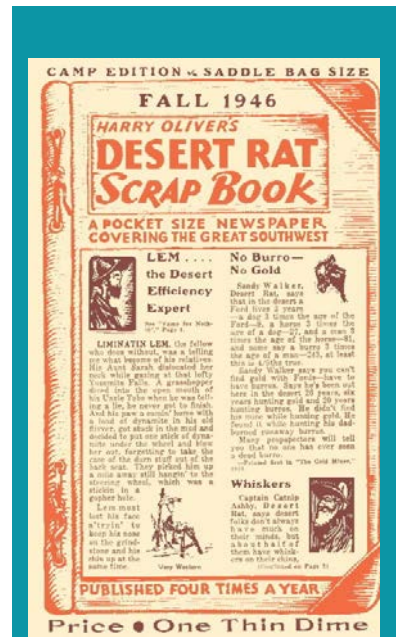
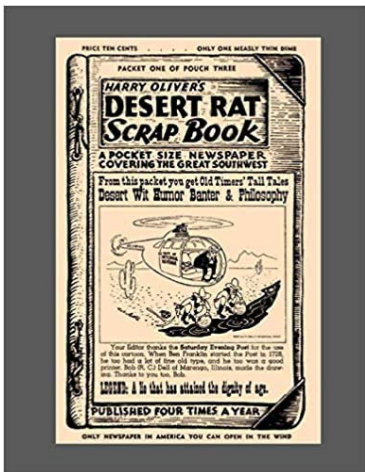


# Tinkertown Gazette



A Shout Out to keep in touch with our Tinkertown Fans from here, there and everywhere

In 1946 Harry Oliver launched his *Desert Rat Scrapbook*; A Pocket Size Newspaper Covering the Great Southwest. Harry made his own art, wrote his own stories and claimed you could open his newspaper in the wind because it was printed on a single sheet of paper, folded in such a way as to create 5 pages. He published this paper 4 times a year until 1967. Here is our attempt from Tinkertown Press to keep Harry's tradition alive. It's wind resistant, too!





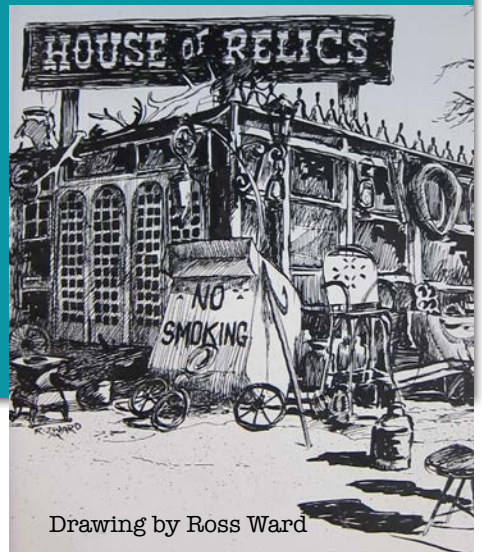
**Cactus Man; 1977**  
**Linoleum block print by**  
**Ross Ward**

**A composite of the curious collectors and the prickly outsiders who found solace and sustenance in the desert, Cactus Man is a tribute to the creative minds and wild hearts of the Southwest desert: Don Pablo, Calvin Black, Death Valley Scotty and Seldom Seen Slim. All gone, but not forgotten.**

Don Pablo was Ross's mentor in the Arizona desert. He bought 146 acres on far north Scottsdale Road in the 1940s. He built his *House of Relics* and spent his life combing the Southwest for antiques, pottery and jewelry. After his death in 1973, his collection was auctioned off and the property sold. It was all swallowed up by housing developments and golf courses as Scottsdale grew further into the desert.



Etching plate of Don Pablo and Ross by Ross Ward



Drawing by Ross Ward

For our first issue, one of our favorite staff members, Mandy Gardner, contributes her reason for applying to work at Tinkertown.

We want YOUR story...go to the [contact page](#) on the Tinkertown website and get in touch!

### My PhD Was Useless at the Cash Register

Call me crazy but all I ever really wanted out of life was to work a cash register, to be on the other side of the counter, taking rather than giving. I got my chance when I was hired to work at Tinkertown. I was actually going to get paid to sit behind the cash register, to hear the sweet song of the cash register drawer popping open all day long and place the ones, fives, tens and twenties into their appointed slots. I was in heaven.

I sat on the high stool behind the cash register behind the wooden counter that Ross had built. I heard the customers clomp down the stone pathway exclaiming as they went, a short pause as they read the admission fee - \$3 adults, \$2.50 geezers, \$1 kids aged 4 to 16, kids under 4 free. I greeted them in a friendly-like manner because who is not happy when they're at Tinkertown and gave them a free quarter from the bucket of quarters. "Do you want to buy more?" I asked. "You'll be glad you did."

I sat back down on the stool and listened to the gate creak open and shut, I heard *Rusty Wyer and the Turquoise Trail Riders* band powered with Carla's old washing-machine motor belt out "Back in the Saddle Again" (did Ross even ask Carla if he could use that motor?). More exclaiming and off the visitors went into the 8th Wonder of the World, eventually circling back to the gift shop (which, let's face it, is almost as good as the museum) and my beloved cash register. More often than not, they bought stuff. Maybe they grabbed some impulse items from the counter—little tin Milagros, tiny pink plastic nude babies for . . . anyone's guess, a postcard with instructions for building a bottle wall and candy sticks (people loved root beer). I rang them up on the little cash register, nestled into its place between Ross's carvings, had them sign the receipt and sent them on their merry way to the art car and the ghost town outside until . . .

One Sunday, I rang up a man's purchase as \$00.01, running the card before I knew what had happened (I can vouch that Fritz's book is worth way more than that). I tried to cancel the transaction but it didn't work no matter how many times I swiped that AmEx card. Finally, the man gave me his credit card number so I could just call it in on Monday. I recorded in red ink on the steno pad (credit card purchases were always in RED) that I had charged a man one cent for a book. I confessed to Carla and the credit card went through the next day. I didn't get fired and I lived to see the cash register another day. *Mandy Gardner*

No one fed Esmeralda quarters during the pandemic, but she gave predicted a good future: many happy reunions with visitors who flock to Tinkertown every day.



The hummingbirds must have heard Esmeralda's prediction as well.

