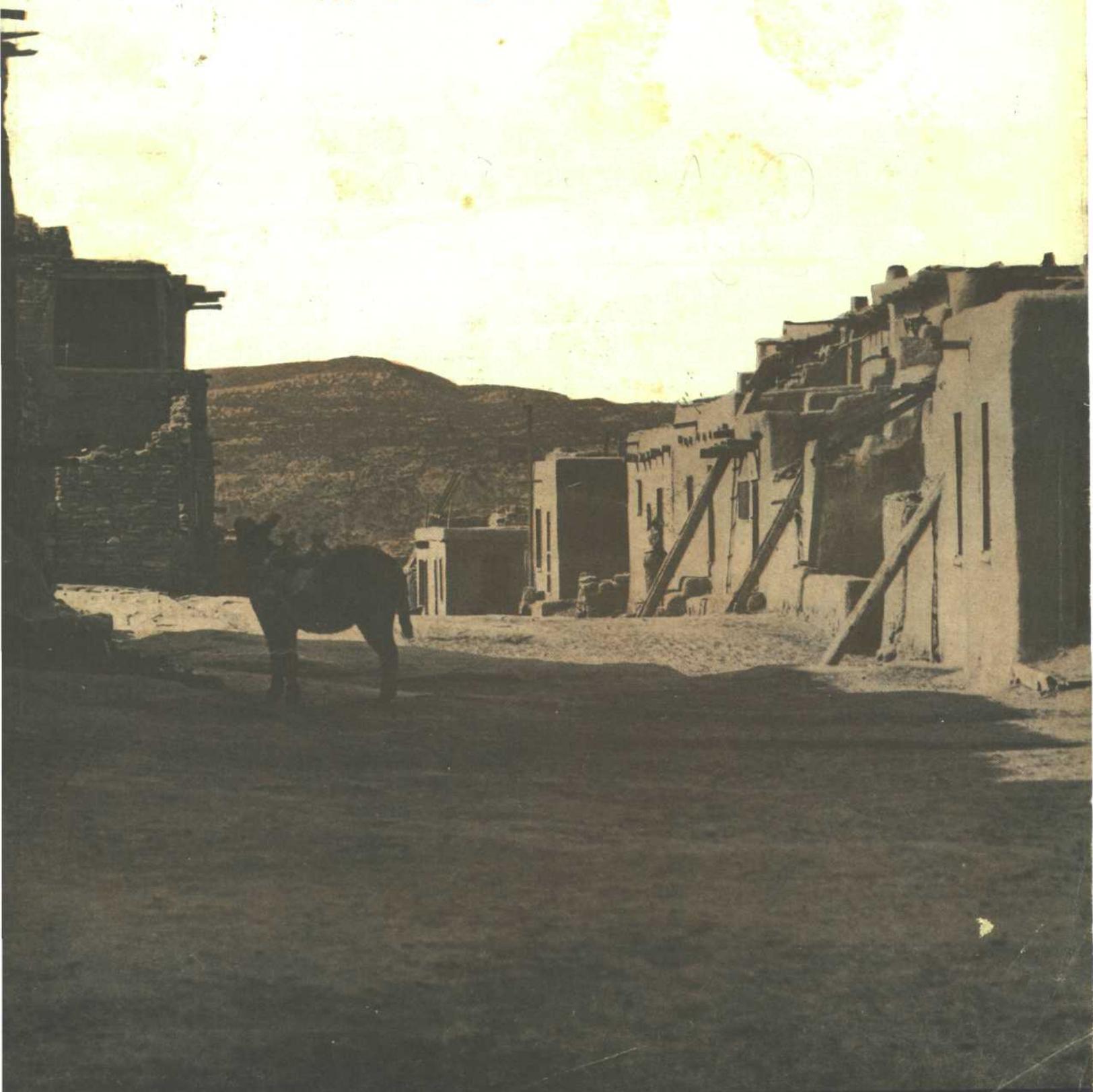


THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



NOVEMBER, 1950

ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

35 CENTS

You Will Be Wearing Rainbows

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HERE ARE THE FACTS

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AMETHYST	1.544 - 1.553	.013
EMERALD	1.564 - 1.590	.014
RUBY, SAPPHIRE	1.760 - 1.768	.018
DIAMOND	2.417	.063
TITANIA	2.605 - 2.901	.300 (APPROX.)

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DESERT CALENDAR

- Oct. 29—Annual Fall Roundup, Hi Vista, Lancaster, California.
- Oct. 31 — Hallowe'en Mardi Gras, sponsored by Junior Chamber of Commerce, Tucson, Arizona.
- Nov. 1—Ceremonial dances, Taos Indian pueblo, New Mexico.
- Nov. 2—All Souls Day fiesta, Taos pueblo, New Mexico, and other Spanish villages.
- Nov. 4-5 — Sierra Club, Southern California chapter, will hike to Last Chance Canyon, near Red Rock Canyon. Colorful scenery, also gem collecting area.
- Nov. 4-5—Old Tucson Days, sponsored by Junior Chamber of Commerce, in Tucson Mountain park, Tucson, Arizona.
- Nov. 9-11—Arizona Bankers association convention, Phoenix, Arizona.
- Nov. 10-11 — Copper Cities Square Dance festival, Globe, Arizona.
- Nov. 10-12 — American Women's Medical association convention, Tucson, Arizona.
- Nov. 11-12—Colorado River Round-up, Parker, Arizona.
- Nov. 11-15 — 32nd Annual Ogden Livestock show, Ogden, Utah.
- Nov. 12—St. James day fiesta and Harvest Corn dance, Tesuque pueblo, New Mexico, and Jemez pueblo.
- Nov. 15—Tucson symphony concert, Tucson, Arizona.
- Nov. 18-19—First annual gem and mineral show of Sequoia Mineral society, Fresno district fairgrounds, Fresno, California.
- Nov. 23—Desert Sun Ranchers Rodeo at Flying E ranch, Wickenburg, Arizona.
- Nov. 23-26—Desert trip for members of Sierra Club, Southern California chapter. Base camp at Corn Springs, outings to Chuckawalla Mountains, Pallen Mountains, Eagle Mountains, Orocochia Mountains and to Colorado River points.
- Nov. 23-26 — Sierra Club trip to Death Valley area, Avawatz peak and Ubehebe peak.
- November—Special exhibit of Peruvian arts, both ancient and modern, Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles.
- November—Following first frost and preceding the winter solstice, Shalako ceremonies at Zuni Indian pueblo, New Mexico.
- November — After first frost, on Navajo reservation in Arizona and New Mexico, Yei-be-chi (Night Way) and Mountain Top Way ceremonies, Fire dances.



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RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor
BESS STACY, Business Manager
AL HAWORTH, Associate Editor
MARTIN MORAN, Circulation Manager
E. H. VAN NOSTRAND, Advertising Manager
Los Angeles Office (Advertising Only): 2635 Adelbert Ave., Phone Normandy 3-1509

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Even in an area which has been hunted over, it was possible to find a variety of collecting material: white banded agate, red and white fortification vein agate, chalcedony roses, black-and-smoky chalcedony vein, crystalline, drusy and botryoidal chalcedony.

Agate Hunters at Double Butte

Many years ago John S. Brown, preparing a water supply paper on the Southern California desert for the U. S. Geological Survey, wrote: "The desert is a lonely place, where the passing of one or many human beings is soon forgotten, and some of its mountains, canyons and by-ways will ever remain undiscovered country, new though men have passed them many times." It is into such a desert region as this that Harold Weight takes Desert Magazine readers on an exploring trip this month.

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT

Map by Norton Allen

Photographs by the Author

DDOUBLE BUTTE, at the northern end of California's Palo Verde mountains, has been the prime landmark for its part of the Colorado Desert since the first travelers came. These odd peaks just south of the Riverside-Imperial County line are probably the remnants of a volcanic core. In late years they have proven handy for rockhounds, who use them as a check point to determine when to branch west from the main road onto the Hauser geode bed trail.

Naturally prospectors and rock

hunters would investigate such a striking feature of the landscape, and for years I have been hearing of beautiful cutting material which came from somewhere near Double Butte. But not until April of this year were we able to make a trip to find just what the area had to offer collectors.

Our companion on the expedition was Catherine Venn, one of the increasing number of Americans who are carrying on the pioneer spirit by building desert homes on government five-acre tracts. Meeting her at her

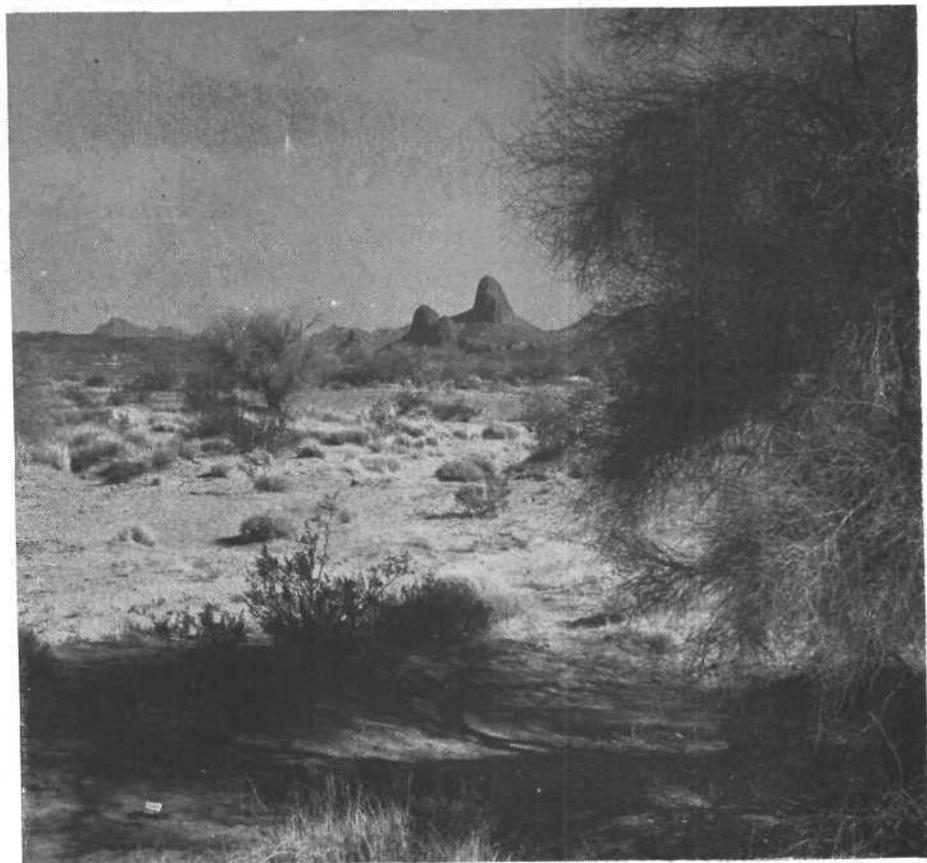
jackrabbit estate near Palm Desert, we headed east on Highway 60-70. Before reaching Desert Center we knew the trip was going to be a success, whether we found rocks or not. For the desert ironwoods—*Olneya tesota*—were in full bloom. Mile after mile on either side of the highway each individual tree was a tremendous bouquet of orchid-white and lavender-white blossoms; and each bouquet was surrounded by a cloud of desert bees and bugs busy abstracting the sugary nectar of the flowers.



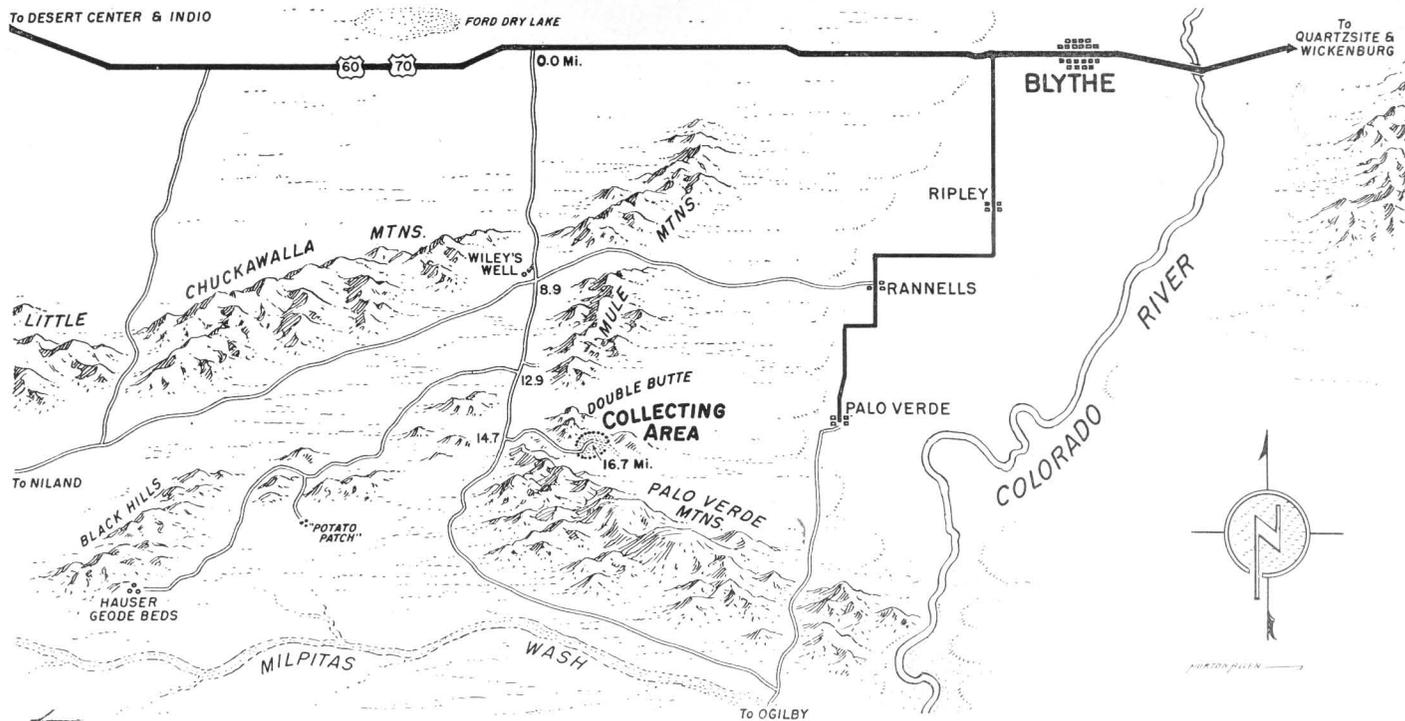
When your weather-eye sees clear skies ahead, there's no more delightful campsite than a tree-lined wash, such as this on the west slope of the Palo Verde mountains.

In general the desert country offered a poor display of wild flowers in the spring of 1950—seeming even poorer by comparison with the extravagant profusion of the year before. But the ironwoods apparently tried to make up for the failure of the other blooms. Where there were groves of them, the air seemed colored by their ethereal blossoms.

To my way of thinking, this member of the pea family is the most beautiful of the desert trees—and a most useful one, too. All desert campers know what a wonderful fuel its hard dead fragments make. That same tough wood was used by primitives for arrowpoints and clubs and tool



Double Butte, seen here from the main road just south of Wiley's Well, is a landmark in the heart of one of California's most beautiful rock collecting areas.



handles, and it is enjoying an increasing vogue for wood-working today. The Indians also considered the abundant seeds—which when roasted are said to have a rich peanut-like flavor—as an important food item. The seeds still supply meals for small desert creatures, while the young leaves are eaten with apparent relish by the burros which have managed to survive in the arid lands.

Botanists are rather sketchy in their description of the life and habits of the ironwood, and so I am not certain just when the tree blooms normally. We saw these in full flower on April 26, and others were reported still blooming in Box Canyon near Mecca on May 30. Years ago C. S. Walker of Gold Rock ranch near the Cargo Muchachos told me that the flowering of the ironwood is dependent upon the amount of rainfall it received the year before. This season's extensive show would seem to bear that out, since it would be the result of last year's rain which brought out such a wonderful flower display then. At any rate, a fine flowering of the desert's ironwood population is an event much anticipated by bees, bugs and humans.

We left Highway 60-70 for the sandy Wiley's Well road, 30.8 miles east of Desert Center and 17.8 miles west of Blythe. On the highway we had been out of the ironwood belt for a while, but we found the flowering trees again as soon as we reached the big washes, and they were not far away during the rest of the trip. The army-blade road we followed has steadily deteriorated since it was abandoned by Patton's trainees. But

it still is negotiable for the average car if care is taken not to speed at the wrong points.

We passed Wiley's Well, to our right, 8.7 miles from the highway. The well brought to my mind my first rock hunt in the Palo Verde mountains, nearly 12 years before. That trip was spontaneous, unrehearsed—and hectic—and I will never forget it. My mother, father and I had driven in to Wiley's Well after collecting river pebbles near Blythe. The side trip was intended only as a reconnaissance, as we were due back in Pasadena that night and intended to get back to Highway 60-70 before dark.

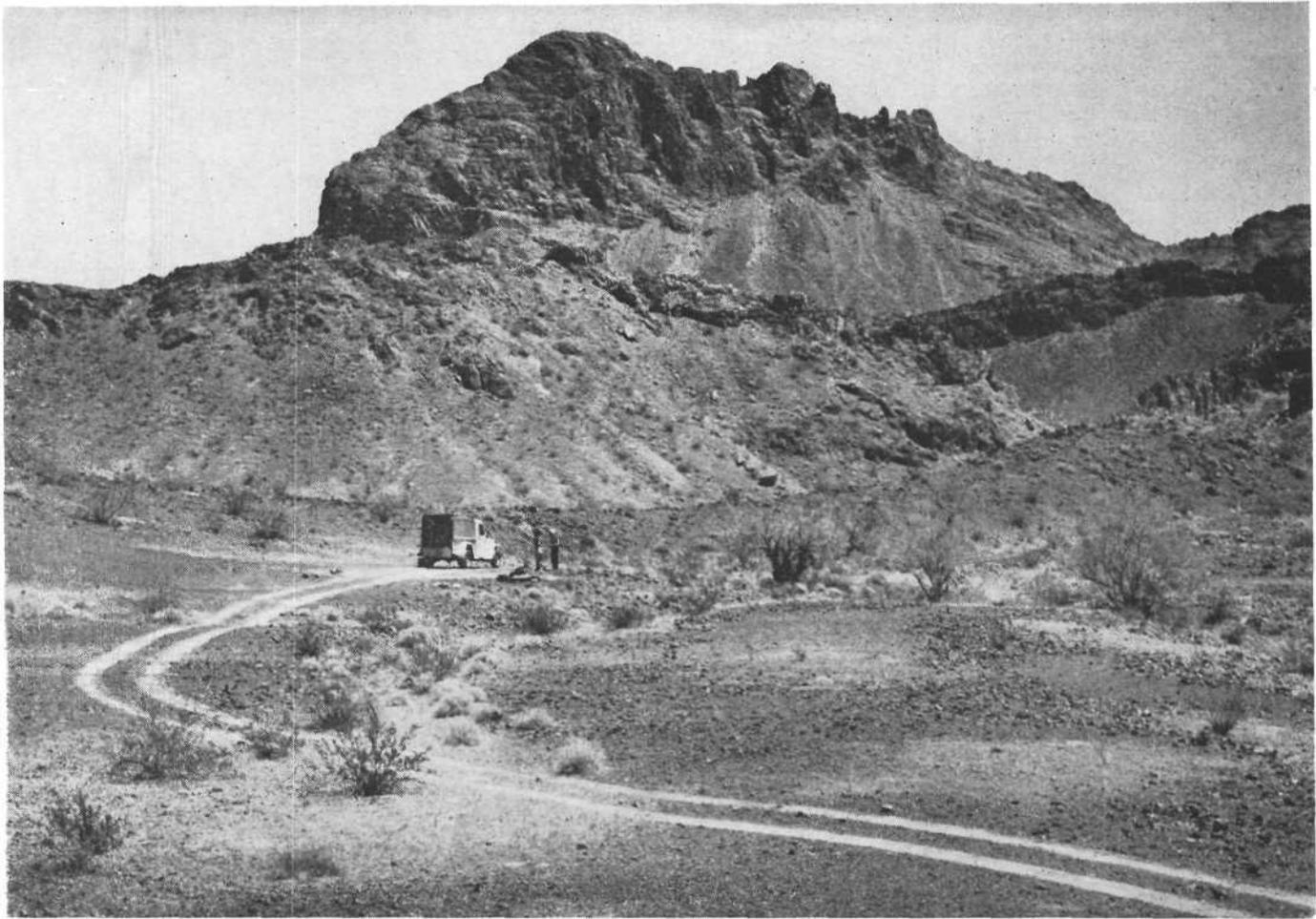
But while we were at the well, a dusty automobile swirled in from the south, and its friendly occupants stopped for a chat. They showed us some beautiful geodes and told us where they had been collected. After these rockhounds drove on, we held a consultation. My father and I were due at work the next morning, and we were more than 200 miles from home. But those wonderful rocks came from only a dozen miles away. Couldn't we just dash in, take a quick look—maybe pick up one or two—and still make it home in time for a few hours sleep? Certainly we could!

Later we learned that the field which they had described was the Hauser geode beds in the Black Hills and that in following their road directions we had zigged when we should have zagged. I began to wonder if we were on the right track when our road plunged down off the bajada and floundered south up a long sand wash. After we climbed through the wash and crawled interminably around the sloping sides of the Palo Verdes' northern foothills, I gave up the idea of finding the rock field and considered only the best means of getting back to pavement.

Today, under similar circumstances, I would unhesitatingly turn around. But in those days I still believed in the reliability of maps. And we had the most up-to-date county map available, and that map showed a clearly marked road cutting through the upper Palo Verde mountains to the town of Palo Verde. The road was there in black on white, so it must exist also on the surface of the earth. We hadn't passed

DOUBLE BUTTE LOG

- 00.0 Wiley's Well turnoff from Highways 60 & 70, 30.8 miles east of Desert Center, 17.8 miles west of Blythe. Head south on bladed dirt road.
- 08.6 Y, keep left. Right branch goes to Wiley's Well.
- 08.9 Cross Niland-Rannells road, and continue south under power lines.
- 14.7 Leave main bladed road for faint road left (east) which dives into wash. Cross wash, head south, then east to climb steep tracks to the mesa. Note: Road from wash to Double Butte is extremely primitive and not recommended for low stock cars or inexperienced desert drivers.
- 16.1 Bad wash.
- 16.5 Rough pitch-off down narrow valley.
- 16.7 Collecting area.



Seen close up from the collecting field, the large peak of Double Butte loses the smooth roundness which characterizes its appearance from a distance. Numerous collectors have camped and hunted here, but material is still to be found on surrounding hills and buttes.

any visible turnoff to the left since Wiley's Well—so we were either on the road to Palo Verde, or we would reach that branch soon. It would be better at this stage, I reasoned, to go on to the town and take a good road back rather than attempt a hair-raising after-dark return the way we had come. I was certain the road ahead couldn't possibly be worse than that already covered.

But a desert road can always get worse. It was long after dark and we were growling around the side of a hill when we halted suddenly as the ruts dropped out from under the headlights. Investigating with a flashlight, I found we were at the edge of a steep-walled arroyo. An adventurous burro could have made it through. But I couldn't go ahead and I couldn't turn, and I certainly wasn't going to try to back around that curve in the dark. We were there for the night.

We made the best of it. My mother and father slept upright in the back seat while my dog Nicky and I occupied the front. That is, we tried to sleep. It was November. The night was cold and utterly silent. For what

seemed an endless time I stared out on a fantastic landscape of pale mountains and dark mesas and tree-choked washes—half hidden, half revealed by the frosty light of a million stars.

Getting up in the first grey pre-dawn light, consisted in opening the car door, half falling out, then encouraging my knee and hip joints to start functioning. I soon had a fire of dead palo verde limbs going and we huddled around it, waiting for daybreak, realizing how natural it was that poorly clad and housed primitives should worship the sun, giver of warmth and light. High ribbons of clouds above the Palo Verdes were orange, then golden, then white, and the sun broke over a fantastic volcanic peak.

I have never been more forcibly impressed with the lonely compelling beauty of the desert than on that morning. Immediately below us, widening to the south, was the thousand-tongued course of Milpitas wash, crowded with tall and spreading ironwood and palo verde trees until it looked like a jungle. In the north foreground were the harsh volcanic flows, the vivid buttes and ridges of the Black Hills and beyond

them the high light serene granite peaks of the big Chuckawallas. Far to the west and south the dark, sharply etched Chocolates bounded the great shallow shrub-clothed valley. Behind us odd rounded foothills, shaped by many washes, rose to two striking flat-topped black mountains, with a reddish cone-shaped peak between them.

Circled by that vast inspiring panorama, it seemed petty to think of food—but we were hungry. Nicky fared best of all, since I had brought an extra can of dog food for him and our appetites had not reached the point of demanding that he share with us. We had a little coffee which, heated in a canteen cup, helped a lot and we managed a meal from leftovers of the previous day's lunches. Then we set about the problem of getting out.

It proved surprisingly easy, by daylight, to back to a point where I could turn. Even the road looked better than it had after dark. We were so encouraged that—since we were already AWOL from our jobs—we decided we would prospect a little before starting back. Almost on our impromptu campsite I found a number of

black and shiny botryoidal chunks of psilomelane, important ore of manganese, and just across the arroyo were open cuts where attempts at mining it had been made. Besides being the mineral credited with coloring amethyst crystals and putting the black fern-like patterns in moss-agate, manganese is used to toughen steel and is in great demand during wars.

About 6000 tons of high-grade manganese ore were shipped from the desert mountains of southeastern California during the first world war, with the U. S. Geological Survey estimating that 30,000 tons remained. Some of the old mines and also new discoveries were worked in this area during World War II. But between wars the miners in these isolated spots, where even water and fuel have to be hauled, find it difficult to compete with imported manganese.

I knew little about the technique of

rock hunting in those days, but in a hike over the surrounding hills I found a variety of material—agate, particularly—which looked good to me. It still looks pretty good, and I wish I'd known a little more about prospecting then for somewhere on that hike I picked up float that must have come from a promising deposit of agate nodules.

Several times since the war I've tried to return to that lonely wash in the Palo Verdes where we first camped, but I have been unable to trace the old trail out through the confusion of new tracks. The road bladed by the army engineers follows the same approximate route through the northwestern corner of the mountains, but once out of the pass it keeps far to the west of the old.

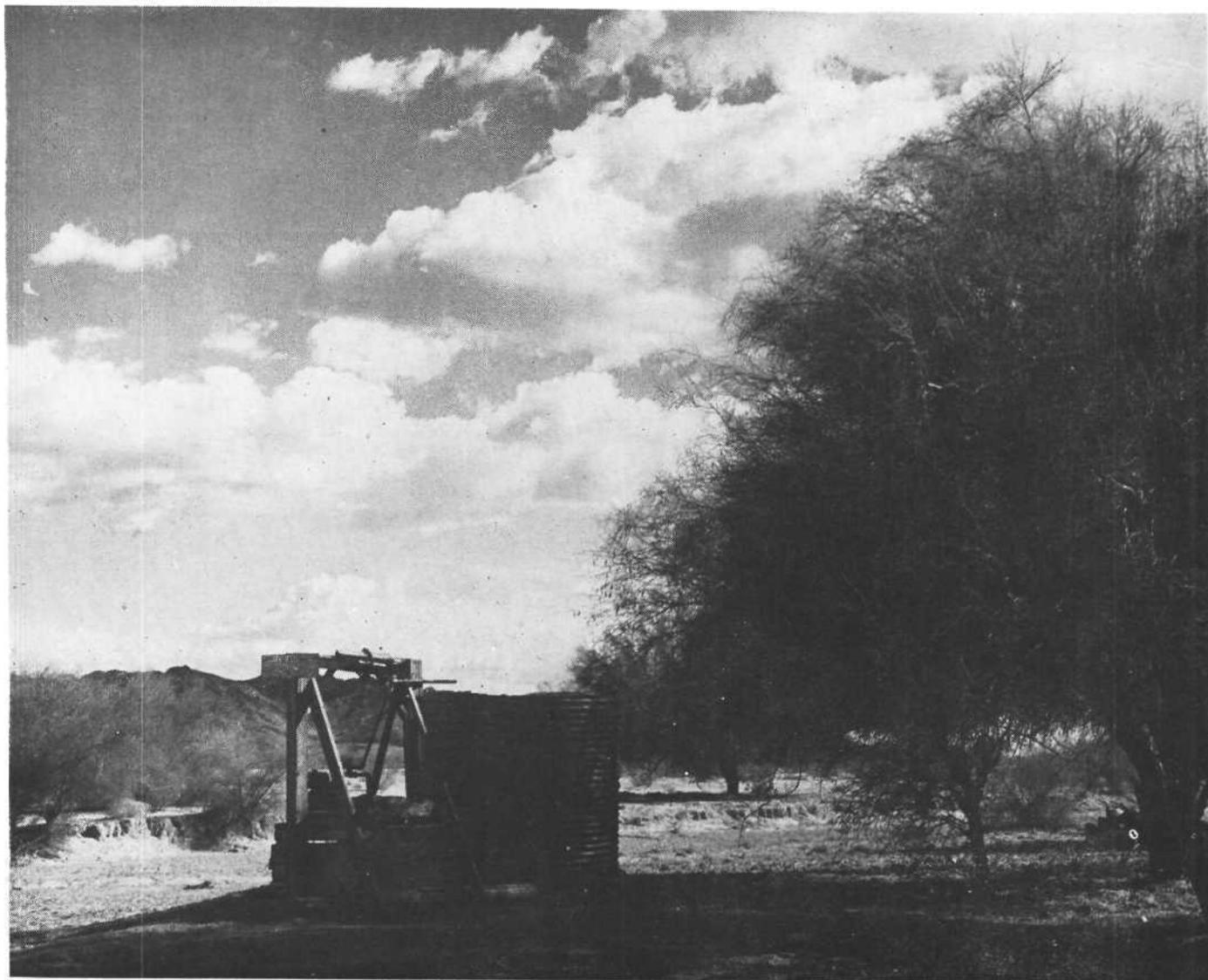
Shortly after passing Wiley's Well on our 1950 trip we reached the point 8.9 miles from the highway where the

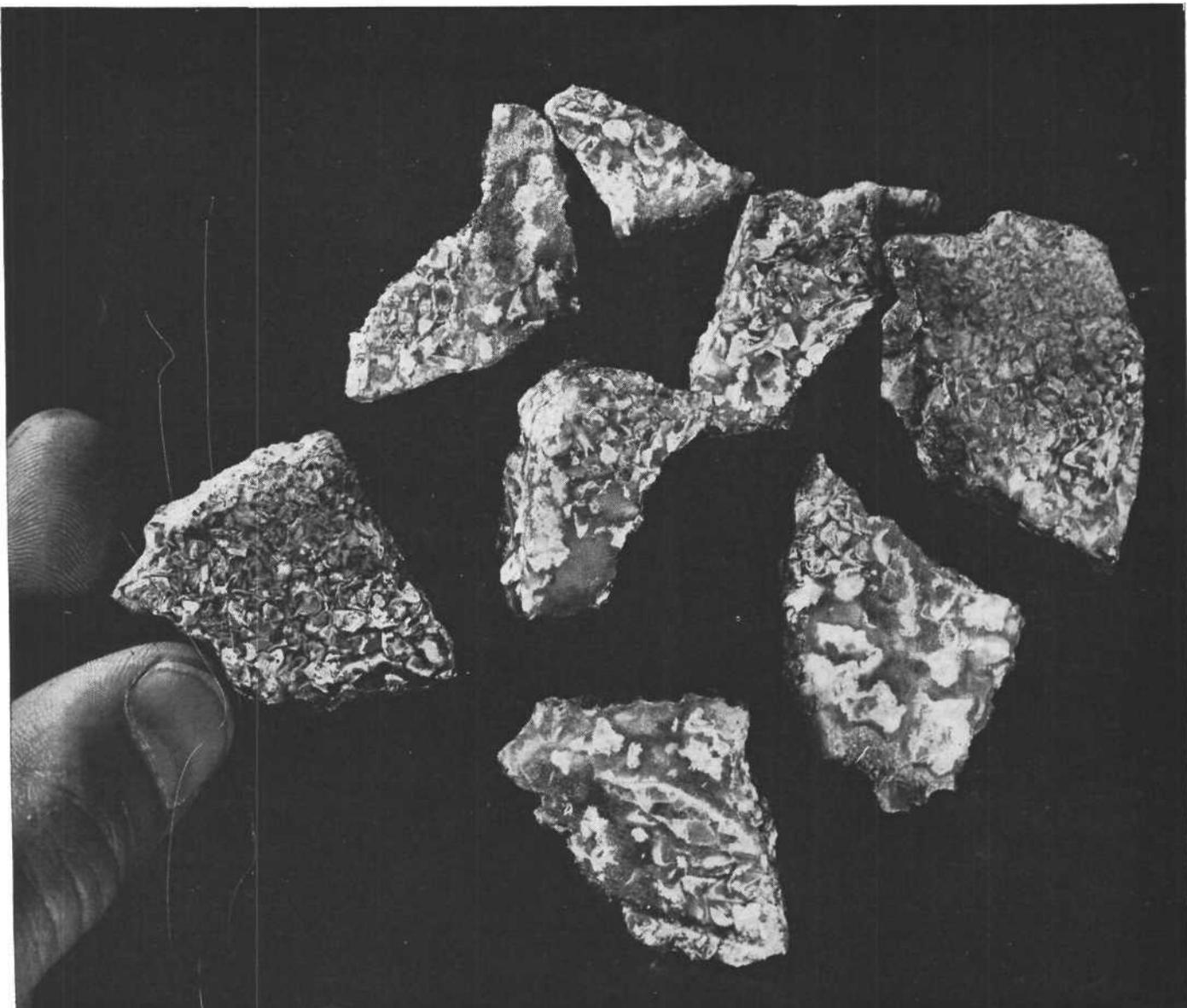
Niland-Rannells road crossed ours. We continued south, with Double Butte standing out like two sore thumbs to the southeast. Fluttering crepe-paper streamers at the Hauser geode bed turnoff, on our right at 12.7 miles, indicated that mineral societies still were making field trips into the geode area.

At 14.7 miles from the paved highway a side road took off to the left and dived into a big wash. For the next 1.9 miles we followed a rather precarious trail in and out of arroyos and around sharp U-shaped turns and then stopped.

This looked like a good hunting area, and so far as I could judge, was about as close as we could come to Double Butte in a car from this direction. I could see the higher of the two peaks which form the main butte, through a canyon which drained the valley where we stopped. We picked up some nice pieces of dark agate

Wiley's Well, dug in 1908, has been used in recent years as a watering point for cattle run through this area. It is the nearest certain water supply to Black Hills and Palo Verde rock fields—providing the pump which brings water to surface is in operation or the tank is full. Photo taken in 1948.





One rock slabbed shows how even a single small beautiful piece of cutting material can furnish slices for a whole set of jewelry. This specimen, collected on the little green ridge near Double Butte, is rosebud pink in clear chalcedony.

within a few feet of the car. And in a few hours hunt, mainly on the low green ridge east of us, we picked up small but beautiful pieces of agate flowered with yellow, black and green; cloud chalcedony with white and black forms, fine grained moss of yellow, blue, sard and flecks of rose, and chalcedony with carnelian spots.

Lucile found the biggest piece—a real chunk 8x5x5 inches with a combination of most of the colors and types of rocks that we collected in the field. Obviously it was from some big vein, but we were unable to locate its source. There was a miscellany of vein material, some of it dark, almost black chalcedony which I found in place in the butte beyond the greenish ridge. Float from a three-quarter inch vein was banded with clear chalcedony, sard and black. Other pieces were clear, banded with a pink opally

material like pastelite. One of the prettiest was a translucent fortification, double-edged with a finely contorted banding of yellow.

Double Butte also has been known as Red Butte, but on closer approach we found it to be a pleasing combination of browns, greens and lavender. From this angle, it is imposingly rugged and cliffy, showing none of the smooth roundness which distant views had led us to expect. As I hiked down the main wash toward it, I followed a fresh well-marked trail. In about half a mile I reached a large natural tank in the wash bed. The tank was dry, but various levels showed that it must hold a good deal of water over quite long periods, and it was obvious that the trail I was following had been made by burros heading for their own private reservoir. Later I found a second and smaller rock tank

in the same wash not far south of where we had halted.

The Palo Verdes are an extremely arid range. All this section of the Colorado Desert is almost without water. Natural tanks such as these—catching rain runoff—and a few man-made wells supply what little is available. Only one spring has been reported in the Palo Verdes and it is supposed to be located about one-quarter mile northeast of the base of Double Butte, a seep in a little canyon coming from the butte.

I haven't tried to locate that spring yet, and I do not know of anyone who has seen it. Its existence was reported by John S. Brown in the government water-supply paper, *The Salton Sea Region*. Brown, who visited the region in 1917-18 for the U. S. Geological Survey, didn't actually see the spring, but he seemed convinced that it was

there. He said that A. P. Wiley of Palo Verde—who dug Wiley's Well in 1908 — called the seep Red Butte Spring, but the range and township given, and the description, seem to prove that Red Butte is the landmark we call Double Butte today.

Brown saw much wonderful desert scenery in his investigation of 10,000 square miles of the Colorado Desert, and his survey—long out of print—remains today the best guide to much of that lonely country. But he seemed specially impressed by the Palo Verdes. "Nowhere in all the ranges of this region were the desert colors seen more beautifully developed," he wrote, "and a trip through these mountains is decidedly worth while for that alone."

It is beautiful country—the sort of desert to which I like to return again and again. We had time to explore the Double Butte section only sketchily on this trip but I am convinced that, as in the Black Hills, there are rocks to be collected all through this region. They do not seem to occur in big fields, but concentrated in little patches. To my mind this is an advantage, for every visitor can make his own discoveries and one truly beautiful piece of gem stone should make a trip worth while.

It was late in the afternoon when we roller-coasted into the big wash and out, and rejoined the old army road. We decided to continue south to Milpitas wash, camp for the night, and spend such time as we could spare in the morning trying to trace out the route of my first trip, long before. At 19.2 miles from the highway the main road divides. The right branch dives into Milpitas wash and heads west somewhere. The left continues down along the left side of the wash, eventually joining the Palo Verde-Ogilby county road. We held to the left branch for a little less than half a mile, then took some faint tracks to the east that wandered down the hill to one of the wild little washes which drain the Flat Top mountains. Here we made camp for the night.

There is no more perfect desert camp site than one of these gravelly, tree-lined arroyos — when they are dry. But it always is advisable to have a look at the weather before settling down. And if possible pick a wash wide enough and shallow enough that a flash flood will not submerge you, and have your car clear for a quick get-away. Flash floods do come in this part of the desert, and giant Milpitas wash was not carved by mere trickles of water.

I never appreciated how much water can accumulate in a short time on the desert until one day in 1941

when I saw Milpitas wash running full from bank to bank for hours. That was at the point where the Palo Verde-Ogilby road crosses the wash. There was only a shallow stream a few feet wide crossing the road when I reached the edge of the huge arroyo, and almost no rain falling at that point. But I had seen the great black clouds on the Black Hills to the north, and I hesitated to start across. It was well that I did, for in a matter of minutes the stream was hundreds of feet wide. Still unable to cross the flood hours later, I turned back toward Ogilby and made a detour of 250 miles to reach a destination less than 50 miles from the point where the stream had blocked my way.

But this April night the weather was perfect, the bulging half-moon giving an enormous amount of light for its size. Dead ironwoods made a long-burning campfire and we lingered late beside it. Much of our talk revolved around the amazing and growing popularity of the five-acre government homestead allotments. The fact that new sections constantly are being opened and that demand for allotments exceeds the supply would seem to be clear evidence that thousands desire to escape from city-herding and machine civilization tensions and return, at least temporarily, to something resembling the primitive life of earlier times.

Some soon discover that development of a Jackrabbit homestead — most of which are without water, power or roads—is far more rugged than they had anticipated. Others find it just the tonic they were seeking. From a city hall job in the biggest town on the Pacific coast to five acres of sun, sand and solitude is quite a jump, but Catherine Venn seems to have enjoyed it. For her the peace and friendliness of the desert has been more than sufficient recompense for the physical labor involved and the civilized comforts missing.

In the morning we crossed the little wash in which we had camped and followed army tracks onto rolling hills where, with care, it was possible to drive almost anywhere. Scattered at various spots we found bits of chalcedony and agate—and even a water-worn piece of petrified wood — but nothing in quantity or exceptional quality. The going became more difficult as we continued an irregular course toward the Flat Top mountains, and finally the trail faded away. I was sure that at one point I recognized a stretch of eroded ruts sloping around a hill, and I thought I remembered the narrow scraped pathway that wandered to the east. But the old trail was washed out at every arroyo—and the

arroyos were increasing in number. We knew that at the rate we were traveling it would take the rest of the day to come as close to the base of the Flat Tops as I camped long before. So we turned back toward the main road and civilization.

I was sure that I was on the right track, and reluctant to retreat. But then again, it was pleasant to have a reason to return to the beautiful Palo Verde country. As we bounced across the wash where we had camped, I remembered something John S. Brown had written in his water supply paper on this region.

"The desert is a lonely place, where the passing of one or many human beings is soon forgotten, and some of its mountains, canyons and by-ways will ever remain undiscovered country, new even though men have passed them many times."

There is much such undiscovered country in the wild blue Palo Verdes: canyons jeeps will never penetrate, washes where the first rain will blot the footsteps of the chance explorer. And we may be thankful that such is the case as a tide of humanity, seeking escape from a civilization it does not fully understand, sweeps into the desert.

• • • **ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS CRUSADE REDUCES INDIAN MORTALITY**

Secretary Oscar L. Chapman has announced that approximately 20,000 Indian school children between the ages of six and seventeen years will be vaccinated this year against tuberculosis. Last year 12,804 children received this vaccination.

Greatest menaces to Indian health, according to the Indian Bureau, are tuberculosis, infant diseases and pneumonia, in the order named. That much progress has been made in reducing the mortality from these ailments is indicated by the following figures: In 1912 the death rate among Indians from tuberculosis was 1,040 per 100,000. In 1945 this rate had dropped to 211.9 per 100,000, a decline of 80 percent. During the same period the death rate from tuberculosis of the general population of the United States dropped from 154.4 to 40.1 per 100,000.

In 1948 the Indian Bureau x-rayed 29,487 Indians and found 3.2 percent of them with tuberculosis.

Indian Tribal councils not only have approved the health program undertaken by the Bureau but in many instances have asked that the vaccination teams be sent to their reservations. The medical department is using the vaccine Bacillus Calmette-Guerin in making the injections.

High-Graders of Goldfield . . .

By ARTHUR WOODWARD

A HOWLING WIND whipped the sand around the base of Columbia Mountain, about 20 miles south of the newly established camp of Tonopah, Nevada, in the fall of 1903. The wind devils tore at the lone tent of Harry C. Stimler, the young 22-year-old half breed Cherokee prospector, destined to be known as "the father of Goldfield," although at that moment he felt little like a man of destiny.

However, when the hurricane, known to the desert dwellers of that region as a "Nevada zephyr," had subsided and Stimler was able to see the landscape around him in the clear light of an autumn sun he discovered that he had pitched his camp almost on the site of a very rich ledge of ore. This he located and in honor of the elements he called his find the "Sand-storm." Shortly afterward he staked out another claim which he called the "January."

Out of these two initial claims Goldfield, "Queen of the Camps," was born and a lusty queen she was, almost from the first day of her birth. Tonopah had been discovered in the summer of 1900 by Jim Butler and its mines already were producing much wealth. Stimler had been in the rush at Tonopah but had missed his golden opportunity in that area. Having incurred debts amounting to about \$15,000 he had been grubstaked by Jim

At the height of Goldfield's boom, nearly a half century ago, miners working for four or five dollars a day sometimes went off shift with as much as \$50 worth of rich ore concealed in pockets in their clothing. High-graders, they were called, and before the owners put a stop to the practice it is estimated that millions of dollars worth of "picture rock" was stolen in this manner. The information in this amazing story was taken from the records of the old mining camp.

Butler and a man named Kendall. Now he had struck it rich. All he needed was capital to develop the area.

Naturally, as the mines were discovered and developed, they attracted the attention of hardrock miners from far off Idaho and Montana. They swarmed in from Arizona, Colorado and Utah. The news that most of the discoveries were picture rock or jewelry rock brought in fortune-hungry lessees by the score, each one hoping to land a rich mine and skim off the golden cream. Miners who were willing to work for a paltry \$4 to \$5 a day just to be allowed inside the mines, came by the hundreds. Here was the opportunity of a life time. Wages,

poof! What were wages when a man could high-grade several hundred dollars a day if he was smart?

At first development was slow. Some of the early speculators grew restless. Veins seemed to pinch out and were lost. Gold hungry desert rats, failing to pick up chunks of pure gold, packed up their outfits and drifted away.

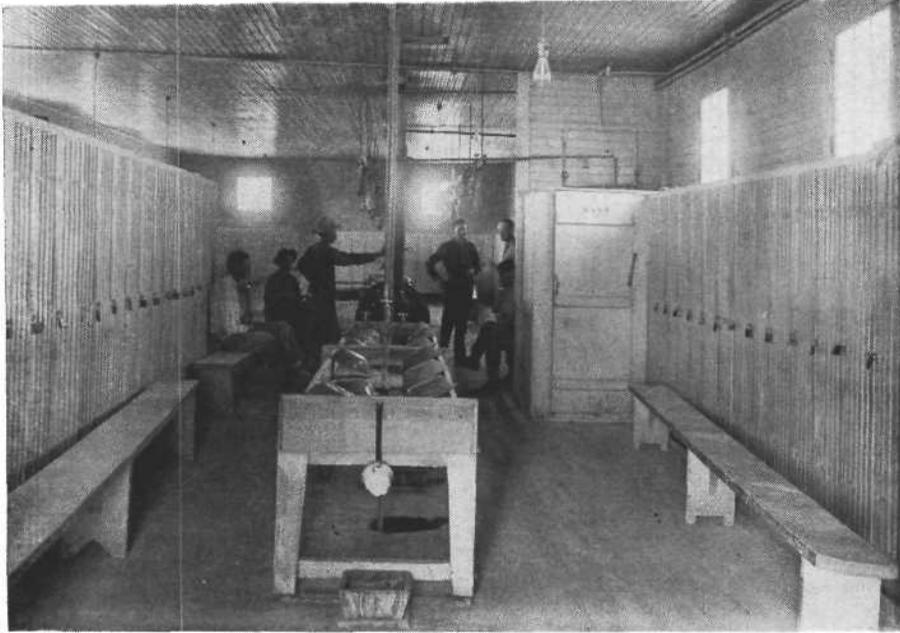
A few of the faithful remained and on October 20, 1903, a group of 17 men gathered on the main street of the tiny tented camp, and perched upon a pile of lumber, discussed the organization of a regular mining district.

Only these few really saw the necessity of such an organization. They had the faith necessary to bring about the creation of a bonanza camp. Among those present were Doc O'Toole, Johnny Jones, Tom Ramsey, Bert Higginson, Harry C. Stimler, Billy Marsh, Al D. Meyers, Charles Taylor, Ole Elliott, Al McClelland, Claude M. Smith, Bob Dunn, Doc White Wolf, Jim Gleason, Tom D. Murphy.

A recorder of claims was needed.

Goldfield's Columbia Avenue in 1909. With the exception of the \$200 thousand Goldfield hotel on the right, all these buildings were destroyed by a fire which later swept the town.





Changing room in one of the mines, where miners were required to change clothing after coming from the shaft. Despite the protests of the miners, these rooms were installed to stop the high-grading of rich ore.

"Kid," said one of the group addressing Smith, the youngest of the party, "you're gonna be official claim recorder. Speak up, what shall we call this camp?"

Stimler, half jestingly, had named the place "Grandpah" (big spring) in contrast to Tonapah, an Indian name for "little spring," but this name had been voted down.

Smith was flat broke and bashful. "Heck, fellers," he said, scuffing at the ground with his foot, "I don't know anything about recording. I can't take such a job."

"Hell you can't. You can read and write can't you? We'll tell you what to do. You're elected."

"Okay, if that's the way you feel about it. I need some money so I'll take the job. My full name is Claude M. Smith and my first job is to call the name of this camp Goldfields."

"Goldfields she is, boys," said Al Meyers, he of the sturdy frame with hands as big as hams and a heart of the same size.

Later the "s" was dropped and the town was known simply as Goldfield.

Smith set about the task of recording notices and when he received a fee he stuck it in his pocket. He hoped in this way to collect enough money to pull stakes and get away from the place which in his heart he considered a dead camp.

Then the Mohawk, one of the Goldfield mines, produced riches beyond belief and the boom was on in earnest.

Goldfield became a mecca for promoters over night. With the capitalists came the horde of sharpers, gamblers,

saloon keepers, adventurous women and the usual quota of characters. And, as I remarked previously, the mines became the targets for high-graders.

By the time Goldfield was four years old it had a population of 15,000 inhabitants and it was still growing. The mines had produced the fantastic sum of \$45,000,000 in gold and in the two banner years, 1906 and 1907, \$37,000,000 were taken out of the depths of the desert.

No wonder J. W. Scott, a local poet, in his poem *Goldfield*, proclaimed her:

*Splendid, magnificent, Queen of the Camps,
Mistress of countless Aladdin's lamps,
Deity worshipped by kings and tramps,
The lure she is of the West.*

Among the great mines of the camp at the time were the Mohawk, Jumbo, Red Top, Combination, Florence, Consolidated, Combination Fraction, Great Bend and Daisy. The ore from some of these mines was unbelievably rich, some of it assaying as high as \$20,000 a ton and in 1908 a vein of considerable size produced ore worth \$76,000 a ton.

In general the original discoverers either sold their claims outright or leased them to men who had enough ready capital to develop the properties into paying mines. Naturally, with the gold fairly bubbling out of the quartz, the lessors turned their attention to skimming the golden cream from the mines. If picture rock, the ore which showed seams of pure gold, did not show enough color to the naked eye, it was by-passed in favor of a richer deposit, hence many of the older mines

today contain ore in paying quantities which was left behind by the get-rich-quick lessees of 45 years ago.

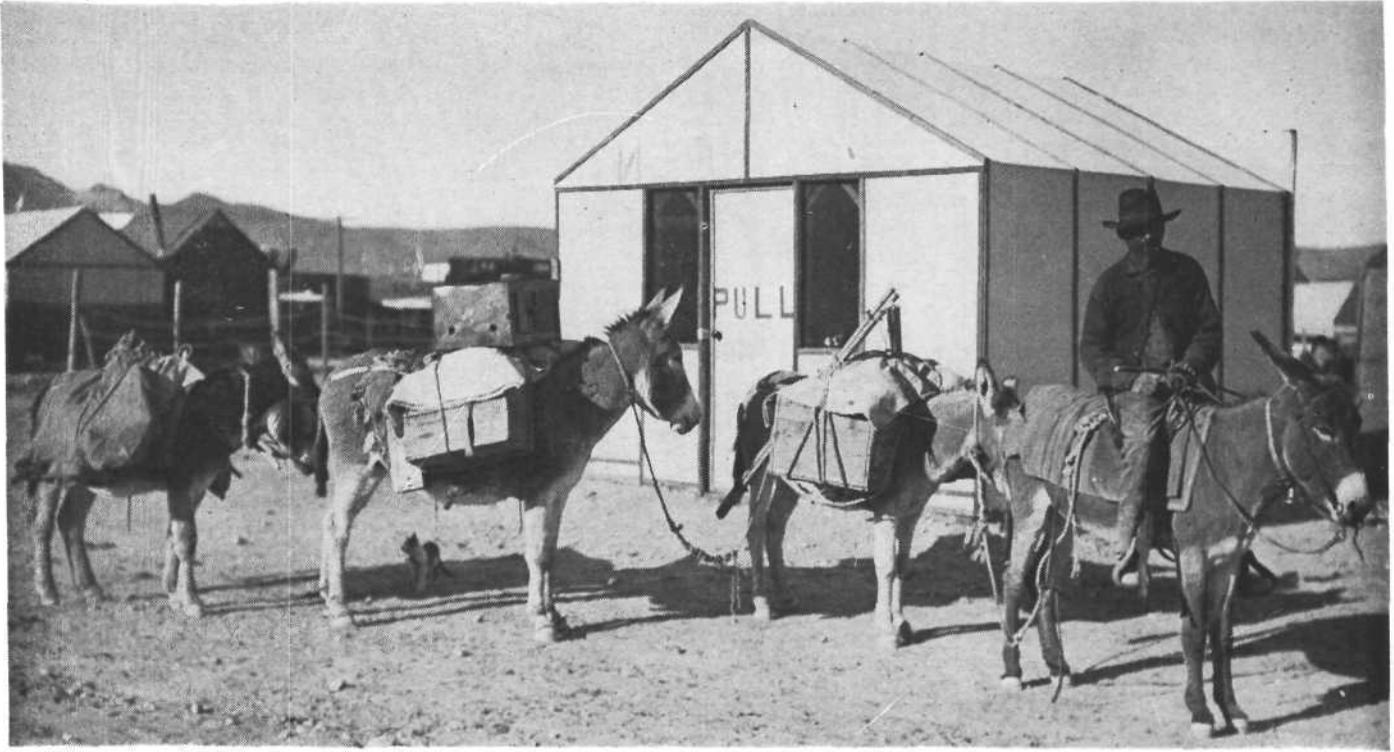
The monthly pay roll in Goldfield in 1908 was around \$500,000 but this was just chicken feed compared to the golden harvest of rich picture rock carted out each day by the high-graders who worked as laborers in the mines for a mere \$4 to \$5 a day.

In the beginning, the lessees paid little attention to the practice of high-grading but it dawned upon them that even as they were milking the veins of their precious contents to the detriment of the owners, so were they being milked of countless thousands of dollars by the miners. In fact, the few dollars in wages paid to the workers were a pittance compared to the sums being realized through the sale of illicit gold.

Labor troubles developed. One cause was the issuance of scrip in lieu of cash, when the banks of Goldfield suffered a temporary shortage of currency. Big Bill Haywood, known as the "Big Fellow," organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World, also called the Wobblies, moved into Goldfield to direct strike tactics and keep the miners in a constant state of agitation. Then the companies put in changing rooms where the miners were compelled to change clothes as they went in and out of the mines. This innovation brought forth a storm of protest. It interfered with the highly lucrative business of high-grading. It had been customary for miners working in the stopes that produced the richest ore to wear specially made shirts and trousers. Stout canvas pockets in the legs of the trousers and sewed to the underside of the back of the shirt were loaded each day with choice lumps of picture rock containing small fortunes in free gold.

The first case of high-grading to be prosecuted had been that of John Sheridan who was arrested in 1904 for allegedly stealing picture rock from the Combination. He was tried in the District Court at Hawthorne and was acquitted. In 1907 the mine owners began cracking down on the high-graders. On the night of November 6, young R. W. Saylor was arrested near the Combination mill at midnight. He had a sack of high grade ore, believed to have been stolen from the Combination. When first accosted Saylor dropped the sack and fled. Later, he attempted to sneak back and recover his loot, and waiting officers arrested him.

T. J. Smith was another miner accused of high-grading. He was accused of having received stolen ore from miners who had taken it from the Little Florence mine. An amusing



Nevada prospector in the days when new gold strikes were being made every few months.

incident developed at Smith's trial. One of the arresting officers, Deputy Sheriff Bill Inman, was called to the stand to testify. He produced a handsome specimen of picture ore which he stated quite candidly he had "glommed" at the scene of the raid. When requested by the judge to de-

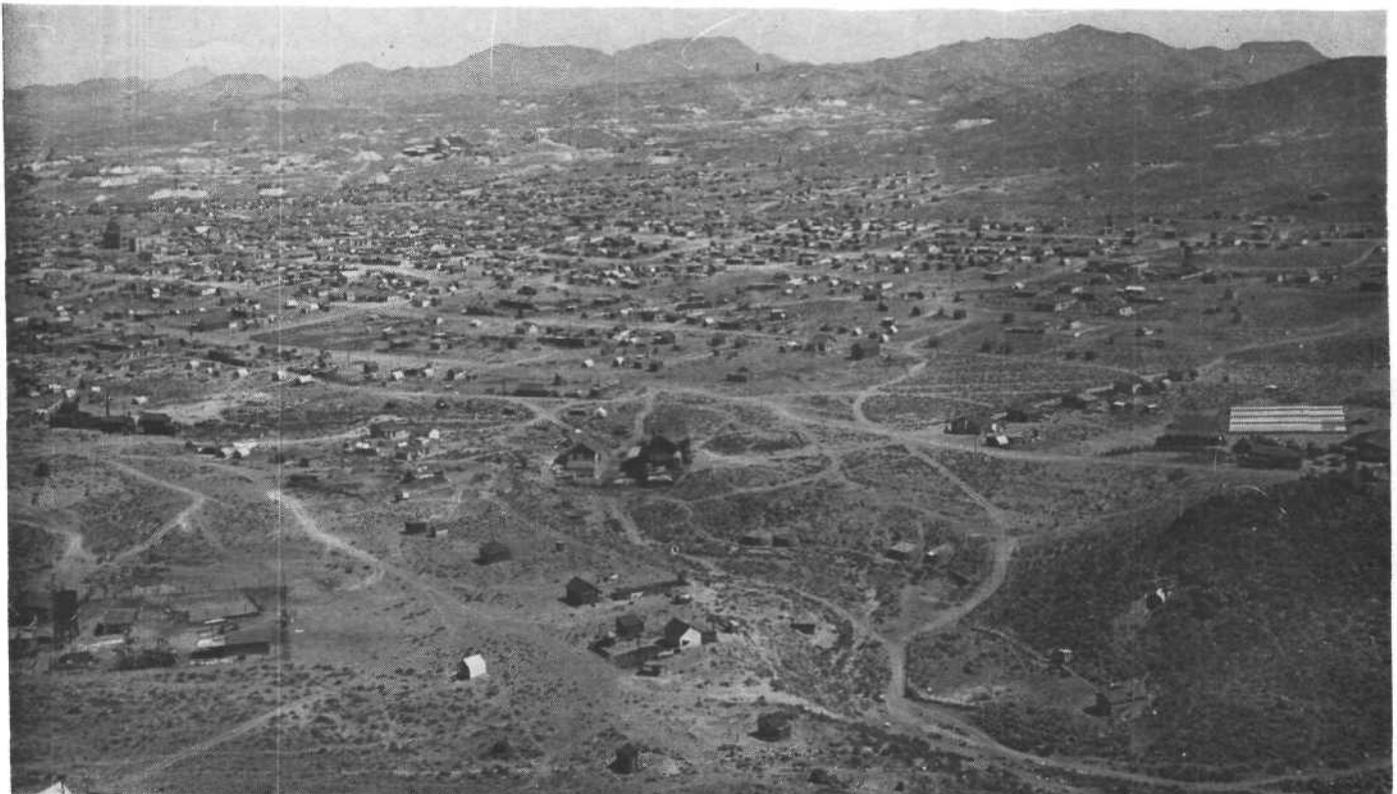
fine the term "glom," Inman replied: "Glomming is high-grading and high-grading is glomming."

Thereupon his honor ordered the choice bit of jewelry rock placed in evidence and marked officially as an exhibit. This legal procedure brought forth a storm of protest from the dep-

uty. It appeared that he had "glommed" that particular piece for his own collection and couldn't see the humor of the situation when Judge Hubbard calmly kept it as evidence.

The amount of gold involved in this case was \$536.50. Smith was acquitted

Goldfield in 1908. Only a few of these buildings remain standing today.



November 23, 1907, after the jury had deliberated 15 hours.

Of all the assaying firms in Goldfield at that time, it was estimated that at least 90 percent of them were dealing illicitly in high-grade ore.

In a statement concerning the prevalence of high-grading, the Mine Owner's Association issued a statement December 9, 1907, blasting the miners' union for condoning the practice:

"The union has encouraged, protected and assisted its members in stealing ore from the mines of the district. The ores of Goldfield are very high grade and in all the mines are millions of dollars worth of ore running in value from \$2 to \$20 per pound. This ore has been stolen in a way almost beyond belief. During the six months ending December 31, 1906, there was stolen from the Mohawk mine alone not less than \$1,000,000 and during the past six months there has been taken from the Little Florence lease not less than \$2,000 a day. The union has refused to permit un-

derground watchmen, has ordered a strike when effective change rooms were placed upon the properties, has protested against every effort to prevent this practice, and in every way encouraged the ore thieves and thwarted the efforts of the mine owners to detect or punish them."

Late in 1907 the losses through high-grading had become so serious that the owners called upon the law-enforcement officers in the camp to put an end to the thefts. On December 10 five men, all members of the Western Federation of Miners, were arrested at gun point on the 300-foot level of the Rogers Syndicate lease and taken to jail. When caught three of these men had on their persons 100 pounds of choice specimens valued at \$20 a pound.

A few hours later three men were observed entering the Rosebud shaft of an adjoining lease after secreting their tools in the Little Florence mine. All these mines had connecting underground tunnels.

Deputy John Ramsey faced one of the men, J. Johnson, with a bob-tailed shotgun and demanded that he throw up his hands. Johnson was lodged in jail and later released on \$500 cash bail. He promptly skipped out.

Another raid was made on the premises of an assayer at 618 Fifth Avenue North, on the evening of December 17, 1907. Constable Inman (the same man who had glommed the high grade specimen) and his friend E. Gardner, allegedly caught the assayer at work reducing some stolen ore. This establishment had all of the earmarks of a crooked joint. There was an elaborate electric bell system wired to give notice of the approach of strangers and a peep hole in the door which opened from the inside. All of the illicit operations were conducted at night. The assayer was reputedly an old hand at the game and it was said he had been arrested in Goldfield twice before for the purchase of stolen ore. His place was completely equipped with electrical crusher plant, furnace and cyanide tanks.

So it went, raid after raid upon the assayers, and arrest upon arrest of the high-graders themselves. Hundreds of pounds of picture rock were confiscated but thousands of pounds escaped the vigilance of the guards. Some of the ore was shipped out of the state. Three trunks, filled with high grade ore valued at \$4000 and stolen from the Little Florence lease, were found in Salt Lake City. It was returned to the company offices in Goldfield. George Richardson, another assayer was arrested for receiving stolen ore. He too was said to have been in the business before, having previously been arrested in Pueblo, Colorado, with \$16,000 worth of fine specimens from the Mohawk mine of Goldfield in his possession.

Today Goldfield—almost, but not quite a ghost town — dreams in the shadow of Columbia Mountain. Some of the mines are again active and the townspeople, those who have stuck to the old camp like the faithful who laid out the camp in 1903, feel certain that when the price of gold goes up, Goldfield, like the fabled Phoenix of old, will arise from its ashes and once again become Queen of the Camps.

Indian Decontrol Studied . . .

WASHINGTON—A proposal, already approved by the house, that the Indian bureau determine which Indian tribes should now be freed from government control is under study by the senate interior committee. The Indian bureau has approved in principle the move to free the tribesmen from federal control.—*Gallup Independent*.

Hard Rock Shorty OF DEATH VALLEY



Cool weather had come, after a sizzling Death Valley summer, and the front porch of the Inferno store was more crowded than it had been for months. A half dozen cars were parked out in front while their occupants bought supplies or waited for their motors to be serviced.

"Ever see any of those flying saucers out this way?" one of the visitors asked. His question was directed to Hard Rock Shorty who had been entertaining the crowd with some of his tall tales.

Shorty slowly filled his corn-cob pipe while the others waited for his answer.

"Yes, we've seen plenty of 'em," he finally answered. "And what is more we know what they're made of and where they come from — which is more'n you city dudes know.

"Them things ain't flying saucers. They're nothin' but sour-dough flapjacks. I know 'cause I've seen 'em take off and dis-

appear over the top o' the Panamints.

"Pisgah Bill is responsible for all them flying flapjacks. Pisgah always has flapjacks fer breakfast an' a while back he ran outta flour and decided to make 'em with popcorn. Got hisself one of them 'Indian metates over back o' the cabin and ground the corn up fine.

"Made darned good flapjacks —but they wouldn't stay in the fryin' pan. That popcorn flour seemed to have a lotta jump in it and every once in a while one o' them cakes'd take off and disappear over the mountains.

"Bill lost quite a few that way, and finally he got one batch of home-made flour that jest wouldn't stay in the pan. They took off as fast as Bill'd pour in the batter.

"An' if Bill hadn't been purty fast with his six-shooter he'd a missed his breakfast that mornin'. Yep, he poured the batter with one hand an' shot 'em down with the other."

Guardians of an Ancient Fort



Edna and Charles Heaton and the children—they all have a part in the work of preserving the ancient fortress at Pipe Spring.

By JAY ELLIS RANSOM

Photographs by the Author

TWO LANDMARKS caught my imagination as I drove into the public camp—once the parade ground where soldiers snapped at crisp commands—at Pipe Spring National Monument in the Arizona Strip. The outstanding sight was the bastioned, impregnable stone wall of the frontier Mormon fort rising above the green tracery of lombardy poplars. The other, mysterious in the inscrutable shadows of time, was the half circle of crumbled adobe ruins just outside the monument itself where an ancient pueblo people of the Anasazi Culture lived a thousand years ago.

How little those old basket-maker people could have dreamed that in time to come men would change the face of the land, and here in this remote Arizona wilderness, history and geology and Indian wars would all be mixed up together.

I turned west off U. S. Highway 89 at Fredonia, heading over 15 miles of corrugated dirt road that once, less than 20 years ago, was the only highway between St. George and Jacob Lake, by-passing Zion Canyon. At

the service station where I took on gas and water, the attendant volunteered: "You'll find the most comfortable public camp in all Arizona and Utah at the monument. And if you'll talk with Charles Heaton who's custodian there, you'll find him glad to tell you its story. White folks and Indians both have had some wild times around these parts."

The sun was cresting the Uinkaret Plateau with crimson shafts when I made camp, but in the morning I found Charles Leonard Heaton busy at his desk in the red sandstone fort.

"Just filling out some reports," he greeted me, rising. I looked at the sheaf of government papers on the desk, and smiled. "It's early yet to open the fort. But come on in. I'll show you around. Not many visitors come here since the new highway was cut through from Zion Canyon, and I figure that anyone who's come over that road from Fredonia is entitled to go through the fort any time." He laughed. "But you know, we don't get lonely."

At 48, Charles Heaton is a stocky, well-set-up man with thinning sandy hair and desert blue eyes that twinkle when he talks. Most of the time, during the four days I camped there, he

Jacob Hamblin, Mormon guide and missionary, in 1856 first saw the agricultural possibilities of Antelope Valley in the Arizona Strip. But when Mormon farmers undertook to cultivate the land they were menaced constantly by marauding Navajo and Paiute Indians. Brigham Young solved the problem by building a fort of hand-hewn stone. It was a good fort, and it is still there. But today it is a National Monument and its custodian is the son of Mormon pioneers. "It is a good life here," he says.

wore a Park regulation hat and rimless eyeglasses. He could pass for a school principal, if there were a school. Actually, he is president of the school board at Moccasin, four miles away.

Pipe Spring was made a national monument in 1923.

"I had a permit to run a service station across from the fort," Heaton explained as he showed me through the dim rooms, pointing out mementos of the past. "We had around 30,000 visitors every summer then, so the government offered me the job acting as custodian of the fort at a salary of one dollar a month."

"One dollar!" My exclamation brought a twinkle to his eyes.

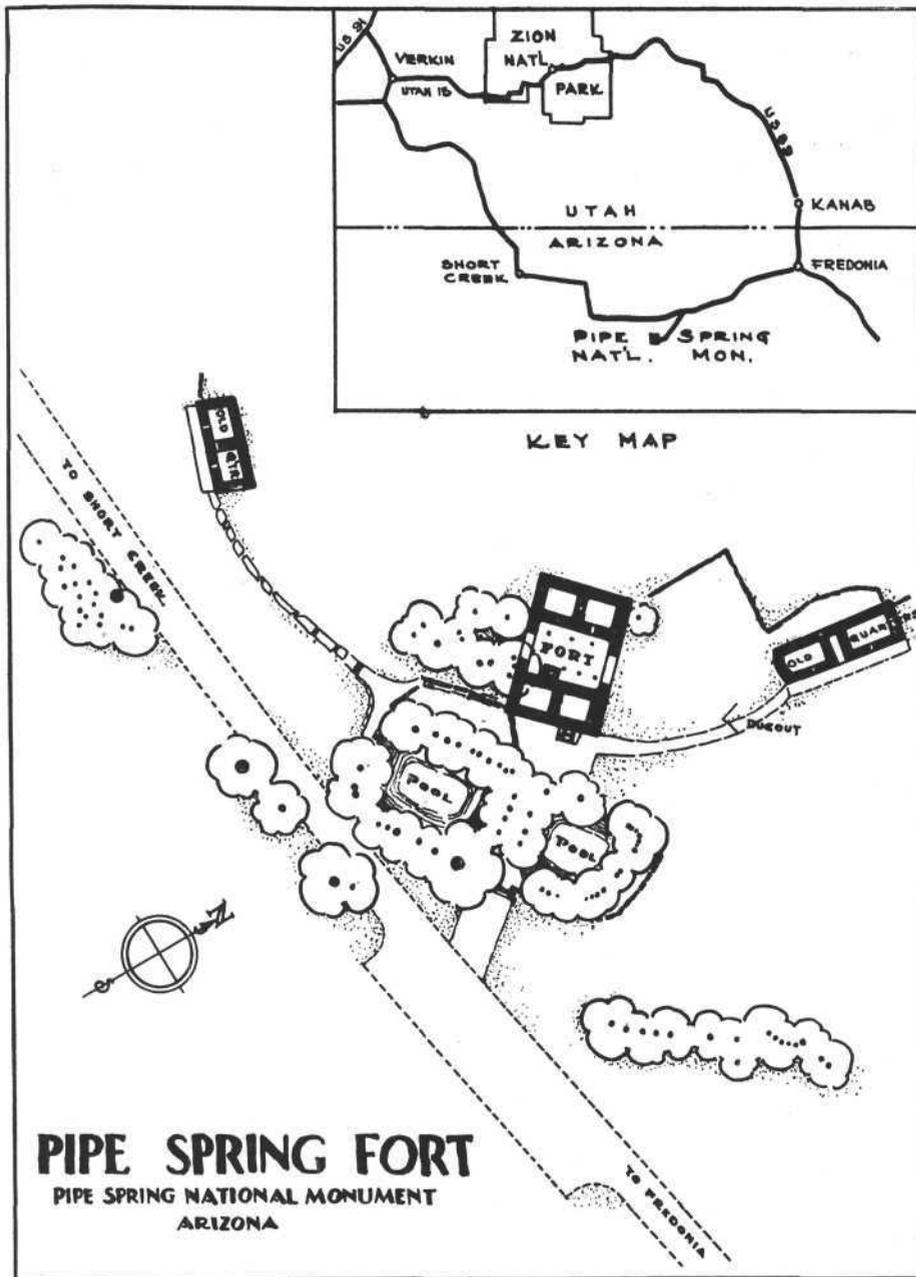
"Yes. I got paid every thirteenth month. It went on that way for 12 years."

This "salary" from the government involved everything about the upkeep of buildings and grounds, care and maintenance of the immense spring and pools and the adjacent public camp, not to mention going to Fredonia with his own truck after saw-mill ends for the dozen or so fire places used by overnight visitors.

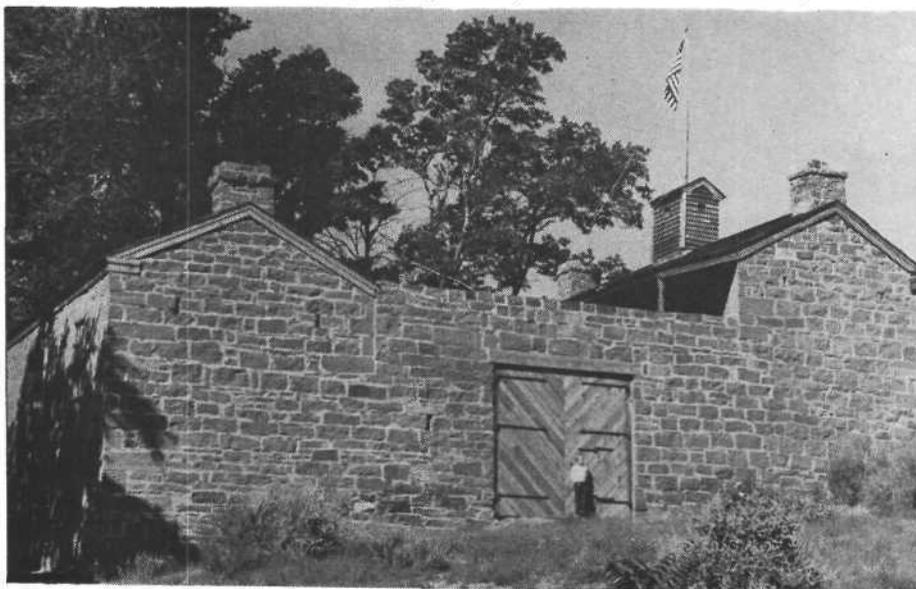
"That's a lot of work for one buck a month," I said, admiringly.

Heaton laughed modestly. "But I was making money hand over fist from the tourists. Then when the new road was cut through from Zion Canyon in 1932, by-passing this place, it was like turning off a spigot of water. But I was lucky. The Park Service put me on a full-time salary basis as custodian. In the last 18 years my family has helped me with the work. We are satisfied. It is a good life here."

The first white men to visit Pipe Spring were the Jacob Hamblin party



When the Indians were on the warpath the settlers sought refuge in this stone fort. A big spring of water flows within the enclosure.



in 1856. It was then an unnamed spring to which these hardy pioneers had come enroute to negotiate, if possible, a treaty of peace with the belligerent Navajos who were waging warfare on the Mormon colonists.

One of the men, as a joke on William Hamblin, who because of his deadly marksmanship was known as "Gunlock Bill," bet the latter that he couldn't shoot through a silk handkerchief suspended 50 paces away.

"That's easy," William said, accepting the bet. Raising his cap-and-ball rifle, he fired. Hanging by the upper edge only, the silk cloth yielded unperforated before the bullet. Loud laughter greeted the surprised sharpshooter.

Vexed, Hamblin glowered at them. "I'll wager any man with guts enough to bet, that if he'll lay his pipe on that rock over there by the spring, with the bowl pointed this way, I'll knock out the bottom without touching the rim!"

Amon Terry grinned. No man could perform that feat. "I'll take that bet," he said, walking over and placing his precious pipe carefully on the rock. He stepped back.

This time, when Gunlock's rifle spoke, there was no joking. Instead, Amon brought back the empty shell of what had been his pipe and ruefully paid his bet. To this day, the name of the spring commemorates William Hamblin's marksmanship.

The Navajos wouldn't negotiate. Then some Paiutes were suspected of robbing and murdering Dr. James M. Whitmore and Robert McIntyre at their newly established ranch at Pipe Spring in the winter of 1865-66. At this time raiding bands of Navajos and renegade Paiutes were scouring the land for sheep and cattle. When the Indians were questioned by the militia, they refused to talk except to deny the killings. The soldiers brutally shot them down.

Unrest filled the frontier. The war path . . . bitter fighting . . . fleeing settlers. Fear and death rode side by side north of the Kaibab.

In 1869, Brigham Young acquired the Whitmore-McIntyre estate for the Mormon Church. He sent Bishop Anson P. Winsor with 40 heavily armed men to build a fort, improve the spring, and to care for the 10 to 15 thousand head of tithing cattle in Antelope Valley. This difficult task they accomplished late in 1870. Two 2-story sandstone buildings rose from the barren desert, facing each other across a courtyard closed at both ends by mammoth wooden gates banded with wrought iron. The north building enclosed Pipe Spring that daily poured out more than 65,000 gallons of pure cold water and assured a plentiful supply in case of raid.



Pipe Spring National Monument is a little oasis in the Arizona Strip near the Utah line. The trees, planted by the Mormons, are watered by a spring which flows 65,000 gallons of water daily. Antelope Valley in the background.

Until 1875 the fort was maintained as a refuge for ranchers and their families fleeing from marauding Indians. The 5 to 15 men on duty operated a dairy and cheese factory in what is now Charles Heaton's sparsely furnished office in the south building.

Finally, with the Indians tamed and settled on various reservations, private interests used the fort as a headquarters for cattle ranching. The buildings gradually fell into decay and disuse until the federal government took them over in 1923. Repaired and furnished with the tools and equipment of its historical period, Pipe Spring fort will remain a permanent and fascinating monument to that lawless pioneer era.

A Civilian Conservation Corp camp established at the monument in 1936 brought many changes to Antelope Valley. The 200 boys were engaged primarily in grazing control and conservation work throughout the Arizona Strip. From this supply of willing labor, Heaton was able to select as many of the best as he wanted to rebuild "his" monument—as he thinks of it.

In the depression years, those young fellows built the present scientifically designed public camp, the parking area, planted most of the present growth of young trees. The magnificent old lombardy poplars were set out around the pools by Edwin D. Wooley in 1886 when he owned Pipe Spring

ranch. The CCC boys also installed a water system, sewer lines, flood control, restored the fort, and fenced in the whole 40-acre tract.

"They were fine boys," Heaton said musingly. "I wish I had them with me today. There is still so much to do."

Today, the inquiring visitor will find Pipe Spring the center of an intensely interesting geological area, a stratigraphic section extending 100 miles north to south from the north rim of the Grand Canyon to the pink cliffs of Bryce. It is an area containing many kinds of petrified wood, geodes, nodules of every type, tobernite in nearby Hack canyon — an apple-green mineral containing uranium, copper and pitchblende. Local inquiry is usually sufficient to indicate likely hunting areas.

The water that keeps the spring flowing comes out of the Sevier Fault, a break running more than 200 miles comprising the scenic Vermilion Cliffs in whose breaks many types of fine mineral specimens can be found. Heaton has laid out the recreational circle in the public camp by outlining it with solid sections of petrified tree trunks.

When Heaton took me down the tree-shaded path, past the swimming pool to the old CCC dispensary he has converted into a comfortable home for his wife and children, he said: "My

family is a part of this land. My grandparents came here in '71, pushing their hand carts on foot across the plains. My wife, Edna, came down from Alton, and her folks were part of the great trek that made of Utah a promised land. Our people are trying hard to make of it today all that those hardy pioneers dreamed it would someday be."

I looked at the prehistoric ruins 50 yards beyond Heaton's corral, not yet excavated, still untouched and just as they were left a thousand years ago, save for weather and decay. The unprotected pueblo had not survived the savagery of the Navajos who swept those early pueblo people before them, as a bitter wind scatters the leaves before it. I thought how they had tried to destroy the white pioneers, and in turn had failed.

"A magnificent story," I said. "With a past that goes back at least 10 centuries."

He nodded. "We feel that we have deep roots here, and in the cemetery up at Moccasin. Not that far back, of course. But it's one of the things that make us feel that we are actually guarding the past. It's become a living part of us now."

I agreed. And later, getting acquainted with the Heaton children, I could understand exactly what he meant.

Sacred Mountain of the Tribesmen

By A. La VIELLE LAWBAUGH

Map by Norton Allen

MY INTEREST in the ancient Indian ceremonial grounds in California's Black Mountain began early in 1949 when I was present at a meeting in Los Angeles sponsored by the Archeological Survey Group of the Los Angeles County Museum. It was stated that prehistoric ruins probably would be found in this region.

Following this meeting a little group of us made a reconnaissance trip into the area. Driving from Los Angeles we left the black top highway at Garlock and took the steep, tortuous canyon road into the Apache Mine. Finding the trail blocked by an impassable sand wash, we stopped at the nearby home of Mrs. Jane McDonald. Mrs. Birdie Hungerford, caretaker at the mine and who lived nearby, was with Mrs. McDonald. They extended to us a courteous welcome and very generously gave us much information about the area.

Three weeks later, on our second attempt to scale Black Mountain, my wife Neva and I drove in through Last Chance Canyon. Where this canyon swings abruptly eastward there are colorful clays and ash materials laid down in its eroded walls which were

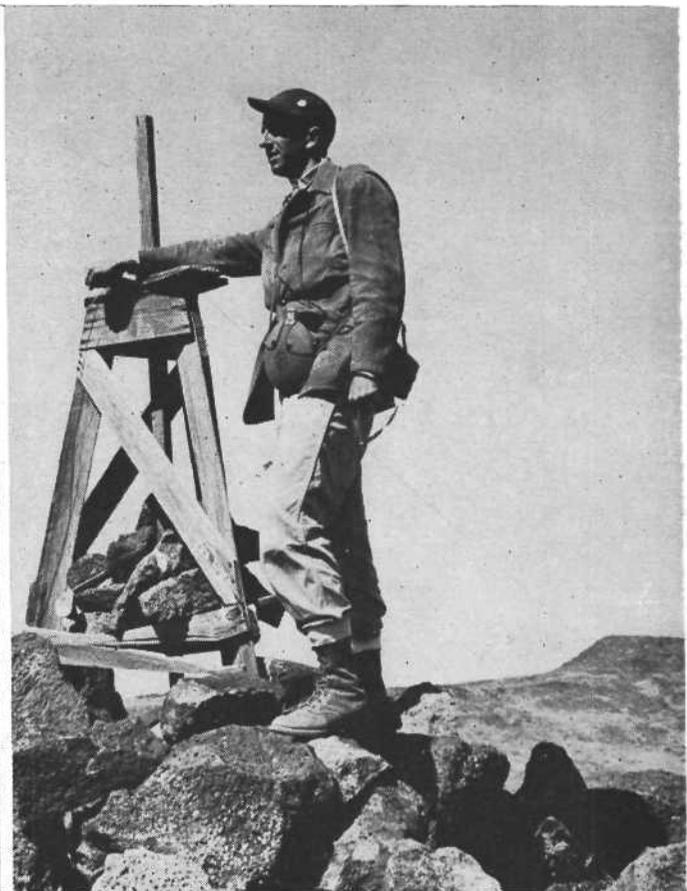
It was the time of the annual truce. All the nations were selecting their emissaries for the journey to Black Mountain. No nation claimed the mountain although it lay almost directly between the Chemehuevi and the Panamint Nations. It was a sacred place to the ancients. No man bore arms against a neighbor during the long journey to and from the mountain. He was safe from harm even though the way led him through the territory of several enemy nations. A period of one moon was recognized at the same season each year for the trek. After the secret ceremonies which were held atop the mountain, a like

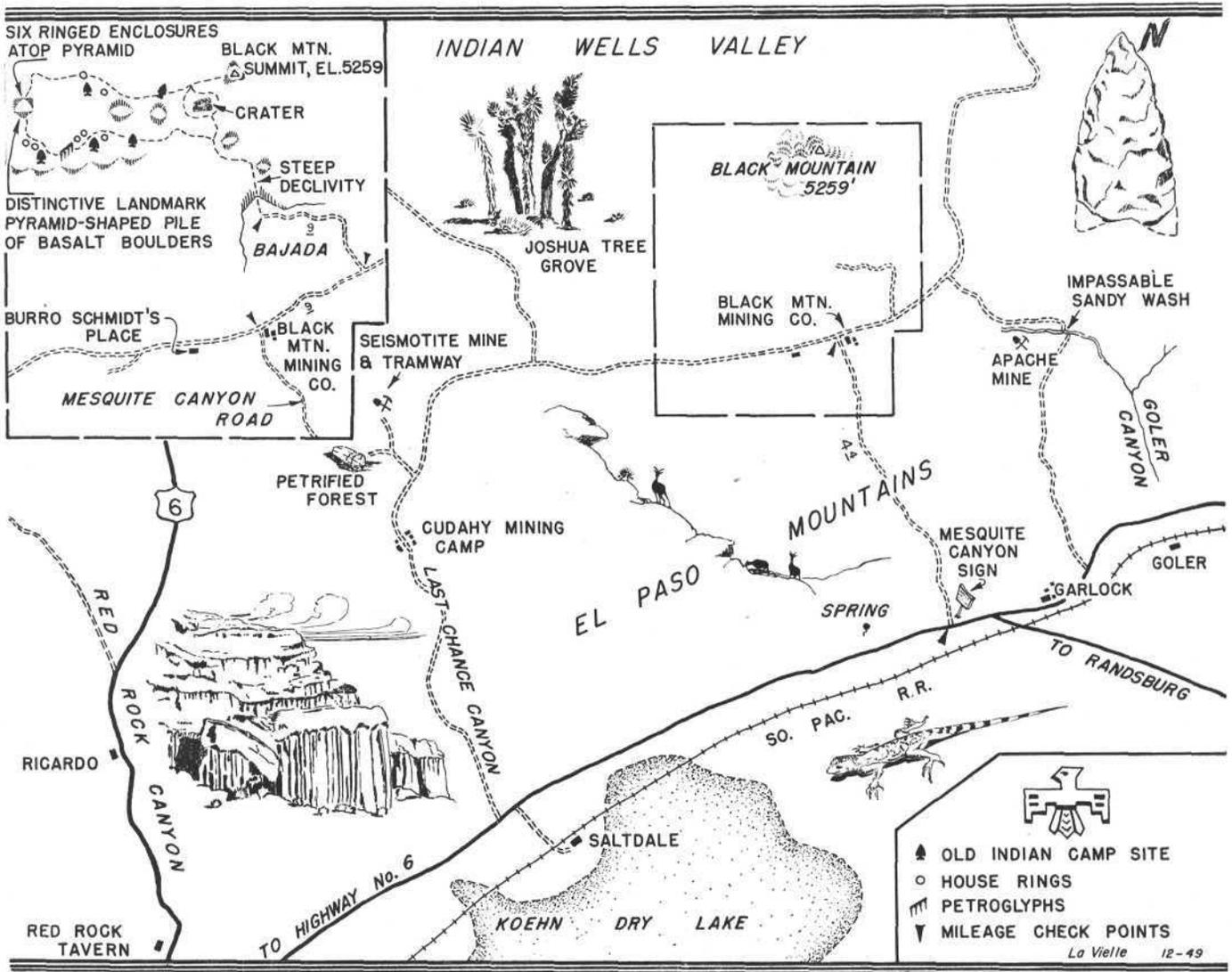
time was guaranteed for the return home. Preparation for the ceremonial was vested in those nations adjacent to the sacred mountain. All who came from afar provided their own food and in some years, water. In dry periods the water which the crater usually contained was non-existent. The Shoshone, the Ute and Gosiute came from as far as the Great Salt Lake region; the Mojave, the Kamia and the Cocopah from the Colorado River valley.

—This is the legend of Black Mountain as told by an aged Indian to a miner whom he had befriended in the El Paso Mountains of California.

This pyramid-shaped mound of basalt rocks was surrounded by six well-defined ringed enclosures—probably made for ceremonial purposes.

The author on the peak of Black Mountain. Indians no longer come here and white visitors seldom scale this remote desert mountain.





strongly accented by the bright morning sun. These materials were first deposited layer upon layer as volcanic ash. The decomposition of the ash which released silica for petrification converted the ash into a claylike rock called bentonite. When pure, bentonite is nearly white but in the Black Mountain vicinity it is stained all shades of red, orange, blue, yellow and brown by iron minerals which also had their sources in the volcanic ash. Temperature variations at the time of deposition also played a part in the color scheme.

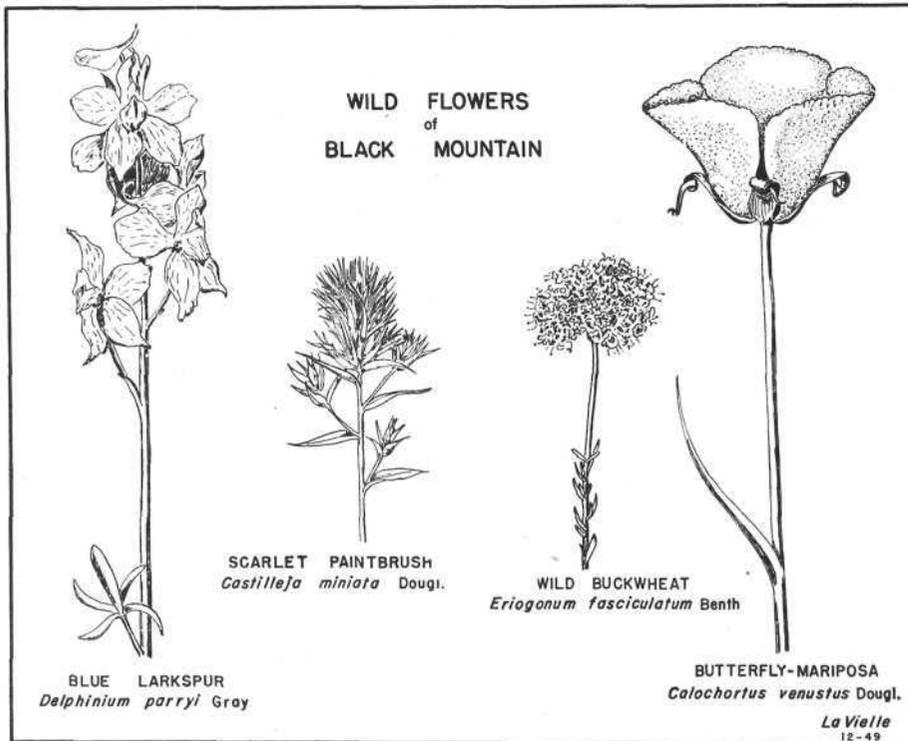
The Old Dutch Cleanser seismotite mine in the north fork is visible from the trail up the east fork. The tramway up the steep slope to the bed of pure white pumice near the top of the high wall hasn't been used for some time. Only a caretaker lives at the little cluster of company buildings. There are no indications that the mine will be reopened. Up the north fork, too, are the Chocolate Sundae Peaks (our own name for two beautifully shaped and colored formations) and a petrified forest.

Geology tells us that this petrified forest had its setting in the upper Miocene or lower Pliocene, some 2,000,000 years ago, (*Desert*, December 1943). The ground surface at that time, upon which the fauna flourished and from which the flora sprang, is now termed the Rosamond formation. Then came the violent era of volcanoes and uplifting of mountain ranges. Layers of volcanic ash together with vesicular and compact basalt covered the Rosamond. The massive red tuff-breccia exposed at Red Rock Canyon dramatically displays some of these layers of volcanic ash. The fine greenish-gray tuff which marks the Rosamond has yielded fossil remains including the three-toed horse and hornless rhinoceri. Some of these fossil finds were made in the petrified forest area.

The trail up the east fork is soft in some places. A deserted shack and some new mining equipment being installed on a canyon slope caught our attention. Greasewood and sagebrush are the predominate plants in the east fork. There are a few scattered yuccas.

Over the north rim of Last Chance Canyon, near the Holly Cleanser Mine, there is a beautiful little grove of Joshua Trees.

Our first stop for information was at Burro Schmidt's place. Burro is a veteran miner who has lived in Last Chance Canyon for many years. He had never climbed Black Mountain and so could not help us much. We continued along the road to the Black Mountain Mining Company's camp. Della Gerbracht, who lives there and is vice-president of the Kern County Chapter of the Western Mining Council, received us with open hospitality. That afternoon she took us on a conducted circle tour around the base of Black Mountain. While we drove along she told us of the early mines, and of contemporary mining. She showed us old Indian camp sites, many petroglyphs, bedrock mortars and quarries. Both she and her father were deeply interested in archeology. As we rounded the eastern flank of the mountain our guide pointed out the general location of some caves high up on the slope from which had been



taken some elaborately clothed Kachinas. The cloth material was reported to have been flax.

Della is a wild flower enthusiast. She told us how beautiful her country had been each spring until seven years ago when the first sheep were driven through. The bajada which extends from her place up to the base of Black Mountain was a sea of deep vivid red each May; a magic carpet of mariposas. The sheep not only ate the wild flowers but also damaged the root and bulb beds with their sharp hooves. Other wild flowers which annually made their appearance were scarlet paintbrush, forget-me-nots, blue brodiaea, purple onion, tansy phacelia, blue bonnets, dwarf lupine, blue larkspur, wild buckwheat and apricot mal-low.

That night we camped on the bajada at the base of Black Mountain. The velocity of the wind increased as the sun went down and before bedtime we abandoned the idea of sleeping on our cots. We spent the night in the car, as we have done before, when there was wind or rain. During the night the wind changed, and rocked the car so violently I started the motor and swung the car around to keep it headed into the storm.

Daybreak brought no slackening in the force of the gale. We ate a cold breakfast in the car, then started the climb to the summit of Black Mountain. We carried only camera equipment, lunch, canteen and field glasses. There was no trail up the mountain side. In a deep saddle we found flint chips but no other evidence to support

the existence of a regular campsite.

The entire surface of Black Mountain is composed of a layer of olivine basalt, laid down when the eruptions occurred. Decomposition of the basalt and wind transported particles have covered over much of the rough jumbled blocks of basalt. All over the mountain we saw sprawling masses of angular, dark brown boulders. It's almost as though a giant had strewn gigantic pebbles at will on the slopes, or in other places carefully piled them up in pyramid-shaped heaps. Canyon erosion has exposed the underlying Rosamond, the upper surface of which has been burned red.

The crater, 50 feet deep and 350 feet in diameter, was southwest of the summit. Mountain clover, bunch grass, wild buckwheat and blue larkspur contrasted with the brown and black boulders scattered at random about the crater. A common plant which occurred from the floor of Last Chance Canyon to the summit of Black Mountain was the desert trumpet, a member of the buckwheat family. Other names given me by local residents for this curious plant are bottle weed and squaw cabbage. Rotting debris and other signs indicated that water had stood in the crater at the southwest side where tules appeared to have grown. Within our own time, water has been reported in the crater.

From the crater we trudged on up to the peak of Black Mountain at an elevation of 5259 feet. Two markers are set in concrete near a cairn of rocks. A wooden tower which formerly served as a stand for an anemometer is slowly going to ruin. The

cup for the device are still there, lying at the base of the stand. It seemed that every loose particle in the Owens Valley to the north had been whipped into a seething caldron which was spilling over Black Mountain. A column of yellow color rose perpendicularly from Randsburg which was distinguishable through the haze by reflection of the sun on metal roofs. To the southwest, across the El Pasos, a strong wind was furiously sweeping Koehn Dry Lake, raising an angry cloud of tawny dust.

The mountain proper is a hog-back extending generally east to west with four outstanding humps along its run. Our way now was west, along the top of the mountain. Shortly after leaving the markers we came upon an old Indian campsite. Many chips were in evidence; a scraper was found. In a small, sheltered cut, on the north slope, we came upon a small patch of mariposa lilies which had survived the elements and the onslaughts of sheep herds. They were a darker shade than chinese red. This exotic wild flower seemed out of place on rugged Black Mountain. The pretty name of mariposa is the Spanish for butterfly.

Picture taking was almost impossible. I used speeds of 1/200th second and even then couldn't always hold the camera still enough. Further along we found jasper and moss agate chips and then the first real ruins. They were on the wind-swept northern flank of the mountain, set in a wild jumble of huge basalt blocks. The prehistoric builders had taken advantage of natural hollows formed when the boulders came to rest—evened them out into round enclosures and carefully walled them in. An entrance was left in the wall which averaged waist high. A roof structure was probably formed of small limbs taken from trees growing at the base of the mountain and closed over with tules from the water's edge in the crater. The floors of these ruins were strewn with debris.

We were near the pyramid-shaped peak at the west end of Black Mountain. From down below and from almost any approach it gives the appearance of a very regularly shaped pyramid. From a closer view it is merely a huge pile of basalt blocks. What earth is there has been transported to the interstices of the angular rocks by the wind. Many of the boulders were covered with a yellowish red brown lichen. This colorful parasite actually eats the rock upon which it lives. Through the acids which they secrete, lichens attack even the hardest of rocks. The rock beneath the lichen is easily scraped away to a slight depth.

The top of the pyramid was crowned with six well-defined ringed enclosures,



Two of the ceremonial rings on the shelf at the base of the pyramid-shaped cone of basalt rocks. A metate was found at the entrance to one of these enclosures.

the floors of which were covered with bunch grass. They bore no evidence of having been living quarters. Their exposed location would indicate another use. If the old ceremonial legend be true, they may have played an important part in the annual pilgrimage to the mountain. They could have been look-out posts built to offer a degree of protection from the violent winds.

Later, Neva and I came to a rough terrace of boulders. At its base was a level shelf of land upon which were two circular house rings. This village site was almost directly under the pyramid and extended eastward for about one quarter of a mile. We rested in the largest of the two rings and ate our lunch. There was a metate at the entrance to the largest enclosure. The rock comprising the crude wall was stacked about 30 inches high. The upper wall and roof covering may have been constructed from tules and grass. We found many flint chips in the immediate area but no finished implements. Proceeding eastward across the campsite we encountered more house rings, some petroglyphs and metates. Neva found an arrowhead near the second group of house rings. There were evidences all along here of places where water had stood.

Perhaps in wet seasons temporary springs flowed or the pools were formed in natural depressions.

In the late afternoon as we made our way down the slopes we met a small king snake. When young these reptiles resemble the venomous coral snake in all but color. But the king snake not only is harmless but is generally regarded as a friend of man, and we let it go on its way.

For amateur archeologists it had been a day of many interesting discoveries. We can only guess as to why the prehistoric Indians of the Mojave Desert and beyond came to this arid mountain—but we had found plenty of evidence that they did come here—and we would like to believe that their mission, as explained by the Indian legend, was one of peace. For those who may find it hard to believe the legendary long trek to Black Mountain, it may be well to quote some observations by Edwin F. Walker which are based on authentic archeological discoveries: "There were many trails north and south, east and west, along which traveled Indian traders, who were welcome even among warring tribes. Shells from the Gulf of Mexico were traded as far away as Wisconsin, and abalone from the Pacific coast was known to tribes of

North Dakota; pipestone quarried in Minnesota was traded over the plains area and as far south as Georgia; obsidian gathered in Yellowstone Park was traded into Ohio; copper, mined in the Lake Superior region, found its way into the Southern states; and worked turquoise from New Mexico has been found in Mississippi mounds."

American Indian tribes were frequently at war with one another, much as the clans of old Scotland. Unlike the Scotch clans who joined forces to fight the English, the North American Indians never united to throw back the early European settlers. Quite the contrary, they sided at times with the whites in attacking neighboring tribes.

But while the tribesmen warred on each other, Black Mountain remained a place of peace where tribal feuds were forgotten and the Indians of many nations came to commune with their gods.

In these days when humans are still at war, it is good to know that there does exist, out on the Mojave Desert, a shrine where peace-loving people still may go and perhaps learn something about those primitive tribesmen whose religion was so important to them that they would declare an annual armistice for purposes of worship.



Paul Wilhelm's cabin, Thousand Palms, California.

SAGUARO

By LENORE McLAUGHLIN LINK
Los Angeles, California

Saguaros, ageless in their grandeur, stand
Unfathomed, mute. They have a watch to
keep
Where rose-gold sunsets bathe their desert
land,
Where boisterous winds in play or fury
sweep
To merge new contours from bare restless
hills;
These faithful guards lend eminence and
pride
The while their verdant magnitude instills
Serenity of hope that will abide.
With giant fingers pointing toward the sky
These stalwart warriors do not change, but
show
Some precious mandate with which they
comply.
Do they, like strong men, keep their faith
and know
In quietness and confidence shall be
Their strength to live and have eternity?

BALANCE

By SYBIL J. LAKE
Dumas, Texas

Can I forego the desert's call?
Can I resist the gem-trail's lure?
Should I, to stave off hunger's pangs,
Endure starvation of the soul?

Must I a robot always be,
To sleep and eat, that I may work,
That I may eat and sleep again?
And may I never duty shirk?

Oh let me not one-sided grow.
Let me drink deep of works of God,
That when my duty here is done,
I've sprung not vainly from the sod.

AUTUMN FRENZY!

By GRACE PARSONS HARMON
Desert Hot Springs, California

The winds sweeping over the desert
Are rowdy and lusty today!
They're the boisterous laughter of waste-
lands,
The shouts of the desert at play!

Exulting in Autumn; in Summer passed by;
They're loosing their riotous glee to the sky!

DESERT LAMENT

By FRANCES WALLACE
Dixon, California

Under the sands of centuries
Lie drowsing in the sun
Dead cities of the Persians,
The walls of Babylon.

Under their empty shimmering skies
The wind is a singing lute;
No living creature moves to stir
The silence absolute.

The ancient deserts have long since
gone
To their peaceful eternal rest;
But the living Mojave stirs and throbs
To the beat of the test-pilot's quest.

High in the ice-blue desert sky
Vapor trails flower and bloom;
A rocket plane the shuttle that weaves
On a vast and empty loom.

Lovely the patterns that blossom forth
Above the Mojave, sere and brown
Save where lupine carpeting the sand
Turns the bright sky upside down.

The night wind sighs through the
Joshuas
Weary from wand'rings that never
cease;
"I've blown through earth's farthest
corridors," she cries
"But alas, I found no peace."

Life

By TANYA SOUTH

A life is so minute a show,
So brief a span!
From birth how swiftly do we grow!
The normal man
Feels overweighted with his cares
Before his prime.
Yet life's ascending upward stairs
To the Sublime
Go endless on. Endless the rise,
The hopes so rife.
And Heaven offers vaster skies
From life to life.

Desert Shack

By JACK PALMER
China Lake, California

Just a little grey shack in the Desert,
Surrounded by limitless space.
With greasewood and sage for a border,
And clouds of old lavender lace.

We built it ourselves,
Little money was spent.
But within those crude walls,
There is peace and content.

For seventeen years I had wandered alone,
So hungry for peace and the freedom of
home.

This little grey shack you may look on with
scorn,

To me is as grand as a beautiful morn.
From a builder's description
It's far from the best.
But to me it's a

"Little Grey Home in the West."

Just a little grey shack in the Desert,
Where no filthy gossip is hurled.
Just a place to relax in the twilight,
At peace, with my soul and the World.

DESERT SONG

By VIOLA PERRY WANGER
Upland, California

Starlight and dew and the whispering wind
On the desert sand where I lie,
And a million stars that hang their lamps
On the black of the velvet sky.

An elfin cricket waked from his dream,
Fiddles a fairy rune,
And a drifting cloud weaves a gossamer
web
Across the face of the moon.

Starlight and dew and the whispering wind,
Forgot is the world of men,
And I sleep and dream in the desert night,
And my heart grows young again.

SUNSET ON THE DESERT

By DOROTHY ADAMS HAMILTON
Bridgehampton, New York

Let me pillow my head on the sunset,
Confetti of cloud for a cover,
While the flames leap high
On my hearth of sky
And heaven becomes my lover!
The ebb and flow
Of the blue red glow
Purple my soul in sleep,
And color my dreams
With prescient gleams
Of the joy one is sure to reap.
Who will not choose a narrow room,
Or a narrow heart to share it,
But flings his life to the out-of-doors—
Trusting the sky to bear it.

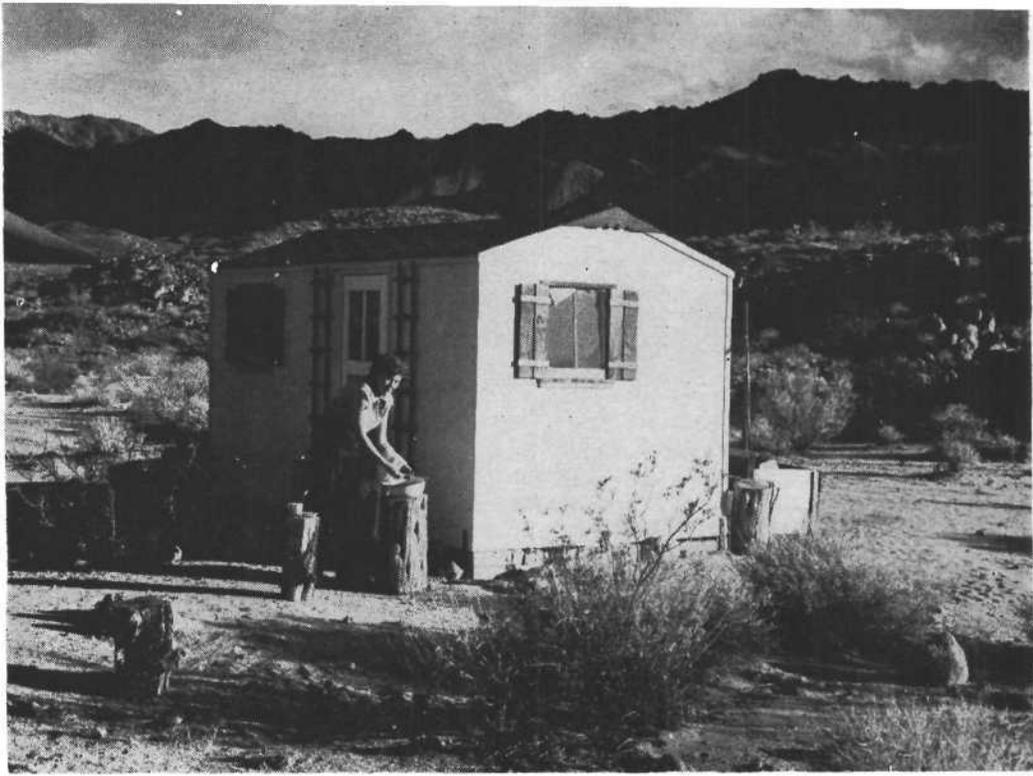
THIS IS THE LIFE

By MRS. RUTH LEVIE
Los Angeles, California

I've a gypsy pal
Who's quite a gal—
We a-desert camping go.
The stars at night,
Like guardians bright
Signal to us below.

While cooking flapjacks and bacon,
Strong coffee a-makin',
(And it's gospel truth, not a riddle)
The wind, blowing sand
All over the land
Swished the bacon right out of
our griddle!

Catherine Venn has told in previous chapters how she acquired her 5-acre Jackrabbit Homestead, moved a cabana onto it, spent her first uneasy nights alone, learned to call the desert flowers and shrubs by their first names. This month she reveals how she finally attained complete harmony with the desert, gained from it the spiritual and physical lift it offers to those who live close to the land.



The author performs her early-morning ritual without benefit of modern plumbing. "I felt as crisp-fresh as the crystal clear desert air."

Photograph by Harold Weight.

Diary of a Jackrabbit Homesteader . . .

By CATHERINE VENN

THE LITTLE rock hill behind my cabana was dotted with butter-gold clusters of encelia smiling into the sun from the tips of their long brittle stems. It was the only visible change on the hill in the four months since I had taken up abode at its base. No well defined path scratched its pristine pattern, for I picked my way to its crest from one desert-lacquered rock to another.

My five-acre Jackrabbit Homestead was still in its natural state except for the valiant little cabana that had withstood the lashings of untempered gales and looked more like a marker of my solitary venture than like living quarters.

Yes, I had done little to improve my homestead but the desert had done much to improve me. Much more because I had been still—and listened, harkening to its ways and moods, brooding in its fathomless silences, absorbing its breathless beauty, its warmth and strength.

At first all I could do was be still and listen, as I moved about quietly, half stunned at finding myself out of the treadmill life of a city. I would sit for long hours under this new mysterious spell, half thinking, half meditating or dreaming. It mattered not whether it was Tuesday or Thursday, or how many headlines or newscasts I missed, or who was writing what. I wanted to bathe awhile in the still deep waters and come out refreshed and renewed.

Soon enough mortar, bricks and lumber would invade this landscape of creosote and cholla—but now it belonged to me. And the sand I surveyed was delicately embroidered in pastel frocked elfin flora. Out on the dunes, colors borrowed from sunsets splashed over the pale canvas of sand.

Soon enough bricked patios arrayed with gaudy chairs and awnings could supplant the circle of wood stumps around the rock pit where ironwood charcoals glow and evening campfires flare under a spangled canopy.

Now seclusion reigns in the little wash—just made for basking in its white sands, as fine as powder against my

bare skin. There is only the sibilant insect to disturb and it swoops in to buzz me in outraged fury. The desert lavender bush hums with the rhythmic cadence of the honey-bees, and the whirring of tiny wings tells that the fast-darting iridescent humming-bird has paused in mid-air to sip pink chuparosa nectar.

Here is a bath of pulverized minerals perfumed with fresh lavender and warmed by the sun's own rays. How heavenly to relax to its tingling therapy and melt into its magnetism. Sometimes I seek out a big rock to sun on, and seem to draw strength from the radiation of its captured energy. I wouldn't trade my salon for the finest on Fifth Avenue.

Yes, soon enough Rock Hill can be hacked over and my little thorny desert neighbors uprooted for floor space and watered landscaping. But now the water comes in five-gallon cans and even toting these has its conditioning compensations.

The one planted tree is a palo verde. I found the little mite, green as a blade of grass, at my doorstep in its nursery-crib tin, with its bottle (water can) at its side. Now who, I wondered, had found my tracks up the big wash? And had they chuckled at my vain efforts to dig up even the smallest palo verde and smoke tree—how was I to know that these babies had tap roots that go very, very deep.

Before I had decided where to plant it, I was greeted by a familiar figure calling, "I'm looking for a green stick. I want to experiment on some water witching."

"You can't have my precious little palo verde," I called back, looking at my erstwhile botany teacher.

We planted the little sapling where it would be free to spread its branches and rival its cousins in the big wash so handsome in their full-crowned headdresses of gold.

I could never remember having planted a tree—and something welled up inside me, a feeling of deep emotion from the thrill of planting a growing, living memorial. I knew a part of me went into that little tree and part of its tenacity to live was in me, both of us expressions of God after our own seed. Together we would smile on

each other as we put down our roots with a will to grow to good stature.

I was cautioned to wean it in a few months so it would be on its own when the intense summer heat drove me off Rock Hill. I had never heard of weaning a tree; and it was hard to refrain from lavishing precious water on it. When I took away its bottle it continued to thrive, for like a little duckling it knew its way to water. Often I wish it could tell me how far down it is to the pond. Maybe it does, and it is I who can't decipher its messages.

Not far away we planted a shoot from a rare white ocotillo which my neighbor had spied while on an exploring trip; its shell-pink creamy blossoms showing like white tapers in a forest of the flame-tipped desert candles.

No amount of water, tender care or plant food could coax it to leaf. Although it is not indigenous to this area it has spectacular cousins up on the lower hills. Perhaps this little shoot does not take well to its new habitat. Or perhaps I have been too anxious and have over-indulged and retarded one of such natural vigor.

Vehicles entering the section have automatically stopped at Rock Hill as if some invisible hand halted them. Friendly curiosity prompted most of them, who always expected to find a bewhiskered hermit or dried up desert rat. But one carload from a dude ranch didn't go away disappointed.

A friend who knows my capacity for freckles had sent me an old-fashioned blue calico sunbonnet. And on this particular morning I decided to put up a rock divide between the section road and my approach. The more intent the sun became on multiplying my freckles the more ingenious became my resistance. First I donned the calico sunbonnet, next I employed an old pair of long kid opera gloves, then to screen the rest of my skin, I slipped a Nile green accordeon pleated chiffon formal over my denim sun suit.

Observing their suppressed amusement I decided to play the part and wear my regalia with great aplomb. One of the women voiced the leading question, "Do you live way off here all by yourself?"

"You mean you haven't heard of me? Cactus Kate? And my snakes?" I replied in indignant surprise.

"Your s-n-a-k-e-s!" trilled the blonde, grasping the driver's shoulder.

"It's too hot to bring 'em out now," I said sadly. "The sun'll kill them."

"That's perfectly okay, sister," spoke up the driver patronizingly. "Just tell us how in blazes we get out of here."

I have yet to see the first snake on Rock Hill. But on a nearby tract I did see the biggest sidewinder around here strike at the hand of its executioner while I trembled in awed admiration.

After my Cactus Kate episode I wore no more desert originals for fear some field reporter would look me up.

Hardly a visitor can put foot on my Jackrabbit Homestead without leaving behind some telltale evidence, at least of footprints in the sand. Although I am far from Indian-sharp in my self-taught observations, I can read many betraying movements. Many visitors unsuspectingly reveal character traits in so many ways; the careless and inconsiderate leave marks that scream and scars that hurt. No love for the desert, these.

The life and death race of brother rabbit to his door, one jump ahead of mister coyote, was all there in the sand. And there are footprints of papa quail alertly apart from those of mama and the covey on their morning and evening trek up and down the wash.

One morning they were stamped out by those of a horse's hooves, the first since my arrival at Rock Hill. They circled the cabana. The rider, a man, had dismounted and looked things over. But I failed to notice

what was staring in my face until I turned the key in the door. Protruding from the trellis on the right was a heavily penciled carton top.

I read: "The smoke you saw coming from the old shack over yonder is not hobos. There is only me and my saddle pony." I smiled at this western flavored calling card, but didn't know what to think or imagine. How had he known I was alone? I hadn't seen smoke or been conscious of a cabin across the highway.

Shortly afterward I met the rider and his mount, Sugarfoot, at the section turn-off. He was a colorful cow-puncher, and no less a gentleman. During the time he was riding off range in our midst I always had the feeling that Rock Hill was well policed.

By now I was becoming nicely oriented to my new way of life. I felt as crisp-fresh as the crystal clear desert air. The peace without had penetrated within. I was ready and anxious to seek part-time work before the beans ran low.

The only security I had was within myself, and it took a heap of faith to demonstrate it. Some people can uproot themselves if they have some form of income to fall back on, even a small pension helps. But I had struck out years ahead of that possibility.

The morning I set out to job hunt I stopped at the postoffice. There was a post card asking me to call at the office of a large concern nearby. I called and was hired for half-day work. If they heard me exclaim, "Ah, the beans!" they heard right.

Driving back up the road to Rock Hill there was a new buoyancy to the air, a new brightness to the brush. The sand glistened back at the sun and the richly lacquered hills shone more friendly. A happy little breeze danced out to meet me twirling in pirouettes all up my drive. The bright-faced encelias looked on and smiled.

I tripped up the nature-hewn rock stairs to the top of my little hill the better to survey my fairy kingdom. Below over the valley the mist was rising veiling the frill of low fluted hills. I lifted my eyes to the high hills that rise in tiers around this cove to the stately majestic peak overlooking it all.

As simply as a child, I whispered, "Thank you, God." I glowed inside. The demand I had made on life and followed up with faith and doing the best I knew how, was being met every step of the way. Just as if someone were going before me and opening doors on a glorious adventure.

(The sixth instalment of Catherine Venn's diary will be in next month's Desert.)

49ers' Death Valley Encampment . . .

Members of the Death Valley '49ers, Inc., at a meeting in Los Angeles September 9 voted to sponsor a second annual program in Death Valley this year in commemoration of the famous trek across that region 51 years ago by the Jayhawker party.

Those present at the meeting favored the idea of holding a Death Valley Encampment this year instead of the elaborate pageant staged a year ago. The event would be a more or less informal campfire program with possibly a square dance carnival.

Chairman A. W. Noon was instructed to name a committee to plan the program, fix the date and arrange for a small budget for necessary expenses. It was determined that no large expenditure would be involved.

Superintendent T. R. Goodwin of Death Valley National Monument, John Anson Ford and other members offered various suggestions, one of them being that a flapjack contest be arranged, and another that prizes be given photographers for their best Death Valley pictures.

Lost Silver Mine of the Jesuits



The story persists that before the Jesuit fathers were expelled from the New World in 1767 by order of the king of Spain, they had located rich gold and silver mines and had accumulated a fortune in precious metal. As the legend goes, the mines were concealed and the gold and silver already taken out were buried to await the day when they would be reinstated. Some of the old records seem to bear out these conclusions. Here is the story of one of these lost mines, as told by a man who has spent many years searching for them.

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

Illustration by John Hansen

He was visited by his partner the day before the cloudburst and is said to have given him a roll of undeveloped films, which when developed showed the entrance to an old mine working and the front wall of an old mission or chapel that had never before been seen in this part of the country.

OLD CHURCH records brought from Spain by Don Ricardo Ortiz of Hermosillo, Sonora, Mexico, and Don Santiago Diaz, former governor of Lower California, state that La Purisima Concepcion was one of the richest mines ever discovered by the Indians of Primeria Alta, as this part of the country was called by the early Spaniards.

Pieces of rich native silver float and the outcrop of the vein were discovered by the Opata Indians in 1508, about 15 years before the Spaniards beached their ships on the east coast of Mexico. The mine was taken over

by the Spaniards upon their arrival in what is now Arizona and New Mexico, and was being operated by them in 1750 when the second revolt of the Pima tribes occurred. The missions were plundered and partly destroyed.

Peace was restored in 1752 and the missions reoccupied in 1754. To quote from the records: La Purisima Concepcion mine was located four leagues (12 miles) south of the Tumacacori mission. Follow straight ahead through the pass of Los Janos to the south about three leagues from the Guadalupe mine, which is one league from the big gate of the Tumacacori mis-

sion to the south, to another gateway or pass called The Gateway to Agua Hondo (Deep Water). To the south from this pass runs a creek that empties onto the desert near the old town of Santa Cruz.

"The mine is to the east of the pass. Below the pass on the bank of the creek there are twelve arrastres and twelve patios. At the mine there is a tunnel 300 varas (835 feet) long that runs to the north. About 200 varas from the portal of this tunnel a cross-cut 100 varas long leads from the main tunnel to the west. The ore in the face of this crosscut is yellow and

is one-half silver and one-fifth gold. Fifty varas from the mouth of the mine in a southerly direction will be found *planchas de plata* (slabs or balls of silver) weighing from 25 to 250 pounds each. In the rock above the tunnel is the name La Purisima Concepcion, cut with a chisel. The mouth of the tunnel is covered by a copper door and fastened with a large iron lock." So runs the old Spanish document.

There is a mass of evidence to indicate that this old mine is located in the narrow pass between the west end of the Pajarita Mountains and El Ruido (mountain of the noises). Years ago a saloon keeper in Nogales grubstaked an old prospector to search for gold and silver in and around the Pajarita and El Ruido Mountains. The old fellow was gone about six weeks and then one day he appeared in front of the saloon with two burros loaded down with large chunks of native silver he had found scattered over the surface of the ground in the pass between the Pajaritas and El Ruido. They are believed to have eroded from some kaolin outcrops that are known to exist in the pass. The old man started to celebrate his good fortune and was found dead the next morning. The saloon keeper was never able to find the place where the old prospector picked up the rich pieces of silver.

Shortly after the conclusion of the Mexican War and the signing of the Gadsden treaty when the tri-color was moved southward, an old prospector with headquarters at Tubac made fre-

quent trips to the Pajaritas and El Ruido and each time returned with large pieces of native silver. It is said upon good authority that only a year or two ago a prospector camped in the pass and after prospecting a week or two his camp was washed away by a cloudburst that sent a wall of water down the creek near where he had pitched his tent. Presumably he was washed away with it, as no trace of him ever has been found.

He was visited by his partner the day before the cloudburst and is said to have given him a roll of undeveloped films, which when developed showed the entrance to an old mine working and the front wall of an old mission or chapel that had never before been seen in this part of the country. The little church was probably a *Visita* for the Tumacacori mission and was not unlike those frequently built by Spanish-American miners in the vicinity of the mines in which they are employed. From the evidence it would seem that La Purisima Concepcion mine really existed and that it was very rich.

Tumacacori was founded in 1691, but just how long the Jesuit fathers worked the mines is unknown. They were, however, working a number of gold and silver mines in the mountains around the mission in 1767, when King Charles III issued the edict expelling the Jesuits from Spain and all its possessions, one of the reasons being their alleged failure to pay one-fifth of all the gold and silver produced to the Spanish Crown. This one-fifth tax was known as the Royal Fifth.

Foreseeing that they would be unable to take any of their treasure with them, the Jesuits are said to have buried it near the missions or in the mines, hoping that they would be able to return for it at a future date. They never returned to claim their property and many of the mines and treasures remain undiscovered even to this day.

That the Jesuits of Tumacacori, while spreading the doctrine of Christ, carried on extensive mining operations and collected much gold and silver is indicated by the recent discovery of a number of adobe smelters (*vasos*) on the east side of the mission. Two thousand fifty mule loads of virgin silver and 205 loads of gold bullion are said to have been taken from the Tumacacori mission by the padres and concealed in the Guadalupe mine which measured one league southwest of the mission ruins.

In view of the fact that so much native silver float has been found in the pass and at the Planchas De Plata mine a short distance to the south in Sonora, Mexico, it is the belief of the writer that the story of the Pure Conception mine as set forth in the old document is a true one. Mexican and Indian vaqueros believe El Ruido is haunted and avoid it as much as possible. I once rode a mule across the foothills of El Ruido and owing to the peculiar nature of the rock his hoofbeats sounded like a base drum.

The kaolin outcroppings in the pass between the Pajaritas and El Ruido would seem to offer a clue to the origin of the rich pieces of native silver that have from time to time been discovered on the surface. The padres in their old records often mention having found native silver in veins of kaolin or caliche, as they called it.

These outcrops consist of kaolin, iron-stained quartz, and occasionally large nuggets of native silver. Most of the rich minerals originally contained in these veins have been leached and carried down to water-level and precipitated as secondary enrichment. It is not uncommon in the desert country to find rich outcrops of silver ore near the surface while directly under them the ore has been leached out. Many of the old Spanish workings were stopped in this leached zone instead of going on down to water-level for the secondary enrichment that is almost certain to be found under these leached zones.

Many of these old workings that were closed down when they entered the leached zone, or were later closed and abandoned upon the demonitization of silver, could be re-opened today and made to produce millions in silver and copper ore. Most of the silver mines in southern Arizona carry a high percentage of copper.

AN INVITATION TO DESERT VISITORS . . .

Palm Desert Art Gallery, featuring the desert paintings of more than 40 western artists will remain open from eight a.m. to five p.m. seven days a week during the winter season.

The gallery occupies the big foyer of the Desert Magazine pueblo at Palm Desert. Here, visitors will have an opportunity not only to see the best work of many of the Southwest's finest artists, but may also browse in the book and crafts shop and inspect the publishing plant of the magazine.

Director of the gallery this season is Harriet A. Day, formerly in charge of the Desert Inn gallery in Palm Springs.

There is no admission charge to the gallery, and the Staff of Desert Magazine extends a welcome to all who come, and especially to members of the big family of Desert readers.

Staff of The Desert Magazine

Palm Desert, California

Nevada has had its gold and silver booms, and now its mining men are looking forward hopefully to another burst of mining activity. Prospectors are out in the hills with Geiger counters, looking for uranium. Spark plug in the new treasure hunt is Marty Hess, whose traveling laboratory goes up and down the state demonstrating the methods of identifying uranium-bearing ore. Here is the story of Marty Hess.

He Tells 'em How to Find Uranium

By JEAN McELRATH

NEVADA'S ARID desert lands and precipitous mountains are feeling the tread of sturdy boots and the eager tap of the miner's pick this year, as they have not since the high-fevered days of glory on the Comstock.

Once more Nevada's prospectors are aflame with the belief that Fortune smiles for them in the next out-cropping ledge or just over the next hill. Young and old, housewife and businessman, representing all races, creeds and vocations in the best tradition of Nevada's prospecting history, they search not for gold or silver this time, but for the powerful and mysterious rarity of our day—uranium.

"They're finding it, too," says Marty Hess, the man who struck the spark in many of these forty-niners of 1950. "Further," he predicts, "they'll find uranium-bearing ore in quantity sufficient to put Nevada on the U. S. uranium map, before this year is out."

Hess injected his own tremendous enthusiasm for prospecting into solid technical information on the how, where and why of finding uranium ores, during a series of scheduled laboratory and lecture classes conducted during three months last spring in 38 towns and camps up and down the state of Nevada. More than 2000 prospectors attended these sessions, most of them with their pockets full of ore samples for Hess to test with the Geiger counter or ultra-violet light. Lectures planned to last two or three hours were sometimes extended into the early morning hours by the numbers of these requested tests and questions.

"I've missed meals, as well as sleep, that way," chuckles Hess, a sandy-haired, blue-eyed young man who thoroughly enjoys talking, especially about prospecting. "Birdie, my wife, and I," he explains, "order a restaurant meal in some little Nevada town

and you'd be surprised at the number of fellows who just happen by and just happen to have good-looking ore samples in their pockets that I might like to test with the counter. We get to talking—and I forget to eat."

The Nevada State Department of Vocational Education, under the direction of Don C. Cameron, sponsored the lecture tour as a renewal of the pre-war policy of holding itinerant schools for prospectors throughout the state during the winter months. A number of his lecture stops, including the Mackay School of Mines at the University of Nevada in Reno, asked for return visits. Hess kept no record of the number of unscheduled demonstrations he made, such as the one for officials of the Kennecott Copper Corporation at Ruth. Special requests also took him to Randsburg and Fair Oaks, California, to lecture in April.

"When a man can talk steadily on one subject for two or three hours and have his audience still awake, taking notes and asking intelligent questions at the end of that time, he's got something," observed a Carson City housewife after attending one of the lectures.

"Nevada is the first state in the Union to set up a uranium school for the common prospector. We've the blessing of the Atomic Energy Commission and already the school is paying off," Hess says earnestly, referring to the number of recently recorded discoveries of uranium bearing ore in the state. It was these discoveries which prompted Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran's observation that with continuing discoveries, the Atomic Energy Commission will undoubtedly establish a stock pile or buying agency in the state.

"The mountains aren't covered with forests and the land isn't all cluttered up with farms and towns and people. Nevada's a good state for prospectors,"



During his vacation periods Marty Hess goes out in the hills with his Geiger counter to do some prospecting on his own.

comments Hess, who has tried prospecting all over the world. His father was a mining engineer and the family followed the elder Hess around, a way of living that seems to come naturally to son, Marty—"My given name, not a nick," he says when asked. His formal education, begun early in Salt Lake City, ended with high school in California.

Mackay School of Mines at the University of Nevada has benefitted from this wanderlust through donation of a collection of atomic energy mineral specimens picked up in such widely separated places as Canada, South America and Madagascar, as well as various parts of the U. S. The collection is especially valuable now that nations will no longer allow such ore specimens to be transported across their borders.

"Here and there," Hess replied, when asked where he acquired so much information on the subject of uranium.

"He studied!" put in Mrs. Hess, slim and blonde, who travels with him whether he is lecturing or prospecting, and helps handle the ore tests. "One of his buddies in the navy told me that when other men were out painting the town on leave, Marty had his nose in a book about uranium. Some of his best books were published by the Australian, Canadian and U. S. governments."

Birdie Hess went on to explain that



Marty and Birdie Hess with their traveling laboratory. Mrs. Hess is holding a portable Geiger counter, the most important equipment in this itinerant school.

after the war her husband worked wherever he could find out more about the more than 100 different ores containing uranium. "He was at the Dove Creek uranium mines in Colorado for a year, and he came to Nevada for the lectures from the Fisher Research Laboratories in Palo Alto, California," she said.

But Hess himself is more interested in talking about the fabulous future that he feels may come to Nevada and her people through increased knowledge that will help them find and recognize uranium-bearing ores.

"The lectures were like a shot in the arm in Eureka, where the principal mines are closed," he said. "Gave those people something new to look for." He was astonished at the number of housewives attending his sessions all over the state. And he recalls with satisfaction that some of his most eager and attentive audiences were on the Nixon and Owyhee reservations.

"Those men know all about the good deal Uncle Sam sets up for the Indian on his reservation and they make good prospectors."

Like everyone else, the Indians were fascinated by the portable Geiger counter. They never tire of testing every kind of ore sample with the gadget, which is capable of picking up emanations from such minute quantities of radio-active material as the paint on a luminous watch dial. The counter goes into ticking hysterics when applied to the small piece of

pitchblende carried among the school's uranium-bearing ore samples.

Marty and Birdie Hess found, also, that the mysterious ore associated with atomic energy, is giving rise to a whole new crop of miracle tales.

"We've heard some of the strangest stories!" said Mrs. Hess. "One woman is supposed to have cured a lump under her arm, simply by binding a piece of carnotite against it; and a prospector vowed that he cured a toothache by crushing a little bit of pitchblende and packing around it!"

"Don't forget the gentleman in Tonopah who makes his tomatoes grow like Luther Burbank's with U-H₂O," Marty reminded her.

At Goodsprings in the southern part of the state, a week-end prospector heard the lecture and then dumped a two-quart fruit jar full of samples on the table for testing.

"Don't pay no attention to that plumbojarosite," he said, throwing aside a bit of dull, lemon-yellow rock. "The kids got it off the old mine dumps. They like to put it in with my samples and pretend it's good stuff." The discarded stuff from the old dump was carnotite, which, while not nearly as rich in uranium as pitchblende, was rich enough to make Goodsprings a going camp again.

"It's those unscheduled things that add a wallop to a job I already like," remarks Hess. "There's samarskite, high grade 'U' ore and hard rock Monazite in Southern Nevada. Ur-

anium bearing ore is being shipped out of Pershing county and it's been discovered in Nye and Lincoln counties, as well as Clark. With prospectors learning what to look for we should see some interesting samples on our lecture tour, this winter!"

The Hesses themselves have spent the summer haunting Nevada's deserts in search of the fabulously precious ore, and not without results. Among the winter lecture samples probably will be some from the four claims located at Copper City, a southern Nevada ghost camp, by Marty and Birdie Hess and Fay Perkins, a prospecting friend from Overton.

"I should know my way around, down there," grins this prospector's professor. "Lord knows, I've walked many a hot thirsty mile through those deserts, broke and half hungry. Only, before the war, it was gold or silver!"

A COURAGEOUS PIONEER, AND THE WORLD'S WORST POET . . .

DESERT CENTER—Twenty-nine years ago Desert Steve Ragsdale gave up his real estate business in Blythe and moved his wife and four children out to a homesteader's abandoned well, midway on the 90-mile stretch of sandy road which spanned the Chuckawalla Valley between Blythe and Mecca. In those days it required nine hours for a sturdy car to make the 90-mile trip, with no gas and little water along the way. Travel over the road averaged 10 or 12 cars a week.

When Steve announced he was starting a service station out there his friends thought he was crazy. But he went ahead, and when the California highway department moved the road away from him and paved it, he followed the road and called his new location Desert Center. On September 24 Desert Steve invited the whole world to come and help him celebrate the 29th anniversary of the founding Desert Center, which has become one of the best known and patronized service stations on the California desert. Steve Ragsdale's Desert Center has grown to a half million dollar community.

Posted conspicuously at Desert Center is Steve's motto: "Honesty, Industry and Sobriety." Steve will serve neither liquor nor beer in his establishment. On the door is a sign: "No dogs; no drunks; we prefer dogs."

The chef at the Desert Center cafe baked 102 cakes, and free cake and ice cream were served throughout the day to hundreds of visitors. Speakers from all over the desert county, there to take part in a platform program during the afternoon, agreed that Desert Steve was a courageous pioneer and the world's worst poet.

LETTERS . . .

Two Tales of Lost Gold . . .

Tujunga, California

Desert:

Your lost mines give me a lot of pleasure, just from reading about them, so—maybe I can give some other readers a bit of the same, let them read about two that aren't lost.

Some years ago, during the depression, a miner quit-claimed a placer claim to me. One day while working this claim I, being the man in a hole shoveling the dirt out to a friend above who was running it through a dry-washer, felt the ground under me begin to sink and slide toward the center of the hole.

I hurriedly got out of there and from the edge of the hole turned to see what was going on down there. The bottom of the hole seemed to sink and as three large boulders came into view at the sides of the hole the last of the dirt disappeared through a hole the size of a man's head between the three big rocks. As the last of it disappeared we could plainly hear some of the larger stones strike the sides of the large rocks and then the sound of the stones falling into water came up to us.

I told a miner friend of the happening some time later and he in turn told a mining engineer about it. The engineer told him to tell me not to abandon work on the place but to sink a shaft off to one side and then tunnel into the spot where the cave-in occurred. He thought that there was an underground stream there running at bedrock and that getting into that tunnel would be just like getting into Fort Knox.

He had it figured that the stream running at bedrock would be just like a natural sluice box separating the gold from the dirt and that it had been going on down there for perhaps thousands of years and that I would find nothing but black sand and gold there at bedrock and more likely than not, plenty of it. The claim is alive with rattlesnakes and they always seem to disappear into a hole and go on down if they get away, so—they would be in there too. I left it alone. Being alone in a dark hole with them isn't for me.

The other mine: While fishing high in the Sierras some years ago I was fishing up a small stream and came to a water fall covering the mouth of a tunnel. Inside the tunnel was a pair of small rails on rotted ties all covered with water. Later I read somewhere

of a lost mine whose owner before he died told his listeners they would never find his mine as there was no dump to spot it by. The water falls and stream would take care of that pretty well, wouldn't they? His mine was in that area.

A. R. BENTON

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No-longer-forgotten Grave . . .

Pomona, California

Desert:

Please refer to the picture on page four of your October issue—the picture of a "Pioneer's Grave."

About 10 years ago on the road from Twentynine Palms, California, across the Joshua Tree National Monument to Key's View I noticed a weather-beaten grave marker. It interested me enough that I took notice of nearby landmarks, and on our return from the View I asked the driver to stop so I could read the name and dates.

The next morning I went to work as usual in the office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue in Los Angeles. During the lunch hour a phone call came in and as my assistant was out I answered it. The man on the line was seeking information, and when he had finished I asked him his name.

"John Lang," he said, "spelled L-a-n-g."

"Please pardon me but I must tell you I saw that name in a very unusual place just yesterday," I said to him. "Well, I am sure it was not mine," he replied, "for my name is not in any unusual place."

"No," I said, "it was not your name, but it was John Lang."

Then I told him about the grave marker out in Joshua Monument.

There was silence, and finally I said, "Mr. Lang, are you still on the phone?"

"Yes," he said. "I was named after my father's brother, John Lang. He came West many years ago and after a while my folks never heard from him. They have long wondered what became of him. Perhaps this is a clue."

Then he asked for directions to enable him to reach the grave.

Some time later I was again in Twentynine Palms and drove out that way with friends. We stopped at the grave. The brush had been cleared away, big stones placed around the mound, and a new and better marker was in place, with the name "John Lang" in very readable letters.

CECIL S. GERTY

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Discovery of Lost Gunsight Mine . . .

Kelseyville, California

Desert:

I have just read with interest the brief reference to the Lost Gunsight

Silver Lode of Death Valley in the June number of *Desert Magazine*. It may be of interest to your readers to know that my father, Anderson Benson, was a member of the party which found the mine in the winter of 1849.

Father used to tell my sister, my brother and me, while we were growing up, about his experiences in crossing the plains and Death Valley. Unfortunately, we did not realize the historical value of what occurred on that trip and took no notes. However, I will relate what we three can remember, as it was told to us.

Father was born in Massachusetts in 1822. In the early part of 1849, he joined a large party of emigrants headed for California by ox team. His party suffered the losses by sickness, starvation and exhaustion experienced by nearly all early emigrants who crossed the desert to California.

At Salt Lake City, the train split up. Some crossed the Sierra to Sacramento via Donner Lake. Father cast his lot with one of the groups which took the southern route. They hired a guide who became hopelessly lost somewhere in Nevada. The various parties pushed on to a point near the California-Nevada line. The main body of the caravan continued south and got through to the Los Angeles area without too much trouble. Several smaller groups started west toward Death Valley. The way was rough, and quite a number soon turned back and trailed the main party.

While still in Nevada but already suffering from hunger and thirst, the party came to an Indian settlement, deserted by the Indians in fright. They stayed there several days, and discovered a garden of squashes evidently cultivated by the Indians. So great was their hunger that they were willing to risk being scalped to have the food, and they ate all the squashes.

They were soon forced to cut down their wagons, making carts out of the rear wheels, in order to lighten the load for their emaciated oxen. They abandoned much of their equipment at this point. Farther on, when their food was all gone, they butchered their oxen and dried the meat. The animals were so poor there was little marrow in their bones. After drying the meat and resting up a bit, they pushed on with what they could carry. By this time, they were well into Death Valley. Somewhere in Death Valley the party ran across a silver ledge. Each of the men took a small piece of ore and put it in his pocket. The rough pieces of metal soon wore holes in their pockets, so all but one of them threw his ore away. This one man carried his specimen through to civilization. It is my memory that it assayed

97 percent pure silver. Whatever the exact figure, it was an unusually rich deposit. The man had a gunsight made from the metal, having lost the sight from his gun. Thus the name, Lost Gunsight Silver Lode.

After leaving Death Valley, the party passed through a canyon in which they captured a young Indian. They did their best to win his confidence. They gave him some clothing which they persuaded him to put on. By sign

language they made him understand that they wanted water. The boy led them to water. He waited until the others had drunk their fill. Then he acted as if he could not get down to drink with the clothes on. In later years, father would imitate for us how the Indian would go through the motions of trying to get down but being hampered by the clothing and removing a piece of it, trying again unsuccessfully and removing another piece, until he had it all off and drank. When he finished, he bounded up and off like a deer. Evidently he shed the clothing so that it would not hamper him in making a quick getaway.

Somewhere along the journey, the party ran across some wild horses. They shot one, and ate strips of the fat raw.

The canyon led into a beautiful valley where they saw cattle grazing, so they knew that they were out of the wilderness. Soon they heard dogs barking, and a little farther on they came to a ranch house owned by a Spaniard. The Spanish rancher was wise enough to know that solid food would kill the men if eaten while in their emaciated condition. He had a large cast iron kettle such as was used by ranchers at that time for scalding hogs and rendering lard. Also he had a field of squashes on which he had them subsist for several days before he let them start gradually to eat solid food.

As I remember, there were 13 of the party who got through alive; only the very strong survived.

All of the party, with the exception of my father and a friend by the name of Bryant, moved on in about six weeks, as soon as they were able to travel. Father and Bryant stayed on for six months.

Father always wanted to go back and try to find the lost silver lode. He kept in touch with some of the members of the group who had found it. Finally, sometime around 1870, father and two other members of the group decided to go. They were all set to start, expecting to go into Nevada and travel over the route as before, when one of the three became sick and died. The remaining two were discouraged and gave up going. The ledge probably was covered up by the shifting sands and, therefore, has never been found again.

There probably are other descendants of the Lost Gunsight Silver Lode party living in California who may read this letter. If so, I would greatly appreciate hearing from them and having them add their bit of what their fathers or grandfathers may have handed down to them concerning this historical event.

CHARLES A. BENSON

Desert Quiz

Desert Magazine's monthly Quiz is designed for two groups of readers: (1) Those who have traveled the Southwest enough to become familiar with its people and geography and history and Nature lore, and (2) those who are still in the tenderfoot class, but would like to learn more about this fascinating American desert. The questions include the fields of geography, history, botany, mineralogy, Indians and the general lore of the desert country. Twelve to 14 is a fair score, 15 to 17 is good, 18 or over is excellent. The answers are on page 44.

- 1—Traveling from Barstow, California to Flagstaff, Arizona on Highway 66 the most important river you would cross is the: Colorado..... Gila..... San Juan..... Virgin.....
- 2—Tallest of the eight native trees of the Southwest desert is: Joshua..... Ironwood..... Palm..... Mesquite.....
- 3—"The Gap" is the name of an Indian Trading Post 41 miles from: Canyon de Chelly..... Navajo Bridge..... Gallup, New Mexico..... Taos, New Mexico.....
- 4—Dick Wick Hall sold his "laughing gas" at: Yuma..... Wickenburg..... Salome..... Needles.....
- 5—"Stope" is a word commonly used in: Mining..... Surveying..... Archeology..... Motor-boating.....
- 6—Showlow is the name of a town on: Highway 60..... Highway 80..... Highway 66..... Highway 93.....
- 7—Indians who call themselves "The People" are: Zunis..... Hopis..... Apaches..... Navajos.....
- 8—Dr. Elwood Mead in whose honor Lake Mead was named was a: U. S. Army Engineer..... Chief of the U. S. Park Service..... Secretary of the Interior..... U. S. Reclamation Commissioner.....
- 9—Fiddleneck is the common name of a desert: Reptile..... Flower..... Bird..... Tree.....
- 10—Most conspicuous member of the cactus family along Highway 80 between Yuma and Tucson, Arizona, is: Organ Pipe..... Cholla..... Saguaro..... Prickly Pear.....
- 11—If you visited the famous Palm Canyon near Palm Springs, California, your admission fee would go into the tribal funds of the: Mojave Indians..... Yuma Indians..... Cahuilla Indians..... Cocopah Indians.....
- 12—Blossoms of the most common species of Night-Blooming Cereus cacti found in Arizona are: Red..... Yellow..... Blue..... White.....
- 13—Only one of the following denizens of the desert injects poisonous venom in its victims: Vinegaroon..... Tarantula..... Scorpion..... Centipede.....
- 14—Author of the book *Death Valley in '49* was: W. A. Chalfant..... Lewis Manly..... George Wharton James..... Charles Lummis.....
- 15—According to legend, Pegleg Smith's nuggets of black gold were found: On one of three hills..... In a desert waterhole..... Where his burro pawed away the loose gravel.....
- 16—Kanab is the name of a town in: Utah..... Arizona..... Nevada..... New Mexico.....
- 17—Correct spelling of the Spanish word for barrel cactus is: Bissnaga..... Bisnaga..... Bisnaga..... Visnaga.....
- 18—"The Mittens" are the names of buttes in: Grand Canyon National Park..... Monument Valley..... Petrified Forest National Monument..... Prescott..... Winslow..... Ashfork..... Springerville.....
- 19—The Arizona town best known for its production of flagstone is: Prescott..... Winslow..... Ashfork..... Springerville.....
- 20—John W. Mackay was associated with: Development of the Comstock Lode in Nevada..... The surrender of Geronimo..... Building of Hoover dam..... Discovery of silver at Tombstone.....

HERE AND THERE . . . on the Desert

ARIZONA

Commissioner Makes Prediction . . .

HOLBROOK—Eventual assimilation of all Indians into the general population and universal free education for all Indians under state control were predicted by Dillon S. Myer, commissioner of Indian Affairs, in an address of dedication for the new Hopi-Navajo elementary school at Keams Canyon. It was Myer's first official visit to the Navajo and Hopi country since his appointment last May as commissioner.

When the tribesmen are finally absorbed into the population, there will be no need for a Bureau of Indian Affairs, Myer said. He said his visit to the reservations impressed him with the lack of school facilities for Indian children.—*Holbrook Tribune-News.*

Virgin Timber to Be Logged . . .

FLAGSTAFF—The virgin stands of Ponderosa pine, Douglas fir, spruce and white alpine fir in the North Kaibab forest will soon know the whir of saws and the sound of powerful motors, trucks and winches. The U. S. Forest Service is planning to put the North Kaibab under a sustained yield program with an annual harvest of 27,000,000 board feet of lumber. Successful bidder for the first contract, which is expected to provide enough logs to operate the firm's mill for five or six years, is a Holbrook company, the Whiting Brothers Lumber company. The company bid the highest rate on record in the Southwest for 168,000,000 board feet of virgin timber. The bid was \$45.10 per 1000 board feet. Previous high was \$33.—*Coconino Sun.*

Indians Not Afraid of Crater . . .

WINSLOW—Canyon Diablo crater, the great meteoric pit on the northern Arizona plateau, was created so long ago it hardly is possible that today's Indian tribesmen in the area have any legends bearing on the actual fall. This opinion was expressed by Dr. Lincoln La Paz of the University of New Mexico. Dr. La Paz referred to the common belief that the Indians have a superstitious fear of the crater. He said he and his research assistants have found evidence that the Indians not only frequented the crater but actually built dwellings on its rim. The Indian ruins which have been found date back to about 1075 to 1150 A.D. The meteor is believed to have fallen at least 50,000 years ago.

Pioneer Cowboys Get Together . . .

BISBEE—Rugged southwesterners who "have ridden the range for 40 years or more" got together and swapped stories at their annual round-up meeting recently in Bisbee, and elected J. H. Getzwiller, Benson, Arizona, as president of Southwest Pioneer Cowboys association. W. R. Stevenson is past president. The new president has been a cattleman in the Southwest since the early years of this century, came to Arizona in 1909. Sons of pioneer cattlemen are eligible to join the association if they are in the cattle business.—*Tucson Daily Citizen.*

White Chief Visits Indians . . .

WINDOW ROCK—Dillon S. Myer, commissioner of Indian Affairs, spent several days in September traveling over the Navajo and Hopi reservations discussing with Indian Service leaders plans for initiating work on the Navahopi rehabilitation program for which congress made an initial appropriation of \$12,000,000.

Arizona Artist Honored . . .

PRESCOTT—Kate T. Cory, artist, writer and interpreter of the Hopi Indians was the recipient of an honorary membership in the Yavapai County Archeological society at the September meeting of the organization. The membership certificate given the artist stated: "Miss Cory, beloved citizen of Prescott, came from the East to discover the West and remained for seven years with the Hopis. Her paintings, well known in Arizona, exhibited in New York and Canada, have portrayed the customs and rituals of the Hopis; her writings have thrown light on their everyday life; her collection of Hopi artifacts and relics has genuine archeological interest."

Death Comes to Aged Chief . . .

WINSLOW — Kumaumtewa, believed to be the oldest of the Hopi Indians, died in his sleep at Hotevilla on the Hopi mesa September 9. According to his grandson, Ralph Tewanguma, silversmith in Tucson, Kumaumtewa was "always after us to keep active and not to lie around." Summer and winter he would rise before sunup and take a cold bath. He always traveled by foot, never horseback. He was a rug weaver and was present at the Hopi snake dances in August this year.—*Tucson Citizen.*

An honored visitor in every home

THE *Desert* MAGAZINE

During the Christmas season last year nearly 3,000 readers of Desert Magazine sent gift subscriptions to friends and relatives in every part of the United States. It proved to be a popular gift, according to the testimony of hundreds of letters received during the intervening months.

This season, Christmas gift magazines are to be mailed to arrive with a distinctive desert gift card in ample time to go on the Christmas tree.

This is one gift that lasts throughout the year, bringing many hours of pleasure and entertainment to every member of the family. Desert is printed for adults, but the children find delight and information in its beautiful desert photographs.

This one gift that will cost no more this year—one subscription for \$3.50, two for \$6.00 and \$3.00 for each additional gift in the same order. You may order now and pay in January if you wish.

SEND DESERT FOR CHRISTMAS

You will find a convenient order blank in this issue



THE DESERT TRADING POST

Classified Advertising in This Section Costs 8c a Word, \$1.00 Minimum Per Issue

INDIAN GOODS

WE SEARCH UNCEASINGLY for old and rare Indian Artifacts, but seldom accumulate a large assortment. Collectors seem as eager to possess them as their original owners. To those who like real Indian things, a hearty welcome. You too may find here something you have long desired. We are continually increasing our stock with the finest in Navajo rugs, Indian baskets, and hand-made jewelry. Daniels Trading Post, 401 W. Foothill Blvd. Fontana, California.

FOUR VERY FINE ancient Indian Arrowheads, \$1.00; 4 tiny perfect bird arrowheads, \$1.00; 1 ancient stone tomahawk, \$1.00; 2 flint skinning knives, \$1.00; 1 large flint hoe, \$1.00; 2 spearheads, \$1.00; 10 arrowheads from 10 states, \$1.00; 20 damaged arrowheads, \$1.00; 10 fish scalers, \$1.00; 10 hide scrapers \$1.00; 4 perfect saw edged arrowheads, \$1.00. The above 11 offers \$10.00, postpaid. List Free. Lears, Glenwood, Arkansas.

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BOOKS — MAGAZINES

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Central Arizona Bill Killed . . .

WASHINGTON—The House Public Lands committee has killed the highly controversial Central Arizona Project bill, but promised to resurrect it if congress returns for another session later this year. The \$596,000,000 reclamation measure passed the senate last March, but has been held up in the lower house by 25 pending amendments. It would authorize construction of Bridge Canyon Dam on the Colorado River plus facilities to lift water and transport it halfway across the state of Arizona to supply central part of the state with irrigation water. California opposes the project, claiming it would take water to which California is entitled and that the expenditure is not economically justified. —Yuma Daily Sun.

Excavation to Be Resumed . . .

BENSON—Excavation of the ancient village site of Quiburi, near Fairbank, Arizona, is being resumed this fall, according to Charles Di Peso, archeologist who directed work at the site last spring. Both Indian pottery and old metal Spanish weapons have been recovered from the ruins, he said. Re-establishment of a Spanish village at the site about 1754 to 1757—recorded by some historians—has been verified, he reports. This was the last Jesuit attempt to bring their civilization to the San Pedro Valley. They were again routed by Apaches and moved to the then Mexican town of Tucson.—San Pedro Valley News.

Baptists Observe Anniversary . . .

COTTONWOOD — Commemorating the first Baptist sermon preached in Arizona territory 75 years ago, an anniversary program was conducted on October 1 under the old cottonwood tree where Rev. James C. Bristol delivered his historical sermon in October, 1875.—Verde Independent.

Wildlife in the Huachucas . . .

BENSON—A large male wolf, one of the first reported in this region in many years, was trapped recently on the west slopes of the Huachuca Mountains. The Huachucas are famed for their variety of wildlife.—San Pedro Valley News.

At Showlow, Arizona, 58 of the 72 surviving descendants of the pioneer Mormon missionaries, Jacob and Sadie Hamblin, gathered early in September for a reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvest Ellsworth.

Bob Walker, from Carlsbad, New Mexico, is the new ranger at Wupatki National Monument, according to Supt. Bill Bowen.—Coconino Sun.

CALIFORNIA

Government Sells Resort Hotel . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Famed as a luxurious desert resort hotel prior to World War II but converted during the war into a hospital, El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs is again in private hands. It has been sold by the government to three Los Angeles businessmen who expect to remodel it and again make of it a hotel. Sale price was announced as \$525,000, another half million will be spent in refurbishing the hostelry, it was claimed. The transaction is subject to final federal approval.

The 170-room hotel was opened in Palm Springs in 1928. In April, 1942, it was sold to the army and renamed Torney General Hospital, 1500 beds were installed. The hotel has been vacant since the army deactivated it in 1946 after its wartime service. — *Desert Sun*.

Chapman to Make Decision . . .

PALM SPRINGS — The fate of Palm Springs' proposed tramway up the east slope of Mt. San Jacinto now rests with Secretary of Interior Oscar L. Chapman, who now has on his desk the report of a hearing conducted by the U. S. Forest Service last April to determine whether or not a right-of-way would be granted across a Federal Primitive Area. Conservation groups have been active in opposition to the project. The tramway would carry passengers from Chino Canyon, elevation 2638 feet, to Long Valley, elevation 8615 feet, below the summit of San Jacinto peak.

To Dedicate New Colorado Dam . . .

CALEXICO — President Miguel Aleman of Mexico was expected to arrive in Mexicali, capital of the Northern District of Baja California, about the first of October to take part in a double dedication program (1) marking the completion of the \$7,-000,000 Morelos dam in the Colorado below the boundary at Yuma, and (2) the completion of the 140-mile paved highway from Mexicali to the Gulf of California at San Felipe. — *Tucson Citizen*.

Death Valley '49ers Active . . .

RIDGECREST—Death Valley '49ers, Inc., organized last year to stage the centennial pageant which commemorated the first crossing of Death Valley by pioneers in 1849, decided at a recent meeting in Los Angeles to continue as an active organization and to hold this year an encampment in Death Valley. Members expressed enthusiasm for continuing each year with some commemorative event in Death Valley. — *The Times-Herald*.

Harry Oliver's Loose Again . . .

THOUSAND PALMS—Harry Oliver, editor of Desert Rat Scrap Book, "the only five-page newspaper in the world," has been trying for years to persuade Southern California desert dwellers that they should sever political relations with Riverside, San Bernardino and San Diego counties and form a new desert county of their own. Stymied in his efforts to secede from the old counties, Harry now proposes to form a new desert state to be known as the State of Geronimo. His crusade includes a big map in which the new state is shown as including Yuma and Mohave counties in Arizona, Clark and part of Nye county in Nevada, and parts of Inyo, Kern, San Bernardino and San Diego counties and all of Imperial county in California. According to Harry's glowing picture, a canal would be dug from the Gulf of California to provide for a tidewater harbor on the Mexico-California border some miles east of Yuma.

Homesites in Indian Wells Valley . . .

RIDGECREST—The U. S. Bureau of Land Management at San Francisco has been asked to classify about 5,000 acres of land in Indian Wells Valley as available for 5-acre jack-rabbit homesteads under the Small Tracts Act. Between 300 and 400 residents of this area have signified their intention of filing applications for these homesites if it becomes available. Inquiries regarding the sites should be directed to the U. S. Bureau of Land Management, 630 Sansome St., San Francisco.—*Naval Ordnance Test Station Rocketeer*.



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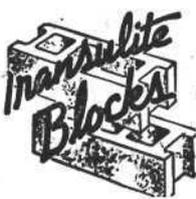
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Wilderness Beauty Preserved . . .

LONE PINE — Members of the Sierra Club — mountain climbers, hikers and conservationists—received high praise from Inyo National Forest Supervisor Neal M. Rahm and Regional Forester P. A. Thompson at conclusion of the club's 1950 High Sierra trip. The trip lasted 36 days, was divided into three 10-day periods with brief rest periods in between.

The extent to which members of the Sierra Club go to preserve the natural beauty of the wilderness was a pleasant surprise to the forest officials, they said. Club members ranged in age from 8 to 70, no one on the trip offered or expected special privileges. What impressed forestry personnel was the club's clean camps and efforts to preserve the natural state of areas used.—*Pioneer Citizen.*

Monument to Be Reduced in Size . . .

TWENTYNINE PALMS — President Truman has signed and enacted into law the Phillips bill which will take 289,500 acres of mineralized land from the present 880,000-acre Joshua Tree National Monument. The measure will re-open to prospectors an area which has been closed for several years. The Twentynine Palm Corporation has donated to the Park Service a site in the original 29 Palms oasis, known as the Oasis of Maru, for future use as headquarters of the Monument.—*Indio Date Palm.*

New Colorado Dam Proposed . . .

BLYTHE — Plans for the building of a cellular sheet steel dam with concrete spillway in the Colorado River to insure a gravity flow of water for the Palo Verde Valley have been prepared by the Irrigation District directors. The dam would replace the present rock weir which under agreement with the Indian Service must be removed. The Arizona abutment of the weir is on the Colorado River Indian reservation. The Indian and Reclamation Services have proposed that Palo Verde Valley should solve its

problem by installing pumps, but valley lands have always been served from the river by gravity flow, and its farmers are opposed to the pumping idea because of the cost. The Indian Service is afraid that dams might cause water to back up and overflow reservation lands on the Arizona side. — *Palo Verde Times.*

Big Project Nears Completion . . .

LONE PINE—Steel towers are now being erected along Highway 395 as part of the \$42,000,000 Owens Gorge electric power project of the City of Los Angeles. Engineers found it necessary to drill five miles of tunnels to make the power installation. To generate 112,500 kilowatts of electricity, water will drop 2,375 feet from Crowley Lake to Bircham Canyon.—*Naval Ordnance Test Station Rocketeer.*

Los Angeles, California . . .

Mineral Deposits of California, Geologic Occurrence, Economic Development, and Utilization of the State's Mineral Resources is title of Bulletin 156 which will soon be ready for distribution by the State Division of Mines. It is said to be the most comprehensive work on California economic mineral deposits ever attempted by the Division. There has been an unprecedented demand for information of this sort because of the present war emergency.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 21, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of The Desert Magazine published monthly at Palm Desert, California, for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Desert Press, Inc., Palm Desert, California; Editor, Randall Henderson, Palm Desert, California; Managing Editor, Al Haworth, Palm Desert, California; Business manager, Bess Stacy, Palm Desert, California.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Lena Clements, Al Haworth, Randall Henderson, Cyria Henderson, Clifford Henderson, Carl Henderson, Martin Moran, Nina Paul Shumway and Bess Stacy, all of Palm Desert, California; Evonne L. Riddell and Vera L. Henderson of Los Angeles, California; Phil Henderson, Jr., Pasadena, California; Lucile Weight of Pasadena, California.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: Bank of America, Indio, California.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

RANDALL HENDERSON, Editor
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NEVADA

Rare Oil from Pinyons . . .

FALLON—If plans of the Nevada Pinyon Products company, which is now being incorporated, are carried to successful completion, the state will have a new industry based on its pinyons which grow on the semi-arid hills above the desert's floor. The firm proposes to produce the rare oil of cadinene and turpentine from raw gum obtained from pinyons. Cadinene, up to now imported from France, is used as a base for expensive perfumes, as a fixative for expensive soaps and is being perfected as a base for a superior fruit insect spray, cost of which has heretofore been prohibitive.

The company hopes to build a distillery in Fallon, wants to start production by next summer. Still to be completed are details of arrangements with the Forest Service, which is being asked to issue permits to individuals who would go into the pinyon forests to gather raw gum. It is hoped that the potential new industry will benefit as many Nevadans as possible, with a large number of small leases being granted to individuals rather than permitting large operators to tie up vast acreages.—*Fallon Standard*.

Crusade for New Nevada Highway

RENO—Delegations from northern Nevada communities met here in September to discuss plans for financing the proposed new Winnemucca-to-the-Sea highway which would extend as far as the California-Nevada state line, a distance of 150 miles. The new road would provide a more direct route from northern Nevada to the Pacific. Estimated cost of the improvement is \$400,000.—*Humboldt Star*.

Historic Church to Be Preserved . . .

AUSTIN—Austin's historic Methodist church—older than the state of Nevada itself and one of the oldest church buildings still standing in the West—has been deeded by Methodist officials to Mrs. Belle Roberts, only active member of the church remaining in Austin. For a year Mrs. Roberts had conducted a fight to save from demolition the old building, abandoned 20 years ago.

It is expected that the building will be repaired and converted into a community center. The church for more than half a century played an important part in the life of Austin. It was dedicated as a church September 23, 1863. One of its features was a pipe organ brought around the Horn and transported from San Francisco to Austin on freight wagons. — *Reese River Reveille*.



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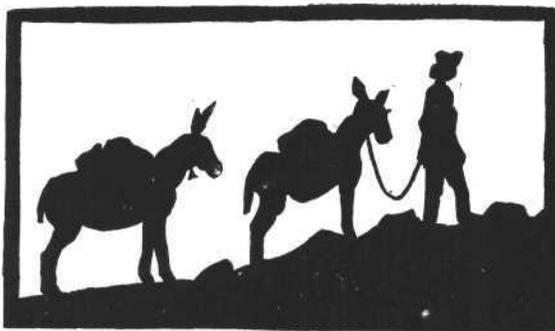
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Cloud-Pelting Is Successful . . .

ELY—"Cloud milking" machines brought in by the United Stockmen's organization to shoot silver iodide into the atmosphere for rain-making purposes are believed to have been responsible for two rainstorms in the area where they were operated. Stockmen are pleased with the results, but state that it will require 10 to 12 months of observation to determine how effective the machines really are.—*Ely Record.*

Second half of Nevada's open season on wild ducks, geese and coots will be from December 8 through December 29. First half of the hunting season is to end November 3. Daily bag and possession limits both have been set at six ducks.—*Eureka Sentinel.*

NEW MEXICO

Indian Center Gets Backing . . .

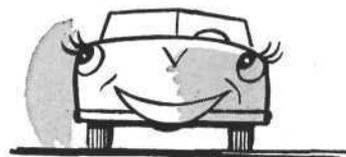
GALLUP—With Charles Williams named to head a fund-raising committee, a group of Gallup citizens representing service and fraternal organizations have set out to obtain \$14,000 for the purchase of property on which the government can construct a \$185,000 building which will house a clinic, employment office, rest rooms and sleeping accommodations for Indians.

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Agreement had previously been reached with the Indian Service that Gallup would furnish the land if the government would build an Indian center.

The city council will be asked to allocate another \$14,000, making a total of \$28,000 for purchase of desired property. Gallup is the main trading center for tribesmen from the Navajo reservation.—*Gallup Independent*.

Three Years Without Food . . .

ALAMAGORDO — When Tech. Sergeant John Miller of the Holloman Air Force Base called a plumber to repair his water lines, the workman had to tear away the siding to crawl under the house. There he found a desert tortoise tied with a string to the water pipe. According to neighbors, the house had been boarded up three years ago—and the tortoise must have survived its three-year imprisonment with only such moisture as it could obtain from a leaking water line. — *Alamogordo News*.

Wildlife Restoration Project . . .

TAOS—To restore and maintain wildlife populations, 33,324 acres in Cimarron Canyon have been purchased by the New Mexico Department of Game and Fish. The Cimarron Canyon area is considered also to have an important recreational value. Acquisition of the land was made possible by federal grants under the Pittman-Robertson act.—*El Crepusculo*.

Diversion of San Juan Opposed . . .

FARMINGTON — The proposal made by Senator Clinton Anderson that water from the San Juan basin be diverted across the continental divide for use of the City of Albuquerque brought sharp criticism from the *Farmington Times* and other spokesmen in the San Juan area who have long urged that the water of the San Juan be used for the long-delayed reclamation project in the area at Shiprock.

Drouth Brings Dilemma to Indians . . .

GALLUP—Over 100,000 sheep on the Navajo Indian reservation will not have enough feed to keep them alive through the coming winter as a result of prolonged drouth in northern Arizona, according to members of the Indian tribal council who met here in September to find a solution to their problem. It was estimated that it would cost a million dollars to ship the sheep to points where feed is available, and a million and a half to haul in feed for them. The Indians do not want to sell their breeding stock. After long discussion the tribal leaders voted to appropriate \$500,000 from their tribal fund for solution of the problem.—*Gallup Independent*.

Ten Taos Artists Honored . . .

TAOS—Among 255 paintings selected from the Southwest for the forthcoming exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, ten paintings from Taos artists were chosen. The artists who qualified were: Kenneth Adams, E. J. Bistram, Ward Lockwood, Thomas Benrimo, Dorothy Brett, Joseph Fleck, Beatrice Mandleman, Louis Ribak, Earl Stroth and Kim Blood. Prizes amounting to \$8,500 will be awarded at the show which opens December 8.—*El Crepusculo*.

CARLSBAD—Another attendance record was established this past summer at Carlsbad Caverns National Park. During August 85,131 visitors toured the caverns. In August of last year the total was 79,359.

The first eight months of 1950 established an all-time low record for rainfall in the Gallup area of New Mexico. Total for the eight months was 3.97 inches, compared with a previous low for the same period of 4.73 inches. Normal for the period is 8.5 inches.

Donald Shillingburg, Indian trader at Lukachukai on the Navajo reservation died after a week's illness at the hospital in Albuquerque. Shillingburg came to the reservation in 1941 and began working for Don Lorenzo Hubbell in the latter's trading post at Ganado.

UTAH

To Limit Tribal Membership . . .

VERNAL — Unless a resolution adopted by the Tribal Business committee of the Ute Indians is vetoed by the Secretary of Interior, membership in the tribe in the future will be limited to Indians who have one-half

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or more Ute Indian blood. Under the constitution of the tribe, the Utes have a right to adopt new members or to discard present members. The purpose of the resolution, it was stated, is to limit membership in the tribe to Indians who are least capable of assimilation in the white man's world, and encourage the departure of mixed-bloods who can make their own way outside the reservation.—*Vernal Express*.

White Bass to Be Planted . . .

DELTA—About 200 adult white bass were scheduled to be planted last month in Yuba Dam reservoir and 100,000 blue gill in Clear Lake Migratory Waterfowl Bird refuge as another step in Utah's program to create sport fishing locations. Main purpose in planting the blue gill is to provide food fish for the black bass which already inhabit the waters. The blue gill were brought from New Mexico, the white bass from Iowa. Both plantings were gifts to the State of Utah. — *Millard County Chronicle*.

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Record Herd of Elk Reported . . .

PANGUITCH — Largest herd of elk to be seen in this area was reported by workmen engaged in re-seeding land in the Showalter Creek area when they counted 110 animals at one time. When the caterpillar operators started their motors for the day's work most of the animals disappeared, but several of them remained to watch the operations. Elk were planted east of Panguitch in 1936, and have been ranging over the plateaus and mountains in increasing numbers since then.—*Garfield County News*.

Speedy Trip Down Colorado . . .

MONTICELLO—Spending an average of 11 to 12 hours a day in their seven-man navy rubber craft, Kent and Alfred Frost recently completed in four and one-half days the 150-mile trip down the Colorado River from Moab, Utah, to Hite. It took them only a day and a half to run the rapids below the junction of the Green and Colorado rivers, a stretch of white water that frequently requires three days to navigate. In all the rapids except one both young men stayed in their boat. The brothers reported an abundance of deer all along the river, and said beaver were plentiful too.—*San Juan Record*.

Brigham Young Family Gone . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Last member of the immediate family of the great Latter Day Saints church leader, Brigham Young, has died. Mrs. Mabel Young Sanborn, 97, the 54th of 55 children born to the pioneer L.D.S. leader, died September 21 in a Salt Lake hospital. Mrs. Sanborn was active until a short time before her death.—*Washington County News*.

Utes Eager to Spend Money . . .

VERNAL—When tribesmen of the White River band of Ute Indians learned that the United States courts had awarded them part of a \$31,500,000 judgment for six million acres of land in Colorado, taken from the Ute Indians between 1891 and 1938, there was a rush to agency headquarters to collect the money. Informed tribal leaders had to explain to them that no money would be available until congress makes the appropriation. When available the money will be deposited in the U. S. Treasury and bear four percent interest until congress determines how it is to be apportioned to the various groups in the Confederated Bands of Ute Indians. In the meantime local merchants have been cautioned not to permit the Indians to start running up big credit accounts in anticipation of an early settlement.

Now both houses of congress have approved the appropriation, actual allocation is expected to follow. There are more than 1547 Ute tribesmen in Utah and 958 in Colorado.—*Vernal Express*.

GREEN RIVER — A wood-steel bridge built in 1895 at a cost of \$2500 has been the only means of crossing the Green River on Wyoming highway 92—better known as the Green River-Linwood road. Now construction of a modern bridge over the river is apparently assured following action of the Green River town council which has given title to road right-of-way to the state. The bridge will connect 18 miles of black top pavement south of town with U. S. 30 and with city streets.—*Vernal Express*.

The Manti National Forest in central Utah will be consolidated with the LaSal Mountains as the Manti-LaSal National Forest in the future, under an order signed by Secretary Chapman of the Interior Department.

A hundred signs marking the Old Spanish Trail from Santa Fe to Los Angeles went up along the historic route on September 29 when coordinated ceremonies at far separated points were sponsored by the Spanish Trail association.

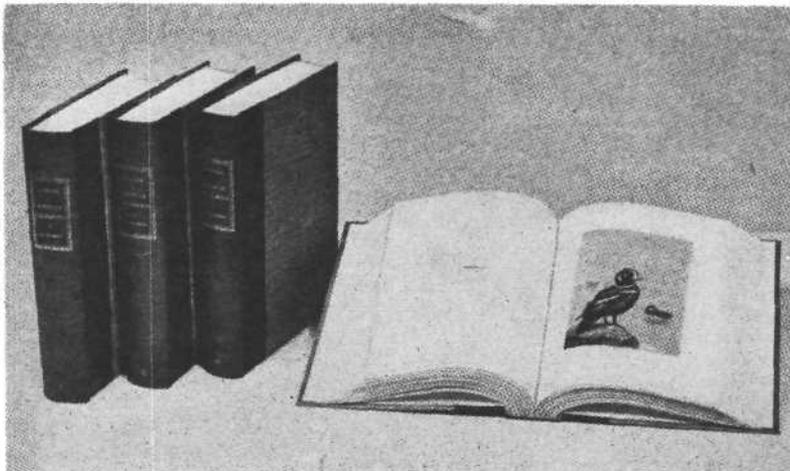
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MINES AND MINING . . .

Red Mountain, California . . .

After 25 years, Pete Osdick has finally located an ore body he felt sure ought to be on the property he purchased a quarter of a century ago. And he is opening up a new silver mine less than half a mile from the once fabulous Kelly mine and only about a quarter of a mile from the Coyote mine which also produced high silver values in the days when the Rand district was booming.

More than 20 years ago Osdick dug several hundred feet of trenches to bedrock but never found any showing of ore. But just recently he had a hunch that he should try again in a certain spot. He hit rock at about one foot. Subsequent blasting down to 12 feet revealed high silver values with considerable gold. Now with new machinery and equipment Pete is at last developing the ore body he believed he owned.—*The Mineralogist*.

. . .

Miami, Arizona . . .

Arizona copper mines are speeding up production as prospects of a copper shortage face the nation.

Miami Copper Company is doing extensive development on the property of its subsidiary, Copper Cities Mining Co., located three miles from Miami. Development work indicates the presence of 30,000,000 tons of low-grade disseminated chalcocite ore amenable to open pit mining. Plans call for expenditure of \$13,000,000 for stripping and preparing the ore body and moving the Castle Dome concentrator to the property from its present location eight miles away. End of the ore body at Castle Dome is expected to be reached by 1954.

Ray Division of Kennecott Copper Corporation has stepped up monthly production from 135,000 to 165,000 tons by changing from a five to a six-day week. United Verde Branch of Phelps Dodge Corporation is averaging 30,000 tons of copper-zinc ore monthly.—*Mining Record*.

. . .

Washington, D. C. . . .

Industry leaders have been asked by National Production Administrator William H. Harrison to plan against a copper shortage which could put a serious crimp in defense production. It is estimated by the government that consumer requirements alone will outstrip 1950 copper supplies by 300,000 tons.—*Tucson Citizen*.

Beatty, Nevada . . .

The U. S. Department of Commerce has compiled a volume called *Conference on Revision of United States Mining Laws*, which contains the record of joint hearings of the Bureau of Land Management and the Subcommittee of the House Committee on Public Lands. The publication is a compilation of United States mining laws, and also lists changes proposed by the Bureau of Land Management in addition to recommendations of the Hoover Commission, the American Mining Congress and other mining associations.

One section of the volume is of particular interest to prospectors. It contains the Interior Department's *Manual of Mining Laws, Lode and Placer Mining Regulations*. This gives information on what lands are subject to location and purchase, who may make locations, what areas are subject to special laws, what procedure to follow to obtain patents. The publication may be purchased from the U. S. Department of Commerce, Field Service Office, 118 West Second Street, Reno, Nevada.—*Beatty Bulletin*.

. . .

Elko, Nevada . . .

Mining of high-grade lead-copper ore has been resumed from old workings of the long-idle Bullion mines in the Railroad district 28 miles southwest of Elko. Ore is being shipped regularly to a Utah smelter. The principal mines were located in the late 1860s and produced ore valued at \$3,000,000 between 1869 and 1893. Bullion was a roaring mining camp in the 1870s and 1880s. The Bullion region is expected to regain much of its old-time importance. — *Los Angeles Times*.

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Aguila, Arizona . . .

Aguila is being considered by the U. S. Bureau of Mines as site for the bureau's new \$600,000 manganese ore pilot plant. Aguila is 27 miles west of Wickenburg and about 50 miles from Artillery peak, which would be source of the ore used in the reduction experiments to be conducted at the plant. Boulder City, Nevada, is also being considered as a site. Russia formerly was this nation's primary source of manganese, essential to the production of steel. A domestic supply of manganese is now critically needed. — *Arizona Republic*.

Reno, Nevada . . .

Now prospectors are using airplanes. Discovery of rich and apparently extensive copper deposits in a northern Nevada property—location still a secret—was made with geophysical instruments from an airplane, it has been disclosed by Lowell Tharp, former technician at California Institute of Technology. He heads a small group of war veterans who provided capital, plane, aerial camera, geophysical instruments, trucks and other equipment and are forming a corporation for exploration and development of oil and ore deposits.

The copper ore bodies were located two to six feet beneath the surface. One of three ledges, a flat vein, was uncovered at a depth of two feet by a bulldozer and is said to sample 12 percent to 33 percent copper and one to 100 ounces silver a ton. An area about 400 feet long has been opened on the flat vein, ore apparently extends a considerable distance. Owner of the property plans to press exploration and development work before prospectors rush into the district. — *Los Angeles Times*.

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Battle Mountain, Nevada . . .

Reactivation of the Buffalo Valley mines, 35 miles south of Battle Mountain, has been reported by Robert Ostrander, secretary of the company working the property. The gold ores will be shipped to smelters. The mine has been idle since beginning of World War II when the government's L-208 order was issued. It is one of the few mines in the district which qualified for and received an RFC development loan.—*Battle Mountain Scout*.

. . .

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

An active program of development in the Antelope mining district of Pershing County is promised by Norman C. Stines and associates following settlement of involved litigation over the old Antelope mine, idle since 1945. Plans call for erection of a mill in conjunction with the mine. The mine produces silver-lead-zinc ore. — *Humboldt Star*.

. . .

Sacramento, California . . .

The Sacramento office of the State Division of Mines has been moved from its old location on J street to third floor of State Office Building 1, on the state capitol grounds. A booth is maintained there at which publications and general information may be obtained. Main technical staff of the Division of Mines and the Division's laboratory are maintained at the San Francisco office. — *Mineral Information Service*.

AMATEUR GEM CUTTER

By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

We have just completed an arduous but a revealing task for a gem dealer. The *Compton Rock Shop* of Compton, California performed a unique and unselfish service for rockhounds everywhere by asking them to tell why they collect rocks and what did they do with them. To encourage them to let loose with their ideas they gave

\$500 in prizes and we were one of the judges. To the surprise of no one, the winners were not all from Los Angeles and they were not all members of mineral and gem societies. It was somewhat a surprise however to find that while good manuscripts were submitted from 21 states, with slightly more than half of them coming from California itself, there were but two essays submitted by Los Angeles people. The entries were divided almost equally between men and women, the men outnumbering the women by only three papers.

The winner was Mrs. J. E. Bodenham of Riceville, Iowa, while second place went to a California couple in South Gate—Ray and Marjorie Wakeman. Third place went to Forest R. Rees of Tulsa, Oklahoma; fourth place to Raymond Kord Enski of Cicero, Illinois; fifth place to Paul Jordan-Smith of Los Angeles and sixth place to Ray C. Gruhke of Olympia, Washington.

Almost every rockhound has had the experience of someone looking at him disdainfully, as if he really belonged in a padded cell, and asking "why do you collect rocks?" We have spent long hours searching this question until we have accumulated many answers. The story is far too long to tell here for we have developed it into an evening-long lecture called the *Second Stone Age* which we have given to audiences from coast to coast. Briefly, we believe that the gathering of rocks is a primordial instinct latent in all of us but becoming more active in many of us because modern transportation takes us to the rocks that previous generations never saw or handled. Our very being, for so many centuries, depended on what we did with rocks in the first Stone Age (to secure food and defend ourselves from attack) that man instinctively still reaches for strange rocks when he encounters them. It is true of a male child particularly that the first possession he gathers to himself when on his first ventures alone out of doors is some kind of a stone.

Of course most of the papers said in effect "I collect rocks to cut them" and again no one gave the best reason for cutting and polishing them; another idea we always present in our lecture. There is no hobby in America in which the participant can so quickly advance himself into the higher esteem of his fellow man than through the lapidary hobby and that is because the creation of a thing of beauty in the finished gem, from a rock that is usually drab, promotes the maker into an artist and it is the dream of everyone who walks the earth to be an artist of some kind. It is a dream that very few people ever realize during their whole life time and it is an unfulfillment of a full life therefore to most of us.

It takes talent to be a great painter, although some of the daubing that goes on today indicates none of it. It takes a voice to make a great singer despite some of the wailers now popular. It requires a great emotional understanding and ability to project it to make a great dramatic actor. It takes so much of what the average individual does not possess to make him an artist in the popular sense. But give him some rocks and equipment and a little instruction and in a matter of hours he is able to produce something that is a thing

of beauty and wonderment to most people he shows it to. He thereby enhances himself in the eyes of his neighbor but most important in his own estimation of himself. And the very stone he cuts and polishes will retain its beauty down the long ages long after every painting in the world has mouldered into dust and all the other art forms of today are but a memory or written record.

If this new lapidary continues with his interest he is led into fields sometimes strange and wonderful to him—mineralogy, geology, paleontology, gemology, history, etc., until his whole life becomes a richer and more satisfying experience than the one he had before he played with rocks. As one of the winning manuscripts says: As one grinds the rock "its unfolding beauty rebukes the savage thought and brings peace. The sense of immediate time is lost and somehow your mind goes back, with a quickened sense, beyond time to Eternity and you are face to face with the Maker of things on that day when the foundations of the earth were laid."

Companionship with others in rock collecting was a reason stressed by many for collecting rocks. This was particularly true in the West, where we have so many societies that offer the opportunity of the field trip with its campfires and community coffee pots. Rock collecting with many western people is just an excuse to picnic; a good excuse, but not important to the development of an artist. This banal consideration of food to the exclusion of a thoughtful development of the theme was present in many papers. It was too evident that many authors had no conception of the best reasons for collecting rocks or in polishing them. And of course many people gave evidence that they had a real zeal in their feeling for rocks but they just couldn't express themselves adequately. There are many who feel about rocks just as the first place winner, Mrs. Bodenham, feels but no one quite expressed it as lyrically as the following few quoted sentences:

"Rock collecting is a gem which I hold in my hand. As I turn it about reflections are cast from its many facets but the following facets are the ones which most appeal to me. I have stood before some of the beautiful scenes upon this earth, gripped by a consuming desire—if only I could paint it or take a great picture of it or find the double-distilled words to write the essence of what it makes me feel! Lacking these abilities I drop my eyes in humbleness. Ah, what is that? An agate. Now I have a talisman to bring this scene back to the screen of memory a million times if need be. My rocks are the keys which unlock many pleasant memories and scenes. . . . The fraternity of rockhounds is amazing. Wordly success and fame have no part in the fellowship of true rockhounds as they are from all walks of life. Knowledge gained and shared is doubly rewarding. . . . The grinding and polishing of my stones gratifies that gnawing longing within me to create something of beauty . . . by fulfilling this longing I escape the results of frustration which produces tension that makes me ill. As I take that piece of the earth into my hand I feel a partnership with the greatest artist of all time as I attempt to perform my little bit to enhance the beauty of the stone. . . . I have never known an "old" rockhound for no matter what their age in years the discussion of rocks brings a youthful sparkle to their eyes and enthusiasm to their lips. I look forward to this lively interest for my own declining years instead of a doddering old age embittered by self pity."

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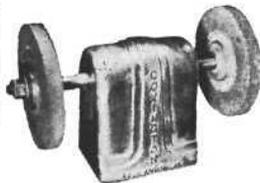
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Gems and Minerals

ORANGE COAST SOCIETY GIVES REPORT ON YEAR

September ended an active fiscal year for the Orange Coast Mineral and Lapidary society, which draws members from the California beach areas of Costa Mesa, Newport Beach, Corona del Mar, Laguna Beach and the Newport-Balboa district. Field trips during the year included visits to the Turtle Mountains, to Chuckawalla Springs, Horse Canyon and other well-known collecting localities.

Climaxing the year was the society's gem show, held in connection with the Orange County fair. More than 35,000 persons visited the show. President during the past year was Don Woods, Costa Mesa.

NEW OFFICERS INSTALLED BY LAPIDARY SOCIETY

Norman Cupp is new president of the Los Angeles Lapidary society, was installed for the 1950-51 year along with: Ham Hamilton, first vice president; Ben Beery, second vice president; Miss Marguerite Wilson, secretary; Mrs. Claire Schroeder, treasurer. Retiring president is Vic Gunderson, who becomes corresponding secretary in charge of publicity.

Annual picnic of the society was October 14 and 15 at Bennett's Rancho in Apple Valley. The society meets regularly on the first Monday of each month at the new Van Ness playground, Second Avenue and Slauson boulevard, Los Angeles.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY RICH GEM STONE AREA

Located in the extreme southwest corner of United States, San Diego County boasts that it is one of the best areas for mining and collecting semi-precious gems. The largest producing mine of gem tourmaline is in San Diego County and Kunzite was discovered there.

Non-professional rockhounds throughout the year hike over mountainous sections of the county seeking beryl, garnets, quartz, topaz and beautiful shades of tourmaline and kunzite. There are 500 members of organized gem societies in San Diego County.

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CONCRETIONS FOUND IN PRESCOTT AREA SHOWN

Concretions recently found in the Prescott, Arizona, area were displayed by Dr. C. A. Anderson, U. S. Geological Survey, at September meeting of the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society, Prescott. He described concretions as geological novelties found in sandstone and shale. They consist of a rounded mass of mineral matter formed in concentric layers about a nucleus. Geologists, he said, do not know exactly how they are formed, and many of them look very much like fossils.

Dr. Anderson also gave an illustrated talk on a recent geological and oceanographical expedition in the Gulf of California, in which he participated. He described the desert islands in the Gulf.

OKLAHOMA BOASTS POTENTIAL PRODUCTION OF TITANIUM

Although Oklahoma's production of gem materials has been small up to the present, the state's potential production of titanium is regarded as significant. Titanium is the metal that has become so important in alloys, pigments, the synthetic gem Rutile, and which gives promise of replacing aluminum as a light-weight metal of great strength.

In the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma are large deposits of titaniferous magnetite and ilmenite, in the form of sands and ores which may be developed into an important source of titanium, the *Sooner Rockologist* reports.

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GEM TRAIL JOURNAL by Darold J. Henry. Over 50 maps and photos, more than 90 localities listed, over 40 rock trips completely described, and all trips are up to date. A new book written by a rock collector. Authoritative and informative. A must for California collectors and prospective visitors to the state. \$2.00 from the author at 1781 Fleming Street, Pomona, California, or from your regular mineral dealer. Dealerships open to those advertising in national magazines.

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TRIM SAW MATERIAL: Big Bend Agate, Jasp-agate. Variety of design and color. Plume types, moss, etc. 35c lb., three lbs. \$1.00. Minimum order \$1.00. Edith Owens, Marfa, Texas.

BOX OF 24 (3/4 inch or more) specimens, labeled with localities. 10 nice specimens, 12 gem stone specimens. Either offer \$1.25 postpaid. Mrs. Chas. F. Harper, Box 95, Ramona, California.

MAKE OFFER: Approximately 150-lb. chunk California Rhodonite. Light to medium pink. Good pattern. Outstate bids only. Jack Cluett, 12035 Runnymede, North Hollywood, Calif.

The opportunity of cutting and polishing a specimen of opal was given to each person attending the September meeting of the Mineral and Gem Society of Castro Valley, California. Frank Wilcox, Oakland, was demonstrator and instructor. Each person processed a specimen, going through these steps: 1—Coarse grind, to shape the specimen; 2—medium grit; 3—fine grit; 4—final polishing with piece of leather. At October meeting of the society Ward Lewis talked on spheres.

Ted Purkheiser is one man who can produce an agate polish on jade. At September meeting of the Hollywood, California, Lapidary society he demonstrated a new method of cutting and polishing jade, a method which is good on many other materials. On October 28-29 the society staged its annual show. The society also had two display cases at the Los Angeles County fair, held at Pomona the last half of September.

Three basic principles in the carving of precious and semi-precious stones are artistry, mechanics and materials. This is what Bordon Kennedy, instructor of carving at the Howard Boblet Jewelry store, told a recent meeting of the Los Angeles Gem Cutters Guild. Point carving Kennedy said, is the most interesting but is confining. Jade is the preferred material because it has color, compactness and purity. Soapstone and clay are best for beginners.

Members of the Sequoia Mineral society, who come from the Fresno, California, area, are unusually busy preparing for their gem and mineral exhibit scheduled for November 18 and 19. This will be the first show to be staged by the society. Exhibits will be in the Home Economics building at the Fresno fairgrounds.

Ralph T. Salsbury, hydraulic engineer and dealer in minerals, was speaker at September meeting of the San Diego Mineral and Gem society. He is a past president of the society. He talked on glacier lakes and volcanos as found in Lassen National Park.

No grinding or polishing operation should ever be hurried by pressure. It takes only a second to ruin hours of hard work. Cleanliness is extremely important in polishing, any contamination in fine grit may mar or scratch a polished surface.

Highly interesting because of its geology and mineralogy, the Wisconsin Dells and Devils Lake areas—about five hours drive from Chicago—was the locale for October field trip of the Earth Science Club of Northern Illinois.

An exhibit of cabochons arranged by Naomi Long and Harold Newman was feature of the September meeting of the Northern California Mineral society, San Francisco. The society's clubrooms are at 1001 Oak street, San Francisco.

The Compton, California, Gem and Mineral club held its annual show September 30 and October 1.

Garnets, agates, jasper and dumortierite were gathered by the Yuma Gem and Mineral society on a trek to the Pilot Knob area.

LUMINESCENCE DEFINED IN EARTH SCIENCE NEWS

The general term luminescence, strictly defined, refers to the production of visible radiation by means other than heating to incandescence, according to *The Earth Science News*, bulletin of the Earth Science Club of Northern Illinois. A prefix is often added to indicate the type of activation that is producing the luminescence—as photoluminescence, wherein visible radiation is produced by the action of other radiation.

Photo-luminescence is further divided into fluorescence and phosphorescence. A fluorescent material emits light only while exposed to the activating radiation. If the fluorescence persists for a measurable time after exposure to excitation, the material is said to be phosphorescent. It is difficult to draw a sharp line between fluorescence and phosphorescence.

SAN DIEGO GEM SOCIETY STAGES SUCCESSFUL SHOW

The 13th annual show and exhibit staged by the San Diego Mineral and Gem society October 14 and 15 was a complete success, according to those attending. The show was in Recital Hall in the Palisades building, Balboa Park, San Diego. Members of the society had displays of minerals, ores and many types of gem materials. A gold-panning contest was a feature that attracted a great deal of public interest.

One of the best and most comprehensive general mineral collections in the Pacific Northwest is that of Ray C. Gruhlke, Olympia, Washington, attorney. The Gruhlke collection contains more than 3500 specimens which represent about 18 years of collecting. Gruhlke is one of the founders of the Washington Agate and Mineral society, Olympia, and he helped organize the Northwest Federation about 15 years ago.

September meeting of the Orange Belt Mineralogical society was a potluck dinner at beautiful Sylvan Park, Redlands, California. Vice President Hugh Thorne presided. A lively rock auction was a feature of the afternoon.

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HUBERT'S ROCK SHOP

Local Rocks and Minerals, Springdale, Utah

Don MacLachlan, editor, and Ralph Dietz, business manager, of *Mineral Notes and News*, official journal of the California Federation of Mineralogical Societies as well as the American Federation, put on the September 13 program for the Long Beach, California, Mineralogical society. Both MacLachlan and Dietz are members of the N.O.T.S. Rockhounds. They showed a film on cutting, sanding and polishing stones, a film that was produced by members of the N.O.T.S. Rockhounds at China Lake, California. The evening began with a potluck dinner at 6:00 o'clock.

With the aim of organizing mineral dealers into a group that will promote ethical business practices, permanent organization of the American Gem and Mineral Suppliers association has been announced. Thomas S. Warren is president. The association is attempting to adhere to the code of ethics established by the Federal Trade Commission and which sets up fair trade regulations. When purchasers buy from an association member, it is hoped, they can be assured of a square deal.

Excellent fire opal has been found in Cochiti County, New Mexico, and also in the vicinity of Santa Rita. A few small sapphires and small diamonds have been found in the gravels of Santa Fe County.

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September field trip of the Yuma, Arizona, Gem and Mineral society was a Sunday trek to the Pilot Knob region where enthusiastic rockhounds searched for specimens of agates, garnets and other material. Jack Reed is society president. It was necessary to carry food and water on the field trip to the rocky, arid Pilot Knob region.

California's Horse Canyon was site of a September field trip for members of the San Diego Lapidary society, who took advantage of the long Labor Day weekend for their outing.

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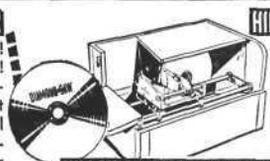
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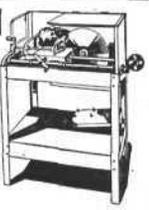


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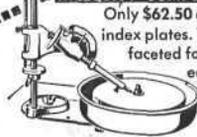
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September field trip for the Dona Ana County Rockhound club, New Mexico, was to the old Indian ruins on the Mimbres River. October meeting was at the Mesilla Park school. Mrs. Theron Trumbo and Mrs. William J. Purvis were hostesses, Roy Winsler and Joe Nolles arranged entertainment.

KARL J. FRISCH TELLS OF JADEITE DISCOVERY

Hollister, California

Desert:

Your September issue of Desert brings us an article by William U. Inman of Palo Alto, California in regards to the late Phil L. Bolander's discovery of jadeite in San Benito County, California, early this year.

In order to keep the record straight I will set forth the facts of the story of discovery in the Clear Creek area.

On November 18, 1949, my late friend Phil L. Bolander, Buck Bleifus and I went to Hernandez Valley rock hunting. We followed the Clear Creek road and at the point where one branch turns off towards the abandoned Alpine quicksilver mine my two companions climbed up to the mine to look for possible micromounts. I prospected Clear Creek and searched for gray-green hard rocks which I had noticed there or thereabouts on a previous trip. I located three of them and knocked a sample off of one that was cracked at the water line. When my friends returned I showed them my find. The three of us took samples along and in order to get it classified Phil took his to the mining bureau and also sent

a sample to Dr. George Switzer of the Smithsonian Institution.

When it was established beyond doubt that the material was jadeite Phil came to my house in Hollister on Saturday, February 11, to spend three days prospecting in the Clear Creek area and other places and to take pictures of the site of the find and of my self as the discoverer of jadeite in California and to make up a story for publication. Early on Sunday morning the 12th, Phil, Buck and I set out again for Clear Creek. But fate had decided otherwise. We never reached the site, we never took any pictures, we mired down in the tough adobe mud. It was our unfortunate friend's last trip, the stress and strain to free the car cost him his life.

This detailed account contains the facts of the discovery of jadeite in California on November 18, 1949. The above story is corroborated and affirmed by Buck Bleifus of 380 6th Street, Hollister, California.

KARL J. FRISCH

Installation of equipment is underway at the Lapidary Hut which the Searles Lake Gem and Mineral society, Trona, California, is fitting up for members. The hut has electricity and water plus coolers so that it can be used during the hot months next summer.

A short talk on methods of sandings was enjoyed by members of the Pasadena Lapidary society at their September meeting at Las Casitas del Arroyo. The Faceteers met at 7:00 o'clock preceding the regular meeting.

Much of the past history of the earth may be learned by a study of the conglomeritic rocks, points out *The Mineralogist*. These rocks are one of the best delineators of ancient shore lines, and hence often mark the limits of large continental land masses. When the fragmental material is large and coarse, it is certain that it was not deposited far out from the mouth of the ancient river which bore it to the sea.



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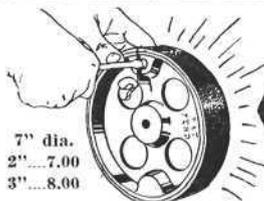
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POMONA VALLEY CLUB SPONSORS FAIR EXHIBIT

The first gem and mineral exhibit ever to be held at the Los Angeles County fair, Pomona, California, was sponsored and managed by the Pomona Valley Mineral club. The club has received many compliments on the number and excellence of the exhibits, entered by rockhounds and mineralogists from all over Southern California.

November meeting of the Pomona Valley club will be an annual banquet November 4 at the Claremont Inn.

NEW OFFICERS NOW HEAD CHICAGO ROCK SOCIETY

The Chicago Rocks and Minerals society is now under the leadership of a new slate of officers who will serve for the 1950-51 year. Officers are: Herbert Grand-Girard, president; John W. Pagnucco, vice president; Helen L. Cooke, recording secretary; Dorothy Gleiser, corresponding secretary; Louis Holtz, treasurer; George C. Anderson, curator-historian. Oriol Grand-Girard is editor of the society's bulletin, *The Pick and Dop Stick*.

First mineral and lapidary show of the Mother Lode Mineral society, Modesto, California, was presented to the public October 28 and 29 in Modesto's Boy Scout clubhouse. A picnic atmosphere was created by outdoor tables where visitors could eat their lunches if they wished. The show was for amateurs and was not competitive.

Jack Streeter, past president of both the California and American Federations of Mineralogical Societies spoke at September meeting of the Santa Monica Gemological society on purposes and history of the Federations, while Ted Purkheiser of Sherman Oaks told how to construct equipment for wet sanding cabochons.

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Proper labeling of minerals in the field is frequently one thing that is neglected, and when the rockhound returns from a collecting trip he sometimes puts off caring for the day's collection—until when he gets around to it details concerning the occurrence of some of the specimens are forgotten.

Writing in *Rocks and Minerals*, B. M. Shaub, Northampton, Massachusetts, points out that when a record is made at the time of collecting information written down on the spot is preserved. In the article he describes various methods of labeling in the field.

Although no one has yet reported finding any of the fine crystals of epidote in Oklahoma, epidote in its more common massive and granular forms is common on some of the granite areas of the state, the *Sooner Rockologist* reports. Epidote is usually characterized by its color, described as a pistachio green. Beautiful cabochons have been made of a rock called unakite. Unakite is composed of epidote, red feldspar and quartz and the color combination is unique and pretty.

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The San Jose Lapidary society devoted its October meeting to a discussion of carborundum wheels and abrasives. Mrs. Frank Gardiner, Milton W. Gillespie, Russell Grube and Adele Grube were named to exhibit their best specimens at the November meeting of the society. Norman Elliott is new secretary of the group.

Banning Mineral Society is planning to present rare specimens to all members of the organization who were active during the first nine months of 1950.

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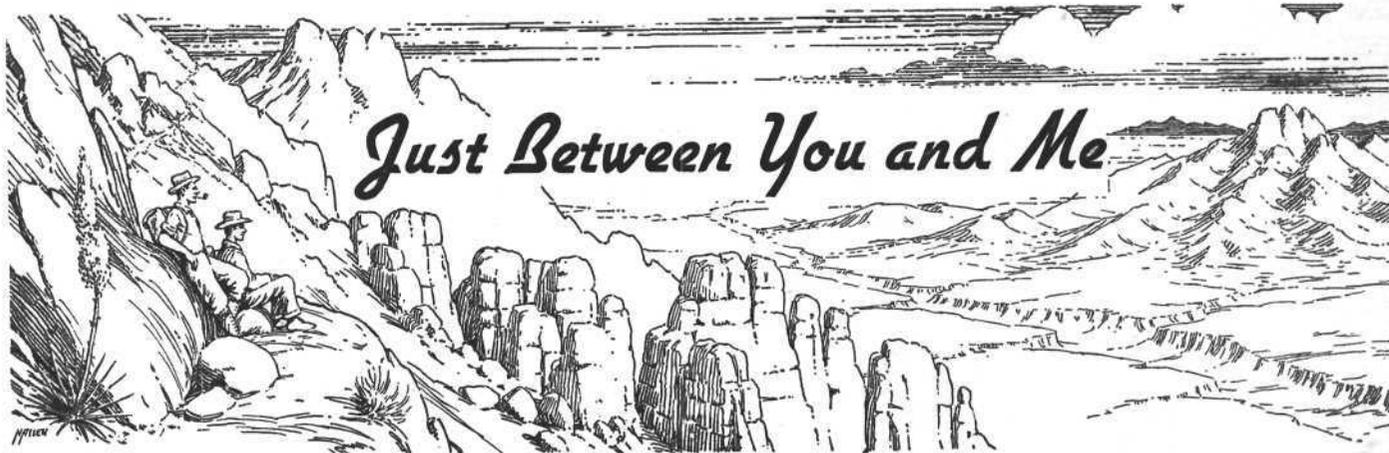
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Just Between You and Me

By RANDALL HENDERSON

THINK ONE of the prettiest motor drives in the Southwest is along Highway 111 through the date gardens between Indio and Palm Springs, California. There is no other landscape in the United States just like it. The date palm has both dignity and symmetry, and the growers generally keep their gardens clean and attractive.

But there is one blemish to mar the beauty of these palm-lined roadsides. I refer to the empty beer cans strewn in the gutters on both sides of the road, tossed there by thoughtless motorists—or by persons who have not yet learned that self-discipline is a measure of the personal freedom we enjoy.

The beer cans are not confined to Highway 111. You'll see them along the highways all over the Southwest—the more travel, the more tin cans.

You and I do not like this. A roadside cluttered with rubbish—and beer cans are always the most conspicuous—does not make a pretty foreground for the pictures we see as we drive along the scenic highways.

Fortunately, we have the law on our side. I wrote to the California Highway Patrol to inquire about the legality of tossing beer cans out along the highways. Commissioner Clifford E. Peterson cited two different sections of the California penal code which make it unlawful to “deposit or dump, or caused to be placed, deposited or dumped, any garbage, swill, cans, bottles, papers, refuse, trash or rubbish on any highway or road.” Peterson added, “Your thoughts toward the alleviation of this type of nuisance should enjoy full support not only from the California Highway Patrol but from every conscientious motorist.”

I presume that other states have similar statutes.

The only answer I know to this problem is a persistent crusade on the part of all of those who are annoyed by this increasing menace to the beauty of the landscape. I am sure the brewing companies could make a very important contribution to this crusade if they were so minded. I would suggest that it might be good business for them to do it.

• • •

This month Desert starts its 14th year of publication. Desert Magazine was started in November, 1937, as a glorious adventure in a new field of journalism. And as far as I am concerned it has remained a glorious adventure for 13 years.

Today we go to press with this issue. Tomorrow we start screening and editing the material which is to go in the next issue—hoping we will be able to make it more interesting and helpful to more people than any previous number. That is our program—12 times a year. I doubt if there is an editorial staff on earth with a more fascinating field from which to draw material than we have here on the Great American Desert. Any one of the fields we

seek to cover—travel, recreation, mining, exploring, history, mineralogy, botany, wildlife, Indian life, art and poetry, books, lost treasure, personalities—any one of these subjects could supply material for a complete magazine every month. We try to give our readers new information and suggest new approaches to all of these subjects.

Our goal simply is to publish a magazine which will be true and genuine. You never see pictures of glamour girls in bathing suits—“cheesecake” the reporters call it—in Desert Magazine. The people who appear in these pages generally are in their working clothes—they are the people who mine ore, or pioneer new land, or explore remote trails, or follow interesting hobbies, or pursue scientific study, or who have come to the desert with limited capital to re-establish themselves in the clear air and sunshine of a desert community.

In the writing and editing of the material which goes into the pages of Desert we seek to emphasize a way of living which is wholesome and satisfying—rather than glamorous and merely soothing.

The world around us is going through a period of tremendous change. It is all rather confusing—this titanic struggle between the ideologies of the Communist world, and our own free Western world. This and the revolutionary changes brought about in our own way of life by the mass production idea which Henry Ford pioneered not many years ago, have made it highly important that we Americans retain both our sense of humor and our sense of true values.

Out here on the desert we live close to the good earth. It is true the earth is very hot sometimes and quite barren in many places. But in such an environment one learns that happiness is something we create within ourselves, and that riches are not essential to the art of good living.

And so, during the year ahead Desert will take you and the other readers along new trails, not to the palaces of the rich, but to remote canyons where there is peace and beauty, to places where Nature's charm far excels any glamour that humans can create. And we will make you acquainted with people—humble people who live happy useful lives without much concern as to whether or not they will acquire great wealth, or get their names in the headlines.

There are a thousand publications in the land to keep you posted as to the progress of the war and the problems of government. Desert's role, as it has been from the beginning, will be much simpler than that. We will suggest where and when and how you can get away from the confusion of man-made society and find health and happiness in the sun and sand and solitude of the great desert land. We would like to take you behind the grim mask which the desert wears, and show you the beauty which lies beyond.

BOOKS OF THE SOUTHWEST . . .

BLOODY VENDETTA ON THE ARIZONA RANGE

Over the rim of Mogollon mountains came a herd of sheep, and with them came the seeds of the bloodiest feud in Arizona history. For the cattlemen of Pleasant Valley in northwestern Arizona in 1887 did not want sheep on their range.

The Daggs brothers of Flagstaff knew there would be trouble when they sent their sheep into the Pleasant Valley range, and they hired the Tewksbury family as guards for the herds and herders. The Graham family furnished the leadership for the cattlemen who vowed that their rich grazing lands would never be overrun by "woolies."

Thus the bloody vendetta of the 1880's became known as the Graham-Tewksbury feud, and over 20 lives were lost before it was ended.

The story of this bitter community fight written by Earle R. Forrest and published in 1936 with the title *Arizona's Dark and Bloody Ground*, has long been out of print, and now the Caxton Printers have published a revised and enlarged edition.

The author with painstaking research has brought together as accurate a narrative as it was possible to write 50 years after the range war was ended. One of his handicaps was the fact that there were few living survivors. The most active gun fighters in the feud were killed or lynched during the fighting. Others died within a few years as a result of wounds. It was impossible to remain neutral in those bitter days. Those who refused to be drawn into the opposing camps had to leave.

This is the story of the days when the six-shooter was more powerful than the law. The author has related the details as they have been told to him, and as revealed in the court records, without prejudice.

Published by the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. 382pp. Index. Foot notes. Halftone illustrations. \$4.00.

This book may be obtained from
Desert Crafts Shop
Palm Desert, California

From Basketmaker to Pueblo . . .

The true ends of archeology are to recover and piece together such mute evidences as time has spared of the careers of peoples who have left no written record; and to interpret those evidences in such a way as to teach us how and why man has become what he is today.

This simple definition by Dr. Alfred V. Kidder in his introduction to *Prehistoric Southwesterners from Basketmaker to Pueblo* gives a clear picture of the life work of Charles Avery Amsden. Amsden died in 1941 at the age of 42. His professional writings were numerous and important. But his biggest work was never finished. That is why the title of *Prehistoric Southwesterners* limits the period covered. It is written in such a way that it interests both the layman and the scientist. Starting with the generally accepted assumption that man first came to America across Bering Strait, Amsden tells the Story of Man as it has been revealed to him and to others by evidences found over most of the

arid Southwest. And he tells it with feeling that sets his writing apart.

Published by The Southwest Museum, Highland Park, Los Angeles, California. 137 pp., two maps, list of publications for students, profusely illustrated. Paper cover, 50c.

Fables in Verse . . .

Florence R. Treat, whose home is a little citrus grove near Phoenix, Arizona, is the author of a book of verse in which she introduces many of the things that live and grow on the desert with whimsical rhyme. Titled *Desert Fables*, it is a modern day interpretation, with a desert slant, of some of the fables made famous by Aesop.

Pen sketches made by Bertha McEwen Knipe, illustrate the book.

Published by Arizona Publishers, Prescott, Arizona. 58pp. \$2.95.

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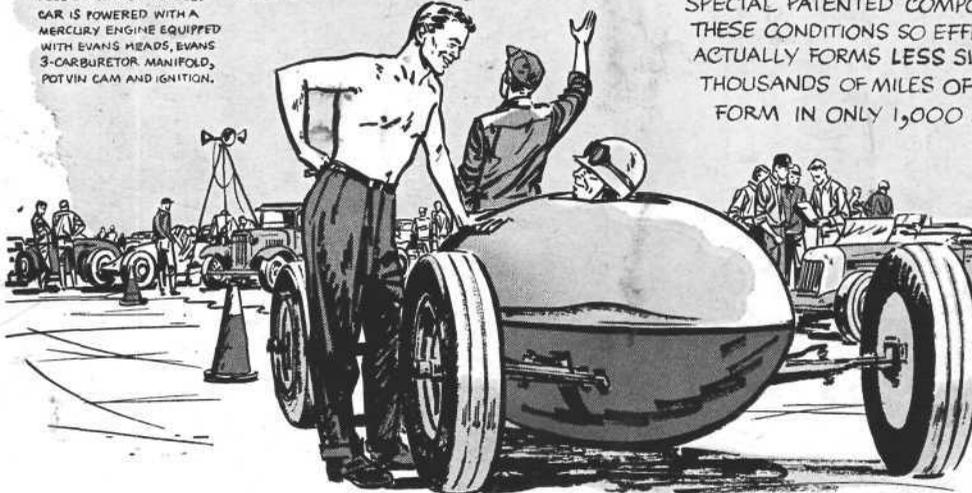
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