

meadview monitor

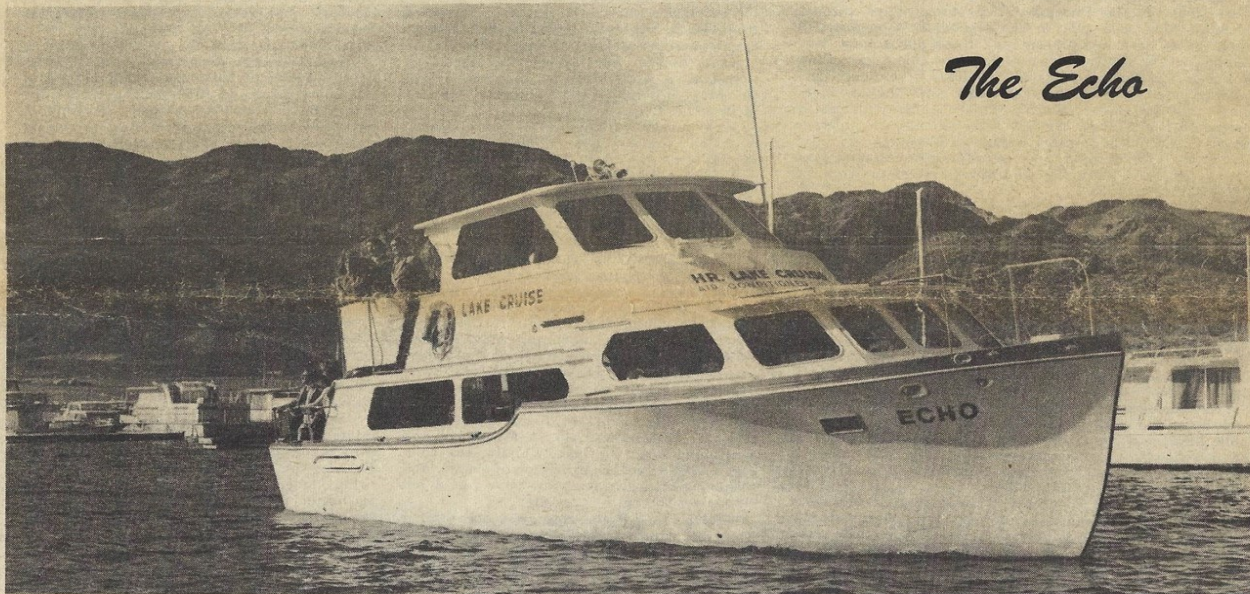
4350 E. Camelback Rd., Suite 110-B, Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Volume 10, Number 2

Meadview, Arizona

MARCH - APRIL, 1973

FREE LAKE MEAD CRUISE INITIATED



All-Day Land-N-Lake Tours Sponsored By Meadview

The beginning of free all-day yacht cruises on beautiful Lake Mead has been announced by Frank Glindmeier, president of Landex, developers of Meadview.

The cruises, aboard the 50-foot luxury yacht "Echo", are sponsored by Landex and are run daily from Lake Mead Marina to South Cove and return, with a stop-over in Meadview.

In announcing the free cruises, Glindmeier said the trips were part of a new sales and development program for Meadview, Arizona's only privately-owned, developed land within the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area.

The cruises are free and there is no obligation on the part of any person taking the cruise to buy Meadview property.

The cruise leaves Lake Mead Marina at nine a. m.

(Nevada time) each morning and offers three complimentary meals during the trip aboard the Echo. The cruise runs from the lower basin, through Boulder Canyon, Virgin Basin, and into Gregg's Basin and South Cove. It lasts approximately three and one-half hours each way.

Throughout the journey, perky cruise supervisors give passengers an excellent narrative on the history of the lake and surrounding areas, as well as pointing out numerous points of interest along the way.

At South Cove, passengers depart the yacht to travel by auto for the 11 mile, (15-minute) ride to Meadview for a brief presentation and tours of the Lake Mead community.

For those persons who do not wish to take the entire cruise and would rather travel to Meadview by auto, Landex

is offering a two-hour cruise from South Cove on the Echo to points above Gregg's Basin. These tours depart the South Cove launching ramp at two p. m. (Arizona time).

"This is a rather novel idea for land developments in this part of the country," Glindmeier acknowledged, "but we

think we have something special to offer at Meadview. In this manner, people can not only visit Meadview and see our community, but they can also enjoy a free yacht cruise. The federal government advises all prospective buyers to see the property they are considering buying before

they buy and we fully agree. In this way, prospective buyers get to see our community and spend a relaxing day on the lake."

Additional details, including how to make reservations on the cruise, can be found on the back page of this issue of the MONITOR.

A Day Aboard The Echo

EDITOR'S NOTE: The following story was written by a man who made one of our first cruises on Lake Mead to Meadview on the Echo. He has asked to remain anonymous, but we felt his story might be of interest to MONITOR readers.)

I guess it was only natural that I picked up a copy of the Review-Journal shortly after we arrived in Las Vegas.

After many years in the

newspaper and magazine business, I always like to see what's going on in the world and how the newspapers in each town we visit cover the happenings of the day.

My wife and I were on our way home from our annual trek west. It was great to see the kids and grandchildren on the West Coast, but we were anxious to get back home just the same.

On our annual journey, we travel at a leisurely pace and

always make sure to try and spend at least a few days in Las Vegas. It's fun to see the shows, watch the people and, yes, pull the levers on the one-armed bandits.

And, after working a short spell as a younger man on the construction of Boulder Dam (I guess they call it Hoover Dam now), I always enjoy stopping off to see this magnificent structure, that I

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meadview monitor



PUBLISHED FOR AND BY
THE RESIDENTS AND OWNERS OF

MEADVIEW

BY MEADVIEW CIVIC ASSOCIATION, INC.
4350 E. Camelback Rd., Suite 110-B
Phoenix, Arizona 85018



Editor's Notebook

BY LEE GLINDMEIER
MONITOR EDITOR

This has really been a hectic month. The mid-weeks have been spent in the Phoenix office and Fridays through Mondays have been spent in Las Vegas and Meadview. The yacht tours have really been fun. Frank and I have been taking most of the tours just to see how things are going. For us, it is rather like a busman's holiday. If you have been reading the Saga of the Summer Wind, you will know why I make that statement. We have met so many delightful people on the "Echo". By the time you meet a group of people at 7:45 in the morning and are with them until nine or 10 o'clock in the evening, you feel as though you have been friends for years. A trip like that always seems to bring out the best in everyone.

We also spent a very nice week-end in Las Vegas and Meadview with some of our property owners from the State of Washington who had already purchased property in Meadview and were here on an inspection tour of their property.

On Friday, January 19th, we met our guests at the Las Vegas airport. Mr. and Mrs. Karl Marks from Moses Lake, Mrs. Angela Marshall of Tacoma, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kehoe of Olympia, Mrs. Josie Belland of Bellevue, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Whitted of Everett, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Picolet of Sumner and Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Christianson of Spokane made up the Washington group.

From the airport, we went directly to Lake Mead Marina and took a short ride on the Echo IV around that portion of Lake Mead and the Hoover Dam area. We were not to be blessed with our usual sunny weather, but they were all good sports about it and didn't even complain too much when they were caught in a bit of rain.

After the boat ride, they were all checked into the Bonanza Hotel in Las Vegas and were allowed a few minutes of rest before it was time to get dressed for the banquet in the dining room of the hotel. We had a very nice dinner and all got fairly well acquainted before the evening was over. I sat next to Mr. and Mrs. Kehoe and what a delightful couple they are. Mr. Kehoe amazed me when he told me he would be



Mr. and Mrs. Michael Kehoe.

80 years old on his next birthday. (I hope he doesn't mind my telling his age). He looked like a youngster! The Kehoes took a six-week trip through Canada in their camper last summer and plan another long trip this summer. In the meantime, he is busy laying tile and working on his home in Olympia. What are all of you 65 year olds doing to top that? I told Mr. Kehoe that all my life I thought the Fountain of Youth was in Florida and now, after all these years, I find

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from the flying bridge

BY FRANK GLINDMEIER



Chances are, if you're taking time to read this column, you already glanced through a substantial portion of this edition of the Monitor. The nature of the various stories in this edition pretty well speak for themselves, but I would like to elaborate on at least those having to do with the business side of our community.

A couple of issues ago, I mentioned in this column a lot of new and exciting programs which would be put into effect after the first of the year. Some of them are detailed in this paper, and others are yet to come.

The sales and development pace is quickening, and will continue to accelerate for the next four months, as additional programs are instigated. More new faces will be appearing on the Meadview scene as our development company continues to grow.

In the past sixty days, total personnel at Landex has doubled and is expected to double again in the next sixty days as our advertising and promotional efforts stimulate additional traffic into Meadview.

The on-site sales force has been increased from two to five men. It will be increased to twelve within 30 days. Along with the increased traffic and sales, increased administrative work loads in all parts of the company are requiring expansion of our facilities and personnel.

Many must be wondering by now just why, after all these years of development in Meadview, is this highly accelerated development and sales program being initiated. The answer is that it has taken this long to reach the point in the Meadview development plan where it is ready to be mass marketed to the American public.

It has taken 12 long years to achieve the key items that are required to make the Meadview dream a reality. In that twelve years, we have seen the following milestones of development take place. First, the creation of the South Cove road and launching ramp which guaranteed the Meadview community permanent lake access regardless of lake level. Secondly, establishment of a domestic water supply for the community. Next, the completion of the paving of Pierce Ferry Road from U. S. Highway 93 to Meadview and continuing onto the lake. Finally, the completion last fall of the extension of electric and telephone lines to Meadview have put a red ribbon on the entire package.

Twelve years of plugging away and taming this wild and wooly country has finally resulted in the successful marriage of city type conveniences with country type living. Twelve years of getting ready has brought us to the point where we are now able to launch the largest sales and marketing program ever conducted by our company at any time on any project.

The yacht cruise program has just been initiated, but the results are conclusive. It is an extremely successful program. Our entire format is completely contrary to that used by any land or development company in the Southwestern area. Our dedication to the use

of old-fashioned customer treatment methods and low key selling is paying off in handsome dividends.

The Golden Rule is still as applicable today as it was when it was written however many years ago. We find that we are making sales to people who had no intention of purchasing property at Meadview, and the reason that they are purchasing is because of the way they were treated by all of the company personnel.

The yacht tour program is something that I personally have been wanting to do for quite a few years. You can talk about the beauty and scenic grandeur of Lake Mead all day long, and not come close to achieving the impact and effect that even a half hour on the lake can actually accomplish. On our cruise to Meadview from Lake Mead Marina, scenic points of interests are called to the attention of our guests, as well as the history of the area and Hoover Dam and Lake Mead itself. The guests are greeted at South Cove by our representatives who then drive them to the Civic Center for a short film and talk prior to viewing the various property areas at Meadview.

To make sure that the overall program is developed in accordance with our business policies, Lee and I have been riding on most of the boat cruises so that we can personally determine the people's reactions. The response has been utterly fantastic. It is extremely gratifying to us to hear the voluntary compliments of the cruise participants and the unanimous vote of confidence that we have been given for our sales philosophy.

On several occasions, on the return trip from South Cove to Lake Mead Marina, we have been advised by visitors that they had initially only come along for the ride, but after the delightful trip, courteous treatment and exposure to the beautiful surroundings that we all know to be Meadview, they will be returning by their own auto to seriously consider property ownership. That just about says it all as far as we're concerned. That's why we are dedicated to continue with our "Treat 'em like you'd like to be treated" philosophy.

I would at this time like to extend an open invitation to any and all of our property owners to come and be our guest on the Yacht Echo at any time. If any of you would like to bring along a friend or another couple, so much the better. Simply call the number on the ad on the back page of this paper and we'll be happy to make reservations for you.

Ready or not, here comes the final installment of our trials, tribulations, fun and adventures with the Summer Wind. Perhaps we brought a smile or two to those of you who love boating as much as we do. Perhaps we have convinced a few that boating just might not be for them. Perhaps for others, we have created an idea, challenge or goal to accomplish in the future. In any event, we have enjoyed bringing the story to you and sincerely hope that you have received some pleasure from it. This then is the final fiasco which we call "Summer Wind-Phase Four."

SUMMER WIND—PHASE FOUR (A Tragedy In Three Acts)

BY FRANK GLINDMEIER

ACT I

The harbor was dead calm as we backed silently out of our slip in the World's Fair Marina. A black sky and scattered stars overhead added to the excitement of the moment. This was the big one...the trophy dash down "the trench". New York to Ft. Lauderdale or bust! (Whoops...bad choice of words!)

We had met our 0530 departure time on the nose, and as we slipped into the inky blackness heading for the East river, my thoughts drifted back on to the happenings of the past few days.

Lee and I had arrived in New York City two days previously, coming in early for the express purpose of having a single sideband radio installed on the boat. The VHF-FM radio is delightful and serves a definite purpose, but it is limited.

The experts will tell you that VHF-FM radio will do everything you need if your cruising is limited to short distances offshore. They will also tell you that along the Eastern seaboard you can make contact just about anywhere. Baloney! What they mean is, you can make contact just about anywhere, if you happen to be in the right place. Otherwise you may have to run 50 to 75 miles to be "within range".

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A DAY ABOARD THE ECHO

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had a part, albeit small, in building.

Being one of those types who enjoys the sports and the outdoors, I usually get into the sports and travel section on the newspaper as fast as I can. After satisfying my inquisitiveness about the latest basketball scores and scanning through a few other pages, I found myself looking at an advertisement, "Free Lake Mead Yacht Cruise".

I had seen Lake Mead from a distance many times before and heard many stories about its recreation activities, but I had never been on the waters of the largest man-made lake in the western hemisphere—not to mention a cruise or even a yacht.

When my wife said she was finally ready to go out for the evening (I've found-out that even age doesn't hamper a woman's talent of taking forever to get ready to go out), I put the paper aside and we departed for dinner and a show.

When we returned from our evening on the town—tired, yet pleased with the fine meal and performance—I mentioned the advertisement to her. At first she dismissed the entire idea, saying there had to be a gimmick. I read the ad to her in its entirety this time and she said she would think about it.

The next morning we found a brochure on Lake Mead in a drug store and when I reached a section on fishing, I knew I had her. I casually showed her the brochure and let her wander to the page I had carefully bent the corner on.

When she was about one-quarter of the way through that section, her eyes lit up like the lights on the slot machines when you hit a jackpot.

"Honey," she said, "did you know that Lake Mead is considered to be one of the finest fishing lakes in the western United States? It has trout, large and smallmouth bass, catfish, salmon and striped bass."

"No kidding," I replied, going along with her as her mind wandered and she continued to read the brochure.

I guess I should tell you now that although I enjoy fishing and we get out in our boat every chance we get, my wife is fanatical about it. With her it is more than a hobby, it is a religion.

A few minutes later, she said, "You know I've been thinking, why don't we take that yacht cruise while we are here. The ad said there was no obligation to buy anything and it might be fun."

Well, to make a long story short, after I had told her I wasn't sure we could afford to spend another day in Las Vegas and pretended I didn't want to go, she was ready to make the call and go by herself.

I finally agreed to go along, we called the number in the ad and were told there was a cruise scheduled for the following morning, leaving the Meadview-Las Vegas office at eight a. m.

We arrived at the office a little early and were met by

our cruise hostess, Jean. When the rest of the group arrived a few minutes later (I guess there were 15 or 20 other couples), we boarded a bus and set out for Lake Mead Marina.

It was a pleasant drive and we met some nice people on the bus, striking up a conversation with a couple from the midwest who were also on their way home from Los Angeles via Vegas.

We were on the yacht and on our way out of the harbor within an hour after we left the office.

As we left the harbor, I heard a click and a microphone come on, followed by a pleasing voice:

"Good morning, this is your captain Bing Dawdy and I'd like to welcome you aboard the Echo. Our journey this morning to South Cove will take approximately three and one-half hours. It looks like a perfect day on the lake for our cruise. We have only one rule aboard the Echo and that's that you have a good time. If you have any questions or need anything just ask one of the cruise

supervisors."

A short while later, the familiar voice of the captain came over the speaker system again, as it would intermittently throughout the cruise, to enlighten our journey with information about Lake Mead and its history.

Bing said the cruise would be divided into four segments: the lower basin; Boulder Canyon; the upper or Virgin Basin; and, through the Virgin Basin into Gregg's Basin and to South Cove.

While we enjoyed coffee and sweet rolls, he gave us a few facts that pointed out to me just how big Lake Mead really is:

"...Lake Mead itself is 115 miles long, with 550 miles of shoreline and an average depth of 350 feet....the waters of Lake Mead are a catch basin for 1/12th of the land of the continental United States, most of this is the melting of snows on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains...."

He said something else too that really impressed me. "Now our waters are clean

and pure and we intend to keep them that way. Please throw nothing overboard. We have holding aboard and everything is put into the tanks—even the water from the wash basin." It's too bad people haven't treated the other lakes in our country the way they treat Lake Mead.

Bing pointed out Sentinel Island a few minutes later and being a history buff, I turned down a bridge game with my wife and the midwest couple to make a few notes. (Luckily for them there were others on board who liked bridge too.)

It seems Sentinel Island was very important in the history of this part of the country. In 1857, Lt. Ives of the United States Army was commissioned to come up and explore the Colorado River. After many hardships, he arrived right there and supposedly made an observation: "I believe I am the first American to be in this part of the country and I believe I will be the last," Bing said.

Captain Bing pointed out

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Landscaping has been completed on the center parkway leading to the Meadview Civic Center.



MEADVIEW

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MEADVIEW MENU MAKERS

Clotee George Is A Culinary Wizard

In Meadview, you'll find George's Place at the corner of Mead Lane and Sandy Point Drive.

But several years ago, if you had been a resident or visitor of Bagdad, Arizona, you would have found George's Place to be a lively night club.

The same person owned both places--Clotee George. And with such a background as chief cook and bottle

washer in various restaurants, you would come to expect the excitingly different foods prepared today by Clotee.

She shares with Monitor readers her recipes for Chicken Wings Chinese Style, Chalupa, and Date Pudding.

Clotee was born in Weatherford, Texas, and was raised in Prescott, Arizona, where she also attended school. During her young years, she also lived for brief

spells in California.

After high school, Clotee spent 15 years in the photographic business, which, she says, made her very nervous. So to calm her nerves and keep herself busy, she went to work as a waitress at night and did pictures during the day.

She then became interested in food preparation, and, working under top chefs in the Prescott area, she learned

some of the finer points of cooking and serving.

Clotee's first business of her own was a snack shop in Prescott. She made all of the ice cream served in the shop, and also did short order cooking.

She then went to Bagdad. She and her late husband, Frank, were the first couple married in the Arizona mining city. They opened their club, George's Place, which they owned for 20 years. The operation grew to include a motel, and their business expanded to include an ice cream shop for the youngsters and a cafe which fed the mine employees and which was located at the open pit copper mine site.

She and Frank bought their property in Meadview in 1966, and Frank lived at their home here until his death in January of 1972. After selling their business interests in Bagdad, Clotee joined him in Meadview in 1969.

Now Clotee is as busy as she ever was with a paying job. When not busy entertaining company or attending Civic Association activities, she enjoys fishing (that's why she came to Meadview), wandering in the hills, deer hunting, cooking and sewing. And, she admits, although she loves the activities of the rock club, she knows very little about rocks.

But she is understandably proud of the fireplace at her home, which is made from native Arizona rocks.

She has two children, Mrs. Peggy Becker of San Jose, and Robert Pride of Sun Valley, California; one grandson, and one great-granddaughter.

Friends always ask for more when Clotee serves her Chicken Wings Chinese Style. The sauce is a blend of several very distinct flavors, and this is what makes the dish so special, she says.

CHICKEN WINGS CHINESE STYLE

12-14 chicken wings
1 3 c. soy sauce
1 3 c. dry sherry
2 3 c. water
3 T. brown sugar
8 green onions, tops and all
2 stalks of celery

Remove the bony tips of the chicken wings. Cut each wing into two pieces. Place wings in a large saucepan. Add the soy sauce, sherry, water, and brown sugar. Mix well and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer, covered, for 30 minutes. Cut the green onions and celery into pieces two inches long. Add to chicken and continue to simmer the mixture for 15 minutes longer, uncovered, basting frequently. Makes four to six servings.

Clotee offers a recipe she learned from a Mexican chef and which she says is great for use with the popular crock pot. Chalupa is a Mexican-type cassarole, and this recipe will feed a crowd, Clotee says.

CHALUPA

1 3-lb. pork roast
1 lb. pinto beans

garlic salt or powder to taste
2 T. chili powder
1 T. cumin seed
1 t. oregano
1 lg. can peeled green chili (diced or whole)
3 t. salt

Put all ingredients in a crock pot or a large pan. Cover all ingredients with water and cook covered for six hours on low heat. Remove the roast bones and cook for one hour longer with the lid off. Serve with a green salad and garlic toast or tortillas.

A rich dessert that can be served plain or with whipped cream and that freezes well is Date Pudding. Clotee got the recipe many years ago from a friend, and enjoys serving it at Civic Association parties.

DATE PUDDING

1 1-lb. pkg. pitted dates
1 t. soda
1 c. boiling water
1 c. sugar
2 T. margarine
1 egg, well beaten
1 1/2 c. flour
1 t. baking powder
1 c. chopped nuts

Cut dates into small pieces and put in a small bowl. Sprinkle soda over the dates and pour boiling water over all. Let stand while mixing the other ingredients.

Cream sugar and margarine. Add the well beaten egg and mix well. Sift flour and baking soda together and stir into the creamed mixture. Stir in the date mixture and the nuts. Spoon batter into a greased and floured 13x9x2 inch pan. Bake at 335 degrees for 30 to 40 minutes.



Clotee George

Meadview Monitor For Friends

We have received many requests from property owners to mail the MEADVIEW MONITOR to their friends and relatives living elsewhere. We will be happy to put them on the mailing list. Just fill out the spaces below and drop it in the mail.

MEADVIEW MONITOR
4350 E. Camelback Rd., Suite 110-B
Phoenix, Arizona 85018

Gentlemen:

Please send complimentary copies of the MEADVIEW MONITOR to the names listed below. My name and address is:

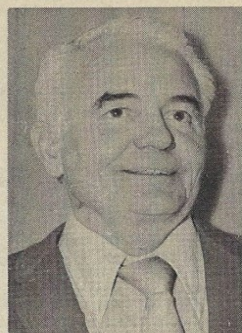
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JIM WAGGONER

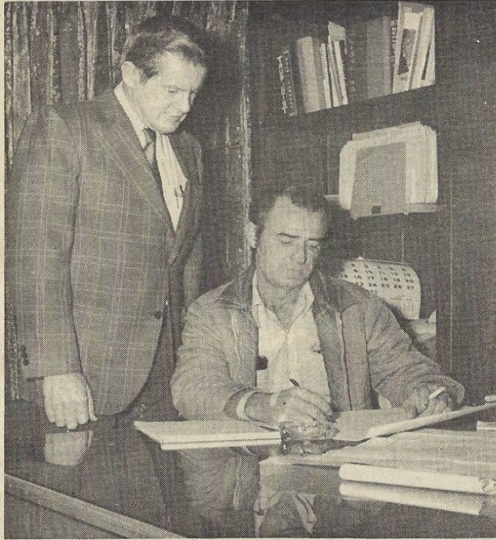
Jim Waggoner Joins MV Team

Jim Waggoner, a veteran of 20 years in the land sales business, has joined the on-site sales team at Meadview.

He says he has worked with land from the Arctic Circle to Mexico, and decided to settle at Meadview "because this is the best place I've ever been."

Born in Kellogg, Idaho, and reared in Seattle, Washington, Jim served with the United States Army in the South Pacific before beginning his real estate career.

For the past ten years he has been involved in real estate sales in Arizona.



Paul Mullane and Bill Shuffler sign new Civic Center addition contract.

Work Begins On New MV Civic Center Wing

Ground has been broken and construction begun on a new wing for the Meadview Civic Center.

The new wing will be 24 feet by 60 feet and the contract to build the facility has been awarded to Shuffler and Kerley Contractors of Kingman.

The new wing is being built and paid for by Landex and will be given to the Meadview Civic Association by the developers of Meadview. It will overlook the patio and pool area at the center and is expected to be completed by April 1.

Upon completion, approximately two-thirds of the building will be used by Landex as its sales office at the present time. The

remaining one third will be utilized as a game room, with the pool table and card tables moved into the new wing.

Landex will vacate its present sales office on Pierce Ferry Road upon completion of the facility. The company presently has its offices located on federal land under a permit from the National Park Service.

Landex secretary-treasurer Paul Mullane, in announcing the plans for the new wing, said the facility would eventually be used by the civic center as an activities room.

He added that with Landex personnel maintaining its offices in the wing seven days a week, the center would be provided with better building security.



Discussing initial site work.



Ditches dug for wing footings.

SUMMER WIND

Continued From Page 2

Our purpose for wanting the SSB radio was to be able to have communications with either the New York or Miami High Seas Marine operator regardless of location. We have no particular need for this type of radio from a personal standpoint, but business reasons make it necessary to be in touch with the office at any time of the day.

In spite of extensive pre-planning, the radio was late in arriving, and installations had not yet been started when we arrived. The plan was to haul the boat on Monday for the ground tube installation, and to finish installation and tuning on Tuesday.

Our schedule was tight as usual, so we had no room to play games. Weather permitting, we were going to be on our way Wednesday, radio or not.

Tides and timing were not with us, and the sling lift at the Marina was not able to haul us Monday afternoon. It would be Tuesday afternoon before we could get out of the water and have the ground tubes installed. Timing was going to be close.

As the Summer Wind was hoisted out of the water, we couldn't help but remark that it was the first time that it had been out of its element since the Marine Railway at Big Chute in Ontario, Canada. Little did we know that our baby's bottom was going to see lots of fresh air before we reached our destination in Ft. Lauderdale.

Ground tubes installed, we made it back into the water just before the receding tide trapped us on the lift. Another five minutes would have been too late. Back to the slip and

hopefully, final tuning would put us in business.

Not today! At 2300, the radio technicians threw up their hands and mumbled something about "factory type troubles". There went the SSB right out the window.

Ok! We'll run the Intracoastal without the big radio. Nearly ninety nine out of one hundred do. It just puts more emphasis on the FM set and land lines.

John broke up my reverie as he gave me an elbow and pointed out a commercial boat off our starboard bow. We were almost intersecting the East River now, and the maze of flashing red, white and green lights presented an interesting piloting challenge as we threaded our way towards New York Harbor.

John and Pat Yount had joined us the previous day, and were scheduled to be with us for the entire trip to Florida. Pat, John, and Lee and I have trailer-boated all over the Southwestern part of the United States, so it was with particular pleasure that we welcomed them aboard the Summer Wind for our Intracoastal adventure.

When we had arrived in New York Monday, October 9th, there was a near gale blowing, and a front was just passing through. We crossed our fingers that the weather might be right for the Wednesday departure, for we were getting near the end of the season. Most yachts heading South had already gotten underway, so we would be bringing up the rear of the annual flotilla.

Morning's first light was breaking as we slipped quietly under the famous New York

Continued On Page 6

Vegas Show Guide

ALADDIN
Bagdad Theatre:
Indefinite "Nymphs of The Nile"

CAESARS PALACE
Circus Maximus:
Feb. 1-Feb. 21 Diana Ross / Ice Follies
Feb. 22-Feb. 28 Steve Lawrence / Eydie Gorme
Mar. 1-Mar. 21 Andy Williams
Mar. 22-Apr. 4 Osmond Brothers
Apr. 5-Apr. 18 Petula Clark

CASTAWAYS
Kon Tiki Lounge:
Indefinite Rusty Isabell / Casey Cole

CIRCUS CIRCUS
Main Arena:
Indefinite "World's Greatest Circus Acts"
Hippodrome Theatre:
Indefinite "French Love Connection"

DESERT INN
Crystal Room:
Thru Feb. 19 Bobbie Gentry
Feb. 20-Mar. 19 Jimmy Dean
Mar. 20-Apr. 9 Trini Lopez / Joan Rivers
Skyroom:
Indefinite Dancing from 9:00 pm-3:00 am.

DUNES
Casino de Paris:
Indefinite "Casino De Paris' 73" with Fay McKay
Top of the Strip:
Indefinite Russ Morgan Orchestra with Jack Morgan

FLAMINGO
Flamingo Room:
Thru Feb. 21 Connie Stevens / Lonnie Shorr
Feb. 22-Mar. 21 Marty Allen / Mama Cass
Mar. 22-Apr. 18 Sandler & Young / Corbett Monica

Casino Theatre:
Feb. 1-Feb. 28 Fats Domino / Slappy White
Mar. 1-Mar. 28 Mills Brothers

FREMONT
Fiesta Room:
Indefinite "Minsky's" Revue

FRONTIER
Music Hall:
Thru Feb. 21 Wayne Newton / Dave Barry
Feb. 22-Mar. 14 Robert Goulet / Norm Crosby

Mar. 15-Apr. 4 Phil Harris
Apr. 5-May 2 Wayne Newton

HACIENDA
Jewel Box Lounge:
Indefinite Nancy Austin / David London

LANDMARK
Landmark Theatre:
Indefinite Supper club dining

LAS VEGAS HILTON
Showroom International:
Thru Feb. 23 Elvis Presley
Feb. 24-Mar. 16 Ann-Margret
Mar. 17-Apr. 6 Bill Cosby

RIVIERA
Versailles Room:
Thru Feb. 8 Totie Fields / Kenny Rodgers
Feb. 9-Feb. 27 Shecky Greene / Vic Damone

SAHARA
Congo Room:
Thru Feb. 5 Buddy Hackett / John McNally
Feb. 6-Feb. 26 Jim Nabors

SANDS
Copa Room:
Thru Feb. 13 Phyllis Diller
Feb. 14-Mar. 13 Bob Newhart / Florence Henderson

Regency Lounge:
Indefinite Sonny King / Bob Sims Trio

SILVER SLIPPER
Gaiety Theatre:
Indefinite "Wonderful World of Burlesque '73"

STARDUST
Cafe Continental:
Indefinite All New "Lido De Paris" Revue

THUNDERBIRD
Continental Theatre:
Indefinite "Latin Fire '73" Revue
Lounge:
Indefinite Bob Fletcher / Vicky Lano

TROPICANA
Theatre Restaurant:
Indefinite "1973 Folies Bergere" Revue

UNION PLAZA
Plaza Showroom:
Indefinite "Oklahoma!" on Stage



rock ramblers

BY FRAN WILSON

GENERAL MEETING: 2nd Wednesday of the month except July and August, 7:30 p.m. at the Meadview Civic Center.

FIELD TRIP: 3rd Wednesday of the month unless otherwise designated at the regular monthly meeting.

PROGRAM: March - "Holyland" by Dovie Cornelius.

BULLETIN: As published in the Meadview Monitor.

EXCHANGE BULLETINS: Invited, please send to Meadview Rock Ramblers, Box 2424 Meadview Rte., Dolan Springs, Az., 86441. Our thanks to the Editors who have responded.

We had made prior arrangements with Mr. G. P. Boone, Chief Mine Engineer of the Duval Mine Corporation, of Mineral Park, Az: On November 29th, at 11 a.m., sixteen Meadviewites, including the Rouseys, Crists, Vaneers, Wilsons, Kokeshs, Turners, Edith Walker, Frankie Copeland, Jim Dill and Fred Wilson arrived at the Duval Mine, located in the Walapai Mining District, about 17 miles northwest of Kingman, Az., along the western slopes of the Cerbat Mountains.

Crude sledge hammers and artifacts have been found in this area and it is believed that Indians mined turquoise 500 or more years ago.

In 1863 gold was discovered and in 1870 rich silver ore was found. The high grade silver mining went on until 1876 and there were lead-zinc and copper claims worked as late as World War II. Some turquoise mining continued but all that is left of this mining are some head frames, ruins of buildings, and the old cemetery.

After acquisition and exploration of the land, pre-mine stripping by the Isabell Construction Company of Reno, Nevada, was started and this company continued mining until 1965 when Duval Corporation purchased the mine.

We all signed a release and were given white hard hats (helmets) to protect our soft heads (ha). As we drove thru the mine area, the

drivers of the two nine passenger station-wagons explained the different stages of operation, mining, milling flotation, leaching and precipitation.

We stopped at the crusher and altho the Haulpak truck in the picture looks like a toy, it's capacity is 70 tons, and if one of the tall men had stood in front of a tire it would have dwarfed him. Those tires are over six foot high. At one area we were allowed to get out of the vehicles and of course it was "assume the position" as we looked over the tons of rock at our feet we found some nice specimens of pyrite.

We then entered the pit and the method of blasting was explained. The drill holes for a shoot were pointed out. When we cleared the immediate area we watched the last precautions being taken. Sirens sounded and we watched as the fuse was lit and a truck picked up the powder monkey (Hank says that's what they are called) and drove him to a safe place. In a matter of moments it was "BLAST OFF" and we saw the earth reach toward the sky. Black smoke, earth colors of reds, browns, and yellows covered the area. It was truly a spectacular climax to a very interesting visit at the Duval Mine.

In December the club furnished a ham, members the trimmings, and along with an exchange of gifts, all enjoyed our Christmas party.

In January our field-trip was rained out. In the next issue of the Monitor I will tell you about our contemplated trip with eight other Meadviewites to Almo Crossing area, Quartzite Pow Wow (rockhound show) Organ Pipe National Monument, in southern Arizona, and a rock show in Tucson, Arizona.

HINT: As several members have gotten tumblers over the holidays I thought they might be interested in the lapidary tip of Phil LeClair, Highland, California in the December copy of Gem and Minerals. He suggests that you take the lint from your clothes dryer lint catcher and add it to the polishing compound for tumbling. Speeds up polish and prevents chipping.



Ready To Go!



Assume The Position!



Haulpak Truck!

SUMMER WIND

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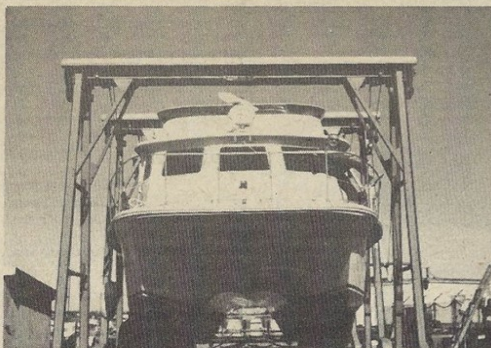
bridges, and it was obviously going to be a beautiful day.

A couple of quick pics of New York's famous "Battery" and the Statue of Liberty, and we were on our way out of New York harbor; but not without incident. One of New York's famous ferry boats attempted to make kindling wood out of our pride and joy while we were rubbernecking at the sights. Take it from this rattled Captain...N.Y. Harbor is no place for casual piloting!

Our entire offshore course had been laid out for the first two days running. If the weather and water held, we were going to make Cape May the first night and Norfolk the second, but these would be very long runs, and therefore the early start.

There is no choice but to run outside from New York to Manasquan, New Jersey, but from there on down, one can choose whether to run offshore or stay inside on the New Jersey Intracoastal, and Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. All of the cruise guides had warned against the hazards of New Jersey portion of the Intracoastal, and we had determined that if it was at all feasible, we would take our chances outside.

The weather man had forecasted seas of two feet, and he hit it right on the button. Conditions were perfect and we were taking advantage of it, picking up minutes on each leg over our forecasted ETAs. Every piece of mechanical equipment on the boat was functioning perfectly except for the auto pilot which had suddenly decided to have a mind of its own. If there is one thing you don't need on a boat, it's an autopilot that wants to go "thattaway" when your intended course is



Out of the water in New York.



The bridges of NYC at dawn.

"thisaway".

We cleared the Manasquan gong buoy 42 minutes ahead of schedule and I turned the wheel over to John so that I could get some tidying up done down in the workroom. Fifteen minutes later, a resounding "thunk" was felt, and we knew that the boat had suffered some degree of underwater damage. I came out of the workroom like a shot, but John had already backed the throttles down and was experimenting to see what the nature of the problem was. No reaction to the port clutch lever. Something had peeled off our port prop!

A quick assessment of our predicament verified that it would be necessary to turn around and limp back into Manasquan. We couldn't possibly make Cape May on one engine before nightfall.

We chugged into Manasquan at 1145, and awkwardly fought the ebb current to get alongside the fuel dock on one engine. A very considerate captain of a sportfishing charter boat saw us surveying the damage and insisted on taking me to the various marinas to see where (or if) we could get hauled. A two-hour search weeded out all of the marinas except one. No one felt they had enough equipment to safely haul the Summer Wind, so it was "do or die" with the one remaining establishment. The problem was, they had a big Hatteras on their elevator and it wouldn't be off for several days. The good natured owner of the marina responded to our plea for help, and said that he would pull that boat off and get us on.

Now...the next problem. By the time all of this was accomplished and they had rigged the elevator with blocks to fit our hull, the tide was too low for us to float on. Three hours later, we had sufficient water to get on the elevator and the Summer Wind was out of the water for the second day in a row. As the old

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living water

BY DOVIE CORNELIUS

The story I have for you today could have much better been written by Fran Wilson who knows much more than I about stone and the architectural aspects of stone carving. Or it could have been written in a more picturesque and Zane Grey Wild "East" fashion by Dick Kokesh with Arabian horses instead of broncos and chariots instead of wagons. But the countryside is about the same as Arizona and I'm sure the people, altho they looked or were dressed differently on the outside, were very much the same as we on the inside; with survival, power and enjoyment of life's riches being uppermost in our hearts.

First of all, I have been to Isreal but not to this city that I want to tell you about today. I have heard much about it over the past few years and it has fascinated me so much that I have tried to find out all I could about it. Most of my information has been from a booklet by Howard Estep, a pastor, who has been there many times and compiled his information plus beautiful pictures in his booklet. Also in Gems and Minerals magazine, April '67 issue is an article. I just didn't want you to think I was giving first-hand information.

We're visiting a very exciting, very different ghost town, which, since its discovery in 1812 by a Swiss explorer has become a very popular tourist attraction. John Lewis Burkhardt personally saw the mysterious beauties of the desert city, and he returned to Europe with the discovery of a new wonder of the world. (1812)

This was Petra, the rose-red city, at least 3,000 years old. Its previous names were Sela, The Rock, and Joktheel and the entire city was carved from living rock.

It is called the rose-red city but it is not all red. The sandstone blends off to soft pink, to subtle yellows and grays, to blue and lavender. One feels he is standing in the midst of a giant agate, that has been cut, carved and polished by the world's greatest rock hounds.

This city was first inhabited by cave dwellers and dates back at least 3,000 years. It has been inhabited by many marauding bands of bandits. This city was once presented as a gift to Cleopatra from Mark Anthony. In this city, Lawrence of Arabia established an outpost in 1918.

The Christian church occupied this city in 447 AD but Christianity was swept away by the Moslems in 692, after which there seems to be a period of silence until it was "discovered" by a Swiss traveler disguised as a Moslem in 1812. Until about 50 years ago, a person took his life in his hands to visit this area because of Arab bandits in the area.

It is Petra which the Bible scholars believe will be the hiding place of 144,000 Jews who will escape the terrible destruction of the Anti-Christ just prior to the return of Christ.

Petra is located in Isreal to the South of the Dead Sea in Wadi Musa--"the Valley of Moses"--where Jews, Christians and Moslems all regard a cold, fresh, flowing spring nearby as the place where Moses struck the rock and water gushed out.

It is also the traditional tomb of Aaron, Moses' brother.

This city was used by the Edomites as a fortress by the nearby inhabitants of Teman, about two miles away. In times of siege, the Citizens of Teman would be protected inside this impregnable fortress city. To enter Petra, even in this modern day and age, one must go on horseback or donkey led by an Arab guide. The only accessible entrance is through a narrow gorge a mile long; a mile in which one travels back through 3,000 years of history. As you travel down this gorge it deepens, for in the Winter, flood waters cut through this gorge, making it impossible at times. Its sides are sheer sandstone rock 300 feet high in some places and the cleft is 12 feet wide at the narrowest spot.

The first sight on emerging from the 6000 foot long canyon, or Siq, which it is called (Siq is Arabic for cleft) is an imposing two story beautiful structure. A tomb ninety feet high, carved out of the rose-red rock, and called the Treasury of Pharaoh. This is the best known of the monuments of Petra and most magnificent and best preserved. Protected from the harsh wind driven sand, which has done some damage elsewhere, the details of the carvings are almost as they were more than 2000 years ago.

An elaborate facade has been carved out for this tomb. Six tall columns of Corinthian style, supporting a sculptured architrave and gable, form the first story portico. Inside is a large room which would accommodate around 300 people. The second story is even more ornate, with three classical motifs, the center one is a huge lantern with a draped, standing figure of the Goddess Iris on its front. There are also figures of Amazons, female warriors, a man leading a horse, seal Cornucopias, musical instruments, floral designs and a soaring eagle.

The Nabateans, who occupied this city from the time of their conquest of the Edomites until after it became a part of the Roman empire, were responsible for the beautiful facades on these buildings. They also built many temples to the sun God, Dushara, and in the tombs worshipped the spirits of their dead.

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SUMMER WIND

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slogan goes, "A haul a day keeps the barnacles away."

By 2000, a new shaft and prop had been installed on the port side, and we were back in business. Close investigation showed that nothing had been hit. The shaft had apparently fatigued behind the strut and twisted off.

We were assigned a slip for the evening, and John and I started pouring over the charts to revamp our schedule. Our timing was now completely off, so we thought perhaps we could lay over in the morning and get the auto pilot fixed.

A call early Thursday morning brought an electronics technician to the boat. He quickly discovered the problem. The drive cable shield connecting the binnacle to the power unit needed to be cut back to allow the cable to make proper contact.

All equipment was working perfectly again, and we cleared the Mannasquan gong buoy just 20 minutes later than we had on the previous day. Right on schedule, except one day late.

Unfortunately, that extra day had made quite a difference on the water. Seas were building, and we were taking them right on the nose. The auto pilot was working perfectly now, and it was a big help as the seas continued to pick up. By 1500, the seas had built to six feet and the Summer Wind was facing up to her first big water shakedown. We found a few windows leaking, a long closet rod gave way, and the refrigerator sea locks were inclined to jiggle loose. We found much wisdom in lashing down the galley and closet doors. Even the crock pot that was slowly grinding out our evening's meal in the wet bar sink received a thorough lashing.

Seas had forced us to come off of our 16 MPH cruise speed, so at 1700, we turned into the Ocean City, New Jersey inlet. It was a real pleasure seeing flat water for a change. We refueled, and dropped the hook just off the Intracoastal channel.

Friday morning we were under way at 0640, and as we cleared the Great Egg Sea Buoy, seas were only running one foot. Unfortunately, these conditions weren't to stay with us very long.

By 1100, seas had reached six foot again, only this time they were following. No pounding, but a pretty good roller coaster effect. The forecast indicated that conditions would not improve and probably would worsen, so at 1200, we chickened out and decided to take advantage of the Ocean City, Maryland inlet. This was the last major inlet before Norfolk, so the prudent thing to do was to "wait it out" until the seas flattened.

It wasn't until we were inside the harbor, safely buttoned up that someone figured out that it was Friday the 13th. In spite of the old superstition, this proved to be one of our few lucky days. Saturday morning we got our customary early start at 0640, and as we rounded the Ocean City sea buoy, it was "our kind of day". The sea was dead calm and we were obviously going to make real time today.

We had been using our radar as a navigational check for distance off the coastline. About an hour out this morning, it decided to give up the ghost. (Bad pun). This put more emphasis on accurate point-to-point dead reckoning, so we determined to put our faith and confidence in the auto pilot.

A couple of small miracles occurred as a result. On a 20 1/2 mile leg, John brought the boat on course and punched in the pilot. We had determined to make no corrections until the next check point, a buoy, was in sight. An hour and twenty minutes later, we passed within 50 feet of the buoy, and John gloated at his "hands off" performance.

That's a pretty tough act to follow, but the Captain rose to the challenge. I plugged in the heading, and once again we passed the check point within 50 feet. A couple of absurd pieces of luck back to back, and these performances were never again to be even remotely duplicated.

1600 found us in Norfolk Harbor, very pleased with a good day's run. We were now 377 miles from New York City and had avoided the long haul up the Delaware and down the Chesapeake. We were also two days behind our initial schedule, but all of the off-shore running was behind us now, so we were sure we had our timetable made.

At 0630 Sunday, we were the first boat out of the Holiday Harbor Marina. It was an eerie feeling as we slipped past all of the derelict Navy vessels before dawn's first light. We hoped to get to Albermarle Sound before the waters kicked up too badly. The forecast wasn't good, but the wind was behind us, and we felt that we could probably make a safe crossing if we got there early enough.

At 1120, we cleared the Albermarle Sound horn beacon. The plan was to "take a look" during the first mile. If it appeared too nasty, we would turn back. If not, we'd commit for the crossing. All the books and guides describing the waterway warn about Albermarle. They say it can be the nastiest piece of water on the entire trip. We were soon to find out the truth of those warnings. Following seas were running about 3 feet as we departed the North shore, and I expected them to reach 6 feet by the time we got to the South side. I expected too little.

By the middle of the sound, seas were already up to six feet and still building. By the time the South shore was in view, we had plunged into some holes of 8 to 10 feet. This wouldn't have been so bad, except for the wild and confused nature of the seas on this Sound. They come charging in from every direction. Just about the time everything's under control, a roller will come in on the Quarter and really give you a tussle. The Summer Wind handles very well in a following sea, but on the Sound, the Captain got an exercise he'll long remember.

Our destination was Bellhaven, North Carolina, and with the harbor almost in view, the starboard engine decided to retire from active participation. Again, we were fortunate in being close enough to port to limp in easily on the one engine. 1630 found us making another ragged one-engine approach at the River Forest Marina in Bellhaven.

River Forest owner Axson Smith, or "The Mayor" as he is known in town, immediately called a mechanic for us, and within 30 minutes, had a man on the job diagnosing the problem. Pretty good service for a Sunday afternoon.

After looking up a couple of blind alleys, the mechanic found the nature of the problem. The fuel pump housing had completely shattered, and parts were laying around in the bilge.

A fuel pump is a critical piece of equipment on a gas engine, but on a diesel engine, it is everything. It's the points, plugs, condenser, coil, carburetor and distributor. To paraphrase a famous commercial, "When you're out of fuel pump, you're out of business." Just how "out of business", we were to find out.

The entire story of the frustrations and happenings of the next 4 1/2 days would fill a very boring book if told in detail on a blow by blow basis, so the following is an extremely condensed version.

Monday...had to find new mechanic...the one from yesterday had to go into the hospital this morning...New mechanic say "You getem parts...me fix engine!"

This was the beginning of what appeared to be a love affair between the Captain and the pay phone. Talk about inseparable companions! Net result of the days efforts was to re-confirm that the parts distributor in Norfolk, Va., had not been able to locate a fuel pump. At their suggestion, we managed to get our broken one boxed and shuttled over to Washington, North Carolina some 30 miles away, where it was loaded on to a bus for delivery to the parts distributor.

Tuesday...distributor received pump...tore down same...and determined that they did not have sufficient parts in stock to fix. Neither did the pump manufacturer. Neither did the engine factory. Also, it was now official that neither the pump manufacturer or the engine factory had a new fuel pump, nor any immediate prospects of acquiring same. In this instance, immediate prospects included days, weeks or months. Nifty!

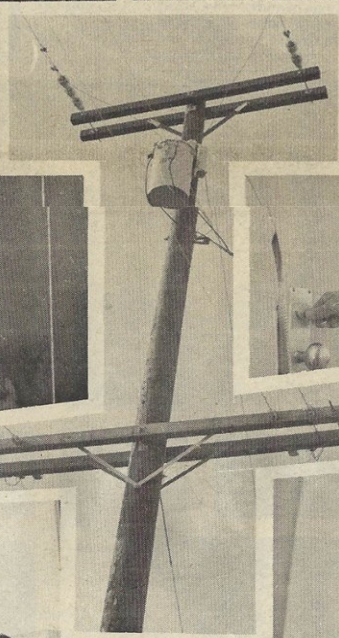
Back to my sweetheart, the old phone booth. This time we tried the Carri-Craft factory to see if they could not intercede on our behalf. Again, Norm DeNamur, chief engineer for Carri, came to our rescue. A few calls from him and mysteriously a pump appeared, said pump to be shipped out Wednesday morning from the factory. Hurrah!

Wednesday...by noon, no pump was in Norfolk, so more calls to factory...pump being

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Meadview Connected To Citizens Utilities Telephone System





Johnson's Journal

BY DUANE JOHNSON

It's that time of the month again and here I sit looking at a blank sheet of paper and feeling very blank.

I am not the cook of the month, but I ran across a recipe that I thought everyone should have in his file.

ELEPHANT STEW

1 medium sized elephant
2 rabbits (optional)
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut the elephant into small, bite sized pieces. Add enough brown gravy to cover. Cook over a kerosene fire for approximately four weeks at 465 degrees. This will serve 3,800 people. If more are expected, the two rabbits may be added. But do this only in an emergency; most people do not like hare in their stew.

Do you know something? I think I will pass up the stew!

We have had a lot of people visiting Meadview the past couple of months, arriving by land and by water. Most of the local residents have made the short run to South Cove to see the "Echo" arrive and discharge its passengers. You will be reading more about the Echo in other parts of the paper.

Clotee George's Place has been a bee hive of activity the past month or two. At Thanksgiving it started with daughter Peggy and husband Bob, son Bob and Jean, and

Melba and Dick Carter. Dick had the misfortune of breaking down as they left Meadview, so we got to visit an extra day with them.

At Christmas and New Years they were back again, and this week longtime friends Maxine and Dan from Prescott have been here. This weekend Howard and Mariam Cook of Chino Valley are here. Mariam and Howard purchased two beautiful lots in Unit 8 and are already making plans for a home on them.

During the holidays Deaun and I managed a few days off and drove to Utah to visit with families and to meet our daughter, Jeri Lu, who was home from BYU for a few days.

We have been meeting some wonderful people from Washington and Oregon recently. Some of them have come in a group tour, and others have driven in. They have all been impressed with Meadview, and I hope we will see them again soon.

I think some of the people from the northwest who purchased land at Meadview as an investment, after having inspected their land, are now thinking very seriously of moving here to make their homes. We are also getting pretty regular visits from some of our friends from the Chicago area.

When you think of the distances these people travel to visit their land at Meadview, it makes you wonder why some of us complain about a few hours of driving.

Get in the old family car and come on up and see us. I think you will like it here.

FOR SALE ONE DARNED GOOD BUSINESS

Personal problems have forced the sale of Meadview Marina. As most of you know, Patty and Roger Tomczek have been running Meadview Marina for almost five years now. During this time, Roger has continued working for Rivcor, the parent company of Landex. The offices of Rivcor were moved to Phoenix and combined with those of Landex. Roger accepted the position of managing the combined offices. Patty remained at Meadview and has done an excellent job of running the business. The job, however, has proven a little too much for her; so "For Sale One Darned Good Business."

Meadview Marina has enjoyed a steady growth over the past years and its future potential looks very good. The business consists of a grocery store, snack bar, laundromat, gasoline, oil and propane, a trailer park and campground, a motel, and most important, a bunch of very good customers, who made its growth possible.

At the store, you will find beer, wine, liquor, sporting goods, groceries, hardware and a variety of other goodies. You can cool off in the snack bar with a glass of draft beer or a can of something; enjoy a good snack, and go out on the porch and play a game of pool, while you listen to music from the jukebox. The trailer park has spaces for overnight campers as well as plenty of spaces for bigger, long-term rentals. You will also find a four-unit motel down there.

If interested, please call or write: Roger Tomczek, 4350 E. Camelback Road, Suite 110-B, Phoenix, Arizona 85018, 602-959-2240.

We Had A Great Time - - -



At Meadview New Years Eve!



betty's bits

BY BETTY LEICHLITER



Well, once again it's time for my favorite paper to go to press and as usual, I'm caught short on news for my column. It is not all my fault this month as I've not been able to attend any of the Meadview Civic Association gatherings or social functions due to the various illnesses in my family. I want to take this opportunity to thank each and every one of you for the kind deeds and thoughtfulness you have shown us.

Now that spring has sprung, most of Meadview is off and running. On my way in the other day I saw a caravan starting out for parts unknown or at least unknown to me, but I'm sure that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crist, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Rousey, Mr. and Mrs. Vaneer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson and Mr. and Mrs.

Dick Kokesh all knew where they were going. Have fun, folks, and hurry home. Meadview misses you all.

I'm very glad to be able to report that Mrs. Doshie Natho is recovering nicely from a serious illness and surgery. I'm sure most of Meadview recalls Doshie. She is the charming mother of Bonnie Simmons and spent a month with us last fall. She planned on joining our fair community, so please don't let this change your plans, Doshie, as we would love to have you.

Mr. Clarence Taylor has been ailing this winter, but I'm sure that now that Spring is here, he will start feeling much better and with his charming wife, Elizabeth by his side, he will soon take off for that long delayed trip

they have been planning.

I had a pleasant, although short, visit with Clotee George and her lovely daughter, Peggy Becker. It was sure nice to see Peggy looking so well and of course, Clotee was her usual smiling self.

Mr. and Mrs. Everet Harris have had a busy winter improving their lovely home and entertaining their numerous house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Judy of Hinkley, California who are old time acquaintances of the Harris', came to visit with their son, Bill, who stayed to work for the company. Welcome aboard, Bill. Also Margaret's oh-so-nice daughter, Patty Cormack, and her daughter, Pama Jo, better known to her friends as P.J. Margaret is so proud of her granddaughter as she has already won her Red Belt in Karate and is only 15. Let us know, P.J., when you receive your next belt and please send a picture in black and white so we can put it in the paper.

Well, folks, once again, I'll apologize for the ones I have missed and close for now. See you next time.

ARIZONA DAYS GONE BY---

James Reavis—Arizona's Baron

BY ATTELUS
KING

The Baron of Arizona was to leave a mark on several thousand people in what was to be one of the biggest swindles ever attempted in the United States. To understand the Baron a little better we must begin with the day he was born. He was born May 10, 1843 as James Addison Reavis in Henry County, Missouri (near Clinton, Missouri). He was the second child of five born to Fenton and Maria Reavis. His mother (who was half Spanish) seemed to favor James more than the other children which turned out to James' benefit, for Mrs. Reavis believed her mother to have come from Spanish nobility.

Although their life in Missouri was to be that of drifting from one job to another, Mrs. Reavis clung to her dream of nobility and as a result tutored and self taught her son James to have excellent manners, speak the Spanish language fluently and to express himself in a very persuasive manner in speaking or on paper. All of which was to play an important part of his life.

When the Civil War broke out Reavis joined the Confederate Army. It was here he discovered a talent that he perfected later on to a point where very few people in the world could detect the difference—forgery. The Army life was not all he thought it would be so one day he wrote a pass (in those days the Captain or Lieutenant wrote the entire order in their handwriting) for himself.

No one questioned it and soon he was on leave more than he was in camp. This amount of time off also meant he needed money so soon he was forging orders to requisition supplies like blankets, mules etc. and selling them to farmers. Reavis then left this regiment to join another and to continue on with his forgery. When victory seemed to be on the Union's side, Reavis left this company and the Confederates to join the U. S. Army. Towards the end of the Civil War his forgery escapades were caught up with by the Union Army and Reavis (who had a sizeable amount of money by now) left

the country and went to Brazil. He returned to St. Louis late in 1866.

The next three years Reavis seemed to drift from job to job until he had saved enough money to go into business for himself. St. Louis had grown from a few thousand people to almost a quarter of a million and still growing so Reavis set himself up as a real estate agent. In those days title and deeds to property were sometimes hard to get and hard to prove so it was here that Reavis was to put his talents to work again.

On several occasions Reavis was to produce documents from the eighteenth century which other agents couldn't find. Not only was the handwriting authentic looking but the documents themselves looked over a hundred years old. Reavis was doing quite well and became well known in the area especially along Spanish Land Grant documents.

It was during this time (around 1871) that Dr. Willing visited Reavis. Dr. Willing had gone West and had been bitten by the gold fever. He told Reavis how he had bought this Spanish Land Grant from an old man named Miguel Peralta. The grant was to exceed over two thousand square miles. Dr. Willing produced some documents but Reavis didn't seem to be too interested. From time to time during the next two years Dr. Willing tried to press Reavis to become partners and pursue the Peralta Land Grant.

Finally in 1873, Reavis made up his mind to join Dr. Willing. Willing was to go to Prescott, Arizona and record his documents. Reavis was to go to San Francisco and clear up some mining rights Dr. Willing had assigned to someone for a loan some years back. Reavis took much longer to get to San Francisco because of some unfinished business in St. Louis. Upon his arrival was a letter from Dr. Willing that he had arrived safely in Prescott. The next word was from the sheriff's office in Prescott that Dr. Willing had died suddenly.

Without Dr. Willing and his documents, and the fact that Reavis had been quite ill upon arriving in San Fran-

cisco, he decided to go to the southern part of California to recover. It was two years before Reavis was to return to San Francisco to formulate his plans for one of the biggest swindles the country has ever known. Besides the many skills Reavis had, he also was a man of great patience and a very particular man, down to the finest detail. He would not only alter existing documents but back these up with further documentations which was generally further than the average investigator would ever investigate.

Upon arriving in San Francisco he got a job with the San Francisco Examiner and through this job Reavis met Collis P. Huntington, Mark Hopkins, Leland Stanford and Charles Crocker who were about the biggest tycoons of the West. They controlled the Central and Southern Pacific railroads plus several other smaller railroads, shipyards, harbors and several industrial companies.

When Reavis told these gentlemen about the Peralta Claim they evidenced an interest and was to back Reavis financially later on. Their interest was not so much in believing the Peralta Claim but just another obstacle to delay their railroad competitors in getting right of way for a railroad they contemplated building across Arizona.

It was in the summer of 1880 that Reavis visited Phoenix and Prescott. Here he had picked up all of Dr. Willing's possessions and began in earnest to prove to the world his claim would be valid. The time and patience of this man was incredible. He was to travel extensively the next few years. Visiting and searching records for the existence of Spanish royal decrees in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Tucson, Arizona and Mexico.

Miguel Peralta was probably not related to the great Spanish family of Peralta but when Reavis finished his research, Miguel Peralta was to be related, with the documents in the records to prove it.

Reavis became good friends with all of the people in charge

of these old records and as a result had easy access to copy records, to take some records and to replace some. He went to great lengths to match paper, ink, styles of writing etc.

After Reavis had examined thousands of deeds, decrees, maps and land grants and notching a place in history for Miguel Peralta, he began to live and believe the story himself. Reavis not only had patience but was a very brilliant man and could execute his ideas down to the minute detail.

To create the authenticity of the Peralta Claim and Miguel, Reavis was to forge documents signed by King Philip V of Spain regarding Miguel's father dating back to 1748 and then bringing them current. He was to do this for Miguel's mother also. All were to be found in the official records. With all records now in place taking them right up to the recording of the Peralta Claim in Prescott, Arizona, Reavis was now ready to claim his possession of twelve million acres.

Late in 1882 Reavis arrived in Tucson, Arizona to inform the surveyor-general, Joseph W. Robbins that he intended to file the Peralta Claim. Then he went to Safford, Arizona to record deeds showing that Dr. Willing's rights had been transferred to him.

Reavis then left Arizona apparently to let the people in Arizona "stew a little bit". He returned in March 1883 to officially file his claim with the surveyor-general. Before returning this time several articles had been written in the San Francisco newspapers indicating the Peralta Claim to be a very bonafide claim. It was now up to the surveyor-general to check out Reavis's claim which included Phoenix, Tempe, Mesa, many of the big gold and copper mines and land all the way into part of New Mexico or about twelve million acres.

At first Reavis set up his headquarters in Phoenix but soon he was to build a very lavish hacienda south of Casa Grande which was soon to become the fanciest house in the Territory of Arizona. One of the first to recognize Reavis's claim was one of the bigger mining companies,

Silver King. They had negotiated with Reavis and had agreed to pay him \$25,000 in royalties. This, along with an agreement with Southern Pacific Railroad, led the way for Reavis to charge rent and extract money from the ranchers, farmers and smaller businessmen.

In the meantime the surveyor-general had sent a man into Mexico to verify the documents Reavis had given him. He came back with a favorable report in favor of the claim. Reavis took advantage of this and offered to sell the entire claim to the U. S.

Government for \$300,000,000 so they could in turn give it back to the people. Reavis then quickly spread the rumor that the government had offered him \$100,000,000. With all this going on people began to voluntarily make payments to Reavis in hopes of keeping the land they had.

Everything was going well for Reavis, but behind the scene the General Land Office in Washington could not determine for sure whether the claim was good or not.

The pressures from everywhere to disclaim the Peralta Claim were very intense so in May 1885 they told the surveyor-general in Tucson to discontinue working on the claim because of its incompleteness. This was good news to the people of Arizona but it meant only a temporary setback for Reavis.

Reavis left Arizona to begin another grandiose scheme that he hoped would insure his claim. To back up his claim Reavis was to find a "real Heiress" to the Peralta Claim. This did not come easy but within one year after leaving Arizona Reavis was to find Carmelita Peralta. Then he set out to make sure all the records in the United States, Mexico and Spain were in proper order.

Carmelita became Mrs. Reavis and actually believed Reavis was telling her the truth and that their claim was valid. They travelled Europe and were entertained by royalty in Spain, France and England. They stayed nearly two years before returning to Arizona to submit his new evidence and once again claim

Continued On Page 15

Join Us For A Fun



Cruise On The Echo!





Boy, Do We Get Letters!

Dear Mr. Glindmeier:

We visited our lots in Unit 3 together for the first time in September and liked them so much that we bought another lot on Mead Lane. Hope we can be at least part-time Meadview residents soon.

We've enjoyed your yachting articles so much and your wife is doing a terrific job as editor.

Thank you very much with "Aloha".

Shirley and Lloyd Riddle
Honolulu, Hawaii

Ed. Note: Our thanks for the compliments. A few nice words sure does make the job a lot easier. We are so glad you are pleased with your property and look forward to seeing you there one of these days.

Dear Lee and Frank:

May I take a second of your busy time to thank you for myself and my mother, Mrs. Pearl Martin, for the beautiful day on Sunday? You are so kind and gracious to take along strangers whom I hope you can now count on as good friends.

This was Mother's first real boat type trip and to say she was thrilled is an understatement! Now she's ready to become a world traveler, talking about really going to the Islands with her Senior Citizens group.

May the New Year be the best of your lives.

Thank you again
Candy Brandt
Las Vegas, Nevada

Ed. Note: Candy and her mother were invited to go along on our first yacht cruise on Lake Mead and we all had a great time. I am so glad your mother enjoyed it, Candy. She was a delightful guest and we thank her for coming along.

Dear Mrs. Glindmeier:

The enclosed item appeared in our Tacoma paper which I did not read until some time later; felt it might be a humorous and interesting bit for the Monitor, of which I have now received four issues. The Monitor is lively and personal, and you can be proud of it. I expect to be on the Inspection Flight on January 19th, so hope to see you then.

Sincerely,
Angela Marshall
Tacoma, Washington

Ed. Note: Since receiving this note and most amusing article, we have met on the above named inspection tour and have become "old friends" having pulled the levers on the one-arm bandits in Las Vegas for a few rewarding hours as well as sharing a terrific dinner and show at the Dunes. We're sorry we cannot reprint the article in the Monitor, as it is copyrighted, but we sure enjoyed a few chuckles over it.

Dear Mrs. Glindmeier:

Please add the attached names to your mailing list for the Meadview Monitor. I plan to visit there on my vacation in July. It's worth the trip just to meet "The Wagon-master, Dick Kokesh-your Zane Grey.

Tom Vargo

Ed. Note: Isn't he great? Hope Dick and Hilda aren't off on another venture when you visit us. We have added your friend's names to our mailing list and they will be receiving the Monitor.

Dear Caroline:

It was so nice of you to make us feel welcome at Meadview. Our vacation was full of fun in Phoenix and Flagstaff. Merry Christmas to your Mom, Dad, Brother and Sister.

Sincerely,
Helen Gordon
Chicago, Illinois

Ed. Note: Carolyn is the 5-year-old daughter of Roger and Patty Tomczek. The Gordon's rode the train from Chicago to look at their property in Unit 4 and stayed at the Meadview Motel for a few days. They became friends with Carolyn at the snack bar.

Dear Mr. Glindmeier:

As another "boat-nut", I have certainly enjoyed your Saga of the Summer Wind. Too bad more boating editors (?) don't tell it like it really happens. And I'm sure every one who ever put a new boat in the water identified with all those inevitable shake down problems you recited.

I was amused at your comment re' the guy in the Chris' who always ended up cross-wise in the locks. Don't you suppose he might have been exhibiting the usual characteristics of those semi-flat bottom / no-keel / single-screw-inboard / Sunday - afternoon - in - a - quiet - bay boats?

I used to laugh (and sometimes get annoyed) at the attempts of some of the weekend sailors trying to pick up a mooring can during a breeze at the Avalon (Catalina Is.) Harbor--until I sold a twin screw cruiser and got into a little 22 ft. single screw inboard double-ender. (The famous "salty" Bartender)

If someone had made a movie of my early attempts to 'land' that one, they would have had excellent teaching aids for the novice--to show how NOT to do it.

I was also interested in your comments about your hull while laying dead in a trough. Would you still choose a multi-hull over the traditional?

I am now in the market for that 'last boat' and of course still looking for the ideal compromise suitable for off-shore fishing in sloppy weather as well as for extended family cruising on the quieter fresh, water lakes. Your comments would be a good deal more objective than those magazine test reports we usually see.

I'm looking forward to the rest of your story, and hope you sum it up with an evaluation of Summer Wind.

Yours for more boating and less work,
Fred M. Wells
Covina, Calif.

Ed. Note: In answer to your question about multi-hulls versus conventional, Fred, I am sold on the "Cat". I believe the advantages far outweigh the disadvantages. As for an overall evaluation of the Summer Wind, all I can say that in spite of our difficulties, we love her. I have been asked, "If you knew then what you know now, would you still have done it?" The answer is a very definite yes, because in spite of the problems, the challenges and the experiences we encountered couldn't be equalled in any other method of travel.

Frank

Dear Mrs. Lee Glindmeier:

Since taking on your new responsibilities as editor and your open invitation to submit letters, I have been meaning to write to you. However, now, after the holidays, I thought I would break into print the easy way by offering what I think is a good recipe and the means by which I discovered this "gem".

What with ecology, environmental control and esthetics, I wanted what I could develop in a "green thumb". I became interested first in ground growth which I experimented with in this area. This then led to flower and vegetable gardening. Somewhere, possibly "Sunset Magazine", I discovered where vegetables, certain kinds, can add another dimension to one's flower beds. On this basis, I proceeded with the green pepper plant and had some satisfactory arrangements.

But what to do with the green peppers at pickin' time? Well I did a little research and came upon a "pickled green pepper's" recipe that I thought your readers may wish to know about.

It is as follows:

7 to 9 (3 lbs.) green peppers (Makes 4 pints)
Boiling water
2½ cups each; white vinegar, water
1¼ cups sugar
8 cloves garlic
4 teaspoons salt

Wash peppers. Remove seed pods and white "seams". Cut lengthwise into 3/4 inch strips. Place strips in bowl, cover with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes; drain. Combine vinegar, water and sugar in saucepan; boil 5 minutes. Meanwhile pack peppers into hot

sterilized jars. To each jar add 2 cloves garlic, 1 teaspoon salad oil and ½ teaspoon salt. Immediately pour boiling syrup over peppers, one jar at a time, to within 1/8 inch of top, making sure solution covers peppers. Seal each jar at once.

So much for the recipe. I visited Lake Mead and Meadview twice last summer after the purchase of two double lots in 1970. Each pair are located in Unit Four.

On my second visit to Arizona, I took the State Board Examination for Professional Engineer. I am now registered in your state. I enjoyed the article on the Devils in the Sept.-October issue of the Meadview Monitor. The reason, I guess, is because I felt I had so much in common with Jim, myself being a civil engineer.

I do wish to start some correspondence with the architectural committee in order to formulate some building plans I am interested in starting this year.

My best personal regards,

Frank J. Dubsky
Pioneer Service & Engineering Co.
2 North Riverside Plaza
Chicago, Illinois 60606

Ed. Note: And who said all good recipes come from the women? Perhaps some of our readers will try your recipe and let us know how they liked it.

Dear Sir:

Thank you so much for sending me your paper, I like it very much. I like anything about Lake Mead and think it is the most beautiful place in the United States. It always makes me feel wonderful when I see it again. It has so much to offer everyone. I am enclosing a quarter. When you have the time, would you please send me some pictures or post cards of Lake Mead and Phoenix, Arizona. I hope I can come down soon.

Thank you so much.

Charlotte Bevins
Hollywood, Ca.

Ed. Note: Post cards of Lake Mead and Phoenix are in the mail.

Dear Duane:

Just received my beautiful No. 350 papers and they are signed and checks attached. Pardon my ego, but here I am singing "Merry Christmas to Me!" because I will someday own No. 350. Actually, I feel that it is already mine and I've made a lot of plans for it.

After I left Meadview, I stopped by Unit 7 and took some more pix of 1-24 and filled a gallon size plastic container with dirt. Now I entertain all visitors by offering them the opportunity of running their fingers through the dirt. You'd be surprised at how many people like it. I guess all my friends are just as dingy as I am. In a couple of months I'll be down there with another container to collect a sample of No. 350.

Thank you, Duane, for your many, many kindnesses and all of your help. When I come down again, I hope to meet Mrs. Johnson because I enjoyed talking to her on the telephone. See you all soon.

Sincerely,
Melissa Dyer Frost
Sunnyvale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

On April 28, 1967 I had the good fortune to take a river run with you up to Bridge Canyon on the Colorado River. As I remember there was about 60 boats that took off on that weekend. A few weeks before you published a map like chart of the River to Bridge Canyon. On this map you had many paragraph descriptions of the River. Do you have one that you can spare? If not do you have one that you can lend me so I can get a copy made? Can you get me a copy somehow?

Thank you for your help.

B. W. Morant
61 West Bonita
Sierra Madre, Ca. 91024

Ed. Note: Two copies of the river map are in the mail. Look for the article in this issue about the Memorial weekend cruise.

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REAVIS

Continued From Page 11

most of Arizona and part of New Mexico.

For the next five years Reavis was to live as luxurious as anyone in the United States. He not only collected a lot of money from rent and payments on the land but he headed up many syndicates with huge money backing him in developing the land he claimed.

Although Reavis had the backing of several high ranking lawyers and politicians in Washington D. C., the surveyor-general's office had found a few discrepancies and as a result the secret service was to enter the case. Finally in June, 1895, a court hearing began in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Reavis acted as his own attorney and presented a very good and convincing case. Many things were never proven against Reavis and his wife but the government had come up with enough evidence to prove some fraud and forgery. After one month of testimony the Court rejected the Peralta Claim and Reavis was arrested. Bond was set at \$10,000 and, although Reavis had testified during the trial that at one time he and his companies had held payments and notes valued at \$5,300,000, he could not post the bond and he spent the next twelve months in jail waiting for his trial on June 27, 1896. The jury found him guilty of intent to defraud the United States Government but recommended leniency. On July 17, 1896 he was fined \$5,000 and sentenced to two years in the federal penitentiary at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

It's hard to conceive of any one individual, almost single-handedly, carrying out such a huge and fantastic scheme as to claim twelve million acres as his own, but James Addison Reavis made believers out of thousands of people plus the U. S. Government for many years.

It was like having one man competing against the world and with those odds sooner or later there had to be some pitfalls. Eventhough he lost his claim, he apparently won the respect and admiration of a lot of people, for his sentence and fine were unusually light for the amount of money he had taken from the people and the anguish that most must have suffered. He was released on April 19, 1898 and upon release travelled to Denver where his wife and twin sons were living. He was broke and his wife was to make a living for the family.

In 1900, Reavis travelled to San Francisco and made some money selling his memoirs but was never to admit much more than he did at his trial. The next few years were very bad for Reavis for he was to end up on public charity. His wife divorced him on grounds of desertion and non-support and Reavis was now living in the Los Angeles County Poor House.

Late in 1913 he was given enough funds to travel to Denver to see his wife and sons where on November 20, 1914, at the age of 71 he Baron of Arizona died.

wagonmaster's wanderings

BY DICK KOKESH



"Chloride - The Gem of the Cerbats". These faded black letters on a small white sign greet you as you turn off Highway 93 twelve miles south of Pierce Ferry Road at Grasshopper Junction.

The climb up the slanting road to the west slope of the Cerbat Mountain range is an easy pull and does not have many curves so you can do a little sightseeing without watching the road too close.

The small town of Chloride is nestled up against the foot of Packsaddle Mountain and from a distance the buildings give you the impression of a covey of baby quail trying to hide under their mother hen's protective wing. This old town is over a hundred years old according to Post Office records, but mining has been going on in this area by prospectors since 1863 and by Indians for many years prior to that. Crude tools found in some of the old mine shafts and tunnels date back to prehistoric times when the Indian worked the area for turquoise gem material and minerals for their paints and dyes.

The present town of Chloride has approximately 150 residents not counting dogs, cats, ghosts and burros. Most of the buildings date back to the late 1800's and many are still in use as homes and business places. It is far from being what is called a "ghost town", but as you drive through the quiet old streets you may think you see the shadowy outline of a figure leaning against the weathered casement of a vacant doorway or those small puffs of dust stirred up by the desert breeze could be kicked up by the hooves of teams pulling the large ore wagons to the local mills. A place like this that is steeped in history can stir a man's imagination. To fully appreciate these old places that helped to build the West, one has to get the feel of the place--the dreams, the heartaches, the sudden riches and sometimes untimely ends all go to make up the building of a mining town.

In the early 1860's soldiers from old Fort Mohave on the Colorado River spent some of their spare time off prospecting the Cerbat Range and some small scale mining began, but there was no permanent town or camp set up. The high cost of transporting supplies and the ore to and from the small "workings" ate up any profits that were made, so by 1866 or 1867 all work stopped. The threat of attacks by the troublesome Hualapai Indians in the area and the lack of adequate smelters to process the chloride ores completely stopped operations until late 1870.

After a peace treaty was made with the northern Hualapai Indians, a small settlement was started at the present location of Chloride and a five-stamp mill and three crude furnaces were put into operation. By late 1872 approximately 2,700 claims had been filed and were being worked. A Post Office was established in March 1873 and Chloride vied in the election for county seat in September of 1873. Her glory was shortlived and the camp started to decline, but her neighbors, Mineral Park (present location of Duval Mines) and the town of Cerbat, were booming.

In the late 1890's a railroad was built from Kingman to Chloride. At this time the old Tennessee Mine was re-opened and expanded and the railroad hauled the ore to distant smelters. At the start of 1900 Chloride had a population of 1,500. She had 16 saloons, the usual number of shops and stores plus a newspaper, the Arizona Arrow. The low grade ores that were coming out of the mines were too difficult to process at the smelters, resulting in the closing of operations and Chloride became the sleepy little town it is today. The overall total of production from the Tennessee Mine alone was \$7,500,000. Today the old Tennessee mine buildings stand guard above Chloride and silently watch as the modern day "pioneers" poke among the relics of a bygone era.

Our wagon train on this expedition was made up of four rigs and twelve members of our local rockhound club, the "MEADVIEW ROCK RAMBLERS". This leg of the journey was a lunch stop after a tour of the Duval Mine at Mineral Park, 7 1/2 miles south of Chloride. (See Fran Wilson's column: "Rock Ramblers" in this issue). As our group came through the south section of Chloride we stopped where slag from the old smelters had been dumped in years past and picked up quite a few pieces of slag that were shimmering with iridescent colors as the sunlight shone on them. These make very interesting "yard rocks" for landscaping or in mineral displays.

After checking over the tailings and ore dumps of the Tennessee Mine for mineral specimens, our party of "rockhounds" drove up a canyon northwest of the mine and parked in a clearing below several old abandoned mining sites between Calico Peak and Packsaddle Mountain.

Several old headframes (heavy framed scaffolding used to life ore buckets out of the mine shafts) stood silhouetted against the sky as if they were trying to make a last stand against our invasion of their quiet territory. Having finished our lunches the group fanned out in a different directions in search of "specimens" for their rock collections.

As the rock that I grasped to steady myself climbing up an old eroded ditch slid under my hand, I saw a flash of

metallic silver just as the loosened sand slid down over it! With a quick draw that would have made Wyatt Earp or Doc Holliday turn pale, I drew my trusty rock pick and took deadly aim at the spot where I saw that fleeting flash of silver. A few rapier-like thrusts and the sand was cleared away laying bare a small seam of dark colored material with a small corner gleaming silver in the sunlight. In that brief instant I could see Chloride coming to life again in the grip of another silver boom. Quickly looking around to see if any "claim-jumpers" were near I feverishly dug away the overburden that was trying to keep me from claiming my discovery. As I continued digging around the dark seam, the rock pick knocked off small corners of the material laying bare another glinting area. A section of the ledge was finally torn from the grasp of the earth that had held its secret for so long. I slowly and carefully lifted it into the sunlight and frantically searched my pocket for my magnifying glass.

This specimen was approximately 12 inches long and 3 inches thick and weighed so much that I knew it must be solid silver! As I knocked off a large enough area to closely examine it, I realized that what I was holding was a good sized piece of galena: the material that lead is extracted from. There had been a large amount of lead along with the silver, gold, zinc and copper produced in this area through the years, so this small piece of galena was either overlooked or just ignored years ago. I continued digging around the spot that produced this specimen, but it appeared this was the only seam in the vicinity. I put the piece of "broken dreams" in my rock bag and trying to keep my lip from quivering I bravely, but hoarsely shouted--"Head 'em up and move 'em out". The wagon train regrouped and slowly wound its way back past the old Tennessee Mine.

Just below the large mine tailings of the Tennessee we took a left fork of the old road and after passing several old mining camp sites we twisted our way up the canyon until we arrived at the "Chloride Murals".

The "Murals" were painted as a personal project in the early 1960's by Roy Purcell, a fine artist with ability and imagination. He used oils, auto enamel and bits and pieces of old broken dishes and glass in a mosaic pattern on parts of the design. The huge granite cliffs behind Chloride were used as the "canvas" for Mr. Purcell's works. One of the main subjects of the murals is a large landscape showing what Chloride may have looked like at the height of her glory as a mining town. There is another section of very colorful scenes and subjects.

Mr. Purcell is the former curator of the Mohave Museum of History & Arts in the city of Kingman. If your travels ever take you through Kingman do not fail to stop and see the results of Mr. Purcell's efforts in the exhibits and the brilliant murals inside the Museum building. After our party of intrepid prospectors had "oohed and aahed" for a respectable length of time at the murals, we all were on our own and went our individual ways homeward or on into Kingman before heading home.

Letting the rest of our party leave ahead of me I stopped on a slight rise below old Chloride and looking back at her quiet peacefulness I thought to myself: "Would it have been fair to the old girl to turn her back into a roaring, brawling boom town again if that quick metallic silvery flash had been another silver bonanza?" As I turned to leave it appeared as if the "covey" of picturesque buildings contentedly sighed and settled itself under the protecting "wings" of the Cerbat Mountains.

As I drove quietly homeward along Pierce Ferry Road through the lengthening shadows of the Joshua trees, the shining silvery specimen of galena rolled out of the rockbag on the floor of the truck and lay there mocking me with its gleaming derisive eye.

Oh well, I think that I would rather be an old Wagonmaster at Meadview instead of having to stick around and worry about some old silver mine.

Until we meet again in our next wagon train--
Keep a loose rein on your lead horses.
Adios!

Prices To Rise In Unit 4

An across the board price rise of all lots in Meadview Unit Four has been announced by Landex secretary-treasurer Paul Mullane.

Mr. Mullane stated, "Effective May 1, 1973, all lots in Meadview Unit Four will be increased by \$500.00".

Mr. Mullane continued, "The base price for one acre

improved parcels in this unit will be \$5995 as of the first of May. Corner lots and perimeter lots are an additional \$500".

Lots at Meadview Unit Four are all one acre in size. Unit Four is approximately 60 per cent sold out at this time, but an excellent selection of choice view sites is still available.

River Cruise Memorial Day Weekend

A spectacular two and one-half day power boat cruise up the Lower Granite Gorge into the Grand Canyon has been scheduled here over the Memorial Day weekend.

The three-day, two-night

affair will get underway Saturday afternoon, May 26, with participants making camp on the way up Lake Mead that evening.

The following morning the cruise will go all the way up

the Colorado River into the Grand Canyon and make camp for the night, returning to Meadview Monday.

Considered by many to be the most spectacular power boat cruise in America today,

the event is open to the public.

Meadview Civic Association president Frank Glindmeier will lead the excursion and has issued an open invitation to all interested persons.

Glindmeier said he was giving plenty of advance notice of the popular cruise so that everyone interested could take part.

Additional information and trip details will be published in the next issue of the MONITOR.

Why not make plans now to join us.

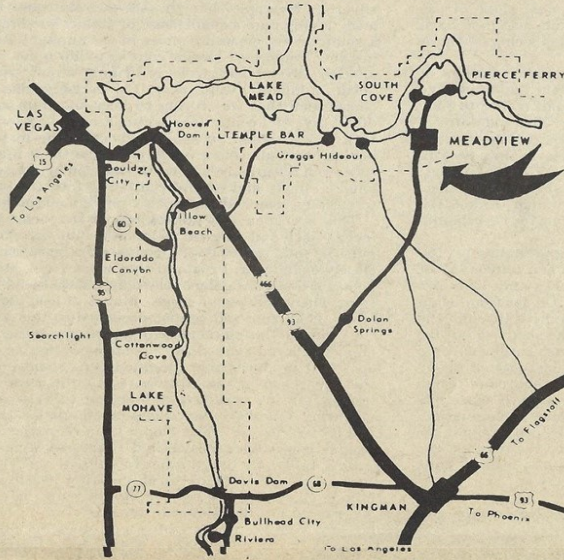
Association Assessments Are Now Due

All members of the Meadview Civic Association are reminded that 1973 assessments are now due.

Civic association officers said all members should have received their assessment notices by the first of January and that they are now in the process of sending out reminder notices.

Officers reminded members that the assessments are not voluntary and that if they are not paid become a lien on the property.

Driving Map To Meadview



New Meadview Brochure Now Being Prepared

A beautiful, new 48-page full-color brochure about Meadview is now being prepared, Landex president Frank Glindmeier has announced.

The brochure contains more than 100 full-color pictures and will be used in the company's distribution program as well as mailed to inquires.

The brochure has complete information about the Lake Mead National Recreation Area and includes 50 questions and answers about the Meadview community.

Glindmeier said the brochure is the most informative one ever put out by Meadview, covering all areas of the community and surrounding area.

In addition, the brochure gives complete information about the new Lake Mead Yacht Cruises now offered by Landex.

The initial printing will be 250,000 copies, Glindmeier said. Printing of the brochure will be done by Krueger of Phoenix, the same firm that prints the nationally acclaimed Arizona Highway magazine.

MCA CALENDAR OF EVENTS MARCH—APRIL, 1973

DATE	DAY	TIME	EVENT
MAR. 8	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
MAR. 14	WED.	7:30 PM	Meadview Rock Rambler Meeting
MAR. 15	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
MAR. 17	SAT.	7:00 PM	Potluck Dinner and St. Patrick's Day Party
MAR. 21	WED.		Meadview Rock Ramblers Field Trip
MAR. 22	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
MAR. 29	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
APRIL 5	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
APRIL 11	WED.	7:30 PM	Meadview Rock Ramblers Meeting
APRIL 12	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
APRIL 18	WED.		Meadview Rock Ramblers Field Trip
APRIL 19	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
APRIL 22	SUN.	6:30 AM	Easter Sunrise Service and Breakfast
APRIL 26	THURS.	1:00 PM	Ladies Craft Group
APRIL 28	SAT.	7:00 PM	Potluck Dinner and Luau Party

**ALL EVENTS ON THIS CALENDAR ARE FOR
"ACTIVE" MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS ONLY**

LIVING WATER

Continued From Page 7

Many primitive religions have been practiced here, as are evidenced by the many idols and sacrificial altars.

They were great artisans. This rock kingdom was at its height of strength and productivity between 100 B.C. and 230 A.D. during which time they fostered their unique cups and saucers of eggshell thinness, and their intricate facades testify to their painstaking regard for detail and unhurried life that permitted it.

There is only one monument larger than the Treasury building. This one is called the ed Deir - the monastery. It is similar in style, but the details are coarser and some parts unfinished. This building could have been a temple rather than a tomb, as are most of the buildings. There is some evidence that at one time, this stone building was a Christian church.

As you emerge from the narrow Siq, or gorge, you face the Treasury Building, then to enter Petra proper, you make a right turn and continue down a gorge that leads into a valley scattered over at least ten square miles.

The cliffs in this gorge are pocketed with ancient caverns now being used by a few Arabs as homes. Many of the monuments in this great oval valley are reached only by climbing from the valley floor over rock-hewn steps cut in the vertical face of the cliffs.

The only building in Petra proper other than a much-used small hotel (Nazzal's Camp) is a large Roman temple-Pharaoh's daughter's temple. It is slowly falling down for it was built of single rocks, not carved out of the mountain, as are the other buildings.

This city in 106 A.D. became a Roman province, and Roman temples, triumphal arches and roads were built in the red sandstone capital of Edom.

The Romans built the now 1800 year old stone road that passes through the heart of the city. This is lined with typical crumbling Roman pillars and arches. I wonder if Cleopatra ever visited or slept here after it was presented to her by Anthony.

All over Petra there are memorials to the sun-god, Dushara, in the form of pillars or large monoliths. But their central place of worship was the great high place, reached by a tortuous, winding five mile climb up the cliffs to Petra to the East. According to a Greek writer, the sacred image of Dushara was an uncut black stone, four feet high by two feet square.

Once you arrive at the great high place, you can see the stone slab where the virgin daughters of the Nabataeans were given in sacrifice, the pool where the blood was drained, the ceremonial fount where their bodies were washed, and the sunken place where they were cremated. Then their ashes were scattered in the wind to fall to the valley floor below. These people were not only artists but they were very religious, also.

From atop this large rock-hewn slab on the top of the mountain is a wonderful view of the whole rock city below. Then directly Southwest of this great high place is the mountain top of Jebel Harun, which is sacred to every Moslem as the shrine of Aaron. There is a small Mosque with a white-washed dome and within is a tomb covered with green cloth, the tomb of Aaron.

Another very interesting structure built by the Romans in 200 A.D. is a vast amphitheater, hewn out of living rock and is formed by 34 tiers of seats, which will accommodate about 3000 spectators. On the sheer rock cliff behind these seats are square chambers which at first sight look like press, radio, or T.V. facilities. They are chambers of earlier tombs, the facades of which had to be cut away when the Romans cut this open air theater out of the mountain.

Previously there was a structure around the theater for four tall columns still stand as well as the elaborate fronts on some of the chamber entrances. In the stage area is a large iron ring fastened in the earth where the animals were chained for their fight of death.

There is much, much more to see and to describe but time and space doesn't permit.

The first occupants of Petra were the Horite cave dwellers who were descendants of Esau of the Bible, then Biblical history records the early destruction of Edom by a band of marauding Arabians. This was soon after they had refused passage for the Israelites to pass through their land on their exodus from Egypt. This displeased God and He promised to punish them. The foretelling, or prophecy, of this event was made by Obadiah in his small single Chapter book.

Scholars believe this band to be the Nabataeans who made this a caravan headquarters from which they received protection from the rich traders for their guarantee of a safe journey.

Petra was a boom town in the time of Christ and since World War II, it has been booming again, this time from tourist trade. Since the six day war, with Israel, this has come almost to a standstill. Yet, the government of Jordan has rebuilt two thousand year old waterways. A small hotel-half its rooms are rock hewn caves-stands outside the gorge that leads to this lost city of antiquity.

Petra, under the names-The Rock or Joktheel, is mentioned in Judges 1:36; 11 Chronicles 25:12; Obadiah 3; 11 Kings 14:7; 11 Chronicles 25:11.

All of Israel is truly a place of enchantment and if you decide to make a journey anywhere, don't miss it. It has something for everyone. It gives you the feeling that time has stood still and you have lived forever. And shall live forever. Being a Christian, I believe that I shall. How about you? Thanks for listening. See you next time.

Easter Sunrise Services Here

Easter sunrise services will be held at 6:30 a.m. on Sunday, April 22, on the patio at the Meadview Civic Center.

Pastor Jim Capps of Dolan Springs, Arizona will officiate. A continental breakfast will be served in the Civic Center after the services.

There is no charge for the breakfast, which is being donated by some of our residents of Meadview, but any donations will be appreciated. Everyone is welcome.

We are so fortunate to have the magnificent setting of the Grand Wash Cliffs for our sunrise service. I can think of

no other place in the world, unless it would be the Holyland, that could possibly give you the feeling of the smallness of man and the greatness of God.

Meadview Has Booth In Las Vegas Boat Show

Meadview will be well represented February 22 through 25 with a booth in the Las Vegas Boat Show at the Convention Center.

Located in Booth No. 4, the very attractive display depicts the Lake Mead Yacht Cruise.

The display was built by noted display-builder Don

Bassett of Phoenix, the same man who built the 1961 Meadview display for the Las Vegas Show.

Bassett is also building a three-dimensional display of the Meadview area for the Landex sales office, company president Frank Glindmeier announced.

BOY, DO WE GET LETTERS!

Continued From Page 14

Dear Sir:

We are moving to Wickenburg and I don't want to miss one single issue of the Monitor, we love them. You make every bit of that little paper so very interesting. Our new address is below.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Lansdale
General Delivery
Wickenburg, Arizona 85358

Ed. Note: We have changed your address on our records and you should not miss any copies of the Monitor. So glad you are enjoying it.

Dear Lee and Frank:

Season's Greetings to two very nice people! I have been wanting to drop you a line for some time to compliment you on the fine job you are doing with the Meadview Monitor. Receiving your beautiful Christmas card seemed to be the incentive to get me going.

Seems like old times to see you back in the groove, Lee, and doing your usual great job as editor. Having had a little something to do with putting together the first Monitor in its tabloid format, Lenora and I feel sort of like a Godmother and Godfather to the paper. Everytime we see another issue, we sort of feel we were still doing it. Not that we want the business, we're jealous. It's a great job of typesetting and makeup and one to be proud of.

I understand your Las Vegas office is "just a holler" down the street from ours. So next time you are in our city, hope you will give us a holler.

Wishing you and yours a Happy Holiday Season and a bountiful New Year!

Camred Productions
Lenora and Dick Arnst
Las Vegas, Nevada

Ed. Note: So nice to hear from you again--those were great times! Looking forward to having you join us in the "Echo" for a trip to Meadview. Since you were one of our first property owners, you will see lots of changes.

Dear Lee and Frank:

Wish I could find words to express my thanks to you for last Sunday. My friends and I enjoyed the cruise of Lake Mead so very much. We were prepared for a "regular" boat trip with scarves, coats, and creams, and expected to come home windblown and exhausted from a long day on the lake. Instead, we were deposited back at the dock after hours of cruising-more fresh and relaxed than when we left!

The Echo is so warm and comfortable, and the ride was unbelievably smooth even when the lake was blowing up white caps. The young people aboard were exciting and beautiful, and we got caught up in some developing romances. The food was delicious, the drinks cheering, and your hospitality perfect as usual.

I know both of you are well-acquainted with Lake Mead, but Sunday was the first time I'd ever been on it. No wonder you never get tired of it. Its unique and ever-changing beauty can only be described as fantastic. It was an unforgettable day of beauty, excitement and pleasure. Thank you so very much.

Please forgive the following, but I am an unfortunate addict to doggerel verse. I'm always thinking in this sop and find it very hard to stop!

ODE TO A LAKE MEAD CRUISE

'Twas early in the morning and
The Wind was blowing cold
When we boarded the fine Echo
Neath mountains caught with gold.
The warm and comfy cabin and
The gracious Frank and Lee
Heralded the day to come
Before we left the quay.
We watched the gay young people
Who were there to do their work
Pose and repose in the cold outside-
Never one did shirk.

Photographers with clicks and whirrs
And boundless energy
Supplied us with a day-long view
Of "Personality"
We even watched romances bloom
As the day progressed-
Beautiful young people
Doing things they do the best.

Salty Bing, the Captain
Is a good man at the helm.
For years and years the beautiful
Lake Mead has been his realm.
He took us to the Hoover Dam
And plied us o'er the lake,
Up the lofty canyons
And back across our wake,
Around the many islands,
Slowing down for ships of sail,
And even intercommed to us
This lake's intriguing tale.

The Glindmeiers, those perfect hosts--
What fun to be their guest--
Supplied us with delicious food
And drink-all the best.
And all the while we're at our ease
To enjoy across the boards
The grandeur of the scenery
Unique Lake Mead affords.

The morning's gold-tipped mountains
soon
Gave way to sparkling bright-hued noon-
Cliffs of red and ebony--
Spectacular-in harmony
With lavenders and pinks and blues--
Changing light and changing hues--
Staggering. Magnificent.
But mundane words were never meant
To describe the awesome sight
As setting sun gave way to night.

Thanks again. It was wonderful!

Sincerely,
Mary Lou Grayner
Las Vegas, Nevada

Ed. Note: What a lovely letter and verse. We certainly enjoyed having you join us. It's so nice to have such enthusiastic guests aboard. (Mary Lou also brought some of her friends along--Mrs. Pearl Martin of Rialto, California was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert (Candy) Brandt in Las Vegas and they both joined us as well as Mrs. H. E. (Jane) Macia of Los Angeles. In case you wonder where all of the men in this group were--they were home watching the football game and the "football widows" were happy to have something interesting to do, and we were happy to have them along.



fish n' fun

BY PATTY TOMCZEK

The bass fishing is picking up, now with the lunkers still in fairly deep water. As you can see in one of the accompanying pictures, the fellows from Kingman know where they are. It was a good group consisting of Don Webb, Chris Tsouras, Bill Kinsey, Walter Criger, Jug Corsey and Wayne Maag. Of course they all told me that they got their limit early so they could get back here to watch the Super Bowl.

Our good friend, Jack Alcott, just bought a new Starcraft that is a beauty. He and Bill Plaster spent five days breaking it in. Every day they brought in bass. Bill caught one 5-pounder, the largest of the bass that they caught. He was using a white worm. They also used white doll flies, casting into the bushes that are under water.

Not to be outfished by their husbands, Mrs. Maag and Mrs. Criger caught six bass and one Coho Salmon. They were using purple and white hellbenders.

Did you know that every fisherman who goes out on the lake should carry a paddle or an oar in case something happens to the motor? I won't mention last names, but Jug, Zeke and Dan are much wiser now than they were. They ran out of gas on the Nevada side of the lake and had to paddle clear across to South Cove. All they had was the lid of a styrofoam ice box and a boat cushion. They made it in okay, but their arms were sure tired. Next time, guys, either take a paddle or more gas. This little bit of advice is free.

Bud Bryant and his wife, Ruby, have had excellent results at catfishing. They brought home 27 Channel cat, the largest weighing 7½ pounds. They were fishing in the river by Pierce Ferry, using shrimp for bait.

Carol Bradley was here from Ridgecrest, California visiting her parents and caught a real nice trout weighing 3½ pounds. She was using a waterdog while fishing from the shore at South Cove. This isn't the cook's column, but I want to tell you how Marion Bradley fixed this trout. Into the cavity of the fish, she put one strip of bacon, dried parsley, soy sauce

and garlic salt. She then tied the fish and charcoaled it for 20 minutes on each side. It was delicious. Try it sometime.

So much for the fishing. Now I want to tell you a hunting story, and about the sneaky little fox that came into Frank Fear's camp and disrupted everyone.

Frank and his wife, Norda, and my mother, Frankie Copeland, were camped up on the mountains during the deer season and they were cooling their beer outside by the camper.

Frank woke up one morning to find some of his beer missing. Naturally, he thought that some of his friends had borrowed it. He went back to Meadview, stocked up on supplies, and returned to the campsite on the mountain. Norda fixed some chili for lunch and set the pan outside of the camper with the remaining chili in it. A little fox came up to the camper and helped himself to some of it. They were really surprised at the nerve of the little fellow coming up to the camper in the broad daylight.

That night everyone was in bed when they heard a noise outside. Frank got up and shined a flashlight out of the window and lo and behold, there was their little friend, the fox, trying to drag off a whole case of Frank's beer! The chili was one thing, but no one tries to take Frank's beer! Just picture what happened.

It is dark and cold outside. Frank is so outraged that he grabs his boots and shoves his feet into them, and with a shovel in one hand and a flashlight in the other, he takes out after that fox...with nothing on but his boots! My mother and Norda were laughing so hard at this sight that they were helpless. The end of the story, according to Frank, is that he won the chase.

The next morning they all went up the hill in the direction the fox had headed, and found beer cans and pop cans all over the place and with teeth punctures in them.

Needless to say, they brought their beer inside after that!



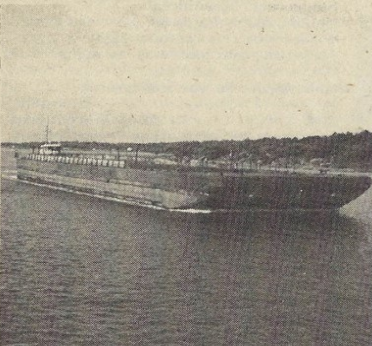
Bill Kinsey, Don Webb and Chris Tsouras nailed some Lake Mead bass.



Wayne Maag and Walt Criger found some lunkers too!



Pontoon bridge on the Intracoastal.



One of many barges passed.

SUMMER WIND

Continued From Page 8

they could get the part replaced immediately.

For once, the Captain was wearing his thinking cap. I made a dash for the ever-present pay telephone. It was Saturday morning, but maybe the distributor in Norfolk would be open. We had six of these beautiful risers on our otherwise completely demolished fuel pump, and perhaps he would give the local parts house assurance that he would send them the replacement riser so that we could scavenge one from the new engine here in Moorehead City.

It worked. Everybody co-operated, and by 1225, we were underway out of Moorehead City, thanking our stars that we were not held up again for two or three days waiting on a simple part. It could have happened very easily.

An hour later, John made his routine bilge check and found the starboard engine bilge again filled with fuel mist...nearly as bad as before.

Until now, John had been spending nearly as much time in the bilge as anywhere else on the boat, and thus had earned him the title "Bilge Rat Yount". He was immediately promoted to "Machinist Mate Yount" for the duration of this emergency. Dismantling the riser, we could see evidence of a bad seal due to uneven surfaces caused by paint on the new riser. All washers and parts were hand polished with a fine emery cloth and reinstalled. This time it worked and it kept working, but we'd lost still more time.

An anchorage was selected at Mile 287 in order to give us all of the daylight running time possible. This is a severe tidal area and two anchors are a must to avoid dragging on the tide change.

The stern anchor went over first, but failed to take hold. I intercommed John to retrieve the line and we would back up for another try. In the process, the line becomes snarled around the prop and rudder. And guess

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Meriam Cook of Prescott caught this hefty Lake Mead Rainbow trout.

MEADVIEW MAVERICK**Duane Has Seen Lots Of Changes**

When Duane Johnson first came to Meadview there were ten other people living here, and eight of them were company employees.

So one can imagine the pride that he feels when he sees the one hundred plus permanent Meadview residents and the hundreds of others who spend weekends and vacations in the area.

The cafe and gas station were the only businesses in the community when Duane arrived. Now there are several privately owned firms and numerous other inquiries have been made in the area.

And, Duane remembers, all of the roads into and in Meadview then were dirt.

"We also had one mobile telephone and we ran a messenger service for local residents!" he says.

All utilities furnished to residents at that time came from company generators, and the only water that was available was in Meadview Terrace.

Above all, Duane was the first and only on-site salesman for Meadview. Now he is joined by six others, who make their homes and are raising their families in Meadview.

Duane says he is very proud of the development, made at Meadview. "We have been pioneering until now, and finally have enough people to get things going. I'm happy to see people moving here, because this is truly a great recreational area."

He added that the "Echo"

now bringing visitors in from the Lake Mead Marina gives Meadview enthusiasts an opportunity to show what the full recreational potential of the area is.

Duane was born and raised in Blanding, Utah, and served for three years with the United States Navy. He was a hospital corpsman attached to the Marine Corps during World War II, and spent one year in China and on Okinawa.

After his discharge, he and his sweetheart, Deaun, were married and he went into the trucking business with his brother and father in Blanding. He stayed there for ten years, additionally mining uranium in the area.

In 1959 he and Deaun left Utah for Phoenix, Arizona, where Duane went into the real estate business. In 1960 he met Frank Glindmeier, and since Duane had his own plane, began to fly Frank to Meadview. Duane came to Meadview permanently in 1967, and has been in the Meadview sales office since that time.

Among his hobbies are flying, fishing on the lake in his 20 foot cabin cruiser, deer hunting, and exploring the back country. He is also a former musician, playing bass horn in high school and drums in a dance band in Utah.

Sharing his home on Meadview Blvd. is Deaun and their three-year old poodle, Beau J'ai. The dog helps to fill the vacancy created when their daughter, Jeri Lu, left last fall to attend Brigham

Young University. Deaun is also a native of Utah who teaches first, second, and third grade at the

nearby Mt. Tipton Elementary School in Dolan Springs. She received most of her

education at Arizona State University in Tempe, and she taught for eight years in

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Duane Works On Cabin Cruiser

SUMMER WIND

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what...now the anchor grabs and we are beautifully anchored to the rudder post. It had been such a swell day of pleasant happenings that we really needed this scene to set it off properly.

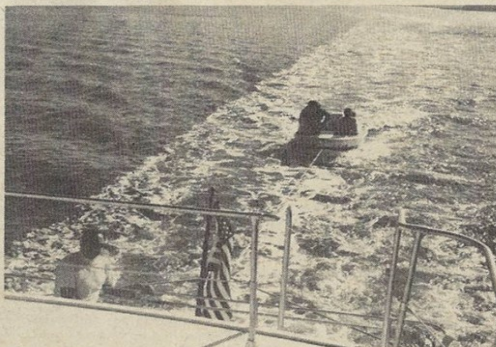
Wet suit and diving mask to the rescue. Fortunately, the line was not snarled in the prop, merely wound around one blade and the rudder post. The big problem was the two knot current. It and the 19 ton boat made for a pretty taut anchor line. Ten minutes effort finally freed the rope and a routine bow anchor setting allowed us to back down midway between the anchors and shut down for the night.

It was a very tired crew that finally finished dinner at 2300. Just one last chore. A check on the anchors shows the bow anchor to be a touch slack, so a flip of the electric switch to automatically retrieve some of the chain will cure the problem. Not tonight! That humming sound was familiar. The set screw in the winch drive had become loose. Bilge Rat Yount is now promoted to Master Mechanic. By 0030, the motor had been removed, and the set screw was tightened and locked in place with a jam screw. The last two days have been a nightmare of frustrations, but perhaps everything would hang together for a good run tomorrow.

Sunday morning, anchor lifting ceremonies were conducted at 0645 and we idled out of our anchorage at the first light of dawn. This morning everything went by the book. We refueled at Hurricane Marine at Mile 334 and at 1530 we had just cleared the bridge at Georgetown, South Carolina. John was manning the wheel on the flying bridge and it was nearly time for me to relieve him. As we approached the Georgetown Harbor entrance, John shouted, "do you make these markers out the same way I do?" A quick check of the chart showed one marker missing, but all the



Dinners aboard frequently came late.



Doing our bit - towing an out of fuel boat.

rest apparently in their proper position. A quick consultation, and we agreed that everything was as it should be. It wasn't!

There was a marker missing all right, but not the one we thought. Net result was that the starboard screw grazed a shallow bar. Taking the wheel from John, I made a quick test to determine the extent of damage. It was OK at slow speed. An exchange of glances between the frustrated four revealed the "Oh no, not again!" look of disgust.

The facilities chart indicated there might be a marine railway in Georgetown capable of hauling us, so the first order of business was to check this out. Turning around, we found a small boat with three fellows giving a distress wave. They were out of gas, so we performed our good deed of the day by giving them a tow into Georgetown. Perhaps now the sea gods would be less hostile to our craft and crew.

The dockmaster at Georgetown Marina couldn't believe that the marker was missing again. It seems that Marker "30" had already been replaced twice this week, and he hadn't heard that it was gone again. The only marine railway in Georgetown was a private affair who perhaps could or would haul us on Monday, but we would have to be responsible for getting our own mechanic to do the repairs.

The next place that we could get hauled was Charleston, South Carolina and we made the decision to be there waiting for them to open at 0800 the next morning.

The plan was to get within striking distance this evening, so we assumed our 8 MPH cruise speed on the port engine. It was a beautiful full moon evening. Traveling at night on the Intracoastal is really a "no no" and not recommended at any time. We had little to lose however, and much to gain. It proved to be one of the best parts of the entire cruise. The temperature was in the low sixties and it was a delightful experience. At 2350, we reached our anchorage in Inlet Creek and decided to set the bow anchor only and post an

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SUMMER WIND

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hourly anchor watch.

At 0700 Monday, we were on our way and at 0750 we pulled alongside the Mt. Pleasant Marina in Charleston. With three marine railways, they couldn't help but take care of us. Right? Wrong!

The fellows here were very co-operative and helpful, but they were up to their ankles in back work. The earliest that they could possibly accommodate us would be Tuesday morning, and that would mean another day lost.

I asked them if there was perhaps a marine further downstream that could haul us and they said the next place would be Beaufort, South Carolina. A quick check indicated that it would be nip and tuck to make it with only one engine by dark, but if they could haul us in the morning, we would have a whole day's running under our belt instead of "cooling it" at the dock. A call to the Beaufort Marina gave us confirmation that they could haul us Tuesday morning, so at 0855 we departed Charleston for our easy going run to Beaufort.

It was a slow but pleasant run to Beaufort and we arrived at the marina at 1745.

True to their word, we were hauled on the rising tide first thing in the morning, and by 1035, we were again on our way. The gigantic seas of the past few days had subsided, and it was now or never if we were going to make up the time that had been lost.

It was an ideal day for outside cruising, and we ticked off the check points averaging 16 miles per hour with everything except the radar functioning perfectly.

Our plans were to make an all night run, but we would need to take on additional fuel to make this possible. We stretched out the last inch of daylight, and turned into St. Simons Inlet, reaching the marina during the last few minutes of the departing gray of day. The only marina was chock full of boats and the dockhand informed us that we would not be able to get fuel until the next morning. We explained our predicament...that we wanted to continue to run all night, but would need fuel in order to do so. We asked permission of two boats lying alongside the fuel dock, and we were given the green light to raft up alongside to take on fuel.

Tanks topped off, we slowly picked our way out of St. Simons harbor in the blackest night that I have seen in a long time, clearing the St. Simons whistle buoy at 2120.

At 2300, John took over the wheel and Lee and I grabbed some shut-eye. At 0200, we relieved John, and while Lee stood watch on the flying bridge, I ran some new calculations for our ETA into Ponce de Leon Inlet. Any way I figured it, we were running too far behind, so at 0240 we brought our cruise speed up to 15 MPH.

0945 found us entering the Ponce de Leon Inlet, right on the button. The nights cruise had been uneventful except for a noticeable loss of power on the starboard engine. Slowly, but every so surely, it had been necessary to increase the throttle setting to match the RPM of the port engine, until finally during the last couple of hours, the starboard engine was "against the wall" in order to maintain our normal cruise R.P.M.

My thoughts flashed back to the excessive black smoke that had been noticeable out of the starboard engine in the last 48 hours, and I wondered if there was any connection.

We would have to have the engine looked at while we refueled. Perhaps we would get lucky and find it a minor problem.

Ponce Inlet is noted on the chart and Waterway Guide as being recently dredged, and while the markers are not shown on the chart, the entrance channel is supposedly well buoyed. We found this to be true. However, once inside the inlet, there are no buoys whatsoever, and there is a choice of three ways to go...90 degrees left, 90 degrees right, or straight ahead. The charts clearly showed that right and left were shoal waters while dead ahead was impassable swamp. Dead ahead looked like the best bet, because we could see boats fishing in the middle of the "swamp" and it appeared to be a newly dredged channel.

Nevertheless, there was no clear cut course of action, and I'm not the kind who goes against the info on the chart. Prudence dictated that we take our time and ask a passing boat the proper course. The flood tide was running approximately three knots and as we

were dead in the water, waiting for "local knowledge" to come along, the decision was made for us. In the wink of an eye, the tidal current had swept us against a sandbar, and we were no longer just dead in the water, we were hard aground.

A quick trip down the swim ladder confirmed that we would need some assistance. The hull was setting as nice as you please squarely on the bar and the shafts and props were already silted in. I was sure no damage had been done, because we had merely drifted onto the bar, but we sure weren't going to go anyplace without assistance.

John and I were debating about putting "Windy" over the side to try to pull the big Wind off the bar, when a small boat with four fishermen approached and offered to do the same thing. We questioned their ability in their small boat to get the job done, but they wanted to try, and we appreciated their efforts. It was similar to having a Volkswagen try to pull the Empire State building, so we thanked them for their efforts anyway.

Their next suggestion had real merit however. They suggested we call the Coast Guard station and ask for assistance. I asked where the nearest one was and they pointed "over thar". Sure enough, less than a mile away was Old Glory flying over the Ponce Inlet Coast Guard station.

I rang them up on the radio and they wanted to know if we would accept commercial assistance. Our answer was an immediate "you bet". Within ten minutes, the Hooligan, a tow and work boat out of Lighthouse Boat Yard was on the scene. I suggested we pull the Summer Wind off stern first, and they concurred. It was a simple matter, and within minutes we were back in deep water.

Sure enough, the proper channel would have been straight ahead, right through the "swamp" shown on the chart. This example shows the absolute necessity of having the latest up to the minute charts on board. Unfortunately, ours was the latest chart available, but in this instance, it wasn't current enough.

Following the Hooligan back to the boat yard, I eased the throttles forward and brought the boat up onto plane to see if any damage had been done to the under-pinnings. The port engine was running very rough, but I had first noticed that coming in the Ponce Inlet. Miraculously, it smoothed out and we were up on plane vibrationless. Great! No underwater damage. The starboard engine was still running behind, but other than that, everything seemed to be shipshape.

In a few minutes, we were alongside the fuel dock at Lighthouse Boat Yard, and while we were fueling, a mechanic was already checking the starboard engine.

By 1300, no specific problem had been isolated by the mechanic, so we mutually decided to take a run under power in order to diagnose the problem.

Under John Dougmore's careful directions, we proceeded back to the "tricky" portion of the Ponce Inlet and across to the Intracoastal. Once past all the fishing boats in the narrow cut, we brought the Summer Wind up on plane, but instantly I noticed that the port engine was starting to overheat. Shutting down, I advised John Dougmore and the mechanic to take a look and see what in the h-- was wrong with the port engine now. A very brief inspection brought us the sad news. Laying on the bottom of the bilge was the harmonic balancer and drive belt pulley. Back to the marina.

A short pow-wow, and we knew that we had had it. It would take several days, perhaps more, to get the parts in, and we didn't have that much time left in our schedule. We had gotten within 225 miles of our destination, in spite of all of the problems, but now we had to face defeat. We were discouraged, and disappointed, but those words don't really describe the whole situation accurately either.

I called for a rent car, and we prepared to "jump ship". It was Wednesday afternoon, and Pat and John had to be on their plane Saturday morning. Even if Lee and I could switch our plans around, they couldn't, so this was it!

A quick gathering of our gear, and we all piled into a rent car, arriving at Ft. Lauderdale at 2200. Thursday and Friday were spent showing Pat and John around the Ft.

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EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Continued From Page 2

that it is really in Washington--and believe me, that's where I want to go!

After dinner, some of us donated to the slot machines and believe it or not, a few of us even won a little. Everyone was ready to retire pretty early as we all had to be up early in the morning for our trip to Meadview.

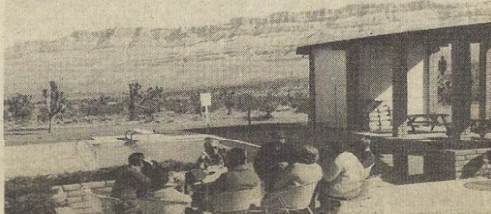
Our party was scheduled to fly from Las Vegas to Meadview--about a half hour trip, but since the planes were full, Frank and I had to get up a little earlier and drive to Meadview--a two-hour drive--in order to be there to meet them. We managed to get there about 15 minutes ahead of the plane.

A good portion of the day was spent looking over the Civic Center and touring property. Everyone was pleased with



Washington group at Civic Center.

their choice of lots and of course that pleased us. A delicious luncheon was served at the Civic Center. We wish to thank Deann Johnson, Jo Knight, and Sue Perry for all their hard work. After the property tour and luncheon, our guests were flown back to Las Vegas, and again, Frank and I had to



A cool day at Meadview.

drive. We all had dinner reservations at the Dunes at 6:15. Frank and I arrived in Las Vegas at 5:30 and managed to get into our "Going Out" attire and over to the Dunes in time to meet our friends. The show was excellent and we all enjoyed



Friday night Banquet at the Bonanza.

it. The next morning, we started our five-hour drive back to Phoenix, but since the plane did not leave for Washington until afternoon, all our friends had an opportunity to sleep in and take it easy. I hope they all enjoyed the week-end as much as we did.

Fran Wilson asked me to please thank all of the people that helped with the Christmas decorations at the Civic Center as well as the Christmas and New Years Eve Party. So, for Fran, thanks to Link Leichter for getting us the tree and to Edith Walker, Elizabeth Taylor and Don Alquist for their help. Fran said there were others that helped too, but she didn't have their names. So, thanks to you too!

There is a group of ladies in Dolan Springs that are helping with a group of Indian school children. If you have clothes for boys or girls between the ages of five and twelve they can be put to good use. Nylon stockings for stuffing toys and also scraps of material with which to make them would be appreciated. Betty Crocker coupons, commemorative postage stamps and trading stamps can also be used. These items are all used to help feed the children. They can be brought to the Easter Service and they will be given to the ladies in charge of this project. We thank you in advance for any help that you may be able to give us.

If you are unable to bring your contributions to the Easter services, you may give them to either Fran Wilson or Dovie Cornelius.

readin'-ritin' rithmetic

BY DEAUN JOHNSON

We are growing and growing. Since the first of the year we have gained several new students. We are still a small school so the children have a lot of fun together. Everyone knows everyone and the new students always get special attention.

The girls in the 7th and 8th grades have a terrific basketball team. They have been winning all their games. The boys team has been doing very well also.

The small children are all making Valentines these days with all kinds of sweet talk and "I love You" verses. I get more than my share, as the kids love to make Valentines and heart pictures for the teacher.

The children often come up with little jokes and funnies. One of my first graders asked me if I knew how to spell up backwards? Of course I said "no". So in a very accented manner she says "P - U." Always something interesting when you work with children.

If you happen to be on your way to Meadview, wave to us at the Mt. Tipton School as you go by.



MAVERICK

Continued From Page 19
Phoenix, where she was active in the Classroom Teachers Association.

Although busy with teaching and being a wife, Deaun also manages to participate in various Civic Association activities, and enjoys meeting the many Meadview visitors.

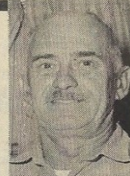
The early settlers of the West may have had more hardships to endure than Duane Johnson did on this first encounter with Meadview, but watching the growth and development of his home has been as great a thrill to him as watching settlements grow was to earlier pioneers.

And, he probably gets more enjoyment from his piece of heaven on earth than his forefathers got from theirs.

"Where else can you get away from the pressures of city living and be able to work and enjoy your hobbies without traveling for hours?" asks Maverick Duane.

nuts, bolts and 4 wheels

BY BILL SIMMONS



I would like to remind you of the five most important parts of your car. The tires. Some one will say, why five? I only use four on my car.

That poor lonely spare, hid away and forgotten in a dark corner of the car trunk suddenly becomes important when you are half way between here and there and you hear and feel that sickening thump of a flat.

The spare tire can lose air when not in use, so have it checked when you have the other four checked. Always check five not four.

With the kind of driving we do on the kind of roads we have in our area, it is very important to rotate the tires. This will let the tires wear more even and will increase the mileage you will get from your tires.

Rotate every five thousand miles, and if you can, use all five. The most popular rotation method is, Spare to RR, RR to LF, LF to LR, LR to RF and RF to SPARE. While rotating tires, look for nails, cuts, etc.

Remember the next time you fill up with gas--CHECK YOUR SPARE.

SUMMER WIND

Continued From Page 20

Lauderdale-Miami area. It was really the first chance that any of us had had to relax, and the change of pace was welcome. A call back to the marina determined that the parts would be in Monday morning, and the boat would be ready to roll late that day. Lee and I decided to stay over and bring the Summer Wind on into Lauderdale rather than having to make an extra trip back and forth to Arizona. Pat and John caught their plane on schedule Saturday and we spent a lazy day Sunday.

We were packing our gear to return to Daytona Beach Monday morning when a call from the marina blew our plans right out of the water. The parts had arrived, but in spite of matching serial numbers, they were the incorrect ones. The proper parts would have to come from the factory and they would be at least a week arriving. That was the last straw.

Another hasty change in plans, and we made reservations for the late afternoon flight from Daytona Beach to Atlanta, and on to Phoenix. Unfortunately, we had to drive back to Daytona Beach to pick up several important items that were still on the boat. We had left them there, confident that we would be returning when the boat was repaired in a few days. It was tight, but we made it to the boat and on to the airport with five minutes to spare. Whew!

On the way home, Lee and I agreed...cruising on a tight timetable is for the birds. Oh well, when we returned the next time, there would only be 225 miles to go and certainly we could make that a "relaxing" cruise.

ACT II

Six weeks had elapsed since we had last seen the Summer Wind, and we were looking forward to putting the finishing touches on our cruise which had brought us all of the way from Oshkosh, Wisconsin to within 225 miles of our destination. We had made previous arrangements with our friends, Jim and Marie Slack of Ft. Lauderdale, to meet us in Daytona Beach, Sunday night, December 10. Our plane was an hour late but we checked in with them at their motel at 2230.

After making plans for the next day's departure, we drove to the boat, unpacked and finally hit the hay at 0100.

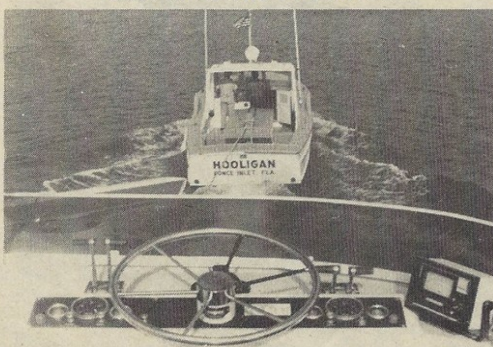
Sunday morning, we motored back into Daytona to pick up the Slacks and purchase provisions for our three-day "leisurely" cruise to Ft. Lauderdale. With everything in order, we said farewell to the delightful proprietors of the Lighthouse Boat Yard, John and Dorothy Dougmore. It was an absolutely gorgeous day, with temperatures running in the high 70's and the sun shining brightly. A perfect day for cruising if there ever was one. All equipment was functioning perfectly, the radar had been fixed and both engines were purring like new. Everything was going too well, so the



Jumping ship at Daytona. Don't forget the Bud'.



Last farewells in Florida.



In tow behind the "Hooligan".

Captain put an immediate stop to that. Without a moments hesitation, and with all of the confidence of a high school graduate, he promptly put the Summer Wind square on a sandbar at full cruise speed. Pure, plain and simple pilot error. Got the picture?

We had covered a total of 25 miles since Lighthouse Boat Yard, and we were shut down but good. Down the swim ladder again, and a peek through the diving mask showed both shafts and props curled up like a pair of Arabian shoes. We weren't going anyplace.

A pow-wow with the troops, and a check of the facilities charts showed that the nearest place to get a tow and haul was back at Lighthouse Boat Yard. A call on the VHF-FM for the Cocoa Beach operator raised nothing, so it was going to be "Windy" to the rescue. Leaving Lee, Jim and Marie on the boat, I ran the Whaler back to the marina. A tow for the following morning was arranged, and another rent car was called for. The plan was to again drive to Ft. Lauderdale, where two extra shafts were laying on the floor of our living room. I had had them shipped down from the factory a few weeks earlier. Two spare props had just arrived in Phoenix at the time we departed, but there was no time to bring them along. These were being air-freighted in, so we shouldn't lose much time. (Or so it appeared.)

The props were to arrive in Ft. Lauderdale early Monday evening, and I would drive up to Daytona immediately so we could have them installed and be on our way Tuesday. No way!

The props were not on the flight they were scheduled to be, or the next one, or the next one. Nor were they on any of Tuesday morning's planes. Tuesday afternoon, the little gems finally showed up, and I arrived in Daytona in time for a late dinner. Oh well, at least we would be underway Wednesday. (What an optimist!)

Wednesday, we had to cool our heels until the tide was approaching its morning high. At 1100, we were on the railway, and by 1200 we got the bad news.

What started out to be an easy routine installation of props and shafts turned into an instant nightmare when the mechanic noticed that the V-drive and engine housings had been cracked due to the shaft pulling the transmission back into the engine. One quick look, and it was obvious that major surgery was in order, with factory parts being required. It would be many days and perhaps weeks before the Summer Wind would be ready to go again. John Dougmore drove me into Daytona, where I gladdened the hearts of the rent car people again. We weren't making much time on the water, but we were getting to be experts on the highway.

We made our apologies to the Slacks for the "brief" trip. They insisted they had had a nice time in spite of the problems. Actually, this was the second attempt to join us on the last leg to Lauderdale. They had also planned to meet us on our original effort, but got scrubbed at the last minute.

We spent a couple of days in Lauderdale

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A DAY ABOARD THE ECHO

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that Ives statement has been disproven by about five million people a year at the present day.

With a second cup of coffee (and, another sweet roll my wife said I shouldn't have), I settled back in my comfortable chair to hear more words of history:

"Now over there behind the island on the right, notice those beautiful colors in there. This is the oxidation of iron, sulfur and copper, and iron pyrite more commonly known as fool's gold. That is known as Fortification Mountain rising in the background. Notice the top of it. It is layers or stratas that are 55 distinct lava flows that are 45 to 55 foot thick. The youngest flow on top is in excess of 10 million years old, and that is some of the youngest rock in the area. Now this is the upheaval of a large volcano about 60 miles downstream. Of course that was about 10 million years ago. We talk in millions here as far as age goes because that is just a mere blink of an eyelash in the passage of time in this area."

My wife continued her bridge and I wandered about the yacht a bit to stretch my legs and meet some of the other people on board. I was

surprised to see several couples who lived in Las Vegas on board--and, even more surprised when they told me this cruise was something new and exciting for them too.

While milling around the boat, I snatched another sweet roll, washing it down with the champagne Jean gave me before my wife could notice I was eating again. (Not good for the waistline, she says.)

Bing was on the air again and I hurried back to my seat to catch some more fascinating history.

He pointed out Black Canyon where Hoover Dam is presently located and offered a brief resume of its history--much of it I didn't know even though I had visited the dam many times on our trips west.

"That is the entrance to Black Canyon. Now Black Canyon is where Hoover Dam is presently located. Some people say, 'Well, what is Boulder Dam?' Well, they are one and the same. I put it this way. If you are a Democrat, we'll call it Boulder Dam and if you are Republican, we'll call it Hoover Dam. But all kidding aside, in 1929 when Congress appropriated the money, they planned to build it about 17 miles up above us in what is known as Boulder Canyon. It became known as

the Boulder Canyon Project in Congress and that's what it stayed. They did not want to change the appropriation bill until they had completed the dam. Until they had all the generators in, it remained Boulder Dam. However, in 1947, by an act of Congress, it was officially named Hoover Dam. There was a two-fold reason of course for changing the name. Primarily it was not in Boulder Canyon so it was not appropriate to be called Boulder Dam. Hoover Dam itself started being constructed in 1931. It took five years to build and then it took five years to fill the lake. Now this white mark you see around the lake was the extreme high-water mark when they filled it in 1941 to capacity. We are now approximately 50 feet and this is normal. It does not stay at the top except in a run-off. You must remember that the primary object of Hoover Dam was strictly flood control. Recreation and power were secondary considerations. Even irrigation takes second place. Did you know that the original plans of Hoover Dam did not even include a powerplant in it? That was an afterthought."

A second glass of champagne arrived just in time to

hear the captain's relaxing information about other points of interest such as Callville Bay, which was the termination point for the steamboats that used to come up the Colorado River.

As we passed through a place he called the narrows, Bing pointed out that just over the cliffs on the Arizona side was what used to be the old Mormon trail, the Conquistador trail that goes up there.

He said the Spanish lost several burros on the trail which went wild, propagated over the generations and remain in the area today. In addition, he said the area was inhabited by cougars and mountain lions, desert Bighorn Mountain Sheep, coyotes, desert foxes, Blue Herons and the near-extinct American Golden Eagle.

After taking a sound thrashing in bridge from our midwest friends, my wife was now sitting back and relaxing too, catching bits and pieces of Bing's narration and conversing with the cheerful crew.

I was just in the middle of a great story, when I suddenly was told to keep quiet for a minute by my better half.

I obliged (wondering why she couldn't have done the

same while I was trying to hear about some of the old cities that were submerged when Lake Mead was filled) and kept quiet while she strained closer to the loudspeaker to hear Bing's voice.

The subject was fishing and, as far as she was concerned, anyone down below disturbing the captain's presentation now (especially me), would catch you know what.

"Now let's talk a little bit about fishing. A license is required but you are permitted to fish 24 hours a day and 365 days a year. Now we are famous for largemouth bass, channel cat, crappie, rainbow trout, bluegill, Coho Salmon and striped bass."

Bing went on to tell about the lake's purity and water temperatures, the latter which change from the mid fifties in winter to 84 in summer to provide an ideal climate for swimming, boating and water skiing. But, the brief fishing talk left my wife raring to go.

Bing continued with more historical information about many more points of interest too numerous to mention and continued to point out great fishing spots. (I wonder if someone told him he had a

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SUMMER WIND

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getting our affairs in order, and as you might guess, got quite a bit of good-natured ribbing. Comments such as "We don't think you even have a boat.", and "Did you ever think of shipping it by rail?" helped the Captain's feelings a great deal!

Once more, it was back to Arizona to catch up on our work. We were determined however to return and take that boat to Lauderdale even if we had to pull it by hand like the African Queen!

ACT III

Saturday, January 7, 1973, found us winging our way back from Phoenix to Daytona Beach. Repeating the rent-car scene, we stocked up on groceries and arrived at the boat late Saturday evening. Miscellaneous chores, rent car return and general clean up was the order for Sunday morning and at 1255 we departed Lighthouse Boat Yard for what we hoped would be the final time.

Since we had left Oshkosh, Wisconsin, this was the first segment of the cruise that Lee and I had been alone on the boat, and we were both looking forward to a couple days of peace and quiet. Believe it or not, we were to have it...two days, but no more!

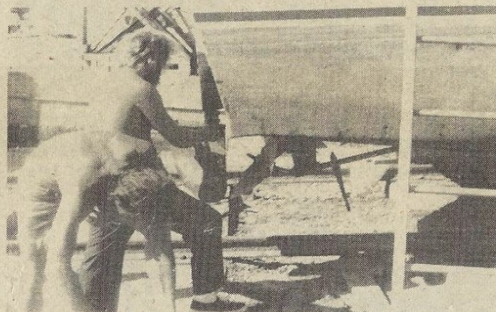
We had rescheduled a rendezvous with Jim and Marie Slack in West Palm Beach for Tuesday afternoon, so we were blessed with having more than two days to run a mere 184 miles. This is cruising as it should be.

Sunday was cool and cloudy, but as the old sage says, "Any day that everything works right is a good day." We'll back up that statement 100 percent.

Monday morning we left our anchorage in the Banana River, fueled in Fort Pierce and dropped the hook in Hobe Sound at 1715, and another easy day's run was behind us. Yep! Two in a row, with only 69 miles to go to our final destination in Ft. Lauderdale. It looked like we finally had it made.

Well sportsmen, as you know, it's the unexpected that makes an exciting ball game. Unbelievable as it might seem, we had several surprises left in store for us. It was last quarter, first down and goal to go, with the home team leading by 20 points. No way to lose, but it happened.

Tuesday morning we slept late, having only 23 miles to go to reach West Palm Beach, and we weren't scheduled in there until early af-



One slightly used and abused shaft.



We made it!

ternoon. After leisurely securing for departure from the anchorage, I fired up the port engine. Ragged and rough, but it was running.

Since we planned on having work done on that engine when we reached Lauderdale, I wasn't particularly concerned about it. The old reliable starboard engine fired up instantly and ran approximately 15 seconds and died of a broken heart. Attempts to restart proved fruitless. A half hour's diagnosis and experimentation verified that there just wasn't fuel getting to the engine.

All you diesel mechanics out there who are reading this really shouldn't be laughing so hard and making all those comments about the stupid captain. Let's face it...I'm a gas engine man, and I flat don't know nuttin' 'bout dem dere diesels. (But I'm learning.) A check of the chart showed only a couple of bridges between us and our destination, so we elected to leave the anchorage and chug on in on one engine. We'd have a mechanic take a look at the starboard engine in West Palm.

Less than 1/4 mile from where we had swung on the hook the previous night, the port engine miraculously smoothed out. Oh Oh! That sounds all too familiar. A quick look at the tack confirmed that the harmonic balancer had fallen off of the port engine again, and with it went the drive belt for the alternator and water pump. This meant I had roughly five minutes to get back to an anchorage or the port engine would be overheating due to no water circulation.

Quickly retracing our steps to the anchorage and dropping the hook, Lee and I looked at each other and just shook our heads. It is virtually impossible to lose two diesel engines to unrelated causes within ten minutes of each other, but it had just happened to us.

Basically, I am a peaceful man, but even peaceful men get riled on occasion, and this situation had gone well beyond the proverbial last straw. One way or another, I was determined to make one of those engines run enough to get us at least to West Palm. The first effort was to see if it wouldn't be possible to reinstall the harmonic balancer for at least long enough to get us the next 23 miles. No way. The balancer and pulley was connected to the drive shaft by a recessed 1 1/2-inch bolt, and I don't carry sockets that big on the boat. No other tool in the work room would get the job done, and even a cold chisel and hammer wouldn't reach.

That left the starboard engine, and my previous efforts had included the disassembly

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A DAY ABOARD THE ECHO

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fishing fanatic aboard), much to my wife's pleasure.

He also told the fantastic story of the Echo.

The magnificent 50-foot yacht took two years on the drawing board and considerable amount of time and effort to build. When trying to find out a way to get the boat shipped to Lake Mead from the West Coast shipyard, he ran into problems. It was too wide to go on the highway or by rail, so it came by a special plane, its maiden voyage being by air instead of water.

The boat was so heavy and large, it was only 242 pounds underweight and left only a 1/4-inch diameter inside the plane. Though there were many trials and tribulations, he finally got the boat to Lake Mead where it was launched August 18, 1969.

We passed Temple Bar and other points of interest including the old Senator Mill, which along with other gold mines and mills operated right up until the time Lake Mead was filled, flooding the mines.

About 45 minutes before we

were to dock at South Cove, a great buffet luncheon was served on board. It was self-service in the galley with Dixie Chicken, potato salad, beans, stuffed sausages and all the trimmings. (I was glad it was self-service or the better half would have seen the seconds on chicken and beans and delivered her second diet message of the day.)

When we arrived at South Cove, I was filled with a little apprehension. The advertisement had said we would take a tour of Meadview and we were assured by the people on the cruise that there was no obligation to buy any property.

However, I had read about, and even experienced one time, the high-pressure tactics some developers use to make sales and I wondered what it would be like at Meadview.

We went ashore and were met by a young man named Jim, who was to be our guide for the tour. On the brief trip up the road from South Cove to Meadview, Jim talked with us about ourselves and even stopped to give us a

panoramic view of the basin from the north end of the Meadview community.

He was very personable and seemed interested in my wife and me, but I kept waiting for the fast, hard sales pitch.

It never came.

We were taken to the beautiful Meadview Civic Center where all of us from the cruise met for a brief slide presentation and short talk about the Meadview community. After the presentation and a cup of coffee, Jim took us on a personal tour of Meadview and gave us additional information about the growing Lake Mead community.

We were certainly impressed and interested, but we told him we would have to think it over. We returned to the civic center, continuing to talk to Jim and others who live at Meadview. Throughout the entire tour, presentation and conversations, there was no pressure for us to buy.

The Grand Wash Cliffs are magnificent, the Joshua Tree Forest is a sight to behold and the gently rolling terrain and development of the com-

munity is impressive. But, we still wanted to think it over and I am sure Jim understood.

After two or three hours at Meadview, we departed with Jim and the rest of the group for South Cove and our return trip home on the Echo.

We had met some very nice people and were extremely impressed with the community and the manner in which we were treated.

On the return trip home, we enjoyed another nice buffet supper and cocktails and met Captain Bing, who continued to give us information about Lake Mead.

And, we were fortunate to see one of the most magnificent sunsets anyone could ever hope of viewing.

We wondered how we would be treated by the Meadview people aboard the yacht on the return trip to Lake Mead Marina, as we had decided to give more consideration and thought to Meadview before we buy.

Our wonders were quickly answered. There was no difference than the cruise to Meadview. In fact, I think everyone was even a bit more relaxed on the way back.

Out of the 20 or so couples

who were on the cruise, I think seven or eight, including our Midwest friends, purchased property at Meadview. However, all of us, whether we bought property or not, were treated in the same friendly manner and the return trip was a ball.

As we headed into Lake Mead Marina early in the evening, we were all completely happy with the entire day—the cruise, the tour and especially the way we were treated by the crew of the Echo and the Meadview people.

And, my wife and I have agreed that we will return again as soon as possible—not only to enjoy the many benefits of Lake Mead, but also to take a second and longer look at Meadview, probably staying a couple of days to tour the property again and think more about buying property for our future.

In concluding, all I can say is that our day on Lake Mead and at Meadview was well worth the time and we are thankful of the opportunity to make the trip. And, I am sure we will reap the benefits from it for many years to come.

SUMMER WIND

Continued From Page 22

of two fuel filters and the lift fuel pump. An hour and a half later, I had pirated the lift pump off of the port engine and reinstalled it on the starboard. The fuel lines had been switched over to run off the port tank, and the engine fuel system bled. The starboard engine fired and it sounded like a million dollars. Hot and disgusted but nevertheless elated, I checked our timetable and found that we could just make it into West Palm before our guests were scheduled to arrive.

I told Lee, "Let's haul anchor and get out of here before the damn thing explodes or something." A flick on the electric anchor winch switch did not bring the familiar clinkety clank sound of retracting chain. The hawse pipe on the automatic device was retracted and as far as the automatic anchor was concerned, it was up and ready to go. The problem was, we still had 50 feet of chain and a 55 lb. anchor out. This is not the first time that this little fun game had been played, so with hammer and wrecking bar, I climbed into the bow compartment to "persuade" the hawse pipe that it should not be retracted.

A couple of rounds of these activities, and the chain came rolling right on in...all the way in. That had never happened before, simply because the anchor stops the chain from coming all the way into the boat. This time it was a little different. There wasn't any anchor attached to the chain, and ever last inch of chain slithered into the bilge like spaghetti being slurped by a grade school kid. Oh well, this was to be our last anchorage anyway, and I still had two good old-fashioned manual anchors on board if needed. At 1325, we made our final departure from the anchorage, arriving at the West Palm Beach marina at 1605.

Approaching the fuel dock, the Captain made another one of his now famous single engine landings. Needless to say, wind and current were doing their best to make life miserable. An old saying with pilots is "any landing you walk away from is a good one." On our boat we have a saying too. "Any single engine docking that leaves the dock standing and the hull intact is a good one."

We hadn't even completed tying up when Jim and Marie arrived on the scene, completely unaware of our recent disasters. They listened in disbelief as we gave them the thirty second version of the last few hours of troubles. Even we couldn't believe it. Nobody...just nobody, has that much bad luck in that short of time.

A mechanic amazingly appeared on the scene in five minutes and I gave him a quick rundown of the troubles. He nor anyone else in the marina had a socket big enough to remount the balancer, but he did reinstall the



Victory toast with Jim and Marie.



Summer Wind at our final destination.



3350 miles the hard way, but Summer Wind now rides at rest in Fort Lauderdale.

starboard lift pump on the port engine...and it fired. (I was to later find out that all the starboard engine needed was a quick bleeding due to an air leak which had developed in the pressure system. A qualified diesel mechanic showed me how to do it in less than sixty seconds. The captain now refers to himself regularly as "dummy".)

The port engine was now available for short intermittent usage for situations such as docking, heavy traffic or waiting for bridge openings. No matter how much practice you have with a lopsided, single screw boat, there are many situations that can develop that you have no control over, and that extra engine, even though available only briefly, can make the difference between safety and disaster.

We were to use the port engine intermittently about fifteen times on the way to our apartment in Lauderdale the next day, and there were at least four occasions where we would have been in big trouble without it.

At 1230 on Wednesday, we docked the Summer Wind at its final destination in Ft. Lauderdale, and it didn't seem possible that our voyage was over. Lee and I both had the instantaneous feeling of a huge letdown. I suppose it was the final culmination of nearly 7½ months of intermittent cruising, and we just couldn't really believe it was all over.

The cruise had brought us 1480 miles since New York City, and a total of 3350 miles from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. We had negotiated 145 locks and one marine railway, and had seen some of the most beautiful country in North America.

We had our problems, and we had our frustrations, but we also had...in spite of everything, grand times. We were able to enjoy delightful companions along the way and see sights and places that perhaps we will never again have the opportunity to duplicate.

We have been asked many times "If you knew then what you know now, would you do it again?" The answer is of course an unequivocal "yes".

In the course of our lengthy voyage, we learned quite a few things. For one, the couple who takes to the water for peace and quiet will find it...but not without some troubles to go with it. In our case, we happened to have a few more than normal, but I prefer to think that it was an equalization of the odds, and that during this past year, we paid the price for nearly 19 years of previous trouble free boating.

It was great...it was fun...and we are looking forward to new and exciting adventures with the Summer Wind. As time permits, we plan to cruise the Bahamas, the Keys, the Gulf, and...well, who knows? To those of you who have followed our tales, we wish you good cruising. Perhaps our wakes will cross someday.



FREE LAKE MEAD YACHT CRUISE

*A*hoy there! Be our guest for a fun day on Lake Mead. See Hoover Dam. See the canyons and all of the rugged outdoor beauty of Nevada and Arizona.

Come aboard the 42 passenger Echo, Lake Mead's largest luxury charter vessel. Be the guest of Meadview and have fun! All meals and refreshments are on us. While enjoying a cruise of a lifetime, you may explore the land opportunity offered by Meadview with no obligation.

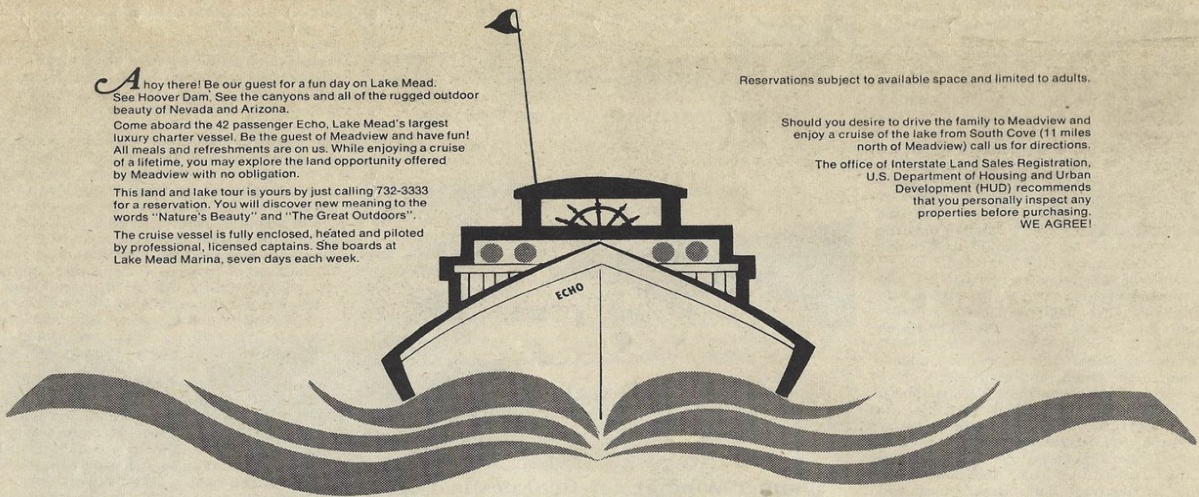
This land and lake tour is yours by just calling 732-3333 for a reservation. You will discover new meaning to the words "Nature's Beauty" and "The Great Outdoors".

The cruise vessel is fully enclosed, heated and piloted by professional, licensed captains. She boards at Lake Mead Marina, seven days each week.

Reservations subject to available space and limited to adults.

Should you desire to drive the family to Meadview and enjoy a cruise of the lake from South Cove (11 miles north of Meadview) call us for directions.

The office of Interstate Land Sales Registration, U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) recommends that you personally inspect any properties before purchasing. WE AGREE!



SO, WELCOME ABOARD. HAVE FUN.
BE OUR GUEST FOR A GRAND AND GREAT DAY ON LAKE MEAD.

732-3333

meadview
a quality development by Landex

