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Guide to Hot Springs
The Weekend Prospector

COVER: Ten-horse hitch, by John Bardwell.

NEVADA

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April/May/June
Spring 1979

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Editorial

Chances are looking bright for Nevada Magazine to start publishing bimonthly in July, bringing you six issues a year instead of four As part of the celebration, we're planning some new regular features that should be of interest to you.

One is a special "Ask Nevada" feature highlighting readers' questions about the state's history its unique economy, travel, geography and people. The questions will be yours. The answers will come from David W Toll, noted Nevada writer and long-time Nevada Magazine contributor The author of *The Compleat Nevada Traveler*, Toll will find the elusive facts. "There is no question too large or too small," he insists. Send your questions to Ask Nevada Magazine, Carson City, NV 89710 before May 1 to be in time for David's answer in the summer issue.

Another feature starting this summer is the new Nevada dining guide. In each issue Sagebrush State gourmets will test their critical eyes and palates at Nevada restaurants of all shapes and sizes, with special emphasis on eateries in the cow counties. Anyone can submit a dining critique of up to 800 words. If it's good, we'll run it, and pay you enough so you can go eat somewhere else.

* * *

The *Tucson Citizen* recently published a Sunday feature about *Arizona Highways*. It compared the slickest of the regionals with *New Mexico* and *Nevada*.

Writer Lawrence W Cheek reports, *"Nevada*, perhaps another rung or two down on the scenery scale, also publishes a magazine. Its emphasis seems to be on its state's weirdness. It is not above publishing satire—unthinkable in *Arizona Highways*—and seizes every opportunity to celebrate notoriety A recent issue carried a feature on a turtlenecked Southern Baptist preacher who ministers to the Las Vegas strip, an historical piece on a Reno speakeasy and a guide to golfing in Nevada. Its photography is a shade below *New Mexico's.*"

Cheek says *Nevada* and *New Mexico* can be fun to read because of their unpredictability, but that *Arizona* has the right formula to build massive circulation.

The story raises the question that the magazine's own outrageous success may have contributed to the smog and congestion of the state's larger cities. At the same time, sensitive to the many changes going on in the Grand Canyon State, editor Tom Cooper hints that the magazine will be paying more attention to the written word in the future and to "finding new images of Arizona."

The article mentions that *Nevada* covers stories that *Arizona* would never dream of running. Perhaps in the future we'll see a *Nevada* that looks more like *Arizona*, and an *Arizona* that sounds more like *Nevada!*

* * *

I was born in Birmingham, England, a city of two million people, most of whom worked in steel factories or coal mines. Our town produced motorbikes, automobiles, bullets, cannons, pins, needles, nuts and bolts. Our people fought filthy air and usually died because of bronchitis. We were schooled according to sex.

It was a thrill for me to ride Dean Calkins' wagon train (see story page 6), to sit with the teamsters on the hard sprung seats of the Conestogas and to be seized by the beauty of the awesome backcountry we were traveling through. It was satisfying to talk to cowboys and other dudes around the campfire at night, and to sleep on the dirt. It was good to swim in a cold desert lake, to walk in brush shared by jackrabbits, coyotes and mustangs. And it was a pleasure to see big city people slow down and enjoy the history and quiet of the desert.

It has been more than 20 years since I left what was called the "Black Country" of the British industrial midlands. If anyone asks me to choose between steel mills and sagebrush, it will be easy to answer it now —*C. J. Hadley*

Letters

SHIPLER & CO. OK

I wish to congratulate you for your excellent article in Winter '79, "The People's Bureaucrat" on your retiring governor, Mike O'Callaghan. Guy Shipler did an outstanding job of writing about a most interesting public official—a very warm human being and a most honorable man.

Chris Victor Semons
Texas House of Representatives
Austin, TX.

Congratulations to David W Toll for that great article about Hello, Hollywood, Hello (Fall '78). My daughter is a dancer in the show at Reno's MGM Grand and has sent home many newspaper articles and reviews, but none so vividly illustrated the sweat and tears, the trials and traumas of such a colossal undertaking, as did Mr. Toll's brilliantly painted word picture.

Sheila M. Magraw
Ormskirk, Lancashire, England

We were very happy to find Bud Hage's well-written profile of Harry Webb in the Winter issue. Perhaps Webb is the last genuine cowboy alive representing the real west. At 90 he is still as straight and authentic in character as those he writes about in his stories.

Gertrude and Harold C. Wire
Laguna Beach, CA.

After reading the story about his father in the winter issue, Harry Webb Jr. remarked, "Holy mackerel, pop! If I'd known you were that good, I'd of been kow-towing you 'til my knees showed through my Levis!" Buck Erwin, ex-cowboy and great western writer who lives in Reno, felt the same. In a letter to Harry Webb, Erwin says, " Nevada Magazine's editors wrote you up like you was maybe the tallest most beautiful cowboy that ever threw his leg over a four-legged Black Rock Desert Mustang. " Don't miss Harry Webb's own story about trapping mustangs on page 20.—Ed.

ERRATA

David W Toll's account of the birthplace of Dan De Quille does not agree with Oscar Lewis' account of that event in the introduction to "The Big Bonanza."

According to Lewis "Dan De Quille was born in Knox County, Ohio, in 1829, the eldest of nine children. "

As a native Ohioan, I happen to be proud of the many literary lights that state produced.

Robert Erbeck
Quincy, CA.

Editor—

There is a unique meteorological condition on the Comstock Lode which used to afflict the local newpapermen from time to time. It is a scourge that confounded Mark Twain and Dan De Quille on many occasions, and once even settled on the great Twain's mind, rendering him incapable of productive effort for several days. It caused Enterprise *editor Fred Hart to slander his boss's friends in print, and was responsible, over the years, for lapses on the part of virtually every practitioner of the journalistic art on the Comstock.*

It is the famous "east wind from the brewery," and it still blows.

It has led me into the crazy error, as reader Erbeck points out, of putting Dan De Quille's birthplace in Iowa. He was born in Ohio. He didn't go to Iowa until he was 18 when he was still William Wright. It was from Iowa, though, that he began sending articles to various publications, and the influential Graham's Magazine in particular published his writing under the byline "Dan De Quille." I bow to the facts, but how about compromising by listing Ohio as the birthplace of William Wright and Iowa as that of the literary persona he adopted for a lifetime.

It is at least arguable, by the way, that Dan De Quille's life work, no matter how unrewarding financially (and no matter where he was born) was at least as valuable as his old partner Twain's: the daily jounal of events in the rise and fall of the greatest mining city in the history of the west. But even this distinction has been denied him. No complete file of the Territorial Enterprise *exists.*

The bound copies in the Enterprise *office and at the Storey County Courthouse were burned in the great fire of October, 1875, and hundreds of editions of earlier years still remain missing. It is said that the bonanza mining firm headed by John Mackay later spent some $40,000 over several years assembling a complete file of the paper's early editions. This priceless collection was stored away for safekeeping in the vault of the Nevada Bank of San Francisco, and destroyed in the great earthquake and fire of 1906.*

David W. Toll
Gold Hill, Nevada

TRYING TO PLEASE

Three months is a long time between issues. Do you have plans to expand to a monthly format?

Arthur J. Chorazy
Lancaster, PA.

Yes. But first we're going bi-monthly, six times a year, and very soon. Thanks for asking.—Ed.

AND FAILING

After viewing the ridiculous photo contest you just had I would like to say I find it extremely biased toward Nevada citizens. I am certain many people outside the state entered the contest. All awards and honorable mention went to Nevada citizens.

Also the judges in my opinion really should see a good optician. Their selections I found very poor quality. When my subscription expires, so be it.

Joe Gilder
Sunnyvale, CA.

I think you would find with most regional magazine photo contests that the greatest percentage of entries (and winners) come from within the region. More chance to photograph and perfect perhaps. Regarding your subscription, we hope you'll change your mind after seeing the Nevada '79 winners.—Ed.



Dean Calkins and his wagon train take you right into yesterday at two miles an hour, proving the long way from Fallon to Carson may be the best. By C. J. Hadley

Trails Across the Forty Mile

There aren't a lot of cowboys left on the range anymore. They're off in the cities buying big cars and working on machinery or computers. They live in the future.

There's one Nevada cowboy who makes his business by being behind the times. His home is the trail, and progress is 10 miles a day

Dean Calkins, the Fallon cowboy who runs the locally famous C-Bar-D Wagon Train, is staging a one-man fight to hold on to yesterday He yearns for a desert filled with buffalo, deer and antelope, a land without cars and asphalt. He is searching for mile after mile of tree-covered mountains, clean streams and valleys smothered with tall desert grass.

For that cowboy Nevada comes close to his dream.

Calkins is soft spoken, gentle of heart, and tough as nails. A former bronc rider, his C-Bar-D Ranch is the base of operations for Wagon Train Adventures, the periodic wagon trips that Calkins runs through parts of the Forty Mile Desert, around Indian Lakes or between Fallon, Fort Churchill and Carson City His clientele includes dreamers from all walks of life.

"People like getting off the road where there's nobody around," says Calkins. "It's living like they did years ago, the way their forefathers did."

For Calkins, the trail has had more than a few chuck holes and steep grades. He was born in Cullison, Kansas, in 1934, son of a farmer who went broke in the Depression. "We left for Oregon in 1938," he says, "and everything we owned was on top of a Model A car All of us lived in a tent for a while until we got a place of our own."

Preferring riding milk cows and bulls "just for the hell of it," Calkins didn't do too well in school, leaving in the eighth grade to milk cows for $60 a month plus room and board at an Oregon dairy In 1951 he went in the service and spent three years overseas. When he returned he joined the Rodeo Cowboys Association and rode broncs and bulls well enough to win some titles and make a good living. Between rodeos he ran pack trips for deer hunters and fishermen in the Sierra Nevada, traded horses, and hired out teams and wagons for use in commercials and movies.

The lessons of self-reliance, he says, are family-bred. "My dad didn't have much money, but all you needed in those days was guts and a hard back.



You could start out back then with practically nothing."

With practically nothing, Calkins started his own ranch near Fallon. Today the C-Bar-D is home, office and rodeo grounds. The ranch seems bigger than it is because of the great expanse of desert around it. On three sides stretches the Forty Mile Desert, which, with its chronic lack of water, brought shudders to the spines of the hardiest pioneers a hundred years ago.

The outfit is small, with holding pens, an arena with bucking chutes, a blacksmith shop, tack room, and a number of outbuildings that serve as cookshack, office and bunkhouse. There's also a dozen corrals filled with horses, burros and mules.

Calkins has always had a way with horses and still treats them better than he treats himself Next to his three daughters—Patti, Gail and Christa—there's nothing closer to his heart than his teams and wagons.

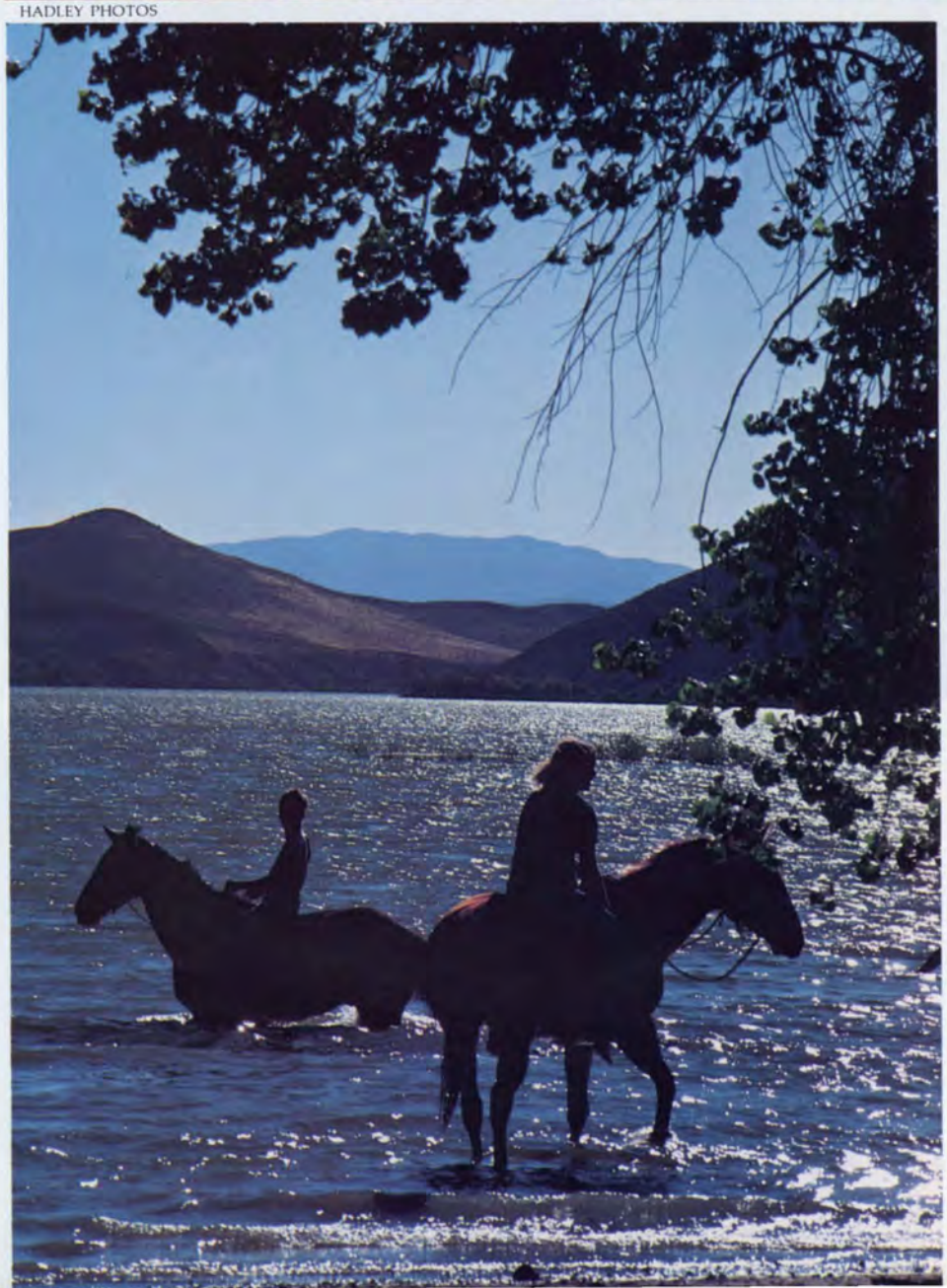
Calkins has been collecting covered wagons for the last 20 years. He buys old wagon beds and axles, wagon wheels from the East and custom-made canvas tops. After making tongues out of hardwood, he builds his own wagons from scratch.

By 1970, he had completed half a dozen trail-worthy wagons so he entered the wagon train in the Nevada Day Parade. "That was expensive," he says. "It takes 20 people to run a train like mine if one person goes or 100 people go. For the six-day ride from Fallon to Carson City only 60 miles, we need at least three cooks, six or seven teamsters and a dozen extra wranglers to work the teams and help the dudes." Regardless of expense—and that's about $2,000 to put five wagons on the road—Calkins' outfit is always a big hit on Admission Day He has won awards for Best Historic Entry Best Western, Best Horse-Drawn, and Best of Parade.

Preparing for his wagon train vacations is nearly a full-time job for Calkins. These desert trips run more than a dozen times a year starting at the



HADLEY PHOTOS



The wagon train heads slowly west around the rim of Soda Lakes at the edge of the Forty Mile Desert (left).

Buffalo Bill and Calkins' big hitch cresting a rise in big country (top).

After a long day on the trail, Gail and Troy Calkins, the wagon master's daughter and nephew, cool their mounts at Lake Lahontan (bottom).

For wagon travelers, Nevada is long, sweeping, brush-covered valleys that sometimes take two days to cross.

back gate of the C-Bar-D. The trips last from three to six days and nights, and meander through remote and beautiful canyons far from the sound of progress. Included are three good meals a day cooked and served cowboy style from the chuckwagon.

The wagon master varies his routes, taking the covered wagons through regions scattered with lava rock, through desolate valleys of subtle, lovely color, across alkali flats and meadows filled with flowers, passing herds of grazing mustangs. He usually makes camp at either a lake or river and sleep comes early under the stars.

On the trail, the train usually includes five wagons or more, pulled by a pair of Belgians, four blacks, a team of mules, and perhaps six oxen. Calkins' own hitch runs from six to 14 horses.

"In a big team, the lead horse is the most important," he explains. "Next is a good wheel horse. If you get a good horse in front and back of a team you can put just about anything in the middle." Calkins says that the lead horse has to tighten the chain and start the load. "If he doesn't start pulling it right, the other team horses would all step over each other and the rigging and you'd have a hell of a mess." The wheelers turn the load. Calkins rides the left wheelhorse so that he has more control over the team. He has a swamper handle the brakes on the wagon.

Longtime swamper and story-swapper for the C-Bar-D is Cactus Bob. He used to brake on a 10-mule hitch in Death Valley, but now he's a prospector working two small gold mines in the Mojave Desert. Cactus wears a gray curly beard and a hat that is about to be bronzed. It's so worn, pieces have fallen off Sometimes around the campfire at night Cactus will play his harmonica and sing the songs he learned from other prospectors around Death Valley Normally a loner, Cactus comes up from California several times a year to work the train with Calkins.

"The wagon train makes you appreciate life more," Cactus says. "The extremities of the desert. The hot and cold, the howling wind. All the ele-



Outriders help Calkins and the big hitch get out of camp.

ments. When you're in a nice car or in a nice house all the time you don't really think of what's been transpiring all these years. You get soft. I don't really think it's bad to get soft, but we need a contrast so we can blend in and get an average of what life really is."

Born in Los Angeles, Cactus Bob understands why Calkins has chosen this kind of life. He didn't appreciate the regimentation of big city living, so he moved to Death Valley when he was 16 years old.

"That was the only place you could get away from the rigamarole," Cactus says. "Death Valley's got a bad name and not too many people go down there. Making a living was rough but I was prospecting, learning my trade from all those desert rats like Badwater Bill, Tumbleweed Dutch and Death Valley Scotty

"The people in Death Valley were not really antisocial, they just wanted to be out there to find the long lost gold mine. Prospecting is a lot of work and the anticipation is great."

He laughs and adds: "Sometimes the anticipation is greater than the realization."

Cactus believes Calkins' wagon train is a throwback to the Borax Days when big teams of burros, up to 20 head, would travel across the desert. "The teams worked with a jerkline, just one line to the lead horse or mule. It's safer that way and there's more control." Calkins' rig is similar but he uses two jerklines to the lead horses instead of one.

Cactus says he prefers to ride in the wagon where the water and other refreshments are, but most of all he likes to ride the train. "I like to come up here to be with my down to earth friends. Cowboys and farmers, ranchers and prospectors, the kind of people who want to escape the city, the traffic, and the noise. A wagon train is good for anyone who wants to come out here and join us dirt people." Cactus looked around him. "Aren't the valleys and the cottonwood trees just beautiful?"

Other friends who help Calkins also understand his love of livestock, his love of yesterday Bud Bachman is a rugged-looking 57 He drives a truck for the Fallon Navy Base for weekly wages, and works the wagon train's lead team for the joy of it.

"I'm mostly a cowboy," Bud says with a grin. "The guys at the base think I'm weird for doing this, but they realize that Dean and I were both born 150 years too late."

Eating dust all day doesn't feel all that bad when you can reach a lake or river for a swim before suppertime.



HADLEY PHOTOS

Jerry Bestpitch is another regular who runs pack trips and wagon trains, blacksmiths, and trains and trades horses like Calkins himself Bestpitch has ridden the rough stock in rodeo and worked in helicopter rescue for the Coast Guard. He was decorated for helping to save 10 people from a tuna boat that had wrecked off the rocky coast of Oregon. Bestpitch comes from Buffalo, New York, but he was born with a sensitivity to animals, a natural ability to handle things western. Cal-

For pulling heavy pioneer wagons across the desert, oxen were the best animals for the job. They were slow, but they had stamina and strength. These are owned by Hap Magee, who is leading the team.







Dean Calkins, wagon master, bronc rider, brush cowboy, and king of the trail (above).

Ready to move out from the peace of a secluded camp at a Lahontan beach filled with cottonwoods (top left).

Camp cooks, Barbara and Ruth, getting ready to feed bacon, hotcakes and eggs to 40 people for breakfast (bottom left).



kins says he's one of the best muleskinners in the country

Of all the things Jerry's done, his favorite is driving a big hitch. "Being Wagon Master is kinda hard," Jerry says. "You have to keep an eye on everything—the horses, the rigging, the wagon, the people, and the rest of the train. It takes years to be able to handle a big team. There aren't too many cowboys left like Dean."

Most of the teamsters agree that Dean's best hand is his 21-year-old daughter Gail, who lives at the Fallon ranch with her husband Les. She always rides on the wagon train. "I just fill in, rough around," she says. "I've been doing this since I was 14 and I love it. On our train people can relax, move from wagon to wagon and talk to the rest of the travelers." What she says sounds easy but Gail works harder than anybody when the wagon train is on. She orders the food, plans the menus with the cooks, and handles whatever needs to be done.

"Father's got his mind so full of so many things there's no sense bothering him with the nitty gritty stuff," she says. "Cactus, Bud and Jerry help a lot because they know what he wants even though he doesn't say much. The only problem is he's so easy going people have walked all over him.

"Father can take almost anything in stride," she adds. "The only time I've ever seen him lose his temper is over us kids."

Calkins says without Gail, there would be no C-Bar-D. But without Calkins there certainly would be no wagon train. In these hectic times, Calkins offers a ride into the past at two miles an hour, a rustic and historic experience of the West. To many first time wagon trainers, Calkins' vacation is better than a dream; to some of the regulars, its peace and beauty have become necessities of life.

The pace on the trail is satisfying and pioneer style. On the third day of a trip from Fallon to Fort Churchill last year, the wagon train was moving slowly uphill toward the west. The lead team's harness was jangling and the wagon master was jogging slowly from side to side. At the top of a ridge that took all morning to climb, Calkins stopped the team. He dismounted and looked ahead. Everything was exactly the way it should be.

"See that hill over yonder?" he asked, pointing to some cottonwoods across a long brown valley He paused, looked back at morning's camp four hours back and said with a grin, "That's two days away " □













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How the Bonanza Kings took an Eastern reporter on a harrowing 15-mile ride down the Sierra on the great Nevada flume. Introduction by Olga Freeman

A Perilous Ride

"The terror of that ride can never be blotted from my memory," wrote reporter H. J Ramsdell of his ride down a 15-mile log flume in the high Sierra. The perilous flume ride occurred in 1875 while Ramsdell was covering the silver and gold strike on the Comstock Lode for the *New York Tribune*.

Ramsdell made the memorable trip one bright summer morning with J. B. Hereford, president and superintendent of the flume company, and James G. Fair and James C. Flood, who with Bonanza Kings John W Mackay and William S. O'Brien, were known as the "Big Four" of Nevada mining.

Ramsdell had been invited to see the flume after a trip through the mines, when he asked how the huge amount of lumber needed to timber the mines was transported from the logging lands above Washoe Lake and Virginia City

Mackay suggested that Ramsdell see the flume which brought timbers down from the mountain forest to a dumping ground from where they were shipped by the Virginia & Truckee Railroad to Virginia City

"You really ought to see this flume before you go back," Mackay said. "It is really a wonderful thing."

Two days later, July 21, 1875, the four men were at the bottom of the flume. It was V-shaped, made by two-inch planks set together with a width at the top of two-and-a-half feet. Ramsdell learned that the swift water in the flume floated 50,000 feet of timber or 500 cords of wood each day

On the buggy ride up to the sawmill known as Huffaker's Mill at the head of the flume, Ramsdell observed that the flume had many zigzags with falls as sharp as three feet in six. The substantial trestle work upon which it rested was at some points 70 feet high. He learned that the flume was fed from two reservoirs with a ditch conveying water from Hunters Creek. From beginning to end, the 15-mile flume extended eight air miles, thus consuming seven miles in twists and turns.

At the top, Flood and Fair challenged Ramsdell to ride down the flume. He accepted the dare, reasoning that if men worth $25 million apiece could afford to risk their lives, he could afford to risk his. They ordered two boats which were nothing more than pig troughs, with one end knocked out, V-shaped to fit into the flume. The forward end of the boat was left open and the rear end closed with a board against which was to come the current of water Two narrow boards were placed in the boat for seats, and it was arranged that Fair and Ramsdell would go in the first boat and Flood and Hereford in the second. Wrote Ramsdell:

"Mr Fair thought that we had better take a third man with us who knew something about the flume. There were probably 50 men from the mill standing in the vicinity waiting to see us off, and when it was proposed to take a third man, the question was asked of them if anybody was willing to go.

"Only one man, a red-faced carpenter who takes more kindly to whiskey than his bench, volunteered to go. Finally everything was arranged. Two or three stout men held the boat over the flume, and told us to jump into it the minute it touched the water, and to 'hang on to our hats.'

"The signal of 'all ready' was given, the boat was launched, and we jumped into it as best we could, which was not very well, and away we went like the wind.

"The grade of the flume at the mill is very heavy, and the water rushes through it at railroad speed. A flume has no element of safety In the first place, the grade cannot be regulated; you cannot go fast or slow at pleasure; you are wholly at the mercy of the water You cannot stop; you cannot lessen your speed; you have nothing to hold it; you have only to sit still, shut your eyes, say your prayers, take all the water that comes—filling your boat, wetting your feet, drenching you like a plunge through the surf—and wait for eternity I cannot give the readers a better idea of a flume-ride than to compare it to riding down an old-fashioned eave-trough at an angle of 45 degrees, hanging in midair without support of roof or house, and thus shot a distance of 15 miles.

"At the start, we went at the rate of about 20 miles an hour, which is a little less than the average speed of a railroad train. The average time we made was 30 miles per hour—a mile in two minutes for the entire distance.

"The red-faced carpenter sat in front of our boat on the bottom as best he could. Mr Fair sat on a seat behind him, and I sat behind Mr Fair in the stern, and was of great service to him in keeping the water, which broke over the end-board, from his back.

"There was a great deal of water also shipped in the bows of the hog-trough, and I know Mr Fair's broad shoulders kept me from many a wetting in the memorable trip.

"At the heaviest grade the water came in so furiously in front that it was impossible to see where we were going or what was ahead of us; but, when the grade was light and we were going at a three or four-minute pace, the vision was very delightful, although it was terrible.

"In this ride, which fails me to describe, I was perched up in a boat no wider than a chair, sometimes 20 feet high in the air and with the ever varying altitude of the flume often 70 feet high. When the water would enable me to look ahead, I would see this trestle here and there for miles, so small and narrow, and apparently so fragile, that I could only compare it to a chalk-mark upon which, high in the air, I was running at a rate unknown to railroads.

"The circumstances during the trip did more to show me the terrible rapidity with which we dashed through the flume than anything else. We had been rushing down at a pretty lively rate of speed, when the boat suddenly struck something in the bow—a nail or lodged stick of wood which ought not to have been there. What was the result? The red-faced carpenter was sent whirling into the flume, 10 feet ahead. Fair was precipitated on his face, and I found a soft lodgement on Fair's back.

"It seemed to me that in a second's

time, Fair, himself a powerful man, had the carpenter by the scruff of the neck and had pulled him into the boat. I did not know that, at this time, Fair had his fingers crushed between the boat and the flume.

"But we sped along; minutes seemed hours. It seemed an hour before we arrived at the worst place in the flume, and yet Hereford tells me it was less than 10 minutes. The flume at the point alluded to must have a very near 45 degree inclination.

"In looking out before we reached it, I thought the only way to get to the bottom was to fall. How our boat kept in the track is more than I know The wind, the steamboat, the railroad never went so fast. I have been where the wind blew at the rate of 80 miles an hour, and yet my breath was not taken away In the flume, in the bad places it seemed as if I would suffocate.

"The first bad place we reached, and if I remember right, it was the worst, I got close against Fair I did not know that I would survive the journey, but I wanted to see how fast we were going. So I lay close to him and placed my head between his shoulders. The water was coming into his face like the breakers of the ocean. When we went slow, the breakers came in on my back, but when the heavy grades were reached, the breakers were in front. In one case Fair shielded me, and in the other I shielded Fair

"In this particularly bad place I allude to, my desire was to form some judgment of the speed we were making. If the truth must be spoken, I was really scared almost out of reason; but if I was on the way to eternity, I wanted to know exactly how fast I went; so I huddled close to Fair, and turned my eyes toward the hills. Every object I placed my eye on was gone before I could clearly see what it was. Mountains passed like visions and shadows. It was with difficulty that I could get my breath. I felt like I did not weigh a hundred pounds, although I know in the sharpness of intellect which one has at such a moment that the scales turned at 200.

"Mr Flood and Mr Hereford, although started several minutes later than we, were close upon us. They were not so heavily loaded, and they had the full sweep of the water while we had it rather at second hand. Their boat finally struck ours with a terrible crash.

"Mr Flood was thrown upon his face, and the water flowed over him leaving not a dry thread upon him. What became of Hereford I do not know, except that when he reached the terminus of the flume, he was as wet as any of us.

"This only remains to be said. We made the entire distance in less time than a railroad train would ordinarily make, and a portion of the time we went faster than a railroad train ever went.

"Fair said we went at least a mile a minute. Flood said we went at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and my deliberate belief is that we went at a rate that annihilated time and space. We were a wet lot when we reached the terminus of the flume. Flood said he would not make the trip again for the whole Consolidated Virginia Mine.

"Fair said that he should never again place himself on an equality with timber and wood, and Hereford said he was sorry that he ever built the flume. As for myself, I told the millionaires that I had accepted my last challenge. When we left our boats, we were more dead than alive."

(Reprinted from *The Pacific Tourists,* 1876.) □

The hair-raising ride down the Pacific Wood, Lumber & Fluming Company's V-flume was depicted in this lithograph by C. Graham and C. B. Day in Harper's Weekly, 1877



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Selecting the finalists in Nevada's own statewide traveling photo show wasn't a snap. But with Elko's Howard Hickson directing, everyone's a winner.

NEVADA '79

Howard Hickson is an accomplished artist and interior designer He used to be curator of exhibits at the State Museum in Carson City, but since 1968 he has run the Northeastern Nevada Museum, in his own words, "like a dictator " Hickson believes that a museum can become a dull mishmash with too many bosses and that changes in exhibiting techniques can be disturbing to visitors. So it's his philosophy and his taste that set the tone for Elko's museum.

His exhibits are bright; they are simple; and they include very few words. "People only spend about a minute before each case and that's how quickly you have to tell your story," Hickson says. "You have to sock 'em with it." He laughs when he says he's become a great caption writer just because of the practice.

"Museums are usually heavy " he adds. "I don't like drab colors and won't use them. I want good colors. I want it to appear like this is a happy place."

Under Hickson's leadership, the Northeastern Nevada Museum has turned into something very special. It is one of only three museums in Nevada accredited by the American Association of Museums (the others are the Nevada Historical Society in Reno and the State Museum in Carson City) He is proud of that distinction, and should be, because of the nation's 7,000 museums, fewer than 500 have achieved accreditation—which means establishing high professional standards and maintaining them.

In 1976 it was Elko's museum that showed the famous Gund Collection of Western Art, including many priceless Remington and Russell paintings and sculptures. It was considered the Bicentennial year's best western exhibit.

It was Hickson who started an annual traveling statewide photo exhibit for serious photographers in 1975. This year it's NEVADA 79 and a few of the winning photographs are presented here.

"The exhibit has grown in number of entries to the point where it is an award to remain in the show " says Hickson. "Most of the work was of excellent quality which made it extremely difficult for the judges to select work to



BEST BLACK & WHITE OF SHOW:
"Susie" by James A. Lawrence



MERIT AWARD, COLOR PRINT: "Raccoon" by Michael D. Spanel (above)



FIRST, COLOR SLIDE: "Trimming Eyes" by Linda Dufurrena (right)

exhibit and even tougher to choose award winners."

In 1978 the exhibit traveled throughout the state and was seen by almost 40,000 people, making it the most viewed art experience in Nevada. Check the schedule for 1979 appearances.

At Elko's museum there are many changing exhibits and many permanent ones, including a case devoted to the bald eagle Silver, the most publicized bird in the nation; another with Bing Crosby's Levi tuxedo; and others showing ranch or mining artifacts, rocks, bottles, Indian artwork, and Basque culture. There's also a Hickson-produced ever-changing multi-media slide show

NEVADA 79 and Northeastern Nevada Museum are both easy to appreciate, and that's a tribute to Hickson and Elko's citizens. It is a piece of Nevada that should definitely be a DON'T MISS to everyone in or traveling through the state.

HOW THE WINNERS WERE CHOSEN

NEVADA 79 is a traveling statewide touring photography exhibition sponsored by Northeastern Nevada Museum and Nevada Magazine, with partial funding from the National Endowment for the Arts through a grant from the Nevada State Council on the Arts.

Ninety-eight photographers submitted 630 entries. Of those, 54 color prints, 24 black and white, and 124 slides were selected for exhibition. Cash awards totaled $685. Judges were Dick Snyder, city editor of the Elko Daily Free Press; Howard Hickson, director of the Northeastern Nevada Museum in Elko; and Caroline J. Hadley, editor of Nevada Magazine. The three are professional photographers who use cameras in their work.

Important judging points included focus, originality, color, contrast, representative of Nevada, composition, viewer interest, presentation, and initial impact. A narrated slide show with the same title, NEVADA 79, accompanies the traveling exhibit. The production, put together by Hickson, is composed of the slides selected for competition. A loan copy of the program is available, gratis, from the museum. Write Karen A. Walther, project coordinator, NENM, P.O. Box 503, Elko, NV 89801, or call (702) 738-3418.



BEST COLOR PRINT OF SHOW: "Sign of the Times" by Robert E. Walstrom (top)



BEST COLOR SLIDE OF SHOW: "Garden Spider" by Carol Bailey



SECOND, COLOR PRINT: "Snowdrift" by Perry C. Rose



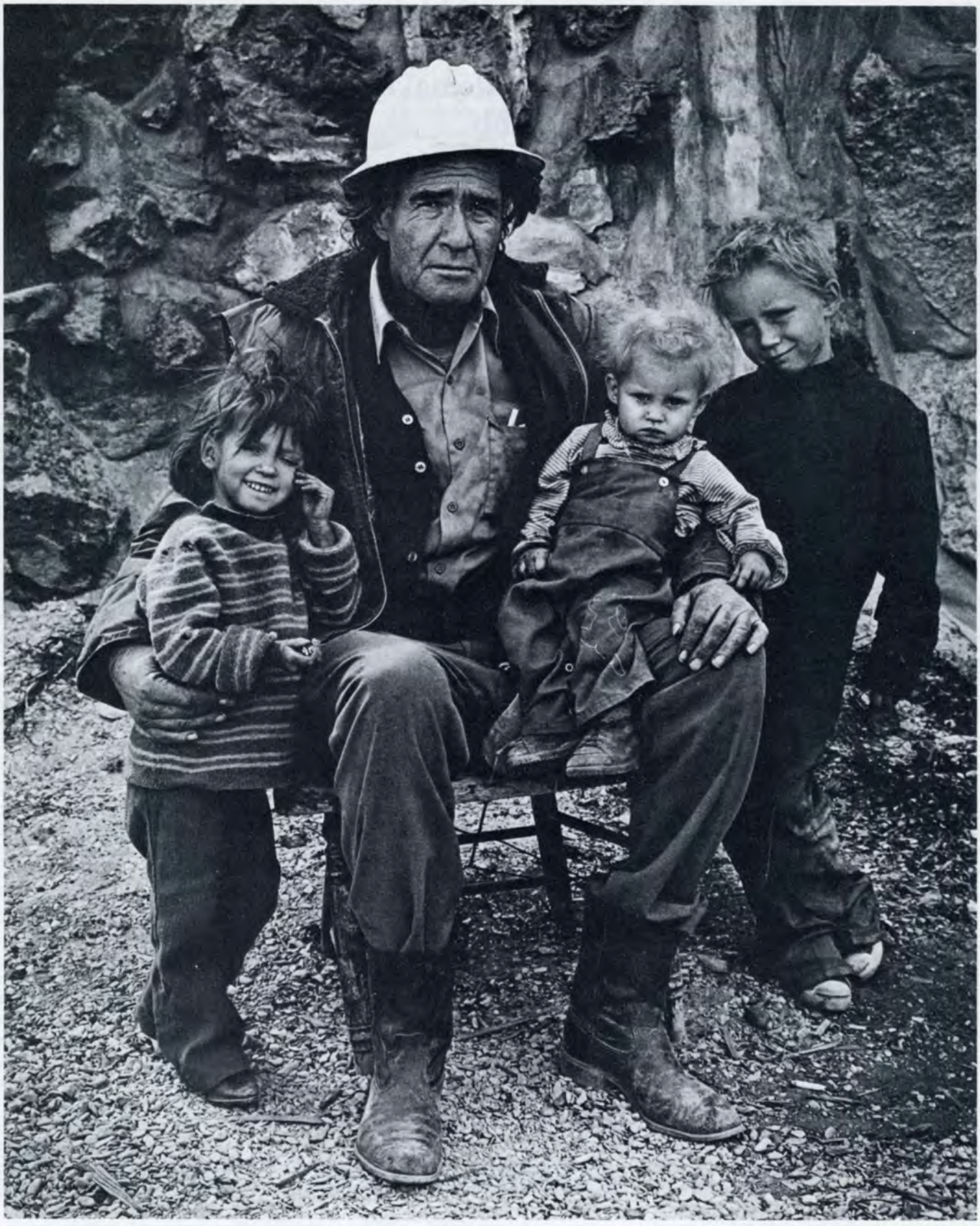
MERIT AWARD, COLOR PRINT: "Cow Parsnip" by Jeff Jensen





NEVADA 79
TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPHY
EXHIBIT SCHEDULE

ELKO	Northeastern Nevada Museum, March 1-29
CARSON CITY	Nevada State Museum, April 9-May 18
LOVELOCK	Pershing County Library, May 28-June 11
ELY	White Pine Library, June 19-July 9
OVERTON	Community Center, July 18-August 1
LAS VEGAS	Clark County Library, August 9-24
HAWTHORNE	Walker-Wassuk Arts Alliance, September 2-18
YERINGTON	Lyon County Library, September 26-October 10
SPARKS	Washoe County Library, Sparks, October 18-November 1
RENO	Washoe County Library, Reno, November 9-26
WINNEMUCCA	Humboldt County Library, December 5-20



SECOND, BLACK & WHITE: "The Bathroom" by Kathleen A. Student (top left)

THIRD, BLACK & WHITE: "Hot Mopping" by Jay Aldrich (bottom left)

FIRST, BLACK & WHITE: "Chief Thunder and Children" by Richard Menzies

Mustangers have tried to catch wild horses with every means imaginable. One of the most unusual was the trap invented by G. S. Garcia, Elko's famous saddlemaker, a device that caught men as well as beasts. By Harry Webb

G.S. Garcia and his Mustang Trap

On a July day in 1916, while in the Garcia Saddle Shop in Elko, Nevada, G. S. Garcia and I were discussing mustangs when he asked if I had ever used or seen the Mustang Trap he had invented. In getting a surprised, negative answer he said "I'll show you one."

Returning from a back room he said "Come to think of it I haven't one around. I let Harry Ivester, down in your parts, have all I had. So far no one has been able to catch anything with them but I still feel sure they'll work. If I'm not mistaken I believe Ivester told me he had let Jess Knight have the traps to try out."

That intrigued me to the point where I decided to try out the Garcia Mustang Trap. But had I known the unmitigated hell concealed in that trap I wouldn't have broached the subject to Jess Knight and certainly would have steered clear of Mr Garcia's brain child. Not that the traps didn't work. They worked, and then some!

Mr Garcia had explained that although Al Biscari and Ivester had tried out the traps without success he was sure neither one knew much about mustangs. "A mustang is nobody's fool and if anyone expects to have any luck with my trap he better realize a wild horse is smarter than a fox."

He didn't have to tell me about wild horses being "smart" as I had run plenty of them in Wyoming. It was an unwritten law among the big cow outfits that no one was allowed, or at least welcome, to run mustangs unless he owned some horses on the range. And, being a newcomer, it behooved me to acquire some horses so I bought a couple mares, branded them and now had some "taws" to turn on the range.

Nevada not only had more wild horses (mustangs) than any other State but they, especially on the "Stampede" and Cortez Valley ranges, were of superior quality, due to lots of Morgan mares running wild. Then to enhance the quality a Hackney stallion got away from the Dean Ranch and ran the range for two years before being captured. This and the Morgan stock mixed with "Mustang" evolved into hundreds—yes, thousands of high grade so-called mustangs.

Mr Garcia was one of the early day cowboys who had turned saddlemaker and his was the only shop in the U S. that really *made* a saddle. One workman fashioned the "trees," his big vats cured and tanned the hides from rawhide to cover the tree and the leather which his artisans hand stamped. A small foundry turned out the saddle horns and other workmen fashioned the stirrups. His silversmiths were rated the best. Yes, G. S. Garcia was a unique Mexican and no fooling. And because of this I respected his know-how when it came to the Garcia Mustang Trap.

I had moved onto my homestead in Pine Valley south of Elko the fall before and had decided this mustang business was a quick way for a little rancher to become a big rancher It was no trouble contacting Jess Knight as he was hauling ore right by my place.

Jess was as enthused over the mustang idea as I was and had intended trying out the traps but had begun hauling ore in early spring instead. "You'll find the traps and drags under the shack," he said, "and there's a bale or two of hay and a barrel of rolled barley in the barn. So help yourself to anything you find."

He said there was plenty grub in the house, a batch of spuds in the cellar and a good bed. "So you needn't take a thing over That is if them young prospectors haven't helped themselves to my stuff Couple young gobblers were with that British outfit who were working that quick-silver mine down near Beowawe and when the mine shut down these two fellers had the prospecting bug and I heard they're camped by my spring. They think they'll find another cinnabar mine and be millionaires."

I also had the blessings of Bob Raines who owned the Hat Outfit four miles from my place. Bob also had another suggestion that suited me to a T "You better leave your horse here and take Big Jim. Anything you catch will have to be drug to Jess' corrals and that will take a lot of horse power "

Big Jim was 1200 pounds of the finest rope horse on the ranch. Not only that, he had the "wind" and speed to run the average mustang ragged. But I wouldn't be running mustangs, I'd be *trapping* them. All same as trapping coyotes. I knew a mustang had a smeller like a bloodhound's and that was probably the reason Biscari and Ivester had failed to get one near the traps. Just set 'em along trails, they thought, and start hauling in the mustangs! Not quite that simple.

The mares, at least some, usually lead the band; pausing, sniffing and alert. The stud of the band (any stud over two years old has to keep his distance and try to form his own harem) always brings up the rear, all ears and eyes as he pauses at intervals to survey the situation on four sides. Therefore, in setting these steel traps it was a must that they be well hidden and any man-smell eradicated if possible,

Before taking off for Knight's place in Scotch Gulch, Indian Dicey told me what *he* would do if he was using the Garcia Trap and wanted to get some particular stallion. "Keep watch where stud have dunghill," he told me, "and set trap there. That way you maybe catch *good* horse. In trail you catch colts, mares, anything."

Thinking it over I saw where Dicey was right. Colts, anything, was Jake with me but I would sure look into this stud business. I would watch for those spots where none but a stallion trod, and that was his *private dunghill*. I had often seen these depositories, some as big as a bale of hay, but had thought nothing of them. Why should stallions have a private privy any more than geldings or mares do?

On reaching Jess Knight's ramshackle place I found the two young Britishers in their tent eating dinner and after introducing themselves as Frank and George I was invited to grab a tin plate and dig into the pot of beans. With Big Jim watered at the tiny spring and fed a flake of musty hay and some rolled barley I took a peek under the shack before grabbing some eating tools. I wanted to be sure the traps were there. They were, and I was impatient to get going.

The fellows told me they had observed several bands (they called them "flocks") of horses coming to a mudhole spring, a mile south, so that was where I would begin, but when I hauled that tangled mass of hardware from under the house I got a surprise. Looked like I'd need a wagon to transport them to the trapping ground! Log chains of various lengths were attached to cables about four feet long and being of "Swede-iron," were very flexible and strong and half the size of a lead pencil.

The trap itself was an inch or more wide by an eighth thick and being hinged in the middle was about three feet long when extended (set). A foot long coil spring furnished the power for the trap to throw the cable-loop around the horse's leg when he stepped on the trap's "pan."

As I untangled the mess to figure out how to operate them I saw one cable had a freighter's rough-lock shoe instead of a chain for a drag. This alone weighed at least 25 pounds but with the lot behind the saddle I headed for the nearest mustang trail.

Mr Garcia had warned me to adjust the spring tension on the forward arm just enough to give the cable a strong heave upward. If the tension was too strong he said it would cause the iron pin through the rear end to pull up.

This spring, I readily saw, was adjusted by sliding the flat ferrule forward or backward on the front arm. O. K.; I had it figured out and mustangs as good as in the high corrals Jess had built out of Southern Pacific's ties and bridge timbers.

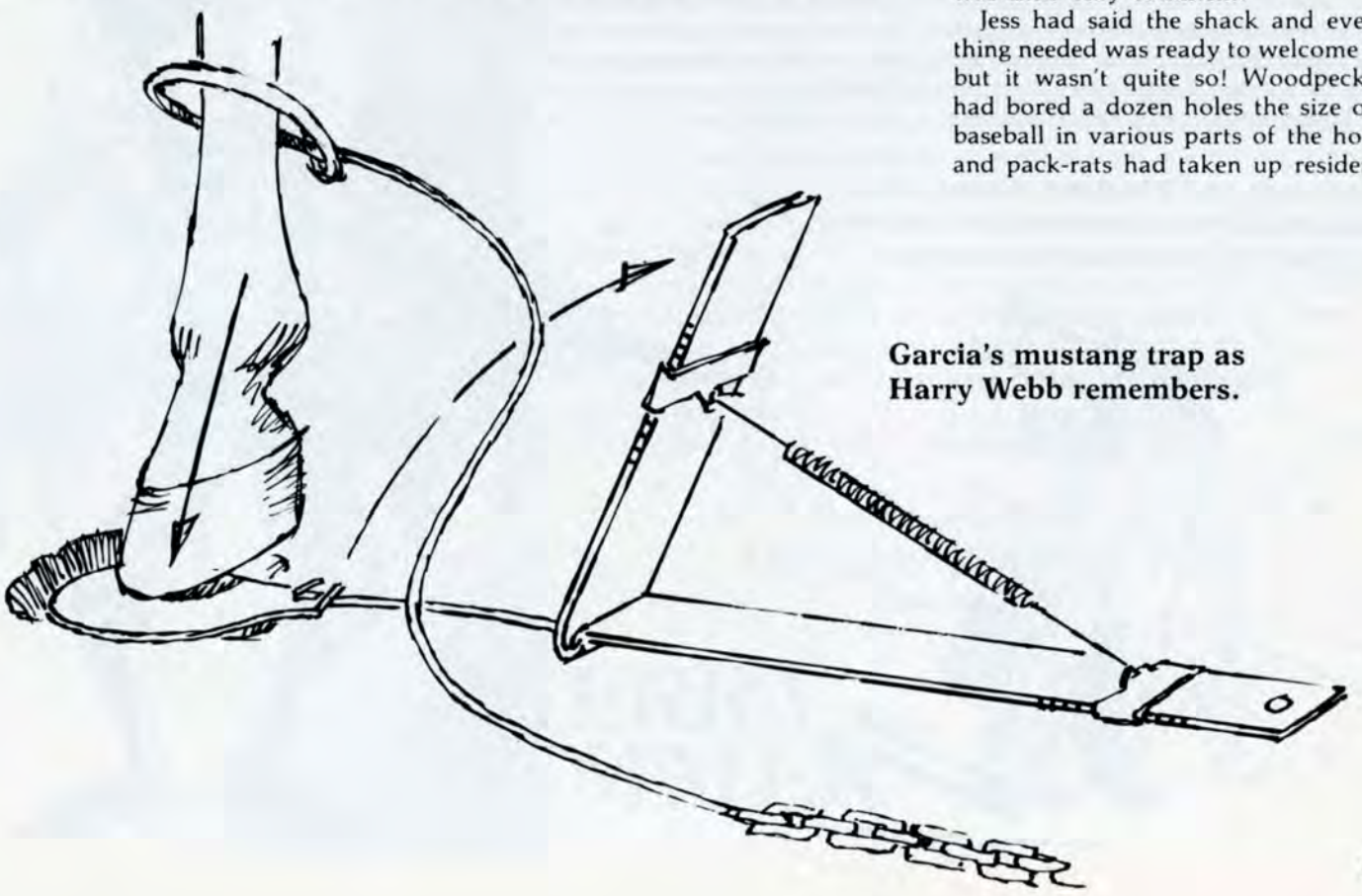
Coming to a trail beaten deep with dust from untold hooves I was lucky in spying a huge dunghill about 50 feet off the trail where it crossed a narrow ridge. "Hot Diggety Dog!" I told myself as I studied the size of the spoor "Here's where I get me a stallion!"

After excavating to bury that hunk of roughlock and scratching a long furrow with a prospector's pick, I dug a hole deep enough for the six-inch pan to drop into and soon had a neat-looking set. With a big green sage I brushed away all signs of anything being molested. I wanted that stallion so bad I could taste him. Be a fine howdy do, though, if he had a brand on him! Perish the thought.

Every likely spot along that trail for a mile had a trap planted and by the time I got back to the barn at sundown I was weary to the marrow I had intended to cook up a good supper but by the time I tanked up on water I was out of the notion. But the fellows said they had cooked some rice for supper and had saved a batch for me so I accepted their invite.

The boys were intrigued with my cowboy regalia and wanted to know why we always wore six-shooters. Deciding to load them a bit I told them cowboys often got so tired and disgusted they couldn't rest so they shot themselves in the head. And being as I'd been on the jump since 3 a.m I might have to put a bullet in my head so I could get to sleep. A "By Jove!" was their only comment.

Jess had said the shack and everything needed was ready to welcome me but it wasn't quite so! Woodpeckers had bored a dozen holes the size of a baseball in various parts of the house and pack-rats had taken up residence



Garcia's mustang trap as Harry Webb remembers.

there. Their nests were in the cupboard among the dishes, in the woodbox and had gotten into the cookstove where the front grate was broken. The rickety stove, clear to the stovepipe, was jammed with sage-sticks, cactus and horse manure from the barn.

At least the bed looked inviting and I'd damn quick remedy the stove situation! Touching a match through the grate I watched the fire take hold and then started tossing rat nests out the door Half blind from smoke pouring from all parts of the old stove, I was clubbing at a rat that had jumped out of a nest when all hell broke loose.

Stove lids flew up and singe-blackened rats poured out. One big old mother, her fur on fire and two rows of little ones clamped to her teats, shot out the door and with the kits whirling and bouncing like hunks of black rubber she raced into the Britishers' tent, causing them to yell bloody murder and vacate in a hurry

I was outside trying to get some air when they ran up and wanted to know "Wot the bloody 'ell" I was up to? They had seen a rat or two around but never any such smoking apparition as had shot into their tent. I was afraid she would set their bedding or tent on fire so hurried in and dispatched her and her clinging brood of eight. By that time the stove pipe had been able to get draft and the flame was shooting six feet above the chimney and in the quiet evening air the roar of that flame could have been heard a mile away Fearing the house would catch fire I grabbed the fellows' bucket of water and ran in, despite the choking smoke, and stood watch until the danger was over

As weary as I was I found Jess' bed and surroundings a mighty poor rest haven. By midnight I had chased and killed nine packrats with as many getting away No sooner would I get a rat clubbed and lie down than another would be rattling pans or dishes. Holes were stuffed with rags but there always seemed to be a hole I hadn't found.

Having a big rat whacking his elbows (or hocks, or whatever you've a mind to call them) on a tin plate, a shelf-board or wood-box isn't exactly conducive to sleep. It's like an ornery kid cracking his knuckles at two-second intervals just out of pure cussedness.

By about two in the morning I either had all the holes plugged tight, or ran out of rats. But even though a graveyard quiet had settled over the premises I still couldn't sleep. I was lying there by the smoky coal oil lamp with my rat club beside me when I heard another rat tick-tacking under the bed. Club in hand I scrutinized the floor and corners. No rat. So back to bed. Then that blasted ticking started up again.

Shielding the lamp with one hand I bellied down and looked and peered. Still no rat, and each time I investigated the sound would stop. Must have rats on the brain I decided and was getting as jumpy as a herd of kangaroos with a pack of hounds on their tails. Then the ticking started up again; a sort of metallic sound. Hell, he was in the springs, that's where he was! Funny I hadn't thought to look up while I was under the bed? With my club ready I rolled back the blankets and mattress.

"If there's no rat this time," I said, loud enough to be heard across the gulch, "I'll—" Wow! I couldn't believe my eyes! Woven through the high coil springs from foot to head and halfway back was a *snake*. I wasn't giving a damn what kind of a snake, rattler or what? It was a *snake* and looked as long and corpulent as a python!

One jump and I had my .45 out of its holster and was throwing lead and never stopped 'til the cylinder was empty I had the bedding piled on the floor, trying to get that bloodied monster untangled from the springs, when the prospectors eased the door open a crack and peered in.

"In the nyme of Gawd," George squeaked, "we thought you had done yourself in!"

I guess I wasn't responsible for any utterances I made right then because I snarled a "You must of thought I was a tough son-of-a-bitch if it took half dozen shots for me to kill myself!"

"Well, wha-what is it?" Frank chattered, looking around.

(Continued on page 58)

"One jump and I had my .45 out of its holster and was throwing lead and never stopped 'til the cylinder was empty."

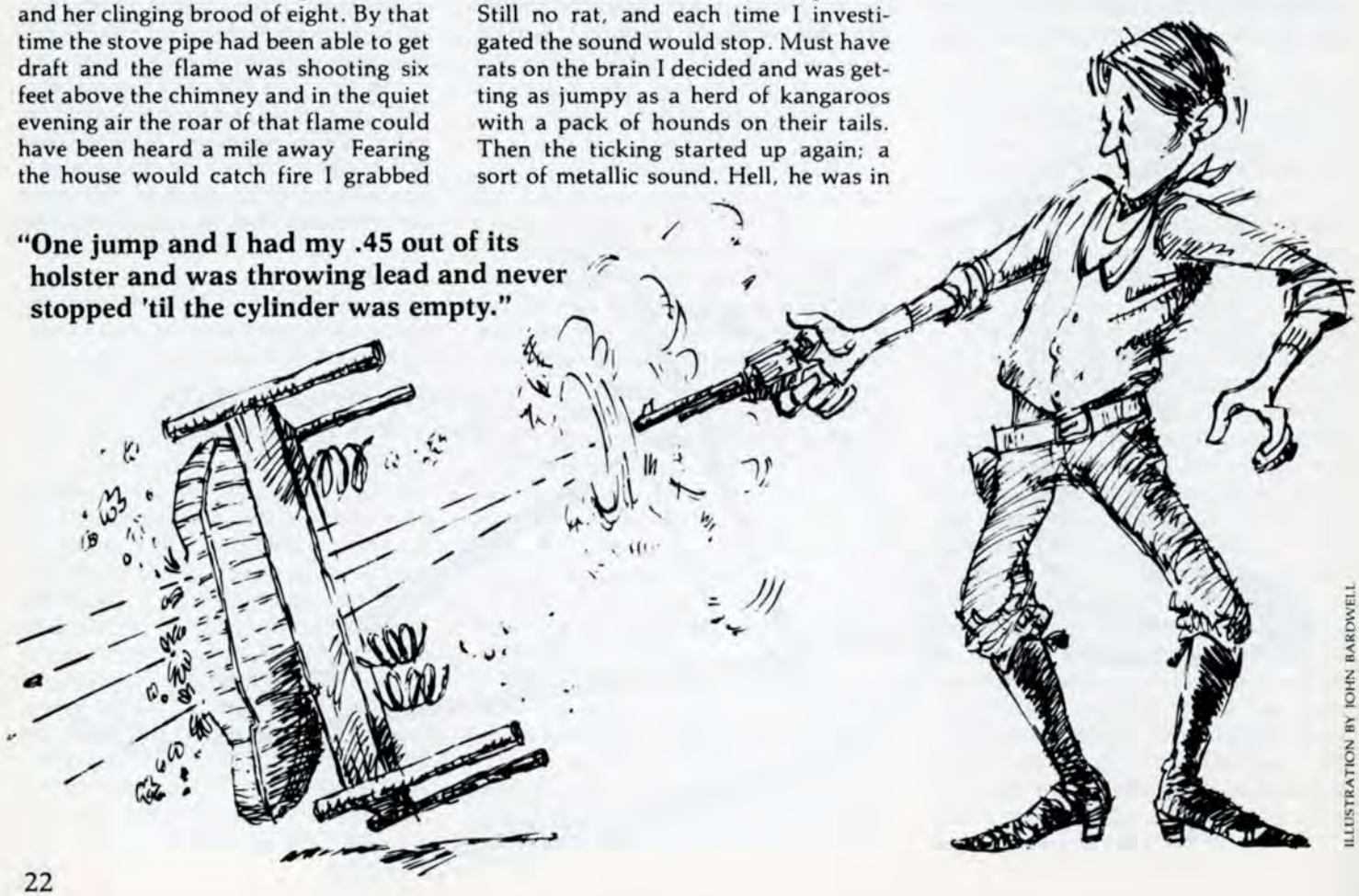


ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN BARDWELL

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by Mel Marshall

SIERRA SUMMER

This is a book for all those who are drawn to primitive and unspoiled mountain settings—camper, backpacker, fisherman, ecologist.

In an easy, narrative style, the author unfolds the cycle of nature in an isolated pocket of the Sierra Nevada. From spring snow melt to first winter snowfall, the hidden life of the forest gives up its secrets in these pages. Animals big and small, nocturnal prowlers, songbirds and predatory hawks, mountain trout and insects, plant life and trees all play out their role.

Sierra Summer is an intimate but unsentimental book based upon twenty-five years of one man's exposure to a purposely unnamed mountain lake and meadow. His isolated pocket is a microcosm of the untouched natural life still to be found throughout the Sierra.

This book is a treasure trove of revealing facts for the lover of nature. One cannot escape the serenity and timelessness that pervade these pages.

250 pages **Illustrated** **$10.50**

Available this June from the

University of Nevada Press
Reno, NV 89557

Springtime is prime time for nature watchers around Las Vegas as armies of wildflowers parade in colorful waves across the south. Photos by R. J. Bissett

Painting the Desert

Spring means wildflowers for nature watchers in Southern Nevada, and this year's bloom should be a beauty

After a wet fall and winter, as it was in 1978, the desert takes on a brilliant patchwork of white, yellow purple and pink, the light soft colors of low hot country

Leaves turn green, and scrawny forgotten plants put on their Easter best overnight. Flowers come into bloom across hillsides and up canyon walls, dotting washes where small moist puddles of rainwater collect. Even vacant city lots become wild gardens.

An hour's drive in any direction from Las Vegas leads to wildflowers. The bloom begins below Searchlight in late March and proceeds up and north. As a rule, for every 1,000 feet in elevation and every 100 miles northward, allow two weeks for spring's arrival.

Searchlight and the Mohave area have a wonderful variety of cactus like red barrel, prickly pear teddy bear and silver cholla. Flowers also are plentiful along State Route 52 between Pahrump and Shoshone.

The beavertail cactus, a spiny beast with striking magenta flowers, is an early bloomer along the North Shore Road and in the Valley of Fire. In April brittlebrush and marigolds paint the roadsides in yellow followed by white and yellow evening primroses and the purple locoweed. White, broad-petalled daturas and the yellowish blossoms of the desert willow grace the sandy washes.

As the bloom wanes on the desert, wildflower season is just beginning on the higher reaches of Mt. Charleston. In July and August, wild roses, Indian paintbrush and red columbines appear Thirty plants are unique to the Spring Mountains, and many favor Charleston Peak, which can be reached by a hardy nine-mile hike.

Thus flower watching lasts for months around Las Vegas.

Discovery in the desert really begins when you get out of your car And don't forget to take your camera.













Often neglected by high-speed anglers, the Truckee River is one of the finest trout streams in Nevada and California. By Louis Bignami

Fishing the Truckee

In their haste to blaze a path along Interstate 80 between Truckee and Reno, many fishermen miss one of the finest trout streams in America. I met one of these unfortunates in a Sparks tackle shop recently According to him, "Oh, you never get good trout fishing next to a road, and I don't have the time to backpack into prime areas." When I took him out to my car and showed him a limit of Truckee rainbows and browns that averaged 16 inches, it was a real shock to his system.

At 60 miles per hour, the Truckee River might not look impressive to even the most discerning eye. And since the river winds and tucks around the freeway so often, one would think that it was "fished out."

Such is not the case. The Truckee probably holds more large brown trout, besides a few nifty rainbows, than any other river in Nevada and California. The trick is fishing the right spots at the best time of day, at the proper time of year

Beginners usually hook the "planters" that are stocked in the most accessible pools near the road. But even the beginner will enjoy the bait, lure or fly fishing available on the changing waters of the Truckee. More expert fishermen and those who fish places that are difficult to reach will take larger, native browns if they're willing to work for their fish.

Even if you don't take a limit, you'll still enjoy your day on the river The Truckee offers anyone's favorite type of water Deep pools, riffles, rapids, rocky cliff sections and meadow water are all there in this stream for all seasons.

The Truckee flows a hundred miles on its journey from the forested canyons of Lake Tahoe to Pyramid Lake in the Nevada desert. From its head at Tahoe City, the river rolls down the eastern Sierra through Truckee, Verdi and downtown Reno. There city anglers cast in Wingfield Park or in the shadow of MGM's Grand Hotel across town. Upstream, fishermen wade along the old wooden flumes dating back to the turn of the century, or enjoy crayfishing near Floriston and picnics at the Dog Valley bridge in Verdi.

The Truckee winds a hundred miles on its journey from the mountains to the desert.



MARILYN NEWTON

The best method to fish the Truckee depends on the season. In the spring bait works best, particularly if the river is high or discolored. Red worms, night crawlers, and salmon eggs are the usual baits and will produce stocked fish and a fair number of larger fish if you fish pools and the still "pocket" water behind large rocks. However, locals use natural baits, and the largest trout are usually taken on crayfish.

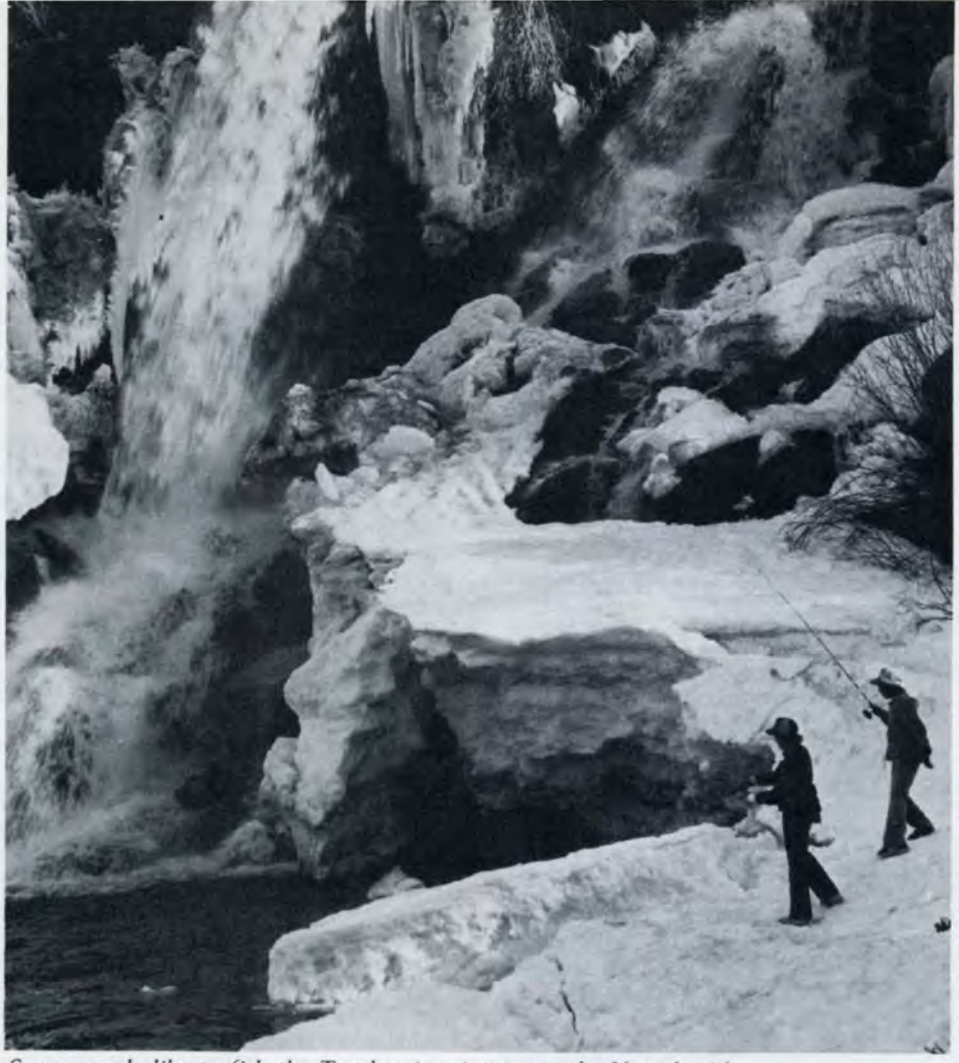
Most folks fish the Truckee between its headwaters at Lake Tahoe in Tahoe City and Truckee. The stream alternates riffles, rapids and moderate-sized pools, and stocked rainbows are the usual bag. A few large brown trout are taken early in the year

Below Truckee the fishing improves. The section from the lumber mill east of town to the private Flycasters fishing club, a mile or so downstream, is a good one for lures. If you're interested in very large trout, a 4" long minnow plug is the way to go. You might only take a fish every second day, but it'll be 15" or larger I've taken browns up to five pounds in this stretch.

Below Flycasters' private water the river loops back and forth under Interstate 80. Pools are heavily fished in this area, so the best spots are the slack water sections behind boulders that are ideal for worms or crayfish.

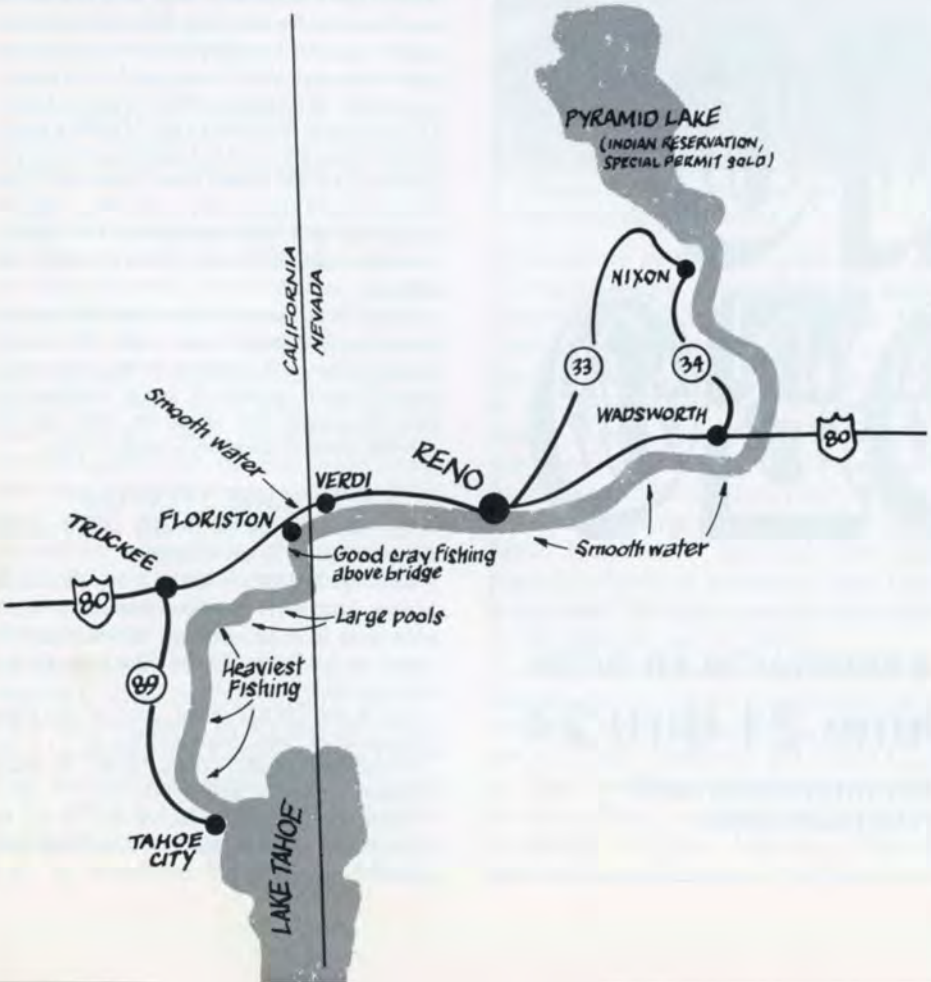
At the Boca-Stampede-Prosser inlets you'll find large pools that always seem to produce a fish or two. Below these reservoirs the river flow is more stable and fishing is usually good.

One of the prime sections of the river is between Hirshdale and Floriston.



MARILYN NEWTON

Some people like to fish the Truckee in winter—on the Nevada side.





HARRY UPSON

The Truckee becomes an urban stream as it flows along Riverside Drive in Reno.

Crayfishing is great above the bridge at Floriston and fishermen can work both upstream through the rapids and downstream through excellent fly and lure water. The pool at the bridge doesn't seem to produce many fish after the first couple of weeks of the season.

Between Floriston and Farrad you'll find another delightful section that's particularly suited to fly and lure fishing. Fly anglers will find Female Adams (sizes 14 to 16) and Yellow Sally flies productive. Big fish specialists do well with muddler minnows from size 10 to 6. I fish this section a lot with silver Rebels in the 4" range and take a good number of trout from two to four pounds. Don't skip the areas where the brush grows down over the water. Generally, on the Truckee, spots with this type of "top cover" hold good trout and are worth the extra work and lost terminal tackle it takes to fish them properly

From Farrad to Deep Canyon fishing is usually fair, and there's decent access. Areas with dirt roads to the water are usually stocked. Salmon eggs on size 14 hooks do the job here.

Below this point there's considerable water removed from the river for irrigation and drinking, so the summer flow is considerably reduced. However, in the spring there's good fishing in a number of spots.

West of Verdi there is good access off the old highway, and you can scramble down the banks. Much of this section has brushy banks, so waders will help you find spots the shore-bound can't reach. Several large holes are visible from the highway. Here the rule is if you can see the hole from the road somebody else can too. So give these spots a quick cast and follow the bend of the river away from the road.

Considering the "ups and downs" of some parts of the Truckee it's a wonder

that the 49'ers ever made it in wagons over this route. But, below—on the section near Verdi—the river smooths out. The Verdi area is heavily fished by locals but holds up until June in a year of normal flow

From the point the river crosses back under Highway 80 until it hits the private campground a mile downstream, spinner and fly casters will do well in the evenings. This is mostly shallow water, so working upstream is recommended.

Flowing eastward, the Truckee becomes an urban stream and ripples through the heart of Reno. The parks and pools downtown near Wingfield Park are stocked and good for casual bait fishing. There's a good section about a half-mile upstream and down from the MGM Grand. Mostly pocket water, and best fished with bait! Below this section the river has little water as it flows through Wadsworth and Nixon to Pyramid Lake.□

LICENSES & LIMITS

The Truckee is open to fishing all year in Nevada. In California, the 1979 season runs from April 28 to November 15.

Any angler on the Truckee needs a fishing license from Nevada or California, depending on which side of the state line is fished.

In Nevada, the annual license fee for ages 16 and older is $10, and a junior license for ages 12-16 is $2. There is no fee for ages 11 and under. A senior license for 10-year residents 65 and older is $1.25. Ten day resident licenses are $7.50 and for three days $5. Non-resident licenses are $20 for 16 and older, $5 for juniors, $10 for 10 days and $7.50 for three days. Licenses can be purchased at agent tackle shops in Reno and Sparks and at the Boomtown General Store and the River Belle Market, Verdi.

In California, resident licenses for 16 and older are $10, and there is no fee for ages 15 and under. A non-resident license is $25 for the year and $13 for 10 days. Licenses can be purchased at Tahoe City and Truckee tackle shops.

The Truckee's daily limit in both states is 10 fish, with not one fish exceeding 10 pounds in California.

TRUCKEE TACKLE

Light lines and leaders of 4 to 6 pound test work best for spinning on the Truckee. Effective lures include Mepps and Monti Spinners in gold, silver and copper finishes in the 1/6 to 1/4 ounce sizes; Hopkins, Kastmaster and Wob-l-rite spoons in the same finishes, and Rebel and Rappala minnow plugs (countdown or sinking types) in 3 to 5 inch sizes if you're interested in big trout.

Fly fishermen can do well with the Female Adams, Ginger Quill, Royal Coachman Trude (fast water), Muddler Minnow and Mankuta Streamers.



KEEPING YOUR FEET

Note that the river bottom of some sections of the lower Truckee, in particular, is quite slick. Wading in tennis shoes might put you on your back here, so felt bottom shoes or wading grippers will be helpful. A piece of indoor-outdoor carpet glued to an old pair of tennis shoes works well. You may also need a wading staff about five feet long; brace the staff on the downstream side and you can work across most fast water sections. This is quite important as the fishing is usually best on the side of the river opposite the highway.

If you're a beginner, the easiest places to fish are the big holes immediately below Hirshdale where bait will usually produce. With kids to keep track of, there's a lot to be said for downtown Reno's pools in the park. Otherwise, put the kids to catching crayfish above the Floriston Bridge.

OTHER CHANCES

In spring, depending on snowpack and runoff, the Truckee can be very high and unfishable. If this is the case you might want to fish Prosser, Stampede or Boca Reservoirs in California or Pyramid Lake in Nevada. Pyramid Lake is especially recommended for cutthroat, cutbow and rainbow trout. The world's record cutthroat was taken at Pyramid in 1925. It weighed 41 pounds.

CRAYFISH:TRUCKEE TREAT

In Paris, crayfish is a delicacy. In the Truckee River, crayfish are numerous, tasty and excellent bait for coaxing trout to your hook.

Kids *love* crayfishing. A short branch, a piece of line three feet long and a section of liver about two inches square will bring crayfish out of their hiding places under the rocks. Watch until the crayfish grabs the bait, then draw it gently to the surface and slip a landing net under these active crustaceans and you'll have bait for the day.

Crayfish also make a delicious seafood treat. Cook about 10 minutes in a pot of boiling water, adding some dill weed for seasoning. Then you can pinch off the claws, crack them open, peel the bodies and you're ready to eat. The limit is 50 per person and that's enough for two people. Crayfish tastes like a combination of lobster and shrimp.

Used "as is," small crayfish hooked through the tail and fished in large pools or in rocky pocket water will produce some outstanding trout if you're patient. If you're interested in more but smaller fish, shuck the claws and use the firm piece of meat on a small hook.

TRUCKEE TROPHIES

The following are the Nevada record catches for the Truckee River, 1968-1977:

BROWN TROUT: 6 lbs., 12 oz., 26 in., by Marino Lucchesi of Sparks, March 1976. (In 1949, a 20 lb. 9 oz., 34½ in. brown trout was caught by Bill Foster of Reno. This is the all time state record.)

CUTBOW TROUT: 8 lbs., 25½ in., by Brian Thompson of Reno, March 1976.

RAINBOW TROUT: 6 lbs., 24 in., by Mark Palkison of Sparks, March 1976.

MTN. WHITEFISH: 2 lbs., 1 oz., 19 in., by Chris Ellena of Reno, May 1975 (all time state record).

A perfectionist with a solid professional background, admirers say Robert List is good at everything. By Guy Shipler

Nevada's New Governor

ROBERT LIST



Nevada's first family at the List Ranch in Washoe Valley. From left are Suzanne, Kathy, Michelle, Bob and Hank.

One of the first chores Nevada's 24th governor took on after his inauguration was to pick out the pictures to decorate his office and reception room. Then he took hammer and nail and hung them all himself. He figured that he, better than anyone else, knew exactly where each should go.

That kind of personal attention to detail in things that catch his interest is typical of Robert List. Those close to him say that he has always liked "to figure out what makes things tick," as a longtime co-worker puts it. "If he gets curious about something, and is interested enough to get actively involved in it, he wants to master it."

The result is that List is "good at everything" from playing pool to piloting each of his family's two airplanes, from hunting and fishing to skiing and tennis. Having grown up on his family's ranch in Washoe Valley, he's almost a natural outdoorsman, and consequently is addicted to physical fitness. Nowadays he is addicted to jogging, which helps to keep his figure trim.

The new governor also has an appetite for a variety of cultural pursuits. He likes classical music and is an avid reader of historical novels and biographies. He has developed considerable writing skill. During his campaign for governor, aides say it was List himself who not only came up with many of the best ideas for his television commercials, but either wrote or edited the final copy for them. Since he was elected by a landslide, they obviously didn't do any harm, and quite possibly were among his most effective tools.

And awhile back he took a course in oil painting at Western Nevada Community College in Carson City Result: He took first prize in an exhibit there. (But he didn't think that his work met high enough standards to be included in his office collection. Instead, he has several paintings by his mother, Alice List, a respected local artist herself, prominently displayed in his office.)

Despite being engaged in all these extra-curricular activities, Robert List has had time to chalk up a solid professional background in his 42 years. He is the next thing to a Carson City native, having spent his early years on the family ranch outside of town and graduating from Carson High School. After his undergraduate work at Utah State University, he took his law degree at Hastings School of Law, University of California, and was admitted to the Nevada bar in 1962.

Almost immediately List became recognized by his fellow Republicans as a potential major leader of his party He ran for district attorney of Carson City in 1966—and won. During his tenure in that office, he served two terms as president of the Nevada District Attorney's Association. By that time he was being regarded not only by his own party, but by the Democrats as well as a political force to be reckoned with immediately, not in some distant future. He proved that assessment to be accurate when, in 1970, he beat Harvey Dickerson, the incumbent and presumably invulnerable Democratic attorney general, and became the first Republican to hold that office since 1894.

Now he is ensconced in the governor's mansion, only a few blocks from his own home, with his wife Kathy and their three children—Suzanne, 13, Hank, 12 and Michelle, 6. They moved in just before last Christmas. And being a man of detail, List spent an hour looking for all the right electric switches so they could turn on all the outside lights to celebrate Christmas Eve properly □

Show Guide



Roy Clark

PHOTOS COURTESY JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Gladys Knight & The Pips, thru 4/2
Loretta Lynn-Larry Gatlin, 4/3-16
Bobbie Gentry-Jim Stafford, 4/17-30
Lola Falana-Paul Williams, 5/8-22
Lola Falana, 5/23-6/4
Gladys Knight & The Pips, 6/11-21
Gabriel Kaplan, 6/22-7/9
Theatre for the Performing Arts:
Gino Vannelli, 4/1

Caesars Palace
731-7431
Andy Williams, thru 4/4
Tom Jones, 4/5-18
Sammy Davis, Jr., 4/19-5/2
Burt Bacharach-Raquel Welch,
5/17-30
Ann-Margret, 6/14-27

Circus Circus
734-0410
Round the World Circus Acts,
11am-midnight

Desert Inn
733-4444
Dionne Warwick, thru 4/2
Juliet Prowse-Anthony Newley,
4/3-30
Robert Goulet-Joan Rivers, 5/1-14
Tony Bennett-David Brenner,
5/15-6/4
Wayne Newton, 6/5-7/2

Dunes
737-4110
Casino de Paris '79

Four Queens
385-4011
Jimmy Carter & Friends, thru 4/14
Helen Long & The Long Shots,
4/16-5/12
The Holliers, 5/14-6/9
The Gathering, 6/11-7/7

Frontier
734-0110
Carpenters-Foster Brooks, thru 4/4
Debbie Reynolds-Norm Crosby,
4/5-5/2
Roy Clark, 5/17-30
Carpenters-Norm Crosby, 5/31-6/6
Juliet Prowse-Foster Brooks,
6/14-7/11

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Country Western Music

Hacienda
739-8911
Ice Fantasy
Lounge Entertainment

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
John Davidson-Doug Henning,
thru 4/16
The Liberace Show, 4/17-5/7
Paul Anka, 5/15-28
Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme,
5/29-6/11
John Davidson, 6/12-7/2

Marina
739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim
731-4300
Olde Tyme Burlesque

MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas
739-4567
Halleluja Hollywood
Dean Martin, thru 4/4
Donna Summer-David Brenner,
4/5-11
Captain & Tennille-David Brenner,
4/12-18
Mac Davis, 4/19-5/2
Rich Little, 5/3-23
Engelbert Humperdinck, 5/31-6/13

Riviera
734-5301
Tony Orlando-Rita Moreno, thru 4/4
Glen Campbell, 4/19-5/9
Shirley MacLaine, 5/10-23
Kenny Rogers, 5/24-6/6
Steve Martin, 6/7-13

Sahara
735-4242
Jerry Lewis (dinner), thru 4/11
Buddy Hackett (midnight), thru 4/11
Don Rickles, 4/12-18
Eddy Arnold-Glenn Ash (early),
4/19-5/2
Flip Wilson (midnight), 4/19-5/2
Charo-Sonny Bono, 5/3-10
Johnny Carson, 5/11-12
Don Rickles, 5/13-23

Sands
735-2916
Shecky Greene, thru 4/10
Wayne Newton-Dave Berry,
4/11-5/15
Shecky Greene, 5/16-29
Alan King, 5/30-6/12

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris '79

Tropicana
739-2411
Folies Bergere '79

Union Plaza
386-2444
Theater: "Anything Goes"
Lounge Entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511
Ginger Corte, 4/3-29
Jerry Sun, 5/1-27
Mark Glenn & The Young Sisters,
5/29-7/1

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
329-4422
Liza Minnelli, 5/4-10
Bill Cosby-Cleo Laine, 5/11-17
John Davidson, 5/18-31
Mac Davis, 6/1-14
Burt Bacharach-Anthony Newley,
6/15-21
Lawrence Welk, 6/22-7/12

Harvey's
588-2411
Bill Page, thru 4/8
Charlie Blackwell, 4/9-22
Lenny Herman, 5/8-28
Ron Rose, 6/6-24

Park Tahoe
588-3515
Follies Polynesia Revue, thru 5/20
Walter Scott, 4/3-10
Both Sides Now, 4/11-30

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
(800-648-4322 toll free from Ariz., Calif., Ore., Idaho, Utah)
Eddie Rabbitt, thru 4/1
Flip Wilson-Sandy Duncan, 4/6-12
Engelbert Humperdinck, 4/13-19
George Benson, 4/20-22
Shirley MacLaine, 5/25-6/4

RENO, SPARKS, CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Four Tunes Plus One, thru 4/15
Big Tiny Little, 4/17-5/6
Jaguars, 5/8-6/3
Marlane & The L.A. Express, 6/5-24
Jerry Sun, 6/26-7/1

Circus Circus
329-0711
Live Entertainment
Circus acts, 11am-midnight

Eldorado
786-5700
The Reycards, thru 4/8
DaeHan Sisters, 4/10-29
Billy Armstrong, 5/22-6/10

Gold Dust West
329-9777
Lounge Entertainment

Harolds Club
329-0881
Bordello Revue, indef.

Harrah's Club
329-4422
Bobby Vinton,thru 4/4
Tony Bennett-Johnny Yune, 4/5-18
Dionne Warwick-Peter Marshall, 4/19-5/2
Merle Haggard, 5/3-9
Kenny Rogers-Dottie West, 5/10-23
Steve Martin, 5/24-30
Eddy Arnold, 5/31-6/13
Jerry Lewis-Bert Convy, 6/14-27
Jim Nabors, 6/28-7/11

Mapes
323-1611
Lounge Entertainment

Mapes Money Tree
323-2023
Tree Top Showroom
Close Encounters Disco

MGM Grand Hotel, Reno
789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
Hello Hollywood Hello
Lion's Den:
Magic "If"-Both Sides Now, thru 4/10
Christian Brothers-Christian Cooper & The Lions, 4/11-5/8
Opus VI, 5/9-6/5

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks
358-2233
Mills Brothers, 4/6-7
Roy Clark, 5/17-30
Oak Ridge Boys, 5/31-6/13
Mel Tillis, 6/14-27
Debbie Reynolds, 6/28-7/11

Onslow
786-7310
Ed Diamond, 4/2-28
Ron Rose, 4/30-6/2
Helen Long & The Long Shots, 6/4-30

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890
Lounge Entertainment

Sahara Reno
322-1111
Pinups 2001 Revue, indef.
Pete Barbutti, thru 4/8
London Lee, 4/23-29
Gary Mule Deer, 4/30-5/6
Monti Rock, 5/7-20

Shy Clown
358-6632
Country Western Music

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, Jackpot
755-2321

Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331

Stateline Casino, Wendover
668-2221

Winners Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511

Dates and performers subject to change.

T—Tentative



Juliet Prowse



Shields & Yarnell

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NEVADA MAGAZINE SPECIAL SECTION

BASQUES

People
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The Sheepherder

"For as far as you could see, there was sagebrush and rocks," said Dominique Laxalt, "and the only trees were runted little junipers. Herding in that country was something I never dreamed could be." From "Sweet Promised Land" by Robert Laxalt

Robert Laxalt's Nevada classic Sweet Promised Land *is a portrait of his father Dominique and the story of his return to the Basque provinces after 47 years in America.*

The following are excerpts from the book's first chapter

My father was a sheepherder and his home was the hills. So it began when he was a boy in the misted Pyrenees of France, and so it was to be for the most of his lifetime in the lonely Sierra of Nevada. And seeing him in a moment's pause on some high ridge, with the wind tearing at his wild thickness of iron-gray hair and flattening his clothes to his lean frame, you could understand why this was what he was meant to be.

My mother used to say a man like that should never get married, because he didn't go with a house. And in her own way, I guess she was right, because I could remember thinking it and knowing it too when I saw him bent over a campfire at night, with the light playing against the deep bronze of his features and making dark hollows of his eyes, and with its own humor etching more strongly a nose a little off kilter from where he'd been kicked in the face during his horsebreaking days.

I believe that if there had been a hundred sheep camps in the hills, I could have known my father's in an instant. In that little circle of canvas and leather, things had as much their own place as in a living room.

If it was a new camp and not an old stop, he laid the fire pit to his precise liking, in a sheltered half cave of rocks faced against the afternoon wind, so that there would be as few ashes as possible in the evening meal. His cayaks or pack bags were always stacked to the left of the tent flap, covered by a square of canvas, and held down with a shovel or a carbine. Summer or winter, his canvas bed and mattress of boughs or branches was placed inside the tent with its head near the entrance, so that if it were winter and there was a little tin stove inside, he could reach over and start his morning fire without getting out of bed.

When I was a boy, and we brothers would visit him each summer for a few weeks, I wondered about his neatness in the camps. It seemed to me that the mountains were a good place to shuck off the most of manners and cleanliness. And then, finally, I came to realize that the sheep camp was my father's house.

In all the time that we were growing up, I can remember my father's presence in our white frame home in Carson City only in rare and fleeting visits. The sprawling rooms and old-fashioned high ceilings were as much a mystery to him as any other cluster of four walls. Except for the wedding portrait in its gold frame or the one suit hung far back in the bedroom closet, the house carried little hint of a father's existence.

The garage, however, was a different matter From ceiling to floor and flush with the front, it was filled with the chronicle of my father's life since he had come to this country In that mountain of leather and canvas and old pelts, you could find hair chaps from when he was a horsebreaker a cartridge belt from the early time of trouble with the cattlemen, an old packsaddle with the wood polished and worn that he put away when his Jenny died, and, sometimes, a brand-new sheep hook or braided rawhide reins, because so often when he bought something new he would put it in the garage to save it, and then forget he bought it.

There's a bearing and a cast of face that come with men who lived in that American day when the ranges were open and the western streets were dirt. You can see it in the old-timers who come to the big rodeos in Reno, and fewer of them each year, who carry themselves as straight as if they were still in the saddle, with the quiet dignity and privacy in their faces that come from much time spent alone, and they are not unlike the faces of old Indian chiefs.

These were the men of leather and bronze who had been rich as barons one day and broke and working for wages the next, who had ridden big and powerful horses, and who had met in the lonely desert and talked a while, hunkering over a sagebrush fire and a blackened coffeepot, and, even though they had battled with life, they had learned to accept it, because they had learned first to bow their heads to the winter blizzards and the desert sun. And my father was one of them.

[One] summer, my father was ranging the sheep in the Sierra foothills. It was country where the meadows ran for miles through the forests, and so the sheep could feed for weeks in that one range.

The first time I went to visit him, he mentioned that a pair of mountain lions had been bothering the sheep. He had cut their tracks a number of times, and on two different nights in his camp had heard them coughing from the canyon. His dog, Barbo, made furious nightly forays into the trees, but of course he was careful not to get within fighting distance.

The lions must have been killing elsewhere, because they had not as yet taken any of the lambs. Still, they were working up to it, and the time would not be long. My father did not have a carbine in the camp with him, so I said that I would bring one the next time I came. He shrugged and said, "It won't do no good. When it happens, they'll be durned sure I'm not looking."

It was a few weeks before I could make another trip to the camp, and when I did it was with the right carbine and the wrong cartridges. By the time I discovered my mistake, I was already in the hills and too far from home to turn back.

When I reached the camp, I learned that the lions had already hit the band. It had been a quiet kill, and my father had no knowledge of it until he noticed a ewe bleating lonely and searching for her lamb. Then he backtracked to the bed ground of the night before and found the splash of blood that marked the slaughter

He must have been mad at the time, because when he told me about it there

was still heat in his eyes. I felt a new twinge of conscience about my mixup with the carbine and cartridges, but he didn't seem to mind. In spite of his anger, he was a little bit philosophical. Now that the lions had made their kill, he felt he would be left alone until the sheep had moved from the meadow country

It was late afternoon and the shadows long when I started the walk to my car My father came down the hill with me, on his way to gathering the band. There was an evening breeze coming up, and it was in our faces, and it brought with it the occasional tinkle of a bell. Every once in a while, as we cut down through the ravines, we could catch glimpses of the sheep scattered in the meadow below

Then, almost inaudibly, the breeze brought to us the low sound of running hoofs. My father stopped and peered down into the meadow Abruptly, he changed our direction and began to walk to the right of the hill in front of us. At his heels, Barbo started to whimper, but my father silenced him with a quick command. I wanted to ask him what he had seen, but, for some reason, I had the feeling it was none of my business.

To one side of the hill in front of us, there was a narrow ravine that emptied into the meadow below My father swung into it with his long stride, and I followed, trying to make as little sound as possible. We descended rapidly and in a few minutes we were almost out of the ravine. My father was about twenty feet in front of me when he reached the meadow, and came face to face with the lion.

I had been looking at the ground, and the first warning I had of it was when I heard the sob in Barbo's throat. I jerked my head up and saw the lion. I remember only feeling an odd shock at the fact of his freedom, and then my mind and my face both froze.

They must have stared at each other for full seconds. The lion cocked his head to one side, almost curiously and rumbled once deep in his chest. Then, slowly, my father raised his *makila*, his walking stick, and began to advance toward the lion. The rumble started again, this time in ominous warning, and with that startling suddenness of motion the lion dropped into a crouch.

Even then there was not a hint of hesitation in my father's movements. He did not falter once in his stride. His stick was still raised in the air as though not to fend but strike, and his pose was menacing. They were only a few feet apart when the lion, as though he had suddenly become uncertain, straightened and then crouched again, and then incredibly began to back up. And now, his neck was not rigid any more. He tossed his head, snarling and showing his fangs. And still my father pursued him in that relentless advance.

When I remember, I realize that the lion must not even have known where he was backing, because when his hindquarters met the pole fence he recoiled as if he had been burned, and in one lightning motion wheeled completely around. And when he turned to face my father again, the confusion was gone and the motion deadly This time, his eyes were burning red and he was crouching to spring. And still my father did not pause an instant, but came toward him with his stick raised in the air

There was a single beat of time before the lion sprang when he seemed to arrest his muscles and reset them. Afterward I could remember but at the instant I could not understand that this had happened. When the lion left the ground, my mind had already prepared its next image, that of seeing my father go down in a blinding flurry of talons. But he did not. By some feat, the lion seemed to leap directly at him, and then arch his body away so that he actually came to light at the side of my father

And then, almost in the same motion, he began to run away He did not bolt, but took his leave loping unhurriedly in the direction of the trees, looking back and snarling every once in a while, as though maintaining a degree of self-respect. My father did not follow him, but stood now with his stick to the ground and leaning on it a little, watching until the lion had disappeared in the trees.

When it was over I felt hot words at my lips. But then my father turned and there was a private pity in his face that had not yet fully vanished, as though now he felt sorrow at the lion's shame, and I could not say a word, because I knew then that foolhardiness had been no part of it at all.



JOYCE LAXALT

Dominique Laxalt and his son Robert rest on a hilltop in the Sierra Nevada.

Robert Laxalt of Reno is director of the University of Nevada Press and the author of numerous books, short stories and magazine articles. Among his books are Sweet Promised Land, A Man in the Wheatfield, In a Hundred Graves *and* Nevada, A History

BASQUE BOOKS

For people interested in Basque culture and history, the following books should be appealing. All titles are available from the University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV 89557

AMERIKANUAK: BASQUES IN THE NEW WORLD, by William A. Douglass and Jon Bilbao, $16.00

IN A HUNDRED GRAVES, by Robert Laxalt, $6.00

BASQUE NATIONALISM, by Stanley G. Payne, $9.50

A BOOK OF THE BASQUES, by Rodney Gallop, $7.00

The Festivals

Nevada towns will celebrate this summer with parades, dancing, picnics and incredible feats of strength in the best Basque tradition, and you're invited.

Basque festivals are being held this summer at four Nevada towns—Winnemucca, Elko, Ely and Reno—and the public is invited. The festivals are times of great local fun and pride, yearly celebrations of Basque tradition. The food, of course, is delicious and plentiful, and so is the Basque tea (red wine). Dancing is colorful and graceful. Competitions put a premium on strength and power

You don't have to be Basque to enter some contests. At Elko, for instance, anyone can enter the sheepherder's bread baking contest, the weight carrying or the *jota* (dance) competition. Indeed, the happy all day, all night festival pace can be a test of strength and endurance itself.

Because of the season and the festivals' popularity, reservations are advised if you wish to stay at a local hotel or motel. Campgrounds and trailer hookups are available in or near each town. Also, nominal admission fees are charged for most competitions and dances.

As they say in the Pyrenees, *Eskerrik Asko!*

WINNEMUCCA, June 9-10

The first festival of the season is the Winnemucca Basque club's second annual celebration. Activities are concentrated Saturday at the rodeo grounds just east of town, and move to the southside City Park on Sunday "Our festival isn't as large as Elko's," says a club member, "but it's more close-knit and a lot of fun." Many Idaho Basques are expected.

Saturday, June 9

12:30 p.m.—Parade down Winnemucca Boulevard, followed immediately by games and contests at the rodeo grounds just east of town. Weight carrying, weight lifting, woodchopping if entrants, and tug of wars. Dance exhibitions.

9 p.m.—Public dance at the National Guard Armory, with Basque and American music. Til late.

Sunday, June 10

11 a.m.—Open air Mass at City Park.

Noon—Basque BBQ picnic at City Park with steak, beans, salad, bread, wine and other dishes, $6 per person. Bar, music.

ELKO, July 7-8

The 16th Annual National Basque Festival in Elko has been scheduled just after Independence Day this year, with most of the action taking place at the Elko County Fairgrounds and the City Park. The Elko festival is usually the biggest in the state and has a wide variety of games, lots of dancing, and an exciting handball tournament. Festival tickets will be on sale early at the Nevada Dinner House, the Star Hotel, the Stockmen's Casino and the Blue Jay Bar

There is an excellent exhibit of Basque lore at the Northeastern Nevada Museum, located next to the City Park.

Saturday, July 7

11 a.m.—Parade down Idaho Street to the fairgrounds.

1 p.m.—Games and contests at fairgrounds. Weight lifting with granite balls and cylinders, each 200-400 pounds; weight carrying; "soka tira" (tug of war); and woodchopping. Possibly sheep dog demonstrations and sheep hooking contest. Basque music and dancing. Handball tournament at City Park (schedule posted).

9 p.m.—Dance at National Guard Armory, with Basque, western and pop music for public dancing.

Sunday, July 8

11 a.m.—Open air Mass at City Park, where all Sunday festivities take place.

1 p.m.—Basque BBQ picnic with New York steak or lamb chops, bread, beans, salad, wine, brandy and coffee, about $6. Sheepherder's bread baking contest. Basque yell contest. Dance competitions with trophies awarded—anyone can enter

5 p.m.—Finals of North American Basque Handball Championship.

9 p.m.—Public dance.

ELY, July 21-22

Ely's festival is known for its warm country atmosphere. Sunday's festivities take place at the Berry Creek Grove property of a local Basque family; the meadow and forested setting lends an authentic air to the activities. Ask locally for directions.

Saturday, July 21

4 p.m.—Ethnic parade in Ely

5 p.m.—Games and contests at fairgrounds. Weight lifting, weight carrying, woodchopping and possibly sheep hooking contest. Dance exhibitions.

9 p.m.—Public dance at National Guard Armory with Basque bands.

Sunday, July 22

10 a.m.—Open air Mass at Berry Creek Grove, 15 miles east of McGill and site of day's festivities.

Noon—Basque BBQ picnic with lamb, beans, bread, salad, other dishes and wine, fee charged. Bar, music and public dancing. Dance and Basque yell contests during the afternoon.

RENO, August 11

The last festival of the Nevada season, Reno's Basque celebration attracts a large number of California Basques. Cookbooks and ceramics, tableclothes, shoes and other imported Basque items will be on sale during the festivities at the Washoe County Fairgrounds.

Saturday, August 11

10 a.m.—Festival opens at Washoe County Fairgrounds exhibition hall and pavilion.

Noon—Games and contests. Woodchopping, weight carrying and tug of wars.

5-7 p.m.—Basque dinner with lamb chops, stew, beans, salad, bread and wine.

7 p.m.—Dancing exhibitions by youngsters and teens, and then public dancing to Basque and American music to 1 a.m. Bar open all day and night.



DICK SNYDER

The Basques are known as the world's greatest woodchoppers. Their training stresses not speed but endurance and strength.



DICK SNYDER

The "soka tira" is a high point of every Basque celebration as teams of five or six men challenge each other to grunting, foot-dragging tug of wars.



C.J. HADLEY

Handball, or pelota, *has its origins in the Basque country. Elko's national invitational tournament takes place July 7 and 8. Pelota's offspring, jai alai, is played at the MGM Grand Hotels in Las Vegas and Reno.*



C.J. HADLEY

Jose Luis Arrieta frequently wins the weight lifting contest. Here the Idaho sheep foreman hoists a 300-pound steel cylinder—16 times in six minutes!



C.J. HADLEY

The best of the American Basque weightlifters is Benny Goitiandia, a butcher from Boise. Here he rolls a 225-pound granite ball like a kitten around his neck at an Elko exhibition.



C.J. HADLEY

Benny Goitiandia, Basque strongman, relaxes with his bota bag at a Sunday picnic.

The Hotels

Since the earliest days, hotels have been home to the Basque sheepherders. Today, the hotels cater to tourists and offer second and third generation Basques an opportunity to recharge their ethnic batteries. By William A. Douglass



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Humboldt County Basques gather at the Pioneer Saloon in McDermitt, about 1910. From left are Mr. Pasinsige, Satur Alcorta, Ygnacio Albisu, unidentifed man, Alejandro Urizar, Antino Bengoa, Jess Tamales, Claudio Yturiaga, Jose Bermeoslo, Gregorio Ocamica, Enjenio Arano, Walter Scott, Daniel Bengochea, Jose Alzola, George Wilkinson, Robert Scott, Anastacio Bilbao, Pedro Laca, Anton Bernedo, Ysidro Laucirica, Santigo Bengochea, and Johnny Laca.

By the turn of the century in Nevada, to say "sheepherder" was to mean "Basque." The men from the Pyrenees and the Cantabrian seacoast of northern Spain and southwestern France had proven their reliability and herding skills, and they were the preferred employees on sheep outfits throughout the American West.

The typical Basque herder was a young bachelor, frequently under 20 years of age. He came to America with the intention of saving his wages, acquiring a sheep band and running it on the public lands for a few years, and then selling out to return to Europe. Some herders, of course, changed their plans and became the backbone of today's Basque-American community Still, many Basques were single males who viewed their stay in the United States as more of a sojourn than a long term arrangement.

Uncommitted to an American future and spending much of his time with his sheep band in nearly total isolation, the herder had little incentive or opportunity to learn English and American ways. He might view a trip to town as a risky excursion into an alien world where a man's hard-earned savings could be lost. Many herders preferred to stay in the sheep camps; some went for years without ever setting foot in town.

Such cases are extreme. He might need a doctor or dentist. Not every herder could withstand the loneliness of sheepherding without an occasional vacation. Also, the labor demand within the open range sheep industry was seasonal. While on the high mountain summer ranges, each herder cared for approximately one thousand ewes and their lambs. But in the fall the lambs were sold and two summer bands combined into a single winter one. Almost half the herders were laid off until the next spring's lambing. The men had to have a place to live. Consequently, Basque hotels became established in most sheep district towns, usually within sight of the railway depot so as to be seen easily by the newly arrived immigrant from Europe.

There was mutual trust between the herder and hotelkeeper The herder could use the hotel as his mailing address and as a place to keep his "town clothes" while working in the sheep camps. He might regard the hotelkeeper as a banker, entrusting him to hold his savings or to send them to Europe. The hotelkeeper would extend liberal credit to the strapped herder, sometimes advancing months of room and board until the man found a job. Any rancher who needed a sheepherder would contact the hotelkeeper, so the hotels doubled as employment agencies. If the herder decided to return to Europe on a visit he could leave his saddle, rifle and bedroll with the hotelkeeper One Utah establishment I visited a few years ago had 40 such outfits stored away awaiting their owners' return—some for over 20 years! Finally, the elderly bachelor herder who decided not to return to Europe could use the hotel as a retirement home, living out his remaining years under the hotelkeeper's care.

The hotels were important to Basque-American families as well. A Basque woman living on a ranch might move into the hotel in the final stages of her pregnancy and give birth there under the care of a doctor or midwife. When her children reached school age they were entrusted to the hotelkeeper's care while attending the local school. Baptismal and wedding banquets would surely be celebrated at the local Basque hotel. When someone died on a distant ranch the deceased was taken to the hotel for a vigil and wake before burial.

For the Basque-American, the hotel provided an opportunity to recharge his ethnic batteries. By conversing with the herders one could learn of life in the "old country," and try out his Basque, French or Spanish. The hotels provided the Basques of the American West with a common meeting ground, a place where Old World-born and New World-born persons could share and maintain their common ethnic identity

There is yet another dimension to Basque hotel life: tourism. Twenty years ago Nevada's Basque hotels were almost unknown to the general public. However, in recent years this has changed and travelers are more aware of the hotels' excellent food, unique atmosphere and warm hospitality

Particularly attractive is the hearty fare served family style in several courses. Homemade soup, a salad, French bread, wine, an exotic side dish, spaghetti or beans, and a main-course meat dish (usually steak, lamb or chicken) are more than a match for the largest appetite. Instead of a comprehensive sampling of Old World Basque cookery, which is famed for a variety of seafood dishes, the hotel cuisine is more the outgrowth of the western boarding house experience, combining

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William A. Douglass is director of the Basque Studies Program at the University of Nevada, Reno.

Old World culinary flair with New World preferences for steak and lamb dishes. The combination makes for an outstanding dining experience.

Every Basque hotel has its bar, and no visit is complete without sampling a picon punch. This potent drink, which is consumed both before and after dinner, consists of grenadine, Amer picon, brandy and soda. Though the drink is a specialty of all the Basque hotels in the West, it is all but impossible to find in the Basque country itself. Picon punch was a popular drink in Europe around 1900 and was brought here by early Basque hotelkeepers. It has remained in vogue among Basque-Americans despite its disappearance in the Old World.

To spend an evening in a Basque hotel is a memorable event, and in Nevada the visitor has many opportunities to do so. Ely, Elko, Winnemucca, Gardnerville, Carson City and Reno all have Basque establishments. Any time is a good time to visit a Basque hotel, but the weekends are livelier, especially at festival time.

The Restaurants

by William A. Douglass

Nevada's Basque hotels and restaurants vary in price, menu and seating arrangement. Some have fixed daily meals and others have a variety of entrees. Seating may be at long boardinghouse tables or at individual settings. Basque lunches and dinners are characterized by large helpings; you can't expect to clean your plate every time. Between entree and dessert, Basque fare of beans, bread, vegetables, soup and salad is standard for dinner

ELY

ELY HOTEL, 765 Aultman St. 289-9900. Fd. 1920s. Ely's best bet for unique dining, with good food and relaxing mood in the heart of downtown "action." Lunch noon only. Basque luncheon with meat dish, wine, cheese and coffee. $3.50. Dinner 6-7 Same fare with larger portions, $6.50, children under 12, $3. Seating boarding house style at long tables. Reservations accepted, appreciated for large parties. Open daily except Sunday. Charge cards not accepted. rooms for rent.

ELKO

NEVADA DINNER HOUSE, 351 Silver St., 738-8485. Fd. 1928. Formerly the Nevada Hotel, with friendly, cozy dinner house atmosphere. No lunches. Dinner 5-10. Entrees ordered from menu, including steak, pork chops or shrimp, with specialties roasted lamb ribs and garlic Friday and oven broasted chicken Friday and Saturday; includes Basque fare, spaghetti, coffee and dessert, $7-$10.50, children's rates also. Open Tuesday-Saturday, closed five weeks in December & January. Seating at individual tables. No reservations or charge cards.

STAR HOTEL, 246 Silver St., 738-9925. Fd. 1909. Striking Old World atmosphere with a bar to behold, meeting place for sheepherders in Northeastern Nevada. No lunch. Dinner 5:30-9:30. Entrees include steak, lamb, chicken, pork chops, trout, prawns or lobster, with Basque fare, spaghetti, coffee and dessert, $6.25-$15, children under 12 half price. Wine list. Seating at individual tables except for boarders. Closed Sundays. No charge cards. Rooms rented, with fixed daily menu.

WINNEMUCCA

MARTIN HOTEL, Railroad & Melarkey Sts., 623-3197 Founded in the late 1800s, the Martin retains its old Basque hotel traditions and a comfortable bar. Lunch 11:30-1:30. Basque luncheon $2.50 & up, chorizo sandwich, $1.95. Dinner 6-8:30. Fixed fare includes steak, side dish (clams & rice, ox tail or tongue), Basque fare and wine, $7.95, children under ten $2.95. Seating family style. No reservations. Closed Sundays in winter and major holidays. MC, Visa. Rooms rented.

ORMACHEA'S DINNER HOUSE, U.S. 95 & Melarkey St., 623-3455. Fd. 1978. A new Winnemucca establishment with elegant surroundings. No lunch. Bar open 5, dinner 6-10. Entrees include steak, lamb, pork chops, shrimp, codfish (Fri.) or chicken, side dish (liver & onions, lamb stew or ox tail soup), Basque fare and wine, $7-$10, child's plate (under 10) with 8 oz. steak, $6. Wine list. Seating at individual tables. Closed Mondays. MC, Visa.

WINNEMUCCA HOTEL, 95 Bridge St., 623-2908. Fd. 1863. Possibly Nevada's oldest Basque establishment, and a favorite hangout of old time sheepherders. Lunch noon-1. Basque fare with side dish (stew or rice plate) and wine, $3, children under ten $1.50. Dinner 6:15-8:15. Fixed entree (steak, a meat dish, clams & rice or lamb stew) with side dish, Basque fare and wine, $7.50, children under ten $2.50. Family style seating. No reservations needed. Open daily, closed Sundays in January & February. MC, Visa. Rooms to let.

GARDNERVILLE

CARSON VALLEY COUNTRY CLUB, U.S. 395 two miles south of Gardnerville, 782-3715. Fd. late 1960s. While not the traditional Basque setting and decor, the food is authentic and abundant. Lunch (except Sunday) 11:30-2:30. Basque lunch with steak, wine, coffee and ice cream, $6, sandwiches vary in price. Dinner 6-9 weekdays, 5:30-9 Saturday, 5-9 Sunday. Fixed Basque fare with steak entree, side dish (stew, ox tails, sweetbreads or paella), coffee and ice cream, $8, children $4. Seating at individual tables. Reservations needed for large parties only. Closed Tuesdays. No charge cards.

J-T BAR, 760 Main St., 782-2074. Fd. 1954. A convivial Basque hangout with one of Nevada's wildest hat collections on the walls. Lunch 11:30-2. Steak sandwich lunch $4, and fixed fare Basque lunch with steak, side dish, wine and coffee, $6, children under seven $3. Dinner 6-9, 5:30-9 Saturday. Steak entree with Basque fare, side dish (stew, chicken on rice or sweetbreads), wine, coffee and dessert, $7 children under seven $3.50. Seating at both long and individual tables. Reservations required only for large parties. Closed Sundays. No charge cards.

OVERLAND HOTEL, 691 Main St., 782-2138. Fd. 1909. Gardnerville's oldest Basque establishment, a longstanding boarding hotel. Lunch noon-2. Basque luncheon with steak, beef stew, wine, coffee and ice cream, $5.50, children under seven half price. Dinner 6-9. Basque fare, steak, wine, coffee and ice cream, $7 children under seven $3.50. Seating boarding house style. Reservations needed only for large parties. Closed Mondays. No rooms. MC, Visa.

CARSON CITY

TOKI ONA, S. Carson St. just south of junction of U.S. 395 and Lake Tahoe turnoff. 882-9857 Fd. 1974. Its name means "the good place" in Basque, and the Toki Ona is a popular spot with local Basques. Lunch 11:30-2 weekdays. Sandwiches and omelettes, $1.95 & up, and Basque luncheon with steak, wine, coffee and ice cream, $6. Dinner 5:30-9:30. Entree usually steak (fish dish Friday and chicken Sunday), Basque fare, stew or spaghetti, wine, coffee and ice cream, $7 children $3.50. Seating at individual tables. Reservations not necessary. Open every day. MC, Visa.

RENO

LOUIS' BASQUE CORNER, 301 E. 4th St., 323-7203. Fd. 1967 Friendly, intimate restaurant three blocks from downtown casinos. Bar open 8 a.m. Lunch 11:30-1:30 weekdays. Entrees include pork, lamb, steak, fish, chicken or special salad, with Basque fare, or sandwich with salad and Basque beans, $2-$5. Dinner 6-9:30, 6-10 Saturday. Entree such as steak or lamb, Basque entree (paella, chicken & rice, lamb or beef stew), Basque fare, wine and ice cream, $6.95, children under ten $3.50. Selection of cheeses, wine list. Reservations for parties of 10 or more. Banquet facilities. Closed Sunday in winter. AE, CB, DC, MC, Visa. Rooms available.

SANTA FE HOTEL, 235 Lake St., 323-1891. Fd. 1949. Reno's oldest Basque place, a traditional Basque hotel in the midst of Reno's casino way with juke box music and card games from the Old Country. Lunch 12:30-1:30. Two-meat dish such as chop & stew, Basque fare, cheese, wine and coffee, $3.50. Dinner 6:30-9. Entrees vary daily (steak, chicken with rice Friday, chicken and stew Sunday), Basque fare, wine, coffee and cheese, $6.50. Seating at large tables. No reservations. Open daily since 1949. Room for large groups and banquets (except Saturday). No charge cards. Rooms rented.

The Cook

From Drunkard's Soup to Squid In Its Own Ink, you couldn't say Basque cooking wasn't distinctive. The Zazpiak-Bat Basque Club of Reno offers some dishes that you can make yourself.

The Basque country is well known for having developed a distinctive cuisine of its own. The traditional Basque menu is based on dishes in which some style of salted codfish is always present, even if the meal is served to a king. Meat was considered essential for men participating in athletic events, such as Jai-Alai or stone lifting. They would be served what is called the "Basque Chateaubriand," which consists of three steaks: one thick one and two thin ones. The thick one is placed between the thin ones and the three are barbecued as a whole. When done, the thin steaks are removed and only the rare thick steak is served.

Basque cooking in the American West resulted from competition among American Basque hotels to get Basque sheepherders as boarders. The menu usually consists of a soup of pasta (a substitute for the bread soup in the old country); a first entree of tripe or pig feet (instead of fish) plus vegetables and garbanzos; and a second entree of chicken, lamb or steak served with fried or mashed potatoes and/or salad. The beverage is always red wine and customers serve themselves as they please.



MARILYN NEWTON

A weekday luncheon rush over, Louis Erreguible, proprietor of Louis' Basque Corner in Reno, and his young cook Michel R. Loustalot prepare a late breakfast of endives, eggs and bacon.

What follows is a small sampling of the numerous specialties that can be found in the book "From the Basque Kitchen." The recipes have been developed by Basques in America using the ingredients found here but prepared in the Basque tradition.—*Jon Bilbao*

DRUNKARD'S SOUP (Moscor Zalda)

oil
2-3 cloves of garlic, sliced thin
dry French bread, broken into small chunks
2-3 eggs
parsley, chopped
water

Coat bottom of cast-iron frying pan with oil. Add garlic, brown gently. Add bread, stir to coat. Add water to cover, and parsley. Simmer gently for 15-20 minutes. When you add the eggs, you can either stir them in or poach them. This soup is good for sinusitis, colds, and hangovers. However, please stand downwind from people.

OMELETTE BASQUAISE

4 eggs, well beaten
2 potatoes, finely sliced
1 bell pepper, cut in small pieces
½ small onion, sliced
5" long piece of chorizo, cut into ¼" slices

Brown potatoes, pepper, onions until well done, or slightly crisp, according to personal taste. Add chorizo and eggs. Mix well in pan at low heat. When ready, fold in half. Continue cooking for 2 minutes, then turn with spatula and cook other side 2 minutes more. Serve on platter with slices of tomatoes on top sprinkled with parsley. This makes a delicious light dinner, with a green salad with oil-and-vinegar dressing.

SHEEPHERDER CASSEROLE

Use singly or mix lamb shanks, lamb necks, or lean lamb ribs. It is very important to use a heavy cast-iron Dutch oven or a heavy utensil. Place in layers in the Dutch oven the following ingredients, in the following order:

Meat, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, and chopped garlic.
Medium to large onions, quartered and tucked under and about the meat.
Carrots, cut in 3" to 4" lengths.
Potatoes, cut in 2" to 3" chunks.
Long strips of green peppers.

Across the last layer, place long strips of bacon. Cover with heavy lid, and bake in oven at 350° for 1½ to 2 hours.

LE POULET BASQUAISE

1 chicken
4 tomatoes
6 green peppers
small pieces of jambon de Bayonne (ham)
few mushrooms
1 glass vin rose
pimientos espagnoles

Cut chicken in quarters, and each leg and wing in 2 pieces. Season with salt and pepper. Brown chicken in heavy cast iron cocotte (deep frying pan). Add tomatoes, peeled and with juice removed; cut-up green peppers, with seed removed; and cut-up mushrooms, ham, and wine. Cook with cover on for 25-30 minutes. Put chicken on the plate.

Reduce the sauce. Taste to find if seasoned enough. Pour over chicken. Sprinkle with chopped parsley, and decorate with red pimientos espagnoles. Serves 4.

CALAMARES EN SU TINTA (Inkfish, or Squid, in its own ink)

5 lbs. frozen calamares (9 lbs. fresh)
16 oz. tomato sauce
2 medium onions
½ large green pepper
2 cloves garlic
½ cup white wine
olive oil

Cleaning the calamares is a real chore, but the end product is a gourmet's delight. The best way to learn is to have seen "Ama" do it, as the head, spiny rod, eyes, and outer skin must be removed, but the tentacles and ink sack must be saved. Strain the ink through a fine strainer to separate from the membrane, adding enough water to recover as much ink as possible—about ½ cup. Skin the sack and turn inside out, dry with paper towels as well as possible, and stuff the tentacles inside the sack.

SAUCE Brown chopped onion, green pepper, and garlic. Add tomato sauce and ink. Fry the cleaned calamares in olive oil till golden brown. Then add the fried calamares to the sauce, and simmer at least 1 hour—a little longer is better. Add the wine in the last ½ hour of cooking. Sauce should be thick.

CHORIZOS

Remove seeds from 5 lbs. dry peppers (red, sweet chilis). Cover with water and bring to a boil. Let them cool, then put them through a meat grinder. This makes the pulp. Put the pulp through a collander, and this makes the sauce. Mix sauce with 40 to 50 lbs. ground pork. Add 25 whole buttons of garlic and 1½ cups salt. Let set in a cool place for 3 days. Mix well once a day. At the end of 3 days, remove the garlic, taste for salt, and put in casings. Hang and let dry.

PICON PUNCH

1½ ounces Amer Picon
soda water
brandy

Pour Amer Picon into 5 or 6-oz. fizz type glass filled with medium sized ice cubes. Add equal amount of soda water and stir. Rub twist of lemon around rim of glass, and add. Brandy may be floated on top, if desired. Grenadine or lemon (citron) syrup may be poured into glass first in small quantity if greater sweetness is indicated.

"FROM THE BASQUE KITCHEN," a cookbook compiled by members of the Zazpiak-Bat Basque Club of Reno, is available for $5 a copy (includes tax and mailing cost) from Basque Cookbook, P.O. Box 7771, Reno, NV 89510.

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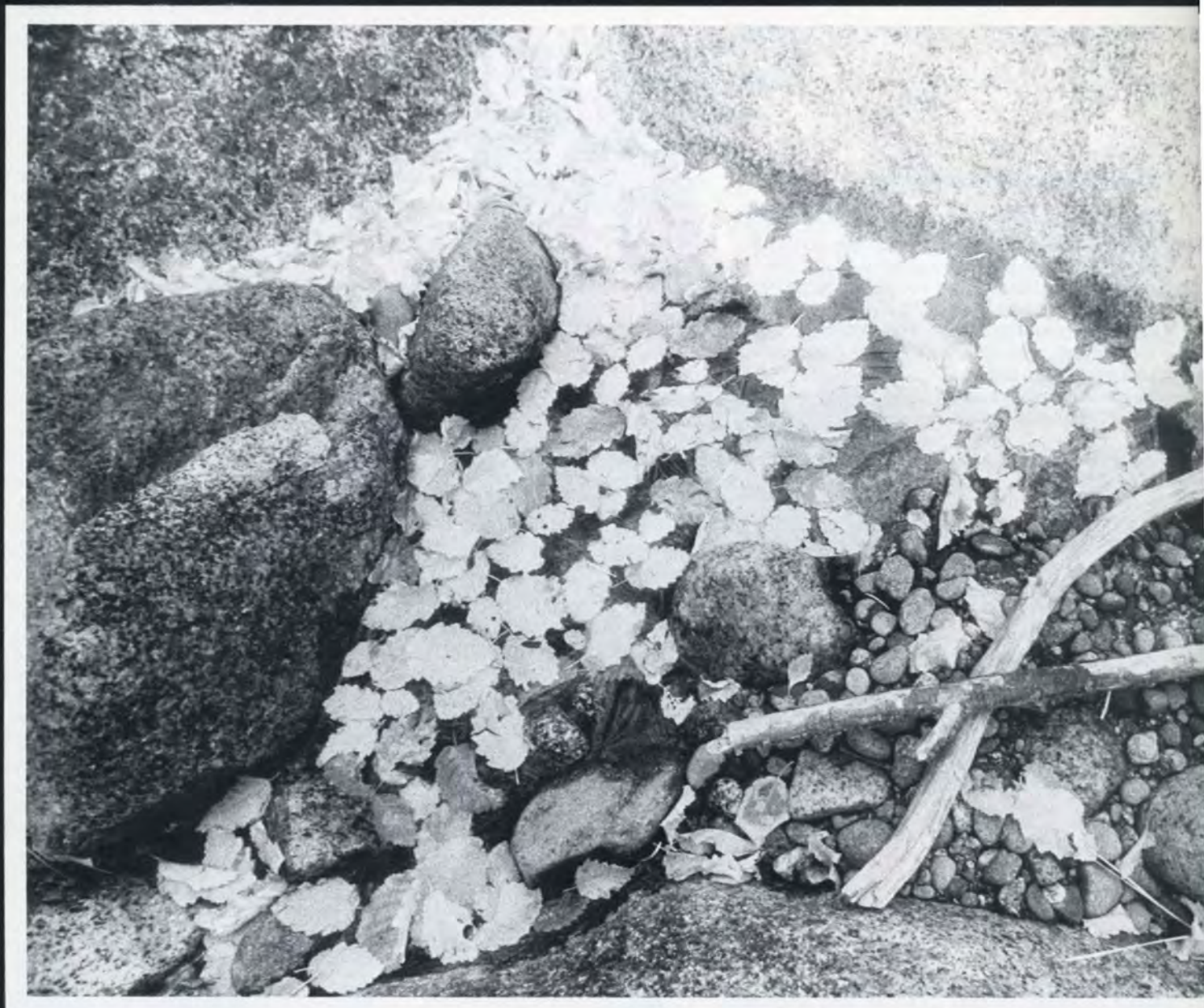
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Black and white is more colorful than you think. By Richard Jung

Shades and tones of Tahoe



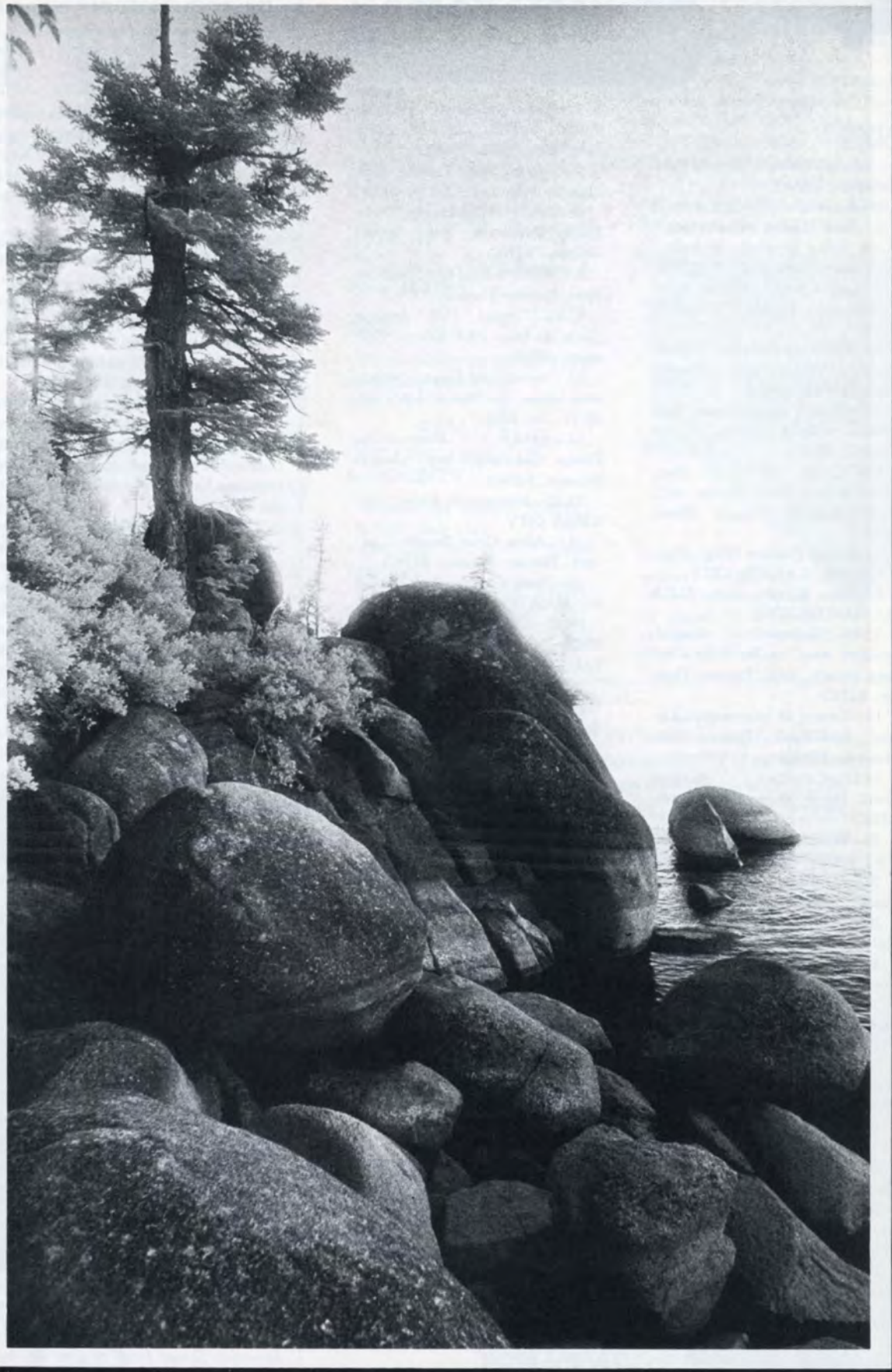
In black and white photography, strength is based on contrast in values and tone ranges. It provides an energy different than color, at times surpassing the color image. Black and white contends with light/dark values which separate form in composition, and extends itself further than color, because color separates itself in natural life.

To me, black and white prints hung on a wall become less tiresome than those in color. The mind accepts color photographs, and there the challenge ends. But in black and white, even though the forms relate, the picture is not completely accepted because of the missing life colors. This energy continues searching for a dream quality image that doesn't really exist, only in one's nightmirrors or fantasies.

The thought continues, like Tahoe, a strange mysterious energy hidden in the vast stones that reach out to the cold crystal waters.

Richard Jung is a young and talented Bay Area photographer who spent two years "experiencing the northeastern shores of Lake Tahoe." His grandfather was an early San Francisco cinematographer, his father a commercial photographer. More of Jung's work can be seen at Behney's Antiques, 120 Country Club Drive, Incline Village, Nevada.—Ed. □





Spring Calendar

WEST

APRIL

1—Sekulich Antique Show & Sale, Coliseum, RENO

1—Autorama, RENO, Coliseum

4—Reno Gem & Mineral Soc "Gem Safari & mines in India," 8pm, 480 S. Rock Blvd., SPARKS

5—Jose Greco, concert, 8pm, Community Center, CARSON CITY

6—"Focus on Nevada," 3 films, Walker Wassuk Arts Alliance, 7pm, HAWTHORNE

6-7—Reno International Jazz Festival, vocal & combos, Pioneer Theater, RENO

6-8—Queen of Hearts Expo Stamp & Coin Show, Fri-Sat. 10-7: Sun. 10:30-5, Pioneer Hotel, RENO

7—Spring Fashion Fling, Disco Reflections, CARSON CITY

8—Poets Corner, 3pm, 411 E St., HAWTHORNE

12-14—"Godspell," musical, Washoe Assn. of Retarded Children benefit, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

14—Centro de Informacion Latino Americano Dance, fairgrounds, RENO

14-15—Comstock Arabian Assn. Horse Show, fairgrounds, RENO

15—World Wide Flea Market, V&T Room, Coliseum, RENO

20—"Lamb," gospel concert, Pioneer Theater, RENO

20-22—Decorator Showcase, Coliseum, RENO

20-22—Nevada Arabian Horse Soc. Show, fairgrounds, RENO

21-23—Walker Lake Art Club Seminar, oil & pastels, HAWTHORNE

26,28—Nevada Opera Guild, "La Traviata," 8:15pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

27-29—Home Improvement Show, Coliseum, RENO

28—Silver State Cat Fanciers Cat Show, fairgrounds, RENO

28—Barbershoppers' Regional Competition, all day & eve, Community Center, CARSON CITY

29-30—Western National Angus Show, fairgrounds, RENO

MAY

1—Western National Angus Show, fairgrounds, RENO

4-6—Silver State Square Dance Festival, Coliseum, RENO

5—Cinco de Mayo, Hispanic Folklife Festival, all day, dance 8pm, fairgrounds, RENO

5—Sertoma Wine Tasting, 7pm, Ormsby House, CARSON CITY

6—RENO Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, 2pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

8—Middle School Band Festival, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

11-13—Crystal Hill Antique Show & Sale, V&T Room, Coliseum, RENO

12—"Good Old Days," barbershop show, the Beaver Inn Four, 40 W. 1st, RENO

12—AMAN, International Dance Company, 2pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

12,13—Motorcycle Races, VIRGINIA CITY

13— Aleta Gray Benefit Concert, Pioneer Theater, RENO

13—Poets Corner, 3pm, 411 E St., HAWTHORNE

19,20—Cross-country Air Race, BBQ Sun., municipal airport, FALLON

19,20—"Espiritu Santu," Portuguese holy week festival, Sat. dance, FALLON

20—Nevada Symphonic Orchestra Concert, 3pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

24—Reno-Sparks Spring Flower Show, free, 1:30-9pm, Coliseum, RENO

25-27,31—"Oh, Coward," musical, Fri-Sat. 8:30pm, Sun. 7:30pm, RENO Little Theater

26-27—Sierra Morgan Horse Club Show & Sale, fairgrounds, RENO

26-27—Nevada Jr. Quarter Horse Assn. Show, fairgrounds, RENO

30—Miss United Teenager Pageant, 7:30pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

30—Nevada Quarter Horse Assn., fairgrounds, RENO

JUNE

1,2—"Oh, Coward," musical, 8:30pm, RENO Little Theater

1-3—Nevada Paint Horse Club Show, fairgrounds, RENO

1-3—Velo Promo & Reno Wheelmen Bicycle Races, RENO, CARSON CITY SPARKS to VIRGINA CITY

2—Carson City Arts Alliance Grand Opening, all day, Art Center, CARSON CITY

The best in off-road racing.
By Tom Martin

MINT 400

The Mint 400 desert rally is regarded as the world's premier off-road race. With such famous winners as Parnelli Jones, Bill Stroppe, Bobby Ferro and Fritz Kroyer, as well as appearances by stars like Steve McQueen and James Garner, this yearly event has become known for its action, glamour, and madcap cars and characters. If a movie is ever made about the Mint 400, it will have to be titled, "The Craziest Day in April."

Take the 1977 winners, for instance. Bud Feldkamp and Malcolm Smith of Southern California were in a hurry to get to the starting line. Too much of a hurry, thought a Nevada Highway Patrol Officer He cited them for going 70 in a 55 mph zone. History shows they did make it to the starting line, winning in both 1977 and 1978 to become the first consecutive overall victors in the race's 11-year history.

The attrition rate in this tough test of man and vehicle is astounding. After the first lap on the tortuous course north of Las Vegas, the place looks like a wrecking yard where tow trucks outnumber contestants. The race is so tough that hundreds of entrants have never officially made many checkpoints or crossed the finish line.

The Nevada National Guard entered a combat tank in 1978. Much to the relief of many drivers, the tank made only a token lap, then rumbled off to wherever tanks go.

In all, drivers feel that the Mint 400 is close to the original concept of off-road racing, since the idea is to overcome natural terrain, not graded roads or a closed course. Many believe it is better than the legendary Baja California events, especially since the glamour of Las Vegas is just a short drive away.

A unique feature of the race is the technical inspection. Downtown Fremont Street is closed off for two days for public and official inspection of these exotic vehicles. It is really a 48-hour party that drivers and spectators alike are sorry to end

It was difficult for this racing fan to imagine the experience of off-road racing until 1973. Out of curiosity I took up the offer of famed Mickey Thompson for a ride in his big Challenger during practice runs. Another of my journalistic buddies who had already taken a tour with Thompson came away convinced the guy was crazy Thompson is one of the nice guys of racing. Behind the wheel, however, he is strictly a hard charger Surveying my ashen face inside a crash helmet after riding in what I thought was the inside of a barrel going over Niagara Falls, Thompson grinned at me and said, "C'mon, you really liked it."

I have never considered being anything but a spectator at the Mint 400 ever since.



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Public festivities for the 1979 Mint 400 Desert Race begin Friday, April 27, in Las Vegas with racing cars on display on Fremont Street from 6 a.m. to midnight. The cars parade at 7 a.m. Saturday, April 28, followed by the race start at 9 a.m. at the Las Vegas Speedrome. The race is four laps over the 100-mile course north of town. Grandstands are at several view points.

3—Truckee Meadows Dog Show, fairgrounds, RENO

3—World Wide Flea Market, Coliseum, RENO

7-10—Carson Valley Days, MINDEN, GARDNERVILLE

8-10—Nevada Arabian Horse Society Show, fairgrounds, RENO

9—Centro de Informacion Latino Americano Dance, fairgrounds, RENO

10—Poets Corner, 3pm, 411 E St., HAWTHORNE

16—Miss Nevada Pageant, 8pm, Pioneer Theater, RENO

16-17—VIRGINIA CITY Antique Show

21-24—RENO Rodeo, fairgrounds

NORTH

APRIL

1—Flying W Motorcycle Club Motocross Race, Calder Cycle Park, WINNEMUCCA

6—Jose Greco, concert, 8pm, Nixon Hall, WINNEMUCCA

7—Miss WINNEMUCCA Pageant, 7:30pm, Nixon Hall

13,14—Cabin Fever Reliever Square Dance, Grammar School No. 2, ELKO

29—Fun Shoot, Spring Creek Trap & Skeet Range, ELKO

MAY

4-6—Forum of the Snake Art Show, JACKPOT

5—Western American Texas Longhorn Assn. Auction, fairgrounds, ELKO

12—Lander, Wyo., to JACKPOT Air Race

12—Pioneer Arts & Crafts Festival, Northeastern Nevada Museum, ELKO

20—Fun Shoot, Spring Creek Trap & Skeet Range, ELKO

JUNE

2—DENIO Roping & BBQ

2—Seattle, Wash., to JACKPOT Air Race

23—Denver, Colo., to JACKPOT Air Race

29,30—Mountain Trails Appaloosa Club Horse Show, fairgrounds, ELKO

30—LAMOILLE Annual Art Fair

30—The Dalles, Ore., to JACKPOT Air Race

CENTRAL

APRIL

15—Fireman's Easter Egg Hunt, 1pm, ages 1-12, football field, EUREKA

26-28—Nevada Future Homemakers of America Convention, Convention Ctr., ELY

MAY

9-12—Fine Arts Festival, ELY

11-13—Nevada State Jaycees Convention, Convention Ctr., ELY

25-28—Jim Butler Days, Convention Center & Downtown, TONOPAH

26—Eureka Alumni Banquet & Dance, EUREKA

JUNE

22-25—American Bashkir Curly Horse Convention, ELY

SOUTH

ONGOING EVENTS & EXHIBITS

Western art display, VALLEY OF FIRE State Park

Old LAS VEGAS Fort Tours, Tues- Sun.

Historic artifacts on display, Southern Nevada Museum, HENDERSON, and UNLV Museum of Natural History, LAS VEGAS

APRIL

1—LAS VEGAS Chamber Players, 2pm, Ham Hall, UNLV

1-8—"Oliver," Rock Opera, LAS VEGAS Little Theatre

1-13—Fifth Annual Art-Affair, winning entries exhibited, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

1-18—Photography Exhibit, LAS VEGAS Art Museum

1-5/9—"Footsteps," planetarium show, Tue-Wed., Clark Co. Comm. College



Nevada's events, shows and celebrations are listed by region as a speedy reference for weekend trips and vacations.



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7—UNLV Contemporary Dance Theater, 2&8pm, Judy Bayley Theatre, LAS VEGAS

7,14,21,28—International Folk Dancing, Marliza Dance Studio, 7:30pm, LAS VEGAS

7-27—Art Exhibit: Edward Muybridge (George Eastman House Traveling Exhibition), Grant Hall, Mon-Sat., 12-4pm, LAS VEGAS

11-15—Southern Nevada Youth Fair, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr.

12—"47th Samurai," presented by Univ. of Hawaii-Minoa, Judy Bayley Theatre, 8pm, LAS VEGAS

12-28—"Picnic," romantic drama, Reed Whipple Ctr., Thurs-Sun., 8:27pm, LAS VEGAS

14—Quilting demonstration, Old Las Vegas Fort, 1-4pm, LAS VEGAS

16-27—Student Art Show, Clark Co. Comm. Coll., NORTH LAS VEGAS

17—Chamber Players Solo Recital, Ham Hall, UNLV, 8pm, LAS VEGAS

18—"Les Violons Du Bal," UNLV Student Union, LAS VEGAS

18-28—"Blacks in the Westward Movement," Smithsonian Exhibit, Clark Co. Comm. Coll., NORTH LAS VEGAS

19-22—"Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Clark Co. Comm. Coll. Little Theatre, NORTH LAS VEGAS

20-22—2nd Annual LAS VEGAS All Indian Days, dancing, teepees, handgame tournament, arts & crafts, Horseman's Park

20-22—Festival of the Arts, Clark Co. Comm. Coll., NORTH LAS VEGAS

20-5/6—HENDERSON Industrial Days, downtown

21-22—Paradise Park Community Arts-Faire, LAS VEGAS

21-22—City of LAS VEGAS Flower Show, Convention Ctr. Annex

21-22—"Omypathon '79," Desert Inn & Country Club, LAS VEGAS

22—UNLV Concert Band & Wind Ensemble, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

22—European Style Flea Market, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr., E. Exhibit Hall C

23—Master Series Concert: Ruggiero Ricci and the San Diego Symphony, 8pm, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

23-29—"Dance Week '79," ethnic, folk & modern dance throughout LAS VEGAS. Call 384-1208.

23-29—$250,000 Alan King/Caesars Palace Tennis Classic, Caesars Palace Tennis Pavilion, LAS VEGAS

24-5/19—"The Real Inspector Hound," comedy, Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

25-29—Carnival, Civic Center, HENDERSON

26-29— The Del Webb Desert Rally, hosted by Mint Hotel, LAS VEGAS

26-5/27—"Forty Carats," comedy, LAS VEGAS Little Theatre, Thurs-Sun.

27—Amateur Talent Contest, 7pm, Civic Center, HENDERSON

29—UNLV "Showband of the Stars" concert, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

29—UNLV Concert Band, 2pm, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

29-5/5—Sybil Griffen Show, contemporary art, Reed Whipple Gallery, LAS VEGAS

30-5/9—Graphics Show, Mon-Sat., noon-4pm, Grant Hall Gallery, LAS VEGAS

30-5/23—World Series of Poker, Horseshoe Club, LAS VEGAS

MAY

*—NORTH LAS VEGAS Art Festival. Call 649-7737 for information

1—Pops Concert, UNLV Chorus, 8pm, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

1-9—"The Real Inspector Hound," comedy, Meadows Playhouse, Tues-Sat., LAS VEGAS

1-21—"Jazz Month," performances throughout Nevada. Call 734-8556

1-31—Flora Lorcroix exhibit, LAS VEGAS Art Museum

2-3,9-10—"The Man Who Came To Dinner," comedy, Bonanza HS, 8pm, LAS VEGAS

3-13—"Man of La Mancha," musical, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV Thurs-Sun., LAS VEGAS

3-27—"Forty Carats," comedy, LAS VEGAS Little Theatre, Thurs-Sun.

5—Industrial Days Parade, noon, Water St., HENDERSON

6—World Wide Flea Market, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr. South Exhibit Hall, Rms 18-24

6—LAS VEGAS Civic Symphony concert, Reed Whipple Ctr., 2pm

6-10—International Gin Rummy Tournament, Dunes Hotel and other LAS VEGAS hotels

8—Collegium Musicum, 8pm, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

9-13—Bella Lewitzky Dance Company, concerts and classes throughout LAS VEGAS. Call 384-1208

10—Chamber Players, solo recital, 8pm, Ham Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

11-25—Juried Student Art Show, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS

11-27—"Starman Jones," children's theater, Reed Whipple Ctr., Fri-Sun., LAS VEGAS

13—Spring Pops Concert, 2pm, Ham Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

16—"Madam Rose," drama, 7:30pm, Red Rock Theatre, LAS VEGAS

18—Utah Symphony, 8pm, Ham Hall, LAS VEGAS

20-27—Helldorado Days & Rodeo, downtown LAS VEGAS and Convention Ctr.

24-28—International Racquetball Assn. Natl. Tourn, Supreme Court Club, LAS VEGAS

27-6/22—"Children's Environment," contemporary art, Reed Whipple Gallery, LAS VEGAS

30—"Buster Keaton Anthology," 7:30pm, UNLV Student Union, LAS VEGAS

JUNE

1-30—Display of Afrikan Art, Nubian Gallery, LAS VEGAS

1-30—Board of Directors-Faculty Exhibit, LAS VEGAS Art Museum

5-30—"The Fantastics," musical-comedy, Meadows Playhouse, Tues-Sat., LAS VEGAS

7-17—"Birthday Party," by Harold Pinter, 8pm, 2pm on 17th, Thur-Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, LAS VEGAS

8-10—Eckankar Creative Arts Festival, music, art, dance, Aladdin Hotel, LAS VEGAS

10-7/6—"Contemporary Photography VII," b&w prints of famous photographers, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

14-15—"Dames at Sea," musical, LAS VEGAS Little Theatre, Thurs-Sun.

21-30—"Wait Until Dark," 8pm, Thur-Sun., Judy Bayley Theatre, LAS VEGAS

21-7/21—"Music Man," Reed Whipple Center, Thurs-Sun., LAS VEGAS

24—International Festival, music, dance, foods of the world, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

29-7/1—Zelzah Temple Circus & Carnival, LAS VEGAS Convention Ctr.



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NEVADA RODEO SCHEDULE

APRIL

7-8 CARSON CITY High School Rodeo
14-15 YERINGTON High School Rodeo
21-22 FALLON High School Rodeo
28-29 GARDNERVILLE High School Rodeo

MAY

5-6 BATTLE MOUNTAIN High School Rodeo
12-13 WINNEMUCCA High School Rodeo
19-20 ELKO, Northern Nevada Community College Rodeo and arm wrestling contest
19-27 LAS VEGAS, Helldorado Days (19, Parade on the Strip; 19-20 Swap Meet; 21-22 Country Western Show; 23-27 PRCA Rodeo, Convention Center; all days, huge carnival)

JUNE

2-3 LOVELOCK High School Rodeo
9-10 WELLS High School Rodeo

FOXIE PHOTO



Joe Marvel, 1978's world's best bronc rider.

14-17 ELKO High School Rodeo State Finals
21-24 RENO Rodeo, PRCA Rodeo (23, Parade)

AUGUST

2-5 LOVELOCK, Frontier Days (2, Talent Contest; 3, rodeo; 4, pancake breakfast, parade, games, contests—whisker, nail-driving, rock drilling, swimming, foot and bike races; 5, Jackpot Roping)
31,9/1-2 ELKO County Fair Days (rodeo, horse racing, exhibits, parade, centennial branding)
31,9/1-2 WINNEMUCCA PRCA Rodeo (street dance, carnival, parade, boxing matches)

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Robert K. Golka in his secret desert laboratory. By Richard Menzies

Wendover's Real Life Thor

The time is midnight; the place, vaguely familiar to moviegoers as the secluded mountain laboratory where Colin Clive as Doctor Victor Frankenstein labors to bring Boris Karlof back to life. Dwarfed by banks of pulsating lights and towering transformers, the mad scientist pulls a lever and suddenly the room is lit by the explosion of 20 million volt lightning bolts.

Robert K. Golka isn't a madman, however, and his experiment, however dramatic, aims at much more than mere pyrotechnical display What he hopes to duplicate in his one-man laboratory at Wendover is a seldom seen phenomenon known as ball lightning.

What is ball lightning? Golka describes it as a plasma, a fireball of superheated gases contained within its own magnetic field. If this notion is correct, and if man could somehow come to control the forces that govern ball lightning, Golka believes the same forces could be used to tame fusion—the thermonuclear process that heats the sun and stars.

"Fusion," he explains, "is the bringing together of hydrogen atoms to form a helium atom. And in the process, when you transmute one element to another, you give off some heat, and when you're talking about atoms, you're talking about a billion times a billion atoms per cubic centimeter, which amounts to tremendous amounts of heat."

Cast in layman's terms, fusion is the force behind the hydrogen bomb. "But if we could find a way to contain plasma, we could bring this transmutation around slowly, so we can get the heat off gradually, and there's no explosion." The result, he predicts, would mean nothing less than a virtually unlimited energy source for the future.

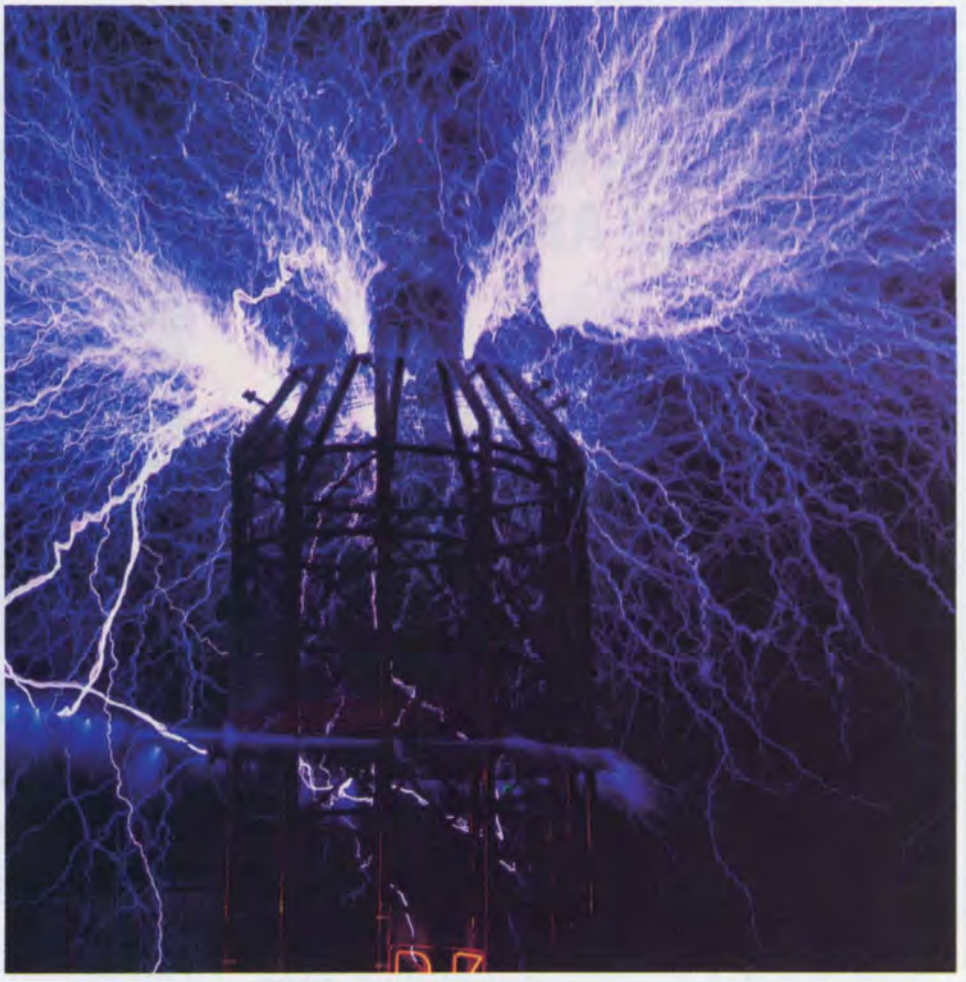
Although scientists at Princeton, Los Alamos, and California's Lawrence Livermore Laboratory are also at work on the problem of harnassing fusion, when it comes to ball lightning research, Golka is pretty much in a field by himself. Lightning of all forms has fascinated him ever since his imagination was sparked 35 years ago in his boyhood home of Brockton, Massachusetts.

"I was about five years old," he explains. "I was walking in back of this gas station pulling a little cart behind me, and I saw this black box with two little funny poles sticking out of it. I put a file across it and I saw these beautiful glorious blue sparks come flying out of it, and it hissed and it sparked and I said, 'Wow, what a toy!' "

From old car batteries, Golka moved on to more sophisticated toys, eventually earning a degree in electrical engineering from Northeastern University



MENZIES PHOTOS



Robert K. Golka gets a charge out of his exotic experiments with ball lightning. At right is his giant Tesla coil, the center of action at the Wendover laboratory.

For a time he worked designing computer systems and something called a drinkometer—a device intended to teach monkeys to imbibe alcohol. "That the monkeys never learned," explains Golka, "only served to confirm my suspicions that they are probably smarter than humans."

Tired of trying to turn monkeys into alcoholics and weary of the nine-to-five routine, Golka began to shop around for a new career His old interest in sparks was rejuvenated one day when he read a book about Nikola Tesla, the Serbo-Croatian electronics wizard whose design for the first alternating current generator was the beginning of the modern electrical age. Less well known and far less wealthy than his contemporary Edison, Tesla was as eccentric as he was brilliant—so absorbed in mental calculations, it's said, that he once ignored a handkerchief dropped at his feet by the leading hearthrob of the day, Sarah Bernhardt.

Hoping to invent a way of transmitting electricity through the air without wires, Tesla built a high-frequency resonant transformer, or Tesla coil, at his Colorado Springs laboratory in 1899. Though the attempt was to prove futile, Tesla did record in his notebooks some interesting side effects, among them ball lightning, a phenomenon he deemed interesting and worthy of further study

Determined to take up where Tesla left off, Golka gave up his job to found Project Tesla, taking up quarters in an empty theater building in Brockton. There he constructed a 10 foot coil and began generating lightning bolts and broadcasting television static that for a short time earned him "the highest Nielsen ratings in town." When neighbors began to descend upon his lab like irate Transylvanians, the young inventor began looking around for a more hospitable location.

In the spring of 1973, Golka packed his trailer with equipment and moved west in search of open spaces, finally settling on western Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats. With no neighbors within 50 miles and no one for company save a pair of mongrel dogs named Doctor Proton and Commander Klystron, the transplanted Bostonian started work on an even bigger coil and a spectacular suntan.

One salt-encrusted year later he got his first break, a $28,000 grant from the U.S. Air Force to study the effects of lightning on aircraft. Better still, he

(Continued on page 58)

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Gold and silver are being unearthed at the site of the original discovery of the Comstock Lode. The latest mining revival is the third since great-grandfather's time. By David W. Toll

Great-Grandfather's Gold

I can remember as a boy hearing my great-grandfather tell about the millions of dollars worth of gold ore that had been left in the deep levels of the Yellow Jacket mine in Gold Hill when work stopped. The problem was water

In the seamed and fragmented depths of the mountain, water seeps and spurts into the shafts and tunnels. It is hot water, often scalding hot, and it made the deep levels of the Comstock mines hellish places to work. Ten minutes of pick and shovel labor in those steaming stone passageways was enough to exhaust the strongest men, and they never knew when a blast would strike another spring of boiling water and send them running for the cage.

Enormous pumps with huge whirling flywheels were brought in to suck up the water and spit it gushing out onto the surface far above, but these immense and supremely expensive contrivances could scarcely keep up with the flow Even Adolph Sutro's famous tunnel, drilled nearly four miles through the mountain from its eastern base overlooking the Carson River to intersect the Savage Mine shaft nearly 1600 feet beneath the streets of Virginia City, could not help much.

Laterals were extended north and south from the Savage, and the Yellow Jacket was among the Gold Hill mines connected with the south lateral tunnel. This tunnel system did eliminate hundreds of feet of lift for the huge pumps, but ventilation wasn't improved much, and eventually the water and the heat made the work too dangerous and expensive to continue. A million dollars worth of gold in the ground that costs a million and one to get out is a liability

On a still winter's day you can still see the plumes of steam rising up out of the shafts of the Gold Hill mines. Hot water still stands high in their necks, the deep workings well submerged. And the gold is still beneath the water

This is the sort of thing that illustrates why there is no such thing as a worked out mining district, and helps to explain why the Comstock Lode is now undergoing its third revival since my great-grandfather's day

At the turn of the century the district was revived by the introduction of the cyanide milling process to replace the relatively primitive mercury amalgamation stamp mills in use since the 1860s. The increase in cost efficiency allowed lower grade ore to be worked at a profit, and the mines flourished in a small way

In the Depression years the price of gold improved enough to permit reopening of some of the mines, often by individuals or partnerships which leased promising sections of the old properties. Some of the Comstock mine dumps have been worked four and five times. Every time a new technological wrinkle was introduced, they'd run the dumps through again.

The mines were shut down by government order in 1942 as non-essential to the war effort, and by war's end few mining companies could afford the expense of retimbering and repairing their abandoned workings to bring them back into production again. Wages had tripled during the early Forties but the price of gold had remained unchanged. The ore bodies of 1942 were just yellow dirt again.

But now improvements in the price of gold and silver have combined with spaceage refinements to the cyanide milling process to make that dirt into ore again, and for a decade a succession of mining companies has been exploring the old bonanza claims.

Last summer the latest of these newcomers, Houston Oil & Minerals Corp., began actual mining on the Comstock. The Texas company was formed in 1966 and is active in oil exploration in the Gulf Coast areas of Texas and Louisiana. The minerals division, established in 1976, is active in several other Nevada mining districts including Manhattan, Tonopah and Goldfield.

On the Comstock, Houston is exploring the New York Mine, reworking the Con Imperial pit, the site of the lode's original discovery, and mucking out the Sutro Tunnel, the four-mile-long burrow that was completed in 1878 and sealed up in the 1940s. The revival includes construction of an ore processing mill at American Flats. Maybe they'll get great grandpa's millions out of the ground yet.

But even if their fondest dreams of underground riches come true, there will eventually come a day when the ore won't bring what it costs to mine and mill. On that day mining will stop again.

And perhaps the time will come when I sit out on the porch with my great-grandchildren and tell them in my doddering old voice of the treasure that still resides beneath the scarred up canyonsides, long abandoned. □



DAVID MOORE



DAVID TOLL

The reopening of the New York Mine was a dramatic first step in the Comstock's latest mining revival (above). Much of the activity is centered on the west flank of historic Gold Hill (bottom).

At Alice List's, easily. By George Moon

How Does Your Garden Grow?

Alice List's vegetable patch is half the size of a football field. A maze of overhead sprinklers and raspberry bushes, corn stalks and bean vines often hide the diminutive Mrs. List behind their lush foliage as she hoes, prods and nourishes her garden on the Washoe Valley ranch where she and her husband Frank have lived for the last 28 years.

Green thumb or not, summer's sweet smell of success depends on what you do in the spring and previous fall. And Alice List knows just what to do in Nevada, land of little water and lots of sunshine, to make her garden grow

To prepare her garden for next year's plantings, she mixes a healthy dose of manure in her vegetable plot after the fall harvest.

"I am not an organic farmer," she says. "After the plants come up in the spring, and they are young and healthy, I fertilize once, maybe twice with a commercial fertilizer Then I fertilize again when they're bearing."

List plants her spinach, lettuce, onions, cabbage, broccoli, peas and potatoes on April 15. She expects that she and Frank will be eating delicious peas and spuds straight from the garden by the Fourth of July Her beans, corn, cucumbers and squash usually go in mid-May, depending on the "feel" of the ground. Frosts and cold spells are hard to predict, she says, but she does have a simple test for planting frost-prone vegetables.

"Do not plant anything until you can put your hands in the soil and it feels warm to your fingers for the first four to five inches. Do it several days in a row, maybe up to a week.

"It's hard to explain, just something I feel."

Throughout the season Alice List takes great care in watering.

"When the plants are little, I water every other day because the ground is sandy loam and dries very quickly When they take hold, I water every three days."

Her rules of good gardening are basic, and one is that you can't grow vegetables without getting dirty "Just get down and get your hands in the dirt," she says with a smile. "You can't stand up to garden, you have to get down on your knees and work. And add tender loving care."

The results of List's attention to the basics are evident in her gregarious garden, where rows and rows of vegetables creep, climb and shoot up in a tasteful riot. The garden is as healthy and vigorous as List herself, and the rollcall befits an exotic foreign marketplace. There are pole peas ("much better than bush peas"), potatoes ("lots of fertilizer and water") and broccoli ("hardy and doesn't freeze"), beans, lettuce, asparagus, beets, cabbage, brussels sprouts, parsnip, spinach, carrots, eggplant, corn and cucumbers.



Alice List uses lots of springtime care, water and fertilizer to produce her gardenful of vegetables.

There's okra, kale, endive, leeks, onions, parsley and pumpkins. She also grows radishes, chard, tomatoes and five varieties of squash. And black currants, grapes, cherries, apples, peaches, raspberries and rhubarb.

Her flower garden is colorful and lush, and the ranch has a great number of trees—pines, cottonwoods, sycamores, blue spruce, beech and magnolias, many of them legacies of the ranch's earlier owners. When Alice and Frank List bought their ranch in 1951, one of the stipulations was that the trees not be touched. "The ranch was just as it sits now," she says. "It's a beautiful place."

The Lists met in the 1920s in central California, where Frank went to college and helped his father raise grapes and oranges. After Alice's family moved south to Exeter, Frank visited her by airplane, an unusual means of courtship in those days. They married during the Depression, and all three of their children were born in Exeter

In 1951 they bought the ranch on the west side of Washoe Valley and then 600 acres at the south end of Washoe Lake. There Frank farmed and raised cattle, which he still does on a smaller scale. The previous ranch owners, Lord Wellesley and his Nevada bride, had built a Victory Garden during the war that had an impressive system of overhead sprinklers over a large area, and it became the basis for Alice's garden.

From the ranch their three children went to Carson High School and bigger and better things. The oldest, Bob, is Governor of Nevada, elected by a wide margin last November Allan runs the family's alfalfa ranch near Lovelock. And Bonnie works in the California missile industry with her husband.



Alice and Frank's grandchildren also know the ranch as a special place, with their favorite climbing tree, the corn that their grandmother lets them sell in town, and the refreshing creek running through the property where they wade and splash in the summertime.

The ranch's apple orchard is 100 years old. When the Lists moved in, they found an acre of apple trees, with some Jonathans "and others that really weren't good for anything." The Jonathans are Alice's favorite for making cider, which they make with an antique cider press.

The worn out trees were revived by Frank List, who began his custom of grafting new varieties on puckered out trees. Alice explains, "He makes a slit in the bark and puts a year-old growth



HADLEY PHOTOS

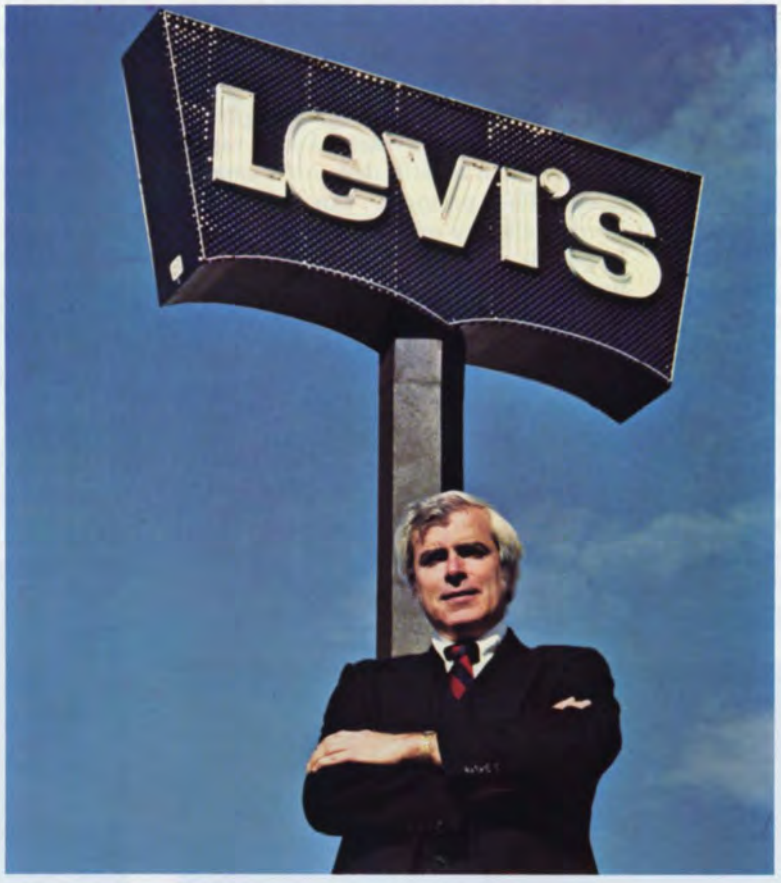
from another tree in the slit. Then he uses tree seal and wraps it with black tape. It acts like tar, sealing it so it won't bleed." Timing? "The right time is before the tree is budding. And leave some of the old wood to help pick up sunshine and moisture."

Frank also prunes the trees every year "It makes for better apples," she says. "If you don't prune, a tree will just go wild and grow so high you can't reach the fruit."

Alice List's raspberry patch produces more berries than her family can use. "One day last summer I picked 10 gallons of raspberries. These bushes are about 20 years old. At first we had a few and then they just kept coming and coming.

"Berries are bi-annual. I cut off last year's growth, and what came up from

(Continued on page 61)



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Nevada Notes

DOWNED EAGLE HITS JACKPOT



When a golden eagle was reported down in the wilds two miles east of Jackpot last December, local lawmen went to the rescue. They tossed a tarpaulin over the big bird's head and carefully snatched the fully mature Master of the Skies by the legs above his vicious talons.

Goldie was then taken to the Jackpot fire station, where Robert and Marianne Bloom, both ambulance attendants, took over

After quieting the obviously ailing bird, Bloom went afield for a rabbit, which he laid on a projection wall above his patient. Peeking through an outside window, Bloom determined afterwards that the sick one was feeling better

Some rabbits later Goldie gained enough strength to walk, and Bloom began taking it on daily strolls outside the firehouse.

Then two weeks later came the day Bloom was walking his "dog" and lost him, for Goldie suddenly ran forward and zoomed into the air "like a B-52 bomber," said Bloom.

He was shocked. The bird had become so friendly he figured it was ready, willing and anxious to be a patient until the pleasantness of spring.

"He learned a lot in the first week alone," said Bloom. "He would be waiting patiently for his daily meal, but would jump back if I opened my coat." (The eagle was remembering the method of his capture.)

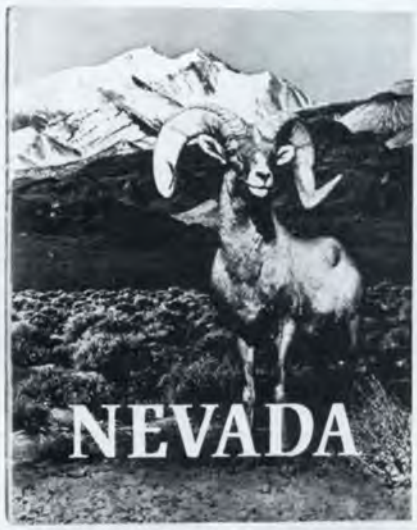
Birdmen believe Goldie was poisoned from eating coyote bait, and grew shamefully weak from hunger

—Carl Hayden

PENNEYS IN HEAVEN

In January the gigantic new JCPenney catalog warehouse north of Reno entertained a dazzling crowd of business executives and state officials at the facility's grand opening. Everyone was very bullish on Nevada. The banquet included remarks by Penney execs and former Governor Mike O'Callaghan, who had helped lure the 1.6 million square foot facility to Nevada.

Penney's mammoth operation is the latest in a wave of firms attracted by Nevada's free port law and growing reputation as a distribution center Companies such as Levi Strauss and Buster Brown in Henderson, McDonnell Douglas in North Las Vegas, Western, K-Mart and Pacific Freeport in Sparks and Bender in Reno have found Nevada to be heaven on wheels.



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Murl Emery, the sage of Nelson, has lived on the Colorado for 61 years. He guided the first engineers to the site of Hoover Dam, and now he treats friends and tourists to his own guided tours of boats, mines and Mohave lore. By Gene Segerblom

Colorado River Man

"Imagine having plans for Hoover Dam and its four diversion tunnels sketched on your kitchen table," Murl Emery recalls today without boasting.

"And I wasn't so much impressed with this historic event as I was with the fact the engineers had stayed three days in our Colorado River camp eating the last bowl of soup in our larder "

Emery, who has lived on the Colorado for 61 years, participated in these early explorations of dam sites because he ran a river barge and knew every bend and rapid on the untamed Big Red.

He became acquainted with the river as a young man helping his father, Eliphalet Oris "Pop" Emery, and three brothers trap beaver up and down stream from Cottonwood. "We ran a ferry across the river at that point for travelers between Chloride, Arizona, and Searchlight, Nevada," Emery says.

"Poverty flat" is his name for the Cottonwood area now under Lake Mohave where the family had a homestead and made a living on the river

Even in 1917 when the Emerys arrived on the river from California there was considerable interest in building a dam in either Boulder or Black canyons, and by 1921 Murl was busy hauling sightseers, congressmen and dam builders back and forth between the two canyons.

General George Washington Goethals, one of the most famous site explorers, was ferried up river by Emery Goethals was interested in the construction of a 1200-foot dam in Boulder Canyon. Emery remembers Goethals better than any other engineer he hauled to the dam sites.

"We set up an elegant camp on the river bank—table cloths, china, silverware—and served beautiful chicken," he recalls. "I was just a starving boatman, and he didn't even offer me any left over chicken. And he got $10,000 a day for his services."



LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU

Murl Emery's 1905 gas-powered stamp mill was found near Tonopah and today is a centerpiece of his museum at Nelson.

Another passenger Emery remembers vividly was an elderly bewhiskered gentleman who wanted to visit Callville, now buried beneath the waters of Lake Mead.

"It was in 1935 when the lake was filling behind Hoover Dam. I was asked to take this man in a black hat and suit from Hemenway Wash to watch the lapping of the waters of Lake Mead inundate portions of Callville. I am certain this was Anson Call, the agent of the President of the Mormon Church who established the site."

Reviewing those early days of plying the river, Emery laughs, "We used to have a hell of a time getting up and down the river sober what with the many liquor stills along the banks. Most of the stills were on the Arizona side where the stuff sold for $5 a gallon—on the Nevada side it was $60 a jug."

Before dams changed much of the river to peaceful lakes, Emery ran or helped run ferries at Tristate, Cottonwood, Eldorado, Kingman Wash and Pierce Ferry At Tristate, about a mile above today's Davis Dam on the Nevada side, where James Cashman had a ferry, there were gambling and girls and the "whole ball of wax was legal." According to Emery the ferry was busy hauling Arizona miners across the river to Tristate where they could enjoy all the pleasures offered on the Nevada side.

During the construction of Hoover

Dam, Emery and his wife Edith moved to ragtown, at Hemenway Wash, where men who worked around the clock on three shifts lived with their families.

"On one impossibly hot night I awakened with a start and intuition told me to gather up my family and the workers sleeping in their nearby tent homes and march them still half asleep up the river bank about 150 yards," Emery recalls as he relives some of those not-so-easy days.

" 'What's the matter?' they asked me.

"I didn't have to answer that as a tremendous explosion showered rocks down, demolishing our tent house and the crib where minutes before our one-year-old son Pat had been sleeping."

Dam engineers had forgotten to warn them of the blasting above the camp for the railroad to the dam. After that scare they moved their tent home up river toward Vegas Wash.

Emery hauled men and materials to the dam site, changing his clientele to sightseeing "dudes" when the road was completed from Las Vegas. He remembers hauling 1,100 paid passengers at 75 cents a head one Labor Day "And with only a 40-passenger launch, we had a busy day "

For a time after Lake Mead filled Emery ran tours up to a camp established at Pierce Ferry and up the Lower Grand Canyon to Emery Falls. Although the waterfall officially was named Columbine Falls, Nevada Congressman James Scrugham unofficially named it Emery That is what local residents know it by, and the name has been recorded on maps of the Lake Mead National Recreational Area.

Another Murl Emery river operation was that of mining and marketing guano from the vast bat cave a few miles upriver from Emery Falls.

"We took the guano out on 100-ton barges under a permit to harvest the stuff from the government under the Phosphate Act. But with an opportunity to move downstream to Bullhead getting in on the construction activity at Davis Dam, I sold out to Walter Swartz. So I had the first tent house in what is now Bullhead City "

In the '40s and early '50s Emery ran boat landings at Cottonwood and Eldorado, both now located on Lake Mohave. But he says he hadn't reckoned with the government.

"The little guy in green (as Murl calls government agents) has a possessory interest in everything. Nothing you build is really yours. So eventually I got out of those operations and just moved here to Nelson in this house we purchased in the '40s for $1,000. We're close to the river but out of its (the government's) reach." Nelson is an old mining camp at the head of Eldorado Canyon.

Today, Emery lives at Nelson, and anyone there can tell you where to find him. His collection of old mining equipment and artifacts is one of the best in the West, and with very little persuading he will fire up a stamp mill that he resurrected from a mud and rock grave. He runs it with an ancient 12-horsepower match igniting engine which was used at the Blossom Mine near Searchlight.

The weathered cabin of 19th century miner Charlie Nelson for whom Nelson was named was recently acquired by Emery and moved to his museum yard.

For the past 50 years Murl and Edith have lived in a 50-mile area, never too far from their real home, the river He's had plenty of chances to move on to fame. His close friend Earle Stanley Gardner, the mystery writer, featured Emery in two of his books and wanted him to do a TV series. "But I wouldn't jump through that Hollywood crowd's hoop," he says.

And that's his attitude today toward anything that would change his independent way of life on the river.□

CHARLES C. NIEHUIS COLLECTION



Emery designed this inverted V-bottom watersled in the 1920s.

After World War II Emery built a floating barge that housed his office, store and guest house at the mouth of Eldorado Canyon.



CHARLES C. NIEHUIS

The word is out. Lake Mead's little sister has long been one of the best kept secrets in desert boating. Peaceful and private, Mohave lets fishermen, skiers and boat jockeys play happily together. Just don't tell anybody. By Charles E. McManis

LAKE MOHAVE: Secret Southern Belle

For many people, the Lake Mead National Recreation Area stops at Hoover Dam. It doesn't, however and to overlook Lake Mohave, Mead's sinewy sister created in the 1950s by Davis Dam, is a mistake that too many people make.

Discovering Lake Mohave can be every bit as exciting for modern recreational explorers as it was for those nineteenth century pioneers looking for new routes to the gold fields or to Mormon settlements in Utah. Devoted Lake Mohave fans are not that unhappy that the rest of the world hasn't discovered its charms and are quite jealous in protecting the area from too many people. They have every right to worry because Lake Mohave is attracting more and more visitors each year

One reason why Lake Mohave remains "undiscovered" by so many boating enthusiasts is due to a widespread misconception of what it *isn't*. The area south of Hoover Dam is commonly referred to as "the river " This appellation probably does more to discourage than encourage visitors. Mohave isn't the widest lake in the world. But it is clean and crystal clear and although it does have rapids, current and varying water levels, none occurs to a degree that is either dangerous or unpleasant.

In fact, Lake Mohave is really an extension of Lake Mead in a slightly different form that many visitors will find even more appealing than the big lake above the dam. The two share the same climate, the same desert surroundings and the same type of shoreline. There are steep canyons with spectacular and colorful vertical walls and an infinite number of coves in which to anchor, camp and explore.

The biggest difference between Mead and Mohave is that the latter is much more compact. The sudden, strong desert winds that can create dangerous conditions on Lake Mead are much less of a problem on Mohave. Its lack of wide open basins means that waves don't build as high, and the protection of shore is never far away

Boating enthusiasts get tangled with each other on most lakes, as sailors and waterskiers vie for the same stretch and fishermen curse the noise and wake of high speed power boats. Lake Mohave does more to solve this problem naturally than any other part of the Colorado. The lake can be divided quite neatly into thirds, with each part possessing its own distinct personality

Starting at Hoover Dam, the lake is conveniently marked every mile on the Nevada side so that navigation is never a real problem. Willow Beach is located at the 11 mile mark just downstream from the Willow Beach Fish Hatchery on the Arizona side. This is the northernmost point that you can launch your boat. There is one exception. With special permission and dam personnel supervision, canoe owners can launch just below the dam at the one mile mark.

The northern section of Lake Mohave is a trout fisherman's paradise. The water temperature averages about 55 degrees the year around, remaining relatively constant because of the cold water flowing into the lake from Hoover Dam. Also, the current is most apparent in the north, and any radical changes in water depth will be most noticeable as water is released from Hoover Although they do not spawn in Lake Mohave, the released trout have thrived and offer some of the finest trout fishing to be found anywhere, with trophy size lunkers not uncommon.

The same water conditions that make the fishing good tend to discourage family boating and waterskiers. Kids want to get into the water and around Willow Beach it just stays too cold for comfortable bathing, even during the hot summer months. It is significant that there are no houseboat rentals available at Willow Beach.

Sunrise over the Black Mountains illuminates a stand of cottonwoods along the upper Mohave (top). Canoeists and raft runners can obtain permits to launch below Hoover Dam and float down-lake to Willow Beach (bottom).





DAVE HUNTSINGER



CAROL LEWIS



The Colorado is a ribbon of turquoise in the rugged Mohave region. RICHARD FREAR

Fishing boats, bait and tackle and even some pontoon boats for a one day family outing are there, and the atmosphere is definitely geared toward the serious angler

Most Mohave aficionados agree that the water temperature begins to rise around the 21 mile mark, two miles above Eldorado Canyon, and becomes warmer as you go south. There are no facilities at Eldorado Canyon.

Moving south, the next marina is Cottonwood Cove, located at Mile 41½ on the Nevada side, at the northern end of the Cottonwood Basin. The basin is the only truly open water section of Lake Mohave, being approximately 10 miles long and 5 miles wide with plenty of room for some flat-out running and waterskiing. The summer temperatures are ideal for water sports, and waterski equipment rentals are available. In addition, the Cottonwood Cove concessionaire is expecting to have both ski boats and houseboats available for rental during the coming months. There are covered slips available and some of the biggest cruisers that you will see on Lake Mohave have their home port at Cottonwood Cove. The only sailboats permanently slipped on the lake are located at Cottonwood as well. Recently Lake Mead sailors have shown a growing interest in Mohave and Cottonwood Cove.

For visitors who enjoy a little of everything, Cottonwood Cove's location is ideal. It is not a long run up to the best trout fishing areas, and the open water of the basin is perfect for high speed boating, skiing or sailing. In between, there are lots of coves for camping.

Many will tell you, however that Mohave's best coves are between Cottonwood and Katherine. Located on the Arizona side at Mile 67 Lake Mohave Resort at Katherine is the third and southern-most marina facility which provides full services and access to the lake. Rental houseboats have long been a staple here and the Katherine area is considered by many to be the most picturesque of the entire lake. Waterskiers like the warm and protected waters, and campers can always find a spot to spend the weekend, either alone or with a group of other boats.

One of the amazing features of Lake Mohave is its ability to soak up people. Obviously the campgrounds around each of the three marinas will fill up, especially on long holiday weekends. But the traffic jams and crowds of boats, which are common at such Colorado River ports as Parker and Havasu, just do not materialize on Mohave. In fact, the only time that most boaters even realize just how many people have been on the lake occurs Sunday afternoon, when there may be a late afternoon rush at the launch ramp to load up and head for home.

Leaving is probably the toughest part of any Lake Mohave experience. There are few areas anywhere that provide such a broad potential for recreation and exploring. There's always the challenge to check out just one more cove and locate those petroglyphs that a fisherman told you about. And how about those rocks that somebody had picked up on the bank? There are some fascinating specimens if you just take the time to look for them. Of course, one of these days, it would really be nice to find one of those hot springs big enough to soak in and did you ever get that picture of the desert bighorns feeding along the bank?

Maybe next time.□

Mohave: Facts and Fish

From the National Park Service

MARINAS

Lake Mohave has three landings with every amenity the lakegoer might desire. Willow Beach, Cottonwood Cove, and Katherine each have a paved launching ramp and a concessionaire-operated marina with moorings, service and fuel. All have restaurants, general stores, motels, trailer parks with hook-ups, boat rentals and ranger stations.

BOATING SAFETY

Be prepared. Make sure your boat is in perfect operating order before launching, and that you have an approved life jacket for each person on the boat. Strong winds are common on the lake; if a small craft warning flag is up, don't go out.

Because the water level may fluctuate with the season, watch for marked or unmarked reefs in unfamiliar parts of the lake. Watch for buoys and markers and learn their symbols.

FISHING

The fishing resources of Lake Mohave are nationally known. Hard-fighting rainbow trout live in the cool upper waters of the Lake, especially in Black Canyon near Willow Beach. Largemouth black bass, the most popular game fish, live in virtually all waters of Lake Mohave. Back crappie, bluegills, and channel catfish live here also. Rangers and the marina operators can tell you where the "big ones" lurk and what kinds of bait to use. Carp and the interesting humpback sucker thrive in the lake. Watch for them in shallow water of coves and along beaches.

If you fish from shore, you'll need a fishing license from Nevada or Arizona. Boat fishing requires a license from Nevada or Arizona with a special use stamp from the other state. Licenses are available at marinas.

SWIMMING

The clear clean waters of Mohave are ideal for swimming. Lifeguards man the designated swimming beach at Katherine in the summertime. You will probably find the water in the Willow Beach area uncomfortably cold, but below Black Canyon the water remains pleasantly warm for all but the coldest part of the year.

CAMPING

The National Park Service maintains campgrounds at Willow Beach, Cottonwood Cove, and Katherine. Lake Mohave has dozens of sandy beaches and sheltered coves, perfect for boat camping. Even during periods of heavy visitation you can find a quiet beach area. A pleasant beach camp, a clear night, and twinkling stars become a bonus to a day's boating on Lake Mohave. Be sure to leave a clean camp for the next boater.

CHARLES E. McMANIS



Lake Mohave has innumerable desert coves for picnics and camping.

WATERSKIING

The best areas for waterskiing are the warm, calm areas at Cottonwood and Katherine. The narrow canyons in the northern section of the lake, with their submerged reefs and vegetation (not to mention cold water), make for dangerous waterskiing. Waterski only below the 19 mile marker.

CANOES & KAYAKS

Trips by canoe or kayak can be made from Hoover Dam to Willow Beach, the cool stretch of Lake Mohave laced with hot springs, mild rapids, caves and coves. Individuals and noncommercial groups with canoes, kayaks or inflatable rafts should contact the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation for the necessary application form. Write Lower Colorado Region, Box 427 Boulder City NV 89005.

HOT TIPS

In the summertime the Mohave region is hot. Temperatures often rise to 110 degrees F., and midday swimmers and skiers run the risk of sunburn or sunstroke. Bring your suntan lotion, but take a siesta in the afternoon. When you travel, take along plenty of water, and don't forget the jack and spare.

BOATING GUIDEBOOK

A special guide to Mohave boating is published by the NPS and available at marinas. The guide is a handy and valuable reference, keyed to the mile markers and complete with notes on the human and natural history of the region.

Boaters whistle by a Black Canyon cave.



NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

MUSTANG TRAPS

(Continued from page 22)

"It's a goddam boa constrictor in my bed, that's what it is!" I all but yelled. One look and even in the dim lamp light they were ashen as they backed away But, then, I guess my complexion wasn't too rosy either It took me a long time to haul that mangled snake out of the springs and I guess what made him such a monster he no doubt had a half a dozen packrats in him.

I was mighty glad when dawn came as I hadn't been able to sleep a wink—hadn't even tried. So I slipped out without making any more noise than necessary in case my neighbors had been able to get to sleep after that harrowing night. After feeding Big Jim I scoured out the coffee pot with sand at the spring and boiled up some coffee. I was too upset to relish breakfast and the thought of what might have gotten in a trap had me anxious to get up there and have a look-see.

I neared the trapline at sunup and was overjoyed on seeing a nice looking filly standing off in the sage. She had fought the logchain drag until all the fight was out of her No brand, and the cable had her above the fetlock. I knew she couldn't get away so I just left her be as I had seen another animal standing looking my way and knew it was also snagged.

I decided to let these battle it out with the chains and hurry along to my first set. With this kind of luck I might, just might, have me that stallion, and lo and behold I did! And what a beauty Blood bay and would weigh 1100 if he weighed an ounce. As I circled him, looking for a brand I noticed the skin was peeled around his throat from some challenger's teeth. Otherwise he was slick as a seal and a maverick. Looked to be about a five- or six-year-old.

But unlike the others he was far from accepting his plight without a fight. Every little bit he would give out a whistling snort and jump on the roughlock drag and chew it. Hearing those teeth grate on steel made me decide I better latch on to him quick or I'd have a toothless stallion on my hands.

The cable loop had been flung above his right hock and the pressure on the big muscle had him a bit gimpy in that

(Continued on page 62)

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WENDOVER'S REAL LIFE THOR

(Continued from page 41)

was allowed to move into an enormous hangar on the Nevada-Utah border at Wendover Field, abandoned since World War II when it served as training base for the Enola Gay, the B-29 used to drop atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

With a roof over his head and two acres of floor space, Golka set about wiring a monster 51-foot Tesla coil capable of discharging 20 million volts and more. What he couldn't buy or borrow he built himself, sometimes scavenging the Wendover city dump for spare parts. The result is an impressive if somewhat Rube Goldbergian apparatus incorporating everything from war surplus jet engines to castoff kitchen sinks. Upended trash cans serve as ersatz stools, empty gallon jugs as glass insulators; in one corner squats a perambulator turned mobile battery tester, looking a lot like R2D2. In his workshop stand piles of old television sets, vacuum cleaners—even pinball machines—all awaiting a new life as components of Project Tesla.

Like his mentor, Robert Golka has few interests outside of his work. The jiggling of the Dallas Cheerleaders seems dull compared to the patterns on his oscilloscope; the flashing lights and raucous beat emanating from nearby casinos only remind him of America's growing demand for energy

And though he has yet to reproduce Tesla's elusive lightning balls, Golka remains optimistic that the key to solving our energy problems will someday be found in a technology 80 years old. What is really old-fashioned, he believes, is the current emphasis on building windmills, coal burning power plants, and solar collection panels.

"Why try to steal energy from the sun," he argues, "when you can build a miniature sun on earth?"

Reminded that Tesla, for all his brilliance, died a penniless and mostly forgotten derelict, Golka produces a worn scrap of paper from his wallet bearing this bit of philosophy:

"Whosoever insists on safety and security as a primary condition of life cannot have faith, courage or perseverance to see a tough job through. Whosoever shuts himself off in a system of defense where distance and possession are his means of security makes himself a prisoner "

Robert K. Golka isn't about to become a prisoner □

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BOOKS

CONFLICT ON THE CARSON By Grace Dangberg. Copiously illustrated, entertaining and informative 125-year history of water litigation in western Nevada. Carson Valley Historical Society. P.O. Box 545, Minden, NV 89423. $17.50.

MUSTANG, Life and Legends of Nevada's Wild Horses, by Anthony Amaral. More than a history. $9.00. University of Nevada Press, Reno, NV 89557

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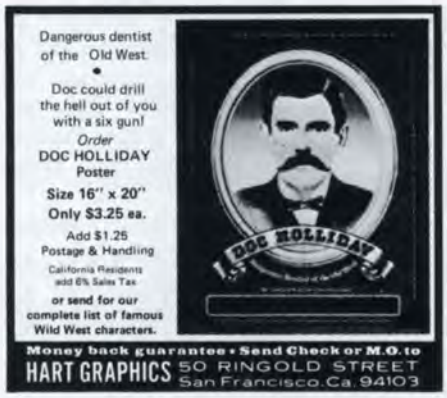
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HOW DOES YOUR GARDEN GROW?

(Continued from page 49)

the root then will be this year's fruit. Right down at the bottom are new little shoots coming out—they will be next year's fruit.

"Cutting out the dead wood is the worst job I have to do. I'd rather do the chicken house!" she says with a laugh.

Her colorful flower garden is filled with annuals which require planting every year: marigolds, petunias, zinnias and daisies.

"I do the same watering for flowers as I do for vegetables. Every other day when the plants are tiny and the roots are only an inch or two long. Later on, every three days."

The trees are watered according to age. "About once a week on the young trees. When they get older we water them in ditches around the trunks every two to three weeks."

Twice a week List waters her huge, lush lawn by sprinkler early in the morning for about 30 minutes. As for mowing, which she does weekly she advises, "Cut your grass a bit longer than you normally would in another area, because it will hold the water longer and take less of it." And clean up if there's a heavy cover of cuttings; otherwise, the lawn can be smothered.

In her garden, it seems, Alice List has grown singlehanded enough produce to feed the population of Dayton. In fact, the only time she allows anyone to mess with her garden is at picking time. "Some friends in town and I have what we call a 'garden on the shares. That's an old Kansas expression (my native state) They come out and work half a day hoeing or weeding and take home boxes full of groceries."

Today every plant on the List ranch, from the lowliest carrot to the tallest pine, thrives under Alice's attention. This spring her garden is ready to burst with peas, asparagus and beets pushing their way through the carefully turned soil, luxuriating in showers of water from overhead, preparing for the day when they rest triumphant on the List's dinner table.

If Alice List's plants seem unusually cooperative, it's because she reciprocates with so much care and affection. "Look at your garden every day," she says. "Stick your fingers in the ground to see if it is wet or dry, and look at your little plants. A little water often is better than a lot of water a week apart in this country

"Give your garden plenty of care and plenty of love." □

(Continued from page 58)

leg. That was good. Otherwise he could jerk the heavy drag around worse than he was now doing. But I didn't like the looks of the cable. Where it was doubled back to form a loop, like a honda, the end was frazzling loose.

Running my riata twice through the saddle fork I slid the loop end over the horn. "Goddle Mighty," I said to Big Jim, "we mustn't lose this customer!" But on looking up, to my horror, I saw the stud walking away minus the cable and drag. I guess his leg was sort of numb yet and he didn't know he was loose.

But as I socked in the spurs and was near enough to heave a loop he regained his wits and took off down the ridge. Big Jim had cut the distance to where I was just going to lay a loop on him when he went tail end up in a somersault and, being so close, Big Jim piled in after him. Some prospector, in years gone by, had cut a deep trench several feet wide across the ridge where there was a showing of copper, but tumbleweeds had filled the trench and tall rabbit brush had grown along each side until there was no sign of a trench.

The stud was up and running before my horse had got to his feet and being desperate over this turn of events I mounted as Big Jim lit running. It's a wonder my saddle didn't rip to pieces when we hit the end of the 50 foot riata. The loop I had been ready to throw had dropped over a couple heavy-rooted rabbit brush! Worse, Big Jim set back on the rope as if waiting for me to run and hogtie whatever was on the other end.

It seemed hours before I got that loop off but soon we had overtaken the runaway and when my loop circled the stud's neck he screamed like a stuck pig and went crazy He tried to eat my mount and me up, and only that Big Jim was fast moving we'd have been in plenty trouble. But by the time he was busted in a rolling heap and dragged a few feet until he was choked to the convulsion stage a lot of the fire was knocked out of him. That gave me a chance to get close and put some half hitches on the saddle horn and buckle up the loose coils. Even with only about eight feet of rope he dug his feet in the ground like a harrow and let us skid him along until he fell from lack of air which was tough on Big Jim.

We had reached a sage-grown road, which led down the gulch right to Jess' house, so knowing Jim would head for the corrals I dismounted and walloped the stud on the rump with a sage brush which sure ended the dragging and from then on I had to run to keep up with them.

If it hadn't been for one diverting object they'd have been in the corral in another few yards and that "Object" was Jess' privy, its door fronting the old road by inches and the back hanging over the cut-bank wash. The horses now on opposite sides of the structure, the rope tumbled it into the wash, sending both horses running like crazy One lucky thing, the rope had hooked under an eave and the roof soon tore off

As the stampeding horses shot towards the corral the stud was kicking the caught roof to splinters and as I passed the privy, lying in the wash, I glimpsed Frank crawling out where its roof had been. He was giving me, or somebody, a lesson in British vocabulary but I didn't have time to listen or apologize as George was running toward us, shouting and waving a letter which I later learned had been brought out by a friend in Beowawe.

By the time I had the gate closed on my horses, Frank, though pretty well skinned up, was in better humor In fact, both he and George were dancing around pounding each other on the back. I supposed the letter was from some assay office with a good report on ore sent in, but it was a notice calling them to the "colors." I couldn't see anything in that to rejoice over but it was evident they were a couple patriots and anxious to get back to the homeland and go fight the Kaiser's steamroller hordes. Hopping around me they invited me to join them in a cup of tea, but I told them I had "Cats to skin," (which, naturally was so much Siwash to them) and didn't have time for tea.

They were going to start packing up immediately as the messenger friend would have a buckboard there for them by mid-afternoon. So, in case they were gone when I returned from my trapped mustangs, I bid them a So Long and a safe war existence. "Jove!" Frank exclaimed as he pumped my hand. "Won't I rilly have a story to tell those fops in dear old Lunnin?"

By the middle of the afternoon the Britishers were gone and besides the stud I had three nice fillies—two two-year-olds and a three-year-old, all mavericks, in the corral.

I reset the traps along another trail as I knew after all the commotion in the old location the mustangs would be leary of that spot for a while. I had good luck here also, as the next morning there was a fine three-year-old stud fighting the log-chain a few hundred yards from his dung depository

I had no trouble laying a loop on him, and after busting him and taking off the cable we had him skidded in the corral and by noon we had three more critters in the corral; two fillies, and a gray two-year-old stud mule with the Hat iron on him. It was pure luck everything but the mule had been "slicks." With all the wild, branded horses on the range I hadn't snagged a one. I was glad to have the Hat mule as Raines had wanted me to hold any good-sized branded stuff of his, especially mules, and had told me no matter what I caught he would have his cowhands help me get them home.

A couple weeks later when Jess came by my place with a load of ore I went over to the road for a gabfest and tell him I owed him for a bed blanket.

"To hell with the blanket!" he blustered. "What I want to know is, did those traps work?"

"*Too* damn good!" I said. "They'll not only catch mustangs but they'll kill you in the bargain." I had to explain how after my first successes one of the traps had nearly trapped *me* and wrecked my ribs in the process.

"Hmph!" he grunted. "Guess I won't monkey with 'em then." He threw a chunk of ore at a leader then yelled "Whoa!" and slammed on the brake. "Ever since you left that day I've been worried about my pet snake," he said. "I was afraid you'd think him just an ordinary snake and kill him. Did you see him?"

"Snake?" I tried to look and sound innocent. "Didn't notice him around, but he could have been there and me not see him."

"Oh, he's probably sticking around," Jess said; relieved, I thought. "Had him about eight years now and I'd hate to lose him. Bull-snakes beat cats all to hell when it comes to cleaning out mice."

"Yeah," I replied, "I've heard that. Come to think of it, I didn't so much as see a single mouse around."

Mr Garcia and his traps? He never got around to making any more and, ironically, the only six he ever made disappeared. No one, even his sons, ever saw one of those traps again. And it is only that Mr Garcia's invention was so indelibly stamped on my memory that the trap could be duplicated.□


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