

THE

Desert

M A G A Z I N E



NOVEMBER, 1941

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

25 CENTS

The "Hermit" is My Friend . . .

Boise, Idaho

Dear Desert Folks:

I have just received the October issue of your wonderful magazine and it was with a distinct shock that I read the article about the "Hermit of Impassable Canyon." The "hermit" is no other than Earl Parot, who is a personal friend of mine and whom I esteem very highly.

Of course you have a nice story, but surely the author was not acquainted with this wonderful man whom it was my pleasure to know over 30 years.

He is certainly a mild-mannered, honorable, fine fellow and I am proud to know him.

Your magazine is very interesting and I hope we will be able to contribute something that will be of value to your publication, and if there is anything you have in mind that we might furnish you, it will be a pleasure to have you call on us. With best wishes, I am,

ALLEN C. MERRITT

Those Highhat Californians . . .

Lovington, N. M.

Dear Sirs:

I am writing you for a little information. While it may be out of your line of business, I hope you can tell me anyway. I am planning to spend a few months on the Arizona and California deserts and as it has been 17 years since I was there and things happen so fast and in different ways, I would be pleased to know if there is any restrictions in regards to entering California and if so, would like to know what they are.

ROGERS LYNCH

Mr. Lynch: In view of the restrictions now imposed at state boundaries not only by California but by a number of other states that is a very proper question. However, I am glad to assure you that if you have a certificate for your car, and bring no boll worms or other plant pests along with you there will be no difficulty. —R.H.

Mine was Too Rich . . .

Pasadena, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

While I have been away on an extended tour through the northwest, I have been a constant reader of the Desert Magazine. I find it in most all news stands everywhere.

In the October issue on page 20, in an article by G. Dale Hamilton entitled "Bonanza on Treasure Hill"—it is stated that silver ore at Hamilton, Nevada, yielded \$27,000 to the ton.

I visited this old "ghost" town late in August and heard a lot of tales about it as usual. But I am wondering whether or not at that time, the price of silver was as high as \$1.12½ per ounce. That is the price they must have gotten and it must have yielded 24,000 ounces to the ton.

Figure it yourself, any way you like, and then draw your own conclusions.

A couple of years ago, there was a story circulated around Bodie, that ore was discovered in an old shaft there, at the 800 foot level that assayed \$3,000 to the pound, and many people repeated the yarn, and many believed it.

I have always been more or less a skeptic in regard to these old tales of long ago, and maybe I am "all wet" but still—I wonder? There is the Peg Leg, the Lost Dutchman, Weepah and a host of others all in the same vein, that make me reach for the salt shaker. Skeptically yours,

ROY CARSON

P.S.—I am not looking for lost mines, but I get a kick out of reading about them in Desert (the best magazine in the West). So-what?

—R.C.

LETTERS

Those Tenderfeet . . .

Ajo, Arizona

Dear Desert Magazine:

I wish you would tell the whole wide world how to pronounce the name of this town. The tenderfeet insist on calling us "Ah-jo"—j as in jolly. Sounds like the monkey man in a side-show.

There isn't a prettier place name in the Southwest than Ajo when it is given the correct Spanish pronunciation—Ah-ho.

The Ajo members of your Desert Magazine clan will be forever grateful for a little help through your very readable columns.

BILL VESTAL

At Lead Pipe Springs . . .

Los Angeles, California

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find a picture of a tame bird that came into our camp over the Labor day weekend. At that time the Los Angeles lapidary society had a field trip near Lead Pipe springs, in the desert east of Randsburg.

On our arrival to camp Saturday morning, we noticed this unusually tame bird running about. It seemed utterly fearless and just kept out of arm's reach. Bread crumbs were offered it, but it was not interested. However, it soon showed us what kind of food it liked, when it followed the erratic flight of a grasshopper, caught it and crept into the bushes to eat it. Several men in the party caught grasshoppers, which the bird took from their hands. It also stopped hunting food itself and hung around for the men to provide the insects.

When a person left camp, the bird would follow him, expecting a handout, and would be flying and running and keeping almost under the feet, until it was convinced no grasshoppers were forthcoming. Then it would fly back to camp.

It stayed around all day but at evening it joined three birds that chanced to be flying by. We thought that was the last of the bird, but early next morning we found it perched on the cot of one of our members, waiting for its breakfast.

As I happened to get more grasshoppers for the bird than some of the others, it made my camp its headquarters and followed me every time I left the spot. This picture was taken of the bird eating a grasshopper from my hand. I found by holding the grasshopper firmly, the bird would fly to my hand and pick the insect until it was consumed. This was done several times, and limited only by the lack of grasshoppers.

I am not sure of the identity of the bird, but hazard the guess it was a Dwarf Cow Bird. It was about the size of a black bird, plumage was a drab brown with white edges around the feathers. The breast was full, with beak straight and strong and eyes black. None of us heard it make any cry.

When we broke camp Labor day, it was still there. Perhaps some of your readers could correctly identify the bird from this rather meager description and possibly someone might come in contact with it, in the vicinity of Lead Pipe springs where we were looking for blue agate nodules.

The bird event was one of the highlights of our trip, and all enjoyed its friendly visit.

CHARLES G. SCHWEITZER

Birthday Greetings . . .

El Centro, California

Dear Randall:

When I picked up the October issue of Desert Magazine and I saw that it contained the index to Volume IV, I realized then that you have completed your fourth year of publication.

Congratulations upon what you have achieved and congratulations to you upon attaining an ideal which I know you had in your mind for many years. The Desert Magazine has become a wonderful publication under your leadership. May you have many times 4 times 4 times 4 years of continued success.

ROBERT HAYS

Thanks, Bob, but the ideal isn't attained yet.
—R.H.

Jitterbug for Rockhounds . . .

Denver, Colorado

Dear Mr. Henderson:

Private David E. Smith's letter in the August issue of Desert Magazine reminds me that there is a general agreement in this part of the country that the new army car, known around the posts as the Jeep or Jitterbug, is really ideal for rock hunting, in the mountains as well as the desert. I believe that if mineral collectors realize this, the government will have little trouble in disposing of what are left of them when the wars are over. Each mineral club should own one to be rented to members who are making trips off the improved highways. Desert Magazine might remind its readers about this when the time comes.

RICHARD M. PEARL
Secretary
Colorado Mineral Society

"Maze was Always There" . . .

San Bernardino, California

Dear Mr. Henderson:

After reading the very good letter of Frederick C. Butler in the October number of The Desert Magazine in which he comments on the "Mystic Maze" south of Needles, I would like with your permission, to say a few words myself on that subject.

To begin with, one man's guess as to its origin is as good as another's for nobody knows.

Until the first rough auto road was built across the hills from Needles to the Santa Fe Tropic bridge the maze was to all intents unknown. (That road connected with the railroad bridge, which was planked over to allow passage of automobiles.)

Then the maze, close to the highway, began to attract attention. Some years ago a Los Angeles magazine expressed the belief that railroad engineers in the search for beds of gravel needed in the bridge construction were responsible for the maze.

Now, as I very well remember, preliminary work on that bridge began in 1888. Mark the date.

R. J. Halsey came to Needles with the railroad in 1883. In 1886, while traveling on foot towards Needles from the Black Metal mine of Pete McGuire down the river, he came upon the maze but thought nothing of it, for, in truth, it is not at all impressive.

Years later, after it had been formally "discovered," Halsey, Wm. Hutt and the writer went down to look at it. "Shucks," said Bob Halsey, "I saw that in 1886 and forgot all about it."

Subsequently the three of us, individually and collectively, questioned many old Indians about it and invariably the answer was: "We don't know who made it. It was always there."

CHARLES BATTYE

DESERT Calendar

- OCT. 31-NOV. 1 Palm Springs-Coachella Valley boat races, Salton Sea, California.
- OCT. 31-NOV. 1 Nevada's 77th Admission day, Carson City. Parade, pageant and "1864 Ball," Saturday.
- OCT. 31-NOV. 1 Annual livestock show, Ogden, Utah. E. J. Fjeldsted, show manager.
- NOV. 1-2 Home-coming for alumni of Arizona State Teachers college, Flagstaff. Football game Saturday with N. M. College of Agriculture, followed by Home-coming ball.
- 1-8 Deer season in Ruidoso and Sacramento areas, New Mexico. Special permit applications from state game office, Santa Fe, before Oct. 20.
- 1-DEC. 31 Nevada season on mountain hare and cottontail; varies in counties.
- 2 All Saints' day at Taos Pueblo, New Mexico.
- 2 Pheasant season opens in Utah. Counties vary 2 to 5 days.
- 6 Frederick Jagel, Metropolitan Opera tenor, guest artist with Albuquerque, New Mexico, Civic Symphony orchestra, opening 10th concert season.
- 6-8 Arizona City Days, marking 70th anniversary of Arizona City as Yuma county seat. At Yuma, Arizona.
- 8 Masonic ceremonial at Carlsbad Caverns, New Mexico. Members of Shrine Temples of San Diego, Phoenix, El Paso, Albuquerque and Reno among those to attend.
- 8-16 Arizona State Fair, Phoenix. Zach T. Addington, chairman.
- 9-11 Mojave Empire rodeo, Calico guest ranch at Yermo, California.
- 12 Fiesta of Don Diego, Tesuque Indian Pueblo, New Mexico.
- 13-15 50th annual convention of Arizona Education association at Phoenix Union High school.
- 13-15 Fiesta del Sol, Phoenix, Arizona.
- 15-16 14th A. A. U. Swimming and Diving meet, El Mirador hotel, Palm Springs, California.
- 16 Gadsden fete, Old Mesilla, New Mexico. Celebrates consummation of the Gadsden purchase, bringing it into the U. S.
- 16-30 Arizona open season on quail. Extended to December 16 in Yuma and Mohave counties.
- 29 Annual Festival, Brawley, California (tentative).
- Utah open season on ducks, geese, coot continues through November to Dec. 14 (opened Oct. 16).



Volume 5

NOVEMBER, 1941

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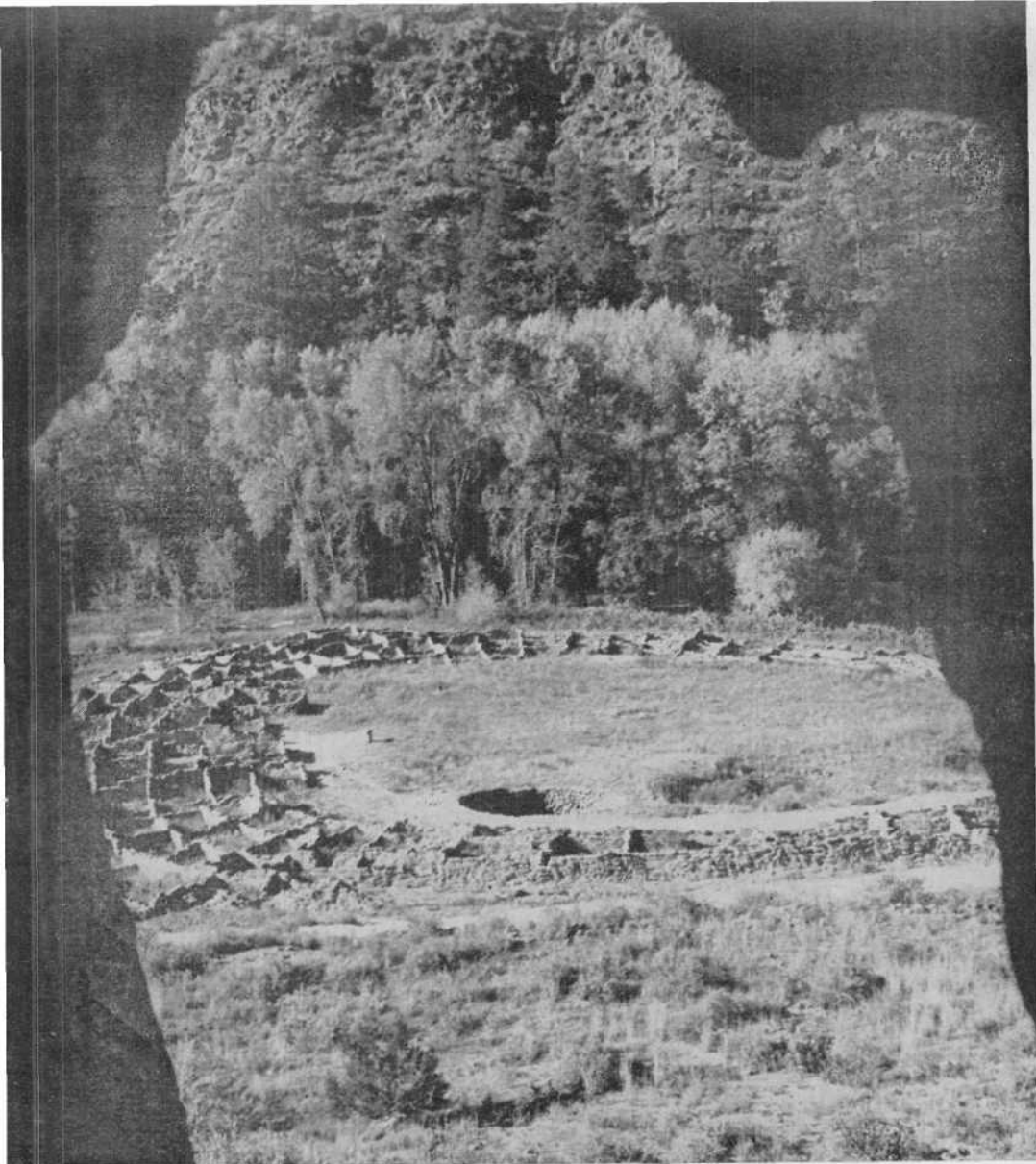
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Tyuonyi ruins in Frijoles canyon.

Mora M. Brown went to the ancient ruins in Frijoles canyon on a moonlit midnight to endeavor, in her imagination, to bridge the vast span of time since the ancients dwelt in this place. For her it was a rich experience—and if you are one of those humans who find peace and inspiration in the solitude of a lonely desert canyon, you will enjoy it with her.

Midnight at Bandelier

By MORA M. BROWN

IT WAS a rich experience—the midnight I spent among ancient ruins in October moonlight. The moon, full and glowing, made luminous the gold-leafed trees along the little river and the tumbled walls upon the gentle slope. Its magic carried me far back into the past.

I do not know why I selected the Frijoles canyon ruins in Bandelier national monument near Santa Fe, New Mexico, but for weeks I had thought about this moonlight tryst with the ancients who once dwelt in this place.

It was late afternoon as my husband and I wound among the tufa canyons of this

great table-land and saw in the soft cliffs the caves which olden men had carved out for their homes. It was sunset when we slanted downward from the juniper and piñon covered mesa into the long court before the modern stone pueblos which are headquarters and lodge.

At that late hour in that late month we were the only visitors. Our guide led us from the museum to a pathway shaded by cottonwoods, alders and box-elders, and bordered by the stream. Beyond the quiet water spread a lovely rock-trimmed campground in the shade of oak and pine.

Then the pathway left the stream and

led us to the first kiva, a rock-lined, circular chamber in the ground where these ancient people conducted tribal ceremonials. We brushed past wild gallardia in bloom, past rabbit-bush, sunflowers and buckwheat dry with autumn, then through a labyrinthine entrance into the ruins known as Tyuonyi.

Six hundred years ago this was a multiple-storied community dwelling built in the form of a huge oval about an open plaza. The ruins of three kivas, one freed of debris, edged the path on our left. To the right, beyond the huddled and broken little stone rooms, rose a rugged basalt and tufa cliff in which were the cave-homes of people whose front yards had been the roof-tops of stone houses strung all along the base of the cliff.

Tyuonyi is not a complete oval now; its highest point is not yet excavated. But in the resurrected walls of the 200 standing rooms, and in the artifacts found there, is revealed the story of the life its builders lived.

In the face of posted warnings it took courage for me to ask if I might return in moonlight. But Ranger Elmore said yes. He may have sensed the way I felt about it. "But," he added, "it will be midnight before the moon reaches the ruins, and midnight will be cold."

Midnight—good! My one remaining problem was how to come to it alone.

There are times when a husband's desire to be protective is an error. I needed that quiet hour away from talk of war. I needed it to reach beyond myself. But no, husband said, it wouldn't be right for him to leave me there alone.

But he was tired. Stretched out on a warm bed to wait for midnight, he fell asleep; and I, warmly wrapped, slipped out alone.

What a changed world! The moon was king, and he covered his kingdom with that special kind of brightness which flattens everything to two dimensions. Moon-touched objects were luminously silver; shadows were absolutely black. Gone with sunset were the landmarks of the day.

Where was the path? We had gone out the rear door, and then which way? The ruins, I recalled, were on a long slope. I could see the black cliff standing guard behind them. I started out across the slope to intercept the path.

It was strange the way the ground, which in full daylight had been stationary, began to hump itself and to drop in sudden hollows. Even my flashlight could not keep me from stumbling, from getting entangled with brush, from being scratched. But I kept on; the black cliff was always ahead. It was only the path which was hiding. I do not know how long I fell into little washes before I

turned around and stumbled back to the one light waiting in one window.

From there I began again. If I went first to the stream, I reasoned, then bore to the right, I'd find the path sometime . . .

Just beyond the camp-ground bridge I found it wandering, lace-shadowed and strewn with autumn leaves, beside the creek. In the night silence the dry leaves were small explosions underneath my feet. The sound of the water was like young voices murmuring. The air, a mile high and in October, was biting through my clothes.

You come upon objects abruptly in moonlight. The first kiva was a sudden black crescent lying flat upon the ground. I almost collided with the first wall of Tyuonyi, so suddenly it came to meet me. The basalt and tufa cliff, jet black with shadow, seemed just beyond my reach.

But I was there at last, alone in moonlit silence with a thousand yesterdays. They crowded about me, bringing pictures of little-things-that-were: Cornstalks bending in a summer wind; squash, half green, half ripe, upon a creeping vine. Cotton puffs on scraggly little bushes. Brown-bodied hunters bringing in their kill. Women cooking over smoking fires. Children playing. Dogs barking. Turkeys gobbling. A harvest dance with masks and chants and drums, and firelight making all the shadows quiver. And over there, by themselves, two new home-makers—he bringing stones, she plastering the mud on with her hands.

Slowly I moved along the path which edged those clustered rooms. I could almost hear the sound of soft foot-falls, the echo of lost laughter. Carefully I stepped over a low wall, and on the far side of the small room which "they" built I felt the mud plaster until my fingers found an indentation made by that other woman's hand.

What was she like? I wondered. Young, doubtless. In love with the young brave who brought stones for this room. Had she plastered dreams as well as mud between them? Was it here that she became a mother? Probably. And just beyond that narrow doorway, in the sunshine of the plaza, she had made her pottery, nursed her children, cooked her simple meals. And sometimes in the night she had leaned against this very wall with her small boy in her arms, and rocked herself to still his crying. Perhaps, as she rocked, as mothers have done in every time and place, she had thought about the future of her sons. She had thought of simple things like hon-

esty and kindness and courage; normal things like homes and families and work; needful things, like dependence on one's God.

And then I wondered if, years later, from somewhere out beyond her world, had come the terrifying rumble of a mad-man warrior. I wondered if their Chief had summoned all the strong young braves and made them ready. I wondered what she might have thought in such dark days.

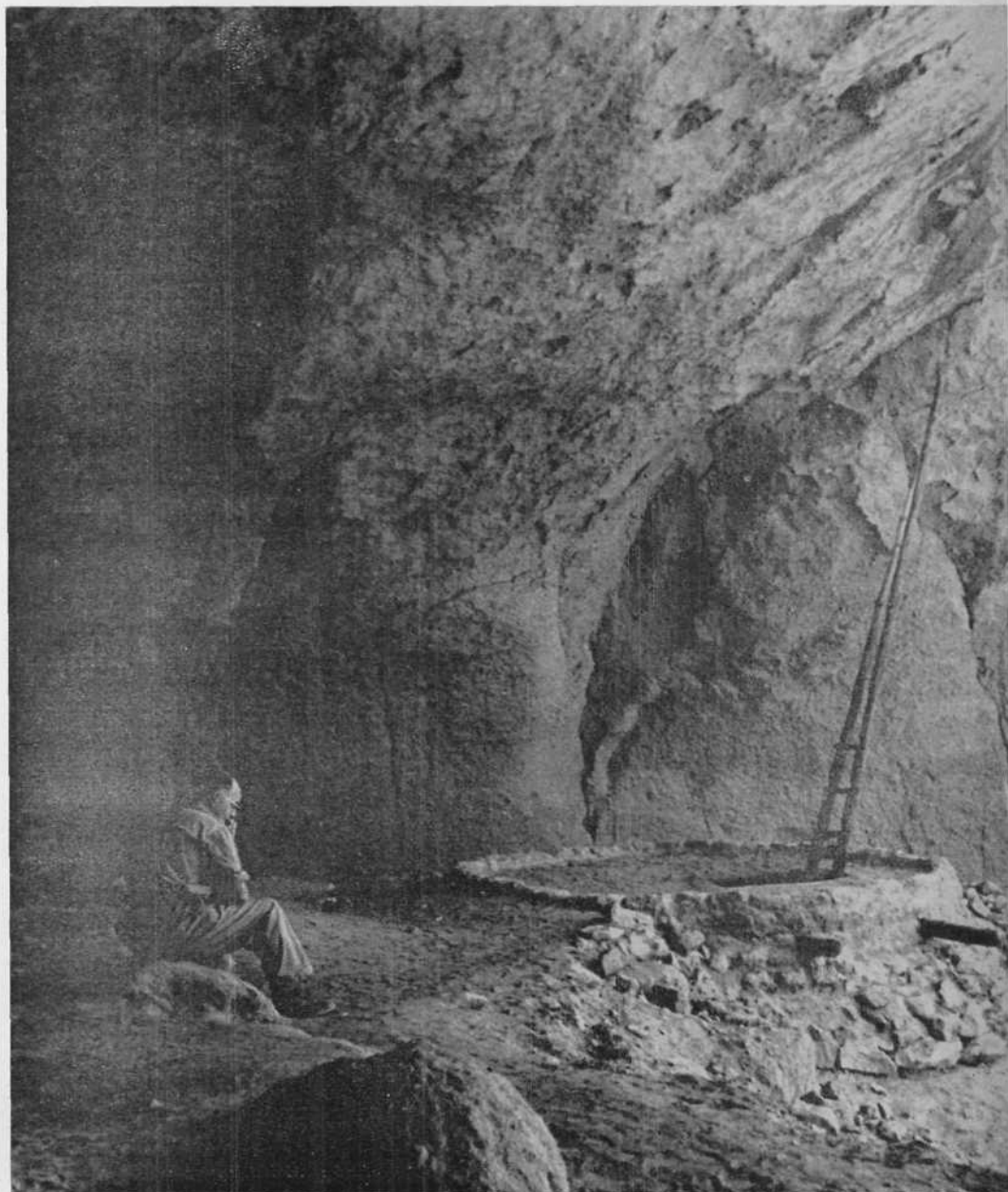
Perhaps, one night while her husband slept, she had come out into the moonlight and wandered alone up the pathway to the cliff, up the narrow stone stairs leading to the caves, up in silent moccasins to the rooftop of a friend.

As if I were with her, I went up that path and up the narrow stairs. From the reconstructed rooftop of an ancient dwelling I looked, not down upon the ruins,

but up into the sky. I saw the moon unchanged and undisturbed by centuries of war. I saw the stars, constant and unswerving in their charted courses. I saw the mist of countless stars beyond them. These were the same moon and stars which had hovered over her.

Artless, simple, unaffected, that yesterday's woman had been. Perhaps it was as natural for her as breathing to understand the message spread before her in the sky, a message written by the Great Spirit in glowing symbols of Wisdom, Omnipotence and Love.

I stood there a long time, alone with more than moonlight, more than yesterdays, more than her. For there, in the silvered quiet, as far away from man-made discord as the woman of my thought, I reached beyond myself into the silence, and found there, too, my Peace.



The circular underground room is a kiva—that served as both club room and ceremonial chamber for the men of the tribe.

Here is the story of Willie-boy, the Pahute killer who terrorized the Southern California desert region for a brief period in 1909. Most of the waterholes in the region covered by the Indian renegade are now accessible to automobiles—but in reading this story it should be kept in mind that the posses which followed the trail of the Indian were traveling on horses at a time when few roads and virtually no supplies were available for man or beast east of Banning.

On the Trail of Willie-boy

By JAMES L. CARLING

ON AN October day 32 years ago the white smoke of a Pahute funeral pyre rose from among granite boulders at the southern extremity of the Mojave desert and plumed skyward into the blue. It was perhaps more symbolic than any of the watchers knew, for it marked the passing of an era for California.

In the amazing chronicle of Willie-boy, Pahute Indian kidnapper and murderer, are to be found all the elements of action, suspense and grim frontier justice which distinguish the typical Hollywood "western." They are all there—the only difference lies in the fact that this particular drama was played in deadly earnest.

My search for the true version of the Willie-boy story led to the files of the San Bernardino Daily Sun for September and October, 1909, and to interviews with Ben de Crevecoeur and Joe Toutain, officers in the posse which finally ran the killer to earth.

Both of these men, now grey-haired and elderly, live in Banning, California, at a

trailer park and auto camp operated by Toutain. Both were helpful in supplying information, but it was from Ben de Crevecoeur that I got the complete story.

His face, weathered by years of sun and wind, creased to a grin when I broached the subject. "Willie-boy? Sure, I guess I can tell you what you want to know. But I thought folks had forgotten all about that by this time."

I remarked that if they had, it lent all the more purpose to a recounting of the tale now. He laughed and invited me into



Isoleta Boniface, 15-year-old Indian girl, kidnapped and then killed by Willie-boy. Photograph from Los Angeles Record of October 16, 1909.

his little cabin. He eased his heavy-set figure into a chair very carefully, explaining that he was favoring a back injury sustained two years ago.

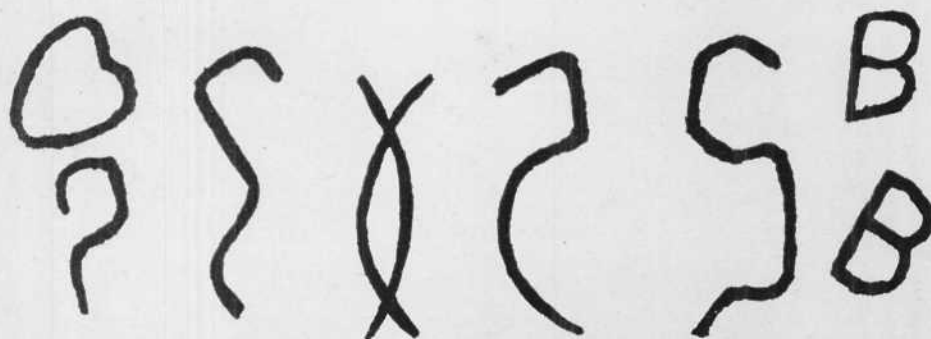
"I s'pose you'd want to know something of what Willie-boy was like before he became notorious. I can answer that in a couple of words—he was just an ordinary Indian. He worked around Banning as a cowboy, and he was a good one—trustworthy and dependable."

"The whole business really started," Ben continued, "back in 1908. Willie-boy was interested in a 14-year-old Pahute girl named Isoleta Boniface. Her father was Old Mike Boniface, and he didn't like Willie-boy—warned him to keep away from the girl."

"How old was Willie-boy?"

"Twenty-five or six. He was hot-headed enough not to take Old Mike's warning, and a little while after that he kidnapped Isoleta from the family's camp at Twenty-nine Palms. Mike was in a terrible rage and trailed the two, and before he took the girl back he told Willie-boy the next time he came near her he'd kill him."

"That seemed to change Willie-boy. He became surly and glum, and he must have done an awful lot of thinking about the



This message scrawled in the sand by Isoleta Boniface as she was being forced to accompany Willie-boy in his flight from the officers, was translated by Indian Jim Pine—"My heart is almost gone . . . I will be dead soon."

wrong he figured had been done him. Anyway, during the next year he came to hate Old Mike just as much as he liked Isoleta.

"Maybe nothing would have come of it, but toward the end of September, 1909, Ringling Bros. circus was in San Bernardino. One day—September 26 it was—a young white friend of Willie-boy's went in to the county seat to see the show. While he was there he bought a suitcase full of liquor, and when he came back late that afternoon he and Willie-boy got drunk. Sometime in the early evening the white boy started feeling badly and went home. So there was Willie-boy, ugly-drunk, with nothing to do but sit by himself and think. But with all that booze in him, he didn't sit very long.

"He went over to the Gilman ranch, where the Boniface family always worked during the summer. Willie-boy had worked there himself, off and on, and he knew the layout perfectly. He broke into a supply shed where they kept some guns, and stole a Winchester .30-30 and a couple of boxes of cartridges.

"Then he crept up to where Old Mike and his wife and seven kids were sleeping under a big cottonwood. He stood close, lifted his rifle, and shot the old man through the head.

"That was about nine o'clock Sunday night. At the sound of the shot the whole family woke up screeching, but Willie-boy threw down on them with the rifle and they shut up pretty quick. Then he pulled a gaudy-looking scarf and a pair of high-colored garters out of his pocket and threw 'em at Isoleta. She didn't pick 'em up, so he grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her off down a little ravine into the dark. He told the family that he was going to hide there all night, and if they made a sound he'd come back and slaughter 'em all. To give you an idea of how scared they were, they didn't report the murder until six o'clock the next morning.

"We got on the job the minute we heard about it. I was Constable, and United States special officer at Banning in those days, and I rounded up Toutain and some more of the boys for a posse. We picked up Willie-boy's trail at the Gilman place and followed it across the orchards to the Southern Pacific tracks. From there it headed east along the hills, and we could see he was making for the open desert."

"Wasn't it pretty tough going trying to track a man through all the rocks and brush of the Pass?" I inquired. I was thinking of the 20-mile stretch of uneven, heavily-bushed territory that sloped from Banning down to the floor of the desert.

"Sure," grunted Ben. "He was a mighty smart Indian, too, but we had boys in the posse who were as good as he was. Most of us were born and raised around here—me up in the Morongo valley and Toutain right here in the San Gorgonio Pass coun-



Riverside, Cal., Oct. 1st, 1909

Wanted for Murder

\$50.00 Reward

Willie Boy, a Chimawawa Indian. 28 years old. Height 5 feet 8 or 9 inches. Weight 150 pounds. Smooth face. Medium build. Has a scar under his chin where he was shot about three years ago, the bullet coming out of the mouth, taking out two or three teeth. Wore new black hat, dark gray coat and pants.

Willie Boy is wanted for the murder of Old Mike, an Indian, on Sept. 26, 1909, at Banning, Cal. He also shot and killed Old Mike's daughter on Sept. 30th, after forcing her to follow him 70 miles in the mountains. He was trailed to a point about 25 miles northeast of The Pipes in the San Bernardino mountains on Sept. 30, 1909, and was headed toward Daggett or Newberry. He has a 30-30 rifle with him and is a desperate man. Take no chances with him. I hold warrant for murder. Arrest and send any information to

F. P. WILSON, Sheriff.

After the killing of Old Mike Boniface, Sheriff Wilson of Riverside county obtained this picture of Willie-boy and had these notices posted all over the Southwest.

try. We grew up with the Indians and learned all their tricks.

"There were a couple of times that day when we thought we had him. We were so close we could even hear the girl scream. But Willie-boy was like the devil himself for keeping out of sight, and he'd manage to double back until sometimes he was trailing us. All day long we were right on his heels, though, and finally he cut across the Pass toward the old Whitewater ranch on the north side. It got so dark then that we had to pull up for the night just outside the ranch. We figured that at dawn, when the horses were fresh, we could run him down in pretty short order.

"It was a bad night, rainy and windy, but as soon as it got light again we started on. The trouble was, we found that Willie-boy had been a little quicker. His trail led on up Whitewater canyon a ways, and then up over the rim of the canyon to the Devil's Garden. Down in the bed of the creek we found a patch of mud with some Indian sign scratched on it. We got old Jim Pine, a Pahute, to read it for us, and he said it had been done by Isoleta. The poor girl was pretty bad off. What she'd written meant something like, 'My heart is almost gone . . . I will be dead soon . . .'

"Scouting around on the high ground out of the canyon I was the first to pick up the trail again. I yelled for the rest of the boys but I didn't wait. I was clear over to the foot of the Little San Bernardinos before they caught up with me.

"We went up Big Morongo canyon, off to the right of where the road goes through today, and on into the Morongo valley. We didn't know it, but Willie-boy was hiding in a juniper bush at the top of the summit, watching us come.

"We were over the line into San Bernardino county by this time, and a posse from San Bernardino, headed by Deputy Sheriff Charley Reche, joined us. We followed the trail along the northwest side of the valley and up through a little canyon toward The Pipes. Do you know that Pipes country?" Ben asked suddenly.

I said that I'd been over all the region covered by the manhunt—that is, as far as four wheels could take me.

He nodded. "Then you know it's a mighty barren, unfriendly piece of land. That was where Willie-boy started showing how smart he was. He'd circle around, sometimes go out of his way to follow along dry, hard creek beds, and he'd roll big rocks down across the trail. And right about there we found a big jackrabbit he picked off at a hundred yards or so. He cut off the head and left it there so's we'd see the bullet had hit the rabbit clean in the eye. That was his way of telling us what we could look forward to.

"When he got to The Pipes he broke into a miner's cabin and helped himself to some flour, a canteen and ammunition. Instead of carrying it himself he loaded it all

onto Isoleta's back, using her for a pack-animal. The girl was in a bad way by then. We could tell by her tracks that she was just dragging herself along. Not far from there she came to the end of her trail. She dropped her load and tried to run. But she was too weak. She staggered over to a rocky wall and leaned against it. Willie-boy never even tried to follow. He just pulled up his gun and shot her as she stood—through the back. And then, having gotten rid of his drag, that Indian lit out and ran 11 miles without stopping.

"The sight of that girl's body was something a person would want to forget, but couldn't," he said quietly. "We came on it while it was still warm. Her clothes were just rags, she was welts and bruises all over, and there were cactus spines in her flesh. She had worn through her thin little shoes, and her feet were raw and bloody.

"Well, we took her back to Banning, and delivered her to the relatives. The whole countryside was roused up by the girl's killing, and Willie-boy got the reputation right then and there of being just a mad-dog murderer, which he sure enough was. We phoned in to San Bernardino, and Sheriff John Ralphs and Deputy George Hewins started out for Daggett in the Mojave to outfit a posse there. We figured Willie-boy was headed for the Pahute country in Nevada, and they might cut him off. My brother Waldemar joined Ralphs in Daggett. Wal was one of the best trackers who ever lived in this or any other territory. Their outfit started into the desert from Newberry.

"By that time Charley Reche and the rest of us had gone back and picked up the cold trail. We followed it northeast, out toward Ludlow. Then our supplies ran low and we decided to cut south to the base camp which had been set up at Surprise spring. That was the time when plain dumb luck saw us through, because near the spring we crossed Willie-boy's trail again—and it was fresh! He'd gone east beyond the Bullion mountains to Sheeps-hole spring, and then dropped down toward Twentynine Palms. We didn't know it at the time, but he had his own rifle cached at the Palms, along with a revolver and some cartridges.

"The place was nothing but an Indian village in those days. When Willie-boy reached there he found nearly everybody gone—scared off. But one old squaw had heard about the killings and had sunk his gun and shells to the bottom of a deep pool of water by the springs. Willie-boy raided a watermelon patch and stole two melons which he started to pack away with him. Just as he was leaving the Palms he saw the posse coming in. We were pretty well strung out, which probably saved our lives, because he dropped his melons and hid in the mesquite on a little ridge that was within easy gunshot.

"When we'd found Willie-boy's trail we'd sent word to the rest of the boys to meet us in Twentynine Palms, figuring that if it came to a showdown we'd better have more men. So when we got in at the springs close to sundown we waited. The later it got the madder we were, and by the time they showed up it had been dark for a couple of hours. That was one of the biggest disappointments on the whole chase.

"But we were hot on the trail at dawn the next morning. We found the Indian had started back toward Surprise spring and then turned due west, heading for the far mountains where he'd killed the girl. We really drove those horses that day, I'll tell you, and we gained on him. Just about noon we came to where he'd built himself a little fire and cooked a big black lizard. Toutain shoved his hand in the ashes, and they were still warm.

"We piled into the saddle and rode west again, trying to catch some sight of him up ahead. The greasewood and brush is pretty thin up there, but that son-of-a-gun managed to hide away in it, running hell-bent-for-leather all the time. We could see the mark of his rifle-butt where it dragged in the sand."

"He must have been pretty close to the breaking point."

Ben rocked back in his chair. There was a grudging admiration in his voice as he said: "That's what we thought—but he kept right on. Things were getting mighty tense. We were dead certain we'd take him any minute. We found the print of his whole body where he'd flung himself down in the mud of a dry-lake bed to suck up a few drops of rain-water. Beyond the lake his tracks started zig-zagging back and forth to throw us off and delay us. In the middle of the afternoon we came across some rocks he'd tossed together into a kind of fort—he must have figured to make a stand, and then changed his mind again at the last minute.

"We kept up the grind until the light was so bad we couldn't see any more, and when we finally pulled up there was 40 miles of dry, hot desert behind us. That Indian had covered that distance since noon, running most of the way and lugging a rifle.

"Our horses were just about blown with the strain, so we rode into a little box canyon where there was a waterhole. We sat around there in the dark, talking over our next move, and I guess we wouldn't have been quite as easy about it if we'd known that Willie-boy was lying in a little hole under a slab of granite, not 50 feet away, listening to everything we said. If it hadn't been so dark he'd have picked us off like a bunch of clay pigeons in a shooting gallery. I don't figure I was ever any closer to the pearly gates than that.

"So there we sat, telling him all about it. We finally headed out of there for Old



Woman springs, where we hoped we could get some fodder for the horses and a little food for ourselves. Our supplies were down to the point where a half can of kidney beans was doing a man a whole day. But we were out of luck at the springs—the ranch house had burned and there wasn't a soul there so we just had to make shift with what we had.

"Next morning when we went back to the waterhole we found Willie-boy's tracks covering our own, and I can tell you we felt pretty cheap. That day we trailed him into the granites along the mountains, and the going was tougher. It's not as easy following a man over rock as it is over sand."

I said that it would seem to be a practical impossibility, but Ben shook his head.

"No, we were lucky there. Willie-boy was still wearing his shoes. When a man has shoes on you can trail him even on a clean granite surface—if you look mighty sharp you can see a little whitish patch every step he takes. Of course, you have to be close after him, or the marks will be gone in a few hours.

"We had a base camp at Warren's well," continued Ben, "and we started operating out of there. Thursday morning the posse split up into two groups and Charley Reche, Joe Nowlin, my brother Wal de Crevecoeur, John Hyde and Segundo Chino started out together. John and Segundo were Indian trackers. Toward the

middle of the day they had worked around south of Saddlerock spring, just about three miles from where the girl was killed, when all of a sudden a rifle cracked from somewhere up in the rocks. Charley Reche's horse dropped out from under him, and Charley pitched to the ground and just laid there. A bullet had hit the handcuffs in his hip pocket and split in two. One half had gone into his back at the base of his spine, and the other half had ranged down and killed the horse outright.

"The other boys jumped for cover, and at the same minute Willie-boy started shooting their horses. He shot three more, killing two and crippling the third, and

the fourth one was scared enough by the noise to plunge out of range before he was hit.

"Wal and Joe Nowlin were trying to hide behind a piñon, and every time they stuck their noses out Willie-boy would 'bark' the tree with a rifle bullet. It would have been worse than suicide to try to reach Charley. He was back of a rock, unconscious, but his position was wide open for Willie-boy to shoot anybody who tried to get to him.

"There wasn't any way of telling where the shots were coming from. The echoes bounced the noise around so it sounded like whole barrages every time the Indian fired. All they could do was lie and wait. After a while Segundo Chino sneaked around and up into the rocks and pumped a couple of bullets into where they figured Willie-boy might be, but nobody could tell whether it did any good.

"Reche laid there all afternoon in the sun. Willie-boy yelled down at them every

so often, 'Why don't you come out in the open? I would shoot an Indian, but not a white man!' There weren't any of 'em anxious to accommodate him.

"Finally it was dark enough so they were able to get out to Reche. Even so, they were in a pretty tough spot. He needed a doctor badly, but the moon wasn't due to rise until two that night, and they couldn't find their way out in the dark. Early in the evening they sent old John Hyde to try to find the rest of us at Warren's well, and just as he left they heard a single, muffled shot from up in the rocks. Nobody paid much attention—they were too busy with Reche.

"I had stepped out of the ranch house at Warren's well as John Hyde came running in. I threw up my rifle, figuring it might be Willie-boy, but he fell on my neck and gasped out, 'All dead—all dead!' He was pretty near dead himself—he'd run clear up into The Pipes thinking we might be there, and then all the way back to the

Wells, a distance of about 24 miles. As soon as we could get any sense out of him we started for the scene of the ambush in a wagon—we didn't have a horse left that was fit to saddle.

"We had plenty of trouble finding the place—John Hyde was too scared and too worn out to go with us, and his directions were none too clear. But about three o'clock in the morning, as we were heading in back of Rock Corral we met my brother and Joe Nowlin and Segundo Chino packing Reche out on the unwounded horse. There was quite an argument as to what to do then—a few of the boys thought we ought to stick right there where we had Willie-boy cornered, but the Sheriff held out for going back to Banning and re-outfitting with more men and plenty of supplies. Our stomachs were so darned empty that it seemed the only sensible thing, so we lugged poor old Charley back to Warren's well and got a doctor for him. He was in pretty bad shape from shock and loss of blood and lack of attention.

"At the Wells we argued some more, but the whole business ended up by us all going back to Banning. We figured to outfit again as quick as possible and then see the thing through to a finish. We sent hay and barley and supplies out to all the base camps we had—Old Woman springs, different mines and ranches all over the territory. It took longer than we'd figured, and by the time we were ready to start it was Tuesday. Altogether we had about 100 men, split up into three posses. Ralphs was going to take one in through Bear valley, the second was starting out of Victorville, and we were coming up from Banning. We were all supposed to come together at the place where we'd left the trail.

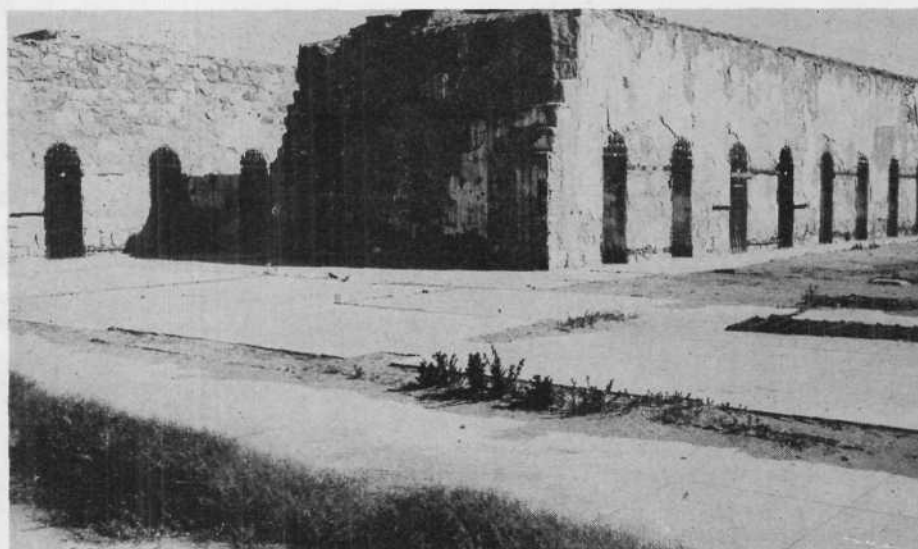
"The whole countryside was aroused by then. Ranchers and miners were coming in from the outposts, and the Indians here were panicky for fear Willie-boy would come back and start a wholesale slaughter. We had to post guards on the roads into Banning. There were even people who were looking for a Pahute uprising all through the valley and over to the Arizona border.

"Well we started out Tuesday. Thursday night we rode into Rock corral and found Deputy Sheriff George Hewins there waiting for us. Altogether we had 27 head of stock, and there wasn't enough water at the corral to give half a dozen a good drink. They just had to go without. By four o'clock the next morning we were in the saddle again, and Hewins and the pack animals started for Old Woman springs. The rest of us cut back up in the hills to pick up Willy-boy's trail.

"When we came to the spot where the boys had been ambushed we spread out, keeping our guns free and ready. We scouted around, not knowing what we were looking for—a killer, or just his week-old tracks heading out of there.

Crumbling Walls in Arizona

Who can identify this picture?



PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT . . .

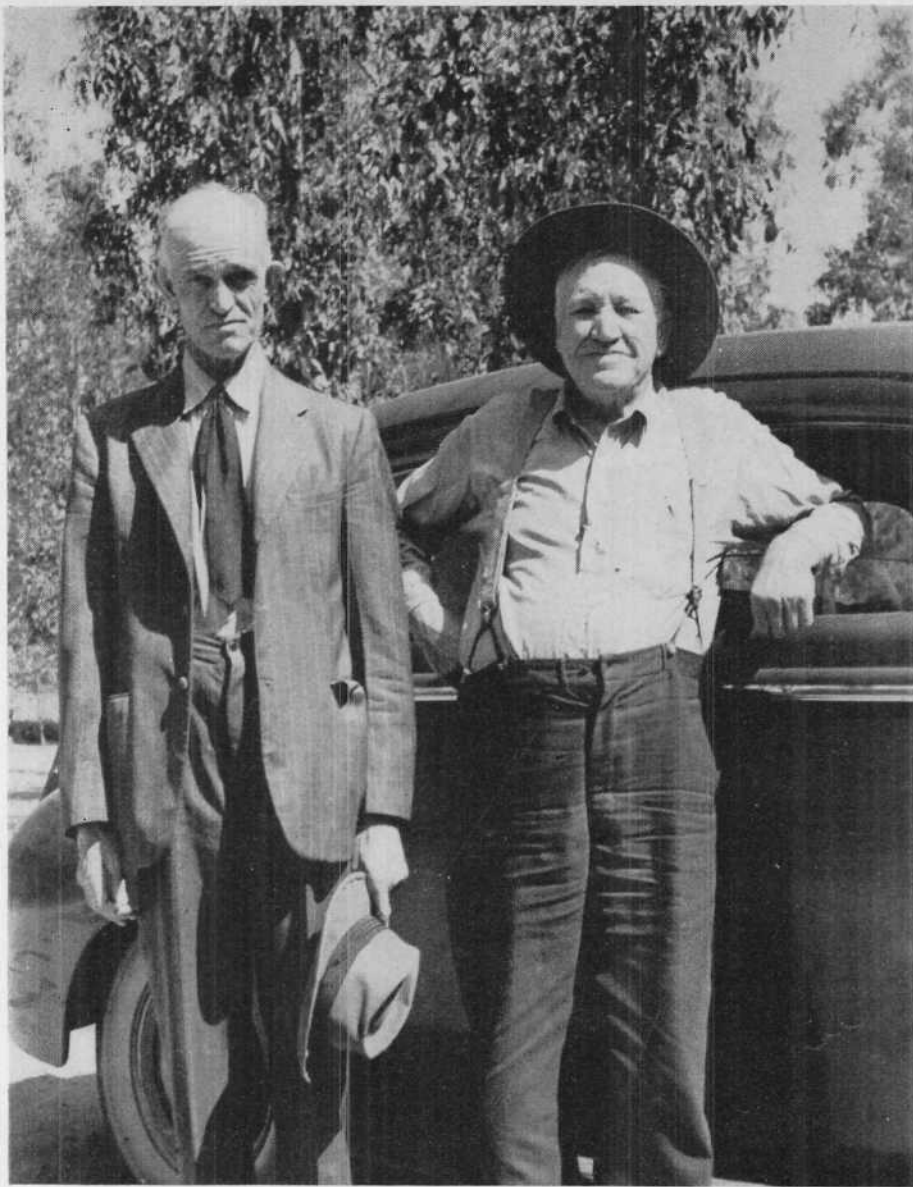
For the November Landmark contest Desert Magazine has selected the old ruins shown in the above picture. These staunch walls are located somewhere in Arizona, at a site well known to many travelers.

Where are they? When were they built? Why was the structure allowed to go to ruin?

To the Desert Magazine reader who writes the most complete story of this landmark in 500 words a cash prize of \$5.00

will be awarded. Name and location should be given, as much historical data as can be condensed in the word limit, and any present day use or significance the old structure has.

Entries must reach the office of Desert Magazine not later than November 20, 1941, and the prize-winning story will be published in the January number. There is no restriction as to the residence or occupation of those submitting manuscripts.



Recent picture of Ben de Crevecoeur (right) and Joe Toutain, officers in the posse which finally ran the killer to earth.

"I took my horse up a little ridge and just as I cleared the top I saw a man's knee sticking up over a rock. The movement of the horse made it seem like the knee moved, and I figured maybe Willie-boy had been sleeping there and was coming up for action. I threw down with my rifle and shot through a bush. I knew if he'd been raising up my bullet would have cut him in half. But there wasn't a sound.

"I yelled at the boys, and we closed in. We found Willie-boy lying back of the rocks, dead as a turkey. He'd used his ammunition down to a single cartridge, taken off his right shoe and shot himself through the chest by pulling the rifle trigger with his toe. He'd been lying there ever since that Thursday night when the posse had heard that one muffled shot.

"When an Indian knows he's going to die he generally gets rid of all his possessions—and Willie-boy wasn't any different from the rest. We found he had

wrapped a turquoise-and-silver scarf-holder, that I remember seeing him wear, in his scarf, and he'd thrown the thing way over into a juniper bush about 100 feet away. In another direction we found a knife he'd tossed out into the sand."

"The body was pretty far gone, and the Indian trackers wanted to burn it, like they do with all their dead. I didn't have any authority to tell 'em to go ahead, but Sheriff Wilson of Riverside, who was with us, decided it was all right. We got together a big pile of juniper, laid Willie-boy on it, and touched a match to the heap. The body wasn't burned up completely, but we left it and went on back to Old Woman springs.

"So that was the last of Willie-boy. We took his rifle back to Banning and later Sheriff Wilson bought it and put it on display in Riverside. We figured out that the whole chase had lasted 11 days, and during that time the Pahute covered be-

tween five and six hundred miles on foot over some of the roughest country you could find anywhere. And when you remember that he was lugging a rifle all that time, and hard-pressed by a mounted posse, you begin to realize that, whatever else he was, he was a tough specimen of human machine."

"How about Reche?" I asked. "Did he recover?"

"Yes, Charley spent a couple of months in the hospital but he finally got up and around again. They wanted me to take the \$200 reward for finding the body, but I figured Charley was the one who really deserved it, so we gave it to him. He's living now out in the Mojave somewhere, but he's always been crippled as a result of the wound. My brother and Joe Nowlin are both gone. Old Segundo Chino still lives up on the reservation just out of town here."

I nodded at the badge which was pinned to Ben's suspenders. "Does that mean you're still a law-enforcement officer in Banning?"

He chuckled. "Oh, they've got me on the roll down there at the station and I drop in and talk things over with 'em pretty regularly. But I'm taking things easy now. I had a touch of flu last year and the doc says it didn't do my heart any too much good. Still when you've been in harness as many years as I have, you can't complain about little things like that. I'm doing pretty well, I reckon."

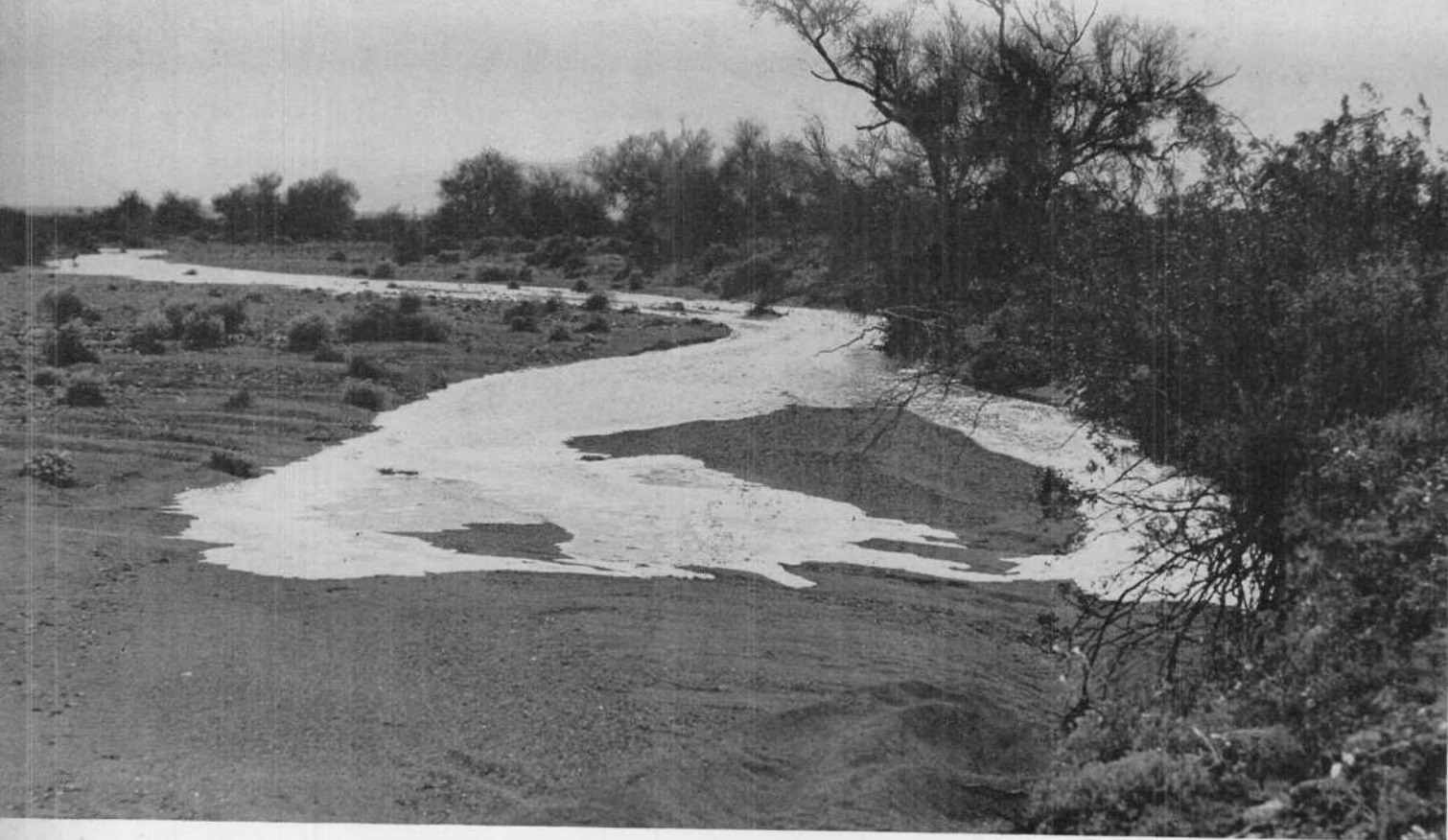
Looking at his keen eyes and friendly grin, I could agree to that. As I stood on the doorsteps of the little cabin, preparatory to leaving, he stuck out a firm, calloused hand.

"Well, sir," he said, "I guess that's all."

And that is all—all except a brief newspaper announcement which I believe contains enough humor to warrant being quoted. The announcement appeared in the San Bernardino Daily Sun October 19, 1909, just four days after the discovery of Willie-boy's body, and reads as follows:

"The first stage production of 'Willie-boy' is being put on at Riverside, last night being the first of a three night's stand by the Harry Hollingsworth troupe which has mastered a hastily-composed melodrama, based on the thrilling chase of the officers after the renegade Pahute. The author of the play has made some telling strokes in delineating the character of the Indian and his mad love for Isoleta Mike, whom he slew.

"The play is laid in Imperial valley, in order to hush criticism of Riverside, but it is understood to be the purpose of the playwright to correctly locate the play after it has been dished up to the critical audiences of the 'Willie-boy country' as Riverside is now widely dubbed by the Eastern press."



Desert Flood

By JOE ORR
Los Angeles, Calif.

A sudden desert torrent rushing into one of the many washes that cross the road between Needles and Parker dam. Taken with a 3½x4¼ Auto Graflex, 1/40 second at f4.5. Agfa SS Pan Press film. Cloudy sky and raining at the time.



Prehistoric Mosquito

By PERCY BROWN
Santa Fe, New Mexico

The photographer's daughter inspects a petroglyph in the Petrified Forest national monument, near Holbrook, Arizona. Taken with a Rolleiflex camera, Super XX Eastman film, no filter. Exposure 1/250 at f11. Winner of second prize awarded in Desert Magazine's September photographic contest.

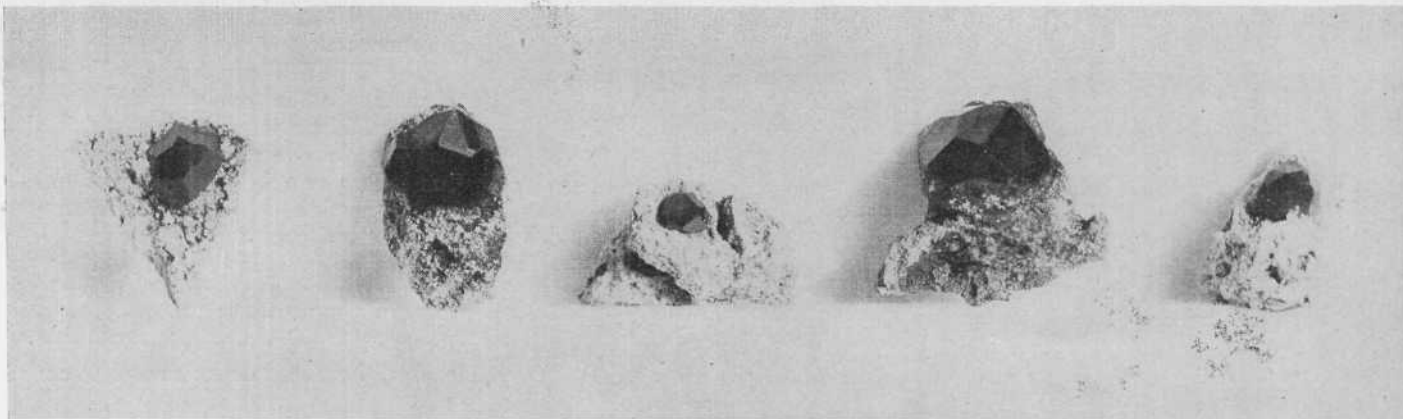
Special Merit

The following photographs were judged to have unusual merit:

"Evening Blesses the Desert," by Ollie B. Neher, Pomona, California.

"Mackerel Sky," by Leonard Richardson, Escondido, California.

"Beavertail Cactus," by R. L. Phegley, Anaheim, California.



Most of the garnets found on the surface in the desert Southwest are too soft and lusterless to be worth carrying home. But here is a mapped field trip that will take the collector into an area where real garnets of gem hardness may be obtained. It isn't a trip for a paved-road tenderfoot, but there are no serious hazards, and it is a region that will offer never-ending delight to those who like to explore the more remote sectors of the desert country.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

GUY Hazen is field scout for the American Museum of Natural History, and when he invited me to come to Wikieup, Arizona, where he and other paleontologists were excavating

These garnets, reproduced actual size, are average specimens of those found on the trip described in the accompanying story. They were chiseled out of the rhyolite with part of matrix still attached.

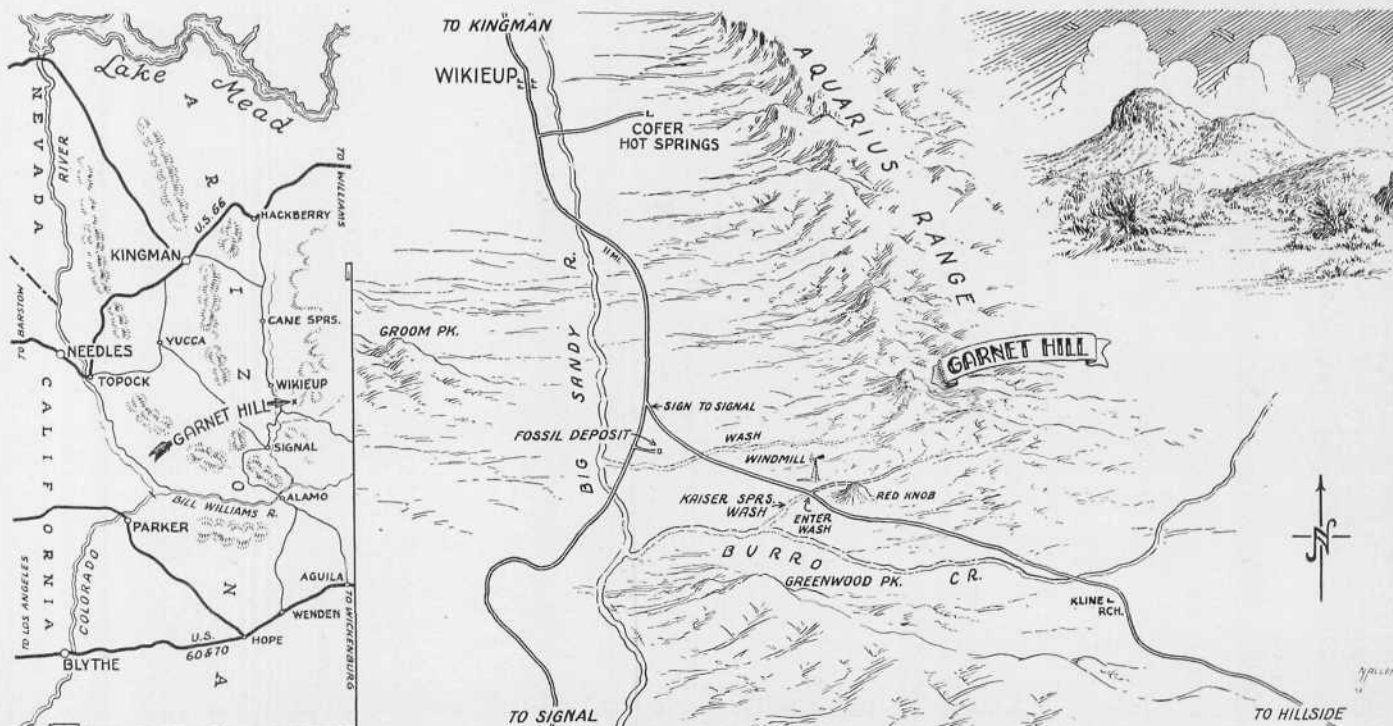
Sparkling Gems in the Aquarius Range

the bones of prehistoric horses and other mammals from an ancient pliocene shoreline now high in the mountains, I was eager to accept the invitation.

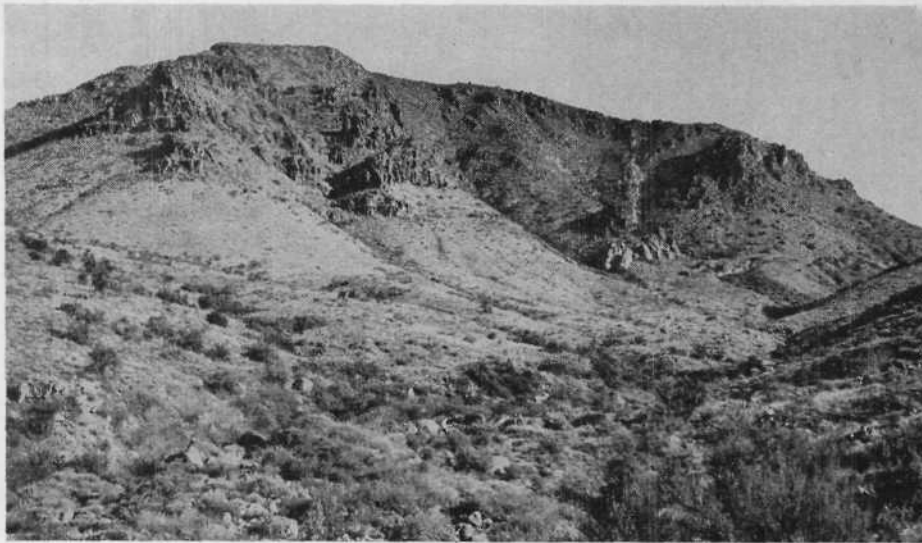
Not that I know anything about fossil bones. But there is a thrill just in standing on the edge of a pit watching experts with their picks and trowels and camel's hair brushes exposing and carefully extracting from its stone matrix the jaw of a carniver-

ous animal that roamed the face of the earth two or three million years ago. It is a delicate operation, getting that fossil bone out intact, and I have a great admiration for the skill of the men who do it.

From El Centro I traveled east on Highway 80 to Yuma, Arizona, and then north over that "dippy" road that runs to Quartzsite. It is a good gravel road despite its roller-coaster construction. The dips



The dome-like knob shown in the inset in this map is the red stone butte that marks the wash leading toward garnet mountain.



This is the southern end of Aquarius range, where spessartite garnets are found. The area explored by Guy Hazen and the writer of this story is at the right end of the ridge shown in this photograph, near the top. Cattlemen report that garnets are found on other mountains in this region.

make speed impossible—but who wants to break speed records in such a region as that? Flanked on the east by the domes and spires and cliffs of the Castle Dome and Kofa ranges, and on the west by a luxuriant garden of desert shrubbery, this is one of the most fascinating motor trips in the lower basin of the Colorado river.

It was mid-April. The horizon was gilded with the blossoms of palo verde trees.

As I neared Quartzsite ocotillo added its crimson to the color scheme.

From Quartzsite I followed Highway 60 to Aguila. Few of the maps show a road from Aguila to Alamo on the Bill Williams river, but the service station man there assured me the graded trail which led off in that direction was in excellent condition. Since that was the most direct route to Alamo I took his word. And later

thanked him for having given me good information.

The Bill Williams has a wide sandy channel that is easily forded in dry weather. There is no bridge, and if you happen to arrive a few hours after there has been a rain in the mountains to the north, there's nothing to do but camp until the flood goes down. Motorists planning to go into this area should always make inquiry as to the crossings over both the Bill Williams and Big Sandy rivers. During the past winter it was impossible to ford these streams for several weeks at a time.

Alamo is a little 'dobe settlement only a short distance below where the Big Sandy and Santa Maria rivers unite to form the Bill Williams.

Recently, in A. H. Favour's book *Old Bill Williams, Mountain Man*, I learned when and how this stream was named for the old scout and trapper. It came about in 1851 when Richard H. Kern was topographer for the Captain Lorenzo Sitgreaves' surveying expedition from Zuni to the Colorado river. Antoine Leroux was guide and hunter for the survey party. He told Kern he had seen Bill Williams trapping on this river in 1837. Kern wrote the name on the map he was making—and it has been Bill Williams river ever since that time. Bill Williams mountain was given its name about the same time.

The Lieut. Whipple expedition camped



This is the fossil quarry near Wikieup where paleontologists are finding the bones of many ancient birds and beasts. Left to right: Guy Hazen, William Klaus and Carl Long.

near Alamo in February, 1854, and found the stream just about as it is today—a foot deep and 15 wide.

Across the Bill Williams the road wound along the western base of the Rawhide mountains, gradually gaining altitude for 15 miles until I came unexpectedly to a magnificent park of silver-leaf Joshua trees. I want all the desert botanists to know about this place. The shrubbery is so varied and dense it might almost be termed a "desert jungle."

Giant Saguaros and Joshua and palo verde trees make a veritable forest, with catsclaw, agave and many other shrubs filling in. Greasewood, ocotillo, echinocactus, beavertail, buckhorn and mallow were all in blossom. I wanted to get out the bedroll and camp right there.

But I had promised Guy Hazen I would arrive at his bone-digger's camp that night, so I merely stopped long enough to take some pictures.

Guy had provided me with an excellent map of his campsite, otherwise I never would have found it. I rolled in just as he had finished washing the supper dishes. He travels with a super-camp wagon full of chests that are all cluttered up with prehistoric bones, gem rocks, petrified wood, ore—anything of interest.

Hazen has an uncanny faculty for spotting areas where clay and sandstone outcroppings yield rich treasure for the bone-digging fraternity. One winter he'll be excavating in California, the next in Nevada or Arizona. To Guy Hazen, the desert is just a great prehistoric graveyard, with the bones of ancient beasts and birds close to the surface in a thousand different places—if you know how to look for them.

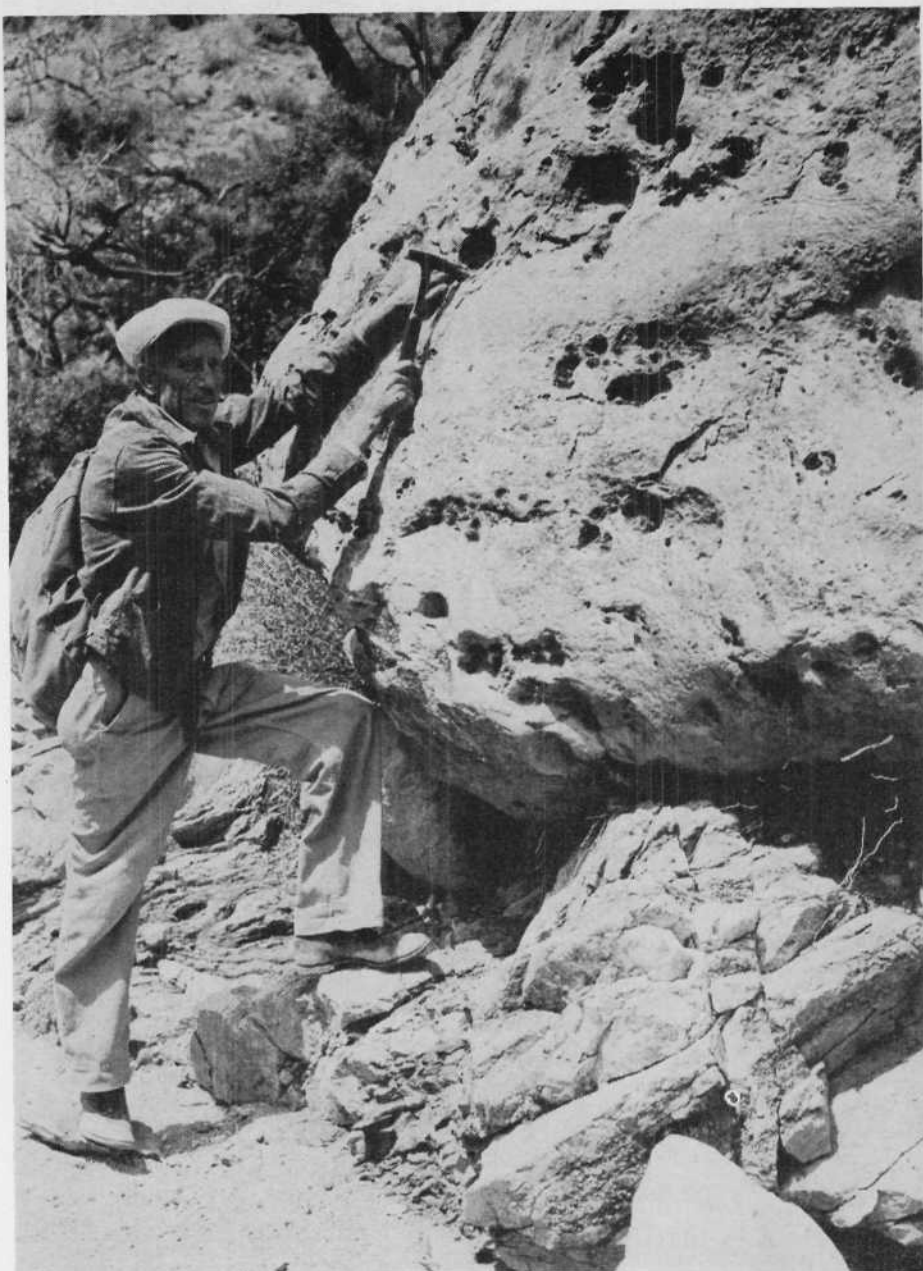
As we sat around the campfire that night, he told me about the animal remains they were finding in this quarry—prehistoric ancestors of the camel, the horse, the deer and their carnivorous neighbors, the fox, the coyote, the mountain lion. This particular deposit was yielding more bird than animal bones—strange creatures, some of them with a probable wing spread of 10 feet. Of course the scientists have very complicated names for these denizens of the ancient world. For instance the bear-like creature of that early day was a *Hyaenognathus*.

When Guy started using that kind of words, I changed the subject.

"How about minerals," I asked. "Have you found any semi-precious gem stones in this area?"

"Yes, if you want to go for a hike in the morning I will take you to a butte that is studded with garnets," he answered. "There are not only plenty for you but for all the Desert Magazine rockhounds who are interested enough to come into this country."

And so, at daybreak the next morning we were on our way to the Aquarius



Guy Hazen, paleontologist and gem rock collector. This boulder shows the vugs in which the garnets generally occur.

mountain range where the garnet buttes are located.

Guy told me how he discovered the field. "I walked to the arroyo below camp one evening to see what kind of float was coming down the streambed," he said.

"I picked up a rhyolite boulder with an excellent specimen of garnet. It was much harder than most of the garnets you find in the desert, and the facet edges were still sharp.

"Following up the watercourse, I found a few other stones in their matrices. They were not as well preserved as the first one—but they were convincing proof that somewhere back on the watershed was a deposit of garnets worth the search.

"Next time I had a day off, I drove my car as far as possible up the wash, and then hiked to the mountain at the headwaters.

There I found the stones in place—many of them. They occur singly and in groups, often in weathered vugs in huge boulders that had broken off the walls of the cliff above, or in the walls themselves."

Leaving the fossil camp we drove to the junction where the road from Aguila and Alamo meets the road from Hillside and Congress junction. From this point we took the road toward Hillside. At 9.7 miles from the junction we turned left up an arroyo known locally as Kaiser Springs wash. A precipitous red butte, on the right of the wash, is the best landmark at this point.

A short distance up the arroyo, .7 mile according to the speedometer, we passed a windmill with a tank for stock water. A mile beyond the windmill we passed a water trough, and just beyond this point took the right fork of the canyon. We con-

tinued another mile and then the sand became too soft for safe travel and we parked the car.

We continued along the floor of the arroyo on foot. We were gaining altitude and soon began to see scrub oak along the dry watercourse. The most interesting botanical specimens, however, were the fairy dusters that carpeted the slopes in places. This is a rare plant on the California desert, being found in only two or three small areas. But it grew here in profusion. It was like meeting an old friend from home.

After a half mile of walking in the bottom of the wash we climbed over a low ridge on the left, then dropped down into another arroyo, and this led us a mile and a half ahead to the Aquarius range where the garnets are weathering out. Coming up the arroyo, however, we had been seeing them in the water-worn boulders along the way.

We spent a couple of hours climbing the steep rock faces, not gathering all the gem stones we saw, but selecting a nice specimen here and there. It is not a place where you can gather them in by the pocket-full. If it was, the gem prospectors would have worked this area long ago. But any collector can get a dozen garnets, large enough for a ring setting, in an hour's time. They are a deep red, some of them nearly black, beautifully faceted on the exposed face.

The garnets range up to a half inch in diameter and are classified by Hazen as spessartite. The rhyolite lava in which they occur is very possibly an intrusion or plug. It is a viscous type of lava that never flows far before solidifying. The rock where the garnets are found shows no flow structure. Some of the rock structure in this area shows flow, but in this type the garnets are missing. By the time the movement stopped the rhyolite was too cool for crystals to form.

The rhyolite matrix is similar to that at Thomas mountain, Utah, where topaz crystals are found.

There is other lava structure in this area, and it is likely the garnets occur over a much larger region than the mountain where Hazen and I spent the morning. However, it is a rugged country in which to climb and the gem collector will feel he has done a day's work if he hikes in and explores one small sector.

The technique is to take a small chisel or screw-driver and a prospector's hammer and chisel them out, being careful not to place the edge of the cutting tool too close to the stone. The matrix material that comes with it can be ground off later.

For the information of those who may come to this field from the direction of Congress Junction and Hillside, Kaiser Springs wash is the first important arroyo after crossing Burro creek. Generally there is a wagon trail as far as the windmill. Beyond that it is a case of make your

own tracks, keeping plenty of momentum. An experienced sand driver will know by instinct when the grade is becoming too steep and the sand too heavy to continue on, and will swing his car around to park headed down stream before he loses his "drive."

There is a well graded road into this area from Kingman or Hackberry on Highway 66. In fact the route from Kingman to Congress Junction is to be improved as an extension of U. S. 93. When that paved extension is completed it will open up a great new region of mineral wealth and botanical interest—a little known sector of western Arizona that is certain to be popular with motorists.

The garnets we found are too dark to

be highly regarded by dealers in jewels. However, they are beautifully faceted by Nature and have ample hardness for ring sets. More often than not they are found in vugs in the rocks, dark sparkling little gems against a light grey rhyolite background.

Scrambling over rocks in quest of little cavities where glistening garnets may be found certainly is a more romantic way of finding gem specimens than blasting hard rock far beneath the surface of the earth—at least it is more practicable for the average rockhound. And so I can recommend this trip for those who have the time and do not mind the rather rough roads encountered in this Arizona wilderness area.

Sez

Hard Rock Shorty of Death Valley . . .

By LON GARRISON



"Now wait a minnit," advised Hard Rock Shorty. "These white hairs o' mine is perfectly natcheral, that is of course all but the three-four from the time one o' them range bulls from over Darwin way chased me acrost Fried Egg crick."

Hard Rock shook the sand out of his hat, rubbed his head to assure himself that what remained of his hair was all there yet, and then cocked his hat back to cut the sun off his face.

"I'd been out prospectin.' Come in over the mountains there early in the spring an' way back in the hills met this little bunch o' cattle. They'd wandered clean out o' their usual range, things dried up, an' they wasn't feelin' too comfortable. Specially this bull. He was about as big as Hen Perkins' truck, an' had a disposition like a brand new deputy sheriff.

"I stopped at the crick to get a drink an' water the burros, an' I seen this bull headin' towards me. He was lord o' all creation thereabouts, an' I didn't have no ticket. He wrung 'is tail a time or two, cleared 'is throat, throwed a little dust, an' warned us proper to git an' stay. But we was dry, an' no white headed he-cow was gonna chase us out o' there—leastwise that's what I thought.

"But Old John Bull had a diffrent idea. He pawed some more dust, throwed some fancy half hitches with 'is tail, mumbled a bit to warm up his pipes an' then bellered like

my old radio when it blowed a tube. I still didn't scare. But I did look around a bit an' the closest tree was one pore old cottonwood down the crick a half mile or so.

"J. Bull didn't give no further warnin'. We was trespassin' an' he was the bouncer. He stuck 'is nose in the dirt, got in high gear in two jumps from a standin' start, an' the burros scattered like quail chicks in the brush. Me, I stood there for a couple seconds 'til I got another look at this bald headed locomotive headed for me, an' I lit out for that tree. In ten foot I was in overdrive with the brush goin' by so fast it looked like I was in a tunnel with solid walls.

"Mr. J. Bull was right on my tail an' gainin' a little. In fact my old blue bandana was hangin' out o' my hip pocket an' every few jumps the bull'd get closet enough to wipe 'is nose on it. The tree was comin'—comin' up fast—but the first limb was 24 foot up in the air! I really was in a picklement!

"Nothin' else to do though—I had to try it! If I didn't make it I wouldn't have no second chance. I started bouncin' as high as I could when I was runnin' and by the time I come to the tree I give a extra big hop an' went up like a balloon. Yup—at the top o' my jump I looked back down an' the bull was just goin' by under me. Missed the branch though. Misfiggered someway. That is, I missed it goin' up. But I got it comin' down."

Peter Aguerberry was with Shorty Harris when the historic gold strike was made at Harrisburg in the Panamint mountains—in fact, it was Pete who actually discovered the gold. That was 36 years ago and Harrisburg has long since gone the way of most boom mining camps. But Pete Aguerberry is still there working his original claim—and taking “good wages” from it. Here’s the story of a real desert rat—the kind of a man you would like to know better.

He Belongs to the Panamints

By LeROY and MARGARET BALES

OLD timers in the Panamints have a legend. A lone prospector, three-quarters of a century ago, paused at the crest of the Funeral range on the Nevada side of Death Valley. Hand shading his eyes, he scanned the blues, yellows, and scarlets of the barren range beyond. His hand dropped to scratch his burro's neck. “Gosh a-mighty, Sal,” he said, “if we can just get across that hell-hole, I’ll bet we’ll pan a mint o’ gold.”

At the end of another day's work. Pete Aguerberry at 67 is still a hard rock miner, taking "better than wages out of his claims every day."

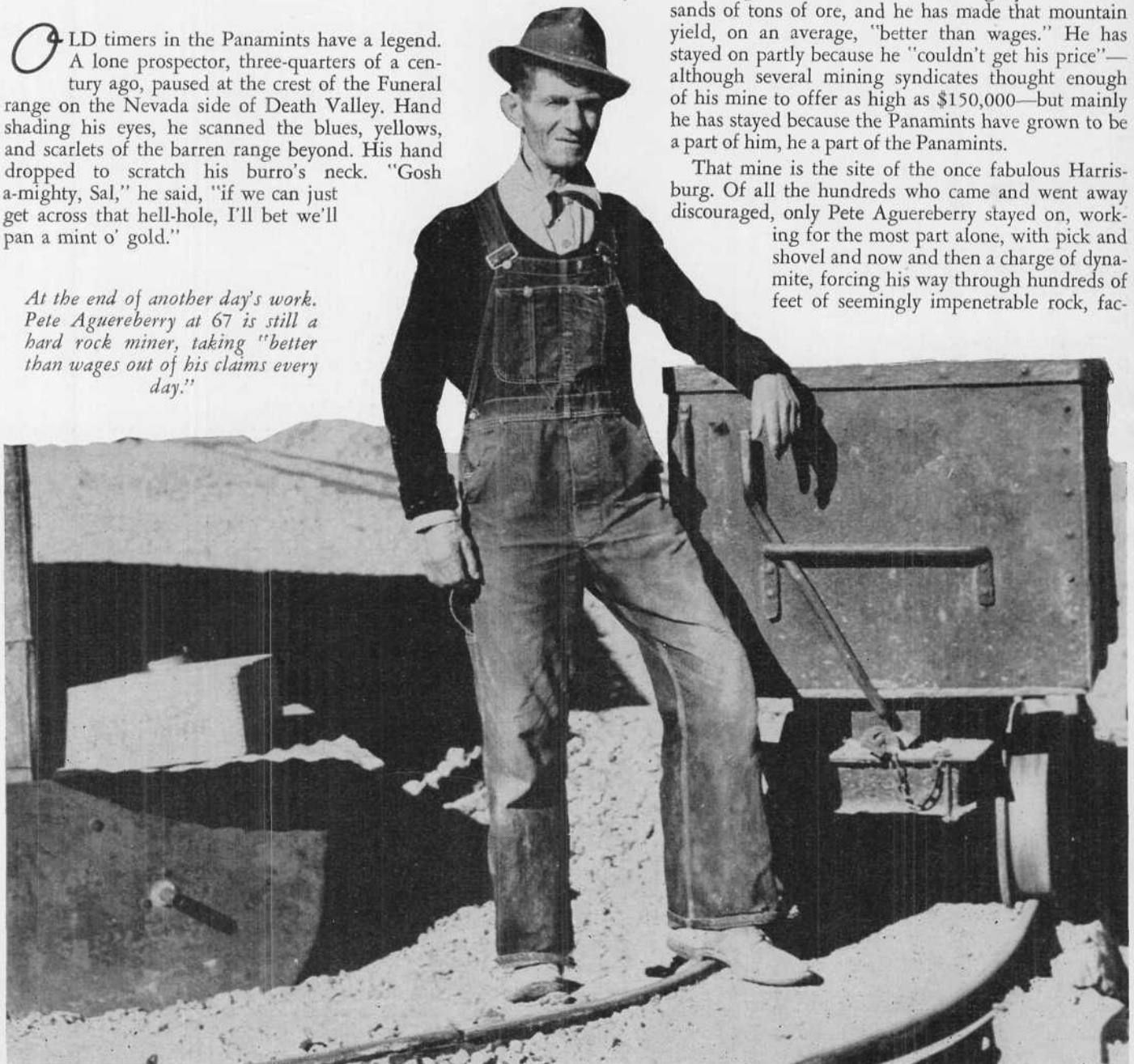
The old timers back up their legend with the fact that there is no word like “Panamint” in any language, that it isn’t to be found in any dictionary. And then will come stories of men who have made the legend true—of lone prospectors coming into the Panamints, making a strike of rich, pure ore—panning, indeed, a mint of gold from the Panamints.

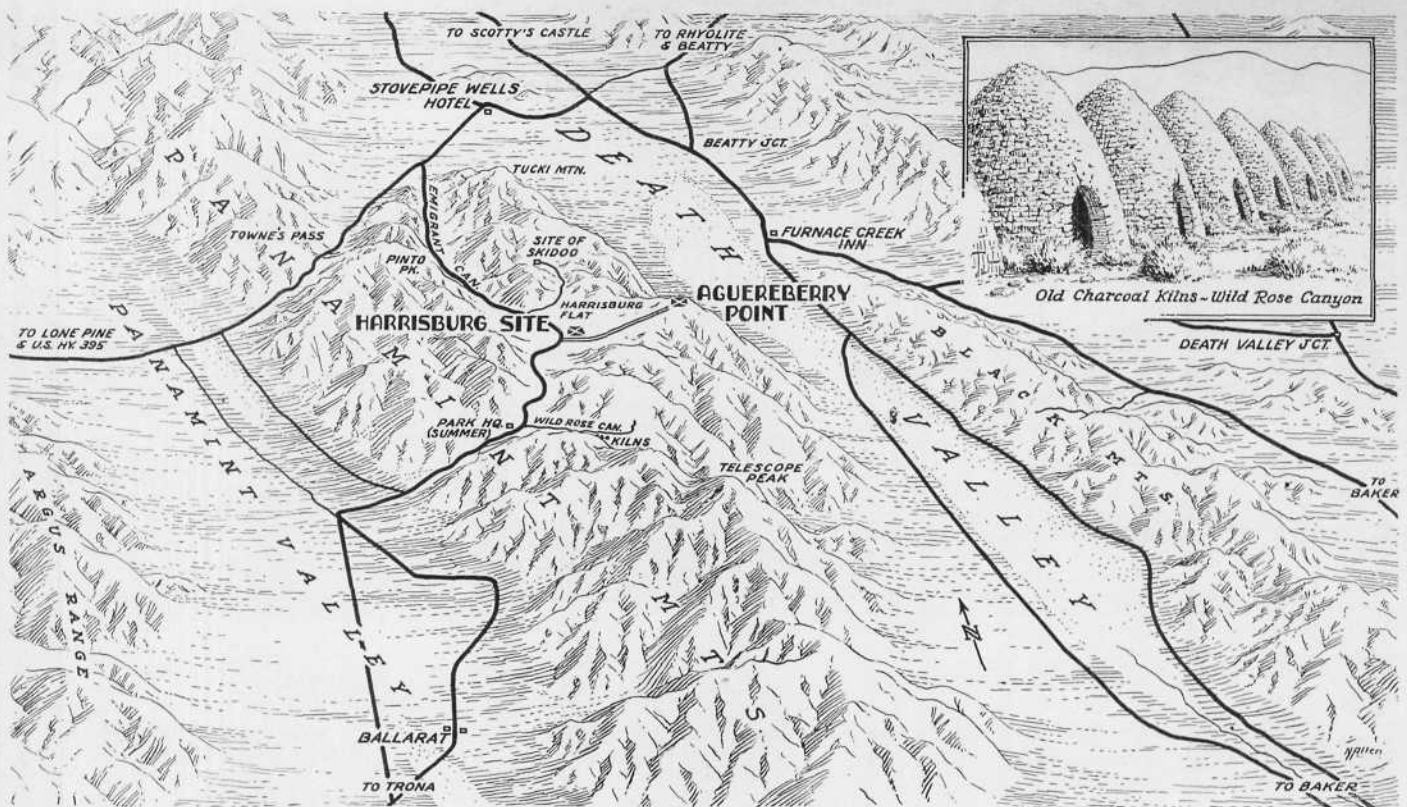
They’ll mention Shorty Harris, whose name is desert history, an Indian named Panamint Tom, and a Frenchman named Pete Aguerberry—French Pete—who also came over from the Nevada mines with his eyes on the Panamints. He threw in with Shorty Harris in Death Valley and headed up over the range to Ballarat. He paused on a mountain top to break off a chunk of yellow ore. “Schist and slicks,” Shorty said. But Pete shook his head, “Gold!” And in less than a week it was the Harrisburg strike, with prospectors and investors and sharks rushing in from far and near.

An unassuming, erect little Frenchman was the cause of it all—a man whom desert stories touch lightly because of his shyness of publicity, but who is perhaps more important than a hundred more glittering personalities.

His story is desert history still in the making. He has spent 36 years tunneling into a mountain, removing by hand thousands of tons of ore, and he has made that mountain yield, on an average, “better than wages.” He has stayed on partly because he “couldn’t get his price”—although several mining syndicates thought enough of his mine to offer as high as \$150,000—but mainly he has stayed because the Panamints have grown to be a part of him, he a part of the Panamints.

That mine is the site of the once fabulous Harrisburg. Of all the hundreds who came and went away discouraged, only Pete Aguerberry stayed on, working for the most part alone, with pick and shovel and now and then a charge of dynamite, forcing his way through hundreds of feet of seemingly impenetrable rock, fac-





ing heart-breaking days when a promising strata would lead only to limestone and the "schist and slicks" of the derisive Shorty, heading off at a new tangent because he knew the gold was there, panning every new strata because only that way would he know what the yield might be—thirty dollars a ton or 200 a ton—either would make the average pay. But under thirty—that meant tunneling a new drift, another direction.

The story of the Harrisburg strike has been told many times. Pete gave us his version one evening last February. We sat around the fire in his cabin. Outside the rain pattered down in gusts. In the Panamint valley below it mingled with a howling wind. High in the mountains the snow swirled blindingly. But inside it was warm and cheerful, a night for reminiscing.

"I'd been working in the copper mines in Nevada," he recalled. "The work slowed down and I thought I'd head for Ballarat. I had some money coming so I told them to send it there. Down in Death Valley, I met Shorty Harris. He was going the same way so we threw in together. Up over the mountains Shorty was way ahead. He was always in a hurry, never looked to right or left, just kept prodding and cussing his burro.

"I said, 'There ought to be gold in this mountain.' Shorty wouldn't even look. He said, 'schist and slicks!' I broke off a chunk of rock. There was free gold in it. I went running up to Shorty to show him. He spat at his burro and then took out his big magnifying glass. He started jumping up and down like a monkey. 'Holy Smokes, Fourth of July, Pete!' It was the Fourth of July, 1905. He danced around. He was so excited I was afraid to leave him alone. But one of us had to go to Ballarat for supplies.

"I hunted around for some flat rocks and we measured off two claims. Shorty was to have the south half, me the north half of the hill. Shorty couldn't write, so I put our names on separate sheets of paper and put them between the flat rocks at the four outside corners of the two claims. Shorty said he'd stay there and not tell anybody. I started for Ballarat.

"I didn't have any money, but I thought the check would be there. I had two slices of bacon and a cup of flour. I fried the bacon and made the flour into a flapjack in the one camp I had to make between our claim and Ballarat. When I got to Ballarat

the check hadn't come yet. There wasn't anything to do but set up camp and wait. Every day I met the mail, but there wasn't any check.

"After the third day the grocer came out. His name was York. He said he'd noticed I hadn't made a fire. I told him I was waiting for some money in the mail. Some men came out of the saloon. They were all excited. They were talking about a strike some Frenchman had made—French Pete. They were going there right away. Everybody was going there, they said. I knew then that someone had come over Emigrant wash past our claim and that Shorty had talked.

"I told York that was the claim Shorty and I had staked.

"He said, 'If you'll lay off a parcel for me, I'll grubstake you.'

"I laid in a stock of food and hurried back into the mountains. When I got to the claim the hill was swarming with men. It was dark. I couldn't find Shorty any place. I was wandering around trying to find the flat rocks we'd laid out.

"A deep voice came out of the dark, 'What you doing here?'

"I said, 'What you mean? It's my claim!'

"The man came up close. He was big. I found out later his name was Thurman.

"He said, 'It's Shorty Harris' claim. Shorty's name is between the rocks.'

"He showed me. We went around to every corner. At each of them there was just one slip of paper between the rocks. It was the one with Shorty's name. I told him that Shorty and I were together when I discovered it and that we agreed to split it in half. I could see he didn't believe me. Finally I remembered Shorty couldn't write and his name was in my hand-writing.

"I said, 'I'll show you that I wrote it out, then maybe you'll believe me.'

"He said, 'All right, go ahead.'

"So I wrote out Shorty's name—Shorty Harris—just like it was between the rocks. He took them both up close and looked at them. Then he held out his hand.

"'All right, Pete,' he said. 'That's your handwriting all right. We're going to tell everybody that the north half of this hill is yours.' He was one white fellow. We got to be good friends."

Pete paused. He got up to stir the fire and put on another chunk of wood. Then he added, "You know, it's a funny thing—that piece of ore I broke off that day to show Shorty was right over the only deposit of free gold there was in the whole hill. The rest of it is all mixed up with the rock."

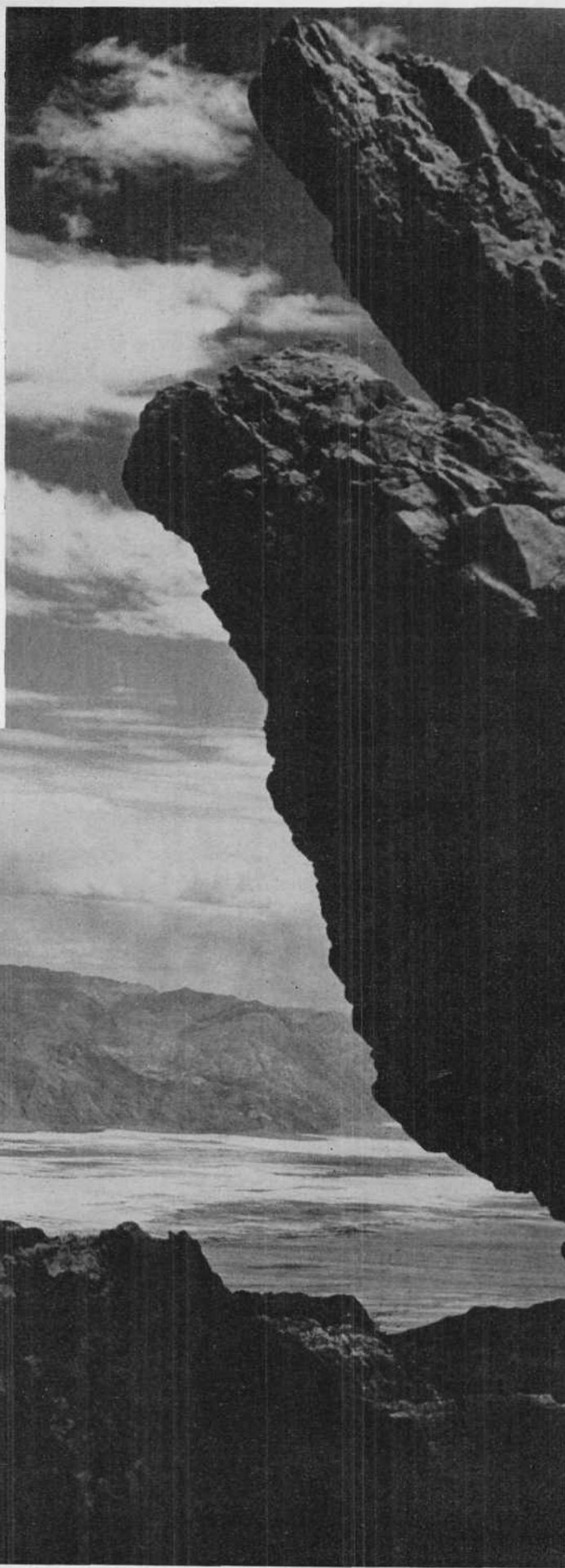
We asked about Shorty. Had he ever worked his half? Pete shook his head. "Shorty never was much of a man at mining," he smiled. "Nor at prospecting either, as far as anyone could ever make out. He and Walter Scott—Death Valley Scotty—are probably the two most famous of any of the Death Valley prospectors, but no one has ever been able to show that either one of them ever did any actual prospecting."

"Shorty was credited with a lot of strikes—like the Bullfrog in Nevada and the World Beater in the Panamints down at the other end of the valley, but there was always someone else claimed the credit too. As for Scotty, there've been hundreds of stories about his mine—even that he built his castle over it. But there's never been any record made with the county recorder. If he has any gold mine at all, it's his colorful personality and the dollar and ten cents per head he charges to go through his castle," he laughed.

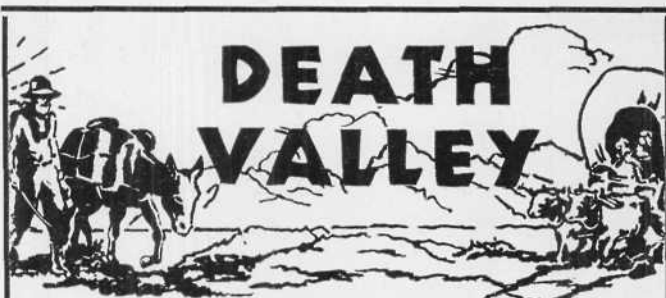
"Shorty got \$1,000 for the Bullfrog mine," he went on. "That was probably more money than Shorty ever had before or afterward in his life. He went through that in a week. He never made anything on Harrisburg."

"After I left him that day to go to Ballarat, I didn't see him for about a week. He turned up more excited than ever. He told me he was selling his half to a mining syndicate. They were going to give him \$150,000 in stock. He was going to get rich off the dividends."

"But before any dividends were paid, the syndicate ordered



Here's a glimpse of Badwater, lowest point in Death Valley, from the highest tip of Aguerberry Point.



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an assessment on the stock. Shorty didn't have any money to pay so that let him out. I don't think it made any difference to Shorty. Money just worried him until he got it spent. He was more proud than anything of being a single-blanket prospector and when he died he made them put that on his tombstone down in Death Valley."

We asked Pete how it happened he'd never sold. We knew he'd had several offers.

"Well," he said, "I always held out for cash. When the strike was first made there was a man going to pay me \$150,000 cash, but something went wrong. I guess he couldn't raise the money. An outfit wanted to give me \$75,000 just a few years ago, but when I figured out what the taxes and costs would be there wouldn't be much left. I don't care for myself. I'm getting old. But I'd want to get something out of it for my brother's folks. The way it is it's a good wage for anybody that's willing to work it."

One of his nephews spends part of his time there now. He's learned to be a pretty good hard rock man himself. But it's a quiet life for a young fellow. Pete never blames him whenever he has the urge to see the bright lights again.

"He can't remember it the way I can—when there was almost too much excitement," he explained. "In the old days you had to be pretty handy with a gun. I never had to shoot a man, but I'd learned to be fast on the draw. It saved my life once. It was just after I'd come back from Ballarat. I was laying out a claim for the storekeeper, York. A fellow named Frank Kennedy came up. He said, 'What you doin', Frenchie?' I said, 'I'm laying out a claim.' He said, 'What you want—the whole world? We already gave you half the hill!' He sounded mean. I stood up. He had a feed bag around his neck. A lot of the prospectors used a bag like that to carry samples in. He reached in it quick. I could see the butt of a gun. I pulled out my thirty-two. He was surprised. He didn't move. 'Who found this hill?' I asked him. 'All right,' he dropped his hands to his sides. I told him I was laying out a claim for the man who grubstaked me. I said, 'There wouldn't you or anybody else know about this hill yet if Shorty hadn't talked.' He said, 'That's right.' He could see my side of it. We've been good friends ever since."

Pete tells about the visit of the first automobile to Emigrant springs. "It was a big Locomobile. You could hear it, 'chug-chug' as it came up the wash. Everybody stopped to look. An old Indian squaw was sitting cross-legged on the ground. She shaded her eyes with her hand. She stared. Then she jumped up and gathered all her papooses around her. She pulled them behind her skirts. Her mouth gaped. She said, 'Whatsa matter here? Whatsa matter? Gottem no horse! No pushem. No pullem. Whatsa matter here?'"

Pete has another discovery of which he is almost as proud as he is of his mine. That's Aguerberry Point—a lookout high on the crest of the Panamints from which the visitor can see all of Death Valley—a gorgeous multi-colored panorama far below. He came across it by accident shortly after he came into the Panamints. It seemed so grand to him that he wanted others to be able to see it too. He built the first road up to it with pick and shovel and maintained it until only a few years ago when the CCC took over the job.

"People used to ask me why I didn't turn it into a toll road—charge people to go up and look," he said. "I never wanted to do that. It didn't seem right to charge anybody for something like that. A pretty view ought to be free."

He has always had a dream that someday someone might see the possibilities of a resort there. Water could be piped from year-round springs not too far away, and the weather is never unbearable. We asked him why he hadn't tried it himself. "It would cost more than I could afford, and I don't know any-



The Aguerberry camp near the site of the original strike.

thing about that kind of business," he said simply. "I am too old and have been a miner too long."

Yet Pete Aguerberry never intended choosing mining as a career. When he started it was just another of a long line of jobs that an emigrant boy might find to do at the end of the 19th century. He came to this country at the age of 16, arriving in San Francisco on a one-way ticket. His first job was on a handball court, keeping it in order, acting as a come-on with trick shots—and pretty good at it too, he admitted modestly. But after three months the ligaments in his hand had become so swollen he couldn't keep on. Someone needed a man to break in wild horses—

"There was one with a Roman nose—white all around his eyes. A mean horse. You can always tell. A Roman-nosed horse, when he shows the whites of his eye—he's bad." Pete was a good rider, but the lassoer, probably more frightened than the boy on the horse, threw a faulty loop. The horse crashed to the ground, Pete with him. He still bears the scar.

Then came a job driving the stage from San Francisco to Virginia City, Nevada. It was a hard job. "Sometimes in the win-

ter it was so cold the horses would have four-inch icicles hanging from their noses," he recalled. "We had to make regular stops to change the horses. They couldn't stand it long. That was when the copper mines were booming in Nevada.

"One day somebody said, 'Pete, why don't you try mining? It can't be any harder than what you're doing.' I said, 'I don't know anything about mining.' He said, 'You can muck.' I didn't even know what 'muck' meant, but I told him I'd try. Three weeks later the mine closed. By then I knew about mucking.

"There were lots of other mines, and a good mucker could always get work. I used to follow the booms. I was the fifth man at Tonopah, the third man at Goldfield. When the Nevada mines slowed down I thought I'd try California. There was a lot of talk about the Panamints—"

He paused, smiled. "You know, if anybody had told me that day I put Shorty's and my name between those rocks that it would mean I was going to be here for 36 years, I think I would have started running and maybe be running yet. Life does funny things. Maybe it's a good thing we don't know what it's going to do."

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Death Valley from Aguerberry Point. Frasier photograph.

Ute Sun Dance

By CHARLES KELLY
Sketches by John Hansen

OUR car was parked in front of a large circular brush enclosure on the Ute Indian reservation near White Rocks, in Uintah county, Utah, where the Uintah Utes were holding their annual Sun dance. Inside were 16 Utes, in ceremonial costume, dancing to the monotonous throb of a big drum and the chant of a group of singers. The time was mid-July and the temperature was 105° with no shade.

John Hansen and I, with our wives and John Jr., had started from Salt Lake City about midnight in order to arrive at the dance in time to hear the Sunrise song. Fascinated by the ceremonial, we had forgotten all about food until nearly noon. Then young Johnny suggested that we dig up the lunch box and cut the watermelon. While the women unwrapped sandwiches Johnny cut the melon and laid the tempting slices on a newspaper in full view of the dancers.

Just then the biggest Ute I ever saw came rushing out of the enclosure. The look on his face must have been similar to what Rev. Meeker saw at the Meeker massacre in 1879. There was fire in his eye, and we can all testify that a mad Ute is not exactly a pleasant sight.

"Hey!" he shouted angrily, "you can't do that. Get that melon out of sight!"

"But why?" I asked, unable to think of any reason why he should take offense.

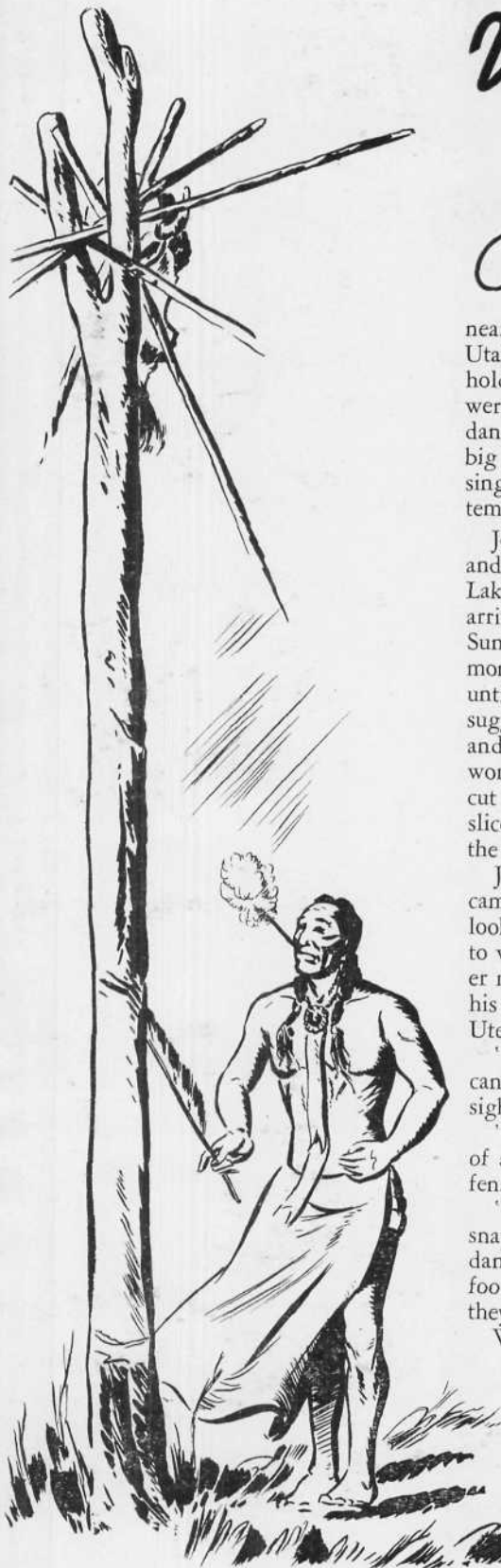
"Don't you know," the Indian snapped, "that those men have been dancing four days and nights without food or water? If they see that melon they'll go crazy!"

We hadn't known. But it wasn't dif-



ficult to imagine what torture the sight of that melon would be to men who had danced four days and nights in that heat, without water. So we hurriedly put the melon out of sight, to be eaten at a more appropriate time and place, and watched the dancers with renewed respect. These people we call "savages" take their religion seriously.

Few of the older Utes speak English. But through the courtesy of Charley White Horse, graduate of the reservation school, we learned a number of interesting things about the Sun dance. In earlier days it was practiced by Plains Indians as a ceremony of initiation for young men about to become warriors. A pole was set up on the dancing ground on which was mounted a buffalo's head and other symbolic objects. At the end of the dance, slits were cut in the muscles of the initiate's back, rawhide thongs were inserted, to



which was tied a buffalo's skull. The young man ran from the dancing ground, dragging the skull until the thongs were torn from his flesh. If he survived, he became a full-fledged warrior. Several early explorers have described this bloody ceremony, but it was prohibited when the Indians were placed on reservations.

For centuries the Sun dance in some form was the most important ceremonial of the sun-worshipping Indians and rather than abandon it entirely they modified it to conform with government demands. Although it was originally a ceremonial of the Plains tribes, it has been adopted, within comparatively recent times, by some of the mountain tribes, including the Shoshones and Bannocks. The Utes got it from the Fort Hall reservation at Pocatello, Idaho.

The Sun dance of the Uintah Utes has been, until the past four or five years, a purely Indian ceremonial, to which white visitors were not invited. The Utes have nothing to sell, and do not perform it as a public spectacle. Several days before the dance they gather at the prescribed place to construct the dancing pavilion, which must be built strictly according to tradition. There is a center pole, painted and decorated, on which is hung a mounted buffalo's head. Twelve long poles radiate from the center to the outer diameter of the circle, built of poles and brush. The only opening faces the rising sun. The dancers take their places against the west wall, facing the opening.

The dance begins at sundown, and lasts until sundown of the fourth day. Properly painted and costumed, the dancers take their places at sundown of the first day, and continue the dance, with short periods of rest, day and night for 96 hours, in the hottest weather, without touching food or water. The dance consists of shuffling back and forth from their places toward the center pole, with eyes fixed on the buffalo head, blowing an eagle-bone



whistle in time with the drum. The drummers and chanters sit just south of the entrance. They are principally old men, and a chorus of old women sit close behind them. For the ordinary chants each singer improvises a verse which is rehearsed once before the drum begins to boom out its rhythm.

The Sun dance as practiced by the Utes now is almost entirely a healing ceremony. Nearly all the dancers are afflicted with some disease, generally tuberculosis. If one is too sick to participate, he may hire a proxy to dance for him. The leader of the ceremony instructs and encourages the dancers at intervals, and his exhortations are as sincere as any white revivalist. Without understanding the words, one knows the trend of his thoughts. The leader allows no joking among the participants, and any disturbance among the visitors that might distract the attention of the dancers is instantly stopped. Spectators may not eat or drink within a quarter mile of the pavilion.

Often the dancers fall exhausted. Usually only three or four of the strongest last until the end. But the Indians believe that many wonderful cures have been effected by the Sun dance. One man we saw had entered the pavilion on crutches, but was dancing vigorously at the end of the third day.

The ordinary chant, improvised on the spot, goes on hour after hour, day after day, and sounds monotonous to the white man's ear. But there are certain ceremonial songs, handed down from obscurity, that can be appreciated by any musician. The finest of these is the Sunrise song, sung each day just as the sun breaks over the horizon. Every Indian present joins in this anthem to the King of Day, and in my opinion it is one of the greatest hymns I have ever heard. Rendered in its primitive setting, with magnificent backdrop of the Uintah mountains, it is well worth traveling all night to hear.

Charlie White Horse was explaining the ceremonial to us when a handsome young Ute girl walked by.

"Who is that girl?" asked John Hansen, the artist, who was collecting types in his sketch book.

"Don't know," replied Charlie. "Maybe she's Uncompahgre from Colorado."

"If I was a young Indian buck," he laughed, "I think I'd pick that girl for a wife."

A few minutes later Charlie left us. We didn't see him any more until late at night. Then he returned with the girl Hansen had pointed out.

"Meet Mrs. White Horse," he said.

We had the politeness not to ask any intimate details. The suddenness of the marriage rather took us by surprise. But we wondered afterward if perhaps the primitive, direct method, didn't have its advantages.



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During the Christmas season last year nearly 2,000 readers of Desert Magazine sent gift subscriptions to friends and relatives in every part of the United States. It proved to be a popular gift, according to the testimony of hundreds of letters received during the intervening months.

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

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

Gift rates for Desert will be the same as last year: One subscription \$2.50; two subscriptions \$4.00; add \$1.50 for each additional gift subscription.

Late in November gift order blanks will be mailed to each subscriber, and included in all magazines sold on the newsstands. Plan now to include Desert in your gift list this year.

After all, what finer compliment could you pay your friend than the gift of a quality magazine?

Weather

FROM PHOENIX BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	80.0
Normal for September	82.0
High on September 17	104.0
Low on September 24	55.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	1.79
Normal for September	0.75
Weather—	
Days clear	24
Days partly cloudy	6
Days cloudy	0

J. M. LANNING, Temporarily in charge

FROM YUMA BUREAU

Temperatures—	Degrees
Mean for month	80.8
Normal for September	83.7
High on September 11	106.0
Low on September 22	55.0
Rain—	Inches
Total for month	0.08
71-year-average for September	0.43
Weather—	
Days clear	28
Days partly cloudy	2
Days cloudy	0
Sunshine 97 percent (358 hours of sunshine out of possible 371).	

Colorado river—Level of Lake Mead has dropped from peak of 31,000,000 acre feet July 31 to 29,357,000 acre feet September 30.

JAMES H. GORDON, Meteorologist

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This is the time of year when Marshal South is scouring the landscape far and near for dead juniper—for the winter's fuel supply. "Some day," Marshal writes, "we may go modern and get a burro to replace the pack board for labor of this kind." But the dwellers at Yaquitepec are not sure they want the burro. In their glorious experiment in primitive living on this remote desert mountain they have deliberately chosen a hard way of life for themselves—and a burro is merely a first step toward easier living. Too much ease brings decay and ruin to the human race. And so for the present the Souths will continue to pack in their wood supply on their own backs.

Desert Refuge

By MARSHAL SOUTH

THE wall of the new room on which we worked with such frantic haste after the last big rain—racing with mudmaking against the evaporation of our open water-holes—stands bravely. What there is of it. It must now wait for more rain and more mud. Which is perhaps just as well. For it will get a chance to thoroughly sunbake before the next course is laid.

It is a good wall and we are proud of it. Not a thing of classic beauty, but rugged and strong—as a wall should be. Eighteen to thirty inches thick—the variation in width depending on the necessities of the foundation—it stands now like the rampart of some ancient fort. A circumstance from which we draw no little satisfaction. For it is a comfort, when the imagination balks at peering forward into a future of machine-made hells of destruction, to turn backward in thought to the days when every home was a castle and warfare could claim at least the honesty that marks the struggles of the beasts.

Not that the past held any magic over the present—save in degree. But it held more hope. It was swayed by the same laws, marching in the same changeless cycles. But men's hearts then held more simple faith and truth. They were groping towards an ideal—towards a light. Now they stand in the light and the light blinds them; they have become mad. "Onward, Progress! Onward!" —To where?

But the days march past on Ghost mountain without benefit of "Progress." The little lizards scamper along the sunny summit of our new, three-foot high wall and the butterflies drift and float over the summits of the age-gnarled junipers.

Yesterday, upon the summit of a barren ridge, where the ocean had forsaken it, who knows how many centuries ago, Rider found the desert-bleached fragments of a big, ancient sea shell.

And this morning, as I set out a newly decorated pottery bowl and olla to dry upon a rock the bright-eyed chipmunks and lizards came out of the bushes and thorn thickets to investigate—and to speculate. Drift of cloud and stir of wind. Clock ticks on the endless ribbon of eternity. Time. Time. Somewhere there are tooting whistles and shrieking sirens. Time. Time. "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry, or you'll be too late!" —For what?

The hand of Winter begins to reach towards the world. Here at Yaquitepec the movement is only a gentle stirring, as yet. But there is warning in it. Warning that the winter wood must be gotten in; that the carefree methods of summer fuel-gathering will no longer suffice. There must be a generous woodpile against storms. It is a problem that we face each year, and one that must be attacked well in advance. For it seems that no matter how high a stack of dead juniper wood and ancient mescal



Rider South is trying to master the use of the weapon by which the desert tribesmen once obtained their meat supply.

butts we collect in the fall, winter demands always manage to get away with every scrap of it.

So Rider and I devote every opportunity these days to wood packing. Sometimes Rudyard comes along. But, though he is intensely eager, his little legs are short yet for hazardous rock scrambling and for long trips. We have a brand new specially designed pack-board this year which makes the home-bringing of the loads much easier. Some day Yaquitepec will go "modern" and add a faithful burro, or a pair of them, to the establishment.

And, so doing, we will, of course, begin within our own immediate sphere, another age-old cycle. All things move in cycles—and all according to immutable laws. Smooth infallible automatic laws of action and re-action, by which everything and every happening of the universe, either good or evil, carries with it, in its borning, the seed of its own destruction.

And where does this concern the burro, you ask? Well, in its own personal "cycle" it concerns the burro a great deal. But what we have reference to, particularly, is *our* concern. For the acquisition of a beast of burden is one of the first steps along the path of man's desire for greater ease. A simple step—and a long, long path. Very pleasant, some stretches of it. But the inevitable end of it is grim ruin; physical, individual and national. The beast of burden makes life a little easier. The machine makes it easier still. It is easier to ride in a cart than to walk. Easier still in an automobile; easier yet in an airplane. Pleasant the road—and deadly. But it is the law. And it is the law also that, beyond the inevitable ruin, starts again the hard, lonely little path of toil and sweat. "It can't happen here—or again," you may say. "Times have changed; we are more enlightened now. We have harnessed and conquered the forces of nature. We are just emerging upon man's most glorious epoch and destiny."

So? Well, who would dispute. And does it really matter? Meanwhile the winds come on whispering feet across the old desert, stirring the dead grass over shattered bits of forgotten pottery and playing with the dust of sea creatures that only "yesterday," in the depths of an ocean that "would last forever" called these very spots home.

Deserts and oceans are the record keepers of cycles. But

only to a limited degree. It is in a desert that you can dig in the ruins of great Babylon, where now little lizards sun themselves in the dust of the one-time palaces of "mighty" kings. But when you have dug down and down through all the strata of man's building of cities, age after age, one upon another—with the dust-built drift of human forgetfulness and oblivion separating each from each like blank leaves in a printed book—you come finally to a layer where, deep down, the earth holds silence as to record and in blank sand and stone guards her secrets tight lipped. But if you turn away in your "science" and smug certainty, satisfied that you have come to both final endings and first beginnings, there will be grey ghosts among the dusty tombs and the heaps of shattered pots to laugh at you. For, before the "very first" tombs and broken pots, there were still other tombs and broken pots. Before the sand and the gravel and the deep granite there was the fire-mist. And before the fire-mist there was other sand and gravel and other granite. And before that. . . .

But why grope the universe with the feeble flame of a sputtering match? How old is the desert wind? Or the desert stars. And what has all this to do with carrying firewood for winter, and plans for a burro? Well, *quien sabe*—but maybe more than some might think.

And so, on these things, and on many another, Rider and I muse and speculate as we tramp over the rocks gathering sticks. We classify these expeditions as "work." And work they are from the point of industry and the expenditure of lots of physical energy. But it is natural "work" of the sort that the Great Spirit, in His wisdom, designed for all His creatures. Work such as the birds do; and the foxes and the squirrels and the pack rats and the hard working beavers. Work of this sort is a natural thing. It is something you can sing over as you do it—as do the birds. It is a very different thing from that black slavery which man has invented.

Man's work too often isn't work. It is "toil." A different thing; a grimmer thing. No bird or animal or other industrious wild thing "toils"—except such misguided creatures as the ants and the bees and others of their ilk who are fanatical followers of some crazed "ism" that submerges the individual to the "good of the mass." They are very busy, seemingly, on some "plan." Getting somewhere—or nowhere at all. For brilliant examples of utter dumbness and intellectual depravity I commend you to these "intelligent" mass slaves.

Lots of brown moths were whirling over the rocks as we came home yesterday with our last load of wood of the afternoon. The wind across the shoulder of the mountain was brisk and in the swirl of it the big brown flutterers, each of them brilliantly splashed with scarlet, went scattering and blowing across the ridges like an eddying drift of autumn leaves. Across the rim of the mountain they were trailing away out of sight into the dimness of the far grey desert. Shadows lay there, for the sun was setting, and the jagged peaks to westward stretched a ragged coverlet of indigo haze across all the lowlands. Lances of dying sunlight fell through the gaps on the rim of the world and bathed the summit of Ghost mountain in a shimmer of golden pink, through which we moved with the unreality of ghosts, throwing long, unearthly shadows. On the trail, as he carried carefully the fragments of ancient sea shells that he had picked up away back on the ridge, Rider found another whitened shell—that of a long dead desert snail—and beside it a brown, lichen-crusting chip of pottery, with the faint imprint of the potter's fingertip still upon it. . . . Whose fingertip? And how long ago?

Tanya, Victoria and Rudyard were in the doorway to welcome us, and behind them, in the house, the candles were already lit. The faint, aromatic odor of juniper smoke and the warmly sweet fragrance of newly baked corn bread.

Sunset and dark. Another day.

YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS

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STAYS PUT TO LUBRICATE
THE "HOT SPOTS"**



**OTHER OILS RUN
UPHILL TO ESCAPE
THE "HOT SPOTS"**

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LOOK at this authentic test by which we have compared Thermo-Charged "RPM" with other motor oils from the highest-priced on down.

Equal quantities of Thermo-Charged "RPM" and competitive oil are heated on a hot plate (see illustration). At temperatures that do not affect Thermo-Charged "RPM," competitive oil leaves the *hot spot* dry—and runs uphill to get away from scorching heat.

Here is a graphic demonstration of Thermo-Charged "RPM's" ability to *stay on the job at the hot spots in your engine.*

STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA



NOW MORE THAN EVER "AMERICA'S PREMIER MOTOR OIL"

Gold that ran \$200 a pound! This is the fabulous value placed on small specimens of ore that are said to have come from the long lost mine of Indian Captain Dick. Today there is nothing more than legend to support the story, but there are many old prospectors scattered through the West who have searched for the hidden tunnel—believing the tale to be true.

Lost 'Captain Dick' Mine

By JOHN D. MITCHELL

Illustration by John Hansen

FOR almost a hundred years the story of an outcrop of rich gold ore has circulated through the mining country in northeastern California, its fabulous richness sometimes believed, more often ridiculed.

Not until an old Indian locally known as Captain Dick came down from his teepee on Owl creek and started bartering large chunks of extremely rich gold ore for loaves of bread, was the story lifted out of the legendary class.

One look at the ore was enough to stampede the most experienced prospector or desert rat into the hills to search for the ledge. But no amount of coaxing would induce the old Indian to disclose the location of his bonanza. "Heap far over mountains" was all that he would say.

Some said the rich ledge was up in the Eagle peak country, while others were of the opinion it was located high up in the pass between Pine valley and Owl creek, where Captain Dick and his squaw had lived for many years. About the time the searchers were ready to give up in despair, the Indian would put in an appearance at one of the mountain villages with a small bag of the rich ore. Sometimes he would give a piece of the ore to a small boy and tell him to trade it for bread at one of the stores.

One day two miners, chagrined by their repeated failures to find the rich ledge, declared they would follow the old Indian to his mine or die in the attempt. The next day the two men set out to trail Captain Dick into the hills. The never were seen alive again.

When the two miners failed to return to their homes, the Indian was arrested and hung up by his thumbs in an unsuccessful effort to make him talk. Later vigilantes took him out of jail and hung him.

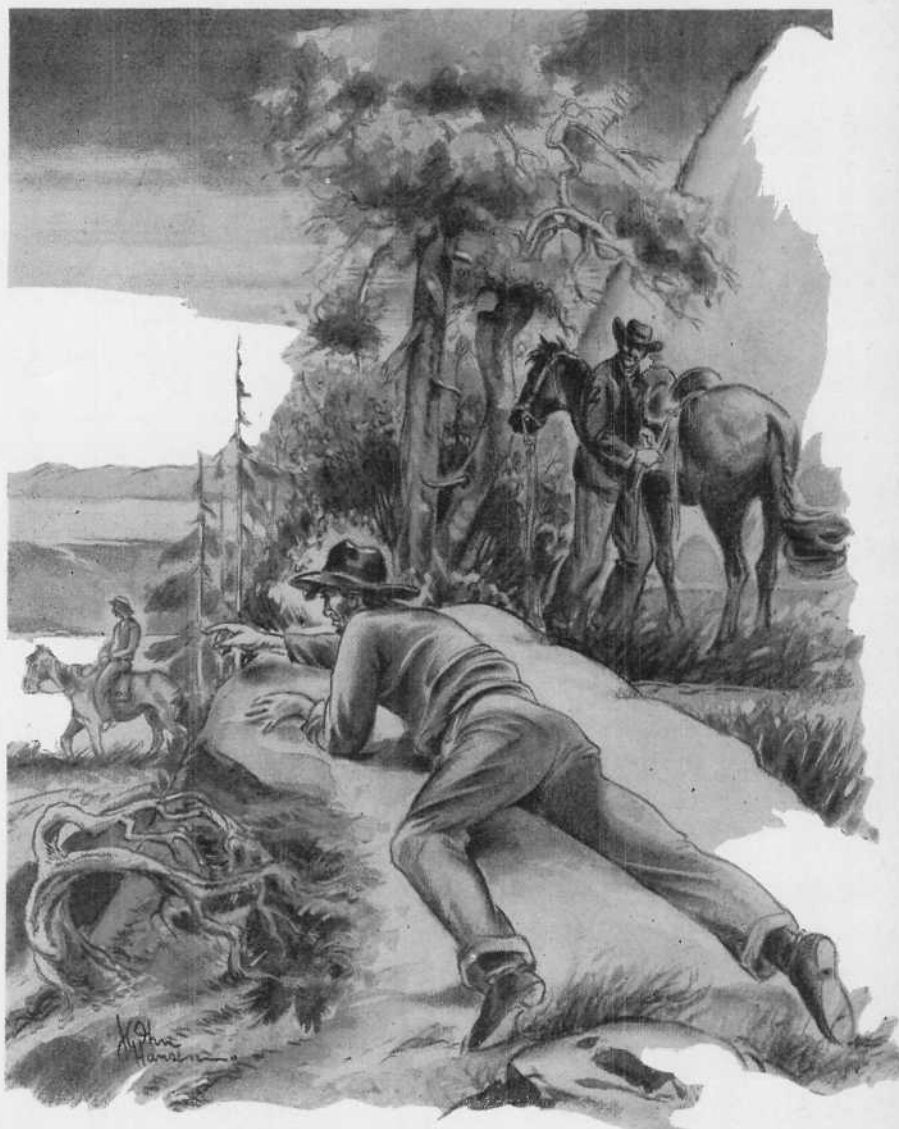
Shortly after his death, a German prospector offered to marry the Indian's widow in an effort to learn where the ore came from. She refused to marry the desert rat and would give no information other than to say that she knew the location and that Captain Dick had told her to keep the secret.

After the woman died a drunken sheep-

herder in a talkative mood told a friend that once while driving his flock of sheep down through the high pass between Pine valley and Owl creek, he saw the old Indian emerge from a small hole on the mountainside with a small bag in one hand. After looking around to make sure no one was watching him, the Indian

moved a large flat rock over the small opening and then disappeared down the mountainside.

The herder said he took a candle with him the next day and while his sheep were grazing nearby, he crawled into the hole from which he had seen the old Indian emerge. The small opening widened out



"... the next day the two men set out to trail 'Captain Dick' into the hills and were never seen alive again."

DESERT QUIZ

Here's the Desert Magazine's monthly test for those who think they know their Southwest desert. And for those who would like to know more about the desert country—its botany, geography, Indians, literature, geology and scenic attractions—this list of questions is an excellent course of instruction. The average person will not answer more than 10 of these correctly. A seasoned Desert Rat should score 15. If you know more than that you are one of those super-humans. The answers are on page 33.

- 1—If you wanted to take a picture of the Great White Throne you would go to—
Grand Canyon..... Zion national park.....
Bryce canyon..... Monument valley.....
- 2—Your car is stuck in desert sand dunes. The most essential tool in getting it out is a— Pump..... Axe..... Jack..... Shovel.....
- 3—The highest point visible from the floor of Coachella valley, California, is—
San Geronio peak..... San Jacinto peak.....
Mt. Whitney..... Santa Rosa peak.....
- 4—The tree most commonly used for windbreaks in the Southwestern desert is—
Cottonwood..... Willow..... Palo Verde..... Tamarisk.....
- 5—Before the white men came to the Southwest the fruit of the Saguaro cactus was an important item of food for the— Yuma Indians.....
Cocopahs..... Havasupais..... Papagos.....
- 6—Center of the Chimayo weaving industry in the Southwest is in—
Southern Arizona..... California..... New Mexico..... Utah.....
- 7—Roosevelt dam is in the— Salt river..... Gila river.....
Little Colorado..... Hassayampa.....
- 8—Ernest Thompson Seton of New Mexico is a— U. S. Senator.....
Mining engineer..... Writer..... Indian trader.....
- 9—The color of the blossom of the Indigo bush is—
White..... Yellow..... Pink..... Indigo.....
- 10—Most historians agree that the first white man to see the Grand canyon of the Colorado was— Marcos de Niza..... Coronado.....
De Vargas..... Cárdenas.....
- 11—Crystals most commonly occurring in geodes are—
Quartz..... Calcite..... Tourmaline..... Hornblende.....
- 12—Material generally used by the Hopi Indians in making Katchina dolls is—
Cottonwood..... Clay..... Cedar..... Piñon.....
- 13—Ubehebe crater is in— Northern Arizona..... Southern Utah.....
Death Valley..... Chiricahua national monument.....
- 14—The book, The Romance of the Colorado River, was written by—
Powell..... Dellenbaugh..... Hornaday..... James.....
- 15—Indian women in the roadside stands along the highway between Albuquerque and Santa Fe, New Mexico, generally sell— Blankets.....
Pottery..... Beadwork..... Basketry.....
- 16—Leaving the floor of the desert to cross the Southern California mountain range, Juan Bautista de Anza took the route— Through San Geronio pass.....
El Cajon Pass..... Up Carrizo creek.....
Through Borrego valley and up Coyote canyon.....
- 17—Largest Indian Reservation in the Southwest is—
Apache..... Navajo..... Mojave..... Ute.....
- 18—A piton is one of the tools used by a—
Miner..... Rock climber..... Surveyor..... Indian silversmith.....
- 19—Cibola valley is located in— New Mexico..... Mojave desert.....
Western Arizona..... Nevada.....
- 20—Following the Coronado trail from Springerville to Clifton you would cross over the— Sangre de Cristo mountains..... Superstition mountains.....
White mountains..... San Francisco mountains.....

into a tunnel the ceiling of which was threaded with gold seams. Breaking off a few pieces of the heavy rock he put them in his lunch sack and by the dim light of his candle made his way along the tunnel.

Suddenly the flickering light disclosed two grinning skulls hanging from pegs that had been driven into crevices in the ore in the face of the tunnel. In the space between the two skulls the grey-colored rock was matted together with large chunks and wires of gleaming gold. Never in his life had he seen anything like it. Frightened by the gruesome discovery he made his way out of the death chamber and replaced the flat rock over the entrance. The few small pieces of ore he carried away were sold for \$1400.

The herder, knowing that the squaw was dead, quit his job and disappeared in the mountains. Several weeks went by and then one day he appeared on the streets dressed up and apparently well supplied with money. When he had squandered the money he slipped away in the night making his way to the tunnel for more gold. This went on for several months. When the herder in a drunken mood offered to show a new found friend the mine for a small loan with which to buy more liquor, the friend not having heard of the magic tunnel, refused the loan.

The herder later disappeared from his usual haunts and never was seen again. There are those who say he was followed to the hills and that he met the same fate as the two miners whose skulls he found hanging in the face of the tunnel.

The friend who refused the loan has joined other desert rats in looking for the mine ever since. So year in and year out the search for one of California's most famous lost mines goes on. It would be hard to make these old-timers believe there is anything less than a cool million dollars worth of gold in the Captain Dick tunnel.

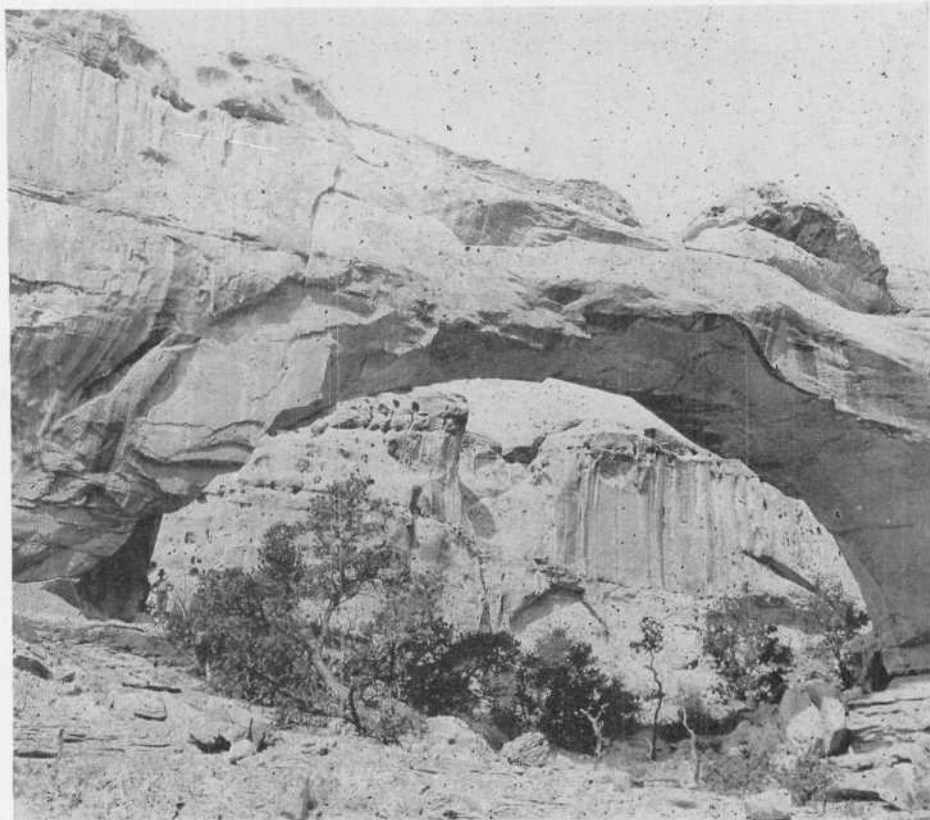
Some of the oldest inhabitants in the Warner range believe the Captain Dick mine is no other than the famous long lost Cement mine which was said to have been found by three young German brothers who in 1841 survived an Indian massacre on the great plains, and after making their way westward into northwestern Nevada or northeastern California, found an outcropping of conglomerate of natural cement which was heavily impregnated with gold nuggets.

Each of the brothers took 25 pounds of the ore and started south toward the Spanish settlements along the coast. After enduring untold hardships, one of the brothers got out alive with his 25 pounds of ore and learned it was worth \$200 a pound.

It is believed that some of the old Indians around Alturas and Likely know the location of the long lost tunnel, but like Captain Dick and his squaw, refuse to lead the searchers to it.

HICKMAN BRIDGE

Louise McHugh of Salt Lake City was the winner of the Desert Magazine's Landmark contest for September. She identified the accompanying picture as the Hickman natural bridge in the Capitol Reef national monument in Utah. Her story, which is printed on this page, gives an interesting glimpse of one of the most fascinating areas in the Southwest.



By LOUISE McHUGH

ON ONE of our trips to Bryce canyon when it was suggested that we take a side trip from Highway 89 and visit Fruita and Capitol wash I was delighted. For years a daughter of Joe Hickman had told me of Wayne County's Wonderland which she described as grander than Zion and more colorful than Bryce. She always referred to a great natural bridge which her father had named Blate Bridge in honor of his baby boy.

At Sigurd we turned east from Highway 89 on to Utah State Highway 24, drove 71 miles to Fruita where we camped in an old orchard. Thence we hiked to the bridge along a trail that crossed the muddy Fremont river so many times that we agreed Major Powell had well named it Dirty Devil. We passed a smooth red cliff-wall of Wingate sandstone covered with Indian petroglyphs, well drawn and well preserved—sheep, serpents, lightning and human figures.

A half mile from Fruita the trail left the river and wound up a dry wash. As we scrambled up the wash we spied a Moki house—prehistoric Indian storeroom—sheltered under an overhanging cliff and

walled in with sandstone slabs, now partly removed.

A mile beyond we turned a sharp curve and saw big Blate Bridge! A huge and impressive span! It is now officially named Hickman Bridge but is still regionally known as Fruita bridge. Our trail led to the top of the mighty arch. Looking down from the top, our camp and persons 2,000 feet below us appeared mere dots on the landscape.

The Hickman Bridge is 70 feet high, has a span of 175 feet, is 30 feet thick at the center and 20 feet wide across the top. It is in Wingate sandstone—Jurassic—cut through a jutting promontory and was probably formed by the headward erosion of two parallel washes each of which claimed the sandstone promontory as its source. Wingate sandstone characteristically fractures in great semi-circular slabs; archways are common in it. Such erosion probably cut from each side of the sandstone wall at the heads of the two gulches. Time and weather gnawed at the thin wall until they cut through and working continuously at a small aperture, gradually enlarged it until it reached the gigan-

tic proportions of the arch under this great bridge.

Hickman Bridge at Fruita approximates the size of Edwin Bridge—Owachimo—in White canyon (San Juan Bridges national monument) and is similar in shape and symmetry to Augusta Bridge—Sippapu—(San Juan Bridges national monument).

Joe Hickman dreamed of "his" bridge and the Capitol wash as a Utah state park and worked for it. In 1924 his dream became an accomplished fact and Governor George H. Dern visited the bridge and dedicated the park. In 1937 when the region had become better known and more widely appreciated the whole area known as Wayne County Wonderland was made a national monument and called Capitol Reef national monument.

The Hickman Bridge which is pictured on page 37 of the Desert Magazine for September 1941, is located in the northwest corner of Capitol Reef national monument in Wayne county, Utah. Present day visitors may find accommodations at comfortable auto lodges at Fruita where experienced guides and horses are available. Any visitor to Fruita who does not see this grand old bridge will miss one of the most interesting features of the Capitol Reef monument.



Apache Hotel

For many years the Apache Hotel has been the center of hospitality in Las Vegas, Nevada. The Apache Cafe is recognized as one of the finest in the West. The New Western Casino is conducted in a dignified manner. Stay at the Apache — the center of social life in Las Vegas, Nevada.

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30 minutes from Lake Mead for fishing, boating and lake bathing. Trips to nearby Valley of Fire, Hidden Forest, Death Valley, and other places of interest.

SEND FOR FREE PICTORIAL BOOKLET

BOULDERADO RANCH
Las Vegas, Nevada

in other words

by JOHN CLINTON



He was the maddest, reddest, largest and wettest man I've ever seen, as he stomped mightily out of the men's room at a gas station and, grabbing the operator's shirt, wiped his streaming face and hands thereon!

* * *
"Why x!l\$#%!!," he yelled.
"What in #&.!!*¢x!" he added.
Then, getting his 2nd wind he howled "If you're going to have paper towel containers in your rest room, why don't you keep paper towels in them? Am I supposed to dry by evaporation?"

* * *
Well, I needn't tell you that it wasn't a Union Oil station. It wasn't much of a station at all. But I stop at all kinds just to see what folks are doing.

* * *
And the moral to this incident is not that Union Minute Men never, never, never let the dispensers run out of paper towels, because they are just human. But the point is—it is only on the rarest occasions that these men overlook a maintenance detail.

* * *
You see Union Minute Man Service is famous as "the finest service in the west." And they're jealous as all get-out of that reputation. They guard it and improve it and brag about it, and when a new man comes on the job, they go to work on him like a plebe at West Point.

* * *
The result is what you find when you drive in at the sign of the big orange and blue 76—the cleanest, slickest and best operated service stations in the west. It doesn't come entirely from the boss, or from an instruction book—it comes from the heart.—Just try Union Minute Men, yourself.



Mines and Mining . .

Battle Mountain, Nevada . . .

Louis Gruell, original discoverer of Valmy silver lead mine in 1923, asserts that he has relocated the rich vein which was lost in the early 'thirties. Two assays show 22 percent copper and 35 ounces of silver.

Morenci, Arizona . . .

After years of preliminary work and the expenditure of \$34,000,000, Phelps Dodge corporation will begin productive operation of its huge plant here November 1, and by December 1 will be turning out copper at the rate of 6,250 tons a month. The company is scheduled to build a three-million dollar plant at Los Angeles for the manufacture of copper products.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

There is enough magnesium in the waters of Salt Lake to supply the United States for 300 years. This statement was made by mining men at a public hearing conducted here by a sub-committee of United States Senate.

Lovelock, Nevada . . .

Only pinite mine in the United States, located in South American canyon 40 miles east of here, shipped 1,350 tons of its clay at the end of the summer's mining operations. Owned by the Clay Corporation of California, the quarry yields a product used in the making of brick.

Salt Lake City, Utah . . .

Located near the copper and lead smelter at Tooele, International Smelting and Refining company has erected a \$340,000 plant to recover zinc from slag in the dump. It is estimated the treatment of from 300 to 400 tons of slag daily will yield 40 tons of zinc.

Pioche, Nevada . . .

Combined Metals Reduction company has completed its \$600,000 flotation mill in Lincoln county, with a capacity for 500 tons of lead-zinc ore daily. The mill will handle low grade ores which formerly could not be mined profitably.

Goldfield, Nevada . . .

Located just beneath the surface of a field which according to prospectors "looks like good potato-growing land," Harvey Humphrey, Ernie Shirley and Stanley Chiatovich report the discovery of rich quicksilver ore in northern Nye county. After removing an overburden of two or three feet, a shipment of 113 tons of the ore yielded 21½ flasks of quicksilver. Silver Divide company has taken an option on the property.

Las Vegas, Nevada . . .

Contract has been let to McNeil Construction company of Los Angeles for the erection of a \$60,000,000 magnesium plant 10 miles east of Las Vegas. Lawrence McNeil, president of contracting concern, estimated 7,000 men would be employed at peak of construction. Plant scheduled to be in operation by September 1, 1942. First buildings will be barracks to house 3,500 men. Owing to conflicting claims as to ownership of some of the 7,500 acre site, condemnation action may be necessary to clear title.

Winnemucca, Nevada . . .

Seven to eight flasks of quicksilver daily is the output of a rich ore body discovered recently by the McAdoo Mining company on leased ground adjacent to its Bottle creek holdings. A 30-ton plant is being operated on three shifts.

Blythe, California . . .

Engineers of the U. S. geological survey recently have been exploring the manganese deposits in the Paymaster district 42 miles south of here. Between 3,000 and 4,000 tons running 40 percent manganese were taken out of this area during the first world war. The best ore consists of psilomelane in veins ranging from one to 18 inches.

San Francisco, California . . .

Unlimited supplies of aluminous clays can be developed in western United States to take the place of the limited deposits of bauxite, present source of aluminum, according to a statement to the American Mining congress by Frank Eichelberger, president of Kalumite, Inc.

Needles, California . . .

More than 300,000 tons of ore assaying two percent tungsten are said to be in sight at the Dorr property recently sold to Clarence S. and Warren T. Potter for a reported \$140,000. Milling machinery is being assembled at the mine, while the owners explore for water. The property is in New York mountains, 60 miles northwest of Needles.

Ogilby, California . . .

Tumco Mines, Inc., is preparing to start diamond drilling operations in an effort to locate ore bodies believed to exist near the old Tumco workings in Cargo Muchacho mountains. Owners are confident there is a large body of \$18 to \$25 gold and silver ore to be located.

Superior, Arizona . . .

Discovery of a new insulating material is claimed by L. Lee Boyer of Phoenix. He has been experimenting with perlite which is found in a large deposit near here, and has found that by exploding it he obtains a non-conductive material with a specific gravity of 0.2. Plans are being drawn for a 100-ton plant to treat the material.

Niland, California . . .

C. D. Adams of Pomona, California, is reported to have acquired a big deposit of thenardite (the mineral form of anhydrous sodium sulphate) near Bertram station on the Southern Pacific railroad 25 miles west of this place. More than 150 test holes were drilled and the product was found to assay a high grade of purity.

Sacramento, California . . .

Walter W. Bradley, California state mineralogist, has announced the issuance of new state mining bulletin No. 120 entitled "Manner of Locating and Holding Mineral Claims in California." Copies may be obtained for 25 cents at the Los Angeles, Sacramento or San Francisco offices of the state division of mines.

HERE AND THERE ... on the Desert

ARIZONA

White Medicine Good . . .

GRAND CANYON—When a Supai Indian baby became ill with pneumonia, the aged grandfather insisted that the tribal medicine men could cure the ailment. The mother wanted to call a white doctor. A group of educated young Indians held a pow-wow to decide the issue, and agreed with the mother. The child is responding to treatment.

Will Dwarf Boulder Dam . . .

PHOENIX—"The largest power, irrigation and reclamation project on the earth" is the dream State Senator Fred T. Colter has for Arizona. His idea for this super-undertaking is to construct two gigantic dams on the Colorado river—one in Glen canyon near the Utah line, another in Bridge canyon in northwest Arizona. Eight smaller dams would be built at other strategic points along the river. Federal power commission will hold hearings here on December 1 when Colter will present his plan in detail.

Flocks Move South . . .

PHOENIX—The middle of September saw the beginning of the annual fall migration of 200,000 sheep from the mountains to the lowlands of southern Arizona. The flocks, moving just fast enough to keep ahead of the winter snows, will scatter out on the desert in a huge triangle extending from Wickenburg to Florence and west to Gila Bend, to remain until shearing time in the spring.

Movies Come to Navajoland . . .

WINDOW ROCK—World events, new ideas on farming and livestock care are being brought to Navajo Indians by a mobile movie projector and sound truck. In three months 17,000 Navajo have been treated to this newest Indian Service project—designed primarily to acquaint the Indians with white man's civilization and to educate them in modern farming and health techniques. Greatest approval is given pictures which point a moral.

Cactus Disease Studied . . .

TUCSON—With a \$10,000 congressional appropriation to finance their efforts, pathologists of the department of agriculture collaborating with scientists from University of Arizona are searching for methods to control the disease which is destroying many saguaro cacti. Preliminary step will be removal of all diseased plants in Saguaro national monument to be studied and later buried in the ground to stamp out the infection.

Rendezvous of Gods Found . . .

WINDOW ROCK—Tribal gods met in a cave long ago, so a Navajo legend goes, and made paintings of themselves to guide the tribe in the ritualism of worship. A group of scientific explorers, led by Dr. William A. Gardner of Columbia university, believe that they have found this cave in the rugged four-corners region in northeast Arizona. The grotto contains four clay images, and a brilliantly colored mural 200 feet in length, six feet high, depicting Navajo ceremonials and characters.

May be 2nd Carlsbad . . .

TUCSON—Called "Cave of the Bells" because of the chime-like quality of some stalactites and stalagmites found in its dim recesses, a deep limestone cave has been discovered in the Santa Rita mountains 60 miles southeast of here. Exploring parties have penetrated 1,300 feet into its depths without reaching the end.

Townsmen Happy Now . . .

KINGMAN—Long battle by local townsmen to get appropriations for construction of a highway from here to site of Davis dam was won early in September when the state highway commission designated the proposed route as a state highway, and made \$100,000 immediately available for construction. Six hundred thousand more will be needed to complete the road, and this will come from state and U. S. reclamation bureau appropriations. An exploratory barge, brought down from Grand Coulee project, was launched on the Colorado September 22, and work on the dam is being pushed to the maximum.

Crater Mystery Solved . . .

WINSLOW — Disappointed in their search for nickel deposits, members of a Ford-T.W.A. expedition to the pit-dotted plain south of here did solve the mystery of the formation of the pits. Believed at first to be meteor craters, possibly containing much-needed nickel for defense production, the pits are now thought to be old limestone caves which were crumpled in when the gigantic meteor embedded in the earth west of here hit the earth. This theory was advanced by Dr. Harvey H. Nininger, leader of the party, after studying the 30 vast pits which cover the sandstone plain.

Bullshead Dam Preferred . . .

KINGMAN—Proposal of the department of interior to name the new dam in the Colorado river at Bullshead canyon in honor of Arthur P. Davis, does not meet with local favor. Mohave county chamber of commerce passed a resolution asking that the name Bullshead be retained. Resolution was forwarded to Secretary Ickes.

CALIFORNIA

Pahutes Given Farms . . .

BISHOP—Pahute Indians revived the ancient harvest festival late in September to celebrate the dedication of the Indian Service resettlement project which gives them 1,200 acres of small farms with homes to take care of 126 Owens valley families. The project represents an expenditure of \$500,000 by the Service. Work was done by Indian labor, houses being constructed of native pumice brick.

Reptiles Are Softies . . .

DEATH VALLEY—Good news to timid tourists who are bothered by wild and glowing reports of the viciousness of desert reptilians are the findings of David R. Wells, graduate student of biology on the U.C.L.A. campus, who states that lizards and other reptiles of the desert are much less able to stand the extremes in heat and cold on the desert than are humans. Normal range of activity for these denizens is from 53 to 97 degrees Fahrenheit.

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Short Cut to Desert . . .

PALMDALE—Residents of Los Angeles are now 12 miles closer to the scenic and recreational attractions of adjacent Mojave desert and Owens valley since the opening of the Angeles forest highway between here and the Los Angeles area. Official opening of the highway was held September 12, county and forest service dignitaries officiating.

Reservation May Be Divided . . .

PALM SPRINGS—Resulting from a recent controversy over the proposed sale of land belonging to the Agua Caliente Indians near here, a bill has been introduced in the senate authorizing secretary of the interior to sell parts of Indian reservations to private concerns at public auctions to the highest bidder. Heretofore only whole sections of Indian land were available, but now the lands can be broken up. The bill provides for the full protection of Indians' rights, however.

Bad News for Tuna . . .

CALEXICO—Paved road from Mexicali, B. C., to the sportsman's paradise of San Felipe on the Gulf of Lower California will be constructed soon, reports J. J. Lopez, local delegate to the fourth Pan American highway and international travel congress held in Mexico City in September. Contract has been let and money appropriated by the Mexican government for building a high-speed hard-surfaced road from the border to the game-fishing waters of the gulf.

New Home for Date Festival . . .

INDIO—Riverside county officials early in October dedicated the new 40-acre tract of land which has been purchased as the future home of the annual Riverside county fair and date festival.

Bids Open on Ditch . . .

COACHELLA—Bids for construction work on the Coachella branch of the All-American canal were to be opened at Yuma October 23. Specific work on which bids will be made is construction of earthwork, concrete lining and structures.

Mineral Deposits Lie Idle . . .

BANNING—Bill Keyes, colorful desert character who lives on a ranch in Joshua Tree national monument, was here in September carrying on his fight to open up the monument to mining interests. Keyes says that deposits of gold, silver, lead, copper, tungsten and vanadium, the latter valuable defense minerals, are located within the boundaries of the monument. There would be no harm done by opening these deposits up to commercial development, Keyes believes. In fact, he states, sightseers almost invariably ask about the mines which were formerly operated in the area.

NEVADA

Piñon Season Welcomed . . .

FALLON—Pahute and Shoshone Indians have pitched their tents on the pine-studded slopes of neighboring mountains preparatory to harvesting the 1941 crop of pinenuts. As far back as any of the natives can remember the harvesting season has been a long-anticipated occasion each year, providing a source of sociability and recreation for the men and women of the tribes. Also, food and money to last them through the winter. Modern method of gathering the nuts is to wait until frosts have opened the cones, spread a canvas under a tree, and shake it with ropes, causing the nuts to fall like hail.

Hopi Magic? . . .

WINNEMUCCA—Ex-Rancher Jack Heward tells the story about the time he speechlessly watched J. A. Woodward, another local resident, calmly walk up to a rattlesnake and stamp him to death with his foot. During the execution, the snake twice struck Woodward in the leg, but he went on stamping unconcernedly. Then he told Heward how he had to use tacks to hold his socks up—garters slipped on the wooden limb.

Desert Canaries . . .

WINNEMUCCA—The prospector's best friend and biggest problem, confidant, and recipient of his worst invectives—the burro—has found his Nevada haven in Humboldt county, according to figures released in Carson City. This county leads the state in number of burros within its limits with a total of 44 of the sturdy beasts of burden.

Borax Line May Come to Life . . .

LAS VEGAS—Brainchild of F. M. (Borax) Smith, the Tonopah and Tidewater railroad, may come back into service if the proposal of Congressman James G. Scrugham of Nevada is carried out. This line was originally conceived and financed by Smith to provide a rail outlet for the Borax deposits of Death Valley. Never a paying proposition, the line was abandoned in 1930, but Congressman Scrugham is fighting to have it reconditioned in order to provide a direct rail line to transport ore from deposits near Luning to the reduction plant under construction at Las Vegas.

Was State's Top Producer . . .

CARSON CITY—Relic of boom days on the Comstock Lode, the mint building which turned out \$50,000,000 in gold and silver coins during the 1860s and '70s will be formally opened as a state museum admission day, October 31. Through legislative action the building has been purchased by the state from the federal government, reconditioned, and modernized to serve as a safe receptacle for historic articles.

NEW MEXICO

Troubles of a Cook . . .

SANTA FE—"He's still the best cook we've ever had!" With this moral support from his associates, Sam Moore, culinary expert for a White Rock canyon survey party, continues to ply his trade despite all obstacles. Several weeks ago Sam was bitten by a rattlesnake, and then was deprived of the benefits of his own skill by losing his false teeth in the Rio Grande. Since then he has been beaten up by robbers, and nearly bitten by another rattler.

School Gets 'Fallen Stars' . . .

ALBUQUERQUE—University of New Mexico recently acquired a large collection of meteorites, mostly found in the state, from Dr. H. H. Nininger, director of the American Meteorite Laboratory of Denver. This collection, perhaps the only one of its kind, is valued at \$1,800, and was obtained through donations of Joe Heaston and anonymous Albuquerque patrons.

Indians Ask Equality . . .

DOMINGO—Request for accrediting of Indian schools was presented to Indian Commissioner John Collier following a meeting of the All-Pueblo Indian Council of New Mexico late in August. Delegates from Isleta, Picuris, and Laguna asked that the Indian boarding schools be placed on a par with other accredited high schools so that graduates could enter institutions of higher education without taking special examinations.

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NO EXTRA RAIL FARE to speed east via San Antonio, Houston, the deep South, and romantic old New Orleans, a part of the country rich in tradition and full of the fun of living. Board Southern Pacific's famous *Sunset Limited* or *Argonaut* leaving Los Angeles daily. (If you like, enjoy a sidetrip to magnificent Carlsbad Caverns.) From New Orleans continue east on your choice of many fine trains. Through Pullman Los Angeles to Chicago via New Orleans allows day's sight-seeing in New Orleans. For complete information, folders, etc., see your nearest SP ticket office.

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For Bow & Arrow Sportsmen . . .

SANTA FE—Modern exponents of the ancient art of archery will have opportunity to exercise their skill during the deer season, November 1 to 9, in the Sandia refuge near here. State Game Warden Elliott Barker urged that only experienced archers apply for the 300 special permits, in order to keep at a minimum the number of deer not fatally wounded. Further in this direction, rules require exclusive use of barbless, broad-headed arrows, and bows of not less than 50 pounds pull at a 28-inch draw.

Railroad May Go to Orient . . .

SANTA FE—Reliable reports reached here late in September that the old "Chili Line" narrow gauge railroad, abandoned last month after 50 years service between Santa Fe, N. M., and Antonito, Colo. (See D.M. Oct. '41), will be sold to the Chinese government for use in its war against the Japanese. Lease-Lend authorities are supposedly negotiating to finance the transaction, which will amount to a half-million dollars.

UTAH

Scorup Still Owns Ranch . . .

MOAB—News of the sale of the Scorup-Somerville ranch, largest in the state, which appeared in many newspapers throughout the southwest was called erroneous by James A. Scorup, president of the S-S company. Negotiations were under way, Scorup admitted here early in September, but fell through due to the failure of the Merriam & Wilkins Co., prospective buyers, to exercise their option in the specified time.

Historic Trek Renewed . . .

MONTICELLO—Seven of the original party of Mormon settlers who in 1880 blasted a route across the Colorado in Glen canyon to get to San Juan county were on the second annual renewal of this famous trek to "Hole-in-the-Rock," Utah. The excursion was held over the weekend, September 19-21, attracting 280 descendants of early Mormon pioneers and interested residents of San Juan and Grand counties. Majority of the participants went by auto via Escalante and the eastern approach to the crossing, while a few of the more hardy went by horse-back from Blanding.

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Two-State Drive Planned . . .

VERNAL—Preliminary surveys of the first part of the Vernal-Manila highway have been completed, and estimates of around \$507,000 are given for the cost of constructing a highway over one of the most attractive scenic areas of Utah. Besides being a tourist attraction, this highway will facilitate travel between U. S. highway 40 here and U. S. highway 30 at Green River, Wyoming. At present the road is badly graded, and has many hair-pin turns.

Chief Joins 'Great Spirits' . . .

DUCHESNE—Chief John Duncan came to the Uintah Basin in 1865, when he was 16 years old. He has been here ever since. During the intervening years he built up the reputation of being the most colorful Indian character in the Basin. He has been immortalized on canvas, a huge oil portrait hanging in the state capitol, and has appeared on radio broadcasts during the Indian Fair and Industrial conventions held here. Death came to him in his 92nd year September 2.

First Irrigation Project . . .

LOGAN—History was re-enacted at Clarkson Creek Hollow early in September when work was started on the new \$700,000 Newton dam, first reclamation project to be approved under the Case-Wheeler act. In 1871 this scene was first enacted, when what is believed to be America's first irrigation dam was constructed here.

Tourists Run Off With 'Em . . .

SALT LAKE CITY—Utah uses aluminum tokens for sales tax payments, and when the shortage of metal threatened to interfere with normal business the state tax commission solved the problem by ordering six million two-mill and one million five-mill tokens of plastic from a Colorado concern. Tourists carry off many of the tokens for souvenirs.

Refugees in a Tree . . .

SILVER CITY—Seeking refuge from the flood waters that deluged New Mexico and eastern Arizona late in September, Mrs. Chase McReynolds at the Red Rock ranch climbed a tree and foiled three other refugees already in the branches—three rattlesnakes. "I've lived all my life on a ranch," she said,

"and wasn't much afraid of them until it began to grow dark." She was rescued, unharmed by either the flood or the rattlers.

Hualapai Lodge

Located on the shore of beautiful Lake Mead, in the heart of this vast Canyon wonderland, new HUALAPAI LODGE overlooks a panoramic view of rainbow cliffs and mesas on the horizon. The Lodge is air-conditioned throughout and its modern, comfortable accommodations include Lounge, Coffee Shop and Restaurant. All rooms with showers. Bathing Beach and Boat Landing are adjacent.

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ANSWERS TO DESERT QUIZ

Questions on page 28.

- 1—Zion national park.
- 2—Shovel.
- 3—San Geronio peak.
- 4—Tamarisk.
- 5—Papagos.
- 6—New Mexico.
- 7—Salt River.
- 8—Writer.
- 9—Indigo.
- 10—Cárdenas.
- 11—Quartz.
- 12—Cottonwood.
- 13—Death Valley.
- 14—Dellenbaugh.
- 15—Pottery.
- 16—Coyote canyon.
- 17—Navajo.
- 18—Rock-climber.
- 19—Western Arizona.
- 20—White mountains.

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

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A NATURALIST

It isn't polite to urge books on one's friends. But along comes a *special* book—and we put manners overboard. This is probably what happens to more than one reader of Donald Culross Peattie. It is an urge which is intensified upon reading his latest book *THE ROAD OF A NATURALIST*. Being autobiographical it contains all the elements met singly in his previous works—plus a kaleidoscopic array of thoughts, feelings, notes from many fields of science and an appreciation of America.

Those who are familiar with Peattie's writing—in *An Almanac for Moderns*, *Singing in the Wilderness*, *Green Laurels*, *Flowering Earth*—would expect the unusual when he approached an autobiography. Not only is his word, his phrase the unexpected, the exact—the very plan of his book is unique.

His life story is told in a series of flashbacks, alternating with travelog, philosophic observations and scientific information.

He and his wife start out from the Mojave desert on a tour which takes them through Utah, Wyoming, up through the Northwest and down the Pacific coast. By the time we have reached their Santa Barbara home, Peattie's life has been unfolded. Once, it was only the inky void surrounding a speeding car which detached him from the present and took him to childhood memories. Again, it was the violet radiance of a penstemon which drew him back across the America he knows so well—to the flowers and trees and birds by which he could identify the very locale—Barstow, Flagstaff, Wagon Mound, Trinidad, the Middle West, the East, the South. Yet again, the land of the Mormons as he reviewed their struggles against the invading crickets, recalled his young manhood, the beginning of his work as assistant plant introducer in the department of agriculture. Even two pink bell flowers in Montana brought back memories of his marriage, the early uncertainties, their departure for France where he spent some of the most poignant years of his life.

But aside from sharing the memories of a rich life and looking at America with new eyes, we have, with him, peered into ages past, and we have looked behind the curtains at the future. Pondering the Eocene age in Wyoming, he sees the ancient little horse of that day not as a mere fossil specimen but as the ancestor of Sea Biscuit. In groping for a perspective in a war-blasted world, he finds one in a consideration of evolution, as evidenced in the least things about him.

Each page is a delight, wherever one's chief interest may lie. The style alone, in its exquisite, poetic expression, would be reason enough to read it. It has an intangible quality which cannot be described in the ordinary man's language. It can only be read to be appreciated.

Some of the finest descriptive paragraphs are found in his chapters on floral and animal life in the Mojave.

Although the horizons of the natural world have been greatly extended by reading the book, the most vivid impression is that of an intellectual experience.

This volume is the first of the prize works in the *Life in America* series being published by Houghton Mifflin company, Boston, and was released last August. 315 pp. \$3.00.

—Lucile Harris

FRONTIER LIFE HAD ITS COMPENSATIONS

Life on the New Mexican frontier a half a century ago was *NO LIFE FOR A LADY*, Agnes Morely Cleaveland admits through the title of her personal history. In many stirring episodes she pictures pestilence and drought, Indians, grim gunplay and hard-boiled politics, interspersed with a certain chivalry and at times evidences of neighborliness that was surprising in that day of magnificent distances. Looking back on it today, the author leaves no doubt that for all its hardships, it was a great life and she wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Mrs. Cleaveland's father, William Raymond Morely, for a time was manager of the 2,000,000 acre Maxwell grant, one of the great cattle kingdoms, but he was better known as the chief construction engineer of the Santa Fe when the rails pushed westward and Raton pass, Glorieta pass and La Veta pass offered stupendous problems in engineering.

Mr. Morely was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun, bringing his promising career to an abrupt conclusion, and leaving his wife, a son and two daughters to carry on alone on some ranch property south of the Datil mountains in Catron county, New Mexico.

Mrs. Cleaveland tells many of the incidents that made up everyday life on the frontier during those years. There were the cowhands who, contrary to the best regulated fiction, did not spend their time gambling and drinking and who went their respective cowpunching ways without any idea that they were "picturesque." There were the homesteaders and small farmers who began trickling into the country only to meet defeat on the semi-arid desert.

For those who know little of those more dangerous days, *NO LIFE FOR A LADY* will add immensely to their appreciation and understanding of a part of America that even yet preserves its individuality. For those who were "neighbors" and whose experiences might well match many recorded in this book, Mrs. Cleaveland's life story is rich in authentic lore of the region. Its charm is its own—and that of New Mexico. It is a valuable addition to literature depicting "the American way of life." Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1941, 358 pp. \$3.00.

—Marie Lomas

ADVENTURES OF A MOUNTAIN INDIAN LAD

Cahuilla Indians who live on the rim of the Southern California desert supplied the characters for Adelaide Wilson Arnold's juvenile story *A SON OF THE FIRST PEOPLE*, published last year by the Macmillan company.

Sukut, hero of the tale, is an upright Indian lad whose people were industrious stock-raisers. He went to the white man's school, but was not entirely happy there. He had a talent for art, but drawing and painting could never be more than a recreational pursuit, because he wanted to live as his father lived—in the outdoors, hunting, riding, herding sheep.

It is a lively vigorous adventure story disclosing the finest traits in the Indians of both the old and the new generations.

Mrs. Arnold, having lived for years in close proximity to the Cahuillas, has written her story with keen understanding of both the land and the people. Crayon illustrations are by Loren Barton. Ages 10-14. 248 pages. \$2.00.

BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

TWENTIETH CENTURY INDIANS is a misleading title, for in this superbly illustrated book, Frances Cook MacGregor limits its scope almost exclusively to the Indians of the Southwest. However, in this she has succeeded in preserving much that is truly significant in the lives of the Indians today. Without idealizing or attempting to interpret, she shows us, in a graphic manner, life in the Indian communities of several states. We see them working, playing, creating and expressing themselves in their arts and crafts. We view them as they are at home today, not as a colorful pageant or showpieces from out of America's past, but as native Americans in everyday costume, plodding slowly but surely forward while yet maintaining their tribal types and preserving native customs.

While no one theme is evident, the series of photographs have an impressive message, showing as they invariably must, how intimately the Indian's spiritual values are rooted in the land. They illustrate more forcefully than words, that he prefers the out-of-doors. His house is chiefly a shelter, a place for sleeping and resting in bad weather.

Each of these fascinating pictures tells its individual story. The brief text, straightforward and accurate, serves to complement the whole. At a time when the people of the country are becoming more aware of the United States and its inherent values, "Twentieth Century Indians" will go a long way toward furthering a knowledge and an understanding of this important part of our native population.

Cover: Navajo Woman. Endpapers: Map showing important Indian tribes and original habitats. Foreword: Clark Wissler, curator of anthropology, American Museum of Natural History. 127 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York\$3.00

—Marie Lomas

CALIFORNIA MISSIONS IN FINE PHOTOGRAPHY

So many books and brochures have treated California's chain of Franciscan missions, it would seem nothing else could be said about them. But Will Connell and his camera have seen them in a way new to most readers. THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA, published in September by Hastings House, New York, is a

photographic study of the architectural beauty of the missions, the cloistered walks and gardens, their shrines and altars and art treasures.

The more than one hundred pages of sepia reproductions are supplemented with brief text. The text isn't the usual historical caption, but includes legends, daily life of the Indians who once lived on the mission lands, as well as art appreciation. \$2.00.

HERE'S THE STORY OF A NAVAJO WHO TALKED

SON OF OLD MAN HAT is an autobiographical account of the life of Left Handed of the Navajo clan of Many Goats. Because Left Handed did not know English his story had to be told bit by bit to an interpreter who in turn translated it for Walter Dyk, the recorder of this rare and disarmingly frank human document.

Few authentic records have been made of the day to day happenings in Indian family life, yet in this unusual volume, Professor Dyk has carefully preserved the commonplace, the homespun stuff with which life everywhere is so largely concerned. Without exploitation or the veneer of commercial "romance," he has recorded Left Handed's story from his childhood to maturity with faithful accuracy.

In simple, straightforward language, Left Handed, son of Old Man Hat, tells of his first attempts to solve the mysteries of the universe—the mystery of Winter and Summer, of Today and Tomorrow and of what a week, a month and year meant.

Almost as far back as he could remember, Left Handed shared the family tasks by herding sheep and soon had a part in the communal enterprises—the nomadic cattle-raising, farming and trading. Important, too, were the tribal dances and ceremonies. Gradually there came the inevitable development of a consciousness of life and its meaning. Undisciplined, primitive at first, the son of Old Man Hat grew gradually in understanding, until honesty and self-discipline found a place in his life.

While his autobiography is recorded without annotations and while Professor Dyk brings forth no theories nor any discussion of Indian standards, the book, nevertheless, has been endorsed by leading anthropologists and sociologists as a valuable contribution to human history. The introduction is by Edward Sapir. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York, 1938, 378 pages. \$3.50.

—Marie Lomas

Lost, Strayed, or Stallin'



There was a time when people got lost only while touring somewhere in the mountain fastness.

It took the wide open spaces to really make the wanderer wonder.

But times have changed. Nowadays it's actually the city slowness and the narrow closed spaces that confuse the visitor almost beyond recognition.

A motorist drives into a strange metropolis. Right away he gets tangled up in congestion.

Before he realizes it he is lost, strayed, or stallin'.

He starts going around the square in circles.

Finally, the only thing he knows for sure is that he doesn't know for sure.

Because of this confounding condition something was done to help any stranger from a far country touring in a near city.

Shell Service Station Dealers stocked up Metropolitan Maps.

These colorful charts tell how a boulevard starts, where it goes, and what it does when it gets there.

They show the whole town, including plenty of vicinity, to say nothing of a wide assortment of environs.

So today, the Motorist need never find himself adrift in the Great City. There is always a friendly guide post: The Sign of the Shell.

There he can be shown the error of his way. There he can get a complete supply of guidance free, fast, and forte.

—By BUD LANDIS

Prizes to Amateur Photographers

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

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

Following are the rules governing the photographic contest:

1—Pictures submitted in the November

contest must be received at the Desert Magazine office by November 20.

2—Not more than four prints may be submitted by one person in one month.

3—Winners will be required to furnish either good glossy enlargements or the original negatives if requested.

4—Prints must be in black and white, 3½x5½ or larger, and must be on glossy paper.

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

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

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

Contest Editor, Desert Magazine, El Centro, California.

The Desert TRADING POST

Classified advertising in this section costs five cents a word, \$1.00 minimum per issue—actually about 1½ cents per thousand readers.

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

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MAKE ARTIFICIAL MARBLE, Glazed cement, Flooring, Pottery, Novelties. Samples 3c; expect surprise. Payne, 945 Grande Vista (Room 699), Los Angeles, Calif.

DESERT NEWSPAPER FOR SALE. Exclusive field, county seat. Exceptionally healthful climate. Excellent chance for writer or rock hound to earn while relaxing. Must have some cash. Write Box G, Desert Magazine.

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W. E. HANCOCK

"The Farm Land Man"

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Desert Place Names

Magazine is indebted to the research work done by the late Will C. Barnes, author of "Arizona Place Names," to Betty Toulouse of New Mexico, Hugh F. O'Neil of Utah, and Marie Lomas for Nevada.

ARIZONA

BOSQUE (Bosky) Maricopa county

Sp. "Forest, grove." Station SP rr. In this vicinity there was a heavy growth of ironwood and mesquite about 35 miles west of Maricopa when the station was established 1895 because there was considerable woodcutting on the desert. Will Barnes, author of Arizona Place Names, was one of the woodcutters' firm. His workers were arrested by U. S. marshal for cutting timber on government land and 5,000 cords of wood stacked near this switch point were seized by the federal government. The matter was finally adjusted, the wood was released and after that the government was paid 25 cents an acre for woodcutting privileges.

BUMBLE BEE Yavapai county

P. O., creek, mine, 6 miles east of Crown King. Forest ranger L. J. Putsch writes, "Uncle Tom Saunders told me that in 1863 he and some other prospectors found a bumble bee's nest full of honey in the cliffs along the creek. Some of the men were badly stung."

BUFORD MOUNTAIN (Mt. Beauford)

Maricopa county

Near head of Cave creek, four miles east of Ashdale ranger station. This mountain, Barnes says was named for Clay Beauford who at 16 in 1863 was in Pickett's division of the Confederate army. As sergeant, 5th U. S. Cavalry, he went to Arizona in 1870. His subsequent record: Chief of scouts and captain San Carlos Indian police 1874-80; member 13th territorial legislature from Graham county 1885; died in Los Angeles 1929. In January 1879 he legally changed his name to Welford Chapman Bridwell, his correct name. On the old Tonto base map this is called Humboldt mountain.

CALIFORNIA

TECOPA Inyo county

Originally a mining camp in the mountains, named for the Pahute Indian chief *Te-co-pah*. Present village is a station on the now inactive Tonopah & Tidewater rr. Copious hot springs nearby attract many visitors.

ALAMO RIVER Imperial county

Once called Carter river from Joseph Carter, stepson of Hall Hanlon, who owned land through which the Imperial

canal was then proposed. In 1904 the name Alamo was resumed. Sp. "poplar tree."

NEVADA

DAYTON

Lyon county

Town (Pop. 306) on Carson river at mouth of Gold canyon. In 1849 a stopping point after emigrants crossed the 20-mile desert, but did not become a settlement until Chinese laborers were brought in to dig a ditch. County seat from 1861 until May 1, 1911. A fire in 1908 destroyed the court house, aided Yerington in its efforts to secure the county seat. Dayton had many names, after Chinatown, or Johntown, it was called Nevada City. At a public meeting November 3, 1861, it was named Dayton for John Day, who made a plat of the town and later became surveyor general of the state.

MOAPA

Clark county

A town about one mile west of U. S. 93 in the Meadow valley wash. A mining district and Indian reservation in the vicinity. Settled 1856-57. Paiute word for "muddy water," the Indian name for the river, which was muddy. Pop. 332.

NEW MEXICO

FORT BASCOM San Miguel county

Established by order of Brigadier General James H. Carleton, August 11, 1863, and named in memory of Captain George N. Bascom of the U. S. 16th infantry, who died at Valverde, N. M., February 21, 1862. Now a historical site.

ANTELOPE SPRINGS Torrance county

Springs were the watering place of thousands of antelope who roamed the Estancia valley, until the New Mexico Central Railroad Co. extended its lines into the valley in 1902, and the antelope sought less frequented areas.

UTAH

DRAGON Uintah county

Settlement which grew up near a claim, on the gilsonite vein from which it derived its name. The claim, located November 12, 1888, was named "Black Dragon" because the float on the surface of the ground at the point formed a perfect black dragon. Settled 1878, pop. 452.

Gems and Minerals

This department of the Desert Magazine is reserved as a clearing house for gem and mineral collectors and their societies. Members of the "rock-hound" fraternity are invited to send in news of their field trips, exhibits, rare finds, or other information which will be of interest to collectors.

—ARTHUR L. EATON, Editor—

COLORADO COLLECTORS REPORT EXTENDED TRIP

Grace and Frank Morse of Bayfield, Colorado, have covered 6,000 miles between their home and Oregon. On their journeys in western Nebraska they found petrified moss—moss covered with a layer of travertine or some calcium deposit from spring water—and many fossils, Fairburn agate, sand crystals and amber selenite with a coating of chalcedony.

They visited A. Branham of Landers, Wyoming, who possesses a piece of fine quality jade weighing 49 pounds.

Idaho furnishes much wonderful material, and there the Morses obtained fire opal, green lead crystals (pyromorphite), and the promise of some fragile mordenite crystals.

At the annual convention of Northwest federation of mineralogical societies in Portland the Morses met many friendly rockhounds and dealers. Dr. Dake made a marvelous host.

Unfortunately, it rained most of the time that Grace and Frank were in Oregon, so they look forward with pleasure to a sojourn on the desert.

"PECOS DIAMONDS"

Pecos river district of Texas has produced great numbers of small quartz crystals and groups of crystals known locally and to many collectors as "Pecos diamonds." These little crystals, judging from the few we have been able to examine, are usually small, but quite perfect. Most of those examined are yellowish or pinkish in color, and seem to lack the perfect transparency of the famous "Herkimer diamonds" of New York. They are true quartz crystals, but show very interesting shades of color, and very distinctive types of crystal grouping.

Among recent discoveries in San Diego county, California, is a small amount of arborescent mica. These specimens are true muscovite mica, but the blades are visible only on the edges. The edges are so arranged as to imitate the plumose or arborescent forms of plants or trees.

SAN FERNANDO SOCIETY TO HOLD EXHIBIT IN NOVEMBER

San Fernando valley mineral society plans to hold its first annual mineral exhibit at the North Hollywood recreational park gymnasium November 8-9 according to President W. D. Taylor.

The exhibits will be open from one p. m. to ten p. m. the 8th, and from ten a. m. to eight p. m. the 9th.

Owing to the fact that the Los Angeles city department of playgrounds prohibits sales on park grounds there will be no commercial exhibits.

The San Fernando society has a membership of 62. A trip to Barstow exhibit took the place of the regular October field excursion.

MARTITE

Collectors who are interesting in pseudomorphs find martite pseudomorph after magnetite intensely interesting. At the first glance, it is difficult to distinguish it from magnetite. It is usually found in the form of octahedrons or dodecahedrons, exactly the same as magnetite, with the crystals partly buried either in a mass of magnetite or in massive martite. Instead of the usual black color and streak of the magnetic ore, martite is usually brownish black in color and has a brownish or even purplish brown streak. If the crystals can be separated from the parent ore, a further distinguishing characteristic is the fact that they will prove slightly sensitive to the magnet, and show even less on the compass. Martite crystals are often quite large, and make a showy addition to any collection of iron ores.

Mojave contemplates organizing a mineral club soon after the annual Mojave Gold Rush celebration, October 18-19. Exhibitors from the Barstow show, and from Bakersfield, as well as J. W. Bradley, noted collector, plan to display their specimens at the Gold Rush in order to arouse interest in forming a mineral society.

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AMONG THE ROCK HUNTERS

Searles Lake gem and mineral society has been host to many groups on field trips. This gracious hospitality is much appreciated.

Long Beach mineral news has a new editor:
P. Schlagonhauf.

Stockton, California, gem and mineral club started fall activities with a pot luck dinner at Loma Lake, Lodi, September 17. Oakland, San Francisco, Sacramento and Modesto clubs were guests of the Stockton club at the lake, where they enjoyed a picnic as well as a mineral auction September 21.

President Woodhouse of California federation of mineralogical societies has submitted to all member groups tentative rules governing competition at federation conventions and requests that all societies give the matter serious consideration before November 20, when the board of directors is scheduled to meet in Pasadena. Suggestions for changes or approval should be sent to Kenneth Garner, 2017 Arrowhead avenue, San Bernardino.

Northern California mineral society has more than a dozen evenings of activity each month, covering phases of interest to various members, such as jewelry making, lapidary instruction, micro mounting, blowpipe analysis, and the study of mineralogy and geology.

Mineral societies of northern California held their first annual picnic and auction September 21 at Lodi, California. The following societies were represented: Stockton, Sacramento, Mother Lode, San Jose, Northern California, Golden Empire, and East Bay. William B. Pitts, of Sunnyvale, dean of lapidary, C. D. Woodhouse, president of California federation of mineralogical societies, and visitors from Trona, Bakersfield and Parlier attended.

Ernest W. Chapman, ex-president of the California federation, spoke on minerals of Franklin, New Jersey, at the September 4th meeting of Santa Monica gemological society. At the same session, E. L. Wheatfill described tests for radio active minerals, such as those of uraninite and carnotite. A box social took the place of the usual September field trip.

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West Coast mineral society convened regularly throughout the summer. September meeting was held at Speer's Western Trails museum at Huntington Beach. Trona was the focal point of the September field trip.

Sequoia society entered an exhibit in the Fresno county fair, September 30-October 5. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Moore were hosts to the Sequoia club in September. Seventy-six members and guests were present. Wheeler Bryant won the prize, a 25-pound Utah nodule, for identifying most rocks in the Moore garden. Each person received a rock specimen from the hosts.

William Pitts of Sunnyvale, California, showed lantern slides of his gem minerals at the September 26 meeting of Sequoia mineral society. Pitts is a lapidarist who has presented thousands of specimens to the Golden Gate park museum.

Desert club of Escondido, California, is interested in desert research. Meetings are semi-monthly. At the August meeting, Ralph Willard explained lapidary work in preparing stones for commercial use.

Of interest to every collector in the Southwest is the news that Mrs. Frank Salmons has reopened the Pala Chief gem mines. This group of mines is one of the oldest in San Diego county, California, and is famous for the quality of gem stones produced. Mrs. Salmons is not working the mines full time, but only enough to keep up her stock of gems at Pala. San Diego county has produced many fine tourmalines and kunzites, as well as topaz, beryl, aquamarine, lapidolite, halloysite, garnet, gold, nickel, graphite, etc.

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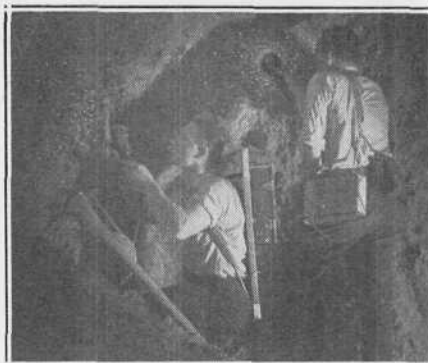
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Pacific mineral society visited Goodsprings, Nevada, over Labor day. More varieties of specimens were secured in that locality than on any one previous trip. Member D. B. Pickett explained the geology and minerals of the Goodsprings district at the October 10 meeting. Hugh A. Matier, public relations representative of the Union Oil company, gave an interesting and instructive discourse on pioneering in economic geology.

Mineralogical society of Arizona resumed its meetings at Phoenix in October. This group meets on the first and third Thursdays of the month.

Dr. George Lauderback, professor of geology, University of California, addressed East Bay mineral society, Oakland, at the September meeting on "The Berkeley Hills."



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Stafford C. Edwards gave an illustrated lecture on "Minerals and crystals in plants" for Los Angeles mineralogical society in September. Dues of this Los Angeles group have been raised from one dollar to one fifty. September 28 members of the society met at Barstow, then traveled to Calico, Odessa canyon and Borate. They collected satin spar, cholemanite, selenite, celestite crystals, priceite, chert and jasper.

Chuckawalla Slim, the "Rockologist," parked his trailer load of rocks and mineral specimens in front of the Desert Magazine office recently and called on the editorial staff. After spending several days in Holtville and El Centro, he planned to visit San Diego and Palm Springs on his way to the Barstow mineral exhibit.

ABALONES IN CAPTIVITY PRODUCE GENUINE PEARLS

California fish and game commission is sponsoring research in the growing of abalone pearls. La Place Bostwick is in charge of the pearl growing at Scripps institute of oceanography. Five concrete salt water tanks house about 100 abalones for experimental purposes. Regularly splashing dump tanks produce a wave-like effect simulating the natural habitat of the abalones.

Details of the process are kept secret by Bostwick, but roughly it consists of anaesthetizing the abalone, cutting an incision with sterilized instruments and inserting a stony nucleus. Then, the incision must be closed and the "patient" nursed through a two-week convalescence.

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AN INVITATION: Want to know where to hunt rock? Want a rock sawed in half? Want rock identified? Want to see a world-wide collection of rock? Want to sell rock? Want to buy rock? Want to talk rock? Want information or equipment for cutting and polishing rock at home? Then drop in on me. I rock folks to sleep. **"ROCKY" MOORE**, 401 Broadway Arcade Bldg., 542 South Broadway, Los Angeles. Any day but Saturday or Sunday—Monday and Fridays until 8 p.m.

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CRAWFORD DIAMOND SAW BLADE

You haven't used a diamond saw!

CRAWFORD'S — 926 N. GOLDEN WEST AVE. — ARCADIA, CALIF.
(1½ Blocks South of Duarte Road)

SYNTHETIC "JEWELS" MAY BE MADE IN AMERICA

With world trade in its chaotic state due to the wars raging in Europe and Asia, the United States is beginning to look to itself for its supply of industrial jewels. Men in this country who have experimented with the production of synthetic jewels see no reason why we should depend on Europe to supply us with them. The method of manufacture has not changed since 40 years ago when Verneuil first developed the process, and the raw material needed can be obtained from Montana.

Until the past year there has been no demand for unmanufactured jewels in the United States because no industry existed for cutting them into gems or drilling them for bearings. Imports of undrilled stones in 1938, for example, totalled only about 14 pounds, most of which came from Germany. About half of these were rubies, and the remainder sapphires, garnets and miscellaneous stones.

The chief use for industrial jewels in this country is for bearings in watches, for which sapphires are used chiefly. Diamonds have been used for this, but due to their expensiveness the cheaper corundum jewels, which rank next to diamonds in hardness, are used almost exclusively now. Corundum jewels are more commonly known as rubies, sapphires, or amethyst, according to their color. Natural sapphires and rubies for industrial use have been produced chiefly in Siam, Ceylon and India, but there are deposits in Montana and Australia which are of high enough quality to be used commercially.

Most industrial stones, however, are produced synthetically. They are made simply by melting alumina containing a trace of coloring oxide in an oxy-hydrogen flame. The alumina is made from bauxite in the same way as that used to make aluminum metal but requires a

slight additional purification on heating at a high enough temperature to expel traces of alkali metals. The powder is dropped at a controlled rate on the tip of the flame, where the temperature is around 2400 degrees Centigrade, and the melted material falls in drops through the rest of the flame, cooling to 1900 degrees. The drops build up, one upon another, to form a cone-shaped mass called a "boule." They are split in two and then sliced and cut into bearings and jewelry stones with steel tools charged with diamond dust, or "bort" as it is more technically called.

Due to a doubling of our imports of industrial jewels in the past year, the United States is assured of a year's supply of stones for national defense purposes. However, should Germany enforce its restriction on the Swiss, we will have to depend on ourselves to produce our supply of jewels for industrial purposes.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933.

Of The Desert Magazine, published monthly at El Centro, California, for October 1, 1941.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss.
COUNTY OF IMPERIAL }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Randall Henderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Desert Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Desert Publishing Co., El Centro, California.

Editor: Randall Henderson, El Centro, California.

Managing Editor: None.

Business Managers: Randall Henderson, El Centro, California.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Randall Henderson, El Centro, California; Bess Stacy, Calexico, California; Edna B. Clements, Long Beach, California; Lucile Harris, El Centro, California; Rand Henderson, El Centro, California.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

RANDALL HENDERSON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 7th day of October, 1941.

(SEAL)

GEORGE R. KIRK
Notary Public in and for the
State of California, County of
Imperial.

"POWER WILL PAY . . . for the All-American Canal"

- During those long years when the people of the Imperial Valley were crusading for the legislation and funds necessary to secure an all-American canal system, the most convincing argument in behalf of the project was the oft-repeated assertion that "power would pay the debt."
- Today, although the canal project is not yet wholly completed, it is serving Imperial Valley with water, and huge generators at the power drops are supplying current to both town and country residents of this region. It remains now for the people who are

served by this project to determine how soon the capital debt shall be liquidated.

- Every owner and resident of this 600,000-acre irrigation district project shares part of the responsibility for paying the obligation—and it is a debt that will be retired more rapidly when every owner and resident is buying his electrical energy from the co-operatively owned and operated district power system.
- WHEN YOU USE DISTRICT POWER, THE PROFITS ARE RETURNED TO YOU.

Imperial Irrigation District





By RANDALL HENDERSON

THIS issue of Desert is Volume 5, Number 1—the beginning of our fifth year.

Four years is not a long time in the life of most of the things that live on the desert. For instance, a Saguaro cactus is seldom more than 16 inches high on its fourth birthday, and a Joshua tree is a little taller but not so plump.

Desert Magazine, following the pattern of its environment, has plodded steadily along, sinking its roots deep and wide and storing up moisture to insure a long and vigorous life. At least that is the program our staff has been seeking to carry out.

We have wanted Desert to succeed on merit rather than high pressure salesmanship—and I am glad to report on this fourth birthday that the results have been very gratifying indeed. Most of the 600 charter subscribers who started with us in November, 1937, are still on our list—and we have added nearly 12,000 additional.

* * *

I doubt if there is a chamber of commerce or information agency in the West—the All-Year club of Southern California excepted—that receives as many and diverse inquiries as come to this office. Folks all over the United States are eager to know more about the desert country—and we are glad to answer their questions.

* * *

There have been three important changes in our editorial organization during the past year. Tazewell H. Lamb who contributed fine loyalty and technical skill to Desert during its pioneering years, has retired to seek health in a mountain cabin. Lucile Harris, who has been with the organization since its first issue and who has served in every capacity from mailing girl to associate editor, became a part owner October 1. Another new member of the partnership is my son Rand who makes up in zeal what he lacks in years.

* * *

National defense program has created its problems for publishers as well as those in other lines. The cost of the paper on which DM is printed advanced 38.4 percent this month, and the supplies are limited and the quality uncertain. But the things that live and grow on the desert have lots of vitality—and I would like to believe that Desert Magazine has absorbed strength from the traditions of its environment.

Anyway, our readers are multiplying steadily—and if you could read the mail that comes to my desk every day you would agree with me they are the most loyal and enthusiastic fans any magazine ever had.

* * *

Four years ago when Desert was started I wrote on this page:

"This is to be a friendly, personal magazine, written for the people of the desert and their friends—and insofar as possible, by desert people. Preference will be given to those writers and artists—yes, and poets—whose inspiration comes from close association with the scented greasewood, the shifting sand dunes, the coloring of desert landscapes, from precipitous canyons and gorgeous sunsets.

"The desert has its own traditions—art—literature—industry and commerce. It will be the purpose of the Desert Magazine to crystallize and preserve these phases of desert life as a culture distinctive of arid but virile America. We would give character and personality to the pursuits of desert peoples—bring them a little closer together in a bond of pride in their desert homes, and perhaps break down some of the prejudice against the desert which is born of misunderstanding and fear."

That was a rather idealistic goal, and there were some who told me bluntly that in this materialistic age such a magazine could not survive.

But they were wrong. Strong, courageous people are not afraid of sentiment—nor of idealism.

It is from the ranks of these people that Desert Magazine draws its readers—folks with alert minds and active enthusiasms to whom the acquiring of wealth and power is secondary to the fine art of living rich full lives.

The desert has something for these people. They can see beyond the grim mask of an arid horizon to the peace and beauty and courage that Nature has created here. They realize that man has gotten his world all out of balance and they turn instinctively to the one place where Natural law still rules without too much interference from greedy humans.

* * *

Desert Magazine staff has striven to present not only the physical aspects of the desert—but its more subtle qualities of strength and peace and courage.

To me the desert is a virile personality—a great Teacher to whom men and women may come and learn the truths of life at their very source. I feel that the success of Desert Magazine has been and will continue to be measured very largely by our ability to present the desert in this perspective.

* * *

'Scuse me for using this whole page talking about Desert Magazine—but you know birthdays come only once a year and we editors are just human enough that we like to talk about ourselves once in a while.



DESERT MEMORIES

By JOSEPHINE GAMBLE
Chatsworth, California

Where the Morning Star hangs pendent,
Veiled in pearl and tourmaline,
On the dusky breast of Midnight
Let me lie again and dream.

Dark that came with star-gem'd splendor,
Regal pageant of the Night—
Filled the soul with silent wonder,
Praising God for gift of sight.

Days that dawned in breathless beauty,
Bathed in amethystine light.
As Aurora spread her mantle
On Jacinto's mystic height.

Days that melted into evening
As the sun melts in the sea,
Drown'd in pools of jade and sapphire—
Desert skies are calling me!

Beauty is the Heart's one Treasure.
Dipping, darting, wheeling high,
Etched on gold and flame and azure—
Blackbirds . . . 'gainst a Sunset Sky!

TRADE RAT

By JOY WRAY
San Jose, California

Each night I have a guest who calls on me,
I never yet have seen his face,
He doesn't linger long, but when he leaves
He takes a souvenir, and in its place
I find a gift for me; he might seize
A silver spoon, but I will always find
Some piñon nuts, or something else he left
behind.

If you will promise me that you'll not tell,
I'll whisper you a secret thing,
Not long he'll come alone, I know it well,
Last night he took my wedding ring!

Moon and the Cereus

By EDYTHE HOPE GENE
Hollywood, California

Last night when the garden was softly still,
And the moon was a little bolder;
A beautiful cereus opened her eyes,
And glanced up over her shoulder.

Slowly the petals unfolded and spread,
Till the night was drugged with their
sweetness;
Even the winds became so still,
For they knew white petals' fleetness.

And the moon drew nearer and bolder, I guess,
For he leaned right over and kissed her!
While she trembled and fluttered her silken
hands—
To think he might have missed her!

This morning I went out early to see,
But naught of my subtle scheming
Could coax one clue from the silken shell,
Closed tight on her secret dreaming!

• • •

THE STONES CRY OUT

By LEE HELM
Twentynine Palms, California

Within a church my deep emotion dies.
It spends itself among the careless throng
While longing for the spaciousness of skies
Or great brown hills that sing their own
deep song.

Within the realm of mortar or of stone
My spirit sinks to earth, from which they say
It partly came, and then I must atone
For sins the wind outside would blow away.
Such cannot be. From thence my fellowship
Is with the pulsing earth, for it God made
To be inherited by him whose grip
Cannot be weakened, though he be afraid.

For in the hills there is no room for
doubt.
Should I forget, the very stones cry out.

O DESERT IMPROVIDENT!

By ESTELLE THOMPSON
Los Angeles, California

O desert,
Have you any more paint left?
If your stock should come to an end
Could you beg or borrow?
Would anyone lend
You enough for tomorrow
Of any one kind—
To restore us our sunrises, our sunsets,
Our rock-ribs, our hills?

O desert
You are wonderful, wonderful!
You have magic and marvel and
grandeur—
But someday, wanton provider,
If you go bankrupt—
Who will furnish us paint (so much
of it)—
For our sunrises, our sunsets, our
rock-ribs and hills?

WARNING

By EILEEN GIBBENS
Monrovia, California

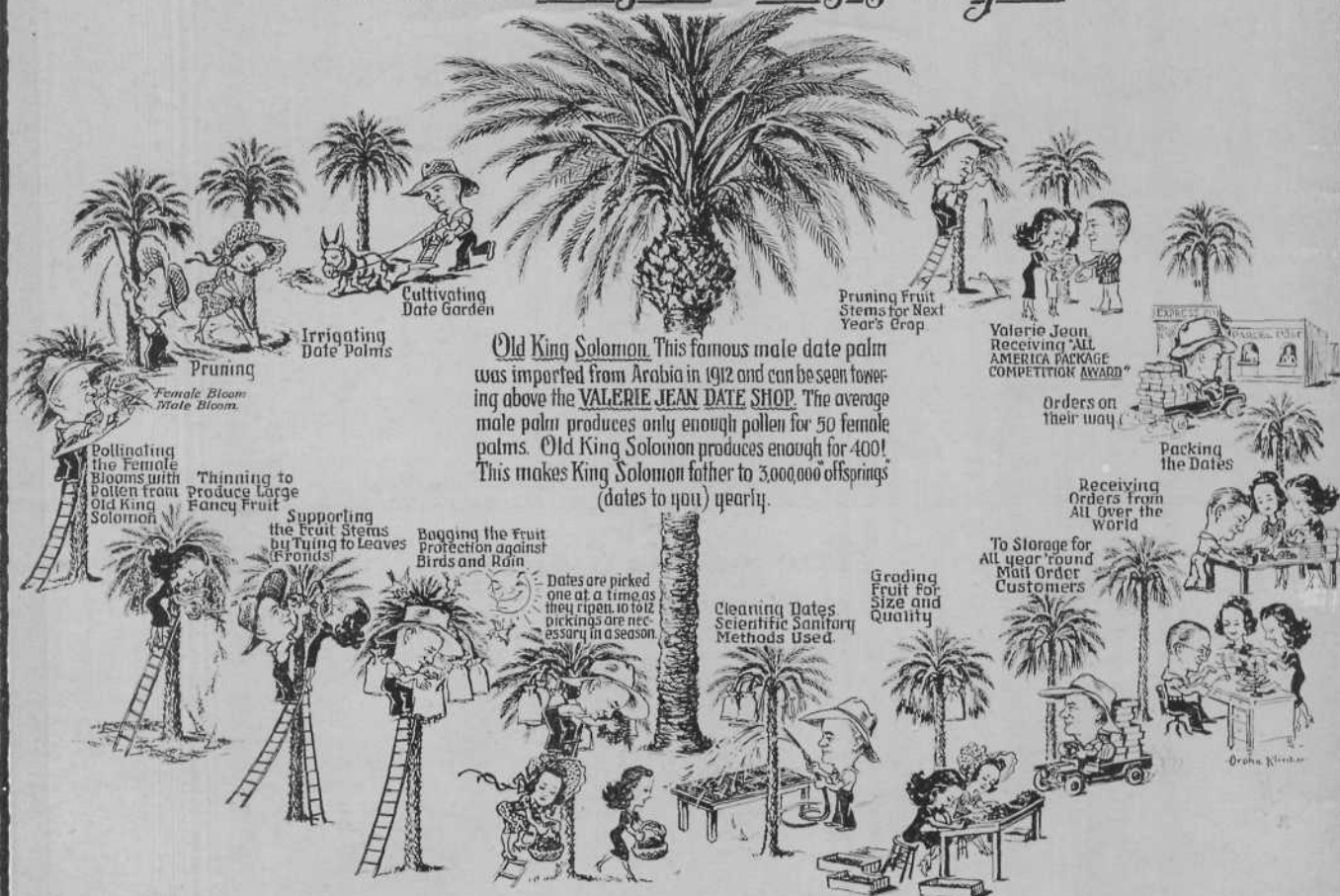
March of progress,
Stop! turn back!—
Do not approach
My desert shack;
I've found content
That cities lack.

CREED OF THE DESERT

By JUNE LE MERT PAXTON
Yucca Valley, California

Orchids are lovely, but they cannot take
it;
Roses may pine and die young in life.
But the chaparral family, brave and
courageous,
Lives happily on through peace or
through strife.

The Nicoll Family pictured in amusing caricature showing the important steps in the unique culture and cycle of events that bring **Valerie Jean Dates** "from a Desert Oasis to you"



*The name that spreads the fame of
California's finest dates and date delicacies.*

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(The popular caricature above is a reproduction of the inside cover of the
NEW Valerie Jean Date Package shown at left.)

From a Desert Oasis to You or Your Friends

3 Pounds of Assorted Fancy, Chewy,
Creamy and Juicy Dates — Just as they
come from the Palms.

\$1.85 Delivered

Write to Valerie Jean Date Shop, Box D-1, Thermal, Calif., for folder and complete price list describing our delicious Date Cake, Date Candy, Stuffed Dates, Brandied Dates and Fruits, Preserved Fruits, beautiful Basket Packs, and many other desert products, making perfect gifts for any occasion.

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THERMAL, CALIFORNIA

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