YESTERDAY: REMEDIES OF THE OLD WEST

NEVADA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

No. 1, 1978 / $1.00

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COMING SHORTLY
Lake Tahoe Guide
Manhattan Reunion
Sarah Winnemucca
Plus: More Gaming Heavies

COVER PHOTO: JOHN CURTIS

NEVADA

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January/February/March 1978

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Editorial

If you never read editorials, read this because it isn't an editorial. It's the announcement for the First Annual Pro-Am Great Nevada Picture Hunt

We didn't stop publishing when we heard that *Woman's Day* had recorded the biggest advertising revenue in the history of standard size magazines with its November issue — with revenues of nearly $9 million. We didn't even turn off our typewriters when we read that *Reader's Digest* set a single-issue advertising revenue record of nearly $10.3 million that same month.

But we were relieved we didn't have a November issue to compare with them — and then we broke our calculator.

Those are formidable numbers in the magazine world, and at present slightly out of reach for *Nevada Magazine*. But we can point to a brightening future, such as in circulation, which has more than doubled in the past two years. And we are constantly working on ways to make Nevada Magazine bigger, better, and more popular. Which is where you come in.

We decided to pay *you* for reading *Nevada Magazine*. That is, if you're willing to enter the "First Annual Pro-Am Great Nevada Picture Hunt" — and if you happen to win it.

Because we will be offering money, and splendid prizes, to the first place finishers in two classes and two categories (professional and amateur; black and white and color). There will be four winners and each will receive fame and opportunities never dreamed of before. Such as:

1. Lunch with *Nevada Magazine's* editors at a Carson City restaurant of your choice on a weekday of our choice without having to pick up the tab. Value, approximately $3.
2. The famous Nevada Department of Economic Development Tour, which includes an introduction to Bob Goodman and a Nevada "Bet on It" pin. Value unknown.
3. A one-year subscription to Nevada Magazine for two of your out-of-state relatives. Value $8.
4. A Nevada "Governor O'Callaghan coin." Value $1 (until January 1979 after which date Mike O'Callaghan won't be governor anymore so his coin will be worth much more).
5. Generous space in *Nevada Magazine* devoted to your winning photograph.
6. And $100 in cash (to be paid sometime after the photograph is published, date depending on the whims of the state bean counters).

3 for the FUN!

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To enter is simple and entry blanks and contest rules will be included in our next issue. (If you are not a subscriber, single issues can be obtained by sending $1 to *Nevada Magazine* requesting Issue 2, 1978.)

But the photographs must be specific.

We are looking for thought-provoking "naturals" of the state. Your view of the real Nevada — its people, places, scenery and western events. We want the obscure, the spectacular, the peculiar, the beautiful. We would like pictures saying yesterday, and those that will mean tomorrow. We want images of mountain lions, eagles, cowboys, coyotes, and prospectors; portrayals of Nevada's solitude, action, and what the pioneers saw as denial.

From your picture we want to be able to see and feel the Real Nevada.

If you enter, keep in mind we are not looking for photographs that are blurred (unless intentional), fingerprinted (unless part of the picture), or that have been projected often (unless the color is better washed out). And please don't send photographs to us unless your name, address and zip code is written on each one, and make sure a stamped self-addressed envelope and a completed entry blank is included.

There will be a five-photo maximum for each category in the Great Nevada Picture Hunt, so watch for the ad, rules and entry blank in our next issue.

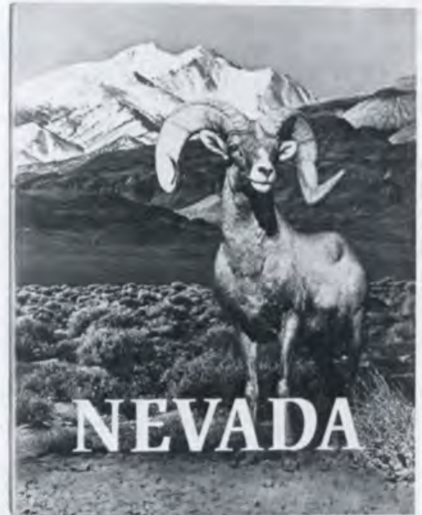
Nevada Magazine has never been famous for great contributor fees, but as we make more money, so will the writers, artists and photographers. We already have our stars, like Laxalt, Shipler, Stewart, Menzies and Hage — but we are looking for more. That could mean you, because sometime in the future we will hold a contest for words.

• • •

During the last quarter we had a 25 percent turnover in staff. Barbara Egbert returned to the newspaper world; David E. Moore joined us. As ex-managing editor of the temporarily suspended *Gold Hill News*, Moore is our new fulfillment wizard but is also much involved in promotion and editorial (see pages 22 and 55). His enthusiasm, experience and talent should help keep *Nevada Magazine* rolling in the right direction.

• • •

We hope your New Year is terrific. Ours is going to be great because sometime soon our black and red lines will meet. — C. J. Hadley



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186 pages **Illustrated** **$4.00**
A revealing view of the underside of life in the isolated camps of turn-of-the-century Nevada, as seen through the eyes of a youthful adventurer, Jack-of-all-trades and miner in such boomtowns as Tonopah, Goldfield, and Rawhide.

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Letters

OK, TEXAS

All of your magazines are "Superfine," but this last issue (#4, 1977) was the best yet! Love every bit of it. Can't you make this at least a *monthly* publication?

Mrs. A. Koberling
Houston, TX.

INFERENCE, UNACCEPTABLE

In the last edition of the Nevada Magazine (Letters, #4, 1977) Patricia Stewart infers that the Maiden's Grave at Beowawe contains the remains of a prostitute.

This grave has been a symbol to all those men, women and children that failed to make it across our State. It makes no difference if it contains the remains of a maiden or a grandmother, thousands of people have visited the grave as a tribute to our pioneers.

I hope that Patricia Stewart and all the others that have any doubt about this grave will read the Nevada Historical Quarterly—Fall/Winter 1963—which will convince them that Lucinda Duncan was a respected, pious mother and grandmother.

Harold Curran
Reno, NV.

P. S. The above is not intended as a criticism to Patricia Stewart or your magazine. I am very interested in the immigrant trails and our early history and I just want the truth. If any one knows or can prove that we have been wrong on this subject I would like to know about it.

OH DEAR

In regard to the letter from Mr. Curran.

Oh dear.

I hate to mess up a good honest lie with a bunch of facts. Do you suppose this gentleman would be willing to make a deal?

I will let him have a grandmother buried in his Maiden's Grave if he will let me have an imaginary heroine buried in my Maiden's Grave.

For around eighty-five years Nevada was happy with the legend that the above-mentioned grave contained all that was mortal of a beautiful young damsel. Train crews decorated the spot with flowers and the Southern Pacific moved the grave several times. Now no one knows for sure where the original grave was or what, exactly, was in it. In recent years it has been written that the name on the marker is that of a grandmother and not, therefore, a maiden.

Do please remind him that I would never dare be disrespectful to the Noble Immigrants. My own great-grandparents made the long trek westward in 1864 and they would return to haunt me, you can bet on that.

Patricia Stewart
Reno, NV.

NEGLECT?

My word! Even though I enjoyed your "Where to Stay and Play" feature in Issue 4, 1977, I can't rest with a clean conscience until I inform you of a 670-room bit of neglect: you forgot to mention the Flamingo Capri Hotel and Casino.

Now it's not that I don't understand your oversight. Until recently, we were a small, motor-hotel type of operation. But things have changed. About a year and a half ago, we added a guest complex with tennis courts, pool, and two-story waterfall. Next, we built an exotic 19-story highrise, which we call the Imperial Palace Tower. Plans call for a showroom, casino, restaurant and lounge, and convention hall.

When we hold our grand opening celebration in late 1978, we'll officially christen the resort The Imperial Palace.

Clifford Penwell
Publicity Director
Flamingo Capri Hotel and Casino

SPECIALS – FOR AND AGAINST

I am not greatly interested in horses, but picked up your magazine one day in idle curiosity and did not lay it down until I had read the whole thing. When my daughter-in-law visited this summer I tried it on her to see how she reacted as she is a horse person and owns and rides them. Same reaction. No one was able to get her attention or engage her in conversation until she had read cover to cover!

Hope LaCombe
Carson City, NV.

No. 3, 1977 was our first issue of Nevada Magazine and we were very

disappointed with it — a whole issue devoted to horses. We debated about requesting our subscription being cancelled but decided to let it run through the year. Now we have Issue No. 4, 1977 (the gaming special) and am I glad we waited.

Vivian Dennison
Buellton, CA.

The latest issue on Gambling (#4, 1977) leaves something to be desired. Having grown up in Las Vegas in the Forties and Fifties we were constantly aware of the attraction the games held for the tourists but were puzzled by the futility etched on the faces of those caked around the tables and the painful lost-dog look of the little old ladies who were seemingly grafted to the slots hour after hour.

Several years of gazing into the clubs along Fremont Street left an indelible impression on our minds to avoid such "fun" in later years, and only served to reinforce our feeling that 14 cents spent at the Old Palace Theatre was a far better bargain!

David T. Coons
Westfield, IN.

SMALL TOWN SINNERS

Sinful my earlobe. You haven't been looking at where your "high rollers" are coming from (Editorial, *#4, 1977)* — the frustrated middle class small town folk that's who.

The old double standard doesn't apply only to sex — 21 and craps count too. Behind many a small town mid-American church going family man lurks his other self, just dying for the chance at the tables in Reno. And he *really* doesn't think it's sinful. Only thing is, Mama won't let him go 'cuz she knows he may not come back.

I think there's "Reno Fever" in many of us and even if we don't admit it, we dream about it from time to time. Don't sell us small towners short, we know how to live even if we just got running water and electricity in the house last month.

Incidentally, I really like your in depth approach — keep it coming.

R. Pollick
Thief River Falls, MN.

WHAT?

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Clint Chapin
Redding, CA.

P S. The Post Office reads my magazine, and I don't get it until late in the month.

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Carson City, NV 89710

Colorful, quiet, in hot air ballooning route is unimportant. To be suspended gently just above the trees, to be part of the wind, to feel a real part of the world — this is ballooning. By C. J. Hadley

RIDING THE WIND

In the 1780s in France, Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier, brothers, watched a paper bag full of smoke sail up a chimney. They decided then that smoke could aid flight and from that experience, and after many experiments, came up with a hot air balloon.

They settled on straw and wood for perfect burning (even though it was discovered later that heated air, not smoke, provided the lift). Their first balloon flight reached an altitude of 70 feet, a second 600 feet, a third 1,000 feet. Another of their contraptions flew a mile vertically and was blown by the wind a mile horizontally.

King Louis XVI of France and Marie Antoinette watched a Montgolfier balloon go aloft with a duck, a rooster and a sheep on board. It was September 1783 and after the flight the successful aeronauts joined the Royal zoo.

Shortly after that was the first manned flight in a paper-covered linen balloon. On November 21, 1783, chemist Francois Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes sailed a Montgolfier slowly over Paris for almost half an hour. They were watched by the Royal pair, and almost half a million others.

And following that, Jacques Charles launched the first hydrogen filled balloon. Porous cloth had been a problem so Charles put together a small unit with the envelope (or balloon) made of silk covered with a film of rubber. Weighing 25 pounds and measuring 12 feet in diameter, the Charlieres' size was important because filling a balloon at that time could mean

JOHN CURTIS

SPARBEL

three days of work. Will Hayes, in *The Complete Ballooning Book*, writes:

"In 1783 hydrogen gas was generated by the action of sulfuric acid on iron filings. Charles' generator was so leaky that he needed nearly 500 pounds of acid and 1000 pounds of iron to fill his balloon

"On August 27th, the "Globe" was launched. It quickly ascended into a raincloud at about 3000 feet and disappeared from sight. About 45 minutes later it descended in the town of Gonesse about 15 miles from Paris. Terrified villagers attacked the balloon bag with pitchforks, scythes and hoes, ripping it to shreds and thus protecting their wives and children from the supernatural monster that had descended on their town."

Charles continued to experiment with hydrogen balloons and finally designed one similar to those in use today. Using separate colored sections for the envelope which was 27½ feet in diameter, he suspended a basket from that by cables, left the neck of the balloon open to allow expanding gas to escape, and provided a valve at the top of the balloon to allow gas to be closed off when a descent was desired. He stabilized the basket by adding weight for more upward control.

During the next few years, balloons

were flown as far as 27 miles, an ascent was made by a woman, a giant balloon measuring 131 feet high and 104 feet in diameter was launched, and the balloon craze spread to Italy, Germany and England. Many inventions failed; some pilots and passengers died making new attempts at flight (including aeronaut de Rozier whose balloon exploded); others were more successful.

"Jean-Pierre Blanchard was a French aeronaut," Hayes writes. "On January 7, 1785, with the financial backing and participation of Dr. John Jeffries, an American physicist living in England, he made what became a classic and historic balloon flight. Blanchard and Jeffries departed Dover on a strong wind that was expected to take them across the English Channel. The flight was quite rough, with the balloon alternately shooting up and descending rapidly to the top of the waves. By the time they sighted the shores of France, Blanchard and Jeffries had jettisoned everything, even their trousers. When they landed their gas balloon at Calais the daring pair became instant heroes, the first to cross the Channel."

And after that, records were often broken. In 1836 Englishman Charles Green flew a hydrogen filled balloon cross country, with two passengers, 480 miles from London to Germany. On September 5, 1862, pilot Henry Coxwell and meteorologist James Glaishen floated to 39,000 feet "for high-altitude scientific observations," before Coxwell pulled the release valve just before he blacked out. Glaishen was already unconscious due to lack of oxygen and their descent was fast until Coxwell revived and slowed it down.

Hayes says, "Their ascent — made without oxygen, with a minimum of protective clothing, and with virtually no knowledge of the upper atmosphere — ranks among the greatest of aeronautical feats. The altitude record set in their open basket balloon stood for more than a century."

Balloons have been used for military purposes, first by France, later by the Americans. During the Civil War, Thaddeus Lowe headed President Lincoln's Balloon Corps using five units which flew on tethers above enemy lines and were used to relay messages by telegraph to their own troops below.

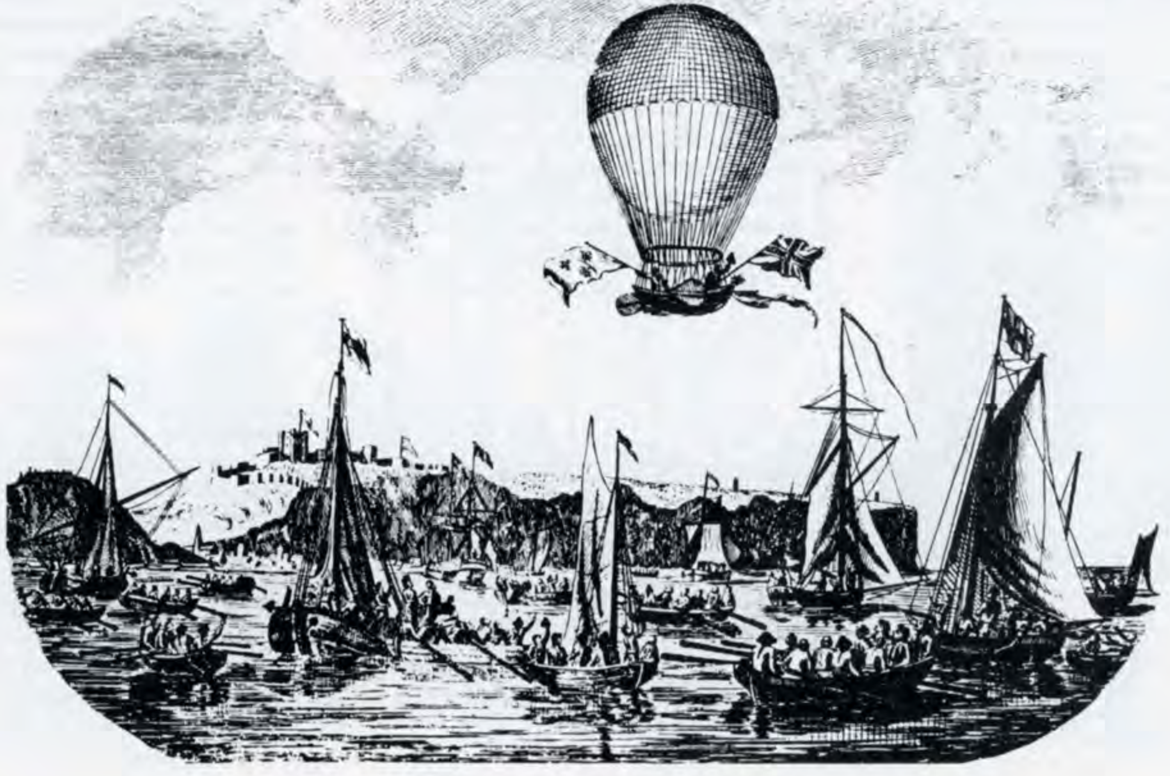
Throughout the 1800s changes were made to the lighter-than-air vehicles. Propellers and rudders were added to balloons and the shape was changed, supposedly to make them more navigable. Steam, internal combustion, and electric engines were added to assist horizontal flight. During the late 1870s, a human-powered dirigible was developed by American Charles F Ritchel. A 25-foot long sausage-shaped envelope was propelled horizontally through the air at about three miles an hour in perfect weather by a man pedaling a bicycle that was attached to the balloon's frame.

But it took Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin to overcome the problem of wind. He built a streamlined balloon, fitted it with a lightweight gasoline powered engine, and on July 1, 1900 the first real dirigible was flown. By 1910 Zeppelins could climb to 20,000 feet and travel 70 miles an hour in any direction and under most conditions. They were used by Germany to bomb England during World War I and after the war the Zeppelins became popular for commercial flights. The first airmail delivery was also made by balloon.

Many attempts were made to cross the Atlantic; the first to succeed was Major G. H. Scott and crew, who flew from England in July 1919. After 100 hours of flying, they landed on Long Island in New York with only half an hour of fuel remaining.

In the 1920s, an American broke the altitude record, but died in the attempt. Hawthorne Gray ascended to 42,000 feet but parachuted from his balloon and was not allowed the record. He tried again, reached 42,470 feet, but perished due to instrument failure and lack of oxygen. This time he was credited with the record because he and his balloon returned to the earth together. Four years later Belgian Auguste Piccard and co-pilot Paul Kipfer used the first enclosed gondola

Continued on page 47



The old mining town of Bullion lies at the base of Pine Mountain and many stories lie hidden in its ruins. This one, which took place in the summer of 1916, was told to me by my uncle George Clayton shortly before he died. By Bud Hage

Three Gamblers

George Clayton sat on his wheel horse eyeing the remaining narrow grade where it sliced upward across the precipitous face of Pine Mountain.

The road began in the bottom of the canyon at the little town of Bullion and wound uphill for five miles until it turned steeply toward the final approach to the Elk Mine. The last two miles were pulled a couple hundred yards at a time, giving the horses a chance to "blow" before moving the empty wagons another segment of the way to the landing. At that point a team could turn around and stand while the heavy ore sacks were loaded.

However difficult the climb up the grade, even bigger problems developed when the outfit started downhill. The freighter would move his wagons over to the edge of the landing with the team already started downhill, stop and set the brakes as tight as possible and fasten roughlocks to the rear wheels of both wagons to keep them from turning. He then would step back on his near wheeler, jerkline in hand, and start the team, letting the wagons literally slide down that two mile grade.

If the teamster had a good reliable wheel team and if a roughlock didn't break, the descent could be made without incident.

Every teamster on this haul lived in constant fear of a roughlock breaking. With a sheer bank on the uphill side of the narrow wagon road there was no room to turn in the event a load got away. On the other side there was nothing but a near vertical slope 900 feet to the bottom of the canyon.

Looking ahead a short distance George could see the scars left on the side of the road where "Mormon Bob" had gone over. Bob, a young fellow, fresh from Utah, had started on his haul three weeks before. He had new wagons and harness and was a good teamster to boot.

Fate has no favorites, though. Just five days earlier Bob broke a roughlock on the inside rear wheel of the lead wagon about half way down the grade. His wagons lurched toward the precipice and rushed ahead crowding the team into a run. He tried to keep the load straight, but jumped clear when the wagons slipped over the edge. The whole outfit tumbled to the bottom of the canyon in a huge cloud of dust, scattering wagon parts, ore sacks, horses and harness on the way. Only one horse, the off wheeler, survived. He had been jerked over backwards, peeling the harness off, leaving him standing on the side of the road with only a bridle. Bob led the horse into Bullion and sold him for enough to pay for the trip back to Utah.

Climbing the grade to the mine, loading and coming back down, took a whole day. The next morning, teams would be harnessed, hooked up and moving before daylight to make the trip to Rains Station in Pine Valley. There the ore was loaded on Eureka and Palisade Railroad cars for shipment to the smelter. The third day the teams would return to Bullion and prepare to challenge the mountain again.

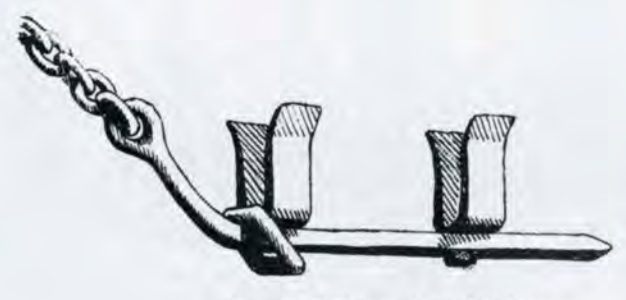
Besides George, there were two other teamsters left on the haul, a fellow named Bill and another by the name of Ben. The three had become good friends in the two months they had hauled out of Bullion. When they laid over for the night, penny ante poker was the usual involvement between supper and bedtime. Nickel ante was considered big stakes. It was good fun and about the only diversion from the hot dusty hours of freighting.

All young men, they were proud of the fact they had been able to handle the dangerous Elk Mine grade when many other teamsters wouldn't chance it. Mormom Bob's disaster had been considered just bad luck, and although it was sobering, none of the three showed any sign of wanting to leave the haul.

On this particular morning, George had reached the landing first, loaded and started downhill. Bill followed, and both made the descent without incident.

Ben was the last man off the mountain. His trip started right, like the others. The heavily loaded wagons creaked and groaned as they moved slowly downward, their locked wheels screeching when the iron rims bit into the occasional rocks protruding through the roadbed. All of this was accompanied by billowing clouds of choking dust and the shouts of the teamster as he administered the exacting task of handling eight big horses with a single jerkline.

Suddenly the worst happened. There was a loud crack, the sound of a



Roughlock shoe with roughlocks on.

roughlock chain breaking. Wagons lurched forward crowding the team as Ben called into play every bit of experience developed through years as a skinner.

Fortunately, it was a downhill side roughlock that had broken and the wagons tended to crowd the bank.

Both his wheel horses responded well by laying back in the britching and by making his near wheeler climb the uphill bank, the lead wagon was brought into the bank enough to get the outfit stopped. It was a damn scary 50 yards of near disaster. Carefully blocking the wheels, Ben reset the roughlock and proceeded downgrade without incident.

George, Bill, and others in camp had high praise for the way Ben handled the afternoon's near wreck. Even Ben spoke lightly of the incident, but you could sense a new seriousness in his voice. He even mentioned, there were some better hauls around Battle Mountain, but quickly dropped that subject when George and Bill razzed him about losing his nerve.

The following day they made the uneventful trip to Rains Station and unloaded.

Penny ante poker that night had moved through several hands when Ben said, "Let's make this game worthwhile."

"Alright," George replied as he reached for a quarter. "I'll go for a two bit ante." Bill followed suit.

"That's not what I meant," Ben countered. "I'm going to give you guys the chance of a lifetime." George and Bill looked up from their cards, listening. "Each one of us has two good wagons, eight horses and harness," he continued. "I say, let's put up our freight outfits and sit here and play 'til one of us owns them all."

Bill laid his cards face down on the table and straightened up in his chair. "You think we're damn fools?" he exclaimed. "Those freight outfits are everything we have. Fun's one thing, but I don't believe in gambling with my living."

George agreed.

Ben glanced down, fingering his cards for a moment. Looking back across the table at the two, he replied, "Yes, I do think you're damn fools; we're all damn fools. Every few days we've been going up on that mountain, betting a two thousand dollar freight outfit against a fifty dollar load of ore that we can make it off there without losing everything we own. Now I'm giving you a chance to lose your whole outfit, or to win all three, without leaving this table. One way or the other I'm pulling out tomorrow. I've seen all that mountain I want to see."

Another hand of penny ante was played in silence until somebody mentioned it was time to hit the hay. The lamp was blown out and the three men headed for their bedrolls.

Ben didn't get in any hurry next morning. He waited 'til the paymaster was up and around, then sauntered over to his cabin. Turning the corner of the horse corral he noticed George and Bill leaving the paymaster's door with a handful of money.

"Thought you fellows would be headed back to the mountain by this time." He queried, "What's the holdup?"

"Well," George said, glancing down at the money in his hand, "we heard there's a pretty good haul over at Battle Mountain." He hesitated, then looked up with a grin, "Besides, like you say Ben, the stakes are too high in this game." □

JOE ROYER

Stimulating, refreshing, exciting, and an aid to physical, emotional, and mental well-being, snow sports can calm nerves and bring you the kind of high that only comes from cold clear high desert air. By Julian Stone

The Joy and Pain of Winter

The joy of winter comes with snowsports. Conducive to physical, emotional and mental health, they offer the kind of high that only comes from cold clear high desert air.

In recent history winter has become the time of the tube, when reruns of Star Trek and Mary Tyler Moore occupy the energies of many Americans. In winter people tend to stay indoors, using heat and looking out the window. For some, the most strenuous winter task is dashing back and forth to the car.

The season, particularly in Nevada's snowy climes, should be one of enjoying nature's gift. Winter is a time for sharing when special skis, snowshoes and snow machines make all kinds of choices — both new and traditional — open to everyone.

The most popular winter sport in Nevada is downhill, or Alpine skiing and there are 22 ski areas within easy reach of downtown Reno (see map). Deep snow, a variety of slopes, conditions, and facilities, all make the Tahoe ski areas among the best in the country. Several of the resorts have been used for both national and international competition — including Heavenly Valley, Alpine Meadows, Sugar Bowl, Squaw Valley, Mt. Rose and Slide Mountain. There's even an excellent slope within minutes of Las Vegas: the Lee Canyon ski area on Mt. Charleston.

But winter fun is not the exclusive right of adventurous athletes who delight in speeding down the steepest slopes. Winter is for everyone, for the old, young, fat and thin. Downhill skiing admittedly does take a special sense of balance, timing and daring, but Nordic, or cross country skiing, asks for less speed and more stamina. It can be shared by friends and family at small expense, and nature's only requirement is a few inches of snow.

Cross country skiing can be enjoyed in hills and valleys all over the state and is not restricted to the Tahoe and Mt. Charleston areas (even though it's excellent there too). Even on an overcast day, an easy cross country ski through the forest at Marlette Lake will make you feel warm, fresh and healthy.

The sport of snow shoeing asks for even less than Nordic skiing. Just bow your legs and walk, and enjoy the sparkling snow, the frosted trees or brush, and the quiet of the woods and pioneer trails of the west.

And for outdoor lovers who prefer taking it easier than that, there is always the snowmobile, which offers mobility and freedom, and enables you to get places you never thought you could reach. Even though they are more expensive than most other sports (about $2,000 per sled), they offer the unathletic a beautiful chance to get out and experience winter. Just remember, never go out alone.

There are plenty of winter options in Nevada, especially in a year of good snowfall. Don't waste the season staying indoors. Get outside. Take your kids. Take your mother. Wrap her in some woollies and take her for a ride on a snowmobile. If you're fit, try the slopes at Tahoe, or take an old friend snowshoeing near Austin, ice fishing in Elko, skating at Davis Creek, or cross country skiing in the Pinenut Mountains.

During the last two years, precipitation has been light in the western mountains. Several lakes, rivers and streams in Nevada ran dry last year because of a lack of snow to feed them. Water tables are down. By the end of 1977 Lake Tahoe no longer fed the Truckee River, because the lake was lower than the river's mouth.

But 1978 is going to be different, meteorologists say. They predict plenty of snow and excellent skiing in the west. Some skiers are betting that the early snowfall of 1978 will equal the winter of 1846, when the Donner Party was caught for five months in more than 13 feet of snow.

Whatever you do, and regardless of snow pack, don't stay home this winter. Pack a sack full of sandwiches, a hot drink and a bunch of common sense; call a friend, pick a sport, and get outside.

Winter is a challenge. It can be pure joy.

The pain is when you are stuck in snow much higher than your head and you can't get out; when you travel in the peace of winter, get lost, and no one knows where you are; when you think you can handle an avalanche or blizzard, and you can't.

Bordering western Nevada, close to Reno and Carson City, are the Sierra Nevada, the longest single mountain range in the United States. In summer, a backpacker's dream; in spring and fall its lakes and streams happily dotted with fisherpeople; and in winter the cause of delight or despair for thousands of snow adventurers.

George Donner's party traveled west in 1846 with 40 wagons and a mess of livestock. There were 90 men, women and children — hailing from Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, Tennessee and Iowa — who left the comforts of the middlewest

JOHN CURTIS

JOHN CURTIS

for dreams of California. They suffered terribly in the western deserts, were confused and misled by an inept guide, and failed to reach the peaks of the Sierra before its winter storms.

Only 47 survived the ordeal.

The Donner Party arrived at a 7,500-foot pass early in November, but too late to get their wagons across. Snow had fallen in the mountains a month earlier than usual that year. With morale and rations almost gone, they built cabins and shelters as best they could near Truckee (now Donner) Lake.

They searched for food unsuccessfully, and were forced to slaughter the few horses, cattle and dogs that had survived the gruesome trail. It was not enough, however, since many of the animals had wandered away from camp. They, too, were in search of something to eat but died of starvation and were buried in the incessant falling snow.

For five months storms raged. Snow drifts piled higher than twice the height of the shelters, and the unfortunate emigrants trapped in the Sierra existed in what became enormous caves of snow. After they had eaten all their animals, they cooked the hides and chewed the leather, and finally, in desperation, began eating the carrion of their dead companions.

Three rescue groups did reach the Donner Lake camp at separate times, though not early enough for some and never with adequate supplies. All of those strong enough to walk made it out, but only half of the midwestern pioneers of George Donner's Party saw the green grass of the Sacramento Valley.

There is little to compare the tragic Donner Party of 1846 with the winter travelers and sportsmen of today, but the Sierra Nevada range is as foreboding as ever in a storm, and the Donner Party's history remains steeped in its rocks.

Take a lesson from them:

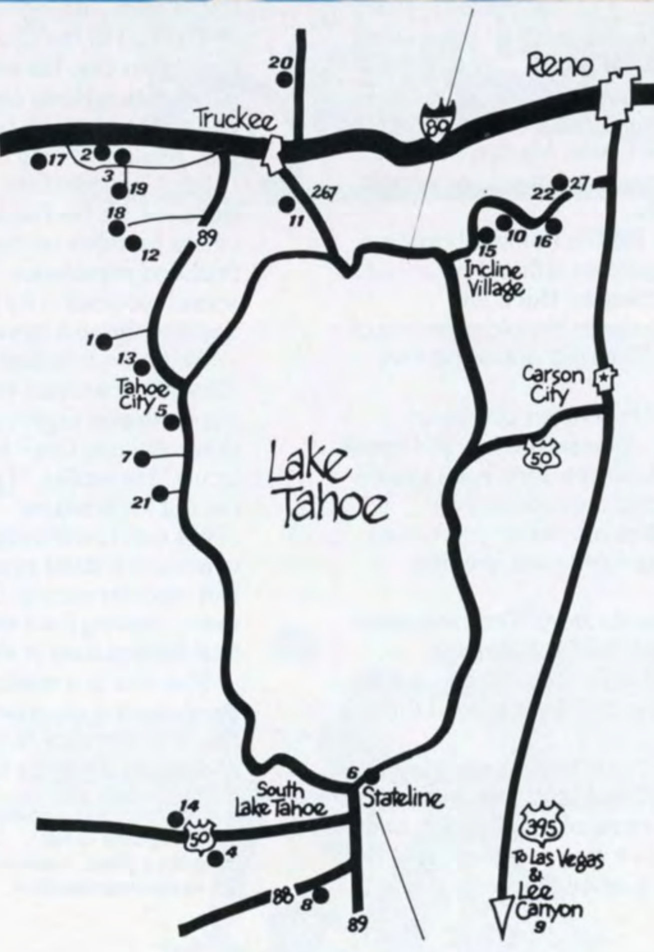
Whatever you do, wherever you go, be prepared for instant change in weather. Take precautions before each trip: check weather conditions and forecasts; let someone know where you are going, who you are going with, and when you intend to be back; make sure your equipment is in good shape; wear the proper clothing, including a hat and sunglasses or goggles; wear a helmet if you are riding a snowmobile and take tools, spare parts and gasoline; stick to the trails unless you are familiar with the terrain; report to the local ranger station before you travel in isolated areas; and carry food, a first aid kit, waterproof matches, space sticks, compass, perhaps even flares or a sheet of plastic that can be used as an emergency shelter.

And respect the outdoors. Don't litter and don't ignore signs. Stay off private or posted property or there won't be any place to ski, snowshoe or snowmobile.

But even with all the rules, don't stay indoors. What George Donner and the members of his wagon train experienced back in 1846 — the pain and difficulty caused by awesome ravines, sheer rock cliffs, heavily laden pines and over 150 inches of snow — is pure challenge to skiers and snowmobilers today. □

NORTHSTAR-AT-TAHOE PHOTO

1 Alpine Meadows (916) 583-4232
2. Boreal Ridge (916) 426-3666
3. Donner Ski Ranch (916) 426-3578
4. Echo Summit (916) 659-7177
5. Granlibakken (916) 583-9794
6. Heavenly Valley (916) 541-1330
7 Homewood (916) 525-7256
8. Kirkwood (916) 250-8451
9. Lee Canyon (702) 870-4778 (Las Vegas Area)
10. Mt. Rose (702) 849-0704
11 Northstar (916) 562-0398
12. Papoose Peak (916) 583-4826
13. Powder Bowl (916) 583-4373
14. Sierra Ski Ranch (916) 659-7161
15. Ski Incline (702) 831-1821
16. Slide Mountain (702) 849-0852
17 Soda Springs (916) 426-3626
18. Squaw Valley (916) 583-4211
19. Sugar Bowl (916) 426-3651
20. Tahoe Donner (916) 587-2551
21 Tahoe Ski Bowl (916) 525-7479
22. Tannenbaum (702) 849-9925



Recalling The Misfits. By Anthony Amaral

The Last Machismo in the West

In 1961, *The Misfits*, a film set in Nevada, was met by the critics with an attitude that said, just another western, though promising, that went awry.

Now, in the intervening years, the film is stirring second appraisals. It may not become a classic, but looking at it again, it emerges as a semi-documentary elegy about a way of life in Nevada that has passed in the short meanwhile— wild horses and the men who chased them.

Although Hollywood has persistently burlesqued stories of the West, about a dozen have historic integrity. *Covered Wagon*, some of William S. Hart's frontier impressions, *Red River*, maybe *Will Penny, Ride the High Country* and *Lonely Are the Brave*, are a few choices one can argue for with muscle. Each displays special moments in the use of film language that give weight, significance and empathy to the stories and their Western protagonists.

The Misfits, regardless of certain faults, has enough of those special moments. Together they stage an *Act III* in showing the death of the West, represented in Nevada, as we have historically and sentimentally cherished it.

Fittingly, the horse is the key symbol because it was the animal most intimate to the Westerner and the outdoors. Particularly the wild horse, free in spirit and body, became the romantic symbol of freedom. They attracted hundreds of cowboys who lived an outdoor life as free and wild as the gypsy horses they chased and captured.

Nevada was one of the last states to be settled and retained the image and ideals of the Old West well into this century. Not so long ago, thousands of these wild horses ran in the sagebrush hills. Nevada was the final haven for mustangs and mustangers of the old mold.

The Misfits is a story of those very last days.

Written by playwright Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston, *The Misfits* starred Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe and Montgomery Clift. It is a surrealistic tragedy of people caught on the edge of two worlds.

In Miller's story, set in the late 1950's, the wild horse is a tarnished symbol, a pet food ingredient rather than a useful companion. Their numbers are meager. But a few mustangers still hang on, trying to keep the old meaning of their life through the wild horse. They will not admit they are groping in a bed of ashes.

The expanded theme of *The Misfits* is an overlay of Miller's view of industrial society: *"Our society– and I speak of every industrialized society– is so complex, each person being so specialized an integer, that the moment an individual is dramatically characterized and set forth as a hero, our common sense reduces him to the size of a complainer...a misfit."*

Miller wrote this before his Nevada story. *Time* magazine proved him correct when they reviewed the film as a "pseudo-sociological study of the American cowboy in the last, disgusting stages of obsolescence." *Time* missed the point.

The Misfits was a *think* picture, admittedly a dangerous dimension for a *western*. Unless *The Misfits* was understood beyond the lines of the actors— some of the dialogue had an awfully Olympian air about it— it may have sounded like a bunch of cowboys talking with a prose that caused one Nevadan to comment, "Hell, I never heard punchers talk that way."

Many don't. Many, however, talk that way and are skilled in the use of metaphors and similes. Others, of course, can never say what they mean and fumble for words to match their frustrated emotions.

Miller expressed what they failed to say, and mixed high-rise dialogue with a cowboy vernacular that he learned while in the Reno area for a six week residency divorce in 1956. Near Pyramid Lake, Miller met cowboys who captured horses and sold them to pet food plants or chicken feeders. He accompanied the cowboys to the desert where they chased mustangs by plane and roped them from flatbed trucks.

"The striking thing about my companions," Miller was quoted, "was that they were eternally drifting without it being painful. They had a wonderful independence, and at the same time weren't tough."

After Miller's tenure in Nevada he wrote a short story titled *The Misfits* without the woman, Roselyn, played in the movie by Marilyn Monroe. Later, after Miller's marriage to Monroe, he rewrote the story into a screenplay with Monroe in a starring role.

The main character in both story and screenplay is Gay Langdon, an aging cowboy who happily lets the commercial, status-seeking world pass him by. At the start of the film he is still his own man. Now and then he goes into the desert hills to catch wild horses which he peddles to the dealers. "It's better than wages" is his tagline

The feel of the country means much to him, too. It is what gives Gay his intense vitality. Shortly after he meets Roselyn in a Reno casino, she says to him: "I walked to the edge of town once, but it looked like nothing out there." Gay replies, "It may be where everything is."

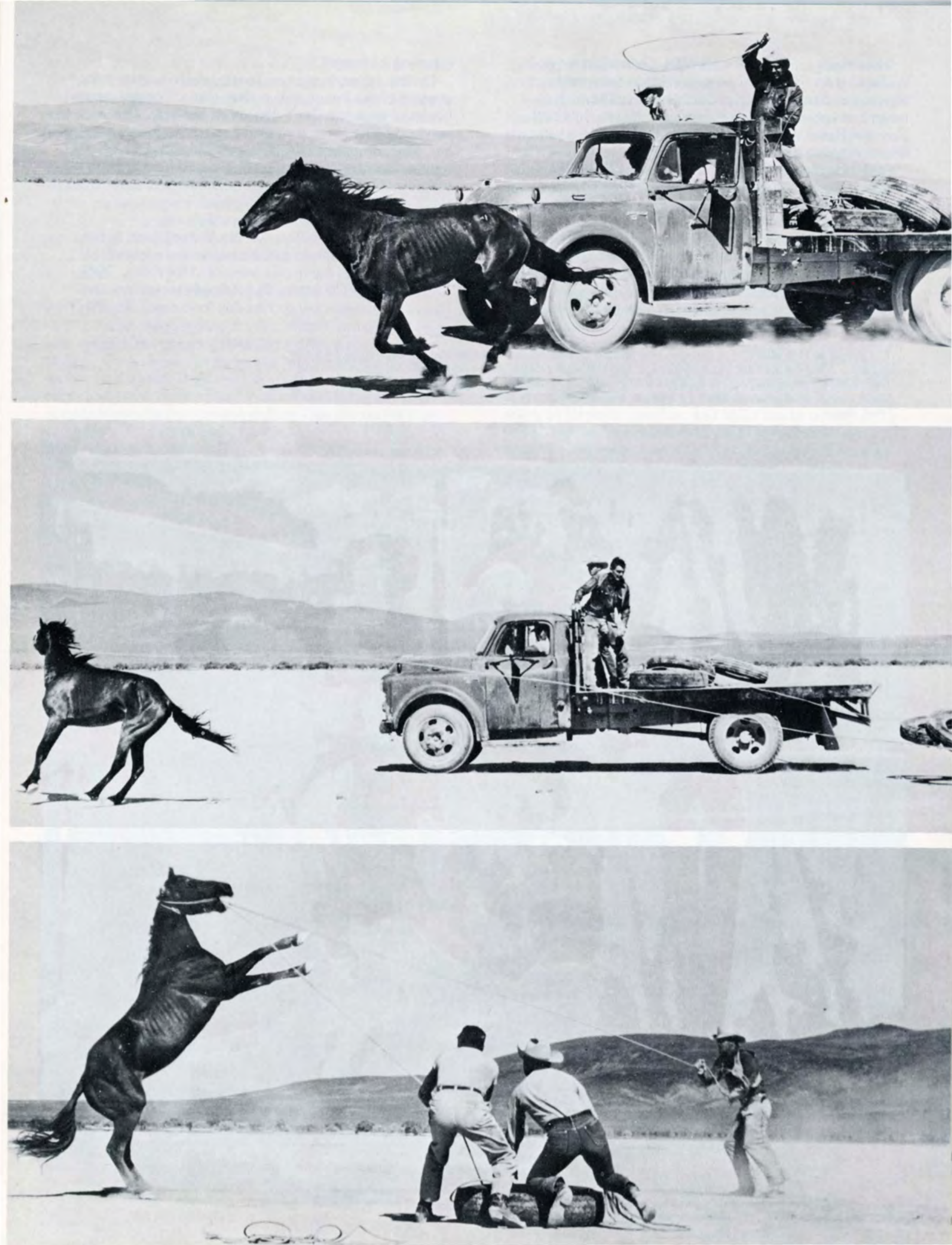
For Gay, out there in the desert hills lies his special freedom. It's his Huckleberry Finn land, a sort of downriver where he relies on his own resources and life deals him firsthand experience. "To get up when you feel like it. Then scratch yourself— fry yourself some eggs, see what kind of day it is, throw a stone, ride a horse, visit, whistle..."

We know, too, that Gay caters to sojourning divorcees in Reno. One woman stands on a train step at the Reno depot, urging Gay to go back to Missouri with her: "Will you think about it, Gay? It's the second largest laundry in St. Louis." He replies, "I wouldn't want to kid you, Susan. I ain't cut out for business."

His main business is to get out of Reno's neon glare whenever it starts pressing on him, and back to the desert. But modern society, Gay is to learn, pervades even "out there," waiting for a trigger to force a crack in his shell. And that force comes in the form of Roselyn.

She, too, is a misfit, of a back East society with incriminating neuroses that she hasn't learned to handle. She is sensitive, a *feeler*, never wanting to be in position of having to hurt or be hurt.

A magnificent and authentic enactment of capturing wild horses, what TIME magazine called — "archetypal battle between man and beast hung like a grand, insane image against the glittering salt flat " gives the film its documentary look.



Then there are Gay's two buddies. Guido (played by Eli Wallach) is an occasional pilot, working in town between trips to the desert with Gay. Guido has a house he has never been able to finish since his wife died in child birth. Gay and Roselyn now live there together. Guido is without resolution, also a misfit.

And then there is Pearce (Montgomery Clift): a second-rate rodeo contestant. A drifter, battered physically and emotionally, he searches for a brand of virility and identity in the arena. Another misfit.

All four decide to go to the desert to catch wild horses. For Gay, because it's time to get out of Reno and smell fresh air. For Guido, the same reason, and to make some bucks. For Pearce, something to do. For Roselyn, to share Gay's particular zest, and to draw from his philosophy some meaning for herself.

On the desert, illusion and reality clash. It starts in the evening of the first night in a firelit camp. Roselyn moves her hand to stroke Gay's dog which has been whining nervously. The heretofore placid animal suddenly snaps at her. Gay admonishes the dog while Roselyn asks what is wrong with her. Guido says: "She's been here enough times to know what's going to happen. There's wild animals up there that'll be dead tomorrow night."

"You'll kill them?" she says incredulously.

Gay answers her obliquely. "No. We sell them to the dealer." His attempts to placate her do not succeed. He admits that once the horses were used for riding. "Kids loved them for Christmas. But kids ride motor scooters now... The horses now go into dog food cans." Roselyn,

The People of THE MISFITS — Director John Huston (behind Marilyn Monroe) said — "Each picture is a little lifetime   One day it's over and a whole life is over with each picture." Aside from the denouement theme of THE MISFITS, it was the final film for Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe. Montgomery Clift made one more film before a tragic death. Behind Clift is Eli Wallach. Arthur Miller stands behind Wallach and, to his right, Producer Frank Taylor.

stunned, doesn't want to hear any more, disturbed as much by the grizzly image as by the dilemma she senses in Gay.

He tries again: "I'm doing the same thing I ever did. It's just that they...changed it around." *They*, of course, is that society he will not accept.

Next morning Guido flies over the mountains to find horses. Time drags in the strained conversation of those waiting on the hot, sun-bleached salt flat. Finally, the drone of the plane whispers through the desert air. Just six horses. Six pathetic horses where once herds would have stampeded through the pass.

"Doesn't make much sense for six, does it?" Pearce murmurs.

"Six is six," Gay answers defiantly. "Better than wages, ain't it?"

The horses stagger onto the flat while Roselyn watches with anguish the sweating, heaving mares, a colt and a stallion. Guido lands his plane and jumps into the truck cab as Gay and Pearce strap themsleves to the bed. Guido races across the bone-white flat after the first horse. As he speeds alongside the running stallion, Gay throws his rope around the mustang's neck. Pearce scores too. Both then throw their ropes over with large truck tires tied to the ends. The stallion runs until the dragging tires choke it into exhaustion and a standstill. Finally, all the horses, roped by the same procedure, stand forlornly.

The agony for Roselyn goes on. The mustangers, now on foot, again rope the horses. Each is thrown and tied, to lay pathetically, under the desert sun until a dealer's truck will arrive and haul them to a rendering plant. The miniscule herd will sell for less than $200 which is to be divided among them.

The scene of the capture, the screaming, sweat-foamed horses (actual wild horses and one fighting Hollywood-trained stallion gave the sequence its true look), finally breaks Roselyn. She lashes out at the men: "You're only living when you can watch something die..."

She offers to buy the horses if Gay, Guido and Pearce will let them go.

"She's crazy," Guido says. Gay remains silent, but angry. Pearce, however, sympathizes with her. He sees no sense in it all and later tells Roselyn he will cut the ropes and let them go if that is what she wants. She cannot help herself and wants the horses let loose.

Pearce and Roselyn take the truck and race toward the tussled-up horses. Pearce cuts the ropes and one by one the mustangs race across the flat toward the hills. Gay finally sees what is happening and catches the trailing rope of the stallion. He hangs on and fights the animal in a furious duel. Finally, the stallion quits and Gay ties it to the truck bumper before collapsing with heaving breath on the hood.

But he's a changed man now. The whole emotional mess has shattered his brittle arcadia. It's all been phony, he realizes, and, in deeper meaning, has been ever since he stepped out of the saddle, out of a true horse culture, and started chasing horses from planes and trucks.

He takes out his pocket knife, cuts the rope and the stallion speeds away. In tears, he cries out, "Damn them all! They changed it, changed it all around! Smeared it all over with blood. I'm finished with it. Like ropin' a dream now."

Roselyn offers to leave when they return to Reno. Yet, she is all he really now has, and Miller leaves us with a somewhat wistful note that she and Gay will strike out together under new premises. He tells her he will have to find some other way to know he's alive, "...if they got another way, anymore..."

Gay leaves his blown halcyon world in a beautifully photographed desert night scene, the last of a class of Western adventurers who lived a particular machismo through the wild horse. But only when there were many and used for a reason that did not call for blood. The woeful few left, to be fed to dogs and chickens, were as much misfits, anachronisms, as Gay.

One of the minor characters in the story, Isabelle (Thelma Ritter), a boardinghouse owner and friend of Roselyn's, tells her in an early scene, "Cowboys are the last real men in the world..."

A little on the heavy side, perhaps, but in that era of more delineated roles, and particularly of the time of men on horseback in the West, she wasn't far from wrong. But in *The Misfits'* greater finality, it was the recorded end of a little world in the West, in Nevada, about wild horses and mustangers. ☐

The use of planes and motorized vehicles to capture wild horses was declared illegal by the U.S. Congress in 1959.

The law, the first to protect wild horse herds from exploitation — and sometimes exhausting, bloody pursuits — was the culmination of an effort by the late Velma Johnston of Reno, who was known world-wide as Wild Horse Annie.

The Misfits underscored to the public the *reality* behind the law. Moreover, the movie audiences and film critics who questioned the apparent brutality shown in the film, learned for the first time that a law did indeed exist to halt such practices depicted in the film.

Unfortunately, the law was easily circumvented by some who persisted in capturing wild horses for sale to slaughterhouses. Often, too, local public officials were charged with laxness in enforcing the law.

Velma Johnston, aided by massive public support, was instrumental in 1971 in having Congress declare wild horses a National Heritage, placing them under the protection and supervision of the Bureau of Land Management.

Since then, the number of wild horses on the western ranges has burgeoned to about 50,000 head. This rapid increase resulted in criticism from ranchers and wildlife and range managers. They urged a reduction of the herds.

After considerable controversy, the BLM was permitted in 1976 to institute means to remove some horses from the range. Since these animals instinctively retreat to rough, mountain terrain — and chasing them by horseback could only result in ruining fine saddlehorses — wild horse protective associations agreed to the use of helicopters.

Presently, horses captured in Nevada are held at the BLM's holding area in Palomino Valley. Other western states also have central areas for captured animals, all of which are available for adoption by citizens. Information on adoption procedures can be obtained from the Bureau of Land Management, 300 Booth Street, Reno, Nevada 89502, or to the Wild Horse Organized Assistance (WHOA) P. O. Box 555, Reno, Nevada 89504.

Nevada Notes

PUCKER POWER

A Canadian lawyer, an Illinois housewife and two West Coast journalists were among the crowd of winners that made whistling history in Carson City in early October during the World's First International Whistle-off.

About 50 contestants from the U.S. and Canada puckered, warbled and twittered in the mall next to the State Capitol, to see who had the world's sweetest lips in several categories.

Some whistlers brought their own entourages, like lawyer Bill Paulus of Salem, Oregon. Paulus and his wife Norma, who is Oregon's Secretary of State, were accompanied by 30 self-proclaimed "Whistlepunks" to back him up. He captured the novelty whistling event. Nelson Christiansen of Hawaii, another lawyer, brought his own piano player.

For three days, October 1-3, the Capitol grounds sounded like a game preserve echoing with bird calls, classics and pop tunes. Spectators wandered about the mall's three whistle stands, each emblazoned with the weekend's slogan, "Pucker Power." At one a jazz band lent accompaniment. At another the star was a computer conducted by representatives of the Logical Machine Co. of Sunnyvale, California, which co-sponsored the contest with the Carson City Chamber of Commerce. The computer whistled Frank Sinatra's "My Way" for three days as contestants harmonized. The computer's whistle seemed to land somewhere between a violin and a harpsichord.

Like the whistling, the weather was bright and cheerful. But some contestants had problems with Carson City's altitude — 4,800 feet — and its clean, dry air. "It's a disadvantage here," said Clint Freeman, a telephone man from Caspar, California. "The air's so dry. You take a breath and it's like a blast furnace, but we try."

Peggy Lee of Narmal, Illinois agreed. "I'm finding it difficult. Back in Illinois the elevation is 700 feet, and I'm still adjusting to the change in altitude. The notes are crisper, though." Her husband Paul added, "The air is cleaner. Maybe the notes carry a little farther."

Peggy Lee is a mother of two who says she has always whistled. She and Paul came to Carson by way of a contest she won in Illinois, the first she had ever entered. "I was feeding the kids breakfast one morning when I heard that the contest was on," she recalled. "I remembered that when I was a kid a neighbor always said I was the best whistler on the block, so I got in the contest." She won, and was flown out for the Carson championship by a local radio station. Lee tied with Nancy Foran of Yakima, Washington for the best female whistler.

Women's whistling champ Peggy Lee, accompanied by husband Paul on tape recorder.

Among the other winners were Felicia Di Geronimo of Boulder Creek, California who, in her eighties, captured the senior title. Five-year-old Andrew Pena of San Clemente stood half the height of the microphone but won the kiddies crown.

Newsmen Mitch Hider of Oregon and Dan Berstein of California won the dual competition. Nelson Christiansen won the country-western category and his family won the family event. The overall Grand Champion was lawyer Harvey Pollock of Winnipeg.

Some of the competitors were veteran whistlers like Jim Rubens of Vermont. Rubens had just completed a finger-snapping version of St. Louis Blues when he confided, "I'm serious about whistling, definitely. I've been practicing three hours a day for the last seven years. To me, I'm a musician when I'm up there." A man ran up to Rubens. "How'd you like to be on NBC national?" he asked. "Great!" said Rubens, waving "See you later," as he ran off across the mall.

On Monday afternoon the contestants were breaking into impromptu duets and trios as foot-high working whistles were presented to the winners. With satisfaction and a smile, a member of the Chamber of Commerce said, "When we first heard about the idea for the contest, we weren't sure. It was a gamble. But it was a wonderful goofy idea, and we felt Carson was a goofy enough town for it to work — and it did."

BUREAU OF UNPOPULAR MISSIONS (or BUM)

Equal to the Internal Revenue Service in popularity with Nevadans is the Bureau of Land Management, the federal agency in charge of 67 percent of the State's land.

Ranchers, miners and outdoorsmen constantly criticize grazing fees charged, condition of the range, restrictions on mining and possible limitations on off-roading. The miners are particularly up in arms because of impending legislation which they say will run small prospectors out of business.

Tom Norris, a prospector from Battle Mountain, has been "cussing the BLM for years," and has initiated a contest for critics to re-name the agency. He is donating $1,000 in prize money for the best name submitted. Norris admits the contest is a promotion stunt to keep interest alive in the small miners' fight.

By early December more than a thousand names had been suggested, most ridiculing the agency. The suggestions included: Federal Range Raiders, Bureau of Land Mismanagement, Bigoted Land Madmen, and Mean Barbaric Landlords.

The BLM is taking this all with amusement. Carl Gidlund, BLM public information officer, says with tongue in cheek that it's a neck and neck race between his agency and the IRS. "Casino workers don't like the IRS, and rural residents don't like us. We are pleased Mr. Norris is so successful in mining on the federal lands that he has $1,000 to donate to this contest."

Not to be outdone, the BLM has started its own in-house contest. The Bureau of Unpopular Missions (or BUM for short) is one suggestion. Others include Bureau Lacking Miracles, and Bruised Lacerated Masochists. Gidlund jokes that the in-house winner will be transferred to the IRS.

Winner of the Norris contest will be announced December 30, 1977

RETRIBUTION

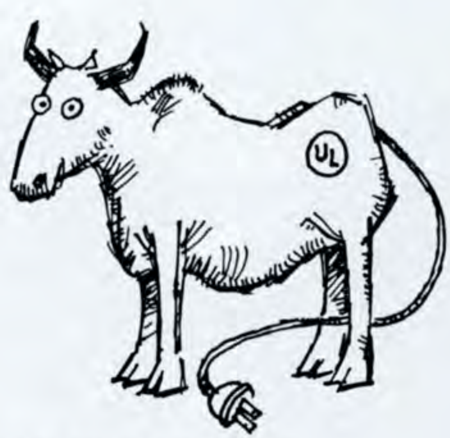
Centuries before the white man munched his first pine nut, the tiny nourishing fruit of the pinyon pine was the traditional food of Nevada's Indians. The nomadic Paiutes, for instance, made fall camps in the mountain ranges where the delicious nuts were plentiful.

However, pine nut crops suffered especially near mining towns, as Nevada Indians were caught in the ironic trap of cutting wood for the mining companies. By the late 1880s, the hills around towns like Austin and Eureka had been heavily cut, ruining harvests for decades.

Last fall Nevada Indians got a small measure of revenge when some pine nut hunters exceeded their limits. In October the BLM turned 400 sacks over to older tribal members in Elko, South Fork, Battle Mountain, Ely and the Goshute and Duckwater reservations. The nuts were confiscated near Ely. They normally would have sold for about $2,000, but the agency agreed to the special request made by Indian groups. Other sacks went to the Ely Senior Citizens Center.

Also near Ely the U.S. Forest Service nabbed a Utah commercial picker who had collected nearly double the 500 pounds called for in his permit. Seventy-five bushels, weighing about 470 pounds, were seized and auctioned. The nuts went to an Ely woman who bid 61 cents a pound.

Nevada pickers traditionally collect the cones and let them dry for two or three weeks. Then the nuts are thrashed loose. Retail prices near Ely and Elko ran about $2 a pound last fall, and up to $3 a pound in Western Nevada.



ELECTRIC STEERS

A Mason Valley man has invented an electric steer, complete with kicking legs operated by a motor and a dry cell battery, that can be used to practice roping.

Francis Goettsch, a former rancher and presently Yerington's dogcatcher, has a patent pending on his mechanical cow and hopes it will catch on with schools and rodeo ropers looking for practice.

"I've always been a roper," he says. "I just needed something to practice on for my timing." The beast also can be pulled by a horse for roping on the fly. If Goettsch's dream comes true, all his customers will need is a dry cell and a rope.

A survivor for five thousand years, Prometheus still lives in Nevada. By Richard Menzies

Bristlecones

Rising 13,063 feet above sea level, the highest peak of the Snake Range and the second highest in elevation in Nevada, Wheeler Peak offers a wealth of improbable discoveries.

In cool contrast to the desert below, the Wheeler Peak Scenic Area encloses three Alpine lakes, is capped by the Great Basin's only active glacier and undercut by the limestone grottos of Lehman Caves, a national monument since 1933.

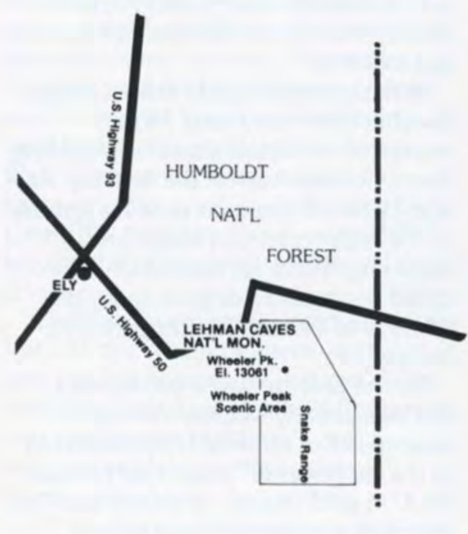
But it was only recently that the mountain yielded the most exciting discovery of all when a species of pine that grows at her higher elevations was found to be the oldest living things. Outliving even the giant sequoias by a

MENZIES PHOTOS

millenium and more, the gnarled and hardy bristlecones cluster in the northeast cirque of Wheeler Peak, at the uppermost edge of the timberline. It was here in 1964 that a hiker found the great grandfather of them all, Prometheus, whose ring count told of 49 centuries of survival against the wind and cold.

Today the bristlecone forests have come to be regarded as a national treasure, if not the eighth wonder of the world. More than a scenic marvel, they provide scientists with an invaluable insight into the past. Their annual growth rings represent a natural calendar of climatic events dating as far back as civilization itself.

In the aesthetic sense, they may prove to be even more valuable, inspiring in the beholder what naturalist Darwin Lambert calls the "bristlecone experience...the powerful feelings these timberline ancients generate in all who climb to the peaks to visit them." □



Well known in the badlands of the Great Basin, Old Jim Harrison roamed Nevada on his traplines from McDermitt to Goldfield, Dolly Varden to Rawhide. By Richard Menzies

Requiem for a Trapper

"He was a trapper, that's for sure," said Martin Baker, wiping a greasy hand on his overalls.

"I mean, in his category, in his field, there wasn't none better. In the field of trappin' there wasn't anybody in the world that could out trap Old Jim. He'd catch a coyote where there wasn't any tracks. A little smelly, you know, most of the time, but most people just disregarded it. They knew Jim for what he was and they didn't pay too much mind. He always said, ya gotta smell like one of them sonsabitches t' catch 'em."

Baker is the begrimed proprietor of The Border Place, a combination garage and tavern astride the Nevada-Utah state line on Highway 50. During his last years Old Jim Harrison had been a regular customer, refueling himself at the bar while Martin worked mechanical miracles to keep Jim's 20-year-old pickup truck alive. A battered four-wheel-drive GMC that appeared never to have enjoyed the luxury of a paved road, Jim wouldn't part with it, not even after mice had gnawed the upholstery to the springs and a runaway piston had knocked a hole through the engine block.

"It's made outta iron," Jim always said. "You can't get 'em like that anymore."

Jim himself was cast from stuff they don't make anymore. The oldtimers called it grit — a firmness of spirit, an unbending adherence to certain principles. Jim's standards were those of an earlier era, formed in the days before barbed wire fences and income taxes, double digit inflation and asphalt. Jim not only remembered the old ways, he lived them.

Old Jim was well known in the backlands of the Great Basin. For more than half a century he'd roamed Nevada on his traplines, from McDermitt to Goldfield, from Dolly Varden to Rawhide. Big cities were his anathema, and he skirted them like a wary coyote. Even in the jet age, he boasted, he could still drive across Nevada and hardly touch pavement. It might take him a week or two or even months, but that didn't bother him. He was never in a hurry and he had everything he needed.

Besides his traps, Jim packed an ancient .22 caliber rifle held together with electrical tape. And for emergencies, a Long Tom shotgun loaded with grapeshot. Usually he could shoot or trap enough game to keep his Dutch oven stocked, and if not, there was always plenty of grub in his truck — a side of bacon, a case of eggs, coffee and a loaf or two of mummified bread. Jim camped over an open fire, toasted his bread on a stick and brewed his coffee in a tin can. Coffee pots, he said, were too much trouble.

At night he'd curl up in his skunkskin blanket with a fifth of whiskey to keep him warm and sleep on the ground. It was the way he'd always lived, and all he ever wanted.

Jim had lived off the land and out of doors for as far back as he could remember. Born in 1894 in a cabin on the marshes of North Salt Lake, Utah, his earliest memories were of hunting bear with his father in the Wasatch Mountains and trapping muskrat. Rat pelts sold for 14 cents each, and soon young Harrison was making "more money than all the kids and all the men put together."

Jim had begun grade school at age five, but didn't stay long. More interested in trapping cats than spelling them, he ran away on the first day. At age 11 he left home to seek his fortune in the high country of Idaho and Wyoming. There he earned what he called his master's degree under the tutelage of oldtime fur trappers and Indians.

By the time he was a young man, Jim was already wealthy. A single wagonload of muskrat hides delivered to the fur buyer in Logan had brought $600 in gold pieces, "a hellofa load" in the front pockets of his Levi's. Jim plunked it down for his first car, a newfangled Model T Ford, and set out again for the hills.

Then came America's entry into World War I and the only years of his life Jim ever looked back upon with regret. Dropping into Blackfoot, Idaho one day to restock his grub supply, he'd been met by an Army recruiter, and soon he was bound for Europe in the company of the Twelfth Infantry under John J. Pershing. Subsequent months of fighting in the muddy trenches of France left him without a hair on his body (rotted away, he said, in the mud), a lung scarred from mustard gas, and an abiding hatred of regimentation and red beans.

At war's end, vowing never again to wash his face or shine his shoes, Jim packed his traps into his Model T and headed west, arriving in Reno in the then record time of five days.

"Well, I didn't get quite to Reno. I got just this side of Sparks and I seen that river and I went down there. I stayed all night and I seen mink tracks. I says, 'Here's where I stop!'"

Jim stayed two years, trapping the Truckee, Walker and Carson Rivers. He made enough money to buy property and build a six room house in Reno.

"And after I got it up there," he recalled, "I said, 'What the hell do I want with this thing?'"

Jim sold the house, but the new owner died shortly afterward, leaving a widow and two small children. The woman's plight was obvious, and Jim stepped in to make the mortgage payments himself. It was typical of the man who wouldn't buy a new shirt until his old one literally fell off and yet would lend money recklessly or give it away to those in need. But later, when the woman proposed marriage, Jim drew the line.

"There was too many coyotees where I was going," he said, and after finding her a job, he set out again for the desert.

Jim spent the next two years in Rawhide, Nevada. Once a prosperous goldcamp, by the early 1920s its population had dwindled to a handful of crusty oldtimers who spent their days scratching flecks of gold dust from all but depleted veins. Nights were spent drinking and reliving past glories in Kelly's Saloon. Jim recalled that each old miner carried his gold dust in his hip pocket in a pint whiskey flask.

"And one guy'd set his bottle down

MENZIES PHOTOS

on the counter. Another guy'd sidle up to him and he'd set his down there and give her a couple shakes. They'd set them whiskey bottles down fulla gold and then they'd shake 'em till they was dead level. And the guy that had the least amount had to pay for drinks for the whole bunch—four or five of 'em at two bits a drink."

That whiskey had been ruled illegal by the Eighteenth Amendment didn't seem to matter much. Almost everyone had a still hidden away in the hills, and there was plenty of booze to go around. And any Prohibition agent foolhardy enough to venture into such a place was considered fair game. The Winchester, not Washington, still ruled the West.

Another place where the bars never closed was Tuscarora, in northern Elko County. Ironically, it was in lawless Tuscarora that Jim was once arrested and tried on the unusual charge of stinking up the town.

It happened after Jim and his trapping partner, Swede Madsen, had come down from the mountains with a carload of dead coyotes, It was late October, and the first blizzard of winter was blowing in. Eager to avoid being snowbound, the pair hastily skinned their catch on the road, tossing the carcasses into a ravine at the edge of town. The two then drove on to Fallon, leaving the falling snow to conceal the crime.

The deed went undetected all winter, but with the return of warm weather and the first breeze, the corpora delicti became obnoxiously evident. Tuscarora was temporarily evacuated and a delegation of disgruntled citizens dispatched to bury the remains.

When Jim and his partner rolled into town in August, the justice of the peace was waiting for them.

"He says, 'All right, you sonsabitches, we're gonna lock ya up!'"

Since Tuscarora had no courthouse, the suspects were escorted under guard to Buck Horn's Bar for a speedy trial. As a jury of prejudiced patrons cast bloodshot eyes on the proceedings, the defendants were confronted with the charge.

"Them stinkin' coyotes," began the prosecutor. "We hadda go down there and throw dirt on 'em. We ain't agonna do it fer nothin'!"

"Oh, it was all in fun," Jim recalled 50 years later. "They tried me right in front of the bar, where the whiskey was. Finally they said, 'You buy us a drink, give us five dollars so we can buy another drink, and we'll turn you loose!'"

When Jim wasn't following his trapline, he lived at Fish Springs, a marshy oasis at the edge of the Great Salt Desert in western Utah. Originally a watering hole for the Pony Express and later a way station on the Old Lincoln Highway, Jim had bought the place in the Twenties from John Thomas, who'd run a lucrative business there for years, catering to infrequent visitors who usually arrived at his cabin suffering

from acute thirst and sunstroke.

Jim built a house and corrals and began raising cattle, sheep and hogs. He planted muskrat and bullfrogs in the slough and was soon harvesting a healthy crop of furs and frog legs. He met and married Ilo Shaw, a rugged Colorado cowgirl who loved the out of doors and "was just crazy to go trapping." Local ranchers remember that Jim was known to wash and change clothes in those days. Once, as folklore goes, he even showed up at a dance in nearby Callao wearing a suit and tie.

They were happy years, but fate took an ill turn one day when Ilo, stooping to lift a 10 gallon bucket of water, ruptured her pancreas. Jim took her to a hospital in Salt Lake and bought her the best of care. He hired a specialist from the Mayo Clinic, but there was no saving her, and on Christmas morning, 1949, she died. Jim returned alone to his ranch, just as the falling snow was beginning to cover the road.

It was the beginning of the big winter of '49 and the end of Jim's cattle business. As his herd huddled against the blowing drifts, Jim moved as much livestock as he could to shelter. Throwing out the furniture, he crowded 32 heifers into the house and stabled two horses in the kitchen. Jim fed them by hand, slept nights in the coal shed with two pigs and waited out the blizzard. It was a long wait. Three months later, when the drifts had finally subsided, Jim counted $56,000 worth of dead beef on the ground.

Afterwards, when the Department of the Interior offered to buy his spread for a wildfowl refuge, Jim sold out, keeping title only to the muskrats. The old house was bulldozed and buried and a compound of government buildings rose in its place. One of the new houses was for Jim, complete with running water and electricity and all the indoor comforts. So comfortable, in fact, that Jim couldn't stand to live in it. With some timbers and boards salvaged from the old homestead, Jim built a rude dugout at the edge of the swamp, and there he lived for the last 25 years of his life while his brick home lay vacant.

The reason, as Jim explained it, was the hardwood floors. "If I lived up there," he said, "I'd have to be waxin' 'em every 15 minutes."

Jim preferred his simple concrete floor, littered as it was with traps and sardine tins and beer cans, ankle deep in ashes that spewed from his old fashioned wood stove. And though he lived well below his means, Jim lived comfortably. Insulated by a dirt roof, his cabin was easily warmed in the winter and cool all summer. The pesky No-See-Um gnats that bedeviled the refuge employees rarely ventured beyond his doorway; those that did were promptly swallowed up by one of his many houselizards. The lizard population, in turn, was kept under control by a pair of bullsnakes that lived under his bunk. A "herd of mice" didn't bother him much, as long as they stayed out of his chewing tobacco. And Jim wasn't even much disturbed when he looked down from his breakfast table one morning to discover a rattlesnake curled at his feet; he just flushed it out of the house with a dash of hot coffee.

Winters Jim trapped muskrat; in the spring and summer he'd camp on his trapline in Nevada and Utah. But the twentieth century was fast closing in on him. Pollution, progress, pavement and above all, people — too many of them — were crowding him out.

Encumbered by government regulations, he complained that soon his traps would have so many tags attached "a man won't be able to lift 'em." The U.S. Army had fenced off a huge tract of open desert to the east for the testing of nerve gas; a sonic boom from a low-flying military jet, he said, had damaged his back and nearly caved in his roof. Just in case the culprit, "some smart aleck punk from White Sands," returned, Jim kept his Long Tom shotgun by the door, loaded and ready to go.

Eighty years old, crippled with arthritis, his eyes clouded by cataracts, Jim faced old age with equanimity. "I guess I'm doing okay," he opined with characteristic wit. "Most people, when they get to my age, they're dead."

The last winter of his life Jim spent at home, skinning rats by the light of a kerosene lamp and making plans for summer. Jim wanted to make one last trip into the wilds of northern Nevada. Martin Baker had put a new engine in his truck; he'd bought a newfangled aluminum canoe to carry him down unspoiled stretches of the Owyhee and Humboldt Rivers. Jim dreamt of catching beavers, wildcats, otter, mink, and native trout. Of camping out, of one more summer living off the land.

But it wasn't to be. Summer brought only pain and sickness, and for three months Jim lay in his bunk, barely able to eat, slowly wasting away. He wouldn't take his medicine, only the oldtime trapper remedies — liberal doses of honey and vinegar, Epsom salts — but still he grew weaker.

His friends pleaded with him to see a doctor. His sister drove out from Salt Lake to take him to the hospital. But he wouldn't budge.

"You gotta be a well man t' stand it in that layout," he argued, recalling an earlier bout with modern medicine. "And if you're sick, you'd better not go there. Whenever they're ready you gotta go get under a hot shower and run back and damn, they wear ya out puttin' ya in a bath.

"I wouldn't live three days in that place," he said. "No, if I'm goin' t' die, I'll go out here in the brush and dig a hole, deep enough so the skunks and badgers won't dig me up, and pull the dirt in after me."

By late October Jim lay on his bunk, boots on, wasted to the bone. Too weak to protest, he was taken by ambulance to the hospital in Salt Lake City, The next day, October 21, 1975, Jim Harrison was dead. □

My great-grandfather was only one of the many poverty-stricken pack-rats who Lady Luck decided to smile upon in that barren land of get-rich-quick promises and broken dreams. By Judy Butler

A Crusty Character of the Old West

During the late spring of 1900, Jim Butler left his Monitor Valley ranch to make one of his periodic jaunts across the desert. A part-time miner, he was headed toward the Klondike region where he'd heard talk of a new strike brewing. On his way, he stopped by the area called Tonopah to check out the stories of rich ore to be found there.

While Butler was surveying the area his burro wandered off, and after a search he found his four legged companion lazily chewing on a clump of desert wildflowers. As Butler decided to rest his weary frame on a ledge before continuing the journey, some sparkling pieces of rock caught his eye. Although he thought the chunks were just fine-colored quartz, he stuffed some samples into his pack and he and his burro started out once again in the direction of the Klondike, which was about 15 miles south of Tonopah.

He was greeted with bad news, however— there were no rich diggings, but before he turned his burro back home, Butler showed his Tonopah find to a group of prospector friends and asked the town assayer to examine the float. The assayer laughed, refusing to assay the ore unless Butler came up with some cash.

Having no money, Butler headed for Belmont to seek Tasker Oddie, who was a friend as well as an attorney. An Easterner, Oddie was pretty green to the world of mining but he trusted Butler's judgment and was eager to assist even though he, too, was short on funds. Butler left the rock with Oddie and returned to Monitor Valley, leaving the lawyer to seek out W. C. Gayhart, whose many duties included that of school principal, practicing attorney, and Austin's Sunday assayer. For half-interest in Oddie's 50 percent, Gayhart agreed to assay the samples. He was most surprised to find his new partnership a highly profitable one.

The sparkling rocks were rich in ore.

Jim Butler with his money-making mule.

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

The samples weighed in at 335 oz. of gold and silver nuggets at a value of $152. But it took a while for Butler to hear the great news because the mail system was extremely slow. And when he did receive word of the rich ore samples, he refused to leave his ranch until he was through with summer haying.

It was several months before Butler and his wife Belle packed up their buckboard wagon and headed for Little Spring (the Indian meaning for Tonopah), to stake their claims. Oddie was away in Austin on legal business so when they reached their destination, the Butlers filled their wagon with rich ore and staked claims for themselves and their absent partner.

Word spread quickly about the new bonanza camp, and Butler and his associates were bombarded with requests to lease some of the claims. Since Butler knew that he and his partners could not work all the mines with their crude equipment, he agreed to the leasing arrangement— for a 25 percent cut of all the profits.

The casual Tonopah leases— sealed with a verbal okay and a country handshake— opened up a new era in Nevada mining and were the first of their kind in the early mining camps. Later when the Tonopah interests were sold to Eastern businessmen, Butler insisted that the leases be honored until the date of expiration, even though none of the more than 100 leases had been drawn up in contract form.

Belle and Jim Butler did not stay long in Tonopah, soon returning to Monitor Valley. In the meantime, Butler had purchased a sprawling ranch in Inyo Valley, and the family headed for California in 1903.

"It looked lonesome to see the Indians move," Belle wrote in her diary of the pains of leaving their Nevada homestead. "It was a dear quiet little home and I leave a fervent blessing on it. God grant the new one will be as peaceful and happy."

But the Butlers were not left alone in their new home across the Sierra. Old friends, relatives and business associates stopped by to socialize and share news of Tonopah activities; on

Butler, with cronies in Tonopah bar — including Henry C. Cutting (on Butler's right), prominent Nevada educator.

Opposite page — The Butler mine in 1901. Butler is second from left, wife Belle is seated. Tasker Oddie at far right.

occasion one or another requested a friendly loan or grubstake for a promising mining venture.

Butler's good fortune allowed him frequent indulgence in charitable causes, including gifts for sick children, donations to fraternal organizations, or a belly-up round of drinks for his friends at the neighborhood saloon.

Many country newspapers told colorful tales of the simple lifestyle Butler continued to live after his pockets were full of gold, but on occasion he indulged himself too. Butler's neice, Alma Johnson, remembers him carrying around $200 in cash in his pocket, and also recalls a fancy French car he bought for himself that had to be sent overseas for repairs. Butler couldn't drive but he never lacked a chauffeur to tour him and his beloved dogs around the Nevada desert, and back and forth between San Francisco and Inyo County.

In his last years, Butler's health declined and he was forced to curtail his treks across the desert and confine his activities to the operation of his hotel and various other properties in Sacramento, San Jose, and Southern California. In June of 1922, Belle Butler died. Six months later Tonopah bid goodbye to Big Jim, its colorful founder, whose death touched the heart and mind of many a story-telling prospector who'd come to love the crusty character of the Old West. □

SHOW GUIDE

DON RICKLES (DEL WEBB'S SAHARA)

CHARO (DEL WEBB'S SAHARA)

JOHN DENVER (HARRAH'S)

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre For The Performing Arts
Isaac Hayes, Jan. 16
Bagdad Showroom
To Be Announced

Caesars Palace
734-7431
To Be Announced

California Hotel
385-1222
Continuous Entertainment

Circus Circus
734-0410
From 'Round the World Circus Acts, free of charge, 11 a.m. to midnight
Gilded Cage Entertainment Nightly, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.

Desert Inn
733-4444
Patio Bar Lounge
Continuous Entertainment

Dunes
734-4741
Casino De Paris '78

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Continuous entertainment

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Fremont
385-3232
Continuous entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Roy Clark and Jody Miller, Dec. 31-Jan. 18
Bobbie Gentry and Larry Storch, Jan. 19-Feb. 8
Wayne Newton and Dave Barry, Feb. 9-March 8
Roy Clark, March 9-22

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Gold Strike Lounge
To Be Announced

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
732-1110
Jubilee Showroom
To Be Announced

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Liberace, Dec. 27-Jan. 16
John Davidson, Jan. 17-Feb. 6
Ann-Margret, Feb. 7-27
Helen Reddy, Feb. 28-March 13

Marina
739-1906
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim Hotel
731-4300
Allegro Lounge
"The Maxim Force"

MGM Grand
739-4567
Carpenters and David Brenner, Dec. 24-Jan. 4

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Top of the Mint
Peter Urguidi
Casino Lounge
Continuous entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
Debbie Reynolds and The Lettermen, Dec. 23-Jan. 12
Bobby Vinton and Joan Rivers, Jan. 13-26
Rich Little, Jan. 27-Feb. 15
Bob Newhart and Bernadette Peters, Feb. 16-March 1

Royal Inn
734-0711
Royalty Lounge
Rick Roland, Dec. 22-Jan. 3
Bobby Douglas, Jan. 4-Feb. 1

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sahara
735-4242
Totie Fields, Jan. 5-12
Johnny Carson, Jan. 13–14
Petula Clark, Bert Convy, Rick Taylor, Jan. 19-Feb.1
Charo, Feb. 2-15
Tony Bennett and Joey Heatherton, Feb. 16-March 1

JOEY HEATHERTON (DEL WEBB'S SAHARA)

Don Rickles, March 9-22
Totie Fields, March 23-29

Sands
735-2916
Wayne Newton and Dave Berry and the Jive Sisters, Jan. 1-24
Robert Goulet and Myron Cohen, Jan. 25-Feb.14
Allen King and Lola Falana, Feb. 15-March 7
Doc Severinsen and Nipsey Russell, March 8-28
Dionne Warwick and Charlie Callas, March 29-April 11

Showboat
385-9123
Mardi Gras Lounge
The Nonchalants, Dec. 20-Jan. 1 Joann Bon, Jan. 3-15

Silver Bird
734-4111
Continental Theatre
Playgirls on Ice '78

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Gaiety Theatre
Boy-Lesque

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris '78

Tropicana
739-2411
Tiffany Theatre
Folies Bergere '78

Union Plaza
386-7111
Broadway Entertainment
Last of the Red Hot Lovers

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511
The Barry Ashton Review

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Sonny & Cher, Jan. 20-22, Jan. 27-29
Glenn Campbell-Kay Starr, Jan. 30-Feb. 5
Carpenters-Skiles & Henderson, Feb. 17-23
Ben Vereen, Mar 3-9
Wayne Newton, Mar 10-30

Lounge
B. B. King, Jan. 9-29
Orange Colored Sky, Jan. 12-25
Edie Adams-Pete Candoli, Jan. 30-Feb. 5
Jerry Van Dyke, Feb. 20-Mar 5
Micki Dolenz & Davy Jones, Mar 6-19

Harvey's
588-2411
Top of the Wheel
Ron Rose, tfn

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111
Continuous entertainment

North Shore Club
831-3100
Continuous entertainment

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
800-648-3322 (Toll free from Ariz., Calif., Ore., Idaho, Utah)
Bernadette Peters-Larry Gatlin, Dec. 31-Jan. 1
Donna Dummer, Jan. 27-29
Bernadette Peters, Feb. 3-5
Lou Rawls, Feb. 17-20
Tina Turner, Feb. 25-27
Natalie Cole, Mar 10-12

RENO-SPARKS CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Ink Spots, Dec. 20 to Jan. 8
Kathy O'Shea, Jan. 10-29
Dave Bunker Show, Jan. 31-Feb. 19

Eldorado
786-5700
Baby Buddha, Jan. 3-29
Frankie Carr & Novelites, Jan. 31-Feb. 19
Earl "Fatha" Hines, Feb. 21-Mar 12
Dick Dale with Jeannie, Mar 14-Apr 2

Harolds Club
329-0881
All New Mini-Burlesque "78"

John Ascuaga's Nugget-Sparks
358-2233
Andy Williams-Foster Brooks, Dec. 30-31-Jan. 1
Tennessee Ernie Ford-Brothers & Sisters, Feb. 2-3-4
Weekend shows only, Feb. & March
Red Skelton, Mar. 30-Apr 5

Harrah's Reno
329-4422
Bill Cosby-Jeree Palmer, Jan. 23-Feb. 1
Bobby Vinton, Feb. 2-15
Roger Miller, Feb. 16-Mar 1
Sammy Davis, Jr.-George Rhodes Conducting, Mar 17-31

Casino Cabaret
Kenny Rogers, Jan. 10-22
Larry & Lorrie Collins, Jan. 24-Feb. 5
Jerry Van Dyke, Mar 7-19
Micki Dolenz & Davy Jones, Mar 21-Apr 2

Holiday Hotel
329-0411
Continuous entertainment

RURAL NEVADA

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181

Stockmen's Hotel, Elko
738-5141

Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414

Sharkey's, Gardnerville
782-3133

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.

MITZI GAYNOR (HARRAH'S)

Holiday Inn Downtown
786-5151
Continuous entertainment

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous entertainment

Ormsby House-Carson City
882-1890
Motifs, Jan. 9-29
Sierra, Jan 30-Feb. 12
Esquires, Feb. 13-Mar 12
Matys Brothers, Mar 13-Apr 2

Jessie Beck's Riverside
786-4400
Continuous entertainment

Ponderosa
786-6820
Continuous entertainment

Shy Clown Casino
358-6632
Continuous entertainment

BILL COSBY (HARRAH'S)

The Nevada Opera Guild offers a genuine experience, rather than the perhaps expected tiara and tails extravaganza. By Linda Hale

Sparafucile & Other Outcasts

LINDA HALE ILLUSTRATIONS

The December 2nd, 1977 performance was a special one: Mozart's *The Magic Flute,* the essence of the enchantment of music, opened the 10th anniversary season of the Nevada Opera Guild.

On one side of the curtain in Reno's Pioneer Theater, a black-and-white sketch by set designer David Agress had become a green forest. Singers and chorus got ready for their cues, smoothing their costumes under the backstage lights. On the other side, the last bars of the overture floated out over the darkness; as the curtain rose, the audience gazed at the brighter-than-life scene. As Tamino stepped forward, the interchange between the magic and what made it possible began again in Reno.

The achievement this performance represents had its origins when Reno was a somewhat smaller town. It started, perhaps, with Ted Puffer driving up and down Virginia Street some 14 years ago. An actor, singer and director, he had come from Logan, Utah and before that from Minneapolis, and before *that* from Boston where he had worked with Sarah Caldwell to establish the Boston Opera Company. Puffer could see the growth possible in Reno. "It seemed just the right place for a maverick nomad like me to build a resident opera company," he says. In wife and co-worker Deena Puffer's phrase, "We hoped it would become a real part of life in the community."

The Puffer's version of the *Marriage of Figaro*, put on at the University of Nevada Reno where Ted had accepted a teaching position, followed. The performance attracted first a delighted few, then 16, and finally a hundred or so dedicated people who believed Reno could support such an opera company even though cultural institutions around the country were sagging. The Nevada Opera Guild incorporated in 1968; eight performances of *The Barber of Seville* made up the first season.

Because the Reno Little Theater only held 300 people, the relation between the two sides of the curtain was intimate — very different from the conventional notion of opera. Members' children ushered, while members themselves did everything from singing in the chorus to handling the phones. One woman, seeing how frail the curtain was, donated a new one in time for that first performance.

The Guild grew with the city and in 1971 it moved into the Pioneer Theater, with five times the seats and room for a larger cast and orchestra. Productions became more ambitious. Singers were brought in from other cities; now, in

fact, Reno audiences can hear international stars whose performances in San Francisco would command three times the ticket price. The classics of grand opera still were performed in the larger setting, but so were less familiar works like Carlisle Floyd's *Susannah.*

High spots for the Puffers — and for the reviewers from national magazines — were the American premieres of Tchaikovsky's *Saint Joan* and Busoni's *Doktor Faustus.* Translated by Deena Puffer, they were the first English performances of these operas anywhere in the world.

The intimate quality of the early days could not survive on the larger stage: "The dramatic energy that is opera had to be projected on a much bigger scale," Puffer states, "but the symbiosis between the works of art and the community remained." Guild productions have trained many local people. A number of dancers, singers, and instrumentalists teach in Reno and are part of its ecology. It is not unusual for your child to be in the third grade with the offspring of the basso who sang Sparafucile in *Rigoletto.*

This year's Guild president, who has been active since the beginning, is Margi Cellucci. Like many members, she includes her daughters in all sorts of Guild activities. "It's much more fun," she says. "It's something we can enjoy all our lives."

Previews and educational programs prepare the audience for each season. Rehearsals are often free to sixth graders, and there are special dollar matinees for wide-eyed and wide-eared students. Opera is made accessible in other ways, too. Through the Puffers' sparkling translations, the audience can not only follow but respond to the plot and the characters. "The excitement that is at the heart of opera can be conveyed," says Puffer, "and the result is no tiara-and-tails spectacle but a genuine experience."

The performances of the Nevada Opera Guild are presented in a highly professional way and the same dedication to quality marks the organization of the Guild itself. The Board, 30 strong, pledges to make up any deficit in the annual budget, which this year is $200,000. This encourages them to work hard for the first class fund-raisers like the Op Auction, the Lobster Dinner, and the Proper Picnic. The Board and the nearly 600 Guild members serve on committees to raise money, attendance, and interest. Tireless and imaginative men and women work at a level professional in all but pay.

A measure of the Guild's community support is that over a third of its budget is covered by ticket sales. Most performances are sold out, but the Guild hopes soon to have a four-production season completely pre-sold so that it can put on additional performances. Meanwhile members are making plans to form the Nevada Opera Company, supported by the Guild; to have a 600 to 800 seat opera house; and to help develop similar companies in Las Vegas and possibly Sacramento. Satellite guilds already exist at Lake Tahoe and Carson City.

The Guild is recognized elsewhere: last year it was the opera company of the smallest city included in Opera America, and Toni Lowden, last year's president, recently was elected first vice-president of Opera Guilds International. Many cities of far greater size would be hard put to match Reno's operatic achievements. Los Angeles, for instance, has no opera company at all.

"Opera is for everyone" read the stickers that have blossomed on car bumpers around Reno. For 10 years the members of the Nevada Opera Guild have been making

that idea a reality. They really have something to celebrate. And so do the people of Nevada. □

NEVADA OPERA GUILD — 1977-78 SEASON

THE MAGIC FLUTE	.Dec. 2-3
TOSCA	.Feb. 9-11
IL TROVATORE	.April 27-29
THE BARTERED BRIDE	.July 7-8

Season tickets (four shows): Members $12-$28; Non Members $14-$32; Single Shows $4-$9. For more information, write: Nevada Opera Guild, P. O. Box 3256, Reno, NV. 89505.

Owning land is regarded as the ultimate investment. In Nevada having the rights to water overshadows even that. By Guy Shipler

LAND WITHOUT WATER

The lure of land is deep-rooted in human instinct. Throughout history men and women have generally regarded owning a piece of property as the best and ultimate investment, the fountainhead and the foundation of economic security. Even if it did not contain beneath its surface the fabulous riches of gold or silver or oil, there was the certain conviction that the land, being the good earth itself, would never let its owner down. And no matter how often and how completely land ownership has meant disaster, the conviction of its basic reliability has persisted as strong as ever.

The risk of land ownership turning into disaster has always been higher in Nevada than in much of the rest of the country. Untold numbers of people who have tried to settle and develop pieces of the vast reaches of this 110,000 square mile state have been let down by the land, and have had to move on. Almost always the reason has been the same — the lack of one element that is far more valuable than land in the West, and especially in Nevada.

That element is water.

In other parts of the nation water seems to be as inexhaustible as air, and is as taken for granted by the populace. In Nevada, however, and ever since the great prehistoric inland sea which covered the Great Basin dried up, long before the earliest settler ventured into the area, water has been more precious than the land, because without it most of the land lay dormant and unproductive.

Even 100 years ago, when the population of Nevada was relatively small, there never was really enough water to meet the needs properly, much less take care of extended growth. Yet the growth persisted, slowly and intermittently at first. Since about 1970, it has accelerated at an ever-increasing rate as more and more people have sought to escape the pollution and the crowds of urban areas. Because of this influx (mostly from California) a critical strain has been put on the state's already limited water resources.

It is so critical in the major urban areas that political entities have been forced to put tough restrictions on building. In some cases building has been stopped dead by moratoriums. Even though moves like that can — and usually do — spell political suicide for incumbent office-holders, there is now hardly a choice. As one expert in the field puts it: "The time for us to say 'No' is approaching, not only in the urban areas, but elsewhere in the state. In some agricultural areas, it's already done. People just flat can't come in because no more permits can be issued."

Those facts are harsh. But so is the most basic fact of all: the amount of water that comes from precipitation on Nevada — snow melt and rainfall — amounts to an average of only nine inches a year, statewide. In most other parts of the nation, that much and more can fall in one heavy storm period, and half that much is not uncommon. (Four or five inches can fall in a rare cloudburst in parts of Nevada, too. The almost inevitable result: flash floods but little storage.)

Because of this unalterable statistic, the phrase "water rights" is a basic part of the language and the law in the West. It has been a key element in the social, political and economic structure of Nevada since the opening of its frontier. The early settlers here were farmers and ranchers whose past agricultural experience in more favored water areas had taught them the absolute necessity of a reliable irrigation source. They were instrumental in establishing as a solid principle the distribution of available water on a priority basis — "first in time, first in right."

From the start this was more than a concept; it was an axiom. It meant and still means that those who first developed waters from streams and underground for useful purposes would have first "right" to it. As time went on and demand became greater, a limitation was put on that right: The owner could lose it if he failed to put his water to "beneficial use." But as long as he did that, his right was sacred, rigidly protected by law, its violation morally and legally regarded in the community as the equivalent to horse stealing. And on occasion, in the early days, the frontier justice meted out against those who dared to steal water could be as quick and final as that used against horse thieves and murderers.

The handling of violations of water rights is no longer that direct and simple, that quick and final. Both the growth of the population and the development of broader, more sophisticated and elaborate uses of water have made the present water picture in Nevada, which had been complex enough in its elementary form, look like a surrealistic maze. So involved are the special problems of each individual case that sometimes it takes years to unravel them, to determine who is usurping what water from whom, and where and how much

NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

The Vegas Spring, delivering 350 miner's inches, early this century.

Truckee River, Reno, after flood, 1907.

of it should go when and for what purpose. And the power struggles among the parties involved as each has tried to latch onto what he claims is rightfully his have caused even further extensive and expensive litigation and argument.

The net effect of all these things has been to put the State of Nevada at a most serious crossroad. For regardless of who is trying to grab what water for his own purpose, the immovable fact remains that while the number of people has increased dramatically, the amount of water available to them has actually diminished. Even if precipitation had been high enough to keep streamflow at average levels and to replenish groundwater — say that nominal nine-inch average a year — it would be barely enough to keep pace with present usage even with stricter conservation rules than we live under now. And droughts such as we have been experiencing lately are not the basic cause of the problem. They only emphasize it and increase the pressures for some kind of drastic, inevitable restrictions.

The office of the state engineer is charged with enforcing water laws and seeing that what water there is will be used for beneficial purposes. The present state engineer, Roland Westergard, worries that Nevadans may not recognize the critical nature of the water problem, just as the American people generally fail to grasp the severity of the energy situation.

"The limitations on our water supplies are very real," says Westergard, "and it's not just a temporary thing to get over a drought period. Naturally we have felt the crunch of the drought because it has severely affected surface water supplies, and the average citizen can actually see the effects for himself.

"The trouble is that the layman doesn't realize that ground water supplies are not unlimited, either. When they see a good producing well gushing great quantities of water, they think, 'Boy, we've found a new source that's inexhaustible.' But that just isn't the case. The source of ground water is the same as the source of surface water — it's from the same precipitation that comes from the mountain streams. It just takes a little longer to get to those underground reservoirs."

A lot of those reservoirs are big, often resembling huge underground lakes. Because of that, the drain on them is slower and much less dramatic; in fact, to the average person, it hardly shows at all. But whether we can see it or not, the problem is critical.

"Take the Truckee Meadows, for instance," says Westergard. "Frequently I hear people say, 'What are we so concerned about? The power company can just drill more wells, and if the river doesn't flow, we'll pump it from underground.'"

That sounds like a simple enough solution. But Westergard points out that if water is pumped from underground that freely it jeopardizes not only the quantity (only so much can be pumped without dropping the water table), but the quality as well. And if too much water is pumped out of the wells in the Truckee Meadows, he believes it will induce some really bad quality from the outlying areas to take the place of what's been pumped. "Once that bad water comes in," he says, "you're not going to be able to pump it back out. Even if the main reservoir is not contaminated, the quality is certainly adversely affected."

There are problems of water overuse and shortage arising all around the state. The outlying areas around Reno, such as Lemmon Valley, Spanish Springs Valley and Cold Springs Valley, all rely on small underground basins which have limited amounts of water — they don't enjoy high enough mountains to support an adequate watershed. "So in every one of those areas we've had to curtail appropriations — for the very simple reason that if we don't, wells will be put in there that will draw the water table down. The result will be that there just won't be enough water for anybody, including

the people who are already there and must be protected."

Similar shortage potentials exist in the Lovelock Valley. When irrigation was tried there the quality of water was such that in many locations it was too saline, and contained enough chemicals to make it generally unsuitable even for agriculture. In the Fallon area, says Westergard, some deep wells in deep strata "are producing good water, but in the valley right around Fallon itself if you get wells that are more than 40 or 50 feet deep, you get a poor quality of water. So if the ground water level drops below 40 or 50 feet, those people are going to be without a domestic water supply."

Nor is the Las Vegas area immune. In 1955, the legislature changed the water law to provide that the state engineer could issue temporary permits to appropriate ground water. These would be subject to revocation when water became available from another source. "The reason for the move was the realization in Las Vegas that even at that time there was about as much water being pumped as that basin could support on a perennial yield basis," Westergard explains. "But they also knew that they were going to be getting water from Lake Mead and the Colorado River. So it was with this background that the legislature authorized the so-called temporary use of ground water."

It got to a point where between 85,000 and 90,000 acre feet of water per year were being pumped from underground. Since the Lake Mead water has been coming into the valley, the temporary permits are being revoked, and the pumping curtailed.

Meanwhile, a recent U.S. Geological Survey investigation has indicated that in spite of these restrictive measures, there had been enough "dewatering" of the subsurface to cause some "subsidance" — i.e., a sinking of the land because of consolidation of materials.

* * *

That's today's generally grim picture of Nevada's water situation. Unfortunately, there is no bright horizon; in fact, the future may be even darker. The experts agree that the technology of de-salting ocean water and transporting it inland has not yet been developed to a point where it is economically feasible. Desalinization is not a pipe dream, but its practical application is far down the road.

And the possibility of Nevada importing water from the rain-soaked Northwest, long discussed as a more practical approach, is beset with tremendous political problems. Understandably, the people of that area are extremely jealous of their water supplies — so much so that Senator Jackson of Washington put a rider on a senate bill which precluded the federal government from even studying the possibility of export-import schemes for a set period of years.

That leaves control and restrictions, moratoriums and conservation measures, all with the aim of seeing that people who are already here will use what water there is wisely and efficiently enough to assure their own welfare. And that, in turn, foretells a sharp drop in the pace of Nevada's recent population boom. □

Truckee River, Reno, after drought, 1977.

HADLEY PHOTO

BERKELEY HUNT

Survival depends on difficulty. By Bob McQuivey

BIGHORN

Desert bighorn sheep, whose home in the West includes the rugged mountains of Nevada, are survivors. They have outlasted the mammoth, camels, ground sloths, and three-toed horses that roamed Nevada in its greener, lusher days.

Bighorn symbols are plentiful in the rock writings of Nevada Indians found near the springs and natural tanks where the animals still come to drink in the hot summer months. In 1540, the Spanish explorer, Coronado, recorded the first siting of bighorns during his exploration of the American southwest. He described "some sheep as large as a horse, with very large horns and little tails."

At one time in Nevada, bighorn sheep were more numerous than deer and only slightly less abundant than antelope. But in this century the bighorn population and range shrank drastically, until only a few hundred were left at the turn of the century and had disappeared entirely from two-thirds of their historic range.

There are about 4,200 bighorns in Nevada today according to Department of Fish and Game estimates, and hunting quotas are low. In the fall of 1977, the state issues 82 bighorn tags to hunters and only elderly rams can be killed out of respect for the herd's growth. (Today an average of one percent are harvested annually, which is 16 percent less than the species' annual turnover.)

Early day hunting had its effect on the bighorn's brush with extinction. Hunted as a major source of food in the 1800s, the animals were easy to catch in summer near waterholes. Despite a state law prohibiting the killing of bighorns after 1901, the Boone and Crocket Club stated about 1915 that illegal bighorn hunting in the U.S. was most popular in Nevada.

But probably the most important threat to the bighorns' welfare was the introduction of domestic livestock onto

Nevada's open rangelands in the 1800s. Thousands of cattle, domestic sheep, horses and burros suddenly were competing with native bighorns for water and forage. At the same time miners and millers also competed for water and space. Prospectors and farmers built cabins on springs, a sensible move for home use but sure to drive away wildlife. The bighorns were shy for all their majestic bearing and refused to compete. They simply moved on.

Bighorn sheep are found currently anywhere from below sea level in Death Valley to towering Charleston Peak. Adaptable but slow, bighorns need three things for survival — food, water and escape cover. Their favorite food is grass, which comprises 60 percent of a bighorn's diet, but they also enjoy forbs, browse and cactus. They drink from springs or rivers in summer and depend on moisture from plants in the winter. Escape cover is rocky rough terrain because the bighorn can move rapidly through the toughest terrain of mountains and desert.

Most of Nevada's bighorns reside in the southern part of the state in Clark, Lincoln and Esmeralda counties. A few can be found on the Grant Toiyabe Range in Nye County and the White Pine Range near Ely. Well protected from early exploration, herds have survived in these areas that have been shunned by man and are unpopular for livestock grazing.

Bighorn sheep country in Nevada is 90 percent public domain, run by the Bureau of Land Management, Forest Service, National Parks, and Fish and Wildlife Service. The biggest single bighorn enclave is the National Desert Wildlife Range just north of Las Vegas.

The Nevada Department of Fish and Game is currently trying to improve bighorn habitat by developing water sources and by transplanting small herds into their historic areas where there is no longer competition.

The best areas for bighorns are those protected from "multiple use management." The animals' biggest enemy is man, with his campgrounds, recreation, automobiles and highways.

"It's not the physical presence of man that bothers sheep," says one Nevada game biologist, "because man and sheep have lived in Nevada together for over ten thousand years. It's the type of activity that man is engaged in that causes the problems...Like when people go to a spring and camp right on it for several days and two or three kids are playing around it, the sheep won't come in for a drink.

"That's the type of activity that makes it bad for all wild animals."

FISH AND GAME PHOTO

To test the bighorn's everyday habits, in 1973 Fish and Game caught, tagged and released 82 bighorns in the River Mountains of Clark County. Besides providing an estimate of the area's population, the study showed that bighorns are relative homebodies.

Unlike cattle, which roam widely throughout the range, the bighorns each occupied a select area within the range. The study also showed that the bighorns could get by in winter months with moisture from food, but needed water in summer.

Records were kept of the animals' movements for two years. In that time some sheep appeared at water sources — tanks and springs — every day in the summer time, while others stopped for a drink only once every three to five days. Ewes with lambs drank most often in early summer, whereas rams tended to concentrate near water later in the season. Rainstorms usually dispersed sheep away from the springs because the rainwater is available in natural rock "tanks" throughout the range.

The familiarity of bighorns with their habitat is important — the more rocky and precipitous the area, the more likely the sheep will survive. And even though bighorns are difficult to spot, they are not always invisible. On a hot summer day from a boat below Hoover Dam on the Colorado River, it is possible to see up to 30 or 40 head on the banks.

The bighorn is the state animal of Nevada, a proud symbol of survival in the desert. The bighorn's future depends on how man uses the land. In several decades its population in Nevada has grown from a lonely handful to more than 4,000 head. Perhaps the bighorn's best bet is that modern man, like Coronado, will continue to marvel and protect this desert friend.

NOTES FROM F&G BIGHORN: FACTS

Bones of bighorn sheep have been found dating back 15,000 years to a time when Nevada and the West were blessed with a wet climate. Archaeologists say the animals migrated across the Bering Sea Land Bridge from Russia and have occupied all the mountains with suitable habitat between Alaska and Mexico.

The earliest bighorn remains discovered in Nevada are estimated to be 11,600 years old. The desert or Nelson bighorn that inhabits the state is smaller than its Rocky Mountain cousin but has a wider spread of horns. The distribution and abundance of sheep in

Continued on page 47

If you were sick in the Old West, chances were slim for survival.
By Evelyn Levitan

Kill or Cure

In the 19th century West, almost everyone had occasion to be a doctor. With hunting knives for surgical instruments and whiskey the favored anesthetic, frontiersmen adapted to emergencies ranging from extraction of bullets to amputation of gangrenous limbs. Kit Carson was drafted to assist in an amputation as a youth, and subsequent experience brought him fame for his surgical skill with a hunting knife.

The terrible scourge of cholera — invading New Orleans from a ship and spreading westward — was the first of the illnesses and hardships which decimated the goldrushers of 1849 and 1850 on the 2,000 mile California Trail originating in Independence, Missouri. Doctors, or charlatans passing themselves off as men of medicine, accompanied wagon trains, lured like all the others by the promise of riches. Rarely did they caution against unsanitary conditions. In the trek across the Great Plains, thousands of pioneers were felled by drinking from muddy water holes contaminated by those who preceded them.

For most weary travelers on the California Trail, the Rocky Mountains meant an end to cholera. But about 1850 the disease struck on a Nevada branch-off, the Humboldt Trail, leaving more than 5,000 victims buried along the muddy Humboldt River. The Rockies and mountains of Nevada's Great Basin presented other perils, including mountain fever (the migrants' term for what apparently was Rocky Mountain spotted fever, carried by ticks), and Colorado tick fever. These diseases were much less widespread than cholera, however, with far fewer fatalities.

Remedies attempted by wagon train medicos against cholera, mountain fever, dysentery and other illnesses reflected the stage of medicine at the time and their individual shortcomings. They resorted to the often ineffectual treatments of those days: bloodletting, which would persist in use for another decade, and large doses of opium and mercury.

Mercury, which can be poisonous, was used in the form of calomel, a mild mercurous chloride, to break fever and as a laxative. If the patient could not tolerate the medicines, a doctor might place a hot cornmeal poultice on his stomach, garnished with mustard and cayenne pepper.

Scurvy, resulting from vitamin C deficiency, reached a peak in Nevada's arid lands along the Humboldt Trail. The lot of those whose diet had long lacked sufficient fruits and vegetables, scurvy caused overwhelmimg fatigue, sores, crippled bones, and finally , death. Many pioneers threw away their supply of dried beans, frightened by hearsay that beans caused cholera. Unless they had eaten wild fruits and plants along the way, and dried or jellied them in anticipation of possible future scarcity, they might be in serious straights by the time they passed through the Forty-Mile Desert on their way to the Sierra Nevada.

Plagued by thirst, alkali dust, intense heat and the stinking carcasses of starved trail animals, the gold seekers

were ignorant of the curative juices within the prickly pear cactus. Even in extreme cases, this natural medicine could have cured scurvy. It was 10 years before travelers mixed the cactus juice with whiskey and found it an effective deterrent to the disease.

Starting with a small find of gold in 1850 and culminating with the discovery of the Comstock Lode in 1859, that decade brought significant changes to the land that was to become Nevada. Throngs of miners converged on the area, and life was exciting in the hurly-burly times that followed.

Dr. Charles Lewis Anderson arrived from Minneapolis in 1862 to hang up his shingle in Carson City. He advertised in the newspaper *Daily Silver Age* as follows: "Dr. Chas. L. Anderson, Physician and Surgeon, Carson City, Office near the cor. of King and Ormsby sts." Two other doctors listed themselves: A. W. Tjader and J. D. Thompson, each with his office on the corner of Carson and Third streets.

It was Dr. Thompson whom Dr. Anderson called for consultation in the illness of eight-year-old Jennie Clemens, only child of Orion and Mollie Clemens, who died of typhus February 1, 1865. In his first visit to Jennie on January 28, Dr. Anderson noted that she was in a "heavy stupor, hot, breathing quickly, very thirsty." He tersely recorded treatments given in his daily visits: "Mustard applied to spine, beef tea, stimulants...Injections of beef tea and turpentine...Use of turpentine externally and internally."

Dr. Anderson wrote a detailed description of syphillis, perhaps to have it ready for frequent reference. He wrote about treatment and cautiously about the chance of a cure: "But if a mercurial treatment be used these mani(festations) may be prevented or retarded for more or less time and perhaps forever...Syph. demands a merc(ury) treatment...abandoned in later secondary and tertiary (stages) and iodide of potassium taken up."

Cursed with venereal disease brought to them by white men, Indians called it the Black Stocking Sickness because the first infectors had been mainly the blue-uniformed soldiers stationed at military posts. Teas and ointments concocted from various plants were fortified by incantations and magic rituals of their medical doctors, with religion and psychology playing a great part in alleviating illness.

The big medicine among Paiutes was tea made from the entire trumpet phlox. The teas from these plants were considered the best for purifying the blood. Other brews for this purpose were made from sour dock root, wild iris root, juniper root, meadow rue and sneezewood. Ointments applied to gonorrheal ulcers were juniper berry oil, mashed plantain root and bud sagebrush mixed with pitch.

Also mirroring the times were some of the causes of death as recorded by physicians. Fatalities from industrial diseases and accidents included explosion of powder, lead poisoning and miners' consumption. A typical coroner's list for the month might include: murdered, pistol wound, drowned, intemperance, self-injury—whiskey, suicide—wild parsnip poisoning. Knowledge of wild parsnip as a deadly poison came from the Indians. Some doctors carried stomach pumps as part of their usual equipment to thwart the self-destruction of women unhappy in love.

During the 1800s, people were accustomed to treating themselves and patent medicines found a ready market. Newspaper ads extolled the unlimited benefits of many products, with warnings of dire consequences if the buyer didn't select one above the other. Some home treatments were "granny" remedies such as gold filings eaten in honey for energy, an onion in one's pocket to ward off smallpox, and a black stocking bound around one's neck to cure a sore throat.

The miraculous cures of the 20th century and the elimination or prevention of many diseases which sent a large percentage of the pioneers to their graves in Nevada emphasize the state of medicine and the circumstances under which they lived and died.

When Dr. Henry Bergsteine moved to Pioche in 1872, he went to the cemetery to inspect the wording on 108 tombstones in order to determine what types of illnesses he'd be called upon to treat. He discovered that in only three cases had death resulted from natural causes. □

JAZZ IN THE DESERT

The Entertainment Capital of the World adds a new dimension.
By Mike Newman

April 22, 1975 signaled the arrival of a newcomer to the Southern Nevada cultural scene and a great moment for jazz in the desert. On that day the Las Vegas Jazz Society was born.

The society was the inspiration of Monk Montgomery, an Indiana laborer turned bass player who moved to Las Vegas seven years ago. After touring the world with his music, Montgomery saw the potential for jazz in that musical city. But the LVJS, the culmination of one man's dream in Nevada, was far from his mind in his youth.

"In school I felt like a misfit," he says. "I got to the sixth grade but couldn't cope with the school thing. It was during the Depression and I wanted to get out on the street and start making a living."

Monk Montgomery, founder LVJS.

He hauled ice and coal, unloaded boxcars of fruit and vegetables, and says he was happy earning a few quarters a day. He worked for 13 years in an Indianapolis foundry, got married, had a son, saved money and bought a house, but he had an urge to do something more.

Born into a family of five, Monk entered the life called jazz when he was almost 30 years old. His younger brother, the late Wes Montgomery, was already an established jazzman and a rising star on guitar but Monk didn't think much of his brother's bassplayer and thought he could play the music better. He bought a bass for himself and after a couple of years of practice and a few jobs in local jazz joints and afterhours clubs, he was asked to join Lionel Hampton's orchestra. That was the end of the Indiana foundries and the start of music tours for Monk in the U.S., Europe, and North Africa.

A pioneer on the electric Fender bass, Montgomery worked all over the country with the family group, The Montgomery Brothers (including Wes on the guitar, Buddy on piano and vibes), the Mastersounds, and also with Cal Tjader's group. In 1970 he was offered a gig with Red Norvo to play at the Tropicana in Las Vegas for three weeks.

The job lasted for almost two years and when it ended, Monk had discovered the only steady way to make a living as a musician in Vegas was by working lounges and house bands — not by playing jazz. He didn't like that idea, though, and he began a one-man campaign to establish jazz as an accepted form of entertainment in the gambling mecca. His casino door-to-door crusade finally ended in April 1975 with the successful formation of the Las Vegas Jazz Society.

Nevada Calendar

DATE	JANUARY	WHERE
Weekends	Flea Market	Dayton
1-2	Public Ice Skating, Coliseum	Reno
1-6	Christmas Art Sale, Burke Gallery	Boulder City
1-6	Christmas Art Sale, Las Vegas Art Museum	Las Vegas
1-13	Galley Show, Quilts, County Library	Las Vegas
1-13	Gallery Show — Quilts on display, Burke Gallery	Boulder City
5	UNR vs. U. of San Francisco, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
7	UNR vs. U. of Santa Clara, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
10-13	The New Scotch Doubles Golf Tournament, Showboat	Las Vegas
11	Master Series Concert, violin impresario Itzhak Perlman, 8 p.m. Ham Concert Hall, UNLV (Series sold out, but tickets may be available on concert day.)	Las Vegas
12-14	"Gingerbread Lady," 8 p.m., Little Theater, UNLV	Las Vegas
17	Globetrotters Exhibition Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
18	UNR vs. Cal Davis, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
19	Lahontan Audubon Society presents the film "Wildlife by Day and by Night," UNR Bldg. Rm. 103	Reno
19-21	"Echoes," Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
20	UNR vs. Utah State, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
26	UNR vs. Seattle, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
27-29	Sale-A-Thon, V&T room, Coliseum	Reno
28	UNR vs. Portland, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
30	UNR vs. Sacramento, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
25-29	South Lake Tahoe Winter Carnival	So. Lake Tahoe
	FEBRUARY	
*	Nevada Crossbow Championship	Jackpot
*	Old Timers Rodeo	Elko
*	Annual All Breed Bull Sale	Fallon
*	12th Annual Rod & Custom Car Show	Reno
*	Winnemucca Chariot Races	Winnemucca
Weekends	Flea Market	Dayton
2	UNR vs. Pepperdine, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
3	Calif/Nevada Hereford Assoc., Cattle Show & Sale, Fairgrounds	Reno
3	UNR vs. Loyola, Basketball, 8 p.m., Coliseum	Reno
4	Centro De Informacion, Latin American Dance, Fairgrounds	Reno
4	Hospital Auxiliary Ball, Ormsby House	Carson City
4-5	Nevada Dance Theater, 2 p.m., Ham Hall, UNLV	Las Vegas
7	Solo Recital, mezzo-soprano Carol Kimball, 8 p.m., Ham Hall	Las Vegas

11-12	2nd Annual Chariot Cutter Races	**Elko**
12	Las Vegas Chamber Players Concert, 2 p.m., Ham Hall	**Las Vegas**
16-18,	"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Judy Bayley Theatre	**Las Vegas**
17 (T)	Golden Gloves Boxing, Coliseum	**Reno**
18	Sparks Junior Boxing Club Exhibition, Fairgrounds	**Reno**
18-19	World Wide Flea Market, V&T Room, Coliseum	**Reno**
21	Solo Recital, flutist Richard Soule, 8 p.m., Ham Hall	**Las Vegas**
24-26	Reno Boat and R.V. Show, Coliseum	**Reno**
26	"A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," matinee, Judy Bayley Theatre	**Las Vegas**
28	Master Series Concert, Dubrovnik Festival Orchestra, 8 p.m., Ham Hall (Tickets may be available on concert day.)	**Las Vegas**

MARCH

*	WALCO International Steer Roping	**Fallon**
Weekends	Flea Market	**Dayton**
1-4	Nevada State Basketball Tournament, Coliseum	**Reno**
2-4	Reno Emblem Club Rummage Sale, Fairgrounds	**Reno**
2-5	ATA Winter Chain Trapshoot, Harolds Club	**Reno**
5	Las Vegas Chamber Players Concert, 2 p.m., Judy Bayley Theater	**Las Vegas**
7	Solo Recital, basoonist Charles Lipp, 8 p.m., Ham Hall	**Las Vegas**
8-11	Nevada State Basketball Tournament, Coliseum	**Reno**
9-11	Reno Jazz Festival, Bands	**Reno**
11-12	Comstock Arabian Rummage Sale, Fairgrounds	**Reno**
11-12	Daughters of the Nile Thieves Market, V&T Room, Coliseum	**Reno**
13	Master Series Concert, Minnesota Orchestra, 8 p.m., Ham Hall	**Las Vegas**
13-17	Doctors' Wives Rummage Sale, Fairgrounds	**Reno**
16-19	Sekulich Antique Show, V&T Room, Coliseum	**Reno**
17-22	Ski Industries of America, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
17	UNLV Collegium Musicum, German Renaissance Festival, 8 p.m., Moyer Ballroom, UNLV	**Las Vegas**
19	Las Vegas Chamber Players, cellist Fred Sherry, 2 p.m., Ham Hall	**Las Vegas**
22	Lahontan Audubon Society presents the film "Queen of the Cascades," 7:30 p.m., UNR Bldg., Rm. 103	**Reno**
23-25	T.B.A., Judy Bayley Theatre	**Las Vegas**

* Definite Date not yet set (T) Date Tentative

Monk believes all the work was worth it. "In Indiana, music touched something in me that hadn't been touched before. I was learning to play and it was beautiful then. It still is 25 years later." Montgomery's wish is to reach the junior players, the next generation, because he knows no music can survive without the young.

"Jazz is creative, spontaneous, always changing," he says. " How do we know there isn't another Duke Ellington living right here in Las Vegas? The Golden Age of Jazz may be over, but a new one is just around the corner."

In just over two years, the LVJS has become an integral part of the artistic community in Southern Nevada. A non-profit organization dedicated to promoting jazz culture in the area, the Society's most important function is education, to explain what jazz is and where it comes from. Under LVJS sponsorship, jazz groups have played at junior and senior high schools throughout Clark County; a program is underway to bring Dixie, Latin, modern and big band jazz into the schools with the help of funding from the Nevada State Council for the Arts, and the Musicians Performance Trust Fund; and internship program exists for University of Nevada Las Vegas musicians to earn credit by working one night a week in a Strip house band, while contributing their union scale wages to the UNLV music scholarship fund.

Since the Society's birth, many successful concerts have been held at the Hacienda Hotel on the Strip, and also at the university campus in Las Vegas. Special guests at the concerts have included Freddie Hubbard, Joe Williams, Milt Jackson, Cal Tjader, Jimmy Smith, Kenny Burrell, Sarah Vaughan, and Herbie Hancock.

May will always be a good month for the LVJS. First proclaimed "Jazz Month" in 1977 and sponsored by the Allied Arts Council, the LVJS and the Performance Trust Fund of Musicians Union Local 369, concerts were held throughout the community in public parks and at City Hall Plaza. Early in 1977 the National Endowment for the Arts in Washington, D.C., appointed Monk Montgomery (Nevada's premier representative) to its Advisory Panel for Jazz, Folk and Ethnic Music.

The LVJS and the Westside Library now co-sponsor an annual happening in the heart of Las Vegas' large black community. Called the "D Street Festival," this October event includes a street party, ethnic arts and crafts, much music, and contests to introduce new jazz musicians to the city. During the 1977 festival, a group of African dancers and musicians from Senegal performed.

America's only indigenous music has grown up in Las Vegas because a believer and a doer made permanent residence in town. It is the intent of the members of LVJS to make Las Vegas into the jazz capital of the world. Before Monk Montgomery, that would have been a joke; now it's a distinct possibility.

• • •

Tax deductible, individual membership in the LVJS is $15 a year, $25 annually for a family, and $5 for full-time students. For more information on membership, donations, and events, write to: Las Vegas Jazz Society, 3459 Nakona Lane, Las Vegas, NV 89109.

Nevada Reading

NEVADA, A BICENTENNIAL HISTORY

Robert Laxalt
W. W. Norton and Company, Inc.
New York. 1977 $8.95

Robert Laxalt needs no introduction to Nevada readers. As foremost chronicler of the state and writer in residence at the University of Nevada, Reno, his sensitive books and magazine pieces on his native state are widely known.

Nevada, Laxalt's latest book, was commissioned as one of a series of 51 histories of the states and the District of Columbia for America's birthday party last year. Neither the book nor its author disappoints. Indeed, if the authors of the other 50 volumes were as wisely chosen as Laxalt, the Bicentennial Series should be landmarks in American historiography. Each of the books contains, in addition to text, a pictorial essay. *Nevada's* evocative photographs were done by Joe Monroe.

But this *Nevada* is Laxalt's— filled with sagebrush and sand, mining and gambling, cattlemen and shepherds and farmers and Indians. Filled too with the voices of the people, often beginning and ending a chapter; for as Laxalt himself says, "...nothing is more revealing of the character, attributes and environment of a region than the pure language of the people who inhabit it. Their expression needs no broadening upon. It speaks for itself in the said and the unsaid."

Nevada rightly boasts of its people, from the universally known (Mark Twain, Howard Hughes, "Bugsy" Siegel, Pat McCarran) to the lesser known but no less important to Nevada's history (Dr. Mary Fulstone, Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins, Governor Balzar) all interwoven into a loving narrative. There has been some criticism because of some historical omissions. Perhaps it is mistitled *Nevada, A History*, for it is less a history than a paean to the Silver State.

Still, it is the voices one hears, and the clearest voice of all— a voice that carries with an aching loudness across his land— is Robert Laxalt's. That is the worth and the glory of *Nevada*. – *OM*

DRIVEN: THE AMERICAN FOUR-WHEELED LOVE AFFAIR

Leon Mandel
Stein and Day
New York. 1977 $10.00

For the past thee years viewers of Reno's KTVN-TV have been delighted and disturbed by Leon Mandel's bi-weekly talks on the automobile in America. Through this, his latest book, Mandel brings the same unfettered and provocative views to a national audience.

Describing this book, even briefly, requires more than the usual share of adjectives. For a start, let's just mention a few: witty, profound, knowledgeable, and loving. The last of these is important to keep in mind, because what sets the author apart from the general run of critics of the car-culture is the fact that he genuinely loves these machines. Since he is the West Coast editor of *Car and Driver*, a frequent contributor to other automobile periodicals, and a full-time professional observer of the car, his approach to the subject is different from that of a Ralph Nader.

Mandel's object is simple and straightforward: he is so fond of cars that he wants them to be manufactured, sold, serviced, and used better than they have been. In bringing home his message, he covers an immense amount of ground, namely the psychology, economics, history, sociology, ecology, regulation, and the future of the building, buying, and driving of cars. There are plenty of writers who could deal with these topics by getting us angry; Mandel makes us think.

It is amazing that the author can treat so many aspects of the car and yet not be superficial. Not only does he bring into the discussion his own vast knowledge, he also has interviewed a number of persons, both in and out of the automobile industry, who, like Mandel himself, have thought long and hard about cars and their impact on American life. And in presenting all this information he uses no graphs, charts, and statistical tables. Instead, he speaks to us in human terms. *Driven* is as much a book about people as it is a book about cars.

Considering today's publication costs, a book this full and rewarding just might be the year's best bargain.

Michael J. Brodhead
Dept. of History
University of Nevada, Reno

1978 Calendar

Nevada Magazine
Carson City, NV $2.50

Last year Nevada Magazine was severely chastized for its pictorially beautiful calendar: it was too small, appointments could not be written down, it couldn't be hung on a wall. This year there can be absolutely no complaints.

Nineteen seventy eight is a great year for collectors of calendars and Nevada history as well. Splendid graphically, Nevada Magazine's calendar is adorned with charming photographs of turn of the century Nevada— from a cribbage game in a private club, 1906, to the composing room of the Territorial Enterprise, 1897, to Las Vegas' famed "Block 16," 1908.

For the adventuresome, a two page map of Nevada ghost towns. For those who like a calendar to hang on the wall. this will. And for those who like spacious squares in which to chronicle important — or not so important — occasions, these squares are more than ample for the busiest of people. The calendar itself measures 11" x 16"

The 1978 calendars were sold out by press time, but orders are being accepted for 1979 Nevada calendars, which will once again be historic, in sepiatone, large, and, for readers, $2.50.

It has to be one of the best buys of the season. — *OM*

RIDING THE WIND, cont'd. from pg. 11

to reach 52,000 feet to land safely in the Austrian Alps.

And the records were broken many times after that. In Hayes' 1977 book, he writes that the current official altitude record was set in 1961 by Malcolm Ross and Victor Prather who flew to 113,733 feet (even though in 1966 Nick Piantandia reached an "unofficial" altitude of 123,000 feet).

From the beginning, balloons were simple, usually consisting of a basket, a burner, and an envelope. Having good control vertically, but hardly any horizontally, balloons are at the whim of the wind and the talent of the pilot (who has to be certified by the FAA).

"Inside a balloon there's nothing but air," says Reno balloonist Randy Sloan. "You shoot flames straight up into a nylon envelope from propane tanks. The heat will make the balloon rise; less heat will make it drop. There's a thermometer inside and the nylon melts at about 300 degrees so you have to be careful it doesn't get too hot or it will melt or catch fire and you'll come down in a hurry."

The lifting force is hot air. "You lay the balloon out on the ground, stretch it out, and pump cold air into it," says Sloan. "Then you heat that air so it gets lighter and thinner than the air you are displacing. This makes you float. To speed up a balloon you can lighten the load or raise the temperature."

Ballooning is expensive, costing about $9,000 for a new balloon and the economic life on the envelope is only about 300 hours. A chase crew is needed to assist the pilot inflate the balloon (which is about 70 feet tall, 60 feet wide and weighs about 500 pounds), and to pick up the pilot after the flight. Lessons cost about $100 an hour and 10 hours are needed for a license. A balloon burns about 20 gallons of propane an hour; if the air is warmer or the load heavier, more fuel is needed. Nevertheless, balloon sport flying is getting more popular, with about 1,000 balloons in the U.S. today.

There are three major events for balloonists held in this country: The first annual National Convention for the Balloon Federation of America was held in Reno in June of last year. Almost 100 pilots participated in the Nevada event (which will be held in Knoxville, Tennessee in 1978). At Indianola, Iowa each August, the National Hot Air Balloon Championships offer competition between pilots for national ratings. Winners get to represent the U.S. in world competition. The third event is the World Balloon Championships (not rated for the world title however), held in Albuquerque, New Mexico each year.

Randy Sloan was the first balloon pilot to fly over Lake Tahoe. He planned his flight for when the weather was right — when the air close to the ground was cold and a storm front was moving in, which meant the air was moving aloft.

"It was January 25, 1975 and I flew at about 13,000 feet, left the California side of the lake and landed 30 miles away an hour and three-quarters later. I was trying to land in Washoe Valley but when the air aloft is going fast and the air below is stable, you get a friction point in the middle called 'rotor' which is really turbulent. It shakes and is kind of scary but exciting because in a baloon it's so still otherwise. Anyway, I came down and started getting swept back towards the trees so I went back through the rotor and tried my descent again. By that time the air was heating up on the ground and moving too and that's why I missed the valley on the second try. My chase crew picked me up in Virginia City."

Piloting a balloon today means turning on the burners for five seconds, then off for about 20 more, all the time the balloon is afloat. When the burners are on there is a roar; when they're off, it's incredibly quiet. Response is slow. When you put the heat on, the full effect of that heat won't be felt for 15 seconds. Pilots have to understand how the weather affects their balloon, how loads change the action, and how the duty cycle of the burner works. Every flight is different.

"The balloons are different too," says Sloan, "each being a separate work of art. It takes time and patience to fly one; skill too. You navigate in the winds that are available but on a calm day all you can do is go up and down. Whatever the flight though, ballooning is great fun."

In the foreword of his excellent book on ballooning, Hayes says, "I wish you only blue skies warm, gentle breezes and soft landings."

"The Complete Ballooning Book" costs $8.95 and can be ordered through World Publications, P.O. Box 366, Mountain View, California 94042. We thank the publishers for allowing us to reprint a small part of it. — Ed. □

BIGHORN, cont'd. from pg. 41

Nevada has been well-documented in petroglyphs, archaeological remains and in the journals and diaries of early explorers and settlers. The animals' sunbleached horns can be seen nailed to porches in areas where the bighorn has long since vanished.

Biologists of the Nevada Department of Fish and Game have been studying the habits of bighorn sheep for many years. Their numbers decimated by the encroachment of man and domestic livestock, the bighorns have made a comeback in the last few decades. State and federal fieldmen have helped improve the sheeps' water supplies and have transplanted small groups to their former ranges.

In 1974 Nevada Fish and Game undertook a comprehensive field study. Partially funded by a private hunting group called Shikar Safari International, the distribution and abundance of bighorns in Nevada was to be documented with emphasis on population trends and influences. Helicopter surveys, which were begun in the Sixties, were expanded.

The researchers learned that bighorns migrate up to 40 miles between their summer range with a reliable water source, to a waterless winter range. It was also discovered that some historic migrations between ranges no longer happened because of increased auto traffic, urbanization and fencing. Other bighorn herds, however, continue to migrate if the paths are clear.

Presently, there are about 4,200 bighorns in Nevada, with 60 rams to every 100 ewes. Bighorns are polygamous, and during breeding season in fall, rams don't eat, hormones start charging, and the horn growth stops, leaving a ring on the horn for each year. Single lambs are produced in spring; lamb survival over the last nine years has been about one in three.

Currently F&G personnel are working to enhance the bighorns' habitat in addition to reintroducing sheep into historic areas. Habitat development consists primarily of building water catchments — including guzzlers and dams — and rejuvenating springs to allow greater dispersal of sheep throughout the range. Their hope is for many more bighorn sheep in Nevada's future. □

Throughout Nevada prehistoric man lived and buried his dead in the caves dotting the terraces of ancient Lake Lahontan. The tools, clothing and everyday clutter left behind reveal much about Nevada's first inhabitants and the world around them. Story by Zelda Shulley. Paintings by William A. Moore

Relics of the Past

In the far corner of the dark cave, families tugged their bulky blankets and huddled together for warmth. The crisp night air was punctuated with snores. Outside, the morning sun was just a sliver in the east; wildlife began to stir. It was morning in Nevada, or more correctly, it was morning on the desert, for this area would not become the State of Nevada for thousands of years.

Throughout the Great Basin and the West, man awoke and set forth to face new adventures, leaving the security of the shelters he called home. Scattered by the hundreds between the Sierra Nevada and the Wasatch Mountains — an enormous area with no drainage to the sea which covers most of Nevada and parts of Utah, Oregon, and California — many of the Great Basin shelters were formed by the waters of ancient Lake Lahontan. The climate was much wetter in those days and as the lake rose and fell, the pounding of

RELICS OF THE PAST· A mortar, pestal and arrowpoint, long since abandoned, indicate the presence of earlier inhabitants in Nevada's deserts. To the enthusiastic amateur or professional archaeologist, such a sight, in place, can make days of dedicated search worthwhile.

NEVADA ATLATL. This atlatl – a spear-like throwing stick used before the advent of the bow and arrow – and animal-skin pouch containing hafted points were excavated from a shelter within the tufa formation near Winnemucca Dry Lake. Prehistoric man made frequent use of tufa formations whose rough, rubble-like makeup provided crevices, shafts and shelters. Often resembling grotesque stone castles, they were created by carbonite deposits from the waters of ancient Lake Lahontan.

CONTEMPLATION: Depicting the loneliness of singular existance, ancient man contemplates his plight during a time when food and shelter were of prime importance. Caves such as this one often housed several cultures, each probably unaware of the existance of their predecessors.

LOVELOCK CAVE: Even though plundered by guano miners and pot hunters, great volumes of ancient artifacts were discovered in this limestone cave composed of one large room, 35 by 150 feet. Nearby Humboldt Lake provided fish and waterfowl for food. Tule and other vegetation along the shore was used for clothing, mats and baskets. Adaption to a lakeshore environment in prehistoric Nevada is the chief characteristic of the Lovelock Culture. The people who inhabited this cave since about 2,500 B.C. were succeeded by the Northern Paiutes.

waves carved out numerous caves along its shoreline.

Over the centuries, the shoreline gave way to vast marshes thriving with waterfowl. Prehistoric animals roamed nearby and fish abounded in the still deep waters of the lake. The caves offered protection to the animals until they were displaced by man, who saw the caves' merit as dwelling places.

Some caves and shelters served exclusively as homes of early man. Others became burial caves. As succeeding generations used these caves, their floors and surrounding areas became littered with debris. At times the lack of game and other unfavorable conditions caused the people to migrate in search of a better life, leaving the caves abandoned for long periods, even centuries, as dust and dirt covered all that was left behind. Then, once again, man took possession of the vacant shelters and another layer of artifacts and debris was deposited.

Over the centuries, Lake Lahontan shrank as the area became more arid, and today Pyramid Lake, Walker Lake and Honey Lake are the lonely remnants of the massive lake that was before. But the caves remain, many of them filled with fine silt and debris, and when excavated by the trained archaeologists, these shelters provide valuable information about Nevada's ancient heritage.

Weapons, tools, household articles, and ornaments tell of early man's daily life and the social and economic structure of his people. Human remains reveal his physical appearance and burial customs. Plant material and pollen show what types of vegetation were available; animal bones and refuse tell of species long extinct. The study and analysis of these materials, coupled with various age dating methods, have helped scientists reconstruct man's life of the past and they can now tell the story of early life in Nevada.

One such site is Lovelock Cave, located in a limestone outcropping 20 miles south of Lovelock. This cave contained such a rich yield of artifacts that it is considered by many to be one of the most important caves in the West. It was mined for guano in the early 1900s, and its ancient treasures were plundered and scattered. Some artifacts were destroyed during the mining operation while others found their way into the hands of collectors.

In 1912 scientists attempted to salvage and preserve what remained of the cave's contents and the wealth of artifacts uncovered during a series of digs provided a panoramic view of centuries of early habitation. Brought to light were fur blankets, bone tools, basketry, twined storage bags, woven nets, matting, and bone fishhooks. There were projectile points, stone knives, drills, scrapers, spears, and from the deeper levels came atlatl dart foreshafts.

Ornaments and decorative items were much in evidence. Made of bone, shell, and wood, this primitive jewelry consisted of beads, pendants, hair and ear ornaments, and bone tubes worn in the nose. Numerous graves were uncovered, some of them containing fine baskets decorated with feathers. Sandles woven of tule were found, as were painted and stuffed duck decoys.

Unlike Lovelock Cave, which was alternately a dwelling place and a burial cave, nearby Humboldt Cave appears to have been a cache cave — a sort of prehistoric safe deposit box where valuables were stored. Gypsum Cave near Las Vegas, proved to be the subject of much scientific controversy when implements of prehistoric man were found mixed with ground sloth dung. The possibility arose that man may have been contemporaneous with the prehistoric ground sloth, although more recent tests indicate this was probably not true. In eastern Nevada, Deer Creek Cave is believed to be a camping spot for hunting parties as was Stuart Rockshelter in Clark County.

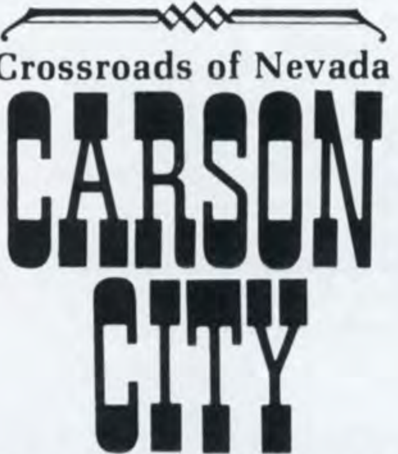
Each of the many archaeological sites throughout the State reveals its own character and provides its own bit of information and allows us a glimpse into the lives of prehistoric Nevadans. It is unfortunate that much of this priceless, irreplaceable information has been destroyed by modern man through careless looting of caves. Today, both State and Federal laws prohibit the disturbance of archaeological sites. These laws, however, did not come soon enough to save many prehistoric sites from wanton destruction. But as modern man grows in respect for the ways of his early-day predecessors, the chance increases, too, of preserving the clues to the long-vanished way of life of the first Nevadans. □

Residents and visitors alike can enjoy excellent collections and exhibits of early Nevada cultures around the state. The following are the places to go:

Nevada State Museum, Carson City
Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko
White Pine Public Museum, Ely
Eureka Historical Society, Eureka
Churchill County Museum, Fallon
Mineral County Museum, Hawthorne
Southern Nevada Museum, Henderson
Visitors Center, Lake Mead R.A.
Museum of Natural History, Las Vegas
Carson Valley Hist. Soc., Minden
Lost City Museum, Overton
Lincoln County Hist. Soc., Pioche
Nevada Historical Society, Reno
Visitors Center, Valley of Fire
Yerington Museum, Yerington

NEVADA TRAVEL GUIDE

Crossroads of Nevada



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For boating, swimming, fishing, waterskiing and sunbathing all year 'round — Lake Mead has to be the choice. By David E. Moore

Southern Nevada's Playground

A mirror of blue set among the gray and rusty mountains that once cradled the Colorado and Virgin rivers, Lake Mead is one of Nevada's biggest and most diverse outdoor playgrounds. For four decades its friends and visitors have enjoyed boating, swimming, fishing, waterskiing and sunbathing the year round. Fine marinas, campgrounds and cocktail lounges dot its 550-mile shoreline. With its bulk braced by Hoover Dam, stretching across Black Canyon like a giant girdle, Lake Mead commands a bold but friendly presence in the Southern Nevada sunshine.

As the dam is the gate, the lake is the vault spilling with precious water to nourish Southern California's farms and power its factories. In the century before the dam was

PIERSON AND LYNCH

completed in 1935, the region had seen other pioneers attempting to claim the region for commerce and progress. The steamboat lines, Mormon settlers and Colorado river explorers left behind landmarks like Callville, Bonelli's Landing, Kaolin and St. Thomas.

But these historic sites were caught in the tide of progress. After Hoover Dam's first gates were closed, one by one the trails, camps and crossings of the Colorado and Virgin were claimed by the rising waters of Lake Mead. At St. Thomas in June of 1938, when the young lake was nearly full-grown, the last residents said farewell to their homes as they waded and paddled to safety.

It was, in fact, the second time St. Thomas was abandoned by its Mormon pioneers. In 1865 a group of Brigham Young's followers founded the town as part of the Mormons' link to the west coast. But five years later, when Nevada proved its claim to the strip along the Virgin and the Colorado, the settlers heeded Young's call to come home to Utah.

Ten years later a new generation settled the Muddy Valley, re-establishing the towns of St. Thomas, Overton and Logan as farming and trading centers. Cotton, figs, dates and vegetables grew in the Mormons' well tended fields, irrigated by the ample waters of the Muddy River. Cattle, horses and hogs were raised. St. Thomas prospered, and the pioneers' early tents and one-room huts gradually were replaced by handsome adobe homes.

In trade, St. Thomas had the advantage of being the Valley's southernmost town, located near the junction of the Virgin and the Muddy as well as being on the overland route between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City. Called the Arrowhead Trail, the route wound eastward from Las Vegas, through the Valley of Fire, down into the Muddy Valley and St. Thomas and north to Mesquite.

It was also a terminus of the Grand Gulch Trail and shipping point for the copper ore from the Grand Gulch Mine. Teamsters ferried their cargo through canyons and trails along the present east side of Lake Mead. There, places like Horse Springs provided welcome waterholes and the camp of Gold Butte roared briefly early this century.

By World War I St. Thomas boasted a two-story schoolhouse and several places of business. Harry Gentry presided at Gentry's Hotel filling the roles of grocer, cattleman, postmaster, freighter and patriarch of one of the valley's many large families. Hugh Lord ran the garage. Rox Whitmore had a meat market, and the town sported another grocery store and a cafe.

The natural advantages of the town's location also had dramatic drawbacks. St. Thomas suffered when the big floods of 1897, 1910, 1913 and 1922 struck the Moapa Valley. As today, however, the many months of mild sunny weather more than compensated for the summer heat.

But in the Twenties St. Thomas began feeling the crunch of outside pressures. Gentry's daughter Laura, in *One Hundred Years on the Muddy,* writes, "In 1921 copper took a sharp drop in price. Shipments from the Grand Gulch ceased. The old Highway 91, which had been made with teams and scrapers, picks and hand shovels...was to be rerouted to where it is today."

And in the previous spring Osborne Gentry had ridden horseback 30 miles to give Harvey Armitage, a Colorado boatsman, a telegram from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation. The telegram stated that the government needed boats to aid in drilling the bedrock of Boulder Canyon to test its suitability for a dam.

As the drilling continued downstream at Black Canyon, St. Thomas was hit by another blow. The Virgin River bridge

LAKE MEAD NATIONAL RECREATION AREA PHOTOS

burned, and in 1925 the highway was moved 20 miles north to the present Glendale-Mesquite route over Mormon Mesa. With the growing likelihood that the great dam would be built, the U.S. government began negotiations with the town's residents for their lots.

In 1932 St. Thomas became the property of the government, and the townspeople began to leave.

The construction of Boulder Dam by the Six Companies rushed on ahead of schedule. The nation watched the dam's great concrete forms rise in the canyon as thousands of workers swarmed about. To house the workers and engineers, Boulder City was built nearby. Thirty miles away, the residents of Las Vegas — a mere 5,000 in number in pre-dam days — felt the tremors that would shake their dusty railroad town into a great resort city.

The dam began trapping water in February 1935, and in May the last concrete was poured to complete the dam proper. On September 30 President Franklin Roosevelt dedicated the dam as Lake Mead — then known as Boulder Lake — was creeping up the Colorado.

At St. Thomas and Kaolin, residents continued dismantling their homes. Trees and shrubs were cut down and mesquite and creosote took their place. The cemetery was moved to a bluff high above the valley.

In early June 1938 the rising waters of Lake Mead could be seen from St. Thomas. The Martin Bunker family gathered at their old homestead to pay final respects. Union Pacific crews carried away their precious rail.

On June 11 Leland Whitmore rose early to begin applying the last day stamp to 5,000 letters sent by philatelists from all over the country. Finally, as the waters lapped at the post office steps, Whitmore heaved the stamp canceller as far as he could into the water.

The last citizen to leave was mechanic Hugh Lord. He had moved his machinery to Overton and was determined to spend the last night in his home. But as one account put it, "the water rose too fast to ensure the comfort of a dry bed." That night Lord set fire to his house, stepped into a boat and rowed away as the flames crackled and spit in the water.

The next day most of the town was under six feet of water.

Lake Mead completely swallowed its present territory by the end of 1938, bulging with a two-year supply of Colorado and Virgin river water. The dam and its lake would provide hydroelectric power to Nevada, Arizona and California, and irrigation water to the Imperial Valley.

The lake's level rises and falls at the whim of river flow and downstream needs. Occasionally it drops low enough to expose St. Thomas, deserted and waterlogged, rows of trees standing testimony to the sturdy Nevada town it once was.

Lake Mead is the largest man-made lake in the country. More than 100 miles in length, the lake has a maximum depth of 500 feet and covers 230 square miles. Mead offers a variety of outdoor fun and adventure that matches its great size. And it's "open" all year long.

Water is not Lake Mead's only attraction. Equally inviting to hikers and weekend desert rats is the backcountry, a land of contrasts where mountains meet the desert, from the woodlands of sagebrush and juniper near Christmas Tree Pass to the desert willow and tamarisk along the lake shore. In wet years wildflowers paint the slopes and canyons. In rough terrain visitors may catch a glimpse of big horn sheep; along the valley floors, scampering lizards and ground squirrels are common sights.

LAKE MEAD NATIONAL RECREATION AREA

Lake Mead, Hoover Dam and Lake Mohave to the south comprise a 3,000 square mile recreation area straddling the Nevada-Arizona line. The area is administered by the National Park Service. A good bet for

PIERSON AND LYNCH

visitors is an early stop at the Alan Bible Visitor Center located between Hoover Dam and Boulder City. The center is open daily, and its exhibits, slide shows and publications are aimed to ensure an enjoyable time in Lake Mead country.

Next to the center begins a half-mile self guiding trail, which gives an excellent introduction to desert walking and the plant life and smaller creatures found in the area. Interpretive programs — guided hikes and campground shows conducted by park rangers — are posted at the visitor center and at ranger stations.

Several coves and harbors have been developed into small resorts. The most prominent is the Boulder Beach complex located just north of the visitor center. Boulder Beach features campgrounds, lodging, trailer hookups, boat launches, and Lake Mead Marina which boasts the world's largest floating restaurant. Boulder Beach also has a large outdoor amphitheater that hosts evening ranger talks, which usually are scheduled weekly in the cooler months. Lifeguards are on duty from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

More modest but no less inviting are the facilities at Las Vegas Wash, Callville Bay, Echo Bay and Overton Beach on the Nevada side. Temple Bar, on the south shore in Arizona, also has a full range of park services.

Each of the developed areas has telephone service and marine gas, and gas for automobiles is available at Callville Bay and Temple Bar.

BOATING

Launching ramps, boat rentals and supplies are available at the developed areas of Lake Mead. Watch out for bad weather when boating, since a sunny day can be quickly interrupted by storm on short notice. If caught in the water during bad weather, the Park Service advises, head for the nearest sheltered cove and wait it out.

More and more sailers are joining fishermen and motor boaters on Lake Mead. The winds are generally inconsistent — often too light or too strong — but the persistent sailer will be rewarded. Sailing enthusiasts can obtain information on Lake Mead's opportunities by contacting the Las Vegas Boat and Ski Club.

FISHING

Lake Mead attracts more fishermen than any other lake in the state. With Lake Mohave and the Colorado River below the dam, Mead offers a catch of great variety. The recreation area offers channel catfish (up to 25 lbs.), cutthroat trout (up to 10 lbs.), brown trout (up to 8 lbs.), and a recent plant by Fish & Game, cuttbow trout (up to 6 lbs.). State records set in the area include those for bluegill sunfish (1 lb. 8 oz.), black crappie (3 lb. 2 oz.), striped bass (48 lbs. 12 oz.), largemouth bass (11 lbs.), rainbow trout (16 lbs. 4 oz.), and a fish that is rarely caught today, the silver salmon (8 lb. 12 0z.).

Fishing licenses can be obtained at most concessions on the lake and at sporting goods stores in nearby towns. Fishing from the shore requires a license from either Nevada or Arizona. In Nevada a license costs $10 a year for residents, $20 for non-residents. Boat fishermen require a license from Nevada or Arizona with a special $3 use stamp (which can be obtained at the same place you buy your license) from the other state. No Nevada license is required to fish the river only but a Colorado River license is available for $10 a year, plus a $3 Arizona stamp.

Fishing is particularly good in spring and summer, early mornings, evenings, or at night. Boat fishing is most popular.

WATER SKIING

Waterskiing has always been a popular sport on Lake Mead. The weather is almost always good, the lake generally calm, with air temperatures often over 100 degrees and surface water temperature ranging between 75 and 80.

During summer, long distance water ski events sponsored by the Las Vegas Ski and Boat Club, are held at Boulder Beach. Two of three annual ski races, including a 500-mile marathon, are sanctioned by the national water ski association.

The lake's rules require that all waterskiers wear a lifesaving device and are watched by an observer who is not operating the boat.

DIVING

The Boulder Beach area is the most popular with skin and scuba divers, although the lake's smaller coves also offer good diving practice. Divers are encouraged to stay clear of boat harbors and swimming areas and to fly divers' flags at all times. Mead's depths are cold and dark, but the surface is comfortably warm.

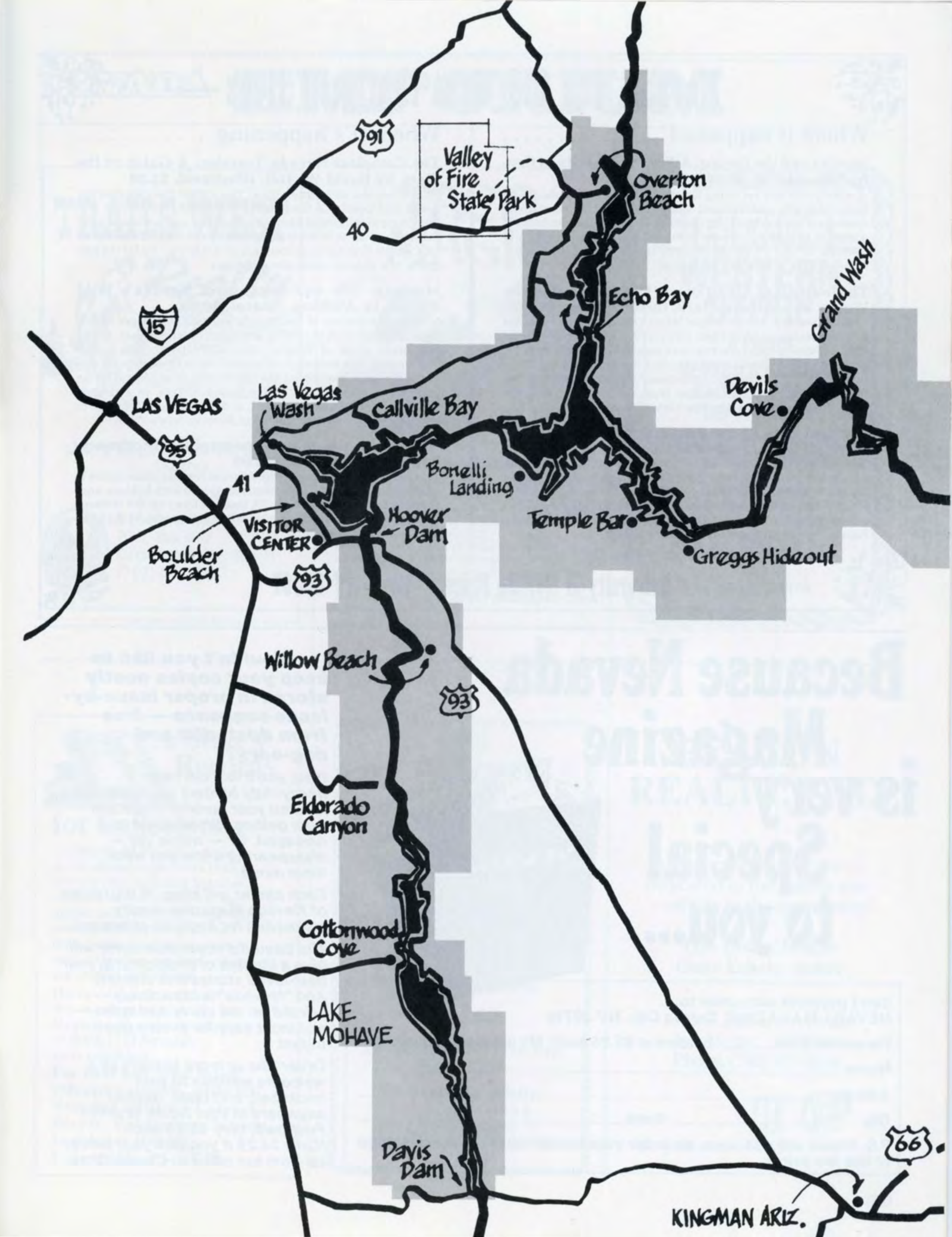
Continued on page 62

WHERE TO EAT, FISH AND SLEEP

	Marina	Campground	Restaurant	Groceries	Gas	Trailer/fee	Shower/fee	Laundromat	Lodging	Trailer sew. dump	Marine sew. dump	Ranger Station	Amphitheater
Boulder Beach	●	●	●	●	M	●	●		●	●	●	●	●
Las Vegas Wash	●	●	●	●	M					●	●	●	
Callville Bay	●	●	●	●	●	●	R	R		●	●	●	
Echo Bay	●	●	●	●	M	●	●	●	●	●	●	●	
Overton Beach	●	●	●	●	M	●	R	●	●	●		●	
Temple Bar (Ariz.)	●	●	●	●	●	●	R	●	●	●	●	●	●
Bonelli Landing (Ariz.)		●											
Greggs Hideout (Ariz.)		●											
Valley of Fire St. Pk.		●								●		●	

A full range of services, including overnight trailer courts, can be found at Boulder City, Overton, Henderson, and Las Vegas.

M=marine gas only R=reserved for trailer park users


91
Valley of Fire State Park
40
Overton Beach
Echo Bay
Grand Wash
15
Devils Cove
LAS VEGAS
Las Vegas Wash
Callville Bay
95
41
Bonelli Landing
Temple Bar
Greggs Hideout
VISITOR CENTER
Hoover Dam
Boulder Beach
93
Willow Beach
93
Eldorado Canyon
Cottonwood Cove
LAKE MOHAVE
Davis Dam
66
KINGMAN ARIZ.

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A memorable and revealing account of frontier Nevada drawn from the diaries and letters of Martha Gally and the journalistic writings of her husband, Dr. James W. Gally. Of the hundreds of accounts having to do with the gold and silver rushes, it is difficult to find a true portrayal of family life on the mining frontier. This is that rare exception.

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The daily diary, which began when Doten set sail from his native Massachusetts in 1849, focuses on his California mining days and newspaper career on the Comstock, and ends with his death in Carson City in 1903, showing the American West as it really was. "A unique and immensely valuable document for the social history of the frontier West bursting with the stuff of real life," said *The Sacramento Bee*.

Survival Arts of the Primitive Paiutes, by Margaret M. Wheat, paperback edition, $7.50
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Where it's happening . . . .

The Compleat Nevada Traveler: A Guide to the State, by David W. Toll, illustrated, $3.50
This is not the usual guidebook. The author has captured the mood and beauty of the Nevada landscape, the serious and humorous sidelights of history, scandalous moments and great moments — all in a lively style which will delight the reader. The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says of this book: "By far the best guide to a state to come along in years."

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This first definitive work on the origin of Nevada place names is a fascinating mixture of historical fact spiced with folklore, and, sometimes, outright mystery. "A treasure trove for the Western history aficionado and the browser," is the opinion of the *Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram*.

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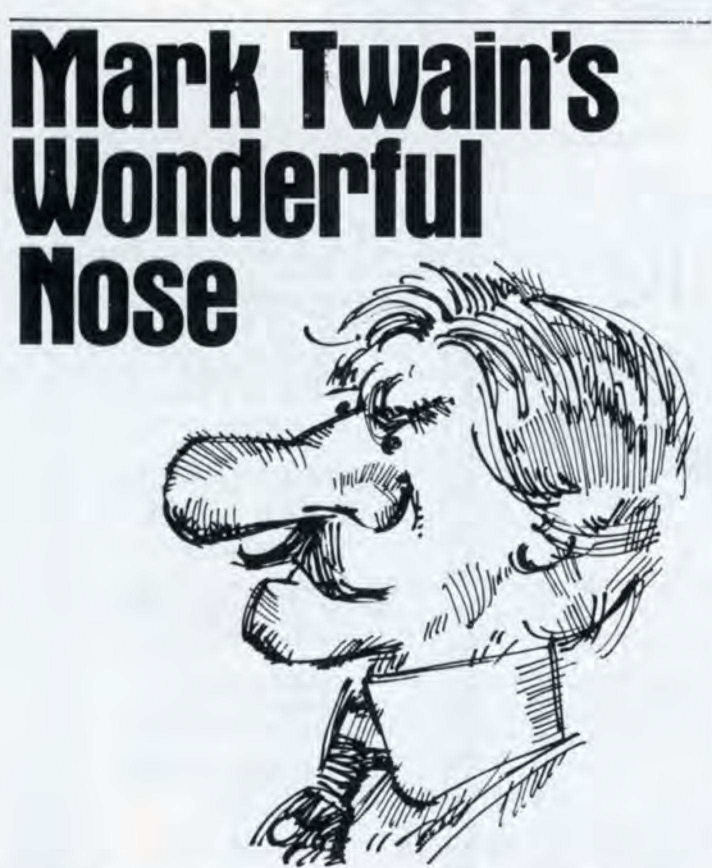
Mark Twain's Wonderful Nose



It happened that, while sparring with a friend in Virginia City one day, Mark Twain allowed his face to get in the way of a Sunday punch and wound up with a black eye and a nose that looked like an eggplant.

Now Twain at this time was a young buck and very vain about his appearance, and he suffered greatly from the raucous remarks that were being handed out freely and without charge about the condition of his nose. Accordingly he volunteered for an assignment far away in the California mines that would remove him from the slings and arrows of outrageous comment until Nature could bring the face of things back into proportion.

But no sooner was the humorist out of town than his untrustworthy friend and roommate, Dan de Quille, concocted a newspaper story describing the uproarious arrival in California of the man with the enormous nose, the vanguard of a distinguished freak show. People lined the streets for a chance to admire it, de Quille told his readers, and he also mentioned whose nose it was. Twain returned to Virginia in a temper because, as de Quille recalled later, "He said I had caused him to be annoyed by all the bums in Carson when he got back to that town as he was obliged to stand treat to shut their mouths."

Naturally such a kindness had to be returned in kind, and Twain grabbed his chance in reporting on a riding accident in which de Quille had been slightly injured. The victim dearly loved the gory tale, in which his friend "'concussed' me and brought my remains into town on two drays." Not so delighted was Mrs. de Quille, who read the sordid story of her husband's supposed demise back home in Iowa and nearly collapsed. But it was all in fun, just Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn swapping lies in Washoe.

LAKE MEAD,
cont'd from pg. 59

CAMPING
From wilderness camping to travelhome hookups, Lake Mead has it. Campsites in the developed areas offer tables, drinking water, fire grates and restrooms, and are available on a first-come, first-served basis. The nightly fee is $2, and no reservations are accepted.

Trailer utility hookups are available from concessionaires along the lake as well as in Boulder City, Overton, Henderson and Las Vegas. Campers may stay in the recreation area for up to 30 days in a calendar year. Valley of Fire State Park also has a large developed campground.

More primitive camping can be enjoyed on remote beaches and in the backcountry. Campers are asked to pick up their litter and to watch out for flash floods. Never pitch camp on low ground or in a wash bottom.

HIKING
Cross-country hiking is one of the best ways to enjoy Lake Mead except in the summertime, when hiking is not advised because of the intense heat. Most hikers pick their own destinations. Check at ranger stations for good routes or watch for notices on the frequent ranger-led hikes. Always carry water and don't go alone. Let someone else know where you're going. The desert is friendly toward those who respect it.

Snake Warning: In the cooler months hikers should watch out for poisonous snakes, including rattlesnake and coral snake, and the venomous lizard, the Gila monster. Snakebites are extremely rare in the recreation area and these creatures are normally shy and won't bother humans unless startled. Common sense is the best guide. Watch where you step and where you put your hands, especially if climbing. Rock ledges and mine shafts should be avoided.

HOOVER DAM
More than half a million visitors tour Hoover Dam each year. Guides conduct tours of the dam daily all year long and 50 cents is charged. Also recommended is a visit to the exhibit building which houses a model of the dam, its generating units, and the series of dams along the Colorado. A free movie about the dam's construction can be seen in Boulder City at the Visitors Bureau.

Lake Mead was named for Elwood Mead, the chief of the Bureau of Reclamation when the Hoover Dam project was first pursued.

TOURS
Auto tours by casette tape and booklet for the Northshore and Lakeshore roads are available at the Alan Bible Visitor Center for a modest charge. These tours point out historic sites and the communities of animals and plants along the route. Before driving on back roads, check with park rangers. No off-road travel is allowed in the recreation area.

Seafaring types can take advantage of daily boat cruises of Lake Mead and Hoover Dam on the "Echo," a private excursion vessel. The trip lasts one and a quarter hours, leaving from Lake Mead Marina at Boulder Beach. Recent prices were $4 adults, $2.50 for children under 12. A round trip tour from Las Vegas, including a stop at Hoover Dam, lunch at Lake Mead Marina and the lake cruise, is available for about $15 per person. Charter excursions can be arranged. Call Lake Mead Yacht Tours at (702) 736-6180 for schedule and information.

WEATHER
About 1,200 feet in elevation, Lake Mead roasts in the summer and basks in mild and sunny weather the rest of the year. Temperatures in June, July and August often climb to 100°F or more, but the low humidity makes the heat bearable for many visitors. Hats help too. Summer nights can be quite cold, and warm clothing is recommended for morning and evening wear.

WARNING – FLASH FLOODS
Visitors should beware of flash floods. In September 1974 Nelson's Landing, a marina on Lake Mohave, was wiped out by a flash flood. The tragic incident had a typical pattern: a distant thunderstorm had flooded canyons and washes, resulting in a wall of water barreling down Eldorado Canyon toward the lake. Such flash flooding occurs in the Southwest most often in summer and early fall. The only protection against flash floods is to stay out of their way. Check weather reports, watch for thunder clouds, and camp on high ground. Don't try to outrace a flash flood with your car.

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