

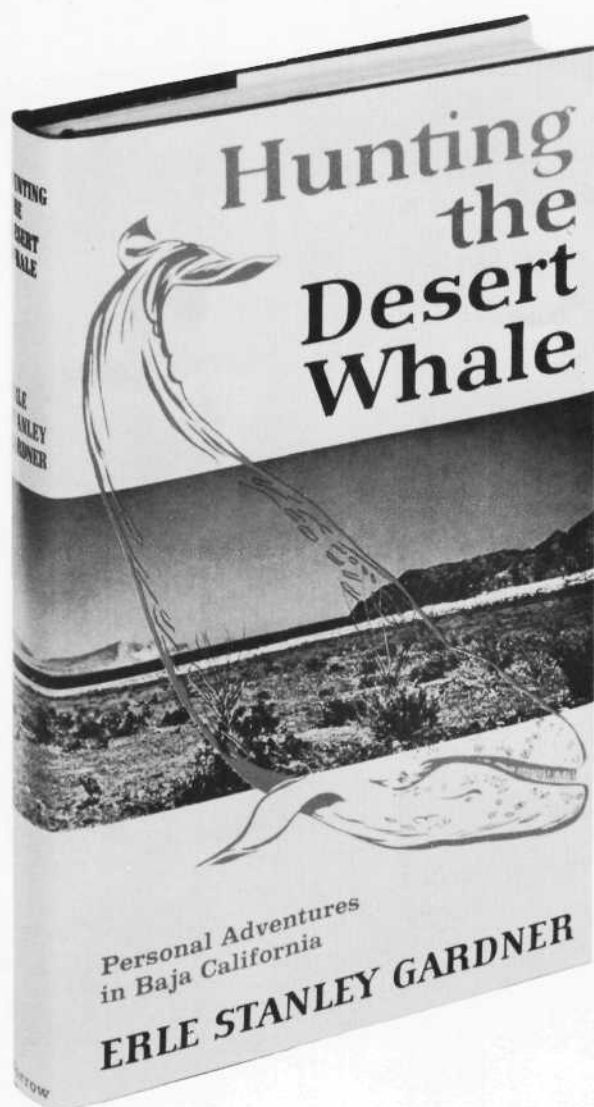
Desert

Magazine of the

OUTDOOR SOUTHWEST



FEBRUARY, 1961
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—William Hogan, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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Desert

--magazine of the Outdoor Southwest--

EVONNE RIDDELL
circulation manager

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The delicate yellow-gold blossoms of *Opuntia littoralis*—the Coast Prickly Pear cactus—adorn this month's cover. Photograph by Ralph D. Cornell of Los Angeles.

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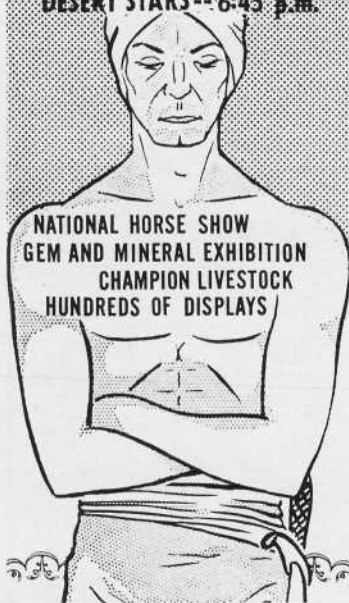
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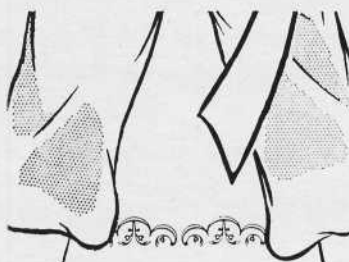


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# LETTERS

... FROM OUR READERS ...

## The Word from Wadsworth . . .

To the Editor: The letters-to-the-editor in the December issue prompt these comments:

To Melissa Branson Stedman, who objected to *Desert's* peyote report: If you will come to Wadsworth I will personally introduce you to the local Peyote Chief, and if you find him not to be a good American citizen, I will eat all the peyote in Nevada.

To Merwin K. Warner, who objected to the ghost town of Bodie: Bodie is private property, and you should consider it a privilege to be able to visit the old camp.

To Margaret Anthony, who objected to litterbugs: when I see a beer can along the highway, my first thought is: "someone mined the ore that went into that can; someone milled the ore; someone distributed the can; someone filled it; someone sold it; someone enjoyed it; and now the highway department is paying someone to pick it up. We all made a living off that can. Hurray for the litterbug!"

To Robert T. Neher, who objected to a previous letter that was critical of Edmund Jaeger: Hurray for Mr. Neher. I have admired Dr. Jaeger for many years.

To Jimmie James, who objected to treatment of Indians: you are right, Jimmie.

To Theodore B. Dufur, who objected to folks not knowing how to get water out of the desert: no comment.

ZEB TURNER  
Wadsworth, Nevada

## Wanted: A College Site . . .

To the Editor: Could you tell me the location and possible owner of some useless desert property where one might start a small private college in the Baja California or Arizona desert?

F. MONACELL  
1033 W. 101 Hwy.  
Wilmington, Calif.

(Perhaps some of our readers can help you out. The only "useless" desert lands I am familiar with are the huge areas the Armed Forces confiscated for bombing ranges.—Ed.)

## Honors to Fr. Kino . . .

To the Editor: I wish to take this opportunity to thank *Desert Magazine* for its tribute to Fr. Eusebio Kino, S. J. (December issue). Although most people know him as an explorer and historical figure, we of the Society of Jesus feel that his record in the Southwest is more renowned for his dedication to its Christianization and fertility than its colonization. I am sure Padre Kino's quiet and obscure death never envisioned the timely tribute you have paid him.

Weldon Heald's observation of the in-

difference shown the memory of Kino is accurate enough, but I wonder if this is not due to the newness of many people to the historic Southwest? In my own travels and talks with Arizonians I have found a deep respect for this courageous Jesuit missionary. Indeed, I have found more knowledge of Kino than I imagined could have existed. Is not our job—who have come to know much of Kino—to promote a broader and fuller understanding of this person? I believe that *Desert* has reintroduced a living tradition with lingering interests to the newcomers of Arizona and California.

Perhaps with some renewed vigor on our part, as well as with those who join in our interest, some ceremonies of distinction will rise in commemoration of the "indomitable" Padre who gave the finest years of his life to the desert he served and the God he loved.

CHARLES POLZER, S. J.  
Brophy College Preparatory  
Phoenix

## Forgery Pays . . .

To the Editor: I note that no mention was made in the fine article on Ted DeGrazia (December *Desert*) of the period in his life when he was manager of the Lyric Theater in Bisbee, Arizona. I was general secretary of the Bisbee YMCA at the time, and Ted was very generous in giving me passes to the show to use as awards for boys in the "Y" membership. He signed every pass, and his signature was something to behold—more like a writing exercise in vertical lines.

Once when he was signing a stack of passes for me, I told him that I would be glad to save him some time by signing the passes for him. He said a forged DeGrazia signature would never get past the ticket-taker.

The outcome of all this was a \$5 bet that I couldn't get in the theater by signing his name on an unsigned pass. I won the bet, but Ted did better than the \$5. He gave me an annual pass to the Lyric.

Ted is one of the most sensitive and keen men it has been my privilege to know. I don't have \$2000 to purchase one of his original paintings, but enclosed

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with this letter is \$1 for a framing print of his "Papago Harvest" as shown on the back cover of the December issue.

JOE W. TIBBETS  
Del Mar, Calif.

## The Desert's Men . . .

To the Editor: Thank whatever powers that be that some part of the world has not yet been given over to atom bombs and automation. How about more articles about men and women who typify the desert—men like Tucson artist Ted DeGrazia in the December *Desert Magazine*?

LLOYD CURRY  
Tulare, Calif.

## Colorado River Fact Sheet . . .

To the Editor: I am grateful to *Desert Magazine* for printing the article, "Trouble on the Colorado," written by Lucile Weight (December *Desert*). It is, without a doubt, the most factual and unbiased article on the river controversy which many of us have been able to find in any publication. Mrs. Weight should be highly commended for the research that went into this piece.

MRS. JOHN H. BERRY  
Downey, Calif.

## The Use of Peyote . . .

To the Editor: Hoping to calm the unfounded fears expressed by your critic and disappointed reader who took you to task for reporting the legalization of peyote (December "Letters"), I would like to list some basic facts about peyote which will demonstrate that it will hardly take over the country *ala* "Hula-Hoop."

1. Very few persons other than Indians know what peyote is.
2. Peyote is very difficult to secure, so much so that in many tribal ceremonies its use is limited to only the principals.
3. Its proper use is quite esoteric.
4. Its use very often produces vomiting; always produces intense headache; and is not habit forming.
5. It is one of the few drugs in the world that completely eliminates sexual urge, and sexual ability, when one is under its influence.
6. Indians use it only in ceremonies of

a religious nature in an attempt to cure ills, seek aid in grave problems, and worship.

7. It is never used in public since its use is considered a serious religious matter.

8. By reference to the above, classifying peyote with marijuana (and other hemp drugs) and heroin is not only incorrect, but the inference that Indians are drug addicts, in the common sense of the word, is slanderous, and totally untrue.

9. I, too, deplore "peyotism" because it is the Indian's compromise with the white man's God, in Big Moon ceremonies, or an admission that the old ways are too much trouble and don't work anymore in the Little Moon meetings.

10. The two basic ceremonies are all-night ordeals of a highly religious nature, and produce only the same feelings as are experienced by a white person of strong faith while he attends the more fervent rituals of his church.

It is hoped that this will serve to erase the ill chosen words of your critic who certainly has done the Indians a grave injustice.

R. R. CORDAIN  
Altadena, Calif.

## New World "Cedars" . . .

To the Editor: In Edmund Jaeger's fine description and discussion of our Junipers (*Desert*, December '60), he makes some mention of Cedars. I would like to be permitted to question the statement that Cedars are wholly Old World in distribution. I am not a botanist, but have been teaching my Scouts, when hiking in canyons above 4500-foot elevation, that our Incense Cedar (*Librocedrus decurrens*) is indeed a Cedar.

If this is not so, how should this beautiful and well-loved member of our mountain-forest family be described?

W. A. BUSH  
Hollywood, Calif.

(Incense Cedar is a member of the Cypress family. Its cones and leaves are entirely different from those of true Cedars of the genus *Cedrus*, according to Dr. Jaeger. The cones of true Cedars are conical, fairly large, oval-oblong; leaves are needlelike. Cones of Incense Cedar are small, consisting of a few woody scales; leaves are scalelike. Common names are often misleading, as in the case of Incense Cedar.—Ed.)

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## The Classified Ads in the DESERT MAGAZINE'S TRADING POST

Direct line merchandising, seller to buyer,  
in the Trading Post (see pages 39, 40, 41)

# BOOKS of the SOUTHWEST

## A TREASURE CHEST OF SOUTHWESTERN ART

What draws some men of great artistic talent to the desert? What inspiration do they find in a land that many people fear with a passion equal to but never surpassing in intensity the kinship these artists come to have for the spaciousness, subtlety of color and strangeness of form of arid lands?

The lives and personal desert faith of 12 men and one woman who have earned reputations as top Southwestern artists make-up a new book, *Painters of the Desert*, written by Ed Ainsworth, Southern California newspaper columnist and Western author. Accompanying the text is a desert gallery of the works of these artists, reproduced both in color and black-and-white.

Ainsworth chose these painters: Maynard Dixon, "the man who painted poems"; Clyde Forsythe, who "dipped his brushes in the sky"; Jimmy Swinnerton, the artist who "found the rainbow in all nature"; Nicolai Fechin, who "found the desert's soul"; Paul Lauritz, who "paints the desert's spirit"; Conrad Buff, whose art reflects "the desert's glories"; Don Louis Perceval, who "paints the desert's history"; John W. Hilton, "the man who captured the sunshine"; Burt Procter, who "paints the desert's reality"; R. Brownell McGrew—"his is the technique of the Old Masters"; Carl Eytel, the pioneer desert artist; and Bill Bender, the "second generation" desert painter. The feminine touch is provided by Orpha Klinker.

*Painters of the Desert* contains 111 large-format (9 3/4 x 11 1/4-inch) pages; 90 illustrations (12 color plates); handsome hard-back cover.

Here are capsule press notices received by this new volume: *Los Angeles Times*: "Painters of the Desert . . . brings between book covers what may well be the best collection of American desert paintings ever so assembled." *Bakersfield Californian*: ". . . one of the most beautiful books of the West." *San Bernardino Sun-Telegram*: ". . . the sort of book that will live for years to come and be read again and again." *Los Angeles Herald & Express*: "A truly

magnificent book!" *Glendale News-Press*: "A veritable treasure chest of artists who found inspiration in the varying moods of the arid lands . . ." *Santa Barbara News-Press*: "This is a handsome volume . . . to delight the confirmed lover of desert country, and to awaken strangers to the awareness of the magic of the land of color and lonely grandeur."

*Painters of the Desert* was published by *Desert Magazine*, Palm Desert, California. \$9.35. See footnote below for information on how to purchase this book by mail.

## THE KEY THAT OPENED THE UNKNOWN WEST

*Frontier Military Posts of Arizona* has limited appeal, but for buffs of Western History specializing in the military side of things, this new book is a must. It was written by Ray Brandes, who believes: "the military history of the greater Southwest has never fully exploited the role of the soldier as one of the dominant characters in the settlement process . . . the infantryman's very presence opened up new expanses of land . . . he was the key that opened the unknown West." Historical photographs, maps and drawings round-out the book's 94 pages. Paperback edition: \$1; hard-cover: \$2.25 (see details in footnote).

## THE LIVING MUSEUM AT GHOST RANCH

*The Museum at Ghost Ranch* is an attractive 40-page booklet that describes the newest conservation project by the Charles Lathrop Pack Foundation. The Ghost Ranch living museum, similar in concept to the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum in Tucson, is located near Abiquiu, New Mexico. *Desert Magazine* readers who are interested in further information may order the bulletin from Ghost Ranch Museum, Abiquiu, New Mexico. Price is 50 cents a copy.

Books reviewed on this page can be purchased by mail from *Desert Magazine Book Store*, Palm Desert, California. Please add 15c for postage and handling per book. California residents also add 4% sales tax. Write for free book catalog.



## CHILIS RELLENOS

- 10 medium green peppers
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 2 lbs. chuck beef, ground once
- 1/2 cup canned tomato paste
- 5 cloves garlic, minced
- 6 tbsp. chili powder
- 2 3/4 teasp. salt
- 1/2 cup finely chopped canned blanched almonds or peanuts
- Fat or salad oil
- 1/4 cup all-purpose flour
- 3 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups packaged dried bread crumbs

1. Cut around stem of each pepper; with fingers pull out seeds and pulp; discard. Cook peppers in boiling salted water to cover, for 5 min.; drain; let cool 5 min.
2. Heat oil in skillet; add chuck, tomato paste, garlic, chili powder, salt and almonds. Saute over low heat, stirring constantly, for 5 min. Let cool slightly.
3. In automatic skillet or saucepan, heat 1 1/4" fat or salad oil to 375° F. on deep-fat-frying thermometer. Meanwhile, stuff peppers with meat mixture; lightly sprinkle meat with flour. In pie plate, beat eggs with fork; dip each pepper into egg, then into bread crumbs.
4. Fry peppers in hot fat, turning once, until browned on all sides. Makes 10 servings. Serve hot in a ring; heap canned red beans to which sauteed onions have been added in the center; use fresh tomato wedges as a garnish, if desired.—Mrs. Everett E. Davis, El Paso, Texas

*Desert Magazine* pays \$2 for recipes accepted for publication — limited to Spanish, barbecue or campfire dishes. Send recipes and stamped, self-addressed envelope to: "Recipes," *Desert Magazine*, Palm Desert, Calif.

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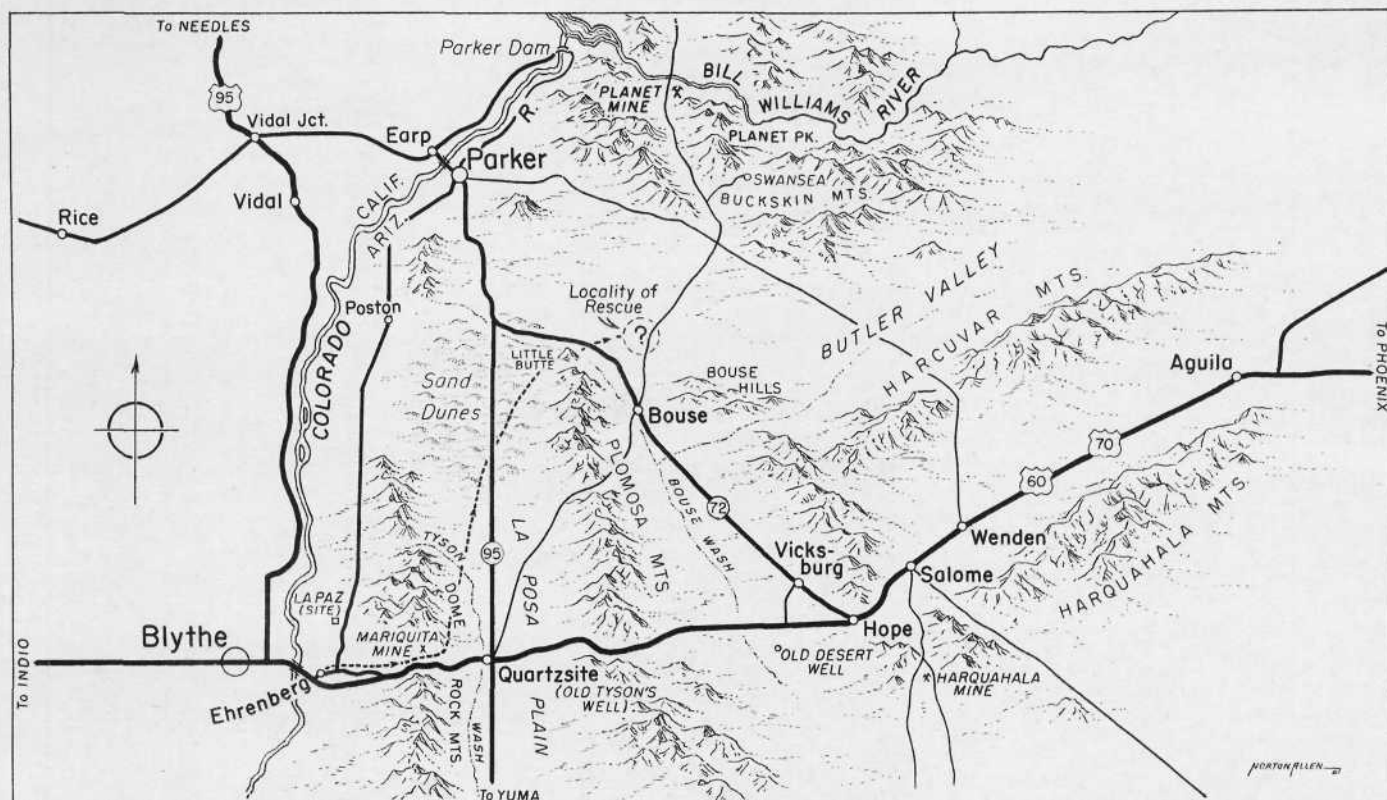
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# LOST GOLD in the sands of LA POSA

By HAROLD O. WEIGHT

**N**O ONE WILL ever know why the owner of the Planet Copper Mine rode east instead of north that morning more than 80 years ago when he left Ehrenberg to return to his mine. But it was an unfortunate decision for him. He never saw the Planet again.

Instead, he created an Arizona legend that has fascinated and frustrated generations of lost mine hunters.

Ehrenberg, on the Colorado River opposite present-day Blythe, was then the metropolis of northern Yuma County and one of the few "cities" of the Territory. The Planet, discovered by a man named Ryland in 1863, was located about 55 air miles northeast of Ehrenberg, on the Bill Williams River at a point 12 miles east of its junction with the Colorado. It was the first copper mine operated in far-western Arizona, and before 1877 had shipped 8000 tons of ore to San Francisco—ore rich enough to return a profit above costs of mining, smelting and freight for 2200 miles of water transportation.

There was only one logical land-route between Ehrenberg and the Planet. From Ehrenberg, travelers took the river road north to the area of present-day Parker, then followed a trail across the mesas below the Buckskin Mountains, and then cut through these mountains. The Planet was located at the northern edge of the Buckskins, just south of Bill Williams Crossing.

The road east through the Dome Rock Mountains, which the mine owner traveled for a short distance out of Ehrenberg, was a pioneer route to Prescott and Fort Whipple. To reach the Planet via this road by any established trail, it was necessary to keep to the old stage road all the way to Desert Well, far east of the Plomosa Mountains, then angle sharply back northwest on a freighting road to the Bill Williams. This route was considerably longer than the first mentioned Ehrenberg - to - Planet road.

Possibly the mine owner planned to continue the search he had been making for a more satisfactory road on which

to haul ore from the Planet to steamers on the Colorado. If so, he badly misjudged both the character of the country east of the Dome Rocks and his own preparedness for such an expedition. Undoubtedly he was in a condition to misjudge. Ehrenberg was the only place in a mighty wide stretch of country where a man could celebrate properly—and the Planet owner had not missed a single one of its saloons on his visit.

The only account he ever gave of his misadventure was brief and blunt.

"I got drunk and spent all my money, and I finally started out. It was pretty hot. I didn't have any water. I did have a little bottle of whiskey.

"I came up by the Mariquita Mine. Then I could see Planet Mountain. I headed for Planet Mountain."

The old Mariquita gold lode, discovered in 1865, lies north of U. S. 60-70 near the east end of the pass the highway follows through the Dome Rocks. The Planet man must have ridden two or three miles east of the Mariquita before Planet Mountain could possibly

sibly have been seen—from the edge of La Posa Plain, the great valley between the Dome Rock and Plomosa Mountains. Here the mountain (Planet Peak on most maps) would still have been at least 40 air miles to the north-northeast.

The mine owner apparently had no knowledge of the country he now proposed to cross — half drunk, in hot weather, with no water. Between him and Planet Peak, covering more than 100 square miles of the northern end of La Posa Plain, was a rolling sea of sand which even now has no map name but is often called the Quartzsite Dunes. There was no spring or known water-hole, no road or trail along the route he had chosen. The dunes, in fact, resisted penetration by road until just recently, when paved State 95 was worked through between Quartzsite and Parker.

Perhaps the strangest feature of this strange expedition was the fact that the Planet owner did not visit Tyson's Well (later to become Quartzsite). Tyson's Well was a long-established way-station on the Fort Whipple stage road, and he must have known of its existence. From

any point where he first could have seen Planet Peak, the well would have been only a few miles farther east—probably actually within sight. At Tyson's he could have obtained water and information about the country to the north.

But he ignored the well and struck directly into the trackless desert.

At first the going, across the slopes of the broad valley, was relatively good. Then the terrain changed abruptly.

"I got into sand," the Planet man said. "A lot of sand dunes. Finally I came to a low black hill surrounded by sand. The sun was awful hot. It was getting me. I got off my horse and rested for a while."

By now the mine owner realized that he was in serious trouble. But—confused, thirsty, heat-stricken though he was — his prospecting instinct did not desert him. The black rocks at his feet looked promising.

"I picked up a couple of pieces," he said. "I stuck them in my pocket because they seemed heavy. I got back

on my horse—and that was the last I remembered."

The horse plodded on, with its rider slumped and swaying in the saddle. It passed the northernmost outlier of the Plomosa Mountains and, somewhere to the north of present Bouse, cut the Desert Well - Bill Williams freight road. This was a trail the animal recognized, and it swung southeasterly toward Desert Well. As it changed direction, the mine owner fell from the saddle and lay unconscious on the sand. Still in his pocket were the black rocks he had picked up beside the black hill.

The horse moved slowly on down the trail toward Desert Well.

Some time after the Planet mine owner had fallen from his saddle, Sam Butler and his brother left the Harquahala Mine—a dozen miles southeast of Desert Well—for a little excitement and lubrication at Ehrenberg. Sam was foreman at the Harquahala ("Har-kee-hail-lee" the oldtimers seem to prefer to call it) which beginning about 1880 became one of the great Arizona gold bonanzas.

When the Butlers reached Desert Well, which is located a short distance southwest of the present junction of 60-70 and the Bouse road, they were met by a saddled, bridled, and riderless horse, plodding slowly toward Harquahala. Sam Butler recognized the animal, which had long belonged to a Harquahala man and apparently was returning to its old home.

"That's the horse that fellow at the Planet Mine bought," he reminded his brother.

Leaving the Ehrenberg road, they backtracked the horse up the Bouse Valley. When they reached the mine owner, he was still unconscious and obviously in a serious condition. They treated him as best they could, tied him on the horse and finally brought him back, still alive, into Ehrenberg.

When he failed to improve there, they sent him on to San Francisco where a brother lived. With him went his few possessions — including the two black rocks.

Two months later a stranger arrived at the Harquahala Mine, hunted up Sam Butler and introduced himself as the brother of the Planet Mine owner. The mine owner, he explained, had never recovered and now was dead. Before he died, the black rocks were assayed.

"It went \$750 to the ton in gold, silver and copper," the San Francisco man told them.

"My brother remained unconscious almost to the end. Finally he seemed to regain his senses for a little while. I asked him where he had gotten those



RUINS OF THE OLD PLANET COPPER MINE IN NORTHERN YUMA COUNTY. THE BILL WILLIAMS RIVER RUNS THROUGH THE VALLEY JUST BEYOND THE RUINED BUILDINGS.





LOOKING NORTH-NORTHEAST ACROSS LA POSA PLAIN FROM NEAR THE POINT WHERE THE PLANET MINE OWNER MUST HAVE STRUCK OUT FOR PLANET PEAK

two pieces of black rock. He told me what little he could remember.

"Now I want you to help me retrace my brother's route on that day you picked him up."

With the San Francisco man, Sam Butler and his brother returned to the tip of the Plomosa Mountains and searched the Quartzsite Dunes. For two weeks they criss-crossed the sea of sand. They were unable to retrace the Planet owner's steps. They were unable to locate his little black hill.

Nor has anyone else succeeded in doing so in the 80 or more years since.

In that more than three-quarters of a century, the story of the gold ledge in the sand has become many stories. They vary greatly as to the person who made the strike and the date it was made—the latter ranging from the 1860s to the 1880s—and as to whether the river town was Ehrenberg or the earlier La Paz. But, they are in remarkable agreement as to the area of the ledge—the sand desert north of Quartzsite—and in each the Planet Mine is involved. In none has the name of the discoverer survived.

The version which I have given—and which I have sought to trace out in the sand dunes—was told to me many years ago by William G. Keiser of Quartzsite. And I place considerable faith in it because Bill heard it directly from Sam Butler at Bouse in 1908. Since Sam swore he was the one who found the unconscious mine owner at the edge of the sand area, his account should be reasonably accurate. In 1908

he was operating a small gold mine in Butler Valley, named for him, near Bouse. Since he firmly believed in the lost ledge—although he concluded it had been hidden by drifting sand—it seems quite likely that he had moved into the Bouse area to continue to search for it.

According to a version obtained by Roscoe G. Willson, Arizona writer and historian who questioned John Ramsey and Chris Thompson, oldtimers of the area, the strike was made by a burro prospector in the early 1870s. He was attempting a direct crossing from Tyson's Well to the Planet when he found a reef in the sand. He was rescued, nearly dead, by freighters on the way between Tyson's Well and the Planet, and was taken on to the Planet. The ore he found, however, seemed more gold than rock which would make it much richer than \$750 per ton.

And another account—the widely circulated "Lost Sixshooter" apparently first published by John Mitchell—tells of the Planet owner bringing visitors to the stage at Quartzsite, then getting lost in a sandstorm on the way home, seeking shelter beside a ledge and finding it rich in free gold. He described the ledge in his notebook, marked it with his coat and two sixshooters, and headed for the Planet Mine. The horse came in to the mine but the owner's dead body was found back at the edge of the sand. The ore in his pockets assayed \$25,000 to the ton.

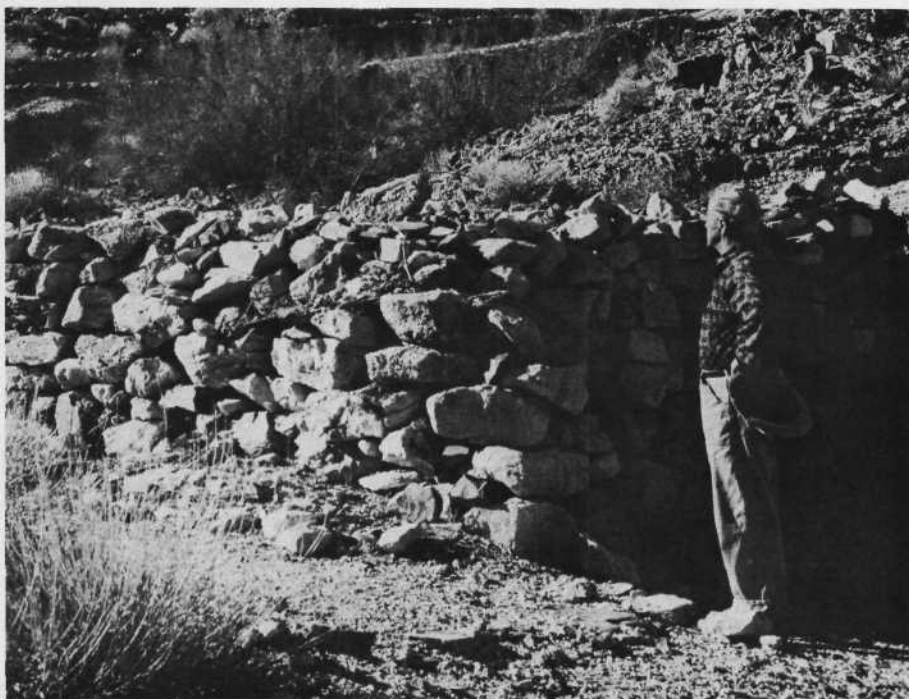
Where there is so much smoke, there should be some ore. But if such a ledge exists in the Quartzsite Dunes, why have none of the searchers found it? The accepted reason is that shifting sands have covered it. Bill Keiser does not agree with that, and I agree with Bill.

Blowing sand is as likely to uncover as to cover. If it buries one side it most frequently continues and blows off. And these dunes include no giant mountains such as those in California across from Yuma. Throughout most of the area, according to U. S. Geological Survey maps, the variation in elevation does not reach 25 feet. It is in fact a sea of low mounds and shallow basins. And after hiking through and examining a considerable portion of it, I am inclined to doubt that anything which could be described as a small hill could be buried in it and not stick out.

Bill, who is no lost mine hunter, has not hunted for this one either. But he does believe that it exists, and that it has not been found simply because it has not been hunted the right way in the right area.

"I'll tell you why," he says. "Before 1908—and before Sam Butler told me that story—Josiah Winchester and I had found gold-bearing copper streaks that run in a northwest and southeast direction into that sand. And there are big black dikes, heavy with iron, too.

"The proper way is to go over there where I found that copper, get the trend of it, then get a marker over on the



WILLIAM G. KEISER OF QUARTZSITE AT AN ABANDONED MINING PROJECT IN THE PLOMOSA MOUNTAINS. BILL HEARD THE STORY OF THE LOST LEDGE MORE THAN 50 YEARS AGO FROM SAM BUTLER, ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS.

mountain—to keep on a straight line. Prospect across there. Search a stretch maybe half a mile wide down through the dunes. That's where it would be, I believe. But it's a big country—there's a lot of sand."

A lot of sand—and almost countless hollows where a golden ledge might just barely show above the sand. And a lot of fun hunting it—properly prepared and in the right season. Highway 95 now will take the lost mine hunter right into the heart of the Quartzsite Dunes. In a good spring, that sand sea becomes a perfumed and beautiful sea of flowers—sand verbena, lily, *Geraea* and a score of others.

But in summer it is barren, blazing, blinding and dangerous.

And all lost mine hunters must realize, of course, that there are other possible reasons why the Planet owner's golden ledge has not been discovered in those sands. He may not have been where he thought he was when he made the strike. He believed—as have most of those who have sought his ledge—that the little black hill was in the heart of the Quartzsite Dunes. But he was found, unconscious, around the point of the Plomosa Mountains from the dunes, on the edge of Bouse Valley. In his condition, he could not possibly have been certain whether he made his strike hours—or minutes—before he fell from his horse.

Move the location of the ledge to the northern tip of the Plomosas, and does the picture change?

It does indeed. That northernmost

tip is a small hill called Little Butte. It is separated from the mountain chain and stands relatively alone—a sea of sand to the southwest, a sea of sand

and gravel to the north. Around it several mines and prospects have been opened and worked intermittently. From one, known in 1911 as the Little Butte, ore was shipped which averaged 7.6 percent copper, 28.9 percent iron, 2.4 ounces of silver, and \$6.65 in gold to the ton.

Little Butte itself is granite, stained with iron oxides. But the Blue Slate Mine, close to the butte, is in dark green shale, and all through the area iron-black ledges show.

And the Planet Mine owner had passed beyond Little Butte before he fell from his horse. So it may be that the lost ledge was found again, unknowingly, at Little Butte, and that it was not a bonanza.

Of course dedicated lost mine hunters will look upon the Little Butte ores simply as confirmation of the Planet owner's discovery, proving that the right kind of ore does exist in the right area. Proving that out there somewhere to the southwest of Little Butte the fabulous ledge does indeed crop through the surface of the rolling sand. A richer oreshoot of the same formation with golden rock worth \$750 — \$5000 — perhaps even \$25,000 to the ton. ///

## True or False

Sharpen your pencils — and your wits. It's

time to take your desert exam—20 questions on a variety of arid-land subjects that should give you a pretty good idea of where you stand on the desert-knowledge spectrum. A dozen or less correct answers and you are a Tenderfoot; 13 to 15 is Fair; 16 to 18, Good; 19 or a perfect score rates the top of the class. Answers are on page 41.

1. Arizona's Salt River Valley receives the bulk of its irrigation water from the Colorado River. True..... False.....
2. Often it is easier to drive your car over sandy roads when they are damp from a shower than when they are dry. True..... False.....
3. The Mormon leader Joseph Smith never saw the Great Salt Lake. True..... False.....
4. Carlsbad Caverns National Park is on the Vizcaino Desert. True..... False.....
5. Indians were mining turquoise in New Mexico before Columbus discovered America. True..... False.....
6. Ubehebe, one of the most famous volcanic craters in the world, was active when the Jayhawkers crossed Death Valley in the winter of 1849-50. True..... False.....
7. Clyde Forsythe, Jimmy Swinnerton and Josef Muench all are well-known Southwestern painters. True..... False.....

8. Flower of the wild desert *Datura* is white. True..... False.....
9. Elephant Butte Dam is in Nevada. True..... False.....
10. Desert Holly sheds its silver-white leaves with the first frost of winter. True..... False.....
11. Stage coaches on Butterfield's Overland Mail Line crossed the Colorado at Needles. True..... False.....
12. Palm Springs is below sea level. True..... False.....
13. A Sidewinder is not a true rattlesnake. True..... False.....
14. Organ Pipe National Monument in southern Arizona derives its name from the fluted rocks in that area. True..... False.....
15. Historian who contributed most to present day knowledge of Juan Bautista de Anza was Herbert E. Bolton. True..... False.....
16. The Kangaroo Rat is a nocturnal rodent. True..... False.....
17. Bite of a Chuckawalla Lizard is often fatal to children. True..... False.....
18. The "pyramid" at Pyramid Lake, Nevada, was built by Shoshone Indians. True..... False.....
19. The Mojave River of California is a tributary of the Colorado River. True..... False.....
20. The town popularly described as being "Too Tough To Die" is Calico, Calif. True..... False.....



# The Little-Known World of Carlsbad Caverns

“Oh, ranger! How much of the cave hasn’t been discovered yet?” This question, or a similar one, is asked hundreds of times weekly at Carlsbad Caverns, and National Park Service rangers and tour leaders have learned that it represents a general interest which few cave visitors can express accurately. Some visitors wish to learn whether there may be underground passages into which there are no known entrances. Others wonder if there are known chambers that have not been explored. More are curious as to the extent of the caverns’ corridors which have been explored but are not open to the public.

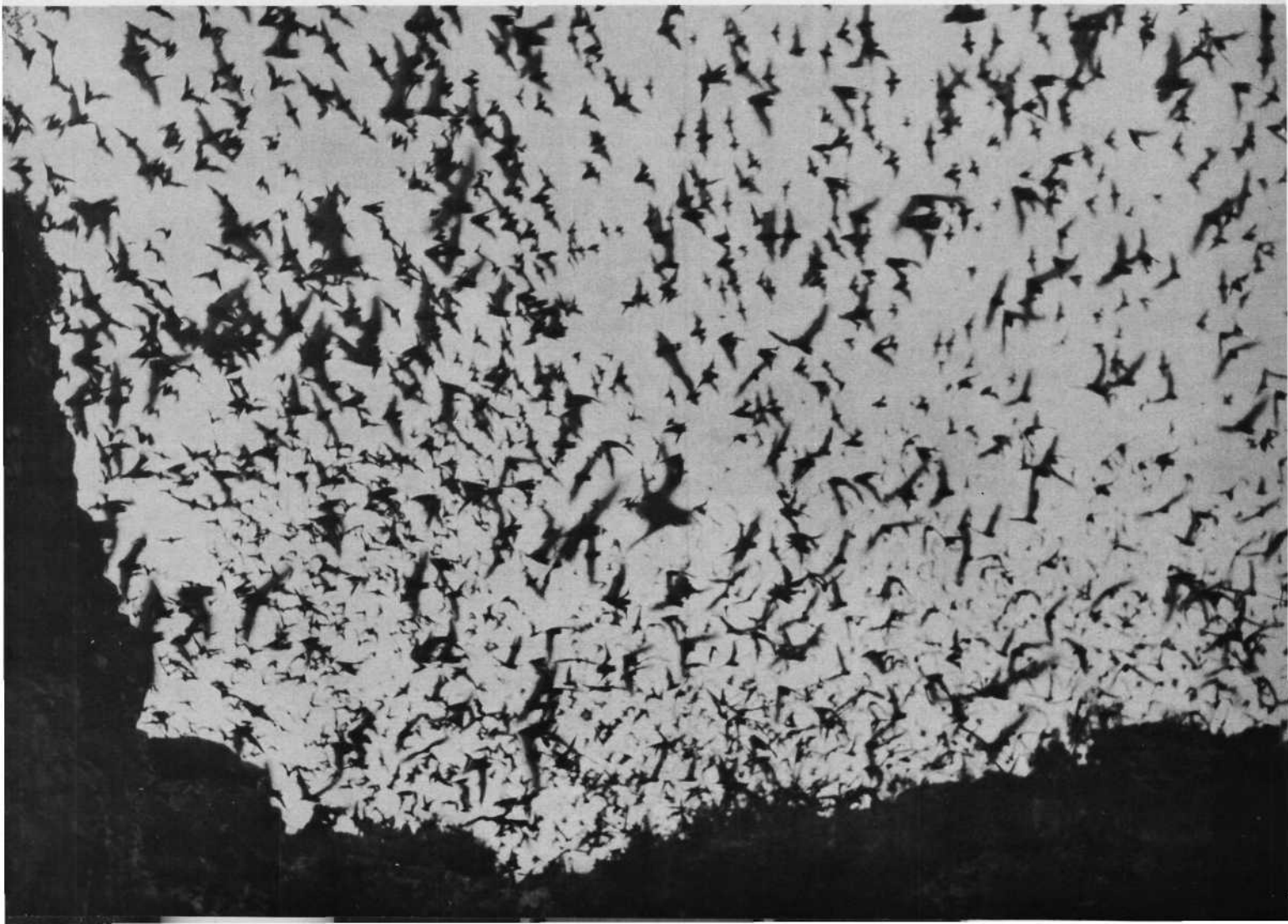
Although clumsily or inadequately phrased, such questions are sincere, and the men and women in the Service uniform try to analyze each one in order to answer it accurately and to the satisfaction of the questioner. These and many other queries point to the wide range of interest people have for natural caves, and the answers reveal that

there is a world of knowledge about Carlsbad Caverns which most visitors fail to obtain. This is true in spite of the splendid new interpretive exhibits in the Visitors Center building, explanatory talks by tour leaders at significant locations along the tour route, and publications concerning the caverns which visitors can purchase in the Park.

According to Park Naturalist Paul Spangle, whose job it is to put what is known about the caverns into non-technical terminology and make it available to all visitors, nearly 23 miles of cavern passages have been explored to a depth of 1100 feet. Only about three miles of the most spectacular scenic portions have been developed to the 829-foot level with surfaced trails and electric lighting for safe public use. This walk is as much as the average visitor has time and energy to enjoy.

The fact that air in the caverns is always fresh and clean,

Visitors to this National Park see only a fraction of its known underground passageways—and even less of the Chihuahua Desert wonders aboveground. **By NATT N. DODGE**



that air movement is often felt, and that the humidity is about the same throughout most of the passages, points to a free circulation of air through several or perhaps many fissures leading to the outside world. Since no openings have been found entering the lower corridors, it seems probable that extensive galleries and passages remain for possible discovery and exploration.

Explored but pathless and lightless parts of the cave are occasionally made available to geologists and other scientists conducting research projects under Service permit. Lantern-carrying rangers and tour leaders go along as guides, to look after the safety of the scientists, and to assure that no damage is done to the cave and its formations. The New Mexico Room, Cave Pearl Room, Bell Cord Room, Mystery Room, Dome Room, Aragonite Room, Lower Cave and Lefthand Tunnel are some of the off-limits portions of the caverns. Trips into them may be fraught with danger because of the limited lighting, insecure footing, cramped quarters and rugged terrain.

A well-known National Park Service official, Chief Landscape Architect Thomas Vint, broke his leg in the Lefthand Tunnel and had to be carried out on a stretcher. In several places the passage was so narrow that the stretcher had to be turned on its side to be squeezed through. Vint claims this as one of the more harrowing experiences of his Service career.

Carlsbad Caverns, although the largest yet discovered, is not the only cave in Carlsbad Caverns National Park, which contains nearly 50,000 acres of rugged canyon-carved plateaulands extending into the forested Guadalupe Mountains of southeastern New Mexico. A survey of all caves in the Park is in progress, with 23 being located and explored at the present time. Some are quite small and insignificant. Among those that have been named are New Cave, Painted Grotto, Spider Cave, Whistling Cave and Goat Cave. For safety reasons and to protect them from vandals and souvenir hunters, all are closed to the public.

Dr. Charles N. Gould, at one time Regional Geologist of the National Park Service, wrote: "The rocks in the entire area extending for approximately 50 miles west, northwest and southwest of the main caverns consist of heavy gray limestone which contains many crevices, fissures, openings and solution channels, large and small. Many of these never reach the surface. The entire area is honeycombed with these channels which have been formed by the action of water on the soluble limestone. It is to be expected that, from time to time, various openings to the surface will be discovered. It is altogether possible that, when the Guadalupe area has been thoroughly explored and developed, parties may go underground in the present Carlsbad Caverns and come to the surface at some other opening five or 10 miles distant."

Since total darkness has prevailed for thousands of years within all of these caves, conditions within them are quite unsuited to plant and animal life. Nevertheless, in seven of these caverns, nests of the rare cave swallow have been found. These birds winter in Mexico, coming north to nest about mid-March each year. They usually stay until mid-October. A cooperative study of this species by the National Park Service and the National Science Foundation has just been started.

Several species of insects, the little cave mouse, and a few other forms of life have adapted themselves to an underground existence. In the main cavern, with its massive arched entrance and artificial lighting, a primitive alga



THE ROADRUNNER IS ONE OF 161 BIRD SPECIES FOUND IN CARLSBAD CAVERNS NATIONAL PARK. STRIPED SKUNK IS ONE OF THREE SKUNK SPECIES NATIVE TO THIS AREA.



and fungus have become established, and an occasional ringtail has wandered within.

A few years ago a number of bones were found buried in a sandy deposit deep in the caverns—parts of a skeleton of a *Nothrotherium*, or ground sloth, a creature long extinct in North America. Scientists believe that 10 to 15 thousand years ago, when the climate was wetter, a stream washed the body of the sloth into the underground chambers. Bones of an extinct bat and of a Pleistocene jaguar (*Felis atrox*) also have been found in the caverns.

Most numerous and spectacular of the modern animals that make use of Carlsbad Caverns are the bats. Although eight species are known to take advantage of the upper corridor or Bat Cave section as a hideaway during daylight hours, the famous colony is made up principally of small Mexican free-tailed bats. Within the deep recesses of the Lefthand Tunnel, a small colony of Fringed bats are found during the summer months. On occasion, other types of bats will wander as far as the Big Room.

During summer months, when insects on which the bats feed are abundant throughout the surrounding countryside, the bat colony has been known to reach a population

Photo on preceding page:  
BLACK AGAINST THE EVENING SKY, A CLOUD OF BATS RISES EACH SUMMER EVENING FROM THE CAVERNS' NATURAL ENTRANCE



estimated at more than three-million individuals. With the coming of dusk, this enormous mass of living creatures clinging to the walls and ceiling of Bat Cave stirs restlessly. More and more bats break loose from the cluster and take flight. A muffled roar of wings wells up out of the cavern entrance, followed by the appearance of a black cloud which swirls upward in a counter-clockwise spiral to fill the twilight sky with a smoke-like column streaming away toward the south. Studies of bats, together with careful estimates and computations, indicate that the Carlsbad Caverns colony, even when it numbers considerably less than one million individuals, rids the countryside of more than three *tons* of insects each summer night!

Bats have few enemies, but several of these predators are sometimes seen late each summer afternoon near the cavern entrance. Horned owls, perched in a yucca or a scrubby mesquite tree, drowsily await the flight of the bats. Hawks of several species circle overhead or stand impatiently on a rocky outcrop. All take to the air when the bat flight begins, and plunging into the dense cloud of flying mammals scatter the terrified bats in all directions. Each hawk and owl usually emerges from the flight stream with a squeaking captive in its talons. These diving attacks add an element of the dramatic to the remarkable spectacle of the bat flight which is watched each summer evening by several hundred visitors.

The fame of Carlsbad's enormous and fantastically decorated underground chambers has turned the spotlight of attention away from the charm of the Park's many surface attractions. Few visitors to the Caverns, in their hurry to go below, take time to enjoy the beauties aboveground. Carlsbad Caverns National Park preserves and protects a rich segment of the great Chihuahuan Desert, with its wealth of spectacular plant and animal communities extending northward from Mexico into west Texas, southern New Mexico and southern Arizona.

Many desert plants bloom in April and May, creating a display of interest and beauty. Splashes of bright scarlet on rocky hillsides mark clumps of the ground-hugging claret cup cactus, while roselike yellow blossoms of the prickly pear cactus attract pollen-gathering insects. If you should visit the park later in the summer, you would notice the prickly pear's large mahogany-colored fruits, called *tunas*. Delicious jelly may be made from them.

Palmlike in general appearance, but actually members of the lily family, two species of yucca or soapweed attract attention. The massive Torrey yucca, with its huge clusters of broad sharp-tipped leaves, is sometimes called Spanish Dagger. Often growing to a height of 10 or 12 feet, the Torrey yuccas produce in April a crowning glory of dense clusters of bell-shaped cream-colored flowers — Easter lilies of the desert.

Easily confused with the yuccas are the abundant sotol clumps which send up tall blossom stalks tipped with tapering clusters of tiny cream to chocolate colored flowers. Leaves, superficially resembling those of the narrow-leaf yuccas, are flat ribbonlike and armed with back-curving spines along the margins. In Mexico the thick crowns or "heads" are split open and the sugary juice allowed to ferment, producing sotol, a powerful alcoholic beverage.

Popularly called "century plant" because of the many years required for an individual to develop its basal rosette of fleshy needle-tipped leaves and to store in its thick rootstock the plant food necessary to produce, as a grand finale to its life, a towering flower stalk with striking yellow blossoms, the huge agave is sure to stimulate wonder. Its small relative, the lechuguilla (lech-you-GHEE-ah), with its stiff sharp-tipped leaves, is perhaps the most common

plant of the Park. It, too, sends up a tall, slender flower stalk which sways gracefully in the desert breeze. Wide-spread, the lechuguilla is recognized as the principal indicator of the Chihuahuan Desert. In Mexico, its leaf fibers are used for weaving a coarse fabric. Deer and livestock relish its young tender bud stalks.

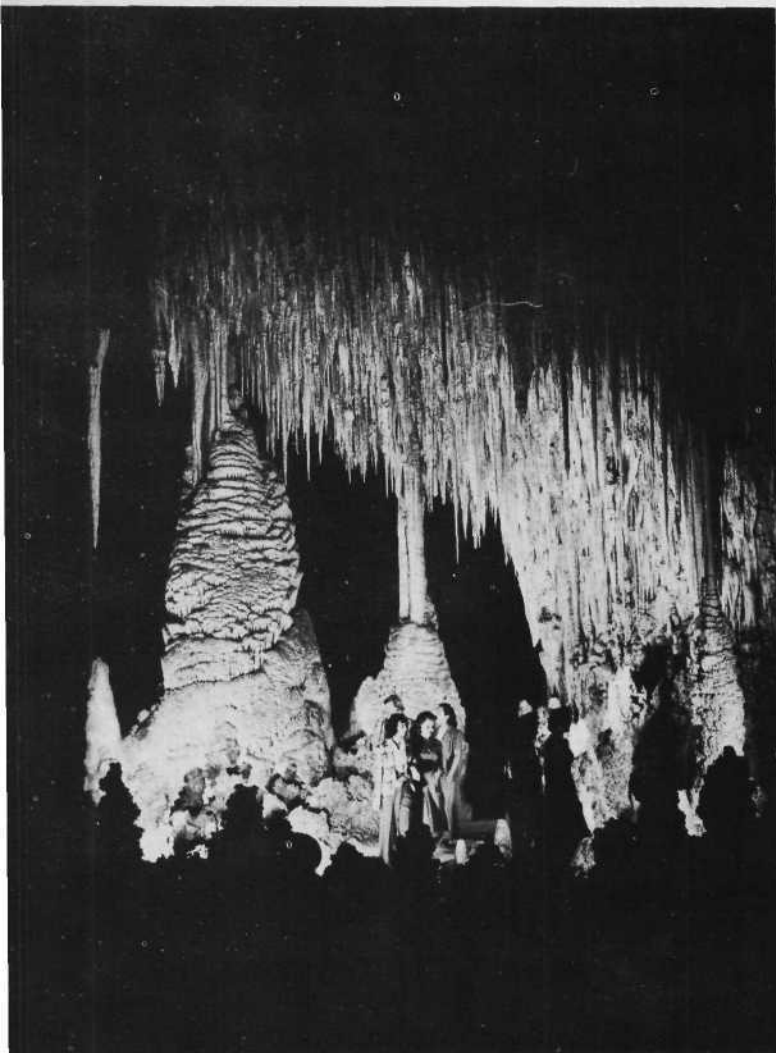
There are many other strange and striking desert plants in Carlsbad Caverns National Park, from the tree-size red-barked Texas madrone to the low-growing Christmas cholla (CHOH-yah) cactus with its bright red olive-shaped fruits especially noticeable in winter. In spring a glossy-leaved evergreen shrub, the mesquite, produces clusters of wisteria-like blossoms that mature to form pods filled with scarlet seeds containing a poisonous narcotic.

These and dozens of other plant species are found throughout the Park. Many of them grow alongside the entrance road which winds for seven miles up scenic Walnut Canyon to the cavern entrance. Since these strange desert plants are of particular interest to visitors from the Eastern and Mid-Western states, the park naturalist has developed a self-guiding nature trail near the Visitor Center building. Plants and significant geological features along the trailside have been marked with stakes numbered to correspond with paragraphs in a guide booklet.

Hikers on this "Sotol Trail" often encounter birds and



A SUNBEAM FINDS ITS WAY INTO THE CAVERNS



THESE ARE THE WORLD'S MOST EXTENSIVELY EXPLORED CAVES, AND NEW MEXICO'S LEADING INDIVIDUAL TOURIST ATTRACTION

other animals which are much more numerous than Easterners expect to find in desert surroundings. Park files record observations of 161 species of birds ranging in size from the tiny hummingbird to the majestic golden eagle. Vultures ride rising air currents, and so are more frequently seen along steep-walled canyons and above the crest of the great escarpment with its steep cliffs that dominates the southern edge of the Park. Scaled quail hunt for seeds and insects among the cactuses and thorny shrubs of the mesa tops, while such colorful songsters as the vivacious black-and-yellow Scott's oriole nests beneath the protecting crowns of giant yuccas.

Years ago, several species of large mammals roamed this region. Elk, bears and desert bighorn sheep found adequate food and suitable habitat in the Guadalupe Mountains. Hunters and encroachment by cattle, sheep and goats finally forced these native species from the lands over which they had always roamed. With the establishment and enlargement of the National Park, hunting was stopped and grazing by domestic livestock eliminated. Under this protection the natural vegetation has slowly returned to its former composition and luxuriant growth. Pronghorn antelope already have been brought back, and efforts are underway to restore desert bighorn. When these native animals have been re-established, Carlsbad Caverns National Park will be well on the way to fulfilling its function as a wilderness wildlife refuge where all of the animals native to this section of the Chihuahuan Desert may

be seen and enjoyed in their natural surroundings and normal relationships to one another.

Desert mule deer are abundant throughout the park, and are often seen in Walnut Canyon by visitors hurrying to join cavern tours. Many varieties of smaller mammals including three species of skunks, foxes, cottontails and jackrabbits, raccoons, ringtails, kangaroo rats and rock squirrels are abundant and often seen along the Park roads and trailsides and near the cavern entrance. Wild turkeys feed among the pines and oaks in the Guadalupe Mountains.

Hidden among the canyons and foothills are small springs and seeps that create moist oases in the dry desert roughlands of the Park's roadless back country. Stimulated by the miracle of water, moisture-loving plants and a host of insects furnish food and suitable habitat for a variety of amphibians. The tiger salamander, tree species of spadefoot toad, five species of toads, two tree frogs, two true frogs, even mud turtles, box turtles and common snapping turtles have been recorded by biologists taking the amphibian census of the Park and throughout the surrounding Guadalupe Mountains.

Relatively high year-round temperatures, an abundance of insects and small mammals, and the dry rocky habitat is ideal for a considerable variety of reptiles, including 19 species of lizards and 35 species of snakes. All of these are harmless to humans except three species of rattlesnakes. Although not numerous, rattlesnakes are found throughout much of the Park except high in the pine-oak-fir forests of the Guadalupe Mountains.

Accessible only by unimproved truck trails used by Park rangers on back-country patrol, or for a fast means of attack on lightning-started brush fires that sometimes spread rapidly in the dense growth of sotol and desert grasses that clothe the ridges and mesa tops, Carlsbad Caverns is a 77-square-mile desert-and-mountain wilderness. It will soon be expanded by an additional 5000 acres of scenic mountain and canyon which is being donated to the National Park Service by Mr. and Mrs. Wallace E. Pratt. This area, known as McKittrick Canyon, will extend the park boundaries into the state of Texas.

Important as a refuge and an undisturbed reservoir of many species of native wildlife, Carlsbad Caverns National Park is also important as a research area for scientists. Throughout much of the Chihuahuan Desert, both in the United States and adjoining Mexico, mankind and his domestic animals have been changing the face of the land and destroying its vegetation and its native wildlife for more than a century. But, in the National Park the normal balance of native plant and animal life prevails and will remain undisturbed for the scrutiny of scientists and the benefit and enjoyment of future generations of Americans.

On a recent day, 7000 people toured the Carlsbad Caverns. From soon after dawn until almost dusk a steady parade of automobiles streamed along the seven miles of the Walnut Canyon entrance road taking eager sightseers to and from the world-famous underground wonderland. And every day, from one year's end to another, the picture is much the same. Eagerly, sometimes almost frantically, travelers from every state and from many foreign nations hurry to join the next party taking the Caverns tour.

In their hurry they give only a passing glance at the unfamiliar desert vegetation covering the hillsides bordering the road. Few of them give a thought to the back-country that lies beyond those hillsides—a fascinating, intriguing, undisturbed desert wilderness. ///





INSIDE THE HOUSE OF SONG, NA NAI SAT WITH HIS PATIENT. HE BLESSED HIM WITH POLLEN THAT HE MIGHT GO ON HIS WAY IN HEALTH.

## I Give You Na Nai

Would the people see the gods and the prophet; or would they see only Na Nai, the singer without feet?

Eighth in a series of previously unpublished articles

By LAURA ADAMS ARMER

based on her 1923-31 experiences in Navajoland

THE YEAR WAS 1928. Lorenzo Hubbell, Jr., was much interested in the photographs I had made at the ceremonial at Pinyon the previous autumn. He suggested that I direct a motion picture of the Mountain Chant.

In the following weeks I studied intensively the description of the ceremony as witnessed by Washington Matthews. On the margins of his *Ethnological Report* I made notes as to where the two cameras would have to be positioned. There could be no rehearsing of the ceremony which was to be given near Ganado.

I was taken to this settlement to meet the Hubbell family who lived in the historic adobe built by Lorenzo Hubbell, Sr. On arriving, I learned that the medicine man who was scheduled to conduct the ceremony had become

ill. Another singer must be found. The patient, Hasteen Tsosi, had been dreaming of bears and of his child who had died some years before. He needed help.

Mention was made of a certain Na Nai whose knowledge was great, but who was physically imperfect. He had been born without feet. The Star-Gazer and other friends of the patient rode many miles over the desert to a poor little hogan with a meager fire burning beneath the smoke-hole. All were greeted solemnly by the dignified old man who sat on a sheepskin on the west side of the fire. The parley began. When it was Na Nai's time to give his answer, he said with deep feeling:

"It is not wise for me to sing the Mountain Chant in public. The people are kind to me, it is true, but if I sing the songs of our fathers, the people will not see the



THE 80-YEAR-OLD COURIER OF THE MOUNTAIN CHANT

gods and the prophet. They will see only Na Nai, the singer without feet."

The Star-Gazer pleaded: "Hasteen Tsosi dreams of his dead child. His sleep is torn from him. The stars have said: 'Find him who knows the power of the star of the north, the star which lives between the horns of Klishtso, the great snake'."

Na Nai's mood changed to exaltation. His eyes closed for a moment and his lips moved without uttering audible words. Finally he answered: "It is enough. I go." Dressed in his old gray clothes, Na Nai rode in the wagon of the Star-Gazer to the hogan of Hasteen Tsosi.

"At any time have you looked upon a slain bear?" Na Nai asked the afflicted man as they sat together in the sunshine.

"No, grandfather, I have never looked upon a slain bear," replied Hasteen Tsosi.

"Think, my grandson. Perhaps it was your mother who saw a slain bear."

"That is true. My mother told me when I was a small child that before I was born she had looked upon a bear slain by lightning."

"It is as I thought. The bear has been offended. We shall sing his songs taught to Dsilyi Neyani when the Bear-gods showed him the first painting of the sacred plants. Then you will no longer dream of the dead. Your mind will be restored. You will feel light within."

This conversation was carried on as naively as if the words had never before been spoken. It was a traditional formula used in diagnosing a case. By this time, clan brothers of Hasteen Tsosi were building the House of



THE LANDSCAPE BLOSSOMED WITH WAGONS COVERED AND UNCOVERED



Song. The hills resounded with axe blows. Many an old pinyon fell to the ground to be barked and built into the sacred lodge. The green-bough kitchen was made for the family. With pots and pans, blankets and sheepskins, dogs and children, the wife of Hasteen Tsosi moved into this temporary home, ready to cook for family and friends.

In the clean lodge of hand-hewn logs sat the patient and the old medicine men awaiting the arrival of Na Nai. Hasteen Tsosi was garbed in his best clothes and jewelry. He watched a stalwart young Indian enter, bearing the medicine bundles. Then he saw Na Nai lift the blanket at the doorway, and move sunwise to sit on the ground in the west; to give a blessing for the House of Song.

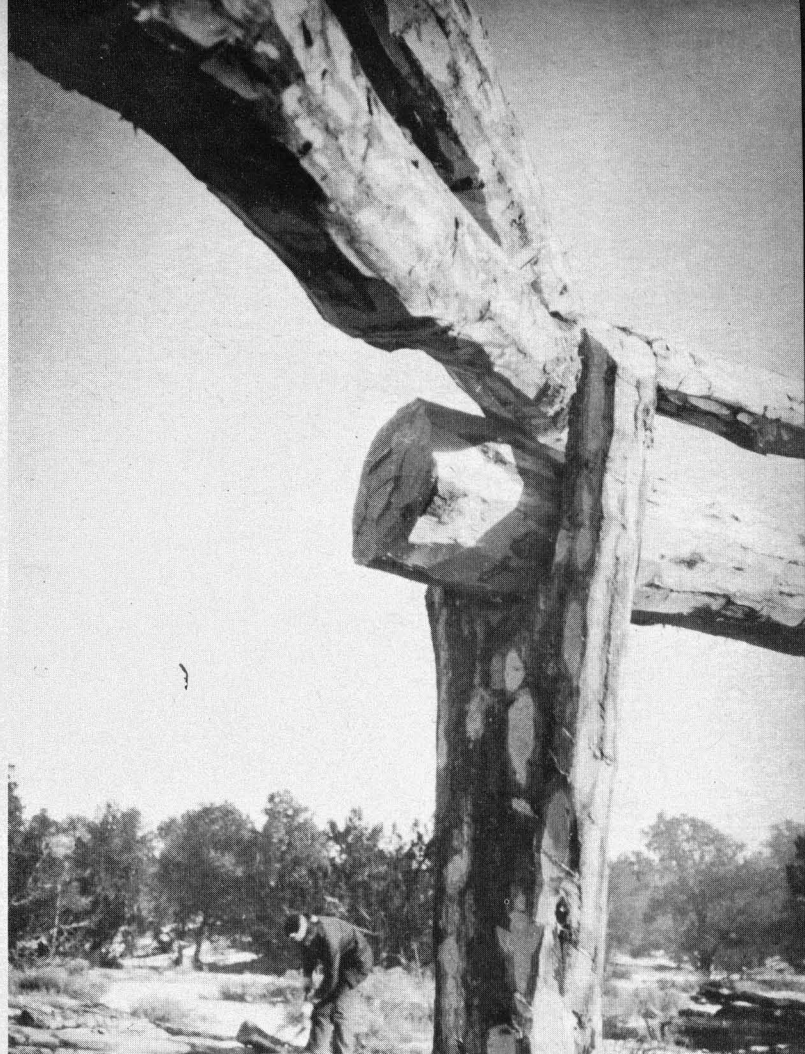
Four days of fasting, cleansing and chanting followed. Emetic was given to the patient and to any of his friends who wished to be treated. After the desired effect was produced, the piles of sand which held what was ejected were carried in sacks to be deposited outside far to the north. The men were naked, the women wore only their skirts. Out of the hot lodge they ran into the winter cold. Snow had fallen the night before. It rested in purity upon the ground and upon the boughs of pinyon. The participants ran to the north and back, their bronze bodies dark against the dazzling white.

On the sixth day the first sand painting was made. So accommodating had been Na Nai and his patient that our two cameramen were allowed to photograph every detail. Certain boards were removed around the smoke hole to allow sufficient light to enter. That was a busy time for all. Diligently I copied the weird figures of Navajo mythology, while the cameramen succeeded in making the first moving picture of a sand painting inside a medicine lodge. The sun shone for us. Was it because Na Nai had prayed for me on a certain cloudy morning, asking the sun to help his mother make the pictures?

On the ninth night — climax of the ceremony — an enormous fire burned in the center of a circular space enclosed with evergreen boughs. The circle, with its opening in the east, stood for the horns of Klishto, the great serpent who carries the stars upon his back. The fire symbolized the North Star. The night was stormy and threatening. Silence of 2000 Navajo onlookers waiting for old Na Nai proved that his fear of ridicule was baseless, when he had said: "The people will only see Na Nai, the singer without feet . . ."

The silence enfolding the Navajos made them one. The great fire leaped to black depths above as Na Nai came through the eastern opening of the dark circle of branches, a little gray figure with white hair, oblivious of physical defects, thinking only of the holy office he must fulfill to complete the healing of Hasteen Tsosi. Silence of 2000 tribesmen transcended any ovation a white audience could give to a beloved performer. Here was the power of sincerity, of simplicity and of faith.

After various entertainments prepared for the evening show came the fire dance, the spectacular event of the nine-day ceremony. The tall trees piled conically in the center of the dark circle had been burning fiercely all evening. The firelight shone on the assembled tribesmen awaiting the coming of the fire-dancers. Out of the east they came, 10 nude young men, their bodies painted white. In their hands they bore bundles of shredded juniper bark. They halted east of the fire—their sculptured bodies gleaming white in the light. They formed a line facing the fire, waving their bark toward it, taking mincing steps back and forth. Four times they moved sunwise around the blaze, dancing in the four directions. The leader lighted a faggot at the fire and touched it to the shredded bark. Wildly the white figures ran about the roaring flames. The



HAND-HEWN LOGS FOR THE HOUSE OF SONG. THESE PHOTOS WERE MADE IN 1928.

torches grew brighter and brighter. At times the burning brands were applied to the backs of those in front. Dancers threw themselves upon the ground wriggling as close to the fire as possible to relight their extinguished torches, daring with their naked bodies to do obeisance to the Star of the North, daring to greet the winds of the four quarters, daring to meet Cold Woman and her flock of snowbirds.

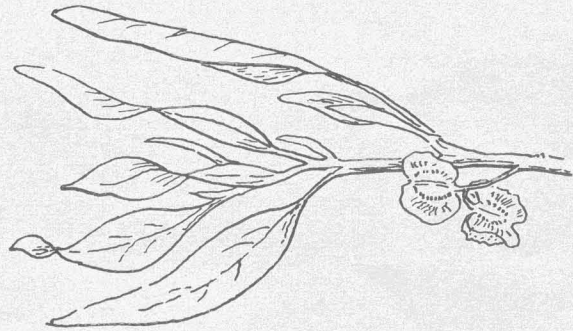
Toward the end of the festivities came the bear dance. It was not spectacular, but extremely significant in indicating that the ancestors of the Navajos had brought with them from the Far North a memory of bear festivals. The impersonator of the bear crawled on all fours. He was clad in bear skins, and was led by a man with a rattle. Twice he lumbered around the fire, occasionally lunging toward the spectators. Before the long night's ritual was finished, snow fell from the clouds. When dawn came, a white world stretched for miles—pure, serene, a promise of good to come from the earth. While the people packed their pots and pans to carry home, the small company of chanters in the west sang: "The curtain of daybreak is hanging, from the land of day it is hanging."

Inside the House of Song, Na Nai sat with his patient. He blessed him with pollen that he might go on his way assured of health, good dreams and peace. With closed eyes, impassive, calm and content, the gray-haired shaman chanted, his lips barely moving. As he proceeded he lost consciousness of his surroundings. Far spread the bright land of his dreams. The trail of his mind led him back to the Old Age River, that flowing water where dwell the beneficent gods of his people.

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Next installment: "The Big Snow"

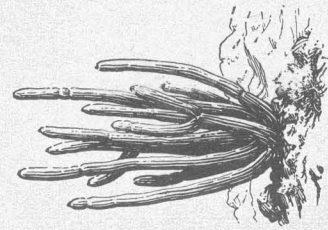




**Hopbush** (Dodonea): Gather seeds in Sonoran or Arizona foothills, and plant in containers or open soil following spring. Water deeply about every month until plants are well established; thereafter every two months if rapid growth is desired.



**Sagebrush** (Artemisia): Small young plants are not difficult to find on high deserts. Water monthly first year; afterwards every three months. Seeds very small and may be gathered in autumn. Plant in sandy loam.



**Cacti:** Best propagated by means of cuttings taken in late spring. Cuttings should be laid out in sun until the wound is healed, then planted in deep pits filled with sand, gravel and ordinary soil. Water only occasionally, which is absolutely necessary to ensure good drainage. Propagation by seeds is a slow method.

**Creosote Bush** (Larrea): Propagation by seeds. Gather fuzzy-coated fruits in mid- or late summer. Keep seeds until following summer. Plant about one-inch deep in loose soil. Soak well at time of planting and once or twice again as young plants appear. No care required after this.



DESERT NATURALIST EDMUND C. JAEGER'S

# "Don't-Bother-Me" Garden

**S** EVEN YEARS ago when I built my new home in Riverside, Calif., I decided not to landscape the grounds with ordinary lawns and nursery-purchased shrubs; but to raise a desert garden in which I could experiment with arid-land plants and note their responses to more humid conditions. This small botanic garden, which has attracted many visitors. I call my "Don't

Bother-Me" Garden. It is a considerable rascality exhibited among them as one would claim rights over a blossom upon which another was feeding. At night a pair of screech owls used the horizontal flower-arms as perches, and it was amusing to watch them silhouetted against the sky, carrying on their peculiar and ludicrous "conjugal conversations."

Next to the Agaves stands a deep-



**Bladderpod** (Isomeris): Gather seeds from mature pods in late spring and summer. Plant the following spring. Needs water for several months until well established. Occasional deep watering will keep plants blooming all summer.

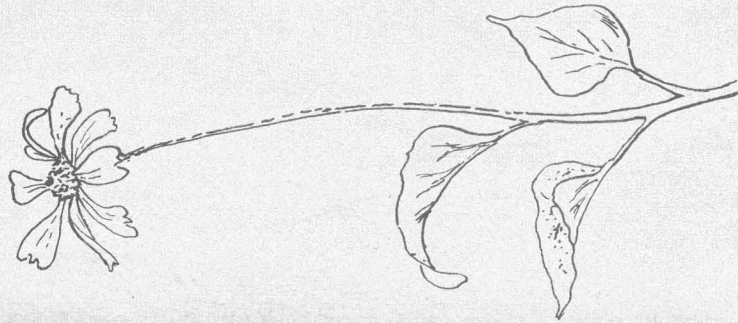
Bother Me Garden," for it seems to do almost equally well whether neglected or pampered. The garden is largely given over to native American desert plants, although a few from arid parts of Israel and South Africa are included.

I have more Agaves than any other kind of plants. Some are from southern Mexico, but most are California, Arizona and middle and northern Baja

California natives. I have 10 different kinds of Century Plants in one corner of my lot—from exceedingly small ones with two-inch fleshy tongue-like leaves, to enormous individuals with swordlike leaves six-feet long! The oldest plantings are seven years old, and from now on I expect to get blossoms from one or more of them every year. One massive Agave that bloomed last year sent up a flower stalk 42-feet high—a real giant. Next to it is another kind of Agave with narrower leaves, which rewarded me with a 30-foot flower scape; and to my amazement, instead of producing seeds, it grew bulbils much like onion sets, but with several numerous small leaves at the top. Falling to the ground, they will soon take root. I have young of another Agave type that after producing myriads of extra ordinarly fine deep-yellow flowers, will have both seeds and bulbils on the same tall stalk.

One of the most handsome fleshy-leaved Century Plants in my garden originated as an offshoot from Dr. Wellwood Murray's hotel garden in Palm Springs. I eagerly await its time of flowering. It is one of the plants that the United States Department of Agriculture sent to him 80 years ago.

This summer when my giant-scaped Agaves were in full flower, they attracted bees and hummingbirds from near and far. On several occasions we counted as many as 23 birds circling and buzzing about while getting nectar. Such concentrations of hummers were usually seen in mid-morning, but there were always a few birds feeding from early dawn to almost dark. There was con-



**Brittlebush** (Encelia): Gather seeds in late spring and plant during following early spring. Once established need no further care or watering. Mature plants stand severe cutting back in autumn. This insures abundant new foliage in winter and spring, and better flowering.

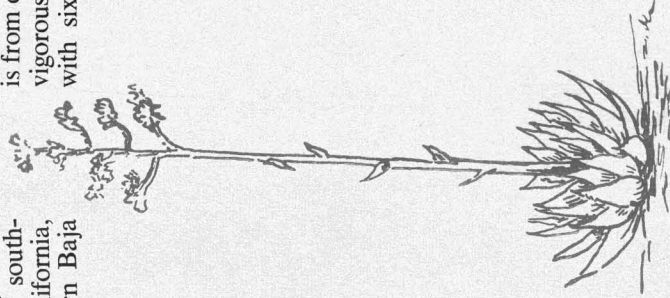
green broad-leaved Yucca, native of the arid part of the Argentine. It is amazing how this plant retains its below-the-equator habit of blooming in the Southern Hemisphere springtime (our autumn), as well as in our spring. This plant clings to its old ways while adopting new ones. The only water it receives is from our winter rains, but it has grown vigorously and is at least six-feet tall, with six branches and a corresponding number of showy flower plumes each flowering season.

The real pride of my garden is a Creosote Bush whose fabulously quick growth has been a source of wonderment to my garden visitors. It all began when Dr. John Roos gave me some Larrea seeds he had gathered six years previously. He was doubtful that they were still viable, but I planted three of them on a hot July day and gave them a good soaking. It was only a matter of days before two of the seeds had pushed baby leaves through the soil. After the first summer, the plants were several inches tall; today — five years later — I have a twin-plant clump of Creosote Bushes fully seven-feet high and eight feet across! To have attained a similar size under normal Mojave Desert conditions surely would have required a 15 or 20 year struggle. This plant's distinctive odor, —so reminiscent of the desert, permeates the atmosphere for many feet around, especially during early morning and evening hours, or at any time when it rains. It is a vigorous flowerer in summer, and sets fruits well.

I keep bringing in and planting seeds of new plants, so my garden is by no means static. A new Agave or strange Salvia from Sonora, a Desert Willow with especially deep-pink large-lipped flowers, a Little-Leaf Paloverde from Arizona—all to get a trial. Most of my plants are perennials, but I reserve a small plot for annuals, particularly for colorful good-looking Mexican Tegetes (pronounced *tee-gee-teez*) (we know them as marigolds) and other late-bloom-

*continued on page 34*

**Century Plants** (Agave): More easily propagated by use of bulbils and offshoots. Only seeds may be brought in from Mexico where desirable species are most abundant. Offshoots of Arizonan, New Mexican and Californian species easily obtained. Offshoots can be planted any time of the year, but summer months are best. Plant seeds in pits containing sandy loam in places where mature plants are desired. Be sure to space widely. Seeds are mature and may be gathered when pods ripen in late summer, autumn and winter. No special care needed for young or growing plants. Water several times a year for rapid growth. Only the leathery-leaved species withstand frost well.

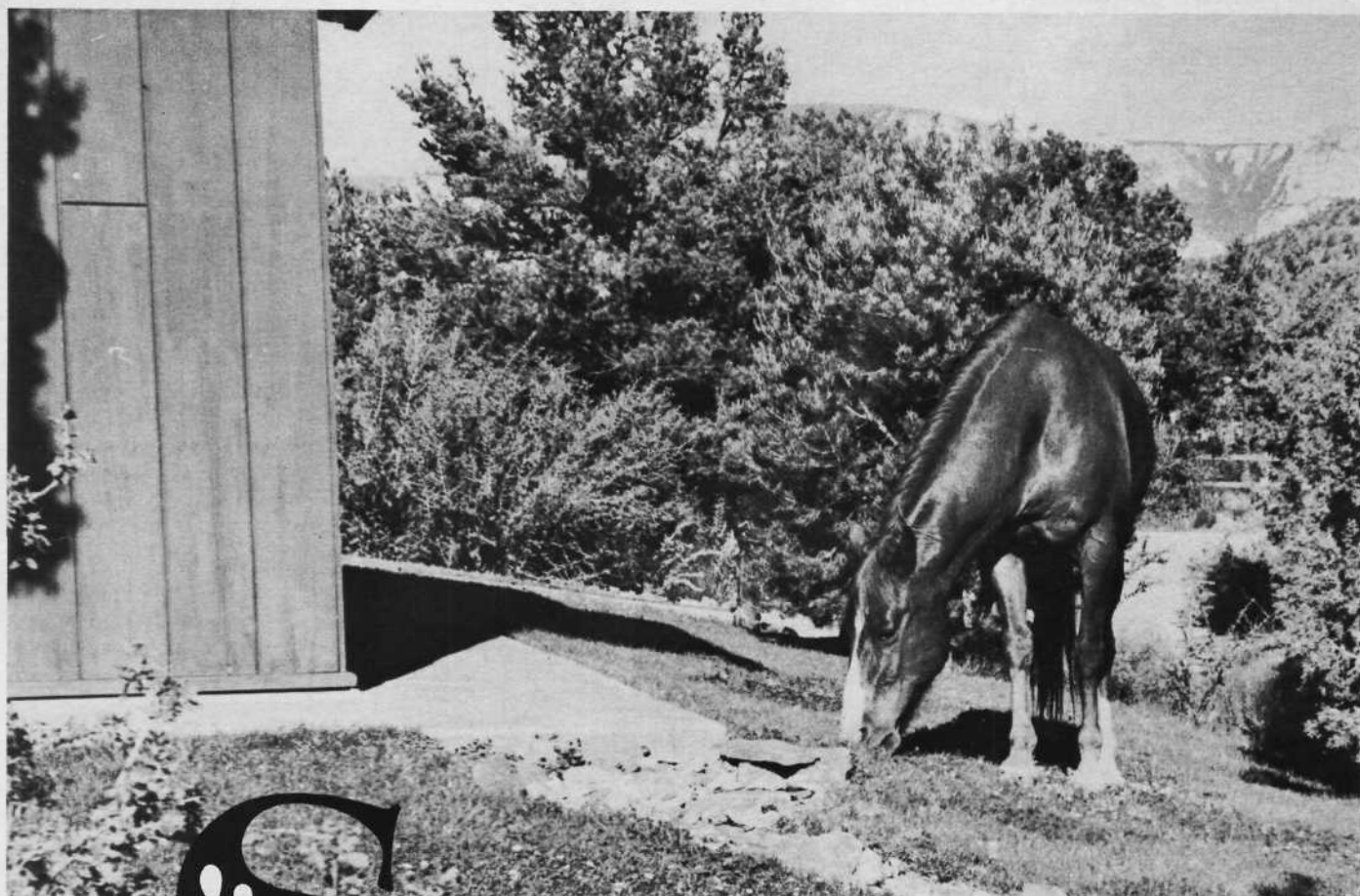


**White Sage** (Salvia apiana): Propagate by seeds gathered in early summer, or by means of young plants taken in early spring. Needs some watering during summer, but not often.

**Black Sage** (Salvia melifera): Directions same as for White Sage.



**Marigold** (Tegetes and related genera): Seeds of many beautiful kinds can be obtained in November and December while traveling in Mexico along the Christopher Columbus Highway on the Central Plateau desert. Plant the following July or August. Water well once a week. Flowers bloom profusely in October and November.



ALAS! THE TREASURED GRASS PATCH!

# *S*tars in their eyes...

**M**ANY EXCITING words have been written about the red rock country of the pinyon-juniper woodland in our Southwest. Easterners looking for a pleasant place to settle have flocked to this area.

Those who have been propagandized ahead to time arrive with stars in their eyes. They have been told that this is a fabulous region; but they failed to take the information with a grain of salt. They expect to find

breath-taking scenery, serenity beyond anything they have ever known and a "near-perfect climate for year 'round living."

Beauty is here—desert growth, hills covered with evergreens and, for a background, "... the red cliffs rise against the azure of the skies ..."

Beauty is always here regardless of the season or weather. During the time of scant rainfall, graygreen grasses and cacti punctuate the red soil. Scrub oak, yucca and the century plant add interest to the landscape.

When there is ample moisture, wild-flowers are spread like carpets—violet filaree, yellow puncturevine, velvety purple owlclover. There are many common desert flowers—some blooming annually, others waiting for a more favorable year.

Peace and quiet to match the vastness of the land are here. Sometimes the only sound is the call of the quail

**Is the spacious West an unshakable dream in the star-filled eyes of most Easterners?**

by day, and the yapping of coyotes at night. Yet no one seems to miss the whistle of a train.

Is there diversion? Yes. One does not have to be a fisherman, hunter, rockhound or photographer to find pastime aplenty. Nor does one have to be on the go to find excitement. It is no further away than the doorstep. Often it is a bevy of birds at the bird bath, or a covey of quail passing by. It could be a coyote trotting up a hill on a frosty morning. Or perhaps a gawky roadrunner, which keeps alive one's sense of the comic.

But what about the near-perfect climate for year 'round living? When

## *By Faun Sigler*

The author is a Hoosier by birth. After many years of teaching in Indiana, she retired to the Southwest, and lives amongst the red rocks of Sedona, Arizona. "Mine has been an 'on again, off again' writing career mostly devoted to light verse and short stories," writes Mrs. Sigler. "My first effort appeared in the 'Country Gentleman' in 1932."



snow stays on for two weeks and icicles hang from the eaves day after day, it is time to wonder. In summer the thunderstorm strikes terror to the faint heart. The gully-washer swirls a clean path, and the flash flood comes without warning.

But try growing a little grass, some rosebushes or a few extra trees, and it soon becomes evident how dry the soil really is most of the time. The schedule is: water the grass and trees, pull weeds (they flourish in spite of the lack of moisture), water the grass and trees, pull more weeds, look for gopher holes, and water the grass and trees.

And what of dust? If it isn't coming in on high winds from a neighboring state, plenty is rising from winding country roads. But, there is a certain charm about a country road even when it is fogging with dust or ankle-deep in mud. Without dust there would be no enchanting dust devils—those "whirlwind maidens gowned in sand-chiffon."

Insects? Page the entomologist! There must be every kind of insect that has been described, and many kinds that have yet to be described. Surely all the ants in the world do their vacationing in these parts.

A thing of beauty is not always a joy forever. There can be keen disappointment when a newcomer is told that some of the loveliest of the desert shrubs must not be allowed to get a foothold on his land. If catsclaw has encroached, it must be grubbed out; tumbleweeds cut down; and the native junipers freed from the parasitic witches' broom.

The gardeners are divided into two groups. Some work hard to give their premises a landscaped look; the remainder think that nature is the best gardener, and they let her have a free hand. Left alone, she achieves a casual look which the formal gardeners call "wilderness."

This is a land of wide-open spaces and wide-open range. Livestock wander at will, feed on the treasured grass patches and trample down the flower beds. But who can complain when the only threat to privacy is a bovine peering in the window?

This beautiful region attracts many tourists. Tourist-bait shops open—and close. Hopeful proprietors plunge in, not realizing that there must be a limit to the number of gift shops any one area can tolerate. Perhaps they do not know that some tourists have only enough money to get from here to there, with nothing extra to spend for Indian pottery or cactus candy. Eat-

ing places fare somewhat better. Tourists may not buy gimcracks or picture post cards, but they must eat.

There is much to be learned, and some things are learned the hard way. The curious person puts a finger in the smooth-looking depression at the top of the fruit of a pricklypear just once. He never grasps the lacy branches of a catsclaw the second time. He learns to get rid of anything that resembles a scorpion.

But very few people, having lived here even for a short time, will criticize those who refuse to acknowledge any of the faults of this area. For every unappreciative resident or visitor

who might complain about the heat, the dust or lack of rainfall, there are hundreds of loyal souls who will minimize these flaws in this jewel of a land.

Such an attitude on the part of old-timers and a majority of newcomers brings to mind the following cinquain:

*Forget  
where you once lived;  
where life seemed full of bliss.  
How could it have been anything  
like this?*

More and more they see only the beauty and grandeur of their surroundings. They still have stars in their eyes. ///

## Pressing Flowers With Sand

Nora Mae Mahoney of Morongo uses the desert sands to preserve the beauty in her garden By PATRICIA BOOTH CONRADI

IT WAS during one of our weekend trips to our desert home in Morongo Valley, California, that we met Mrs. Nora Mae Mahoney. The beautiful flowers in her garden drew us off the road. White lattice-

work to wait for a rare night-blooming cactus to achieve its moment of flowering perfection. Once picked, the flower is dried of surface moisture and immediately processed in sand.



NORA MAE MAHONEY GENTLY POURS SAND OVER A CLUSTER OF BLOSSOMS

work, heavy with blossoms, framed the patio of her attractive home, and in the backyard—with the desert mountains as background—was her cactus garden.

Blooming seasons mean nothing to this charming desert dweller, for she has perfected a means of permanently preserving the natural beauty of her flowers by "pressing" them in silica sand.

First step is to pick a flower when it is at peak of bloom. Mrs. Mahoney has sat up more than one

Each bloom goes into a separate container, propped in an inch or so of clean dry silica sand. Care is taken to see that the petals are arranged in their natural shape. Then—ever so gently—Mrs. Mahoney sprinkles sand over the petals by hand. Each petal must be kept apart from its neighbor, and there can be no air pockets under or atop them.

This operation completed, the flower is set aside to dry. The thickness of the petals is one of the determining factors in how long it will take for the flower to dry. Otherwise, length of drying time varies from place to place and Mrs. Mahoney recommends that every new hobbyist experiment with this phase.

To uncover the flower, once it has had time to dry, the gentle sand sprinkling procedure is reversed. Then comes the rewarding moment when the flower reappears in all its fixed beauty.

In Mrs. Mahoney's living room are bright desert bouquets that belong to every month of the year. There's no talk here of a certain flower blooming in May or of another blooming in September. ///

# What goes into a masterpiece?

*Time? Talent? Truth? Technique? Temperament? Tenacity?*

*Patience? Perception? Passion? . . .*

Yes . . . all of this, and *more* . . .

We at Desert Magazine are proud of a remarkable book we recently published that has won the good opinion of reviewers and early purchasers. This new book, titled "PAINTERS OF THE DESERT," combines the writing talents of Ed Ainsworth, the artistic talents of 13 desert artists whose works and lives he describes in this single volume, and the master craftsmanship of modern printing . . . *Prose, Paint and Printing* . . .

These artists are featured in "PAINTERS OF THE DESERT": Carl Eytel, Bill Bender, Conrad Buff, John W. Hilton, Paul Lauritz, Burt Procter, Orpha Klinker, Nicolai Fechin, Clyde Forsythe, Maynard Dixon, Jimmy Swinerton, Don Louis Perceval and R. Brownell McGrew.

"PAINTERS OF THE DESERT" contains 111 pages; 90 color and halftone illustrations; large format (9¾ x 13¼-inch page size); brilliant waterproof hard-back cover.

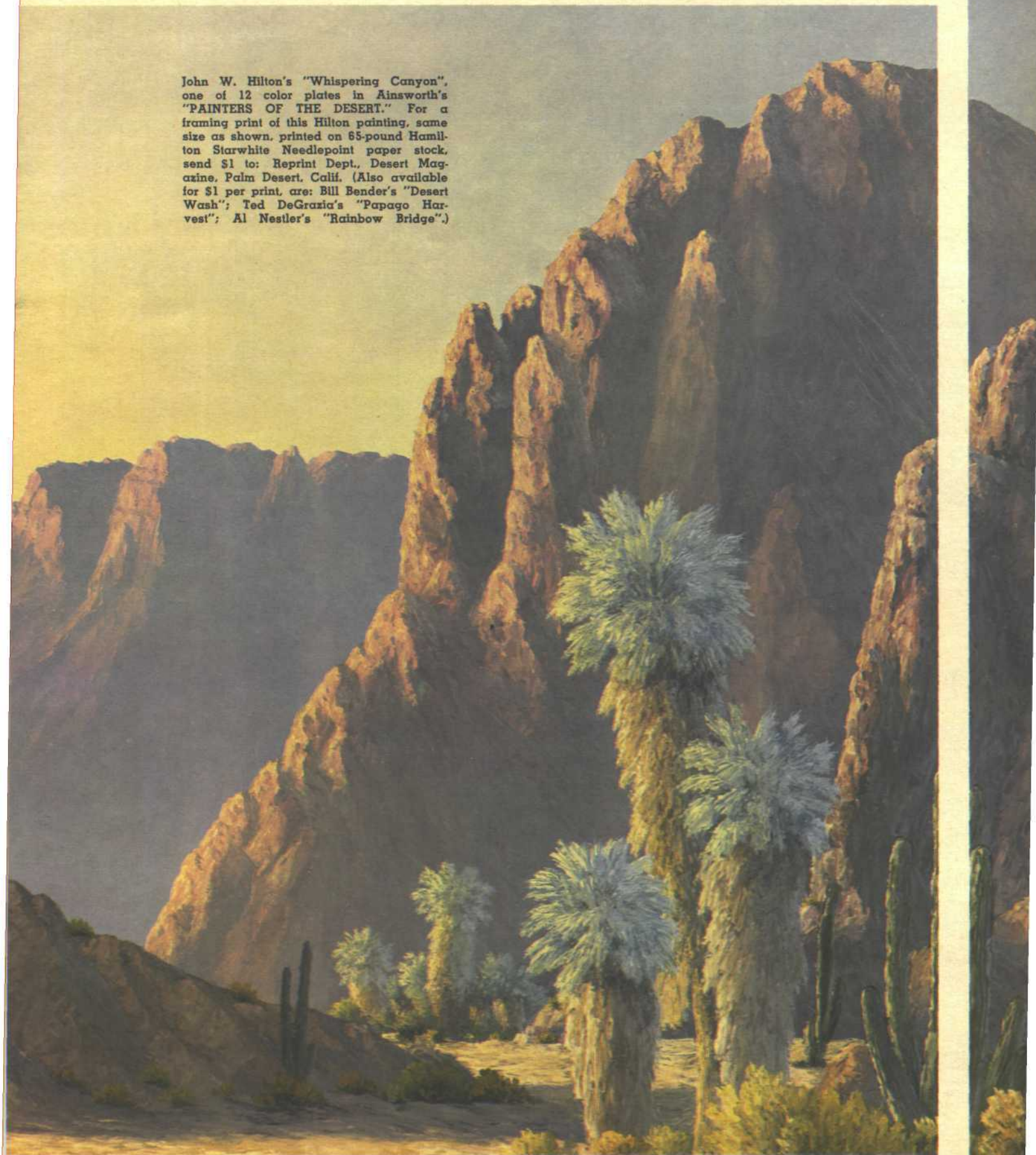
\$9.35 from Desert Magazine Book Store, Palm Desert, Calif.

Mail orders are welcomed. Please add 15c per book for postage and handling; California residents also add 4% sales tax.



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John W. Hilton's "Whispering Canyon", one of 12 color plates in Ainsworth's "PAINTERS OF THE DESERT." For a framing print of this Hilton painting, same size as shown, printed on 65-pound Hamilton Starwhite Needlepoint paper stock, send \$1 to: Reprint Dept., Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif. (Also available for \$1 per print, are: Bill Bender's "Desert Wash"; Ted DeGrazia's "Papago Harvest"; Al Nestler's "Rainbow Bridge".)





# From the Arabian Nights --To A Desert Sea



By LUCILE WEIGHT

Desert Magazine's California Travel Correspondent

LOOKING BETWEEN ROWS OF STATE PARK PICNIC RAMADAS TO THE OPEN SALTON SEA. AREA JUST RIGHT OF BOATS IS ROPED OFF FOR SWIMMERS.

**T**HIS IS A DOUBLE jackpot trip, with the two parts of it about as different as you are likely to find in the desert where man has left his mark. The two areas are 20 to 30 miles apart. Both have something for every member of the family. They are the Indio National Date Festival and the recreation areas of the Salton Sea.

Much of the magic attributed to oases of Arabia and North Africa is right here in the Colorado Desert of California. This fact is emphasized every February, for that is the month of the exotic Date Festival at Indio, this year February 17-26 inclusive, in connection with the Riverside County Fair.

There is nothing similar to it in the U. S. The setting alone, especially under the stars when the nightly Arabian Nights Pageant is given, brings a special enchantment. Gem of the fair buildings is the Taj Mahal completed for last year's festival at a cost of \$300,000, for lavish displays of dates and citrus.

A thrilling feature is the camel race, the riders in flowing Arabian costume. The national Arabian horse show, including riders in native costume, draws horse lovers from everywhere. And a huge gem and mineral exhibit brings thousands of rockhounds.

The abundant semi-tropical produce of this reclaimed desert is tantalizingly displayed to show samples of Coachella Valley's \$30 million crops. Heading the list in value are grapes, totaling close to \$7

million. Dates and date by-products are second with almost \$5 million. (You're likely to go home with recipes that will make you a confirmed 'date cook'.) Other multi-million dollar crops are carrots, tomatoes, cotton. Bringing in a million and more are grapefruit, tangerines, sweet corn, bell peppers.

Coachella Valley reached a high productivity by irrigation from artesian wells, but water brought 50 miles via Coachella Branch of the All-American Canal, from the Colorado River, has greatly accelerated development since the 1940s.

There is so much to see at the festival you should spend more than one day if possible. Many motels are in and around Indio. Folks with campers and trailers will find camp spots within a half-hour drive. As to weather, you'll find the daytime highs mostly in the 70s, with low commonly in the 40s.

\* \* \*

A phenomenon which many visitors cannot square with their ideas of the desert is the meeting of hundreds of cars pulling little boats and big boats—away from the ocean! Moreover, skis decorate many car tops. But this isn't strange at all to those who head away from Southern California cities every weekend possible, for boating, fishing, water skiing or simply relaxing on the sands of Salton Sea.

Whether you leave Indio via Highway 99, which takes you west of the Salton Sea, or State Highway 111, along the north-east shore, this 40-mile inland sea will be

a dominant feature of the landscape, and among dozens of spots around its shores you can find the perfect one for your personal vacation, whether it be a half-day or a month. Nearly all the development has come within the past few years, including the expanding Salton Sea State Park on the north shore. There are regattas, boat races, water skiing, fishing, duck hunting, camping and picnicking. Some motels and resorts have special entertainment much of the year, plus private beach and boat facilities.

First, let's take a quick run down 99 past Travertine Rock, see the amazing tract developments, and drop in on Helen Burns at Salton Sea Beach. Along the highway where a short time ago there was only sand, with occasional smoke trees and low desert shrubs, great pipes for water mains are being put in; mercury vapor lights mark entrances to housing developments; street lights, markets, gas stations and cafes interrupt the stretch of once silent desert. "Planned communities" in the making include Sundial, Marina Villas and Desert Shores at Salton City, Air Park Estates (with airport).

To reach Helen's place, turn left 4.2 miles beyond the Riverside-Imperial County line (at Travertine Point), at the Salton Sea Beach sign. Helen, no newcomer, is the daughter of a pioneer who owned Salton Sea Beach many years before current developments. Her fact-packed booklet, "Salton Sea Story," was published in 1952. More recently she founded the monthly



newspaper, "The Salton Seafarer," with development, community activities, personal news—address Rt. 2, Box 213-H, Thermal, Calif. Salton Sea Beach has a coffee shop, beach-campground-supplies, souvenirs, a motel, sportsman's harbor—even a public stenographer.

January and February are the "low" months for the Salton. This is when cold weather, if any, comes. And while most days are pleasant the water is pretty cold for sports and may be rough for boats. But most months, Helen has special events for her guests at The Beach House, such as Showboat, Phantom Ship (Halloween Party), Jingle Bell Ball and crowning of Holiday Belle, New Years Masquerade. On January 1 rugged guys and gals who ski to Desert Shores and return three times (18 miles) become members of the Ice-breaker Club. Population of this part of the Salton is indicated by the fact that 200 were registered voters in Salton Precinct last November.

Now let's go back up Hwy. 99 to Coachella where Hwy. 111 takes off southeast for the north shore resorts and the State Park. Or, just 10 miles back from Salton Beach junction, turn right on No. 195, which reaches 111 west of the railroad tracks at Mecca.

A short distance below Mecca we pass exotic-looking date gardens and lush fields between the highway and sea. The palms, citrus, grapes, pomegranates and truck garden, with the sparkling sea glimpsed beyond, are in startling contrast to intervening strips of seashore desert with salt-bushes, arrowweed, creosote and tamarisk. But in spring (and perhaps as early as February) these sands are colorful with verbena and other flowers. Occasional Ironwood, Catsclaw and Palo Verde are seen. There are a few date stands, a service station, then less than 10 miles from Mecca is the elaborate North Shore Beach development of last year, including a yacht club, a half-million dollar 48-room motel whose visitors may have full guest privileges at the club; a restaurant, and across the highway a residential development. The club sponsors beach luaus, barbecues, skiing and boating events, fishing derbies, moonlight steak rides and poolside steak fries. There is a concrete boat launching ramp plus docking, landing and service facilities.

A mile-and-a-half farther, after passing beach home developments, we turn in at Salton Sea State Park, 24 miles southeast of Indio and about 12 miles below Mecca. Here for minimum fees the entire family can have an enjoyable outing, in active sports or just lazing on the sands. You can swim in an area marked off from boats; you can sunbathe while watching seagulls wheel above you, or follow the changing pastels of the Orocopia and Chocolate Mountains; you can hike along a beach

pale pink with drifts of barnacle shells; your small fry can dabble in the water or indulge in sand architecture. At a ramada equipped with gas, water, table and benches, you can prepare a spread for those water skiers or fishermen. For just 50 cents per vehicle, you can have these parking and picnicking facilities for the day. There are 50 picnic sites, most of them with gas plates. There are modern restrooms and even an outdoor shower for bathers. If you came unequipped, you can buy soft drinks and light foods or rent beach equipment from the concessioner.

For campers there are 50 sites, \$1 per auto per night. If you want a more primitive camp, you may drive farther south to Mecca Beach, where there are no facilities now, but also no charge. The Park Commission expects to develop an additional 150 campsites in 1961. Camping is allowed up to 30 days in any one season.

South of the Park office is the boat basin. Boats and boat-trailer combinations cost an extra 50 cents per day, which includes parking, use of launching ramp and boat basin. Gas and other supplies are available and boats may be rented. Signal flags here will warn sportsmen when to head for shore, and a Ranger does boat patrol. The Park water supply comes from the nearby Coachella Canal and is filtered and chlorinated at the Park's plant across the highway.

There are a half-dozen favorite fishing spots around the sea: mouth of Whitewater River near Torres-Martinez Indian Reservation; near North Shore Beach where water drains from Coachella Canal; North Shore Yacht Basin; Hunters Point at Desert Beach; State Park boat basin; mouth of Salt Creek Wash; Imperial Salt Co. below Bombay Beach; also on the southwest in Salton City area. Gulf Croakers, first planted in 1950-51, are the most numerous. Orangemouth Corvina, also planted, are prized by sport fishermen. Desert Pupfish, native in the Gulf of California, also have been planted. Commercial fishing is no longer allowed, but once mullet were caught by net, and canned. Mullet migrated from the Gulf and are still found in the Salton, although reportedly hard to catch by hook and line.

The State Park comprises some 17,000 acres, almost half under water. Average depth of the Salton, by the way, is but 10 feet, though it is about 90 feet at the north end. The area is leased from U. S. Bureau of Reclamation and Imperial Irrigation District.

The IID, besides leasing 6900 acres to the State Park Commission, leases the following for duck hunting, game refuge and marinas: To State Fish and Game Commission, 3700 acres at southwest corner of Salton for duck hunting; Department of Interior, U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service, almost 5000 acres on south side as game refuge; Salton Community Services District, Salton City, shore frontage for marinas.

On the far south side can be seen some installations of the Sandia Corporation, a subsidiary of Western Electric which carried on tests for the Atomic Energy Commission. These closed down in 1960, but are on a standby basis.

Salton Sea State Park is one of our newest, and is still in a development stage. But the great popularity of the site is attested by the number of visitors. In 1959 there were 329,611, and this number was exceeded in 1960 in the first 10 months. April and May so far have drawn the biggest crowds, with August having the fewest. Water temperature varies from 54 in De-

cember to 96 in July, measured at a depth of 10 feet. The season for most pleasant temperatures is Oct. 1 to May 31. Park Supervisor Carl Whitefield and Assistant Supervisor Jack Sutton head a staff of 15 rangers, attendants and seasonal park aides, to add to your enjoyment and safety as a visitor. Mail address is Box 338, Mecca, Calif.

One last note: Visitors often bring along their dogs who enjoy the desert just as much as their masters. It's all right to take them into the Park if they are in the car or on a leash. But they cannot stay overnight. Except for Seeing-Eye dogs, they are not allowed on the grounds between 8 p.m. and 7 a.m.

The Palm Springs Golf Classic, with five country clubs participating, takes place February 1-5.

The 14th Annual Carrot Carnival at Holtville will be held Feb. 9-12. ///

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# ERLE STANLEY GARDNER HUNTING THE DESERT WHALE



GARDNER, SOUTH OF THE BORDER

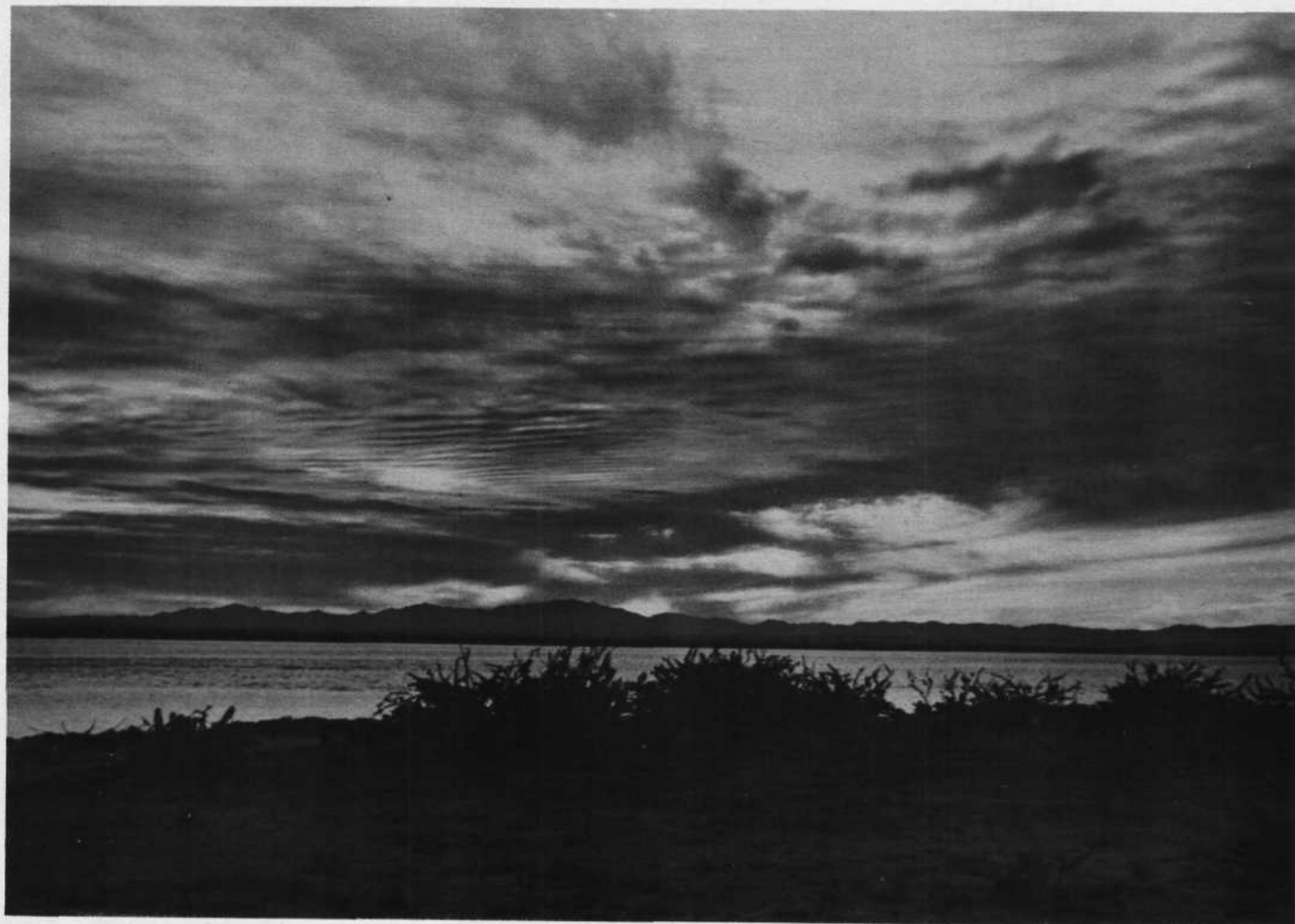
*... personal adventure in Baja California*

**This Month: PART I / THE HISTORY OF SCAMMON'S LAGOON**

April Desert Magazine: PART II / RUGGED ROADS, WHIMSICAL WHALES

May Desert Magazine: PART III / EXPLORING THE VIRGIN BEACH

© 1960 by Erle Stanley Gardner. These stories are taken from Gardner's recently published book, "Hunting the Desert Whale," published by Wm. Morrow & Co., New York



DAWN AT SCAMMON'S LAGOON



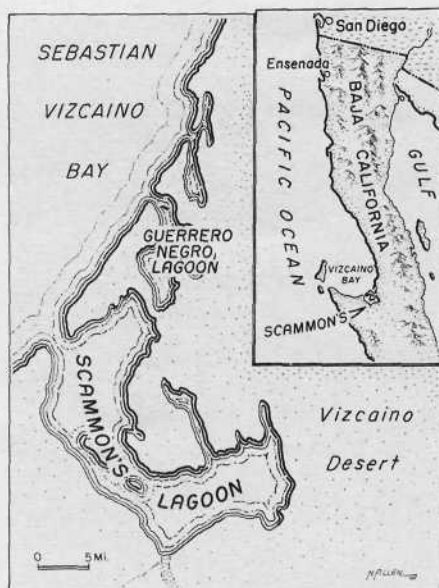
**T**HE STORY OF Scammon's Lagoon is completely fascinating, just as the story of Charles M. Scammon, the man after whom the lagoon was named, is a fascinating story of Yankee ingenuity, of the early days of whaling and of the shameful destruction of natural resources.

There is some conflict among the authorities as to just how Charles Scammon discovered his private hunting ground. In fact, when it comes to whale hunting, the authorities seem to be pretty generally in conflict.

One authority has it that Scammon befriended a Chinese sailor in Honolulu, that this Chinese had been exploring the coasts of the United States and Mexico in a Chinese junk and offered to guide Scammon to a veritable hunting paradise in return for Scammon's kindness.

The other account is that Scammon, using the remarkable powers of observation which he undoubtedly had, obtained clues pointing to the fact that somewhere along the west coast of Baja California there was a place where whales congregated. However, so cunningly is the entrance to Scammon's Lagoon concealed that, despite the fact he was searching for such an entrance, he sailed by it without seeing it.

An alert look-out, however, at the top of the mast, taking his attention from the ocean and looking toward long, low sand hills, looked through a little valley in the sand hills and saw



several whales spouting, apparently from dry land.

Quite obviously whales do not spout on dry land. Despite the fact the look-out felt he was looking over miles of arid desert and low, rolling sand hills back of an unbroken line of surf, the unmistakable fact was that once attention was directed toward dry land there were plainly visible the spouts of numerous whales appearing over the low land hills—proof positive that there must a lagoon.

Scammon had a large vessel and a smaller vessel. He anchored the larger vessel, lowered two whale boats, and sent the whale boats and the smaller vessel looking for a channel into the lagoon. It took them two days and two nights before the whale boats were able to return with the statement that a channel had been located and the cutter was already in the lagoon.

One marvels at the fortitude of these men who took to the oars and spent two days and two nights in open boats exploring an unknown, dangerous coast line. And after one has realized how tricky the channel to Scammon's Lagoon really is; how necessary it is to get inside the surf line and then come on back inside a tricky bar and parallel the surf-washed shore of an island, one wonders that the men were able to find this channel at all.

But the men did find it, and after some maneuvering Scammon got his big boat into the lagoon and they were ready to start whaling.

They took two whales without in-

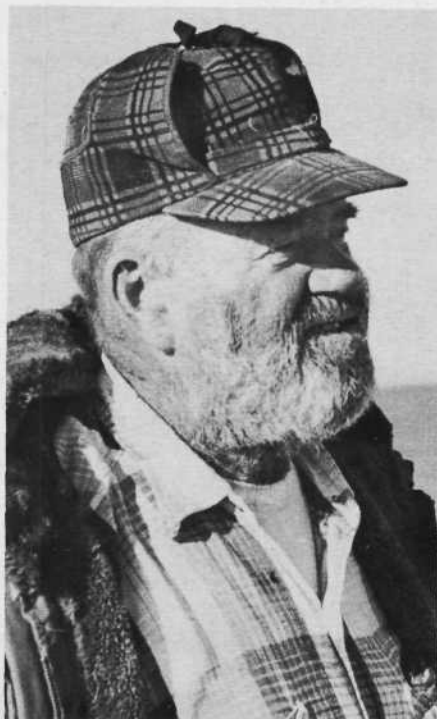


SAM HICKS

### THE WHALE HUNTERS



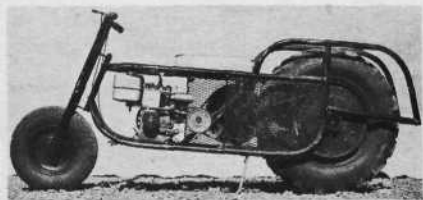
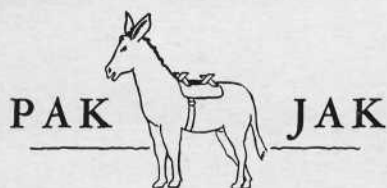
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FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE COUNTRY

cident but the next day when they went whaling it was a different situation. The whales seemed to know exactly what was wanted and avoided the boats wherever possible but, when crowded, promptly turned and attacked. And the whales were so agile, so vicious and so powerful that they were christened "the devil fish."

The terminology of whaling is simple, direct, and to the point. For instance, the "Right" whale was so christened simply because the whalers felt he was the right whale to harpoon when there was any choice in the matter. And now the gray whale became known as the devil fish.

After the first few encounters, most of Scammon's men simply refused to man the boats; and when Scammon did get a volunteer crew, the first whale which came toward the boat found every one of the men jumping overboard and leaving the boat unmanned.

The word had got around and the whales were fighting back.

For two days Scammon's crew did no whaling at all, simply trying to ascertain how they could work out a new technique by which these whales could be captured. They were in a veritable whaler's paradise, with whales blowing all around them, but almost half the crew was injured, their boats had been stowed up and the whales, seeming to know exactly what the foe was there for, were ready to attack a boat whenever it showed up within range, so to speak.

The carpenters worked long hours getting the broken boats repaired so that they would be sea-worthy.

At length a new scheme was pro-

posed: The boats would anchor in shallow water by the edge of a channel. The whales could not get at them in the shallow water but, as whales came drifting past in the deep channel, one of the guns would fire a "bomb-lance" into the whale, hoping to reach a vital point.

The seasoned whalers felt that this would not work but they couldn't think of anything else that would work so they tried it.

The day they put this plan into execution they fired bomb-lances into three whales. These bomb-lances were ingenious devices, intended to explode after they had penetrated the whale's vitals.

Three whales were killed; two of them sank to the bottom but the crew managed to get a line on the third whale and towed him to the boat. Later on that day the other two bombed whales came to the surface and were found drifting with the tide. Lines were promptly attached to them, they were towed to the ship, and Scammon was in business.

Within record time Scammon filled his boat and exhausted his supply of bomb-lances. Getting the loaded boat back out of the bar, however, was a problem. It was more than twelve days before they found conditions of wind and tide which enabled them to take a chance with the heavily loaded boats; and even then they left a trail of sand behind them as they dragged their keels across the bar.

One of the authorities has it that the Scammon boats were part of the whaling fleet out of New Bedford and that they returned to New Bedford. But, judging from the writings of



Scammon himself, it would seem that he was working out of San Francisco.

In any event, when the Scammon boats came in loaded to capacity with whale oil and whalebone, there was a lot of speculation.

Scammon had agreed to keep his crew working on shares, and swore each one to secrecy. So there was no word of Scammon's Lagoon or the new whaling discovery. The feeling was that Scammon had simply been lucky.

In those days the whalers went out and stayed out until they filled their boats. Many of the expeditions lasted for four or five years, with the boats cruising from the Arctic to the Antarctic. So naturally the fact that Scammon was back with a full boat within a matter of weeks was cause for speculation.

Scammon apparently made another trip to his lagoon without arousing any comment. But when he again returned within a few weeks with his boats loaded to capacity, the competitive whalers became suspicious, and when Scammon started on his next trip a whole fleet of whalers was following along, determined to find Scammon's secret whale-hunting grounds.

Scammon would keep in sight of the fleet during the daylight hours, then at night would double and twist and turn and be out of sight by daylight. But the fleet would scatter and inevitably some of the look-outs would pick up Scammon's sail and again the chase would be on.

Eventually, however, Scammon dodged the fleet and once more entered his secret lagoon and started operations.

The baffled hunters cruised everywhere trying to find where Scammon had disappeared.

In the end it was the wind which betrayed Scammon's location.

A look-out on one of the whaling ships which had been cruising off Cedros Island noticed the telltale taint of whale blubber trying out, and reported to the captain, who promptly turned the ship into the wind and started following the scent which of course kept growing stronger until, to his amazement, the captain beheld the spars of Scammon's ship apparently moored in the middle of a sandy desert; and surrounded by the spouts of whales.

The low sand hills completely masked the lagoon but the spouts of whales some ten or fifteen feet high (and even reaching to twenty feet under proper atmospheric conditions) which



GANDARA FINDS A WHALE BONE

had disclosed the lagoon to Scammon, plus the telltale spars of Scammon's ship, betrayed the location to the captain of the other vessel.

But locating Scammon's Lagoon and locating the channel were two different things.

Scammon himself has written that on his next trip while there were some forty vessels standing by outside the surf, only eight of them managed to get into the lagoon.

However, the secret was no longer a secret and these hardy seafaring men soon learned the channel, and the whaling fleet moved into Scammon's Lagoon. Then began such a massacre of whales as baffles description.

Reading the accounts of the hardened whalers of those days it appears that they themselves were indescribably shocked by the slaughter, carried on amidst scenes of confusion and violence, with the desperate whales attacking the whalers, with harpoons and bomb-lances flying, and boats so thick that at times lines were crossed and boats being towed by frenzied harpooned whales crashed into each other.

For a few years this slaughter continued and then suddenly the gray whales vanished. It was thought they were all extinct.

Actually, however, the whales had used their intelligence and, apparently as the result of deliberate strategy, had changed their annual migration from California to Korea.

It is now very difficult to get access to a copy of the book Charles M. Scammon wrote in 1875, entitled *The American Whale Fishery*, but anyone who is able to find this book and read it will get quite a knowledge of whales

and will be filled with admiration for the two-fisted, iron-nerved men of the whaling industry.

The slaughter of whales had been so great that when they disappeared

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THE PHOTOGRAPHIC OPPORTUNITIES IN BAJA CALIFORNIA ARE MANY

scientific writers claimed the gray whale was all but extinct and within a few years would have gone the way of the buffalo. However, as so frequently happens, the prophets failed to take into consideration certain other factors which were destined to exert a great influence. The development of the petroleum industry, the stride of science in connection with refining lubricants, soon literally put the whaling industry on the greased skids, and it was the whaler who became all but extinct. Now the activities of the remaining whalers are so regulated by international agreements that the whales stand better than an even chance of replenishing their numbers.

Following the slaughter of the gray whales in Scammon's Lagoon and the withdrawal of the whalers themselves under economic pressure, the lagoon lay for many years a virtually unknown body of water, slumbering peacefully in the sunlight.

A few miles north of Scammon's Lagoon lies the Guerrero Negro ("Black Warrior") Lagoon. Here is located a modern salt works. This is not a mining operation, as one might at first think. The huge salt pans which have been formed over a period of millions of years by the evaporation of sea water are used merely as a level foundation on which to impound new sea water and harvest this new salt.

Strange as it may seem, the activities of this company result in increasing the deposits on the salt pans, rather than decreasing it. Yet, by the use of scientific equipment and modern machinery, they annually harvest thousands of tons of new salt recovered from the ocean.

As the enterprise prospered it grew in magnitude until now there is quite a settlement at the salt works in Guerrero Negro. A road was constructed across the dry salt pans to the head of Scammon's Lagoon where there is a tide gauging station. This road is just about the only way by which wheeled vehicles can get to the borders of the lagoon. It was our intention to launch our boats from the trailers directly into the waters of the lagoon;

then to transport our equipment to an island in the middle of the lagoon and there make camp, hauling our drinking water and our gasoline in cans from the mainland to camp.

It is thus seen that the shores of Scammon's Lagoon, dotted here and there with the wrecks of whaling vessels which came to grief, have been through several periods of transition and within the last few years have even heard the whirring of the blades of a helicopter.

And it is now becoming apparent that "word has gotten around" among the whales that they are once more an object of interest. This makes the whales nervous. They can't understand this sudden renewed interest on the part of man, or the peculiar machines which hover high in the air.

Some of the whales will remain relatively calm in the presence of a helicopter. Some will "sound" at the first intimation an object in the air is taking an interest in them. In fact, I have even seen whales sound, apparently in fright, when flying over them in a plane at an elevation of at least five thousand feet.

So far as we knew, no other persons had ever invaded the waters of the lagoon with two strong metal boats, each equipped with twin outboard motors capable of making great speed.

This method of whale hunting had advantages, although it also had very



A BABY WHALE CIRCLES THE BOAT



great disadvantages. But it offered adventure and the thrill of the unknown; and, very frankly, we wanted to find out just what would happen.

I don't want to set myself up as an authority on whales. There are altogether too many authorities on whales and they have too many different and completely contradictory ideas.

The full grown gray whale runs from thirty-five to perhaps forty-five feet in length. He is big and powerful and once the early whalers started hunting him he became one of the most vicious and agile of adversaries.

Yet today the turtle fishermen, who sometimes venture into the lagoon, will scoff at the idea the gray whale is dangerous. They say he never attacks a turtle boat.

Now, this brings us to the intelligence of the gray whale and to the question of whether or not whales can communicate.

The answer is they are intelligent and they probably can, and do, communicate.

Experience has proven this: If you go to Scammon's Lagoon to hunt turtles and confine your activities to turtle hunting, the gray whales you will encounter while there will in all probability be neighborly and give you no trouble.

If, on the other hand, you go there for the purpose of hunting whales—whether it be with harpoon or camera—after you have been there a couple of days and “word gets around” among the whales what you are doing, you had better watch out.

Now, don't laugh at this idea of word getting around among the whales. I don't know how these animals communicate but they certainly have some way of exchanging basic ideas. It is now pretty well established that the porpoise (which is first cousin to the gray whale) has a fairly complete language. Underwater sounds have been tape-recorded which show the porpoise is a remarkably intelligent animal, with a means of communication and methods of orientation which are completely mystifying to human observers and far in advance of anything man has devised, even with all of his progress in the field of electronics.

In short, the porpoise, blindfolded and placed in a tank of water, surrounded by movable obstacles, can in some way find a three-inch button no matter where it is placed in the tank and, at a command, will swim to it and press that button.

Donald Douglas, the famous air-

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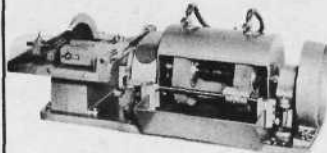


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plane manufacturer who makes so many planes that bear his name, went down there two or three years ago with Dr. Paul Dudley White. Their idea was to get the heartbeat of a whale and record it on a cardiograph.

When they first arrived the whales were placid and docile. Donald Douglas, standing in the bow of the boat, moved up on a whale which was basking on the surface and jabbed him with an oar. The whale gave a convulsive shudder and submerged so abruptly that the occupants of the boat were splashed with water.

“Nothing to it!” Douglas gleefully assured Dr. Paul Dudley White. “We’ll just take little darts with wires fastened to them and put them in the whales by hand.”

They didn't get that close to any more whales. On the other hand, the whales got close to them. After they had been in the lagoon long enough for the word to get around that they were hunting whales, the whales decided to turn the tables.

A whale came charging up to the boat, smashed the rudder to smithereens, knocked off the propeller and bent the drive shaft at a forty-five degree angle—all with one blow of his tail. Then he swam away a little distance, turned around, looked at what he had done, took a deep breath and charged, smashing in the side of the boat.

If it hadn't been for executive ability of a high order and a perfectly co-ordinated effort, those men would have been plunged into shark-infested waters. But as it was, they worked with speed and efficiency. They stripped off life preservers, stuffed them into the hole, took a piece of canvas, wrapped it around the outside of the boat, signaled for help and, by frantic baling, were able to keep afloat until a rescue boat, which had been standing by just in case there should be any trouble, was able to come and tow them into shallow water.

Since Scammon's Lagoon is pretty well populated with large, hungry sharks, one can realize just what a situation of this sort could mean.

Back in 1949, Lewis Wayne Walker writing in the magazine, *Natural History*, told of a trip to lagoons where the turtle fishermen on being advised of printed reports from the old-time whalers that the gray whale was a vicious killer, ridiculed the idea. These turtle fishermen said they had spent their lives on the water and daily saw many whales, and the whales were not at all dangerous.

A few days later, however, after the expedition had started hunting whales

with cameras, the "word got around" among the whales and the situation changed abruptly.

These same turtle hunters, who had scoffed at the idea the whales could ever become hostile, came paddling to shore in a panic with a whale in hot pursuit.

The whale had charged them, had actually rammed their boat, but because it was a small, light boat high out of the water and because he hit the stern, he hadn't smashed it but had only given it a terrific shove with his nose.

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Fortunately the turtlemen were close enough to shore to make it in time but the angry whale was making passes at them and was only deterred when they speedily reached shallow water.

However, I didn't know all of these things when we started out for Scammon's Lagoon. I learned them afterwards, and the hard way.

We now know that while some of the gray whales stay in southern waters most of them spend the summers up in the Bering Sea. Then they start to migrate in winter and swim some six thousand miles at an estimated speed of four knots an hour until they arrive at Scammon's Lagoon. There the cow whales have their young every second year; there the males gather and the breeding activity takes place.

The whales are there in numbers shortly after the first of the year, and then around March begin to start back. A few of them remain until the middle of April, and there apparently are some who remain there the year around. But for the most part the whale activities in Scammon's Lagoon are between the first of the year and the latter part of March.

The whales, when born, are fifteen to seventeen feet in length and they are nursed until they reach a length of approximately twenty-five feet when they are weaned. And contrary to general understanding, the whale is a most intelligent mammal, perhaps one of the most intelligent of all the mammals.

Many of the authorities feel that all of the whale food is in the Bering Sea, that once the whales leave there they go on a virtual fast and live entirely on their blubber until they return north once more. On the other hand, since at least a few of the whales remain in southern waters, it would certainly appear that they do feed, despite the assertion of many authorities to the contrary.

But could we *prove* they fed? Could we get a photograph of a whale feeding?

The whale, an enormous creature many tons in weight, lives on some of the smallest bits of sea life. His method of feeding is simplicity itself. He gulps in huge quantities of water, then closing his mouth, expels the water through sieve-like "teeth," getting rid of all the water but leaving all of the small marine animals trapped in the interior of his mouth.

There is no question that the whales put on a lot of blubber in the Arctic Ocean. By the time they reach Scammon's Lagoon, stay there for a few weeks and start the journey back north, they are not as full of fat as when they arrived. But it would hardly seem that evidence such as that would indicate that a whale could swim some six thousand miles, bear young and nurse the young, or engage in mating activities and then swim some six thousand miles back—at the rate of four knots an hour—all without feeding.

After all, many animals put on a lot of fat just prior to the rutting season and then emerge considerably emaciated again to take up the routine tenor of life.

If, of course, there should turn out to be some particular type of toothsome whale-food in Scammon's Lagoon the migration might be at least partially explained.

Also, in Scammon's Lagoon there is a peculiar formation of shoals which enables the mother whale to lie in relatively shallow water and give birth to the young. The infant can then raise itself enough to get air.

The whale, of course, is not a fish. Being a mammal it lives under water by first sucking in deep breaths of air, then diving down into the water and remaining until it feels the necessity

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MURL TAKES IT EASY

of coming to the surface for more oxygen. At that time the whale exhales the moist breath from his lungs, and as that moisture strikes the air it congeals and gives us the familiar "blow" which is indescribably beautiful when seen on a still morning against surrounding hills. At such times the early sunlight will catch the plume of moisture and illuminate it as though it were a fountain rising spontaneously from the sea.

My friend, Dr. Carl Hubbs, who is an expert on whales, has been quoted as saying that he has repeatedly watched groups of whales, separated by a distance of as much as a quarter-of-a-mile, performing maneuvers with a timing which seems to him most unlikely to be coincidental. He is well aware of the possibility that the whales do have some method of communication. He thinks it is quite possible. In fact, just about everyone who has spent any time with the whales feels certain that somehow or other they can exchange ideas.

As mentioned above, we were bliss-

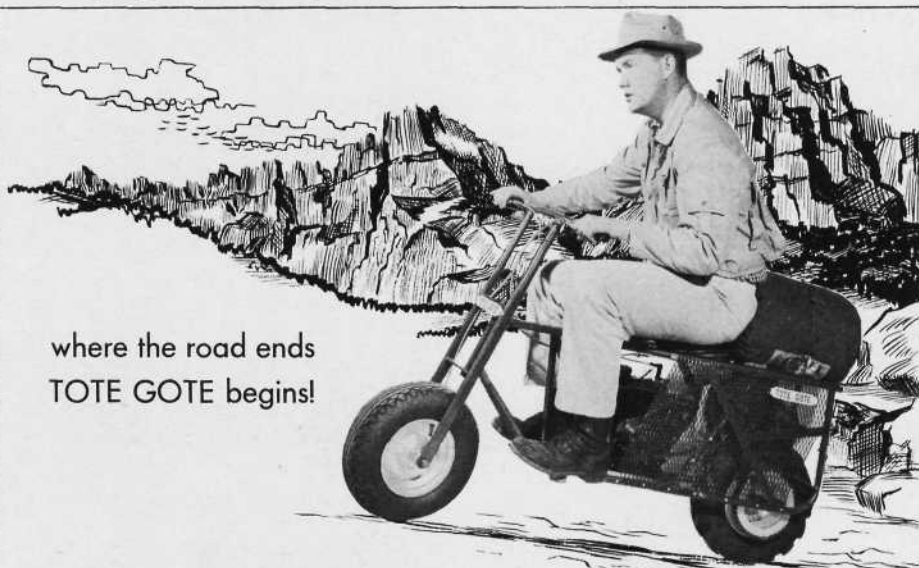
fully ignorant of all this as we started our expedition down Baja California to photograph the whales in Scammon's Lagoon and to explore many miles of "virgin" beach.

We did, however, feel certain there would be adventures in store for us. There are always adventures in Baja California and, after all, we were looking for adventure. If we hadn't wanted to find it we'd have stayed at home.

So we crossed the border, filled with high spirits, and despite the fact

we were intending to take *two* huge nineteen-foot metal boats over the country on two-wheeled trailers we had a happy-go-lucky "Scammon's Lagoon or bust" attitude; and more or less secretly each one of us hoped that things wouldn't go too smoothly. We wanted an opportunity to cope with the unexpected. ///

The second chapter of Erle Stanley Gardner's Baja California adventure will appear in the April Desert Magazine.



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WHITE CANYON, UTAH  
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# Jaeger's

## "Don't-Bother-Me"

### Garden

continued from page 19

ing composites. They require a bit more care by way of watering, but a once-a-week soaking is quite sufficient. It is generally late July when the seedlings come up, just as in central Mexico after the mid-summer rains. In late October come the rewarding blossoms. Once grown, the plants reseed themselves.

A plant of the common Three-Tooth Great Basin Sagebrush (*Artemisia tridentata*) was secured in southern Utah and brought home with roots kept moist in soil bound tight in a burlap sack. I planted it in a prepared bed of gravelly loam, and from the start this plant prospered. It is now a sizable bush, and gives fragrance to the air everytime there is rain. Right beside it grows a White Sage (*Salvia apiana*), so now I am able to point out to visitors the difference between a true Sage and Sagebrush, which isn't a sage at all, but a wormwood. The leaves of the two plants are almost of the same silvery-green color, but totally different in shape and size.

Similar-colored *Encelia farinosa* or Brittlebush, started from seeds from near Palm Springs, has done exceedingly well and has even reseeded itself. It ought to prosper, for it is a native not only of Sonoran deserts but southern inner-coastal California as well. Its natural Western limits are near Riverside, Claremont and Kern River Canyon of California; its southern boundary is deep in central Mexico. *Encelias'* hemispheres of green-white leafy stems and yellow long-stemmed flowers lend much contrasting color to any garden the year-around.

"But, you do not have many Cacti," say my visitors. "How Come? They are desert plants."

Well, I do have a few Cacti, but they are very special kinds to illustrate the varied forms these thorny plants assume. On the whole, my heavy hard-packed adobe soil is not suited to them. To flourish well, Cacti must have well-drained gravelly or rock-and-gravel soil. Just small pockets of gravel help, but since most of the cacti have wide-spreading shallow roots, they soon extend them to the edge of my gravel pockets and then stop growing. The small *Mammarias* or Nipple Cacti have done best.

My big Bladder Pod bushes (*Iso-meris*), with their beautiful yellow flowers, are a constant attraction to bees and hummingbirds, especially the latter.

This hardy desert-loving shrub is in

almost constant heavy bloom from January to November. Often there is an abundance of attractive flowers and inflated fruits at the same time. Seeds are constantly falling to the ground and sprouting. For best results, I water this shrub about twice during the hotter months; otherwise it depends on winter rains.

To attract the wild canaries we call Goldfinches, I allow several wild Sunflowers to grow to large proportions. They are plants that can really stand drouth.

I welcome, too, the October blossoming of my Emory's Baccharis, for it attracts such great numbers of tiny dainty-feeding blue-gray butterflies. They come by hundreds, mostly in the morning. Later in the day certain very hairy medium-sized black flies take over. Honey bees are always present during sunny hours.

Dodonea, now known to grow in many parts of the world, is a desert hill-loving shrub in southern Arizona, northern Sonora and Baja California. Seed of mine came from Sonora. It has done exceedingly well with almost no care, and is the most vividly green plant in my garden. It bloomed the third year, but since the female flowers (the sexes are separate) are very small and without prominent colorful petals, I must content myself to admire its rose-tinted membranous-winged seed vessels, and its shining green willowlike leaves. Dodonea withstands drouth exceedingly well, but an occasional deep watering stimulates quick and abundant growth. This shrub, a member of the Soap-berry family, *Sapindaceae*, which includes the poisonous Mexican Jumping Bean, I recommend to desert dwellers as a hedge plant since it will withstand repeated vigorous pruning.

Since bright sun is very essential to the health of the type of plants I have in my miniature botanic garden, I have planted few trees. But some day I do hope to have a few sizable Palms growing in a close-set group as in nature. Several years ago I brought in seeds from the small aggregation of Washingtonia Palms found at one of the springs in Turtle Mountains of the eastern Mojave Desert, and now three vigorously growing young Palms grace the entrance to my front garden. They get a watering once a month in summer. I am very eager to get seeds for propagating the Blue Palm (*Erythea*) which grows in the dry rocky canyons of Baja California. So far I have never been in the canyons in hot mid-summer when the big fruits mature.

My two Paloverde trees next to the front walk are the Horse-bean or Mexican Paloverde (*Parkinsonia aculeata*)

variety. These seem better suited than other kinds of Paloverde to the moister coastal climate. This is the same kind of Paloverde that is planted for many miles along the new freeway between Victorville and Barstow. Mine are both young trees. Last winter a tall Agave flowering stalk was cut down, and through a miscalculation fell onto my biggest Paloverde, breaking off every limb. Only a small main-stem stub was left. To my great surprise and delight the tree soon sprouted new limbs, and is now larger and of better shape than its mate which escaped injury. This winter the unscathed tree will get a severe pruning in hopes that it will respond in the same good way.

Two kinds of wild desert Gourds have proved to be a wonderful ground cover in my garden. Their numerous long runnerlike vines covered with large handsome leaves have grown up to 25-feet long and spread out in many directions. The big flaring tubular flowers, deep yellow in color, are always very charming and produce big yellow orange-sized "coyote melons," especially appealing in late autumn after frost has killed the green leaves which hid them.

To give a bit of the appearance of near natural wilderness, I have scattered here and there on the bare earth between my shrubs a few well bleached bones, and pieces of gnarled desert Ironwood, Pinyon and Juniper. Several hollowed chunks of dark brown lava add their bit of interest. A big ram's horn and the empty carapace of a huge old Agassiz tortoise also add appeal.

Among the other inanimate garden ornaments that excite the curiosity of garden visitants is a "killed" Indian rubbing-stone that I picked up years ago near Santa Isabela Chapel in San Diego County. There is a hole in the center of the large once-flat stone, and a lengthwise break into almost symmetrical halves. It was a common belief among many Indians that possession of the dead had to be rent asunder or "killed" to free the soul of the deceased.

Part of my garden is utilitarian. I have in the rear of my pumice brick house a small kitchen garden to supply salad greens and herbs for my cooking; also there are several peach and plum trees. In a few pots I am germinating seeds of strange shrubs I come upon in my Mexican desert travels.

I heat my house with desert woods, and the neighbors tell me they delight in the perfumed odors that arise from my fires of Pinyon and Juniper and other odorous woods. Summer cooking is done over an outdoor fireplace consisting of two rods of iron placed atop two flat stones, just as I am accustomed to have on the desert. ///





## FEBRUARY TRAVEL

# Nevada's Ski Peak

By PEGGY TREGO

Desert Magazine's  
Nevada Travel Correspondent

**B**RING ALONG your snowshoes when you head for Las Vegas this month.

Just 35 miles from Nevada's "Have Fun in the Sun" capital you can have fun in the snow, complete with all the winter sports trimmings — skiing, tobogganing, sledding, skating. You can enjoy this Alpine playground in primitive surroundings by camping out, or you can have it the easy way complete with hotel accommodations and service.

This happy anomaly of pine forest and snowy mountains set in the desert is the Mt. Charleston area. Mt. Charleston, 11,910-foot high, is the peak of the Charleston Range that rises between Death Valley and Las Vegas proper, and two all-year roads lead into its winter attractions from the Las Vegas side.

You'll have to have your own "wheels," as there is no bus line or other commercial transportation, but finding the way is simple. Charleston Blvd. and Bonanza Road are two of downtown Las Vegas's main east-west arteries leading westerly into the northbound Tonopah Highway (U.S. 95), and the two roads leading into Mt. Charleston turn left off U.S. 95 less than 20 miles from town.

The first of these (Nevada Highway 39) takes you into Kyle Canyon with its camp and picnic areas, and up to the hospitable Mt. Charleston Lodge at 7500 feet elevation. The second road (Nevada Highway 52) leads to Lee Canyon—another lovely mountain area with a brand new ski tow. During summer months, the connecting Road between Kyle and Lee Canyons is open, but snow usually rules it out for automobiles in February. There are both deer and elk in the area, so watch for them.

Mt. Charleston and nearby Mummy Mountain, whose 11,534-foot summit carries the silhouette of a mummy lying on a huge rock plateau, are in the heart of Toiyabe National Forest. There are the usual National Forest facilities throughout the area—picnic tables, fireplaces, mountain nooks to park and camp—but this time of year the weather is the deciding factor on their use. It's wise to check with district ranger headquarters in Las Vegas (900 S. Fifth St., phone DU 4-5116) before heading into the area with camping or picnic-



MT. CHARLESTON—A SNOW ISLAND IN THE DESERT

ing in mind; they'll know which camps are snowed in, and which might be still available for use.

The rambling, gracious Mt. Charleston Lodge is privately owned, beginning in the 1920s as a private hunting lodge which was later expanded and opened to the public. Near the Lodge is an area, also privately owned, under consideration for development as a community of quarter-acre lots for summer homes. The proposed subdivision is, of course, limited by the adjacent National Forest lands, and is still in the planning stage. You can ask about it at the Lodge if you're interested.

The Lodge itself is comparatively small as to rooms—only 15 of them—but it welcomes all visitors, and all ages. There is even a special lounge and snack bar for teenagers. You can take advantage of the Lodge's recreational facilities—tobogganing, sledding, skating, skiing—under the capable direction of C. W. McCafferty. Or you can just wander around as you choose and throw a few snowballs. Either way, it's delicious to thaw out in front of one of the two big fireplaces indoors, and then enjoy a meal in the dining room. The ice rink is an all-year attraction.

It is hard to realize, from the top of Charleston, that the desert is so close. That's just one reason — the pleasure of contrast—that a trip to Mt. Charleston is something very special this month.

The University of Nevada's "Winter

Carnival" is scheduled for February 10-12.   
///

### Arizona's February Events:

3-5—Parade Del Sol, parade and championship rodeo, Scottsdale.

4—Junior Championship Rodeo, Mesa.

4-12—2nd Annual Festival of Arts and Crafts, Tubac.

5—Dons Club Travelcade to the Apache Trail, from Phoenix.

8-12—Phoenix Open Golf Tournament.

10-12—Gold Rush Days, Wickenburg.

11-12—16th Annual Silver Spur Rodeo, Yuma.

12—Dons Club Travelcade to Taliesin West, from Phoenix.

15-19—Tucson Open Golf Tournament.

17-19—Dons Club Travelcade to Flagstaff, Hopi Villages, Navajo Reservation and Petrified Forest, from Phoenix.

18-19 — Yuma Bowmen's 4th Annual Round-Up.

19-20—14th Annual Cactus Show, Desert Botanical Gardens near Phoenix.

23-26—La Fiesta de los Vaqueros. Annual Tucson Rodeo.

26—Desert Sun Ranchers Rodeo, Wickenburg.

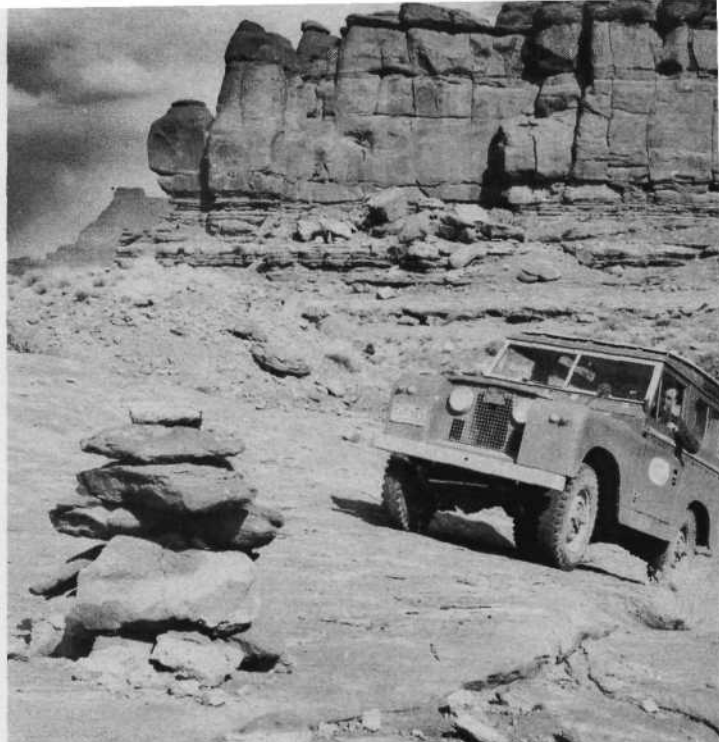
26-28—All Arabian Horse Show, Scottsdale.

Utah ski events scheduled for February:

5—Timp Haven; 5—Snow Basin; 17—Alta.



AT THE START OF THE TRIP



IN THE FIELD

# DESERT MAGAZINE

## *test-drives*

# THE LAND-ROVER

... a report to our readers on the four-wheel drive English import

By CHARLES E. SHELTON

*Desert Magazine Publisher*

MANY OF DESERT Magazine's readers now own or intend to buy in the future a four-wheel drive vehicle that will take them on their dream trips into the hinterlands of the Southwest, exploring desert canyons, rock hunting, searching for lost mines, or poking along forgotten roads that lead to fabled ghost towns.

One of the newest invaders of the American market—in the small four-wheel category — is the British Land-Rover. Hoping that a report on this new “exploring-machine” would be of interest to many of our readers, I asked the Land-Rover people if I could field-test one of their small Station Wagons in the rough-and-ready back country of southern Utah. This area, with its river-eroded mesas and arroyos, is truly a testing ground for any wheeled contraption.

A couple of months ago Ed Milano, western sales representative for Land-Rover, arrived at *Desert Magazine's* office in Palm Desert, ready to roll in one of Land-Rover's wagons. Our destination was Moab, Utah. (Moab is one

of the hot spots in the oil world, with 15 or more seismograph crews wandering the area, “reading” the huge salt dome that underlies the region.) We knew that we could find ideal car testing conditions there — for it is truly America's Last Wilderness Frontier.

From Palm Desert in California's Coachella Valley we went to Wickenburg, Arizona, to Kayenta the next night, and on to Moab the following afternoon, traveling with ease in two-and-a-half days the same span that covered wagon trains took two-and-a-half months to traverse a hundred years ago.

At Moab, Ev Schumaker, who conducts back-country trips from his M-4 Guest Ranch, took over as test pilot. He has driven tens of thousands of miles on the tracks and trails of this fascinating area, and was well qualified to put the Rover through its paces in the rock-and-rut country.

En route to Moab we traveled on paved roads. I was impressed by the Land-Rover's “rideability” on the highways. It hummed along at cruising speeds between 55 and 65 miles an

hour. It was comfortable, and it handled respectably in traffic. It was apparent that the Land-Rover was built for people rather than soldiers. In other words, it is more than a converted military vehicle.

Now that we had reached Moab it was time to test the machine in the rough going. As the apex of the trip, Ed, Ev and I spent two days on roads that were real proving strips. To be sure, we covered only 161 miles in these two days, but all of this was unpaved traveling, some of it requiring scouting and road building, with rainy weather added to our test conditions. An indication of how far “back” we were is illustrated by the fact that the only vehicles we encountered during the two-day ramble were some trucks belonging to a seismograph crew.

We went to Grandview Point, overlooking the junction of the Colorado and Green rivers; visited Upheaval Dome in a spectacular rain and hail storm. (“This is the first time I ever drove sideways to Upheaval,” Ev explained as we fan-tailed and sunfished along the greasy





ED AND EV "BUILD ROAD"



MUDI

red-mud roadbed); we traveled over Hurrah Pass down to Lockhart Basin, came out at Six Shooter Peak, and headed back toward pavement via the Dugout Ranch road.

In this kind of going we averaged 11.6 miles to the gallon, using regular gasoline. Much of our off-the-pavement travel was under four-wheel low ratio conditions. For the entire 1680 miles, including the paved highways, the Land-Rover averaged 13.8 miles to the gallon.

Time and again I was favorably impressed by how well the Land-Rover was put together. As rugged as it was, it was still easy to drive, comfortable to ride in. The day we went through the majestic Lockhart Basin country with its broad sweeps of cliff and canyon vistas, we traveled some 80 miles on crude roadways only recently bladed out by bulldozers, some of the way washed out by the previous day's rainstorms, some of it so rough that we could make only eight or ten miles in an hour's bumping. Yet, at the end of the day we were not "beat to death", as has been my experience with other small four-wheelers.

The model we tested was the Land-Rover Regular Station Wagon. Its 88-inch wheelbase supports an over-all length of 142 inches. Below the hard-top there are sliding side windows, room for three in the front seating area, and foldaway seats for four in the rear. The foldaways can be removed with ease. The top, too, can be taken off without major surgery.

A commendable feature on the Rover we had was the safari or desert top, a second roof that reduces the interior heat of the cab on summer days. This overlay roof can give a real and valuable

benefit—perhaps as much as 10 degrees—to those who wander the desertland in the hot mid-summer months. The true ceiling in the interior of the Land-Rover has four wind vents which can be opened or closed to provide good air circulation from above. In addition to the sliding-window circulation, two large louvres located directly below the windshield can be manipulated for direct face-on airing. These vents were screened to prevent errant butterflies and grasshoppers from joining the party.

The only drawback I found in the "pilot house" of the Land-Rover we tested was the cramped space under the steering wheel. A long-legged man, after a day in the Wagon model, may find the foot throttle uncomfortably close to his Adam's apple. Our Rover model did not have adjustable front seats; however some of the other models do allow the front seat to be moved back or forward. In the Regular Wagon, Rover has somewhat compensated for the short distance from seat to firewall by putting a counter-spring on the throttle, which enables the driver to "ride" the pedal at normal cruising speeds without undue leg fatigue.

Visibility from the front seat of the Land-Rover is excellent with clear, untinted glass allowing true landscape colors to come through. From the rear section of our Land-Rover the viewing was somewhat less than perfect. An adult riding in the rear section of the Wagon has to crane and cramp his neck to see out of the side and rear windows. On the other hand, youngsters will have no trouble with the low roof line of the hind section of the Rover.

Our model was equipped with two electrically driven windshield wipers. They weren't fancy and their motors

bulked a bit too grossly above the dashboard; but they worked. They proved this in our wind-driven cloudburst and hailstorm en route to Upheaval Dome.

Under the driver's seat is the tool compartment. It is easy of access, and adequately equipped. The jack is a typical British contraption, but it does the job after you get the hang of it. We helped a motorist-in-need, so I know the jack is functional.

Land-Rovers come in about a dozen models, including the canvas-top front-seater, a truck-cab pickup, a station wagon, and even a fire engine. There are two wheel bases, 88 inches for the Regular, and 109 inches for the "Long-Rover," which has an over-all measurement of 175 inches.

The light-alloy, rust-proof bodies are set on a surprisingly strong frame which is of welded, box-sectioned construction, and cross-braced for rigidity. As a result of the box-section construction the Land-Rover gives a very solid "feel." A by-product of this firmness is a minimum of squeaks and rattles. Normal conversation is practical in the Station Wagon models, for instance, at speeds up to 70 miles, compared with the wind tunnel effect achieved by some of the other four-wheel compacts.

Either gasoline or diesel engines are available in all models of the Land-Rover. Our Wagon had a four-cylinder "petrol" engine, rated at 77 braking horse-power at 4250 rpm. Four forward shifts linked to a high and low ratio transfer box gave us eight forward speeds and power enough to climb up any surface the Rover can cling to without tipping over backwards.

Ev Schumaker, after testing the vehicle, declared that it had traction and



SOUTHERN UTAH AT TWILIGHT . . .



. . . BEAUTY, SILENCE, MYSTERY

climbing ability equal to or better than any other small four-wheel drive machine. "The low ratio first gear gives this wagon all the power it needs to go anywhere that any normally careful driver would care to take it," Ev stated.

Specifications indicate that the low, low ratio (using first gear in the low range drive) is 40 to 1. The transmission is easily transferred from rear drive to four wheel while underway.

As important as the low gearing available in the Land-Rover is the smoothness and quietness with which it travels the paved roads in the higher gears. On the highways our cruising speed was between 55 and 65 miles an hour. I once pushed the speedometer needle to 75; the Rover reached up to this test without effort. The highly functional third gear is excellent for pulling along at a good clip on long uphill highway grades. It will accept speeds up to 50 miles an hour. The top gear (fourth) is almost an overdrive gear, being rated at 5.3 to 1 ratio.

The two top gears are synchromeshed, allowing easy quiet shifting at higher speeds. However, double shifting is required when downshifting to second or low.

As you can guess, I'm bullish on the Land-Rover as the desert wanderer's answer to getting him out to the exploring area smoothly and quickly, then seeing him through the malpais. Because it rides so pleasantly down the highway and because it is as rugged as anything in its field and because it can function efficiently in town as a family second car, it is in a class of its own. Other small four-wheelers are not comparable.

The Land-Rover's refinements are multiple. The seats are padded with

sponge rubber and covered with vinyl material that is washable. The model we drove has two easy-opening, firm-closing front doors and a large rear door. I didn't have to go through an agility test every time I got in or out of the Wagon. In fact it loads and unloads passengers easier than many family cars can do.

The utilitarian lines of the Land-Rover won't win it any fashion honors, yet all touchable surfaces of the chassis and cab were machined to a smooth, no-rip, no-scratch finish.

Little things that can mean much in the back-country include the movable spout in the neck of the gasoline inlet, allowing one to pour gasoline from a jerry-can without a special nozzle or funnel. Another small item: an insulated ceiling to deaden outside noise and to reduce the sun's heat in summer and to maintain inside heat during the cold days. Another item: jack plugs on the dash board for a hot-plate or electric razor or other 12-volt appliance. Another item: rubberized surfaces on all door handles; not an important thing ordinarily but helpful on a summer day when the sun's heat has made metal surfaces searingly painful.

The cab of our Regular Wagon was amazingly tight against wind or dust penetration.

Power take-offs are available as either front, mid or rear installations.

Ed Milano told me that a friend of his equipped his Wagon with a plywood fold-up bed that could be stretched the length of the Rover at night, providing a cozy bedroom. I would guess that "cozy" is the right adjective to describe the Land-Rover boudoir, for there can't be much space between mattress and

ceiling. Still, it would provide an attractive retreat during a rainstorm or on a windy cold night.

Parts and service for the Land-Rover are available in several cities throughout the Southwest. From time to time a team of Land-Rover service representatives roam the Southwest, setting up preventive maintenance clinics in the larger cities. Land-Rover owners are notified in advance of these clinics and can have their Rovers checked without charge. A major parts depot is maintained in San Francisco for Western service.

Los Angeles prices for various Land-Rover models, with basic equipment but not including tax or license fees, are approximately as follows: 88 - inch wheelbase "Regular" with canvas top, \$2975; 88-inch Station Wagon, \$3395; 88-inch truck cab pickup model, \$3080; the Long 109-inch station wagon, \$4035; and the Long truck-cab pickup model, \$3540.

Though initial costs for a Land-Rover may be slightly higher than some of the cheaper four-wheel compacts, the excellent engineering that has gone into the Rover should result in lower maintenance costs over the years. The car can be serviced easily for most parts of the overhead engine are easily accessible.

Land-Rovers, built in England by the Rover Company, Ltd., have been in use throughout the world for many years but have only recently invaded America in commercial numbers. Further information, including free brochures, may be obtained by writing to any Land-Rover dealer in your area, or by writing to: Southwest Products Department, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California. ///





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# TRADING POST

## CLASSIFIEDS

Continued from preceding page

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A SOUTHWEST favorite—deep blue turquoise nugget earrings, sterling silver, gift boxed, \$3. Yucca Bill, Box 958, Yucca Valley, Calif.

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GHOST TOWN map: big 3x2 feet. California, Arizona and Nevada, with roads marked. Plus Treasure catalogue 100 items. \$1, or American Treasure Hunter's Guide \$2. Foul Anchor Archives, DM, Rye, New York.

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SOUTHERN UTAH . . . America's

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*Exploring the Waterpocket Fold . . . Posey's Last Stand . . . Southern Utah Ghost Towns . . . Island in the Sky . . . An Artist On the River . . . Glen Canyon Dam . . . Rainbow Bridge . . . Flying Bishop . . . Granny Band . . . Sorghum Maker . . . Branding Time . . . Tourism's Future . . . A Naturalist In Southern Utah*

All about the West's most important outdoor recreation area . . .  
In the March Desert Magazine



## ● OLD COINS, STAMPS

RARE UNCIRCULATED Carson City mint dollars, 1878, \$5. 1882-83-84-90-91, \$7.50 each. 100-page catalog 50c. Shultz, P.O. Box 746, Salt Lake City 10, Utah.

STAMP COLLECTORS. Spanish bullfight set, mint complete, 16 stamps, \$1. Also why not invest in mint complete set of Japanese Cultural Leaders, 18 stamps, now very scarce, \$2.75. Stamp investment is my field, Joshua K. Bolles, 1813 Miracerros, Alamogordo, N. M.

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\$1 FOR gold areas, 25 California counties. Geology, elevations. Pans \$3, \$2.50. Poke \$1. Fred Mark, Box 801, Ojai, California.

### True-False Answers

Questions are on page 10

1. False.
2. True.
3. True.
4. False. Chihuahua Desert.
5. True.
6. False. Ubehebe has been extinct for centuries.
7. False. Forsythe and Swinnerton are artists; Muench is a photographer.
8. True.
9. False. New Mexico.
10. False.
11. False. The stages crossed at Yuma.
12. False.
13. False.
14. False. Organ Pipe is a cactus.
15. True.
16. True.
17. False. The chuckawalla is harmless.
18. False. The "pyramid" in question refers to the shape of a rock in the lake.
19. False. The Mojave River has no outlet to the ocean.
20. False. Tombstone, Arizona.

### PHOTO and ART credits

(Unless otherwise specified below or in text, photographs and art work are by authors of features in which they appear.)

Page 7: Map by Norton Allen. 11-12: National Park Service. 13: Thomas Boles. 14: New Mexico State Tourist Bureau. 20: Ed Ellinger. 24: Harold O. Weight. 27: Map by Norton Allen. 35: Los Vegas News Bureau; Map by Norton Allen.

## ● LODGES, MOTELS

MELODY LANE Apartment Motel, 6259 Adobe Road, P.O. Box 66, Twentynine Palms, California. All electric, air-cooled, trees and patio, opposite post office, near super-market. Day, week or monthly rates.

ROCK HOUND headquarters: Moqui Motel, Escalante, Utah—on Highway U. 54, phone Market 4-4210, Dyna and Mohr Christensen. Pack and Jeep Trips by appointment.

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CACTI—MANY varieties of specimen plants only. Send for list. Rosso's Cactus Nursery, 25399 Hiway 99, Loma Linda, California.

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35 mm. EKTACHROME developed and mounted \$1.50. Same as above including refilling your cartridge with 20 exposure fresh daylight Ektachrome \$3. Send no money—we will bill you later. Norman Studios, 9315 Elm, Fontana, California.

## ● REAL ESTATE

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## ● WESTERN MERCHANDISE

FOR SALE: My collection of sun colored glass, antiques and unusual pieces. Mrs. A. E. Wyckoff, 11501 Davenport Road, Auga Dulce, Cal.

## Poem of the Month:

### SAGE HENS AFTER A STORM

Like plump suburban matrons  
Gathering in the lane,  
The sage hens creep from bushes  
Dank with sudden rain.

They stand in the sunny roadway  
Till the dripping brush has dried,  
Then slipping home like shadows,  
They disappear inside.

—ETHEL JACOBSON  
Fullerton, Calif.

GHOST TOWN items: Sun-colored glass, amethyst to royal purple; ghost railroads materials, tickets; limited odd items from camps of the '60s. Write your interest—Box 64-D, Smith, Nevada.

## ● MISCELLANEOUS

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SOUR DOUGH biscuit recipe and full directions \$1. Dutchoven or modern baking. Revive the lost art. Franks Murdock, Dalhart, Texas.

HOMEMADE CANDY with rich wild pecans. One pound \$2. Shelled pecans, two pounds \$3.40. Prices postpaid. Kidnap Kandies, Menard, Texas.

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WILL TRADE: Model A—good shape with extra parts, value \$500, for lapidary equipment. Box 192, Mariposa, California.



By RANDALL HENDERSON

**B**EFORE THIS February issue of *Desert Magazine* reaches its readers a new administration will have assumed the executive duties in the national capital. As president, John Kennedy will fall heir to a multitude of unsolved problems involving both domestic and international issues.

Not the most critical of these problems—nor by many means the least important—will be the matter of coordination within his own official family in the White House. Reports which have come to light in recent months seem to bear out the conclusion that the inter-departmental feuding which goes on constantly in Washington not only is costing the taxpayers billions of dollars, but even more serious, is depriving Americans of cultural benefits of immeasurable value.

The conflict of interest between the three branches of the Defense Department involving the security of the nation is common knowledge. But there are other feuds, and the one I am thinking of just now is the running battle between the Forestry Service and the National Park Service.

Unfortunately, the concept of an earlier period when the Forestry Service was being established was that trees were a crop to be conserved and harvested as the timber needs of the nation required. Nothing more. Consequently, Forestry was made a subordinate office in the Department of Agriculture. And that worked very well in the horse-and-buggy days. But today the pressures of rapidly increasing population and of good highways and rapid transportation have made necessary a much broader concept of the functions of national forests. It is now obvious that publicly-owned forests are needed for the protection of water supply, for grazing, for camping and picnicking, for many types of recreation and for basic scientific research. There are many of us who also believe they have scenic value which should be preserved, and tonic value for troubled and confused human beings. It was to meet these needs perhaps that the Forestry Service sponsored the multiple-use legislation passed by the last Congress.

But multiple-use is a term subject to many interpretations—and therein is the loop-hole for a continuing feud between Forestry and National Parks. Today three new national parks in western United States are on the agenda of the Park Service: Great Basin National Park in Nevada, the North Cascades in Washington, and the Oregon Dunes National Seashore. Forest Service opposition to these parks has been clear and explicit.

And so we have a house divided against itself, and while official Washington squabbles over the issue, the people who would benefit by the creation of these new national parks must sit on the side-lines and wait. Anyone who has visited Yosemite or Yellowstone in recent years will know that the bench where the public waits is becoming very crowded.

The best answer so far suggested for this dilemma, I believe, is the proposal that Forestry be transferred to the Department of Interior where the same secretary would have direct jurisdiction over both Forestry and Parks. The primary interest of the Department of Agriculture is the nation's food

supply—the fostering of private and corporate farming, and the regulation of supply. The primary function of the Department of Interior is the management of the public domain—its development and conservation for the benefit of all Americans. Certainly the national forests are the most important remaining segment of the public domain.

It is quite certain the bureau of Forestry would prefer to remain an orphan child in the lap of the Secretary of Agriculture. But if this must be so, then at least we can hope that in the reorganization of the new administration there will emerge a more enlightened leadership than that which has brought about the present impasse.

\* \* \*

The Forestry Service has been one of the most outspoken opponents of the Wilderness Bill which failed to pass the last two sessions of Congress. To negate the need for such a bill, and to keep control of all unclassified lands within its own jurisdiction, Forestry is now expanding its program of Wilderness areas. Recently it was announced that 50 such areas will be established in the 11 southeastern states.

But the Forestry Service has a strange concept of the use for which these Wilderness areas are to be reserved. From a recent issue of *American Forests*, official organ of the American Forestry Association, I took this quotation: "These areas will be used by lovers of the outdoors as places of solitude. Here they may walk on relatively undisturbed ground, as their forefathers did in virgin country. Bird watchers and naturalists will find birds, animals and plants common to the area."

That is admirable. Such a concept would delight the heart of every true conservationist. But that is only half the story. The quotation goes on to explain: "Hunters will find populations of deer, turkey, grouse and the smaller game birds and animals."

What a travesty! Here would be solitude for the thoughtful, winged life for the bird-watcher, animal life for the scientists to study in its natural habitat—and shotguns banging away at everything with hair or feathers.

I am reluctant to believe this truly represents the Forestry concept of multiple-use. And yet some of the other policies of Forestry also are quite baffling.

\* \* \*

Paul J. Linsley, one of *Desert's* long-time readers, has offered a suggestion I thoroughly approve. He has proposed that one of the un-named mountain peaks of the Desert Southwest—and there are many of them—be named in honor of Dr. Edmund C. Jaeger. Certainly no living man has dedicated himself more completely during nearly a half century to the study of desert life than Dr. Jaeger. He not only is the friend of everything that lives and grows in this arid land, but in his many books and published articles has done a masterly job of communicating his knowledge to you and me and all those who are interested in the natural world of God's creation.



# Desert Magazine's Second Annual

## PREMIUM AWARDS for Southwest Literature

We take pride in presenting this selected list of the outstanding books reviewed in *Desert Magazine's* twelve 1960 issues. The eight volumes below were judged to be the most excellent in their respective categories.

—*The Editors*

### BIOGRAPHY

**YOUR DESERT AND MINE**, BY NINA PAUL SHUMWAY. A sensitive woman's story of her life in California's Coachella Valley during that area's "between" period—when the desert was being transformed from desolation to U.S. date growing center. Mrs. Shumway is a rarity among pioneers: she can write. 300 pages, illustrations, \$6.75.

### HISTORY

**WILLIE BOY, A DESERT MANHUNT**, BY HARRY LAWTON. Willie, the bad Paiute, steals the girl after killing her father—and the sensational 1909 manhunt begins. The author takes the reader over every step of the tortuous way. Thorough reporting makes this the last word on Willie. 224 pages, illustrations, \$5.98.

### TRAVEL-RECREATION

**GRAND CANYON DEEPS**, BY BENJAMIN J. KIMBER. A compilation of impressions of the Grand Canyon by famous visitors—Priestley, Powell, Theodore Roosevelt, Kolb, Corle, Ives, Krutch, and others. Words and pictures convey the deep emotion stirred in men by this magnificent gorge. Papercover, 64 pages, photos and line drawings, \$1.50.

### JUVENILE

**PEETIE THE PACKRAT**, BY VAN CLARK. Colorful and fanciful tales about Peetie, Sidney Centipede, Tabasco the Prairie Dog, Benny Buzzard and a host of other desert characters that live in and around Navajoland. Outstanding color and black-and-white illustrations by the famous Indian artist, Andy Tsinajinie. 108 pages, \$5.

### INDIANS

**I FOUGHT WITH GERONIMO**, BY JASON BETZINEZ. A remarkable first-person narrative by a kinsman of Geronimo. As a lad, Betzinez followed the notorious Apache leader on the warpaths in Mexico. The author later adopted the ways of whitemen, became a critic of his "mixed-up" tribesmen. 214 pages, illustrations, \$4.95.

### HOBBY

**MINERALS AND ROCKS**, BY H. W. BALL. A book that successfully accomplishes its mission: "to present to the eye and mind of the reader the beauty and orderliness of the mineral world." Essentially a book of mineral photos (many in color) from famed European collections. Large format, 96 pages, \$4.95.

### NATURAL SCIENCES

**WILDLIFE OF MEXICO**, BY A. STARKER LEOPOLD. First full report on the game birds and animals of Mexico. Authoritative, yet highly readable. Includes almost 200 excellent full-page drawings and photos which provide valuable visual aids to the text. Professor Leopold is leading Pacific Slope Zoologist. 568 pages, \$12.50.

### MISCELLANY

**ARIZONA PLACE NAMES**, revised and edited by BYRD H. GRANGER. Handsome reference work that contains all the interesting facts behind the place names in Arizona. Maps, sketches and excellent typography round-out this worthy presentation, greatly enlarged from the 1935 forerunner. 8x11-inch page size, 519 pages, \$10.

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Palm Desert, California

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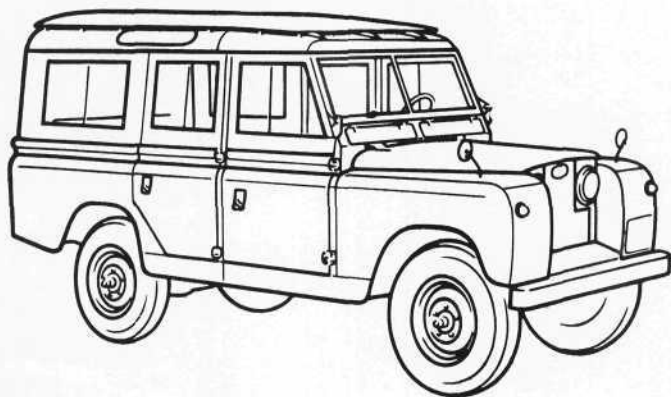
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