



In Search of Eldorado

Day 43

Saturday

February 16th

Phoenix, AZ

To

Nogales, AZ

Weather

50's and Sunny



Hello to Family & Friends

Up 'n at 'em as my mom used to say. I spent most of the morning creating the newsletter you received today with the Bob Seger concert photos. Thanks again ladies.

I closed up the RV and headed south, through Tucson, towards Amado where I had lunch at the Longhorn Grill. Well, not actually in the restaurant but in the parking lot.

According to Roadside America – 'It was built in the 1970's by "a fellah from California." according to 'Al' at the restaurant. Lots of people around Amado incorrectly take credit for building the skull. In fact the skull was built by Michael Kautza from Tucson, who also built the Brave Black Bull (which I did not photograph) and the giant Tiki Head (which I did). The skull's horns reach 30 feet high. The building behind the skull has hosted several businesses over the years, from a roofing company to a clothing store, each convinced that customers would want to enter through the nose of a giant skull.

The Longhorn Grill is across the street from the Cow Palace Restaurant, a renowned steakhouse and watering hole for meandering Hollywood stars in the 1930's. Framed on the walls are photos of the likes of John Wayne, Douglas Fairbanks and Mae West, alongside mounted heads of wildlife.

The Longhorn Grill closed in July of 2012.'

I can add an update as the place appeared to be in the process of remodel when I stopped by. If I had checked ahead of time I would have stopped in at the Cow Palace, just to take a look. I almost did anyways.

Eldorado

By Edgar Allen Poe

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow—
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'



It's a little hard to see, but there's a sculpture of a cowboy herding longhorns along the top of the wall.



My next stop was a town called Tubac. A very artsy-craftsy community, with a whole bunch of little shops and art galleries.



These doors were great. I'm not sure if they are original and refinished, or if they are made to order.

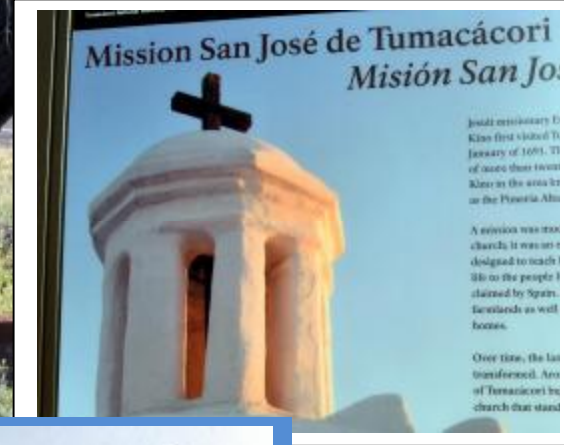
I am not sure how they infused that turquoise into the wood because it's smooth to the touch, but you can see it in the chair backs above also. The table is almost 10 feet long.



A turquoise Hudson



One of the half dozen streets of Tubac lined with shops and galleries.
There is another Presidio here also, but I think the one in Tucson was good enough.



Just down the road is another mission founded by my favorite Spanish Padre. That's right, Father Kino. I arrived 15 minutes before closing time so it was a quick walk-through and I didn't get to see everything, but here it is.

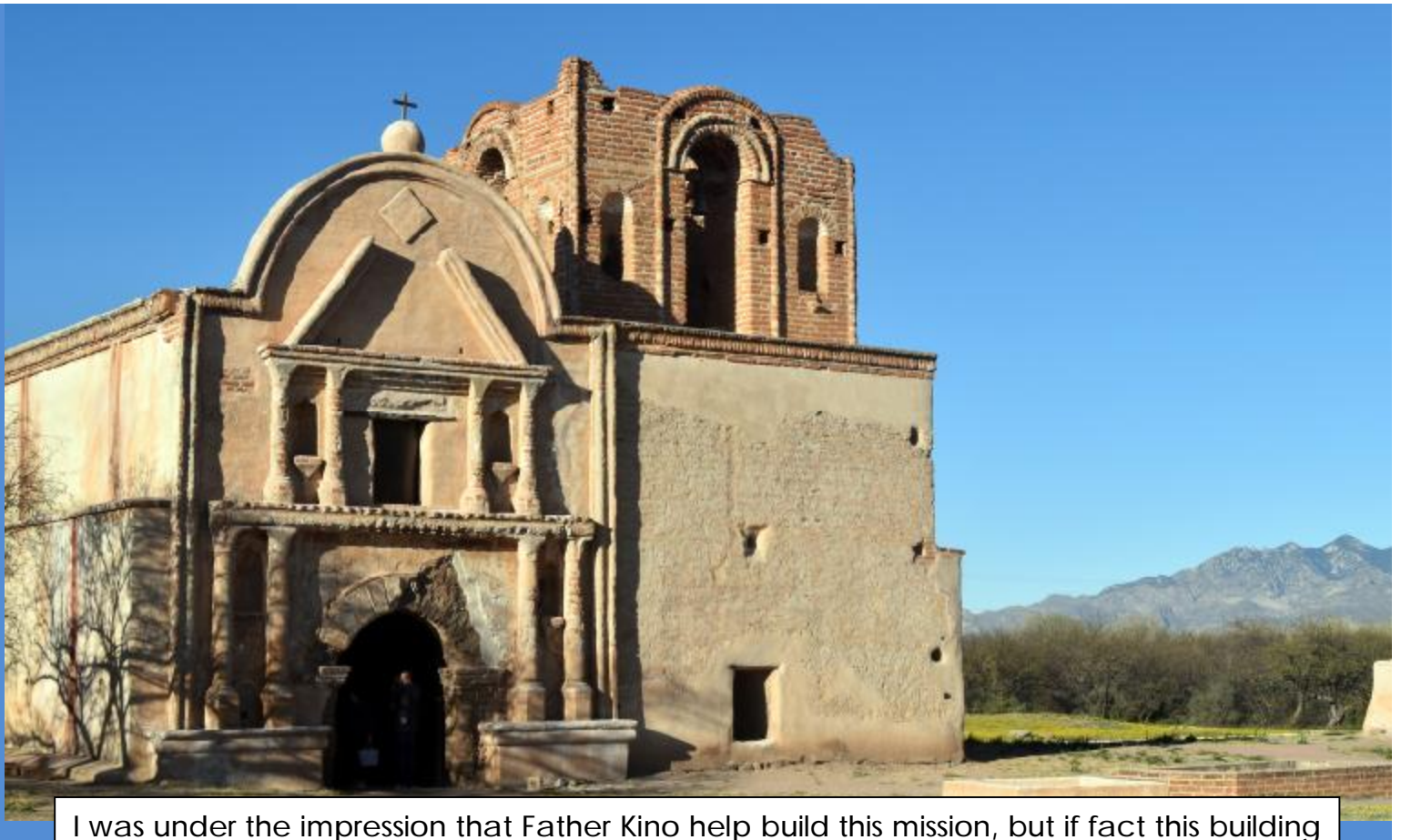
Jesuit missionary Eusebio Francisco Kino first visited Tumacacori in January of 1691. The mission was one of more than twenty established by Kino in the area known by the Spanish as the Pimeria Alta.

A mission was much more than a church; it was an entire community designed to teach European ways of life to the people living on lands claimed by Spain. Missions included farmlands as well as workshops and homes.

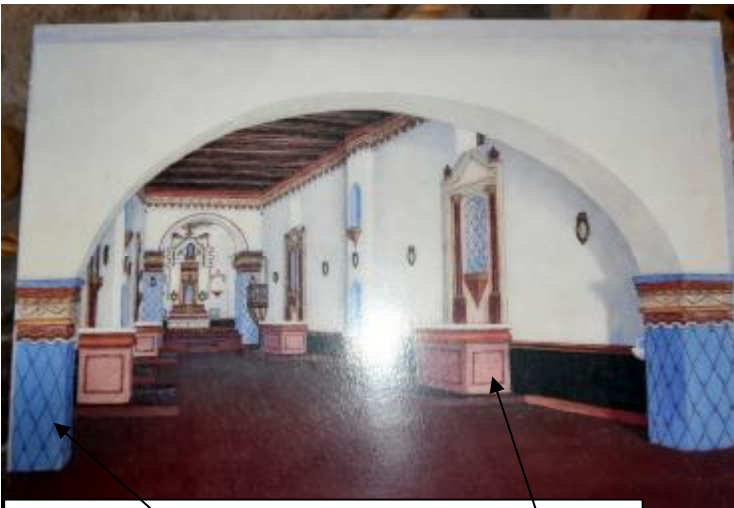


FATHER KINO

Father Eusebio Francisco Kino (1645–1711), Jesuit missionary priest, was the first European to visit the village of Tumacacori (January 1691). Later, he established the Mission of Tumacacori.



I was under the impression that Father Kino help build this mission, but if fact this building was started in 1800, but poverty and the Mexican War slowed the process, then all Spanish-born residents were forced to leave 1828. The church was never actually completed. There is supposed to be a dome over the bell tower in the upper right.

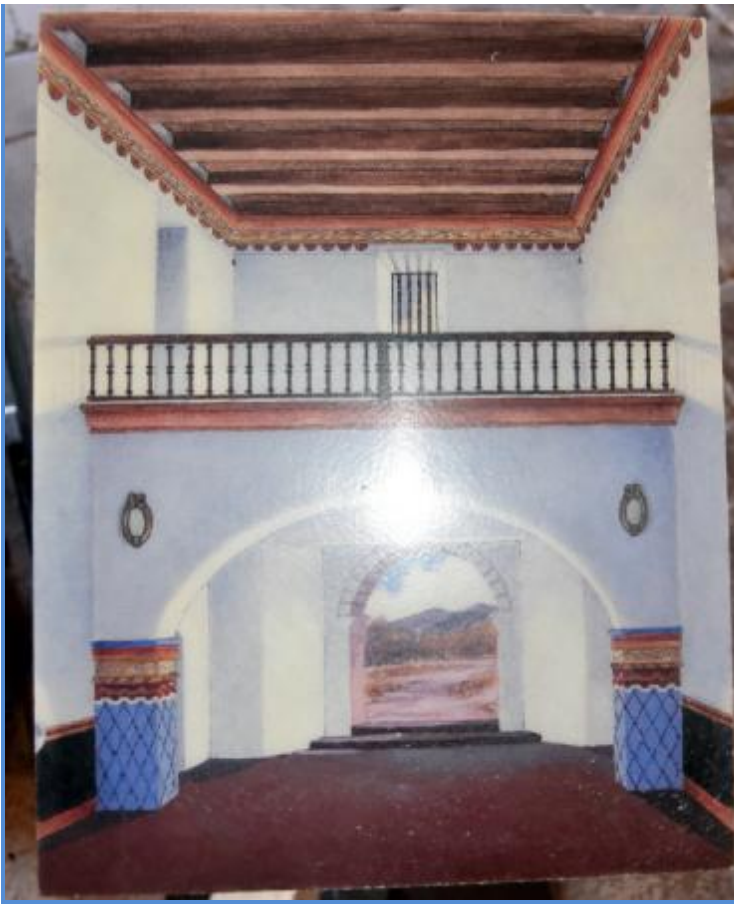


What it may have looked like in 1828. Note the column with the lower portion painted blue, and the red painted squares along the walls. (sorry for the flash)

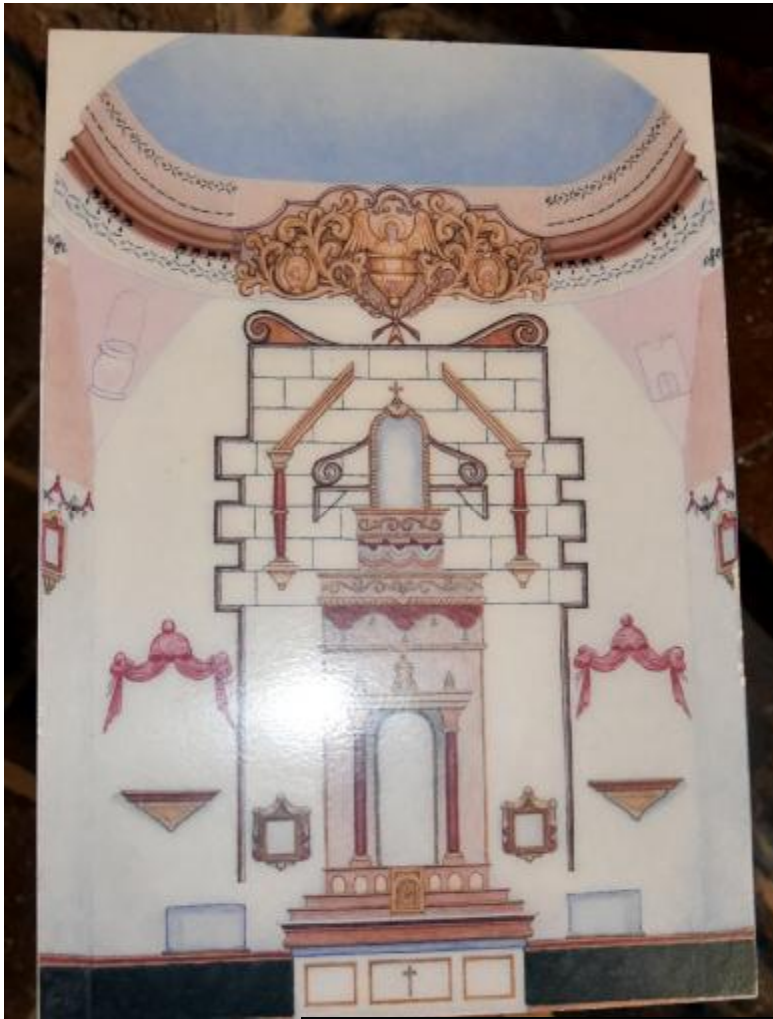


What it looks like today.

The blue column from the left would be here; and the red boxes here.



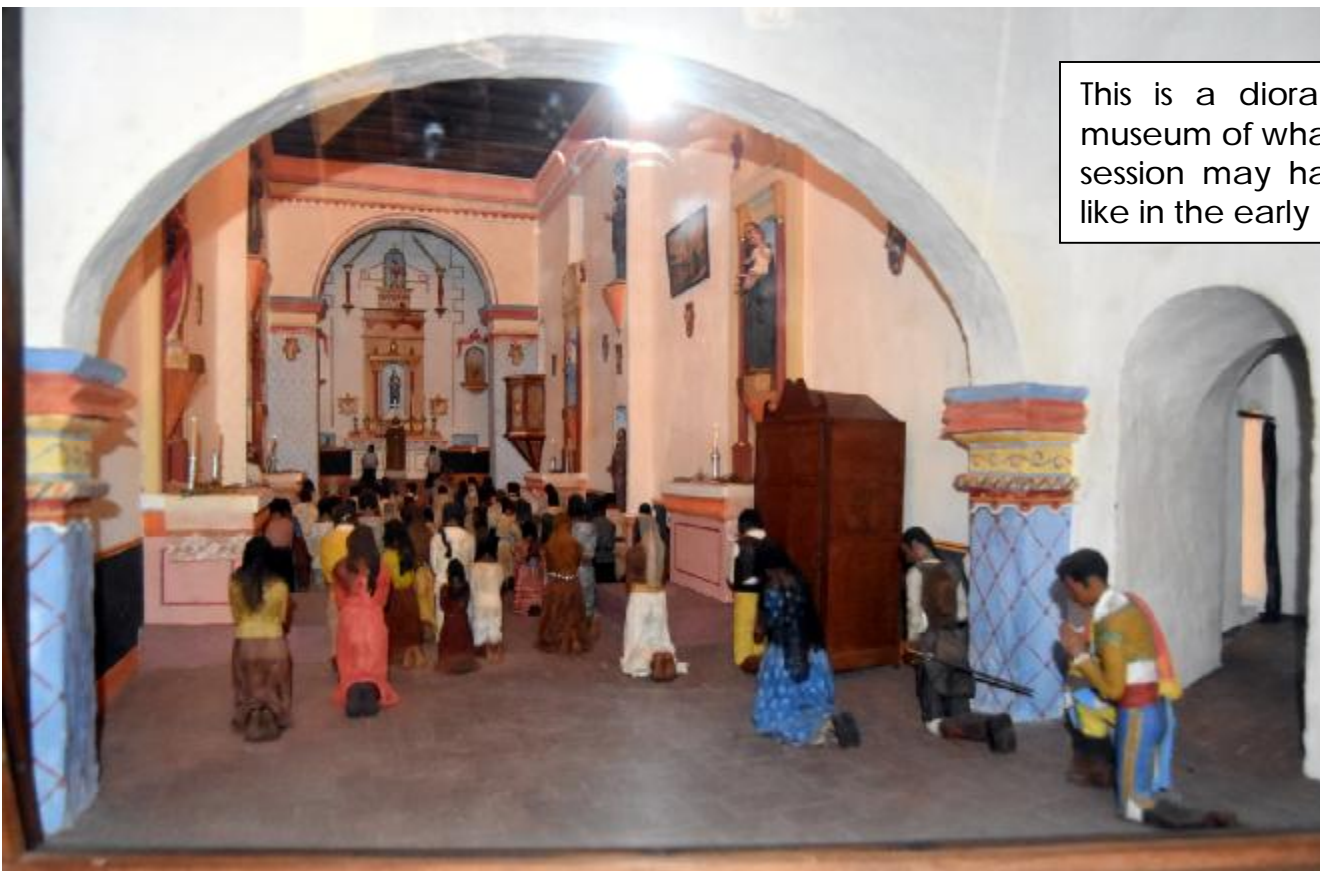
Looking back and up is the choir loft, in 1828 and today.



The Sacristy in 1828 and today



A building foundation, and what a similar building may have looked like



This is a diorama in the museum of what a mass in session may have looked like in the early 1800's.



A windshield shot of how houses are built up the hillsides in Nogales, AZ



And so the day ends, with a beautiful sunset over the Walmart parking lot.

I had a little trouble getting to sleep last night, I was pumped up from the concert.

I waxed nostalgic when I left Phoenix this morning, and listened to Bob Seger songs on my phone's music list. Some of them three times, instead of the audio book I was listening to. I also grew a little melancholy. It kind of seemed my reason for this trip was to be here for the concert, and I felt a little bit of a letdown after re-listening to the music, as in, do I really feel the need to go on? But I bucked up, checked Roadside America for my next stop and planned away.

I am a little disappointed in the weather. I am four miles from the Mexican border and the temperature will be 32 tonight. I thought it was warm down here? And that west wind was extra cold today. Maybe 54 tomorrow but I am heading up into the mountains so it will probably be even colder.

It is what it is.

Until next time.....