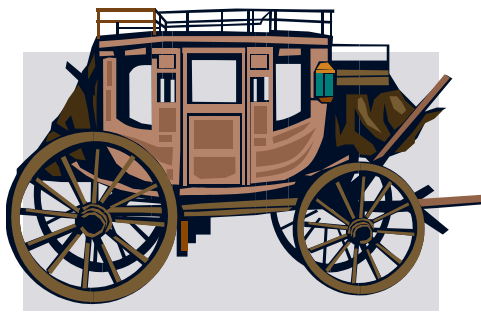


RECOLLECTIONS



JACK D. RITTENHOUSE

Boy Scout
Magician
Hobo
Oil Industry Publicist
Publisher (Stage Coach Press)
UNM Press Editor
Rare Book Dealer
Historian of New Mexico

By
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RITTENHOUSE
(1912 –1991)
Albuquerque, New Mexico

From his unpublished hand-typed chapters
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Composited, Illustrated, and Edited By Harry Briley

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Master Structure

Each chapter is a stand-alone document with a separate table of contents. These mostly chronological memoirs in three sections start by recollections that set the stage for the topical chapters that follow.

Chapters:

1. Life in the Mid-West Twenties
 2. Boy Scouts
 3. College Years
 4. Magician

- 5. Settling Down on Route 66**
 - 6. Wander Year**
 - 7. A Year in the California State Guard**
 - 8. Advertising**
 - 9. Books and I**
 - 10. Stagecoach Press**

11. Albuquerque Roots
 12. UNM Press
 13. Historian and Commissions
 14. London 1977
 15. Antiquarian Bookman
 16. The West is Wider than You Think
 17. Spain 1989

18. Closing Shop

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CHAPTER 5 – SETTLING DOWN ON ROUTE 66

Introduction

This is a good point to insert more of my general story [written in 7/1987.]

I was twenty-one in 11/1933 living with my parents at the old place on Edsall Avenue. Editor Frank Roberts managed the local morning Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette. I wrote a weekly book review column for them. I was not paid but entitled to all of the books that came in for review. I sold those [books for my remuneration].

Wander Year - 1934

After six months, I left Fort Wayne in 4/1934 for a year. [I intended to go to France as a war correspondent, but wound up in New York, and later in Arizona hopping freights. These hobo adventures appear] in the chapter "**Wander Year.**"

My Marriages

On 6/21/1935, I married Beulah Rose Scherrer in Goshen, Indiana. Rev. Whetstone performed the marriage at the United Brethren Church, using our license obtained in Goshen. My grandfather Robert Hassinger, and my cousin Jean Constance Hassinger, attended. My best man was James Gardner Morey, of Fort Wayne. We kept the marriage secret for a few days because Beulah did not want to lose her job. [Married women could not hold jobs outside the home in those pre-war years.] Our one son David Kimsey Rittenhouse was born in Fort Wayne at the Medical Arts Hospital in 1938.

[Beulah and I separated before early 1944.] On 8/18/1944, I was [formally] divorced [uncontested, the decree stated "as a default manner"] from Beulah, in Chicago, at Cook County Court, by Judge Joseph Sabath. [The court ordered me to pay child support of twelve dollars (\$12) per week with Beulah maintaining custody of David. I maintained contact with David and visited him in Chicago during my travels there.]

[Thirty days later,] on 9/17/1944, I married Charlotte Jewell High at the Church of God, in Saint Louis, Missouri. [Like both my grandmother Louise and my father Earl, my second marriage lasted the rest of my life (to 1991).]

[This introduction sets up the overall chronology for this and following chapters.]



Figure 1 - 1935 Silver Certificate Dollar (Littleton Coin)

Second Time in New York - 1935

When I came back to Fort Wayne in late 4/1935, I had the idea of the returning to New York City and getting into the book publishing business. I began to look upon my life as really beginning, as a whole thing.

I was emerging from youth into manhood. I knew three or four girls in Fort Wayne, but the one who interested me seriously was Beulah Rose Scherrer, the daughter of a grocery store owner not far from my home. I knew her at the St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, which was my regular church. She wanted to go to New York, and I proposed that we become married in June 21, in the town of Goshen, Indiana [an hour northwest of Fort Wayne], in the United Brethren church.

That summer, we went separately and at different times to New York. [The detail of this second freight train trip appears near the end of the chapter "**Wander Year**".]

At 138 West 46th Street, we lived in two furnished rooms at \$7.50 a week and cooked over a gas plate in a tiny kitchenette. New York was vital and exciting then. There were no muggings on the streets.

There was little chance of getting publishing work in the summer, which was why I worked as a barker in front of the Gaiety Burlesque Theater on Broadway and 46th St. In October, I wrote letters of application for work in book publishing.

In November, Alfred A. Knopf arranged an interview and hired me [at fifteen dollars a week]. Their offices were at Fifth Avenue and 57th street, and as I lived at 46th street, just west of Sixth Avenue, it was only a good walk to work.

My story at Knopf's appears in the chapter "**Books and I**". By 6/1936, I knew that as long as I was with Knopf, I would only work in the mailroom. I had a vacation coming up, took it, and wrote from Indiana that I would not be back.

Before World War II began in 12/1941, working conditions were quite different. Not all firms gave paid vacations, and even then, one might get only one week after the first year. There were no coffee breaks. You worked a full four hours, took an hour for lunch, and worked another full four hours. Most places worked from 8am to Noon on Saturday mornings as well [for a 44-hour workweek].

Social Security did not start until 1937. There was no unemployment compensation if one was fired. I knew of no group health insurance. At Knopf's, there were no soft drink machines; only the water cooler in the hall. There were fewer paid holidays than now. No one grumbled about this. [This was common practice] in every work place.

Indiana Cabin – Summer 1936

When we went back to Indiana in summer 1936, I intended to go back to New York in the fall and get into book publishing. The problem was how to live for four months.

Beulah's parents closed their small grocery and lived in their summer cabin at Big Long Lake, north of Kendallville, Indiana, and thirty-two miles from Fort Wayne.

A few hundred yards from the Scherrer summer cabin, a lot was for sale for \$300 from an old lawyer, Lee Hartzell in Fort Wayne. All he wanted was ten dollars down and ten dollars a month. In less than three years, it was all paid.

It consisted of an acre of land, irregularly shaped, with a fine log cabin. The cabin was built of tamarack logs hauled down from Wisconsin. It was on a cement foundation with a wooden floor and was 30 by 24 feet [720 square feet], with a good porch on the long side. A partition down its center length divided the cabin. The rear half was sub-divided into three rooms, each 10 by 12 feet. We used one room for a bedroom, one room as an office or den, and the third for a kitchen.

There were absolutely no amenities. The "bathroom" was an outhouse out back. There was no running water. We carried water by the bucket from the Scherrer's [next door]. There was no electricity. We used one or two kerosene lamps. We had no telephone or radio and received no newspaper. We cooked on a kerosene stove. We threw dishwater out the back door onto the plants. With no car, we rode to and from Fort Wayne with friends. There was no fireplace, but we needed no heat in the summer.

It was not a terrible life, at least not for four months. We had books to read; corn and vegetables from the surrounding farms, some melons and cucumbers from our own patch, sometimes fish from the lake, etc. One staple was graham bran "middlings," which were a by-product of grain milling and a hundred-pound sack cost only three dollars. From it, we made muffins, mush, and other dishes.

I continued to write a book column for the Journal-Gazette and sold the review copies at half price to the Fort Wayne Public Library, where my old High School history teacher, Rex Potterf, was librarian. I summited some short stories but only rejections came back.



Beulah – 1950 summer
(Courtesy: David Rittenhouse)

Third Time in New York - 1936

When fall 1936 came, I went back to New York City with an old Boy Scout friend Henry “Hank” Doermer. He had lived near my old Edsall Avenue home.

Having practically no money, Hank and I hopped aboard freight trains. Beulah travelled later by bus. [I wrote about two scary incidents for this third hobo trip at the end of the chapter “**Wander Year**”.]

Hank worked [in Fort Wayne] for a wholesale drugstore firm, running back and forth filling baskets with items ordered by small druggists. He felt he could find the same sort of work in New York. Hank found a good job with the firm of Schieffelin, doing just what he did in Fort Wayne. The firm was one of the biggest wholesale pharmaceutical and drug distributors in the nation. I heard from Hank only once after 1937. He moved to Ohio and learned the plumbing trade.

Two Jobs Made Ends Meet

From my previous two stays in New York, I knew an employment agency that provided ushers/doormen for theaters, and they knew me. Therefore, before the day was out, I had a job as an usher in the City Theater, a movie house on 14th Street just off Union Square.

A famous German restaurant a couple of doors away, Luchows, was where Diamond Jim Brady once hosted Lillian Russell. This restaurant was probably the one portrayed in the 1970s movie *Hello Dolly*, although they considerably enlarged and glamorized it.

We rented somewhere west of Broadway in the old Chelsea district. It was on the ground floor, at the back, down a dark hall, and was as close to an old tenement as I ever want to live in. This gloomy place swarmed with cockroaches of the small New York variety.

Each room (living room, bedroom, large kitchen), was furnished after a bleak fashion. We sent trash and garbage down a dumb waiter to the basement. The kitchen had one light bulb on a drop cord from the ceiling. It was cheap. Hank slept on the living room couch and I got the bedroom with Beulah. [We lived there until January].

The theater job paid only ten dollars a week, for seven nights work from 6pm to closing, around 11pm. Therefore, I got a daytime job, at the Druggists Addressing Company, down near Canal Street [running a high-speed Addressograph machine]. Between the two jobs, I made enough for us to live on.

Greenwich Village

In October, I started my campaign to get a job in a publishing firm. I started with Hillman-Curl on 1/4/1937. My experiences there appear in the chapter “**Books and I**”. After six months, I realized that I oversold my abilities. So, I quit when [summer] vacation time came around and we moved [yet again] back to Fort Wayne

That January, we moved out of the tenement and rented a room at 20 [40?] Perry Street in Greenwich Village. It was a small three-story building built as a home. Its walls were common on both sides with the adjoining houses. We had one room on the third floor back, with a converted closet as a tiny kitchenette by adding a washbowl (sink) and a small two-burner gas plate. It was furnished. We shared the bathroom in the hall with people in two other rooms on the same floor. Hank rented a room at the front.

I soon built a bookcase such that when we removed the lower books, the bottom shelf lifted off its base to reveal a compartment for valuables (as if we had any!) I purchased a small second-hand typewriter.

There were quaint places of architecture such as the Mews, and homes along Washington Square, and the nightclubs and eating places around Christopher Square. There were several small cafes where Villagers went in the evenings, to linger over a cup of coffee for hours and talk about literature and art, but the only time I ever went there was to take a visitor out who wanted to see the “real” village.

Some may have an exaggerated impression of Greenwich Village as a place of constant carnival of Bohemians, artists, writers, and poets. People kept pretty much to themselves. I did not need that atmosphere because I was in the literary world at my daily work.

One pleasant evening when I took a turn around the block, I passed one house that had a low wall along the sidewalk. Three or four young men sat there in conversation. One of them stopped me to ask my opinion of Bertrand Russell, the British philosopher. I read some of Russell's work but not enough to do more than give a general opinion, which satisfied the young men. That was [the extent of] my Greenwich Village “experience”.

Great Depression Family

Mother and Dad survived the worst of the Great Depression but had to sell the little house on Edsall Avenue. They paid only \$15 a month, but after Dad [temporarily] lost his job at the Tokheim [Gasoline] Pump Company, even that much was not possible. Therefore, the lender took back the house but allowed them to stay as renters. Sometime before 1936, they moved to 1025 Rivermet Avenue in an older part of town.

Factories everywhere closed or reduced to the fewest possible employees. Workers were not usually fired, but "laid off" indefinitely. Dad briefly got on the WPA (Works Progress Administration) at a warehouse of goods distributed to the unemployed

While the family lived on Edsall Avenue, Mother worked with a local garment factory. I say "with" rather than "at", because she brought the work home. One such task was to embroider simple flowers on baby garments. She received a few cents per garment.

Later during the Depression, she got an hourly-paid job at the place. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union (ILGWU) was then organizing it. The union opposed the sweatshop practice of farming out handwork. In 1938, she became president of the local union and held that post for many years. Sometime before 1944, she joined the order of Eastern Star or some similar women's club.

My brother Howard [1917-1986] followed Dad as a role model and graduated from high school. He married Evelyn Krotke of a German family who ran a small candy-making place in a little building behind their home. He worked as an apprentice draftsman at Tokheim and rose in that career. Later, he worked for the Wayne [Gasoline] Pump Company in Fort Wayne, making gasoline pumps for filling stations. Around 1940, he built his own home, a small frame house. On evenings and weekends, he dug the ditch for foundations, and he and Dad did much of the framing and woodwork. Later, he worked for a division of the Rockwell Corporation and lived in Pittsburgh, Georgia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and near Chicago. He died in Rogers, Arkansas, in 1986.

My sister Marie [1920-1997] completed high school as an honor student. All three of us children went through Central High School in Fort Wayne. Lincoln National Life Insurance in Fort Wayne sought honor students and she worked for them as a secretary.

During World War II she met Lyle Youells. He was in the US Air Force many years before the war began. During WW II, he rose to the rank of warrant officer and served in the South Pacific. His special field was aircraft maintenance. At the end of the war, in 1945, he was stationed at Carswell Air Force Base, Fort Worth, Texas. He soon retired.

Marie lived with Mother and Dad until Lyle moved to Fort Worth. After Lyle's retirement, he and Marie bought a small farm near Chalk Mountain, Texas. It never succeeded. They moved to another farm in the Florida panhandle but that did not succeed either. They finally retired near Inverness, Florida. Lyle and Marie died there.

Fort Wayne – Summer 1937

While still in New York spring 1937, Social Security covered me when that Act first went into force. Dad went back to work for Tokheim.

I had no regrets when we moved back to Fort Wayne. We had little to ship in summer 1937. I sold the bookcase. Everything we owned was packed in boxes and sent.

We rented a small place on a street whose name I have forgotten. How often in those years until 1945, I lived either in rooms or in some remodeled little structure behind the owner's house. Some were remodeled from garages; one may have started as a chicken-house. They were clean, small, and above all, cheap.

I promptly got a job with the Louis Wade advertising agency in Fort Wayne. Until the attack on Pearl Harbor on 12/7/1941, I worked in various advertising agencies, including starting my own. Details of [my mid-west agency career path from Wade to Gorov to Barlow to Mercury,] appear in the chapter “**Advertising Years**”.

In 3/1938, our son David was born. Not all babies were delivered in a hospital proper. He was born on the operating table in the doctor's office in Fort Wayne.

In mid-1938, I moved to Chicago and worked for the Jesse Gorov agency. For several weeks I lived alone, until Beulah and David joined me in Chicago. We lived for a while in an apartment on Fullerton and then in an apartment south of there.

I still had no car until we moved back to Fort Wayne in 1940, at which time I bought a second-hand American Bantam. Even with one good client, the homebuilder George Poag in Fort Wayne, my income was irregular.

Los Angeles with Beulah

In 1/1941, I toured the Western states counseling on Ellis advertising production methods. Beulah and I drove that long trip. I struck up a good acquaintance with the Theodore Martin agency in Huntington Park. We liked California better than any eastern place. Three-year-old David was left with Beulah's parents. She went back to get David and close out our things in Fort Wayne. For a few months, I lived in a rooming house in Huntington Park.

I drove the Bantam, a tiny light car, and often drove out to the Mojave Desert on weekends. Once I rode with two men from the Martin agency on a two-day trip.

One was a young geologist who did field work in these desert mountains and knew where to go. We went to the old ghost town of Calico, near the present town of Yermo. Later Walter Knott, of Knott's Berry Farm fame, bought what was left of Calico and made it into a tourist attraction. When we were there in early 1941, it was a complete ghost town.



Figure 2 –Route 66 Mohave Desert - 5/11/1941

We slept in one of the canyons that night. The next day we went on along US 66 to the town of Ludlow and turned south, up to the mining town of Bagdad Chase. It was a company town still held by the company, who had a resident manager in one of the buildings. We went through all of the abandoned homes (completely stripped of everything) and into the old general store, which had only a counter and shelves left.

We drove back along US 66 to Mt. Pisgah, a small extinct volcanic crater, visible from the road. We tried to climb up to look down into the crater, but the sharp lava made that impossible. I felt like a flea walking across a giant slice of bread. There was not a level place anywhere to put your next step.

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

I began to build a business again but it was slow going. Most of my work was one-time assignments and projects.

At 1030 West 60th Street, we had nice neighbors on the east by the name of Clark, who had a daughter Susan. On the west, a family named Manion had a small boy named Pete, who was the undisciplined terror of the neighborhood.

California State Guard - 1941

I joined the California State Guard in 11/1941, as did many other men. The details of that next year appears in the chapter “**California State Guard**”.

Beulah and Davy [David] had planned a trip to Hudson (Big Long Lake) for Christmas [with her parents. After Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on Sunday,] Beulah left [even earlier by train] on Tuesday, December 9, because we feared that panic-stricken Californians might crowd the trains shortly afterward. Beulah and David stayed at the lake [for almost three months returning in] the middle of February.

In 3/1942, we moved to an apartment at 6510 Hollenbeck Street, Huntington Park. We did not stay long, because I was soon made a Master Sergeant on the Headquarters staff of the 6th Regiment, in Compton. We moved to a little house in Willowbrook at 2615 El Segundo Blvd (in back of another house, of course). This is the same [street] as 128th Street in Los Angeles. We paid \$22.50 a month in rent.

The Guard took me away from home while on duty in Benicia. Once back in Pomona with the Guard, I visited our Willowbrook home more often on leave.

In September, Davy met with an accident. He played in a vacant lot next door with some neighbor children. One of them threw a light bamboo stick at another, who promptly threw it back. Davy was in between and caught the end of the stick squarely on the eyeball of his right eye. Beulah called "information" [the telephone operator] for emergency help. A county sheriff's car took them first to the Compton hospital and then to Dr. Dooley, an aged eye specialist in Compton. Dooley treated the eye and said that only a small patch of the outer layer was cut loose, and with treatment, it might grow back. He treated Davy every few days for quite a while, and finally said no more treatments were necessary, although we continued to help Davy "exercise" his eye,

Being bored working with military watchmen, I resigned my commission. It was more than two months after my request that they finally released me on 10/8/1942

On October 15, I got a job as a woodworker in the Saticoy Ave, plant of the Timm Aircraft Corporation in Van Nuys, twenty miles from my family in Willowbrook. I worked at Timm for a few months on wing sections for plastic-bonded plywood training planes for the Navy. My [starting] salary was 85 cents an hour, or around \$34 a week. Previously as a second lieutenant, I made [much more at] \$165 a month.

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

We rented a five-room house at 5755 Hazeltine Avenue in Van Nuys. Even so, I felt that my draft number would soon come up, and I did not want to go into the Army leaving Beulah and David stranded in California.

Beulah's sister Virginia wrote that she expected another baby. She wanted Beulah with her to help care for the house and their first baby, Sheila. Beulah's family still lived in Indiana not far from Chicago. If I were drafted, she and David could live there.

Feeling that it wise to return to the Mid-West and become established there for the duration of the war, we sold our bulky furniture, including such items as the mimeograph, steel filing cabinet, my revolver [pistol], David's tricycle and little [peddle] car, etc. We still had only a few household goods and shipped them. We shipped 800 pounds of freight at \$50 and several hundred pounds of books.

Late in October, I left Timm. On November 11, we drove the Bantam for Indiana. David slept in the back compartment. It took us just seven full days using 64 gallons of gas. We followed Route 66 from Los Angeles to St. Louis. We had no major car trouble, not a single flat tire, and used the same tires we drove west on back in 1/1941.

Back to Chicago - 1942

Beulah's folks were glad to see us, but my folks did not like it, because we apparently "could not settle down". We did not stay there long, but leaving David with [Beulah's] folks at the lake, we came on to Chicago. We reached Chicago on 11/8/1942. Two things happened the day we reached Chicago: gasoline rationing [was announced for the war] and US troops made their first landings in North Africa.

We rented an apartment at 7228 South Prairie Ave, Chicago, on a six-month lease from a Mrs. Waddick. It had a kitchen, living room, dining room, and two bedrooms. We all moved in on December 1, just as gas rationing went into effect [blocking much travel].

Beulah's sister Virginia married Forrest, and they moved in with us, so we split the rent.

I got a [seasonal] job a few days before Christmas at the Chicago Union Station main post office. On the outside platform, each incoming train unloaded parcel post bags. Each night, all night, through the rush, our team opened railcars, took out parcels, and threw them onto a conveyor belt into the post office. After Christmas, they laid us off.

Wheelco

I watched the classified ads and applied as an instrument assembler at the Wheelco Corporation on 847 West Harrison Street, just west of Halstead St. When I applied, the job only paid 60 cents an hour (\$24/week), with a forty-hour week, 8am to 5pm, but that if I proved to do my job all right, my wages would rise after three months. On December 30, I started work.

This company made electronic controls to keep heaters at a precise temperature wherever a pot of boiling liquid such as oil, had to be kept at a temperature for treating various materials. Parts made in other departments were assembled into a small cabinet in the department where I worked. The tasks involved, for the most part, drilling, tapping, soldering, brazing, working with capillary tubing, and much use of screwdrivers. It was careful but not highly skilled work. The building was an old brick structure on a city street with no parking lot. It had three or four stories and wooden floors. The job was essential to the war effort, as the controls we made were used chiefly in industry.

I was not happy with the low wages and took a night course in a training school set up on the south side of Chicago to train aircraft sheet metal workers. I learned how to work with sheet aluminum: cutting, bending, drilling, chamfering (tapering) the holes so the head of the rivet would lie flush with the surface, and riveting. An aircraft sub-assembly plant operated by the Pullman Company, famous for making railway cars, hired those who successfully completed the course. They assembled wings and shipped them to major aircraft plants for final assembly into planes. I finished the course, but in that same week (early 1943), the Pullman plant closed. The major airplane manufacturers by then expanded their plants and no longer needed sub-contractors.

I recall the intense cold weather. I usually went by streetcar from our apartment to Wheelco, then after work took a streetcar in the evening down to the sheet metal school, and home by trolley late in the evening. The streetcars were always cold.

After my three-month trial ended at Wheelco, I asked for the promised raise above the initial sixty cents an hour. I was told that I was misinformed. This treatment angered me. I went to the electrical workers union and asked them to form a union at Wheelco. They said that as a small plant, with not more than 400 workers, the union could not spare an organizer, but they would send one to help me. Therefore, I took the initiative. Within a few months, the shop was organized, a small wage increase secured, and more important, formal grievance procedures set up.



Figure 3 - Rittenhouse Thanksgiving in Ft. Wayne (M. Youells 11/1943)
(A holiday meal was difficult given wartime rationing of basic foods.)

Three Generations (L-R):

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Kenny Rittenhouse | (Howard's son, the baby here) |
| Howard Rittenhouse | (Jack's brother at age 26, d.1986) |
| Glenn Rittenhouse | (Howard's son) |
| Jack Devere Rittenhouse | (Just age 31 – almost divorced) |
| Earl Norman Rittenhouse | (Jack's dad, at end of table, d.1948) |
| Hazel Anderson Rittenhouse | (Jack's mom, d.1958) |
| Evelyn Krotke Rittenhouse | (Howards' wife, d.2005) |
| Judy Rittenhouse Burgess | (Howard's daughter, d.2016) |

Photographer: Marie Rittenhouse Youells (Jack's sister)

Wartime Rations

[In 2017, two unused WWII food ration booklets surfaced in Jack’s estate. Printed in 10/1943, the cover lists an address at 14133-E [illegible street] in south Chicago. He listed his age 30, weight as a slim 150 pounds, height 5 foot 10 inches and his new role as a union field organizer for “W” [Wheelco]. These booklets reflected limited sugar, cooking oil, canned foods, and fresh meat for civilians from 1942 through 1945.]

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
OFFICE OF PRICE ADMINISTRATION

212968 CK

WAR RATION BOOK No. 3

Void if altered

**NOT
VALID
WITHOUT
STAMP**

Identification of person to whom issued: PRINT IN FULL

(First name) _____ (Middle name) _____ (Last name) _____

Street number or rural route 14133 E

City or post office _____ State _____

AGE	SEX	WEIGHT <small>Lbs.</small>	HEIGHT <small>5 Ft. 10 In.</small>	OCCUPATION
30	M	150	5 Ft. 10 In.	Union field organizer

SIGNATURE _____
(Person to whom book is issued. If such person is unable to sign because of age or incapacity, another may sign in his behalf.)

WARNING

This book is the property of the United States Government. It is unlawful to sell it to any other person, or to use it or permit anyone else to use it, except to obtain rationed goods in accordance with regulations of the Office of Price Administration. Any person who finds a lost War Ration Book must return it to the War Price and Rationing Board which issued it. Persons who violate rationing regulations are subject to \$10,000 fine or imprisonment, or both.

LOCAL BOARD ACTION

Issued by _____ (Local board number) _____ (Date) _____

Street address _____

City _____ State _____

(Signature of issuing officer)

OPA Form No. R-330

INSTRUCTIONS

- 1 This book is valuable. Do not lose it.
- 2 Each stamp authorizes you to purchase rationed goods in the quantities and at the times designated by the Office of Price Administration. Without the stamps you will be unable to purchase those goods.
- 3 Detailed instructions concerning the use of the book and the stamps will be issued. Watch for those instructions so that you will know how to use your book and stamps. Your Local War Price and Rationing Board can give you full information.
- 4 Do not throw this book away when all of the stamps have been used, or when the time for their use has expired. You may be required to present this book when you apply for subsequent books.

Rationing is a vital part of your country's war effort. Any attempt to violate the rules is an effort to deny someone his share and will create hardship and help the enemy.

This book is your Government's assurance of your right to buy your fair share of certain goods made scarce by war. Price ceilings have also been established for your protection. Dealers must post these prices conspicuously. Don't pay more.

Give your whole support to rationing and thereby conserve our vital goods. Be guided by the rule:

"If you don't need it, DON'T BUY IT."

16-32299-1 U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE : 1943

Figure 4 - WWII Ration Book 3 (10/1943)

[Perforated stamps fit four across by 12 rows, yielding 48 numbered stamps per page. Each monthly booklet contained four pages with a light blue background to foil counterfeiting. The repeating background pattern included a shield surmounted by an eagle and the words “GOVERNMENT RATION”. Each page (only in Ration Book 3) showed a weapon (armored tank, howitzer, fighter plane, aircraft carrier). Newspapers listed the often-adjusted rates and shopping soon became inordinately complex.]

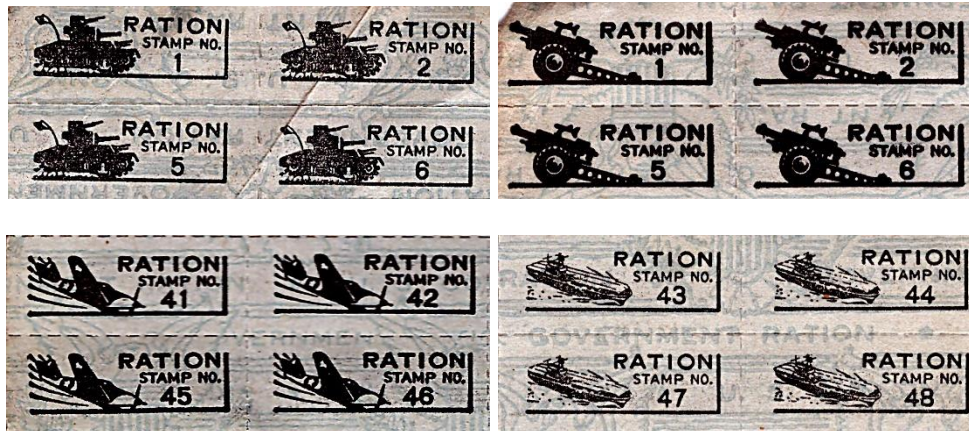


Figure 5 - WWII Ration Book 3 Stamps (10/1943)

A person could not buy a rationed item without giving the grocer the right ration stamp. Once used up for a month, a person could not buy any more of that type of food. - <https://www.nationalww2museum.org/students-teachers/student-resources/research-starters/take-closer-look-ration-books> (edited)

The Office of Price Administration (OPA) set price limits and rationed food. By [5/1942], sugar required ration stamps. With weeks, 91 percent of the population received ration books. By 3/1943, meat, cheese, fats, canned fish, canned milk and processed foods were rationed. The OPA [adjusted] points for each item based upon availability. Black markets [sold] forged ration stamps and stolen [rationed] items. Restrictions were lifted [in 1946] except for sugar (until 1947). <http://www.history.com/news/hungry-history/food-rationing-in-wartime-america>

Each person received War Ration Book One on 5/4/1942, including small children when sugar was rationed at .5 pound per person per week, half of normal. Coffee was rationed on 11/29/1942 to half of normal because of U-boat attacks on shipping from Brazil. [During] 1943, typewriters, gasoline, bicycles, footwear, silk, nylon, fuel oil, stoves, meat, lard, shortening, food oils, cheese, butter, margarine, processed foods (canned, bottled, and frozen), dried fruits, canned milk, firewood, coal, jams, jellies, and fruit butter were rationed.

Rations were not defined in advance. Newspapers published that beginning on a specified date, one airplane stamp was required for one pair of shoes and stamp number 30 from Ration Book 4 was required to buy five pounds of sugar. - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rationing_in_the_United_States

Starting Over - 1944

I reached a critical point at 31 in [early] 1944. [Beulah and I had separated.] I moved into one room on Rush Street just below West Chicago Avenue in [downtown] Chicago's "Near North Side" district. I lived alone with few possessions: the aging [1939] Bantam car, a typewriter, my clothes, a few tools, and a radio. I had no bank account.

The Chicago Union published a weekly newspaper for members, and when its editor was drafted into the Army, I was asked to help temporarily on its work. I took leave from Wheelco (which they gave gladly), and worked on the Union newspaper for a while.

[Jack met Charlotte when they both worked for the Chicago Union. Dwight Eisenhower, Supreme Commander of the Allied Expeditionary Force in England, tersely noted a letter from Jack eight days before the June 6 (D-Day) invasion of France. When his overly bland response arrived on June 15, Jack typed a love note to Charlotte saying, "*Look what a guy in England wrote me! Won't this letter look nice framed on our living room wall? The letter arrived this afternoon. This gives me another chance to tell you I love you, adore you, want you.*" Thus, Jack courted Charlotte at least by early May. - Editor]

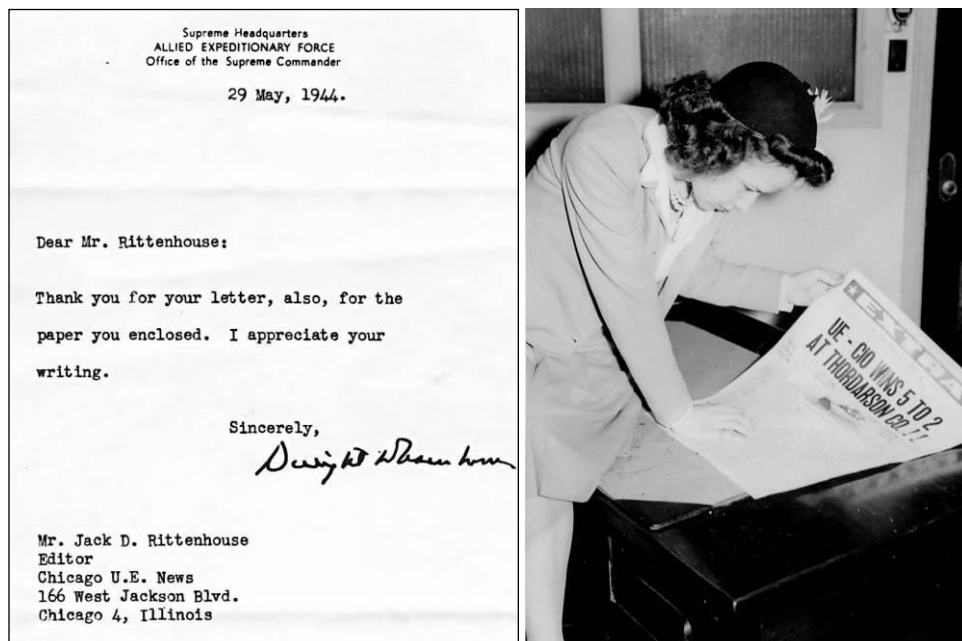


Figure 6 - Eisenhower Response, 5/1944 – Charlotte at Union HQ, 1944

Beulah and I [formally] divorced in 8/1944. It was amicable and I knew for years that it was inevitable. We developed divergent tastes in many ways for a long time. I assigned the cabin at Big Long Lake to Beulah. My library there I designated for David.

I married Charlotte High in 9/1944, a Saint Louis girl whose interests exactly matched mine. This marriage has lasted forty-three years [by 1987 and on through Jack's death in 1991]. Charlotte's parents were Frank High and Clara Pearl Pratt. [Charlotte's family line appears in Harry Briley's memoir in his chapter about Anne Rittenhouse.]



Figure 7 – Proposal near De Witt Hotel, Chicago 1944
[On the lakeshore in Chicago, a few minutes after proposing to Charlotte.]



Figure 8 – Marriage Certificate, 9/17/1944



Figure 9 - Wedding to Charlotte, St. Louis 9/17/1944
L-R: Frank High, Clara Pearl High, Charlotte, Jack



Figure 10 - Wedding Portrait, 9/17/1944

Charlotte in 10/1999 (transcribed):

Jack courted me over many lunches by sketching drawings and telling me stories of his times in New York City and [his riding the rails] as a hobo to New Orleans. He proposed “Will you marry me and go to California?”

It was apparent that the tide of the war turned: our troops landed in Normandy and were thrusting toward Berlin. In the Pacific, troops were island-hopping north toward Japan.

There was no longer any serious threat of invasion of the US. It was now only a matter of time until the war ended. Even at my age, I still expected to be drafted into the Army as my draft classification kept moving up and down.

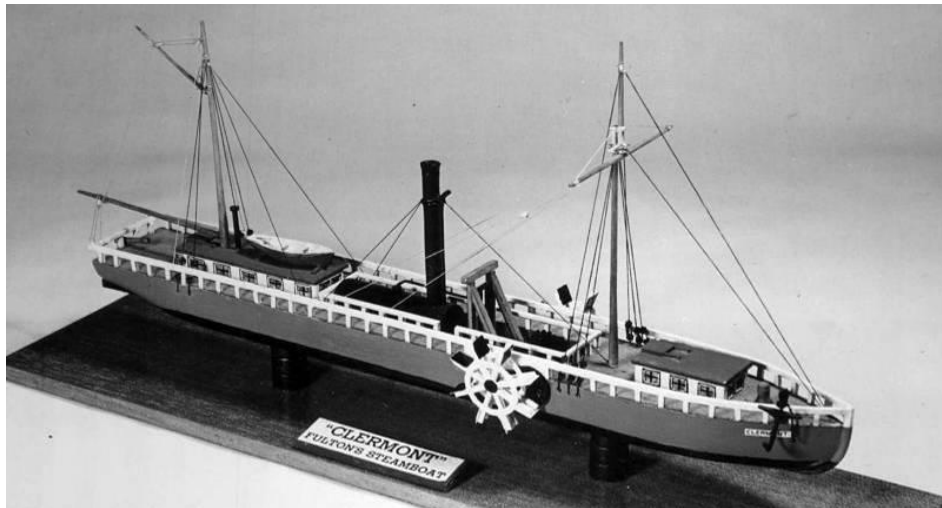


Figure 11 - Fulton's Steamboat “Clermont” (J. Rittenhouse 1944)

The old Bantam made another trip west over US 66 [back to California]. One small event occurred en route that helped enlarge and firm our interest in the Southwest. We were driving west from Albuquerque and nearing the Laguna Indian Pueblo.

Charlotte reminded me that I said she could climb a mountain when we reached the West. I told her to pick one out. She pointed to a small mesa beside the highway, not far ahead. We stopped the car and climbed the relatively low mesa. At the top, we found the ruins of a small early village: a few low walls of stone. It was our first ruin, not anything spectacular, but impressive to us because it was our first such experience.

That evening we stopped in Grants, New Mexico. There was a small Indian curio shop open, so we went in. The owner, Mike Croteau [whom we visited again in 1949], lived in the Southwest since 1911. He told us that if we knew more about archaeology, we would know [more about] what we saw at an Indian ruin. Later that year, in Los Angeles, we took an evening course in archaeology (anthropology) at the University of Southern California, under Prof. Ruth Simpson. We dropped out after a few sessions, because Prof. Simpson was telling us more than we wanted to know. However, it started our [regional historical] interest, which grew over the years.

My Honeymoon Trip with Jack

[Charlotte typed up a trip logbook with a portable typewriter each evening of her 1944 honeymoon trip to California. This was similar to posting trip photos on social media. The original logbook ran eight pages with odometer readings and edited here for brevity.

In 2000, she published an abbreviated version for her Bantam Car Club newsletter with photos of their 1945 Death Valley camping trip (described later), extracting portions into only two pages. I edited her journal entries in this chapter from her original 1944 hand-typed pages and not from the much shorter version published in the newsletter.

Her detailed narrative provided portions of the raw material for Jack’s book *A Guide Book to Route 66* published in 1946. To anyone east of Texas, the West had an air of living in the 1800’s with real cowboys and Indians. Indeed, western Route 66 was rugged and untamed. There were no Interstate Freeways. Charlotte, as urbane as she was in 1944, notes on this trip the very first times she personally saw genuine Western items.

She referred to a vacation scrapbook for collected photos, postcards, and pamphlets. These references are omitted as that scrapbook has not appeared in her estate.

I flagged unknown terms, references, and 1940’s euphemisms with a bracketed [?]. Charlotte flagged her own puzzlements with a parenthetical (?). Her listing of prices was extraneous in 1944 but they reveal the toll of inflation after seventy years.

Examples:	1944 Price	2014 Price	Inflation
Postcard	5 cents	50 cents	10x - A bargain!
Pancakes	30 cents plus 5% tip	\$7.50 plus 15% tip	27x
Acoma Tour	\$1	\$23	23x
Camera Fee	\$1 – expensive!	\$13	13x
Seedy Motel	\$2	\$50	25x
Budget Motel	\$2.50	\$65	26x
Medium Motel	\$3	\$80	27x
Trades Salary	85 cents/hour	\$22/hour	26x
Gas Dryer	\$200 – expensive!	\$600	3x – A bargain
House Rent	\$22.50/mo (1942)	\$1,500/month	66x
L.A. House	\$12,500 (1949)	\$750,000	60x

Table 1 - Inflation 1944 vs 2014

This table helps put the costs in context about how Jack and Charlotte chose (or not chose) to spend their money. Inflation discouraged people from saving at 1% interest!]

= 0 =

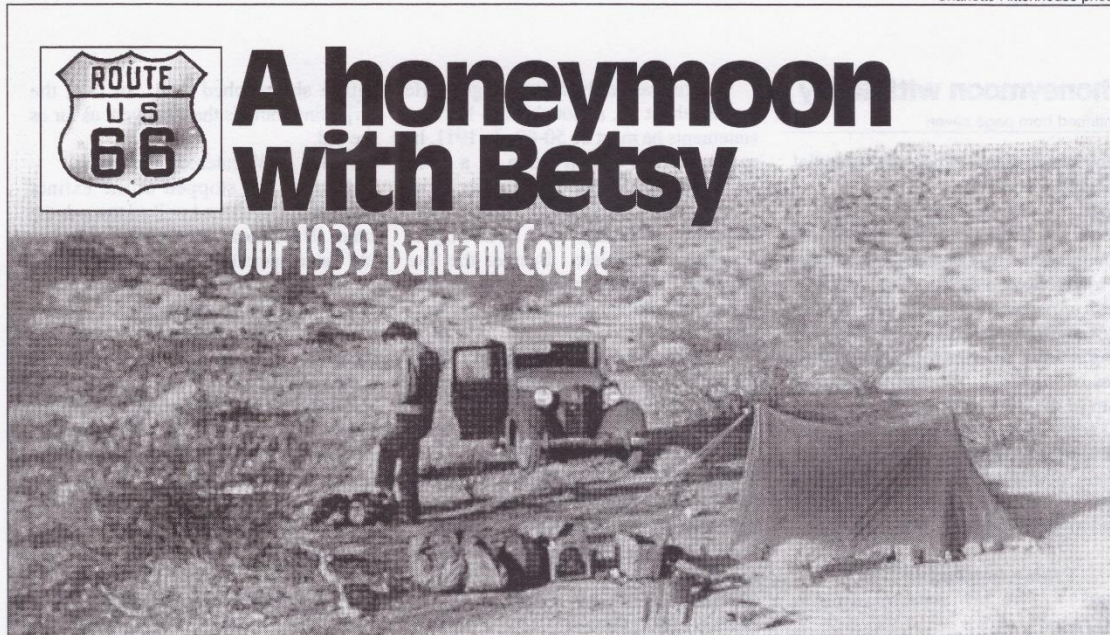
Honeymoon - St. Louis to Los Angeles

By Charlotte Rittenhouse

September 24 - October 4, 1944

We drove from St. Louis to Victorville, California in Betsy, our 1939 Bantam, following Route 66 for the entire route. Betsy's timing gear was defective, finally breaking down completely at Victorville, and the rarified mountain air cut down gasoline mileage.

Charlotte Rittenhouse photo



Last Chance Canyon was a lonely place in 1945 when Jack and Charlotte set up camp along side Betsy, their baby Bantam coupe.

Figure 12 - Article Cover (American Austin Bantam Club News, 2000, p.7-8)

Missouri

Sunday, 9/24

49620 - Left Lilac and Chambers roads at 1:30pm.

49703 - 4:15pm - Meramac Caverns with five stories of caverns.

49731 - 7:30pm - Cuba, Missouri, Wagon Wheel Motel.

We got a \$3 room for \$2.50 and ate at a greasy little joint [an unkempt café] down the road. A drunken soldier in there obsessed about Dick Tracy characters. He kept repeating, "*I am the Brow. You are going to die. I am going to kill you.*" He insisted on giving us the name of his girlfriend in Beverly Hills.

Monday, 9/25

49756 - 8:00am - Rolla, Missouri. Edward Long Coffee Shop.

49960 - 4:45pm - Arrived at [my] Granddad's [Jed High], 625 Connor Street, Joplin.

Kate, Granddad's wife [recently re-married in 1939], just does not know how to cook. We had to go out and get cantaloupe and coffee after dinner.

Oklahoma

Tuesday, 9/26

50000 - Betsy passed this [odometer] mark 4 miles south of Miami, Oklahoma

50065 - 11:30am - Claremore, Oklahoma, Will Rogers' home town.

The first town with the "western" touch: ten gallon [cowboy] hats, loafers [people sitting] in front of the bank, etc. Jack bought a book for his mother's birthday.

50099 - 2:00pm Tulsa, Oklahoma.

50152 - 4:40pm - Stroud, Oklahoma, where I saw my first saddle horse of the west.

I saw my first Indian in the west at Quapaw, Oklahoma.

50156 - 4 miles West of Stroud,

There is a very nice camping spot just east of a small bridge. There is certainly very red clay in Oklahoma. When wet and runny, it is nearly orange in color.

50212 - 7:30pm - Owl Motor Court in Britton, Oklahoma.

Dinner at the Britton Cage. Jack had raisin pie, which was not very good.

Wednesday, 9/27

50219 Breakfast at Travelers' Cafe.

Texas

50492 - 7:30pm - Amarillo, Smith Motel.

"*Rose of San Antone*" is a favorite on the jukeboxes. Dinner at the Jones ' Cafe. Amarillo is 200 miles from any other town of any size. The "Norther", a cold wind peculiar to Amarillo, can occur at any season, bringing snow, sleet, and rain.

Thursday, 9/28

Breakfast in Amarillo, Longchamps Cafe.

50548 - Adrian, Texas - I saw my first real cowpunchers.

50553 - I saw my first cactus growing wild. We thought it was Cholla, but later found out that it was [blank space in her text]. I saw mesquite for the first time. From Oklahoma westward, there is a chartreus flower along the road, which shepherders called turpentine weed, but which we named "Yah" [?]

50565 - Deaf Smith County is where no one has bad teeth. There is extra calcium or something [likely fluoride] in the water has remedial effects for even bad teeth.

50570 - New Mexico

At a filling station at Glen Rosa on the border, I took a snapshot of Jean, a little Indian girl. A tight [inebriated?] motorist gave me a plastic pin of a cowpuncher on a bronco, which I pinned on my coat.

50615 - 12:30pm - Tucumcari, where stucco houses begin to appear, marks a time zone, and named for the mountain. We saw this mountain 40 miles before we reached it. A legend with this mountain concerns two Indian lovers, Tocom and Kari.



Figure 13 - Tukumcari Mountain from Route 66

Apache Chief Wautonomah nearing death was troubled by who would succeed him. In a classic portrait of love and competition, his two finest braves, Tonopah and Tocom, were rivals but both sought the hand of Kari, Chief Wautonomah's daughter. As ordered by the chief, the two braves met in mortal combat.

*Kari was hiding nearby. When Tonopah's knife found the heart of Tocom, the young woman rushed from hiding and used a knife to take Tonopah's life and her own. When Chief Wautonomah saw this tragic scene, heartbreak enveloped him and he buried his daughter's knife deep into his own heart, crying out in agony, "Tocom-Kari"! [This sounds far too much like **Romeo and Juliet**.]*

*The town is named for Tukumcari Mountain, which takes its name from native origins. The most credible source and earliest, is in the diary of Pedro Vial published in 1794 which mentions travel past "Tuoncari", the mountain.
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tukumcari,_New_Mexico*

50637 - East of Montoya, Spanish cemetery located way out in the middle of nowhere. The graves dated after 1900 and decorated with odd bits of broken dime store chinaware, light bulbs, [pre-transistorized vacuum] radio tubes, marbles, dolls, glassware, and crosses. Some graves had wooden or iron fences. Jack recalled that Flagellates, an odd religious cult, were roughly located in the area.

50695 - Took a snapshot of a cow in the road, like the one in "Click" [?]
I got my first glimpse of the foothills of the Rockies. The tops of two peaks were high enough to be obscured by clouds.

50803 - 7:00pm - Albuquerque.
Albuquerque is on a plateau at 5000 feet elevation between two mountain ranges. We saw its entirety from the mountain road leading into it from the east. That road turned and twisted through 5 to 10 miles of mountains. The mountains were incredibly rocky and primitive. Whole layers had vertical stratification. Little vegetation grew, if any, and one was starkly bare of any growth at all.

After dinner, we played [an arcade] pinball game, the first on this trip, and won consistently (the only time). With five games to the good, we turned it over to

two kids who ran it up to 16 games. The on-going State Fair made a mess of lodging. We found only one room in an auto court (out of 30 courts [motels]) and they wanted \$10 [equivalent to \$270/night in 2014]!

Not having the dough [cash], we [tried to] sleep in the car, but could not because of the cramped quarters, and the [thin] mountain air. We found a room in the Elgin hotel, a second-rater, which we got because its reserver [the reserving tourist] had not shown up. Otherwise, we had to sleep in the hallway.

Friday, 9/29

50803 - Albuquerque.

We toured Indian curio shops, buying a Tesuque Thunderbird ashtray and cigarette holder. Several Indians come into the stores to trade. We saw numerous ones on the street. At the railroad station, we [visited] the Fred Harvey Museum. The hotel at the station is built in authentic Mission style.

50814 - We saw three volcanic peaks to the north outside Albuquerque.

50855 - We climbed a mesa picked at random [as promised me by Jack]. It was rough but not difficult climbing. On top, we found ruins of a fair-sized Indian village. This perfect vantage point was not easily seen from below, but miles of territory could be seen from its top. It was accessible from only one side in three spots.

The foundation of a kiva and a dump was on the east (?) side. Many walls crumbled or fallen away, but some stood up to four feet. There were many pieces of charred rock, either lava or smelted silver ore. We pick up eight or ten pieces of broken pottery (shards) which we intend to use in modeling an ashtray. On the opposite side of the mesa from the ascent side, half way down, there was a cave with a built-in protection, but it looked considerably newer than the ruins. We named it the Betsy Mesa, after our beloved (?) run-about.

50878 - We drove 14 miles [south] off Route 66 to the Acoma pueblo.

Acoma is built on a mesa 400 feet high, again the vantage idea, and has been continuously occupied since before 1502, the date of its discovery by Coronado.



Figure 14 - Acoma "Sky City" from Route 66

The road off the highway is dirt but not bad. On the way, we passed Enchanted Mesa, a huge isolated mesa, which legend says was the home of the Acomas before an earthquake cut off the path to its top, except to expert climbers.

We parked Betsy and climbed to the top via a path of deep sand into which our feet sunk six inches. They built the church with [timber] from Mount Taylor 40 miles away and carried up this same steep backbreaking path. It costs \$1 each to look around, and extra for the church, which we did not tour on that account.

They built this good-sized adobe church in 1629 at the instigation of the Spanish missionary priests. The priests' quarters included a garden in a patio. This was the locale for *Death Comes to the Archbishop*, by Willa Gather. The graveyard in front of the church was enclosed and reinforced with rock. The graveyard wall forms a cliff 75 feet high [?]. The graveyard is still used, but there are no dates and few names, mostly using wooden markers and crosses.

Acoma kivas are unusual, being square, as our guide told us, most others being round. There was a plaza of stone for dancing, but quite uneven. Buildings on Acoma were of stone cemented with adobe, some one, two, and three story buildings. Ladders get to the second and third stories. Most buildings were closed, some locked, because the inhabitants spend the summer below farming corn and sheep herding. Acoma has 1100 people when fully inhabited.

Pottery (we bought an ashtray) is done in [tan] brown and white patterns, although better specimens may be found in the curio shops. Since it cost another dollar to take photographs, we took none. Postcards of Acoma, elsewhere for 5 cents each, retailed for 25 cents, showing how quickly [supposed] primitive man doth learn.

On the way back to the highway, a herd of sheep were crossing the road. The shepherd, an old Indian asked Jack to sell him some cigarettes. At first Jack thought he was being asked to give them for the privilege of getting through the sheep, but sold them to the guy once he figured out what he wanted. The shepherd had an adorable little puppy who was scared to death of Betsy.

50909 - Still passing through where lava flowed, first noticed back around Betsy Mesa.

50924 – 7:15pm – Grants (after Ulysses S. Grant), overnight and baked lamb at the California Hotel, where Jack had a brush [unpleasant encounter?] with a waitress.

After dinner, we visited Mike Croteau's Trading Post. Mike seemed to be an expert on local territory and Indian lore. He said the Acoma and Laguna built our Betsy Mesa ruins and dated to 1560-1600. We passed the Laguna pueblo, four miles before we turned off the road to Acoma. He said our shards were quite old.

Mike must be about 55. In 1911, He made a cross-country trip in a 1911 Packard with three other guys from Burlington, Vermont to Bakersfield, California. The trip took [six months] from May to October. Besides the four guys, the Packard carried gallons of water, gallons of gasoline, quarts of oil, and spare tires. Mike had been an auto racer. He now specializes in petrified wood jewelry and rather bad oil paintings. We bought a glass of sand 'painting' and some cactus candy.

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

Saturday, 9/30

Breakfast at California Hotel Cafe. Prices were expensive, so we had only wheat cakes [pancakes] which cost 30 cents.

50924 – 8:50am - Left Grants, Betsy required pushing before she started.

50931 - Hardenberg Commissary.

The village of little wooden huts looked like something of a collective farm.

50935 - We passed my first Navajo hogan, an eight-sided building with a thatched roof.

There was another Indian village of wooden huts just past that hogan.

50959 - CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, with elevation 7263 feet.

We took pictures of: burro, rattlers, skunk, coyote, mountain lion, bob cat, and logging wheels. Jack lost \$2 in a slick gyp game.

51010 - Arizona

51022 - Navajo reservation trading post [White Mound trading post at Houck]

With a \$10 [cash] wedding present, we bought a Navajo blanket. The woman trader gave us a small ceremonial Navajo hanging as an additional wedding gift. Outside the post, I saw my first Indian papoose, bound up in traditional fashion. I thought that papoose trappings had gone out with the bustle. The baby was named Jerry (Geronimo?) and a good-natured kid, even though cutting his bottom teeth. I wondered about diapers and such.

51058 - Petrified Forest National Monument

We saw no petrified trees, several miles out of our way south on an inferior road. We saw a disappointing view from the Painted Desert Lodge. The color did not differ from any other desert. The main coloring was red of various shadings. We expected blues, yellows, blacks, greens, whites, besides the reds, oranges, and browns. [The blues and blacks of Blue Mesa were on that inferior south road.]

51129 - 7:30pm Winslow. Dinner at Grand Cafe.

Sunday, 10/1

Winslow. Breakfast at Clark's Cafe. [No reference to Flagstaff or Williams.]

51314 - Peach Springs Canyon

We saw a south wedge of the Grand Canyon from the highway [Peach Springs Canyon on old Route 66]. It was not a part of the Grand Canyon [Park], but served us well enough. It looked similar to pictures seen of the Canyon.

51369 - 6:30pm Kingman, White Rock Auto Court (\$3). .

The town was full of soldiers, wives, and kids. Dinner at Lockwood Cafe

Monday, 10/2

Between Kingman and Topock, one road fulfilled all qualifications for a mountain road. It twitched, writhed, twisted, and turned. It rose and fell all 10 miles in length. It seemed liked Betsy was not going to take it, but she tugged it out. Considering this, it is not surprising that she tired out a little before Los Angeles. The surprising thing is that she went as far as she did.

51420 - We reached Topock. I saw my first palm [tree] outside of Shaw's Garden.

51426 - California

51564 - Extinct volcano of Pisgah, which is a well formed, almost geometric, truncated cone in the Mojave Desert. The temperature was 125 degrees. We walked a third of the way to the crater, but the hardened lava ashes made the going too rough.

51611 - Barstow. Blythe Motel (\$2) was not too good; the covers were far too short. Dinner of Spanish tamales at the A and C Cafe.

Tuesday, 10/3

Breakfast at Gold Star Cafe.

51611 - Started for Odessa Canyon.

We arrived there 9:20am (14 mi.) We went on foot through the canyon to the big silver mine on a steep grade. We climbed up to the peak 200 feet to inspect the mine. After looking it over, we descended the opposite side of the canyon,

The whole structure is decomposed granite, which crumbled at a touch. After a simple descent halfway down, the going became difficult. The rock offered few foot and hand holds, and we got into steep territory. We were almost to the bottom when we came to a sheer wall 12 feet high. We retraced our path to the crest and back the way we came. The sun was high and hot. We were as afraid of sunstroke as we were of failing. This little jaunt over 200 feet of rock took 3.5 hours. We left my black coat where we had thrown it down on a ledge which we later found inaccessible. [The abandoned coat might worry a future hiker.]

After getting back to Betsy, we went over the ghost town of Calico. I was so exhausted and did not appreciate it as much as I should have. Going to and coming from the Calico Mountains, we crossed a dry lake where Jack ran Betsy around in circles. I had imagined the entire desert to be like these dry lakes.

51639 - Barstow. We ate lunch and played the pinball machine at the Old Trails Inn.

51681 - About 5 miles outside Victorville, Betsy refused to go any further.

Due to a busted [timing?] gear, we hurriedly rearranged our baggage, left Betsy in the care of a lieutenant and his wife who lived in an abandoned filling station just down the road. The lieutenant drove us into town, where we took a train into Los Angeles. [Jack later retrieved the repaired Bantam.]

Wednesday, 10/4

7:30am Los Angeles [Union Railroad Station], at last!

Jack and I were sleepy and disheveled to say the least. After we had both washed, and Jack shaved, we looked for a place to stay.

10:00am - 1826 Flower Street, Los Angeles

Footsore, we finally located a housekeeping room (the number one housing problem of the US). The luck of Rittenhouse holds, and Mr./Mrs. Jack Rittenhouse are [temporarily] at home in a real nice place.

= o =

Los Angeles with Charlotte

We first lived in a rented room on 1826 Flower Street, near midtown Los Angeles.

[We moved from the roomer situation to rent our first apartment in Huntington Park on 6035A Stafford Avenue, once again positioned in the back on the main house.]

I visited advertising agencies, many of whom remembered me from three years prior (before Pearl Harbor). Theodore Martin retired and his agency now operated as the Lester Nielson Company. [My agency work in Los Angeles from the Martin Exchange to Lester Nielsen to Darwin Clark appears in the chapter “**Advertising Years**”.]



Figure 15 - First Apartment - 6035A Stafford Ave - 1944

Charlotte worked for a while in a radio manufacturing plant and later worked for the advertising agency of Foote, Cone and Balding, one of America's largest. I showed her how to use the Standard Rate and Data media guides, and she got work in their media department. Later she changed to the agency Brisacher, Van Norden, and Company.

West 59th Place

In the spring of 1945, Charlotte and I bought our first house, a tiny frame home on 1416 West 59th Place near Normandie Avenue in Los Angeles. The total price was \$3,500. We raised the requisite ten percent down payment, chiefly from Charlotte's war bonds.



Figure 16- 1416 West 59th, Los Angeles - 1945

It had a small living room, one bedroom, a kitchen, bath, utility room with water heater, and a small 8 by 10 feet room added off the kitchen. There was a wooden one-car garage. It was a tiny place of 400 square feet on a narrow lot. It was a start.



Figure 17 - West 59th Place Neighborhood - 6/16/1948

In all of the subsequent homes we owned, we never made any money when it came time to sell. We were lucky if we got back what we paid into the principal, our equity. I made money from selling books but never from real estate. This taught me to always play the game you know and not bet on a game you do not know!

In 1945, the war ended in Europe and not long afterward it ended in Japan. There were many shortages during the war. The first postwar appliance we obtained was an electrical refrigerator and a radio.

Our son Douglas was born Christmas Day 1947 when we lived on West 59th Place.

Death Valley – November 1945

In late 11/1945, we took a one-week camping vacation in Death Valley. We became devotees of the desert. We bought travel guides and all the detailed US topographic maps of the area. We drove east to the tiny town of Baker, north to the ghost town of Silver Lake, on up to Death Valley Junction and west into Death Valley.



Figure 18 - Dinner on the Bantam Trunk – 11/1945

On one map we found a place called “Surveyors' Well”, several hundred yards off the main road on a trail easily passed. Under a small tree's shade was an old hand pump. We worked the handle and out came a gushing stream of pure cool water.



Figure 19 –Surveyor's Well with Funeral Range to East – 11/1945

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

We pitched our Army pup tent, and that night the full moon rose over the Funeral Range to the east, bathing the land in a light bright enough to allow us to read a newspaper.

In the next few days, we visited Ubehebe volcanic crater, went on up to tour the "castle" built by Death Valley Scotty, and toured the southern part of the valley to the lowest spot in North America, [282 feet] below sea level [at Bad Water salt flats].



Figure 20 - Bad Water Salt Basin – 11/1945

We had Thanksgiving dinner in the old Amargosa Hotel at Death Valley Junction and went up to visit Beatty, Nevada, and the ghost town of Rhyolite.

[On another November camping trip to the Mojave Desert in 1946, we pitched our small pup tent near Last Chance Canyon.]



Figure 21 - Last Chance Canyon, Mojave - 11/3/1946

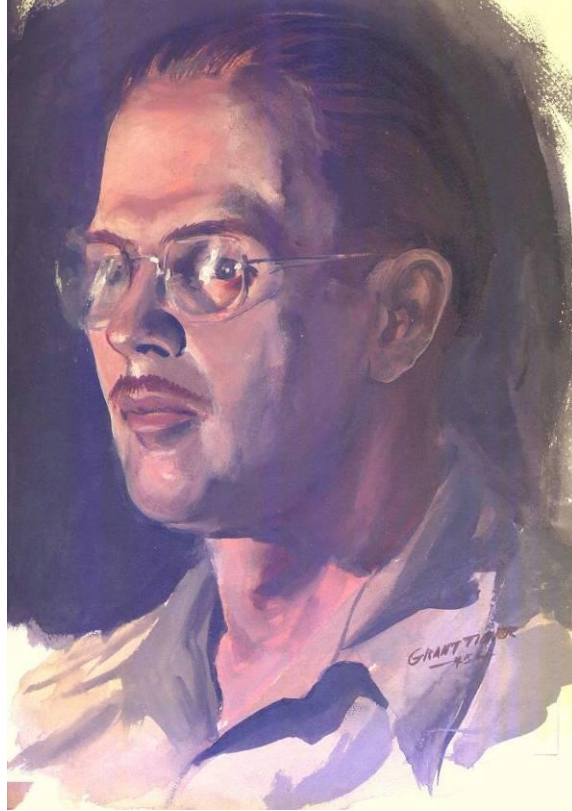


Figure 22 - Jack Rittenhouse Portrait (G. Tigner 1945)



Figure 23 - San Francisco with Charlotte (9/1946) - Indio (Undated)

Route 66 Guide Book

I was writing a historical guide to Route 66 and planned to publish it. I arranged for a month between jobs, leaving Nielsen on 2/28/1946 and starting with Darwin Clark on April 1. During March, I drove the Bantam alone from Los Angeles to Chicago and back over Route 66, making the final notes for my *Guide Book to Route 66*. It was the Bantam's last round trip over US 66.

My work on the Republic catalog with Nielsen impressed the firm that made the binders (covers) used the Heinn Company of Milwaukee. They asked me to write a booklet on how to produce such a catalog, which I did after I started with Clark, who did not object to employees doing such outside projects (while Nielsen did). I completed the writing for Heinn and they paid me \$750 for it. With that income, I published the guidebook.

Various web sites carry modern photographs of historic Route 66:

www.historic66.com/photo/

www.wildnatureimages.com/Route_66_Photos.htm

www.nationalgeographic.com/travel/road-trips/united-states/photo-gallery-driving-route-66-road-trip/

Albuquerquean Helped Others Get Their Kicks on Route 66

By Bart Kipp – The Albuquerque Journal, June 5, 1983 (edited)

The only Albuquerquean mentioned in [the June 1983] issue of **Life** magazine is a 70-year-old gentleman who lives near his favorite road. In 1946, Jack D. Rittenhouse did something many of us may have accomplished with a little time and a lot of gasoline. He drove a round trip on the most famous highway in America.

Thirty-seven years later, Rittenhouse is reaping national publicity for putting his adventure into words. He wrote, designed, published, and sold for a dollar a slender guide to Route 66. His pocket-sized volume was featured in **Life** [this June] because later this year, when the last sections of this legendary highway at McLean, TX, and Williams, AZ., are bypassed by interstate highways, Route 66 will disappear.

When World War II ended in 1945, Americans traversed Route 66 between Chicago and Los Angeles, mostly westbound. It was cheap to travel by car. A person could carry all his possessions with him. There were rattlesnake belts, Kastle Kottages, hot biscuits with gravy, and wigwam motels awaiting the intrepid traveler. More than anything, there was the promise of a better life out West - an aura of magic in the 2,295 miles of Route 66.

Jack got his kicks on Route 66 in a black, 1939 American Bantam two-seat coupe that weighed, with a full tank of gas, 1,400 pounds. Two men could pick up the rear end without much sweat. When the United States went to war, the American Bantam Corp of Butler, PA., stopped making funny little cars and began manufacturing Jeeps. Alone in this odd car, driven by a 22-horsepower engine, Rittenhouse took a vacation from his job designing brochures and catalogs for a Los Angeles advertising agency in March 1946.

Jack hit the road with a pocketful of sharpened pencils, a note pad on the passenger's seat, and a portable Corona typewriter behind his seat; the Bantam was so small, there was no trunk. He drove sunrise to sunset, stopping when it got too dark to make notes. There was snow in Gallup, ice in Missouri. A waitress at a San Jon cafe spilled a bowl of beef stew in his lap. A power line fell in Ash Fork, AZ, and thus without electricity to summon gasoline from tanks, Rittenhouse spent the night at the Copper State Court.

In the booming metropolis of Albuquerque ("*population 35,449 ... plenty of garages, hotels, courts and all types of tourist accommodations*"), Rittenhouse bedded down at the Aztec Court and listed its location as the east edge of town. It is still in business way out at 3821 Central NE. Every evening, Rittenhouse would stop at a tourist court and type his notes from the day's ride. The names make the road go on forever:

- The Snow White Tourist Court in Springfield, Mo.
- The Park-O-Tell in Oklahoma City.
- The Koronado Hotel Kourts in Joplin.
- The 20 Trees Motor Court in Shamrock, Texas.
- Longhorn Log Lodges in Amarillo.

Travelers who thrilled to the billboard “TUCUMARI TONITE!!” stayed at the Tocom-Kari Motor Court. In Continental Divide, NM, a hotel doubled as a bordello. In Barstow, CA, with hot winds, the place to sleep through desert heat was the Hav-A-Nap. The Bantam got 55 miles to the gallon. Rittenhouse got his first book, wrote nine more, and became sales manager of the University of New Mexico Press, retiring in 1978.

The book cost one dollar and he sold most of the 3,000 copies at gas stations, motels, and cafes along 66. “I could have done something many times as good, with history and tales and all,” Rittenhouse said, “but that would have priced the book out of reason. Anybody could spend a dollar.” Life noted that the book is now worth \$10, only because that is what Rittenhouse charged the magazine for a copy. However, rare book catalogs price the [original] 128-page volume between \$25 and \$50, depending on condition.

He drew the maps himself with a LeRoy lettering pen. The neat letters still remind one of Funk’s Grove, IL, Two Guns, AZ., Bushyhead, OK., Wild-orado, TX, Rescue, MO, and Endee, NM. The book includes lined pages for the traveler to list [their own] “Where We Had Good Food and Good Lodging,” a log to jot down other passengers’ names, and a page of tips for traveling Route 66. “*On the road,*” Rittenhouse wrote, “*don’t drink too much liquid, because your kidneys will soon proclaim the strain.*”

Since many were apprehensive about traveling 66, as if they would fall off the flat Earth, Rittenhouse often noted steep grades such as Gold Hill between Oatman and Kingman, AZ. If you were headed to California, Route 66 rose 1400 feet in nine twisting miles, with hairpin turns and gullies littered with cars that did not make the grade.

Route 66 [started at] the corner of Michigan Avenue and Jackson Boulevard in downtown Chicago. It meandered through Dwight, IL, which Rittenhouse’s guide described as “a quiet and pleasant town” best noted as the home of the Keeley Institute for treating drug and alcohol addiction. Along 66 in Sampson, Mo., he wrote of old, stubby telephone poles, reminiscent of Civil War days when 66 was a [mere] trail known as the “Wire Road,” because of it ran alongside the military telegraph line. The book warned travelers that cigarettes, tobacco, alcohol, and movie theaters were not available in Bethany, OK. Bethany was founded in 1906 by members of the Nazarene Church.

Things have not changed much in New Mexico. The roads are still a mess. “*For the most part, US 66 through New Mexico is not as wide or as well-paved as in Texas,*” Rittenhouse wrote. Driving through Tijeras Canyon at night and sighting Albuquerque reminded Rittenhouse of “*an upside-down heaven spread before you.*”

Once past heaven, the highway headed west for Grants, Gallup, and Meteor City, AZ. Route 66 ended at Lincoln and Olympic in Santa Monica, CA, with ocean surf audible when you got out [of the car] to stretch your legs. That voyage in 1946 never seemed like a business trip to Rittenhouse. “*It was fun, like climbing a mountain,*” he said.

= o =

Archeology Week

In 1947, I spent one week as a volunteer apprentice archaeologist with a crew from the Southwest Museum [of the American Indian in Los Angeles] who were excavating a prehistoric site at the [declining] Little Lake [hamlet], up in Owens Valley, California.



Figure 24 – Indian Water Pot at Little Lake Dig - 1947

I spent seven days driving with Grant Tigner, an artist known at Nielson's [and who painted my portrait in 1945]. We drove east to Grants, New Mexico and back. We attended an Indian rodeo in Flagstaff and I took many photographs along the way.

My Father Died- 1948



Earl N. Rittenhouse

The Boy Scouts were established in Fort Wayne in 1917, Troop 12 being the oldest troop. Today there are 2,240 Scouts, comprising 49 Boy Scout troops,

Earl N. Rittenhouse Died Recently

Earl N. Rittenhouse, 65, who retired from Tokheim last April died January 15, in the Methodist hospital. Funeral services were conducted January 18, and he was buried in Greenlawn Memorial Park.

A veteran employee, Mr. Rittenhouse first was employed at Tokheim in May, 1921. At the time of his death he was a lathe operator in the Machine Repair department.

Mr. Rittenhouse is survived by his wife, Hazel L.; two daughters, Mrs. Marie Youells, Ft. Worth, Texas, and Mrs. Barbara White, Jackson, Michigan, two sons, Jack, Los Angeles, California, and Howard, Fort Wayne, and eight grandchildren. Also surviving are the stepmother, Mrs. Martha Rittenhouse, a stepsister, Mrs. Edith Lepper, and a stepbrother, William Robinson, all of Fort Wayne.

Figure 25 - Earl Rittenhouse (Tokheim Newsletter 2/1948 Page 5)



Figure 26 – After Funeral: Howard, Hazel, Jack, and Marie – Ft. Wayne 1/18/1948

Road Trip – May 1949

After the war ended, new autos trickled to the market. Darwin Clark obtained one and sold me his 1940 Plymouth white four-door sedan in 1949 for \$450. The 1939 Bantam, in bad condition, made only a few quarrelsome trips to the office, sat idle, and finally locked up with rust. At year's end, I traded it to a mechanic for a piston ring job on the Plymouth, at a value of \$40.

As the 1949 president of the Southern California Industrial Editors Association, I made a trip to Toronto Canada as a delegate to the national convention. Clark would have paid the rail fare and hotel cost, but I [offered to take my two-week vacation immediately] if he gave me the train fare and hotel money. I then drove to Toronto over US 66.

This was all right with Clark, so our family drove in the Plymouth to Saint Louis. The baby carriage body was slung across the rear seat compartment for Douglas; he was fed from a specially devised "kitchen" which contained canned food, cereal, etc., and even distilled water for mixing with canned milk and a sterno stove for heating. He made the trip readily enough, but on the first few nights out gave considerable trouble by not sleeping, causing loss of sleep to ourselves. It was necessary to administer sedatives to him for most of the remainder of the trip.

Charlotte and Douglas stayed with her parents in Saint Louis. I drove on alone to Fort Wayne, and spent a day at an old carriage and wagon factory in Huntingburg, Indiana. At the factory, I purchased carriage wheels and [two] wagon hubs [which were turned into lamps for the living room].

In Fort Wayne, I picked up [my son] David and drove on to Toronto, visiting Charlotte's sister Hazel in Detroit. We spent three days at the convention in Toronto and returned by way of Niagara Falls. Crossing Michigan, we spent a day in Constantine, staying overnight at the old Harvey Hotel and visiting many points I knew as a boy.

After returning David to Chicago, where he lived at 9705 South Peoria, I drove to St. Louis. On the way home, we [again] visited Mike Croteau, Indian trader at Grants, NM, and spent a day at the Grand Canyon as a truly high spot of the trip. The major souvenirs were a Kachina painting, a fine piece of Santa Clara pottery, a red and black Navajo rug.

The entire trip took 23 days in May. The one marring flaw was the death of Charlotte's father [Frank High], of tuberculosis in June. There were anxious days until we were assured we were free of possible infection. Charlotte was unable to go to St. Louis for the funeral. How fortunate that we all visited him in May!

Sierra Madre, California

The biggest single project in 1949 was a different home. During Charlotte's asthma attack that year, the doctor thought a move to a higher and drier locale might help her asthma and suggested Sierra Madre. This suburban town adjoined Pasadena (which in turn adjoined Los Angeles). The city with a population of around 6000 seemed to offer just what we wanted; good schools, pleasant community, our sort of interests, adequate shopping, altitude, the mountains, etc. We looked nearby but settled on Sierra Madre.

For some time, we checked every available house. We almost bought a Victorian, built around 1880. Finally we bought the house at 223 San Gabriel Court and Mountain Road, from Arnold Vetter. He asked \$12,500 but we offered \$10,000 and he took it. Down payment was \$3000 and another \$500 in six months, with the remaining \$6,500 paid off at \$65 a month. The escrow went through quickly and we moved on October 22.

Darwin Clark advanced me the \$3,000 for the down payment and we put the place on 59th place up for sale. The four-year equity in that house in Los Angeles enabled us to [pay back] the down payment. We wanted \$4,600 for it, and finally went into escrow for \$4,450. After various delays, the deal was still in escrow at year's end.

To raise money, I sold many of my items of carriage literature [from my second book *American Horse-Drawn Vehicles*], which sold well. This was my first "book catalog."

The staunch old house was of two stories, built of redwood around 1913-1916, according to the dates on old newspapers found in the basement. In back, was a smaller cottage on the same lot, fronting on Mountain Road, which we immediately rented to a young couple; Mr/Mrs Paul Wyrick, who repainted the place with materials that we furnished,

The interior was rather dated with a natural stone fireplace, wainscoting, and the bathrooms had toilets with [high] overhead tanks and pull chains. We lived downstairs.

We moved with no rugs and precious little furniture. One of the first items delivered a week later was an automatic washer from Sears. For my birthday in November, Charlotte bought an overstuffed chair. I reciprocated by getting her a dressing table for Xmas. Because of the many expenses, Xmas gifts sent were few. There were plenty of trees on our lot with tall palms, macadamia, a few avocado trees, loquat, orange, and other fruit.

One upstairs room became my office with wide windows looking toward the mountain. I bought an old, much-used printing press, an 1872 Gally's Universal press, which was the forerunner of the Colt's Armory press. Ward Ritchie [a printer friend] approved the purchase, saying it was a good press. I hauled it into our basement.

JACK D. RITTENHOUSE

223 SAN GABRIEL COURT
SIERRA MADRE, CALIFORNIA

Figure 27 - Office Stationary in Sierra Madre - 1949



Figure 28 - 223 San Gabriel Court - 1949 and 2021

[By 2021, subsequent owners built the home out onto the porch, changed out the dormer window, modernized with double-pane windows, and removed overhanging foliage.]

We liked Sierra Madre very much. At the foot of Mount Wilson, other towns hemmed it in by on three sides. The town was only one square mile, twelve blocks by twelve blocks. An open town meeting made major decisions, New England style.

We liked the people and the spirit of the town. It had more people in "Who's Who" per 1000 inhabitants than any other city in the nation. There were many professional people and many craftsmen. The town had the most sensible home-occupation law of any town in which I ever lived, and this encouraged many people to have unusual occupations.

For example, the Air Force was making tests for supersonic airplanes in the Mojave Desert and made trial runs of rocket-propelled "planes" that shot along two rails. Inside were human dummies to simulate people. Not many of these dummies were needed, but one man in Sierra Madre in a basement workshop made them.

We lived there two years and made several friends. The best were probably Bob and Margaret Nash. We were often together. Bob's mother ran an antique shop in her home. Bob and his wife lived there. Bob was a high-tech engineer in a defense research laboratory. His hobbies were identical with mine: old-time printing, book collecting, and building ship models. Others made precision laboratory equipment.

An older friend, Ransom Matthews, was a curator of the mechanical collections at the Los Angeles County Museum. He sometimes brought over old-time gadgets such as a table fan powered by a caloric or hot-air engine: set it on a table. He gave the blades a spin and it ran without any electric or other power. When I wanted to build Douglas a tree swing using an old auto tire, Ransom Matthews brought over an old tire from the days when the center opening [of the tire] was large.

Sierra Madre had only two drawbacks. One was the smog, which began to develop in the Los Angeles area. By 1951, the smog spread across the valley and rose up the slope toward Sierra Madre reaching it by mid-afternoon. During the night, sea breezes swept it away and the morning would be clear, although Los Angeles might still have smog in the mornings. I shudder to think what it must be like today.

The other drawback was the rat race to get to and from work. Our house was 22 miles from the Clark office. I drove to work along the Arroyo Seco Freeway, the first freeway built in California [and in the western States], to connect Pasadena with Los Angeles.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Arroyo_Seco_Parkway (edited)

The Arroyo Seco Parkway, renamed as Pasadena Freeway 1954 to 2010, was the first freeway built in the Western United States. It connects Los Angeles with Pasadena. It was notable for being the first, mostly opened in 1940, and for representing the transition between early parkways and modern freeways. It conformed to standards when built but is now regarded as narrow and outdated.

Cars traveled at forty to fifty miles an hour, almost bumper to bumper in rush hour traffic. On foggy days, chain reaction collisions were common involving many cars. It took me 28 minutes to get to work and 45 minutes home. I usually had to sit quietly for a while after reaching home [to recompose myself]. It was not pleasant.

The old red Pacific Electric "P-E" interurban streetcars ran from the center of Los Angeles to Sierra Madre and I rode them on a few occasions.

From my description, life in this small town seems almost idyllic. It could have been with a better income. One could not expect an automatic annual salary increase. By late 1949, I still made the same salary I earned five years previously.

Except for that [dreadful] traffic and the smog, I was happy in Sierra Madre as in any other town except Albuquerque. We were not far from the great Henry Huntington Library and Art Gallery in San Marino, just below Pasadena. I got a scholar's card that let me research [among rare books] at the Huntington.

Networking among Editors

I knew well and met many lively people in the Southern California Industrial Editors Association. These men and women, forty in all, edited house magazines for local companies. Some had news bulletins for employees, called internal house organs. Others did magazines, some quite lavish, for outside customers, and these were known as external house organs. I qualified, because at the Clark agency, I did all editing and production, and sometimes much of the writing, on three such magazines for our clients.

One edited the magazine for Twentieth Century movie studios. He took Charlotte and me on a conducted tour of the sound stages and back lot.

I was president of this chapter for one year. We held one of our meetings inside a new Western Air Lines plane, as it circled over Los Angeles for an hour to observe the smog conditions and hear a speaker on that subject. I gaveled the meeting to order in the sky.

This organization held juried competitions each year for various aspects of company magazine work. It was a sort of miniature Pulitzer Prize competition, with awards for writing, illustrating, designing, and over-all effectiveness. My work won one or two awards each year. We were part of a national organization, and in one year one of my [three] magazines won a rating of 98% for over-all quality.

Nursery Care - 1950

One reason I liked the spirit of the Sierra Madre so much is exemplified by how the town handled the nursery school problem. In 1950, the town began to feel it needed a nursery school for pre-kindergarten children. So a meeting was held, a committee of citizens formed, and the people themselves did the work. Rummage and bake sales, and similar events raised some initial cash. Architects who lived in the town drew the plans free.

The city donated use of some land on which, there was a barn or some other old building. The local National Guard unit held a demolition exercise (without explosives) and cleared the land. Various local contractors provided free supervisory service; local men and women did the labor. For every hour worked, you received a certain credit for your child's attendance when the school was finished. If you could not give time, you paid cash in advance. Some outside financial help came in but the greater portion for materials and work came from the citizens.



Figure 29 - Charlotte by Sierra Madre home - 4/1950

Once in operation, they needed written operating procedures. Local writers and printers produced a nursery school manual that became a model for others across the country. Douglas was one of the first students and Charlotte spent much time there. In 1950, David spent several months with us and finished that school year in Sierra Madre.

Occasional Annual Newsletters

I started writing a page or two newsletter each year to list salient events, major appliances; trips; [vital statistics of] the extended family; and such notes. The [raw typed] essentials fit one page and helped us remember when we did what, or bought what. I wrote notes on trips soon after we returned which often ran ten pages.

I did not make this annual write-up every year. [Charlotte's estate lacked newsletters for 1943, 1945-1948, 1950-1958, 1963, 1966-1967, 1969-1970, 1976, 1978, 1985-1986, and 1988 onward. Some of these missing newsletters may yet exist.]

Other Observations

We took a good vacation in 1950 on a skimpy budget. We bought a surplus Army tent, wall type, 8 by 10 feet, and somewhere got a couple of surplus folding cots. We borrowed a small Coleman stove and hand axe. We still had the pup tent. We were gone a week or more and had a good time.

We drove to Tulare, California to visit Charlotte's Uncle Bert. We went through the Mother Lode country and camped at a Forest Service or California State Park at Calaveras Big Trees grove. Each day, we headed out [from that hub site] to see other places. We made this entire trip on fifty dollars (not counting equipment purchases). Even a round of ice cream cones was a carefully considered expense.

At the peak of my income later in Houston, I asked an associate there why he never took a trip. He said that it would cost fifty dollars a day and as he could not spare that much, he never went on trips. He said that if he could not go first class, he would not go at all. He missed a lot [waiting to make enough money to travel only by first class].

That fall, David considered the choice of staying or going back to his mother in Chicago. He chose to return, probably the best choice, but after he left I went upstairs to his empty room and cried. Except at funerals, I cried the first time as an adult.

In the summer of 1951, we had another good camping vacation to the Nevada side of the Sierras on a fork of the Carson River. We went on side trips from our tent site in the forest to nearby towns of Genoa, Markleeville, Minden, Reno, and Carson City.

During those years and nearly all of my life, whenever I started with a new employer it was more or less with a feeling that this would be my new course for the rest of my life.

Only in the early days in New York, when a theater summer job tided us over until the publishing business revived, did I consider any job as temporary or as a stepping stone. Of course, I was rarely so devoted that I would not have moved to a similar job if that job offered me more. However, the Great Depression Era conditioned and instilled in me the [crucial] idea of staying with a job unless conditions became intolerable.

In mid-1951, a crisis arose at the Clark agency. The California market for Baroid dwindled and its activity growing in Houston. Clark chose to open a small branch in Houston [and named me to lead the effort.] The moving bill was huge for we sent everything to Houston, even the [heavy] printing press [from our home basement].

When we left in 9/1951, we rented out our house in Sierra Madre and then sold the place on installments. Fourteen years later the buyer paid off the remaining balance. On 1/14/1965, we completed the sale and received a net balance total of \$5584.

[My agency work in Houston with the advertising career path from Clark to Rittenhouse to Marsteller is described in the chapter "**Advertising Years**".]

Houston 1951-1962

We never intended to stay permanently in Houston when we reached there on 9/1951 to open the Houston office of Darwin Clark Company advertising agency. At first we lived in an unpleasant hot cramped apartment where we became sick from the heat. We soon moved to a rented duplex on Lanark Lane, a more attractive and bearable place.



Figure 30 - 1953 Two Dollar Note (Littleton Coin)

On 3/19/1953, our daughter Susan was born. We soon bought a home on 1506 Freedonia Drive in the Spring Branch section on the northwest side of Houston 24, Texas. [Our addresses then only had a city-specific zip code.]



Figure 31 - 1506 Freedonia Drive – 1953 (unpaved) and 1993

It was a modern [ranch-style] home with living room, kitchen, 1.5 baths, three bedrooms, and a "breezeway" (a screened-in area) between the house and attached two-car garage.

However, it used a septic tank and had a [well] pump that only operated electrically whenever a faucet opened. A few years later we connected to city water and sewers.

Item	1951	1959
Ave Car	\$1,800	\$2,200
Gas	27 cents/gal	30 cents/gal
Ave House	\$16,000	\$18,500
Bread	16 cents/loaf	20 cents/loaf
Milk	92 cents/gal	\$1.01/gal
Ave Annual Salary	\$4,200	\$5,500
Minimum Wage	75 cents/hour	\$1.00/hour

Table 2 - Price Comparisons 1951 vs 1959 (from www.tvhistory.tv)

Major items added in 1959 were: a walnut dining table, a long living room sofa-couch in charcoal-colored cloth, and a 21-inch Zenith table-top [black and white] television.

In 1960, we added double-deck bunks for the girls. We bought an automatic gas dryer costing \$200 [inordinately expensive in 1960] on time payments [directly with the merchant, since general purpose credit cards did not appear until 1966.]

The History of the Clothes Dryer by Margaret Morris (edited):

In 1955, only 10 percent of households had an [automatic] clothes dryer because they were so expensive. Back then, the average price for a dryer was \$230. Adjusted to year-2000 dollars, that lowly laundry appliance would cost \$1600. It was only in 1959 that dryness-sensors were first used to shut off the power when the load was dry. Permanent-press cycles were not introduced until 1965.
http://www.ehow.com/about_5081538_history-clothes-dryer.html

On 9/10/1961, we prepared Hurricane "Caria" heading for Houston. On the 11th, the hurricane hit Port O'Connor. We had heavy rains and 100 mile an hour winds. We suffered no damage other than rain [blown] through cracks around doors and windows.

In an 10/1961 contest, Houston radio station KODA played recordings of voices of famous people of the past: Edison, LaGuardia, MacArthur, Barrymore, etc. I sent in a postcard naming 19 out of 20 correctly and won first prize, a Vespa motor scooter. The scooter arrived on December 1. Sears sold that model under their own brand name at \$300 [or \$6000 in 2014 dollars. The 2014 Vespa models range from \$3400 to \$7200.]

The major Christmas 1961 gifts were: Susan (age 8) received her first big two-wheeled bicycle; Anne received a mammoth teddy bear named "Smokey;" I received a windshield for my Vespa [motor scooter] and an electric eraser from David; Charlotte received an electric blanket and a candy thermometer.



Figure 32 – Home Bookshelves with Susan 12/1956 – Jack in Houston 12/1957

Extended Family

My mother [Hazel] died in Fort Wayne on 11/8/1958. Her pallbearers were some former Boy Scouts in the troop of which [my father] Earl was once Scoutmaster;

I received back the 1959 Christmas card sent to my great-uncle Benjamin Stieg in Reed City, Michigan, marked "deceased." Not long afterward came word that Ben's brother, my other great-uncle Albert Stieg died; and in the fall, came word of the death of Barbara White, daughter of Earl Rittenhouse by his first marriage.

On 7/4/1960, Charlotte took the girls and flew to St. Petersburg, Florida, to visit Charlotte's mother. Charlotte's sisters Hazel and Frances were present making it the first such family reunion in more than sixteen years.

Unitarian Church

Charlotte became more active in the Unitarian Fellowship in Spring Branch in 1959, and Susan and Anne started going to Sunday School more regularly. In 1960, the girls and Charlotte were [still] more or less active. Susan went caroling with them at Christmas.

Charlotte became more active in 1961. On January 29, she spoke to the Unitarian Fellowship about the Hopi religion and on June 4, she gave a talk on Navajo religion.

Schooling

During the summer 1959, Susan attended day camp at Fine Forest Country Club, where she won a certificate for tennis. The instructor said she at least put the ball over the net! She was proud and we were happy over her excitement.

Susan entered first grade at Spring Branch Elementary, and it was tremendously exciting for her. Anne sometimes went to nursery school. Susan entered second grade in 1960.

On 5/23/1961, we went to a recital demonstration of a dancing school to see both Susan and Anne in dances. On September 5th, school opened: Susan started third grade; Anne started Kindergarten. This left Charlotte with an empty house from noon until 3 o'clock.

Mental Retardation Care

In 4/1959, we took Douglas to Chicago to have him diagnosed by Dr. Meiklebust, a national authority on aphasic children [unable to talk]. His opinion was that neither medical nor psychiatric science could help, and that the only solution was to have Douglas enter the Austin State School for the mentally retarded. We decided this was the best solution and filed papers. Douglas was placed on the waiting list in early fall. It was estimated that it might be 18 months before he could be admitted.

In 1960, Douglas was sometimes in school classes for mentally retarded children, but usually stayed home. In 3/1961, a call came from the Houston office of Judge Bill Elliott that Douglas was to be admitted that month.

We bought the complete outfit of clothes required. We drove to Austin on the appointed day, a round trip of 342 miles. We had a brief session with Mrs. Chapman, the caseworker, and with Dr. (Mrs.) McFadden, the physician. It was both a sad and a happy event, for now we could see Douglas protected through life. We paid for his care: \$90 a month, increased to \$105 in October.

Douglas was [initially] at ‘Dogwood House,’ where the other boys called him ‘Johnny Dollar’ because of his frequent repetition of the opening of that radio program. The group was too advanced for Douglas, and he was re-assigned to dormitory No. 511.

[We made long] round trips [several during 1961 and every Christmas thereafter on his birthday] to visit or bring and return Douglas home. On Christmas 1961, Douglas at 14 years old stood taller than I and his voice was deep. In 3/1964, Douglas was transferred from the Austin State School to the Travis State School in Austin. By sleeping in the car, we made the round trip of 1430 miles from Santa Fe in 49 hours.

[On one such trip to visit Douglas] in 2/1962, we drove to Seguin, San Antonio, visited the Alamo, and ate lunch at a Mexican cafe beside the river. We next drove to Kerrville, Bandera and Boerne, and the girls first visited a major cave, Cascade Caverns.

Inception of Stagecoach Press

[Previously,] in Los Angeles, Charlotte taught me a conversational game. Only try it with someone you know so well personally, that you will receive a frank answer.

Ask a man, “*Assume you could live anywhere in the world, work at any job such that you make what you earn now with the same long-term gains in promotion and income as you now foresee here. What work would you like to do and where would you like to live?*” His answers will surprise you by being quite different and far from the present.

I said that I could not name specifics, but I wanted to live somewhere in the Southwest, where I could look out the window and see a mountain. I wanted to do something with books: writing, or printing, or designing, or selling books.

On 12/31/1955, our daughter Anne was born. A friend and local newspaperman, George Fuermann, came over that evening. I set the type, printed a birth announcement, and opened a bottle of champagne. When the Marsteller advertising agency closed its Houston office in spring 1960, I quit the advertising business entirely. I was at work [as a publisher] in less than a month after the [branch] office closed.

In Houston, I became interested in book publishing and book printing, doing limited editions of fine little books on Southwestern history. Therefore, I started the Stagecoach Press as a book publishing operation. When I started full time operation, the income problem was mostly solved from the Stagecoach Press and by writing further house organ feature stories for Baroid. [The stories about this printing venture and my Baroid articles appear in the chapters “**Stagecoach Press**” and “**Advertising Years**”.]

Travel Interests

[During their travels for rare books, Charlotte purchased reverse-image cookie molds. One hand-carved piece reflected the Stagecoach Press with 17th century carriages.



Figure 33 - Stagecoach Cookie Mold and Results (H. Briley 2015)

I oiled the board and produced two experimental batches of cookies for Christmas 2014. The shortbread version rose too much but a recipe for low country Speculaas ginger cookies kept the features looking sharper. It took 5 hours to mold each batch of twenty tasty cookies and thus labor alone far exceeded the value of these cookies. - Editor]

Houston Limitations

In Houston, we had a growing circle of friends, but it was never large outside of those I met in business. I joined the Houston Civil War Round Table, not because I was greatly interested in the Civil War but because the members included some of the most engaging minds of the city. I knew such men as Frank Vandiver, Cooper Ragan, Palmer Bradley, and several historians, and bookseller Joe Petty.

It was quite like the Zamorano Club in Los Angeles. Each member studied some minor battle or event in the Civil War and eventually read a paper on that topic. Membership was equally divided between homeboy Southerners and newcomer Yankees, so the debate that followed each talk was quite lively. Too many other clubs just listen to a talk, applaud politely, and go home. [Instead, I relished the active post-talk banter.]

As to why we did not like Houston, it was more personal taste than logic. Worldwide, some people love their city with a fierce devotion and others dislike it with an equally fierce hate. A man loves a place and a work for much the same reasons he loves a wife, for every reason and for no reason, simply because he does. Do not ask him to justify it. How often have we heard people say, "*I do not know what he sees in her (or she in him)!*" Of course, the reasons advanced are personal ones.

I did not like the flat ranchland. I wanted mountains. I did not like the intense humid heat that made life unpleasant around Houston much of the year.

My personal tastes did not align with the popular preferences in Houston. I did not care for football, golf, prejudice against blacks and Mexicans, anti-intellectualism that could not handle polysyllabic words, a dearth of old book stores, provincial minds that proclaimed anything Texan as good and anything non-Texan as traitorous.

These tastes did not apply everywhere but I often felt adrift with few kindred souls. The fault undoubtedly lay as much within me for I know of many other circles of people and other cities where I would not fit in. When I moved to New Mexico, I felt that I came home. We were welcomed there to the exact degree we felt spurned in Houston.

There were some [daunting] family matters to take care of such as a mentally retarded son; the sale of the Houston house; some tag-end advertising jobs, and I still wrote articles for the Baroid magazine four or five times a year.

New Mexico

Dreams and Plans

Back in 1953, we vacationed in New Mexico and drove up to Taos. [Our feelings from] that trip was strongly reinforced by a 1954 [and/or 1955] trip. We felt that New Mexico was our place, perhaps at Santa Fe. It was only a question of how and when we could make the move to that fabled town. The deep inner truth was that I really did not like the agency business. Equally, we did not like Houston.

The big problem was how to get funds for moving, since the cost of moving both home and business probably ran close to \$2000. [In Houston,] I collected books about New Mexico [over several years] and compiled a checklist of all known books about New Mexico. I did not realize what a huge project I started! I sold my entire collection to raise money and borrowed some more. During 3/1962, elaborate file cards were made on the several hundred items. The University of Oklahoma library bought half of the dollar total; the University of California took several, and so did New Mexico Highlands University. Some collectors and dealers took most of the balance.

There were two [more] problems: how to establish some sort of business that could be operated by mail-order, since Santa Fe offered no opportunities for [high salaried and enjoyable] employment in advertising; and what to do about Douglas.

Employment in New Mexico remains tight and underpaid in the communications field: publishing, advertising, radio and TV, printing, bookselling, public relations, newspapers and magazines. Therefore, to get a livelihood there, I had to bring my livelihood with me. I could not capture something [already in place. Indeed, while a bohemian artist colony existed, artists and authors in Santa Fe only made sporadic sales in 1962.]

I thought of opening an advertising agency until I surveyed the possibilities. In 1960, there were less than a dozen accounts in the entire state that were adequate. I knew the struggle of doing a fifty-dollar job here and a hundred-dollar job there. I visited a couple of the better advertising agencies and observed that they were good professional outfits but small compared to large city operations. I had no interest becoming an employee or a partner. I had been involved in two partnerships and that was not my style.

In 1961, I made two more trips to New Mexico. In August, I drove 630 miles via Abilene and Lubbock to St. Vrain, New Mexico and to Santa Fe by the next noon. In October, I attended the first "Conference on Western History" in Santa Fe. I left Houston 7am on October 10 to St. Vrain; on to Santa Fe for the conference on October 11-13 and started back at noon on October 14, arriving home late on the 15th. On both trips, I [drove] alone in the 1957 Chevrolet station wagon, slept on a mattress in the back; cooked my meals on a Coleman gas stove, and travelled light and fast.

Our Move to Santa Fe

Once Texas admitted Douglas to the Austin State School in 3/1961, we set moving day to Santa Fe for summer 1962 [during my 50th birthday year.]

On June 17, I drove alone to Santa Fe, sleeping in the back of the station wagon and cooking my meals on a Coleman gas stove along the way. The distance was 810 miles and reached Santa Fe on June 18. I rented a home at 1312 Maclovio Street and a one-room building at 115 Tesuque for the print shop. On June 21, I started back to Houston arriving home on June 22.

Charlotte repainted the Freedonia house (outside and inside) and put it up for sale (still unsold by year-end). I purchased 150 corrugated cardboard cartons from a box factory, for books, papers, etc. The most time-consuming packing was for the [heavy lead] font type, which needed removal from [their California] cases and packed [by specific letter] into small cardboard containers. This went on for many days.

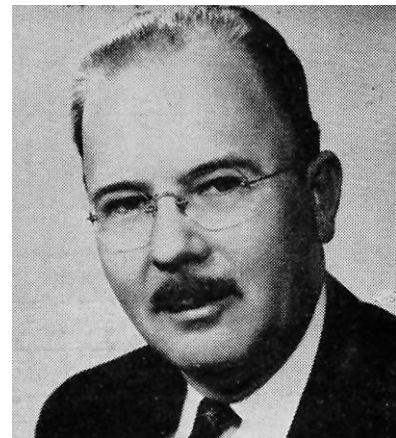
The total weight was 20,000 pounds and an ordinary [home] moving van company was out of the question. Motor truck freight lines were not co-operative since they required that we crated everything and brought to their loading dock.

The most economical solution in spite of high cost, was to hire an unemployed oil field truck driver and twice rent a one-way U-Haul truck and trailer. [It took three trips.]

On July 26, I hired Bill Griffin with the first load almost entirely printing equipment. We rented a large trailer to haul the printing press behind the truck. Griffin set out with the truck and trailer. I drove the 1957 Chevrolet station wagon. In Santa Fe, we hired some men to help unload. We turned in the truck and trailer at Albuquerque. Bill and I started back in the Chevrolet to Houston in 22 hours by taking turns at the wheel.

On August 1, we rented a second truck loaded with household goods. The attached trailer creaked under the weight of a one-ton Linotype [a font casting machine] bolted to its floor. Griffin started out with the truck and trailer. The whole family started out in the station wagon, itself loaded with furnishings. We stopped for the night at Foley's motel in Fort Sumner with some things still left in Houston.

On September 12, I drove to Houston, rented a U-Haul trailer for the station wagon, and drove back by September 20 with the remaining pieces.



Jack 1962

Santa Fe 1962-1968

When Susan turned nine years old that spring 1962, we took her out for her first real dinner out. She took along her best friend, Mary Simmons. [Her father Marc Simmons and I soon became lifelong friends in New Mexico historical circles.]

Charlotte drove the girls briefly to see President John F. Kennedy, who stopped at the [small] Santa Fe airport on 12/7/1962 to inspect Los Alamos [Nuclear Laboratory].



Figure 34 - 1312 Maclovía back side 6/1962 - with Anne (H. Briley 11/1987)

East Berger Home

By late 1964, after [two years] of renting, we finally sold the Freedonia house in Houston and made a good down payment on the 303 Berger Street home in Santa Fe.

In 3/1964, the realtor in Houston finally had a buyer. The deal fell through. Early in June, she got another prospect. On July 15, we signed final papers. As so often in our home deals, we came out with a slight loss, due chiefly that there were 1500 homes on the [depressed] market in Houston. On July 20, we got our check for the equity. It was quite a beating [receiving] only \$3,877. It should have been at least twice that.

We made a card file on 70 homes in Santa Fe selling below \$20,000 [\$600,000 in 2016]. Only a few were suitable from the standpoint of the proper school district, the proper number of rooms, a yard of suitable size and layout, and with some charm.



Figure 35 - 303 East Berger back side 12/1964 - with Anne (H. Briley 11/1987)

The Berger house had another buyer dickering for it. It was on the market for over a year and dropped from \$24,000 to \$19,500. We offered \$17,500 and got it for \$18,500 [Zillow valued it at \$564,000 in 2016]. The land once belonged to Archbishop Lamy.

We offered in August and signed final papers on November 20, although we moved in on October 14. The delays were complex. Andrew Rich built the house in 1933 and deeded it to his wife. She put it up for sale in 1963 but died that year. She willed the property to her daughters with her attorney (although Andrew was still living there!) This meant a lot of paperwork going between our attorney and the heirs at each stage.

By 1968, it became inevitable that we should move to Albuquerque. Late in April, our Santa Fe place was put up for sale. Agents produced no action until it sold in September. [The buyers] closed the deal and took possession in January, at which time we moved to Albuquerque. We came out of it, after commissions, with what we paid for the place. Our added improvements were [ultimately not reimbursed].

Southwestern Gifts

I turned 50 in 1963 and Charlotte gave me a fine turquoise bolo tie. The following year, 1964, Charlotte received a turquoise necklace for her birthday and a shell necklace at Christmas. I got a silver belt buckle from Santo Domingo for my birthday.

Business Dip

[I started Stagecoach Press in earnest in 1960.] A low period arrived in [late] 1966, something that can happen in any business. I needed supplementary income.

"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: I always loved Santa Fe, loved New Mexico. I've got to be where I can look out the window and see a mountain, so we moved up there, and I was going to run the Stagecoach Press. Well, I found, as so many other small press guys did, you can't make a living out of it. You're not known well enough to charge a high price and you charge a low price, standard price compared to what other similar books sell for in the stores. So I starved along for about six years in Santa Fe.

The first opportunity was for Dale Bullock, who owned Rydal Press up Canyon Road [in Santa Fe]. Summer was always a busy month for Dale with such jobs as printing the big program for the Santa Fe Rodeo and a general rush of tourist connected printing. In the midst of this season, one of his best shop craftsmen quit. Dale called me and asked if I could help him out during a few rush weeks, so I worked for him full time.

I worked on 'the stone', the big imposing table where type was 'locked up' (assembled) into forms for letterpress printing. There were a few books, but most of it involved locking up forms for rodeo programs, letterheads, menus, church bulletins, and similar jobs. I obtained a temporary work card from the Typographical Union, but before the ninety-day period ended, I moved back to my Stagecoach Press.

Name Dropping in 1964

[We found Santa Fe intellectually stimulating among historians, authors, and painters.]
In 1964, I spoke to a meeting of Santa Fe librarians.

We became acquainted with [artist] Gustave Baumann and his wife and had tea at their house. [A framed foil print of his older ‘Desert Creatures’ hung in the den for decades. This print from Charlotte’s estate was sold to a gallery for upscale collectors in 2012.]



Figure 36 - Desert Creatures – Print# 2-1-125 (G. Baumann 1951)

The Don Petersons became [household] friends. [Don was a professional “amateur” photographer of iconic New Mexico subjects. His abqstyle.com Restaurant Guide highlighted the best of Albuquerque eateries in 2016.]

We drove out to visit Jack Schaefer. [Schaefer was the author of *Shane*, which became the movie by the same name. Stagecoach Press printed one of his books in 1963.]

Dick and Mary Beth Grisso were in and out of town, buying a home here, and we had dinner with them at the Palace restaurant [on the Santa Fe Plaza. He was an oil company president. Stagecoach Press printed one of his books in 1963. Dick died in 1965.].

Exploring the Southwest

We bought the best road map of New Mexico we found in Santa Fe. We marked in red all roads we traveled. Within a few years, we visited every town of 5000 or more population, all but three remote counties, and every Indian pueblo. We traveled every federal road in the State. [During such methodical exploration, my 300 photos of ghost towns, pueblos, and vanishing landmarks later became the historical *Rittenhouse Photographic Survey* housed by New Mexico State University in the Rio Grande Historical Collections Library at Silver City.]

Back in 1959 while in Houston, we had two full weeks for the first time in several years. After many postponements, we took October to explore the Southwest, driving to:

- Ruidoso, NM
- Albuquerque, NM
- Farmington, NM
- Aztec, NM [Pueblo ruins with restored Grand Kiva]
- Mesa Verde [National Park], CO [We visited several times]
- Monticello, UT
- Monument Valley [Navajo Tribal Park]
- Cameron [Navajo Nation]
- Oraibi, AZ [Hopi village and ghost town]
- Mishongnovi, AZ [Hopi village]
- Walpi, AZ [Hopi mother village of 11 surrounding settlements]
- Canyon de Chelly [National Monument], AZ
- Gallup, NM
- Santa Fe, NM
- down the Rio Grande valley to El Paso, TX

After the summer 1962 move to Santa Fe, [our many day-trips that fall included:]

- Bandelier [National Park]
- Hyde [Memorial State] Park on a rainy Sunday
- Taos pueblo for a fiesta
- Cochiti [pueblo]
- Bland [ghost town]
- Las Vegas, NM
- Mora
- Cordova
- Los Alamos [The town itself, not the national weapons laboratory.]
- Zuni pueblo for their famous Shalako dance (in which the girls slept overnight in sleeping bags in the station wagon nearing the 100,000 mile mark)
- Santo Domingo pueblo for an Indian dance
- Santa Clara pueblo to pick pinon nuts
- Espanola to buy apples and an attempt to cut a tree for Christmas
- Golden, NM [gold mining ghost town]
- Galiasteo

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

[Starting the summer of 1964, omitting places visited previously,] we drove our [1962] International Harvester Scout to:

- Abiquiu
- La Tierra Amarilla
- Chama for gas
- Pagosa Springs, CO for overnight at Lower Peidra NFS campground
- Durango, CO to see five steam engines of the narrow gauge railway
- Mesa Verde [National Park] overnight with a housekeeping cabin for \$15
- Cortez, CO for gas [north end of Route 666]
- Four Corners
- Shiprock town and mountain [Navajo Nation]
- Farmington overnight at the Totah Motel with several empty stores due to the leveling off of oil activity at the Rattlesnake oil fields near Shiprock
- [Navajo Nation down Route 666 and side spurs]
 - Newcomb trading post
 - Two Gray Hills famous for their black-grey-brown fine weave rugs. A 3x6 foot rug cost \$275 to \$300 [in 1964] with only ten in stock
 - Toadlena (To-Ad-Le-Na) trading post
 - Sheep Springs trading post
 - Washington Pass at 8500 foot elevation in the Chuska Mountains
 - Crystal trading post
 - Window Rock, AZ
- Gallup [south end of Route 666]
- Cabezon [ghost town]
- Cuba, NM [which serves the distant Chaco Canyon World Heritage Site]
- Fenton Lake [State Park]
- Valle Grande [Valles Calera National Preserve]
- White Lakes [fishing lake in Santa Fe County]
- east across the mesa past Gonzales Ranch to San Miguel [County]
- Truchas* to visit artist Bill Tate
- Picuris pueblo
- San Ildefonso pueblo by driving mostly through a sandy wash
- On November 12 we all drove to Tesuque [pueblo] at dawn in 17-degree temperature to watch a brief Deer Dance

* Tom Law wrote of Truchas and Bill Tate in 1/2014:

I moved there in 1968 and farmed 10 years up on the llano above the village. It had a full, unobstructed view of the Truchas Peaks to the east and across the Rio Grande toward Los Alamos in the west. We were the first Anglo family to live there as far as I know. Only an older artist and friend, Bill Tate, reclusive but adventurous was there before we arrived. We left before it became trendy.

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

In 1965, we visited:

- El Paso, TX
- Juarez, Mexico
- Carlsbad [and Carlsbad Caverns National Park]
- Kelly [mining ghost town]
- Magdalena
- Madera Springs
- While the girls were at Girl Scout camp up by Eagle Nest, Charlotte and I made a trip to Denver and Bent's Old Fort [National Historic Site]
- Mescalero Indian Reservation [Apache]
- Grand Canyon [National Park and many nearby sites, described in detail later]
- Canyon de Chelly [National Monument, Navajo Nation], in which we drove the [four-wheel drive] International Scout down into the [unpaved] north canyon

In 3/1965, I had an [frightening] accident with the [still new] International Harvester Scout. South on Cerrillos Road [in Santa Fe], a front right hydraulic brake line broke. The car had absolutely no brakes. To avoid hitting another car, I jumped the curb and hit a light pole. I suffered only bruises and limped for a while. Insurance fixed the car. In October, we traded the 1962 Scout for a 1964 Scout. Total cost of the newer car was \$1922 with 4 new tires. We got \$1095 of that amount in trade from the 1962 car.

In 6/1968, driving the [1964] International Scout, we headed for California [by the Prescott-Los Angeles US10 west, the San Diego-Phoenix US8 east, and Route 60 home]:

- Flagstaff, AZ
- Jerome, AZ [mining ghost town]
- Blythe, CA
- Indio, CA
- Disneyland in Anaheim, CA
- down along the Pacific, where Anne got some real surfboard introduction
- San Diego Zoo, CA
- Mexicali, Mexico to cross the border and buy Mexican pottery
- Yuma, AZ to tour the old prison
- Queen Creek, AZ - We sought the "town" of Rittenhouse, only to find that it renamed Queen Creek, although the railroad siding is still named Rittenhouse.
- Globe, AZ
- Show Low, AZ
- Springerville, AZ
- Socorro [which introduced New Mexico Tech to the family]

The [replacement Dodge Dart purchased in 7/1968] made trips on major roads easier [than in the bare-bones 4-wheeler]. Over Labor Day 1968, we made an ambitious trip. The old Santa Fe Trail forked west of Dodge City, with one fork going west into Colorado and then over Raton Pass into New Mexico. The other fork left Dodge as the Cimarron Cutoff running southwest. So we went North to Dodge by the Cimarron Branch and returned South by way of the Mountain, or Raton, Branch.

We made the Santa Fe Trail trip in three days, going north to:

- Wagon Mound
- Roy*, NM
- Clayton**, NM to tour a lonely old mansion [no longer open] built by Senator Dorsey, who was involved in graft scandals 80 years ago
- across the Oklahoma Panhandle
- Dodge City
- We went out to a lonely spot on the Santa Fe Trail at Turkey Creek Crossing, where the land looked almost exactly as it did when the wagons rolled
- We re-visited the ruins of Old Bent's Fort, which were being newly restored [in 1968] by the National Park Service
- Trinidad, CO for a museum

Our visit to the dusty little cow town of Roy completed our record of having visited every county in New Mexico. At the drug store coffee counter we met J.B. Jackson, a wealthy acquaintance, who was just visiting because he had not yet visited that part of the state. [Ten years later in 1979, I engaged a printer in Roy to print catalogs of rare books.]

* Wikipedia confirms the village aspect of Roy (edited):

Roy, a village of 304 in 2000 and losing population, is still a major center for northeast New Mexico. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Roy,_New_Mexico

** Wikipedia describes Senator Dorsey, his Mansion, and Clayton (edited):

The Dorsey Mansion is a log and stone palace built in 1878 by Stephen Dorsey, a controversial carpet-bagging Republican Senator from Arkansas during the Reconstruction 1873 until 1879. While a senator, Dorsey purchased land and built a 36-room Gothic Victorian palace between 1878 and 1886. The architectural styles include log cabin (built between 1878 and 1880) and an Arthurian stone fortress built in 1884. It had the first indoor toilet in the region. The dining room was the largest in the region, seating 60 people. There was a swimming pool and fountain in the front yard. The swimming pool had three islands and a gazebo. The mansion is on US 56, east of Springer.

Dorsey got his money through corrupt mail contracts. In 1881, President Chester Arthur ordered prosecution of Dorsey and eight accomplices. The trial resulted in a hung jury. In the late 1880s, he established nearby Clayton, named for his son. By 1892, Dorsey and his wife were almost destitute and operated the Mansion as a tuberculosis sanatorium. They moved to Los Angeles. In 1901, it was auctioned to a creditor. Dorsey died penniless in 1916. By the 1950s, many of the outbuildings collapsed. K. Deaton bought the property and adjoining 40 acres in 1966, and tried to renovate the Mansion [which is when Jack saw it in 1968]. His heirs sold it to New Mexico in 1973. The New Mexico State Museum concluded that it was too expensive to renovate. On 12/4/1987, it was re-sold and is no longer open for tours. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dorsey_Mansion

Grand Canyon – August 1965

[In this superb trip,] we left in the 1962 Scout to Albuquerque. We ate [a picnic] lunch (as dinner) by the roadside on the [lava covered] hill [west of] Albuquerque.

- Grants. Mike Croteau's trading post was boarded up. [Visited in 1944 and 1949] A café waitress said Mrs. Croteau died; Mike closed up and moved away.
- Gallup overnight

On US 66 just across the Arizona line, we took the side road (right hand) turnoff for Lupton until we came to Bridge 381 across a dry wash; parked there, and walked 100 yards to a low hill northwest of the bridge. The girls made a small collection of [ancient pottery] shards similar to what I found in 1947 [as a volunteer at a California dig].

We stopped at [White Mound trading post at Houck], where on our honeymoon trip we bought a small Navajo rug [for \$10 ... in 1944]. Our itinerary included:

- Painted Desert and Petrified Forest [National Park]
- Holbrook by the lower road for a half gallon of root beer at a [A&W] drive-in
- a [picnic] lunch (fried chicken and pie) at a shady rest stop east of Joseph City
- Meteor Crater, not visited previously
- Flagstaff to visit Paul Weaver at Northland Press while [the family shopped]
- Williams overnight. We strolled along the street curio shops.

We headed to the Grand Canyon, seeing a coyote loping across the road. The family stayed at the first lookout point while I found a cottage at Moqui Lodge. We drove along rim lookout points and back to a picnic lunch at the campground. Charlotte and the girls hiked a short distance down into the Canyon. We ate supper in the cafeteria and went to a campfire lecture in the amphitheater. We drove east along south rim lookout points to:

- Cameron trading post for coffee and a look at rugs [Navajo Nation]
- Tuba City [Navajo Nation]
- southeast to a Hopi craft shop along the paved road toward Oraibi [Hopi]

Keams Canyon [trading post] was booked solid, so we back-tracked 16 miles to Second Mesa for the Snake Dance at Mishongnovi [Hopi]. This solemn and unique dance exceeded even our [experienced] expectations. The girls were especially impressed when some loose snakes crawled near them before being recaptured by alert dancers. After the dance, lodgings at Ganado and Window Rock were filled. We stayed in Gallup.

We visited Woodard's Indian curio shop, where I talked books and Charlotte bought six mugs with Indian designs. We drove to:

- Budville to eat at Wallace Gunn's "Villa de Cubero" cafe. His father or grandfather was the Gunn mentioned in my book *Mines of the Old Southwest*.
- Acoma, the only pueblo the girls had not yet seen. We drove the Scout to the top of their mesa [instead of hiking as we did in 1944] and saw the town and church.
- Bibo and Seboyeta via a paved, easy road through pretty countryside

Museum of New Mexico Press

In late summer 1966, the Museum of New Mexico needed a manuscript edited before set in type. I contracted to edit one manuscript, chiefly for correcting grammar and spelling, making sure that technical names for plants and animals were correct, and that all of the figures were described correctly, typical of copy-editing for publishing. I quoted a package price and given the work. I completed this task in a couple of weeks.

They formerly had a [publishing] division called the Museum of New Mexico Press. They revived it and I was offered the post as head of that division. I started fulltime in September 1966 through 12/1967, and then worked another six months part-time.



"Head" was an overblown term. The Museum Press was as small an enterprise as could be. My staff consisted of a secretary-typist who I shared equally with another curator. Sometimes I had a local college student wrap packages for ten hours a week.

This was a pleasant interlude, but I was frustrated by the ["the sorrowfully under-funded"] situation quite typical of all [government-funded] museums: no funds, too much work, and a tangling web of bureaucratic practices imposed by the State.

The Museum Press produced two basic kinds of publications: pamphlets sold to visitors at a few cents each and large reports covering archaeological investigations or digs.

During this decade, the U.S. government constructed many dams, highways, and otherwise moved or flooded large patches of earth in the Southwest. Preliminary steps were an archaeological survey, archaeological work on any affected sites, and a thorough report on each site before it was lost forever under pavement or a reservoir.

Archaeological work was done on contract by Museum archaeologists. Funds came through the National Park Service regional office in Santa Fe. Long reports from these digs were the main output of the Museum Press.

I edited the text, had it set (typed) on an IBM Selectric composer, which by typing twice gave a justified right hand margin. The secretary did the typing, but I operated the machine at times. I then designed the book, made paste-ups and corrections, marked illustrations for reduction and location, and took the [composite] sheets to the printer.

I sent out circulars (which I produced), typed invoices, wrapped packages (when the college student was not there), and made out all internal reports. I answered letters, worked with staff people who were writing new books, and kept busy. By the end of the first year, we sold enough to pay all our salaries and operating costs.

My long-ago memories of Mike Croteau in Grants, the nearby mesa ruins, our courses under Ruth Simpson in Los Angeles, and time spent in the 1947 “dig” in the Owens Valley, all combined put me at ease with museum work. Likewise, the advertising business and Stagecoach Press work made me [a natural] fit at the Museum.

We wanted to publish more books but had no [bootstrap] funds. The only money available for printing was the amount specified in the government contract for a report. As copies of any backlist report or pamphlet sold, the receipts went not to the Press or even to the Museum, but back into the State of New Mexico general fund!

We had no revolving fund, not even on paper. Each spring the state legislature assigned a small amount for printing museum publications that barely covered tourist pamphlets.

I thought we might sell off some large runs of old periodical publications and use the receipts for [printing] new books. A quick mailing brought in \$5000, but the [income] was used instead for needed building repairs. On another sale, I disposed of many old duplicates of anthropological bulletins and raised an equivalent sum, and again urgent needs around the museum swallowed the money.

The salary was terribly low, but so was the budget given to the Museum. Salaries could not be otherwise. The Museum was aware that its salaries were insufficient. Some local people worked for years at minimum wage, happy to work [virtually as volunteers]. Other superbly qualified men and women used the Museum as stopgap employment while seeking a university faculty position. The turnover of staff was great but the experience of working with these experts was pleasant.

"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: I worked there for about two years, 1966 to 1968. The salary was \$5,500 a year, and this was pretty good. The top salary in the whole museum complex was only \$12,000 for the top director. First of all the State didn't have any money, and secondly you can always find people drifting through with the right skills between jobs and they loved New Mexico, so they'd settle for half pay and half psychic income from living out here. The museum couldn't exist if it weren't for this floating bunch of people that are just entranced with living in Santa Fe

Nearly everyone needed supplementary income. The Museum did not object to my Stagecoach Press work at evenings and weekends. Therefore, I published a few books.

"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: Other guys did things for one of the archaeologists. One found a way of making [by flaking] plastic replicas of various arrowheads, arrow points: the Folsom point, the Sandia point. For five dollars, you could get a set of three or four different, difficult points. They were real beautiful plastic things.

Charlotte: One time he got to Christmas without money to buy his wife a present he wanted. He just about cut his fingers to pieces, doing extra flaking.

David Farmer: I grew up on a ranch in the hill country in Kimball County, Texas, [between] Kerrville [and] Fort McCavett. We had the best luck finding little bird points in the riverbed after a big rainstorm. There are [burial?] mounds on the upper banks of those rivers, the Llano and the Copperas Creek. Never did dig in them. We didn't feel like we should do that. Maybe some archaeologists will get in there some day. We found wonderful points and skinning knives (found a little easier because they're a little larger). They fit in the palm of the hand. Those chipped-out tools had a dangerous edge. You could cut whatever you wanted.

Some years after I left, one of the Museum's board of regents confided to me that he always opposed any major publishing program because he did not feel that a museum should be engaged in publishing. Perhaps that was why I met defeat every time I urged the Museum to make the Press semi-independent.

"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: I was baffled at every turn because I couldn't get any money to really push this thing forward. I said to the director one time, "If you were to let me keep the money I raised and plow it back in and take off the reins and the blinders, we could go to town. I could build you a new library building in a few years."

For example, the Library of Congress detached their photocopying division, which transformed that division from an expense [cost sink] to a highly profitable, self-supporting operation [profit center]. [By 2016, the Museum board reversed their stance. A semi-annual catalog of 20-pages covers new publications from this Press.]

In 1968, Governor David Cargo named me to the State's Advisory Committee on Historic Sites. This meant a few conferences held at the State Capitol were only a few blocks from our Berger home. I continued on this committee when it was renamed the Cultural Properties Review Commission under Cargo's successor, Governor Bruce King.

Western History Association

In 10/1962, I drove to Denver for the organizational meeting of the Western History Association. [I was 50 and attended most of the weeklong annual conferences each October for the next 25 years, with these specific years listed in my annual newsletters.]

- 1964, Oklahoma City
- 1965, Helena, Montana. Dale Giese, historian at Fort Union, rode with me.
- 1967, San Francisco. I displayed Stagecoach Press books along with Museum Press publications, at no cost to the Museum, and traveled at my own expense.
- 1968, Tucson
- 1971, the big activity for me was as local arrangements chairman in Santa Fe.
- 1972, I gave a talk on printing design at Yale. [I was 60.]
- 1974, Rapid City
- 1977, Portland, Oregon. I went via San Francisco and spent a few hours with Anne and son-in-law Harry Briley. [I was 65.]
- 1979, I flew to San Diego
- 1980, Charlotte and I drove to Kansas City via: Tucumcari, Liberal, and Wichita, and came back via Wichita, Clayton, Raton, Las Vegas, NM.
- 1981, San Antonio returning by way of Del Rio, Texas
- 1982, Charlotte and I drove to Phoenix for only two nights. [I was 70.]
- 1984, we drove to St. Paul and spent time with Susan and son-in-law Dennis. We drove via Raton Pass, across Kansas to Lincoln, Omaha, and Des Moines. We returned via Des Moines, Omaha, Julesburg, Denver, and Raton Pass. One afternoon, we caught an early snowstorm but came through with no mishap.
- 1987, I flew to Los Angeles to make a brief talk on book collecting. [I was 75.]

The Western History Association described its history in 2016 (edited):

Professional and avocational historians, bound by their belief in the American West as a place rich in history and deserving of study, founded the association in 1961.

The association has over 1500 active members with a common mission that "... strives to be a congenial home for the study and teaching of all aspects of North American Wests, frontiers, homelands and borderlands.

Our mission is to cultivate the broadest appreciation of this diverse history."

Our annual meeting shares research, exchanges ideas, and develops programs that facilitate further study of the North American west. We publish a scholarly journal and promote active involvement with teachers, museums, and libraries.

www.westernhistoryassociation.wildapricot.org

Western History Association Office, University of Alaska, Fairbanks, AK



"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: I would go the Western History conferences. Those early ones were wonderful. And it has slowed down, but all the great librarians attended, like:
= *Archie Hanna* [first curator of Yale Collection of Western Americana],
= *the younger Ev DeGolyer* [Jr.],
= *Alfred Bush* [curator of Western Americana at Princeton University Library],
= [someone] *from the Bowers* [Museum in Santa Ana, California],
= *a young woman from Amon Carter* [Museum of American Art in Fort Worth],
= *and later, Jim Phillips from DeGolyer* [Library at SMU in Dallas].
Just a raft of real fine librarians came. Gradually their number diminished.

A lot of top rare book dealers came, but usually not more than once. Almost all of them. Bill Reese [of New Haven] *came three or four times. Dawson's* [of Los Angeles] *came. Rosenstock* [of Denver] *sent somebody one time. They found that they didn't sell many books as a rule, and it wasn't worth the cost of travel,*

David Farmer: Some people in the book trade at those events measured it in terms of contacts made rather than dollars made.

Jack: I went to one in San Francisco [in 1967] *at the old Palace Hotel there, taking a long circuitous route to towns both going and coming selling to book stores, Stagecoach Press books all the way.*

Westerners

We formed the local chapter, *El Corral de Santa Fe*, of the Westerners [on 12/13/1962], and I became its first "sheriff" or president. This group functioned along the same lines as the Zamorano Club [in Los Angeles] and the Houston Civil War Round Table. We met each month to hear a speaker and discussion from the floor followed the talk, often lasting quite late. Nearly every member was an expert on something.

- In 1964, my Stagecoach Press printed five issues of *La Gaceta* for them and I gave a talk on my book *Cabezon*.
- In 1972, Charlotte and I went down to El Paso where I gave a talk.
- In 1975, I made a talk in Santa Fe.
- In 1980, I heard a talk by Dr. Nolie Mumey in Santa Fe.
- In 1987, I spoke at the 25th anniversary meeting. Of the 50 people present, perhaps six were charter members [counting myself at age 75].

[The Santa Fe chapter - *El Corral de Santa Fe* (#23) remained inactive during 2016, and was likely absorbed into the Central New Mexico Corral (#28) of Albuquerque.]

The Westerners explained their early history in 2016 (redacted):

The Westerners International began in Chicago in 1944 led by Leland Case, editor of The Rotarian magazine, and Elmo Scott Watson, a newspaperman and educator. Both came from South Dakota. Since the academic world did not offer much for "history buffs", the two men formed a group open to anyone interested in the American West.



The members promoted study and understanding of Western history and at the same time, had fun, and avoided taking themselves too seriously. The first local "corrals" and "posses" organized in 1945 and spread [as of 2016] to 80 member groups.

Laypersons form the majority. Each group is loosely organized with few rules and its own traditions. Some take field trips and some are into publishing. The overseas corrals are partial to reenacting. While Westerners are devoted to historical interest, the main thing is a spirit of fun and camaraderie.

*Headquarters, known as the Home Ranch, is located at the **National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum** in Oklahoma City. We like people to know we have an "actual office" because now and then a caller will suddenly blurt out, "Is this an actual office or just the corner of someone's dining room?" It is an actual office in the basement at the museum with bookshelves holding our library collection.*

www.westerners-international.org

Shebby Lee, a Past Sheriff in South Dakota, wrote (edited):

This is a club like no other. Instead of chapters, we have “corrals” or “posses.” The designated leader of each corral is the Sheriff and the other officers are Deputy Sheriff, Keeper of the Chips, Recorder of the Marks and Brands, Chuck Wrangler, Inkslinger, and so on. We begin each gathering with a ritual salute: “Hello Joe, you old buffalo!” addressed to some depiction of a buffalo skull, the origin of which is lost to the mists of time.

The organization was started by a few homesick souls who found themselves stranded on the shores of Lake Michigan in decidedly mid-western Chicago, and wanting to maintain their birthright, founded the group in 1944 on a lark.

At the monthly get-togethers, we learn about various and often obscure aspects of western history. Some corrals have websites; some even publish, but most are much more informal. Ironically, the largest corrals are outside the United States.

Westerners International enjoys a symbiotic relationship with the Western History Association, a more conventional organization of professional historians that sponsors a substantial annual history conference. Westerners traditionally sponsors a reception at that conference with members from across the country.

Shebby Lee, past Sheriff, Black Hills Corral, Rapid City, SD
www.westerners-international.org

Historical Society of New Mexico

We revived a local chapter of the Historical Society of New Mexico, an organization little active for several years.

In 1967, I became its president and held that post for four years. This was a great honor. Most of my predecessors were men of great accomplishment, such as Bradford Prince, Ralph Emerson Twitchell, and other great names in New Mexico historical circles.

In 1968, I made a talk in Roswell. Charlotte went along for the overnight drive. They elected me to the board of directors for a one-year term in 1975.

The Historical Society explained its history in 2013 (edited):

Founded 12/26/1859, we are the oldest historical society west of the Mississippi River. During the territorial period (1851-1912), its members included merchants, educators, lawyers, and politicians who published accounts of Spanish, Mexican and American periods.

The Society collected artifacts and papers of various periods and ethnic groups. This led to the Society's museum in the Palace of Governors in 1885. The territorial government created the Museum of New Mexico in 1909, which incorporated many of the Society's collections. Those collections were then given to the State of New Mexico, which continued to use the early collections and expand its [museum] activities.

In 1913, Ralph Emerson Twitchell edited its official bulletin, Old Santa Fe. By 1926, Lansing Bloom and Paul Walter started the New Mexico Historical Review. In 1963, financial pressures led the Society to turn over ownership of the Review to the University of New Mexico. From 1927 to 1960, the Society was the official guardian of the archives of the State of New Mexico until the State established its own archives department. In recent years, book publication has been a joint project of the Historical Society and the University of New Mexico Press.

To revive membership, the Historical Society began its annual conferences on Southwest and New Mexico history in 1974. The need for a publication to print award-winning papers and carry society news led to the establishment of La Crónica de Nuevo México in 1976.



www.hsnm.org - Historical Society of New Mexico, Santa Fe, NM

Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad

One of my most remarkable experiences occurred while I was President of the Historical Society of New Mexico.

In late 11/1968, I was in a select group to join some National Park Service men on a special two-day trip on the old Denver and Rio Grande Western narrow gauge steam railway from Durango, Colorado, to Chama, NM, up over Cumbres Pass, and on the next day to Antonito, Colorado. It was [intended] as the last passenger run on this line.

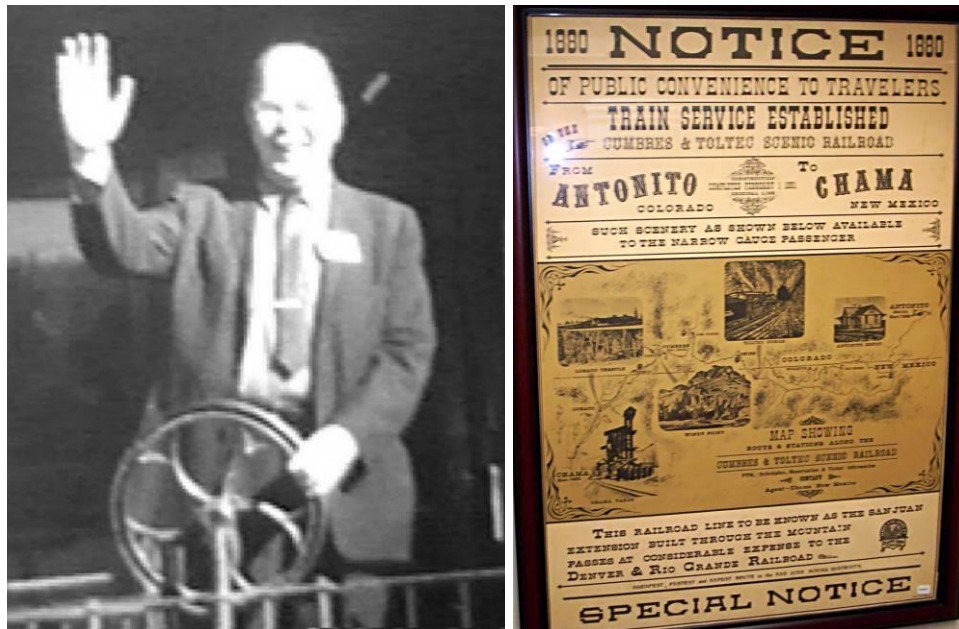


Figure 37 – Chama-Antonito Line – 11/1968 and Poster – 6/2016

No passenger trains ran this line in years, and few freight trains. The line was to be abandoned unless a solution could be found, such as making it a national monument.

The railroad management made up a train consisting of a coal fired narrow gauge steam locomotive, caboose, coach, combination passenger and baggage car, and a parlor car or president's car. We 50 or 60 people rode for two days, averaging 15-20 miles an hour, stopping constantly to inspect the condition of every bridge, tank, siding, and station.

Our purpose was to preserve it in part as a historic facility. It was later decided to continue runs on the Chama-Antonito [portion of the] line. This [abandoned narrow gauge] line was purchased jointly by New Mexico and Colorado and leased to a private group [under the name of "Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad"]

The CTSR described the renamed line in 2016 (edited):

Built in 1880, the San Juan Extension of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad (DRGR) served the silver mining district of the San Juan Mountains with tracks running from Denver through the ore-rich Rocky Mountains to Silverton, Colorado and Santa Fe. Its path through steep passes and deep gorges was the stuff of adventure novels and an engineering feat for the time.



The [entire] DRGR was built to a [narrow] gauge of 3 feet, instead of the more common 4 feet, 8-1/2 inches. The inability to interchange cars with other railroads led them to begin converting to standard gauge in 1890.

The repeal of the Sherman Act in 1893 devastated silver mining. [Low] traffic over the San Juan Extension failed to warrant conversion to standard gauge. It received its last major upgrades in the 1920s. A 1950's natural gas boom brought brief prosperity but operations dwindled. The DRGR abandoned the remaining narrow gauge main line in 1969, thereby ending the last use of steam locomotives in general freight service in the [entire] United States.

Most of the abandoned track was soon dismantled, but the combined efforts of an energetic and resourceful group of railway preservationists and local civic interests saved the most scenic portion of the line, equipment, and buildings.

In 1970, Colorado and New Mexico jointly purchased the track and line-side structures from Antonito to Chama, nine steam locomotives, over 130 freight and work cars, and the Chama yard and maintenance facility, for \$547,120. The new scenic railway began hauling tourists in 1971.

www.cumbrestoltec.com/history



Figure 38- Lobato Trestle, NM (Cumbres and Toltec Scenic Railroad 2002)

Transition to UNM Press

In 10/1967, when I took my vacation to San Francisco for the Western History Conference noted above, I met Roger Shugg, new director of the University of New Mexico Press. This was the book-publishing arm of the university. Shugg had been head of the University of Chicago Press where he faced mandatory retirement. A special contract with UNM extended his career beyond the age limit allowed at Chicago.

"Interview with a Bookman," by David Farmer. Unpublished transcript, 1989.

Jack: The UNM Press was in the doldrums sort of, a little difficulty and not getting any work done. So they hired him with a deal where he could stay on longer. Roger worked for Alfred Knopf back in the thirties as a salesman, and had been head of Rutgers University Press for a while, and then later head of Chicago. He was a man of the old academic school with his eye placed on Athens and Rome, and not our part of the country. To him the James boys were William and Henry, not Frank and Jesse. Roger still held to the belief that a university press should maintain full academic scholarship standards in its work. But still, you have to meet certain local regional interests and do something about Billy the Kid. But he realized that he didn't know anything about this.

He met me out there [in San Francisco]. I don't know if he walked around and sized me up, but before it was over he said, "Why don't you come to work for me. I don't know what they're paying you at the Museum, but I think I can double it." because he knew how little they paid up there, and he knew what he could pay.

I made no overtures to Shugg, but soon after we returned to New Mexico, he offered me a chance to join the staff at UNM Press. I accepted at once. Well founded in publishing and the great classics, he knew little about Western books and asked me to work on such books. In the next few years, I learned much from Shugg.

The initial arrangement was that from January through June 1968, I worked three days a week at the University in Albuquerque and two days at the Museum in Santa Fe. This arrangement was acceptable to the museum. I gradually arranged for Richard Polese [from my Stagecoach Press days] to take over my post at the Museum Press.

Shugg offered full time employment starting in July, so I resigned my Museum job. My salary doubled what I had earned at the Museum, but it was still half what I earned in my advertising agency operation in Houston.

There was one further proviso at the University, I could not engage in any Stagecoach Press work. I shut down the Stagecoach Press after the San Francisco meeting in late 1967 and did not start it up again until I retired from the UNM Press in 6/1978. I did not even try to sell the back stock of existing books, although I filled any orders that arrived. I stopped all advertising and Stagecoach Press became fully inactive

Chapter 5 – Settling on Route 66

The UNM Press likewise did not approve of staff members being active in outside organizations that took away from daily work. Therefore, by the start of 1973, I was neither a member nor officer of any organization. I dropped out of all [more or less].

During all of 1968, I commuted from Santa Fe to Albuquerque. The distance, door-to-door, home to office was a daily round trip of 120 miles. My schedule left little time:

- arise at 5:30 PM
- leave at 6:20 AM
- return home [12 hours later]
- to bed at 9:30 for eight hours sleep

The [1964] Harvester Scout began to run up big repair bills. It was not meant for daily commuting. In July, we bought a Dodge Dart and put 1000 miles a week on it. After September, I and another man sometimes took turns, but I made the drive four days a week. It was not much fun in the cold months. It was a drain on energy and time, so [upon our home sale] in 1/1969, I moved the family to Albuquerque.