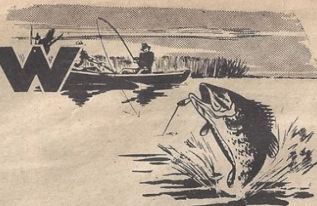


meadview monitor



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Vol. 4, No. 8

MEADVIEW, ARIZONA

May, 1967

WATER SKI CRUISE IS SET FOR MAY 27 ON LAKE MEAD



WHAT MORE COULD YOU ASK FOR--A PRETTY GIRL,
A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND A BOAT ON LAKE MEAD. THIS

CAN BE YOUR DAY ON MAY 27TH, WHEN A WATER SKI
CRUISE FROM SOUTH COVE TAKES PLACE.



THE WATER SKI CRUISE WILL BRING OUT THOSE SKI
ENTHUSIASTS. ARE YOU READY? HERE WE GO, DES-

TINATION, TEMPLE BAR BASIN AND RETURN.

Meadview Adventurers' Club Newly Organized Motto: Family Outdoor Fun

By HAL BROWN, Co-ordinator

After reading about an exciting outdoor activity, have
you ever thought "I wish I could participate in some-
thing like that."

Well, perhaps you can now, as the Meadview Adven-
turers' Club was formed to cater to the many folks
like you who love outdoor adventure and excitement
but who do not wish to go it alone.

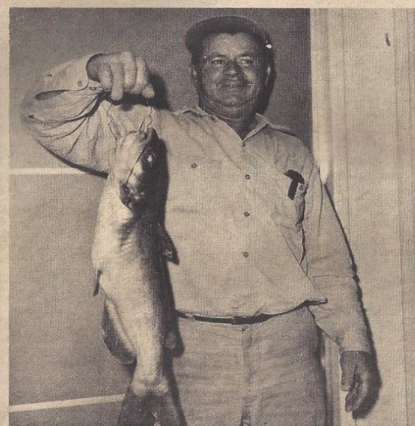
The Meadview Adventurers' Club is not an organized
group, it has no officers, nor does it charge any dues.
The club has just one purpose, and this is to bring
individuals together, once or twice a month, for a
planned outing, into the surrounding country. The method
of transportation is varied--boats, 4 wheel drives or
sand buggies, conventional automobiles or trailbikes.

Many trips have already been taken by the Meadview
Adventurers' group and many more are planned. To
name just a few, there was a four wheel drive outing
to the top of the Grand Wash Cliffs, two boat cruises
up the Colorado River, into the lower reaches of the
Grand Canyon, a Treasure Hunt by boat on Lake Mead,
the Bat Mine and Quartermaster Lookout excursion
was made by a car caravan and other boating events
took place on the lake.

All events are planned for good, clean family outdoor
fun, with enough variety to please most everyone.

How to join? That is simple, you need only participate.

(Continued on Page 3)



THIS 7 LB. 3 OZ. CATFISH, SNAGGED AT ICEBERG
CANYON, WAS THE LARGEST FISH CAUGHT IN ONE
WEEK AND THE LARGEST OF THAT SPECIES GAME
FISH FOR THE MONTH, SO HERMAN HUNTER, OF KING-
MAN, WON A \$5.00 AND A \$10.00 CERTIFICATE.

South Cove To Temple Bar Family Ski Event

Who does the skiing in your family--Dad, Mom, or
the kids? Whoever it is, the Meadview Adventurers'
Club is going to give you a chance to take advantage of
this great activity.

On May 27th, the Club is sponsoring a Water Ski
Cruise from South Cove to Temple Bar and return. Here
is a chance to enter a sport that does not require you
being a top skier. Why, you ask? Because this ski
event is for fun and not so much for skill.

On the run to Temple Bar, (approximately 18 miles),
a trophy will be awarded to the person who can stay up
the entire time. (Or the one who stays up the longest.)
On the return leg, it will be a double event, with a
trophy going to the two people who manage to stay up
the longest. Use any kind of ski you want, anything goes.

If you can't ski, it's fun to watch, so spectators are
welcome.

The take off point will be from the sandy beach
approximately 2 miles up lake from the South Cove
launching ramp, at 10 a.m., Arizona time, on the
morning of Saturday, May 27, 1967. A member of the
Meadview Adventurers' Club will be at South Cove to
give directions.

Boat specifications are broad--a safe boat with a
motor large enough to pull a skier. Speed is not a win-
ning factor so you do not need a fast boat. In fact, top
speed during this cruise will be 30 miles per hour.

The pilot boat will leave at 10:00 o'clock sharp and
the contestants boats will cast off at given intervals.
All boats will proceed single file from the starting point
and continue in this fashion to the designated reef in
the Temple Bar Resort basin.

There will be several check points to pass on the run
down lake as well as on the return run. All contestants
passing these check points will still be in the running,
that is, if you haven't had a spill, as this disqualifies
you.

Lunch will be at Temple Bar before the return run so
bring along your favorite delicacies and refreshments.
This type of outdoor activity can really spoil a diet
vow. Who cares, really, for you will have seen skiers
of all ages trying their skill on a beautiful body of
warm, blue water.

Skiers won't have time to sight see but the spectators
can enjoy the scenery as we cross Gregg's Basin, go
past colorful Hualapai Bay, Channel Reefs and Virgin
Reefs. Then as you look up you will see the mighty
bluffs that form Virgin Canyon, which is mountain sheep
country for sure.

Leaving Virgin Canyon, the lake broadens out again
passing many favorite fishing areas. Upon seeing so
many bays and coves along this route, it will, I'm sure,
make you want to return to explore them.

It is a thrill to see the famous temple designating
the time to set a southern course into the Temple Bar
resort area. Here at the lunch stop will be a good
chance to become better acquainted with the rest of
the gang.

The only way you are going to know about the fun of
such an outing is to participate. So come on, dig out
those water boards that have been collecting dust all
winter, and join us in an exciting adventure on the water.

Remember the day, May 27th, on Lake Mead near
Meadview. There will be a pilots meeting at the take
off beach at 9:45 a.m. so be on hand in plenty of time.

For participants trailering their boats to South Cove,
turn east off Hwy. 93 at the Meadview directional sign.
Boat gas may be purchased at the Meadview service
station. A store and snack bar are on the premises
also. See you then.

Meadview Scoreboard Winners

Bert Edson and Walt Munger of the Meadview Marina,
report that fishing is real good in the Gregg Basin,
Iceberg Canyon, areas. To prove their point they gave
the following names of fishermen weighing in winning
game fish.

The top honor winners were, Herman Hunter of King-
man, Arizona, and Joe Blalock of Flagstaff, Arizona.
Both took home a \$5.00 weekly and a \$10.00 monthly
certificate. Roy Huggins received a \$10.00 certificate
and almost crowded Blalock out with his 4 lb. 1 oz.

(Continued on Page 4)

meadview monitor

PUBLISHED FOR AND BY
THE RESIDENTS AND OWNERS OF
MEADVIEW

Editor - Jackie Brown
P. O. Box 158 - Dolan Springs, Arizona 86441



Over The Editor's Desk

By JACKIE BROWN

Instead of my usual column, I would like to share this cute story on the silly Roadrunner, with you. He has several interesting things to say.

THE ROAD RUNNER

The Roadrunner runs in the road, His Coat is speckled, a la mode. His wings are short, his tail is long, He jerks as he runs along. His bill is sharp, his eyes are keen, He has a brain tucked in his bean, But in his gizzard, if you please, Are lizzards, rats and bumble bees; Also Horny Toads - on them he feeds - And Rattlesnakes and Centipedes.

I live in the desert and arid countries. There used to be many of us from the plains of Nebraska to the West Coast, Mexico and South America. Because of the increased population and many hunters, my species is almost extinct. We find the High Desert folks love and protect us. Feed and water available, we return their kindness many ways.

Names we have many, because we are of the cuckoo family. The textbooks call us "The California Roadrunner", or "Geococcyx Californicus." Folks call us Chapparral Cock, chaparral meaning low desert growth including the mesquite, our favorite home. One of our names is Paisano, which means man of the road; it is a good name, as we like to follow the roadways.

We like people, when they are good to us we protect their homes in our way by eating troublesome insects and reptiles. We entertain them with our peculiar antics and laughable ways and that is why we are called the bird clown. I am sure you have seen us by the side of the road, you have wondered about us, "What are those funny birds?"

I will tell you from the top of my head crest to the tip of my tail I am an outstanding bird. When you know me, you never mistake me for any other bird. I can raise and lower my topknot at will. My face is long with a deep slit mouth. My long tail, I use as a brake to stop quickly or register my emotions. My feathers are a speckled patch work of colors - dark blue to grey to green changing to purple reflections, the rest brownish white mingled with white. Around the eyes I am beautifully colored orange and blue, my throat shades are brown the same as my sides and breast; unless you see me closely you will say I am brown and white.

Most of the time you will find me alone. As soon as I am old enough to walk well, I leave my mother's protective nest and food, go investigate for myself and make my own living. I guess I am the only bird that doesn't live and do things a certain way like all other birds. A common expression by the old timers of the desert regarding the things I do is, "Batty as a Chapparral Cock." "The roadrunner in his daily routing is crazy like a fox." There is nothing cuckoo about him, only his name (Family tree name).

"Roady", most of my friends call me, and place food and water near their living quarters to watch me perform for them. I am a meat eater and catch all their lizzards for them as lizzards are my special diet. My mother and father raised me on them. I also keep the snakes away from folks yards, as I eat them, rattlers as well. After killing one, I just start swallowing the snake as my digestive juices are fast operating. In an hour or so more of the snake goes down while part of it is still dangling from my bill. I may have to go traveling around all day digesting Mr. Snake but this saves hunting more food. Do you think I am a crazy bird or just efficient to think of this method for a full course dinner? I keep the rats and mice away from homes as I find they are quite tasty too. In Mexico I have saved men who have become lost until they followed my foot prints in the sand. These prints are in the shape of a cross and cannot be mistaken for any other track. Because I like to travel the roadways, anyone can follow my tracks and come to the road to safety. I really can't brag about my singing, because I haven't any voice, but I click my beak together in rhythm time making a sound of castanets.

When you visit us in the Hi-Desert, protect and keep us always living with man as his friend.

The really happy man is the one who can enjoy the scenery when he has to take a detour.

-The Wall Street Journal



ROY HUGGINS, OF CONGRESS, ARIZONA, CAUGHT THIS 4 LB. 1 OZ. BASS ON A WATER DOG PLUG, NORTH OF SANDY POINT. THIS LUNKER WON A MONTHLY \$10.00 CERTIFICATE.

meadview mailbag



Dear Jackie and Hal--

Having read in the Meadview Monitor about the Auto Caravan trip to Quartermaster Lookout, we planned our first trip to Meadview with that in mind.

Just wanted you to know how much we enjoyed ourselves that day - the hearty welcome we received and the friendly people we met as well as the beauty of the everchanging scenery along the route - and last but not least those delicious barbecued steaks back at headquarters.

Thank you for a lovely day.

Sincerely

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Dunn
100 Jefferson St.,
Taft, Calif. 93268

Dear Jackie,

In our very first copy of the Meadview Monitor, we read about the trip planned to Quartermaster Lookout and knew it was something we just couldn't miss.

The trip was so very much more than we ever expected it to be, and we enjoyed the various points of interest and the friendly people in the group. Getting acquainted with you and Hal was one of the greatest pleasures of the day; you were wonderful hosts.

Thanks again for one of the nicest days we have ever experienced.

Sincerely

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Snyder
Box 2326
Oroutt, Calif. 93454

Dear Hal and Jackie:

We want to thank you for a very enjoyable trip with the Meadview Adventurers Club Caravan to Quartermaster Lookout, on April the 8th.

We were very much impressed with Hal's knowledge of the area in which we were traveling. He seemed to know the names of every bush, cactus and tree.

The scenery, a combination of desert and mountains, was quite a treat, we thought, until we arrived at our destination, two different stops at the Grand Canyon. We would not attempt to describe what we saw, as we feel that whatever we said would be an injustice to beautiful scenery.

We were a little selfish in thinking that we were the only folks to drive a long distance for this trip but soon discovered that people had come from San Pedro, Imperial Valley, Taft and Whittier, California; and like us, they thought it was worth it. Ending the day with a steak fry was a nice touch to a perfect outing.

Thanks again to a very congenial and friendly couple, Hal and Jackie Brown.

Sincerely

Edw. and Martha Lopez
Napa, California

Dear Editor:

My family and I received a copy of your newspaper the other day and enjoyed it very much. We would like to be put on your mailing list. If it costs anything let us know.

We would like to go on your cruise in April to the Lower Granite Gorge, this trip seems to be a lot of fun. We have never been to this area before.

I would appreciate your mailing me a complete set of charts, and I would like to have the February issue of the Monitor.

See you on the Cruise.

Robert J. Seymour
Santa Ana, California

Mrs. Jackie Brown,

I need some information which I think you might supply. I plan to fish at Lake Mead between April 10th. and 15th., and while there I want to look over the homesites that are available at Meadview. I would like to talk to a representative of the development. Can you advise me if a representative is usually at the site? May I please have his name. Any information you send me will be appreciated.

I might say my interest in Meadview developed

through having received several issues of the Meadview Monitor.

Yours truly
C. R. Bowman
Winslow, Arizona

Dear Editor:

My husband and I enjoy the Meadview Monitor very much.

We gave the January and February copies to friends so wonder if you will send the charts to us. We go to that area quite often and enjoy it very much.

Thanking you in advance.

Yours truly,
Lois Marie Gunn
Homeland, California

Dear Editor:

Just a note to say how very much I do enjoy reading the Meadview Monitor, and to give you a change of address. To be honest, I'm not interested in buying there--enjoy my jeep and camp gear too much--but I do want, one day soon, to join you folks on one of your trips (I have an 18' canoe with motor for water travel--marvelous until the wind picks up). Perhaps I can trail along (though can't keep up) on April 29th. Thanks too, for the Lake and particularly the upper river charts you printed in the "Monitor".

Regards
George T. Appleton
Las Vegas, Nevada

Dear Sir:

I received your March edition as the first copy of your paper. Please allow me to compliment you on the most interesting and informative "Resort" paper I have ever read. I would certainly like to remain on your mailing list if possible.

As a fisherman and camper owner, my activities to date have been mostly around Southern California (Salton Sea and Colorado River). But a trip to the "Big Lake" has been planned for this spring. Therefore any past and future maps would be appreciated.

Hope to see you soon.

Sincerely,
C. O. Reynolds
Ontario, Calif.

Editor's Note: Although the following letter was sent to Lee Glindmeter, Mrs. Ummack had so many nice things to say about Meadview Lee thought her letter should be printed in the Monitor. We agree, and isn't Mrs. Ummack nice to take the time to put all her wonderful feelings down in a letter.

Dear Glamorous Editor Lee:

Meeting you and Jackie Brown with your respective husbands and others at beautiful Meadview was truly a thrill for Walt and me. Of course, he does not say much (how can he?) but he feels deeply, just the same.

We never had discovered a forest of Joshua trees to compare with those fantastic giants that cover your terrain along the trail, and at Meadview. With the Opuntia cactus growing in such profusion amid the budding Joshuas, there's an atmosphere of grotesque charm which I'm sure could be found nowhere else in the Great American Desert!

When you people so graciously allowed us to "moor" our boat, trailer and car at the upper end of the Cook-Out area and we stepped to the rim of the precipice, we were impressed with the bigness of it all, the distance down to that arm of Lake Mead from where we stood was so remote; then the vista across the miles to Mt. Charleston hovering far above Las Vegas; plus the closer scene of Red Sandstone bluffs on the East, filled us with a feeling of exultation.

If the coffee had not been so excellent, I'd have slept better aboard the boat - but two things conspired to make me wakeful, the one my inability to sleep if I drink coffee at night, and the other, the general feeling of excitement at being there, of being a part of the festivities planned for the next morning.

After all of our correspondence since last November (and I hope Jackie liked the Claypool's homemade bread as much as we do), it was very gratifying to find in you such an attractive gal and your handsome husband such a dear; the Browns such an adorable pair, as well as the others, all of whom I felt I almost knew from seeing their pictures and reading about them in the Riviera

(Continued on Page 8)



CHARLES B. WILSON, JR., OF FLAGSTAFF, WEIGHED IN A 2 LB. 1 OZ. CRAPPIE, CAUGHT AT HUALAPAI CANYON. A \$10.00 MONTHLY CERTIFICATE WAS AWARDED TO WILSON FOR THE LARGEST GAME FISH OF THIS SPECIES. A HELLBENDER LURE WAS USED.

in and around meadview

By HAL BROWN



Recently, a couple rolled in pulling a beautiful 24 ft. travel trailer and they soon became the envy of everyone, but particularly yours truly. Not only was this house on wheels a beauty to behold but these folks, Mac and Rita McCoughin, of Lakeport, California, were embarking on a 6 months extended tour. It has been this writers dream to be able to, some day, do just that, so guess the green eyed monster was showing itself a bit.

Mac and Rita visited with us for two days and I can't say when we've ever enjoyed two people any more. Mac had a short, quick, introduction to the innocent looking Beaver Tail cactus, when he picked it up in his hands, with loving care. Did you ever get all the stickers out, Mac?

Taking my mind away from travel trailers, spring, and the like, would like to mention that another five families are making preparations for improvements on their lots.

The John Younts, from Phoenix, the Roderio Prathers and the Wm. Dales, from Garden Grove, and Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Cox, of Flagstaff are all getting their places in readiness for mobile homes. Mr. and Mrs. James Napier from Elmonte, however, have started the ground-work for building a home on their property. These four families will have the advantage of one years free electricity and that can really help the budget.

One of our fellow employees, Const. Supt. Link Lechlitter, who divides his time between the Riviera and Meadview, has also placed a nice mobile home on his lot. Hope this means Link is going to spend more time up here.

Another couple who have started to build are R. E. and Georgia Miller, from Tolffson, Arizona (near Phoenix). Their property is in Unit 5, and this nice couple had been working on their lot for several days before we even realized they were in the area. Don't keep these things a secret!

We are really gaining quite a membership in our newly formed Meadview Adventurers' Club. All of the activities up to date have been well attended and this is what builds up the roster. To those of you who have never taken advantage of these fun trips, we extend an invitation to come and join in. To learn how to become a member, read the article about it in this issue of the Monitor, it's titled--Meadview Adventurers' Club Organized.

It is always fun and exciting to plan and organize these excursions and to meet the most active, fun loving group of folks you could ever encounter anywhere.

Along with the pleasures of becoming acquainted with all these wonderful people, we also learn of new places to explore and more about the areas we visit.

Before the Quartermaster Lookout trip, Jackie and I stopped at Peach Springs, to get a permit from the Hualapai Indian Tribal Counselor, to trespass on their reservation. The Counselors name is Rupert Parker, a very personable fellow indeed.

We had a very nice visit with Mr. Parker, and learned of another beautiful, remote area to visit, someday. Will give you a run down after the trail has been checked out.

Yours truly is counting the days until June 5th, as this is the day Frank Glindmeier and I, along with several others, head down the Colorado River with Georgia White and her group. We enter the river at Lee's Ferry, above Marble Canyon, and as we pass over the last rapid in the Lower Granite Gorge, we

76th Birthday Celebrated At Meadview



MR. AND MRS. MILO GALE REALLY CELEBRATED MR. GALE'S 76TH BIRTHDAY. THESE BASS WERE CAUGHT IN THE ICEBERG CANYON WATERS ON IMITATION RED WORMS, AND WERE THE GOOD EXCUSE TO HAVE A FISH FRY.



EVELYN CAMPBELL, MILO GALE, LIZZIE GALE AND RITA MCCOUGHIN RELAX AND VISIT A BIT AFTER EATING THEIR SHARE OF FISH.



A GROUP OF ADVENTURERS, IN 10 RUBBER RAFTS, WHO WERE ON THE LAST LEG OF A COLORADO RIVER RUN, THAT STARTED AT LEE'S FERRY, ABOVE MARBLE CANYON. NO CHANCE TO GET THE NAMES OF THIS GAY GROUP.

become river rats--Royal River Rats, no less. This title is a very coveted one as so few people obtain it. I hope we'll be able to take time out from holding on, long enough, to take some pictures to prove we've been on the run. If successful, they should make interesting showing someday at a Meadview Adventurers' Club get together. Must warn you to be prepared, soon, to hear all about this excursion, 'cause Frank and I aren't going to take a fabulous trip such as this and then keep it to ourselves.

Mr. Milo Gale celebrated his 76th birthday at Meadview the weekend of April 27th. Mr. & Mrs. Gale traveled from Mesa, Arizona, after receiving an invitation from their son Jim, to celebrate his birthday at Lake Mead fishing. This was the Gale's first trip to the Meadview area, although they have been fishing at Lake Mead for many years. They were thrilled with Meadview and its surrounding beauty, but most of all, the quick access to their favorite fishing spots, via South Cove launching ramp.

The birthday trip was complete with a fish-fry at the Meadview Marina (there was a little bragging going on---they caught their limits, with Mrs. Gale catching the largest one). The birthday party-fish-fry, was a huge success and there were 25 mouth-watering guests, who enjoyed the delicious, Lake Mead bass. Mrs. Gale said he had never had a birthday that he had enjoyed more than this one. (The guests at the fish-fry were the Meadview Adventurers' Club, on site for the Automobile Caravan to the Bat Mine Towers and Quartermaster Lookout.)



THE GALES DIDN'T HAVE MANY FISH AFTER FEEDING THIS MEADVIEW ADVENTURERS' CLUB GANG.

MEADVIEW ADVENTURERS' CLUB

(Continued from Page 1)

In one event sponsored by the Meadview Adventurers' Club and you automatically become a member. What could be simpler than that? After your first trip with the club you will be issued a wallet sized card with future Adventurers' Club dates shown on the reverse side.

There are many exciting trips, cruises and outings planned for the future. Some will be one day outings, others will be for overnight. All trips are listed in the Meadview Monitor's Calendar of Events, each month, so keep a sharp eye out for the event that takes your fancy and plan to join in the fun.

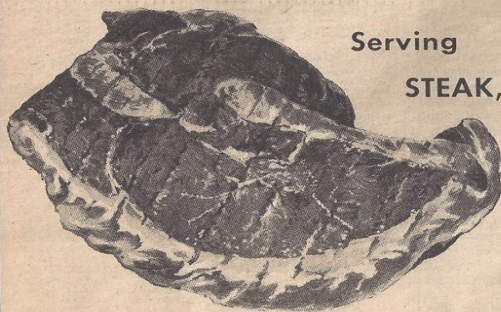
Yours truly is the co-ordinator of the Meadview Adventurers' Club, whose headquarters are at the Meadview Information Office. A directional map, pointing the way to Meadview, is printed on the back page of the Monitor.

Meadview is geared to handle large groups, with these facilities: trailer park, campground, snack bar, grocery store, which also handles ice and sporting goods, and a service station carrying boat gas. The nearby South Cove Landing, with paved launching ramp, can accommodate your pleasure boat.

The club invites the public to join us in the pleasures of finding gem stones and fossils. Old mines, petroglyphs, artifacts or old bottles, are reminders of folks before us, who in reality pioneered this great, vast, western land. There is nothing like sharing the outdoor pleasures with congenial people, so try it and see for yourself. This could be a new way to spend some of that leisure time so step up to ADVENTURE and the excitement of discovery.

Every Saturday Night

SPORTSMAN'S BARBEQUE



Serving

STEAK, BEANS, TOSSED SALAD

ROLLS and COFFEE
**EAT OUT
UNDER THE STARS
You'll Enjoy It!**

ADULTS
\$1.50

CHILDREN
\$1.00

SERVED FROM
6 p.m. to 9 p.m.
(ARIZONA TIME)



Lakeside Lore

By DUANE JOHNSON

Jackie Brown just came in and ruined a good day for me. She informed me it was time to write something for the Monitor. A newspaper reporter or feature writer I am not! Anyway I'll try and see what develops.

It seems each week the traffic into Meadview becomes a little heavier, more fishermen coming in to try their luck at catching the big ones, more people driving in just to look at our beautiful, fantastic scenery, and best of all, to the benefit of all Meadview owners, there seems to be an ever increasing number of people who have decided that Meadview is the place for them to locate their second home; a place to come on week-ends and vacations.

About the last week in March we finally, after encountering numerous difficulties, got the trailer park in condition to handle campers and travel-trailers. The first guests in the park were Mr. & Mrs. Emile Pozas of Santa Cruz, Calif. Emile and Evelyn dropped in with friends from Williams, Arizona to spend two days and fishing was so good they stayed a week. A wonderful couple and we are all looking forward to seeing them again real soon.

Another group of California visitors consisted of four generations. Mr. Joe Stanley, 88 years young, from San Miguel, Mrs. Josephine Bequette of San Miguel, Mr. Leroy Wienke of San Jose and Miss Pat Jones of San Jose. An unusual fact about this group is that there are five generations living on both Mr. & Mrs. Wienke's sides of the family. Hurry back folks with all of your generations.

Last month we printed an article about the Arizona Fish and Game Dept. survey of Bighorn sheep. On the 1st of April Doug Blakley of Arizona Helicopters in Chandler, Arizona, along with Jim Jett and George Welsh, wildlife managers from the Kingman office of Arizona Game and Fish Dept. dropped in on us (by Helicopter, no less), while making their survey along this section of the lake. Up to this point they reported counting 235 Desert Bighorn Sheep, mostly at about the 2,000 foot level. Quite a few new lambs from a few days old to 2 months old were observed. These animals blend in with the surrounding areas and are very difficult to see. The helicopter gets the crew into the rugged, inaccessible areas that cannot be reached by any other method. We enjoyed visiting with the crew and they reported a delicious lunch and wonderful hospitality at the Snack Bar.

Plan on joining us for one of the activities listed in the schedule of events and we hope to meet you then. Happy vacation to all.



THIS YOUNG FISHERMAN WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT AT THE MOUTH OF NO. HOWLAND COVE. THIS BOAT LOAD REPORTED, "FISHIN' GOOD."

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 mail to; RIVCOR, Box 237, Bullhead City, Arizona.

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING PERSONS COMPLIMENTARY COPIES OF THE MEADVIEW MONITOR

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EVELYN AND EMIL POZAS, OF SANTA CRUZ, CALIF., CAME TO MEADVIEW FOR A DAY AND STAYED A WEEK. "BECAUSE," TO QUOTE EMIL, "THE FISHIN'S TOO GOOD TO LEAVE."



JOE BLALOCK, OF FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, CAUGHT HIS 4 LB. 1 OZ. BASS ON A WATER DOG IN HUALAPAI BAY. THIS BEING A WEEKLY WINNER AND A TIE FOR THE MONTH'S SPECIES GAME FISH, JOE WON A \$5.00 AND A \$10.00 CERTIFICATE.

MEADVIEW SCOREBOARD

(Continued from Page 1)

weight tying Bass. Hunter nosed Huggins out of his weekly win by catching his 7 lb. 3 oz. Catfish the same week.

Weekly winners were Brad Moss of Flagstaff, Arizona, with a 3 lb. 13 oz. Bass and Russell Woodruff of Bagdad, Arizona with a 1 lb. 12 oz. Bass.

Other game species winners for the month were J. Van Leeuwen of Ontario, California with the largest and only trout and Chas. B. Wilson Jr. of Flagstaff with the largest and only Crappie.

Munger pointed out that it is wise for all fishermen to weigh in their largest fish of the day, in any species. "You know," he says "there may be a winner in that string."

It was reported that many of the fishermen fishing the upper lake regions in and around the South Cove launching ramp, were limiting out with Bass in the 1 lb. to 3 lb. weight averages.

Edson said he couldn't see why all fishermen who pass down the Pierce Ferry Rd. to South Cove don't take advantage of our Scoreboard. He suggested that all sportsmen read the following rules and next time stop in at the Meadview Marina and register your catch. To quote Bert, "if they would stop on the way down to the lake, I could tell them where the lunkers are, they would be sure to have a winner."

FISHING SCOREBOARD RULES

Here's how it works. In order to qualify your catch for the scoreboard, all you have to do is weigh in your fish at the Meadview Marina store and have your photo taken to verify the catch. One point will be awarded for each game fish weighing over 3 lbs., if it isn't a weekly or monthly winner. (Only one fish can be weighed per catch, and only one fish per day) This makes it fair for local folks and visitors alike.

Each week a five dollar gift certificate will be awarded for the largest game fish caught regardless of specie. Game fish qualifying for the scoreboard are bass, trout, crappie and catfish. The weekly contest starts on Sunday morning and ends at 10:00 p. m. Saturday night.

Each month a \$10.00 gift certificate will be awarded to the largest of EACH specie of game fish logged on the scoreboard during the month. (That's a total of four monthly winners in addition to the individual weekly winners). The monthly contest ends at 10:00 p.m. on the third Saturday of each month and starts again the following Sunday morning.

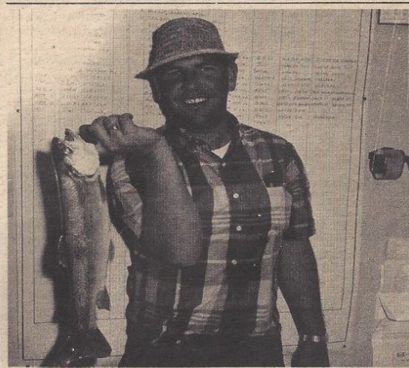
The first overall scoreboard contest ends at 10:00 p.m., May 31st, 1967. The overall winner will receive a new 33 H. P. Evinrude electric start Ski-Twin outboard engine. Other beautiful prizes will be awarded to second, third, fourth and fifth place winners.

Winners will be determined on the basis of overall points for the duration of the contest. Points will be awarded on the following basis:

One point will be awarded for each game fish weighed in over three pounds if it isn't a weekly or monthly winner.



FOUR GENERATIONS IN ONE FAMILY VISITED MEADVIEW RECENTLY. FRONT, SITTING, JOE STANLEY, REAR, LEFT TO RIGHT, PAT JONES, LEROY WIENEKE AND JOSEPHINE BEQUETTE.



THIS 2 LB. 8 OZ. TROUT WAS CAUGHT WHILE TROWLING IN ICEBERG CANYON, WITH A SONIC LURE. J. VAN LEEUWEN OF ONTARIO, CALIF., WON A \$10.00 CERTIFICATE WITH THIS ONE.

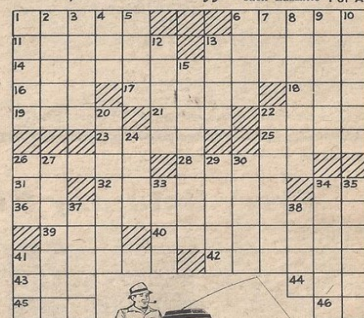
Five points will be awarded to each weekly winner.

Ten points will be awarded to each monthly winner.

All points and awards are based on the largest fish by weight. Each month the weekly and monthly winners will have their picture in the Meadview Monitor and the total score board for the month will be printed, together with current point standings of the leaders. Winners will be notified and receive their gift certificates by mail. The gift certificates are good for any item or items of your choice at the Meadview Marina, including sporting goods, groceries, gas, meals or just whatever you choose.

Sportsword Puzzle

By Jack Lazzatto For Answer



- | | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| ACROSS | 23. Beverage you can carry in powder | 43. It had better be strong for a big fish | 12. Lower one's body without sitting |
| 1. Shore area for striped bass | 44. It connects prop to motor | 13. Window frame | |
| 6. Inside bottom of boat | 25. Irish Gaelic lure | 45. Salt water | 15. Nuisance action resulting from poor cast |
| 11. Remove fish from the line | 28. Masters | 46. Saint: Abbr. | 20. A smoldering campfire |
| 13. Where fish stories are told | 31. Alternative word | | 21. Plant-root decays |
| 14. What to do when you haven't got a pump (3 wds.) | 32. Walker or stamper | | 2. Only a customer! |
| 16. Greek letter | 34. Society for alcoholics: Abbr. | | 24. Nested set of Japanese boxes |
| 17. Smallest | 36. A pretty good size boat motor (2 wds.) | | 26. Drunkard |
| 18. Drink easy | 39. American author | | 27. Make ready |
| 19. Clumps of turf | 40. Fishing pole for a crowded boat (2 wds.) | | 29. Theater |
| 21. Echelon: Abbr. | 41. Place for a poor artist | | 30. Copy of something for printing |
| 22. Floating ice in Alaskan waters | 42. Cash register sign | | 34. Greek land of Asia Minor |
| | | | 35. Enthusiastic as a fisherman |
| | | | 37. Girl's name |
| | | | 38. Cover up |
| | | | 41. Motorboat fuel |



SANDY POINT'S WEST SHORE LINE, 2.3 MILES UP LAKE FROM THE SOUTH COVE LAUNCHING RAMP. THE SKI CRUISE WILL START AND END AT THIS SANDY BEACH.

Federal Entrance Permits On Sale

The "Golden Eagle" Federal entrance permits are available at all regional offices of the Arizona Game and Fish Department and at 1688 West Adams in Phoenix. The "Golden Eagle Passport" allows the holder and his family - or other

persons in his automobile - to enter over 7,000 Federally operated recreation areas throughout the country. The permits are valid from April 1, 1967 to March 31, 1968. They are handled by the Arizona Game and Fish Department as a convenience to sportsmen.



Senator Asks Study Of Highway Campgrounds

In a move designed to aid present and future travel-camping enthusiasts, Sen. Jennings Randolph (W. Va.) has recommended to the Federal Highway Administration that a study be made on the feasibility of providing overnight parking and disposal stations along interstate highways.

The Senator's proposal supports a recommendation made last year by the Camping Club of America, Inc., that campgrounds be established at intervals of 300 miles or less along the interstate system.

The CCA based its proposal partly on results of a study of a similar travel-camping concept which has been put into use along the new Mackenzie Highway in Canada. This highway, which begins at Peace River, Alberta, and ends 626 miles away at Yellowknife, Northwest Territories, on the North Arm of Great Slave Lake, is now equipped with 15 campgrounds, equally spaced along the highway. The campgrounds contain kitchen shelters, drinking water, firewood and toilets.

The Camping Club, while recognizing that the proposed campgrounds would require government coordination, also recommended that private participation be encouraged.

Residence Laws Changed by AFG

Beginning June 13th, the end of the 90-day waiting period required after a bill has been signed into law, anyone who has been a "bona fide" resident of Arizona for the past six months will be able to buy a resident hunting or fishing license, according to Dr. Wendell G. Swank, Director of the Arizona Game and Fish Department.

The six-month ruling is one of the provisions of

THIS YOUNG 'UN OF THE FAIRER SEX IS NOT TO BE OUTDONE. JEAN RUBASH, OF BAGDAD, ARIZONA, CAUGHT THIS 2 LB. 14 OZ. BASS IN THE GREGG BASIN, ON A HELLBENDER LURE. GOOD GOING JEAN.

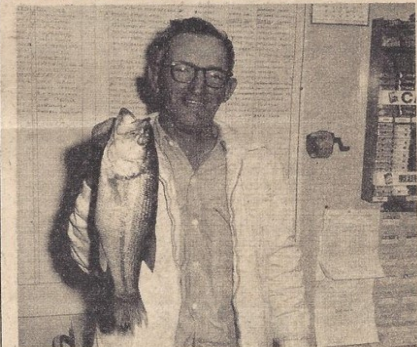
S. B. 129, recently signed into law by Governor Jack Williams.

Originally proposed under H. B. 101, the six-month residency was added to S. B. 129 as an amendment, along with a portion of S.B. 129, which was introduced to extend the meaning of wildlife to include reptiles, amphibians, mollusks and crustaceans, was passed with the amendments.

S.B. 127, which amends the Colorado River use permit agreement has also been signed by the governor. It provides that the California use permit is valid anywhere in the river even when it crosses completely into one state or the other and does not form a mutual boundary.

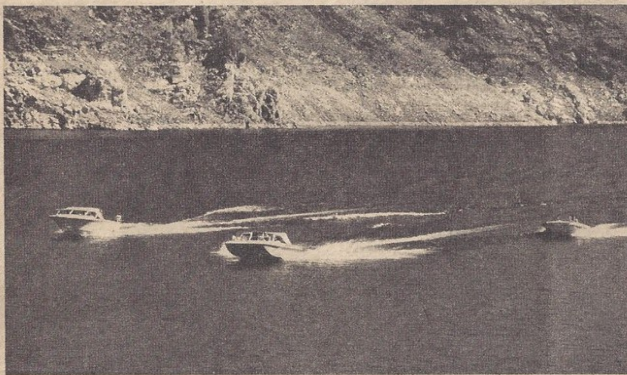


BRAD HOSS OF FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA, WEIGHED IN A DANDY 3 LB. 13 OZ. BASS FOR A WEEKLY WINNER WORTH A \$5.00 CERTIFICATE. THE FISH YIELDED TO A CASEY WORM, 1 MILE SOUTH OF SOUTH COVE.



RUSSELL WOODRUFF, OF BAGDAD, ARIZONA, DISPLAYS A \$5.00 CERTIFICATE WINNER, CAUGHT ON A REDWORM IN BASS COVE. THIS BASS WEIGHED IN AT 1 LB. 12 OZ.

FOR LOTS OF ELBOW ROOM . . .



Meadview is another outstanding development of RIVCOR, one of Arizona's largest community development companies. RIVCOR president, Frank Glindmeier, and Secretary-Treasurer, Paul Mullane, bring to Meadview years of experience in the land planning and community development field. Current activities of RIVCOR include the completion phases of the Colorado Riviera, Arizona's most successful resort and retirement community. Located on the Colorado River, 9 miles South of Davis Dam, the Riviera best displays the results of conscientious effort and sound community planning.

Now, Meadview offers an opportunity, because of the limited acreage available, which may never be repeated. Opportunity to own a part of the area which each year attracts over three million visitors, who after one visit, return again and again to the very place where you can now enjoy a full 12 months of every year, and the land you stand on is yours alone.

Real Estate prices in Arizona have soared. That much is history, but the most exciting fact is that the price rise has only begun. Developed land prices at Meadview are far below those of comparable resort and retirement communities in other parts of the United States.

All of us have wished that we had purchased property that later rose in value to many times its original price. Now is that time at Meadview. The cash investment is so low that it takes but a few dollars each month to buy your lot and build a property nest egg for tomorrow.

A LIVING INVESTMENT

Whether you live at Meadview, or just own property here, your investment in this vital growing area is financially sound — yet the growth of the area has just begun, and the values are the finest to be found anywhere. Buy property now and watch your investment grow with this water-blessed oasis.

LOOK INTO THIS!

A LIMITED NUMBER OF

FULL ONE ACRE HOLIDAY HOME SITES

IN MEADVIEW UNIT 3

ALL SITES SURVEYED — GRADED ROADS INSTALLED



Priced From \$995
Only \$45 Down, \$20.58 Month

AN INVESTMENT IN LIVING

When you buy property at Meadview, you are buying a way of life that can't be found in metropolitan areas, that's unknown in the wintry North, that is unrelated to the nervous, excited pace of modern America.

We have a leisurely, relaxed life, surrounded by genuinely nice people, in an area whose climate is world famous. If you would like to live this 'good life', visit us here and see if you don't agree that this is just what you've been looking for.

QUARTERMASTER LOOKOUT-BAT MINE

By JACKIE BROWN

"A good time was had by all," seems an appropriate phrase, when applying it to the Auto Caravan trip taken to the Bat Cave Tower and Quartermaster Lookout points, recently. For everyone really DID seem to have a good time and all expressed their delight at having gone.

True, it wasn't everyone who would stand on the edge of the ledge and look over, but by and large, most of the folks were real brave and did at least sneak a peak.

If you don't know what I'm talking about, let me explain. On Saturday, April 8, 1967, a large group met at the Meadview Marina store, including yours truly and hubby, Hal Brown. Our destination was to the south rim of the Lower Grand Canyon and specifically to Quartermaster Lookout and to the towers that overlook the bat cave on the opposite side of the Colorado River. Each of these viewpoints hold a fascination of their own and each has a story to tell, but will go in to that a bit later.

"Take off" time was 9:00 a.m. and the caravan departed pretty much on schedule. About half the vehicles were conventional automobiles and the other half pickups with campers. Our conveyance falls in either category as its part car and part pickup, one of those 2 seater, 4 door jobs with a truck bed on the back. The manufacturer calls it a Crew Cab so guess that's good enough.

Hal and I, along with Martha and Ed Lopez, were in the lead car and equipped with a Citizens Band radio. Fourteen vehicles back, our follow-up car, manned by Frank and Clo George, was also equipped with the same. These radios allowed direct contact for and aft, and this was instituted as a precaution in the event anyone experienced car trouble, or for any emergency. The two way contact worked beautifully but was not very conducive to general conversation within the Crew Cab, and this was a terrible blow to two women who wanted to talk.

The first part of the trip took us through the large, nearby, Joshua forest, and this is an experience in itself if you have never seen Joshuas. These particular ones are the largest we have ever seen anywhere, and are almost gargantuan in appearance, with their great huge limbs reaching out in all directions.

Next, we passed by the Diamond Bar Ranch where Sazie and little Joey Kump greeted us with a quick hello and goodbye. Here, the first ranch gate is encountered with another in close succession.

With the nasty business of opening and closing gates out of the way, for awhile, the string of cars proceeded up through a rather rugged and interesting canyon, rising in elevation all the time. It is along these hillsides that the vegetation starts to change to the Junipers, Pinon Pine, some Cedars and the Century Plant. A complete change of scenery.

Once out of the hilly terrain, the road levels off and soon the fence of the Hualapai Indian Reservation is in sight, with another gate. After dispensing with that barbed barrier, we took off for our final destination traveling through an entirely different kind of country, a flat grassy mesa.

With nothing to obstruct your view, it is here you first begin to see the colorful and rugged formations of the Lower Grand Canyon, with their pink, lavender and hazy blue bluffs staring right at you. These bluffs, on the north rim, are actually across the canyon from where we were going.

Within a half hour the caravan had started to skirt the top and the edge of the south rim of the canyon walls themselves; and had all the vehicles been "bugged," I'm sure we would have heard plenty of oohs and aahs. This is when the term, awe inspiring, applies, for the scene before you leaves one at a loss for words. The color and the depths of these canyon walls become too hard for this neophyte writer to describe.

It is at this point where the towers of the bat mine operation are located and where our group had lunch, and it would be pretty safe to say that everyone was quite captivated with the scenes before them.

This is what we have learned about the history of the bat mines. Several years ago some enterprising concern



NOW DO YOU SEE WHAT WE MEAN? THERE IS THE COLORADO RIVER FAR BELOW. ON A BOAT CRUISE UP

THE RIVER ONE CAN LOOK UP AND SEE THIS HIGH POINT FROM BELOW.

decided to mine the bat guano from the bat caves, which are located on the north side of the Colorado River, at an inaccessible point on that side. Not to be outdone, a tower was built on the south rim, and from this structure a cable was strung high across the river to the cave on the other side. Gondolas were hung from the cable to ferry the men across, and once over there the mining of the guano began.

Standing on this point, underneath the tower, you realize what a tremendous feat the building of that installation was. That, plus all the natural beauty of the terraced canyon walls, which seem to have been carved with a knife; and along with that the rainbow of muted colors, well, it just about becomes more than one can grasp.

This profound evidence of man and nature is only marred by the fact that one day, a few years back, a low flying plane put an end to this spectacular crossing over the river.

Flying down between the canyon walls themselves, some one in a frisky jet, happened to hit the cable with the tip of the plane's wing, and though the culprit came out unscathed, the impact broke the cable and that was the end of mining bat guano.

After a leisurely lunch, the vehicles once more lined up single file, behind the Crew Cab and within a short distance we were at Quartermaster Lookout. Elevation, approximately 5,000 feet.

This point may not have as colorful a history as the Bat Cave Towers but it is equally, if not more impressive. One can drive right to the edge of the precipice (if they so desire), but all chose to walk; for here the cliffs just drop off into an empty void, straight down. Something like 3,000 feet.

Far below, wending its snakey way in and around the

canyon walls, is the murky Colorado River, seemingly no wider than a strip of highway.

Quartermaster Lookout, we understand, came by its name from an old navy man, who noted the resemblance of one of the bluffs, to a ship. And it really does look like a large vessel sitting there.

To demonstrate the depth and the perpendicular angle of that particular part of the canyon wall, Hal stood on a jutting ledge and tossed large rocks down below. He made his point very well and soon others were also heaving and tossing, and all this bit of by-play literally turned yours truly's stomach up side down. It was with a sigh of relief then, when the call came to head homeward.

The return trip brought us back to Meadview in plenty of time for a short respite before the Sportsmen's Barbeque commenced. Filling our tummies with those heavenly steaks seemed a perfect end to a perfect day.

My Neighbors



"According to the map we're in the center of the beef raising country."

My Neighbors



"After his swim he likes to lie on the 'beach' and be covered with sand."



QUARTERMASTER LOOKOUT. THIS YOU HAVE TO SEE TO BELIEVE. THE LADY IN THE CENTER REFLECTS THE MANNER IN WHICH MOST FOLKS APPROACH THIS 2000 FOOT DROP OFF, TO THE FIRST LEDGE.

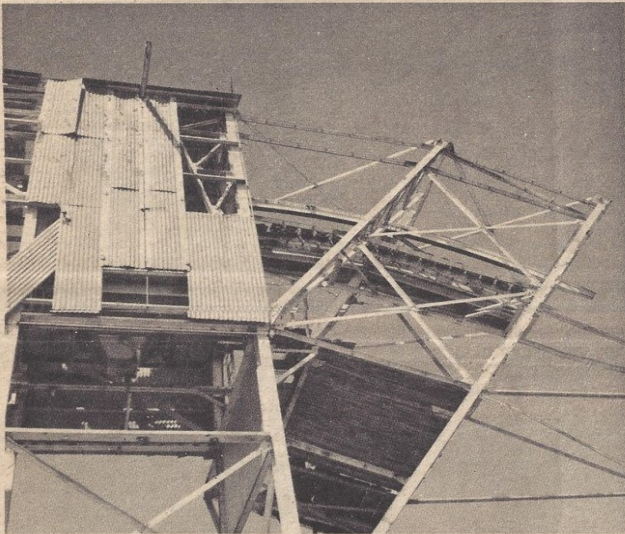


"NOW, I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'M NOT AFRAID, JUST LET ME HANG ON TO YOU SO I CAN SEE WHAT'S BELOW."

TRIP, A THRILLING EXPERIENCE . . .



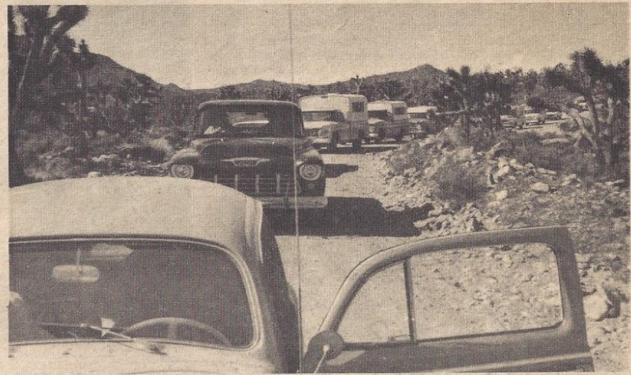
EVERYONE IN THE CARAVAN HAD TO TAKE A PICTURE OF THE JOSHUA PALM TREE. THIS TREE SUPPORTS A HAWK'S NEST IN ITS BRANCHES BUT NO ONE WANTED TO CLIMB UP TO TAKE A LOOK.



THIS BAT MINE TOWER STANDS 100 FEET HIGH ON THE BRINK OF THE CANYON WALL, FACING ACROSS THE CANYON TO THE BAT MINE. NOTE HOW THE WIND HAS WHIPPED THE CORRUGATED IRON OFF THE TOWER. THIS WAS CAUSED BY VANDALS BREAKING ALL THE GLASS WINDOWS THUS ALLOWING THE WIND TO GET TO AND WORK THE METAL LOOSE.



LUNCH TIME. FRIED CHICKEN FOR EVERYONE IN THIS PARTY FROM KINGMAN. THEY ALL LOOK LIKE THEY ARE ENJOYING IT.



FIRST STOP FOR THE VEHICLES ON THE CAR CARAVAN TRIP. TAKEN TO THE BAT MINE TOWERS AND QUARTERMASTER LOOKOUT, APRIL 8TH.



THE GANG HAD THEIR FIRST LOOK DOWN INTO THE GRAND CANYON FROM THE MESA NEAR THE BAT MINE TOWER. ALTHOUGH NOT SHOWN IN PICTURE, THE COLORADO RIVER, 3000 FEET BELOW, CAN BE SEEN FROM THIS POINT.



SOME ROUGH GOING HERE. THERE IS A SHEER DROP OFF INTO THE CANYON ON THE RIGHT. NO PASSING, PLEASE. (MOST CHOSE TO WALK IT)



MORE CHOW HOUNDS, USING THE TAIL GATE OF THE PICKUP FOR A TABLE. NORTH RIM OF THE LOWER GRAND CANYON IN THE BACKGROUND.

MEADVIEW MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 2)

News and the Meadview Monitor.

For people who are so deeply involved with the promotion of two extensive subdivisions (Colorado Riviera and Meadview Terrace) I have to compliment you on the restraint exercised in not pressuring the prospective buyer (such as we), but the leisurely attitude of allowing us to find out for ourselves which properties we like, letting us go by ourselves to get the feel of the land, is a rare quality among sales people. You all deserve an accolade for your patient and friendly attitude.

Pretty soon we are apt to be so enamored of both the country and its promoters that you will have won us completely without ever seeming to try! That, in my book is Salesmanship. Walter does not know immediately what he wants to do - and I am not the one to dissuade or persuade him. I kept still all these years on the subject of his retirement at the end of his 20-year hitch with the Police Department. Only when he himself ventured to say that he intended to retire this year, then I exclaimed 'con mucho gusto' - I was so happy about it. Now, since he feared he had made too hasty a decision, I am terribly disappointed as I'd be willing to struggle along on the pension he would have if ending his career this August. However, I do see from his point of view that an additional 5 months (til Dec. 31st 1967) will add quite a sum to the pension as he is due for a pay raise April 1st - of almost another \$100 a month - and this probably is worth the effort of his working the balance of the year.

I am more impetuous than Walt - and less wise than he. He feels and rightly so, I guess, that we should not burn our bridges - but keep the home here and try out the climate year round in Arizona - and see how it affects us. It is certain we can't afford two residences - but perhaps we could afford a lesser type of vacation home over there - with say a 10- or 12-foot wide Mobile Home on a suitable lot, and spend the hot months here at the Beach. Of course, when I went shopping for a Mobile Home, I looked only at the Biggest and Best and (huh!) costliest. Poor Walt. He really has his hands full with me. Still, in the long run I usually subscribe to his judgement. (Except in the instance of the Boat - I GOT WHAT I WANTED!)

Saturday morning, February 25th I was so sleepy and numb from being awake so much during the night that when Jackie Brown said "Smile" as she so valiantly tried to take our pictures, I just could not make my face behave. I am sure the result must have been horrendous! How benumbed my mind was - there I had two cameras, and I forgot that I wanted to get pictures of you girls and of the gorgeous Mosaic marker or what would you call that splendid symbol denoting Meadview that stands in the front area between the office and Store-Cafe. It is beautiful and impressive. The moment I stepped from our car and saw it, I felt that I must



WALT MUNGER, ONE OF MEADVIEW'S STORE PERSONNEL, DISPLAYS ANICE STRING OF FISH. THESE WERE CAUGHT IN ICEBERG CANYON BY JIM GALE ON IMITATION RED WORMS. JIM, BEING A MEADVIEW EMPLOYEE CANNOT ENTER THE FISHING SCOREBOARD CONTEST.

have a color photo of it; and I left there with no photos at all, and I am so sorry.

It was great meeting all of you together for the first time. We had decided that if you were not present at Meadview for the Cruise, we'd drive on back to Colorado Riviera the next day or so to see you. Now we shall look forward to seeing you again - at the Riviera - on our next venture.

We'll get away sometime after April 18th (I'll work on the Election Board that day) we'll hitch up the boat to the car and take off. In the meantime I must compliment Jackie Brown on her Editorial on the subject of "What do you do all day in the Desert?" And so forth. She hit the nail on the head as far as I am concerned. There is SO MUCH to do - and just the love of the big outdoors is enough for me.

Good luck to all of you, and best wishes till we meet again.

Sincerely,
Evelyn W. Ummack

Dear Sir:

We wish to express our sincerest thanks and appreciation to you, your staff and employees for making our yearly Colorado River Easter trip, a most enjoyable one.

Your friendly and most gracious settlement is one all can be very proud of; and your facilities and atmosphere

are just "out of this world." The beauty of this Colorado Area is unsurpassed and we will look forward to seeing all of you wonderful people again.

Until we meet once again around your wonderful camp-fire, at those Saturday night barbecues.

Best Regards,
Ron and Lola Dinsmoor
Visalia, California

Editor's Note: Such a nice letter from two wonderful people. The Dinsmoors participated in the Treasure Hunt on March 25th, and though they didn't win, they were really in their pitching.

Dear Mr. Brown:

We are sure looking forward to the boat trip up to the Lower Granite Gorge of Grand Canyon. We couldn't make your first trip because of working commitments, but we really want to make this one. Please keep sending us your paper. We sure enjoy reading it because we love that country so much and it gives us a lot of information.

Could you please advise us as to the best way to reach there from Los Angeles. Do you come out from Barstow on Route Interstate #15? We are located in Simi Valley. Thank you very much.

Yours truly,

Mr. & Mrs. George Mitchell

Editor's Note: Directions on how to get to Meadview were sent to the Mitchells, but maybe others would like to know the fastest way also, so here it is:

From Southern California, take the Freeway to Las Vegas, turn off at the Henderson cutoff, proceed to Hoover Dam, then South on Hwy 93 to Pierce Ferry Rd. where you will see the directional sign to Meadview.

Dear Jackie:

For the past three months, we have received the Meadview Monitor and have enjoyed it very much. I don't know how I got on the mailing list but I'm sure glad I did. Reading the Monitor has created quite an interest around our house, in your country. In fact, we have written to Hal Brown so that we are now registered in the Lower Granite Gorge Boat Cruise. We have a nineteen foot boat and just love the Colorado River. I sincerely hope that I can remain on the mailing list for the Monitor, also my brother-in-law (he also has a boat), has quite an interest in the Monitor. Could you please have his name put on the mailing list?

Jackie, would you please send me a set of charts for the river that appeared in the Feb., March and April editions of the Monitor?

Thank you for your trouble and I hope to see all of you the 29th.

Sincerely,
L. P. Stoudt
Whittier, California

(Continued on Next Page)

meadview



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Butane - Fishing Licenses**



Sporting Goods

Supplies

Ice



OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK

Mon.-Thurs.	8 - 8
Fri.	8 - 12 Midnite
Sat.	7 - 12 Midnite
Sun.	7 - 8



Fishing Lures

Rods & Reels

Outboard Fuel

VISIT OUR

**meadview
marina**

SNACK BAR

SANDWICHES SOFT DRINKS BEER



"STOP IN AND CHAT"

Breakfast

Luncheon

Dinner

Shaded Patio

Bridge Canyon Dam Needed By Hualapai Tribe

Rupert Parker, chairman of the Hualapai Tribe, Peach Springs, Arizona, makes the following statement on behalf of the Hualapai Tribe:

"I have been requested by the Hualapai Tribal Council to make sure that the rights and interests of the Tribe in the site of the proposed Hualapai Dam (Bridge Canyon), and related facilities, are fully recognized and protected in any legislation to authorize the Colorado River Basin Project. The members of the Subcommittee on Irrigation and Reclamation of the Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs, House of Representatives, I am sure will recall that George Rocha, who was then chairman of the Hualapai Tribe, testified on this same subject in August, 1965 and in May, 1966. 'The Hualapai Tribe feels it is quite important

that we continue to make clear what the representatives of the Hualapai Tribe have been saying for years; if proper consideration is given to, and payment made for, our ownership of the dam site, the development of the Colorado River at Bridge Canyon for power and recreational purposes is the only hope we Hualapais have of bringing a decent standard of living to our reservation. Hualapai Dam (Bridge Canyon) is the one asset we possess which can provide my people a real chance to raise themselves out of continued poverty. We ask nothing more than continued assurance in the authorizing legislation of reasonable compensation for the use of tribal lands in connection with the project and, of course, a fair share of its benefits.

"The Secretary of the Interior has gone on record as agreeing with the pre-

vious recommendation of the Bureau of the Budget that Federal construction of Hualapai Dam (Bridge Canyon) should be postponed and that the issuance of a construction license to any non-federal agency should be prohibited for years to come. Through our tribal attorneys, Royal D. Marks and Arthur Lazarus, Jr., the Hualapai Tribe testified before this same committee and urged that such a moratorium not be approved for this would further delay development of the one major resource on our reservation. I repeat what the Tribe and its representatives have said before: If the Federal Government does not plan to build a dam at Bridge Canyon and for any reason the State of Arizona does not see fit to go forward alone on the Central Arizona Project, then the Hualapai Tribe again requests that it be allowed to proceed to build Hualapai Dam under license from the Federal Power Commission.

"There are bills pending before the Interior and Insular Affairs Committee of the House of Representatives, particularly H. R. 3300, introduced by The Honorable Wayne Aspinall, and H. R. 9 introduced by Congressman Morris Udall, which include authority for the construction by the Federal Bureau of Reclamation of a high dam at Bridge Canyon and according to my understanding, electric power revenues from that source generally are believed to be a necessary part of the proposed Colorado River development. The bills referred to contain language which the Hualapai Tribe considers fair treatment for the taking of its lands. It is important to the Tribe that our rights and interests be determined and fixed and H.R. 3300 and H.R. 9 accomplish this purpose. I can state that the Hualapais wholeheartedly endorse the said bills and urge that one of them be approved by the 90th Congress, first session. The Hualapai Tribe, by its resolution No. 7-67, indicated in writing its endorsement of H.R. 300 and H. R. 9.

"Finally, I would like to mention the fact that many conservation groups are opposing the construction of Hualapai Dam (Bridge Canyon) because of its supposed effect upon the Colorado River and Grand Canyon. Some of these groups are misinforming the public by stating that our neighbors, the Havasupai Tribe, are opposed to Hualapai Dam. I have been assured by the chairman of the Havasupai Tribal Council that such is not the case and they have reaffirmed their resolution that they passed last year. When it comes to a clearcut choice between opening up new opportunities for my people and saving the wilderness for a select few, the Hualapai Tribe has only one way to go and that is toward the end of advancing our people and we hope by the building of Hualapai Dam."

MORE MEADVIEW MAILBAG

(Continued from Page 8)

Dear Jackie Brown:

In your April issue of the Meadview Monitor you published two maps of Lake Mead, northern and southern portions of the Overton Arm. I do quite a bit of fishing and water skiing at the Lake and these maps are the best I have ever seen. Could you tell me where I can write to secure the complete set?

Your Meadview Monitor paper is very interesting and I enjoy reading it. I borrowed it from a friend a few months ago, and have looked forward to it each month. Would like to be on your mailing list if possible.

Thanking you in advance, I remain,

Sincerely,
Tony Amicone
Hacienda Heights, Calif.

Editor's Note: Thank you for the nice letter, Tony. We are forwarding a complete set of maps to you along with putting your name on our mailing list for the Monitor.

Attention Editor-Jackie Brown

Dear Mrs. Brown:

I have had a catastrophe! In the rush of spring cleaning I must have thrown out several copies of the Monitor and they happen to be the ones with the Lake Mead charts. I have the first and the last but not the ones in between.

Would it be possible to receive another copy of these? Surely would appreciate it.

Enjoy reading the Monitor very much and hope to get out that way again soon.

Thanking you, I am,

Yours truly,
Mrs. Earl R. Kiehl
Mechanicsville, Iowa

Editor's Note: Thought the rest of you would enjoy this cute note. The missing copies are being sent post haste, to Mrs. Kiehl.

Dear Editor:

As a boating enthusiastic family, Katherine, Bertie and I enjoy every issue of your paper from cover to cover.

I'm a past commodore, 1964, of Colorado River Skippers, of Grand Junction, Colorado. We had many wonderful cruises and club plans more, this year; a few to Lake Mead.

Several of our members are retired and travel with their camper trucks and boats.

A very good friend of mine in Bullhead City is one Bernard Hughes 32', I feel sure he has sent me this fine boating paper of Lake Mead. Many of El Jebel Shrine (Club) of Denver, Colorado, "Mariners" have come to Lake Mead as have several of Colorado River Skippers members. I too am a Shriner. We hope to get to Lake Mead someday soon.

Enclosed also, are requests for your paper.

Yours truly,
James E. Stump
Grand Junction, Colorado

Dear Editor:

We really enjoy receiving copies of the Meadview Monitor. We come to Lake Mead every year for our vacation and will be there the first two weeks in May. We generally leave out of Temple Bar and go up the lake toward Sandy Point and camp on the lake. This year we plan to try something different and go up into the Overton area.

We have all the editions of the lake maps provided by the Monitor. My husband has put them together on backing so that we may use them for years to come. However, since the Lake Mead mileage chart was on the back of one of the charts, we would appreciate an additional copy of the mileage chart. We found this to be valuable and would like to have it for reference.

Thank you very much for sending the Monitor and keep it coming.

Sincerely,
Mrs. James A. McCall Jr.
Long Beach, California

COAST BILGE
UNHOOK SALOON
KEEP CALM
ETA LEAST TA
SODS ECH BERG
SPICED LORIS
OR TREADER AA
TEN HORSE POWER
POE SHOK ROP
GARRET NO SALE
ARM PIN
SEA SIT

CALENDAR OF COMING EVENTS

SPONSORED BY THE MEADVIEW ADVENTURERS' CLUB

The following events have been scheduled for the dates indicated. Full details on all of these and other events will appear in the Meadview Monitor well in advance of the scheduled date. All lake events originate at the South Cove Landing with event registration at the Meadview Adventurers' Club Headquarters, in the Meadview Information Office. All land events originate at the Meadview Information Office. (Check directional map on the back page of the Monitor for directions on how to get to Meadview.)

Set these dates aside on your calendar now. We're sure you'll have a wonderful time on each of them.

Saturday May 27, 1967 WATER SKI CRUISE TO TEMPLE BAR, RETURN TO SANDY POINT

Even if you can't ski, it's fun to watch. There will be trophies for those who can stay up the entire run. (Or for those who stay up the longest.)

Saturday June 24, 1967 BOAT CRUISE TO ECHO BAY AND OVERTON

Refuel stops along the way will allow almost any boat to participate in this event. Early June is a beautiful time on Lake Mead and swimming and skiing are in full season. This is an affair for the whole family.

Saturday July 1, 1967 FOR TRAIL BIKES AND JEEPS. DOWN GREGGS FERRY TRAIL TO THE PETROGLYPHS

Here we go down the old Griggs Ferry trail, view the Petroglyphs, then on to Lake Mead for a refreshing swim and return to Meadview in time for the Sportsmen's Barbecue.

Saturday August 5, 1967 TREASURE HUNT BY BOAT ON LAKE MEAD--EVENING BEACH PARTY--WEINER ROAST- SING-ALONGS; A FUN EVENT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The Treasure Hunt will give you a chance to test your sleuthing skill as you scurry around, by boat, trying to find the clues hidden on shore. This is really a ball. That night relax at an evening beach party.

Saturday August 19, 1967 FOUR WHEELER--SAND BUGGIES--TRAIL BIKE CARAVAN TO GARNET MINE

A back country excursion for 4 wheel drives, sand buggies and trail bikes. Beautiful high country views, a trip to remember! Don't forget your rock-hounding equipment.

Saturday September 2, 1967 BOAT CRUISE INTO LOWER GRANITE GORGE. TWO DAY EVENT

This will be an overnight trip where you can either sleep on your boat or on shore. This third cruise up the Colorado River is expected to bring out many new participants as well as repeats. There is something new and exciting to see each time.

Saturday September 23, 1967 UREKA MINE EXPLORING --TRAIL BIKES ONLY

This is a trail bike trip via an old abandoned mine road, where one can look back into history. The bikes will be taken across the lake from the South Cove launching ramp, by boats, and returned the same way. We will return in time for the Sportsmen's Barbecue.

Saturday October 7, 1967 SANDY POINT BEACH PARTY--FOR NON BOATERS AS WELL AS BOATERS

The Adventurers' Club will transport non boaters from South Cove launching ramp to Sandy Beach for an over night beach party. Bring the kids as there will be lots of fun and activities for all ages.

Saturday October 28, 1967 GRAPEVINE WASH SAFARI--4 WHEEL DRIVES, SANDBUGGIES AND TRAIL BIKES

A fun day designed for off the highway vehicles. This trek will lead you through a facsimile of the Little Grand Canyon. We will visit Grapevine Springs and see a part of the old Mormon Trail.

Saturday November 11, 1967 4 WHEELER BACK COUNTRY TRIP TO MUSIC MOUNTAINS

Beautiful pine country, through the mystic Music Mountains. Far reaching, panoramic views. Return via Red Lake (dry). You will remember this outing.

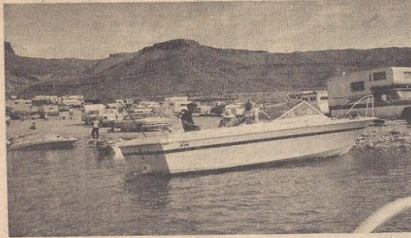
Saturday November 25, 1967 LOWER GRANITE GORGE CRUISE--

CHOICE OF ONE OR TWO DAY TRIP
Repeat of Sept. 2nd trip. A real challenge to the boating enthusiast. The mighty Colorado is calling again. The tall tales told around this bonfire will be something.

Saturday December 30, 1967 4 WHEEL DRIVE CARAVAN THROUGH HISTORICAL MINING AREA

This trip is scheduled to pass through yesteryears mining country, via the areas the mountain sheep have had to themselves for ages. You will get a chance to try your skill on this trip as well as explore several old mine diggings.

MARCH TREASURE HUNT AN EXCITING EVENT



SOME OF THE PARTICIPANTS OF THE TREASURE HUNT, HELD MARCH 25, 1967, ON LAKE MEAD, PRIOR TO RECEIVING THEIR FIRST CLUE. THEY WERE ON THEIR OWN AFTER THAT AND THE FUN BEGAN. BOATS STARTED FROM THE SOUTH COVE LAUNCHING RAMP.



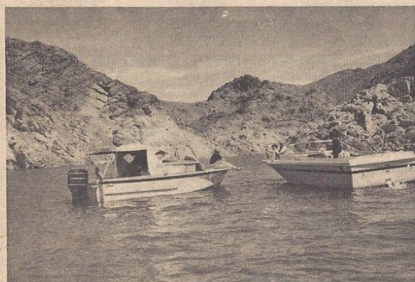
THIS BOAT AND CREW HAVE FOUND AND DECIPHERED 5 OF THE PREVIOUS CLUES DURING THE TREASURE HUNT, AND THE FEMINE CREW MEMBER IS ABOUT TO PICK UP CLUE #6, HIDDEN BEHIND THE BOULDER.



THERE IS A BIG DECISION BEING MADE HERE. SKIPPER BEZARD AND CREW NADINE, HARVEY AND DAVID, ARE TRYING TO FIGURE WHERE THE NEXT CLUE LIES. "AFTER READING THE HINT THAT HAS JUST BEEN PICKED UP FROM SHORE, YOU THEN HAVE TO UNRAVEL THE RIDDLE AND APPLY IT TO YOUR MAP TO FIND THE NEXT LOCATION OF THE FOLLOWING CLUE. GOOD LUCK."



THESE FOLKS HAVE REALLY BEEN SLOWED DOWN ON THIS CLUE. THERE IS NOT MUCH ACTION WHILE THIS ONE IS BEING DECIPHERED.



GANGED UP IN THE RIGHT AREA BUT THE WRONG LOCATION. THIS COULD BE SNOWBALL POINT, BLACK CAT COVE, DIRTY DOG BAY, OR MAYBE ITS JOLLY ROGER POINT. ANYWAY, IT HAS THEM GUESSING.

If you were one of those on hand at South Cove on March 25th, you were perhaps handed an innocent looking map of Lake Mead, encompassing the area from Gregg's Basin to Boundary Point.

Scanning the shore line on the map for familiar points--South Cove, Sandy Point, Iceberg Canyon, Iceberg Reef, Driftwood Cove, these make sense. But what are all the rest of these names--Treasure Island, Salty Dog Cove, Double Cross Cove, Shipwreckers Bay, Rattlesnake Reef. What happened to this shoreline?

Across the lake are more and more crazy names for bays, coves and islands, all strange and weird such as Itsy Bitsy Island, Bahama Bench, Bengal Bay, Rain-drop Cove. "Pah! Someone is trying to cross us up," you say, and boy, are you right.

You see, on March 25th, a Treasure Hunt to end all treasure hunts was held, but with a difference.

Instead of walking or using cars to take you from point to point, hunting out the clues, the method of transportation on this hunt was by boat and the place was Lake Mead.

Here's how this event works. The map you have before you is a Treasure Hunt map, conceived and printed with all these crazy, zany names to throw you and your crew off course.

Each contesting boat and crew is given, at the start of the hunt, a clue. This clue tells how to find the next clue hidden somewhere on a shore. By consulting the map and applying the clue, you are on your way to a real fun outing.

Now for kicks, let's take the first two teasers, they were written in rhyme. "The first is the simplest you're gonna get---just convert these numbers into the alphabet."

19-5-1-7-21-12 9-19-12-1-14-4. Got it? Seagull Island.

After reaching Seagull Island you find clue #2 which goes like this: "A big fat bird with a bill so odd, if you're on the right track he'll give you the nod. The water's all around this hiding place, so grab your clue and on with the chase."

Now, any good treasure hunter can, by consulting his map, find Pelican Island. You know, "a big fat bird with the odd bill."

Now that you have digested two clues correctly you speed on to the next place. Oh yes, give pause there Skipper, haste makes waste, stop and think, and so it goes.

The clues get a little harder to decipher each time, and quite often a boat will go off in the wrong direction leading others to his and their downfall.

The winner of the Treasure Hunt was the boat with the highest consecutive number of clues and a handsome trophy was given to that winner. In this event top honors went to Howard and Beulah Haymes and son Gary, of Upland, California. They had all but the last clue and that was a toughie.

Having watched these boats dart around, here and there, having a whale of a time for several hours, we decided that this event would be worth having again but this time with a beach party following its conclusion.

The beach tentatively chosen is Sonoma Beach, (you will find it on your Treasure Map), because there are two Speedy Reliefs, there. Also plenty of area is available on this beach to accommodate a large crowd.

The date for the next Treasure Hunt is set for August 5, 1967 and there will be a story in the Monitor preceding. Watch for it and plan to take in this fun affair, and bring the kids, they'll love this one and probably will out sleuth you.



THE WINNERS! CONGRATULATIONS ARE BEING OFFERED FOR SUCCESSFULLY SECURING ALL CLUES IN THE TIME ALLOTTED. MEADVIEW ADVENTURERS' CLUB CO-ORDINATOR, HAL BROWN, IS MAKING THE TROPHY AWARD TO BEULAH AND HOWARD HAYMES OF UPLAND, CALIFORNIA, WHILE SON GARY LOOKS ON.



ALL THE WAY FROM SAN FRANCISCO, CAME DOMONIQUE, TO HELP NOSE OUT THE CLUES.

★★★★★★★★

The teacher examined the dirty hands and face of the little girl.

"Goodness, Jane," she said, "but you're pretty dirty, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jane, "and I'm even prettier clean."



THE HAYMES PROUDLY DISPLAY THEIR TROPHY ON THE BOW OF THEIR BOAT, A 14 FOOTER, POWERED WITH A 60 H.P. MERCURY.



GARY AND HOWARD HAYMES, BETTY AND GISELLE BOSCH, BEULAH HAYMES AND JIM GALE, LOOKING ON WHILE HAL BARBEQUES THEIR STEAKS.



RON AND LOLA DINSMOOR OF VISALIA, ARE VISITING WITH HIM AND HAZEL DILL. WE ENVY THOSE JACKETS ADVERTISING THEIR OUTBOARD CLUB.



CONTESTANTS OF THE TREASURE HUNT ARE TALKING OVER A REAL FUN DAY ON THE WATER, WHILE THEY WAIT FOR THEIR STEAK TO COME OFF, SIZZLING HOT.

Iceberg Canyon Driftwood Easing

It has been reported by the boating fishermen that the driftwood problem in Iceberg Canyon has lessened.

The reports show that due to the lowering of the lake level, most of the driftwood now lays on the banks in the numerous small coves that line the lake shore. March winds had blown the lower

Canyon and Gregg Basin free of the scattered floating debris, lodging it in the coves.

Even though the problem has been eased it has been noted that there is always a rift of debris somewhere in Iceberg Canyon and it pays the boat owner to keep a sharp lookout whenever he is in the upper reaches of this area.

A Lesson to be Learned

By MEL NELSON

In the thick timber, my traveling companion and I suddenly burst upon huge and beautiful Lake Babine, of northern B. C. and accosted an ancient Mariner of those waters thus: "How is the fishin' around here?"

"Now pardner," said he, "It just ain't like it was in the good old days. No sir, they don't come so big as they did. And let me tell you something more, Mister! This is the most dangerous lake between here and Mexico. The storms come up so sudden like, and the waves is the highest I ever did see anywhere. Yes Sir! It is the worst; you got to be keeferful."

I smiled at this oft repeated comment made about other lakes, and replied, "We can assume, old timer that all big lakes are dangerous and should be respected." Brother! How true I found these words to be recently, here at Lake Mead.

My friend Armand "Del" Delgado and I took his recently acquired boat for a short fishing trip into Virgin Canyon, one recent Saturday. The day was fair but the hour late, so we EXPECTED to return in the dark, as we had done on other occasions.

It was a peaceful, well sheltered spot in the narrows where we made the most enticing variety of offerings to the uncooperative fish, but they just would not strike. To a stranger, this peaceful scene would most likely produce some degree of apprehension, with the fast approaching darkness. Nowhere could there be seen the least hospitableness in this situation.

Straight rock walls descended to the deep water, a cockroach would find difficulty with his footing. Elsewhere, great large boulders left no place for a landing, and the eye searched 1500 feet high, to see the cliffs outlined against the sky.

Now! Now! I don't mean to be uncomplimentary about our beautiful lake, there are plenty of nice sandy beaches for your comfort, but I just must emphasize that you must, you must be "keeferful" in big water.

As we lazily fished along, no disquieting thoughts entered our heads to disturb our peace of mind. The slightest breeze lightly feathered the surface of the placid waters, from which the daylight was fast disappearing. Soon, larger waves were lapping around us and the wind was beginning to assert itself. This we knew, was time to get going.

We pulled in the gear; the motor burst into life and we streaked for the straits and the six miles of open water toward the landing at South Cove. Not a thought of trouble disturbed our quiet plans for another trip, when the big bass would be biting.

Daylight was almost entirely gone as we approached the bend of the strait and a clear course home, guided by the blinking light signal on the distant shore.

We turned at high speed around the bend, Del looking ahead into an opaque windshield and me gazing over the side for a dim view forward. What I saw froze me with excitement and surprise, and I was just too slow to react. The two seconds allowed to call for reduced speed were just too short. We struck the on-coming five foot wave with a resounding crash! Every loose thing ranted around the decks and bow of Ironsides as it reached for the stars, rolling over on her starboard beam ends like a plane in a tight bank. She paused for a split second of indecision; and then, God bless her soul, swung back to a more level keel.

In moments like these, panic is the danger; with us action was furious. It must have been the white running light that gave Del's face such a pale appearance. We quickly scrambled into our life jackets and then Del shouted a sharp, sea-captain command that I go forward to close the forward bow hatch that had been thrown open in that first shock. I promptly staggered up the narrow way, like a drunken sailor, flopped on my belly in the close quarters and reached for the elusive cover, which avoided my grasp in its wild gyrations.

Now, "Ironsides" might be a masculine moniker; but believe me, her temper is truly feminine. She lashed out at me in a most articulate and demonstrative fury. Four times I reached for the hatch cover, and four times she hit me with her upper deck, parting my hair right down the middle and slamming my face hard into a pile of anchor rope.

As any married man can testify, when the little woman screams and sobs in the same breath, brother, you are in trouble. Period! Ironsides stomped and screamed and sobbed and ranted. With adequate intervals, to assure the full force on her punch, she shouted with unrelenting rage and scorn. "Take that! And that! And that! You--you stupid, wool-gathering swab jockey!"

Such anger cannot be long sustained short of murder. I heard her gurgle a few gulps of cold water and then proceeded, still loud of voice but slightly tempered, "Have you no gentleness in the treatment of a lady? I should teach you a lesson," and that she did, which you shall hear of shortly.

For a fleeting second I sat peevishly, with my hand on a sore spot under the hair, resenting the "gentleness" I had just received. But no time to lose! I wobbled back to the wheel where Del had managed to bring some solace to the lady, and almost lost my footing on two cans of Coor's, rolling from starboard to port, now in a more regular rhythm. On order from the Captain, I opened one for him and one for myself. The contents we hurriedly swigged between shocks of succeeding waves.

"Mel," said Del, "we just don't have enough gas to make it in this weather. We'd get halfway and then drift back to certain tragedy against those rock walls, long before morning."

"We can't expect to make six miles up and six miles down, to proceed six miles on the level, without going dry. Obviously, we'd have only half enough," I replied.

After this hurried consultation, decisions came fast. We came about in a drunken posture and headed for what we thought and hoped would be a soft sandy beach. We had no easy situation. Let me say that the night was as

dark as the inside of a Black Angus Cow. We were just a small spot of light in a pitch-black void; but believe me, we were well aware that this was, in reality, no void. Inevitable hazards threatened us on every side.

Del ordered me forward to keep watch, so I hurried to open the hatch. I peered intently for the short distance of thirty feet, that the anemic beam of a flashlight could penetrate. Though caution was necessary, we still had to apply enough power to keep steerageway, in case a quick turn was necessary to avoid a crash.

Time and time again, I called in intense excitement for a fast left or right turn, missing a wall or boulder by a matter of feet. The situation was certainly anything but assuring and became even worse when we realized too late, that we had blundered into Granite Cove. You can guess the reason for the name, and we both knew from past acquaintance with the place that there were no beaches. However, we had some shelter.

My next call was too late and we went hard but not crashing against the rocks. Jumping off the bow, I pushed while Del reversed the motor to claim a short respite from these dangers. Finally we failed again to avoid the rocky shore and came to an uneasy rest where only a four foot mud bank could be seen between the jagged boulders. But this was some hope for "Ironsides." We could run her nose on the mud and tie her stern to large rocks on either side. This we tried, but she broached, and the force of the water was too strong.

While investigating the possibility of tying the stern, it was discovered that the water was very shallow and that the mud bank was really submerged and quite long. With renewed hope, I pulled on the bow line each time a wave rolled and was finally able to secure her. There she gently swayed with slight complaint, for the whole of the long, cold, dreary night. From 8:00 p.m. to 7:00 a.m. we rolled lightly on the mud bank, just easily brushing the rocks in sudden gusts of wind.

We tried to sleep, but it was too cold. We sat up and talked and dozed, while eleven long hours ticked away, endlessly, a minute at a time. Fortunately we found a very small can of beans and a similar one of creamed corn, two plastic spoons, two plastic cups and a gas stove with very little gas. Soon we managed to tear open the beans and made our scant supper of them. The stove turned low, to conserve fuel, provided some warmth and on went the slow minutes, until a need for some added cheer prompted us to make breakfast at 2:00 a.m., before the expected exhaustion of fuel to heat it.

Again the can was opened in a clumsy fashion, with a beer opener, and placed on the stove to heat. There was a problem—we couldn't afford to dissipate the heat by dividing it in cold plastic cups, so we passed the hot can back and forth in a you-one-me-one, fashion, each taking a spoonful of corn in turn, until it was finished. This was wonderful, but the glow of the heat soon passed off the flame and promptly expired and left us in a dismal atmosphere, until the long hours finally passed and light shown dimly over the ridge, to the East.

The water and wind had subsided and we decided to try for home. Using about one third throttle to conserve gas, we hoped to find a rescue party on the way to the landing. This didn't materialize, however.

With no more incidents, we just arrived at our trailer at South Cove landing with the last cough of the motor. There, coming down the ramp, were Tom and Mae Berry with the Company's new boat. We knew their generous purpose. With a mischievous glint in his eye and a toothy grin on his face, Tom asked with a deliberately slow Texas drawl: "Would you fellows, by

"The most successful investor is the woman who turns a \$3 wedding license into a \$50,000 divorce certificate." Peggy Huntley, The Murray Hill (N. Y.) News.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

MAY, 1967

1	G	Mo.
2	G	Mo.
3	B	Mo.
4	B	Mo.
5	B	Mo.
6	P	Mo.
7	P	Mo.
8	P	Mo.
9	P	Ev.
10	P	Ev.
11	P	Ev.
12	P	Ev.
13	B	Ev.
14	B	Ev.
15	P	Ev.
16	P	Ev.
17	P	Mo.
18	F	Mo.
19	F	Mo.
20	F	Mo.
21	F	Mo.
22	B	Mo.
23	B	Ev.
24	F	Ev.
25	F	Ev.
26	G	Ev.
27	F	Ev.
28	G	Ev.
29	G	Ev.
30	B	Mo.
31	B	Mo.

Explanation: B Best; G Good; F Fair; P Poor; Mo. and Ev. give the best time of day, but are subject to change by local conditions.

LAS VEGAS SHOW SCHEDULE

"On The Strip"

ALADDIN
ROBERTA SHERWOOD;
Lounge: Joanie Gilmore & the Aladdinaires

CAESARS PALACE
SWEET CHARITY with Juliet Prowse
Lounge: Belle Barth

DESERT INN
PHIL HARRIS, KIM SISTERS
Lounge: Molly Bee, Davis & Reese

DUNES
CASINO DE PARIS
Top of the Dunes: Freddy Martin & Orch.

FLAMINGO
WAYNE NEWTON
Lounge: Harry James; May 11-Fats Domino

HACIENDA
HANK HENRY SHOW
RIVIERA
ABBIE LANE; ALLEN & ROSSI

Lounge: Sahara Vaughn
SAHARA
CONNIE FRANCIS

Lounge: Bell & Lynn
SILVER SLIPPER
MINSKY'S FOLIES

"Casino Center"

FREMONT
KAY STARR; starts May 11 Gizele MacKenzie

EL CORTES
KATHY RYAN & The Gents
GOLDEN NUGGET
JUDY LYNN SHOW; The Cutups.

THE MINT
GUYS AND DOLLS
Top of the Mint: Peggy Lounge: Ron Rose

SHOWBOAT
JO ANN BONN & The Coquettes; starts May 23 Cindy Layne & Don Palmer show

SANDS
ALAN KING
Lounge: Louis Prima

STARDUST
LIDO DE PARIS
Lounge: Polyneesian Review

THUNDERBIRD
BOTTOMS UP
Lounge: The Apollos, Lynn Davis Quartet

TROPICANA
FOLIES BERGERE
Lounge: Earle Garner

any chance, like a hot cup of coffee?" "Tom, you rascal," I replied, "Here is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. Give with the coffee!"

Yes, we have no complaints after this experience. Ironsides was firm but forgiving, God Bless her; and kind providence had both her loving arms about us. AND there was the silent understanding that it shall not happen again.

Surely free advice is seldom of much value, and ours is especially in question; but here are a few precautions and preparations, in addition to those required by the Coast Guard, that could add to the safety and comfort of both young and ancient Mariners. Above all, one should not leave shore without full fuel tanks, also have a good strong spot light, a shelter, unless you have a cabin, a small heater (full of fuel), and extra provisions such as a kettle, spoons, cups, can opener, matches and canned goods.

I am only relating this experience to point out what carelessness can do and not to frighten anyone; as Lake Mead offers as many varieties of pleasure as you will find anywhere. Just use your head!

Small boy to chum: "So that's it. I always figured the stork had too short a wingspread to carry an eight to ten-pound load." —Corka in Today's Health

Wife to irate husband: "Normally I wouldn't dream of opening a letter addressed to you, but this one was marked 'private'." —Leslie Stark in Collier's

Boating ENTHUSIASTS

and BOAT OWNERS!

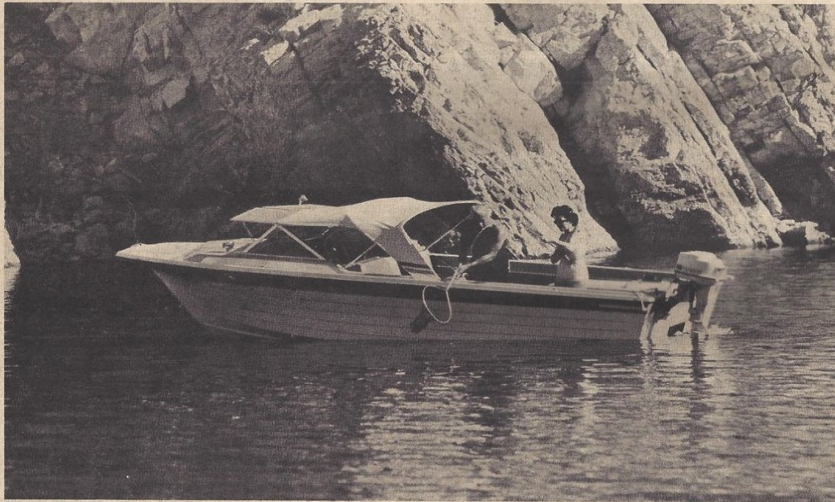
TIRED OF TOWING YOUR BOAT OVER THE BUSY HIGHWAYS?

Why not store it in our Dry Storage Yard? Fully fenced, locked and protected.... but, with 24 hour accessibility.

Inquire at Meadview Information Office.

ONLY \$5 A MONTH 24 HOUR ACCESS

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LAND OF LEISURE

THE MEADVIEW CONCEPT

If you're a truly dedicated sportsman who loves the great outdoors, Meadview has been designed for you. Meadview is not another look-a-like community, and is definitely not intended for "softies".

Meadview is a **DIFFERENT** kind of resort and retirement community. At Meadview there is fun and relaxation for all ages.

There are clear sunny days and sparkling crisp nights where you can reach up and seemingly touch the stars. Here is the informality that can best be described as "Western Living".

What makes Meadview different? Well, in the first place Meadview is located inside the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area and is completely surrounded by Federal land on all sides. These lands are administered by the National Park Service and will remain public lands for all of our generations to come. Meadview is a community that can never become crowded, a community that has thousands of acres of Federal land virtually reserved for the use of all.

The Federal Government has withdrawn from private ownership all of the shoreline on Lake Mead and virtually all of the private land within ten miles of the lake itself. Meadview is an exception to this and is the only privately owned developed land inside the boundaries of the Lake Mead National Recreation Area at Lake Mead. Meadview is just two miles from Lake Mead at its closest point and as such is the closest privately owned land to the lake in existence.

For years hundreds of thousands annually have travelled to Lake Mead to enjoy its fabulous fishing and unrivalled boating. Now, for the first time, a limited quantity of fully developed properties with utilities and paved streets have been made available.

Meadview offers recreation opportunities unmatched by any other area we know of.

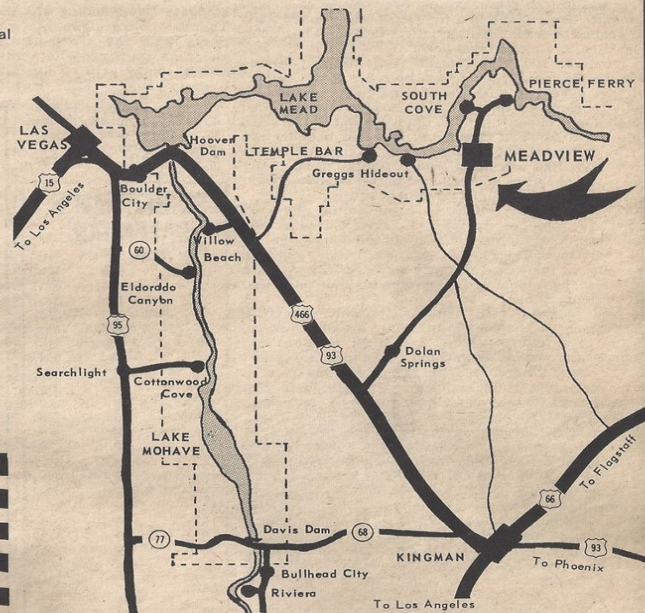
In creating Meadview, we have made every effort to preserve the natural beauty that is so prevalent in this area, and yet provide improvements and facilities that will add to your pleasure and comfort.



LAND OF ADVENTURE

Lake Mead, the world's largest man made lake, was created by the construction of Hoover Dam, and is 115 miles long with 550 miles of everchanging scenic shoreline. Although Lake Mead is man made, only nature could provide the picturesque beauty that will give you years of never ending pleasure. Whether your preference is a small outboard, a large cabin cruiser or the quiet beauty of a sailboat, there is so much to do and see that time after time, you'll be planning private excursions to explore the wonders that await around every bend.

Located in one of nature's grandest settings, Meadview offers a complete array of outdoor recreation opportunities. For the weekend or for the retiree, a delightful year around climate provides a call to fun and pleasure 365 days a year.



**Find out more about
meadview terrace TODAY!**
**SEND IN THE COUPON
FOR FULL INFORMATION
... or VISIT US SOON!**

RIVCOR
Box 237
Bullhead City, Arizona

Gentlemen:

Please send me more information about Meadview Terrace and your different kind of resort and retirement community.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PHONE _____ ZIP CODE _____