

You Can Hunt Buffalo In Arizona Next Season!

State Game Department Holds Drawing For Wild Plains Chase Every Year

By Margaret Phelps

"BUFFALO hunting in Arizona is no chase for infirm ladies, nor dejected gents," according to Lee Hornbeck, sportsman. "It's a prouder worthy of a rugged people and I'm sold on it to the ground." Hornbeck ought to know—he killed the most ornery bull of the state's herd.

Let it be understood that buffalo hunting in Arizona is conducted annually by the State Game Department. The unusual chase is indigenous to the Western range, and intrepid Arizona hunters have cherished it since the day of its inception. For 10 years the event has taken place, an affair of state, unparalleled by any other game department in the United States.

Rules make it possible for any number of buffalo fans to register with even chance to win a place in the hunt.

This season, when the date arrived for registration, Lee Hornbeck, formerly of Montana, now a Phoenix officer, feverishly hid himself to the state's capitol. He was hit with the pretty idea that if luck was with him in the drawing—a buffalo he would get.

"All I asked," Hornbeck declared, "was a chance."

Well, he got it. His was the first name drawn by game department officials.

MRS. HORNBECK, no mean hunter herself, fortified Lee with an extra feed of apple cake and sausages, and the hunt was on.

The Arizona game department lists the rules that govern the unique buffalo hunt in which Lee Hornbeck found himself involved. In part they are:

Rule 1—Scene of hunt: House Rock Valley. (A wild Arizona section near the Utah border.)

Rule 2—Buffalo to be killed: 10.

Rule 3—Hunters selected will not be permitted to sell or transfer their privileges to participate, and will be required



Showing the Buffalo Herd From Which Lee Hornbeck, Phoenix Officer, Brought Down His Huge Bull—Range Enemy No. 1, Which Had Attacked Riders For Ten Years Arizona Has Held This Primitive Event, Unparalleled in America.

to furnish their own transportation. (Hornbeck's luck was not for sale, and why mention transportation?—he smoldered with foot speed!)

Rule 4—Each hunter will be permitted to retain the head, hide and one-quarter of the buffalo killed. (Lee had already decided a head would look swell above his desk. He liked the idea of the hide, "buffalo hunting skin," maybe, sometime. "And," said Lee, "I've never tried to eat a quarter of buffalo meat, but I'd be proud to try.")

Rule 5—The buffalo killed must be skinned and dressed by the hunter, or paid for by him. (If Lee Hornbeck ever got his animal down, he'd go after the skinning on his own manpower.)

"I'd made up my mind to get Range Enemy No. 1," Hornbeck explained. "I'd heard of the big buffalo bull from cowmen. I was told he had attacked riders traveling across the range."

THE big bull had been in the spotlight for some time. Not only was he reputed to be the prize in size, but he also bore the reputation of being a vicious leader in Arizona buffalo land. News went out that the renowned range enemy had not been to water for 20 days.

Arriving at House Rock Valley, Hornbeck struck out for himself. From 8 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. he floundered across snow, in and out of arroyos, around sharp points and through storm-swept channels.

Finally he sighted Range Enemy No. 1.

The bull had left the herd far behind. Sizing him up, Hornbeck determined to come to no scrimmage with that snorting hulk of hoof, horns and flesh. The bull was vicious.

To get within shooting distance was the thing. But the wind off the snow was against Hornbeck. He circled.

Lee Hornbeck Beside the Head of the Buffalo He Shot in a Recent Hunt. The Bull Had Been in the Spotlight for His Vicious Nature. Hornbeck Finally Circled Him in the Snow and Fired Only Once.



The bull whirled. Hornbeck dropped his own 6 ft. 3 in. behind a drift. Range Enemy No. 1 lashed the snow. He knew trouble.

He worked south. Again the bull whirled, lowered his cruel head. Hornbeck lifted his gun and fired.

"It wasn't much of a fight," the modest hunter admits, but a tenderfoot viewing the 225-pound dusky head and hide would think differently.

THE purpose of the annual buffalo hunt is to keep the state-owned herd up to standard by removing older bulls and

"pintos," the offspring of wild buffalo and white-faced cattle that sometimes wander into the buffalo domain. The Arizona game department is at present endeavoring to get 425,000 acres set aside for a buffalo sanctuary.

In the past ten years buffalo hunters have come from all parts of the United States for the annual drawing. Several Europeans, hoping for a lucky number, have shown up, too. This year 263 persons registered along with Lee Hornbeck.

Lucky Buffalo Hunter Hornbeck is a member of the Arizona Pistol and Revolver Association.

Outdoor Girls To Attend Big Annual July Rodeo



Governor Frank F. Merriam of California Has Issued a Proclamation Urging That Each High School District in the State Select Its Outstanding High School Girl, With High Scholastic Standing, Personality, and Outdoor Athletic Ability, Such as Swimming and Horseback Riding.

The Picture Shows the 1935 Winners at Salinas, Governor Merriam in Center. This Year's Winners Will Go to the Heralded Salinas Rodeo in July, Where a State-Wide Elimination Will Be Held, and the Winner and Her Mother Awarded a Free Trip Through the Northwest to Alaska.

Chambers of Commerce of Portland and Seattle Will Co-operate With Alaskan Officials in Entertaining the Visitors. Each Girl Selected From the Various High Schools Becomes a Life Member of Las Rancheritas. It Is Their Duty to See That Their Successors Uphold Western Womanhood Ideals.

Does San Fernando Mission Hide Buried Treasure?

By Roger E. Sprague

THE dead past guards the past, and nowhere more completely than in the sunny reaches of the ancient San Fernando Mission, near Los Angeles, where tales of buried treasure haunt the visitor like frail ghosts of long ago.

It is almost a century now since the last padre packed his few belongings and trudged away from the long adobe building where thousands of Indian neophytes once toiled and studied, but periodically these stories come to life and send men through the nearby hills in vain quest for gold and jewels the mission fathers are supposed to have hidden in some hour of stress.

Just recently the ancient story bobbed up again. A quiet graveyard on a sunny knoll near the mission was disturbed. One grave was dug into by ghouls who knocked over ancient marble monuments in ruthless search for the elusive treasure.

The search centers about the ranch home of John McLeod, located about a mile from the mission on the edge of hills looking out across the sunny San Fernando Valley.

Night prowlers have been driven from the cemetery twice by McLeod, roused by the sound of digging and the weird light of flickering lanterns. On both occasions the ghouls disappeared when McLeod approached. Just outside the cemetery plot, a great hole was found in the ground, indicating that the searchers believed they had located the spot where treasure was hidden.

"We purchased the ranch 16 years ago," Mrs. McLeod relates. "Ever since, we have heard stories of buried treasure in the hills near us. But we never paid much attention to them until all this digging started."

BUT the McLeods live on historic ground, part of the great mission ranch where the first gold in California was discovered, a decade before the gold rush of 1849.

During the two years after sheepherders located gold in the hills near the mission, \$100,000 in gold dust was taken out. And at the same time, the first move was made to take the mission out of the hands of the padres. Inventories taken of mission property at that time showed varying values. One, made by the fathers themselves, estimated their wealth at \$150,000. But



This Mission Grave Was Dug Up by Ghouls Who Knocked Over Ancient Marble Monuments in Ruthless Search for Buried Treasure. Whether They Found Any Is Not Known.

when the mission was sold in 1846, it brought only \$14,000.

What happened to the rest of that vast holding? That is the question that has agitated treasure seekers.

The padres were believed to have thousands of dollars in gold dust, in addition to rich stores of gold and silver church furnishings and vestments.

And so the treasure hunters have sought the will-o-the-wisp of mission gold at intervals ever since. In 1904, long after the mission was abandoned, Father Engelhardt, historian of the mission movement, found the very altar itself in the main building had been dug into. Walls have been knocked in, and floors torn up, in the vain search. But thus far nothing has been found.

If You're Bored—Just Train Fleas! Here's The Secret—How And Why!

By Bob Decker

NOW here's something you can do that's different! You've been bored, you need new interests, and you've said "There's nothing to do but the same old thing." But, you're wrong—you can train fleas!

Then you can dress 'em up like wild Indians! No foolin'. Cal Lipes swears you can, and does it for you! Of course, Cal's folk have been doing this for five generations and he now has the world by the tail so far as fleas are concerned. As a matter of fact there are only four flea trainers in the country today—and Cal is the outstanding member of the group.

The secret of training fleas has been kept in the family and is passed from one generation to the other—but this needn't keep you from trying—there are plenty of fleas!

The trained flea is just the ordinary sand flea, this type being stronger and more intelligent than his relatives. Suppose a circus wants Lipes to bring his fleas for the season. He proceeds to gather raw recruits and turns them into polished performers.

Taking a rabbit fur, Cal places it on a sandy beach in a warm spot under the sun. Returning in a few hours he proceeds to pick out the fleas he wants. Only the female is used, as the male flea is smaller and not so intelligent or strong as the female. Carefully placing them in a glass container he takes them to his work bench; the first step is the placing of a wire three-thousandths of an inch thick around the flea's neck. Great care has to be taken until they know their routines, which takes from three to six weeks.

THE fleas are given a name and live in constantly controlled temperatures. When they aren't working, 72 degrees Fahrenheit is warm enough; but during working hours the heat is around 90 degrees. The ring in which they work resembles a fight ring; suspended above the arena is a 125-watt lamp for light and heat.

The life of the flea depends quite a little on the owner and how hard and often he works it. The fleas that Cal has live about a year. Cal always trains two sets, alternating them. In other words, if they are worked one day they

rest the next. They seem to enjoy the day's rest.

The feeding of the flea is a simple matter. When feeding time comes they are placed on the arm of the trainer. When the trainer thinks they have had enough he turns his arm over and if they are full they fall off, if they are not, they stay on. Cal feeds the fleas twice a day at 6 o'clock in the morning and at the same time in the evening, giving them a little rest before working.

There are two methods used to take the hop out of the flea; the first and most common is to place the flea in a narrow glass tube, so that when he jumps he bumps his head on the top of the glass. He quickly learns not to do this. Another method is the placing of a "drag chain" around the insect's neck, so that as he jumps he has to pull the weight with him.

Each flea is taught to do a certain routine for the circus. For instance, one pulls a cannon, another a chair. In each act each flea has to pull some object. The first thing they pull is a weight approximately 1200 times the weight of the flea. As they get used to this, the weight is gradually increased until finally they are pulling 2500 times their own weight; this is the weight of the objects they pull in the circus. When this training is going on they get two workouts a day, lasting about an hour each.

THE flea that pulls the carriage or cannon is taught to walk a straight line by a device that only permits it to walk a straight course. The flea that pulls the merry-go-round is put in an apparatus that only allows it to walk in a circle. They learn these routines in the same manner that you would train a house pet—repetition of the same thing over and over again until it's second nature.

Lipes considers the dressing of two fleas in complete Indian regalia for a moving picture the stunt that gave him the most personal satisfaction. The work had to be done under powerful magnifying glasses; each flea having a complete outfit, from the feathers in the headdress to the moccasins.

Cal Lipes gives this interesting slant on fleas: "If a man could jump as well as a flea, in proportion to his height, he would be able to jump over the Empire State Building."