

DESERT CALENDAR

- Nov. 2-5—World Symposium on Applied Solar Energy, Phoenix, Arizona.
- Nov. 4-13—Arizona State Fair, Phoenix, Arizona.
- Nov. 5-6 — Ryder Cup Matches, Thunderbird Country Club, Palm Springs, California.
- Nov. 5-6—Sierra Club hike to concretion forest near Truckhaven, 30 miles south of Indio, California, on Highway 99.
- Nov. 5-6 — Cotton Carnival, Casa Grande, Arizona.
- Nov. 7-8—New Mexico Cattlemen's Association Fall Show and Sale, Raton, New Mexico.
- Nov. 10-13 — Annual Death Valley Encampment, sponsored by Death Valley '49ers, Death Valley, California.
- Nov. 11—Good Neighbor Day festivities, Bisbee, Arizona.
- Nov. 11-16—Annual Golden Spike National Livestock Show, Ogden, Utah.
- Nov. 12—St. James Day Corn Harvest Dance, Tesuque, New Mexico (photography permitted by approval and fee payment).
- Nov. 12 — San Diego's Day Corn Harvest Dance, Jemez Pueblo, New Mexico (photography prohibited).
- Nov. 12-13 — Annual Weed Show sponsored by the Woman's Club, Twentynine Palms, California.
- Nov. 18-27—Arizona State Bowling Association Tournament, Yuma, Arizona.
- Nov. 19-20 — Annual Elks Rodeo, Victorville, California.
- Nov. 24—Desert Sun Ranchers Rodeo, Wickenburg, Arizona.
- Nov. 24-27—Sierra Club Kofa Range hike, campsite at Palm Canyon, 17 miles south of Quartzsite, Arizona.
- Nov. 25-27 — New Mexico and El Paso Stamp Clubs Convention, Hotel Paso del Norte, El Paso, Texas.
- Nov. 26-27—Junior Parade and Rodeo, Florence, Arizona.
- Nov. 26-27—Sierra Club Telescope Peak hike, meet at cafe near Wild Rose Station, 40 miles north of Trona, California, for tour of Aguerberry Point and Skidoo.
- November and December—Peruvian Weaving Exhibit, Museum of Northern Arizona, Flagstaff, Arizona.
- Late November or early December—Zuni Pueblo House Dedication ceremonies, Santa Fe, New Mexico (photography prohibited).
- After First Frost — Navajo Fire Dance, Navajo Reservation.

About the Cover . . .

The outstretched arm of this Giant Saguaro Cactus has lost its halo of waxy white flowers and in its place has grown a ring of brilliant scarlet fruit—the delight of desert dwellers and desert birds alike. Indians skillfully reach 30—often 40—feet into the hot summer sky with their long kuibits to knock the dark red pulpy centers to the ground, leaving the green and unopened fruit untouched to ripen in its own time.



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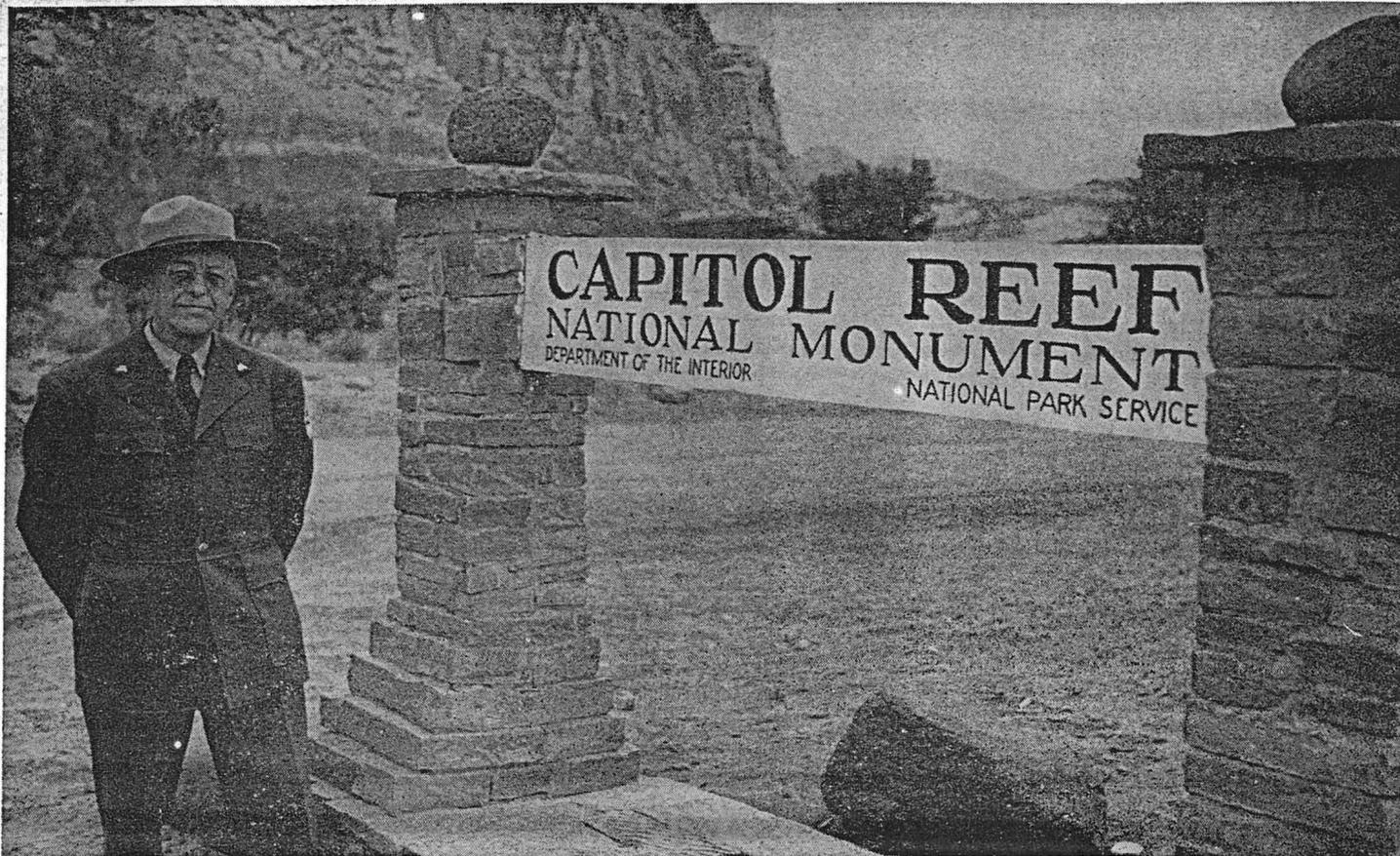
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Charles Kelly, printer, musician, explorer, writer—and now he is superintendent of one of the most colorful national monuments in the West.

Kelly of Capitol Reef...

If you visit the Capitol Reef National Monument in southwestern Utah, the courteous ranger on duty there more than likely will be Charles Kelly—for the Park Service custodianship at Capitol Reef is a one man job—and Kelly is the man. He is superintendent of 33,000 acres of the most gorgeous scenery in Uncle Sam's domain—and he loves to share his knowledge of and enthusiasm for The Reef with all who come to his door.

By RANDALL HENDERSON

"I'VE GOT a whole bale of stories about desert rats if you want 'em—never been able to find anyone who would use the material."

This sentence in a letter from Charles Kelly in March, 1938 — five months after *Desert Magazine* had been launched on its 18-year career—was my introduction to a man who has been one of *Desert's* most valued contributors down through the years. Kelly was a partner in a printing business in Salt Lake City when he first wrote me.

Accompanying the letter was a manuscript from his "bale of stories" about desert rats. It was the story of Harry Goulding and his wife Mike, whose Indian trading post in a little

cove at the base of the cliffs in Monument Valley, Utah, was then known only to a few of the more venturesome travelers.

It was an interesting story—about a young cowboy and his wife who had recognized Monument Valley as one of the scenic wonderlands of the Southwest, and had envisioned the day when increasing numbers of motorists would be attracted to this desert land of red sandstone monoliths, and would need provisions and accommodations and guide service.

It was the kind of story the newly organized editorial staff of *Desert* was seeking—and is still seeking, and it was published in July that year.

Since then, Charles Kelly has written 51 illustrated feature stories for *Desert*, mostly about the interesting people he has met in his exploration of Utah, Nevada and Arizona deserts, extending over a period of 30 years.

Although I have been buying Kelly's manuscripts and reviewing his books for more than 17 years, and have a huge file of correspondence carried on during that period, it was not until last summer that I first had the opportunity to meet him personally. Our trails have crossed many times, but always we missed each other by a few miles or a few hours.

Then one day in June I parked my station wagon in front of the little frame building which is the headquarters of the Capitol Reef National Monument at Fruita, Utah, and introduced myself to the scholarly man in the ranger's uniform who was on duty in the office.

That day, and in subsequent meetings, I learned much about the man who is a recognized authority on the history, geology, archeology and geog-

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graphy of the great central desert plateau where he has spent much of his mature life, always exploring, reading and writing.

Kelly was born in Cedar Springs, Michigan, in 1889. His father was a minister, and soon after Charles' birth the family moved to a new pastorate in Ohio, and a few years later to Chicago.

His mother, a cultured woman, gave him his elementary schooling at home, and laid the foundations for a life of study and research. It was not until he was 15 that he was enrolled in the public schools, and his academic studies ended with three years at Valparaiso University in Indiana.

In the meantime he had been learning the printing trade in the little shop where his father printed religious tracts in Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

At 25, with his classroom work and his printing apprenticeship behind him, he went to Pendleton, Oregon as a Linotype operator, and soon became the foreman of the newspaper composing room there. Then he moved to Great Falls, Montana, where he spent three years in a commercial printing plant.

When World War I was declared he enlisted in the infantry, and was in officer's training school when the Armistice was signed.

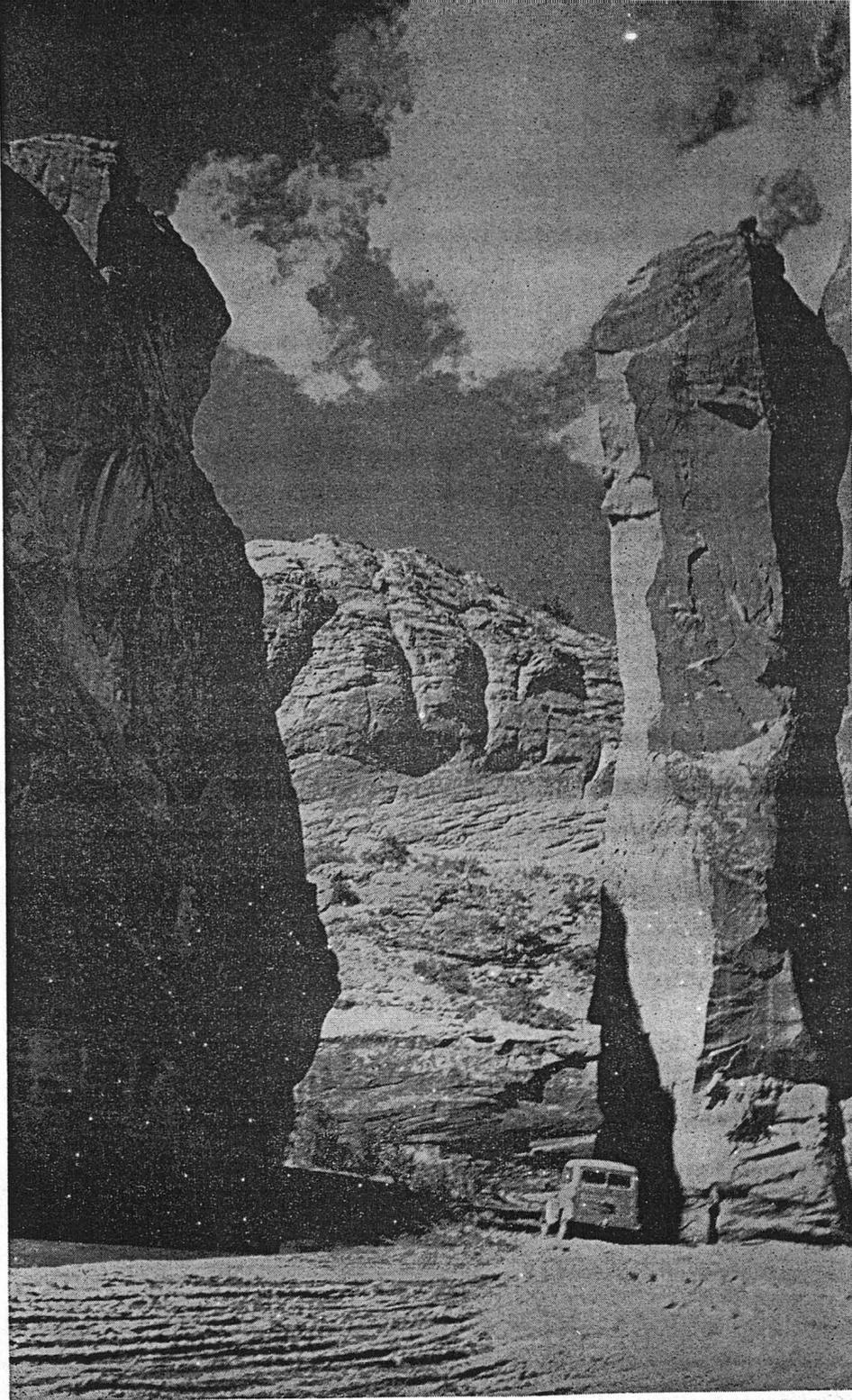
His parents had encouraged him to practice on the violin and cornet. Later he played in school and community orchestras, and when he received his discharge at the end of the war he decided to follow music rather than printing as a career.

He went to Salt Lake City because he felt the opportunities for a musician were better there than in a small community. But full time employment for a musician was not easy to find, and he now had a wife, and a home to maintain. He and Harriett were married in 1919.

Under the circumstances it was easy to turn back to the printing business. where employment was dependable and wages good. He took a job as Linotype operator, and a year later became a partner in a commercial printing business in Salt Lake City. He remained in this business 19 years.

In the meantime he had taken up hobbies which were taking more and more of his time and interest. His brother, also working in Salt Lake City, had acquired a Model T Ford, and he asked Kelly to suggest some weekend trips they could take together in the new car.

Charles had always been curious about the great blank space on the Utah map marked "Great Salt Desert" and they scheduled that for their first



Capitol Gorge in the Capitol Reef National Monument.

trip. At the edge of the desert where they stopped for information a garage man told about the Donnor party which had crossed that way in 1846.

Kelly was intrigued by the meager information given by the garage man, and when he returned to Salt Lake City he went to the library to read what he could find about the Donnor party.

In his quest for information about

the tragic Donnor episode he found recurring references to other men and incidents in the historical background of Utah and the Southwest. He became an eager student of western history, especially that of the great Lahontan Basin and the plateau that extends from the Rockies westward across Utah and Nevada.

Before long, all his spare time was

devoted to historical research, and the weekend and vacation trips of exploration along historic trails where bits of evidence—old wagon ruts, inscriptions on rocks and campsites marked by discarded from the wagon trains a hundred years ago—were to be found.

It was inevitable that Kelly should make the acquaintance of Frank Beckwith, editor of the weekly *Chronicle* at Delta, Utah, who for many years had been engaged in similar pursuits. In association with Beckwith, Kelly's interests were expanded to include archeological research. Together they sought prehistoric campsites, artifacts and petroglyphs which might throw light on the character and habits of the prehistoric people who had dwelt in this desert region.

Then Kelly began to write. There was only a limited market for short articles in the fields in which he was interested, and since he had his own facilities for the printing of books, he began to compile book-length manuscripts. During the 10 years from 1930 to 1940 he completed the following volumes:

Salt Lake Trails.

Holy Murder, a Biography of Porter Rockwell.

Old Greenwood, the story of a trapper.

Miles Goodyear, the biography of the man who founded Ogden, Utah, before the Mormons came.

Outlaw Trails, the story of Butch Cassidy and other outlaws.

Journals of John D. Lee.

All of these books, printed in limited edition, are now out of print and some of them are collector's items of rare value.

Kelly found the demands of a highly competitive business enterprise interfering more and more with the things he wanted to do—study and write. It was not easy after a long and hectic day attending the infinite details of the printing business—selling letterheads, keeping the presses rolling, meeting payrolls and collecting bills—to devote a relaxed evening in the library or at the typewriter.

One of the places Kelly had visited in his exploration of Utah was the Wayne Wonderland, a vast scenic region in Wayne County. He had gone there first to see the Pectol collection of Indian artifacts, one of the finest private collections in the state.

One of his friends in Salt Lake City was Dr. A. L. Inglesby, a dentist who had taken up rock collecting and lapidary as a hobby. Dr. Inglesby had re-

tired and moved to Fruita in the Wayne Wonderland to devote all his time to his hobby. He suggested that the peaceful valley at the base of the colorful Capitol Reef would be an ideal place for a writer to live and work.

The urge was strong, and in 1940 Kelly sold his interest in the Salt Lake printing business and moved to Fruita. He was not ready to retire, and his limited book editions had never been highly profitable. He would buy a fruit ranch, and divide his time between the orchard and his study.

But something was taking place in Europe which interfered with his plans. The inflation of the economy which followed Hitler's invasion of France and Uncle Sam's feverish effort to re-arm, had created a ready market at high prices for food, including fruit. Orchard lands were in demand and fruit acreage had advanced sharply in selling price. Kelly decided to mark time until conditions were back to normal again. He is still waiting to buy a fruit ranch at a price he can afford to pay.

By presidential proclamation of Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1937, 33,068.74 acres of the Wayne Wonderland had been set aside as Capitol Reef National Monument. When Kelly moved to Fruita three years later no resident custodian had yet been named for the Monument. However, in order to obtain water rights, the Park Service had invested in a house and a small tract in the orchard area along Sulphur Creek.

The Monument was under the jurisdiction of Paul Franke, superintendent of Zion Canyon and Bryce National Parks. On one of his visits to Capitol Reef Franke met Kelly, and suggested that he assume sort of a dollar-a-year custodianship of the Monument, his compensation to be the rental value of the dilapidated old house which the Park Service had acquired.

For Kelly, this proposal solved the problem of housing pending the purchase of a fruit ranch and he accepted it, although much time and some investment was required to make the house livable.

Although no budget had been set up in Washington for the administration of Capitol Reef Monument, Franke at various times was able to spare limited sums from his own budget for preliminary surveys and road work, and for some part time work for Kelly. A small headquarters building had been erected as a WPA project.

It was not until 1950 that the Park Service authorized the employment of a superintendent for the Monument,

and Kelly was given full-time pay for a job to which he had been devoting much of his time for many years.

Kelly had found everything he wanted at Capitol Reef — a land of fantastic beauty with unlimited opportunity to explore, and to study the subjects in which he was most interested — history, geology, archeology, botany and zoology. And now he was custodian of this 33,000-acre domain for Uncle Sam.

The Park budget for Capitol Reef was very limited, but that did not dim Kelly's enthusiasm. Much of the time he was without a ranger assistant—which meant that the office would be closed on his weekly day off. But tourists never take a recess, and when Kelly was not at park headquarters they sought him at his home. Virtually, it has been a seven-days-a-week job.

But Kelly does not complain about that. As far as he is concerned, Capitol Reef is not merely the end of the rainbow, it is the whole rainbow. It has the gorgeous coloring of Death Valley Monument plus the fantastic formations of Bryce—and Kelly wants to share the beauty of this land with all who come to his door.

Capitol Reef is uranium country. One of the first discoveries of this ore was made here many years ago, before the Monument was established. Until last May the Atomic Energy Commission, under the authority of an emergency provision, was issuing permits to prospect for uranium within the Monument. However, the area has now been thoroughly prospected, and no new permits are to be issued. While the outstanding permits are good for a year, and for continuing operation on the few claims where pay ore had been found, the mass invasion of the Geiger counter clan is about over—and Kelly looks forward to the opportunity to restore and maintain his national monument for the purposes for which parks and monuments were created—to serve the cultural and recreational, rather than the commercial, purposes of American citizens.

There has been little time for writing since Kelly assumed the superintendent's position at Capitol Reef. *Desert Magazine's* staff would welcome more of his stories. But he is still a student—and in his present position is accumulating a vast store of new material for the day when he and Harriett can resume the way of life they dreamed about when they moved to the lovely valley of orchards at the base of the great stone cliff—a quiet study where the walls are lined with books, and apples and pears and peaches growing in their own little orchard outside.