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Desert

MAGAZINE of the SOUTHWEST

SEPTEMBER, 1962 40c







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—THE DESERT IN SEPTEMBER:

The New West: In 1876 Brigham Young dispatched a man named Lot Smith to Arizona to push the frontier of Mormonism southward. Lot settled in the Mormon Lake country below Flagstaff, where he raised cattle and horses. In 1892 Lot was gunned-down by Navajos. A few months later his son, Jim, was born.

"Between us," Jim says, "my father and I span 133 years of frontier history."

By the time he was 18, Jim was busy building his empire. Even as he acquired ranching property, he took a liking to politics. He served Arizona as state representative, state senator, county assessor, deputy sheriff, and member of the state hospital board and state highway commission. Jim Smith also ran for governor. At present, the 68-year-old Smith is making another bid for the state senate. "Maybe," he says, "I'll retire one of these days when my horse steps into a badger hole."



Road grader at work at Golden Horseshoe Ranchos



Jim Smith

At one time Jim and his immediately family controlled more than a million acres in Arizona, and it may well be that he was the largest ranch operator in the United States. One of these ranches—550,000 acres in size—is in the northwest corner of the state (in fact, it **is** the northwest corner of the state). That's 860 square-miles of land, more than two-thirds the size of Rhode Island and nearly half as big as Delaware. The immense tract, which is still being surveyed by airplane, lies under the bow of the Colorado River where Davis and Hoover dams impound the waters of lakes Mohave and Mead, respectively. The ranch begins 30 miles north of Kingman and stretches on both sides of Highway 93 until it strikes the Colorado's shorelines on north and west. Elevation ranges from 800 feet on the Lake Mohave shores to nearly 5000 feet in the hills.

Prehistoric man lived here; the area abounds in petroglyphs. Sixty species of mammals have been described on the ranch, including the rare bighorn sheep. There are 250 different kinds of birds, from the tiniest of the humming birds to the ma-

continued on page 5

Desert

MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST • 25TH YEAR

Volume 25 Number 9

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This Month's Cover—

The Navajo girl is a beauty contest winner at the Northern Navajo Fair at Shiprock, New Mexico. The Fair is an annual September event (dates for this year's show were not announced at press time), at which the Yeibichai Dance and All-Indian Rodeo are the main events. For more on Navajo rodeos, see page 22. This month's cover photograph was taken by Andre Dienes, who has acquired fame and fortune photographing Hollywood beauty queens.

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CHARLES E. SHELTON
Publisher

EUGENE L. CONROTTO
Editor

Address all correspondence to: Desert Magazine, Palm Desert, Calif.

To subscribe, or to give a DESERT gift subscription, please use the coupon on page 32

desert detours

by Oren Arnold

"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while." Mark 6:31

September is gratitude month. Gratitude for what? If you have to ask that, you don't have it. Gratitude to whom? If you have to ask *that*, you may never have it. Gratitude, sir, because the sun is moving back southward, and the desert heat is waning. I could name a hundred more reasons, but one's enough. Now tonight you lay back somewhere, gaze up at the stars, and figure out the "whom" part for yourself.

★

September also is relief month in most homes. With school starting, Mom gets relief from the kids; and even more blessed—the kids get relief from Mom.

★

Somewhat of necessity I have joined the government's philosophy of "Spend, spend, spend in order to be prosperous." Wherefore, I now propose that we change Death Valley into a swamp. The cost will be nineteen billion dollars, but so what? A billion dollars is merely a stack of $1000 bills as high as the Washington monument. Spending nineteen times that would guarantee more prosperity. Envision it—a swamp where Scotty used to live! Patriotic planning, hey?

★

In the good old desert days, we could look up at fleecy clouds and imagine we saw sheep and ships instead of mushrooms.

★

Movies taken on our desert vacation this year are no more distinguished than last year's. I still panoram too fast, cut off heads, and get too many telephone poles and/or beer cans in the foreground.



"Trouble with desert prospectin', some fellers git to imaginin' things!"

"You'd better come back to New York to have your baby," an anxious mother wrote her daughter in what she envisioned as frontier false-front Phoenix in 1962. "Conditions are so primitive out there."

★

Then there was the New Yorker who spotted a fine earthenware jar made by one of our desert Indians, asked how much, and was given a price of $50. "That's nonsense," exclaimed to tourist. "I'll give you $24."

"Listen, wise guy," poor Lo the potter shot back, "bargains like Manhattan Island you are not going to get any more!"

★

As I understand it, the slogan for America's most distinguished desert-dwelling statesman, Senator Barry Goldwater, is "I'd rather be far right than president."

★

Having learned to do the twist on the golf course, I have no trouble sashaying through a thicket of cholla when I go desert hiking. But cholla segments will leap up to six feet and attack you—which explains why my left arm is bandaged this week. Eastern dudes don't dig these scientific desert phenomena; they think the only dangers we face are stage-coach robbers and scalping redskins.

★

Whenever I visit swanky desert towns like Palm City, Sun City and Youngtown, I figure it's almost a privilege to grow old so I can live out there. No matter what Moscow says, Americans keep their high standard of living right on through the golden years. Love of children and old folks may be our greatest mark of distinction.

★

I also like a certain store I found in the hills of southern Arizona. The merchandise is realistically priced. A saddle, for example, has a tag that says: "Asking $100. *Rock bottom,* $100." *Another saddle says: "Asking* $75. *Will take* $74.75." *Now that's real citified price slashin'.*

★

Perhaps you are aware of the experimental technique
Help get rid of desert billboards.
that has had the advertising world in a furor. I refer
Don't throw beer cans on our roadsides.
to the new (and sneaky!) approach called "sublimin-
Help get rid of desert billboards.
al" or "phantom" selling. On TV or theater screen,
Never dump trash in desert scenery.
a line such as "Eat popcorn" is flashed many times
Help get rid of desert billboards.
during a show, so fast it is not seen but is "registered
Don't throw beer cans on our roadsides.
on the subconscious mind." On radio, the message is
Never dump trash in desert scenery.
far below normal broadcast intensity, such as whisper-
Help get rid of desert billboards.
ing. Some advertising folk claim it works wonders.
Don't throw billboards on our roadsides.
Well, we good desert people like to live modern, so in
Never dump trash in desert scenery.
due time we'll check results and report to you on
Help get rid of desert billboards.
any success.

★

"College," says Alkali Ike, "is a place where a student learns to live by his pen. He uses it to write home for money."

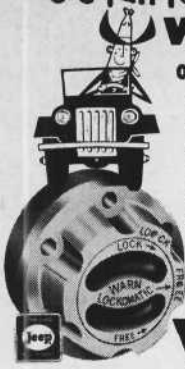
★

Dates are getting ripe in Phoenix and Indio areas. Dates have the highest food value per pound of any agricultural product known to man. They are sweet, tasty, wonderful. But they can be expensive—I had a few with a college girl once, and I've had to support her all the rest of our lives.

★

"Your mind fills only with what you put into it," the pastor of a little church at Gila Bend told me. He's right. So this month, friends, let's not fill ours with political or spiritual garbage. Let's listen less to the "statesmen" orating, and more to the quiet, enriching Voice. Tune into it via prayer. And don't ask for much except instructions. Then obey. ///

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jestic golden eagle; 60 are water fowl and wading birds. The Joshua tree invades Arizona in this stretch of land. There are cacti and brittlebush; wildflowers in the spring.

The ranch even has its own ghost town—White Hills, Arizona. This was the scene of a silver strike in the 1890s. Fifteen good mines operated in this area, and White Hills had a population of 1500.

One of the men who fell in love with this country was Ashley L. Robison, Western newspaper-radio-television station owner.

"To me," said Robison, "this was the most delightful part of the West. Primitive enough for adventure, convenient enough for modern living, comfortable enough for happy family homes."

Robison and his associates bought the ranch from Smith for $6,129,705. It was the largest private land transaction in Arizona history.

Renamed Golden Horseshoe Ranchos, subdivision of the land is underway. Engineering teams are busy on a six-year, million dollar job of laying out the future homesites.

Instructions to surveyors, Robison said, call for a masterplan that incorporates all modern suburban features, including parks, golf courses, reservoirs, lakes, shopping and community centers, and a complete network of collector and arterial thoroughfares. Work is scheduled to provide new access routes to the Lake Mead Recreation Area and the Colorado River, some parts of which were previously inaccessible by road.

During the next few years, six to eight surveying crews will be working at one time. The overall project represents the largest surveying contract ever let in Arizona.

Robison has ordered his planners to "preserve the natural beauty" of the rolling desert land with curvilineal roads rather than an arbitrary pattern of a grid layout. "Golden Horseshoe Ranchos," said Robison, "will provide the kind of life America is looking for."

* * *

Hurrah for the Fourth! The zany, authentic handbill for the 1899 Fourth of July celebration at Johannesburg, Calif., which we published in the July issue, had everything in it but a credit line. The man we inadvertently forgot to thank in print is Douglas F. Mooers of Malibu, Calif. It was Mr. Mooers who so kindly loaned our art department a copy of the original handbill. Now, Mr. Mooers is no ordinary mining town buff. He happens to be the grandson of Frederick M. Mooers, the man who discovered the famous Yellow Aster Mine at Randsburg (Johannesburg's neighbor camp). "The Fourth of July handbill was given to me in the early twenties by the owner of the Silver Streak Hotel in Randsburg," wrote Mr. Mooers the Younger. "As this is almost 40 years ago, I regret to say that I have forgotten his name." To Mr. Mooers our apologies for the credit-line oversight; and our sincerest thanks for a grand bit of old—and true—West humor.

The Great Desert Race. For seven autumns, 1908-14, one of the most exciting sports event in the world took place along the roads and ruts connecting Los Angeles and Phoenix. This was the grueling Desert Race, considered by many authorities as the greatest auto race of all time—the province of the Stanley Steamer, the Kissell Kar, Franklin, Stutz, Elmore, Cadillac, Isotta, Buick, Simplex, Hupmobile—and gutty drivers like Herrick, Bramblette, Nikrent, Soules, Oldfield and Ralph Hamlin.

In the October, 1912, race, Hamlin came home the winner in his air-cooled Franklin. He will describe that thrilling run in next month's DESERT—October, 1962. "It is rather difficult to realize what has taken place in Imperial Valley since 1908 (the first of five Desert Races he drove in) when the going was tough," Hamlin wrote recently. "It is interesting when you hear people today complaining of our present highways being rough. As time goes on, I wonder what things will be like 60 years from now!"

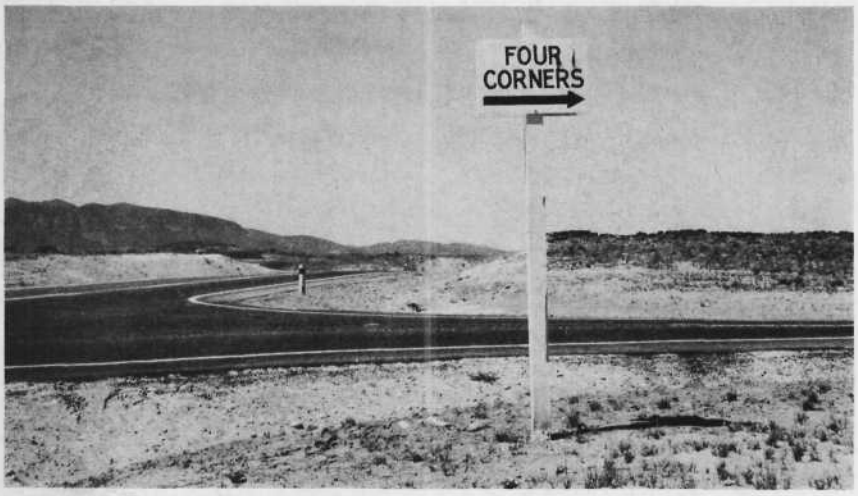
CONTINUED



BEFORE: BEDROCK . . .



. . . AND WARNINGS . . .



. . . BUT NOW: PAVEMENT TO THE FOUR CORNERS MONUMENT.

September Calendar: Four Corners, where Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Utah meet at a common point, will be the scene on September 16 of dedication ceremonies for the newly paved Navajo Trail Highway. The contractor reports that he will have the "roadbed and base course work" on the final 42 miles of road completed before the ceremony, but is not sure the oil surface can be poured in time. In any event, the final link of the road will be usable by the 16th.

The Navajo Trail Highway cuts diagonally from the southwest corner of the Navajo reservation near Flagstaff to the northeast corner near Cortez, Colorado. The hard-surface will link with the outside world hitherto isolated posts such as Dinnehotso, Mexican Water and Teec Nos Pos. The Four Corners itself, marked by a crude monument scheduled to be replaced by a more elaborate marker, is a few feet from the new pavement.

Inez Goss remembers the road "when." Mrs. Goss and her husband were Indian traders for a dozen years before moving to Cortez. She sent us the "before and after" photos above.

"Regardless of the weather," she writes, "the road presented its share of hazards. When it was dry, the danger was from deep shifting sand. In wet weather, there were miles of slick clay which would become hub-deep on occasion. With no culverts to carry off the water, it would sometimes take weeks for the road to dry-up. And then there were always the sections of bedrock to worry the motorist. These rough outcroppings, denuded of their poor soil by wind and rain, are a familiar part of every unimproved road on the Reservation. Broken springs, axles and oil lines or even blownout tires are serious mishaps when suffered many miles from the nearest garage."

Other September dates:

In California: thru the 3rd—Antelope Valley Fair, Lancaster. 1-3—Tri-County Fair and Rodeo, Bishop. 3-9—San Bernardino County Fair, Victorville. 15-16—Annual Cactus Days and Flower Show, Palm Wells (near Yucca Valley).

In Arizona: 1-3—Rodeo, Williams. 2—"Night in Belgrade," Bisbee. 6-9—Navajo Tribal Fair, Window Rock. 8-9—Boat Races, Parker. 14-16—Navajo County Fair, Holbrook. 14-16—Yavapai County Fair, Prescott. 15—Mexican Fiesta, Glendale. 21-23—Quarter Horse Show, Prescott.

In Nevada: 1-3—Stampede and '49er Show, Fallon. 1-3—Annual Rodeo, Winnemucca. 5-19—Community Fair-Circus, Las Vegas. 8-9—National Ski Races, Lake Mead. ///

NEW TREASURE BOOKS

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Desert Garden Guide

— THINGS TO DO IN SEPTEMBER

Lawns

September is a good month for planting new lawns. Be sure to keep ground moist until seed is well sprouted. Established lawns should be fertilized with a slow-release nitrogen fertilizer.

Seed can be added to a thin lawn, or to repair damaged areas. Use a steel rake to remove dead grass and loosen soil, then scatter about one-fourth the usual amount of seed necessary for a new lawn, and water immediately.

Annuals

CALIFORNIA DESERTS: If plants can be protected from the sun, or the weather begins to cool, quick maturing annuals can be planted now for winter bloom—or for vegetable garden. Many annuals may be planted late in September for early summer bloom. Larkspur, pansy, snapdragon and calendula seeds should be refrigerated for a week or two before planting.

Tulip bulbs should be refrigerated until December before planting. For winter bloom indoors, September is the month to plant Narcissi (paper-white) in bowls of pebbles and water.

Dahlias should be dug when the tops have died down, and the clumps stored in a dry cool place.

NEVADA, UTAH AND NORTHERN ARIZONA: Spring-flowering bulbs may be planted in late September. Depth of planting is 2½ times the width of the bulb. Tulips should be the last bulbs to be planted. Add bonemeal to poor soil. Dig and store gladiolus. Bulbs that are normally dormant in winter may not have died down naturally this month, but they can be encouraged to do so if water is withheld.

Perennials

The tops of most perennials should not be cut off in the fall because the exposed hollow stems may lead to rotting of the roots. September is a good month to plant roses in all areas of the Southwest except the colder northern portions. Coffee-grounds can be spread on ground around acid-loving plants.

NEVADA, UTAH AND NORTHERN ARIZONA: Perennials should be divided and replanted in September. For house bloom, plants should be brought in at least two weeks before heat is needed indoors.

LOW DESERT: Prepare the ground for perennials. Rose beds should be gone over in preparation for the fall season of bloom; prune and remove dead and diseased wood, fertilize lightly, water as needed. Mums will need light feeding until buds show color, and be sure to keep the soil moist.

HIGH DESERT: Peonies and spring flowering perennials may be planted, or divided and replanted this month. Do not plant peonies deeply; about two inches below soil level is proper. They will not bloom if set too deeply.

Trees

Evergreen and decidious trees may be planted any time if they are container-grown and watered carefully when planted.

LOW DESERT: Citrus will need watering, however, you must be careful not to overwater subtropical shrubs.

HIGH DESERT: Continue watering Azaleas and Rhododendrons. Hibiscus will do better with less water and fertilizer now.

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LETTERS
FROM OUR READERS

Henderson's Retirement . . .

To the Editor: My best thanks for your tribute to Randall Henderson in the June issue. I am sure it will be approved by the vast majority of readers.

PAUL LINSLEY
San Andreas, Calif.

Sand Control . . .

To the Editor: The furor still continues as to how to combat the sand storm menace on Highway 99 in California's Coachella Valley. State engineers are trying the same old methods — fences, mounds, tamarisks — which have been tried and failed in the dune belt for decades.

These measures always fail in areas of soft, light silt because they deform the land by producing gullies, gigantic mounds, and long drifts which are worse than the original condition.

As an individual who has had many years of personal experience with the local dunes, I would like to report my experiences, and make some original suggestions. We have found that the red gum eucalyptus is the best tree to plant. It grows like a weed in the sand, takes little care, and since it has no low branches, it stops the wind without causing gullies and dunes. This tree should be distributed at cost all over the sand dune area, and also planted by the state along the roads in the Fontana area.

Finally, decomposed granite granules should be dropped from helicopters or borate bombers for *miles* over the dunes. Everyone has noted that these granules lay the sand, but in the past there has been no feasible method for distribution of these granules on a vast, uniform scale.

W. H. KUPPER
Hollywood

Jesuit Treasure . . .

To the Editor: Please compliment Father C. W. Polzer for his excellent article on Jesuit Treasure (*Desert*, August '62). How that old fable keeps alive is beyond me, yet it does, and with surprising strength.

I spend much time in Tubac, Arizona. Hardly a month goes by without some woolyheaded treasure hunter coming down. They look longingly at Tumacacori (fortunately safe as a national monument).

One man actually hired Mexicans to dig about one half mile from Tumacacori Mission for several days. He "understood" the Jesuits had a "secret" tunnel of escape "under the river"!

He selected his digging location next to a small chapel nearby. When it was pointed out that this "chapel" was actually the covering for a modern pump, and built only a few years ago by the local dude ranch, he replied that they must have had something earlier to go on or they wouldn't have erected the out-house in the form of a chapel. And he went on digging. This is extreme, but typical.

Father Polzer mentions two of the most outrageously vandalized missions in our area—Cocospora and Guavavi. At Cocospora they are now chipping the few remaining bits of painted plaster. At Guavavi the Wingfields, who own the land, have tried valiantly to defend the melting adobe walls. But when I visited it with them just a few weeks ago, they were aghast to see two fine new holes dug deep into the foundation. The dirt had been thrown into the diggings of earlier holes.

Articles like Father Polzer's are much needed. Unfortunately I am afraid mission treasure seekers are basically illiterate and contemptuous of history.

WILL ROGERS, JR.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Small Game Tormentors . . .

To the Editor: On a recent trip to the desert, we met some people who had captured 15 chuckawallas, a red racer snake, and two collared lizards. They were planning to take these harmless creatures back to Los Angeles to sell them. I have noted an increase in this despicable activity in recent months, and it makes my blood boil!

LORAN E. PERRY
Pasadena, Calif.

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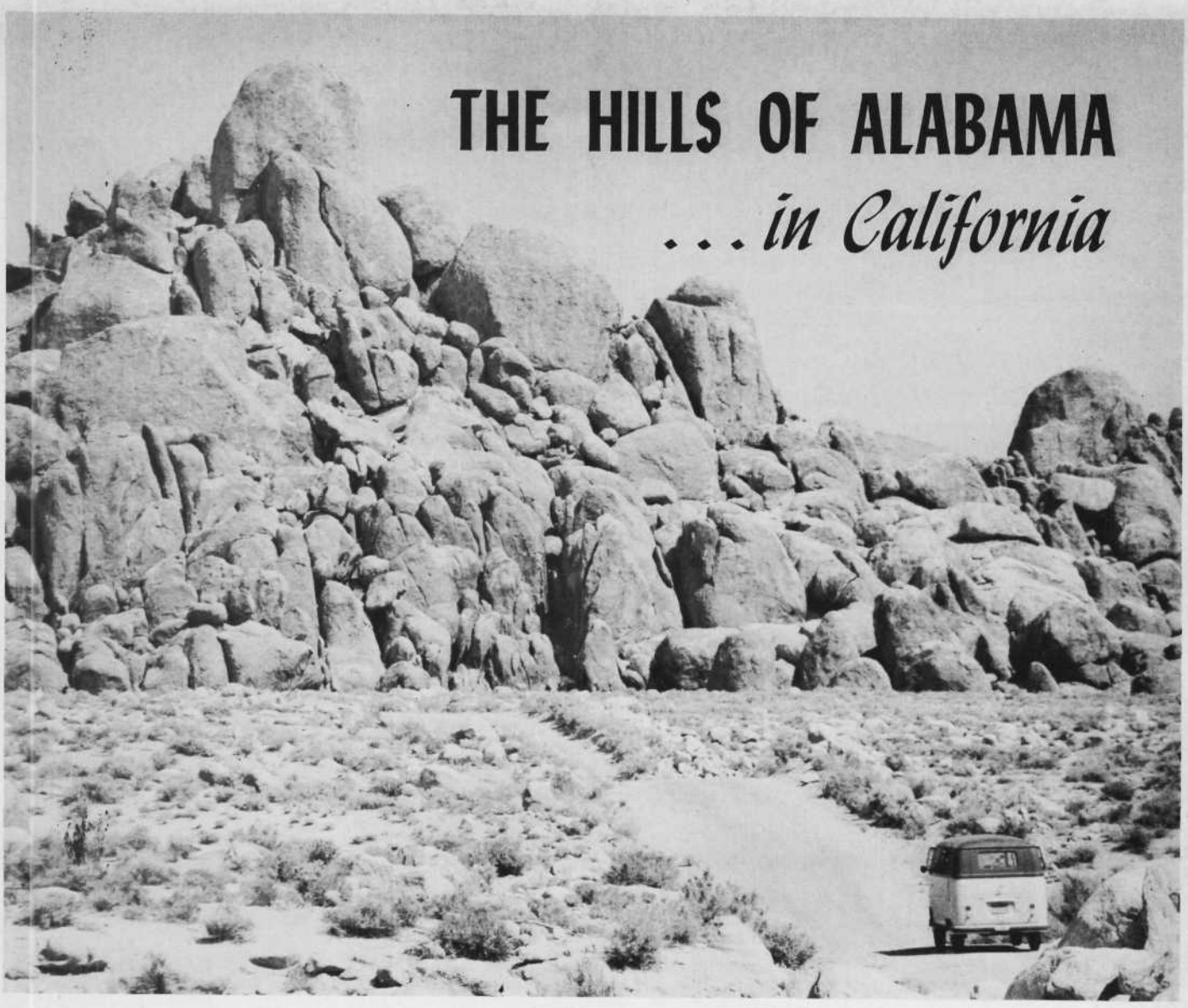
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THE HILLS OF ALABAMA
... *in California*



ALABAMA HILLS ROCK MASSES. CAR IS ON TUTTLE CREEK ROAD.

By WARREN and BARBARA TRANSUE

TWO-HUNDRED miles north of Los Angeles, on the arid desert between the High Sierra and the Inyo Mountain range, is a unique behemothic rock formation with an incongruously out-of-state name—the Alabama Hills.

They are the jumping off place to the Whitney Portal, where the climb to Mt. Whitney commences. They are, also, a fall-winter-spring mecca for countless people who wander among their labyrinthine granite paths, camp in their grottoes, climb their granitic heights, and marvel at their fantastic forms and their similar-dissimilarities. From a distance they appear as one homogeneous mass; close-up, they run the gamut of contorted shapes and natural colossi. But always, sooner or later comes the question: "The Alabama Hills? How come *that* name in California?"

The answer has its roots in Civil War history, originating with a group of Owens Valley pioneers whose sympathies were with the South. In 1862 a vessel was built in the shipyards of Great Britain, a declared neutral in the War of the States; and despite objections of the United States government, which designated the ship a man-o-war, it was allowed to reach the Azores, was outfitted with armament shipped from England, sailed to American shores with Captain Raphael Semmes commanding under a commission from the Confederate government, and—as the Alabama—carried on a career of heavy destruction against the Union.

This havoc on the seas continued until June 19, 1864, when a crack warship of the Union, the Kearsarge, caught up with the Alabama off the Cherbourg coast of France.

The imminent battle of the two ships created a day of great excitement for the French, many of whose sympathies were with the South. A special "train of pleasure" made up of some fifteen-hundred people was run over the Paris-Cherbourg railway to the battle site, where the ocean

cliffs afforded a natural grandstand. Amid cheers from the French audience, the battle was on.

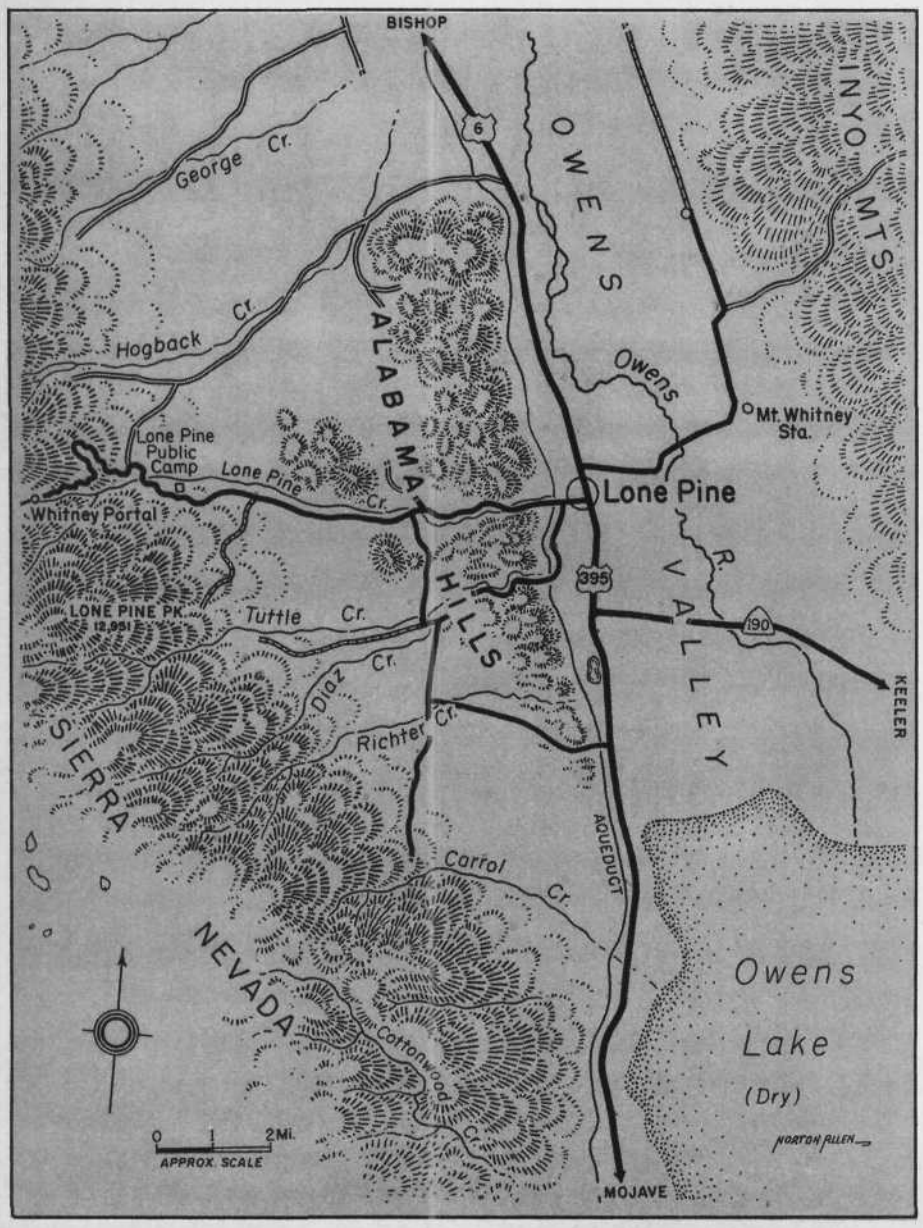
The Alabama's days of triumph were over. The Southern man-o-war was sunk, and the defiant Captain Semmes threw his sword into the sea as a last gesture. The French, in spite of their Southern sympathies, then graciously allowed the victorious Kearsarge to refit in their supposedly neutral port.

It was at this time that the group of Owens Valley pioneers, in admiration of the havoc wrought by the Alabama against the Union, named the grotesque and weird rock formation "The Alabama Hills."

This was too much for another group of miners, cattlemen and woodsawers a few miles to the north of the newly named hills. They were located at Todds, known today as Grays Meadows. Staunch Union sympathizers, these men commemorated the Kearsarge's victory by naming a mountain pass to the west, "Kearsarge Pass." They went a step further and called the mountains beyond the pass "Kearsarge Pinnacles," then gave the name "Kearsarge" to a little town five miles east of Independence. Later, with the advent of a substantial gold strike, they named the district from the Alabama Hills north to Big Pine Creek and from the Sierra on the west to the Owens Valley on the east, "The Kearsarge Mining District."



LISTING ROCKS THAT BEAR THE NAME . .



International repercussions that lasted a number of years followed the Alabama incident, and in 1871 the United States brought suit against Great Britain for the depredations wrought by the Alabama and her sister ships, the Florida, the Shenandoah, and others.

The meetings of the arbitration board were infrequent and long drawn-out. However, in September, 1872, the tribunal awarded damages of $15,000,000 for the depredations committed by the British-built men-o-war.

This action became known as "The Alabama Arbitration" and was one of the first international claims for damages by one nation in behalf of its citizens against another nation.

So, historically, the Alabama Hills commemorate a little-known but important action of the Civil War. But in their own right they are a virtual labyrinth for wonderment and amazement. And though, as yet, they have not attained any official government recognition, they have become a popular Western entity full of unique attractions.

The Alabama Hills lie several miles west of the little Sierra town of



. . . OF A SHIP SUNK OFF FRANCE

From a distance, the Alabama Hills appear as huge upthrust mounds on which thousands of round balls, spheroids, and angular pieces are imbeded. Viewed close-up, each is mammoth; many become ponderous caricatures of the human and animal world. There are granite caves, winding defiles, pyramids, sculptures — almost anything one has seen somewhere in the world, only here on an immense scale. The spring flora is an astounding contradiction to its summer aridity, and a spectacularly gigantic species of bush lupine flourishes on the scene with a grandeur to match the granite giants.

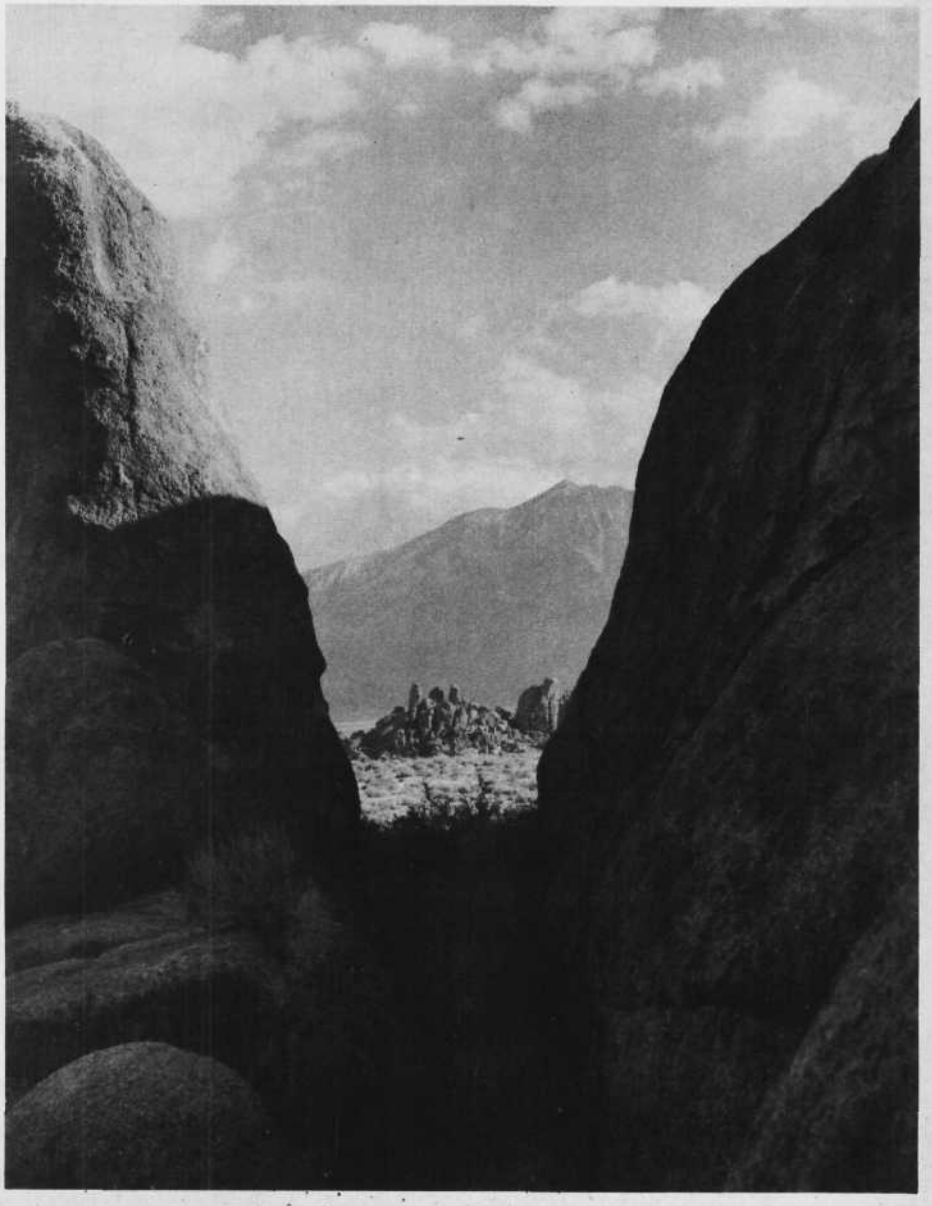
One peculiar feature of these mounds is that they are composed of numerous strata which differ in width but are usually up-ended at right angles to the earth.

With the exception of an earthquake in 1790 chronicled by the Paiute Indians and the major disturbance of March 26, 1872, which brought disaster to the Lone Pine area, the unique Alabama Hills have slumbered silently for years.

Today, the Alabama Hills extend a quiet but awe-inspiring welcome to travelers into the High Sierra desert region. And the breathtaking rock formations will in all probability continue to fascinate many generations to come with their imaginative "forms in fantasy." ///

Lone Pine, along the approach to Mt. Whitney, and without doubt they constitute one of the most fantastic jumbles of upthrust rocks on earth. Word-of-mouth authority states the formation to be the oldest rock mass of its kind in the world. This misconception had its roots in the declaration of an English geologist many years ago that they were "earth's oldest formation." Subsequent geological studies tend to refute the Englishman's theory and to place the rocks' origin somewhere in the middle of the geologic scale: namely, in the Triassic Age, or age of reptiles, with traces of the first or Archaean Age showing here and there as a result of the cataclysmic repetition of volcanic action which has periodically changed the face of the Sierra and desert landscapes, including Death Valley.

The Hills have long been a paradise for geologists, nature-lovers and campers and hikers who scramble in delight and awe among its giant formations. Motion picture companies use the area regularly as a location for horse operas, desert sequences and North African "atmosphere."

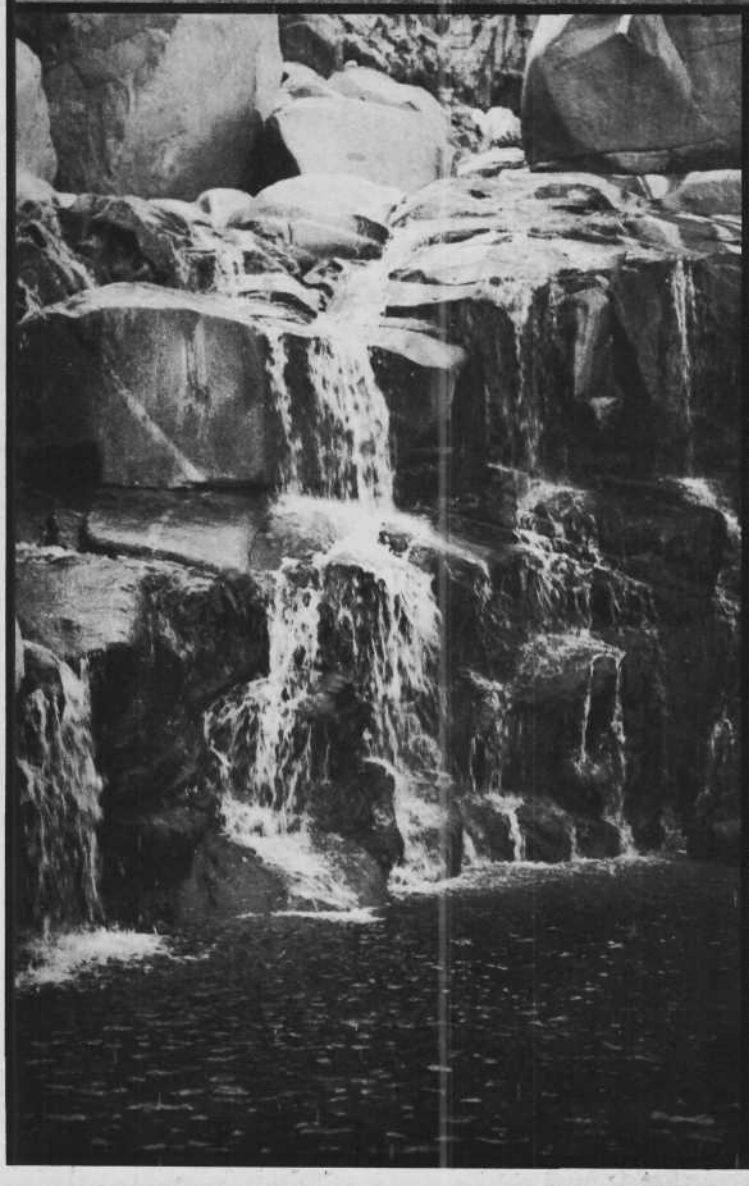


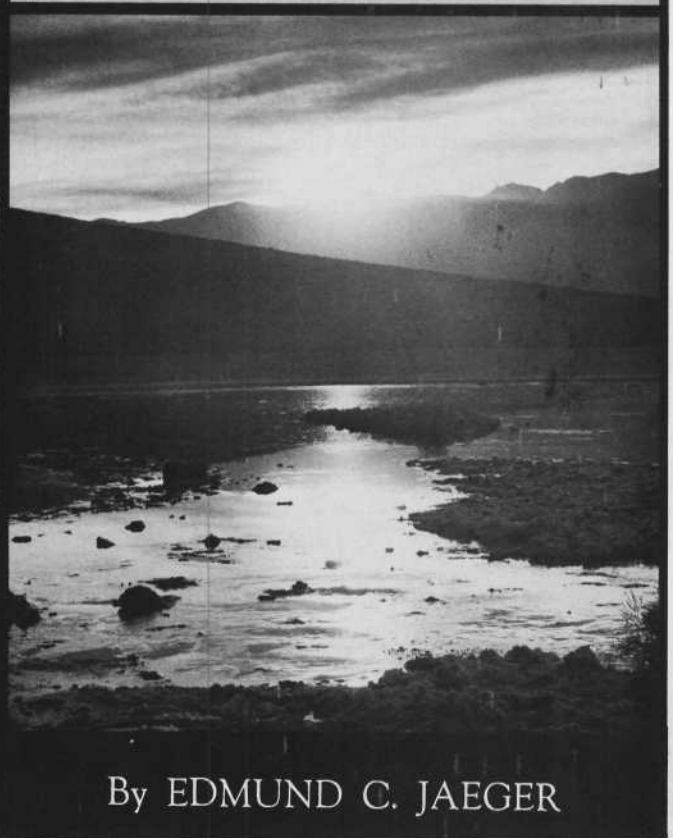
THE EVENING VIEW OF THE HIGH SIERRAS IN THE DISTANCE



WATER

. . . giver of life





By EDMUND C. JAEGER

IN LONG AGO days when desert journeys were made, for the most part, with horse and wagon or on foot with a burro to carry one's bedroll and provisions, we generally tried to camp at nightfall near some well, waterhole or streamside.

These oasis-site camps gave us many unusual opportunities to observe the wildlife associated in one way or other with them. Today, many of these water sources have been tapped for the irrigation of fields and for domestic use, but still some remain and are well worth visiting.

In the early spring of 1920 I spent some days camping in the willow, mesquite and cottonwood thickets along the Colorado River, that unique arid-land stream isolated so definitely by its broad desert boundaries both on the east and west. It was a most interesting and revealing fortnight bringing me into close view of many of nature's small, animal children. Each morning I was greeted with rich songs and varied call notes of riverbank-inhabiting birds, and the stridulations and wee sounds of cicadas, grasshoppers and flies. In the sunlit willow tops I saw and heard Red-winged blackbirds, Lucy Warblers, charming small Lazuli Buntings, Lark Buntings and occasional Arizona Least Vireos. The Lucy Warbler (named after Miss Lucy Baird, sister of Spencer F. Baird of the Smithsonian Institution) is exclusively a desert bird seldom, except as a stray, being found elsewhere. It is sometimes called the Mesquite Warbler from its close association with this tree.

At this charming "willow camp", as I chose to call it, I had a visit from a Roadrunner the very first morning. Once out in an open sandpatch, he took to preening himself a bit then lying down leisurely on his side, relaxing his feathers and warming himself in the sun's genial rays. After a few minutes of this he got up, thoroughly shook the sand from his feathers and ran, tail drooping, into the willows.

Some birds and mammals seem to have some sort of a time-clock built into them, and that evidently was very much the case with this bird. Subsequently, every morning within a minute or two of 8:10, he arrived for his preening and sunbath and always he took about the same amount of time for it; the same might be said about his departure into the brush.

I noticed somewhat the same punctuality of movements of a big Colorado River Toad (*Bufo alvarius*), that enormous Bufo that inhabits the damp tree-filled bottoms along the lower Colorado River. Each evening he came out onto the sandy-surfaced opening in front of the camp, ambling across it at near 7:15 while on his early evening hunting journey. He maneuvered rather slowly or sat very still at times so that with aid of my lantern, which he never seemed much to mind, I was able to get a

Continued on page 25

After the Rains--Desert "Shellfish"

OF ALL THE strange and unusual things which the desert yields, shrimp and clam are at the top of the list. To find these "shellfish" in a normally dry desert wash taxes the imagination — yet, it is usually in such places that these creatures appear from time to time when nature provides the proper ingredients.

I first observed these odd denizens while on a routine patrol in the Anza-Borrego country. Less than a week had passed since a summer thunderstorm had poured a torrent of water down the Fish Creek Wash, and I was on the lookout for possible storm damage.

At the head of one of the tributary washes I left the patrol jeep to check some *tinajas* (potholes) which usually contain water after heavy rainfall. Sure enough, they were full of water—and strange tiny creatures freely swimming about! There were two kinds of animals in the pools; one looked like a tadpole, the other a clam.

Thin shells cover the backs of the tadpole shrimp, which are larger than the clam shrimp. Pink undersides and fluttering legs are exposed as the tadpole shrimp float, sometimes bottom-side-up, or dive into the depths of the rainwater pools.

The clam shrimp is covered with hinged bivalved shells, but here the resemblance to a true clam ends. Careful inspection reveals legs and antennae, and this creature's mode of locomotion is most un-clamlike. When not resting on the bottom of the pond, the clam shrimp dart through the water in speedy starts and stops.

Both the tadpole shrimp (*Notostracans*) and the clam shrimp (*Conchostracans*) are of the subclass of crustacea known as branchiopoda. The name literally means "gill-feet", and is descriptive of the numerous jointed legs which contain gills. These legs are used for breathing as well as swimming.

The branchiopoda are the most primitive of the crustaceans. Fossil finds indicate that they date back in time for millions of years. That they can perpetuate themselves under what appears to be the most adverse of environments seems nothing short of miraculous.

As was the case in Fish Creek, these animals are found in temporary pools and ponds that dry up completely for most of the year. The life-cycle is completed in a surprisingly short time, and the eggs remain in the dried mud until the next period of rainfall. Tadpole shrimp have hatched from eggs in dried mud kept on a laboratory shelf for as long as 15 years.

Just what chain of circumstances causes the eggs to hatch and mature is not fully known. Certainly temperature plays an important role; and only the summer rains have thus far brought forth the shrimp of Fish Creek.—By GEORGE W. LEETCH, ranger, Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. ///



An Anza-Borrego Ranger inspects a pothole—natural habitat for desert shrimp (center photo) and clam (lower photo—greatly enlarged).





¡FIELD TRIP, OLE!

Misadventures and Gay Times when 180 Mineral Collectors Invade Old Mexico...

by VIVIENNE M. DOSSE

THE STUDY and collecting of minerals is an absorbing hobby —and there is no doubt that my husband and I are completely and irrevocably absorbed. Thus it was that when the recent call went out for pilgrims to tour the rich mining areas of San Luis Potosi in Mexico, we hastened to join the "Operation Rockhound" expedition.

The tour was arranged by Warren Jones, a miner living in San Luis Potosi; Bob and Sara Dowell, mineral dealers of Edinburg, Texas; Roberto Cuadros, President of the Miners Association; and Alphonso Torre, Secretary of Planifications and Promotions (!) for the State of San Luis Potosi. It had the blessings of the Governor, Prof. Don Manuel Davila.

One hundred and eighty persons signed up for the trip. It was important that this invading army make a good impression, so we were urged to conduct ourselves with dignity and courtesy. Ladies were asked to *not* wear slacks, pedal-pushers or shorts on the street, though these get-ups would be permissible on the field-trips. We were informed that people in the city dressed more formally than in our Southwestern states, and we were reminded that we were to be guests of the Governor at a reception.

The city of San Luis Potosi lies in a shallow valley between high mountain ranges. We arrived at dusk, amid the gaiety and confusion of a carnival which filled the streets with bands, floats and maskers.

The next morning began a series of trips to the mines. A particularly interesting time was spent at Tepetate, high in the mountains. Here the men of the village recover tin ore from a dry streambed by a method resembling gold-panning. The sand glitters with bright little topaz crystals, but the tin ore looks like bits of dull smooth rock, seldom larger than a fingernail. The pans used are shallow wooden bowls into which is scooped sand and water, which the miner agitates with his hands. All water must be carried a half-mile from the village reservoir. If a miner finds one or two nuggets in each pan, he is lucky. This is definitely not a get-rich-quick business.

That evening we enjoyed the Governor's Reception. The magnificent white and gold Reception Room was rich with oil portraits and crimson velvet drapes. The "Juarez Room," adjoining it, contained a glass case with life-size figures. One was the First President of the Republic of Mexico, Benito Juarez, as he refused clemency for the deposed emperor, Maximilian. The other figure, that of a beautiful young woman, the Princess de Salm Salm, knelt at his feet in posture of entreaty and despair.

Flash-bulbs popped in the Reception Room as news photographers ranged back and forth, snapping groups in conversation or being presented to the Governor. Refreshments of a potent pink liquid and delicious little hot enchiladas were served. As we left the palace each of us was presented with a gift, with the compliments of His Excellency. Every lady received a fiber handbag containing a miniature sombrero, a half-pint of fiery mescal, and a package of "Tuna Cheese," which is neither fish nor cheese, but candy made from cactus fruit. The men were given brilliantly striped bags with identical contents.

The next day was the big day (we had no idea just *how* big it would turn out to be) when we would visit a location impossible to reach by car, but well-known by reputation to mineral collectors throughout the world. The little village of Charcas is inhabited by miners, many of them employed at a big lead-zinc mine operated by the American Smelting and Refining Company. That mine is not open to visitors now, but many mineral collections feature the magnificent calcite and danburite specimens found there. We would visit a small privately operated mine about nine miles from Charcas, to hunt for red cinnabar crystals in white calcite. There is no road to Charcas or to the big mine. Access is by rail, though a road runs from a siding on the main rail line to Charcas a distance of five or six miles.

There is no public parking at the railway station in San Luis Potosi,

so we were told to leave our cars in the hotel parking lots and walk or take taxis to the station. In order to arrive on time we awakened at 5:30 a.m. To our dismay no cafes were open, so we went without breakfast. Some hotels had prepared box lunches for their guests, but ours had not. All of us were dressed in rough clothes and burdened with bottles of drinking water, cameras, coats, collecting bags and rock hammers.

Warren Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Dowell had bought tickets for the group on the previous day, and arranged for two special coaches attached to the regular train on the Mexico City-Monterrey run, to accommodate us.

Though departure was scheduled for 7 a.m., the train did not leave until nearly eight o'clock. News photographers and feature writers for the papers were busy. Everyone was in high spirits. I walked to the front-end of the train where the Mexican farm-families were making a picnic of their train trip. A blind man played the violin for a group of laughing singers; young women sold tiny eggs and other food from baskets. Small children staggered solemnly up and down the aisles. Everyone was having a gay time as the train clattered onward.

After about two hours, we reached the siding near Charcas. Here our coaches were left on a side-track, to be picked up by the evening train for our return.

The Miners Union had four small buses waiting for us, and we climbed aboard for our trip to the cinnabar mine.

The road from the siding to Charcas is an uphill pull and narrow, though paved. One bus developed mechanical trouble, so we waited in Charcas until another could be brought. No more pavement now, just rocky dusty trails. The buses wallowed along, sometimes descending barrancas with sides so steep the passengers had to climb out on foot. Our bus had its tailpipe smashed shut on a boulder; after that was given emergency repairs with rock hammers, the engine boiled dry. The radiator was replenished from our supplies of drinking water. Far ahead we could see the other buses waiting while a stone fence was pulled down to make a way for them. A long winding track climbed slowly to where the buses could go no farther. The last half-mile we must do on foot.

"Everything will be perfectly safe in the buses," we were told, so, leaving coats, water-bottles, lunches, even purses, on the seats, the crowd piled out and climbed toward the mine.

Blasts were set off for the benefit of the camera-fans. Even before the smoke had cleared away the rock-hounds were scrambling up the steep hillside. The mine is a small one; a hole about thirty feet across and twenty deep, with short horizontal tunnels following the veins of cinnabar along seams in the limestone.

The blasts had thrown out much fragmented material. Those who couldn't get down into the mine had an opportunity to gather attractive pieces, though it is doubtful if many even knew what to look for, as cries of "Is this it?" echoed back and forth.

The sun was hot; most of the hunters soon tired and began to shout, "We want agate." Warren Jones told these agate-hunters to take three of the four buses, detailing one of his miners to lead the group. They would go back to Charcas and out in another direction to the agate-fields. Soon there were only 18 of us left.

An hour or so later, Mr. Jones said it was time for us to start back to Charcas. Collectors and miners gathered up their tools and collecting bags and we picked our way down the steep trail to the bus.

But there was no bus! We were stranded—nine miles from the road; 15 from the siding where our railway coaches waited. The train was due to pick up the coaches about six o'clock. It was already after three.

The situation held serious aspects. Seven of our group were women. None of us was young; none accustomed to high altitude. One woman was recently out of a hospital, and her feet were already blistered.

But when there is only one thing to do . . . you do it!

We started walking, relying on the

continued on page 28



TIN MINERS AT TEPETATE

THREE NEVADA SKETCHES

By Choral Pepper





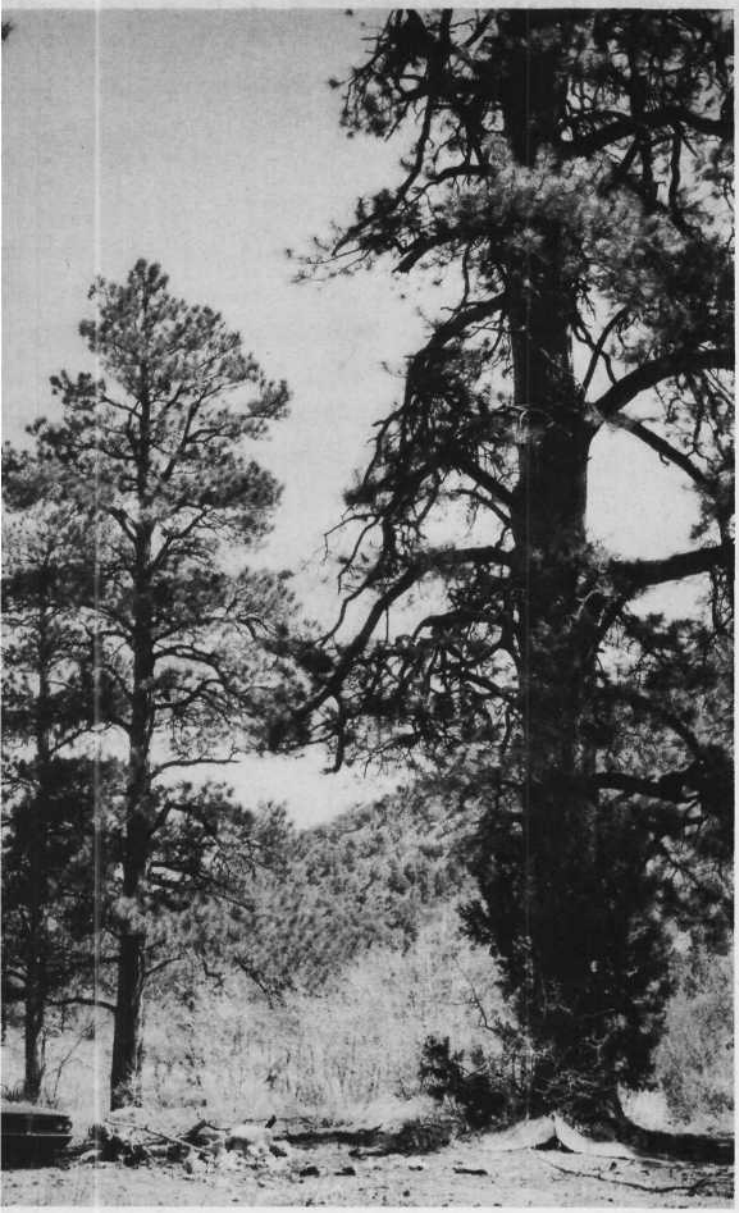


ON A WARM summer's day last year, straw-hatted women clung to the arms of their shirt-sleeved men and climbed a steep embankment to the parapet of newly constructed Shroeder Dam in Beaver Dam State Park. It was the day of dedication for a greatly desired recreational attraction in Lincoln County, the first project of its kind in the state of Nevada.

From a podium atop the Dam, Nevada State Park Commissioner Dr. Leslie H. Gould alerted his listeners to a necessity for developing such areas now during the state's early growth. "At its present rate," he said, "we could find ourselves faced with the same dilemma as Southern California which suddenly discovered that the only desirable beach areas available to the public cost $10,000 an acre."

A return visit to Beaver Dam State Park on a recent weekend proved one thing: Those crowded Californians ought to see this!

Rollicking streams leaped with trout, hordes of exciting rocks lay undetected, and wild growth all but obliterated the winding single-way road. The park, which



when completely developed will contain 2199 acres, had only 20 car-loads of visitors—and this, according to fisherman Phil Hulse of Pioche, was the most "crowded" he had ever seen the area, and he visits it often.

Here in this untamed, secluded country, is just about everything an outdoorsman would want, excepting a good road (but, if the road was good, the campsites would be crowded!). Campgrounds nestle into every bend of the crooked stream. You could lie in a sleeping-bag and pluck trout to fry on one of the grills furnished by the Fish and Game Department for the use of campers. Restrooms, too, are available, but everything else goes strictly with nature. Possibly when the road is widened, trailers will be permitted into the park, but now nothing more than an occasional tent or pick-up-camper indicates man has invaded this lonely forest.

One of Nevada's largest deer herds thrives among gorges and spires eroded from the park's sedimentary rock formations. In the dark, mountain lion stalk their supper near waterholes, while coyote serenade the night. During daylight hours, the flying manes of mustang color the scene. This is a wild game preserve and firearms are not allowed, but deer hunters do make camp near the park boundaries.

The road to Beaver Dam State Park leads east from Highway 93 at Caliente. From the highway to the park, the visitors must drive an hour and 15 minutes of poorly graded road. Once inside the park it is necessary to ford a few shallow streams. Although rough, it is possible for any make of auto to tour the park, but there are a number of places which can be reached only by four-wheel drive.

After a seemingly endless expanse of rocky soil, occasionally broken by stretches of sand and sage, the road from Caliente enters a pigmy juniper forest. Gradually, as the altitude increases, the scraggly trees grow taller, exposing twisted naked limbs begging the skies for rain.

It is quite impossible to believe that ahead into infinity lies an abundant forest lush with growth, but after 20 miles, the tall, straight pines appear, and squawberries bear fruit in patches along the ground. Higher still, undergrowth temporarily ceases. Isolated junipers spring from barren wind-sifted soil like giant Ming trees stuck into beds of sand.

Here arroyos cut deeply into the earth, and mountainous slabs of rock jut above the terrain. Oak trees join the junipers and pinyons. Pine cones lie scattered among ferns. Frogs pipe from stones in the racing brook, and higher still, Shroeder Dam imprisons water to produce a lake, spewing forth calculated amounts to join other waters from a fountainhead of mountain springs.

There is much to do here besides fish and dream by a stream. Because of the area's benign clime, early geological formations and signs are well preserved. Petroglyphs so ancient that experts are unable to classify them occur in this vicinity. Indian artifacts, dating from the time when Beaver Dam marked a favorite hunting ground, have been found, and beautiful fossils are everywhere.

Rockhounds find this virgin territory. Our son filled a marble bag with Apache tears (obsidian) scooped from the bed of a stream. Jasper, agate and wonderstone have also been gathered beside the park's springs.

Best of all, for those whose nature's demand a periodic one-ness with the wilderness, Beaver Dam State Park is secluded and serene. This may change when Lincoln County acquires funds to improve the access road, but in the meantime, visitors will find rare experience in this lonely area.

PRIMEVAL PARK
GIM WAH
MISPLACED SEQUOIAS

THE YEAR was 1916. A shy petite child from San Francisco's Chinatown, Gim was chosen by her father's Tong to become the bride of Tom Wah, a man more than four times her age, and newly promoted from cook to boarding-house manager of the rich Nevada Prince Mine near Pioche. When she came, she

spoke not a word of English. At the mine she attended school with other children her age. It was difficult to interpret her lessons, but she did the best she could by translating from story illustrations. It was two years before she understood any English at all.

During her early years in the rough, tough camp—so different from the gentle atmosphere she'd known in San Francisco—Gim suffered every humiliation and fear known to a bewildered child. But through it, and because of it, she gradually came to the most important understanding of her life.

She learned that others couldn't make her adjustments for her; that to find any kind of happiness in her strangely fated life, she'd have to acquire the strength to stand alone. With increasing maturity, she determined to adapt herself to her strange desert environment.

Today, managing her cafe located off U.S. Highway 93 between Pioche and Caliente, Gim Wah is more than a local tradition. She has touched the hearts of personages from all over the world who participated in the important operation of the Combined Metals Reduction Company and Caselton Mill during World War II and were entertained in her dining room, in a part of the village built to accommodate this largest lead-silver mill in the United States.

The mill ceased operation eight years ago, but Mrs. Wah's friends continue to visit when they pass through Nevada . . . friends such as author Clarence Buddington Kelland (who once set a story there), Union Pacific President George Stoddard, Uranium King Charles Steen, New York City Chase National Bank President Jerimiah Millbank, and the late Duke D'Atri, Prince of Aragon, to name a few.

Former President Herbert Hoover, who is an official of the mine, and his family celebrated many of Mr. Hoover's birthdays in Mrs. Wah's dining room.

What is there about Mrs. Wah that inspired the Caliente Lion's Club, which meets in her cafe, to award her their first and only feminine honorary membership? Surely it was more than her pixie grin and strawberry pie.

And what is it that inspired the Professional and Business Women's Club of neighboring Pioche to invite her into its organization? Certainly not her popularity in Caliente, since Mrs. Wah stands alone as a harmonious link between the fiercely competitive towns.

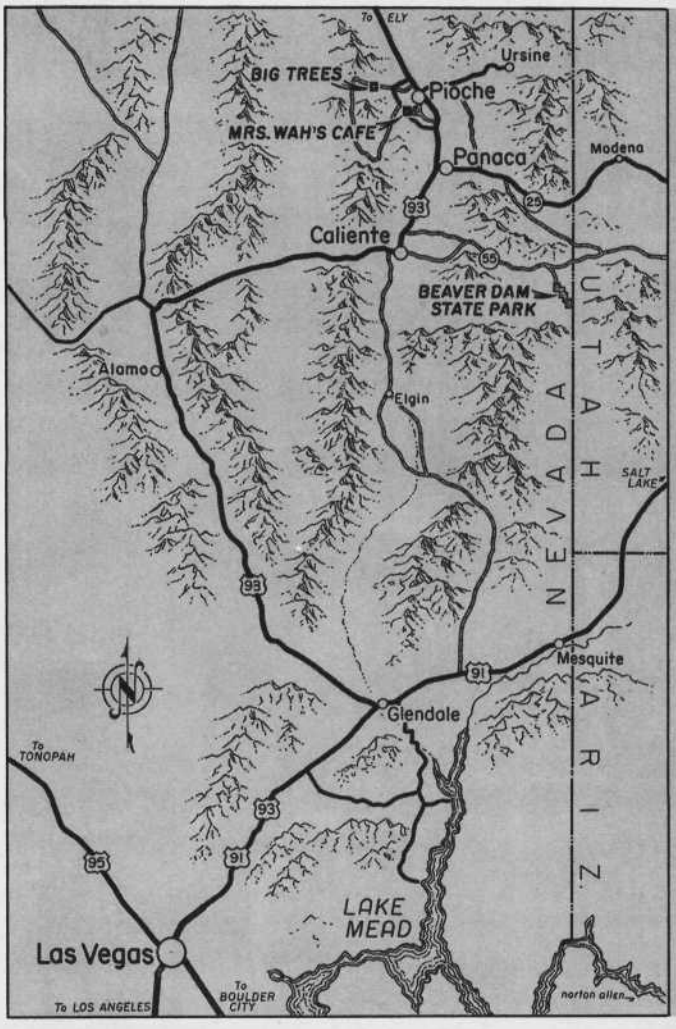
To those away from Nevada, she is a cherished friend. To those of her community, she is more. Her relationship with neighbors and friends is built upon respect for Gim Wah's personal dignity, admiration for her individuality, and trust in her proved integrity.

In a charming sing-song voice reminiscent of an Oriental lullaby, Gim Wah converts English into a uniquely understandable language of her own and tells of her life at the mine.

Before the big boarding house burned down and Tom Wah died, she helped him cook and serve 400 men in four shifts. They raised their own vegetables and fruit then as she continues to do to this day. To provide



"GIM IS KNOWN BY ALL LOCAL SMALL-FRY AS A SOFT TOUCH . . ."





BEAVER DAM PARK — VIRGIN TERRITORY FOR ROCKHOUNDS

variety in the menus under austere conditions of that time demanded the utmost in ingenuity and self-sufficiency.

Lessons Gim learned in Tom Wah's kitchen have related themselves to living as she finds it today. When the present mill went silent and the mine's stable population dropped to zero, she might have sobbed that a dining room in a mine without work force had no place to go but broke. She could have become a ward of the state. Instead, she enlarged her home-grown garden, and set out establishing the best public dining room between Ely and Las Vegas.

Other forced adjustments have marked Gim's life. One day, long ago, Tom Wah announced he would take her to visit members of her family who lived in China. While there, Gim gave birth to their only child, a son. Under the quota system, it was impossible to return with him to the United States. In fact, it took Senatorial influence on the part of mine officials to get Gim and Tom back home. Confident that later they could send for their baby, they left him with relatives. Gim Wah never again saw her baby.

Possibly to compensate for this emptiness in her life, Gim is known by all local small-fry as the soft touch for free bubble gum and popsicles in the area. Children for miles around pay her frequent visits—often afoot, knowing Missy Wah is also good for a free ride back home.

Her American citizenship is her proudest possession and voting is her proudest accomplishment. Once when asked for a political opinion regarding Nevada Democratic Senator Pat McCarran, she said, "Him velly nice man, yes, velly good friend. Still, I Republican."

To Mrs. Wah, it isn't important whether or not it's expedient for her to admit her political affiliation. When she feel an issue is consequential, she studies it thoroughly, makes a decision, and then takes a stand. That is why her community respects her. Some may not agree with her, but Mrs. Wah is not a nonentity. She is a woman of conviction.

Mrs. Wah runs her business with an abacus, which she maneuvers with the speed of an IBM machine. Her friends eagerly await the day she tangles with an innocent tax examiner!

Mrs. Wah's cafe is as unpretentious as its prices, but her piping hot superbly cooked cuisine makes the short detour from Highway 93 worthwhile. Because everything is cooked to order, she prefers that southbound motorists announce their arrival by telephone from Pioche and those northbound call from Caliente.

Her famous Chinese feast, which she prepares only for parties of four or more and serves on elegant ancestral china, requires a full day's notice to prepare. Those who have enjoyed it say that as a gourmet experience it may only be compared to her incomparable strawberry pies—made with berries cultivated in her patch.

But whether or not one ever dines at Mrs. Wah's, there's much to learn from this woman who has the dignity and courage to live by principle; this woman who knows that others stand by only if first you've learned to stand alone. She doesn't proselyte these findings. What she does is prove them by example.

BOTANISTS FROM a number of Western universities have puzzled over a grove of seven tall trees nestled in a mountain valley 19 miles west of the picturesque mining town of Pioche. Normally, a grove of trees in a mountain valley wouldn't present an enigma, but when the trees happen to be Sequoia Giganteas native to an area 300 miles away, experts furrow their brows.

These trees (referred to as "The Big Trees" by local citizens who frequently picnic under them) are more commonly found in Yosemite and Sequoia national parks, and adjacent areas in California. There the Big Trees grow in well-defined groves of from four to as many as 3500 trees.

How did seven of these giants happen to establish themselves so far from "home"? The experts can only make some educated guesses.

While the Bristlecone Pine is now considered the "oldest living thing on earth," the Sequoia (former holder of this title) does reach ages of 3000 years and more. Most mature Big Trees vary in age from 400 to 2000 years.

Whereas most plant life is subject to decay and disintegration, the Sequoia is strongly resistant to the attack of insects, fungal parasites, and to fire because of the presence of tannin and the absence of resin pitch in its structure. But, age and resistance are not the answers. These trees are not "survivors" of a prehistoric era. Three thousand years is a relatively short time in the history of the earth and its inhabitants.

And, we can discount the possibility of the seeds blowing over from the California groves to the Nevada site. Mountains rising to 13,000 feet lie between.

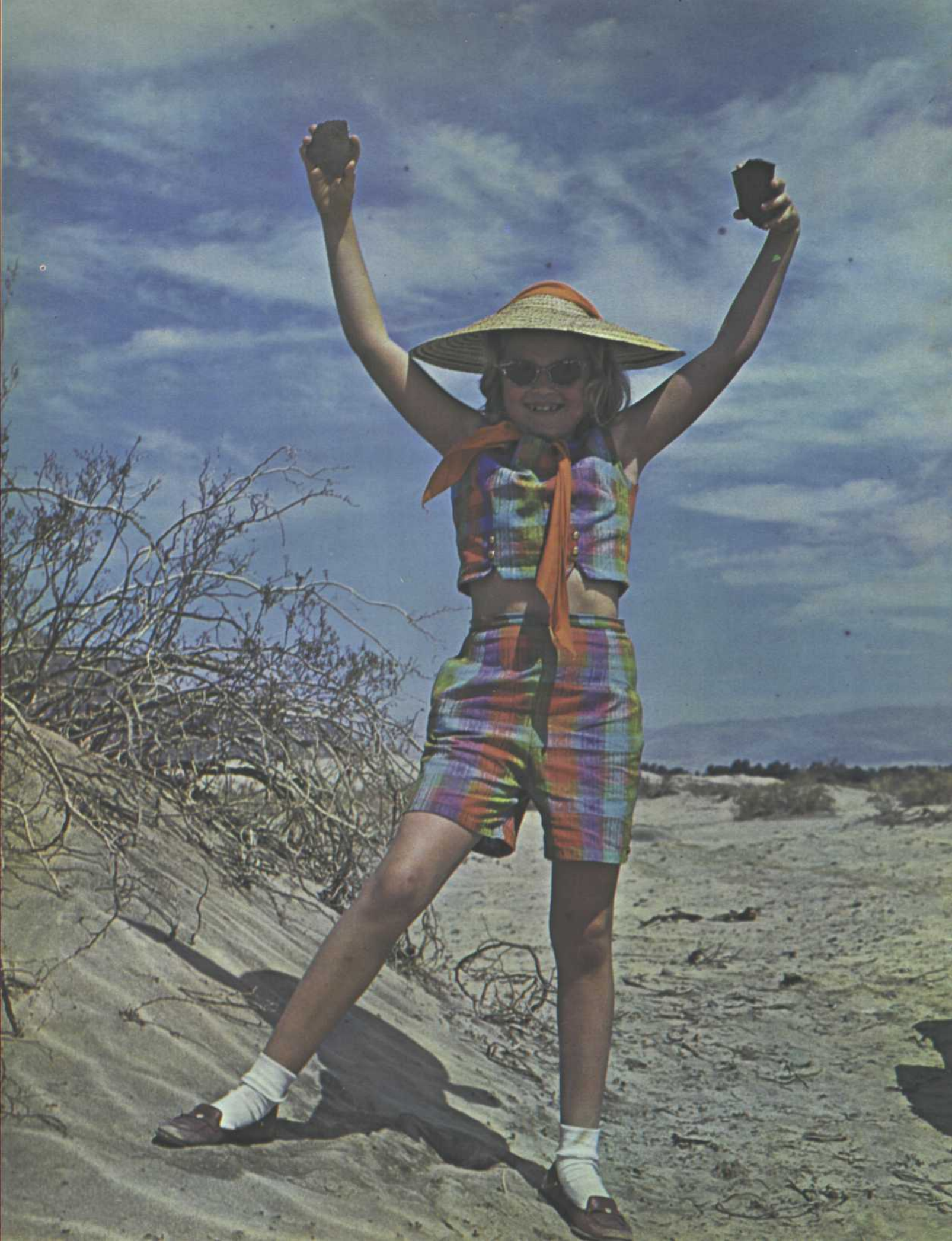
Pioche and Yosemite are both at a 38-degree latitude; both are at 500 feet elevation (the Big Trees occur from 5000 to 8000 feet elevation). Also, both areas nurture a healthy ground cover of scrub oak and other coniferous trees such as pinyon pine. But, here the similarity in areas ends.

Whereas both Sequoia National Park and Yosemite have vast areas of wooded growth with many fountainheads to feed the soil, the Nevada Sequoia grove lies in a minute canyon surrounded by desert lands studded with juniper, sage and cacti. The Nevada area's winters are mild, but do bring enough snow to maintain the trees. There are thousands of locales in the West, closer in both distance and physical characteristics to Yosemite and Sequoia National Park, where the Sequoias are unknown.

The most logical explanation, it would seem, is that an earthquake or other upheaval at the Nevada site released dormant seeds and permitted them to grow in an area where thousands — or even millions — of years before, a Sequoia forest had flourished. Until scientists deliver the final answer to this riddle, the "earthquake theory" is the one most people hereabouts subscribe to.

But, why bother the head about theories? The important thing to do is pack a picnic lunch and head for an afternoon under the Sequoias—in eastern Nevada.

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SAND, SUN and TWO CHUNKS OF INDIAN POTTERY

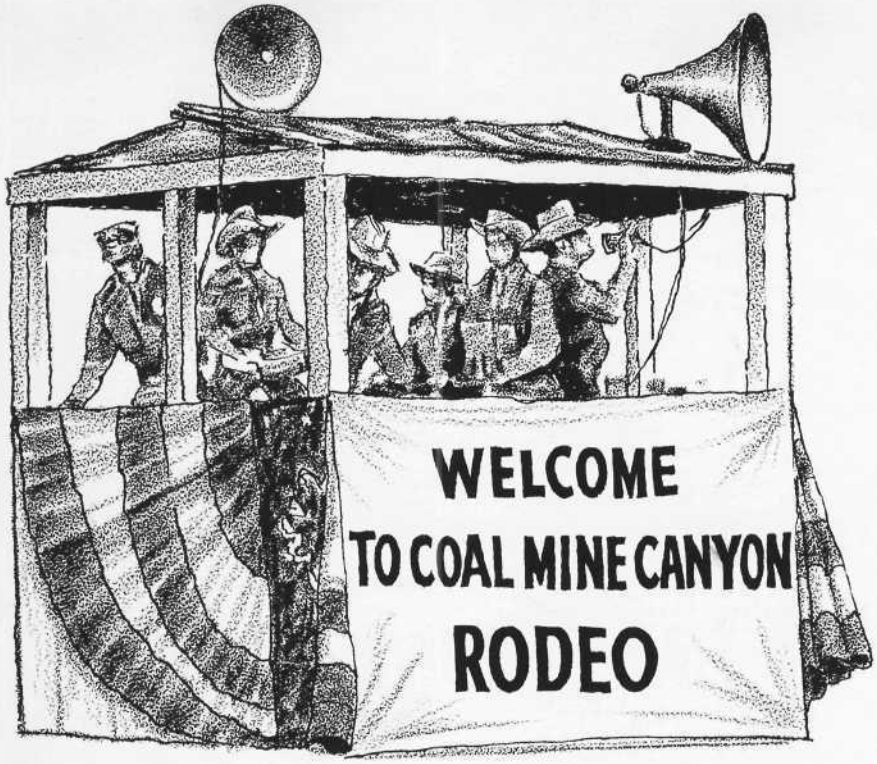
. . . this happy combination is sure to please any girl, and Kaye Ellen Oertle was no exception. Kaye Ellen had accompanied her dad, writer-inventor Lee Oertle, to the desert near La Quinta, Calif., where Lee wanted to take some action photos of the new "go-anywhere" machine he had developed.

The "work part" of the trip over, Kaye Ellen and some of her fellow "models" turned to the more exciting business of gathering-up a few pieces of the pottery shards which lie about the dunes in heavy concentrations. The local Cahuilla Indians apparently spent a great deal of time around the clay playas manufacturing pots and jars.

Running and squealing, stooping and exclaiming, Kaye Ellen and her little friends had a grand time seeing who could find the largest piece of pottery; or who came up with a shard containing a bit of design. It was grand adventure.

The color photo of Kaye Ellen was made by Dennis Holmes of Riverside, Calif., who is shown at work in the black-and-white picture at the right. Lee Oertle's dune buggy and the boy treasure hunters (who are busy chewing chunks of ice) were not half so appealing to color-photographer Holmes as were Kaye Ellen's eye-dazzling costume and triumphant smile.



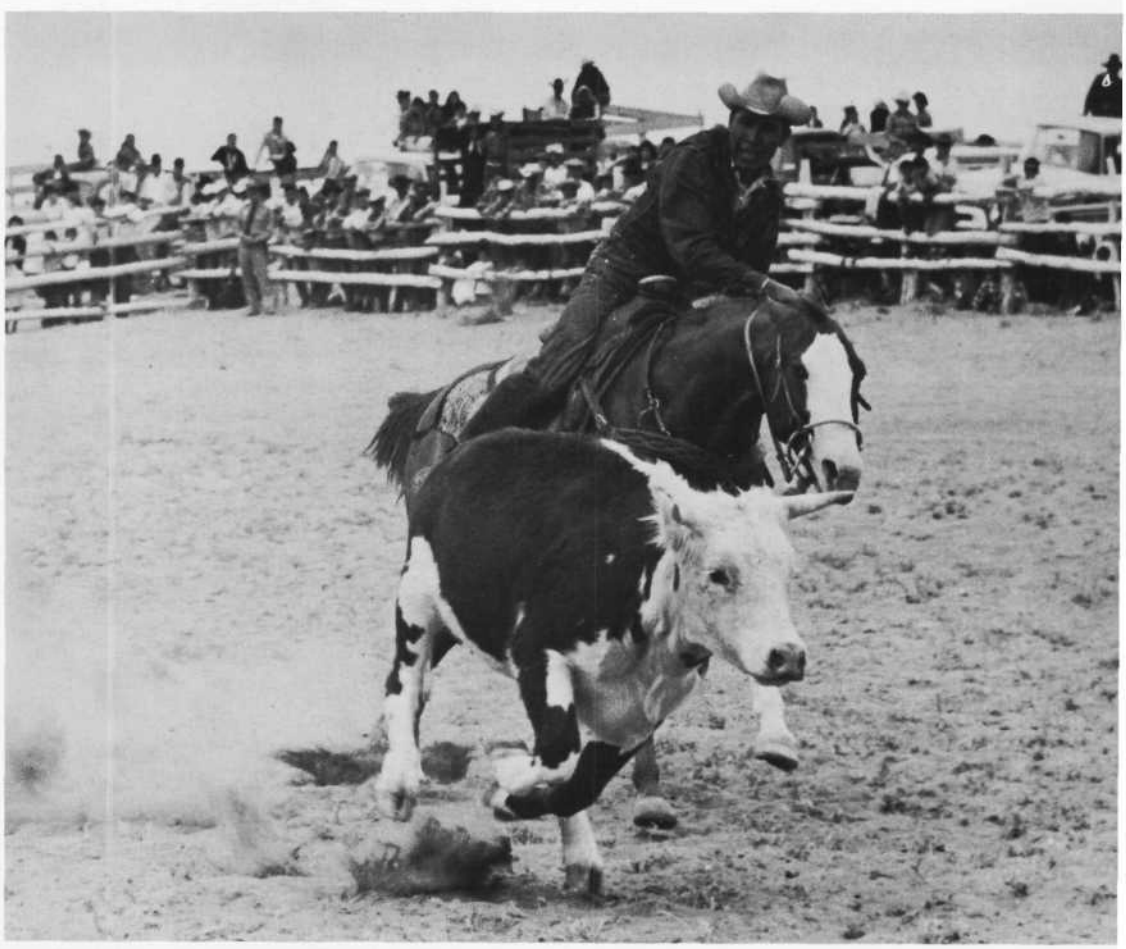


Coal Mine Canyon is in the heart of Navajoland, east of Tuba City near the foot of the Hopi mesas. The roads are now good asphalt, and the rodeo grounds are within view of the pavement.

One main rodeo is held each year—usually in July—but other smaller get-togethers occur from time to time during the summer. Dates for such events are seldom announced far in advance—as is the case for the many other round-ups held throughout the vast reservation. Persons wishing to be notified of specific rodeo dates should send their queries to the Navajo Tribal Council, Window Rock, Arizona.

The rodeo is an "open social event" for the Navajos, and the white visitor is welcome. However, a camera should be used cautiously and courteously.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK A. TINKER



Navajos are excellent riders, and among their possessions the horse is apt to rank first. A boy may be given a colt when he is old enough to ride —at seven or eight— and the horse will become more of a pet to him than a dog might be to a Michigan schoolboy.

Grasping the steer by both horns, Ben Yazzie Begay tries to rassle it down. The timer (left) stands by with flag upraised. The incongruity of the Navajos crowding along the rails in their pick-up trucks, model 1962, and their long sateen dresses, model 1887, is apparent only to strangers.

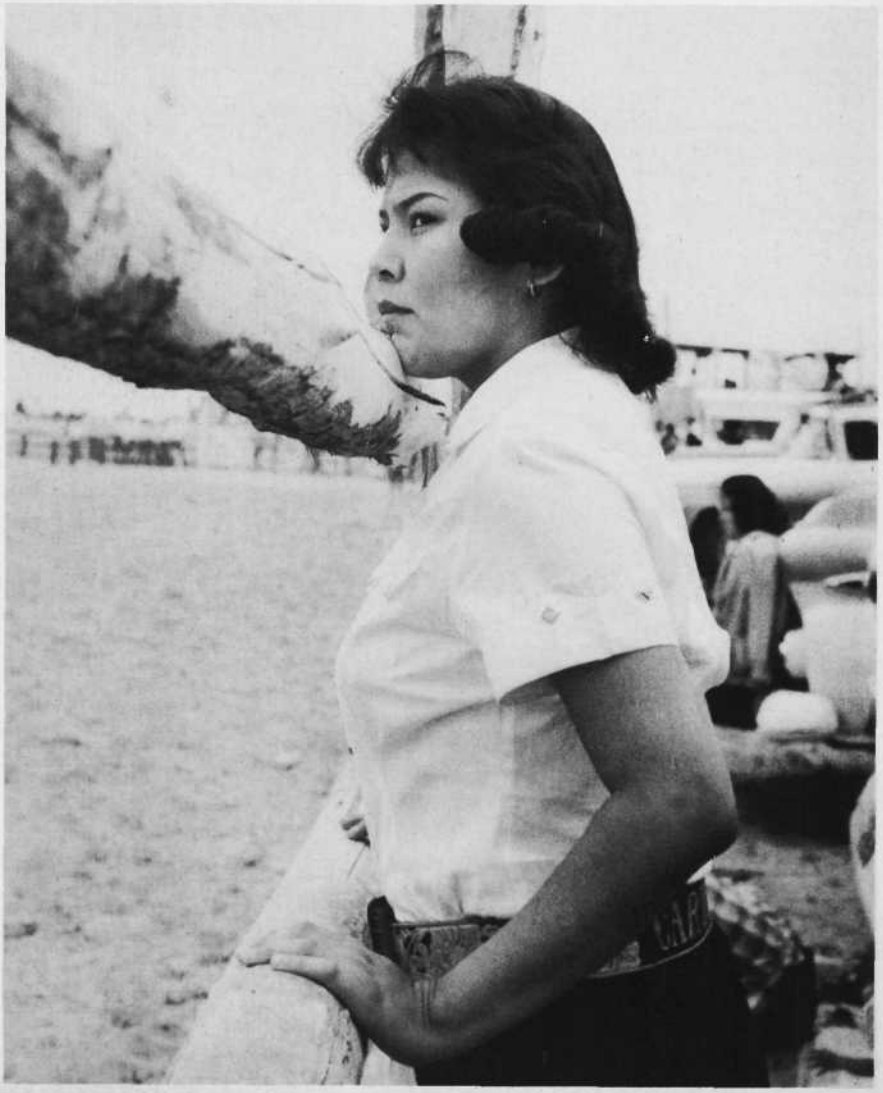


Spectators may come from fifty to sixty rough miles away. This pick-up bears California plates; its owner home for the rodeo.



A young family group watches the action—all but one.

Beauty is not absent from this event.





There is nothing fancy about the refreshment stands at the rodeo.

WATER (continued from page 13)

good look at him. This is the large toad, which when handled roughly by inquisitive dogs, is said to fatally poison them with its skin secretions.

Close to some ponded waters nearby I saw — with considerable evening regularity—specimens of a smaller Woodhouse Toad (*Bufo woodhousei*) while it was out hunting at dusk among the arrowweed stalks. This amphibian with wheezy trilling note, was named in honor of the surgeon-naturalist, Samuel Woodhouse, who served in 1851 under Captain L. Sitgreaves, commissioned to investigate the Zuni and Colorado rivers.

To the south of my base-camp were some fallen willow trees of considerable size. They were partly in the water and had rotted rather quickly because of dampness. I ripped off the loose bark of one of them, and found living there a great number of medium-sized beetles with yellowish-red head and bluish-gray wing covers—a host of those strange-acting beetles called Bombardiers, remarkable when excited for discharging from their anal glands a pungent fluid, which when uniting with the oxygen of the air, causes a very definite explosion (*"pip"*) accompanied by a whitish cloud; it is audible up to several feet away. When several of the insects are detonating at the same time it is indeed a rather ridiculous and fascinating "battle-scene" phenomenon. Probably this action is of use as a protection against certain enemies. Each fast-running bombardier is able to discharge his little natural gun several times before becoming exhausted; then after a short period he is ready again to utilize his midget artillery.

Always as the sun sank low in the west, Gamble Quail and doves came to the water's edge to drink. Ever wary and alert, the quail wisely approached slowly in small groups of two to five, then having quenched their thirst, ran back into the brush and others of the flock came forth. All the time the vigilant and wise old male, perched near on the tip of a branch of a high bush as guardian, gave his call notes of "all's well, but be careful." Back in the mesquites I could hear the contented notes of his trustful flock. It was always a very satisfying observation. As darkness came on I could hear the vibrant song of Kill-deers or the strange call notes of other water-frequenting birds.

When I walked with kerosene lan-

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tern in hand at night along animal trails near the river's edge, I occasionally surprised mud turtles, and once, after I heard a big rustling sound and then a great splash, I realized I had startled a wary beaver that had been feeding on willow twigs. Now he was diving desperately for escape from supposed danger. How could he realize that he had in me one of his very best friends!

The big, pale-colored Colorado River Beaver, once so plentiful that not more than a century ago trappers took them by thousands for their pelts, is now a scarce rodent: neither he nor his big conical mud-and-stick lodges nor his dams are often seen. On a recent visit to a sand-bank island, I was surprised to see a "beaver house" made from twigs of the cresote-bush. It seems so incongruous that with willows and cottonwood trees so near at hand this particular family should have gone to nearby dry desert, here closely bordering the river, to get building materials for their abode. But the wild creatures, like humans, have their individual ways.

In the warm waters of quiet pondlets I watched the strange-appearing fat nymphs of big dragon flies. They are at times most active creatures, always with enormous eyes on big heads and an unusual appearing face, its lower part covered with a large smooth tan mask concealing a battery of cruel jaws which can be brought into action suddenly when some unwary water insect comes within striking distance.

One day I was fortunate in being present when the mature dragon fly nymph crawled up on a stalk of wire grass and before my eyes transformed into an adult. Of a sudden the back yawned wide open and from the large rent slowly emerged the mature insect, its flabby soft wings at first remaining motionless. But as the fluids within left the wing veins the delicate organs of flight began to expand, harden and dry and take on beautiful metallic colors of brown: and soon my dragon fly, now a full adult, rose to fly and experience life in his new world of life and sunshine. He was now one of the "masters of rapid flight" I might afterward see miles away over the dry desert, skimming along while hawking his insect prey.

Dragon flies of several kinds are rather common desert insects. Sometimes, as I recently saw near Lucerne Valley on the Mojave Desert, they may occur in great numbers and very far away from water.

They were flying north as though in mass migration, but the flight was not very direct since many were dashing about capturing and feeding on flying insects along the way. Many of these dragons of the air doubtlessly later perished, but some found water in the nearby Mojave River where they could lay their eggs in idle-water pools.

Every desert waterhole, large or small (even temporary rain pools in the hollow of rocks), becomes the breeding place of mosquitoes. Of these insects there are many kinds; most are nocturnal. By peering into the quiet water and watching patiently, it is possible to see the larvae going through their interesting bending contortions as they actively move deeper and out of danger when alarmed.

If I am near springs and desert canyon streamlets in March and April, I am almost certain to see the wise bright-eyed little Tree Frogs called Hylas, and when nighttime comes, hear their big choruses of attractive ringing call notes. As they sit on the sand at water's edge or upon streamside rocks, they so perfectly simulate the granite or sand on which they rest that it is usually quite difficult to spot them. One wonders how they get to such places and how they maintain life in their frail, soft, moisture-dependent bodies during times when summer heat dries up the streams and pools. Doubtless many then perish, but somehow enough find deep cool crevices or damp spaces under rocks where they can continue to live until rains again come, and egg-laying, the growing tadpoles, and growth into adults can again take place.

Seeps and springs are always places of peril for frogs and birds and the smaller mammals which frequent these places for water. Here, from time to time, lie waiting snakes and other predators. The larger rattlesnakes seek out such places as do other reptiles which at least partially live on small rodents and birds. This is why we see the birds approach drinking places with such caution and evident uneasiness. They generally take a good look-about between every beakful of water. Even such large birds as ravens and doves drink only after thoroughly looking about. Doves face a double peril as they come in the cool of the morning and again in late evening to drink; for now they meet not only their occasional natural enemies, but all too often unsportsmanlike human hunters who take advantage of the birds when they gather out of necessity to quench their thirst. ///

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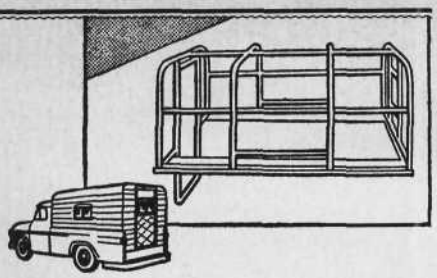
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MEXICAN FIELD TRIP (continued from page 15)



THE AUTHOR AND HER HUSBAND IN THE TRAIN ON THE WAY TO CHARCAS

miners to pick the shortest way. We walked . . . and we walked . . . and walked. We climbed stone walls, the men gallantly boosting the ladies up and catching us as we jumped down the other side. Rest periods were short because the sun was dropping fast. Most of us had no breath to spare for conversation, but one man encouraged himself by loudly rehearsing just what he would say to whoever was responsible for our plight. At last his canvas shoe brushed a cholla cactus. This gave him a change of topic, though not of temper. We got a little tired of him!

We had been walking almost two hours, and the women were faltering. The men had estimated we had come about five miles.

Was that smoke or dust rising from the barranca ahead? "Keep moving, it's probably just cattle." But it wasn't. Two small cars appeared. The Chief of Police of Charcas had come to look for us! Somehow we all squeezed into the two cars—tools and bags of minerals were tossed in—and nobody quibbled about "togetherness." We were just very, very glad to be "picked-up by the police."

The buses waited in the plaza at Charcas, surrounded by most of the local populace who were doing a brisk business selling mineral specimens, handiwork and novelties to the visitors, some of whom seemed to have patronized the cantinas also, and were quite noisy. All our belongings were still in the buses, though coats had fallen to the floor and been trampled and smaller items kicked under the seats. At last we started, with just time to make the siding before the train was due. How good those coaches looked, and how gratefully we settled into our seats!

The train was late. "As usual," said the knowledgeable ones. My husband, fearing I was about to collapse from exhaustion, secured a half-liter of tequila; someone produced a lime and salt; and I was initiated into the manner of combining these ingredients. Though the taste was horrible and the liquid ate its way through the bottom of paper cups, it did relax cramped muscles and calmed a fluttering pulse.

It was after nine o'clock when the train finally arrived and we were on our way. Twenty minutes before midnight it pulled into the station at San Luis Potosi. Wearily we detrained. We were loaded down with sacks of rocks, coats, cameras, water-bottles (long since empty), prospector-hammers and other tools. We were tired, hungry, thirsty, dirty, disheveled and disgruntled.

Threading our way down the crowded platform, we were met by a string orchestra, playing enthusiastically. Hands reached out and lifted the bags of specimens from our shoulders and out of our hands. We couldn't understand what was happening until we saw the bags tossed into a pick-up truck guarded by police, and were told, "O.K., O.K." We were guided into a group and serenaded, then the orchestra leader urged us to shout *"Arribe, Mr. Silva."* We complied, waveringly.

A couple of loaded cars and the pick-up truck went by; the orchestra, still playing, marched smartly off (I never did find out how the bass-fiddler managed to march and play at the same time)—and without quite knowing how it happened, we found ourselves stumbling along behind, blistered heels, trembling knees and all, through the dark streets.

It seemed like miles, but was probably about 10 blocks, to our destination. We had arrived at a plaza ablaze with lights and festooned with paper streamers. Thousands of well-dressed, laughing, cheering Potosinos crowded it. We were guided to a receiving line and as we reached it, a military band burst into the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." It was an emotional moment.

His Excellency, the Governor, greeted each of us and presented his beautiful and charming wife. Next, the Mayor and his lovely wife shook our hands. On down the receiving line of officials and their families we went. Their graciousness almost made us forget our embarrassment at our rough attire. At the end of the line of officials, the citizens crowded forward, shaking our hands, patting our shoulders, throwing serpentine and confetti on us. They even rubbed confetti in our hair. Everywhere were smiles and cries of *"Bienvenida!* Welcome! Welcome!"

What a wonderful, gay, spontaneous greeting from the thousands who had waited there for hours to make *"La Fiesta"* for us!

We were guided through this laughing cheering throng to long tables, and seated. Young girls in gay costumes passed around the tables, handing the ladies of our party fragrant long-stemmed flowers, until soon each of us appeared to be carrying a bride's arm-bouquet, along with our rock hammers. In front of the tables a temporary stage had been erected and a master of ceremonies introduced Mayor Silva, who spoke a few words of welcome. Now, at last, we understood the cheer at the depot. This was the Mayor's party for us.

The master of ceremonies spoke English quite well, and gave a few words of explanation as the first of the entertainers appeared. This was a troupe of dancers from the State Theatre. They specialized in the ancient Aztec Ritual Dances, to the authentic music. Never had we seen such gorgeous costumes, filling the stage with swirls of color. Feather headdresses fully five feet tall, feather cloaks, and kilts helped tell the legends of a vanished culture in their solemn ballet, "The Eagle Dance."

While we watched the dancers, plates of food appeared before us. Ah, FOOD! Little hot enchiladas, bean-curd, corn chips, sweet tamales filled with fruit. Bottles of beer came dripping from the cooling tubs for the men. The ladies were offered a fruit-drink in odd-shaped pottery cups. How good it all tasted!

I lost count of the musical groups who performed for us. Singers, in dresses glittering with sequins, made the crowd laugh and shout, or charmed it with sentimental airs. The M. C. was a talented comedian and dancer and kept the program moving at a lively pace. There was a breath-taking display of fireworks; then more music and dancing.

The master of ceremonies begged our attention for an important announcement! The mayor's wife wished to give a rifle to the visiting ladies. Gasps from the visitors . . . what kind of game were we to play now? It became evident soon that he meant "raffle," or rather, a drawing for two prizes. The prizes, it was explained, were lovely hand-woven silk rebosas. They were made in the village of Santa Maria Del Rio, and were highly prized.

The drawing was elaborate and suspenseful. As each winner held up her ticket, she was greeted with cheers. The Mayor's wife was assisted to the high stage (quite a climb in a fashionable silk gown) to make the presentations. Each rebosa came in its own handsome inlaid wooden box. The lovely young senora draped each yards-long shawl, with its woven lace border and deep fringe, over the shoulders of the winner and adjusted them to the style favored by the fashionable ladies of the city. The proud winners forgot their unglamorous field-trip clothes in the excitement of these unexpected treasures.

Very simply—at three o'clock in the morning—our hosts expressed the hope that we had enjoyed the party, and bade us "Good-night." ///

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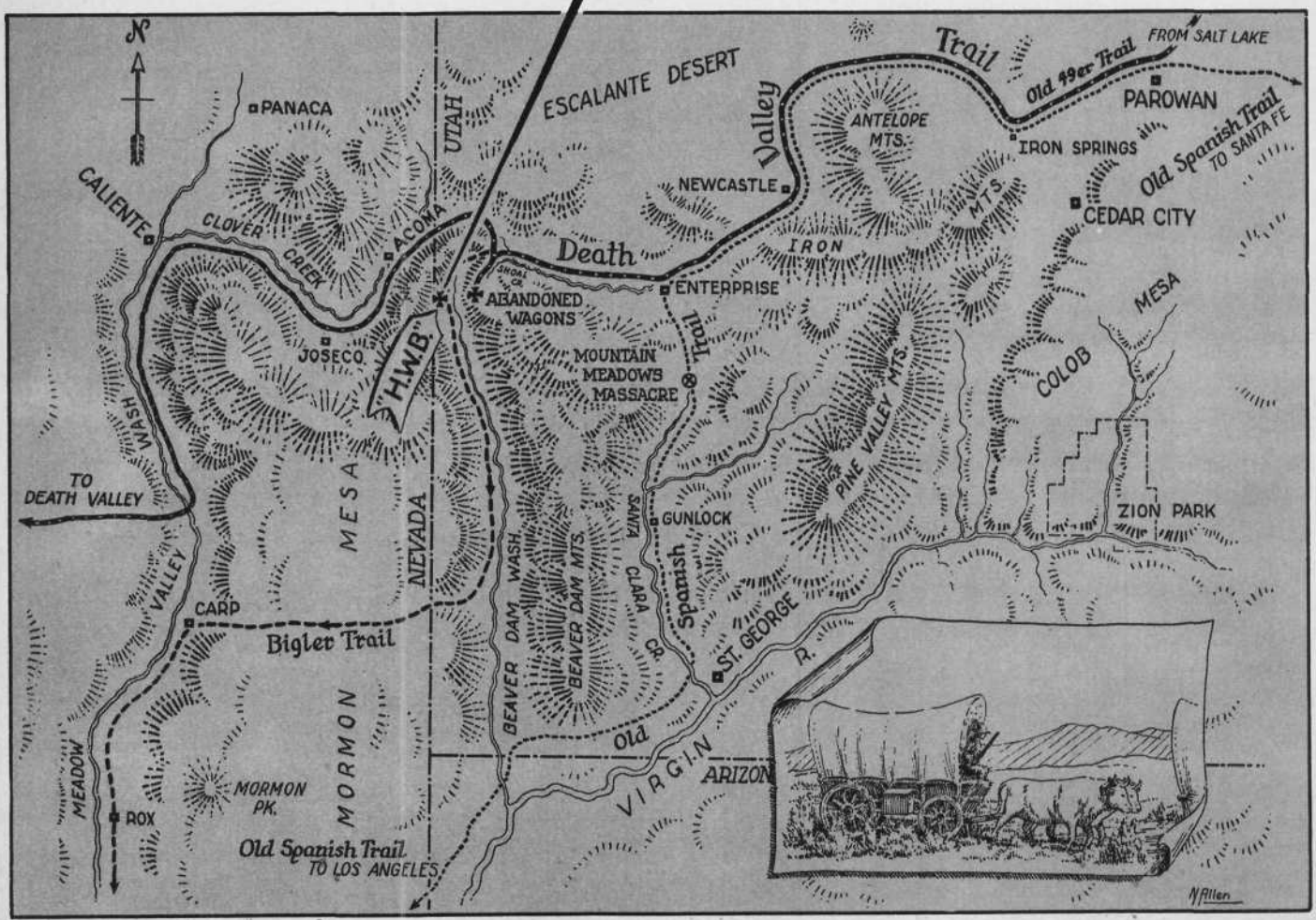
Reprinted from DESERT'S issue for February, 1939

Finding the Proverbial Needle

ON MANLY'S TRAIL TO DEATH VALLEY

By Charles Kelly

• *Typical of DESERT's finest contributions to increased understanding and appreciation of Southwestern history is this story by respected Utah historian Charles Kelly. Fifty of his articles appeared in DESERT during this publication's first decade. He traveled widely throughout the Great Basin, sharing with readers the fruits of his searching and varied interest. Kelly detailed the personal discovery of Donner Party relics, antelope traps of prehistoric Indians, the grave of famed Ute Chief Walkara, and forgotten sections of the Spanish and other historic trails. Today, Kelly resides in Salt Lake City where he acts as unofficial consultant to the Utah Historical Society. Because of failing eyesight he finds it impossible to do any more field research, and therefore has no plans to continue with his writing. "But, after all," he said in a recent letter, "there must be younger men to take up where I left off."*



"I cut the first three letters of my name on a rock and the date . . . "

SO wrote Henry W. Bigler in his journal under date of November 3, 1849. He was camped that day with a pack train in a beautiful little meadow of about 50 acres near the headwaters of a canyon draining toward the Gulf of California. The camp was only three or four miles west of the rim of the Great Basin, yet the creek down which Bigler was traveling already had cut its channel more than a thousand feet deep through a stratum of white pumice and volcanic ash which brilliantly reflected the afternoon sun. The flat little meadow in the canyon bottom was covered with a luxuriant growth of desert grasses and furnished the first good feed the pack animals had seen for many a weary day.

Henry W. Bigler, although still a young man, was no stranger to desert travel. As a member of the Mormon Battalion in 1846-47 he had trudged from Fort Leavenworth to Los Angeles, completing one of the longest infantry marches on record. After being discharged in Los Angeles, he had started north with some of his battalion companions, intending to return immediately to Salt Lake City where Brigham Young had decided to locate. At Sutter's Fort he had stopped to work on the mill being constructed at Coloma by James W. Marshall and was present at the original discovery of gold, the correct date of which momentous occasion he carefully set down in his journal at the time. With a few Mormon companions he dug gold for awhile and then cheerfully obeyed the orders of Brigham Young to gather with the other Saints in "Zion." He had been in the Holy City a few months when he received a call from Brigham to go to the Sandwich Islands as a Mormon missionary.

With Apostle C. C. Rich and a group of other Mormons bound for the mission field, Bigler set out from Salt Lake City in October, 1849. News of the California gold discovery had reached the East in 1848, and already the Westward trails were lined with gold seekers. Most travelers took the better known road down the Humboldt directly to the diggings; but many, reaching Salt Lake City too late in the season to cross the Sierras at Donner Pass, were compelled to seek a southern route open in the winter months. The latter included William Manly, author of *Death Valley in '49,* the Bennett and Arcane families with whom he traveled, the Jayhawkers, and hundreds of others not mentioned in his account. This large group set out from Salt Lake City in the fall of 1849, and before they had traveled far, were joined by the Bigler missionary party.

At that time no wheeled vehicle had ever passed between Great Salt Lake and the village of Los Angeles, but the gold seekers of '49 were not to be stopped by lack of roads. In the new Mormon village they found Capt. Jefferson Hunt, formerly of the Battalion, and from him learned of the Old Spanish Trail over which he had traveled from Los Angeles to Salt Lake. This route, first explored in 1829-30 by William Wolfskill and a group of trappers from Santa Fe, had been used annually by the pack trains of Spanish traders ever since its discovery.

The trail was marked by the bones of animals which had died of thirst along the way. Captain Hunt believed he could take wagons over that route. He agreed to guide the '49ers for $10 per wagon.

Down through Utah trekked the various detachments later to be known as the Death Valley Party. Near where Parowan now stands, they first struck the Old Spanish Trail and halted to form a more compact company. There were more than 200 wagons and nearly as many packers, including the missionary party.

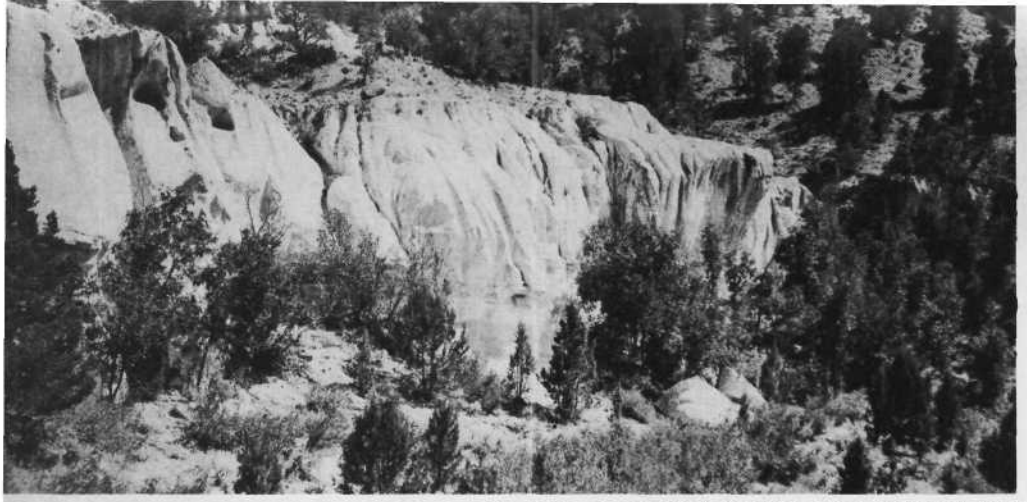
They traveled together until they reached the future site of Enterprise, Utah. At that point a meeting was held to decide whether they should continue on the Old Spanish Trail or strike out more directly westward. Due to the persuasive oratory of an ill-advised preacher, and the production of an alleged map showing a cutoff, nearly the whole company decided to strike out due west, leaving less than a dozen wagons to follow Hunt over the know trail. Among those who started over the supposed cutoff were William Manly, those mentioned in his story, and Bigler with his missionary party.

Manly's story, written from memory many years later, is a saga of desert travel, but is not a daily record and therefore not detailed enough so that his route can be traced accurately. Bigler, however, had been keeping a journal ever since he joined the Battalion in '46, and his record of this journey of 1849 was merely a continuation of the series.

With a copy of his journal in hand, I started out on Labor Day, 1938, to search for those elusive initials. On this quest I was accompanied by J. Roderic Korns of Salt Lake City, and Frank Beckwith, newspaper publisher of Delta, Utah.

At Parowan we left the paved highway and started along the Old Spanish Trail, which turns west to Iron Springs, then circles the north end of the Iron Mountains to reach a spring at what is now Newcastle. Relying on Bigler's description we had no difficulty in locating the exact route taken by the '49ers, although we were compelled to follow many dim roads and sheep trails. Approaching Newcastle we found part of the old road made by the Death Valley Party still visible, and photographed it. Due to a cutoff made by the Mormons after the settlement of Cedar City in 1852, this part of the old trail has been little used since that date.

Twelve miles west of Newcastle lies the little town of Enterprise, where in early days were found large



BIGLER'S INITIALS WERE CARVED AT THE BASE OF THESE WHITE VOLCANIC CLIFFS IN 1849

meadows watered by Shoal Creek. Here Bigler, his Mormon friends and most of the gold seekers turned off the Old Spanish Trail to take their fabled cutoff. Instead of turning south with Captain Hunt, they struck out due west, traveling up Shoal Creek for about 19 miles, when they turned southwest up a dry canyon known as White Rock Wash. Following this wash to its head they reached the rim of the Great Basin and immediately dropped down into a deep canyon on the Colorado River drainage, leading almost due south.

Rumor had reached us that many names cut on the rocks by the Death Valley Party in White Rock Wash were still legible. But careful examination of every available rock surface failed to disclose a single name. Indian petroglyphs in the canyon may have been responsible for the rumor.

Crossing the wash on a rough road leading away from the old trail, we were soon lost in a maze of mountains. At last we came to forks in the trail and the way we took brought us to Acoma, a water tank on the railroad in Nevada. Here we were directed to Lamond Wood, an old pioneer in that section. We found Wood at Barclay (Joseca, Nev.) where he had lived for 60 years in the same house. He knew every inch of the surrounding country, and told us how to find the '49er trail. Among other things he said there were old names in the canyon indicated, and that on top of the mesa were the irons of some old linchpin wagons which appeared to have been abandoned after the going got too rough. It would have been impossible, he said, to have taken them further.

Korns, librarian of our expedition, then referred to another record, the "Stover Narrative," and found therein this entry:



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We were here I think three days. We had a very sick man and he died and we buried him in as good style as the circumstances would allow. We broke up again; those that had ox teams went up ten miles to cross the canyon; the horse and mule teams made pack saddles out of our wagons. We called this place Mount Misery.

Altogether about a dozen wagons were abandoned at "Mount Misery." By reading Bigler's entries, Wood identified "Mount Misery" as the high ridge east of the Bowers Ranch at the head of Beaver Dam Wash. The wagon irons he had seen there 30 years before, were those of the Death Valley party, although he was not aware of the connection.

We drove back toward White Rock Wash, but before reaching the rim, turned on a very dim trail which soon led us to the brink of the wash. Straight down it ran, apparently into the bowels of the earth, the longest, steepest, narrowest trail we had ever encountered in many years of desert travel. Down, down, and down we went at a snail's pace, finally reaching a small meadow containing an abandoned cabin. Walls of the canyon were of white volcanic ash, so we scrutinized them closely for names. At last to our joy we found deeply engraved the name "OSBORN 49." We then knew we were on the trail of the '49ers. We might find the inscription Bigler said he made!

No other early names were found at the "ranch" so we started walking up the canyon. Within a quarter mile we found another meadow "of about 50 acres," which seemed to correspond to the place where Bigler's party had grazed and rested their horses. Above, the canyon narrowed, so we knew our only chance was to search the rocks in that vicinity.

Korns, eager to locate the irons of the abandoned '49er wagons, began climbing the steep canyon wall. Beckwith followed the base of the white cliff, scrutinizing every rock, but found no traces of names or dates. I kept on up the canyon, sweeping the rocks with field glasses. Most of the rock surface was too coarse-grained to tempt anyone to carve his name, and the search seemed useless. At last, just before turning back, I discovered through the glasses a small surface of much finer grain. "If there are any old names in this canyon," I said to myself, "they will be on that rock."

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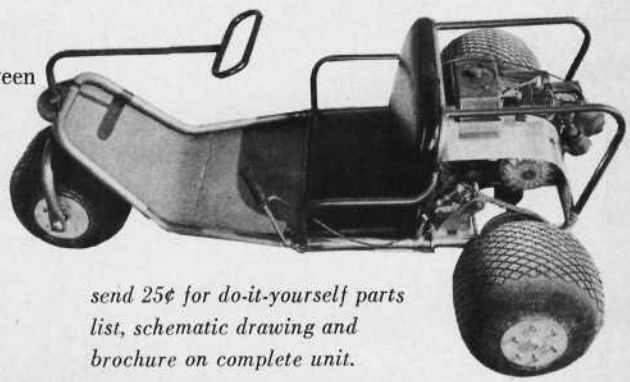
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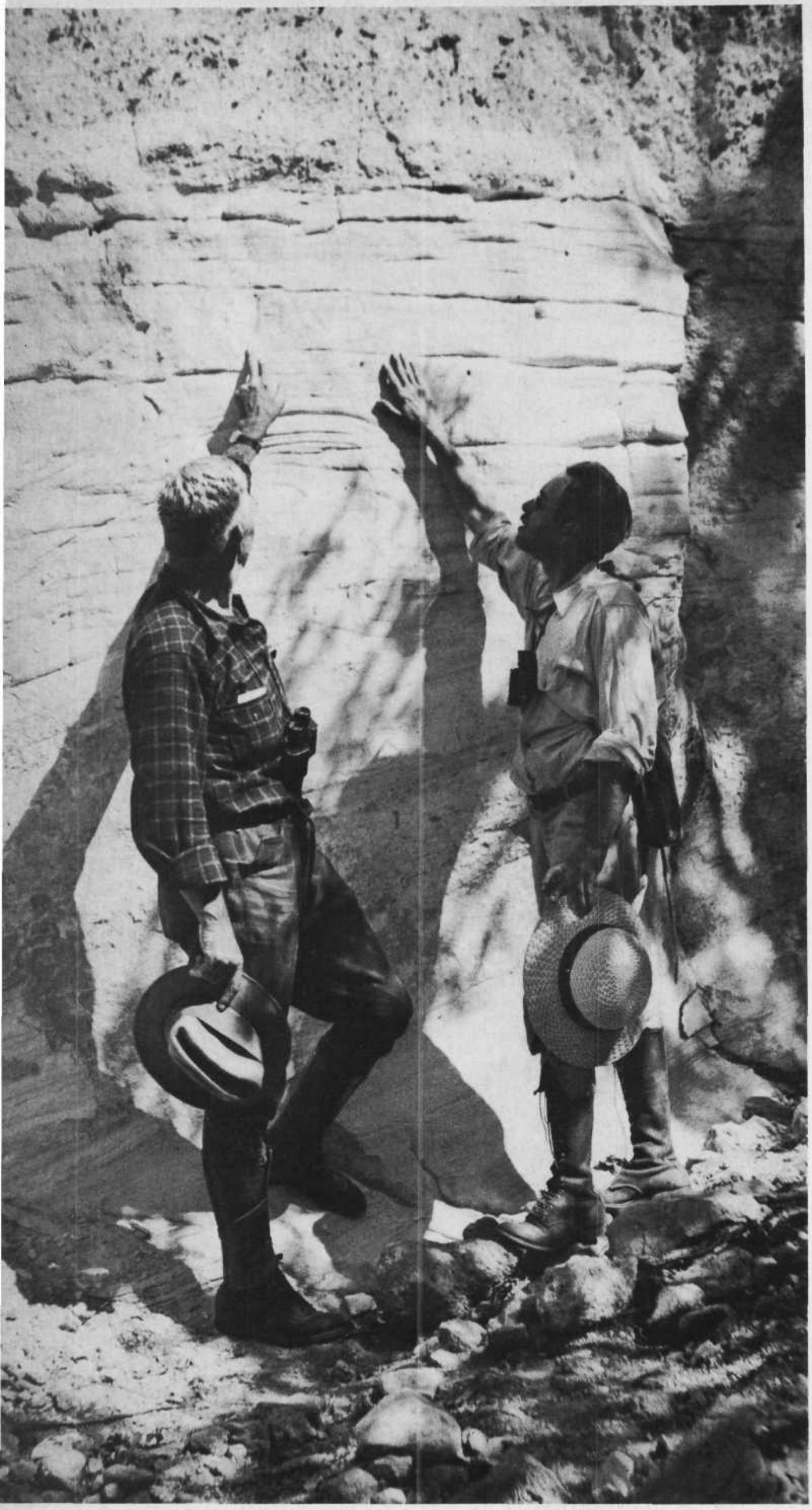
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CHARLES KELLY, RIGHT, AND J. RODERIC KORNS, INSPECT THE INITIALS—"H.W.B."

and bushes at the base of the cliff, I glanced along the smooth surface and almost the first thing that met my eye were the dim but perfectly legible letters "H. W. B." carved in the center of a smooth panel, seven feet from the ground. I had found the needle in the haystack.

At my shout Beckwith came up, but could not be convinced that I had found Bigler's initials until he saw them for himself. Korns, on top of the ridge, was persuaded, after much yelling, to descend.

The letters are about six inches high, and were originally very carefully and deeply cut, but have been severely eroded during the intervening years. The date, which Bigler says he cut along with his initials, is so far gone that it does not show in the photograph, only traces of the figures remaining. But the finding of these initials vindicates the accuracy of his old record and indicates clearly the route of the '49ers after they left the Old Spanish Trail.

The old wagon irons, which we failed to locate in the dense cedar growth, but which have been seen by several Nevada pioneers, prove definitely the location of "Mount Misery" and the point where part of the Death Valley Party left their wagons and continued by pack train. This spot is four miles from the head of Beaver Dam Wash.

Bigler and the pack trains had traveled down the bottom of the canyon. The wagons, unable to get down into the canyon, continued along the ridge above and to the east until they found it impossible to proceed further. Most of the wagons, including those which Manly accompanied, turned back to the rim and found their way out of the difficulty by dropping down into Clover Creek, eventually reaching Meadow Valley Wash near Caliente, Nevada.

After great difficulty, Bigler's party finally left Beaver Dam Wash, which ran directly south, and turned west across Mormon Mesa to approximately the site of Carp, Nevada, where they struck the Muddy, continuing down it to intersect the Spanish Trail near what is now Glendale.

Manly, Bennett, Arcane, the Jayhawkers and many others took a route from the Muddy leading due west; but since there is no known day-by-day journal of their travels from that point, it is doubtful if their exact route will be definitely traced. The finding of Bigler's initials, however, provides a starting place for anyone who cares to finish tracing the old trail of '49. ///

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FOSSILS. 12 different for $2. Other prices on request. Will buy, sell or trade. Museum of Fossils. Clifford H. Earl, P. O. Box 188, Sedona, Arizona.

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Continued from preceding page

TEKTITES: "CHIPS off the Moon;" Phang Daeng, Pailin District, Thailand, (Siam); ½" to 1", $1.10. Free list, mineral specimens and rough gem stones. The Vellor Co., P.O. Box 2344(D), St. Louis 14, Missouri.

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DELVERS GEM and Mineral Society, "12th Annual Show," September 29 and 30. Auditorium, Simms Park, 16614 South Clark, Bellflower, California. Saturday 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sunday 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

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DEEK GLADSON'S Ghost Town Map of Nevada, 24"x36", four-color, 115 ghost towns, authentic, accurate. See and buy at your local rock shop or book store, or send $2 to D. M. Miller, 1281 Hyland Lake Drive, Salt Lake City 17, Utah.

• MINING

ASSAYS. COMPLETE, accurate, guaranteed. Highest quality spectrographic. Only $8 per sample. Reed Engineering, 620-R So. Inglewood Ave., Inglewood, California.

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• PERSONAL

INTERESTED NEOLITHIC Palaeolithic history Kentucky Springs, Acton quadrangle. Any literature extant? Francis Eugene Norris, 268 East Avenue P-1, Palmdale, California.

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USE OUR mail service for fine custom black and white and color film processing and printing. We sell, buy and trade cameras. Write for our free bargain sheet. (Since 1932.) Morgan Camera Shop. 6262 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 28, California.

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1962 WILDFLOWER and tree seed catalog, over 700 species, valuable information. Send 50c to Clyde Robin, P.O. Box 2091, Castro Valley, California.

REMEMBER "HOT Cakes and Chia" (April '58 issue of DESERT). Chia for sale $5.50 pound. Box 147, French Camp, California.

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• REAL ESTATE

FOR INFORMATION on desert acreage and parcels for sale in or near Twentynine Palms, please write or visit: Silas S. Stanley, Realtor, 73644 Twentynine Palms Highway, Twentynine Palms, California.

SOUTHERN OREGON ranch and farm sites near Medford and Grants Pass, $1995 to $7995. Terms low as $100 down, $25 monthly. Free catalog. Cal-Ore Ranches, 843-DX East Main Street, Medford, Oregon.

SOUTHERN NEW Mexico, 40 miles north Las Cruces, 640 level acres, $35 per acre. O. R. Hackler, Box 32, Cave Creek, Arizona.

FOR SALE: 5 acre desert retreat, comfortable cabin, underground water tank, electricity. $6500. Terms. Dicey Anderson, P. O. Box 102, Landers, California.

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HAVE YOUR cake and eat it too! Will buy Southern Arizona homestead property. Owner may remain. Prefer wild undeveloped land. Frank Kolbe, Point Pleasant, Pennsylvania.

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POEM OF THE MONTH —



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By Maude Rubin

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Waits at the Garden Shop, complete
With planter-bowl and floodlight, priced
To suit suburban purses, riced
With new love . . . No pungent green
Dresses this trellis with a scene
Of endless space, the feel of clean
Sun-scented wind. Still the germ of fire
Inhabits each branch, each twisted spire
That reaches ever high and higher
Toward arching blue . . . I understand
Each twist, a white and silent hand
Stretching back toward a desert home . . . and sand.

BURLWOOD TABLES from coffee size to conference size. Made from Redwood, Madrone, Myrtle, Maple. All rough natural edges, legs made of small burls. Will send pictures on on request, to be returned. Elmer Wilson, 6195 Avalon Drive, Eureka, California.

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• MISCELLANEOUS

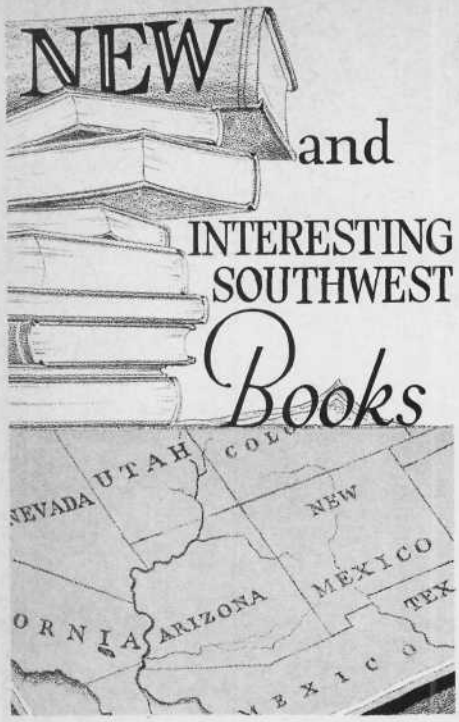
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BUTTERFLIES: 15 Formosan, paper bodies, spread wings $1. In envelopes: 10 Mexican or Brazil, $2. 10 Australian or New Guinea, $3.50. 15 Formosan or Phillippines, $1. 15 Ohio or U. S., $1. William Thrasher, R. D. Route 2, Box 44, Garrettsville, Ohio.

DESERT MAGAZINES for sale, complete volumes 1 through 14. All in binders except Volume 14. Make offer. L. G. Niles, P.O. Box 43, Dana Point, California.



The mid-1800s were lusty years for the Westward - marching America. The Santa Fe Trail, the Mormon hegira, the Fremont expeditions, the California revolt that severed California from Mexican ownership, American mapping voyages to Cathay and Japan—these were some of the historic events that Edward Kern saw first-hand during his brief years as an observer, topographer, artist, and cartographer for various government expeditions and agencies that were probing Westward in the pre-Civil War days. An excellent round-up of the life of Kern is Robert V. Hine's *EDWARD KERN AND AMERICAN EXPANSION*. Fortunately, the author concentrates on the Kern portion of the title, leaving "American Expansion" to others. Kern's Western wanderings took him on two Fremont trips, brought him across the paths of Kit Carson and Old Bill Williams (it was Williams who was with Edward's brother, Dr. Ben Kern, when Ben and Old Bill were killed by some Ute Indians). Kern was on two mapping expeditions along the Chinese, Japanese, and Russian coastlines. Published by the Yale Press, *EDWARD KERN AND AMERICAN EXPANSION* has more than 200 pages between its covers. It carries an excellent bibliography, and several examples of Kern's sketches and notes.

Long before Kern "discovered" the West, another Easterner, John Warner, found the Southwest and California to his liking. Warner led an exciting life of exploring and trapping—enough for a lifetime for most men—before he finally settled at the site now known as Warner's Ranch in San Diego County. Here, on the old Butterfield Stage route, he watched much history come and go, saw the Mexican flag replaced by the California colors, and finally served his state as a senator and assemblyman. Lorrin L. Morrison has put together a well-documented report: *WARNER, THE MAN AND THE RANCH,* a paper-backed book of some 90 pages, which highlights the story of Warner, from his first trips West as a trapper with Jedediah Strong Smith, to his final days in Los Angeles as a crusading newspaper publisher and historian. Much of the history of Southern California, from the 1840s to the 1890s, swept around Warner's feet. Morrison's collection of reports and documents touch on this romantic frontier period. He has selected many illustrations, both sketches and old photographs. Not only has he prepared the Warner material, but Morrison, a historian himself, has also printed the book on his own presses. It is an excellent piece of regional history.

Of late there has been quite a spate of anthologies centered around the literature of the Southwest. One oldtimer, published back in 1949, but unique in that it is aimed toward the junior highschool set, is Oren Arnold's *ROUNDUP OF WESTERN LITERATURE*. Because it is designed especially for the exploring adolescent mind, and because it still enshrines some Southwestern classics, Arnold's *ROUNDUP* is worthy of remembrance. Some of the authors corralled in the 316 pages of the *ROUNDUP* are Dick Wick Hall, Stewart Edward White, S. Omar Barker, Bret Harte, Ross Santee, Hugh Bryan, J. Frank Dobie, Lawrence Cardwell, and Sharlot M. Hall.

Latest of Oren Arnold's books has little to do with the desert land, but deserves mention in *Desert Magazine's* book section, for many of our readers have become acquainted with Oren's delightful pen through his column, "Desert Detours," that appears monthly in this journal. Arnold's newest, *WHITE DANGER,* gets about as far from the desertland as possible. It's a story about a young man's adventures in the high forest country with a crew of government snow surveyors. Written for the subteenagers, *WHITE DANGER,* is an accurately reported novel on the work the snow gaugers do.

—Charles E. Shelton

THE NEW BOOKS . . .

EDWARD KERN AND AMERICAN EXPANSION, by Robert V. Hine. 200 pages; illustrated; hardcover. $6.

WARNER, THE MAN AND THE RANCH, by Lorrin L. Morrison. 90 pages; illustrated; papercover. $2.

ROUNDUP OF WESTERN LITERATURE, by Oren Arnold. 308 pages; illustrated; hardcover. $3.75.

WHITE DANGER, by Oren Arnold. 192 pages; hardcover. $2.95.

ALSO CURRENT . . .

LOWER CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK, by Gerhard and Gulick. Revised edition of the comprehensive guide. 243 pages; maps; hardcover. $6.50.

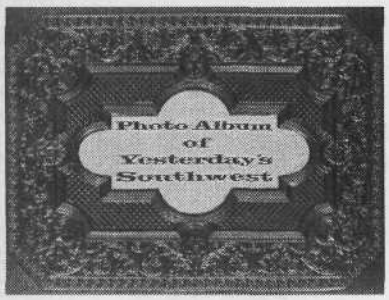
MEXICO AND GUATEMALA BY CAR, by Norman D. Ford. What to see, where to stay, south of the border. 159 pages; papercover. $1.50.

THE DESERT REVOLUTION, by Lowell L. Blaisdell. The brief but exciting 1911 Baja California uprising. 268 pages; hardcover. $6.

HOW TO ORDER . . .

The books listed above can be purchased by mail from Desert Magazine Book Store, Palm Desert, Calif. Please add 15c for postage and handling per book. California residents also add 4% sales tax. Write for free Southwest book catalog.

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The Colorado River Ferry at Hite Utah, Sept. 17, 1946

Back Issue Date	ILLUSTRATED FEATURE ARTICLES				
	Travel-Exploration	**Gem-Mineral**	**Indian Lore**	**Desert Southwest Nature**	**Other Features**
Dec 40	HENDERSON: "Trail to 49 Palms" (Calif.) *	LAUDERMILK: "Rillen-steine on Mojave Desert"*	KELLY: "Lost Silver of Monument Valley"	OLIN: "Cacti"	BROWN: "Tradiing Post at The Gap"
Dec 41	HENDERSON: "Palms in Kofa Canyon" (Ariz.) *	BROWN: "Obsidian at Mono Crater" (Calif.) *	HARRINGTON: "How Indians Made Arrowheads"	SOUTH: "Desert Refuge"	MITCHELL: "Lost San Pedro Mine"
Jul 42	NININGER: "Meteor Crater" (Ariz.) *		VAN VALKENBURGH: "Legend of the White Shell Woman" (New Mex.)*		KELLY: "Gold Hunters Are Like That"
Aug 42	KELLY: "Utah's Capitol Reef Cliffs" *	HILTON: "Amethyst in Nevada" *	MUENCH: "On the Trail to Keetseel"	OLIN: "Cacti"	HEALD: "What Makes a Desert"
Sep 42	HENDERSON: "Japanese Camp at Parker" (Ariz.)*	BROWN: "Fairy Crystals From an Old Mine Dump" (Ariz.) *	KELLY: "Navajo Rain Sing"	BRADT: "Sparrow Hawk"	SYKES: "Mysterious Lake in the Desert" (Calif.) *
Dec 42	HENDERSON: "Carrizo Badlands" (Calif.) *	NININGER: "How to Recognize Meteorites"	VAN VALKENBURGH: "Navajo Christmas Legend"	LAUDERMILK: "Yucca Moth"	CARUTHERS: "Charley Brown of Shoshone"
Mar 43	KELLY: "Ancient Antelope Run" (Utah) *	KEAGLE: "Charley Williams—Lapidary"	MUENCH. "Shrine of the Three Babies" (Ariz.) *	BRADT: "Burrowing Owls"	ARNOLD: "Cactus Cartoonist Harry Locke"
Apr 43	VAN VALKENBURGH: "Spanish Inscriptions in the Big Carrizo" (Ariz.) *	QUICK: "Opal at Virgin Valley" (Nev.) *	STONE: Paiute Craftsman"	BEAL: Squaw Bush"	WOODWARD: "When Scalp Hunters Ran the Yuma Ferryboat"
Jun 43	KELLY: "Inscription Rock" (New Mex.)			BEAL: "Incense Bush"	STONE: "Pelicans at Pyramid Lake" (Nev.) *
Apr 44	DORR: "Pagan Easter in New Mexico"		LAUDERMILK: "Indian Uses of Native Plants"	BROWN: "Silking Black Widow Spiders"	ARNOLD: "Craftsman in Cactus Wood"
Jul 44	MUENCH: "Inscription at El Morro" (New Mex.)			LAUDERMILK & MUNZ: "How Desert Plants Survive"	WILTON: "Wilson Howell's Desert Paradise"
Dec 44	RANKIN: "Treasure Canyon" (Calif.) *		VAN VALKENBURGH: "I Wached the Gods Dance" (Navajo)	BEAL "Mistletoe"	KELLY: "Donner Tragedy Relic Found" *
Sep 45	HENDERSON: "River Trail To Rainbow Bridge" *		LANGLEY: "Hopi Snake Dance" (Ariz.) *	KELLY: "Seagulls in Great Salt Lake"	HILTON: "Bill Krehm —Artist"
Oct 45	HENDERSON: "Hidden Springs Oasis" (Calif.) *	HILTON: "Desert Sea Shells"	VAN VALKENBURGH: "Sacred Ram of the Navajo"	LAUDERMILK: "Opuntia —Mexican Tuna"	KELLY: "Antoine Leroux—Pathfinder"
Nov 45	HENDERSON: "Where Palms Meet Pines" (Calif.) *	HILTON: "Geodes in the Chuckawallas" (Calif.) *	LANGLEY: "Havasupai in the Grand Canyon"	BEAL: "Midget Poppies"	GILBERT: "Ancient Home of the Koshare" (New Mex.)
Dec 45	HENDERSON: "Palms in Pushawalla Canyon (Calif.) *		WOLMAN: "Quincy Tahoma—Navajo Artist"	BEAL: Arizona Cypress"	STEDMAN: "Jackrabbit Homesteader"
Mar 46	HENDERSON: "Dripping Springs in the Santa Rosas" (Calif.) *	HILTON: "Crystals and Concretions at Salton Sea" (Calif.) *		CARRICK: "Dry Arrangements"	KELLY: "First Emigrant Train" (Utah-Nev.) *
Feb 47	HENDERSON: "Palms of Palomar" (Baja Calif.) *	VAN VALKENBURGH: "Trail to Turquoise" (Ariz.) *		LAUDERMILK"Parasitic Plant—Dodder"	KELLY: "New Road in Utah Wilderness" (Hite's Ferry) *

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