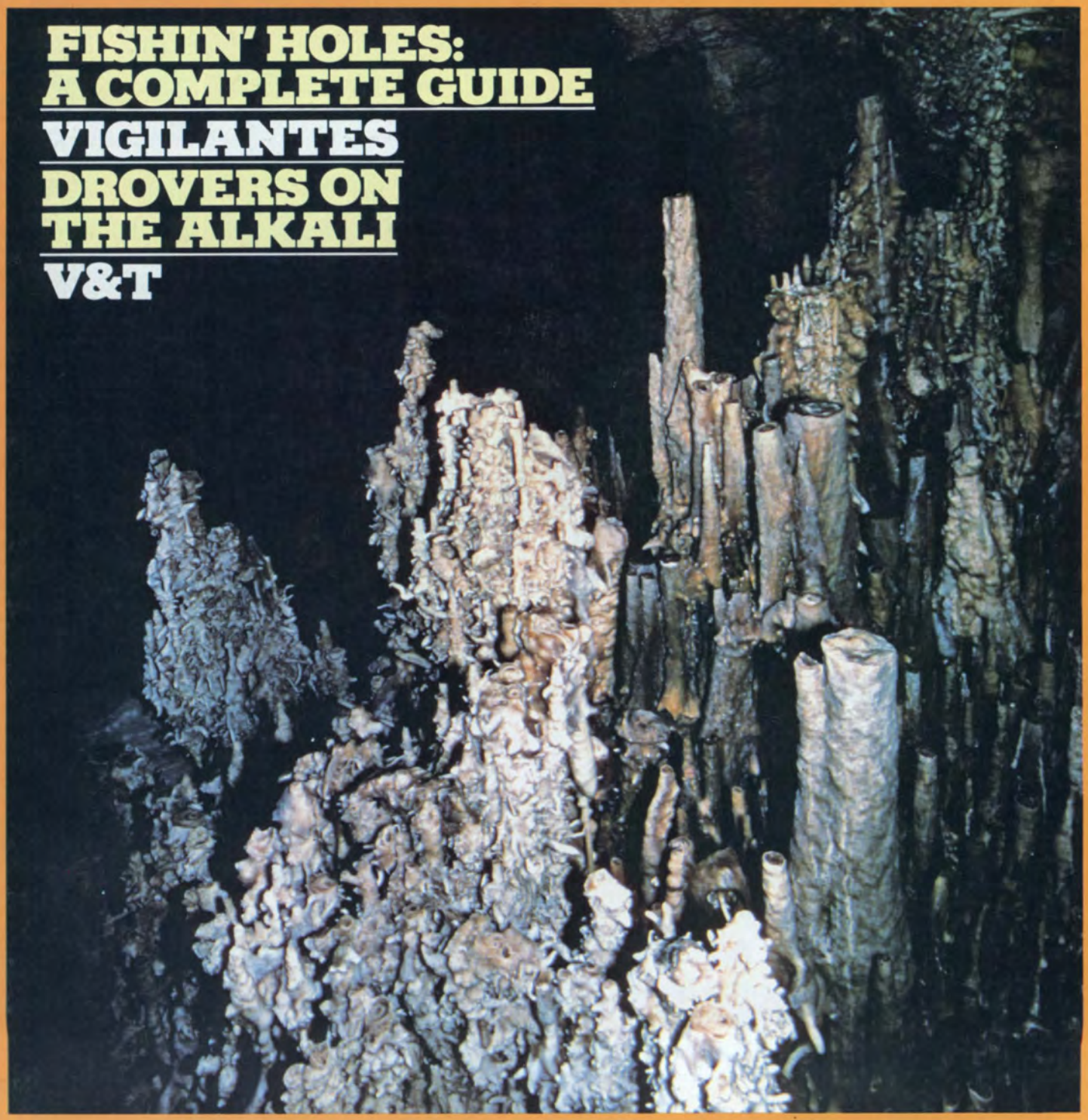
NEVADA

MAGAZINE

No. 4, 1976 / $1.00

DEATH VALLEY SURREALISM



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NEVADA

Volume 36 • Number 4

SPECIAL SECTION

FEATURES

YESTERDAY

DEPARTMENTS

The legendary Virginia & Truckee rolls again. See page 16.

Editorial

It's all a bit confusing.

We've had complaints. Plenty of them. And most have come in the last few months.

Some readers say there is not enough coverage about Las Vegas while an equal number say there's too much; we've got the word there's no sagebrush in southern Nevada, that it's all stashed in the northeast portion of the state; one midwestern man thinks we allow 'indelicate' language while others sing 'hurrah' for the very same words. We've been told the old way (of putting the magazine together) was better, still more prefer it now. We've even heard rumblings about our 1977 calendar because it "hangs the wrong way." Fortunately, more people believe the new one's more useful.

It could be a dilemma, but it's not. Because we read your letters and are interested in what you have to say. This issue reflects a few of your requests:

Editor, writer, photographer, wanderer, **Richard Menzies** has the ability to discover the people that people find fascinating. In our last issue, he offered "Deputy Dump." For this issue, he talked with Austin's great lady, Constable Kitty Bonner. Menzies lives in Utah, travels frequently in Nevada. "Sometimes I wonder what I am doing in Salt Lake City. I guess I live in one nice little corner of the town where the houses still rise two and three stories and the stately elms still stand. My neighbors are students, musicians, poets. "

Richard Menzies

Menzies was the editor of the now defunct newspaper, *The Salt Flat News* ("The only paper in the world that gives a damn about what happens on the Salt Flats"). When it folded (because nobody else gave a damn) he turned to freelancing and dabbling in television producing. We hope he'll stick around.

Our collector of artists, **Linda Hale**, was born and brought up on the East Coast. She won an art scholarship to Carnegie Institute, but thought she "had nothing to paint yet that was real to me" so transferred to Columbia University in New York to study English literature. After attaining her degree, she carried on painting, "taking classes from people I thought were saying something distinctive in their work." She has been painting professionally for 15 years, and has written many art columns. She came west in the early '60s, starting the Pinon Gallery with Mary Lou Anthony in Reno in 1963. She was the first paid director of the Nevada Art Gallery.

Hale put together the words and collected the data for the article, "A Sense of Place." She says, "Doing this article was a good way to combine my several interests as well as getting to know some of the unique artists here in Nevada. How I wish we had had more space there are people I would like to have included, like Jim Lawrence, who is a really fine watercolorist with a national reputation." Linda Hale will write more on art, and Nevada's artists.

Linda Hale

Barbara Egbert

As a man familiar with the total desert, **Dwight Warren** displays his love for it in his photo-essay entitled, "Death Valley." As Chief Park Naturalist at the Death Valley National Monument for six years, he became completely in tune with the subject. Now retired, Warren spends his time traveling the surrealistic deserts of California, Arizona and Mexico. Most of his summers are spent in Nevada. He goes "wherever interest and curiosity take me."

Julian Stone, one of our regular contributors (Ski-Splash, Agriculture, Jai-Alai), is an Englishman who likes Nevada " just as much as the next place. London, Paris, Tonopah; it's all the same to me." In this issue he offers a page on Hoover Dam, "because it's fabulous — and it is the first generator's 40th birthday."

With several years behind her in newspaper reporting, **Barbara Egbert** recently joined our staff as editorial assistant. She is a native Nevadan, grew up in Ely, and now lives in Carson City. She shares with the residents of Sutro (the subject of one of her stories in this issue) a love for the vast and lonely places.

Preference is all a matter of opinion and in this issue we hope you'll find a lot that you like. Even though opinions may vary greatly, one thing will remain the same. We love the fact that you're there.—*C. J. Hadley*

Letters

GIVE IT BACK

Dir *(sic)* sir I do not like the new look please give the rag back to highways and parks when it use *(sic)* to be a mag thank you

Fred Koepke Jr.
Tujunga, CA.

We found it interesting that Mr. Koepke renewed his subscription just two weeks after sending us this letter.–Ed.

DON'T LET IT GO

Your photographs are great. I think the July issue is one of the best issues I have seen.

A.B. Echols
Richmond, CA.

GRAINS OF SALT

This letter is in regard to Bill Childress' article on Rolling Mountain Thunder (Issue 2, 1976).

Do your writers often write such articles without any investigation as to how much truth there is in the story? The broken statue he says pointed to Thunder Mountain was actually named Star Peak. The prejudice he speaks of he caused himself by trying to change the name of a mountain that people have been proud to call Star Peak a long time before he ever came to claim it. Also he claimed all canyons and roads around him blocking them off, threatening people who had climbed them all these years, putting no trespassing signs all over, trying to make people believe that they were his own personal sacred hunting grounds. He tried to take the water rights away from the town of Imlay, also get their post office moved up to his own grounds. Water is very precious around Nevada and people resent his sprays of water continually wasting on ice statues.

Your writer could have asked various people who have knowledge of Frank Van Zandt before writing such a legend. I will always read your articles on people with several grains of salt and quite a few people I have talked to will do the same.

D. Montes
Imlay, NV

. . . AND A REPLY

At issue here is not the legality of the Chief's claims, but the humanity of his neighbors. I do not know if his "claims" are legal — I do know that the Chief has been variously reviled, shot at, and otherwise harassed by people who obviously do not like him. If they do not like him, then why not openly take the affair to court, and not try to deal with the issue from ambush? If the Chief is wrong, or doing wrong, then it ought to be decided by the courts, not by chicken vigilantes.

As for Ms. Montes' demand that I "put truth in such articles," I refer her to Pontius Pilate's ancient question, "What is truth?" It is, too often, that with which the strong belabor the weak.

Wm. Childress
Anderson, MO.

IT'S BETTER THAN I THOUGHT

The pictures of Nevada are all beautiful. Didn't realize it was so lovely, never having been to Nevada before.

Mrs. Helen Lindsey
Modesto, CA.

I BEG TO DIFFER

I feel moved to make some comments on Anthony Amaral's Review of Edward Johnson's "Walker River Paiutes" which appeared in the recent issue of Nevada magazine. I am under the impression that Mr. Amaral did not really read the book at all, but merely some kind of condensation. I have the definite feeling that the reviewer has little understanding or knowledge of Indian people.

His remark, "What was the Indian's religious-mystical approach to life that made him incapable of adapting to the white's social pattern?" Why *incapable* of adapting? My opinion is that the Indian just felt he had a better way of life and was determined to continue in that way. With the destruction and pollution, corruption and social disarray going on all around us today, I think the Indian was no doubt correct.

Mr. Amaral's comments that the author did not inject enough "color" into his book ignored the fact that Mr. Johnson did not intend to write a novel about the mysterious, mystical Red Man, but an honest history of his people. To anyone who has conscientiously read the book, it should be clear that a tremendous amount of research went into its production. I believe Mr. Johnson accomplished what he set out to do — give us an honest, straightforward, carefully documented history of his people, the Walker River Paiutes.

Mrs. Doris L. Rendall
Carson City, NV

Touring

DEATH VALLEY

By Dwight Warren

Since its discovery in 1849 Death Valley has had the reputation of being a desolate, barren area where scarcely a plant or animal could live. The names of its natural features tend to further this reputation: Desolation Canyon, Poison Spring, Furnace Creek. Not names to excite a feeling of safety or serene beauty, a man once wrote to his family back east: "I work the graveyard shift in the Skeleton mine in Deadman Canyon of the Funeral mountains of Death Valley."

To the men that followed the Forty-niners, Death Valley was the end of the rainbow. They felt there were vast hoards of gold in every canyon, and the Lost Gunsite lode, and Breyfogles gold added to this belief.

Death Valley has not produced many fortunes, but it has had its share of boom and bust towns. Panamint City (so tough that Wells Fargo would not service it) and Skidoo (where a man was hung twice in one day) were among a dozen or more that boomed then gradually faded away.

In spite of its reputation, Death Valley is a dynamic, living desert community of plants and animals. A number of these are found in no other place on earth. Its infrequent years of rain bring out a multitude of desert wild flowers. Its plants and animals live and thrive from the salt flats of the valley floor to the tops of the mountains. Its scenery is unparalleled.

To stand on an overlook as the sun slowly sinks, to watch the change of color and shadows is to add a new dimension to one's scenic experience.

The days of the wandering prospector are gone, but there is a new kind of prospector to be found in the Valley. More than half a million people travel there from all over the world to experience the beautiful desert vastness that is Death Valley. □

Warren photo

Warren photo

Manley Beacon

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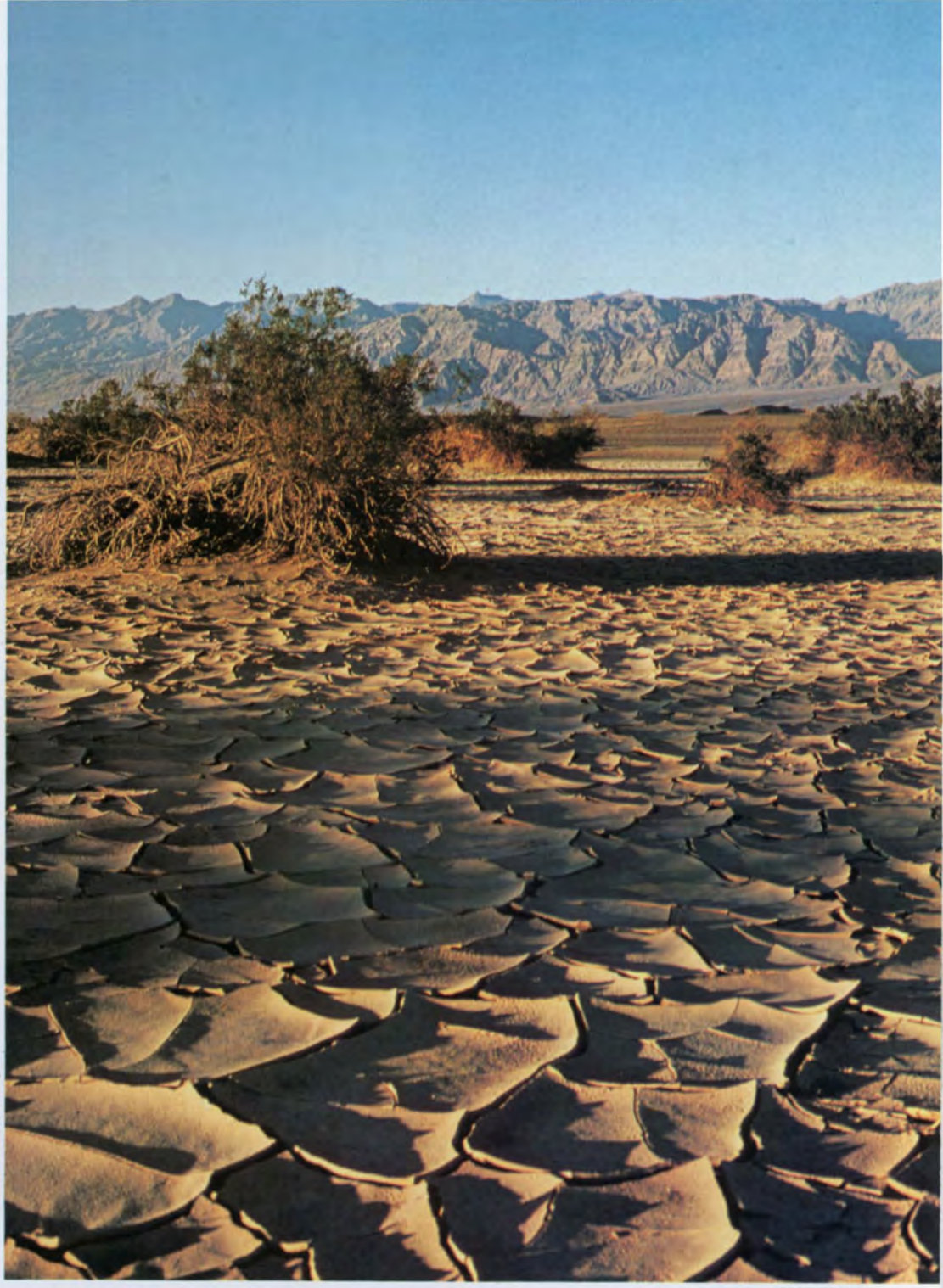


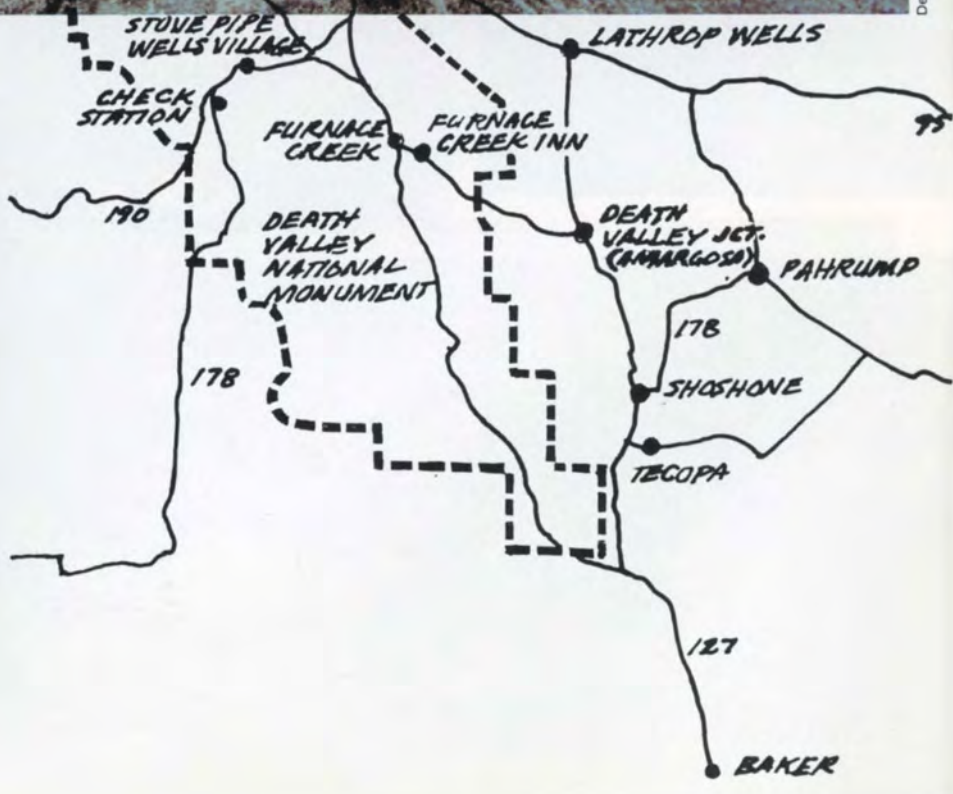
Mud Flat

Pupfish Marsh

Warren photo

Salt Flat

Scotty's Castle



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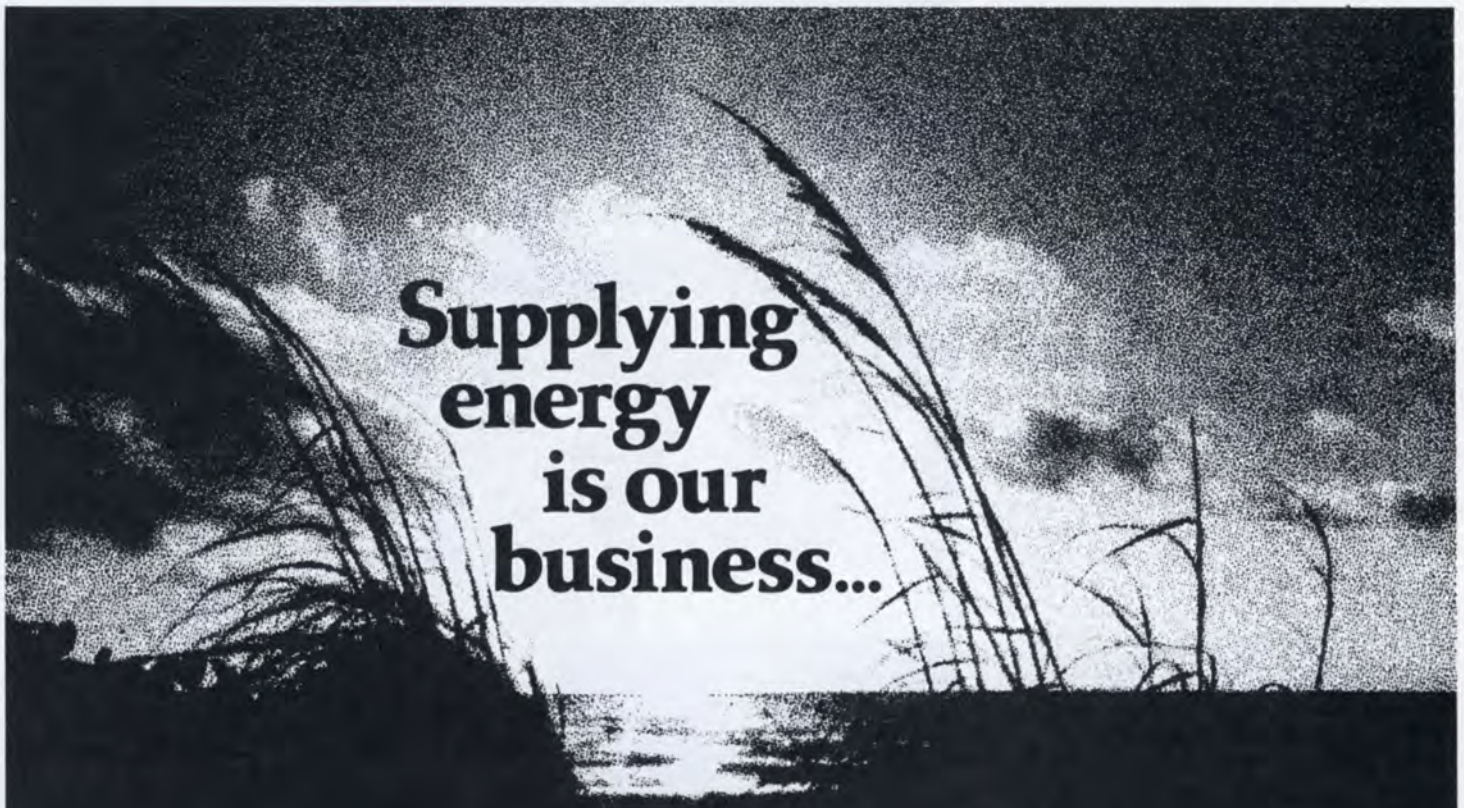

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People

The unsinkable optimist

Kittie Bonner is Austin's constable, nurse, hairdresser and confessor. She is also the locals' favorite lady. By Richard Menzies

Her house is 80 years old, only middle-aged by Austin standards, and Kittie Bonner at 75 is still a long way from retirement. For the 300 or so residents of this central Nevada almost-ghost town, Kittie's place is the nearest thing to a one-stop shopping center, pharmacy, barber shop, bakery, and laundry all under one roof. On top of that, Mrs. Bonner is Nevada's only woman constable, and although crime is not exactly running rampant in Austin, she keeps a badge and a .38 revolver at the ready, and a bullwhip she says "comes in handy when you can't reach 'em."

On an average day, Kittie will bake one of her famous sunshine cakes for a neighbor's birthday; she'll wash and hang out long johns belonging to a bachelor rancher from Tonopah; she'll answer the telephone or the door a dozen times, dispensing pills and ordering prescriptions as Austin's unofficial drugstore. On occasion she may perform first aid on a sliced hand or a sprained ankle, or ride with the ambulance 90 miles to the nearest doctor. If there's a lull in the afternoon, Kittie will fill it by composing a poem or by painting a picture.

"I was 16 years old when I started. I had a lady that gave me some little tubes of paint. And I didn't have a brush, but I had an old cat, about 15 years old, so I called him up and cut the hair off the end of his tail. Wrapped it around a willow and painted my first painting."

Her entry into nursing was no less informal: "I was gonna take it up as a hobby, that one," Kittie explains, adding that most of what she knows came from reading books and literal on-the-spot training, such as the winter night five years ago when she made her debut as a midwife, delivering an eight pound, six ounce baby in the back seat of a car. It was a snowy night in February, and the expectant Indian mother and her driver had barely made it to Kittie's front gate.

Three lovely memories I shall not lose:
The timeless quiet of the desert places I have known,
The sharp sweet scent of sagebrush in the rain,
The trails I rode while on a mustang chase;
And if I should have these things again,
When dark takes all I've loved and all I know,
I think these three would be the last to go.

—Three Memories by Kittie Bonner

"I get a kick out of these stories I read, you know, where they have to boil water and wash their hands. I didn't have time to boil water. I had a bottle of alcohol. I just poured it in a pan and washed my hands in alcohol. I didn't have time for nothin' I had to put on my overshoes and a coat over my nightdress, and then I didn't have time to bring her in to have the baby. I delivered it in the back seat of the car propping a flashlight up for my light. Right out there by the gate. Then I brought her in and put her in a chair and pulled it up close to the stove. Oh, it was an awful blizzard, and cold. I warmed some blankets up on the stove and put the baby in there, and about seven o'clock I called the doctor in Battle Mountain and told him what I'd done.

" 'Well,' he said, 'If I was there, I'd pat you on the back.' He was a lot of help to me."

Mrs. Bonner herself was born in a covered wagon in Chiloquin Valley, Oregon, to pioneer parents who settled in Stillwater, Nevada. Later she moved to Dixie Valley, where she worked as a buckaroo on her uncle's ranch.

"I used to train my own horses. Caught 'em and trained 'em, you know, to ride. There were a lot of mustangs then. My uncle sold 'em for $12 a head, halter broke. But that was good silver money then, different than it is today.

"I cut timber over here in Battle Mountain for a mine. I was 18 years old. Had to sharpen my own axe. They didn't find out 'til later that I was doing it. We made believe my uncle did. My aunt thought it was kind of a disgrace. She was kinda particular about things, you know; she didn't think a girl should be doin' that."

In 1926 she married George Bonner, a young Austin cowboy she remembers riding into her life on a beautiful white horse. "I think it was the horse. That's what everybody said. It musta been the horse."

Photos by the Author

A self-styled barber, Kittie Bonner gives neighbor Sonny Nagy a quick trim. The barber chair showed up during the Second World War, has been a fixture in Kittie's living room since.

George and Kittie took over a fish hatchery at Smith Creek 45 miles out of town and stayed 15 years, including the memorable winter of 1932 when they were snowbound for three a half months with a fur trapper and their young son Richard. The only provisions in camp were 60 pounds of beans and 60 pounds of butter.

"I'd fry 'em in the morning and mash 'em with a potato masher. And then at night the boys'd come home, and I'd have these beans. And one day I caught a cottontail by the toe. So I hit him on top of the head and skinned him and bounced him up and down in a stream of water to cool him off, and I had stew that night. And so when the boys come home, they smelled that, and they didn't know what to think about it. But I told 'em, I says, 'Now this is a luxury. You won't get this every day. After that, I could never catch another rabbit."

The Bonner party was contemplating its last bean before finally being rescued, after a chance remark made on a popular radio program of the time, "Sheriff Underwood And His Gang." Earlier Kittie had painted a picture of the sheriff and his strawberry roan and sent it to him in Los Angeles. Then one night he mentioned on his program that most of Nevada was still snowbound, and wondered what had happened to his friend Kittie Bonner out of Austin. Residents of Austin who heard the broadcast began to wonder the same thing, and "finally they came out with some food for us, but they were quite a while gettin' out with it. They got out on March 17th, and my little son had Christmas on St. Patrick's Day."

When Richard was old enough to enter school, the Bonners moved to Austin, bought the 13-room adobe home at the bottom of main street and opened it as a cafe. World War II had brought the mines to life, and the Bonner place was popular with the miners so popular, in fact, that it remained open even after Kittie decided to close the place down. "I'd make a sign, put it out there, BOARDING HOUSE CLOSED, and they'd tear it down on me. Took it for a souvenir."

About the same time, a barber chair became a regular fixture in the living room. As with nursing, Mrs. Bonner didn't have time to worry about her tonsorial skills; she just picked up a comb and scissors and went to work. She's been cutting hair ever since, although many of her older customers have thinned out, figuratively and literally. Since she isn't a certified barber Kittie doesn't charge for haircuts, but usually her customers leave some money on the table on their way out.

When George Bonner died in 1964, Kittie took over his job as town constable. Since Austin has tamed down considerably from the silver boom days, Kittie has had little use for her badge and bullwhip these days. On rare occasions when female prisoners are booked into the Lander County jail she serves as matron, unshaken by evidence uncovered of a plot by two recent inmates to "kill the old lady" and escape.

Although a Battle Mountain medic now pays regular weekly visits to Austin, Kittie still helps out by distributing prescriptions, and, as always, she's ready to ride with the ambulance on a moment's notice.

In her own way, the lady who never wore pants until last year is an activist, except that instead of irate letters to the editor of the *Reese River Reveille*, her missives are more likely to be in verse and their subject yellow roses. As an unsinkable optimist, Mrs. Bonner has won the respect and admiration of her fellow Austinites, who are unanimous in their praise.

"She is the best person in Austin," wrote an admirer in the town's century old newspaper. "She does all these things for people and never asks for anything in return. So if everyone were like Kittie Bonner, this would be the most beautiful world in which to live." □

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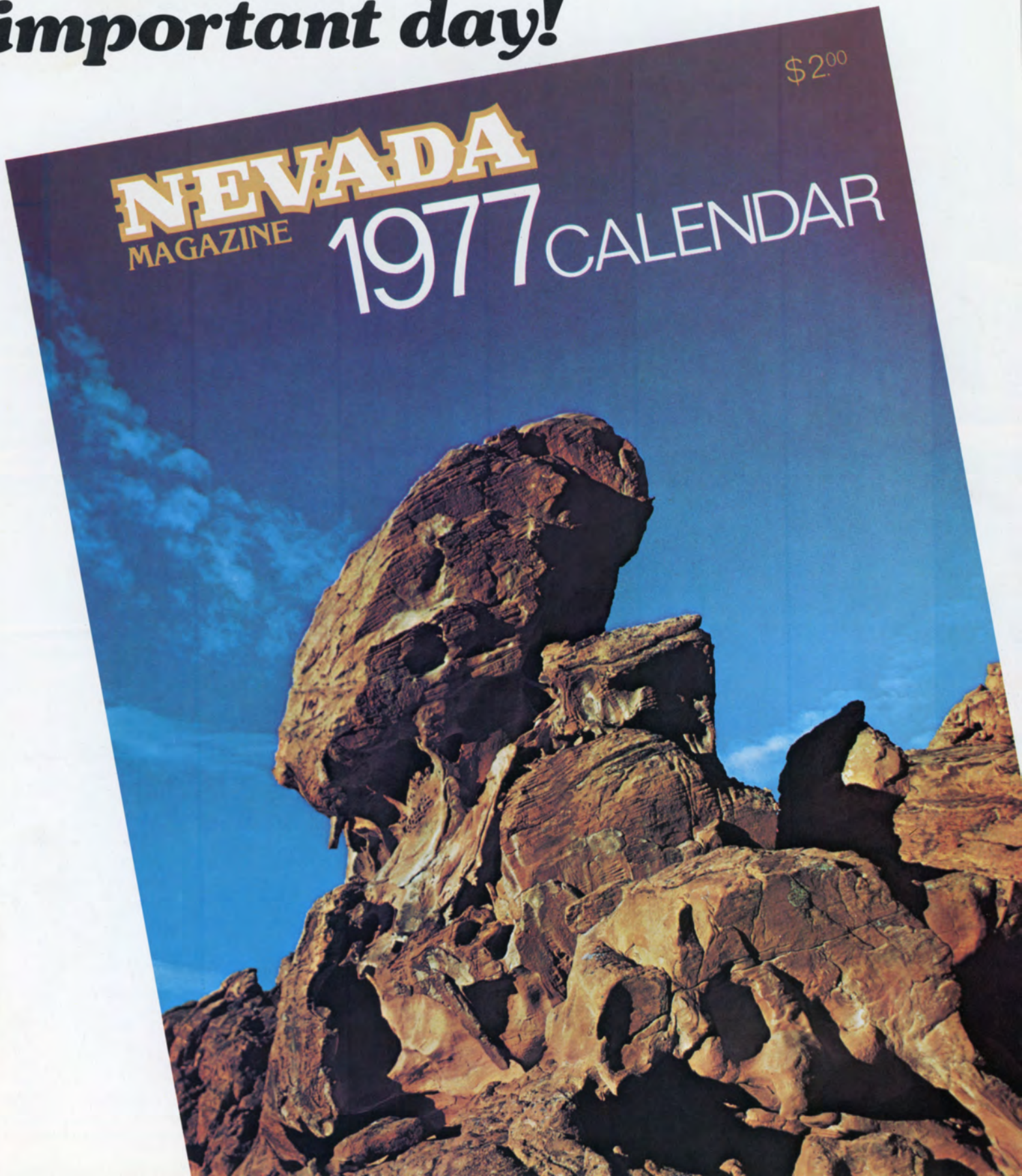

VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE revisited

It has been the world's richest railroad and the world's poorest; the most beloved and the most neglected. Now it runs again.

By Brendan Wesley

"Railroad historians have, from time immemorial, been fascinated by the literal disappearance of locomotives from the railroads they served," wrote railroad experts Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg in their 1949 book, "Virginia and Truckee." There is still good cause for railroad buffs — or anybody concerned with Nevada's heritage — to scratch their heads in dismay over the "disappearance" of the Virginia and Truckee, colorful "glamour girl of American railroading."

Through the years, original V&T equipment has been scattered throughout the nation. Much of it went to Hollywood movie studios in the late 1930s; other equipment turned up as far away as Strasburg, Pa., where the locomotive "Tahoe" is presently displayed.

Now, many Nevadans who mourned the passing of the V&T are scratching their heads in wonder at its reappearance. Earlier efforts to revive V&T operations foundered, but 52-year-old California businessman Robert Gray recently succeeded in reforming the company, acquiring rights of way, battling red tape and — after more than three years' effort — getting the V&T licensed again as a common carrier.

The new V&T began operating July 2 on 1.2 miles of track in Virginia City — carrying not ore but tourists. Gray hopes eventually to extend the line to Gold Hill, three miles away. He has already acquired an impressive collection of original V&T rolling stock, erected a roundhouse near the original Virginia City station, and added one of the nation's three operative 4-4-0 steam locomotives (although not a V&T piece, the locomotive is similar to the V&T's classic "Reno").

The original V&T became a legend in its time, largely because of the fabulous ores it carried from the Comstock Lode, but even before the line ceased operations in 1950, the legend had begun to turn sour. The handsome locomotives and cars whose elegance and beauty had earned world fame were heartlessly scrapped, sold to other railroads or shipped off to Hollywood to be filmed in a variety of disguises. After filming, much of the equipment was stored in Los Angeles railroad yards where it was easy prey for termites and vandals.

Few people cared.

Prompted by rumors in 1948 that the V&T was to be sold, a *New York Herald Tribune* editorial columnist commented on Nevada's evident lack of concern:

"It is an unredeemed misfortune that Nevada, a state of rich resources and uncommon natural beauty, should be possessed of no visible trace of sentiment. If it were, it would never permit the abandonment, now threatened, of its romantic and colorful Virginia and Truckee Railroad, a short line that is perhaps better known than any other of Nevada's more savory institutions and one which it celebrated, however indifferent Nevada may be to the circumstances, as a link between the present and the frontier past "

It took a few years before those words stirred a "trace of sentiment" among Nevadans, but by the 1960s proper pressures were being exerted and the state appropriated funds with which to "buy back" some of the rolling stock from the movie studios. Although the state's recent efforts to preserve what remains of the V&T heritage are laudable, the V&T no doubt will be enshrined in history as the "golden railroad" Nevada gave away.

Construction of the line began in 1869 and by 1870 the link between Virginia City and Carson City was completed. It was extended to meet the Central Pacific in Reno in 1872. A year later came the Big Bonanza, making the V&T the world's richest railroad when measured in investment return for its owners and in the tangible assets it carried. It was always a well-ordered, genteel operation. By 1873 the three original owners — Darius Ogden Mills, William Chapman Ralston and William Sharon — were raking in $130,000 a month in profits.

The first V&T locomotive, the "Lyon," was built in 1869 by H. J. Booth. An eight-wheel, wood-burning beauty, it was followed by 28 other engines with such names as "Ormsby," "Virginia," "Carson," "Reno," "Genoa," "Tahoe," "Empire," and the "J. W. Bowker." The latter was a 65,000-pound powerhouse which was sold in 1896 to a lumber company near Truckee, Calif. It later starred in Hollywood films and is now owned, along with the "Genoa," by a railroad museum in Sacramento, Calif.

The "Reno," a 4-4-0 American-style engine made at the East Coast Baldwin works in 1872, was probably the most photographed locomotive of the Old West. With stag horns and brass candlesticks mounted on its great storm headlight, it epitomized the frontier exuberance of the V&T Between 1896 and 1950, the short line had used almost 500 different locomotives and cars at one time or another.

What became of all that rolling stock?

Photos by the Author

The most photographed locomotive of the Old West, the "Reno" was V & T engine No. 11. It is shown here in Carson City, c. 1885 with antlers and brass candlesticks decorating its storm headlight. It is presently owned by a Tucson, Arizona, movie corporation.

V & T No. 12, known as the "Genoa", is presently owned by the state of California and is displayed in Sacramento. An "American" 4-4-0 engine, it was built in 1873 and later appeared at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair. It is shown here c. 1890-1900.

Stephen E. Drew Collection

Nevadans didn't ask that question until it was almost too late.

Engine No. 22 began the long procession to Hollywood. That was in 1937 It starred in more than two dozen films, including Cecil B. DeMille's 1939 "Union Pacific," "The Great Locomotive Chase," "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance," and TV series such as "Wild, Wild West."

Other engines were soon acquired by movie studios. The locomotive "Dayton" and a number of other cars, for example, were sold to Paramount Pictures in the late 1930s. The "Reno" was sold to MGM Pictures in 1945 for $5,000.

Some of the rolling stock "made the rounds." The 90,000-pound locomotive known as "Second No. 25" was sold to RKO Radio Pictures Inc. in 1947, then became the property of Desilu Productions in 1958, and in 1964 passed into the hands of Hurlbut Amusements Inc. of Buena Park, Calif. Stored in the open, it was thoroughly vandalized.

Passenger cars, cabooses, and mail and baggage cars met the same fate. A typical 1874 coach used on the V&T featured plush red velour seats, oil lamps, oak conductor's desk and painted oilcloth ceilings. Of 24 passenger cars built between 1869 and 1911, 21 are known to exist today. Nevada owns seven of these.

One of the saddest tales concerns V&T Coach No. 4, sold to Paramount in 1937 It was a handsome, luxurious coach built by Kimball Mfg. Co. of San Francisco. When the State of Nevada bought it from Paramount in 1971, the coach was still

Drew photos

V & T No. 50 dubbed the "Washoe Zephyr," is now operating on the revived V & T line in Virginia City. This is how it looked July 3, 1976.

V & T cars are once again chugging through the Comstock--this time carrying tourists instead of ore. This was how it looked on the second day of operation--after a 26-year retirement.

well preserved. But during transport to Mound House, Nev., the car was wrecked when it accidentally smashed against a highway overpass. Only the floor and portions of the walls survived.

The 1873 Kimball-made Caboose No. 9 was sold to Paramount in 1938 for a mere $200. Now it's back in Nevada — but lack of care has left its mark. The caboose fared better than V&T Express Car No. 14, however. That one was badly damaged in a "Union Pacific" wreck scene in 1938.

Other V&T stock was scattered in a variety of directions. The locomotive "I. E. James" was scrapped in California in 1946. The beautiful "Genoa" locomotive appeared in "Railroads on Parade" at the 1939-40 New York World's Fair — a long way from Virginia City. The 1873 locomotive "Esmeralda" was sold in 1901 to the Mexican government.

In 1938 the Carson City V&T yards, including the massive engine house, still looked much as they did in the 1870s. Even the target switch stands were identical. But times had changed; the V&T had lost its lustre. As the exodus to Hollywood continued, the railroad operation became less profitable and, with the ore long since mined, less sensible. Virginia City was no longer a boisterous town of 20,000 to 30,000 souls as it was during its heyday in the late 1800s.

The rolling stock that remained in Nevada after the V&T's demise fared poorly. One car was turned into a hot dog stand in Carson City. Others were allowed to rot. Although Hollywood also neglected the V&T equipment it owned, coats of "make up" paint helped preserve some cars' exteriors.

In 1971, Paramount Pictures announced that it wanted to sell its V&T equipment. There were plenty of interested buyers, but Nevada had the clearest claim on the equipment. In December 1971 the state was able to buy 14 V&T cars for $8,500. In August of the same year, it paid $16,000 more to acquire the "Second No. 25" locomotive from Hurlbut Amusements Inc. Then, in early 1974, Nevada purchased two other locomotives — for $75,000 each. They were the "Dayton" and the "Inyo." (The V&T had sold the "Dayton" to Hollywood in 1938 for a mere $1,000.) Both engines are presently stored in Utah.

In April 1973 the state's equipment was transferred to the care of the Nevada State Park System, through a chain of ownership including the Nevada Heritage Assn., the Carson City Chamber of Commerce and several private individuals. To reconstruct the history of its newly-acquired V&T equipment, the parks department turned to Stephen E. Drew, a V&T railroad historian who lives in California and owns the largest private collection of V&T memorabilia. (Drew is a librarian at the Bancroft Library at the University of California in Berkeley, which houses a public collection of V&T material second only to that of the University of Nevada Library in Reno.)

"Regrettably," Drew says, "even the condition of the V&T rolling stock which consistently remained in Nevada has suffered unmercifully through unprotected display, vandalism and fire."

Besides being a collector and curator of thousands of vintage V&T photographs and documents, Drew is also involved in a club which holds a yearly V&T Railroad Symposium in Oakland, Calif. Seven people attended the first meeting, but the most recent attracted 85 collectors, railroad historians and ex-V&T employees. The meeting is an opportunity for collectors to swap V&T photos, hardware, papers or other items.

Private collectors have trouble finding many V&T collectibles today. Many small items — lanterns, desks, and small hardware — never returned from Hollywood. Collector Clyde Drury, who lives near the original V&T line and has walked most of the route between Carson City and Virginia City looking for relics, has a number of items from the V&T's early days, including a railroad switch lantern which would bring upwards of $150 on the collectors' market. Made in Chicago, it has a patent date of 1907

Drury's greatest prize is a V&T steam whistle which he acquired from an old V&T employee who "found it lying in a Virginia City shed." Drury also has a piece of original issue V&T iron rail made in Sheffield, England, as well as a brass switch key, two steam gauges, and a second locomotive steam whistle which probably came originally from the Southern Pacific Railroad. Most collectors today must content themselves with railroad scale models, prints, photos and documents, but any authentic railroad item with the "V&T RR" mark on it commands a premium price.

"The complete and authentic restoration of the State of Nevada's V&T equipment in its appropriate display housing would create a breathtaking, unique collection second only to a handful of railroad museums in the country," noted Stephen Drew in his report on the state-owned equipment.

That dream, shared by many railroad enthusiasts in Nevada and elsewhere, now seems destined to become reality. Hopes are to eventually build a museum in Carson City. The Nevada State Park System money has also earmarked funds for restoration of "Second No. 25," now stored with other V&T cars just south of Carson City.

Meanwhile, the good news is spreading to railroad buffs beyond Nevada's boundaries. The V&T is running again; much of the rolling stock has returned to the state.

In a little more than a century, the V&T has been the world's richest railroad and the world's poorest; the most beloved, and the most neglected. Yet railroad historians agree: this is one train that was bound for glory. □

The Silent Shootists

Bow and Arrow Hunting may be peaceful, but it's tough.

By Barbara Egbert

As early as August hunters string their bows, sharpen their arrow points and camouflage their clothes, faces and hands in the yearly attempt to harvest Nevada's most popular game animal, the mule deer. Bow hunting was the preferred method for killing deer in Nevada until the discovery of the Comstock Lode attracted thousands of rifle-toting settlers in the territory and while today it is the province of only a few enthusiasts, bow hunting has a bright future.

There's a new thrill to hunting when you must first meet the challenge of becoming a good shot with a bow. It's also a challenge out in the field, lying in wait or stalking an animal skillfully enough to come within 35 or 40 yards for an accurate shot.

Tim Meigs and Bradford Sheltrown came to bow hunting from different backgrounds, but share a love of the way of life that is oriented around archery. Meigs is from Carson City and learned to use a bow before he ever pulled a trigger, and has hunted everything from elk to alligators. He makes bows for a living. Sheltrown is from Elko and was a rifle hunter for many years until he looked at a crowd of hunters descending on a mountain near Jarbidge one season and decided there had to be a better way. He is a member of the Elko County Game Management Board and works with the State Board of Fish and Game Commissioners to obtain better seasons and regulations for bow hunters.

The commissioners this year imposed a very restricted season on rifle hunters in an attempt to reduce the harvest on diminishing deer herds, in hopes the mule deer will have a chance to increase. But bow hunters were granted a liberal season. Dates vary, but in most counties there was not only a pre-rifle season from August 21 to September 19, but there will also be a late season after the closing of the rifle season, from November 8 to 21. The tag quota is only 2,500 for residents and 500 for out-of-state archers, compared to 20,065 tags for rifle hunters.

"There will probably be more than enough tags to go around, and the bow hunters will have slight impact on the mule deer herds," said Meigs. "More deer are killed by cars each year than by bow hunters."

Archers are also given their own season on antelope, and Sheltrown said he hopes soon to see a special archery season for bighorn sheep. An enthusiastic hunter, he enjoys talking about the special skills an archer needs to bag his animal. "In archery, the animal has more of a chance. You must pre-scout the country, especially since the decline of big game animals in Nevada. It's tough to stalk antelope — they're supposed to have vision seven times more powerful than a man's. You must get an ambush or a blind set up near a waterhole or on a trail they take to get to water.

Tim Meigs shows long bow and compound bow.

"Although bow hunting is much more exciting than rifle hunting," he said, "it is catching on slowly because of the amount of preparation needed." The bow hunter must train himself to shoot accurately — an arrow kills by hemorrhage instead of shock like a bullet, and a vital organ must be hit. Drawing the string on a bow with a 50-pound draw takes much more energy than pulling a trigger. But the opportunity to hunt when the woods are still quiet and almost empty of hunters, the safety aspects of the sports (Fish and Game has no reports of accidents among bow hunters), and the thrill of successfully stalking a deer more than make up for the disadvantages.

"Bow hunting is a good family sport," Sheltrown added. "Fish and Game regulations on bow strength do not mention the weight of the draw, but just the distance the long bow must be able to shoot an arrow. Thus, compound bows can be used, which means more women and children can participate."

According to Meigs, a straight long bow or the more popular recurved bow should have a draw of at least 45 pounds — which most men can handle — to be used for hunting. A compound bow uses pulleys to reduce the amount of energy needed to pull a certain weight, meaning women or teenagers whose muscles are not built up enough to use a heavy hunting bow can still enjoy bow hunting.

Meigs is looking forward to the post-rifle season in mid-November. With any luck, he said, the ground will be snowy, making tracking of deer much easier, or at least damp, making it easier to walk silently through the forest. "The leaves should be soft and not tinder-dry to the point of crackling when you step on them. In terrain such as an aspen grove, it's relatively easy to sneak up on the deer if the wind is right — if the wind is blowing from the deer towards you."

Meigs is familiar with the habits of the animals he hunts, the location of their vital organs and their probable reactions to a hit or a miss with the razor-sharp hunting heads. "Many times you'll get more than one shot at a deer because he doesn't realize where the arrow comes from. Sometimes I've missed a deer, he'll jump and then come back and the arrow will be sticking in the ground. One actually came up and smelled the arrow. If you have missed your first shot and if you aren't too rattled from buck fever, you should get the deer on the second arrow. Even if you miss, it's a thrill just to see the arrow flying through the air."

A well-placed arrow can go completely through the deer, which may be able to run a short distance before collapsing. Meigs believes, "If a bow hunter gets a 'gut shot' the animal must be allowed to run out of view and lay down before the hunter tracks it."

Sheltrown and Meigs agree that being alone in the wilderness is one of the big advantages in bow hunting — not just because there are more deer and fewer hunters, but also because of the enjoyment of exploring the woods while the wildlife is still unaware it is hunting season. On deer hunting expeditions they have seen coyotes and bear, even a mountain lion, as well as many smaller animals.

Bow hunting is inexpensive compared to many other sports, with an investment of $50 equipping a novice for target practice, and less than twice that much supplying him with a hunting bow and arrows, an arm guard to protect the arm from the bowstring, a glove or finger tab and a quiver. After that, it's a matter of practice and determination to succeed. □

Indian Witch

A prophesy caused her own demise.

By Alma S. Blahna

In the darkness of the woodcutters' cabin the young boy, Andrew Walmsley, found the screams and howling anguish of the tortured squaw heart-rending and most horrible to endure. He wanted to dash across the canyon ravine into the circle of prancing and chanting red demons to tear the old squaw away from the trimmed juniper tree. James Walmsley, the father, would not let the boy leave the cabin to go to her aid. "You stay out of their business," he said. "Let them handle their affairs in their own way or they may kill us too." Andrew heeded his father's wise admonition.

Both groups were camped about 12 miles down El Dorado Canyon, south of Dayton, Nevada. There was already a rising animosity of the Indians toward the white men because of the cutting of the pine nut trees, which were a source of food for the natives. The Walmsleys were alone that night.

It was much later when they learned why the squaw was burned at the tree. One evening as the braves were sitting around the fire, she stooped over and picked up two hands full of dirt. She went to two of the young braves and poured a handful on each one's head saying, "He will die. He will die." Before many moons passed both were dead and buried in a mountain niche of rocks.

The Indians held a council and declared she was a witch and must be destroyed. Burning would kill the evil spirit. A juniper tree was chosen, the limbs cut off and trimmed for short sharp sticks which were jabbed into her flesh to cover her body. Branches were piled high around the tree with the squaw tightly bound and the pointed sticks poking from her like a porcupine. The fire was lit.

Her cries of agony, screaming and moaning were ignored by the impassive squaws sitting cross-legged in the background while the men beat on skin drums, chanting weird tunes and prancing to the dull beat. More branches were heaped on and Andrew and his father were both sick at the sight. At daybreak the flesh was ashes and the bones a crumpled mass among the embers.

Even though Andrew lived to be an old man, he never forgot the night of the burning of the witch. He often pointed out the blackened stump to his son, Zenos. In turn Zenos told the story and showed the stump to his children and perhaps his grandchildren. He was planning a trip down the El Dorado Canyon the summer of 1967, when he told me the story.

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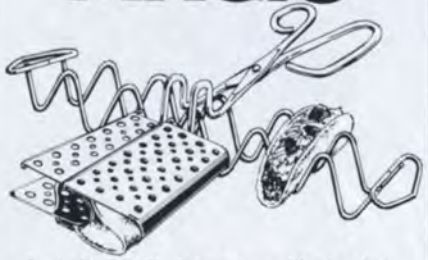

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LEHMAN CAVES

By C. J. Hadley

Lehman Caves were once at the bottom of an enormous inland sea. Gradual movement of the earth caused the waters to recede and what was below is now above, as mountains. The rocks moved, causing cavities. Moisture from rain and snow and melting ice mixed with carbon dioxide gas from the air and decaying vegetation on the ground made up carbonic acid which sought its way through cracks in the crust of the earth and eventually caused the caves. Drops of acid gradually ate away specks of marble to produce the incredible shapes that fill the labyrinth of passageways and chambers that make up the caves.

There are stalactites, stalagmites, helictites, aragonite — it is a subterranean palace filled with exquisite decorations formed in rock. There is a stony glacier and the giant's ear, a parachute and pastel angel's wing, all made from limestone,

HADLEY PHOTO

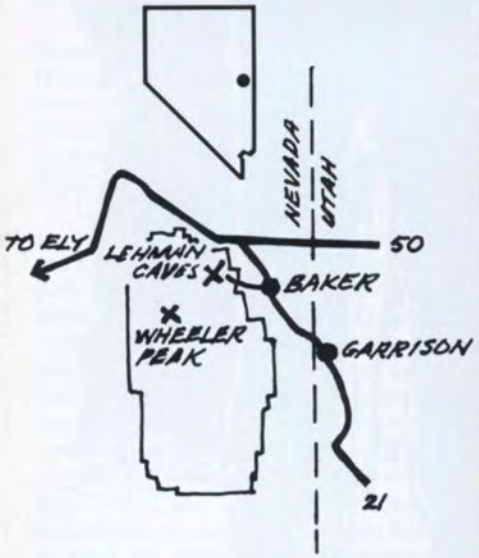
quartzite and granite that has changed to dripstone and flowstone over many million years. The exotic shapes and textures are in muted tones; the weird yet perfect forms with names like Pearly Gates, Gothic Palace and Cypress Swamp. There are scallops worn by ancient underground rivers while more protected rooms have delicately sculpted shields, cave coral and stone draperies.

It is believed that man has lived in the area surrounding Lehman Caves for 10,000 years. Indians probably knew of the presence of the caves much earlier but it was Absalom S. Lehman who first announced its whereabouts in 1885.

The Giant's Ear.

National Parks photos

Helictites.



Lehman Caves are in the Snake Range, 6000 feet beneath Wheeler Peak. They were proclaimed a national monument in 1922 and watched over by the Forest Service until 1933 when the National Park Service assumed supervision. A tour of the caves costs 50 cents, takes an hour and a half, is available year-round. There is a coffee shop at Monument Headquarters, picnic grounds and a campsite nearby.

Broken stalagtite with an inch of "new" growth

VIGILANTES

**"We are the whirlwinds that winnow the West — We scatter the wicked like straw!
We are the Nemeses, never at rest — We are justice, and Right, and the Law"**

By L. James Higgins, Jr.

The West in the late 19th Century was very different from the well-established societies of the East and settling the sometimes violent frontiers took some pretty drastic actions — many of which ended in the grave.

Reno in the 1870s was no exception. She was recovering from the first of several devastating fires, her people were working diligently to rebuild the commercial area of town that had been swept away by flames. Perhaps in their zeal to reconstruct buildings, the 1700 citizens failed to notice the rather sudden influx of vagrants and thieves.

Four men had the responsibility of enforcing the law for the entire County of Washoe and the Reno police department at the time consisted of Sheriff J. E. Jones, an undersheriff and two deputies.

Early in July, 1874, these stalwart officers found that they had a little extra time on their hands and decided that Reno was in need of a general cleaning. Burglaries and holdups had become so commonplace that the decent citizen didn't dare leave home after sundown.

Late in the evening of July 13, Sheriff Jones and his assistants wandered from the courthouse down to the commercial part of town. And waited. Half an hour after midnight, shots rang out in the vicinity of Chinatown, on the north bank of the Truckee River. Doors sprang open and terrified Orientals ran to the comparative safety of Virginia Street amidst shrieks and screams. This incident brought only a casual investigation, however, since frightening the Chinese was considered something of a sport and no one had been injured. So, the good sheriff and his staff soon turned to look for something serious.

And it didn't take long. Five desperado-types mobbed W T C. Elliott in an alley. Elliott, a respected saloonkeeper, made a scuffle and succeeded in wounding one of his assailants with his gun. When the local constabulary arrived at the scene, the five split up. Two of them were caught and marched off to jail; the other three fled out of town towards Washoe City.

Undersheriff Jim Kinkead trailed the three robbers to Huffaker's, then to Brown's, and finally just beyond Crane's came the showdown. The gallant Kinkead offered the three an opportunity to surrender but was met with guffaws so Jim leveled his shotgun and blasted away. He shot no one but assistance soon arrived and the undersheriff quickly tied up his prisoners to return them to Reno and a cheering citizenry.

The incident had been a dramatic one and had an effect on the town. As brave and hardworking as the sheriff and his men were, most people realized that there was just too much for the four men to handle. Within the week, a chapter of the now famous vigilante group, the 601, was established. This group at first handled their affairs with polite but firm "invitations" to leave Reno, but continued incidents later forced them to take more drastic action.

(The Journal noted that the formation of a vigilante group was probably a rumor, but also observed that a growing number of riffraff characters were seen leaving town on the Central Pacific Railroad for points west without benefit of tickets.)

Reno sailed through the rest of 1874 and a few succeeding years without significant incidents and in relative calm until 1878. That year saw Reno's first and last public execution, a new riot, and another devastating fire. The calendar of events would not have been complete without a measure of romantic drama.

The heroine today, as then, remains nameless. In the typical Victorian manner of newspaper editors of the period, the young lady in the leading role was referred to only as "Miss X" in order to preserve her spotless reputation. It was said that she was "honest, respectable, virtuous," but it is clear that Miss X was definitely lacking in judgment.

Her first mistake was to answer an advertisement in a San Francisco newspaper, seeking a companion for an invalid old lady in Reno. Her second mistake was boarding the train to Reno.

Upon Miss X's arrival in the growing town, she was met by one W. J. Jones, an unsavory character if ever there was one and indisputably not an invalid old lady. Nevertheless, Miss X swallowed Jones' tall story and followed him to his saloon. Once in the lair, Jones pounced on his prey with highly questionable suggestions and actions. Miss X began to suspect that all was not right and refused her host's offers of food, drink, and aggressive attentions. Observing that he was not quite as successful as hoped for, Jones called upon the services of a friend, H. J. Carson, an action that did not improve the innocent Miss X's situation in the least.

Carson sweet-talked the girl into believing that Jones was perhaps not the man for her, but that he, Carson, might have possibilities. So she found herself relying on him and allowed herself to be gallantly led out of the saloon, down the street, and on to the V&T bridge across the Truckee. There, she tearfully poured out her woes and produced the letters that she had received from Jones, which had deceived her into believing the "invalid old lady" story. Carson promptly procured the papers and destroyed them. Needless to say, he didn't stop there but turned his full attention to Miss X and "made very rude advances."

Miss X finally came to her senses and managed to escape Carson's graspings. She dashed from the bridge and ran breathlessly into the Pollard House whereupon she collapsed in the lobby. The proprietor, M. T. Coats, immediately perceived at least a portion of the girl's dilemma and saw to it that she received proper lodging. His disheveled young guest safely installed, Coats turned to the problem at hand and took steps to avenge Miss X's plight.

It is not known for certain that Coats held active membership in the now-

dormant 601, but it is known that soon after Miss X collapsed in his lobby, the organization was once again in full swing.

On the following day, Carson was picked up by the law on vagrancy charges. He was more fortunate than his friend Jones, however, who had heard about Carson's incarceration and made hasty plans for an extended vacation. While in the process of packing his bags, he was visited by the masked 601. With marked efficiency, the vigilantes took Jones from his room and out into the night to the V&T bridge. There he was tarred and feathered and then placed on the next westbound train. He was never seen again.

Meanwhile, back in Reno, Miss X was receiving royal treatment by the townspeople to show her that the place wasn't all bad. Jones' personal belongings, including his stock from the saloon, were auctioned off and $100 was raised to be presented to Miss X in order to defray her expenses, and, no doubt, to mollify the town's feelings of guilt. Soon after Miss X stepped aboard the San Francisco-bound train, the Reno people breathed a sigh of relief that the whole sordid ordeal was over.

Carson had remained behind bars all this time and was finally brought to trial. He received an additional 50 days' punishment together with an assignment to help clean the city streets. When his time was served, Carson also left Reno for good.

The 601, after the Miss X affair, forced a general exodus of the tramps that had accumulated since its activities a few years earlier. Only one remained.

A man named Alf Howard, better known to his customers as Jess Cook, sold obscene literature and, shortly after his return, a group of "concerned" citizens bound and gagged him and took him back to the city limits. Howard received the now customary coating of tar and feathers before being placed on the train to Truckee. There he met his father, who had also been thrown out of Reno, and the two proceeded to the hills of the Comstock Lode where they enjoyed better sales of their literature.

The Tar Brigade as it was by now called had won widespread acceptance among the community, but a few people, it seems, saw an opportunity to rid themselves of competitors and enemies by issuing counterfeit "invitations" to leave town in the name of the 601. This did not set well with the genuine members and in February, 1880, a letter was published from the established organization giving a warning to those who would try to deceive the community. Moreover, the local chapter of the 601 had organized to such a degree that each member was held to rigid obligations and certain rules, regulations, and principles. The letter, published in the *Reno Weekly Gazette*, stated:

"None deplore the necessity of this step more than we, the members, do. But, by reviewing events of the past, we find that murders have been committed in our midst and the guilty have gone unpunished. Confederates in crime cluster around the criminal and after long and expensive trials the law proves a farce, Justice is baffled and our treasury depleted, while businessmen must add to the burdens of the consumer and our fertile valley must contribute its entire profits to defray the expenses caused by transient pimps, tramps and desperate characters, who contribute nothing, but prey upon the community."

Sophistication, as usual, followed real organization, and when it became necessary to rid the town of an undesirable person advertisements appeared in the newspapers similar to the following:

601 – a meeting has become necessary. The reports of our district detectives appointed to observe and keep a daily record of street work is in hand. A comparison of this with the bills allowed has also been prepared for submission to the meeting. Better be shot in the streets than robbed and starved to death. Assemble 3x12. H. Emprope, X.O.

Things seemed to settle down around Reno during the ensuing years, with only an occasional threat issued by the 601, and, from time to time, undesirable characters were observed leaving town in considerable haste.

Until 1891 and Louis Ortiz.

Ortiz (or Ortez, or Bravo) had a particular penchant for trouble. The poor fellow found himself in scrapes in Tucson, Los Angeles, Cedarville, and Winnemucca, before landing in Reno where he finally paid his dues.

On a summer evening in 1891, Ortiz encountered three men in Douglas Alley. In the scuffle that followed, one of his opponents received a sound beating over the head with a five-foot timber, another found himself minus an ear, and the third suffered numerous knife wounds. A lenient court fined Ortiz $75 and ordered him to leave town.

Ortiz returned three months later, proceeded to a local saloon, began drinking, and, perhaps for possible recreational purposes, attempted to carve an ear off another customer's head. For some unrecorded reason, he was allowed to remain in the bar until closing time. Naturally reluctant to call it a day, he sauntered out to the front porch of the saloon, drew his pistol, and took a shot at a passerby.

The unfortunate recipient of Ortiz's bullet, Tom Welch, sprawled on the ground as the bartender rushed out and tried to take matters into his own hands. The barkeep soon found a bullethole in his coat and saw Deputy Richard Nash writhing in agony a short distance away. Nash, having heard the first shot, had rushed to the scene of the crime. The dauntless bartender continued to struggle with Ortiz and was eventually knocked to the ground. At that point, several customers of the saloon, having witnessed the scene, succeeded in subduing Ortiz. He was soon behind bars.

On the following day, Ortiz pleaded loss of memory, but Nash's friends recalled the incident quite clearly and it wasn't long before a meeting was being planned for that evening. Shortly before midnight, torches and a rope were sent for and 75 masked men marched across the Virginia Street bridge to the darkened courthouse and into the jail. The deputy in charge was persuaded that silence was most prudent by a pistol at his temple, and Ortiz was removed from the jail.

Ortiz was taken to the Virginia Street bridge, a noose slipped around his neck, and asked if he had any last requests. After a mumbled reply, several men pulled the rope, raising his body into the air. For a few moments, he swung there, until the rope broke and Ortiz slumped to the floor of the bridge. Another rope was quickly secured, and at 12:29 a.m., Ortiz was again swinging above the gurgling Truckee River. The executors melted into the darkness and all was quiet again in Reno that night.

The coroner, J. V Peers, assisted by the local undertaker, removed the body the following morning. Judge A. E. Cheney called a special grand jury to investigate the matter, several members of which were reliably known to hold memberships in the 601. The verdict was returned: "Ortiz came to his death at the hands of persons unknown."

Vigilante law has not left Reno — at least in the minds of some of the residents. Two years ago it was suggested that an "energy vigilance committee" be established for the purpose of curtailing wasteful spending of electricity during the energy crisis — all within the limits of the law, of course. The spirit of the West still exists and perhaps we will again see a resurgence of the 601. On the other hand, can the new breed of vigilante find happiness in having to boil his tar in a microwave oven? □

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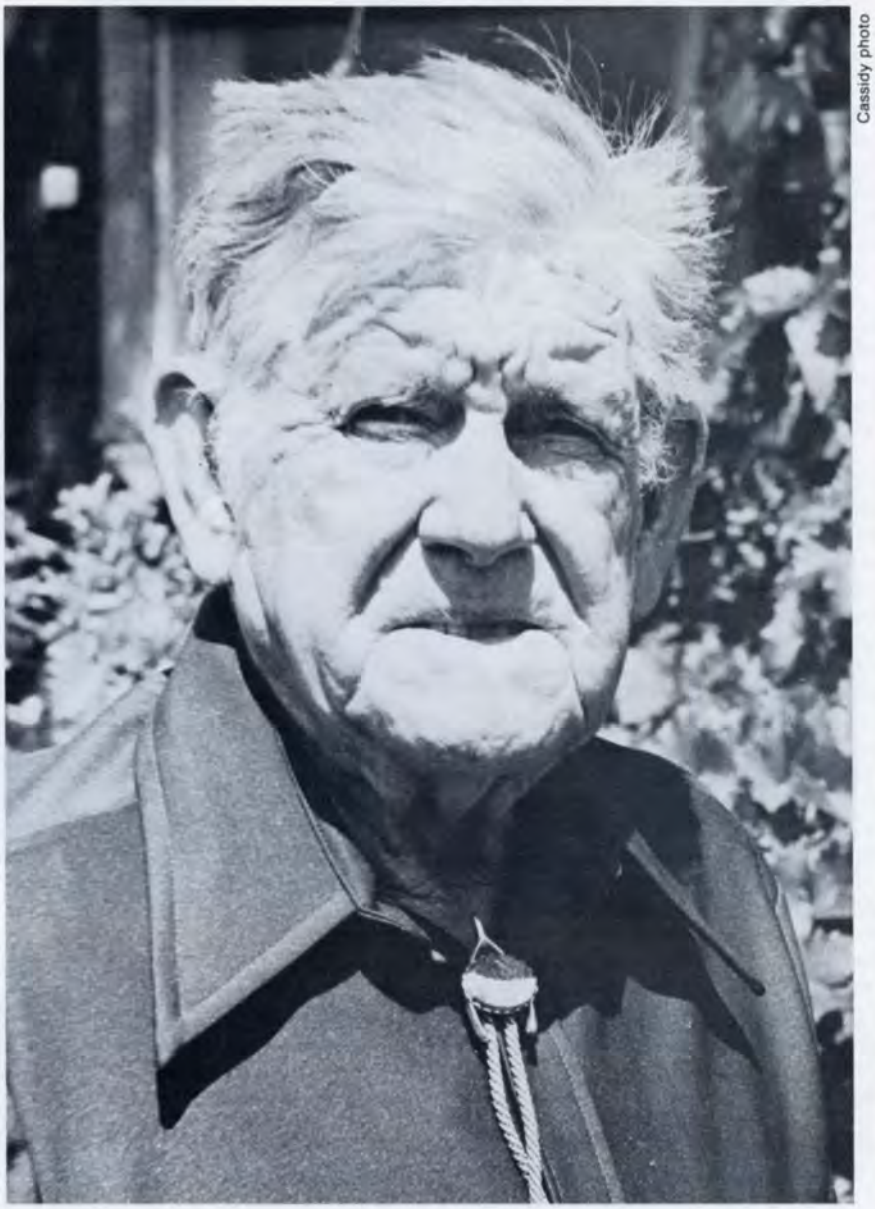
Nevadans

Harry Bennetts



Cassidy photo

The stark remains of the old silver mill at American Flat stand twisted and lonely, noticed only by occasional visitors who come to picnic and to explore the gaunt ruins. Harry Bennetts worked in that mill in the 1920s, when the Comstock was still producing precious metal — though at a slower pace than the famous days of the Big Bonanza — and he watched what he considered boneheaded local politics shut down the mill.

Bennetts is a native of Silver City, born November 6, 1895 to immigrant parents. After serving in World War I in France, he went to work at the giant mill. "The tanks used for chemicals were so big dances were held in them before the mill was completed," he says. "The mill hauled its ore from the major Comstock mines, including the Hale and Norcross, Chollar, Yellow Jacket and Imperial, through a tunnel.

"It paid for a little while, and it would still have been running later, but the county commissioners jimmed it up. When an English company took it over after the first outfit went broke or dumped it, they said they'd guarantee it to run two more years if the county commissioners would cut the taxes down. But they thought the company was bluffing; the commissioners wouldn't cut the taxes and the company had to shut down and move to Mexico. Those boneheaded commissioners up in Virginia City just cut their own heads off to try to sneak a few easy dollars of taxes."

Then came Franklin D. Roosevelt, hero to some, villain to others. "Didn't you ever hear of Roosevelt being accused of being crazy?" Harry believes FDR was the cause of the demise of mining on the Comstock. "The mines were good until Roosevelt shut 'em down!"

FDR, he explained, wanted the nation's energy funneled into producing strategic metals for the war effort, and gold and silver did not fit that definition. When the mines couldn't get supplies, they shut down, followed by the mills — and a general exodus from the area. "Every day you'd see someone leaving," he recalled of 1942.

Harry believes there is a future for mining on the Comstock — but only when a standard price on gold and silver is set. Until then, investment is risky. Harry's days of working in the mines are long over. Now retired, he lives with Violet, his wife of 39 years, near the house where he was born, respected by the primarily young, hip population of Silver City and honored by the Carson City Elks Club, which has named him Pioneer Citizen of the Year for 1976. The couple will be guests of honor at the annual 1864 Ball October 29, and will ride in the Nevada Day parade the next day in Carson City.

Nevada Reading

NEVADA: LAND OF DISCOVERY

by David and Robert O. Beatty. Published by First National Bank of Nevada, 1976. $35.

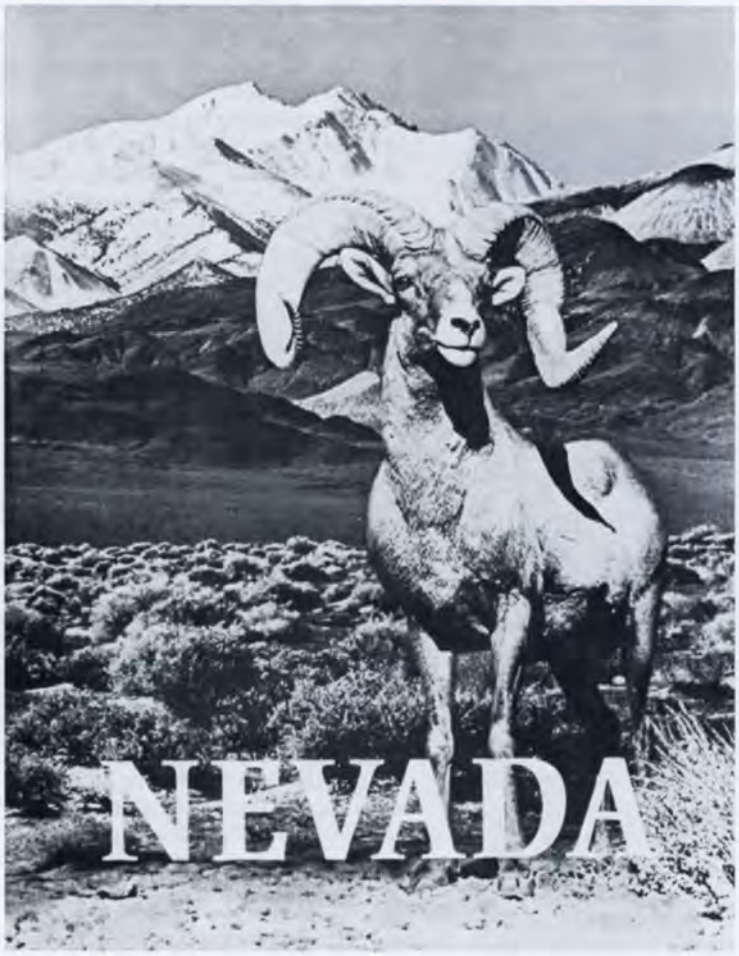
Although many books have been written about Nevada, nothing has approached the scope and splendor of *NEVADA: Land of Discovery*. An impressive pictorial documentary of the state, with more than 300 photographs — most in color — and nearly 25,000 words of supporting text, the product clearly reflects the care with which its authors conducted their research and field work.

The work of 50 photographers and thorough documentation and authentication of their materials enabled David and Robert O. Beatty, the book's creators, to capture the spirit and flavor that make Nevada unique. The authors demonstrate a rare sensitivity to the land and its people, an understanding of and love for the state.

The visual variety is great (photographers include many whose work has been used in Nevada Magazine). The photographs include not just scenic landscapes but portraits of Nevadans and pictures of wildlife, flowers, ghost towns and historic sites. In the text, the state is explored region by region.

Land of Discovery opens with a chapter entitled, "Coming to Grips with the Land." Highlights of Nevada's early history are illustrated with black and white historic shots as well as color photos of relics of that past and of parts of Nevada which are today as untamed and formidable as the Nevada the pioneers dealt with.

NEVADA: Land of Discovery was commissioned and is published by the First National Bank of Nevada as its contribution to the American Bicentennial and to the literature of its home state. The format is large (11x14 inches), the quality excellent, and to browse through its pages is to discover or rediscover the richness of this place called Nevada. — *OB*



SUTRO a dream repeated

A hundred years later, the spirit of its founder is kept alive.

By Barbara Egbert

The town of Sutro began about a hundred years ago as the culmination of a dream held by Adolph Sutro, a German immigrant with a vision that eventually helped shape the futures of the Comstock, San Francisco and the western United States.

Today, the remnant of that town, clustered around the blocked-up mouth of Sutro's Tunnel, is again the setting for dreams, this time of a handful of artists who have found the ghost town the perfect setting for their own visions.

Sutro had a vision in 1860 of a four-mile long, arrow-straight tunnel that would reach from the depths of the major mines on the Comstock down to a point a mile or so above the Carson River. The hot water that made working the depths of the Savage, Con Virginia and other famous and lesser-known silver mines dangerous if not impossible would be drained out through the tunnel. Miners would live in the town of Sutro, at the tunnel's mouth, riding through the big tunnel to work instead of descending hundreds of feet from the mine hoisting works in Virginia City. Ore could be taken out through the tunnel instead of being hauled up the shafts by elevators.

Fighting the powerful Bank of California and haranguing miners from 1869 to 1878, Sutro persuaded the United States Congress to pass legislation favoring the tunnel and squeezed capital out of American and European investors to pay for his tunnel. The mine owners were less than cooperative, especially when Sutro talked Congress into passing legislation providing that the tunnel company would receive a royalty on every load of ore taken out of the Comstock. This measure was necessary, in Sutro's mind, to make the tunnel profitable for the investors. The mine owners felt they were being taken advantage of, despite the obvious advantages the tunnel promised in terms of better working conditions for the miners.

Perhaps some of the mine owners also had premonitions about the future of the Comstock's Big Bonanza. Although the mines were to continue to produce silver and gold for decades to come, the days when huge fortunes were to be made were about over. Sutro pushed his tunnel through, but it was too late to take advantage of royalties that probably would have been his had the tunnel existed a few years previously. It served its purpose as a drain, however, and also as a monument to the incredible will power and intellect of Adolph Sutro.

Sutro intended his town, named after himself, to be a model town, surveyed and planned in contrast to the existing Comstock towns which started as tent camps or trading posts and just grew or died according to the size and accessibility of the ore bodies. Numbered avenues, straight streets, plenty of trees, room for livestock, zoning and parks were part of the first attempt in Nevada to plan the development of a town. The tunnel and mines would not be the only livelihood for the inhabitants: Sutro bought a stretch of land along the Carson River with plans

of building mills to crush and refine the ore he envisioned would be hauled out through the tunnel.

The first lots were sold in September 1872, and shortly thereafter work was completed on Sutro's mansion, a three-story house set on a small artificial hill. It was above a lake formed by the flow of water through the tunnel, with a beautiful view of Dayton Valley, the Carson River and the Pinenut Range. When work on the tunnel was at its peak, the town boasted several hundred inhabitants, complete with blacksmith's shop, butcher's shop and cemetery.

The town's future was not planned as well as its layout. When work finished on the tunnel, the residents left to find work elsewhere. Some remained, but when Adolph Sutro turned his back on Nevada and took himself and his remarkable personality to San Francisco, the driving force that had made the tunnel and the town realities was gone.

Today Sutro is a center of solitude to a half-dozen or so young people who inhabit the decaying buildings. A rocky dirt road leads from Highway 50 East to the town, probably along what was 25th Avenue a century ago. The road runs straight until it reaches a sign advising tourists to leave Sutro out of their itinerary — the residents are jealous of their privacy. Then the road meanders among a re-built carriage house, a warehouse, an ancient home, a blacksmith's shop and stables. There is a goldfish-filled stream and a moss-bottomed swimming pool, both fed by the warm water that still seeps from the tunnel.

The town sits on the tailings — the earth and rock removed from the tunnel — and while Sutro's mansion is no longer there, having burned down earlier this century, the spiritual descendants of Sutro still enjoy the same view of the valley and the mountains as did Sutro and his guests, including President U. S. Grant.

The Sutro citizens of 1976 share many things besides their pool and their devotion to solitude. All are young people who could make it easily in the 8-to-5 world — who, in fact, often have to do just that, since making a living as an artist is almost impossible in Nevada. An individual may alternate a period of carving wood or making tipis with several months of dealing craps or connecting plumbing. When the bank account looks a little fatter, he returns to his workshop.

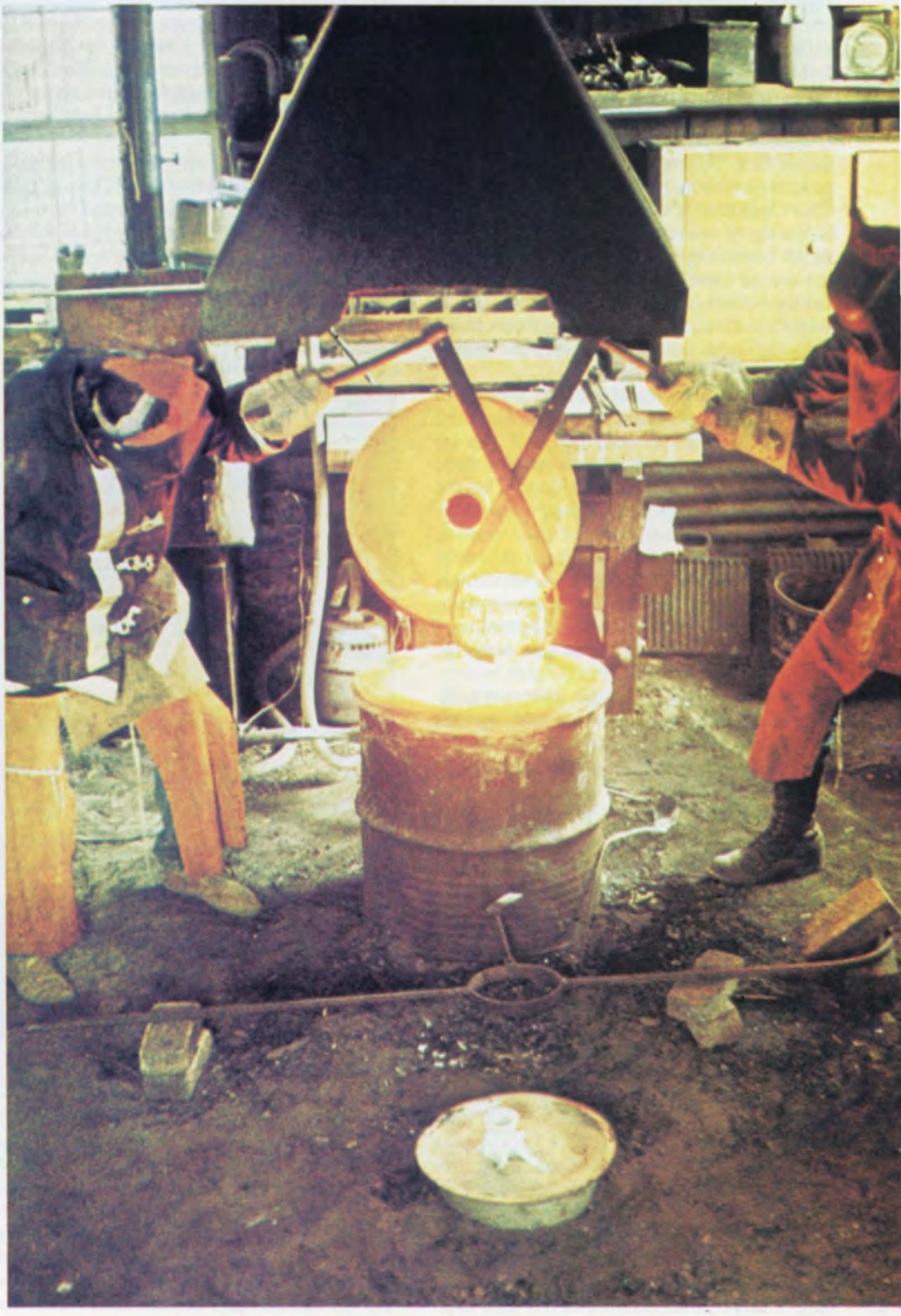
Sutro's residents share pioneer skills. All are masters at cooking over wood stoves, making their ramshackle homes

waterproof and warm, repairing wiring and plumbing, making do with the materials at hand. Bob and Nancy Might, the tipi makers, tan hides; Art Herman, a wood-carver, has turned an old post office in nearby Dayton into an art gallery; and Greg Melton, bronze caster, made his own small foundry out of odds and ends, plus a few special instruments for critical parts of the lost wax method of bronze casting.

They also share a common pride in their unique home, where ore carts, square nails and the tunnel entrance are constant reminders of a heritage of individuality and struggle. They share a willingness to continue their own struggle to survive as artists, and a pioneer spirit of generosity and self-reliance that seems a living reminder of the man whose genius and greatness of character built the town in which they live.

continued

MIKE CASSIDY PHOTOS



Sutro tunnel as it stands today; the Mights' tipi; Greg and Gil Melton, casting bronze.

Sutro's Future

Sutro's future is uncertain. Jim Shryver, president of the Comstock Tunnel and Drainage Co., which as successor to Adolph Sutro's company owns the 2,000 acres of Sutro townsite, said the town was proposed for a state park and rejected by the legislature in 1961. His company has plans in two directions — mining and a housing development — but right now the situation appears to be static.

An outfit known as the Sutro Tunnel Coalition, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Comstock Tunnel and Drainage, owns property in Virginia City and Gold Hill. The Coalition is a mining company, and its primary interest is in making the Comstock a mining area again. "The chances are 90 per cent that mining will become a major industry because of the large tonnage reserves of gold and silver ore," Shryver said. "It's just a matter of timing."

It's also a matter of money. Mining is expensive, and investors want to see hard proof or ore, proof that in itself can be expensive to obtain. "Near-surface ores are inexpensive to prove out. There's about a half a million dollars' worth, or about three million tons of near surface ore," Shryver said of the Gold Hill and Silver City area. "About deep ores, no one knows." He believes a check of old mining records may give a reliable estimate of the quantity and quality of ore deep inside the mountain.

Shryver hopes to begin open pit mining, along with milling of old tailings that may yield ore to modern methods, in the near future. Mining deep ores is five to 10 years off, he said, "and the price of gold and silver will have to be a lot better to make it worthwhile."

It is possible the Sutro Tunnel may again be used as it was originally intended, to ventilate and drain the Comstock mines and provide an economical way to take the ore out, but that possibility appears remote. And no one knows the condition of the tunnel — numerous cave-ins are known to have occurred, and how much of the four-mile-long tunnel is still open is anyone's guess.

The other plan for Sutro is to build a town, possibly using water from the tunnel as the water supply. The trickle that seeps out today provides only for the goldfish and the swimming pool, but in the days when Adolph Sutro lived in his mansion at the edge of the Flowery Range, the millions of gallons of 104-degree water that flowed out every day kept a large pond filled. Sutro is also supposed by local legend to have used the water to raise vegetables on a ranch across the Carson River. The warm water enabled Sutro to grow the first fresh vegetables every year, selling them to the winter-weary miners.

The development project foresees the tunnel entrance and remaining buildings as the "nucleus of a tourist and resort development," according to the company's statement. Outside the tourist attraction would be 5- to 10-acre homesites, a mobile home park, a retirement community and small single-family homes. The tunnel itself would be the site of tunnel rides and an underground mining tour, while a sideline could be the use of a section of the tunnel for storage of valuable documents and microfilm for commercial institutions.

Sutro wood carver, Art Herman.

Tipi makers, Bob and Nancy Might, with bronze caster Greg Melton (center).

Such an ambitious project would require a large amount of capital, although the returns could also be substantial for a site located between the growing town of Dayton and the recent developments of Mark Twain and Pine Nut. But the difficulties of raising money today could be compared to the ordeals Sutro went through in scraping together the money for his tunnel, and Dayton area residents are not entirely receptive to development plans which threaten to tax the capacity of schools, public safety departments and other services.

Such changes would also mean the end of the tiny artists' colony. Bob Might spoke for today's residents when, in contemplating such a gloomy prospect, he said, "We'll just have to find another ghost town." □

HOOVER DAM 40 years old

For thousands of years, the great red Colorado River gouged great chasms in rock along its 1400-mile course from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean. The river, fed by melting snows, was a raging torrent in spring and early summer, but often only a trickle in the fall. There was always too much water or too little.

In 1904, an engineer from the Bureau of Reclamation suggested building a dam specifically for flood control. Such a project would benefit the entire southwest. Devastating floods in 1905-07 in the Imperial Valley farm country of California gave the Colorado a reputation as a "natural menace to national resource." It was imperative that the river be controlled.

Fifteen years later, in 1922, the Colorado River Compact was drafted by the commissioners of the seven Colorado basin states — Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, California, Wyoming and New Mexico — and approved by Herbert Hoover, representing the U.S. government. Six years later, Congress passed the Boulder Canyon Project Act, authorizing construction. Soon after, the enormous government contract was opened for bid.

There wasn't a construction company in the country that could handle the enormous job alone, so "Six Companies" joined forces. Their bid was made and the contract awarded, and Six Companies built what was at the time the biggest, most splendid dam and electric generating plant in the world. Frank T Crowe was general superintendent while Walker Young was construction engineer for the Bureau of Reclamation.

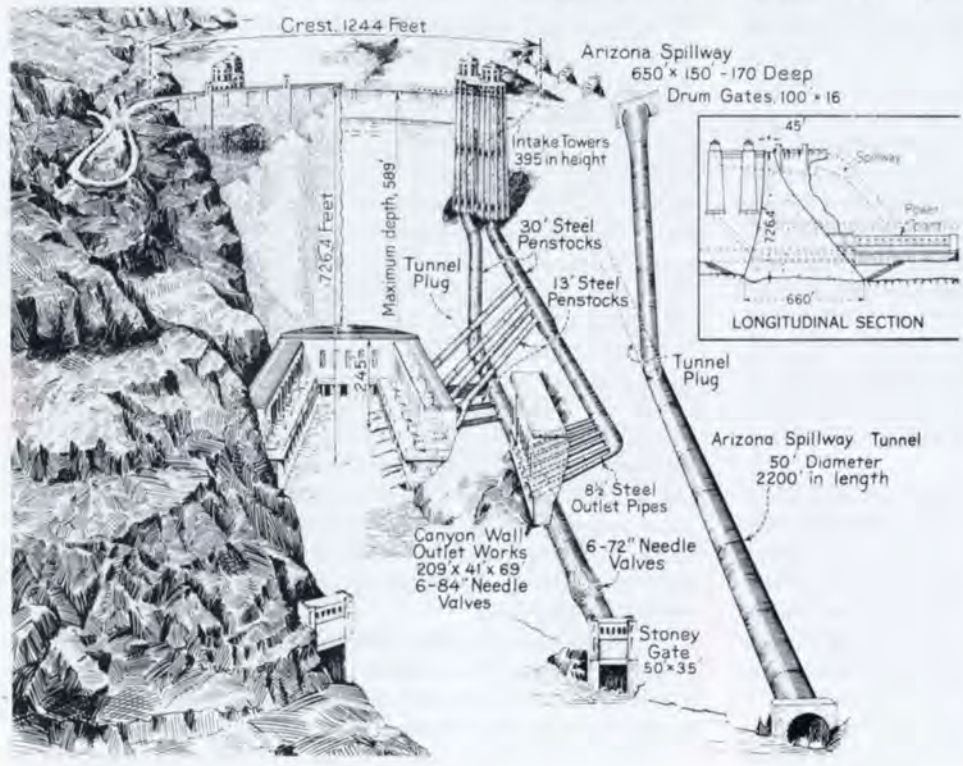
Boulder Dam (later Hoover Dam) and the All American Canal System to the Imperial Valley were to be the key to downstream regulation of the river. Primary benefits would be flood control and water storage for irrigation and municipal and industrial use. Secondary uses were generation of hydroelectric power and recreation.

During its five-year construction period, 1931 to 1935, the Six Companies employed more than 5,000 people. It was at the peak of the Depression and conditions at the site were less than perfect. The offices were at first in tents, then in plyboard houses. Boulder City was designed and built for many of the workers who were bused to the site every day. Temperatures at the top of Black Canyon (chosen as a better site than Boulder Canyon) topped 100 degrees, while at the bottom of the dam at the riverbed a temperature of 130 was recorded. Even so, the dam was built two years ahead of schedule.

Since the dam was finished in 1935, more than 1.25 million acres in the United States and Mexico have been irrigated and farmed without fear of flooding; the Lake Mead Reservoir has supplemented the water needs and recreational desires of 10 million people; and the dam has generated 4.5 billion kilowatt hours of hydroelectric energy annually.

October 26, 1976 is the 40th anniversary since Hoover Dam's first generator began commercial operation. President Roosevelt said of the dam: " it is an engineering victory of the first order, another great achievement of American resourcefulness, skill and determination." In his story, *To Tame a Giant*, Malcolm Thompson says, "It was a landmark before the first shovelful of earth was ever turned. And it remains a landmark today, even in this era when mammoth projects, fantastic in their scope, are everyday occurrences."

The American Society of Civil Engineers selected Hoover Dam in 1955 as one of this country's Seven Modern Civil Engineering Wonders. If you want to know more about Hoover Dam, send $1.00 to this magazine for Thompson's story of the history of the dam. □



HOOVER DAM • STATISTICS
Approximate cost: $175,000,000

THE DAM
726 feet high
1,244 feet long
45 feet thick at the top
660 feet thick at the bottom
3.25 million cubic yards of concrete

THE RESERVOIR • LAKE MEAD
115 miles long (when full)
29.8 million acre feet capacity
589 feet maximum depth
At maximum elevation, 1,229 feet above sea level, it covers 163,000 acres.

THE POWER PLANT
1,344,800 kilowatts capacity
17 generators (rated from 95,000 kilowatts to 40,000 kw each)
15 turbines rated at 115,000 horsepower each
1 turbine rated at 70,000 hp
1 turbine rated at 55,000 hp

Yesterday

By E. Gorton Covington

Safford flared but briefly

"On the 9th day of August, 1881, Ben Safford, the veteran prospector, tiring of the hills in the vicinity of Cherry Creek, whither he had for some time been prospecting, struck out with his three horses across the country with the intention of going to the Lewis District. The fourth night out found him camped in what is now called Safford Canyon, being distant about 14 miles west of the E & P hay ranch by road which he was at that time traveling."

Thus did the first issue of the *Safford Express*, dated June 2, 1883 and published in Palisade, at the northern tip of Eureka County, begin an account of the discovery and brief history of the now long-vanished mining camp of Safford. Located four miles as the crow flies, but seven miles by a rocky and uncertain wagon road, southwest of Palisade, northern terminus of the Eureka and Palisade Railroad, Safford consisted of a few frame buildings and tents strung along the sage-dotted canyon.

Its flash in the pan existence, which parallels that of many such early day mining camps, comes into focus through the only copies of the *Safford Express* known to exist — the first issue and one dated June 9, 1883 — and items gleaned from other newspapers of that year.

The *Safford Express*, established by Lambert Molinelli, once connected with the *Eureka Sentinel*, was optimistic over the future of the new camp and devoted an entire column in the first issue detailing the discovery and development of the community. His account noted that the prospector for whom the camp was named, "while preparing a fireplace from the rocks lying around loose, noticed that after they had been heated, they had small particles of silver clinging to them."

Next morning, the story continued, Safford climbed 200 feet up the side of the canyon and discovered a ledge of silver bearing ore. He located a claim, which became the Onondaga Mine, and sent samples of ore to be assayed in Lewis, Eureka and Virginia City. Assay returns gave the ore values ranging from $25 to $800 per ton. When Safford broke this news in Palisade there was a rush to the new site and several claims were located.

By the time speculators and investors arrived, Molinelli wrote, the asking price for any staked claim was so high they backed off and "the camp was doomed for that year at least."

The following year, however, saw a number of claims being developed, the second largest being the Zanoli mine which had sunk a shaft to a depth of 112 feet to where "the ledge shows a width of eight feet of solid ore averaging $200 per ton." The *Express* also mentioned that the Onondaga was in good hands and "assessment work is being done and with Uncle Safford we say, 'To the bleak hills we owe our fortune.' " The editor also reported that while miners were living mostly in tents, lumber had been ordered so they might have frame houses before winter.

In the June 9 issue the *Express* reported, "Some startling developments have been made during the past week at the Onondaga mine in Safford which appear too fabulous to chronicle and must be seen to be believed." The article said the mine superintendent had set off a blast at the southern end of the property "uncovering ore assaying 1000 ounces to the ton. The discovery seems to be an immense chimney extending from the main ledge."

Prominent mining men, the article asserted, had visited the property and placed its wealth "all the way from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 and pronounced it the biggest mine in Nevada not excepting even the brightest days of the Comstock."

Such enthusiasm and optimism was commonplace in a

camp when high grade ore was encountered. Molinelli published this glowing report less than two months before the *Safford Express* ceased publication and the camp began to go downhill. Items excerpted from other Nevada newspapers of that day provide the background for its decline.

The *Eureka Sentinel* of July 3, 1883 provided a sad commentary in this item: "Benjamin C. Safford, the tireless prospector, who had been known in every camp in eastern Nevada, died at Beowawe Sunday (July 1). He had projected a trip into the mountains, it appears, but got on a spree which lasted three or four days. He was found in his blanket face downward, dead. He had $400 on his person. About the only estate he left was a payment due on the sale of half of the Onondaga next October of $15,000."

The next day the *Sentinel* added more information by publishing a letter from the editor of the *Safford Express*. It said:

"In response to your request for some further particulars to the death of Benjamin C. Safford, will state that he was found in a barn back of the Beowawe Hotel. He was accustomed to sleeping there and was found by the landlady who went out in search of him and found him as stated. He was lying with his head face down and deeply imbedded in the pillow and appears to have smothered to death.

"An inquest was held and Dr. Hansen was called and held an autopsy and pronounced death due to pulmonary paralysis and a verdict was reached accordingly. His body was removed to Gerald (a ferry station on the Humboldt River) and buried in a mound between Gerald and the Safford Mines as he had often requested to be buried in the District. The funeral was largely attended, people coming from all sections of the country to pay their last respects to the old prospector. (Signed) Lambert Molinelli."

From all accounts the rich ore discovered in the Onondaga had been merely a "pocket" rather than a "chimney," and accounts in contemporary newspapers continued to trace the decline of the camp and its overly-optimistic newspaper. On July 21, 1883 the *Eureka Sentinel* carried this item: "L. Molinelli informed me by letter received last night that he has relinquished the newspaper field at Safford in favor of W. W. Booth, recently publisher of the *Austin Democrat*, who will have a printing office there and start a paper on his own account."

Two days later the *Sentinel* reported, "The river at Gerald can now be forded with loaded wagons. The Onondaga Company during the present week loaded four cars of 40,000 capacity each which will be forwarded to Salt Lake City this evening. Another shipment will follow next week. The mine is looking fine and producing a large amount of ore daily,"

Much of that four car shipment apparently had been mined earlier as the *Safford Express* in both its June 2 and June 9 issues had stated that "sacked ore is piling up at the Onondaga."

The Winnemucca *Silver State* on July 24 reported that the *Safford Express*, "though published at Palisade, was printed in Eureka, ended its brief career last week. None but the inexperienced who believe it costs nothing to run a paper, believed that Palisade could support one."

Trouble other than the decline of the ore body began to plague Safford and its principal mine as revealed in an item in the July 31 issue of the *Silver State*. It read: "The *Eureka Sentinel* learns from a passenger who left Safford Saturday, that a row occurred there in connection with the employment of three Chinese on the Onondaga Mine. The white men who were at work at the mine wouldn't stand for it and drove the Chinese away. Thereupon the management discharged the white men."

Standing: Violet, Charles, Joseph Walker; Seated Christopher, Mary Cameron Walker, Jonathan, and Lillian. The Walkers ran the hotel in Safford. Their son Charles was the first boy born in the new mining town.

The weekly newspaper indicated the town was there to stay.


SAFFORD EXPRESS.

DEPOT HOTEL. PIONEER SALOON. PARKER HOUSE. T. E. JEWELL

ELEGANT ROOMS

PALISADE HOTEL.

GROCERIES

PROVISIONS.

SAFFORD RESTAURANT.

JACKSON HOUSE.

JAKE COHN.

Pioneer Clothier

BOARD

PRATT HOUSE.

BOARD AND LODGING.

City Drug Store.

WALTER S. HARCHANT

NOTARY PUBLIC

Later newspaper accounts reported a protest meeting of white miners and then revealed that the Onondaga mine superintendent claimed the reports of trouble were greatly exaggerated, that the Chinese were doing menial labor on a tailings dump and that everything was peaceful. But on August 8 the *Silver State* reported that the Onondaga was employing 14 men at wages of $4 per day; that the nearby Zanoli Mine was in ore worth $60 per ton, and that there were only 30 men at work in the entire Safford District.

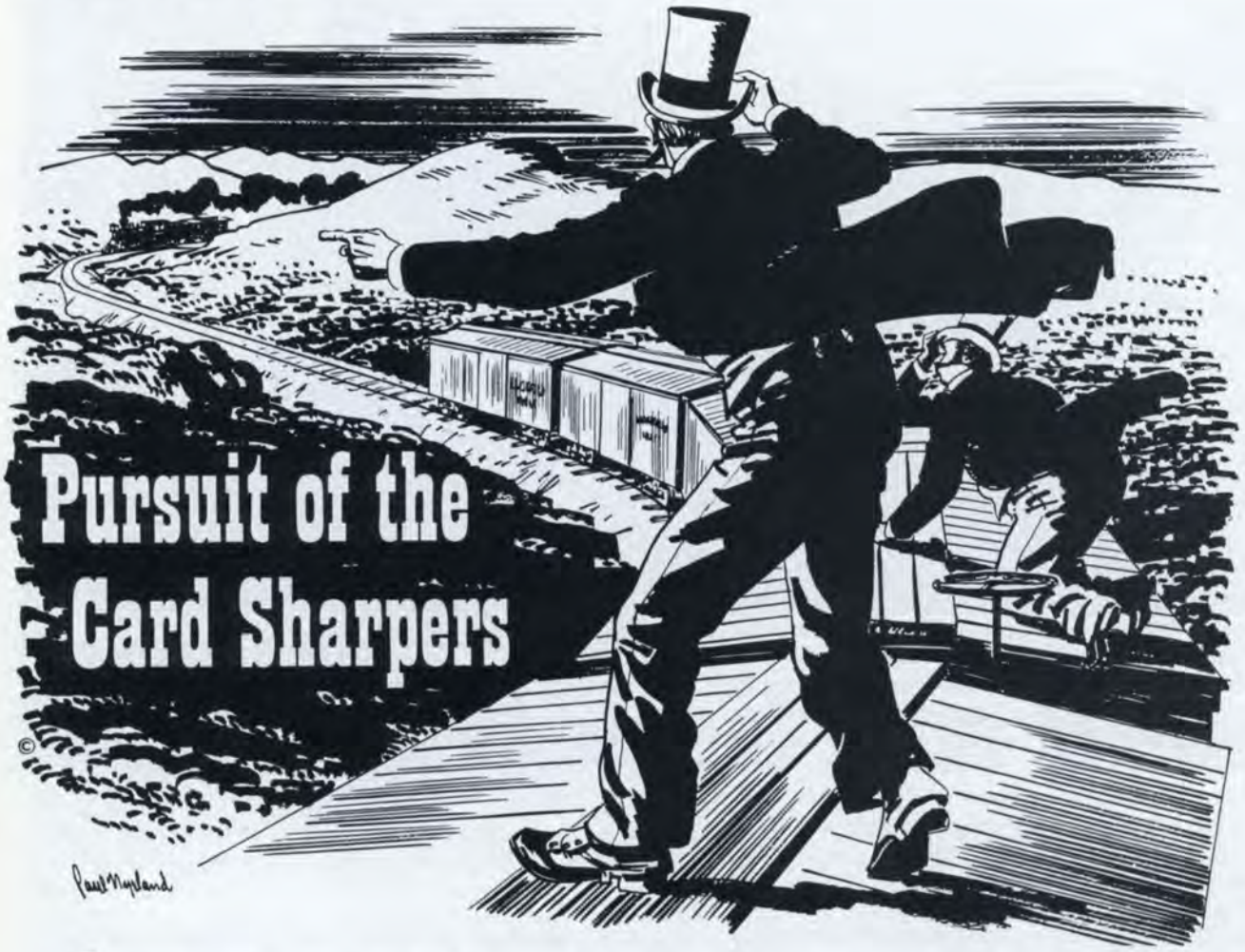
Other state newspapers (and there were 16 dailies being published at that time, according to an item in the first issue of the *Safford Express*) which had been carrying frequent news originating in Safford, suddenly ceased to report any news from the camp. Then the *Territorial Enterprise* of Virginia City in its August 8 issue carried this brief item:

"L. Molinelli is engaged as a clerk in a large store in Salt Lake City. He has given the newspaper business the cold shake."

Then on September 28 the *Silver State* carried the news that "Osceola, in White Pine County, is the coming camp."

Such a clarion summons from any new diggings always lured miners away from any declining district and the miners in Safford proved to be no exception. Emulating the editor of the camp's former newspaper, they gave the town the same "cold shake" that he had given the newspaper business.

Today all that remains to mark the site of Safford are some weathered mine tailings and eroded shafts half obscured by clumps of silvery sage. □



In October, 1874, the activities of card sharpers on westbound trains through Nevada became so outrageously crooked, and so many innocent passengers were being robbed, that the railroad resolved on vigorous steps to clean up the situation. The Central Pacific sent two of its crack officers to Palisade where a particularly vicious swindle had just taken place. They took a special train to Elko and soon arrested the two Monte sharpers responsible. But bail was set too low and the two crooks escaped, riding a freight train toward Wells. All resources of the Central Pacific were then hurriedly put at the command of the two officers, and they gave chase in a special police train.

The race along the tracks to catch the freight became closer and closer. The special train made "the incredible time of 54 miles in one hour, including time for stoppages to cool the machinery with water!" At this lightning speed they soon overtook the freight, but the guilty pair quickly jumped off into the high sagebrush and vanished. The officers then patrolled the tracks back and forth between Toana and Wells, and finally learned that a confederate had set forth in a buggy with provisions, coats, and blankets. They ran the train without lights to Otego, and set out an ambush which succeeded in trapping the buggy-driver, but the card sharpers had been alarmed and had flown!

At daylight the police resumed the search, dropping their captive into the custody of the Elko Sheriff. This time they drove their special train through the desert in the area where they suspected the sharpers were hidden. As the train chugged slowly uphill, the officers quietly dropped off and hid in the brush near Toana. The train kept on puffing until far out of sight. After a time, the two sharpers made their appearance, nervously picking their way through the brush to a point near the road. The shrewd officers merely stood up, levelled their guns, and the arrest was made. The sharpers made a clever attempt to bluster and bluff, but the officers refused to be intimidated and took them back to the Justice at Palisade. Here they had to return the money they had swindled from their victims. Under the stern gaze of the officers and the court, the Monte dealers bitterly dug deep for their victims' money, and paid off everyone who had a claim.

This time the court did not repeat the mistake of making the bail figure low. It was set at $3,000, and the sharpers were ordered to report to the Grand Jury of Eureka County! The order had the desired effect, and the men fled the State, leaving their high bail to enrich the coffers of Palisade. The event did much to discourage the operations of many crooks who had been riding the trains across Nevada and systematically cheating the travelers. Great credit was given the railroad and its officers for the energy which they had shown. Four months later the legislature passed a law making cheating and unlawful playing of Three Card Monte a crime, and the train sharpers went out of business. □

NEVADA TRAVEL GUIDE

Hooten Wells and the Greenhorns

A new-fangled cattle drive. By Dennis Tristram

Every fall, just 15 miles east of Carson City, cowboys gather upwards of 500 head of whiteface cows and head them east. They are going on a drive similar to those which have been going on for a hundred years and except for distance and a couple of deleted dangers like Indians and rustlers, it could be taking place way back then.

Don Jackson, manager of the corporation-owned Allran Ranch, takes his whiteface cows from the lush, irrigated home pastures to a rolling, windburned 60,000-acre BLM grazing allotment 33 miles to the east. There they rustle through the winter for themselves and calve, unattended, in the spring. In early summer the cattle are trucked back to the home ranch because Jackson has learned, as did the drovers of long ago, that calves can't take the pace of even a leisurely drive on foot.

Perhaps because of the romantic history attached to it, or the relative rarity of it, or even just the novelty, Jackson never has trouble gathering a crew of volunteer drovers.

"People just ask me if they can go and I say, Yeah," Jackson explained.

The riders on last year's drive, two of whom were Allran hands, were not all cattle-wise or even experienced horsemen. One of the riders was Ed Maloney, a real estate broker from Dayton. He took two months of riding lessons and borrowed a horse so that at 7 a.m. on a Thursday in the first week of November, Ed Maloney, cowpuncher, could be cinching a saddle on his horse and preparing to hit the trail with a dozen other riders and 500 cows.

The herd was to follow the Carson River east to historic Fort Churchill. The 33-mile, two-day trail was that of the Pony Express riders of a century before.

Lowing softly, moving reluctantly from the green pastures at the gentle urging of the mounted drovers, the cattle gathered in the dirt roadway they were to follow eastward. A dozen cowdogs, brought by the invited riders, darted like frenzied ferrets at the heels of the cattle. Angrily, the cows slashed out at the dogs with potentially lethal kicks, but the dogs — Australian Shepherds, McNabbs and Queensland heelers — instinctively flattened themselves on the ground, letting the snapping rear hooves skim over their heads.

With dogs barking and riders hooting and slapping their thighs with their open palms, the cows began moving, muttering quietly in low, melancholy, quizzical plaints. Here and there one halted abruptly, lifted her nose high and honked sharply three or four times, her ribs pumping with each blast. Then, having saluted the summer gone and bid farewell to the calf now weaned and lost to her for all time, she dropped her head and picked up the cadenced shuffle of her companions.

The drive is not held because of nostalgia or a sense of romance or history. Jackson does it to save money. "Enough trucks to take these cows to the range would cost about $800," he notes. "This way, all it costs is in beans," meaning lunches his wife Dorothy provides for all hands.

Jackson moseys along at the rear of the herd for the most part, letting his invited hands savor their buckerooing. The 1975 drive, with 14 riders including himself, had the largest crew ever assembled and included a housewife on a horse borrowed from Jackson, a real estate broker, a security guard from a Carson City casino, a Yerington farm manager who once buckerooed for the Allran ranch, a Silver Springs farmer who was formerly a Carson City trailer court operator, his two teenage sons, and a Reno university student.

"I got all the help I need." Jackson smiled as he looked at the manpower he'd assembled. "Five of us could do it, no problem. Even four of us. These cows have been out on the range before and they kind of like it. It's peaceful."

After less than a mile the first morning, the lead cows dropped from their shambling trot into the steady, stoic plod which they maintained until they stopped marching six miles beyond Hooten Wells where they fanned out over 60,000 acres of Indian Rice Grass, sagebrush, cheat grass and sand wallows. Except for a woman who drove daily from Fallon to turn on pumps at scattered water tanks, the cows, all tested to be pregnant, were left on their own.

Photos by the Author

Three years before, Cathy O'Neill was selling real estate in Petaluma, California. "I was going to get rich," she laughed wryly, "but I'm not happy unless I have one of these things to ride and work with." She nodded her hat toward her horse's head. She had come to work at the ranch for two months in 1973 and never gone back to Petaluma. She was on the ranch payroll but rode her own mare during the drive and her straight, shiny,

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Fishin' Holes

From minnows to monsters, Nevada is an angler's paradise.

By Kurt Anderson

Cutbow trout hybrid, taken 1974, from Pyramid Lake by Alfred Miramon of Reno, 19 lbs., 3 oz. (Mark-Fore & Strike photo)

Nevada is an angler's paradise where people find the kind of fishing that others can only dream about. There are monster fish, the massive, fierce-fighting cutthroat trout and striped bass. There is solitude and tranquility to be found at high mountain lakes and streams and the variety of game fish here is greater than in any other Western state. In short, Nevada has the fishing to satisfy the desires of every fisherman.

Nevada's fishing areas are also ones of contrast. They range from the azure blue waters of Lake Tahoe, the mountain lake with pine trees down to the water's edge, to Pyramid, the desert lake with strange looking tufa rock formations, sage brush and sand along its shoreline.

There are hundreds of miles of fishable waterways in Nevada ranging from those small streams that wend their way through narrow, aspen and willow lined canyons to rivers like the Truckee, Carson, Walker and Humboldt that cut verdant paths through the desert. There are also natural lakes like Tahoe, Pyramid and Walker, the latter two being the remnants of the great Lahontan Sea that once covered much of Western Nevada. Many man-made impoundments pop up out of the desert bringing water to the parched land and good fishing to the sportsmen. Some of these artificial lakes are Mead, Mohave, Rye Patch and Wildhorse.

Nevada's fish are also a contrast. Pan sized trout can be taken in mountain streams that are no more than four or five feet across, while in the larger bodies of water there are fish that have spawned legends. The giant Lahontan cutthroat and the hearty striped bass, the largest fish in the state, have reached upwards of 50 pounds.

But the fishing has not always been the great recreational sport that it is today in Nevada. Ancient man and the Indians depended on the fish for food long before the white man came. Crude nets, anchored by rocks, were used in Pyramid to net the native Lahontan cutthroat trout and the cui-ui, which is a primitive relative of the sucker. The cui-ui is still found in Pyramid today, the last place in the world where it still survives.

After the white man came he took tons of the massive

cutthroat from Pyramid and the Truckee River that feeds into it. Commercial fishing was allowed there at the end of the last century and once during a six-month period in the late 1800s, 100 tons of trout were shipped east. Tales of Nevada's monster fish spread throughout the United States. Fishermen came from all over to try their luck in the state's desert lake. President Herbert Hoover came with members of the U.S. Supreme Court in quest of the giant trout and celebrities like Clark Gable were regulars at Pyramid in the 1920s and 1930s.

Those who traveled to the lake usually came by dirt road from Reno. It was a long, tough journey in those not always dependable early vintage autos, but the big fish that were caught more than made up for the hardships of travel.

The world record Lahontan cutthroat was hooked in Pyramid in 1925. It weighed 41 pounds. There are stories of much larger trout being caught there, but they were taken before records were kept. The current state record at Pyramid for a cutthroat is 21 pounds. Modern records were established in 1968. The other big fish in the lake is the cutbow, which is a cross between a rainbow and a cutthroat. The current record for this species is 24 pounds.

Fish in Pyramid not only grow very rapidly because of the great abundance of natural food, but they also are above average in general size, as evidenced by the normally small Sacramento Perch. The current record for this fish at Pyramid is 4 pounds 9 ounces.

Rumors still persist today that there are trout as big as a man prowling the depths of Pyramid. A skin diver doing some research at the lake reported that he saw fish that were larger than he was. There are plenty of fishermen who would agree, especially after they have had their heavy fishing lines snapped like string by one of Pyramid's monsters.

Nevada has not always had such a variety of fish either. It can actually only claim three native species, the Lahontan cutthroat, the dolly varden trout and the mountain whitefish. Some experts argue that the rainbow trout is also really a native. It is after all the state's number one fish. It is the most abundant and found in nearly every waterway that has trout.

From those three or four native species, Nevada has developed or imported a number of other game fish to where today it can boast of having about 30 different types of fish. Another new breed was begun just this year in fact. The latest battler that will be introduced to state waters is a cross between the cutthroat and a steelhead. It will be put into Lake Mead. Just exactly what the new fish will be called hasn't been decided. But it could be referred to as the cuthead or perhaps the steelthroat.

The creation of a new species is all part of the very progressive fish program of the Nevada Department of Fish and Game. Some of the excellent fish they have brought in from the outside are the striped bass that are doing so well in the Colorado River, small and largemouth bass, crappie, catfish and various types of trout. They have also imported northern pike and walleye pike, said to be the finest tasting fresh water fish, from the midwest and east. These planting programs have all met with great success.

One of the earliest and most successful of these plants was in 1880 when the mackinaw trout was introduced at Lake Tahoe. Once that initial plant was made that was it. The fish has reproduced and multiplied. It is a popular, large game fish at Tahoe today.

Unlike the mackinaw, most fish that are planted have to be replanted at regular intervals, especially the hybrids that can't reproduce themselves. This keeps the Fish and Game personnel busy at the state's three hatcheries, where the eggs of the

Painted Rock on the Truckee River. (Nevada Highway Dept. photo)

Eighteen pound channel catfish taken by Rich Rickman of Fallon from Weber Reservoir near Hawthorne. (Dave Rice, photo)

Thornton Audrain of Reno and his seventeen pound plus striped bass from Lahontan Reservoir, 1973. (Dave Rice, photo)

Record tieing 3 pound black crappie from Lake Mead taken in 1975.

fish are hatched, then the young are tended to in rearing tanks until they reach the proper size for planting.

Unfortunately not all the planting programs have met with success. The coho or silver salmon placed years ago in Lake Mead seemed to be doing fine at first and fishermen were catching them up to almost nine pounds. Now, however, nobody is taking them. They seem to have disappeared. Experts feel there are, for some reason, no more salmon left in Lake Mead. The golden trout, California's official state fish, have been planted in the high lakes of the Ruby Mountains, but they have not showed up as yet. Whether they have survived has not been determined. Fish and Game scientists feel conditions are right for their survival, though, so they plan to stay with the program.

Funds for these programs as well as studies for future activities come from the sale of fishing licenses and matching Federal funds. A season permit for a resident in Nevada costs $10 and is good from July 1 to June 30 of the following year. Out of state fishermen pay $20. This year it is expected that just over 90,000 resident licenses will be sold while amost an equal number of fishermen will come from outside the state.

Along with the regular license fees fishermen in Nevada pay, special permits are also required for fishing on waterways located within Indian reservations. Three areas affected are Pyramid Lake, Sheep Creek reservoir near the Idaho border north of Elko, and the Walker River and Weber Reservoir on the Walker River Indian Reservation. These fees vary and run from $2 per day to $6.00 per season. The money realized from this goes to paying for Indian-run fish programs and salaries of enforcement personnel.

Forty-seven and forty-six pound striped bass from Colorado River, below Hoover Dam, Nevada. Unknown anglers from Las Vegas area.

The most popular fishing spot in Nevada is Lake Mead. More people visit there each year than any other area. The lake was created when Hoover Dam was built across the Colorado River. Lake Mohave to the south of Mead and also the Colorado River get quite a bit of action, especially from Southern California fishermen.

The area's popularity seems to be because of the different types and sizes of the fish in the three bodies of water. The trout and bass found there are immense with the state record for rainbow of 16 pounds 4 ounces coming from Mohave and the largest fish ever taken in the state, a 47 pound striped bass, hooked in the Colorado below Mohave. The Lahontan cutthroat introduced into Mead several years ago have been growing rapidly. A 13 pounder was hooked there last year. State

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Following is a list of counties in Nevada, along with a few comments on the fishing in each, followed by a rundown of the specific fishing areas within each county. We will use the Nevada Department of Fish and Game's system and divide the State into three specific divisions.

REGION I

CARSON CITY: The State's smallest county is not without some good fishing, found mostly in the Carson River and that portion of Lake Tahoe that falls within county lines.

CHURCHILL COUNTY: This is the bass and catfish county. The Carson River, above the dam, Harmon Reservoir and Lahontan Reservoir have catfish and bass, largemouth and white. The state record smallmouth bass was taken last year in the Carson River, while record white bass, channel catfish, white catfish and white crappie have come from Lahontan Reservoir.

DOUGLAS COUNTY: The East Fork of the Carson River has produced some nice rainbow trout as well as some fine browns. Mountain whitefish are also taken in the river. Other favorite areas include Topaz Lake, the West Fork of the Walker River and of course the county's portion of Lake Tahoe.

HUMBOLDT COUNTY: Most of the fishing here is for rainbow trout. But there are some streams with native cutthroat trout such as the Little Humboldt River above the new Chimney Creek Reservoir. There are some brook trout found in the streams that come from the Santa Rosa Mountain range.

LYON COUNTY: The main areas in this county are the East and West forks of the Walker River. A permit is needed when fishing the river while on the Walker River Indian Reservation. They can be obtained in Schurz from the tribal council office. For catfish and bass there is the Ft. Churchill Cooling Pond and the Lahontan Reservoir.

MINERAL COUNTY: Has some nice trout fishing in Walker Lake and the Walker River — remember a permit from the Indians is necessary to fish the river where it runs through the reservation. Another popular area where a permit is needed is Weber Reservoir which is on the reservation just north of Schurz.

PERSHING COUNTY: The chief fishing area is Rye Patch Reservoir where pan fish, such as crappie, and big walleye are found. The walleye have been growing rapidly and predictions are that a 10 pounder, which would be a new state record, will be taken there before the year is out.

STOREY COUNTY: Fishing is not the main activity in this small county. There is, of course, fishing in the Truckee River and the Tracy pond near the Tracy power station. .

WASHOE COUNTY: There is much for the trout fisherman in this county. There is Lake Tahoe where large rainbows and mackinaws are caught and Pyramid Lake where a fish can't be kept unless it is over 19 inches long. The world's record cutthroat trout was taken at Pyramid in 1925. It weighed 41 pounds. There are also rainbows, and cutbows in the lake. Fishermen also work the banks of the Truckee River, landing trout within the city limits of Reno. There are rainbow, some browns and mountain whitefish in the river. The state record whitefish was taken in the Truckee in 1975. There are also some small lakes and streams in the mountains west of Reno.

REGION II

ELKO COUNTY: This county has more fishing streams and lakes than any other in Nevada. Creeks no wider than four or five feet can produce pan-size trout, while bigger battlers have been subdued in its larger lakes and reservoirs. The majority of trout in the county are rainbow, but cutthroat, brook, brown

and an occasional dolly varden trout are also taken. Golden trout have been planted in the high mountain lakes in the Ruby Mountains, but they have not shown themselves as yet. A new dolly varden state record was recorded in 1975 when an angler caught a 1 pound 10 ounce fish in the west fork of the Jarbidge River. Kokanee salmon are now fairly abundant in Wildhorse Reservoir, north of Elko. Largemouth bass are found in the beautiful Ruby Marshes, where on one cast a fisherman can catch a bass and on the next cast take a nice trout, German brown, rainbow or brook.

EUREKA COUNTY: There are some small reservoirs but most of the fishing is for trout in streams in the Roberts and Cortez Springs ranges. Several areas are on private property and can be subject to closure. One such area is the J. D. Reservoir which has been closed. For up to the moment information check with the Region II office of Fish & Game in Elko.

LANDER COUNTY: There is mostly trout fishing in streams with some lakes and reservoirs. There are also some fishing spots on private property.

WHITE PINE COUNTY: A variety of fish are found here including trout, bass and northern pike. Bass and trout are found in the Ruby Marshes with the northern pike and bass at Cummings Lake. Other popular fishing spots are on small streams especially those that run from the Snake and Schell Creek Mountain ranges.

REGION III

CLARK COUNTY: Has some outstanding fishing concentrated in three main areas, Lake Mead, Lake Mohave and the Colorado River. The largest fish ever caught in Nevada, a 47-pound striped bass, was pulled out of the Colorado River and the record rainbow trout, largemouth bass and carp have come from Lake Mohave. Mead has produced records in bluegills, black crappie and silver or coho salmon. The salmon have, however, apparently failed to take hold in the lake and are seldom caught any more. The new exciting fish in Mead is the Lahontan Cutthroat which is growing rapidly in the lake and a 13 pounder was taken recently. These fish get up to 40 pounds.

ESMERALDA COUNTY: This is mainly trout country with fish coming from streams that run mainly from the Silver Peak Range or pass through the Inyo National Forest.

LINCOLN COUNTY: Fishing is mainly in small streams and several reservoirs. Fish are mainly trout, but there are some bass in Nesbitt Lake and there are plenty of crappie and bluegill in Schroeder Reservoir. Some nice sized trout are beginning to show up in Eagle Valley Lake. Another lake in the county, Pahranagat Lake, is no longer a viable fishing spot.

NYE COUNTY: Some good trout and bass fishing found in the Kirch Wildlife Management Area at the Adams-McGill and Dacey Reservoirs. Trout are mostly rainbows, but there are also some browns, brook and cutthroat. There are also some good trout streams in the several Toiyabe National Forests in the county.

REGION I
1. Carson City
2. Churchill County
3. Douglas County
4. Humboldt County
5. Lyon County
6. Mineral County
7 Pershing County
8. Storey County
9. Washoe County

REGION II
1. Elko County
2. Eureka County
3. Lander County
4. White Pine County

REGION III
1. Clark County
2. Esmeralda County
3. Lincoln County
4. Nye County

Protected fish

Nevada has a progressive fish program which includes the protection of some of its rarer species. Those that are protected are: Utah cutthroat trout, desert dace, moapa dace, Pahrump killifish, cui-ui, devil's hole pupfish, White River spinedace, Railroad Valley springfish, White River springfish, Colorado River squawfish, Nevada pupfish, woundfin, White River chub, Colorado River bonytail, Virgin River spinedace and the humpbacked sucker. Unusual names for some unusual fish that fishermen will seldom see.

Fish & Game booklets

The following fishing information is available from the Nevada Department of Fish and Game: "Fishing Seasons and Regulations," "Angler's Guide to Eastern Nevada," "Angler's Guide to Northeast Nevada," "Angler's Guide to Lake Tahoe," "Angler's Guide to Lakes Mead, Mohave and the Colorado River," and "Angler's Map of the Fishing Waters of Nevada."

REGION I

CARSON CITY
Carson River
Clear Creek
Ash Canyon Creek
Secret Harbor Creek
Lake Tahoe
North Canyon Creek

CHURCHILL COUNTY
Carson River
Canvasback Marsh
Harmon Reservoir
Indian Lakes
Rattlesnake Reservoir
Sheckler Reservoir
Stillwater Marsh
Lahontan Reservoir
Horse Creek
Carson Lake

DOUGLAS COUNTY
East Fork Carson River
West Fork Carson River
Topaz Canal
West ForkWalker River
Topaz Lake
Lake Tahoe
Danberg Reservoir

HUMBOLDT COUNTY
Bilk Creek
Bottle Creek
Buffalo Creek
Cabin Creek
Cottonwood Creek
Dutch John Creek
North Fork Little Humboldt
Humboldt River
Kings River
Leonard Creek
Martin Creek
McDermit Creek
East Fork Quinn River
South Fork Quinn River
Rebel Creek
Siard Creek
Singas Creek
Thomas Creek
Wash O'Neil Creek
Willow Creek
Blue Lakes
Knott Creek Reservoir
Onion Valley Reservoir
Big Creek
Clear Creek
Horse Creek
South Fork Little Humboldt
Sonoma Creek
Stonehouse Creek
Trout Creek
Bilk Creek Reservoir
Dufferena Ponds
Little Onion Reservoir
Chimney Creek Reservoir

LYON COUNTY
Desert Creek
Sweetwater Creek
Carson River
East Fork Walker River
West Fork Walker River
Walker River
Mason Valley
Ft. Churchill Cooling Pond
Fernley
Hunniwell Pond
Lahontan Reservoir

MINERAL COUNTY
Walker River
Black Beauty Reservoir
Rose Creek Reservoir
Walker Lake
Weber Reservoir
Rough Creek

PERSHING COUNTY
Coyote Creek
Star Creek
Humboldt River
Rye Patch Reservoir
Indian Creek
Unionville Creek

STOREY COUNTY
American Flat Creek
Truckee Canal
Tracy Pond

WASHOE COUNTY
Bronco Creek
Franktown Creek
Galena Creek
Hunter Creek
Ophir Creek
Red Mountain Creek
Thomas Creek
Whites Creek
Steamboat Creek
Truckee River
Hunter Lake
Lake Tahoe
Paradise Lakes
Prices Lake
Squaw Reservoir
Virginia Lake
Washoe Lake
Pyramid Lake
Gray Creek
Incline Creek
Nigger Creek
Third Creek
Verdi Canal
Boulder Reservoir
Davis Creek Lake
Fuller Lake

REGION II

ELKO COUNTY
Angel Creek
Bull Run Creek
Camp Creek
Canyon Creek
Cobb Creek
Columbia Creek
Gance Creek
North Fork Humboldt River
South Fork Humboldt River
Humboldt River
Jack Creek
West Fork Jarbidge River
East Fork Jarbidge River
Bruneau River
Lamoille Creek
Marys River
McDonald Creek
Meadow Creek
Pole Canyon Creek
Little Salmon Falls Creek
North Fork Salmon Falls River
Salmon Falls River
East Fork Owyhee River
Secret Creek
Snow Creek
Spring Creek
Starr Creek
Sun Creek
Tabor Creek
T Creek
Toyn Creek
Trail Creek
Wilson Creek
Angel Lake
Bull Run Reservoir
Dorsey Creek Reservoir
Favre Lake
Hidden Lake
Island Lake
Jakes Creek Reservoir
Jiggs Reservoir (Zunino Reservoir)
Lamoille Lake
Liberty Lake
Overland Lake
Robinson Lake
Ruby Marsh
Sheep Creek Reservoir
Wilson Sink Reservoir
Wildhorse Reservoir
Willow Creek Reservoir
Beaver Creek
Bishop Creek
Blue Jacket Creek
Copper Creek
Corral Creek
Cottonwood Creek
Gold Creek
Goose Creek
Green Mountain Creek
Kelly Creek
Maggie Creek
Merritt Creek
Pearl Creek
Penrod Creek
Rattlesnake Creek
Rock Creek
Shoshone Creek
Taylor Canyon Creek
Telephone Creek
Thorpe Creek
Cold Lakes
Crittenden Reservoir
Dakes Reservoir
Dry Creek Reservoir
Echo Lake
Emerald Lake
Gerber Pond
Saval Reservoir

EUREKA COUNTY
Denay Creek
Hunter Creek
Roberts Creek
Fish Creek Reservoir
Tonkin Reservoir
Ardans Reservoir
Humboldt River

LANDER COUNTY
Big Creek
Birch Creek
Bowman Creek
Campbell Creek
Crum Creek
Kingston Creek
Lewis Creek
Mill Creek
Lower Reese River
Rock Creek
Skull Creek
Steiner Creek
Trout Creek
Willow Creek
Humboldt River
Groves Lake
Iowa Canyon Reservoir
Willow Creek Reservoir
Peterson Creek
Smith Creek

WHITE PINE COUNTY
Baker Creek
Berry Creek
Bird Creek
Cave Creek
Cleve Creek
Currant Creek
Duck Creek
Hendrys Creek
Huntington Creek
Illipah Creek
Kalamazoo Creek
Lehman Creek
McCoy Creek
Nigger Creek
North Creek
Silver Creek
Snake Creek
Strawberry Creek
Taft Creek
Tailigs Creek
Timber Creek
White River
Cave Lake
Cold Creek Reservoir
Cummings Lake
Johnson Lake
Silver Creek Reservoir
Muncy Creek
Piermont Creek
Duck Creek Pond
Goicoechea Ponds
Illipah Reservoir
Warm Springs Reservoir
Willow Reservoir
Steptoe Creek
Cleveland Ranch Pond

REGION III

CLARK COUNTY
Colorado River
Cold Creek
Willow Creek
Lake Mead
Lake Mohave

ESMERALDA COUNTY
Chiatovich Creek
Davis Creek
Indian Creek
Middle Creek
Fish Lake
Silver Peak Pond

LINCOLN COUNTY
Clover Creek
Eagle Valley Creek
Geyser Creek
Eagle Valley Reservoir
Nesbitt Lake
Schroeder Reservoir
Echo Canyon Reservoir
Beaver Dam Creek

NYE COUNTY
Barley Creek
Cherry Creek
Clear Creek
Cottonwood Creek
Jett Creek
Ophir Creek
Peavine Creek
Pine Creek
Upper Reese River
San Juan Creek
Stewart Creek
Stoneberger Creek
North Fork Twin River
South Fork Twin River
Adams-McGill Reservoir
Dacey Reservoir
Haymeadow Reservoir
Northumberland Pond
Clear Creek
Cottonwood Creek
Jefferson Creek
Mosquito Creek
Washington Creek
Rye Patch Pond

POW WOW

By Lee Baczynski

For ten years now, each summer they've come to Fallon, drawn here from all over the western United States and Canada. Three days of rodeo excitement, and in the middle of it all, a pow wow.

Hadley photos

It's a social event, a time to see old friends returned from Oregon or Arizona, a family reunion of sorts.

It's a contest too, for the dancers compete for prize money in several different categories, each one hoping to catch the judges' eyes with footwork a little fancier than the rest.

Especially, it's a time for imagining, for remembering, for reaching back into the depths and soul of one's heritage, exulting in its dignity.

A flurry of brilliantly colored feathered bustles.

Buckskin, smooth and mellow as a quiet desert sunset.

Beaded collars as delicate as a spider's web.

Through the faces of the present, images of the past.

Nevada Calendar

Company "D" of the Civil War Skirmish Assn. will host its Fall Nationals in Dayton October 1-3. Fun and noise worth hearing.

October

*Henderson Expo, **Henderson**

*Bicentennial Oktoberfest, **Las Vegas**

1-3, Fall Nationals, Company "D" Civil War Skirmish Assoc., **Dayton**

2, Utah/Nevada Law Enforcement Day, Commercial Hotel, **Elko**

2, Presidents Party Bicentennial Ball, 7 p.m., Elks Lodge, **Hawthorne**

2, Diamondfield Jack Endurance Race, **Jackpot**

2, Art Festival Beaux Arts Ball, **Boulder City**

2, Portland, Oregon to Jackpot Air Race, **Jackpot**

2, 3, Pro-Am Golf Tournament, **Winnemucca**

2-17, Fall Art Festival, **Elko**

3, Last Chance Horse Show, Fuji Park, **Carson City**

3, Smith Valley Rotary Fun Day, **Wellington**

4, 5, Elko County Range Bull Sale, fairgrounds, **Elko**

9, Mt. Grant Annual Hospital Ball, **Hawthorne**

9, 10, Silver State Quarter Horse Show, fairgrounds, **Reno**

10, Last Chance Gymkhana, Fuji Park, **Carson City**

20, First Anniversary of "Little House," **Hawthorne**

23, Community Talent Show, High School Gym, 7:30 p.m., **Ely**

26, 40th Anniversary of Power Generation at Hoover Dam (President Ford invited as keynote speaker) date tentative, **Hoover Dam**

29-Nov. 9, Jaycees Bicentennial State Fair, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

30, Annual Elks King Crab Feed, Elks Hall, **Winnemucca**

30, 1864 Bicentennial Ball, Ormsby House, **Carson City**

30, Nevada Day, **Carson City**

November

6-8, Bicentennial Bridge Tournament, Convention Center, **Hawthorne**

10, Public Speech Contest, High School Gym, 7:30 p.m., **Ely**

11-14, Death Valley Days, **Furnace Creek**

13, LDS Church Christmas Bazaar, **Winnemucca**

19-21, Washoe County Extension Service Christmas Program, Centennial Coliseum, **Reno**

20, Methodist Church Christmas Bazaar, **Winnemucca**

20, 21, Park Department Flower Show, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

21, Al Landsman Flea Market, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

25, Bicentennial Thanksgiving Day Celebration, **Wells**

27, Christmas Parade, **Ely**

28-30, Jackpot Skill Show, **Jackpot**

29-31, Henderson Expo '76, **Henderson**

December

1-8, Western States Angus Show & Sale, fairgrounds, **Reno**

3, 4, Boy Scouts Fun Fair, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

4, Marine & Navy Wives Club Bazaar, Convention Center, **Hawthorne**

4, Knights of Columbus Wine Tasting Festival, **Winnemucca**

4, Christmas Parade, **North Las Vegas**

4, 5, Nevada Collectors & Hobby Show, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

4, 5, European Style Flea Market, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

4-7, Holiday On Ice, Centennial Coliseum, **Reno**

9-12, KLUC Art Fair, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

14, Annual Christmas Party, **Eureka**

17, Christmas Caroling by Mineral Co. Sheltered Workshop, **Hawthorne**

18, Farewell "76" Party, Convention Center, 9 p.m., **Ely**

19, Al Landsman Flea Market, Convention Center, **Las Vegas**

24, 25, Religious Freedom Festival, **Wells**

25, Christmas Dinner at NAD, **Hawthorne**

31, Annual Firemans Ball, **Eureka**

*Dates not set

Horse shows are scheduled for October in Reno and Carson City.

Year-round Christmas Gift

WHAT BETTER WAY TO SAY MERRY CHRISTMAS THAN WITH A GIFT THAT IS NEW THE YEAR AROUND. NEVADA MAGAZINE. A TRULY WESTERN FLAVOR OF TODAY AND YEARS GONE BY.

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NEVADA
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CARSON CITY, NEVADA 89710

A SENSE OF PLACE

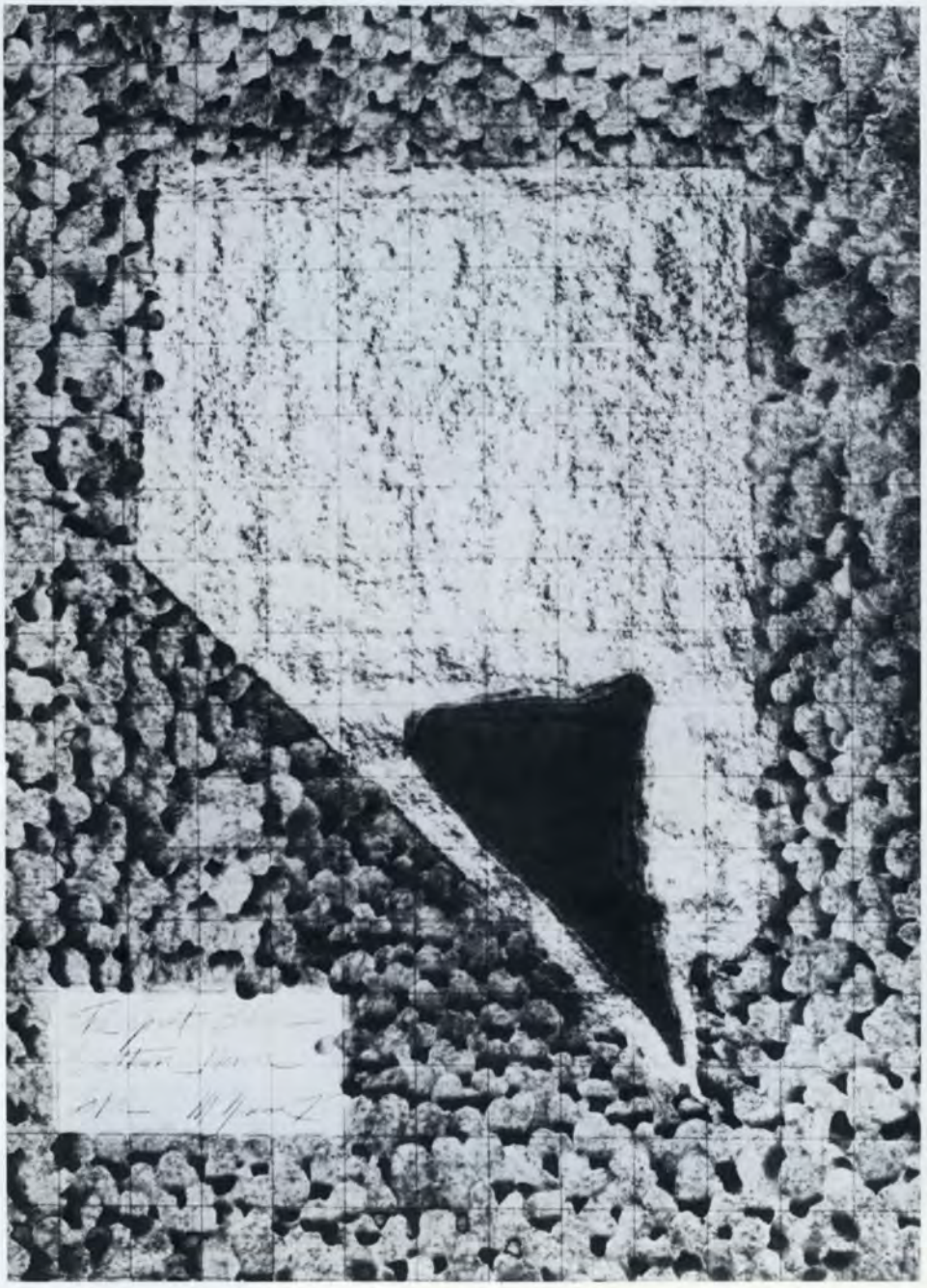
A look at some of Nevada's art, and artists. By Linda Hale

Regional art often takes us back to times when the connections between human beings and the land they lived in seem to have been clearer and stronger than they are now. Such art shows the impact of a particular place on an artist's perception and as such has a special and authentic flavor. It used to be looked down on as too attached to local subject matter to qualify as Art, but this view is changing.

The change can be seen in the astounding prices for work by Western artists like Remington and Russell ($75,000 and up), in the new regional art centers and galleries and associations, and especially in the number of artists who look into their own places for material rather than following some distant school or standard.

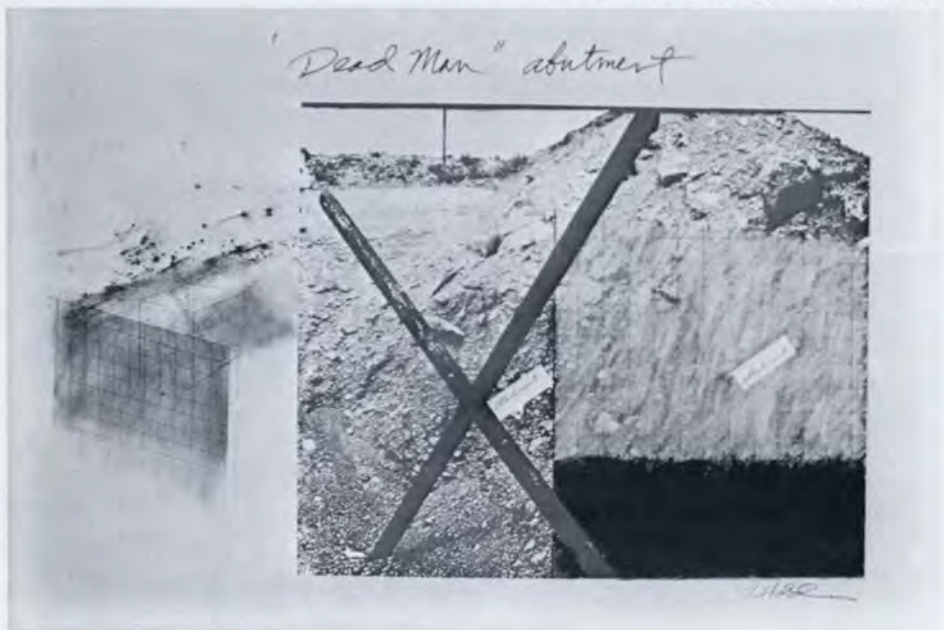
There are many such artists in Nevada, at all levels of professional skill, who have something to say about their place — about the way it used to be, how to live in it, how they perceive it. People, after all, give meaning to landscape; where there is so much land and so few people, the landscape dominates.

A sense of great space and of land that has endured a long time is a characteristic of Nevada art. Another is subtlety of color, because the dry bright air bleaches everything. Craig Sheppard talks about the way the land, the bones, lie just beneath the surface in Nevada; perhaps that is a third characteristic — a reduction to essentials, to elements that adapt and endure and become simplified in the process.



The Great Blue Southern Horn Lake
by Walter MacNamara

Buckskin Mountain watercolor, by Cliff Segerblom



Dead Man Abutment, by Tom Holder

Famous for his watercolors, CLIFF SEGERBLOM has been painting Nevada since coming to study art at the University of Nevada, Reno, in 1934. His goal is "to capture the erosion of nostalgia of the '20s and '30s, from which modern Nevada and its present-day leaders have come." He exhibits nationally, at galleries in the West as well as at the Museum of Modern Art and at the Metropolitan Museum in New York.

LYLE BALL is a birthright Nevada painter, brought up in its mining camps. He travels all over the state talking to people, looking for patterns that show the essence of a subject and bring out the flavor of "the everyday life of early ranchers." A member of the Society of Western Artists, he works mostly now in ink and watercolor.

The Nevada desert is LOU MAESTAS' principal subject. Self taught, he now teaches others in Las Vegas. In this painting of Red Rock Canyon, he sees "strength in the land, a permanency — yet not so permanent for it's ever changing. The desert foliage does what it's intended to do with the little it has; the desert animals are protected and fed by the bleak growth that seems to offer nothing. I see the multiple but subtle color of stone and minerals scattered about that took ages upon ages to carve, develop and move, offering a glimpse of the painting hand of nature, meticulous and patient."

BUDDY LEAHY has settled in Las Vegas, a long way from his native South Africa, because he was so fascinated by the history of Nevada, especially by the mining camps. In sun-faded color he calls up this old hotel in long-dead Jumbo.

Seeing Nevada for the first time as a boy fresh from New York City, ROBERT CAPLES was "simply awestruck at this vast wilderness as it was then. I wanted to know more about this place; I wanted to know all about it." He stayed in Nevada, much of the time in Virginia City, for 40 years, so completely experiencing desert and sky and mountain, and so watchfully recreating them, that he has managed to fix their essence on the painted surface.

To TOM HOLDER the Nevada landscape is interesting for its variety of pattern and texture and color "undisguised by overgrowth," which he sees as a kind of camouflage. The geologic strata suggest both permanence and new dimensions of time, and contrast with the constant change, as "the dry heat causes surfaces to weather, change color, and peel away." The sounds as well as the look of Nevada stimulate him: placenames like White Horse Pass, Amargosa Gap, or as in this mixed-media piece, *Dead Man Abutment*, which gives a visual equivalent of his desert experience.

Born and raised in "this beautiful and still wildlife-rich state," DICK JOHNSON paints Nevada's birds and beasts in subtle near-monochrome. *Warm Spot In The*

Jungo Hotel, by Buddy Leahy (top); untitled plaster sculpture, by David Lurie (left); Double Negative, by Michael Heizer.

Red Rock Canyon, by Lou Maestas

Untitled, by Robert Caples.

Warm Spot in the Rocks, by Dick Johnson.

Rocks shows "the difficult times that these hardy birds experience during bitter winters in high country." Dedicated to intelligent wildlife management, Johnson researches and records animals in their natural places.

MICHAEL HEIZER uses the earth itself as both subject matter and medium, moving hundreds of tons of dirt with bulldozers to make sculpture — "earthworks" — like *Double Negative*, near Overton, Nevada. It is huge — some 1500 feet long, 30 wide and 15 deep. Heizer's work is included this year in the Whitney Sculpture Annual.

Oklahoma-born JIM McCORMICK says it takes three to five years "to sense, let alone articulate" Nevada color and space. His rich drawings, with just a suggestion of color, characterize "man in his total environment, which here is the desert, under this high, wide sky." The drawing here is from his *Comstock* series; it suggests a connection between people and a place, and grew out of his living near the abandoned mines in Gold Hill.

CRAIG SHEPPARD has spent most of his life in the West. For roughly 20 years he was chairman of the art department at the University of Nevada, Reno, and he still paints six hours a day. In 1972 he and his sculptor-wife Yolande spent four months following the Emigrant Trail, gathering material for a portfolio of watercolors. Although his work is in the Musée de l' Art Moderne in Paris, Sheppard's subject matter is grounded here, as in this scene from Eastern Nevada. "The wind really blows out there. It blows the snow off the hill, and then the grass

Cherry Creek, by Lyle Ball

Comstock Series, by Jim McCormick

TED COOK PHOTO

Untitled, by Craig Sheppard.

comes out in those places, making these abstract shapes that move across the paper, countered by shapes of the horses."

WALTER MacNAMARA, whose work has been nationally exhibited, records a very private landscape based on symbols that function also as shapes and colors. The horn, which appears in many of his pieces, is a reference to the randy pioneer days of Nevada as well as a traditional image for the hardships of the desert. He also uses silvery metals and piled up rocks, or, as in this watercolor, grids on yellowed paper that suggest the old maps and the wonder of water in a dry land. MacNamara, a transplanted Easterner, spends a lot of time in the desert, looking for unusual stones which he mounts like small sculptures. He doesn't believe in capturing a desert in art: "I try to give my own environment, not nature's."

JOSEPH BISHOP deals neither with nature nor personal associations, but with the act itself of perceiving the desert. "The sky homogenizes the environment by bleaching it with intense blue/white light. All color is sublimated" as the eye attempts to stabilize perception by tiny involuntary movements. The action is given visual form in this painting.

Coming from Berkeley to "a desert plateau forty miles long, ten miles wide and four thousand feet high," surrounded by space and time all moving and expanding at nearly the speed of light, really changed DAVID LURIE of Las Vegas. "My work now deals with the changing form of an object recorded by a camera moving through space. The quality of movement and changing structural relationships" which Lurie records in films like *Moving Across* is abstracted in this plaster sculpture.

Maybe the emptiness and understatement of the Nevada landscape offer a place for artists to expand into, maybe the drama of history whose traces are disappearing attracts them, maybe directness of contact between people and Nevada places helps artists to define themselves. It's hard to say for sure. But there is something here that is special, that affects those who come here in some permanent way. □

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Pick Nevada State Bank, 4th and Carson Streets, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Harley E. Harmon, President

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Hooten Wells *continued from page 41*

brunette hair hung so long it polished the Cheyenne roll on the cantle of her saddle as it swayed to the movement of the horse.

Everyone called her Cowgirl Cathy and she explained, "I decided I'd rather be poor and do this than be rich and sell real estate."

Two young steers somehow got mixed into the trail herd, one of them a roly-poly black that had had enough of the persistent, snapping dogs. Exasperated, he slammed himself between the strands of a barbed wire fence that was strung between the road and the irrigated pastures lining the Carson River. Fourteen-year-old Lance Johnson jumped from his horse and clambered through the fence after him.

The trail boss watched Lance throw rocks at the steer, which had taken refuge belly deep in the river and only moved when the rock barage became too accurate. Jackson handed his reins to another rider, stepped down with his lariat and went through the fence, too. For a quarter-mile, he and Lance played hide and seek with the steer in the willows and brush beside the river, and eventually the steer went back through the fence — a tight, four-strand barrier — and rejoined the herd.

Minutes later, in a place where the road widened in a flat field, Cowgirl Cathy slipped her horse into the meandering herd and roped the steer. Bawling indignation, he was stuffed into the stock trailer which followed the herd to handle just such situations. Another bend in the road and young Lance, after two tries, had a loop on the other steer and it, too, was prodded into the trailer for return to the ranch.

The winter range is for cows only.

The sun, so welcome in the early morning, proved to be a handicap toward noon. The cows, which don't sweat like horses or men, began to pant, which was a bad sign. Many of the riders had some experience with cattle and without orders from Jackson pulled away from the herd to let the cows spread out. Bred for uniformity, the animals, when pressed, formed a solid, red, undulating mass so level a long tarp would lay across their backs with hardly a bump. Bunched that tight, they create tremendous body heat and 15 miles is a long way on a hot day for these short-legged animals to walk.

Herds travel in a T formation. The top of the T is at the rear where tired, hot or lazy cows fan out in a raggedy bunch. Four riders and the dogs crowd from the rear and sides but the cows had been walking steadily and had grown sullen. When a dog sunk teeth into the flesh of their heels, most cows merely shook their offended leg, grunted and, with effort, raised into a shambling trot and slammed themselves into the herd, burrowing into the pile.

The herd stretched out, breaking into small groups separated by long gaps. There was a quietness as the riders separated, pacing the various bunches of cows. The yippees and yahoos of morning enthusiasm had been left down the trail. The cows plodded, their faces stoic, their split hooves making a clicking sound on stretches of hard ground like a gentle stream passing over a pebble bed.

These whiteface cows are not the wild longhorns of another era. A stampede on this drive meant 50 or 60 of the animals pushing off the roadway into some deep grass beside the river, grabbing a few bites and ambling back to the road at the approach of a rider. The cows are regularly worked from horseback and have been conditioned to respect a mounted man. "If you are on foot," Jackson says, "they sometimes do silly things."

While half the riders held the cows in a bunch at noon, the other half jumped into Don Allen's pickup to climb a knoll to where the beige adobe spires of the ruins of Fort Churchill poked into the blue sky. At a picnic area in the State Park there, Dorothy Jackson served a lunch of hot noodle casserole and homemade cake and pickles. Just over the hill from the fort, where Alternate State Highway 95 crossed the Carson river at Weeks, the cows were to pasture for the night.

When Pony Express riders stopped there it was known as Buckland's Station; in later years it was the Weeks Station on a spur of the Southern Pacific Railroad. A cattle ranch operates there now, but the large white building at the roadside stands empty, an historic marker identifying its past.

After lunch the cows, apparently sensing the pasture was near, walked briskly up the Fort Churchill hill, skirted the Big Bend of the Carson River and flowed like water through a narrow gap in the alkali hills, splashing out at a trot into the pavement of Alternate 95.

Their feet clicking and heads lifted, they spread out on the pavement, crossed some railroad tracks without hesitation and poured into the ranch gate to the green grass and cool, running water beyond. Saddles and gear were quickly put in the stock trailer, horses into corrals to spend the night feasting on hay tossed in by the balesful, and the riders, by car and truck, backtracked the 15 miles of the day's drive by paved highways and spent the night at their homes.

At six a.m. the following day they began saddling up. It was barely light but 18 long, flat miles faced the cows that day and Jackson was anxious to start. Within the hour and racing the sun as it climbed for the eastern horizon, the cows flowed out into the highway and shambled across the bridge where Henry Buckland used to operate his toll crossing. One cow, stretched flat in the pasture, refused to rise and join the herd for this was the end of her trail. She was dead by nightfall.

Just across the bridge another sulked, ignoring the riders, and the herd left her behind, turning east into a dirt road that meandered for 12 flat, waterless miles across the alkali to a place called Hooten Wells. On the following day, towing his stock trailer, Jackson picked up the drop out cow as she wandered forlornly beside the road toward Yerington. Out on the flats yet another cow quit and was loaded into the trailer. And at Hooten Wells a seventh cow was taken on the trailer for the last six miles to the winter range.

Moving across the alkali — its white, dried-mud surface broken at intervals by scraggly sagebrush — the cows plodded silently, heads lowered, eyes dull. At times they strung along for a half-mile, taking no notice of the riders who kept their horses out in the brush, allowing the cows to take their own pace.

It must have been that way on the Old Chisholm Trail or the Goodnight-Loving or any of the others of many years ago. Trail-broke, far from home in immense, flat land, the cows and cowboys must have spent days just like that one, drifting, plodding, inching interminably across the vastness.

Hooten Wells is a real cowboy resort. With a well which pumps cold water, five water-starved, almost leafless trees and four stock watering troughs, it is a life-sustaining oasis. Pony Express riders tore through it on their way east and west and the Allran herd, by contrast, meandered in, drank deeply at the tanks and halted for lunch. Most of the cows laid down gratefully. The riders ate some of Dorothy's chili and beans and homemade cake.

By 11 a.m. the winter range was just six miles over the hills to the east. With hardly a nudge, the cows rose and moved off after an hour's rest. The dirt track rolled and twisted gently with the hills, and rocks were scattered in the sage as the alkali flat dropped behind.

It was 3 p.m. when the first of the herd topped a rise and looked down at the gate which opened into 60,000 acres of winter freedom. The riders held back and the cows fanned out, grazing or dropping, knees first, to the ground for a rest.

Earlier, out on the flat, Paul Schmidt, former Allran buckeroo and now a Smith Valley farm manager, had drifted along on his horse. A cowboy most of his life, he mused, "I come this drive every year. It is my attitude adjustment trip."

Real estate broker Ed Maloney, at the end of the first day's drive, had caught the elusive, deeply satisfying feeling of the drive, too. As the cows poured onto Alternate Highway 95, clattering on the pavement, Ed sat his horse and spoke softly, "It's Christmas," he said. "A Christmas present for me. For all of us, really."

And Schmidt noted, "Something good always happens when you get a bunch of people together to do anything with a bunch of cattle. There's just something good about it." □

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre for the Performing Arts
To be Announced
Bagdad Theatre and *Casino*
Continuous Entertainment

Caesars Palace
734-7431
Andy Williams, Freddie Prinze, Sept. 30-Oct. 13
Johnny Carson, Phyllis McGuire, Oct. 14-20
Steve & Eydie, Oct. 21-Nov. 3
Shirley MacLaine, Nov. 4-17
Tom Jones, Nov. 18-Dec. 1
Alan King, Dec. 2-15
Shirley MacLaine, Freddie Prinze, Dec. 23-Jan. 5

California Hotel
385-1222
Continuous Entertainment

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 '76

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Ice Show "Ecstasy on Ice,"

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous Entertainment

Fremont
385-3232
Carnival Room
Continuous Entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Bobbie Gentry, Sept. 30-Oct. 27
Roy Clark, Oct. 28-Nov. 24
Bobbie Gentry, Nov. 25-Dec. 22

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Genuine Wild West Extravaganza

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

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
733-1110
Jubilee Showroom
Country Music Top Recording Artists—Indefinite

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Liberace, Sept. 9-Oct. 4
Glen Campbell, Oct. 5-31
Bill Cosby, Nov. 1-22
Ann-Margret, Nov. 23-Dec. 1
Elvis Presley, Dec. 2-12
Liberace, Dec. 27-Jan. 17

Marina
739-1906
Mirage Showroom
Bare Touch of Vegas
Ship Wreck Kelly's
Champeux, Aug. 3-Oct. 3
Feelings, Oct. 4-31

MGM Grand
739-4111
Celebrity Room:
Sergio Franchi & Pat Cooper Sept. 16-Oct. 6
Shecky Green,
Florence Henderson, Sept. 7-20
Dean Martin, Sept. 21-27
Paul Anka, Sept. 28-Nov. 10
Mac Davis, Joan Rivers, Nov. 11-24
Helen Reddy, Nov. 25-Dec. 1
Ziegfeld Room:
Hallelujah Hollywood

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Continuous entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
Engelbert Humperdinck & Chita Rivera, Sept. 23-Oct. 13
Bobbie Vinton, Oct. 14-17
Burt Bacharach, Anthony Newley, Oct. 28-Nov. 10
Rich Little, Nov. 11-Dec. 2

Sahara
735-4242
Eddy Arnold, George Gobel, Mike Curb Congregation Oct. 1-3
Buddy Hackett, Jim Bailey, Oct. 4-10
Buddy Hackett, Dick Jensen, Oct. 11-20
Eddy Arnold, George Gobel, Oct. 21-Nov. 3
Tony Bennett, Joey Heatherton, Nov. 4-10
Totie Fields, Bert Convy, Nov. 11-17
Totie Fields, Kay Starr, Nov. 18-24
Buddy Hackett, Nov. 25-28
Teresa Brewer, Jim Bailey, Rip Taylor, Dec. 1-7
Leslie Uggams, Jim Bailey, Dec. 8-21
Don Rickles, Dick Jensen, Dec. 24-Jan. 1

Royal Inn
734-0711
Pride and Joy, Sept. 2-29

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Burlesque '76

Sands
735-3464
Robert Goulet, Foster Brooks, Oct. 6-19 & Nov. 3-23
George Burns, Oct. 20-Nov. 2
Wayne Newton, Nov. 24-Dec. 21

Showboat
385-9123
Ben Crocker, Sept. 21-Oct. 10
Love's Way, Oct. 12-24
Matys Bros., Oct. 26-Nov. 14

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Continuous Entertainment

Stardust
732-6325
Lido '76, 11th Edition

Thunderbird
735-4111
Sandler & Young, Sept. 21-Oct. 24
Jim Bailey, Oct. 26-Nov. 14
Glenn Yarbrough & Limeliters Nov. 16-Dec. 5

Tropicana
739-2411
Folies Bergere '76, Tiffany Theater

Union Plaza
386-2444
"Who Gets The Drapes?" — Broadway Entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Burt Bacharach, Anthony Newley, Oct. 1-8
Jim Nabors, Smothers Brothers, Oct. 9-22
Sammy Davis, Jr., Oct. 23-Nov. 11
Neil Sedaka, Nov. 12-28
Mac Davis, Dec. 23-Jan. 22

Harvey's Wagon Wheel
588-2411
Bill Page Orchestra, Oct. 21-Nov. 10
Ed Diamond, Nov. 11-Dec. 31

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111

North Shore Club
831-3100

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
Continuous nightly entertainment

RENO-SPARKS, CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626

Eldorado
786-5700
Continuous nightly entertainment

Harolds Club
329-0881
The Lancers, Oct. 12-Nov. 7

Harrah's Club Reno
329-4422
Mills Brothers, Sept. 30-Oct. 13
Doug Kershaw, Oct. 14-27
Bill Cosby, Oct. 28-Nov. 3
Merle Haggard, Nov. 4-10
Mitzi Gaynor, Nov. 11-28
John Davidson, Dec. 24-Jan. 5

Holiday Hotel
329-0411
Holiday Burlesque '76, opens Oct. 4

Holiday Inn Downtown
786-5151
So Inclined, through January

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous nightly entertainment

John Ascuaga's Nugget
358-2233
Liberace, Oct. 7-24
Rowan & Martin, Oct. 25-31
Jimmy Dean, Nov. 5-6 and Nov. 12-13
Danny Thomas & Diana Trask, Nov. 25-27

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890

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

Dates and performers subject to change.

Show Biz

It was rejection as a performer in a high school musical that sparked the career of one of America's great female vocalists, Diana Ross.

It started in Detroit, where Diana was born in a low-rent housing project and grew up as a tom-boy who loved baseball. She also loved to sew her own clothes and sing with girlfriends after school. She was 14 when she tried out for a singing role in a school musical — and failed to make the cast. She and two friends, Mary Wilson and Florence Ballard, decided to form their own singing group. That's a common happening among teenagers everywhere — but these particular youngsters had the exceptional talent and drive to become The Supremes, considered by many the number one female singing group in the world.

Motown Record Corporation in Detroit hired the trio first in 1960 when the girls, in their senior year in high school, auditioned for Berry Gordy. First they sang background on records and played record hops with such Motown acts as Marvin Gaye and Mary Wells. Upon graduation from high school, the newly-named trio went on tour, and over the next 10 years turned out 15 consecutive records in the number one position on the charts. They toured Europe and the Orient, receiving consistently top acclaim at home and abroad.

A teenage skill at the sewing machine served Diana well when she left the Supremes to find a new career in movies and solo appearances. After earning an Academy Award nomination as best actress for her lead role in "Lady Sings the Blues," she starred in "Mahogany," a Berry Gordy film shot for Paramount in the United States and Italy. In "Mahogany," Ms. Ross portrayed a talented and ambitious young secretary determined to fight her way out of poverty and achieve success in the world of high fashion. Ms. Ross designed the costumes for the film, including her own gowns. This is believed to be the first time a star has been costume designer for her own movie.

Diana is expected to look for new challenges. "If I'm going to do something, then it's going to be the right thing because I'm going to work with everything I've got to make it right," she says.

For the immediate future, motion picture, television, records and personal appearances are planned. Ms. Ross lives in Beverly Hills with her husband, Robert Silberstein, and their three daughters, Rhonda Suzanne, Tracee Joy and Chudney Lane. She excells in swimming and tennis. — Barbara Egbert

The Big Ones that didn't get away.

The record mackinaw trout, 37 lbs.,6 oz. Proud fisherman Robert Aronsen caught the monster on the Nevada side of Lake Tahoe. Are there more like this one? Probably.

Smallmouth Bass: 2 lbs. 8 oz., 14½ inches, Carson River, 1975
Largemouth Bass: 11 lbs, 26 inches, Lake Mohave, 1972
White Bass: 3 lbs. 3 oz., 16½ inches, Lahontan Reservoir, 1971
Striped Bass: 47 lbs. 2 oz., 46½ inches, Colorado River, 1975
Bluegill Sunfish: 1 lb. 8 oz., 10½ inches, Lake Mead, 1975
Bullhead Catfish: 2 lbs., 14 inches, Ft. Churchill Pond, 1973
Channel Catfish: 29 lbs. 8 oz., 37 inches, Lahontan Reservoir, 1974
White Catfish: 11 lbs., 28 inches, Lahontan Reservoir, 1969
Carp: 30 lbs. 8 oz., 36 inches, Lake Mohave, 1976
Black Crappie: 3 lbs., 18¼ inches, Lake Mead, 1972
White Crappie: 2 lbs., 8 oz., 16½ inches, Lahontan Reservoir, 1968
Sacramento Perch: 4 lbs., 9 oz., 17 inches, Pyramid Lake, 1971
Northern Pike: 17 lbs., 40 inches, Bassett Lake, 1975
Kokanee Salmon: 4 lbs., 13 oz., 25¾ inches, Lake Tahoe, 1973
Silver Salmon: 8 lbs, 12½ oz., 30¼ inches, Lake Mead, 1974
Brook Trout: 5 lbs. 4 oz., 21 inches, Round Mountain Reservoir, 1972
Brown Trout: 14 lbs. 7 oz., 30 inches, Cleveland Ranch Pond, 1975
Cutthroat Trout: 21 lbs., 40 inches, Pyramid Lake, 1976
Cutbow Trout (cross between rainbow and cutthroat): 24 lbs. 10 oz., 36 inches, Pyramid Lake, 1976
Dolly Varden Trout: 1 lb. 10 oz., 17 inches, West Fork Jarbidge River, 1975
Rainbow Trout: 16 lbs. 4 oz., 31½ inches, Lake Mohave, 1971
Mackinaw Trout: 37 lbs. 6 oz., 44 inches, Lake Tahoe, 1974
Walleye: 8 lbs 4 oz., 17 inches, Rye Patch Reservoir, 1975
Mountain Whitefish: 2 lbs. 1 oz., 19 inches, Truckee River, 1975

NOTE: No state records have been established for the Golden Trout or the Yellow Perch.

Fishin' Holes *continued from page 45*

record fish bagged in Mead include the bluegill sunfish, 1 pound 8 ounces; the black crappie, 3 pounds; and the silver salmon, which is apparently no longer in the lake, at 8 pounds 12½ ounces.

The southern part of the state doesn't have the corner on the big fish market. Plenty of hefty trout, as noted earlier, have come from Pyramid and Tahoe and while these areas are popular they are by no means the only fishing spots in the northern part of Nevada. The popularity of four-wheel-drive vehicles has opened up much of the state's back country, but there are still many streams where the fish die of old age and not from being hooked.

Some of the best areas in the north are the man-made lakes like Lahontan, Wildhorse, Rye Patch and Sheep Creek reservoirs, and Topaz Lake. The latest reservoir to open for fishing is Chimney Creek just north of Winnemucca. It has been heavily planted and the abundance of food from decaying vegetation in the lake should guarantee some big trout in the next few years.

One of the most unusual and pleasant places to fish in Nevada is the Ruby Marsh area, south of Elko. This is especially true in the spring after the ice has melted and the warming air is alive with freshly hatched insects and the sounds of thousands of birds. Not only is the fishing generally good then, on one cast a person can get a nice bass and then on the next get a big trout, but the fisherman can witness an incredible show by the inhabitants of the marshes. One can watch numerous species of ducks with their young, or see one of the huge white whistler swans as they make their way through the reeds. Blackbirds, yellowhead and redwing issue raspy choruses of territorial calls while clinging to the thin stalks of marsh grass. Large Canadian geese come winging across the water in formation, honking to announce their arrival. Birds of prey, from the tiny sparrow hawks to immense eagles, soar and dive. It is all quite a show and a fantastic dividend to the fine fishing.

Fishing in Nevada isn't just seasonal. It goes on all year. During the summer a man can cast out from the shore or troll from a boat on lakes like Wildhorse or Wilson. Then in the winter he can come back to one of these lakes and chop or carve out a hole in the thick layer of ice that covers them. Then using bait, mainly kernel corn, he can catch his limit of trout, five fish, before the sun sets and the hole freezes over.

Even at lakes that don't freeze over (like Tahoe and Pyramid), there is plenty of activity during the winter. For then the water gets cooler and the fish can come up from the depths to feed in the shallows.

Fishermen in Nevada have had to be versatile. They have learned to fish with the seasons and to go where the fish are biting. They also know that some reservoirs develop a heavy growth of algae in the warmth of summer so these lakes must be fished in the spring. They know what type of bait or lure works best where and when and they know what is legal to use. Some areas, for example, forbid all types of bait, while others allow just about anything. Most of all, because things can be so varied, a fisherman in Nevada reads the state Fish and Game regulations before wetting a line.

To the historian Nevada means riches in silver and gold, the Comstock, covered wagons and the hearty pioneers who pushed across it heading west. To the fisherman, Nevada means a wealth of fine fishing, a bonanza of big fish and a new pioneer spirit of roughing it in the solitude of the back country. After all, what other state has as many eager out of state anglers visit each year as it has resident fishermen? Nevada does, because Nevada is a fisherman's paradise. □

The Other Nevada

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