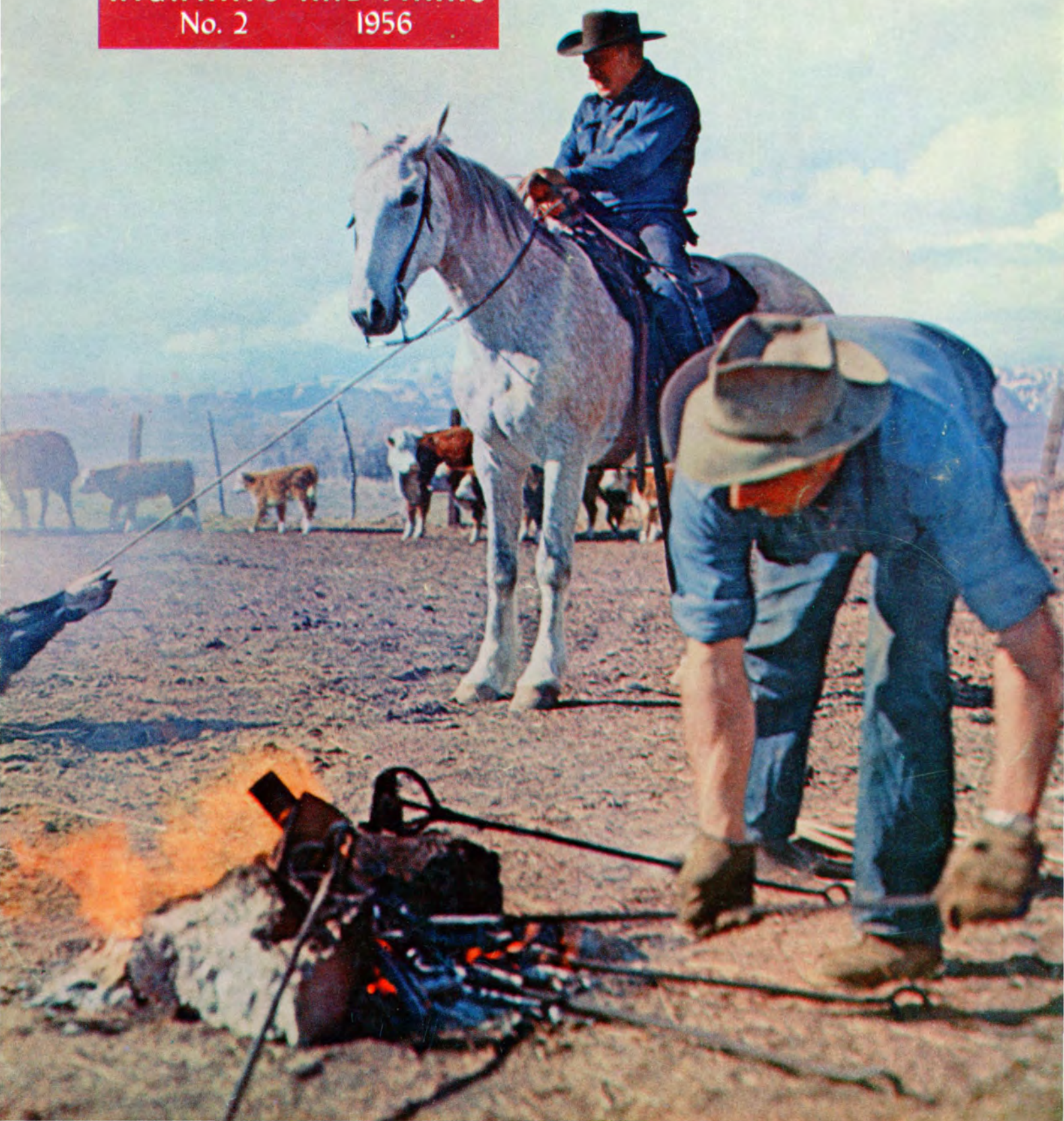


NEVADA

HIGHWAYS AND PARKS

No. 2

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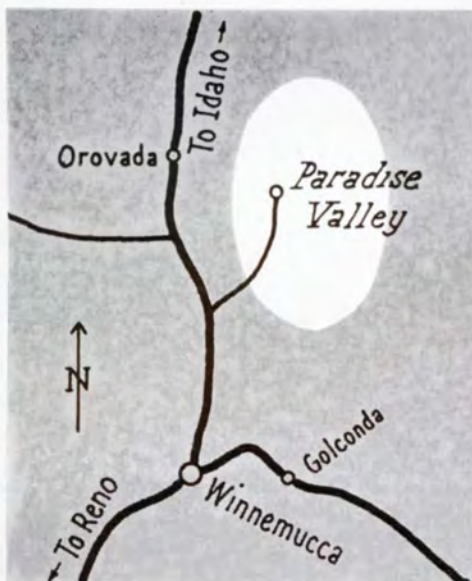
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An April visit



to



Paradise Valley

By CASEY JONES

*Framed by the doors at aging Fort Winfield
Scott are the peaks of the Santa Rosa Mountains, the
towering, snow-capped range which serves as
the western wall for beautiful Paradise Valley in northern Nevada.
The graceful Santa Rosas—on our April visit they
were standing guard as they did in 1863 when an exploring group of
disgruntled prospectors first looked down from their slopes into the long, green
valley which they were soon to call home. The first settlers to
Paradise Valley, having
failed to make their fortunes in the Humboldt diggin's,
had forded the Humboldt River and crossed through the alkali
and greasewood up the western side of the Santa
Rosas in early summer. Leaving this
uninviting plain, they followed a*



Ranchers in Paradise are as wealthy in scenery as they are in cattle. In this view across the valley can be seen one of the sparkling streams which support the cattle industry for which Paradise is famous.





The Stewart ranch with its tidy buildings and gardens was the cameraman's dream. Above, the camera scares this new-born calf.



creek up to its source near the summit. Here, gazing eastward, they saw, like an emerald in a setting of peaks which reached for the sky, an unknown valley. "What a Paradise!" one of the prospectors exclaimed—and at once the valley had its name.

History doesn't tell how long they tarried. But in July a Mr. Gregg, one of the discoverers, returned with 14 horses, wagons, a mowing machine and hay press and proceeded to cut 250 tons of wild hay for which he received a good price in the mining camps of Star City and Austin. Soon there were other settlers and the valley, with its abundant water supply from nearby melting snows, sprang to life as an agricultural center serving early Nevada mining towns. An 1880 census tells us that there were more than a dozen families settled there, owning, according to the

account, 7,000 head of cattle, 10,500 sheep and 1,000 horses. Undaunted through a siege of Indian uprisings which threatened the settlement from 1865 to 1869 (and resulted in the establishment of Fort Winfield Scott in 1866), these pioneer families continued to develop their land and to build the fine, white frame houses and sturdy farm buildings that still stand proudly in the town center and on the adjoining ranches.

Today, Paradise Valley is linked closely with the county seat at Winnemucca, only an hour's drive away on modern highways. In contrast to its earlier days, Paradise Valley now deals almost entirely in cattle, more than 17,000 head of fine range animals being readied for market there in April when we visited. Because of its closer ties with the shops and stores in Winnemucca, the business center at Paradise has dwindled in importance. One of its two huge hotels burned several years ago; the second stands idle, one of the many fading, other-century buildings which lend color and character to

Our author, Mrs. Adell (Casey) Jones, lived for many years in Paradise Valley, returned after a long absence this spring, and describes her visit in this article. She was assisted in her research by Mrs. Geraldine Boggio of Paradise—Editor.



the town today Far from inactive, however, are the thriving ranches of the area, many still owned by the descendants of the original settlers, the Italian, Basque, French and German families who have made their valley one of the most prosperous in the state.

THE THREE OF US drove up to Paradise Valley in April when the fields were taking on their first rich green and the streams were running full, fed by the rapidly melting snows. For my companions, Don Bowers and Adrian Atwater, this was primarily a business trip; they were after pictures and information and I was to be their guide. But for me, it was purely a sentimental journey, a trek back through time and space to days and places

of 30 or 40 years ago—joys and sorrows felt and shared, faces once well-known and now memory-dimmed by age; little boys and girls of the 1920's now grown men and women with children of their own. During this visit to my former home, we were to see many of the old ranches in the valley One of these was the Stewart place, a 96-acre spread operated by Mr and Mrs. Fred Stewart and their son, Leslie.

Their ranch was homesteaded by Mrs. Stewart's father, William Stock, who drove a team of oxen and freighting wagon into Paradise Valley in 1866. Mr Stock picked out a spot on Martin Creek, built a wickiup of willows and rye grass to live in while he erected a stout cabin, and soon found himself a bride from his native Germany This was the beginning of the prosperous ranch with its great white house, sturdy farm buildings and handsome trees and garden which we saw during our visit. Over the front gate is the ox yoke which was worn by Mr Stock's oxen when he first entered the valley The cookhouse is part of the original cabin to which a large, comfortable annex was added as his family and fortunes grew Everything about the place was in apple-pie order While the boys were stalking a peacock to get a picture, I knocked on the door of the cookhouse. A cheery "Come in!" greeted me and I entered to find Mrs. Stewart with her hands in a huge pan of pie dough. Her cook was in the hospital, she explained, so it was up to



her to do the cooking. I am sure the hired men didn't mind in the least, as I had sampled her excellent pies and cakes at social functions in years past.

While we chatted, Adrian and Don explored, found baby pigs which came grunting up to have their backs scratched, calves which peered out of stall windows with welcoming "moos," and ducks and geese which quacked and honked their greetings in a friendly way. All the animals were photogenic except the peacock who refused to pose, perhaps because he was molting! During our stay we poked about the yard and garden, then went inside the main house to see Leslie's hobby room, its walls "alive" with hunting trophies, his own sketches in ink and pastels, and a gun collection which is the envy of every male visitor.

Returning to town, we decided to explore a little after I volunteered to point out places of interest to my two "tourists." The town and valley have some interesting and intriguing architecture, much of it due to the talent and interest of one of its early settlers, A. Pasquale, a native of Italy. Built by workmen under his supervision are many of the town's landmarks, the Micca House, for example, with its uneven sidewalk of hand-hewn stone slabs (page 8) and its unique embossed tin ceilings said to have been imported from Italy. Other products of Pasquale's industry are the granite benches and hitching posts in front of many of the business buildings, the Catholic Church, and all that remain of his fabulous Auditorium Hotel—the old water tower and Grotto Bar in the center of town. The stone which went into his buildings was native granite taken from quarries in the Santa Rosas.

Oldtimers like me well remember A. Pasquale as he raced his blooded horse and two-wheeled cart through the streets on his way to his sheep camps. Or how, dressed in his black Inverness cape and





Interesting old buildings abound in the town and valley of Paradise. Although many are no longer in use, all, such as these in the town, tell a mute story of tradition and prosperity about the valley.

THE OLD MILL—AND STREAM

Among the many interesting sites to visit in Paradise Valley, several of which are pictured on this page, is the old mill near the "Gap" on Martin Creek a few miles north of town.

Erected as the Silver State Flour Mill, the building (pictured on page 10) dates from 1867 at which time it was called a grist mill and turned out home-grown wheat into flour. In the early 1880's it became the property of Battiste Recanzone and remained for many years in the management of that family. At the St. Louis Worlds Fair in 1907 its products of white and graham flour and breakfast cereal took a number of first prizes. Powered by turbines turned by water power, it can grind three tons of grain in eight hours. Presently idle, the mill will be put to work by its new owner in the near future.

In spite of its ninety years, it is still in perfect running condition, the building and grounds tidy and not at all deteriorated. After the water runs through the mill it is used to irrigate a large orchard and garden spot, the trees there bearing fruit of a wonderful flavor. Peaches, pears, plums and prunes, quinces, cherries, apricots and several varieties of apples including the Delicious are grown at the mill and at nearby orchards and bring customers from miles around.



FORT WINFIELD SCOTT

Not far distant from town on a shaded, winding road, you can see the remains of the old Fort, now used as completely modern-looking and comfortable ranch buildings.

The Fort was built in 1866 to protect settlers against a rash of Indian uprisings. The trouble started several years earlier when one of the Hinkey Brothers (after which family the beautiful summit at the north edge of the valley is named) was found murdered and impaled on a buckbrush stake. At once the whole countryside was aroused, the cavalry summoned from Fort Churchill to assist, and the chase was on against the marauding tribe. During this and several later campaigns, women and children of the isolated settlement were locked into a stable for protection while their husbands and sons sought revenge.

In August 1866, as the series of attacks continued and by which time a number of white victims had been counted, the Fort was established with Captain Murray Davis of the U. S. Cavalry in charge. A comfortable officers quarters and large dormitory of adobe brick were built, these now used as a comfortable dwelling and barns by the Buckingham family. The detail (above) of the adobe wall was taken at the old Fort. Views from one of its doors can be seen on pages 3 and 13.

Many of the pioneers who settled in the valley are buried in the old cemetery above. Adobe wall was photographed at old Fort Scott.





swinging his gold-headed cane, he wended his dignified way to one of his several business establishments.

Another ambitious builder was Charles Kemler, a native of Germany who came to the valley in the very early days. The two-story house (page 8) across from the Post Office, now occupied by the Fritz Buckinghams, was built by him as Paradise City's first hotel. On its second floor is the room used as the first school, presided over by Johanna Fox and, later, J. B. Case. It was on the balcony of this house that Mr. Case and his bride stood while they were charivariated by the assembled crowd in the Centennial year, 1876. The unusual twin adobe (shown below) next door, also part of the original Kemler properties, retains its dignified appearance although it is no longer in use.

Paradise has had a number of disastrous fires which have claimed many of its most substantial buildings. The Pasquale Store, the Kemler Store and Hall (with its dance floor set on springs and roller bearings—a rarity in Nevada!), and the three-story Auditorium Hotel all fell prey to fire. Loss of these buildings dates from a



The white marble angel in the Paradise cemetery seems to stand guard over the old mill, above, and the unusual twin adobe, left, one of the town buildings.



Opening into the house and gardens of the beautiful Stock Ranch is the gate shown at the right.



time when bucket brigades represented the only weapon against fire, but, in spite of their best efforts, were hampered by inadequate water supply. Today, with its fine, well-trained volunteer fire department, modern engine and equipment, Paradise no longer fears the threat of fire.

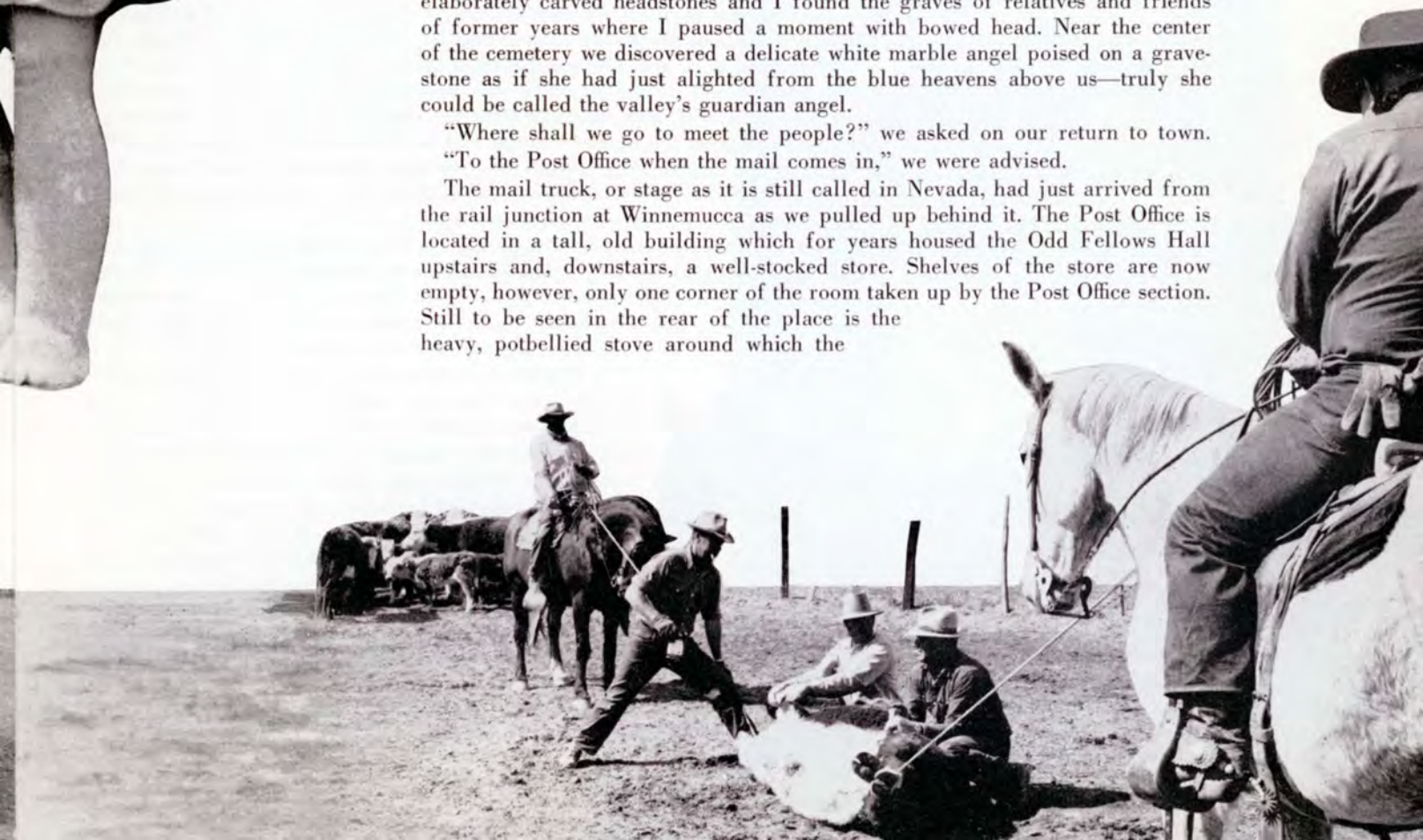
A short distance west of town we drove by a dilapidated old house and a once-red barn which might well be called the haunted house, for I remembered the rumor that spirits had been distilled there during prohibition. It was originally the Darragh Hotel and livery stable. Further on, we came to the cemetery.

A huge silver poplar was just coming into leaf; a few brave blossoms were peeping through the long uncut grass; and the Santa Rosas in virgin white from last night's April snow storm made a beautiful backdrop for the old burial place. We wandered through the grounds, noting many pioneer names on the elaborately carved headstones and I found the graves of relatives and friends of former years where I paused a moment with bowed head. Near the center of the cemetery we discovered a delicate white marble angel poised on a grave-stone as if she had just alighted from the blue heavens above us—truly she could be called the valley's guardian angel.

"Where shall we go to meet the people?" we asked on our return to town.

"To the Post Office when the mail comes in," we were advised.

The mail truck, or stage as it is still called in Nevada, had just arrived from the rail junction at Winnemucca as we pulled up behind it. The Post Office is located in a tall, old building which for years housed the Odd Fellows Hall upstairs and, downstairs, a well-stocked store. Shelves of the store are now empty, however, only one corner of the room taken up by the Post Office section. Still to be seen in the rear of the place is the heavy, potbellied stove around which the





In the yearly branding, cattle are marked with one of the dozens of brands registered in the Paradise Valley area.

ranchers used to warm their hands on cold days. We chatted with the assistant postmaster, Mrs. Emil Buckingham, until the mail sacks were hauled in. Then, as if in response to a signal, a small parade of mail patrons began. Harry Lye, Mrs. Jack Forgnone and Dora Bradshaw were among those who stopped to greet me. I was feeling at home again after so many years.

From the Post Office we wandered across the street to peek into the garage operated by Louis Liotard, then up to one of the houses nearby to inquire for the Buckingham brothers, Fritz and Emil. On our way to lunch at the very hospitable home of Joe and Geraldine Boggio, we dropped in at the Grotto Bar which is located in a thick-walled cement cellar, once part of the Auditorium Hotel which stood on the site. We were welcomed by old Joe Gartiez in his thick Basque accent, and entertained by his remarkable dog, Spot, who is all but human. Across the street from the bar is the Case Store, now operated by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Miller, and we took time for another brief visit. The Millers truly uphold the traditions of the country store, encouraging the townsfolk to come visit, gossip or leisurely to shop.

After a pleasant noon hour at the Boggio's we called at other of the ranches, found Tracy Boggio tending a brooder full of potential fryers, Mrs. Gavica watering the plants in her conservatory, Rita Pasquale concocting ice cream, and Mrs. Rudolph Schwartz sweeping up the hearth of her new fireplace—truly a work of art in Nevada wonderstone.

Then, a special treat for us—Joe Boggio invited us to a branding. With a group of his neighbors assisting, Joe efficiently went through the branding operation before the delighted eyes (and camera) of his visitors, the event recorded for history in the pictures on these pages. We learned that about 20,000 head of cattle are raised here, wintered on the valley ranches, turned out on the Taylor grazing ranges in April, and moved into the National forests in June. All are branded as shown here. After the branding Tracy Boggio arrived with





Branding isn't all hard work. The cowboys, each assigned to a special job during the operation, stop frequently to chat and rest. After they have branded a hundred or more animals, they are treated to a king-sized lunch by the owner

an Italian-style picnic—pasta shuta, cake and hot coffee, which we ate along with that branding treat, tasty “mountain oysters” roasted in the branding fire. During the little celebration Fermin Gavica challenged us to drink red wine from his spouting leather bota without drowning ourselves. We tried—and decided that we'd better stick to wine glasses!

During the remainder of our visit, we were hard put to see as much as possible. We found time for a look at the modern schoolhouse, which is the pride and joy of the valley. We were able to attend the social hour which followed a lodge meeting, a lively interlude of pleasant banter, bingo, and refreshments of coffee and doughnuts. We failed in other objectives—the trip over to Hinkey Summit to those delightful hunting and camping spots, a drive to the old mining camp of Spring City, a look at the ranches further out of town. But we were consoled by the thought that perhaps we could return for the Paradise barbecue, the Father's Day picnic held yearly which, from the enthusiastic descriptions, we knew we shouldn't miss. Regarded as the brightest get-together of the summer, the barbecue is sponsored by the Volunteer Fire Department and always draws a large crowd of visitors who come to consume the tender valley beef and salads prepared by the firemen and their ladies.

As we left, we were pleased by Geraldine's parting thought: “It takes a visit like yours,” she said, “to remind us what a wonderful little community we have here.”

Right, Geraldine, it is wonderful!





Riding with Nevada's Famous Stagecoach Driver.

Hank Monk



Representing most of the trades which helped tame the continent was a whole galaxy of real and not-so-real heroic figures like Davy Crockett, Paul Bunyon and Johnny Appleseed; strange, then, that the immensely popular fraternity of stagecoach drivers had no ambassador to offer up to the demanding public. Worthy of such distinction were dozens of drivers whose names were no less colorful than their manners—Charlie Parkhurst, Uncle Jim Miller, Dutch John and Curly Jerry Robbins, to list a few of the hearties who were stirring up the dust in California and Nevada a century ago.

It was in the person of a relatively unknown but very real man, Hank Monk, that the public finally found the stagecoach hero it demanded. Hank, in 1859, was still a fairly young man, a lanky, sharp-eyed fellow who had taken to riding the hard trails of the California Stage Line almost as soon as he arrived on the Coast from his native New York in 1857. The exact facts about the ride which made him famous were forgotten long ago, victim to the legend which immediately replaced the actual event. Stories vary as to what route the ride covered,

but certain it is that Hank was the driver that day in 1859 and that Horace Greeley, king politician of his own and perhaps many another generation, was the impatient passenger who had to get to Placerville for a rally that evening. As the American humorist, Artemus Ward, tells the story, passenger Greeley moaned about the slow progress of his craft as it worked its way up the steep slopes of the Sierra Nevadas, all the while assured by the implacable Hank that he had orders to arrive by seven and arrive by seven he would. Greeley's impatience soon turned to terror. Hank had by now negotiated the summit and was plunging downward at a frantic speed, urging his team in the most vivid language to continue the pace. In spite of Greeley's loud pleas for mercy, Hank refused to slow his careening, leaping coach, tossing his distraught passenger about like a fleck of gold in a placer miner's pan. As they neared their destination, the stagecoach gave one last, desperate lurch and left the startled Greeley in a standing position, his head poking out through the roof. In this manner, so the story goes, the great politician arrived before his welcoming delegation—somewhat the worse for wear but exactly on time!

As a result of this ride, Hank Monk's name was soon familiar in all parts of the country, the delighted public elevating him at once into the hero's seat which had so long been vacant. Apparently little affected by his unexpected fame, tough old Hank never stopped driving stagecoaches until shortly before his death in 1883. The people of Carson City honored him with one of the largest funerals ever held in the Capital, burying him in the cemetery north of town. His death was hastened, some think, because he turned a coach on its side during one of his last runs. For Hank, this certainly would have meant the end.

Portraits from the collection of the Nevada State Museum.

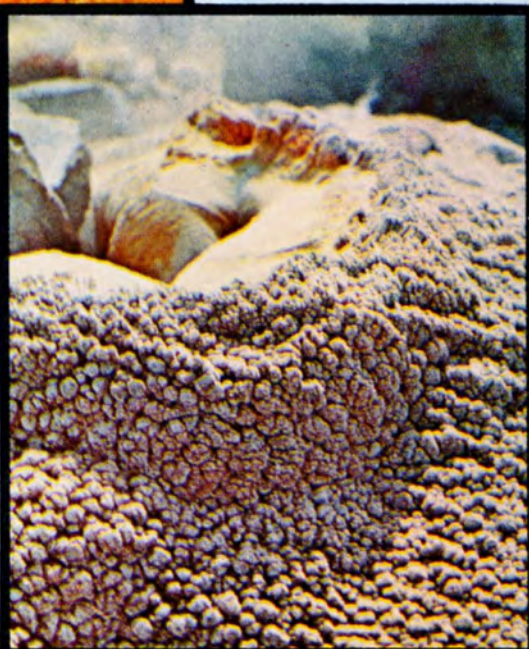
Louise



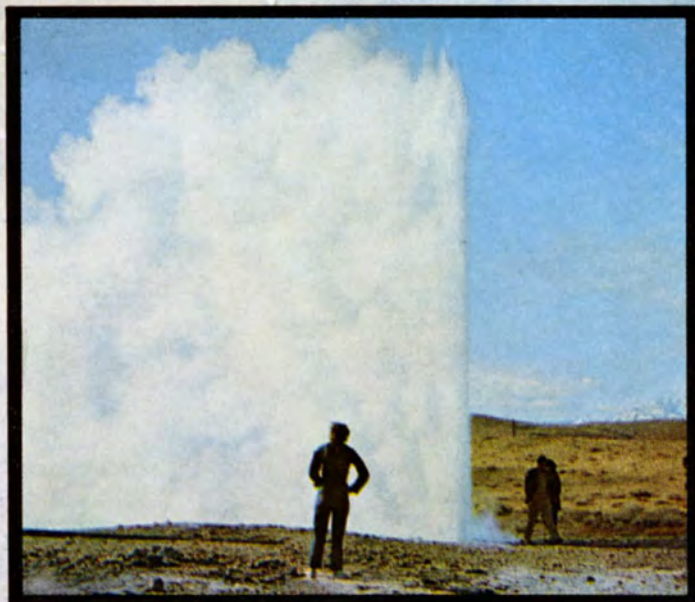


*Beowawe (on this page) and
Steamboat (at the right) are but
two points of interest in
a state that has...*

HOT



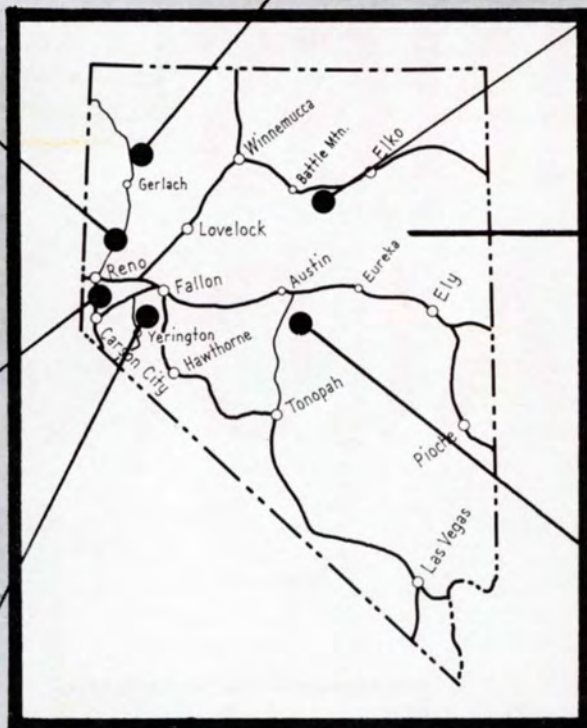
SPRINGS GALORE



PYRAMID



GERLACH



STEAMBOAT



WABUSKA

BEOWAWE

Surprising to many old timers in Nevada is the fact that their state, in spite of its obviously arid personality, is so rich in natural hot springs. With its 174 recognized thermal areas, Nevada is a close contender for the nation's hot springs championship, ranking only after California which has 184 springs and Idaho which has 196, according to a Department of Interior count. This statistic, taken by itself, is of course, meaningless;

tie it in with the geological character of the state, remember that hot springs are usually related to fault zones or volcanic activity, and you come out with another indication, if you need it, that Mother Nature is working busily to complete her design for Nevada.

Considering that there are such a number and variety of hot springs in this state, it might seem strange that so few are familiar to the public. A look at the map offers immediate explanation—the some 174 hot springs or geyser areas are scattered more or less at random over Nevada's vast area; most are located in hardly accessible and often dangerous terrain; others are on privately owned land—so that only a handful can even begin to qualify as tourist attractions. Beowawe and Diana's Punch Bowl are the first of the state's hot springs areas scheduled to be added to its growing list of supervised recreational spots.

Other of the hot springs will undoubtedly be better utilized, as they so logically can be, as health centers or for industrial purposes. Providing an excellent example of commercial utilization of hot springs

energy is the Steamboat area near Reno where several bath resorts and one manufacturer of asphaltic emulsions are operating profitably. And, although the waters of at least 100 springs in other areas of the state are being tapped by resorts or by ranchers for heating, drinking or irrigation, much greater economic use of this natural energy is predicted. Three imaginative geologists* have suggested that hot springs heat might be used in processing dried fruits, milk and other commodities and even for warming large commercial greenhouses. It is thinking of this sort, plus the continuing research and analysis by officials of the U. S. Geological Survey, which is bringing about a much greater public interest in Nevada's hot springs than formerly.

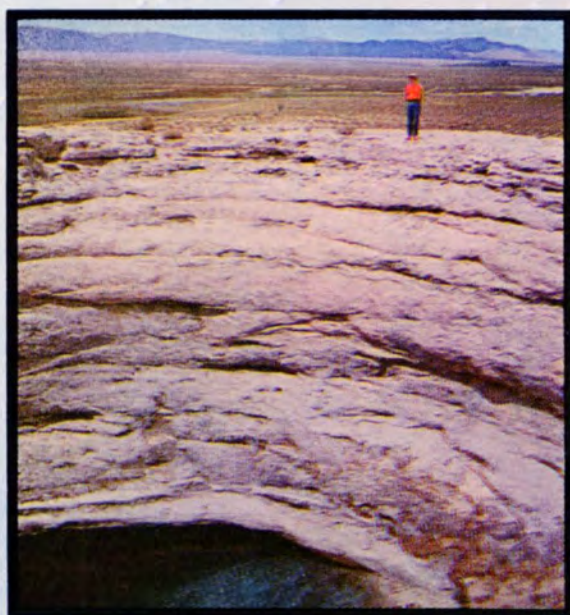
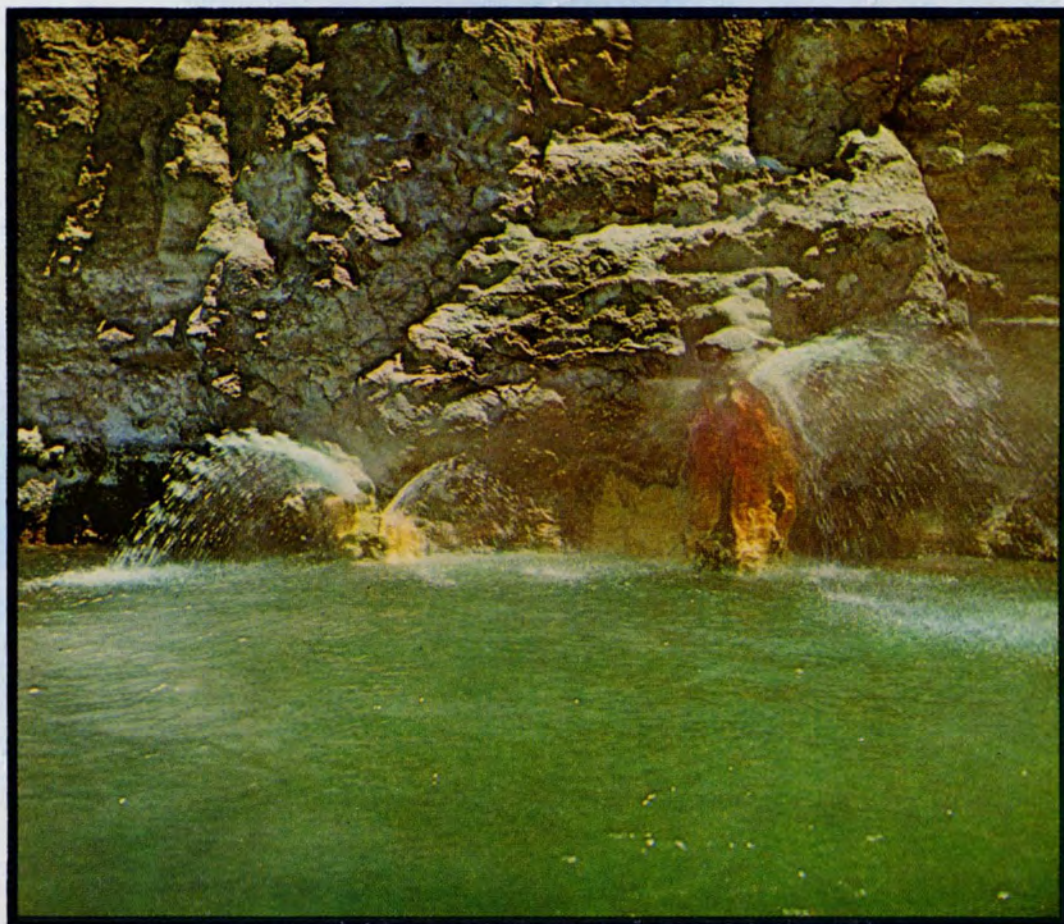
Visits to the six areas pictured on these pages will prove definitely rewarding. But, because these thermal curiosities are isolated, prospective tourists are urged to take two very important precautions: First, inquire locally before driving to the areas—roads to several are unmarked and may be unsafe in wet weather. Second, be extremely careful when inspecting any of these hot springs—they are dangerous and have claimed the lives of more than one or two thoughtless visitors.

Of the thermal areas pictured here, Beowawe, with more geysers and geyser activity than any other spot in the nation except Yellowstone Park, is perhaps the most interesting. The hot springs are located on a high terrace some 6 miles southwest of Beowawe where there are more than 50 geysers which erupt in columns of hot water from 1 to 25 feet high. Although activity at the Beowawe hot springs is

*Donald E. White, C. H. Sandberg and W. W. Brannock, writing in the *Proceedings, Seventh Pacific Science Congress, Vol. 2, Auckland and Christchurch, 1953.*

A LAND —OF GEYSERS

DIANA'S PUNCH BOWL



Some of Nevada's most interesting hot springs areas are pictured here. Above, the spring at Pyramid Lake; below, the strange formation at Diana's Punch Bowl; right, the Wabuska spring, extreme right, two views of the still-growing mound at the Fly Ranch geyser north of Gerlach.



extremely irregular, some sort of thermal display is always to be seen.

The so-called Steamboat hot springs area, centered on both sides of Highway 395 south of Reno, is the most easily accessible in the state. The Steamboat group is probably the best known in the world to mining geologists because of its recent or active depositions of antimony, quicksilver, gold, silver and arsenic. Source of hot water for several nearby commercial steam baths, the group is located on a bedrock mass containing active steam fissures, hot springs and geysers whose occasional eruptions up to 20 feet high may be observed.

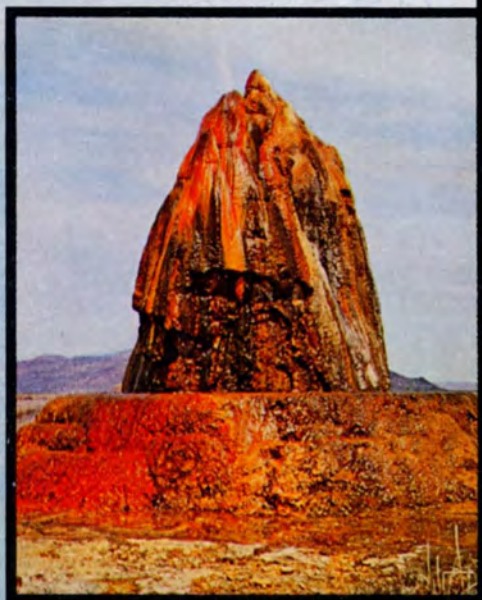
The Gerlach (or Fly Ranch) geyser, located on private property near Route 34 some 22 miles north of Gerlach, is not a true geyser because it erupts constantly from a drilled well and, since 1916, has built up a colorful carbonate mound 20

feet high that can be seen from the highway.

The hot springs at the base of the great pyramid in Pyramid Lake can be inspected only from a boat. They are interesting because of their historical relationship to former hot springs which are believed to have deposited the massive tufa mounds and domes around the lake more than 10,000 years ago.

Diana's Punch Bowl, near Route 82 in northern Nye County (about 50 miles south of Austin), is unique among natural hot springs formations. Hot water is contained in a pool at the bottom of the huge cone-shaped bowl which measures some 50 feet in diameter and 40 feet in depth.

The Wabuska hot springs are about 2 miles north of Wabuska in Lyon County in a nearby marshy area where they flow from an old well, spouting steam and hot water several feet into the air.





SUND



AY PAINTERS

They take their paints and brushes on their outings

Take any sunny Sunday afternoon, bring paints, brushes and canvas, arrange them in front of an appealing stretch of scenery and you have everything needed for one of the field trips sponsored by the Nevada Artists Association.

Such painting and sketching expeditions are but one phase of the Association's energetic program which includes monthly business and discussion meetings, art instruction classes and public art exhibits. Organized in Carson City in 1951 by a handful of art fans, the Association took as its purpose the furthering of art as a hobby. Talent or experience was by no means a requirement; rather, anyone with an interest in the subject and the urge to discover the tricks of the brush was encouraged to join. As its founders knew, a person need not be professionally inclined to profit from and enjoy painting for pleasure, a point they could prove in the example of men of affairs like Winston Churchill and President Eisenhower. That the group was successful in putting over its idea is supported by the fact that, with representation in most of the towns in western and northern Nevada, its membership today has grown to more than 100. Doctors, housewives, cowboys, professional workers—members vary in age and occupation as greatly as the canvases they turn out. All, however, share the belief that painting is a lot of fun and the satisfaction that the viewing public enjoys it too.

In spite of its diversified membership, the Association by no means is made up entirely of amateurs. Included in its ranks are several professional artists whose work is well known; also active are an even greater number of people who might be classified as semiprofessionals, their work commanding respectable prices on the Western art market. Shared by all, from the timid beginner to

the most skilled and confident technician, is an enthusiasm for the Nevada landscape. Visit any exhibit arranged by the Art Association and you will see mountains, deserts and historical sites portrayed. While their styles may be different, these Nevada artists are alike in their appreciation of their state's scenic resources.

Best known to the public, possibly, are the exhibits arranged by the Association in Carson City as part of Nevada Day, the state's annual birthday celebration. Also very popular are the exchange exhibits which bring paintings from the Las Vegas art group and from the smaller Nevada communities. Cooperation with the art department at the University of Nevada and the Culp Gallery in Reno is still another aspect of the group's activity.

With so many accomplishments behind it, the Art Association might be expected to rest on its laurels. However, it has bigger and better things to do, chief among these being its plan for a Nevada Art Gallery, the ground for which has already been purchased in Carson City. Through sales of their pictures and outside contributions, members are now accumulating funds for the building which, when completed, will give the people of Nevada a permanent art center.



.....

Obviously enjoying their hobby, here are some of Nevada's artists at work—a housewife, mining engineer and cowboy included. For a selection of paintings by members of the Nevada Artists Association, see those hung in the miniature gallery on the next page.



Reading from left to right,
these Nevada artists are
represented in the minia-
ture gallery shown here
Zella Conan, Enid Carter
Berning, William Kearns,
Ethel Johnson, Art Mars-
ton, Hortense Tinkham,
Daniel Freeman, Marie
Headley, Harry Metzger,
Robert Nelson and the
cowboy artist Lyle Hardin.





They're bringing in the



at scenic





WALKER LAKE

Every so often, regularly as rain, somebody reports seeing it—Walker Lake's legendary sea serpent. Popping up from the usually placid waters of the beautiful lake, the monster at once becomes the topic of speculation and, more often, of amused protest in all corners of Nevada. But without worrying too much about how real it is, the people in Mineral County rush to defend their beastie and the honor of their lake: That sea serpent may not actually be there but everyone secretly hopes it is!

If it seems short at times of sea serpents, the scenic desert lake is far from poverty stricken in another sort of monster—the giant cutthroat trout which thrives there to the delight of sportsmen from far and near

A few short years





ago the story was entirely different. Both Walker and its sister lake further north, Pyramid, are remnants of a huge prehistoric lake which once covered most of western Nevada. Both are fed by streams from the Sierra Nevada Mountains and were once abundant in the famous, fighting Lahontan cutthroat. So abundant in trout were these lakes that they attracted many well-known sportsmen, including Teddy Roosevelt, and yielded catches approaching the world's record for cutthroat—the giant 41-pounder taken at Pyramid in 1925 by an Indian named Johnny Skimmerhorn.

However, as the white man settled along the shores of the Truckee and Walker Rivers feeding into the lakes and diverted the water for his own use, the fighting trout, finding it increasingly difficult to make their spawning runs, gradually died out. The last feeble run of cutthroat from Walker was observed in 1942—after that the strain all but disappeared. This is when the Nevada Fish and Game Commission stepped in to the rescue.

In 1948, Commission personnel seined Walker and to their great satisfaction obtained 33 trout from the handful still in the lake. Eggs from this catch were hatched at the Verdi Hatchery and in 1949, nine thousand young trout measuring up to 7 inches long were planted in Walker. Four years later, in 1953, results of this initial planting became startlingly evident when fishermen began to pull cutthroat from the lake, taking 6 to 10 pound

All you need for a successful and pleasant fishing expedition on Walker Lake—the license, a boat and gear, and luck! The trout are waiting.



At the height of the season in January and February when the cut-throat trout are hungriest, boat traffic on Walker Lake is heavy indeed. From all points on the Lake, fishermen can see the towering mass of high Mt. Grant.





beauties which measured up to 28 inches. Since that first planting in 1949, the Fish and Game people have stocked thousands of fingerlings and reared trout in the lake, the reared trout being offspring of the original batch of 33. Results of this restoration work are little short of phenomenal, rarely, if ever, duplicated in any body of water. The cut-throat once more are completely at home in Walker Lake and again are attempting to spawn up the Walker River. With such success behind them, Fish and Game's experts are now quietly working to complete the restoration, expecting to encourage spawning so that the trout can become at least partially self-propagating. Meanwhile, Commission personnel continue to renew the trout population annually and are now winding up a three-year \$100,000 research program for advancing their





project. Originally sponsored by the Fleischmann Foundation and aided by matching federal funds, the program concerns all aspects of cutthroat propagation—its food habits, its growth rate and survival pattern, study of planting factors and so on. In charge of this research at Walker is technician Robert C. Allan, who is backed by the men and facilities of the Fish and Game Commission with headquarters in Reno.

Most appreciative of the Commission's cutthroat program, of course, are the anglers who go in for game fishing. Flocking in by the hundreds to Walker Lake during the season, an estimated 60 percent of these fishermen are residents of other states. To try his skill against the wily and usually ferocious cutthroat, the visiting angler needs only a valid Nevada license and a proper respect for

the limit requirement—5 trout of any size and 5 perch. Then, with a few grains of luck, he's ready to take his share of the 12 to 16 pounders which were netted by the dozens at Walker this year. In nearby Hawthorne, a lively fishing "industry" has sprung up since the reappearance of the cutthroat, the concerns there doing a brisk trade in providing gear and guides and in sponsoring awards for the biggest catches. This booming business by no means closes down at the end of the cutthroat season, which generally lasts from late November through mid-April; after that, the Sacramento perch, considered by many as the tastiest fish going, starts jumping at the bait. Thanks to the Fish and Game Commission and to its hungry fish population, Walker Lake has indeed again come to life!



All the neighbors turn out to assist in branding cattle, a vital part of the cattle ranching industry in Paradise Valley. For more about the history and people who live in this corner of Nevada, see page 3.

