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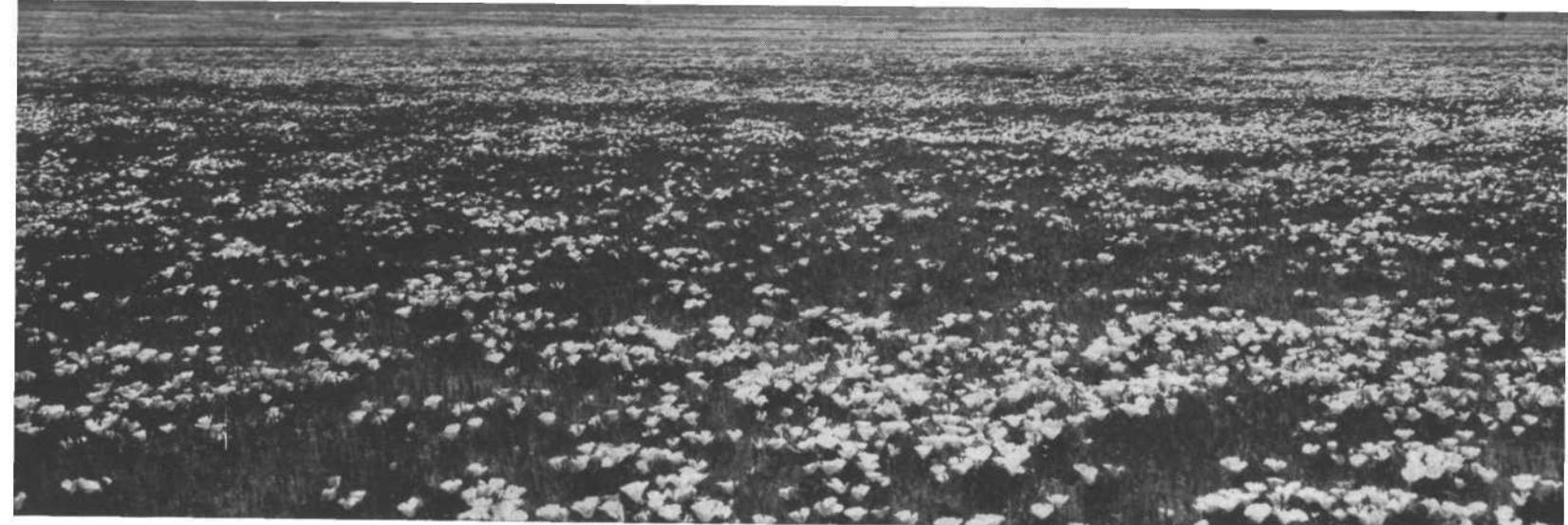
Desert

M A G A Z I N E



JANUARY, 1949

35 CENTS



Why Make Your Home in *Palm Desert* ?

Travelers and home-seekers from all over the United States are coming to the desert country each year in increasing numbers—and if you ask why the semi-arid land of the Southwest has become such a powerful lure for Americans, one of the answers is

SUNSHINE

Here in a sheltered cove at the base of California's Santa Rosa mountains where the new community of Palm Desert is being built the sun shines clear and warm nearly every day in the year.

There is no fog—none of the gas-laden smog which has become a plague to dwellers in the industrial communities. Seldom are the days even overcast with clouds. Two or three times a year there are a few hours of rain—just enough to freshen the landscape and start the desert flowers sprouting. But for the most part this is a land blessed with sunshine—warm, relaxing, health-giving sunshine. Humans thrive in this cheerful atmosphere.

It is here on a sun-favored bajada overlooking the

date gardens of Coachella valley that a fine water supply has been developed, paved streets installed, the construction of a school started and electric and gas and telephone service made available for those who would build new homes and income properties in Palm Desert.

For those who like recreation the luxurious **Shadow Mountain Club** is now open and offers the opportunity for swimming, miniature boating, riding, tennis, pitch-and-putt golf, badminton and other facilities for enjoyment and health in the sunny Palm Desert cove rimmed by sheltering mountains.

But whatever form of recreation you prefer, there is always sunshine—the invigorating life-giving sunshine of the desert.



Palm Desert Corporation

PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA

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Edith Ward, Tract Agent



DESERT CALENDAR

- Dec. 31-Jan. 1—First annual Liar's contest and second annual Pegleg Trek, Coyote mountain, Borrego Valley, California.
- Jan. 1-2—Sierra club trip to Deep canyon in the Santa Rosa mountains. Follow arrows from Palm Desert, just east of Palms-to-Pines highway junction, to camp site.
- Jan. 2—Annual rendition of the "Messiah," Salt Lake Tabernacle, Temple Square, Salt Lake City, Utah.
- Jan. 6—"Old Christmas," Feast of the Three Kings. Performances of *Los Tres Magos* in Spanish-American villages, New Mexico.
- Jan. 6—Buffalo Dance, Taos pueblo, New Mexico.
- Jan. 6—Eagle Dance, San Ildefonso pueblo, New Mexico.
- Jan. 6—Installation of newly elected governors in Indian pueblos of New Mexico, usually followed by dances.
- Jan. 8—All-day hike to Hidden Springs and Grotto canyon near Mecca. Meet in front of Palm Springs Desert museum, 9 a. m. Bring lunch. Eight miles round trip walking.
- Jan. 12—Desert Rock club field trip to Kaiser iron mines in the Eagle mountains near Desert Center. Meet in front of Palm Springs Desert museum, 9 a. m. Bring lunch and water.
- Jan. 15—Lecture, "An Artist in the Southwest," by Alvin C. Greiner, Palm Springs Desert museum, 8 p. m.
- Jan. 15—All-day field trip to Stubby springs in Joshua Tree national monument. Meet in front of Palm Springs Desert museum, 9 a. m.
- Jan. 15-16—Sierra club, Desert Peaks section, scouting trip to El Paso mountains, northeast of Red Rock canyon, Mojave desert.
- Jan. 19—Desert Photography group, field trip to Indian Cove, Joshua Tree national monument to photograph rock formations. Meet in front of Palm Springs Desert museum, 9 a. m. Bring lunch.
- Jan. 22—All-day auto-caravan to Travertine Point, the Cahuilla "Fish Traps," and Salton Sea. Meet at Palm Springs Desert museum, 9 a. m. Bring lunch and bathing suit (if warm). No hiking.
- Jan. 22—Lecture, "Ancient Rock Drawings in the Southwest," by Dr. Arthur Woodward, historian of the Los Angeles county museum. Palm Springs Desert museum, 8 p. m.
- Jan. 22-23—Sierra club trip to Hidden gold mine and Keys View, starting from Garnet, with camp up Fan Hill canyon.
- Jan. 24—Desert Photography group lecture, "Problems of Desert Photography," by Al Taylor. Palm Springs Desert Museum, 8 p. m.
- Jan. 27-30—Phoenix Open Golf tournament, Phoenix, Arizona.
- Last Week in January—Thunderbird Ski meet, Arizona Sno-Bowl, Flagstaff, Arizona.



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Organ Pipe Cactus at Sunset in Southern Arizona. Photo by Josef Muench

THIS ANCIENT LAND

By MADELEINE FOUCHAUX
Los Angeles, California

From my veranda where the hanging olla
Offers its wind-cooled water close at
hand,
I look across the arid miles where cholla
And Joshua cast blue shadows on the
sand.

Between the dunes of spiny vegetation,
Washing the dust of centuries away,
A river runs in my imagination;
A window opens into yesterday.

Marshes and lakes with tree-ferns at the
edges
Shine in the valley's Mesozoic light.
There giant saurians wallow in the sedges
And queer, reptilian birds take clumsy
flight.

A million years have passed. The window,
closing,
Returns me to the desert, hot and dry.
Where have the monsters gone? A lizard,
dozing,
Wakes up and mocks me with an ancient
eye.

MASTER MOLDER

By MILDRED C. TALLANT
Glendale, California

The Molder of Mountains one aeon,
Pushed a thumb-print deep in the clay;
Impressions then fired in earth crayons
Formed deserts, vermilion and grey.

MY DESERT

By HARRIETT FARNSWORTH
Lancaster, California

Oh give me the desert with the double glow
Of sunset at eventide;
And snow-capped peaks hemming me in
A world that's friendly and wide.

When the sun slips over the Joshua tops
In a sea of rose and gold,
My thoughts drift back to other lands
In memories I cherish and hold.

Oh give me the desert with camp-fire nights
Warm, friendly stars overhead;
Where the far-off wail of the coyote's call
Woos sleep to my earthy bed.

TREASURE

By DORA SESSIONS LEE
Prescott, Arizona

From all the treasure of this earth
These I would choose and more—
A bit of jade from the sands of time
On a burnished desert floor.

A chastened view of the distant peaks
Where greed's hidden treasures lie;
A fortune wrought of the desert gold
When the Sun-God rides on high.

A calm content with my desert home
A peace that no gold can buy;
A heart serene and a trust divine
And a tranquil desert sky.

CONSECRATION

By CATHRYN ADAMS
Loma Linda, California

Waked from slumber, wrapt in wonder,
Just as dawned the new-born day,
In the breathless morning magic,
From the sand on which I lay.
From the white sand, clean and drifted
There I saw the desert pray;
Saw ten thousand arms uplifted,
Silhouettes against the sky;
Saw ten thousand mute forms standing,
Unaware of such as I.
Filled my heart with strange elation,
Viewing there such consecration.

CONTRAST

By KATHRYN AINSWORTH GROVER
Alhambra, California

A city house shut up and locked
I think looks empty only,
A desert home looks near to tears
And oh, so very lonely.

FACE LIFE

By TANYA SOUTH
Weep not, nor grieve, oh soul of mine,
For that which now you reap.
Life is a wondrous great design
For souls who climb the steep.
Face life with courage squarely, then,
And bravely upward tread.
There's no advance without its pain,
But there is Light ahead.



On the Rimrock trail. Beaver Creek ranch, Arizona. D. J. Dreesen photo, Phoenix.

Desert Dude Wrangler

All kinds of people come to the western dude ranches. Most of them are pretty good eggs—but there are exceptions to this rule. There are certain types of guests who are a headache to the men whose job it is to look after the riding stock and guide them along the trails. And if you wonder which class you are in, just read this story written by a veteran wrangler and you will know the answer.

By BRUCE CLINTON

THE westering sun was a flaming ball of fire as we topped the eastern rim of Dead Man mesa. Dropping behind snow-capped peaks in the hazy distance, it cast a veil of rich purple and fantastic shadows over the desert floor below us, making it a stage of silent, exciting beauty.

Sage brush, greasewood and mesquite were shadowy and vague, while giant Saguaro cactus loomed ghost-like.

It was the hour of hours, when the desert plucks tenderly at heart strings and leaves its unforgettable beauty etched on the human soul. There is an ache in the process, a poignant longing, an insatiable lure, which, having once been experienced, one will never forget.

I glanced at the saddle-wearied dude nearest me. He was a man high in the realm of science, widely traveled and well read. Certainly beauty was no novelty to him, yet his eyes feasted upon the scene before him for long, tense minutes. When he faced me at last his eyes had a haunted, troubled look and his face reflected an expression of awe and reverence.

"And they rave about tinted walls

and man-daubed landscapes," was all he said. But his manner of saying it was all the tribute I could ask to that ever-changing canvas I love—the desert.

As we rode on into the gathering dusk my little party of city dwellers forgot to be weary, forgot to complain, forgot to chatter, forgot, even, that they were dudes. The spell of a desert sunset had them in thrall, and each of them, I firmly believe, will be a better man or woman for having seen it.

The above mentioned is one type of dude—and I don't like that term, but custom forces me to use it. The humbly great, I like to think of them. Men and women big in their own right, yet with a keen sense of their Lilliputian stature when face to face with this great, awe-inspiring, beautiful waste.

A heterogeneous crowd, they come yearly in thousands, searching for romance and beauty. Many of them find it—some, never. I like to stand by the corrals and watch them pile out of the station wagon. I like to think that I can read each face and gesture and know just what the owner is going to

be like. This thin, maidenly lady with the sensitive mouth and hungry face, for instance. She is going to be eager, thirsting for every drop the cup has to offer. The dyspeptic gentleman who comes behind her. His liver is troubling him. He is going to be gruff and utterly unappeasable—which makes for a situation that will require a lot of tolerance from me and my brother wranglers.

The rosy-faced gentleman coming next: I can see by the icy look in his eye that his face came from his barber. The captain-of-industry type, I have named him. Used to giving orders, lord of all he surveys (when at home), he will not take kindly to advice on the trail. He'll want a lot of handling.

Ah! There are others with him. He turns to give a hand to a buxom baggage dressed for Fifth Avenue. On the ground, she stares about with a fishy eye. Subconsciously I tense for her "Boy! Oh, boy!" call which is sure to come. If she stays a year that will continue to be her cry when she wants something. If she ever does learn a name, she'll use the family name without a handle. We wranglers just love that. It always makes us feel like English butlers, or something.

Next to alight will be the daughter. She's cut from the same pattern. I had one just like her last month. Same clothes, same coiffure, same belle-of-the-walk attitude. This young lady



Riders from Smoke Tree ranch, Palm Springs.

had ridden very little—over cindered
bridle paths and with English equip-
ment. She fostered a strange notion
that a stock saddle wouldn't show off
her jodhpurs to the best advantage,
and insisted upon riding a flat saddle.
The guest, of course, is most always
right, so she got what she thought she
wanted.

We were scheduled for an early
start over a long trail. She delayed our
departure half an hour while I changed
saddles and dressed her mount to suit
her fancy. I decided right then that
she was going to be my main source
of trouble on the trip, but things went
well for the first eight miles. Then our
trail turned up a small canyon. About
a mile farther on we climbed the can-
yon wall and out onto the desert again.
The last few feet to the rim was rather
steep.

I was riding in the lead and when I
came out on the desert I turned and
waited for my party to assemble. The

first five riders came over in good
order. Then came the young lady
riding the flat saddle. Even before she
reached the last steep rise she was
having trouble keeping her seat. I
called to her to catch a handful of
mane and hang on. She gave me a
glance that was both terrified and
haughty.

I spurred my mount over the rim,
hoping against hope that I could reach
her in time to save her from a nasty
spill. Then the pinto she was riding
lunged up the remaining few feet of
the steep trail. I was too late.

The girl slipped backward out of
her saddle and over her pony's rump.
I yelled at her to let go of the reins,
but she only gripped them the tighter,
causing her horse to rear. She
screamed, and for minutes, it seemed,
her mount's forelegs threshed the air
while he fought the bit with his tender
mouth.

Then he crashed over backwards. A
man already on top shouted, and a
woman coming up behind the falling
pinto fainted and slid from her saddle.

The girl, in the desperation of sheer
terror, contrived somehow to fall free.
When I finally reached her she was
writhing on the ground with a badly
twisted ankle.

So I look again at this girl getting
out of the station wagon, and I think,
"Young lady, you'll ride western—or
you won't ride with me!"

But a satanic grin covers my homely
mug as the next guest emerges. I've
seen him, too. Under another name,
perhaps, and several pounds lighter,
but of a type, nevertheless.

This fellow was president of some
bank back east, very much impressed
with his own importance, and trying
his darndest to impress everyone else.
He comes West each season and de-
lights in referring to himself as an old-
timer. He is an exceptionally poor

horseman, and like all poor horsemen, self-convinced that none is better.

I was guiding for a ranch that season on the desert edge. To the south and east was a range of mountains, thickly covered with scrub growth. In the foothills there were a few mountain lions and, occasionally, when we had the type of guest, the management would organize a hunting party.

Our banker had been a guest at this ranch several times, but had never been able to get in on a hunt. This time he was adamant, so the manager organized a hunt for him. He wasn't satisfied with the mount I saddled for him. He let me know that he didn't have to come West to ride a "truck horse."

By this time he was very much in my hair, so I suggested that he choose his own mount from a whole corral full. The one he picked was a horse we called Dutch, a rangy clay-bank, gentle enough at all times, but eleven hundred pounds of whirlwind when it

came to hunting lions. I tried to dissuade the gentleman, but have you ever tried to argue a toy fire wagon away from a seven-year-old?

One of the other wranglers caught my eye and gave me a wicked grin. I gave up, but knowing exactly what was going to happen, I tried to persuade Mr. Banker to take my chaps and brush-jacket. Dutch, you see, had been on so many lion hunts that he was like a horse ridden to foxes, docile as could be until the first hound bays. Then you might just as well try to hold him by his tail as with the reins, for he loved to run.

My dude gave one disdainful glance at my worn and shapely chaps and badly scarred brush-jacket. One of the other wranglers was still giving me his wicked grin and by this time I was feeling the same way. So, with a shrug, I stepped across my mount and away we went.

There were eight guests and four wranglers in the party. We kept the

hounds on leash until we reached Rim Rock canyon, then loosed them and the hunt was on. We rode for several hours and most of the party were growing discouraged. Mr. Banker was downright disgusted. Then, far in the distance, we heard an eerie bawl. It echoed through the hills and in a moment the pack joined the cry, filling the air with their full-throated baying.

Dutch's head came up with the first mournful cry, his ears cocked forward inquiringly and he sniffed the breeze like a battle charger. He began prancing and tossing his head. He snorted once or twice and I hollered to his rider. "Set tight, mister, you're going to take a ride."

Finally, Dutch stood it as long as he could. With a rearing lunge he clamped down on the bit and was off to the races.

I tried to keep up with the Flying Dutchman and his rider, but as well try to overtake the wind. When they disappeared through the brush Mr.

Chuck time on the trail. Beaver Creek ranch, Rimrock, Arizona. Dreesen photo.



Banker didn't seem to be doing so well. He had lost his fedora at the first jump and the last I saw of him he was ducking right and left to avoid low-hanging limbs. He had a death grip on the saddle horn with both hands and his rapidly fading voice came floating back to me. "Whoa! Slow down, you counfounded fool."

Fortunately, the chase was a short one. When I rode into the circle of yelping hounds Dutch was standing there, as quiet and unconcerned as you please. And Mr. Banker—he was still holding to the saddle horn and looking straight ahead and shaking like a leaf. His face was scratched and his clothes in ribbons. But he was a good sort. After a minute he gave me a sheepish look. "Still want to trade mounts?" he asked.

This type can be pompous as the very devil, but they're extremely amusing if you don't let them get in your hair. And at heart, you'll find them, usually, not so bad after all.

Not nearly so bad, for instance, as the group which came this morning.

They were all girls—six of them. From the quality and quantity of their luggage, every wrangler on the ranch knew that bad times were straight ahead. These girls come from wealthy families, have had life handed to them on a silver platter. They usually come with the idea of conquest foremost in their minds. They patronize considerable, and their visit isn't an hour old before they are contesting for favor and attention among the wranglers. Used to seeing men fall over themselves at a glance and turn cartwheels for a smile, they are at a loss to understand the wrangler's lack of susceptibility. They don't know that most of us have had our fingers burned before, and we're not anxious for a second helping, thank you.

It is amusing to watch the by-play between them, the oh, so casual references to Lord So-and-so's hunters, to Tommy's stable of thoroughbreds, to daddy's new yacht—all of it staged for some luckless wrangler's benefit. He, poor devil, must listen politely, then use his own keen judgment and what-

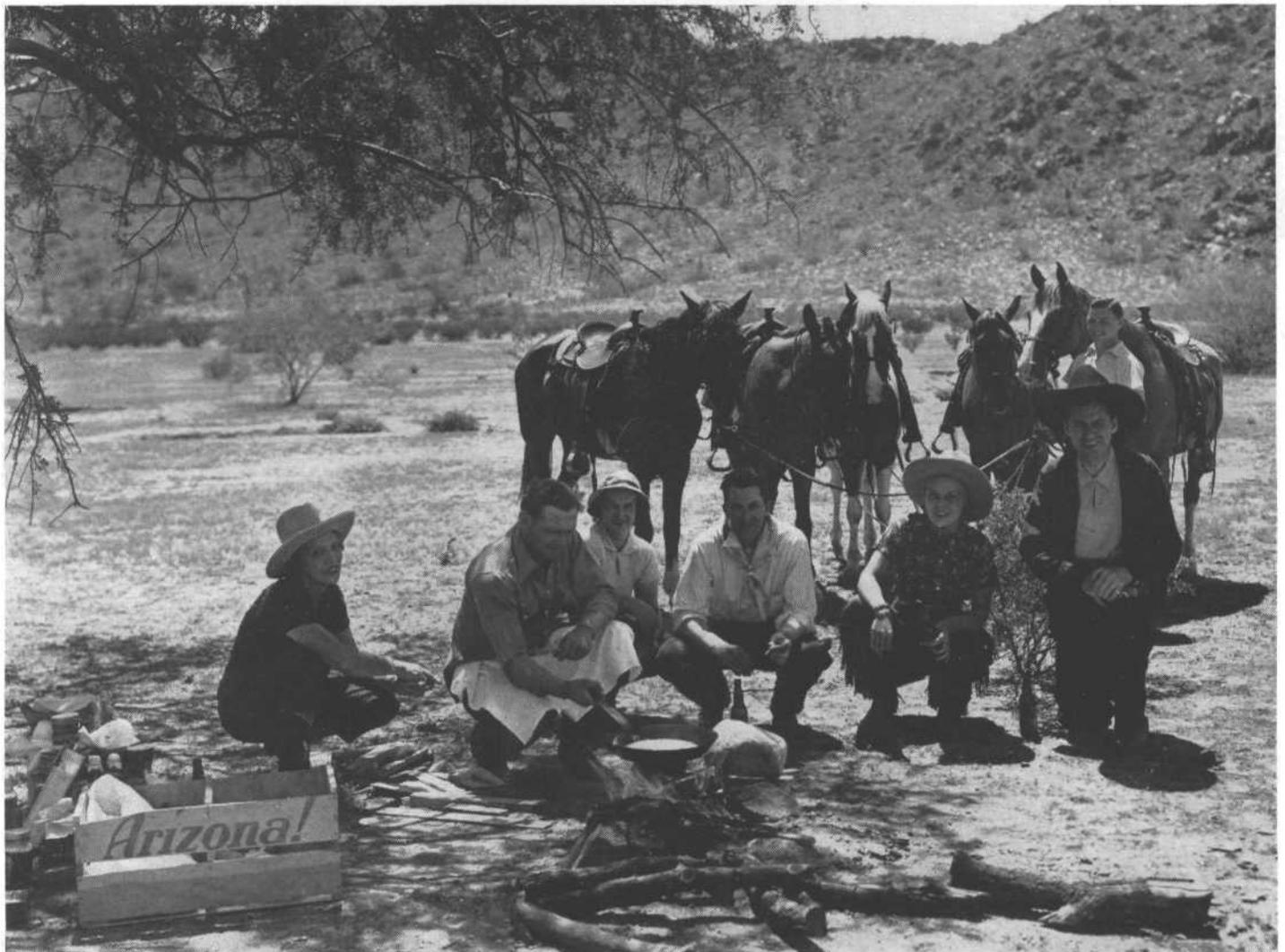
ever diplomacy he has to keep them from breaking their pretty necks while out on the trail.

Most of them have ridden a little, and they strive so casually hard to create the impression that they know everything to be known about equitation. But with all their small knowledge, they can never be taught that some horses and some people just can't get along together, that a range horse isn't a bottle-fed thoroughbred, that there is a definite difference between a desert trail and a bridle path, and that stock saddles are not chosen because we think them more beautiful than the English gear they use at home, but because the trails demand them for comfort and safety.

Nevertheless, they get along and have a good time. So, I guess it's all right.

There is a contrast in another group of girls I have in mind. They don't come so often, or in such numbers, but they gladden the wrangler's heart when they do come. They're his own kind of people. There is nothing

Breakfast party from Camelback Inn, Arizona.





Starting the day's trek. Flying V ranch, Tucson. Dreesen photo.

haughty or patronizing in their attitude.

They're the secretaries, stenographers, and girls from the five-and-ten, who have postponed not a few meals to save money for this trip into the "romantic West." They are regular, these girls, thrilled to the last fiber of their shapely bodies at being at last in the land of which they have dreamed. They're not here in the desert because it's the smart place to be in season. They are here trying to make a girlhood dream of romance come true.

Used to meeting the public, they are good mixers and are always ready for anything that will add to the pleasure of their visit. Eager, vivid, loving life, they know little about the desert, but they are not ashamed to admit their ignorance, and they do it in a rueful sort of way that tugs at your heart. Above all, they never try to impress false knowledge upon you.

The wranglers see to it that these girls take away with them everything their particular strip of desert has to offer.

There is another type I especially like to see. This type usually comes in pairs, driving a moderately priced automobile, their luggage strapped to

carriers and runningboards, both car and luggage grey with alkali.

Usually they will be middle-aged, retired farmers or small business people. The woman will be motherly, gracious, with utmost consideration for everybody. She will try her best not to make extra work for the hired help. You see, she will have had a lot of hard work herself. She and the man with her have had a fair share of life's ups-and-downs. They will have managed mighty well to make this belated honeymoon possible, and they get the most from it.

They show an almost scientific interest in anything and everything. The man will want the why and wherefore of all he sees, especially if he is of the soil. Surprising how much this couple will teach the wrangler about his own desert country merely through racking his brains for answers to their questions.

We'll miss them when they go—and when they do leave, you can bet your new saddle their parting injunction will be: "Now don't forget! You're to come see us if you're ever in our part of the country." The fine thing about their invitation is that they really mean it.

Fun? Sure we have fun!

There is a long, loosely jointed cowboy draped over the corral bars now. I suspect he is meditating on the general cussedness of the human race. His name is Hugger, but we call him Red for his sorrel top. It is probably the most beautiful head of hair any man ever had. Perhaps it accounts for the otherwise inexplicable contradiction in his character.

Red likes to do a little bunk-house reminiscing about his conquests—not that any of us believe a word he says. Around men, he is all man, and a darned good one, too. But if there is a woman within fifty yards, his tongue ties itself into knots and great waves of color surge over his face.

A few days ago we had a "gusher." She was a radio singer, somewhat on the stout side, and she gushed so much we hid in the barn every time we saw her coming. Until big Jim Barnes got an idea. Jim is always getting ideas. Once in a great while one of them will be good, so the rest of us listened.

Red was scheduled to guide a party of five women and the gusher was one of them. Before they started out, Jim got her to one side and very confidentially told her that Red was something of a singer himself. Said he was

the unseen voice behind many of the better known singers on the screen, out for a vacation and incognito to keep people from pestering him to death.

Needless to say, every wrangler on the place, as well as the boss and several guests, were on hand when Red returned with his party. You've probably heard of looks that could slay. Well, that's the kind Red gave us grinning wranglers leaning against the corral fence. He tried to push by, headed straight for the bunkhouse, but the lady singer was too quick for him. She headed him off.

"Oh, Mr. Hugger," she cooed. "That was such a lovely ride. But, please, won't you sing for me—just once? I'd so love to hear you."

Red's face looked like an over-ripe tomato as he shifted uncomfortably from one foot to the other. His hands twisted his big hat 'round and 'round, and he made four or five ineffectual attempts to speak. Finally, he blurted:

"Madam, you're welcome to the ride. But for the last time, I can't sing." Then with complete disgust. "Hell! I have an awful time even tryin' to whistle."

And that, friends, is going to put a crimp into Red's romancing for the next few days. This will probably be his last season wrangling dudes, anyway. I'm sure he feels much more at home with the long-horned dogies.

Me? I'll be right here when the station wagon unloads you, stranger. I wouldn't trade my job for any other in the world.



BRING THOSE BLANKETS TO THE PEGLEG TREK

Letters arriving at *Desert Magazine* indicate that Pegleg Lost Mine Hunters—amateur and professional—from all over the desert country plan to sashay to the foot of Coyote mountain in Borrego valley, toss their 10 rocks on Pegleg's monument, and take part in the second annual trek for the lost mine, January 1, 1949. And lots of them, being experts in that line, will arrive in time for the New Year's Eve campfire Liar's contest at the same spot.

Prospective treasure seekers should remember that desert winter nights can be nippy, and plenty of blankets or warm sleeping bags are in order. And those attending should bring their own firewood, water and grub.

Committee in charge of the contest and trek is composed of Ray Hetherington, Harry Oliver, John Hilton, A. A. (Doc) Beatty and Randall Henderson.

DESERT QUIZ

This is *Desert Magazine's* school of the desert—a monthly test prepared by the staff to enable our readers to expand their knowledge of the desert country. The questions cover many subjects—history, geography, mineralogy, botany, literature, Indians, and the general lore of the arid country. Readers will find their scores improving as they read and travel. From 10 to 12 is a fair score, 13 to 15 is good, 16 to 18 excellent. A score over 18 is exceptional. Answers are on page 15.

- 1—In case of a rattlesnake bite the proper thing to do first is—Run for a doctor..... Kill the snake..... Apply a tourniquet..... Bandage the wound.....
- 2—Leader of the first Mormon trek to the valley of the Salt Lake was—Brigham Young..... Joseph Smith..... Bishop Hunter..... Jedediah Smith.....
- 3—The blossom of *Encelia farinosa*, commonly known as incense or brittle bush is—White..... Pink..... Yellow..... Purple.....
- 4—The *Epitaph* is the name of a famous frontier newspaper published at—Yuma..... Death Valley..... Tombstone..... Douglas.....
- 5—The squash-blossom hair dress is worn by Hopi girls to—Announce their engagement..... Eligibility for marriage..... Pay homage to their gods..... Mourn the loss of relatives.....
- 6—Going through Daylight pass the traveler enters Death Valley from the—East..... South..... North..... West.....
- 7—The Enchanted Mesa is located near the tribal pueblos of the—Hopi Indians..... Acoma..... Zuni..... Jemez.....
- 8—The famous Lost Dutchman mine is believed to have been located in the—Wasatch mountains..... Funeral range..... Superstition mountains..... Harqua Hala range.....
- 9—Chief Palma, friend of the white men in the days when the padres blazed the first trails across the Southwest desert, was a—Yuma Indian..... Apache..... Mojave..... Pima.....
- 10—The Museum of Northern Arizona is located at—Prescott..... Flagstaff..... Grand Canyon..... Kayenta.....
- 11—"Five-spot" is the common name of a desert—Lizard..... Bird..... Flower..... Gem rock.....
- 12—Author of *The Land of Poco Tiempo* was—Austin..... James..... Bandelier..... Lummis.....
- 13—A metate was used by the Indians for—Killing game..... Grinding meal..... Storing food..... Ceremonial purposes.....
- 14—Albuquerque, New Mexico, is on the banks of—Pecos river..... Canadian river..... Rio Grande..... Rio Puerco.....
- 15—Butch Cassidy is recorded in history as—Indian scout..... Stage driver..... Outlaw..... Fur trapper.....
- 16—Nevada's famous Helldorado celebration is held annually at—Reno..... Carson City..... Elko..... Las Vegas.....
- 17—One of the following desert trees does not have thorns on its limbs—Smoke tree..... Mesquite..... Ironwood..... Catclaw.....
- 18—The great White Throne is in—White Sands national monument in New Mexico..... Chiricahua national monument in Arizona..... Montezuma Castle national monument in Arizona..... Zion national park in Utah.....
- 19—Ruth, Nevada, is famous for its—Rich gold mines..... Subterranean caverns..... Open pit copper mine..... Volcanic crater.....
- 20—It is legal to kill buffalo within certain limitations one day of the year at—Uintah reservation in Utah..... House Rock valley in Arizona..... Monument valley in Utah..... White Mountain Apache Indian reservation in Arizona.....



Veterans of World War II, these Jemez boys are at the Indian School at Santa Fe learning silver handicraft. U. S. Indian Service photo.



This Jemez woman is winnowing grain—as it has been done by her ancestors for many generations. The wind blows the chaf away as the wheat is poured.

They Follow Ancient Ways at Old Jemez

By DAMA LANGLEY

MY family belongs to the Summer Squash People, and they would like to use the things white people have taught us are good," Marie Aleta told me as we drove from Albuquerque to spend a week with her mother at Jemez pueblo during the thanksgiving dances. "My father and brothers wish they could use a tractor in their fields so they wouldn't have to work so hard and could make more money. But the Winter Turquoise People say we must live as we did before Coronado's soldiers came to our country 400 years ago.

"Why, one man had a reaper and thresher come into his wheat field," she went on, "and the governor took his fields from him and stopped his

right to use water from the creek. He appealed to congress but nothing happened. So he moved over to Zuni. They are modern there."

The red-brown pueblo of Jemez, 25 miles north of historic Bernalillo, does cling to old customs and ancient ceremonies. The Indians, aloof and uncommunicative, remember how their ancestors' hospitality was repaid by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century. On open dance days white visitors are welcome so long as they do not intrude or ask too many questions. But a stock answer to those considered impertinent is: "We do not tell those things to white people."

The Jemez Indians took a leading part in the 1680 Pueblo Rebellion and

Since Coronado's countrymen laid waste their original village and killed two-thirds of the inhabitants, following the Pueblo revolt of 1680, the Jemez Indians have been wary of outsiders and outside innovations. Visitors are welcomed at some of the dances. But if they become inquisitive they are told: "We do not tell those things to white people." Here is the story of a week which Dama Langley spent at Jemez pueblo as the guest of her Indian friend, Marie Aleta.

in reprisal Coronado's countrymen laid their eight original villages in ruins and killed two-thirds of the tribesmen. The present town among the fertile fields on Jemez creek was started in 1700 when the scattered survivors came out of hiding in the Navajo country. There are about 800 living in Jemez now and two-thirds of them have Navajo blood. That accounts for their tallness and for the lack of smiling gentleness found in other Rio Grande pueblos.

Marie Aleta has had personal experience with Jemez conservatism. She is a nurse and she planned to return to the pueblo when her training was completed, to help her people. But the

Winter Turquoise People told her mother and father to keep her away. The medicine men could do the healing, they said.

Mother Aleta's house was one of the older two-story buildings forming a wall around the central plaza where the dances are held. The walls of the house were thick and inside the newly whitewashed living room it was cool and dim. On the floor, polished with ox-blood, Navajo rugs made a bright splash. The rugs were fine old borderless weaves which Mother Aleta said had belonged to her grandmother. Wood in the corner fireplace stood with ends pointing up the chimney so smoke would not come out into the room. Embroidered cushions were on the ledge which extended around two sides of the room, and the handcarved table and chairs were made by the Aleta boys at Fort Wingate.

My room on the second story was reached by outside stone steps. It had a chair and small table and a wooden bedstead laced with rawhide instead of springs. The mattress was a white tick filled with fragrant wheat straw. On a long smooth pole hanging from the ceiling by two thin ropes, white sheets and quilts were folded, and a very old soft Navajo rug was on the floor.

I was flattered to find that the family "Medicine Bundle" was on one of the walls. Each Pueblo house has a magic collection which wards off witchcraft, sickness, unfaithfulness and general misfortune. This one was built around an ear of red corn, dark and flinty from years of usage. From the corn two cotton strings hung down and these were tipped with eagle plumes. Three red hawk feathers and a sprig of cedar and a buckskin bag were tied together with a leather string looped through two big chunks of turquoise. The tail of a desert fox completed the bundle.

During the day the men were busy in the fields harvesting the late corn and alfalfa. Many of the women were down by the creek washing their wheat by pouring it in the big baskets and carefully sinking it into the water. The heavy golden grains would not float away, but the chaff and other debris rose to the top. This washing is necessary because much of the threshing is done as it was in ancient times. The grain is brought from the field and piled on the hardpacked coral floor. A herd of goats is driven over it time and again until their small shining hooves have beaten the kernels from the stalks.

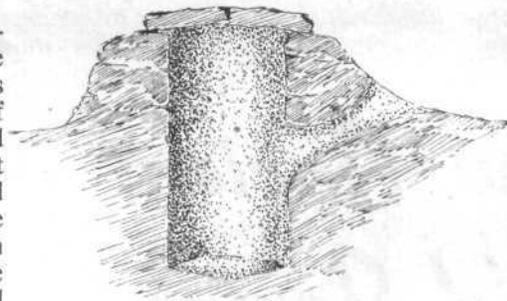
Other women were getting their ovens in readiness for the task of bak-

ing ceremonial loaves of bread, but Mother Aleta had torn hers apart. I sat on the doorstep and watched her reassemble it.

"My mother built this oven many, many years ago," she explained. "There have been so many fires in it that the lining is burned through and all the heat escapes through the cracks. I have mended it all my life. Now I will make a new one out of the old rocks."

"Wouldn't it be easier to get new rocks?" I asked.

"Yes, but these rocks are tempered so they collect heat and hold it. An oven of green rocks has to be used for roasting corn and meat and chili peppers two or three moons before bread can be cooked in it. The moisture keeps the bread from coming up nice and light and the loaves won't brown in an oven of untempered rocks.



Some of the Indians still use this pit or underground type of oven.

"These are not really Indian ovens," Mother Aleta explained. "When the Spanish invaders came the soldiers did not like to cook over an open firepit or make their bread on *piki* stones. So they built ovens here like they had left in Spain, and they made loaves of wheat which they brought from Spain. The ovens just suited us, so we have taken them to keep."

She carefully cleaned off the platform and floor of the old oven and mixed clean sand, coarse salt and ashes and clay together with water and leveled the floor with the new mortar to a depth of about two inches. Then she laid the larger rocks in an open circle seven or eight feet across. She pressed them down in the wet floor and added tiers of rocks until the wall

was about a foot high except for the twenty inch space to be used as a door. The wall was chinked with her prepared mortar and she took a little trowel and plastered the inside with a thick lining.

"We will get the sprouted wheat and grind it for pudding while this dries," she said.

From the warming oven of the blue and white range in her immense kitchen she took a cotton sack of wheat which had been sprouted and then dried. This kitchen was the most modern room in her house, and I suspect that Marie Aleta had made the improvements. The walls were covered with blue and white oilcloth instead of paper, and the floor was covered with blue linoleum. A blue and white cabinet held the dishes and packages of food. I looked at the ceiling beams and there Mother Aleta's household prayer feathers were fastened.

The storage and grinding room opened out from the kitchen. Three metates were slanted in the floor at one end of the room and sacks of wheat shut that portion of the room away from the rest. While she pulverized the dried sprouted wheat I walked around and looked at the hundreds of jars of canned fruits and vegetables on shelves, and at the baskets of dried peaches and dried grapes. The Spanish priests brought grapevines with them and planted vineyards which are the Jemez pride.

There were long strings of dried chili peppers and bunches of herbs strange to me. Coils of dried squash and bunches of dried sweet corn, boiled on the cob and hung in the sun, draped the walls. Outside on skeleton trees brought from the forest and stuck in the ground, whole peeled muskmelons were being cured in the sun. Marie Aleta told me these dried melons were soaked and simmered until tender, and then spice and dried grapes and sugar added to make a delicious winter sweet.

When the afternoon sun reached a certain mark on the time-stone against the house wall, Mother Aleta resumed oven construction. At the two foot height she began to draw the oven into a rounded top by extending each new layer of rocks inside the structure about an inch. At the top of the doorway a straightened wagon tire supported the rocks about the opening.

"What did your mother use in the old oven?"

"She sent my father to the mountain for a strong young oak and it was fire seasoned and coated time and again with mortar before it was worked in among the rocks. That was the first thing to give way in her oven and we

mended it years ago by putting in one of these wagon irons."

As she neared the top of the oven she made her clay mortar stiffer and put more of it on to hold the strain of the drawn-in rocks. The last few rows and the top she left until morning.

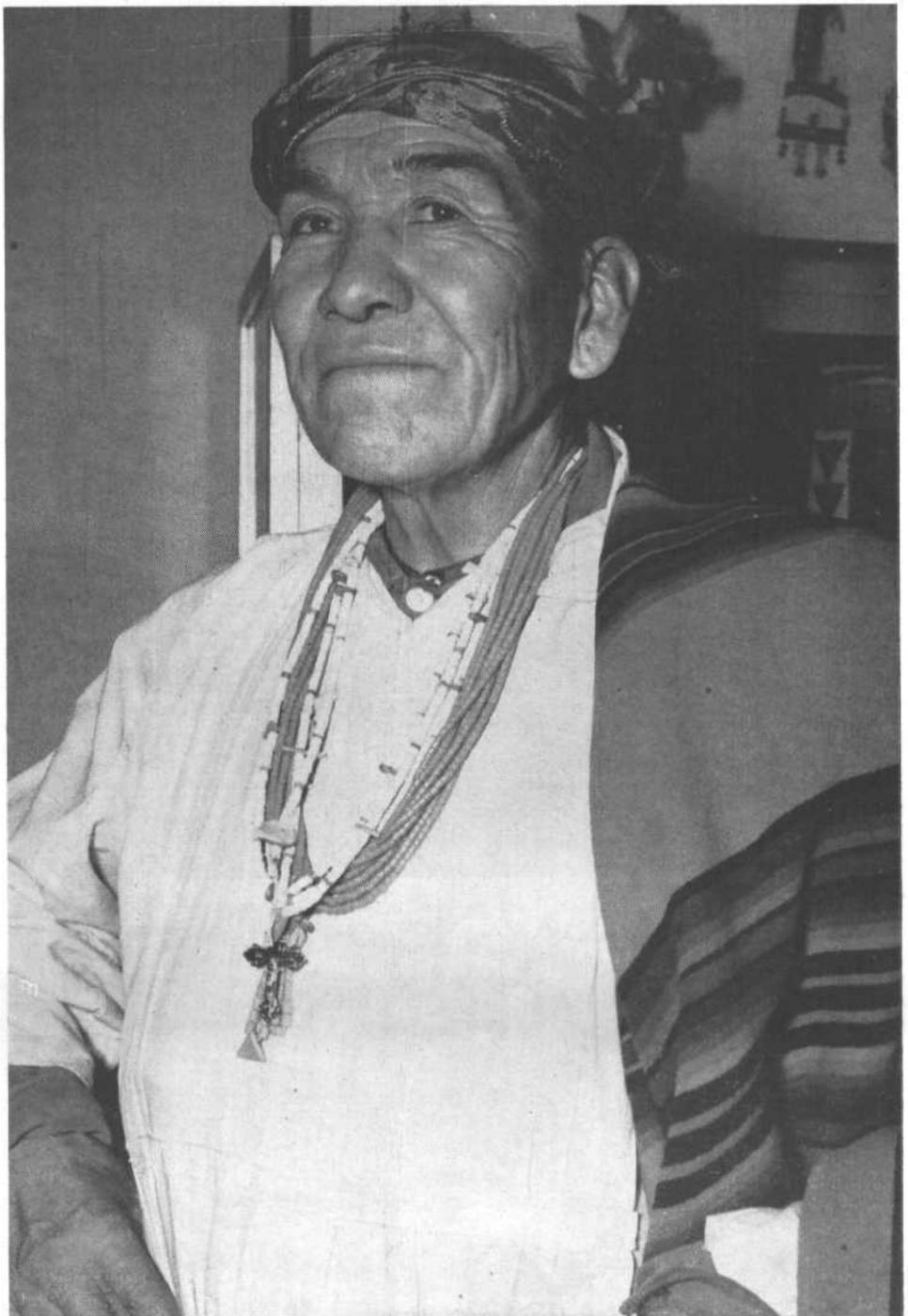
"Now we will start a fire in the cooking pit so it will be good and hot for the baking tomorrow," she said, and lifted a rock from the top of a slight mound a few feet from where she had been working on the hive shaped oven. I saw a hole two feet deep and a foot across lined with fire blackened clay so hard it might have been concrete. A smaller opening in the mound ran at an angle through the ground and joined the bigger hole near the bottom. Here fresh coals were added to the fuel under a pottery vessel if the cooking took more than a day.

Mother Aleta went across the yard where her sister was removing the coals from her oven to place some squash in to bake. She gathered the live coals in an old pot and brought them back and dumped them into the cooking pit. Then she filled the hole with chips to the top and covered both outlets with rocks, beginning a prolonged heating up process for baking the special pudding.

After supper Marie Aleta and I wandered down to a trading post owned and managed by a Jemez man. It stands by the side of the road where anyone visiting the pueblo must see it, and where travelers on their way to Jemez Hot Springs can't miss it. From the well stocked shelves the trader pays for pottery from Santa Clara and poverty stricken Zia a few miles away. Although four centuries have passed since the Zia men led the Spanish army of vengeance against their Jemez brothers, the act has never been fully forgiven, and there is not much friendliness between the two villages.

Marie Aleta and I sat on the balcony to watch the last evening chores of the pueblo. Women were chopping wood and stacking it close to their ovens for tomorrow's baking of Rooster bread, a knobby loaf prepared for feasts following ceremonies. This yeast bread is patted into a thin cake and slashed a dozen times along the edges with a sharp knife. Then it is put into the hot oven and the cuts widen and puff up into grotesque shapes which brown a deeper color than the rest of the loaf. It is never cut but passed from feaster to feaster, each one breaking off one of the brown knobs.

Small children with brush brooms were engaged in sweeping the earth clean under the cottonwood trees and where the dance would take place. The



Felipe Leyve, former chief of Jemez Pueblo, says "We must give thanks for the good things our gods provide."

women turned to cooking the evening meal. Men drove their tired horses in from the fields and turned them into the corrals.

"I think of my home always as it looks in the evening time. Have you ever seen mountains more beautiful?" Marie Aleta pointed toward the dim blue range in the north. "All the time I was in school and taking training I thought I'd come back here and work. I remembered little children dying because their mothers didn't know how to take care of them, and of older people suffering needlessly for want of

treatment. But when I was ready to come I found that the Winter Turquoise People didn't want me.

"Every man, woman and child in Jemez belongs to one of the Moieties. The Winter People refuse to have anything modern brought in. Since they rule everything six months out of the year, the Summer People can do very little permanent improvement. The Summer People are in charge now, but each year a change is made." Later I did a little research on the Moiety subject and found that the word is French. It means "half". The Jemez



people are born into one or the other Moiety and they take their descent through the father, which is rare in the Southwest.

Marie Aleta continued, "Why, out here a man selects his son's wife for him. He just looks around until he finds a family with something he thinks extra good and if there is a girl in that family he goes when they are all at home and says he would like to have his son marry her. Lots of times she has never seen the boy but if her family agrees there is nothing she can do. The boy just moves in and they are considered married. Since the mission was built ten years ago the priests make them come in for a church service. Before this happens the boy's family must provide the bride with a handwoven Pueblo dress and a red woven belt. The son gives her three big silk squares to be used as shawls and makes moccasins and wrapped leggings for her. She must have Navajo jewelry and a turkish towel to throw over her head when she goes out in the sunshine. And that's what marriage means in Jemez!"

I was still sleeping soundly the next morning when Marie Aleta came into my room before dawn.

"Don't you hear the church bell? Hurry or we'll be late for the candle lighting!"

I shivered myself into some clothes and went out into the keen cold of the 6,000-foot elevation. Soft voices were all around us as we stumbled through the darkness to the church. Warm candlelight and pungent incense met us at the door and two priests in vestments were before the altar. After the regular mass they stepped aside and an Indian spoke to the people.

"Ten of our boys came home safely from the wars across the waters. We will give thanks to our spirits that sheltered them. And the fields are burdened with grain and food this year; the vines hang heavy with grapes and trees are bending with fruit. For this, too, we give thanks. Today and tomorrow we will dance and feast, and there must be food in every house for the strangers who come in. Our gods must know we are thankful for all good things!"

At sunrise Mother Aleta was working on the oven and the last rock was soon in place. She crept inside and finished plastering, then applied a

Indian women of the Pueblos have been baking bread in these outdoor ovens, built by themselves, for countless generations.

covering of mortar all over the outside. The smooth flagstone used for the old oven door would continue to serve. A very small fire was built inside to help dry the plaster, and we turned our attention to pudding construction.

Mother Aleta mixed 10 cups of sprouted wheat flour with five of whole wheat flour and stirred it into a kettle of boiling water. She covered this to let it steep for half an hour and joined Marie Aleta and me in our task of shelling parched sunflower seeds and cracking apricot pits to get the almond flavored center. When we had a small bowlful she crushed the meats and added them together with a cupful of melon seed oil to her hot mush mixture.

"Don't you put any sugar or salt in the pudding?" I asked.

"No. This is a ceremonial pudding and salt must be left out. And the sprouted wheat manufactures its own sugar. You wait and see!"

She poured her pudding into a greased pottery jar and we scraped the live coals out of the very hot pit and settled the jar inside. Over its cover more live coals were placed. The big opening and the fuel tube were covered with rocks and sealed shut with clay mortar. "Now we'll forget the pudding until tomorrow," she said.

The two *kivas* in Jemez are rectangular rock buildings entirely above ground. They have no windows or doors and are entered by means of ladders. From our balcony we could hear unearthly squeaks and shrill squeals not at all like the dignified hum of my Hopi friends when they practice for a dance. All of this was explained when we watched four young men come from the kiva carrying violins instead of drums and rattles. This dance was going to be the rarely given *Los Mata-chines!*

The men were bare except for bright hawk feathers in their hair, brief G-strings and moccasins rimmed with skunk fur intended to keep evil spirits away from the wearers. Their bodies were painted blue and their faces white and black and blue. Each one sawed manfully on the tortured fiddle he carried.

They grouped themselves at one end of the plaza and watched a small girl dressed as for First Communion come slowly up the square. From a space between two houses a remarkable looking bull dashed out and with deep bellows and much dust tossing loped in her direction. The front end of the creature was out of focus with the rear elevation. One end looked strangely like a buffalo head I'd seen in an Indian home there, and the tail might have belonged to a circus lion. A red stocking stuffed with cotton was the

startling tongue, and the beast had a black cambric hide.

A horde of painted warriors boiled out of the kiva and with many clumsy falls and lots of yelling came to the girl's rescue. They were painted all sorts of colors and combinations and armed with three pronged spears. It ended by the bull being killed before the saint's bower and his body given to the old people in the crowd. Just how bull meat could turn into crisp brown loaves of bread and baskets of grapes and sacks of wheat was another of the day's miracles! This scene was repeated half a dozen times during the day, with a different girl taking part each time. They were sisters of the returned soldiers, and the men who killed the bull were the soldiers themselves. One of them told me he kept himself from dying in a Jap prison by remembering what fun he had dancing in Jemez. "I just made up my mind to live and dance there again," he said.

This is the only Indian dance known to be given without drum and rattle accompaniment, and it is strange that Spanish-hating Jemez should frolic to the tune of *La Vesiovana!*

With sunset the feasting began. Out from the fire pit came the steaming, luscious sprouted wheat pudding and I have never eaten a better dessert. I agreed with Marie Aleta when the table was loaded with food for Navajo and other visitors dropping in to feast: "Give them anything we have except the pudding!" she told her mother.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

Questions Are on Page 10

- 1—Apply a tourniquet.
- 2—Brigham Young.
- 3—Yellow.
- 4—Tombstone.
- 5—Eligibility for marriage.
- 6—East.
- 7—Acoma.
- 8—Superstition mountains.
- 9—Yuma Indian.
- 10—Flagstaff.
- 11—Flower.
- 12—Lummis.
- 13—Grinding meal.
- 14—Rio Grande.
- 15—Outlaw.
- 16—Las Vegas.
- 17—Smoke tree.
- 18—Zion national park.
- 19—Open pit copper mine.
- 20—House Rock valley.

CASH FOR CAMERA FANS

Winter is desert-time, and photographers are scattered through canyons and over far mesas. Desert Magazine wants the best pictures these desert camera fans bring back from their explorations. Any picture, essentially of the desert, is eligible and judges choose the winners on the basis of originality, technical quality, subject interest and suitability for magazine reproduction. Send yours in!

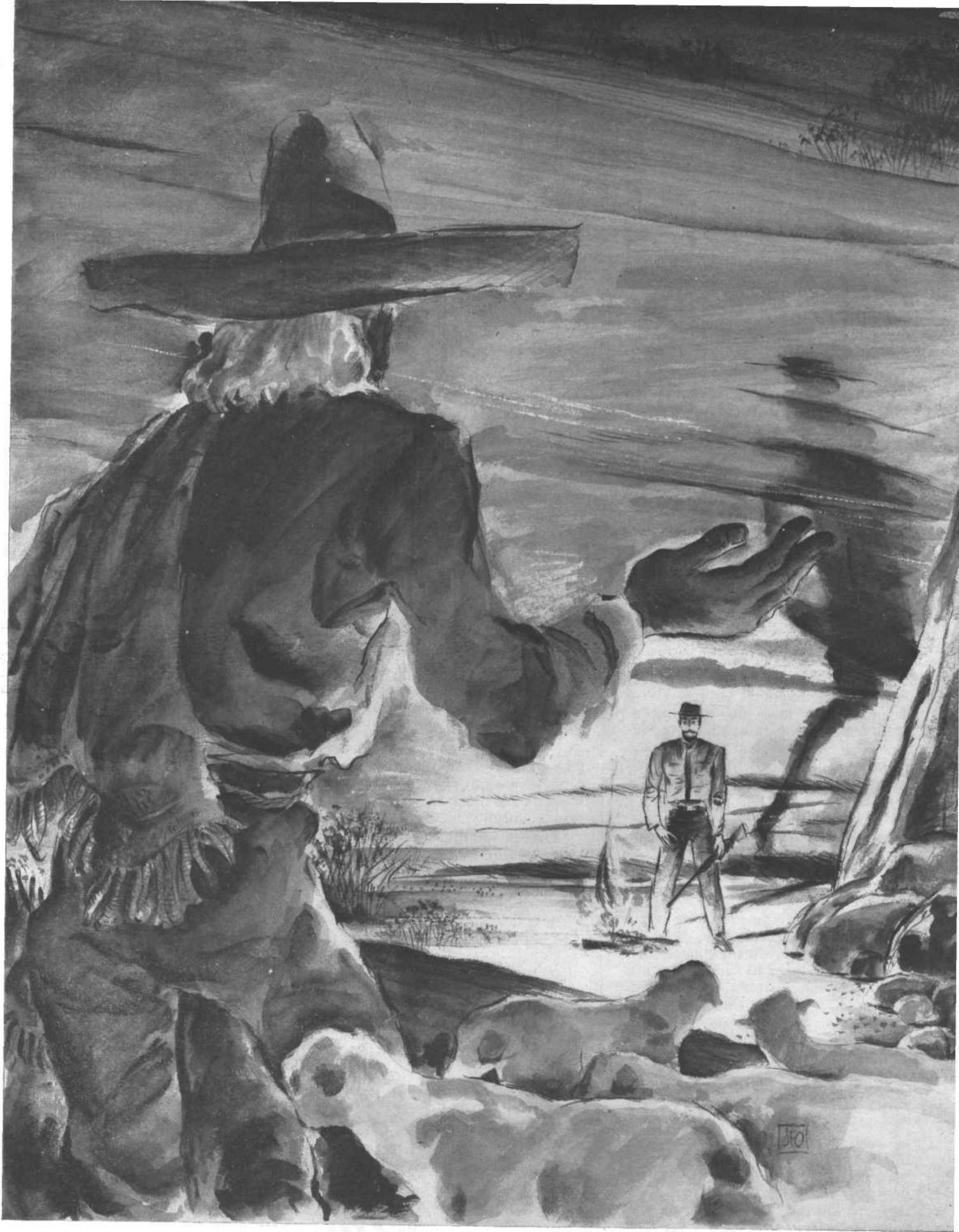
Entries for this month's contest must be in the Desert Magazine office, Palm Desert, California, by January 20, and winning prints will appear in the March issue. Pictures which arrive too late for one month's contest are entered in the next. First prize is \$10.00; second prize, \$5.00. For non-winning pictures accepted for publication, \$3.00 each will be paid.

HERE ARE THE RULES

- 1—Prints for monthly contests must be black and white, 5x7 or larger, printed on glossy paper.
- 2—Each photograph submitted should be fully labeled as to subject, time and place. Also technical data: camera, shutter speed, hour of day, e.c.
- 3—PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED ONLY WHEN RETURN POSTAGE IS ENCLOSED.
- 4—All entries must be in the Desert Magazine office by the 20th of the contest month.
- 5—Contests are open to both amateur and professional photographers. Desert Magazine requires first publication rights only of prize winning pictures.
- 6—Time and place of photograph are immaterial, except that it must be from the desert Southwest.
- 7—Judges will be selected from Desert's editorial staff, and awards will be made immediately after the close of the contest each month.

ADDRESS ALL ENTRIES TO PHOTO EDITOR

THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA



An old Mexican sheepherder came upon a lone prospector who was taking rich ore out of a nearby ledge.

From two different sources comes the story that somewhere in the vicinity of Squaw Hollow, perhaps concealed beneath dense thickets of manzanita, is a quartz ledge bearing fabulous values in gold. John Mitchell, the writer, regards this as one of the most authentic of the many lost treasure tales in the Southwest.

The lost Squaw Hollow gold ledge

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

THE LOST Squaw hollow gold ledge is not just one of those lost mine and buried treasure tales of the great Southwest. The story is well authenticated and the ledge was discovered by a number of pioneer Arizona Indian fighters who broke ore from the rich ledge and carried it to their camp which was located in Squaw Hollow about 40 miles north of Phoenix, Arizona, in the Camp creek country and about 10 miles south of Bronco canyon.

In 1864 Judge J. T. Alsap, in company with a small number of pioneers under the command of Colonel Woolsey, whose Indian fighting proclivities are well known to all old-timers in Arizona, pitched their camp in Squaw Hollow after an engagement with a small band of Apache warriors. Following the fight, some of the men prospected for gold in the nearby hills. Their efforts were highly successful according to the story, and a few hours later the prospectors returned to camp with a hat full of the richest gold ore the judge had ever seen.

But Apache warriors returned with reinforcements and Woolsey and his little band of fighters were so outnumbered they retreated without having left any markers as a guide to the gold discovery. Later those who knew about the gold strike became separated, and it was many years before the Apaches were completely subdued and the way opened for mining operations. The location of the gold had remained a secret because all of them had expected to return at a later date to make legal claim to gold ledge.

Not having been with the prospectors, the judge did not know the exact location of the gold. But after the Apache warfare was ended he returned to the region to search for it. He made his headquarters at Camp creek and spent many days prospecting the area. He was sure none of his companions had returned to re-locate the rich quartz ledge, for he found no mines or prospect holes in the area.

Years later, an old Mexican shepherd, driving his flocks down from the hills into Salt River valley camped one night in Squaw Hollow with a man who had built a cabin and was working a rich gold mine in the vicinity. The prospector was bringing his ore out on burros, grinding it in a large iron mortar and washing it in the creek. Reporting the incident later, the shepherd said the man told him he was sending the gold east to put his son through college.

The shepherd did not learn the name of the prospector and when he returned to Squaw Hollow in later years he did not find him there, nor did he see any mine workings in the vicinity. A small pile of tailings near the ruins of the cabin was all that remained. He did not search for the ledge, but remembered the rich ore he had seen at the cabin, and told the story to a friend who was interested in mining.

The whole country in the vicinity of Camp creek and Squaw Hollow is thickly overgrown with manzanita brush and unless an outcropping of quartz is large enough to stand out above the brush it would be very difficult to locate. Whether the ledge discovered by the Indian fighters and the one later worked by the lone prospector are the same would be hard to say.

Squaw Hollow is located in a highly mineralized country and is a good place to camp. Because of the character of the country, it is easily possible that the original gold strike has escaped the notice of passing prospectors through the intervening years, and remains hidden somewhere in the brush.

THE DESERT . . .

. . . through artists' eyes

Through the cooperation of Southwestern artists the Desert Magazine is now exhibiting in the spacious foyer of its new publishing home at Palm Desert, California, what is probably the finest exhibit of art work to be seen anywhere in the West.

Well known names among the 46 artists whose canvases are exhibited in the Palm Desert Art Gallery include:

Gray Bartlett
Worden Bethel
Fred Chisnall
Joane Cromwell
Leland S. Curtis
William Darling
Joe De Yong
Clyde Forsythe
Paul Grimm
John Halstead
John Hilton
Carl Hoerman
William P. Krehm

Louis Krupp
Paul Lauritz
Kathryn Leighton
Axel Linus
H. Ralph Love
Lon Megargee
Evelyna Nunn Miller
Agnes Pelton
Burt Procter
Carl Schmidt
James Swinnerton
Sylvia Winslow

This Is An Invitation

to all Desert Magazine readers and their friends—to all who are interested in the world of art—to visit the new gallery, and the Desert book shop adjoining, and enjoy the desert as presented by these master craftsmen.

This is a sales gallery where selections may be made from the work of your favorite artist—for these pictures were painted for your enjoyment.

DESERT MAGAZINE . . . Palm Desert, California



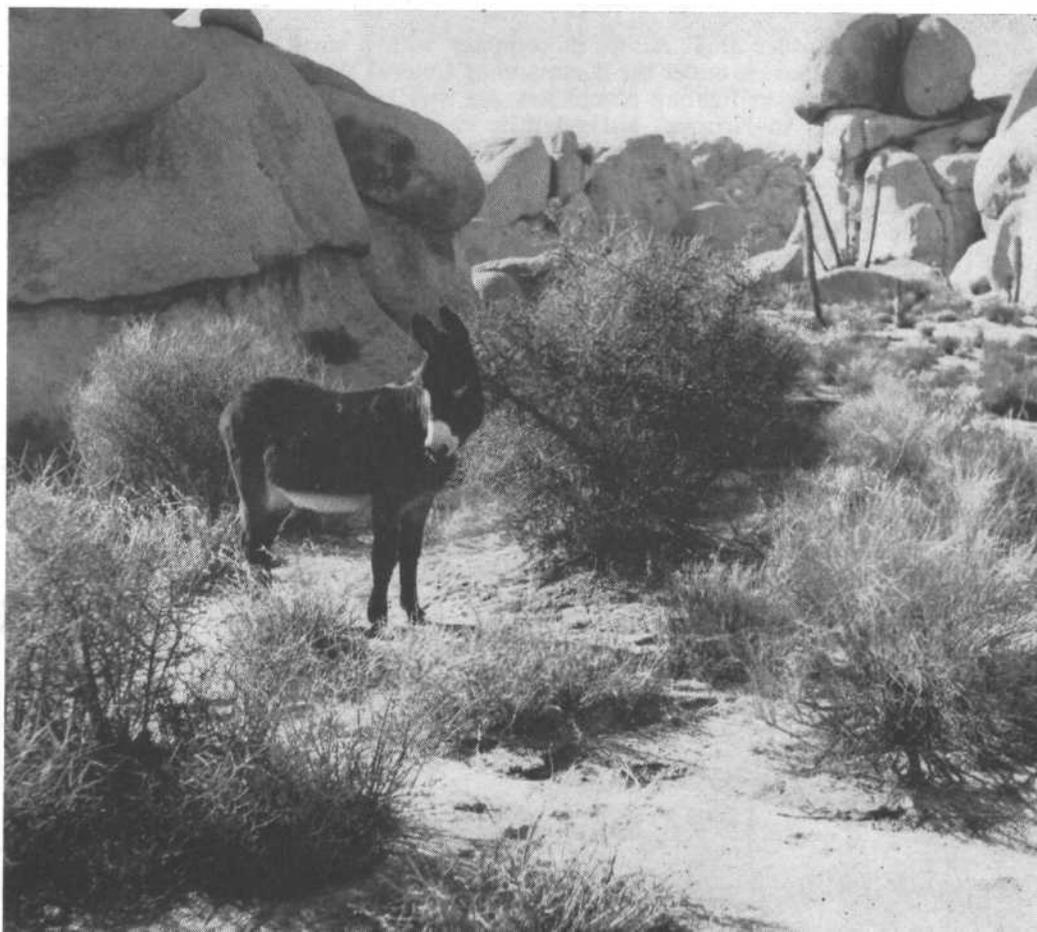
Pictures of the Month

Sand Dune and Drift Fence . . .

Fred H. Ragsdale of Los Angeles took first place in Desert Magazine's November photo contest with this picture of a Coachella Valley, California, drift fence, designed to break up the drifting action of the desert sand (left).

Desert Coquette . . .

Second place in the November contest was won by Ellis M. Finkle, also of Los Angeles, for the portrait (right), of a burro in Joshua Tree national monument. The picture was taken with a Kodak Reflex, 1/100 sec. at f.8, Plus-X film.



When the Apaches became too warlike, Uncle Sam established a fort at a waterhole known as Cooke's spring along the Butterfield stage route in Southwestern New Mexico. It was named Fort Cummings. Later when railroads replaced the stage lines the fort was abandoned. Today the site is marked only by the ruins of the former barracks and a lone cottonwood tree—but Cooke's spring is still rich in history.

Waterhole at the Crossroads

By THERON MARCOS TRUMBO



This marker erected by the State of New Mexico at Florida is six miles from the fort site.

IF PLACES could experience human emotions, this would be the loneliest place in the desert," I remarked to Bon Burt.

We were standing before the crumbling adobe walls of old Fort Cummings, which nestles at the foot of Cooke's mountains. Beyond those sun-splashed walls, one blot of green indicated the single surviving cottonwood tree beside Cooke's spring. From prehistoric times until about 50 years ago, this area had been the crossroads of the Southwest. Now it lay before us, desolate and almost forgotten, far from modern routes of travel.

Ever since that first visit, we have been fascinated with this historic spot. No doubt a part of our fascination is due to the friends who took us there. Bon and Margerie Burt are both native New Mexicans, raised in the desert, and possessing an enviable knowledge of interesting out-of-the-way places. Bon is a tall lean westerner, calm like the land of his birth. He is especially familiar with the region around Cooke's spring and Fort Cummings, because they are on the L. H. Hyatt's Flying U Ranch, where he once rode as a cowhand.

On this particular trip we had started from Las Cruces early on a Sunday morning, to give us plenty of time to explore. After a brief visit with Mrs. Hyatt at the Flying U Ranch house, we had skirted the barn corals, and drove gingerly through the rocky pasture. At the back of the pasture, we dipped down through a deep gully that must be treacherous in rainy weather, and found ourselves on a greasewood-covered mesa. Ahead

of us were the ruined adobe walls of Fort Cummings.

I turned the switch in the car, and the silence swept in like a cloud from the surrounding craggy hills.

"Yes," Bon replied to my first observation, "Not many people come back here. Maybe that's why Fort Cummings hasn't suffered so much from vandals and from souvenir seekers . . ."

We found some parts of Fort Cummings fairly well preserved. One room still has its adobe roof with the supporting timbers under it. The newer officers' quarters have door and window frames still intact. But many of the walls that once comprised the corals are nothing more than mounds of adobe. I had brought along a map of the fort that I had found in a government report of 1870, but it was almost impossible to reconcile it with

the existing walls. Bon and I labored over our map for some time before we decided that it was a plat of the fort the way it was originally planned. Probably many of the buildings had never been constructed, or existing conditions demanded a change of site.

While we menfolk occupied our time with the map, my wife, Louise, and Margie were snooping around the ruined rooms, picking up little mementos that bring back the days gone by. In this respect Fort Cummings is more fortunate than other historic spots, which have been gleaned bare of such items. The girls found a verdigris green button from an army uniform, a bit of scroll from a picture frame, horseshoes, old fashioned handmade nails. Scattered over the whole area are cartridges, relics of such dates as 1878, 1881, 1882. Fort Cummings seems unique, too, in the variety of desert-glass to be found . . . ranging from the usual violet through rose-pink to vivid pale green. To many readers this mention of desert-glass may not hit a responsive chord. Here is a simple if not quite scientific explanation of the term. The ultra-violet rays of the desert sun, being unobstructed by mist or vapor, reach the earth with full strength. Over a period of years these rays will turn bits of cheap clear glass into a variety of unbelievably beautiful colors.

While Bon and I explored one section of the fort, the women wandered off to another portion. Presently we heard a combined chattering from behind the room with the roof, and Louise called out,

"Hey, Butch, what in the world is this thing?"

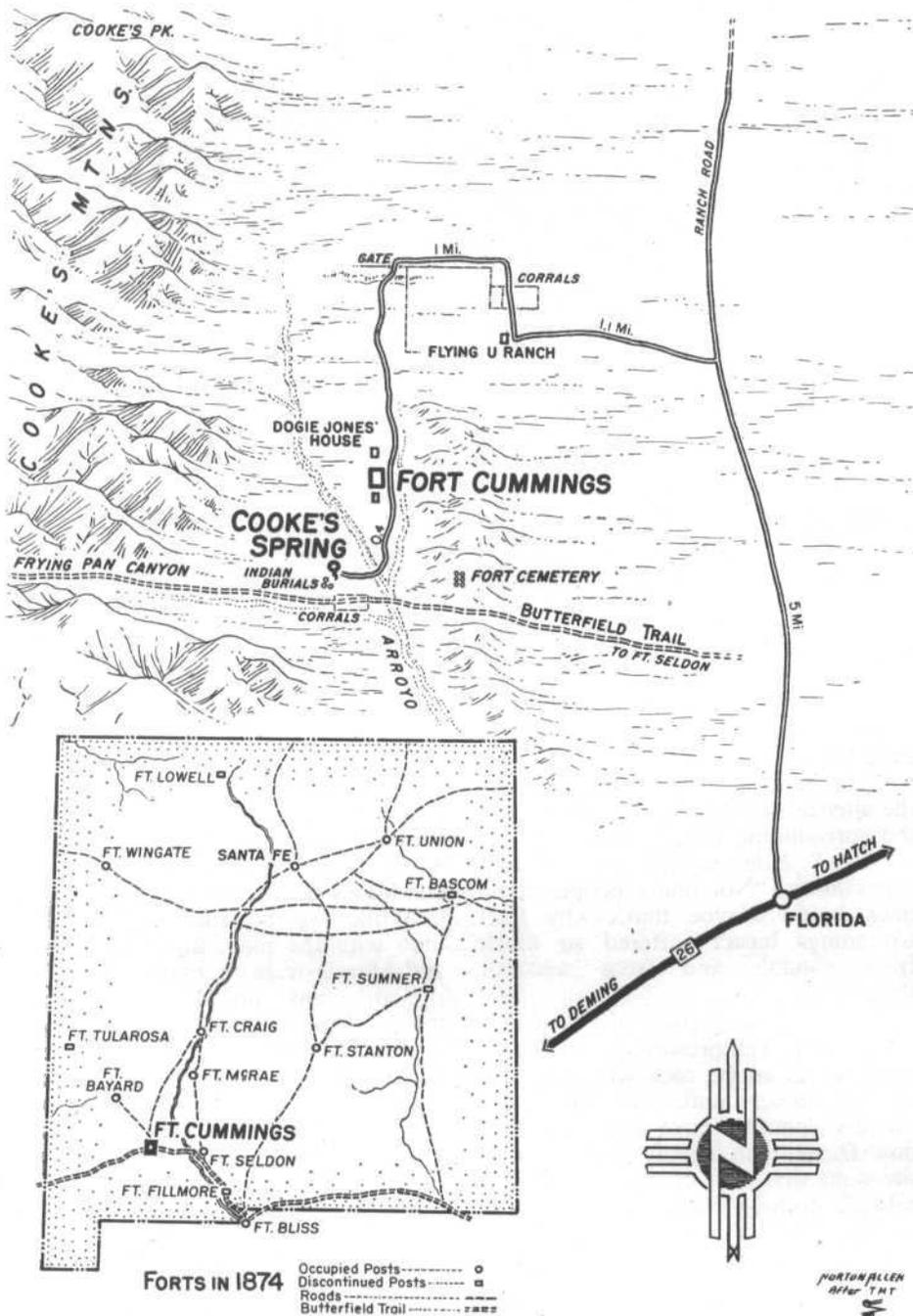
LOGS

From Las Cruces

- 0.0 Las Cruces
- 35.0 Hatch
- 67.0 Florida, Turn North
- 72.0 Turn Left
- 73.1 Flying U Ranch, Inquire directions.
- 74.1 Fort Cummings
- 74.5 Cooke's Spring

From Deming

- 0.0 Deming
- 14.0 Florida, Turn North
- 19.0 Turn Left
- 20.1 Flying U Ranch, Inquire directions.
- 21.1 Fort Cummings
- 21.5 Cooke's Spring



boil in the kettle, the coffee tossed in, and the whole boiled until it is almost strong enough to jump out. After it is removed from the fire, a dash of cold water will settle the grounds. The result is a drink for the desert gods.

While we lunched Bon and I combined our knowledge to build up a historical background for the fort and the spring.

The first white men to camp beside Cooke's spring was Phillip St. George Cooke and his Mormon battalion when they blazed the trail to the Pacific coast in 1846. In his records, he describes it as, "a small swampy hole of water, apparently insufficient, with plenty of black mud close to the surface." It may have seemed inadequate, but it was water in a waterless land. Evidently the spot had been well known among the Indians from prehistoric times. Cooke's men discovered many old trails converging at the spring. On a hilltop nearby they found an irregular enclosure of rocks which they surmised to be a defense work of some kind. Cooke also recorded the discovery of Indian houses, with mortar stones intact, not too far from the spring.

No trace of these things can be found today, but Bon pointed out a spot on the edge of the arroyo where an Indian burial ground had been excavated in recent years. Many valuable artifacts of the Mimbres Indians were recovered here.

Three years after the Mormon battalion broke the trail, the exciting news of the California gold discovery made Cooke's spring the campground of a motley crew of adventurers. Still later when the fabulous Butterfield stage was established, the spring became a watering station on its cross-country route.

Unscrupulous dealings with the Apaches soon precipitated the following years of warfare. The spring with its ancient trails became the logical place for the Indians to waylay the westbound wagons. The single-file trail through Frying Pan canyon, west of the spring, was a tortuous route. It gave the Apaches an excellent opportunity to swoop down off the hills, wipe out caravans in a few minutes and escape to the safety of nearby Cooke's mountains.

A fort became a necessity if the overland stages' trail were to continue. In 1863, Fort Cummings was established by the spring, providing accommodations for about 150 soldiers. After that the Apaches confined their maraudings to the open country beyond Cooke's mountains. Soldier escorts accompanied the caravans through Frying Pan canyon and out into the open country where they at

The "thing" as she termed it, was the gaunt, grey skeleton of a loom.

"Whatever would soldiers want with a loom?" Margerie queried.

"Maybe some officer's wife brought it with her . . ." I suggested.

"It probably was mighty lonely around here when the soldiers were out on an Indian campaign," Bon volunteered. "It probably kept her mind occupied . . ."

"Especially if she didn't know whether he'd come back alive or not!"

We poked into every corner of the old buildings, from the stone walls of the sally-port to the officer's quarters, until the high sun indicated it was lunch time. Carrying our baskets of

food, we picked our way down through the mesquites to the spring.

We spread our lunch under the grateful shadow of the cottonwood, while a mountain mockingbird split the silence with his trilling. Somewhere in the mesquites blocking the entrance to Frying Pan canyon, an owl kept up a steady tu-woo, and soon another bird joined in with an odd meow-like call, which Margerie said reminded her of a lonesome tomcat!

There was plenty of dead wood about for our fire, and soon the water for our coffee was boiling in the old smoked kettle we had brought along. "Cowboy coffee" is a must on every desert picnic. Water is brought to a



Ruins of old Fort Cummings. Author's wife in the photograph.

least had a fighting chance. A prominent peak today bears the name Soldier's Farewell peak, because here the armed guard left the wagon-trains and returned to Fort Cummings.

In the mouth of Frying Pan canyon we found a stone-walled corral, where the extra coachhorses probably were kept. Across the sandy stretch of the arroyo, a dim old trail led up a distant hill and eventually out across the desert. There seemed to be more stone walls atop this hill, so we followed the worn trail up the slope. The tumbled walls surrounded what proved to be the fort cemetery. Nothing now remains but a series of hollows from which the bodies were removed to a national cemetery. Nothing . . . except one stone marker on which appears the following legend:

*SACRED TO THE MEMORY
of
Tho's. Ronan R. S. Hunter
Aged 49 Aged 33
Chas. Devin Thos. Daly
Aged 28 Aged 26
Late Privates
Co. G 1st Veteran Infantry Cal. Vols.
Killed
By Apaches at Oak Grove, N. M.
Jany. 17, 1866*

Thoughtfully, Bon and I retraced the worn trail to the cottonwood tree. Evening was drawing close. We gathered our belongings together and returned to the car which we had left at the fort. We hated to leave the place, and invented excuses to loiter among the mellow, golden walls. I noticed several things I had overlooked before. One of the buildings at the north end of the fort seemed a little different from the rest.

"Why do you suppose this one house was built with a peaked roof?" I remarked to Bon, "It also has its fireplace in the middle of the wall, while the other rooms all have corner fireplaces . . ."

"Oh, that . . ." Bon said, "That's the house of Dogie Jones!"

"And who was Dogie Jones?" I asked. Bon being an obliging person, told us the story of the last human occupant of Fort Cummings.

About 1891 the post at Fort Cummings was abandoned. Railroads had begun to penetrate the fastnesses of the West. No longer was the stage route necessary.

Sometime later Dogie Jones appeared at the fort ruins. He built a

couple of buildings at the north end of the Fort and began a career of cattle raising. He acquired a few head, to which he added from time to time until he had built up a good-sized herd. The secret of his success was in finding mavericks or unbranded calves among his neighbors' herds. On these he applied his own brand. It was some time before the ranchers became aware of what was happening. When they did, Dogie Jones left the country with prudent and undignified haste.

As we drove away, I again felt that wave of utter loneliness sweep over me. Today, the menacing Apaches are gone, scattered to the peaceful confines of their reservations. The Butterfield trail is no more. Its route is almost forgotten in the blowing desert sands. Fort Cummings is a dead, whispering ruin. Only Cooke's peak is the same, towering benignly over the country. The spring is much the same, a gasoline engine pumping its never-failing water to supply the Santa Fe railroad which passes through the place called Florida. They were both here before the white men . . . before the Indians. Perhaps tomorrow they will still be here to give hope and life to a new race of weary travelers.

DESERT CLOSE-UPS

Theron Marcos Trumbo, who rejoins the ranks of *Desert* writers with "Waterhole at the Crossroads," the story of old Fort Cummings, came to the desert "partly because of my health and partly because I've always had a

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longing to live in the Southwest." Trumbo has had a number of historical and travel articles in *New Mexico Magazine* and other publications. He is an "amateur artist" with oils his favorite medium and has a canvas hung in the Fiesta exhibition at the state art gallery, Santa Fe. The forts which once protected the Southwest country from the Apaches are one of his special interests. Trumbo and his wife, Louise, now live in Las Cruces, New Mexico. His ambition: "To so develop my painting, photography and writing that some day soon I may retire from office work and make my living doing these things I love." His last feature for *Desert* was "Go . . . Where the Gold Lies Buried," March, 1944.

Don Ingalls presents his second rockhound field trip to *Desert* readers in "Green Rock in the Last Chance Range." Ingalls is with the public relations department of the Los Angeles Police department. His job, he says, is that of "working" editor of the Los Angeles Police magazine, *The Beat*. Desert-roving and rockhounding are sidelines, and the variscite discovery detailed in his current article came while he and his companions were searching for a lost turquoise vein.

When Henry J. Kaiser completed his "Flying Eagle" railroad up Salt Creek wash and opened mining operations on the huge iron ore deposit in the Eagle mountains, John W. Hilton went around to see what Kaiser had done to one of his old desert stamping grounds. The story of the Kaiser operations—Hilton's first feature for *Desert* in more than a year—will appear soon.

Since the days of the earliest pioneers, men have disappeared without a trace into the towering sand mountains which lie along the southeastern rim of California's Imperial Valley. The evidence of unknown or forgotten tragedies has been smothered by drifting sand. But what the wind covers it may uncover, and recently visitors to the hills caught a glimpse of a desperate battle of the past. Orion M. Zink will tell the story of "Mystery of the Sandhills" in a winter number of *Desert*.

With more and more Americans moving to the desert areas to build their homes, the problem of proper architecture for desert living is of in-

creasing interest. The story of Donald Van Camp, a successful designer of desert homes, by J. F. Davies, will be published soon in *Desert*.

Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley



"Visitors comin'," remarked Hard Rock Shorty as a cloud of dust rolled across the floor of Death Valley in the trail of a big automobile.

The car came to a stop in front of Inferno store and the driver climbed out and sauntered across to the porch in front of the store.

"Think it'll rain?" he asked, as he glanced along the row of old-timers seated on the wooden bench.

Shorty squinted up at the dark patch of clouds overhead. "Probably will," he remarked, "but I cain't tell yu where. These desert storms comes in spots and has clean edges. They do funny things sometimes.

"I'll tell yu what I mean, stranger," he added. "One summer back in the 'twenties Ol' Pisgah Bill decided to raise a few hawks. That was the year the surveyin' crew had a big camp down the valley and Bill hated to see all the garbage go to waste.

"So he had a coupla shoats shipped out to Barstow, and the day they was to arrive he drove down in his jalopy to pick 'em up. He had 'em in a crate in the back end of the ol' car.

"Looked pretty dark down south, and Bill figured the rain 'd catch up with him if he didn't hurry. His old wheezer'd only go 27 miles an hour, but he stepped on the throttle and kept jest ahead o' that storm all the way in.

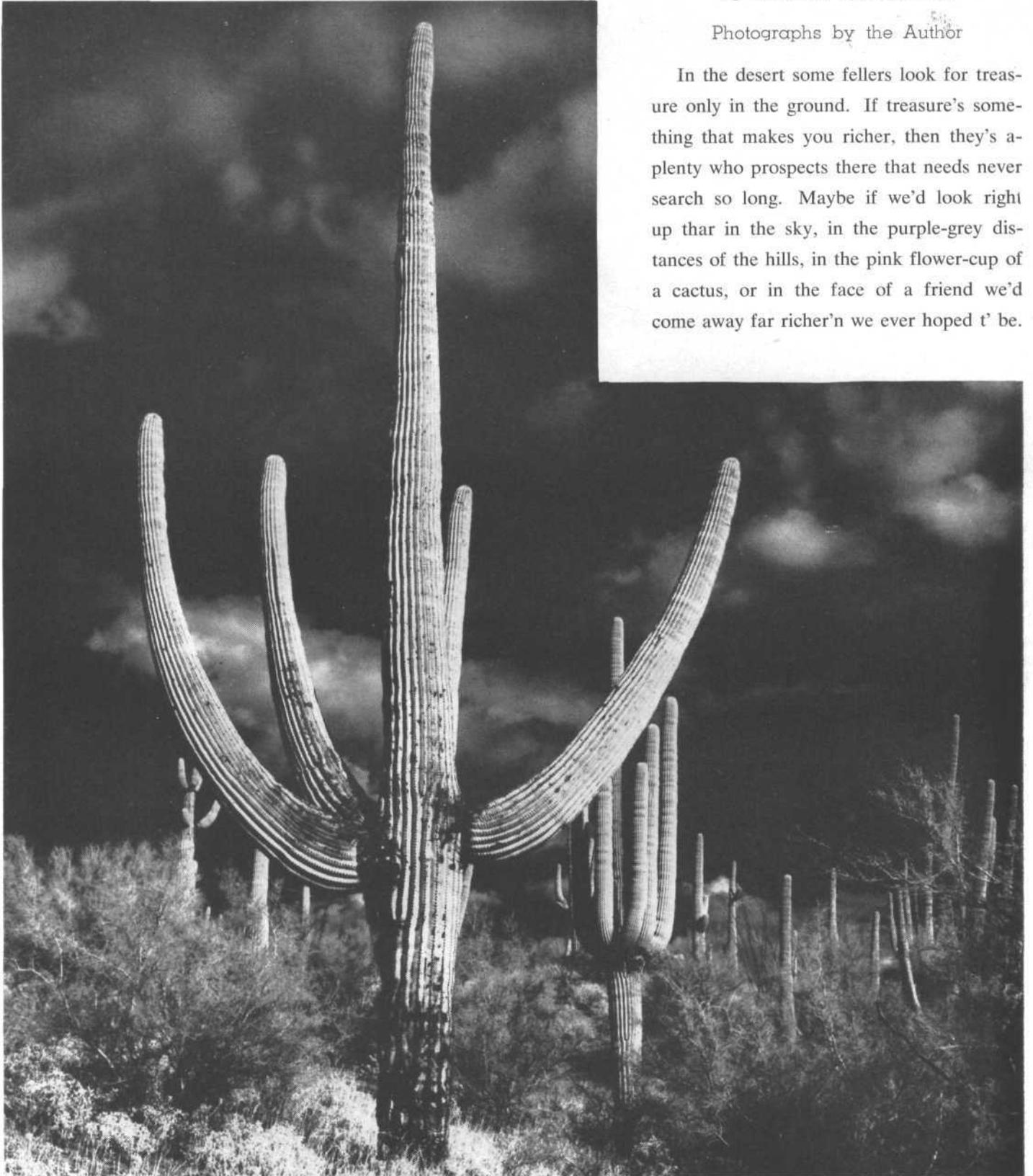
"He rolled in under that shed over there with the rain poundin' close behind him. Didn't get a drop on hisself—but when he went around to unload the hawks they wuz both drowned."

There's Another Kind o' Treasure

By JOHN L. BLACKFORD

Photographs by the Author

In the desert some fellers look for treasure only in the ground. If treasure's something that makes you richer, then they's a plenty who prospects there that needs never search so long. Maybe if we'd look right up thar in the sky, in the purple-grey distances of the hills, in the pink flower-cup of a cactus, or in the face of a friend we'd come away far richer'n we ever hoped t' be.



**Sentinel Saguaro,
Tanque Verde Mountains,
Arizona**

Seems uz how a feller kind of needs somebody t' keep company with when he's out ridin' the lone trail. That's how come me and ol' Don Saguaro knows each other s' well. Ain't nobody like him t' take the squint outen yore eye, an' wake you up to the rarin' glory o' the mornin'.



**Dawn from Rock Door Mesa,
Monument Valley, Arizona . . .**

It takes a lot of sky to cover Arizona. An' you're never more sartin of it than when traveling Navajoland. Monument Valley, yuh know, is way off yonder in Navajoland, where it slips over into Utah State. Bet you cain't see a dawn break in the Valley and not be a wealthy hombre ever afterward. Friskier too, fer trailin' up early t' Rock Door Mesa and seein' it from the Door.

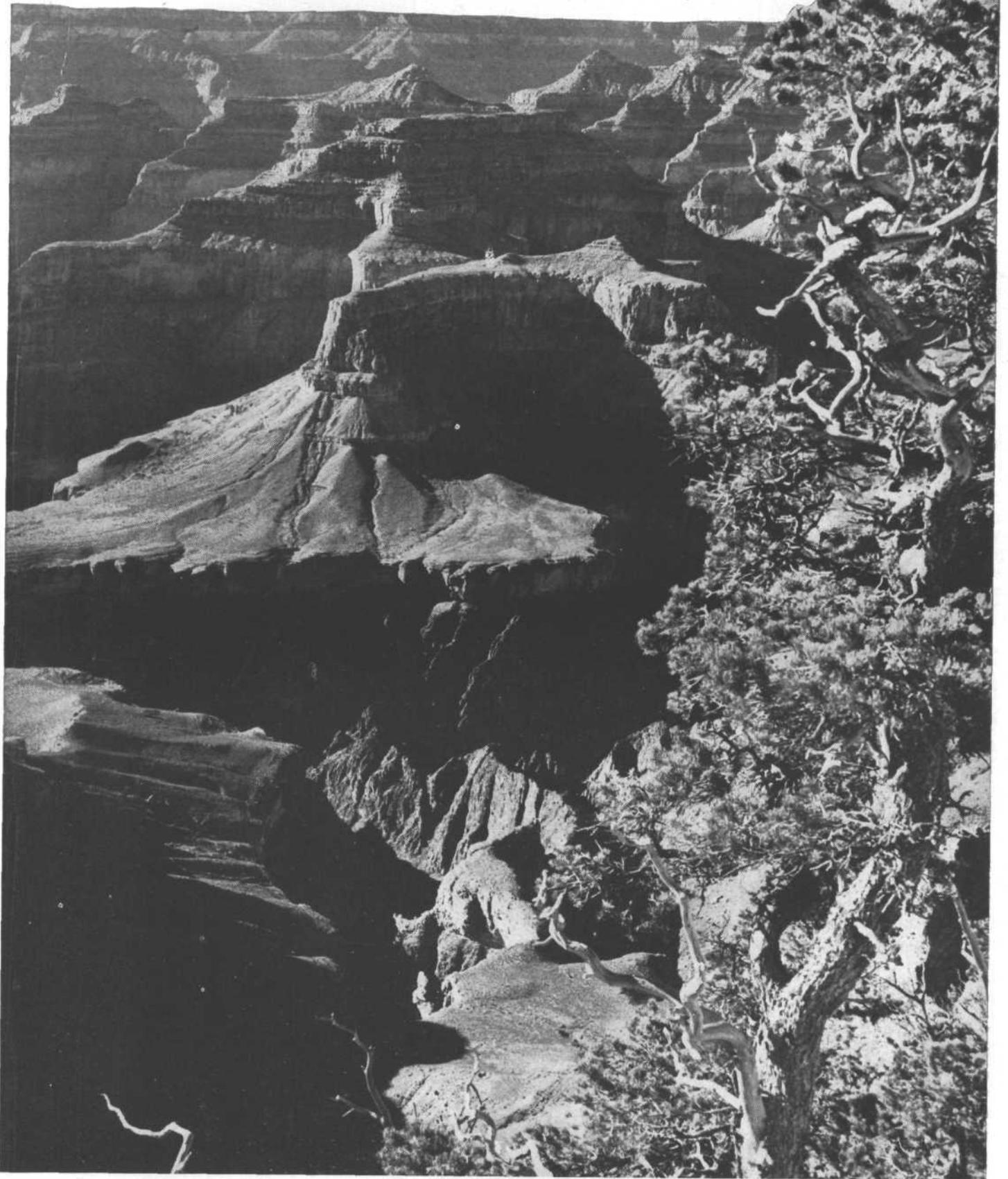
Below—Castles, Bryce Canyon, Utah . . .

Ever wonder where your air castles all went to? Them you built when you was plannin' on growing up? Them dreamy things you started when you met *her*? An' them rosy ones that somehow you knew you'd never finish, 'cause maybe they was just too beautiful? Wall, pardner, they're all done and a-waiting for you! Jes pull up strong on the off rein where it says "To Bryce Canyon." They're there!



Shadows, Grand Canyon, Arizona . . .

Guess nobody ever took pictures an' didn't wish sometime he could of painted 'em instead with a brush. When them black pools of shader lap up t' the brim of Grand Canyon, seems like yuh pretty near cain't resist that feeling yorself. Only when yuh look cross there ag'in, yuh know it'd be no use tryin'. Nobody but Him ever did paint it really, now did they?





Death Valley from the Golden Badlands . . .

Stranger, I've been dry afore, but reckon I've uncorked more spiritual uplift since comin' outer Death Valley than I ever done in any four seasons since woolies come t' the range. Dunno but what I'll be goin' back though. They say the Devil's got his golf course all laid out down there. Th' first time yu see it, Death Valley's the mos' dreary place yu c'n imagine—but after yu bin there a few times the colorin' in them hills sorta makes yu want t' stay there.

Below—Be-ta-ta-kin Ruins, Navajo National Monument, Arizona . . .

Kin yuh picture a cave high as half a mountain, and the other half of the mountain hangin' over it, and then a Indian city, all of it, inside? Don't pay t' try, 'cause you never could fix it up s' breath-catchin' as them cliff dwellers done in Be-ta-ta-kin canyon up Navajo Monument way. Bet John Wetherill were well nigh petrified when his cayuse come to that there spot.



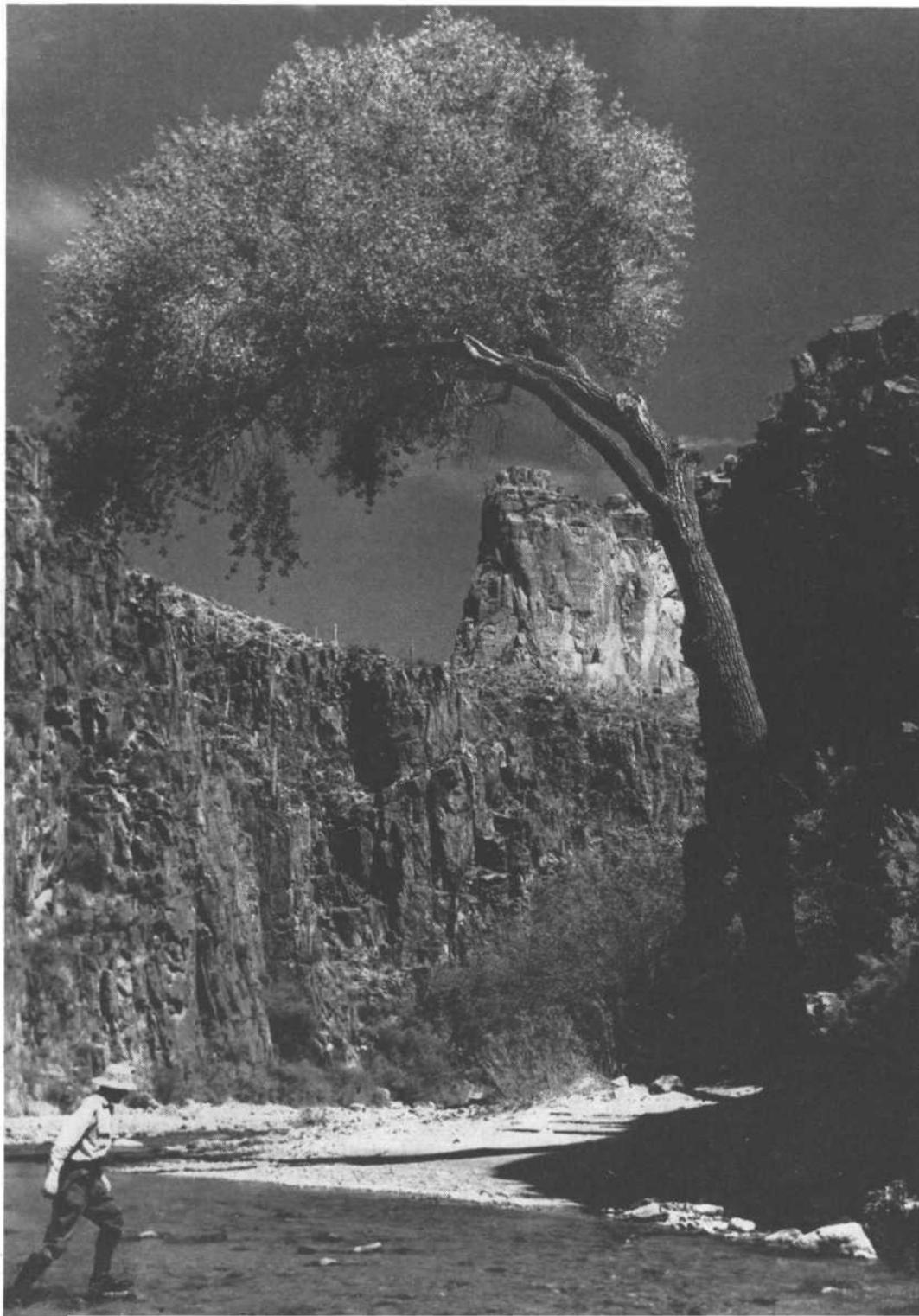


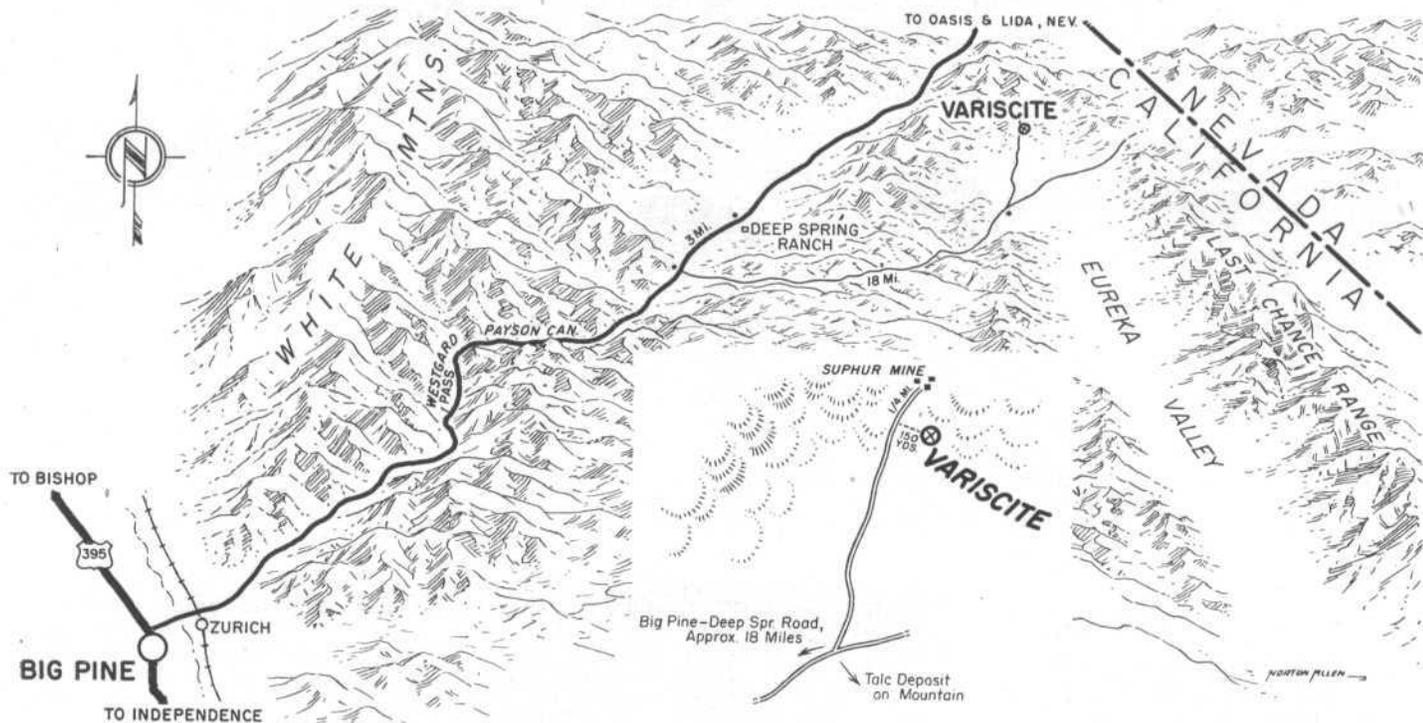
Totem Pole, Monument Valley . . .

Yep, I'm back in Monument Valley; back and maybe not leavin' ag'in. 'Pears like I belong here, along with them Injun gods and them writin's on the rocks. Yo're askin' "How come thet Totem Pole's standin' up thar, cracked and all like hit be?" Wall, pard, Harry Goulding says: "It's 'cause the Old Man wants it there." Thet's shore reason enough fer me.

Aravaipa Creek, Arizona . . .

City folks be some s'prised at places you kin find water in the desert. This here place now you don't need to look fer it even. There's plenty more'n a pailful—hit fills up a hull crick, bank t' bank, and comes ripplin' down Aravaipa canyon s' crystal clear an' cold yuh'd swear it's flowin' from Paradise. With shiny leaves a-rustlin' and birds in forty colors singin' fit t' bust, yuh'd bet it does. Some things I'd never trust even my bunkie t' do fer me. One of 'em is seein' Aravaipa canyon.





Green Rock in the Last Chance Range

By DON INGALLS

Don Ingalls and his companions failed to locate the lost turquoise deposit which they are seeking—but the trail eventually led them to the chance discovery of a vein of variscite which was ample reward for their efforts. They staked a claim on the deposit so all rockhounds may share in the discovery.

A RESTLESS wind sent a shower of sparks cascading into the black sky. The three of us huddled closer to the flickering fire. Late October brings bitter winds and occasional snow flurries to parts of the desert country.

Early that morning I had joined Bill Lewis and an old prospector known only as "Pistol" and the jaunt into the rugged wastelands north of Death Valley had begun. We started from Bill's Wagon Wheel mine, located 18 miles north of Red Mountain on the Trona highway.

Our equipment packed aboard, we clambered into Bill's 1930 Buick "Desertmaster." This mutant of the automotive race, has been designed by Bill for the rough travel of the desert country but I am convinced that only the energetic efforts of the desert gods keep the contraption together.

Just north of Big Pine we turned east and chugged past Zurich and over Westgaard pass on the old Midland trail. Beyond the pass the road took an abrupt twist to the east and

led us gently downward through the picturesque wildness of Payson canyon.

"See that patch of green, ahead there?" Pistol queried. "Well those are the trees that mark Deep Spring ranch. The trail we're looking for cuts off to the right about three miles this side of the spring. Better keep a sharp lookout for it."

Pistol's prediction was accurate and the dirt trail was located without trouble. The Desertmaster nosed off the main highway and we bounced our way south and east.

After we had gone several miles, the Buick was parked and we used the remaining daylight hours prospecting the adjoining slopes.

We were searching for a deposit of turquoise Pistol claimed to have discovered many years before, but had never worked. He showed us several striking samples, rich blue streaked with mottled brown, but his memory of the location was vague, except that it was "somewhere in this area."

We camped that night in the partial shelter of a great heap of boulders. A

cold wind was blowing, but there was ample firewood and we sat close to the blaze for awhile and then crawled into our sleeping bags, planning to continue our quest for the turquoise deposit early the following morning.

Two days of careful search followed. The three of us worked our way methodically south and east over the sprawling hills north of Eureka valley. Countless ridges and draws were combed for evidence of the phantom turquoise, but if Pistol's lost ledge is in that area, it is well hidden.

The afternoon of the third day found us with little to reward our efforts, so we decided to abandon the search in this spot.

"I might be wrong," Pistol admitted. "Maybe it was just over those hills up ahead."

That evening we loaded the car and continued along the trail around the edge of the rolling hills. At a point approximately 18 miles from where we had turned off the highway, we came to a fork in the road.

Pointing to the mountains south of



Bill Lewis explains to the author how variscite is formed.

us, Pistol directed our attention to a talc deposit splashed across the brown rock.

"I remember that talc well enough. We take the left fork up into the hills here. There used to be an old sulphur mine up ahead. It will make a good camping place for tonight."

The road was rough and our progress slow but eventually we reached the abandoned mining camp. The mine was active as late as 1942 and most of the buildings are still in good repair.

We camped in the lee of an old mess hall and if any ghosts were abroad after darkness, they didn't disturb our slumber.

The fourth day dawned grey and shivering. After exploring the camp and mine, it was decided to work the slopes below the mine for cutting and polishing specimens.

Bill followed a trail on past the camp, Pistol decided on the slopes directly below the dump, and I chose the rolling mounds near the road we had followed.

At the foot of a ledge, I came upon

an old rusted gravel screen. Stepping around it I pecked experimentally at the grey schist protruding from the ground. A few blows revealed a two-inch strip of bright green stone, well marked with black. My excited shout brought the others on the run.

It wasn't turquoise, but it was a find anyway. Bill and Pistol both identified the stone as high grade variscite. I am sure any gem cutter or polisher who seeks it out, will agree as to its fine quality.

The deposit is located about 150 yards off the road. We left the gravel screen lying beside it to serve as a marker to other rockhounds who might want samples for their collection.

The vein itself appears in a dirty grey schist and runs from northeast to southwest, its width varying from one to three inches.

Working the rest of the day, we opened the deposit for about 50 feet and took many beautiful samples away in our sample bags.

Finally we erected markers and staked out the claim. By this act we

attempted to protect our interests and those of every rockhound who will want to share in our discovery.

PARKS AND MONUMENTS SHOW INCREASED TOURIST TRAVEL

Lake Mead recreational area above Hoover dam in Nevada and Arizona drew the second largest number of visitors among the nation's public parks and recreation areas during the travel year ended September 30, with 1,607,422 tourists checked at the area. First for the nation was man-made Lake Texoma whose 500 miles of shoreline, divided between Texas and Oklahoma, were visited by 2,397,508 persons.

Other figures released included: Grand Canyon national park, 618,210. National monuments: Canyon de Chelly, 2239; Casa Grande, 35,959; Chiricahua, 14,133; Montezuma Castle, 26,171; Navajo, 505; Organ Pipe Cactus, 102,742; Petrified Forest, 341,074; Saguaro, 20,146; Sunset Crater, 25,088; Tonto, 16,266; Tumacacori, 26,766; Tuzigoot, 17,514; Walnut Canyon, 22,693; Wupatki, 5453.

Dazzling Tulips of the Desert Ranges

By MARY BEAL

ONE of the loveliest flowers that brings enchantment to the desert late in spring is the Mariposa lily. It belongs to the tulip branch of the Lily family, which has produced the famous tulips of Holland. There are many species of this beautiful western genus, and some of the most exquisite are native to foothill and mountain areas of the desert, where they usually are blooming in May, June and July. The common name Mariposa, meaning Butterfly, was bestowed by the early Spanish-Californians and well suits the splotched, spotted and penciled corollas, each species with its own richly-colored markings, mostly with a delightful resemblance to butterflies.

They not only add unusual grace and beauty to their environment but have a record of utility beyond most native plants. In early days, in areas where Mariposas abound, the Indians supplemented their larders with the bulbs of Mariposas, welcoming them as one of the choicest delicacies, either eaten raw or cooked by roasting in hot ashes, or in pits. They passed on their food lore to the often-hungry white pioneers who found these "Indian Potatoes" or "Noonas," as the Utes called them, a valuable tasty addition to their meager provisions. The Digger Indians of California were so named when the first settlers saw them digging around for lily bulbs and tubers.

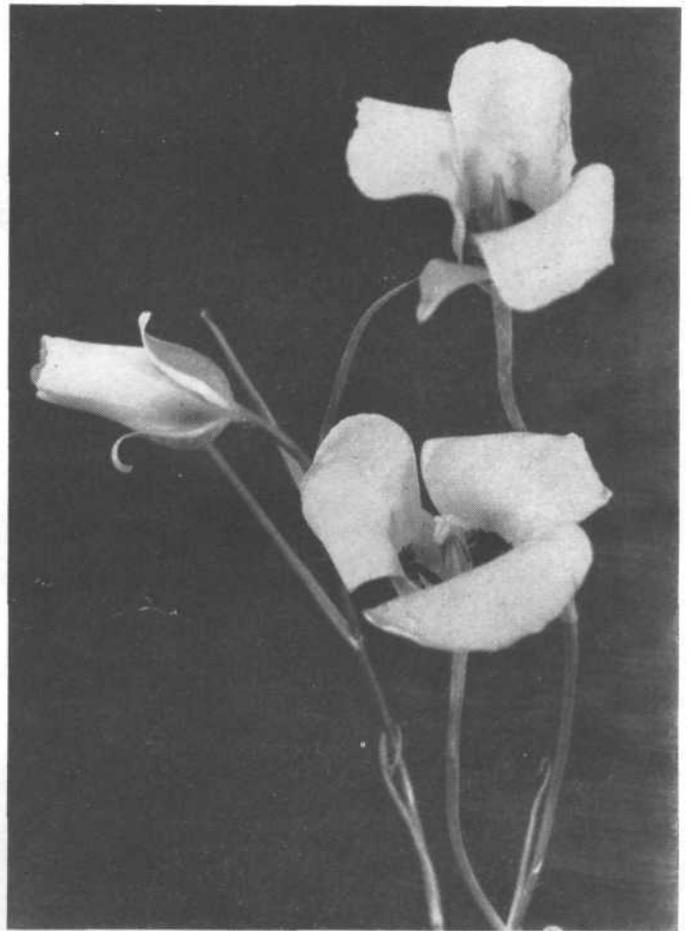
Mariposa Tulips commonly are known only as a garden favorite. Early collectors introduced them into botanical gardens both in Europe and the United States and then into home gardens. For many years most horticulturists have raised their own stock of bulbs for the market, as the hired Indian bulb-hunters bungled the job. Unable to resist the lure of this gastronomic treat, they popped most of the bulbs into their mouths as fast as they unearthed them.

The scientific name, *Calochortus*, means "beautiful grass," referring to the beautiful blossoms and the grass-like leaves. The predominant strictly-desert species is the brilliant vermilion Kennedy's Mariposa, commonly called Desert Mariposa.

Calochortus kennedyi

These flame-red charmers are rather choice as to location but on those high mesas and mountainsides where they are sovereign they present a gorgeous spectacle in late spring. In the open the stem usually is short and stout, only a few inches high, but produces several showy blossoms 2 inches or more across, disposed in open clusters on pedicels of varied lengths. In the shelter of low bushes the stems lengthen and twist up through the branches a foot or more, even to 18 inches, to display their radiance in the open sunshine atop the shrub. The long narrow leaves seldom are much in evidence, especially the basal ones, for they wither early and may dry up by the time the flower opens.

You'll find them thus glorifying many foothills and mountain slopes in Arizona and in widely-scattered locations in the Mojave desert. A stretch of rolling hills in the Avawatz mountains south of Cave springs equals the Arizona displays. Less spectacular are the southeast borders of Antelope valley, the Joshua forest about Hesperia, Ord Mountain and the Providence and New York mountains. Also found in southern Nevada.



Calochortus nuttallii

Best known as Sego lily, this wide-spread species is the state flower of Utah, where its abundance made its bulbs largess from heaven to aborigines and pioneers. The Mormon immigrants to Salt Lake valley in 1847 were indebted to the lavish profusion of the plants for relieving an ominous scarcity of food. Today few think of the Sego lily as food, its ornamental aspect being of paramount interest.

It grows on arid mountain slopes and valleys, 4000 to 8000 feet, from Utah through Nevada to the higher Death Valley mountains, Owens Valley borders, the mountains verging upon the Mojave desert, northern Arizona and New Mexico, blooming from May to July.

Much like the Sego lily, with whitish to deep lavender-purple petals, is *Calochortus ambiguus*, the gland nearly oval, the hairs branched and thickened at apex. Very common in Arizona and New Mexico on dry slopes and up to 8000 feet in open forests, from April to late summer.

Calochortus flexuosus

Easily recognized by its tendency to straggle over the ground, the slender curving, twisting stems seldom erect, unless supported by bushes. The greenish or lavender sepals are edged with white and have a deep purple spot inside near the base. The petals vary from deep purple to nearly white, oftenest lilac, with yellowish bases and purple spots and bands in variable designs, the oval gland densely tufted with orange or brownish-orange hairs. Found on open ground and dry slopes 1800 to 7000 feet, from April to June, from the Chuckwalla mountains in the Colorado desert through the eastern Mojave desert and the Death Valley region to southern Nevada, Utah and Arizona.

HERE AND THERE . . . on the Desert

ARIZONA

Air Research for Desert . . .

PHOENIX—Possibility that the U. S. air force would establish a giant research and experimental center "somewhere along the Colorado river" was seen in a recent meeting of Governor Dan E. Garvey with high-ranking air force officers, members of the Arizona power authority, the interstate stream commission, the bureau of reclamation and the Arizona Project association. Garvey reportedly declared those at the meeting had been pledged to absolute secrecy, but it was said that the project would mean creation of a permanent town of from 15,000 to 40,000 and would be center for development and testing of all types of aviation equipment. The meeting, reportedly, was to find whether Arizona would be willing to give up electrical energy and possibly some of its share of Colorado river water.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Gringo Means Greek? . . .

AJO—The story that *gringo* as a synonym for "American" sprang from hearing American soldiers in the Mexican war singing "Green Grow the Rushes, O" is questioned by Editor L. T. Beggs of the *Ajo Copper News*. Beggs reports finding this definition in the *Dictionary of American History*: "*Gringo*, a nickname, perverted from *Griego* (Greek) applied in several Spanish-American countries to foreigners who 'talk Greek,' or unintelligibly." It reportedly was defined in a dictionary published in Madrid in 1787, so could not have originated during the Mexican war.—*Ajo Copper News*.

Gelvin New Superintendent . . .

PARKER—Appointment of Ralph M. Gelvin as superintendent of the Colorado River reservation in Arizona has been announced by Assistant Secretary of the Interior W. E. Warne. "At the Colorado river reservation, the federal government, with the approval of Congress, is undertaking the difficult but highly promising program of colonizing impoverished Navajo and Hopi Indians on approximately 100,000 acres of irrigable land," Warne declared. Headgate rock diversion dam has been built to take water out of the Colorado river, and the main canal and many of the laterals have been constructed. It is hoped that 10,000 Indians may be resettled on the new land. Gelvin was stationed at Parker during the war as associate director of the Japanese war relocation project.—*Gallup Independent*.

Pioneer Arizona Archeologists . . .

TUCSON—Story of the Hemenway archeological expedition to Arizona in 1887 was detailed at the state museum recently by Capt. Edward Page Gaston, one of the original members of the party. Frank Cushing headed the expedition, which made a slow journey across the country in covered wagons and camped near Tempe. The party, numbering 100, worked in the Phoenix area for 45 months and collected 5000 specimens. Los Muertos, seven miles south of Tempe, was the largest aboriginal city in the Southwest, according to Capt. Gaston, but today it is completely covered over by evidences of advancing civilization.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Basic Navajo Problems Unsolved . . .

PHOENIX—William Zimmerman, acting commissioner of Indian affairs, after completing an inspection of the Navajo reservation, declared that solution of the basic Navajo Indian problems—health and education—is no nearer than it was a year ago. "You can't get doctors on the reservation for \$4000 a year and you can't get nurses and schoolteachers for from \$400 to \$500 less per year than the state is paying," he said. Zimmerman asserted the reservation was well-staffed 20 years ago, but that employes have left one by one to take better jobs elsewhere, while the Indian population and its economic problems have increased.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Study Reservation Trading . . .

WINDOW ROCK—A field survey of trading conditions on the Navajo reservation has been undertaken by Morris Burge, field representative of the Indian commissioner. Results will be used as a basis for

setting up regulations when present trading licenses expire in December, 1949. Al Lee, president of the United Indian Traders, and Zhealy Tso, vice-chairman of the Navajo tribal council, are serving as consultants in the survey. Last March the tribal council approved a resolution setting up new regulations for trading. The resolution was vetoed by the Indian commissioner on the grounds that changes could not be made until present licenses expire, and that there was no factual background material on which to base changes.—*Gallup Independent*.

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SLEEPING BAGS—New double, two in one. 40% down, 60% feathers. Good for below zero. \$35, including sheet liner and water repellant poplin cover. Perfect Christmas gift. G. Hovious, 4968 Lime St., Riverside, California.

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FOR SALE—Karakul wool bed blankets, colors, blue, green, natural and maroon. Money back guarantee. Price \$17.50. Write Addis Kelley, 4637 E. 52nd Place, Maywood, California.

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METEORITES WANTED, iron or stone, highest prices. Stuart Perry, Adrian, Michigan.

New Dam for the Gila . . .

GILA BEND—Plans for construction of a \$25,800,000 flood control dam on the Gila river, at Painted Rock about 20 miles below Gila Bend, have been approved by the U. S. army corps of engineers. A survey of the feasibility of the project was authorized by Congress in 1938. Recommended plan of improvement calls for an earth-fill dam 174 feet high above streambed, with a crest length of 4710 feet, to create a flood control basin with capacity of 2,480,000 acre-feet.—*Yuma Sun*.

Want More Saguaros . . .

TUCSON—John M. Davis, Santa Fe, New Mexico, regional director of the forest service, declared in a letter read at a meeting of the Tucson chamber of commerce, that unless the national park service can gain control of 10,000 acres owned by state and private individuals within Saguaro national monument, it may be necessary to abandon the monument. Davis said the section in question grows the finest stand of saguaro cactus in the country, but natural reproduction has been hindered by overgrazing.—*Tucson Citizen*.

The Red Man's Burden . . .

PHOENIX—An opinion on whether Arizona reservation Indians were subject to state sales and luxury taxes will be withheld pending outcome of a federal court suit in Washington, according to Arizona state attorney-general's office. The suit, filed by eight Arizona and New Mexico Indians seeks to halt "discrimination" in granting social security aid to the aged, the blind, and dependent children on reservations in the two states. The state tax commission has asked for a ruling on the tax question since the state supreme court ruled that reservation Indians were eligible to vote.—*Yuma Sun*.

An estimated 20,000 persons witnessed the 1948 Helldorado days held at Tombstone in October.

CALIFORNIA

Johnny Mills Dies . . .

DEATH VALLEY—Johnny Mills, 83, Death Valley old-timer, died in the Los Angeles general hospital, November 5. Johnny, who has been guide and teller of desert yarns at Furnace Creek Inn since the early '30s, came to the valley in 1894. He was said to have been a mule-skinner from borax-wagon days, and a prospector who followed all the early rushes. Johnny was a friend of Shorty Harris and Death Valley Scotty, and his adventures were dramatized from time to time on "Death Valley Days" program. Death came as the result of a broken leg, October 1, which was followed by pneumonia and other complications.—*Beatty Bulletin*.

Mono Crater Active? . . .

MONO LAKE—Possibility that one of the Mono craters was "letting off steam" was to be investigated by members of the U. S. forest service. Friday, October 15, Neal Rahm, supervisor of the Inyo national forest, noticed that steam, smoke and what appeared to be ashes were being emitted into the sky from high on the north side of one of the craters near the Benton road. He told his hunting companions, Howard Shebley of the Inyo-Mono game warden patrol and Walter Shannon of the state

fish and game patrol. The three of them saw a renewal of activity later in the afternoon but, since it was the last day of the deer season, continued hunting and planned to investigate the crater later.—*Inyo Register*.

• • •
Centennial Plans Advanced . . .

RIDGECREST—Plans for participation by the desert counties in California's 1949-50 centennial celebrations were discussed at a meeting in Ridgecrest November 12, attended by representatives from Kern, San Bernardino, Inyo and Los Angeles counties. The meeting was sponsored by the Kern County Centennial committee, headed by Paul Hubbard who cited the importance of the Manly Death Valley party in the growth of California. Frank Latta, Kern County museum director, gave a talk on the importance of the Joe Walker explorations through Walker pass and along the Sierras. T. R. Goodwin, superintendent of Death Valley national monument, declared the federal government is in accord with plans to commemorate the Death Valley party and suggested that the valley be the site of the Manly pageant. Hubbard was named temporary chairman of the Manly centennial and Dr. P. H. Gaskill of Bishop, temporary chairman of the Walker centennial.—*Randsburg-Ridgecrest Times-Herald*.

• • •
Scotty and His Gold . . .

DEATH VALLEY—Death Valley Scotty says he still has that fortune in gold hidden away somewhere in Grapevine canyon. Scotty declares he let the late Albert M. Johnson, banker, take credit for supporting him because "I've never been a sucker for the tax-hogs." But just before Johnson died, according to Scotty, the two of them weighed up their gold one night, and it came to 14,000 ounces. Then it was divided. "I know where mine is," Scotty said, "but Johnson put his half away somewhere and we never did find it."—*Los Angeles Times*.

• • •
Mojave Old-Timers Meet . . .

DAGGETT—Old-timers of the Mojave gathered at the Dix Van Dyke ranch at Daggett, October 17, for their annual picnic and reunion. The thinning ranks of those who saw desert history in the making harked back to the horse and buggy and tallow candle era. Some of them recalled the days when Daggett was supply center for a desert empire, the Calico mountains were yielding their silver and borax, and Calico itself was a spectacular camp. Besides pioneers of the Barstow area, guests came from Los Angeles, Tehachapi, Sherman Oaks, San Dimas, Pomona and Alhambra.—*Barstow Printer-Review*.

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Calico National Monument? . . .

BARSTOW—Proposal that the Calico mountains be made a national monument has been advanced editorially by Caryl Krouser, publisher of the *Barstow Printer-Review*. In a letter to Congressman Shepard, Krouser pointed out that the scenery in the area surpasses that of many national monuments, that it contains Calico ghost town which once housed thousands of people and was California's greatest silver camp, that there are old borax mines, and thrilling drives through Odessa and other canyons. It was also suggested that only the surface rights be taken over so that possible mining operations would not be affected. Previous attempts have been made to have the Calico area included in the state park system.—*Barstow Printer-Review*.

Rain Hits Date Crop . . .

INDIO—Coachella valley date growers had picked nearly 2,000,000 pounds of the best crop in the 40 years of date culture in the area when heavy rains fell October 16 and 17. The covered and ripe fruit showed little damage, but unbagged green and ripen-

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Boats start from Mexican Hat, Utah, on the San Juan, and complete the trip at Lee's Ferry on the Colorado. Arrangements will be made to have your car driven from Mexican Hat to Lee's Ferry. Sidetrips include:

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"... A river trip with Norman Nevills is more than a mere boat ride. It is a flight on a magic carpet of adventure into a canyon wilderness of indescribable beauty and grandeur."

—DESERT MAGAZINE

ing dates were expected to be an almost total loss. About 10 per cent of the fruit remaining on the trees was placed in that classification. Total crop for the year was estimated at 30,000,000 pounds.—*Indio Date Palm.*

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DESERT

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THE *Desert* MAGAZINE
Palm Desert, Calif.

George Pipkin of Wildrose station says that recent grading of a detour connecting the completed section of the new Death Valley highway with the old road permits travel to the valley over a smooth high-gear route.

Trepte Construction company of San Diego has been awarded the \$1,810,665 contract for construction at the Salton Sea Atomic Energy testing grounds. The project is to be completed in one year.

NEVADA

Will Set Basic Power Rates . . .

LAS VEGAS—Late in October, the Nevada Colorado River commission was scheduled to set the rates for what was said to be the largest amount of cheap industrial power available in the United States today—500,000,000 kilowatt hours per year—to be used at the Basic Magnesium plant at Henderson, Nevada. Many leading industrial organizations, including DuPont, Union Carbide, Houdry Process company and Gelatine, Inc., it was said, were seeking to set up operations at the \$140,000,000 Basic Magnesium plant.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Earthquake Election Day . . .

BOULDER CITY—A sharp earthquake interrupted power temporarily at Hoover

dam on November 2. The shock was the heaviest in the history of the area, according to Frank H. Werner, chief of the Lake Mead seismological survey, but no property damage was reported. Rocks littered the highway for two or three miles on either side of the dam, and the tremor caused landslides on Fortification mountain in Arizona, northeast of the dam. Reportedly, the shock was not felt in surrounding areas at any distance from Hoover dam.—*Tucson Citizen.*

Survey Reservoir Sites . . .

CALIENTE—An aerial survey of the sites of the proposed Pine and Mathews reservoir sites northeast of Caliente has been made, with U. S. Senator George W. Malone serving as guide. Also included in the survey were projects proposed for lower Meadow Valley wash area, scene of uncontrolled floods the most recent of which, in October, 1946, cut off Union Pacific railroad traffic for days. Test drilling for bedrock at the dam sites was completed September 1. Unofficial estimates of the cost of the projects were: Pine creek dam, \$750,000; Mathews dam, \$1,250,000.—*Caliente Herald.*

T&G Ties Are Popular . . .

HAWTHORNE—Lloyd Mount and Son are still disposing of the 300,000 ties they purchased from the Tonopah and Goldfield railroad company, and report minor difficulties from persons removing the ties without paying for them. Mount came upon two old prospectors loading their ramshackle truck with the ties one day and stopped to chat with them. When they had piled on all the ties the truck could hold, and prepared to drive off to their claim in the hills, Mount told them: "Well boys, those are my ties, but as you are trying to develop a mine and really working, you can have them." "But," he cautioned the startled old-timers, "don't make a practice of it."—*Tonopah Times-Bonanza.*

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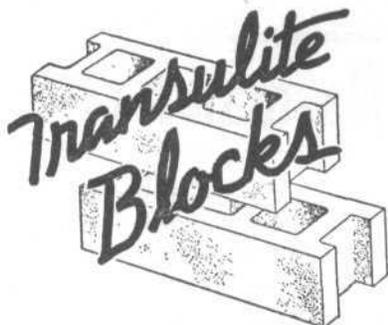
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Pinon Incense . . .

Bring the delightful fragrance of the Pinon Forest into your home or office. The burner is a miniature model of the outdoor baking ovens used by prehistoric Indians, and still in use in New Mexico pueblos. When the little cones of genuine pinon pine are burned in this tiny oven the aroma is a breath of the outdoor Southwest.

Kills kitchen and bathroom odors and removes the smell of stale tobacco. Pueblo Indians burn pinon for nasal and bronchial ailments.

Burner and 15 cones . . . \$1.50

Burner and 54 cones . . . 2.70

Extra cones, 36 for . . . 1.25

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Palm Desert, California

Plant Water Consumption . . .

CARSON CITY—T. W. Robinson of the U. S. geological survey, addressing the third annual Nevada water conference, estimated that the annual consumption of water by native vegetation in the western states was about 12,000,000 acre-feet. This, he said, was an incomplete figure and over-all statistics from all parts of the West would show an annual consumption of 20,000,000 acre-feet, or twice the flow of the Colorado river. Nearly 100 water experts from Nevada and California attended the conference.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Trout for Pyramid Lake . . .

RENO—The state fish and game commission reportedly has reached an agreement with the Pyramid Lake Indian Tribal council which should lead to the return of big trout fishing in the lake. The agreement, which was to be signed November 5, provided that the commission would restock Pyramid with black-spotted (Cutthroat) trout.—*Humboldt Star*.

Bombing Range in Use . . .

LAS VEGAS—Lt. Col. Theodore C. Hoffman, commanding officer of the Las Vegas air force base, has issued a warning that the area embraced in the vast Tonopah bombing range has been put into active use for bombing purposes. Prospectors, cattlemen and trespassers in general are warned not to venture within the range boundaries without obtaining a permit or clearance from Las Vegas air base authorities. Warning signs have been posted around the area.—*Tonopah Times-Bonanza*.

Norris Dimmitt's "camel-horse" was drowned when a drain ditch bank near Fallon collapsed. The strange animal, captured in the wild country of central Nevada, had been shown publicly for the first time at the Nevada state fair.

E. R. Fryer, former Navajo reservation superintendent and acting director of resources in the bureau of Indian affairs, has been appointed superintendent of the Carson Indian agency, in Nevada.

NEW MEXICO

They Can Join the Pueblo . . .

LOS ALAMOS—San Ildefonso Pueblo Indians working at the Los Alamos project think they may be able to solve the problem of the atomic center's citizens whose votes in a recent primary were disqualified because they lived on land under complete jurisdiction of the United States. The Indians, who gained the vote under Federal court order a few months ago, suggest that Los Alamos workers join their pueblo. They would then have the right to vote and to buy resident hunting and fishing licenses. The Indians made it plain, however, that they were not offering pueblo status—just citizenship rights. In the meantime, Los Alamos firms are questioning the right of the state to collect a sales tax from them, classifying it as "taxation without representation."—*Gallup Independent*.

Navajo Child Can Take It . . .

GRANTS—Alice Bonella, a three-year-old Navajo girl, apparently is none the worse for having spent 44 hours wandering alone in the cold, rugged Zuni mountains. Indians followed her tracks almost 20 miles from her father's pinyon nut picking camp and found her safe asleep under a tree.—*Gallup Independent*.

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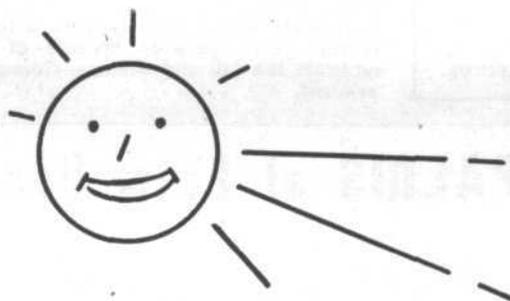
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Inyo County, \$15; E or W 1/2 \$7.50; San Bernardino, 73x110, \$15; No. or So. 1/2 \$7.50; NW., SW., NE., or SE 1/4, \$3.75.

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PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

Recall Frontier Fight . . .

ALAMOGORDO—Recent celebration of the 100th anniversary of the founding of Fort Bliss, Texas, recalled the battle between Fort Bliss men and marauding Indians in the Sacramento mountains 10 miles north of Alamogordo. In February, 1859, Lt. Henry M. Lazelle and 30 members of Company D, U. S. Mounted Riflemen, chased cattle-stealing Indians seven days before closing with them at Dog canyon. In a pitched battle, the troops forced the Indians to withdraw. Then Lazelle, him-

self shot twice through the lungs, with seven casualties and ammunition exhausted, took the long trail back to the fort. Story of the pursuit and battle is told in a series of pictures in the museum of White Sands national monument, New Mexico.—*Tucumcari American*.

Never Trust Jeep Tracks . . .

LAS CRUCES—City Commissioner Candler told Ted Morse this deer hunting story. Somewhere northwest of Hot Springs at 7800-foot elevation with the temperature seven below zero, the commissioner and two companions broke the ice with their jeep and forded a little stream. A few minutes later they saw another jeep approaching with seven alert hunters sitting upright, rifles over shoulders. This driver spotted their tracks entering the stream and trustingly drove right in. In a second, jeep and hunters had disappeared. The hunters emerged and made a beeline for shore, leaving the submerged car. The first jeep had broken the ice, and the resulting jam, a few feet down stream, had formed a beautiful lake about 10 feet deep.—*Las Cruces Citizen*.

Bumper Pinyon Crop . . .

GALLUP—An estimated one million pounds of pinyon nuts have been marketed this fall by Indians and traders, representing between \$200,000 and \$250,000 to those gathering the nuts. Traders have been getting about 25 cents a pound from local dealers and have been giving 25 cents in trade or 20 cents cash to the Indians, it was said. Most of the nuts are shipped to Albuquerque for cleaning, roasting and polishing. There they are bagged in 100-pound sacks and sold to retailers in the East, particularly New York City, as "Indian nuts." Trees in the immediate Gallup area have been bearing heavily after a lapse of several years, possibly because of heavy moisture last fall and winter.—*Gallup Independent*.

Inspects Meteor Stations . . .

LAS CRUCES—Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard observatory, recently inspected the three meteor observation sites of Harvard university, located on New Mexico A&M college experimental ranch and near Las Cruces. Philip S. Carroll, Jr., and Richard E. McCrosky of Harvard university are in charge of the observation sites. With specially constructed cameras they are studying the activities of meteors from stations at the Jornada experimental ranch and Soledad canyon. A radar installation for locating meteors is operating in Las Cruces.—*Tucumcari American*.

County for the Navajo? . . .

AZTEC—Since the election and as the result of the Navajo being given the vote, an idea has been advanced for the creation of a Navajo county to be annexed to New Mexico and to include that part of the Navajo reservation in New Mexico. The plan suggested would call for the Navajo to have their own county seat operated by their own elected officers.—*Aztec Independent-Review*.

Indian Report Planned . . .

GALLUP—Kimball Sanborn, a member of the staff of the senate appropriations committee, has returned to Washington to prepare a report to be used by the committee when the next congress convenes. It has been customary to wait until receiving the interior department budget before the committee goes into Indian affairs. But Senator Styles Bridges decided the committee should make its own investigation and Sanborn spent considerable time on the Navajo reservation in Arizona and New Mexico and also visited reservations and Indian agencies in Oklahoma, Idaho and Nevada.—*Salt Lake City Tribune*.

Indian History Clarified . . .

SANTA FE—A group of Chicago scientists reportedly "dug up four centuries of missing Indian history" in New Mexico the past summer. Dr. Paul S. Martin, curator of anthropology at Chicago natural history museum, declares that Indian history between 500 and 900 A.D. has been a blank. During the summer Martin's expedition discovered new pit houses and pottery of a type which, he said provided proof of the life of the Indians of that period.—*Tucson Citizen*.

The Apache Indians of the Mescalero reservation have proclaimed a closed season within the boundaries of their reservation in Otero county. All non-Indian hunters have been cautioned to refrain from hunting on Indian lands.

UTAH

Utah Marks the Pony Express . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—With 11 monuments already erected and six planned, Utah has more nearly completed the marking of the 1860-61 Pony Express trail than any other state, according to John D. Giles, regional director of the American Pioneer Trails association. Marking has been done by the Utah Pioneer Trails and Landmarks association. New markers planned include ones at Echo, Travelers Rest near Midvale, Joe's Dugout west of Lehi, and the Overland station in Tooele county. The organization will attempt to obtain sponsorship of local organizations during the winter, and placing of the markers will begin in the early spring.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

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She Lived a Pioneer Epic . . .

BLANDING—Elizabeth Kenny Stevens, 85, died in Blanding, November 17. A bride of a month, she joined the almost incredible trek of the Mormon pioneers through Hole-In-The-Rock canyon to found Bluff, Utah (*Desert*, May, '47). She celebrated her 17th birthday just after the toilsome crossing of the Colorado river, where the Mormons cut steps down a canyon and built a road along the face of a cliff to reach the stream. Elizabeth and her husband, Walter, moved on with members of the company to found Fruitland, Colorado, where she gave birth to the first child born in that settlement. Called to help colonize Mexico in 1891, they remained in that country until 1912 when Mexican outlaws killed Walter Stevens and Elizabeth made the journey back to Utah with 11 unmarried children.—*San Juan Record*.

Sky-Seeding the Desert . . .

SKULL VALLEY—The aerial reseeded of 15,360 acres of sagebrush-covered semi-desert land in Skull Valley, 35 miles southwest of Tooele, was delayed by muddy ground, but normal flights were resumed early in November and completion of the experimental project was expected within 10 days. The land is being seeded with crested wheatgrass, each pellet dropped containing from five to eight seeds and a chemical fertilizer. The crew of 20, working on the project, included 13 Navajo boys from New Mexico. International Seed Pellet company has contracted to do all the work at a reported cost of \$2.30 an acre.—*Millard County Chronicle*.

Will Erect Tourist Ports . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Final approval has been given plans and specifications for two \$25,000 tourist information bureaus to be erected at St. George and Kanab. The buildings will consist of one large room and will offer literature and displays on Utah. Both towns have purchased sites and have deeded the land to the state department of publicity and industrial development. Construction of the buildings is expected to be completed before the spring tourist season begins.—*Salt Lake City Tribune*.

Will Construct Memorial . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—A green light for construction of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers memorial building at the head of Main Street reportedly has been given by S. D. Huffaker, deputy to Attorney-General Grover A. Giles. Construction of the triangular building, which it is estimated will cost \$450,000, has been suspended for several months pending litigation to determine whether the state has the constitutional right to participate in paying for the structure.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Eight More Colorado Dams? . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Utah has extended an invitation to the National Reclamation association to hold its 1949 convention in Salt Lake City. At the 17th annual convention, in Oklahoma City, William E. Warne, assistant secretary of the interior, outlined a future potential 4,000,000 kilowatt hour power program for the Colorado river, which would include eight new dams. Those listed were Split Mountain, 90,000 kw.; Desolation, 78,000 kw.; Rattlesnake, 78,000 kw.; Dewey, 140,000 kw.; Dark canyon, 350,000 kw.; Glen canyon, 700,000 kw.; Marble, 22,000 kw.; Bridge canyon, 750,000 kw. Today 1,460,000 kilowatts of hydroelectric power are available on the river and plants for producing another 375,000 are being constructed, according to Warne.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

How to Hunt Bees . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—S. K. Hampton reportedly has removed 5000 bees from one tree stump in Salt Lake, "and there ought to be 70,000 left." He said his method of removing bees had never been tried before. He extends a glass tube from a frame of honeycombs into the hollow of the tree stump. The bees were said to buzz and jostle their way up the tube and into the frame. Hampton planned to smoke the queen out, "maybe this month, maybe not till spring." But at the rate of 1000 bees a day, he still has quite a program ahead.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Super-Road Along Utah Lake . . .

PROVO—Plans for a super-highway to skirt the east shore of Utah lake were presented to a public hearing in Provo late in October. The highway as now proposed will run from north of Lehi to Santaquin, paralleling the Denver and Rio Grande Western railroad tracks from Lehi to Provo. It will join the new section of the highway just north of Lehi. Purpose of the new super-road will be to divert heavy through traffic from the main areas of Utah county cities, speeding the flow of traffic and increasing highway safety.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

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Palm Desert - California

MINES AND MINING . . .

Death Valley Junction, California . . .

The Los Angeles Chemical company, operating the old clay camp a few miles north of the junction in Nye county, Nevada, reportedly continues to ship processed clay to various points in California. The raw clay is loaded by power shovel into cars which are pulled by motor to the mill over a short-line railroad. Elevated to bins, the clay is roasted to remove moisture, ground to a fineness of at least 200 mesh, and sand and other impurities removed. The material is sacked and shipped by truck to Los Angeles, and Bakersfield and other oil centers.—*Tonopah Times-Bonanza*.

Holbrook, Arizona . . .

General Petroleum corporation of Los Angeles has leased 64,000 acres of oil structure lands forming an arc around Holbrook, and exploratory drilling for oil reportedly will get under way at once. The lease was said to involve lands held by George C. Creager, Aztec Land and Cattle company, and the New Mexico-Arizona Land and Cattle company. One of the largest parcels of land was said to border the Petrified Forest national monument, just west of the Painted Desert, south of the Navajo reservation. Geologically, the lease includes lands in the Black Mesa basin and the first well will be drilled on the Little Carrizo anticline.—*Holbrook Tribune-News*.

Moab, Utah . . .

Sampling and purchasing of uranium-bearing ores at the Monticello receiving depot of the Atomic Energy commission are expected to be greatly expedited by an automatic sampler which started operations October 21. As a result of the new installation, assays of ore delivered to the depot will be available within two weeks after delivery. Payment is made when assays are returned. Major P. C. Leahy manager of the Colorado plateau office of the commission, stated that an average assay over a 30-day period will be allowed producers to give them an opportunity to benefit from higher bonus rates by increasing the percentage of their ores. He also reported work has started on modifying the Monticello vanadium mill to provide for reduction of the uranium content of the carnotite ores.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Aztec, New Mexico . . .

A new record for gas production was said to have been established when the Delhi Oil-Southern Union gasser on the Barker dome 25 miles northwest of Aztec tested 75,000,000 feet. The new gas well was drilled below 9400 feet, and its success has spurred drilling operations in the area, with many new wells planned.—*Aztec Independent-Review*.

Beaumont, California . . .

T. R. Wilson, who owns a ranch southwest of the A. D. Marshall ranch on which uranium reportedly was discovered some months ago, has found uranium ore on his ranch, according to Fred Greusel, assayer of San Bernardino. The ore had a Geiger count of 50, with the Atomic Energy commission said to be interested in uranium ore with a count of 40 or above. Marshall's ore, which to date has not been checked by government representatives, showed a 58 count.—*Banning Record*.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

"A Contribution to the Published Information on the Geology and Ore Deposits of Goldfield, Nevada" has been issued by the Nevada state bureau of mines. Fred Searles, Jr., mining geologist and president of Newmont Mining corporation, is the author. With the bulletin is a geological map of the Goldfield district. Searles was geologist for the Goldfield Consolidated Mining company in the days of Goldfield's boom production, and his theories of ore deposition reportedly were followed in the recent Newmont Deep Mines strikes at Goldfield.—*Reese River Reveille*.

Manhattan, Nevada . . .

The White Caps mine at Manhattan, 45 miles north of Tonopah, for years a consistent producer of gold ores, is being reopened. The present development, however, will be confined chiefly to production of antimony, a large tonnage of which was developed during the years that gold ore was the mine's principal output. The antimony is known to extend from the 200 to the 1100 foot level, and the vein is wide and exceptionally rich in places. The shaft is to be cleared of water to the 500-foot level and actual mining of ore reportedly will get under way within a short time. The work is being done by the Tonopah Divide Mining company.—*Tonopah Times-Bonanza*.

Desert Center, California . . .

The big Eagle Mountain iron ore mine and its 52-mile railroad were put into operation November 9 by the Kaiser Fontana steel plant. Daily output of the mine will be 28 60-ton carloads. Henry J. Kaiser declared that he hoped to double shipments within six months. The "Flying Eagle" railroad was built in 11 months with desert temperatures of 125 degrees and flash floods, which created 20,000 cubic feet per second runoffs, some of the major problems faced. Total hauling distance of 164 miles, from the mine to the mill at Fontana, is one of the shortest hauls for ore supply of any major steel plant in the country.—*Indio News*.

Oatman, Arizona . . .

Liquidation of surface and underground equipment of the Gold Roads mine, two miles northeast of Oatman, was announced in November by officials of the United States Smelting, Refining and Mining company, one of Mohave county's largest mining operators. Company Manager L. H. Duriez, whose headquarters are at Bayard, New Mexico, said the move was prompted by the "remoteness of obtaining relief from the high cost of labor, and materials, and the price of gold." He said it was impossible to mine present lowgrade ores economically. The mine was operated until 1942.—*Mohave County Miner*.

Reno, Nevada . . .

"A Nevada prospector for uranium should study the uranium minerals as listed in a book on mineralogy, and if possible study the specimen case at the Mackay school of mines museum," according to Jay A. Carpenter, director of the Mackay school. If he cannot afford a Geiger counter, he can send in specimens to the U. S. bureau of mines at Reno or Boulder City. The state ana-

lytical laboratory in the school of mines building on the university campus has a very sensitive counter. The prospector who believes he has found uranium minerals should locate as a lode claim as there usually is enough vanadium and other metals to justify location. He will be required to obtain a license to mine and mill, and then must market his ore or concentrate to the Atomic Energy commission.—*Reese River Reveille*.

Prescott, Arizona . . .

The discovery in Arizona of three uranium minerals that may lead to a new source of material for atomic energy was reported by Drs. Joseph Axelrod, Frank Grimaldi, Charles Milton and K. J. Murata of the U. S. geological survey. They said a "variety of hitherto unknown uranium minerals" was found coating gypsum at the 300-foot level in the Hillside mine, Yavapai county, Arizona. The new minerals are bayleyite, andersonite and swartsite. They are in minute quantities, but subsequent exploration might lead to greater amounts, it was said. A uranium mineral called schrockeringerite, previously known only from Wyoming and Czechoslovakia, was found at the mine.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Joy, Utah . . .

The former ghost town of Joy, in Juab county 40 miles northwest of Delta, has come back to life with a fluorite mining boom in the surrounding area. Frank Beckwith, Delta editor, reports 32 cars near Joy in one day, belonging to men staking out claims. The fluorite, said to run from 75 to 92 per cent pure, is being trucked to Delta and shipped to Geneva Steel at Provo, where it is used as a flux in steel manufacture. Mines are worked by the open pit method, scraping the ore off the ground with a bulldozer and loading it into the trucks. Presence of the mineral has been known for some time, but shipment to eastern markets was economically prohibitive. In the Geneva shipments, net profits of \$26 a ton are reported.—*Salt Lake Tribune*.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Deep Mines operation reportedly hoped to open the new 100-ton mill near the Florence shaft by Christmas. The opening was said to have been delayed by material shortages and water supply difficulties. It is expected that ample water can be obtained from the shaft at the old Sandstorm Kendall and Jupiter mines. A large stockpile of low grade ore is ready for crushing as soon as the final metallurgical problems are ironed out. Additional ore is expected from development work which will be resumed as soon as the plant is ready to handle the output. At present, underground work is largely limited to extending the Laguna shaft.—*Goldfield News*.

W. J. Henley of Virginia City, Nevada, has been elected president and general manager of Dayton Consolidated Mines company to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Homer L. Gibson. Gibson had been president and managing director of the company since its incorporation in 1934. Henley had been secretary-treasurer and manager for the same period. Henley states that the company's mill at Silver City is now in full operation, receiving custom ore as well as that from company mines.

LETTERS . . .

Randsburg Sunshine . . .

Randsburg, California

Desert:

Bob Hubbard ought to be hung for treason! Comparing our few dramatic windstorms and the gold dust from the Yellow Aster mine with Los Angeles smog for visibility! Besides we always have the chance of being hit by a gold nugget, which is something compared to being hit by a car in Los Angeles smog and fog and smudge of which we have none.

Randsburg sun shines all the time and we have the finest and healthiest year-round climate in old U. S. A. Twelve months and no smog or fog or smudge, only a few windstorms that waltz through Los Angeles smog to play tag with the sands of the clean, free desert and stir up the Yellow Aster sands to bring us drama from the elements for a few hours once in awhile, in our 12 months of perfect climate.

The seagull Bob Hubbard mentioned must have been blown this way by Los Angeles wind according to the weather reports of yesterday and today. The worst thing I can hope for Bob Hubbard is that he has to live away from the desert for just a year.

MRS. STANLEY SHIRLEY

Flapjack Flippin' Liars' Club . . .

Portland, Oregon

Desert:

I note that your Hot Cake Artist, Ralph Culver of Colorado, mentions flipping 'em up the fireplace chimney—and that with courage, faith, good timing and perfect rhythm he can run outside and catch 'em in his skillet as they come down.

He's just an amateur. Up here in Oregon we have flapjack flippers with real talent. We use any old kind of a fryin' pan, set the dough out to get sour overnight, and then when they come to a nice brown we open the door and throw 'em around the cabin and catch 'em as they turn the last corner comin' in. And they really have flavor.

JIMMIE JAMES

On Phantom Trails . . .

Redondo Beach, California

Desert:

The Desert and all of us have lost a friend, the desert with all its wildlife has lost a lover; and the little town of Julian is richer for being his last campsite.

Our Creator has promised us a life beyond the grave and it is our privilege to do a little wistful thinking, so I like to think the spirit of Marshal South has found his hidden spring and—

With spirits guarding arroyo and mesa
With vigil that never fails,
With phantom hosts of long ago,
He's following the desert trails.

R. N. SHUART

The More the Better . . .

Pasadena, California

Desert:

I'll be at the Pegleg party in Borrego valley New Year's Eve. But don't depend on it. I'm a pretty big liar.

HARLAND C. EMBREE

Apologies to Alaska! . . .

Fairbanks, Alaska

Desert:

This letter is going to you because you omitted in your circulation breakdown in the November issue to mention the fact that you have at least one subscriber in Alaska. Look at your mailing list and you will find the name Frank B. Camp, Fairbanks, Alaska. Now R. H. that is what we call a minute oversight, but nevertheless it is important because Alaska is a mighty big territory—destined to be our 49th state.

That Desert should reach me regularly every month away up here many hundreds of miles from Palm Desert, is in itself something—but possibly you have, as many others have done, submerged Alaska under the classification "Foreign." Just why in h—Alaska should be listed as "foreign" by States publications is something you can put down to widespread ignorance, which is prevalent in the United States. Another prevailing ignorance is about the Great American Desert. I have lived and prospered in both the desert and Alaska.

Give my regards to your loyal staff, and here is a rather premature Christmas card from myself and our entire staff.

FRANK B. CAMP, Advertising Manager
Jesson's Weekly, Fairbanks, Alaska.

Lake Mead Is Filling Up . . .

Washington, D. C.

Desert:

Re your observations about the tidal bore eating into the earthen barrier at the head of the gulf; I helped Randolph Leigh obtain some of his preliminary data on the river before he started his trip and the effect of the removal of sediment from the river was one subject under consideration.

However, since we all know that it won't be long—in river time—before the sediment is again reaching the gulf, your mention of a few thousand years is too pessimistic or rather is not encouraging enough, for one of the engineers of the Water Resources board told me recently that Lake Mead will probably be practically full in approximately a hundred years and it won't take long after that for the other dams to fill.

It is an interesting speculation as to what effect, if any the enormous weight of water and sediment in Lake Mead may have on any 'delicate' geological balance that may exist in that general area.

HENRY C. MORRIS

More About the Gila Monster . . .

Los Angeles, California

Desert:

I was very much interested in John C. Chalupnik's letter in the December issue of *Desert Magazine* proposing the problem as to why the Gila monster does not "infest" Imperial Valley, although found just across the Colorado River in Arizona. The remark of the old prospector, "The reptiles can't swim, an' they're too blamed slow to hitch-hike across on the bridge without gettin' run over," is not a bad answer.

Many persons, however, contend that they have seen the Gila monster in the desert country of Southern California. Investigation nevertheless reveals that they have mistaken the chuckawalla or some other lizard for it. In a different category is a comment by George Wharton James in 1906: "The Gila monster (*Heloderma suspectum* Cope) is seldom seen in the Colorado Desert, though in twenty years I have seen three or four." He, most certainly, could differentiate between Gila monsters

and other lizards. A recent alleged case of the finding of one—only about five inches in length—occurred at the county airport at Blythe. The *Palo Verde Valley Times* of that community recounts the incident. There is always the possibility that these animals are escaped pets. Van Denburgh, as well as contemporary authorities, are of the opinion that the Gila monster is not found in the native state in the deserts of California.

Incidentally, after five years of research, I am completing a 100,000-word book manuscript on both the Arizona and Mexican Gila monsters. Should any readers of *Desert Magazine* know of cases of persons bitten, or who have captured Gila monsters, I would appreciate it if they would send the details—or any other information—to my address: 118 South Avenue 21, Los Angeles 31, California.

WELDON D. WOODSON

Those Back-Seat Drivers . . .

San Diego, California

Desert:

I do get such good laughs out of your "Letters" page. If you edited your magazine according to all the ideas offered by the letter-writers how awful it would be—no snakes, no rocks, no palms, no field trips! I like Desert because it is desert. It actually brings the fragrance of the desert into my room.

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By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

It is no longer a surprise to find the West, western living and the desert regions featured in eastern magazines. Almost any week you can look over the crop at the stands and pick out a western feature. Hardly a general magazine of importance has neglected the "rockhound" (perish that word!) during the past year. He has been glamorized indeed. While all the articles may be true they often stretch the truth to the ductile limit.

Such a tale was the one on California gems in the *Post* on November 11th, followed the next week by a better article in the same magazine on the new wonder metal titanium, being produced experimentally at Boulder City, Nevada. The former tale, featuring John Hilton, was beautifully illustrated in color. One photograph of a pile of rubellite rubble will no doubt be mistaken by the unknowing for rubies. The article will not cause a duplication of the gold rush of a century ago, but it will bring many gullible easterners poking around the gem claims in San Diego county. The stampede of the California uninitiated has already started. One dealer reports that within three days after the article appeared he sold 30 picks to people who were going right down San Diego way to pick a sackful of tourmaline and beryl from the bank in the first road cut they encountered.

But we didn't laugh too much when we heard it. We did the same thing ten years ago—except that we didn't even pause to buy a pick. We had been told that we could go down to Ramona on Turkey Day, fill our pockets with tourmaline gathered from any hillside, then go into town and eat our fill of free turkey—a treat on the town where the turkeys come from. The trip was a "turkey" all right. We paid for the meal, never saw a tourmaline and met with loud guffaws every time we inquired. But—it started us on a hobby that led to a career and changed our whole life. By our subsequent writing we have led thousands of others into the satisfying recreation of hunting and cutting gems and exploring the clean smogless quiet desert byways. Perhaps the highly exaggerated *Post* article will do that for others.

Gem cutters should read the article on titanium, however, because it tells something of the newest and most beautiful gem in all the world—rutile. The makers have just advised us that the correct pronunciation is root-TEEL. Here and there a faceted stone of the new material is making its appearance to spellbind the onlooker. And here and there the diminishing school of "you can't improve on nature" folks are weakening in their stand by openly wishing for a piece of this new synthetic gem.

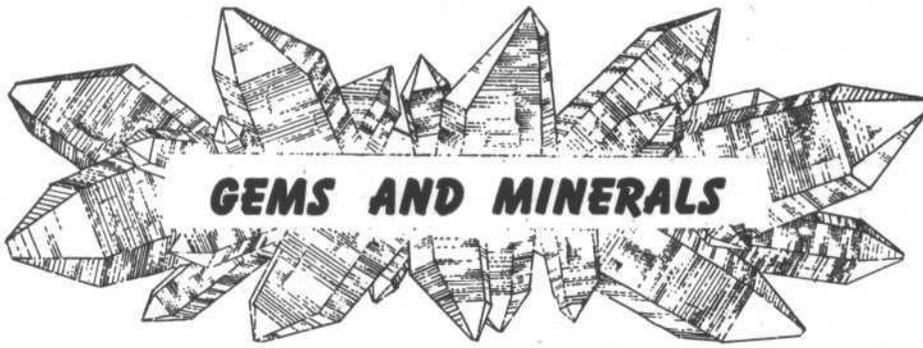
First to announce and discuss the gem, which 36,000 persons viewed at the Long Beach mineral and gem exhibition, we now offer the first authoritative cutting information about it. Dealers have orders on hand stacked as high as a desert palm. When will they fill them and for how much? We don't know what it will sell for but it has

been sold in small quantities for \$1.25 a carat; will probably cost more. It should be available, the manufacturers tell us, about February 1 and certainly not before then.

While first information on how to cut it appeared in the *Lapidary Journal* in June, 1948, we supplement that with some new facts from the manufacturer's own experimental laboratories (Linde). They advise us that this is important and should be rigidly followed. We quote—"We would like to add one word of caution which will be included in future cutting recommendations, and that is to avoid the use of hot cements in dopping this material. We have found that overheating will result in discoloration of the stone and while we specifically recommend a cold cement, such as Duco, it might be added that there is a possibility of discoloration as a result of harsh grinding or polishing. You probably know that Linde A polishing powder has been accepted by both the professional and amateur lapidary for polishing stones whose hardness is less than sapphire. In this particular instance the polish is far superior to that obtained with diamond or softer abrasives which are not well graded."

The largest cut rutile we have seen was 10 carats, cut by Ray Merz of the Los Angeles Lapidary society. The largest that has ever been cut was 150 carats but it fractured on completion. The largest stone that has survived weighs 84 carats. At this writing we are attempting one which should cut 20 carats. The material is 6 to 6½ in hardness on the Mohs scale and 900 to 950 on the Knoop. Its refractive index is w-2.616 and e-2.903. The diamond is 2.417. It is therefore more brilliant than the diamond and in the words of Dr. Bandy of the Gemological Institute, "It makes the finest diamond look like a door knob and the finest opal look anemic." The color? It is every color. If you facet gems we suggest you get your order in to your favorite dealer now.

When German boys were prisoners of war in the U. S. they were subjected to the constant propaganda of the American way of life as reflected in our magazines. Among other things they observed in copies of *Desert Magazine* and other publications the articles about amateur gem cutting and they read of the great number (now estimated at a half million) of gem cutting hobbyists. Upon returning home many of them dared to attempt to enter a craft that had been closely guarded. Now the amateur gem cutting movement in Germany is spreading like a brush fire, helped by our own army boys stationed there who are gem hunters. They have not organized into societies as all organizations are suspect, but they are supporting a fine new magazine on mineral collecting and gemology called *Achat* (Agate). If you can read German and are interested in the subject you can get the address of the magazine by sending a self addressed envelope with your request.



GEMS AND MINERALS

SEARLES LAKE MINERAL SHOW ATTRACTS MANY VISITORS

The first mineral show of the Searles Lake Gem and Mineral society, October 23-24, attracted more than 200 visitors to Trona, and was attended by the geology classes of the University of California at Santa Barbara and Pasadena city college. Dr. Leo Briggs and Leroy Bailey presented a representative display of Searles Lake crystals. A 50-foot core, drilled from the lake, was placed across the road from the school. Field trips were led by Modesto Leonardi, William Reburn, Clark Mills and Ralph Merrill.

First prize ribbon went to NOTS Rockhounds for minerals and Victor Valley Mineral club for lapidary. Individual first prize ribbons were awarded William C. Oke of Los Angeles for a collection of 152 identified minerals from Franklin, New Jersey; Ralph Merrill, crystals; Edward Redenbach, lapidary, and William Shahan, spheres. Special prize ribbons went to Clark Mills, Searles valley display; Mrs. Josie Bishop, Mojave minerals; E. D. Lawrence, fossils; C. A. Horen, Fresno, crystals; James C. Arnold, Hollywood, jewelry; Vincent Morgan, borax crystals; A. G. Ostergard, Pasadena, crystals and lapidary. December 15 meeting of the society was to be the annual Christmas party.

THROGS ATTEND FIRST ANNUAL HOLLYWOOD LAPIDARY EXHIBIT

The Hollywood Lapidary society held its first annual lapidary and gem exhibit at Plummer park, Los Angeles county department of parks and recreation, October 16-17, with nearly 1000 visitors registering. Walt Shirey was show chairman. Ribbons were awarded to members for outstanding lapidary, gem and jewelry work. Mahogany display cases were loaned to the Hollywood society by the Los Angeles Lapidary society and its members. O. C. Barnes, a guest exhibitor, displayed lamps and dishes cut from Death Valley onyx. Tom Virgin, president of the Hollywood group, announced that he would set up a committee after Christmas to start work on the society's own display cases for next year's show.

SECOND NATIONAL FEDERATION CONVENTION DATE CHANGED

Date of the second national convention of the American Federation of Mineralogical societies has been changed from June 3-5, 1949, to June 24-26, 1949, according to *Mineral Notes and News*. The convention will be held in Sacramento, California, in conjunction with California Centennial celebrations. Reason given for the change in dates was that many schools would not be closed at the originally announced time. The Sacramento Mineral society will be host.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONVENTION WILL BE HELD IN AUGUST

Official dates for the 1949 convention and show of the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineral societies, at Albuquerque, New Mexico, are August 25-27. It originally was announced for the latter part of April. The new dates, according to *Mineral and Gem News*, bulletin of the federation, will make it possible for junior rockhounds and many people having vacations in August to attend. Louis W. Heister, editor of the bulletin, 809½ W. Silver Avenue, Albuquerque, asks that he be informed as soon as possible of the approximate number of people from each club in the federation who may attend the convention.

Dr. Carl Beck, professor of geology at University of New Mexico, was to speak at the next regular meeting of the Albuquerque Gem and Mineral club. He was to discuss "Crystallography," using models of the different forms of crystals to illustrate his talk.

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SAN JOSE SOCIETY PLANS 1949 SHOW, APRIL 23-24

Work on the 1949 show of the San Jose Lapidary society already is under way, according to Club President Charles Murphy, with the lease signed and the rent paid. The exhibit will be held in the main auditorium of the San Jose Woman's Club, 75 S. Eleventh Street, April 23-24. Murphy is chairman of the show executive committee. Final meeting of the year for the San Jose group will be a Christmas party planned for December 7. In addition to the party there will be a showing of colored slides taken by club members.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, FORMS NEW ROCK SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Houston Lapidary society was held November 19 at the home of W. V. Vietti, with 30 persons in attendance. W. V. Vietti was elected president; D. W. Isaacs, vice-president; G. W. Fulshear, secretary-treasurer; Richard Peterson, recording secretary, and Mrs. Jerre Swain, program chairman. Future meetings will be held the first Friday of each month at the Swain studio, 2111 Wheeler. All persons wishing to join the society were requested to contact Mrs. Swain, L 9450.

PRODUCE SYNTHETIC QUARTZ FOR RADIO TRANSMITTERS

Synthetic quartz crystals suitable for use in radio transmitters have been produced successfully under the sponsorship of the army signal corps, according to *Science News Letter* of November 13, reported in the *Arizona Rockhound Record*. The largest specimen so far produced equals the diameter of a silver dollar. Realization of mass production would mean freedom of this country from dependence upon Brazil, which is the principal source of the natural quartz crystals used for this purpose.

Program for the November meeting of the Hollywood Lapidary society was to consist of a lecture by Myer Wolfenson, entitled: "Silver Casting Using the Lost Wax Method." The group planned a field trip to Mule canyon late in October, and the December 9 meeting was to be a Christmas party.

AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Alan Brooks, commercial assayer and engineer, was to speak on "Opening and Developing a Mining Claim," at the November meeting of the San Diego Mineral and Gem society. He was to discuss staking out a gold claim, filing, beginning the digging and developing, and identifying the minerals found. Bob Came was to speak at the November meeting of the Mineralogy division on "Methods of Identifying Minerals," with a field trip scheduled to Phillips gold mine near El Cajon. The society board voted to change the meeting place. Beginning January 1, the group will meet in the Natural History museum hall, Park Boulevard and Laurel Street, Balboa park. The San Diego group had 238 members on September 1, 1948, reportedly the largest society in California.

Directors for 1949 were to be chosen by the Northern California Mineral Society, Inc., of San Francisco, at the November meeting in San Francisco public library. A. Maudens and N. W. Hanna brought polished materials from their collections to the October meeting and explained how they had cut and polished agates and gem stones. Miss Gertrude Barnett told the society about a trip into the Mother Lode country taken during September, which was planned for members of the American Mining congress held in San Francisco. The society held a lapidary open house at its headquarters, 1001 Oak Street, November 14, with Harold Newman in charge.

The annual Christmas party of the East Bay Mineral Society, Inc., was to be held December 16, with Mr. and Mrs. Thomasberger in charge. A potluck dinner was planned, with each member contributing a pot of cooked food, a cake, pie or salad. The club furnishes coffee, cream, rolls and butter. Each member also was to bring a cut or polished stone, mineral, crystal or some other present wrapped for Christmas. Community singing and other entertainment was planned. December 2 meeting was to be a discussion by Scott Williams and Dave Grigsby on "Quicksilver in California." December 5 field trip was planned for the beach near Burlingame where various varieties of jasper were to be collected, then to an old quicksilver mine near Redwood City. Regular meeting place of the society is the auditorium of Lincoln School, 11th and Jackson Streets, Oakland, California.

January 19 meeting of the Nebraska Mineralogy and Gem club of Omaha will be held at the Joslin memorial with Dr. E. S. Bantin speaker of the evening. He will give a talk on fluorescence, illustrated by colored charts. Feature of the November meeting was to be a lecture on the rubies and ruby mines of Burma by Dr. Don Spaulding who was stationed in Burma during the war. The Nebraska society recently affiliated with the Midwest Federation of Geological societies, and was already a member of the Rocky Mountain Federation of Mineral societies. This, according to Club President Bertha C. Minardi, places the society at the center of a twin-federation area. She believes that a society common to both federations will make the two larger organizations better friends than ever.

A field trip to collect staurolite crystals was planned for November 13 by the Georgia Mineral society of Atlanta. Simple crystals and crosses of various sizes reportedly can be collected in abundance from near Ball Ground in Cherokee county, Georgia. The mineralogy of staurolites, how they were formed, and the various types of twinned crystals were to be discussed at the next meeting of the society, with a listing of other localities where they could be collected.

Officers of the Chicago Rocks and Minerals society, elected at the October meeting, are: President, Ernst Gradolph; vice-president, Bernard C. Kolter; secretary, Marie Holtz; treasurer, Louis Holtz; curator, George C. Anderson; editors of the society bulletin, Herbert and Oriol Grand-Girard. At the meeting, Langdon Longwell, past president of the Marquette Geologists association of Chicago, talked about agates. His lecture was illustrated with his own color slides. For mineral photographers he explained his method of photographing the stones, which were placed in a pan with colored cloth or paper for a background and covered with kerosene which has about the same refractive index as quartz.

Mrs. Alvin Markwell was elected president of the Oklahoma Mineral and Gem society at the October meeting of the club in Oklahoma City. Domer L. Howard is vice-president; Mrs. H. T. Daniels, secretary; Linton T. Riggs, treasurer; Hubert Rackets, Mrs. W. M. Burns and Margaret Sprankle, directors. A representative of the Oklahoma geological survey was to speak on the minerals of Oklahoma at the November meeting.

November meeting of the Minnesota Mineral club of Minneapolis was to feature a discussion on how to cut and polish rocks, and the equipment required, by W. J. Bingham. It was the first formal meeting of the society since April, since the summer and fall meetings were in the form of field trips. Last field trip was to gravel pits at Wabasha.

Lee Stokes of the University of Utah was to give a talk on the Morrison formation, geological stratum in which many dinosaur bones have been found, at the November 2 meeting of the Mineralogical Society of Utah, held in the geology building on the University of Utah campus, Salt Lake City.

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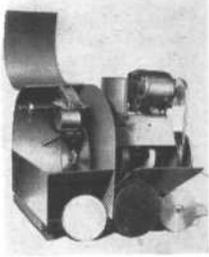
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The Yakima Rock and Mineral club has resumed activities with election of officers for the new club year. Herschel Rolfs is president; Elmer Holbrook, vice-president; Dale Porter, secretary-treasurer; T. H. Tuggle, caravan; Mrs. A. O. Turner, display, and Dr. E. Griesinger, program. Meetings will be held the third Thursday of each month at 8:00 p. m. in the Yakima Grange headquarters building. The club membership has increased over 100 per cent during the past year.

W. C. LaRue, member of the East Bay Mineral society of Oakland, California, was guest speaker at the November 12 meeting of the Mineral and Gem Society of Castro Valley. He discussed polishing of slabs and cabochons. LaRue polished many of the specimens, especially the spheres, for the museum of science in Golden Gate park. President and Mrs. Millard Moore of East Bay Mineral society were visitors at the meeting and President Moore extended an invitation to the Castro Valley group to join the East Bay society on a field trip to the Mother Lode country in November.

The Gem Collectors Club of Utah, Salt Lake City, is planning its annual display for sometime in December. Special ribbons will be awarded for cabochons, facets, ornamentals, jewelry, polished slabs, carvings, and the best cut and polished collection of Utah materials. At the October 21 meeting, *Call of the Canyon* was shown to the club by the Utah department of publicity and industrial development.

Delvers Gem and Mineral society of Downey, California, had Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Gordon of Long Beach, California, on a recent program. Mr. Gordon described cabochon shaping, grinding, and polishing. Mrs. Gordon gave the featured talk of the evening, a complete and enlightening story of the diamond. Field trip of the month was to Cache canyon. It was reported successful, although Sunday morning found the rockhunters under a heavy blanket of ice and frost. Digging soon warmed them up, and all returned with a good supply of plume agate.

Forty members and guests of the Pomona Valley Mineral club attended a turkey dinner in Pomona for the club's November meeting. A committee of club members decorated the banquet tables with centerpieces composed of desert rocks and plants. Place-cards featured desert scenes and desert rat nicknames for the members. Speaker for the occasion was H. Stanton Hill of Pasadena city college who discussed "The Geology of Mt. Lassen National Park." He brought with him a large display of minerals to be found in the park. He described the principal volcanic regions of the world and identified the three different types of volcanos. A series of color slides showed the outstanding features of Mt. Lassen park.

Kern County Mineral society planned a joint meeting with the Kern County Historical society, November 8, with Dr. H. H. Ninger, director of the American Meteorite museum near Winslow, Arizona, lecturing to the groups on meteorites. Field trip for October was to the Searles Lake mineral show at Trona. At the October meeting, Thomas Goff of San Diego gave a talk on fluorescent minerals and showed some of his paintings in which he used ground up fluorescent minerals. Thirty-two members and 14 guests were present at the meeting.

COLORADO JUNCTION CLUB PLANS FOR YEAR AHEAD

A full year's program for the Grand Junction Mineralogical society was outlined when President Dick Fisher called Mesa county, Colorado, group together November 1, after a three-month recess. Among the programs listed were the following:

December 20, "Mining Claims and Mineral Law," by C. J. Traylor; January 3, "Early Days of San Juan Mining," by Mrs. Leo Oberto; January 17, "Shooting the Dolores," pictures and prose by Preston and Becky Walker; February 2, "My Four Years in the Netherlands East Indies," by Galen Sturgin; March 7, "Polishing and Cutting Gem Stones," by Crisa B. Pond; March 21, "Oil Shale Processing," by government representative; April 4, "Pre-Historic Indian Uses of Rocks," by Al Look; April 18, Banquet and presentation of special merit awards.

Paul Phillips spoke at the November 1 meeting, discussing the origin and uses of the waters of western Colorado. The society plans to print its own bulletin this year, selling advertising space to any rockhound who has material to sell or trade, or services or supplies to offer, to meet publication costs.

The Maricopa Lapidary society of Phoenix had Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Gordon of Long Beach, California, as principal speakers at the November 8 meeting. Gordon displayed and explained standard and new lapidary equipment. Mrs. Gordon spoke on "The Story of Diamonds." In open discussion Gordon answered questions pertaining to the lapidary art and offered suggestions for solving some of the problems of cutting and polishing. At the October 11 meeting, Jack Streeter gave a resume of his three-month trip through South America and showed specimens he had brought back. December 13 meeting will be a pot luck dinner and election of officers.

Albert Hake entertained the Glendale Lapidary and Gem society by projecting thin slices of his rock specimens on a screen. Sagenite agate from the Nipomo district predominated among the specimens. The society made a field trip to Nipomo November 6.

Two films were shown at the November 8 meeting of the Southwest Mineralogists, Inc. *Lead Mining*, issued by the bureau of mines, showed the operation of the St. Joseph Mining company's property in south-eastern Missouri. *Excursions into Science* dealt with liquid air. Slides of the Pitts collection from the Academy of Science in San Francisco also were shown. Plans for a turkey dinner December 13, and exchange of minerals by members attending were announced by Program Chairman Frank Trombatore.

"The Manufacture and Identification of Synthetic Gem Stones" was to be Richard Liddicoat's topic at the November meeting of the Mineralogical Society of Southern California, meeting in the lecture room of the Pasadena public library. Liddicoat is assistant director of the Gemological Institute of America. Members Vance and Rodekohr, just returned from a collecting trip into New Mexico, were to display their collections at the meeting. A Sunday excursion of the society to the mineral museum of the California Institute of Technology was being planned by Don George, society vice-president and curator of minerals at the institute.

Dr. Arthur Richards of Southern Methodist university spoke at the November meeting of the Texas Mineral society and showed colored slides of a recent summer trip to western mining areas of the United States. The society met at the Baker hotel's Peacock Terrace. Next month society members will exchange Christmas gifts, having drawn names at the November meeting. The gifts, of course, will be rocks.

New officers for the Carson City Mineral society of Nevada are: Thomas W. Robinson, engineer with the U. S. geological survey, president; Mrs. George E. Norris of Gardnerville, vice-president; Mrs. Eva Gillen of Stewart, secretary-treasurer; Orvis Reil, three-year director. Mrs. Alpha Fifer, assisted by Roswell Hall and Joe Copperthwaite, has organized a junior rock club which now has a membership of 19. Jim Calhoun is president of the new group.

After a three-month summer recess, the Feather River Gem and Mineral society of Oroville, California, is again holding regular meetings the 2nd and 4th Thursdays at the Bird Street school. Visitors are always welcome. Vacations were discussed at the first fall meeting. President Charles Bush, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Reeves and Mr. and Mrs. Don Parker described summer collecting tours of the West. Most of the 60 members and visitors who attended the meeting brought specimens to display and discuss, with a "picture" by Pearl Parker which showed red roses surrounded by greenery when shown under the ultra-violet light the chief attraction. A meeting October 28 was largely taken up with a discussion of the ways in which the club desires to expand. Efforts are being made to find a permanent location where lapidary equipment may be set up and classes started in various phases of mineralogy, geology, cutting and polishing and jewelry work.

The November meeting of the Akron Mineral society was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Omar Fouts, 745 Noble Avenue, Akron, Ohio. A symposium of fluorescence was featured. Clayton Schnabel presented his discourse on "The Light of the World," which was illustrated by many specimens of fluorescent minerals. H. C. Treese discussed and demonstrated fluorescent and phosphorescent paints and pigments. The name of the club has been changed from Akron Mineralogical to Akron Mineral society.

A well-patronized auction sale of minerals and gems donated by members featured the November meeting of the Santa Monica Gemological society. Past-President Vern Cadieux presided as auctioneer. Receipts sent the special fund for purchase of a Mineralight for exhibit and testing purposes over the top. Cadieux explained the theory of fluorescence and demonstrated several types of lights. November field trip was planned to Last Chance canyon. December meeting will include a Christmas party and exchange of gifts.

El Paso Mineral and Gem society has published the first issue of its club bulletin, *The Voice of the El Paso Rockhounds*. James W. Redding, 177 Anita Circle, El Paso, Texas, is the editor, and announces his editorial policy, "We've got to feed the hounds good red meat or they're going to get pretty feeble and crawl off and die someplace." The society has sponsored a junior group, and at the September meeting Lester Beam was elected to the newly created post of junior sponsor.

PRACTICAL ADVICE FOR FIELD TRIPS GIVEN YAVAPAI CLUB

A. C. Nebeker, Arizona state mining engineer, gave practical advice to rockhounds on field trips at the November 2 meeting of the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society of Prescott. "Go out in twos," Nebeker said. "So many things can happen on the hills and desert. You are looking for minerals, eyes and nose to the ground, and you may lose your bearings. Take bearing from a prominent point before you start.

"Be careful not to enter abandoned mines. Young fellows have quite a desire to get into a tunnel without realizing the bad and poisonous gases there. Do not trust mine timber. I have been in mines where the timber looked solid, but, when touched with a bar, it crumbled from dry rot. If you want to go down anywhere, have a rope.

"Look out for rattlesnakes. They are not gentlemen. They do not always tell you where they are and they are found in the most unexpected places. Always have a kit for rattlesnake bite."

Dona Ana County Rockhound club, New Mexico, has purchased a show case for display of minerals belonging to the club, and has placed it in the Branigan memorial library, Las Cruces. At the November meeting of the society, a discussion of mineral nicknames was presented by the club president and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Brown of the Kitsap Mineral and Gem society of Bremerton, Washington, visiting the club, talked on Washington mineralogy and geology and the activities of their society. The Dona Ana group were guests of the El Paso Mineral and Gem society late in October. November field trip was to the Rincon thunder-egg beds.

Don Alfredo, editor of the bulletin of the Dona Ana county, New Mexico, Rockhound club, is continuing his campaign against what he terms "misinformative" names for minerals and gems. Smoky topaz is one which he says should not be tolerated. Ruby sphalerite is acceptable because it describes a form of sphalerite by color without insinuating it is anything else. But there is no copper in copperas and it should go out the window. Radiumactive is a more accurately descriptive word than radioactive, says the editor, who invites other rockhounds to take up the battle for exact and correct terms.

December 17 meeting of the Mineralogical Society of Arizona was to feature "Gadgets for the Rockhound," and members were invited to bring their favorite gadgets. December 3 meeting was a birthday party. November 19, E. E. Michael of the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society of Prescott, guest speaker, talked on shells and displayed several hundred specimens which he had collected from all over the world. The society meets the first and third Fridays of the month, October through May, in the Assembly Hall, 1736 West Van Buren Street, Phoenix, Arizona. H. B. Holloway, P. O. Box 902, Phoenix, is secretary-treasurer.

Twenty members of the Cheyenne Geological club of Cheyenne, Wyoming, are taking a ten-week course in geology under the supervision of Dr. McGrew of the University of Wyoming. Rockhounds visiting the vicinity of Cheyenne can contact Mrs. Frank Clark, 1202 W. 32nd; Fred Salfisberg, 1205 Talbot Court; Mrs. Sam Thompson, 515 E. 22nd; or Henry Arp, 3905 Bent Avenue.

The following officers have been elected by the San Fernando Mineral and Gem society of North Hollywood for the coming year: Harrison Stamp retained as president; E. L. Watson, vice-president; Mrs. Helen M. Craig, secretary; Mrs. Jean K. Kuhn, treasurer; H. E. (Pat) Williams, building board. November meeting of the society was held at the Sepulveda Woman's club where Lester B. Benson, laboratory supervisor of the Gemological Institute of Los Angeles gave a lecture on "Mineral and Gem Identification," demonstrating with microscopes, spectroscopes and other instruments the crystal structure of gems. Plans were made for the Christmas party, which was to be a picnic dinner with "entertainment while you eat."

Dr. Marc F. Baumgardt lectured on "Historic Geology" to the Pacific Mineral society at their November meeting. Dr. Baumgardt is a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical society of Great Britain, past-president of the Academy of Science, and director of Clark observatory for 21 years. He showed hand-colored slides to illustrate his lecture. Last to be described was the progress of man—both mentally and physically. The lecturer stated that man had been on the earth approximately 500,000 years, equivalent to two seconds on the clock of geology. On display were fossil collections of Dr. Baumgardt and Dr. P. A. Foster, showing specimens from the Cambrian period to the present day.

The Calaveras Mineral club has recently been formed at Murphys, California. F. H. Wallace is one of the founders.

It isn't CHALcedony, it's kalCEDony, but you write it CHAL.—Don Alfredo.

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Just Between You and Me

By RANDALL HENDERSON

RECENTLY I have had some interesting correspondence with John Edwin Hogg relative to the future possibilities of Salton Sea. Hogg wants to make his home on the desert—and he has a very unique idea for a homesite. He wants to build on Salton Sea.

Explaining the origin of the idea, he wrote: "Several years ago I visited Dal Lake, in India's famous Vale of Cashmir. Dal Lake is the biggest body of fresh water in India, although only a fraction of the size of Salton Sea. India law prohibits foreigners from owning real estate in the Dal Lake area. Englishmen got around that law very conveniently by building palatial houseboats. The Rajas, the Maharajas and wealthy Hindus followed suite, with the result that Dal Lake today has a vast population afloat in the most elaborate lot of houseboats to be found anywhere in the world. Climate and scenery in the Vale of Cashmir are very similar to those features of the Salton Sea area."

Of course the water in Salton Sea is too brackish for domestic purposes, but Hogg believes this can be solved with the recently perfected equipment for purifying ocean water. One company now makes a thermocompression evaporator which will convert 7200 gallons of ocean brine to fresh water a day at a cost of \$1.30 a thousand gallons. The initial installation cost is \$20,000—but it purifies enough water to serve 100 families.

It is an interesting suggestion to those of us who have for many years pondered the possibilities of the Salton. At present the Sea serves as a drainage basin for the Imperial Irrigation district—but houseboats along the shore line would in no way conflict with the drainage problem.

Perhaps the houseboat owners would do a landscaping job that should have been done long ago by the chambers of commerce in this desert area—namely, go back in the canyons and gather a few bushels of the native Washington palm seeds now going to waste and plant a fringe of palms around the shore line. The palms would thrive—and what a picture this big desert waterhole would make with a crest of palm fronds encircling its shores!

I think the chambers of commerce and the private promoters who are promoting housing in the desert areas are giving too much attention to the building of luxurious accommodations for wealthy visitors, and not enough attention to the construction of modest quarters for travelers of moderate means, and for workers who would establish permanent homes here.

It is true in the Palm Springs area, in Tucson and Las Vegas, and to a lesser extent in Phoenix and Albuquerque.

While the builders are trying to outdo each other in the construction of expensive courts and hostleries, the building tradesmen, the clerks, the teachers, the motor mechanics, the small proprietors and all the other groups of workers whose services are essential to community

building, but whose wages will not permit \$100 a month for rent, have been left to scramble for what meager accommodations they can find, or pay rentals out of all proportion to their wage checks.

After reaching a peak two years ago, there has been a falling off in the patronage of guests who thought nothing of paying \$10 or \$15 or \$25 a night for lodging. The "vacancy" signs on the more expensive hotels and motor courts are becoming more and more conspicuous in nearly all desert resort towns.

Communities which have staked their capital on luxurious accommodations for wealthy visitors may have hard sledding in the years ahead. The time may come when they will envy the stability of those communities where ample housing has been provided for people who work for modest salaries—for after all, these people are the salt of the earth.

• • •

This is the season when visitors from everywhere come to the desert country to get away from the rains and snows and frigid temperatures of other parts of the United States.

Clean dry air and winter sunshine of course are the principal factors which lure folks to this region. The physical environment of the desert is conducive to relaxation, and therefore health.

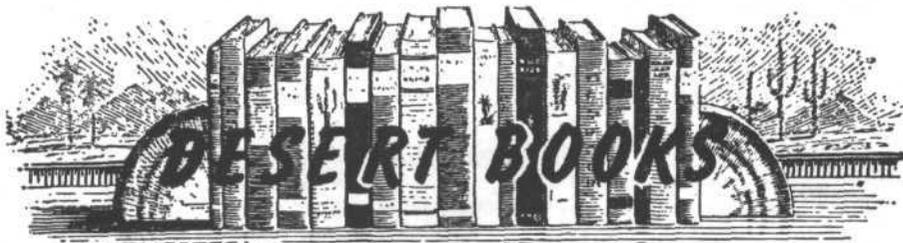
But I wish more of these visitors would bring their knapsacks and hiking shoes—and really get acquainted with the desert which lies outside the zone of paved roads and beyond the property lines of cottage courts and hotels and guest ranches.

For the real charm of the desert country is reserved for those who tramp out across the mesas and into the arroyos and canyons which give character to the desert landscape.

One does not have to be a geologist to admire the form and coloring of rock formations of a thousand hues and fantastic shapes. One does not have to be a botanist to love the delicate flower which exemplifies the tenacity of desert things by putting down its roots in a tiny crevice in a wall of stone.

When too much of our time is spent in close association with other humans amid artificial surroundings our sense of values becomes warped and unhealthy. Our judgment gets out of focus. Trivial things become too important. Important things are neglected.

The desert world of Nature has healing tonic for mental and emotional ills. But Mother Nature's cure is only for those willing to put forth real effort. And so, I suggest again that when folks come to the desert they should bring a knapsack and hiking shoes and go out alone or with a good companion and seek out for themselves the spiritual lift that comes from close association with the things of Nature.



NEW CALIFORNIA MINERAL GUIDE IS PUBLISHED

Long awaited by rockhounds and mineralogists, Bulletin 136 of the California Division of Mines, **MINERALS OF CALIFORNIA**, now is available. Its predecessor, Bulletin 113, with the same title, has been out of print since February, 1946. The new edition has been completely rewritten and greatly enlarged by Professors Joseph Murdoch and Robert W. Webb of the University of California at Los Angeles. It describes 516 definite minerals and many subspecies and varieties, and the localities in which they have been found in California.

In addition to the mineral descriptions, there are historical and geological sketches of aboriginal and Indian minerals, the discovery of gold in California, discovery of borax in California and the Searles lake deposits, Crestmore quarry, the pegmatite gem area of Southern California, Cerro Gordo, and the glaucophane schists.

Color plates have been introduced into the volume for the first time, with pictures of benitoite, neptunite, crystallized gold, gold leaf on quartz, kunzite, essonite garnet, and gem tourmaline. The pictures of the gold, garnet and tourmaline are particularly good. One fundamental change is the listing of the minerals in alphabetical order rather than by groups, which will simplify reference work for the amateur collector.

Occurrences of the minerals are listed according to counties, with definite localities where available. There is an exhaustive bibliography containing 2000 titles to which the investigator wishing more complete information can refer. **MINERALS OF CALIFORNIA** will be of great service to any one collecting or interested in the minerals of the state.

California Division of Mines, 1948. 402 pps., cloth bound. \$3.00.

NO CHINAMAN HAD A CHANCE IN GOLD RUSH CALIFORNIA

PIGTAILS AND GOLD DUST was written, according to the author, Alexander McLeod, to record the trials and tribulations of "the most romantic figures of Far Western history"—the Chinese. McLeod traces their story from the spring of 1848, when the first two Chinamen and a Chinese woman landed in San Francisco, through 35 years of unrestricted immigration which admitted 300,000 orientals, and to the present. But this is no statistical study, no series of case histories. While the author makes no attempt to gloss over Chinese faults and presents their virtues fairly, you know that his friendship is with his subjects, and he never forgets that he is dealing with human beings.

His style often is light and amusing, but a tremendous amount of research has gone into the multiplicity of facts and legends that pack the pages of **PIGTAILS AND GOLD DUST**. He tells of the life and philosophy of the Chinese servant and cook, of the washerman, doctor, merchant. He gives details of Chinese newspaper publishing, tells the dreadful story of the slave system and opium dens.

There are accounts of Chinese mining methods, and of conflicts between Chinese and occidentals and Indians, of the tongs and tong warfare, the Chinese theatre, strange customs and religious ceremonies. He tells how Chinese superstition supported Wells, Fargo, when the rest of the San Francisco banking companies went broke or lost heavily.

The well-known phrase "He didn't have a Chinaman's chance," McLeod explains, "was born in a flow of bloodshed during the great anti-Chinese riots of early California." And he traces those riots and their political and labor backgrounds, and follows through to the present position of the Chinese in our society. Today, he asserts, the last of the "old China boys" is gone—and acclimatization of the coast Chinese is complete, their Americanization proceeding.

If so, **PIGTAILS AND GOLD DUST** is a fitting memorial to a vanished era. While it deals principally with Chinese of the coast and Mother Lode area, there is no doubt that it applies as well to the far-wandering oriental pioneers of the desert mining camps. It is an excellent book.

Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1947. 326 pps., many illustrations from old photos, bibliography, \$5.00.

ON THE BLOODY TRAIL OF THE LAST APACHE RENEGADE

The story of the Apache Kid, as told by Earle R. Forrest and Edwin B. Hill in **THE LONE WAR TRAIL OF THE APACHE KID**, is one of the grimmest chapters of the closing years of Indian warfare in Arizona, in the late '80s and early '90s. And yet the Kid was not bad according to Apache standards, the authors say. He was true to his friends, red and white, and never forgot a favor. But when his father was killed the Kid followed tribal law and hunted down and killed his father's murderer.

The Kid was born on that part of the Gila which was later to become the San

Carlos reservation. The only explanation of why a reservation was located there in 1872, according to Forrest and Hill, is that "the white man thought that this land he would never want, and so it was good enough for an Apache." The Kid grew to manhood on the agency, and was a favorite of the whites. He was a sergeant with the Indian scouts when his father was stabbed by another Apache, and the Kid despite warnings, took the law into his own hands. From that time until he disappeared into the mountains of Mexico, his life was a succession of escapes, chases and killings. Of his own end, there is no positive record. Men claimed to be in on his killing at different times at widely separated places, but the authors believe that he escaped.

THE LONE WAR TRAIL OF THE APACHE KID is illustrated with historical photographs and with a reproduction in color of Charles M. Russell's painting, "Mexican Rurales." It is an interesting factual item of Southwestern history, but one has the feeling that a more complete story of the Kid and his times could be written.

Trail's End Publishing company, Pasadena, California, 1947. 143 pps., index, bibliography, notes, map endpapers. \$3.25.

BOOK NOTES . . .

The *New Mexico Quarterly Review* is sponsoring contests for all types of unpublished poems by New Mexico citizens. Witter Bynner, nationally known New Mexico poet, is chairman of the contest committee. Manuscripts should be submitted not later than midnight, December 31, 1948, and awards will be made January 15, 1949. Manuscripts should be marked either category I for original poems by New Mexico students either at college or public school, or category II for original poems by New Mexico residents not included in the first group. Prizes will consist of \$50 for first place and \$25 for second place.

Coincident with the release of a motion picture, based upon Eugene Manlove Rhodes famous *Paso Por Aqui*, it was announced that Houghton Mifflin company, Boston, is planning to bring out an omnibus edition of Rhodes' work which would include a collection of his best known works and the story of his life, *Hired Man on Horseback*.

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