

Ludwig “Doc” Rosecrans Correspondence

Ludwig “Doc” Rosecrans was born in 1914 and he was the only son in his family. His father became a successful physician but Ludwig chose a very different career path. He came to the Superstition Mountain area to search for gold shortly after World War II. He was in his early thirties. He lived in a ramshackle shack built on his mining claim just off of the Apache Trail.

Doc was somewhat of a philosopher who had his own ideas about the soul and various other related topics. Although in 1949 he published a book, “Spanish Gold and the Lost Dutchman”, he also “intended” to publish a book on these other interests.

Over the years many searchers visited Doc at his home on the Apache Trail and he was always a cordial host. The McGees knew of Doc shortly after they began coming to the Superstitions and in 1965 Bernice contacted him by mail. They became good friends and so began the following correspondence that continued until 1974.

Below is an edited excerpt from a Bernice e-mail which adds some colorful insight.

Think you would enjoy reading letters from Doc Rosecrans....his letters dating from 7/20/65 until 1/1/74. Doc was a little off the wall with some of his beliefs about life in general, but he pretty much knew everything going on around his Superstitions.

We received, an autographed copy of "Spanish Gold and the Lost Dutchman" by Ludwig G. (Doc) Rosecrans. We visited Doc many times. He lived right off the Apache Trail in a make-shift dwelling...squatters rights, proving up on a so-called mine behind his house. Just had to dig once in a while to make him legal. View was great, looking South East toward the Massacre Grounds. He loved hamburgers. Either by car, or on our motorcycles, we would ride up to his place with hamburgers. It is a wonder he didn't die of food poisoning. He wouldn't eat while we were there but stored them in his rafted ceiling where they just fit in a crack. Hot, hot roof! He was so proud to have been hired as an extra in a movie. He flashed a mirror from up on the Massacre Grounds. Almost a documentary. Wish I could remember the title. Other old timers told us Doc was a Remittance Man. Lived on money sent him by family in Houston. Evidently they had money.

Rather than create one large file, I have grouped the letters in chronological segments. This should reduce the time required for the web page to load.

Enjoy,

Garry and Carol Cundiff
May 2, 2009

Doc Rosecrans
Apache Junction
Arizona

Bernice McCee
4612 Merida
Fort Worth, Texas 76115

July 20, 1965

Dear Doc;

Forgive me for using your first name since we have never been formally introduced, but the name Doc sounds more familiar to us since we have heard it quite frequently from Mom Middleton. Through our acquaintance with her over the past five years, we too, feel that we know you. The "we" meaning me, Bernice, and my husband, Jack. I hope this serves as an introduction and that you remember us. I believe you typed some letters for us from a Mr. Q.T.C., at Mrs. Middleton's request.

I am in the big middle of writing another article on the Superstition's and would like to quote a paragraph from your book, "Spanish Gold and the Lost Dutchman". With your permission I would like to use the paragraph that reads;

" Extremely rich "floats", (pieces of loose ore unattached to any particular vein) have been found on the Goldfield grounds, and ancient workings, timbered with iron-wood, and almost totally collapsed have been found near the later mines. Who might have labored in these ancient diggings?" Of course, the name of the book, and it's author will be given.

I guess Mrs. Middleton told you that we were in Arizona again this year. Somehow our vacation's always seem to turn into work...Pleasant work, I might add. You might have seen, or heard, us running up and down the Apache Trail on two bright red Honda's. We started to stop by and see you but we hated to barge in unannounced. Mom Middleton told us you lived near the Apache Trail, so one day, when we had stopped by the Bluebird Mine to see the nice man who owns the place, we asked direction's to your home. We found the big white boulder marking the entrance to your drive, and saw your pink car in front of the house, but we chickened-out before we turned the Honda's into your driveway. Ha. Wish we had stopped now; would have made writing this letter much easier.

The high-light of the trip this year was the unexpected pleasure of following Mr. Travis Marlowe around for several days. It was a great trip. Anything connected with the Superstition's history fascinates us beyond measure. If these maps are authentic, and we saw enough to believe they are, they are of tremendous value toward establishing some facts about the Peraltas that up to now has been theory, probability, or hearsay.

In the writing of this story, which mainly concerns the Peraltas, we were interested to hear that Goldfield is a known Peralta mine. It has been hinted at several times but no proof, (that we have heard of) has ever been given. This trip we were told about a hand-forged iron drill, that was found by someone (?), in the tunnel of an old mine shaft which had been sealed off with the aid of a large slab of rock. The drill was described as being about eighteen inches long and had the initials P.P. on the side of the drill. This was rather a surprising bit of information. This would confirm the Peraltas working the Goldfield area if the story is true.

Your book ties in beautifully with this story so new to us. Maybe not new to the residents of Goldfield, but it certainly new to us outsiders, therefore the reason for using this quotation from your book, with your permission, I tried to give a brief history of the author; to give the quote some meaning, but I find I don't know how to say it, since I don't know you that well. If you care to be written up in the new story would you be kind enough to give me some outline of your history? How long you have lived in the area and how you want to be introduced?.. Author, prospector and guide, adventurer, etc.....?

We have had your book at least seven years now and have enjoyed it immensely. Not once but many times. It comes off the shelf quite often to review for both pleasure and research. Have you thought of writing a sequel? I am sure there is much to write about since this book was published sixteen years ago. You could probably fill several volume's with the experiences that have arisen since 1949. It is a heck of a lot of work though, isn't it? The darned research takes up 75 % of your time.

Thank you for your time Doc. Let me know what you decide? We will hope to hear from you soon.

Most sincerely,

July 26, 1965

Hello Mr. & Mrs. McGee:

I received your letter asking for permission to quote from my book, "Spanish Gold & the Lost Dutchman". - Please feel free to use any quotations which you might want to use.

As for commenting about myself, I guess I could be called a writer, philosopher, and treasure-hunter. (I have an unpublished manuscript called "The Kingdom of Reality" in the field of philosophy which is perhaps a little bit too advanced. But I hope to have it out one day). I have been in this area for 19 years this coming November. At that time, I put up a temporary cabin and I am still in it. Ha!

I am sorry that you didn't stop at the time that you were thinking of doing so. I have a great deal of company here and everything is always informal, etc. This is a place where people often 'get together' and usually end up by arguing. - - I remember when you people were at the Reeves Ranch a few years ago. The fellow who was working there at that time is staying at my place here. Perhaps you remember him. His name is Oscar. - - Since that time, I went up near that ranch too. I was looking for the 'heart' treasure. We did find a large, red heart on the side of a hill made from loose rocks. But we cannot decide exactly what that might mean. The heart is 140 feet across.

Yes, Mrs. Middleton mentioned that you folks were here again. And I had rather thought that you might drop in for a visit. -

No, I am not thinking of writing a sequel to my book. I do not feel that I have enough more to say to make the effort worth the while. - - Good luck to you with your article concerning the Superstition.

Very truly,

Doc

Sept. 3, 1965

Hello Mr. & Mrs. McGee:

Hope you have some luck in finding some information from Spain concerning the Peralta family. I am well aware of the difficulty a person has when he tries to find things out in the way of research. I used to think that perhaps I would hear something new now and then. But so far I haven't.

Mrs. Middleton had quite a write-up in the Sunday newspaper a few weeks ago. I didn't see the article but others told me about it. It appeared in the magazine section of the paper.

It is nice of Stoney to be so friendly with you people. He didn't like my partner and, therefore, hasn't been very understanding in our case. But, of course, that's the way it goes. When a person hunts for treasure, he runs into all kinds of obstacles (limited information being one of them). The Forest Service is another enemy although it fools many people. But they try to make it difficult also.

I'm afraid that Gable-Gable, the duck, is no longer around. The ducks disappeared some time ago. Dick Carpenter has not been at the Reavis ranch in some time although I believe that he still has the chance to make another payment. I think the ducks left (disappeared) because there was no one at the ranch.

Concerning the red heart on the side of the hill, it was not built by human hands. But we believe that it was 'shaped' by the Spanish. It was actually a bunch of loose rocks laying flat with the surface of the ground on the slope of a hill. It could be classified as a sort of land-slide. And we did take a picture of it in color. However, the color didn't turn out too well but it wasn't too bad either. I thought it quite a co-incidence that this thing was heart-shaped and reddish in color just like the inlaid heart on the stone map. Nonetheless, we do not know just what the heart is supposed to represent so we are leaving it along for the time being. To dig in the center of a rock slide would be rather costly. It would be necessary to timber, etc.

I have never met this fellow 'Marlowe', but I realize that he is no where near the place which we find of interest. He seems to think the Weaver's Needle country is the proper area. But that's the way with treasure. Everyone goes to a different section.

Several movie outfits have been here of late. I helped here and there on one of them. I climbed the Superstition to a spot from which I sent messages with a mirror. Robert Preston, the star, rode on horse-back and saw the messages which I sent. And then he rode away. - Whatever that might mean. - And then the company drove into my place several days later and wanted me to speak some words. I had 27 words in all. It was rather a nervous experience with everyone watching, so I goofed a couple of times before getting everything right. Anyway, this is to be a 'Special' on T.V. called "The Proud Land". It is about the Southwest and will show on ABC around the 9th of November. - - I was glad to get the work since it paid me \$40.00 and was not really hard work at all.

Nothing else in the way of news. Summers around here are usually pretty quiet.

Very truly,

Doc

September 8, 1965

Howdy There, Doc!

Your letter was a wonderful surprise. Sure was full of good news. First let me say that Jack and I will anxiously awaiting your T-V debut on A.B.C. We knew of their new fall series of fall programing but had no idea we would be able to meet you via the cameras of A.B.C. As we understand it they will visit several spectacular spots in the U.S. I hope they did something worthwhile with the story of the Superstitions...the material was there if they just looked for it.

How far up Superstition did you have to climb? Were you on the Massagere Ground side or on the South. They sure picked a hot time of year to do their filming I must say! You could have had a heat stroke climbing up the darned mountain-side. Ha. We think you are pretty smart knowing how to flash signals with a mirror. I might could have found a way for the sun to hit the mirror but once I caught the ray of sun, I wouldn't have known what to do with it. I'M afraid I don't know any code's where one one would have to use dots and dashes. Ha. We will be watching for you around the 9th of November...all 27 words. As ex-members of the Screen Actors Guild and Screen Extras Guild we wonder how they line up actors when out of the realm of Los Angeles and New York. They surely didn't make you take out a Guild card for several days work. It would have eaten into your profits.

The information from Spain is still pending. We think we have troubles getting information on the Peralta's...you should hear the story from the boy in Spain who is doing the research for us. That boy has walked through nine kinds of hell and has so far met failure at every turn. One of the German boys that accompanied our group in 1963, Eberhard Jaek, is studying at the University of Barcelona. We hit upon the idea of "Flip" doing the research and sent a letter to him thinking he was attending the Summer session's at the University. We didn't know that he had taken a summer position in Callea some thirty-five to forty miles away. At last report from "Flip", he had made the trip from Callea to Barcelona four times and hadn't succeeded in getting the books he needed. Ha. Since he was not a student during the Summer months a special card had to be issued him for the privilege of taking a book from the Library. He had to get three references for the permit. He got those, then returned to the Library...the rules had changed in the meantime and he had to have the German Consulate sign for the card. Then he discovered he would have a waiting period of several days before he was entitled to take a book from the Library. At the end of the forth trip, with approximately 300 miles behind him, he still didn't have a book of any kind. All these trips were made on a motor scooter yet! When we found out what he had been going through we hollered for him to forget the whole thing. He will be attending the University this fall so he will attend to the research at that time...all he has to do is pick up a book and walk out with it. We felt terrible about the trouble he had undergone. He is a fine boy and a good friend so know that he will find the information when he enrolls this Fall. Since he has been in the Superstitions and knows something about their history it will help him to know what to look for. If the information is there Flip will find it. Ha.

As to the article about Mrs. Middleton in the Sunday paper, I think you will be sorry you brought up the subject! Mom Middleton sent us the article and was a little angry about it. I could see why after reading it. It was written in a snobbish sort of way which I didn't care for. It knocked everything including Mrs. Middleton. That's the best way I know of to get my mad up. The article depicted her as a money grabbing female and having the subldeness of a train-wreck. No, I didn't like the article. The authors had Mrs. Middleton hollering for her dollar before their cars had rolled to a stop. Now that is a crock of it! You and I know better than that. I have seen her handle all her guests with courtesy and charm for over five years now and I know that this is not true. It is too bad the authors couldn't have learned some manners from Mrs. Middleton. As I wrote Mrs. Middleton, the whole group walked around with their eyes open (I assume) and saw absolutely nothing. The information history-wise was 88 % incorrect and the quotes which they wrote up as coming from Mrs. Middleton were crude and unbecoming a lady like Grace.

Quotes which Grace did not make...that is what made her so darned mad. Ha. The one thing I can say for the article is that the photographs were the finest I have ever seen of the Silver King. They were beautiful! Even Excellent! I think if the Hoopers (authors) ever intend to return for a visit to the King, they had better throw their hats in first. Ha. Now, aren't you sorry you mentioned the article? Ha.

I gather from your letter that Stoney is not on the best of terms with Osear. Assuming he is the partner you mentioned. It is hard to believe Stoney not liking anyone. He is the friendliest, biggest hearted guy we have met in a long time. They have been more than kind to Jack and I and so far we have not seen a bad side to the man. Hope we don't either. Ha. By they, I mean he and Lucille, his wife. I don't know what we would have done without their past help and advice. Without them we would have accomplished little on these trips into the Superstitions. Maybe your partner will get to know Stoney a little better some day..and vice versa.. then everything will be all right between them. It is hard for me to think badly of most folks because Jack and I like people, so much. There are a few like the Hoopers who get my back up for a moment because they make their living by making other people look bad. My writing may be bad because I am not a trained writer...but in my ignorance I only make myself look foolish...not my friends. Guess I had better step down off my soap-box and get on with it.

Thanks for answering the question about Gabble-Gabble and his lady friends. Hate to hear that they have disappeared. We were looking forward to seeing them next trip. Ha. We spent many pleasant hours watching those ducks, and playing with the boat Dick and his wife sailed on the pond in front of the house. Since Karl and I wiped-out on the Hondas, playing with the boat and ducks was all we were fit for. Ha.

The heart of loose rocks sounds so much like what we saw on our tour with Mr. Marlowe. Not that we saw a heart, but the pattern of using rocks and boulders is much the same, especially gigantic patterns like your heart. When the weather cools we hope you can pursue your efforts and come up with something tangible. To me the heart would something tangible, but I mean something in the way of monetary gains. Lots of luck. This brings up the disturbing rumor circulating around that the Superstitions are being closed to prospecting. Have you heard anything about it? I wrote to Mr. Courtney a few days ago to get the straight of the matter. If so, it will sure tear up a lot of people's play-houses. Wow!

They have put so many restrictions on visitors to the Superstitions now that I don't see how they can make many more without risking a complete shut-down of the area. I, for one, would sure hate to see this happen. On the 1963 we had to go into Mesa and spend almost two hours talking to Ranger Wier. When the Forestry Service got wind that seven of us had arrived at King's Ranch, with Hondas yet, we had a phone call asking for an interview the very next day in Mesa. Sort of a command performance. Ha. I guess the interview was for our own good but it cost us one entire day of precious time. We were told we could not use the Hondas anywhere in the Superstitions, but they sort of had to crawl-fish when we asked about the Reavis Road and the Tortilla. We had permission to use them or we wouldn't have brought the Hondas in the first place, we were a little better organized than that! So I do know what you mean about having to stay one step ahead of the Forestry Service when at all possible. Maybe next time we won't be so fortunate. We used them this year but we didn't get a call from anybody so we got by from day to day. Just lucky I guess.

I was surprised to hear that you had never met Marlowe. It is hard to keep one's identity a secret for very long when living in a smaller town such as Apache Junction. He has been there for almost nine years, now. He too is a nice guy.. extremely nice. I don't think Grace cares for him too much but we like him. I am sure she has her reasons. My Uncle and Aunt finally got back to Texas after spending eight days with Mrs. Middleton. They sure like her and she seems to like them very much. They had quite a time. Grace liked the air-conditioned car. She was quite ill at the time they were there and the cold air made her feel better. Wish there was something we could do to get her house air conditioned or at least get her a

(over)

Sept. 19, 1965

Hello Mr. & Mrs. McGee:

Glad that you found my letter of interest, full of news, etc. And I guess that things do occur around here, more than I realize (even in the summer). But many days do come and go, of course, with absolutely nothing happening at all. And that makes a person feel that things are pretty quiet.

I am sorry to hear that the paper was not saying things about Mrs. Middleton to her liking. But that is often the way it goes. People all seem to want much for themselves but they seldom practice the Golden Rule when someone else is concerned. It is too bad. However, it is good that the pictures were worthwhile.

Too bad that you are having so much trouble obtaining information from your Spanish source. That is the way it is, as I mentioned, especially when a person is hunting treasure, lost mines, etc. Things seem to go wrong all the time and it gets rather exasperating. But I do hope that sooner or later you learn something of interest.

In my letters to you, I find that I give you a wrong impression and then have to correct it in my next letter. Perhaps I should be more complete. Anyway, Oscar stays here at my place but he is not a partner with me concerning the heart. He and I started hunting it but disagreed at a later date. He stayed on Fish-creek Mountain and searched while I moved further to the east. And another fellow from California, with a Jeep, came in with me. We went eight miles on the Reevis Ranch road (to windy point) and then found the heart three fourths of a mile from the road (toward Fish-creek). - Now I mentioned that Stoney was not very understanding with us because he disliked my partner. Before I had a partner, Stoney always treated me all right. But we had hoped to use the road. The Forest claimed to have the 'say' over the road. But Stoney claimed that it was his road (and Stoney did have to keep it up). Anyway, he changed the lock on the gate and said that we should get the Forest to give us permission to use the road in writing, etc. And I could see that trouble would possibly take place if we continued trying to use the road. My partner had not used very good judgment, either, and had said something about the Forest not giving equal rights to people (which was true but it was the wrong time and place to say it). So we just let everything go since we don't know too much about the treasure anyway. But it is very hard to get everyone to act sensible, and that seems to be the way things go. (It only makes me believe more than ever in what Christ said. He said that 'temptation to err' was always present in the form of an evil spirit. And I notice that people do strange things when it comes to treasure hunting. If a person found a treasure, you know, it would change the 'scheme of things' for that particular person). - But regardless, I hope this gives you an idea of what I meant concerning Stoney. I think Stoney is all right if everything goes smoothly, and if he happens to like you. He was always very nice to me. I have seen him since, also, at the Tortilla Ranch. And I have met his wife and liked her. Nonetheless, human relations is always, or usually, a very fragile affair. And very few people consider the Golden Rule in an analytical fashion and thus live mainly by their emotions either for good or for bad. I try to be nice to people and they usually respond by being nice to me. However, I know better than to 'disagree' because I am aware that people are seeking 'agreement' rather than anything else. - - In discussions, I do disagree, of course, and people usually do get mad at me at that time. Ha!

PARTNER
PAUL J.
BERNDT
SEE
LETTERS
LUCILLE
STONE
APRIL 19,
1964

The Superstitions are still open to prospecting, and the Forest has made trails here and there. But they do not allow any motorized vehicles to be used. They will not even allow a helicopter to land. Ridiculous!!

I have been here for 19 years this coming November. But I now know very few people at the Junction. New ones have come, and many old ones have left for one reason or another. So I missed knowing Marlowe. I happened to hear that his real name was Mitchell.

The television out-fits do not seem to worry about anyone being in the Guild when they are on location. Evidently they have rules to cover such events. I remember when the Actor's Guild first came into effect. I was living in Los Angeles at the time. The stage actor's Union is called 'equity'. Anyway, they didn't mention anything to me. - - I climbed about 250 feet up the Superstition mountain with the mirror to send the messages. It was a pretty hot day so it was a bit of work to climb up there. And it may have been a little further than 250 feet.

Concerning Ranger Wier, he is no longer around here. He was transferred to Tucson, Ariz. - - Courtney is still here, of course.

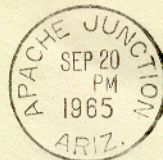
Guess I told you that Mickey quit his job with Stoney. He quit last month. - - Well, hope that something more of interest comes up.

Very truly,

Doc

THINK "MICKY" MANAGED THE TORTILLA RANCH FOR STONEY.

L.G. (Doc) Rosecrans,
Rt. #2 - - Box 2756,
Apache Junction, Ariz. 85220



Mr. & Mrs. Jack M. McGee,
4612 Merida,
Fort Worth,
Texas. 76115

Nov. 17, 1965
Wednesday

Hello Jack & Bernice:

I usually call people by their first names too. But I just hadn't gotten to it in your case. Anyway, I've been busy of late and am just now getting around to answering your letter.

Glad that you are doing some good with your writing. I guess the Marlowe story has to do with 'Mitchell', alias 'Marlowe'. If it is about the heart, maybe you have been told what is on the back-side of the heart (the side which has never been shown, the one with the knife on it, etc.)

I have been on the Jeep road from the Reevis Ranch road on several occasions. But it is no longer kept up. So we prefer to walk to the heart (about a mile) from windy point just around the Castle Dome part of the road. - - About history of Arizona, Oscar said to tell you to try to get "Bancroft's Works", Volume 17 - . They would have it in any old library but it may not be on the public shelves. You might have to ask for it. Oscar read this Arizona history in the Library up in the state of Washington.

Brookie, who is from New Jersey but originally from Brooklyn (hence his nick-name) has been coming out here since 1949 to hunt lost mines, etc. So this time he was here again. I've been going with him of late on hikes, etc. We took a number of long hikes, and then went on a trip into Nevada for a couple of days. We saw Las Vegas and Goldfield. I had never been to either place and always wanted to see Goldfield because it had been such a rich mine (\$150,000,000.). There were seven mines in all. Anyway, we went over into Big Pine, California, and down to Barstow, after which we drove back home. Then we took several more hikes. But I didn't think that we had enough information to do any good. But at least we gave it a thorough try. On the way back east, Brookie was going to stop and see some-one who used to live out here. He thought perhaps he could scrape up some more information. Well, the whole thing ended in a terrible way. Brookie has a nephew who works at the Junction. So several days ago, his nephew got a phone call from his father (Brookie's brother) and was told that Brookie had been killed in Terrell, Texas, the other side of Dallas. Brookie drove a 1965 Ford Galaxie and drove pretty fast at times although he was always careful. But it seems he was in town at the time and someone else ran into him in some way or other. That is all I know at this time. But this terrible news really shook me up because I had been with him for the last month. I just cannot resign myself to realizing that he has been killed. - So this whole visit of his has been ruined now. But these things happen, of course.

Some time back I got a card from Grace Middleton and she was in the hospital for a gall stone ailment. I was just leaving for Nevada with Brookie so I dropped a card to the hospital at Superior. I hope she got it all right. My neighbor also dropped her a card. But so far we have not been over to see her. I suppose she is home by now. I go over with the neighbors in their car because my car would not make the trip probably. But my neighbor is old and feeble and he does not feel like getting out very often. But we may get over to see her one day soon. I just finished my hiking, etc.

Nothing else in the way of news. Unless I get more useful information, I will not be taking many more hikes.

Saw the first episode of "This Proud Land". It was called "The Wild, Wild East". We didn't think it was too good. Hope the next episode is better.

Very truly,

Doc

P.S. I WANT To Wish You FOLKS

A HAPPY TIME OVER THE
HOLIDAYS, MERRY CHRISTMAS!

Dec. 9, 1965
3:00 P.M. Thursday

Hello Bernice & Jack:

You people surely seem to be in love with the out-door life, or whatever one might want to call it. And your business affairs are, I suppose, the thing that keeps you from the great 'out-doors', and, at the same time, makes it possible for you to embrace this same 'out-doors' from time to time. Too bad you cannot have more of it, and when you desire it. - And oddly enough, I am in a position to have more of it, I suppose, than I desire. As a matter of fact, hiking to me is work. It has been many years since I have actually 'enjoyed' a hike. - - Mike, whom you have met, on the other hand enjoys hiking. But I surely cannot say that for myself.

Nice that you are interested in this Indian business, or hobby, or whatever name should fit it best. And it is natural that it should run into 'more than meets the eye', so to speak. Things of this sort always do. But if you enjoy it, as you do, it is always worth all the trouble that is involved. Good luck to you in this endeavor.

Glad that you are finding interesting reading on the subjects that are interesting to you, such as the early histories about the west, etc. - I know just how you feel when you find something that is of particular interest.

Oh yes, I was naturally up-set about the death of Artie (I called him 'Brookie' since he was from Brooklyn). I had been with him for a solid month or so. And then he left for the east and was killed in an accident. We had discussed life after death, etc. And that makes a difference, you know. I just cannot see 'Brookie' as being a 'statistic'. He used to say that about others who drove foolishly. He would say: "They will end up as a statistic if they keep driving like that", etc. So it was kind of strange to hear that he had been a victim, himself, to such a situation. - - If I had been in the car with him, as I see it, it may not have occurred. Because I may have seen something that 'Brookie' missed. That's the way I see it, anyway.

The next episode of 'This Proud Land' will be about the northwest, as I hear it. My episode is called 'The Land of the Sun' and I guess it will show after Christmas.

You mention hiking, I have just noticed, and I have already mentioned that I do not go in for hiking to any great extent. It is a job, as I see it, to take a hike. - - On the other hand, I have been exercising for a number of months. I stopped smoking about a year and eleven months ago, and ever since I have been gaining in weight. Thus, to keep from being over-weight in general, and having the equipment handy, I started exercising. So now I weigh 195 pounds, but it isn't all fat. Ha!

I got a card from Grace Middleton the other day. She is in Superior as I already knew. And she is in a financial mess, as she puts it, with her cats needing food, etc. - I feel terribly sorry for Grace but am in no position to assist her. I cannot see why she thinks she must keep so many cats, altho' I do know that many people have this particular form of nonsense as their particular type of weakness. But I have to depend upon my own neighbors in order to go over and see Grace, and they are not anxious to drive over there since they are pretty old, themselves. I don't know just when I will get to see her again. I hope she makes out all right with her 'gall' BATTER trouble. - Yes, I agree that medicine is nothing more than a racket. The Golden Rule has been lost in the shuffle. It is time that people realized this, too, if they ever want to change such a situation.

Oh yes, I guess my booklet will show up from time to time. It has been out of print now for a number of years. But it will be in the Library of Congress, you know, long after I am gone. If that amounts to anything.

In the news, yesterday, they reported that gold had been found in the Superstition which assayed \$1,400.00 a ton. That was all they said. It will amount to nothing, I IMAGINE. (AS USUAL)

all for now,
Doc

December 17, 1965

Merry Christmas, Doc!!

Gosh, is it cold in Texas. Frost on the ground this morning. It may seem more like Christmas with this white stuff all over the place, but Santa can have it! I'll take my Christmas weather at a bone-chilling 80 degrees. During the summer months my normal height is 5 ft. 5 in., but when cool or cold weather comes, I draw up in a knot and go through the Winter at a stunted 4 feet. Don't unroll till July! Ha.

Doc, you surprise me with your aversion toward hiking. I pictured you as a man who hiked ten miles before breakfast...the real out-door type who closely resembles a "Marlboro Ad" Ha. You, Jack and myself, would get along famously with our weights and working-out program. Jack has been doing this since he was fifteen. When we married, he put the weights in my hands, and said "Go to it". Therefore, I have seventeen years of working-out behind me. It is great. Put inches where you want them, take off inches, strengthen legs, arms, wrists, back, tummy...just great!

Honda riding takes extra strength in the hands, wrists, arms and back, especially for a woman. Jack and I work out about four months out of the year... He sustains his 170 lbs...and is built like a little horse. He is 5 ft 9" but carries his 170 lbs well. I try to stay a few pounds heavier than my machine, so that I can control it...not vice versa. It weighs a 120 lbs, but feels more like 1,120 at the end of a days ride over some of that rough country. Real happy to know you are a fellow "Weight Enthusiast"!

I'm sorry, but the name "Mike" escapes me. You said, "Mike, whom you have met, on the other hand enjoys hiking!" The only Mike I can think of is a Michael Mantinin, (or something like that), who wrote us once inquiring about the set of four Saguaro's near Hieroglyphic Canyon. I answered him as best I could, even drew him a map of sorts, but never heard from him again to see if he found them. The address he gave was % General Delivery, Apache Junction. I asked him about the set we had heard of on the Apache Trail, but didn't receive an answer. We found them quite by accident this year, while tooling along on the Honda's. This is the only Mike I can think of. Matanin, I think it was. Is this the fella?

The Indian Host-Family Plan is clicking right along. Can't remember how far along we were when I last wrote you. We now are the proud Host-Family to two Navajo boys. They are the cutest kids, but painfully shy. Tony Yellow Hair, and Cecil White are our two charges, along with our East Indian, Ravindra Amonker. What a family we are acquiring. Ha. We have kids all over the world now, Spain, Germany, Nigeria, Holland! They are faithful to their writing...we keep in constant touch.

The new Proud Land will show this Saturday night! Will not be your show as it about the Rockies, "The Big Sky Country". Jack and I are getting a little more than anxious to see, "The Land of the Sun".

Had a letter from Mom Middleton yesterday. Is still in the hospital! Says she cannot afford the operation, but it seems these weeks in the hospital would be twice as expensive. Think they have you up on your feet in two days after a f Call-Bladder operation. Wouldn't swear to it, but think it is correct. A weeks stay in the hospital is prohibitive cost-wise. I have lost track of her hospital confinement, but must be two weeks or better. Will take a Philadelphia Lawyer, and four small boys, to bail her out of that place! We have hospitalization, and still couldn't afford it. Ha. Doctors, hospitals, and Insurance Companies are a sore spot with me, so I won't get started on it. If I could quit smoking, as you have done, I would feel 100% better. Jack and I smoke like fiends, knowing all the time how terrible the effects are on our breathing. Two Dumbheads..! How did you do it? Neither of us has the will power to quit after nearly twenty years. We have tried several times but always go back to them. Only time I quit for any length of time was with a bout of pneumonia! Ha. Even at that time I considered chewing tobacco. Ha. Dumbheads!

Must get busy now...am four weeks behind in my Christmas shopping, wrapping, baking, etc. This has been a disorganized year for some reason. Am writing a set of New Year resolutions that won't quit. Ha. Have a nice holiday, Doc. Good to hear