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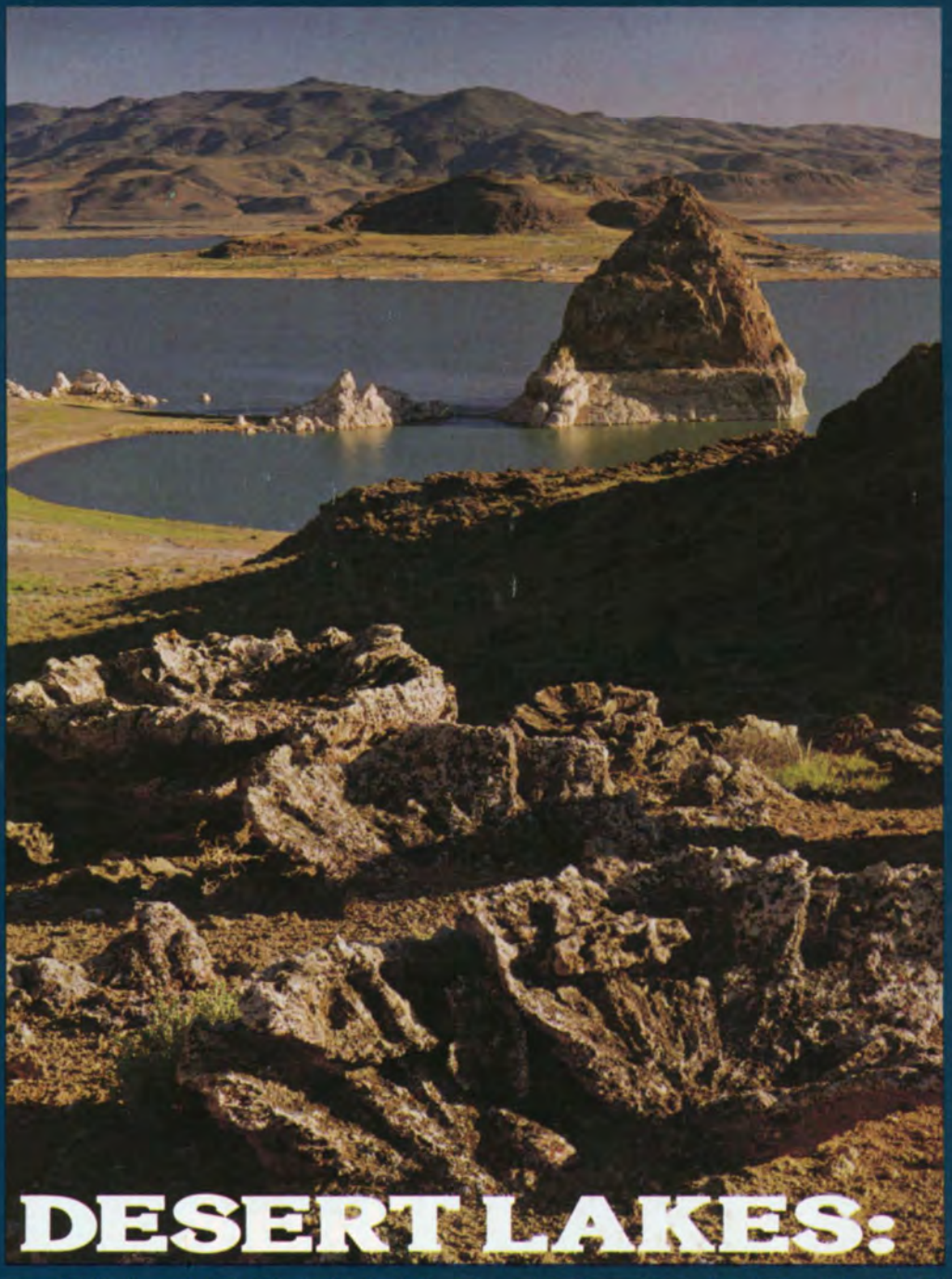
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Mining Camp Kids

By Lillian N. Ninnis

Lillian Ninnis has entertained Nevada Magazine readers in past years with her stories of Nevada mining camps. She was born on December 13, 1894, at Empire City, a milling center on the Carson River. Her middle name is Nevada, and as she says, "You can't find a person more Nevada than I am."—Ed.

We ate wild onions and water cress
Where they grew by a spring in the shade
We chased coyotes and climbed down shafts
The miners of old had made

We sat round the camp fire with the bucks and the squaws
Played a jews harp and ate nuts of the pine
And learned from the Indians how to shove the nut shells
From our lips in a continuous line

Our stockinged feet raced down the dusty street
To win a dollar on the Fourth
And our eager mouths sucked a pop bottle's top
As a ghastly concoction gushed forth

We tingled with joy when the great Christmas tree
Filled the stage in Miner's Hall
And scarce dared to breathe lest we'd fail to hear
Our name when Santa would call

When picnic time came the chugging wood train
Humped and bumped along on its tracks
Taking us to Mono Lake where the boys hurried off
To catch locusts to sneak down our backs

We played baseball on the wide green flat
In the summer when the evenings were cool
In winter we sleighed down the slippery track
Which zoomed in front of the school

We drank from a dipper in the school's water pail
What was left we blithely poured back
The germs we each had were shared by all
So, no one germ dared to attack

On wintry nights there was always a game
Of Parchesi or Lotto or Chess
Played by the light of a coal light lamp
Till the clock struck the hour to undress

Then - a prayer - a kiss - a wild jump into bed
Made warm with the kitchen stove's lids
Yes, our world was small but we cared not at all
We were happy, mining camp kids

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LETTERS

FIRST WOOD HOUSE IN GOLDFIELD

It was the 4th of July, 1907. Goldfield was brimming over with people—miners and their families who had come to dig their fortune from the ground around Columbia Mountain. The parade was over and thousands eagerly waited for the raffle to begin. The grand prize was to be a house made of wood. Up to now there had been tent homes and adobes. A hush fell over the crowd and the number was drawn. To the joy of the Fontaines, their number was called. My father had won the first all wood house in Goldfield.

D. Fontaine White
Sacramento, CA.

A FLOP & A RAG

The photo contest in Nevada Magazine is good (Jan/Feb & Mar/Apr '80), but too bad it's confined to "Nevadans only." There's lots of good scenery and unusual subjects here in the northwest, but seems all photos outside of Nevada are "Verboten." If it weren't for Harry Webb's stories, your magazine would be a flop.

Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, WA.

Consider the magazine title, Thayer.—Ed.

If it wasn't for Harry Webb's stories I wouldn't take your terrible rag. I used to be a rodeo photographer and "Reluctant Bull Rider" (May/June '80) better learn something about bulls and hosses before she gets in the arena. Then she wouldn't get her shirt tail caught on a horn or get "nicked in the caboose."

Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, WA.

SINCERELY IN LOVE

I am thrilled with the Mar/Apr '80 issue of Nevada because Elko is featured and has been getting much coverage lately. I go to Elko to enjoy the weather, the Basque food and the real pioneer appearance it still has. I usually go there from Vegas, then on to Reno and Tahoe. I show my family the places I have dined and had fun like Elko's Star Hotel where a Basque meal is so warm and friendly, the Commercial, the oldest landmark, and the Stockman's Hotel. I adopted Nevada in 1967 and visit several times a year.

Willa Mitchell
"Sincerely in love with Nevada"
Chicago, IL.

SAY IT RIGHT

In David Toll's "Ask Nevada," Jan/Feb '80, there was a discussion of "Nevahda," "Nevaada," and "Neveyda."

In talking to a number of people who live in my town and were pioneers of Nevada and have lived here all their lives, they say the state's name was always pronounced, "Neveyda" or "Ne-Vay-da" in the early days. This was not only by the people in my area but also north of us in Panaca and Pioche.

Thank you for your interesting article. Don't be afraid to come to some out of the way towns of Nevada for future articles. We read you too. It may interest you to know that Bunkerville is the oldest continually lived in town in Southern Nevada.

Vince Leavitt
Bunkerville, NV.

MX WILL RUIN LIFESTYLE

Please come out with a strong anti-MX article explaining the negative impact on Central Nevada and the other better cheaper and faster alternatives for our national defense. MX will ruin the atmosphere and lifestyle so please help us prevent this.

Chris & Susan Haas
Austin, NV.

SOME DO, SOME DON'T

A most beautiful and informative magazine.

Alta Elder
Reno, NV.

There is a feeling of both sorrow and guilt in deciding not to renew our subscription because we have been avid readers of Nevada since the time it was free for the asking. In a way, it's like letting an old friend down; but, at the same time, our old friend has developed an entirely new personality, and has become so very commercial that we don't have much in common anymore.

We will miss those magnificent photographs by David Muench and those that appear in the "Lens" section.

Your recent article on hot springs came at a time when a late winter "getaway" was very much in order, so we took off for Kyle hot springs. If we hadn't had a Pershing county map, we never would have found our destination—there certainly were no signs as your directions implied. However, the last straw was that this "remote and peaceful" area was occupied—someone is living there at the spring!

Scotty Norris
Reno, NV.

Sorry, when we visited it last it was remote and peaceful and there were signs.—Ed.

EXQUISITE MUENCH

When you visited my area last year I told you that I had been disappointed by the quality and content of Nevada Magazine. You suggested that I try another subscription and sent a sample copy. I took you up on the offer, and I don't regret it, your issues and articles get better all the time.

I especially enjoyed March/April '80. Not only the excellent articles, but the exquisite Muench Gallery photographs. Also, it's too bad the Great Nevada Picture Hunt is only an Annual event as it produces some excellent photography too.

To your entire staff—keep it up!

Pete Gill
Pioche, NV.

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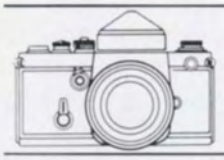






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Mabel Huber

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Max and His Millions

How Ohio's yeast king became Nevada's sugar daddy. By Guy Shipler

The kids who caddied at the Glenbrook Golf Course at Lake Tahoe usually ducked out of sight when they saw the owner of the neighboring 44-acre estate coming to play a round. Each hoped that one of the other guys would be picked to carry his bag.

Not that they disliked the multimillionaire who lived a chip shot away from the course at a place he called "Upaway"; he was always polite and pleasant. And from a technical standpoint, Major Max C. Fleischmann was an ideal golfer. Unlike most of the regulars, he hit the ball straight. That kept caddies free from the dismal chore of trying to find balls hooked or sliced into the masses of stately but treacherous pines bordering Glenbrook's narrow fairways.

All the bag toters agreed that such precision was as fine a virtue as a player could have. It was just that even though Major Fleischmann was awfully rich, caddying for him was economically unsound. For like his famous golfing contemporary, John D. Rockefeller, Sr. (who had long since earned worldwide notoriety for the same depressing habit), "The Major" usually tipped his caddy one thin dime after each round.

But not always. On a generous day, Fleischmann might go as high as a quarter. "And sometimes," recalls one ex-caddy, "he would give us a candy bar instead. But in those days a candy bar cost only a nickel. So he actually got off for half price."

What puzzled the caddies was that by then—some 40 years ago—Major Max C. Fleischmann had acquired an unmatched reputation for philanthropy and good works. Already he had given away $2 million to institutions and charities in Nevada and millions more around the country before he became a resident of the state in the mid-thirties.

Such gifts were only the start. By the time the last of his fortune is distributed this summer, about $100 million in Fleischmann money will have been donated to what he considered to be "worthy causes." During his lifetime the Major established endowments for more than 100 permanent scholarships at the University of Nevada. Other Nevada beneficiaries range from hospitals to libraries, swimming pools to museums, hunting groups to scouting organizations.

Most of the donations have been made in the past two decades through the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation, a testamentary trust he established be-



PHOTOS COURTESY ERNST MINOR COLLECTION

Max Fleischmann was an avid fisherman, golfer and yachtsman who found his niche at Upaway, his Lake Tahoe estate at Glenbrook.

fore his death in 1951. In creating the foundation, Fleischmann left specific instructions: it was to go into effect upon the death of his wife Sarah and run for exactly 20 years. By that time all the money in the trust would have to be distributed. Not a cent was to be left.

On July 4 of this year, the 20th anniversary of the death of Sarah Fleischmann, the foundation closes its books. And although the final figures won't be in for some time, it appears that about $50 million of the Fleischmann fortune has gone to Nevada institutions, making Max C. Fleischmann the greatest benefactor the state has ever known.

That's the way he wanted it. His friends recall that the Major had an abiding affection for the state, its people, and its raw beauty. Often he would pause to gaze across a stark desert landscape, or the spectacular blue expanse of Lake Tahoe, and exclaim, "Isn't it just fantastic?" He expressed his appreciation of Nevada not only by huge gifts of money, but also by contributing as an active citizen. He served enthusiastically on boards of directors and as an advisor to scores of community organizations, including, but not limited to, many of those he had helped financially.

Fleischmann seemed to get far more satisfaction from those activities than from praise of his philanthropy. Once, when someone asked him why he was so generous, Fleischmann declared, "A millionaire doesn't deserve a damn bit of praise for using whatever money he has to help other people. He deserves a lot of discredit if he doesn't."

It wasn't that he was indiscriminate, that anyone who asked was going to get a piece of his fortune. Fleischmann made that crystal clear. "I pick my own charities," he said. "It doesn't do anybody a bit of good to write to me." Indeed it didn't; he let everyone know that most of the mail that came to him was dumped unceremoniously into the wastebasket.

* * *

A casual look at the life of Max C. Fleischmann reveals anything but the quiet and frugal behavior one associates with philanthropists. As a young man he spent money freely, but all of it seemed to go for luxuries and the good life for himself and his family. A lusty outdoorsman, he was a noted polo player, a boat racer, an amateur boxer. He was part-owner and player in the early 1900s of Cincinnati's professional baseball team, predecessor of the Cincinnati Reds. Fleischmann was an expert with rifle, shotgun and fishing rod, and he used all three in expeditions into wilderness areas all over the world—Greenland, British East Africa, Abyssinia, Rhodesia, Alaska, the White Nile and Outer Mongolia.

He made most of his expeditions on a succession of five luxury ocean-going yachts, each named *Haida* after the Haida Indians of Alaska and British Columbia. The last *Haida* was 224 feet long, powered by two 800-horsepower diesel engines and manned by a crew of 25. Launched in the 1930s, the vessel could maintain an average speed of 13 knots per hour and carry enough fuel and supplies for a 6,000-mile trip. On its deck rode four powerboats, one capable of 50 knots an hour, that the Major used for short fishing excursions. Two one-pound guns were mounted on the boat's fore and aft decks. Experts called it "the most completely equipped yacht in the world," and the U.S. Navy was undoubtedly happy when Fleischmann donated the *Haida* to the government during World War II. The Navy renamed it the *Mentor* and used it as a patrol and escort ship.

The money for this sporting life was there from the beginning. Max Fleischmann was born in 1877 in Riverside, Ohio, near Cincinnati where his father Charles operated the family's flourishing international business, Fleischmann's Yeast Company. One of three children, Max was to inherit one third of his father's interest in the business. Although the inheritance assured his later fortune, Max joined the company at age 18. Starting in the manufacturing department, he worked his own way to the top and was referred to as the "Yeast King" in news accounts of the day. In control of the company, he sold it in 1929 for a reported $20 million. The Fleischmann Company became Standard Brands, Inc.—and Max C. Fleischmann became chairman of the board.

By then his activities, adventurous and otherwise, had long since spread beyond the confines of the family business. After graduating from the Ohio Military Institute, Max joined the Ohio National Guard, where he served as a second lieutenant. During the Spanish American War he was a first lieutenant in the First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry, and in World War I he served as a major in the Balloon Section, Air Service, First Division, American Expeditionary Force. A poison gas attack in Europe disabled him for a time, and after recovering he was appointed



Max Fleischmann, philanthropist.

commandant of the U.S. Army Balloon School in Arcadia, California.

Fleischmann was attracted to the airborne military by his love of flying, especially balloons. In 1909 he had won the Lahm Cup with a flight on the free balloon *New York* from St. Louis to the Atlantic under the auspices of the Aero Club of America, with which he was licensed as a spherical balloon pilot. He held a so-called "Hydroaeroplane Pilot Certificate" dated April 12, 1916, and was a member of the Early Birds, an exclusive group of early air enthusiasts.

Belonging to exclusive clubs was one of Fleischmann's loves. He took great pride in being one of the few 50-year members of that paragon of Eastern High Society, the New York Yacht Club. He was also a member of the Royal Geographical Society of London and a life member of the Explorers Club.

Despite such glittering associations, nothing seemed to compare with Fleischmann's affection for Nevada. He moved from Cincinnati to Santa Barbara, California, in the early thirties, but in 1935 decided to make Glenbrook, Nevada, his permanent and legal residence. Most people thought he made the move for the same reason as many other millionaires—to take advantage of Nevada's lenient tax laws. But even though the move had obvious financial benefits, it was "wholly incidental to his genuine love for the state," one of his closest associates says.

That love was borne out by the eagerness with which Fleischmann participated in far less glittering groups than London's Royal Geographical Society. He got so involved with the Nevada Area Council of the Boy Scouts, for instance, that he was awarded the Silver Antelope, the highest scouting honor given in the region. He was a member of the University of Nevada chapter of Blue Key, the national service

fraternity, and served as director of such groups as the Nevada Humane Society and the Nevada State Museum, of the Carson-Tahoe Hospital and of Ducks Unlimited—among many others.

But according to Fleischmann's friends, his most prized Nevada association was his honorary position as a law officer with the Nevada State Police, the sheriff's office of Douglas County, and the U.S. Marshal's office in Carson City. Wearing a diamond-studded badge, western hat and pistol, Fleischmann loved to tool around the area in a jeep equipped with siren and flashing lights, joining manhunts, helping in traffic-control duties, and most of all, stopping speeders and giving tickets. Those Glenbrook ex-caddies recall that the Major would carry his badge to the golf course, flash it at players who weren't wearing shirts, and threaten arrest if they didn't cover up.

The casual, carefree attitude that allowed him to play his own game of cops and robbers with official sanction was one of the qualities that endeared Max C. Fleischmann to his adopted state. It reflected his own lusty dynamism and made him feel comfortable, fully attuned to Nevada. Those who knew him say that this was why he made its people and its institutions the chief beneficiaries of his fortune.



The **Haida IV** *cruises in Alaskan waters during one of the Major's safaris.*

As that fortune is finally exhausted this year, nearly 30 years after his death, the memorials live on in scores of institutions. Beyond those material manifestations are the effects upon untold thousands of people whose lives were changed or challenged, whether they are out-of-state visitors to museums, or hospital patients, or residents, or university students who would not be in school except for the scholarship funds—or those ex-caddies at Glenbrook. Even they remember Major Max C. Fleischmann still, and not at all unkindly.

* * *

It is characteristic of a man with vigorous control over his lifestyle and fortune to take direct action when he recognizes that he has met, finally, something he can't control. Major Max C. Fleischmann arrived at that position at the age of 74. Having learned that he had incurable cancer, on October 1st, 1951, he took a pistol and shot himself in the head. □

GOOD TO THE LAST CENT

The Fleischmann Foundation's $100 million giveaway is over this summer.

During its 20-year spending spree the Max C. Fleischmann Foundation has given away about $100 million, with more than half of that going to Nevada. From their offices in Reno's Security National Bank Building, the foundation's directors have authorized grants for numerous university scholarships, medical projects, libraries, parks and swimming pools. When the grand tally is made after the books' closing July 4, it should show that Nevada causes have received a cool $50 million.

One of Max Fleischmann's first Nevada gifts was $5,000 to help convert the old Carson City Mint into a state museum in 1938. Then he added $50,000 to construct a replica underground mine in the basement. By 1980 the Nevada State Museum had received more than $3.8 million in Fleischmann funds.

The biggest grants ($25 million) have gone to the University of Nevada system, including gifts to the Max C. Fleischmann College of Agriculture, the Sarah H. Fleischmann School of Home Economics, the Desert Research Institute and the medical school.

Recent figures show these additional awards from the Major's foundation:

Scholarships: 150 one-year, $1,000 grants to high school seniors, at least one per school; forestry and wildlife work-scholarships; and four-year scholarships for Nevada Indians and medical and dental students.

Youth: A total of 165 grants have gone to scouting groups, Boys' Clubs, YMCAs and YWCAs.

Conservation: In 1970 the foundation gave $1.5 million to help the state purchase Sand Harbor and 13,000 acres on Tahoe's east side to create Lake Tahoe Nevada State Park.

Medicine: About $14 million has been donated to hospitals, rural clinics and other health projects. In 1975 the foundation gave the state's Emergency Medical Service $1,312,733 for a radio system that allows doctors to advise ambulance teams while patients are on their way to the hospital.

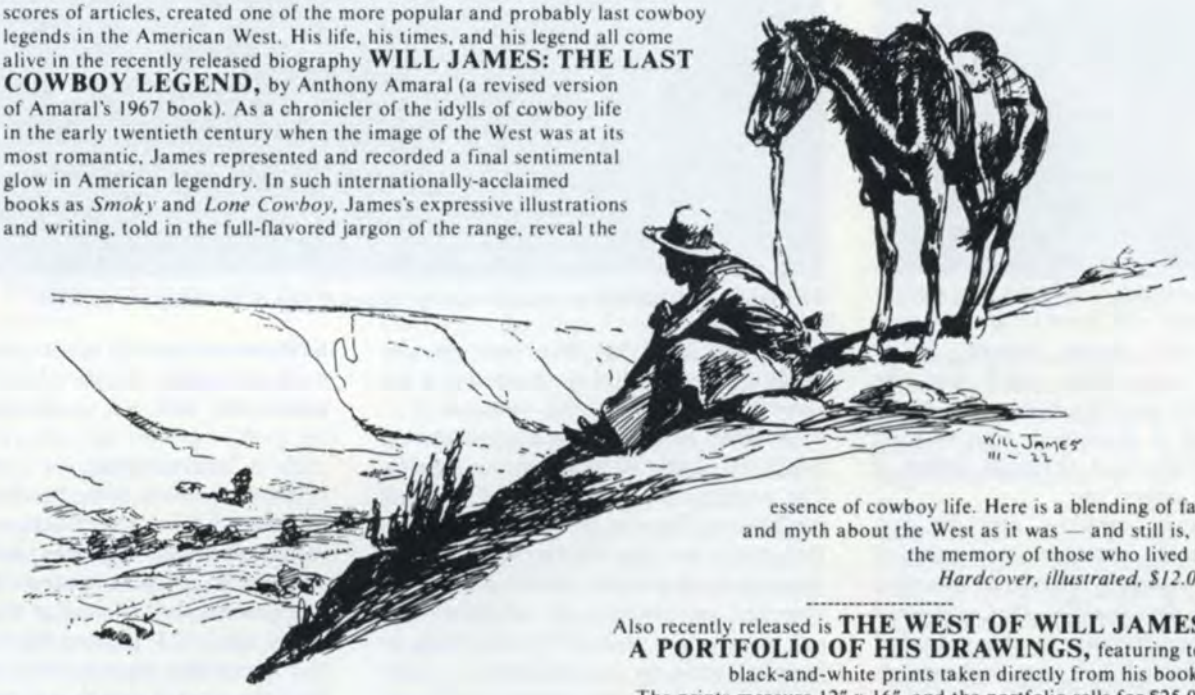
Libraries: The foundation has given library grants of $1,392,804 to Washoe County, $1,380,000 to Clark County, $470,291 to Carson City, and $150,000 to Incline Village.

Recreation: Grants for pools and parks in Winnemucca, Virginia City, Tonopah and other rural towns.

The other half of Max Fleischmann's trust has gone to similar causes in 44 other states, a rich legacy for a millionaire sportsman who gained pleasure from spreading the wealth. □

WILL JAMES — the man, his writings, and his art

Will James: it was a name which, on two dozen self-illustrated books and scores of articles, created one of the more popular and probably last cowboy legends in the American West. His life, his times, and his legend all come alive in the recently released biography **WILL JAMES: THE LAST COWBOY LEGEND,** by Anthony Amaral (a revised version of Amaral's 1967 book). As a chronicler of the idylls of cowboy life in the early twentieth century when the image of the West was at its most romantic, James represented and recorded a final sentimental glow in American legendry. In such internationally-acclaimed books as *Smoky* and *Lone Cowboy*, James's expressive illustrations and writing, told in the full-flavored jargon of the range, reveal the essence of cowboy life. Here is a blending of fact and myth about the West as it was — and still is, in the memory of those who lived it.
Hardcover, illustrated, $12.00.

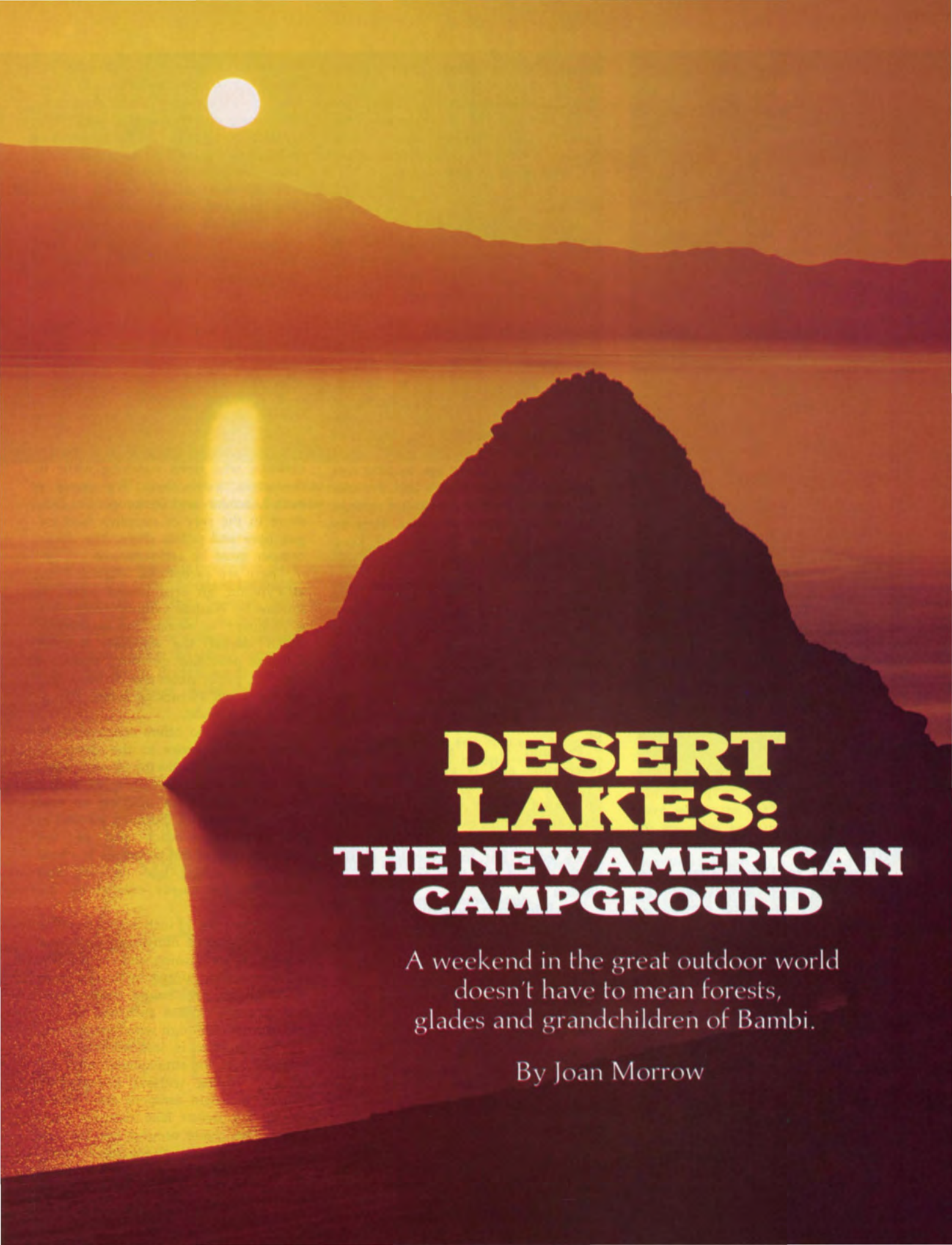


Also recently released is **THE WEST OF WILL JAMES: A PORTFOLIO OF HIS DRAWINGS,** featuring ten black-and-white prints taken directly from his books. The prints measure 12" x 16" and the portfolio sells for $25.00.

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DESERT LAKES: THE NEW AMERICAN CAMPGROUND

A weekend in the great outdoor world doesn't have to mean forests, glades and grandchildren of Bambi.

By Joan Morrow

Every Memorial Day weekend, Lahonton Reservoir becomes the center of the third largest city in Nevada. It's an astonishing phenomenon: 79,000 persons camping.

In the desert.

It's not likely those 79,000 campers are wrong; it is likely they've discovered the pleasures of a new kind of camping. Should you be left out?

Herewith, then, a guide to desert camping at Pyramid and Lahontan complete with cautions, caveats and quotes.



Going for a big one.

WHEN

According to Darrell Craig, state parks district supervisor at Lahontan, the only way to avoid crowds on Memorial Day weekend is "to go to California." On a serious note, he offers September and October as the least crowded months to camp at the reservoir. The white bass and catfish are still biting and the winds are blustery enough for sailing. If the Sierra has had enough snow the winter before, the water is still deep enough for skiing.

John Jackson, general manager for the Pyramid Lake Indian Tribal Enterprises, suggests the spring months as a quiet and beautiful time to camp at Pyramid. The sagebrush is as green as a healthy, fall lawn and flowering white desert lillies and orange globe mallow add surprising color to the desert. There are no crowds.

But if you're like most campers, your favorite months will be June, July and August. A little searching will find less crowded spots at both lakes.

WHERE

Lahontan, approximately 55 miles southeast of Reno, is bisected by two highways, U.S. 50 and Alternate 95. The dam side off Highway 50 has fewer people camping. A Lahontan recreation beach sign sits along the highway directing campers to the area.

The even numbered beaches off Alternate 95 also offer some privacy. A sign designating the Silver Springs recreation area will direct you to the ticket booth. Find beaches 6, 8 and 10 by turning right at the stop sign after the booth.

Pyramid's beaches are usually less crowded than Lahontan's and the lake is as easy to find as drawing a straight line across a piece of paper. Hop on Pyramid Road in Sparks and keep driving. Your first view of Pyramid will be unmistakable.

The lake never fails to startle. Drive over the last hill and you're blasted with color. On a sunny day, there are at least five shades of blue rippling through the lake. The surrounding mountains are now purple, now brown, purple again. It's exactly what the remains of a prehistoric ocean should be.

Pyramid is on a Paiute Indian reservation and is governed by the Pyramid Lake Tribal Council. There is no charge for day use, but overnight stays and boating each cost $3 per day. Campers squat anywhere along the lake's edge, but the Needles at the north end of the lake are closed to visitors.

Sutcliffe Beach and Pelican Point are popular gathering spots for campers. That means they're crowded. A little exploring along the dirt roads that jut off the paved highway will usually turn up an area with few neighbors other than harmless cattle grazing on the open range.

As pioneers braved their way through the Nevada desert on a quest for gold, the weekenders brave their way to the Nevada desert on a quest for fun.

WHAT

Fun comes for some by casting fishing lines into the murky waters, luring in a 19-pound cutthroat trout or a shimmery, silver-sided white bass. Fun for others is racing a flashy, 400-horsepower flatbottom boat along the lakeshore, chrome scoops and pipes glinting in the sun. Fun for others is an exhausting game of volleyball with either too many or not enough players to make regulation six-member teams. The fun is individual, sometimes inventive. It's free spirited and spur of the moment. It's relaxing. And the desert lake camper goes back for more, weekend after weekend, in spite of crowds.

HOW

Although the desert lakes have drawn crowds, that is the only reminiscence of the city. A word to the wise for the desert camper: if you want it, bring it.

If your fun consists of throwing a frisbee, floating on an inner tube or batting a ball, bring the equipment. If you want shade, bring it. If there are children who need watching while in the water, watch them. The stores at both Lahontan and Pyramid offer little more in the way of supplies than ice, gas, beer and potato chips. The desert camper must be self-sufficient.

There are exceptions. Warrior Point at Pyramid, an area leased from the Indians by Washoe County Parks, hires a lifeguard to watch the swimmers' beach during the summer months. Cabanas providing overhead shade for campers, picnic tables and barbecue pits dot the beach. Picnicking is free. Camping is $3 a night.

Lahontan also offers concessions to those seeking order in the desert. A small peninsula marks the Silver Springs day use area. It comes complete with a lifeguard and buoys marking an area safe for swimming. Running parallel to the swimmer's beach and on the opposite side of the peninsula is a boat ramp. But desert lake camping and campsites are mostly created by the camper.

The campfire is such a creation. The desert yields little more than twigs and sagebrush for burning and the rangers at Lahontan discourage the tune of chain saws on the cottonwood trees. Along with packing clothes and food for the trip, throw in enough wood for the fire.

The campfire is less necessary for warmth than for atmosphere. After all, what's camping without a campfire? Where mountain campers draw closer to the fire, desert lake campers push away. The chairs around the fire are kept only close enough for conversation. Sunburns and the night heat keep most campers warm on July and August

CAROLINE HADLEY PHOTOS



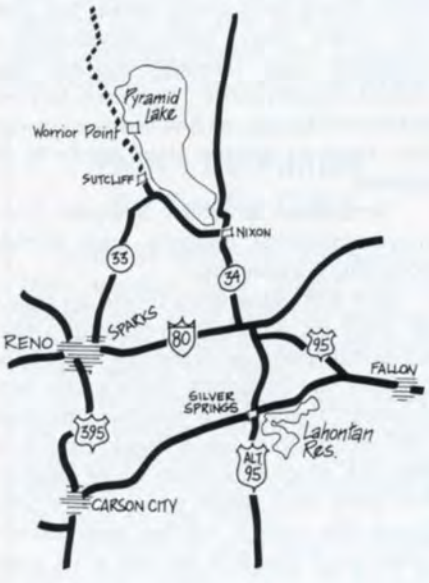


Water skiing at Lahontan is all-out when the reservoir level is right (above). In desert lake camping, as this girl knows, the water is never far away (right).

nights.

Just as you pack your future fire, pack the shade. The cottonwoods at Lahontan don't live at all the beaches, and Pyramid has no trees. A nine-foot square of canvas, a rope, three poles and some tent stakes are the desert camper's answer for shade. Remember to anchor at least two corners of the canvas to something heavy, like your car or camper, to prevent the afternoon winds from landing your shade in the middle of the lake.

Another piece of rope and a blanket will help keep blowing sand off the hot dogs and hamburgers. Build the windbreak between two trees or use a vehicle as a post.



Previous page: A summer sunset at Pyramid Lake. David Muench

WHY

Despite winds and heat and blowing sand, the camper returns to share the desert secret—beauty. The sun pushing over the eastern mountains, beaming through an unpolluted sky, sparkling off the water like so many diamonds, is beauty. The morning sun shines on the stillest time of day. It's the quietest the lake will be for the wind is a constant during desert, summer days.

Nights are their own rewards. The sky displays its astronomic map on a background of velvet. With no competition from the neon city, the stars are the desert's street lights.

The moon puts on its own show, shooting a path of light across the lake that looks solid enough to walk on. The land of the midnight sun can claim no brilliance over the desert on a moonlit night.

Seagulls squawking, fighting over bread tossed out the night before, is the desert's alarm clock. Fishermen know that when three or four pelicans are trolling a spot on the lake, fish are schooling below. The largest pelican rookery in the world is Anaho Island at Pyramid. The white pelicans nest at Anaho each spring and spend summers fishing both lakes. Anaho is off limits to people.

Desert lake camping has another big plus. You're left alone. You're given a set of rules easy to follow, and unless you really overstep the boundaries, you never see a brown-shirted ranger.

Unlike procedures at lakes in California, the desert lake camper is not given a set of rules that take a lawyer to translate. Speed limits here, no boating there, muffle the engine, don't ski. There are no rules screaming at you at the desert lakes. They're big enough and primitive enough for a weekend divested of big brother. Drive the boat flat out, see what she'll do. Just remember the life jackets.

The cities push you into condominiums and the organized lakes push you onto camping pads, lined up, camper after camper. Don't let the dog bark. Hold down that fire. But the desert lakes offer space—space enough for one group to round up five campers, two motor homes, a couple of tents and some boats. Put them in a circle, put them in a line. The camper is left to figure it out.

Try the desert lakes. Test your ingenuity. Pyramid and Lahontan are waiting the tale of two lakes waiting to be written by the desert camper. □



The Weekend Prospector

A 1980 golddigger's guide: where to look for gold, how to pan, and other rules of the prospector's art.

By David Moore



"It all comes down to panning," says prospector Tom Rich.

From the trucks to the brook running down the rocky, sagebrush cleft on the east side of Peavine Peak, the walk was about a quarter mile. "You know," said Barbara Rich, her floppy white hat pressed against her face in the wind, "we shouldn't be walking single file if you're thinking of rattlesnakes—the first person wakes it, the second one riles it and the third one gets it."

She and her husband Tom laughed in the manner of people who feel best in the outdoors, at ease under the vast noontime sky. The highway was miles below. Other than boots scuffing along the make-do path, the only sounds were the soft melody of the creek and the pans and prospecting tools rattling gently in Tom's pack.

The Richs were visiting a claim worked by their friend Lou LeVitt: Reno real estate agent and weekend prospector. At the same time they were teaching a pair of gold-hungry tenderfoots, straggling behind them, the rules and arts of prospecting.

This short trek from their Reno home—and far longer journeys into the desert and mountains—are usually weekend affairs for the Richs. Weekdays Tom Rich works in his laboratory-office at the U.S. Bureau of Mines. His job is mine safety, and his hours are filled with samples, chemicals, charts and paperwork.

It's good work and he likes it, but come Friday, he's thinking about what he enjoys most—looking for gold.

Barbara Rich is president of the Nevada Miners and Prospectors Association's Reno chapter. During the week she works as executive secretary to Reno gaming machine king Si Redd. Each weekend when she leaves the office, she closes the door on the thick executive carpets of Sircoma Incorporated and routine and then she heads with Tom on another prospecting trip.

"The family that prospects together stays together," says Tom, unashamedly borrowing a cliche as he unloads his pack near the creek. "It makes for great times. Prospecting involves hiking, the outdoors, fresh air, and to me there's nothing but advantages, except maybe the price of gas."

Hiking, the outdoors, fresh air? Sounds more like a Boy Scout-Sierra Club picnic than the grizzled, unbathed life of a prospector living on beans and coffee and visions of gold. But Rich could have added "no crowds" as well. While thousands of summer people are blanket-to-blanket at Boulder Beach or lining up to backpack at Desolation while their friends are trying to find a parking place *somewhere* at Tahoe, there are other souls enjoying the wide-open wilderness of the desert and finding gold.

Winter and summer, come Friday Tom and Barbara Rich load up their '71 Dodge four wheel drive Powerwagon and head for the backcountry. Their favorite destination is north of Reno, the wild and lonely Black Rock Desert where Tom first caught the gold bug. "At 11 years old I was up there looking for the Lost Blue Bucket Mine with my father," he says. "I'm 46 now, and I'm still looking for the Blue Bucket Mine."

The gold mine that Rich has sought for 35 years dates from 1845 when a wagon train heading for the coast discovered a rich placer (stream) deposit somewhere near the Nevada-Oregon border. Problem was that no one realized they were literally rolling in gold. The weary pioneers thought that yellow stuff smeared on their wagon wheels was brass and children playfully threw the yellow rocks in a blue bucket. The party learned the truth when they reached California, but no one could remember where they had forded that gold-laden creek.

That's the kind of mistake that the Richs likely will never make, for over the years they have developed a mapping and labeling system that denies forgetfulness. "You only have so many weekends, and when you go out, you want to stretch your study to its utmost.

"And then save the samples for a more complete analysis later should something come up."

Rich has sometimes found an ounce of gold on a single weekend. Other times the pan has come up empty. So besides the romance there's the economics. "I guarantee you this," he says, "the word 'gold' has a magic ring to it, and the price has even more magic." For Rich and other prospectors who loved the search for its own sake—when gold was $35 an ounce 13 years ago—you can imagine the rage of gold fever caused by 1980 prices, which hit $800 on the world's gold markets last January. Whatever the prices in Zurich and London, Rich thinks, gold is good for America. "I want to help promote



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTO

A mining camp prospector demonstrates panning in the desert with his metal pan, samples and a tub of water.

this, to get people prospecting. We need the minerals."

But to Tom Rich and other prospectors, there are other reasons besides a strong America to search for gold. "The ultimate goal of the prospector is freedom, and the money is the vehicle by which you can achieve it," he says. "It's the obsession with freedom that allows you to do it as a vocation, finding the mine rather than going to all the trouble of working it.

"That's why most prospectors sell their properties to mining companies. They're just not into the developing. They love the search, the adventure, the outdoors. That's the real treasure.

"When I started out I was looking for material wealth. Then I realized that the real worth was in the pursuit."

Don't Be Fooled By Fool's Gold

Gold and iron pyrite—fool's gold—both usually have bright yellow colors. And since both can wind up in your pan, you'll occasionally want to tell which is which.

There are two reliable ways to tell the difference. Gold has the same color in the shade as it does in the sunlight. Fool's gold, however, loses its color in the shade.

The best test is to take a pocket knife and make a slice or hole in your find. If it can be cut, it's gold. But if the substance fractures, you've discovered fool's gold. Gold is the most malleable and ductile of metals, and it won't fool you.

TOM AND BARBARA RICH'S RULES OF PROSPECTING

Where to look for gold, and how to keep from losing your mine

Use maps. "Look on a map to see where the gold mines are and proceed from there," Rich says. Topographic and mine bureau maps can pinpoint gold discoveries, and you can try the vicinities. Nevada has scores of deserted camps and ghost towns where gold was once found, and there are traditional mining centers like the Colorado River, Austin, Tonopah, Searchlight, Virginia City and Goldfield. The state's newest boom area is Elko County, with the Carlin Mine and soon-to-be-mined Jerritt Canyon near Tuscarora. The Sierra Nevada has fine prospecting areas along the Yuba, American and Feather rivers and near towns from Jackson, California to Downieville.

With the exception of the Colorado, Nevada rivers are not famous for bonanzas. "If you're mining the Truckee for placer gold, you're probably going to starve," Rich says. But the Carson *has* given up some gold to prospectors in the past century.

The more remote your prospect the less the chance that you'll be diligently sampling another prospector's claim. Look for claim markers because claims literally must be staked to be valid. If you do find markers, and still covet that piece of ground, a check with the Bureau of Land Management or the county recorder's office will let you know if an area is a current claim or open for grabs.

Take notes. "Always be sure to label samples and take notes, including the time of day. Never think you can go back to the exact spot—there're a lot of lost mines out there."



Getting down to "black sand."

What to take to pan and scrape

Your outfitting choices probably will depend on utility, price and how much equipment you can carry for hours on your back. But by visiting the right stores and flea markets you can buy basic tools for less than $50.

Tom and Barbara Rich have extra, specialized equipment, but their basic tools are light in weight and easy to pack.

Rich recommends against using only plastic pans. "You can't heat and shave with them, and temperature changes eventually hurt them. A 10- to 12-inch metal pan is best for beginners. It's right for the size of most people's hands and deep enough so you won't lose the gold." The pan should have ridges inside.

Rich digs with a narrow-faced spade in creeks and loose hardrock. For scraping out crevices he has an array of modified household rejects: old spoons,





DAVID MOORE PHOTOS

Tom Rich tries a slow spot in the creek (above), and Barbara begins panning another sample. Panning relies on dexterity, dish soap and gold's great weight.

screwdrivers and toothbrushes. A rock hammer (with holster) lets him smash up clay and rock before panning.

A mortar and pestle, best known as a pharmacist's symbol, is essential for hardrock prospecting since rock samples must be finely ground before panning.

Dish soap, a magnet, a hand lens and tweezers will help you separate the gold from worthless dirt in your pan.

On any backcountry trip you should be well prepared, especially on expeditions away from highways and settlements. Be sure to carry plenty of water, food, matches, first aid supplies, spare and jack. Wear a hat to keep your head cool. And don't attempt to drive where your car or truck might not make it.

Find a stream, wet or dry

Gold can be found in two basic forms: *lode,* in which the gold is underground or part of a hardrock formation, such as a quartz vein; and *placer,* where weathering of the deposit has washed and ground away the gold's original matrix, leaving fine particles or nuggets. Before panning hardrock samples, you must break away the suspect ore and ground it up using a mortar and pestle. In placer deposits, nature has already done that job; the prospector usually can shovel the sample right into his pan.

"You want to start in an area of water runoff," says Rich. "You can eliminate a lot of streams that have already been panned or dredged," such as the Truckee. In the desert, check the dry washes, where centuries of flooding may have deposited gold from up-canyon formations.

Gold is much heavier than dirt and clay; in wet and dry creeks it usually collects behinds rocks and in oxbows, in the roots of moss and grass, where the current loses speed. In gold's case, slow is beautiful.

Panning: the prospector as Sam Spade

A prospector working a canyon faces the same job as a detective invited to solve a crime. He collects clues: the shape of a nugget, the "colors" that go a mile and stop. He reviews his suspects: the bend in the stream, the side canyon with the quartz outcrop. And he always asks: what's the source, where did the gold come from?

Prospector Rich stresses the difference between prospecting and mining. "Your emphasis is to show the existence of gold, not to collect it," he says. "Therefore the greatest care in the world should be taken in the initial steps, because if you get a negative result you're moving on."

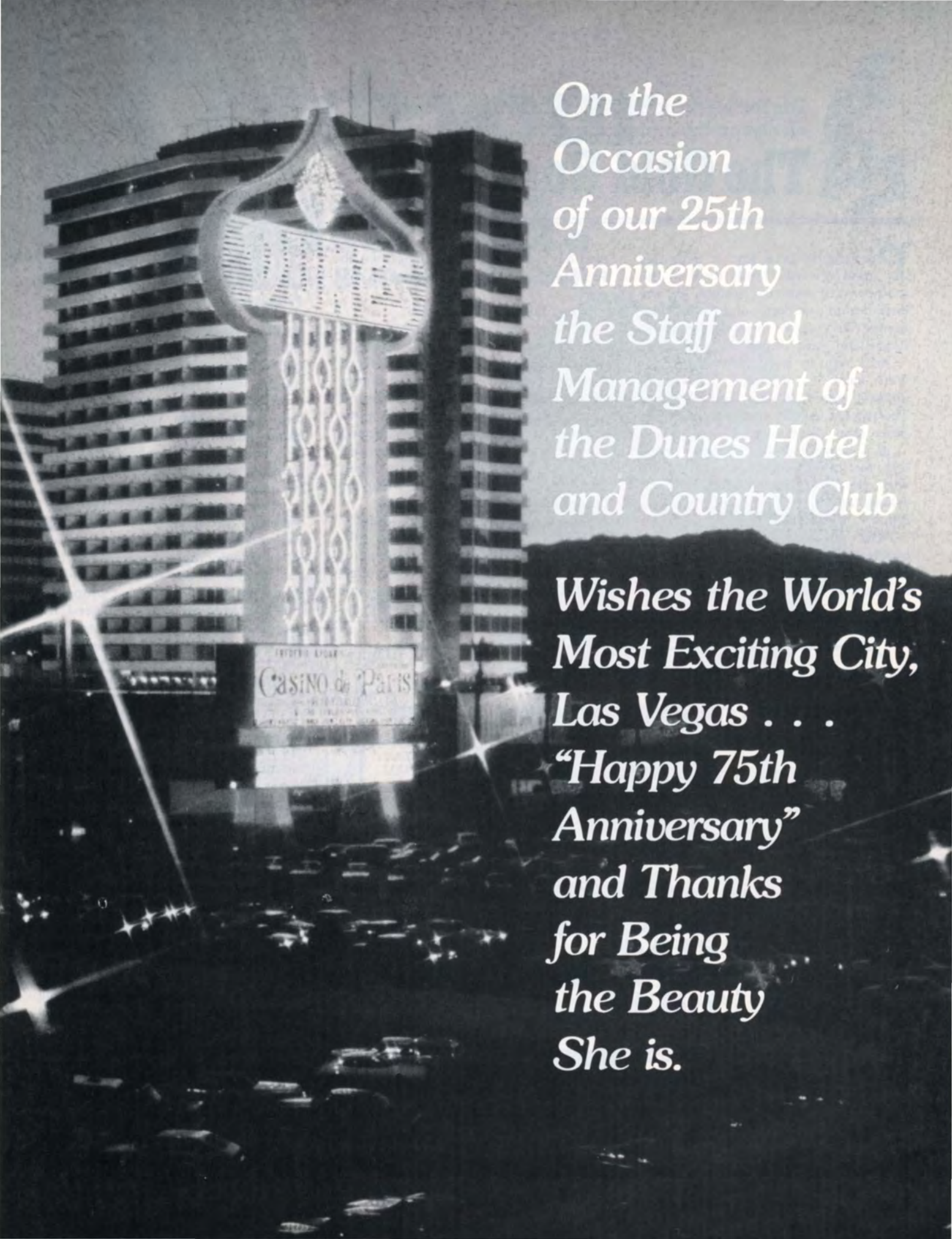
The weekend prospector collects his evidence today the same way the '49ers did—with a pan. In panning the prospector uses water and circular motion to stir up his sample, sloshing out light clay and dirt and letting the heavier gold, if it's there, settle on the bottom. You pan and pan again, checking for color, moving uphill in search of the source. "Everything comes back to panning," says Rich.

"When a prospector works on the dry sands in the desert, like I do, you have to bring your own water. But the method and technique are identical if you're in the Feather River or in the middle of the Black Rock Desert."

The key to the method is keeping the gold in your pan.

At the chosen spot, dump your sample into the pan and add water.

(Continued on page 62)



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For the weekend prospector, the rewards aren't always in the money By Jim Barrows

The Gold Bug

Prospecting is a joy. It promises great rewards, lends itself to the modicum of exercise sought by the desk-bound worker, and is a fine excuse to remove oneself from the house and yard duties on weekends.

It is not, in itself, rewarding, but does have its moments of extreme distress, greed, ecstacy and pleasure. The reward usually comes from things other than the money.

A Colorado River bartender once told me of his irritation and disgust with the prospectors who came in asking his advice on "likely places" to dig.

"Oh, go up this creekbed three-quarters of a mile and start digging," he told one Sunday adventurer impatiently. The gent complied and returned the next day with large gold nuggets worth $3,500. He had hit a glory hole in a dry wash.

Have faith, I told myself.

In New England, where I once searched for minerals, one prospects with a fishing rod handy and quaffs of the ponds and streams. Some different supplies are needed in the deserts and mountains of the Southwest. No trees abound in desert climes to be chopped into claim markers. Copious quantities of canned beverages must be taken along for the body, tanks of water for the vehicle.

I learned about the desert's beauty and laws from a co-worker, a full-blooded Cherokee more interested in precious stones than ore. We combed the Gila and the Salt, found jade and



Prospector Barrows with his dry-washer.

fossil seashells under the Mogollon Rim, chrysocolla and Apache tears at Saddle Mountain, and drank from the hidden waters of the Hassayampa.

With Russell, it was walk 20 feet and look back behind you, for the sun shines on only one side of a rock. This also lent itself to stumbling into gopher holes, especially when the canned beverages were about gone.

After a crony of politicians and I were run out of town a few years ago, we were grubstaked on the Colorado River, developing a prospect that land records told us was unworked and adjoining two gold-producing properties and a gravel pit. We convinced the gravel entrepreneur to store some of his equipment on our prospect in exchange for an interest in the claim.

This arrangement, of course, allowed us to get down to bedrock rather handily with the gravel pit equipment. We acquired a dry-washer, a contraption of screens and hoppers that separates gold from lighter dirt, and pocketed a few grains of gold each weekend. Sometimes we were able to extract a half-ounce working Saturday and Sunday mornings until the heat became too intense. The profits, small but steady, were quickly spent on weekends to the Coast where I found a Los Angeles dentist eager to purchase our yellow flakes.

With food, housing and equipment taken care of, a few turns at bartending each week took care of our other immediate cravings. Of course, the grubstake ran out. We moved our separate ways, and the gravel pit fellow is parking for free on our abandoned claim for all we know. The next prospect is always going to be better.

Thus, when Daffy offered three of us a piece of his silver claim near Nelson Landing, we agreed he should share my room as his grubstake. The pros-

(Continued on page 58)

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Here are 20 ways to stay cool this summer even when it's 110° in the shade. By George Moon

SUMMER IN LAS VEGAS: How To Beat The Heat

There's just no way around it. For reasons of latitude and orbital pitch, and despite its beautifully mild weather the rest of the year, Las Vegas in the summer is downright hot. Most days in July and August temperatures run 100° to 110° and in the mid-70s at night. In the last 30 years of record-keeping, the city's all-time high, set on July 5, 1973, is 116°

But that's no excuse to stay home or hide in your room with the air conditioner turned up full blast. Here are 20 ways to outwit the heat and stay cool this summer in Las Vegas.

1. Think like a desert rat when you dress. The coolest clothes are loose-fitting and light in color and weight. Try shirts and blouses that don't tuck in, and favor cotton over synthetics. Wear sandals with or without socks. Wear a hat.

2. Keep your wallet in the freezer overnight, then carry in your hip pocket during the day. Avoid jokes about cold cash.

3. Take a tour of Hoover Dam. The interior of the great concrete dam is a blissful 55° to 60° year-round. Tours are $1 for persons over 15, free for everyone else.

4. Go ice skating at Iceland, Southern Nevada's only ice rink. It's locted at 704 Sunset Road in Henderson. Sessions are $2.50 and skate rentals 75 cents. Phone 565-6373.

5. Ride one (or both) of Las Vegas' two waterslides. Sky Rapids at 4825 Flamingo Road is open daily this summer from noon to 10 p.m.; rides on the big figure-8 slide are $2 an hour or $5 all day. Roulette Rapids at 4350 Boulder Highway is open 2:15-6 p.m. each day; it's $2.75 per hour or $8.50 all day, with group rates for midnight slide parties. Big attraction for kids.

6. Drive up to Mt. Charleston, where you'll be 5,000 feet higher and 30 degrees cooler than in Las Vegas Valley. Take the short marked trails at Robber's Roost or Little Falls. Have dinner at the Lodge at the top of Kyle Canyon among the pines.

7. Picnic at Floyd Lamb State Park at Tule Springs, 12 miles north on U.S. 395. With water and plenty of shade trees, it's usually 5-10° cooler than the city.

8. Most casinos and hotels have a heat-beater right on the sidewalk, cool air curtains that rise from the pavement. For quick relief, particularly downtown, just stand on the grill and shake your legs.

9. Take a tour of the Las Vegas Ice & Storage Co., Southern Nevada's oldest ice house (built in 1907) located at 612 South Main Street. Refreshing tours are conducted from 7:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. Monday through Saturday. Group limit is 20, and reservations must be made one day in advance. Phone is 382-6033.

10. Go shopping in Boulder City, where sidewalks are sensibly covered as they used to be in other hot climates. Have a drink in Herb's Tavern, a fancy old bar that once belonged to world heavyweight champion Jim Jeffries, the Great White Hope. Boulder is 24 miles southeast of Vegas.

11. Go swimming at Boulder Beach, 30 miles away at Lake Mead, in the early morning or late evening. The lake is usually 5-10° warmer than town, but you won't dry out as fast because of the higher humidity. Marina bars are air conditioned.

12. Go hot air ballooning. You'll get cooler the higher you go, and it's a great way to see Las Vegas. Flights last about one hour and are limited to two passengers at a time. Cost is $75 to $100 per person. Balloon reservations can be made with Aerostat Adventures (870-9651) and Vegas Balloonport (384-8004 or 735-7378).

13. Catch the Dixieland Jazz Band during the afternoon at the Barbary Coast, near MGM at the Strip.

14. Grab some friends and try margaritas by the pitcherful in air conditioned ease. The most popular places are El Cholo at 625 LV Blvd. South; Viva Zapatas at 3540 West Sahara and 4972 Maryland Parkway; Chapala at 1815 East Charleston and 3335 East Tropicana; and Bandidos at 3797 Desert Inn Road and 2511 Teddy Drive.

15. Go to the midnight cocktail show instead of the dinner show; it usually costs less anyway.

16. Go bowling at the Showboat Hotel (385-9153), the Charleston Heights Bowl, or West Hill Lanes (878-9711). All open 24 hours.

17. Buy dry ice at Mr. Ice at 612 South Main, and root beer extract or other beverage mixes from the grocery store. Experiment with carbonating your own beverages by floating pieces of dry ice in the mixed beverage. Make in large quantities and drink.

18. Visit Spring Mountain Ranch State Park, 2,000 feet higher than town and 10-15° cooler. Visitor center is open daily, and rangers give tours of the old ranch on weekends.

19. Don't get sunburned. Besides itching and peeling, it hurts the body's ability to cool itself.

20. Gamble a lot. All casinos are air conditioned (most set their thermostats at 78°), and if you win big you can buy a summer condominium at Lake Tahoe. □

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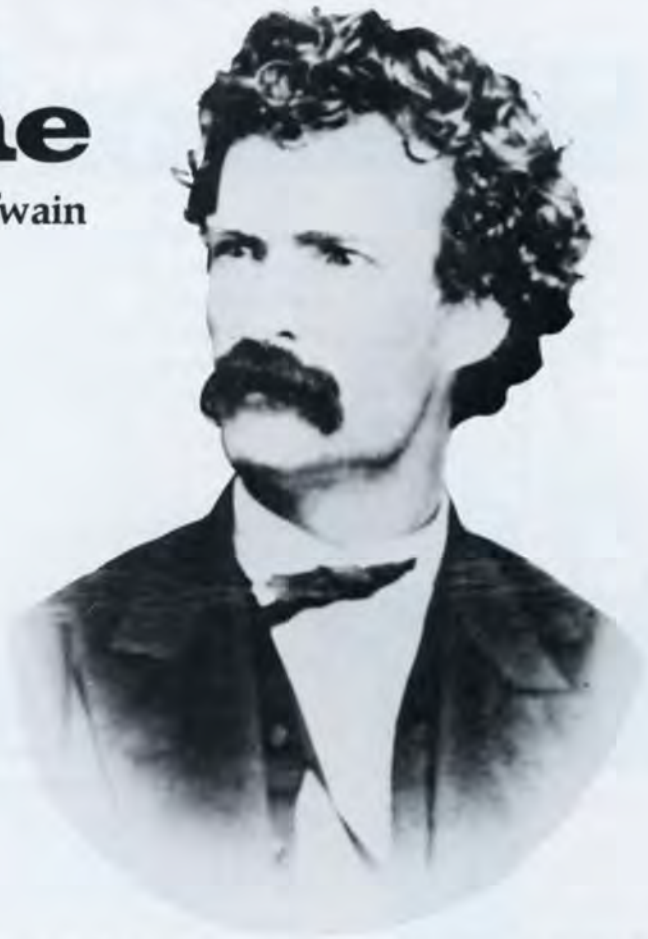
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In 1861 Mark Twain was a young greenhorn named Sam Clemens whose brother Orion was Nevada Territory's secretary of state. Twain later immortalized his wanderings in *Roughing It,* and in the following excerpt from that frontier classic he describes his first prospecting venture in Unionville.

My First Gold Mine

By Mark Twain



On the fifteenth day we completed our march of two hundred miles and entered Unionville, Humboldt County, in the midst of a driving snowstorm. Unionville consisted of eleven cabins and a liberty pole. Six of the cabins were strung along one side of the deep canyon, and the other five faced them. The rest of the landscape was made up of bleak mountain walls that rose so high into the sky from both sides of the canyon that the village was left, as it were, far down in the bottom of a crevice. It was always daylight on the mountaintops a long time before the darkness lifted and revealed Unionville.

We built a small, rude cabin in the side of the crevice and roofed it with canvas, leaving a corner open to serve as a chimney, through which the cattle used to tumble occasionally, at night, and mash our furniture and interrupt our sleep. It was very cold weather and fuel was scarce. Indians brought brush and bushes several miles on their backs; and when we could catch a laden Indian it was well—and when we could not (which was the rule, not the exception), we shivered and bore it.

I confess, without shame, that I expected to find masses of silver lying all about the ground. I expected to see it glittering in the sun on the mountain summits. I said nothing about this, for some instinct told me that I might possibly have an exaggerated idea about it, and so if I betrayed my thought I might bring derision upon myself. Yet I was as perfectly satisfied in my own mind, as I could be of anything, that I was going to gather up, in a day or two, or at furthest a week or two, silver enough to make me satisfactorily wealthy—and so my fancy was already busy with plans for spending this money. The first opportunity that offered, I sauntered carelessly away from the cabin, keeping an eye on the other boys, and stopping and contemplating the sky when they seemed to be observing me; but as soon as the coast was manifestly clear, I fled away as guiltily as a thief might have done and never halted till I was far beyond sight and call. Then I began my search with a feverish excitement that was brimful of expectation—almost of certainty. I crawled about the ground, seizing and examining bits of stone, blowing the dust from them or rubbing them on my clothes, and then peering at them with anxious hope.

Presently I found a bright fragment and my heart bounded! I hid behind a boulder and polished it and scrutinized it with a nervous eagerness and a delight that was more pronounced than absolute certainty itself could have afforded. The more I examined the fragment, the more I was convinced that I had found the door to fortune. I marked the spot and carried away my specimen. Up and down the rugged mountainside I searched, with always increasing interest and always augmenting gratitude that I had come to Humboldt and come in time. Of all the experiences of my life, this secret search among the hidden treasures of silver land was the nearest to unmarred ecstasy. It was a delirious revel.

By and by, in the bed of a shallow rivulet, I found a deposit of shining

yellow scales, and my breath almost forsook me! A gold mine, and in my simplicity I had been content with vulgar silver! I was so excited that I half believed my over-wrought imagination was deceiving me. Then a fear came upon me that people might be observing me and would guess my secret. Moved by this thought, I made a circuit of the place, and ascended a knoll to reconnoiter. Solitude. No creature was near. Then I returned to my mine, fortifying myself against possible disappointment, but my fears were groundless—the shining scales were still there. I set about scooping them out, and for an hour I toiled down the windings of the stream and robbed its bed. But at last the descending sun warned me to give up the quest, and I turned homeward laden with wealth. As I walked along I could not help smiling at the thought of my being so excited over my fragment of silver when a nobler metal was almost under my nose. In this little time the former had so fallen in my estimation that once or twice I was on the point of throwing it away.

The boys were as hungry as usual, but I could eat nothing. Neither could I talk. I was full of dreams and far away. Their conversation interrupted the flow of my fancy somewhat, and annoyed me a little, too. I despised the sordid and commonplace things they talked about. But as they proceeded, it began to amuse me. It grew to be rare fun to hear them planning their poor little economies and sighing over possible privations and distresses when a gold mine, all our own, lay within sight of the cabin and I could point it out at any moment. Smothered hilarity began to oppress me, presently. It was hard to resist the impulse to burst out with exultation and reveal everything; but I did resist. I said within myself that I would filter the great news through my lips calmly and be serene as a summer morning while I watched its effect in their faces. I said:

"Where have you all been?"

"Prospecting."

"What did you find?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? What do you think of the country?"

"Can't tell, yet," said Mr. Ballou, who was an old gold miner, and had likewise had considerable experience among the silver mines.

"Well, haven't you formed any sort of opinion?"

"Yes, a sort of a one. It's fair enough here, maybe, but overrated. Seven-thousand-dollar ledges are scarce, though. That Sheba may be rich enough, but we don't own it; and besides, the rock is so full of base metals that all the science in the world can't work it. We'll not starve, here, but we'll not get rich, I'm afraid."



UNR SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

A few months after Twain's amazing "strike" in Unionville, he visited the camp of Aurora. There he is purported to have stayed in this wood cabin.

"So you think the prospect is pretty poor?"

"No name for it!"

"Well, we'd better go back, hadn't we?"

"Oh, not yet—of course not. We'll try it a riffle, first."

"Suppose, now—this is merely a supposition, you know—suppose you could find a ledge that would yield, say, a hundred and fifty dollars a ton—would that satisfy you?"

"Try us once!" from the whole party.

"Or suppose—merely a supposition, of course—suppose you were to find a ledge that would yield two thousand dollars a ton—would *that* satisfy you?"

"Here—what do you mean? What are you coming at? Is there some mystery behind all this?

"Never mind. I am not saying anything. You know perfectly well there are no rich mines here—of course you do. Because you have been around and examined for yourselves. Anybody would know that, that had been around. But just for the sake of argument, suppose—in a kind of general way—suppose some person were to tell you that two-thousand-dollar ledges were simply contemptible—contemptible, understand—and that right yonder in sight of this very cabin there were piles of pure gold and pure silver—oceans of it—enough to make you all rich in twenty-four hours! Come!"

"I should say he was as crazy as a loon!" said old Ballou, but wild with excitement, nevertheless.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I don't say anything—*I* haven't been around, you know, and of course don't know anything—but all I ask of you is to cast your eye on *that*, for instance, and tell me what you think of it!" and I tossed my treasure before them.

There was an eager scramble for it, and a closing of heads together over it under the candlelight. Then old Ballou said:

"Think of it? I think it is nothing but a lot of granite rubbish and nasty glittering mica that isn't worth ten cents an acre!"

So vanished my dream. So melted my wealth away. So toppled my airy castle to the earth and left me stricken and forlorn.

Moralizing, I observed, then, that "all that glitters is not gold."

Mr. Ballou said I could go further than that, and lay it up among my treasures of knowledge, that *nothing* that glitters is gold. So I learned then, once for all, that gold in its native state is but dull, unornamental stuff, and that only lowborn metals excite the admiration of the ignorant with an ostentatious glitter. However, like the rest of the world, I still go on underrating men of gold and glorifying men of mica. Commonplace human nature cannot rise above that. □



Gold Camp Grifters

For miners high-grading was a privilege that came with the job; for mine owners it was grand larceny By Phillip Earl



NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PHOTOS

A group of Goldfield miners ready to descend to underground workings, where their jobs were tough, hot and risky. Many miners found ingenious ways of concealing "percs" of gold ore and nuggets from the mine bosses.

Gold miners were ahead of their time. In the 19th century, they invented profit sharing in the form of "high-grading," the pocketing of gold nuggets while on the job. To the miners, high-grading was merely a perquisite, but to the mine owners it was outright theft. All miners denied doing it and all of them were accused of it. The best the owners and superintendents could do was to try to thwart each new high-grading strategy. It took all their ingenuity pitted against the miners' creative genius to even partially frustrate the high-graders.

In the big company mines, there was no way to keep watch on the hundreds of miners blasting and mucking in the depths of the earth. Since gold is seldom distributed uniformly in a lode, the men might blast and muck for weeks before coming upon an extremely rich concentration of nuggets, some as big as marbles. Any man would be tempted by such a find. If the mine was owned by distant, anonymous shareholders, so much bigger the temptation and so much easier the rationalization of guilt.

The lunch pail was the first and favorite method for getting high-grade out of the mine at the end of the shift. Some miners were said to be bandy-legged because of the great weight of their lunch pails. When specimen bosses were hired to examine pails at quitting time, the miners devised new methods of concealment. In the ancient tradition of prisoners, some miners used suppositories—hollow tubes of baked clay to hold the nuggets. The companies responded by more thorough physical inspections and by requiring suspected high-graders to squat and lift heavy barbells. Some miners showed up at the end of a shift daubed with clay—nuggets stuck to their bodies under



Soldiers of the 22nd Infantry pose at their barracks in Goldfield in December 1907. They had been dispatched from San Francisco during that year's labor strikes over wages and the change rooms introduced by mine owners to stop high-grading.

heavy layers of dirt. A dip in a vat of water was soon required to determine if the miner was concealing gold or was just naturally careless about his appearance.

The battle escalated. Miners began hand-tailoring their wardrobes: false-crowned hats which held up to five pounds of high-grade, long socks or cloth tubes suspended inside trouser legs, pockets sewn inside the waistbands of trousers, and false cuffs. The miners invented what was known as a "corset cover," a canvas chemise equipped with pockets which was worn under their shirts. Greed might well subject a man to a double hernia, but the risk was cheerfully accepted.

To thwart these sartorial maneuvers and not out of benevolent concern for employee cleanliness, some mining companies built change rooms where miners going off shift had to discard their soggy work clothes, shower under the eye of a supervisor, and put on street clothes. High-graders often got around this by bribing the supervisor with a share of the proceeds.

In one mining camp, the change room became the subject of a bitter labor dispute. Discovering that they were losing up to 40 percent of their bullion through high-grading, officials of the Goldfield Consolidated Mining Company erected change rooms. The miners struck, urged on by leaders of the Western Federation of Miners and the IWW. They threatened to take over the town and all the mines. Then three companies of troopers from the 22nd Infantry Regiment were finally dispatched from San Francisco by order of President Theodore Roosevelt, and the strike collapsed. Goldfield's mines went into permanent borrasca a few years later, so it is difficult to determine to what extent change rooms actually suppressed high-grading.

Mining camp custom encouraged the practice of high-grading. Gold dust and slugs of melted-down ore were accepted without question in saloons, brothels and honky-tonks. Prosecuting attorneys had a hard time convicting high-graders, since the average juror had good reason to suspect that he might be in the dock himself the next time around.

Even the clergy dealt gingerly with the topic. A mining company in Goldfield once paid a clergyman to excoriate the sin of theft in his Sunday sermon. The pastor did very well until he came to high-grading. Gauging correctly the temper of his flock, he concluded the sermon by remarking that "gold belongs to him what finds it first," an unorthodox but highly popular exegesis of the Eighth Commandment. □

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Guide your spoon through the mounds of hip-hugging frosting and scoop up a forbidden portion of the one pound of tropical fresh bananas and the quarter pound of outrageously expensive walnuts that goes into each cake. It's worth every guilty bite.

—Ann Henderson

Harolds Club banana nut cake is available at the Presidential Car restaurant beween 5 p.m. and midnight, the Nickelodeon Restaurant 'round the clock and at the Elite Bakeshoppe and Ice Cream Parlor weekdays from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., Fridays and Saturdays until midnight.

BURGERS AND MEMORIES AT MACY'S

Deep within memory of those of us of a certain age (anyone too old to wear sequins in the navel and too young to qualify for senior citizen bus discounts) there lurks a fading image of the classic tearoom.

You know the kind. Pale sunlight, watercress sandwiches, dithering waitresses and lots and lots of old and even older ladies. Blum's. Rumpelmayer's. Stouffer's before it became an industrial soybean feeder. Surely I spent my public childhood hours *somewhere* other than in a tearoom, but for the life of me all I can remember are those quiet moments of agony at the side of a deaf aunt — moments that invariably stretched into decades — somewhere in the bowels of a midwestern tearoom.

During the nearly half century that has passed since those bad old days, the tearoom recollections have yellowed and faded from my mind which has been otherwise occupied with lesser threats to survival — pestilence, plague, and corporate pillage — all this while the tearoom has been making a surreptitious comeback.

Yes, Norman Rockwell food fans, the banana, peanut butter and brown sugar sandwich on date nut bread is with us once again, albeit somewhat changed.

During the Dark Ages — that is to say during the years I did hard time among the parsley sprigs — many tearooms were planted inside department stores, and for better or worse, that custom is being resurrected as well.

Which brings us to Macy's at Reno's Meadowood Mall, specifically to the second floor and more specifically still to a gleaming, streamlined, trendy, up-to-the moment tearoom my deaf aunt would have flat loved.

Macy's has had a tradition of offering fine foods and wines, but usually to go. Macy's also has had a tradition of following suburban trends as though the store were a beagle and the trends were some kind of delectable rabbit. So it is no surprise to see the giant Macy's chain dealing salads and sandwiches off the cuff in a new store in the Heartland; whole grain culture to the aborigines, as it were.

What's more, Macy's tearoom is not only the latest in a long and honorable tradition it is also a wonderful place to eat.

The menu might be limited — two specials each day plus a list of salads, sandwiches and cold and hot dishes — but the view of the east side of the Sierra is spectacular and the service is superb. Among the shoppers are the matrons with babies, harrassed execs eating furtively as though caught plundering the buffet at a garden party, raucous teenagers oblivious to that code of delicate etiquette indispensible to tearoom scarfing; and in the midst of this milling bazaar, you will find the occasional gourmet having at a beef vinaigrette. He will have at it only once, sadly, for the beef vinaigrette at Macy's is not what it used to be in the tearooms of my childhood. It used to be a sonnet of thin strips of rare prime beef, lovingly marinated, worshipfully laid upon a bed of Boston lettuce and seen to its reward by white asparagus, pimento, capers and hard boiled egg halves. Now it comes in great sheets, almost like my deaf aunt's famous afghans. What flavor there was is now so, er, delicate that it has all but vanished. As for the fresh, slightly pink calf's liver (from the menu) combat boots. That's not exactly fair, call it closer to a pair of Bally winklepickers. Still, the vegetables accompanying were fresh and crisp and the house white (a Sebastiani chablis, $2.25 the half carafe, $4 the full) was excellent.

But wait a minute here. We're talking about a tearoom and to judge a tearoom on the basis of its few tentative tries at haute cuisine is unfair. What about Macy's tuna salad? How does the burger stack up?

Both are sensational.

The tuna salad ($3.75) is borne to the table by no fewer than 30 freedpersons, it is so large. It is not only large, it is filled with real fish of firm texture and subtle taste. It is filled with enough real fish, in fact, that each salad must do awful things to the annual tuna quota of American *and* Japanese fishermen. The salad comes — as most Macy's salads do — surrounded by the wealth of a monarch's garden: every fern, flower, bush, fruit, and vegetable known to the botanical laboratories of the universe. Wonderful, and enough to last even a relentless gourmand for the first three days of any given week.

But the burger, ah, the burger. It is huge,it drips with juices, it could serve as a centerpiece at the Centennial Terlingua County, Texas, beef cookoff. The chopped beef in a Macy's burger displaces almost as much as the U.S.S. Forrestal, and the onion roll on which it appears is the size of an appropriate drydock. This is no Ventura Boulevard/Jerome Avenue burger, of course. Metroburgers, like good German white

wines, don't seem to travel well. But it is a true frontier burger ($3.45 dressed, $3.75 dressed *plus* cheese and avocado) and unless you are filled with genuine frontier ambition (and hunger) order something less gargantuan.

Still, it's not only the food for which the pilgrim treks to Macy's restaurant; it's also the memories. And they are there, carefully disguised in contemporary pottery barn and high tech stainless decor (the tableware is enormously handsome, most of it for sale somewhere within the Macy's system). You tearoom veterans have a trip to the past in store at Macy's and don't be afraid to bring along a member of the unenlightened generations. For tearooms, like private railroad cars and fringed lampshades, are relics, reminders of simpler, easier days.

Stay with the simple, easy dishes, and Macy's tearoom will shower you with splendid light entrees, drenched in nostalgia.

And not a shred of watercress in sight. — *L. Mandel*

Macy's, Meadowood Mall, Reno. Open weekdays 11-7, Sat. 11-5, Sun. 12-5. Entree prices, $3.25-$6.25. Cash, travelers' checks, Krugerrands, Macy's and Amex credit cards.

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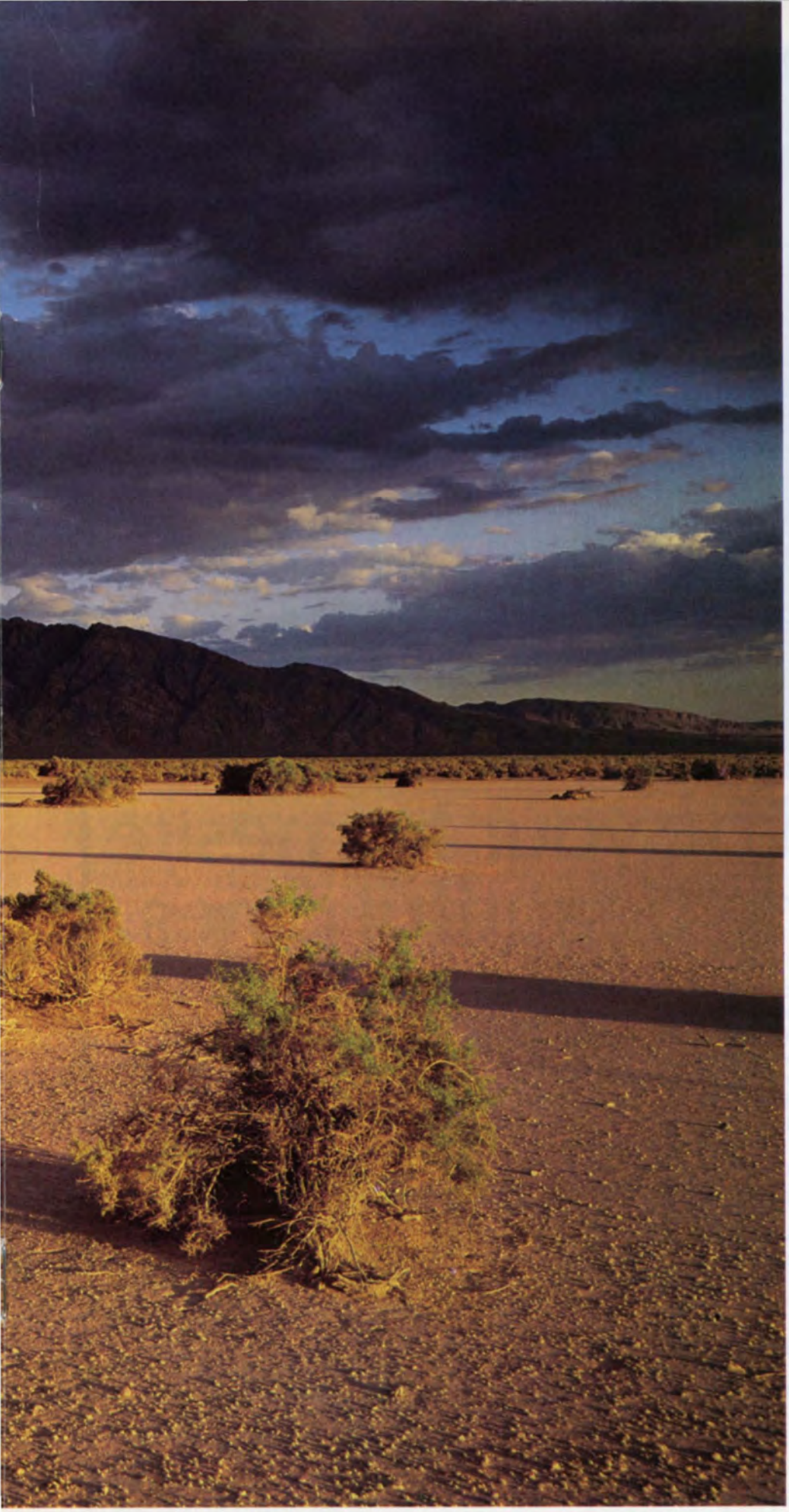
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Photographs by David Muench

Muench's Gallery

On an alkalai flat near Lone Mountain in Esmeralda County, summer evening shadows play tag with the hardy scrub brush that can survive the inhospitable soil of a Nevada desert. The harsh environment defies all standards of beauty; there are no green trees or pristine fields. It is a land that must be seen with the mind as well as the eye. Only then can you see the striking contrasts and appreciate the fragile quality of survival.

David Muench enjoys showing what he calls "the spirit of the land, a spirit of place" in his work. Muench, one of the Southwest's great landscape photographers, presents selections from his Nevada portfolio in each issue.



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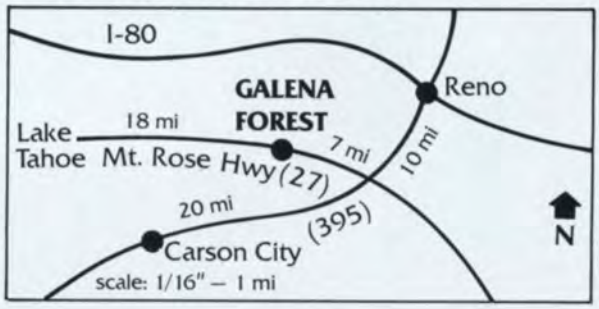
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Former Governor Mike O'Callaghan and President Jimmy Carter (partially hidden) are taught the fine points of bota drinking by World Champion Bota Drinker Peter Echeverria. Note Echeverria's gentle grasp and firm hold.

IT'S HOW YOU HOLD IT

Basque festivals are jubilant celebrations, recalling the culture and traditions of the Pyrenees, the international home of the Basque people.

Participants compete in centuries old games and contests such as the "soha tira" or tug of war, and the "jota" or native dance competition. And in between the wood chopping and incredible weight carrying contests, revelers manipulate botas with great humor and skill. The wine may arch two or more feet through the air, hopefully hitting a thirsty recipient on target.

Robert Laxalt, a Nevada Basque and master at drinking the native "tea" from the elusive bag, explains:

HOW TO DRINK FROM A BOTA

Definition:

bota—pronounced *bow-tah* (also called chahakoa); a diabolical instrument for drinking red wine; of prehistoric origin; usually crescent-shaped and made of leather; can be seen at western festivals of Basques, also of prehistoric origin.

Instructions on use:

Grasp bota decisively. Hesitancy will lead only to stained shirt and disgrace. While bota is upright, clasp left hand around neck and right hand around bottom. Gently squeeze out air. In simultaneous motion, turn face upwards, open mouth, upend bota and squeeze like hell. Start close to mouth, but do not touch nozzle to lips. Given normal coordination, jet of wine will find its own destination. As proficiency and desire to show off grow, extend arms so that jet of wine makes impressive arc. When through drinking, draw bota close to mouth, quit squeezing and return to upright position very quickly.

Gratuitous advice from frequenters of Basque festivals:

Peter Echeverria, Reno attorney—"You must treat a bota like a woman, with respect and firmness. Place your left hand around the neck, your right hand around the butt, and apply pressure."

Governor Robert List—"The key to success is always to wear a red shirt and carry a red handkerchief. That way, there will be no tell-tale evidence in case things go wrong."

Warren Lerude, Reno newspaper publisher—"Drink from a bota before or after but preferably not while doing the jota."

George Abbott, Gardnerville attorney—"If a Basque challenges you to drink from a bota, approach the problem warily. Ask for a recess, drink four lethal picon punches. After that, it will be a matter of indifference."

—Robert Laxalt

Note: Try your skill with a bota at Nevada Basque festivals July 5-6 in Elko, July 19-20 in Ely, and August 9 in Reno.

Sparks Diamond Jubilee

It's been 75 years since the city of Sparks was born in a three-day exodus of houses, trees, shrubs, pets, chickens, pigs and cows. The Southern Pacific Railroad was moving its headquarters from Wadsworth 30 miles west to Sparks, so houses were sawed in sections and loaded onto flat cars along with everything else and deposited at the new town site.

Sparks residents will be celebrating their ingenuity during a diamond anniversary party July 14-19. See daily listing for a guide to events. For information call (702) 359-7930.

The Blob That Ate Las Vegas

Slightly crazy people will be jumping into a big tub of jello in search of a prize during the Jaycees State Fair July 30-August 3 in Las Vegas. The Jello Jump is but one special event at the annual fair, which includes a motorized tricycle grand prix, arm wrestling, a battle of the bands and the big carnival and exhibits.

The fair at the Convention Center is open weeknights four to midnight, Saturday noon to midnight and Sunday noon to 10. Admission is $3 adults, $1 kids under 12.

SOUTH

ONGOING EVENTS

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

JULY

"Patterns of Memory" Art Show, 1-26, ceramic sculpture, Flamingo Library, Las Vegas
Diamond Jubilee Band Concert, 3, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
Boulder City 4th of July, parade, 10am, food booths, softball games, contests, band and fireworks at dusk, City Park
Caliente 4th of July, parade, motorcycle races, ball games, picnic and fireworks, City Park
Henderson 4th of July, fireworks at Morrell Park
Las Vegas 4th of July, fireworks at the Silver Bowl
"You Can't Take It With You," 10-12, light comedy, Reed Whipple Cultural Ctr., Las Vegas, info 702-385-7225
Waynco Arabian Horse Show and Rodeo, 10-13, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
Pan Tournament, 13-16, Union Plaza Hotel, Las Vegas
"Fiddler On The Roof," 15-8/9, The Meadows Playhouse, Las Vegas, info 702-739-7525
"Super Dance," 18-19, Spring Mtn. Ranch State Park, 8pm, Las Vegas, info 702-874-4141 or 702-385-0264
European Style Flea Market, 19-20, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
Cinema '80: "Les Miserables," 19-21, Clark County libraries, info 702-733-7810
"Super Music," 25-26, 8pm, Spring Mtn. Ranch State Park, Las Vegas
Antique Show, 25-27, Sahara Hotel Space Center, Las Vegas
"Dreams, Hands & Fibers," 28-31, display of Indian baskets, Flamingo Library, Las Vegas
Jaycees State Fair, 30-8/3, Las Vegas Convention Ctr., info 702-733-2323

AUGUST

"Dreams, Hands & Fibers," 1-23, display of Indian baskets, Flamingo Library, Las Vegas
Second Annual Summer Festival, 1, featuring the Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, info 702-733-5000
Lincoln County Fair, 14-16, parade, rodeo, street dance, concessions, at fairgrounds, Panaca
Woodsy Owl Day, 10, 2-7pm, Spring Mtn. Ranch State Park, Las Vegas
Miss Pahrump Beauty Pageant, 15, Pahrump, info contact Pahrump Valley C of C
Cinema '80: "Mouse That Roared," 17, Flamingo Library, 2pm, Las Vegas
UNLV Alumni Basketball, 20, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
National Home Show, 20-25, Mathis Enterprises, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
Town & Country Flea Market, 23-24, Las Vegas Convention Ctr.
Pioche Labor Day, 8/29-9/1: 29, street dance; 30, bottle show, hay scramble, horseshoe tournament, movie, swimming, fireman's dance; 31, pancake breakfast at 7am followed by horseshoe tournament, cake walk, wrist wrestling, firemen's dinner, baseball game & fireworks; 1, parade, mining events

CENTRAL

JULY

Austin 4th of July, parade, street events, dunk tank, Main Street; fireworks display, 8pm, Pine Cone RV Park; "no host" fun night, local saloons
Eureka 4th of July, parade, games, contests, potluck picnic and fireworks, City Park
Ely 4th of July, parade, races, watermelon eating, demolition derby and fireworks, fairgrounds
Hare Scramble, 5, 150 mile, 5-lap dirt bike race, 10am, entry fee, Austin
V.F.D. Dance, 5, Austin Firehouse, 9pm
V.F.W. Turkey Shoot, 6, Austin Shooting Range, 9am
Antique Car Show & Swap Meet, 11-13, Broadbent Park, Ely
Ely Basque Festival, 19, woodchopping and weightlifting contests, afternoon, Broadbent Park; dance, Nat'l Guard Armory
Shrine Club/K of C Annual Picnic, 26, Murry Summit, Ely
Little League Baseball Play-Offs, 31-8/2, Ely

AUGUST

White Pine County Horse Show, 2-3, fairgrounds, Ely
Women's Class A Fastpitch Tourney, 8-10,

Beach Blanket Shakespeare

Bring on the sand, the wine and the stars when the New Shakespeare Company of San Francisco performs this summer at Sand Harbor on Lake Tahoe's east shore. This year you can see the comedies "As You Like It" and "The Merchant of Venice," which play on alternate days. It's wise to take along a sleeping bag or blanket because Tahoe gets chilly after dark, but don't take a lawn chair unless you want to exchange Shakespeareanisms with the guy behind you. For the best view sit on the hill. To hear what's going on, sit down front.

There's no state park fee after 6 p.m. so you can take along a bucket of chicken or cook your own on a park barbecue. Playdates are July 30, 31, August 1, 2, 6-9 and 13-16. Weekday general admission is $4 ($5 weekends), $3 students and seniors, and $1 under age 10.



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



Racing starts at 1 p.m. each day during Ely's Pony Express Days, August 16-17 and 23-24.

Broadbent Park, Ely

Kingston VFD Annual Firefight Competition, 16, BBQ, kids fishing derby, horseshoe tourney, dance, Kingston

Pony Express Days, 16-17, horse racing, fairgrounds, Ely

White Pine County Fair and Pony Express Days, 23-24, fairgrounds, Ely

NORTH

ONGOING EVENTS

Northeastern Nevada Museum, 9-7 Mon.-Sat., 1-7 Sun., historical and natural history exhibits and research library, 1515 Idaho St., Elko, 702-738-3418

JULY

"A Basque Artist," 1-23, oil paintings by Joe Sarasua, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko

Battle Mountain 4th of July, parade, food booths, BBQ, races, dance and fireworks, Lion's Club Park

Jackpot 4th of July, games, contests, BBQ and fireworks, Nevada State Hollering Championships, motorcycle campout

Elko Basque Festival, 5-6, fireworks, parade, chorizos, contests of strength and skill, dance, City Park and fairgrounds

Northeastern Nevada Quarterhorse Assn., 11-12, horse show, fairgrounds, Elko

"Tuscarora Never Died," 25-8/31, photographic exhibit of 19th century silver camp, Northeastern Nevada Museum, Elko

AUGUST

Snake River AAU Swim Meet, 15-16, championship invitational, Elko City Pool

Elko County Fair, 29-9/1, parade, livestock show and horse races, fairgrounds, Elko

Winnemucca Rodeo & Tri County Fair, 8/30-9/1, parade, boxing matches, BBQ, PRCA rodeo, jazz concert, 4-H livestock auction, exhibits, crafts, food booths

WEST

ONGOING EVENTS

Dayton Flea Market, weekends

Nevada Artists Assn. Gallery, 10-4 Mon.-Sat., 12-4 Sun., 449 W. King St. Carson City

Art exhibitions, 2-6 Wed.-Mon., 699 D. St., St. Phillip's Center Gallery, Hawthorne

Atmospherium-Planetarium, open daily, UNR, Reno, show info 702-784-4811

Photographs & Memories and The Encyclopedia of Collectibles, Churchill County Museum, Mon.-Sat. 9-5, Sun. noon- 5

JULY

Nevada 80 Traveling Photography Show, 1-7, Washoe Co. Library, Reno

Masters in Perception, 1-20, survey of photography, Sierra Nevada Museum of Art, Reno

Pederson Bowling Classic, 1-31, Town & Country Bowl, Reno

"Birds of Prey," 1-31, art exhibit, drawings by Cristi Bonds, Pershing Co. Library, Lovelock

Sharkey's 9th Annual Cowpasture Boxing Festival, 3, Gardnerville Ballpark, 8pm

Carson City 4th of July, parade, food booths, games, fair and fireworks, Mills Park

Fernley 4th of July, parade, games, contest, BBQ, fair at the out-of-town park

Lovelock 4th of July, children's parade, contests, BBQ and fireworks at City Park

Virginia City 4th of July, parade at 1pm, followed by a concours d'elegance of old-time fire carts and engines at Miners Park

Virginia City Fireman's Muster, 5, at 11am with hose cart races, hand and motor pump contests and bucket brigades

Fallon Elks Rodeo & BBQ, 4-6, NCA rodeo; BBQ at noon, fireworks at sundown on 4th; dance 9pm on 4th and 5th; chuckwagon breakfast 7am on 5th and 6th, all events at fairgrounds, info 702-423-3008 days

You Can Do It All In Five Days

The Nevada State Fair is designed to entice you to come early and stay late with music, shows and special events. Each day of the Reno fair, September 3-7, will end with either a four-wheel vehicle tug-o-war, performances by country singer Dottie West, a destruction derby, or appearances by the rock group Ground Star and the Young Life Singers. That's after you test your endurance on a full schedule of gut-wrenching carnival rides, a mini-circus, petting zoo, pony rides, and the exhibit area with its home arts, bake-offs and livestock display.

Everything happens at the fairgrounds on Wells Ave. For information call (702) 785-4280.

Ecology of a Dune Environment, 5, explore the ecology of the dune formations at Washoe Lake State Park, 1pm, info 702-885-4379

Nevada Quarterhorse Horse Show, 5-6, fairgrounds, Reno

Children's Play, 7-12, Reno Little Theater, 7:30pm

Birding in Spooner Meadows, 12, early morning bird walk around Spooner Lake, 7am, info 702-885-4379

Eagle Valley Riders Horse Show, 12-13, Fuji Park, Carson City

Hike up Deadman's Creek, 13, 11am, Group Use Area, Washoe Lake, info 702-885-4379

World Wide Flea Market, 13, Coliseum, 9-6, Reno

Nevada Paint Horse / Horse Show, 10-13, fairgrounds, 7am, Reno

Centro de Informacion Dance, 12, exhibit hall, 9-2, fairgrounds, Reno

FOUR DAYS AT THE RACES

Ely's Pony Express Days offer two weekends of exciting horse racing and some marvelous self-indulgence. By Joe Merica

Sighting a neighbor on the dim horizon in eastern Nevada is cause for celebration.

Celebration in eastern Nevada is cause for wretchedly marvelous excess.

And Pony Express Days? Lock your daughters away and get out the Alka Seltzer.

Attendance at Pony Express Days horse racing in White Pine County has been growing every year since the races began just before WWII. The races are always held on two weekends in August, this year August 16-17 and 23-24; post time for the first race each day is 1pm, and by 6, after five hours and 10 races, spectators and contestants are limp. For you high tech types, the horses are thoroughbreds, quarter horses and Arabians that travel a circuit throughout Utah, Idaho and Nevada. For lowlives—and that includes us—Ely's Pony Express Days offer a lot more than horse racing. It's county fair time and that means a 4-H livestock show and auction on the second weekend and a good deal of serious carousing.

The weather in White Pine is at its best in August, with warm, cloudless days and clear, cool nights. So if the horses turn dull and the parimutual windows no longer seem inviting, try a challenging nine-hole golf course—with a greens fee of only $2. Even that will seem expensive to the tennis fanatics, who have nearby courts free to the public. Or, go fishing. Comins Lake, just south of Ely, produced a state record Great Northern pike (a 28-pound, 48-inch lunker) just two years ago. Trout fishing is available at Cave Lake, 10 miles south of town, and excellent bass fishing is usually found at Ruby Lake in the northern part of the county.

Out-of-towners should begin making plans now: hotels and motels in Ely fill up quickly for Pony Express Days. A good bet if the Chamber of Commerce, (702) 289-8877, can't help with a room is to bring your own. There's a KOA Kampground just south of town. Unimproved set-up space is available at the fairgrounds, which may make your very early mornings a little hectic but will *definitely* put you in the middle of things. □

High School Rodeo, 14-15, Rodeo Grounds, 9am, Lovelock

U.S. Public Links Golf Tournament, 14-19, Edgewood Tahoe Golf Course, Stateline

Sparks Diamond Jubilee, 14-19: daily concerts, city parks; 19, Fun Run of 1, 3, & 5 miles at 9am, BBQ at 11-2 followed by old time games, Cottonwood Park; another BBQ at 11-2 followed by inner tube race on Truckee River at Rock Park; 19-20, softball tournament, 8am, Shadow Mountain Sports Complex, Baring Blvd.

Nevada 80 Traveling Photography Show, 16-30, Incline Library

Pioneer Luncheon, 17, honoring residents that have been living in Churchill Co. for over 60 yrs., 12 noon, Nugget Convention Ctr., Fallon, info 702-423-5444

Pacific Diamond Belt Boxing Tournament, 18-19, Community Ctr., 7pm, Carson City

All Indian Stampede & Pioneer Days, 18-20, rodeo, traditional Indian dancing, parade, arts & crafts, Indian handgames, fairgrounds, Fallon

Pony Bob Jr. Rodeo, 18-20, 6-10pm, fairgrounds, Reno, info 702-359-2406

The Great Yerington Sack Race, 19, noon, Main St., Yerington, info 702-463-3721

Evening Stargaze, 19, guide through the major constellations and astrological myths, BYO-BBQ precedes event at 7pm, Group Use Area, Washoe Lake, info 702-885-4379

Reno-Sparks Antique Bottle Collectors, 19-20, Coliseum, 9-4, Reno

IT MAY NOT BE THE OLYMPICS, BUT THEN THIS YEAR WHAT IS?

There are marathons and then there's the great Yerington Sack Race.

By John Sanderson and Jim Sanford

As Bill Rodgers—heaven help us even Rosie Ruiz—could tell you, a 10-mile race can be grueling. So how about a 10-mile race with a 120-pound sack of grain on your back?

That's the Yerington way, which may say something about the burdens of small town life in Nevada; but believe it or not, the feat has been accomplished three times since 1910 when Harry Warren and a couple of ranch hands started the whole gut-wrenching, wonderfully crazy event. They were loading wheat at the Warren Ranch near Wabuska and the more wheat they loaded the heavier seemed the sacks. So, naturally, one of the hands began to wonder. "Harry, how far do you figure you could tote one of these sacks without once setting it down?"

It was 10 miles from the ranch to Yerington.

Ten miles, said Harry, adding with the shrewdness of the Nevada free enterpriser that he wasn't about to do it for fun. So the five hands pooled their money and put $100 on the table. Even in 1910, that wouldn't cover serious doctor's bills, and serious doctor bills

History at Spooner Meadows, 20, story of the area's importance to the Comstock, 1pm, Spooner Lake, info 702-885-4379

Gymkhana, 20, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

Conklins N. W. Antique Show, 25-27, noon-6pm, Coliseum, Reno

All Senses Day, 26, nature discovery day using the lesser-used senses, 10am, Group Use Area, Washoe Lake, info 702-885-4379

Battle Born Appaloosas Horse Show, 26-27, fairgrounds, Reno

Moonlight Washo Indian Talk, 27, legends and culture of the Washo Indians, 8pm, Spooner Lake, info 702-885-4379

Shakespeare at the Lake, 30-31, "As You Like It" & "The Merchant of Venice," Sand Harbor State Park, Lake Tahoe

AUGUST

Shakespeare at the Lake, 1-2, 6-9 & 13-16, "As



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were in prospect if Harry failed. But the ranch hands were too cautious to stretch the bet without a little careful research, so after dark, one of the men picked up a sack of grain, and grunting and wheezing, managed to haul it down the road maybe four hundred yards. That did it for the hands who figured they had a sure thing. As these affairs do, word spread, and soon enough there was $750 in the pot, not to mention side bets. With that much at stake there had to be rules, and there were: the grain could at no time be lowered to the ground; the 10-mile trip was to be made in four hours or less; three judges would follow Harry Warren to town. But rules cut two ways, and Warren had some of his own: the

(Continued on page 58)

You Like It" & "The Merchant of Venice," Sand Harbor State Park, Lake Tahoe

Reno Gay Rodeo, 1-3, fairgrounds, 10-6, Reno, info 702-322-4821

Pederson Bowling Classic, 1-9/1, Town & Country Bowl, Reno

"Birds of Prey," 1-31, art exhibit, drawings by Cristi Bonds, Walker-Wassuk Arts Alliance, Hawthorne

Centro de Informacion Dance, 2, exhibit hall, 9-2, fairgrounds, Reno

Photography Walk at Spooner Lake, 2, in search of the perfect shot, 10am, Spooner Lake

Eagle Valley Riders Horse Show, 2-3, Fuji Park, Carson City

Wildlife Ecology at Scripps, 3, walk through the Scripps Wildlife Refuge, 9:30am, meet at the Washoe Lake Group Use Area (north end of Eastlake Blvd.)

Comstock Arabian Assn. Horse Show, 7-10, fairgrounds, Reno

Zazpiak Bat Basque Festival, 9, fairgrounds, 9am, Reno

Nevada 80 Traveling Photography Show, 8-22, Genoa Courthouse

Evening Stargaze, 9, major constellations and astrological myths, BYO-BBQ at 7pm, Group Use Area, Washoe Lake, info 702-885-4379

Tom Duncan Days, 9-10, junior rodeo, Pershing Co. Horsemen's Assoc., Rodeo Grounds, Lovelock, info 702-273-2151 or 702-273-2080

World Wide Flea Market, 10, Coliseum, 9-6, Reno

Country Livin' Week, 9-17: 9, street dance, Main St; 15-17, Churchill County Fair, crafts, games, contests, theater, Regional Park, Fallon, info 702-423-3677

Mexican Rodeo, 16, fairgrounds, Reno, info 916-663-1487

All Senses Day, 16, nature discovery day using the lesser-used senses, 10am, Group Use Area, Washoe Lake, info 702-885-4379

Brewery Arts & Crafts Festival, 16, juried art show, arts and crafts booths, entertainment, food, refreshments, 11-7, Brewery Arts Ctr., Carson City, info 702-883-1976

Harolds Club Gun Show, 16-17 Coliseum, Reno

Tahoe Ehrman Mansion Arts Festival, 16-24, Sugar Pine Pt. State Park, West Shore, Lake Tahoe, 10-5, info 916-546-5562

Tour of the Rock Point Mill, 17, conducted by park rangers and local historians, 9am, Dayton State Park

Lyon County Fair, Rodeo & Parade, 21-24: 21, fair opens, frog jumping contest, exhibits, crafts, fairgrounds; 23, parade, 10am, Main St, boxing matches, 7pm, fairgrounds; 23-24, rodeo & demolition derby, 1pm, fairgrounds

History Walk, 23, history of Spooner Summit area, 1pm, Spooner Lake

Reno Gem & Mineral Show, 23-24, Coliseum, 10-5, Reno

Gymkana, 24, Fuji Park, 8am, Carson City

Children's Day, 24, explore immigrant history, 1pm, Mormon Station, Genoa

First Annual Air Sailing, 25-31, soaring sports class, Air Sailing Airport, Warm Springs Valley near Pyramid Lake, info 702-322-9010

Bird Migration Walk, 30, early morning bird watching, 7am, Washoe Lake

Eagle Valley Riders Horse Show, 31, Fuji Park, Carson City

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NEAR DOWNTOWN RENO





Someone once said mules never buck. True, maybe, with ordinary mules, but I soon found out I had an extra-ordinary one. By Harry Webb

HORSE SENSE & NONSENSE

In the early twenties a sheepherder's pack burro, which happened to be an unaltered critter, ran off with our range horses and the next summer I noticed one of my mares had a buckskin something that was all ears and legs.

If figured it must be a mule, but a mule was one breed of critter I didn't need any more than I needed fourteen toes and all of them "webbed" at that. But three years later I ran in a bunch of horses and there's this buckskin mule with my brand on his shoulder. The black stripe running over his high withers, almost from knee to knee, and rangy legs, gave me an idea.

"Now there," I says to my son, "is the makin's of a lollapaloser of a saddle animal.Think I'll break that booger." I recalled hearing Buffalo Bill tell of a fast mule he rode when he was a "Pony Mail" carrier for Majors & Waddel, so that settled matters and a couple weeks after castrating this snuffy, wall-eyed critter, I was ready to start educating him. Or vice versa.

Someone had said mules never bucked simply because being hybrids they didn't know how. True, maybe, with *ordinary* mules, but I soon found out I had latched onto an extra-ordinary one!

Buck? That varmint was a Wampus Cat and crookeder than a sack full of snakes, and I found out those long limbs weren't stuck on him just for walking!

Bronc peelers at one time or other have run afoul of some broncs that



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would kick their spurs or bootheels off while turning wrong side out, but this buckskin went 'em one better. His hind hoof not only ripped my spur off, he kicked my hat off while he was on his side six feet in the air. Leastwise I figured that's what happened while my head was floppin' down one side or the other.

But one good thing about Buck, as I called him, was that his high withers and belly were built for a saddle. Also, anyone who ever had dealings with mules knows they're smart. Well, this critter was a regular Einstein. When he found out he couldn't unload me in the corral he quit trying and took to neck-reining like a seasoned cow horse.

That's where he had me fooled. Thinking it safe to ride him outside I decided one afternoon to ride out about a mile and see if I could run in a bunch of my work and saddle horses on him. On the way to the bunch Buck acted as though he knew just what I wanted of him, but the moment the dozen or so horses headed down a steep ridge, Buck cut loose with a batch of bucking that had me riding him from ears to tail. I didn't want to get piled and have him take for parts unknown with my saddle so I went for the old nubbin like I was trying to pull it out by the roots.

Then he quit bucking and sailed after those horses like a real mustanger's mount. But when he got among them, scattering them every which way, he shot on past them and there was no stopping him. That was when I found I had a cold-jawed stampeder on my hands!

With his chin against his brisket I'm sure he knew there was a cliff ahead and decided to take me for a ride over it. At the speed we were going the wind was sucking the air out of my lungs, but knowing how smart mules are I was sure he'd put on the brakes at the cliff's brink and was all braced for a sudden stop. Stop? He never slowed up, and the next thing I knew we were airborne.

Now, it's as natural for a rancher or teamster to yell "Whoa!" when anything happens as it is for a dog to chase cats, and something was sure happening now! When we went off into nothingness, then headed straight down towards a bushy, green juniper, I was yelling "Whoa!" with all my lung power. Landing in the top of that green Juniper tree sure saved our lives but very little of our hide and skin.

On seeing Buck tearing down the road minus his "pack" my son ran out in time to shoo my peeled up, blood-streaked mule into the corral. Me? When I came crawling in, most of my clothes and skin were trailing behind me and half my vertebrae were dislocated. I was groaning something that was somewhat stronger then "Now, isn't this provoking?" when my son asked what had happened. "Tried to kill me!" I managed. "He's a natural born stampeder an' figuring the only way to kill me was to jump off a cliff."

"Well," the son said, "if I was you, Pop, I'd get rid of him."

My groaned answer to that was, "I ain't givin' a tinker's damn whether you was me or me, you! Bill Rand's gettin' a mule free gratis for nothin' for his mowin' machine!"

When I was able to get to town I was relating my high-dive experience in Martinelli's saloon when a hobo, who was swapping funny sketches for drinks, called for a sheet of paper. In a jiffy I was handed the accompanying sketch captioned with some real mule-skinner rhetoric. □



The Secrets of Hidden Cave

A team of archaeologists near Fallon are unwrapping the mysteries of Nevada's 3,000 year-old man. By David Hurst Thomas



AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Archaeologists and students excavate the lower level of Hidden Cave where rich caches of artifacts have been discovered.

He stood silhouetted at the entrance of the black, yawning cave, alone. He watched his family far below as they packed up their camp on the edge of the tule marsh. Where we are going, he thought, we won't need the fine fishing net we made last fall, or the valuable shell and abalone beads given us by our friends who live near the ocean, near where the sun sets. And why bother carrying the fine obsidian spear points, since there will be plenty of chert cobbles in the mountain streambeds? We are lucky, he thought, to have our own cave for hiding our many possessions.

His thoughts were interrupted when his wife, nearly out of breath from the steep climb up to the cave's mouth, approached the entrance. She handed him a deer skin pouch containing a dozen shiny black spear points, the fish net bound with a twisted tule rope, and a string of *Olivella* and abalone beads. Goodbye, he whispered, as he carefully placed each in the grass-lined pit, covering each item with a layer of fresh tule. As he smoothed the cool dust over the cache, he smiled, thinking of the day when he would return to recover his valuables.

They would greet him like old friends. He could still feel the cool sharpness of the spear points he had chipped only last week. With that fish net, he could feed five families all winter and the beads, the ornaments.

He wondered what would happen to his family on the upcoming journey. How much bigger would his children be? So tall that they, like he, would have to stoop to enter the deep, black cavern? Perhaps, he shuddered, none of them would ever return. The spear

points and the fish net might rest there forever. Who could know?

Instantly, he shifted his thoughts from future to present. How glad he was that they did not have to carry all their valuables with them as they traveled.

* * *

This scene occurred three thousand years ago at a cave in western Nevada. As fate would have it, that anonymous American Indian never did return to recover his spear points, his fish net, nor his shell beads.

Perhaps he perished because the pinenuts froze before they ripened in the fall. Perhaps his group moved further to the east, where the mountains provided firewood, more secure shelter, and mountaintop protection from enemies. Perhaps he was killed hunting bighorn sheep high in the mountains to the north. Perhaps he simply never passed that way again.

His fate we will never know, since the archaeological record remains silent about individuals. But we do know that he never returned to retrieve his tools because they were all found, still buried, by a team of archaeologists working at Hidden Cave near Fallon in 1940. The dust still covered the pit, and the tules still wrapped the tools. The grass lining had not even been disturbed by packrats.

Archaeologists are the scientists who sift other people's garbage. They have probed and poked the garbage of 10,000 years in the deserts of Nevada, sometimes finding half-eaten meals, broken artifacts, and long-cold campfires.

This is why archaeologist S. M. Wheeler was grinning as he carefully excavated the small cache pit deep inside Hidden Cave. Here was one pit that did not contain garbage; instead there were tools and artifacts which somebody, thousands of years ago, had considered valuable enough to hide away.

Wheeler had learned of Hidden Cave from a lifelong Fallon resident, Margaret (Peg) Wheat. Through the grapevine, Peg had heard of the site from a guano miner named McReilly, who had complained that his guano digging would go much easier if it were not "for all that Indian junk." She first visited Hidden Cave in the 1930s, placing rocks over the entrance to keep its location a secret from relic collectors.

During July of 1935, archaeologist M. R. Harrington and his assistant S. M.



DENNIS O'BRIEN

Peg Wheat, who first brought recognition to Hidden Cave in 1935, and project director David Thomas inspect Paiute artifacts at the Fallon field lab.



These obsidian spear points found at Hidden Cave probably were made more than 3,500 years ago.



An ancient whistle made from the bone of a bird.



Indian hemp fishnet and Olivella shell beads which had been imported from the Pacific Coast.

PHOTOS COURTESY AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Wheeler stopped in Fallon for a visit with Peg Wheat; she immediately took them to Grimes Point to see her latest find. But as they skittered over the hillside, they couldn't find the rocked-in entrance. After examining several promising ledges, Harrington commented, "This is certainly one very hidden cave!" Now the site had its name. They finally found the cave after an hour's search.

Five years later, as an archaeologist for the State Highway Commission, Wheeler, accompanied by his wife Georgetta, returned to excavate Hidden Cave. Although sometimes assisted by men from the local Civilian Conservation Corps, the Wheelers more often worked alone.

Their 1940 photographs and field notes, now among the Nevada State Museum collections, document the skill and care with which the Wheelers excavated Hidden Cave. The contemporary archaeology student rarely hears their names; as archaeologists, they were relatively unknown. And yet the excavation technique of the Wheelers was exceptional, and the data invaluable to modern archaeologists as Hidden Cave is worked once again.

The Wheelers recovered more than 1,500 prehistoric artifacts, and their excavation attracted much attention. Wheeler knew that vandals would sack the site if it was left unprotected; even the heavy iron gate placed at the mouth of the cave failed to stop subsequent



Tule bag from Hidden Cave. Paiutes in the Fallon area made similar bags for gathering bird eggs.



NEVADA STATE MUSEUM

Georgetta Wheeler crawls out of Hidden Cave early in the Summer of 1940.

vandalism.

Peg Wheat again came to the rescue of Hidden Cave. This time she convinced geologist Roger Morrison to continue the excavations. Morrison was conducting a major regional study of Pleistocene lakes in the Carson Sink area, and he arranged for two graduate students from the University of California to continue the Hidden Cave dig during the summer of 1951. These two students, Gordon Grosscup and Norman Linnaeus Roust, toiled for over two months at Hidden Cave. After they departed, the iron gate was locked once again.

During the next two decades Hidden Cave had more visitors: curious amateur collectors, errant tourists, and the occasional archaeologist. Again the remaining deposits were vandalized by relic hunters.

But in the past decade things have gone better for the site. In 1971 the entire Grimes Point area, including Hidden Cave, was nominated to the National Register of Historic Places. Then in 1976 the Bureau of Land Management took steps to protect the cave and the ancient Indian rock art at Grimes Point.

Two years later the American Museum of Natural History in New York joined with BLM to salvage the remaining archaeological evidence in Hidden Cave. I took charge and several other members of the museum staff assisted

(Continued on page 50)

HOW YOU CAN VISIT HIDDEN CAVE

Visitors are invited this summer to take free two-hour tours of the Hidden Cave laboratory and excavations. The tours begin at noon every Saturday and Sunday at the Churchill County Museum in Fallon. A knowledgeable guide will take you first to the field laboratory to see the artifacts, some as old as 4,000 years, and will explain how they are analyzed. Then you'll visit Hidden Cave itself to watch the excavation. Because of limited time and the delicate nature of the excavation, the site is open to visitors only during tours. For information contact the Churchill County Museum, 1050 S. Maine St., Fallon, Nv 98406, or (702) 423-3677

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The Man Who Created Las Vegas

No matter what the National Enquirer says, it was Charles Pember Squires who founded Nevada's best known city. By Georgia Lewis

To those in the Southern Nevada settlement awaiting completion of the railroad, the 40-year-old balding, myopic, homely figure in his crumpled black suit and city hat was just another Los Angeles businessman drawn, that February in 1905, to yet another temporary boom town.

News that a town site in Las Vegas would be built by the aging and still cunning senator from Montana, William Clark, had brought a flock of vulpine entrepreneurs scurrying to the desolate place.

But Charles Pember Squires was different. This mild-looking escapee from the security, responsibility and routine of a California title insurance and trust company, saw not a stopover but a potential home. He may have lacked the commanding presence and oratorical mastery of the traditional turn-of-the century leader; but Squires would hold up the dreary settlement by the set of its ragged pants until it was ready to be kicked into action.

Still, that was all in the future that February day when Squires arrived in Las Vegas; there would be a town to lay out and a community establishment to build. But first there was an immediate problem.

Squires did not have much money then, nor indeed would he ever have, but he knew how to make—and keep—friends. Those friends were willing to back Squire's vision of a real town in the desert with $25,000 in hard cash. With that bankroll, Squires formed the Las Vegas Trading Company, whose interests included a lumber yard, a hotel and the First State Bank. Quickly, the most elegant 30-room hotel that could be built out of canvas arose from the desert floor to accommodate the buyers for the town-site auction that was to be held May 15, 1905.

On town-site day, Squires and his friends bought the entire block on Fremont between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where they would all build substantial houses. Other lots were bought for the group's commercial enterprises.

In the first few frenetic months of the town, settlers hammered together crude buildings for trade and entertainment



C.P. "Pop" Squires

and set up tent houses on their lots. Few of the settlers had much money, and carpenters, mechanics, farmers, farriers and merchants jostled around for work. Those who could not afford a tent bedded down under the mesquite. Hoary gunslingers and cowpokes who had come to the end of the trail; freighters and teamsters; gamblers, confidence men and their women; miners and prospectors with pack mules; all of them squatted in tents straggling around the town site.

Blocks 16 and 17 were the only places allowed by railroad regulations to sell liquor. As a result, this was the area first built up, and built up to no one's surprise with shacks offering drink, gambling and crib service. Block 16, as it would be known, would flourish as the red light district until 1941.

The staggering disarray of the early townsite was surely enough to take the notion of order away from any man; Charles Squires was not any man and the squalor only fed his determination to create sense and reason of chaos. While others slept, Squires sat in his little tent on Main Street, planning how to begin.

A supply of water to augment that from the railroad tank and the murky Las Vegas Creek was imperative so Squires organized the Las Vegas Artesian Water Company, urging settlers to drill wells, which flowed freely. He decreed that the creek be limited to drinking water and went around showing citizens how to strain off debris and noxious elements from their drinking barrels. However, for the first months he allowed the creek to be used for bathing. A fastidious man, Squires was up at dawn to be first in line at the railroad's bath house built over the creek. It left him chilled and often full of splinters, but clean. That was the first step; the second was not quite so antisceptic.

Hoardes of flies, drawn irresistably to the landfill left by horses, burros, goats, pigs, cows and chickens—and by the even headier miasma of overflowing privies—were leading to typhoid. Squires oversaw the digging of deep cesspits and the enclosing of all privies with metal coverings.

Then there was the problem of hazardous gasoline lamps which illuminated Las Vegas and kept the hastily organized volunteer fire department on the run. The danger motivated Squires to appeal to the Armour & Company ice plant to sell him current from their small generator. The Southwest Power and Telephone Company was born, and Las Vegas had electricity. Soon afterwards, Squires purchased a gas engine from L.A., known as "Old Betsey," which provided a more reliable source of incandescence until 1914.

Squires had an essential talent of all good leaders: he was able to delegate to the right people—even though he did not always approve of their tactics. In no better way was this illustrated than by his lack of interference with the tough, but effective methods of early sheriff Sam Gay, who beat up renegades with his powerful fists, hosed them down and kicked them out of town. Abhorring violence himself, the town leader realized that only a rough hewn veteran of the mining camps could stop the gun fights and knifings that plagued the early town site, and to make it safe for women and children. That last was critical: women meant neat houses with painted fences, flowers and trees, schools, churches, roads, social activities and civilized behavior.

With civilization came the good life for Squires and his wife Delphine. Even though Squires himself ate and drank sparingly, there was always the most lavish table and an abundance of good liquor in his fine new house on Fremont Street—even during Prohibition years.

SQUIRES COLLECTION, UNLV LIBRARY

Every governor of Nevada and every senator and congressman was a visitor there during the forty years that Squires lived in this house. Squires was an ardent Republican, but men of all parties met under his roof and major political decisions affecting both the state and Las Vegas were made there even before Squires became the powerful publisher of the Las Vegas *Age*.

He had been offered the newspaper in 1905 by owners C.W. Nicklin and Charles Corkhill, but at that time Squires had been too involved in settling the problems of his town. Later he grew worried about the financial future of Las Vegas. The failure of Senator Clark to build a promised sanitarium was a deep disappointment to the town leader. He urged the building of fine shops and hostelries to attract visitors and he helped J.O. McIntosh build the Arizona Club. Squires also arranged that trains passing through town took longer to replenish supplies, so that passengers would have time to stretch their legs and refresh themselves and perhaps gamble at the club.

But by early 1908, despite his heroic efforts, Las Vegas slumped, stricken in part by the nationwide panic of 1907 People began to leave town. Squires quickly decided that by buying the newspaper he could "help revive the poor sick, little town." With the help of his family Squires learned how to get out a newspaper. Now each issue of the *Age* was filled with such an outpouring of optimism and hope that people began to rally.

Through the newspaper, Squires urged the establishment of Clark County, which was accomplished in March 1909. He then pressed for Las Vegas to incorporate in order that outside bonds could be sought for needed utilities. Squires carried the town charter by hand to his old friend, Governor Tasker Oddie, who signed it March 17, 1911.

The founder of Las Vegas did not choose political office, feeling his most important job was to run the city from behind the scenes. The opening of the great railroad shops had perked up the economy, but Squires continued his trips around the state to boost his city.

Charles Squires certainly enjoyed all the testimonial dinners, banquets and awards given in his honor, but he was proudest of the acclaim given to him in the building of Boulder Dam. While many Nevadans pushed for the project, it is unlikely that the dam would have been built in Boulder Canyon without the continued persistence and tenacity of Squires. It was perhaps his greatest moment when the Boulder Dam project was signed by President Coolidge on December 23, 1928. Squires, of course, always called it "Hoover Dam," in an unprecedented refusal to bow to Las Vegas public opinion.

The building of the dam ensured the growth of the hotels and clubs that began to spring up to attract workers and their pay checks. However, Squires was well into his old age when he saw the large resorts dotting the Strip.

Five years after the creation of Clark County, C.P. "Pop" Squires, on left, and other businessmen and officials gathered on June 22, 1914, to break ground for the new county courthouse in what is now downtown Las Vegas.



UNR SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

He had longed for such resorts. In 1955, Squires wrote: "Since the early days of the young city of Las Vegas we had hoped to cash in on the delightful climate of this region and make this a resort hotel center. Many trials were made to promote a tourist hotel, but there never seemed to be enough local money available to encourage outsiders to invest, so we went on year after year hoping, but always expecting, that Las Vegas would some day become an important tourist center. Now it is the greatest tourist resort center of the entire West. And where is there a brighter new world than in Las Vegas?"

For all Squires' efforts and despite all his newspaper's contributions, the *Age* kept its owner/publisher constantly in debt.

Advertisers who could not pay their bills were given space anyway, especially if they were helping promote growth. No civic cause, no charity, no town event or personal news concerning one of its citizens was denied space. The newspaper devoted time and effort to organizing all kinds of contests from the greenest garden to the tidiest back yard. The rival Las Vegas *Review* appeared, giving people more sensational news, so that in 1928 the circulation of the *Age* diminished. Although Squires lived comfortably, neither the ownership of the newspaper nor the many business chances he was offered made him a rich man. It was baffling, especially to those who came later to Las Vegas to seek and achieve fortune, to understand how a man could dedicate his life to building a town and not take financial advantage of it.

Squires, however, felt himself particularly blessed to see his dreams and visions come true.

"Although I have achieved neither fame nor fortune," he said, "I have never been sorry, for Las Vegas has given me a life both busy and full of high interest, which I would not, even if I could, exchange for the drab lives and great wealth many of my old associates in Los Angeles achieved."

After he sold the *Age* in 1948, he moved from the family home which had become surrounded by downtown businesses to a quieter neighborhood and continued to write a regular column for the *Review-Journal*, working on his memoirs which were published in 1955 when he was 90 years old.

This gentle founder of Las Vegas died on August 12, 1958 at 93.

The City of Las Vegas was his monument. □



JAMES O'NEILL

The Giant Beehives

Nevada's charcoal ovens look like temples of a lost civilization, and in some ways they are.
By James A. O'Neill

Backcountry four-wheelers and hikers in Nevada occasionally meet clusters of giant brick beehives in the hills above old mining camps. These kilns are the remnants of a once red-hot charcoal industry that for two decades kept wood burners busy in Nevada's pinyon and juniper forests. The giant beehives produced charcoal to fire local smelters, which separated gold and silver from ore brought out of the mines.

The eighteenth century art of charcoal making had its roots in ancient times, when man first examined the residue of his wood fire and discovered charcoal. He found that the black, brittle substance produced a much hotter fire than wood. Man's discovery of metals and his progress from the Stone Age to the Age of Iron depended largely on charcoal and its use in smelting ores.

The "pit" method of producing charcoal was introduced thousands of

Two of 15 kilns built by Eureka contractor Henry Allen in 1877 to make charcoal for the smelters at Tybo, a mining camp north of Warm Springs in Nye County.

years before Christ by the Egyptians. They would dig a concave pit and fill it with up to 100 cords stacked in a cordwood fashion. Then the wood was ignited and allowed to burn to a certain degree before being covered with sod. The wood would smoulder without flame for 15 to 20 days before finally burning itself out. One firing of such a pit would produce 2,500 to 3,500 bushels of charcoal.

Pit burning was replaced gradually by the "heap" or "mound" method, which was more efficient. From 10 to 40 cords of wood were piled on end in a conical mound and covered with grass and sand. Small vent holes were left around the bottom allowing gases to escape and prevent the heap from exploding. The wood was ignited, and when the pile was aglow, the vent holes were closed on the windward side. The rapidity of carbonization was thus controlled, but the charcoal produced this way was dirty.

The mound finally gave way to the brickwork kiln, which was introduced about 1820. It was the first major improvement in the industry in 2,000 years. Similar in shape to a thimble, the "beehive charcoal kiln" could be used indefinitely and produced charcoal of high quality. These were the kilns used in Nevada and other western states in the late 1800s.

The charcoal business in the West gave jobs to kiln hands, woodcutters and teamsters. A U.S. Census report describing kilns in Frisco, Utah, notes that kiln hands were paid $2 to $2.75 per day. After a firing the hands cleaned and prepared the oven for another burning; then it would take four hands about 12 hours to fill it with wood. If there was more than one kiln, they were fired in rotation.

The building of ovens was also big business. The Eureka Sentinal of September 2, 1877, carried this account of kiln construction in Nye County:

"Henry Allen, the well-known contractor of Eureka, has just finished a work of considerable magnitude at Hot Creek. Last summer he was employed by the Tybo Consolidated Company to build 15 kilns, in which the company proposed to burn the charcoal necessary to supply their furnaces at Tybo. He finished the work about a week ago, and some idea of its magnitude may be gathered from the fact that 600,000 bricks were used in building the kilns. They are oval in shape, having a diameter of 25 feet. Each one has a capacity of 1,400 bushels, turning out that quantity of charcoal to each charge, the operation consuming five days. A great economy of time results from these kilns, instead of burning in the old-fashion way, and as the company owns vast quantity of wood in the immediate vicinity, they calculate on their fuel costing about one-half the usual rates. A force of 20 men were employed about three months in building the kilns."

While builders and burners prospered, Nevada Indians suffered. Five to six acres of pinyon and juniper trees were needed to produce every 50 bushels of charcoal. At that rate the Paiutes' and Shoshonees' principle food, the pinyon nut, was greatly reduced by the armies of woodcutters.

But as mining declined in the late 1880s and railroads penetrated the West, the charcoal industry faded. The railroads brought coke, which was made from coal, and it became the favored smelter fuel.

Today a number of still-sturdy kilns can be found in scattered locations around the state, including Ward Charcoal Ovens State Historic Monument 20 miles south of Ely. The six ovens stand on the east side of the Egan Range at the end of an 11-mile dirt road. They were built about 1876 and are larger and finer in construction than most other Nevada kilns. With a height of 30 feet and a diameter of 27, the three largest kilns each could hold 35 cords which, after being burned for 12 days, would produce hundreds of bushels of charcoal.

The ovens served smelters in the mining town of Ward, located three miles to the north. When the camp declined in the mid-1880s, so did the charcoal business. The giant stone beehives have been cool for almost a century. □





DOUG KOZA

The charcoal ovens near Ward in White Pine County are now part of a state park. They were constructed in the mid-1870s.

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SECRETS OF HIDDEN CAVE

(Continued from page 45)

in the new excavations, which began in June 1979. Because the extraordinary preservation and layering of artifacts made the cave an ideal field laboratory, we arranged for 19 students to participate in a University of Nevada summer field course at the site.

We established a large field laboratory at Fallon, in space generously provided by Churchill County High School. Each day the previous day's finds were carefully analyzed. Some items were washed and then catalogued. Others that were too fragile to be washed, or had residues that might be clues to function, were examined under a microscope and recorded on computer-compatible cards.

More than a thousand artifacts were recovered and processed last summer. They included several kinds of spear points, most unbroken; spear foreshafts with points still intact; shell and abalone beads from California; pendants made from bighorn sheep horns; and fish nets neatly folded like tennis nets in the dry soil.

In order to put Hidden Cave in a regional perspective, it was decided to reanalyze all available material. The Wheeler material was provided by Don Tuohy, curator of anthropology at the Nevada State Museum. Roust and Grosscup's 1951 materials stored at the Lowie Museum in Berkeley also was made available to us. Thus the entire Hidden Cave collection—more than 2,500 artifacts—was assembled in our Fallon laboratory for study.

So it was that a crew of 35 people spent last summer working at Hidden Cave. Almost from the outset we realized the excavation was too complex to be completed in two months, and we decided to launch a second expedition in June 1980.

What will happen once the excavations are done? It will take about a year to determine the significance of the artifacts and the levels at which they are found. A scientific monograph on the site will certainly be prepared. The American Museum of Natural History has agreed to create a large Hidden Cave exhibit at the Churchill County Museum. Also, BLM is considering future plans for Hidden Cave; perhaps the site can be opened officially to the public. If so, it may be possible to combine a visit to the Fallon museum and the site itself, in order to see a small slice of life from 3,000 years ago. □

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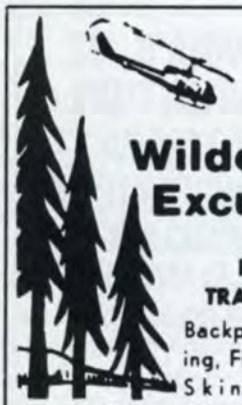
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Chasing Nevada Rainbows

Big trout weren't the only jackpots this fisherman encountered on his San Francisco-to-Elko weekend. By Carl E. Maunu

It all started a few summers ago in San Francisco when an excited friend related her latest fishing adventure. We frequently compared notes on our fishing efforts, which were frustrating and frequently fishless dashes to one of Northern California's crowded steelhead or salmon rivers. This latest excursion had been different.

She and a friend had driven into Nevada, where, with very little effort, they caught big, plump rainbow trout weighing about two pounds apiece. Although I usually was ready to chase off to where the fishing was hot, my enthusiasm was dampened when I learned that the "hot spot," identified as Wilson Reservoir, was located 85 secluded miles north of Elko—a total of 600 miles from San Francisco.

I had planned a steelhead fishing trip to the mouth of the Klamath River in northern California, but it was nearing the end of the summer, and I feared that every hole and riffle on the Klamath would be shoulder-to-shoulder fishermen. So I decided to try the relatively isolated site of my friend's recent success.

Before dawn on a late August morning I pulled out of San Francisco in my well-used Ford station wagon and 230 miles later breakfasted in one of Reno's large gambling casinos, taking advantage of their good, low-priced food. Next, the push to Elko, 290 freeway miles east and north through the semiarid Nevada landscape. In Elko, I purchased a five-day non-resident fishing permit and some locally tied "woolly worms," which allegedly were the best bet for late summer fishing. Also, I optimistically replenished my ice supply, hoping to take a few of the plump rainbows back home unspoiled by the summer heat.

Then I hurried north on Nevada 51 and Nevada 11 and reached the sage-land lake in mid-afternoon. Two coyotes, which calmly stood near the roadside to witness my dusty approach, were excellent evidence of its isolation.

My optimism waned as I gazed over Wilson's 10-mile shoreline. Four or five recreational vehicles were scattered along the side of the lake. I saw one lonely fishing boat and five bait fishermen along the shoreline. My heart sank when I noticed the vegetation that in some areas covered the water for hundreds of feet from shore.

Considering the predicament, I decided that my spinning rod with a bubble trailed by a wet fly would give me the best chance of reaching the fish that I assumed would be in the deeper, weed-free water toward the center of the lake. My friend had fished from an inflated rubber raft—obviously the ideal method during this time of year to reach deep, growth-free water.

I put together my spinning outfit, pulled on my hot, heavy waders, and slouched off to the water. It soon became evident that the splashy and easily visible bubble was not presenting my fly in a realistic manner. Also, there was an obvious defect in my plan to cast far out into weedless water since each retrieve was through areas where the vegetation snarled my line, bubble and fly.

Resigned, I decided to explore the shoreline, hoping to locate an area relatively free of the offending crop of vegetation to fish the next morning. I finally selected a cove where the surface was unobstructed for several hundred yards. A gently sloping bottom made it possible to wade out into deep, clear water. Between the cove and the center of the lake was a mass of vegetation that covered the surface like an enormous, shifting, pulsating island; its edge was within casting distance—even with a fly rod—for a wading fisherman.

By now it was late afternoon, and fish smaller than those described by my friend began to arch high out of the water. I considered returning to the car to get a fly rod, but my exploring had taken me at least a mile away. I was so tired my waders felt like lead boots and the spinning rod, a Fenwick designed for steelhead, had taken on the proportions of a rake handle. My energy was

somewhat renewed when an evening breeze began to ruffle the water and fish began to nudge my slowly retrieved fly, trailing it for long distances before they made their passes.

As the sun sank behind the Nevada hills, the rainbows lost their restraint, and in quick succession I hooked and brought in five scrappy one-pounders, one of which I kept for supper. Along the edge of the floating vegetation I saw slurpy swirls and glimpses of broad tails and silvery sides as the heavy rainbows chased newly-born creatures, recently transformed from larva at the bottom of the lake, on their route of escape, or demise, as adult flies to the surface. At dusk, in spite of my clumsy bubble, the trailing woolly worm managed to excite a couple of the big ones. I hooked one and carefully brought it in to shore after a respectable, jolting battle. Because my fatigue had turned into ravenous hunger (I hadn't eaten since breakfast in Reno), I kept this latest beauty to go along with its smaller replica for my dinner.

Visions of a good, stiff martini, sipped while I fried the fish to the desired golden brown, made the trudge to the station wagon tolerable. The drink, as anticipated, was excellent, and the flavor of the fish fried on my battered camp stove exceeded expectations, considering the lake's warm temperature and the masses of vegetation which I have learned to associate with strong, undesirable mossy scents that can ruin a trout's delicate flavor. Although the quality of these fish may not match trout caught in ice-cold waters, the good flavor and firm flesh made these Wilson rainbows top quality.

After cleaning up the dinner dishes, I drove slowly over the rutted shoreline road to the cove I had selected for my next day's activities. I parked on the most level spot I could find, rolled out my sleeping bag in the back, and in spite of a full moon, quickly dropped off to sleep.

I arose the following morning before sunup with the surrounding hills echoing a symphonic yapping of coyotes—something I hadn't heard since I left the Rocky Mountains years ago. By the time the first rays of sunlight appeared from behind the hills to my east, I had finished breakfast and put together my weapon for the day—an old, light fiberglass fly rod, floating flyline, 10-foot sinking, tapered leader attached to a number eight brown woolly worm. I waded through the clear water until I stood almost chest deep and dropped the fly as close as possible to the edge of the island of vegetation. Action began immediately, first from the smaller fish. Then, as though upon some signal, the youngsters abandoned the surface and the two-pounders began to repeat their performance of the previous evening. A gentle breeze made it possible to gently lay my fly alongside the weeds where the heavyweights lurked. Almost every decent cast and slow retrieve resulted in a solid hit and a boiling on the surface which, as I set my hook, progressed to a full-fledged eruption and then a series of high leaps into the air.

I had anticipated that the rainbows would attempt a dash to the edge of the nearby vegetation where they could have snarled my leader and easily broken the light taper. But they preferred the deep, clear water, and I slowly bent their powerful dashes into wide sweeps which sometimes completely encircled me. I provided the pivot for their encircling runs, pulling in line gradually until I could reach the tired fish with my small net.

By going ashore once for coffee, trying various flies including dry ones, and releasing all but the largest fish, I was able to keep from limiting out (five fish in this part of Nevada) until about 10:30 a.m. I found that the woolly worm and a muddler minnow consistently attracted bigger fish than other flies I tried. Dry flies provided great sport, but smaller fish.

As I walked to my car, a Jeep that had been slowly jolting along the lake's edge pulled alongside me. The occupants, three vacationers from Santa Barbara, explained they were camping and fishing at Wildhorse Reservoir, located about 50 miles to the east and even more easily reached from Elko than is Wilson.

The campers were properly impressed with my five fish which barely fit into my 10-pound creel, but they squelched my ego somewhat by pointing out that the fish they caught at Wildhorse were so large they seldom fit into a creel. They also confirmed my suspicion as to why the other fishermen who were camped around the lake had not started fishing yet—the fish were easy to catch, and campers preferred to sleep late and do their fishing at a leisurely pace later in the day.

My new friends also pointed out that I had fished myself into a corner because the possession limit as well as the daily limit was five fish. I had planned to fish at least one more day, but I couldn't begin to consume five big trout before the following morning. Rather than face the issue immediately, I decided to drive back to Elko for another type of diversion. Luckily my problem was solved when I stopped at a National Forest campground to clean up and visit with some non-fishing campers, who were elated to take the fish off my hands.

In Elko there is gambling and some glitter but, unlike Reno and Las Vegas, there is a small-townish, easygoing style that appealed to me. It's a town of ranchers, cowboys, Basque sheepherders and railroad workers, and the people I met in public establishments seemed to reflect the area's friendly, independent spirit.

I spent the afternoon wandering through the town's casinos, drinking a few beers and munching free popcorn, and striking up casual conversations with the townspeople, whenever possible leading to the subject of fishing. I gathered—after hearing some fishing stories—that there is an abundance of good fishing in the immediate Elko area and that the local experts were accustomed to catching trout much larger than those found in Wilson Reservoir.

In the casino of the largest hotel in Elko I played a few dimes in a slot machine and was pleased to hit a $10 jackpot. The proceeds paid for dinner in one of the town's Basque restaurants, where the fare was excellent. After dinner, I again replenished my supply of ice and returned in the moonlight to my still-private fishing cove at Wilson.

My objective the next morning was to catch a limit of two-pounders and be on my way home before the summer heat became oppressive. I delayed wading into the lake until the smaller fish had stopped their sunrise ballet, which precedes breakfast time for the lunkers. The adults were every bit as aggressive as they had been the previous day. It was 7:25 a.m. when I forced the fifth "keeper" into my bulging creel and waded toward shore, car and home.

While driving home, I decided on an early dinner in a large Reno casino. There a roulette wheel somehow directly intersected with my route to the restaurant. Mechanically I laid a silver dollar on a four-number corner. You guessed it—one of the numbers hit, and I pocketed my winnings and headed for the dining room.

In three days in Nevada I had disproved three of my private theories: trout never feed in daylight hours when the moon is full; only old, retired ladies win jackpots; and it takes skill to win at roulette. □

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Show Guide

Las Vegas

ALADDIN
736-0111
Lola Falana, 7/1-21, 8/12-9/1

CAESARS PALACE
731-7333
Ann-Margret, thru 7/2
Cher, 7/3-9
Willie Nelson, 7/10-23
Paul Anka, 7/17-23
Frank Sinatra, 7/23-30
Tom Jones, 7/31-8/13
Paul Anka, 8/14-20
Ann-Margret, 8/21-27
Cher, 8/28-9/3

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

DESERT INN
733-4444
Les Alcazar de Paris, indf.



Captain & Tennille, MGM Grand Hotel Las Vegas, 7/10-16, and Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 7/25-31.

DUNES
737-4110
Casino de Paris
Dinner show 7:45pm, from $15; cocktail show 1:45am, $14 includes 3 drinks

FLAMINGO HILTON
733-3111
Razzle Dazzle

FOUR QUEENS
385-4011
Nightly entertainment

FRONTIER
734-0110
Bobby Vinton, thru 7/2
Wayne Newton-Dave Barry, 7/3-30
Bobby Vinton-Pia Zadora, 7/31-8/6
Juliet Prowse-Norm Crosby, 8/7-9/10
Dinner show 8pm, from $23.50; cocktail show midnight, $20

HACIENDA
739-8911
Ice Fantasy
Dinner show 8pm, from $10.95; cocktail show 11pm, $7.95 includes 2 drinks

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
Liberace-Ballet Folclorico-Marco Valenti, thru 7/7
Bill Cosby-Sister Sledge, 7/8-28
Tony Orlando, 7/29-8/11
Dinner show 8pm, from $22; cocktail show midnight, $14.50, Sun-Thurs.

MARINA
739-1500
Bare Touch of Vegas

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

Dates and performers subject to change.

Nevada's area code is 702.

MGM GRAND HOTEL, LAS VEGAS
739-4567
Ziegfeld Room:
Halleluja Hollywood
Celebrity Room:
Engelbert-Stewie Stone, thru 7/2
Donna Summer, 7/3-9
Captain & Tennille, 7/10-16
Rich Little-Suzanne Somers, 7/17-30
Lawrence Welk, 7/31-8/13
Mac Davis, 8/14-27
Donna Summer, 8/28-9/3

RIVIERA
734-5110
Kenny Rogers, thru 7/9
Steve Martin, 7/10-20
Liza Minnelli, 7/21-30
Melissa Manchester-Rodney Dangerfield, 7/31-8/6
Bob Newhart-Mills Brothers, 8/7-20
Neil Sedaka-Bernadette Peters, 8/21-9/3

SAHARA
735-4242
Don Rickles, thru 7/2
Crystal Gayle, 7/3-9
Bobbie Gentry, 7/10-16
Jerry Lewis-Abbe Lane, dinner, 7/17-30
Flip Wilson, midnight, 7/17-30
Charo-David Brenner, 7/31-8/6
Don Rickles, 8/7-13
Jerry Lewis-Joey Heatherton, dinner, 8/14-21
Buddy Hackett, midnight, 8/14-21
Jerry Lewis-Joey Heatherton, dinner, 8/22-28
Johnny Carson & The Sahara Girls, 8/29-30

SANDS
735-2916
Tony Bennett-Norm Crosby, thru 7/8
Debbie Reynolds-Doc Severinsen, 7/9-22
Shecky Greene, 7/23-8/5
Bobby Vinton-Joan Rivers, 8/6-12
Wayne Newton-Dave Barry, 8/13-9/16

SILVER SLIPPER
734-1212
Boylesque, indf.

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

CAL-NEVA LODGE
831-1511
Jesse Davis, 7/1-20
The Magic If, 7/22-8/10
Gary & Sandy, 8/12-24

CRYSTAL BAY CLUB
831-0512
Nightly entertainment

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE
588-6606
Sammy Davis Jr.-Rita Moreno, thru 7/1
Tony Orlando-Rita Moreno, 7/2-3
Sammy Davis Jr.-Rita Moreno, 7/4-10
Bob Newhart, 7/11-21
Charlie Daniels Band, 7/22-24
Captain & Tennille, 7/25-31
Lou Rawls-Sister Sledge, 8/1-7
Roy Clark, 8/8-21
Eddy Arnold-Rip Taylor, 8/22-28
Melissa Manchester-Shields & Yarnell, 8/29-9/4

HARVEY'S
588-2411
Top of the Wheel:
Ron Rose Sound, 7/1-10/26
Dick & Libby Halleman Quartet, 7/3-18
Conte Four, 8/11-24
Theatre Lounge:
Big Tiny Little, 7/2-22
Kenny Laursen, 7/7-27
Trademark, 7/21-8/3
Ernie Menehune, 7/23-8/11
"Woo Woo" Stevens, 7/28-8/10
Sun Spots, 7/28-8/17
Tonyans-Billy Armstrong, 8/12-25
Frankie Fanelli-Links, 8/18-31

HYATT LAKE TAHOE
831-1111
Martha's Children, thru 7/13
Judy Crawford Affair, 7/2-21
The Motifs, 7/15-8/3
Steel Wheels, 7/30-8/18
Dotson, Lee & Middleton, 8/5-17
Young Country, 8/19-9/7

SAHARA TAHOE
588-6211
(800-648-4322 toll free CA, AZ, OR, ID, UT)
Rich Little, 7/1-14
Charo, 7/22-28
Wayne Newton, 7/29-8/4
Engelbert, 8/5-11
Helen Reddy-Larry Gatlin, 8/12-18
Charo, 8/19-25
Engelbert, 8/26-9/1

TAHOE MARINER
831-3100
Nightly entertainment

Reno Area

CARSON CITY NUGGET
882-1626
Jerry Sun, thru 7/6
9th Creation, 7/8-8/3

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

ELDORADO
786-5700
Dixieland Jazz, indf.
Dixieland Jazz Festival with Wild Bill Davison & Desert City Six, 7/9-13

FITZGERALD'S
786-3663
Cathy O'Shea, thru 7/6
Lenny Herman, thru 7/13
Smash, 7/8-27
Esquires, 7/15-8/3
Dick & Libby Halleman, 8/5-31

HAROLDS CLUB
329-0881
Bordello Revue, indf.

HARRAH'S RENO
329-4422
Merle Haggard, thru 7/2
Glen Campbell, 7/3-16
Tony Bennett, 7/17-30
Jack Jones-Jim Stafford, 7/31-8/13
Shecky Greene, 8/14-27

MAPES
323-1611
Nightly entertainment

MGM GRAND HOTEL, RENO
789-2000
Ziegfeld Theater:
Hello Hollywood Hello
Lion's Den:
Liz Damon's Orient Express-Shazam, thru 7/8
Atlantis-Muglestons, 7/9-29
Zaras, 7/30-8/19
Sass-Bruce Zarka, 8/20-9/9

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET, SPARKS
358-2233
Foster Brooks-Bert Convy, thru 7/2
Oak Ridge Boys, 7/3-6
Red Skelton, 7/17-8/6
Jimmy Dean-The Four Guys, 8/7-17
Shirley MacLaine-Freddie Roman, 8/18-31

ONSLOW
786-7310
Miles Sherman, thru 8/2
Linda Riley & The Country Crossroads, 8/4-30

RIVERSIDE
896-4400
Toni Ingraham, 7/1-8/3
Zella Lehr, 8/5-31

SAHARA RENO
322-1111
Ipi-Tombi, indf.
Wayland & Madame, 7/1-13
Jan Murray, 7/15-20
Pete Barbutti, 7/22-8/3
Gaylord & Holiday, 8/5-10
Gary Mule Deer, 8/12-24
Rusty Warren, 8/26-31

SHY CLOWN
358-6632
Country Western Music



The Charlie Daniels Band, Harrah's Lake Tahoe, 7/22-24.

Rural Nevada

Elko:	Commercial Hotel, 738-3181 Stockmen's Hotel, 738-5141
Ely:	Hotel Nevada, 289-4414
Fallon:	Fallon Nugget, 423-3111
Gardnerville:	Sharkey's, 782-3133
Hawthorne:	El Capitan, 945-3322
Jackpot:	Cactus Pete's, 755-2321 Horseshu Casino, 755-2331
Wendover:	Stateline Casino, 668-2221
Winnemucca:	Winners Inn, 623-2511

CALENDAR

(Continued from page 39)

contest would not take place until the roads were passable; he could stop to rest whenever he chose.

When the day of the great marathon arrived, trumpets blared, the clouds rolled away and off went judges, spectators and contestant. Three and a quarter hours later, Warren strolled into the Bank Bar in Yerington.

The Great Race has been run twice since. In 1964, in conjunction with the Nevada Centennial celebration, Yerington's Mike Lommori beat Harry Warren's time by more than three quarters of an hour.

The 1976 Bicentennial winner and defending world champion is Yerington's Howard Dodge, with a time of 2:07:26; one hour, seven and a half minutes better than Warren's time.

Expect the magic two-hour mark to be shattered this year, July 19, during "The Great Yerington Sack Race—World Championships." The race has become a centerpiece for a whole pageant including a women's race and a service-club challenge.

Contact: Mason Valley Chamber of Commerce, (702) 463-3721. □

THE GOLD BUG

(Continued from page 22)

pect was a hole 150 feet deep, and the assays were formidable.

It took a year of weekends to ready the claim with hand tools, punching holes in the rock for our dynamite charges. We worked by Coleman lantern. Tamping the charges into the holes overhead, we kept noticing an odd aroma. It was the flecks of dynamite dropping onto the hot lantern hood. We finished by flashlight.

The explosion was superlative. It took three months to haul the ore by hand to the surface and another month to load it on a truck for shipment to the smelter.

The truck tipped over on a curve a mile from the mine. It was another month before the smelter got the ore. There was, of course, not a speck of silver in the load. Daffy had euchred us, and had enjoyed a year and a half free lodging out of it. His assays had come from elsewhere.

After such learning experiences with partners, the prospector gravitates to one-man operations. If the prospector becomes a family man or woman, it is considered good sport to teach other members of the family how to find and develop their own claims. When your claim proves worthless, the rest of the family can take the brunt of the exasperation.

But there are subtle ways to maintain the loner image. Show the spouse how to pan, dig and scramble over the hills. Hear the spouse insist on a personal four-wheel drive vehicle so he or she, too, can work a claim.

In this way, the prospector has become "lone" again. He may scout the mountains and desert outcrops for pretty rocks, turn a few shovels of gravel from the bend in a dry wash looking for a glory hole, observe the subtle changes in the environment with the shifting seasons.

Weekend fishermen have their fish stories, and Mark Twain reminded us long ago that "a mine is a hole in the ground with liar on top." When gold stories and the desert lose their appeal, there are always hills to climb for turquoise, or jasper, or other gemstones.

If one seeks solitude, prospect. But when the first spadeful of dirt is turned, a partner will be needed—and with the partner, complete trust. Whatever else is found, trust is the greatest reward. □

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THE WEEKEND PROSPECTOR

(Continued from page 20)

Knead clumps of clay and toss out rocks, watching for (eureka!) nuggets. Then grasp the pan with two hands and begin swishing it in a circular motion back and forth. By tilting the pan slightly forward you'll gradually dump the lighter dirt and clay out the front. "Black sand," usually consisting of magnitite, and any gold flakes will collect along the bottom crease.

Since gold sometimes forgets its weight and floats, especially with clay, add four drops of dish soap to reduce water tension and pause to let any floating gold particles sink to the bottom where they belong. Occasionally bring the pan level and sharply rock it to resettle the gold and black sand.

Continue dipping and washing until only black sand, white sand and (with any luck) gold remain in a crescent along the inside crease. Add just enough water to cover the sand and roll the pan in a half-circle. This should carry the lighter white sand to one side. Remove the white sand. Then tilt the pan to spread black sand along the bottom. If you have gold, it will be in the crease at the top of the flare. If you don't, curse and move upstream and try again.

Rich uses his hand lens to look for specks of gold hidden in the black sand. He also gets a better view by pulling out the black magnitite with a magnet after the pan dries in the sun. Final samples of gold and black sand can be poured into old film canisters for closer inspection in camp or at home.

Testing for gold, uranium and scorpions

The prospecting Richs carry a number of sophisticated tools for collecting gold and testing black sand for other minerals.

One tool is a lightweight one-and-a-half-inch surface dredge. It requires a water supply but weighs only 22 pounds and produces a large-volume sample. "It's the largest prospecting tool you can have," says Tom Rich. "Any larger and you're mining—collecting gold, not looking for it."

The dredge is run by a one-horsepower motor, and water is sucked through the intake nozzle, which has a diameter of one-and-a-half inches. Sand and gravel is dumped on the riffle boards. As the water washes the material, any gold will settle on the first riffles as lighter sand and dirt are washed off. When he used the dredge, Rich shuts down after half-an-hour and takes out the carpet under the riffles. Then he dumps the collected material in his pan (checking for stray gold in the carpet) and pans.

Another useful tool is a Scintillometer. Much like a geiger counter, and with more accuracy, it can be used to test your pan sample for radioactive minerals like uranium and thorium.

At night in camp you can use a portable black light to test the sand for fluorescent minerals like tungsten (scheelite), which shines white or light blue. There's a side benefit, too; Rich says you can see snakes and scorpions in the dark with the black light, which picks up the phosphorous on their skin. Beware: do not look at the black (ultraviolet) light—it can blind you. It has a short wave, not the long wave black light used with psychedelic posters. Nevertheless, it can be a handy flashlight when you have to get up in the middle of the night.

Prospecting in perspective

Remember, you're not setting out to become Goldfinger. The reward is in the search. □

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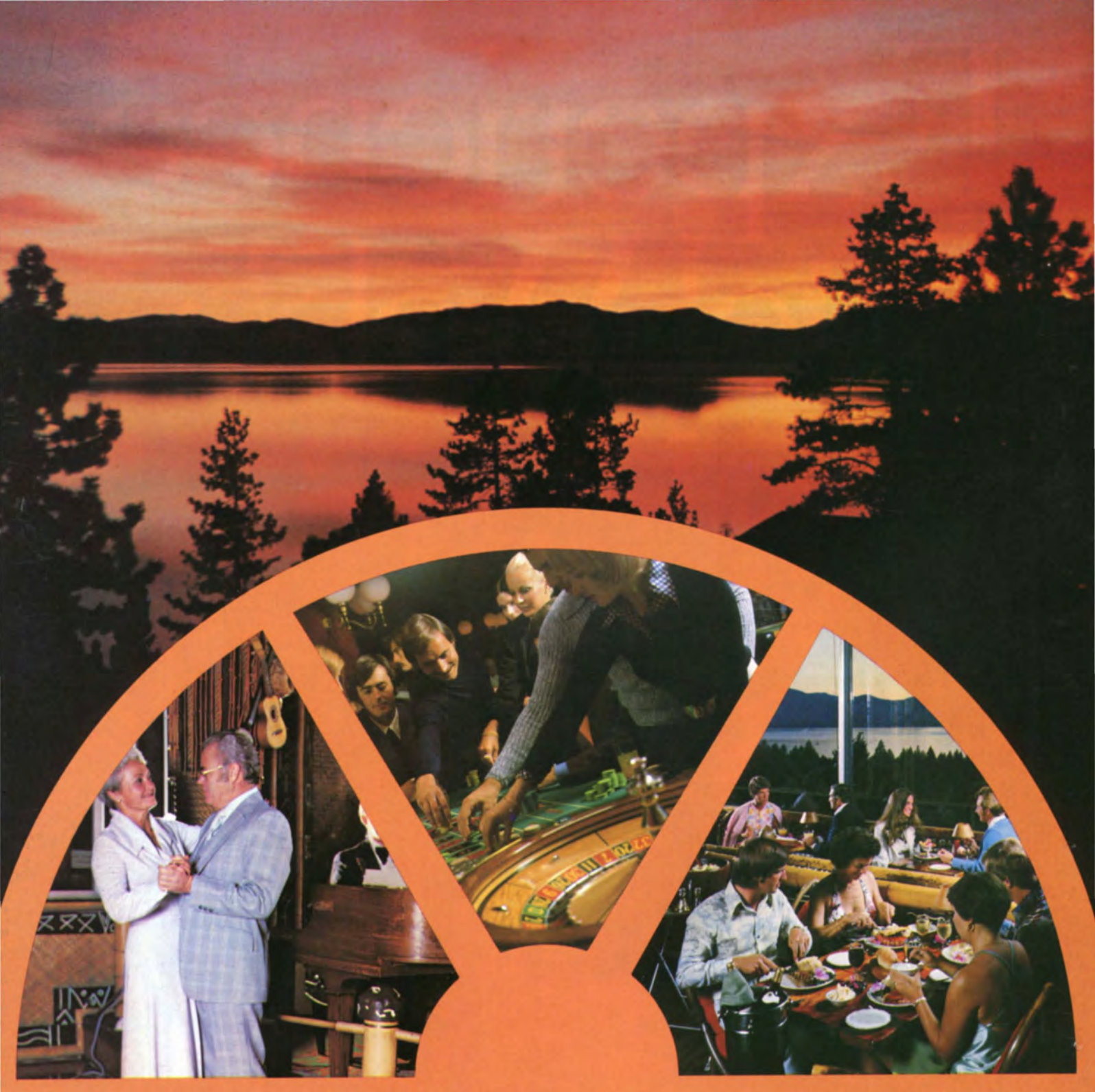
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