staff, and awards will be made immediately after the close of the contest each month.
- 7—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time, place. Also as to technical data: shutter speed, hour of day, etc.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES TO PHOTO EDITOR, DESERT MAGAZINE

THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA



Waters from Volcan springs on the extreme left flow down into the bottom of the arroyo and as their mineral content is deposited a mound of solid onyx gradually is formed.

Nature's Onyx Factory

Nothing in Nature stands still. Always the process of change is in progress—even in the formation of rocks which appear to be about the most stable thing on earth. Added confirmation of this fact comes from far down the peninsula of Lower California where the author of this story discovered a mound of beautiful marble onyx in the making, with Nature's dyes being added to give it the beauty which makes onyx a prized substance for decorative purposes.

By LEWIS W. WALKER

IT WAS Kenneth Brown, manager of the onyx quarries 350 miles south of San Diego at El Marmol in Lower California who first told me about Volcan springs and directed me to its hidden location. Here I saw Nature building a new deposit of onyx.

The onyx marble quarries at El Marmol are well known. The product of this tremendous deposit is mined for the manufacture of desk sets and other small articles

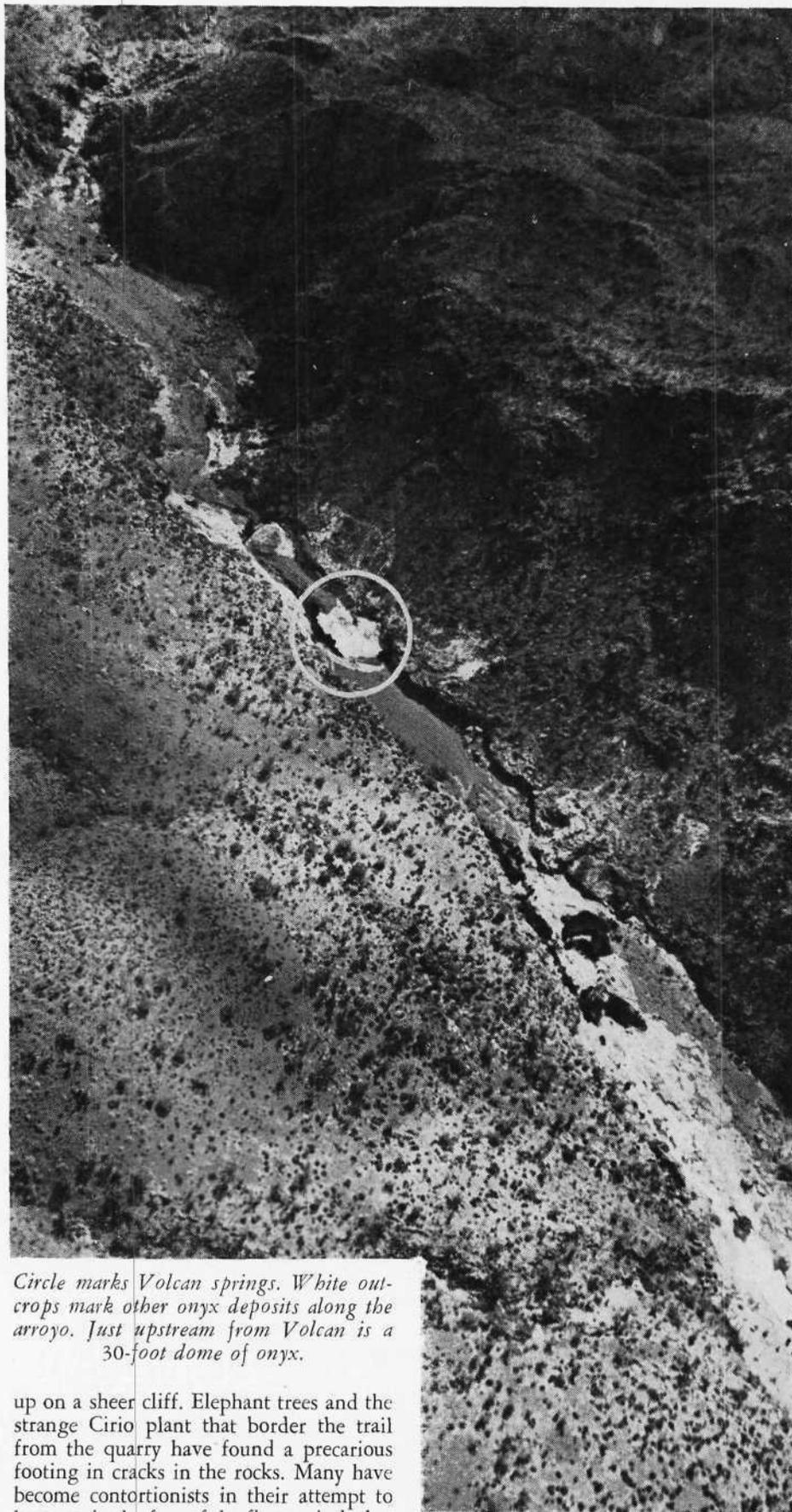
and for the colorful slabs which decorate banks and hotel lobbies. Once a well known Hollywood actress of the silent days ordered an onyx bathtub. The mining and carving of the block, about 3x3x7 feet, was a tremendous assignment since it involved not only the skills of the best craftsmen, but also the expert judgment of an engineer who must select a huge chunk of rock without a single flaw.

But while the fame of El Marmol's onyx

marble is well established, the little oasis at Volcan springs, five miles from the quarries, is practically unknown. This spot, a geologist's dream, has been kept in virtual darkness as far as publicity is concerned. Yet in this remote arroyo every phase that goes into the making of onyx is demonstrated by Nature.

The word Volcan is Spanish for volcano. The natives gave the place this name when it was discovered that about once a month one of the springs shoots a 60-foot geyser into the air for a few minutes. The villagers five miles away can detect a ground tremor when the geyser is in action, and when the plugged cone finally "blows its top" they can hear the explosion. No doubt the same subterranean stream that was responsible for the El Marmol deposits is now feeding the new eruptive area.

The first view of the arroyo is from far



Circle marks Volcan springs. White outcrops mark other onyx deposits along the arroyo. Just upstream from Volcan is a 30-foot dome of onyx.

up on a sheer cliff. Elephant trees and the strange Cirio plant that border the trail from the quarry have found a precarious footing in cracks in the rocks. Many have become contortionists in their attempt to hang on in the face of the fierce winds that occasionally blow up the chasm. Fifty feet below the trail, which only a burro could enjoy, a white stain can be seen covering the low spots on the lava streambed. These chalky marks give the first inkling that Volcan is just ahead.

The country traversed is typical volcanic desert. The landscape appears completely arid, yet in the next 100 feet we came upon a beautiful cattail-bordered pool which gives the impression of being extremely deep. Dragon flies skim its placid surface

while swifts and swallows circle high above. Hoof prints of cattle, burro and deer dot the sandy areas, while in the pool a constant procession of bubbles wobble up to the top before breaking.

From 10 to 40 feet high on the eastern side of the arroyo great slabs of onyx are exposed by erosion—the product of the same set of springs when the streambed was higher. A few rods further on a dome towers 30 feet into the air. It is covered with a peculiar crystalline formation and the base is pock-marked with small caves. Vertical flow lines which run from the top give proof that it was once an active cone that had become plugged and finally extinct.

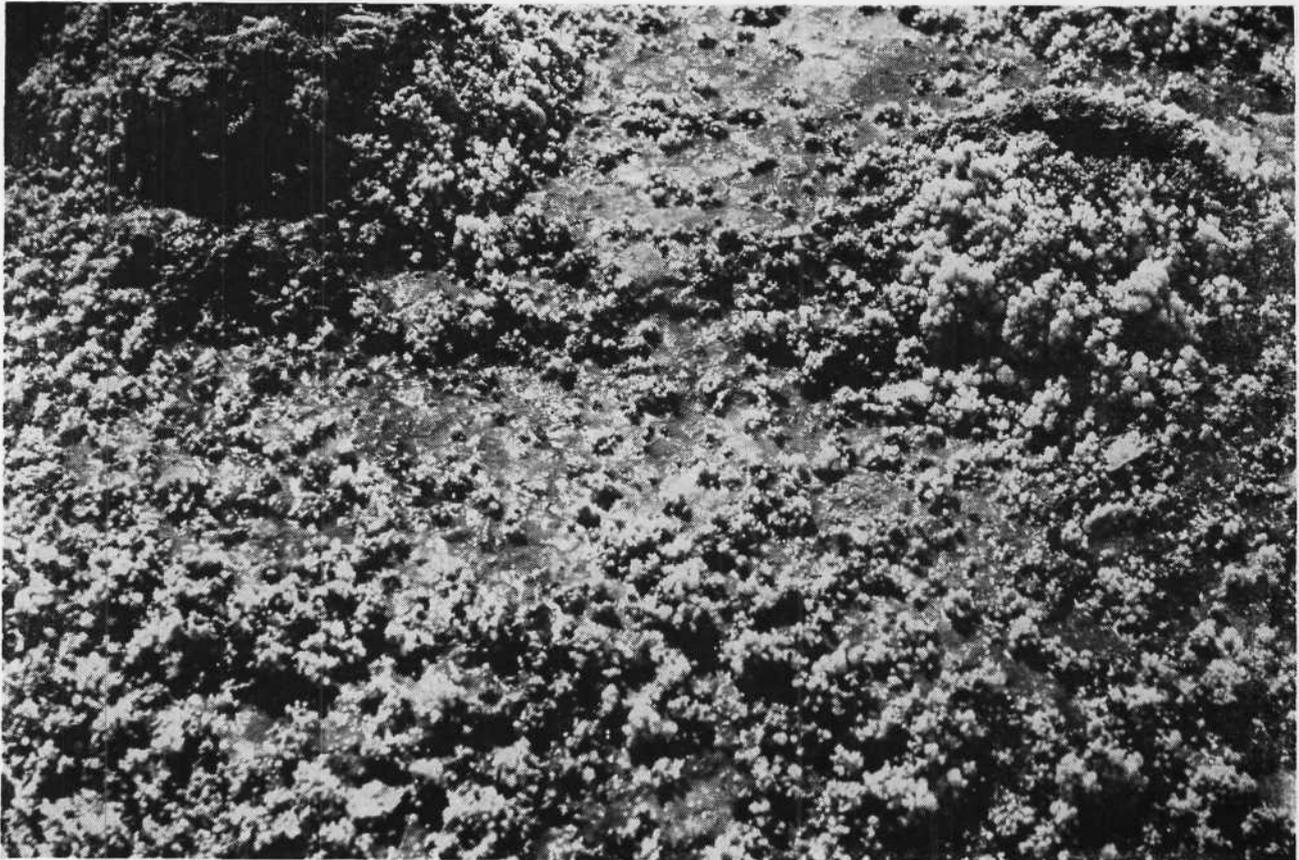
Another hundred feet brought us to bubbling Volcan—the largest active cone in the area. About six other potholes with lower lips or rims also release a constant flow. This really demonstrates onyx in the making. The mound built up by this charged water spreads over a half acre to an estimated depth of about eight feet. All the outlets seem to be crystal clear, yet one in particular left the reddish stain of rust as it passed. This coloring action might continue for a week, a month, or a year before the stream devours the underground pocket of iron responsible for the tint. Centuries hence, however, when a future generation of miners comes here to recover this onyx the ribbon effect will still remain, giving added beauty and value to the product taken from this quarry.

According to an old theory onyx owes its rich coloring to different metals in their pure form. Minute particles of gold, silver or copper are supposedly covered by the carbonate of lime and reflect their own colors through this translucent material. However, modern methods of analysis show that most onyx is composed of only three substances. Carbonate of lime or calcium carbonate forms its main body, while iron and manganese in varied combinations supply the basic coloring material.

Many elements must be present to form onyx of commercial value. For some unexplained reason most of the important quarries are in countries that have been through violent volcanic upheaval, yet the actual onyx was formed after the volcanoes had subsided. Where its formation occurred either during or prior to the upheaval the resultant marble is so fractured that its commercial value is lost.

Another element that seems necessary for a good deposit is underground water in a country that has an arid surface. When the onyx is deposited it usually occurs in streambeds where the runoff from rainfall would carry successive layers of impurities which would destroy its future strength.

Deep underground, the stage must also have a delicate setting with all the props at just the right time. Ordinary water is incapable of carrying a dense solution of calcium unless it also carries carbonic acid



Onyx in the making. As the gas in the flowing water is expelled the minerals carried in solution are deposited, at first in little globules which are enlarged bit by bit until a solid mass is formed.

gas—the fizz of ordinary soda water. Cold water can carry more gas than water which is tepid or hot. Therefore onyx springs usually have a frigid temperature. Underground pressure is also needed to force the gas into solution and to hold it until the water has absorbed the necessary calcium, manganese and iron on its way to the outlet.

The lessening of pressure on the charged water releases much of the gas while it is still many feet from the surface vent. With this loss it also loses the ability to carry some of its mineral load, and this is deposited on the walls of the underground channel. After bursting to the surface, all the remainder of the gas is lost within a very few feet, and with it are expelled the minerals which were carried along in solution. The actual evaporation of water has very little bearing on the rate of deposit of the calcium. In this respect an accumulation from an onyx spring differs radically from those which carry salts of varied kinds and deposit them at the bottoms of depressions. Onyx is accumulated in successive layers in the form of an ever-rising mound around the mouth of the spring.

Despite the fact that El Marmol has been a working quarry for over half a century, less than 10 people have seen the geyser of Volcan in actual eruption. Na-

turally when our burro safari made the journey we realized that our chances were rather slim, so we took along a box of soap flakes to use as an artificial stimulant. We had heard that a bar of soap tossed into a steaming crater at Yellowstone would bring almost immediate action, both in the form of a geyser and of angry park officials.

At Volcan, however, we were disappointed. We stirred the soap and thrust it down the holes, but the only reaction was a slightly accelerated release of gas bubbles. The flowing water—so hard that lather was an impossibility—carried our flakes down the iron-stained channels, where they lodged in the warty formations. In time they will become encased in mineral, and beyond that, who knows? Perhaps in the distant future a star of television will order a tub from the deposits of Volcan and with suds supplied, will get more than she bargained for.

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MOJAVE LAND OPEN TO 5-ACRE HOMESTEADERS

The government is opening large tracts for jackrabbit homesteading in the eastern Mojave desert. The areas opened are located north of Wheaton Springs on Highway 91 and south of Cima in the Providence mountains, and total 55,050 acres.

The land involved varies from nearly level to hilly and has sandy soil with frequent rocky areas. Wheaton Springs is located about 35 miles east of Baker, and Cima the same distance southeast.

The tracts will be officially opened for filing on December 2, 1947, and there will be a 90-day period for preference-right filings for qualified veterans of World War II and others claiming preference rights. Previous to this there will be a 20-day advance period for simultaneous preference-right filings, from November 12, 1947. All qualified applications received during that time shall be treated as simultaneously filed.

Date for non-preference filings by the general public has been set for March 2, 1948, and there will be a 20-day advance period for simultaneous filing, starting February 11, 1948. Inquiries concerning these lands should be addressed to the acting manager, District Land office, Sacramento, California. Filings on the land shall be made at the same office.

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Office of director of the National Park service, department of interior, removed to Chicago in 1942 as a wartime measure, is being returned to Washington, D. C. Communications to the director or headquarters staff should be addressed to Washington 25, D. C.



The spring, with water that is soft and palatable—good for drinking, cooking, washing.

Lady of the Hot Springs

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT

MIKE Wedell brought his wife to the alkali flats of Gabbs valley in 1908. That was in the hectic decade when southern Nevada was whirling through a seemingly endless series of gold strikes and boom towns. In the mountains across the dry lake bed, Rawhide neared its brawling climax, and the surrounding country was crowded with goldseekers.

Wedell had claims in the mountains northeast of the flats, so he and his wife stopped at a spot known, then as now, simply as Hot Springs. Rawhide promoters had great plans on foot for the springs. They were to be a health center and pleasure resort for the skyrocketing mining camp. But something happened. Perhaps the impending end of the boom was sensed, or perhaps the dream proved bigger than the dreamers' resources.

At any rate, the Wedells found construction half finished, with only two rooms of the main house roofed. But they liked the spot, bought the springs, and set out to complete the buildings. Things went well for a while, as the couple worked at the springs and Mike continued development of his claims. The spring water proved to be a profitable sideline. Bottled and carted to Rawhide, it sold readily. Some bought it for their health, but most of them enjoyed the way it fizzed like carbonated water in lemonade and other drinks.

But the mining boom in southern Ne-

Few people go to the Hot Springs in Nevada's Gabbs valley now—there are no paved roads out that way—but that doesn't disturb Mrs. Wedell. As long as she can eke out a meager living in the camp where she has lived for 39 years, she is satisfied. And if you wonder how and why a white-haired little woman prefers to spend the late years of her life on a lonely desert where the soil is so sterile she has to haul in dirt to grow flowers, you will understand when you have read Harold Weight's story.

vada faded away and Rawhide died almost as rapidly as it had grown. There was no one to whom the Wedells could sell water, few people visited the springs, and it was almost impossible to dispose of mining claims. From a financial standpoint, they should have moved away when the miners left the surrounding hills. But they liked Hot Springs and determined to attempt to earn a living there.

They were fairly successful in running cattle and raising Angora goats. But the goats were a problem. They had to be clipped in March, because they could not stand desert heat. Then, sometimes, cold rain would sweep in and the clipped goats would die unless rounded up under shelter. Mrs. Wedell remembers her husband

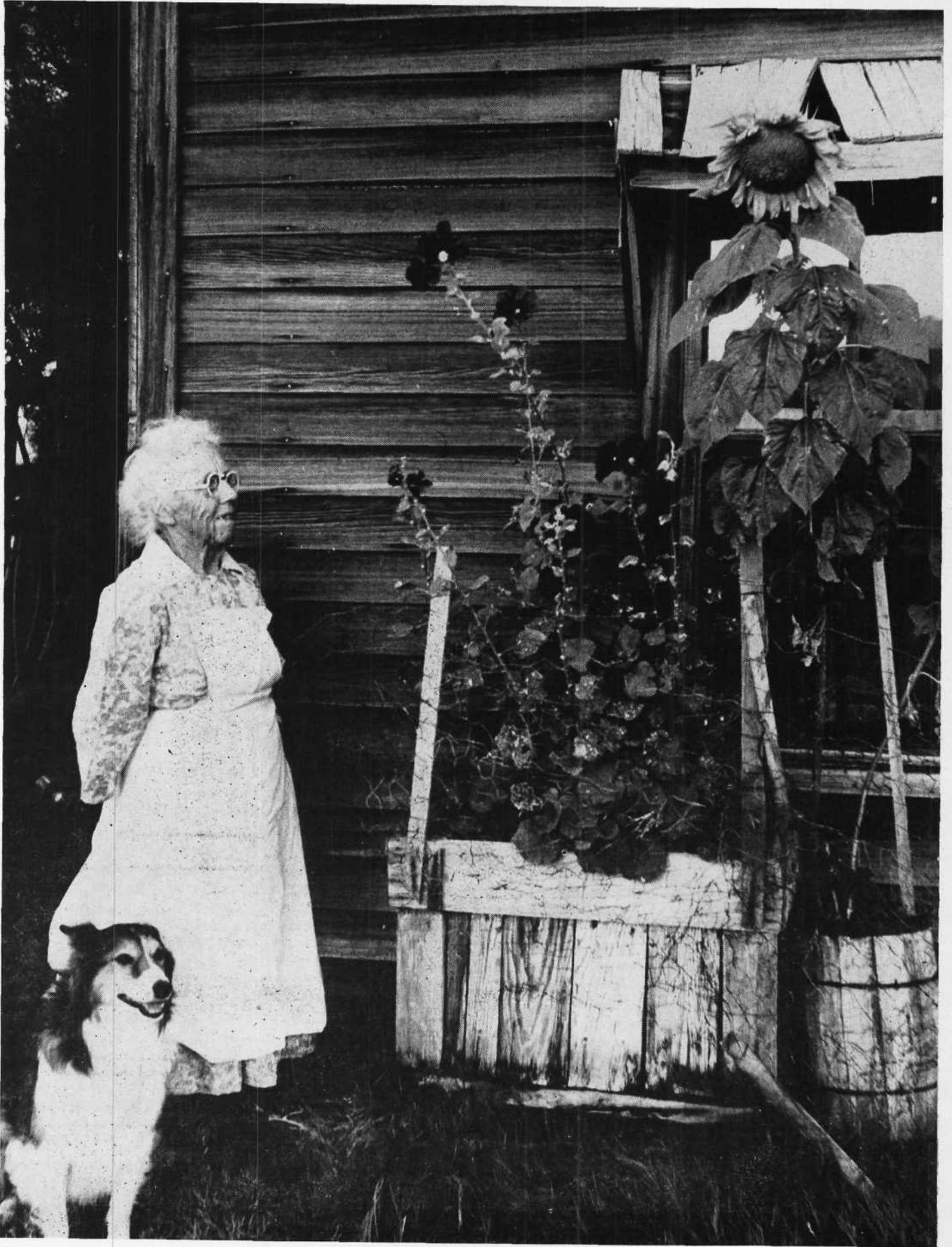
coming in, soaked and chilled after a long search, with a lost goat in his arms. The goat was kept in the house, in a box behind the stove, until it was dried out and frisky again.

Despite their troubles they managed to get along fairly well until, in 1925, Mike Wedell died. His wife was left alone in a desolate country with the nearest town nearly 50 miles away by bad roads.

Mike Wedell expected his wife to leave the Hot Springs when he was gone. It was the only reasonable thing to do. But to Mrs. Wedell the springs were home, and not to be given up lightly. They are still her home today.

I first heard of Mrs. Wedell at the Basic Magnesium town of Gabbs, on Nevada highway 23. I was looking for an old road which offered a short cut across the valley to Rawhide. The sheriff told me how to find it. "You won't have any trouble getting to Hot Springs," he said. "A man drove over yesterday and you can follow his tracks. When you get to the springs, the old lady can point out the road from there."

I followed the wandering trail westward, and had given up hope of its leading anywhere when the tracks turned abruptly northward through a pass in the colorful Hot Springs hills. In a few moments I gazed across a white expanse of flats. The main-traveled ruts wound toward the dry lake, dipped suddenly, and I was at the springs which had remained invisible to that minute.



Mrs. M. R. Wedell and Shep, and two of her flower boxes, filled with good earth brought many miles to the Hot Springs.

Rambling weatherbeaten wooden buildings clustered about the pools. Tamarisk trees looked intensely green after the grey and white of the desert. Fat, healthy looking chickens hotfooted it for the tall salt grass, and a goat peered doubtfully from behind a shed. A big collie roared out to investigate, decided that I was friendly, and wriggled to be petted.

Then Mrs. Wedell came out to find what I wanted. Tiny, neat, alert—her instructions for following the Rawhide road were accurate and pointed. But I remained for a long time talking to her, and learned something of her story. I learned more, months later, when I came to see her again.

On the second visit I asked her why she stayed on, after her husband had died. She considered the question carefully. "I couldn't afford to live in the city the way I live here," she said. "I've been used to freedom all my life, and I couldn't bear

the thought of shutting myself up in a single room. Besides—although I came here from a big farm in Wisconsin—I like the desert."

Since the lady of the hot springs came to her small oasis, the world has blundered like a light-blinded beetle into and out of two world wars, and now, morally unprepared, into the atomic age. But in the white little corner of Gabbs valley there has been peace, food enough to eat and time enough to think. The work of making a home at the springs has gone on without ceasing.

One tree grew there when Mrs. Wedell came. She is proud of the many tamarisks which surround the spot today. They represent years of work and many disappointments. Time and again she planted year-old seedlings, only to see them wither in summer and freeze in winter. At last she tried two-year old seedlings and, although some of them were damaged by cold, she has managed to bring them through to their present green delight.

Few plants will grow in the bitter soil at the springs, but the lady has grown gardens for many years. Giant sunflowers and hollyhocks brighten the faded buildings in addition to the lettuce and radishes and other vegetables that visiting birds look upon as their own special manna. These gardens grow in boxes, and every bit of soil is brought from less alkaline ground.

The hawks and wildcats are as interested as Mrs. Wedell in the chickens she raises. Shep, one of a long line of dogs that have spent happy and useful lives at the springs, is in charge of chicken protection and shows considerable talent at it. He regards brown hawks with a tolerant eye, but the appearance of a chicken hawk is heralded with warning barks and roars.

Shep is a great companion for his mistress and informs her of the approach of cars a mile and a half away. He is such a gayhearted and playful fellow that I thought him to be a youngster, but life at the springs must be responsible. The second time I saw him I remarked that I thought he had grown. Mrs. Wedell looked doubtful. "I don't think so," she said. "He's ten years old."

Mrs. Wedell kept up the assessment work on her husband's claims until the moratorium in 1942. She climbed into the hills herself and labored with pick and shovel. She still takes boarders at times—mining men working in the surrounding hills—and the board money has helped over some of the tight spots.

Every now and then she goes "inside" and takes a look at our cities, then goes back to the hot springs. She does necessary shopping at Fallon, distant about 35 miles by dirt road and another 25 on pavement. Mr. Milhauser, boarding with Mrs. Wedell at present, drives her in. At the urging of relatives she has gone as far as San Francisco. But the cities are too big. The schools are too big. People are crowded too closely together.

She keeps a watchful eye on the doings of that big world, though, and has decided opinions about them. The information backing her opinions comes largely from careful sifting of the magazines and newspapers that rural delivery brings to a box a few miles from the springs. Her radio broke down a long time ago, and she hasn't bothered to have it fixed. Mr. Milhauser has a set and tells her the important news. She finds two great faults in the modern world—wastefulness and lack of individual thinking.

She feels that the radio encourages us to accept opinions without thinking.

War-born shortages have brought serious problems to the lady of the hot springs. She bakes her own bread, and for several years has been unable to get whole ground flour. Now she cannot even obtain yeast. She cans the fruit that she obtains "inside," and makes jellies and vinegar. She raises her chickens for the eggs, but feed for her few cost \$60 last year.

But she had refused, at the time I last visited her at any rate, to join the inflationary trend. Mrs. Wedell has a small cabin which is sometimes available to visitors. It is complete with bed, table, chairs and a wood stove. And the charge for a night's lodging was 25 cents.

It would be unforgivable if, after all the brave years, Mrs. Wedell was forced to leave the Hot Springs. But I have a feeling that somehow she will be able to keep on as I saw her last, in sunbonnet and apron, going independently about her numerous duties. Feeding the chickens and pet goat. Scraping debris from the bubbly surface of the spring. Filling the mossy, burlap covered barrel in the porch shade so that there will be cool water to drink. Baking and cooking and planting.

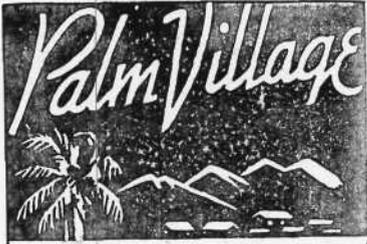
Fewer people come to the hot springs today than did during the war, when Gabbs was booming 20 miles away. But Mrs. Wedell can remember other days, when Halley's comet blazed like a great torch in the desert night. When the young men and young women of Rawhide hitched four-horse teams to the wagons and drove down to the springs to swim and dance by the light of the great comet.

Miners and prospectors still come down to soak in the springs. Now and then tourists wander that way. Some of them look out across the crusted salt and the barren hills. They feel the sense of their own insignificance crush in upon them, as most of us have felt it at one time or another on the desert.

"How can you live here?" they ask. The lady of the hot springs is too polite, perhaps, to ask them how they can like the clatter and dissonance, the haste and pushing unfriendliness of the city. If they do not know that cities are lonelier than deserts, she cannot make them understand it.

So she simply says, "I like the desert," as if that explained everything.

And perhaps it does.



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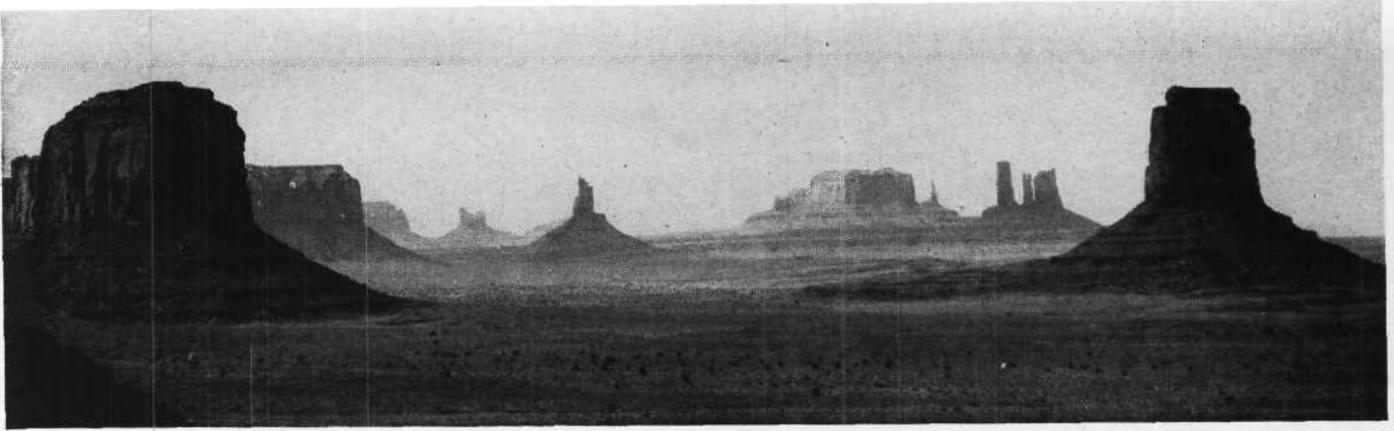
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"Now there is virtue in Water, and in the Sun, and in the healing essence of many sorts of Herbs. But if a man be sick the chief Healing lies within his own Soul."—M.S.

Desert Trails

By MARSHAL SOUTH

OF ALL the trails that wind down into the desert there is none more sought, or more important, than the trail to Health.

The Indians knew this. And ever since my few notes on the healing water of Agua Caliente springs appeared in the pages of *Desert* (July '47) it has been made very clear to me that upon at least one subject—that of the quest for health and healing—the Indian and his white brother are one.

For I have had many letters from sufferers who, in the account of the curative qualities of these natural springs, caught a gleam of new hope. And it is the eagerness and earnestness of these many inquirers which leads me to believe that a few words regarding the desert as a mecca for health seekers may not be amiss.

To a great number of individuals, the desert has been—and is—a magic region as regards health restoration. That point has been settled long ago. And the great army of men and women who have come into its domain suffering from lung troubles and other body weaknesses and have gone away, or remained, completely cured, constitutes living and uncontrovertible evidence as to the virtues of the dry air, sunshine and abundant peace of the wastelands.

This much is undisputed. But we must also recognize the truth that a great many who have come to the dry lands seeking relief have gone away disappointed. Not for them has the sun and the wandering wind among the greasewoods brought renewed health and vigor. Disappointed, disillusioned and often embittered they have turned their backs upon the Spirit of the Silence and gone away in sorrow—sometimes in anger. "The desert," they say bitterly, "is a fake—like all the other fakes." And, hopelessly, they return to their own places; their "remedies"—and their despair.

Yet the desert is no "fake." From the beginning it has held out welcoming arms and hope to the sick and weary of every race and color and creed. And the vast majority of them have not been disappointed. Why, then, does it fail a few?

Here is an important question. And perhaps we shall find the answer to it if we go back a little into fundamental things. Into the fundamentals of the world of Nature—and especially of human nature.

In the first place the desert is essentially a primitive region. Its characteristics, perhaps more than any other of the earth's varied localities, precludes frills and pampering advantages. It is true that by the expenditure of great labor, time and money, you may succeed in dressing up and improving small portions

of the desert. But the portions so treated cease immediately to be desert. They become resorts—or, at the best, artificial oases. And neither of these is desert.

True desert is a raw untamed region, and it belongs by right to a hardy, primitive people. Generally they have been noted for their health and hardiness. And they are, in the main, fierce fighters. The people, like their desert, are fundamental and primitive.

Like attracts like. The music of Nature can tolerate no discords. Unless there be harmony there will be destruction. The harping thunder of the sea must find its answer in the heart of the sailor—else he will be a poor sailor. And the soft music of the winds which sing down through the long sunlit washes of the desert, or murmur amidst the desolate moonlit rocks, must strike a deep answering chord in the heart of the dweller of the desert—else he will be no part of it. He will be an intruder and a discord—and as such will be thrust, unsatisfied and unaccepted, from its borders.

For you cannot mix the fundamental and the true with the superficial and the false.

And it is for this reason, I think, that so many who come to the desert expecting great things, go away chagrined and disappointed.

The fault is theirs—not the desert's. For, to get benefit from the desert—or from any environment—you must be in tune with it. You must come with an eager open heart. You must really love the desert—or it will not love you. And loving you not, it will not heal you.

Now this, I think, is something which a vast number of human beings fail utterly to understand. Enmeshed in a man-made web of artificiality they have lost touch with fundamentals. The truths of Nature—the harmonies and vibrations of real Nature—are so utterly foreign to them that they dismiss them as fantastic or as silly superstition. Their ears are too close to the tinny blare of radio propaganda and the trivialities of social custom. To them life has become a business of price and money. If you can meet the price and you lay down the money required, then you can demand the return—be it a gilded gadget or bodily healing.

But in the desert—in fundamental Nature—matters are not arranged in this fashion at all. In Nature there must be harmony, and faith and acceptance and humbleness—and love. And without these are all hope and seeking vain.

The Indian knows this. All primitive races know it. But the white man has forgotten.

Thus it is that many of those who come to the desert with ailments fail to be cured.

They hear of some spring or of some particular locality which has helped others, and they decide to go there—just as they would decide to purchase some new cure-all in a bottle. They think that if they merely drink the water, or take the baths or live awhile at the prescribed altitude, that the reward of new health must certainly be theirs.

And they are woefully disappointed. Because they, many of them, come to the desert despising it. They are frightened by its vastness and roughness. They chafe bitterly against its disadvantages. They grumble unceasingly against its heat and its

loneliness, its limited supplies, its lack of entertainment. Unwillingly, complainingly, they stay—enduring, their every moment a martyrdom. And finally, unhelped, disappointed, they sputter home on roaring motors, happy to escape. The desert is a fake.

But the fake and the failure is not in the desert. It is in themselves. A seed will find no roothold on stubborn rock—nor can healing be accomplished if the heart is not in tune with Nature.

For the desert does heal—provided you are of a nature that loves the desert. Just as the mountains will heal—if you love the mountains. The answer is in you.

When I first came to the desert, climbing the precipitous steep of the old Indian trail that wound up over the last 1200 feet to the little plateau where we built Yaquitepec, it was with the shadow of a weak heart hanging over me. But I did not let these ominous warnings worry me. Apart from the desire to find escape from a top-heavy and worry-burdened existence was another desire, equally strong. And that was to get back close to the earth. To get in tune once more with the healing rhythm of Nature. To me the desert held out its arms, not only as a haven of Peace but also of Healing.

But, and I think this is most important, I loved the desert. Its vast sunlit spaces, shimmering away into the grey mystery of distant horizons, called to my heart. It was, in some mysterious fashion home. I loved its disadvantages. I accepted its hardships. The stones that bruised my bare feet, and the cholla thorns that scarred and stabbed my bare skin, were to me, friends. Savage and primitive friends, if you will—but nevertheless beloved. I panted in the heat—and rejoiced in it. I shivered in the cold—and found it good.

And the desert repaid my confidence and trust and affection. Little by little, at first, but afterwards with increasing confidence, I was packing heavier and heavier burdens up that 1200 foot rise which lay between the limit of wheeled transportation

and our mountain-crest home. As nerves and bodily strength grew better the doubtful heart grew better. Until there were few burdens that baffled me. Regularly I used to carry up that precipitous trail, sections of which were just stepping from rock to rock, hundred pound sacks of grain, potatoes, cement and other supplies. And I have never been very husky. Never in my life has my weight exceeded 140 pounds.

Nor was my own case an exception. As the desert can heal, so also can it keep well. Our three children, raised from infancy on primitive food and amidst the so-called hardships of the desert mountaintop, never, up to the time they moved from the desert, had or needed—with but one single exception—the services of a doctor. And the sole exception can hardly be counted. It was an accident. Coming up the trail one night Rider, then about eight years old, tripped and fell head foremost into a bed of mesquites (agaves). The accident probably would never have happened but for the fact that his hands—and attention—were busy in carrying tenderly some little playthings which a good friend had sent to him. Anyway he fell. When we hauled him out we found that several of the savage mesquite spines, woody and needle sharp, had driven through the skin and flesh of the top of his head and broken off. They were lodged between the flesh and the bone of the skull.

After an unsuccessful attempt to cut these out myself—an attempt which failed not because of the lack of nerve on Rider's part, but my own, we took him in to a doctor. In a few minutes with a local anaesthetic, the barbs were removed. And that was that. The incident was closed. It wasn't something which you could hold against the desert's healing power. But it was the only time in all the years at Yaquitepec that a doctor's services were needed.

So I think I am right in saying that the desert will, in most cases, heal you—if you go to it, accepting it and expecting to be healed—and obeying the rules of Nature.

For there are rules. And the rules are that you must get close to the earth—and to the sun and to the air and to the general peace of the wilderness. Leave your civilization and its false notions behind. Become a denizen. Perhaps this sounds fantastic to you. But there is magic in it.

If possible go somewhere where you need not be burdened with too many clothes. Give the sun and the air a chance. If you can't go barefoot, then wear the lightest and flimsiest of sandals. Lie around in the sun. Loaf in the shade. Take long prowls through the canyons and up the washes at daylight and in the evenings. Rough it. Cook and eat in primitive fashion. And throw away as many of your fancy camping gadgets as you can. They keep you from the feel of the earth. A little sand in your food won't hurt you . . . nor will a creosote leaf or two in your tea or coffee. (The creosote is a reputedly valuable desert remedy, anyway.)

And above all let the peace and silence of the desert seep into your soul. Forget the world—and business. It will be there—all too much of it—when you get back. Forget money. If you are spartan-like and really primitive a little money will go a long way on the desert—at an isolated camp-spot.

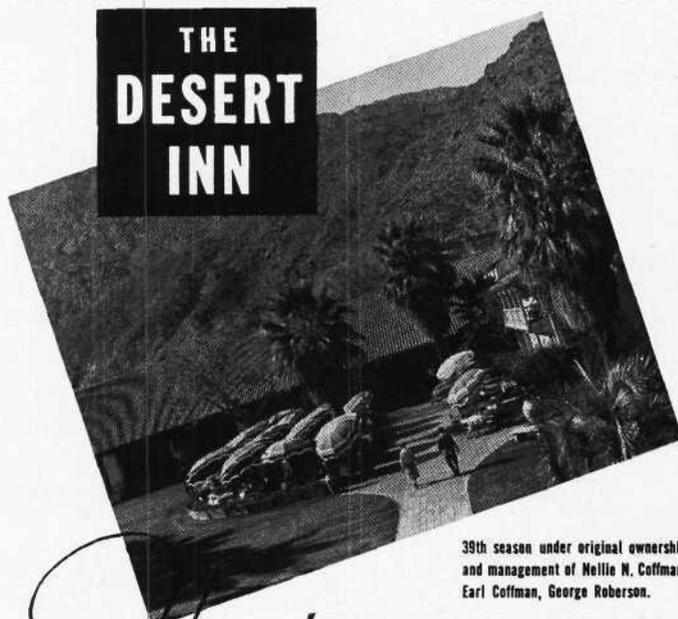
And, observing these conditions, it is my belief that the desert will cure a great number of ailments, either with or without natural mineral springs. There are virtues—great virtues in mineral water baths. But there are also greater virtues in getting back close to Nature and relaxing.

But the greatest virtue of all lies in your own soul. If you go in confidence, accepting, believing—feeling glad to be back again in tune with the earth, the chances are that the earth will respond and will cure you. Be it desert—or any other earth.

So there you have the sum and substance of my personal belief. Can you get relief—can you get cured at Agua Caliente springs?

Yes, I think so—if you play the game and obey the rules. But then, I think also that you can get cured at innumerable other places in the desert.

It's just up to you.



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Clouds over Santa Rosas - - Prize Photo

Harry Vroman of Lawndale, California, won first place in Desert Magazine's October photo contest, with this infra-red film study of Coachella valley and the Santa Rosa mountains crowned with cumulus clouds. The picture was taken from Inspiration point in Joshua Tree national monument, with one second exposure at f.32 through a Number 25 red filter.



Owens Valley . . .

Second place was taken by Don Mohr of Los Angeles with his view of storm clouds moving in over Owens valley and the Sierra Nevadas. The picture was taken from the Inyo mountains, and infra-red film was used.

Entries in the October Desert Cloud contest were heavy and decisions close, with many excellent photographs being returned because only two prizes were available. December contest calls for portraits of small desert creatures of all types, and less keen competition is expected. Rules on another page.

For the Desert Home at Christmas



Inspiring in its simplicity is this arrangement featuring a lovely head of the Virgin against a background of up-reaching lines and balanced by the rosette of agave at the base.

By MARGARET CARRICK
Photographs by Jack Carrick

I THINK that I should start this little story by saying that it will be prejudiced—very greatly prejudiced in favor of our own Southwest. And now we shall go on from there.

Pine and fir and holly and mistletoe for decorations have become as much a part of the American Christmas as Santa Claus. And a fine tradition it is. But these accessories are not always available for the desert home. What could be more appropriate then, than that the desert dweller should look to his own land for the materials with which to brighten the holiday living room? And isn't this doubly true—for the first Christmas was observed on a desert no less arid than this.

Tradition is all very fine indeed and I would be the very last to suggest that we do away with it in any shape or form. We of the West have done pretty well about establishing some exceedingly good ones of our own along almost every line of endeavor. Almost every one, I repeat, for when it comes to Christmas and its special chance for decorating, it sometimes seems that we're all trying to pretend that only the Atlantic slope was ever opened to the white man and his ways.

Again I must emphasize that I would not do away with fir and pine, Eastern holly and mistletoe. They are the materials that were used first for holiday decorating because they were at hand and because they reminded homesick people of the old country which had been their home. Both perfectly good and logical reasons for establishing a tradition and still good enough for its perpetuation. Anyone knows that Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without the good smell of pine, fir, balsam and juniper permeating the house!

The thing that I am suggesting is that we not overlook the wealth of wondrous materials which are typically Southwestern and which we may work into our holiday decorative schemes to such rare advantage. Eastern visitors will be much impressed at seeing something entirely new to them and we will feel, I truly believe, an innate satisfaction in having used well some of the things which belong to us alone.

And aren't we the lucky ones in having both to choose from! Our high country provides everything that we could wish for in the way of evergreens and cones. Our desert mistletoe and holly and native California holly with its bright red berries are most satisfactory substitutes for the Eastern varieties, and then just look at all we have besides.

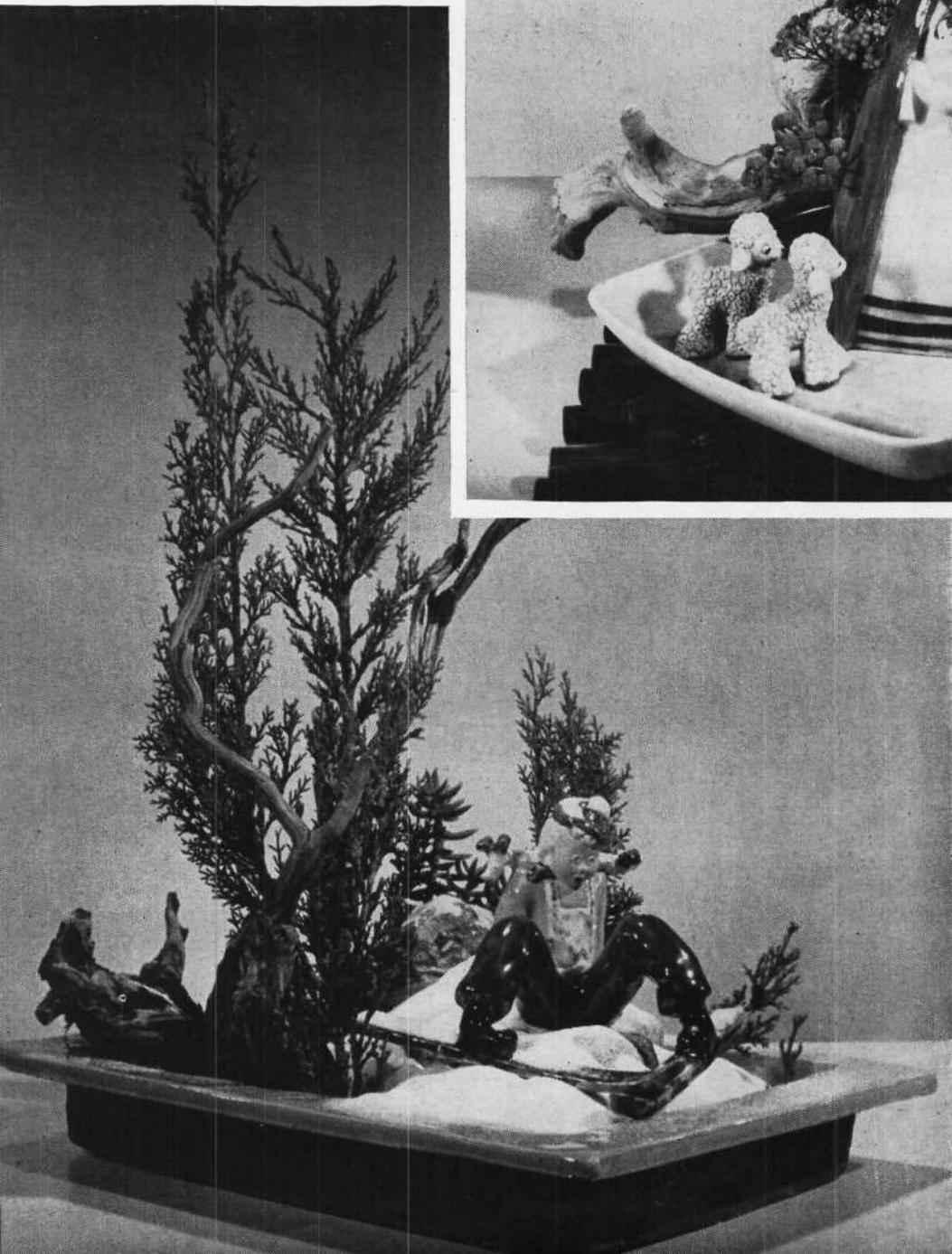
There is such an abundant variety of cactus and succulents in their myriad forms and changing shades of soft coloring that it would take a book to name and describe them all. And seed pods! Ah, that there could be so many and all so different is almost beyond belief—and in the loveliest of desert colors: red-browns, rusts, dull golds and the color of ripe wheat—lovely soft, blended hues that will sing of beauty in almost any color scheme.

I shall never be able to say enough about all the poetry which lies waiting for us over the whole of the desert country in rain-washed, sun-bleached wood; branches which fought the wind and sun in their growing, roots which have writhed and reached out-through the rock-bound earth, gnarled knots seeming to express the strength and wisdom of the ages.

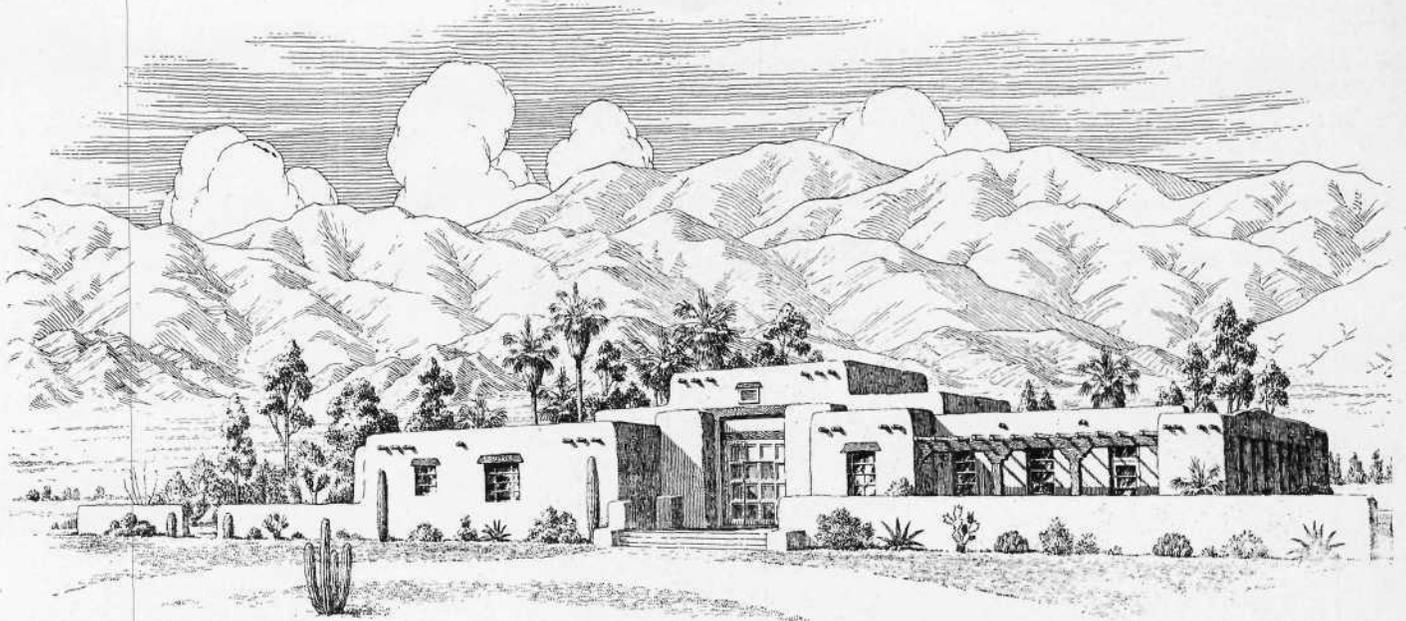
All the fervor of a rockhound goes into my rock hunting but what is inside or how they will look when polished bothers me not a whit. It is enough for me that all the soft, subtle, subdued colors of the desert are offered for my admiration in strong and interesting forms—perfect accompaniments for the boundless wealth of growing things around them.

We are the lucky ones, aren't we!

This pleasant little three-dimensional picture might be titled "Desert Madonna" with its background of dried seed pods and gnarled wood. It will be happy for the whole of the holiday season on bookcase, end table, console or any other spot with a plain wall space to show off its beauty of line.



The shops are bulging with intriguing figurines such as this little girl with skis which lend themselves most fetchingly to settings for holiday pictures to be enjoyed by children and grown-ups alike. So little is needed to go with them—a few sprigs of evergreen, a dead branch or two, some rocks and ordinary table salt and there you have it!



Norton Allen drew this sketch of the new Desert Magazine publishing plant from plans prepared by Architect Harry J. Williams. Santa Rosa mountains are in the background.

For Desert a New Home!

AFTER more than two years of preliminary planning, construction was started in November on a building to house the main offices and printing plant of the Desert Magazine at the townsite of Palm Desert in the Coachella valley of California.

With approximately 17,000 square feet of floor space, the new structure will provide for the editorial and business offices of the magazine, book shop, both letterpress and offset printing facilities, bindery, photographic department, and a 30x60 foot lobby-museum of regional exhibits.

Architecturally, the building will follow a modified pattern of the Southwest's Indian-Pueblo design. This pattern had its origin in the cliff dwellings of the Southwest and has gone through successive modifications by Spaniards, Mexicans and Anglo-Americans during the 408 years since Coronado's con-

quest. Pueblo design is one of the desert's most important contributions to the cultural life of the Southwest. Harry J. Williams of Palm Springs is architect for the project.

The building is being erected on a 20-acre site along Highway 111, mid-way between Indio and Palm Springs—12 miles from each of these communities. The site, near the junction of 111 with Pines-to-Palms highway, is in the newly developed Palm Desert community adjacent to Coachella valley's date gardens, in a 2000-acre cove at the base of the Santa Rosa mountains. A new postoffice was opened at Palm Desert last July, and 1620 acres of the cove are now in process of subdivision by the Palm Desert corporation.

The construction contract, let to the R. P. Shea company of Indio, includes the erection of a lodge for the housing of part of Desert's editorial, business and mechanical staff. Additional housing is to be provided later, the plan being to establish homes and recreational facilities on the 20-acre site for the entire organization.

Adjoining the Desert Magazine tract is another 20 acres reserved by the publisher for a community to be devoted exclusively to the arts and handicrafts. The plans provide for studios and craft shops—and housing for the artists and craftsmen. This project is not to be launched until members of the staff move to the new location in 1948.

The Palm Desert plant of the magazine is to be equipped entirely with new printing machinery. The present printing plant in El Centro does a large volume of commercial printing in addition to its work on the magazine, and will be continued in operation at the Imperial county seat where it is now located. Desert's new plant also will be equipped for a general printing business, with publication work as a specialty.

Need for larger quarters for Desert was recognized by the publishers five years ago. The circulation had climbed steadily since the publication was launched in 1937, and lack of space and adequate presses made it necessary to make up the type

Located at Palm Desert, the new publishing plant will be directly accessible from all main highway of the Southwest.



pages in El Centro and take them to Los Angeles for press and bindery work.

Immediately after his return from service in World War II, Randall Henderson of the publishing staff began looking for a larger site where magazine presses could be installed. Since magazine publishing is largely a mail order business, it was decided to establish the new plant out on the desert beyond the limits of any municipality where there would be ample room for expansion, and where housing could be provided for members of the organization.

The 2000-acre cove at the base of Santa Rosa mountains, then entirely vacant, appeared to offer the ideal solution. Not only would plenty of space be available, but the location would give Desert's staff more direct access to Highways 60, 66, 70, 80 and 99, which are the main east-west thoroughfares of southwestern desert travel. The site also would be more accessible for the thousands of visitors from all over the United States who come to the magazine offices annually—readers, hobbyists, artists, writers, photographers, and the traveling public.

Following the selection of the site, a group of developers headed by Cliff Henderson, brother of Desert's editor, sensing that the establishment of Desert Magazine with its affiliated enterprises in the Santa Rosa mountain cove would invite widespread interest on the part of cultural groups, purchased 1620 acres of the adjacent desert and made plans for a model town. Water mains were laid, streets surfaced, and the new postoffice of Palm Desert was established. Scores of new homes and business buildings are now under construction there. While the new town is still in its pioneering stage, the original townsite designed by Landscape Architect Tommy Tomson of Pacific Palisades, providing wide streets, ample parking areas, church, civic center and school sites, insures an attractive community setting for Desert's new home. The beauty of the setting is further enhanced by the high type of business and residential improvements and the colorful landscaping in progress for several years under the management of Christopher Hendra and his associates at the Palm Village community across the road from Desert's project, and by the scenic drive along Highway 111 through the date gardens and vineyards and grapefruit groves between Indio and Palm Desert.

Over-shadowing this modern desert community the rugged 8000-foot peaks of the Santa Rosa range serve as friendly although not easily accessible guardians whose natural beauty has been little disturbed since those pre-historic days when they watched over the home of the ancient Cahuilla.



TRUE OR FALSE

Probably no denizen of the desert is the victim of more false propaganda than the rattlesnake. Much of the common hearsay pertaining to the rattler is pure fiction. Here are 20 questions designed to separate the facts from the popular myths. The answers given—whether you believe them or not—are backed by scientific opinion. Ten correct answers is an average score, 11 to 14 is a good score, 15 to 18 is superior, and if you do better than that you may go to the head of the class. Answers are on page 35.

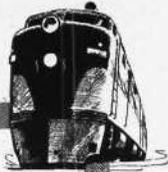
- 1—A rattlesnake's age may be judged by the number of buttons in its tail—one for each year. True..... False.....
- 2—Hospitals and laboratories will buy rattlesnake venom for medical purposes. True..... False.....
- 3—A rattlesnake sheds its skin once a year. True..... False.....
- 4—The fangs of a rattler are on the end of its tongue. True..... False.....
- 5—In summertime desert rattlers may be seen sunning themselves on the rocks under the midday sun. True..... False.....
- 6—A rattlesnake has a backbone. True..... False.....
- 7—Certain non-venomous species of bullsnake will coil and strike in the same manner as a rattler. True..... False.....
- 8—A rattler may always be identified by the diamond-shaped pattern of its skin. True..... False.....
- 9—Potassium permanganate is the best treatment for rattlesnake bite. True..... False.....
- 10—A rattlesnake will not cross a horse-hair rope on the ground. True..... False.....
- 11—A rattler can coil and strike only when its body is resting on the ground or other plane surface. True..... False.....
- 12—Rattlers have been known to suck milk from the udder of a cow. True..... False.....
- 13—The roadrunner bird has been known to kill rattlesnakes. True..... False.....
- 14—Rattlers and other snakes sometimes swallow their young to protect them. True..... False.....
- 15—All venomous snakes in North America have fangs. True..... False.....
- 16—The first rule, if bitten by a rattler, is to run for help. True..... False.....
- 17—In case of snake bite it is important to apply a tourniquet between the bite and the heart. True..... False.....
- 18—A second important step is to sterilize and make an incision at the wound. True..... False.....
- 19—Most effective treatment is to extract the poison by suction. True..... False.....
- 20—All venomous snakes have diamond-shaped heads. True..... False.....

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Mines and Mining . .

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Goldfield was swept with gold fever reminiscent of its boom days with confirmation by Elmer Burt, general superintendent of Newmont-Deep Mines operation, of a strike of high grade ore in the company's Whitehorse claims. No official indication of average values of the ore was given, although rumors ballooned it to \$700 a ton. One official declared that the lowest assay value was \$21 a ton.

The strike was made unexpectedly while driving a cross-cut in intensive search for a fault zone where it was hoped to discover ore. It was not previously indicated by diamond drilling. The vein was discovered at a depth of 385 feet and 2000 feet south of the Florence shaft, it was said. The vein was claimed to be 25 feet in width, with the pay shoot varying in width from a few inches to 10 feet. The gold values are declared to occur in tellurium, which was found occasionally in the original Goldfield workings. At the end of three weeks work, the company was said to have drifted 150 feet along the vein, with the values still holding.

Character of the ore, it is claimed, indicates permanency of the vein. The find was made in territory never before developed. The vein strikes generally north and south, and the pitch is west. A drift is being extended 80 feet below the exploratory level on which the find was made, with the aim of cutting the ore shoot at that depth.

The Goldfield News reports the possibility that the strike will cause the Newmont company to build a mill in Goldfield. According to the News there are millions of tons of low grade ore, averaging \$5 to \$9 a ton blocked out in the area. This ore can be worked profitably provided a rich find, such as the current strike is reported to be, can pay for the expense of erecting a mill near Goldfield.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Platinum worth \$1,450,000 was shipped from Las Vegas to the United States mint at Denver in September. The precious metal, weighing 1800 pounds, was shipped in heavy wooden boxes bound with steel straps. Extreme secrecy prevailed from the moment the platinum was removed from Basic Magnesium plant until railway express guards took it over, and it was surrounded by plant guards and deputy sheriffs on the trip to the station.

Tonopah, Nevada . . .

Report of the discovery by C. W. Wells of a 24-inch vein of bismuth ore at Lone Mountain, 16 miles west of Tonopah, is attracting wide attention. Bulk of this ore, used largely in medicine, is said to come from the closely-controlled production of

a few South American mines. The Lone Mountain discovery was made at a depth of 75 feet when Wells broke through the wall of a vein from which he had been producing lead-silver and found a parallel vein of easily fusible ore which is estimated to contain from three to 20 per cent bismuth.

. . .

Oatman, Arizona . . .

Oatman district is showing renewed activity with several mines under development. Officials of Triumph Gold Mines, Inc., working at the White Chief and Triumph mines, south of Oatman, declare that six months exploration on the 200-foot level of the White Chief has shown the most consistently high grade ore found in the district in nearly 30 years, with \$500,000 ore reserves said already to be in sight, with a \$20 a ton average. Shaft rehabilitation is proceeding at the Triumph mine with a surface plant to unwater the shaft under construction.

. . .

Flagstaff, Arizona . . .

What Roy G. Steele, in general charge of operations, declares to be one of the most promising oil prospects in Arizona, located 42 miles north of Flagstaff and 1 1/2 miles south of Gray Mountain Trading post, is down 1300 feet. The prospect is being drilled in the Supai sandstone in the center of about 130,000 acres leased from the state, the Indian service and private owners. Drilling operations are being conducted by Canemona Drilling company for the Barron-Steele company.

. . .

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

War Assets administration is said to be finding the plant of Kalunite, Inc., at Salt Lake City a white elephant. After more than a year of negotiation and bidding, the WAA has rejected the two latest bids on grounds the offers were too low. Bids were for \$510,000 by J. R. Simplot of Boise and Pocatello, Idaho, and \$502,500 by Sterling Chemical company, New York. According to WAA, actual wartime cost of building the plant was \$4,533,000 while its present minimum value has been set by the agency at \$1,000,000. Both bidders proposed to use the plant for manufacture of phosphate fertilizer.

. . .

Tennessee Schuylkill corporation, owner of the Tennessee mine at Chloride, Arizona, announces plans to acquire control of the Arizona Magma mine through merger of the company and the Great Western Exploration company. The Tennessee carries lead-zinc ores, the Arizona Magma is a silver-gold property.

LETTERS...

January 1 to Be Pegleg Day . . .
Buena Park, California

Dear Sir:

Come January 1, 1948, a group of Pegleg enthusiasts from all over the Southwest are meeting at Borrego Valley in Southern California to institute the first "Lost Pegleg Mine Trek."

It is hoped the party will be led by Jack Douglas, the Old Prospector of Dutch Flat, California. He's promised he'll be there rain or shine. Many other well known prospectors, Desert Rats and notables from the mineral societies of the Southwest, are planning to join the trek.

It is hoped to make this an annual affair comparable to the Don's trek for the Lost Dutchman mine in the Superstition mountains of Arizona. Pegleg Day in California is to be on New Years, and an invitation is extended to all outdoor enthusiasts to join in an exciting search for the lost treasure which Pegleg made famous. Those interested may write me for further information at Ghost Town, Knotts Berry Place, Buena Park, California.

RAY HETHERINGTON

He Sees the True Desert . . .
Tombstone, Arizona

To Desert:

I am glad to note in the current issue of Desert that Marshal South is with us again, and I am glad for he sees the true desert and is able to put it into words and paintings. I hope he will continue to write for Desert.

ESTHER A. BRUBACHER

On Montana Sapphires . . .
Rollins, Montana

Dear Randall:

Regarding an item in the last Desert Magazine about the color of various sapphires, a correction might be in order.

The Cashmere sapphire is sometimes a cornflower blue, but all Oriental sapphires are more or less an inky blue rather than the true cornflower blue.

There are four general areas in Montana where sapphires are, or have been produced in commercial quantities. Those from the Yogo gulch were the famed Montana sapphires of 25 years ago and were in a class by themselves. Usually they were a perfect cornflower blue, but all shades of blue were found there.

The steel blue sapphires now sold from this state definitely are not Yogos. Most of them come from the gold dredging operations on Eldorado bar east of Helena and are of rather low quality. As gem material they are considered the poorest in the state although some wonderful gems have been taken out in the Missouri river diggings.

However, the dredge hasn't been in operation for over a year.

The sapphires from Granite county are called Rock Creek stones and come in a wider variety of colors, generally deeper hues. Much of the material is too cloudy to have value as gem material.

The only sapphires being mined at present in this state are from Dry Cottonwood creek in Deerlodge county. They are inclined to be pale in color, good sized and free from clouds. They are choice gem material when the color is good, but the supply is not plentiful. Rock Creek gems are the hardest of the known sapphires.

HAROLD AND HAZEL ODLE

Arizona Geography . . .
Phoenix, Arizona

Dear Randall:

Shame on you! It must have been a slip-up for you know better. No. 14 of your November Quiz puts Roosevelt dam in the Gila river. Actually it is in Salt river. Coolidge dam is in the Gila. Both of them are drying up for lack of water.

BOB SAUFLEY

Chandler, Arizona

Greetings to Desert Staff:

I finally caught you folks in an error in the geography of this durned Desert, and I am happy. You probably already know that I refer to your answer to question No. 14 in your November Quiz.

It ain't so. The dam named for Teddy is at the fork of the Salt river and Tonto creek, and the one named for Coolidge is on the Gila. Roosevelt stores (we hope) water for the irrigation of Salt River valley, while Coolidge dam (we also trust) stores water for Gila valley.

LYNN WILLIAMS,
Editor, *Chandler Arizonan*

To Bob Sausley and Lynn Williams and the 46 other geography-wise readers who called this error to our attention we confess our sin, and hope the rain gods will soon fill both those dam reservoirs with water.—R.H.

Another Pegleg Version . . .
San Pedro, California

Dear Sir:

I would like to put in my two bits worth on the legend of the Pegleg mine. My information came from Fig Tree John, and another well known character of the old West who does not wish to be known as he is still living. Pegleg was in Yuma and heard about rich placer mines around Mohave on the Colorado river. He went to Mohave and married an Indian girl, thinking he could learn from her where the Indians got their gold. But the chief of the

tribe told the Indian girl she could get gold for Pegleg, but could not reveal the placers to him.

Pegleg received plenty of gold from his wife and loaded his burro, telling her he was going to Los Angeles to sell it. He got lost and ran out of water near the northern end of the Salton sea. Indians found him wandering around Cuyamaca mountains and took him to San Diego. When he had recuperated he went to Los Angeles.

He had a good time in Los Angeles, then went broke. He formed a company of prospectors to look for his imaginary lost mine. When they reached the northern end of the Salton sea, Pegleg's memory failed and the prospectors gave up in disgust. Pegleg then headed for Mohave. Meanwhile his Indian wife decided to try to find him. But the trek was too much for her and she arrived around Glamis nearly dead, and with a shawl full of gold ores and nuggets. The railroad people helped her, but probably she was scared of them. She disappeared into the sand dunes and they could not locate her or the gold.

I searched for the Pegleg until I heard this story, which seems the logical one since thousands of people have looked for it and haven't found it.

LOUIS KELLERHALS

The End of Captain Jack . . .
Piedmont, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I was especially interested in Doris Payne's "Tale of Three Rabbit Feet" in the September issue. Your mention of Mrs. Payne as the author of *Captain Jack, Modoc Renegade* brought a flood of memories.

For if this is the same Captain Jack, and I am sure it must be, I sawed the boards for his coffin and with Indian friends helped bury him at the mouth of the Klamath river when I was there years ago as an anthropological pup on field duty.

It was the most serene, natural and "un-deathly" burial I have known. We measured Capt. Jack with a string to get the proper length for the coffin boards.

MICHAEL O'NEIL

There's Still Lots of Topaz . . .
Bountiful, Utah

Dear Mr. Henderson:

I've just finished reading the very interesting article by Harold Weight in the October issue of Desert Magazine, "Field Day for Topaz Collectors."

I'm glad to have this information. A while back in what magazine I cannot remember, a local writer said the topaz fields at Topaz mountain had been stripped of their gems by the Japanese, whose relocation center was near there. I do not think there is more than the one Topaz mountain in Utah, and from the article in this issue, the fields are still well stocked.

COURTNEY C. WALKER



Road-builders and jalopies gradually have been crowding the burro out of his old occupation as a beast of burden for the prospector. But the burro thrives on his own, even on the scant range of the desert. It is estimated there are now more wild burros in Arizona than are engaged in useful work. And there are none to begrudge them their freedom. Photograph by G. E. Kirkpatrick.

A Burro's Back is Tough

By BACIL B. WARREN

A LITTLE Jenny burro walked into the clearing and flickered her grey ears at the sun. It was the warm sun of Arizona, and probably the burro was drowsy. Otherwise you can't account for what happened in the next few minutes, because it's a legend in the west that a burro is practically impossible to ambush. They have a sixth sense or something, and you just don't surprise them. But the mountain lion didn't believe the legend. The lion was not quite full-grown. He

was draped along the limb of an oak—dead still except for the nervous twitch in his tail—all but invisible. For a matter of minutes there was no movement in the big cat, until the burro tiptoed lazily nearer, and finally was within six feet of the deadly branch.

Then, like a flash of light, the cat hunched its back, gathered its muscles, and leaped in a single motion. He stretched full length in the air and landed

with feet bunched on the Jenny's back, claws ripping and teeth slashing.

That should be the beginning and the end of the story, for there is no more sudden and vicious attack in nature than that of an Arizona lion. But in this case the ending was different.

It was seen near Harshaw, Arizona, by an old prospector, who told the story. The burro is a sleepy animal, slow to move and desperately stubborn, but the burro is also made of rawhide and coiled springs. In

this case all the springs were released at once.

The Jenny leaped four feet sideways and half spun around without seeming to move her legs. There was furious movement in a dozen directions, the like of which the prospector never hopes to see again. There were twists and bucks and 50 new kinds of evasive action that no bronco ever invented. In the end, the cat was on the ground looking for the exit, while a whirlwind of burro hoofs kicked and beat at him.

Finally he ran like an alley cat, and the Jenny looked after him with four feet planted and her ears flat on her head.

Nearly as the prospector could tell, she had lost some hair, and her back had a few deep creases, but otherwise she was unharmed. The burro's back is tough.

Centuries of beatings have toughened that back, ever since the burro followed the mountain trails of Andalusia, in Spain, and was brought to the new world for the brutal work of the Spanish explorations. In the American Southwest the durable burro prospered and multiplied under grueling tasks too hard for horses. He carried supplies across the desert and brought ore out of the mountains. He went with the prospectors, and sometimes turned prospector himself.

When Henry Wickenburg failed to find gold, his burro led him to the place. Henry was sick of chasing the beast, who had wandered from the camp in the night, and he picked up rocks to throw at the elusive animal. Some stories say the rocks fell short because they were heavy with gold, but the chances are that Henry never threw them. Whoever heard of a prospector with a nugget in his hand who would throw it away? At any rate, Henry found Arizona's famous Vulture Mine.

As well as anyone, the burro can claim to have built the west. And when the hardest part of the job was done, he was turned out to take care of himself. A few of them still do useful work for prospectors and Mexicans, but many more of them run wild in the hills and canyons of Arizona.

The old prospector who saw the burrolion fight had two Jennies of his own; grey, disreputable, sad-eyed beasts, well-loaded with prospecting gear. "They're the contrariest animules in all creation," he said. "Stubborn. Lazy, too—but they're tough. They sure do a heap of work. And you know, they're kind of faithful."

He squinted his eyes against the sun and spat at the dust. "Maybe they're even sacred. Every burro's supposed to have the sign of the cross on his shoulders. Don't know about that. Can't find it very often myself. But there's somethin' funny about a burro. Some folks'll tell yuh they never die. Not natural, anyhow. Can't say myself, but let me ask you this. Ever see one dead? How about that, uh? Did yuh?"

Not many people have.

HERE AND THERE . . . on the Desert

ARIZONA

Dategrowers vs. Rainmakers . . .

PHOENIX—Date growers in the Salt River valley are going to try to stop dry-ice rainmakers from experimenting over their groves during the date picking season. A resolution passed by Arizona Date institute urges the use of whatever legal means are available or the initiation of efforts toward government regulation to prevent deliberate attempts toward rainmaking over cultivated areas. Rain and humid weather are harmful to dates during their maturing period.

Yaquis No Vanishing Race . . .

TUCSON—Dr. E. H. Spicer, of University of Arizona department of anthropology who, with his wife, spent the summer in Mexico studying the Yaqui Indians, reports that their culture is as vigorous and distinctive as it was 100 years ago. The Yaqui country, running along the north bank of the Yaqui river, constitutes about 8000 square miles, most of which is uninhabited. The village of Potam, where Dr. Spicer stayed, has 3000 population and is one of the three major centers of the tribe. The Yaquis now raise enough wheat, beans and corn for export.

"Forbidden City" Found . . .

WINSLOW—Roman Hubbell reports finding a large group of ancient ruins, believed never before seen by white men, in the remote Black mountain area of the Navajo reservation, 175 miles northeast of Holbrook. The ruins are concealed in an amphitheatre at the end of a box canyon whose entrance is masked by a grove of pines. In order to reach the main ruins, named "The Forbidden City" by Hubbell, it was necessary to use niches cut by the ancient inhabitants and climb 250 feet up the cliff walls. Skeletal human remains, baskets, pottery and small-eared corn were found in the well-preserved buildings.

Mileposts for Arizona . . .

FLORENCE—Arizona highways will be marked with white concrete mileposts, with the first now being installed on the Phoenix-Yuma highway and on Highway 95 from the Mexican border northward. On east-west roads, the first marker will be one mile from the California line and will continue to the New Mexico line. North-south roads will be numbered from the Mexican border. The mile numbers are painted in black. The markers will help locate accidents and other highway troubles and could be used to enforce speed laws. Four thousand posts are being made by state prisoners.

Navajos Are Orientals? . . .

GANADO—Dr. C. G. Salsbury, superintendent of Ganado Indian mission, once a missionary physician on the island of

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I WILL BUY—Collections, Indian Baskets, Old Navajo Rugs, Choice Minerals. Roy H. McKay (The Indian Store), Wickenburg, Ariz.

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BOOKS — MAGAZINES

GOLD PANNING for profit. Healthy, outdoor occupation. Beginners' big instruction book, blueprints, photograph—\$1.00. Desert Jim, 627 Lillian, Stockton, Calif.

DESERT BEAUTY and Inspiration easily mailed. Give The Courage of Joshua, brochure of illustrated poems, \$1.00. Artistic Greeting Folders of desert etchings, \$1.00 dozen, by Constance Walker, 2814 W. Ave. 30, Los Angeles, 41, Calif.

COLLECTOR'S CATALOG—National Geographic (1888-1947), Arizona Highways, Books. Send 10 cents. Hellar, P. O. Box 2507, Los Angeles 53, Calif.

WANTED TO BUY: Early Western manuscripts, letters, diaries, log books, maps, charts, prints, stamps, newspapers, magazines, books. John Eldean, 88 East Ashland Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.

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PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT—"Mineral Collectors Handbook" by Richard M. Pearl. 300 pages of permanently valuable information in 14 useful sections. This handsome cloth-bound book, only \$3.75 postpaid. Mineral Book Co., 405-A Mining Exchange Bldg., Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

REAL ESTATE

FOR LEASE—1 to 5 acre placer plots with excellent building locations and water, for those interested in a permanent, romantic mining retreat. Bill Schmidt, 602 E. Whittier Blvd., Whittier, California.

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FOR LEASE—Mountain building sites in popular resort area, on Placer Mining Claims Leases; 2 1/2, 5, 10 and 20 acre blocks, Pinyon, Joshua, Juniper and Oak trees; piped spring water to each block. Year round climate; option to purchase included. Frank Haendiges, 1114 So. Painter Ave., Whittier, California.

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"RANCHITOS"—Big homesites, 150x320 up, elevation 3300, superb views, all year climate, careful, moderate restrictions, oiled roads. Five minutes from stores, postoffice. Water mains in, electricity available. From \$595, low terms. Write Battelle, Box 105D, Lucerne Valley, San Bernardino county, California, for map or see me Foothill Road.

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MISCELLANEOUS

ORIGINAL PEN AND INK SKETCHES of the American cowboy against the historical landscapes of the old Southwest. 8"x10" \$5.00. Henry Littlejohn, Box 115, Midland, Texas.

COLOR SLIDES: Travel, Nature, Western, etc., List, sample 30 cents. Kelly D. Choda, Los Alamos, New Mexico.

VACATIONS ARE FUN at the Banner Queen ranch. Located on the rim of the desert—quiet, friendly, excellent food—swimming—saddle horses—trails for hikers—once the happy hunting ground of the prehistoric Cahuilla Indians. American plan—\$9.50 double, \$10.00 single. Mail address: Banner Queen Ranch, Julian, California. Phone for reservation, Julian 3-F-2. Bill and Adeline Musher, owners and managers.

INVENTION—Condenses water from the air, anywhere, sufficient for household or irrigation. Low cost installation, no operating expense. Financing wanted. Frank Nye, 613 Wilshire, Santa Monica, Calif. Phone 54173.

PANNING GOLD — A side line hobby for Rockhounds and Desert Nomads. You should know how to pan gold, recognize gold bearing gravel and valuable quartz ledges. The places you go are where rich virgin ground is found. Send your name for new folder on panning gold, with pictures—list of mining books and equipment for prospector beginners. Old Prospector, Box 21B57, Dutch Flat, Calif.

SET TEN SCREWS, save \$10 on Desert made wheeled lounge with pad. Retail \$28. We ship knock down \$18, prepaid. Other outdoor furniture at factory prices. Write for Christmas list, Luval Furniture Co., Box 105, Lucerne Valley, Calif.

Hainan off China, is reportedly convinced of the Oriental origin of the Navajo, a matter disputed among anthropologists. He declares that Hainanese and Navajo are strikingly similar in appearance and that their languages and social customs are alike in many respects. Old Navajo tools duplicate those used by the Chinese, and many Navajo children are born with the "Mongolian spot," a bluish temporary discoloration over the backbone characteristic of oriental infants, according to the doctor.

MAN 35 yrs. Desires work in desert area. Real Estate Salesman License, 2½ yrs. Mechanical Engineer and Mechanical and Inspecting trades. R. M. McMaster, 918 Cota Ave., Torrance, Calif.

SILVER SHOP for sale. Unable to take care of same. L. A. Hansen, 1119 Wheeler Ave., Reno, Nevada.

FRED AND JESSIE PORTER welcome you to the "Pow-Wow" Trading Post, Yermo, 14 mi. east of Barstow Hiway 91. Gifts, Indian Jewelry, souvenirs, rugs, lamps, etc., cutting material, cabochons, slabs, cabinet specimens. See your own cut! Watch for our specials.

WANTED: Old Envelopes with western cancellations before 1890. Also gold coins in good condition. Write: C. H. Greiner, 106 N. Sunset, Temple City, Calif.

RAISE MINK! Free folder gives inside "secrets" on feed; care. Lawrence Molgard, Brigham City 12, Utah.

FOR SALE: Squaw Tea, or Desert Tea. Indians of the desert country believed this tea has high medicinal value, and have been using it for ages. Makes a refreshing drink, served hot or iced. Trial package will be sent anywhere in the U. S. for \$1.00 prepaid. Directions for preparing it sent with each package. E. Kaltenbach, Rt. 1, Box 108, Beaumont, California.

COLOR PRINTS—by Eastman's Dye Transfer process, made from your Color Transparencies. Enlarged to 5x7"—8x10"—11x14"—16x20." O. A. Russell, 1764 Westwood Pl., Pomona, Calif.

FOR YOUR HEALTH: Drink delicious Desert Tea (Ephedra). An alkaline substitute for tea or coffee, hot or iced. Instructions for making with every package. Processed and sent direct from the desert to you. Large one pound package for only \$1.00. Edith O'Brien, P. O. Box 11, Amboy, Calif.

FOR SALE: Karakul bed blankets, colors, blue, green, natural, maroon, weigh at least 4½ pounds. Money back guarantee. Price \$17.50. Write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52nd Place, Maywood, California.

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LEARN the profitable jewelry and gold-smithing trade at home. Simplified course teaches jewelry designing, manufacture and repairing; gemsetting, etc. Gemcrafters, Dept. F., Kalispell, Mont.

He'll Break the Drouth . . .

FLORENCE—Little Fat, Navajo medicine man who was sentenced to one year to 15 months in jail for killing a steer in Coconino county, promised to end the Arizona drouth if Governor Osborn approved a commutation of his sentence. The state pardon and parole board recommended clemency, but said it was Little Fat's age—82—not his rainmaking promise which caused the action.

Charles Keetsie Shirley, the well known Navajo artist, has been painting murals for the Arizona Title and Trust company, in the lobby of its main offices in Tucson.

John F. White, 80, pioneer Arizona peace officer, died in Phoenix on October 13. White came to Arizona 73 years ago. He worked in the mines at Bisbee, was constable at Bisbee, sheriff of Cochise county and captain of state penitentiary guards. He served a term as state mine inspector and engaged in mine development until he retired ten years ago.

CALIFORNIA

Last Mojave Chief Dies . . .

NEEDLES—Chief Pete Lambert, of the Mojave Indians, died in September and his funeral rites and cremation, held September 20-23, were attended by 1500 Indians and 250 whites. Chief Lambert, son of Chief Amodqualachichi (Hide Behind the Dust) and grandson of Chief Humosquahoat (Star Orator) had been leader of the Mojaves since election by the tribal council in 1890. Hal Davidson, counsellor for the tribe, said that a successor to Lambert probably would not be elected. The tribal council will handle tribal matters.

Markers for Walker's Trail . . .

BISHOP—Eastern California Museum association is completing plans to place markers along the route followed by Joseph Walker, early explorer of the eastern Sierra for whom Walker lake, Nevada,

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and Walker's pass in Southern California were named. Walker led an expedition of fur-traders down the Humboldt and across to California in 1833.

Recipe for Sourdough . . .

RANDBURG—According to Paul R. Hubbard, editor of the *Randsburg Times*, Henry Pleikis, oldtime hard rock miner and poet of Johannesburg has discovered the secret of making "sourdough" bread and pancakes without the difficulty of saving and continuing the type of yeast formerly necessary. According to Pleikis, ordinary pancake batter or bread dough can become genuine old fashioned sourdough simply by the addition of a few drops of orange or lemon juice.

Fresh Fish from the Gulf . . .

CALEXICO—A new fishing enterprise with headquarters at San Felipe on the Gulf of California south of Mexicali plans to distribute fresh seafood over Southern California within 24 hours after it is caught. The program of the Maritime and Fish Products company, which has a \$1,-

500,000 development under way at San Felipe, includes erection of a big modern refrigeration plant and a 300-foot wharf. A fleet of 20 refrigerated fishing boats is under construction at San Diego. The catch will be shipped in refrigerated trucks on the San Felipe-Mexicali highway, now under construction.

Drouth on the Mojave . . .

DAGGETT—Dix Van Dyke, desert pioneer and historian, reports that the Mojave is suffering from a long drouth, the worst in memory of the oldtimers. Springs are failing and the yuccas, sage, and even cactus show need of moisture. Quail and rabbits are scarce. In the areas of New York and Providence mountains where thousands of cattle formerly ranged, few are to be seen and those few are poor in flesh.

Riverside county sheriff's sub-station at Blythe has obtained a jeep equipped with two-way radio which will be used for rescue work along the Colorado river and in the desert areas.

Imperial Valley riders who held their annual horseback chase and airplane roundup of burros in the Chocolate mountains in October, came back empty-handed, being unable to rope a single nimble-footed target.

Mrs. Lucy Christine Sabin Barrett, who came to San Geronio pass by stagecoach in 1875 and has lived in Banning and Beaumont ever since, died in Beaumont on October 12, age 89. When Mrs. Barrett came to Banning, the Southern Pacific was grading for its railroad through the pass.

Death Valley Scotty observed his 75th birthday with a fried chicken dinner for a number of old friends at the Castle.

Actual construction on the San Jacinto mountain tramway is planned to start this fall.

NEVADA

Burros Leave Town . . .

BEATTY—The local burro boom apparently has faded. Business men planned to keep a herd of the animals in town as a tourist attraction. About 15 were collected for the Labor day celebration, but all but two have taken to the hills again, according to latest census. Oldtimers declared that the Labor day total was a drop in the bucket compared with early days. Twenty years ago, they alleged, there were at least 500 burros coming and going at all times, but many of them were eaten by the Indians during depression days.

Language of the Washoes . . .

RENO—Gordon H. Marsh, language professor at University of Nevada, will make an intensive study of the language of the Washoe Indian tribe of Nevada. The Washoes, of whom less than 1000 remain, live in valleys along the Sierra Nevada. They long have been of interest to anthropologists because their language differs so radically from that of the Paiutes and Sho-

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shones, Marsh said. The study is being made with the assistance of the anthropology department of Columbia University.

Vanishing Chukars

ELKO—Several Nevada counties were said to have declared an open season on chukar partridge this fall, as an experiment to see how the birds would react to open hunting. Elko county hunters found out. They knew just where to find bands of the birds. The first hunters to fire bagged their birds. Then the hunting was over. The chukars, after the first few blasts, took off and kept going. They headed for the high ridges and left the country. Hunters report the chukar to be the smartest game bird ever released in Nevada.

Pinyon Nut Crop Spotty

TONOPAH—High prices are being paid for pinyon pine nuts this year, and the crop is spotty, according to reports. In areas adjacent to Fish Lake valley in Esmeralda county, a heavy crop of good sized nuts is reported. Sales have been made at from 40 to 65 cents a pound. One Indian family of five working in the White mountain foothills is said to have sacked as high as 200 pounds daily selling at 50 to 60 cents a pound. Residents of Tonopah and Goldfield make it a yearly habit to spend a day picnicking and gathering the nuts.

Wild Horses Going

WINNEMUCCA — Ranges in Humboldt and Pershing counties will be cleared of wild horses by April, 1948, according to plans laid by ranchers of the area and the advisory board of the Pyramid grazing district. Five men have been authorized to handle the round-up and to sell the captured animals. Derrel Fulwider, district grazer, declares that the mustangs have deteriorated since they were allowed to run free during the war, and that they have caused a great deal of destruction to cattle grazing lands.

The War Assets administration is said to have made an exclusive offer for the state of Nevada to take over the entire Basic Magnesium plant at Henderson for a cash consideration of one dollar, with balance to be paid out of earned income over a period of years.

NEW MEXICO

Artists Neglect Desert?

SANTA FE—Warren E. Rollins, 86-year-old artist who was painting Indians 40 years ago at Oraibi, thinks present day painters are neglecting the desert. They concentrate on the Indian scene or the 'dobe, he says, but the desert itself remains inexhaustible and nothing can rival its magnificence and color effects.

Lights for Tesuque

TESUQUE PUEBLO — This Indian pueblo, one of the first villages mentioned in the history of the Southwest and the spot where first blood was spilled in the pueblo revolt of 1680 against the Spaniards, received electric light and power on October 1. The 200 inhabitants, noted for pottery making and painting, have been content to live after the fashion of their ancestors. Returned World War II service men are credited with the post-war modernization.



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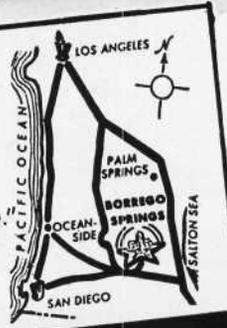
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Both Like the Name . . .

LAS VEGAS—When this New Mexico town suggested to the postmaster-general that the name of Las Vegas, Nevada, be changed so that mail for the two towns no longer would be missent, it set off fireworks which still are exploding. Mayor Cragin of Las Vegas, Nevada, declared that the New Mexico town ought to be glad that it has the same name. No one would ever hear of their town if it wasn't mistaken for Las Vegas, Nevada, he said. Mayor Rogers of Las Vegas, New Mexico, retorted that he didn't want that kind of publicity. Hostilities so far are in the name calling stage.

Blind Composer Dies . . .

ROSWELL — Elizabeth Garrett, blind composer of the New Mexico state song and well known for her music, died in Roswell October 16, after falling and striking her head on a curbstone while walking with her Seeing Eye dog. Blind since she was six years old, she was the daughter of Pat Garrett, pioneer Lincoln county sheriff who shot and killed Billy the Kid in 1881. Shortly before her death, Miss Garrett had said, "Quite frequently my father had to bring harmony with a gun in the early days. I tried to do so by carrying a tune."

Pop Chalee, Taos Indian artist and Edward Lee, Navajo, who is a teacher in Santa Fe high school were married, first by civil ceremony, later by Navajo ceremonial at the hogan of Mary Lewis, 10 miles west of Chinle, Arizona.

A bumper crop of pinyon nuts was predicted by the forest service for a 100,000

acre area of the Zuñi ranger district in Cibola national forest. Fair crops were expected in sections of Santa Fe and Carson forests, with other areas listed as poor prospects.

Rio Grande bird refuge at Elephant Butte lake was abandoned September 2, John C. Catlin, fish and wildlife service regional director announced.

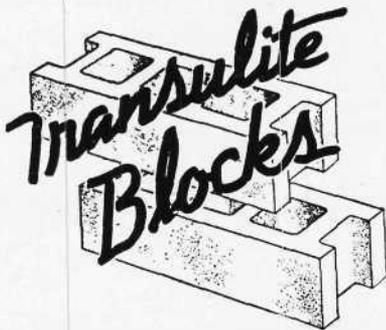
UTAH

Drive Through the Ages . . .

VERNAL — A series of "Drive Through the Ages" signs have been erected along the Vernal-Manila highway to indicate to tourists the geological formations found between Vernal and Green Lakes. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Untermann, geologists who worked out the information and determined locations for the signs, point out that the 30-mile drive covers a billion years of earth history. Eighteen separate formations, from the Uintah pre-Cambrian quartzite to the Mancos of the Cretaceous age are covered. Vernal Lions club, in cooperation with U. S. forest service, sponsored construction.

They Want Shangri-La . . .

WENDOVER — Congress has been asked by Wendover Development association to establish the "autonomous district of Shangri-La" with 21,000 square miles of territory and 2100 inhabitants, out of the western 60 miles of Utah. Wendover, Utah-Nevada border town on the edge of Great Salt desert is irked by the "more liberal" laws on the Nevada side of the line. It also charges that Wendover children have to go 100 miles to school and that the town lacks playground and sanitary facilities and is too poor, under



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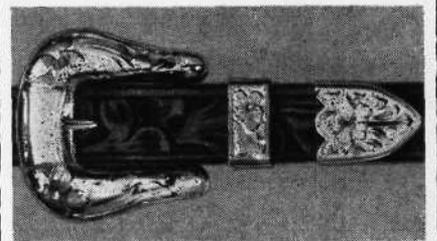


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Utah regulation to pay for them itself. Wendover already has tried to secede from Utah and set up an independent state, and to be annexed by Nevada.

Bishop Pectol Dies . . .

TORREY—Ephraim P. Pectol, chiefly responsible for the creation of Capitol Reef national monument (*Desert*, Aug. '42), died on October 7, age 71. As a boy he herded cattle through what he came to call the Wayne Wonderland, and through his life he fought for recognition and preservation of the scenic beauties of the area. One of his dreams was realized when he presided, on September 17, 1946, at the dedication of the ferry across the Colorado at Hite, opening an automobile road between Capitol Reef and Natural Bridges monuments. Pectol served as Mormon bishop 17 years, was three terms in the state legislature, and had been county school superintendent and commissioner.

Colorado Bridge Site Found . . .

HANKSVILLE—Location of one of the "finest bridge sites on the Colorado river" and of a feasible route from the site to existing roads in Wayne county was reported by Arthur L. Crawford, state department of publicity and industrial development commissioner. The site, near the mouth of North wash, was reached by auto, pack train and a strenuous hike. The expedition was conducted as a follow-up for an aerial survey made in September, and a continuation of the effort to establish a bridge connection between Wayne Wonderland and Natural Bridges areas.

Contract for completing an heroic size statue of Brigham Young, to be placed in the statuary hall of the national capitol, has been signed by the sculptor Mahonri M. Young, Brigham's great-grandson.

Utah state building commission has approved bids for construction of a pioneer memorial building for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers, to cost \$462,585.

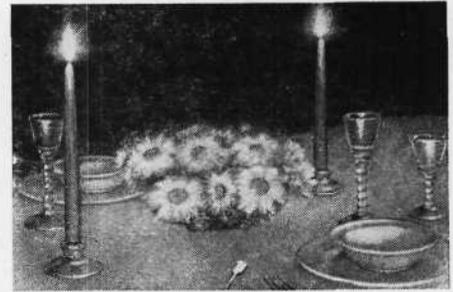
William H. Kesler, 79, owner and operator of Cove Fort near Kanosh since 1902, died October 25.

Five of the seven states of the Colorado river basin—Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, New Mexico and Arizona—have adopted a resolution opposing a California plan to obtain an additional million acre-feet of water for itself. The resolution declared that California is limited "forever" to 4,400,000 acre-feet of the lower basin apportionment.

Construction of the Utah field house of natural history at Vernal was assured when a contract for the building was awarded to C. H. Dorland Construction company of Salt Lake City.

More than half of the persons of Japanese descent who lived and worked in Utah during the war years have returned to the Pacific coast. From an estimated peak of 10,000 the number has dropped to 4500, but this is double the number who lived in Utah before the war.

Cloudbursts in the White canyon area of San Juan county recently sent rivers down the dry gulches spanned by Kachina, Owachomo and Sipapu natural bridges in Natural Bridges national monument. A wild stream 15 feet deep flowed under the Kachina bridge, Wiley Redd, custodian, reported.



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TRUE OR FALSE ANSWERS

Questions are on page 25

- 1—False. A rattler adds a button every time it sheds its skin.
- 2—True. Venom is used for treatment of haemophilia, and in preparation of antivenin.
- 3—False. A rattler may shed its skin two or three times a year.
- 4—False. The fangs of a rattler are in the upper jaw.
- 5—False. Rattlers prefer the cool of early morning and late evening. They cannot survive long exposure to intensive midday sunlight in summer.
- 6—True. 7—True.
- 8—False. Some species do not have the diamond pattern.
- 9—False. Once regarded as a very effective remedy, permanganate of potash is now regarded as of little value.
- 10—False. 11—True.
- 12—False. This is another bit of fictitious folklore.
- 13—True.
- 14—False. Another bit of fiction.
- 15—True.
- 16—False. The victim should remain as quiet as possible.
- 17—True. 18—True. 19—True.
- 20—False. The head of a coral snake is very little larger than its body.



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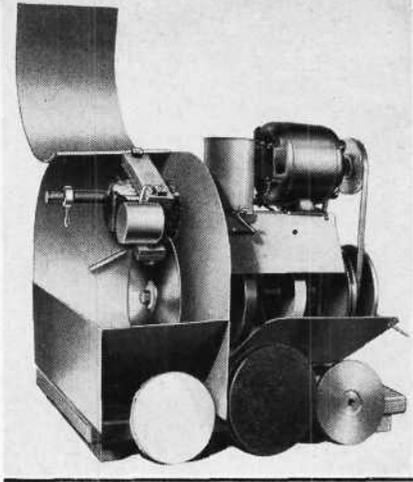
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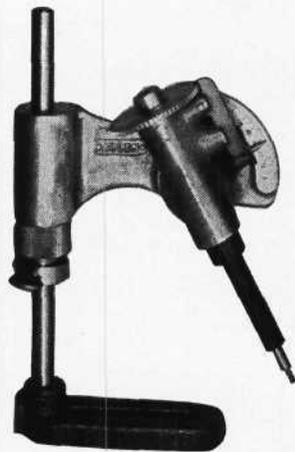
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AMATEUR GEM CUTTER

By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

As this appears the dealers should be in the midst of the greatest Christmas business they have ever known. All summer they have been stocking fine gem materials and the manufacturers have been supplying them with plenty of equipment. Everything is freely available again with the exception of motors, and they may be in the market before long. And there are many new books for the rock hunter and the rock student too. If you have rock or gem lovers in the family, Christmas giving should be no problem.

In spite of all the fine new saws, correspondents still write for speedier and larger saws, that will cut thinner. And of course they want them cheaper. We predict it will be a long time before they again are as cheap as they are right now, because of economic pressure that is being brought about with diamond bort controlled by a few people using it for political reasons.

Harold Odle of Rollins, Montana, typifies the feeling of the gemcutters in this letter: "I have tried to persuade manufacturers to build saws that wouldn't waste half of the material being sawed but they tell me such saws are impractical. The usual diamond saw is far too thick and with good Montana agate becoming a thing of the past these clubs we have for saws are disgusting. I have a practical saw; made from the door of an old Model T. It measures slightly under .027 after being recharged enough times to reduce the diameter from 15 to 13 inches. I have several saws made from old Dodge doors that are about .035.

"There is nothing better for saws than saw steel; a steel that has springiness but is plenty tough. It would be difficult to set with diamond but one could anneal the edge to the depth of the charge or weld a rim to it that would take and hold a charge. With all the present alloys to draw from isn't it strange that someone hasn't built a REAL diamond saw?" Odle continues by saying that he isn't looking for a cheap saw. If the cost was several times that of present saws it would pay for itself in material saved. "Another needed item," says Odle, "is a super-thin 3 or 4 inch saw for cutting faceting material. Other lapidary equipment has been rather thoroughly perfected. Who is going to make the saws we need?"

Who indeed? Does some manufacturer care to offer a reply about the problems involved? And please do not write and remind us that the Model T was popularly supposed to have been made of tin rather than steel.

J. Harry Howard of Greenville, South Carolina, offers a method for making a diamond wheel for less than a dollar. He advises the use of a 6 inch diameter cold rolled phosphor bronze 18-20 gauge lap. Score it thoroughly radially and "crossed up" with the corner of a thin safety razor blade by bearing down heavily. Continue the scoring for about 10 minutes until the surface is quite thoroughly cross-hatched. Wet the end of the finger with water, tip the vial of diamond dust against the finger and smear the adhering portion on about one third of the wheel surface. Repeat this operation two more times to cover the rest of the wheel. Take a round-edged agate about 1 inch square and rub the diamond dust into the wheel, keeping it wet. Continue this operation about 10 minutes, re-smearing frequently with the finger tip. Then start the wheel and grind the agate on it for a minute or two and the diamond will be set. I

watched Gene Allen, the equipment manufacturer, doing this at the San Diego mineral show. He performed the operation as outlined above with the exception of scoring the wheel, which he claimed was unnecessary as the diamond bort was set in the copper by rubbing with the agate. It does seem to me that scoring the wheel would be of benefit however.

We did not get to Seattle for the show of the Northwest Federation of Mineralogical Societies but reports from several sources indicate that probably it was the best mineral show ever held. The chief reasons for its success, in addition to the quality of the minerals and gems displayed were in the adequate room and lighting and the fine display cases. There is no substitute for plenty of lighting and room. This was demonstrated again at the very fine show of the San Diego Mineralogical Society on October 18-19, except that the lighting was inadequate. The latter show was the best mineral show we have ever witnessed (we're not speaking of lapidary shows) and it contained many beautiful specimens from the varied mineral storehouse of San Diego county. We were particularly impressed with the variety, quantity and quality of the lapidary display of Solon Kipp who has been cutting and polishing for less than a year.

The thing that made the last two shows of the Los Angeles Lapidary society so outstanding was the uniform display cases furnished by the Los Angeles county museum. This idea of uniformity was carried out to some extent this year by the San Jose Lapidary society and repeated in the Northwest show. The San Jose society developed a case that was ideal. It was made of metal with screw-in legs for easy dismantling and storing. The cases were high enough so that stooping was unnecessary and they had a sloping panel of glass with concealed fluorescent lighting. At the next show every member will be required to exhibit in this type case. Members of the society are building and selling them to members for \$16.00 each. As the society accumulates a surplus in the treasury it will pull two numbers from a raffle and buy back two cases at a time. In time it will own sufficient cases for every member's exhibit. This idea measures each exhibit with the same stick, for each has the same lighting and the same display area under identical conditions. The chief drawback is that the show becomes rather static because of its very uniformity.

We offer the first information available about the next show of the Los Angeles Lapidary society, to be held in the Los Angeles county museum, probably next February. A very unique experiment is being tried. No member's name will appear in the show at all and there will be no ribbons. The show is to be presented as an exhibit of the society itself with no personal glory for anyone. Members may submit any work they desire to exhibit to the society. The society will then select the best and present it to the museum whose authorities (?) will then select the items they regard as worthy of illustrating a special exhibit they are building around the idea of the history of the lapidary art from antiquity to the present. The society also will present another show at another location to keep an art from getting too arty.

GEMS AND MINERALS

FALLON ROCK CLUB FILES ON WONDERSTONE CLAIM

Fallon Rock and Gem club now is operating its own claim of Nevada Wonderstone, or picture rock. Plans call for inviting visiting members of other clubs to do their own surface mining and select their own specimens from the claim. The rhyolite on the claim is found in a great variety of colors and designs and will polish. Visitors may contact George Kell at the Southern Pacific depot mornings, or Sam Walters at Olds drug store afternoons.

The club holds a business meeting at 8:00 p. m. the first Tuesday of each month, and a guest speaker meeting on the third Tuesday of each month. Meetings are held at Oats Park school, the rear entrance to the building being used for access to the club meeting room. Visitors are welcome at meetings, "dressed as you are." Planned field trips are held the first Sunday after the business meeting.

The Fallon club has a sales table and is planning an exchange table in the near future. The organization is attempting to find quarters where club-owned lapidary equipment and a small testing laboratory can be set up.

ROCK PUPS HAVE 400 MEMBERS IN SALINAS AREA

A report by Mr. Hohberger at the October meeting of the Monterey Bay Mineral society, at Salinas Y.M.C.A. revealed that there now are 10 Rock Pups clubs with a membership of nearly 400 in the schools of the vicinity. School teachers are club leaders, aided by Mr. Hohberger, John Douglas and Dan Murray. Mr. Hohberger requested that the club form a committee to help carry on the Rock Pup work, and that it stage a show during the fall to encourage the young collectors.

Dr. Absjorn P. Ousdal, authority on fossil bacteria, spoke on that subject at the meeting. His talk was illustrated with slides of highly magnified cells of primitive life in meteorites which appear identical with cells of living primitive forms today. At the September meeting, V. E. Schoonover and Dan Williams demonstrated methods of making arrowheads, one using a sharpened deer's horn, the other a boar's tusk.

ERNEST CHAPMAN COLLECTION TO BE PRESERVED INTACT

Mrs. Ernest W. Chapman has announced that the collection of minerals and gems made by her husband during his lifetime, considered one of the finest in the West, will be preserved intact and eventually placed as a lasting memorial to him. Ernest W. Chapman died of a heart ailment on September 17. He was widely known in mineralogical circles throughout the West as a speaker and collector.

He was prominent in the California Federation of Mineralogical societies from its founding, and was second president of the organization. In Salt Lake City, in June, 1947, he helped organize the American Federation of Mineralogical societies, and in July he made his last visit to the Death Valley and Colorado desert regions.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN CHOSEN FOR 1948 CALIFORNIA SHOW

Progress on the 1948 state federation show plans was reported to the Long Beach Mineralogical society by Lowell R. Gordon, show chairman. Orin Purvis has been appointed business manager for the show and the following committee chairmen selected: commercial space, Roy Wagoner; competitive and individual exhibits, Jessie Hardman; banquet, Jane Fisher; reception, Jay Wilson; publicity, Fritz W. Schmidt, and program, Mr. Johnson. Floor plan for the show has been drawn and approved, and commercial spaces have been plotted and rental rates set. The show will be held in Long Beach Municipal Auditorium, July 16-18.

At the October 8 meeting of the society, to be held at the regular meeting place, 4104 Allyn street, Long Beach, Alfred Hake was to show his collection of transparencies. Milo Potter was to display material from the Chocolate mountains, where the club planned a field trip late in October.

National Mineral, Gem and Lapidary Dealers' association will hold its first semi-annual Dealers' exhibition on February 6-8, 1948, in San Bernardino municipal auditorium, located in Pioneer park. Information on the exhibition may be obtained by writing Edw. Lang, general manager, at P. O. Box 1195, Santa Monica, California.

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El Paso Mineral and Gem society has joined the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineral societies. Officers of the club are Col. A. S. Imell, president; Mrs. D. T. Harris, vice-president; Mrs. R. H. Miller, Rt. 42, Box 63, Ascarate Park, El Paso, Texas, secretary; Mrs. B. R. Newell, treasurer. The club plans its first big exhibit in April. Weekly field trips are planned during fall and winter.

AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Officers of the Monterey Bay Mineral society were named at the September meeting of the club, held in Salinas, California, Y.M.C.A. Mr. A. W. Flippin is president; Dr. Kenneth Blaylock, vice-president; Mrs. Louise H. Fraser, secretary; G. H. Nelson, treasurer; Mrs. Earl Roe, federation director; T. G. Emmons, advisor; H. M. Samuelson, D. E. Perry, H. W. Powers, directors. Chairmen selected were: program, Milo Daughters; refreshment, William Peall; membership, Frederick Merlow; reception, Mrs. A. W. Flippin; raffle and display, V. E. Schoonover; field trip, V. L. Fraser; gem of the month, William O. Eddy.

Eleventh year of the Colorado Mineral society was to open on Friday, October 3, with a talk by Samuel A. Gustavson, mineral economics division of United States bureau of mines, on "Metal Mining in Colorado Today." Chester R. Howard is president of the Colorado society; Harvey C. Markham, vice-president; and Mrs. Mary A. Piper, 220 State Museum building, Denver, secretary. Richard M. Pearl, Colorado college, Colorado Springs, is editor of the monthly club publication, *Mineral Minutes*.

Mineralogical Society of Southern California was to hold a meeting in the lecture room of the Pasadena public library, on October 13. Speaker for the evening was to be Warren R. Jones of Sierra Madre, recently returned from a six month mineral collecting expedition into South America. He was to talk about the emerald mines at Muso, Columbia, copper and vanadium mines of Peru and the tin mines of Bolivia. Jones brought back with him what is declared to be the largest piece of cassiterite in the world, weighing 350 pounds. Louis Vance, display chairman, plans an exhibit of South American minerals for the evening.

Albert and Adele Radich were to be host and hostess at the October meeting of the Southwest Mineralogists. Albert Radich was to speak on "The Continental Drift." Grace and Herbert Collins, W. A. Clarke, Mae and Charles Cook, Margaret Cotton, and Dorothy and Jack Craig were scheduled to display material at the meeting. The club planned a field trip, October 18-19, to Lead Pipe springs in San Bernardino county, for blue agate.

Alluvial fans were discussed by George J. Belleman, instructor in geology and anthropology at Los Angeles city college, at the September meeting of Pomona Valley Mineral club. The talk was illustrated with slides showing graphically how the fans are made. Club members displayed cut and polished specimens and silver work. Old Baldy Lapidary society members were guests at the meeting, held in the chemistry building at Pomona college.

Sequoia Mineral society scheduled its October meeting at Parlier Union high school, Fresno. C. F. Cole of Fresno State college faculty was to speak on the geology and glaciation periods of the Columbia river basin and Grand Coulee dam area. An old fashioned box supper was planned for the November meeting.

Regular meeting of Kern County Mineral society was planned for October 13 in the sales room of the Coca-Cola Bottling building, 414 19th street, Bakersfield, California, at 7:30 p. m. George Sagen was to be speaker for the meeting. Vincent Morgan of Boron talked and displayed borax specimens from Boron at the September meeting, which was attended by 34 members and six visitors.

First winter meeting of the Orange Belt Mineralogical society was held October 7 in the social hall of San Bernardino Valley college. Pictures *Sand and Flame* and *Carlsbad Caverns* were shown by the General Petroleum corporation. Mr. Filer, field trip chairman, announced a trip to Mule canyon October 19 for onyx and palm wood. The whole society was working on its efforts to make its first gem and mineral show, planned for November 7-9 at the National Orange Show building in San Bernardino, a success.

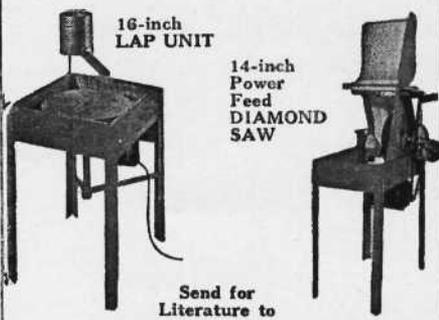
Featured at the October meeting of Santa Monica Gemological society was a talk by Professor W. R. B. Osterholt of Santa Monica city college, on the geology of the Mojave region. He explained that the region has experienced four separate elevations above and depressions below sea level, and discussed the part geology and the geologist plays in the mining industry. First field trip of the season was planned for Horse canyon in search of moss agate.

San Fernando Valley Mineral and Gem society held its regular monthly meeting October 9 at Sepulveda Women's club. George Parker, club member, lectured on silver. Final arrangements were made for the club's fourth annual exhibition of minerals, gem stones, jewelry and lapidary art, which was planned for October 25-26 at the North Hollywood Recreation center, 5301 Tujunga avenue, North Hollywood. A field trip was scheduled for October 19 to the quarry at Riverside, in search of star quartz. Regular meeting night of the club is the second Thursday of each month, and visitors are welcome.

William Sandborn, geologist of Yellowstone national park, lectured on the Yellowstone area at the October meeting of the Los Angeles Lapidary society. His talk covered locations where mineral collecting could be done outside the park and the stories of little known areas within the park itself. The Faceteer branch of the society heard Sam Waagenaar explain the art of cutting and polishing a diamond at their October meeting, held in the museum building at Exposition park. Waagenaar is a diamond cutter from Amsterdam, Holland, whose family has followed diamond cutting for generations. October field trip of the club was to Trona, where members attended the Searles Lake Mineral and Gem society Mineral and Hobby show.

Mineralogical Society of Arizona opened its fall season with a business meeting on October 2 at the new meeting place, Technocracy Hall, 317 East Indian School Road. At the October 16 meeting a motion picture, *Dangers of Mining*, was to be presented by Allan Sharp of the U. S. bureau of mines. Plans called for a portion of each meeting to be devoted to identification and discussion of specimens brought in by the members. It was announced that, due to the lag in the building program at the Phoenix technical school, projected classes in lapidary work would not be started this semester.

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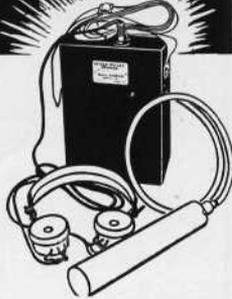
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Pacific Mineral Society, Inc., was entertained at its October meeting by a talk by Wm. R. Harriman, president of the Los Angeles Mineralogical society, on "The Romance of Gold Mining." Harriman, who is a graduate of the Arizona School of Mines declared that the total amount of gold produced in the history of mankind would make a 50-foot cube. In the old days, he said, the hide of a sheep was used in sluice boxes to catch and retain the gold and Jason's quest for the golden fleece was an actual expedition to Colchis after gold. He stated that Jedediah Smith found gold on the east side of the Sierra Nevada in 1826, and took out about \$30,000 worth. Mexican miners worked a placer deposit in Ventura county, California, in 1839, taking out \$65,000, he said. Dr. Foster displayed his collection of Brazilian phantom quartz crystals and gold specimens from California, Arizona, Colorado and Nevada.

Place of meeting of the San Gorgonio Gem and Mineral society has been moved to the high school study hall, where the society will meet at 8:00 p. m. on the third Wednesday of each month. Paul Walker of Beaumont spoke on "Earth Science" at the September 17 meeting of the club.

Parker D. Trask, state geologist, was listed to speak at the November 20 meeting of the East Bay Mineral society on the subject, "The Bikini Atom Bomb." Official Navy pictures of the explosion were scheduled to be shown. The November 6 meeting was to deal with modern methods of cutting and polishing. The club is purchasing a public address system which was tried out for the first time at the October 16 meeting. Mailing address of the group is given as P. O. Box 1196 Zone 4, Oakland, California.

Sacramento Mineral society held its annual exhibit of thousands of mineral specimens, cut and polished stones and jewelry at Clunie clubhouse in McKinley park, Alhambra boulevard and F street, October 11-12. Large crowds attended the show.

Members of Searles Lake Gem and Mineral society visited Petroglyph canyon in NOTS area in October, and were so interested in the petroglyphs that they found no time for a proposed search for "desert diamonds" near Little Lake. Mr. and Mrs. Esty of Inyokern acted as guides to the area and Vernon Carr assisted as guide while the group continued to hunt obsidian, cinnabar, obsidian and sulphur in the Darwin, Olancho, Coso and Mercury hot springs, and Devil's Kitchen regions. The Searles society held its annual Hobby and Mineral show October 18-19, and advance reports indicated a successful program.

Members of San Jose Lapidary society made a September trip to the Hall of Science in San Francisco, where "Uncle Billy" Pitts took them behind the scenes to see his lapidary equipment and the material that he has worked up. Mr. Vogel was listed as the club speaker for the November meeting, and members were asked to display at least three pieces of their latest work at the meeting.

The Mid-West Federation of Geological societies held its annual convention in Detroit, August 23-25. New officers elected at the convention were: George C. Anderson, Chicago Rocks and Minerals society, president; Benedict B. Bagrowski, Wisconsin Geological society, vice-president; Loretta E. Koppen, Geological Society of Minnesota, secretary; E. Lillian Mihelec, Michigan Mineralogical society, treasurer. The convention voted unanimously to ratify the constitution and by-laws of the newly organized National Federation of Mineralogical societies. The 1948 convention was set for Chicago, with Chicago Rocks and Minerals society the host, assisted by the Marquette Geologists association.

VANDALISM IS REPORTED IN GINKGO STATE PARK

Ginkgo petrified forest in the Ginkgo state park, 27 miles east of Ellensburg, Washington, is being vandalized, members of the state parks and recreation commission were informed at a recent meeting. Tom Stockdale, operator of a tourist resort in the area told commission members that vandals were driving in over Whiskey Dick mountain and over back roads to haul off whole petrified logs and other specimens in the park area. Commission members authorized deputizing Stockdale and his wife and two brothers, who own land adjoining the 5900 acre park. State Park Director Tom Martin announced that a second caretaker has been put on the job in the park.

James Montague, Wisconsin Geological society member spoke on "Silurians of Wisconsin and Illinois" at the September meeting of the Chicago Rocks and Minerals society, held in the Green Briar Field House. He explained that while the Silurian was a short geological age, it produced many of the more familiar fossils: the fossil sponges and corals, the crinoids, brachiopods, cephalopods and trilobites. At the August meeting, Randall Wright, geology instructor at University of Illinois lectured on igneous rocks, their formation and composition. The Chicago club planned a joint field trip with the Wisconsin Geological society October 5, to the Ives Quarry in Racine, Wisconsin, to collect fossils.

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Cascade Natural Science club of the Columbia Gorge area has published an annual bulletin, *Cascade Carnelian*, which lists club members, constitution and by-laws, and outlines the programs for the past year. Bronc Willmore was editor of the attractive mimeographed pamphlet. Cascade club officers are: J. O. Hutchings, Carson, president; James Ferguson, Skamania, vice-president; Bronc Willmore, P. O. Box 146, North Bonneville, Washington, secretary-treasurer.

Chester Howard spoke on Western collecting areas at the September meeting of the Cheyenne Geology club held on the first Friday of the month in the chamber of commerce building, Cheyenne, Wyoming.

Imperial Valley Gem and Mineral society elected officers for the year at the October 15 meeting in the county court house, El Centro. Ira Huffman is the new president of the club; Maurice Pratt, first vice-president; Harry Seaman, second vice-president; Theda Deem, 453 Holt street, El Centro, secretary-treasurer; Arthur L. Eaton, advisor; C. K. Patton and Louise Eaton, directors. Retiring President Sam Robinson automatically became a director. Rudolph Miller talked on conservation at the meeting, and showed kodachrome slides of Mississippi flood damage.

Nebraska Mineralogy and Gem club held its first fall meeting at Joslyn Memorial Print Room in Omaha October 13, 1947. Emil Weurich was to tell about his trailer trip and show specimens collected. Sharpe Osmundson planned to show a picture of Mauna Loa in eruption and Bob Berry was scheduled to demonstrate the use of the Geiger Counter. A field trip was planned for October 19 to fossil collecting stations along the Platte river. The club was to meet at the picnic grounds at the state fisheries near Gretna, Nebraska.

Resuming monthly programs after a summer's work preparing for the Northwest convention, the Gem Collectors' club of Seattle met at the chamber of commerce on September 16, with 110 members present. Speaker of the evening was Don Major of Tenino, Washington, who related experiences on a trip in South America. October meeting was held at the Elks' Temple, which will be the future meeting place of the group. During this meeting, a mineralogy group was organized to hold once-a-month classes, as do the lapidary and jewelry groups. Mrs. Murbach spoke at the meeting and color slides of Bryce, Zion and Grand Canyon were presented by Bob Bradley.

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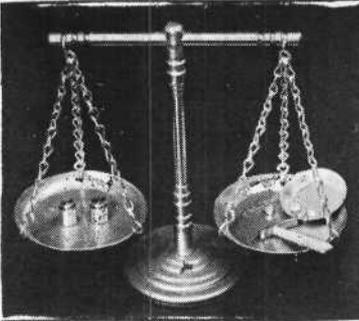
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Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound
By LOUISE EATON

Deserts is a matter of comparison and contrast with surrounding territory. If you're used to the Colorado desert—bare except in dry washes—high deserts in other places with trees and even summit water don't seem like deserts. Wun thing, however, that all deserts has besides heat is their long tedious roads which are merely a means to get from here to there as fast as possible.

Prospectors who served as sorta pioneers for rockhounds didn't have good roads nor bad wuns either, most uv the time. But they found their ores an years later recollected where they'd seen agate or uther rok uv interest to rockhounds. The prospektor may not have remembered xact location of the agate patch but general direckshuns are enuf to lead a rockhoun to pay dirt. He can almost smell out good specimens.

Deserts an pies has points in common—therz pies and pies, deserts an deserts. Sum is mighty good—uthers don't amount to mutch even after yu digs into um.

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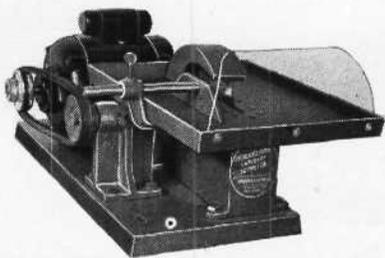
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Final field trip of the 1947 season, for the Minnesota Mineral club was scheduled for October 4, to gravel pits in the vicinity of Northfield, Minnesota. C. F. Colvin was to act as guide. The September trip was to the granite quarries and shops of the St. Cloud area.

Field work of women geologists was described at the October meeting of the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society of Prescott by Miss Wononah Eckstein. Mrs. Phillip Kreiger gave an account of the garnet mines in the Adirondacks, where garnets are mined by the carload for abrasives. Miss Eckstein and Mrs. Kreiger are working for the U. S. geological survey, mapping the Prescott quadrangle. They are using the U. S. forestry map photographed from the air to record the geological formations. Moulton B. Smith, club president, gave a talk, illustrated with kodachrome pictures, describing a trip which he and Mrs. Smith took through Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Colorado and New Mexico. October field trip was to Bagdad, where calcite crystals, zeolites, chalcedony, siliceous sinter and barite crystals were collected.

Ladies of the Texas Mineral society of Dallas were in charge of the October meeting which was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. LaDew. Dr. Mary Skinker of the geology department of Hockaday college spoke on fossils. Picnic supper was served, with Mrs. R. C. McIver in charge of arrangements.

Northern California Mineral society held its annual Open House program at the American Veteran's hall, 10th and Judah streets, San Francisco on October 4, with a large crowd of mineral lovers in attendance. William Meader, who has conducted society lapidary classes for three years, displayed 2000 cut and polished stones. William Kane had a large exhibit of cabochons and faceted smoky quartz, crystal and rose quartz. Cecil Iden, club jewelry instructor, showed jewelry made by himself and some members of his class. Walter Lamore, Michael Hanna, Ethel McNeil, Richard Dumond and Charles Hansen exhibited various materials. Dr. Austin F. Rogers was speaker of the evening. A. E. Treganza, of the department of anthropology, University of California, was scheduled to talk at the October 15 meeting.

George A. Ashley, formerly at Rancho Mirage, has bought the Sickler kunzite mines at Pala and expects to have them in production by the end of October. He will live on the property and cut and polish the kunzite there.

Members of the San Diego Mineralogical society have been informed that should they trespass on private property or commit acts of vandalism or be a party to such acts while on private field trips, then try to use membership in the society as a means of escaping censorship or punishment, they will be subject to immediate dismissal by the board.

J. J. McSorley, owner of the Calaveras Crystal mines explained the history of the mines to N. L. Martin, secretary of the Pacific Mineral society of Los Angeles when Martin visited Mokelumne Hill this summer. The area was worked by Frenchmen during the gold rush. McSorley's father bought the mines in 1876, and used a five-stamp mill to crush the gold-bearing gravel, which was almost a conglomerate. In one 1500-foot section of the old channel a bed of optical quality quartz crystals—the largest weighing 2200 pounds—was found. The crystals had no value then, but 15-20 tons were bought by the Japanese before World War II, and the remainder purchased by our government during the war. Even the chips have been picked up now, and the dumps screened. The mine is considered worked out.

EVENING CLASS IN CRYSTALS, OPTICS BEING GIVEN

Victor Arciniega is instructing a group of 30 amateur facet cutters in "Crystallography and Optics" at Manual Arts evening high school located on South Vermont avenue in Los Angeles. The class, which started September 26, meets each Friday night from 6:30 to 10:00 p. m. Arciniega has prepared the texts for the class so that they especially will cover the means of recognizing and identifying gem materials and the optical requirements for facet cutting such crystals. Most of the members of the Faceteer section of the Los Angeles Lapidary society are in attendance and some members of the faceting group which meets at R and B Artcraft.

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The bureau of mines reports that domestic business in semi-precious stones sky-rocketed from \$40,000 in 1945 to \$325,000 in 1946. Most important domestic stones produced in 1946 were nephrite jade, agate, turquoise, and variscite. The best jade in Alaska was said to have brought \$55 a pound, while the best from Wyoming brought \$15 a pound, according to the bureau report. Nevada was reported as the leading turquoise producer, turning out \$40,000 in 1946. One mine at Manassa, Colorado, produced \$30,000 worth of turquoise.

Program at the October 4 meeting of the Marquette Geologists association was to consist of talks by members on lapidary methods and machines, and a display of lapidary equipment. At the September meeting members reported on the Midwest convention and upon summer collecting trips.

Mineralogical Society of Southern Nevada collectors are building reference notebooks by having members type copies of articles hard to obtain, then distributing the copies to the membership.

DIAMONDS USED TO DETECT AND MEASURE RADIOACTIVITY

The national bureau of standards at Washington has announced that diamonds are extremely sensitive to radioactivity and can be used to detect and measure it. Diamonds tested by the bureau have been used to detect and count gamma radiation, which is used medically in the treatment of malignant diseases, to study nuclear physics and to examine large pieces of metal for flaws. The diamond has shown itself to be 1000 times more sensitive than the Geiger counter for these purposes. Diamonds also are almost indestructible, the bureau claims, while man-made counters wear out within two years.

Industrial diamonds used for counters must be colorless and flawless. When used as a counter, the diamond is put between two small brass electrodes and subjected to gamma radiation. One thousand volts of electricity is sent across the diamond, which is hooked to a counting device. While the diamond is the hardest of known substances, its atoms are wide spread, with plenty of room for electrons knocked off by the gamma radiations to travel, and the electron traveling sets up an electrical pulse that can be measured, the report states. Atoms in the diamond crystal are aligned in unusually regular patterns which permits the electron to follow a regular path.

Geology at Pala

The pegmatite veins of the Pala tourmaline district of California are of graphic granite underlain with either a layered rock of alternating garnet rich and garnet poor rock, or a layer of albite, according to Dr. Richard Jahns of the geological department of California Institute of Technology. Careful mapping of the mines in the pegmatite has shown that the pockets in which the gem material is found are closely related to lenses of massive quartz found in the pegmatite, and occur along the foot wall or bottom of these massive quartz zones. The graphic granite was formed first, then the lime rock. The granite dissolved away to form a pocket. Crystals of quartz, microcline, gem spodumene, kunzite, tourmaline, topaz and beryl were deposited in these cavities under quiet conditions which permitted clear, perfect crystals to form.

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An enormous assortment of material has been made available to rockhounds in Richard M. Pearl's new **MINERAL COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK**. Pearl has compiled a sort of encyclopedia of mineral collecting which undoubtedly will become an important item in every serious rock hobbyist's library. The book includes sections on the preservation of specimens and methods of classifying, valuing and recording them. There are tables for gem identification and crystal classification; a listing of known fluorescent minerals, their principal localities, and colors of fluorescence; and the classification and composition of meteorites.

The chemical elements are given and the minerals which represent the chief chemical elements, listed under the elements. There is a section on testing minerals, including scales for hardness and fusibility, and bead, charcoal, solubility chemical and flame tests, and tests for the elements. Of great interest is the vocabulary for the mineral collector, which explains the terms used in describing geology, minerals, crystals, rocks, and mining. There are tables listing meaning of symbols and abbreviations, and divisions on the origin of mineral

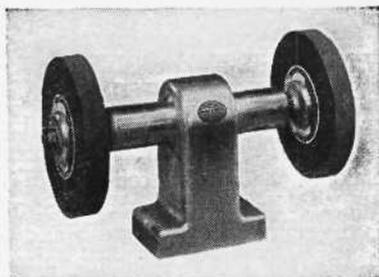
names and the ancestry of geologic words. Instructions are given for staking a mining claim and the agencies from which maps may be obtained are listed. There is a useful bibliography of literature on the subject, and directories of mineral museums of the world and mineral societies of the United States.

Pearl is an ardent collector and one of the prime movers in the organization of mineral groups, at present being vice-president of the newly organized American Federation of Mineralogical societies. He knows the sort of information rockhounds need. **MINERAL COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK** is the first book to appear in a long time, which offers new material to the collector. Anyone interested in minerals will find something of value in it.

Mineral Book Company, Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1947. 297 pps. \$3.75.

New officers of Coachella Valley Mineral society were elected at a meeting held in October in the auditorium of the Coachella valley water board. O. A. Rush will be president of the club during the 1947-48 season with Ted Gentry, vice-president; Dietrich Wilson, secretary-treasurer; Dorothy Fulhaber, assistant secretary-treasurer. J. C. Rusk was named field trip director.

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DEATH VALLEY BOOKLET LISTS PLANTS, BIRDS, ANIMALS

In *DEATH VALLEY HANDBOOK*, George Palmer Putnam has assembled bits of information about the wildlife, climate and history of the Death Valley region. Putnam calls it an incomplete supplement to his earlier book, *Death Valley and Its Country*, and that is an accurate description.

The most important feature of the small volume is a check list of 608 plants found in the region, compiled by W. B. McDougall, naturalist in the park service. This list gives scientific and popular names, and the places where and times when the specimens listed were collected. Fairly complete information also is given for six of the lizards found in the valley. But only the popular names without any supplementary information are given for French Gilman's list of 179 birds and Dr. Joseph Grinnell's list of 25 mammals found in the area.

Students of birds, mammals and minerals, will be disappointed that their subjects have been dealt with so briefly in this volume. Putnam suggests that additional information may be obtained in the library in monument headquarters. It is regrettable that he did not take the time to include it in the volume for use in the field.

The section on climate, from figures compiled by Monument Chief Ranger E. E. Ogston is interesting and complete. The chronology of Death Valley is interesting but leaves important dates unrecorded.

DEATH VALLEY HANDBOOK gives the impression of having gone to the publishers too soon—before it was fully completed. Expanded, it would have made an excellent appendix for Putnam's *Death Valley and Its Country*, and in combination with that excellent volume would have provided the most complete and authoritative book available on the Death Valley region.

Duell, Sloan and Pearce, New York, 1947. \$2.00.

CALIFORNIA MAMMALS' STORY TOLD FOR NATURALISTS

MAMMALS OF CALIFORNIA provides a long-needed handbook through which visitors to the out-of-doors can become better acquainted with their wild neighbors of desert, mountain and plain. Lloyd Glenn Ingles, professor of zoology at Fresno, California, state college, wrote the book with the amateur and beginning naturalist specifically in mind. In addition

to simplified scientific keys for the identification of all species, there are entertaining, well-written descriptions of the lives and habits of wild animals. The book is splendidly illustrated and well printed.

Dr. Ingles took most of the photographic illustrations himself. He and his wife motored, packed and hiked throughout California, from Death Valley to the High Sierras taking pictures and collecting material. The desert mammals are well represented, with the coyote, kit fox, mountain sheep, bob cat, ground squirrel, chipmunk, kangaroo rats and mice, and rabbits among others. Because California has a wide range of life zones, the book also would be useful in many areas outside the state.

Stanford University Press, Palo Alto, California, 258 pps., illustrations, appendix, table of contents. \$4.00.

• • •

NEW MINERAL KEY WRITTEN FOR AMATEUR COLLECTORS

Few mineral identification tables have been compiled expressly for the amateur mineralogist and rock collector. *THE MINERAL KEY*, by Howard B. Graves, Jr., is the simplest yet to appear, and the author has done a remarkable job in making understandable the terms used and methods followed in identifying minerals. With these tables and the relatively inexpensive equipment listed, even the rockhound with little scientific training should be able to identify his specimens.

More than 800 minerals, nearly all the species the collector is likely to find or be able to buy, are included in the tables. The minerals are identified chiefly by physical features, being classified primarily under color and streak, then cleavage and luster,

where applicable. Under these headings are the tables with hardness, fracture, fusibility, crystal system and the other means of identification. Confirmatory tests with reagents, blowpipe and the rest are given last, where necessary.

The book includes a complete list of the chemicals and apparatus needed for testing, with inexpensive substitutes suggested wherever possible. It explains physical properties and simple chemical tests, and includes specific tests for the elements. There is a species index and a general index. The author, in addition to being a mineral collector, is a chemist with the research division of International Minerals and Chemical corporation and formerly was chemist for E. I. Du Pont De Nemours and geologist for the Texas company.

Considering its size and lack of illustrations, the price of *THE MINERAL KEY* is high. It is not of great importance to the advanced student who has no trouble with college texts and tables depending on specific gravity or chemical composition. But it will be of real value to the amateur who is confused or discouraged by the scientific complexities which obscure many otherwise excellent keys. And it is a convenient size for field trips.

McGraw Hill Book company, New York, 1947. 178 pps., \$4.00.

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BOOK BRIEFS . . .

In *The Barber of Tubac*, typical Nelson C. Nye western, Tuck Eddards meets a lot of queer characters when he comes to the little Arizona town, a fugitive from a Mexican revolution. Tuck wanted to be a cowhand. He was willing to stick to barbering until he could save up enough money to buy his own outfit. But he got all tangled up with Chacha, a beautiful redhead, and Duarte Gallivan the town boss, and particularly with that odd creature, Dink Leecham. Pretty soon they all were looking for the lost and legendary Planchas de Plata silver mine and Tuck was forced to be a hero and a gunslinger in spite of himself. Published by Macmillan company, 1947. \$2.00.

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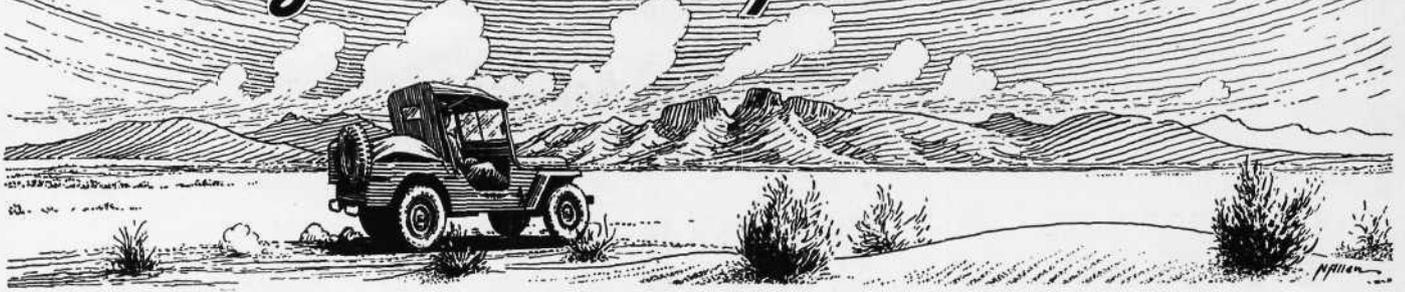
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————— **AT ALL BOOK STORES** —————

Just Between You and Me



By RANDALL HENDERSON

DURING the months before Desert Magazine was started, in 1937, one of the good friends to whom I went for counsel was Nellie Coffman of the Desert Inn in Palm Springs. I wanted to have the benefit of her good judgment and vision before undertaking this venture into a new and unexplored field of journalism.

"Keep it true to the desert," she told me, "and you will win out." She liked the idea of a magazine which would emphasize the cultural more than the commercial aspect of the desert country. Her encouragement was an important factor in the decision to launch the project.

On November 1, Mrs. Coffman passed her 80th birthday, and friends feted her with a party in which there was a double measure of gayety because of the success of an operation which had restored her eyesight after four years of near-blindness.

Nellie Coffman has made a success of her Inn. More important, she has made a success of her life. Palm Springs did not turn out to be exactly the type of town she had visualized. She wanted the quiet restful atmosphere she has always maintained in the spacious grounds of the Inn to pervade the community. But the town got out of hand. The sophisticated crowd moved in and brought its carnival along.

But Nellie Coffman accepted that as a challenge—not as a defeat. She has remained both a guardian angel and a fighting crusader for the cultural phases of community development—the schools, the library, the museum and scores of other projects in which human values more than dollars were at stake.

The growth of Palm Springs has been little short of miraculous. But that was no mere accident. Beneath the glamorous super-structure which Hollywood and the smart set have brought to the desert resort, is a solid foundation of vision and integrity—a foundation for which Nellie Coffman has always been the leading architect.

I am grateful that my friend again can share with me the beauty of the desert sunsets.

* * *

Perhaps you have read, on another page of this issue, about the new home to be built for Desert and its staff.

We had to have more room—more floor space for bigger presses, more working desks for the girls in the circulation department, more parking space for cars, and better reception facilities for the friends who come to our office for information, or to browse around and look over the books and the exhibits which accumulate in such a place as this.

We like to have visitors, and it has been embarrassing to us that we lacked adequate accommodations for them. For Desert is something more than a printing factory. It is a service institution where folks come in person or through the mails to ask about every question under the desert sun. And sometimes they do not even confine their queries to the desert. Recently a correspondent wanted to know where he could get a water snake,

a giant water beetle, and some eels. That one nearly floored me. But I hope the Miami chamber of commerce to whom I referred the inquiry was able to fill the order.

If everything goes according to schedule we will be moving into the new quarters at Palm Desert early next summer. Desert Magazine and its affiliated enterprises will have 40 acres of good desert sand on which to expand. I thought when I selected the spot we would have mostly jackrabbits and lizards for neighbors. But you can't keep these California real estate men down. Now they are clearing away the greasewood and building paved streets and homes and coffee shops on three sides of us. But that has some advantages. It has simplified our problem of getting water and gas and electricity and a postoffice.

Some of the new development in that neighborhood is pretty swanky. But that will not affect the character of Desert Magazine. Our goal is to keep Desert genuine and wholesome and thoughtful. We hope we'll never be described as sophisticated or "smart" or glamorous.

For the present, all mail should come to El Centro. We'll let you know when our mailing address is changed, and when that time comes there will be a welcome sign on the door for all readers of Desert Magazine.

* * *

Los Angeles is having trouble with its garbage. When they dump it in the ocean it pollutes the beaches, and when it is burned it pollutes the air with smog. I hope they find a solution—but not the one suggested in the following quotation from a recent Los Angeles newspaper:

"Distant desert lowlands may become the dumping ground for garbage and other rubbish originating in Los Angeles county, if a plan given yesterday for study to County Manager Wayne Allen materializes. Chairman Raymond V. Darby of the board of supervisors asked Allen to investigate the possibility of a contract with railways under which the rubbish would be loaded at designated points and carried to remote desert canyons for use as land fill."

I don't know whose idea that is, but I could be put in jail for what I have been thinking about the sonuvagun. We do not have any canyons out here on the desert that are available for Los Angeles garbage dumps. We don't want them filled with rubbish, or with anything else. They already have been reserved for other and more important purposes.

We want them kept clean and fresh—and remote. We would preserve them as sanctuaries for youth who would explore, for students who would become better acquainted with the handiwork of the Creator, for the scientist, the prospector, and as a retreat for all men and women whose sense of values has become upset by the babble of a confused civilization. These remote desert canyons are the one place on earth where humans may still find peace. We desert folks want to keep them that way.

GHOST TOWN

By ALICE BANKERT
Denver, Colorado

The boom that she witnessed
Has petered out now,
Leavin' her standin', a desolate sight,
A crumble of buildings where sands of the plains
Have packed all her relics and boardwalks down tight.
Dusts of a century
Joined with the rains
On warped outer roof tops are cavin'
The walls that looked down on her rip-roarin' days
To crush out what few hopes she's savin'.
Winds of a past era
Howl with her dead,
Mute mountains look down on her valley of death

Where famished wolves cry to a desolate sky
That shifting sand beds have quenched out with their breath.
The scars on her countenance,
Grounds strewn with bones
Echo the warwhoop and buffalo raids
Through misshapen panes and festered rust stains
Where grim sun bleached tomb stones and tumbleweed fades.
Her days of gold dust
Have ended in naught,
But the unrestrained drainage on rich blistered slopes
That fanned her to flame, then left her in shame,
A ghost town, alone with her hopes.



Rawhide, Nevada. Photo by Harold O. Weight, 1946.

BORREGO IN DECEMBER

By CORA M. DEBOYER
Chula Vista, California

A God-like artist in days of old
Dipped his brush in a pot of gold,
Dipped again in a pot of red—
A soft grey color between he spread.

Then he worked with tireless vim,
Modeling and blending the colors in
Then far up into the azure blue
He put in a tone of roseate hue.

Still higher up he flecked in white,
And edged it round with amber light.
For greater contrast then he made
The grey near the white a darker shade.

This wonderful painting then he took
Using a star here and there for a hook.
Hard he worked with this inspired whim,
Till he joined it onto the desert's rim.

Thus it hangs in this later day—
That all may see who travel this way;
You can see it each morn, and at set of sun—
A desert painting excelled by none.

And they who travel upon this earth
Aren't able to fathom the painting's worth.
But the work was named by this artist wise,
He called his painting "Desert Skies."

THE DESERT BELLS

By MARIE Z. JELLIFFE
Claremont, California

Tonight I hear the Christmas bells.
They ring in winter desert flowers.
I count the precious holy hours
As every bloom a story tells:
Of one bright Star that shines tonight
Far brighter, fairer than the rest,
And by its light the desert land
Is once again by Christmas blest.

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WHEN DARKNESS COMES

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

The evening shadows stretch long arms
To pull the night-shades low;
Lest lingering twilight, with its charms,
Should let the light still show.

I sense the stillness creeping in;
I feel the air grow chill.
Come lonely thoughts that seem akin
To sadness, 'gainst my will.

Yet, night-time has its rightful place;
And I would have it so.
But in the darkness give me grace
To keep my faith aglow.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE TOIYABES

By NELL MURBARGER
Costa Mesa, California

Happy hearts are laughing in the city streets,
tonight;
The Christmas lights will soon begin to glow;
Holly wreaths and tinsel are entwined with gar-
lands gay
In the windows that are shining down below.

I seem to hear the carols that are bursting from
the throats;
I seem to catch an old, familiar hail . . .
But December's wind is wailing through this
dark and stormy land,
That engulfs my lonely cabin, like a jail.

The snow has found a crevice and is sifting on
the floor;
My tiny window panes are frosted white;
The flames are licking, hungry, at the pinewood
in the grate,
But they can't dispel my loneliness . . . tonight.

I'll be wrapped again tomorrow in the glory of
the hills,
For I know the city's bustle soon would pall;
But, tonight, I'm sitting . . . dreaming . . . of
the land that lies "outside,"
While the firelight flickers on my cabin wall.



Photograph by Alice M. Hartman, Indio, California.

Here is the story of the TA-BAR-ZAL

Many years ago, a lone palm was noticed bearing an unusual date, different from all others. No one knew where it came from, how it reached our Desert Valley, whether it grew from seed or offshoot (young palm). The palm's fame spread. We wondered about it, watched it grow, and then did something. A date horticulturist carefully nurtured the Ta-bar-zal's offshoots. Tenderly, and with loving devotion, he sustained them, helping them grow into healthy, mature palms. As the years passed and the palms multiplied, the thought struck us—"COULD THIS REALLY BE A TRUE AMERICAN DATE—A NEW SPECIES?" Today, we know the answer. YES! The Ta-bar-zal is exclusive with Valerie Jean. We own the entire crop production of this truly distinctive American date. Although this year's crop is estimated at only 40,000 pounds, we are happy to offer it to you. We know you will be delighted with this rare sweetmeat of the California desert.

TA-BAR-ZAL... A true desert dessert

At last . . . we can offer you the TA-BAR-ZAL. For many years, we have not had enough of these precious dates to offer them for sale. Half again as large as an ordinary date, the TA-BAR-ZAL literally "melts in your mouth." The meat is very sweet and of a creamy, delicate texture—all contained in a tissue-

thin, transparent, natural film. This is a fiberless date, mellow clear to the seed. Remember . . . the TA-BAR-ZAL is a 100% invert sugar date . . . edible by all who require such food. Each date packed in an individual cup for safe shipment. Keep cold when received to retain fresh fruit flavor.

Rare, delicate, and succulent—the TA-BAR-ZAL is deliciously different—a fruit of unique distinction. This precious Ta-bar-zal is grown in only one Coachella Date Garden. So tender when harvested, it must be handled with utmost care and immediately packed into individual pound boxes to prevent crushing. This Jewel of the Desert emanates goodness, flavor, and quality such as you have never tasted.

4 pounds \$ 4.70
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 (Delivered prepaid--flats by express)

RUSS NICOLL, Owner

Valerie Jean Date Shop

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