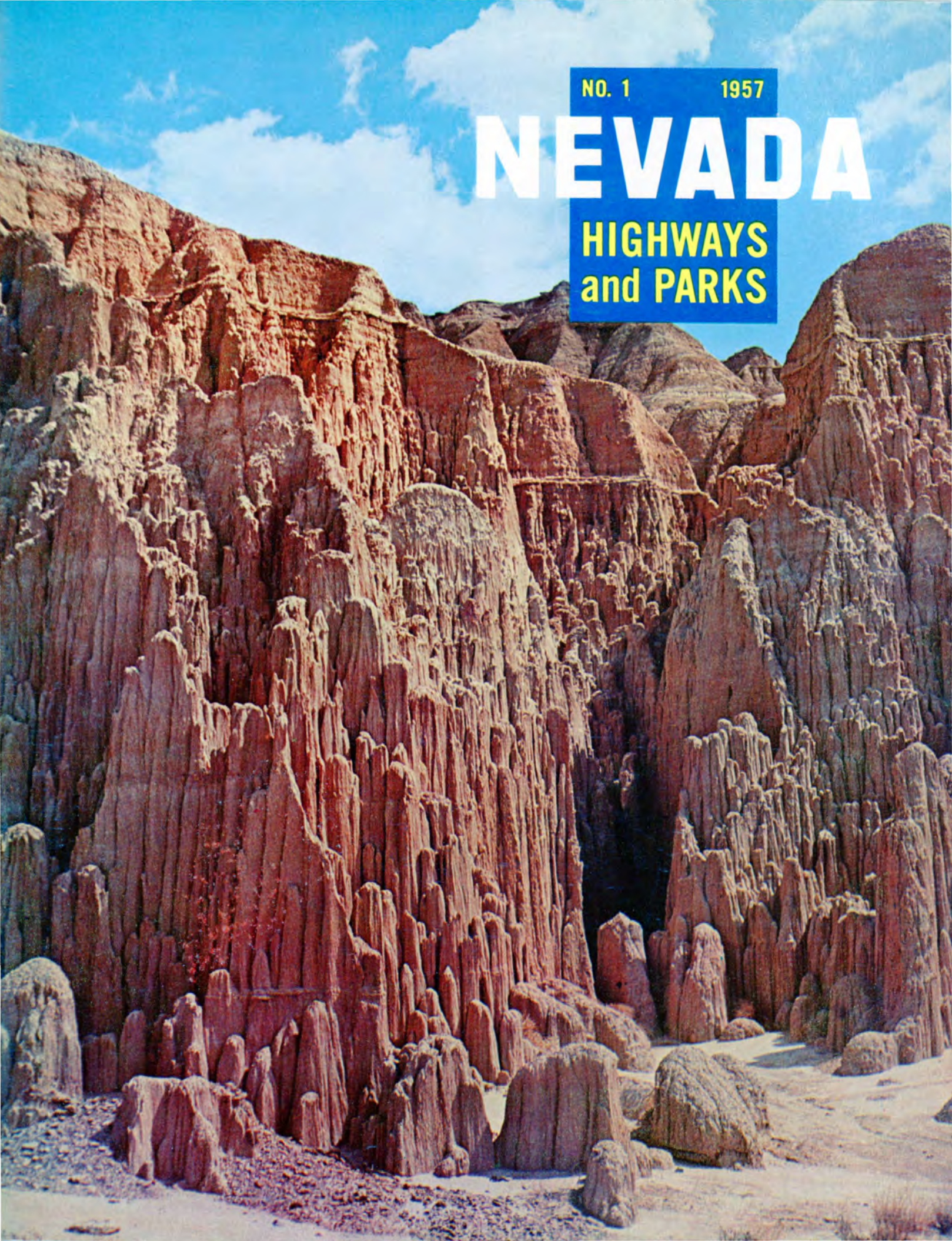


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NEVADA

**HIGHWAYS
and PARKS**



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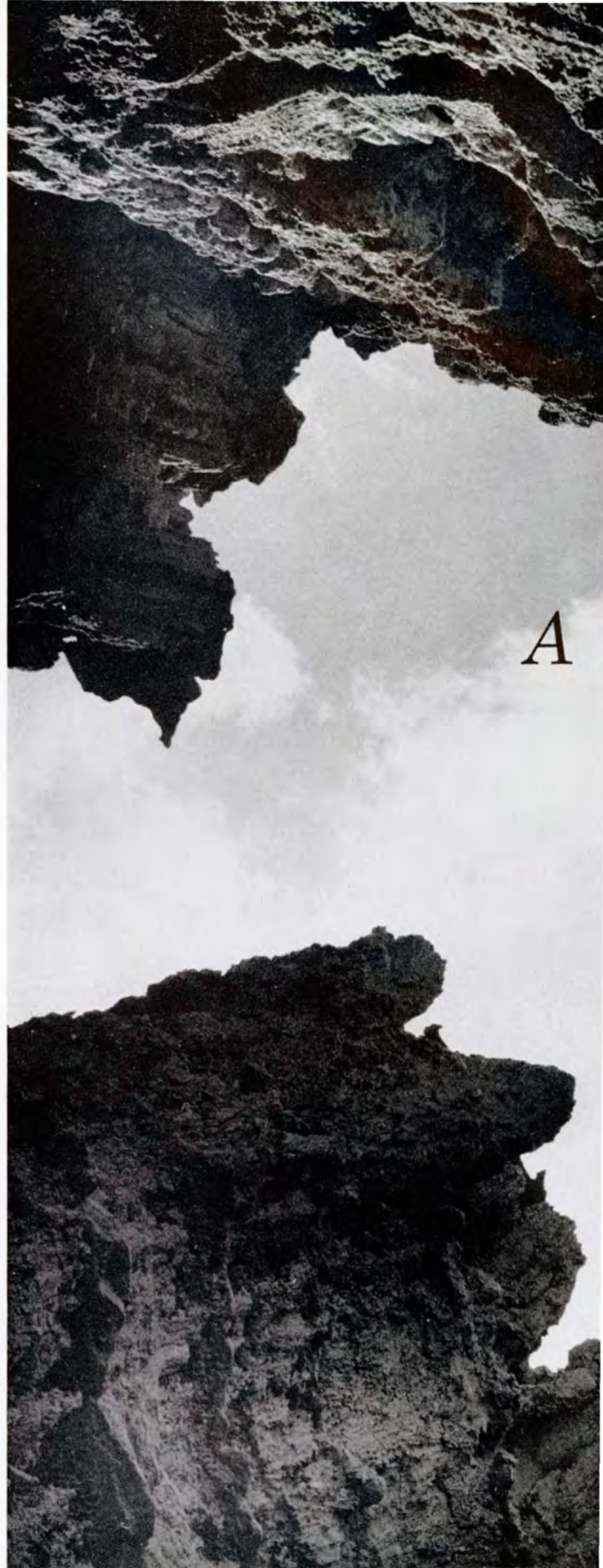
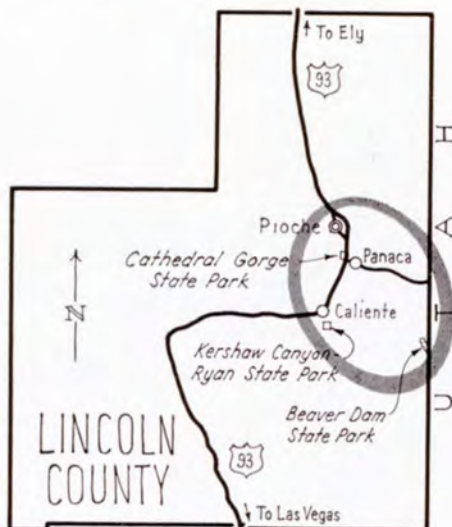
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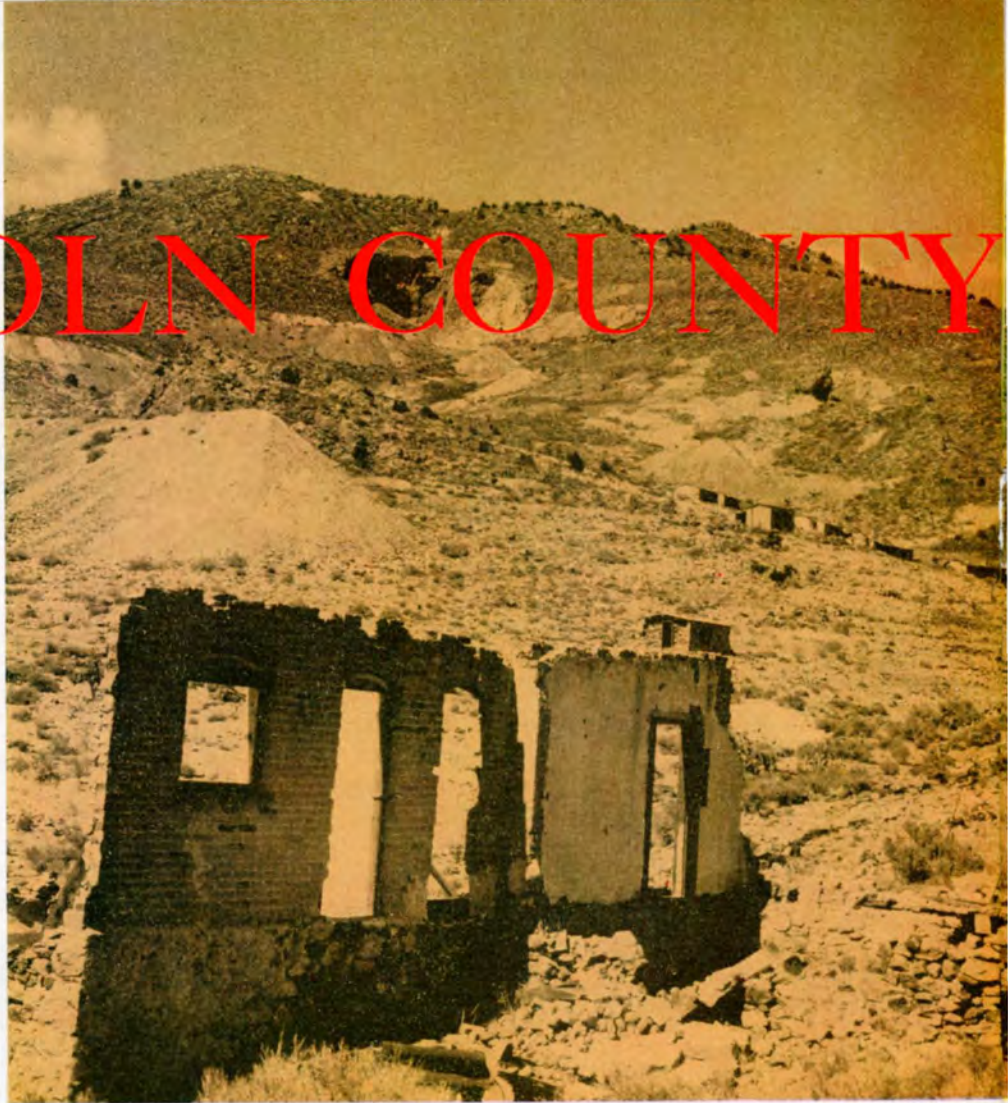




wonderland of parks...

LINCOLN COUNTY

*Nevada
discovers
its "lost"
county*



Rightly or wrongly, Lincoln County, in the southeast corner of Nevada, has long been considered by numbers of its chip-on-the-shoulder citizens to be the stepchild of its legal parent, the state powers that be, up Carson City way. "They don't know we exist," was the common talk among the sidewalk philosophers and other folks from early days and on. One must ask the why of such a lopsided situation.

The great distance from Carson City and Reno to the struggling communities of Lincoln County in the early days of dirt and chuckhole roads and horse-drawn vehicles made it no less than hazardous for upstaters to reach us. It meant a three- or four-day trip through desert sand, sun and sagebrush, with practically no stops for refreshment or lodging. As late as the early 1920's it is related that a certain politician making the trip in a Ford with a Lincoln County man, remarked, "This is the longest d..... road I ever expect to see!" Said his driver, "It takes a d..... long road to get to where you want to go in Lincoln County!" All of which we may now chalk up as the main reason Lincoln County was sometimes overlooked and

possibly slighted in those early days before and after statehood. People you never hear or see, and who are therefore not known personally, are easily neglected.

The picture has changed within the last 25 years. Transcontinental highways, modern automobiles, statewide telegraph and telephone lines plus radio networks have eased transportation and communication between north and south Nevada. A journey from Lincoln to Washoe or Ormsby Counties that in 1864 took days to accomplish can now be negotiated in six or seven hours, depending on your idea of speed limits. Lincoln County is now within hailing distance of her sister counties.

With this change made permanent, Lincoln County, now in her 90's, is making use of some fresh new "cosmetics" to attract the admiring attention of "suitors" in other Nevada areas and outside states. The so-called "cosmetics" are the projects being used to advertise Lincoln County by the Caliente Chamber of Commerce and other energetic service organizations.

These boosters are briefing members and other alert citizens on how best to go out of their way to

'S NEW LOOK

By Hazel Baker Denton

Relics of Lincoln County's mining past—these old buildings stand at Delamar, one of the state's most interesting ghost towns.



be cordial, and to leave a memorable impression of our county and its people on short-stop overnight visitors. Caliente's newly organized Chamber of Commerce Museum and Bureau of Tourist Information catches the eye and interest of motorists who pause to eat or rest at our roadside parks. Cross-country freight-line truck drivers who slow down at Alamo, Caliente or Pioche for their noon or evening meals, and U. S. mail clerks whose overnight end-of-the-run from both Salt Lake and Los Angeles is Caliente, spread the word of the county's cordiality and its excellent restaurant, hotel and motel service. The Deer Hunters Spike Camp at

.....

Author HAZEL BAKER DENTON is a long-time resident of Nevada where she is well known for her work in civic, education and club groups. She recently served as Assemblywoman from Lincoln County and is the author of a book of poems, *Ironing Day*, published two years ago.



Pictured here and on the front cover are the colorful columns of Cathedral Gorge.

Caliente, now an annually instituted Chamber project, is making friends and increasing business for Lincoln County.

All of the above gestures, freely and informally given, may be credited with spreading the news of Lincoln County's many desirable advantages. They are giving her the lines and look of an entirely new model for small communities. In this endeavor we are also being widely assisted by upstate agencies: the Department of Economic Development; the Department of State Parks and Recreational Areas; and the Nevada State Highway Department. In this category, too, we must not forget the valuable advertising Lincoln County receives from the North American (Holiday) Highway Association, since all the larger towns of our county are on Highway 93 which the Association is promoting.

Briefly, we may list Lincoln County's outstanding advantages under four headings:

DESIRABLE YEAR-ROUND CLIMATE

I am no lover of statistics. I am not going to write statistically of Lincoln County's season to season temperatures nor of its humidity or lack of same. I have lived in Caliente, Lincoln County, since 1916 and pretty well know its year-round climate. Speaking of 1916, I remember we had a long and lovely autumn up to Christmas Eve, but on that evening snow began to fall in the late afternoon and continued all night. It ushered in one of the coldest winters Lincoln County has ever had. But even so, all of Pahrnagat Valley, including Alamo and Hiko, experienced only a faint show of the white blessing that year. That lush valley is notably a semitropical area. There aren't many winters when the trees don't stay green until late December; and its thick growing vegetation and shrubs, nursed by the warm, wet evaporation of nearby warm springs and streams, remain green throughout the winter.

Pioche, being a thousand feet or more higher than Caliente, rates a lot of snow and freeze-ups during December, January and February. Pioche folks, however, love to blame it on White Pine County. "The cold winds coming out of Ely," they say, with tongue in cheek!

Caliente, lying between Alamo and Pioche—higher than Alamo, but lower than Pioche—thus becomes the median in temperature between the two so that we can seriously tell people who inquire that Caliente summer days are hot, but never as hot as Las Vegas or Pahrnagat Valley; that as soon as the sun drops out of sight, the well-known and welcome desert breeze takes us through an enviable summer night, at the small end of which we find ourselves sparring about for any available blanket. We can also say that our winters are mild—never as cold as Pioche nor as warmly pleasant as Las Vegas or Pahrnagat. Wish I could proclaim that the red line never gets down to 32, but it does on occasion, without snow.

Getting back to statistics—as I have pointed out, they are not for me, but my memory has recorded the few tough winters we have had. After the 1916 deal, Lincoln County had others like unto it in 1937, 1949 and 1955. Therefore, it is my belief another one may not show us its long, cold and dismal face until about 1961—and now my tongue is in my cheek!

However, from this over-all information I think you must agree with me that Lincoln County's average yearly climate is desirably mild, which is one of the reasons many couples of retirement age are finding Caliente an ideal spot for their years of lengthening shadows; to this may be added my well-considered opinion that Caliente's mainline railroad (Union Pacific) east and west, its modern County Hospital with its fine facilities and professional personnel, its hot mineral springs, its constant sunshine, its cool summer nights, and the quiet, sincere friendliness of its people are all



advantages that help to shorten anyone's lengthening shadows.

TERRAIN AND SCENIC BEAUTIES

I am no better a geologist than statistician, but I'll wager any such scientist would say Lincoln County is young as geological ages go, for it is high and mountainous with mountains that are not just rolling hills. Pioche lies among precious metal-impregnated mountains, some of which are beautifully timbered with pinyon pines and juniper. Caliente is located in a one-time green and spring-dotted meadow, circled with a chain of rock-bound red hills, peaks and picturesque canyons. Famous old Irish Mountain with its uncounted silver- and lead-bearing ranges looms up west of Hiko where the YZ Trail, Route 25, takes off to the right of U. S. 93 on its way to our high-mountain (7000 feet) tungsten mining town, Tempite, which now has approximately 600 people. The mines are 100 percent active in both mining and shipping the ore. All miners with United States Steel are unionized. Irish Mountain is famous historically for the old camps of Logan and Friburg, whose rich silver- and lead-bearing ore was mined from the Illinois and other claims and hauled down to the mill at Hiko for processing. Manganese has now been found in the Irish Mountain terrain and is currently being stocked at Combined Metals Reduction Company at Caselton.

RAINBOW CANYON

West out of Caliente, Rainbow Canyon—known for its pastel tinted cliffs, its white, yellow and pink towering peaks and monoliths where ancient Indian tribes recorded their activities, and through which today Union Pacific trains snake a swift passage down to Las Vegas—is widely known as one of the West's most gorgeous of Nature's color displays and intriguing formations. At one point, parallel to each side of the U. P. right-of-way, the scenery-minded train traveler presses his face against the window glass in a vain endeavor to estimate the height of the smooth, black, perpendicular stone pillars known as the Black Narrows.

Highway U. S. 93 northwest out of Caliente through Newman Canyon unfolds a labyrinthian box canyon of pink and white lime and sandstone cliffs, grotesquely formed, with sprinklings of what my childhood teachers called pudding stone. As higher summits are reached the view changes to rounded mountain tops plentifully covered with the green loveliness of juniper and pinyon forests; and as the distance toward Pahrnagat Valley is decreased, the altitude lowers to bring into view the forbidding Joshua Forest. These trees, say the scientists, are some of the last survivors of the prehistoric forests. One observes their futuristic shapes and nonconformist poses and wonders if it was from the likes of these that Modern Art was



Cathedral Gorge is aptly named as demonstrated by this view into one of the "aisles" off the canyon floor.

Cathedral Gorge is only a short distance west of Route U. S. 93. Left, canyon and walls to the south.



Not far from deserted Delamar is the old cemetery with its many miners' graves.

Tilted canyon walls, pleasant groves of trees, flashing streams—all to be seen at Beaver Dam Park.



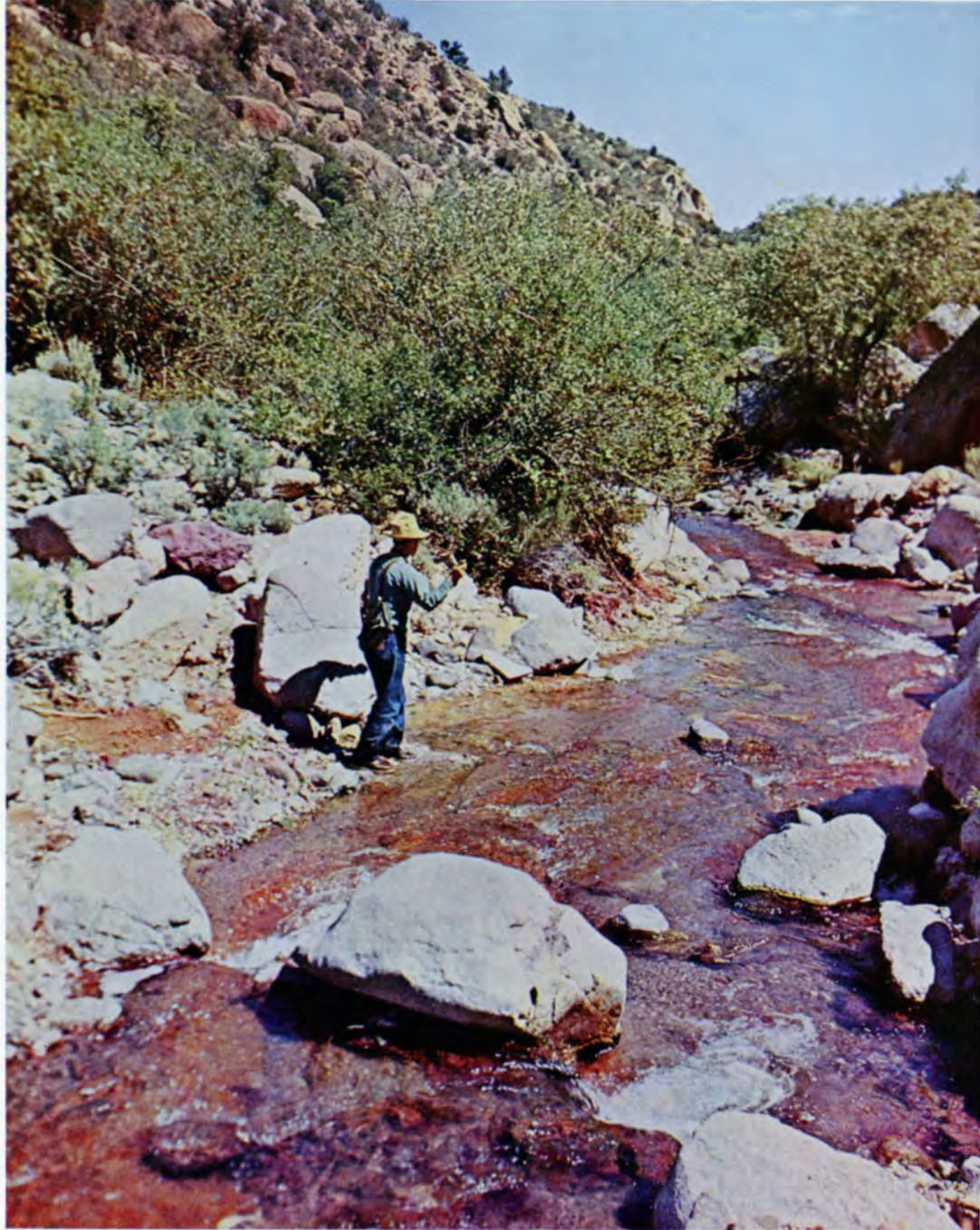
conceived. However, if you see these trees at a certain time in early spring you will be delighted and amazed with their huge, velvety, creamy-white blossoms with their overpowering fragrance and you forget the ugly spiked branches that brought such beauty into being. Hereabouts, there is a turn-off road to the ghost town of Delamar, along which the Joshua trees become noticeably larger and more numerous.

The great ice-age glacier, tumbling its huge and well-rounded boulders about, must have decided to call it a day when it arrived at the entrance to Pahrnatag Valley. Either that or the erosive waters of the Pacific Ocean must account for the staggering mounds of gigantic "pebbles" deposited where our modern ribbon of oil and concrete turns to give you your first glimpse of the green valley beyond which is Pahrnatag—the valley where crystal-clear warm springs tempt the car-tired traveler to stop for an outdoor swim. Continuing south past Alamo, U. S. 93 takes you past two calm and clear waterfowl lakes. From these to the Clark County line is desert country, beautiful at intervals each spring with rainbow tinted blankets of wild flowers.

Barren land in Lincoln County is at minimum proportions. The area between Alamo and the Joshua Forest is desert as is another stretch, known as Delamar Flat, encountered farther north toward Caliente. What was once desert country on the approach to Panaca is now quite generally being made useful as alfalfa and other farm and garden acreage. Here, water can be found almost anywhere by drilling.

Altitudes climb with your car toward Pioche, where once again the mountains are forested, and if you take U. S. 93 along its old "high road" into Pioche you get a breathtaking panoramic view of the few-miles distant Eagle, Clover, Spring and Rose Valley lands. The village of Ursine peacefully hugs itself among tree-lined streets, flowing springs, rock-bound ravines, fruit orchards and well cultivated farms. Cattle ranches dot the surrounding areas. Throughout these valleys the ranchers will tell you that deer often come down from the higher levels into the village yards for winter sustenance. In that vicinity ranchers have to shoo the gentle animals out of gardens and fields, except during the deer season when they keep their shooting irons in a handy corner of the kitchen or back porch. Route 25 leading east from Panaca curves through many miles of one of Nevada's most beautiful National Forests. It reaches to within a few miles of Modena, Utah. North of Pioche, toward Geiser Ranch on the road to Ely, additional juniper and pinyon pine land extends for several miles along each side of the highway as well as for considerable distances east and west within Lincoln County boundaries.

As scenic as it is isolated, Beaver Dam State Park abounds in good fishing streams such as this one.



Coming by rail from Utah into Caliente through the nine railroad tunnels of East Canyon, the train windows reveal high mountains whose beauty is enhanced by the bright red coloring of their rugged, perpendicular peaks and cliffs. Rock-strewn ravines are mellowed with small groups of trees and long-suffering shrubbery, for water is scarce on the slopes. Winter snows or rains beget stretches of wild flowers for the early spring months. Big Springs, which tumbles out of the rock crevices for 12 months of the year near the Islen railroad section house, feeds Meadow Valley Creek to give residents of the canyon water for summer gardening on miniature spots of fertile, level soil at the bottom of canyon gorges. At Crestline Summit, above the canyon, the altitude lacks only 10 feet of

reaching a 6000-foot level. Our out-of-state friends who think of Nevada as being entirely desert should take a birds-eye look at Lincoln County.

RECREATIONAL AREAS

In the above description of Lincoln County's land surfaces and scenic beauties I have not mentioned the special attractions of its officially designated Recreational Areas. Most Nevadans and many people from other states are only faintly familiar with the names Pine Canyon, Beaver Dam Wash, Cathedral Gorge, Panaca Coke Ovens, Ryan (Kershaw) State Park, Rainbow Canyon, Robbers' Roost, and the now abandoned Dula, Eliot, Margrigger, and Henri Ranches. These ranches, all within the confines of Rainbow Canyon, have never been

officially made recreation spots, yet they provide level, well-shaded picnic retreats for those who like to brew their coffee and cook over a camp fire. The Meadow Valley stream, all the way from Big Springs at Islen, flows crystal clear over its age-old pebbles for 10 months of the year with just enough water to provide the youngsters of a party with the fun of wading. However, during July and August when there is a sudden cloudburst, the stream becomes an angry torrent of muddy corruption, fighting its way past Caliente, through Rainbow and on to join the waters of its sister streams, the Virgin and Muddy, in Clark County. With the possible exception of these two months, an undisturbed and delightful interlude can be yours at almost any spot in the one-time Rainbow Canyon Ranch areas. Robbers' Roost, about 15 miles down the canyon from Caliente, is attracting attention from an historical angle. A fairly good ungraded road will take you as far as you care to test your driving skill—as far as Las Vegas if you are so minded.

CATHEDRAL GORGE

Governor James Scrugham was the first of Nevada's chief executives to take a second look at Lincoln County. But before his time the "Panaca Gulch" was known and used as a picnic ground by Lincoln County people who, unashamed, called it a "gulch." Then it came about that Mrs. Al Godbe, who with her husband lived during the early 'teens of the century at the Black Prince mine (now Caselton), was an able equestrienne. She loved to ride the hills in search of scenic spots. She had heard about the "gulch," wanted to see it and did—horseback. Husband Al, also on horseback, went along to guide her through its spooky, far echoing formations.

"It's breathtaking; beautiful beyond compare," she exclaimed, "and they call it a 'gulch'! It's one of God's own Cathedrals—I shall think of it as 'Cathedral Gorge.'"

The distinction between "gulch" and "gorge" gradually penetrated the thinking of Lincoln County citizens to bring about a fuller appreciation of the "gulch's" majestic beauty. Governor Scrugham became interested in the unusual attraction and promoted its dedication as a State Park with a rather spectacular Lincoln County Pageant at the entrance of the newly named Cathedral Gorge. Since that time it has been well advertised as such. It is easily viewed from a lookout tower at a turn-off on Highway U. S. 93 a few miles north of the Y-Station west of Panaca. To explore it from the bottom level a well-maintained road takes you through to its innermost towers and caves. Tables and barbecue stoves have been provided for use of tourists or groups of picnickers. "A Bryce Canyon in miniature," is the comment of many who drive through just to enjoy its silent grandeur.

RYAN STATE (KERSHAW) PARK

It lies three miles southwest of Caliente; it has been the most popular family recreation ground since the 1930's when President Roosevelt's C.C.C. men dressed it up with stationary tables, rock masonry barbecue stoves and built a children's wading pool to catch the water from an ever-flowing spring that gushes out of one side of a wild grapevine-covered cliff. Water was piped to several points near the tables, a caretaker's cabin built, necessary rest rooms and garbage pits installed, and the road into the little oak and cottonwood forest improved to a degree that has made it easily passable.

The history of Kershaw goes back to the 1870's when the only white settlers near what is now Caliente were ranchers who found a market for their hay, beef and garden produce in the new boom town of Pioche. Such was the Kershaw family who in 1870 came from California and settled in the secluded canyon which bears their name. They were Samuel and Amity Kershaw and their daughter Betty McGuffey Kershaw who married one George Latimer and moved to Las Vegas in 1903. In the canyon the family found an abundance of wild grape vines clinging to trees and cliffs. They planted pear, peach and plum trees and raised fine garden vegetables. Other owners farmed the Kershaw place in later years. In 1883 a school was opened for the children from surrounding ranches. Its teacher was a man past 80 by the name of Sparks who didn't propose to deny himself the pleasure of his chewing tobacco. His pupils were quick to see that he chewed almost constantly each day and they also noticed that he "never spit out the juice" (quoting the gentleman who was a pupil). Finally one of the curious boys who could no longer stand the uncertainty made so bold as to ask him why. Mr. Sparks was a man of many years but few words. He replied, "I like tobacco juice. I swallow it." And that was that. Other teachers known to have taught there were a Miss Mamie Clinton and Miss Alice Donohue.

The last owners of the little park were Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan of Caliente who in the 1930's generously donated it for use as a recreation area in Lincoln County, hence the name Ryan State Park has been used from the time it was so designated by the State. In 1938 the American Legion and their Auxiliaries (Caliente and Pioche units) and other civic-minded citizens sponsored the building of a stone monument with a dedicatory metal plate inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Ryan. Stones used for the memorial obelisk were gathered from Lincoln County mines and prospect locations. Some were sent from faraway mining areas in other states. Many of the stones are highly valuable pieces of ore—one such gold-silver ore sample sent down from Pioche by Mr. Leonard Thomas is said to have assayed at \$900 per ton. Several pieces of

Rising impressively above the narrow canyon entrance to Kershaw-Ryan State Park is this stone Indian guard.



highly colored quartz-bearing ore were brought from the Irish Mountain district; and the cornerstone of the Delamar post office was hauled from the famous old town to be laid as the cornerstone of the Ryan Memorial.

BEAVER DAM STATE PARK

Beaver Dam is in a heavily timbered canyon about 35 miles over a county road from the Barclay turnoff north of Caliente. The turn has recently been well signed by State Park officials who have lettered it Beaver Dam State Park—Wilderness Area. The dam was built by beavers, succeeding generations of which are still there. They made the area their habitat by damming up the flow of springs and streams coming in from beyond the Lincoln County-Utah boundary line. The place is known now as a deer hunters' and fishermen's paradise. Also, it has overtones of early Lincoln County history.

Indications are that an early party of pioneers drove into the area before the Nevada and Utah territory became two separate states, camped for no one knows how long, probably went exploring and subsequently became lost. Relics of fires, wagons, saddles, neck yokes, implements and household goods were found there by interested searchers several years ago. It is also presumed that a number of Mormon families spent some time there and

later moved into the Eagle Valley section. The Rice, Hamblin and Crow families are listed as some of these. It is well known also, that one member of the Mountain Meadow Massacre group named Klingensmith took refuge in this part of eastern Lincoln County, presumably to escape punishment and live down his part in the tragedy. He "holed up" for considerable time at what was known as Dutch Flat north of Caliente, above the Cook ranch. However, he finally came out of hiding, made contact with ranchers and others newly arriving in Panaca and Pioche and to whom he introduced himself as Smith. It is not recorded what kind of a story he told to account for his hermit existence, but it must have been a good one for years later he was elected sheriff of Lincoln County—"Sheriff Smith."

PANACA COKE OVENS

The past few years have developed local and tourist interest in the three well-preserved Coke Ovens a few miles east of Panaca in a forest of big pine. A road has been built to the ovens by the people of Panaca to accommodate the numbers of visitors who inquire how to find them. Long out of use, they are solitary reminders of the time when Bullionville, a short way west of Panaca, was a thriving mill town where the ores from Pioche were processed into gold and silver bullion. Processing



the raw ore into gold and silver bricks, known as metallurgy, required the use of coke. Coke is the solid product resulting from the distillation of coal in an oven or closed chamber, and used as fuel in metallurgy. Since there was no native or commercial coal to be had in the surrounding area with which to make the coke, it was discovered after considerable experimenting that the particular kind of pine near Panaca when properly burned made coke well-suited to the purpose. The three large stone masonry ovens at Panaca have circular bases built up to a rounded point, reminding one of a giant beehive. The floor diameter of each is 25 feet, and each is 30 feet high. Each oven still has its large iron grate upon which the huge pine logs were laid to do their "slow burn." Fires were built under them, the massive doors closed, and the coke making was begun. The ovens were in constant use until Bullionville closed down near the end of the century, 1897-98. On the day the last whistle was to be blown one of our Caliente citizens, Mr. D. W. (Bill) Cook, who was then 6 years old and remembers the occasion, was lifted high in the air by his father, the late Mr. David W. Cook, to give the signal for the last whistle. One can imagine the child possibly clapped his hands or blew a toy whistle. At any rate the child gave the signal, the big whistle gave out with a long wailing blast, and Bullionville quieted. The town was inactive until a few years later when once again real pay dirt (ore worth processing) was found in the Pioche mine; then Bullionville was revived for a time. David W. Cook was one of the machinists at the mill.

EARLY HISTORY

In the preceding paragraphs I have given bits of Lincoln County's early history. From here on I



The sprawling Union Pacific depot in Caliente has long been a landmark in eastern Nevada.

Left, this massive rock dome towers over the floor of Kershaw-Ryan State Park.

shall touch on the highlights of the history of its towns and villages with added comments on their present situations, which, with their history, may give you the compelling urge to see and learn more about Lincoln County.

The county's one incorporated city, Caliente, and its other towns and villages are full of modern homes and people nice to know. Schools, churches, civic, welfare, and fraternal organizations pose a picture of small-town life that is repeated throughout the county. We have our problems and setbacks but in the main we enjoy life in a special way not known in the booming byways of the multitudes.

Lincoln County's history is ever a sure entree into new byways of conversation. Time is fast running out on the oldtimers who were here when the mines and mills were booming; when the railroad was building in; and when pioneering at a new "diggings" was an adventure never to be forgotten. Much about these events has been recorded by local and out-of-state history hobbyists as well as by some of Nevada's journalists who gathered their stories from those who personally experienced the adventure.

Panaca is the oldest town in Lincoln County; only Genoa in the northern part of Nevada is older. As early as 1857-58, Mormon settlers began building homes in the valleys near Beaver Dam and other spots adjacent to it which are now known as Rose, Spring, Clover, and Eagle Valleys. When they heard, through a Mr. Hamblin, of the discovery of silver—called "panakar" by the Paiute Indians—a few brave souls wagoned their way into the Panaca and Pioche areas in the possible hope of establishing themselves near what might prove to be some good silver or gold properties. But when they encountered only Indians who were not very friendly the Mormons returned to their valleys.

By 1864, however, the Lee and Edwards families, followed later by the Wadsworths, Ronnows and Mathews, came back to the "panakar" area and began a settlement. It was a natural to call it Panaca from the Indian name for silver. From then until the early 1900's Panaca history is one of utterly interesting and unheard of incidents and important events. To cite one such: There was the Indian who was tied to a rope and made to run all the way behind a man on horseback from Pahrana-gat to Panaca where he was "strung up," more dead than alive, by enraged citizens after they had found out he was the Indian who had shot a Mr. Rodgers in Alamo. I have been told it was the Indian inhabitants themselves who decided on the manner of execution and carried out the preliminary punishment—the trip from Pahrana-gat to Panaca.

Pioche became a going concern in the late '60's,



thanks to its silver and gold mines. Here again, it was a result of the reports and findings of the Paiute Indians that led to the white man's interest and arrival in that area. By 1871 when it became the county seat, Pioche had a population of 10,000. In September of the same year it was almost completely destroyed by fire. Lack of water and fire-fighting equipment resulted in an enormous flame which blazed in steady destruction until there was nothing left to burn.

The town was rebuilt and there continued a history-making saga of riches, fights, street murders, "boots on" burials, drinking, politics, high and titled society, and a million dollar Lincoln County courthouse—all the usual, plus a modicum of unusual events that characterized the building of the lusty, rugged West. I mention "high and titled" society because at one time a French countess visited in Pioche; she was also a guest of Mrs. Carrie Ferguson at Hiko. The countess, it seems, was the wife of a New Yorker, H. A. Cohn, who was Ferguson's financial "angel" and partner in financing the Magnolia mine at Delamar.

Pioche had, and still has, periods of mill and mine inactivity when for one reason or another it becomes necessary to close, always with the hope that operations will resume.

There have been many arguments about how the town got its name. One explanation, given rather carelessly, I thought, when I asked about it in 1914, was that it was the French word for pick-ax, and that it was a Frenchman who came to the camp (one of the earliest to arrive) who gave the town its name. That idea merely shaved around the outer edges of the truth. Mrs. Delphine Squires has given the correct answer in her highly interesting history of southeastern Nevada recently published in the *Las Vegas Sun*. A Mr. Charles Hoffman, she writes, had been sent to the camp by a Mr. F. L. A. Pioche, who was a Frenchman, to acquire some holdings in the Meadow Valley Mining Company. It seems that these two men financed the building

of a smelter and because of this the town was called "Mr. Pioche's Town." When the post office was established there in 1870 it was officially named Pioche.

Caliente had its inception when two railroad companies, the Clark and the Oregon Short Lines, were rivals for the right-of-way through Lincoln County to Los Angeles. In 1904-05, two rival gangs of tracklayers fought each other like buzz saws at the drop of a beer bottle while the tracks were being laid through what is now Caliente. Fatal "accidents" were not unusual in the new tent town, to the extent that it acquired the reputation up and down the line, from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles, of being the "toughest" in the West. Forty-seven saloons, gambling rooms and other unsavory night life entertainment flourished before—and after—the big flood of 1910, which practically ruined the town as well as the railroad. But the village continued to grow until, by 1916 or earlier, it had been made a division point by the new railroad owners, the San Pedro, Los Angeles and Salt Lake line, with railroad workers here drawing down a monthly salary totaling \$100,000. As a division point the new town rated a round-house, machine shops, freight and passenger depots, offices, and a clubhouse for the passenger service men and mail clerks whose end-of-the-run stop-over was in Caliente. Early schools were opened, the first one in a one-room frame building near the hot springs; later in a rock edifice in town with an added frame building for primary grades. In 1926 the present cement block classrooms and gymnasium-auditorium preceded the wing additions of the 30's, and the final improvements of the early 40's. The land on or near the school buildings was soon filled with new and modern homes.

When Delamar folded in 1909, most of its residents, many of them business people, moved to Caliente, with a resulting increase in business establishments there. Caliente had a weekly newspaper, the *Caliente Progress*, as early as 1904. It eventually sold out to a newcomer and since that time Caliente has never been without a weekly news sheet although the editor-owner list of changes has been impressive. One of them got away with all the money taken in at a Christmas Eve school entertainment. He was last seen hopping a train east at about three a. m. on December 25 of that year—but that is another story.

The railroad company began the building of 24 company residences in 1903. The flood of 1910 coursed through the back doors of the new houses and out at the front entrances, leaving layers of

(Concluded on back cover)

Center pages—Sweeping cliffs at Kershaw-Ryan State Park shelter a shady basin where a stream flows and wild grape abounds, setting for a popular picnic area.



Hungry boys watch eagerly as the first step is completed—barbecue pit is opened for removal of roasted chunks of beef.



Next, the serving. Plates are filled from huge pots and trays of food.



One of the oldest guests at the Homecoming feast—this Indian woman has been a part of the community as long as anyone can remember.



And one of the youngest. This tiny lad nibbles a green onion.



When they have been through the line, family groups arrange themselves on the park lawn for the main event—eating!



Caliente's newspaper editor wears his front page for the special occasion.





DAT-SO-LA-LEE

Greatest of the Basket Makers

Her life span was well over 90 years, extending from her primitive Indian childhood to her place in modern Western culture.

In 1844, when she was already an adult, she witnessed the entry of John Fremont and his party into her native Carson Valley; as a very old woman in this century, she peered at the admiring crowds gathered around her while she demonstrated her art of basket weaving at the St. Louis Exposition of 1919.

Time took Dat-So-La-Lee far. And, although she may not have understood the reasons, she was a famous woman when she died at the age of about 96 in 1925.

Dat-So-La-Lee, the huge, stolid Indian squaw was a familiar figure in Nevada's capital city where she lived and worked most of her life. During her later years, she was supported by the Cohn family of Carson City, many of her baskets being offered for sale in the store they operated there.

Although they were friends, Dat-So-La-Lee was only slightly tutored in the ways of the white man. But she knew one thing well: the art of weaving she had learned in her tribal days. She spent weeks gathering her materials, the saplings and plant roots which grew in hidden places along the Sierra foothills. Then, withdrawing, she spent longer weeks at pensive work, her worn fingers bending her materials into basket creations so tightly woven and skillfully shaped that they still stand out above all other western Indian basketry. Into each she wove the symbols which carry the legends of Washoe tribal life, symbols which might have disappeared except for Dat-So-La-Lee's craftsmanship.

Through her work, she has become known as the greatest of the basket makers. In testimony of her art, her baskets are today proudly exhibited in museums such as the State Historical Society in Reno, the Nevada State Museum, the Peabody Institute at Yale, and the Huntington Museum in San Marino, California.

(Photos courtesy Nevada State Historical Society.)







QUILTS

*... they came
across the plains in
covered wagons*





Over 150 years old, these Early American Quilts are prized items in the collection of the Nevada State Historical Society in Reno.



If they could talk, what tales they would tell—the quilts pictured on these pages!

They are as American as Yankee Doodle, first cousins to hand-sewn quilts still being used in thousands of homes in this country. They are remarkable in two ways—for their workmanship and for their advanced age. All date from the early 1800's; some were probably made before the end of the Revolution.

If they could talk, they would spin yarns about the pioneers who settled the Colonies along the Atlantic, who penetrated deeper into the Midwest and who, several generations later, crossed the plains in covered wagons to open up the West.

These colorful quilts traced exactly such a journey. They were hand sewn by Mary Sharp, pioneer American born in New Jersey in 1739. Her children and grandchildren took part in the great migrations of the last century, bringing with them the

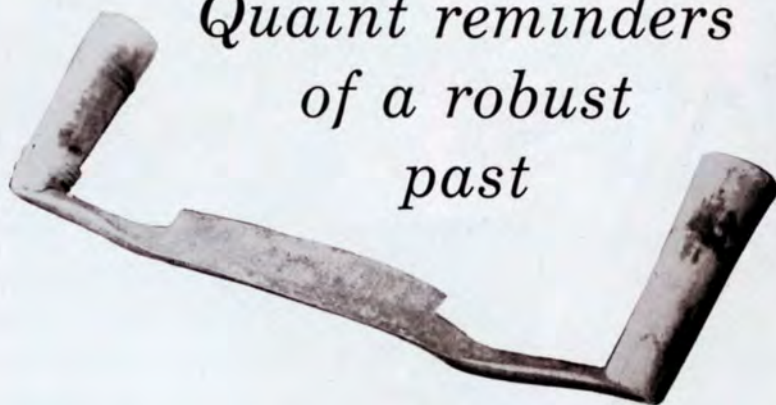
quilts they had inherited from Mary Sharp. Eventually, several of her descendants settled in Nevada and contributed this valuable family collection to the Nevada State Historical Society.

Pieced together from scraps of bright gingham, woolens and silks, they transmit a vivid history of the materials worn by the first Americans and used in their households. Whether plain or fancy, the remnants used in these quilts were sewn together with solicitous care and workmanship. The more elaborate quilts (such as the one with the black background, top left, opposite) were stitched with yarns as fine as the fabrics that went into them. All of Mary Sharp's designs bear names which are unmistakably American, titles like *Crazy Quilt*, *Log Cabin* and *Goose Chase*.

As examples of early Americana, these quilts are outstanding and perfectly preserved for future generations at the State Historical Society.



Quaint reminders of a robust past



For all of their brightness and color, Mary Sharp's quilts face strenuous competition at the Historical Society. Vying with them for attention at the Society's quarters in Reno's State Building is a display of items dating back to the very beginnings of Nevada history.

A handful of these items has been selected for the illustrations on these pages; of these, several were chosen particularly because they came from Lincoln County, which is featured in this issue.

Most interesting, perhaps, of the Lincoln County pieces is the rare china plate (left panel, top) with its portrait of the Nauvoo Temple built by the Latter Day Saints in Illinois. Around it are encribed the names of early Mormon officials and the date, 1841. Few duplicates of this plate are believed to exist.

Other Lincoln County items are the drawknife which had its origin in Salt Lake City and the stone jug (above), both brought to Nevada by Mormon families well before the turn of the century. From the early American stone jug, we see that the potter who made it had a flair for design as well as a practical sense. The drawknife, on the other hand, is all business—it was a basic building tool and, very likely, an efficient one.

Another tool with a purpose, a domestic one, is the well-worn, wooden potato masher (right panel, center) whose scars indicate that it is a veteran of many violent kitchen campaigns.

Last of the pieces from Lincoln County is the metal candle mold (left panel, bottom) with its graceful but utilitarian lines. This was brought from a Mormon settlement in Toquerville, Utah, about 1866. It is well over a hundred years old.

Dolls, invariably reflecting the customs and manners of their own generation, also are given a place at the Historical Society. The cradle doll (right panel, top)





was a Nevada toy of the 1870's, the more elegant china doll (left panel, center) being a "member" of one of the first families to settle in Paradise Valley.

An indication of the Victorian taste for foreign things is seen in the last item in the miniature museum pictured here. This is the Chinese sewing box, an object of curiosity as well as affection, which dates back to the pre-Comstock days. It came to the Society from the MacKenzie family of Mason Valley.

As is suggested by the pictures on these pages, no visit to Reno is complete unless the Historical Society is high on the itinerary. There, the visitor can trace the whole story of the state, pioneer days to present. In addition to items such as those pictured here, he will see other hundreds of things which are a part of the Nevada tradition. The Gridley sack of flour, for example, is on display there—straight out of western folklore. Then, there is the great Boak mineral collection, the Key Pittman mementos and an almost bewildering array of things from Virginia City and other early Nevada mining camps. And, for the student or researcher, the Society's books and picture files offer rich reward. There to welcome and assist the visitor are Mrs. Clara Beatty, director, and her staff.

ANNOUNCEMENT

An index covering the first 14 volumes of *Nevada Highways and Parks* magazine (1936-1954) prepared by reference librarians at the Nevada State Library, will soon be issued in mimeographed form by the Nevada Library Association. About 24 pages, double column, the subject index also includes a tabulation with data on each issue published in the first 14 volumes.

No file of the *Nevada Highways and Parks* magazine or collection of Nevada publications will be complete without the index.

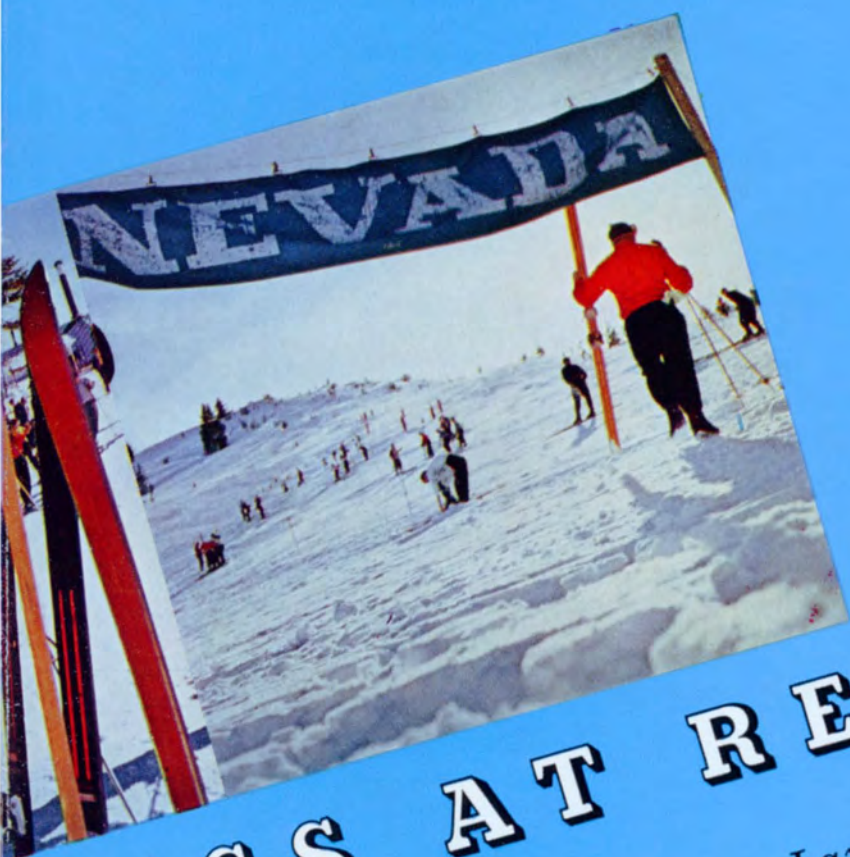
Since a limited edition is planned, orders should be placed with:

Mrs. Glenn Robertson, Treasurer
Nevada Library Association
36 Laswell Street
Henderson, Nevada

The prepublication price has been set at one dollar.



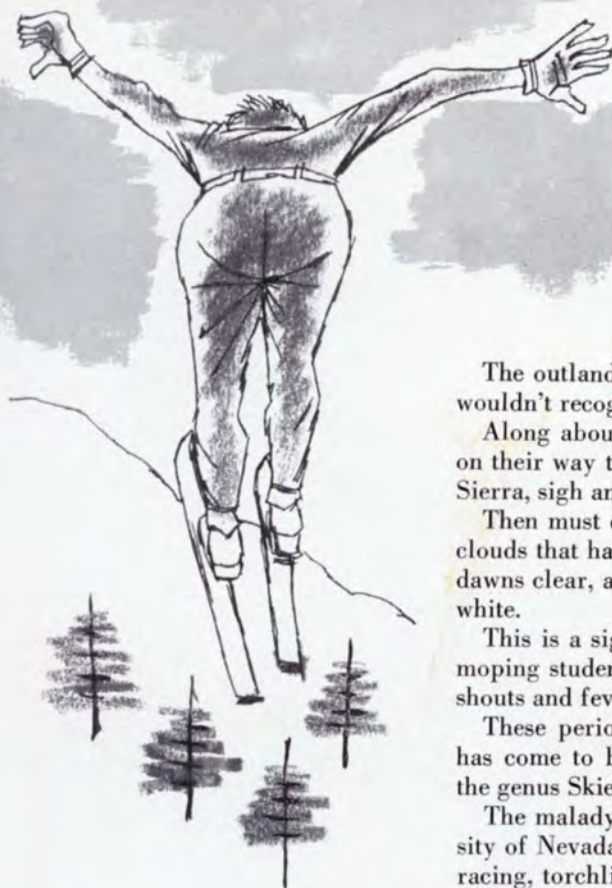
WINTER MAD



NESS AT RENO

By Robert Laxalt





University of Nevada Annual Ski Meet

The outland visitor to the University of Nevada campus in Reno probably wouldn't recognize the symptoms.

Along about November, it's not uncommon to see students pause suddenly on their way to classes, turn to the west and regard the towering peaks of the Sierra, sigh and pursue their solitary way.

Then must come a day in December when there's a break in the low, gray clouds that have been hanging over Reno for the past few days. The morning dawns clear, and behold, the high Sierra is capped with a blanket of dazzling white.

This is a sight calculated to produce wondrous changes in the attitudes of moping students. In a moment, the campus is transformed to a scene of wild shouts and feverish activity.

These periods of empty gazing and violent gyrations are phases in what has come to be known as Winter Madness, a recurring malady common to the genus Skier.

The malady reaches its climax in February of each year when the University of Nevada stages its annual Winter Carnival, a four-day funfest of speed racing, torchlight parades, sorority open houses, spaghetti feeds and German band music and a windup Sno-Ball.

It was not always so. Less than 20 years ago, the Winter Carnival at the University of Nevada was an obscure campus celebration and skiers were a rare commodity.

In this sense the growth in stature of the Winter Carnival since its inauspicious beginning is in many ways a barometer of western skiing itself. Many authorities attribute the popularity of skiing today to the impetus given the sport by latter-day pioneers in such schools as the University of Nevada.

Skiing is not a new thing to the Sierra, however. Actually, our latter-day pioneers followed in the footsteps of the bearded Gold Rush miners to whom skiing was a way of life in the snowbound Poker Flat country of the Lost Sierra, made famous in literature by Bret Harte. In fact, ski historian William Berry of Reno claims that American competitive skiing was born in the Sierra over a hundred years ago.

The sport in its modern trappings was not long in catching on. The challenge of high-speed competition and ski technique naturally began to lure more students from physical hibernation during the long winters. Interest in skiing grew so quickly that in a short time it has become an established American pastime and, certainly, one of the most fiercely competitive of all intercollegiate athletics.

At Nevada, some of the early snow worshippers who gave the Winter Carnival its origin were such former students as Wayne Poulsen, who organized the first celebration in 1937, Martin Arrouge, Jack Starratt, Earl Edmunds, Barnes Berry, Jerry Wetzel, Ashley Van Slyck and Chelton Leonard, who, by the way, has been University of Nevada ski coach and Winter Carnival tournament director for the past several years.



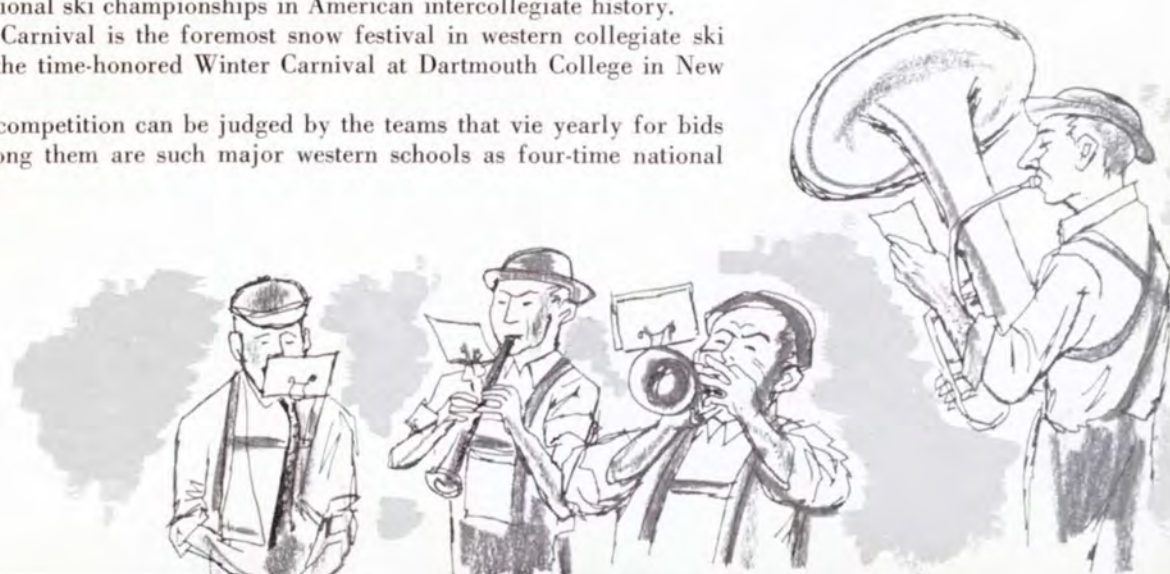


Challenge of high-speed competition and ski techniques have lured many from hibernation during the long winters. Skiing has become a well-established American pastime.

Despite the fact that the Carnival was abandoned during a phase of World War II, it came back with renewed vigor in 1946. From then on, it experienced a meteoric rise in importance until, in 1954, it was singularly honored by being chosen to host the first N.C.A.A. national ski championships in American intercollegiate history.

Today the Winter Carnival is the foremost snow festival in western collegiate ski circles, ranked with the time-honored Winter Carnival at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire.

The caliber of its competition can be judged by the teams that vie yearly for bids to the Carnival. Among them are such major western schools as four-time national





champion Denver University, Washington State, Washington, Oregon State, Utah, California, Wyoming, UCLA and Stanford.

A number of youthful Carnival champions, such as Denver's phenomenal Marvin Crawford and Paul Wegemen and University of Utah's Marvin Melville, have gone on to represent the United States in the Olympics.

It follows that meets of such significance have firmly established the University of Nevada as a skiing school of national reputation. The University's continued prominence in this sport seems to be assured when one considers that this past winter, for example, Reno's recreation skiing program saw over a thousand youngsters enrolled for instruction. Out of this number will inevitably come young skiers who will one day make their mark in national and international competition.

The University's proximity to the Sierra is the biggest natural advantage to its skiing program. Such major snow areas as Reno Ski Bowl, Mt. Rose Bowl, Heavenly Valley and Squaw Valley are all within a one- to two-hour drive from the Reno campus over highways that are diligently kept open for traffic by snow crews of the Nevada Department of Highways.

On campus the Winter Carnival is the highlight event of the school year. From the beginning, its organization has been student managed and is certainly a compliment to what youth can do when given the opportunity. A celebration of this scope, coupled with the inherently temperamental nature of competitive skiing, is a complicated and delicate job to organize.

Yet, not in a single Nevada Winter Carnival has there been a major hitch, and in recent years both ski association officials and visiting coaches have been high in their praise of the conduct of the meet.

It goes almost without saying that the Winter Carnival is a colorful University event. Ski garb and bright sweaters become the campus fashion, and fraternity and sorority houses adorn their entrances with elaborate winter-theme decorations.

The arrival of visiting skiers signals the start of festivities. The Carnival



Casualties are few but victims wear their bandages proudly, like awards of merit.





Modern ski lifts take skiers up the slopes near Reno the easy way. The trip down is much faster and heartier!

opens with a torchlight parade through downtown Reno and an entertainment-studded assembly rally where visiting skiers and coaches are introduced.

Next day, the Carnival gets down to the serious business of competition. The opening cross-country event sees racers equipped with special narrow skis battling for position over a 7- to 10-mile course.

The cross-country is a grueling test of endurance. Evidence of this is the fact that leading runners will average a mile in six minutes over the entire course. More times than not, racers will cross the finish line and collapse in a state of total exhaustion.

Skiers are a hardy lot, though. The same evening will see them frolicking at the traditional open houses along gaily decorated sorority row, with little of the strain of the day's race apparent in sun-scorched and happy faces.

Saturday is the busy day for both competition and funfest. It begins with the men's downhill race, a contest of courage and skill considered the most hazardous in all of skiing. Racers push off from the 9600-foot rim of the Sierra, reaching speeds of 60 miles an hour in a lightning descent where one wrong move can send them hurtling over the snow in a tangle of arms, legs and skis. In this event racers actually drop 1,300 feet in vertical altitude over a one-mile course, their skis hitting snow ridges with the staccato whack of a machine gun.

After this daredevil race, skiing co-eds generate some speed of their own in the Powderpuff Derby, a giant slalom course in which competitors display their best wares in a tricky succession of turns through pennanted bamboo gates. It should be mentioned that Nevada's co-eds have from the beginning dominated this event.

In the afternoon it's back to men's competition in the slalom race, a test of controlled skiing skill which is known as the photographers delight because of the flying snow spray that marks every hairpin turn.

The traditional Skiers Banquet and Sno-Ball culminate social activities for the Winter Carnival on Saturday night. The banquet is particularly unique in that visiting ski teams present entertainment skits and sing ski songs, many of them of Nordic origin or influence. The Winter Carnival queen, selected at the



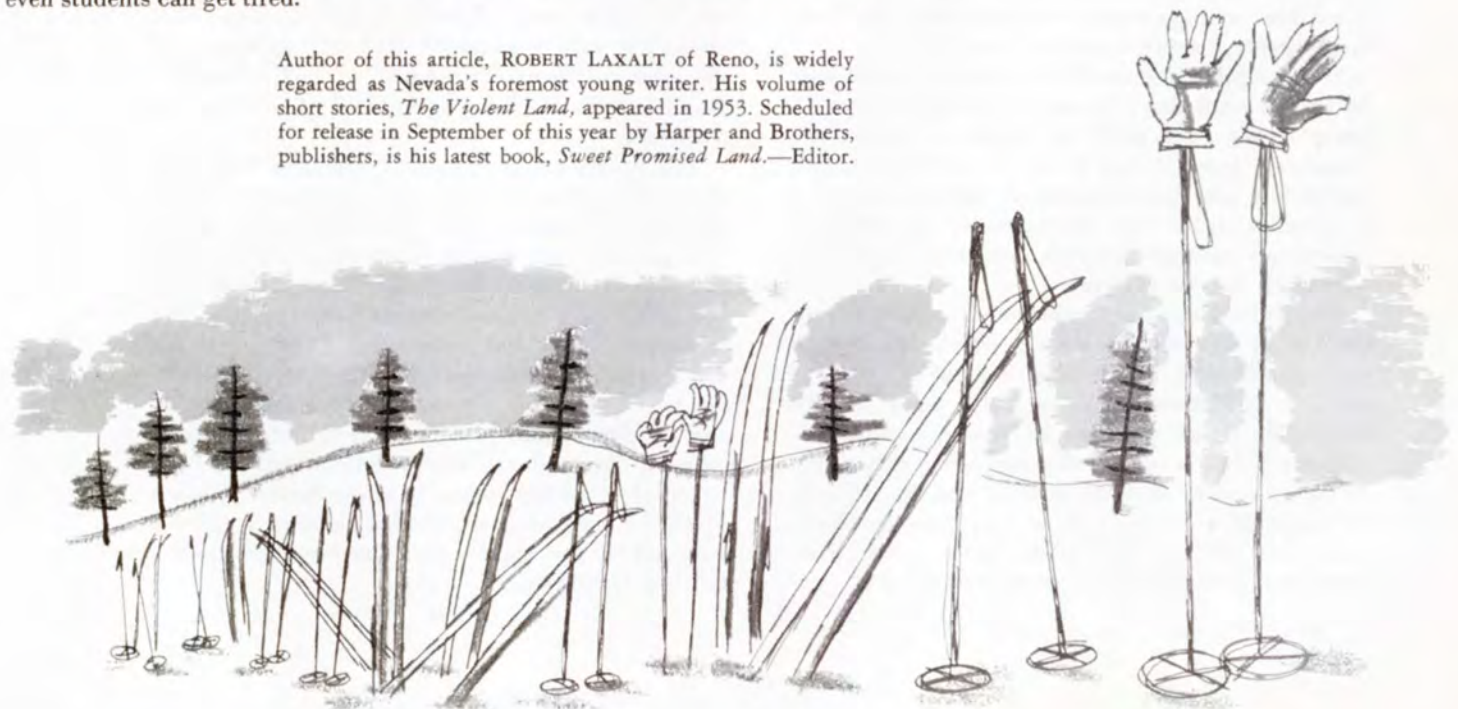
banquet by the University of Nevada team from co-ed candidates of visiting schools, reigns over the Sno-Ball that follows.

The final day of the Winter Carnival is one of pageantry. The competing teams, garbed in their bright school sweaters, stand in tiers on the beribboned ski hill during the raising of the American flag and the playing of the national anthem.

The concluding jumping event is a popular attraction that sees thousands of ski followers on hand to watch the crouched figures whip down the runway and take off in soaring leaps high above the heads of the crowd.

When it's all over, skiers and students wend their way homeward, some with medals and all with an entry in their scrapbook of college memories. The appetite of their common malady of Winter Madness has been sated and—after all—even students can get tired.

Author of this article, ROBERT LAXALT of Reno, is widely regarded as Nevada's foremost young writer. His volume of short stories, *The Violent Land*, appeared in 1953. Scheduled for release in September of this year by Harper and Brothers, publishers, is his latest book, *Sweet Promised Land*.—Editor.



LINCOLN COUNTY'S NEW LOOK

(Continued from page 14)

mud and debris. There were no casualties, but a lot of January misery and some valuable lessons in human relations and a sizable collection of humorous incidents resulted.

My husband, the late Floyd H. (Babe) Denton, arrived in Caliente as a child with his mother, Mrs. Ella Denton. He was the first little boy to ride the first passenger train into Caliente from Uvada in 1905. His uncle, the late State Senator James Denton, had established the Denton Hotel in Caliente in 1904, at which time he was also operating a mail and passenger stage line out of Caliente to Panaca, Bullionville, Pioche, and Delamar. The youngster, Babe Denton, was blessed with a photographic memory and a flair for easily learning foreign languages. Throughout his childhood days he played with Mexican, Italian, Japanese and Indian children; learned to speak Mexican fluently and could understand other adult foreigners without benefit of a teacher so that in later years his ability as an interpreter in county and district court trials was always in demand. With his additional native trigger wit and keen sense of humor he accumulated a mental collection of humorous incidents of the early days in Caliente to last his lifetime. Some of them I recorded, but again I must say there is not space herein for any of them except, according to his accounts that Caliente harbored for years on end an assortment of "characters" the likes of which no other town its size ever gave refuge to—Dirty Curley, Mexican Joe, Major Sheffield and his dog—saloon habitués like Slew Foot, Six Shooter Bill and the scholarly, immaculate minister from the effete East who turned to the lure of the "pasteboards" in the crude West; Josh Oliphant, the fiddler whose first love was his well-kept goatee; Kay, Bull and Skinner, the Japs; Chineé Tom who filled his cafe showcase with pancakes "so Tom havee plenty for men in suchee hurry."

The complete Caliente Story—history wise—will be written some day, I hope, for during its first 45 years it not only shed the stigma of being the "toughest" town in the West, but its "tent town" distinction also was abandoned and it became a progressive little city (incorporated in 1949) of prosperous railroad workers, business people and other civic-minded citizens.

The Union Pacific's change-over from steam locomotives to the diesel engines, which resulted in their abandoning Caliente as a division point to move it to Milford, Utah in 1942, threw us into reverse for a time although we have now recovered. Caliente today is one of the prettiest communities in Nevada with its level ground and fertile soil, its shade trees, flower and rose gardens (the little rose city of the big silver state); its Rose Memorial Park equipped with wading pool and

other play necessities for tots; tables and barbecue stove for grown ups; the Alice Culverwell-Dixon Athletic Park, now night-lighted and completely landscaped; and its tourist road-side rest park. All of these may be credited to a healthy and wholesome cooperation among Caliente citizens and their numerous civic, business, fraternal and church organizations.

Getting back to Lincoln County's new look, one of Caliente's most effective "cosmetics" has been its Chamber of Commerce Homecoming Day celebration, an annual month-of-May project that each year pays off—not in money but in the reunion of old friends and kinfolk in a kind of sociability that is good for the soul. Meeting for the event are those who "once upon a time" lived or were born here and who now are scattered throughout the West and from coast to coast. Oldtime residents, their grown-up sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grand young'uns come to look the old town over. They gather at the Dixon Athletic Park at noon for a free beef-barbecue dinner. Two entire steers, known to be the choicest obtainable, are barbecued in an earth pit by experts. Mayor Don Rowan heads the committee on the barbecue. Housewives of the town bake beans in huge kettles at their homes; they bake cupcakes, and they make cole slaw. No Caliente housewife is overlooked in the list selected to add her bit of labor and time to the celebration. They also stand at the long tables to serve the adults and at a separate table for the small children. Veteran chef Max Ahlstrom produces his "gourmet" sauce for the beans. Long lines of the visitors and home folks wait at the tables for their turn to be served and it is then that the real home town social talk-fest begins: "Why, Sal Hickenlooper! How well you look where are you living now? How is Tom? Are these *cute* young'uns *your grandchildren?*" and more of the same all down the lines "Oh brother! Don't squeeze my hand so hard! I've got *rings* on my fingers."

You finally get your paper plate piled high with all it will hold of the menu and a paper cup. Coffee and pop are sold at the Youth Recreation stand. You go with your special group to sit on the grass to eat, or, if your bones are creaky, you have brought a chair—you remember from last time that the grass was a long way down. Old memories are revived and related. The young marrieds and teenagers watch the afternoon ballgames. The tots run, scream, laugh, play, chase and fall over each other in high glee. Cameras click until the sun lowers. In Caliente homes, or at the movies or other places of entertainment, visiting continues 'till the wee end of the night—This has been the day!—Caliente Homecoming.