

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



JANUARY, 1943

25 CENTS



Navajo Rug Weaver

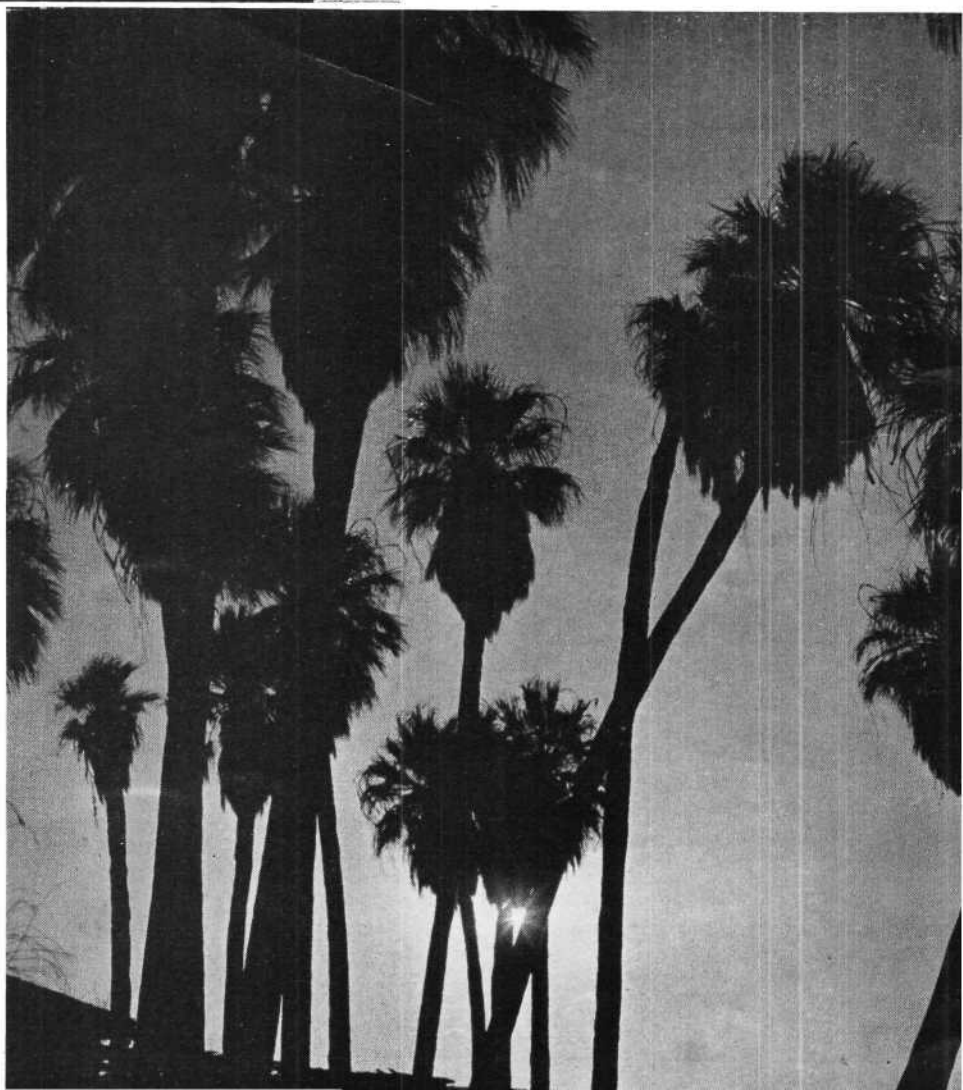
By FRED H. RAGSDALE
San Francisco, California

Awarded first prize in Desert Magazine's November photographic contest. Photo taken with a Rollicflex camera, 1/50 sec., F:8, Super XX film.

Thousand Palms Silhouette

By G. E. KIRKPATRICK
El Centro, California

Winner of second prize in the monthly contest is this view taken at Thousand Palms Oasis about 8 p. m. in full moonlight. Zeiss Ikon camera, F 3.5 lens, 1/2 sec., F:16, Super XX film.



DESERT Calendar

- JAN 1. Southwestern Sun Carnival, El Paso, Texas. Mr. Wiley Edwards, president Sun Carnival association, manager, Army Y.M.C.A., El Paso, Texas.
- 1 New Year tribal dances, various pueblos, New Mexico.
- 6 Installation of Indian governors, New Mexico.
- 7 Central district meeting of Garden clubs, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 7 Regular meeting Mineralogical society of Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 8 Piano concert by Solito de Solis, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 11 Piano concert by Joseph Hoffman, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 14 Recital by Ethel Lee Proctor, New Mexico Highlands university, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 15 Regular meeting Mineralogical society of Arizona, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 18 Traop family, singers, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 21 Assembly of Jewish Chatauqua society, New Mexico Highlands university, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 29 Igor Gorin, baritone, winter concert series, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 30 President's birthday ball, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- Throughout January and until April 1, 1943, special exhibit Indian crafts of Arizona at Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Weather

FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for November	64.0
Normal for November	60.0
High on Nov. 10	88.0
Low on Nov. 21	36.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for November	0.01
Normal for November	0.70
Weather—	
Days clear	17
Days partly cloudy	11
Days cloudy	2
Percentage of possible sunshine	93

E. L. FELTON, Meteorologist

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for November	65.7
Normal for November	62.4
High on Nov. 14	90.0
Low on Nov. 20	41.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for November	0.00
Normal for November	0.29
Weather—	
Days clear	25
Days partly cloudy	5
Days cloudy	0
Sunshine, 98 percent, (307 hours of sunshine out of a possible 314 hours).	

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist.



Volume 6

January, 1943

Number 3

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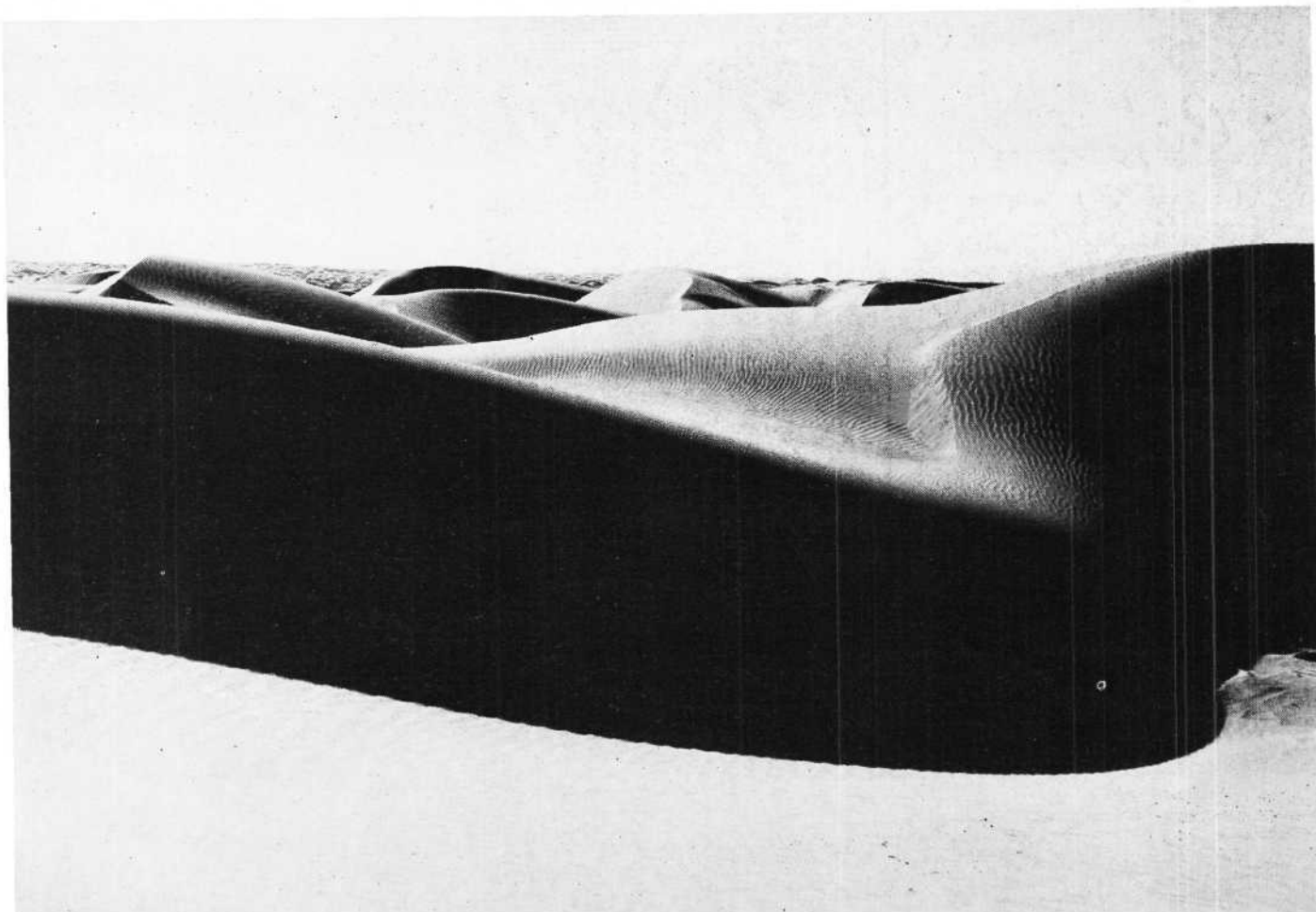
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DESERT CHRISTMAS TREE

By MARIE ZETTERBERG JELLIFFE
Claremont, California

The juniper's blue berries I mingle with the bells
My little children fashion from desert's pearly shells,
And scarlet holly among the fragrant boughs I twine
With an image of the Christ Child, a touch of the Divine.
A star upon the very top in crowning gold I place.
An angel doll with shining wings to give Madonna grace.
Cotton weaving snowy fluffs, each diamond dusty puff
Near toys for little children—O isn't that enough
To give real joy within a home among the desert sands
Where Christmas mingles light and love with earth's far distant lands?

STAR TRAILS

For Tanya

By GRACE CULBERTSON
San Diego, California

You do not go alone to that strange place.
Across your desert stage are focused eyes
Intent upon your progress, and each face
Reflects your doubt as day by day denies
Your hope. No stately caravan could claim
More comment than your single precious load
Of cargo, known to us by trait and name . . .
We follow you along each baffling road.
But well we know your destiny is kind,
That you will find a crevice in the hills.
You carry with you riches of the mind
And love's old panacea for life's ills.
Through your hard conquest of a small retreat
War-weary hearts reap realms more sane and sweet.

Strange Repetition

By CECILE J. RANSOME
Riverside, California

How strangely desert wind compels the sand
To follow ancient patterns! Silt is dashed
High in ravines, where once the breakers
crashed
Over the rocks, and broke in cloudy spray.
And since the ripple fingers marked a band
Of horizontal stripes, the wind has planned
The same effect. The sullen dunes are lashed
And taught their slopes must evermore display
The patterned tidal marks of yesterday.

• • •

HE LOVED THE QUIET DESERT

By CLARA S. HOFF
Portland, Oregon

I think I know the reason why
Christ often lingered
Alone . . .
In quiet desert places.
I think I know the reason why
His sandaled feet pressed sand swept miles
Far out from city throngs.
I think I know that He could pray
And see with clearer vision . . .
When He could meditate alone,
In a place most like His heaven.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LEMERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

The desert stretches out her arms—
A most expansive girth—
To wish a truly Christmas day
To peaceful men, on earth.

STAR LIGHT . . . STAR BRIGHT (Mojave)

By EMMA PUTNAM BANCROFT
New Orleans, Louisiana

At first, it looked an arid waste to me,
This desert, burning hot beneath the sun,
Without a shadow, or a path to run
From lonely, aching space. Immensity
Describes it well . . . a shifting, changing sea
Of sand. The dunes looked tawny spots to shun
As they assumed the shapes of beasts, to one
Not versed in knowledge . . . as a devotee.

But once I'd watched the scorching desert day
Die hard; had seen the sun, a basket-ball
Of flame . . . tossed down beyond the purple
hill.
And felt dusk's cool . . . I knew my wish would
stay
Where moons swing low, and stars . . . no
longer small
Or far . . . are close, and mine to reach . . .
with skill.

GILA MONSTER

By WILL H. ROBINSON
Chandler, Arizona

The Gila Monster, you will find,
Is often very much maligned.
He wears a suit of black and pink,
And very seldom takes a drink.

No monster, he—not two feet long,
To say he's fierce would do him wrong.
True, there's some poison in his bite
But he's no one to pick a fight.

He has but one infirmity—
That makes his friends all turn and flee.
They hate to voice the awful dictum
But he's a halitosis victim.

He doesn't brush his teeth, I fear,
Nor see his dentist twice a year.

When three explorers went by boat down the Colorado river last April they were in search of a little cliff dwelling which they believed no white man had ever entered. But in the enthusiasm which every amateur archaeologist feels at such a prospect, they had not anticipated one of the most thrilling elements of their search. Nor had they come equipped for it. Here is the story of their venture—some climb to the Indian ruin which lured them from its little cave high in the precipitous thousand-foot wall of Moki canyon.

We Climbed to the Moki Ruin

By CHARLES KELLY

IT IS the ambition of every amateur archaeologist—and a good many other desert fans—to discover a cliff dwelling which never has been disturbed since being abandoned by its original inhabitants. Such untouched ruins are becoming more and more difficult to find.

Dr. Russell G. Frazier, Willis Johnson and myself found one in April, 1942, which had every appearance of being the answer to our prayers. Or rather, Johnson had found it a few years before, when he accompanied Buzz Holmstrom and Amos Burg down the Colorado river. He did not attempt to climb into it at that time.

When the three of us went down the river last April, Johnson told the doctor and me about this hidden cliff dwelling and suggested we stop and investigate the possibilities of entering it. Naturally, we were enthusiastic over the idea.

The river was higher than any of us ever had seen it in April—so high that the mouths of many side canyons were full of backwater. When we reached Moki canyon we were able to row our boats into it for a quarter of a mile, where we found a beautiful camp site. Hiking up the narrow canyon about a mile we came to the forks, and taking the right hand fork continued another half mile. Then, turning a sharp bend, we saw high in the precipitous wall a little cliff dwelling, the one which Johnson believed no white man had ever entered.

The canyon walls were 1,000 feet high, perhaps more. A little less than half way up the wall was a long narrow cave containing one well preserved ruin and what appeared to be the walls of other rooms. Through our binoculars we could see a series of "Moki steps" leading up to the dwelling, but the last half of the climb seemed so nearly perpendicular that we doubted if any white man ever had attempted to make the ascent. After a careful examination through the glasses we decided to make an attempt to enter it even if we had to recut the old footholds.

Our equipment for such an adventure was not all that might have been desired. It consisted of rubber soled shoes, a length of cotton sash cord and a prospector's pick. Dr. Frazier had done considerable mountain climbing in the Antarctic, while attached to the Byrd expedition of 1940-41, but Johnson and I were amateurs. Neither lack of proper equipment nor inexperience, however, dampened our enthusiasm for the venture. Our only



Charles Kelly, Willis Johnson and Dr. Russell G. Frazier at Lee's Ferry, Arizona, at the end of their river voyage.

thought was that here at last was an untouched cliff dwelling and we wanted to be the first to set foot in it.

Behind some brush along the creek we found the base of a long series of Moki steps. They appeared ancient, many being nearly eroded away by wind and rain. The rock, however, was not particularly steep near the base and we had no difficulty in zigzagging up over the lower slope, stepping in the old depressions.

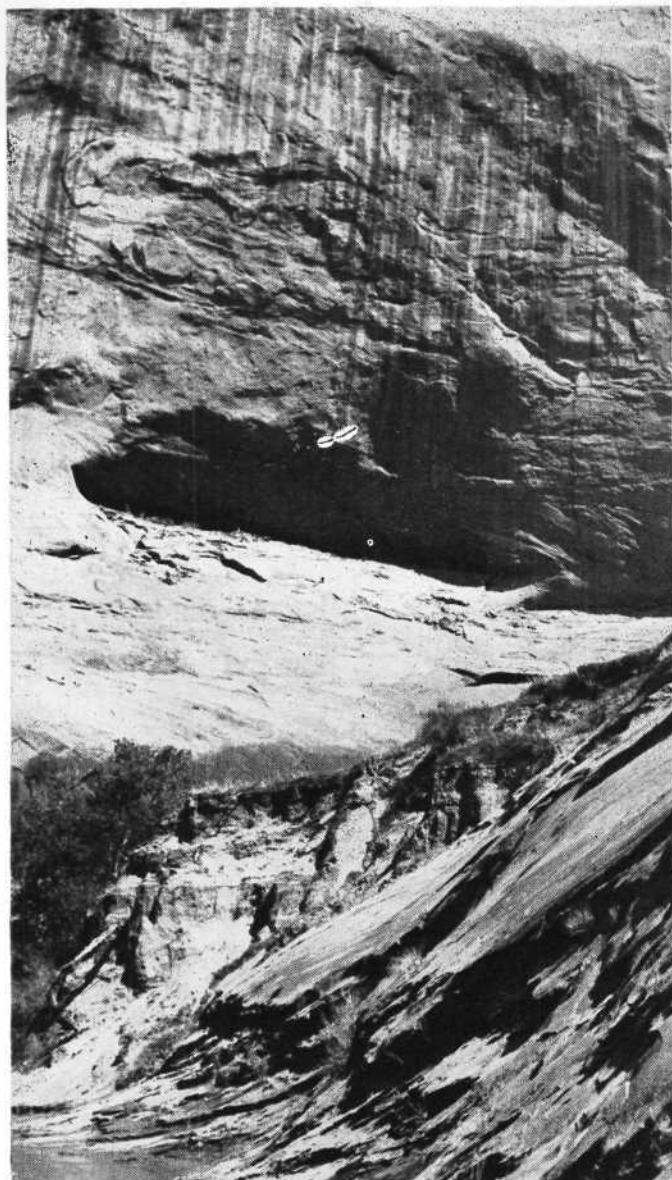
But as we moved upward the slope became steeper and when the rock began crumbling under our feet we paid out the rope and each held it in one hand as we climbed so that if one slipped the other two could break his fall. The old steps led back and forth from ledge to ledge across the sloping rock face, but our rubber soled shoes clung to the rough surface and gave us a feeling of safety, even without the rope. Keeping our eyes fixed on the ruin above we made good progress for the first 300 feet.

After passing along an extremely narrow ledge, we came to the foot of a series of double steps leading straight up the face of an almost perpendicular wall. At the base of this flight was a three foot overhang, but the double steps were deeply cut and seemed secure enough. Hesitating here for the first time we looked down to discover ourselves hanging over a precipice 300 feet above the canyon floor.

"Do you think we can make it?" Dr. Frazier asked.

"Sure!" replied Johnson, who was in the lead. "These deep cut steps are duck soup!"

With the rope in one hand he began working his way up the steep face. After he had gone the length of the rope we fol-



Through their binoculars they could see the little Indian ruin which lured them to make the dangerous climb. From below the trail looked deceptively easy.

lowed, not daring to look down. Inching along, one at a time, we finally reached the top of that flight and rested on a narrow, sloping ledge.

From that point on the steps didn't look too good, being shallow and badly eroded. They continued around a sharp point and then ran diagonally across a smooth rock face, with nothing below to break a possible fall.

"How about it, Willis?" Doc asked. "Does it look safe?"

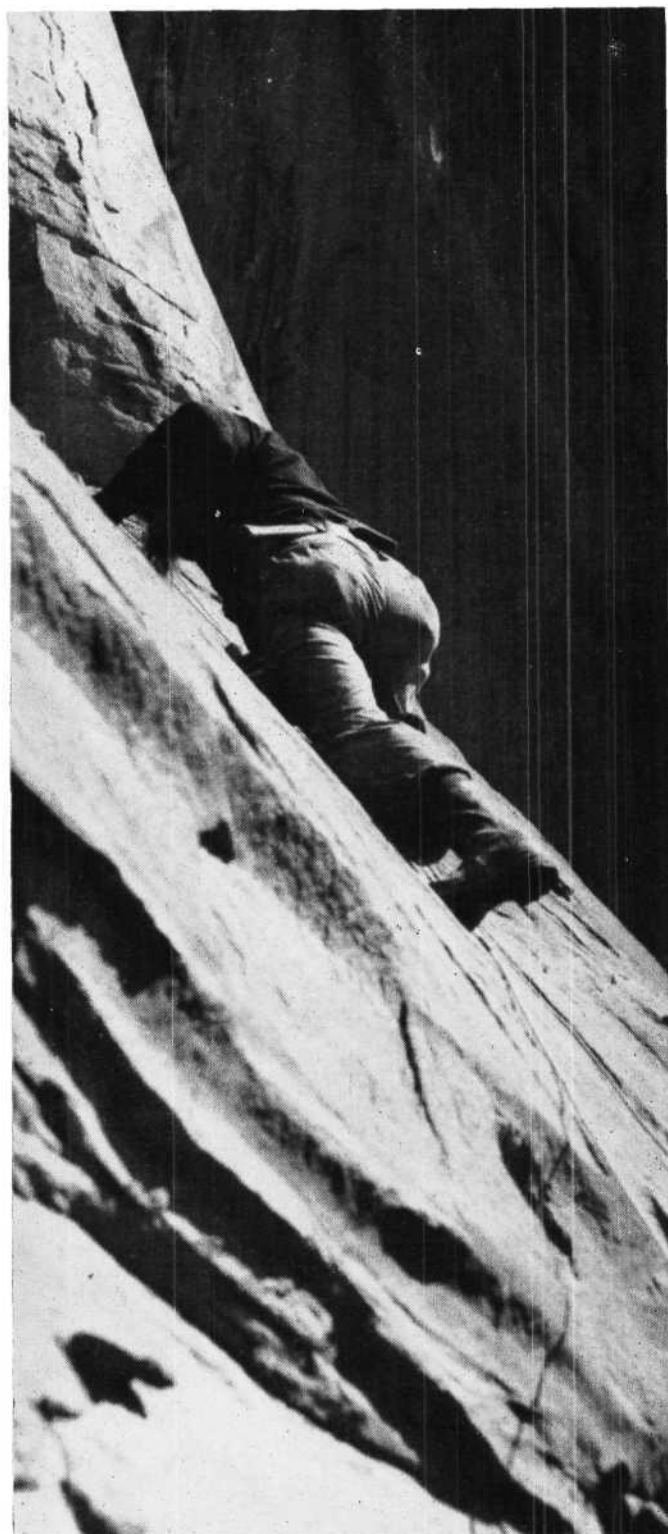
"We've come this far," Johnson replied without committing himself, "and we might as well go on to the top." I thought I detected a trace of hesitation, but after resting a few minutes he cautiously began feeling his way over the worn footholds, while the doctor and I braced ourselves with the rope.

He made it all right and when he found a solid foothold the doctor and I followed. The little cliff dwelling was now just above us and after climbing another short flight almost straight up, we reached the floor of the cave and relaxed on solid rock.

The little ruin was a beauty, but I heard no exclamations of admiration. As we turned to look down over the trail we had climbed we all held our breath. From the top it looked humanly impossible ever to get back down to the canyon floor. There

was a distinct sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach and I have no doubt the other two felt the same sensation.

When we had recovered our breath we noticed that the floor of the cave was not more than 10 feet wide and perhaps 200 feet long. Along the outer edge a low wall had been built at some points and we could trace the walls of two or three rooms which apparently never had been completed. The principal room, which had attracted our attention from below, was in a very good state of preservation. It was about eight feet wide and six feet from front to back, the rear wall of the cave forming



With his feet in the ancient Moki footholds Willis Johnson carefully worked his way to the top.

the back of the room. The two side walls had been carefully laid up with small bits of rock fallen from the cave roof. But instead of constructing the front with this same material, small willow poles had been stood side by side and plastered with mud. The cave's roof was so low that we could not stand upright, yet curiously, the builders had thought it necessary to build a roof of poles and mud over the room, a few inches below the smooth cave roof, reducing the height of the room to less than five feet. Some of the mud plaster had fallen out of the roof and nearly all from the front wall, together with most of the upright willow poles. Ends of all beams and poles either had been burned or chopped with a stone ax.

In the debris on the floor of the cave we had hoped to find the usual accumulation of broken pottery, bone implements, arrow points, beads and other relics. Unfortunately we found nothing except a large quantity of small corncocks. After scratching around for half an hour we reluctantly prepared to leave. The reluctance was caused by the disquieting thoughts of having to go back down that dizzy trail.

We started down in the same order we came up with Frazier below, Johnson above, and myself in the middle. Although my position seemed safest, there was no way to anchor the rope and if one of us had slipped, all three would have gone to the bottom.

I don't know what technique the ancient Indians used in going down such steps, but I do know—now—that we should have gone down the way we went up, facing upwards and stepping backwards. This we found is easier to say than to do. One naturally wants to face in the direction he is traveling, and that is what we did. But the steps and occasional handholds were cut by a man going up, not down. Footholds seemed to be spaced awkwardly and handholds were always in the wrong place



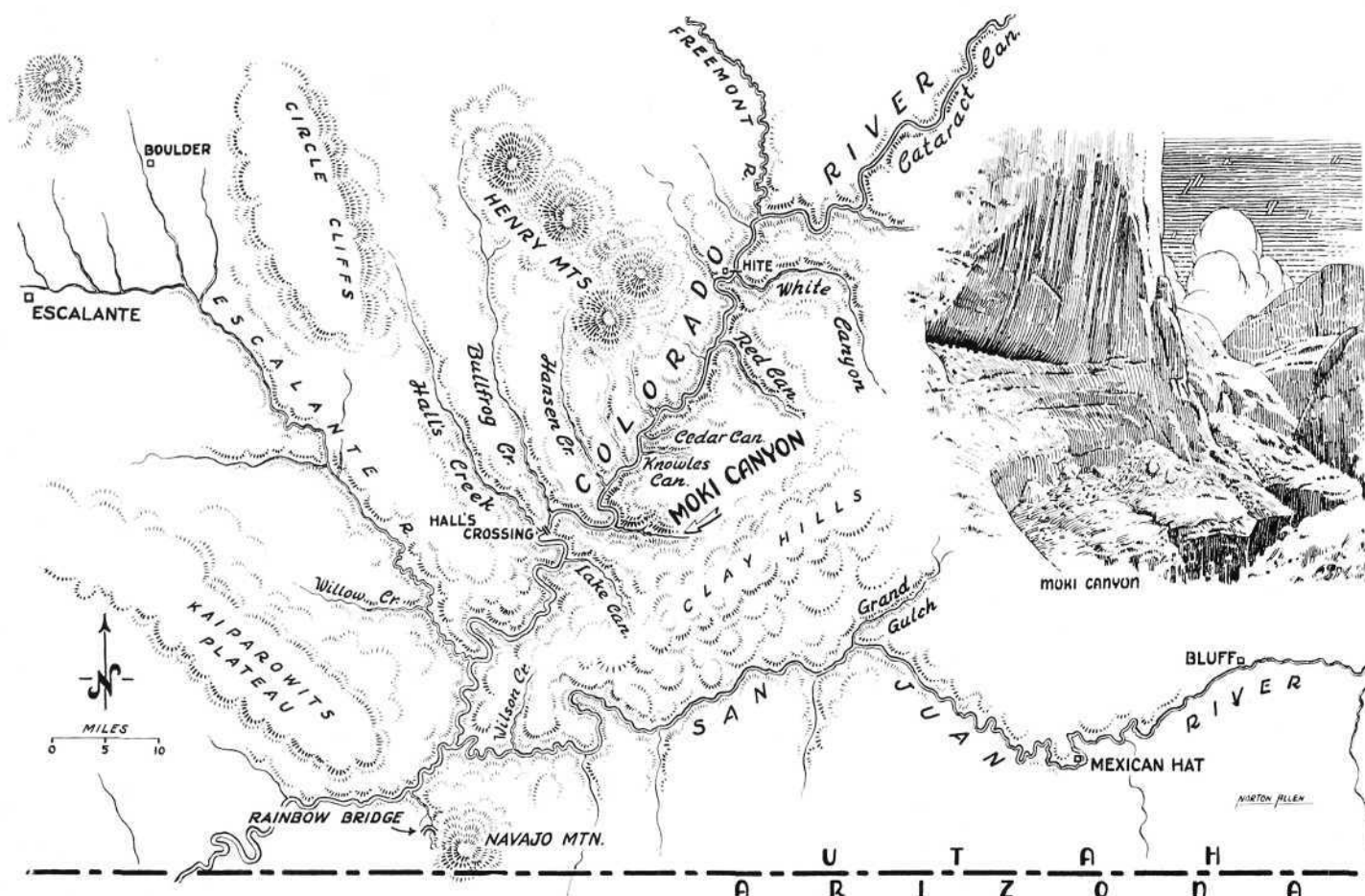
The cliff dwelling which looked so attractive from below contained nothing but a quantity of ancient corncocks.

when facing down. The sight of 400 feet of smooth rock wall below us didn't help much, either.

"Take it easy!" Doc called from below as he carefully inched down. "Move one at a time and keep hold of the rope!" We did just that. But we found going down an entirely different matter from going up. In fact, it didn't seem like the same trail.

Half way down the first steep rock face one of Doc's rubber soles came off. I saw it go slithering to the bottom, but Doc didn't know it and I didn't tell him. He went on without any apparent difficulty to the shelving ledge above the series of double steps, while Johnson and I gingerly followed.

Having passed what seemed the most dangerous stretch, we



breathed a little easier. The deep cut double steps seemed safe enough, but at the bottom was that three foot overhang, where two steps were entirely out of sight. Clinging with both hands and feet, Johnson and I held the rope while Doc eased himself over the edge and with legs hanging in midair felt with his toes for the two missing steps. It took plenty of nerve, but Doc kept up a continual conversation to prevent our getting rattled. After what seemed several minutes he found a toehold and let himself down to firmer footing. Then he guided our feet as Johnson and I came down.

From that point the trail led along a steeply slanting crevice in the rock. Half way along this crack I found a step too far for me to reach, being three and a half feet ahead and a foot down. After making several attempts I tried leaning my weight against the wall, depending on the friction of my clothes to ease me down. At the last moment I decided the chances were too great, and inched myself back to the step above. Then I found a rough spot on the rock face which provided a fingertip hold. With the assistance of this small projection I once more put one foot forward and began easing down.

Just as I passed the point of balance the handhold broke off and a piece of rotten rock went clattering to the bottom of the canyon. Above me, Johnson braced himself with the rope, but I was afraid to put any pressure on it as his own foothold was none too good. Fortunately my foot caught in the lower depression. Beyond that point the going was much easier, and without further difficulty we reached the bottom where we threw ourselves flat on solid rock to relax our taut nerves.

This climb was a thrilling, dangerous experience which none of us ever will forget. It might have been worth the effort if we had accomplished our ambition of being first to set foot in that ancient cliff dwelling. Unfortunately, just before beginning our descent, Dr. Frazier found lightly scratched on the cave wall this legend: "W. W. Jones, 1922." Perhaps Jones was first to enter the cave and if so he may have deepened the double row of footholds on the most dangerous part of the climb. In any case our hats are off to him.

Back in camp at the mouth of Moki canyon, we cooked supper and went to bed, thoroughly tired. None of us slept well that night. One, I know, was hanging on that dizzy trail all night long. Personally I never again would attempt to make such a climb without adequate equipment and preparation and my advice to other amateurs is simply this: "Don't do it!"

DESERT QUIZ

It is fun to recall those trips through the desert country even though we cannot make them just now. Desert Quiz will bring back pleasant memories to those who have had the good fortune to travel in the Southwest. It includes not only many interesting references to the geography, but is also a test of your knowledge of history, literature, botany, geology, Indians and the lore of the desert region. The average person will score less than 10 correct answers. If you score 15 you know as much as most desert rats. Over 15 puts you in that super-super class of Sand Dune Sages. The answers are on page 34.

- 1—If you were driving across the desert in late April or early May and saw bright yellow blossoms on one of the most conspicuous native trees, you would know they were—
Mesquite..... Ironwood..... Palo Verde..... Smoke tree.....
- 2—Touring the West, your stop at Overton, Nevada, would be to visit the—
Museum of ancient Indian artifacts..... The scene of a historic Indian battle..... Explore the workings of a famous gold mine..... Pay homage at the monument of a famous Colorado river explorer.....
- 3—From the highest point on the Catalina mountains the largest city within your range of vision is—
Albuquerque..... Salt Lake City.....
Palm Springs..... Tucson.....
- 4—First white man of record to visit the Havasupai Indian reservation in Arizona was—
Coronado..... Father Garcés..... Marcos de Niza.....
John Wesley Powell.....
- 5—If your destination was White's City, New Mexico, you probably would be planning to visit—
Morro rock..... The Ice Caves.....
A Navajo ceremonial..... Carlsbad caverns.....
- 6—Stranded on the desert without soap, you would find a very effective substitute in—
The leaves of the creosote bush..... The roots of certain species of yucca..... The juice from barrel cacti..... The pods from the desert willow tree.....
- 7—If the guide told you the imposing mass of rock in the distance was the Great White Throne, you would know you were in—
Zion national park.....
Grand Canyon national park..... Chiricahua national monument.....
Joshua Tree national monument.....
- 8—If you had been camping in Borrego valley in December, 1775, and a troupe of horsemen passed that way you would have learned their leader was—
General Kearny..... Juan Bautista de Anza..... Father Kino.....
Kit Carson.....
- 9—On a gem-hunting trip in the Chuckawalla mountains of Southern California, you most likely would find—
Dumortierite..... Tourmaline.....
Geodes..... Turquoise.....
- 10—The setting of the book *Death Comes to the Archbishop* is in—
California..... Arizona..... Utah..... New Mexico.....
- 11—A wickiup is—
A type of Indian basket..... A primitive dwelling.....
Weapon used by prehistoric Indians..... Crude net for catching fish.....
- 12—Fortification Hill is visible from—
Roosevelt dam.....
Elephant Butte dam..... Boulder dam..... Coolidge dam.....
- 13—Adolf F. Bandelier was—
An early day trapper..... An archaeologist.....
Apache guide..... Former New Mexico governor.....
- 14—Going from Gallup, New Mexico, to Shiprock, you would travel—
North..... South..... East..... West.....
- 15—The floor in a Navajo hogan generally is covered with—
Dirt.....
Pine needles..... Rough hewn logs..... Navajo blankets.....
- 16—Azurite is a mineral of—
Iron..... Zinc..... Tin..... Copper.....
- 17—Going from Flagstaff to Rainbow bridge by the most direct road your route would be through—
Prescott..... Winslow..... Cameron.....
Window Rock.....
- 18—New Mexico's most famous Christmas festival is observed at—
Raton..... Clovis..... Santa Fe..... Madrid.....
- 19—Mormon Lake is in—
Utah..... Arizona..... Nevada..... New Mexico.....
- 20—The horned toad's best natural defense is its—
Sharp teeth..... Coloration..... Sharp horns..... Speed.....

PRIZE STORY

Desert Magazine presents another prize winning story this month. First prize winner in the personal experience or adventure contest conducted last July and August appeared in the December issue. This month's story is the first of a series of eight other manuscripts which also were awarded prizes in the contest.

Sam Ling's Christmas Gift

Sam Ling had no golden ambitions. The scores of broken down prospectors he'd grubstaked at his little eating house in Winnemucca had promised him shares in their hoped for strikes. But the one thing in the world that Sam wanted was a "big clownboy hat." This is the story of how Sam got his Stetson—and a Christmas present which paid for a breakfast served six years before.

By W. LEROY BELL

HIGH over the Nevada desert droned the transcontinental airliner. The passengers were business men and women, some bound for various eastern cities on business, some going home for the holidays, as it was well toward the middle of December. Of the passengers one man alone seemed to be acquainted with the landmarks on the desert below and from time to time he would point out some town, mountain range, river bed or dry lake.

"Yep! That little stream bed is Buffalo creek. It runs off down there and sinks in the Smoke Creek desert! That peak to the east is Granite butte, right at the south end of the Granite range.

"No, that isn't water you see in the lake right east of Granite butte, just plain old alkali a-shining. That's the Black Rock desert down yonder with the Jackson mountains on the far side, and the high peak you see is old King Lear, a-raring up over 8,000 feet in the air. Then you see the mountain range farther east? That's in the Santa Rosas, and that first peak is Winnemucca, and the one to the north is Bloody Run mountain. The mining town of Winnemucca lies right south of that range.

"Ever been to Winnemucca? No? Well, it's quite a place, or used to be in the boom days. Lots of workings in the hills around, but most of 'em have played out now. Well sir, if you ever happen to hit that place at this time of the year you sure will want a coat. Cold? I'll say she's cold, with the wind whistling down the Humboldt, hell bent for election, and nothing to stop her for a hundred miles.

"Never heard of Sam Ling's eating house in Winnemucca? Shucks. I thought everybody had heard of it! Well, since we've got plenty of time, I'll tell you a story which has to do with this town of Winnemucca, and Sam Ling's eating house."

Fumbling through his pockets, the nar-

rator produced a long cigar. When it was lit and burning to his satisfaction, he settled down comfortably into his seat, meditated for a few moments, eyes closed, as if he were trying to recall memories of the long past. He then resumed, "Near as I can remember, it was about this time of the year, back in the early nineties. That was one of the worst winters you ever saw too, and the morning I'm starting this yarn with, was the 'king pin' of the whole winter. There was nothing stirring in town that morning but the wind, for things were mighty dead in those parts just then. Along about eight o'clock, if you'd been looking, you would have seen a lone man trudging down a canyon toward town. If you'd known the signs, you would've been able to tell that this hombre was about done in, what from fighting the storm, and him with nothing to eat for two days. Well, it turned out to be George (I'll just let it go at that, and not tell his other name) getting in from another prospecting trip, busted, disgusted and hungry as a wolf.

"A few years before this, anybody could get fed in Winnemucca, but just now, as I said, things were tight, and George couldn't find a friend in town, nor a restaurant that would feed him. And believe me, George needed feeding bad this morning. There was just one more chance and that was at a little old Chink eating house, down toward the red light district, but George wasn't too proud this day to try even a Chink for a hand out. He finally reached the little shack, and after several tries, wrenched the warped door open and entered. Even the smell of burnt grease and dish water was like attar of roses to George, as he closed the door against the howling gale.

"His entrance was greeted by a cheerful, squeaky Chinese, 'Hello! Plenty muchee wind blow likee hell lis morning.'

"George didn't waste time talking about the weather, but came right to the

point. 'Look Sam, me no eat for two days, me plenty hungry, sabe? I ain't got no money, and don't know when I will have, but some time I'll pay you for my breakfast, with interest, but I've got to eat now, see?'

" 'Sure, sure, you got plentee empty bellee, Sam fix him quick. You likee hamee eggee? and maybe so hot cakee and coffee?'

"The next George knew, he was lying with his head on the table, and the Chink was forcing hot coffee down his throat with a big spoon. George was about done in.

"After a couple of hours, and a course or two of ham and eggs, and a gallon or so of Arbuckle coffee under his belt, George decided he was going to live. He told Sam he'd never forget him, and that some day he would pay his bill in full.

" 'Okay, okay! Some time you gottee money, pay me. No gottee him, okay too. You no go places now, too muchee snow and blad wind, you stay here, Sam feed you. blye, blye, better time go maybee.'

"George stayed around there for a couple of days before the weather let up enough for him to travel, and the Chink fed him and let him sleep in a warm room, off the kitchen. When he left he had enough grub in his pack to last for several days, and a warm spot in his heart for Sam Ling.

"Six years rolled by, and to Sam Ling they were just six more years—till one day along toward the last of October, two well dressed men entered his lowly place of business.

" 'Hello, Sam,' said one of the men.

" 'Hello, misters,' replied the Chink. 'Mebbee you likee nice dinner?'

" 'No, not now, Sam,' replied the stranger. 'You remember me?'

" 'Mebbee me no sabe you, mister. Mebbe no see you some place before,' said Sam.

" 'Don't you remember feeding a fellow, for a couple of days, back about six years ago, when he was darned near starved and froze?'

" 'Oh sure, me don't lember! Sam feed lotsa men, some time hungry, some time bloke, can't lember you.'

" 'Well, listen Sam, I'm George—the fellow you took in one cold December day six years ago. I told you I'd pay you for that grub sometime, so now I've come to do it.'

" 'Oh no,' says Sam. 'Me feedee you, you

hungrily, gottee bloke. Sam no feedee hungrily man, byem bye go to hell mebbe.

"Well Sam, if you feel that way about it O.K., but I want to buy you a present, something you always wanted, but couldn't afford. You name it, and I'll buy it."

"Sam thought for a few seconds, then with a sort of foolish grin, said, 'You think mebbe so catchem big clowboy hat for Sam?'"

"Well I'll be damned!" said George, 'If that's what you want, more'n anything, why a Stetson it will be. You go down the street with Frank here and pick out any hat you want in the store, and I'll pay for it. Get going, and I'll watch this dump for you while you're gone.'

"No sooner had the Chink and Frank got around the corner, than George did a strange thing. Stepping to the store room, he picked up a five gallon can of kerosene, bashed in the top with a cleaver, and proceeded to drench the restaurant from the kitchen to the front door. Tossing the empty can back down the aisle, he stepped to the front door, struck a match and tossed it on the floor. In about two shakes of a lamb's tail, the whole place was ablaze, and the natives came running from all over town.

"Sure they had a fire department, consisting of a bucket brigade, but that old building was plenty dry and greasy, and

before the buckets arrived, she went up in smoke. Sam Ling got back about the time the show got going good, and he was about the maddest Chink in the whole state of Nevada, and also about the lowest in spirit.

"George got around to him after while, explaining that he must have dropped a match or something, and since he was in charge at the time, said he would pay for the damages. Said George, 'Sam, ain't you got no relations or friends down in Frisco or L.A. that you could visit for a spell?' Sam admitted that he did have some very dear friends in Frisco, but all his worldly goods had gone up in smoke and he was ruined. 'Well Sam,' said George, pulling out a roll of greenbacks, 'You take this money, go see your friends, have one helluva time for yourself, then be back here on Christmas morning bright and early.'

"Sam Ling left for Frisco, and just as soon as the ashes had cooled on his old restaurant site, George started a gang cleaning up the rubbish, and hired a contractor to build a modern brick building where the old rattle trap used to stand. When the building was nearly complete, he hired a restaurant man out of Salt Lake to equip the inside with the best of fixtures, from the kitchen clean through to the cash register. He stocked the store

room to the ceiling with all the staples and canned goods he could think of, just a day before Christmas.

"Christmas morning bright and early, George left his hotel and walked down toward the new building, but he wasn't early enough, for there on the sidewalk in front stood Sam Ling, tears of joy running down his yellow cheeks.

"Well, Sam, there she is, and here's your keys. She's all yours—and George has paid for his breakfast.' Looking up at the new sign above the door he said, 'I hope I had that printed right.' The sign read,

SAM LING'S RESTAURANT
(Where no man goes away hungry)."

The motors on the liner slowed, and the great ship came in on the landing field at Salt Lake. The passengers alighted and hurried out to the waiting taxis at the entrance. An old man, with tattered clothes stood hopefully at the gate, his cap held out in expectancy. The story teller from the liner stopped, set his grip down, and reaching in his pocket, pulled out a bill and dropped it in the cap. The other passengers seeing this act, followed suit, and had they been listening closely they would have heard the old man murmur, his voice trembling with emotion, "Merry Christmas to you all, and God bless you too."

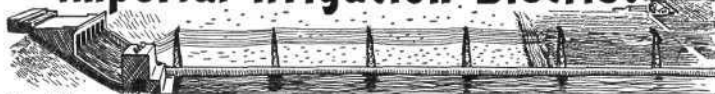
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Ambrosio Vigil at the mouth of his glory hole.

He Found His Glory Hole in His Own Front Yard

By CLEE WOODS

HE IS the happiest man I have ever known. Ambrosio Vig'l, age 76. He is the only real man of the desert I've ever known who actually has found the pot of gold. I've lived neighbor to him all during the 21 years he walked over the yellow fortune without suspecting that wealth was his just for digging a hole in his front yard.

Look at his picture beside the shaft, and then go down into the shaft with him and his son. Hear him say in his native tongue, just as he recounted to me the sinking of that shaft:

"My dear boy, let's go in here with a level. Perhaps the vein will widen up."

His aged hands, gnarled with 70 years of toil, gestured the direction. Then the hands touched the solid stone wall. Hesitantly, not quite certain of his own conviction. With a little dread, too, for at 76 you don't take to underground work with much zeal, after you have spent almost all your life on the desert, out in its great

Ambrosio Vigil is a happy man. After 70 years of toil he has been rewarded far beyond his dreams. But first the desert had meted its grim sort of justice too—before Ambrosio learned to obey its law of Patience. He had lived through desert drouth and storm, he had toiled in the dark underground of New Mexican mines. Grief and despair had been his. But now Ambrosio is happy. The desert's treasure has been yielded at his own front door—under the very soil he had tramped daily for more than 20 years on his way to milk cows and tend his goats.

wide sweeps of sand and sunshine, in its tangy sweet air and ever changing patterns of color and moods.

The desert had been hard on Ambrosio Vigil, just as it will be hard on you and me today, if we do not understand it and obey the laws it has laid down for all of us. Just as it was hard on him when as a boy he began to wrest a living from it at the time Billy the Kid was taking his living in the same locality with six-shooter and bravado.

Unlike others, Ambrosio does not hunger for reflected glory because he knew the Kid. As a boy on his father's ranch nine miles north of Socorro, he saw the famous outlaw come and go freely to his

home. Once he ventured to jibe the Kid about his killing so many people.

"I don't kill everybody," the Kid told him, seriously. "I only shoot first at the ones who try to kill me."

So believed most of the Spanish-American people at that time, and those left today still feel the same way about the notorious outlaw.

His knowing Billy the Kid only confirms the hard, rough country and times where Ambrosio had his beginnings. From his father's ranch he went out on his own, to raising sheep. But the desert was watching him, never forgetful of the lessons it always has taught and the lessons it will be teaching others 500 years from now—

patience, prudence, frugality, hard work and submission. Submission to its laws. But when you find a way to put yourself in accord with those laws, then the desert sunshine makes you laugh. The pure, dry air makes you breathe life zestfully. The vast stretches of seeming wasteland becomes home to you as no other part of the world ever could. Only those who have found peace and beauty and majesty and divineness in the desert can understand what I mean, for I can't put the words together to convey the full power of the desert over men.

Ambrosio forgot the desert laws of prudence and patience and tried to increase his sheep too rapidly. Lambing time came and passed one spring, day after day of sunshine. This was over on the Pecos river in eastern New Mexico, where the desert really begins. Sunshine and sunshine and no rain. We all know such times must come, or there would be no desert.

On through the summer Ambrosio hoped and watched for rain. How many times a day he cupped a hand over his eyes, looking to the faintest cloud with hope—looking at the cloudless sky, with fading hope.

The ewes grew poor, eating the grass out by the roots. The new lambs were runty, and their thin weak bleating cut at Ambrosio's heart.

The ewes and lambs died. One now, five another day. At last they were all gone. There was no money and he had a family to keep.

"But," he tells me, when wondering why I do not seem to want children, "even at the worst times, I love my family. I kiss my babies and pass a good time."

That is something the desert Southwest has given these native people. Good cheer even in submission, and that kind of patience.

Poor again himself, Ambrosio took 1,200 Angora goats to tend on the shares. Again the desert insisted on its punishment for lack of patience. The owner was in haste to sell his mohair and get back some of that \$6,000 he had spent for the goats. The week of April 20 the shearing was done. The very night it was finished, a storm hit the Pecos country. Cold winds blew and sleet fell.

The naked goats began huddling together in the corrals. The little kids bleated and shivered, their cries not unlike that of sick babies. Tighter and tighter the goats huddled together as the cold grew more intense and the sleet began to form icy coats on their sheared bodies. Panicky now, they piled up in the corners of the corrals, four and five deep, oddly like human beings trampling each other down in trying to get out of a burning building.

As the goats down beneath smothered to death, others piled on above, in turn smothering those that had smothered the lower ones. At last, only a few on top were left alive, and many of these froze to death.



Ambrosio's granddaughters on a pile of ore from the Little Goat claim, with the mine in the background.

Ambrosio was broke again, and without a job. But he kissed his babies, told them nothing of his despair. He talked long into the nights with his little wife, who even now in her seventies reflects early beauty and everlasting dignity of spirit. Mrs. Vigil is the only very old Spanish-American I have ever known who speaks English without the least accent.

She and Ambrosio agreed that he had to take whatever kind of work he could find. What sheepman would want a herder who twice had failed? He had been a muleskinner at one time, hauling freight from one frontier point to another. But railroads were more and more taking that business and he had no money to buy teams anyway. So Ambrosio said goodbye to his sunshine and grama grass and the sweet smell of piñon trees, and went underground to work. Not 30 hours a week, but 10 and 12 hours a day, six days a week. Of all the jobs—digging coal!

"It was dark under there, and damp," he said. "It was hard work and there was no fun down there."

Ambrosio was missing his desert sunshine and desert air. There was only one way he could get back to it. He began to save every dime he could from his wages. When he could, he bought a cow or a couple of sheep. And every two years or so, he had a new baby to kiss, until there was a total of 13.

Sick of the black world in which he now had worked for five years, he sold his hoardings of cattle and sheep and went to Deming, New Mexico, and worked as a farm hand for a year. But through that year, his eyes kept wandering far off to the north, where the desert mountains loomed on the horizon. Not barren mountains like the Floridas near him, but mountains with

piñon and juniper and whose peaks were green with pine, spruce and aspens.

So he came to Hanover in the foothills and milked cows for a dairy for three years. By this time his savings had accumulated. In 1920 he saw a piece of public land he liked a couple of miles east of the Fort Bayard military reservation, where the government had over 1,000 veterans of World War I regaining their health in the desert sunshine. The quickest way to gain possession here was to take a mining claim. Ambrosio filed on a claim 500 feet wide and 3,000 feet long.

But he still did not care for mining. He bought 100 goats and put his boys to herding them. He himself worked at Fort Bayard, milking cows of the hospital dairy herd. That brought in money and the goat herd increased. Ambrosio began selling goat milk and cheese. He keeps a pet goat about the place now—Tillie, a tannish milker that follows him about like a dog and plays with visitors as willingly as a new puppy.

Times still were hard with the big Vigil family. Sickness and death had taken money. Nine of the 13 children were living, and sometimes a relative had to be helped. Every year Ambrosio did his assessment work on the mining claim to hold his title to the 'dobe home he had built, and to give him a claim to grass on the surrounding mesas.

As one of the soldier patients of Fort Bayard, well on my way back to health in 1920 and 1921, I sometimes strolled out over the goat ranch—on a picnic one day, to watch placer miners at work in the gulch another time, to target practice another. But even as I watched the miner rocking his cradle to shake the tiny particles of gold to the bottom and hold them

on the riffles, I no more dreamed of big wealth from a rich strike than Ambrosio Vigil was dreaming. He was making a bare living out of his goats, and so the secret lay on in the ground for 20 more years, while right there in sight of Ambrosio's claim the great copper works at Santa Rita were turning out millions of dollars in the red metal.

Came January, 1941, and time to begin assessment work on the claim. His son Albert, "Cito" as they call him—now in Uncle Sam's army—thought he possibly had found a zinc vein. It was almost straight out in front of the 'dobe home.

Cito sank a shaft down 10 feet by himself. Then he needed help to bring up the muck. Ambrosio went into the shaft and filled the bucket each time, the easiest work, while Cito drew the bucket up by windlass.

They went down another 10 feet. There it was that Ambrosio said, "My dear boy, let's go in here. Maybe the vein will widen up."

Cito was not convinced. They went on down until the shaft was 30 feet deep. But the vein had pinched down to only four inches, and that wouldn't pay, because it was running only a little zinc, lead and copper. Cito gave it up and went back to working for wages. Ambrosio went back to overseeing his goat herd, for he knew there was a living in goats. In fact, Ambrosio always had called his claim the "Little Goat claim." The 30-foot shaft was left to vacant uselessness, like a thousand more such shafts over the desert hills of this section.

Old 1941, startled in its last days by the Pearl Harbor atrocity, limped out of existence, and it was 1942, and time to do assessment work on the Little Goat claim. On New Year's day, Ambrosio went down into the 30-foot shaft and pondered.

"Is it worth while?" he asked himself. "Or had I better try to find a vein somewhere else on the Little Goat." He looked up. Only a small patch of the desert sky was visible at the mouth of the shaft. But clear, blue, inviting. There was a man herding the goats on shares now, but ought not he be checked up on today? At age 76 a man's muscles rebel at work on a hopeless task—to hard, backbreaking work even for a man as young and strong as Cito.

Ambrosio started climbing out. But 10 feet up he paused and looked. Had he and Cito made a mistake by going on down? Could that vein widen up here? Maybe his old hunch had been right.

Ambrosio set to work. He let the shaft fill up with muck to this 20-foot point. He began to drive his level along what seemed a promising vein. Anyway, the assessment work had to be done to hold the claim. He would get a patent this year and this would be an end of the assessment work.

The vein was widening. And something

began to show in the ore. Ambrosio took up good samples. He pounded the ore up fine and panned at it eagerly. There was gold in it, yes, but how much? He had seen too many men get excited over a little color.

For five months Ambrosio kept on driving his level. He got out the ore to the foot of the shaft. Then his sons would come out after their regular day's work was done elsewhere for wages, and help him get the ore to the surface. They piled up 40 tons of carefully selected ore.

A dentist came to the goat ranch one day. Ambrosio had had all his teeth pulled, but there was no money with which to buy dental plates. The dentist became interested in the showing of that ore. He took two pounds of the pulverized stuff and sent it away. Back came a check for \$97.30—and Ambrosio paid \$85.00 of that for a new set of teeth.

Now there was some heart to the work. Some incentive to driving the weary old body on into the level. Of course, he understood that the two pounds had been carefully selected stuff, by no means the average. But there was pay dirt here in some degree, anyway.

In time they trucked 37 tons of the ore out to the railroad and shipped it to the smelter. They waited anxiously for the returns. Not for anything sensational but because debts pressed most of the family. The three sons who helped him were mar-

ried now, and each of them had heavy obligations of his own.

Then the check came. \$9,782! Nine thousand seven hundred and eighty-two dollars! One car load of ore. Nearly \$300 a ton. The ore had run gold, silver, lead, zinc and copper.

The mining world about him was startled. The representative of a big company made a hasty offer of \$50,000 for the claim—one cleverly worded so as to make the mine pay for itself, or not cost the company much if the ore played out. Ambrosio was too clever to walk into that pit. He still has his mine. You can buy it for \$100,000 dollars. One of the sons wants to make the price \$400,000.

The skeptical are saying it was only a pocket. That the next carload will bring sad news.

Ambrosio only laughs at them. At last the desert has rewarded him for his years of devotion. Has brought him a fortune, there in his very front yard, where he walked over it for 21 years in complete ignorance of its existence.

Who wouldn't laugh, in his circumstances? Has he not just received \$9,782? Maybe the next carload and the next and the next will show lower grade ore. But what of it? May not the fifth carload bring \$10,000 or \$25,000? Ambrosio is the happiest man I ever saw. Wouldn't you be, if the Little Goat claim were in your front yard?



Mr. and Mrs. Vigil, two daughters and two granddaughters.



Suddenly the desert burst into all the brilliance of noon—right in his eyes.

Phantom of the Moonlight

By JOHN LINDSEY BLACKFORD

HE CAME, a little grey ghost in the moonlight, when the hot night was softly stirring the feathery foliage of the mesquite thickets on the floor of Death Valley. Clusters of their long green pods scraped gently across the car top, but that had not awakened me. It was a dry rattling in the deep shadow of a tiny grove 20 feet away. There were only the two of us at the campground at Furnace Creek, for it was the end of May and the heat was now 24 hours long. But who was *he*?

The warm breath of the night breeze, drugged with sleep, was luring me back to unconsciousness. Yet that elusive shadow there where moonbeams poked the velvety blackness near the mesquite trunks—? Could it be—it was—a kit fox! Phantom-like he had slipped swiftly away, scarcely caught by the bright, sudden shaft of the flashlight—but I knew.

The diminutive fox had been licking and rattling an oily butter wrapper left upon the table. Already it was parchment dry from the valley heat. Arising quietly I placed a few slices of bologna back in the far shadows as an invitation to come another night, hoping for photographs. In the morning I found that he had accepted the invitation.

Recollections of the nocturnal visitor almost faded before daylight wonders—the great deadly salt sink seen from Dante's View, chocolate cliffs and golden badland at Zabriskie Point, the splendor of Golden canyon, and the pinto-patterned slopes of Black range. Nomadic dunes, adrift in mid-valley—held me until a flaming sun fell behind the smoky Panamints.

Then hurriedly, just at dusk, I drove again beneath the mesquite trees. The fading light quickly proved insufficient to permit focusing the camera. Yet the last moon of May soon would be rising. Just past gorgeous full it provided my only chance to glimpse the grey wraith-like form of the kit fox if he should come again.

A boulder humped its rough back out of the stony desert floor close to the twisted mesquite clump. It was the likeliest spot to which the ghostly visitor of the night might be lured. Laying my flashlight down on the flinty gravel, just a few inches away, I directed its beam against the sombre side of the rock. Then through the ground glass of the 3½x4¼ Speed Graphic, perched on its tripod at six feet, I centered the point of light. Focused with extreme care it might, with luck, capture

PHOTOGRAPHING THE "COVER" KIT FOX

Camera data for this month's cover photograph of the Death Valley kit fox (*Vulpes macrotis arsipus*) is supplied by T. B. Cunningham.

Camera: E. K. Bantam Special.

Film: Original taken on Kodachrome "A" at night. Illumination, S. M. Flash. Hand held flash gun.

Exposure: Scene was dimly illuminated by Coleman lamp. Camera was set up on tripod 10 feet from food and coupled to cable release. Lens stop F:18. As the animals "came in" shutter on Time was opened and flash gun fired as animal got into position. Flash gun held slightly above and to right behind camera.

Enlargement: Black and white negative made by projecting Kodachrome transparency through color corrected 4-inch lens to 2½x3½ Panatomic X cut film. Developed in DK 20 fine grain developer. Enlargement then made to Kodabromide developed in D-72.

the kit's image sharply upon the film. I moved the camera back to eight feet to avoid cutting off tail or feet in the picture. At that range I could shoot if he stole in from either direction.

Even this distance from the little stage I was preparing seemed close, but the kit, or swift as he is often known, is our smallest American fox. Twenty-five inches measures his lithe length, a third of it soft, grey, black-tipped brush. Four pounds will total the usual weight. However, the long-eared desert swift of California's Mojave and Colorado deserts averages slightly larger than its dwarfish relatives inhabiting the great plains from Colorado to Saskatchewan. In setting up the camera and tripod in the open, with only a spray of creosote for disguise, I was counting upon the unsuspecting nature of these little foxes, as compared with big brother Reynard of the high Sierra slopes.

At last the synchro-flash and reflector were mounted by the beam of the flashlight. Recalling that swiftly moving apparition, indistinct in the moonglow, speed and aperture presented other uncertainties. I chose a setting of 1/200 sec., at f:11, to team up with fast Super Panchro-Press film. Then the pull cord was hooked on securely to the synchro release and the line strung back over the bushes to the car 15 feet away.

It was time to consider another mid-

night snack for the kit. The phantom visitor had served himself with butter from the table. He approved of bologna too. So buttered meat chips were scattered in front of the boulder, inconspicuously among the stones. Only a lucky fox might help himself to raisin rolls in that desert. I strewed bits of one over the spot, carefully concealing them from the camera's vigilant eye.

The moon's aura was bright above the Funeral range as I slipped inside the car to sit upon the bed, finger wrapped with the tightened thread. It was a slim chance on which to lose a night's sleep, as sagging eyelids promptly argued. But the moon's great coppery disc, silhouetting the black, sharp crest of the Funerals, was convincing for an hour or two.

Then it came! A nebulous grey shape loping nearer and nearer among the creosote bushes and prickly pear. The thread tensed. The keen nose of the desert fox must lead unerringly to the set. Holding my breath, I waited for the mesquite shadows to materialize that faery form. Soon he would be there in the moon glow before the expectant camera. Only he *didn't* come.

It seemed useless, yet I'd wait until twelve—another half hour. I've whispered commands to Laddie, my collie, at 40 feet and seen him obey instantly. The huge, furry, super-sensitive receivers of the swift would probably detect a mouse scurrying to cover at twice the distance. Anyway I had to stretch my cramped legs. Again I almost nodded.

Into the silvery flood of light, without warning, something moved unmistakably. It had come silently from the other side of the car. It paused briefly, a few feet from the impatient lens—a jack rabbit.

I rolled the windows down for air. The jack hopped off toward the creosote bushes. Distantly the dark blotch of the rabbit paused, alert. Strangely, almost before discerning it, I sensed the thing too. Eerily the kit fox had come from the desert, shadow-like in the filmy rays of the moon.

Now he drifted directly in front of the camera. Still he didn't lift his head. The string seemed about to snap with suspense. He stepped daintily away, searching among the stones. Now he was back from the other side. Straining to see every move, every position, I held the cord taut. The air within the car was stifling. A jerk and the light flashed. Momentarily everything blacked out. I groped outside to change film and bulb, to check time and aperture. It would have been a fine photograph, if—only the synchronizer had tripped the shutter.

Desperately I wedged thin cardboard against the shutter release. My fear that the kit would not return was quickly dispelled. He emerged from the shadows before I had finished. Barely avoiding entanglement with the thread, I crawled into the car. The little fox thought it all an accident. Yet in a moment he turned his head, great ears alert, big liquid eyes watching. The flash blinded us both.

He came now only in quick sorties from the sheltering mesquite, seeming in the gauzy moonbeams a fragment of the shadows detached from them briefly. This strange flare that lighted the desert, causing twisted mesquite boles and brittle creosote stems to reveal themselves starkly, then vanish in darkness, flashed again. He had materialized so swiftly, searched so rapidly over the spot that lured and frightened him, that this time his image was likely blurred upon the film.

Sixty minutes more and the silent-footed fox had not returned. There was but one reason to suspect he might come again. If he made regular rounds, hunting his territory, he should be back.

The night wind was rising softly. Mesquite pods scraped lightly across the car top. The moon was above now, scintillant. This was Death Valley! And the kit fox glided into the light.

He was more confident, yet never certain. It would pay to look up and keep watch of that thing. Instantly the desert burst again into all the brilliance of noon—right in his eyes.

At three, an hour and a half later, the moon had stolen under the mesquite, but it did not find him there.

What was recorded on those sheets of film? Half a fox? In two weeks when they were developed I would know.

Five minutes later the phantom of the moonlight may have returned. I didn't find out.

Death Valley's great salt sink from Dante's View, with Devil's Golf Course at right—familiar range of the little kit fox.





These pink little daisies of the eastern Mojave desert grow on short thick stems 3 to 8 inches high.

Wild Daisies of the Desert

By MARY BEAL

YOU AND I may have different posies in mind when we speak of daisies, but they all belong to the sunflower family and bear a resemblance to one another. The Fleabane belongs to one of the tribes within this family and is closely related to the asters. While it seems friendlier to call it a daisy, the Fleabane acquired its name because in former times its odor was supposed to be objectionable to fleas and other insects. Many of our forebears hung up bunches of the plants indoors or burned them to drive out the pests. The old name survives although the reason for it no longer remains.

Erigeron is the label botanists use, and with good reason. For the name comes from the Greek, meaning "early" and "old man," from the fact that some of the species appear with a downy hoar in early life. *Erigeron concinnus* (species name from the Latin meaning "neat, elegant") is a widespread species, usually with violet or rose to nearly white ray flowers.

The species we feature here is *Erigeron concinnus* var. *eremicus*, more typical of the eastern Mojave desert. Its neat little groups of cheery pinkish faces are as captivating as the gay appealing faces of smil-

ing children. The many slender stems of this low, tufted perennial are about equal, rising erectly from the short thick branches of the root-crown to form a rather flat-topped clump 3 to 8 inches high. The light-green herbage is greyish with spreading hairs, sometimes quite shaggy on the lower parts and more or less crinkly. The leaves are linear to narrowly spatulate, the lower ones narrowed to a thread-like petiole as long as the blade. The broad involucre has one series of keeled lanceolate bracts almost concealed by the spreading white hairs.

The flower-heads are about an inch across, the numerous very narrow pink or white rays surrounding a disk crowded with innumerable tiny yellow, or greenish yellow florets, their lobes turning to deep rose as they age, almost brownish at last. Look for this winsome flower in the mountains of the eastern Mojave desert, from Ord mountain near Daggett to the Providence and New York mountains, Clark mountain, and also in Arizona and New Mexico.

The variety *Erigeron concinnus* var. *aphanactis* has no rays but its plump heads of deep yellow disk flowers are quite

pleasing. It chooses the Inyo county mountains of California, extending through Nevada to Utah and Arizona.

Erigeron linearis
(*Erigeron filifolius* of some botanists)

An attractive perennial 5 to 10 inches high with many very slender erect stems springing from a short branched root-crown. The herbage is clothed with silvery appressed hairs, the thread-like leaves mostly crowded near the base. The flowers are an inch or so across, violet to pale lavender or even white rays around yellow centers. The rays are somewhat broader than those of most of the other species and not as numerous. It has been reported from the mountains of the western Mojave desert but I know it only from the ranges of the eastern Mojave. In the limestone part of the Providence mountains its clumps are very engaging, settled on small ledges of the rocky walls. Etched in my memory is a certain sheer cliff enticingly bedecked with fine tufts of this lovely violet daisy, nestled in niches that seemed to have been formed for that very purpose.

Erigeron uncialis

The higher mountains of the eastern Mojave desert, notably Clark mountain and the Charleston mountains of Nevada harbor this low tufted perennial, high up, above 7,000 feet. Like fairy mats are these dense little alpine tufts, often less than an inch high, seldom more than an inch and a half in height. Long soft hairs clothe its many very slender stems, which arise from a deep root-crown with many short stout branches. The soft hairy leaves are oblanceolate and disposed in tufts. The sprightly flower heads are about half an inch across, the linear rays pink or whitish. These beflowered cushions are rooted in limestone crevices.

Erigeron divergens

Very different in habit from the preceding species is this annual or biennial. It grows from 5 to 16 inches or more high, its slender branching stems spreading widely, the basal ones often reclining, with only the tips erect, stretching out a foot or more. Both stems and leaves are quite hairy, the velvety leaves linear to oblanceolate, the upper ones smaller. The flower heads, three-quarters to one inch across, with numerous very narrow violet rays fringing a bright yellow disk, are scattered singly on the branches on very slender stalks. Widely distributed over the West, it may be found in desert areas from the low flats of the Colorado desert to the higher elevations of Mojave desert mountains, also throughout Arizona and New Mexico.

What it means for a Navajo to leave his native soil can be understood by few white men. He is far more deeply rooted in the earth—more familiar with her every mood. And yet—young Navajo have been among the first volunteers and are still arriving at the recruiting stations of the Southwest. In this sketch, Milton Snow gives a sensitive, understanding interpretation of the Navajo's attitude during the crisis of his country.

Navajo Recruit

By MILTON SNOW

HASHKE the Navajo stood thoughtful, looking out over the sweep of rock-rimmed mesa. Slowly his eyes wandered over the familiar vista of blue sage, piñon and cedar.

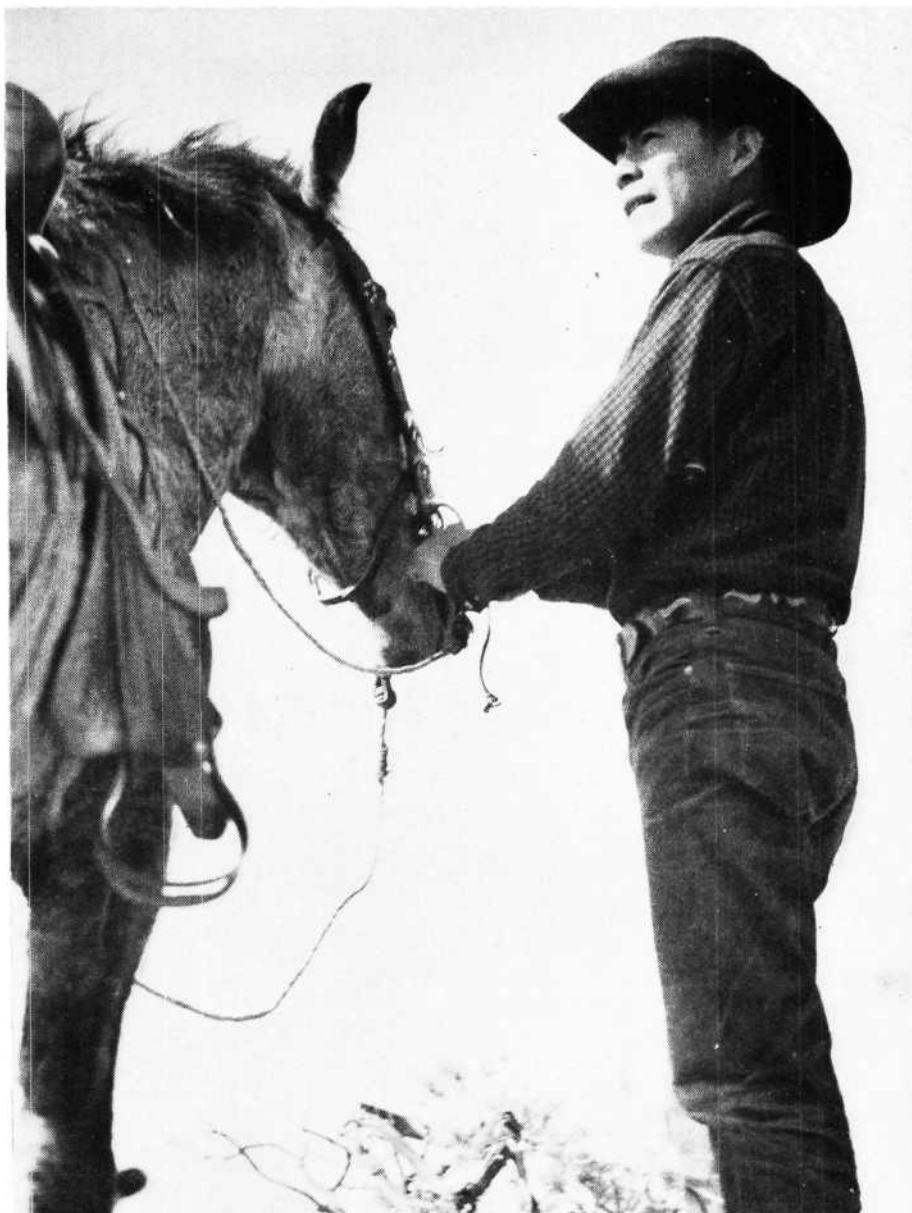
He had known this mesa since his eyes first opened to the dim, filtering light that came through the blanketed door and the smoke hole of the hogan. Then it was that the pungent spicy odor of burning cedar first reached his sensitive nostrils. Though his faculties did not comprehend the import of his surroundings, his heritage of freedom was from that moment instilled in his veins as indelibly as was the brand burned in the flank of the mustang beside him.

He could not, of course, remember those first dawn-mornings, but year after year the pleasant memory of other spring-born days came to him as far back as the time when his father's hair lay like jet in the *bi-tsi-yel* at the nape of his neck.

It was just 24 years now since he lay gently against his mother's breast—his mother whose face wore such an expression of beatific splendor that old Naglii Bah, his grandmother, spoke of it. "*Ne zhu-na bay*—how beautiful," she had said, "and how fine is the baby."

Later the name of his grandfather was given to him. It was a name full of legendary meaning and even now the Old Ones when they sat around the hogan fires on cold nights told tales about the prowess of his grandfather. How, at the age of 16, single-handed, he had found marauders running off his band of sheep, and alone had killed two of them and put the others to flight.

Yes, it was a good name and one to be



He stood thoughtful looking out over the sweep of rock-rimmed mesa, his eyes wandering over the familiar blue sage, piñon and cedar. Milton Snow photo.

lived up to. His grandfather had earned the respect of the *diné*—the people. Hashke mused as he contemplated the mesa that lay so wildly beautiful before him.

His roving eyes rested on a brown earth-mound far out below him—his hogan. Near it was a splotch of shade from a single piñon tree. The white rectangle punctuating the shade he knew to be the warp of the rug his mother was starting to weave. In his mind's eye he could see her with her delicately tinted rolls of carefully spun yarn as she sat on a sheepskin deftly creating the pattern. His sister was also a weaver, and the loom under the piñon tree was never without a partially completed design of intricate creation. Somehow, he thought, his mother's and his sister's weaving was the symbol of the peace and tranquillity of the hogan life he had always known.

Before him, at the base of the butte, a

flock of sheep fanned out, guarded by his six-year-old brother. The bright red shirt of the youngster flashed in the sunlight as his chubby arms worked at building a miniature corral of twigs and bits of red sandstone. This play corral was fashioned after one his father had talked of building. It had two parts, with a chute connecting the pens, as his father said, so it would be easier to handle the herd at shearing and lambing and branding time. The herd was a good one. The uniformity in size of both ewes and lambs, and the absence of goats, was clearly visible even from the height of the red butte.

With the thoroughness of his race, the Navajo noted each detail in the peaceful scene below him. He felt as if his whole past lay before him. The serenity of it was only too apparent as Hashke slid gracefully into the saddle of his pony and moved swiftly down the steep trail.

Five hours later the lathered pony

Writers of the Desert . . .

MILTON (JACK) SNOW is a new contributor to *Desert Magazine* this month, but his photographs of the Southwest are widely known.

Although born in Birmingham, Alabama he received his education in California. Soon after he was out of school he made his first acquaintance with Indian life in the Southwest, when he joined an archaeological expedition connected with the Los Angeles Museum. It was in 1930 while doing excavating work in the Navajo Mountain area of northern Arizona that he caught his first startled glimpse of an Indian—a Navajo shepherd. After varied museum experiences for the next five years, he had an opportunity to record Navajo life with the camera. "This chance I took," he writes, "and am happy to say that I've never regretted it." Jack is still employed by the U. S. Indian service at Window Rock—and is still recording with fidelity and distinction the life of the Navajo Indian.

Among *DESERT* writers who have gone into armed service is JOHNS HARRINGTON, who writes from Camp Walters, Texas:

"No, it's not chaps and a ten-gallon hat,

breathed heavily at a battered hitching rail while its rider strode purposefully along the main street of a reservation border town. His spurs jingling on the pavement caused shoppers to turn for a second glance. He overheard a woman in slacks say, "What's that Navajo doing in town? He ought to be out on the reservation."

He turned in at a door with an American flag over it. A man in uniform sat at the desk facing him as he entered.

"Want to sign up?" the officer asked.

"Yes, I want to join the army."

"Fine! You should fill out this blank. Can you write? What is your name?"

"Hashke hni . . ." he started to quote the complete name as it had been given him at his birth, then hesitated. "Just call me Hashke," he said. "Yes, I can write. I have been in school. I want to go to war and fight, and then come home again to my people."

The recruiting officer looked at him, admiring the clean-cut features and broad frame. "All right, just fill out the form and let me know if you need help."

When the Indian had finished his task, the officer glanced over the form and then studied the signature, slowly pronouncing it to himself—*Hashke hni Doahnabab*.

"And what does that mean?" asked the official.

"It was the name of my grandfather, given to me—The Warrior-who-won-the-fight-and-came-back."



John Lindsey Blackford

but U. S. suntans and a cap. It's not looking for arrowheads, but storming make-believe beachheads. Such is the lively life for those of us in the 53rd anti-tank battalion in the largest infantry replacement center in the U. S.

"Instead of looking for caves, I'm handling Browning automatics, garrands; instead of looking amid boulders for Indian caches, I'm navigating obstacles and blitz courses.

"I hope *DESERT* is being as successful as ever in imbuing that spirit of freedom and simplicity which will be sorely needed when this is all over."

JOHN LINDSEY BLACKFORD, who makes his initial contribution to *DESERT* this month with his Kit Fox sketch, attended Stanford university three years, then "took to the woods." An incurable predilection for the forests and lakes of the Montana Rockies turned his interest to writing and photography. For a number of years his articles and pictures have appeared in nature and outdoor magazines. His home is in Libby, Montana.

Three years ago, he first saw the Southwest during a camping trip. He has returned twice since, the last time for three and a half months' camping in the desert and parks of Arizona, California and Utah. "At present Monument Valley and Death Valley seem the most fascinating, but the Chiricahuas would make a botanist delirious. What does the desert do to you that you wake up at 2 a. m. reaching for the map with more plans in your head?"

Sez Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley

By LON GARRISON



"I been reading in the papers," commented Hard Rock Shorty, "about the Ivory Billed woodpecker. Seems like some people's kind o' worried about this woodpecker an' what's gonna happen when they all disappear. Looks to me like they'd o' got worried eight-ten years ago when the Flint Billed woodpecker we had down here was about gone but they didn't an' they've all disappeared."

Hard Rock Shorty mused gently over the vagaries of publicity which called attention to some of nature's catastrophes and ignored others.

"Yup—none of 'em left, an' they sure was interestin' 'birds. They was all black, about the size of a crow, with bills so hard they could drill holes in rocks. If you'd catch one workin' at night on a granite cliff the sparks'd just fly! That's the thing finally killed off the last ones—they set big forest an' brush fires an' burned theirselves up.

"They had one funny habit. Ever' place they could find rim rock, they drilled holes through it. We used to think these holes was just to peek through to look at the scenery on the other side but then one day I found out different. I seen a eagle get after one o' the Flint Bills an' chase 'im in circles all over the valley until Flint Bill got squared around by one o' these port holes in the rim rock. The woodpecker headed lickety-blitz for this hole an' went through in high gear with his wings folded an' his landin' gear up. The eagle was followin' close but he didn't make it. He just stuck his head through an' feathers flew for a hour an' a half.

"After that I kept watchin' for these holes an' by ever' one I found bushels of eagle feathers. Got enough to stuff three bed ticks an' two sets o' pillows. I still got 'em if any of them scientists want to know what happened to the Flint Bill woodpecker."



—Photo by Josef Muench

Trails We Will Travel Again

By MORA BROWN

NO TIRES! No gas! No trips! At first, when I realized what this meant, and as I recalled the uplift and the heart's ease which the desert always brought me, I felt like a wild thing penned. I felt the hint of what would be, if we failed to win this war. But I felt, too, greater need for the desert's friendship

than I ever had before. My days were full of activity—Red Cross training for service in an army hospital, first-aid, salvage, letters and packages for my soldier son, miles of walking as I tried to keep my thoughts above discouragement. And whenever I had time to listen, I heard the desert call. Then—the other day—I opened our

Mora Brown's Adventure in Memory brought her the kind of strength and courage and inspiration which is the reward of those who know the desert. From the confusion and weariness of war work, she turned in memory to other days—days spent close to the sun drenched earth and the warm friendship of its simple people. She saw the ancient saguaros that had survived despite every obstacle and remembering them "never bowing, never bending but sticking right to their job of growing straight and strong . . . I know that we too shall stick to our job and that we too shall survive and grow strong . . . And someday, more humble and more grateful for Our America, we shall go back to the desert."

file of Desert Magazine. One by one I turned the pages and found pictured records of many places we had seen. And as I looked, the room, the house, the town moved far away, and I was soaring—free. I was remembering.

I am remembering still.

I remember a warm October day, a load-

ed car, a locked door, then goodbye. I remember skimming—60 miles an hour!—down Coachella valley, through Imperial valley, across great sand dunes, and over a bridge to Yuma. I recall two hills which faced each other across the lazy Colorado, on one an Indian mission, on the other the battered ruins of the Territorial prison museum.

I remember miles of starved grey rocks and hills, then open country, already greening from an autumn rain. I remember young saguaro cacti trying to stretch up tall enough to see over the sprawling forest of mesquite. I remember irrigated farms.

I see again a noon at Casa Grande—the ruins of old villages, and the thick-walled watch-tower protected by a mammoth steel umbrella on four stilts. Within those four-foot enclosures I traced in the pinkish caliche the marks left by the hands of ancient plasterers. I saw the impress of a baby's fingers. I saw the short, thick imprint of a foot. And—as I roamed among the ruins, the all-but-gone low walls, the bits of pottery, I went back in thought to the days when prehistoric farmers also brought their water here in big canals to irrigate their crops. Then—with humble hands—I touched a basket in which a woman had carried dirt; I touched the thin flat stones with which a man had dug it. These had been the tools with which they built canals. Where had these builders

gone? What was the story of their going? As yet, nobody knows.

I remember forests of saguaro cactus. Over hills and valleys those hordes of tall old veterans of war with time and vandals stood at perpetual attention. Never bowing, never bending, they stuck right to their job of growing straight and strong. And now, thinking of their tenacity and the way they have survived, I know that we, too, shall stick to our job, and that we shall survive.

I recall a sunrise when all the cloud-filled east was like a flattened rainbow. On hands and knees I crawled up a hillside through a maze of catsclaw to find a wider view. But everywhere I turned the arms of the catsclaw reached out to bar my way. They even crowned the hilltop. But in silhouette against that glowing sky, they too were beautiful.

I remember miles of Spanish Bayonet. The plains of southern New Mexico bristled with its short bunched stilettos and the tall dry spikes which spring had left behind it for a promise. I remember a pass in the Organ mountains, then a long smooth valley, and far ahead, low on the horizon—snow. Each low rise brought it nearer until at last we came to high white mounds half lost in desert growth.

No snow this. It was white sand.

I remember winding on a white road through the outer dunes and noticing the

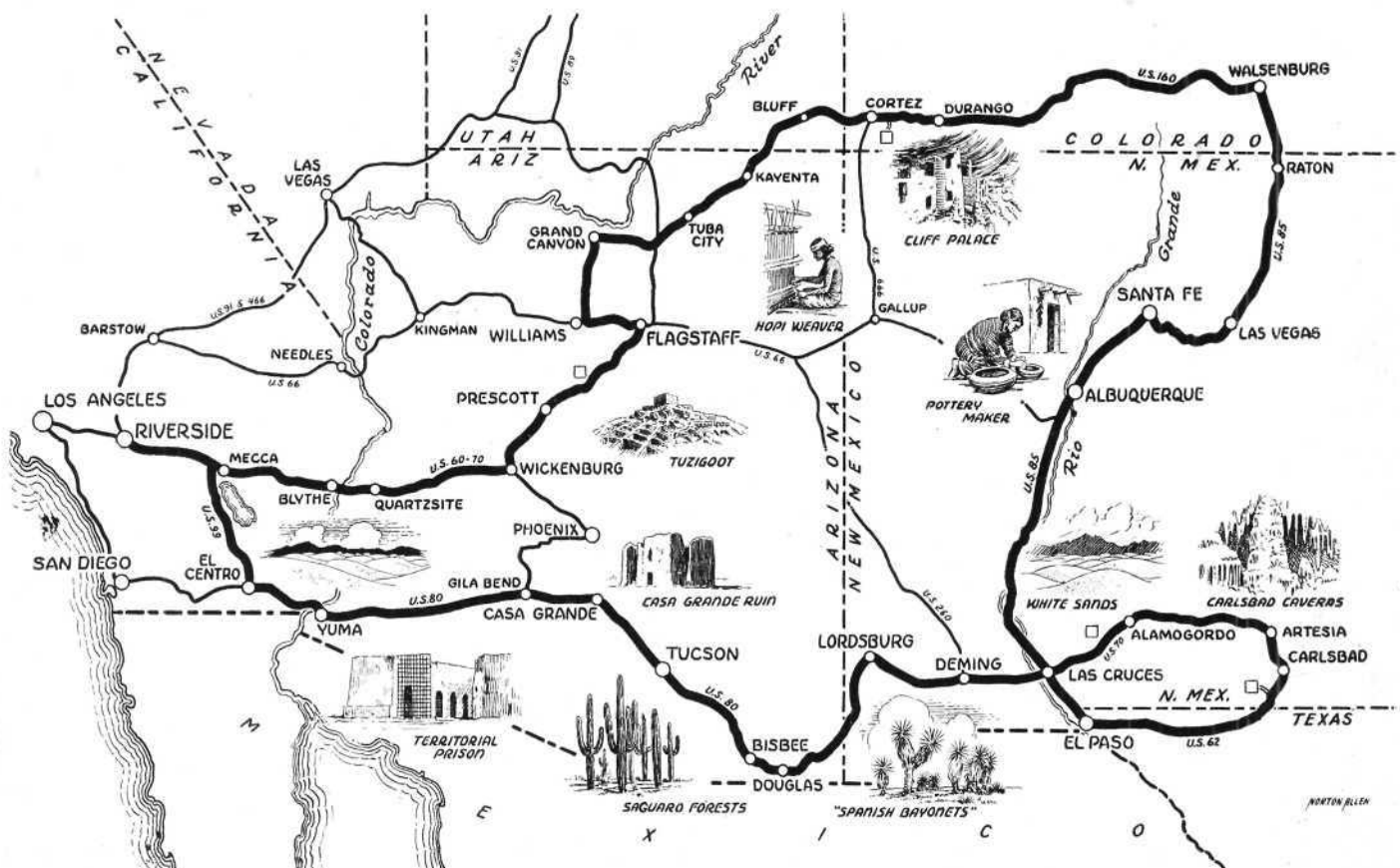
desert growth give up the struggle until only the clean white dunes were left. White dunes and blue shadows. White clouds and blue sky. White road and distant blue-hazed mountains. I remember my confused senses as I climbed in hot sunshine a mound which looked and glistened like snow, and felt warm to my hands.

I remember the miracle of Carlsbad Caverns. We curved among the gaunt mesas of the Guadalupe mountains, came to neat stone buildings on a rocky slope, and finally to a rock-walled pathway which zig-zagged downward to the yawning mouth. From there it was as if the earth had swallowed us and dropped us into dreams.

Always imaginative and fanciful, I found myself at last with everything I had ever imagined and every fancy I had ever had, all crystallized in stone. Friezes, chandeliers, draperies, fountains, flowers, cities, woods, animals, fairies, and giant columns in fluted creamy garb rising to meet their counterparts suspended from above.

I remember that day my progressive feeling of humility which reached its height in the Big Room in utter darkness and to the music of a loved old hymn.

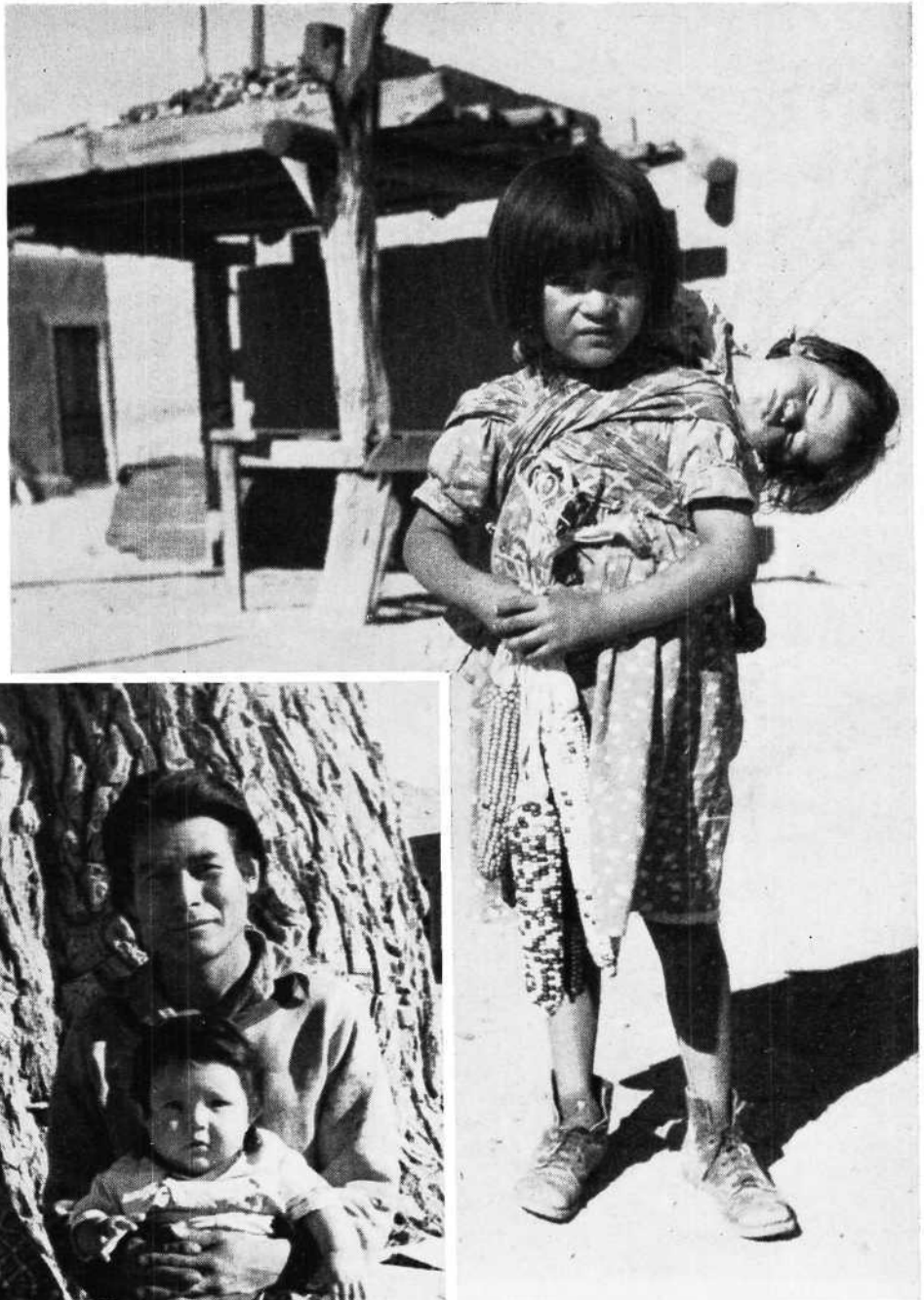
I remember twilight above the cavern's mouth, as we waited for the nightly flight of the bats. A full moon waited with us,



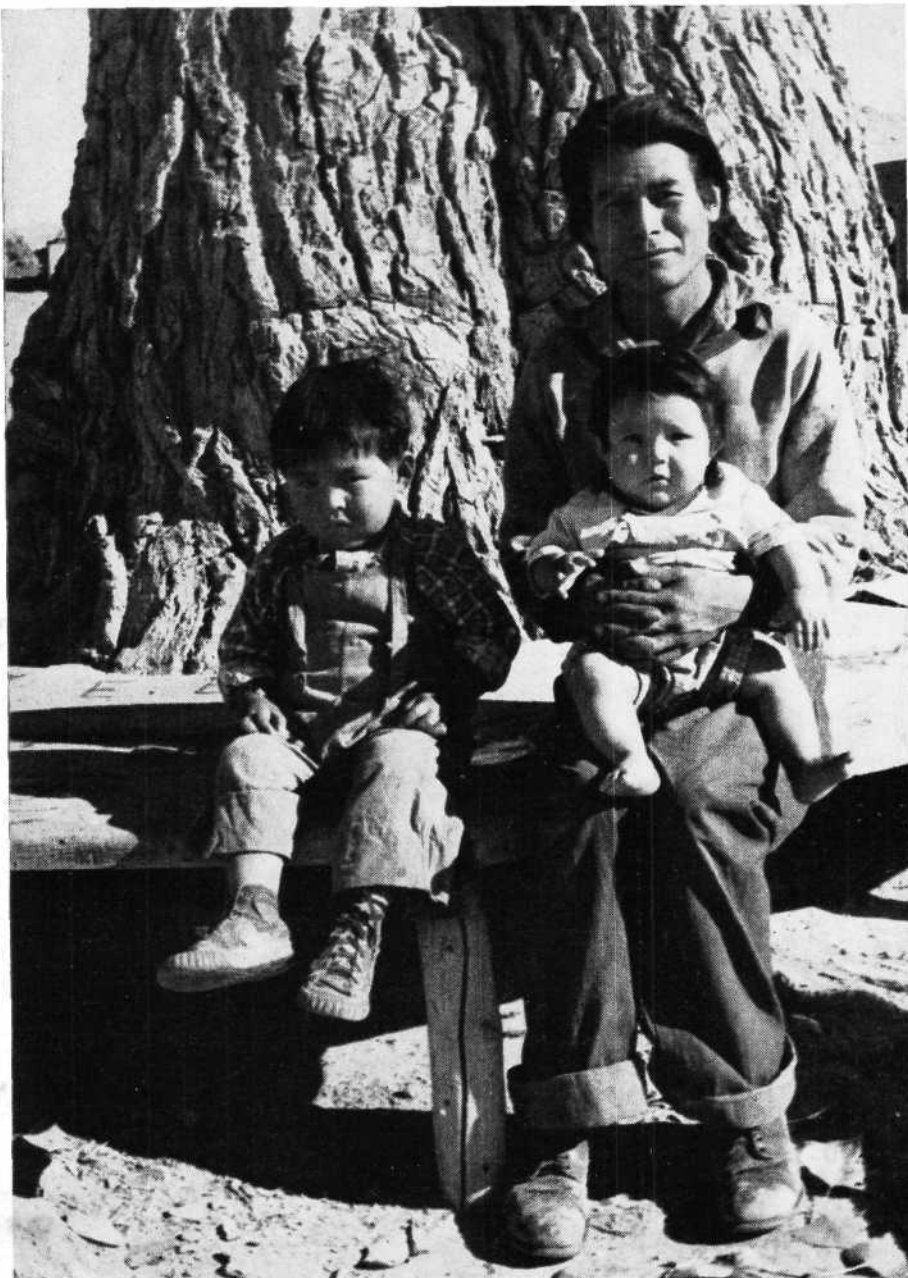
hanging just above the mesa rim. First we heard a gentle whirring, then dark forms spiraled up into the fading light. Like two great puffs of smoke the leaders came and sailed away. Then came endless flight, millions of bats, all spiraling for altitude, still coming as the darkness hid them.

I remember autumn along the Rio Grande. The small adobe houses were in bloom. The blossoms were the red pods of drying peppers hung in rectangular patterns against the sunny walls. I remember blue sky reflected in slow water, tawny earth marked off with barb-wire fences, corn fields and dark-skinned harvesters, golden cottonwoods spreading their dark shade. I still see the wild Virginia Creeper weaving its crimson threads among the

"... at San Ildefonso there was the kind faced tribesman and his little sons."

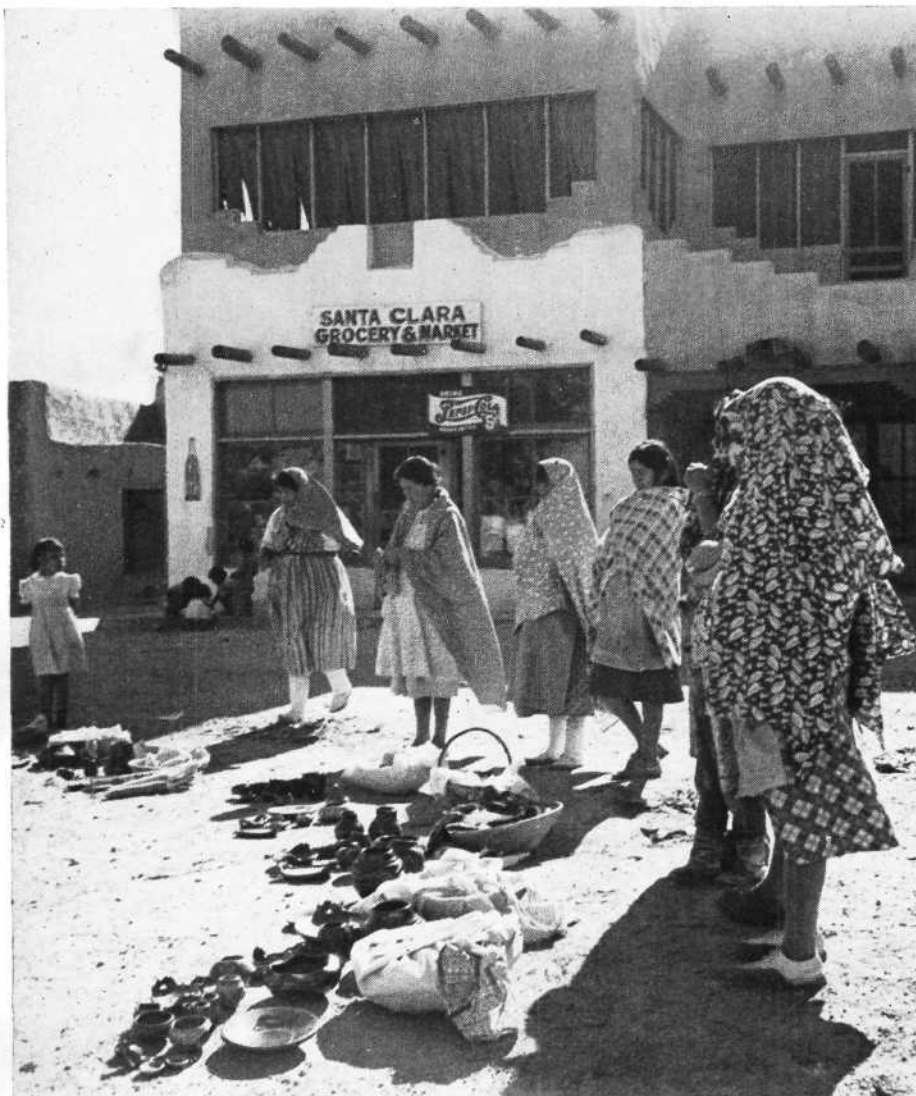


"Ten cen' to take my picture an' ten cen' for sister too."



dark green junipers, and the pale puff-balls of the wild cucumber seeds. I recall evergreens and yellow aspens and snow-clad peaks, and Taos pueblo against a mountain turned gaudy with autumn.

I remember the pottery makers. South from Espanola we rocked through washes and over ruts, and found ourselves suddenly in the center of a tiny pueblo, and not a soul in sight. Then from every doorway emerged a woman with a basket and with a printed blanket draped over her head. In less time than the telling we were the center of a market place in which the sales-ladies all stood with downcast eyes. I think often of the little girl with the corn in her hands and a sleeping sister bound upon



"I remember the pottery makers . . . from every doorway emerged a woman with a basket and with a printed blanket draped over her head."

her back. "Ten cen'," she said, "to take my picture, an' ten cen' for sister, too."

I remember momentary friendships. Indian friends who responded quickly to an open smile, with whom we talked a little while, then said goodbye. There were Manuel and Juanita and Josephine at Taos. There was Faustina at Santa Clara. And at a hurried stop at San Ildefonso there was the kind-faced tribesman and his little sons. Pride in their families, pride in their work, problems of money, problems of life—they are so much like us except more simple and more kind.

I remember ruins, all kinds, in many places, all whispering of the past; but most unforgettably I recall reaching the edge of a cliff at Mesa Verde, and looking down upon the cliff across the canyon, and not believing my eyes. But there it was—a great cave almost overflowing with the towers, the small rooms and the kivas of an ancient city. We went down into it, past triple great metates where women

once worked and gossiped in a row, up steps and down, into small dirt-floored rooms where once these people slept, into the deep recesses at the back where once they threw their trash and kept their turkeys. Cliff Palace, Balcony House, Spruce Tree House, the sheltered cities of another long-lost tribe.

I remember running children and the lollipops which drew them. Especially do I remember the last five lollipops I had.

That was on the Painted Desert at Yeibichai dance not far from Tuba City. With Loraine and J. C. Brown of Flagstaff we kicked up the dust, passed cars and trucks and wagons and horses to mingle with Navajo more than a thousand strong. They were in their finest clothes—bright silk shirts, bright velvet blouses, long full skirts, silver and turquoise around necks, on arms, around waists, up sleeves, on fingers and in hair. Men were having their long hair combed, or they just lolled and talked. Women were

butchering sheep and cleaning them, and cutting up the meat. Camp fires were burning and camp fires were dead, with black pots among the ashes. There were saddles and bright blankets and children and babies. There were pop and watermelon and tomatoes and corn. There were voices and laughter and crying and smells. And when there was an opening of silence, there was a rhythmic sound like swarming bees. We followed that, and came upon the dancers.

Their only accoutrements for this daytime dance were their rounded masks of ghastly blue, their ruffs of spruce twigs, and their spruce-trimmed gourds which they shook in time to the dancing and the chant. The leader wore a fox tail at his belt, and the dancers moved round an oval pathway. A short low leap, a bounce of the knees, the left foot leading the right. Round and round they danced, chanting constantly, sweating profusely, working with all their hearts to cure the blind man in the nearby hogan. When night came the dance would reach its climax. With night the healing should take place.

Then behind me, watching the dance from between the side-boards of a truck I saw five small brown faces in a row. In a moment, my five lollipops were making those faces sticky, and we all felt happy.

I remember morning and evening and moonlight on that great earth laceration called Grand Canyon. Gilded with sunlight, blued with distance, purpled with shadow, the rust and buff of countless canyon mountains change with every hour. Mountains, valleys, canyons dropping down to a wisp of water—the torrent which has carved it all, and still goes carving on.

I remember the rosy cliffs of Oak Creek canyon with its swarms of autumn trees. I think of Toozigoot ruins and their wonderful museum. I hold my breath remembering Jerome clinging for dear life to a mountain-side. And in darkness below Prescott, I remember hours of black curves winding down we knew not where.

Then at last there was a bridge, and there was Blythe. A brief half-day beyond was home. I remember thinking, "We're going back. We're going again with time enough to get acquainted with everything and everybody we have seen."

We are, too. Not this year, nor next. Maybe not for quite awhile. But someday, more humble, more grateful for Our America, we shall go back again.

And in the meantime I can read. I can think. I can remember.

When the Souths left their Ghost mountain home on the western rim of the Colorado desert they went in search of a location where they no longer would have to measure precious water by the cupful. Their quest has led them across the Mojave desert, into Nevada, across part of Arizona—and this month into Utah. It was in a pleasant Mormon valley that they found the Little House. Its windows were broken, it was deserted and forlorn. But it was here they discovered Tibbets, and here that Rudyard found his "twelve whole gallons of water." And it was here that the Pilgrim gave them a prophetic message.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

IT WAS Victoria who first saw the little river as we came coasting down the flanks of the Utah mountains in the warm glow of a desert noon. "Watah!" she shrielled, pointing, "Too much watah, muvver! Big ocean."

"A wiver—a real wiver," Rudyard shrieked, his own eyes electrified, almost at the same instant, by the silver glint among the cottonwoods. "A wiver—the Mississippi wiver! Oh daddy, can we go in and swim?"

"That's not the Mississippi," Rider said crushingly. "That's just a creek. It looks cool, though," he added. "And there might be tadpoles in it. If we could just stop a bit . . ."

So we stopped a bit, halting our sputtering old car under the whispering shade of a giant cottonwood, a pebble's toss from the rippling water. Dragon flies darted back and forth along the course of the little brook. And in the background, far beyond the belt of green cottonwoods and willows, cliffs of red sandstone glowed warm against the blue bowl of the sky. There was a dense patch of sunflowers on the opposite side of the road and Tanya, who mixes practicality with poetry, began to gather armfuls of the tender stalks and broad leaves for the goats. In the middle distance, across the hard knees of the hills, wound the tree-marked line of an irrigation ditch.

But our trio of youngsters waited not on a contemplation of scenery. Their entry into the state of Utah had been marked by the discovery of more fresh water—in one piece—than they had beheld in many weary leagues. And the day was warm. Shedding garments in a manner to suggest the trailing tails of comets Rider and Rudyard were already racing down the sloping bank. With wild yells of delight they flung themselves splashing into the shallow stream.

Victoria followed more slowly. Feminine caution asserted itself in the manner in which she poked gingerly at the ripples with her toes. A long while she studied the rippling streamlet, resisting—and even howling lustily—when we tried to urge her into it. "Too much watah," she said at length. And that was final. She picked herself a nice, cool, high and dry rock in the shade of a clump of young willows and sat down, for all the world like some staid old dowager at the seashore. All she needed was a piece of knitting.

But the boys splashed and rolled joyfully, chasing each other and exploring all the hollows and deep pools for tadpoles. Birds slipped softly through the thickets, and the over-arching



Rider and Rudyard in the little stream which looked like the "Mississippi river" to Rudyard.

branches of the trees patterned the singing water with shadows of smoky gold. A deep peace and content reigned there in that little tree-crowded dell and it was hard to realize that it too was as much a part of the desert as the ranks on ranks of bristling Joshua trees through which we had passed but a few miles back—a liquid note of softness and peace amidst the war chant of a barbaric symphony. But then, that is the desert. And in these startling contrasts lies its charm.

We went on at last—down the valley skirting the flanks of the glowing ruby cliffs. And the irrigation ditch, symbol of the toil and courage of Mormon pioneers, marched with us, till the rolling slopes opened and broke in a checkerboard pattern of green and silver where fields of lush alfalfa mingled with the winding stream of the Virgin river. Thus we came to Utah.

It was Sunday. A Sabbath hush brooded the mellow sunlight that wrapped the old high-roofed Mormon houses. Along the grass-grown lanes primly dressed little girls walked decorously beneath the shade of the tall Lombardy poplars. The stores were all closed. Over the valley into which the Mormon pioneers had transported their wagons, piece by piece on their shoulders across the grim lava ridges, hung the drowsy benediction of peace.

But we were desert hungry and we halted presently before a big two-story farmhouse, whose time-stained adobes, warm-tinted with the weatherings of more than four-score years, would have stirred any artist to rapture. Water gurgled in the canal that bordered the vine smothered fence and by the gate that opened on a tree shaded lawn there was a sign that proclaimed "Goldfish for sale." An ancient rustic rocker sagged contentedly beside the porch steps and hard by the lift of the old brick walls spread the leaves of clustering fig trees. We bought grapes there, buying them from a sun-browned country boy, who went out into the vineyard and gathered them while we waited. Desert grapes. There was a spice and tang and freshness to them which only desert sun and air can give.

And then, chugging on through the drowse of that Sunday afternoon, we came upon the Little House. It stood close by the highway, sheltering timidly from the traffic behind a little patch of weed-grown lawn. There was a mulberry tree and a

grape arbor, and from somewhere among the low shrubs came the murmur of water trickling from an open faucet. Some of the windows of the Little House were broken and a silence hung over it—a silence that was wistful and friendly and appealing. We stopped the car and tiptoed across the neglected lawn to investigate.

The Little House was empty—empty and deserted save for Tibbets the cat. We did not know that her name was Tibbets then, but that was the name we gave her later. "Meow," said Tibbets sociably. She rubbed against our legs and purred. Tibbets was very thin. By actions that were as plain as words she welcomed us. "My people have gone away," Tibbets said. "But this is my home. Will you not come and live with me?"

And the Little House seemed to say the same thing. Delightedly, craving rest after weary travel, we explored about it, peeking in at the gaping windows, pausing to admire the yellow-gold bunches of grapes that hung in the little arbor. Victoria hugged the lean Tibbets in two chubby arms and Rider and Rudyard, scouting, reported that the water trickling from the faucet on the lawn came from a real spring . . . "away off somewhere at the foot of the hill." "Let's stay here, mother," suggested Rider a bit enviously, "just for a little while, anyway . . . a month maybe. It's so quiet and beautiful."

"But we can't just stay," Tanya objected. "Someone owns it. You can't move into other people's property."

"Well, it's a nice place," Rudyard put in, "P'waps we could find out whose it is. We ought to investigate." He wrinkled his pudgy nose.

And the upshot of the matter was that we did "investigate." And in the town we found a charming, gracious lady, herself a daughter of one of the sterling pioneers who had first broken trails into the valley. "Why, of course you can move in," she said when we had talked with her. "The house is my married daughter's and she is living now in Salt Lake City. She'd be happy to have someone there." And she waved us on our way with smiles that were as wholesome as the desert sunshine.

And so, happily, we came back to the Little House and to Tibbets the cat. And we unloaded the weary goats and set them to grazing upon good grass. And we swept the rooms and unpacked some possessions and watered the lawn and settled ourselves to a brief period of rest. Only Rider and Rudyard and Victoria refused to rest. They were too busy exploring. There was a spring back under the edge of the hill. Two springs. And there were cat-tails and bamboos and dark mysterious caves. And they built dams in the warm, red earth and filled them again and again with water . . . lots of water. "You 'member, daddy," Rudyard said one day, "when we left Yaquitepec I wanted twelve whole gallons of water. Well, I fink now that I have had it."

And, judging from the mud with which the three rascals had plastered themselves, I thought so too.

There is fascination in Utah. Fascination and mystery—desert mystery that seems to sit oddly sometimes with the visible sights of ordered fields and irrigation and Mormon industry. An old land this, and strange. Along the ridges the black lava rocks tell a weird and terrible story of an Age of Fire; in the mountains the erosion sculptured cliffs tell an equally terrifying tale of an Age of Water. And the ground underfoot, even amidst the smiling gardens along the rivers, holds strange things. Arrowheads, pottery, beads—even such mysteries as charred fragments of wood and of human bone completely encased in incrustations from the waters of ancient lakes.

It has been pleasant and busy in the Little House—pleasant in the quiet peace that reigns here in this little valley beneath Utah's desert skies, and busy with many a side trip into adjacent territory in search of a permanent tarrying place. For the Little

House and its springs never can be ours completely. We must find our own desert homespot. And that has not been yet.

But the passing days, as they have drifted one by one like falling leaves towards winter, have been happy. Tibbets the cat has grown fat and sleek and the goats drowse away the hours in good pasture. Rider, Rudyard and Victoria, sun-tinted and water satisfied are already going into mysterious conferences regarding the approach of Christmas. Speculating sometimes anxiously on old Santa's chances this year of getting his sleigh and reindeer teams through the war-torn skies. Quiet days. And an occasional spice of adventure too. As, for instance when the lone, grey timber wolf came down out of the rocks in broad daylight and tried to carry off Betty, Rider's pet baby goat, and was scared off just in the nick of time. Rider, who first glimpsed the marauder, is not yet entirely convinced that it really was a wolf—claiming that timber wolves ought to be extinct in a civilized section. Well, that may be. But there is no argument as to his size. If he wasn't a wolf he was the most awesomely big coyote any of us have ever seen.

Yes, it has been happy here in this sheltered valley of the desert. But the day before yesterday, out of the north, the Pilgrim came down the road. He was driving a pair of big white burros attached to a covered wagon. In the wagon itself, among the pots and pans and blankets, snuggled a tiny black baby burro, while its mother, of the same color, trotted along behind.

A strange man, the Pilgrim—a man of rocks and specimens and ancient arrowheads and the atmosphere of the lone wastelands. The light of mystery was in his eyes—the mystery of far, lonely mountains and desolate desert reaches. A Pilgrim of the forgotten trails.

The Pilgrim came to a halt beside the Little House. And presently, as we talked, he looked at us fixedly. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "This is not the place. Go on. Go on."

A strange man. He might have been a Spirit of the Wastelands. But he camped that day near the Little House and in the evening shared a simple meal with us. The grave, sincere philosophy that ran through all his talk and his tales of far places might have been almost terrifying to the uninitiated. But we had dwelt long in the lonely places ourselves and we knew that he spoke truth. We parted in the starglow. And in the morning when we went to look for him he had vanished. Wagon, burros—all had vanished somewhere into the far maze of dim trails. Rider and Rudyard, startled, solemnly affirmed that he had been a ghost. But there were wagon tracks and burro tracks upon the sandy earth, and they headed away—away into the distance. Ghosts usually do not leave tracks. So perhaps he was just what he said he was, a Pilgrim. He had delivered his message and departed.

So now we do not know. Shall we follow into the far reaches—head for the region he spoke of—or shall we stay on, waiting till the chill days of winter, tempering into spring, make travel easier. Not yet are we quite certain.

But in a few days we shall know.

AGELESS

*How new is Life! We gaze inspired
Each purple or vermilion bill,
With tip sun-glinting as if fired.
Can all our inmost being fill.*

*How old is Life! That every care,
Or lash of Fate's fierce flailing rod,
We shoulder staunchly, for we've learned
That age-old lesson: Trust in God.*

—Tanya South

LETTERS...

The Boss Writes Home . . .

Hobbs Army Air Field
New Mexico

Dear Lucile:

I have just gone through your December issue from cover to cover, and I assure you it is a lot of fun reading a Desert Magazine edited by some one else. To me, it was the most interesting issue yet published.

The first few days here I felt sort of lost without that big pile of mail to open every morning—letters from old friends and new—manuscripts and pictures and poems. I hope you'll be good to the poets. Some of 'em write terrible poetry—but you and I couldn't do any better, so we shouldn't criticise their efforts.

I really think that F. D. Richardson of Escondido owes an apology to the young man who posed for the second prize winning picture in your December contest. There is nothing about that picture to deserve the title "Tenderfoot."

It is easy for me to understand why Desert Magazine readers look forward to Marshal South's next instalment of Desert Refuge. I am most impatient to learn about the new adventures in that gypsy life he and Tanya and the kiddies are leading.

Best wishes to you and the gang in the DM office.

RANDALL HENDERSON

Botanist Likes Desert . . .

Lavras, Minas, Brasil

Dear Desert Magazine:

I enjoy your issues tremendously. Your pictures bring back vividly so much of the desert that I know. At one time I botanized extensively in the Colorado and Mojave deserts, and even quite a bit in the Arizona desert, so you can well imagine how the many botanical articles and ecological-type of photos delight me.

I showed copies to an eminent botanist (specializing in Compositae) of Belo Horizonte, and he was taken with your magazine.

GEORGE BLACK

Apache Writes from Navy . . .

Moffett Field, California

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is remittance for one of the books entitled "Arizona Cartoon Guide."

I am a full blooded Apache Indian from Arizona, way back in the White mountains, a chain of the Rockies. First Apache Indian in regular navy.

Have heard a lot about the cartoon guides and thought it would be swell if I had one myself.

MILTON OPAH

Hollywood Take Notice . . .

Port Washington, L. I., N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I had the very good fortune to secure a copy of your interesting and educational magazine, and enjoyed it from cover to cover.

I was especially impressed with the story so well written by Mr. Sherman Baker entitled "Blood Brothers." The character of the story is excellent. Tell Baker to write a scenario of "Blood Brothers" and you will give the motion picture public something that they want.

A. ALLAN CAMPBELL

Birthday Greetings . . .

Oakland, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Congratulations on Desert Magazine's fifth anniversary! Another 12 months have been added to the pleasant hours we have spent with Desert.

It is such a relief and inspiration to find a haven free of war news where reading is really relaxation. After an evening spent in the good companionship of Desert Magazine we feel rested and inspired and quite ready to add our individual share to whatever may aid in the solving of tomorrow's problems.

Desert Magazine has never failed to give us the highest quality standards in every respect, for which our appreciation is indeed most sincere.

Our best wishes for the coming year.

MRS. NORRIS H. RICHARDSON

Exploring the Desert with DM . . .

Whitewater, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

This is just to tell you how much the Desert Magazine means to me. There isn't a word left unread.

The war keeps us from wandering over the desert as we used to, but each month I look forward to exploring with the Desert Magazine, and from what others write I think they feel the same.

They may have all my rubber and gasoline but not my Desert Magazine.

Enclosed is check for another year's subscription.

IRENE W. ELSASSER

Mineral Quiz Whizz . . .

Brazil, Indiana

Deere Edditer:

Sumboddy musta ben ajokin whin tha sez enny won whoe kan finde alle thuh "Hiden Minnerels" in Nove, ishu of Dee. Em, in 15 minnets iz a whizz, cawse thiss heer ole doode gott thuh hole biznes inn 4½ minnets, an hee ainte soe hott att thatt kinda stuf eether.

L. M. CURRY

Dedicated to Health and Morale . . .

■ THE 34TH SEASON under original ownership and management of Nellie N. Coffman, Earl Coffman, George Roberson.



PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA

29 PALMS INN

THE HOTEL AT THE PALMS

FIREPLACE ADOBES

FOOD TO REMEMBER

SADDLE HORSES
BADMINTON

AMERICAN PLAN
Single \$6.00 up
Double \$10.25 up

Gateway to Joshua Tree National Monument
ROBERT VAN LAHR, Manager
Reservations—write 29 Palms Inn at
Twentynine Palms, Calif., or call any Travel
Bureau or Automobile Club.



WANTED

First issues of Desert Magazine
November, 1937

We will pay

\$3.00

for each copy sent to this office
in good condition

— Also —

\$1.00

each for the following copies in
good condition

January, 1939

February, 1939

May, 1939

July, 1939

April, 1940

Desert Magazine

El Centro — — — California

in other words

by JOHN CLINTON



As the Hispano-Plymouth and I grow old together, my respect for the old bus increases. I think

when at last the war is over and new cars are once more available, I'll keep the H-P and have it stuffed.

* * *

For example, the other day one of the Union Oil engineers told me that if the speed of my engine were not reduced by the transmission and differential the H-Plymouth would travel at something like 240 miles per hour! Wow!

* * *

I never knew before just what the transmission and differential were for. But it turns out that they tame the power generated by your engine and apply it in tablespoonfuls to the wheels. And incidentally they're two vital departments of your car.



* * *

The transmission has something like 54 separate parts whizzing around inside a sealed box. It takes special lubricant that will withstand extreme high pressure to lubricate that stuff. And if you let it go more than 5,000 miles, you're taking chances.

* * *

It's too technical to explain in this space (even if I could do it!), but if you drive without proper lubricant in the T & D, a very unpleasant thing will happen. The transmission will growl at you, and the differential will hum! And once they start, they'll never stop 'til you put in new, expensive gears.

* * *



So, start now to have your Union Minute Men check your transmission and differential for you. They'll keep

accurate records of when the service is due and notify you to come in. But—don't take chances. All you get is a noisy car!

Greetings From Hawaii . . .

H.Q. Seventh Air Force
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, California

Howdy, Randall Henderson:

Hully Burrough's monthly copy of Desert always gets to him about 22 days and three hours late. The 22 days is due to mailing delays between El Centro and Hawaii, and the three hours delay is explained by the fact that I usually get my hands on the issue before he does. He's usually busy during the day, however, doing Air Force photo work, so wouldn't be able to get to the magazine till evening anyway.

I'm enclosing money order for volumes one to five inclusive to be mailed to my wife to hold for me till I get back. Any extra money please give Mr. Nicoll at Valerie Jean's and ask him to send me some of that Date Nut cake. Hully wishes he could ship frozen date malts. Many's the time Hully and I have detoured out of our way when down near the Salton sea or Borrego valley to get to the Valerie Jean for one of those date malts.

Burroughs is just back from Guadalcanal where he was on the receiving end of several Jap shells and bombs—at least too close for comfort.

CAPT. C. E. SHELTON

Note: Hulbert Burroughs and Charles Shelton have roamed many a desert mile to bring back stories and pictures for Desert Magazine readers.

* * *

Slate Range Maintaneers . . .

Covina, California

Dear Sirs:

On October third I drove across the Slate range on a road which was marked as doubtful on the road map of Southern California auto club. The Slate range is the mountain range across Searles lake from Trona. The road went over Layton pass along the ruins of an old monorail railroad. Before we reached the top of the pass we came to an old cabin built of rough lumber right back into the walls of the canyon. Beside it were five or six old truck bodies of the enclosed type. It was evident that no one had been around there for a long time. We found a magazine on the floor with a 1926 date.

On the door was a sign which said, as well as I can remember—

"This cabin is the property of The Slate Range Road Maintaneers. Please do not padlock. Layton Springs has been a public campground since 1861 and is on the USG Survey Map."

We had gone up the pass to find Layton springs and camp there. There was a very rusty pipe running from the canyon up a side canyon. We followed this till we lost it and found no signs of water. Later we found Layton springs on the other side

of the canyon and over a ridge. I am inclined to agree with the map the road is doubtful and we had a hard job even in a Model A Ford.

What I would like to know is this (a) who are the Slate Range Road Maintaneers? Are they still active and why a road from no place to the foot of Wingate Pass—for there we turned off towards Barstow, and (b) what was the monorail railroad for? We could find no mines at either end of it.

RANDALL CHEW III

P.S.—On this trip we visited Grace Finley, "Queen of Copper City." She is married now. You had an article about her in July, 1940, issue. —R.C.

* * *

Educating a Californian . . .

Palm Springs, California

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find money order for renewal to your good Desert Magazine.

I am a native of this state of California but must say I have learned more from the Desert Magazine in the short time I have been taking it (and believe me reading every page) than I have in the past 50-odd years.

HARRY B. LIBBY

* * *

Post-War Jeep Derby . . .

Hayward, California

Dear Randall:

Have just read your article in the current issue of Desert in regard to the rough and tough trip through some badlands.

From time to time there have been articles in Desert, as well as suggestions from readers regarding the kind of rig for these trips.

Well, some years ago when we were in the far North we had an Alaskan sweepstakes. This was from Nome to Candle and return. We mixed with some mighty fine mushers, such men as Gunnar Kassan, Leonard Sepalla and Scotty Allen. Believe me, the going was rough, 40 below and no roads. Nothing but muskeg, tundra, crevices and glaciers, and sometimes a howling blizzard to boot.

We have seen a mighty lot of desert, but this is easy with the proper rig. So as you know a lot of us, why not feel out your readers and prepare for peace and the future—when we will all want to head for the desert and play a little. Let's hold the first annual Desert Derby—a sort of sweepstakes affair—in conjunction with a mineral show.

Set out a course of 50 or 100 miles of the worst you have, and let's go. We ourselves have a team of old sourdoughs up here, and we have our entry, "The Dry Wash Scorpion." We would be willing to part with a good entry fee. Bring on the jeeps, army trucks and what not.

WILFRED C. EYLES

DESERT MIRAGE PHOTO CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

Mirages are among the most interesting—and puzzling—of desert phenomena. They have been the cause of many desert tragedies. And although they have a logical scientific explanation, they have been the subject of many a "tall tale."

Desert Magazine wants to present its readers with the simple and interesting facts regarding mirages. But suitable photographs for illustrating such a feature are not immediately available.

In order to obtain the best possible photographs for a Mirage feature story, Desert Magazine is this month announcing a new kind of photo contest—for photographs of a specific subject.

The contest is limited to photographs of mirages taken on the Southwest desert. Those submitting accepted photos will be awarded \$3.00 each. Following are the requirements:

1—Contest is open to both amateur and professional photographers, with no restriction as to residence.

2—Prints should be not less than 5x7 inches, glossy black and white, unmounted, with strong contrast. Do not send prints carrying printing or lettering of any kind, or copyrighted photos.

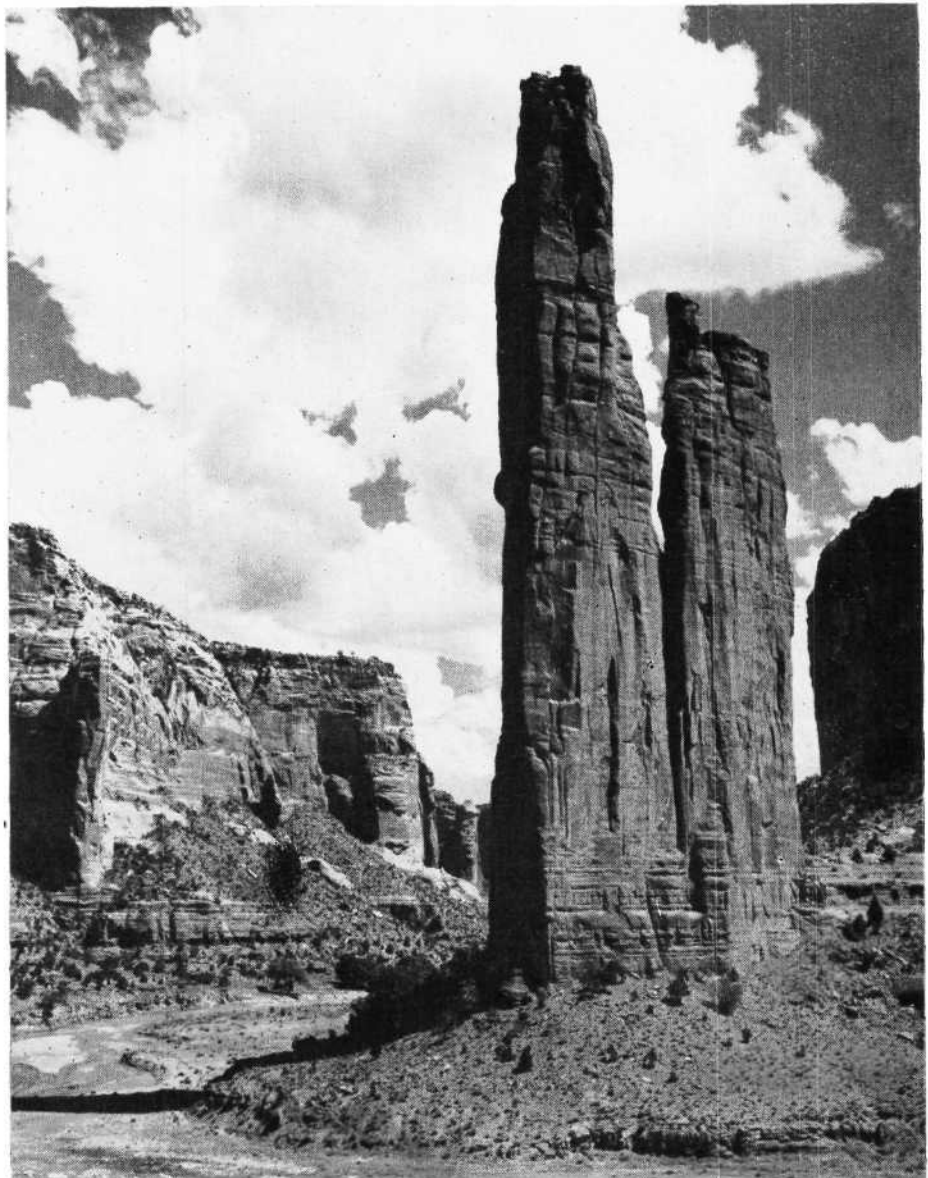
3—There is no limit as to the number of pictures submitted by a contestant. Prints must reach the Desert Magazine office by February 15, 1943.

4—Judges will be selected from the editorial staff of the magazine, and winners will be announced and prize checks will be mailed within 10 days of the contest date. Non-winning photos will be returned only if postage accompanies the entry.

This contest is independent of our

ROCK TOWERS IN ARIZONA

Who can identify this picture?



—Photo by D. Clifford Bond.

PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

Many travelers in the Southwest have seen these majestic rock towers, found in one of the most colorful and interesting canyons of Arizona. Some of our readers may have brought back motion pictures and Kodachromes of this area.

There's a legend about these spires, and perhaps there is historical information as

well. In order to bring together all possible information on this month's Landmark, Desert Magazine will award \$5.00 to the person who submits the most complete, accurate and interesting manuscript of not more than 500 words.

Manuscript should contain a good description, location and accessibility and as much other information as is available.

Entries should be addressed to Landmarks Contest, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California. To be eligible they must reach this office by January 20, 1943. The winning story will be published in the March issue.

regular monthly photographic competition for amateurs. All entries should be clearly marked: MIRAGE CONTEST, DESERT MAGAZINE, EL CENTRO, CALIFORNIA.

BOTTLE HOUSE

Erma Peirson of Riverside, California, submitted the winning manuscript in the November landmark contest of Desert Magazine. Judges had a difficult time selecting first prize because the Bottle House at Rhyolite, Nevada, is so widely known. But of all the manuscripts entered, the story appearing on this page was judged to have the greatest accuracy and completeness.



By ERMA PEIRSON

THE BOTTLE House, monumental relic of an outstanding mining boom, is located in Rhyolite, Nevada, reached from Nevada 58. Built in 1906 by a miner named Kelly, it stands in the center of an interesting desert garden. Assorted cactus and strange, delicate flowers make a fitting background for it. Odd specimens of rock and pieces of glass, purpled by the strong sun, are scattered about the grounds, giving a note of color.

It is a spectacular affair, its walls made of empty beer bottles, base ends outward, sparkling proof of the thirst of the trimming sister camps of Beatty, Bullfrog, and Rhyolite, all walking distance apart, each a unit of the bonanza stampede which followed Goldfield's boom. Victorian frillwork still hangs from the eaves, and a dried coyote dangles from a gabled end.

Rhyolite in its hey-day boasted a population of about eight thousand, with transient traffic bringing it to the ten thousand mark. Among unique phases, and singular for that day, was an ice plant that attracted the thirsty to Rhyolite. The ice cold beer proved as alluring as the mines, and small wonder that Kelly thought of building his house of the waste material thrown to the spaces.

Strangely, Rhyolite was built as though on a permanent basis, even after its min-

eral lodes proved superficial. Speculation and confidence merged into several well-built structures. There was a three-story hotel, complete with two baths, an imposing bank building, an eight-room school-house. The entrance of two railroads added to the town's substantialness, and people thrilled to the construction of an elaborate station which outlived the town many years.

Many thought Rhyolite would prove another Virginia City, but it fulfilled its destiny and went the way of most booms. People left, but the buildings remained standing for years, finally decaying or disintegrating, mute testimony of a community that was built on the sands of psychology rather than on something fundamental. By 1922 there was but one permanent resident left, an aging Frenchman named Lorainse, and who, despite his ninety-odd years, and as long as a building stood, had hopes Rhyolite would regain its former glory. The rose-colored glasses of hope vanished when he sighed himself out of life, and the town continued to be a forgotten ruins in a cemetery of dead cities of the West.

Its splendor a tradition, it slumbers now under tangles of tumbleweed, its workers and adventurers, its glorified buildings things of the past, its hopes gone with the

desert wind that blows the sand through its gulches.

The sun purples more glass, the stones continue to bleach, and the silence whisp-ers of a day gone by.

At one spot in Rhyolite still blooms a rugged rosebush, sent in its tender infancy to a young English engineer by his mother from across the seas. Transplanted to a foreign soil it thrived and still proudly exhales the essence of glamor, but only the Bottle House remains to prove the roisterous days of an almost forgotten past. It is now maintained by the Beatty Improvement association as a public museum and historical relic, having been restored in 1925 by the Famous Players Lasky corporation for the filming of a motion picture.

Amateur Photo Contest...

Each month the Desert Magazine offers cash awards of \$5.00 and \$3.00 for first and second place winners in an amateur photographic contest. The staff also reserves the right to buy any non-winning pictures.

Pictures submitted in the contest are limited to desert subjects, but there is no restriction as to the residence of the photographer. Subjects may include Indian pictures, plant and animal life of the desert, rock formations—in fact everything that belongs essentially to the desert country.

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

- 1—Pictures submitted in the January contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by January 20.
- 2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.
- 3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.
- 4—Prints must be in black and white, $3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

Pictures will be returned only when stamped envelopes or photo-mailers are enclosed.

For non-prize-winning pictures accepted for publication \$1.00 will be paid for each print.

Winners of the January contest will be announced and the pictures published in the March, 1943, number of the magazine. Address all entries to:

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

HERE AND THERE... on the Desert

ARIZONA

He Bought It . . .

CASA GRANDE—A curious Papago Indian gazed wonderingly at a shiny Hamburger grill, its chromium reflecting the afternoon sun. Then he marched in the store. "How much?" he asked pointing to the pretty outdoor grill. The clerk answered, "\$12.50." "I take it," was the laconic reply, and as he left the store with a smile of satisfaction, he turned suddenly inquiring, "What it for?"

Internee Strike Ends . . .

POSTON—A general strike of Japanese lasting five days ended here, when federal officials assisted by American-born Japanese, worked together to break the block without bloodshed. Norris James, public relations officer at the camp, said the troublemakers originally protested the arrest of two men who participated in gang fights between aliens and American-born evacuees. They were charged with beating another resident of the camp. The trouble was settled amicably by an agreement to let the camp's self-rule government iron out its own difficulties, according to John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs.

More Parker Dam Power . . .

PARKER—Parker dam power plant on the Colorado river will bring in 120,000 kilowatts by May, 1943, according to the bureau of reclamation, which said that this project is not affected by a stop order for five major reclamation jobs in the West including Davis dam.

River Gives Up Body . . .

KINGMAN—The body of William Foster, drowned with an unidentified companion October 28 when a boat overturned in the Colorado river near here, was found about November 15 near Parker. The remains of Foster's companion had been recovered several days earlier. Foster was an employe of the Forrester Milling and Mining company, now working the Ray Thompson property near Kingman.

The Bull Turns . . .

NOGALES—Most bulls no matter how much fight they display don't fare very well in a Mexican bull fight. But this bull after hurting one man who didn't escape his rush and after ripping the cape and sword from the matador's hands, leaped over the barrier and started chasing the spectators before he was caught and returned to the pens, a winner. But this isn't all—another bull did the same trick only a week or two before.

Source for Medicines . . .

PHOENIX—A large number of native plants tested for rubber at the Arizona college of agriculture will not yield much of that, but may be valuable as a source of medicinals, insecticides and waxes. Some of the plants selected for study included the supposedly worthless greasewood or creosote bush, the cockroach or "yerba de la cucaracha," a perennial member of the dogbane family, and the jojoba (goatnut) bean. Several large paint and varnish companies are said to be interested in the resins and waxes readily dissolved from creosote bush leaves.

First Ammunition . . .

FLAGSTAFF—Arizona's Senator Carl Hayden loaded the first case of ammunition to leave Navajo ordnance depot at Flagstaff in car to be shipped "somewhere over there." George G. Babbitt, Flagstaff postmaster, had the honor of loading the second case. The Navajo plant is one of the largest in Arizona.

Under a new ruling made by the Chandler superintendent of schools, children of that community now attend classes by sun time instead of war time. School convenes at 10 a. m., rather than at 9 a. m.

Louis J. Giragi, prominent northern Arizona newspaperman, has enlisted in the U. S. navy. Since graduation has been editor of the Winslow Mail, published by his brother Columbus.

Margaret J. Jones, who was a mining man's bride in the 70's and saw Virginia City, Congress and Tombstone at their peak, died at her home in Phoenix, November 8. She was 89.

Leroy V. Root, founder of the Carbon City News of Gallup, N. M., editor of the Mohave County Miner, Kingman, for the past six years, and one-time editor of the Needles Eye, forerunner of the Needles Nugget, died November 17.

CALIFORNIA

Date Peak Passes . . .

INDIO—Datemen of Coachella valley by the middle of November had harvested 60 percent of the 12,500,000-pound crop—largest in the history of the area. The percentage of extra fancy fruit this year was reduced but thousands of tons of high-grade dates are flowing from packing house to stores throughout the nation.

Daggett Bridge Sold . . .

DAGGETT—The steel bridge spanning the Mojave river between Daggett and Yermo will go to Central America, according to army engineers, who purchased the structure for \$500. The bridge, replaced sometime ago by a concrete trestle had been abandoned. It weighed 78 tons.

Popular Indian Dies . . .

NEEDLES—Mary Burns born on the Ft. Mohave reservation near here more than 60 years ago, died November 11 at Parker, Arizona, of pneumonia. The deceased was well-known along the Colorado river from Needles to Blythe, where she had lived for the past 25 years, while her husband worked for the Palo Verde irrigation district. Before she moved to Blythe, she was a familiar figure on the Santa Fe station platform at train-time, when she sold beads and other trinkets to tourists.

A WESTERN THRILL

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

You'll want (1) A 4-color picture of this huge painting suitable for framing. (2) A 36-page handsomely illustrated souvenir, pictures and original drawings, of Ghost Town Village and story of this roadside stand which grew to a \$600,000 annual business. (3) Two years subscription (12 numbers) to our illustrated bi-monthly magazine of the West. True tales of the days of gold, achievements of westerners today and courageous thoughts for days to come. Mention this paper and enclose one dollar for all three and get authentic western facts. Postpaid. GHOST TOWN NEWS, BUENA PARK, CALIF.



The answer to the war workers' housing problem

Westcraft

and

Westwood

TRAILER COACHES

—Modern Defense Homes—
See Them Today

GEORGE T. HALL

So. Calif. Westcraft Distributor
5614 W. Washington Blvd.
Los Angeles, California

Indians Win Case . . .

CATHEDRAL CITY—Indians of California, in a verdict gained by Governor-elect Earl Warren, have been assured the value of lands and goods relinquished by them under the "Lost treaties" of 1851.

The Desert TRADING POST

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 1 1/3 cents per thousand readers.

MISCELLANEOUS

Genuine Indian Relic Collection of 100 correctly labeled specimens \$1.00. All specimens we offer are guaranteed to be genuine ancient. P. Smith, Sr., archaeologist, 2003 59th St., Sacramento, Calif.

FOR SALE—12 beautiful perfect prehistoric Indian arrowheads \$1; 10 tiny perfect translucent chalcedony bird arrowheads, \$1; 10 perfect arrowheads from 10 different states, \$1; perfect stone tomahawk, \$1; 4 perfect spearheads, \$1; 5 stone net sinkers, \$1; 10 perfect stemmed fish scalers, \$1; 7 stone line sinkers, \$1; 4 perfect agate bird arrows, \$1; 5 perfect flint drills, \$1; 7 perfect flint awls, \$1; 10 beautiful round head stunning arrowheads, \$1; 4 fine perfect saw edged arrowheads, \$1; 4 fine perfect flying bird arrowheads, \$1; 4 fine perfect drill-pointed arrowheads, \$1; 4 fine perfect queer shaped arrowheads, \$1; 4 rare perfect double notched above a barbed stem base arrowheads, \$1; 5 perfect double notched above a stemmed base arrowheads, \$1; 12 small perfect knife blades of flint, \$1; rare shaped ceremonial flint, \$1; 3 flint chisels, \$1; 7 quartz crystals from graves, \$1; 10 arrowheads of ten different materials including petrified wood, \$1. All of the above 23 offers for \$20. Locations given on all. 100 good grade assorted arrowheads, \$3.00 prepaid. 100 all perfect translucent chalcedony arrowheads in pinkish, red, creamy white, etc., at \$10.00. 100 very fine mixed arrowheads all perfect showy colors and including many rare shapes and types such as drill pointed, double notched, saw edged, queer shapes, etc., location and name of types given, \$25.00 prepaid. List of thousands of other items free. Caddo Trading Post, Glenwood, Arkansas.

LIVESTOCK

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

Karakul Sheep from our Breeding Ranch are especially bred to thrive on the natural feed of the Desert. For information write James Yoakam, Leading Breeder, 1128 No. Hill Ave., Pasadena, California.

REAL ESTATE

For Imperial Valley Farms —

W. E. HANCOCK

"The Farm Land Man"

Since 1914

EL CENTRO — — — CALIFORNIA

Labor Shortage Loss . . .

BLYTHE—Ranchers of Palo Verde valley lost \$465,000 this year because of labor shortages, according to an estimate made by the U. S. agricultural extension service. The biggest loss, \$225,000 on long staple cotton, came when farmers were unable to pick more than half of the crop.

New Chapel at Torney . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Construction of a chapel at Torney general hospital which will seat 350 when completed was started early in November. The chapel will be used for Protestant, Catholic or Jewish services. There will be a choir loft 85 feet in length overlooking the main auditorium. A large Hammond electric organ will be installed. Torney hospital is located at El Mirador hotel, which was taken over for army use several months ago.

Best Season for Resort . . .

PALM SPRINGS—This desert spa is on the eve of its best season in many years, report Earl Coffman of the Desert Inn hotel and Harold Maundrell of the Colonial House. Letters and telegrams from the east and north show widespread interest and railroad companies state that requests for information on Palm Springs are more numerous than ever. Most inquiries indicate a long stay is planned.

William Horsfall, resident manager of the Beacon Tavern, Barstow, died in a Eugene, Oregon, hospital early in November.

The Trona Argonaut observed its twentieth birthday November 5. John E. Carless started the newspaper under the name Pot-Ash. It is now edited by Leonard F. Murnane.

Nearly 1,500 employees are working on the naval supply depot about five miles east of Barstow.

Evelyna Nunn Miller (Desert Magazine, May, 1942) prominent Palm Springs artist has donated a painting, "Gateway to a Chinese City," to the Chinese war orphan fund.

The Coachella Submarine, Coachella valley's oldest newspaper has suspended publication for an indefinite period. The paper was first started in 1901 at Indio.

NEVADA

Rationing Hits Fish . . .

FALLON—Even Nevada's fish will be affected by the war and gasoline rationing, declares Allen Powell, member of the state fish and game commission. Tires for cars to transport fingerlings to streams from hatcheries are not available. Propagation of pheasants has been retarded for the same reason.

Pelicans Move South . . .

YERINGTON—Cognizant of approaching winter, Nevada's pelican population composed of approximately 6,500 birds have started their migration southward. The pelicans do not make a mass exodus but go in groups, flying in long evenly-spaced lines, in tandem or in perfect V formation and with military exactness. They spend the winter in Mexico.

Towns Depend on Cars . . .

CARSON CITY—Twenty-two Nevada towns having a combined population of 11,000 or one-tenth of the state's residents are dependent upon motor transportation. Many of these communities, it is thought, may be forced to rely entirely upon horse-drawn vehicles or stay at home, losing contact with more populous areas for the duration.

House Blown Up Hill . . .

BATTLE MOUNTAIN—Five soldier miners at Copper canyon received serious injuries November 13, when hurricane winds overturned a 14 by 32-foot bunkhouse, then carried the structure 40 feet over the top of a ridge and into a ravine, where it broke up. After the disaster one man awoke to find himself still on his mattress and covered by his blankets. But his bed and springs lay scattered over the hillside.

The Nevada state library has been designated an all depository library by the United States government. All publications of the federal government now will be available to the people of the state. This is the only institution between Salt Lake City and Sacramento, holding such a rating, according to state librarian E. C. D. Marriage.

More children were born in Nevada during August than during any other month in the state's history, reports the state department of health.

NEW MEXICO

War Time Schedule . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Students at the University of New Mexico will now have an opportunity to complete their education before entering military service. Officials of the institution have authorized a three-semester plan covering 52 weeks. With the exception of Christmas, there will be no lengthy vacations.

Navajo Harvest Beets . . .

GALLUP—More than 700 Navajo Indians from this area now in Colorado are harvesting sugar beets, according to I. M. Vigil of Pueblo, labor supervisor for the Holly Sugar company. Indian labor has proved highly satisfactory and efficient, the official said.

Harvey Uses Indians . . .

TAOS—A successful experiment at Gallup has led Fred Harvey officials to employ Indian girls for service in the many Harvey Houses along the Santa Fe line. Between 15 and 20 Indian girls were employed at the El Navajo hotel, Gallup, and now groups are being sent from that point to other New Mexico houses. All girls hired have at least a high school education and have had domestic training in mission or government boarding schools. Those thus far employed represent the Navajo, Zuni and central New Mexican pueblo tribes.

License Extension Expected . . .

WINDOW ROCK—Assurance of restrained activity on cooperative store ventures, an intimation that tenure of trading licenses might be extended to five years and official endorsement of the Turley project for irrigation development of the San Juan river valley were given 60 of the 100 members of the United Indian Traders association who met here November 14. Plans to hold semi-annual meetings of the group were prepared.

Marines Seek Navajo . . .

GRANTS—Additional recruits from the Navajo Indian tribe to serve in the marine corps are asked by federal officials. Thirty Navajo enlisted last spring for special work and proved so efficient that the project will be enlarged. All of the original group are now overseas in the Pacific.

Joseph Fleck was elected president of the Taos Artist's association at a meeting held November 4. Ila McAfee was named secretary-treasurer.

David P. Trent, formerly with the bureau of agricultural economics in Washington has been named assistant superintendent of the Navajo Indian agency.

Twelve hundred Navajo employed on the Navajo ordnance plant near Flagstaff, Arizona, were barred from voting in their tribal election November 20, because of no provision for the absentee ballot.

UTAH

Travel or Not to Travel . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Members of the Utah road commission had red faces when it dawned on them that they had asked permission to make an automobile trip to the annual convention of the American association of state highway officials in St. Louis beginning December 7—one week after gasoline rationing starts. If they can figure out a way to go by auto, four can go, otherwise only one if the train must be used.

Stock Sells High . . .

OGDEN—Purchase prices for prize hogs, lambs and steers reached record levels as the 24th annual Ogden livestock show ended here November 11. Many of the stockmen who came to the show with full carloads departed the same way, having purchased additional breeding stock.

Navy Supply Depot . . .

CLEARFIELD—The Clearfield naval supply depot, upon completion to be the largest in the West, soon will be in operation, according to Captain M. H. Royar. This unit is the materialization of a naval theory to locate inland a supply unit to serve smaller coastline depots.

Venison Stored . . .

VERNAL—Meat rationing does not bother the population of Uintah county. Besides large quantities of pheasants, trout, ducks, elk, rabbit and other meats, approximately 17 tons of choice venison are stored in individual cold storage lockers.

Public camp and picnic grounds of the Ogden river area of the Cache national forest were more popular during 1942's camping season than at any other time in previous years.

Dr. Howard R. Driggs, national president of the American Pioneer Trails association addressed members of the Utah chapter at a meeting held in Salt Lake City, November 13.

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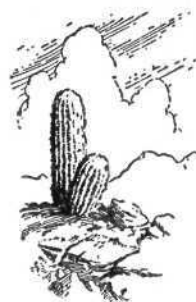
Not to be outdone by her husband John B. Hughes, whose proposal for use of Mexican labor to solve our farm labor shortage received Pres. Roosevelt's recognition, Mrs. Hughes recently received the coveted "E" for 100 hours of service with the Red Cross Motor Corps. Hughes, also a blood donor, is heard every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 10 p.m. EWT., over the Mutual network.

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81 CALIFORNIA DESERT TRAILS. J. Smeaton Chase. In demand for 20 years as a guide to Colorado desert of California. Rich in legend, history, geology, plant and animal life. Photos, appen., index, 387 pp. \$4.00

3 CALIFORNIA DESERTS. Edmund C. Jaeger. Complete information on Colorado and Mojave deserts. Plant and animal life, geography, chapter on aboriginal Indians. Drawings, photos, end-maps. 209 pp. \$2.00

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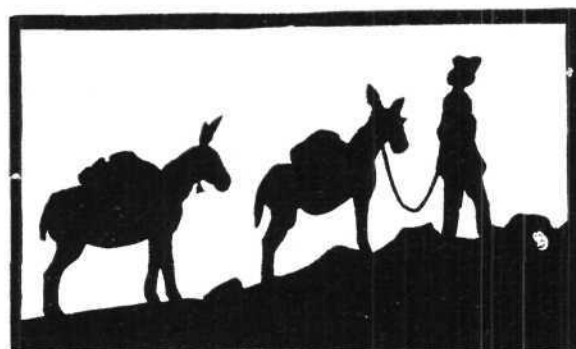
37 THE FANTASTIC CLAN. J. J. Thornber and Frances Bonker. Informal introduction to cacti of the Southwest. Describes main species in native habitat, includes notes on discovery and naming, uses, directions for growing. Profusely illustrated. Endmaps, glossary, pronouncing vocabulary, index. 194 pp. \$3.50

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GEMS AND MINERALS

ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor

PERLITE NEW ARIZONA INDUSTRIAL MINERAL

Lee Boyer of Phoenix, after long experimentation, has perfected a controlled process for "exploding" perlite, developing it into a form which is useful in fireproofing plaster, concrete and other mixtures; for smothering incendiary bombs; for insulation.

Perlite is a type of volcanic glass containing two to four percent of water. On cooling, the glassy lava cracked into small spheroids with a concentric structure.

There is a deposit of perlite near Pinal, Arizona, sufficient for years of production.

U. S. SPECIFICATIONS FOR QUARTZ CRYSTALS

Quartz crystals, water clear and free from flaws, are needed in the war effort. Only symmetrical hexagonal crystals more than one-fourth inch in diameter, free from inclusions—no twins—are wanted. Perfect specimens are worth from one to ten dollars per pound. Anyone wishing to sell this type of crystal should communicate with Dr. S. S. MacKeown, chief communications section, war production board, Washington, D. C.

The crystals are used for radio frequency control on short wave radios in tanks, planes, submarines and surface craft. In telephone systems they permit use of a single wire for as many as 720 simultaneous conversations because of their property of differentiating electrical frequencies. Quartz crystals are used also in range finders, instruments for measuring pressure of detonations of airplane engines or gun barrels, depth sounding and direction finding apparatus and similar equipment.

INDIUM, VALUABLE ALLOY FOUND NEAR KINGMAN

Indium (In) is a soft, malleable, ductile, silver white metal, more precious than platinum. Dr. William Murray has succeeded in extracting it commercially from a zinc ore mined near Kingman, Arizona. Indium, even in very small quantities, makes soft metals hard, dull metals bright. Engine bearings containing indium have proven extra strong and highly resistant to acid corrosion.

A 60 percent silver, 40 percent indium alloy has the appearance of sterling silver, but is more than three times as hard. This is exceedingly advantageous in many industrial uses planned for silver.

Indium is used as a substitute for chromium and nickel plating. It takes a high polish and is resistant to discoloration. This property makes it especially valuable for use in reflectors, searchlights, headlights, etc.

Alloyed with gold, indium makes an acid resisting dental metal which stands up well under molar pressure. Its use as a mordant in dyes is still in the experimental stage.

Indium was discovered by use of the spectroscope and derives its name from the two blue lines shown in its spectrum.

RARE FOSSILS SHOWN PHOENIX CLUB

Charles E. Wilson, Chicago paleontologist wintering in Phoenix, addressed members of Mineralogical Society of Arizona December 3 at the regular bi-monthly meeting in the Arizona Museum, Phoenix. His program included presentation of rare fossil specimens, chronologically arranged and supplemented by a descriptive talk, "The Life Record in the Rocks." At the December 17 meeting, F. Lee Kirby, supervisor, Tonto national forest, addressed the group on "Wild Life Resources," illustrated with projected kodachromes.

NEVADA FIRE RECALLS GHOST TOWN'S PAST

A recent fire near Virginia City, Nevada, which destroyed many buildings in the edge of the world famous ghost town, recalled to the minds of many old timers tales of the fabulous wealth of the Comstock lode at that place. Inhabitants of Virginia City vouch for the following information:

More than ten million tons of ore have been produced from the 750 miles of underground workings. Since the discovery of the lode, in January, 1859, this ore has been turned into more than one billion dollars worth of gold and silver. During the hey-dev of the mines, the population increased to over 40,000 persons. Although the tunnels and drifts would extend for hundreds of miles if placed end to end, the greatest north south extension is little over four miles. All of the distance can be traversed without once coming to the surface of the ground.

The 52 cents per pound frozen price of tin was based on British open pit placer operations and coolie labor. This makes it unprofitable to mine and ship low percentage American ore.

MAGNETISM IN METALS

What causes magnetism in metals? This question has been asked thousands of times in the past without a definite answer. Many attempted solutions of the problem have been offered but, up to date, none have been accepted without reservations by scientists. One recent suggestion is that the protoxide of iron, FeO, may be responsible for magnetism in at least the most highly magnetic minerals. Hematite, Fe₂O₃, is not magnetic, but magnetite, FeO. Fe₂O₃, is highly so. The formula for this mineral, iron protoxide, is found in the more complex formula of almost all of the highly magnetic minerals, and so the suggestion has been offered for what it is worth. Among the minerals which react with both the compass and the magnet are:

Magnetite—FeO. Fe₂O₃.

Ilmenite—FeO. TiO₂

Chromite—FeO. Cr₂O₃.

Franklinite—(FeZnMn)O.(FeMn)₂O₃.

STRATEGIC MOLYBDENUM FOUND IN CANADA

Many war industries, depending on the use of molybdenum for the toughening of steel, will be cheered by the announcement from Quebec, Canada, of the discovery of a large deposit of the much needed ore. The United States produces, at the present moment, more than nine-tenths of all the molybdenum in the world, but present needs for production of war equipment far exceeds all production. The hunt for more strategic metals is being carried on all over western Canada and United States.

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ANSWERS TO DESERT QUIZ

Questions on page 8.

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- 2—Museum of ancient Indian artifacts.
- 3—Tucson.
- 4—Father Garcés.
- 5—Carlsbad caverns.
- 6—Yucca.
- 7—Zion national park.
- 8—Juan Bautista de Anza.
- 9—Geodes.
- 10—New Mexico.
- 11—A primitive dwelling house.
- 12—Boulder dam.
- 13—An archaeologist.
- 14—North.
- 15—Dirt.
- 16—Copper.
- 17—Cameron.
- 18—Madrid.
- 19—Arizona.
- 20—Coloration.

THE

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AMONG THE

ROCK HUNTERS

Gems and Minerals editor of Desert Magazine would appreciate receiving notices of club activities by the 25th of each month. As field trips become mere tenuous memories, interest increases in the activities of fellow rockhounds.

T. Orchard Lisle was elected to complete the term of I. Harold Soper, president, resigned, of Northern California mineral society. Lisle is executive editor of The Log, a Pacific coast ship building journal, and is associated with the Mining World magazine of Seattle.

Dr. D. H. Clark, president of Orange Belt mineralogical society, at the November meeting talked on rocks and stones found in the human body.

Long Beach mineralogical society has formed a lapidary group which for the duration will take the place of field trips. First meeting was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bond. Dr. Clark exhibited choice specimens of iris agate and explained proper cutting methods to bring out the full beauty of the material. Long Beach maintains a grab bag composed of specimens donated by members. Professor E. A. Just, member, was speaker at the regular November meeting.

W. Scott Lewis, member, spoke on the natural science of Death Valley, using kodachrome slides, at the November 13 meeting of Pacific mineral society. Maurie Nichols, formerly of Trona, was in charge of the November show case exhibit.

Roy Merdian, vice-president of Tacoma agate club, will assume the president's duties until next election. Irwin Beal, president, has moved to Idaho Falls. Fifty-six members celebrated the society's second birthday, November 5, with a chicken dinner, followed by a brief business session, and card games. The club has started a class of lapidarists, meeting once a month in different shops. The first sessions were so successful that it was found necessary to divide into several groups, as there were too many to meet in any single shop.

Burr N. Porter illustrated the more elaborate cuts and combination cuts of gems at the November 5 meeting of East Bay mineral society.

East Bay bulletin plans to publish brief, informative articles submitted by members.

Tom Goff, president of Sequoia mineral society, reports from Fort Lewis, Washington, that he spent an enjoyable but nostalgic evening as guest of Tacoma agate society.

Sequoia mineral society held a final meeting of the society as a whole, on December 1, at Parlier high school, before gas rationing went into effect. Vice-President Jesse McDonald acted in place of president Tom Goff.

October Sequoia bulletin has an interesting article on crinoids displayed in the museum of natural history, Washington, D. C. The November leaflet discusses night prospecting.

Sequoia publishes the names and mailing addresses of all members in the armed forces, and urges that Christmas greetings be sent them by all members.

Mrs. Richard Fischer, secretary of Grand Junction mineralogical society, Grand Junction, Colorado, reports reelection of all officers for another year. The club will continue study of minerals by the qualitative and quantitative blowpipe analysis method, under direction of president Richard H. A. Fischer. Membership for the duration was voted to Edward L. Holt and Emory White in the armed forces.

J. L. Kraft (president Kraft Cheese company) possesses a white jade boulder eight feet in diameter at the Chan jade claim near Happy Camp, California. The boulder is reported to be so translucent that an object between it and the setting sun casts a shadow completely through the stone.

W. B. Tucker and R. J. Sampson, division of mines engineers, report shipment of 25 tons of tin ore—cassiterite—from the Evening Star mine near Cima, San Bernardino county, California.

Pacific mineral society's Mineral Notes and News, November, carries an informative article by W. Scott Lewis on minerals of the Mt. Whitney region.

GEM MART

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Friends—We just want to wish all our friends Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year. The Colorado Gem Co., Bayfield, Colo.

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AGATES, Jaspers, Opalized and Agatized woods, Thunder eggs, polka dot and other specimens. Three pound assortment \$1.50 postpaid. Glass floats, price list on request. Jay Ransom, Aberdeen, Wash.

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100 JEWELRY STONES removed from rings, etc., assorted \$2.00. B. Lowe, Box 311, St. Louis, Mo.

THE DESERT MAGAZINE

Walter Bailey, a resident of Bisbee, Arizona, for almost 40 years, was a recent visitor at the Desert Magazine office. He is the possessor of many fine copper specimens. Among those left at the office are chrysocolla, bornite, azurite balls, and azurite with malachite.

Taylor Martin, of Pecos, Texas, reports finding a deposit of garnet crystals in his neighborhood. These crystals are dodecahedrons, and, when left in the original mica schist in which they occur, make excellent specimens. The crystals average about five-sixths of an inch in diameter.

Bureau of mines, department of the interior, Washington, D. C., will send upon request information circular 7202—marketing silica—by Nan C. Jensen. The pamphlet includes a list of possible purchasers of massive quartz, sandstone, ground quartz, quartzite, sand, flint, high grade quartz crystals, gem stones, agates, tripoli, diatomite and novaculite.

Searles Lake gem and mineral society plans to continue field trips—on foot, in the Trona region. A Christmas party was held December 17 at the Trona club. Greetings were sent to all members serving in the armed forces.

A special bulletin issued by East Bay mineral society announces that J. Lewis Renton showed his famous collection of kodachrome slides of northwestern agates, crystals and minerals at the November 19 meeting. A list of members and visitors was given to each member, hoping that they could pool transportation and continue to attend meetings.

COLORFUL MINERALS

MALACHITE

Malachite is one of the most colorful and showy of the green minerals. It is hydrous carbonate of copper, formed by the action of carbon dioxide in water, usually on the simple oxide cuprite. Apparently azurite, blue carbonate of copper, was sometimes formed first, and then changed into malachite by the addition of about three percent water.

Many varieties of malachite are known to both miner and mineralogist. The fibrous satin malachite is one of the most beautiful varieties but is one which seldom is cut successfully into gemstones. It has a tendency to blacken and lose its beautiful color on polishing. Both the famous Tsumeb mine in Africa, and the mines of Miami, Arizona, have produced a striking variety, formed in alternating lines of dark and light green, which often is cut into excellent sets, although too soft for wearing in rings. Common malachite has no gem value, but brilliant green masses make a showy addition to either collections or rock garden.

Mercury or Quicksilver

- 1.—Cinnabar, - HgS - Hardness 2., - specific gravity 8.2 - color scarlet, - brittle. Tests, 1. Color disappears when heated. 2. Moistened powder with hydrochloric acid and place on a piece of bright, shiny copper. Rub if necessary. Mercury will coat the copper.
- 2.—Native mercury: Sometimes found in liquid form in quicksilver mines, or as tiny drops in gangue ore.

Cogitations . . .

Of a Rockhound

By LOUISE EATON

• Rockhounds oughtta be gen'ous 'n send their Uncle Sam some good quartz crystals. He's askin' for lots uv um for army 'n navy instruements. Only watter clear, perfect six sided specimens need apply. No interestin' inclusions 'r discolorations 'r twin crystals will do. They gotta be one-fourth inches 'r more in diameter, too. If there's any good ones a-layin' round loose, information about where to send um can be obtained from W.P.B. at Washington, D. C.—Dr. S. S. MacKeown, chief communications section.

• When rockhounds are invited to other rockhounds' houses for dinner th' furst course is always Rox. Mama rockhounds might just as well plan their meals with that in mind, becuz all specimens in sight has to be examined before anyone can sit down to th' table. Even if it's turkey.

NEW MEXICO HAS LARGE MICA DEPOSITS

Mica deposits cover large areas of northern New Mexico, but most of them have not been developed on a commercial scale, according to President R. H. Reece of the New Mexico school of mines.

Reece's comment followed disclosure by Governor Miles that he had asked Dale Pitt, president of the Colonial Mica corporation, of New York, to help clear away existing confusion and determine the extent of New Mexico's deposits.

Lack of machinery for extraction and lack of transportation are two fundamental things preventing development of the deposits, Reece added. Five small mines are now operating in Rio Arriba county and one mine, the Apache near Petaca, has been shipping mica for 90 years. Dr. Sterling B. Talmage, professor of geology at the school, who has made a survey of the area said white mica of an excellent grade was obtainable.

C. J. Rordell of the Utah mineralogical society has reported a new find of jasper of exceptional quality.

Santa Maria rocks and minerals club has recessed for the duration. Vice-president John Weldon has joined the air corps and about half the membership now are in government or other war service.

News notes of the Mineralogical society of Arizona are published on a new format. A sketch of Superstition mountain shown in the heading was made especially for the club by Ralph E. Goltry of Phoenix. Mr. Goltry is one of the West's outstanding artists, and incidentally, a dyed-in-the-wool desert enthusiast.

Lowell R. Gordon was elected president of the Long Beach mineralogical society recently. He succeeds Karl L. Vonder Ahe. James Bond was chosen vice-president and Milo Potter, Ray Wagner and V. P. Cutler were named directors, the latter being appointed secretary.

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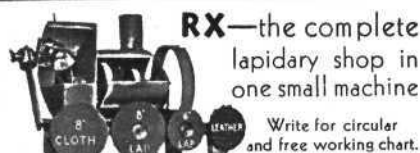
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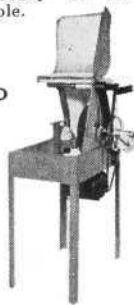
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and polishing equipment. Leland Quick, who conducts this department, is former president of the Los Angeles Lapidary society. He will be glad to answer questions in connections with your lapidary work. Queries should be addressed to Desert Magazine,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

By LELANDE QUICK

With the automobile practically removed from the highways to far-away places my thoughts often travel to my many friends scattered along the roads in the regions of the West. They depended on the traveling "rockhounds" and gem cutters to stop by for a chat and a purchase and perhaps a swap. What is Laura Babb of Ruby's Inn at Bryce Canyon national park in Utah doing now? It must be very lonely up there with no one dropping in. And what is W. A. Brox at Rawlins, Wyoming, doing? Then there are the Gibbords on Pedley Road near Riverside and the Walkers at Calimesa, California. Drop-ins would be more frequent there of course but I wonder how things are going along.

In these times, with field trips abandoned, correspondence with these folks and many, many more abroad in the land would be welcome indeed and new materials could be secured from them which would maintain your own enthusiasm and help them to survive until things are good again.

It would be a dreadful thing if we someday make a trip again and never see a sign that reads "Rocks" to make us pull up in front of the out-of-the-way places to make new friendships and renew old ones while we haggle over rocks. Some of the finest gem materials I have ever purchased I have bought from these local people who have saved me much in time and effort and who have introduced me to varieties of good gem rocks that I otherwise never would have known. Almost every gem cutter reading this will immediately call to mind a half dozen friends of the highway. Let them know they are not forgotten and keep in touch with them.

I am informed by a large Los Angeles dealer that there is no good material available and outrageous prices are being demanded for poor materials from distant pickers. Now is the time to haul out a few pounds of those tons of material you have that you will never live long enough to cut and make some reasonable swaps with the commercial men who are hungry for rock. Try it and see what happens. You may be pleasantly surprised.

I have seen a specimen of the jewel bearings the government wants for airplanes and battle-ships about which I wrote in September Desert Magazine. They are tissue-paper-thin disks, about six times the size of the period at the end of this sentence, with a pin hole through the center. I am convinced that few amateur gem cutters have the required machinery or skill for the job. Such a tiny thing to be so important! I have the highest respect for the cutter with patience enough to turn out even one of them and I am completely awed at the person who can turn them out in quantity day after day. Surely he is an unsung hero.

For several months now I have wondered about the constant burning of my ears and the reason dawned on me the other day. It is caused by the din of many voices asking "Why Quick never writes about opals when that's all he talks about." Well I don't have space enough here to say one-tenth about opals what I believe would be adequate. It is the only gem that cannot be successfully imitated or dyed and I have never seen even a poor opal that wasn't beautiful beyond any power of mine to describe. The finest opals in the whole world have been taken from our own desert regions and I am going to have a special article about it soon in Desert Magazine.

This page of Desert Magazine is for those who have, or aspire to have, their own gem cutting and polishing equipment. Leland Quick, who conducts this department, is former president of the Los Angeles Lapidary society. He will be glad to answer questions in connections with your lapidary work. Queries should be addressed to Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

I have often wondered about the heading of this page and I have come to the conclusion that it is a big term indeed. A gem cutter plays the same relation to a lapidary as an architect does to a carpenter. The terms are not synonymous. The lapidary may know how to cut but it takes a gem cutter to know where to cut.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

- The term agate is after the town of Achates in Sicily because that was the source of the first commercial agate.
- Chalcedony is after the town on Chalcedon in Bithynia, Asia Minor.
- There is little chrysoprase found in America because it is chalcedony stained green by nickel and we have almost no nickel.
- The "iris" disappears from agate that is dyed.
- The Bible contains 1,704 references to gem stones and minerals. The opal, under the name of Bdelium, is the first precious stone mentioned. (Genesis 2:12.)
- One-eighth of the earth's outer crust (ten miles deep) is composed of quartz materials, the most prolific source of gem stones.
- There are many gems found right in New York City. As many as 3,000 good garnets have been taken from the excavation for a single building. The New York Museum of Natural History has on display a 9½ pound garnet found in Herald Square.

LAPIDARY HELPS AND HINTS . . .

In my visits to many lapidaries I have found that the greatest helps and time-savers I have picked up are the ones that seemed so obvious to the man using them that he thought they were universal knowledge. Therefore I know that the commonest details are indeed brand new to many. For instance many people reading this page do not know that a grinding wheel must be wet to keep a stone from cracking and while anyone acquiring machinery finds that out before he touches stone to wheel yet I feel that many amateur lapidaries do not know these simple but helpful items:

"Rough up" a worn sanding disk by dipping a rag in water and "washing" the cloth with a circular motion. This spreads the grits from the center to the outside and doubles the life of the cloth.

Put your tin oxide in a large sifter can or a restaurant size salt shaker.

Use pieces of old inner-tubes (how, now!) to steer the water on the wheel and control the drip.

Cut your own templates out of celluloid blotter tops or pocket calendars; use an aluminum pencil for drawing them on cabochon blanks. Use acetone to erase unwanted designs on the blanks.

Save the grit from the grinders in your splash pans for rough lapping on your lap wheel.

Make home-made cabinets for sawed materials out of cheese or cigar boxes using spools for handles.

Mines and Mining . .

Indio, California . . .

The Southern Pacific branch line to Eagle mountain iron ore deposits east of here may terminate at Indio, according to findings made by preliminary survey crew workers, who expect to complete this job shortly after the first of the year. The 63-mile railroad will also serve Camp Young, its proposed route passing through the center of the army encampment. Meanwhile, coke ovens at the \$83,000,000 Kaiser steel plant which will draw ores from this district are being warmed up months ahead of schedule. Ovens must be tempered gradually for six weeks.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Mining engineers are scarce today—but mining engineers or metallurgists who speak Spanish—well, they are scarcer than hen's teeth, according to Leonard Horwin of Denver, assistant director of foreign service personnel for the board of economic welfare. Mr. Horwin is touring the West in search of engineers with a knowledge of Spanish.

Albuquerque, New Mexico . . .

Potential tin production in Socorro, Sierra and Catron counties was studied by Representative Anderson of New Mexico and H. B. Legget, assistant chief of the war production board's mining section late in November. Anderson believes New Mexico can supply 100 tons daily if a market is assured.

Gabbs Valley, Nevada . . .

Macdonald Engineering company is rapidly completing work on the four calcining units which will be placed in operation several months ahead of schedule by Basic Magnesium, Inc., according to statements made here. Only minor odds and ends remain to be finished before three of the units in the five million dollar plant can be started. Another unit started last July is turning out finely ground, dehydrated magnesite for reduction at the Boulder City plant.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Tungsten ore and concentrates whenever offered, will be purchased by United States Vanadium company for the Metals Reserve company at Salt Lake City. J. R. Van Fleet, vice-president of the company told members of the Nevada section of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers meeting here early in November. Metals Reserve company will accept milling ores at stock-pile locations or other central places located near producing plants. Those interested should write the U. S. Vanadium company, he added.

Washington, D. C. . . .

Americans may be clinking a lot of iron in their pockets instead of silver, nickel and copper if legislation approved by the senate banking and currency committee is adopted. The plan would permit coinage of three-cent pieces, half-dimes and pennies made from materials other than copper.

Carson City, Nevada . . .

Cinnabar—source of quicksilver—has been found in paying quantities on the ground's surface a few miles south of Reno, according to Matt Murphy, Nevada inspector of mines. No expensive shafts need be sunk to recover the ore, thus speeding production. A mill, utilizing a new process, will handle the ore to produce at least one flask daily. The cinnabar was discovered about three miles west of Steamboat Springs.

Kingman, Arizona . . .

Sampling and blocking of a big ore body on the 200-foot level at the Copperville mine near here is expected to start shortly. This mine has been developed extensively and engineers report a tonnage upward of 150,000 tons available in lead-zinc ores above the 200-foot point with an approximately equal amount extending below to the 400-foot mark.

Reno, Nevada . . .

The most tin ever discovered in the U. S. has been mined or blocked out in the Greenan-Kerr deposit in the Majuba mountains near Lovelock, according to statements made by engineers. Recently U. S. Senator-elect James G. Scrugham said that 35 tons of tin were already available. The property is leased to James O. Greenan and George W. Kerr. Officials of the Geological survey are at the mine to aid in examinations.

Parker, Arizona . . .

Clara Osborne Botzum plans to reopen the old Rio Vista mine five miles north of here, according to an announcement made recently. The mine originally was the Quartz King and had a list of stockholders including King Oscar of Sweden, Thomas A. Bell, Maj. Gen. Baron de Gustave de Payron, Dr. Antoine Duchateau, Prosper Chaix, J. O. Royer and O. E. Clark.

Reno, Nevada . . .

Nevada's gold and silver miners will be able to purchase rubber work boots according to changes in rubber footwear rationing regulations announced by Leo F. Schmidt, director of the state office of price administration.

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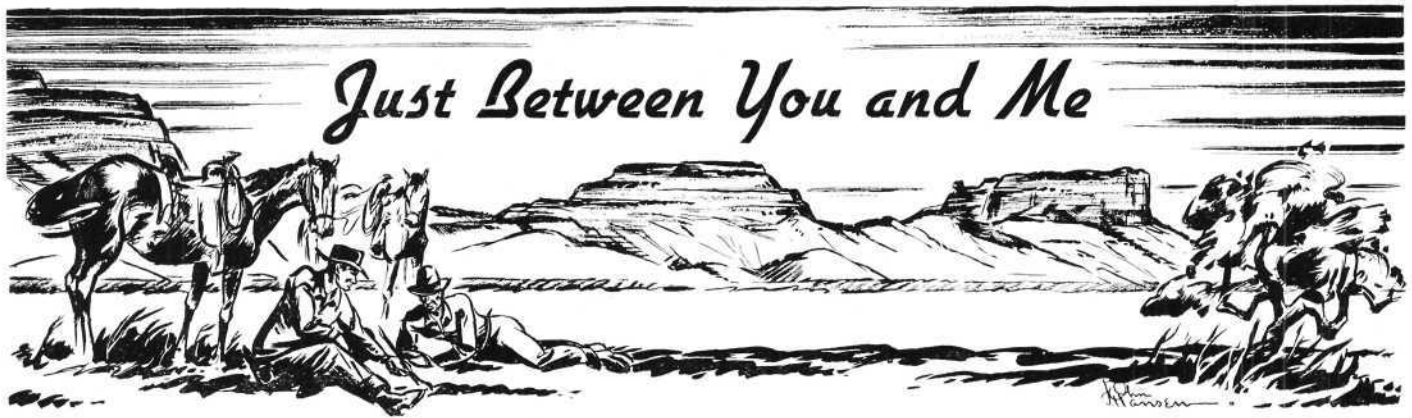
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By RANDALL HENDERSON

THIS month's "Just Between" is being written on a portable typewriter in my barracks at the Hobbs Army Air Field near Hobbs, New Mexico. I have been on duty the past month as a member of the headquarters staff at this advanced flying school, my special assignment being that of Public Relations officer.

I asked for the Hobbs assignment. This is desert country. Not the desert of drifting sand dunes and pastel-tinted mountains, but arid plains that extend to the distant horizon in every direction as far as the eye can see.

Frankly, I miss those mountains of the California desert. Over a period of years I have become accustomed, without being conscious of it, to depend on mountains as landmarks to keep me properly oriented. Here, my directions are all mixed up.

For 30 years I have been watching the sun rise and set on a jagged skyline banked with purple haze. At sunset, Ol' Sol generally slipped behind a screen of clouds. He just faded out of a gorgeously colored picture so quickly and mysteriously that one is never sure of the exact moment of his exit.

But New Mexico has its compensations. The wind blows fresh and clean across these prairies—except when there's a sandstorm. And no dyed-in-the-wool desert rat would ever complain of sandstorms. If the days were all calm and temperate we humans would grow soft and decadent.

* * *

As a dweller in the desert country for many years, I learned long ago that there is no locality in this great arid region which does not hold fascinating secrets for the historian, the archaeologist, the geologist or botanist—generally all four of them—who take the time to delve behind and beyond the grim mask of the desert.

I'll confess that when I rolled across the great prairie that surrounds Hobbs, I had misgivings. I wondered what the historians or the archaeologists would find in a region so devoid of mountains or streams or forests.

* * *

It was Will Robinson, veteran editor of the Hobbs News-Sun, who cleared away my doubts. He introduced me to the Llano Estacado, or "Staked Plains," the name by which this region is identified on the map.

"This was Comanche country," he explained. "The Indians came here for their winter's meat supply. These plains teemed with buffalo and antelope.

"The Indians are gone, and time and the elements have obliterated most of the trails beaten by the feet of these prehistoric aborigines. But the trail markers are still to be found—cairns of loose rock piled at intervals along the routes by the redskins who passed this way. When rocks were not available mounds of earth and mesquite were built.

"These trails led from waterhole to waterhole, always fol-

lowing the most direct route. One of the largest of them was at Monument, 15 miles southwest of Hobbs. This pile of rocks was so large that in the early days the cowmen and settlers used them to build corrals and shelters. Later, when they learned the historic significance of these rocks, a permanent monument was reconstructed—the cairn which gave Monument its name."

Mexicans who came north to settle in the upper Rio Grande valley, following the conquest of New Mexico, saw these piles of rock, recognized them as the work of human beings, and gave the region its name—Llano Estacado.

More recently, many old Indian camp sites have been found on these prairies, and artifacts pre-dating the Comanche culture have been uncovered. Cowboys frequently find arrowheads, and occasionally a spearhead is recovered.

* * *

To those accustomed to a landscape of trees and mountains, I will agree these prairies with only oil derricks to break the skyline become rather monotonous at times. But no landscape ever is dull to those with imagination to see beyond the superficial aspect of things. Here at Hobbs, as elsewhere on the desert and plains, is a rich field for those whose hobby is history or archaeology or geology, or any of the natural sciences.

* * *

I brought my car to Hobbs with the intention of spending my weekend off-duty periods exploring this part of the desert world. But since the 240-miles-a-month limit applies to soldiers and civilians alike, I will have to do my exploring in the camp library.

But those mysterious trails and remote canyons and "private" gem fields that you and I had planned to visit still will be there when the war is over. The trails may become a little rough and sandy due to lack of travel. But we will enjoy them all the more by reason of the enforced recess.

* * *

The only desert traveler who will go his way undisturbed by restrictions on gas and tires and automobiles is the old prospector with his burro. I imagine he will rather enjoy the novelty of roaming again over a desert uncluttered by rockhounds and picnic parties and amateur photographers. But that is not true of all of them. I have camped many a night with a lone jackass prospector who obviously was glad to spend an evening talking the lore of the desert—the hidden springs, the ledges that may some day yield a fortune in gold, the old-timers who have gone over the hill.

* * *

Hobbs field is only 95 miles from Carlsbad Caverns, and I understand they are passing men in uniform in free—and WAACS too. I wouldn't be true to my Scotch forebears if I passed up the chance to save that \$1.50. I'll tell you about it later.

BOOKS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

—a monthly review of the best literature of the desert Southwest, past and present.

REBIRTH OF A GHOST TOWN

Christian Wick went to Coarse Gold, now a Nevada ghost town, in 1900 while gold still came out of the mines. But not long after he arrived, panic swept the place, the bank failed, and businesses closed. Chris remained until finally he was the sole resident.

There in the quiet of the desert he pondered on humanity and endeavored to find himself. In the midst of his philosophical thinking he came upon rich tungsten ore. Fearful that his solitude would be disturbed and unwilling to see Coarse Gold relive another temporary life, he hesitated to reveal this discovery.

This is the theme of *COARSE GOLD*, new novel by Edwin Corle. It demonstrates again the author's ability as a fascinating story teller.

Through the eyes of Chris Wick, he carries the reader through the rise and fall of a city built on gold and speculation and finally to its rebirth as an industrial giant of 1942. The story provides readers not only with good entertainment, but with thought-provoking ideas. First issued in September, a second printing appeared in October. Donald Gordon, noted book authority declared, "It has excellent chances of best sellerdom." Corle is also the author of *MOHAVE*, *FIG TREE JOHN*, *SOLITAIRE* and *DESERT COUNTRY*. He has a fine knowledge of the period he depicts gleaned from prowls among old gold camps of Goldfield, Rhyolite and Calico. E. P. Dutton and company, New York. 251 pp. \$2.50.

—Harry Smith

BAXTER REVISES GEM CUTTING BOOK

An ever increasing interest in the fascinating hobby of gem cutting and mounting of stones in hand-wrought jewelry has resulted in a revised edition of *JEWELRY GEM CUTTING, AND METALCRAFT* by William T. Baxter.

The revised edition recently published by Whittlesey House of McGraw-Hill Book company, New York, includes a chapter on Identification of Gem Stones by Henry C. Dake, editor of the *Mineralogist* magazine.

A section devoted to gem cutting has been increased by 48 pages and 31 new illustrations. Additional information, with illustrations, is given on the making of diamond-charged disks used for sectioning gem material. In the jewelry section 23 new illustrations have been added. These include 61 new pieces of handmade jewelry.

INDIAN BLANKET LORE REVEALED BY AUTHORITY

Despite statements that the Navajo weaver is no longer as good as his predecessor of 60 years ago, today's blanket maker is not inferior to his ancestor, declares George Wharton James in *INDIAN BLANKETS AND THEIR MAKERS*.

The author demonstrated his authority on Indian lore and the Southwest in such classics as *WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT, IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON* and *INDIAN BASKETRY*.

The volume on blankets was written in 1914 and revised in 1937. It presents a complete story of a domestic art in which the author believes the Navajo have attained a skill unequalled by either the Oriental or Ottoman.

The story of blanket weaving is told against a fascinating background of history for the author declares it is impossible to appreciate the blankets without understanding their weavers. The use of designs, their symbolic meaning, application of colors, and methods of dyeing are all carefully explained. In addition the author has given valuable hints on how to recognize genuine Indian blankets. Published by Tudor Co., New York, it is illustrated with more than 100 plates of which 32 are in full color. 213 pp. Appendix. Index. Boxed. \$3.00.

WHEN REAVIS CLAIMED A DESERT EMPIRE

The story of James Addison Reavis and the Peralta land grant case involving Arizona's very heart emerged obscurely in the early nineties except for a few commentaries in Phoenix papers.

But it was a case that should have gained front page attention, for the shadow of James Addison Reavis hung ominously over the happiness and future of miners, farmers and capitalists who were developing lands within the grant. Through a fantastic plot Reavis laid claim to a territory vaster than Delaware, including Phoenix in its northwestern corner and stretching east into New Mexico, south to San Xavier mission and north to Apache mountain. Traversed by the Southern Pacific who paid Reavis \$50,000 for the right of way, it included untold mineral stores, already developed mines at Globe and agricultural empires along the Salt and Gila rivers.

It was while at Santa Fe in the late sixties that Reavis first learned about the grant. He went to San Xavier, to Mexico

and to Spain to study old papers and to establish Carmelita, whom he later married, as rightful heir to the estate of Don Miguel de Peralta de la Cordoba, blood cousin of King Ferdinand VI of Spain. All this unfolds dramatically in *THE BARON OF THE COLORADOS* by William Atherton DuPuy, published in 1940.

Famous characters of the past flash through its pages. While it cannot be regarded as history, nevertheless most of the characters are real and most of the events did take place. Because the author was so steeped in the color of the time and setting he has been able to bring forth a living novel. He was the son of settlers who cut their home out of sage-brush covered lands near Phoenix, and who found themselves among the many figures affected by this curious chapter of history. Additional information DuPuy secured while he was executive assistant to the secretary of the interior.

Although easily read in one evening, the book will not be forgotten easily for it is of a period in which anything could happen and everything did. Within it is every element of surprise, suspense, romance and glamor of high adventure. The Naylor company, San Antonio, Texas. 178 pp. End maps.

—Harry Smith

LORE OF NAVAJO TOLD IN CHILDREN'S BOOK

DARK CIRCLE OF BRANCHES reveals the story of Na Nai, little Navajo boy, and his education in the ways of his people. "Wise Little Chipmunk's" brilliant mind quickly grasps the myths and legends of the tribe from his uncle, the medicine man.

Na Nai is physically handicapped from birth and to hold his tribal place he learns the meaning of the Mountain Chant, Navajo songs and sand paintings and much of the ancient lore.

Intimate scenes from the daily life of the Navajo boy and his sister as they tend their sheep on the wide mesas or sit by their mother as she weaves by the hogan, make stimulating reading for children.

When Na Nai is eight years old, the American troops under Kit Carson invade his home in Canyon de Chelly and the Navajos are sent to Bosque Redondo (Fort Sumner) in New Mexico. Mrs. Armer has gained her background for this charming story from close contact with the tribe and interviewed old Indians who, as children, had been on the Long Walk to Bosque Redondo and spent four years in exile until they reoccupied their canyons and mesas. Paintings by Sidney Armer.

Longmans, Green and Co. New York. 212 pp. 1933. \$2.50.

—Helen Smith



Remote Places of Beauty

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Another year's varnish is on desert rocks. Sands may have sifted a little, but the face of the Great Southwest bears another year as lightly as the thousands which have passed. Man will set a hurried pace in the busy days of 1943. Many will long for a chance to relax and for the quiet of other years. Take a heart-lifting refreshing trip each month into the silence and peace of the wastelands with Desert Magazine. Follow the trails to contentment through enchanting stories of the colorful Southwest.

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Vols. 1-5, Inc.	18.50