NEVADA

MAGAZINE

No. 1, 1977 $1.00

SPECIAL FOR THE WINTER SPORT

NEVADA'S BEST PHOTOGRAPHERS

Refreshing new views of the state

THE ELUSIVE BONANZA

Chasing the ghosts from Rochester

INSIDER'S TOURS:
LAKE TAHOE and RED ROCK CANYON

The One and Only...

Amiel Industries AI-9400 Heavy Duty Automatic Coin Counter and Wrapper.

The most modern, high quality, heavy duty automatic coin wrapping machine in production — the preferred choice of professionals.

The Amiel Industries AI-9400 is known for fast, safe, efficient, totally professional service featuring space-age solid state electronic circuitry and high-quality mechanical engineering, the AI-9400 is the result of more than 5,000 hours of research and development. Good looking, quiet and simple to operate, the AI-9400 is "The One and Only. " answer to wrapping coin in the most effective manner!

Versatility Handles pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, *and* the new $1.00 coin.

Speed 2,100 coins per minute (21 rolls per minute).

Reliability Advanced solid state circuitry for less downtime/added savings.

Durability All-steel heavy duty gear train.

Precision Steel ball bearings.

Longevity Extra hard cams for less friction/longer life. Heavy duty continuous electric drive motors. All metal coin tubes.

Accuracy Exclusive roll counter for audit control of daily roll production.

Productivity Three wrapper rollers eliminate messy spills/provide greater coin throughput.

Sensitivity Visual solid state alarm system notifies operator of (1) paper depletion (2) incorrect coin width setting (3) misalignment (4) empty hopper (5) short or long coin rolls (6) paper failure (7) improper coin feeding due to damaged/dirty coin.

When it comes to faster, more reliable and versatile coin wrapping, Amiel Industries AI-9400 is The One and Only. For more information and a free trial demonstration, call or write the Amiel Industries office nearest you.

AMIEL INDUSTRIES CORPORATE HQ—3000 Clearview Parkway, Atlanta, GA 30340, 404/455-0090 • **Northeast**—Plaza 66, Bldg. B-9, Mt. Prospect Ave., Clifton, NJ 07013, 201/473-0166 • **Mid-Atlantic**—2101 Ferry Ave., Suite #604, 1800 Pavilion, Camden, NJ 08104, 609/962-9490 • **Central**—2284 Weldon Pky., St. Louis, MO 63141, 314/567-3323 • **Mid-Western**—1285 Rand Rd., Des Plaines, IL 60016, 312/299-6630 • **Southwest**—Suite #125, 12830 Hillcrest Rd., Dallas, TX 75230, 214/387-4579 • **Western**—325 Corey Way, Suite #111, S. San Francisco, CA 94080, 415/873-0316 • **West Central**—P.O. Box 1348, Denver, CO 80201, 303/499-1663 • **Nevada**—395 Freeport Blvd. #10, Sparks, NV 89431, 702/359-9588.

A typical AI-9400 high volume coin wrapping system in First National Bank in Dallas.

All Amiel Industries products are backed up by a nationwide network of factory trained service engineers and spare parts

MONEY MOVERS...MAKING MONEY MOVE

AMIEL INDUSTRIES

Providing advanced coin and currency handling systems for the world.

NEVADA MAGAZINE
Capitol Complex
Carson City, Nevada 89710
(702) 885-5416

MIKE O'CALLAGHAN
Governor

R.E. "BOB" GOODMAN
Director, Department of
Economic Development

Advisory Board
JAMES DEITCH, chairman; WALLIE WARREN, vice chairman; Members: PAT BRADY, GEORGE CARNES, JOE DELANEY, RALPH DENTON, RUTHE DESKIN, PAUL LEONARD, JOHN MILLER

C. J. HADLEY
Managing Editor

BARBARA EGBERT
Editorial Assistant

JOHN BARDWELL
Designer

JIM REINHELLER
Advertising Director

TOM VOLK
Northern Nevada Distribution

HAROLD SNYDER
Southern Nevada Distribution

Contributors
Anthony Amaral, Ola Blavatsky, Judy Casey, Phillip I. Earl, Mary Matrille, Guy Shipler, Julian Stone

NEVADA MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Economic Development, Carson City, Nevada. Second class postage permit Carson City, Nevada 89710 with additional entry in Denver, Colorado.

Subscription Rates
$4 per year, U.S. and Canada; $6 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery.

NEVADA MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of any material submitted for publication. Full return postage must be included.

Change of Address
New address should be accompanied with old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Carson City, Nevada 89710.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

COVER PHOTO
By Richard Stacks

NEVADA

Volume 37 • Number 1

FEATURES

YESTERDAY

SPECIAL SECTIONS

DEPARTMENTS

See page 28.

Editorial

"The trouble with most of us is that we would rather be ruined by praise than saved by criticism."—Reno Newspaper

Conservation. Awareness of the land. Environmental responsibility. We've heard it, seen it, digested it, and yet the selfish view prevails.

The Bureau of Land Management in Nevada (see story, page 12) has a hard time choosing who should be using its federal lands; the ranchers for grazing their livestock, the conservationists for wilderness, the miners or recreationists for their type of work or entertainment. Everybody wants to use the land—but most to the exception of everyone else.

One Nevada government official was schooled in the crowded east. He remembers being taught as a child that there was a square mile for every man, woman and child in America. He sincerely believed he had a piece of land "out there somewhere" and got very protective about it. His house had no view, except toward the wall of the building next door, but he often dreamed of the miles and miles of space out west and finally came to Nevada to claim it.

Since that time thousands more have come to settle on what they thought was their acre, and Nevada's population has tripled in the past 30 years. Some of Nevada's early residents (story, page 26) are stunned by the growth and the problems that have come along with it.

Joe Nenzel (story, page 28) claimed a piece of Nevada at the turn of the century and found in one canyon more than a million in gold. The town of Lower Rochester was left to decay after the ore ran out, and even though its abandoned buildings are historically significant, the remnants of more recent times are hardly as attractive.

Where Nevada's trails were once lined with cheatgrass, sagebrush, pinion pine and barrel cactus, they are now more often edged with beer cans, broken bottles, and cigarette butts. A Nevada State Park System feasibility study written a few years back on Red Rock Canyon lands (story, page 7) included the statement: "Unless irreplaceable features can be protected (in the state parks), it may be best not to call the attention of the public to their existence."

We are the "public" who are not wanted in the most sacred places in the country because we don't care enough for the land. And perhaps the Parks people have a point because the scars we leave behind take a very long time to heal.

Nevada is space, beauty, and time. She deserves our care and attention.—C.J. Hadley

NOTE: WE HAVE RECEIVED COMPLAINTS ABOUT OUR RENEWAL FORMS. PEOPLE ARE GETTING A REMINDER BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO PAY THEIR DUES. WE ARE SORRY FOR THIS AND DO NOT MEAN TO CAUSE YOU MISCHIEF BUT YOU WILL FIND THAT IF YOU PAY PROMPTLY, YOU WILL NOT RECEIVE THESE ANNOYING EXTRA NOTICES.

There's a new fashion plate at Joseph Magnin. The American Express Card.

Joseph Magnin has been sending fashion plates out into the world for years. The avant-garde. The elegantly casual. Men and women who set their own trends instead of following others.

Now, still another fashion plate has arrived on the scene. The American Express® Card. It makes choosing from JM's breathtaking collection of fashions as simple as it is fun.

JM's the place you can alternate your style from the classic to the innovative with all sorts of panache. It's where you'll eye the talents of all the stars in fashion design. And it's where men, as well as women, project a forward-looking image.

So, look for the full spectrum at Joseph Magnin stores in California, Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Hawaii. Then bring out the American Express Card. It's just one more reason shopping at JM makes good fashion sense.

The American Express Card. Don't leave home without it.℠

Letters

JUST WHAT I WANTED TO READ

Your article on the Virginia and Truckee Railroad is fantastic! Our family spends all of our vacations up at Lake Tahoe because our grandparents live at Zephyr Cove. I love Nevada, and its magazine.

Marcus Moreau,
El Cajon, CA.

As a Nevadan-in-exile I look forward to each issue of the magazine with great anticipation. The latest issue (with two of my favorite subjects, Death Valley and the V&T) was great!

I did find one small area of concern over the attitude of the younger residents of Sutro. I hope this "keep out" philosophy will not discourage serious students of Nevada history that may want to poke about the area, but only be used to lessen the vandalism. I would hate to see similar groups stake out areas of historic importance and try to exclude the rest of the world. I think a trend like that would be most unfortunate.

David T Coons
Indianapolis, IN.

THE TRUTH?

I enjoy Nevada, the magazine, Nevada, the state even more, and spit fire when you allow an author to upgrade a Nevada myth to downgrade a Nevada fact attractive to many people. Current horrendous sin committed in Spring Mountain Ranch story, Issue 3, 1976.

The truth is: Most of Nevada is not completely covered with sagebrush but is honored with a marvelously diverse flora. Only the northeastern area warrants the sagebrush designation. Your magazine should illuminate this diverse flora and the attractions of your open deserts. For example, drive on 80 east from Sparks and note that it is over 40 miles before one passes a sagebrush near enough to recognize. Sage takes over as one approaches Winnemucca.

Look again at the attractive Spring Mountain article. Page 16 presents a picture good enough to prove there is no sagebrush in that locality. That "harrowing sagebrush" slap was unwarranted. Invite readers to enjoy your lovely deserts.

Frank McWhorter
Carmel, CA.

According to the Dept. of Agriculture, Las Vegas, there is sagebrush in and around Spring Mountain Ranch, and all across the southern part of the state. It is not the "big" sagebrush such as seen in Elko County, but sagebrush is there, nonetheless, along with a great deal of blackbrush.—Ed.

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Deputy Dump has managed to live happily ever after (Issue 3, 1976). He and his mongrel friend (known about Wendover as Deputy Dog) set out hitchiking and got as far as Ely before being picked up by a good samaritan, Shirley Robison, who offered Floyd a job taking care of his ranch on the mountain above Baker. Floyd has remained there since, collecting about $10 a day for his duties and spending none of it. In addition, Shirley was able to get Floyd a small disability pension.

Floyd passed the long days and nights playing an esoteric card game with a cowboy named Tom and ended up eventually with Tom's car. Now and then he drives into Baker to buy grits and flour, introducing himself as the "foreman" of the Robison Ranch.

The other day I got a letter from him and a ten dollar bill. He wants me to send him some paper and writing materials because "it's time once again to saddle up the old fountain pen and ride down trails of ink." Where that trail leads from here is anybody's guess.

Richard Menzies
Salt Lake City, UT

The Deputy Dump Story in Issue 3, 1976, was written by Richard Menzies. —Ed.

SOME LIKE IT. . .

Here is my check for four dollars—one of the most rewarding four I could hope to spend. It isn't too often—at least in the field of tangible things—that one gets back substantially more than he gives: your magazine is one of these happy exceptions.

Robert Caples
New York, N.Y

I recently returned to Nevada after a year in the South Pacific and I was pleased beyond belief at the new and fresh approach that the magazine has taken. Congratulations!

E.C. King
Elko, NV

How can you improve your magazine? Make it monthly!

A.J. Koberling
Houston, TX

. . .SOME DON'T

Your magazine still has beautiful pictures, but your stories are dull.

Pauline Smith
Las Vegas, NV

Touring

RED ROCK CANYON

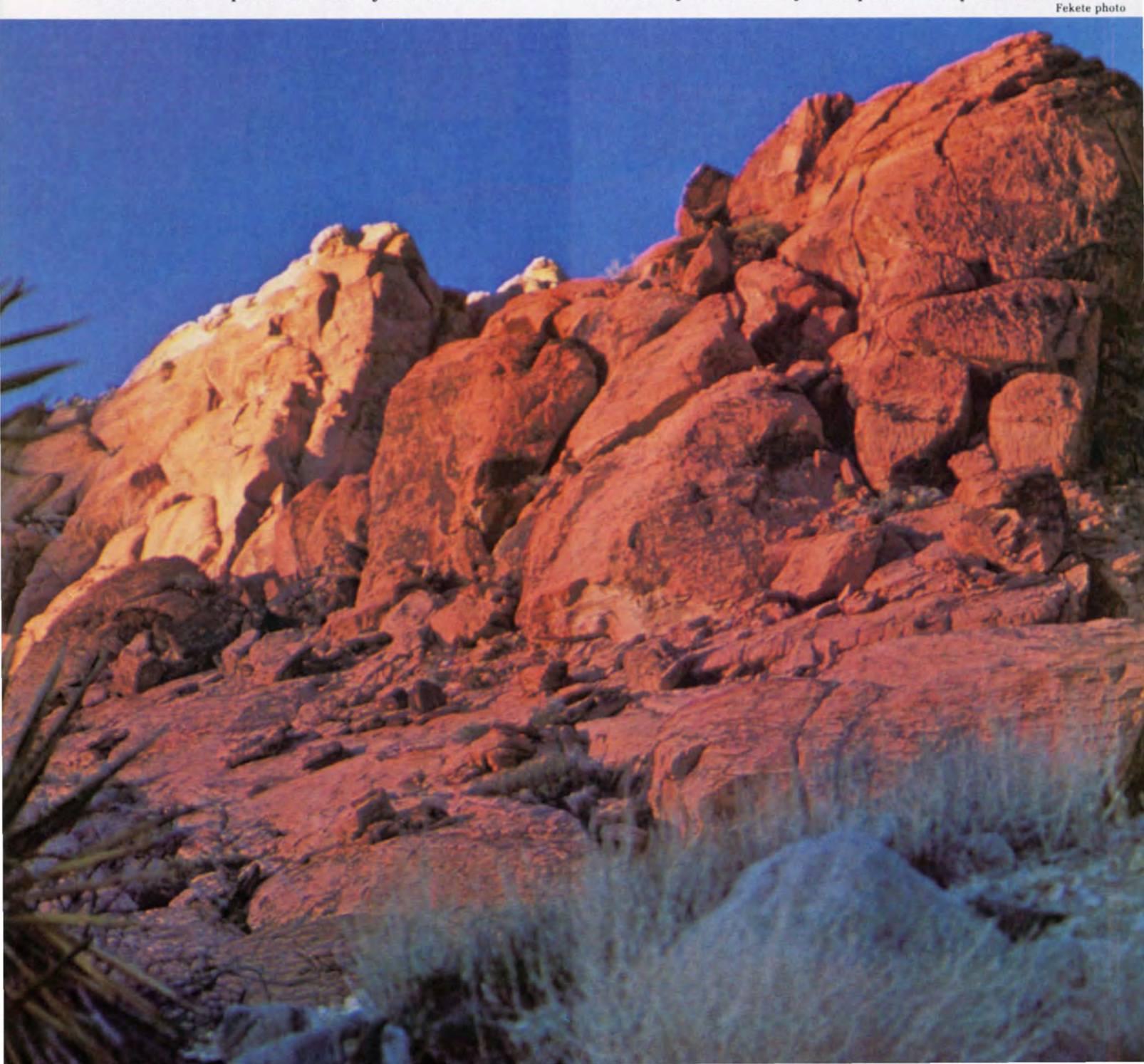
Five hundred million years of geological history.
By C. J. Hadley.

More than half the population of Nevada lives within the urban limits of Greater Las Vegas. They are surrounded by gorgeous palaces of pleasure, perfectly manicured golf courses and gardens, and fancy sculpted swimming pools. They are constantly bombarded with sound.

The real desert's primitive beauty lies in stark contrast to the excitement and action of the most entertaining city in the world. The city residents, and occasionally visitors to southern Nevada as well, do not have far to go to see and feel the wilderness.

Red Rock Canyon fills most of the rural desires of a metropolitan family. The peace, the quiet, the

Fekete photo



Getts photo

Hadley photos

space; the enormous multi-colored rock formations of the rugged La Madre Mountains and the red and white hues of the sandstones that make up the Calico Hills all serve to satisfy these needs.

Red Rock Canyon lands belong to the Bureau of Land Management and in 1964 the BLM people in Nevada requested a land management protective withdrawal to segregate 10,600 acres from disposition under the Public land Laws. They recommended a total of 64,000 acres be included and classified for recreation.

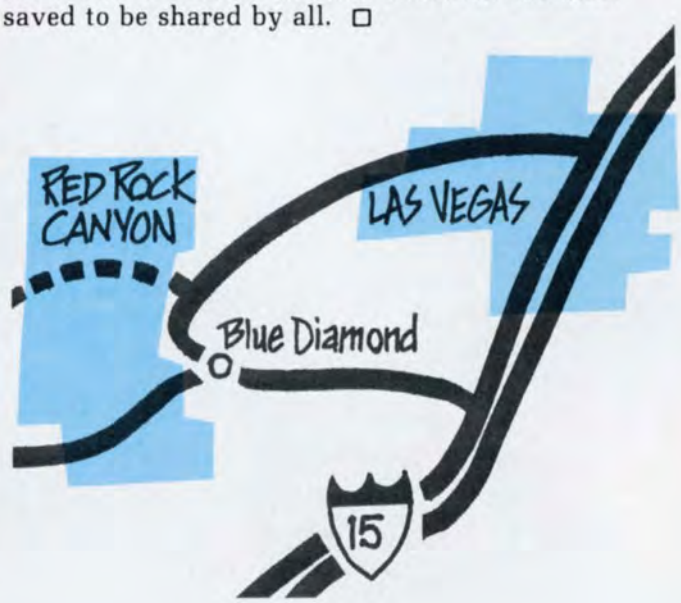
The plans made more than 10 years ago to make Red Rock Canyon into a recreation area—so that its excellent scenic, biological, botanical, geological and archaelogical features could be preserved and shared—are almost complete. Just a few more interpretive markers and a visitor center are planned so that more people can picnic, hike, ride, study, and explore.

There have been many reports and studies written by archaeologists and geologists on Red Rock Canyon. Fossil shells on canyon lands and limestone of Triassic origin have been reported. The Kaibab limestone and Toroweap formations of Blue Diamond Mountain date from the Permian period while the Aztec sandstone of the high peaks along the escarpment is Jurassic. There is a great fault line through the canyon called the Keystone Thrust which caused Cambrian age rock to overlie sandstone laid down three million years later.

Within a ten-square-mile area there are 500 million years of geologic history, and outstanding views of Mt. Wilson and the entire Red Rock escarpment.

After a rain or heavy dew in the canyon lands, hundreds of tiny flowers and plants can be found between the Joshua trees and yucca. Animals and insects thrive in this relatively lush part of the southern desert, and plenty can be found underfoot if time is taken to look.

There was a time when the people of the Nevada State Park System doubted that Red Rock Canyon lands could qualify as a State Park because they just didn't think it had a sufficient variety of resources. It is fortunate that this area has been saved to be shared by all. □



Reno/Tahoe, Worth Remembering

The crystal waters of Lake Tahoe, the clear, blue skies, the excitement created by Nevada's special brand of fun and big name entertainment all these things, which go to make up RENO/TAHOE, are well worth remembering. The RENO/TAHOE VISITOR is expressly designed to preserve those memories forever 88 pages of text and pictures, covering Entertainment, Places To Go, Culture, even an exclusive history all this and much more is covered in the current edition of the RENO/TAHOE VISITOR. Also available are similar publications for KANSAS CITY and MINNEAPOLIS/ ST PAUL. Each just $5.00, including the postage and handling.

Please send
RENO/TAHOE VISITOR # of copies _____
KANSAS CITY VISITOR # of copies _____
MINNEAPOLIS/ST PAUL VISITOR
# of copies _____
@ $5.00 each. I understand this covers the cost of the book as well as postage and handling. I have enclosed $_____ in check or money order

Name _____

Address _____

City, State & Zip _____
(please print)

Visitor PUBLICATIONS, INC.

4600 KIETZKE LANE, SUITE 172 • RENO, NEVADA 89502

NOBODY'S SATISFIED

While the BLM agonizes over the best way to administer Nevada's federal land; the citizens agonize over the best way to get rid of the BLM.

By Guy Shipler.

In an "All in the Family" television episode a while back Archie Bunker loudly chastised his daughter Gloria for saying the word "sex" out loud. Shouted the apoplectic Archie: "Don't use them four-letter words in this house!"

To a good many Nevadans, the three initials "BLM" have grown into a Bunker-type "four-letter word." the initials stand for Bureau of Land Management, which may sound innocent enough to the average American. But as the agency which has jurisdiction over most of the 86.494 percent of Nevada land owned by the federal government, it is anathema to many residents of the Silver State.

True, the citizenry has reasonably free use of the property However, BLM is a landlord, and it's the rare landlord who doesn't start out with at least two strikes on him when it comes to popularity with the tenants. When the tenants believe the property rightly belongs to them, his stock plummets even further. And then when they think their landlord is getting tougher instead of more benevolent, he might as well not come up to bat at all because he's already out.

The BLM landlord's popularity has about reached that point in Nevada. It is an extreme attitude, and may be puzzling to outsiders. For even though "federal intervention" is a sore topic almost universally in America, the resentment tends to simmer rather than boil. The feelings run so much higher here because Nevada is in a unique position. Basically, it is because this state is a wild and rugged land which does not lend itself to the kind of economic and agricultural development that is possible with federal lands elsewhere. Most efforts to that end have failed. So the BLM is stuck with the land. And the people feel that they are stuck with an intransigent landlord.

"We really can't make anybody happy," sighs E.I. Rowland, state director of BLM in Nevada. "We can't lock up all the land for recreation. We can't give it all to the livestock people or to the wild horses. We can't give it all to the off-road vehicle man, or to the environmentalists. We have to try to accommodate all in a balanced way And nobody is satisfied."

Periodically, that dissatisfaction generates a large head of steam. At the last session of the legislature, the head condensed into a subcommittee which was directed "to study the several possible approaches to the problem of securing a greater degree of control by the State of Nevada over the public lands within its borders for the common benefit of its citizens."

Sen. Richard E. Blakemore of Tonopah, an ardent opponent of federal control, chaired seven meetings of that subcommittee, which came up with two suggested resolutions it is presenting to the 1977 legislature. One of these would urge the attorney general "to assert all possible legal and equitable claims of the state." The other would create "a select committee on public lands" to go to Washington to plead the state's case to Congress and the Administration.

On paper, these moves may look encouraging to their proponents. Realistically, they are not. At least for the immediate future, the chances of success of these or any other such moves are slimmer than ever. The main reason is that the new federal Organic Act which became law last October changes the whole thrust of BLM. Here's how:

In the past, BLM's job was to disperse the land it controlled to private citizens. The process worked well in most of the nation under various public land laws such as the Homestead Act and the Desert Land Entry Act. But now Congress has declared that BLM must hold public lands in federal ownership unless disposal serves the national interest. Says Rowland: "We are no longer a land-dispersing agency We cannot urge people to settle it."

But why wasn't more of the federal land in Nevada dispersed in the days when disposal was the supposed practice and policy? "Because," explains Rowland, "those laws didn't operate very well here in Nevada. The state is so dry that a great deal of it is not suitable for development and raising crops. Yes, people did come in and try to settle the land but many of them failed, and when they failed, the land reverted to BLM."

Why didn't it revert to the state? Because the state never owned it in the first place. Contrary to a popular misconception, this has been federal land ever since it was taken from Mexico. So any argument that we should "get the land back because it was stolen from us" doesn't hold water, either.

* * *

None of these facts and figures does much to mollify the more intense Nevada attitudes, especially those of the ranchers. They now face prohibitions against over-grazing, the threat of escalating fees, and even further potential controls and restrictions. Some ranchers claim such "squeeze tactics" will put all but the strongest and biggest operators out of business.

The BLM is both defensive and sympathetic. Its basic argument is that it must be constantly aware of the national picture; it cannot take too regional a view.

For example, its figures show that there are only about 850 livestock operators using BLM lands in Nevada. In 1975 there were about 377,000 head of cattle and horses and 264,000 sheep licensed to graze on the public lands. "The ranchers are paying $1.51 a month to feed each head of cattle, or five sheep," says Rowland. "We take in roughly $2 million a year under the present grazing fee schedule and the number of cattle grazing on Nevada land is so small that we come up with less than 1 percent of the national meat production. From an eastern perspective our cows aren't important at all. But they're damned important to the guy who's out there making his living and raising his family "

That's one point on which most Nevada ranchers agree with BLM. Many of them can point to a long heritage on this rugged and demanding rangeland, reaching back three or four generations. It is they and their families before them who have improved it and become so much a part of it that even BLM understands why they regard it as "my land." But the cold fact is that it is not the rancher's land. What he almost automatically regards as his grazing "rights" on it, BLM calls his grazing "privileges."

His proprietary sense simply intensifies the rancher's resentment over paying for those privileges. He doesn't easily accept the BLM argument that it is a small fee indeed, and would be small even if the rates were raised. The agency claims that in areas of the state where weather and feed permit, a rancher can keep his livestock on public land all year. If he does, it costs him only $18.12 a year to feed each cow, or five sheep. That's a great deal less than it costs to feed a dog or a cat, says BLM. And the rancher can sell the result of that year-long feeding at a handsome profit. In most parts of the state, however, the range cannot be used all year. BLM says the average time cattle spend on public range in Nevada is six or seven months—which means in many areas it is much less than that.

Yet, inexorably, the range gets smaller and more meager. Under the Environmental Quality Act, BLM must make sure that grazing does not damage the human environment. It is required by law to stop overgrazing (one reason for the recent roundup of wild horses was to protect the range). And steep hills which might be easily eroded if too much cover is removed can no longer be used for grazing.

About the only ray of hope the BLM has for the ranchers today is that "we will never raise grazing fees to the point where they will be destroyed."

* * *

The Bureau of Land Management did not come into existence until 1946. It was a merger of two other federal agencies—the General Land Office (whose responsibilities include administering the land-disposal laws and stopping trespass) and the Grazing Service (established as a result of the Taylor Grazing Act of 1934). For several years after their merger, these two elements continued to operate virtually independently and often with mutal resentment.

But such attitudes were a luxury that could be afforded only in those simpler times. The growing demands for open space brought with them the need for new rules, tighter regulations, stiffer laws and their attendant administrative requirements. The two factions had to lay aside their differences and pull together, Now BLM has to operate as a single bureau under what it calls "multiple-use principles"—which means that everybody involved has to give up something he doesn't want to give up. The landlord has been getting more unpopular daily because each of the myriad special interest groups approaches the problem, and its burgeoning demands, from its own perspective and with growing intensity

"Somehow, as a multiple-use agency," Rowland explains, "we have to try to balance all these things, but there are colliding factions. A case in point is the primitive areas in Central Nevada. The Sierra Club wants very much to have that land withdrawn from entry But the miners are very much against that because mining would be stopped cold. The cattlemen oppose it, too, because that gives them even less access to grazing areas. We must try to accommodate all these multiple uses in a way that will provide the greatest public good on a sustained basis."

Such an argument is guaranteed to bring loud jeers from the anti-BLM people. They insist that new techniques could make the rest of those barren areas pay—if they could get control of it away from the federal bureaucracy They say that the past failures of people who have tried can now be avoided, that in

continued on page 54

DORIS CAVANAGH

Her body is frail but her will is stronger than the youths of Winnemucca, her hands and feet misshapen with arthritis but her silver hair as bright as her eyes and her wits. By C. J . Hadley.

Doris Cavanagh is 75. As a journalist, historian, and self-proclaimed protector of Humboldt County heritage, she is half fighting Irish, half stubborn German, a self-willed, one-of-a-kind person known around Winnemucca as "an ornery, tough old broad."

Born in Dayton in August, 1901, Doris lost her father when he was fatally dragged by scraper horses before she was two years old. Her mother, Theodora Cooney, ran a candy store in Dayton until the Lyon County seat was moved to Yerington in 1911. Business dropped off and Dora couldn't make a living any more so by 1912 the Cooneys had moved to Winnemucca and Dora had bought another store.

"I cried for a week because we had to leave Dayton," Doris laughs, "but when I went back to work in Carson City in 1937 I wanted to keep shoving those hills back. They were too close because I had learned to love the desert and the wide open spaces of Winnemucca."

Doris graduated from high school in 1920, worked for the county assessor and earned enough money to go to Washington D.C. to take a government job. But she returned to Winnemucca in 1923 and married George Arthur Cavanagh, who was a fireman for the Western Pacific Railroad. She divorced him seven years later, "because I worked much more than he did."

Cavanagh was employed as a linotype operator during the depression to help maintain her mother. She worked for the *Humboldt Star* in Winnemucca and for Lovelock's *Review Miner* from 1931 until 1934. But she thought she'd rather write the copy than type it so she took a correspondence course from the Newspaper Institute of New York and was certified as a journalist December 18, 1934.

Over a period of 33 years Cavanagh worked as a writer/editor/contributor to *Nevada Highways and Parks, Reno Gazette and Journal, Nevada Peace Officer, Deseret News and Associated Press.* She was voted "Woman of the Year" by the Business and Professional Women of Winnemucca in 1970, and was the first to receive this honor.

But to a hard-working Cavanagh, things didn't always come easy In 1968, "100 years after the rails got into Winnemucca on September 12," she started to record what she called "Humboldt Heritage." This was a series of landmarks and markers that depicted the history of the county One of her monuments is made of bronze and stone and called "The Wall of China," a tribute to the Orientals who helped build the state. Another of her plaques was for Colonel Chas. McDermit, who was honored by Fort McDermitt after he was ambushed August 7, 1865. A third was one of seven "mini-museums" that told of Butch Cassidy's theft of $2,000 from Winnemucca's First National Bank in 1900.

"I tried to do the best I could by making those landmarks and the miles of monuments and markers and the seven mini-museums that I hope are going to be a permanent record, but I had all kinds of opposition from local officials. I thought they would be happy so I ordered the first bronze plaques for the first three mini-museums—at the library, the firehouse and the courthouse—because time was of the essence and then when I asked the Fair and Recreation Board to reimburse me for them they were not happy at all and told me not to order any more markers without getting their consent. They were even reluctant to put them up. I decided on that day never to bother them again for money."

For some of the mini-museums Cavanagh took the money from her own cremation fund. The one given to First National Bank is not yet displayed on the outside of the building (although there is quite a collection of historic photos and literature inside) and neither is the one at Nevada Bell. Nevada National Bank's (Mularkey's original blacksmith's shop) is exhibited outside and has been paid for by the bank, while the seventh, at Taverns of the Town, were paid for by some of Cavanagh's friends.

Cavanagh was disappointed at first because she knew the county had spent many thousand dollars on developing tourism, "without giving a hang about history." One spokesman says the Fair and Recreation Board may have contributed to Cavanagh's goals but that they needed verification of her facts. "Some of her stuff is nonsense," a city official says, "like the stuff about Butch Cassidy's horse. The facts have to be authenticated because tax dollars can't be spent just on her say so."

One woman recently wrote to the editor of the *Humboldt Sun* backing that up by saying Cavanagh's stuff was inaccurate while Cavanagh insists she got her information from old newspapers and records from the county courthouse and that it would be easy to prove her sources and references are right.

Cavanagh suffered a fall and hurt her back in 1970; another in November 1975 which damaged her hip. She lives now in Humboldt County Hospital unable to walk, but still works from her

Hadley photo

bed to finish the things she has started.

"I never got anything during those nine years and miles of monuments and markers and those seven mini-museums. If I wanted an extra newspaper when something was written up about them I had to pay for it. Everything I did was gratis."

The people of Winnemucca differ in their opinions of Doris Cavanagh. "She is a fighter," says a supporter, while a skeptic says, "She is a pain in the ass because she wants everything her way whether it interests anyone else or not." A few believe Doris is a remarkable woman who has donated her time, talent, and money to record Humboldt's heritage and are thankful she has.

"She deserves credit," says Cavanagh's old friend Wilma May. "I know lots of people who think Doris is crazy but she knows it and doesn't give a darn and goes ahead and does what she thinks is right anyway There was a Joss House, or Chinese church, and Doris tried to save it but they couldn't wait to tear it down and she lost. That Joss House became the Masonic Hall."

Wilma adds, "She saved her money, wore old clothes because she loved to show you how she could pioneer. Doris has got credit for the work she's done but has had little help with money People didn't even want to come to dedications of her historic markers because they were either too selfish or too busy. I was delighted she was named Woman of the Year in 1970. She deserved it."

Cavanagh's mother Dora died of old age, at 91, in 1969. She was a Christian Scientist for most of her life, and a practitioner most of the time, but Doris was surprised that her mother was afraid to die.

"When she knew she was going to die she was willing to take medication and a Christian Scientist never does. Now Gram Gruber down in Dayton was not afraid to die because she told me so. I could never understand why Dora didn't want to die. I'm ready to go any time. Up, up and away "

Cavanagh created a "Garden of the Sun" in her back yard in 1969 after Dora died. ("Does that date ring a bell with you?" she asks. "It was the 100th birthday of the joinging of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific in Utah at Promontory Point!") Anyone who visited Doris' back porch since that time was asked to sign her "Book of the Sun" after they pledged allegiance to the American flag. She is interested in most things: history, people, conservation, astrology: "Louise, my sister, is a water sign and I am a fire sign. She used to quench my fire and I used to try to boil her water." She believes in God although she considers herself a maverick when it comes to religion.

Wherever you go in Winnemucca, you will see signs of Doris Cavanagh's labor. Considered a "kook" in her home town, criticism has not changed her point of view. Cavanagh has collected toy bears for 30 years, "because of Teddy Roosevelt," and has recently donated 222 bears from all over the world to the children's room of the Humboldt County Library. She is a great, yet eccentric old lady who has done exactly as she wanted with her life and believes that everything she has done, she was destined to do.

"I felt I was the one who knew the background, had done the research and could write this stuff so I had to and I did. I completed my assignment and now I hope the Lord soon decides that for Cavanagh it's time for up, up and away. I got nothing for what I've done, but I gave freely. I feel that I've done the best I could in Winnemucca."

THE MANY MOODS OF TAHOE

Man has not proclaimed it one of the world's Seven Wonders, and Tahoe is, after all, merely a lake.

Whether it is seen on a quiet winter morning, sunshine and mist intermingling gently on its surface; or as storm clouds group and summon their strength for nature's show of force; or simply on a summer evening, reluctantly surrendering itself to darkness; Tahoe is only a lake.

Why, then, are our souls so wounded by its beauty?

—*Lee Baczynski*

Baczynski photo

Bardwell photo

THE FIRST CHASE

An Elko boy's catastrophic chance at mustanging.
By Bud Hage

Being a town kid in Elko 25 years ago was a real handicap. The ranch kids seemed to have all the fun and excitement. They could tell stories about roundups and cattle drives, breaking horses and, best of all, running mustangs. But what did a town kid have to talk about? We could tell about the latest "shoot 'em up" at the Hunter Theater or who won the last basketball game, but nothing real exciting like running mustangs.

I would go down to the stockyards every chance I had and watch the big herds of wild horses being driven in and shipped on the railroad, and vow that I'd be a mustanger someday

I spent my summers on my Uncle Jerry's ranch, but hadn't advanced much beyond milking the cow, chopping wood and maybe driving an old team of mares on a hay rake. The closest I got to the real thing was wrangling horses for the hay crew In my 13th summer, I got to ride with the men, up in desert country southwest of Elko, where the cattle were wild and if you didn't keep them in sight they would lose you in the rough canyons and juniper trees.

One day I started out to gather cattle north of the ranch with Uncle Jerry and my older brother, Dave. They took me up to a high ridge, and my uncle said, "Now, Bud, you sit on your horse right here and wait. Dave and I are going down on the flat to start some cattle this way They will run up that long draw right toward you, so you watch and be sure to turn them down to the meadows where we can get them inside a fence. If they get past you and into the mountains, we might not see them again till fall."

With that, they rode away I sat on my horse and watched them grow smaller as they trotted off down the ridge. Finally, even their dust disappeared. I waited. A half hour went past and then an hour. No sign of any cattle. I waited some more, thinking they hadn't found any cattle and had gone home. The midday sun beat down and I was getting tired.

There was a cold spring back at the corrals, and I thought how good some of that water would taste. Besides, the flies were making me and my horse miserable. I imagined Dave and my uncle back at the corrals resting in the shade of those big cottonwoods,

sipping cold spring water. I waited another hour, straining my eyes in the direction they had gone but seeing no dust or any other sign of activity, I headed home, confident they would be waiting for me. I reached the corral and led my horse over to the barn. They weren't there. I unsaddled and waited.

I don't know how long I dozed in that cool shade, but I do remember the angry voice that awakened me. "Where the hell were you!" It was Uncle Jerry I tried to explain but saw right away my story wasn't going to do anything but aggravate him. For 15 minutes I listened to a lecture about irresponsible town kids and how I lost the whole day's gather by not waiting where I had been told. He finished by telling me that if I ever wanted to be a buckeroo, I was sure going to have to follow the cow boss' orders and not go riding off on my own. And I told myself next time I would follow directions exactly

In a few weeks it was time to gather work horses off the range for haying. Most of them were close by, but a mustang stud had stolen three mares and we had to gather the mustangs to get them. We could trap the whole bunch, explained my uncle, with the gentle mares leading the wild ones right into the trap. My opportunity to run mustangs had come.

My friend Bill had arrived from Elko a few days before, and I was looking forward to showing him how much I had learned. When the day arrived, Bill, Dave, Uncle Jerry and I mounted long-winded horses and left the ranch ready for a hard chase. We rode over some long ridges and down to the mouth of a canyon. There on the flat, not over a mile away, were the mustangs.

My uncle gave instructions, "Now, Bud, you and Bill dismount and stay out of sight behind your horses. Be ready to mount when Dave and I bring them past the mouth of this canyon. We'll circle around out of sight to the right and start them running east, right past you. Dave will be on one side and I'll be on the other. You and Bill fall in behind and we'll head right on up country to the trap. Do you have that?" I assured him I did, and they rode off.

The excitement while waiting was almost too much, but I was determined to do this job right. Besides, I had the responsibility of making sure Bill didn't make any mistakes.

We stood still behind our saddle horses, left foot in the stirrup for a quick mount. We waited for the first sign they had seen the other riders. Every minute seemed like an hour, and still the mustangs grazed peacefully through the sagebrush.

Suddenly, the sorrel stud threw up his head and whirled in the direction of the approaching riders. Like one, they all began to run and we saw my uncle and brother hard after them. They weren't running east, though; they were running south. Bill said, "I think they're in trouble. Maybe we'd better go help them."

"No," I replied, emphatically "They said they were going to bring them past the mouth of this canyon running east and for us to wait."

Bill replied, "Okay I guess you know what you're doing."

A few minutes later we got a glimpse of them crossing the canyon above us and it was a real horse race with my brother and uncle looking like losers. Bill, looking anxious, said, "Maybe we'd better go help."

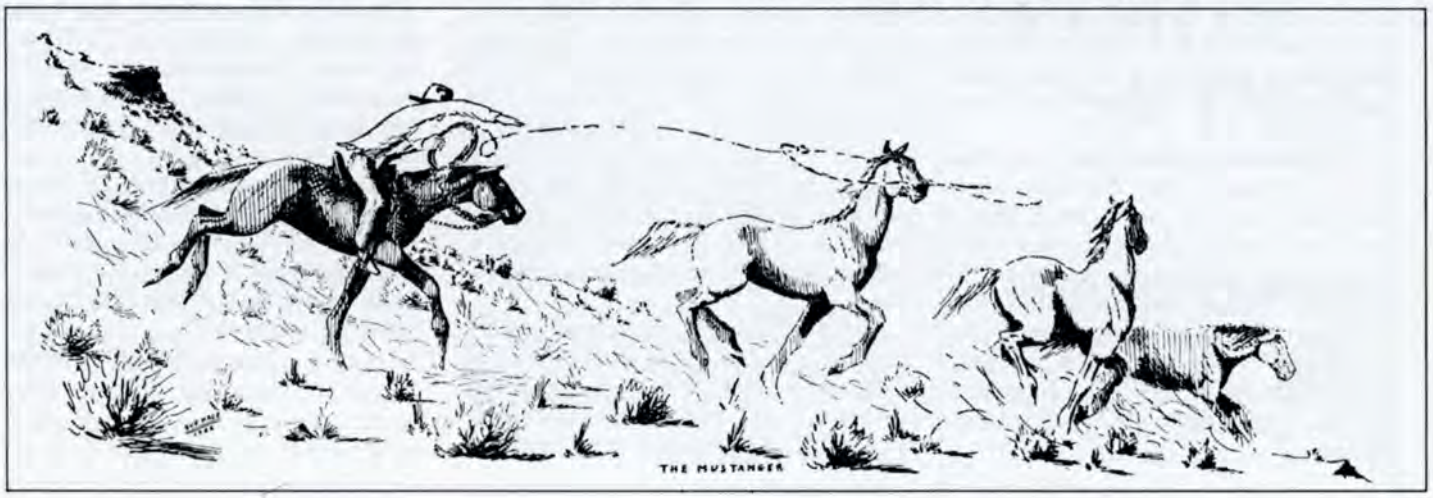
"No!" I replied. "One thing I've learned since I've been buckerooing is that when the boss gives orders, do just like he says, you don't go riding off on your own. Uncle Jerry said to wait until they brought them across the mouth of the canyon headed east and we're going to wait." We waited.

Suddenly they appeared out on the flat in front of us, with the riders a little further behind. This time they were headed north. Bill said, "Your uncle is sure yelling a lot but I can't make out much except the cuss words." We listened, and when the breeze came just right we could hear something about, "Get the hell over here and help us." We lost no time mounting and joining the chase but it was wasted effort. By the time we caught up with them, their saddle horses were winded and the mustangs were just a cloud of dust disappearing up a canyon to the northeast.

Dave rode over, mad as a wet hen. "Why didn't you guys join in and help us when you saw the mustangs running the wrong direction?" I started to reply, "Uncle Jerry told me that when you're told to wait " Uncle Jerry hollered, "Forget it! Forget it!"

It was a silent quartet that started home: two saddle horses run down, no mustangs, and Bill and I feeling bad because we had missed most of the run.

The day wasn't lost though, because those three old work mares couldn't keep up with the mustangs either, and they went home with us. □



Nevadans

McClelland photo

Mama Pavlakis gives away advice with every bread loaf and cookie she sells and it's not easy to ignore it. "Even the cats and dogs mind me," firmly declares Mama, whose salty tongue contrasts with her traditional old country beliefs. "I don't care people cussa me. I tell 'em for own good."

Maria Pavlakis was 18 years old when Ely baker Tony Pavlakis went to his Turkish homeland to find a wife and brought mama, an Orthodox Greek like himself, home to Nevada. For the last 31 years, all during her husband's 20-year terminal illness and in the 11 years since his death, Mama has run the bakery by herself.

She lives two blocks from the shop and walks the distance each morning, usually between 3 and 4 a.m., and each evening about 6 p.m., seven days a week. In 45 years in America Mama has never taken a vacation. "No place to go, honey To go where? I see too much already before I come here. If you pay me I no like to go. I open my bakery door, I happy "

For security on her walks from home to the shop, Mama has a yearling German shepherd who spends his days chained in front of the store. His name is Spicer II and he is a replacement for Spicer I, also a German shepherd, who succumbed last summer after 11 years of gourmet Greek meals prepared for him by a doting Mama. Spicer II, says his mistress, is even fonder of Mama's cooking.

On a typical summer morning Mama will bake 75 dozen rolls plus several dozen cookies, loaves of bread and Greek sweets. Her shop in the small copper mining town of Ely is plain and functional, like Mama herself. In the little bakery in one of the town's oldest buildings, Mama has done enough baking to send all of her six children through college. They are now dentists, school teachers and business executives.

Mrs. Pavlakis worships every day at a small altar in the back of her shop and she is a generous donor to all religious denominations. "God is behind my shoulder, honey," she asserts. "Honestly, always He help me, always behind me." Her generosity has no strings. "If you need the help, I help. You no need the help I leave alone. I give my heart."

Mama's heart can be as tough as it is warm. Six years ago she was at the shop when her home burned to the ground. "I went to see it's burned up and say 'Oh, the hell with it, and came back to work."

Mama admits she is adamant in her opinions and loud in her advice but she vehemently denies being a busybody or gossip. "I lika be honestly," she proclaims. "Me tella you right to your face. No behind. Me don't know that kinda business."

On the framed photo of Nevada governor Mike O'Callaghan which stands on her bakery shelf is a hand-written message. It reads: "To Maria Pavlakis. A good friend and a voice of wisdom."

Dennis Tristram

Young photo

Leonard Ludel is an acknowledged master of one of the world's most demanding arts — diamond cutting. For well over 20 years he has spent his days sitting atop a stool, crouched over the precious gemstone, struggling to bring out the inherent beauty of the crystal. But today, he is seldom in lone pursuit of the mystery of uncut stone. Instead, he leans over a dozen cluttered workbenches, advising, watching, and encouraging his students.

"Every diamond is a puzzle, a new challenge," explains Ludel, who heads the American School of Diamond Cutting in Gardnerville." A piece of yourself goes into each stone. It is your creation."

Short, solid, with a shock of white hair that seems in constant agitation. Ludel is a man of wry humor and immoderate modesty. He claims no special quality of character for the fact that he has created the only diamond school of its kind in the United States. Ludel came to Nevada after a highly successful career on the west coast. In Los Angeles, he was known as the "cutter's cutter."

Ludel was born in cosmopolitan Amsterdam. His father and grandfather were members of the elite society of diamond cutters, but he recalls that he resented the craft, considering it impersonal and of little social value. After World War II he changed his mind, and began to view diamonds as a very special work of nature, with their invincible hardness, their beauty as prisms, their years of history as pressurized carbon. At 29, Ludel accepted apprenticeship to a well-known cutter. Today, he professes a deep love for diamonds, certain that "anything that lends beauty or gives pleasure can be considered of social value."

Students at Ludel's college are young men and women who work from five to eight hours a day following a program of lectures and actual practice on stones. They must learn to "see" the diamond's potential, become familiar with cutting techniques, learn the mathematical theories behind their work.

Ludel's drive extends beyond the bounds of normal academic concerns. "I want to imbue youngsters with a love of art," he says. His wife, Ruth, tells about Leonard when he began teaching. "He was worried about the clarity of his ideas. So he sat down and read the entire Webster's dictionary to increase his vocabulary." She said the students look to him as more than a teacher. "Many come to him at times of personal crisis. He is constantly worried about the quality of people he produces."

Ludel teaches 25 students at his small school in farming-oriented Carson Valley, and 15 will graduate this year Hundreds are turned away annually due to space shortages and teaching requirements. The school is fully accredited by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and the National Association of Trade and Technical Schools, which requires that Ludel keep careful track of his graduates. His successes are plentiful, and it is a rare day that passes when he does not get word by phone or letter from those who have completed his courses.

Ludel is proud of their success and his own. "When I was young and radical, I thought gem cutting wasteful. But now I consider it the most rewarding experience of my life."

Sherry L. Morton

FISH LAKE VALLEY

A desolate valley blooms at the hands of a century of homesteaders. By Barbara Egbert.

The pond which gives Fish Lake Valley its name is almost lost in the vastness of the valley itself. Its small spread of water and few acres of reeds are overshadowed by the White Mountains, rising almost vertically from the valley floor to the west and towering up to Boundary Peak, Nevada's highest point at 13,140 feet above sea level.

Windswept alkali flats and falling-down mine works characterize much of the rest of the county. In contrast, the farming-oriented valley is an oasis, even though the alfalfa and cattle ranches are widely separated by acres of native brush and grasses. Long abandoned homesteads and bands of wild donkeys dot the fields that sweep up to the Silver Peak Range, which forms the eastern boundary of the valley

Fish Lake Valley may be isolated, but from time to time it is reminded of the trend of modern civilization by the faint tremors emanating from the atomic test site 50 miles to the southeast. Genevieve Hanson, who with her husband Herschelle runs a 160-acre ranch midway down the valley, is part-time civil defense director for Esmeralda County. A small, quiet woman, she has made herself famous in civil defense and emergency preparedness circles in Nevada through her enthusiasm for obtaining federal surplus equipment for the county's fire departments and other emergency units. The Hansons homesteaded in Fish Lake Valley in the early 1950s, raising four children and building their house amidst a grove of 300 trees they planted. In the mid-1960s they became involved in civil defense, teaching classes as a team.

"I think the biggest interest in Esmeralda County in these classes is because we are close to the test site," said Genevieve. "In the early days of atomic bomb tests, little was known about the effects of atomic radiation, or how to protect people from fallout." They taught medical self-help, personal and family survival and shelter management not only to area residents but to military personnel as well. The two have also been responsible for bringing first aid knowledge to many people. Genevieve is an emergency medical technician an important person in an area where the nearest doctor or hospital is 70 miles away.

The Hansons are proud not only of their emergency preparedness classes but also of their success in turning 160 acres of brush and dust into oats and alfalfa. They lived without telephones or electricity, beyond what their own generator provided, for many years. The Hansons have no surface water rights. The five streams in the valley are surrounded by land owned by the first ranchers to settle there around the time of the Civil War. They pump all the well water they need for three annual cuttings of alfalfa. They claim the alfalfa grown in Fish Lake Valley is especially high in protein and is a favorite with horse and cattle owners in Southern California.

After farming and civil defense, the Hanson s favorite subject is history. While the Comstock became the subject of thousands of pages of history, reminiscence and romance, much of the rest of Nevada has been neglected by authors seeking the material for best sellers and comprehensive histories. The vanishing tales of early days in the hinterland are instead being collected by people such as the Hansons, who have published a small collection of stories told by their neighbors about frontier days in Fish Lake Valley and the surrounding area. It is titled *The Unsung Heroes of Esmeralda.*

The visible history of the valley, the ruins of stone ranch houses, the stamp mills and mine works, are scattered around the edges of the valley, on dirt ranch roads and in the canyons and meadows of the mountains. With only these remnants of life of a century ago and a few written records surviving from the early days, the Hansons have attempted to put together the beginnings of a history of the valley, before the only sources, their neighbors, are gone.

"We do enjoy digging into the history of this area, and hearing stories," said Herschelle. "When we wrote the book, all we could do was just tell some of the stories that have been told us by others. For instance, with Arrasta Meadows on Cottonwood Creek, there were two different stories." An arrasta (Fish Lake Valley usage is 'arrasta') is an old-fashioned method of pulverizing ore in the milling process, using a drag-stone powered by water,

horses or whatever was available. It was widely used before the development of stamp mills.

"We didn't know where Arrasta Meadows was, or even what an arrasta was, but we found out, and went up there three years ago," he said. "The Mexicans mined in the White Mountains about 150 years ago. The remains of the flume are still there, the main shaft of the water wheel and the spokes, all made out of mahogany, with a few square nails. There's supposed to be an arrasta in Paiute Canyon, but we have never gone there."

The first version in *Unsung Heroes* states that Spaniards operated that arrasta, along with several others in the White Mountains and the Sierra Nevada, for refining gold ore. The base of operations was in the vicinity of what is now Lone Pine, California. The 1872 earthquake that killed several Spaniards there may have caused the suspension of mining operations at Arrasta Meadows.

The other version states that one Scott Broder and his men operated the gold mine and built and ran the arrasta. Quicksilver was used to refine the ore. Renegade Indians planned a raid on the mining camp, but Broder and crew learned of the plans and hid their gold and themselves. All the Indians could find was the quicksilver, which mysteriously slipped through their fingers and disappeared in the sand. "Later, when they were brought to justice and questioned as to the whereabouts of the quicksilver, their only response was, 'No ketch um!' "

Most of the mining in Esmeralda County, however, was outside of the valley, which became the breadbasket and water source for the huge mines and mills. Records for a store operated on the Chiatovich ranch in the early part of this century show barrels of water were sold to the mines, as well as alfalfa, meat, other foodstuffs and cordwood. Cattle and alfalfa are still important today, but the mountains have been stripped of their timber, and with an annual rainfall of only a few inches, Herschelle guesses the trees will never come back.

Unsung Heroes also takes note of the school teachers who have educated the valley's youngsters for the past century. One teacher in a one-room schoolhouse was still the

Roberts photos

rule when the Hansons arrived in the 1950s. Now the valley's 40 or so families support two teachers who instruct 38 pupils, and the teachers no longer have to double as bus drivers. Both the Hansons have served on the school board. Salaries were far from attractive at Dyer elementary 20 years ago. "We paid the teacher $2800 a year back in 1952," Herschelle recalled, and that represented a substantial increase over the salary of a few years earlier.

The Hansons plan to do more to preserve the history of their home. Genevieve is working with the county bicentennial commission to establish a museum. A building has already been donated and ranchers have promised to give the museum any old farming equipment they no longer use. The cemetery, near where Asa Wildes was laid to rest inside 18-inch-thick stone walls after a shoot-out, has been fenced and Genevieve is photographing the old ranch sites. Reminders of the old days, including the post office on skids hauled from ranch to ranch as the women took their turns at being postmistress, can be preserved instead of falling victim to time and weather.

What the Hansons want to preserve most of all is the flavor of life in the valley now, the self-reliance, the freedom from interference, the wild beauty of the land.

It seems they have their wish.

THE LEGEND OF FISH LAKE

An excerpt
from Wells Drury's "Editor on the Comstock."

The legends of the Indians preserve the fact that in ages past Fish Lake was the favorite resort of their ancestors. When the first white settler visited the lake its margin was dotted here and there by the picturesque wickiups of the natives, and in the evening the water was almost alive with these dusky children of the valley, enjoying aquatic sports.

It is different now. The red man no longer frequents the neighborhood. The lake and all its surroundings have been turned over to the paleface without a protest. The 'campoodie' has disappeared from its banks, and its waters are no more disturbed by aboriginal bathing parties. A great fear has fallen upon these people, because of an accident which brought grief to their hearts.

At the end of the hunting season in 1873, a brave named Nak-Tah-Kotch sought the lake to enjoy with his family the peaceful rest which all his tribe were accustomed to take at that time of the year. The sun was still about an hour high, so runs the story, when the little party arrived at the lake. Nak-Tah-Kotch's younger squaw released from her back the wicker basket in which all that long, hot day she had carried her papoose, and depositing it in a comfortable position against a sagebrush near the water's edge, busied herself in preparing for her lord his frugal meal of dried venison, pine nuts and outchu, the latter article being a species of wild potato. While thus engaged she was startled by an infantile cry, and turning, saw her child in the water. The little wicker-basket, moved by a passing breeze, had rolled down the bank into the lake. With a mother's instinct, she sprang to the rescue, but in the frenzy of her maternal feeling became powerless, and sank almost instantly. Nak-Tah-Kotch plunged in to assist her, but with the desperation of a drowning person she clasped him around the neck, drawing him with her as she went down the third time. He was unable to release himself from her death-hold, and they both perished.

In the meantime, the basket, being of light materials and impervious to water, had floated to the middle of the lake with its human freight. The superstitious natives were all afraid to venture near the water, being convinced by the fearful catastrophe before them that the Great Spirit was angry with them for some sin that had been committed by them or their ancestors. It would have been sacrilege for them to have attempted to rescue the child.

Night came, and watches were set around the lake, all hoping to reclaim the little waif, but none daring to enter the water. Finally, the moon came up and the little wicker basket was discovered where it had drifted down among the tules which grew at the lower end of the lake. When reached, the babe was found to be asleep, blissfully ignorant of danger, while rocked by the gentle motion of the waves and soothed by their musical murmur as they broke among the sedges.

That child lived, a brown-cheeked maiden. Her name was Tah-Peta Yool-Kalla, which being interpreted means 'Saved-by-the-Moon.' Tah-Peta was greatly loved by the members of her tribe.

Each autumn Tah-Peta visited the lake and strewed wildflowers and branches of the wild artemisia upon the pyramid of boulders reared by her tribe to mark the spot where her father and mother last imprinted their footsteps before plunging into the lake. Having performed this filial duty she went back to her people in the mountains.

After the day of that double tragedy no Indian so much as put his hand or foot into the waters of Fish Lake. As the bodies were never recovered, the Indians think they were conveyed to the nether world by some evil demon. They believe the saving of the infant was the result of a direct interposition of the Good Spirit, and would have made a goddess of the girl if she so desired. She, however, had no such wish, but was content with no greater fame than that she was the fairest daughter of her tribe.

DAYTON, A CHILD'S PARADISE

The story of one man's family.
By Doris Cavanagh.

Dayton, Lyon County, was a child's paradise before teens of century for some third generation Nevadans.

J.C. "Charlie" Gruber immigrated from Frankfurt, Germany to St. Louis, Missouri in 1849, then crossed plains in 1852 to California Mother Lode. In 1860 he was in Western Utah (designated as Nevada Territory in 1861), operating Sierra Nevada rock hotel at Silver City in Gold Canyon.

Caroline Bey, his future wife, was born near the enchanted black forest in Wittenburg, Germany, July 6, 1841. She crossed Atlantic and worked in a relative's Brooklyn bakery until she headed west to marry Charlie Gruber. She took a boat from New York through Gulf of Mexico to Nicaragua then rode muleback across country to the Pacific Coast. When she reached Silver City via San Francisco.

On January 30, 1867, she and Charlie Gruber were married by Judge Haydon in Dayton, county seat of Lyon County in the new state of Nevada.

The Grubers did not return to Silver City but remained in Dayton, operating a hotel for three years until it burned. They established Union Hotel on August 3, 1870 at intersection of Main and Pike streets and the hotel remained in the Gruber family until the 1950's.

Seven Gruber children grew up in Union Hotel—Louisa, Carrie, Minnie, Will, Theodora, Charlie and John. Aunt Lou was married to Hartford Rae, who was interested in mining at como. His father, Dr. J.H. Rae of Pennsylvania, had built the first dredge on Carson river in the Dayton area. Aunt Carrie's father-in-law was judge Richard Rising who sat on the Storey County bench in Virginia City for numerous years.

Theodora Gruber and Andy Cooney rode the Carson and Colorado Railroad to Moundhouse, picked up bridesmaid teacher Ida Cooper of Dayton, took the V&T to Virginia City and were married by a Methodist minister January 20, 1897 They slept in the presidential suite of the International Hotel on C Street below Piper's Opera House. Will Gruber, as best man, drove up from Dayton to Virginia City in horse and buggy through Eight Mile Gold Canyon.

Charlie Cooney, Theodora and Andy's eldest child, was born at Pine Grove in the Yerington area; sister Louise in rooms called Palace at the rear of the Union Hotel; I was born in J. L. Campbell's large residence near the 1865 stone schoolhouse in Dayton.

Adolph Sutro frequently stopped at Union Hotel in Dayton to hobnob with his friend Charlie Gruber. Sutro's tunnel led to the Virginia City mines on Comstock Lode and his white frame mansion with grandfather clock sat on knoll facing Como Range and Carson River.

At Six Mile Canyon butter's plant operated under Sugar Loaf Mountain using cyanide to process ore. The Cooneys ran a boarding house there but Andy Cooney also drove a horse scraper for Butter's to work the tailings. Andy was fatally dragged in 1903 by the scraper horses and his widow and three children returned to Dayton.

Charlie Gruber died at age 54 in 1886 in Dayton and his funeral was held in the Lyon County Courthouse. Gram Gruber, Caroline, continued to operate and live at Union Hotel until her death in 1927 She was 86.

The Gruber place, for more than 80 years.

NOTE: Doris Cavanagh, historian, journalist, mother of Humboldt County's "miles of monuments and markers and seven mini-museums" has a distinctive style of writing and believes that if newspapers would drop all unnecessary words, they would be able to run four or five stories more per page. For more on Doris Cavanagh, see story on page 14.

Children getting ready for the race to Rocky Point Mill.

Main Street, Dayton, 1908.

Widowed Theodora Cooney in 1904 opened a candy store, ice cream parlor and toy shop in her home close to the Lyon County Courthouse. She featured tomales in wintertime, also assisted in Union Hotel dining room as a waitress. She'd close her store during noonhour and go up and help at Union Hotel. The Chinese ran the kitchen, shooting off firecrackers when there was too much sickness around to "scare the devil away."

Theodora's seven-year-old son Charlie died of measles in June, 1904.

Certainly Dayton was a child's paradise humming with mills and dotted with mine shafts, wading in Gold Creek and swimming in the Mill Race in the canal that went down to Rocky Point Mill. In the 1865 schoolhouse built with rocks hewn in Gold Canyon, pupils sang, "Oh Columbia, Gem of the Ocean, the home of the brave and the free. " while at the Church of the Ascension (which had been moved down from Gold Hill in 1903) it was "Ring the Bells of Heaven, there is joy today, for our soul returneth from the wild."

While attending Sunday School supervised by Miss Rose Harris recess found school children playing handball on Shady Avenue near the schoolhouse or burying schoolmates in piles of Autumn leaves.

Bess Cook was a first grade teacher. .Miss White nipped her third graders around the ankles with a horsewhip—but it didn't hurt. .Saturday night baths were taken by the kitchen stove in a wash tub. .water was drawn from wells and the toilets were outdoors. Theodora Cooney thought nothing of giving her boiling tea kettle to a neighbor whose sister Alice Stevenson was dying of contagious scarlet fever.

Fannie Hazlett was a Dayton Postmaster near Gold Creek and Odeon Hall opposite firehouse. Her late husband had been a practicing physician and their daughter Gertie was married to sheriff Dick Randall and lived on a ranch one-and-a-half miles east of Dayton. She taught the Gruber sisters oil painting.

Hay rides down through the Italian ranches to Horseshoe Lake for the school picnics proved high points among the pupils. .Union Hotel parlor at Christmas holidays generated much excitement when the ornamented tree candles were lighted. .one of the Grubers played "Silent Night" on the John Steck, New York rosewood square piano brought around the Horn. (That piano now is housed in the Fourth Ward Schoolhouse at Virginia City.)

Santa Maria Day, August 15, was a big time for the Italians and other Daytonites—the old timers and the Comstockers. Ravioli, green salad with olive oil dressing, watermelon and Dago Red claret wine were some of the feasting treats while accordion music filled the air till dawn. One of my schoolmates was Angelina Quilici and her family had a dining room and saloon. They would roll out their ravioli to dry on the long dining room tables and then Marie Panelli and a little old Italian man from the saloon next door would cross hands and they would dance up and down the dining room the night before Santa Maria Day.

The 1907 flood took the Carson River Bridge at the foot of Main Street and a wooden seat on a rope and pulley was used to get from one bank to another while there was no bridge. Como was across the river, also the Indian village, One-and-a-half Mile Ranch, and the Italian ranches that went down to Washoe Lake.

May 1909, fire destroyed the Lyon County Courthouse. Pumper fire engines utilized the cistern right in front of our store home as there were no fire hydrants then. They were having a court case at that time and it was felt that the fire had been deliberately set.

I was born in 1901 and yet I remember that fire because I shook for a week. There was only one place between our store and the house that burned and they were putting our stuff in sheets and getting ready to move in case our house should catch fire.

The 1911 legislature gave Yerington the county seat and the new courthouse and there was not enough business for Theodora Cooney to stay in Dayton and so she moved Louise and me to Winnemucca where she bought another candy store.

Dayton, milling center for Comstock Lode and originally called Chinatown, was indeed a child's paradise, where bees buzzed in hives at Gates' orchard near the Douglas Mill. In May 1967, a Dayton oldtimer reunion was held, noting the 100th anniversary of the Gruber wedding in Dayton.

For family members, placing a wreath at the Gruber plot in the hilltop Dayton Cemetery that faces the former Randall Ranch and Carson River across the valley from Gold Canyon, the 23rd Psalm came to mind: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life—and I shall dwell in the house of the consciousness of the Lord forever." □

THE ELUSIVE BONANZA

Rochester boomed in the early 1900s. Today wildcatters look among the ruins with hope of a new motherlode.
By Marjel DeLauer.

Hutch Nenzel Collection

After more than a hundred years of stimulating men's imaginations and breaking their hearts, the Rochester Mining District is alive and well and up to her old tricks. She shows just enough promise in gold and silver ore to induce mining men to dig, scratch, and gouge her weather-worn folds, and not enough to allow them to work her continually The Rochester Mining District refuses to boom and refuses to die.

It started in the mid-1860s when a half-dozen men, weary from the Civil War and determined to make their fortunes in the West, camped at the base of the southern part of the Humboldt Range, approximately 22 miles northeast of the present town of Lovelock, Nevada. They found float (pieces of ore or rock which have been separated from the parent vein) and some gold in the gravel alluvial a thousand feet below the crest of the range. They searched for the source of the ore for a time, long enough to name the area after their eastern departure point of Rochester, New York, but then set out for the greener pastures of the California gold fields.

Historians tell us that except for a few stragglers, the area remained almost dormant for 15 years. In 1881 a nameless prospector wandered into the Rochester district and found more gold in the gravel below what is now called American Canyon. Within the next 14 years records show that the American Canyon placers yielded more than a million dollars in gold.

When the easy ore played out the mining men moved on. Diligent and patient Chinese, who could find no more work on the railroads, moved into the area and within a few years squeezed more than ten million dollars more from the placer deposits of the Rochester Mining District. Occasionally the prospec-

tors would sink a shaft. The Oro Fino Mine, which was located in 1879, produced more than $58,000 in high grade gold ore; but the real mother lode remained hidden to those who searched.

At the turn of the century, Charles Stevens, a storekeeper from Lead, South Dakota, left his home and family in search of a healthier climate. He liked what he saw in Nevada, and enjoyed a new found freedom prospecting in the Humboldt Range. In late summer of 1900, at an elevation of 6,600 feet, he staked claims along a mineralized outcrop called Crown Point at the head of Rochester Canyon. He did some work on the claims, then moved further down the Valley and sent word for his family to join him.

Hutchison Nenzel, a grandson of Charles Stevens who now lives in Reno, says, "The entire family became stricken with the incurable disease of mining fever. but grandfather was a store keeper and merchant, not a mining man, and although he continued to prospect until the day he died he never really followed up on discoveries. The original Crown Point claims reverted back to the government in a short time. It was not until my father, Joseph Nenzel, decided to leave his job as blacksmith in the Homestake Mine in South Dakota, that anything of importance happened with the Crown Point Claims."

Joe Nenzel was a handsome man — aloof and ambitious. Charles Stevens' daughter Ora had married Nenzel in South Dakota in spite of her father's contention that "He will never amount to a hill of beans!" Joe's imagination was piqued by Stevens' letters to Ora, and in 1906 he gathered his blacksmith's tools together and set out for Nevada with Ora to join his inlaws and find a mine of his own.

The Seven Troughs area of Nevada, 30 miles west of Rochester, was booming in 1906, and Charles Stevens had opened a general store there. Nenzel still wanted distance between himself and Ora's close-knit family and refused to locate in Seven Troughs.

Before her death in 1964, Ora Nenzel recalled those early days in Nevada: "At about the same time we reached Lovelock, my uncle Hutchison Stevens arrived from Cripple Creek, Colorado. He had heard of the Chinese placer operations in American Canyon, adjacent to Rochester Canyon, and decided to go in search of the source of the placer gold. He went to the same area my father had staked the original claims and thought it looked good, so he relocated four claims in the family name. these were the Golden Gate, Crown Point, Ormus, and one other. He was convinced that the primary vein was located in this area."

Joe and Ora Nenzel, along with their first born three-month-old baby, Joe, Jr., settled for a short time a few miles from Seven Troughs at Vernon and Mazuma, where Joe found work digging prospect holes. He hated it and was determined to find his own glory-hole. They moved from place to place in the area for two years, both working harder than they had ever worked before and becoming more and more discouraged.

They saw Hutch Stevens from time to time, but he refused to talk about the work he was doing in the Rochester District. He rarely ventured away from his property, obtaining his supplies by walking miles from his camp to the Lovelock-Limerick Canyon-

Hadley photo

Opposite page: Joe Nenzel (big man, right center) the most famous man in town in 1912. Above: Lower Rochester today.

Unionville road and giving his supply order to the stage coach driver, then meeting the stage the next day and returning to his camp. In the fall of 1909 he failed to pick up his supplies. The driver wasn't too worried and left them by the side of the road. When they were still there the next day, the driver notified the sheriff in Lovelock, who notified Charles Stevens, and a search of the area was begun. An early storm, preceeding a long hard winter, covered the area with snow, and it wasn't until April the next year that Hutch Stevens' body was found. It is still a mystery as to whether he died of natural causes, accidentally, or was murdered.

After Hutch was found, Joe Nenzel asked his father-in-law what he wanted to do about the claims. In the sadness of the moment, Charles Stevens indicated that they (the Stevens family) didn't want to do any more work in the area. Joe convinced Charles and his brother Peter to grubstake him to $50, and in return he would do the assessment work on the claims for another year.

More for Ora's sake than for Joe's, the brothers agreed and with a newly purchased pick and shovel, tent and provisions, Joe moved his wife and child to the Rochester area.

Joe had been seized by miner's fever and would never be cured the rest of his life. He knew the ore was under his feet — just waiting to be mined. He knew that this was the place where he would make his fortune. The strike was always at the next outcrop or under the next ledge. Spring turned into summer,summer into fall, and still Joe continued to search.

Nights were cold in the flimsy tent, and a light snow had already fallen when Ora decided that she and her son would spend Thanksgiving with her

family in Seven Troughs. When Charles Stevens learned the conditions under which his daughter and grandson were living, he wrote Nenzel and threatened that unless Joe built them a proper and decent cabin, he would not allow them to return to Rochester.

Joe was furious. It was his family. However, he managed to get money for the materials, and the cabin was erected before the next spring.

Every day, after Ora's return, he tramped the hills without a sign of success, and still he knew that this was the place. Ora was patient until Joe Jr. was six years old in 1912 and it was time for him to attend school. Their second son, Hutchison, was three by this time and she issued the ultimatum; either they moved into town or she would leave him.

Joe finally agreed that he would take one more trip to Crown Point, and if he couldn't find the vein, he would move them into Lovelock.

It was late in the afternoon, and Joe was as depressed as he had ever been in his life when he sat down to rest. He looked out over the valley he had come to love, and reached down to pick up a rock. It was float! He followed a float trail up the mountain on the west side and there it was. The outcrop of the mother vein. He ran most of the way back to the cabin and informed Ora that they wouldn't be moving to Lovelock just yet!

Hutch Nenzel recalls his father telling him, "I started the forge and put the float in the fire — there was so much silver in that rock that it bubbled out!"

Joe Nenzel's discovery of silver at the Crown Point claims, now known as Nenzel Hill, started the last great mining boom in Nevada. Before he allowed news of the strike to leak out, Nenzel worked by himself for several weeks. He managed to sack nearly a hundred tons of ore; haul it by sled down the steep hillside; load the ore on wagons and freight it to the Southern Pacific siding at Oreana; and, carrying a twelve gauge shotgun, accompany his ore to the mill in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The smelter return was $72.90 per ton and he returned home with more than $85,000. The price of silver in those early days fluctuated between 32 and 92 cents per ounce. Delivery of the same tonnage today would have brought Nenzel close to a half million dollars.

Keeping the bonanza a secret was like trying to hold back the sea. Within a few months of the discovery, the canyon rocked under the boots of more than 2,000 men and a handful of women. Nenzel, realizing that he couldn't work the whole area, began granting two-year leases to other miners on a royalty basis. The operation grew so fast that it would have been almost impossible for anyone to keep an accurate record of how much ore was shipped in those early months.

In December, 1912, six months after the initial discovery, Joe Nenzel, Harry Murish and H.H. Hunter incorporated the Rochester Mines Company with 1,250,000 shares of capital stock valued at $1 per share. Murish and Hunter held 100 shares each, and Nenzel retained the rest. A few months after the incorporation and against Ora's advice, Joe Nenzel sold 400,000 of his shares to a group from Salt Lake City

During the next few years the Nenzels saw more than a dozen towns born in the Rochester Mining District. Hugh Shamberger, in his book *The Story Of Rochester*, lists the fleeting lifespan of these mini-communities: Rochester (Lower Rochester) — December 1912-1943; East Rochester — January 1913-1926; Central Rochester — February 1913-1915; Rochester Heights — February 1913-1915; Panama — March 1913-September 1913; Pachard (company camp) — March 1915-1923; Pachard (recorded townsite) 1917-1923; Oreana — February 1913-1951.

The steep canyon and the arid apron below the Nenzel home boasted of hotels, restaurants, saloons, stores, a post office, a laundry, a real estate office and a red-light district. Mills, tunnels and even a shortline railroad were built in the district. Every type of promoter and confidence man was drawn to the area. Had Joe Nenzel been more cautious, or less ambitious, he might have walked away from Nenzel Hill a wealthy man — but the mountain seemed to refuse to let him go.

In late November, 1914, L.A. Friedman, who had been responsible for the Seven Troughs Boom, outmaneuvered Nenzel and gained control of the Rochester Mines Company Nenzel moved Ora and the children to an exclusive residential area of San Francisco, set up offices there, and then returned to Rochester to try to fight for his rights. He bought and sold properties, hired lawyers, and spent a small fortune, but all to no avail. Joe Nenzel was a blacksmith and a miner, he was not a promoter.

In 1922 he moved his family back to Reno and tried to resume his mining activities in the central part of Nevada. He had some success, but nothing to match the bonanza of the Rochester area.

In 1931, his last visit to the Rochester Mining District, Nenzel spent several months doing work on the original (and regained) Crown Point claims. More than $9 million worth of gold and silver had been taken out of the mountain and more than 70 percent of that had come from the area that Joe Nenzel had located. And still Nenzel believed that there was more to be found.

"She lets you pick and scratch for a while," he told friends, "but she doesn't give up the big boodle. She might give it to me, though!"

Joe Nenzel always had faith in the Rochester Mining District but he never had a chance to find his second fortune. At the time he died in 1933, at the age of 56, he had been working on a new type of mill, one that "would revolutionize the mining business."

The same mining fever that held Joe Nenzel in its grasp contaminated others, and they stayed to find the prize. Lovelock mining man Frank Forvilly and Elko mining man Harry Stokely were both born in Rochester, and they still work their claims in the area. American Smelting and Refining Company has employed men to do exploratory work on the district for the past several years. Their findings and their plans for future development are guarded secrets.

Perhaps, as Joe Nenzel predicted, there is still a "big boodle" to be found, and Rochester Canyon will boom again. At least, unlike other mining areas of the West, she still shows ore, and has been alive and well for over a hundred years. □

NEVADA EMPORIUM

First Issue — A Beautiful
1 TROY OUNCE MEDALLION
of .999 Fine Silver

Actual SIZE

13.50 each
+ .50 Postage
Nevada Residents Add 3% Tax

Commemorating the
WORLD LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP FIGHT
of NELSON-GANS Sept. 3, 1906
at Goldfield, Nevada

Limited Edition

THE GOLDFIELD MINT
P. O. Box 803
Goldfield, Nevada 89013

Adobe III
LAS VEGAS

FINEST SHOP & GALLERY

Featuring distinctive gifts, exceptional Indian Jewelry and Pueblo pottery, sheepskin coats and jackets, natural gold nugget jewelry, western & Eskimo art, Seri carvings, personal service and much more . all at modest prices!

Sunrise City Shopping Center
2797 S. Maryland Parkway—732-9565
BA MC AE

CONFLICT ON THE CARSON

By Grace Dangberg $17.50

Miss Dangberg, author of award-winning CARSON VALLEY (1972) presents an entertaining and informative 125-year history of water litigation in western Nevada. The story of this little-explored facet of Nevada history is told in the words from actual court room testimony and includes accounts by Sam Davis and Dan De Quille.

This copiously illustrated book is an officially approved project of the Nevada American Bicentennial Commission. It is published by and available from the Carson Valley Historical Society, P.O. Box 545, Minden, Nev 89423.

TACO MAGIC

Just slip tortilla into scissor-like basket, lay in frypan, hot oil bubbles thru basket! Taco shells fry crisp with no wasted oil. Taco tray holds 6 taco shells & is ideal for filling & serving. Both chromed steel; aluminum cooker 15" long, tray 19-3/4" long. So quick & easy! Taco Magic Cooker & Tray, $8.98 (+ $1 tax/ship costs).

mako
INDUSTRIES
112 E. 21st St. • Bakersfield, CA. 93305

"WALKER RIVER PAIUTES,
A Tribal History"

(A BICENTENNIAL PROJECT)

BY
Edward C. Johnson
TRIBAL HISTORIAN

FROM BEFORE THE WHITE MAN TO 1974

•

201 PAGES IN HARDBACK

•

OVER 60 PHOTOS & MAPS
$8.50

Order Autographed Copies From: EDUCATIONAL CENTER
WALKER RIVER PAIUTE TRIBE
SCHURZ, NV. 89427

THE BEST IN SILVER AND GOLD

WADE'S SILVER SHOP

358 NORTH VIRGINIA STREET
RENO, NEVADA 89501
(702) 329-9922

NATURE WAS HER VILLAIN

The early days in Goldfield were a battle against the hardships of the desert.
By Roberta Childers.

The city of Goldfield, 1905.

A Nevada mining camp in the throes of a boom was a rugged business at best. Goldfield was no exception.

Mama was hardly fitted for the life she was swept into. She had been raised on a quiet Southern farm where men were always gentlemen and ladies never let them forget it But the rough men in Goldfield's early days bothered her not one bit. What really got Mama was the conditions we lived under.

Nature was her villain. How she hated him — his crawling, scampering creatures, his winter blizzards that piled snow through tiny cracks in our cabin. The dirt that so suddenly swirled when the snow was gone, piling sand into those same cracks. The scarcity of water and fuel.

Mama often had to leave us in our little two-room cabin, in bed, like as not, to keep warm, while she chased the water wagon a block or more to get a bucket of water for a quarter. If she missed it on its tour that day she would have to melt snow until it came again two days later Luckily there was snow nearly all those first long winters.

Because the scrub pine forests were many miles away at Montezuma, there was always a shortage of fuel. Occasionally Dad was able to buy a load of pine knots from a little teamster at a scandalous price. He would wedge and split the knots, with an occasional magnificent explosive word when the chunk banged against his shin. We helped pack in the wood. How it used to crackle, with the pitch bubbling out! It turned our old cook stove so red on top you could almost see through the iron.

But summers always came, although they stuttered about it well into June. Our little cabin, which had been on the edge of town when we came, was now built solidly into a crazy block of shacks and tents. The sagebrush still grew between the buildings, though, and it wasn't long until the sand began to shift back and forth, under the door, around the windows, and up the cracks in the hastily-built floor.

Mama, who remembered the soft

Clif and Roberta outside their Goldfield home.

warm green of southern summers, began to fret. The only green we had was the lumber, warping fast in the hot desert sun. The cracks grew wider and wider. This year, mama had had a pitched battle all winter with a persistent mouse, and she had stuffed the cracks full of rags and old socks, but still stink bugs crawled in and out. The harmless little desert creatures were so much worse in her mind than the copperheads, rats and bugs of Tennessee.

Dad hadn't found his fortune in the ground, but he had found his life. He was already being coaxed to "run for office," though it was a few years later that he did.

I guess Mama just gave up hope that we would ever leave.

One day my brother and I were sitting on the step waiting for the neighbor kids. I was going with them to a Sunday School session of the Seventh Day Adventists, who were trying to bring God back to the boom town. Mama was a Methodist but she felt they were each on God's side. Besides, the Seventh Day Adventists were meeting in a little black tar paper shack only a block down Blake Street, where she could see I was safe on the journey.

Suddenly Mama screamed. The back door flew open and she flew out to the canvas woodshed, got the axe, and rushed back to the door. She was trembling. There was a horrible snake in there. she said.

But she went in bravely. She looked under our cots, and under the bed. She moved the dresser, standing cautiously as far away as possible and still got leverage.

There was no snake. And we were disappointed. Mama sat weakly on one of the boxes we used for chairs. "I just felt like someone was watching me," she said, "I turned around and there he was." She sniffed and blew her nose. God and the Adventists got along without me that day, while we watched for the snake. And that night I wouldn't go to bed until Mama moved our bed close enough that she could hold my hand. All evening we glanced into the corners, and watched the shadows.

After that the axe occupied the place of honor next to the box atop which sat our washbasin, the soap in a saucer, and the precious bucket of water. Summer went on. Dad had laughed me out of the snake scare

Early settlers used adobe for their cabins.

and my brother Clif had boasted about what he'd have done if he saw an old snake. Mama never mentioned the incident again. Nevertheless, she took the axe out for Dad to use, and she always brought it back.

Clif went out one morning to the little house, barefooted, in his pajamas. He began to yell, "Mama, Mama," in a horrified voice. Then a wail, "Mama, here's your snake."

Mama took a deep breath, grabbed the axe and went out. I followed her in my nightie. Clif was dancing about wildly. I thought the snake had bitten him but it was just excitement.

Mama came down on the snake with a mighty whack, neatly severing him in two. I was a little disappointed in its size. It didn't look so formidable. But piece by piece, Mama cut him into inch lengths. She had heard a snake could grow a new tail but he'd have been hard put to the job after Mama got through.

We were proud of Mama. She was too.

After a while Frank McNamara, the grocery man, came to take our order. We met him and told him about the desperate danger we had been in. Hand in hand, we led him to the snake. Mama stood at the door, watching, as Frank began to laugh. He laughed and laughed until we thought he should fall down. Mama's face began to flush.

"Poor little harmless garter snake," the grocery man said, wiping his eyes as he took out his orderbook. Mama was angry, I could tell by the way she held her mouth. She ordered her usual groceries and said nothing. But after the still chuckling Mr. McNamara had gone with Mama's order, she got a shovel and buried the snake. Her face was a study in repugnance, showed a trace of anger, and yet a new determination.

Mama never mentioned snakes nor scorpions nor centipedes again. I think if we had been attacked by a ferocious band of rabid coyotes, Mama would simply have repelled them with her little axe. And no fuss.

Mama had gone Western at last.


LIBE
BELLE
TRY YOUR
GRIP
UNCLE
SAM

OLD-TIME GOOD-TIME MACHINES

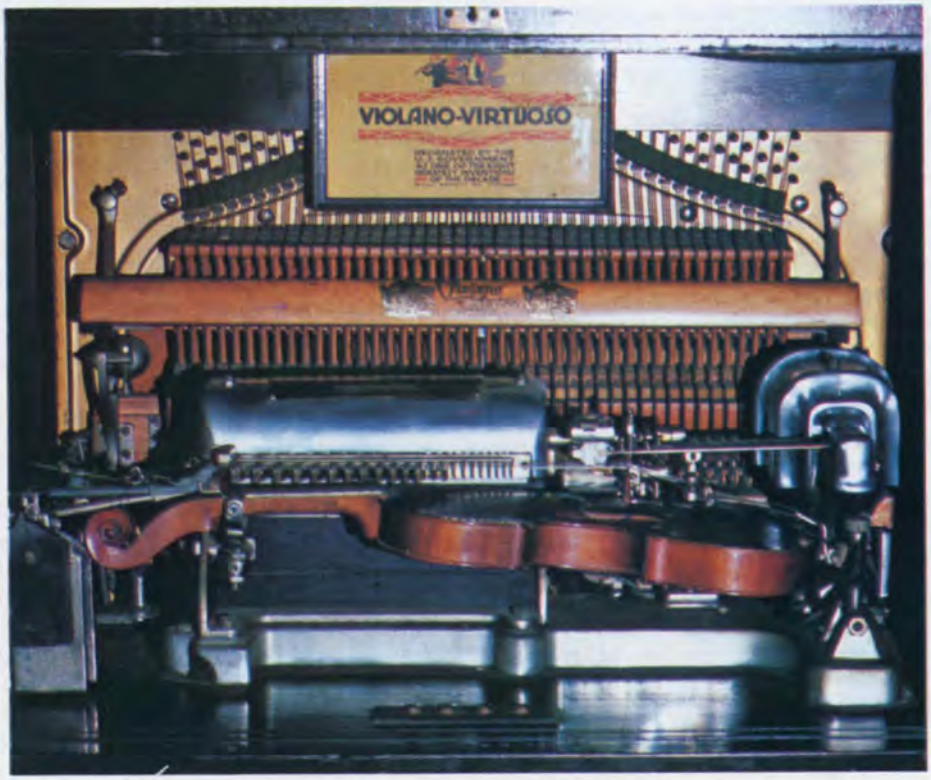
More on collectibles, and these you can play with. By Brendan Wesley.

Charlie Fey was an inventive man. The 21st child of a German schoolteacher, he drifted to America in 1882, lived for a while in Wisconsin, and began producing arcade machines. He sold a patent for a beam scale to Watlings of Chicago, moved to San Francisco, and by 1895 had built the pioneer "bell-type" slot machine from scrap metal, wire, assorted springs and parts from his landlady's clock.

It was that first "Liberty Bell," rescued in 1906 from the earthquake-leveled factory of Charles Fey & Co., that got Marshall and Frank Fey started in amusement machine collecting. They are Charlie's grandsons and today have about 200 slots, dating from their inception to present day machines, as well as many early arcade and musical machines dating from the turn of the century to the 1940s. Their collection includes machines bearing such famous names as Mills, Caille, Jennings and Watlings — but also many by Fey

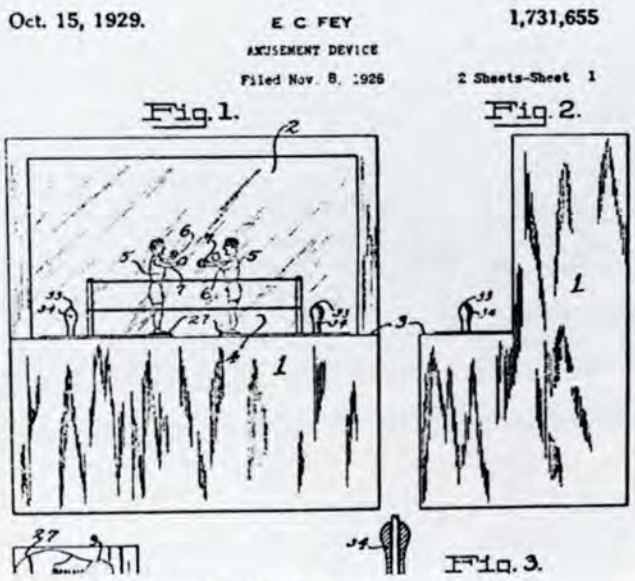
As Marsh tells it, his father, Edmund C. Fey, shared his grandfather's love of things mechanical but didn't care for the seamy side of the slot machine business. In those days payoffs to gangsters were normal, and violence frequently rocked the San Francisco waterfront saloons where the machines were placed. Slots were legal in California until 1911, although an easily subverted 1898 law outlawed payoffs in money. To sidestep the law, many machines paid off in tokens which could be cashed or in merchandise such as candy, a ploy which was used through the years when gambling was frowned upon. The Liberty Bell slot, for example, paid off a winning combination of three liberty bells with 10 drinks.

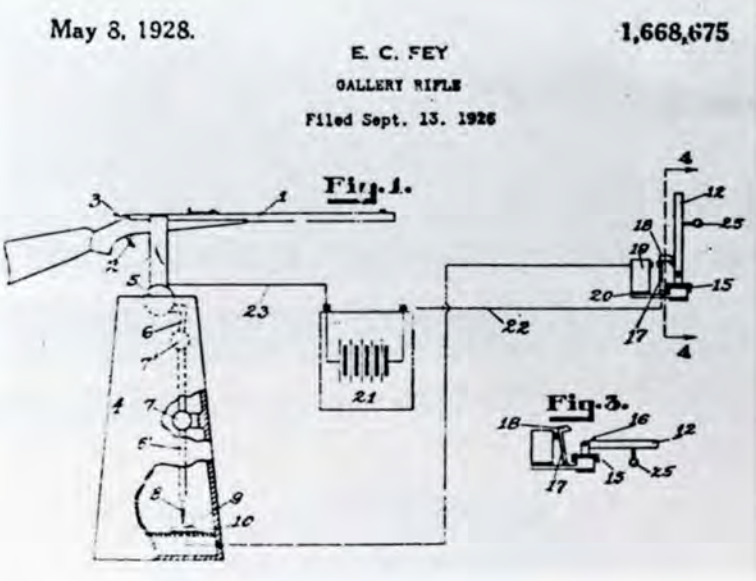
With solid training in slot machine mechanics, Edmund Fey turned to building and servicing amusement machines — primarily for the San Francisco seaside arcades which later became known as Playland-at-the Beach. There, Edmund had



Slot machine disguised as a candy vendor (above).
The most incredible music machine drove its inventor insane (left).
Uncle Sam wants you to test your strength (opposite page).

Photos by the author





Two of Edmund Fey's 21 patents.

strength-testing machines, fortune tellers, palm readers, poker game machines, horoscopes, shooting games and others he had made and patented.

Edmund Fey's patents testify to his ability as an inventor, and the target-shooting games he produced are still being made today His "Electrofire" duck-shooting range was the first to use moving targets, and it was followed by improved gun and target games including two-gun machines that made it a game of competition as well as skill.

On September 23, 1926, Edmund Fey listened on radio to the Dempsey-Tunney fight, as did most of the nation. By the time it was over, he had conceived a new idea for a boxing game and within a few months he patented "K.O. Fighters." For a nickel, two metallic boxers would slug it out again. Edmund Fey was also a pioneering pinball wizard. He holds patents on various pinball devices such as "finger striking amusement device" — the 1932 name for the mechanism which propels the pinball.

A master of coin-controlled machines, Edmund Fey also patented such intriguing things as mechanical claws which scooped up candy and then dropped it into a delivery chute, and a mechanical two-car hill climbing game. All together, the now-retired Fey holds 21 patents. One is for a rotary internal combustion engine — registered in 1914! Fifteen of his machines form the core of his sons' arcade machine collection.

"The history of amusement machines is intertwined with the development of slot machines," says Marshall Fey "Many slot machines were disguised as amusement machines when laws made coin payoffs illegal." The Fey brothers' collection includes dice games which paid off in cigarettes, slot machines with candy vendors, a draw poker game which paid off in cigars—even a slot machine which offered golf balls as an incentive.

"Buy Gum Here — Share Our Profits" reads a slot machine with a gum vendor mounted on the side. The machine was last used in Virginia City's Old Comstock Saloon. Music boxes also helped keep some slot machines operating on a non-coin basis. "Electricity Is Life" reads another machine, circa 1900, by Acme Manufacturing Co. Like many other electrical arcade amusements, it reflects the early belief that electricity was a health aid, although all it delivered was a mild shock.

Besides being able to tear apart, repair and reassemble complicated old amusement machines, Marshall Fey also knows the ins and outs of complicated mechanical music makers. One of them, called "the grandaddy of juke boxes," is a giant nickelodeon made by Multiphone of New York City It still belts out tunes from 24 Edison cylinder records.

"I bought that Edison Multiphone for my wife instead of a wedding ring," laughs Marshall. "Of course, I bought her a wedding ring two months later!"

Another music maker is the Mills-manufactured violin virtuoso — one of the fist mechanical violins ever devised. Edmund bought it new for $2,000 in 1920. It is operated by motors and magnets, not vacuums as are most similar music machines. The inventor of the violin virtuoso spent 25 years developing it and — so the story goes — went insane soon after completing it.

For over 20 years the Fey Brothers have collected coin operated devices and their collection is housed in their "Liberty Belle" restaurant in Reno. In the past few years there has been a tremendous increase in collectors of this type of equipment causing a steady rise in value. Handsome sums are paid for some of these machines at auctions in Reno, Las Vegas and elsewhere.

Marshall Fey feels he and his brother have found the perfect hobby in collecting amusement machines. "At least they move and you can watch them," he says, "Stamps, on the other hand, just sit there. They are just examples of good printing." □

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre For The Performing Arts
To be announced
Bagdad Theatre and Casino
Continuous Entertainment

Caesars Palace
731-7431
To be announced

Circus Circus
734-0410
Free World Famous Circus Acts
11 a.m. - midnight
Gilded Cage
Continuous Entertainment

Desert Inn
735-7478
Gold Cup Lounge
Continuous Entertainment

Dunes
734-4741
Casino De Paris '77

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Ice Show "Playgirls on Ice"
Indefinite

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Fremont
385-3232
Carnival Room
Continuous Entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Roy Clark, December 29-Jan. 19
Bobbie Gentry, Jan. 20-Feb. 16
Robert Goulet, Feb. 17-March 9

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Gold Strike Lounge
Continuous Entertainment

Hacienda
739-8911
Fiesta Showroom
Spice on Ice
Casino Lounge
Continuous Entertainment

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
733-1110
Top Entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Liberace, Dec. 2-Jan. 17
Ann Margret, Jan. 18-Feb. 7
John Davidson, Feb. 8-Feb. 21
Bill Cosby, Feb. 22-March 15
Liberace, March 16-April 4

Marina
739-1500
Mirage Showroom
Bare Touch of Vegas-Indefinite
Ship Wreck Kelly's
Entertainment

MGM Grand
To be announced

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Continuous Entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
To be announced

Sahara
735-4242
Lena Horne, Vic Damone,
Jan. 6-12
Merle Haggard, Teresa Brewer,
Jan. 13-19
Jim Nabors, Kay Starr, Jan. 20-26

Royal Inn
734-0711
Pride and Joy til Jan. 5
Cleo, Jan. 6-Feb. 6

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sands
735-2916
To be announced

Showboat
385-9123
To be announced

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Continuous Entertainment

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris

Thunderbird
735-4111
To be announced

Tropicana
739-2411
Folies Bergere '77
Tiffany Theatre

Union Plaza
386-2444
"Natalie Needs A Nightie"
Broadway Entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Mac Davis, through Jan. 6
Liza Minelli, Jan. 7-13
Frank Sinatra, Jan. 14-16
Radio City Rockettes, Jan. 17-20
Bill Cosby, Feb. 4-6
Rockettes, Feb. 7-10
Roy Clark, Feb. 11-13
Rockettes, Feb. 14-17
The Carpenters, Feb. 18-21
Rockettes, Feb. 22-24
Johnny Mathis, March 4-6
Frank Sinatra, March 25-30

Harvey's Wagon Wheel
588-2411
Continuous Entertainment

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111

North Shore Club
831-3100

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
Continuous entertainment

RENO-SPARKS, CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626

Chuck's Golden Spike
882-7777
Continuous entertainment

Eldorado
786-5700
The Mattis Brothers, Jan. 4-14
Eli Victor Show, Feb. 1-13
Bobby Dobson, Feb. 15-March 6
Dick Dale Show, March 8-27

Harolds
329-0881
Mini-Burlesque '77

Harrah's Club Reno
329-4422
John Davidson, Jan. 5
The Fifth Dimension, Jan. 6-12
Don Rickles, Jan. 13-26
Connie Stevens, Jan. 27-Feb. 6
Bill Cosby, Feb. 7-16
Roy Clark, Feb. 17-March 2
Jim Nabors, March 3-16
Bob Newhart, March 17-30

Holiday Hotel
329-0411
Continuous entertainment

Holiday Inn Downtown
786-5151
So Inclined, through January

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous entertainment

John Ascuaga's Nugget
358-2233
Celebrity Room:
Ernie Ford, Feb. 3-5
Cabaret Room:
Kingston Trio and Toni Ingraham,
Dec. 30-Jan. 5
Kingston Trio and Liz Damon and
the Orient Express, Jan. 6-12
Hank Thompson and Liz Damon,
Jan. 13-26
Judy Lynn, Jan. 27-Feb. 16

Ormsby House
882-1890
Dominic's Supper Club:
Juan Ortega Duo, Jan. 3-Feb. 5
The Good Life, Feb. 6-March 6
Mark Twain Lounge:
Soda Creek Three, Jan. 3-23
Southern Comfort, Jan. 24-Feb. 6
Tony Castro and Friends, Feb. 7-20
The Esquires, Feb. 21-March 13

Jessie Beck's Riverside
786-4400

Ponderosa
786-6820
Continuous nightly entertainment

ELKO-ELY-JACKPOT WENDOVER WINNEMUCCA

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181

Stockmen's Hotel, Elko
738-5141

Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414

Cactus Pete's Casino, Jackpot
755-2321

Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331

Stateline Motel and Casino, Wendover
668-2221

Star Broiler, Winnemucca
623-2892

Winner's Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

HARD ROCK DRILLING

For over a century, men have been scrambling around beneath the parched hide of Nevada and literally blowing the state to pieces. By Dennis Tristram.

Not a state to give up her treasures easily, Nevada clutches valuable minerals like gold and silver to her bosom in a solid rock embrace and even the earliest miners found the quickest way around that obstacle was with dynamite. In order to poke the dynamite down where it would do the most good, the men had to pay in muscle-busting hand drilling with hammer and steel.

And the hard-headed hard rockers enjoyed it so much they made a game of it. The simple rules declared the winner was the man who pounded a steel drill the farthest into a chunk of granite in a specified length of time. The contests — called single jacking and double jacking — are still held in several places each summer in the state and many of the top drillers are men who have never worked in a mine.

Fred Andreasen of Carson City has been the perennial state single jack champion for a half-dozen years. In a contest that matches a steel drill and a sledgehammer against solid rock it might seem that the best man would have the brawniest bicep, but Andreasen stands 5 feet 11 inches and, in top drilling condition, weighs a relatively wiry 155 pounds.

"There's a lot to knowing how to hit," he says, "and the winning technique involves putting the power of the hammer at the right time at the right place." Both single jack and double jack contests last for 10 minutes but in double jacking two men trade off on the hammer and holding the steel drill. Between hits the steel is turned a quarter turn and a small stream of water in the drill hole washes out the pulverized granite.

Andreasen makes a big show of adjusting and directing the water flow but claims he really doesn't take it that seriously. "I probably overdo the water adjustment. The important thing about it," he explains, is that it doesn't splash in my eyes."

During a contest Andreasen's face is a study in anguished exertion and concentration. Slamming the hammer into the steel up to 120 times per minute and driving the drill more than 10 inches into solid rock in 10 minutes is man-killing. "It takes a lot of every-

Andreason works the steel in the double jacking.

thing," he says. "Strength, stamina, knowing how to hit fast and hard. You gotta be in pretty good shape to go 10 minutes like that. When I'm in good shape I can go as hard as I can from the first second to the last, hitting it hard and square and fast. I always pace myself so I'm dead at the end."

In both single and double jacking a new drill steel is put in the hole every minute. A champion like Andreasen can jerk the old steel and set in a new one without missing a hammer stroke. In double jacking, the partners usually trade places every minute, with the hammer man dropping to his knees and slamming a new steel into the hole just after the other man flings the old steel aside, jumps to his feet and begins driving with the sledge.

Hands take a beating in both events and the crotch between Andreasen's left thumb and forefinger is mapped with hammer scars. While slamming his way to an all-time victory depth of 10⅛ inches last spring at Tonopah, he missed slightly on one stroke, and based on the two weeks of swelling and pain that followed, thinks he broke the hand.

Andreasen ignored the injury and hammered to victory by 1/16 of an inch over his closest competitor. He won't wear a glove because "you couldn't feel the steel right. You don't expect to hit your hand, but when you do you can't worry about it."

Because the 37-year-old drilling champ spends his weekdays at a draftsman's board for the State Division of Highways, he has to get in shape for drilling on his own time. For years he ran every day from 4 to 15 miles but now just runs daily for a couple of weeks before a contest. Ten days before an event he practices drilling two hours nightly, "mainly to get my timing down and get feeling good. I used to win on blood and guts but I don't train as hard. Now I win on experience."

Experience includes sharpening and tempering his own steel drills. A drill too hard will shatter; a drill too soft will mush out. In the last six years Andreasen says he's won 20 single jack contests and faced upwards of 150 competitors. He figures there are perhaps 10 men in the state who stand a chance of competing successfully in single jacking.

In specialized situations and in small mines, hand drilling persisted in some mining operations near Andreasen's birthplace of Virginia City until the 1920s. Even today it is sometimes necessary for a miner to hand punch a hole for the dynamite.

Most of the single and double jacking in Nevada now is not to uncover paydirt, but to collect prize money that can be $1,000 or more. It's doubtful many miners in the days of the Big Bonanza on the Comstock Lode of Virginia City were able to hammer out a thousand dollars worth of pay dirt in a short but mighty busy 10 minutes. Nor are there many sports where the tools and the rules are so simple.

"Steel and hammer and water; that's it, that's all there is to it," shrugs Andreasen, who carries his prize-winning equipment around in a bucket which usually has enough water in it to give the hammer and steels a healthy coating of rust. □

CONTEST DATES

TONOPAH	JIM BUTLER DAYS, MEMORIAL DAY WEEKEND
LOVELOCK	FRONTIER DAYS, USUALLY THE FIRST WEEKEND IN AUGUST
GABBS	GABBS DAY, SATURDAY AFTER LABOR DAY
YERINGTON	AUGUST 15
CARSON CITY	ADMISSION DAY, OCTOBER 31
VIRGINIA CITY	USUALLY IN MIDSUMMER

and MUCKING

When a driller has punched the hole and a powder monkey has set the charge and blasted a hole in mine tunnel or shaft, someone has to clean up the mess. That lucky fellow is called a mucker. With a shovel, which he calls a muck stick, he loads the rubble into an ore car.

But that's not all there is. Out of that mining occupation came mucking contests and they are almost always held in conjunction with hard rock drilling events. If single and double jacking are elemental exercises in muscle and steel, mucking is the bedrock of sinew and sweat against implacable rock. At contemporary contests, muckers are required to move one cubic yard of muck, about a ton, from one wooden box to another. Fastest man wins. And contest muck, despite dictionary definitions, is not soft, damp dirt or even mud. It's flinty, unyielding, sharp-edged chunks of shovel-fighting stone.

Contest muckers shovel in the rough, much as they would if they were digging straight down in a mine shaft. It's harder than tunnel mucking where the rubble is made to fall onto a slick sheet of iron, making it easier for the shovel to slide under the rock. Regardless, a champion mucker can move a ton of rock in about four minutes while a less experienced man can shovel himself to unconscious exhaustion.

Even though it seems a contest where pure beef and bulk would favor the winner, driller Fred Andreasen claims technique is important. "A big strong guy off the street would take twice as long as a champion mucker like Fallon's Russ Turley."

Most contest muckers are, like drillers, not employed in mining, but Turlock, who became State Champion Mucker at Virginia City last year, and Bud Blaylock of Mina, who was champion muckstick master four years running, are active miners.

While all Nevada drilling contests are now conducted on the same piece of extra hard California granite, muck can vary from contest to contest. Thus, Turlock took 9 minutes, 45 seconds to maneuver the Virginia City muck while Mike Merlino, the winner at Tonopah in 1976, slung the stone from box to box in 4 minutes 15.8 seconds.

Or, as Turlock said as he slumped against a wall after throwing down his victorious muck stick at Virginia City, "Whooowhee. That's a rough one there. Big rocks in that sun-of-a-gun."

—Dennis Tristram

SNOW SPORTS

Winter sports can be exhilarating, refreshing, invigorating, but it takes more than a pair of skis, a rod and a hook or a snowmobile to enjoy the winter and snow It takes a load of common sense.

Snowsportsmen must remember that if they are traveling Nevada's magnificent wilderness, help in an emergency may be a long way off. Check weather conditions before you venture out as storms have a tendency to sock in quickly in mountain regions and it's easy to get lost. There is the danger of exposure to the cold, and also to the possibility of an avalanche.

Take precautions: Always let someone know where you are going, who you are going with, and when you expect to be back; alert the local ranger station if you intend traversing country that is seldom visited; make sure your equipment is in perfect shape; carry food and a few tools, spare parts and gasoline

Fox photo

Hadley photos

Fox photo

King photo

for your snowmobile; take a first-aid kit, waterproof matches, compass, space sticks, flashlight, and perhaps a flare and a sheet of plastic that can be used as an emergency shelter. And, most important, dress properly for your sport. If you are cold, or lost, no matter how perfect the day, the terrain, the company, or the view, you'll not want to try it again.

Common sense and planning will keep the winter sportsman alive and safe, the environment intact. Respect other people's property, obey all signs, don't litter, keep off marked or private land. And, while you are enjoying your winter sports, take care of Nevada's woods and mountains and plains as if they were your own, because most of them really are.

ALPINE SKIING

"We're spoiled!" The young man was referring to the spread of mountains, from north of Reno to south of Lake Tahoe, that beckons to the skiing aficionado every winter with its offer of some of the finest skiing, scenery, weather, slopes and resorts in the country.

Alpine Meadows, Mount Rose, Echo Summit, Heavenly Valley, Northstar, Squaw Valley, Tahoe Donner, Slide Mountain and many more offer the best in ski runs and facilities to those who love the thrill of gliding down a mountain slope surrounded by sparkling snow, frosted pines and a sapphire sky. A few miles away are the lights of Nevada's 24-hour-a-day cities, including Stateline, which offers outstanding hospitality, entertainment and gambling practically at the foot of Heavenly's giant runs. Even southern Nevada gets into the ski scene at Mt. Charleston, where the Lee Canyon resort area offers skiing at the 8500 foot level.

Skiing is one of the most popular family sports in America, with thousands of families setting aside winter weekends for visits to the nearest resort. Equipment is designed for everyone from the beginning grade school age child to the expert adult, with innovations making skiing more fun and more accessible, as well as safer. Skiing isn't cheap, but for the unsure beginner, most resorts offer rental equipment.

An adult getting started in Alpine skiing can expect to pay from $200 to $500 for his basic equipment: the skis, the heavy boots, the bindings designed to release the boot in a fall and the poles. He will pay about $150 for his youngster's equipment. Comfortable, light, warm and dry are the essential characteristics of ski clothing, topped off with goggles or sun glasses to ward off the sun's glare, gloves lined with fleece or down, and a hat that covers the ears. If proper care is taken of skis and equipment, they will last through many seasons, offering excitement hard to find in other sports.

Good judgment and consideration for other skiers are the clues to enjoying skiing when there are many other skiers on the mountain. A skier must know his limitations, mental and physical, and his equipment limitations. A tired skier is in trouble, and the altitude can affect a skier's stamina. It helps to prepare for a season of skiing by exercising to build up muscles in the fall.

How many participation sports offer the mystique of skiing? A whole world of personalities, techniques, fashions, publications, competitions, events and new sensations are waiting for the skier at Tahoe. *(A complete listing of Tahoe ski areas is available by requesting the free Nevada Ski Directory from the Department of Economic Development, Capitol Complex, Carson City, Nevada 89710.)*

SKI TOURING

Ski touring, also known as Nordic or cross country skiing, is the answer to the snow lover who is willing to forego the thrills and popularity of downhill skiing for the quieter rewards of being able to explore the ice-blue world of winter after the season's snows have cut off the trails, canyons and meadows from summer's hikers and backpackers.

The Vikings are supposed to have developed the long, light, springy ski for traveling through the deep winter woods of Scandinavia. Today's ski tourer is not dependent on lifts to the top of a carefully-groomed ski slope to start his run. All he needs is

enough snow to cover the rocks and brush to be off.

Equipment for cross country skiing is less expensive and less complicated than that required for downhill skiing. An adult can outfit himself for about $125, using traditional wooden skis, while opting for the new fiberglass skis will push the price up a little. The skis are longer, narrower and lighter than modern Alpine skis while the boots chosen will depend on the bindings. Some skiers use the standard Nordic boot, which resembles an ordinary lace-up shoe and is fitted into toe bindings that leave the heel free. Other skiers choose insulated hiking boots to go with cable bindings that clamp the toe and provide more stability for the heel on downhill runs while still leaving the heel free to lift off the ski. Since the ski technique is based on the walking stride, the heel must be able to move up and down. Bamboo or aluminum poles complete the skier's basic equipment.

Traditional Nordic ski clothing includes knickers and heavy knee socks, but anything suitable for cold weather that allows freedom of movement will suit. Long underwear and two pairs of socks, topped by a few layers of warm clothing are good for discovering the woods on a bright winter day.

Inside the skier's knapsack or pockets are to be found several waxes, a ski scraper, maybe a piece of cork for rubbing in the wax and a spare ski tip. The wax enables the Nordic skier to ski in all kinds of snow in all kinds of weather, from below-freezing with new snow to well above freezing with slush. Experience will soon guide the beginner in choosing what type of wax to use on the bottoms of his grooved skis.

Injuries are rare in ski touring as skiers seldom build up enough speed to make a fall dangerous. But as in any outdoor sport, particularly in winter, certain precautions are essential: If you are a novice, don't go alone; eat a good meal before heading for a favorite meadow because it can provide your body with enough heat to ward off the cold; don't forget that weather can change from benign to malignant in a matter of hours in Nevada, and any tour of any length should take into account the possibility of high winds and sudden snowfall. Many Sierra ski resorts offer trails for Nordic as well as Alpine skiing—possibly a better choice than a dive into the wilds if the weather is looking strange. Besides, prepared tracks offer an easier tour and a chance to develop technique.

SNOW SHOEING

"There are some areas where snow shoes are better than anything else—deep powder snow, steep slopes and areas with lots of trees, brush and rocks," says John Brown, a research associate in hydrology at the University of Nevada renewable resources center in Reno. He finds snowshoes are the best way for him to visit remote mountain areas for snow and stream samples during the deep Sierra winters.

The wood and hide shoes are supposed to have been developed in central Asia around 4000 B.C. and were brought to this continent in the waves of migration over the Bering Straits land bridge. The natives of what are now Canada and the United States developed hundreds of designs for snow shoes to fit varying terrains, weather, snow conditions and uses. White settlers quickly learned the benefits of using snow shoes to travel in winter, and they played a role in Revolutionary War battles in the northern states.

Today, snow shoes are used primarily for practical purposes—such as hunting or Brown's snow sampling trips. But they also attract a few people who use snow shoes for recreation. They can't be beaten for the hiker who wants to keep on climbing his mountains even when the trails are waist-deep in snow. "You have to walk a little bow-legged on snow shoes," says Brown, "but it's not much harder than just ordinary walking."

Snow shoes are made of wood, plastic or metal frames, with leather or synthetic bindings. The shoes cost from $30 to $60, and if bindings are bought separately, they cost from $5 to $20. The classic snow shoe, about a foot wide and four feet long, narrowing to a tip at the back, is the trail shoe, and best for level ground. For mountainous terrain, shorter, oval shoes are preferred, while crampons can be attached to the bindings to aid travel over ice. Beyond that, warm layers of clothes and waterproof boots prepare the winter hiker, hunter and scientist for an expedition into the high country.

SNOWMOBILING

Snowmobiles can take you in winter to the places you loved last summer and hated to leave—even to places you could never reach before. And you don't have to be an athlete to do it. Instead of straining your muscles you can sit atop a soft padded seat and gently squeeze the throttle lever of your snowmobile. You can take off, at whatever speed you like, across beautiful sparkling snowcovered hills that are dotted with heavily laden pinion pines and frosted aspen trees. You can experience the Ruby Mountains, Hinckey Summit, Mt. Charleston and the Sierra; cross miles and miles of snow-covered brush country near Austin and Caliente; or ride over the trails originally made by the prospectors of Virginia City.

To the outdoorsman who prefers taking it easy in the winter, snowmobiles offer mobility and freedom; and for what you attain, the cost is low. A sport for the family, a snowmobile can carry two people. A new machine can cost $1500 or more, but many one-owner machines can be bought for less than $1,000. Special clothing is necessary; a snowmobile suit (one-piece is best), thermal underwear, wool socks, lined gloves, boots, goggles and a helmet would cost up to $200.

If you're new to the sport, you don't know the land or your machine, then join a club and learn from the people who know. Never go out alone. There should always be at least two snowmobiles on every trip (so that if an accident happens or one breaks down, the other can go for help). Snowmobile dealers can put you in touch with local clubs and organizations.

Stimulating, refreshing, exciting, a benefit to physical, emotional, and mental health, snowmobile riding can relieve pressure, calm nerves, and bring you the kind of high that only comes from cold clear high desert air. Snowmobiling will help you appreciate winter even more.

ICE FISHING

Don't put away your fishing tackle when the first snows of winter blanket the Nevada countryside or you'll miss out on ice fishing—some of the year's best action.

Most popular ice fishing spot is Wildhorse, 60 miles to the north of the city of Elko. Prime target for anglers is its hefty rainbow trout, but these can also be found in large numbers at Sheep Creek and Wilson Reservoirs, while the Ruby Marshes offer some bass as well.

Ice fishing is inexpensive when compared to other winter sports and equipment is simple. Many anglers use short, homemade poles, from 30 to 48 inches long. Reels may freeze when it is very cold and refuse to operate, so two screw hooks can be put in an ice fishing rod handle so that the line—about 10 to 15 yards long—can be easily wrapped around the hooks.

Bait used in winter is the same as for summer: worms, salmon eggs, cheese and canned whole kernel corn (which gives off a milky substance in the water that seems to attract the fish).

There is no best level to fish. Some anglers use very little weight or no weight at all while ice fishing. The bait takes the line down. The best system to use is that if the depth you are fishing catches fish, then stick with it!

Fishermen use a variety of tools to get through the ice. Augers, which resemble giant corkscrews, or large scooper blades, are the simplest to use. Power augers are available but are expensive. A hand-powered auger costs from $25 to $55 but most anglers find common garden tools (picks, post hole diggers, pry or digging bars, narrow bladed "sharp shooter" shovels) are adequate.

Make sure you know the Nevada Fish and Game limits. For ice fishing, the size of the hole can be no larger than 10 inches in diameter, number of fish allowed is the same year-round at a given area. Check local regulations for specifics.

Before you go ice fishing, there are several things you should check, including how thick the ice is, where the shoreline ends and the water begins, maybe even where the fish are biting. You don't have to walk to the middle of the lake as fish tend to move toward shallow water as the weather and water cools. Make sure you have plenty of warm clothes and consider the wind chill factor. Typical of winter, weather is always changeable. On some days you may need to rig up a windbreak, on others suntan lotion may be necessary because if the sun is shining it could be very hot on the ice.

As temperatures and weather change, ice on a lake tends to do strange things. It can shift and split, often letting out loud snapping or cracking sounds. This is nothing to be alarmed about as long as you have at least a foot of ice beneath you. □

THE TRAVELING STONES OF PAHRANAGAT VALLEY

Only Westerners realized Dan De Quille's fact was often fiction.

By Stephanie Shulsinger.

It was during the summer of 1860 that an excited miner came tumbling over a ridge in Gold Canyon, tripping over rocks and plunging downhill at a dizzy pace, as though the Devil himself were hot on his trail.

Stumbling recklessly over the loose ground the man rushed breathlessly over to a group of dusty companions and hollered hoarsely, "Boys, I've struck it! There's millions of tons of it! Millions on millions—enough to make the whole camp rich!"

"Is it silver, gold, or what?" asked one of his friends.

"It's the stuff they make compasses of!" yelled the giddy prospector, as he spilled out the details of his fabulous find. a huge ledge covered with rock fragments that stuck to each other. They would all be rich, controlling the world's largest source of magnetic material. Who would be mean enough to tell the poor fellow that his discovery was just common magnetite or magnetic iron ore? Who could convince him anyway?

But the doubtful discovery was not destined to go to waste, as it took root in the fertile brain of Dan de Quille, that talented newspaper writer and liar of lasting eminence. Not long afterward the readers of the Virginia City *Territorial Enterprise* were treated to a fascinating "news" story about some remarkable stones found by a prospector in the Pahranagat Mountains, "the wildest and most sterile portion of southeastern Nevada." These wonderful spherical rocks, about as big as walnuts "and very heavy, being of an irony nature," rolled toward each other when they were a couple of feet apart and were attracted together in clusters, "like a lot of eggs in a nest." Some mysterious force then moved them away again, or so Dan told his delighted readers.

It was a refreshing fairy tale, plausible and written up in such a convincingly businesslike tone that mail soon began arriving from scientists requesting further information about the unique phenomenon.

Of course Nevadans were used to Dan de Quille's hilarious whoppers, which probably sold more papers than any genuine news story, but the final test of a hoax was its effect on greenhorns and outsiders. This one was judged a complete success when letters drifted in from as far away as Germany addressed to "Herr Doktor Dan de Quille," the eminent scientist of "Virginiastadt" and P T Barnum offered ten thousand dollars for the talented rocks.

In 1879, when he was still receiving inquiries, Dan retracted the story in the *Enterprise*, claiming "We are now growing old and we want peace. Therefore we solemnly affirm that we never saw or heard of any such diabolical cobbles as the traveling stones of Pahranagat."

But Dan's confession was too late: his "Traveling Stones" had already swiped an honored place in the annals of great western humor. □

Nevada Calendar

JANUARY

weekends	Flea Market, weather permitting	**Dayton**
3	Audubon Film Series, "The Living Jungle," Sparks Nugget	**Sparks**
7-9	Reno Boat and Recreational Vehicle Show, Centennial Coliseum	**Reno**
7-9,13-15	"Joan of Lorraine," Reno Little Theater	**Reno**
13-16	Las Vegas Boat, Sports and Travel Show, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
26-30	1977 Winter Carnival	**S. Lake Tahoe**
28,29	Desert Inn Archery Classic, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
29,30	Nevada State Horsemen's Association Convention	**Sparks**
30	Reno Symphony "Maria Martino," Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**

The 1977 Winter Carnival will have fun for all at South Lake Tahoe, January 26 thru 30.

FEBRUARY

*	Annual All Breed Bull Sale	**Fallon**
weekends	Flea Market, weather permitting	**Dayton**
1-9	Art Exhibit, Church Fine Arts Gallery, UNR	**Reno**
5	Miss National Teenage Pageant, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
11,12	Americana Folk Ballet, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
12,13	Chariot Racing, Fairgrounds	**Elko**
15-17	Pacific Automotive Show, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
16	Americana Concert, Church Fine Arts Theater, UNR	**Reno**
25,26	Opera "Rigoletto," Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
25	Carson-Tahoe Hospital Auxiliary Charity Ball, Ormsby House	**Carson City**

MARCH

weekends	Flea Market	**Dayton**
9-12	Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
10-12	Jazz Band Festival, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
12,13	Annual Walco International Steer Roping	**Fallon**
14	New York Vocal Arts Ensemble, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
15	High School Orchestra and Choral Festival, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
23,24	UNR Music Department Spring Festival	**Reno**
27	Sweet Adeline Spring Festival	**Ely**
31-April 3	Antique Show, Centennial Coliseum	**Reno**

*** Date Not Set**

Sweepstakes Winner
Professional - Black & White
Bruce McClelland, Carson City, NV.
Cash Award of $150

PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

It sounded easy, but picking a few from hundreds was a difficult job.

If there weren't a deadline, we might still be arguing the virtues of color against content or print quality versus insight. Entries poured in from all corners of Nevada and a dozen other states and we were pleasantly surprised at the overall quality

It was especially interesting to note the differences between how local Nevadans see their state and what the non-resident deems visually important. As might be expected, many local contestants submitted a personal (often esoteric) view Out-of-state entrants were more impressed by sweeping scenes of desert and mountain.

Finally, we were surprised that the three judges agreed unanimously on the Sweepstakes winner, a sensitive black and white documentary by Bruce McClelland. We only regret that the inevitable loss in tonal fidelity inherent in the high speed printing of Nevada Magazine cannot fully reproduce the subtle power in Mr. McClelland's study of an exhausted fire fighter

First Place
Professional - Color
Harry Upson, Reno, NV.

First Place
Professional - Black & White
Bruce McClelland, Carson City, NV.

First Place
Amateur - Color
Linda Dufurrena, Winnemucca, NV.

Second Place
Professional - Color
David Beatty, Boise, Idaho

Second Place
Amateur - Color
Grace Bailey, Jarbidge, NV.

Third Place
Amateur - Color
Kenneth Inzer, Overton, NV.

Second Place
Amateur - Black & White
Jon Thompson, Reno, NV.

Second Place
Professional - Black & White
Adrian Atwater, Carson City, NV.

HONORABLE MENTION

Bob Boisson,
Reno, NV
Dr. Stephen Chenin,
Las Vegas, NV
B.J. Kausler,
Carson City, NV
Stewart M. Freshwater,
Las Vegas, NV
Jim Priddy,
Reno, NV
Larry Roberts,
Reno, NV
John A. Riggs,
Reno, NV
Joani Trindl,
Carson City, NV
Jay W Jeffers,
Las Vegas, NV
Brian D. Taylor,
Scottsdale, AZ.
Mark T Hoekenga II,
Eureka, NV
Carmelo Rapaglia,
Las Vegas, NV
Anita Nicholas,
Reno, NV
Dan Miller,
Elko, NV
J.A. Young,
Reno, NV
Kathleen M. Davis,
Homewood, CA.
Jon A. Dick,
Fernley, NV
Tim Fogliani,
Las Vegas, NV
Carol Caserta,
Zephyr Cove, NV
Lee Baczynski,
Minneapolis, MN.
Russ Corbett,
Reno, NV

First Place
Amateur - Black & White
Carol Yparraguirre, Gardnerville, NV.

Third Place
Professional - Black & White
Gary Angell, Las Vegas, NV.

NEVADA TRAVEL GUIDE

NEVADA TRAVEL GUIDE

BLM continued from page 13.

private hands the land would become an economic boon.

The BLM experience provides little support for that argument. Agency people say that over-all, the BLM is a money-making agency; nationwide, its expenditures are only from one-sixth to one-tenth of its receipts. Yet in Nevada, it's a money-losing agency

In fiscal 1975, for instance, BLM claims it cost $8.4 million to manage the giant sweep of the more than 48 million acres of Nevada land under its jurisdiction, yet its receipts from Nevada that year were only $5.1 million. The agency insists that neither faulty management nor bureaucratic bungling and waste cause this. It is due instead to the fact that the land itself has even more drawbacks now than it had 100 years ago.

"For instance," explains Ed Rowland, "Nevada is just not very much endowed in the way of leasable minerals—oil and gas and coal—which are the big moneymakers for BLM in other states. And Nevada doesn't have any timber to amount to anything, either. Some of the other western states take in a lot of money on timber. We take in almost nothing."

Nobody involved—including the beleaguered federal agency itself—has given up the long struggle to resolve this admittedly difficult situation. A new agricultural land study gives BLM complete records of water, soil, topography and climates across the state, and concludes that about 50,000 acres in 18 Nevada valleys "have the potential to support agricultural production." The report says that the size of the land parcels would have to vary considerably because the land quality is not uniform. Each parcel would have to be productive enough to provide its owners with at least the average rural family income of $13,000 a year Minimum areas needed to accomplish this would be 400 to 500 acres, but most parcels would require an average of 640 acres (a full section) and some even more.

None of this satisfies the opponents of federal control or ownership either. "We should be able to select land as we need it," flatly insists Sen. Blakemore. "What we're recommending is that we get back on the selection process so that we can draw land as we need it. Arizona is still on that process and probably will be for the next 10 or 20 years. We have no more selection land available to us." (BLM points out that this is because many years ago Nevada chose, voluntarily, the alternative of taking two million acres of land—anywhere in the state it wanted it—instead of following the regular method of taking two sections per township. It would take an act of Congress to change that.)

Does Nevada really want to have control of all of BLM's 48 million acres? "I have serious reservations about the state going into the land business," Blakemore concedes. "The state taking over is not the way to go. Sure, morally we should. But we could not afford the bureaucracy needed to run it initially If we could select land as we need it, turn it over slowly, then the system would function without creating a bureaucracy So I know it's a long way down the road. But morally we are right."

The road is not only long, but is all up hill for Nevada now faces not only the new restrictions imposed by the Organic Act; it must face the even more formidable power of the "Eastern Establishment." There has not yet been enough of a continental tilt to give the West anything like the strength it needs to overcome that power. Easterners are not about to approve of anything they see might resemble a "land grab" by the West, simply because these public lands are as much theirs as ours. And the Easterners pay taxes to support those lands—proportionately, perhaps more than we pay Says Rowland: "They have an equal stake in all these federal lands in the West, and they want the right to make whatever use of them they want."

Jimmy Carter has little reason to view the western cause with special sympathy Since all of the states west of Missouri gave Ford their electoral votes, the new President could in all conscience stand pat on the Eastern position. (It was mainly the vote in the rural counties which put Nevada in the Ford column in the last election—even though it is those counties which have protested the loudest about the "stranglehold" policies which have been tightening instead of loosening under the last two administrations.)

And so the prospect of any truly satisfactory solution remains gloomy The only real hope for the foreseeable future is that perhaps Nevada's unhappy landlord and unhappy tenants may be able to work out a way to live in relative harmony in a situation which both agree is distasteful, but which neither has the power to resolve. □

MAKE SOME WAVES IN LAS VEGAS

ALL ROOMS
$10.50
Per Person Dbl. Occ.
7 DAYS A WEEK

Get On Board The SHOWBOAT

Don't miss the 'Boat for fun and excitement in Las Vegas. The all new Showboat Hotel, Casino and Lanes is a complete one-stop-fun-spot. The Showboat has 500 beautiful rooms, 70 Championship bowling lanes, an Olympic size pool, America's biggest Bingo room, 'round the clock casino action, the greatest buffet in Las Vegas and acres of free parking. Sound like a lot? Well it is. Discover the Showboat for yourself, and you'll be back again and again. Showboat hospitality and spirit mean a good time for you. So what are you waiting for? GET ON BOARD, the Showboat Hotel, Casino and Lanes in Las Vegas.

SHOWBOAT

Hotel, Casino & Lanes

2800 E. FREMONT **LAS VEGAS** NEVADA 89104

Toll Free 800-634-3484

VACATION at BEAUTIFUL SOUTH SHORE LAKE TAHOE








HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL
Example:
3 DAYS/2 NIGHTS
$35.00

Per Person, Double Occup., Includes $15 Food & Beverage Credit Per Person. Available Sunday thru Thursday.

HARVEY'S INN
Examole:
3 DAYS/2 NIGHTS
$25.00

Per Person, Double Occup., Includes $15 Food & Beverage Credit Per Person. Available Sunday thru Friday.

All packages must be pre-paid and are subject to availability. Sorry, no minors.

HOLIDAY AT Harvey's

RESORT HOTEL/INN CASINOS

HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL/CASINO

Harvey's offers you more ways to enjoy all the fun and excitement of fabulous South Shore, Lake Tahoe with special vacations ranging from 2 Days/1 Night to 8 Days/7 Nights. Vacations designed to pamper your every whim. Compare with the best and you'll agree Holiday at Harvey's is your greatest vacation value!

FOR INFORMATION & RESERVATIONS PHONE TOLL FREE
(800) 648-3361
or
(702) 588-2411

HARVEY'S INN/CASINO
(1 mile from Harvey's Resort Hotel/Casino)

Effective Dates: Jan. 3-May 12, 1977 Vacations at Harvey's Inn available thru June 17, 1977