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MAGAZINE

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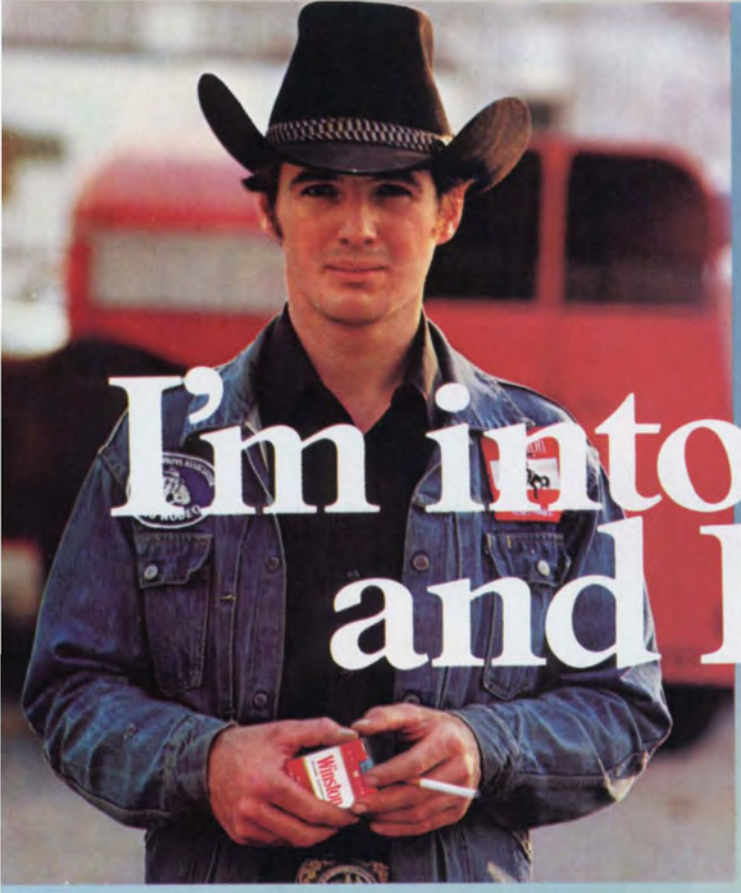

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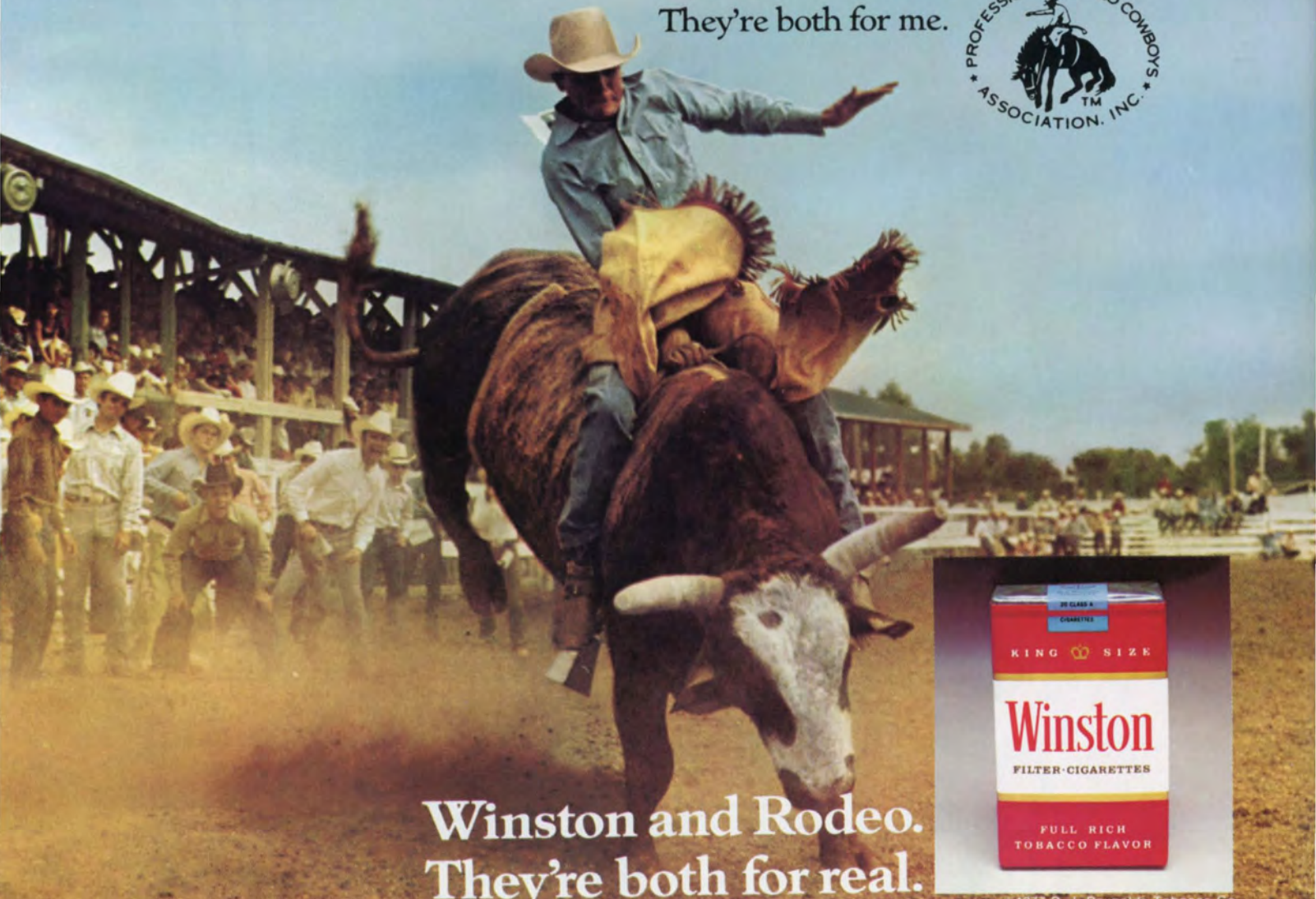

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ON THE COVER
Quarterhorse
Winterwood Ranch, Las Vegas
C.J. Photo.

COMING SHORTLY
The Great Gaming Issue

NEVADA

Volume 37 • Number 3
July/August/September 1977

SPECIAL SECTION

YESTERDAY

FEATURES

TOURING

RECREATION GUIDE

James A. Lawrence photo

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial

The economic impact of the horse in the State of Nevada is substantial. A 1971 U.S. Department of Agriculture equine census reported 39,700 horses, mules and ponies and more than $29 million, an average of $735 per animal, was spent that year on feed, vet bills, training and tack.

Very few people derive income from their horses but the costs are low when the pleasure received from horse ownership is taken into account. Some of the large thoroughbred and quarterhorse racing farms and breeding operations can make money but most are lucky to break even. It is a buyers' market and good horses are not hard to come by.

Horses and horse owner numbers are growing and there is a constant need for more arenas, trails, stables, and club facilities. The Nevada State Park System (NSPS) is including equestrian needs in their future plans because of many requests received from the state's large population of horsemen.

NSPS recently received a $15,950 appropriation from the Nevada Legislature to develop preliminary facilities for an equestrian center at Washoe Lake. This money will probably be spent on parking area, water, hitching rails, loading ramp and some fencing for the Washoe to Tahoe Trail that has been designated for horsemen and hiker use but has yet to be developed. A 20-mile path over state and federal property, this trail will be completed as soon as development funding is provided.

The biggest hope for horsemen in the north is the Capital Trail, which will link Sacramento with Carson City over the Sierra Nevada. This trail will involve cooperation with the U.S. Forest Service and the Division of Parks in California. Overnight areas are planned for back country camp sites for hikers and horsemen (and in winter for cross country skiers and possibly snowmobilers), but this is probably more than two years in the future.

An additional trail in the north has been proposed over Bureau of Land Management ground from Washoe Lake to Virginia City and that, too, could develop within the next few years. And for Las Vegas horse owners, the Tule Springs equestrian facilities have recently been purchased by NSPS and more trails will be developed as funding becomes available.

But, back to basics. Horses bring satisfaction and enjoyment to millions of Americans, to thousands in the State of Nevada, and the recreation potential for families is tremendous. And there is plenty of space to ride. Included in this "theme" issue on horses are the comments of a handful of Nevada's horse owners, trainers, breeders, racers, and traders. We have missed a great many people we would have liked to include only because of space and time limitations.

If you like this issue (even if you don't), let us know. We could do it again. Or we could do a special on trains, gamblers, the arts, or Nevada's great men and women. — C.J. Hadley

P.S. We would like to thank Doug Reynolds of the University of Nevada, Reno, Penny Whalen of the Nevada State Horsemen's Association and Lura Tularski, for their help in getting this issue together.

Letters

EGOTISM IS HERE

Folks, I feel more than a little honored and I'll bet a nickle you would, too, if the state of Nevada gave you a page in its publication. Frank Scott of Caliente told me by phone he had the issue and it was there, picture and all. Post haste I sent for it, and my eyes have worn the ink off page 44. The only thing the matter with the picture is that it looks like me and the story has the same fault. I am "copy" as the magazine is going to sell some extra copies of this issue. I am ordering ten and placing a subscription. This is about all the egotism this capsule will stand. Look out! It might blow up in your face.

Tom Clay
Pioche, Nevada

WE CAN TAKE IT

Issue 2, 1977 held my interest more than any magazine that I can remember reading. The diversified coverage in this issue was just fantastic. An editorial, to me, is generally very boring to read. Hadley's Editorial in this issue was as interesting as the rest of the magazine. I think the section on the '77 calendar was very well done. Personally, I like the 'regular style' best, and I also think that anyone that complains about either of them is 'nuts.'

Gene Wallace
Indianapolis, Indiana

For 1978, we are offering a large, historical calendar, 'regular format.'—Ed.

APPRECIATION IS ACCEPTED

Thank you for carrying the Cathedral Canyon story in Issue 2, 1977. For months, I was cussing everybody and wondering why the canyon wasn't rating any publicity. Now all that is forgotten and am concluding that those responsible for the long awaited article are going to heaven also.

Roland Wiley
Cathedral Canyon, Nevada

To find Canyon, take LA freeway S. from Vegas to Blue Diamond turnoff. After 37 miles turn left at Tecopa. After 5 miles, follow signs. — Ed.

FIRMIN BRUNER NEGLECTED

Two items need to be mentioned about the Berlin Ichthyosaur State Park. The photo of the fossil house is outdated. It has changed considerably since that photo was taken. Also, no mention was made of the contribution that Firmin Bruner has made to the park. Firmin lived in Berlin during the early 1900s, and without his vivid memory of who lived where and who did what we would not have the extensive interpretive program of Berlin that we have.

Terry L. Bray Park Supervisor
Berlin Ichthyosaur State Park

ERRATA

The photo of the miners in your ad on page 27 of Issue 2, 1977 was not from Virginia City. They were miners from the Murphy Mine in Ophir Canyon. The mine foreman sitting at lower right in the photo is my father, John McLeod.

Mrs. Harriet McLeod Nelson
Santa Paula, California

I BEG TO DIFFER

It is unfortunate that Robert J. Oakleaf's fine article on birds of prey in your recent edition of Nevada was illustrated with such poor quality, amaturish (*sic*) third rate photographs. Some good photos to compliment (*sic*) the fine article might have saved the magazine.

Rick L. Kline
Markleeville, California

The cover photo of the red-tailed hawk is superb. I note that you receive many varied opinions on the magazine, but my own, for what it's worth, is that each edition is better than the last. Not only quantitatively, but in terms of quality as well. Nevada Magazine, you got class!

Marilyn Borges
Turlock, California

People and horses;

Nevada is still horse country.

Nevada Historical Society

When our ancestors carved out a frontier from a hostile landscape, his most useful tool and often his best friend was his horse. In most of the rest of the nation, the horse has been forgotten or worse still, consigned to an undignified role as a symbol of weath.

Not here.

Throughout Nevada, an understanding of the horse as man's partner in work and play remains.

James A. Lawrence

Horses and people.

Horses in Nevada history have fallen into two groups: the domesticated horses which carried the ranchers, pulled the plows, hauled the freight wagons and did the work of a pioneer community, and the wild horses which epitomized the freedom of the desert, ever pursued by mustangers. Today, there is a third kind of horse: the pleasure horse, bred and trained and ridden and shown for recreation.

The first two still exist, of course, because there is no better way to separate a calf from a herd at branding time than with a well-trained cutting horse; and the mustangs, now under federal protection, are loved by some, hated by others. But the majority of Nevada horses are owned by city dwellers who see their horses as the best way to enjoy a weekend and horses form the center of many families' recreational activities.

Within the sphere of riding, showing, racing, training, breeding and caring for horses, there are many differing views as to which horse is strongest, prettiest, friendliest, greatest, and many Nevada barns, corrals and fields have been visited to put this special "horse" section together.

What follows is People and Horses: Horses and People.

Hadley photos

World Champion team roper Al Hooper with the paint stallion he wanted to knock on the head, Our Sir Prize.

"He's a spotted horse, a paint; brown and beige and white. And he's even blue when he's clean and really shined up."

World champion team roper of 1961, Al Hooper looks like a well-used cowhand. Raised in Oklahoma but having lived in California 30 years, he moved to Fallon 13 years ago.

"I love it here, the climate is beautiful. I never found a place I like as good as this place." Hooper smiles and stands up from tending the feet of one of his quarterhorse mares. He shoes his own horses, trains and breeds quarterhorses and paints. His body is bent from a bone growth that was removed last year but which he carried for many years before. He walks crooked because his discs are worn, his stomach muscles shrunk and hard to stretch. It used to hurt a lot.

Al Hooper started rodeoing and roping when he was 35, became world champ when he was 40, and gave up the sport a few years later because he was tired of going down the road. He started breeding registered quarterhorses and training them for cutting.

"We had a bunch of quarterhorses here until 1969, but then we got a paint. They used to be called a crop out and they would knock them on the head because people didn't want to have them good studs worth $100,000 have no paint come out of them." Hooper chuckles when he thinks of that day. "I tried to sell him, and I tried to hit him on the head, but my wife Jerry wouldn't let me. I even tried to give that paint away."

Fortunately for Hooper he kept the horse, named him Our Sir Prize, tended him, trained him, and even got to liking him: "He's a spotted horse, a paint; brown and beige and white. And he's even blue when he's clean and really shined up."

Hooper took him to a supreme championship by winning the all-around world champion stock horse, which is open to all breeds. The horse is eight now, his stud fees $400, and he's making more money for Hooper than his quarterhorses ever did before. Hooper has him standing at stud in

Horses and people: People and horses

Nevada, California, and Arizona. At Fallon the Hoopers have 33 acres of grass, corrals, barns, stables and working arenas — and each spring there is a pasture full of mares to be matched with Our Sir Prize.

As Al Hooper puts two geldings and two mares on the walker machine, Our Sir Prize gets a bit out of line. "He doesn't like them geldings; he thinks they're going to bother his girls. He just don't know no better."

As he moves his stud to another corral, he adds, "You know, I'm kinda glad I didn't knock him on the head."

"There's nothing worse than a dirty pinto. You can always brush up a solid color horse, but with a pinto there's nothing you can do."

"We named our first pinto Pretty Miss because she was so horrible when we got her," Betty Pearce recalls. "She was covered with mud, two years old, and awfully short. She had been in an adobe corral and she was covered with great big mud balls. But we cleaned her up, sent in her picture, and got her registered as Dee's Weeko, which is Indian for Pretty Miss."

The Pearces own and operate KVLV AM/FM in Fallon. All four of their children hold broadcast licenses and have run programs and cut commercials for the family station. When the family moved to Fallon 21 years ago from Winnemucca, youngest daughter Dee wanted a horse. A tame one was bought but he wouldn't be petted so he was exchanged for the pinto filly.

Dee's Weeko was bred to a registered quarterhorse stallion, Chicaro Bar Hug, and their colt Dee's Kiowa Bar became the first Nevada owned, Nevada bred, Nevada shown pinto stallion champion. That was in 1969.

There are two kinds of pintos, named because of pattern: a tobiano looks like a white horse that's splashed with color, it has sharp edges and the white usually goes up on to the back of the neck; an overo is a dark horse that seems to have been splashed with white, and the edges are ragged. To be registered, a pinto must have an adequate section of white. "Kiowa is 50/50, which is perfection," Betty states proudly, "but they originated as a color breed, perhaps like palomino, and the paints were registered as quarterhorses with white spots."

The difference between a paint and a pinto is simply that a paint has to have a registered quarterhorse or a registered paint as a sire or dam. "The nightmare comes before your foal arrives because you may be looking for a paint but could get a plain brown horse," laughs Betty. "And then once in a while you may get a quarterhorse

Betty Pearce's pintos Dee's Weeko (left) and Dee's Kiowa Bar, first Nevada-owned, bred and raised pinto champion.

Betty Pearce gets kissed by a neighbor's Arab.

line, unblemished record on both sides for years and years, and you could get a beautiful paint or pinto when you really wanted a plain brown horse." A quarterhorse cannot be registered as such if it has any spots at all so the quarterhorse breeders decided they wanted another registry: a paint became a quarterhorse with spots.

Kiowa is now a 13-year-old gelding and Betty Pearce takes him on trail rides. If she had someone to ride him, she says she'd put him back in shows, even though she doesn't expect him to win much now. She doesn't breed Pretty Miss any more because she can't guarantee what's going to happen to the foal.

"I worry about whether it's going to be taken care of afterwards. The best filly Pretty Miss ever had was taken to Colorado and turned out on the open range in winter with the working ranch horses. She had only known corrals and alfalfa and didn't know how to fight for her food. Her beautiful head got to looking awful because she was still growing and she practically starved to death.

"I've seen too many horrible horses," she added tearfully. "I'm never going to breed another horse unless I have got someone I can trust that's going to buy the foal."

"We make racing pay by sending our horses to Los Angeles."

Del, Cornell and Ronald Stewart's father came to Nevada from Utah at the turn of the century. He used to gather and butcher wild cattle found around the mesquite trees of Las Vegas and sell them to feed the rail-

road crews. Later he bought six white heavy horses and drove a freight wagon from Vegas to Rhyolite, earning $2,000 a week. He made enough money hauling lumber, building materials and food to that fast dying mining camp in three months to buy a cattle ranch in Lincoln County.

"When Pearl Harbor was attacked," says oldest son Del, "the military took that ranch over for a dollar a year lease. We didn't have any choice. We owned about 2,000 head of cows, most of which we had to sell, and about 20 square miles up there. We moved to Clark County in 1941 and leased 700 acres of the old railroad ranch in Las Vegas. After they had our Lincoln County place for 10 years we decided they'd had it long enough and made plans to get it released. The army finally paid the right price so we bought 600 acres of farmland at the foot of the mountains to the east of town." Irrigated for hay and pasture, the Stewarts hauled feed to the cattle on their leased ranch, then hauled the fatted cattle to market in Los Angeles.

Eventually the Stewart brothers got out of the cattle business and moved to the Winterwood Ranch to go into the horse breeding business. They cut down on farming and sold most of their water rights to the Dunes Hotel for their golf course.

"This is a quarterhorse ranch," says Del, "but we cross quarterhorses with thoroughbreds. We have a track with a straightaway and when the colts and fillies are 18 months old we start to work them out of the gates. When they are two we start running them." There are two studs at Winterwood Ranch, with stud fees of $500 each, and the brothers each own several brood mares and race horses of their own.

"We sell horses, but we usually keep two or three back to race them ourselves to advertise our horses and to have some fun. We make it pay by racing them down in Los Angeles." After the horses are started, they are put in the hands of a trainer in California. When the Stewarts think they've got a winner, they go down to watch the races. "We had five head of horses running down there last winter," smiles Del, "and all of them won two races apiece and got two or three seconds and a third. One was claimed in a claiming race for $10,000, another for $7,500."

The Stewart's rustic corrals at the foot of the dusty southern hills, are filled with mares, colts and fillies. Brood mares graze the pasture. After working more than five decades together, the Stewart brothers still work from sunup to sundown, tending, breaking, gentling, and readying their new young horses.

Van Sickle Station quarterhorses at Gardnerville. Established in 1850 as an emigrant stop, registered quarterhorses and polled Herefords are now raised at the ranch.

"I don't go 'round looking for anything particular, but I do like my appys to have spots."

At the Virginia Ranch in Carson Valley, 25-year-old Virginia Jacobsen doesn't bother too much with any specific breed of horse. "I have some Appaloosas, some quarterhorse mares, some half-Arabians and a palomino. I started raising appys in 1966 but quit about three years ago when they changed the rules of registration. At the time you only had to have an Appaloosa stallion, and not an appy mare. If I bred him to a quarterhorse mare, any foal from that appy stallion could be registered. When the new rule came out I got rid of him because all I had was grade mares."

Since that time Virginia has bought some registered mares and is breeding them to stallions of similar registry. She has 12 mares and a young quarterhorse stallion. She raises the foals, breaks them to lead, weans them, then puts them up for sale. Then she hopes to make a profit.

Virginia lives in the house she was born in in Gardnerville, and runs the horse boarding part of the Carson Valley ranch her father owns. "We used to board about 90 head," tiny Virginia says, "but with the hay shortage the last couple of years the horses have

Horses and people: People and horses

Blanketed appaloosa foal follows its mother around at Nelson's Appaloosas, Las Vegas.

disappeared to where we only get about 25 a year. We have 150 acres in pasture, 450 more in hay, so we've more than enough to feed them."

Selling the foals used to be tough for Virginia. "I finally had to let them go because they were coming out of my ears," she laughs. "What I do now when I advertise something for sale is try to let the buyers know what they are going to get. If I have a colt that is a doggone devil — I called one Evel Knievel because I couldn't handle the bugger — I let them know he's feisty, nasty, real spirited, and I've never had any complaints. I don't cover anything up because I don't want people saying 'you can't buy nothin' from her' "

She slaps a halter on to appys the day they are born. "You'll never catch them again if you don't because they are so blasted independent." She also keeps the foals with their mother for six months (even though some breeders say four or five months is long enough) because she believes some colts don't pick up eating right that young and they have to be crammed full of vitamins.

Her living right now is not very good because she recently invested in a barn for foaling her mares. "The winters are too hard on them around here so I bought this red and white building which took everything I've got. I hope to make some of it back on this year's foal crop." But she added wistfully, "I was hoping to make quite a bit on my appy mare's foal this year but it wasn't blanketed and that shot everything down."

Virginia Jacobsen has been around horses all her life, and she says she's stuck with them. "We have always boarded horses and we've always had a few that were for sale. If I don't have a horse myself I can usually find something special that somebody wants. I have more fun on the ranch here than I would working some place else and even though I do like some blood lines I don't go 'round looking for anything particular although I do like my Appaloosas to have spots."

"Breeding horses gets in your blood; it's a bad disease."

"Horse showing and breeding gets in your blood," says Stan Nelson, who breeds, sells and trains Appaloosas. "It's a very bad disease, and it can be fatal."

For 10 years Stan and Virginia Nelson have been raising appys in Las Vegas. One of their mares, a roan with spots, won high point all around horse in Nevada five years ago. In order to stay ahead that year they had to campaign the horse in as many shows as they could, and hit the road constantly. And that's not always easy for Stan is a chef at the Frontier casino while Virginia works for a Las Vegas auto dealer. They recently hired Jane Hinderliter to train, show and keep their horses in shape.

Appaloosas that have blankets on their butts are easy to recognize, but there are all kinds and colors — including roan, leopard, and solid with spots — but all appys have several things in common: striped markings on their hooves and mottled skin around their mouth and their eyes.

"A foal can look good when it's born and then go to hell in a year," says Stan. "They can look bad for a year or two and then come back and look good. But the only thing you can depend on is blood line, conformation. If you have a good straight-legged foal with good breeding, good head, good chest, good rump and good color (like my two-year-old stud colt), then he's worth keeping, and worth quite a bit to sell. Stud fees for blue-papered stallions probably start at $250 for appys, and after they have proven that they can produce color, then stud fees are raised considerably."

"You can breed a stud at two, and a lot of people do it, but we prefer to wait," Virginia claims. "If you use a stallion too early you can break them down in the back end. We like our mares to be at least five before we breed them, to give them time to grow up, and then we only breed them two years out of three."

Stan Nelson, watching his trainer at work.

As in all breeds, a good stallion has to be promoted, shown, taken down the road. It could cost $10,000 to promote it properly and then if he's throwing good foals and the color is good, the stud fee can get pretty high (up to $2,500). The feeding program when raising foals is important, and so is the caring of their feet. A good horse shoer can take a foal and trim his feet regularly right through its growing years, and Nelson believes that if he's got crooked legs, they can be straightened out (up to a point) by proper shoeing and trimming.

No matter how much you think you know about horses, Nelson urges new buyers to get animals vet checked before the purchase price is paid. "Most people who just want to buy a horse get horses that are lame, or are foundered. A trader may tell you a horse is six years old when he's really 16. When you do buy one, get it wormed and give it all the shots it needs before you take it home. In the end it's cheaper than buying a sick or lame horse." A rule of thumb is to buy from a reputable breeder, whose horses have to be good or he's out of business. Keep in mind that feed and board costs the same for a good horse as it does for a cheap one, so you might as well start with a good horse.

"It's unfortunate that people find out about the pitfalls of owning a horse too late. Kids today are used to getting everything they want. If, however, you have a kid that can really stay with it, then it's about the best recreation for them that can be found."

The Appaloosa was first bred in America by the Nez Perce Indians. The horse had been used by soldiers of the Roman Empire, but came to America through China a few hundred years ago. "The Indian picked that horse because of stamina," says Stan, whose own heritage includes some English as well as Indian blood, "and it was an Appaloosa that Chief Joseph used to outrun the cavalry and cross into Canada. If the Indians had all the weapons the soldiers had, this would still be Indian territory because the Indians were smarter in the ways of living. The Indians lost simply due to numbers."

Most Appaloosas were wiped out in the Indian wars but a few were saved for circuses and wild west shows because of their color. The U.S. Appaloosa registry was formed in 1937.

Stan and Virginia hope to have about 10 good appy mares by the time they get ready to retire and they hope to breed them to top Appaloosa stallions. "I don't have anything against any other breed," says Stan, "because I'm in business to promote horses in general, but I do like the Appaloosa. I like his looks, his color, and his disposition. Now I'm not saying that a quarterhorse or an Arab won't have the same good disposition and I'm not saying that all appys are good because they aren't, some are pretty rank, but anything you want to do you can do with an Appaloosa. I like the breed particularly because they stand out in a crowd."

Del Stewart (left) with younger brother at the Winterwood Ranch in Las Vegas where they raise and race quarterhorses crossed with thoroughbred.

Virginia Nelson with a part of her foal crop at the Virginia Ranch in Gardnerville.

Judith Hernstadt, president of Nevada Independent Broadcasters in Las Vegas, with her champion three-gaited American Saddlebred mare, My Folly. (Fallaw photo)

Even with their exaggerated gaits, set tails and long front hooves, Tennessee Walkers are primarily bred for pleasure riding. Above, Barbara Hibbard with two of her Walkers. (Bardwell photo)

"There's more action with an American Saddlebred; I like the way they move."

Developed for easy riding in the late 1800s, the American Saddlebred is a cross between a thoroughbred and a Morgan. Durable, sensible, this breed is used by the police departments in several large cities, including New York and Philadelphia, because they can be ridden into excitement and trouble without panicking.

Judith Hernstadt, president of Nevada Independent Broadcasting Corporation in Las Vegas, and her husband, State Senator William Hernstadt, own several of the breed that are being trained by Royce Cates of Burbank, California.

"There are five- and three-gaited horses," says Cates. "There are three natural gaits — walk, trot, and canter — and two man-made gaits called the rack and the slow gait. American Saddlebreds have a nice slow rolling canter, a high, animated trot, and the walk is almost like a strut. They are the peacock of the horse world. The rack is a four-beat gait with both legs on the same side moving at the same time; it's a modified pace, really. The slow gait is the same as the rack, only slower."

Bill Hernstadt learned to ride three years ago but Judith has been riding since she was five years old. They ride and show "because it's exciting." Born back east, Judith had the opportunity to ride all kinds of horses including hunter jumpers and polo ponies at a local stable. "I love the freedom of being out of doors," she says, "the pleasure of riding on nice trails listening to the birds. I like the American Saddlebred better than any other breed because they are fancy horses. They carry their head high, they've won many endurance contests and they are more reliable and stable than thoroughbreds. Besides there is more action to a Saddlebred and I like the way they move."

"Walkers are a pleasure to ride; a pleasure to watch under saddle."

With so many more horses being used for pleasure than work, Barbara Hibbard of Reno intends to introduce Nevadans to the ultimate in pleasure riding, the Tennessee Walking Horse.

The most obvious characteristic of

J.K. Houssels Sr., one of the biggest thoroughbred race horse breeders in the west in terms of money won at the track. (Houssels photo)

the Tennessee Walker is a high stepping gait of unusual smoothness not found in any other breed. And although its fancy conformation might indicate a hot blooded and temperamental animal, the Walker is inherently good natured.

"There has been some resistance to the breed in the West," Barbara says, "because most people have only seen show Walkers with their exaggerated gaits, set tails and long front hooves. But Walkers have been bred primarily for pleasure riding and make excellent trail horses."

The history of the Walker goes back nearly two centuries when settlers in central Tennessee took to crossing the standardbred, thoroughbred, Morgan and saddlebred to obtain the best qualities of all four. The result was a good all around working horse which was so comfortable to ride that it was favored by plantation owners who spent many hours in the saddle overseeing their huge farms.

For years, the Walker remained a regional phenomenon. The breed became more refined in the early 20th century and registration procedures were begun in 1935. Bloodlines are kept very pure and both mares and stallions must be fully registered in order for the foal to be eligible. Some geldings of 50% blood may be registered if they demonstrate all the Walker traits.

Walkers require training to fully develop their distinctive gaits; the walk, fast walk and canter. As they are a pleasure to ride, the Walker is also a pleasure to watch under saddle — front legs stepping high, nodding head and the hindquarters remaining level. The rider appears to float above the horse's action.

The Walker will certainly never challenge the popularity of the quarterhorse or Arab in Nevada, but with so many new riders looking for comfort and a little prestige, the Tennessee Walker could flourish in the sagebrush as well as in the blue grass.

"All I want is to win the Kentucky Derby."

J. K. Houssels arrived in Las Vegas in 1930. He was a miner turned card player who bought a piece of the action at the old Las Vegas Club. He built it up, sold it and bought a major share of the El Cortez; then the Showboat, and the Tropicana on the Strip. He started the Lucky Cab Company and launched the local bus line. He also managed a race track in Phoenix.

Even though his big business has been gambling since he dealt blackjack in the army in Texas in his teens, JK's love has been race horses. He owned a few "cheap thoroughbreds," but acquired some better horses as payment of a debt at Phoenix. He bought the Miller Ranch in Las Vegas and his operation expanded.

Houssels found that the Las Vegas area was good for growing thoroughbreds. Having originated in Arabia, thoroughbreds thrive in a desert climate. "Also, the caliche beds of Clark County that vary from three to ten feet beneath the ground were basically a lime constituency," says JK "Ike" Jr., "which is the same as Kentucky. Lime builds bones. He was right about this area and he had phenomenal success."

JK's investment was considered small when compared to the Ali Khans of the racing world, but it pyramided until he had built a stable of 165 horses, with 30 or 40 racing at one time. He became one of the leading breeders in the west, was ranked 14th in the nation in terms of money earned at the track. He ran his stock at the Miller Ranch, then at Logandale (Wayne Newton's Arabian ranch now). He finally moved his horses to California for economic reasons.

"When you race a horse and you win on a California track," says Ike, "they give breeder's fees, and there are also races solely for California bred horses. It was more advantageous for my father to change his base."

In the Sixties, Houssels' horses broke a record at Hollywood Park. It was in a $100,000 race for two-year-olds. Because of the large number of entries, the horses were split into two groups. JK had two horses entered (Y Flash and No Tie), one in each division. Both horses won.

A few years ago JK had a dispersal sale because he had too many horses and he was getting old. He is now 81, and still lives in Las Vegas.

"The horse racing business is expensive, and with the large number of horses my father had, it was big business," says Ike, "but it wasn't his biggest. The casinos were always his biggest."

Ike Houssels is vice president of

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the Union Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas and he has interests in several other casinos. He also has a share in some race horses along with Frank Scott (president of the Union Plaza) and Frank's son, Dick, who is a veterinarian. They own seven horses and two of their mares were sent to Kentucky last spring to be bred to a "shrewdly picked" stud. Even though their scale will never equal JK's, their desires are close: "Win the Kentucky Derby."

"Style doesn't enter into regular jumping; but for hunter jumpers, the form has to be perfect."

Thoroughbreds that don't run well enough on the race track may become great jumpers or hunters, and even though some horses are entered in both categories at Nevada shows, the needs are different.

A jumper has to have talent to go over high fences; style doesn't enter into it as long as he can clear all the obstacles in his path. A field hunter is trained to go after the fox and hounds, over hedge and ditch, while a show hunter is usually a classy-looking thoroughbred that is trained to take a complicated hunt course at an even pace all around. He has to take off at the right spot and land at the right spot for every fence. He must take the exact number of strides between each fence, turn his corners in a balanced way, and always change leads. To win, a hunter's form must be perfect.

Jane Thomas of Las Vegas rides hunters and jumpers for show and has won numerous ribbons and trophies with her thoroughbred Beau Valentine over the past few years. She has entered Beau in both the hunting and jumping classes in Nevada, and won in both, because the horse shows here are not so specialized that she has needed a specialized horse. In California, however, there's more competition and that couldn't be done.

The Thomas family has four horses, one an Appaloosa jumper. Jane's four brothers aren't particularly interested in horses; her father Parry doesn't ride much any more even though he enjoyed playing polo in college; her mother Peggy now uses Beau (recently retired from hunting and jumping) for dressage.

Jane Thomas, with winning thoroughbred hunter jumper Beau Valentine (who recently was retired from jumping to enter dressage competition). (Thomas photo)

"These Hanoverians have taught me more than I ever taught them."

Officials in German government have controlled the breeding of Hanoverian horses for 250 years. No indiscriminate breeding is allowed. There are strict regulations concerning choice of stallion to be used on each mare to be bred, foals are carefully checked when they hit the ground, and when a colt is a year old, he goes back for government inspection and decision-making: if it is decided that the colt will remain a stallion, then it automatically belongs to the government; if it is gelded, it is returned to the owner of the mare.

There are only about 30 of the breed in the United States, and controls are strict. Las Vegan Bob McBerty bought two Hanoverian geldings from a Californian who had had them imported from Germany but who wasn't very pleased with their performance. One is Senegal, a 13-year-old at 17.2 hands; the other is Achmed, 7, who stands 18.2.

"They eat about 40 pounds of alfalfa a day, and then there's grain," McBerty laughs, "because they weigh just shy of 2,000 pounds. One of the reasons we like Hanoverians is that they are big and heavy and yet they have fine joints. They have good feet, good legs, good bone, and you can jump them forever and you are not going to hurt them."

Hanoverians are primarily used as hunters and jumpers or for dressage, and several Olympic teams use them in competition, including those of Italy and Japan. McBerty believes they are perfectly suited for three-day events: cross country jumping, dressage, and stadium jumping. Bob's 17-year-old son Paul has been showing the Hanoverians for three years, jumping them for two.

"Jumping is a lot of fun," says Paul, who enjoys exotic automobiles as well as he likes horses and who learned to ride by getting bucked off a nasty thoroughbred 17 times at one sitting. He was 13 then, he was stubborn, and he insisted on teaching himself to ride. Finally he said, "I've got this thing figured out," and the horse never dumped him again.

An insurance agent for money, a horseman for fun, Bob McBerty doesn't show or jump his horses but he gets a lot of enjoyment out of them. "The horses have taught me

Paul McBerty likes fast cars, but he also likes to jump Senegal, his Hanoverian, which is a breed controlled by the German government.

more than I have ever taught them," he admits, "and Paul makes me look so bad that I keep away now." The McBertys have two other children besides Paul, but Paul is the only one with a real interest in the animals so he takes care of their stable operation and arena. They have two thoroughbreds besides the Hanovarians.

The heavy German horses can be difficult to control but Bob McBerty understands them well. "People have a tendency to abuse this type of horse because they are so big and intimidating," he says, "but they will not take abuse. If they are mishandled they become violent and then they can be dangerous. Paul has taken a couple of problem horses and made them gentle because he's got patience and he's good with them. These horses will go anywhere for Paul."

"Dressage takes dedication, patience and self-discipline. It's something that you'll probably never quite perfect."

At 23, Jane Hinderliter is training and showing 10 horses in the Las Vegas area, as well as training her own thoroughbred in the finer points of dressage.

"It was started about the 16th century," she says. "The principles were established at the Spanish Riding School in Vienna with its Lippizans, which is the most classic form of dressage and where they do everything according to the old masters. It is a method of training that can develop communication between horse and rider to its ultimate. Any horse can be improved by dressage."

To be involved with dressage takes an enormous amount of patience, and possibly a large income. It is divided into levels, starting with the training level to fourth level, then three international levels, and the highest level, the Olympic level, which is called Grand Prix Dressage.

"It costs a lot," Jane says, "because the Olympic quality horse is pretty expensive and the special training time it takes is substantial. It's gymnastic training for the horse, which takes at least six years working at it daily, and that's if you know what you are doing. Even the best riders need a trainer, to teach both the horse and themselves."

The dressage rider has to be just as

Graduated from Salem College and Meredith Manor in West Virginia with a bachelor's degree in equestrian studies, young trainer Jane Hinderliter readies a horse for a training session.

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athletically developed as the horse because it takes coordination and concentration to be able to sit quietly yet tell a horse what to do with subtlety. "It is a different form of riding," explains Jane. "You use a dressage saddle and a riding whip. You ride with longer stirrups, with your legs underneath you. Your seat is used differently — even your hands are used differently. It's uncomfortable at first trying to sit quietly and not interfere with your horse. You can't bump him around, can't jerk him in the mouth; you have to be able to use your legs to tell him what to do."

The type of horse is as important as a strong desire to be involved. In dressage you are trying to show beauty and elegance so you want a long legged horse to create the impression of big movement. "You should be looking for a type rather than a breed," says Jane. "Thoroughbreds, Arabians, Appaloosas. If they have the long strides, the easy movement, then they will probably work. A quarterhorse probably wouldn't, though, because they tend to move with short strides because they have short legs and are heavily muscled."

Dressage is extremely challenging. "It's more challenging than just walk, trot and canter for people who don't want to go over fences," says Peggy Thomas of Las Vegas, who recently became involved with dressage. "Dressage requires an awful lot — every muscle in your body in fact. I ski a lot, and play tennis, and neither one of them make me as tired as this."

At a dressage show, the rider is judged alone, on a prescribed test against the ideal. Points will be lost if a rider isn't sitting right, if his hands and feet and whip aren't right, if the horse throws his head or chomps on his bit. There is a right way to do everything, and the judge is looking for precision and perfection.

"In dressage you are asking a horse for its mental attention and you don't want to bore him," says Jane, "so even though you should work with him daily on the dressage aspect of the training, take him for a trail ride or jump him once in a while so he doesn't get sour on concentrating.

"People can ride dressage into their 90s, but it takes dedication, an enormous amount of patience and self-discipline. It takes so long to learn all the subtleties there is always another goal to strive for in dressage. It's something that you'll probably never quite perfect."

"Horse shows can get boring, so we've added entertainment at half time and have celebrities hand out the awards."

Fletcher Jones is the biggest Chevy dealer in the country — and he also sells cars for Fiat, Lancia, Mercedes-Benz and Ford. Business has been good in Clark County so in 1974 Jones decided to do something in return for his community.

Choosing a horse show as the medium (because horses are a good family activity), and the mentally retarded as the beneficiary, the auto king of Vegas started "The Fletcher Jones Horse Show for the Benefit of the Mentally Retarded."

Held at Horseman's Park in Las

Lunging a horse is a good way to hold its attention. Here, one of Jane Hinderliter's students lunges a dressage Appaloosa.

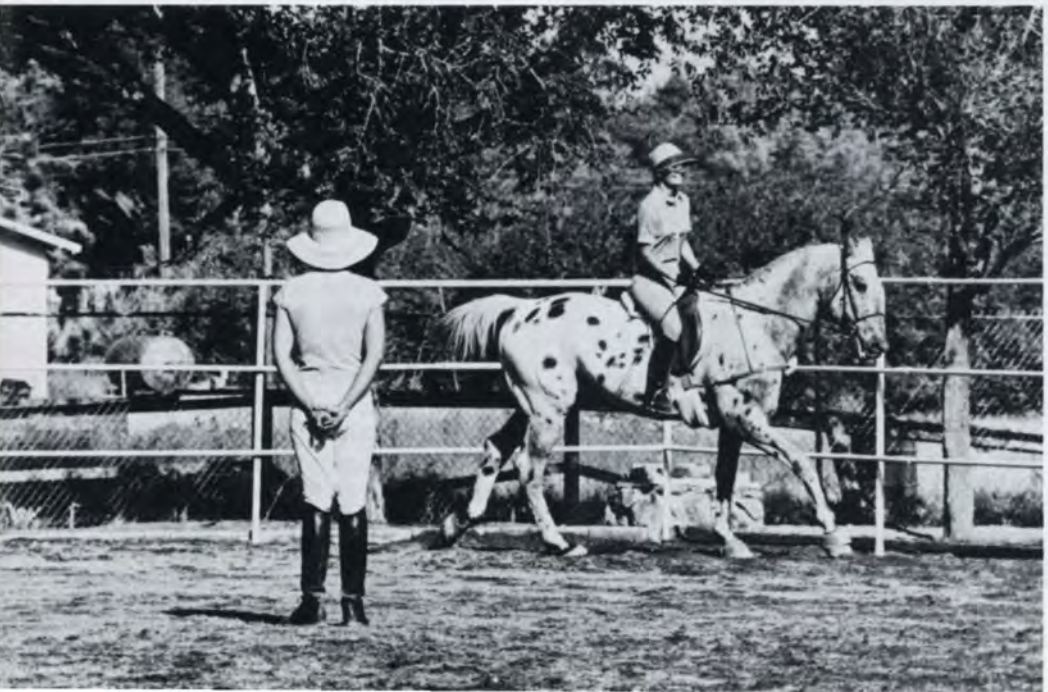
Vegas, the first show was held in October 1974. Proceeds were close to $10,000 that first year (from donations and entry fees) and the money was divided between the Helen J. Stewart School for the Mentally Retarded and Opportunity Village, which is a training center for the mentally retarded over 18 years of age. Both are in Las Vegas. In 1975 number of entries doubled and $25,000 was given to the charities already named. And approximately $36,000 was cleared last year because, once again, entries doubled, and so did the number of spectators.

"We've always geared the show a little bit more for the spectators than a normal horse show might because a horse show does get boring to non-participants," said Jones. "We've tried to make it more interesting so that we can attract a larger crowd by adding entertainment at half time and having celebrities hand out the awards."

An A-rated show in everything except quarterhorse (a classification that hopefully will be fulfilled this year), it draws exhibitors from all over the state of Nevada as well as Arizona, New Mexico, California, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado. Trophies, ribbons and some money classes are offered and all money received from entries and donations (except for the judge's fee) is given to the charities selected prior to the show. The rest of the workers (including show manager Stan Nelson) are unpaid volunteers.

Some Las Vegans say there is a special spirit about this show that makes it unique, perhaps because of the satisfaction that comes with giving. The Helen J. Stewart School and Op-

National superstar Wayne Newton raises, breeds, shows and sells Arabians. At his two ranches in southern Nevada (the Newton Ranch at Logandale and Casa de Shenandoah in Las Vegas), Newton keeps about a hundred head. Many are Arabian champions. (Stream photo)



Jackie Lindberg, student of Olympic bronze medal winner Hilda Gurney, holds a dressage clinic in Las Vegas.

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portunity Village continue to benefit, along with a third group called ASK (Aid to the Adoption of Special Kids) which used some of the proceeds from last year's show to help set up a fund for the home study of prospective parents willing to adopt mentally retarded children.

The goal of the Fletcher Jones Horse Show for the Benefit of the Mentally Retarded is to become nationally significant and to earn more money for the charities it chooses. The fourth annual show will be held October 15 and 16, 1977 (Quarterhorse Show and Western Division), and October 22 and 23 (Arabian Show and English Division including jumping).

Other major horse shows in Nevada include: Nevada Open Horse Show and Cow Horse Futurity, Winnemucca, July 29-31, Comstock All Arabian and Half Arabian Show, Reno, August 12-14; California Snaffle Bit Futurity, Centennial Coliseum, Reno, September 12-23; Peruvian Paso National Finals, Reno, September 24-25; NSHA State Show, Reno, September 29-October 2; Region 5, NSHA Show, Las Vegas, November 24-27; Silver State Appaloosa Show, Reno, April 1978; Las Vegas Arabian Assn. Arab and Half Arabian Show, Las Vegas, April 21-23, 1978; Sierra Morgan Horse Show, Reno, May 1978; Region 6 NSHA Horse Show & Gymkhana, Fallon, June 1978; Region 1 Horse Show and Gymkhana, Reno, June 1978. (For more information write: NSHA, 1545 Wells Ave., Reno, NV 89502.)

Gus Bartley shoes, trains, boards, and raises horses on his Reno ranch near Windy Hill. He used to compete on the rodeo circuit.

"Some horses hate to get shod. You just have to throw them on their side and tie all four feet together."

Raising and training horses is a quieter life than riding them in a rodeo arena, but it still has its moments of excitement. Gus Bartley, whose ranch is tucked between Windy Hill and the expanding southwest corner of Reno, has lived both, and has watched the changes taking place in all the ways that men and horses come together. He's still watching, and he's still learning.

Take horses. Bartley shoes horses for many area residents, boards, raises, and trains them, but he refuses to make any generalizations about the way horses will act under any given set of circumstances. "Every horse is different, just like human beings," he says.

He will say that a smart horse owner will get a young horse used to having its feet handled before the first shoeing time comes along, so that when that time does come, the horse will not make life difficult for everyone by kicking and struggling. But he also knows that some horses, for whatever reason, hate being shod, some to such an extent the only way to accomplish the necessary task every six or eight weeks is to throw the horse on its side and tie all four feet together.

Take riders. Bartley has watched the popularity of various horse sports wax and wane through the years, and he believes trail riding is suffering a decline in popularity, while riding for show is the new fashion. His own trail riding club, the Nevada White Hats, used to come out in full force for parades, picnics, barbecues and, of course, just plain trail rides, but now that few of the members can ride directly from their homes into the hills, trail riding is becoming too much work and not enough fun. But horses are still very popular in the Reno area, especially in the shows where horse and rider display their breeding and training.

Gus spent 14 years on the national rodeo circuit before returning to Nevada to take up the family vocation

of ranching. He likes to talk about how to take care of horses, the basics for keeping a healthy, well-trained animal. His long involvement with 4-H keeps him in touch with the new generation of horse owners, eager for tips on handling their animals.

"Basic training for your horse is to get him to where he'll stand still while you saddle him, stand still getting on him, get him where he'll turn, mind the bridle, be what we call bridle wise, and where he'll back up.

"Horses have pert-near every disease that a human being has. It's probably named a little bit different. Like, a horse gets colic, that's pretty near the same as a stomach ache to you. A horse gets distemper, that's about the same as a real bad cold. They get flu, and pneumonia.

"We haven't had any outbreak of it for a long time, but they also get what we call sleeping sickness, or encephalomyelitis. I've seen some horses go through it. They paw at their heads, you can hardly pull them out of it, and if you do, they're never worth anything. There's about a 95 percent mortality rate. A yearly shot for sleeping sickness is a good idea, because when you do get an outbreak, it's too late." — **BJE**

"You have to have timing, balance, nerve and muscle. And that's not all."

Crouper vaults, ground work and Russian drag are part of the vocabulary of trick riding, a risky profession rapidly becoming a lost art. Wanda Caglieri of Fernley knows as much as anyone in the west about trick riding: it was part of her life for 15 years, until 1969, while she and her twin sister Wilma traveled Nevada and California performing as the Ludwig Twins. Wanda is now a barrel racer, university rodeo instructor and riding teacher, while Wilma trains stock and cutting horses.

"Trick riding is a lot of work," says Wanda, who hasn't forgotten what goes into the art. She and Wilma learned it one summer while her parents were away from the family ranch in Auburn, California. "They'd have had heart attacks if they knew what we were doing while they were back in New York!" The twins practiced an hour or two a day, two days a week, until the following spring, whenever weather and ranch chores permitted. Then they went professional.

"You have to have timing, balance, nerve and muscle. You've got to be well-coordinated. In ground work you make vaults from one side of the horse to the other, hitting the ground on each side. One type of ground work is a cartwheel off the horse — you stand up in the saddle while the horse is running full speed, make a cartwheel in the air, hit the ground and bounce back up in the saddle."

It sounds hard enough, and harder yet when Wanda points out that she and Wilma stand only five feet, two inches tall — and the pair of albinos they started out with were over 15 hands. Snowflake and Snowfall eventually grew too old for trick work, and were replaced by a pair of blacks, Me and My Shadow, who stood a hand shorter.

"We have crouper vaults, which is going off the back of the horse, hitting the ground and then flying back up into the saddle again. The saddle tricks include the Russian drag, where you hang a foot in a strap and hang over the side of the horse until your hands or your head hit the ground, and then you pull yourself back up again on the run. There's the hippodrome stand, where you stand up in the saddle and lean out over the horse's head, and

Wilma (left) and Wanda Caglieri display their trick riding abilities with the "Double Hippodrome" stand. (Frank Milne photo)

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the crouper drag, which is dragging off the back of the horse, letting your head hang down by his tail."

You've got to use your head in trick riding, according to Wanda, not only during the performance but before, in checking out the equipment, in choosing shoes that will cushion the ankles from the shock of jumping off a horse and, of course, in training that horse to work for you.

"The first thing to have in trick riding is a horse that's gentle enough to put up with it, which is hard to find. We usually used blinders on our horses so they couldn't look back and see what we were doing. You start the horse at a walk, and climb all over him so he gets used to all the weight shifting in every direction and yet he'll still go straight. After you get him going that way, then you start trotting him and loping him in a straight line till he learns to run to one point and back to the other and never vary. They make a few mistakes once in a while but they learn pretty fast. I've had one try to buck me off a few times, and fall down with me."

Wanda says very few trick riders are still working in the country. The last she heard of her teacher, Ralph Corpe, known on the rodeo circuit as Buddy Farren, he was training horses in California. Eventually, the quieter life attracted the Ludwig Twins, too, but not because of marriage and family, because that was part of their lives as trick riders. Their children always went along with them to the rodeos and horse shows.

Rodeo is still the center of Wanda's professional life, now as a barrel racer. A member of the Girls' Rodeo Association, she placed highly last year in her event. Trick riding may be disappearing, she says, but rodeo is thriving. And that she likes. — **BJE**

"My horse knew. He was one in a million."

"I love horses and I love to ride. When I'm out riding in the wild, with the breeze on my face, that's living!"

Ada Ackerman is Reno's unofficial authority on everything there is to know about pleasure riding in western Nevada. Her face lights up when she talks about the joys of her weekend jaunts with the Nevada Vaqueros, a Reno group devoted to riding. For Ada, a horse means a chance to be outside and forget about weekday cares and hurry and noise.

Ada has her practical side, too. What's the first thing she thinks about when planning a trail ride? "Lunch." A rider all her life, and a 21-year member of the Vaqueros, she speaks knowledgeably on everything from how to encourage a horse into a trailer to which areas are most suitable for winter rides to when a horse needs grain with its alfalfa.

Trail riding is nothing more than riding a horse out in the country for recreation. Most horses in Nevada are owned for recreation, and trail riding is the primary aim of most horsemen. A horse does not need any special conditioning or training for trail riding, nor does the equipment have to go beyond the standard saddle, saddle pad, bridle, halter and lead rope every horse owner must have. But the pressures of urbanization are complicating horse ownership and trail riding as well.

"When the Vaqueros first organized in 1956, most of the members were able to ride from their homes," Ada recalls. "Now, you have to have a trailer in order to belong to the Vaqueros." Members trailer their horses from 20 to 100 miles for the Sunday rides held each week.

Like every member of the Vaqueros, Ada has served her turn as trail boss, choosing the starting point and the route. Most rides, she said, average 15 to 20 miles, though in bad weather the horses and riders may decide half that is enough. Most any terrain the horses can handle is suitable for good weather rides, while winter requires a search for a spot that won't bog down the horses in mud or deep snow. And May is usually the time to start watching for rattlers. "No one in our group has had any trouble from snakes, though we've killed several."

There are no restrictions for horsemen on federal land, although some city and county parks prohibit horses and, of course, the trail boss must secure permission from owners of any private land crossed by the trail.

Ada has her favorite horse stories and enjoys telling about a gelding she rode for several years. It was a tall horse, at 16 hands, of remarkable intelligence. "He was part thoroughbred and lord only knows what else he was human." Ada's horse had horse sense to a fine degree, knowing where to cross streams, how to get out of tight spots, how to recognize quicksand.

"I was leading a trail ride one time and we had to cross water. We were sitting there waiting alongside the ditch and someone asked me if it was all right to water the horses. I rode my old horse over there, and asked him what he thought. He shook his old

Trail riding is terrific in the desert or the woods, but "trail" is also a competitive event where the horse will lose points if he touches any of the obstacles placed in his path.

Clark

head so I told the riders not to cross. Some man said, 'Well, that's the craziest thing I ever heard of,' and he booted his horse in there and it sank right down in a hole. The water came up clear over the horse's hips. He finally got his front feet on solid ground and got out. My horse knew. He was one in a million."

The future of trail riding is unclear. Horse ownership is growing, especially in Reno and Las Vegas, but costs of horse ownership are also growing. Alfalfa is up to $90 a ton in western Nevada, and the western drought may drive prices even higher. People who once were able to ride from their homes have been cut off by new developments and must now buy trailers to get to the countryside. Horse ownership becomes a nuisance in the eyes of nearby residents in areas not zoned for livestock, and city governments may restrict livestock in areas once agricultural but now inside the city limits. Horse owners themselves are not politically vocal except on rare occasions.

Yet, Ada thinks horses will continue to be popular, as more people discover the pleasures of a quiet ride on a mountain trail. As the intensity of urban life increases, so will the need for trail riding as mental refreshment intensify.

Ada has fond memories of the years she and her husband rode on an organized trail ride through Forest Service land and ranching property in the Reese River Valley, and listening to her talk about those days it's easy to believe trail riding has a future in Nevada. "They have some of the most beautiful trails in that country you just can't imagine " — **BJE**

"Curlies can do three times the work on half the feed of an ordinary horse."

Sunny Martin of Ely thinks her curly-coated horses are just about the greatest things on four legs.

"They're tough, they're exceptionally intelligent, they have good memories and they're so gentle it's ridiculous. They have exceptionally strong bones; they can do three times the work on half the feed of an ordinary horse."

Ordinary horses they certainly are not. The curly or Bashkir horse grows an extra coat of curly hair during the winter that can get from four to six inches long, and a special layer of fat

After particularly hard winters in central Nevada, the only mustangs to survive were ones with curly hair. From these hardy horses came the Curly Bashkirs. (Martin photo)

under its skin makes it peculiarly able to live through the sometimes cruel winters of central Nevada, where the breed was first recognized. It has black hooves, soft eyes and small nostrils. Its history and genetics are still being investigated by horse fanciers. Its qualities, however, are evident to anyone who owns one, according to Mrs. Martin, who was instrumental in forming the American Curly Bashkir Registry, of which she is secretary.

Curly horses were first recognized as a breed by the Damele family, ranchers near Austin in central Nevada. After particularly hard winters, the Dameles noticed the only mustangs to survive were a few with curly hair. Needing hardy horses, they broke and bred the curlies, discovering in the process that the horses were admirably suited for ranch work. Shaped much like Morgans, the horses stand up well under rough riding and are exceptionally gentle.

The Damele's got their first curly horse in 1936, but they had noticed them before. Although they have other horses, they rely mainly on their stock of approximately 25 head of curlies. Benny Damele explained: "We probably do as much horse work as any rancher in the country, more than most. We rely on horses to operate. The curlies are better keepers, especially in cold weather. They have a gentle disposition and better legs. They don't get ringbone or get stove up like other horses, and we have to run our horses around in the rocks a lot. And besides, they're more suited to our needs and I like 'em better."

Sunny and Sarge Martin discovered the same characteristics when they acquired their curlies, including a stud captured off the range in eastern Nevada. The forebears of the Bashkir are supposed to have originated on the eastern slopes of the Urals in Russia, where they were raised by the people of Bashkiria for riding, driving, food, milk, and clothing. "There are two theories on how they came to North America," said Sunny. "One is that the Russians brought them with them when they settled on the West Coast." Russian settlers colonized Alaska in the early 19th century, and flourishing agricultural settlements were established in California by 1812.

"The other theory is that they came across the Bering Strait when there was a land bridge there in prehistoric times. Some researchers believe Indian legends indicate the presence of wild horses in the Pacific Northwest for more than 700 years." The horses would not have become widespread because the horses bore very few foals, a natural birth control insuring there would never be an over-population problem. Even today, according to Sunny, curly mares are not noted for their fecundity.

"The curly may represent the oldest form of horse," says Sunny. "The curly characteristics show up in many breeds, but were considered weird and

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ill-bred, so curly foals were usually killed."

To be registered, a curly horse must exhibit curly characteristics or be of such parentage to indicate it carries curly genes, and show itself capable of breeding curly foals. There are 83 registered curlies in the United States and Canada, including six in Ely. Slogan for the registry is: "Gentle enough for a child, tough enough for a man."
— **BJE**

"You get a sense of satisfaction to think you can get a horse to outmaneuver a cow."

Arkansas native Wilson Thomas moved to California with his mother when he was small and was drawing a man's wage on a ranch at Lone Pine when he was 12 years old. He worked and managed ranches for many years and bought a spread of his own in Yerington in '54 where he now trains horses.

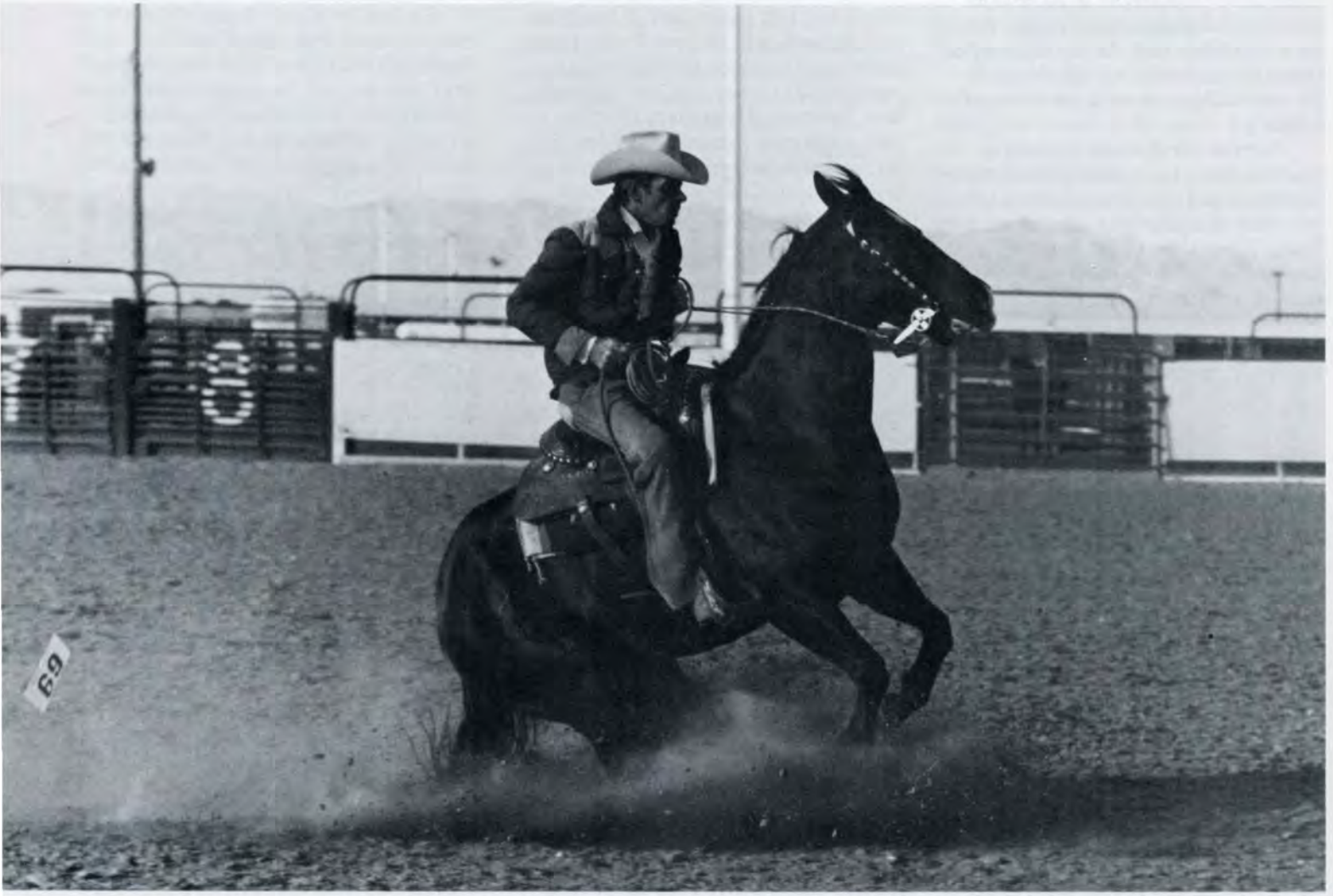
"We handle cutting horses primarily because it's the most satisfying. You are never through with them until the day they die; they just get better, and a little smarter."

It used to be that cowboys worked their horses on the ranches of Nevada and the west; they had a job to do and horses were a tool of their trade. But the old west was dying, and working ranch horse numbers were dwindling and cowboys started competing against each other with their horses out on the range. Modern shows and cutting contests developed from there.

"People don't go for weekend rides much anymore," says Thomas. "They have horses to show, or else they have them to race. Horses have become tremendously big business. The horse that won the futurity at Fort Worth this year won $31,000, and that horse could easily be sold for $50,000. One guy turned down $100,000 for his cutting quarterhorse

Wilson Thomas trains cutting, reining and working cow horses at his Yerington ranch.

Reining competitor slides his horse to a stop. (M.L. Davis photo)



recently, and he only took a fourth place."

When Thomas worked on the ranches in his youth, he thought people involved in showing and cutting were "a bunch of dudes" until he looked over the fence and realized they had their horses doing something his couldn't do. "It's a challenge to work a cow a little bit better than the next guy, or turn round a little bit better," he says. He rodeoed for a while, as a bareback rider, saddle bronc rider and calf roper, but says he found out there were better things to do.

"I watched two Texans, in '59 I believe, exhibiting horses in Bishop at a rodeo. They were cutting cattle and parting small goats without a bridle and you could see those horses were thinking. I started practicing on the ranch and you can't imagine the thrill of riding one of these young horses when they start anticipating that cow, when they start working that cow. It's a terrific sensation to be able to show a horse how to cut a cow and hold her. Naturally when they get in trouble you have your own helps and holds to cue them, but when an old cow comes around at you hard and really tries to go by that horse, there is no cue in the world that you're fast enough to send to that horse. He has to take over and do it himself."

A stock or reining horse can get burned out if it is not trained properly. "If you don't use your stock horse right," says Thomas, "if you run their routines and spin them and slide them and stop them unnecessarily, they will get bored and go to cheating on you. It's called 'scotching' and they won't run as hard, they won't sit down as hard, they won't spin as free and easy."

Wilson Thomas is in the saddle all day long when he's not showing horses on the road. He rides about 10 head a day, at different levels, and for different reasons. He trains for several people, and also for himself. He already had the Nevada State Halter Champion Stallion and Reserve Champion Cutting Horse when Jamestown Enterprises of Los Angeles hired him to set up a horse operation in Nevada. In 1959, the mare he was showing for that company became Nevada State Champion Mare.,

When he quit Jamestown, Thomas had already set up on his own. At first he shod and trained horses to add to his small ranch income, but when his horses starting winning (he had his first world champion in 1966), it was easier to find enough horses to train so he could quit the shoeing. He has had the World Champion Arabian Cutting Horse; the Morgan National Champion Cutting Horse; and the Nevada State Open Cutting Horse, a quarterhorse.

"I prefer to train quarterhorses because in the field that I want to be and show, the quarterhorses excel. They have proven themselves time and time again and there is no comparison in what they can do. For cutting you want a horse down quiet and easy, to where they are listening to you, where they have all the play out of them and it's down to business. I have always liked the quarterhorse, but being a public horse trainer, I train all breeds."

To be a successful trainer means being constantly in the public eye. "People will forget you in a hurry unless you are showing horses and winning. If you have a stallion to promote, you have to show him until he gains some recognition so that he can be left home to breed the mares. Then you'll have to pick some of his better offspring and go ahead with them. It costs a lot but if you don't keep on proving your horses are good ones, you will soon be forgotten."

Wilson believes that horses today are far superior to what they were in his father's day. He says they keep improving all the time, the blood lines are superior, there are new training methods and the horses are getting so good that all records have been broken.

"Competition is really stiff and it's getting harder every day. You can't be a winner all the time. If you can go to a show today and just get a ribbon in any part of it, then I feel you had better be satisfied because you have done something real well."

The Thomas ranch in Yerington consists of some alfalfa ground, a few cows, a large indoor arena with stalls (bad winters make this desirable), a breeding setup, a walker, and indoor and outdoor training areas. Most of the alfalfa crop is sold because Thomas feeds pellets, " simply because they are more economical, more efficient, and they are as good."

Jeannie and Wilson Thomas have been in Yerington for 23 years, and all their children were born there. "We prefer to have our own property and to work for ourselves, because one of these days we are going to be too old to ride the horses.

"It's been horses all my life and I really enjoy it," he added. "I have had a certain amount of success with them and that's what I like to do. Horses and cattle are it."

"I try to rope my practice horns a hundred times without missing."

Andrea Baer, 18, Hazen cowgirl, can breakaway rope a swift calf in four seconds. And she goat ties and team ropes competitively and she has lots of silver buckles and trophies that prove she has ability. Almost any winter weekend and evenings after school, Andrea can be found with her rodeo

Dufurrena

Hazen cowgirl Andrea Baer has ability. She is a champion breakaway roper, and goat ties and team ropes competitively. She also does her share of the family ranch chores.

Horses and people: People and horses

friends in the Baer family farm arena that Andrea helped her father build. "Dad got me started rodeoing," says Andrea. "He encouraged me to practice. When I started, I used to try to rope my practice horns 100 times without missing." Andrea qualified at the State Finals Show in Las Vegas to compete at the National Finals in Louisiana in 1976 in breakaway roping; she should be a repeat performer in 1977. — **Linda Dufurrena.**

"Tidy's 89er is too neat a horse to stay in the back yard."

Cindy Deacon has shown horses since she was in the third grade and she's won "lots and lots" of ribbons and trophies. She rode her quarterhorse Tidy's 89'er to state championships three years in trail, western pleasure and western riding, stock horse, both stock seat equitation and hunt seat equitation. With Tidy's 89'er she won the Wells Memorial Trophy, his being state or reserve champion in three out of four events — western riding, stock horse, trail, and western pleasure. "It's a neat award," Cindy smiles. "Usually a working horse does western riding but doesn't usually do well in the pleasure classes too. This horse does just about everything."

Cindy got married last year and will be moving to Oregon with her husband this summer. She has left Tidy in the care of her mother, Maxine Deacon, who (with partner Dorothy Payne) owns Custom Leather on Charleston Blvd. in Las Vegas. Maxine is going to continue to ride and show Tidy, " . . because he's too neat a horse to stay in the back yard."

"The original cost of a horse is not the major issue. It's the caring and upkeep that's important."

Robert Clark, wife Mimi and daughter Teresa are involved in quarterhorse training and breeding. They have winners and champions, and a large room filled with blue ribbons, most of them won by their superior halter quarterhorse, Scat's Buzzy. One show he won nine trophies. Mimi shows in Western Pleasure classes while Teresa is trying to master the reining class, where the horse is taught to run, slide and spin. Teresa also hopes to excell in working cow and cutting contests. Bob prefers to race his quarterhorses.

"It takes an awful lot of work to win something," says Bob Clark. "It means an awful lot of grooming, an awful lot of oats, a lot of hay, equipment. You have to be willing to haul and so it's very costly to come home with a trophy or a ribbon and you don't get dime one for your trouble. It's merely a pride of ownership type of thing and the feeling of accomplishment for the person who is doing the riding."

Robert Clark was born on a Kansas ranch and decided he wanted to be a veterinarian when he was in grade school. He became a vet, and specialized in equine medicine, with lameness in legs his particular interest. Clark worked for J. K. Houssels, Sr. in Las Vegas for many years, tending his large stable of thoroughbred race horses. Several years ago he started a large animal hospital in Clark County, and he now has a private practice in Las Vegas. He's been involved with horses for more than 40 years and he cares about them.

"We've always had a horse or two, and we've won a few ribbons. A lot of people get a challenge out of a good golf game, but if you can do something well, that's a terrific thrill."

What follows are some statements and suggestions from a man who knows:

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First thing to consider when living in an area like Las Vegas is that the feed is artificial. We don't have green pastures, we are in the desert, so feed has to be hauled in. Now hay is about $90 a ton and a horse will eat his weight (about 1,000 lbs.) in a month, so that's $45.

And that's only the hay. That monthly cost doesn't include the oats, vitamins, or the shoeing fee or veterinary bill, or the cost of the corrals and other equipment. Amount of supplements given depends on how hard the horse is worked. If you are feeding a

Tidy's 89'er likes Maxine Deacon to give him iced tea in the hot Las Vegas afternoons.

Dr. Robert Clark, worming a horse.

working ranch horse, then he'd need twice as much oats as a seldom used horse because he needs extra energy. A hard working horse will need about $20 worth of oats a month, and that's about 200 lbs.

Horses should be fed at the same time each day, in the morning and in the evening. They are creatures of habit and if you break the habit then you start getting colics and indigestion. Colic means the digestive tract is not functioning.

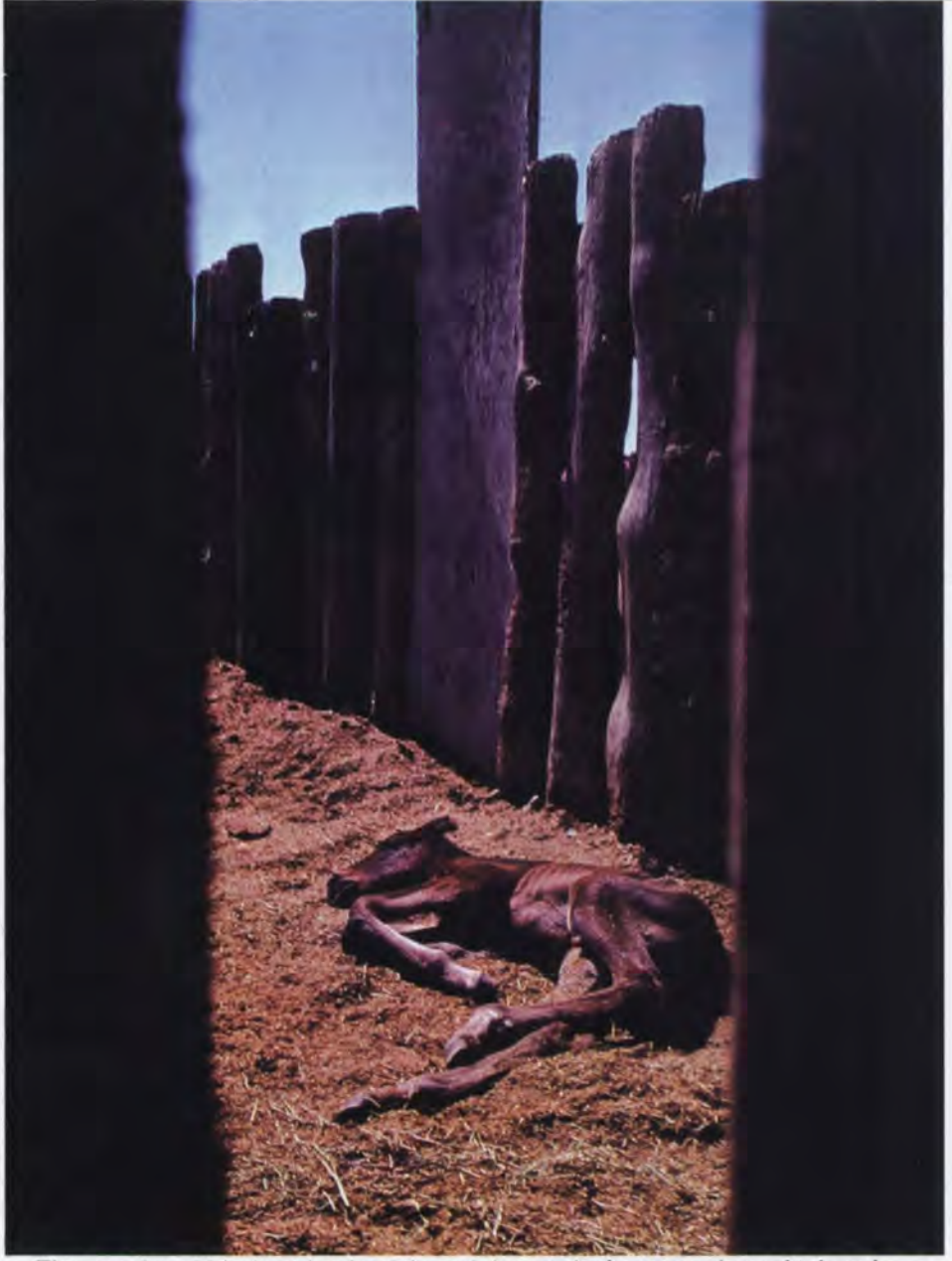
Bad hay causes much trouble. Open the bale to see if it's mouldy; some hay might be put up too wet and it will mold inside the bale. Cattle can get along fine on that type hay but horses can't. Bright hay is better than hay that has been bleached out but green hay that hasn't been cured properly can cause colic also, which is the same thing as bloat in cattle. If that happens, then keep your horse walking around until he is more comfortable or until your vet arrives.

You will probably have to feed what's most economical for your area. Even though timothy hay is ideal for horses, to ship it from northern Idaho or Minnesota would be impractical for Nevadans. Our horses eat alfalfa because it's the best of what's available locally. Horse owners in Kentucky would have a fit if their horses were given alfalfa because they think it's cow feed.

Give your horse as much water as he wants. Most horse owners in Clark County are on automatic watering systems because when it's 115 degrees horses will drink more (and water does evaporate). You can never overwater a horse.

You can overfeed a horse, however, and he will get laminitis, which is sore feet, or he can get a high temperature, which is like gout. He could also get the colic again.

Keep your horse away from oats or sweet feed, including molasses. Keep your grain barrel sealed tightly with a lid on that the horse cannot get off. A horse will knock a board from the top of a barrel in a second and if he gets in the grain he could eat until he kills himself. Horses will all eat until they can't eat any more and then they lay down and blow up like a balloon. The fermentation of the grain then causes a problem. If you catch your horse in that kind of act, walk him around, call a vet to give the horse a laxative and other products to keep the gas down (which has to be pumped down his throat and nose with a tube, a big job). Your horse may even need an enema.



This one-day-old foal put her hoof through her mother's rectum during birth and caused Dr. Clark some work. Mother and foal are both doing well at Winterwood.

Don't overdo your supplements. A competitive vitamin is a good idea once a day, either morning or evening, but be consistent. Have a mineral box for your horse because there are a lot of trace minerals other than calcium and phospherous that must be kept up. If the animal were out in the wild he would probably get his own but when he's confined to a box stall you have to supplement his diet. The mineral box costs about $3.75.

If you are showing horses, or using them for rodeo and a lot of travel is involved, think about preventative work that can keep your horse healthy. To travel from state to state you will need a health certificate, which is good only for 15 days because after 15 days that animal might be sick. To get a health certificate you don't have to vaccinate but you do have to have a qualified veterinarian determine that the horse is not running a temperature, doesn't run at the nose or the eyes and doesn't have any fungus, mange or skin rash. Transportation of a horse spreads disease. Even though swamp fever started in Florida, it was only a short time before it was found in Pennsylvania and on the West Coast.

Each spring all horses should be wormed and given tetanus and flu shots, tetanustoxoid and a sleeping sickness vaccine. In fall the horse should be wormed again and should probably also get a booster shot on the flu.

If you live in the desert, you must have shade for your horse even though he will seldom use it. If you are keeping shoes on a horse, get him

Horses and people: People and horses

re-shod every six or seven weeks. That costs about $18 each time without shoes for resetting. All riding horses should be shod in the Las Vegas area, or any other hard ground country, because there is no grass and you will usually be riding on rocks.

If your horse is kept in a box stall (the average is 12x12) take him out for exercise for at least a couple of hours each day. Keep the stall clean. If your horse is standing in manure for any length of time he can get foot rot, or thrush, a fungus that starts in the soles of the feet. Clean the stall right down to the dirt, then put lime on top to keep down odor, then put fresh, dry bedding on it. Use straw or shavings. This, too, can be expensive.

Young race horses are started at two years old and are just little fellows. Don't race them more than twice a month but keep them in constant training, exercising daily. They should go on the race track and gallop but they don't have to run their hearts out. If you have a race horse you should work him one day (work means to run almost, but not quite, as fast as his ability), then walk him the next without riding him, then slow gallop him on the track the third day, and work him again the day following that. It should never be the same each day.

A stud takes extra care and needs more space than a mare or gelding. Your corral should be large enough and strong enough or he will tear it down just like a bull. He should be exercised daily, or put on the hot walker every day for about an hour. Stallions hate geldings, and they can be dangerous.

Keep in mind that if you castrate a stallion at age 10, he will still have stallion tendencies for several years so even geldings can be dangerous. And don't ever trust a mare with a new foal. She is very protective and she'll bite if you get too near.

All horses are characters and they are all different. That's why we like them.

"Horse racing in Reno and Las Vegas, with the right management, would have a very good chance of success."

If Nevada could be said to have had a golden age of horse racing, it would have been back in the days of the Silver State Jockey Club. Horse racing, previously unregulated, was legalized in Nevada in 1915, the second such state in the nation, after Kentucky. The next year, the jockey club was organized in Reno. Nevada, way out in the middle of the desert, thus became part of the racing circuit, which in those days took owners from the Bluegrass State to Mexico and back again.

The years of war and prohibition and depression came and went, and attitudes on gambling, as on many other subjects, changed. Horse racing became legal in other states, states much more convenient for racers and bettors, and the long trek to the Nevada tracks became unnecessary. The Silver State Jockey Club disbanded in 1939, and except for a few short-lived attempts since then, there has been no more commercial track racing in Nevada.

These bits of history are the special interest of Harry Frost, chairman of the Nevada State Racing Commission, which was established the same year racing was legalized. Frost, who has served on the commission since first being appointed by Gov. Charles Russell in 1951, watches today over a far different sport. What Nevada has today is county fair racing, bush league compared to commercial racing, but with its own kind of excitement.

The largest purse a horse is likely to win in Nevada today is $1,000, sponsored by an Ely or Elko businessman. The commission, which sets dates and all regulations for racing, permits much smaller purses: to help Fallon get started in horse racing, the commission allowed a $150 purse. Tracks are short, running about half a mile, long for quarter horses, but requiring two or three laps for thoroughbreds.

"Before 1961, we had races in Elko, Ely, Reno and Las Vegas," Frost recalls. "Each had four days of racing. We had one starting gate, and it was used in that order through 16 consecutive days of racing. The guy who owned it hauled it around the state. It worked out well because the counties didn't have to each own a starting gate."

Reno and Las Vegas dropped out of racing, leaving the Nevada breeders, as well as those from California, Idaho, Utah and Arizona, with three meets: Ely, Elko and Fallon. Ninety percent of the horses are from out of state. This year, Ely has seven days of racing, May 28 to 30 and Aug. 20, 21, 27 and 28; Elko five days from Sept. 1 to 5; and Fallon two days, May 21 and 22.

The racing scene is more than just out-of-staters coming to Nevada. Several Nevada breeders race their own quarterhorses and thoroughbreds here and in California. Frost anticipates a day when these breeders will use a commercial track in the state where they can race for big crowds and big money. "Las Vegas has more racing weather days, but in summer it's too hot to race horses.

"Late May to mid-September would be the racing season in Reno," says Frost. "We have a good altitude and water and hay and temperatures, and good training conditions. A Reno track should race in the summer but train year-round, have 500 stalls, and racing would be on weekends on a half-mile or longer track."

Photo finish of a quarterhorse race.

Frost estimates an investment of from $1.5 million to $3 million would be needed to offer Nevadans one of the country's top spectator sports.

"The Reno and Las Vegas areas are to the point where racing on the proper scale and with the right type of facilities and management would have a very good chance of success." — **BJE**

"We hope some day that Arizona will train people to go in the offices while Nevada will train people to go on the track."

Doug Reynolds thinks the University of Nevada, Reno has a unique horse science program. Not that UNR's program has been around a long time, or produces a winning rodeo team every year — he can't claim that. But he can point out that UNR's students have the opportunity to work with live cattle, an opportunity found at few other colleges. And he also stresses that the university's extension program emphasizes outdoor handling of horses, including shoeing and packing.

Nevada's horse program is new compared to those of many other universities. While horses have always been included in animal science courses in the College of Agriculture, only in the past few years has a program been put together with courses on horses alone. A few classes are purely academic, with classroom work on nutrition, diseases, reproduction and stable management. The rest of the classes take place primarily at the school's equitation center a few blocks from the university, where a satisfying combination of barns, corrals, dust and stock greet the students on afternoons spent learning western and English riding, competitive equitation, jumping and rodeo events.

The students here fall roughly into two groups: full-time agriculture majors who plan to make horses their profession, and part-timers who own horses and take the classes so that they can better take care of the animals they own for pleasure riding and showing.

Reynolds believes most horse owners lack the rural background that would familiarize them with such esoteric techniques as how to throw a horse that must be restrained for shoeing or doctoring. "You just can't tell people a lot of these things. As far as teaching safety, a prime thing, you just can't teach it unless you have a horse on the ground and the person's attempting to tie it. I think this aspect is different from any other school in the country."

One source of backing for classes centered around horse management is the racing industry, which is interested in young people who have studied racetrack management in college. This is the focus of a unique course at the University of Arizona. "It's supported by the Arizona racing industry," Reynolds reports, "because they need people to manage the tracks. We've tried hard to get racing into Nevada, but it never has worked out. Because of (Nevada State Racing Commission Chairman) Harry Frost's encouragement, I went to Arizona and we hope some day to set up a program with them: They'll train the people to go in the offices: we'll train the people to go on the track."

A more immediate goal for Reynolds is to establish an associate degree program in horse management. Students would take all the horse classes, plus business, farm and ranch management and basic veterinary science courses.

Reynolds spends much of his time traveling the state to fulfill his responsibilities as head of the university's livestock extension program. Youngsters in 4-H, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, as well as students at high schools and community colleges with horse programs, have taken advantage of his knowledge in every county in the state.

The horse program at UNR suffers from the complaint of all departments everywhere: not enough money. But the rodeo course has a few problems of its own, notes Reynolds, who is also rodeo coach. "Rodeo courses are very expensive to run, because you have to keep bucking horses and bulls and you have to keep chasing them down. If they quit bucking, you have to get rid of them. You also have to have calves and steers to rope. It's hard to find the stock to run a course like this so most schools don't have it."

UNR now has a show team, as well as a rodeo team, and it's doing well. But the rodeo team is what holds Reynolds' interest. "We're building a good team. Most of them now come up through the ranks of junior and high school rodeos, but probably more than half of the contestants have never been on a saddle horse or seen a cow on the range. A lot of very good bareback riders and bull riders don't even know how to saddle a horse."

Horses are in Reynolds' blood and he sees a big future for horses and horse education in Nevada. — **BJE**

"If you get hitched up right and know how to handle them, it's not so bad."

"If somebody tries to drive a team and don't know how to hitch them up, they go at everything backwards and the horse knows more than they do so they have a terrible time. If you get hitched up right and know how to handle them, it's not so bad."

William "Stoney" Stoner, age 90, knows what it means to do it. He was a team driver in Pennsylvania but left in 1906 because he wanted to see San Francisco after the fire. He hopped freights to get across country, stopping en route to work a team hauling gravel out of Denver, and to pick oranges near Los Angeles. He finally saw San Francisco but moved to Reno to find work. "I never thought Reno would amount to much. There were mountains all around and only four roads out of town."

He broke mustangs and sold them, but mostly ran a team, for the telephone company, post office, and some local laundries. He moved houses on his wagons, broke his own stock, but

Team driver William Stoner (left) with Pennsylvania friend in 1906.

Horses and people: People and horses

gave up the horses in the Twenties.

Most freight haulers in the old days worked alone. Even the first guy with the 20-mule hitch. At the Borax works in Death Valley there used to be two teams working. One was an eight-mule team; the other a 12. "One guy got sick and it was pretty hard to get somebody to work down below sea level in all that heat," says Stoney, who had prospected in that territory, "so the guy with the 12 hooked to the eight. The bosses were skeptical because he had three wagons and a feed wagon and those 20 mules. That's strung out pretty long. Fortunately there wasn't no corners 'cos it wasn't exactly like a town back then and you didn't pass anything particular."

Freight teams last century could travel about 15 or 20 miles a day, depending on the grade. Most hauled between railroad depots and mining camps and when they would stop to rest, most of the animals would lay down in their harnesses. "But when on the move," Stoney offered, "some team horses got to raisin' the devil and if one wouldn't pull, maybe got lazy, the freight driver would have to stop because there was only one line on the whole bunch. You would have to get off and go down and whip the culprit then come back and get back in the saddle on the horse next to the wagon." They often used unbroken horses on teams, " but they'd be hitched up, tied to the stretchers, and after one trip they'd be smart as a whip.

"I didn't drive a freight, although I drove a team for most of my life. When I was just a yap I drove four or six horses hauling loads around Pennsylvania. I dug basements with horses in Reno, using a scraper and a plough, but machines came in and ran me out of business."

HINDERLITER'S TIPS FOR NEW OWNERS.

1. If you are buying your first horse, buy an older, trained horse, about five, six or seven years old. Even though you will have to pay more for it than you would a green horse, in the end it will more than pay you back.

2. Don't buy a stallion unless it's a great stallion that's going to be used for breeding. A gelding is probably more even-tempered, a mare a little more temperamental, but certainly better than a stallion.

3. Don't breed a nondescript horse. They all have to be fed and there are already too many nondescript horses in the world. It's expensive to raise a foal. Remember that you will have three years of vet bills before you can ride it, and then a year or more of training your horse and yourself, too, if you are not an experienced rider.

4. If you buy a horse and find yourself getting in trouble, get a trainer right away before the horse gets completely out of control. Four or five lessons may be enough to get it back in line again. With a green rider even a supremely trained horse can get into bad habits. Have a trainer sharpen your horse up occasionally.

5. Take lessons on your horse, it's a good investment. If the horse starts acting up, the rider can get scared of it, and it will no longer be any fun. A horse is a dangerous animal, 1200 pounds or more, and you have to know how it thinks.

6. Spend a lot of time with your horse. Get to know it, observe it, see how it goes. Brush your horse every day. Shampoo it if you want to show it. In the summer when it is hot and sweaty, hose it down.

7. Cool your horse down after having it work. Don't put it back in a stall when it is overheated and don't give it anything to eat or drink if it's really hot because it will make it sick and could do permanent damage.

8. Don't overfeed your horse, don't starve it. If it wobbles when it walks, you are feeding it too much; if you start seeing ribs you are not feeding it enough. Ask advice from a vet; he knows what your horse needs.

9. Shoe your horse if you are going to ride a lot, or if you ride on hard or rocky ground. Make sure it is reshod every six to eight weeks.

10. Provide shade, especially for light colored horses. Horses can get sunburned just like people.

11. Don't get over-ambitious in the desert in the summertime with a trail ride. If there is no shade and no water out there, your horse may get overheated and collapse. The extreme heat in the southern desert is hard on people and animals, and if your horse decides it's had it, then what about you?

12. Make sure your horse has as much water as it wants. A horse drinks about 12 gallons of water a day and can get dehydrated if it doesn't get enough.

13. Never hit a horse on the head; it could blind it. Discipline is necessary but is useful only if you do it at exactly the moment it is making the mistake, otherwise it won't understand the reprimand. Use the whip only as a reinforcement for your leg, on the rear end or the shoulder. Don't ever use the whip on a horse's legs because it could cripple them.

14. Be patient when training your horse. Keep in mind that if your horse is disobeying, more times than not it's because it doesn't understand what you want. If you find yourself getting mad, put it away and come back and try another day. If you lose your temper and beat the horse one day, for six months you will be trying to undo what you did in that fit of temper.

15. If you are going to buy a horse, check into how much the whole project is going to cost before you buy. The initial investment is just a fraction of what you are going to spend on that horse in the future. Hay costs $80 a ton or more; shoeing costs $18 a time; space and shelter is necessary. It's an enormous responsibility because that horse is totally dependent on you to take care of all its needs. Think about it.

"I didn't want to sit around and work all my life, and right now rodeo's an easy way to make money."

Joe Marvel is one of the toughest bronc riders going down the road. He is even as tough as his older brother Mike, and perhaps tougher than his younger brother Pete, all of whom have won more than their share of professional bronc riding money.

The Marvels were all born with horse savvy, an inborn knowledge of horses, a natural feeling that helps them understand and break green horses, train great cutters, and ride the meanest broncs. Together the family owns about 100 head of quarterhorses and thoroughbreds and ten times that many cows.

"We can sell more quarterhorses," Joe says, "but thoroughbreds are better for working on the range. They have more stamina, they are smoother to ride, and they are tough." The Marvels sell about 20 quarterhorses a year, mostly for roping or cutting. Besides his 40 cows, Joe owns 12 horses that he trains for working and riding, but not for cutting, "because that takes more dedication than I have right now."

He rodeos half the time, works on the ranch the other, and likes to use his own horses on the range so that he can teach them how to work. He started to rodeo because he wanted to get away from home. "I was about 16 and I didn't want to sit around and work all my life. I like hunting and fishing and I wanted to see the world. Rodeo has helped me do it."

Even though he likes the ranch, he likes to rodeo better. He says it's easy to do, an easy way to make money, and claims a lot of people have skill but not everybody has luck in rodeo. And he considers himself lucky.

Joe Marvel won the bronc riding at the Calgary Stampede in 1976 and took away $3,000 in winnings. Two years before he won the average at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City, his first year on the professional rodeo circuit. He stands about 5'7"

"Being a little guy is an advantage because a little guy can learn faster and it comes easier. A big guy is usually less coordinated. And then again a horse bucks better with a little guy because he's not as heavy. There are all kinds of advantages."

The luck of rodeo is in the draw, and Joe says it's like playing cards. It's also hard to give up the sport. "I thought I could quit easy, but it's so free and easy when you are winning. All you do is just show up and ride and get the money and pull out and get to winning somewhere else." A positive attitude helps, and Joe Marvel does not lack self-confidence. At 22, Joe Marvel feels rodeo has broadened him. "If I'd been staying at the ranch, all I'd want now is maybe to go to Reno once a year. I'd think that was a vacation. Life's too short for that."

He also believes that Nevada range cowboys have an advantage. "Brush cowboys have spent their lives with horses out on the range and they know mean horses. Over 70 percent are city cowboys in rodeo nowadays and very few of the rest come from ranch backgrounds, other than in Nevada. This state has some great rodeo cowboys Billy Wines from Elko, Dan Philippini and Mike and Pete Marvel from Battle Mountain, the Thurmans from Fallon, the Duncans from Lovelock, Ned Londo from Las Vegas, the Tiptons from Winnemucca. Jack Basset retired but he was a good bull rider from Reno. And there are plenty more."

A winning attitude is part of rodeo, and Joe Marvel has that. Some day soon he is going to learn to fly so he can jump in his plane and fly to rodeos. After that he has visions of becoming a baseball player like Catfish Hunter or some kind of Jeremiah Johnson living off the land in the mountains. "But I'd have to come home," he says, "because I'd get to missing my horses." □

Joe Marvel, one of Battle Mountain's many great bronc riders, shows his perfect form. (Gustafson photo)

Joe Dahl, horse trader

Always hoping to find somebody who likes horses better than he does.

Soft-spoken, handsome, a flashy kind of dude, Joe Dahl buys and sells horses.

"The fewer horses I keep on hand the better because of the cost of feed," he says. "People ask for specific horses sometimes, and I'll take horses on consignment if I think I have a place to sell them, but I don't usually pay for a horse until I have a buyer."

The third of an Elko ranch family of seven children, Joe Dahl has been trading horses off and on since he was in high school. He is now 33. He prefers to trade rather than ranch because the cattle business is not very attractive right now.

"I like good horses. I like to work with them and be around them," he admits. "I like to get horses to where they have some ability and potential and I like to spend time on them and improve them and sell them for more money than I paid for them."

Dahl favors thoroughbreds, and has a good market for them in California. He has a couple of his own horses on the way to the track. "They are country style thoroughbreds," he laughs, "who will race at cheap, bush races. But if they do any good they will go to bigger and better tracks." Sometimes he'll train a horse and show it and sometimes he'll start a polo pony because a lot of money can be paid for the right horse.

The price he pays varies: "I pay whatever they are worth to whoever is selling them. I'll pay $1,000 for a horse if I think I can spend some time on him and sell him for $1,500; or I'll pay $100 for a horse that I think I can sell down the road as a kid's horse for $150 on the following day."

If Dahl expects a larger margin of profit, then he says he can afford to put some feed and time into a horse. In winter he shops for horses in the Want-Ad section of the newspapers. People start running out of feed and hay is expensive so some good horses can be bought cheaply. But he doesn't always benefit.

"I buy a lot of horses that I lose money on. I have been fooled but I don't complain and never go back to the people I dealt with. I bought them so it's my fault. On the other hand I expect people to take normal precautions when they buy a horse from me and not come back complaining, although I never misrepresent a horse. Sometimes I find myself ruining sales by telling people too much, but it pays me back in the long run. You bet. Reputation in this business is very important."

Most of the horses that Joe Dahl sells go to other traders who then sell them to the permanent owners. Occasionally, he buys horses through the Fallon stockyards because he has found some pretty good horses on the way to the meat factory. "There may be something wrong with them — they could be an outlaw, hard to get along with, or something else is wrong, but often there are some good, salvageable horses which could make somebody a good pleasure horse with a bit of work."

Married, father of four daughters, Joe Dahl spends much of his life on the road, searching, buying and selling. "The right kind of horses are hard to find," he says. "I sell about 30 or 40 a year, and that's not very much volume so that's why I have to find the right kind of horse. I hope to sell the same number that I buy each year, but it doesn't always work out. Some traders like cheater horses, snides, and they really get a kick out of selling them to somebody who thinks the horse looks good but really isn't. There aren't very many of those traders around for obvious reasons because they just can't last."

Trading horses for profit is Joe Dahl's business; training thoroughbreds so that they are made to mind is his satisfaction. "When a horse gets to the point where he starts liking you and he is doing things for you because he wants to please you, then it's fun," Dahl admits. "Boy, that really makes your day."

Spoiled horses are hard to retrain, so Dahl prefers handling green horses with some potential. "If you know the horse, and have started him, it's good to be able to say, 'this horse was raised out of certain stock, and I've spent so much time on him, and here's what he can do and I think he'll suit you.' Somebody buys him and they're happy. And the next time they are in need of some horses, they will think about you."

Joe Dahl can trade dead broke with people he knows. He gets horses on consignment when he thinks he has a buyer, makes the trade, and pays the original owner back. He shoes his own horses, trims their feet but he'd like to be rich enough to hire that work done.

"Trading is a lot of fun. It's a challenge. You are your own boss and you can come and go and do whatever you want. My phone bill may be higher than I'd like but it beats driving down the road. I do a lot of business in California with Nevada horses, and I'm getting these polo ponies ready to take right now, but maybe I'll get short of money in between. If I do I'll just leave these ponies for a few days and poke around and try to make a few trades. Maybe I'll find a horse that somebody doesn't want that somebody else does." □

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Cowpokes of Yesteryear

By Patricia Stewart
(Jack Williams Photos)

"Where are the cowpokes of yester-year?"

In the days since my childhood (now this is not as long ago as you probably think, since it is still in living memory) the real Western Cowboy has vanished from this earth. He was an endangered species and we loved him to death. Probably. We didn't even know he was endangered.

Maybe the movies did him in, or the re-runs on television. This ideal man was bigger than life, rugged as Atlas, capable of hugging his horse but never, never kissing the girl he adored. Of course, television changed all that. And then maybe the girl had a hand in it. Once this adorable critter figured out that the great he-man was nothing but a softie she went right ahead like any bossy female and "civilized" him out of existence.

The "real" Western Cowboys I remember worked on my grandfather's cattle ranch in Oregon. There was none, as I recall, as handsome as Gary Cooper and none could sing like Gene Autry or Roy Rogers. The only musician we had was the cook, a wiry little man who used to get his nose a little overly wet on Saturday nights, haul out his fiddle and whittle away at tunes remembered from his youth.

Grandpa hired his help not on the basis of looks or singing ability but whether they could ride, rope and brand. They lived in a structure, off-limits to my cousins and me, known as the bunkhouse. There was a washhouse outside the ranchhouse kitchen where these gentlemen were required to remove at least the top layer of soil before entering the house. They always smelled soapy and their hair was wet and sort of slicked back with a comb when they presented themselves for meals.

As a small child, with a proportionately small stomach, I was deeply impressed by the quantities of food the cowboys consumed before they began rolling their after-dinner smokes. Cook made all kinds of hearty fare, but his meals always included beans. "They stick by a man's ribs," he said.

The cousins and I were permitted to perch on a split rail fence and watch the cowboys brand the bawling white-faces. To this day the experience has remained a horror — the smell of singed flesh, the piteous cries of the animals. The boy cousins would never admit that branding turned their stomachs. Of course, nothing bothered them, not even getting their rears blistered by Grandpa for practising bulldogging on the baby calves.

These days ranches have become so large, complex and mechanized that they are practically run by computers. For all I know it may be the machinery that wears the Stetson and the neckerchief. My grizzled Grandpa would

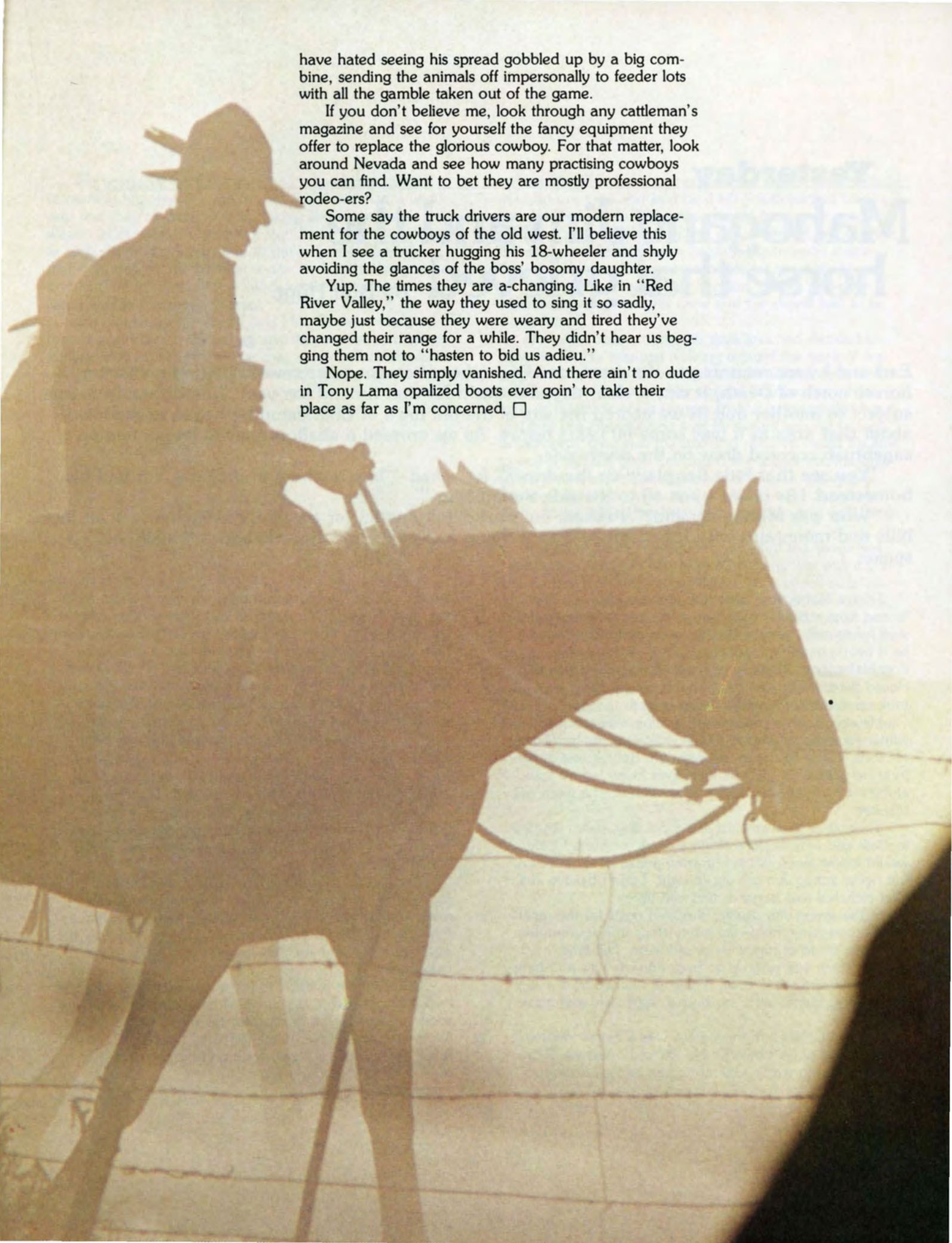
have hated seeing his spread gobbled up by a big combine, sending the animals off impersonally to feeder lots with all the gamble taken out of the game.

If you don't believe me, look through any cattleman's magazine and see for yourself the fancy equipment they offer to replace the glorious cowboy. For that matter, look around Nevada and see how many practising cowboys you can find. Want to bet they are mostly professional rodeo-ers?

Some say the truck drivers are our modern replacement for the cowboys of the old west. I'll believe this when I see a trucker hugging his 18-wheeler and shyly avoiding the glances of the boss' bosomy daughter.

Yup. The times they are a-changing. Like in "Red River Valley," the way they used to sing it so sadly, maybe just because they were weary and tired they've changed their range for a while. They didn't hear us begging them not to "hasten to bid us adieu."

Nope. They simply vanished. And there ain't no dude in Tony Lama opalized boots ever goin' to take their place as far as I'm concerned. □



Yesterday

Mahogany Jim and the horse that grieved

By Bud Hage

Earl and I were returning to the ranch one December afternoon after several days of gathering horses north of Deeth. It was a clear day and warm for that time of the year. Talk drifted from one subject to another and as we neared the site of the old town of Charleston he began to reminisce about that area as it was some 60 years before. As we crossed a shallow canyon he pointed up a sagebrush covered draw on the north side.

"You see that little flat place up the draw?" he asked. "That's where Mahogany Jim had his homestead. His grave's just off to the side there a way."

"Who was Mahogany Jim?" I asked, but Earl didn't answer for a while, continuing to scan the hills and mountains with his sharp eyes as if trying to recall some dim memories. Finally he spoke:

I'd see Mahogany Jim every now and then on my way to and from school in Charleston. He rode a little black stud horse called Coaly. Before he came to Charleston he'd been chopping mahogany wood for the soldiers at Fort Halleck and that's how he got his name. When they closed the fort Jim was out of a job. So he came here, took up that little homestead and stayed.

He and Coaly would go off into the mountains in the winter for a week or so at a time, following his trap line. He took a little flour and salt with him but the rest of his food he got with a rifle. All folks ever knew him to take along for bedding was three coyote skins and a worn out blanket.

That black stud was just like a pet dog. If Jim wanted to walk and look at traps along a creek, or hunt, Coaly would follow along behind, grazing a little now and then, but never letting Jim get out of sight. I don't believe Jim ever picketed that horse or tied him up.

In the spring Jim usually chopped posts for the ranchers. Summertime, he'd stay pretty close to home putting up a little patch of hay with an old team. Fall time, he'd take his team and wagon, go back into the hills and haul out firewood to sell in town. Folks all seemed to like Jim, but his best friends were his horses, especially that black stud.

Around Charleston those days was a Texas trail hand by the name of Southworth. He worked on some of the ranches. Wasn't worth a damn unless he was horseback and he wasn't the best hand then. He was a good drinking man, though. One night he and several other fellows left Pritchard's saloon and headed up Dolly Creek toward their camp. On the way, they had to pass a little place owned by Widow Graham and about half a mile above the widow's place they jumped a big three-year-old steer that had been sleeping near the trail. Maybe this steer spooked Southworth's horse when it jumped up, but, anyway, Southworth pulled his rifle and shot the steer.

The next morning, after sobering up some, they remembered enough about the night before to ride back down to see whose steer they had killed. The brand showed the critter belonged to Mrs. Graham and not wanting to rob a widow they butchered the steer. They hoped maybe they could square it in some way so she wouldn't go to the law.

They didn't have a wagon to haul the meat but Mahogany Jim had one and he lived less than a mile away. One of them rode over to Jim's and asked him to haul the meat to Mrs. Graham. No one told him how the steer got killed and Jim was happy to do it just to be neighborly.

Mrs. Graham listened to the story, looked at the meat in Jim's wagon, and told them to hang it in the cellar. As soon as they left she headed for town and swore out a warrant on the whole bunch for cattle rustling. The sheriff quickly rounded up Southworth and his partners, then rode over to Mahogany Jim's.

Jim protested his innocence and cussed Southworth for getting him into the scrape, but the sheriff had a warrant and they all went to town taking Jim's team and wagon as evidence. That black stud horse followed along as well. They tied Jim's team to the rail, threw the rifle that was used to kill the steer in the back of the wagon, and held all the men in the saloon while Mrs. Graham decided whether to press charges.

Jim convinced the sheriff and Mrs. Graham that he hadn't taken part in the killing and they turned him loose. He was told to stay in town as they would need his team and wagon for evidence if Southworth tried to plead innocent. Jim said he'd stay around, all right. He was pretty mad by this time and said he'd kill Southworth if he could get ahold of a gun. The townspeople had never seen Jim act like this, but as long as Jim was unarmed and outside the saloon while they were holding Southworth inside, they didn't figure there was a whole lot to worry about.

Mrs. Graham reluctantly decided to take payment from Southworth and his crew and the sheriff had to release them.

Jim had cooled off by this time and had decided to leave town. He was just walking around the back of his wagon as Southworth stepped out the saloon door and called to him. Just then Jim noticed Southworth's rifle lying in the back of his wagon. In one quick motion he grabbed the rifle, cocking it as he swung around to face Southworth, who saw the rifle and reached inside his shirt to pull a hideout gun. Jim pulled the trigger but the only sound was the click of a hammer falling on the empty cartridge that had been used to kill the steer. Southworth fired. Jim stumbled backwards a few steps and collapsed in the street.

Southworth was quickly arrested, but the street was full of witnesses who had seen Mahogany Jim pull a gun first. Southworth was released on a plea of self defense.

Jim's friends put his body in the back of the wagon and drove to the homestead. Coaly followed just as he had been doing for years, and watched as Mahogany Jim was buried on a little rye grass knoll.

The odd thing about the whole affair was that Coaly refused to leave the grave and wouldn't eat or drink. There was plenty of grass and folks tried to lead him to the creek, but he would go right back and stand over the grave. About a week after the burial we found Coaly there, dead. He had followed Jim all the way. □

People

Life was never easy for the lady with the cattleman's eye

"Most people seem to live out their lives without ever being sure they've found the thing that suits them best. I've never had any doubts about this being the life for me."

By Anna Robertson

On a cold blowing morning in March grey-haired Georgie Sicking, thumbs of work-toughened hands hooked in the front pockets of her denims, stood with her back to the wind and thought about her 54 years of living: "I grew up in the cowcamps; broke my first horse when I was nine years old, and was ropin' and draggin' calves to the branding fire that same year."

The hills around Fallon were still blue in morning light and the sailing cotton puffs of clouds still tinged with the pink of sunrise. Georgie was relaxed and at home on range she had overseen the past five winters for the Flying A (formerly Allran) ranch in Fallon. With a cattleman's eye she looked sadly at the leanness of the mother cows. Another year had gone by while Bureau of Land Management personnel jockeyed for funds and permission to gather the mustangs that never give the Basin range a

Robertson Photo

rest. She silently measured the stubble of sand and cheat grass, the sagebrush and the abundant prickly tumbleweed of a very dry year.

Briefly she spoke of the old days when she gathered wild horses for cash to buy groceries, but the strong leathered profile soon lighted and softened with a smile. "This is the best job I ever had. One year I took the money I made here and flew to Canada, and for 10 days I was a fairy princess."

Born Georgia Connell in Arizona, the second daughter of a father who wanted a son, she proved a willing student when he decided to teach her skills usually reserved for boys. "When Ada was nine and I was five," Georgie recalls, "my sister's thoughts were already on getting married, raising a family and keeping house. I told her I wanted to be a good enough hand to get a job on a cowboy outfit — and I had dreams of eventually owning a ranch of my own."

Ada believed those were dreams for boys alone but Georgia, at 16, began her career as a cowhand and her buckarooing has never stopped. From the beginning there was opposition and much speculation about her wanting to work as a cowboy. Most of the women were convinced she was wild, carrying on in shameless fashion with the men.

"Common sense should have told them there wasn't any messing around," says Georgie. "If there had been, the men would have been fighting over me and the boss would have run me off."

During the first difficult years, the young girl became friends with the L. H. Carsons who owned a ranch at Knight Creek north of Kingman, Arizona. She always knew that whenever she needed a place to stay or enough work to earn her way until her next job, she was welcome at the Carson Ranch. "Even after I married, and years later when Frank and I bought this Fallon place, we were able to stretch our credit to the limit. I knew that if we came on bad luck or if one of us got sick and we needed help that all I had to do was ask."

Despite her indications that fraternizing with the other cowboys was taboo, at 19 Georgie was wooed and wed by Frank Sicking, a fellow cowboy riding rough-string on the ranch where both worked. Of course Georgie had no intention of being relegated off the range because of marriage and they always looked for ranches in need of two cowhands. At 22, Georgie was proud to be on the cowboy payroll of the Green Cattle Company of Seligman, Arizona. While Frank was laid up in town with a broken leg, Georgie rode colts, packed salt to the range on mules, shod horses and did whatever job a cowhand was asked to do.

"I wasn't fired from there; I quit. I broke a colt and the boss cut him on me — took him out of my string for himself. That's reason for a cowboy to quit." Georgie had enough pride to demand the same considerations as the male hands, and to deliver the same kind of job.

The Sickings worked cattle ranches in Arizona and California. Their first son, Joe, was born when Georgie was 23; daughter Susie five years later. "By the time Susie was six months old, I was taking her in the saddle with me."

The family moved to Lida, Nevada and the JV Ranch 25 years ago, and both Georgie and Frank were employed as ranch hands. Their paychecks were often late so Georgie solved their cash shortage problems by mustanging. "When our checks didn't come, a friend of ours and I would go catch a truck-load of mustangs. His wife and my husband preferred to look after the kids while we gathered horses and hauled them to town to sell for grocery money."

In the mid-fifties they moved to the Lahontan Valley and started farming. They leased a place for two years before buying a 160-acre farm 10 miles south of Fallon. Primarily devoted to raising alfalfa, there were about 20 acres of pasture where Georgie fed about 200 cows during the winter months and grazed them on federal range during the rest of the year.

Eddie was born in 1957 when Susie was five and Joe 10. Husband Frank became a brand inspector, later advancing to head his district. In later years it was Frank who took over the shopping and cooking as Georgie was happier using whatever time their own farm and cattle didn't take, working the livestock sales yard, doing occasional day work on ranches and taking care of cattle for the Flying A.

Two years ago Frank Sicking was killed when a flying plug from a wood-splitting machine hit him in the jaw. Before the blood flow from a severed jugular vein could be stopped, he was dead.

"I had run that farm for years," says Georgie sadly, "but now it's running me. Every time I look out my kitchen window I can see the spot where Frank was killed. I have got to get away."

At the Knight Creek ranch in Arizona, the Carsons have grown old without offspring or kin to lend a hand. Their cattle have multiplied but most haven't been gathered in five years. The ranges are rimrock, brush and cactus; overgrazed to the point where cattle are eating cactus. The ranch is so remote it has neither electricity nor telephone. While all of the cattle are under fence, the land is considered some of the roughest cow country in the west, where cows and bulls scurry like quail when confronted with horse and rider.

A year ago, Georgie and another Nevada cowgirl gathered 120 head in three weeks. With the help of one man in the branding pen they put the iron to wild three-year-old bulls and cows, and Georgie collapsed with exhaustion as the cattle reached the railhead for shipping.

Georgie returned to check on the Carsons in January and she found they had run out of cut firewood and were placing the ends of uncut lengths in the wood stove; when the ends burned off they shoved them further in. Unable to persuade them to sell out and move to Nevada or into town, Georgie left son Eddie behind to look after things until she could sell her cows in the Lahontan Valley, lease her farmlands to son Joe, rent her house and inform Jackson she would not be around next season.

"Life was never easy," Georgie reflected before leaving Fallon. "I faced opposition all the way but I've lived the life I wanted and that's more than most folks can say. I love this valley but I don't believe we were meant to live in the past and that's what I've been doing for two years."

Looking south towards the Carson place, she said, "This is going to be a job for Eddie and me, and there's a lot of things he can learn down there. He's a rodeo bull rider; he's got the big hat and the cowboy boots. Now we'll find out if he's cowboy enough to fill 'em.

"Besides, my old friends in Arizona are watching every day, hoping to see me coming down the road." □

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre for the Performing Arts
Peter Frampton, July 12
Joan Baez, July 16
Leon and Mary Russell, Sept. 7
Yes and Donovan, Sept. 27

Caesars Palace
734-7431
Andy Williams and The Lennon Sisters, July 7-20
Buddy Hackett, July 21-Aug. 3
Flip Wilson, Aug. 4-17
Paul Anka, Aug. 18-24
Frank Sinatra, Aug. 25-Sept. 7 and Sept. 22-28

Circus Circus
734-0410
From 'Round the World, Circus Acts—free of charge, 11 a.m. to midnight
Gilded Cage
Perfecto Motion

Desert Inn
735-7478
Gold Cup Lounge
Sonny King and Laura DelValle, indefinite

Dunes
734-4741
Casino de Paris '77

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Continuous entertainment

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Fremont
385-3232
Continuous entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Juliet Prowse and Foster Brooks, June 9-July 6
Robert Goulet, July 7-27
Roy Clark, July 28-Aug. 10
Bobby Gentry, Aug. 11-Sept. 7

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Gold Strike Lounge
Jerry Van Dyke and Love Machine, July 5-10
Jerry Van Dyke and Command Performance, July 12-24
Roger Miller and Command Performance, July 26-Aug. 7
Sidro's Armada, Aug. 9-28
Kenny Rogers and Kathryn Chase, Aug. 30-Sept. 18
B.J. Thomas, Sept. 20-Oct. 2

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
733-1110
Fevers Up

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Bill Cosby, July 5-25
John Davidson, July 26-Aug. 10
Hiroshi Itsuki, Aug. 11-12
Ann-Margret, Aug. 13-Sept. 5
Helen Reddy, Sept. 6-15
John Davidson, Sept. 16-22
Bill Cosby, Sept. 23-29

Marina
739-1906
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim Hotel
731-4300
Kingston Trio, July 1-14
The Platters, July 15-24
The Diamonds, July 26-Aug. 14
Winchester Cathedral, Aug. 16-18
Mike Curb Congregation, Aug. 30-Sept. 11

MGM Grand
739-4567
Carpenters, June 30-July 13
Gordon Lightfoot, July 14-20
Helen Reddy, July 21-Aug. 3
Mac Davis, Aug. 4-24
Dean Martin, Aug. 25-31
Shecky Green, Sept. 15-28

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Continuous entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
Bob Newhart and Lola Falana, June 20-July 10
Glen Campbell and Lonnie Shorr, July 11-Aug. 3
Bob Newhart and Bernadette Peters, Aug. 4-10
Debbie Reynolds and Jim Stafford, Aug. 11-24

Sahara
735-4242
Totie Fields, June 23-July 6
Don Rickles and Mary Welch, July 7-13
Tony Bennett and Joey Heatherton, July 14-17
Charo, July 28-Aug. 10
Don Rickles, Aug. 11-17
Jerry Lewis and Abby Lane, Aug. 18-31
Tony Bennett and Count Basie, Sept. 1-14
Eddy Arnold, Sept. 15-28

Royal Inn
734-0711
Wholly Smoke, June 23-July 20 and Sept. 15-Oct. 4

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sands
735-2916
Ginger Rogers, July 20-Aug. 2
Wayne Newton and Dave Barry, Aug. 3-Sept. 20

Showboat
385-9123
Continuous entertainment

Silver Bird
735-4111
Casino Lounge — Vincent, Johnny Jay, Denny Fowler, indefinite

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Gaiety Theater — Boy-Lesque

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris

Tropicana
739-2411
Tiffany Theatre — Folies Bergere '77
Blue Room — Rodney Dangerfield, July 1-Sept. 5

Union Plaza
386-7111
Broadway Entertainment — "Hanky Panky"

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511
The Barry Ashton Review

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Lawrence Welk, June 24-July 14
Jim Nabors & Chita Rivera, July 15-21
Sammy Davis, Jr., July 27-Aug. 1
The Carpenters, Aug. 2-15
Steve & Edye, Aug. 16-25
Glen Campbell, Sept. 5-22
John Davidson & Kelly Monteith, Sept. 23-Oct. 6

Harvey's
588-2411
Sal Carson Band, July 3
Monte Blue, July 4-24
Dick & Libby Halleman Trio, Sept. 1-15

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111

North Shore Club
831-3100
New Folk Trio, June 7-10
Tony Austin & Company, June 22-Oct. 3
Homestead Act, Aug. 2-8
OK/LA, July 1-10
New Deal Rhythm Band and the Classic Addition with Bobby Freeman, July 12-Aug. 1
Nooney Rickett and Co., Aug. 2-21
New Rhythm Band, Aug. 23-Sept. 11

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
Johnny Cash, June 30-July 6
Danny Thomas & Charo, July 7-13
Lou Rawls, July 14-20
Rich Little, July 21-Aug. 3
Engelbert Humperdinck, Aug. 4-17
Diana Ross, Aug. 18-31
Rich Little, Sept. 1-6
Ann-Margret and Fred Travalena, Sept. 9-22

RENO-SPARKS, CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Continuous entertainment

Chuck's Golden Spike, Carson City
882-7777
Continuous entertainment

Eldorado, Reno
786-5700
Billy Armstrong, May 28-July 17
Frankie Carr & Novelites, July 19-Aug. 7
Reycards, Aug. 9-28
Dick Dale with Jeannie, Aug. 30-Sept. 18
The Diamonds, Sept. 20-Oct. 9
Coronado Ballroom
Fifties concerts: The Diamonds, The Drifters, Freddie Command, Rosie & the Originals, July 18-23
Little Anthony, Bobbie Vee, Flamingos, Dwayne Eddy, Mary Wells, Aug. 23-28
Chuck Berry, Sept. 16-18

Harolds Club, Reno
329-0881
Poncie Ponce & Rosewood Junction, June 21-July 17
Helen Forrest & Cork Proctor, July 19-Aug. 14
Pete Barbutti, Sept. 14

Harrah's Reno
329-4422
Lynn Anderson, June 30-July 13
Totie Fields, July 14-20
Jim Stafford, July 21-Aug. 3
Tony Bennett, Aug. 4-Sept. 17
Roger Miller, Sept. 18-25

Holiday Hotel, Reno
329-0411
Continuous entertainment

Holiday Inn Downtown, Reno
786-5151
So Inclined, July 4-Aug. 6
Pacific Coast, Aug. 8-27
Star, Aug. 29-Sept. 17

Mapes, Reno
323-1611
Jack Ross Show, May 9-June 4
Martha's Children Show, June 7-July 9
Sherman and Lee, July 12-Aug. 7

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks
358-2233
Ginger Rogers & Fred Travalena with Emmett Kelly, June 29-July 13
Red Skelton, July 14-27
Debbie Reynolds, Sept. 1-14

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890
Continuous entertainment

Jessie Beck's Riverside, Reno
786-4400
Clyde Amsler Show, July 1-31
Homestead Act, July 11-21
Kenny Vernon Show, Aug. 1-31
The Links, Aug. 1-31
Clyde Amsler Show, Aug. 22-Sept.11
The Nelson's, Sept. 12-Oct. 2
Ernie Menehune Show, Sept. 11-Oct. 2

Ponderosa, Reno
786-6820
Continuous entertainment

RURAL NEVADA

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 Casino, Wendover
668-2221

Star Broiler, Winnemucca
623-2892

Winner's Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

Dates and performers subject to change.

Almost broke horses

A five-day sound agreement. By Buck Erwin

I had a little old hangout on the Truckee River bent towards Nixon and Lake Pyramid. There was a stack of barrel hoops where the Pioneers threw their water barrels away after having crossed the Forty Mile Desert and didn't need to carry water to climb the mountain to California.

I held a horse sale every Sunday and the response was great. Dewey Northrup would tie his little old mare in the stone corrals at the head of Palomino Valley and she would holler all night and next morning it would be full of mustang colts which Dewey and his wife would walk down to their own corrals. His family of girls would be hiding in places on the mountain to head them into the corrals and the job was a perfect setup.

Harrison Fraser, a former bronk stomper for the C Punch outfit would give them a five-day course and deliver them to me at Wadsworth, broke horses. Harrison was a magician at arriving on a sound agreement in five days. Harrison was a cured alcoholic. His old Buick stood just outside Wadsworth where everything a cowboy needs caught fire and burned and the time it took to get together another outfit cured him of ever wanting another drink in any saloon.

This Sunday I had all my broke horses tied to the line fence and my ad was in the paper when one of my Indian friends came over and wanted to borrow a horse to ride in the Rodeo Parade at Reno and next day at Carson City. He had a full feathered outfit and I thought it might be a good thing for him to be rode a couple of days with one of those outfits.

He brought his saddle and bridle over and away he went. In five minutes all of my broke horses had Indians on them and were gone. Those men savvied horses for sure.

Then here came little old Chief Frank Johns. He said, "Buck, I need a horse to ride in Reno and Carson City. My trouble is I ain't no Bronk Stomper but I am Chief of the Piutes and I gotta lead the parade." I said, "Frank, you have sure got me in a bind. The only horse I got left is a snaffle bit colt that is only started and I ain't sure about him. But if you keep a tight rein on him and don't never let him get his head down and have a couple of your boys to get you on top of him, you probably won't have any trouble. But don't you get careless with him and come back and telling me that I loaded you onto an Outlaw and got you bucked off." Frank said, "Buck, I trust you more than any white man I ever saw, if you say I can ride him, I can ride him. You are the only man who ever mounted my tribesmen for the whites' parade."

"Well, Frank," I said, "I hope you realize what a favor I am doing you. I have given the Piute Tribe every horse I own and now the only thing I got left to ride in is my old Apperson Jack Rabbit Car and it ain't so hot that I go around bragging about it." But that is why the Piutes made the Parade.

Those Piutes were the best neighbors I ever had. □

Buck Erwin, horse trader, in 1949.

The Piutes borrowed Erwin's horses for the Reno parade.

Tough Cowboys

Life. Brush cowboys had it tough, but rodeo cowboys had it worse.

Brush rodeo cowboys are said to be the best in the world. Some say they have to be toughest in Nevada, dry as it is.

Bull dogging is pretty tough. The point is to jump off a horse while it's running 30 miles an hour and knock down a steer. (Bardwell photo)

Lovelock roper Debbie Duncan, (top) waiting for the clock to start when her calf is freed. (Dufurrena photo)

All Around Champion Cowboy of 1975, Leo Camarillo (heeler) and partner/cousin Reg Camarillo practice team roping on a calf. In competition for this event they would be using a steer. (Hadley photo)

Bronc riding (top) is timing, talent, and the luck of the draw. The horses are fast. And most of them are rank. (Bardwell photo)

An event run against the clock (as with bull dogging and team roping), calf ropers need all the help they can get to rope a calf in less than 10 seconds — at the very least speed, coordination, and roping talent. (Hadley photo)

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A man apart The Nevada Vaquero. By Bud Hage

In the average gathering of horsemen today, the old time Nevada vaquero would be an object of curiosity. His saddle would be odd, his bridle too complicated, the sixty-foot rawhide reata hanging on the right side of his saddle fork considered nothing but a wall hanger, a conversation piece to most.

That Nevada vaquero though, was a man apart, even in his own day. He was different from his cowboy counterpart of the mountain and plain states. His equipment was different, his dress was different, even his language was different. Much of his style was influenced by the Spanish and Mexican heritage of the Great Basin area, but the land itself, Nevada, molded many of his characteristics and methods.

His hat, as often as not, had a low "telescope" crown. In a rainy area the telescope crown would probably leak, but in Nevada it was comfortable. He seldom wore chaps. Except for the cold winter months, he almost always wore a light horsehide or buckskin leg covering that came just below his knees, called "chinks." They were usually fringed around the edges and the lighter ones tied instead of fastening with a buckle. In the heavy brush country of the southwest or timber country of the mountain states, the full length chap was needed. Nevada was dominated by low sagebrush and very little timber, allowing the Nevada vaquero to travel lighter over the greater distances he generally rode in this arid land.

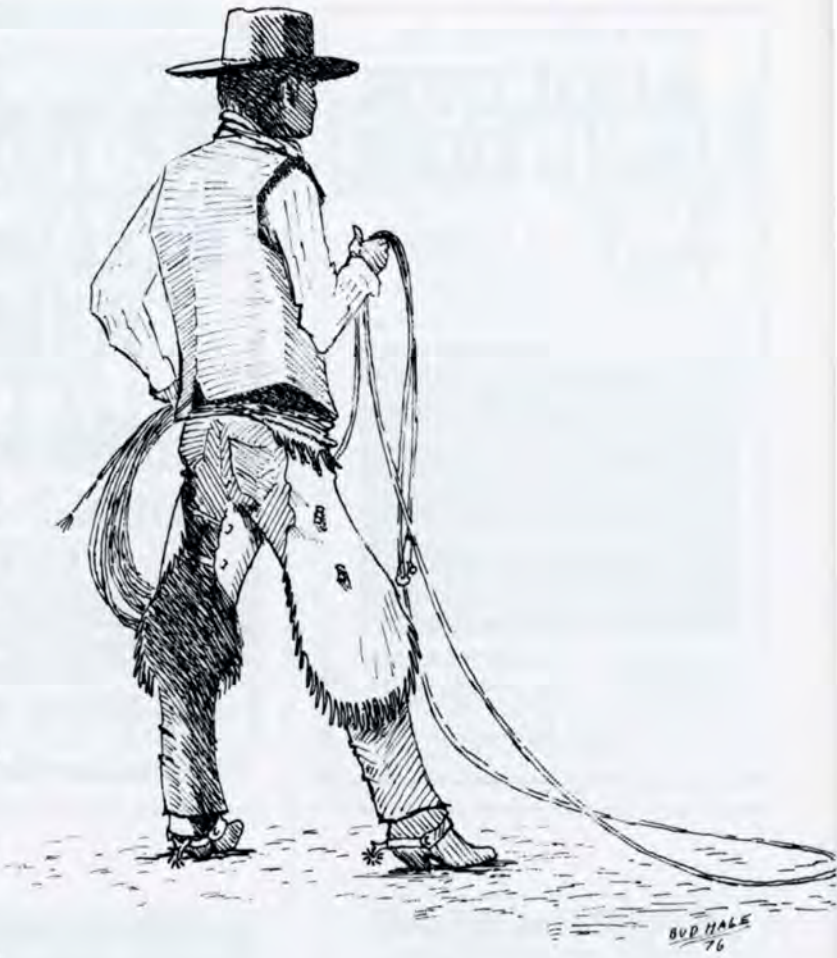
His spurs were much different, too. The rowel was generally bigger and sharper, and the shank turned down, sometimes steeply, depending on the length of the man's legs. Invariably they were inlaid with engraved silver.

The Nevada vaquero considered himself first and foremost a horseman. If he wasn't top notch he was trying to be and his spurs, like the rest of his equipment, reflected it. Using a pair of spurs is an art in itself and when done right can play a great part in "making a horse." The spurs were dull enough not to mark a horse when used properly, but sharp enough that the man seldom had to do more than make a light sweeping motion with his feet to get a response. He would tell you, "jabbing a horse constantly with dull spurs only makes a switch tail out of him." The spur shank turned down to prevent the rowel from touching the horse in normal leg movement.

That dropped shank and big rowel meant this man must wear a high heeled boot to keep his spur rowels out of the dirt when afoot. There were no walking heel boots for the old time vaquero, but then he did very little that couldn't be done horseback.

The vaquero's bridle was invariably a spade bit bridle or some modification of the spade. Now it's true that not every man that used a spade bit really knew how to use it properly, but it was common knowledge if a man didn't have a spade bit he probably didn't go to work on the old time Nevada cow outfit.

The spade bit is a thoroughly engineered piece of equipment, reflecting many centuries of fine horsemanship. It came to the Great Basin area with the Spanish and is here, even today. A spade bit, when adjusted



properly, is very comfortable in the horse's mouth. When fitted improperly it can be uncomfortable for the horse and prevent him from getting proper signals from his rider.

The headstall was usually a split ear type, very narrow, without a throat latch. A good vaquero never led or tied his horse by the reins. He used a light bosal under his bridle with a lead rope attached to it.

His reins were always rawhide, attached to the bit with rein chains. The lower portion of the reins had a series of rawhide knots decoratively tied around them. It made them look nice, but, more important, it added the proper balance to the bit to give the best possible signals from the rider to the horse.

The overall objective of the spade bit was to give the greatest possible signal to the horse with the least amount of effort from the rider. These were the men that commonly handled their reins by hooking them lightly with their little finger. They held contests where reins were tied to the rein chains with one strand of thread and anyone who broke a thread while "working his horse" was disqualified.

Fastened to the end of the rawhide reins, right where the rider normally gripped them, was a long rawhide whip, sometimes shot loaded and always with decorative

knots on the bottom end for weight. Including the leather "popper," it was about three and a half feet in length. It was called a romal and had no end of uses. A man could ride up alongside some wild critter when it refused to turn and pop her on the end of the nose. He could liven up an animal that wasn't driving fast enough or get the attention of some cranky horse in a hurry by a couple of over and under swats.

His saddle, with its flat seat, was really old fashioned by today's standards. With only one cinch, usually centerfire, it had very small round skirts, a high slick or A fork, high horn and high cantle.

The use of the single centerfire rigging puzzles many horsemen today, but the answer is really quite simple. The horses common to Nevada at the time showed a tremendous amount of Army remount influence. Standardbred and thoroughbred breeding with the high withers and good back were very common. The old Nevada centerfire saddle trees had flared bars and high gullets that fit those high withered horses and set well ahead on a horse's back. You didn't need two cinches and a breast collar to keep them on a horse. Those things came into Nevada with the flat backed quarter horse in recent years as rodeo and pleasure riding became popular.

The old centerfires were designed to give the greatest strength possible while adding the least possible weight to the horse. This big open country often demanded rides of 40 to 60 miles in a day and every pound less the saddle weighed added to the miles one horse could cover.

His saddle horn was wrapped with slick leather. It's true that the rawhide reata couldn't stand the solid jerks today's rubber horn wrapping would give, but there is more to it than that.

When a man was roping large animals for the biggest part of a day, the continual solid jerk was hard on a horse's back. The vaquero always "burned" a few feet of rope as he "dallied" to eliminate the sharp jerk on his horse and the animal he caught. A wisp of white smoke curling up from the saddle horn showed you those dallies were getting hot. The horse was the vaquero's most important tool and the animals he was roping were his bread and butter. Burning some rope took much of the strain and possibility of injury off the animal he caught, as well as the horse he rode.

The part of the old time vaquero's outfit that raises the most questions from horse enthusiasts today is that long rope, all 60 feet of it. "Did he really throw it that far?" they ask. The truth is, no! To begin with, 10 to 15 feet was used up in the loop. It takes a big loop to give you the weight that in turn gives you the distance. A man's dallies are in the slack he jerks from his loop, and besides, some of the things the Nevada vaquero did with that loop, such as figure eight shots on the head and front feet, required a large loop area. The most this man was throwing, then, was generally 45 or 50 feet, but try that sometime if you think it's easy.

Distance in roping is essential when catching cattle or horses in an outside "rodeer." Remember, these were the men who would bunch a herd of wild range horses against the base of a rimrock, and catch the colts that needed branding. You don't go crowding into a bunch of wild stock under those conditions to get a shot with a 25-foot rope.

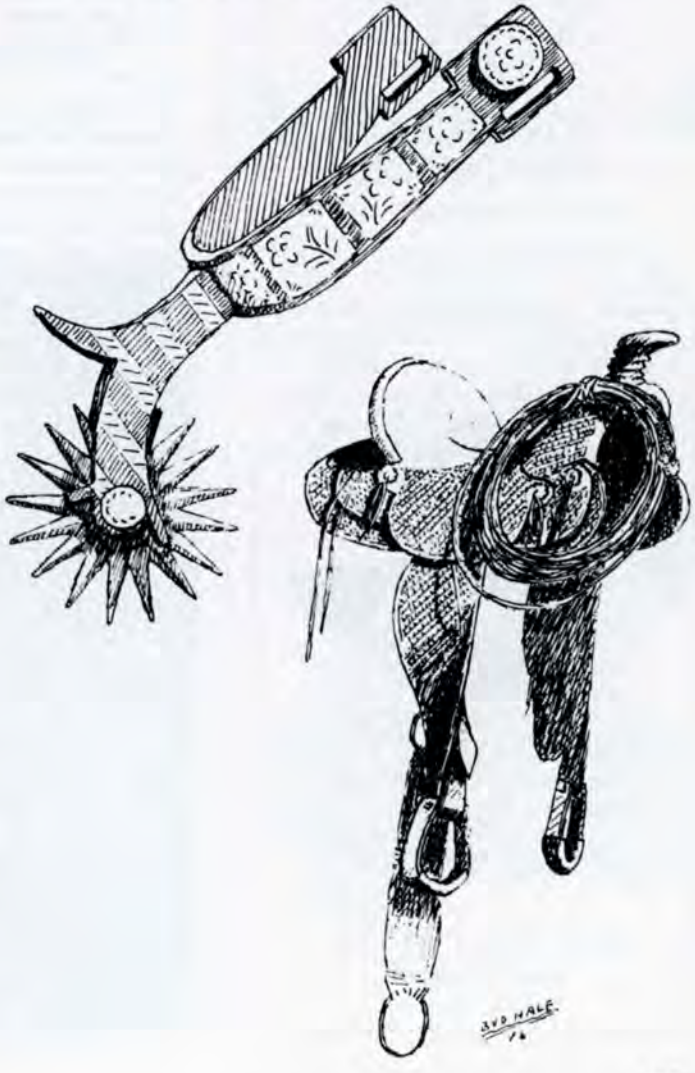
The Nevada vaquero needed that long rope when he had to catch some old wild cow that wouldn't turn, and drive her to camp on the end of his rope. A short rope never lets you get far enough away from a mad critter to keep her from wanting to turn and fight your horse. With a long rope you can stay far enough back from the cow that she will usually drive and you only stop her when she heads the wrong direction and won't turn.

Another trick that long rope was used for was turning a bunch of wild horses. Nevada has always been wild horse country and the Nevada vaquero spent a good share of his time gathering mustangs or range horses.

Crowding a bunch of wild horses when they don't want to turn often results in the bunch scattering, some crossing in front and some crossing behind you. A favorite trick with the long rope was to let all 60 feet drag through the brush when crowding a wild bunch to turn. That allowed you to ride closer to the lead to prevent them crossing in front of you while that 60 feet of reata humming through the brush kept them from crossing behind.

Times have changed. Government restrictions on the use of the open range have eliminated many of the cattle that once grazed there. Well meaning but naive horse lovers have prevented the thinning of wild horse numbers that once was done by the Nevada vaquero, leaving that job to drought and hard winters.

Just recently, though, I noticed a crew of six men in northeastern Nevada, most of them riding single rig saddles, carrying long ropes with their horses packing spade bits. There's a few left in this big open land. □



CONFLICT ON THE CARSON

By Grace Dangberg $17.50

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

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

Once upon a horse

For 25 years, Lura Tularski has been writing about horses for the Reno Gazette. Now for Nevada, Tularski casts her eye on man's oldest helper.

When you go out to the field, hiding a halter behind you, to catch that four-footed beastie on which you hope to slap a saddle, where do you think those genes came from that gives this fox the ability to outsmart you? Or, if finally caught and you get to the saddle slap, what message center inspired this minx-manx to swell up while being cinched, hoping you would forget to tighten up and then fall off halfway down the trail?

Horses do not want to be caught; nor do they wish to be haltered, tied, hobbled, trailered or ridden. No one knows what process of evolution taught the horse how to outwit man and only more archaeological digs can tell us exactly when horse and man became servant and master, respectively.

Tiny Eohippus, eleven inches high at the shoulder, is the earliest horse type on record. He had four toes on the front feet, three on the hind, and each toe ended in a tiny hoof. His remains were left from 60 or 45 million years ago in the mysterious and primitive Wasatch Bad Lands of Wyoming. Fossils of the progenitors of the horse have been found in such widely removed places as Colorado, Wyoming, Nevada, Texas, the LaBrea tar pits of Los Angeles, the London clays, Irish peat bogs, the bone beds of Germany and gypsum quarries near Paris, France. They have also been found in Switzerland, Greece, Argentina and the Siwalik hills of India.

Surviving violent earth upheavals and changes in flora and fauna, the next documented horse is Mesohippus of the Oligocene period, 35 million years ago. This little animal stood about 23 inches high, had three toes on each foot, and had larger, stronger teeth.

Over millions of years, the horse changed due to climatic modifications, type of feed and terrain to travel, until the time of Merychippus, which had high-crowned teeth covered with a much harder outer layer. This new horse was also larger, about 41 inches high. According to Francis Haines' "Horses in America" (published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co. in 1971) there is a gap in fossil records from about six million years ago to about 600,000 B.C. and no fossils of the evolving horse have been found in North America for the great Ice Age.

Haines states that, " some changes in conditions, as yet not understood, brought a large number of new horses back to the American West about 600,000 B.C. where they multiplied and spread over a wide area. Their fossils date down to around 7,000 B.C. Then the horse, along with other large grass eaters, disappeared from North America. The last carbon-dating of horse fossils is about 6,000 B.C." So far as is known today, the horse never returned to North America until 1519 when Cortez brought them to the shores of the Americas from Spain.

It is surmised that contemporary horses, although separated into distinct types and registries, are a combination of crosses and re-crosses. In their makeup there is blood of Irish ponies, the Spanish jennet, the Norwegian dun, the Turkish or Oriental horse, the Arabian and barb, the wild horse of Asia and Przhevalski's horse of the Russian Steppes.

Evidently from primordial times the horse had been the object of feasts and had to continually flee its enemies, honing its escape mechanism to a fine point. From ancient times the horse has surveyed the world from lofty crags, tasted the wind in reckless running challenges, and collected in herds. Maybe it is this in the horse, this wild freedom, which man does not possess, that makes man admire and fight for the remaining wild horses of the world.

Although it is speculated man has been trying since Stone Age times to recomputerize the mind of this four legged conniver for liberation, it's unlikely that the horse will ever be entirely domesticated. □

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A Differing Eye

Prize-winning photographer Anita Nicholas has a special way of looking at the world. Her work combines realism with fantasy through the medium of the camera and the darkroom. What makes her photographs remarkable is her appreciation of light and darkness, and her interpretation of the commonplace objects and creatures found near her Reno home.

The sounds of thunder

A band of wild horses comes into view and most people reach for a camera. Some would rather grab a rifle. The Bureau of Land Management, caught between the romance of mustangs and the practicalities of range management, has found a third alternative.
By Robert J. Goodman

Goodman Photo

The thunder of running wild horses has evoked a romantic feeling in man for hundreds of years. The sound has varied from a deafening roar to almost a whisper, as the romance waxed and waned, as emotions are prone to do.

In the early period of western settlement, horses were a sign of wealth to both the white man who brought them here, and the red man who acquired them later. To the white man, horses were a means to wealth through the work the animals could do. To the red man, his wealth was simply having the horse.

For both, encroaching civilization meant higher prices to pay for keeping horses. Many were released onto the public range, where the sound of thunder increased as bands multiplied. For some, the thunder meant showers of profit — not for live horses, but for the meat they provided as pet food.

Modern methods of capture and transportation in the later era of this romance reduced the rumble of hooves, so much so that certain interests became alarmed. And, more importantly, many people became concerned with the methods that were being used to silence the sounds.

The romance began to recover from its low ebb, and like a rapidly building cumulus thunderhead, billowed across the land, capping out with the first federal legislation concerning wild horses in 1959. This limited the capture of these wild creatures by eliminating the use of aircraft and motor vehicles.

Slowly the thunder began to increase in volume, as fewer wild horses were captured for sale to meat processors. Their capture became expensive even though some bands were kept under population control because they were easily accessible to the "mustangers."

Things changed drastically in 1971 legislation concerning the wild horses came as a new storm front. Wild horses and burros became wards of the federal government, were given recognition as a resource of the public lands and could no longer be used for any commercial purpose. Legal mustanging came to a halt.

Romance had won over all odds. A slow roll, the thunder of hooves was heard again on the western plains. Wild horses and burros roamed free; running, eating and reproducing.

And, objectivity has finally awakened. In this case, the

Dufurrena

thunder was becoming too loud for some to appreciate, and a new look at the situation was necessary. The romance could continue, but as the family — man and horse — moved onto the crowded public range, certain trade-offs became necessary. The roll of thunder had to be restrained to accommodate the neighbors — and to prevent the animals from overpopulation and inevitable starvation. As a result, not all of the wild horses and burros would be able to contribute to the strains of thunder.

The Bureau of Land Management is serving as landlord, marriage counselor, choreographer for the animals roaming free across the desert stage and sound supervisor for the level of thunder. A solution to the many-sided question was needed, and a short-range program has been developed designed to keep all tenants on good terms. □

Adopt-A-Horse Just one alternative

"Adopt a what?"

"Do what to a horse?"

These are logical questions a stranger might ask when first exposed to the federal government's newest give-away program, called Adopt-a-Horse.

Although the program is going along reasonably well, it isn't snowballing like some of the government's other give-aways. It refers to the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) providing excess wild horses and burros from the public lands of the west to private individuals, called "foster parents" by some, for care and maintenance.

The adoption program is one of three alternatives open to the BLM to handle animals removed from public ranges where their numbers exceed the forage allotted to them. The other two alternatives given under the 1971 Wild, Free-Roaming Horse and Burro Act are relocating them to an area of the range that is underpopulated and destroying them in place.

Relocation is not the answer because all of the western range is either full or already overpopulated. The law also states they cannot be moved to an area they did not inhabit when the law was passed on December 15, 1971. Destruction of the animals in place will be used only if the adoption program falters.

The BLM's humane effort to relocate the west's free-roaming horse herds is no simple matter. Manpower and money shortages, as well as a paucity of acceptable candidates for foster parents, limit the number of horses placed out to 2,000 a year. Unfortunately, this number does not keep pace with the annual natural herd increase.

The BLM is looking for more interest in the Adopt-a-Horse program east of the Mississippi River — mostly because of cheaper hay, but also because there are more people to take more horses. Half the wild horse population in the country is in Nevada's own wide-open ranges and mass shipments east should reduce the transportation costs considerably.

Finding a suitable parent for the horses is a large part of the BLM's problem. When the Bureau decides to round up and relocate the horses in a particular area, it launches a nationwide publicity campaign. After the initial flood of adoption applications, the difficult screening process begins, as officials weed out applicants with unrealistic expectations or limited knowledge about equine care.

This screening process continues, on both sides, until the final moment of truth at the holding corral. Sometimes, the prospective parents will arrive, trailers in tow, ready to pick up their new charges, and will leave horseless after viewing the horse's antics while

Goodman Photo

he's being haltered. Other times, the BLM will decide not to allow an adoption at this final stage: one recent applicant wandered up to Carson City on foot, fully intending to lead his horse back to Southern California. The applicant returned home alone. On an average, only 10 percent of the applicants are willing to follow through with the adoption.

Another prohibitive factor is the cost involved in both transporting and caring for the horses. Families average about $50 a month to feed and house their charges. And while the progeny of the wild horses belongs to the adoptive family, the BLM retains title to the horses themselves, a situation the BLM would like to see legally changed.

Still, the rewards of parenthood are there. Many of the wild horses warm up to their families like domestic cats or dogs. Other horses are kept for breeding purposes, as families hope to see the sturdy characteristics of these wild animals bred into their own domestic stock.

The Adopt-a-Horse program will continue as long as there are interested and generous people around to care for these free-roaming creatures. Encouragingly, the BLM says the number of applications for parenthood is steadily increasing.

If you are interested in adopting either a wild horse or burro, information and application forms can be obtained by writing:

Adopt-a-Horse
Bureau of Land Management (330)
Interior Building
Washington, D.C. 20240

Nevada Calendar

A Summer's Game

By Ty Cobb

The wind blew and the dust flew, and it was hard to see; foul balls smashed through the chicken wire "protecting" the grandstand; grounders took crazy "bad hops" when they struck pebbles on the infield.

That was 1947 Today, Reno's Silver Sox are still alive and well and fresh from two consecutive championship pennants.

The original Moana Ball Park was a part of the Berrum family's turn-of-the-century resort complex. In those days the townspeople journeyed to Reno's southern limits by horse and buggy, later by Model T flivver or trolley line, to enjoy the resort's hot springs, bathhouse and swimming pool, clubhouse, zoo and picnic grounds — and, incidentally, the ball park, which was used irregularly for nearly half a century.

On the revival year, 1947, a new outfield fence was erected but it was made symmetrical, measuring about 310 feet to every point. This made home runs cheapies as ordinary fly balls floated over the too-close walls. Scores of 16-15 were common and club records set in the weird 1947 season were eliminated from the subsequent record books. The grass planted in the outfield grew in spotty fashion and the infield was "skin," meaning all dirt. The prevailing winds from the southwest blew clouds of dust into the eyes of the batters, catchers and fans.

The league itself was impractical from the start. Reno's nearest opponent was 410 miles away, and the most distant included El Centro in southern California. That was the Sunset League, in which Reno lasted three years.

The old ballpark served up to the '60s, when the City of Reno purchased the Moana complex as a recreation center, built a swimming pool and, when the old baseball grandstand burned down one winter night, replaced it with a modern stadium.

JULY

*	Frontier Days	**Lovelock**
1-4	State High School Rodeo Finals	**Reno**
1-4	Invitational Softball Tournament, City Park	**Elko**
1-4	International Festival, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
1, 9	"Hamlet," Shakespeare Play	**Red Rock**
1-17	"Peter Pan," Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV	**Las Vegas**
2-3	National Basque Festival	**Elko**
2-3	NV State Dairy Goat Show, fairgrounds pavilion	**Reno**
2, 3, 8	"The Three Penny Opera"	**Red Rock**
2-3, 9-10	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
3	Sail Plane Races	**Fallon**
3	2nd Annual Liar's Race, Steve Owen Memorial	**Hawthorne**
3-5	Art Show	**Winnemucca**
4	4th of July Celebration	**Statewide**
4, 7	"As You Like It," Shakespeare Play	**Red Rock**
5-7	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Salinas	**Reno**
6	"The Tempest," Shakespeare Play	**Red Rock**
6-7	Silver Star Classic Golf Tournament	**Jackpot**
6, 13, 20, 27	Nevada Mini Stock Races, fairgrounds	**Reno**
8-10	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Fresno	**Reno**
8-10	Elks PRCA Rodeo, fairgrounds	**Elko**
9	Bird Watching along Carson River, State Parks	**Carson City**
9	Fire Dept. Play Day and Steak Fry Dance	**Smith Valley**
9	Latino Americano dance, fairgrounds	**Reno**
9	Appaloosa Horse Assn. of No. Nevada, show	**Reno**
9-10	Roping, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
10	Walk to Skunk Harbor, State Parks	**Carson City**
10	Horse Show, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
10-11	11th Annual Walker Lake "100" Boat Races	**Hawthorne**
13-14	S. Lake Tahoe International Film Festival	**S. Lake Tahoe**
15-17	Antique show and sale, Old Town Mall	**Reno**
15-17	Silver State Jumping & Quarter Horse Show	**Reno**
15-17	3rd Annual Gem and Mineral Show	**Jackpot**
15-17	Women's Fast Pitch Baseball Tournament	**Ely**
15-18	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Modesto	**Reno**
16	Air Race from Denver to Jackpot	**Jackpot**
16	Children's Day, State Parks	**Mt. Rose**
16-17	Reno/Sparks Antique Bottle Show, fairgrounds	**Reno**
16-17	High School Rodeo, fairgrounds	**Fallon**
16-17	World Wide Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
17	Hike Down Ophir Creek, State Parks	**Mt. Rose**
19	Baseball, Major League All-Star Game	**Reno**
20-Aug. 3	"The Importance of Being Earnest," Judy Bayley Theatre	**Las Vegas**
21-24	World Wide Antique Show, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
21-25	Classic Auction, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
22	Mayor's Prayer Breakfast	**Winnemucca**
22-24	All Indian Rodeo and Parade	**Fallon**
22-Aug. 2	"I Never Sang for My Father," Judy Bayley Theatre	**Las Vegas**
23	Visit to Incline Creek, State Parks	**Mt. Rose**
23-24	Northeastern Nevada Horseman's Assoc. Show	**Battle Mountain**
23-24	Region VII Horse Show, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
23-24	Basque Festival, Berry Creek	**Ely**
23-24	Washoe Horseman's Assoc. Show and Festival	**Reno**
23-24	Chapman Golf Tournament	**Ely**
24	Nature Discovery Day, Sand Harbor, State Parks	**Lake Tahoe**
26-28	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Lodi	**Reno**
29-31	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Visalia	**Reno**
30	Full Moon Walk, State Parks	**Mt. Rose**
30-31	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
31	Morning at Washoe Lake, State Parks	**S. Washoe Valley**

AUGUST

*	Tri County Fair	**Winnemucca**
*	Civil War Skirmish, 5 miles East of Dayton, Hwy. 50	**Dayton**

5	"Water Supply for the Comstock," State Parks	Carson City
5-6	Cactus Pete's Water Show and Boat Clinic	Jackpot
6	Hike to Historic Red House, State Parks	Washoe Valley
6-7	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Salinas	Reno
6-7	White Pine County Horse Show, fairgrounds	Ely
5-16	1977 Jaycee State Fair, Convention Center	Las Vegas
6-7	Community Garage Sale, 8-4:30 p.m.	Smith Valley
7	14th Annual Walker Lake Ski Meet	Hawthorne
7	Star Gaze at Sand Harbor, State Parks	Lake Tahoe
8-11	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Fresno	Reno
12-14	Comstock All Arabian and Half Arabian Horse Show	Reno
13	Family Day at Mormon Station, State Park Sys.	Genoa
13	Santa Maria Day Festival	Dayton
13-14	Northeastern Nevada Horseman's Assoc. Horse Show	Wells
13-14	VFW Rodeo, street events and dance	Eureka
14	Climb Mt. Rose Peak, State Parks	Mt. Rose
14	Horse Show, Fuji Park	Carson City
15-26	Annual Slag Races	Ely
16-18	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Modesto	Reno
18-19	Idaho Cup Matches Golf Tournament	Jackpot
19-21	Region V Horse Show	Las Vegas
19-21	Churchill County Fair	Fallon
20	Children's Day at Sand Harbor, State Parks	Lake Tahoe
20-21	Region I Horse Show and Gymkhana	Reno
20-21, 27-28	Annual Pony Express Days and Horse Races	Ely
21	Hike up Shakespeare Rock, State Parks	Lake Tahoe
21	Appaloosa Horse Club, Fuji Park	Carson City
24-26	Teacher-In-Service Days	Eureka
26-28	Baseball, Silver Sox vs. Lodi	Reno
26-28	Lyon County Fair and Rodeo	Yerington
27-28	Nevada Fair of Industry, fairgrounds	Ely
27-28	4-H Horse Show	Fallon
27-28	Overnight at Berlin-Icthyosaur, for the handicapped camper, State Park System	Berlin

SEPTEMBER

*	Old Fashioned Vaudeville Show	Winnemucca
*	Community Hoe Down	Smith Valley
*	Chukar Trap Shoot Open, Horse Palace	Elko
*	Bunkerville Centennial Celebration	Bunkerville
*	Hydroplane Boat Races	Sparks
2-3	National Sand Drags, Sand Mountain	Fallon
2-5	Elko County Fair and Livestock Show	Elko
3-5	Nevada's Oldest Rodeo	Winnemucca
3-5	Region VII NSHA, Fuji Park	Carson City
3-5	Kiwanis Buckaroo Breakfast, City Park	Elko
3-5	Lions Club Rodeo and Parade	Fallon
5	Annual Labor Day Parade and Celebration	Ely
5	Kiwanians Labor Day Breakfast	Fallon
7-11	Nevada State Fair and Rodeo	Reno
10-11	Pro Am Golf Tournament	Ely
10-11	Camel Races (tentative date)	Virginia City
10-11	50 and 75 mile waterski races, LV Boat & Ski Club	Lake Mead
11	State Fair Horse Show	Reno
11	Star Gaze at Sand Harbor, 7:30 p.m., State Parks	Lake Tahoe
12-25	Snaffle Bit Futurity	Reno
15-18	Cactus Pete's $20,000 Open Golf Tournament	Jackpot
16-18	National Championship Air Races	Reno
17	Visit to Historic Ft. Churchill, 2-3 mile walk, Parks	Ft. Churchill
17-18	All Appaloosa Horse Show	Las Vegas
23-25	Natl. Water Skiing Finals	Lake Mead
24	Air Race from Portland to Jackpot	Jackpot
24-25	Annual Ferrari Races	Virginia City
24-25	Peruvian Paso National Show	Reno
26-27	NSHA State Horsemastership Finals	Reno

The Reno team switched from the Sunset League to the Far West League, then finally to the California League.

In 1959, Reno became the farm team for the Brooklyn (now Los Angeles) Dodgers and the following year was the Silver Sox' most colorful year Fans flocked to Moana to cheer for Tom "Hot Foot" Humber, who set a league record of 75 stolen bases; for do-everything pitcher Bob Gillombardo; and for the fantastic batter Fran Bonair whose amazing .436 batting average is a Cal League record.

But even so, the championship pennant was never hoisted in Reno until the end of 1960, when they swept first place in both halves of the schedule. And they won both halves again in 1961

Marilyn Newton photos

In '66 Reno hooked up with the Pittsburgh Pirates but it was less than spectacular and Reno switched to a lengthy pact with the Cleveland Indians. Even though the Cleveland affiliation never produced a pennant, it did develop a large number of big league players for the Indians. Cleveland switched to the San Jose farm club for 1975 and Reno lined up a unique double sponsorship: half the team was supplied by the Minnesota Twins, and half by the San Diego Padres. And it was a rousing success. Sparked by catcher Butch Wynegar and fleet-footed Gene Richards, Reno swept both halves of the schedule and took the pennant. Richards set a stolen base record of 85; Wynegar went on to instant fame jumping directly from the 1975 Reno Class A minor league team to the 1976 Minnesota Twins, becoming the starting catcher, hitting cleanup, making the All-Star Game and winning the Sporting News American League Rookie-of-the-Year honors.

Reno won the pennant again in 1976 and the 1977 season, Reno's 30th anniversary, finds San Diego going it alone as Reno's player sponsor

*Dates not available

Beowawe

Except for some vandals and overeager government officials, Nevada would be world famous for its geysers. By T. Scott Bryan

It was a rugged trip, physically and mentally. So when the California pioneers found that there was yet another high mountain range to be crossed they could only groan and push on. The route up Emigrant Pass was rough and steep. Sometimes the teams of one wagon had to be unhitched in order to help another over a particularly bad spot.

Once the pass was finally conquered, both people and teams were more than ready for a rest. And there, at the base of the mountain, was the perfect spot. Beside the Humboldt River in what would someday be northern Nevada, the Beowawe Meadows offered plenty of water and grass, a mild climate and the visible prospect of some flat traveling ahead.

As they sat in the shade of their Conestogas, many of the emigrants gazed at the columns of white "smoke" near the head of the valley. Whirlwinds, perhaps — dust devils thrown up by perpetual cyclones. Even the ground there had been stripped bare of life, leaving the hillside stark, naked and white. It was surely not a place to be visited at close hand but, rather, viewed from a distance. And so they relaxed in their end of what was to become known as Whirlwind Valley.

In fact, so few people visited those "whirlwinds" that it took many years for the truth to become known. For the whirlwinds were really steam clouds, the hot vapors given off by one of the most interesting hot spring groups in the world.

That truth wasn't known until 1869 when a popular article was written for passengers on the just-completed transcontinental railroad. But even then the Beowawe Hot Springs went virtually ignored. Just two years later the world would be amazed by the stories of the Yellowstone geysers, where a concerted effort by a select group of explorers would result in the founding of the first national park. Beowawe had geysers, too. Why was this great concentration and variety of spouters so ignored? There seems to be no answer to that question; suffice it to say that the Beowawe Geysers were not properly studied until 1932!

Shortly before that year the story of these geysers reached a group of geologists back east. At the same time, a detailed study of the Yellowstone hot springs was being conducted by the Carnegie Institute of Washington. Encouraged by such interest, Drs. Nolan and Anderson of the U.S. Geological Survey began their own investigation of the Beowawe springs.

Soon it would be known that over 20 springs in the area were capable of erupting. For centuries people had raved about the geysers of such places as Iceland and New Zealand. Here, tucked away in a tiny corner of Nevada, was a cluster of hot springs that held nearly as many spouters as either of those two famous areas. It was truly a phenomenal place — one that merited preservation, perhaps as some sort of park.

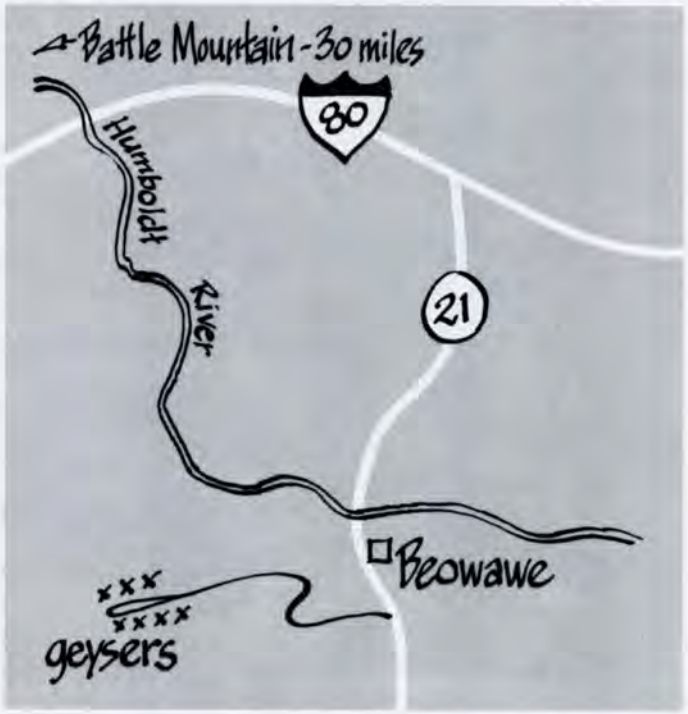
The Beowawe Geysers were divided into two distinct groups. Most of the activity was on the Upper Terrace, a huge deposit of siliceous sinter or geyserite (a form of the mineral opal). One of the geysers up there erupted frequently, its spout sometimes reaching 50 feet. Others were nearly 20 feet high, while a final few played to just one or two feet. Scattered among the geysers were many hot pools, mud pots and steam vents. The sight was equal to any in Yellowstone.

The Lower Terrace was almost of as much interest, even though it contained relatively few geysers. Not really a terrace at all, the area is a sinter covered portion of the valley floor. This shield is punctured by the craters of several deep, blue-colored pools — sapphires in the midst of a desert.

Beowawe was never set aside as a park of any sort. It wasn't even given recognition. And it's a shame, for Beowawe is no longer the geyser field it once was. One of the earliest attempts at exploratory drilling for geothermal (hot water) energy took place here during the 1950s. That in itself is not bad, but the fact is that geysers are very fragile hot springs. The drill holes perforated the underground piping of the geysers, diverting their hot water away and ending the spouting activity. Within just a few weeks of the drilling every geyser on that wonderful Upper Terrace had died. They will probably never again erupt.

(Continued on page 62)

The exploratory steam wells, their caps vandalized with dynamite, steadily vent mixed water and steam in columns up to 100 feet high. (T. Scott Bryan photo)



Guide

Nevada Hunting

By Dave Rice, Len Hoskins, and Charles W. Crunden
Nevada Department of Fish and Game

Successful swan hunters, Stillwater (Norm Saake Photo)

The good news for hunters this year is that the mild winter has resulted in the highest overall average fawn to doe ratio ever recorded throughout the state, meaning deer hunting this fall will be better than last year. Most of those fawns counted in the Nevada Department of Fish and Game (F&G) aerial surveys will be over a year old by the time hunting season starts, promising an improved buck harvest.

The mild winter is not all good news, of course. The drought conditions that have affected most of the west the past couple of years have had drastic effects on waterfowl habitat, with many popular marsh areas drying up.

Sportsmen who hunt in Nevada this year are going to find it a challenge, without a doubt. But Nevada still has good hunting conditions and large amounts of public lands that have always made it a favorite state for hunting. Nevada is one of the few states with bighorn sheep and mountain lion hunting, and the hunters lucky enough to draw an antelope tag can count on a good chance at a trophy. Hunters in the past few years have had success rates of more than 80 percent on antelope.

Nevada has a good variety of big game, small game and waterfowl for the sportsman. Of the big game, far and away the most popular is the mule deer. About 20,000 tags were issued last year to resident and nonresident hunters.

Fish and Game anticipates a better season than last year, statewide, for **mule deer**, with good populations especially in Elko County and surrounding areas. Traditionally, the Ruby Mountains, Jarbidge area, O'Neill Basin, Schell Creek Range and White Pine Range, all in northeastern Nevada, provide Nevada's best deer hunting. Hunters will also find good hunting in the northwestern portion of the state, especially in Humboldt and Washoe Counties.

Clark and Esmeralda Counties have relatively low population densities of deer in their mountain ranges. Habitat is marginal and hunter pressure and success is generally low. Northern Nye and Lincoln Counties, on the other hand, contain relatively good deer habitat and sub-

Antelope and hunter, O'Neill Basin, Elko County (Len Hoskins Photo)

sequently much higher animal populations. Both are popular with local hunters and although deer numbers are not as high as in northeastern Nevada, hunting can be good and of quality that is difficult to achieve under more crowded conditions.

Deer populations are expanding at a slow but steady rate, and hunter quotas instituted last year may possibly be expanded in future years as herds recover from their recent low levels. Fawn production, and their ultimate survival through the winter, is one of the most important factors considered by F&G when recommending harvest quotas.

Nevadans have experienced great success in trophy hunts for **antelope** in recent years. This is attributed mostly to limits placed on the number of tags in the resident-only annual drawing. Antelope hunting is regulated under a quota system similar to deer hunting with around 280 to 300 tags made available each year. Last year 1,667 individuals applied for the available 295 tags. Quotas for safe allowable harvest of male or buck antelope are determined by F&G field biologists for individual management areas.

Antelope herds in northwestern Nevada have increased to record numbers with a considerable number of surplus bucks observed in northern Washoe County. Rifle and archery tags this year total 462. Elsewhere in the state, antelope herd numbers are stable or slightly down.

Very few hunters have the chance to hunt elk in Nevada. **Rocky Mountain elk** were imported in 1932 into the Schell Creek Range in White Pine County and the Spring Mountain Range of Clark County, but limited habitat keeps the elk herds small. A handful of residents hunt elk each year in White Pine County, hoping for an outstanding bull dressing out at over 600 pounds. Last year, of 10 tags issued, five were filled by Nevada hunters.

Mountain lions have been classed as big game animals for only a few years. Largest of the cat family in the United States, the mountain lion is found throughout the state with good populations found in White Pine and Elko Counties. A well-trained pack of hounds is generally required for successful hunting.

Bighorn sheep draw international attention to Nevada, with hunters from all over the world competing for the few nonresident tags available each year. Nevada's unique trophy regulations limit the annual harvest to older rams so that the hunt will not affect the welfare of the herd. Hunter success for the 72 tags issued in 1976 was 75 percent, the highest on record, and similar success is expected this year. The herds are healthy and bighorn sheep numbers have increased, mostly due to more favorable habitat conditions over the last five years. The 1977 season will see 81 tags issued.

Nevada has a variety of habitat for game birds that provide a yearly harvest for the small game hunter. Native species and imported exotics are found from agricultural valley lands to desert plateaus to forested mountains.

The number of chukar, desert quail and sage grouse available to the hunter each year depends upon the amount of moisture received in the spring. These upland game birds need ample growth of forbs, grasses and other species to bring them into top breeding condition. Without ample ground moisture these plants do not produce very well, and bird production could be down once again this year.

The most popular small game is the **chukar partridge**, an exotic import from the Himalayan mountains of Asia. Some of the better chukar hunting this year will be found in the northeastern and north central parts of the state. A favorite for the table is the pheasant, which generally maintains stable populations in agricultural areas. This year's harvest of the colorful bird will probably be best in the Lovelock Valley in Pershing County and in Humboldt County. Alfalfa seed production in Lovelock Valley continues to favor this species and high densities have been maintained. Unfortunately, hunting pressure has also reached record levels in this area and poses a serious threat to continued public hunting on the private lands where the pheasant congregate. *(continued)*

Chukar Partridge, Northern Nevada (F&G Photo)

In Humboldt County, **pheasants** are expanding their distribution and relatively high populations are being maintained. A healthy, limited population still exists in Churchill County but there are strong indications it continues to deline each year as it has in Lyon County. Densities of pheasants in Smith and Mason Valleys are at all time lows and offer very little hunting. In southern Nevada, pheasant populations are limited to the agricultural lands of the Moapa and Virgin Valleys. The Afghan white-winged pheasant, more tolerant of this area's hot and arid conditions than its Chinese relative, has fared well in these valleys, but is limited by the extent of the agricultural habitat. Hunting opportunity is confined to private property, so permission must be received from the owners before hunting over their lands.

Nevada's various species of quail will probably suffer this year from the lack of a spring green-up, the desert bloom experienced in a good water year. Chances are the only big populations of quail in 1977 will be near agricultural areas of northern Nevada.

The **Gambel's**, or **desert quail** as it is often called, inhabits the drier areas of Clark and the southernmost regions of Nye and Lincoln Counties. It is found along the river bottoms, in agricultural areas and in the mountains and foothills where free water is present.

Sage grouse, on the other hand, is holding its own in northeastern Nevada, and will be found in lesser numbers in western and northwestern Nevada. Largest of the grouse species in North America, the sage grouse is native to Nevada, preferring to eat "select sagebrush." The **blue grouse** is the target of the energetic hunter who enjoys hiking into the stands of firs and pines it inhabits.

Fair to good hunting is forecast for **Hungarian partridge** in northeastern Nevada, where they are often found near cultivated fields.

One animal which seems to have its own cycle of population extremes, independent of man, is the **rabbit**. The cottontail and its smaller relative, the pygmy or brush bunny, are found throughout Nevada in abundance this year. A hunting license is required for the cottontail season, but the state holds open season, no license required, on the jackrabbit. The latter is rarely eaten.

The waterfowl situation in Nevada is complicated. Many hunting areas rely on runoff water from agricultural areas, and what little river water Nevada has this year will be needed by farmers and ranchers as well as urban areas. Most **waterfowl** are migratory, and the shrunken marshes and lakes will be unable to attract many of them. Furthermore, the "duck factory" regions of the prairie provinces of Canada had lower than average water conditions last year, so production is expected to be down. Early in the season, locally produced ducks provide the majority of harvest, and with the severe lack of water, production is expected to be very poor.

In western Nevada, the Stillwater area is expected to be 90 percent dry by the opening of duck season this fall. Carson Lake near Fallon, used by the Greenhead Hunting Club, was already dry in April. Other reservoirs in the area will fluctuate through the summer, but are not expected to provide much hunting area. Alkali Lake in Smith Valley will be dry, and the Mason Valley Wildlife Management Area at Yerington is expected to be about 90 percent dry. Washoe Lake will probably contain some water, but the barren lake bed surrounding it will make hunting very difficult. The Humboldt Wildlife Management Area probably will remain in fair to good condition this year and will offer at least fairly good hunting conditions. It is expected that the lower lake unit will go dry, leaving the upper lake and Toulon areas.

The only other bright spot in the western Nevada waterfowl forecast is the Fernley Wildlife Management Area. Although water levels will be down about 40 percent from a good year, hunting should still be fair. In northeastern Nevada, the Ruby Marshes should still offer some fair duck hunting.

The smart southern Nevada waterfowl hunter this year will probably invest some of his time checking out the three wildlife management areas in southern Nevada: the Wayne E. Kirch W.M.A. in eastern Nye County, the Key Pittman W.M.A. in Lincoln County, and the Overton W.M.A. in Clark County. These marshlands and lakes, together with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's Pahranagat National Wildlife Refuge near Alamo, attract most of the waterfowl passing through these counties.

Hunter success is expected to equal that of 1976 in these areas. The Kirch area annually enjoys the highest harvest, particularly during the first few weeks of the season. Overton is the most popular, because of its nearness to Las Vegas, but new regulations are being enforced because of the number of hunters. Excellent waterfowl hunting has been the rule in recent years at Key Pittman, where only a limited number of hunters are allowed at any one time.

Restrictions vary from place to place, but the waterfowl a Nevada hunter can expect to see include the mallard, pintail, green-winged teal, spoonbill, baldpate, blue-winged teal, cinnamon teal, gadwall, redhead, canvasback, coot, Canada goose, lesser Canada, cackler, speckled belly, Ross goose and snow goose.

Nevada Game: Habitat, Ranges, and Species

Big Game

MULE DEER Rocky Mountain Mule Deer is the species in Nevada, with populations scattered statewide. Elko County has best population, although good hunting is also found in Washoe, Humboldt, White Pine, Nye, Lincoln, Eureka and Lander. Summer coat: reddish-tan. Winter coat: deep grey-brown. Deer commonly have dark patch of hair on forehead, contrasting with whitish face. Antlers are dichotomous: the two forks each fork again. Antlers are shed annually. Preferred browse is bitterbrush, mahogany, cliff rose, sagebrush, manzanita, willow, berry shrubs and aspen. Most migrate seasonally, anywhere from a few to a hundred miles.

PRONGHORN ANTELOPE Major concentrations are in northern Washoe and western Humboldt Counties, with small populations existing in several other counties. The buckskin-colored animals have striking white coloring on the neck, underparts and rump. Male and female antelope have horns, but the bucks' horns are much larger. Horns are shed annually. Pronghorns prefer low-growing forbs, grasses and shrubs, such as sagebrush and bitterbrush.

DESERT BIGHORN SHEEP Most of the state's bighorn sheep are found in the desert mountain areas of Clark, Esmeralda, Lincoln and Nye Counties. Intensive aerial surveys have found sheep in a very healthy condition with numbers increasing as a direct result of more favorable habitat conditions over the last five years. Color varies from brownish-grey to a full yellow, marked with creamy white patches on the rump and face, with a dark line along the spine. Ewes and rams have horns, with the latter's much larger. The horns are never shed. Preferred feed is the fruit of the prickly pear and ooze apple, supplemented by other desert vegetation.

ELK Nevada's Rocky Mountain Elk were imported in 1932 from Yellowstone Park. The 28 imports grew into the current fairly static population of 300, mostly in the Schell Creek Range, White Pine County. Buckskin-colored bodies contrast with dark chestnut heads and necks. Summer coats are usually darker than winter's. Elk feed generally on grasses and low-growing plants, sometimes supplemented by browsing on shrubs and trees. Like the mule deer, they migrate to less snowy areas in winter.

MOUNTAIN LION This largest of the cat family in the U.S. measures from six to eight feet from nose to tail tip. Coats are fawn or greyish-tan. Mountain lions are found throughout the state where they dine on wild game and occasionally livestock.

Small Game

CHUKAR PARTRIDGE Imported from Asia, the chukar breeds well in Nevada where it feeds mostly on grasses, particularly cheat grass. Average weight of a male is 21 ounces, with females averaging 18 ounces. Most chukar are in the western and northwestern counties in open country between 4,000 and 10,000 feet. Chukar are easily recognized by the narrow black band which starts above the bill, follows the cheeks across the eyes and forms a V on the throat. The sides and flanks are marked with black bars. The top of the head, neck and back are grey and buff or reddish-brown, while underparts are light. Feet and bill are red.

Mule Deer (Kim Sigler Photo)

SAGE GROUSE This native bird is found mostly in the northern tier of counties, with some in east central Nevada. Cocks average three to four pounds, with hens lighter. Male and female coloring is similar during the summer and fall: a dull brown, mottled with white and trimmed with black. The legs and feet are covered with feathers. Males become much darker during the mating season, except for the throat, which becomes white with a black outline. A diet of sagebrush is supplemented with insects and seeds.

QUAIL Nevada's species are the Valley Quail, Gambel's Quail and Mountain Quail. The Valley Quail is found mostly in the central and north central parts of the state, usually around agricultural areas. These quail are small, averaging around seven ounces. Black plume feathers spring out of the forehead and curve forward. A tan crown grades into blue-grey along the neck and back, while the throat is black with a white border. A white strip also runs over the eyes. The Gambel's Quail closely resembles the Valley Quail, but it prefers a much different habitat, the hot deserts of southern Nevada. Water is the determining factor here, and Fish and Game employees have established artificial water holes to catch and store rain water to enlarge the range. The diet includes seeds from a variety of desert plants. The Mountain Quail is easily recognized because its plume grows straight back over the head, instead of curving forward over the bill. These largest of Nevada's quail are rarely encountered by the hunter. They are found in several mountain ranges in northern and central Nevada where they search out grass seeds, wild berries and insects.

PHEASANT Nevada's pheasant is the Chinese ringneck, introduced here at some unknown time in the past. A pheasant cock, which may weigh up to two-and-a-half pounds, is spectacularly colored, with an iridescent green or blue neck with a white stripe around it and a coppery chestnut breast with metallic purple and coppery reflections. The back can be yellowish ochre to chestnut, and the tail grey to brownish yellow. The face or cheeks are red and the back of the head is tufted. Hens are mostly yellowish-brown. The pheasant is found around agricultural lands in Lovelock, and in Humboldt and Churchill counties.

BLUE GROUSE This bird is found in the higher, forested mountain country of Nevada, usually in stands of fir or multi-needled pines. It is not abundant anywhere, although hunters have encountered it in several counties. Average weight is about one-and-a-half pounds. The head, neck and back appear bluish or sooty grey, and the underparts are slate grey, with white markings on the neck and flanks. The dark tail forms a semi-circle when expanded and has a band of lighter grey. The diet consists mostly of berries, insects, seeds and tender buds.

HUNGARIAN PARTRIDGE Scattered populations of this European import are found in northern Nevada and occasionally in the central tier of counties, generally near agriculture. It resembles the chukar partridge in shape, but is smaller. Its coloration is more tan than grey and it lacks the chukar's black facial markings and flank bars. Wild seed fare augments a diet based on cultivated grains.

COTTONTAIL Cottontails are common throughout Nevada, although populations do follow a cycle from abundance to scarcity. A large powder-puff tail and a small chunky body characterize the cottontail. The fur is greyish brown, with white underparts. The pygmy resembles the cottontail, but is smaller. In general, the female is larger than the male. Leafy materials of grasses, crops and shrubs make up most of the diet.

(continued)

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HUNTING GUIDE *(Continued)*

JACKRABBITS The blacktailed jack is found throughout the state, while the whitetail is limited to the northern and central tier of counties. The whitetail is the larger, and in summer has white ears and a white powder-puff tail. The winter coat is white. The blacktailed jack is generally brownish-grey, with black tipped ears and tail. Populations are subject to violent ups and downs.

Waterfowl

DUCKS A mallard is easily recognized by its green head and white neck ring. It is one of the larger ducks. The smaller pintail or spring, usually one of the first arrivals, is identified by its long trim neck and body and pointed tail feathers. The little teal are numerous. The green-winged teal has brilliant green wing markings, and lacks the chalky blue wings found on the blue-winged teal and the cinnamon teal. The male of the latter species has a reddish head and body. The shoveler or spoonbill has a characteristic spatula bill. It is smaller than the mallard, but resembles it somewhat in shape.

The medium-sized gadwall is greyish-brown, with no distinguishing marks. In contrast, the baldpate or American widgeon has a white or cream cap, a brick-red throat and a rose tinted breast. Divers that visit Nevada include lesser scaups, redheads and canvasbacks. The latter two resemble each other, with their rusty heads and necks and white underparts, but the canvasback is larger. The lesser scaup is a medium-sized duck, with a dark neck, white-trimmed back and white underparts.

Less commonly seen are ruddy ducks, buffleheads and red-breasted mergansers.

GEESE The Canada Goose, or Canadian Honker, is easily the biggest goose found in Nevada, weighing 10 or 12 pounds. The long, black neck and the white patch under the bill extending up on the cheeks identify this bird and its smaller relative, the lesser Canada. The white snow goose, with its conspicuous black wing tips, is also commonly found in Nevada during hunting season. Not as common is the white-fronted or speckled belly, a medium-sized goose with contrasting black and white spots on its breast. Cacklers and Ross geese also pass through Nevada.

COOT The coot, or mud hen, is abundant in Nevada and has been designated a game bird. The coot is small and dark.

BIG GAME HUNTING SEASONS

MULE DEER

Statewide quota controlled hunt by management area, open to the taking of buck animals only, with a limit of one deer per tag holder.
Rifle Hunt: Resident tag quota — 21,028; Non-resident tag quota — 2,335. Management areas 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 18, 19, 21, 26, 27, 29 and units 201 and 203 of area 20 — Oct. 15-Nov. 13; Management areas 6, 7, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 22, 24 — Oct. 8-Nov. 13; Management areas 16, 17, 25 — Oct. 15-Nov. 6; Management areas 20, unit 202 — Oct. 15-Nov. 20.
Archery Hunt: Resident tag quota — 1,250; Non-resident tag quota — 250. Aug. 20-Sept. 18.

ANTELOPE

Resident only hunt within prescribed antelope management areas for buck animals with horns that extend above the ears of the animal, with limit set at one animal per tag holder.
Rifle Hunt: Resident tag quota — 412; Aug. 27-Sept. 5 (all hunt areas except 3-C); Sept. 3-Sept. 11 (Area 3-C).
Archery Hunt: Resident tag quota — 50; Aug. 13-Aug. 21 (all antelope hunt areas except 3-C).

MOUNTAIN LION

Resident and non-resident hunt open statewide on quota basis for male or female animals. Limit one per tag holder.
Rifle Hunt: Resident tag quota — 129; Non-resident tag quota — 22; Oct. 1, 1977-April 31, 1978.

BIGHORN SHEEP

Resident and non-resident hunt open within prescribed bighorn sheep hunting areas, open for the taking of male trophy rams, mature desert bighorn sheep at least seven years old with a Boone and Crockett score of at least 144 points using the horn with the most points doubled. Limit is one legal animal per tag holder.
Rifle Hunt: Resident tag quota — 72; Non-resident tag quota — 9; Nov. 19-Dec. 18 (all areas except 73 and 74); Dec. 17-Jan. 1, 1978 (Areas 73 and 74).

ELK

Resident only hunting area 11 of White Pine County only, open for the taking of male (bull) animals that possess at least one branched antler. Limit, one animal per tag holder.
Rifle Hunt: Resident tag quota — 10; Sept. 24-Oct. 2.

FORECASTS

Carson City, Churchill, Douglas, Humboldt, Lyon, Mineral, Pershing, Storey and Washoe Counties.
Mule deer — Fair to good
Antelope — Good
Chukar — Poor
Quail — Good near agriculture, otherwise poor
Sage grouse — Poor overall, poor to fair in Humboldt County
Blue grouse — Fair to good
Pheasant — Good in most areas (hunting on private land)
Rabbits — Good
Waterfowl — Poor

Elko, Eureka, Lander and White Pine Counties.
Mule deer — Good
Antelope — Good
Elk — Limited
Mountain lion — Limited
Chukar — Fair to good
Quail — Rare
Sage grouse — Good
Blue grouse — Good
Ruffed grouse — Limited
Hungarian partridge — Fair to good
Rabbit — Good
Waterfowl — Fair

Clark, Lincoln, Nye and Esmeralda Counties.
Mule deer — Good
Antelope — Good
Bighorn sheep — Good
Chukar — Poor to fair
Quail — Poor
Blue grouse — Rare
Pheasant — Limited
Rabbits — Good
Waterfowl — Good

BEOWAWE *(Continued from page 54)*

As if the drilling wasn't enough, a vandal blew up the well caps with dynamite during 1972. The steam wells are now blowing constantly, jetting mixed water and steam as much as 100 feet into the air. Beautiful and impressive they are, but geysers they aren't.

Fortunately, the Lower Terrace fared much better. No drilling was done there and the hot springs remain unchanged. The three geysers still spout to provide unsuspecting visitors with a unique thrill. One of these is a large pool. It rarely erupts, but when it does the splashing action is over 10 feet high. Nearby is another. Its vent is hardly more than a crack in the geyserité platform from which irregularly timed eruptions spray water about three feet high. But the star of the show sits at the northeastern end of the cluster. Now sometimes called the Beowawe Geyser, the patient visitor can count on seeing it perform. The eruptions occur regularly with three to four hours passing between them. As the time for the activity approaches the small crater alternately fills and drains every few minutes. Each cycle results in a higher water level. Finally the spring begins to overflow during one of the high water periods. The geyser will erupt within a few minutes. During one of the overflow periods the pool suddenly begins to boil and surge. Soon it is splashing, sending rapid bursts eight to 10 feet high. Then, after an amazingly short 10 minutes, Beowawe Geyser falls silent. The crater dries and appears lifeless until the time of the next eruption nears.

At this small hot spring group near Beowawe, Nevada, mankind might be said to have blown it. There are only 32 geyser basins on the face of the earth, and only four of them contain as many geysers as Beowawe once did. But despite its decline, Beowawe is still there, a fascinating place easily worth the short time it takes to see it.

And the Beowawe Geysers are very easy to reach. Millions of people drive within sight of them each year without even knowing it. From Interstate Highway 80, about 30 miles east of Battle Mountain and 43 miles west of Elko, Nevada State Highway 21 takes off to the south. The tiny town of Beowawe itself is six miles along this road; very limited services are available. To reach the geysers, drive through the community and on for about one mile. Where a dirt road heads to the right there is usually a sign reading "GEYSERS" with an arrow pointing the way. Leading up the hillside and past a county dump, the road drops back into Whirlwind Valley after about two miles. The geysers are reached in another mile and a half.

Just three words of caution need to be mentioned. Much of this route is over private land, so do close the cattle gates. Cars pulling trailers should not attempt the trip; the climb back out of the valley is a bit too steep. There are plenty of good places to park a trailer near the dump. Finally, the road should be avoided by *all* vehicles (four wheel drive included) shortly after a rain; the alkaline soil becomes a morass of clay.

True geysers are exceedingly rare, and of the 500 in the world, three of them are at Beowawe — truly one of nature's treasure troves, and in such an unlikely spot. □

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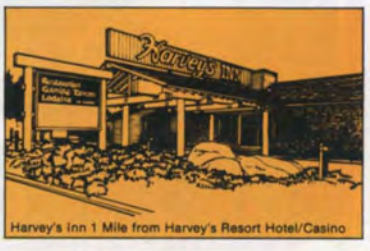

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