

LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES

Kessier



HARRY W. COOPER, DEAN OF THE AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORY MEN, IN CHICAGO, WAS A TRICK BICYCLE RIDER IN HIS YOUTH.

Will Entertain Guest of Honor

Mrs. George Swartz of Elko will be guest of honor at a luncheon to be given at the vicarage by the Guild of St. Agnes, next Friday, April 8.

Other guests will be church women from Boulder City. Mrs. Swartz is State President of the Church Service League.

Vegas and Reno, but has now been left inland and isolated, on the desert, by the new Nevada highway, the beautiful boulevard between these historic Nevada cities.

The Rambler had heard several years ago the story of a stranger from the east, who was ill, sauntering into the Fairbanks camp more than a generation ago; not only ill, but broke, financially, and almost broken in spirit. The stranger from the east hung around the camp for days and days. Finding the Fairbanks camp personnel wholesome and in a way, hospitable and kind to him, the stranger continued to hang around and by his deftness and willingness in doing chores, ingratiated himself to Dad and the members of the family, but had regained his health, by the happy-go-lucky, care-free life on the desert. However, he found himself considerably in debt to Dad. Then the stranger-friend finally decided to brave the cruel world again. He went to Dad and had a heart-to-heart talk with him, telling him that he had decided to return east, and assured Dad that he would not only pay him every dollar he owed but that he would pay him good interest, provided his "ship ever came in". With this he departed traveling toward the east, whence he had come several years previously.

Time went on and Dad never heard "hide nor hair", of the wayfarer, and never expected to. But one day, just 22 years after the friend had departed, a car drove up near the station, a gentleman stepped out, crossed the street to where Dad was standing, talking, extended his right hand to Dad with the remark: "You don't remember me, do you?"

"Yes I do," Dad replied, "you're Jim Flack, the fellow who lived here with us for a couple of years about 20 years ago,"

"That's correct," replied the wayfarer-gentleman. He then got Dad to one side and asked him how much he owed him. Dad replied that he did not know the exact amount, but to the best of his recollection it was somewhere between two and three hundred dollars. The newcomer laughed and said:

"Well, Dad, I'm a rich man, and am able to pay you every dollar I owe you, with good interest."

With that he drew from his pocket a roll of bills and skinned off three hundred dollars, remarking: "Dad, that pays the debt, doesn't it?"

"You bet it does, Jim," said Dad. Jim Flack then drew out a \$500 bill and handed it to Dad, with the remark:

"And this is for good measure, Dad."

The above story was related to the Rambler by Dad Fairbanks at Baker, the other evening, and it really is a true story of doings in or near Death Valley in by-gone years.

Rambler Muses About Railroads

(By Death Valley Rambler)

DEATH VALLEY JUNCTION, Mar. 28—We miss the little railroad. We residents of Death Valley Junction and vicinity have been in the past, inclined to belittle and poke fun at the little Tonopah and Tidewater railroad with its schedule of a few trains, sane and safe speed, and slow mail service, but the Junction seems mighty dead and lifeless without the train service which prevailed up to the disastrous floods of about one month ago.

The road has been out of commission and impassable for regular train service, since Tuesday, March 1, when the last regular trains arrived and departed from the station at Death Valley Junction. The gasoline car, known hereabout as the "goose," left the Junction on time, 12:01 p.m., on Tuesday, March 1, and made it through to its destination, Crucero, where the road joins with the U. P., about 100 miles south of here. However, the car has been tied up there ever since and it is stated that it will be along near the last of the present week before regular trains will be able to travel over the track which was badly washed out, for the greater part of the way between Rasoer station and Crucero.

At this end, the mixed steam train due at the Junction at 10:00 a.m., Tuesday March 1, arrived here a couple of hours late and this was the last regular run for this train and we have been without regular train service ever since. The approach to the railroad bridge crossing the Mojave river, about one mile west of Baker was washed out and the flood waters of that stream

flowed over the tracks at this point but the bridge did not go out.

The greatest damage was suffered near Crucero and there is now a construction crew of more than 100 men with bulldozers, power shovels, etc., toiling all through the day, and some of the nights, to rebuild the road-bed and re-lay rails, so that trains may be operated over the road. The crew is headed by Mr. W. W. Cahill, supt., and Ben. S. Horton, radmaster who have camped with the crew since the first week in March. It is stated trains will be operated about the last of this week, from Crucero to Death Valley Junction.

The Rambler visited the flood area around Baker during the high water peak, and was amazed at the volume of water flowing from the Mojave river, past Baker into Silver Lake, a few miles north-west of Baker. He had meandered, for years along and across the beautiful silvery, sandy floor-like surface of the Lake, but had never seen a drop of water in the lake; hence it was a revelation the other day to see a lake stretching out six or eight miles long and from two to three miles wide, six to eight feet deep. Also, the Rambler has been preaching for years that Death Valley is the destination of the flood-waters from the Mojave river, the water never reaching Death Valley.

W. H. Brown has returned to the Junction from the "front", near Crucero. "Brownie", who serves as chief clerk to Cahill, spent 16 days at the scene of action and returned here to make up pay-rolls and try to catch up with some of the more important office work. "Brownie" and Dr. Shrum made a quick business trip from the Junction to the work-train and construction camp last Friday evening, returning the same night.

A detour has been constructed just above the bridge where high-

way 91 crosses the Mojave river at Baker and the highway forces are now busily engaged in constructing a heavy, substantial bridge where the old one was washed out in the recent flood. Hence, traffic is going through Baker over the detour on 91, although it is slowed up a bit.

Business at Baker, which was practically paralyzed during the highwater, is now returning to normal. The Rambler, during a short stop at Baker recently met and conversed with the pioneer of the community, "Dad" Fairbanks, who has witnessed all the floods in this district for the past 40 years or more. "Dad" says he has seen the Mojave pretty high heretofore, but that more damage to property was done in this flood than in any previous flood within his memory, simply, he says, because there was more property in the path of the water to be damaged.

Dad, who is now past 80, looks and acts as good and spry as he did the first time the Rambler met him, some 8 or 9 years ago. Before locating at Baker, Dad and his faithful companion, Mrs. Fairbanks, carried on for many, many years at Shoshone, the stand now operated by his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas Brown. "Shoshone" lies about 83 miles north of Baker.

Before locating at Shoshone, Dad and Mrs. Fairbanks went through the Greenwater boom on the fringe of Death Valley where feverish mining activity gripped the populous some 35 years ago. At that time Dad and Mrs. Fairbanks were old-timers at the green spot still bearing his name, Fairbanks Springs located 17 miles east of Death Valley Junction which is still occupied by a couple of well-known old-timers and prospectors.

Fairbanks Springs was formerly a prominent stopping point and stage-station on the old-road between Las-