

de Stolfe

The West II

Editor's Statement

During the summer of 1994, I went on an FCCJ sponsored extended studies trip to Flagstaff, Arizona. I took two classes, Handbuilding I (pottery) and Indian Literature. Along with about 20 people, we spent the first three weeks in Jacksonville making pottery and studying Indian literature. I then in mid-July took a Greyhound bus to Flagstaff and started the kiln firing class at Northern Arizona University (NAU) in Flagstaff on July 18, 1994. The whole purpose of the trip was to fire our pottery in the Anagama kiln located there. During the last three weeks, we fired the kiln for about 5 days, travelled the city, and saw many sights like the Grand Canyon, Petrified Forest/ Painted Desert, and Sedona. As a requirement for the classes, I kept a daily journal of what went on and wrote visual images, which are writings about something I saw or did. This issue is almost completely based on that trip. Enjoy my writings and archives in addition to extras. This summer, during the same time period, I will be going back to Flagstaff, this time to fire my pottery in the Naborigama kiln, which is located next to the Anagama kiln. This trip will provide the material for The West III issue!



Robert-George de Stolfe

Robert-George de Stolfe, editor

Look for the sun ☀ to signal you that this is the end of an article.

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Bus
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Petroglyph - Bird

Firing an Anagama Kiln

Robert-George de Stolfe

Located at the Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff is an Anagama kiln built by a master potter of Tozan. The kiln, which is five feet wide by about forty feet long and five feet high, is built into the side of a hill. The inside of the kiln is stepped and gets smaller towards the back and is lined with fire brick. The outside is covered with a type of dirt stucco. A three foot opening is in the front of the kiln while three equidistant stoke holes are located on each side. When the pottery is stacked inside, each piece is elevated off the kiln shelf with clay, called wads, like the legs of a chair. Also, the pottery is grouped between each stoke hole. After all the pottery has been placed, three-fourths of the front opening is filled in and a small fire is started. The fire is gradually increased in size until the kiln temperature reaches near 2500 degrees Farinheight. As the front gets very hot, the first stoke hole is filled with wood and lit. Later, the second stoke hole is also filled and lit, and by the third stoke hole, the front fire is allowed to decline. At this point the firing is near completion. In all, the kiln is fired for four or five days and cooled for about a week. During the firing, the wood is burned which creates ashes that fly throughout the kiln. Because the kiln gets very hot, the pottery literally is glowing red. If the ashes land on the glowing pottery, it instantly melts to form a natural glaze in addition to any glazes already on the pottery. Also, the flames run through the kiln and even shoot out of the fifteen-foot chimney. In doing so, the flames will leave flash marks on the pottery that range in color from yellow to orange, red, and brown. In addition, the ash glaze ranges in color from green to gray and off white. In the more hot areas, the glaze will be shiny, whereas in the cooler areas, the glaze will be more

matte. Sometimes, a few pieces of pottery get so hot that they actually melt or crack or even stick together. This variation in color and texture is what is sought by firing in this type of kiln. ☉

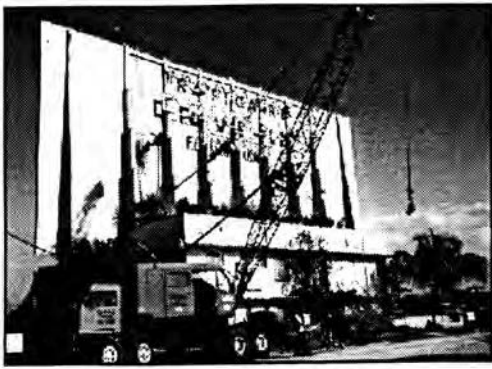
The Far Side



Where the deer and the antelope work



Vera looked around the room. Not another chicken anywhere. And then it struck her — this was a hay bar.



Tropicaire Drive-in Theatre before



Tropicaire Drive-in Theatre 2 days later

This Old House

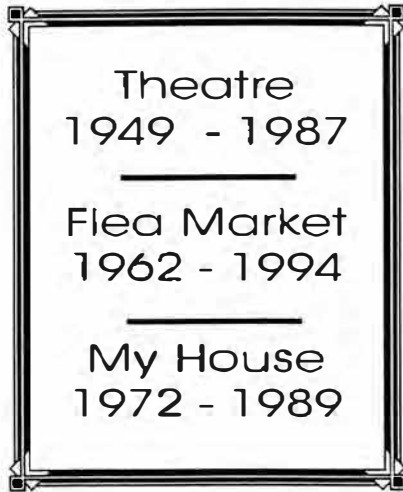
Steve Thomas became host of This Old House in 1989 and since then the projects have been numerous and exciting. I thought you might want a complete listing of these projects since The Journal has not been too clear with them.

- Fall 1989 - barn redo, Concord, Mass
- Winter 1990 - adobe house remodel, Santa Fe
- Fall 1990 - tripe decker rehabilitation, Boston
- Winter 1991 - shotgun remodel, New Orleans
- Fall 1991 - Kirkside, Greek Revival restoration, Wailand, Mass
- Winter 1992 - townhouse flat redo, London
- Fall 1992 - ranch house remodel, Lexington, Mass
- Winter 1993 - Mediterranean revival restoration, South Dade County, Fl
- Fall 1993 - Shingle style Victorian kitchen remodel, Belmont, Mass
- Winter 1994 - remodel, Hawaii
- Fall 1994 - 1710 house addition, Acton, Mass
- Winter 1995 - 1906 bungalow kitchen redo and addition, Napa Valley ☺

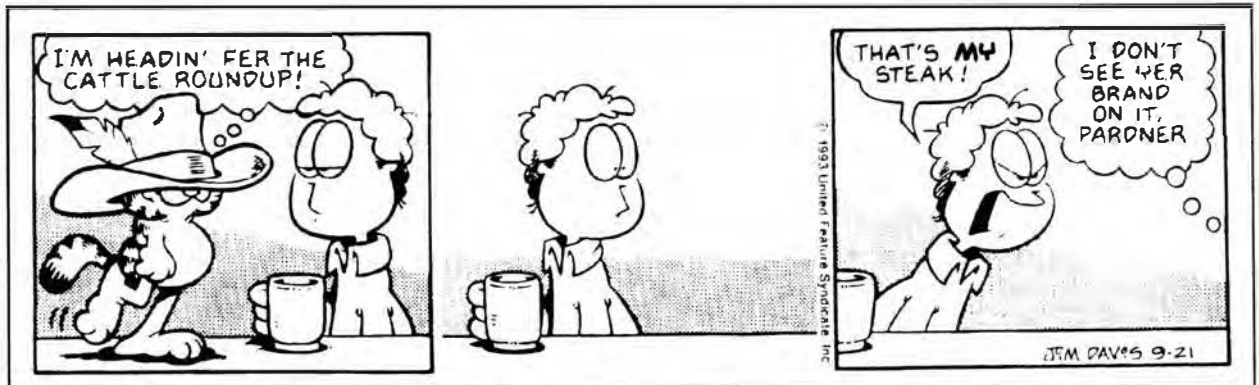
Tropicaire Drive-In: Theatre and Flea Market

Robert-George de Stolfe

On Wednesday, December 28, 1994, the Tropicaire Drive-in Flea market came to an end. In a ceremony around noon, the theatre/ flea market was honored with a fully catered tearing down ceremony. After speakings for about a half an hour, the crane with a gold painted, concrete ball was reved up and started as shown in the before picture. During the teardown, people ate and reporters took notes and recordings. For some it was a sad day while for others it was a day of progress. The after photo shows the "progress" two days later. ☺



Garfield



"Bone" Mizelle, A Cowboy's Cowboy

edited excerpt from *Florida's Past*

Palmetto scrub was the range and a rifle was the law, and "Bone" Mizelle was a tough, impish cowboy equal to both.

Most Americans think "out west" when they think of cowboys, but Florida's frontier in the late 1800's spawned a breed of cowpoke every bit the equal of the Western counterpart.

In fact, the intensely individual, free-wheeling stylist who herded the ancient Spanish stock of hardy beef over the scrubland and piney woods of Southwest Florida's sprawling flatlands, often made his Western brother look like a mere comic strip.

One of his best known and most colorful of these punchers was a long, lean saddle-reed named Napoleon Bonaparte "Bone" Mizelle born in 1863 at Lily, on Horse Creek near Arcadia, to Morgan and Mary Mizelle. And, until his death in 1921 (greatly hastened by a generous consumption of strong waters the night before), bone was revered as a cowboy's cowboy; he rode hard, drank hard, lived hard, was a crack shot with rifle or six-gun, and yet had a temper generous to a fault, leavened somewhat by an impish prankster spirit that enlivened many a dull long drive.

Bone had little if any formal education; he was literally raised in the saddle, bred to the hard, strenuous lot of the cowhand. Only in his twenties, he earned a statewide reputation as the top rounder, "lightning fast at roping and branding, an expert horseman, and a remarkable memory." Bone's disregard for money was notorious, especially his penchant for lighting his pipe with dollar bills, usually when he was drunk. Often at the end of a market drive to Tampa, he would treat his hands to a steamboat ride for several days, footing the bill for food, drink, and extras himself, without asking the price. His arrival in Tampa was usually heralded with

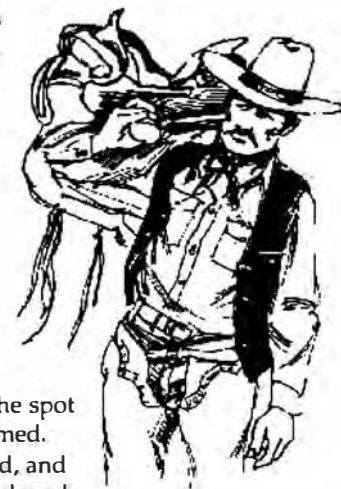
some prankish behavior, such as riding into Pomp Gibson's saloon at the corner of Kennedy and Ashley, reining up to the bar and ordering a shot or two, still mounted, then clattering out again. Occasionally, Bone was the subject of a practical joke himself. Once, after having passed out from too much of his favorite firewater, Jamaica ginger, his conies built a circle of fire around him, poked his with a stick, then hid behind some shrubs. Bone raised up, looked dazedly around, then remarked; "Dead and gone to hell. No more'n I expected."

But he foiled another joker. While on the range, each cowboy took turns cooking for a week, with the strict rule that anyone who complained of the chow had to serve that cook's week out, plus his own. One miscreant thought he would let bone fill in for him, whereupon he served Bone's portion to him first, after saturating it with salt. Bone took one mouthful and almost exploded, then caught himself, "This shore is good," he said tightly. "I always like plenty of salt on my victuals, this is just right," as the camp roared with laughter.

By the time he reached 40, Bone decided that he just wasn't making it as a foreman and he would go into the cattle business for himself. He had already acquired a government homestead earlier, although he never did build a home on it. And thus, true to the enterprising spirit of the day, he boldly announced that from here on, "instead of marking every fifth calf for my old boss, I'm marking them for Mr. Napoleon Bonapart Mizelle". With the few head he already owned, Bone decided, he would build up a large head simply by using the methods he had been employing for other cattle owners for years. Over the years, his herd slowly grew to sizeable proportions and he enjoyed a modestly prosperous cattle business. One contemporary friend and admirer observed that, whatever his attitude his former baron bosses, Bone was scrupulously honest with the smaller ranchers of the valley. For example, he recalled once when

one of Bone's boys got someone else's yearling "mixed up" with his own herd, he came straight to the owner to make good. "The boys drove up your yearling with our cattle across the river. What's it wuff?" He then wrote a check on the spot for the amount named.

Bone never married, and he lived, worked, played, and drank as hard as he ever did right up to the later years. But the rugged life - and especially the Barley-corn binges - took their toll by the time he was 58. He died in his sleep in 1921, while sitting in the Atlantic Coast Line depot at Fort Ogden. The somewhat informal listing of the cause on his death certificate read simply: "Moonshine - went to sleep and did not wake up". Bone probably would have liked that line himself. ☼



The Far Side



Durango, Mexico, circa 1880: Juan Sanchez cruises through town on the first low-rider.

Steve Thomas

Robert-George de Stolfe

During the opening of *This Old House*, the theme song *Louisiana Fairytale* plays while a truck drives up to the current renovation site. Out of the truck comes the host, Steve Thomas. Since joining *This Old House* in 1989, Steve Thomas along with his co-host Norm Abram have done with the show what the gold rush did to the California Territory, made it very popular and exciting. As a kid, Steve vividly remembers the damp smell of earth and the smell of wood preservative as well as the creaking of house jacks. One of 6 children, he has



Steve Thomas

always been involved in renovation. His dad used to buy houses, fix them up, and sell them. In addition to renovation, Steve Thomas is a fanatic sailor. After college in the 1970's, he sailed from Seattle to Hawaii and back, sailed in the Mediterranean, and even sailed from England through the Panama Canal to San Francisco. In the 1980's, Steve went to Micronesia to study traditional

navigation. It was his dream "to step back in time to a culture and time when the sea was apprehended directly without charts or instruments." He became an apprentice to Mau Piailug (mauw Pe-i-lug), now around 70, who is the youngest of the fully initiated navigators. After this apprenticeship voyage, Steve Thomas wrote a book, and later shot an adventure series film which aired in 1989, called *The Last Navigator*. After this Mr. Thomas accepted the job as host of *This Old House*. He said, "I was the right guy, at the right place, at the right time."

Currently, Steve lives in an 1836 Georgian Colonial on Boston's North Shore. As one might suspect, the house has been remodeled several times.

As for the *This Old House* projects, Steve Thomas has different favorites for different reasons. "... every *This Old House* project is a unique set of construction challenges and budget challenges and television presentation challenges." He also said that to keep the show interesting and dynamic, the show needs have plenty of variety to be kept lean.

Mr. Thomas intends to stay with the show for as long as it's on and also to complete his voyage around the world. "I've gone halfway, and one of these days I'd like to do the other half."

In his final comments, Steve said, "The success I have enjoyed I have gained by following my dreams. ... I just figured that if I loved it I was going to do it ... if I had one piece of advice to a young person today, it's to follow your dreams and do what you love to do and everything else will follow from that. Put your heart and soul and all your dreams into that thing you most want to do in the world and give [it] everything you've got because life is too short to do anything else!"

I want to thank Steve Thomas for taking the time to answer my questions and allowing me to have this opportunity. Thank You. ☺

To Make a Quick Getaway

Men's Health magazine, May, 1994

In the Old West (or even now) you may have been in a situation where you needed to quickly get to your horse in order to get away from some big trouble before the bullets started to fly. In this case, you needed to do a running mount, which is explained below.

To do a running mount

1. Run along the left side of your horse and with both hands grab the saddle horn. Then, as the horse picks up speed but before a gallop, kick your feet forward to somewhere along where the horse's front hooves are. Plant your heels, then along with the momentum of the horse, bounce up into the saddle.

2. Land in the saddle. As you jump, the horse is in the right position for you to swing your right leg over the saddle. Make sure that you don't go so far over that you fall off.

3. Grab the reins before you put your feet in the stirrups. (You need to leave the reins around the horse's neck where you can reach them.) As you get better, you will be able to land in the saddle, grab the reins, and put your feet in the stirrups all at the same time, but in case of a problem, do the previous steps in that order. ☺

The Russian Language

The True Fissure, Nevada, Sat, June 19, 1880

An Oil City gentleman, who has recently traveled in Europe, said he was at a dinner party one day in Paris, and while telling a story was attacked with a sudden and continued fit of sneezing. When he ceased, a Russian gentleman at another table, named Plicheekee, turned about and complimented him on his excellent and correct pronunciation of the Russian language. ☺

Choosing the Right Hat

Men's Health magazine, March, 1995

If you have ever been like me, you may have wondered what kind of hat would look best on you. Below are a few tips to get the right hat for you; of course I am talking about a cowboy type hat.

1. First you want to get a hat with the right brim. The brim is mainly to keep rain off you but also partly for looks too; a 3 to 4 inch brim usually looks good on most people. Also, don't get a large ugly feather hatband. If you want a hat band thought, understate it.
2. Choose a hat that fits and looks right for your head.
 - a. A thin faced man should have a RCA (Rodeo Cowboy Association) crown, a narrow hat with a fat brim and a crease on top.
 - b. Guys with moon shaped heads need to be careful since they don't look good with small, thin brims. In this case, you need a wide brim.
 - c. For an oval-shaped head or a square jaw, the typical cowboy hat will be fine. Get an ample sized hat with a low crown and turn up the brim more than usual.
 - d. Only a few people will look good wearing a hat straight on. For everyone else, the hat needs to tilt to one side.
3. Once you get a hat, take care of it. You should wear it all the time. There are only a few times when you should otherwise take it off. When you do take the hat off, don't put it brim side down, always put it brim side up; gravity will flatten the brim and you want the wave in it. Finally, don't leave your hat on the dashboard of your truck. The sun will only ruin it. ☺



My Bus Trip to and From Arizona

Robert-George de Stolfe

I needed to write a story for my computer class for a book project. So I decided to write about my bus trip to Arizona.

The Setting

During the summer term of 1994, I went on an FCCJ Extended Studies trip to Flagstaff, Arizona. The first three weeks were spent in Jacksonville with my two classes making pottery and studying Indian literature. The second three weeks were spent in Flagstaff to fire our pottery in the Anagama kiln located at Northern Arizona University and also to see the sights. In my case, I took a Greyhound bus to Flagstaff because I could not afford to take the plane or to drive. Bob, Carol, Robin, Mindi, Katee, Nathan, and I had no idea how the bus trip to Flagstaff would be like.

Ticket Trouble

When I arrived at the downtown Jacksonville bus station Thursday, July 14, 1994, we were told about a problem with our tickets. Our tickets showed that we were taking a route the station said did not exist. As a result, we were going to wait for the 3:00 a.m. bus until I mentioned a detail about the route on our tickets. We decided to take the midnight bus to New Orleans. In the early morning, we went through Mobile, which looked a lot like New Orleans with its iron railings and old, Southern

buildings. Biloxi and Gulf port looked similar but had a lot of casinos. These cities also had white, sandy beaches that we traveled beside. Once we got to New Orleans around noon, we straightened out our tickets and checked in our bags, which were previously carried on the bus with us.

Dallas Roundup

The next bus we took was really crowded. Not one seat was left available until we got to Baton Rouge. After Baton Rouge, the bus driver seemed to randomly zig-zag all over Louisiana. However, he certainly knew where he was going. By 3:00 a.m., probably because of the meandering, we arrived in Dallas forty-five minutes late. Because the next bus we needed to catch left, the bus station rounded up three taxis for us to take to Fort Worth, where the bus was held up for us until we arrived there. In one taxi, Mindi and I raced down the curvy highways at seventy miles per hour listening to reggae while the cool air mixed with cigarette smoke blew threw the cab. We arrived in Fort Worth to find that the bus was again very crowded. We then left towards our next change destination, Amarillo.

Almost to Flagstaff!

Since leaving Fort Worth, I awoke, after sleeping a few hours, to a pleasant sunrise and a landscape of interesting buildings and wavy plains. Around 8:30 a.m., we stopped at Olive Oil's twenty-four-hour truck stop café in Estelline, Texas, for breakfast. I just could not eat even though I was really



Olive Oil's 24 Hour Truck Stop Café

hungry. I think it was the weak coffee or the loads of grease. On the bus since Fort Worth was a guy who looked just like a typical young cowboy. He had a black, wide-brimmed hat, a large belt buckle, black boots, white t-shirt, and tight jeans. He was quite the character including the accent. After leaving Amarillo around 12:15 p.m. and on the way towards Albuquerque, the land started breaking from flat lands to rolling hills and then to plateaus and mesas. I wished I had my camera handy to get a few pictures of these great landscapes. The sun started to set after we left Albuquerque around 5:30 p.m. We would arrive in Flagstaff in just a few hours! We arrived around midnight, and Mr. Wetherell, our pottery professor, was at the station to greet us and take us to the dorms.

Headin' Back

During the almost three weeks in Flagstaff, we (the group) fired our pottery, saw the sights, and visited the city among many, many other events. I made arrangements to take the bus back to Jacksonville on Thursday, August 4, 1994, since I would end up traveling by myself. Robin, Mindi, Katee, and Nathan decided to leave late Tuesday night, and Bob and Carol planned to sight-see for a couple of weeks. I left around 12:40 p.m. and traveled back towards Albuquerque. On the way around 6:30 p.m., we arrived in the city of Grants. Located here is an old lava bed spanning several miles. This lava bed is one of the el



Skyline of modern Dallas

Mal País (Spanish for Bad Land) Lava Beds in New Mexico. According to an old Indian legend, a giant was slain and his blood flowed across the land (the lava). The blood was stopped by the fearing Indians close to their source of water in order not to contaminate it. The Indians considered the blood as poison.

Landscape Details

In the early morning on the way to Wichita Falls from Amarillo, I saw many, many little oil pumps all over the landscape. Some were even located right next to the road. As I wrote my various thoughts in my journal, I thought of the many interesting names of towns I went through. Some of these towns had simple names like Twin Arrows, Two Guns, and Jolly, while others were much more complex like Shreveport and Meridian. I noted that the landscape of northern Texas was interesting and in a way very similar to Jacksonville, but with fewer and smaller trees. From Shreveport on was the part of the route that was different from before; I would go to Jackson, then to Meridian, Montgomery, Tallahassee, and Jacksonville.

Midnight Hold-up

Between Shreveport and Jackson was the most interesting part of the trip home. Around 9:00 p.m. we stopped at one small station where a band of police were waiting. They came on the bus and said to get off so they could search the bus and cargo. They frisked a few people then searched all of the bags inside the bus. After doing that, they went through the luggage underneath and had a police dog sniff out the bags. The dog was really wild about one bag. Unfortunately, I did not find out if there was anything unusual in it. I think the police were probably

looking for drugs. Later, we crossed the Mississippi River where lasers were flashing in the sky which were probably part of some casino show.

Close to Home

Through the night, the fog was really thick in many areas as we headed towards Meridian. I arrived in Montgomery around 4:00 a.m. and since the bus was late, I only had to wait an hour instead of two hours for my next bus. After leaving Montgomery, I rested for what seemed like hours but was just an hour or two. I woke up in the early morning seeing some very



Oil pump

pretty areas in southern Alabama and northern Florida. After leaving Tallahassee around 12:30 p.m., it felt like forever before I would get back to Jacksonville. Because the bus did not take I-10, it seemed like we stopped at every little town and hole-in-the-wall in existence before getting even close to home. The rain, thunder, and lightning was really heavy at this time and got worse as we neared downtown Jacksonville. Once finally downtown, Mom was waiting for me when I got off the bus. I then went to get my bags, but only one came with me on the bus; the others came during the night.

Remembering the Trip

As I look back on the trip, I remember the mix-up with the tickets, the casinos of southern Mississippi, and the zig-zagging

through Louisiana. I liked the exciting round-up from Dallas to Fort Worth. Also, the changing landscapes from Texas to Arizona were great to see. I very much liked the time I spent in Flagstaff firing the kiln, visiting the sights and looking around the city. On the way back, I remember seeing the lava beds in New Mexico and the little oil pumps in Texas. The hold up by police in Mississippi was interesting as was the fog that night. The whole trip was really great, and I certainly would go again. This was just the vacation I needed to get away from everything! ☺

Gold Rush

Robert-George de Stolfe

This was part of a report I did for my Western Civilization class.

After the Louisiana Purchase, Republic of Texas annexation, addition of Oregon Country, and Gadsen Purchase, people slowly started to move to these areas to live. In central California during the summer of 1847, John Sutter, a Swiss immigrant, sent a carpenter, James Marshall, to build a sawmill on the south branch of the American River on some land owned by Sutter. It was finished enough in early 1848 to clean the millrace of debris. Marshall then let water run in the millrace through the night. In the morning of January 24, 1848, he saw glittering yellow spots shining through the water; it was gold! John Sutter asked the men at the mill to keep the finding of gold a secret at least until his ranch workers finished the spring planting. The sawmill was then finished in March as was also the planting. However, Sutter's request for silence was apparently ignored when the news appeared a few weeks later in the San Francisco newspapers. Although, no one became excited about the discovery until several Mormons were found digging 25 miles near the sawmill.

(Continued on page 8)

(continued from page 7)

The find was rich, plentiful, and widespread. Still, there was no gold fever until a man of many talents, Sam Brannan, highly publicized and talked about the gold that was found at Mormon Diggings. Shortly later, San Francisco became hysterical, and everyone dropped everything and went to the valley. The fever spread to other California settlements then soon to Hawaii, Oregon, and Mexico. Eventually, interests mounted in the Atlantic states and the Mississippi Valley areas. However, gold fever in the east did not explode until President James Polk gave official recognition to the gold findings in his annual message. Immediately, people started leaving for California. The trip to California was long and even dangerous. There were two methods of travel, by land and by sea. By land, there were four trails: Sonora trail, Santa Fe trail, Oregon trail, and Mormon Trail. By sea, there were two routes, around

Cape Horn and through the Isthmus of Panama. The number of people who came in 1849 is not known but a very rough estimate would be at least 35,000 over land, 15,000 around Cape Horn, and 6,000 by way of Panama. Unfortunately, many people died trying to get to California from the lack of food or water, from Indian attacks, or by drowning from leaky boats or from hurricanes. But those who did arrive soon got what was known as gold fever, yellow fever, California fever, California mania, or gold mania. Once the gold seekers settled in their new homes, the process of gold finding began. Raw gold existed in three forms: nuggets, flakes, and dust. However, the flakes and dust were found much more often than the nuggets. In order to find the gold, several tools were used: a Wash Pan, a Cradle, a Long Tom, and a Sluice. These tools were used to find gold in the river or in the ground. Another method was used to find a

lot more gold at one time, mining. The process of mining was to dig tunnels in the sides of hills to find veins of gold and silver bearing quartz. This method though was not for the average gold seeker since it required many skills and tools. Also, the risks involved to mine the quartz were very high. Many things could go wrong, such as a cave-in, which then could trap the miner. The gold rush had quite an impact on the settling of the west. James Marshall made quite a discovery that eventually changed the course of history. With the spread of the news about gold, people eventually came from all over the world. And once in California, the gold seekers used several tools to dig the raw gold. Towns sprouted as fast as people found gold and disappeared just as fast when the gold ran out. In short, the California Gold Rush had a lasting effect which still can be seen today. ☺

(See the Gold Rush letters on page 12)

The below paragraph is in Russian with the translation next to it. Please note that the original is not in the best grammar since I only took conversational Russian.

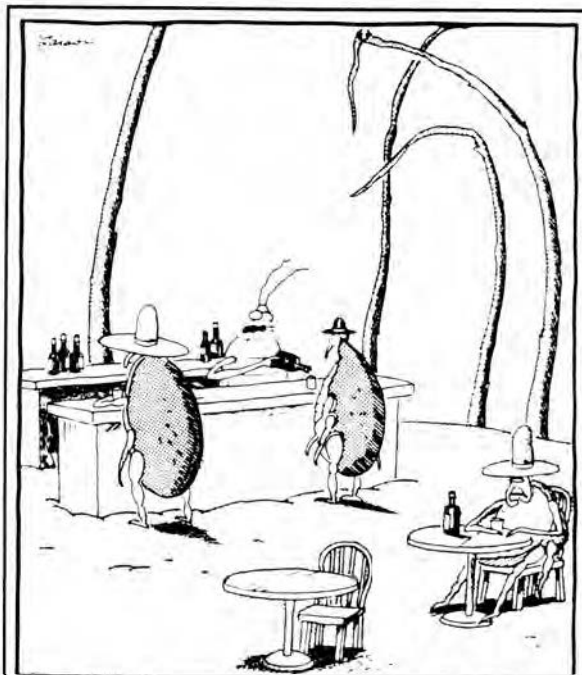
Русский Ресторан

Russian Restaurant

На среда, пятнадцать март 1995, моя Русский класс иди в Русский ресторан. Москва Ночи. Я проехал двадцать часов тридцат. За ужин, я ель салат, холодный чай, и курца Киев с жарини каргофель, рис, и зелеёный фасонии. Я не ель сладкое. Во ужин, мы говорили по-английски и по-русски. После вечерний, мы танцовали пока наще туфли упали! Мы имели великий ужин у Русский ресторан. ☺

On Wednesday, 15 March 1995, my Russian class went to a Russian Restaurant, Moscow Nights. I arrived at twenty hours thirty. For supper, I had salad, cold tea, and chicken Kiev with fried potatoes, rice, and green beans. I did not have dessert. After supper, we spoke in English and in Russian. Later in the evening, we danced until our shoes fell off! We had a great supper at the Russian Restaurant. ☺

The Far Side



"You're a long way from Big Poodle, stranger. ... This here is Dead Skunk, and if I were you I'd just keep on movin'!"

This page contains some of the visual images I did for my classes

The Grand Canyon

The Grand Canyon is difficult to describe in words. The size and scale is so immense but gives a false sense smallness. To try to describe the Grand Canyon is silly just for its sheer difficulty of doing so simply because the canyon's spirit just does not translate well into words. In order to describe the Grand Canyon, one has to visually see it and describe it in pictures instead of words. Unfortunately, not everyone may be able to see the canyon in the future because of pollution and high tourist wear. To quote Theodore Roosevelt, "... Keep this great wonder of nature as it now is... you can not improve on it; not a bit. The ages have been at work on it, and man can only mar it... Keep the Grand Canyon as it is." (May 6, 1903). It is very true what Roosevelt said about man can only mar the Grand Canyon. In the billions of years the canyon has formed, man can very well destroy it in a matter of centuries if not actually sooner. ☉

Walnut Canyon

Sinagua Indians lived on cliffs in Walnut Canyon. All around the canyon are ponderosa pine trees and numerous varieties of plants. Tucked in the cliffs are many constructed brick rooms. I guess it could be said that there is the "Ponderosa Development" on one mountain, and the "Agua Townhouses" on the peninsula, and the "Cactus Condos" in the valley. However, The people who lived in these areas could not have traveled easily. They did not have the steps and paved paths that exist now. On the other hand, the Indians may not have needed to move much since the vegetation of the area is lush providing plenty of food. As a result, these people would be called cliff dwellers. ☉

RUMFORD
THE WHOLESOME
Baking Powder
Best of the High Grade Powders.

15 cents half pound can.

The Boston Post, April 19, 1906

Sedona

The beauty of Sedona is hard to accurately describe. The land is covered in terra-cotta red rock and rock formations that radiate orange and red during a sunset. They literally glow. The formations are full of natural beauty which are the result of millions of years of erosion by wind and water. Photographs just cannot capture the magnificent beauty of this valley. ☉

The Sedona of Sedona

Sedona - is it a Spanish word? Or, an Indian term? If it is not either of these, what is Sedona's true origin? Strangely enough, the word was coined long ago by a Pennsylvania Dutch lady in Gorin, Missouri to name her baby daughter, born February 24, 1877. Sedona married Theodore C. Schnebly in 1898. Three years later, they settled in Arizona's Red Rock Country. In 1902, Theodore applied for a post office for their settlement, to be called Schnebly Station. The request was approved, but the name was rejected as being too long. Theodore's brother Ellsworth suggested his sister-in-law's name, and the place name sedona was born. Theodore was appointed the community's first postmaster. Sedona schnebly died at her namesake on November 13, 1950, and is buried there in the small cemetery at the foot of Table Top Mountain. ☉

Homolovi Ruins

The Homolovi Ruins represent the living areas of past Hopi Indians. Unfortunately, there are many, many holes and mounds where past pot hunters dug and stole old Indian pottery and other valuables. Archaeologists there carefully dig and record the artifacts they find to try to understand how the people lived. They do not want people to take the pot shards or rock petroglyphs since it makes discovering and understanding the ruins difficult. It is a good thing that the archaeologists are trying to understand Indian history and culture by legally excavating and preserving found artifacts in museums. ☉

Wise Man

One day during the making of pottery while in Flagstaff, I took a break and started to explore around the ceramics building. As I looked around, I found this old railroad spike. Actually, I got the spike from my pottery teacher after he used it to score a pot of his.

An old Indian wise man is like an old railroad spike. He is well weathered but still strong. The rust of the spike resembles his leathery sun worn skin. Because he is old and seemingly fragile, one may think he is as good as dead. But on the contrary, the wise man is still strong and capable of keeping things in order just like a rusted railroad spike keeping the rails from shifting. ☉

The Dogs Hold an Election (Brulé Sioux)

from American Indians: Myths and Legends

We don't think much of the white man's elections. Whoever wins, we Indians always lose. Well, we have a little story about elections. Once a long time ago, the dogs were trying to elect a president. So one of them got up in the big dog convention and said: "I nominate the bulldog for president. He's strong. He can fight."

"But he can't run," said another dog. "What good is a fighter who can't run? He won't catch anybody."

Then another dog got up and said: "I nominate the Greyhound, because he sure can run."

But the other dogs cried: "Naw, he can run all right, but he can't fight. When he catches up with somebody, what happens then? He gets the hell beaten out of him, that's what! So all he's good for is running away."

Then an ugly little mutt jumped up and said: "I nominate that dog for president who smells good underneath his tail."

And immediately an equally ugly mutt jumped up and yelled: "I second the motion."

At once all the dogs started sniffing underneath each other's tails. A big chorus went up:

"Phew, he doesn't smell good under his tail."

"No, neither does this one."

"He's no presidential timber!"

"No, he's no good either."

"This one sure isn't the people's choice."

"Wow, this ain't my candidate!"

When you go out for a walk, just watch the dogs. They're still sniffing underneath each other's tails. They're looking for a good leader, and they still haven't found him.

Told by Lane Deer at Winner, Rosebud Indian Reservation, South Dakota, 1969. Recorded by Richard Erdoes. 🌟

Coyote and Wasichu (Brulé Sioux)

from American Indians: Myths and Legends

There was a white man who was such a sharp trader that nobody ever got the better of him. Or so people said, until one day a man told this wasichu: "There's somebody who can out cheat you anytime, anywhere."

"That's not possible," said the wasichu. "I've had a trading post for many years, and I've cheated all the Indians around here."

"Even so, Coyote can beat you in any deal."

"Let's see whether he can. Where is Coyote?"

"Over there, that tricky-looking guy."

"Okay, all right, I'll try him."

The wasichu trader went over to Coyote. "Hey, let's see you outsmart me."

"I'm sorry," said Coyote, "I'd like to help you out, but I can't do it without my cheating medicine."

"Cheating medicine, hah! Go get it."

"I live miles from here and I'm on foot. But if you'd lend me your fast horse?"

"Well, all right, you can borrow it. Go on home and get you cheating medicine!"

Well, friend, I'm a poor rider. Your horse is afraid of me, and I'm afraid of him. Lend me your clothes; then your horse will think that I am you."

"Well, all right. Here are my clothes; now you can ride him. Go get that medicine. I'm sure I can beat it!"

So Coyote rode off with the wasichu's fast horse and fine clothes, while the wasichu stood there bare-assed.

Told at Grass Mountain, Rosebud Indian Reservation, South Dakota, 1974. 🌟



Teaching the Mudheads How to Copulate (Zuni)

from American Indians: Myths and Legends

Practically all Indian pueblos of the southwest have their sacred clowns. Among the Zuni they are known as the Koyenshi, or, the Mudheads. In intervals between solemn, exalted masked dances, the clowns appear to do ridiculous things and make ribald jokes, often at the expense of the local missionary or the white tourist. They provide relief from rituals that are highly emotional, sometimes even a little frightening. But their occasionally gross antics are really only the comic counterpart of solemnity, the underscoring of the duality of life. Clowning is serious business, because the Mudheads too are holy people. Their performance is not an antithesis to solemn rites, but an integral part of them.

The Mudheads are not very bright. Long ago they didn't know many things, even very simple, everyday actions. So a man tried to instruct them.

He tried to teach them how to go up a ladder. He showed them how to do it, and they tried to copy him, but they couldn't. One tried to go up the ladder with his feet upmost, standing on his head. Another tried to climb the back of the ladder. A third kept falling through the rungs, while a fourth got all tangled in the rungs. They just couldn't do it.

Then the man tried to teach them how to build a house. He showed them the right way to do it, and they tried to imitate his actions. But one started with the roof and made the others hold up the ceiling while tried to build downward from it. Another put together a house with no doors or windows. He built in from the inside, and when he wanted to go out, he found he had walled himself in. The others had to break down the walls to let him out. Still another made the mud bricks out of sand. When it rained, his house collapsed into a sandpile. Try as they would,

the Mudheads just couldn't do it right. Then the man tried to show them a really simple thing - how to sit on a chair. They watched and tried to do as he did. One sat on top of the chair back and tumbled over. Another sat underneath the chair. Another sat on the chair with his back to the front. A fourth tried to sit upside down with his head where his rump ought to have been. They just couldn't get the point. "Well," said their instructor, "I'll try one thing more. I'm going to show you how to copulate". There was a fat old woman who hadn't had a man in her for a long time. "They can practice on me," she said, "I don't mind". So she lifted up her manta and bent over, and the instructor copulated with her in the simplest way - from the back as dogs do. The Mudheads watched closely, and then they all wanted to try. But none of them could find the right opening. One did it in the anus, another in the knee bend, another in the arm bend, another in the armpit, another in the navel, another in the ear. They tried and tried. They really wanted to do it right, but they couldn't. "I give up on you," said the instructor. The fat old woman just laughed.

Told in several versions during a sacred clown dance and pantomime at Zuni Pueblo, 1964, and recorded by Richard Erdoes. ☉



The Oregonian, Feb 18, 1885



Kokopelli

Kokopelli

Silhouettes in American History

The Kokopelli is a humpbacked flute player whose Indian Heritage dates back as early as 200 AD. This legendary, well-traveled, and footloose figure was a god to some, a nuisance to others, and a bearer of good luck and health to many. Well-known for his gift of fertility, childless wives begged for his company while unmarried women fled from him with fear. ☉

Rainstick: A song to the spirits

Source unknown

Somewhere in Africa, before the birth of Jesus, rainsticks were played to remind the spirits that rain was welcome. This rainstick serenades the gods of the Diaguitas, a native Chilean people. From windswept hillsides and barrancas beneath the Andes, artisans with burros collect dead and dried Normata cactus which might otherwise be used for firewood. (Absolutely no live cactus are cut.) The thorns are then pressed into the hollow shafts. Pebbles or small shells cascade over the thorns to create the water sound of this ancient instrument which is still heard in the music of the Andes. This magic rainstick is used to pray for rain, tranquility, and peace. ☉

Credits

American Indians: Myths and Legends, by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, 1984

"Bone" Mizelle from *Florida's Past* by Gene M. Burnett, 1986

Choosing a Hat, *Uncommon Knowledge*, *Men's Health* magazine, March 1995

Clip Art, from *Graphic Source Clipart - Old West*

Dallas Skyline, 1994 Texas Guidebook

divider, *The True Fissure* [Nevada] June 19, 1880

The Far Side by Greg Larson, 1994 calendar

Garfield by Jim Davis, book #26

Gold rush letters, margin notes from "Gold!" *American Heritage* magazine Dec. 1962

Kokopelli, from *Loser Collector Series: Kokopelli* figurine, *Unique Gifts*

Olive Oil's Truck Stop colá, Estelline, Texas, token July 16, 1994

Petroglyphs, *Messages on Stone: Selections of Native Western Rock Art* by Williams Stokes, 1980

Quick Getaway, *Uncommon Knowledge*, *Men's Health* magazine, May 1994

Rainstick, original whereabouts unknown

Royal Baking Powder, *The Oregonian*, Feb 18, 1885

Rumford Baking Powder, *The Boston Post*, April 19, 1906

The Russian Language, *The True Fissure* [Nevada] June 19, 1880

Sedona of Sedona, from *Sedona: Oak Creek Canyon Visual* by John F. Hoffman, 1987

Steve Thomas, interview on Feb 25, 1995
Photograph from personal notepad



Petroglyph - design

Copyright by Robert-George de Stalle, 1995
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Gold Rush Letters

"We entered the Eldorado House and such a scene I never beheld ... around the sides & center some twenty Gambling tables all in active operation - the room literally thronged, women dealing & betting among the men - a band of some five or six musicians at the far end of the room in full Blast. Licentious pictures hung on the walls ... 6 most beautiful chandeliers costing \$500 each - a Bar with costly furbishing of massive silver & glass ware and a General excitement with the clashing of Glasses - rattling of dice - men of every caste nation & equipment ... Imagine then 5 other rooms like this ... and you will have the truth ..."

A San Francisco gambling hall described in a traveler's letter, ca. 1850

"You have no idea of the suffering among the emigrants traveling down the Humboldt and crossing the desert for more than one hundred miles before reaching the Sink ... There is no grass of any consequence, the water is slippery stuff resembling weak lye as much as anything; from the Sink to Carson River is a distance of forty miles, the last twelve deep sand."


An emigrant's description of hardships on the overland trail

"Of all the cities in the world this is the greatest one, composed of all nations and colors, and the harest set of fellows that ever existed ..."

San Francisco described in a miner's journal

"I do not like to be apacking a thousand dollars about in my coat pockets for it has toar my pockets and puld the Coat to peaces."

From a miner's letter to his wife



"Jane i left you and them boys for no other reason than this to come here to procure a littl property by the swet of my brow so that we could have a place of our own that i mite not be a dog for other people any longer ... i think that this is far better country to lay up money than it is at home. if a man will ... tend to his business and keep out of licker shops and gambling houses. that is the way the money goes with many of them in this country. there are murders commited about every day on the account of licker and gambling but i have not bought a glass of licker since i left home. ... i never knew what it was to leave home till i left a wife and children. ... i know you feel lonsom when night apears but let us think that it is for the best so to be and do the best we can for two years or so and i hope Jane that we shell be reworded for so doing and meet in famely sircal once more. that is my prayer ..."

A miner's letter to his wife, March, 1852

de Stolfe Journal
1363 Talbot Ave
Jacksonville, FL 32205

