THE GREAT OLYMPIC SNOW JOB

NEVADA

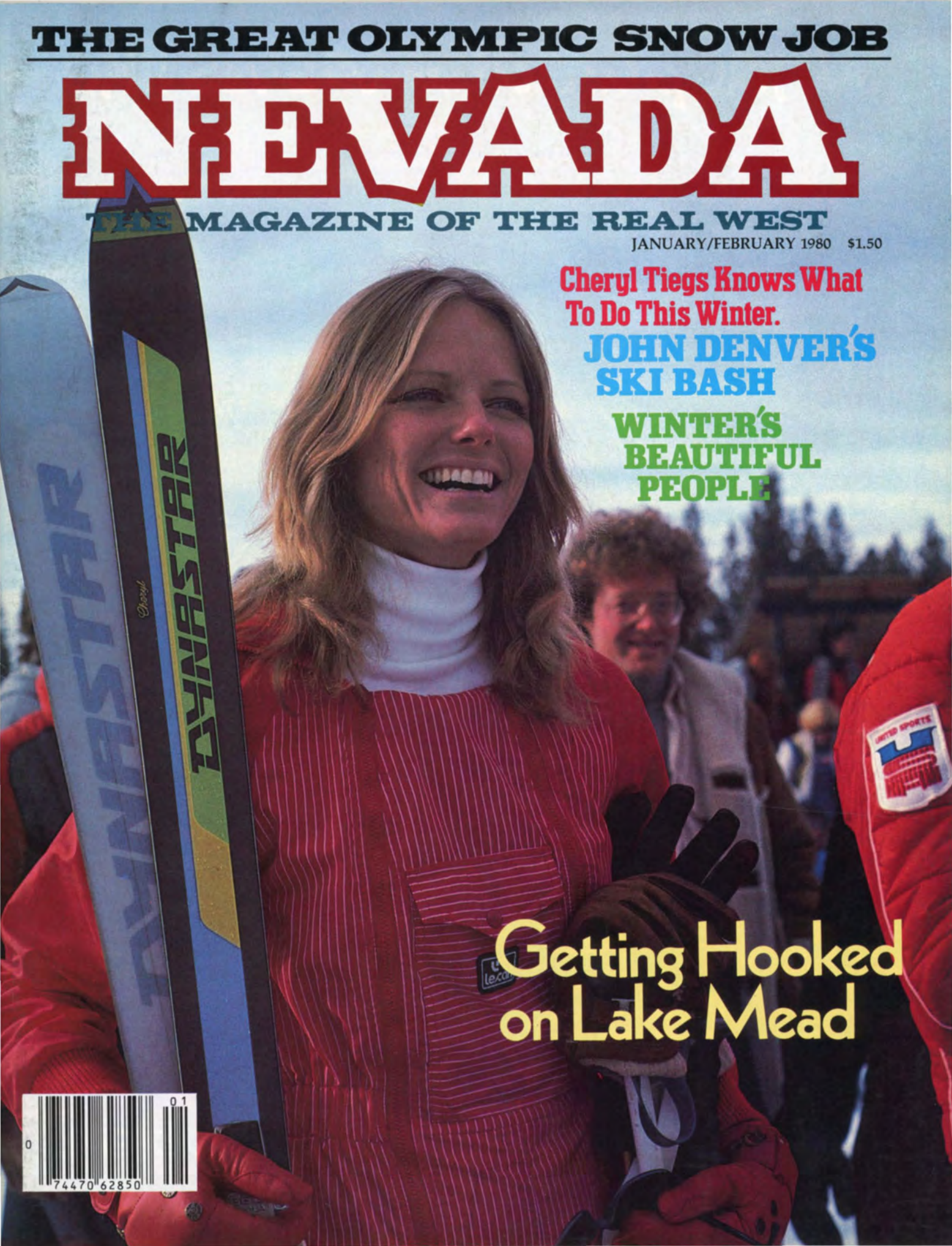
THE MAGAZINE OF THE REAL WEST

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1980 $1.50

Cheryl Tiegs Knows What To Do This Winter.

JOHN DENVER'S SKI BASH

WINTER'S BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE



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NEVADA

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January/February
1980

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Photo by Bob Blaskey.**

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EDITORIAL

A famous photographer, and some others on the way up.

Some years ago, one of the premier photographers of the Southwest submitted work to Nevada Magazine, and got it printed.

The photographs were landscapes. Perfectly lit, carefully shot, gorgeous desert scenes. The equipment used was a 4x5 view camera which is awkward and heavy Film used was Kodak. Photographs were taken at the perfect moment, that tiny stretch of time when everything works.

"Timing, patience in waiting for the right pattern of sun and shadow, for the precise angle of light, or the one moment of proper mood challenges my mind's eye and camera."

The photographer is David Muench whose color photography of the Southwest is equal to Ansel Adams' black and white.

"To photograph in nature allows me to retain a childlike pattern of discovery and exploration—an inspirational force in my life—sometimes to share



and communicate to people the same impressions and feelings I experience," he says.

Muench was born June 25, 1936. He lives in California with his wife and two children. His sensitivity and determination to champion the strength and beauty of our land, and the wilderness in particular has led to extensive presentations of his work in magazines, books, advertising, exhibit format books, wilderness and conservation publications and numerous university exhibits. He has been a freelancer for 15 years.

A David Muench landscape is easy to spot. His photographs shine. He has followed his own intuition rather than imitate the work of other photographers. His desire has always been "to record the spirit of the land, a spirit of place, to make what I see so stark and real visually that my photographs express a communication with a higher form of reality—to seek a harmony with the universe—and myself. Traveling and making photographic impressions is my total involvement."

He has been a primary contributor to *California, Arizona, Timberline Ancients, Utah, New Mexico, Rocky Mountain,* and *Colorado.* His work appears in Rand McNally's "National Parks of America," in Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich's "Desert Images," and in American West Publishing Co.'s "Anasazi: Ancient People of the Rock" and also "Rendezvous County " His work has appeared in *National Geographic, Sunset* and *Reader's Digest.*

Muench likes all the wilderness—the forest, the mountains and the coastline. But he has a particular love for the desert and the state of Nevada.

"I don't talk about Nevada much because then people would start to appreciate it," he says. "I just love it. People most of the time mention going through it and they can't wait until they get to the other end. To me the spacial quality is everything in Nevada. The drive is the image. For instance, a 200-mile drive makes one picture to me. It's a spacial quality a universal experience."

Muench's landscape photography is unsurpassed in the Southwest. As a beginning to what we hope will be a long association, he talks about photographing the desert on page 15. Welcome home, David.

* * *

Judges of the Third Annual Great Nevada Picture Hunt picked the winners with great difficulty Of 1,006 entries, most were excellent. "The photographers have a remarkable eye," said one judge. "I was really impressed. The amateurs were outstanding," said another The consensus of opinion of Allan Mandell's sweepstake winner was that it was striking and beautiful. Winners will be shown in our March/April issue. Don't miss it.

—Caroline J. Hadley

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LETTERS

WHERE IS NEVADA?



Tribune Map

I learn from a map recently printed in the Chicago *Tribune* that Utah borders on California. So is there a Nevada?

Don Friedlen
Atlanta, GA.

Ssshhh! Don't tell anybody.—Ed.

NEVADA GETS A GOOD YANK

A most enjoyable magazine! My family has been vacationing in your most unique (to a true Yankee) state for many years now and thru articles have visited many nooks and crannies we would have missed. "The Good Lord Willing and the Creek Don't Rise" my wife and I will be able to retire there in about 10 years.

John A. Stevenson
Winchester, MS.

CONNOISSEURS

Thought the Nov/Dec issue was the best in 1979. I have one criticism though. In the article "Thank God It's Wednesday" it is stated that Sugar Bowl is the first stop off Interstate Hwy. 80. It isn't. Soda Springs is the first ski stop off Hwy. 80 and Soda Springs is alive and well and not even mentioned in this article.

Barbara Lippert
Incline Village, NV

Actually, Buddy Frank wrote, "Sugar Bowl is the first stop for San Francisco's elite." But thanks for the tip on Soda Springs. The resort is on the map, but we are sorry we neglected to include it in the listing.—Ed.

Your magazine is great. Each copy is better than the preceding one. "Fifty Great Town & Country Trips" in the fall issue is one of the best articles I've read. Keep up the outstanding photography.

D.A. Dawson
Las Vegas, NV

You need a competent ornithologist! In the Sep/Oct 79 issue the bird picture, lower right, page 18, is a common flicker, not a redheaded woodpecker. The redheaded woodpecker is found only east of the Rocky Mountains.

R. R. Delareuelle
Walnut Creek, CA.

The redheaded woodpecker on page 18, Fall 79, looks like a flicker.

William Van Arsdale
Reno, NV

You're right. Pandion, who provided the story and other photographs, reports that the bird is indeed a female redshafted flicker, not a redheaded woodpecker. The latter has a full red head, while the flicker in question is noted for the red patches on its cheeks. It inhabits sizeable timber stands, usually nesting in dead trees. The redheaded woodpecker is found mainly east of the Rockies, but it does appear from time to time in Idaho, Arizona and possibly Nevada. "You can never say never," says Pandion.—Ed.

We are on the far side of the Rockies and are hoping for more Harry Webb stories in which this skilled writer so delightfully blends authentic history and Western humor.

Jimmy Carter Schroer
Lander, WY

DESERT RAT COMES HOME

I found a copy of your terrific magazine the other day while waiting for hours in a hospital. In fact, I usurped it, took it home to read that evening and returned it next day.

The articles were fascinating—especially of the old days, places and people. When I was young I lived in various mining camps with my parents—some of those camps were pretty primitive—and we traveled around much of Nevada.

Subsequently I lived for years in the Philippines, but always felt I was a "desert rat." Now, while driving through Nevada with its wide open spaces and sagebrush (doesn't it smell heavenly after a rain?) I have a sense of freedom and coming home.

Roxy B. Jorgensen
Bountiful, UT

HOW ABOUT THE YEAR 2000?

"Imagination is more important than knowledge" said Albert Einstein.

Imagination could bring a Winter Olympics to Nevada by the year 2000. One group in Reno is already formulating plans. What Alex Cushing did with salesmanship and statesmanship in the after-the-fact creation of the 1960 Games, planning and imagination could do for Nevada 20 years from now. Imagine:

- A mono-rail mass transportation system above ground from Reno to Carson and tunneling to South Tahoe.
- Weather resistant transportation from major hotels connected by air space corridors into plush buses that unload to tramways via ramps much as airplanes are boarded now.
- A domed sports arena with a plastic ski jump for climate controlled use year round.

These ideas and dozens more have been discussed by members of the senior ski racing club of Reno called the California/Nevada Ski Racing Association. Its members will observe the results of Lake Placid this February before making any formal proposals.

All the ingredients are here today for making Reno/Tahoe the most modern, enjoyable winter tourist mecca in the world. Just imagine what 20 years of planning could do.

Don Thompson
Reno, NV

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For some skiers, racing through untracked powder is the nearest thing to heaven. Nevada's gift to heli-skiing are the Ruby Mountains and Elko is apres-ski headquarters. By David E. Moore

PERFECT POWDER

The Ruby Mountains lie about halfway between Reno and Salt Lake City Surrounded by high desert, the Rubies are covered with light dry powder in winter as storms dump up to 35 feet of snow on 10,387-foot Ruby Dome and other sky-high peaks and bowls.

The range is famous for its magnificent scenery and forests of aspen and pine, for the Ruby Marshes and rich ranchland, and for beautiful trails and the loose network of roads from Elko.

In the past two winters the Rubies have had another focus: skiing. The primitive range has no lodges or lifts or parking lots. But Ruby skiers shun the trappings of your everyday ski area. They are looking for the ultimate in powder skiing, where the only possible lift to the right slopes is a helicopter

Heli-skiers are connoisseurs. Just as a gourmet may search the world for the perfect Winnemucca potato souffle, heli-skiers are powder nuts who will find that perfect powder regardless of cost and distance.

Nevada's only such operation, Ruby Mt. Heli-Ski, is run by Carl and Lillian Fischer The Stockmen's Hotel in Elko, 20 miles from the range, is their winter headquarters. Skiers fly bus and drive to Elko for three- and six-day stays. Each day it's breakfast at seven, a quick drive to the heli-pad, and by 8:30 skiers are dropped like magic on a virgin white slope 5,000 feet above the desert floor

Skiing takes place at 7,000 to 11,000 feet. After each run—up to 2,000 vertical feet—the helicopter ferries skiers and guides to another peak or bowl. After eight or ten runs, you're off the mountain before dark and back in town to savor the Elko nightlife.

Because of the expense of running a chopper all day heli-skiing requires a big league budget. Heli-skiing in the Canadian Rockies, where the sport began, can cost the skier up to $1,800 for the minimum six days. A three-day shot in the Rubies runs $590. "For some people the money doesn't make sense at first," says heli-skier Dennis Golden of Incline Village. "But once they do it, they'll get the money someway "

Golden is the Ruby operation's promotion man. He's also a skilled skier and helicopter skiing fanatic. He has skied in Canada on and off for the last 15 years, and during occasional air flights over the Rubies would scout the range from his window seat.

The Bugaboos and Monashis in Canada were the first heli-ski destinations for Golden and a group of Reno friends that included John Hancock, Clint Wells, Jack Walther, John Madsen and Bob Hamilton. After years of Canadian trips, they skied the Rubies last winter

Golden acknowledges that heli-skiing is still not a household word. People ask, "What do you do, ski on skis, or are they on the helicopter?" But that's changing, he says.

"Some skiers like packed and some like powder " he says. "Once you get into powder looking for untracked snow at a ski area, you get in one or two runs and it's all tracked out. It's anticlimactic.

"Skiing on untracked powder all day long is about as close to heaven as you can get."

The excitement does bring some extra risks. Flying, not skiing conditions determine whether you ski or not. At the least, a landing mishap in bad weather could leave you stuck overnight on top of the mountain.

In mountain skiing there too is the possibility of an avalanche. Heli-ski outfits take special precautions; guides check snow stability and slopes are scouted for avalanche danger The Ruby operation uses beepers and they are worn by every person in the party

Helicopter skiing has basic tenets of conditioning, equipment and etiquette. Golden himself cycles to keep in condition. "You have to be in pretty good shape. When you're up there, you can't take a break in the lodge." Ability is important too, though guides usually try to group skiers according to their talents.

Equipment should fit a long day in deep powder "I feel strongly that a good powder ski will improve your ability 30 to 40 percent. A person who hasn't skied it before should leave his old skis at home and rent or steal a good powder ski." That type is soft and flexible, wide and short.

"Second is a good pair of goggles. In this stuff most goggles tend to fog up." A powder outfit, with zipper joining jacket and pants, is advised, and a hairdrier to dry your boots at night.

There are also points of etiquette that most heli-skiers, for the sake of harmony will observe. Golden says, "Most rules are the same as any other powder skiing. One, you don't mess up anybody's tracks. Nobody likes that. Around here people usually look and grumble, but in Utah they will react and holler: 'Stay out of my tracks!'

"Also there are powder hogs. You get set, ready to go down a nice untracked place, and then someone comes zooming down in front of you and heads down the mountain."

Compared with resort skiing, heli-skiing is more challenging, he says. "There's a little more element of danger Today ski areas are well-groomed, consistent, very safe, which is fine.

"But there's something about skiing an area that you don't know and maybe where no one has ever skied before." □

The Rubies' light dry powder and miles of vertical runs are the attractions for heli-skiers from January to April.

JOHN HANCOCK PHOTOS



John Denver's Ski Bash & other great winter events

This winter's packed with stars, races and parades. By Ann Henderson

With a minimum of equipment—long johns and binoculars are basic gear—you can discover an abundance of winter weekend getaways in the Sierra Nevada. Most events are free to non-skiers and range from the excitement of professional ski racing to the hangover-producing madness of carnival time.

John Denver & Friends

Famous names in entertainment and professional ski racing will pair off for the John Denver Celebrity Ski Tournament this March at Heavenly Valley

The event was held in Denver's hometown of Aspen two years ago, but last year Heavenly suited the plans of the Colorado singing star, who was appearing just down the street at Harrah's Lake Tahoe.

The 1980 tournament again will follow five days of world pro skiing competition. Last year, after the pros finished their races, they were paired with celebrities in the slalom. Their partners included skiing celebs like Cheryl Tiegs, Bruce Jenner, John Davidson, David Soul, Sonny Bono, Phil Donahue, Don Meredith, Michelle Phillips and Lynn Swann. All were game, and most landed at the bottom of the hill in one piece.

Tournament winners were singer-actor David Soul and actress-model Susie Cuelo.

This year's race is subject to Denver's schedule, but if everything goes as planned spectators can watch the pro skiers race March 5-9 and catch the celebrity action on 10-11. Write Heavenly Valley Box AT South Lake Tahoe, CA 95705, or call 916-541-1330 for starting times. There's no charge for either event.

A Special Olympics

More than 150 mentally retarded athletes will learn about the challenge and fun of cross-country and downhill skiing during the Winter Special Olympics January 20-24 at South Lake Tahoe. After receiving instruction, the skiers will have special competitions in the event's last two days. Opening ceremonies take place at the local Recreation Complex, and ski events are scheduled for Heavenly Valley and other South Shore sites.



Tahoe Winter Carnival

South Lake Tahoe holds its annual Winter Carnival January 21-27. For skiers, events range from the serious Nastar Nordic race to the just-for-fun beer slalom and barrel stave races. Non-skiers can enjoy competitions in ice cream eating, volleyball, ping pong and swimming. The Big Parade through downtown is scheduled for 11 a.m. on the 26th.

UNR Winter Carnival

Some of America's hottest college skiers compete in a three-day meet during the annual UNR Winter Carnival February 4-10. Its theme, "Snow White Madness," sets the atmosphere for a ribald week of skiing, dancing and celebrating.

The ski racing begins February 8 when the Reno university's ski team hosts an intercollegiate meet at Squaw Valley concluding with distance jumping events on the 10th. A fondue party inner tube races, snow sculpturing and other events are planned for Slide Mountain.

(Continued on page 31)



Tournament host John Denver confers with winners David Soul and Susie Cuelo.

BOB BLASKEY PHOTOS





After she crosses the finish line (left), model Susie Cuelo and singer Sonny Bono compare ski stories at the finish line (above), while receiver Lynn Swann and superman Bruce Jenner decide how to reach the finish line with dignity intact.

LOOKIN' GOOD

Reinforced by beautiful images, ski fashions express the statement, the image of what you want to be — if only for a weekend. By John Bardwell

She struck a pose of self confidence, and why not. So chic, so sleek, so expensive. Her skintight silver outfit reflected the warm light from the big rock fireplace. Her gloves and sweater perfectly matched the blue piping that ran down each seam of that silver ski suit. The boots, genuine sealskin.

With practiced elan, she doffed the flat brimmed suede hat and let a cascade of soft blonde waves tumble to her shoulders. She tossed a glance at someone in my direction, flashing a perfect (if not too sincere) smile that seemed all the brighter in contrast to her perfectly tanned face. It was strangely reminiscent of that commercial where the girl strides into the club, scrawls "Charlie" across the maitre d's forehead, then proceeds to dominate the whole scene.

She cradled her coffee and cognac in both hands, coveting sips between light conversation with her (almost) equally good-looking friends. "That last run is always the best last year at Aspen Sun Valley Squaw. So I'd just gotten these new Hexcels and I mean they just put my K2s to shame."

It was late Sunday afternoon. Soon she would pile her things into a silver Porsche and be home in Mill Valley before ten. The encounter was like one of those slick TV ads with beautiful people doing and saying beautiful things, looking and feeling so good. Take three. Roll 'em. Action!

For the next three weekends I sat in the lodge and waited. I scanned the lift lines. Gold outfits, red outfits, yellow outfits. Just when I decided she must be doing St. Moritz or Grenoble these days, I saw it—the silver outfit. Of all places, in the parking lot. Oh, she was still as I had remembered but something was wrong. That silver Porsche looked more like a chartered bus and the sign said something about a San Jose ski club. The illusion shattered, I could bear no more. I sulked to the bar, ordered a domestic beer and turned on my mental TV set, waiting for the commercials.

Skiing is enjoying a real boom. What ski resorts in the West need most is parking space. Certainly skiing is great fun, a healthy outdoor sport that almost anyone can enjoy into senility But why do millions of people drive, fly and hitchhike hundreds, thousands of miles to pay $14 for five hours of sliding and falling down a mountain with long pieces of fiberglass clamped to their feet? For some fanatics, this is the case. But for the new majority skiing has become a stage on which to act out a social ritual, like disco in the snow. It's definitely not bowling.

The price of looking good: stretch pants by Feller Hosen, $139.50; sweater by Meister, $37.50; wool turtleneck by Cevas, $56.00; clogs by Halstead, $47.50; cognac by Remy Martin, $2.25. Fashions from Ski Image, Las Vegas.

JOHN SLAGLE



Like tennis, skiing is primarily a white middle-class activity That's because it used to be white upper-class activity Thus skiing has a certain built-in snob appeal. Within the activity of skiing (as opposed to the sport of skiing) there are certain social strata based on athletic ability and particularly on looking good. Since most American skiers are intermediates (mediocre) and will remain so, many people are spending many dollars doing something they know they'll never do very well. Thanks to a lot of heavy advertising and marketing hype, skiing gives millions of average folks an excuse to wear some really good looking clothes, go to some really pretty places and say to themselves, "This is who and what I want to be," if only for the weekend.

For the skier the sport can be very expensive. And, surprisingly the ski resorts are not on the receiving end of the big money Their expenses are huge; their liability insurance premiums alone are staggering. Many resorts operate on the ragged edge and are often just tax shelters for big investors.

So who is profiting from the skiing boom? The airlines, travel agents and local watering holes get the some of the fallout, but the big money is in accessories. It's in skis, boots, bindings, poles. And increasingly it's in clothes. If you don't believe it, go down to your local sporting goods store. It will look more like a fashion boutique with a corner set aside for hardware.

Realistically ski clothing should be warm and waterproof. But we're talking of the image that opens the door to fashion and megadollars. We have outfits, jackets, pants, shirts, sweaters, gloves, hats. We have outfits *for* skiing and *after* skiing and *watching* skiing. We can buy outfits that say who we want to be.

Ski fashions are almost as capricious as the Paris variety For several years slick metallic and brightly colored outfits have been in vogue. But guess what; this season the chic folk are being advised that corduroy and poplin in earth tones will keep them on the A list. Cowboy hats, modified for skiing, will be a popular accessory This planned obsolescence tells us one thing: the rag manufacturers and their marketing people are making the rules.

The game is not confined to the clothes scene either Every new season brings a plethora of better *looking* skis, boots, poles that make the stuff you shelled out three or four hundred bucks for last year look dull and slow The ads talk about new engineering and improved materials, but we don't really know much about that. What we see are flashier graphics and other cosmetics that make the new merchandise look fast just sitting on the rack.

Then there's the name game: the more expensive the ski, the more conspicuous the name imprinted thereon.

It's coming; we know it. Just imagine how good you'll look in your Yves St. Laurent ensemble, Halston skis, Gucci ski boots and Bill Blass poles.

A century ago, Snowshoe Thompson carried the U.S. Mail over the Sierra Nevada on his homemade wooden skis, bundled up in anything that would prevent him from freezing to death.

This courageous feat could not be accomplished in 1980. Thompson was a man of simple means; he could never afford the proper outfit. □

On the other hand: man's sweater and cotton turtleneck by JC Penney, $12.00 and $3.99; jeans by Levi's, $14.00; lady's overalls by Lee, $15.00 on sale; turtleneck and scarf from Mervyn's, $9.00 and $2.50; beer by Budweiser, 75 cents.



The Blizzard of '52

In January 1952 the City of San Francisco was stopped in its tracks by a great Sierra storm. When help finally arrived, the rescuers claimed victory and the passengers started to thaw By Guy Shipler

There had been no particular concern when the westbound City of San Francisco pulled out of Truckee on a January Sunday in 1952. Blinding snowstorms were commonplace in Sierra Nevada winters, and the Southern Pacific Railroad had the latest and huskiest snowplows to keep the tracks relatively clear Seldom did its freight or passenger trains experience more than short delays, even when climbing the awesome grade over Donner Summit. No one who knew these mountains and the dramatic history of the railroad's ultimate conquest of them figured this trip to be less routine than any other rugged journey through a typical Sierra storm.

The 15-car luxury streamliner moved on schedule for the first few miles. When it started to slow down, both passengers and crew assumed the drop in speed was normal; after all, Donner was regarded by many as the toughest railroad grade in the world. Even when the howling wind turned the storm into a blizzard, lashing the snow into such a fury that it sounded like thousands of pebbles hitting the windows, there seemed no cause for alarm. On the contrary the 196 passengers in the sleeping cars and coaches felt an exhilaration as the streamliner pushed on through a landscape that had been obliterated by a white-out.

But the crew of 30, familiar with such situations, sensed that now the train was laboring, struggling more than was normal even for this kind of weather They couldn't tell how far they were from the summit because they could see no landmarks. But the streamliner's progress had seemed steady so it might take them over the top soon. If that happened, they knew the pass would have been conquered once more, and the train would move safely out of the mountains.

It was not to be. Suddenly the train shuddered to a halt. Clearly it was somewhat short of the summit. And just as clearly to the crew it didn't matter anymore *how* short—they knew the train could not start up again.

Even the passengers realized that this was no routine stop. Before members of the crew walked through the cars carrying the bad news, they sensed real trouble. The crew confirmed it: the streamliner was now paralyzed, stuck at an altitude of some 7,100 feet because the snowfall had been so heavy that the train could not even move backward along the route it had just come. The passengers' earlier exhilaration turned to fear



GUS BUNDY

The first rescuers to reach the stranded train were mountain man Slim Von Schaible and his dog team.

That fear held a special dimension for all the people on the streamliner They knew that now they were as helpless as the pioneers for which this pass had been named. Only a few miles away in the winter of 1848-49, 42 members of the Donner Party had perished in that long, terrible winter—and the flesh of many of those members had been eaten by the survivors, because cannibalism had become their only source of food.

In spite of the day and night efforts of the 1,000 men and women would-be rescuers, and almost every kind of snow equipment that could be mustered, the 226 people remained isolated on the streamliner The storm raged on so fiercely that two days passed before the first contact from outside came. It was a Nevada dog team and sled driven by Elmer Ernst Von Schaible of Carson Valley Slim, as he was known, was a dog trainer and experienced mountain rescuer But all he could do was make sure that the people aboard the train were still alive and well.

They were not all well. At least 60 were ill, six of them seriously One of the latter was the wife of J. Russel Sprague, Republican National Committeeman from Mineola, N.Y who, with her was on his way to San Francisco for a committee meeting. The illness had been caused when a coupling between two of the cars somehow broke, releasing a noxious gas into the train. Sprague said the first fumes hit him and his wife on Monday night, "and the next thing my wife and I knew we were being slapped in the face to wake up."

It was almost too late for Mrs.



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Sierra storms have trapped trains many times in the last century. During the winter of 1889-90, the Southern Pacific hired thousands of handshovelers to clear its tracks. The Chinese crew shown was photographed in Blue Canyon on the western slope.

Sprague. She and the five others had been hit so hard by the gas that when rescue finally came they had to be taken off the streamliner on stretchers.

For a long while the people on board wondered if rescue ever *would* come—and if it did, if it would be on time.

"The first day" said a passenger from Chicago, "we made marks on the car window to show the height of the snow. We thought that would wind up being as high as it would go. But before the storm let up, the highest mark was almost at the top of the glass. And after the first day we had no water no heat—nothing. Three or four people would huddle together to keep warm."

The Spragues had a compartment, but that was just as cold. "We had all we could do to keep warm under the blankets in our compartment," Russel Sprague said. "There was no heat, water or lights for 48 hours. Night and day were all the same, for days."

Meanwhile the rescue forces were having a rough time themselves. From both sides of the Sierra ski teams and a couple of more men with dog teams battled their way up the pass. But they could make almost no progress against the heightened storm. The Sixth Army was notified and sent rescue crews equipped with weasels and Snocats. The Southern Pacific dispatched snowplow trains from each side of the pass, each with powerful rotary plows, each leading a rescue train. But the nearest either could get to the City of San Francisco was 12 miles away Dog sleds aboard the trains were unloaded and the teams set off with doctors, medicine and food.

Although it seemed an eternity it was not long afterwards that the real relief came. The rescue trains plowed up the mountain, and the Snocats finally made it. One by one, they took the people from the streamliner and ferried them across the snow four miles to the nearest relief train. And the nation applauded with accolades, for man and the power of his marvelous machines had conquered the diabolical combination of the mountains and the weather's fury

But the nagging questions remained. Why had it been so difficult? Why had rescue arrived only in time to prevent certain death among some of the stranded people? And why had the train been stuck in the first place, in view of its great power and the wonderful engineering which had made trips over Donner Pass "routine?"

The answers lay in the past—and not only in the Donner tragedy In the euphoria of the rescue from the City of San Francisco, people forgot that violent past and said this situation was unique. "The worst Sierra storm in 20 years," the news stories said. It had not only paralyzed a railroad train; it had marooned villages in the mountains and even in the high desert country to the east. Two dozen people had died as a result of the blizzard. In Portola, California, buses carrying 118 people were snowbound, as nine feet of new snow collapsed the roofs of buildings one after another. For days seven to 12 feet of snow confined hundreds to the Lake Tahoe Basin.

And yet: Was it really the worst storm in 20 years?

Not to many Nevadans. Already apparently those who so proclaimed had forgotten that only four years before blinding blizzards shrieked over the Sierra to drop waist-deep snow across the whole northern part of Nevada, and would be tagged "the worst storm in 50 years." It isolated ranches and—more important—thousands of head of sheep and cattle.

There, too, it had been man-made machines that kept Nevada's livestock industry from being virtually wiped out. "Operation Haylift" was the Army Air Force term—and it really was unique. A dozen of its big C-82s, the famed "flying boxcars," came to the rescue. For days on end they flew ton after ton of hay dropping loads to the sheep and cattle wandering helplessly in remote rangelands. As the plight of the City of San Francisco would do four years later this dramatic feat captured the nation's attention, and man's and his machines' successful conquest of nature was warmly praised.

"Conquest?"

The word implies permanence, a final victory a mastery and constant power. In this case it would mean that never again can large groups of people be trapped helplessly in the Sierra by an outburst of nature, no matter how fierce.

That's what the 226 people aboard the powerful, self-contained streamliner The City of San Francisco, believed too. □



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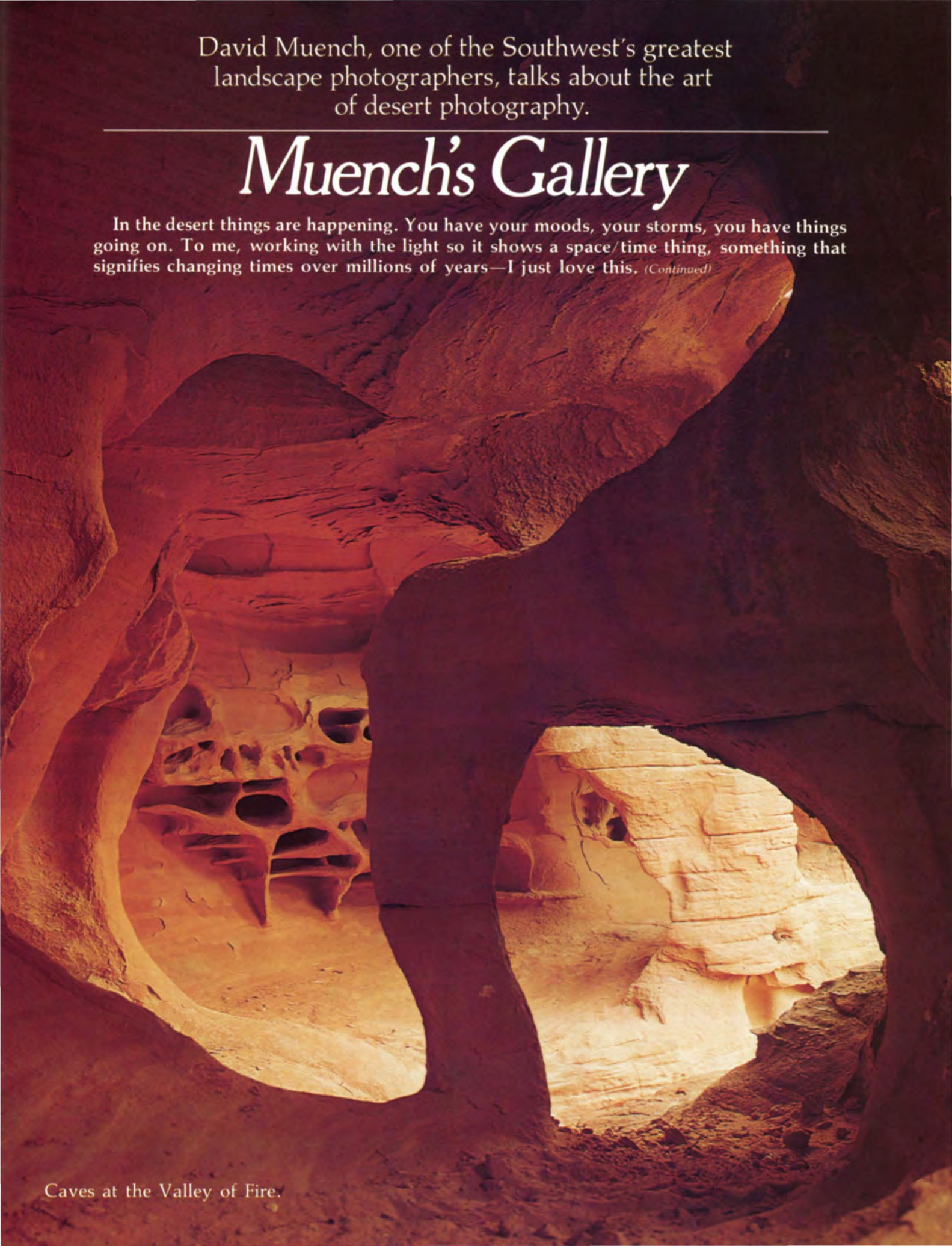
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David Muench, one of the Southwest's greatest landscape photographers, talks about the art of desert photography.

Muench's Gallery

In the desert things are happening. You have your moods, your storms, you have things going on. To me, working with the light so it shows a space/time thing, something that signifies changing times over millions of years—I just love this. *(Continued)*



Caves at the Valley of Fire.

I've probably missed half of the photographs I've wanted to take. If I can be in a place, feel its moods, and sense something developing, I plant myself, set up my 4x5, and sit and wait. I try to get involved to the point where something will happen.

Once I waited about five hours for a picture to happen. I had to wait for the snow in the desert. It was so beautiful I waited for it to clear just enough for the sun to hit it right, and it took that much time. Sometimes I'll walk around to look at other areas, but often I've gotten locked into a place for three or four hours.

Kodak is smiling because I shoot a lot of film. I shoot 4x5 transparencies like 35mm or a movie; in other words, there's so much happening when it's exciting that I tend to shoot very rapidly Sometimes I've taken 30 or 40 photos in one session and by eight in the morning I've shot up a lot of film on one or two subjects. Other times I take two or three pictures and that's all. Nothing else, no way if it's gone.

A happy morning is to work sunrise, or a little before if I'm working with water up through seven, eight o'clock. By nine I feel it's the middle of the day and I go in and eat, do something else and start looking for a new idea.

I like to work with good depth of field, so I use a 4x5, the larger format. With a 35mm you can capture the quick moment. You can work with people, with animals, with flower closeups or details. You can easily carry a 35 up mountains. And that's why you see a lot of 35mm photography It's very exciting, another eye, and you can react and shoot quickly

By the time I set up, the moment is over but if you want to get involved a little more with the landscape a 4x5 is necessary. The only way with a 35mm camera is with a wide angle lens, a 20 or 21, which makes distortions sometimes. But that's what a lot of people want to see. In most 4x5 work you won't see distortion as much, but people seem to like my work because I try to do that anyway The wide angle is a get-involved type scene. You get right into what you're looking at and that's what's neat.

Photographing the desert is timing, your early and late light, your timing seasonally and when things are happening. I don't talk about Nevada because then people would start to appreciate it. To me the spacial quality is everything in Nevada.

To me, it's the seeing. I just love it.

—David Muench



Storm over Wheeler Peak.



THE GREAT OLYMPIC SNOW JOB

Tales of Alex Cushing's lesson in international hustle and the purest Winter Games since they left Mt. Olympus. By Buddy Frank

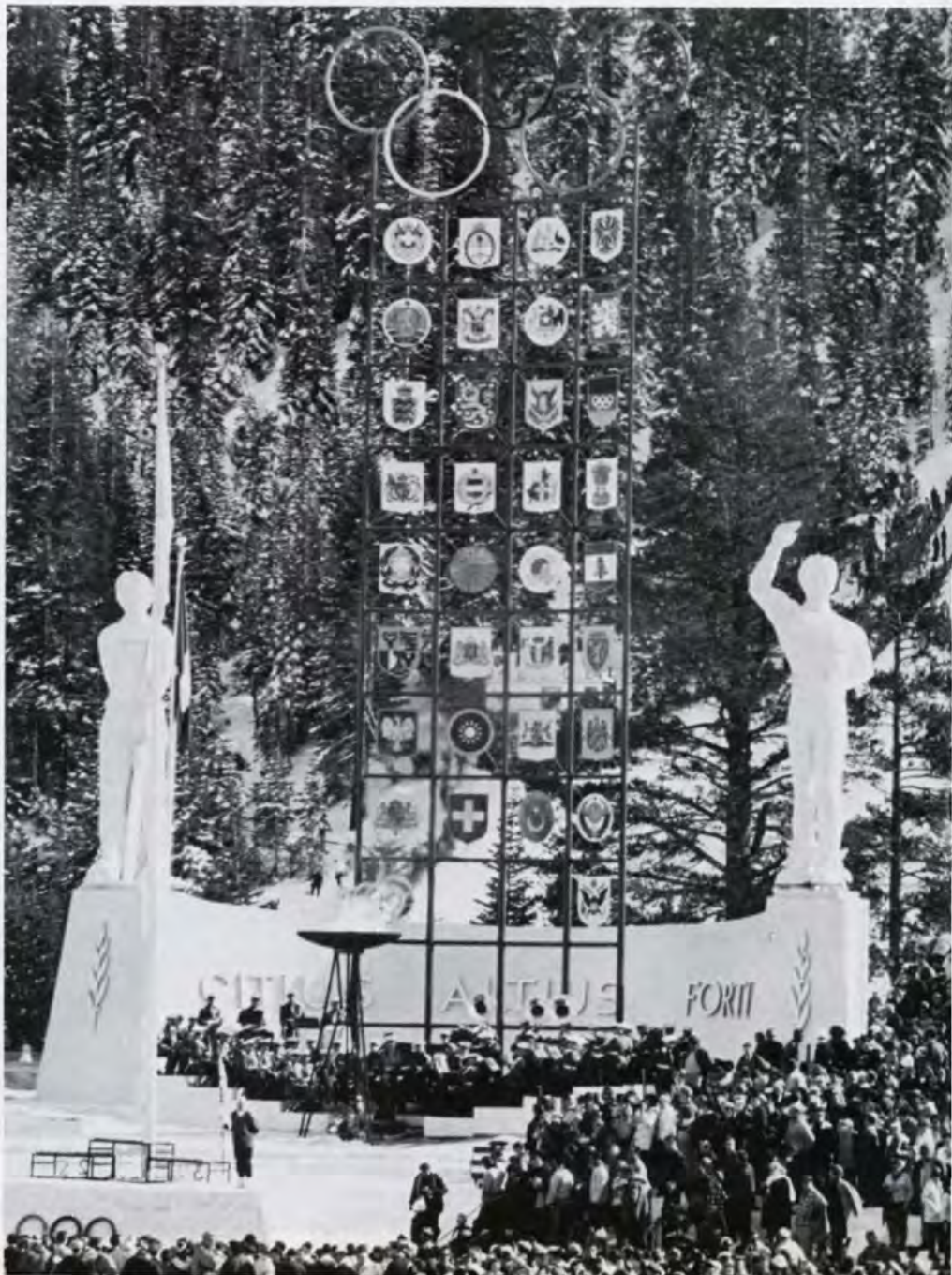
On their 20th anniversary there are really two stories to be told of the Squaw Valley Olympics, both of them success stories. The first is a tale of an international snowjob in the style of a desert land-scheme, and the second is a celebration of a Games as aesthetically pure as any since the event left Mt. Olympus. The two make an uncomfortable duet, but they are nonetheless as intertwined as the fading Olympic rings still hanging above the east end of Blythe Arena.

Alex Cushing, who became the hero-villain of this first saga, deserted his New York law practice and headed west to Squaw Valley in the late Forties. At that time, Wayne Poulson, a PanAm pilot, owned most of the property on the valley floor He saw little harm in selling 600 acres to the socially prominent Easterner Cushing, with the help of a few investors, formed the Squaw Valley Development Corporation and promptly erected a $100,000 lodge at the base of KT-22's slope. However picturesque, the operation, with just one chair lift and a pair of rope tows, was in no league with the Sun Valleys and Lake Placids. But when it came to landing the Olympics, other promoters were soon to learn they weren't in the same league as Cushing.

It's not clear if he was really serious when he sent a written proposal to host the event in 1954. Just submitting that bid would guarantee some good press and there was no doubt that Squaw could use it. Nearby Reno residents were virtually unaware the valley existed. Publicity seems the likely motive, since when word arrived to appear before the United States Olympic Committee in New York with a formal presentation, Cushing was totally unprepared.

With less than two weeks to organize his case for the January 1955 hearing, Cushing wasted no time enlisting the aid of California Governor Goodwin Knight and U.S. Senators Tom Kuchel and William Knowland. All three went on record supporting the project. And why not? They couldn't betray their state by refusing and had nothing to risk on a bid that seemed born of lunacy

With the endorsements flowing, Cushing set about financing an effort. If supporters had suspected the red-haired lawyer could actually back up his boasts, they might have been



apprehensive. They weren't, and Cushing walked away from the state legislature in Sacramento with a promise of a million dollars.

An imposing one-man delegation, Cushing used his height and distinguished appearance to maximum advantage. He spoke eloquently to the U.S.O.C. of Squaw's virtues. Of an average snowfall of 35 feet a year Of an Olympic Village built in a pristine Sierra meadow Of a Games free of the commercialization of Aspen or Stowe. And of the advantage in having the Games in the state of California, an unmatched mecca of hospitality

After the threat of no snow at all, then a blizzard, the skies opened to let in the sun for the opening ceremonies at Squaw. Photo shows flags of competing countries, the flame, and the big jump.



Much to the disbelief of the American skiing community Squaw won the right to represent the United States before the International Olympic Committee. It was a victory but Cushing also met the first of many detractors to follow A losing bidder from Lake Placid squawked, "If you ask me, the whole place—Squaw Valley—is a figment of Alex Cushing's imagination."

Not a bad assessment since shortly afterward Cushing admitted, "Up to then, I was going mostly on palaver I had won the first round, but the big problem was still ahead—how to sell Squaw Valley to the foreigners."

Part of that answer came during a chance meeting between Cushing and Chicago *Daily News* correspondent George Weller at a St. Moritz ski race. Weller was astonished to learn that thus far Cushing had secured only the American vote for Squaw When he discovered that the entire delegation consisted only of the lodge-owner and his wife, he was easily talked into joining the team.

Cushing quickly secured Weller a leave of absence from his newspaper duties and sent him off to hustle votes. Weller knew the European alpine powers generally controlled the site selection, and that they had ordained Innsbruck, Austria, to receive the honor in 1960. However there were actually 62 eligible delegates, many of them residing in countries where they've never seen snow And Weller with no reverance for the European tradition, signed up every vote from the Caribbean to South America, votes from countries which had never sent a single athlete to the Winter Games.

Cushing then set about infiltrating Europe. In terms of facilities, he was well aware that Squaw Valley was dead last. But he used that position in the plus column. He pled a case of U.S. poverty a novel idea to Europeans tired of playing second fiddle to America's world power position. He went on to promise that the Winter Games would have an Olympic Village, much as the Summer Games always had. In the past, skiers and skaters had to share hotels and ski lodges with spectators and tourists. Squaw would be the most centralized competition in years. At Cortina in '56, several of the events were in villages 18 miles away At Squaw activities would be huddled at one end of a two-mile meadow. "Restoring the Olympic Ideal," became the motto.

A bit of showmanship gained Cushing another edge. When the delegates assembled in Paris that summer the three competitors—Innsbruck, St. Moritz and Garmisch-Partenkirchen—set up their modest displays in the designated hall. But Cushing had commissioned a huge model depicting what Squaw Valley might become. When it arrived, it was simply too big to fit in the same room with the other exhibits. Thus delegates had to make a special trip to the U.S. Embassy to view Cushing's presentation in a setting devoid of comparison.

DON DONDERO PHOTOS



Alex Cushing even surprised himself by bringing the 1960 Winter Olympics to an unknown Squaw Valley.

The combined efforts paid off. The South American delegates carried Squaw to a first round tally of 30 votes, with Innsbruck taking 24 and the other eight split. The second round produced just enough European defectors to give America a 32-to-30 win over Innsbruck. It was the closest vote in history But considering what had been accomplished in six months, it was a margin beyond belief.

The win must have seemed hollow to Cushing during the following four years. In between, Squaw was under attack from all quarters. Innsbruck had already booked hotel reservations for the athletes expected in 1960, and they were furious. Newspapers abroad were describing the American bid as a "get-rich-quick real estate venture." There was also trouble at home. The original million-dollar pledge by California escalated to four million by 1958. When a request for another million

surfaced six months later the legislators howled. Even Cushing's neighbors were up in arms. Poulson, who had no intention of turning his valley into a giant parking lot, fought Cushing wherever he could. A crisis of confidence peaked with a threat from Avery Brundage. Although an American, Brundage was president of the I.O.C. and vowed to yank the Games back to Europe if Cushing couldn't deliver on his promises.

It's here that the second story begins, with the Games buried in a mountain of controversy by January of 1960. The single point in Squaw's prospectus that seemed free from attack was the annual snowfall of 450 inches. No other mountain range could top the Sierra's abundance of the white powder but as the Olympics drew near, there was only a marginal snow cover Serious consideration was given to moving the downhill course to Slide Mountain outside of Reno to take advantage of its higher altitude and better snow There was even talk of organizing a mammoth caravan of snow-filled dump trucks to blanket KT-22 and Squaw Peak. The contingencies proved unnecessary as it finally began to snow, and snow and snow A short clearing the week before the opening ceremonies degenerated into a raging blizzard on their eve.

By the morning of February 18th, Walt Disney serving as director of pageantry feared that half his opening show would be lost in a snowstorm. There had already been an hour and a half delay while Vice-President Nixon made his way up U.S. 40 behind a platoon of snowplows. As the athletes finally formed to march into Blythe Arena, the storm was so intense that visibility dropped to zero.

Suddenly as if Disney had summoned up a fairy godmother, the sun broke through the clouds and streamed into the arena. The 800-foot Tower of Nations peaked out from the mist, framed in the background by the 80-meter jump hill. To the throng under the arena roof, it was a moving experience heightened by the release of 2000 pigeons and a cloud of multi-colored balloons. The official report of the California Olympic Committee called the moment "The Miracle of Squaw Valley "

There was no doubt that it was the turning point. The facilities were soon to become embroiled in a new controversy over their disposition, but for those 10 days in February Squaw Valley disappointed no one. The weather remained bright and clear for the competitions. For the first time since Cushing had his inspiration in December of 1954, Squaw Valley was calm and contested only by the athletes. The lack of commercialization had the desired effect, making the VIII Winter Olympics an inspirational model for others to achieve.

The competitions themselves had a profound effect on most Americans. Although the U.S. claimed no gold on the ski slopes, Squaw prompted an awareness of the sport which transformed it from a minor to a multi-million dollar recreational industry

Buddy Werner had been this country's only medal contender in the men's skiing events, but a fractured leg earlier in the year dashed the hope. The downhill was left to Frenchman Jean Vuarnet. He came rocketing off the near-vertical slopes of Siberia Bowl in a curious "egg" position. His win was convincing enough to revolutionize ski technique. Today all downhillers benefit from Vuarnet's experiment in aerodynamic positions at Squaw Valley Switzerland's Roger Staub won the slalom on KT-22, but Tom Cochran of the U.S. narrowly missed a chance to become the country's first male medal winner by just six-tenths of a second.

Just as Andrea Mead had done four years before, the women grabbed the skiing spotlight. Penelope Pitou captured the hearts of the press with her nickname of "Penny" and her back-to-back silver medals in the downhill and giant slalom. Betsy Snite made it a clean sweep on the silver by taking sec-

. . . AND THE BIG TUNE-UP FOR 1980

The U.S. Olympic Training Center at Squaw Valley represents America's most determined step yet to ready its athletes for world competition.

Today Olympic training is a year-round task, and a scientific program of exercise physiology biomechanics, nutrition, health and sports psychology is considered essential to an Olympic effort.

The great sports retreat on the forested western slopes of Lake Tahoe has been designed to fill that prescription. The center can house 348 persons and feed 500 at a sitting. Since its opening in 1977 more than 5,000 athletes have grunted and sweated through one- to two-week sessions of tests and exercises. The regimen gets speed skaters, skiers, gymnasts, milers and high jumpers tuned up for the Winter Olympics at Lake Placid on February 13-24 and for the July Summer Olympics at Moscow



Olympic Training Center at Squaw pushes athletes to their limits.

Physical testing and conditioning are keys to the training center's program. Tests are conducted with a frightening group of machines, connected to a computer, designed to push the human body to the limit. Athletes also keep tuned with swimming, weightlifting, hiking, tennis and other sports. The 6,200-foot base elevation contributes to conditioning and ability to compete at high altitudes. In winter, of course, Squaw has everything for snow and winter sports, including a new 90-meter ski jump.

The free training, food, lodging and medical help for America's top athletes is provided through donations by individuals and corporations. The United States is the only major nation that supports its Olympians with private contributions.

Since the training center's creation three years ago, a second facility has opened at Colorado Springs, Colorado, and a third is planned for the eastern U.S.

In addition to serving the 28 Olympic sports, the center at Squaw Valley (officially known as Olympic Valley) hosts coaching clinics, sports medicine seminars and official meetings. Directors also plan to construct an Olympic-size pool, a track, a 400-meter speed skating rink and a gymnasium.

—Jack Meline

ond in the slalom.

The first gold came from under the suspended ceiling of Blythe Arena. The building was an architectural marvel of the day and served as the centerpiece of the valley. It also marked the first time Olympic skating events were held under a roof or on man-made ice.

New Yorker Carole Heiss, the figure skating runner-up in '56 at Cortina, easily moved up to the gold with a strong all-round program. But her male counterpart, David Jenkins had to fight his way back from a poor showing in the school figures. He did it with a dazzling freestyle routine for a sweep of the golds. Barbara Ann Roles added a third figure skating medal with a bronze.

Blythe Arena still had some excitement to serve up before the solemn closing ceremonies. Just as Alex Cushing's plight had once seemed hopeless, so did the chances of the American ice hockey team. A last minute collection of collegiate skaters seemed to be pitifully outmatched by the defending champion Russians and Canadians, who claim hockey as their national pasttime.

Yet John McCarten made an unbelievable 39 saves to get the Yanks by the Canadians in the third round, 2-1 The brother team of Bill and Roger Christian came off the bench to break a 2-2 deadlock for the win in the final match against Russia. When it was over the U.S. team won six matches without a defeat and proudly displayed the gold before a national television audience.

Miracles had become commonplace at Squaw Valley □

OLYMPIC RACER Tamara McKinney, youngest woman skier on the U.S. team. By Jack Meline

This Olympic year the United States will unleash a surprise weapon, a rocket on skis named Tamara McKinney The determined teenager who learned to ski on Nevada's Mount Rose, may turn some heads at Lake Placid in February

She has the credentials. After only a year of world travel and competition, Tamara is the highest ranked woman skier in the world for her age. At 17 she is the youngest member of the U.S. Women's Alpine Ski Team.

McKinney is still something of an unknown, but she showed her talent in a surprising debut last winter In her first World Cup slalom race she captured third place at Piancavallo, Italy outspeeding a number of famous European racers, some of them 12 years her senior Her subsequent World Cup finishes included a sixth in the giant slalom, no easy feat when you start after all the high-ranked racers have skied deep ruts in the course.

The Olympics are known for the pressures brought by worldwide publicity and excitement. McKinney may be 17 but she has poise and confidence. "Everybody has a little fear and nevousness, depending on the situation. But I don't mind steep or icy courses," she says.

Nerves and courage seem to be a McKinney family trait. Brother Steve, 24, of Squaw Valley is a human cannonball on the slopes; he set the world speed record last year at 200 kilometers (124.3 miles) per hour Shiela, Tamara's older sister gave up world class racing after a head injury in a Heavenly Valley downhill event put her in a coma for 18 days.

Tamara herself has been sidetracked at times with injuries, including a dislocated knee, a twisted ankle, a broken back (from her other love, horse riding), a burst eardrum and two broken legs. Last season, with all its promise, was ended by a stress fracture in her left leg.



U.S. SKI TEAM

Despite her up-and-down first year the international point system put her in the top rank of her skiing peers.

"I don't want to sound cocky " she says with a flip of her thigh-length, braided pony tail, "but I was always on top of my age group. I used to, um, win. My six brothers and sisters also won in their age groups. My first recognized race, I think, was when I was four "

Of those years she remembers rising with the rest of the family at 4 a.m. for the drive from their Reno home to Lake Tahoe where her mother Frances McKinney taught day school. Frances also began teaching at Mount Rose ski school, so by one o'clock every day all the kids were happily schussing down the slopes.

Tamara began skiing seven days a week, and as she grew she impressed her instructors. "Ah, yes, such a tough little skier " one coach remembers. "You could hardly see her in the bumps. And what a worker! Up the hill again and again. You have to really love the sport like that to become good."

Today in the pressurized atmosphere of world class racing, McKinney is neither brash nor cocky but she knows what she can do when the skis are snapped on. "I think I can win a medal if I can just get some consistency " she says. "Last year I sometimes had the fastest time for the first run or at the midpoint, but I didn't win. I fell quite a bit because I was trying too hard. I put a lot of pressure on myself "

U.S. Ski Team Director Hank Tauber says, "She's such a good skier that she generates a terrific amount of speed, and that's difficult to handle. She has to learn to handle the gifts she has."

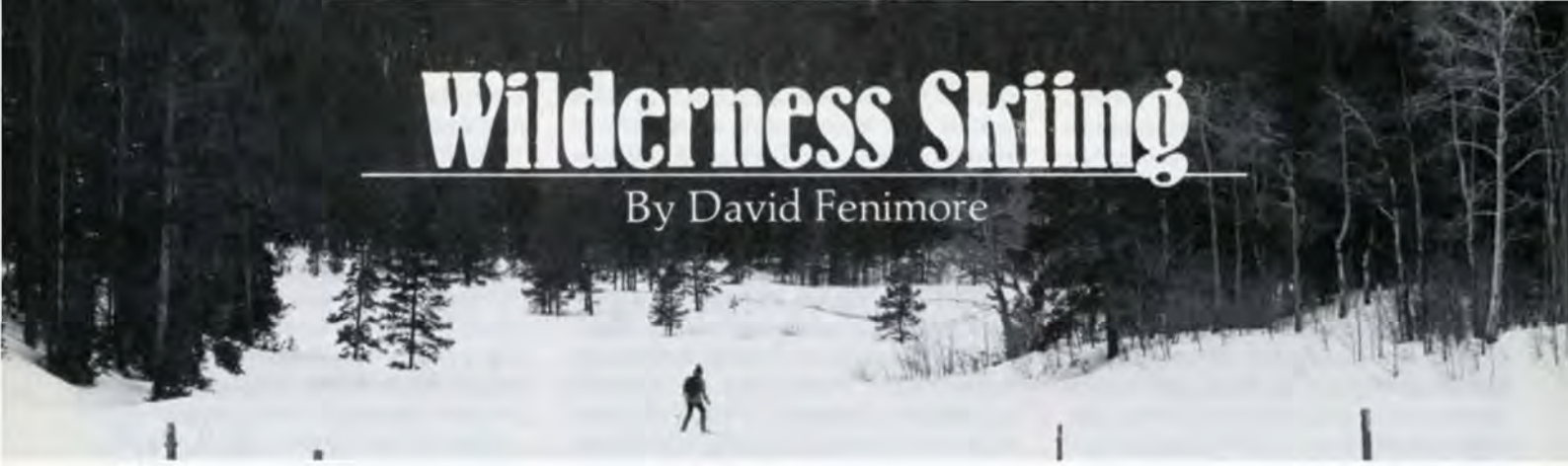
McKinney's considerable gifts have immersed her in a program that demands travel, training and competition 11 months a year Following her mother's interest in education, she studies hard individually Last September she spent a week at Squaw Valley's Olympic Training Center a homecoming since her family still has a home at Squaw There she spent time with Steve, who is now in training for another assault on the world speed record, an obsession that keeps him out of Alpine racing.

The training week at Squaw was tough. One day the women skiers ran on the treadmill till they dropped. "It didn't teach me anything," Tamara laughs. "I know I'm not a runner " But at Lake Placid, one can bet, the world will see that she knows how to ski.

—Jack Meline

Wilderness Skiing

By David Fenimore



Thousands of years ago the sport of skiing began as a purely functional means of winter travel across the rolling forests of Scandinavia. Skiing was introduced to the American West by Norwegian settlers like the legendary Snowshoe Thompson, who used long, heavy wooden "showshoes" to carry mail across the Sierra Nevada between Placerville and Genoa in the 1860s.

Miners in the gold rush days used similar skis, first as a useful tool and later as a welcome diversion from the daily grind. Stalwart fellows in long leather coats and high boots would trudge up the steepest, clearest hill around, strap on the 12-foot boards, take hold of a single long pole and launch themselves directly downhill at the fastest possible clip.

With the invention of the rope tow and its eventual refinement into chair lifts and gondola cars, the miners' private sport grew into a public spectacle, and by the end of World War II hordes of affluent Americans were taking to the hills in order to slide down them. Downhill skiing—or Alpine style—came first, and within 20 years it has become an industry and major recreational activity for millions.

But, even with that kind of popularity, the original function of skiing remains with us, though it is less crucial than in the days before snowmobiles and snow moving equipment. In contrast to the violent verticality of downhill, Nordic or cross-country skiing is a more relaxed enterprise, relying on the principle of point-to-point travel and the freedom to follow one's instincts and ski tips over the choicest horizons.

In the past decade, this type of ski touring has undergone a wave of industrialization itself, and now there are resorts with groomed and patrolled trails, track fees (the equivalent of a lift ticket), competitions, color magazines and expensive zippered suits. But the purest and most educational experience is to take one's skis to the edge of the wilderness, don them, and begin to glide smooth and silent over untouched snow.

From the tightly-packed hustle of Incline Village to the broad rolling meadows around Spooner Lake, Nevada Highway 28 curls 11 miles southward and upward through rocks and trees along the eastern shore of Lake Tahoe. On one fine spring morning, my partner and I climbed out into the cool bright air at Spooner, and after some preliminary fussing with packs and straps we leaned our long skinny wooden skis up against the pickup and began waxing up.

First on was a running wax, coded purple for the fresh yet wet snow. Once that was smoothed in well we coated the middle third of each hickory bottom with a whitish sticky wax called the kicker, whose adhesion to the snow under pressure would give us enough traction to glide smoothly over the flats, or even, should we have hit on a lucky combination, uphill.

The Eskimos have innumerable terms for different types of snow, and so should the local Sierrans have more than just the simple word, for Tahoe's snow conditions are infamous for their inconsistency and unpredictability So it was with the usual skepticism about the day's first waxing attempt that we crossed the road and mounted the dirty snowbank to snap into our bindings.

Over wooded rises ahead loomed the ridges of the Carson Range, spotted with greenery and well-frosted with snow from a recent storm. Furthest and highest stood Snow Valley Peak, solid white and treeless. Below its smooth shoulders was our intended campsite by the shores of Marlette Lake.

Our course took us through unbroken powder over a small hill and down

Some Nice Places To Ski Tour That Aren't Too Tacky Especially If You're Not Up For A Wilderness Experience

Spooner Lake—at the junction of U.S. 50 and Nevada 28. On the east shore of Lake Tahoe, Spooner is a Nevada State park. This shallow lake (on which you should *not* ski) is surrounded by flats and low rolling terrain, with nice aspens. Trail maps are available from dispensers inside the park.

Tahoe Meadows—at the summit of Mt. Rose's Hwy. 27 A good place for beginners with some more challenging terrain as well. Also popular with the snowmobilers.

Incline Golf Course—off Country Club Rd. in Incline Village. A nice track here for quick practice sessions, and a little wandering is well rewarded too. Watch out for the high-speed hotshots.

North Tahoe Regional Park—at the end of National Ave. in Tahoe Vista. Probably the best area for families of varying abilities. Some marked trails, including the bike trail over to Hwy. 267 and the good old ballfields as well.

The Highlands—atop Dollar Hill near the North Tahoe High School at Tahoe City. The Nordic Center here has color-coded a maze of trails, some long and others longer (a few shorties too). Pay a trail fee and get a map or else try to follow the little red, purple and blue markers yourself. Plenty of flats and gradual hills, with a few speed demons hurtling from the trees, hell-bent on a new course record.

Paige Meadows—about two miles south of Tahoe City from the end of Silvertip Drive in the Talmont area. Better get a map and be real sure of where you're going, or you'll probably end up in Ward Canyon. Four or five interlocking meadows slope down and to the right from where you park at the end of Silvertip. Also accessible by a road ascending from the Granlibakken ski area. Look for the erotic Basque carvings in the aspen trunks if the snow's low enough.

Lake Van Norden—midway along the old U.S. 40 in Soda Springs on Donner Summit. Long marked trails along which the Royal Gorge Ski School leads classes and tours. Trail fee requested. Has earlier and later snowfalls with generally better conditions than elsewhere.

into an aspen grove where we picked up a trail leading toward more aspens and a cluster of crumbling wooden shacks. Just across a stream rose the walls of North Canyon, our route up to the lake.

Out on the meadow our wax was ideally suited for the wetter, warmer snow but among trees and steep shadows colder and drier conditions prevailed. Stopping for an orange break seemed a good time to scrape down some of the sticky kicker that was beginning to impede our glide with a buildup of heavy snow on our wooden skis.

JIM WILLS

Wooden skis are now disappearing from cross-country skiing just as they did from downhill many years ago. As technology advances and small manufacturers are absorbed by giant industries, function and aesthetics collide. It's true, fiberglass skis can be lighter and tougher than wooden skis, and waxless bottoms are easier than waxing, but there's something missing: the close, loving relationship between the grain of the hickory bottom, the hot fragrant pine tar bubbled into the wood and smoothed into a dark sheen, and the layers of wax from hardest to soft. This sandwich of substances is a mystical union between foot and snow and when the magical combination is achieved through luck and experience, one can truly fly across the frozen land.

The sun rose higher and we warmed to our task, shedding down vests and woolen caps in favor of T-shirts and visors. Following the cardinal rule of flexibility in touring garb, we wore woolen knickers and long socks with several layers of uppers.

Now and then the steep hillsides gave way to mysterious side canyons where bleached aspen trunks framed granite boulders of the higher meadows. The creekbed below occasionally broadened into little flats, prompting us several times to plunge madly down through the trees, tumbling in a whirlwind of powder to the bottom. There is a basic repertoire of downhill turns for the Nordic-style skier who lacks the rigid boots and attached heels of the Alpine-style downhill skier In our ignorance of these maneuvers, we just pointed our tips towards the bottom and pushed off screaming.

In spite of such joyous detours we kept a steady pace and five miles passed in not much more than three hours. Then we paused high on a

(Continued on page 50)



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Lake Mead's favorite sporting fish is brash, big and plentiful. Anglers with a little knowledge and the right fish sense have the chance to come up with a barrelful of stripers. By Charles W. Crunden

Lake Mead's Bass Bonanza

It looked like a school of albacore boiling on the surface, but I was on Lake Mead, not the ocean, so I knew it had to be stripers. Threadfin shad were flying in every direction trying to escape the savage fish that were snapping at their tails. The turmoil covered more than an acre of the lake's surface and stopped almost as soon as it had begun, but not before we had flipped a pair of Cordell Spot lures into the fray

Both of us had a hookup almost immediately and within five minutes there were two 8-pound beauties flopping in the live well.

Don Payne, manager of the Las Vegas News Bureau, and I had gone to Lake Mead that morning in October with a film crew to record a few minutes of fishing action for a Southern Nevada promotional movie being prepared for distribution throughout the world. We considered ourselves lucky because similar trips in the past for trout or largemouth bass took a lot more effort to satisfy the photographers. But that's the way it is with stripers in Lake Mead: a little knowledge of the fish and its habits and the proper fishing tackle, and almost anyone can catch at least one.

The striper is one of Southern Nevada's most spectacular success stories. Introduced into Lake Mead 10 years ago to offset a decline in largemouth bass populations, the striped bass likes its new home and has developed into the lake's most popular fish.

The original striped bass stock was obtained from the Sacramento River Delta area by the California Department of Fish and Game and transported to Lake Mead in Nevada Department of Wildlife (NDW) fish hauling trucks. Nevada shared 51,300 two- to eight-inch fish with the state of Arizona and releases were made in Las Vegas Bay and at Temple Bar during 1969 and 1970. Plants in 1971 and 1972



BUTCH PADILLA

Young Toni Dodge and the 15-pound striper she hooked in Boulder Canyon.

put 1,000 stripers in the Overton Arm, 2,000 more into Las Vegas Bay

Natural reproduction of stripers in Lake Mead was first documented in 1974. "Small fish, obviously too young to have been from the original stock, began showing in the catch along with a few individuals in the 15 to 20 pound class," says Butch Padilla, NDW fishery biologist.

"Up until that time, 1974, the majority of the few stripers caught were taken accidentally. Most fishermen were still concentrating their efforts on largemouth bass and trout."

The number of anglers seeking stripers began to increase in 1975 and has doubled each year since with corresponding increases in the annual catch. Stripers of 31 lbs. 2 oz. and 25 lbs. 4 oz. were caught during 1975 and signaled the beginning of a new era in Lake Mead's fishery

Petite Marty Ham of Las Vegas shocked Southern Nevada's fishing fraternity in 1976 when she established the new Lake Mead striped bass record at 37 lbs. 10 oz. The record held for more than a year until Las Vegan Chuck Benedict boated a monster that tipped the scales at 43 lbs. 10 oz. Another 14 months passed before the record was broken again, this time by Jim Brady of Henderson, with a 47-pound fish taken in May last year on an anchovy just above Boulder Dam.

Brady was an ardent largemouth bass fisherman until late '78. "When I found out you could catch 18-pound stripers on the surface," he said, "I was hooked. To consistently catch largemouth bass, you have to be good, but the striper is a fish that anyone can catch."

Brady looked concerned when he said, "I'm worried about my 6-year-old son. I don't think he's gone more than 15 minutes without catching a striper How's he going to feel about the sport when fishing eventually slows down or if we have to move to some other part of the country?"

Young Brady's biggest so far was a 15-pounder and according to his father "I had to hold him around the waist to keep him from being pulled into the water "

Brady an ironworker claims 41 fishing trips between July 1 and September 15 in 1979, 39 of which were successful for stripers. He credits his initial interest and much of his current success to the advice of Bob Glassburn, a bait and tackle shop operator in Henderson. "Glassburn knows where the stripers are at any time of day or night

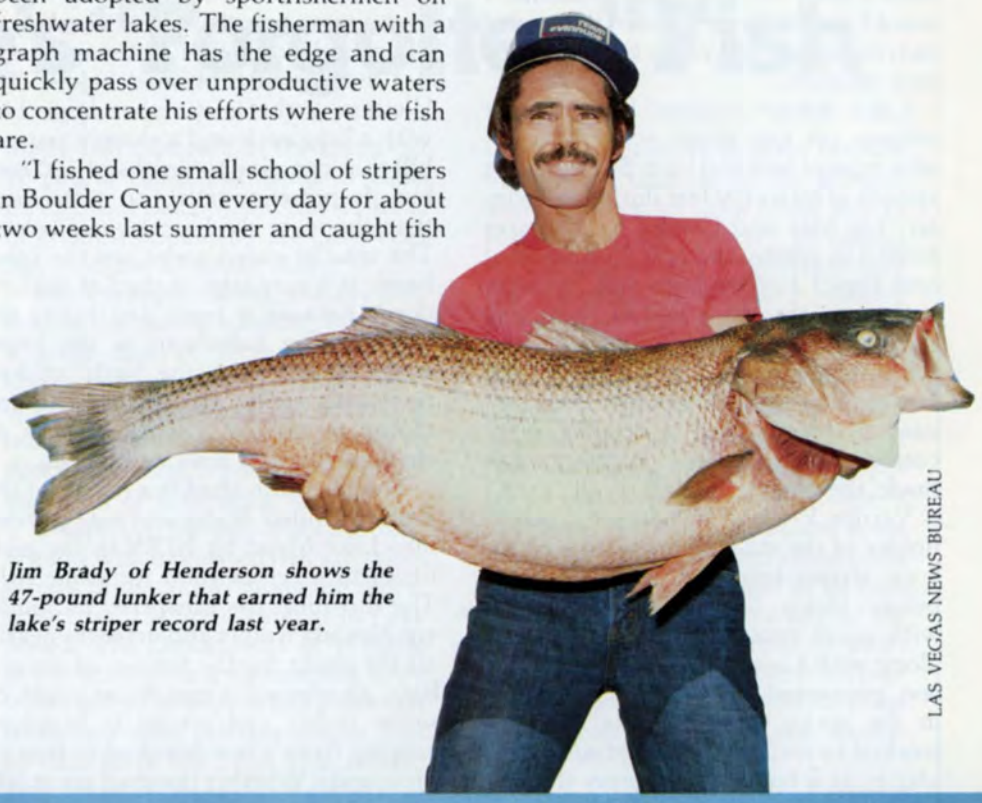
and on any day during the year If he tells you to fish at 10:15 p.m. 100 yards off a certain rock south of Hemenway Harbor and to sink your anchovy to 37 ft. 4 in. do it. You'll catch a striper "

Glassburn is not only an ardent fisherman himself but he has the added advantage of talking to the majority of anglers on their way to and from the lake. Their comments, plus Glassburn's intimate knowledge of Lake Mead, apparently make a combination that Brady has used to advantage.

"I figure I know the lake pretty well," Brady says, "but those few times I've come back empty-handed, Glassburn has gone to his map and said, 'Try here, here, and here, and you know what? I've gone back out to the spots he pinpointed and I've caught fish."

Glassburn credits much of his striper knowledge to an electronic device called a recording fathometer or graph machine. Anglers have used a flashing type of fathometer for many years to locate schools, but the graph machine, which draws a picture of the bottom and any fish, too, only recently has been adopted by sportfishermen on freshwater lakes. The fisherman with a graph machine has the edge and can quickly pass over unproductive waters to concentrate his efforts where the fish are.

"I fished one small school of stripers in Boulder Canyon every day for about two weeks last summer and caught fish



Jim Brady of Henderson shows the 47-pound lunker that earned him the lake's striper record last year.

LAS VEGAS NEWS BUREAU



GENE HERTZOG, U.S. BUREAU OF RECLAMATION

every time," said Brady "but if it hadn't been for my graph machine, I would never have known they were moving about 100 yards each day to a new location."

Lake Mead anglers have caught stripers on just about every conceivable type of lure and bait. Silver jigging spoons at 50 to 100 feet during the winter Big Mac and Cordell Redfin lures trolled in spring and fall, Cordell Spot and Pencil Popper lures cast in coves and along the shore and to rising fish during the fall and winter months, and big waterdogs and goldfish just off the bottom during the summer have all paid dividends, but a relative newcomer—the frozen anchovy—has made the biggest impact of all.

Vernon Wells of Henderson, current holder of the state record with a 53 lb. 4 oz. striper from the Colorado River below Davis Dam, used anchovies with good success in that area and, along with Gaines Romans of Henderson, pioneered their use on Lake Mead in the spring of 1979. The anchovy worked so well and achieved such popularity as a bait that it is now stocked by all Las Vegas area bait shops and some supermarkets as well.

Birds have played a big part in fishing success, particularly during the fall and winter months when wheeling or diving gulls or grebes on the water signal the presence of shad below. The Western grebe is a rather large bird with a long neck and a sharply pointed bill that can dive to depths of 100 feet; but its presence tells you little more than there are shad somewhere below. The smaller eared grebe, on the other hand, is a sure sign of shad at shallow depth because it feeds just below the surface. The fisherman in the know glides quietly into the birds' midsts, preferably with an electric trolling motor or paddle, casting surface or shallow running lures as he goes.

The threadfin shad is a native of the Eastern United States and was planted into Lake Mead by NDW in the mid-fifties to serve as food for game fish. The threadfin has prospered in Southern Nevada waters and deserves nearly all the credit for the success of striped bass. Shad reach a maximum length of seven inches and school in numbers ranging from a few hundred to tens of thousands. Whether the shad are at 100 feet or at the surface, there are usually striped bass nearby feeding or stalking the school.

Most anglers pursue stripers with a boat because of the mobility it provides, but there is a growing fraternity that have chosen the shoreline for their field of action. John Kimak, an instructor at Las Vegas' Chaparral High School, is the group's leading proponent and can be found casting his lures throughout the year during the early morning hours. "The early morning is the best time for stripers," he says, "and I can get a lot of fishing in



before school if I get to the lake by four a.m.

"Quite often the fish are right up against the shore, but I use at least a 12-foot rod with a big capacity spinning reel for those times when the striper is cruising deeper waters."

Kimak recalls one winter night last year after the Department of Wildlife planted trout at Hemenway Harbor and anglers flocked to the shore for the stripers they expected to be lured into the area. "I arrived during the middle of the night in a snowstorm and was greeted by a shoreline twinkling with lights from a hundred gas lanterns. I wasn't about to fish in the middle of this crowd so I moved up the swimming beach a half mile or so and

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APPROVAL & SAFETY — The Nordic is UL listed, ICBO approved, and meets the requirements of HUD, and has historically been free of any creosote buildup. It has a one year warranty.

the Warm people

GLASS MOUNTAIN BLOCK

Sparks / 355 Greg St. / 358-1200 Carson City / 2524 Hwy 50 East / 883-6645

The Lake's "Forgotten" Fish

Lake Mead has received so much notoriety as a striper fishery during the past two years that many anglers have either ignored or forgotten its many other species of game fish. **Largemouth bass** fishing is regarded as excellent by many anglers. Indeed, Department of Wildlife biologists believe the largemouth bass may have benefited from the striper Butch Padilla observes, "Many anglers who once sought the largemouth are now concentrating entirely on stripers. This may have provided some of the relief necessary for our bass to begin recovering from the lows of recent years."

The anchovy which has proven so popular as a striper bait, apparently holds an equal attraction for the **channel catfish.** During 1979 the catfish catch was excellent with many fish reported in the seven- to 10-pound class. Catfishing is good throughout Lake Mead, but its areas of greatest popularity are Las Vegas Bay and the Overton Arm.

Black crappie fishing, usually best during the spring months, provides a great deal of recreation in the Overton Arm. Anglers usually fish with live minnows as bait, and it is not uncommon for lines or rods to suddenly snap from the unanticipated hit of a foraging striper

Except for the put-and-take fisheries in which released fish are taken almost immediately along the shoreline, trout fishing is limited in Lake Mead. The Department of Wildlife is continuing its experimental open water plants of **brown and cutthroat trout** and other suitable species, but to date there has been little return. The great **rainbow trout** fishery of the early Seventies is gone because of possible changes in the temperature makeup of Lake Mead due to higher average water elevation, movements of trout upstream into the Colorado River and possible competition with the striped bass.

But the striper remains and each year claims a greater share of the fishing pressure. Successful reproduction and an increasing annual flow of young fish into the population continue to swell the striper's numbers. Although there are some who forecast a peak and subsequent decline, few anglers seem to be concerned. The shad are the key to the striper's success and until, if ever the striper impacts its own food supply it will continue to provide some of the finest quality fishing recreation in the United States.

—Charles W Crunden

began casting. It was pitch black and the line was freezing in the guides, but I had my three fish, all 18 pounds or more, in just a few minutes."

By mutual consent, Nevada and Arizona boosted the striped bass limit in January 1979 from three to five fish daily and in possession and removed the 16-inch minimum length requirement.

Kimak has teamed with Bob Glassburn on several occasions to present free fishing clinics to all comers. Liberally spiced with exciting color slides of trophy stripers and demonstrations on fishing tackle and electronic equipment, Kimak covers shore fishing and Glassburn techniques from a boat. The response to their first clinic in the fall of 1978 was so overwhelming that many would-be students had to be turned away This led to another clinic shortly thereafter Kimak says, "We'll continue teaching as long as there are people who want to learn. Lake Mead is the finest striper fishery in the country with more than enough fish for everyone. I'd like everybody to enjoy this sport as much as I do." □

Charles W Crunden is an information officer with the Nevada Department of Wildlife and a Las Vegas TV celebrity.

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CALENDAR

SOUTH

ONGOING EVENTS

Original LAS VEGAS Mormon Fort tours, Tues.-Sun.

Historic and Cultural Focus Tours, LAS VEGAS, 702-382-7198

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

JANUARY

1-5—"You're A Good Man Charlie Brown," Thurs.-Sun., LAS VEGAS Little Theater

1-31—Egyptian Children's Tapestries, LAS VEGAS Art Museum

2-12—"The Glass Menagerie," drama, Tues.-Sun., Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

6-12—$135,000 Showboat Invitational Bowling Tournament, Showboat Hotel, LAS VEGAS

8-30—Planetarium show, Clark Co. Comm. College, NORTH LAS VEGAS

11-27—"Step On A Crack," light drama, Fri.-Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS

12—Deer tanning demonstration, 11-3, Old Fort, LAS VEGAS, inf. call 386-6510

13—Nevada String Quartet, concert, 2pm, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS

16—"Bread and Chocolate," Italian film, 7:30pm, Red Rock Theater, LAS VEGAS

20-27—Palmer Art Show, 10-9, Boulevard Mall, LAS VEGAS

21-25—Mike Douglas Show, TV taping, LAS VEGAS Hilton

23—Linda Herrera, piano recital, 8pm, Christ Church Episcopal, LAS VEGAS

28—Southern Nevada Museum tour, guest speaker Elizabeth Patrick, inf. 871-0639, HENDERSON

29-2/23—"Hot Ginger and Dynamite," musical revue, Tues.-Sun., Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS

30—Isaac Stern, Eugene Istomin, and Leonard Rose, classical music, Master Series concert, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS

31—Krasnayarsk Dance Company, Siberian folk

MOVE OVER, BEN HUR

Chariot racing through mud and snow is a favorite weekend sport in Nevada's northern cow counties. By Sue Mollison



SUE MOLLISON

Unless you happen to ski, ice skate or be one of those joggers trying to self-destruct in your shorts and gloves, winter in snow country is a time for hibernation, for people as well as animals. But the Uhlig family of Wells has found a cure for house-bounditis and sluggish livestock by spending winter weekends hotwheeling their chariots around rural Nevada.

Chariot racing has come a long way since Swedish and German immigrants stood in wheeled, torch-cut 55-gallon drums and raced across the frozen lakes of Northern Minnesota and Wisconsin. From a what-the-heck-let's-give-it-a-try beginning in Winnemucca in 1976, it's become the winter thing to do in Nevada's northern cow counties.

With the spring thaw still on ice, spectators and gutsy participants watch pairs of sleek long-legged horses dragging chariots through mud, snow and ice at speeds up to 45 miles an hour. Neck-and-neck, drivers scream and yell to urge more speed from their teams while trying to keep balance in their lurching chariots. It's definitely not just another ho-hum weekend. Ask the Uhligs.

The family—all 23 of them—love the sport that is catching on with folks in Elko, Winnemucca, Ely and the Uhlig's home town of Wells. "We may get cold and splattered with mud, but we have a lot of fun," says Carl, who, along with brothers Bert and Willard and in-law Dennis Branning, race and also train chariot teams.

The Uhligs were introduced to the sport in the mid-Seventies by friend Willard Pingree of Ogden, Utah. At his urging Carl and Bert attended several races, which already were popular in Utah and Idaho. "Pingree's animals always finished on top," Bert recalls. The brothers saw that chariot racing was a fine way to train horses—and have a lot of fun.

"We only trained one team in 1976, Carl's 3-year-old Appaloosa and my 'kid horse' Timmy, age 12. In their first race we jumped them out against a fast team, and Timmy and the Appy won!"

The race also won over their father Herbert Uhlig, 65, who hasn't missed a race since. On race days he completes all the ranch chores by 5 a.m. so the family can spend more time preparing for the races. The Uhligs call Herbert the "Pit Boss."

Training takes place at the family ranch at Metropolis, 11 miles north of Wells. The Uhligs now raise purebred quarterhorses and Appaloosas and use chariot racing as a starting ground for their 1½-year-old stock. "In harness," Carl says, "the colts learn to run straight and they get both exercise and experience."

Carl's enthusiasm carries over to the weekly winter races of the Wells chariot club. After Winnemucca and Elko held the first Nevada races in 1976, Wells held its own. Mark Dahl fielded a team of work horses and Jim Stanton hitched up a pair of brown bay mules. Dahl's work team outran the mules.

That first race was held on a rough track on U.S. 93, south of the 4-Way Cafe. Carl Uhlig recalls, "Crossing the finish line, we had to make a fast right turn off the track and come down through heavy mud. It could be pretty hairy." Wells now has a two-furlong, quarter mile track with proper starting chutes and gates. Four teams can run at one time.

To provide a local source of chariots, Carl Uhlig started a dealership of Utah "Shocker Chariots." Constructed of tempered aluminum and fiberglass, the chariots come in tall and short sizes with a special feature: shock absorbers. In heavy snow, the wheels can be switched for cutters, turning a chariot into a horsedrawn sleigh.

The Wells club fields at least 12 teams in at least nine meets to qualify for the chariot-cutter world championships held each March in Pocatello, Idaho. This winter the group plans to race nearly every Saturday "unless the weather is terrible" through the first weekend in March. Races usually run from 11 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. Almost any Wells resident can point the way to the track.

February is a big month for chariot racing in Nevada. On weekends you can find racing at the fairgrounds from 1-4 p.m. in the following towns:

February 2-3—Winnemucca.
February 9-10—Elko.
February 16-17—Ely.

dance group, 8:15pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS
31-2/3—Midwinter Trapshooting Tournament, Mint Gun Club, LAS VEGAS
31-2/3—Antique Arms Show, $15 million worth on display, Sahara Hotel, LAS VEGAS

FEBRUARY

5—Hold'Em Poker Tournament, Golden Nugget, LAS VEGAS
5-23—"Hot Ginger and Dynamite," musical revue, Tues.-Sun., Meadows Playhouse, LAS VEGAS
6—LAS VEGAS Chamber Players, classical music, 8pm, Charleston Heights Arts Center
6—"Cat and Mouse," French film, romantic mystery, Red Rock Theater, LAS VEGAS
9-3/9—"Ceremonies for Dark Old Men," dramatic social play, Tues.-Sun., LAS VEGAS Little Theater
12—Yoshi Ishikawa, bassoon recital, 8pm, Ham Concert Hall, UNLV LAS VEGAS
14-24—"Anna Christie," drama, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV LAS VEGAS
17—Nevada String Quarter, concert, 2pm, Flamingo Library, LAS VEGAS
18-3/7—Posters of Protest and Revolution, UNLV Art Gallery, LAS VEGAS
21-3/8—"Bad Seed," drama, Thurs.-Sun., Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., LAS VEGAS
22-3/1—"Damn Yankees," musical, Fri.-Sun., Clark Co. Comm. College, NORTH LAS VEGAS
27—Jan Moreo, flute recital, 8pm, Christ Church Episcopal, LAS VEGAS
28-3/2—Spring Grand American Trapshooting Tournament, Mint Gun Club, LAS VEGAS
29-3/2—Nevada Dance Theater, ballet, Judy Bayley Theatre, UNLV LAS VEGAS, inf. 739-3838
28-3/1—Southern Division Championships, high school basketball, A & AAA, Convention Ctr., LAS VEGAS

NORTH

JANUARY

1-3/31—Cross-country skiing, Wildhorse Ranch & Resort, ELKO
10-2/1—Exhibition of work by Elko artists Kerry Sutton and Jane Harbuchak, Northeastern Nevada Museum, ELKO
19—Idaho-Nevada Square Dance Festival, all day, Cactus Pete's, JACKPOT

FEBRUARY

2-3—Chariot Races, 1-4, Fairgrounds, WINNEMUCCA
9-10—Chariot Races, 1-4, Fairgrounds, ELKO

CENTRAL

FEBRUARY

T—Crab Crack, Elks Lodge, 6:30pm, TONOPAH
14—Valentine's Dance, Convention Ctr., inf. 482-3558, TONOPAH
16-17—John Maslach Baseball Tournament, 10am, TONOPAH
16-17—Chariot Races, 1-4pm, Fairgrounds, ELY

WEST

ONGOING EVENTS

Nevada Artists Assn. Gallery features work of Nevada artists, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., 449 W. King St., CARSON CITY
Art exhibition, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., 699 D St., St. Phillip's Center Gallery, HAWTHORNE

JANUARY

1-2—Workshop demonstrations on all forms of jewelry making including casting and silversmithing, 8pm, Reno Gem and Mineral Society, 480 S. Rock Blvd., SPARKS
4-12—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," Shakespearean comedy, RENO Little Theater, inf. 329-0661
5-31—Basques in the Great Basin, color photographs by Richard Lane, 10-4 Tues.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, RENO
12-2/5—Museum School Faculty Show, water colors, pen and ink drawings, silk screen, fibre, oil paintings, photography & calligraphy, 10-4, Tues.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, RENO
15—Reno Philharmonic Orchestra, classical concert, 8:15 pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

(Continued on next page)



BULLDOM'S MR. AMERICA FOUND IN SPARKS

Hefty beauties will be turned out in their city finest in hopes of capturing bulldom's version of the Mr. America pageant at the annual bull sale at John Ascuaga's Nugget in Sparks February 13-14.

The two-day event is one of the West's major bull sales and combines serious business with beauty pageantry when the prize hoofers are dolled up and paraded before judges on Wednesday the 13th. While judges choose the best of the bulls, prospective buyers will inspect the contestants. Last year the top bull sold for $13,000.

The sale starts the following day at 2 p.m. in the hotel's main showroom. There the animals receive star treatment complete with stage crews, lighting and a production number. The event is free and open to the public.

BOWLING FOR DOLLARS

The world's best pro bowlers roll for $135,000 in total prize money in the 21st annual Professional Bowlers Association's stop in Nevada January 6-12.

The Showboat Invitational in Las Vegas is one of the richest—and the oldest—of PBA tournaments, and is expected to draw a field of nearly 400 for the seven-day battle of the lanes.

Spectators can drop by to watch the action free of charge Monday through Friday of tournament week. Seating, however, is limited for the Saturday finals, which will be televised later on ABC-TV



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

30—Opera preview of "Lucia Di Lammermoor" with expert Robert Diamond, 7:15pm, Washoe Co. Library, RENO

31—Festival of Foods, 7-10pm, cooking demonstrations, Coliseum, RENO

FEBRUARY

2—Sagebrush Invitational Gymnastics Meet with top women gymnasts of the U.S. and Canada, UNR Old Gym, RENO, inf. 331-2200

8-9—"Lucia Di Lammermoor," Nevada Opera Assn., 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

9-3/15—A Survey of Boxes and Collages, by Joseph Cornell, 10-4 Tues.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, RENO

11—Enrico Di Guisippi, tenor, Washoe Co. Concert Assn., 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

12—Reno Philharmonic Orchestra, classical concert, 8:15pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

13-14 Annual Bull Sale, 4pm 13th; 2pm 14th, John Ascuaga's Nugget, SPARKS

20—Washoe Co. High School Honor Band & Chorus, 8pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

22-24—RENO Boat & RV Show, 5-10 Fri., 12-10 Sat., 12-7 Sun., Coliseum

22-24—"Absurd Person Singular," comedy, 8:30pm Fri.-Sat., 7:30pm Sun., RENO Little Theater

23—Fireman's Ball, 9pm, Meisekothen Hall, LOVELOCK

27—Washoe Co. Middle School & High School Honor Orchestra, 8pm, Pioneer Theatre, RENO

28-3/1—"Absurd Person Singular," comedy, 8:30pm, RENO Little Theater

28-3/1—Northern Division Championships, high school basketball, A & AAA, also B State, Coliseum, RENO

29—Pop Rock Silent Auction, benefit for Nevada Opera Assn., 8-midnight, RENO

3/1—Grand Opera Auction & Dinner Dance, Nevada Opera Assn., RENO

T—Dates to be announced

MARCH COMING ATTRACTIONS

Reno Jazz Festival, 13-15, Pioneer Theatre

"Anything Goes," Cole Porter's musical comedy, 14-15, 21-22 & 28-29, Proscenium Players, Carson City

$200,000 LPGA Golf Tournament, National Pro-Am, 20-23, Desert Inn and Country Club, Las Vegas

Renaissance Festival, food and music, 21, UNLV Las Vegas

"Requiem," Giuseppe Verdi, 25, Reno Philharmonic, Pioneer Theatre

State Basketball Championships for A, AA & AAA schools, 6-8, Coliseum, Reno



CABARET TO BALLET

For the last decade, dancers from cabaret shows and Strip extravaganzas have been shedding their feathers for tights to prove that audiences more accustomed to the dazzle of Las Vegas entertainment were ready for ballet. Out of the first handful of dancers has grown the Silver State's premiere classical ballet company, the Nevada Dance Theatre.

The Las Vegas based troupe is the brainchild of Vassili Sulich, a former dancer in the Tropicana's Folies Bergere. It was Sulich who recruited talented showroom dancers who were hungry for the artistic expression of classical ballet and willing to rehearse and perform without pay.

Nevada Dance Theatre, today a nationally recognized professional company, will complete its eighth season February 29-March 2. Each performance includes the dramatic presentation "Mantadeo," which combines the talents of composer Trufunovic and choreographer Sulich. It depicts the story of one of nature's most fascinating creatures, the praying mantis, and its struggle for survival.

Also on the program is an interpretation of Ravel's "Bolero." Dvorak's "Romance In F" is used to set the mood for "At Sunset," a romantic flashback of an aging ballerina. The fourth ballet will be a light, musical piece performed by a guest choreographer.

Curtain time is 8 p.m. for all three evening concerts, with Saturday and Sunday matinees at 2 p.m. For ticket information contact the Nevada Dance Theatre in Las Vegas, 702-739-3838.

BIG BIRD BAGS

It's open season on clay pigeons this winter at the Mint Gun Club in Las Vegas. The Mint's annual Midwinter Trapshoot is January 31-February 3, followed February 29-March 2 with the Spring Grand American Trapshooting Tournament. Shooters will be positioned by handicap and must use 12-gauge shotguns in both events. Spectators can watch free of charge. For details write: Mint Hotel, Box 2160, Las Vegas, NV 89101.

GREAT SHOTGUNS!

You can browse, buy or merely covet the $15 million worth of historic guns on display at the annual Antique Arms Show in Las Vegas at the Sahara Hotel February 1-3. "Great Shotguns" is this year's theme, honoring makers of fine shotguns. Another highlight is the traditional auction of guns made and engraved especially for the event.

JUST PLAIN FOLKS

A woman who can't pass a kitchen stove without cleaning it and a compulsive drinker who can never get drunk are among the kinky characters in Reno Little Theater's production of "Absurd Person Singular." The comedy written by Alan Ackbourne runs February 22-24 and February 28-March 1. Tickets are $3.50 adults, $2.50 seniors and students, and are available at the box office at 690 Sierra Street starting February 18.



LOOKING FOR MR. GOODTALK

Television talk show host Mike Douglas returns to the Las Vegas Hilton for a five-day taping session January 21-25. There's no admission and tickets are available from the hotel show reservation desk five days before taping.

JOHN DENVER'S SKI BASH & OTHER GREAT WINTER TRIPS

(Continued from page 9)



WINTER SNOW CALENDAR

JANUARY

Ski Wars, 5-6, Far West Ski Assn. members ages 7-11, giant slalom, Heavenly Valley

Peugeot Grand Prix West, 9, pro giant slalom, Kirkwood

Calif.-Nevada Interscholastic Ski Federation, 9, giant slalom, high school teams, Alpine Meadows

Special Olympics, 9-11, cross-country for mentally retarded athletes, Northstar

Peugeot Grand Prix/Sierra Tahoe Pro Race, 16, head-to-head giant slalom, Homewood

Midwinter Classic, 19-20, FWSA classes A & B, Heavenly Valley

Freestyle Competition, 19-20, ballet & mogul, FWSA jr., sr. & veteran, Ski Reno

Northstar Invitational, 20, cross-country race

Winter Special Olympics, 20-24, for mentally retarded athletes with opening at South Lake Tahoe Recreation Complex and ski events at Heavenly Valley and other sites

Boogie-in-the-Bumps, 25, mogul freestyle skiing, amateur & pro, Kirkwood

South Lake Tahoe Winter Carnival, 21-27 21: Week-long ice sculpture contest begins; 22: cross-country novelty races, 10 am SLT Country Club; ice cream eating contest, 3:30 pm, Swensen's; Ice Follies, 7 pm, Ski Run Ice Arena; 23: fun obstacle race, 1:30 pm, Sierra Ski Ranch; 24: barrel stave races, 10 am & 1 pm; beer slalom races, 3:30 pm; ski dance, 5 pm, all at Heavenly Valley; wine tasting & fondue, 7 pm, Harrah's Tahoe; 26: cross-country foot race, starts 9 am at Myers Sugar House West; table tennis tournament, 9 am Rec. Ctr.; Winter Carnival Parade, 11 am, downtown; backgammon, 1 pm, Monte Vista in Roundhill; 27: mixed volleyball, 9 am, SLT Intermediate School; wrap-up dance, 8 pm, Sahara Tahoe

Vanderbilt Cup, 25-26, intercollegiate race, giant slalom & slalom, Heavenly Valley

Amateur Ballet & Mogul Freestyle, 26-27 FWSA members, Kirkwood

FWSA Race, 26-27 giant slalom classes B & C, Kirkwood

Shasta Cup & 4s & 5s, 26-27 FWSA members ages 6-12, Ski Incline

Peugeot-Grand Prix West, 30, pro head-to-head giant slalom, Northstar

CNISF Race, 30, high school teams, giant slalom, Alpine Meadows

FEBRUARY

Sacramento Bee Silver Ski Slalom, 2, FWSA classes B, C, & D, Heavenly Valley

Sacramento Bee Novice Race, 3, all ability levels, Heavenly Valley

Skade's Race, 3, FWSA cross-country, Northstar

CNISF Race, 4, high school teams, slalom, Alpine Meadows

UNR Winter Carnival, 4-10. 4: Kick-off dance, 8 pm, Reno fairgrounds; 8-10: Intercollegiate races, Squaw Valley; 9: inner tube races, tug-o-war, snow sculpture, Slide Mountain

Rossignol/Nordica Mogul Challenge, 10, amateurs, Kirkwood

Valentine's Day Race, 14, dual giant slalom, amateurs all ages, Alpine Meadows

Valentine's Day Couples Race, 14, novelty races, Homewood

FWSA Slalom, 16-17 classes B & C, Northstar

MARCH

John Denver Celebrity Ski Tournament, 5-11, tentative dates, Heavenly Valley

Winter Carnival, 15-16, obstacle & fun races, Tahoe Donner

AND EVERY WEEKEND

Pickle Tray Races on cafeteria trays, all ages, Tahoe Donner, and **Equitable Family Ski Challenge,** giant slalom, teams of 2 family members, Boreal, Saturdays

Screaming Eagle Race, giant slalom, intermediate and advanced, Tahoe Donner, and **Family Fun Races,** giant slalom, all ages, Homewood, Sundays

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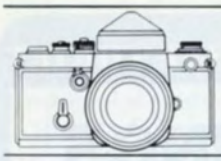


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THE LENS

Temperatures dip to frosty levels and back-country forecasters predict it's a "chill that goes right to the bone!" Red-cheeked youngsters with bundled bodies swipe at moist noses and yell for more. They're sole witness to nature's intricate compositions that dissolve with first light. They alone can appreciate the bold designs swept away on a zephyr

Two-fifths of the 5th Grade student population of Jiggs, Nevada. Photo by Richard Menzies



Hoar frost and crystal geometry decorate the pine trees of the Sierra.
Photo by John Packer



Snow-capped peaks of the Wassuk Range at the edge of Walker Lake, one of few remnants of ancient Lake Lahontan. Photo by R. J Bissett

In Las Vegas and Reno the name of the game is basketball, directed by Jerry Tarkanian and Jim Carey. They are two coaches who shoot for the top.
By Mike Blackwell

THE BIGGEST GAME IN TOWN

They're wonderfully named. "Spiderman," "Helicopter" "Machine Gun," "Tin Man," "Cheese" but wait a minute, we're getting ahead of ourselves. As Jack Webb used to say "The facts, maam. Just give me the facts."

OK, for the sergeant and for the benefit of those in the dark, let's get the preliminaries over with once and for all.

Yep, Nevada *is* the state whose anthem is the jingle-jangle of slot machines, the state of sagebrush and jackrabbits and blackjack and silver mines and hot springs and neon lights and scantily-clad show girls where there are high expectations 24 hours per day and 365 days per year Yesiree, Nevada even has brothels. And don't forget The Strip.

There you have it maam, the facts.

But there's one missing. For many folks living in the "Biggest Little City in the World" or in sight of Caesars Palace, the biggest game in town is not at the tables, but at Centennial Coliseum and the Las Vegas Convention Center

The game is basketball and if you believe in numbers, it's as popular as Old Blue Eyes and that black Jewish guy with the dark spectacles and infectious laugh.

Mike "Spiderman" Burns, Thaxter "Helicopter" Arterberry Freddie "Machine Gun" Thompson, Darryl "Tin Man" Samuel and Robert "Cheese" Martin are basketball players at the state's two universities—Nevada-Las Vegas and Nevada-Reno. And they're watched by thousands.

Last year a record 114,768 fans poured into Las Vegas Convention Center to watch the Runnin' Rebels. Another 95,961 fans marched into the Coliseum at Reno, just a few miles down the road from where Mark Twain spun some tall yarns, to watch the Wolf Pack.



Nevada-Reno and Nevada-Las Vegas hit the jackpot when they hired Jim Carey and Jerry Tarkanian to coach the Pack and Rebels. In towns that have more than their share of losers, Tarkanian and Carey are enigmas. They seem to be playing with a stacked deck. They win and win big.

It would be difficult to find two basketball coaches in one state who are more successful. Take note:

Tarkanian is the winningest coach in college basketball. During his years at UNLV Long Beach State, Pasadena City College, and Riverside Junior College, he has compiled a career record of 265-52 for a winning percentage of .836.

In 1975-76 Tarkanian guided UNLV to a 29-2 record, finishing with a lofty No. 3 ranking in the AP poll. The next year the Rebels won the NCAA Western regionals and placed third in the finals at Atlanta.

Carey a Drake University team captain in his playing days, had a coaching record of 394-111 in Iowa during four seasons at Tama High School and 11 at Ellsworth Junior College. His Ellsworth team won a national championship. He spent four years as assistant coach at Arizona State, helping the Sun Devils to win two conference championships.

At UNR, Carey has a 55-24 mark in three seasons. He directed the Pack to its first 20-win season (21-7 in 1978-79) and its first National Invitational Tournament berth.

Both Carey and Tarkanian are workaholics. Even when Tarkanian went to Pittsburgh to help direct the movie "The Fish That Saved Pittsburgh," he couldn't get away from the court. He was the guy who directed Julius "Dr J" Erving and his cohorts in the basketball sessions.

While Tarkanian was in town, he recruited Larry Anderson, a dead-eye shooter who averaged 26 points and was the Pittsburgh Player of the Year

Carey says, "I hate it when basketball is over I never take a vacation." He simply gets ready for the next season. Sometimes, basketball comes

before his family

"I looooove basketball," he says. "There are two things in life worth anything. Basketball and sex and maybe a little fishing."

Both Carey and Tarkanian are born salesmen. Tarkanian is a droopy-eyed Armenian who uses the soft-sell approach. Carey is a hell-fire and brimstone Missourian who once walked up to a player and said, "You're coming to Nevada-Reno."

Michael "Fly" Gray followed the Pied Piper to Reno and averaged 23 points last season and was named to the All-Coast and All-West Coast Athletic Conference teams. "I didn't even know where Reno was. But I couldn't say no to him," Fly says.

For all their personality differences, Carey and Tarkanian have more in common that the initial "J" in their first names. When you watch UNR or UNLV play you can always single out the head coach by looking for the fellow chewing on the white towel.

Both are as jittery as a cat in a dog house. Carey has been known to sniff a half-dozen ammonia sticks during a game. He will yell his heart out at officials, but he asks his players to keep their mouths shut. "My people won't yell at officials because first of all, I don't like it. And second of all, yelling at officials is about all the fun we coaches have left."

Of course the fans help out. There's a prominently placed sign at the Convention Center that reads, "Welcome to Tark's Shark Tank." Few teams leave the tank without getting nipped. UNLV won 72 straight games at home before losing to the University of New Mexico 102-98 on January 7 1978. Some visiting coaches have sworn they'll never return to the 6,352-seat center

UNR fans can be just as frenzied. One WCAC coach says, "Reno fans are animals. It's the worst place in the league to play " UNR has a 24-2 record at home under Carey the last two seasons.

For all their success, the two Nevada coaches have had more than their share of controversy To the National Collegiate Athletic Conference (NCAA), the cops of college basketball, Tarkanian is "Tark the Shark"—the biggest bandit since Jesse James.

The NCAA would just as soon see Nevada secede from the union. For Tarkanian, it all started at Long Beach State where he turned a low-budget program into a national power

The NCAA found numerous violations in football and basketball. Long Beach State was put on probation, and then UNLV received a two-year probation in 1977 Few of the allegations could be traced to Tarkanian, yet he got the headlines and notoriety

UNLV was taken off probation last August, but Tarkanian is still on the hook. The NCAA has recommended that the university suspend him for two years, one of the worst penalties ever against a coach. Fighting back, Tarkanian got an injunction to keep coaching and is taking the NCAA to court this winter

Most of the UNLV evidence concerned illegal recruiting practices alledgedly taking place before Tarkanian came to Vegas.

"I was never paranoid," says the coach, "but because of this NCAA thing, I think everyone's out to get me now " He felt so harassed that he asked Nevada Congressman Jim Santini for help. Santini initiated a congressional investigation of the NCAA last year "It was a frame-up," Tarkanian says. "They're (NCAA) trying to destroy me."

If it weren't for the NCAA hassle, Tarkanian might be coaching the Los Angeles Lakers today Tarkanian was a top candidate for the job last spring, but he said he removed himself from consideration because of his fight in court to prevent suspension.

"I want to clear up my reputation. We're going to win the case. I can't lose. That's the big reason why I didn't want the Laker job. I wanted to stay and get satisfaction."

Carey and UNR have also been in hot water with the NCAA. UNR was put on probation in 1976. The NCAA slapped the Pack's hands because it allowed Edgar Jones, 6-foot-10 center to enter school without the required grades on his high school transcript.

Carey's hands were clean. He simply inherited the problem from the previous coach. But he stuck by Jones, who played anyway after getting a court injunction because it was found his basic right of due process was violated. "I thing Edgar should play " Carey told anyone who would listen, including some irate WCAC coaches.

Carey also found himself mired in controversy the last two summers when it was found he was looking into job opportunities at Wyoming and Oklahoma State. Some UNR boosters felt betrayed. "I think he's open to anything that comes along," one booster said. "He just seems to be looking everywhere. Consequently many people don't feel he is one of us."

Carey was hurt. "I'm just looking

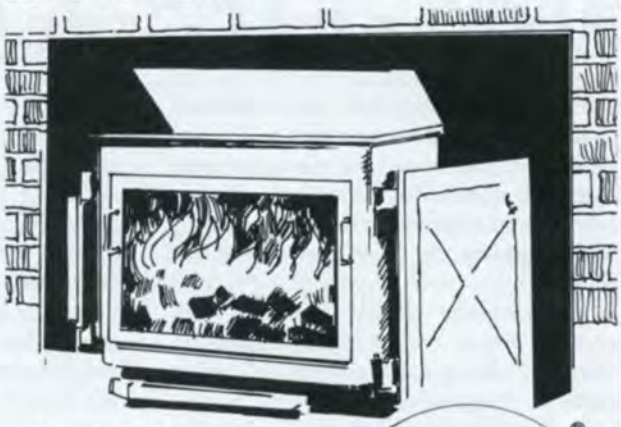


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out for my family " he said. "I've never looked for a job. I've always been contacted first. I've coached in only four places in my 23 years of coaching." He later found time to laugh. "I'm just old J.C., controversy is my middle name," he said.

Both Carey and Tarkanian have a unique rapport with blacks. Tony Lopez, who played for Carey at Ellsworth, sent the UNR coach a diamond ring. "He was like one of the family " Carey says.

"I don't look at color It's not a race thing in basketball. But let's face it. Of the top 100 players in the U.S., 90 are black."

This season, Carey has 12 blacks and one white, his son Tim "Dutch," 5-8 point guard. "We're the 12 brothers and a son," says forward Aaron Cusic.

Tarkanian, one coach says, "is like a hoodlum priest. Some of his players have great ability but little discipline, and he tries to build them into better people." Tarkanian is known for his sharp street sense and his success in recruiting inner-city players.

It's been said that the team with the fattest checkbook wins in college basketball. But Tarkanian and Carey say it's a mistake to pay players.

"You can't coach bought players," Tarkanian says. "They don't have respect for you or themselves. We've been in the running with kids being offered $50,000 by another school by selling them on having pride and dignity But we don't usually get those kids. We have never gotten any of the superstar players to come here. Not one."

Carey has also heard of $40,000 offers to players. But he says, "I don't think you have to cheat to win. Some players ask, 'What are you gonna give me?' I tell them what they're going to get—a chance to go to UNR on an NCAA scholarship and to get good coaching, lots of loving and home cooking."

While Tarkanian and Carey are on the same side of the court in this issue, they'll be on opposite sides this winter when the two play their home-and-home series.

They can't wait. It'll be a time when all they have to worry about is the 10 men with the ball and the two men in striped shirts with the whistles. Controversy can wait. □

Mike Blackwell is assistant sports editor of the Nevada State Journal and Reno Evening Gazette.

ASK NEVADA

Readers present their questions on any Nevada subject and get the answers from David W. Toll, with a little help from his friends.

The true story of why Mark Twain left Nevada.

An English reader writes from the Midlands, "In your story 'Mark Twain Couldn't Take a Joke' you mentioned that Mark Twain left Virginia City abruptly because of a duel. What duel? Please enlighten me."

Few people are aware that this most distinguished figure in American literature was, well, asked to leave Nevada. It happened in the spring of 1864 when brash young Sam Clemens was still a local reporter on the *Territorial Enterprise.*

"I began to get tired of staying in one place so long," Twain wrote in *Roughing It.* "I wanted a change. I wanted variety of some kind. It came. Mr Goodman went away for a week and left me in the post of chief editor It destroyed me."

In *Roughing It* Twain goes on to gloss over the story without really telling it. He was writing only eight years later; it probably still bothered him.

During Joe Goodman's absence Twain was called on to write a column of editorial comment. It was at the time of Reuel Gridley's famous travels with the Sanitary Flour Sack which had been auctioned over and over again to raise money for the Sanitary Fund, a forerunner of the Red Cross that operated hospitals for wounded Union soldiers. The employees of the rival Virginia City *Union* had bought the sack with a pledge higher than the *Enterprise* bid, but then they failed to come up with the money

Twain twitted them with that. Then, still in a twitting mood, he thought of the masquerade ball with which a group of prominent Carson City women had raised $3,000. In a fit of idiocy he wrote that the women's money would be sent instead "to aid a miscegenation society somewhere in the east."

The women flipped out. They were sore. And as they were all heavyweights they raised hell. They wrote to the *Enterprise* for an apology didn't get it, and then wrote a public letter of outrage to the *Union.*

James Laird, editor of the *Union,* gave the letter great prominence in his edition of May 26, in which an editorial appeared branding the author of the *Enterprise* items "a liar a poltroon and a puppy "

I'd like to have been in the *Enterprise* office when Sam Clemens' red-rimmed eyes lighted on that. The words must have leapt straight into his hangover: " unprincipled groveling disregard for truth, decency and courtesy vulgar liar prefers falsehood falsehood falsification vilification insincere professions abominably defiled. "

The sweat must have seeped out of his pale brow as he read it, for his peckish mood and a streak of copperheadedness left over from Missouri had brought him face to face with the Code of the West. He had been called out.

Now he could either challenge Laird to a duel with revolvers, or he could get on the stage and leave. Steve Gillis, a scrappy little printer who had survived three duels of his own, eagerly offered himself as Mark's second, and even helped write the belligerent response, which he then personally delivered to Laird with a sneer

After several hours of nervous waiting a response was delivered from J.W Wilmington, a *Union* reporter who claimed authorship of the insult to Twain. Wilmington retracted nothing.

Gillis and Twain wrote another sharper demand for satisfaction. Laird answered in a long letter Twain replied again, calling Laird a coward. Laird answered that he could not care less, and in Tuesday morning's *Enterprise* Twain wrote that Laird was "an unmitigated liar" and "an abject coward."

Laird called for his gun.

An hour before dawn, with the ecstatic Gillis as his chief instructor Twain set about learning one end of a pistol from the other He couldn't hit

(Continued on page 62)

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Bert and Roger Bruffy's secluded paradise was a museum of the past until modern times caught up with them. By Bud Hage

Bruffy's Paradise Lost

A hot, mid-afternoon sun was beating down that September afternoon as I turned off Highway 51 onto the old dirt road leading south to Bruffy's Station. It had been 27 years since I had last visited that little ranch, nestled in the mouth of the canyon leading down from Union Summit midway between Carlin and Eureka.

The hills were dry as usual, for this time of year Rye grass and cheat grass along the road had long since turned yellow waiting the day when the season's first snow would bend them back to the ground.

I could remember many days like this when I was a boy and lived on a ranch at nearby Pony Creek. Water was scarce in the area. Most of the ranches reflected that, but at Bruffy's Station every available drop of water from both warm springs and cold had been used to create a cool, shaded garden spot that was unmatched in the region.

Theodore Bruffy after an earlier career guiding immigrant trains across the plains to the California gold fields, migrated to Nevada in the late 1860s. In 1872 he came into possession of the little piece of land at the junction of the roads from the new boom towns of Union and Mineral Hill. His wife, Sara Jane, set out to alter the harsh desert landscape by planting a wide variety of flowers, shrubs, berry bushes, trees and grasses. Where once had been only sagebrush and rock, a beautiful garden emerged.

All the while Theodore was building facilities to take advantage of the growing trade from Union and Mineral Hill. An adobe house was built with a large kitchen and dining room on one end, big enough to serve the hungry travelers that streamed through the canyon. There were sleeping rooms for overnighters. A bath house was built, as were a blacksmith shop and corrals to care for the livestock.

A wide strip below the house was cleared and seeded to grass. With careful use of the limited supply of water a meadow was developed and hay for the winter months was assured. Bruffy bought some beef cattle, which he grazed in the surrounding range in the summer and fall and then gathered to the meadows and haystacks in the winter

The little station thrived while the nearby mining towns were producing ore. Freight outfits, stages and individual travelers all found the meals, baths, sleeping quarters and cool shade of the big yard a welcome change after traveling many dreary miles over alkali flats and sagebrush-covered hills.



IDA LeNORD

Freight outfits, stages and individual travelers all found the cool shade of Bruffy's Station a welcome change after many miles of alkali flats and sagebrush-covered hills.

When the mines closed, however the canyon travel stopped. Sara Jane died in 1908. Theodore died in 1916. Bell, the oldest daughter married and moved to Iowa. Allen, the oldest son, died. George, the second oldest son, was drowned at Golconda. Ida, the youngest, married and moved away Finally it was only Bert and Roger the fourth and fifth children in this large family who remained on the ranch.

Bert and Roger adapted well to the changing times. With no more income from travelers, they expanded their small cow herd until a comfortable living was possible. They added to the wide variety of vegetation that enveloped the house and some of the outbuildings in a shroud of green. Even a tall, straight Russian Spruce grew in front of the house. The tree was an oddity in the area, where people had always believed tall evergreens wouldn't grow

Deer moved in and, with the double benefit of abundant food and protection from predators, began to multiply Flocks of sage hen used the ranch for nesting and raising their young. Cottontails, quail, dove and squirrels all found a home there.

Not only did the brothers preserve the yard and vegetation, they maintained the old buildings and facilities that their father had built. They kept their father's guns which he had carried on his many trips across the plains; they kept his carpenter and wheelwright tools. They kept their mother's Howe sewing machine, made in 1842, among other household goods.

Collecting old artifacts soon became a full time passion. Whenever something of historic value could be salvaged, the Bruffys brought it home. Soon the little ranch had a collection of 85 antique guns and five ancient automobiles. There was a billiard table, which had been shipped around the horn to California on a clipper ship during the gold rush days. Pieces of old furniture were everywhere. Old wagons and other horse drawn vehicles cluttered the yard, but all had some historical significance. There were buildings full of ancient household fixtures, blacksmith supplies, antique auto parts, old saddles and horse equipment. The variety of relics seemed endless.

As a boy I recalled sitting inside the two-foot thick adobe walls of the old house on warm summer evenings, hearing crickets chirping and an owl hooting in the distance, watching the moonlight filter down through the trees to sparkle on the little rivulets of water that the Bruffy brothers used to irrigate their yard and garden, and listening to the many stories of the past that Roger and Bert would tell.

In the wintertime when all was covered with the quiet whiteness of fresh fallen snow no Christmas card scene ever looked more peaceful or inviting.

One summer evening my family was visiting with the Bruffys. Like most teenage boys, I was fascinated with guns, and Roger noticed my interest in one huge old rifle revealed in its corner by the soft light of the kerosene lamp.

"Bring that rifle over here in the light, Bud," Roger said. I carefully picked up the massive old weapon and edged over to the table. "That's a 50-70 Sharps Buffalo rifle," he went on. "It's in mint condition, never been fired. Take it out there on the porch and sight down the barrel," he said, pointing to the moon, just now edging up over the canyon wall. I noticed his slight smile and the knowing smirks of the others as I stepped toward the door On the third try I finally held the rifle up long enough to see my sights, but the weight of that heavy old barrel brought the muzzle immediately to the porch floor "They used a tripod when they fired them," Roger said while they all shared a laugh at my expense. "There weren't many fellows man enough to hold and fire one of those off-hand.

"Would you like to see the cartridge it fired?" Roger asked. "I sure would," I said and followed him as he picked up a lantern and headed out the door We wound down a path to the canyon wall and entered a darkened tunnel. A few feet inside the tunnel was a huge wooden door

When the door had been unlocked we stepped inside. A small cavern had been hewn out of the rock, and stacked in the secret hideaway were numerous boxes and even cases of ammunition for the guns in Roger's collection, some dating as far back as the Civil War

Roger reached into a nearby box of cartridges. "Here's a 50-70," he said, "put that in your pocket. Here's a 54 caliber Spencer " he went on, pulling one from another box. "Take that too. Here's a 50-110 Winchester " He continued until my pockets were bulging with antique cartridges. "Keep these to show the kids at school in Elko," he said. "They've probably never seen things like that before."



NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM

Roger Bruffy, with some of his treasured antique guns.

Shortly after my last visit with the Bruffys in 1952, word came that the federal government had taken grazing rights from the little ranch. The brothers explained that the cattle were their only means of support. The government men said times were changing and they would have to change too. The Bruffys explained that their cattle had been grazing this range from the time of the first settlements, and they had rights. The government men laughed about the rights and said if the brothers had enough money to sue the federal government they could take it to court. If not, they should get their cattle off the range or be fined for trespassing.

Roger and Bert were old men by that time and had no money to fight. They decided to do the best they could to live out their final days on the little oasis their parents had wrested from this harsh, arid land. At least they could raise a garden.

But debts piled up, and Bert died. Roger sold some of his treasured antiques to pay taxes and hold on. The inevitable finally happened. Taxes were overdue and he was notified his ranch would be sold to satisfy the demand. Unwilling to sell any more of his collection, in poor health, and tired of fighting, Roger moved to Elko and made arrangements for many of his most valuable artifacts to go into the new Northeastern Nevada Museum.

Late one afternoon in 1954 while crossing the street in Elko, Roger was struck by an auto and killed.

As I approached the old ranch I could see great changes had occurred in the intervening years. Most of the grass was replaced by sagebrush. The willows were mostly dead and lying dry in the scorching sun. There were no deer no sage hen, no quail—only dryness and heat and a deathly stillness.

All that was left of the house were the adobe walls. Doors were gone, windows were gone, the roof was gone. The only reminder of the once beautiful yard were the dead remains of Roger's giant spruce tree towering above the abandoned house like a ghost standing watch over the lifeless scene.

The barns and the corrals where Will Clayton had made some of his legendary bronc rides on some of the area's toughest horses were nearly gone. The blacksmith shop was in complete ruin. Nothing remained as I remembered it.

The sun was edging down toward the horizon casting long dark shadows as it signaled the end of another day A breeze whispered through the ruins, causing a door to creak somewhere, as if protesting my intrusion upon this scene of final slumber

I walked slowly to my car and then looked back again, searching in vain for something that would be the same as I remembered it. A feeling of deep sadness settled over me and I suddenly felt much older but not without a sense of privilege to have been one who knew the beauty that once had been Bruffy's Station. □

HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

The Crash of '29 left Nevada's ranchers mired in debt and at the mercy of tight-fisted beef buyers. By Harry Webb

Only those old enough to remember 1929 and its aftermath can appreciate what we ranchers were up against. Just as most people are today we were riding the crest of inflation, buying everything and anything. With each leap prices took the more and faster we bought before the next hike hit us.

Cattle buyers were falling over each other to out do competitors. Up, up went cattle prices from seven cents on the hoof for beef until buyers were hounding us with offers of sixteen cents and weren't choosy as to color or culls. Chris Duborg mortgaged his ranch, cattle and home (just as many did) and backed by a hundred thousand dollars was outdoing other buyers by grabbing every steer he could wangle from a cow-man at *seventeen cents*.

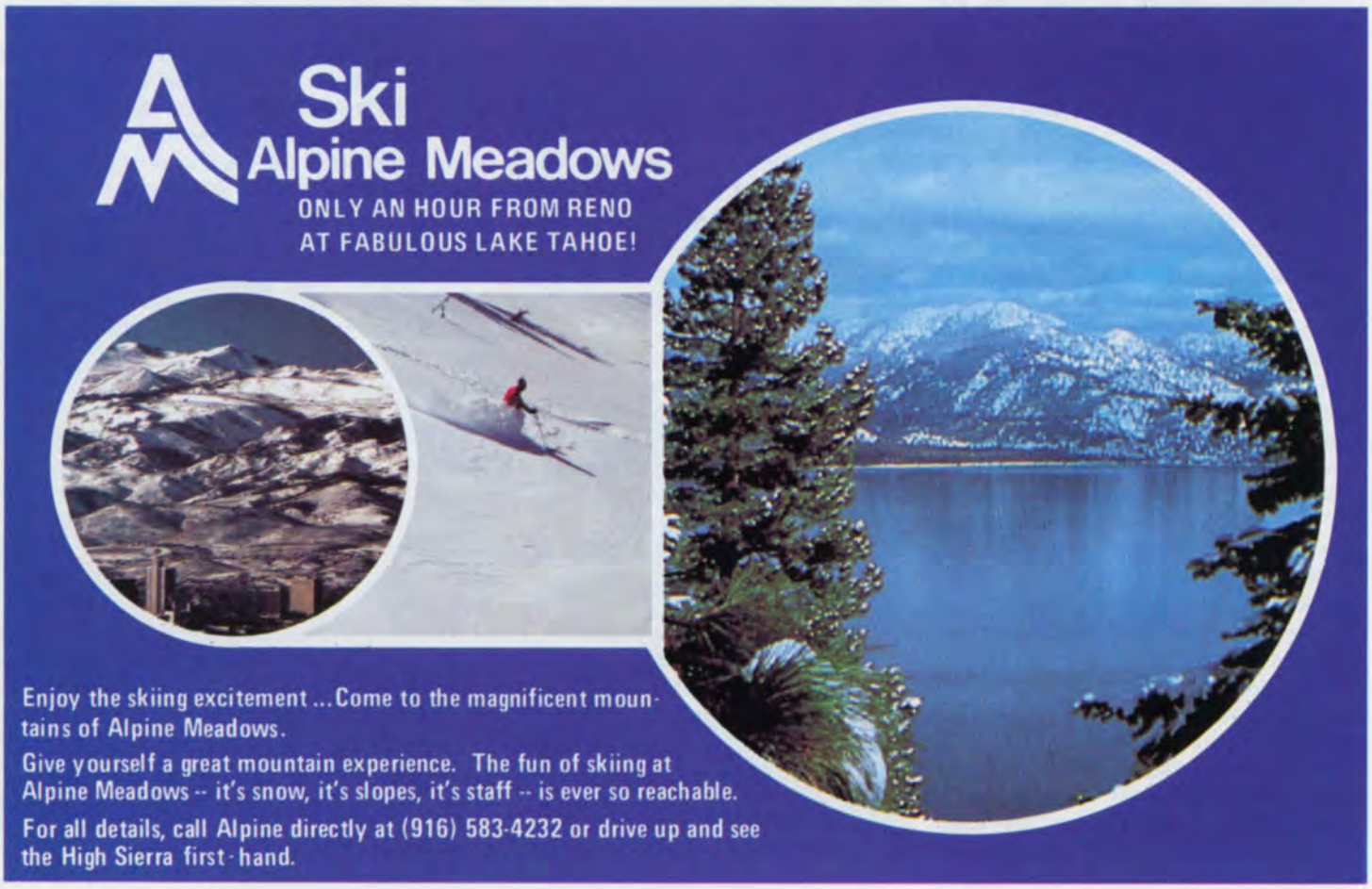
In September 1929, manufacturers of every commodity from baby carriages to autos were having a Roman Holiday Land prices were zooming, so big ranchers wanted to be bigger ranchers. Sheepmen, not to let future fortunes slip through their fingers, vied with cattlemen to buy more land, each resorting to skulduggery to hogtie every available foot of rangeland, with yours truly no exception.

What the hell? Beef showed sign of going to twenty-five cents by shipping time. A man didn't get rich by being afraid to gamble, so let's buy! H. E. Webb was only a tadpole in a bullfrog pond but he had plunked down his last, and only six thousand dollars on twelve thousand dollars of Southern Pacific Railroad Sections. "What the hell? The steers would pay it off next month!"

Then the bubble burst! Steers went begging at three cents a pound, cows at one cent. Wool from seventy-five to five cents a pound. The Moffat Co. lost four million dollars overnight on wool. J. J. Hilton was reduced from a three million dollar cowman to a modest Elko, Nevada, home—the only item not mortgaged. Chris Duborg, with a couple others, blew their brains out.

As for Tadpole Webb, he had a whopper of a land payment to make and anyone who ever dealt with Southern Pacific Land Co. knew they held to the letter on their contracts. Pay up or go on relief! Elko was bulging at the seams with cattle buyers for their respective companies but would they come out of a hotel to look at our beef? No! They lounged in overstuffed chairs sending themselves telegrams to read to us: "Buy very careful. Slaughter-pens full. No sales."

With a payment deadline fast approaching, Tadpole Webb had to sell regardless of price and Gus Holcher, a buyer for the Grayson-Owens



Co. had said he *might* take a look at my steers. I had to be away part of each day so instructed my wife if Holcher came out to try and get six for our steers. At six cents we could just meet the S. P payment. If he wouldn't pay that, I gave her explicit instructions: "We've got to sell and there's no ifs, ands or buts about it! I'm on the point of going nuts so try to get anything you can! Even three cents!"

On coming home I saw Holcher standing up in his Buick looking over the pasture fence at our steers. Well, I thought, at least he's looking at 'em! "Nice bunch, aren't they!" I said by way of greeting.

"Not bad," came the grunted reply. "What you asking for them?"

"Well," I hedged, "I know things are shot to hell, but I'd hate to take less than seven and a quarter cents for 'em."

"Wow!" Gus said. "I saw fifty Silver Fox sold yesterday for twenty dollars a pair!" That plunged my hopes lower than a snake's belly in a forty foot shaft but I mustn't let him know the fix I was in. I started to tell him I *might* consider six and a half cents when he started laughing.

"That's quite a bit different," he said, "than what your little boy told me a while ago. When I asked what you were holding them at he said he heard you say you would try for six cents and if you couldn't get six you'd take five or even three cents because you had to sell them. So—"

"Why that little bastard!" I exploded, so mad I couldn't grasp the proper words, "I'll—I'll—"

"Listen," Gus broke in. "Tell you what I'm going to do even if old Grayson bats my ears down and fires me. These steers are beauties. See one and you've seen 'em all. So I'm going to give you six-and-a-quarter That kid's speech tickled me until I had already decided to stick my neck out. Is it a sale?"

When we signed the agreement and settled on a weighing date and were shaking hands I discovered my palms were oozing suds—whether from fear of no sale or from relief—but it cemented a deal whereby Gus bought my steers (without seeing them) for the next twelve years. Today we are approaching that same brink we went over in '29. So, as a moral, don't get riding too high. You might be riding for a fall, and the ground is powerful hard when you land. □



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Beloved and bedecked with honors now, Sister Seraphine was a different woman when she arrived in Reno nearly 50 years ago, and Reno was a different city. By David W. Toll

Sister Seraphine

A little over a hundred years ago the maverick nun Mother Dolores stepped down off the eastbound rattler at the old wooden depot in Reno. She established the Dominican Sisters in the scruffy little burg—Reno wasn't 10 years old when she came—and her pioneer efforts led eventually to the establishment of today's Saint Mary's Hospital.

And for almost 50 years now the leading figure at the hospital has been a tiny nun.

Sister Seraphine has been a friend to five generations of Reno people. She has been honored by the university as a "Distinguished Nevadan" and by her profession for her work as a hospital administrator. Her great achievement is the modern hospital, where she still glides energetically through the halls, her habit swirling behind her as she makes her rounds to visit patients and still manages a few hospital projects at age 88.

She is full of years, beloved and bedecked with honors now but it was a different Sister Seraphine who came here nearly 50 years ago, and in that time Reno was a different city

* * *

In 1931 Reno was still a green and graceful country town where the wind stirred the trees to symphonies and the Truckee River slid easily beneath the Virginia Street bridge in the shadow of the turreted Riverside Hotel. Tiny patches of snow persisted in the Sierra summits on the western horizon, and the starved and barren brown mountains to the east marked the edge of Nevada's vast desert interior

The City of Trembling Leaves was at the same time striving mightily to live up to its brag as the Biggest Little City in the World.

Downtown the bankers and businessmen had walled Virginia Street with solemn stone temples of pillars and steps, and here and there an Auburn or a Packard was nosed into the curb among the flivvers and battered ranch trucks. And in the alleys behind this heavy splendor was a second city as Walter Clark wrote, where "human animals uneasy in the light dart from cave to cave": the Reno of bootleggers and basement gamblers.



KAMINSKI PHOTO

Sister Seraphine, a friend to five generations of Reno people and an architect of the modern St. Mary's.

The national depression and three consecutive years of drought accounted for the long faces on the cattlemen gathered at the Golden Hotel to shake their heads over the price of beef and grumble about the lack of forage and the price of feed. A few of the smaller spreads near town had been able to sell off their animals and begin wrangling dudes instead, but for most ranchers there was no recourse. Ever more heavily mortgaged, and with no turn in the weather Nevada stockmen faced disaster

The going business was divorce. It had begun with the sensational Corey trial in 1906 and had been growing steadily ever since. In 1930, 3,000 divorces had been granted to citizens who could prove they had resided in the state for the 90 days previous, and in hopes of cutting themselves in on the bonanza, both Idaho and Arkansas had passed 90-day divorce laws in that year A similar move was being debated in Arizona when the 1931 Nevada legislature cut the residence requirement for divorce in half, lowering it from 90 days to six weeks. Divorces increased dramatically to nearly 5,000 by the end of the year and the process became so streamlined that an uncontested action required barely five minutes of precious court time.

The legislature also legalized gambling. This was a revenue measure, intended to divert payoff money from the pockets of local politicians and police and put it into the public treasury in the form of license fees and taxes.

But the back room gambling dens in the speakeasies on Douglas Alley had operated more or less openly for so long that legalization brought few changes. Some signs went up, some curtains came down, but Reno gambling remained essentially what it had always been: a small time unglamorous enterprise catering largely to low-rolling payday plungers. The proprietors of the famous Bank Club did buy some new slot machines a little later on, and they footnoted their newspaper ads with the fact that their joint was the biggest gambling casino in the world.

Reno Mayor E. E. Roberts, meanwhile, wasn't content to call merely for an end to the abomination of Prohibition. He wanted barrels of free whiskey put on every downtown street corner And there should be dippers provided, he said, so that any passerby who wanted a drink could have one, any time. The only condition was that the whiskey had to be drunk on the spot and none carried away

It was to this Reno that Sister Seraphine, the great architect of the modern Saint Mary's, came late in July 1931.

A few days later she wrote to her Superior at the Dominican convent in San Rafael: "It seems like a month since I watched the Buick roll off with you and the Sisters. "

Now Sister Seraphine recalls those early days. "It kind of frightened me," she admits. "But Sister Gerard came up and put her arm around me. And she said, 'Don't worry Sister Seraphine; when you are six months in Nevada



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Reno was a different city when Sister Seraphine came to town in 1931, as shown in this view looking north on Virginia Street. The old Reno arch is in the background.

you will wonder how you ever lived in California. And here I am 48 years later and I have loved it."

Sister Seraphine was born Kathleen Murray December 13 1891, in Oakland, California, the third child and eldest daughter of Rhody and Delia Murray Her father was chief engineer for the Southern Pacific ferry boats on San Francisco Bay and when Kathleen was eight, the family moved to some acreage in the Fruitvale section of Oakland.

On the morning of the San Francisco earthquake 14-year-old Kathleen awoke to her mother's screams and the crush of the chimney bricks spilling down onto the roof. The family rushed outside and everyone climbed the little rise behind the house. They looked out across the bay to San Francisco where clouds of smoke were already glaring red in the reflected light of the fires spreading through the city For several weeks afterward the Murray family doubled up with relatives from San Francisco who had lost their homes and their livelihoods in the disaster

When she was 18, she went to Polytechnic Business College in Oakland for a year In 1911, she began a six-year stint in the business office of a California vintner and in 1917 she entered the Dominican convent as a novice.

As Sister Seraphine, she was sent on her first assignment to Saint Vincent's Academy in Vallejo, and eventually to the business office at San Rafael. Thus, she came to Reno with no experience as an administrator and in the form of a tiny and deceptively fragile-looking nun.

"When I came I had to do everything," she remembers. "I kept the books, and I relieved the switchboard operator for lunch. If she didn't come to work for any reason I would fill in there and do my work between telephone calls. I took care of purchasing, took care of personnel, took care of practically everything—the assigning of rooms to patients, and all that business. It was terrific, keeping things covered, but we lived through it with the united efforts of our wonderful sisters.

"At night, we would all go to the convent for prayers and supper Ring a bell and we would all go to bed—into our rooms, anyway Some of the teachers might do their homework, their studies. And the others might be mending their clothes, or doing whatever they liked. It was all quiet in the convent."

Sister Seraphine would return to the hospital again at about 7:30 and stay until ten or eleven and then go home again. She was up again at five.

"But it was just life and it was interesting, every minute of it, and very hard, and I was frightened to death. I knew nothing about a hospital, and I said to Mother Raymond, 'If I only had my nursing. And she said, 'Well, you take care of that office, Sister dear and don't let the bills accumulate. She said, 'Sister Xavier will be a big sister to you. And she was. All the way through she was a staunch supporter So little by little we worked things out, but it was awfully hard, very hard."

In those early days, nurses still worked 12-hour shifts, from seven to seven. Then later on they went to eight-hour shifts. The patient would pay separately for any special nursing and also pay for the nurse's meals. The nuns provided the meal.

"Our regular staff nurses were paid a salary plus board. They had three meals, and that was quite something because it was served family-style, with big platters on the table and everyone would help themselves. It was quite a thing over in the old building.

"At first I couldn't get used to it when I came to work—no days off at all. Not Sunday or any other day But you see, nurses in those days thought they were doing charity They were helping the sick, you see, and they were paid for it, and they thought it was wonderful. It was a very dignified position.

"Those are the things that mean so much when you look back over them. I feel a sort of homesickness, almost, for the simplicity of the thing. It was beautiful. I just loved it, and I loved the nurses.

"And I remember that when I first came I was so disturbed by all the loud talking in the halls. Two or three doctors standing talking, laughing out loud and slapping each other on the back. And I would come over and say in a whisper 'Doctor you are wanted on the telephone.

"And he would say in a whisper 'Thank you, Sister

"And then I would turn away and they would all laugh. And I thought, 'Oh dear the doctors will wake all the patients up!' I was used to the tranquility of the convent in San Rafael. 'Oh dear I thought, 'I will never make it.

"A few days later I had to go downtown on business, to an office building and to a bank about two blocks apart. I walked from one to the other and on the way I was stopped by eight or ten people. They called me by name and asked, 'How do you like Reno? Have you seen Virginia City? Have you been to Pyramid Lake, Lake Tahoe? Call me up when you want to go, I'll take you. "

And after that visit downtown, Sister Seraphine says, "I said to myself 'It may be the biggest little city in the world, but it is still a wild west town with a Bohemian spirit, and I can't change that and I'm not going to try

"So, from then on I spoke softer than they did, but I didn't criticize any of them because I knew it was the spirit of the place. It was friendly It was a beautiful town." □

Sister Seraphine's story is adapted from the forthcoming history of Saint Mary's Hospital by David W Toll.



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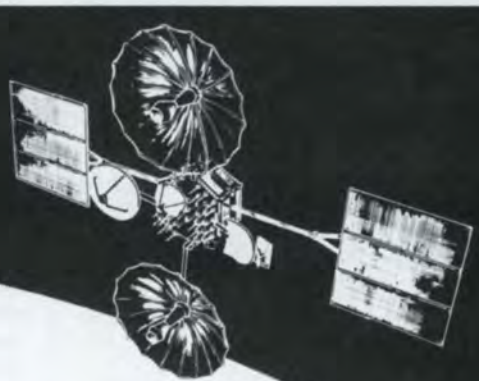


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Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN
736-0111
Lola Falana-James Darren, thru 1/2
Loretta Lynn-Skiles & Henderson, 1/3-16
Frankie Valli-David Steinberg, 1/17-30

CAESARS PALACE
731-7320
Ann-Margret, thru 1/2
Frank Sinatra, 1/3-9



Frank Sinatra, Caesars Palace, 1/3-9.

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

DESERT INN
733-4444
Shecky Greene-Anthony Newley, thru 1/7
Juliet Prowse-Foster Brooks, 1/8-2/4
Bobby Vinton-Joan Rivers, 2/5-18
Debbie Reynolds-Doc Severinsen, 2/19-3/3

DUNES
737-4110
Casino de Paris
Dinner show 7:45pm, from $15; cocktail show 11:45pm, $14 includes 3 drinks

FLAMINGO HILTON
733-3111
Razzle Dazzle

FOUR QUEENS
385-4011
Nightly entertainment

FRONTIER
734-0110
Roy Clark, 1/1-16
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme-Norm Crosby, 1/17-30
Wayne Newton, 2/7-20
Dinner show 8pm, from $23.50; cocktail show midnight, $20

HACIENDA
739-8911
Ice Fantasy

HOLIDAY CASINO
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque
10pm and 12:30am, Mon.-Fri.; also 8pm Sat.; dark Sun.; $6.95 includes 2 drinks

LANDMARK
733-1110
Continuous entertainment

LAS VEGAS HILTON
732-5111
Paul Anka, thru 1/7
Liberace-The Rockettes-Andrea McArdle, 1/8-28
John Davidson, 1/29-2/18
Dinner show 8pm, from $22.50; cocktail show midnight, Sun.-Thurs. $12.50, weekends from $19.50

MARINA
731-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

MAXIM
731-4300
Olde Tyme Burlesque
8pm, 10pm, 12:30am, $9.50 includes 2 drinks

MGM GRAND HOTEL, LAS VEGAS
739-4567
Ziegfeld Room:
Halleluja Hollywood
Celebrity Room:
Rich Little-Sister Sledge, thru 1/2
Dean Martin, 1/3-16
Johnny Mathis-Jeannine Burnier, 1/17-23
Rich Little, 1/24-2/6
Mac Davis, 2/7-20
Captain & Tennille, 2/21-27
Engelbert, 2/28-3/5

RIVIERA
734-5110
Bobby Vinton-Milton Berle, thru 1/9
Ben Vereen-Pia Zandora, 1/10-23
Kenny Rogers-Melissa Manchester, 1/24-2/6
Anne Murray-Rodney Dangerfield, 2/7-20
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, 2/21-3/5

SAHARA
735-4242
Charo-Flip Wilson, 1/3-9
Don Rickles, 1/10-23
Jerry Lewis-George Carlin, 1/31-2/13
Johnny Carson, 2/22-23
Tennessee Ernie Ford-Buddy Hackett, 2/24-3/5

SANDS
735-2916
Wayne Newton, 1/1-29
Shecky Greene, 1/30-2/5
Tony Bennett, 2/6-19
Alan King, 2/20-3/11

SILVER BIRD
735-4111
Ipi-Tombi, indf.

SILVER SLIPPER
734-1212
Boylesque & Morris as Elvis

STARDUST
732-6325
Lido de Paris '80

TROPICANA
739-2411
Folies Bergere '80
Dinner show 8pm, from $17.50; cocktail show midnight, from $14

UNION PLAZA
386-2444
Broadway entertainment
Mickey Finn Show, indf.

LAKE TAHOE

CAESARS TAHOE PALACE
588-3515
Nightly entertainment, dark Mon.
1 or 2 drink minimum

CAL-NEVA LODGE
831-1511
Nightly entertainment

CRYSTAL BAY CLUB
831-0512
Nightly entertainment

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE
329-4422
South Shore Room: musical review, 1/4-3/20
Two shows nightly

HARVEY'S
588-2411
Two of Clubs, 1/11-2/11

HYATT LAKE TAHOE
831-1111
Judy Crawford Affair, 1/1-15
Garfin Gathering, 1/2-21

Dane & Darius, 1/22-2/10
Morning, 1/22-2/3
Steel Wheels, 2/4-25
Tony Castro, 2/13-24
Judy Street & Touvelle, 2/27-3/17
Young Country, 2/26-3/16
Lounge shows, no minimum



Cher, Sahara Tahoe, 1/25-27.

SAHARA TAHOE
588-6211
(800-648-4322 toll free CA., AZ., OR., ID., UT.)
Vic Damone-Abbie Laine-Johnny Dark thru 1/13
Cher, 1/25-27

TAHOE MARINER
831-3100
Nightly entertainment Dancing, dark Sun.

RENO, SPARKS, CARSON CITY

CARSON CITY NUGGET
882-1626
Jaguars, 1/3-2/3
Four Tunes Plus One, 2/5-3/2

CIRCUS CIRCUS
329-0711
Round the World Circus Acts 11am-midnight

ELDORADO
786-5700
Nightly entertainment

FITZGERALD'S
786-3663
Ink Spots, thru 1/20
Carmen D'orro, 1/22-2/10
Esquires, 2/12-3/2

HAROLDS CLUB
329-0881
Bordello Revue, indf.

HARRAH'S RENO
329-4422
Bill Cosby, 1/3-16
Neil Sedaka, 1/17-30
Debbie Reynolds, 1/31-2/13
Sammy Davis Jr., 2/14-27
Tony Orlando, 2/28-3/12



Neil Sedaka, Harrah's Reno, 1/17-30.

MAPES
323-1611
Easy listening music

MAPES MONEY TREE
323-2023
Variety entertainment

MGM GRAND HOTEL, RENO
789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
Hello Hollywood Hello
Dinner show 8pm, from $20.50; cocktail show midnight, $17.50 includes 4 drinks
Lion's Den:
Four Coins-The Muglestons, 1/16-2/12

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET, SPARKS
358-2233
Celebrity Room: dark
Casino Cabaret:
Lelands-Mickey Finn Show, thru 1/8
Jana Jae, 1/9-22
JoAnn Castle, 1/23-2/5
Hank Thompson, 2/6-19
Mission Mountain Wood Band, 2/20-3/4

ONSLOW
786-7310
Country Cross Roads, 1/1-2/2
Two of Clubs, 2/4-3/1

ORMSBY HOUSE, CARSON CITY
882-1890
Clyde Amsler, 1/1-6
Perfect Circle, 1/7-27
Garfin Gathering, 1/28-2/24

RIVERSIDE
786-4400
Dancing to the Fabulous 40's, indf.
Toni Ingraham Show, thru 1/6

SAHARA RENO
322-1111
Nightly entertainment

SHY CLOWN
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Dates and performers subject to change.

Silver Threads, Golden Needles

Silversmith JoAnne Cooper of Las Vegas weaves metal into graceful tapestries, creating art for rewards other than money By Judee K. Quillin



JoAnne Cooper's "Chicken Little" is a sterling silver piece of pure whimsy—a 10"x6" spherical music box that plays "Raindrops are falling on my head."

JoAnne Vuillemot Cooper makes silver and gold into static drapery She rates among the Silver State's finest silversmiths, and her work can be worn, carried or set upon an etagere.

Sculpting and casting metals to create fluid and romantic shapes, Cooper very slowly turns out jewelry table chests, and intricate pieces of pure whimsy

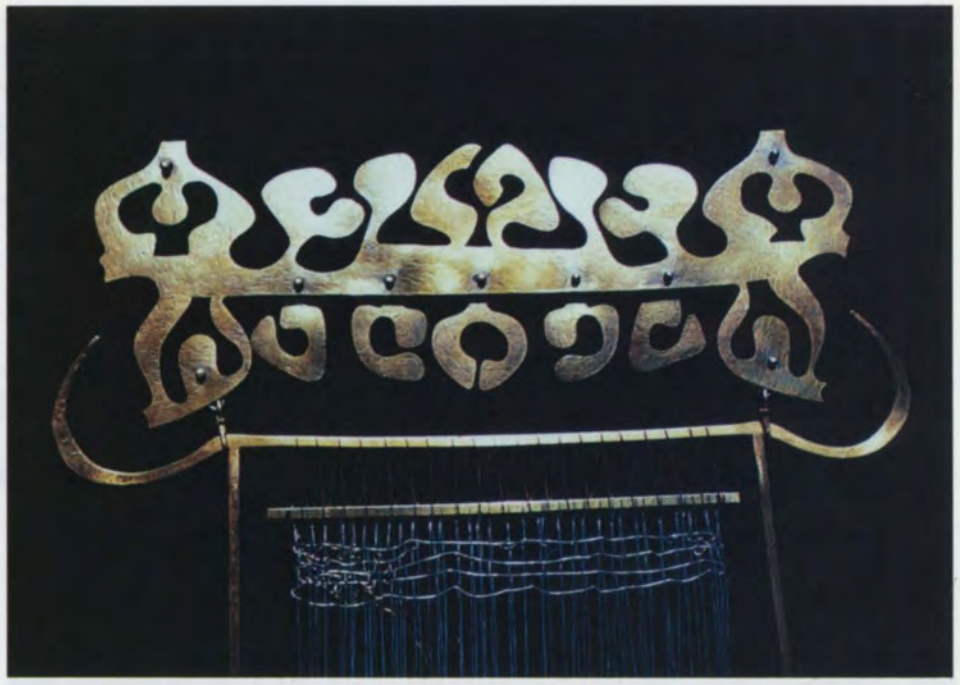
Whimsical is her spherical music box that shows the story of Chicken Little. All the characters are there, each a scant inch high: Henny Penny Ducky Lucky and the rest of them. A central spire supports a silver cloud captured in the act of releasing a burst of rain. The cloud moves as "Raindrops are falling on my head" tinkles from the exquisite piece.

Silversmithing is an Old World craft surviving through love, for hourly compensation is often irrelative in the field. One of Cooper's highly imaginative works, a tiny drawered urn, resembles a miniature and fantastic Aladdin's lamp. It represents six months' work for Cooper and is priced under five hundred dollars. If the artist were earning by the hour her wage would be less than a penny per

"Every artist finds growth by trusting his or her feelings," she says, explaining away the rate of compensation. "I discovered something six years ago in a print workshop at the University of Arizona at Tucson. I didn't care a hoot for what the prints looked like, but I found I just loved working in the metal to form the plates."

Cooper moved to Nevada to pursue her work. She presently teaches metal sculpture at Clark County Community College in Las Vegas, but most of her time is spent at her workshop at home.







The artist at work (above). Woven wall hanging, using silver and gold (top right). "Cinderella" is a 6"x3" miniature container with drawer at bottom and a tiny cupboard at the top (lower right).

JOHN SLAGLE PHOTOS

A pink silk purse shows Cooper's facility with fabric. The cloth is spun of bright fuschia and trapunto, stitched in an abstract floral shape. The findings are gracefully shaped in repousse, which is the technique she uses most.

"Repousse involves a stretching and pushing out of the warmed metal with steel tools," she explains. "You work from the inner surface, pulling and shaping the silver into cloth-like folds with your bare hands. When you've achieved your desired shape, the chasing can begin."

Chasing is a method of modeling the silver for surface interest. Unlike carving and engraving, which cut away the metal in lines, chasing simply "models in" relief and detail. Chasing punches of high grade steel are used to impress the surface design. The work is slow and chasing provides diversion in the process.

"The figures in the Chicken Little piece are cast in the lost wax method," JoAnne says, her slender hands clasped gently about a tiny sample of her work.

"Lost wax casting is ancient. A mold



Pink silk purse shows Cooper's facility with fabric.

is sculpted from beeswax or paraffin using dental probes and other small wood tools. When the wax model is ready you make a rubber mold or coat it with 'investment, a silica flour paste with gypsum, to set the wax. When the silver is poured into the mold, the wax is burned away "

Cooper's voice is low and her fingers move, shaping air to illustrate her lesson. A gentle woman quite at ease in her country togs, her soft brown hair cradles the nape of her neck and her eyes dance when she talks about art.

The artist keeps a meticulous photographic record of her work. She points out a roundish silver and copper knife shape titled "Rosy Is Fat This Year "

"A man bought that piece six months after he saw it. He phoned the gallery late one night and said it was still in his mind after six months. He knew he had to own it."

Cooper smiles broadly "Those are the rewards those moments of overwhelming acceptance." □

JoAnne Cooper's work is featured at Lillian Nall's gallery Nevada Arts, Inc. at McCarran Airport, Las Vegas. Nall is proud to handle Cooper's work and calls her sculpture "anthroposophical." Loosely translated, that means the work of a very learned person.

CROSS COUNTY SKIING

(Continued from page 23)

saddle overlooking the frozen meadow that was Marlette Lake. It was obviously time for lunch.

Most of the way into the first bottle of wine we noticed the breeze was picking up. At first it was like a cloud had moved momentarily over the sun, but the warmth didn't return, and from the extent of the cloud cover it grew evident that there was a change on the way. Luckily we were fueled up and ready to burn some calories.

Out of our packs sprang the down vests, wool hats and wool shirts. Fingers that had lately packed playful snowballs now were growing numb fumbling with snaps and straps. It got cold so fast that the sweat seemed to freeze on my face and neck. What I hadn't noticed before became hard to ignore: our springtime hijinks on the trip up had left clothes and boots more than a little damp, and the extra dry socks and shirts we hadn't brought were sorely missed. To our favor was the property of wet wool that lets it remain an insulator of body heat, unlike wet jeans or corduroy pants.

With such overall dampness, and a storm of unknown intensity sweeping thick clouds down close to the ridgetops, it took no great debate for a party of two to scuttle the snow-camping scheme and err on the side of caution and cozy living rooms.

It soon was apparent that purple wasn't running anymore that day; our skis behaved as if there were ropes knotted about them. So off with the skis and to work with the metal side of the scraper, then the wide cork to polish any remaining wax to a slick shine.

The wind stung our faces, driving big soft wet snowflakes into our eyes. Soon we reached the protection of the trees in the canyon and began a steady glide back down along our tracks. The endless rhythm of pole, kick and glide warmed our bones and drove the moisture out of socks and knickers. Gradually too, the snow conditions changed from dry to wet, cold to warm, and our feet began to fly

Our tracks were nearly obliterated by the time we got back to the highway and our car

Next morning it was clear and sunny with more than two feet of new snow. I snapped on an old pair of Finnish *turskis* and strode over to the post office. Purple was running well in the streets of Incline Village. □

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Featuring food and drink in the Sagebrush State.

We had heard of this new place but had not gone looking for it, having taken our kids to so many heavily advertised "family" chains with the no booster chair hassles and reconstituted, whipped, instant, deep fried imitation tasteless (could I have all dark meat?) no substitution meals that despite the difference in trademarks taste like every last franchise serves from the same army field kitchen.

Then, while shopping at Kietzke and Virginia in Reno recently we followed the aroma of chicken frying in the pan to an honest-to-goodness big yellow house. Entering, we encountered a waiting mob. The restaurant had been open for 15 minutes.

We were invited to wait in the lounge, a room tastefully filled with comfy old overstuffed chairs and loveseats, flowery wall paper and a character of a bartender Our drinks, a Grasshopper and an Irish and soda were $1.40 each and good. The kids were served their Roy Rogers (50 cents) in quart Kerr jars.

After the kids' weighing in ceremony at which they were given tags (I'm Daphne, I cost 95 cents, I'm Sean, I'm free), we sat at an oak table in a bay window facing a wall-to-wall bookshelf filled with old almanacs and other literary relics. The waitress brought out crackers and processed cheese and explained the two basic rules of the house: there is no menu and Mom and Dad dish out.

First came bowls and a pewter crock filled with a fantastic cream of tomato soup that when empty was cheerfully refilled. Seconds of everything are "on the house." Next was a tossed salad with several types of homemade dressing. Then came the main course.

A bowl of fresh cooked carrots, cooked red cabbage and real mashed potatoes smothered in butter with a bowl of country gravy Platters of fried (that's fried, not broasted) chicken (All dark? No problem, be right back) and pot roast cooked to perfection.

During the meal another girl strolls around with a basket of hot cornbread and honeybutter that, like all else, is all-you-can-eat.

The price? Adults are $4.95 and kids are charged according to weight. Beverage and dessert are extra. You don't get one little cup of coffee, you get a pot. The cheesecake is delicious.

The surroundings and staff make you feel right at home from the time you enter until long after leaving. It is one of a family founded and owned chain of five restaurants. The Big Yellow House is designed for families, something the Reno-Sparks area has needed for some time.

Dinner only is served, and reservations are a must unless you're prepared for a long wait. Easily located off South Virginia Street, it's a big, yellow house. —*Kirt & Sue Harmon*

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It's a sure cure for the weariest spirit: the altitude, atmosphere and eats at Mt. Charleston Restaurant and Lounge combine to give Southern Nevadans a mind-trip northward in an afternoon.

Toiyabe National Forest is a site for self-renewal. Woodland smells and small animals are good for the soul. "The Lodge," as insiders call it despite its lack of overnight accommodations, is smack in the middle of the Spring Mountains' 60,000 acres of high-pine woods.

The rustic atmosphere is right for the setting. Stroll or dance on yards of wood plank floors. Sink into hand hewn, pegged furniture arranged for comfortable communion with the forest outside.

On a recent Sunday the fireside conversation pit was filled with weekend mountaineers in all those great costumes designed for maximum self-expression. Herb Day's music rolled through the room. Day is a strong guitar player with sideman whose well-paced, contemporary material pulses a crowd easily

The place attracts a broad range of patrons that people watchers will enjoy Weddings can be arranged on the veranda; an arbor is in place over a white wood bench that hearkens the nostalgia buff right back to Grandma's front porch in the country The kids will find a handy roomful of pinball games and an engaging outdoor show as hummingbirds feed at the dining room's east windows. It's a congenial establishment, and it's open 24 hours every day

The menu offers plenty of alternatives: country-sized breakfasts, sandwich fare and reliable fried chicken. The steaks are excellent. Sometime bartender and co-owner Collie Orcutt mixes a generous Mt. Charleston Coffee, his specialty Collie and his wife Barbara acquired the restaurant in the mid-Seventies after successes in Florida real estate. It took only one visit for them to decide to sell their eastern firm and move to the Silver State.

Mt. Charleston Restaurant and Lounge is a place to kick back and breathe in all the marvels of Southern Nevada's prime Ponderosa forest. Take the Tonopah Highway (U.S. 95) to Kyle Canyon Road (NV 39) and then due west to the summit.

—*Judee Quillin*

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ROCKS OF ART

Nevada's priceless art treasures are found in canyons and rimrocks in every corner of the state. They may be signs of hunting magic for Nevada's ancient tribes. By Alvin McLane

Scattered in canyons and watering holes in every corner of Nevada are thousands—probably millions—of rock pictures made by prehistoric Indians. When and why was the rock art made? Anthropologists have been trying to answer this question for more than a century

Indians left several forms of art in Nevada. They left figurines of stone, such as miniature trout or a duck's head and other images representing parts of the human anatomy There have been engravings made on small, thin stone tablets, on wood and bone. And there are the art forms of petroglyphs and pictographs, called "tumpe poop" (rock writing) by the Paiutes.

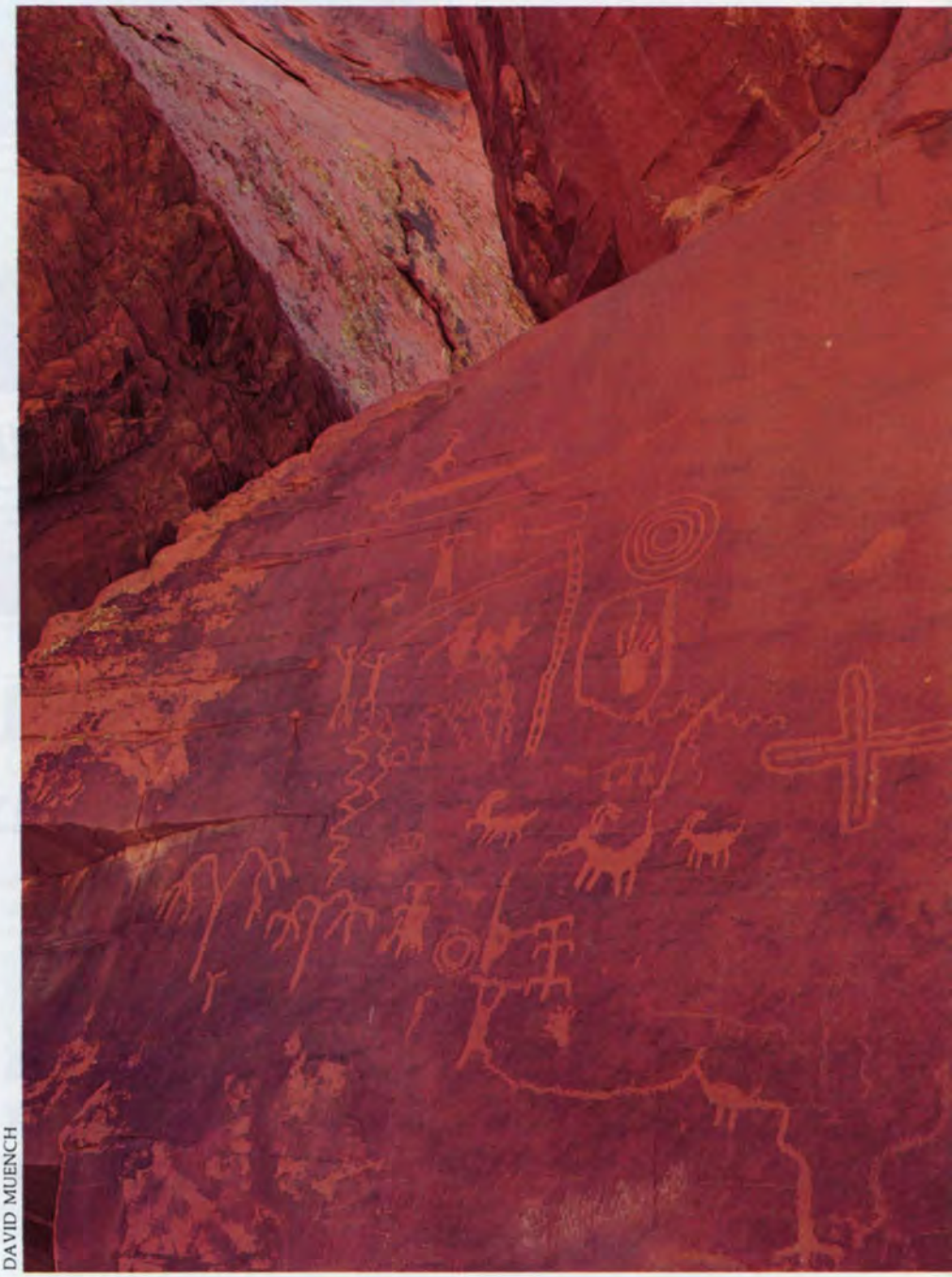
Petroglyphs are those images scratched, rubbed or pecked into rock surfaces. The Indians usually picked smooth faces for their etchings, such as on cliffs and open boulders. They favored the smooth, lustrous surfaces on rocks called desert varnish, a weathering phenomenon of brown or black surface stain of manganese or iron oxide. Once this patina was broken, the design would be clear for centuries. Petroglyphs are found all over Nevada.

Pictographs are painted on the rock with a mineral pigment, often in red, yellow white or black. Generally the murals are found in the limestone rockshelters of eastern Nevada or on the walls in sea caves formed along the shore line of Pleistocene Lake Lahontan in the Carson Desert region. Knowing that colored pigment would quickly erode if exposed to sun and moisture, Indian artists rarely painted pictographs in the open.

The people who made these rock designs were progenitors of today's Native Nevadans. Before the white man's arrival, they were wanderers, living off the land from temporary camps. They took fish and wildfowl from the receding shores of dying lakes and found shelter in dry caves. The hills provided the Indians with seeds, tubers and pinyon nuts. Along the waterways, by the springs, in the passes and along the rimrocks, they ambushed large game animals such as pronghorn antelope, deer and bighorn sheep. At these places petroglyphs are found.

What Do the Symbols Mean?

What do these ancient writings mean? Local Indians say they don't know or won't tell, but some petro-



DAVID MUENCH



ALVIN McLANE



Above is a wheel-shaped sun disc near Winnemucca Lake. At left, Valley of Fire petroglyphs and "desert varnish."

These rare pictographs were found by the author in the Antelope Range.

glyph authorities have advanced their own theories. The writings are thought by some to be simple doodlings, signatures or fetishes. Even the outlandish idea that the symbols represent a prehistoric zoo has been proposed. Mainly through the writings of Robert Heizer and Martin Baumhoff, it's assumed that most of Nevada's pecked styles indicate big game hunting magic, considering the art's symbols and locations. A newer work by LaVan Martineau presents the view—with detailed discussions—that some Indian art, especially in southern Nevada, represents actual historic happenings. For instance, one picture shows a hatted person with pack and rifle slung over shoulder apparently heading for California on the Old Spanish Trail. Another panel of a man in a boat may have recorded Major John Wesley Powell's 1869-1870 Colorado River Expedition.

Such elements indicating historic events would be younger than other styles of petroglyphs and pictographs. Heizer and Baumhoff classify Indian rock art in seven basic types:

Pit and groove is their oldest type, made 2000-4000 B.C. and consisting of rough holes and lines.

Great Basin curvilinear ranges from 1000 B.C. to 1500 A.D. indicated by star circle and snake symbols.

Puebloan painted, often brilliant Katchina figures, lasted from the time of Christ to 1000 A.D.

Great Basin representational, noted for human forms and bighorn sheep, and rectilinear abstract, characterized by dots, crosshatching and bird tracks, lasted 500 years longer

Great Basin painted, with circles and parallel lines, and the sun disk of Great Basin scratched are newcomers, having been developed in the last 1000 years.

Especially among the petroglyphs, more than one style usually is represented at a rock art site. The representational, curvilinear and rectilinear forms may all be at the same location. Experts have yet to tell us what all this means. Were some styles developed elsewhere and brought to Nevada? Did the Great Basin Indians generate their particular form which was inherited by people in other regions? Only after the pictures are thoroughly studied will anthropologists be able to give more answers to the enigma of this ancient art.

It's important to preserve the petroglyphs; every one helps tell the story of picture writing, this striking link with our ancient past. Because of the lack of appreciation of our prehistoric resources, more and more of these rock writings are being fenced off and access denied. One government organization feared that an important petroglyph location in Nevada would be hauled away by vandals. In consequence, the 81 incised stone slabs have been removed and stored in a warehouse. Many of us would think that this is not where they ought to be.

(Continued on next page)

Petroglyphs at Atlatl Rock in Valley of Fire show a hand, scorpion and other symbols. The rock was named for a hunting tool depicted there by ancient artists.



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(Continued from previous page)

WHERE TO SEE NEVADA'S INDIAN ROCK ART

Four rock art areas in Nevada are easily accessible to the public.

- Valley of Fire State Park, 55 miles northeast of Las Vegas, has several assemblages of drawings like those readily explored at Mouse's Tank and Atlatl Rock. Great Basin representational, curvilinear abstract and rectilinear abstract are represented.
- The petroglyphs at Grimes Point are probably the oldest prehistoric art in Nevada. Located 10.5 miles east of Fallon on U.S. 50, the Bureau of Land Management has developed the site as a walk-through area. Some 150 boulders have designs. The important elements here are the pits and grooves, simplest of the forms, but dating back perhaps 6,000 years.
- The Hickison Petroglyph Recreation Site is a BLM-developed area 24 miles east of Austin on U.S. 50. The development consists of 16 camp and trailer sites, sheltered tables and restrooms. There is no water at the area. Five of the seven Nevada rock art styles are found here.
- South of Las Vegas the BLM recently opened the Keyhole Canyon Archaeological Site. The petroglyphs are found in the Opal Mountains, about midway between Boulder City and Searchlight on U.S. 95. A wonderful array of designs are found at the site, such as men and sheep and other strange drawings.

READING THE ROCKS

Further descriptions and commentary on Indian rock art can be found in the following studies:

The Rocks Begin to Speak, by LaVan Martineau, 1973, KC Publications, Las Vegas, 210 pages.

Prehistoric Rock Art of Nevada and Eastern California, by Robert F. Heizer and Martin A. Baumhoff, 1962, University of California Press, Berkeley 314 pages.

Prehistoric Rock Art of California, by Robert F. Heizer and C. W Clewlow Jr 1973, Ballena Press, Ramona, Calif. 2 vol.

Picture-writing of the American Indians, by Garrick Mallery 1893 U.S. Bureau of Ethnology 10th Annual Report, 822 pages. □

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ASK NEVADA

(Continued from page 37)

anything he shot at. Gillis was exasperated, and to give Mark an idea of what was wanted, he pulled his own pistol from his coat pocket and snapped a shot at a sage hen about thirty paces from where they were standing and nipped off its head.

As James Laird's seconds came trooping up to the lip of the ravine to commence the formalities, they saw the headless sagehen flopping and fluttering in the brush, and Mark Twain standing with his six-shooter in his hand.

They turned around and took Laird home, leaving a note for Twain at the *Enterprise* in which he refused to fight, once and for all.

Twain had no opportunity to savor the note, though. Word was received that a warrant had been issued for his arrest—dueling was an offense under Territorial law—by a judge pleased at the opportunity to do the Carson ladies a favor Twain packed and left Virginia City on the night stage to San Francisco and the warrant was never served.

As for James Laird, according to George Lyman who tells the story in his *Saga of the Comstock Lode,* the *Union* editor was ruined on the Comstock for backing down to Twain. He returned to his native Illinois "where he was shot to death by an irate husband for invading his home."

A question that has occurred to most of us once or twice has been asked by Liz Chilvers of Philomath, Oregon, who wonders, "What is the correct pronunciation of Nevada?"

It's nuh-VA-duh, with the "a" flat, as in hat, not sharp as in carp.

The state was named from a distance by the Spaniards. They saw a glistening white horizon far to the east of their California settlements, and when they needed a name to put on their maps for this unknown territory they chose "Nevada," which means nothing more than "snowed upon." The Spanish origin of the name has led some poor souls to follow the Spanish pronunciation: neh-VAW-dah.

There are vague but persistent reports that early residents of the state pronounced its name nuh-VAY-duh. If so it hasn't been heard for a while. If any readers have comments or illuminations on this subject, let me hear from you. □

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