SONG OF THE DANCING SANDS
By Ted Goodwin
San Jacinto, California
We are the folk that are wild and free,
Who travel these vast waste lands.
We race and leap like boys in glee.
For we are the desert sands.
There is for us no thirst nor death;
We wander where we will.
The winds at worst, with scorching breath
Can neither hurt nor kill.
We romp all night and we waltz all day
When the winds strike up their bands.
We were made for a life of endless play,
For we are the truant sands.
The canyons come at once to life,
The winds begin their tunes;
With strident sounds the sage is rife
For a party in the dunes.
When all the earth is hushed in sleep,
And nature folds her hands,
Like stealthy sprites, abroad we creep,
The whirling ghosts of sands.
Then lightly back again we trip,
For the winds may leave with dawn,
And we eagerly wait till they bid us skip;
But the moment they call, we’re gone.

WRITTEN ON A DESERT SKY
By Gaston Burrage
Downey, California
You can not hold the splendor of this dawn
For long.
Its sunset soon will trace in graying memory.
No one can tie a single knot in Time’s quick thong
To firm his hold against a dark eternity.
So pain is only worthy of its little while
And sorrow’s flint should never slit the deep Cool values of the heart.
Each shadow flung across the dial
Is blackened out beneath night’s dreamless sleep!

Faith
By Tanya South
Defeat? I know it not!
Nor ever will!
All that I ever sought
My soul to fill
Will yet be mine! And more!
Countless—beyond!
I face an opening door
As I respond
To uplift, good and hope and all things bright—
An opening door to Love and Truth and Light.

IN SAGEBRUSH-LAND
By E. A. Brininstool
Los Angeles, California
In Sagebrush-Land men call each other “friend,”
There ain’t no petty spite behind your back!
No underhanded tricks to throw you down,
No scandal-mongers campin’ on your track!
Out here men ain’t a-reachin’ out a hand
To grab the dollars that come sailin’ past;
Out in God’s Open, men are big of heart,
And life in Sagebrush-Land ain’t lived so fast!
In Sagebrush-Land there ain’t no “upper crust.”
No high-hat aristocracy can thrive;
One man’s as good as any other man,
(If he behaves himself while he’s alive!)
There ain’t no blue-blood heifers in our herd.
We’re jest plain folks, and live in common ways;
We call a spade a spade in Sagebrush-Land,
No beatin’ ‘round the bush with taunt or praise!
In Sagebrush-Land there’s room to go and come,
Our boundaries ain’t set by walls of brick!
There ain’t a sign that says, “Keep Off the Grass”!
You’re free to all the posies you can pick!
Out here, the folks are true and good and kind,
They talk in ways a man can understand!
They neighbor in a friendly way, you bet!
There ain’t no class or creed in Sagebrush-Land!

DESSERT MAGAZINE
DESSERT CALENDAR

August 30-September 1—Iron County Fair, Cedar City, Utah.
August 31-September 3—Labor Day Rodeo, Sponsored by Williams Recreation Association, Williams, Arizona.
August 31-September 3—Santa Fe Fiesta, Santa Fe, New Mexico.
September 1-3—Sierra Club's annual Mt. Whitney ascent from Outpost camp.
September 1-3—Lion Club Stampede and '49er show, Fallon, Nevada.
September 1-3—Desert Peaks section of Sierra Club will climb Mt. Russell.
September 1-3—Rock Climbing section of Sierra Club will climb Mt. Williamson.
September 1-3—Twenty-third Annual Nevada Rodeo, Winnemucca, Nevada. Various entertainment beside usual rodeo, parades, and events.
September 1-3—Annual Old Time Mining Camp Celebration, Randsburg, California. Contests, dances, rides, and tours planned.
September 1-3—Grand Canyon State Travelers Association Meeting, Phoenix, Arizona.
September 2-3—Sheriff's Posse Races, Prescott, Arizona.
September 5-7—Eleventh Annual Southern Utah Livestock Show, climaxing FFA and 4-H club activities, Cedar City, Utah.
September 5-9—Annual Colfax County Fair and Rodeo, Fairgrounds, Springer, New Mexico.
September 6-9—Antelope Valley Fair and Alfalfa Festival, with enlarged Junior Division, Lancaster, California.
September 7-8—Tooele County Fair, Tooele, Utah.
September 8—Sixth Annual Dixie Fall Barbecue and Jamboree, Club Grounds, Salome, Arizona.
September 8-9—Quarter Horse Races, sponsored by Yavapai County Fair Association, Prescott, Arizona.
September 14-16—Annual Colfax County Fair and Rodeo, Fairgrounds, Springer, New Mexico.
September 15-23—Utah State Fair, Salt Lake City, Utah.
September 15-16—Spanish Fiesta, (Fiestas Patrias), Glendale, Arizona.
September 21-23—Yavapai County Fair, School Day, September 21; Horse Show, September 22; Prescott, Arizona.
September 26-28—Roosevelt County Fair and Rodeo, Portales, New Mexico.
September 29-October 7—Championship Rodeo and New Mexico State Fair, Albuquerque, New Mexico. $47,000 in premiums for livestock show.

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Horned Toad . . .

This picture, taken in Arizona by Capt. K. J. Shepard of Tucson, was awarded first place in Desert Magazine's July photo contest. It was taken with a Graphic View camera, Ektar f. 7.7 lens, on Super XX film, 1/10 second at f. 45.

Breadwinner . . .

Ben Pope, Dinuba, California, was awarded second prize for this picture of a weaver taken in Monument Valley, Utah. It was taken with a 4x5 Graphic View camera on Super Pan film, 1/25 second at f. 16.
French toast for breakfast. Kelly Cameron learned his cooking in a freight caboose on the Southern Pacific—and learned it well.

We Camped on Kaiparowits...

A thousand years ago a tribe of little brown men lived in crude stone and mud cliff houses on the top of the 7000-foot Kaiparowits Plateau in southern Utah. No one knows when they left, or why. But in an effort to find out more about these prehistoric people and their way of life, a little party of explorers camped on the plateau in May this year. Here is the story of what they found up there.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

Map by Norton Allen

In May this year, eight of us climbed the steep trail which zigzags up the northeast escarpment of the 7000-foot Kaiparowits plateau in southwestern Utah to learn what we could about the prehistoric Moqui people who dwelt on this isolated sky island a thousand years ago.

As nearly as the archeologists can determine, the Moquis occupied this juniper and pinyon covered tableland between 900 and 1200 A.D. Then they left—for reasons which remain a mystery even to the scientists.

There is no road to the top of Kaiparowits. There are only a few places where even a horseman can make the ascent. In winter the plateau often is covered by snow, and in summer the water supply is limited to an occasional small spring. And that is probably the reason why no white man has ever established a permanent home up there. Each summer the Mormon cattlemen of the Escalante country drive their herds up the steep trail for summer range, but for the rest of the year Kaiparowits remains unoccupied except by deer and other wildlife.

Perhaps it was because so little is known about this remote region, and the aborigines who once lived there, that Wayne and Lucile Hiser of Toledo, Ohio, chose this place for their Indian country expedition of 1951.

The Hisers have a manufacturing business in Toledo. They make electric motors for shipment all over the world. They like to travel and take pictures, and having once, several years ago, gotten a glimpse of the fascinating Indian country of northern Arizona and southern Utah, they now make two trips annually to this region. When they return home they show their Kodachrome movies to the service clubs and civic groups in Toledo—and contribute the proceeds to charitable purposes, mainly to the Navajo Indians. It is a bit of philanthropy which brings pleasure to many people, and much needed clothing and schooling for some of the Navajo children.

This year the Hisers invited me to become a member of their exploring party. They also invited Dr. Jesse Jennings, professor of anthropology at the University of Utah, whose department...
is making a state-wide survey of ancient Indian sites in Utah, and who welcomed this opportunity to extend his research to the Kaiparowits.

The expedition was arranged by Allen Cameron and his son-in-law, Burnett Hendryx, of the Cameron Hotel in Panguitch. Burnett and his brother-in-law, Kelly Cameron, accompanied us as leaders. For a guide we had Edson Alvey, member of a pioneer Mormon family.

Rim of Kaiparowits Plateau. The Moqui houses were found in the erosion caverns and recesses in sandstone walls such as shown here.
in Escalante. Edson teaches science and shop in the Escalante schools, with archeology as his hobby. For many years he has spent his vacation months riding herd for the cattlemen in that region, and making the most of his opportunity to search out the habitations of the ancients who once dwelt there. He has a collection of over 1200 arrow and spear points picked up in this part of Utah.

Our packer was Delane Griffin, another clean-cut Mormon boy who is a rider for Gail Bailey, cattlemen from whom we obtained stock and equipment for the party. Delane hopes before many months to get a GI loan which will set him up in the ranching business for himself.

Our party met at the Cameron Hotel May 17, and the following day motored over the Escalante Mountains past the entrances of Bryce Canyon National Park and down to the town of Escalante. From there we followed a fairly good trail across the Escalante desert, taking approximately the route of the historic Hole-in-the-Rock expedition of Mormon settlers in 1879. (Desert Magazine, May '47.)

Thirty-five miles from Escalante we camped for the night at Batty's Pass at the base of the 3000-foot escarpment which is the northeast face of Kaiparowits Plateau. This was the end of our motor trip, and soon after we made camp Delane Griffin rode in with the saddle and pack horses which were to take us to the top.

The sky was overcast, and I dug a trench around my bedroll that night. Like most desert people, I rather enjoy the patter of rain on the waterproof tarp which covers me, but I do not fancy a stream of cold water seeping

Above are two of the cliff houses, the one at the top probably being a granary, sealed well against rain and rodents. A flagstone slab was used to close the doorway.

To the left, Dr. Jesse Jennings of the University of Utah examines what appears to be a small storage cyst. The walls of the room in which this family lived, under this same overhang, had fallen down but loose stones indicated where they had been.
in around the edges of my sleeping bag. Actually, it rained only a few drops.

Next morning the stock had to be rounded up and it was near noon before the packs were cinched tight for the steep climb up the escarpment.

For the first hour and a half we ascended gradually over a bajada broken with ridges and gullies. Then at 2:30 we paused in a little grove of juniper trees at the base of the cliff to check our saddle cinches. The sandstone wall rose almost vertically above us.

But there was a trail to the top—a trail which zigged and zagged with hairpin turns. We climbed it on foot, leaving the horses to paw their way to the top as best they could. The Indians had discovered this route many centuries ago, and had daubed red pictographs on a rock face along the way. Weathering had left them only faintly visible.

We camped that night on the summit, in a pinyon-fringed little cove where there was a spring for stock water. We dipped our own water from three small tinajas in a sandstone dike which crossed the arroyo.

It was an old cowboys' camp—the ground strewn with tin cans. The cowboy of the western range has many sterling attributes—but good camp housekeeping is seldom one of them. Our hosts from Toledo soon corrected that. Wayne dug a garbage pit while Lucile, with some assistance from the rest of us, gathered up the debris.

Then followed four days of riding and exploring. We were up soon after daybreak and following a seven o'clock breakfast the horses were saddled and Edson led the way—seldom on established trails—in quest of Moqui houses. They were sunny days and although the mid-day temperature generally approached 90 degrees the dry atmosphere of the 7000-foot desert plateau was exhilarating.

The geography books define a plateau as a high level tableland. But Kaiparowits is not exactly that kind of a plateau. Its top surface is slashed by numerous arroyos. Domes and small-scale ridges and buttes outcrop in every direction. They rise above the pinyon and juniper forest, which...
Wayne and Lucile Hiser on the rim of Kaiparowits—always with their cameras at hand.

Here the party used Moqui finger-holds chiseled in the rocks a thousand years ago.

covers much of the top of the plateau, like temples and fortresses of cream-colored Wahweep sandstone. Tens of thousands of years of rain and wind have scooped out great caverns in the sidewalls of these buttes—and it was in these shallow caves, protected by the overhanging rock above, that the aborigines built their homes of stone and mud.

Edson previously had visited some of the cliff dwellings in this area, and he knew the best places to look for them.

The Moquis were thrifty house-builders. Their ideal site was beneath a low-roofed overhang where it was necessary only to lay up rocks for an outer wall. The back of the cavern supplied one wall of the dwelling, and the ceiling was the roof of the cave. There were plenty of small stones and boulders for the masonry, and these were laid with a mortar of mud. Few of the dwellings remained intact after a thousand years of weathering, for in most instances the front walls were exposed to the weather, and mud mortar with a heavy content of sand does not long resist rain.

Every cliff dweller had his granary for the storage of the corn and squash raised around the springs, and pinyon nuts and seeds gathered from the landscape. It was important that these storage vaults be proof against weather and rodents, and they were built in the most sheltered cranny of the cave. As a consequence we found many granaries practically intact.

At a few places on the plateau are the ruins of pueblo structures—a type of housing adopted by the prehistoric Indians as they abandoned their cliff dwellings.

Kaiparowits was given its name by John Wesley Powell. It is a Ute word variously translated, but most of the versions have approximately the meaning, "Big Mountain's Little Brother."

Moqui merely is a term applied locally to the prehistoric Indian habitations in this area. To a scientist the Indians who dwelt on Kaiparowits were of the Anasazi culture, which embraced both the early basketmaker and pueblo periods of Indian occupation in the general region of the Four Corners.

Until the 1890s the Hopi Indians were known as Moquis. The Navajo Indians called them Mogis, meaning "monkey," expressive of the contempt in which the Hopis were held by their Navajo neighbors. Later the Spaniards called them Moquis or Mokis. This term was used until 1895 when the Smithsonian Institution adopted the name Hopi, a contraction of Hopitu, meaning "peaceful people."

The fact that Utah people in this vicinity refer to the Kaiparowits cliff dwellings as Moqui houses carries no proof that the ancestors of the present Hopi Indians actually resided in these caverns. No one knows for certain who they were or where they went when they abandoned the plateau.

SEPTEMBER, 1951
We found much broken pottery and many well-made arrow points. One small earthen bowl of rather crude workmanship was found intact. The markings on the potsherds indicated that these Indians had trading intercourse with other tribes.

After riding from eight to twelve miles and spending many hours climbing among the rocks we returned to our camp before dusk each evening to enjoy a delicious dinner cooked by Kelly Cameron. Kelly is a passenger conductor on the Southern Pacific division between Yuma and Tucson, and had arranged his vacation dates to be with us on this trip. He has been a railroad man for many years and learned his cooking art in a caicbasse in the days when he rode the freights. Either Kelly had considerable aptitude for the duties of cook in the caicbasse, or he had a very exacting train crew to serve—for he did learn the job well.

For breakfast every morning Kelly made hotcakes—the kind of flapjacks I like. They were the blonde variety—not those dark brunette affairs turned out by camp cooks who do not know how to regulate the fire for pancake batter. The only member of the party who failed to appreciate those cakes was Spunk, the herd dog which followed Delane around like his shadow. We caught Spunk burying his quota of hotcakes under a bush one morning. It is a dull camp when members of the party do not find something to razz the cook about—and Kelly was reminded of Spunk's distaste for his hotcakes many times during the days that followed.

We spent the evening hours sitting around the campfire talking over the day's discoveries, and trying to visualize the daily activities of these prehistoric people. Dr. Jennings, who is editor of American Antiquity, quarterly publication of the Society of American Archeology, contributed much to our knowledge of the ancient inhabitants of this plateau.

While it was impossible to reach decisive conclusions in so limited a time, Dr. Jennings pictured the ancient Moqui dweller as perhaps a little over five feet in height—the women a little less—living on the fruits of a limited agriculture, and on the nuts, seeds and wildlife found here. Pinyon nuts of course were one of the principal items of food.

If the Indians remained on top of the plateau during the winter months—and this is problematical—they used deer skins and possibly some garments of woven fibre for warmth. Dr. Jennings dated the occupation as extending from late modified Basketmaker through early Developmental Pueblo.

While the discussion turned to glyphs—the petroglyphs incised in the rocks, and the pictographs painted on the rocks with colored pigment. We found very little evidence of either type.

While it is easy to identify some of
The Moquis often selected sites for their homes which are almost inaccessible today.

The figures which the ancient artists put on the walls, the archeologists have never agreed as to their significance—why they were placed there and what their meaning may have been to the tribesmen of that period. Members of our little campfire group were unanimous as to one conclusion—we agreed that the art work of the ancients is no less baffling than are some of the so-called modernistic creations which certain contemporary artists are exhibiting today.

Botanically, the Kaiparowits exhibited specimens of both the Transitional and Alpine zones of life. The highest elevation we reached was 7410, and the plant life included Sego lily, the state flower of Utah, Indian paint brush, and great fields of purple lupine just coming into blossom. In addition to the forest of pinyon pine and juniper there were aspen, manzanita, service berries, ephedra, scrub oak, sage and one of the prickly pear species of cactus.

While there were many deer tracks on the plateau, we saw only one of these animals—a doe. Other wildlife was sparse—one rattlesnake, a few jackrabbits, rodents and lizards. Apparently the water supply here is too limited for most species of game animals.

At the edge of the plateau we were looking down on the great Escalante River basin with its scores of tributaries. Everett Ruess, 20-year-old poet-artist-explorer went into this region alone with his two burros in 1934 to explore the Moqui houses—and never returned. His diary and letters have since then been published by Desert Magazine in On Desert Trails with Everett Ruess.

Edson and Delane were among those who spent many days searching for the missing boy. One evening at the campfire they told in detail their theories to explain his mysterious disappearance. Like many other residents of the Escalante region, they believe he met with foul play.

Use of ropes was necessary for security purposes in scaling some of the cliffs where the ancient dwellings were located. In one place we found where the Moquis had cut finger and toe holds in the sandstone face to reach their home-in-the-cavern.

In one area we found the ground covered with chips of flint and obsidian. For some reason the Indians had used this spot as a factory site for the making of their points. The stone used in making their weapons had to be brought up on the plateau from distant deposits, for there was no rock on the Kaiparowits suitable for this purpose. Edson picked up a beautiful turquoise bead—obviously brought in from elsewhere.

At the end of four days—which was the length of our scheduled camp on the plateau, the three little tinajas where we dipped out domestic water were nearly empty.

Perhaps it was lack of water which eventually caused the little brown men of the Moqui tribe to abandon their homes on top of the plateau. I am sure it was a matter of great urgency to them—for with an ample supply of food and water this truly would be an ideal hideaway for peaceful tribesmen who preferred to live by toil rather than by plunder.
Lost Treasure of the Irish Cavalier

The quest of Spanish adventurers for gold in the New World did not end with Coronado. Other fortune-hunters came after him, with varying degrees of success. One of them was an adopted son of Spain—and here is the legend of his fate in the land of the Papago Indians.

By L. JAMES RASMUSSEN
Illustrations by Ted Littlefield

"I think I shall remain here," Don Padriac told his companion.

Locked somewhere in the shifting sands of the Arizona desert lies the secret of one of history's strangest mysteries. For almost 200 years the arid wastes of the Altar desert have concealed an entire Spanish mission together with what remains of the home of one of Arizona's most picturesque figures. The location of this ancient settlement has been the subject of discussion by historians and the motivating force behind an indefinite number of treasure quests. Though the site of the gold-trimmed mission and spacious hacienda has eluded every searcher, one thing is sure—no shifting sands, no desert winds, no creeping cactus will ever erase the name of Patrick O'Donohue, its creator, from the pages of history.

The story of Patrick O'Donohue is a tale filled with the glory of the red and gold banner of Old Spain, the hardships and thrills of exploration and the poignancy of tragedy. Here was a man whose flashing sword and flaming red hair had thrilled the Old World and in turn enchanted the New. O'Donohue lived during the latter half of the 18th century when the colorful cavaliers, under the flag of his majesty the King of Spain, began pushing their way northward from Mexico. This was the age of exploration. The conquering kings of Europe were eager to claim their share in any new land that promised wealth and colonial possibilities. Spain was especially eager to stake her claim, for she had thrust her hand deep into the coffers of Mexico and now found her royal palm scraping the bottoms of Mexican gold chests. Thus it was necessary that a new source of income be found... and found soon.

To remedy the situation a sovereign decree was issued and the village of Loreto in Mexico was designated as a base of operations for gold exploration.

It was the lure of adventure and gold in the New World that brought Patrick O'Donohue to Mexico. O'Donohue was an Irish warrior who had fought so well on the battlefields of Europe against the English that the King of Spain adopted him as a countryman. This was not the Irishman's initial appearance in the New World for he had once been commandante on a dreaded frontier in the Valley of Santa Cruz; a place where the razor-edged arrows of the Apaches made living a nightmare.

As a reward for services rendered at the frontier the King had recalled O'Donohue to Spain and conferred upon him the singular honor of a Spanish name. Thereafter the shamrock cavalier was known to the Royal Court and to the world as "Don Padriac O'Donohue." In addition to the change of name and as a token befitting a Don the king presented O'Donohue with a grant of 12 leagues in the "Land of Papaguaria." This grant of 12 leagues wrought changes in both history and Spain's adopted son.

It was with glad heart that Don Padriac O'Donohue entered the Spanish outpost of Loreto in Old Mexico. Once again he had journeyed half way around the globe and this time to take possession of his sprawling grant.

There was another glad heart in Loreto that day too. It belonged to the commander of a cavalier garrison who had just heard of Don Padriac's presence in the village. Upon the shoulders of this worried commander rested the heavy responsibility of filling a certain empty treasury in Madrid with gold.

"Bueno," thought the commander, "this O'Donohue is the very man we need to lead an expedition in search..."
for gold. After all, did not his grant lie in the very heart of the treacherous land they were to explore? Besides, why in the good Lord's name would a man want to take possession of a grant that lay in the middle of a desert anyway?"

Hurriedly the cavalier commander questioned his aides as to the feasibility of Don Padriac leading the gold search.

"Sí, Odonojú was the only cavalier in Loreto who was capable of leading such a very important expedition."

The commander summoned a messenger and ordered him to bring Odonojú to headquarters for a conference. That night Don Patrick and the officer made a bargain. Odonojú would lead a band of explorers into the land of Papaguería in exchange for provisions in setting up his grant if he found the grant favorable for occupation.

Within a short time preparations were completed and the party left the village and began to thread its way into the veiled land of the Indians. This wild region of jagged mountains and drifting desert was named after the Papago Indians who inhabited it and is known today as northern Sonora, in Mexico, and the southwestern portion of Arizona.

Along the treacherous Camino del Diablo they traveled. Over broken-backed mountains and down dark canyons until eventually they reached the grant of Don Padriac. In the sweltering sun it lay before them. Sixty thousand acres of sand, cactus and lurking death.

"Ah, Don Padriac," cried one of Odonojú's lieutenants as his eyes scanned the country about them, "only a madman would remain here! Stay with us and when we return to Loreto you can sell this hellish grant to some babbling magistrate. Por Dios! Those leaders of injustice will buy anything that has the scent of power in it."

"No," answered Odonojú, "I think I shall remain here. Look about you, amigo. This is a land of solitude, and solitude is something I have always desired. It is only fitting that I name my grant, 'The Garden of Solitude.'"

So against the wishes of the cavaliers, Don Padriac Odonojú with a handful of servants, a sack of beans, some cheese and a barrel of wine decided to stay and cultivate his Garden of Solitude.

He bade farewell to the cavaliers and shouted to them as they rode away, "Ho amigos, do not forget to return this way and you will find my garden in bloom!"

In the middle of that barren desert the red-headed cavalier constructed a beautiful hacienda made of sun-dried bricks with a court equal to that of a Spanish nobleman. Through the medium of small presents the isolated hacienda was soon overflowing with Indians eager to become friends of the great white chief. Gifts of gold from secret native mines began to find their way to Odonojú's strong box and with each gift the hacienda increased in size and beauty. To enchant the beauty of his desert home Don Padriac added a living flower. He sent for his fair lady in Spain and when she arrived his garden bloomed as he once said it would.

Thus the Garden of Solitude grew and its fame spread south to Mexico. Franciscan fathers hearing of the suc-
cess of the endeavor asked and were given permission by Don Padriac to establish a mission on the grant for the Indians. It was named "Mission de los Cuatro Evangelistas" and when it was completed it was one of the costliest ever constructed in the West. Legend has it that its squat dome and ceiling were virtually lined with sheets of gold mined by the Indians. Odon-ju himself is said to have presented the mission with an altar set of solid gold and hung a string of green pearls about the neck of the Virgin. The mission of gold with its precious settings was famous for one thing more—a set of bells cast in a European foundry and blessed with a tone like angels' voices. To the chimes of these bells Don Padriac, his senora, his family and the Papago Indians regulated their meals, prayers, days and lives. Here in the Casa Odonju by the Mission the Four Evangelists was peace and contentment, and the simple life that was led was symbolic of happiness.

Then suddenly in the year 1780 the arm of tragedy swung down on Don Padriac's Garden of Solitude. The Apache Indians had declared a war of extermination on the Spaniards and upon the Papago Indians who had accepted the white man's presence. One night they attacked the hacienda of Padriac Odonju and the Mission of the Four Evangelists. In the patio where the Don had held gay fiestas the Apaches gathered the members of the desert colony. The air was rent with the screams which accompany massacre. Nothing survived. That which could not be destroyed by blows was leveled by flame. So the beautiful garden that had once bloomed in a desert died. As the years passed the blowing sands of the desert, with the help of desert shrubs, spread a cloak of concealment over the ruins.

Not until two centuries later was the fate of the lost mission revealed to the world. A research worker while translating some old Spanish documents at the University of Arizona ran across the incomplete story of Don Padriac and the Mission of the Four Evangelists. That same worker was the first man to start a search for the Garden of Solitude and its treasures. One day while in the desert hunting for the mission he ran across a grizzled old prospector who told him a strange story.

Ten years previously this old prospector with his pack mule was crossing the Altar desert when he stumbled over the charred end of a beam sticking up through the sand. Surprised at finding such a thing in the middle of a desert he began scraping the sand away with his hands. Within a short time he struck something hard. Sure that he had found a hidden cache of stagecoach robbers, the prospector dug furiously. Soon he had uncovered the top of an old bell which was covered with Latin letters. All he could make out was the name "Philip" and an assortment of "Xs and Vs." Disappointed with his find but figuring that he might come back at his leisure, the old desert rat made a map of the spot, being sure to include all the landmarks, and then continued on his way.

Here was a man who probably had stood over the Lost Mission and its millions in gold. Realizing that this was the only person who could lead him to the Casa Odonju and its mission the Tucson student told the prospector the story of the Garden of Solitude.

New River Channel Protects Needles . . .

Designed to protect Needles, California, against further encroachment from the Colorado river, engineers for the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation late in July diverted the entire flow of the stream into a new 12-mile channel dredged out during the last two years. The channel is 200 feet wide and 17 feet deep.

The new channel will restore the meandering river to a defined route between Needles, and Topock on the Arizona side of the stream. Nearly nine million cubic yards of silt were excavated by the dredge and pumped through a pipeline to be deposited on the channel's banks as protective levees.

The river became a menace to Needles soon after the Los Angeles Metropolitan dam was completed 50 miles downstream near Parker, Arizona, 15 years ago. Water in the newly formed Lake Havasu behind the dam backed up almost to the California town, slowed down the current and caused a heavy deposit of silt which raised the level of the stream. As silt piled up, the river channel became choked with willows, tamarisks, tules and other swamp vegetation.

Seepage water soon began to leak into the basements of Needles buildings. In the face of this threat Congress authorized emergency funds for the protection of the community, and work was started on the construction of the new channel in February, 1949.

Completion of the channel is expected not only to protect the town against underground seepage, but also against floods which might follow increased releases of water from Hoover dam upstream.

Immediately the two joined forces and with the map set out into the Altar desert on their quest.

Deserts are bizarre and eerie places. With their sudden sandstorms they can transform landmarks into elusive phan-

Tosms. So it is not odd that the researcher and the old prospector spent months in the desert searching for a place on a map that had been hidden by sandstorms.

In the end the two never found the bell, the Mission or the home of Arizona's only Irish Don. Since the original search hundreds have set out to find the West's lost millions but each treasure seeking expedition has ended in failure.

Perhaps someday the desert will give up its secret. Perhaps someday some lucky person will stumble across a charred beam like the old prospector did.

IMPORTATION OF MEXICAN NATIONALS IS AUTHORIZED

Between 40,000 and 50,000 Mexican laborers will be available for farm work in the Southwest as the result of a treaty with Mexico approved in Washington August 2.

The foreign workers will be brought in under contract, with the assurance that proper housing will be provided and prevailing wages paid to them.

Under the Act Congress farmers who employ wet-backs—Mexicans who cross the border illegally—will be unable to contract for the use of legal importees. It is believed the new international agreement will serve to stem the tide of "wets" who have been coming into the United States in recent months.

New Book for Botanists . . .

Both the common and scientific names of 145 of the most conspicuous or frequently-found plants of the Upper Sonoran Zone are given in a new handbook entitled *Flowers of the Southwest Mesas*. Prepared by Pauline Mead Patraw, the book makes available to the interested layman much information about the plants of this pinyon-juniper woodland of the Southwest. All of the species described are pictured in drawings by Jeanne Russell Janish for easy identification. The mesa area covered includes Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah.

Published by Southwest Monuments Association, Santa Fe, New Mexico. 112 pp. Paper cover. $1.00.
Churchill-Lyon county line marks the approximate southern end of the rock area, where it touches Highway 50. Material extends an undetermined distance along the slopes to the right of the road.

Agate Trail in Nevada

Common practice among members of the rock collectors' fraternity is to lick a pretty stone with the tongue—for the simple reason that a wet stone generally is prettier than a dry stone. But the Weights—Lucile and Harold—found one place in Nevada where they could sit on the shore of a lake and pick up agate specimens with one hand and dip them in the lake with the other, to bring out their color value. Here's the story of a new happy hunting ground for the stone collectors.

By HAROLD WEIGHT
Photographs by the author
Map by Norton Allen

HALLIE JONES first told us about this unusual field. Hallie and Alfred Jones are the former Southern California rockhounds who moved their restaurant business into Nevada, near Fallon, chiefly so they could earn a living in the middle of good rockhunting country. And we've found that every visit to them has resulted in pleasant and profitable collecting, for the Jones' are the sort of hobbyists who like to make other collectors happy, too.

"You've collected wonderstone pebbles on the shores of ghost Lake Lahontan," (Desert, May, 1950) Hallie reminded us. "Now, how would you like to hunt rocks by the waters of a wet Lake Lahontan?"

Since Lahontan is the name by which geologists identify a vanished ice-age lake which once covered a large portion of Nevada, a liquid Lake Lahontan sounded like a strange contradiction. But it existed, Hallie said—a big lake about 23 miles long and five miles wide. Lahontan, we then learned, was the official title of the great body of water from the Carson and Truckee rivers stored behind Lahontan dam, about 15 miles southwest of Fallon.

Desert irrigation is a wonderful thing. Down in Southern California's Imperial Valley, land once the bed of an old lake, the arm of an old sea, has been brought into production. Up here in Nevada they actually recreated part of an ancient lake, using part of its basin to store water so that much of the rest of the basin could be cultivated. With water from Lahontan, part of the Carson Sink, dreaded in pioneer days, has gained the title of "The Heart of Nevada."

Along the northwestern sides of the reservoir-lake, Hallie explained, were mounds of old lake and river deposits—rocks from heaven knows where, rolled and washed to the edge of the sink. Among these varied materials, she and Al had found rocks which cut into excellent stones: agates, jaspers, chalcedony and some fossil materials. On a map she pointed out some likely hunting grounds along the lake, and we set out.

We didn't have far to go. Jones' Farm House is located at the junction of Highways 50 and 95. Zeroing our speedometer there, we headed southwest on 50 and at 7.2 miles turned left from the paving on a loop road to La-
hontan dam. Though we'd seen parts of it from the highway before, the size of the lake as seen from the dam was surprising. Broad, blue, rippled by a breeze, it filled the valley to the burned, volcanic desert hills. A sort of haze against those hills, possibly moisture evaporating from the lake under the summer sun, gave them a mirage-like effect. But the lake should have been the mirage. What was it doing in the middle of a sagebrush desert?

These big irrigation projects are so much a part of the desert landscape we are used to that we take them for granted. But in reality they are very recent developments in our national scene. This Lake Lahontan, Newlands or Truckee-Carson Irrigation project, as it is variously known, is credited with being the first large-scale federal irrigation development in the west.

The Reclamation Act of 1902 provided that "all money received from sale and disposal of public lands in Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Wyoming, beginning with the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901," with certain reservations, should be set aside as a special fund to be used in examination and survey and for the construction and maintenance of irrigation works for storage, diversion and development of water for the reclamation of arid and semi-arid lands in those states.

Under this act the Truckee-Carson project was inaugurated in 1903, and the Reclamation Bureau claimed all the surplus water of Lake Tahoe and the Truckee river for it. The great dam across the Carson river was built of earth and rock, 129 feet high and 1400 feet long, with a concrete dam and spillway in the actual bed of the river. Water from the Truckee was taken by canal from that river, about 20 miles east of Reno, and carried by 31 miles of canal to the Lahontan reservoir.

Most of the actual construction was carried on by a force of between 250 and 300 men, and a great many teams, aided by electrical and other machinery. A modern camp was constructed for these workers about seven miles south of Hazen on the Goldfield branch of the Southern Pacific railroad. The camp and railroad station there were known as Lahontan.

The main dam structures were completed about 1915, making a reservoir that holds 290,000 acre-feet of water when full. These waters are released when needed and carried to the Carson diversion dam, five miles below, where they are distributed through 600 miles of canals and laterals. Power is generated below the dam and carried to Fallon and from there to Fernley, Wadsworth, Stillwater and most of the rural sections of the project. With this water and power, what was once the dreaded Carson desert is producing Heart of Gold cantaloupes, turkeys and a multitude of agricultural products known throughout the west. The district's population, in 1947, was estimated at 8000 with 1250 farms under cultivation.

Following the loop road from the dam back to the paving, which we reached about a tenth of a mile from the point we had left it, we continued directly across the highway to what was left of the old construction camp. It lay between the pavement and the railroad track. Two tall rock and concrete chimneys and a ruined concrete...
cistern comprised the most prominent remnants of Lahontan. But, hiking among the bits of cement floor, rocks, tin cans and broken glass, we found that the camp also was a rockfield, since it was constructed on one of the old Lahontan lake terraces.

However, as the better collecting areas lay farther on, we returned to the highway and continued southwest. At 8.9 miles from the farm house, we reached the prize locality for hot weather hunting. Here the pavement was close to the lake, with little sand and rock spits, spotted with willow and rock spits, spotted with willow and cottonwood, running out into the water. We turned from the highway onto a dirt trail probably pioneered by fishermen—since this Lake Lahontan is stocked annually with trout, bass and catfish. Driving a short distance, we parked the jeep almost at the water's edge. Hiking out onto the spit, we found a number of pieces of agate and jasper. Some were in the sand of the spit, others in the shallow water.

Lucile settled herself in the shade of a young cottonwood at the edge of the lake. "Let's not go any farther," she said, idly dipping specimens into the water and holding them in the sunlight. "This is the way to hunt rocks."

It was pleasant, after the hot sun in the open desert. And the blue water, green cottonwoods and willows and the vivid mountains far off made a delightful picture. Birdlife also appreciated such a haven. As we lazed there, we saw white pelicans with black wings, killdeer, cormorants and red-billed gulls. We also soon learned there was another kind of flying life. That proved to be the fly—or gnat—in the ointment. However, wherever you find much water on the desert you will find insects, and with a sufficient amount of effective insect repellant, these sand spits of Lahontan should be delightful campgrounds.

If only rockhunting had been involved, we might have spent the rest of the day along the spits. But Hallie had aroused our interest in the ruins of an old rock building which was visible from the highway a few miles farther along. According to local legend, it once was a station on the Pony Express. So we reluctantly left our shady haven and worked our way on. We stopped twice more to hunt rocks. The first spot—and the best we found that day—was at 10.2 miles. Here we turned left from the highway and followed a little sandy track between two low hills, past a corral and to the edge of an arm of the lake. Lahontan's shore was lined with tamarisk and cottonwood here, too, but a low though vertical bank hindered specimen dunking. The corral, Hattie told us, was leased by the sheepmen each spring when they brought their flocks here to lamb.

We hunted over parts of the low hills, which were made up of water-worn rocks from lake or river, and found a considerable variety of material, mostly in small pieces. There was one bit of sagenite, some moss agate, red jasper, banded agate and quite a bit of fossil stuff of an indeterminate kind. This is the sort of a field where you may find a genuine prize or just cutting material, depending largely on luck, rockhound sense, and the ability to visualize a finished stone from the rough.

Our last rockstop was at the Churchill-Lyon county line, at 11.6 miles. This, according to Hallie, was the last point along the road where she had found cutting material. And this was the spot where I found my especial prize—a large boulder of red moss agate, with white and clear chaledony "eyes."

"To the left of the road," Lucile wrote in her notebook for this stop, "are many boulders of broken reddish and black lava. Mixed through them are agate, chert, jasper, and mixtures of all three. The agate—or sort of agate-chaledony—is largely of lavender, cream and rose, or pink and white. Some of the jasper is bright red. The chert is mainly in pastels. Few of the rocks have any definite pattern, but their color combinations are pretty. Most of them are nearly buried in the sand, and we had to dig them out to investigate them."

Hunting back toward the lake, we found the collecting material seemed to continue for a considerable distance. Then we drove on toward the rock ruin. It lies about a mile beyond the Churchill-Lyon county line in a deep valley, which looks as if it might have been an ancient river course. The abandoned road which once went beside the ruin cuts back from Highway 50 at 13.0 miles, but it is in bad shape for the average car, especially where it crosses the railroad embankment, and we elected to walk across.

On the way we passed through blooming apricot mallow, and thousands of the young plants were growing about the station area. Apparently there had been at least two stone structures. The one behind—quite possibly the stables—was only an outline but most of the walls of the other, a two room structure, were still standing.

Such places as this—with crumbling walls andclouded history—fascinate me. I am driven, inescapably, to speculate upon the people who built them. Who lived in this isolated spot, and what sort of lives did they lead? About these rock walls, only scraps of information survive. Frank Marsh, of Fallon, who came into the country as a boy of nine, says that the ruins were then known as Fort Finley. So far I have been unable to find a written record of any Fort Finley, but the structures are along the general route of the Pony Express and may well have been one of its relay stations.

It is even more likely that it was a station of the Great Overland Stage line that crossed from Atchison to Placerville before completion of the first transcontinental railroad. There were 151 of these stations between the two terminals, averaging about 12 miles apart. The stations fell into two classifications: home stations, usually occupied by at least one family and with several buildings, and swing stations where often only the stocktender and his stock were to be found.

This one would undoubtedly have been a swing station. All of these were quite similar to one another in design, usually one story affairs built of rock, cedar logs, or whatever material was most easily obtained. The building had from one to three rooms, and if only one it was sometimes divided into kitchen, dining room and bedroom by muslin partitions. I have been unable to pinpoint this particular station in the accounts of the stage line, but from position and mileage it seems possible it was the one known as Old K.

At any rate, it is a lost and lonesome spot today. The railroad embankment blocks easy access to it, and the highway has left it in a back eddy. The burned walls collapsing into ruin are perfect symbols of the desert triumph. Some people aver that those who once occupied a dwelling leave behind them an aura of the happiness or unhappiness they experienced there. If so, the inhabitants of this station were not happy. A dark spirit clings to its walls.

And present-day inhabitants of the area are having their woes and wars. As we headed back toward the car Lucile discovered a large lizard—apparently with something in his mouth. The lizard made no attempt to escape as she approached, and when it did run a few steps, it stumbled over the object in question to be regurgitating. Approaching again, Lucile saw the reptile really had gotten itself into a jam, and that it was a living excrement of the danger of biting off more than one can chew.

The object in the lizard's mouth was a small, dead horned lizard. It was resting peacefully on its back with its entire head in the lizard's mouth, the horns undoubtedly sunk into that mouth. The story was very clear. The big lizard had tackled
the small either in a spirit of pure aggression or with eyes bigger than his stomach. He had succeeded in killing his victim—then discovered that he literally could not dispose of the body.

If we had not happened along, a purely accidental circumstance and certainly a miracle for that lizard, it would have starved to death in a very unpleasant fashion. As it was, we had quite a time relieving it of its problem. Lucile got a forked stick for me and I chased the leopard lizard back and forth through the brush. Fortunately for it, the burden made it clumsy and at last I was able to pin the dead horned lizard down with the stick. It had been my plan, then, to bend down and open the jaws of the leopard to free it, but this proved unnecessary. With one jerk, which must have torn its face and the wavelets sparkled in the noon when we drove close to its waters toward Lake Lahontan. It was after noon when we drove close to its waters again. A little breeze rippled the surface and the wavelets sparkled in the sun. A fast outboard motorboat was cavoring across the lake.

The contrast between the dancing boat on the blue lake—and the grim total desert we had just left struck me almost like a blow. The highway, it seemed, was almost a dividing line between two worlds. On the one side was the ancient desert—sun, sand, and the bitter struggle for bare existence. On the other was water, and all the things water means to man in the desert.

I wondered what the tense, tired Pony Express riders, the sweating, dust-choked stage drivers and passengers would have thought of the change that had come to the Carson Sink. In their day not so long ago—each crossing of the West was an adventure, the passage of the Carson desert often a bitter struggle. I'm sure they would have felt proud of the achievement of their descendants in bringing life and beauty to a barren land.

Then I thought of another of modern man's developments in the Nevada desert, hundreds of miles to the southwest. There a whole section had been closed off as if it were a pesthouse—and perhaps it was. There the latest brain children of our best scientific minds—the kind of minds which once developed electric lights and things for better and happier living—were poisoning the desert earth with deadly radiations—in a striving for more overwhelming engines of destruction. And I wondered what our Western trailbreakers would have thought of that. Perhaps they would have approved—they were rugged men. Or perhaps they would have said this was the obvious and inevitable product of our machine civilization with its leveling off of individual liberty and therefore, inescapably, of individual conscience, duty and responsibility.

I couldn't answer for them. For myself, I could only think of that lizard, back at the stage station. It had sealed its own death warrant by blindly grabbing at something which seemed attractive, without thought of the deadly spikes it might carry. But the lizard had been saved from its "atomic" mouthful by an outside miracle beyond its comprehension.

At any rate I was thankful that for at least one more time I had been able to engage in the thoroughly uneconomic project of sitting on a sand spit of Lake Lahontan and dabbling pretty pebbles in the water, without some commissar or district warden tapping me on the shoulder to say: "You are wasting the State's time, Citizen. Get back to the factory and workshop and do your bit of useful work in preparation for your own and the world's destruction in this glorious Century of the Common Man."
Washington, D. C. . . .

House Interior Affairs committee-
men have killed a Senate-passed bill
to change the law relating to mining
claim assessment work. Chairman Mur-
dock of Arizona reports that any ex-
tension of time for doing past year's
assessment work is "out of the window
now." But he expressed hope that the
committee may later approve a bill to
change the date for completing future
annual assessment work. — *Mining
Record.*

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Grading has been started and ship-
ment of iron ore from the iron district
on the east side of the Humboldt range
is expected to get under way in Sept-
ember at the rate of 1000 tons daily,
according to latest reports. The oper-
ator will be the Mineral Materials
company of Alhambra, California,
which plans to employ 30 men in get-
ting out the ore for shipment to a
Pacific Coast port. — *Humboldt Star.*

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Four hundred pounds of uranite,
runtime 10.91 per cent uranium oxide,
have been delivered to the Viro
Chemical company from the claims of
Magnolia Lead and Oil company in
the Sinbad area of the San Rafael
swell, a company spokesman has dis-
closed. Analysis of the find was con-
firmed by the U. S. Bureau of Mines.
The ore discovery was made about 50
miles southwest of Greenriver, 45
miles northwest of Handsville while
bulldozing roads on the company's
claims. Shipments, which are expected
to reach 100 tons a month, will run in
ratio of one truck load of high grade
ore to six loads of low grade ore. The
company is also reported planning to
ship ore from stockpiles on claims in
the Temple Mountain area. — *Humbold
t Star.*

Hawthorne, Nevada . . .

Additional information concerning
the Maxine group of copper claims
recently located in central Mineral
County near Hawthorne was disclosed
recently by H. Victor Burgard, Carson
City mining engineer and consultant,
who has visited the site and obtained
samples for assay. Nine smelter assays
of the ore show values ranging from
a minimum of 2.43 percent copper
and 1.80 ounces of silver up to a
maximum of 37.75 percent copper and
17.20 ounces of silver. — *Mineral
County Independent.*

Denver, Colorado . . .

An increase from $35 to at least $42
an ounce for gold was predicted by
Robert S. Palmer, director of the Colo-
rado Metal Mining Fund. A hike in
national gold prices, Palmer said, may
be necessary to trim the flow of the
precious metal from this country —
exports of which reached an estimated
250 million dollars a month last year.
Much of the gold was stored in this
country for safe keeping during the
last war, but is now being sold on the
free market in other sections of the
world, where it will bring as high as
$95 an ounce. — *Pioche Record.*

Wickenburg, Arizona . . .

Wickenburg began to take on some
of the enthusiasm of old-time mining
days recently when the first carload of
copper ore from the Unida mine on
the Constellation road moved out by
Santa Fe Railroad headed for the
Magma Copper Smelter in Superior.
Lynn Hersey, engineer for the United
Mine Operators, Inc., owners of the
mine, predicted it won't be long before
production will be up to two car-
loads per week or more as the mine
develops. — *Wickenburg Sun.*

Carson City, Nevada . . .

Nevada will supply more than 200,-
000 tons of iron ore this year as a
part of the million or more tons be-
ing shipped from the U. S. to keep
Japan's iron industries operating. Jap-
anese iron mills formerly received
the major part of their raw ores from
Manchuria and Korea but the war has
cut off the supply lines. Other small
quantities were obtained from the East
Indies, but the quantities were insuffi-
cient to keep the mills in operation.—
*Pioche Record.*

Beaumont, California . . .

One of the oldest tourmaline mines
in California has been relocated and
is being worked by Paul Walker and
Dick Gilmore of the Collectors' Mart
at Beaumont. The old mine, formerly
called the Columbian, but now re-
corded as the Desert Rose, is on
Thomas Mountain in Riverside county.
At about 6500 ft. elevation, it over-
looks the Hemet Valley. The vein is
40 to 50 feet wide. In some places it
is composed of pure feldspar or feld-
spar and quartz. In other places it con-
sists of soft mica schist and loosely
consolidated rose quartz with some
smoky quartz and occasional pieces of
asteriated quartz. — *Mining Journal.*

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Complete report on possible radio-
active mineral deposits in the Mount-
ain West is available for study by
uranium prospectors, according to the
U. S. Geological Survey. Copies of the
report are at the Atomic Energy Com-
mission offices in Grand Junction,
Colorado. The agency drilled more
than 500,000 feet of holes around the
Colorado plateau to compile its study.
The findings are described as an "im-
portant guide" to mineral seekers, both
amateurs and professionals. — *Salt
Lake Tribune.*

Virginia City, Nevada . . .

Formerly operated on silver and
gold ore, the flotation mill at Consoli-
dated Virginia Mining company is
being revamped to process tungsten
ore. It was leased recently by Fred
Vollmar, former Silver Peak mine op-
erator, and associates for a four-year
period and will handle scheelite from
property in the Pyramid Lake region,
northeast of Reno. — *Humboldt Star.*

Washington, D. C. . . .

Defense Minerals Administration
has announced that it has granted con-
tacts to 12 mine operators to help
them finance exploration for vitally
needed minerals. The contracts are
part of a DMA program under which
the agency will put up from 50 to 90
per cent of necessary funds to finance
mining projects essential to defense.
DMA officials said 461 applications
for assistance have been received since
the program began last April. Of the
12 contracts entered into so far, the
government's share of the cost totals
$791,776. — *Humboldt Star.*

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Rube Nicolay, Tungsten miner,
drilled a hole 15¼ inches into a solid
granite boulder in five minutes to win
the $175 prize in the drilling contest
July 4 in Lovelock. Al Ramocotti won
the $50 mucking contest with a
time of five minutes, 10 seconds, and
Frank Quilici took $50 second money
with five minutes, 19 seconds. — *Hum-
boldt Star.*

Bishop, California . . .

With supplies down and demand up,
a serious tungsten shortage has de-
developed. Mining men say the current
U. S. tungsten boom may see the
4,240-ton output of 1950 doubled by
early next year. The shortage has shot
tungsten prices up from $23 a 20-
pound unit last year to $65 today.
Veteran prospectors and an army of
eager newcomers are scouring the back
country of the west from Montana to
Mexico. — *Mining Record.*
Do Ah Shon Goes to the Trading Post

By SANDY HASSELL
Pen sketch by Charles Keetsie Shirley
Navajo Artist

When Old Greedy strode into the trading post her bulk seemed to fill the place and there was a slight backing away of all the Indians in the store. Goldtooth the trader tightened his lips and lowered his eyebrows. He knew there was hard trading ahead. The rug that she had brought to trade was wrapped in a flour sack and carelessly thrown over her arm instead of being discreetly tucked under her shawl like any other Navajo woman would have carried it.

Her handclasps with all of her acquaintances were short. No one wanted to hold her hand long even if they hadn't seen her for months.

The Indians themselves had given her this name. None of them liked her for she had many bad points. She talked in a loud voice and nagged her husband, Hosteen Funmaker, until he would no longer help her when she was trading a rug. She wasn't careful with her skirts when she got on and off a horse. Oftentimes she had exposed her leg as far up as her knee. She had insisted on Hosteen building their last hogan too close to a waterhole that many other Indians in that district used. This caused lots of confusion. When they brought their flocks here to water every other day they often got mixed with Old Greedy's. Getting mixed wasn't so bad but when they were separated Old Greedy always wanted to claim a sheep that didn't belong to her. Anybody could tell she didn't own it, for all the other sheep in her flock would try to fight it. And what if someone should die in that hogan, and then abandon it? It certainly would be embarrassing watering their sheep that close to a Chinde hogan. And she had even been known to slap her little girl when she should have thrown water on her. Yes, Old Greedy was do ah shon.

After shaking hands a smoke was in order. She could get this out of the little box on the counter that had a hole in the top about the size of a dollar. With the aid of a teaspoon that hung on a string she could fish out the makings and a match. Goldtooth kept an eye on her for these spoons had a habit of disappearing every time Old Greedy made a visit to the store.

After her smoke was finished she was ready to trade. All the Indians gave way for her when she laid her rug on the counter. Before he unwrapped it Goldtooth knew to a dollar how much he was going to pay her for it.

There was very little difference in any rug she made. They were all about the same size and weave, and just over the borderline of being acceptable. If they had been any poorer Goldtooth wouldn't have bought them. The neighbors thought the worst part about her rugs was that she never bothered to change the designs in any of them.

Goldtooth placed the rug on the scales. The Indians liked to see their rugs weighed even if he didn't buy them by the pound. If he had bought this one by the pound he would have deducted a pound for the sand and clay, another one for the water—it was very damp—and a pound for the grease in the wool, for she never
washed her wool clean. Her rugs were the poorest and dirtiest of any that his weavers made. She thought the heavier they were the more they would bring.

She looked to see how many pounds it weighed and then examined the scales carefully although she couldn't read and knew nothing about how the scales worked.

Goldtooth unwrapped the rug and spread it on the counter. He didn't even bother to measure it. "It is a nice rug, Sumah." He called all women who had children mother. He could offer an Indian as little as he wanted for a rug but he must never say that it was a poor one.

He made his customary offer and hoped that she would refuse it. He knew that he would be lucky if he could sell it to a tourist for that price. It would be half an hour or longer before Old Greedy would accept his offer. One offer was all he ever made her for a rug. To add any more to that would be inviting trouble.

After the usual lapse of time the offer was accepted and the trading was on. Every article she bought she priced. For wool he was always nice. She was pleased also and tried not to complain about the price that he charged for wool.

The wool was placed on the scales and a couple of big bars of yellow soap were put on top. Yes he was going to give her these for he wanted the wool washed good and clean in the next rug she made. She liked this for he never gave any of the other weavers but one bar of soap.

Goldtooth was very slow about weighing the wool and he was getting nervous. "Yes, Sumah, it weighs just 20 pounds"—this included two gunny sacks, two bars of soap, a five pound sack of sugar and a small bag of salt—"and at 20 cents a pound that makes just four dollars. That is what I pay for sugar and that is what I sell it for to you. You know if I charge more than what I pay for it that would be cheating." To prove that he was telling the truth about what it weighed and his multiplying was correct he had her daughter Nettie read the scales and look at the figures that he had put down on a paper sack.

After all Goldtooth wasn't such a stingy trader even if he hadn't given her an extra yard of cloth. Hadn't he given her two bars of soap and let her get away with a sack of sugar and a bag of salt? "Yes, my son, that is right. I am glad to know that there is another honest person around here beside myself."

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**Hard Rock Shorty**

**of Death Valley**

"Naw, there ain't no orchards around Death Valley." Hard Rock Shorty was explaining to the motorists who had just stopped at the Inferno store to "get some fresh fruit."

"Ain't water enough in Death Valley tu grow fruit. An' it spoils comin' in on the freight wagon—so we jest eat prunes, dried prunes from over th' other side o' the mountains. Got lots o' prunes if you want 'em."

"Two oranges set on the tree in the fall when them oranges was ripe—and when Bill finally picked one o' them he broke three teeth tryin' tu take a bite outta it. Lady, you jest can't grow oranges on ironwood trees—an' that's all the kind o' trees we got 'round here."

"We tried growin' 'em once—that is Pisgah Bill did. Got the idea he could graft orange buds on them ironwood trees that grow up in the wash. So he took a correspondence course in fruit graftin' an' then he made a trip out to Redlands to get some buds from real orange trees.

"Looked like it wuz a good deal at first. Them buds lived and Bill wuz quite proud o' himself. Every day he'd make a trip up the wash to see how his "orange grove" wuz comin' along. But them buds grew purty slow and it was three years before them young orange grafts per-duced a blossom. Ironwood's awful slow growin' yu know.

"Two oranges set on the tree in the fall when them oranges was ripe—and when Bill finally picked one o' them he broke three teeth tryin' tu take a bite outta it. Lady, you jest can't grow oranges on ironwood trees—an' that's all the kind o' trees we got 'round here."
Letters...

Salt Cedar Not a Native

Casa Grande, Arizona

Desert:
I read your interesting article in the June issue about the Tamarisk tree. Can you inform me as to whether or not the Salt Cedar (Tamarix gallica), which somewhat resembles the Tamarisk in all but size, is native or imported?

FERRIL SANTON

Salt Cedar is a native of the Mediterranean region. The date and circumstance of its importation to United States many decades ago, is not known.—R. H.

A Medal for the Cubs

Lucerne Valley, California

Desert:
In past issues you have published letters regarding the rubbish along the California highways. The Cub Scouts here in Lucerne Valley really have done something about it. They have given their Saturday mornings to the project of cleaning the highway gutters for 10 miles west of Lucerne Valley.

WM. E. MILLER

No Buttes and No Gold

Gardena, California

Desert:
After reading in your February issue John D. Mitchell’s “Valley of Phantom Buttes,” my brother and I decided that during our vacation we would make a search for the lost gold. We tried to follow Mitchell’s directions—but the terrain was all cock-eyed.

We covered a big part of the area and found plenty of malpais and rock of igneous origin, but no lava and no crater.

Does Mr. Mitchell vouch for the authenticity of this story and is he still alive? We would like to meet him.

LEWIS R. WILCOX

John D. Mitchell is regarded as an authority on lost mines of the Southwest, and the story of the Phantom Buttes was his own experience—as he recalled it years later. His home is at Chandler, Arizona.—R. H.

Marines on the Desert

Corona del Mar, California

Desert:
It was in the days following World War II that I, a reasonably green second lieutenant, was assigned to a small Marine guard detachment near Niland, California. This outpost of the Corps had nothing but the 18 man guard unit, and being far from other military activities, operated in a rather unorthodox fashion.

This last I discovered on my arrival, in full uniform. I found my sentries standing post in undershirts or no shirts at all. After checking the orders which had been put out by higher echelon, my first official order was that all sen-

Life on the Desert... Contest Announcement

Life on the Desert is seldom drab and commonplace. Often it is exciting and thrilling. Many of those who live in this land of cactus and lizards, or who have traveled in this arid region have had interesting experiences—or have had first hand knowledge of the experiences of others.

Desert Magazine wants some of these stories—to pass along for the entertainment and enlightenment of its readers. To obtain these personal adventures cash prizes will be awarded in a contest to close on November 1.

For the best story of from 1200 to 1500 words, an award of $25.00 will be made. To each other contestant who submits an acceptable story the award will be $15.

The manuscript should be a true experience, preferably of the writer—no yarns or tall tales or heresay stories will qualify. The experience may involve danger while lost on the desert, an adventure while living or traveling in the desert wilderness, or the Indian country. It may be the meeting of an unusual character, revealing a phase of human nature, or a distinct way of life.

The contest is open to amateur and professional writers alike, but those who plan to submit manuscripts should carefully observe the following rules:

All manuscripts must be typewritten, on one side of the page only.

Entries should be addressed to Editor, Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, California, and must reach this office by November 1, 1951, to qualify for the awards.

If good sharp 5x7 or larger pictures are available, an extra $3.00 will be paid for each photograph accepted. Pictures are not essential, however.

Writers must be prepared to supply confirmation as to the authenticity of their stories. Only true experiences are wanted.

All stories must be essentially of the desert, and the scene is limited to Arizona, Nevada, Utah, New Mexico and the desert area of California.

True names of those involved must be given, although with the knowledge of the judges, fictitious names may be substituted in special cases where there is reflection on personal character.

If the story has appeared previously in print, this fact and the time and name of the medium in which it appeared should be given.

All readers of Desert Magazine are invited to submit manuscripts.

Judging will be done by the staff of Desert Magazine, and the decision of the judges will be final. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if accompanied by return postage.
tries would wear regulation uniforms including shirts and field scarfs, the Leatherneck designation for necktie. It wasn’t necessary for me to feel my ears burn to realize that I had, after two hours in camp, become an object of conversation.

That order was the first of a number that were issued during that first day, and by evening, I have little doubt that I would have won the local ballot for the “least popular officer ever to serve on this post.”

My top non-commissioned officer was a Navajo staff sergeant, who had lived in the desert most of his life and was well acquainted with desert ways. I found later in checking his record book that he had been a good man in the jumble, too, and had done well by both himself and the Marines in many of the island battles. As I issued my orders, he carried them out to the letter like the good Marine that he was. I could see, though, that he didn’t seem to care for the turn things suddenly had taken.

I took an old quarters a room in the headquarters building for that night. The sergeant awoke me the following morning to tell me that my presence was required in the guard shack. One of the boys, he announced, had rebelled and was refusing to wear his field scarf on duty. The sergeant wanted me to hear his story.

“The orders written when this place was first opened say we will wear a full uniform, sir,” he acknowledged—

“First as desert men and secondly as Marines. Living and being comfortable here can be an art.”

I was required in the guard shack. One field scarf on duty. The sergeant looked at me queerly.

When he picked up the second shoe and did the same thing, a giant scorpion dropped out and ran across the room.

“Always knock out your shoes in the morning, lieutenant,” was his quiet council. “Never know what’ll set up housekeeping during the night. It’s the first thing a good desert man learns.”

As I sat looking at him, his face was serene. I laced both shoes and tied them before I looked at him again.

“Go ahead. Tell them to stand post without scarfs,” I finally told him. I’ll see if I can’t get the rest of the uniform order cancelled so we can write our own.”

“It is pretty hot . . . and out here to serve as a practical illustration of the pictures.

“I sat there for a long time after he had gone, wondering if he could have seen the pictures. I’m still not sure.

Jack Lewis

Photographer Gets Rich . . .

Southgate, California

Desert: I should soon have a good lost mine story for your magazine. Recently while taking color pictures on the desert I discovered the Lost Pegleg Smith mine. It appears to be large and rich. I expect to dig a 10-foot shaft to check on same very soon.

Sid R. Teeple

Desert Water Holes . . .

Fullerton, California

Desert: You published a letter stating that no water is available at Corn Springs. I found that out myself some time ago. However, water can be obtained three miles up the canyon at Aztec Well.

When I was at Chuckawalla Well on February 11 there was a foot and a half of water in it, but when I returned June 21 it was bone dry. Due to the long drought the water supply at the historic old water-holes is not as dependable as formerly.

The old Indian trail between Chuckawalla Springs and Chuckawalla Well three miles to the south is quite interesting. It runs through some of the geode country. In places the trail is several feet deep. The Indians would not tramp in the arroyos. They preferred to stay at higher levels where the visibility was good.

Carl R. Englund

Found—some lost films . . .

Cliff Dwellers Lodge

Cameron, Arizona

Desert: Several rolls of film were found in Aztec Canyon between the Colorado River and Rainbow Bridge, and turned over to me as the one most likely to find the owner. Since most of those who make the trip to Rainbow Bridge are readers of Desert Magazine perhaps a note in your next issue would serve to restore the film, which had been exposed, to the person who took the pictures.

Art Greene

Call o’ the Desert . . .

Flippin, Arkansas

Desert: I am unable to explain my fondness for desert literature. I have never even been close to a desert, yet I have read so much that sometimes in fancy I can picture myself becoming adapted to desert life.

While reading the poems in Desert Magazine these lines come into my mind. I am complying with an impulse to send them along to you.

I hear the desert callin’, some’er way out there,

Soft like a whisper, but mighty plain and clear.

Never seen a desert, don’t know how it looks;

But I been readin’ bout it in them literary books.

My soul’s sort o’ troubled, my heart is weary too.

The call’s a gittin’ louder, an’ I don’t know what to do.

Lewis N. Stewart

A Tamarisk is a Tamarisk . . .

Van Nuys, California

Desert: The article on the tamarisk tree published in your June issue was a delight to me. Perhaps now, many people (including some desert dwellers) will understand that a tamarisk tree is not a tamarack. This little matter has been griping me for years. Thanks for taking it off my neck.

N. Heyne
ARIZONA

500-mile Trip Completed...

YUMA—Alan and Jan Macauley have completed their 500-mile, 20-day journey down the Colorado River from Pierce Ferry, Arizona to a point out of river at Kilometer 57, and were unable to reach the Gulf of California. The river is very low, according to the Macauleys, and their small boat was hung up on sandbars frequently on the journey from Morelos Dam south. —Yuma Sun.

Surface Runoff Below Normal...

PHOENIX—Surface runoffs were below normal during June and provided no relief from Arizona's current drought, John H. Gardiner, district engineer for surface water investigations of the U. S. geological survey, has announced. He said, however, that the early July storms had produced slight runoffs in some areas, particularly in the San Pedro river basin, where a peak discharge of 1500 second-feet occurred at Redington July 3. —Tucson Citizen.

Roosevelt Dam Almost Dry...

COTTONWOOD—Roosevelt Dam doesn't count for much any more as far as dams are concerned. Its lake bed almost empty, the once pride of the Bureau of Reclamation has the forlorn look of abandonment. The dam was built between 1905 and 1911, and looks like a miniature of Hoover. It is 723 feet long and 280 feet high. Five and a half million dollars went into its construction. Approximately 140 miles north of Cottonwood, the project has paid for itself many times. All it needs now is water. —Verde Independent.

Phoenix Faces Water Shortage...

PHOENIX—Mayor Nicholas Udall has called on Phoenix residents to submit ideas designed to conserve the city's dwindling domestic water supply, as Central Arizona water conservation circles seek relief from the critical drought. Along with Udall's action, the Phoenix city council decided not to impose compulsory water use restrictions but urged strict conservation in the home. The council suggested lawn watering be staggered with residents living at even-numbered houses watering lawns on even-numbered days and persons at odd-numbered homes watering on odd-numbered days. —Tucson Citizen.

GIs Get Fishing License Break...

PHOENIX—Warm water fishing licenses are to be made available to members of the armed forces at the regular resident's fee of $1.50, it was recently announced by the Arizona Game and Fish department. All GIs on active duty and stationed in Arizona will be eligible to purchase licenses at this rate. The permits will allow the holder to fish for bass, blue gill, crappie, stripped bass and catfish. No trout may be taken, however. —Yuma Sun.

Arizona, FSA Feud Over Funds...

PHOENIX—Federal Security Agency officials have refused to comment on possible curtailment of federal assistance funds because Arizona has refused to allot money for Indian welfare. The FSA has indicated, however, that aid funds will be withheld unless the state solves its Indian welfare situation. Under the Santa Fe agreement of 1949, Arizona was to pay 10 per cent of the Indian welfare expense, and the federal government the remaining amount. However, the Indian Service recently announced it would not seek funds to pay its share. That brought a bitter resolution by the 20th Arizona Legislature in special session asserting the state would not pay nor could not carry the entire Indian welfare burden. —Yuma Sun.

Arizona Still Protects Reptiles...

PHOENIX—Recent Game and Fish Commission announcements have reminded residents that the Gila monster (Heloderma suspectum) and the horned toad (of the genus Phrynosoma) are still on the list of protected animals in Arizona. Commission order N. A-886, issued April 3, 1950, and effective that date, classified the two lizards as protected animal species and decreed that they may not be taken in any manner, unless with permission in writing. The order further adds that neither the Gila monster nor the horned toad shall be sold, given or exchanged. —Verde Independent.

U.S. 60-70 Logs New Record...

BLYTHE—June vacations brought a record number of motorists into California, according to tabulations by border inspectors at Blythe. A total of 106,894 passengers entered the state on U. S. Highway 60-70—a new record for a month's traffic. More than 31,000 autos and 3800 trucks were counted. Bus traffic was 50 percent above normal, carrying 19,915 passengers. —Indio News.
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POWER ALLOCATION TO BE CUT
LOS ANGELES — Water shortage in Hoover Dam will cut down electric
power available to Los Angeles during the next year, the Bureau of Reclamation has disclosed. It is ex-
pected the allocation of power from the dam will be lower than it has been in
any year since 1947. The acute drought situation recently caused the Los Angeles Municipal Water and
Power Commission to authorize a re-
cord purchase of fuel oil for the next
12 months to operate its steam plants
and supplement power from the big
dam. The level of Lake Mead is the lowest in four years.—Los Angeles Times.
El Mirador Hotel to Reopen...

PALM SPRINGS—Famed El Mirador hotel, before World War II the winter home of scores of noted persons, will reopen, probably in October, it was recently announced by William Berk, president of Angeles Properties, Inc. The date of opening largely depends on the removal of Community Hospital, which now occupies part of the premises but expects to be in its own new hospital building by September 1. The hotel operated from 1928 until the Army took it over and converted it into Torrey General Hospital in 1942. Last September the Angeles Properties acquired it and plans were initiated for the reopening. — Desert Sun.

Homestead Shacks Condemned...

BARSTOW — Shacks or other hastily erected dwellings on recently homesteaded Jack Rabbit claims near Barstow will not be permitted, Jack Bauseman, local building inspector, has announced. In an agreement with the county, the city has been authorized to enforce the uniform building code in the fringe area surrounding Barstow in order to prevent the establishment of flimsy shacktowns. Bauseman has already condemned the first two shacks to be built by homesteaders on the land lying approximately two miles south of Main street in Barstow, near the Bear Valley road.— Barstow Printer-Review.

Mining Celebrations Planned...

RANDSBURG — The third annual Rand District Old Time Mining Celebration is slated for the Labor Day weekend, September 1-3. Jointly sponsored by the Rand Post 298, American Legion, the Desert Lions club, and Randsburg Aerie 1883, Fraternal Order of Eagles, the affair is scheduled to include barbecues, rock drilling contests, mucking contests, and various sports events. A more serious side of the celebration will be the publicizing of the area’s extensive mineral resources.— Trona Argonaut.

Indian Relics Being Recovered...

DEATH VALLEY—Members of a field crew from the University of California at Berkeley are investigating an ancient Indian camp in the Panamint mountains. The site, which is a cave 100 feet above the floor of a narrow canyon, contains two small house depressions and numerous objects of Indian manufacture. It is located within the boundaries of Death Valley National Monument, and the archeological work is being done under sponsorship of the National Park Service and the University of California Archeological Survey.— Inyo Independent.

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GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION—converting nature’s gift to better living.
Death Valley Museum Requested...

DEATH VALLEY — A resolution requesting federal consideration of a museum in Death Valley was adopted by the County Superintendents Association of California at a recent meeting here. The proposed museum would house relics of the area which, for the most part, now are privately owned. It was felt that there should be a central place where these priceless relics of the past could be assembled for the enjoyment and education of all. Copies of the resolution have been sent to the Department of the Interior, and legislators in Washington and Sacramento.

—Inyo Independent.

DEATH VALLEY — The atomic energy test site, northwest of Las Vegas, no longer will be known as Frenchman's Flat. The Atomic Energy Commission has christened the site where the A-bombs have been exploded as the "Nevada Test Site," and hereafter that name will be attached to the area on all official documents. The site is part of the 5000-square-mile Las Vegas bombing and gunnery range of the Air Force which was set aside last January for the continuing of the atomic energy experiments. Construction of permanent operational and supporting camp facilities is now under way and the area will become a permanent part of the atomic energy operation. Since its activation, the test site had been referred to officially as an "alternate site," "a continental test site," and the "Las Vegas test site." — Las Vegas Review-Journal.

Nevada Centennial Celebrated...

GENOVA — One hundredth anniversary of the first settlement in Nevada was celebrated with a philatelic field day and historical festival July 14 in this little village. Genoa, first post-office in what is now the state of Nevada, was known as Mormon Station 100 years ago when it was the first settlement in Carson Valley, 11 miles south of Carson City. A special 3-cent stamp was issued commemorating the 100 years Genoa has clung to its historic tradition and tiny postoffice. — Humboldt Star.

Four New Springs Developed...

LAS VEGAS — Nellis Air Force base is cooperating with the United States Forest Service in the development of four new springs to augment the dangerously low water supply in the Mt. Charleston range. The forest service is supplying materials such as pipe line and dynamite. East springs 1 and 2, West spring and Mazy spring are the four being developed. — Las Vegas Review-Journal.

Nevada History Display Opens...

RENO — Displays covering the entire panorama of Nevada's history and delving back into prehistoric ages over 2000 years ago, when Pueblo Indians lived here, were to be opened to the public by the Nevada State Historical society beginning July 22 at the society's enlarged quarters at the state building in Reno. Additions, recently allotted to the society, almost double the museum space, making it possible for the society's director, Mrs. Clara S. Beatty, to display many important historic relics formerly in storage. — Humboldt Star.

Ely Record, Times Sold...

ELY — Sale of the weekly Ely Record and the Ely Daily Times to a corporation headed by Publisher Donald W. Reynolds has been announced by former Governor Vail Pittman, publisher and owner of both papers. The purchase price was not disclosed. Pittman, who operated the Times for 31 years, said he planned to retire from the publishing field to attend to other interests. Paul S. Sams will be general manager of both Ely newspapers. The corporation plans an immediate expansion program in Ely, including the remodeling of the Times building. — Pioche Record.

A.E.C. to Employ 1300 Here...

NEVADA TEST SITE — A total of 1300 workmen are to be employed on Atomic Energy Commission projects in the Nevada Test Site area, it was recently reported from AEC headquarters in Los Alamos. The report said seven construction contracts already have been let and three more now are in the bidding process. Included in the estimates are such facilities as a camp for test personnel, various administrative and operational structures and technical installations. — Las Vegas Review-Journal.

Refuge Manager Transferred...

FALLON — Thomas C. Horn, refuge manager for Stillwater Wildlife Management area since work started about two and a half years ago, was scheduled to leave July 16 for Tulelake, California, where he will be manager of a huge U. S. project which includes four wildlife refuges. Horn is to continue to act in the capacity of consultant for the Stillwater project for an indefinite period. — Fallon Standard.

Water Supply Dwindling...

LAS VEGAS — With this city's residents using water at a record rate, officials of the Las Vegas Land and Water company are wondering if the supply available from the underground sources will stand the drain expected during the later summer and early fall months. William Johnson, manager of the Land and Water company, reported that the use of water during June and part of July had jumped 25 per cent above the average for the same period last year. "It seems that the more water we supply, the more is used," Johnson lamented. He pointed out that the average consumption during 1950 was approximately 10 million gallons a day, but that during the first part of July, 1951, that average jumped to 18 million gallons a day. — Las Vegas Review-Journal.
Vermejo Project Approved . . .

MAXWELL — President Truman has given tentative approval for construction of the $2,679,000 Vermejo project near here. The northern New Mexico project calls for rehabilitation and improvement of an old irrigation district along Vermejo Creek. It embraces 200 acres. President Truman's action came in a letter approving a Reclamation Bureau report. It was sent to Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman and made public by the offices of Senators Chavez and Anderson, New Mexico Democrats. The Vermejo project is 27 miles north of Raton. It was authorized by the last Congress, which stipulated that construction could not be started until a project report had been approved by the President. —Springer Tribune.

Fires Cause Forest Emergency . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—In view of the dangerously dry conditions of forest lands, the Forest Service is urging all people to refrain from using the National Forests in New Mexico and Arizona during the hazardous fire period, except on essential business. With devastating forest fires sweeping thousands of acres of valuable timber in the Southwest, the Forest Service is taking steps to eliminate all possible sources of fire. An emergency has been declared by Regional Forester C. Otto Lindh, and an order prohibiting the use of camp fires, except on designated and posted forest camp sites, has been issued. Prohibited also is any smoking on National Forest lands in New Mexico or Arizona, except on paved or surfaced highways and places of habitation.—Alamogordo News.

State Fair Prizes Offered . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—Prizes totaling $9000 will be offered in the Championship Rodeo during the New Mexico State Fair in Albuquerque, September 29—October 7, Floyd Rigdon, State Fair Commissioner has announced. Meanwhile, Leon Harms, fair secretary-manager, has disclosed that all entries in the Livestock show will close September 17. He urged both large and small stockmen to make plans to enter the show. Premiums are to total more than $47,000 for this division. The New Mexico State Fair Premium book is off the press and may be obtained by writing to Postoffice box 1693, Albuquerque. —Penasco Valley News.

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ALBUQUERQUE—Prizes totaling $9000 will be offered in the Championship Rodeo during the New Mexico State Fair in Albuquerque, September 29—October 7, Floyd Rigdon, State Fair Commissioner has announced. Meanwhile, Leon Harms, fair secretary-manager, has disclosed that all entries in the Livestock show will close September 17. He urged both large and small stockmen to make plans to enter the show. Premiums are to total more than $47,000 for this division. The New Mexico State Fair Premium book is off the press and may be obtained by writing to Postoffice box 1693, Albuquerque. —Penasco Valley News.

Vermejo Project Approved . . .

MAXWELL — President Truman has given tentative approval for construction of the $2,679,000 Vermejo project near here. The northern New Mexico project calls for rehabilitation and improvement of an old irrigation district along Vermejo Creek. It embraces 200 acres. President Truman's action came in a letter approving a Reclamation Bureau report. It was sent to Secretary of the Interior Oscar Chapman and made public by the offices of Senators Chavez and Anderson, New Mexico Democrats. The Vermejo project is 27 miles north of Raton. It was authorized by the last Congress, which stipulated that construction could not be started until a project report had been approved by the President. —Springer Tribune.

Fires Cause Forest Emergency . . .

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Navajo Relief Cut Criticized . . .

GALLUP—Navajo Assistance, Inc., has sharply criticized the State Welfare Department for reducing welfare grants to needy Navajo Indians. In a letter to Alva A. Simpson, state welfare director, Bert Pouisma, manager of Navajo Assistance, termed the reductions "incredible." He said needy Navajos had received notices that the grants would be reduced within a few weeks. Pouisma advocated a reasonable increase instead of the reduction.

—Aztec Review.

Forestland Seeding Completed . . .

ALAMOGORDO — Grass seeding of the nearly 8000 acres of Lincoln Forest lands, which were burned over recently in the area's worst forest fire in history, has been completed. The grass seed, including crested wheat, was sown from the air with twenty thousand pounds of seed being used. Meanwhile approval has been received from the state board of finance for an expenditure of five thousand dollars to re-seed the 2200 acres of burned-over state lands in the Bear Canyon area.

—Alamogordo News.

Utah Approve Reclamation Funds . . .

WASHINGTON — Senate approval of $208,344,450 for western reclamation has been given in the passing of an Interior Department appropriation bill totaling more than $500 million. In seven days of debate, the Senate made only four changes in the recommendations of its appropriations committee for various Interior Department agencies.

Highway Project Underway . . .

BONANZA—A Rio Blanco County project to improve the Colorado access road to Bonanza, Utah, is underway. Equipment of private contractors has started work at the state line and will work toward a junction with Route 64 between Rangely and Artesia. The present road is little more than a trail with curves and narrow spots which make travel undesirable. Considerable drainage work is included in the plans, with installation of many new culverts.

—Vernal Express.

State to Check Truckers . . .

SALT LAKE CITY — Work has begun on ten permanent and two semi-permanent stations on Utah's major highways for the checking of truck weights and the enforcement of the new state law. Enforcement is expected to hit hard at trucking companies who overload their vehicles and fail to pay legal highway registration fees. The stations are to be located at all major highway entrances to the state. Construction was made possible by a $100,000 appropriation to the State Road Commission.

—Vernal Express.

Hikers Hold Annual Climb . . .

OREM—E. L. Roberts, former director of physical education at Brigham Young university, was to lead the scheduled July 28 hike to the top of Mt. Timpanogos. Highlights of the annual pilgrimage for most hikers are the negotiations of the glacier near the top, the brilliant array of wild flowers along the trail and the magnificent view of Utah Valley and Utah Lake from the summit.

—Orem-Geneva Times.

Poisonous Weed Spreading . . .

MOAB—Rapid spread of the poisonous weed, halogone, has posed a serious threat to use of desert ranges for grazing. Lawrence C. Davis, Grand County agricultural agent, reports a one-acre patch on Sagers wash, discovered last fall, now covers several hundred acres. Spraying has begun in some areas in an effort to control it, but Bureau of Land Management workers are handicapped by lack of knowledge as to location of infested areas. Sheep handlers and cowboys have been asked to mark and report patches as they find them. —Times-Independent.
FLAGG MINERAL SUPERVISOR FOR SIXTH STRAIGHT TIME

For the sixth consecutive year A. L. Flagg is to serve as superintendent of minerals at the 1951 Arizona State Fair, scheduled November 3-12. When the fair opens this year the exhibit in the minerals building will be larger and more complete than ever before. According to Flagg, the building is well filled with exhibition materials now. Flagg is well qualified to serve as minerals superintendent, having been a consulting mining engineer for many years. He came to Arizona in 1906 and except for six years in mining exploration in Mexico his activities have centered in Arizona. His personal collection of minerals, gathered during the last 57 years, is outstanding. His private collection of uranium is one of the most extensive and complete in the country. It was Flagg who first started competition in mineral collections at the fair in 1947. He is interested in the junior rockhounds and sponsors special exhibits for them. The junior classes are open to all grade schools in Arizona and some highly competitive contests develop each year. The schools compete for the Phelps-Dodge trophy, which becomes the property of the winning school during the year in which it is won.

ROCKHOUNDS DISCOVER JADE DEPOSIT IN FIELD TRIP AREA

What is reported to be one of the largest jade deposits ever found in the United States was located by Charles Stockton, member of the Northern California Mineral society, and George Weise of the East Bay Mineral society. The discovery was made in Mendocino county, California, about 200 miles north of San Francisco. It is in a remote region near Leach Mountain east of Covelo and requires a pack trip to reach. Weise and Stockton filed seven claims on about 140 acres. Four of the claims are lode claims and the remaining are placer claims. The general area has been a field trip area for the northern California societies for some time, but no one, including two scientific parties from the Division of Mines and the Smithsonian Institution, had found the deposit.

NATIONAL CONCLAVE TO BE PRECEDED BY FIELD TRIPS

Field trips to the Olympic Peninsula, Red Top Mountains and Salmon Creek are to be special features of the annual convention of the American Federation of Mineralogical societies, September 1-3, in Tacoma, Washington. The trips will precede the convention, extending the total activities over a period of six days beginning August 29. The Tacoma Agate club is to be host at the national conclave to be held in the Fellowship hall of the Masonic temple. Over 500 people are expected to drop in on exhibits, and a like area for commercial displays. In the three floors of the building are also lecture rooms, a snack bar and other rooms for the use of those attending. A banquet is to be held the night of September 1 in the Roof Garden, overlooking Puget Sound.

SAN DIEGO SOCIETY SHOW SCHEDULED FOR SEPT. 29-30

Minerals and ores from many parts of the world will be shown September 29-30 at the 14th annual show of the San Diego Mineral and Gem society in the Spanish Village of Balboa Park, San Diego, California. Also to be featured are fluorescent minerals, flavescent minerals under ultra-violet light, San Diego County's mineral resources including rough and cut gems for which the area is known, the operation of a diamond-charged saw, products of the lapidary art and polished specimens of all types. The show is free to the public.

Grant Steele was to speak to members of the Wasatch Gem society of Salt Lake City, Utah at a July 21 meeting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Cahoon. The subject of Steele's talk was to be "Jade."

LILLIAN COPELAND SPEAKS TO MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY

Formation and character of pegmatite dikes was explained at the May meeting of the Los Angeles Mineralogical society by Lillian Copeland. Pegmatites are defined by the speaker as a variety of granite occurring in dikes and veins usually characterized by excessively coarse texture. This texture is probably caused by crystallization from an exceptionally fluid magma, rich in mineralizers. Pegmatites are widely distributed throughout the crystalline rock areas of the United States. They are found in rocks of many geologic ages and are most abundant near margins of granite intrusives. The size and shape of pegmatites vary greatly. They may range in width from less than an inch to 500 miles, but most of them are less than four feet wide. Their shape is largely determined by the wall rock surrounding them. Minerals usually found in pegmatites are muscovite, garnet and tourmaline. Less frequently found are beryl, topaz, apatite, amethyst, lepidolite and spodumene.

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DESSERT GEM SHOP under new management. Lots of cabs, slab cutting material and minerals. Order by mail or stop two miles west of Salome. L. C. Hockett, Box 276, Salome, Arizona.

RADIOACTIVE ORE COLLECTION. Six wonderful specimens of Eucheneite & Monazite, Autunite, Uraninite, Curmosite, Ramanosite and Lamberlite in neat redwood chest, only $21.00. The Camp-O-Rama. 145 Pasadena Avenue, South Pasadena, Calif. PRSPECTOR’S SET — 50 minerals (identified) in 1 x 1 compartments, $3.00 postpaid. All precious gems at lowest prices. Ace Lapidary Co., Box 67, Jamaica, N. Y.

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**ROCK HUNTERS**

Wilson Ranch, near Lake Valley, New Mexico, was the destination of a June field trip by members of the El Paso, Texas, Mineral and Gem society. Because of the hot weather, more fishing and resting was done than rockhunting.

Members of the Colorado Mineral society made field trips to Fort Collins, Squaw Pass and Villa Grove during June. Good marble-clastic nodules, which weather out of shaly sandstone, were found north of Fort Collins, and some crystals of magnetite and martinitite were picked up on the Squaw Pass trip. July trips to Owl Canyon and St. Peter's Dome were to be made. Fern and Olin Brown, editors of the society's publication, Mineral Minutes, attended a rock show in Grand Junction, June 1-2. They report seeing a fine collection of minerals, lapidary work and hand-made jewelry set with cabochons and faceted gems.

P. E. Dyck presented an illustrated program on "A Gem Hunter in Old Mexico" at the May meeting of the Oregon Agate and Mineral society at Portland. The club meets on the first and third Fridays at Macabee hall, 6225 N.E. Stanton Street.

Dr. Robert Whitfield of the Chicago Natural History Museum, described the world famous Mazon Creek, Illinois fossils at the May meeting of the Chicago Rocks and Minerals society.

Dr. Newton Chute gave a demonstration of the art of lapidary, from the cutting of the rough stone to the polishing process, at the May meeting of the Yavapai Rockhounder, official publication of the Yavapai Gem and Mineral society, Prescott, Arizona. She replaces R. E. Shire.

School children of Cripple Creek, Colorado, are selling pieces of gold ore for a dollar each to finance a new school. Eighty tons of ore were recently donated to the children. Orders addressed to Cripple Creek School Fund, Cripple Creek, Colorado will be accepted from anywhere in the United States.

Milton R. Gray of Erb and Gray Scientific Instruments, recommended 6-power doublets and 14-power triplets as practical pocket magnifiers in a recent talk to members of the Pacific Mineral society. He sketched the growth of visual aids from the early use of the sphere in Egypt through the development of the lens and microscope in Europe which has culminated in the availability of more than 87 kinds of optical glass and the perfection of modern scientific instruments.

Dr. Richard H. Swift, fellow and past president of the Academy of Natural Science, gave a paper on the "Glyptic Art of the Greeks" at the July meeting of the Los Angeles Lapidary society. Several ancient pieces of equipment used by the Greeks for lapidary work were demonstrated. Cameos, intaglios and other pieces of jewelry and carved wood dating as far back as 2590 B.C. are in the collection exhibited by Dr. Swift. After the lecture plans were made for the society's annual picnic scheduled for September 16 at Griffith Park, Los Angeles, California.

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**PLAN BLACK STAR SAPPHIRE EXHIBIT FOR COMPTON SHOW**

Kazanjian brothers' valuable display of black star sapphires is to be shown along with several other fine private collections of precious gems at the Rockhound Fair in Compton, California, September 29-30. The show, to be held in the Veterans of Foreign Wars building, is sponsored by the Compton Gem and Mineral club. Twenty gem societies in southern California have been invited to participate, and it is expected that there will be many new specimens exhibited. The Los Angeles School of Jewelry is to demonstrate the art of jewelry craft, and display finished products. Booths showing the art of lapidary, from the cutting of the rough stone to the polishing process, are planned. Faceting demonstrations are also to be a part of the show.

Twenty pounds of Pennsylvania fossil fern, together with a copy of the pamphlet *Some Fossil Plant Types of Illinois*, have been sent to polio-stricken children at the Kalhat-Kain Institute by the Earth Science Club of Illinois. The gathering and shipping of "operation fossil" was handled by Roy Beghtol. William Kelley took care of out-of-pocket costs. The next meeting of the club has been scheduled for September 14 at Downers Grove high school. No meetings have been held since June 8, when the club suspended operation for the summer. Two lectures featured the June meeting. Roy Beghtol gave an illustrated talk about a collecting trip through Colorado and Utah, and W. W. Briggs spoke on the mining of lapidary, from the cutting of the rough stone to the polishing process, are planned. Faceting demonstrations are also to be a part of the show.

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**PRIZE WINNERS**

Prize winning pieces from the Chicago Lapidary club's first Annual Amateur Gem and Jewelry Competitive Exhibition were on display at Stanley Field Hall of Chicago's Natural History Museum during the month of June. Total value of the exhibited objects was estimated at more than one hundred thousand dollars. Pieces in the exhibit ranged from granite pebbles picked up on Chicago beaches and polished into ornamental stones of high beauty, to precious stones valued in the thousands of dollars. More than 150 amateur craftsmen of Chicago and suburbs participated in the show. It is proposed to continue the exhibit each year, on an ever-growing scale which eventually may include craftsmen from all over the Middle West.

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Pomona Valley Mineral Club members of Pomona, California, have again been invited to sponsor the mineral and gem department of the 1951 Los Angeles County Fair, September 14-30, according to C. B. Afflerbaugh, president-manager of the Fair Association. The Pomona club was responsible for the exhibits for which was the first time such a display had been authorized as a major attraction at the fair.

Dr. Stephen Clabaugh, vice-president of the Austin Gem and Mineral society, Austin, Texas, was to discuss fluorescent minerals at the society's June meeting. Hugh Lischer talked on techniques at a May meeting, and members who had never tried to facet a stone held a competition following Leiper's instructions. An auction was held at the April meeting which brought a total of $68.20. The money was sent as a contribution to the State Mineral Society of Texas.

Initiation of new members was scheduled for the July 13 meeting of the Dona Ana Country Rockhounds. New officers elected at the Fourth New Mexico— Texas. The meeting was to be held in the Mesilla Park school auditorium. Exact date of a planned overnight camping trip to North Perch and Black Rock Mountains was to be decided at the meeting. Good quantities of honey opal have been reported in the canyon area. Highlight of the June meeting was a talk by Dr. Daugherty, graduate of the New Mexico School of Mines. He spoke on mineral tests. Members examined prizes won at the Phoenix show. The club has seven ribbons—four firsts, one second and two honorable mentions.

Second prize for lapidary arts was won by the Gem Cutters Guild, Los Angeles, at the state convention, June 22-24, in Oakland, California. A. A. Daugherty, who displayed glass replicas of the large Jonkers diamond, won first prize for individual faceted stones. Victor Arciniega was scheduled to speak on "The Uses of the Polarimeter for Identification and Orientation of Gem Materials" at the guild's July 23 meeting. The annual meeting of the society was held the fourth Monday of the month at the Manchester playground, 8800 S. Hoover, Los Angeles.

Ben Hur Williams, long prominent in amateur geological circles, was presented with an honorary membership by the Wisconsin Geological society at their annual banquet in Milwaukee, May 26. Williams was first president of the Midwest Federation, first president of the American Federation, and first president of the Joliet society.

Dr. Richard M. Pearl of Colorado Springs, Colorado, has accepted Chairmanship of a newly formed lapidary division of the Colorado Mineral society, Denver, Colorado. Membership in the new group requires only a desire to learn and enough equipment to enter into the activity.

Mother Lode Mineral society has scheduled its annual show for September 22-23 in the Boy Scout Club House, Ensen Park, Modesto, California.

Coalinga, California, Rockology club members recently had a two-day clay baking at the Kern County Mineral society at a two-day gathering. There were eight field trips on the schedule covering everything from fossils to gem stones.

Fifty slides showing the beauties of the mineral world and a sound film, "The Eternal Gem," were played at the June 28 meeting of the Fresno Gem and Mineral society in John Burroughs school auditorium, Fresno, California. Members were looking forward to the July 17 meeting of the Santa Fe Gem and Mineral club at the Chamber of Commerce, Santa Fe, New Mexico, and the Miners and Prospectors Association of Santa Fe was to join club members at the meeting to hear Dr. Montgomery.

MANY EXHIBITS FEATURE ROCKY MOUNTAIN CONVENTION

Twenty commercial exhibits and many individual and society displays featured the convention of the Rocky Mountain Federation of the Mineral Society of Phoenix, Arizona. Convention meetings and exhibits were held at Phoenix College. The federation is made up of clubs and societies in eight states: Arizona, Colorado, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah and Wyoming. During the meetings officers for 1951-1952 were elected. They are Dr. W. H. Eckert, Florence, Colorado, president; Mrs. Lilian Lockerbie, Salt Lake City, vice-president; and F. C. Kessler, secretary-treasurer. Canton City, Colorado, was chosen as the convention site for 1952. The Canton City Geology Club is to be host. Dr. W. Taylor Marshall, director of the Desert Botanical Garden of Arizona gave an illustrated lecture on the flora and fauna of the southwestern desert.
EXHIBIT HAD WON A SECOND PRIZE AT THE OAKLAND SHOW. DURING JUNE THE SOCIETY HAD ITS ANNUAL CONVENTION AT THE HILTON HOTEL IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES. IT WAS ATTENDED BY MORE THAN 80 MEMBERS. THE HIGHLIGHT OF THE CONVENTION WAS A TALK ON "THE ART OF GEM CARVING" BY GORDON KENNEDY OF LOS ANGELES. HE SHARED HIS TECHNIQUES AND INSIGHTS ON CREATING BEAUTIFUL GEMS. THE SOCIETY INVITED MRS. FLORENCE G. STRONG, PRESIDENT, ANDERSON STRONG,壞TREASURER, AND LEAH HAMBLY, SECRETARY, TO ATTEND THE CONVENTION.

THE ANCESTORS CONSIDERED METEORIC IRON SACRED BECAUSE IT CAME FROM THE HEAVENS, MANY OF THE MIRACULOUS SWORDS OF FOLKLORE BEING FORGED FROM IRON METEORITES. MODERN CHEMICAL ANALYSIS INDICATES THE EARLIEST IRON WEAPONS WERE MADE FROM METEORIC IRON.

COLOR HAS PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE GROWTH OF LEGENDS ABOUT PRECIOUS STONES. THE SUN, TRANSMITTER OF LIGHT, HEAT, AND STORED UP POWER WAS BELIEVED TO ALSO PRODUCE THE COLOR IN GEMS. AS LONG AS THEY REMAINED WITHIN THE EARTH, GEMS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE COLORLESS. AS SOON AS THEY WERE EXPOSED TO SUNLIGHT, THEY WERE BELIEVED TO ASSUME THEIR VARIOUS SHADES.

EASTERN PEOPLES BELIEVED THAT CARNELIAN AMULETS PROTECTED THEM AGAINST WITCHCRAFT AND SORCERY AS WELL AS THE PLAGUE. AUSTRALIAN BUSHMEN VALUE CARNEILIAN AS AN EMBLEM OF GOOD HUNTING. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM. THEY HAVE THE LUCKY CHARM.

PEARLS ARE CONSTRUCTED IN LAYERS, ONE OUTSIDE THE OTHER, MUCH LIKE LAYERS OF AN ONION. SOMETIMES IT IS POSSIBLE FOR AN EXPERT TO PULL LAYERS FROM A POOR PEARL, PRODUCING A SMALLER BUT BETTER QUALITY GEM.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND PREVALENT IN COUNTRIES BORDERING THE BALTIC, CREDITED AMBER WITH PROFOUND LIFE CHANGING POWERS. AMONG PRIMITIVE PEOPLES, BROM TO AMBER AS AN AMULET TO WEAR AT THEIR WEDDINGS, BELIEVING THE STONE INSURED HAPPINESS AND LONG LIFE.

TODAY THE USE OF AGATE IN PAPER WEIGHTS AND INKSTANDS FOR THE BUSINESS MAN'S DESK IS A SURVIVAL OF THE ANCIENT BELIEF THAT AGATE BRINGS SUCCESS TO ITS OWNER. THE ROMANS HELD THE MOSS AGATE IN SPECIAL REVERENCE, ATTRIBUTING THE TINY PIECES OF TREES, LAKES AND CLOUDS TO THE GODS, WHO HAD SINGED IT OUT AS PASSING RARE OCCULT POWER FOR GOOD FORTUNE.

Among the Greeks and Etruscans, the onyx was cut across the color bandings to reveal the shades as well as the pattern. The Romans usually cut the stone in a hollow cone shape, showing the lines on the sloping sides. When possible, early lapidaries cut onyx to reveal an eye, as such patterns were considered magic against the evil eye.

It was announced at the July 3 meeting of the Whittier Gem and Mineral society that the organization's lapidary and mineral exhibit had won a second prize at the Orange County Fair. On June the 7th the members heard talks on "The Identification of Minerals," by O. C. Smith, and on "The Copper Minerals," by Jack Swartz.

Compton Gem and Mineral club members were recently guests of the Long Beach mineral and gem society on a field trip to the Himalaya mine. Tourmaline, lepidolite and clevelandite were the prizes of the day.

Approximately 30 members of the Sequoia mineral society invaded Shark's Tooth Hill near Bakersfield, California on a recent field trip. Everyone found at least one tooth.

A Picnic Supper at Salton Sea was honored at a picnic supper at Salton Sea. The pros and cons of Lead Pipe Springs and Blue Chalcedony were discussed. The pros and cons of Lead Pipe Springs and Blue Chalcedony were discussed.

The superb finish and fine craftsmanship of CONLEY'S filled enameled jewels in three-tone gold are a survival of the finest craftsmanship. The superb finish and fine craftsmanship of CONLEY'S filled enameled jewels in three-tone gold are a survival of the finest craftsmanship. The superb finish and fine craftsmanship of CONLEY'S filled enameled jewels in three-tone gold are a survival of the finest craftsmanship.

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NOW ... you can build your own black light equipment. The Mojave B. range area, containing Lead Pipe Springs and Blue Chalcedony springs, favorite haunts of roe- / Pigeons, have been closed to everyone for an indefinitely period, according to bureau of miner & mineral officials. Hazards of unexploded ammunition within the area and the presence of classified equipment necessitated the action. Announcement will be made when the area can be reopened.

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Among the Greeks and Etruscans, the onyx was cut across the color bandings to reveal the shades as well as the pattern. The Romans usually cut the stone in a hollow cone shape, showing the lines on the sloping sides. When possible, early lapidaries cut onyx to reveal an eye, as such patterns were considered magic against the evil eye.

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AMATEUR GEM CUTTER

By LELANDE QUICK, Editor of The Lapidary Journal

Many lapidaries are bewailing the fact that they were born too soon. They invested their equipment before the wet sanding process was perfected. Now they would like to try it—but by golly they are not going out and buy new equipment! Hugh Leeper of Austin, Texas, the rescue man, tells how it can be done for only two dollars.

With this investment you can have freedom from heating, from those burns that show on delicate materials and have a superfine polish. Here's how . . .

First build an adequate spray shield over your present dry hollow-head sanders. Make a box about 2 inches deep by 7 inches wide and 16 inches long and place it under each sander. At an auto supply store get some sheets of wet-sanding paper in grit 250, 400 and 600. Get a can of gray trim cement, used to apply rubber gaskets in automobile work. At a drygoods store get a few yards of unbleached domestic in a light weight and buy a box of carpet tacks. Get a piece of plywood 15 by 48 inches. Tear the domestic lengthwise and tack a 14-inch-wide strip to the board. Tack it flat with a rolling pin. Apply another sheet in the same manner allowing it to overlap the first sheet about a quarter inch. When the board is covered remove the tacks and hang the big sheet up to dry with clothespins. Then go through the same procedure with another size grit.

When all the sheets are dry (and they must be dry) take a straight-edge sharp knife and rule off strips to the width of your drum sander. Pieces for hollow-head sanders should be larger. Cut circles across the short end first and do not stretch it—it will shrink later. Apply the rubber cement to the cloth with a paint brush. Paint an area about 9 by 12 inches at a time and then paint a piece of the sanding paper thinly. Allow the cloth and the paper to dry until the glue becomes tacky and then apply the paper to the cloth and roll it flat with a rolling pin. Apply another sheet in the same manner allowing it to overlap the first sheet in the quarter inch. When the board is covered remove the tacks and hang the big sheet up to dry with clothespins. Then go through the same procedure with another size grit.

As you sand, a tell-tale streak of gray will warn you to shift the stone to another area or swipe again with the brush. This attention to the brush prevents over-ambitious pressure, with consequent generation of heat that spoils so many stones under the dry sanding method.

When dry heat is desirable, as in the final sanding of jade, allow the paper to run dry until it has a glaze. Do not use too much pressure, for it will break the paper, which cannot stretch like cloth.

The total cost of all the materials is about two dollars and since this method adapts wet sanding to equipment you already have, with material available wherever there is an auto supply store, it may be just what you are waiting for. Many lapidary supply firms now stock these materials, so try them first.

If you ever try wet sanding you will probably never be satisfied with any other method. One cabochon saved from burning or cracking is worth the cost of the whole installation.

We have just received the good news that the Eastern Seaboard is to have its first federation meeting and show—and in the best month of all, October. It will be held in Washington, D. C., on October 27, with society and individual displays in the National Museum and commercial displays in the Hotel Willard. We doubt if many western dealers will go so far away but we hope that some dealer will start sawing right now and go back with 10,000 slabs of western materials priced at $1.00 each. For just as surely as the sun will come up on the first day of that convention, that dealer will leave the convention with nothing to carry home but ten thousand dollar bills.

The new Eastern Federation is composed of about ten societies at this writing, most of them new and most of them emphasizing gem cutting. We go to reproduce to the Lapidary and Gem Collectors Club of Washington and we organized the New York Lapidary Society. We therefore know just what their reception will be if the Eastern folks could walk up to a long table, on which was displayed a few baking tins of water and a few thousand slabs of petrified palm root, orbicular jasper, Lavic jasper, Arizona and New Mexico agate, Texas and Oregon plume, etc., all marked at a dollar each except the plaques. The old Willard Hotel has never witnessed the excitement that would ensue.

But—maybe some eastern dealer will get the vision and make a deal with a westerner. Or else some eastern gentleman who has been out here and maybe picked up more than he can use, might turn dealer for a few days and sell his surplus for enough to take another trip out here for more. After all, that's the way most of the dealers started in business and it is from such small commercial ventures commercial ventures commercial ventures that the gem and mineral business for the amateur has grown.

But the thing that glaadens our heart in this matter is the interest in the lapidary in the Federation's title. It is the Eastern Federation of Mineralogical and Lapidary Societies. Rather a ponderous name, especially with the word mineralogical in it . . . as tough to pronounce as molybdenum and as pompous a word as ever.

Here is a chance for our eastern readers to see a big mineral and gem show. It may be their first show but we'll wager it will be a big show, for there are more fine mineral collections in the East than in the West. We've been promised for years that the East purchased all our fine California specimens years ago; so many years ago that the state had not one museum in which to house any of them. That's the way most of the dealers started in business and it is from such small commercial ventures commercial ventures commercial ventures that the gem and mineral business for the amateur has grown.

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Guided tours of visitors will be conducted through the gem displays in the Museum each day and many special events are being planned. If you wish to exhibit, commercially or privately, write to the Secretary, Benjamin J. Chromy, 811 18th Street, Washington, D. C., or the Smithsonian Institution.
BOORS OF THE SOUTHWEST

AUTHOR-ARTIST TELLS STORY OF COLORADO MINING CAMPS

Twenty-two years ago Muriel Sibell Wolle started exploring and sketching the old Colorado mining towns as a hobby. Now, after all those years of research, drawing and writing, she has published the story of the ghost towns and mining camps of Colorado in the monumental volume, Stampede to Timberline. This book brings together the whole picture of Colorado mining, told in a warmly human and readable narrative.

Here is the story of the men who swarmed to the mountains to find gold and silver, of the claims they staked, the ore they unearthed, the camps they established and the towns they built. From the late 1850s on they came in successive waves, combing the gulches, scrambling over the passes and climbing the peaks in search of precious metals. Often their camps lasted but a short time; yet, some are flourishing today. For the reader who wants information, plenty of names and dates are given of the earliest finds, of the important mines and money they made, of the newspapers printed, and of the hotels, churches and theaters erected. The difficult supply routes into the rocky wilderness also are clearly traced in 18 regional maps.

All of these facts are given as a running commentary by an author who is an artist rather than a historian, and to whom all this mining is essentially the story of heroic pioneer effort. The book contains 90 pages of plates, which give in 198 separate drawings what the author-artist saw when she managed to reach these often almost inaccessible mining camps. The sketches identify the place yet capture mood and atmosphere seldom found in photographs. This pictorial record is invaluable, since many of the places have now disappeared under the ravages of fire, wind and snow.

It is a book to interest the art lover and the historian as well as those who read for pleasure alone. Published by Muriel S. Wolle, Boulder City, Colorado. 198 illustrations, 18 regional maps, 554 pages. $7.50.

HE WAS A FRIEND OF BILLY THE KID

Frontier Fighter, the autobiography of George W. Coe, who rode and fought with Billy the Kid in the bitter, bloody Lincoln County War, is a first hand account of a notorious chapter of Southwest history and its most controversial outlaw. Coe tells fearlessly and factually the story of the origin and growth of the feud which developed between the McSween and Murphy-Dolan factions in Lincoln County, and the murders and battles which took place before peace finally came to that beautiful frontier land.

According to Coe, Billy the Kid was a youngster of engaging personality with a gift for friendship. But the stormy life of outlawry had such a grip on him, and he had made so many implacable enemies in his short career, that even a visit which Governor Lew Wallace made to Lincoln in an effort to get him to return to a peaceful life was unsuccessful.

The man who finally killed Billy, Pat Garrett, had once been his friend. But Garrett had been elected sheriff of Lincoln County to restore law and order, and he carried out the obligation of his office faithfully and relentlessly.

After the battle around the McSween home which the Murphy gang won with the help of three companies of soldiers from Ft. Stanton, Coe and the few survivors of the McSween faction drifted away and started new lives in other valleys.

Law and order were coming to the frontier West and injustices and enmities could no longer be settled by gun-play.

George Coe presents the view that most of the men involved in the murders and battles were not desperadoes. When they encountered violence and injustice they took things into their own hands, for survival is the first instinct of man.

Frontier Fighter is a valuable contribution to the history of those turbulent days by a man who lived and fought through them.

Published by the University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. 7 illus. 220 pp. $3.50.

BRAVE MEN... of the Southwest

Here are names familiar to every one who has traveled the desert country—the names of men who played important and colorful roles in conquering the desert wilderness for peaceful settlement. These are books that should be in the library of every true westerner:

KIT CARSON...

By Stanley Vestal. The biography of a Scout, frontiersman, trapper and soldier—honored even by his enemies for his courage and justice ................ $3.50

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By Stuart N. Lake. The story of a man who fought gallantly to bring law and justice to the hell-roaming mining camp of Tombstone .................. $3.50

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By Grant Foreman. Whipple's mission in the West was one of peace. He surveyed the railroad route to Los Angeles. A fine biography of a strong, courageous leader .................. $3.00

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By Paul Bailey. Here is the story of the "Buckskin Apostle." Guide and missionary, Hamblin spent his life trying to preserve peace between the Indians and the frontier settlers of the Mormon Church .................. $4.50

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By Stanley Vestal. Fur trapper and Indian fighter, Jim Bridger was one of the greatest explorers and pathfinders in the days when there were neither roads nor trails—except those made by the redskins .................. $4.00

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By Alpheus H. Favour. The biography of the West's most famous Mountain Man. Trapper and guide, veteran of a hundred fights with the Indians, he seemed to lead a charmed life .................. $3.00

All books postpaid. California buyers add 3% tax

Desert Crafts Shop

Palm Desert, California
For a week the storm clouds hung threateningly over the Santa Rosa Mountains—while we who live in the valley below wondered if the drought which has scorched our desert for so long would soon be ended.

Then one morning late in July we could see the dark curtain of falling water as it moved slowly down the mountainside toward our Palm Desert homes. First there were a few splashes on the windows, and then a torrent—3½ inches in less than an hour.

Almost at once little rivulets began forming on the sandy slope of our bajada, and then they became torrents—carrying boulders they had gathered on the way. A desert cloudburst is a fearful thing.

It may be five years—or ten—before such a deluge of water comes again to our cove at the base of the Santa Rosas—but sooner or later every desert settlement finds itself in the pathway of one of these torrential downpours. The rain gods play no favorites.

Old-timers on the desert know about these cloudburst storms, and prepare for them. But in our new community some homes have been built by newcomers who had never witnessed waves of muddy water surging across the normally dry floor of the desert. They could not imagine such a thing. They had built homes with floors at ground level and without protecting curbs. The water simply swept under the door on one side and out the other.

It is not a pretty sight—an inch of mud on the front-room floor. Actually the damage was not great, for desert mud is mostly sand, and leaves no stain. A few hours in the sun and a brisk beating—and the rugs are as good as new again.

When the storm had passed, the haze that hovers over the landscape on summer days was gone. The air was clean. Mountains 25 miles away could be seen in sharp detail. The scent of larrea, the greasewood of the desert, was in the air. When they first come to the desert, some of our neighbors do not like the smell of greasewood. But after they have lived in the land of little rainfall a few years, and have learned to associate it with a desert that has been washed clean, and air that has been re-purified, their ideas change.

In a few days the ocotillo and burroweed will be out in leaf and the color-tone of the creosote-covered desert will change from olive drab to a brighter green. The lowly burroweed, because it is so plentiful, plays an important role in the color scheme of the desert landscape.

Rain at this time of the year seldom brings many wildflowers—it requires winter rains to do that. The footprints and the jeep tracks in the desert arroyos have disappeared. And when the cool months come and you and I resume our exploring trips into the desert canyons there will await us all the thrills of a first discovery.

Recently Dillon S. Myer, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in an address to the National Congress of American Indians, spoke these words:

"I have said it before—and I want to repeat—that when an Indian group is ready, willing and able to take over the full management of its own affairs, we shall be prepared to withdraw our supervision over their activities completely."

That statement from the man who is at the head of our federal Indian department, is reassuring to those of us who have felt that eventually the reservations must be abolished and the Indians placed on the same status as all other American citizens.

But it is important to keep in mind the qualifying words of that pronouncement—"ready, willing and able." In most instances the tribesmen on the reservations are not ready yet to be relieved of Uncle Sam's guardianship.

They are intelligent people—but their background of religion and tribal custom has not fitted them for the highly competitive economy of the white man. To them the land and forests have always been communal property. Their essential needs were food and shelter—and the idea of acquiring these things beyond their capacity to consume them was quite foreign. All that cannot be changed in one or two generations.

But it is a worthy goal—that the Indians be taught to assume productive roles in the civilization the white man has brought to this continent. It is only by the processes of education and training that the reservation lines eventually can be abolished. And therein lies the chief task of Mr. Myer and his co-workers in the Department of Indian Affairs.

Probably the most adaptable among the desert Indians today are the Hopis. They are an amazing people. Down through the years they have differed from most of the other tribesmen in one important respect—they have preferred to live by toil rather than by plunder. They chose one of the most barren parcels of land in the Southwest for their homes—in order that they might live in peace. They selected rocky mesas which no other tribesmen would covet.

But they are hard workers, skilled craftsmen and smart traders—and if the time ever comes that they decide to go all out for the white man's way of life they'll be tough competitors.
Scheduled fan,

Soon after he wrote the story of the Irish Cavalier for this issue of Desert Magazine, Louis J. Rasmussen was called back into active service with the U.S. Air Force and is now stationed at Westover Air Force Base with the 5th Air Rescue Squadron at Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts. He is a master sergeant.

Rasmussen is a professional writer whose home is San Francisco. For the last five years he has been with the editorial department of Hearst's San Francisco Examiner. He is also a contributor to the American Weekly Magazine and various historical publications.

Historical research is a hobby he has followed for many years, and during his spare time while on duty with the Air Force he is working on a social history of San Francisco's "400" families during the period of 1850 to 1870.

"My most critical and enthusiastic "editor," says Louis, "is my wife Barbara, and if there is any credit for my success in writing and research it is due to her." The Rasmussens have a 5-year-old daughter.

The story of Don Padriac, the Irish Cavalier, is based on historical information uncovered at the library of the University of Arizona at Tucson, and much of the credit for bringing it to light is due the late Robert Welles Ritchie formerly of the Hearst staff, who was a historian of high standing.

Ted Littlefield, who did the illustrations for the Irish Cavalier story, is a native son of Southern California and a graduate of Chaffey Union high school and Junior college at Ontario. Ted wanted to be a mining engineer, but friends who were acquainted with his talent for drawing persuaded him to go to art school instead. He was a student at both the Art Center and the Otis Art Institute in Los Angeles.

He was in the Army Air Force four years, two of them as a photo gunner in B24s and B29s. Since World War II he has devoted his time largely to commercial art. Ted has always wanted to do magazine illustration work, and he was highly appreciative of the opportunity to do the illustrations for some of Desert's lost mine stories.

This summer his vacation was spent in Monument Valley and northern Arizona taking pictures in color of subjects to be reproduced later as paintings.

Annual Death Valley Encampment is Scheduled for December 1-2

Saturday and Sunday, December 1-2 are the dates tentatively set for the 1951 Death Valley Encampment. This year's gathering will be the third in a series of celebrations which began with a centennial pageant that brought more than 60,000 visitors to Death Valley in December, 1949. Nearby communities are to present short dramatic sketches of local historical interest, and paintings and photographs of the surrounding desert and mountain area are to be on exhibit. Books and magazine articles on regional subjects are to be shown, and an "author's breakfast" is planned. Musical programs and square dances are to be included, as well as demonstrations by mounted posses and other equestrian groups. Girl and Boy Scout organizations are to be invited to participate in the programs. The Death Valley 49ers, sponsoring agency of the encampment, decided upon the December dates at a meeting June 23 at Tanbark Flat near the San Bernardino Mountains. Further plans were to be readied at a scheduled August 4-5 meeting at Greenhorn Mountain Park, near Isabell, California.
EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY!

"Motor oil makes a big difference in engine performance," says Fay Taylour, the world's top woman auto racer. The British "Queen of the Speedways," who has broken speed records throughout the world, is now appearing on American tracks. "Since coming to America I've found your Triton motor oil gives better protection to motors than any oil I've used!"

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