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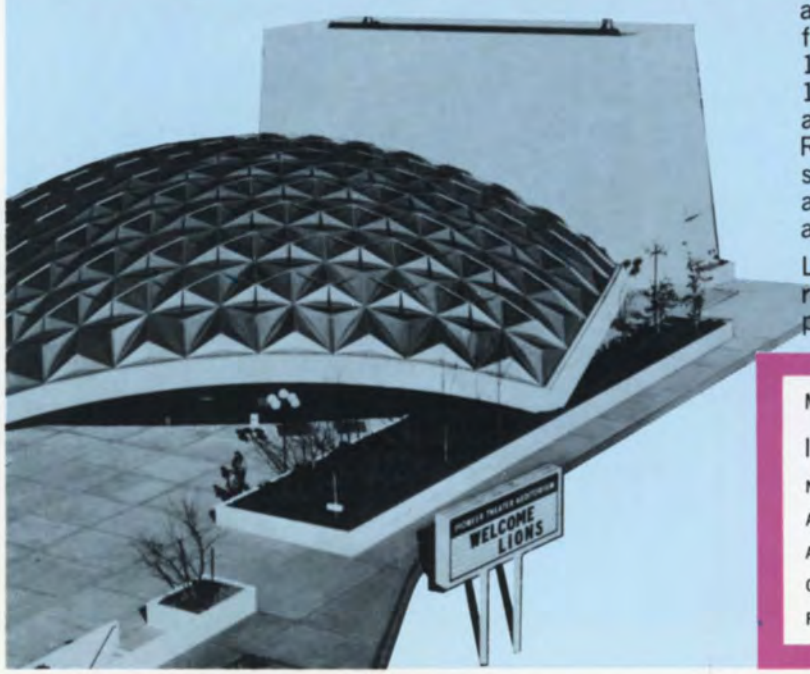
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NEVADA

Summer 1972 Volume 32, Number II

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SHOWSVILLE

LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S
Petula Clark, Mar. 17-19
Wayne Newton, Dave Barry, Mar. 24 - Apr. 12
Bill Cosby, Leslie Uggams, Apr. 13 - May 3
Burt Bacharach, May 4-17
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HARVEY'S
Horace Heidt Jr., Mar. 15-31
Ron Rose and Friend, Apr. 1-30
Lenny Herman, Apr. 28 - May 25
George Liberace, May 26 - June 16

SAHARA TAHOE
Pearl Bailey, Sundays Child, Mar. 10-12
The Carpenters, Mar. 17-19
Johnnie Mathis, Jeannine Burnier, Mar. 24-26
Ann Margret, Apr. 14-16

RENO - SPARKS - CARSON CITY

HAROLDS CLUB
Dick Roman, Mar. 7 - Apr. 3
Sonny King, Apr. 4 - May 1
Jack Bedient, May 2-29

HARRAH'S
Merle Haggard, Bonnie Owens and The Strangers, Mar. 16-29
Carroll O'Connor, Florence Henderson, Mar. 30 - Apr. 12
Eddie Arnold, Glen Ash, The Australians, Apr. 13-26
Sonny and Cher, Apr. 27 - May 10
Phyllis Diller, John Rowles, May 11-24
Mitzi Gaynor, May 24 - June 14

HOLIDAY HOTEL
Joe Rossi & The Starlighters, Ind.

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET
Jimmy Dean, The Imperials, Mar. 30 - Apr. 12
Burl Ives, May 4-24
Buck Owens, May 25 - June 7

JESSIE BECK'S RIVERSIDE
The Jets, Mar. 7 - Apr. 4
Frankie Fannelli, Mar. 20 - Apr. 16
Bob Brannan, Apr. 4-25

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN
Minsky's Burlesque '72, Ind.
The Detroit Sound, Ind.

CAESAR'S PALACE
Alan King, Lena Horne, Mar. 16 - Apr. 5
Anthony Newley, Apr. 6-26
Tom Jones, Pat Henry, Apr. 27 - May 17
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, May 18-31

CIRCUS CIRCUS
Continuous Circus Acts
Penny Pryor
Best of Burlesque

DESERT INN
Phil Harris, Frank Sinatra Jr., thru Mar. 20
Debbie Reynolds, Mar. 21 - Apr. 3

DUNES
Casino de Paris 72, Ind.
Russ Morgan, thru Mar. 23
Orrin Tucker, Mar. 24 - May 4
Henry King, May 5 - June 22

FLAMINGO
Marty Allen, Leslie Uggams, thru Mar. 15
Mills Brothers, Mar. 2-29
Sandler & Young, Corbett Monica, Mar. 16 - Apr. 12
Fats Domino, Mar. 30 - Apr. 26
Don Ho, Apr. 13 - May 10
Wayne Cochran, Apr. 27 - May 24
Sergio Franchi, Pat Cooper, May 11 - June 7
Tony Martin, May 25 - June 21
The Lettermen, Myron Cohen, June 8 - July 5

FRONTIER
Jimmy Durante, thru Mar. 22; May 11 - June 7
Edie Adams, thru Mar. 22
Robert Goulet, Mar. 23 - Apr. 12; June 8-21
Wayne Newton, Apr. 13 - May 10
Frank Sinatra Jr., May 11 - June 7

HACIENDA
Topless Follies, Ind.

LAS VEGAS HILTON
Bill Cosby, Diahann Carroll, thru Mar. 15
Johnny Cash, Mar. 30 - Apr. 5
Ann Margret, Apr. 20 - May 10
Liberace, June 22 - July 5

LANDMARK
Frankie Laine, Rich Little, Mar. 15 - Apr. 4
Roger Miller, Skiles & Henderson, Apr. 5-25
Patti Page, Jeannine Burnier, Apr. 26 - May 16
Florence Henderson, Allan Drake, May 17 - June 13

THE MINT
The Expressions, thru Apr. 2; June 5 - July 2
Jades & J'Adorables, Mar. 27 - Apr. 23
Eddie Cash, Apr. 3-30; June 5 - July 2
D. D. Smith Co., Apr. 24 - May 7
Kenniston Set, May 1-28
Maori Quin-Tikis, May 8 - June 4



Don Ho brings his island charm to the Flamingo in Las Vegas with appearances April 13 through May 10.

Both northern and southern Nevada fans will have their chance this season to see the incomparable Sammy Davis Jr. He is booked at the Sands, Las Vegas, March 15 through 28; then appears June 22 through July 12 at Lake Tahoe Harrah's.

RIVIERA
Don Rickles, thru Mar. 14
Totie Fields, Mar. 15 - Apr. 4
Vikki Carr, Apr. 5-18
Shecky Greene, Apr. 19 - May 2; June 21-27
Dionne Warwick, May 3-23
Englebert Humperdinck, May 24 - June 20

SAHARA
Jack Benny, Mar. 14 - Apr. 3; May 23 - June 10
Sonny & Cher, Apr. 4-20
Johnny Carson, Apr. 21-28; June 11-24
Buddy Hackett, Apr. 29 - May 22

SANDS
Sammy Davis Jr., Mar. 15-28
Jimmy Durante, Mar. 29 - Apr. 4
Danny Thomas, Ronnie Prophet, Apr. 5-25
Don Adams, Apr. 26 - May 23
Joey Bishop, May 24 - June 27
Billy Eckstine, May 24 - June 7
Sonny King, June 8-27

SILVER SLIPPER
Wonderful World of Burlesque, Ind.

STARDUST
Le Lido de Paris, Ind.
Ireland's Royal Show Band, Mar. 10 - Apr. 20

THUNDERBIRD
Geisha rella, thru June 13

UNION PLAZA
Fiddler on the Roof, Ind.

TROPICANA
Folies Bergere, Ind.

AT HOME NEAR LAKE MEAD

Photos by Ed Scovill

It takes slow, painstaking watching and stalking, plus an expert's knowledge of their ways, to photograph the wild things living near Lake Mead.

Ed Scovill had the patience and know-how to take these remarkable candid close-ups—photos that invite us to know these elusive neighbors of ours better than we do.

Ed Scovill for many years worked for Nevada's Fish and Game Commission. Now retired in Boulder City, he is able to spend all the time he wants with his cameras.

While most of Nevada's bighorn sheep are residents of the largest national wildlife refuge in the US, located a few miles northwest of Las Vegas, about a thousand sheep have strayed out of the refuge into Lake Mead country. Here a herd of Nelson bighorns relaxes beneath a rocky shelter.





Smaller than its Rocky Mountain cousin, the Nelson bighorn has a wider spread of horns. This old fellow is a veteran of dozens of clashing combats with competing males.

This little clown manages to put on a defiant expression. The roadrunner, one of the most unusual birds on the planet, sprints like a deer and thinks nothing of killing a rattlesnake.





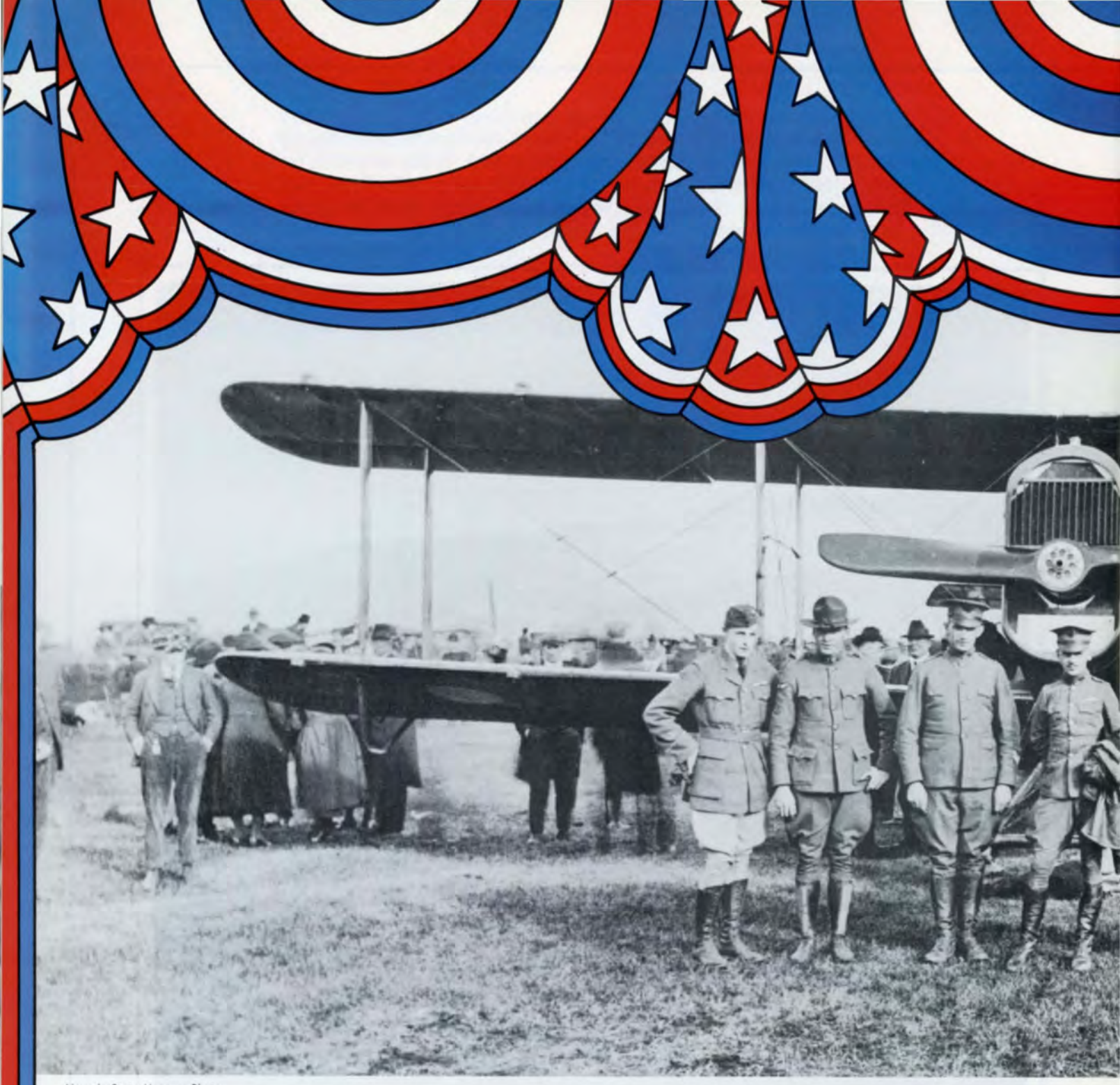
A prominent and elegant resident of the Lake Mead neighborhood, the black crowned night heron is a skilled fisherman. The big bird stands motionless in the water, spearing unsuspecting fish with a lightning stab of his bill.

A pair of Lake Mead's most familiar birds, brown pelicans. These two pose nose to nose, probably telling each other about the one that got away. One of nature's largest birds, they measure five feet in length and boast a wingspread of six to nine feet.



The sundown serenader. The coyote (also called the prairie wolf or brush wolf) may often be seen—but more often heard —in all parts of Nevada. He is a loner. But in the evening he may gather with several of his cronies for a songfest. The coyote's cry to those who know it perhaps most strongly represents the sound of the West.





Nevada State Museum Photo

by Hazel Hohn

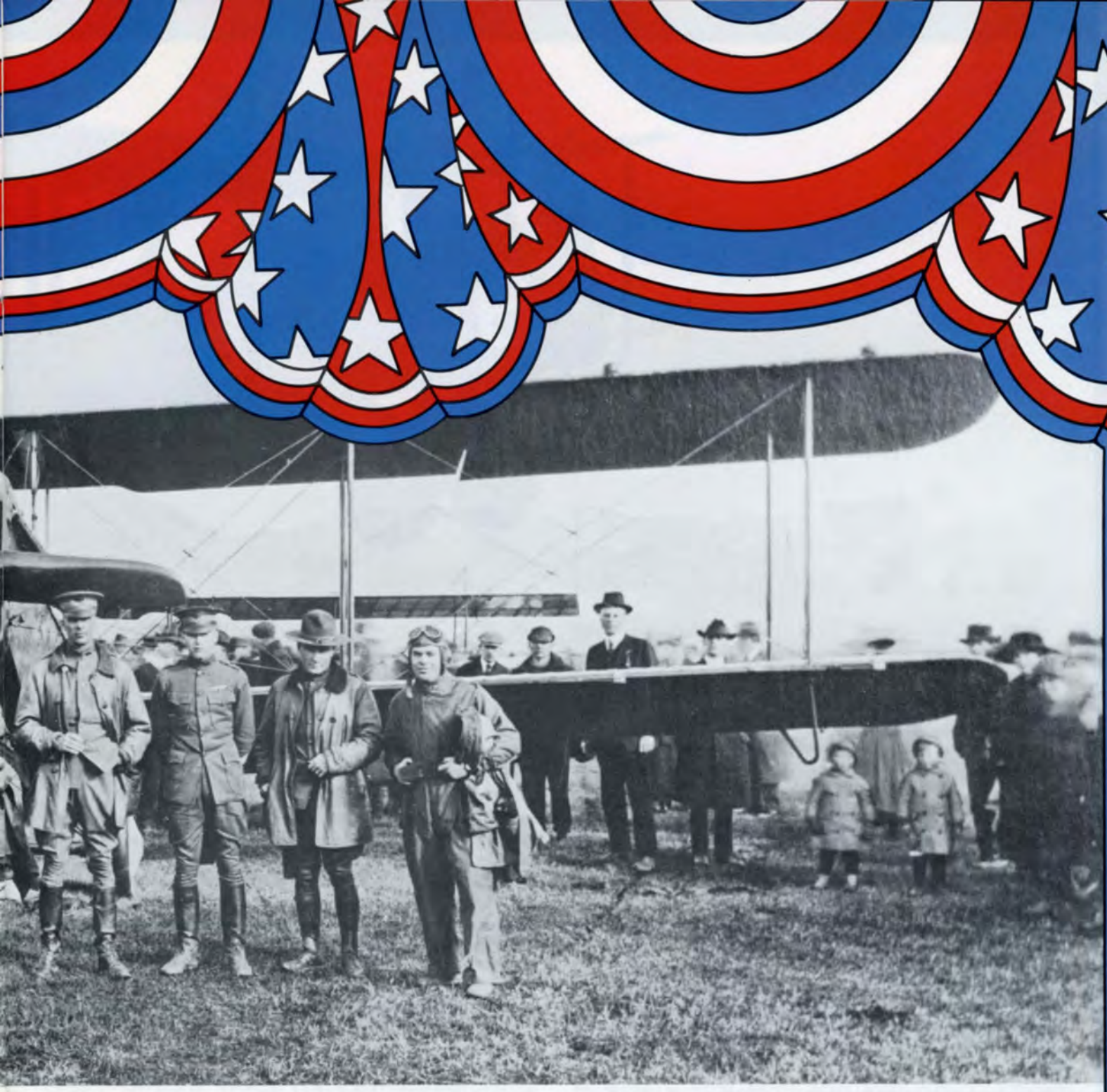
First Flight over the Sierra

The men who made the flight were: Lt. Col. Henry Watson; First Lts. James S. Krull, Tobin S. Curtis, and Francis W Ruggles; and Second Lt. Charles W Schwartz; SFC Leo Conway. First Lt. Frank J. Hackett flew the Curtis plane. (Names are not keyed to the grouping in the photo above.)

Fifty-three years ago, Carson City, Nevada, was the scene of great excitement and anticipation. On March 22, 1919, a crowd of 1,500—nearly the entire city population—had gone by foot and auto to Robinson Ranch a mile east of town, as soon as they heard the fire bells signalling the start of the historic event.

Shading their eyes against the bright morning sun, the tense spectators stared anxiously toward the southern sky. A few minutes after 10:30 they finally spotted what they had been anxiously awaiting.

First one black speck, then another, and a third appeared high over the snow-covered Sierra in the



vicinity of Genoa. After crossing Carson Valley, gliding gracefully toward the crowd, then making a few passes overhead, three De Haviland army airplanes powered by 400 hp Liberty engines touched down in perfect landings within a few minutes of one another.

The menacing barrier of the Sierra had been conquered for the first time by air!

Lieutenants Ruggles, Curtis, Krull, Schwartz, and Conway, with Colonel Henry Watson in charge, had left Mather Field, California, at 9:00. They had flown 14 miles to circle the state capital at Sacramento, then returned to Mather. Crossing over Mather again, the squadron then began the long climb to the east, blazing a trail over Placerville, the Sierra Nevada, and the southern end of Lake Tahoe, then down past Carson Valley to the capital of Nevada. The olive-colored aircraft with red, white, and blue tails had averaged 60 mph to accomplish the trip in 90 minutes.

The 2,400 by 600 foot landing place was marked with broad, white lines, signal flags indicating direction of the wind. Army authorities had previously requested that spectators stay outside the lines until the planes, landing at 60 mph, were parked.

The pilots declared to the welcoming crowd that, in spite of the high altitude, zero temperature, and



clouds encountered at the state line, they had experienced little difficulty. One said of the flight, whose purpose was to pioneer airmail routes over the mountains, "There was nothing to it."

But Carsonites did not take their accomplishment as lightly as did the pilots. After they received greetings from Governor Emmet Boyle and Carson City Mayor Gillison, had their pictures taken, and tied down their aircraft, the intrepid aviators were feted at a luncheon at the Governor's Mansion.

Lt. Curtis, first to land, told of the race he had with Lt. Krull between Placerville and the highest point of the Sierra. As the two planes neared the summit, Curtis shot past Krull with a burst of speed, winning the contest. "When I was at the crest of the summit," he said, "I was flying at a speed of 110 mph and was 14,200 feet in the air. I was going at such terrific speed that I did not notice the change in air currents or the altitude. No sooner had I crossed the summit than two of my cylinders started to miss. After a little readjustment they worked fine. Following close behind me was Lt. Krull."

Col. Watson, second on the ground, said, "I enjoyed the trip very much, and did not notice any difficulty in crossing the snow-clad mountains. On the trip we took numerous photographs for the government and surveyed the land."

But as in any good adventure story, the excitement did not end there. Forty minutes after the first three, a fourth army plane landed beside them. It was a Curtis biplane trainer of only 90 hp, flown by student pilot Lt. Haggert, who had left Mather Field before the other planes had taken off. Fellow officers, laughing at his foolhardiness, warned him that it was impossible to climb over the mountains with such a light engine.

But Haggert was determined. Unable to gain more than 10,000 feet to clear the clouds, lost over Placerville and Tahoe, he nonetheless regained his bearings and succeeded in his improbable mission. Col. Watson, Commanding Officer of Mather Field congratulated him.

The plucky underdog-turned-hero pilot in his little trainer was chosen to lead the larger planes out of Carson City towards their triumphant entry into Reno that same afternoon. Governor Boyle, on the other hand, was not as fortunate. He had wired the Secretary of War in Washington, D.C., for the necessary permission to accompany Col. Watson on the next leg of the journey. But the reply came too late. Boyle had to be content to remain on the ground.

On their way to Reno, the Curtis biplane flew straight north, while the others detoured east so that Virginia City residents could witness the historic flight.

As the four planes converged on Reno, the pilots



Another look at the DH-4.

could see thousands of people watching from streets and roof tops. Three thousand more were awaiting the landing at the Mapes Ranch.

Still exuberant with the success of his flight, Haggert let off steam by doing a loop over the city on his way to the landing field. Renoites were thrilled with this unexpected aerobatic display.

A mile-long line of cars had been waiting for hours along the Glendale Road adjoining the landing place. When the first black dots appeared over the foothills on the southern horizon, a rousing cheer rang out. The dots quickly assumed the shapes of airplanes, swooping low toward the crowd. Straight across the field headed one of them, passing over spectators' heads at an altitude of less than 50 feet. Lt. James Krull leaned out, waving his hand in welcome. He circled the field twice, waiting for the others to catch up, and made a beautiful landing at 3:36. The second plane, piloted by Curtis, landed a minute later, after nearly hitting a fence. Col. Watson's De Havilland was followed by the Curtis trainer which struck a swampy part of the field and nearly turned over, thrilling the onlookers.

The flyers were welcomed by Secretary Norris of the Commercial Club, and Lt. Jimmy Burke. It was through the efforts of Norris and the Board of Directors of the Commercial Club that the planes made the trip to Reno. "A great trip," declared Krull upon alighting from his plane.

The 20 mile flight from the state capital had taken 20 minutes. Curious crowds quickly surrounded each machine. Following their inspection, the planes were tied to stakes, engines covered, and a guard placed over them for the night. The officers were then treated to dinner by the Commercial Club at the Riverside, with entertainment following.

Lt. Schwartz explained how sorry they were to have had to leave Gov. Boyle behind. Haggert commented, "Although the other three machines were more high powered than the one I was driving, I had little difficulty in making the flight. I circled over the Commercial Club, doing the loop-the-loop."

Remaining overnight in Reno, the intrepid and history-making airmen left the following morning, retracing their route safely to Mather Field. Lt. Curtis now had a passenger. Governor Boyle by this time had obtained the necessary clearance from Washington and enthusiastically joined the flight from Reno to Sacramento, returning by train the same evening.

One and a half years later, on August 20, 1920, the first airmail flights across the U. S. began, passing through Reno. The historic flight from California to Nevada had helped make possible such flights. □

Photo courtesy Harrah's, Reno, Lake Tahoe

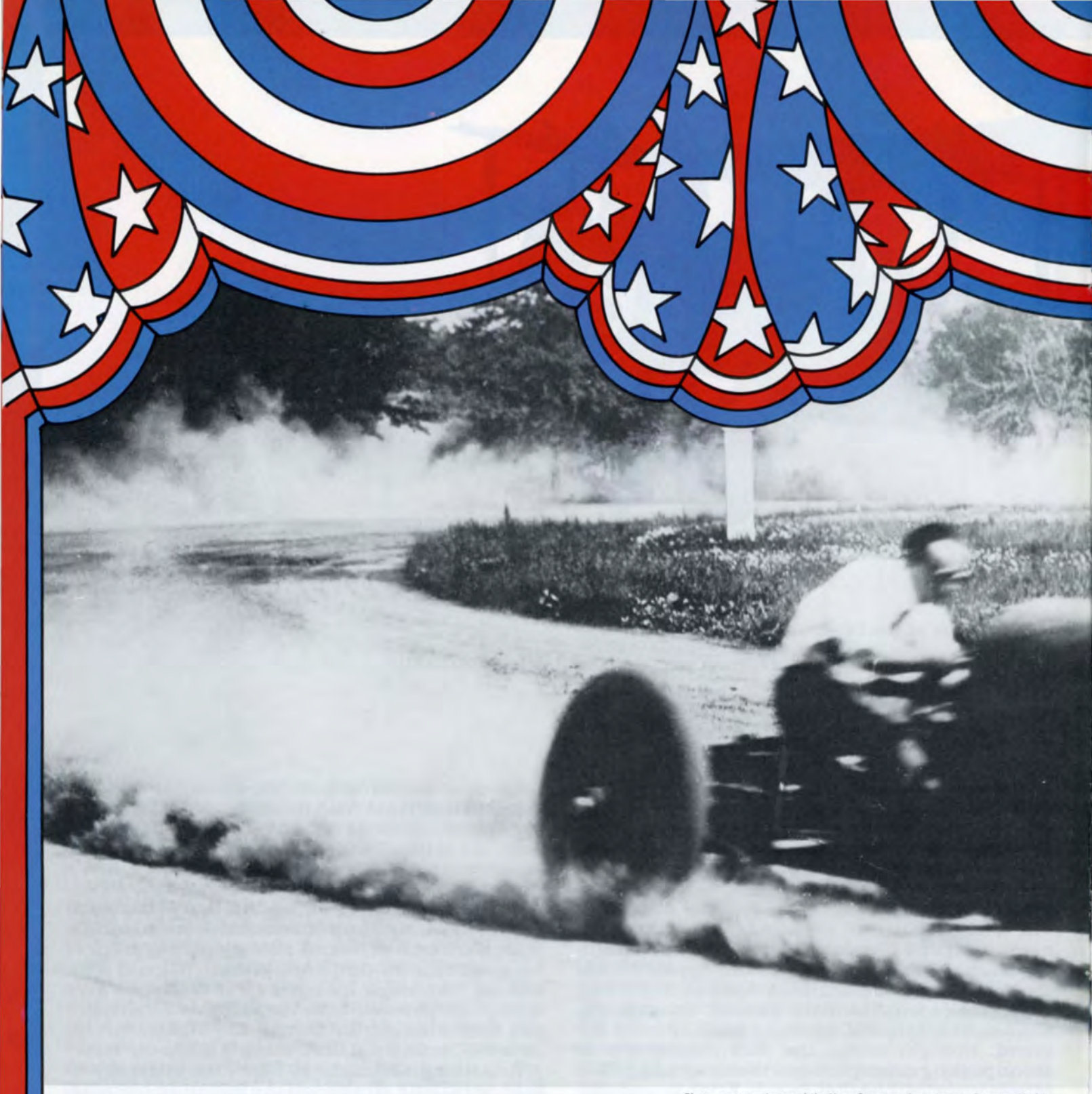
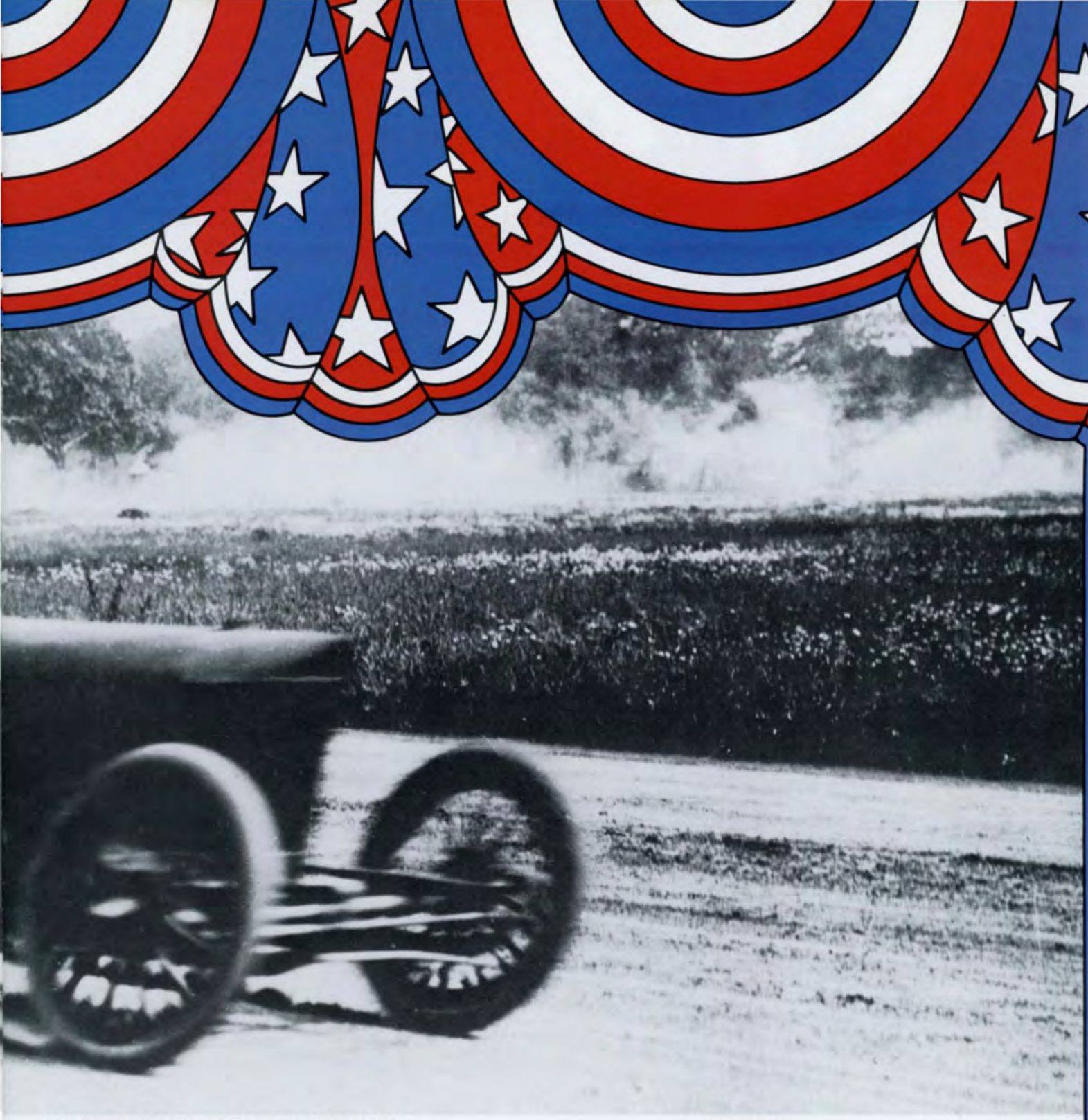


Photo courtesy Automobile Manufacturers Association, Detroit, Michigan

Barnstorming with Barney Oldfield

By Phillip I. Earl

If popularity can be measured by collective madness, then Barney Oldfield was the hottest thing going in the early years of the twentieth century. His daredevil exploits on the auto tracks of America made national and international headlines and inspired a vast number of ill-advised imitators, both on and off the track. Indeed it was with some degree of insight that the proverbial traffic cop often inquired of an offending motorist "Who do you think you are, Barney Oldfield?"



Barney in the Green Dragon, Reno 1904

A burly, devil-may-care sort of fellow, Oldfield's tracks were continually dogged by vast hordes of admiring young men hoping to break into racing and swarms of even younger tads desirous of cadging a ride in one of the heaving, shivering, snorting monsters he tooled around America's tracks or being favored with his famous autograph signature "You know me, Barney Oldfield."

A former champion bicyclist from Ohio, Oldfield entered racing in 1900 with his famous "Red Devil," one of the first racing machines in the country. In 1902 he moved up in the racing world when Henry Ford selected him to be the driver of the company's 70 horsepower Ford-Cooper racer, the fearsome "999" which burned up the ovals over the next two years and set a number of world speed and distance marks.

By the spring of 1904, when he was hired away from Ford by the Peerless Automobile Company, Oldfield had achieved the reputation of being the

continued on page 38



THE MOUNTAINS OF NEVADA

THE LIMESTONE RANGES

Fifth in a Series of Articles



A favorite destination for Ely hikers—delicate Teresa Lake in a high meadow beneath Wheeler Peak.

Few rocks suggest as strongly as does limestone a past history of submergence in the sea. For over 300 million years, in ancient Paleozoic times, east-central Nevada was beneath the sea. Over that long epoch in earth's past, the rocks of the limestone ranges were laid down in the sea. In the 230 million years since, change has been the order of geologic time. After their emergence from the sea, the rock layers were intruded by granite, covered by volcanic rocks, thrust horizontally, uplifted by faulting, and finally eroded down to the form of the ranges as they are today.

These eastern ranges are made up chiefly of buff limestone and dolomite, with lesser quantities of other sedimentary rocks as shales and quartzite. Most of them also contain bodies of granite, layers of volcanic rocks, and some much older Precambrian metamorphics. The sediments are distinctly layered, so it is often possible to trace a layer horizontally for many miles along the face of a range. In color, they are not nearly so brilliant as the multilayered sandstones of the Muddy Mountains to the south.

There are some twenty-two limestone ranges in eastern Nevada. Three adjacent and parallel ranges, the Snake, Schell Creek, and Egan Ranges are the highest, and best known. Because of their height, they are often snow-capped through much of the year, have streams that flow year-around, and in places are heavily forested. Most of the other limestone ranges are small. They are relatively minor parts of Nevada's landscape, hence are mentioned here only in passing, more to suggest their frequency than importance. To name the most important of these—beginning in the northeast, in Elko County, there are the Tuscarora Mountains, Adobe Range, Wood Hills, Spruce Mountains, Toana Range, Pequop, Goshute, and Pilot Mountains; in Eureka County, the Sulfur Springs and Diamond Mountains; in White Pine County, the White Pine Range and Butte Mountains; the

Text by John Schilling and Philip Hyde
Photographs by Philip Hyde

Grant Range of northeastern Nye County; the Bristol Range of Lincoln County; and the Pintwater, Desert, Sheep, Las Vegas, and Arrow Canyon Ranges along the Lincoln-Clark County line.

The higher limestone ranges encompass five life zones. Below 6,000 feet in the flanking basins and lowest slopes are found plants and animals of the Upper Sonoran Life Zone: sagebrush, cacti, shadscale, desert lizards, rattlesnakes, jackrabbits and antelope. Above 6,000 feet, in the Transition Zone, juniper and pinyon give way higher up to mountain mahogany and ponderosa pine. This is the home of the mule deer, bobcat, mountain lion, and many smaller animals. Still higher are the Canadian Zone forests of aspen, Douglas fir, white fir, that shade into Hudsonian Zone forests of Engelmann spruce and limber pine, habitat of the now-rare mountain sheep, and summer home of the deer—islands of arctic climate in a near-desert sea.

Toward timberline are small groves of bristlecone pines, the oldest living things on earth. Stubby, gnarled veterans of the harsh alpine winds and snows, they have been engaged in a struggle for life that began centuries before the birth of Christ. Limestone appears to be an important ingredient in their diets, for they are not found in otherwise similar environments lacking limestone. Above timberline, in the treeless Arctic-Alpine Zone, ground-hugging sedges, herbs, and other species like those found on the tundra of the far north, carpet the rocks and thin soil. In the short summers that prevail here, they are joined by the bright accents of many species of wildflowers.

Caves are common in the limestone ranges. Because limestone, unlike most rocks, is soluble, water-carved labyrinths are often found in limestone areas. The carving process begins when some of the carbon dioxide in the air is trapped in rain drops and carried to the ground. This carbonated water, like the water that puts the fizz in soda-pop, is a weak acid. As it trickles down along the joints, it dissolves some of the limestone, widening the cracks slowly into rooms and passageways. If a cavity does not fill with water in this process, a second stage of cave-building can take place. The water trickling down to the cavern will continue to pick up calcite, the mineral which makes up limestone, and the calcite-laden water gathers in drops or films on the walls of the cave. As the water evaporates, the dissolved calcite is deposited in layers on the wall, or forms stalactites that hang like icicles from the roof. Mineral-laden water dripping from the end of the stalactites builds up deposits on the floor called stalagmites.

The Snake Range

Apparently named for its sinuous crest rather than for any special abundance of snakes, the Snake Range rises east of Ely, out of Baking Powder Flat, 7,200 feet to its lofty summit, Wheeler Peak, which looks east into an even deeper valley, 8,200 feet below, and then far into Utah. Wheeler Peak is Nevada's second highest mountain, topped only by Boundary Peak, just 80 feet higher, in the White Mountains along the California-Nevada border.

Whereas glaciers had a major role in shaping the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains, few of the mountains of Nevada have been carved by this relentless force. Wheeler Peak, and some of the higher summits of the Ruby Mountains further north, are notable exceptions. Steep-walled, bowl-like glacial cirques have been carved into the sides of the peak. Small lakes that began as glacier remnants fill the bottoms of several of these cirques. The large north-facing cirque on the peak still contains a small permanent ice field that is moving slowly downhill, making it an active glacier—the only one in Nevada.

Eastern Nevada's highest, the haughty Snake Range as viewed from US 50 looking east.





The area around Wheeler Peak, established by the US Forest Service as a scenic area, has a number of trails and camp sites. A high-standard paved road now provides easy access to the high country from Lehman Caves National Monument headquarters. A dirt branch from this road leads up Baker Creek to the scenic trail in to Baker Lake which lies in a cirque just to the south of Wheeler. Other roads and trails lead into the range farther south. One of these climbs to Johnson Lake (also called Emerald), lying under Pyramid Peak. Another dirt road goes up Lexington Canyon to a natural arch formed in the limestone.

Many of the range's high meadows are used in summer for grazing, primarily sheep, and there are many traces of former mining activity. Tungsten, gold, silver, lead, and beryllium have come from mines clustered around the granite core of the range.

Lehman Caves National Monument, on the eastern slopes of the range, protects one of the larger and most interesting caves. Park Service Rangers conduct guided tours through a part of the cave that displays its more notable features. For some, the visit may be marred by the tradition that seems common to all tourist caves of perpetuating far-fetched, and often trite names for rooms, passages, and formations.

The Schell Creek Range

Just west, and parallel to the Snake Range, but about twice as long, is the Schell Creek Range. This range has escaped much of the attention given the Snake Range, perhaps because it lacks a single, spectacular feature like

Aspen leaves in mathematic design and a silent grove of aspens on the trail to Wheeler Peak. Center pages following— A pleasant pasture rimmed by the Grant Range near Current, on US 6 southwest of Ely.







This small Nevada map shows important limestone ranges.



Wheeler Peak, and does not rise so high. Yet, its overall form and structure are similar. It differs from the Snake Range in lacking granite exposures, and its northern end is covered by Tertiary volcanic rocks. One of its interesting features is the valley of Duck Creek, which in form resembles a miniature San Francisco Bay. Duck Creek flows south down through a sloping valley then makes a sharp turn to cut through a narrow, peninsular ridge called the Duck Creek Range, that extends north from the main range. The delta (alluvial fan) at the mouth of this "gate" is a prominent feature just north of the smelter town of McGill. A dirt road ascends this valley, climbing up to a 9,000 foot pass, then drops down through a narrow canyon to its junction with Route US 50 south of Ely. When in good condition, this road makes a beautiful loop trip from Ely.

Like the Snake Range, the Schell Creek in spring is carpeted with wild flowers—lupin, aster, locoweed, Indian paint brush, columbine, prickly poppy, the blossoms appearing higher and higher on the mountainsides as the season advances. In the summer, bluebirds, water ouzels, owls, and many other birds make their homes along the streams. Mule deer, and an occasional mountain lion or coyote roam the slopes, and in fall, the slopes are aglow with the gold of aspen groves. During the long winter, the mountains sleep under a glistening mantle of snow.





Right—Satellite photo taken ten miles up. View is northeast from Ely, extending 150 miles to the Great Salt Desert in Utah. Above—Key to the satellite photo. Left—The Ruth Copper pit.





The snowy Egan Range.



Shorelines in extreme eastern Nevada, the Toana Range in the

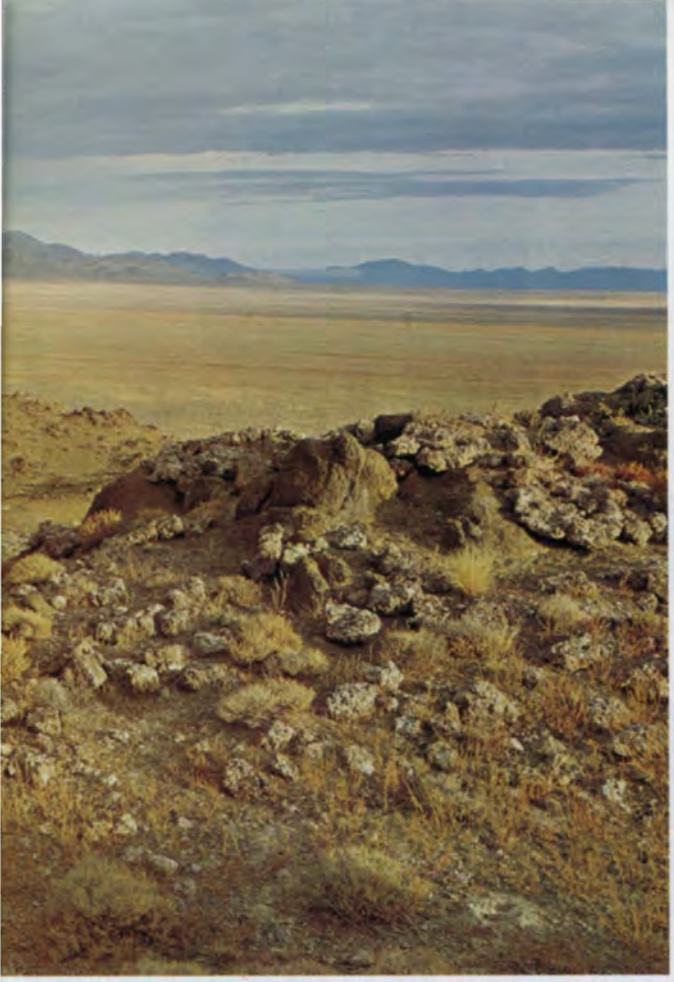
The Egan Range

Yet another range west lies the Egan Range, with the same general appearance as the Snake and Schell Creek Ranges. Its landscape, plant, and animal life, and its geology are similar to its sister ranges to the east. Made also principally of limestone and dolomite with interlayered sandstone and shale, there are no Precambrian rocks exposed, but there is a scattering of volcanic rocks and bodies of granite. The big difference in this range is that nature chose it to hide the biggest cluster of ore deposits so far found in Nevada.

The Robinson (or Ely) Mining District was first mined for its precious metals, as well as for lead, zinc, copper, and manganese. Much of this early mining was underground, and only the higher grade ores were recovered. Now, the remaining lower-grade copper ore is being mined in open pits. Its value has aggregated more than a billion dollars thus far. Millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and molybdenum have been recovered from the ore as by-products. The Kennicott Copper Corporation which operates the mines, has a point overlooking the huge open pits. Here, the modern mining operation may be viewed. To visit the overlook, drive west from Ely on US 50 five miles, turn southwest onto State Highway 44 and follow the signs to the pit.

Here, as elsewhere in the Great Basin, the ore deposits are clustered in and around mushroomed-shaped bodies of granite that spread outward as they worked their way toward the surface, leaving a narrow root extending deep into the earth.

The granite bodies, ore deposits, and thus the open-pit mines are found only in a narrow band extending east-west across the Egan Range. Geologists speculate that a huge crack extends deep into the earth's crust, forming



distance.



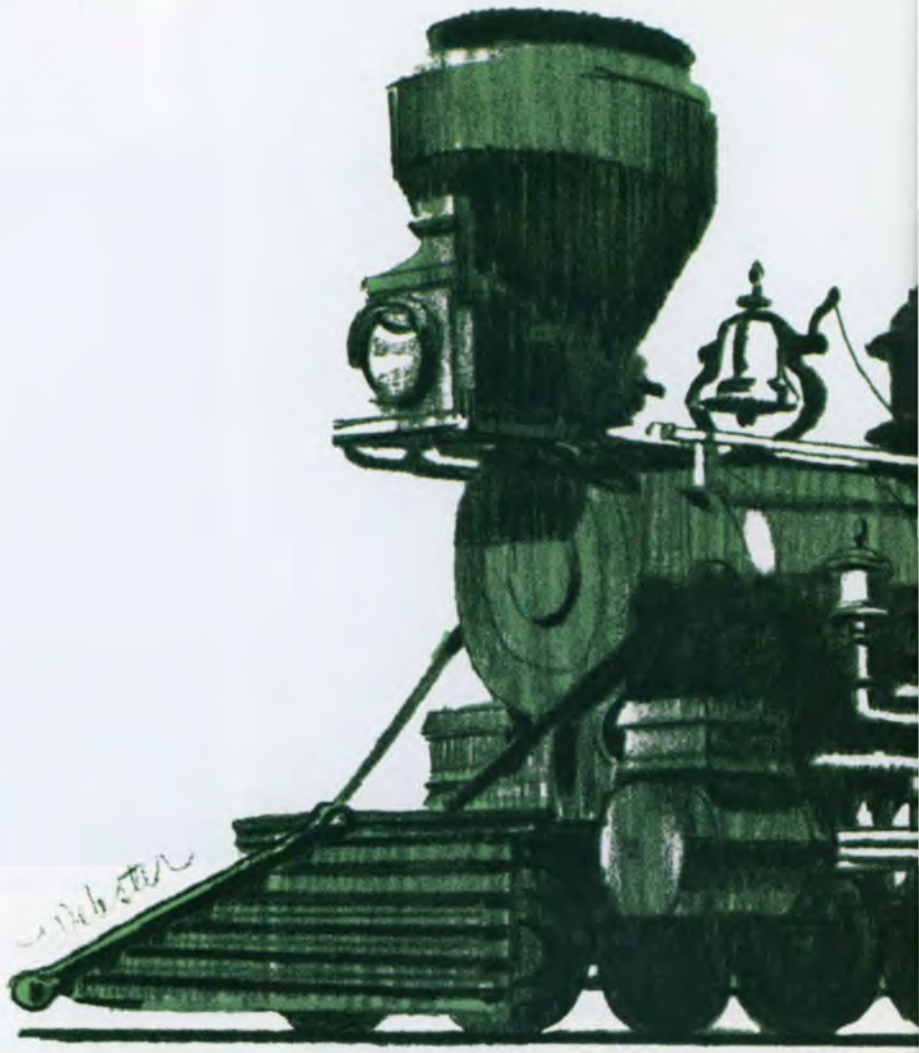
Wheeler Peak from the east.

a passageway along which molten rock below the crust could escape. This giant lineament can be traced eastward across Utah, not as a crack or a fault, but by the great number of granite bodies and ore deposits that are found along this line. If the lineament extends westward it is not identifiable since a blanket of volcanic rocks has obscured its path. Not far to the west, the Hamilton Mining District, in the White Pine Mountains, lies on the projected location and may indicate its westward extension. (This is speculation, of course. Anyone with a ruler can draw lineaments on a geologic map. Yet, such projections may be useful in determining where to look for ore, as well as providing a certain fascination in contemplating some of the grander geological processes on earth.)

Lead, zinc, and copper are found in the limestone rocks around the granite bodies, deposited when the mineral-laden water penetrated and dissolved away the limestone along cracks, replacing it with the minerals. The ore-forming fluids could not replace much of the relatively insoluble granite, so only the cracks were filled, creating a network of criss-crossing "stockwork" veinlets containing chalcopyrite (copper, iron, sulfur), pyrite (iron and sulfur), and quartz, forming huge, but very low-grade deposits. In many cases, this ore is still too low-grade to mine even with modern low-cost-per-ton methods.

Near the surface, elsewhere, the process continued beyond the point where ore simply filled the cracks in the granite. In such cases the top of the ore deposit was exposed to the weather by erosion, rain water containing oxygen from the air, trickled downward along cracks, decomposing the chalcopyrite and pyrite, releasing copper, iron, and sulphur. The copper combined with chalcopyrite deeper in

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JOHN SEXTON & HIS

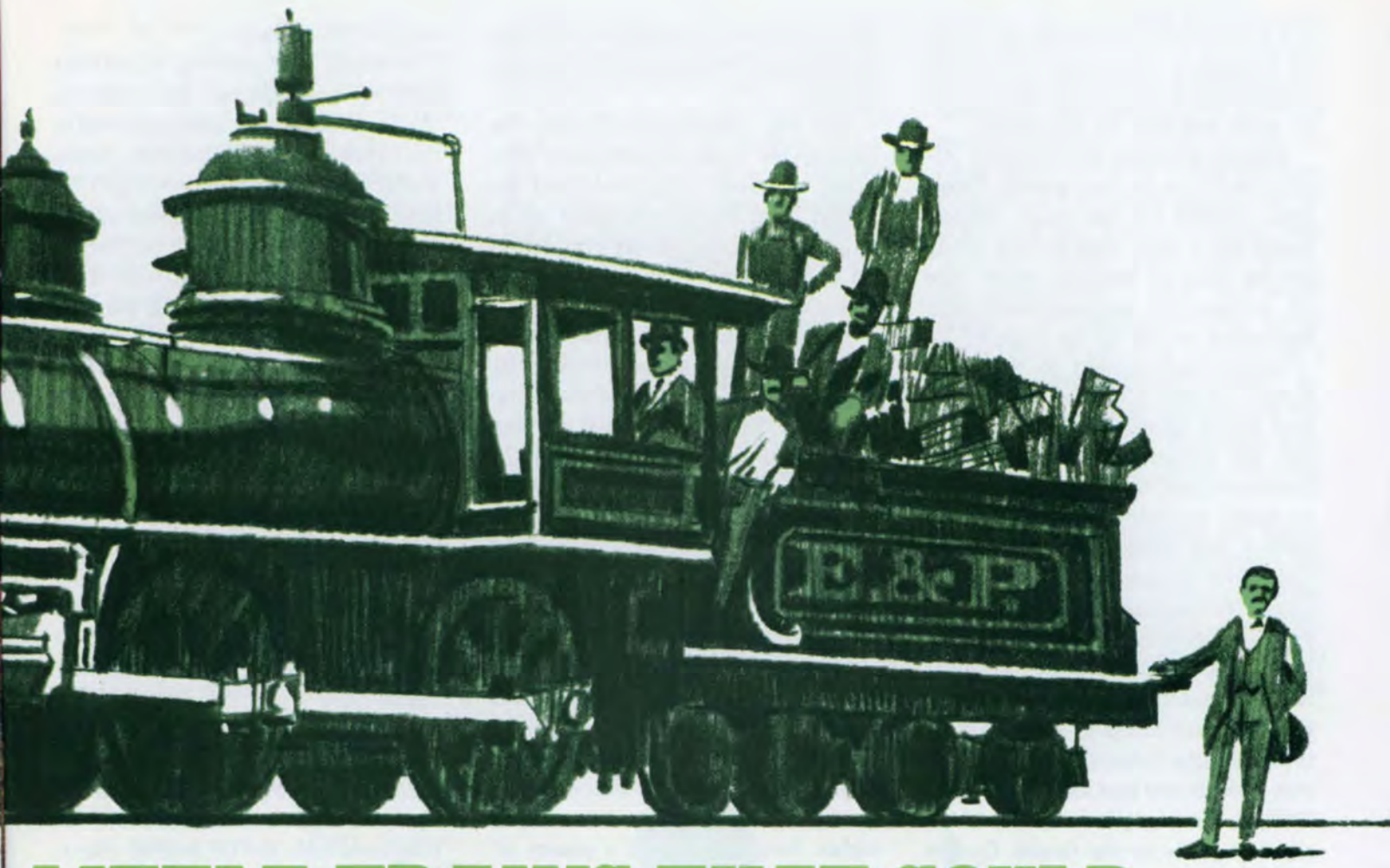
The unwelcome task of picking up the scattered remains of the section hand fell to a few unhappy employees of the E & P, the 90-mile narrow gauge that plied between the boom and bust Nevada mining towns of Eureka and Palisade.

In Palisade, headquarters for the tiny railroad, tracks of the mighty Southern Pacific intersected the slender rails of the Eureka and Palisade and the speedy SP Overland Limited, roaring at full speed through the town, had reduced the E & P's 68-man working force by one.

John Sexton, the bluff 55-year-old manager of the floundering old railroad, watched the scene with grim detachment. Shortly after taking over as a trouble-shooting general manager in 1912, he had written the president of the Southern Pacific asking, as a safety measure, that the Overland Limited reduce speed when passing through Palisade. Julius Krutschnitt, president of the powerful line, had written a letter of reply that was both imperious and infuriating. Krutschnitt, from the sanctity of his San Francisco office, caustically pointed out that while the Eureka and Palisade operated only two trains daily, the Southern Pacific "served an empire." He refused to order a slowdown in Palisade.

The letter, coupled with the tragic accident that killed the section hand, ignited the short-fused temper that Sexton had carefully concealed during the first few weeks on the job.

The resultant explosion reverberated across the front pages of the nation's newspapers, humbled the Southern Pacific, caused an uproar in the Congress of the United States, embarrassed two governors, touched off an international incident, infuriated the Postmaster General of the United States, the Attorney General, the Secretary of State, officials of the US Smelter Corporation, humiliated



LITTLE TRAINS THAT COULD

innumerable minor government functionaries and set Nevada and the nation back on their heels with raucous laughter, all at the expense of the ego-inflated bigwigs. In the early 1900's the West was ready for a good laugh and John Sexton was the man who provided it.

The day following the death of the section hand the engineer of the speeding Overland Limited was startled to see warning flares and flag-waving men lining the tracks on his approach to Palisade. Easing the big train to a stop the engineer was met by an apologetic John Sexton who explained that an E & P flatcar, loaded with rusty narrow gauge rails, had been immobilized by a broken truck—right on the intersection of the E & P and Southern Pacific tracks. Sexton explained to the harassed engineer, who, like all of the Overland's personnel, was extremely proud of his reputation for speed and punctuality, that there was little the E & P could do as their wrecking derrick was "at the other end of the line."

Four hours later the Overland was again on the move. Several days later another car of the suddenly accident-plagued E & P jumped the rails. It was, of course, sheer coincidence that it jumped directly over the main line of the Southern Pacific.

Sexton patiently explained to the frustrated engineer of the crack Limited that although he wasn't a superstitious man he would swear that the intersecting junction was jinxed.

Sexton's jinx was an active one. The following weeks brought more accidents, all at the same spot. Weary Southern Pacific dispatchers contemplated writing a scheduled four-hour stopover in Palisade into the timetable.

Enraged, but helpless, the Southern Pacific reluctantly agreed to a full stop in Palisade before crossing the lightweight E & P line. John Sex-

ton had not only made the tiny town of Palisade a safer place for its 243 inhabitants, he had cut down a lot of wear and tear on his tracks.

Having dropped the Southern Pacific and its now less speedy Overland Limited for the count, Sexton rested but a short time before taking on the State of Nevada, which, like all burgeoning bureaucracies, was beginning to flex its tax muscle.

Sexton had applied to the State Public Utilities Commission, an august group consisting of the Governor, the Attorney General and three lesser officials, for a freight increase. In order to justify the higher tariff Sexton was forced to establish his railroad's valuations at top dollar value. This normally would not cause even a fledgling bookkeeper any problems. A juggle here, a slight fudge or two there, and it was done. But, like most things in John Sexton's turbulent life, it wasn't that easy. The very same board that sat as the Public Utilities Commission adjourned to another office in the ornate Carson City capitol building and became the State of Nevada's Tax Commission. Hence Sexton was faced with the impossible task of poor-mouthing his assets to the Tax Commission, then in turn, talking to the very same people about his need for a freight increase.

After his proposal for the increase had been sent to the Nevada Public Utilities Commission the Tax Commission had sent him a citation to appear and show cause why his railroad should not pay a higher fee. Sexton, not one for red tape, ignored the citation. The Eureka county sheriff was sent to enforce the commission's directive.

Sexton, with a directness he was to demonstrate during his long tenure on the line, found a solution to the dilemma. He closed down the railroad. A court order to run the trains was refused because, as Sexton pointed out, the railroad no longer existed.

The wily railroader had made the unexpected move. Government citations, warrants, subpoenas and assorted legal documents piled up in Palisade. Process servers could find no one to serve them on. The road was closed. Period.

Sexton, conveniently absent from the scene of frenzied government legal activity, had an ace in the hole. He knew the miners that his line served. The spectre of the lifeline of the mines being closed forever panicked the mine owners who depended on the little railroad to haul their ore. In addition, winter supplies were badly needed as a cold Nevada freeze was on the way.

As usual in a Sexton battle, his opponents were the first to knuckle under. The State of Nevada, pressured by the distraught mining companies, relented and the railroad sprang miraculously to life with a higher freight rate and a passel of highly honked-off officials in Carson City who vowed to "get" Sexton the first time he made a slip.

It was not long in coming. The E & P had been hauling ore for the US Smelter Corporation for the money-losing rate of a quarter-cent a ton. Sexton, a sharp man with a pencil, arbitrarily raised the rate to a money-making one cent a ton. Notoriously adverse to paper work and red tape, Sexton had decided to eliminate it completely by not informing the Nevada Railroad Commission of his decision. Notification of the rate increase was not long in coming to Carson City. Frantic telegrams from US Smelter Corporation's lawyers jammed the lines demanding that the Public Utilities Commission intervene. The Commission, sensing that they had Sexton, ordered him to appear, post haste, in Carson City and explain his actions.

Instead, the balding railroader hitched a ride to San Francisco on the Southern Pacific and appeared at the office of his old adversary, Julius Krutschnitt. When he emerged he held a copy of a joint tariff agreement between the Southern Pacific and the Eureka and Palisade Railroads. It was a devastating blow to the officials of the Nevada Public Utilities Commission. The move put the authority for dispensation of the case in the lap of the Federal Public Utilities Commission, a move which left the Nevada board helpless.

Sexton's respite was brief. The Federal commission disclaimed authority and threw the case back to a now gleeful Nevada State Commission that eagerly ordered a hearing. Sexton, it would seem, had lost his first battle.

As preparations for the hearing were underway, State Commission members were jolted out of their legal dronings by a frenzied clutch of telegrams from the US Smelter plant. The smelter, served by a 12-mile branch line, depended on the E & P to move their ore. Horrified smelter officials were witnessing an incredible sight. Section hands of the E & P were calmly tearing up the track. The commission immediately obtained a federal court injunction for Sexton to cease and desist, and a federal marshal was dispatched to enforce the order On arrival in Palisade the marshal ran into an old Sexton ploy. The Palisade office was closed. The marshal, baffled, wired Carson City for instructions. The instructions were explicit. Get to Eureka and serve the damn writ on *somebody*. The two days that it took the marshal to reach Eureka were ample for Sexton's men to finish dismantling the 12 miles of track.

Faced with a hopeless situation, the US Smelter Corporation added

itself to the now impressive list of Sexton conquests. Sexton's bold maneuver had so deflated the smelter hierarchy that they agreed to the one cent freight rate, and in a burst of magnaminity, agreed to replace the rails at their own expense. With the surrender of the smelter officials the Nevada Public Utilities Commissioners found themselves without a case. Generous in victory, Sexton invited the commission members to join him on a hunting party. For once, the commission borrowed Sexton's own tactics. They didn't answer him.

For a time things went well with Sexton and his now efficient and profitable little line. The politicos in Carson had pulled in their horns although succeeding commissions occasionally sniped at him to keep in practice. But, as was routine with Sexton, big trouble was just around the corner And it was federal trouble initiated by no less a personage than the Postmaster General of the United States.

It was a queer affair Sexton charged the US Government $8,000 yearly to carry the mail between Eureka and Palisade. The government, seeking increased efficiency and prompt delivery, had instituted a system of bonding and a schedule of fines for tardy delivery. In return for these guarantees, the government offered to increase Sexton's payment to $16,000 yearly. A flabbergasted Post Office official who had approached Sexton with his new proposal was given a flat no by the battle scarred railroader It was not just stubbornness or a dislike of red tape that influenced Sexton's decision. He knew that guaranteed delivery was impossible. The sleet and snow driven Nevada winters often blocked the railroad passes and any guarantee was a fool's promise.

A postal inspector sent from Washington made his demand more adamant. Sexton *had* to sign. Sexton, by now an old hand with demands, told the official to forget it because he had decided to quit hauling any mail. It was no bluff. As sacks of undelivered letters piled up in Palisade the telegraph lines between Washington and the tiny desert hamlet were packed with angry accusations and dire threats.

Sexton ran his railroad, hauling ore and supplies, but no mail. The wind weathered timbers of the Palisade SP depot groaned from the weight of the dead-ended mail sacks.

Two Washington inspectors, hastily dispatched to investigate, were courteously greeted by Sexton who gave them passes on the E & P for a trip to Eureka. Their investigation finished in Eureka, the two inspectors returned to the E & P station for the return trip to Palisade only to be informed that all trains had been cancelled and "sorry, we don't know for sure when there will be another"

The enraged inspectors were forced to hire a sleigh and six days later arrived in Palisade in time to meet the train from Eureka which had been scheduled "just after they left."

Postmaster General Burleson, by this time the butt of countless nationwide newspaper stories, was in a real snit. His authority had not only been defied, he and his department had been played as stooges for a sagebrush bumpkin's weird sense of humor Burleson turned for help. It came from the office of the Attorney General of the United States. His office ruled that Sexton's railroad was in a class which could be forced by the government to carry mail on all regularly scheduled passenger trains.

To further enforce this ruling, a bevy of high officials entrained for Palisade and a confrontation with the obstreperous Sexton. With them they carried the weight of the Attorney General's ruling.

On arrival in Palisade the group was happy to see a passenger car attached to the E & P locomotive. Brandishing their orders, the Attorney General's men demanded that Sexton load the mail on the waiting passenger car



Sexton, his feet propped on his desk, simply pointed to a newly posted sign which read, "ALL REGULARLY SCHEDULED TRAINS ARE INDEFINITELY ANNULLED."

The federal officials, boiling mad, insisted that the train huffing on the tracks, was a scheduled run. Sexton rose from his desk and led the group

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HANS MEYER-KASSEL

Genoa's Beloved Artist

By Nancy Miluck

Memorial Day will bring to tiny Genoa, Nevada's first settlement, a summer-long exhibition of the paintings of one of Nevada's premiere artists, the late Hans Meyer-Kassel, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth on March 8, 1872. Sponsored by his widow, Maria, the show will be held in Genoa's Town Hall. It was in Genoa that Meyer-Kassel spent his last seven years and created many of his masterpieces; and it is in Genoa where Maria still lives surrounded by her husband's paintings.

Born the son of a banker in Kassel, Germany, Hans Meyer attended preparatory school, took law courses at the University of Leipzig, then entered the Academy of Art in Munich.

Before the turn of the century he was exhibiting with considerable recognition as a founding member of the International Art Society of Munich. The emperor named him a professor during this period, and his native city also honored him by adding "Kassel" to his name.

Professor Hans Meyer-Kassel by now was an



Photos by Jim Reinheller

Opposite—Study of mountains and clouds, with birds poised in symbolic flight. Above—An abstract oil view painted from the artist's studio in Carson City in 1940.

artist and teacher at the Royal Art Academy in Kassel; his career was interrupted, however, when he became an artist officer in the Imperial Army during World War I. After the war he continued to paint and teach, and, in 1921 when he was called to an estate near Altenburg to execute a portrait, he met his future wife, Maria, who was at the time a young "kinder schwester," an accredited nurse whose rich chestnut hair and sparkling blue eyes immediately attracted Hans.

For Maria the decision was not quick.

Not until 1923, Maria's hesitation resolved, did they emigrate to New York. Here, as a struggling newcomer, Hans created some paintings which in better financial times might never have been painted—symbolic caricatures of speakeasy patrons lining an alleyway, worshippers of the golden calf, and desolate, dreary scenes of New York in winter.

Ten years in a New York studio brought fame with commissions to paint prominent Easterners and to do national magazine covers. He was ex-





Portrait of the artist.

Opposite—A 1920 caricature done in New York where Meyer-Kassel first encountered speakeasies. Above—Interior of their New York studio in 1932, Maria with her sewing.

hibited in the Brooklyn Museum and produced a series of 30-odd lovely German scenes for the old North German Lloyd Steamship Company. These years of achievement were spiced with painting trips to Scandinavia, Lapland and Iceland.

Then came three quiet academic years during which Hans was guest artist and teacher at Amherst State College (now the University of Massachusetts) where Maria enjoyed the way of life and Hans, again the professor, portrayed sleepy New England scenes and sharp New England faces. Honors came, among them an exhibition in Pasadena, California, in 1935, destined to uproot the Meyer-Kassels again.

Hans fell irrevocably in love with the West, which he determined never to leave. Maria was reluctant but joined Hans. The following year they settled in Nevada and Hans' love affair deepened as he portrayed Nevada—her dignitaries, her Indians, her magnificent mountains, lakes, valleys, her flowers, her very spirit and



life. It was from Nevada that he came to represent New York at a San Francisco exhibit in 1939.

The Meyer-Kassels spent six years in Reno and three in Carson City, during which Hans produced numerous portraits of California and Nevada luminaries, university presidents and governors. His portrait of Clarence Mackey, the Bonanza King, was donated to the Historical Society of San Francisco by an art patron in 1962, but most exciting to Nevadans and historical buffs are his Indian paintings, most of which are in public buildings and private collections. Meyer-Kassel portrayed the Indian faces with the same devotion to detail he gave to German peasants early in his career.

Of the work her husband did during these years Maria treasures a small seascape on glass, "the painting of oceans," with which he demonstrated to one of his art classes in Reno's Idlewild Park, and a vibrant oil sketch of a passing parade done in minutes. Both are characterized



Portrait of the artist's wife, Maria, 1942. It now hangs on her dining room wall in Genoa.

by the rich colors and virile strokes that are typical of much of his work.

In one of his Nevada paintings, however, he strikes a jarring note in a gold rush scene of a canyon crowded with miners overshadowed by a vulture, a caricature reminiscent of his New York days. He ventured into a different style with an abstract rendered from the window of his Robinson Street studio in Carson City. They lived here in a rambling, rumbling old mansion complete with ballroom, which, at the time, divided into sets of living quarters. One of these was occupied a few years earlier by Maynard Dixon, also renowned for his Nevada scenes.

It was from this elegant dwelling the Meyer-Kassels moved to a simple but charming cottage in Genoa. In Genoa he produced many of his best works.

While Hans continued his seventy years of painting in Genoa, Maria converted their cottage at the base of the mountains into a modern,

comfortable home. Hans had a studio, of course, and between paintings translated Goethe's Faust into modern prose. Then —abruptly as always—he was off to sketch in ecru smock with gray hair bristling and blue eyes searching.

He painted the Sierra, he painted snow, he painted portraits, he painted rainbows, he painted the florals so loved by art patrons. Lake Tahoe across the Sierra he caught as in turbulent seascapes. Tiny Genoa, he immortalized.

Genoa he portrayed in spring and in summer. Just two weeks before he died he completed a lovely pastel of Genoa beneath a rainbow which is well-known as a commemorative stamp portraying the first white settlement in Nevada in 1851. The stamp was commissioned by the government to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of Nevada's first permanent settlement. When he died, he left on his easel an unfinished but lovely scene of Carson Valley backed by mountains in mid-summer.

In the late afternoon of August 29, 1952, after completing a portrait, he set aside his palette and brushes for a brief rest before returning to his unfinished Carson Valley scene. He died the next day.

Of perhaps ninety paintings on hand at his death, Maria today has between fifty and sixty. She also has photos of many which she sold. Of those she owns are an exciting abstract, the stirring caricatures, the quick oil sketches, scenes of Germany and New York and Genoa, some memorable portraits, and several fantasies.

For those who do not know his work there is summer in Genoa and a wonderful world of Hans Meyer-Kassel paintings in the venerable Town Hall. □

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Barney wearing an odd-looking tin nose cover. Cousin to the modern hard hat?

boldest and most intrepid driver of them all and Ford was leading the industry in sales of touring cars. In addition to a line of fine touring cars it wished to publicize, the Peerless Company needed a driver of Oldfield's skill and renown to pilot its custom-built racer, the soon-to-be-famous "Green Dragon."

A four-cylinder 60 horsepower brute, the Dragon was the result of several years of experimentation and innovation and was considered by automotive experts to be the most barbarous machine ever to grace an American track. Completely lacking in bodywork except for the engine cowl, the vehicle ran on either metal disk wheels or solid rubber tires with wooden spokes. It could be driven only on a track because of the deafening roar of its unmuffled engine and the danger of fire from the sheets of flame which belched from its exhaust valves.

In spite of his jaunty manner, Oldfield was a perfectionist when it came to racing machines and it was not long before he was suggesting changes in the design and mechanics of the Dragon and supervising their implementation. Further testing was carried out in May and June of 1904 and in July the company announced that Oldfield and the Dragon would set out upon a five-month nationwide tour. Another Peerless racer, the "Tornado," would also make the trip as would a Peerless touring car, another racing driver, Charles Burman, and several mechanics.

The tour began in New York on August 6, 1904 and ended in Los Angeles on December 21, the group appearing at every major track in the United States and Canada with the Dragon winning sixteen of the nineteen races entered. The vehicle crashed on two occasions, going into the fences and killing and injuring spectators, and was forced out of a third contest with a broken axle.

On the western end of the tour Oldfield appeared in both Denver and Salt Lake City before arriving in Reno on November 15. The Nevada Jockey Club, a Reno horsemen's group, had been contacted by Oldfield's manager from Salt Lake and arrangements were made to use the track at the State Fairgrounds.

Reno newsmen gave the upcoming race a big play and filled their columns with background material on Oldfield's fabulous career. The Dragon also rated several stories and much was made of the recent accident in St. Louis in which 23 spectators were killed or injured.

The tenor of much of this latter type of publicity lent an air of morbid fascination to the unloading of the racer from its special flatcar at the Reno depot on the morning of November 15. Also unloaded were the "Tornado" and the touring car, both of which were scheduled to take part in the November 20 races.

Shortly after their arrival Oldfield and Burman drove out to the track and took a few laps to test its fitness for racing. Although Oldfield found the surface more gravelly than he liked and the track a little narrow, he announced to newsmen that he hoped to go after the twenty-five mile timed record, the only one he did not currently hold.

In interviews granted to newsmen, Oldfield told of his early days



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as a bicyclist and something of the highlights of his racing career. He also discussed the art of competition driving and told of his recent accident in St. Louis. In this connection he insisted that spectators be kept well back from the fences at the fairgrounds so as to avoid a repetition of the disaster.

The racers were put on exhibition in front of the Overland Hotel with several mechanics standing by to answer questions and Oldfield himself periodically on the scene to explain the operation and mechanics of the vehicles and take interested spectators on whirls about town in the touring car. The racers were started up on several occasions and sent roars of thunder reverberating up and down the expanses of nearby streets. On the night before the race the Reno Wheelmen's Band played a street concert at the exhibition site and agreed to perform the next day at the track.

Never had a sporting event so stirred the people of Reno—men in the saloons could talk of nothing else for weeks before the race and for months afterward. The Riverside Hotel provided free accommodations for Oldfield's party and various Reno civic clubs hosted banquets in their honor—the Elks for Oldfield, the Shriners for his manager and the Masons for Burman. Out of town fans were granted special rates on the Virginia & Truckee Railroad and the Southern Pacific to attend the event in Reno.

Sunday, November 20 could not have been more perfect for racing —not a cloud inked the sky and the breeze was barely sufficient to raise an occasional skirt or bare a well-turned ankle. Over a thousand spectators jammed the stands in anticipation of the contest while others milled about examining the cars and overseeing the work of the mechanics and other members of the pit crew. The Reno Wheelmen's Band stationed itself near the bleachers and provided pleasant interludes of music.

Reno's Chief of Police, Charles Leeper, was appointed referee for the races and members of the Nevada Jockey Club and the Reno Wheelmen served as starters and timers and helped out in the pits. Others patrolled the fences to keep spectators away and prevent "deadheads" from entering the grounds without paying the admission charge.

Oldfield began the meet by doing a timed mile run on the oval, after which he decided that the surface was too rough to open the Dragon to full speed. The track was also too narrow and insufficiently banked. Every time he made a turn the rear end of the machine would skid around so far that the whole car appeared for a moment to be aiming for the infield. Oldfield would instantly correct and straighten it out but there was a constant danger that an overcorrection would put the vehicle through the fence or into the stands.

Burman put the other racer through a two-mile timed exhibition and then drove the touring car in a three-mile race against a Pope-Toledo owned by Robert L. Douglas of Fallon and driven by Oldfield. The Douglas car had been driven to victory in an October race at the fairgrounds but had damaged its steering assembly in an accident on the morning of its second go. Oldfield had trouble controlling it and Burman's Peerless won easily.

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The GRAY LINE

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GOLDEN TOURS

JOHN SEXTON
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to the other side of the passenger car. There was a banner stretched across the side of the car It read, "SPECIAL TRAIN, THIS CAR FOR JAPANESE AND DOGS ONLY." It was not intended as a racial slur for in the polygot mixing pot of the mines there were no Japanese. And of course dogs don't buy many tickets.

Despite frenzied searching of the statutes by the Attorney General's office, Sexton was within his legal rights. The Post Office and the Attorney General's office, already the laughing stock of the nation, called it quits. The mail ran, at $8,000 per year, without bond or forfeit.

Despite his victory, all was not well. Photos of the "Japanese and Dogs" sign had been widely reprinted in the nation's newspapers and the United States of America's State Department was up to its neck in outraged Japanese diplomats who demanded something be done about the slur A formal apology by no less than Secretary of State Lansing smoothed the ruffled Japanese feelings and the tempest mercifully died down.

Washington, groggy from its repeated defeats at the hands of the redoubtable Sexton, sent a peace mission consisting of Senator Newlands of Nevada and Senator McMillan of Alabama, both of whom were friendly with the irascible railroader Over a mellow glass of Kentucky bourbon the senators patiently explained to Sexton that his actions had caused great embarrassment to the government of the United States. Theirs was a gentle message for Sexton to ease up. Sexton nodded agreement and said, with great understanding, "Gentlemen, any dealings with the government is bound to cause pain to someone." They did. They did. But not to doughty John Sexton. □



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Again, the infamous Green Dragon!

The two drivers next pitted their racing machines in a two-mile contest with both sliding around the corners and raising great clouds of dust. Several near accidents were averted only by the skill and courage of the drivers; and spectators who had gathered near the turns were sent flying by gravel churned up by the powerful machines. Oldfield got behind at one point but was able to catch up and pass his partner accompanied by the cheers of the spectators who recognized the tremendous speeds at which the vehicles were running and the herculean efforts being made by the drivers.

The afternoon was brought to a close with Oldfield doing a five-mile timed run in the Dragon and again encountering problems of a rough surface and unbanked curves. His time of 4 minutes, 56-1/5 seconds was not his best performance by any means but was considered an excellent go considering the condition of the track.

Within hours after the race the machines were packed aboard their special flatcars and on their way to San Francisco. Oldfield and Burman tarried for a final farewell dinner and left early Monday morning to meet the best drivers and machines that California could offer.

Oldfield's second visit to Nevada came in May of 1910. Driving a German-built 250 horsepower Blitzen Benz, he broke the state speed records he had set six years earlier and beat Ben Kershner in his Vanderbilt-cup winning Darracq in a handicap race.

Reno was only the fourth city in America to see the Benz in action. European drivers feared it would blow up and thus refused to touch it or even get on the same track with the monster. It was first shipped to Florida where it hit 142 mph in a speed trial, from which place it was taken to Los Angeles and thence to San Francisco, establishing new speed records in both places.

Oldfield was the only driver courageous enough to take the beast in hand and even he admitted a fear of opening it up to full throttle. The Reno track was again not up to a record run but spectators got a full measure of thrills from the show Oldfield always put on.

The famous racer's 1904 appearance helped to introduce Nevadans to the automobile and within two years several dealerships were established and the vehicles began to replace bicycles and carriages as forms of transportation and objects of personal adoration. With the increase in numbers of owners, automobile clubs were established in Reno and elsewhere to promote the financing and construction of the forerunners of today's superhighways and freeways. In addition, the Nevada clubs worked with those from other states to promote regional and national tours which opened Nevada to the outside world and provided the early impetus for the huge tourist industry which came along in later years. □

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MAYS
REALTOR-EXCHANGOR

COMMENT

A plethora of western books is rolling off the presses and all dedicated to keeping the Old West alive. There are books for everyone; for the stay-at-home traveler, the touring vacationist, the windshield observer—bird watchers and collectors, hobbyists and historians. The list is long. Sometimes one is reminded of little Anna and her Christmas thank-you letter. "Dear Aunt Lucy," wrote the child, "thank you for the nice penguin book. I learned much more about penguins than I really wanted to know."

Scottish author and poet, Andrew Lang, wrote many years ago, "You can cover a great deal of country in books." And that relates to *Ghost Towns of the West* in which writer-photographer William Carter takes his readers on a 30,000-mile trek through the western states and for their edification and enjoyment spreads out the best of more than 10,000 modern photographs and 50,000 historical prints, an outstanding collection.

Born and educated in California, Carter has all but covered the world as a writer, researcher and photographer. He produced two pictorial volumes for Rand McNally and worked on assignment for other major publishers.

Complete with detailed maps and directions, the book portrays, in pictures and entertaining text, three types of western mining towns: the true ghost town, the partially populated ghost town and the reconstructed tourist town. Here are the great and the near-great—from such shadowy camps as Utah's desolate Scofield, California's lonely Leadfield, privately owned Shakespeare in New Mexico to that still lively Queen of the Comstock, Virginia City, Nevada.

Remarking on the Comstock strike and the booms and busts that swept across the Great Basin, Carter wrote, "Wave after raucous wave of humanity invaded the arid fastness, extending the cycle of wealth and disappointment well into the twentieth century. When the fickle hordes gave up at last, the dust of their departure filtered down on some of the ghostliest ghost towns anywhere."

Published by Lane Magazine & Book Co. of Menlo Park, California 94025 ($11.75), this beautiful Sunset book is an important contribution to the history of the American West.

Las Vegas: As it began—as it grew, by Stanley W Paher (Nevada Publications, $10.95)

Stanley Paher, born and raised in Las Vegas, is well qualified to tell the story of his home town. He scores modern writers for their books devoted to night life, sensationalism and provocative titles: "Existing literature about Las Vegas other than surface impressions is almost non-existent; writers have done little serious research in depth. Blinded by the flashing neon, latter-day critics have repeated the same falsehoods about Las Vegas and left distorted impressions about the town and its people. Sunday magazine supplements and nationally circulated magazine articles have persisted in referring to Las Vegas an an 'Electric Sodom' or a 'Modern Gomorrah,' describing the nightlife as 'unabashed opulence' exemplified by a garish quagmire of lacquered ladies."

Paher prefers the story behind the glamor—a Las Vegas story like that of any progressive American city. Its founders endured wind, dust and intense heat in the barren desert and "gave of themselves in return for the blessings bestowed upon them."

Las Vegas, as it began, was an oasis on the Old Spanish Trail visited mostly by trading caravans, roving bands of Indians and desert wildlife. Large springs formed a tree bordered stream flowing eastward into Las Vegas Wash. Camping at the springs in 1844, John C. Fremont and his men found the water temperature (72°) comfortable for bathing but too warm to be palatable.

Mormons established a religious mission at the springs, building a fort, cultivating crops and mining lead until the project was abandoned in 1857. At the end of the Civil War, Octavius Decatur Gass moved into the neglected buildings and developed the flourishing Las Vegas Ranch.

As it grew: Due to activities of the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad, Las Vegas was founded in May 1905 and remained a railroad town until the construction of Hoover Dam speeded its economic growth. Other booms followed—the opening of Nellis Air Force Base, establishment of large industrial firms and atomic testing. Development of resort hotels and casinos brought a surge of population that helped create the sophisticated city of today.

The photographs in the book *Las Vegas* are incredible. Somewhere, somehow, the author has found pictures not previously published, superb photographs that complement the painstaking research, the maps and the readable, interesting text.

Stanley Paher's first book, "Nevada Ghost Towns and Mining Camps," now in its fifth printing, has won the Award of Merit from the American Association of State and Local History. His second book is a study of "Northwestern Arizona Ghost Towns." His latest book, *Las Vegas* is a book to read, to treasure or to give—if you have another copy!

Sunset Travel Guide to Nevada, published by Lane Books, Menlo Park, California. Edited by Phyllis Elving. (Approximately 8½ x11, soft cover, price $1.95.)

After an introduction briefly describing the natural features and diversified attractions of Nevada, the Travel Guide divides the state into four sections. Each



section gives a short historical sketch of the area and notes the most popular tourist attractions, points of interest, accommodations, campgrounds, recreational facilities and travel information. Museums, historical societies and tours of elegant mansions and buildings are included.

The first section, Reno, the Comstock and Lake Tahoe, highlights Reno's unique Atmospherium-Planetarium, Harrah's classic automobile collection in Sparks and Virginia City's shops, saloons, churches and opera house. A run-down on Carson City's attractions lists the capitol building, Nevada State Museum and other historic buildings.

Beautiful Lake Tahoe's beaches and resorts are mentioned, as is the latest feature, a replica of television's Ponderosa Ranch House, at the north end of the lake.

Section Two, Northern Nevada and the Humboldt Trail, in describing the old emigrant trail down the state's longest river, includes the Donner Party as one of the wagon trains using that route.

Introducing the section is a beautiful picture of Pyramid Lake with a description of its discovery by John C. Fremont and its present status. A minor error is noted, the incorrect spelling of Anaho Island, a national wildlife refuge. (The Travel Guide spelling is Anahoe.)

Section Three, The Central Region's Open Country, details such unusual points of interest as Singing Sand Mountain, Ichthyosaur State Monument and Diana's Punch Bowl.

Although the final chapter, Las Vegas and the Southern Corner, centers mostly on the varied attractions of Las Vegas, an Out-of-the-City section mentions a number of tours—Hoover Dam and Lake Mead, Valley of Fire and Desert National Wildlife Range with a striking picture of bighorn sheep in their compound at Corn Creek Station.

Of the ninety or so black and white photographs in the book, a number are dark and poorly defined. Occasionally an illustration appears to have little meaningful relationship with the subject. For example, Eureka, a populated community, has a number of attractive old brick buildings. The Courthouse, built in 1879 and still in use, is a building of distinction, as is the Opera House, built the same year. The Episcopal church recently celebrated its 100th birthday and an old cabin built in 1865 is quite well preserved. However, Sunset's Travel Guide chose as the illustration for this historic town a segment of the Oddfellows' cemetery, consisting of a few trees and grave markers. Austin and Pioche fare little better.

The Travel Guide cover is a beautiful photograph by David Muench. He should be highly complimented, as a similar picture by him appeared on the Spring 1970 cover of NEVADA Magazine.

Many of us think of sheep as chops and roasts and warm, woolly blankets, or perhaps a way of inducing soporific symptoms by counting. But not Byrd Wall Sawyer. When she counts sheep, as she does in her recent book, *Nevada Nomads*, she notes their breed, their brands, their ranges, the trails they use, the herders and the owners, even the intelligent and well-trained sheep dogs.

The book points out the deadly enemies of sheep. Stagnant water and alkaline pools are poisonous; some noxious plants cause death. If possible, shepherds drive their flocks away from such poisonous vegetation as camas bulbs, the lovely lupine with seed pods that carry a dangerous weevil, water hemlock, western goldenrod, the first spring leaves of rabbit brush and many others.

The shepherd must also keep a careful watch for predators, for sly coyotes, bears, the cougar, bobcat, eagle, reptile and domestic dog may raid his timorous band. Weather can be another hazard, a bitter blizard at lambing time or lack of rain in arid country. Disease, suffocation due to huddling and crowding, falls, and wind storms—the sheep seem always to be in jeopardy.

There are a number of interesting characters in the book. Lopez who drove Edward Beale's sheep from Tejon across the mountains and desert to Wyoming. Then there was Diamondfield Jack Davis, the sheep men's enemy. Perhaps the strangest of all was the bighorn ram who killed his domestic counterpart and ran off with fourteen ewes. The ewes were captured by their owner and driven on to California.

Mrs. Sawyer, co-author of two Nevada books and step-mother of Grant Sawyer, former governor of Nevada, has won two Nevada awards for her educational work. Her present book, *Nevada Nomads*, published by Harlan-Young Press, may be obtained from the author at 604 South Nevada Street, Carson City, Nevada 89701, for $7.50 plus tax.

John Muir in Yosemite, by Shirley Sargent, may be ordered from the Flying Spur Press, Box 278, Yosemite, California 95389, price $1.50 plus 25 cents for tax and handling.

In the foreword to Shirley Sargent's latest book, Jean Hanna Clark, granddaughter of John Muir, wrote of Miss Sargent, "She has related the story of John Muir's residency, his work, studies, accomplishments and struggles which were the prelude to his life work in geology, conservation and the establishment of National Parks, with freshness and enthusiasm."

Mrs. Clark, secretary to Mike O'Callaghan, Governor of Nevada, was born in Martinez, California, site of the John

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Muir family home. She is currently writing a book, "Dear Papa," taken from her mother's letters to John Muir.

When John Muir arrived in San Francisco in 1868 his destination was Yosemite Valley of which he had read. Short of money but with unlimited time Muir and a friend walked south from San Francisco through the Santa Clara Valley, east over Pacheco Pass and through the spring flowers of San Joaquin Valley. Their route then lay through Coulterville, over the snowy Yosemite trail and down into the great valley.

His lack of funds hampered Muir and in order to earn money for the education of his brothers and sisters still living on the family farm in Wisconsin, he turned his hand to several occupations, including sheepherding. Although he deplored his woolly charges who "chomped, cropped and trampled grasses and flowers, beauty and bloom," the work gave him time and opportunity to study glaciation.

Though born in Los Angeles and now making her home at the very edge of Yosemite Valley, Shirley Sargent considers herself as "part Nevadan." As a child she lived in Clark County and in a small place called Currant Creek in White Pine County.

Miss Sargent has published fifteen books, several of which deal with Yosemite history. *John Muir in Yosemite* links Muir inseparably with the grandeur of the Valley and terms him the man who matched Yosemite's mountains.

A Cactus Cook Book? Yes, indeed! Compiled and edited by Joyce L. Tate, this attractive little book contains cactus recipes from around the world, with information on the best ways of avoiding spicules, spines and other assorted prickles. Cacti have aeroles or "eyes" which have bristly hairs called glochids. By using tongs to hold the cactus while singeing in a flame or brushing thoroughly it is possible to remove these glochids painlessly. The large spines may be removed with tweezers.

The prickly pear seems to be a favorite with cactus cooks, perhaps because it is a common variety and sold commercially.

Cactus Preserves

3 cups sugar
1½ cups water
4 cups Prickly Pear fruit, despined, seeded and peeled
1 slice orange
juice of 1 lemon

Cook until transparent, about 15 or 20 minutes. Remove orange slice, pack preserves in hot jars and seal.

Many of the recipes sound invitingly exotic—Yucca Flower Soup, Nopalitos with Shrimp Cakes (canned Nopalitos are used), Fishhook Cactus Stew and Jungle Juice.

The Cactus Cook Book, published by the Cactus & Succulent Society of America, Inc., is available from the Society, c/o Mrs. Joyce L. Tate, 11845 Hubbard Street, Sunnymead, California 92388, for $2.25, tax and postage included.

Founded in Pasadena, California, in 1929, by a small group of botanists, nurserymen and cactus collectors, the Cactus and Succulent Society of America was incorporated six years later. Current world membership is approximately 3,500 with forty affiliated groups in the United States. Biennial conventions are held in order to bring widely scattered groups together

The 1973 convention of the Society will be held in Las Vegas.

—Pauline De Witt

□

MOUNTAINS
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the deposit, enriching the ore enough to make it economically feasible to mine.

The iron combined with oxygen and water and was deposited as yellow-brown limonite, to form a gossan. Gossans are common features of Nevada mountains. They form colorful spots on the mountainsides, are often soft and erode into badlands. Because of their acid soils, they are relatively barren of vegetation. Gossans can form over other metal deposits besides copper, as well as over deposits of pyrite which contain no values, so that while they may provide indications of mineralization, the only sure way of determining values is by drilling into the deposit to obtain core samples.

Because they are high, wooded, snow-capped, and provided with streams and a variety of plant and animal life, the limestone mountains of eastern Nevada are especially appealing. Their charm is not due to the fact that they are made of limestone. Yet their basic character, the subtle differences in their basin-and-range shapes, their faint layering, is due to their geologic history—uplifting, twisting, breaking over millions of years, their rocks carved by wind, rain, snow. All these forces make the mountains as we find them today. □

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