

MBERS of the Old West are dying. The fire of pioneering is fast smoldering. All that remains is scenic and make-believe—a pantomime of a once glorious, rollicking past when men were men and glad of it.

and glad of it.

Today the prosperous Easterner is turning the vast open spaces into a corral all his own. He has harnessed watersheds; dammed rivers and tamed bad men. Science and invention have taken the place of the wild, unkempt, unruly life.

Prospectors and desert rats look upon this encroachment of their country in somewhat the same fashion as did the Indians a century ago; but they are no more able to cope with it than were the red men. For at the basis of it all lies health, sunshine and the dry life-pro-

longing air of the great open spaces.

It is an interesting fact to note that nearly one quarter of the area of these United States is desert land. Take down the old atlas and chalk off that section of your native country bounded to the east by the Rocky Mountains, to the west by the high Sierras, to the north by the Canadian boundary, and to the south by Mexico. Therein, in a territory in places eight hundred miles wide and twelve hundred miles long, lies the inter-mountain plateau, at an average height above sea-level of 3,000 feet.

This area is comparable in size to the Sahara in North

Africa or the Gobi in Asia. But instead of being a dead land it has become from year to year a veritable paradise, because man in America is putting the desert to work, and through innumerable water schemes is building upon this once uninhabitable region farm lands and cities comparable to any in other sections of the land.

SOME years ago King C. Gillette told me that he expected to devote the rest of his life to the raising of desert dates. "This," said he, "was first a hobby of mine; but I became so interested in its potentialities that I'm spending most of my time in the Coachella Valley of California. Besides, it's made a young man of me, this getting out in the open air, every day of my life, and tramping about the trees."

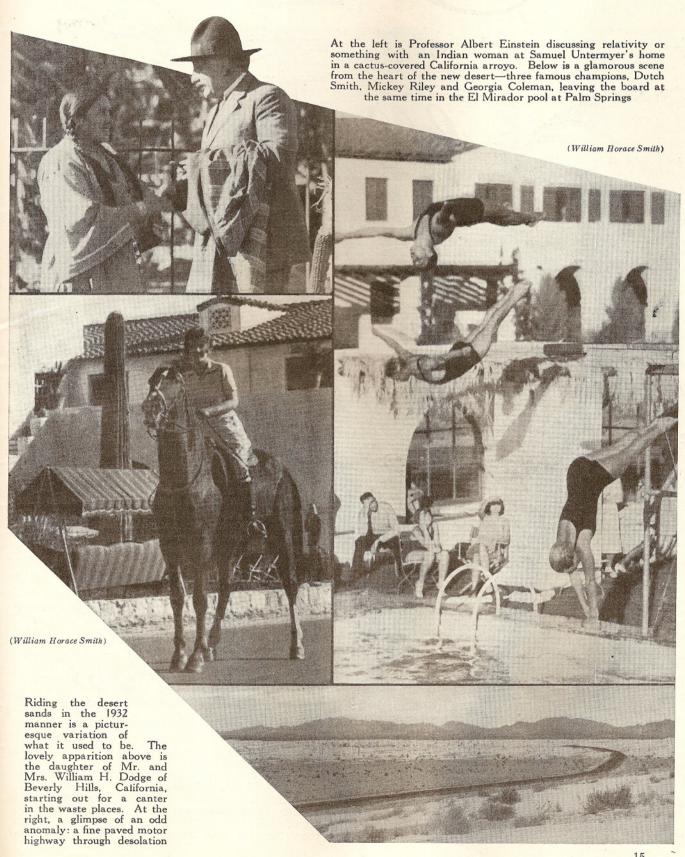
It's been seven years since we first talked; recently I visited his plantation near Indio, California, where he has become one of the largest date raisers in the world. He is bronzed and firm, and decidedly younger looking than he was when I had last seen him.

Clinging to the sides of Mt. Jacinto, California, in a cactus-covered arroyo, Samuel Untermyer, the well-known New York attorney, has built himself a large, rambling Spanish hacienda, in which are all the comforts of a Manhattan home. When Mr. Untermyer enter-

of a Manhattan home. When Mr. Untermyer entertained Dr. and Mrs. Albert Einstein there, the great German scientist said that he (Continued on page 46)

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