


The Death Valley Chuck-Walla

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Volume 1, Number 1.
Greenwater, California
January the 1st, 1907.

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A force of men is now engaged in sinking a shaft and this work is being prosecuted with all possible vigor. Three railroads now building into Greenwater have surveyed their routes past and near this property. They will pass at a distance of one to four miles. The Tonopah Tidewater Railroad (Borax Smith's Road) is now in full operation, bringing passengers by stage and freight by freighters from Dumont to Greenwater. Within three months this road will be completed to the great copper camp, as will be the Clark road now building from Amargosa and the Goldfield Tonopah railroad from Rhyolite.

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THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

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THE DEATH VALLEY CHUCK-WALLA

The
Chuck-Walla
Speaks

The Chuck-Walla is born of the desert, where the mountains dip into Death Valley; where vegetation ceases to grow; where the land is made of sand and borax the Chuck-Walla lives and flourishes. The heat-baked rocks of the Funeral range, the ledges of ore and malapi, the sagebrush and greasewood all contribute to its existence. Among these elements the Chuck-Walla is at home. It is a part of the desert, always has been and will continue to be while the rocks last and the sun shines.

This is a tip on the low down. Don't be an Indian. Don't try to dislodge the animal. A pull and a copper wire won't do the work. The Chuck-Walla has a purpose. It may seem that its chief business in life is to bask in the sun, catching flies the while, or scratching a hole in the sand to expose a new vein of copper. If so, that's the Chuck-Walla's concern just so it catches the flies successfully and scratches with energy at the hidden lodes.

Like other creatures of the desert the Chuck-Walla is guided entirely by instinct. It does what it lists and what to it seems right, making no apologies, giving no accounting, except to its Creator, never lifting its tail to wave as a signal of distress. It fights its own battles in its own way. It is no hypocrite. It may amuse the initiated and startle the uninitiated, but once it has taken its stand it cannot be changed. The size, power or dignity of its tormentor will carry no weight. If necessary, the Chuck-Walla will bite, and this bite is not pleasant. But withal

the Chuck-Walla loves to bask in the sun and live a life of peace. Watch it in its wallow, leave it unmolested, be amused by its weird and surprising antics, and let it go at that, if you are wise.



**The
Almighty's
Bank Roll**

The game on the desert is to make money. Get-rich-quick schemes find ready supporters, and their confidence is backed by a weight of precedent which makes the idea anything but visionary. Men have made fortunes mounting into the millions of dollars in a single day. Men are making fortunes at the same rate. Men will continue to make fortunes, and that in the desert, and with no less rapidity than in the past. There is no reason to believe that the mineral wealth of Nevada has all been discovered.

The copper deposits of Greenwater have been discovered and opened up within the last six months. The importance of the state in the mining world has been developed entirely within the last six years. At present there are only a few thousand mining men in the whole expanse of desert and mountain. Could these men discover, locate and open up in six years the wealth which is scattered over hundreds of thousands of square miles of country, unknown, impassable in many cases, without the best of facilities and surrounding the newcomer with the most terrible hardships? The answer to the question is evident. There are miles upon miles of the desert plain and mountain which have never been trod by man. These miles of undiscovered country contain the same wealth in the same environment as those which have already given wealth to the discoverers.

It is absurd to think that there are not fortunes still in

the country greater than any which have been found. Get busy. The game on the desert is to make money. It is here. Men with brains and brawn and a willingness to work can get it. They are doing so daily. There is no limit. Bet your stack against fortune. You are running the game and therefore the percentage is in your favor. You can buy chips in this game for a small consideration of time and energy, and you can cash them in for millions. Get busy. The house never loses, and if you start the game you run the house. Get the goods. There is a demand for all.

You can't break the dealer. God Almighty is holding the bank roll in the shape of the minerals which he placed in the desert. He won't break. There is no limit. The game on the desert is to make money. It is here. Get busy.



Get Busy or Get Out

If there were a pipe line to hell some of you fellows would be standing around taking what came out of the tap. Get off your foot! Put in your own pipe line and tap a more productive region. If you don't like what you are getting here, change your source of supply. If you're in wrong, get out and start over again. It's your own fault. Good men with brains and energy make money here, so your talk of hard luck hardly holds water.

Don't knock. There is nothing in the desert for a knocker. He is not wanted and will gain no sympathy. If you don't like it get out. You don't have to stay. No one is pleading with you to do so. If you are of that breed of pups you are not wanted. It's up to you. Stay and get busy and you will make good. If you can't get

busy get out and knock. You will find a more sympathetic audience on the outside waiting to hear your tale of woe. They are your breed. Get around a bar-room stove in some farming village and swap lies about what you would have done in the desert if luck hadn't been against you. That's where you belong. You will then be at least doing the good turn of scaring out the other dubs like you, who are afraid of the work and hardship which constitute the desert road to wealth, health and happiness.

The ancient philosophy of the survival of the fittest originated on the desert. Here is where men are bred. Those who have the making of men in them develop into the real thing. Desert sun and sand will smelt out the slag and leave the metal. Some men show a higher assay than others, and all are catalogued as soon as they hit the desert. Some are thrown out as worthless on the start. Others show their worthlessness after they have been working for a time. In others the pay streak widens and develops. These are the ones who make good. They are what makes the desert a place to live in. But it takes time to get the pure metal even from these. If you've got it in you the desert will bring it out. If you have not, the desert will show you up.

Therefore, don't knock. Get what you want and shut up or get out. It's up to you. Don't stand taking what that pipe line from hell brings you. No one likes it. The good men rustle for something better. It's up to you, only don't knock the country to which you came of your own volition and which you can leave without question or tears on the part of those who remain behind to make good.



Yellow journalism gets little assistance from the desert. The men whose business is the furnishing of sensations are run out of town.

A
Treasure at
Death Valley

In Death Valley, wrapped in perpetual silence, are some of the men who discovered Greenwater, the land of copper. Theirs is a part of the story that should be told here—the story of the finding of this land, where mountains are made of copper—but

Death Valley is a mysterious, silent place, that guards its secrets and its riches well. And there, if one could seek, might be found the men who first trod the Funeral mountains in quest of hidden lodes, and who in time were lured by the very mystery of the place to their graves on the western slope of these hills. Now even the names of these pioneer prospectors have slipped into oblivion, while the wealth which they sought and probably found, was left for those who followed.

Death by starvation, by thirst or from the desert heat have no fear for the man who seeks the wealth which nature has stored in her mountain and desert fastnesses. Where prospectors have gone and perished others follow. For thirty years men of this metal have walked over the Amargosa desert, followed the river to its sink in Death Valley, and from time to time located the copper deposit in the Funeral mountains. Those who returned from these ventures brought with them the story of their find and sometimes samples of the red oxide ore with the green copper glaze. Thus years slipped by and still the great copper lodes in the Funeral range were left undisturbed by the miner's pick. The stories of these riches took on the shimmering hue of a myth, and in time people believed only a very little about this wealth of copper. Thus this deposit might have lain for years to come, had not one prospector, with an imagination and with superb confidence heard the story of Funeral range copper. With

this man properly begins the history of Greenwater, and to him almost entirely the world owes the discovery of this mass of copper wealth.



**Finding
Greenwater**

The mineral deposits at Greenwater became quite generally known among prospectors about three years ago. Tonopah was then a thriving mining camp and Goldfield had been found. Men began to look farther south for new mineral lodes, and some knowing of the existence of the copper ore in the Funeral mountains came down to locate ground. Greenwater had then taken its name from the spring which supplied a meagre amount of water daily to those who had ventured across the Amargosa desert. But the bold men who did dare to brave the hardships of the desert found to their chagrin that it was one thing to find a mineral deposit and quite another to secure capital for exploitation. Copper experts who were employed by the large copper mine owners declined to come to the Funeral mountains to expert the deposits said to lie there. Prospectors became discouraged and claims that had been staked were permitted to lapse again into the ownership of the government. It did not pay the prospectors to do the annual assessment work on ground that is now selling at fabulous prices.

Conditions at Greenwater remained in this state until Arthur Kunze became interested. He, too, was a prospector, and he, too, tramped over the Nevada desert from Tonopah to Greenwater, a distance of two hundred miles. Bullfrog had just been found when he came into the Funeral range for the first time, and he was compelled to go through the new sensational gold camp. But the

lure o' gold was not in him. The wealth of a copper mine beckoned him and he stayed in Bullfrog only long enough to secure provisions for the trip to Greenwater. Kunze followed where the trail of other prospectors led. He, too, staked out a group of claims, and in time returned to Tonopah to sell his find. The same difficulties confronted him which others had been unable to surmount. Copper experts declined to make the journey or brave the hardships. Again it seemed that the work of the prospector should go for naught, but where others had given up in despair Kunze simply fell back upon his resources, which consisted entirely of a few friends, who were not copper experts, but trusted him, and upon a faith and an enthusiasm in the possibilities of his discovery. In time this faith and enthusiasm became contagious. Money was forthcoming to hold the claims already staked and to increase these holdings. Experts began to inquire about the ore and the assays and were astonished at the richness and the quantity of the copper-bearing oxides. Options for the claims were taken and fortunes offered if the reports made by Kunze were true. And they were. His faith and enthusiasm had won out. Last July was formed the first large company, The Greenwater Death Valley Mining Company, capitalized at three million dollars, and headed by Charles Schwab, whose manager, Donald B. Gillies, had selected the best claims in the Greenwater district. In a day the news of the organization of this company became known in the other mining camps, and the rush into Greenwater was on. Greenwater, the greatest copper field in the world, had become known to the world at last.



A town without an officer of the law can also be a town without a criminal. Witness Greenwater.

A Town
On
Wheels

Greenwater is on the move. This may be thought a peculiar state of affairs for a town to be in, but such is the case. The man who procured the drug which resulted in this extraordinary condition of affairs is known to the mining world as Harry Ramsey.

The physician who administered the tablet is known as the Greenwater Townsite Company. Now both druggist and physician are busily employed in administering to the needs of the patient, which is on the run as a result of their efforts. As yet no effort has been made to stop the peculiar condition of affairs, and it is probable that the result will be what was originally intended, namely, the transfer of the townsite from its original location on the slopes in the heart of the copper mines to the less valuable lands two miles away, near the open plain.

At present, however, the move is on, and the Townsite Company which arranged the affair is busily employed in transferring the dwellings and belongings of the original settlers at Greenwater, through the crooked canyons and over the ridges to the new location.

Meanwhile pandemonium reigns. Saloons and boarding houses, stores and brokerage firms are doing business on the run and trying to be on both sides of the mountain at one time. A barkeep puts down his case of bottles on a knoll en route from the old camp to the new and serves the passing throng laden with bedding and store fixtures. A shot of skee or a glass of lager lightens the load, and the burden is taken up to the next station. The butcher kills a cow en route and deals out steaks and roasts to the hungry multitude hurrying back to the old camp to get the necessaries for the new. The grocer opens a case of coffee and a can of cream and catches the business going both ways. Those who remain in the old camp are walk-

ing two miles to the new to get the eggs for breakfast. Those who have journeyed to the new are walking two miles to the old to get their mail, and a pair of socks, which the travel has made necessary, but which the new town does not yet afford.

Through it all Jack Salsbury, Harry Ramsey and the Townsite Company smile. In the main, things are coming their way. Among other things the cuss words of the moving populace are making in their general direction, but through it all they smile blandly. Questions as to the cause of the change are referred to the anti-publicity committee, and picturesque and forceful language as to the advisability of the change is noted and filed for reference. It is costing the promoters money, but everything is costing money in Greenwater, and that is no hindrance. It is also making them money, but everything is making money in Greenwater, and that is expected. Many cuss, but few are sore. There are legitimate objections to the move, and there are also arguments in its favor. There is also a story attached.



Why
Greenwater
Moved

While the outside world is perhaps wondering *why* the town of Greenwater is trying to be so ubiquitous, nestling for a while in the canyon, where Arthur Kunze selected the site, and fluttering lightly over to Ramsey's wash as soon as Charly Schwab pointed his finger in that direction, and then for an indeterminate period hovering in mid-air, reluctant and hesitant as to the proper perch, many men and many factors are busily engaged in solving the destinies of the town. The outside world wonders and some of the people who came early to make Greenwater their home won-

der why this blithesome town does not settle somewhere and stay settled. It would seem where land is so plentiful, where areas are large enough for a kingdom, it surely must be an easy matter to find a suitable place for a town, but these are the conclusions of the unknowing, the uninitiated, those not familiar with the necessities and pecuniary interests that are involved in the building of a mining town.

Greenwater will be a large city. The men who are staking their money against the prospects of the copper mines in the Funeral range near Greenwater believe that in a few years the district will have a city as large as Butte, Montana. They are certain that Greenwater will be larger than any city in Nevada. They are planning for a city of many thousands instead of hundreds of inhabitants, and because of this they are reckoning with the conditions which the desolate mountains here present. The city must be near the mines which are being developed, but it must be so located that there is plenty of room for expansion. As a rule, mining camps, which later grow into small cities, are located in canyons, gulches, a mountain wash, or wherever the ore-bearing lodes happen to lie. Such towns have rarely room enough to expand into a city of any size. They do not need it, but the men who are building Greenwater have different plans. Their plans are for a city, and the confusion in the townsite has resulted from the different appreciation which various men have formed of the possibilities of the copper district.

The first and original location for a townsite was made by Arthur Kunze in the wash near the crest of the range and adjoining the mining claims which were purchased by Charles Schwab and his followers. As a mining camp this location was ideal. It was near the best properties, near the largest deposits of ore and sufficiently elevated

to secure the coolest climate during the hot summer months. Those interested with Kunze in this townsite and in the copper properties there abided by this selection for a townsite, all except Harry Ramsey, whose one ambition in life has been to have a mining town bearing his name. Ramsey purchased early the interests of Frank McAllister, one of the original locators of the Greenwater district, and located a townsite in the flat three miles below Greenwater proper. But his choice, despite the natural characteristics in its favor, found little favor from those entering the district until the railroad builders and the owners of the Schwab mine appeared at Greenwater. Schwab and Brock of the Greenwater Death Valley Copper Company quickly concluded that the city of Greenwater would be located more to the interest of their mine if at Ramsey, safely beyond the borders of their property, than at the location where they found it and where the city limits formed the railing for several of their shafts. Brock had learned at Tonopah that it is an expensive thing to have a city built on top of a company's mineral claims. He had no taste for a repetition of such conditions at Greenwater.

The railroad men, J. Ross Clark and Brock, during this same visit, concluded that it would be cheaper by several million dollars to build to Ramsey instead of climbing the grade to Greenwater, near the top of the range. Once these men concluded that Ramsey was a more desirable place for the city of Greenwater than the wash where Kunze had selected the townsite events happened quickly. John Salsberry, J. V. Stewart and Wallace and Nash were approached for a consolidation of towns. Kunze had sold his interests and the thing was done. It needed only the skillful efforts of John Salsberry to break as gently as possible the news to the inhabitants of Greenwater that they must take their houses and goods and

with them wander over the hills to Ramsey. This accomplished and the game was on. In a day Greenwater changed its altitude, pointed its streets in a new direction and continued merrily on its course to renown.



**Tom Lawson
Is Coming**

Tom Lawson is coming to Greenwater. The Chuck-Walla has this gladsome information straight from Lawson's latest novel, and those who have been wondering why the Copper King and literary genius from Boston has been so tardy in visiting the new land of copper need perturb themselves no more. We are told that he has his men on the Amargosa desert even now building a road to Greenwater, over which he can run his automo. It's a cinch that Tom is a game sport and has all other copper kings backed up against the Funeral range. When Tom makes his entry in Greenwater it will be a gala day for every lizard from Amargosa to Death Valley, for the most versatile of copper kings will come like a real king. His automo will be emblazoned with a coat of arms, while from every tent saloon along the way will dangle a piece of gaudy bunting. We hope when Tom crosses the Amargosa desert for the first time his trip will not be marred by some fickle freak of Death Valley weather, for the Chuck-Walla is hoping for much good from this visit and is therefore solicitous that Tom's impressions of this land be of the best.

The Chuck-Walla has learned another good piece of news about Tom. He has acquired, we are told on the low down, a controlling interest in the Saratoga mine and in the Red Boy group. This is good news. We don't know of anyone that we would rather see in control of these

properties, and since Tom could not get to Greenwater in time to get in on the ground floor for some of the good things picked up by Charles Schwab, Patsy Clark or August Heinze, it is nevertheless reassuring to learn that he got in as well as he did. We presume he might have done better had he been as impetuous as these copper pals of his; had he been less dignified and taken less trouble and time in building his own road. Had he been content to do like Schwab and ride over the stones and chuck-holes through Death Valley, there is no doubt at all that the man from Boston would have skimmed a little of the cream from Greenwater with the best of them, but it's every man to his taste and Tom wanted his own road to Greenwater before he attempted to reach that pearl of the desert. And now the ladies from Bullfrog to China Ranch are wondering whether Tom will be decorated with one of his famous carnations or wear in his belt a papiere machete scalp of the Standard oil bunch.



**Judge Ray's
Pipe Dream**

In a big land big things are undertaken by big men. If you don't believe this, ask Judge L. O. Ray. If you can't or won't believe him, wait until his pipe line from Ash Meadows to Greenwater is completed and Greenwater, the driest place on earth, shall have an up-to-date water supply system. This is no pipe dream. The Judge has lived on the deserts of Nevada until he has acquired the sense of dryness, a sense that ordinary mortals know nothing of, but in the desert this sense guides men to water. It was this sense that guided the Judge to Ash Meadows, from where he will draw the water supply for Greenwater. He owns the ranch from

where this supply will flow, and he is backed in the piping project by men with unlimited capital. It's a pipe dream that is going through.

But it's a big undertaking, this piping of water from Ash Meadows to Greenwater. The distance is fifty miles. To accomplish the task the water from the level of the Amargosa river will be pumped into a reservoir near the top of Skeleton peak in the first range of the Funeral mountains. This peak towers high above the highest point in the copper district, and from this reservoir the water will have a sufficient pressure to carry a tremendous stream across the intervening desert and over the lower range of mountains that lie east of Greenwater. It may take years to do this work. It will be an engineering feat to lay this pipe line, but, too, will it be for all time a memorial to the men that promote this scheme, whose confidence in the new copper find at Greenwater is sufficient to induce them to part with more money than it would take to develop the largest mine in the district. It is such confidence as Judge Ray and his confreres exhibit in the building of this pipe line that is making a land of wealth of these desert plains and mountains.



**The
Truth
That's All**

One thing the Chuck-Walla wants distinctly understood. It is going to give the straight dope on mines and mining properties throughout Nevada and California. It will publish and keep a list of the wild-cats. Position on this list cannot be purchased for money. It will deal with the properties throughout the country, taking them one by one and giving the truth about their value, their prospects and their promoters. This is on the level. You can buy advertising space, but you can't buy the Chuck-Walla, so if you don't want the

truth known keep it down. These write-ups are to be a feature of the magazine, and when one appears you may know that it contains the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so far as it can be obtained.

In Greenwater the truth is for the most part good, and only a few of the speculators would be unwilling to have their properties or their plans exposed. There is copper ore of the highest grade to be found in quantities in many parts of the district. Much of it has already been found, and the shafts are sinking every day. Such men as Charles Schwab, W. A. Clark, Patsy Clark, August Heinze, Tom Lawson, and the Standard Oil magnates are not traveling across the desert for pleasure, and when they enter a region and put their money into a mine, they do so only after close consideration. Whatever may be the attitude of the public toward such men, it is generally conceded that they know their business, and when they have their money in a proposition it is pretty apt to be a successful one. These men have invested in Greenwater properties; in fact, are the largest owners, and already they are sinking shafts, building railroads and expending hundreds of thousands of dollars in the district. All this, and more, they expect to get back from the mines of Greenwater, which they are opening at such great expense. So much for the resources of Greenwater. You have the expert opinion of these kings of the mining world that Greenwater is what it says it is, and their opinion is backed by their millions.

Schwab has purchased the largest interest in the Greenwater-Death Valley Copper Mining Company, the company with the richest and largest holdings yet discovered. Five shafts have already been started on their properties in Greenwater. Nearly one hundred men are already employed on these properties, and five gasoline hoists with necessary machinery and appli-

ances have been installed. All this is being done at tremendous expense, as the mines are at present fifty miles across the desert from the nearest railroad station, and wages and living expenses for the men are at fabulous heights. A little thought will convince the most skeptical that all this means that there is something doing here.

Patsy Clark of the Furnace Creek Copper Company has one shaft down more than 300 feet, and others on his property well under way. The Saratoga and Red Boy groups, in which Tom Lawson is interested, are spending money and forcing the development as rapidly as men and machinery will allow. The South-Greenwater Company is sinking shafts and sparing no money or effort in the development of their properties. Henry Knight has shafts down on his holdings and is employing a large gang of men and purchasing expensive machinery. Other companies, too numerous to mention, and other capitalists, who have been noted for their keenness and discernment, are placing their money and their energy into the Greenwater mines, and already results are showing. All this has weight, and shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that there is something good doing at Greenwater.

There is also something not so good. In every new mining district and mining camp there are wildcat promoters who retard the game, steal money for themselves, lose it for their investors, and give a general setback to the interests of the community. Greenwater has these. They have not as yet made themselves conspicuous, as there has been no opportunity. It's a cinch, however, that there are properties staked out in the Greenwater district which are as worthless as the stone monuments used to mark them. Relying on the reputation which the real Greenwater has obtained through right, speculators and prospectors have staked the Funeral range for fifty miles

north and south of Greenwater. Some of these claims are good. If that were a possibility, the gold and diamonds of the universe could not buy the Greenwater copper. Think of a mine 100 miles long by fifty miles wide, and as deep as the earth. Of course it is impossible. In it, however, lies the opportunity of the wildcat promoter. Relying on the reputation of the mines already opened and the name of the district, he may form the wildcat company to fleece the public by getting money to develop a worthless sand heap. Such wildcat promoters are sure to come. They hang about every mining camp as buzzards about a carrion, living on what is cast off by others, and despoiling that which they cannot obtain. In the wide canyons and great peaks of the Funeral mountains is deposited many millions of dollars in copper ore. This will be mined and contribute to the good of the community. The sand heaps will be promoted by wildcat men to the hindrance of the others.

Don't believe everything you hear about Greenwater. Some of it is true and some of it is not. One thing is certain. There is enough that's good to pay for your investigation. This has already been proved.



**Seeking
The
Mother Lode**

The Mohawk of Greenwater is a name that local mining men are using when they speak of a series of gigantic Andesite dykes that have a beginning in the two Gold Crown claims belonging to the Schwab mine and extending in a southeasterly direction. These dykes cut through the Red Boy claims, the Saratoga claims and the property of the Greenwater Copper Mining Company. Across a flat two miles wide these great

dykes reappear again on the property of the Greenwater Consolidated, owned by the Schwab interests.

In the flat between these Andesite dykes is lying what is believed to be the treasure chest of the Funeral range. Here diamond drills have been set to work by the Greenwater Brokerage Company, and the search for the Mo-hawk of Greenwater has been commenced. Local mining men, men who know the copper deposits in the Funeral range like a book, have taken an interest in this search for the mother lode. That there is such a lode of copper ore in the Funeral range is the firm belief of every prospector, and from indication it would appear that these Andesite dykes mark the course which it follows. If this be so the proper place to look for it is in this flat, and if it exists the men who are now looking for it will be sure to disclose it. They have nerve, they have capital and they employ brains in the use of both.



**The
Town of
Furnace**

The vast extent of the copper deposits in the Funeral range has produced a strange condition of affairs, out of which is growing the town of Furnace, a sister city to Greenwater, and located four miles to the north.

The new city is justified in its existence and, with that justification behind it, is going merrily along, building stores, restaurants, hotels and business houses, grading streets and doing such a business as any other thriving mining camp with a future before it. The justification and underlying reason for such a condition of affairs is primarily the vastness of the copper deposits of the Greenwater district.

Trolley cars and five-cent fares are not yet a part of the

desert attractions, and miners cannot walk the weary miles from town to shaft and home again each day. The copper of the Greenwater district is scattered for many miles, and the men whose interests are centered therein are employed throughout the same wide territory. It is imperative that they should be within reasonable distance of their points of business interest. With an appreciation of this fact the town of Furnace was started and is already giving evidence of the good judgment of its promoters by booming along at a rate which satisfies the most urgent. The great Patsy Clark properties, among the finest in the Greenwater district, are the basis for the town. The many other companies whose valuable holdings are in the same vicinity are adding to the stability and strength of the new city. The vast deposits which are now known on the Death Valley side hold out a still greater promise for its future, for it is to Furnace that these owners will look for headquarters.

Properties equal to any in the district surround the town. Prospects of even greater promise border it, and a wider reach of territory still will be dependent upon its aid and will pay a fitting recompense in business and support. Some wonderful discoveries have recently been made on the Death Valley slope from five to ten miles northwest of Furnace, and to gain the advantages of connection with this territory the townsite company is planning a road at a cost of thousands of dollars to lead into Death Valley and tap the mining properties, thus concentrating the business of that district at Furnace.

A postoffice has been applied for, and the postal department has requested full information as to routes and population, preparatory to granting the application. Stage lines from Amargosa and the end of the Borax Smith road are connecting with the town daily.

Furnace is a town without a doubt. It is a town to

be reckoned with in the development of the district. It has good men and good companies behind it, and contributing to its support. Many of these are already working. Among them are Furnace Creek Copper Co., Furnace Creek Extension Co., Furnace Creek South Extension Co., Montana-Furnace Creek Co., Copper Oxide Co., Copper Sulphide Co., Clark Copper Co., Kempland Copper Co., Furnace Valley Co., Greenwater-Calumet Co., Butte-Furnace Range and a number of others.



**Squatters
At
Greenwater**

The squatter in a mining camp is about as welcome as a flea in Milady's chamber. In Goldfield the squatter has earned a reputation. In Bullfrog and Rhyolite this peculiar composition of nerve and callous found temporary fame. Now he has come to Greenwater, the city of many sites, the town on wheels—Greenwater, the restless virgin of the Funeral range. The first specimens of this parasite appeared in the copper city on Sunday, December 16, and he abides still much to the disquietude of those holding vacant town lots and to the disgust of the Townsite Company.

In Goldfield the squatter claimed an excuse for taking lots that had been purchased by others on the ground that the titles were not valid. In that case he argued that someone else would claim the lot if he did not. He reasoned facetiously that the lots were sure to be stolen and therefore he was the proper person to do this little distasteful duty. In this he was, in a measure, upheld by the courts of the state of Nevada, so what the 'ell was anyone else going to do. If a man had a lot he was compelled to

put a padlock on it, fence it 'round with barbed wire or keep a chained bull pup where the intruder was likely to step.

In Greenwater the squatter has been lured by the restlessness of the town and its propensity to move. When it was finally decided by the powers that the town should be on the Ramsey site instead of the Kunze site, it necessitated the approval of the new Board of County Commissioners that meets at Independence in the middle of January. In the meantime the title of the lots which the townsite company had ordered surveyed and staked out were in statu quo. No one owned them. The townsite company claimed them but would not sell because no deeds could be given with the sale. In this state of affairs the squatters saw their opportunity.

One fine Sunday afternoon, while the townsite people were quietly planning their plans and counting their gains which would accrue from the sale of lots in the new Greenwater, two men with a burro sauntered along the main street of the town until they came to a choice corner in the heart of the business section. This corner was held at a fancy figure. It was bid for at sums ranging from \$2,000 to \$3,000, but this was all Greek to the two men with the burro. The corner looked good to the men, and even the burro evinced some intelligence by stopping of his own volition and nibbling the greasewood. On his back was a grub outfit and a tent. The men took a calm survey of the street ahead of them and of the part which they had already left behind. There seemed apparent no reason why they should go any further or drive their animal another step. There was no such reason. The lot on which they had inadvertently stopped was as good a one as they were likely to find. Without any particular show of interest or concern, they forthwith unpacked the burro and began to pitch their tent.

Squatters have an abundance of stubbornness in their makeup. It's one of the characteristics of their stock in trade. Dr. H. G. Ford, townsite agent, and H. B. Gee, cashier of the bank, paid the two men a call before the tent was well up, and there followed a colloquy which resulted in nothing of interest. The squatters stayed. They announced that they would stay until some court of the great state of California ordered them to move.

Courts are a slow medium for redress, and the squatters' game is extremely harmful to a community like Greenwater. People who come with money to invest in real estate become frightened. A squatter is not particular whose lot he takes. Any vacant lot is likely to become his spoil. All this makes it evident that some other remedy must be found, and the remedy must come through the people in whose community the crime is being committed. Being parasites, squatters should be treated as such. The best way is to remove them gently from their usurped lot and send them from the town. It's the only way that real estate can be made secure from their molestations.



**Treeing a
Wildcat
Outfit**

The apprehension and arrest of Dr. J. Grant Lyman, the wildcat mining promoter and alleged confidence man, whose little game with Boston-Greenwater stock has done the Nevada mining companies more harm than any other one man's dirty work, seems now to be about to revert to the good of the honest and boni fide propositions throughout the state. Let the good work go on. The grafters and confidence men are not wanted, and the sooner they can be decorated with stripes and placed with the other felons in the state "pen," the

better it will be for all concerned. Dr. Lyman may be thankful that he got into the clutches of the law and not into the hands of some irate citizen with a gun and a sense of justice stronger than his regard for his future. The residents and business men of the mining district owe the dear doctor something which should be handed to him hot from the platter. It is such dirty work as that in which he was mixed that makes the honest men work double time in clearing up the mess left behind and getting things into running order again.

The dear "doctor" put on his long boots, splashed around in a few prospect holes, and having gotten himself properly covered with mud and such, went to the good people of Boston and told them of his wonderful mine in Nevada. The "doctor" is a good talker. He could talk until Hell freezes over if you gave him the opportunity. With this ability, and a little real Nevada mud which had stuck to him to give his remarks weight, he managed to pan off about \$300,000 worth of worthless stocks on the credulous citizens of Boston. The Union Securities Company of Nevada was formed for the purpose of backing the game, or was drawn into it through the efforts of the wily "doctor," and together they did business and the Boston public at the same time until someone got next.

The "doctor" got next at the same time and disappeared from his haunts in Goldfield, leaving "for parts unknown." The Boston public, realizing that all its culture had not made it immune, and that it had been "gold-bricked," as any village hoosier might be, was furious. Officers of the law started out to make the "doctor's" acquaintance, and after following him around the country, finally succeeded in introducing themselves after much protest on the part of the learned physician. They may have been rude, but the "doctor's" reception was cold and

probably justified their attitude. Now he is "pinched" and awaiting the outcome of his game. Boston people are somewhat pacified but still indignant and nursing a wound to their pride which will not heal. Mining people are joyous, and the "doctor's" condition cannot be described. He is up against it. The Union Securities Company of Nevada has been "balled out," and properly classified.

The damage which such a fiasco does throughout a growing mining region is great. The only way to prevent the recurrence of such a tangle is to punish the offender. It is now up to the people to see that this is done.

When a wildcat promoter, a crook, a liar and a thief gets busy in a community he can always do some business. When he advertises this business throughout the United States as Dr. J. Grant Lyman did, it attracts some attention, and when it becomes known for the robbery it is, the whole community gets a black eye. When Boston people or others who were taken in with the bottomless Boston-Greenwater stock get wise to the bunco they are rightfully sore and naturally distrustful of any other companies. It makes it doubly hard to interest them in the legitimate properties, and so works a hardship on the whole community. It takes time for the honest men to counteract the dirty work of the crooks, and the best way to avoid this necessity is to give the crooks short shrift. Run them out of town. Give them Hell. Clear the country of such carrion and avoid trouble in the future. Dr. J. Grant Lyman has been caught red-handed. Give him what is coming to him, and there will be less similar trouble in the future.



What a man wants brings him to the desert. What he finds keeps him there.

The
Furnace
Cemetery

The Furnace Creek Cemetery on the brink of Death Valley in the Funeral mountains. Is it not an inviting name? Would it not pay any prospector to tramp a hundred weary miles across the burning desert and at last to die of heat and thirst, digging madly in the parched sands for the water unattainable, just to be buried in a place so appropriate? If any may think the end inviting they may now put it down in their category of the possible for at last a resting place has been selected among the countless unmarked graves of the Funeral range.

The cool shade and tranquil beauty of Cypress Lawn or Evergreen is not for the denizen of the desert. Sagebrush and greasewood, sand and ledges mark the "long home" of the dying prospector. But even so, is it not best? The man of the desert loves his desert home, and even in death the love of a lifetime is not to be disregarded. For decades the wealth of the desert has been sought by wanderers, hundreds of whom went to their great accounting, unwatched, unattended and unknown, victims of the desert, which they thought to rob of her riches, but which, even so, they loved. These hundreds lie unknown and forgotten in the great reaches of the Funeral mountains and the glaring wastes of the terrible Death Valley.

No news returns to their friends, and year by year the loved ones wait until anxiety darkens into despair and all is accounted over. All this is the tragedy of the desert life, the Funeral mountains and the Valley of Death. It may continue, but with the coming of man there is to be a caring for of those who have gone, a last touch of a friend, a last rite to show that the man was a man, and so to be treated even in death. The desert was his home.

The desert claimed him in death, and in the desert which he loved he may still lie, but now with the sign above and around him that he was a man. The Furnace Creek Cemetery on the brink of Death Valley in the Funeral mountains. After all, is it not the best?



If you think the Chuck-Walla is a joke, don't tell the editor. He may think you are serious.



History on the desert is what will never be. Everyone is too busy making it to be able to record.



You will be glad to get to Hell if the road there is as unpleasant as some you have traveled on earth.



If you are forced to do business with your relatives, marry them. Then they can't testify against you.



Everything in this maglet is true. If it is not true now it will be sometime, or it has been in the past.



If a fire should start in Greenwater it's a query with the Chuck-Walla whether it would be cheaper to put it out with water worth two-bits per gallon or to let it burn the lumber that cost \$140 per thousand?

Come To Greenwater

The Coming Metropolis of the Western Desert

Greenwater is the supply center for the largest copper district ever discovered. This town of the Funeral Mountains will be a flourishing city in a few months. It holds for the **Investor**, the **Speculator** or the **Homeseeker** the greatest opportunities ever offered by a mining town. In six months it has grown to be a town of 2,000 inhabitants. Real estate values on town lots are jumping upwards each day. **Your Opportunity** to get in right on some good city lots is now. Tomorrow their values may be doubled and the chance to buy them gone. ✻ ✻ ✻ ✻



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To Brokers!

We have a proposal to submit to a list of selected brokers in the principal Cities of the United States and Canada. It is made with the view to securing representation for several of the principal copper properties of the Greenwater District. *Immediate correspondence is invited from established brokerage houses located in the leading financial centers and possessing a high-class clientele.* * *

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Was the first established newspaper at Greenwater. It gives all the news in a truthful, reliable manner about the **Great Copper District** in the **Federal Mountains**. **SUBSCRIPTION RATES:** One year, \$5.00; six months, \$3.00; three months, \$2.00. Single copy, 10 cents.

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Wallace Corbett, the noted Mining Man from Butte, Montana, says this about the property, in the Rhyolite Herald:

"I visited most of the leading properties at Greenwater, including the Greenwater & Death Valley, Patsy Clark, Furnace Creek, Hank Knight, United Greenwater, Elko and Butte & Greenwater, and all of them look good. The surface showings are as big as I have ever seen anywhere in my travels; they are enormous. And, as far as surface indications are concerned, I consider that the Butte & Greenwater property has just as good a chance to make a big mine as any of them, and I think with development we will be able to show just as good results. We have added another claim to the holdings, having just purchased adjoining ground, which materially strengthens the group.

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The Death Valley Chuck-Walla is entertaining as well as valuable. It appears every two weeks. Single copies cost ten cents. For one year the subscription price is \$1.50. Fill out the form below and send it with \$1.50 to **The Chuck-Walla Company, Greenwater, Inyo County, California.** ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪ ♪

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