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Summer 1973 Volume 33, Number II

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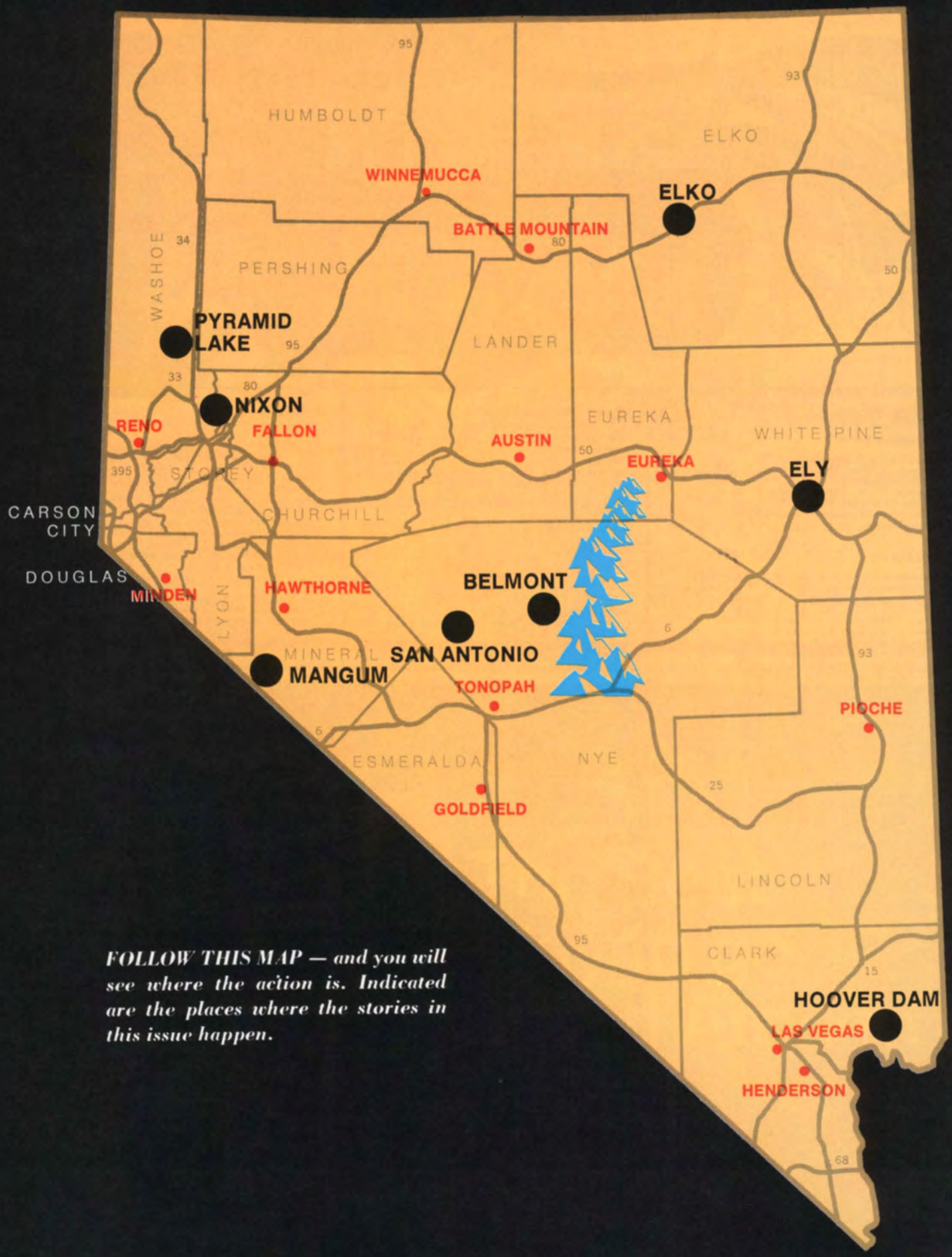
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Nevada Highways and Parks

is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Highways, Carson City, Nevada © Copyright 1973 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit, Carson City, Nevada with additional entry in Denver, Colo.

Subscription Rates

$2.75 per year, U.S. and Canada, $3.50 foreign.



FOLLOW THIS MAP — and you will see where the action is. Indicated are the places where the stories in this issue happen.



LAKE TAHOE

HARRAH'S

Sandler & Young, Mar. 16-18
Sonny & Cher, Mar. 22 - Apr. 4
Burt Bacharach, Apr. 5-18
Petula Clark, Apr. 19 - May 2
Glen Campbell, May 17-30
Eddy Arnold, May 31 - June 13
Don Rickles, June 14-27

HARVEY'S

Marlene & the Swingin' Dolls, Mar. 9-29
Esquires, Mar. 12 - Apr. 14
Hutchinson Brothers, Mar. 13 - Apr. 2
Big Tiny Little, Mar. 27 - Apr. 16
Tsai Sisters, Mar. 30 - Apr. 12
The Links, Apr. 12 - May 5
Rene Paulo, Apr. 13 - May 3
Lou Styles & the Stylists, Apr. 17 - May 7
Snyder Brothers, May 6-26
Christy & Coats, May 7-27
Four Tunes, May 7-27
Sherman & Leigh
Louis Jordan, May 27 - June 16

SAHARA TAHOE

Robert Goulet, Mar. 16-18
Rowan & Martin, David Clayton Thomas, Mar. 23-25
Jonathon Winters, Mar. 30 - Apr. 1
Lennon Sisters, Bobby Goldsboro, Apr. 6-8
Elvis Presley, May 4-20
Liberace, May 25-31

RENO - SPARKS - CARSON CITY

HAROLDS CLUB

Sonny King, thru Apr. 2
Poncie Ponce, Apr. 3-30
Jack Bedient, May 1-28

HARRAH'S

Wayne Newton, Mar. 1-21
Vikki Carr, Mar. 22 - Apr. 4
Joel Grey, Rich Little, Apr. 5-21
Sergio Franchi, Apr. 22 - May 9
Sandler & Young, May 10-30
Shecky Greene, May 31 - June 13
Connie Stevens, June 14-27

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET

Jimmy Dean, Mar. 29 - Apr. 18
Marty Robbins, May 7-23
Kate Smith, May 24 - June 13
Liberace, June 27 - July 11

ORMSBY HOUSE

Bill Page Show, Apr. 2-22
Art & Dotty Todd, Apr. 23 - May 6
Lenny Herman, May 7 thru June 2
Esquires, June 3-16
Cliff Jackson Orchestra

JESSE BECK'S RIVERSIDE

Al Gambino Enterprise, Mar. 19 - Apr. 15
The California Cowboys, Mar. 19 - Apr. 15
Frankie Fanelli, Apr. 16 - May 13
Expression, May 13 - June 2
Johnny Vanelli, May 27 - June 24
Linda Leigh, May 27 - June 24

LAS VEGAS

ALADDIN

This is Burlesque

CAESARS PALACE

Andy Williams, Mar. 8-21
Osmond Brothers, Mar. 22 - Apr. 4
Petula Clark, Apr. 5-18
Allen King, Apr. 19 - May 9
Steve Lawrence & Eydie Gorme, May 10-23
Tom Jones, May 24 - June 6

CIRCUS CIRCUS

Continuous Circus Acts

DESERT INN

Jimmy Dean, Abbe Lane, Feb. 20 - Mar. 19
Trini Lopez, Joan Rivers, Mar. 20 - Apr. 9
Juliet Prowse, Jan Murray, Apr. 10 - May 7
Bob Newhart, Florence Henderson, May 29 - June 25

DUNES

Casino de Paris

FLAMINGO

Marty Allen, Mama Cass Elliott, thru Mar. 21
Mills Brothers, Mar. 1-28
Sandler & Young, Corbett Monica, Mar. 22 - Apr. 18
Judy Lynn, Mar. 29 - Apr. 25
Rusty Warren, Apr. 26 - May 23
Jack Jones, June 14 - July 11

Totie Fields headlines at Las Vegas' Riviera March 21 through April 10.



FREMONT

Minsky's Burlesque

FRONTIER

Phil Harris, Mar. 15 - Apr. 4
Wayne Newton, Apr. 5 - May 2
Roy Clark, May 3-30
Patti Page, May 31 - June 27

LAS VEGAS HILTON

Ann Margret, Feb. 24 - Mar. 16
Bill Cosby, Mar. 17 - Apr. 6
Johnny Cash, Apr. 27 - May 3
Tony Bennett, May 21 - June 3
Liberace, June 4-24

RIVIERA

Don Rickles, thru Mar. 20
Totie Fields, Mar. 21 - Apr. 10
Engelbert Humperdinck, Apr. 11-24; June 13 - July 10
Shecky Greene, Apr. 25 - May 8
The Fifth Dimension, May 9-29
Vikki Carr, May 30 - June 12

SAHARA

Rowan & Martin, Mar. 29 - Apr. 7; May 29 - June 15
Buddy Hackett, Apr. 8-19; May 12-14
Johnny Carson, Apr. 20-27
Frank Gorshin, Apr. 28 - May 11
Nancy Sinatra, May 15-28

SANDS

Danny Thomas, Apr. 4-24
Robert Goulet, May 16 - June 5

SILVER SLIPPER

Wonderful World of Burlesque

STARDUST

Le Lido de Paris

THUNDERBIRD

Geisha Rella

TROPICANA

Folies Bergere

UNION PLAZA

Funny Girl starring Connie Danese

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Master Saddlemaker

by Anthony Amaral

In the late 1880's when G. S. Garcia opened his saddle shop in Elko, Nevada, local buckaroos emerged as the most stylish horsemen west of the Rocky Mountains—perhaps in the whole West. What set Nevada riders apart was the quality of the leather and hardware that became standards in their trade.

To say it another way, no man rode prouder than in a Garcia saddle, wearing Garcia silver inlaid spurs, and sporting on his horse a rawhide headstall with a Garcia silver inlaid spade bit.

And so, first from the ranching country along the Humboldt River, then from Idaho and Oregon, and eventually throughout the West, the Garcia saddlery became a horseman's headquarters. Here, too, riders throughout the cow country gathered to inquire about ranch work, and locals gossiped about the range, mustangs, cattle and rodeos.

But most of all the Garcia saddlery was, in that last of the horseback age, the final source of hand-perfected and artistically rendered horse gear.

The cowboys called him Lupe. Aside from their respect for his mastery of the saddlemaker's art, he was also a horseman's horseman. Born in Sonora, Mexico, in 1864, he was three years old when his family moved to San Luis Obispo, California. Here he matured into the heritage of centaurs, the California vaquero, the truest, most accomplished horsemen that ever sat a horse in the western hemisphere. Horses were their love and life and they brought to distinction a style of horsemanship rarely seen today.

Garcia learned horsemanship under the same tradition he was to put into making saddles and spurs—no se apure—don't be in a hurry. As a working vaquero he knew the sensitive feel of a perfectly fitted saddle for man and horse; the par-





The drawings above are from saddles pictured in the G. S. Garcia catalog No. 22, 1921.

ticular design for a pair of spurs to hang lightly on a rider's heels; and the weight and proportions of a spade bit to fit snugly and effectively in a horse's mouth.

These requisites need more than the effort of imagination to understand. Unless one has seen how the old-time California and Nevada cow horses could turn lightning-fast by the merest trembling of the reins, spin on their quarters in a virtual blur, and slide to a stop from a run by a light lifting of the reins. Cows in those early days were unfenced and almost as wild as the grizzlies in the California hills that the vaqueros also chased and roped. They quickly detected and bitterly resented shoddily-made equipment as much as they resented shoddy horsemanship.

Almost from the time young Garcia was put in a saddle by his father he was fascinated by horse equipment. When he was older he visited saddle shops to watch saddlemakers at work, and became intrigued in seeing how spurs and bits were forged out of hunks of steel and silversmiths, with delicate raps of hammer and punch, pushed silver into designs.

He was about nineteen when he took employment as an apprentice saddlemaker in the Arana saddle shop in San Luis Obispo. The shop was probably the finest in southern California and Mr. Arana and his skilled craftsmen were masters in making saddles, tool stamping leather, and silver engraving; or plaiting whips, quirts and reatas from cowhide and taking strands of horse mane or tail and weaving ropes and halters.

Garcia's eagerness was boundless. Once he finished his chores he stationed himself next to the skilled Mexican artisans of the shop. For weeks at a time he watched and studied the saddlemakers at their stitching horses, then turned his attention to the engraving tables.

Young Garcia learned the techniques rapidly. He displayed an artistic instinct that comes from within, and with it a restlessness to be on his own. He left the Arana establishment and with a partner opened his own shop at Santa Margarita. For almost a decade the shop struggled against the competition of long established saddleries. The period, however, was not without benefits. Garcia was free at least to engage himself in making sad-





Garcia's Elko shop, as described in the accompanying story, is pictured here. Right — The busy interior; and left — the outside of the shop.

dles and developing his own style of creating and engraving bits and spurs.

Throughout those years Nevada cattle were trailed to California annually for wintering. Nevada riders turned up frequently in the saddleries and at the Garcia shop Lupe heard descriptions and stories of the Nevada cattle country. Elko was the place they talked about mostly—a cow town thriving under the aura of livestock, cowmen and horsemen. This started Garcia thinking about leaving California and opening his own saddle shop in Nevada. In 1896, with his new wife, Saturnina, and two suitcases filled mostly with spurs, bits, reatas, rawhide headstalls and reins, Garcia came to Elko. It was the day before Thanksgiving and many cow people were in town for festivities. Garcia and Saturnina left the depot, went past the cattle pens and walked about the small community sitting forlorn on the expansive desert range. Herds of cattle grazed outside the town waiting shipment to Chicago and Omaha.

At the Gem Hotel, run by Charles Mayer, Garcia asked permission from Mr. Mayer to display his equipment in a corner of the lobby. Mayer had no objections. All day long throngs of buckaroos milled around the Garcia display, examining the utilitarian and artistic renderings of his wares. By evening he sold out, confirming his hopes that Elko would be his sort of a cow town with his sort of horsemen.

Later that evening Garcia arranged to rent part of a building on Railroad Street owned by Mayer. A few days later he put up the sign that would become world-known: G. S. GARCIA—HARNESSES—SADDLES.

Virtually from the outset Garcia labored to meet a demand greater than he could fulfill; not that he was overwhelmed with orders, but he needed time for his meticulous hand manufacturing. Often, long into the night, he sat at his bench engraving a pair of spurs or plaiting rawhide reins. Within three years, however, Garcia was employing twenty men. Some were boy apprentices from the Elko area. Others were California friends, master craftsmen, who came to Elko to work in the summer months.

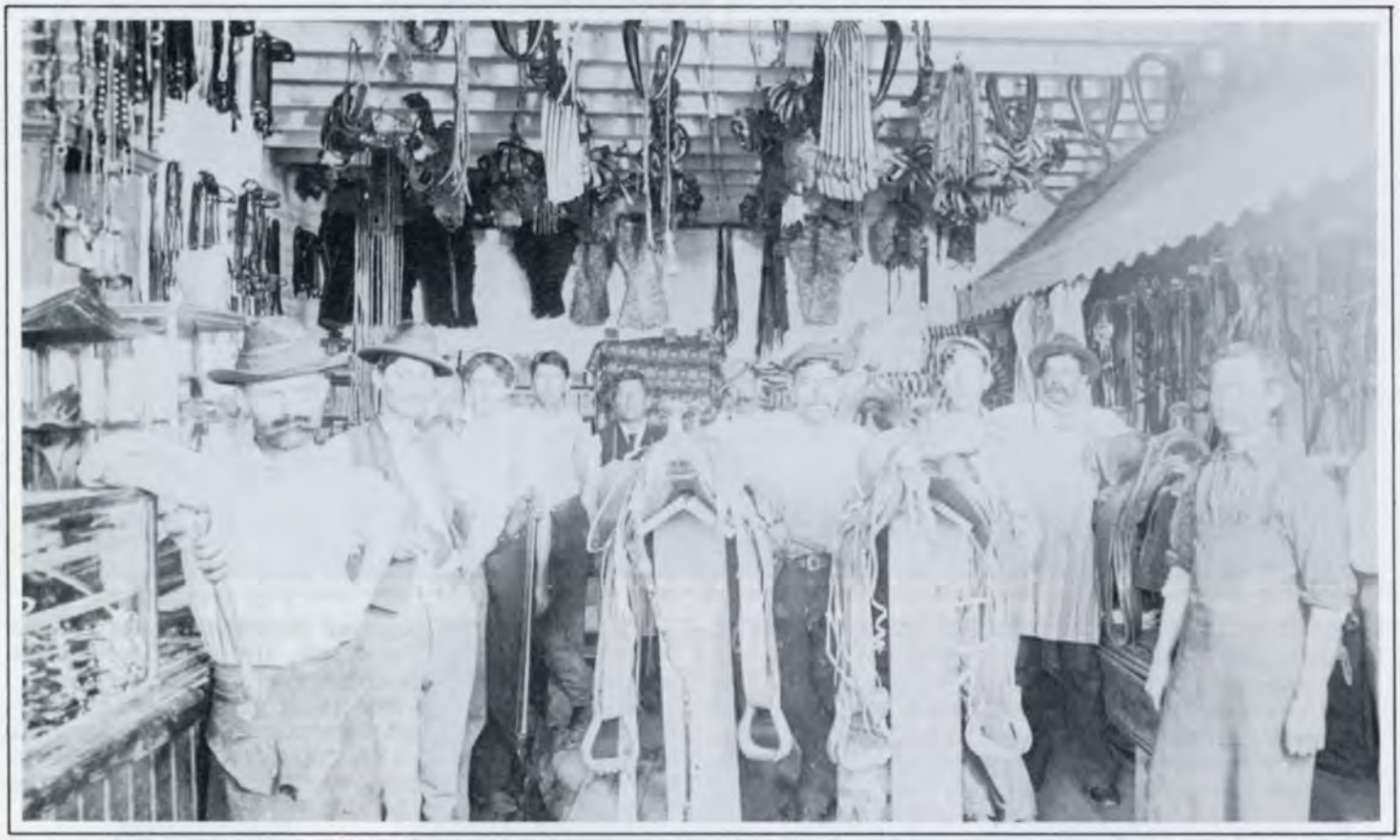
Much of Garcia's fame grew from his innovations on saddle design—certain technicalities understood best by men who sat in a saddle ten hours a day. With bits and spurs Garcia followed the traditional Californio design, but added his own brand of engraving. As the firm succeeded and grew, Garcia never relinquished all facets of production to his assistants. In making custom saddles, for example, he made all the initial cuts and then allowed the saddle to be assembled by a helper. Even his least expensive saddles were critically supervised. He was as aware as the men who rode his saddles that unless the leather was properly tanned, the cuts fitted correctly, the sewing and stitching strong, and dozens of other attentions, it would be as unfit for working as a poorly made mattress for sleeping.

A buckaroo's dream was to own a matched set of silver inlaid spurs and bit, and riding a Garcia saddle. Many went in hock for a few months' wages to be outfitted by Garcia. There was a special feel to these matters that is almost beyond analysis, and men accustomed to the Garcia equipment rarely abandoned that brand. Gerald Clayton, of Carson City, perhaps expressed it best: "I was eight years old when I rode my first Garcia saddle. I rode them for the next thirty years."

In 1903 the Garcia reputation reached beyond Nevada's borders. A brother now joined the firm and drove a Garcia saddle wagon throughout northern Nevada, Idaho and Oregon, selling equipment and accepting custom orders.

In that same year Garcia issued his first catalogue and eventually orders arrived from Argen-





tina, Australia, Mexico and France. No other saddle company at the time could duplicate this worldwide appeal. The French trade is particularly interesting, since France was not strong in a mounted culture. It grew from French Basques who came to Nevada as sheep herders or ranchers and, after some returned to France in retirement, they retained their love of the Garcia saddle.

Will Rogers, when he was spinning rope tricks in one-night vaudeville stands and Wild West shows, ordered his first Garcia saddle which he paid for on time. After his success he ordered two more, more elaborately designed to fit his western image. One is now in the Will Rogers Museum at Claremore, Oklahoma.

Douglas Fairbanks was another among many Hollywood stars who rode Garcia saddles. Most of these, with complementary spurs and bits, were ornately stamped and mounted with silver and designed for show and parade use.

Garcia's most luxurious show saddle, however, which is today the most famous saddle ever made in the West, became his masterpiece.

It was started in 1903. Garcia personally constructed the saddle to enter in the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. There were competitors then in saddle making as with jams and jellies.

The leather was the finest Garcia could purchase, perfectly tanned and without flaws. Each piece was cut and American beauty roses carved into the leather. Every stitch was firm and precise as the pieces were assembled onto his own handmade saddle trees.

Next, nine months were given to stamping out the gold and silver decorations. The neck of the saddlehorn is covered with a band of engraved gold and a silver eagle with spread wings is set into the back of the cantle.

Twisted gold and silver wire decorates the stirrups and a silver American shield is set in the leather at the top of each stirrup. The cinch rings are also inlaid with silver and the cinch itself is decoratively woven from horsehair.

Across the pommel of the saddle, carved out of twenty dollar gold pieces, are the likenesses of Theodore Roosevelt and Nevada Governors John Sparks and William Nye.

A bridle and martingale match the decor of the saddle. The bridle, made from braided calfskin, has silver conches on each side of the brow band.





Wedded to the silver are golden carved heads of horses with diamonds set in for eyes.

Garcia won the gold medal at St. Louis. The next year, at the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, Oregon, his entry won another gold medal, and is the only saddle ever to win two.

Many illustrious persons rode the saddle in its heyday. Theodore Roosevelt waved from it to crowds at the Cheyenne Frontier Days in 1910. Until recent times the Garcia saddle carried most of Nevada's governors during Nevada Day parades. Other governors in California sat in it during a number of festivities, and frequently it was loaned for expositions and state celebrations as far east as Philadelphia.

Although Garcia had traded his life in the open for a room strong in leather smell, he never lost his love for the range and its pastoral drama with men, cattle and horses. When, by 1913, his shop was firmly established, he founded and gave spirit to the Elko Rodeo.

Curiously, the rodeo was not one that grew fledgling into a significant event through the years. It started in full bloom. All the props were there – setting, top riders and ropers and fierce bucking horses. Spectators came, too – businessmen, sheepherders, ranchers; many riding the Southern Pacific Railroad from western Nevada, and the short lines that connected, to celebrate the Elko three-day Labor Day fanfare. Large Indian encampments outside town gave another dimension to the event.

The town blossomed with banners and posters. Hotels, bulging with patrons and activities, proclaimed the Elko Rodeo the best in the West.

In some of the popular establishments Garcia scattered many of the spurs, bits, saddles, bridles and reatas to be awarded winning contestants.

Bronc riding was the great attraction and Garcia made positive that riders would truly earn their prizes. Weeks before the rodeo, he advertised, in a full page ad in the Elko Independent, for the toughest mustangs in the Nevada hills:

ELKO STAMPEDE

Bucking Horses Wanted

We will give ten dollars in cash to the owners of outlaw horses for every time one of our riders is thrown at the BIG STAMPEDE IN ELKO – September 1 to 3, 1913.

Feed bills while here at our expense. Horses bought at the end of the stampede if they are mean enough and can buck.

Bring in your bucking horses and get a little

EASY MONEY

G. S. Garcia

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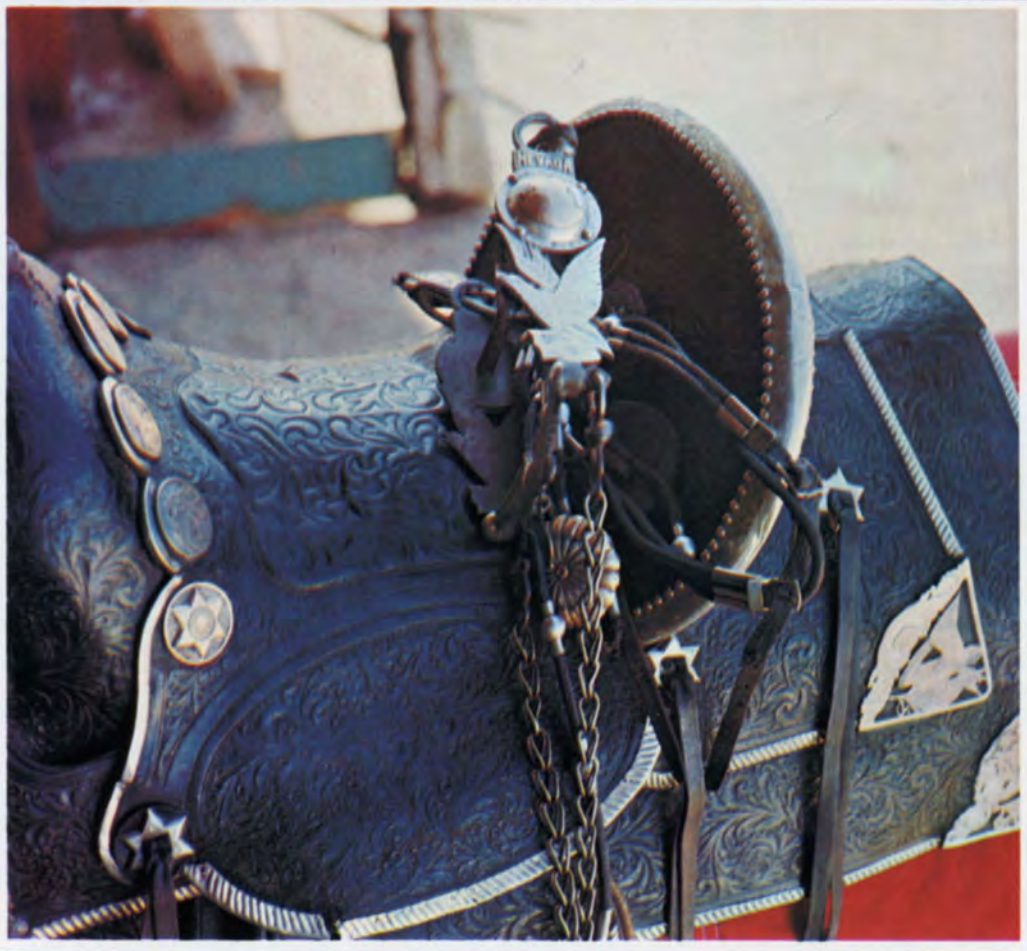






Top—Abdul Abulbul Amir, the champion parade horse in Nevada, with the complete Garcia saddle outfit. Abdul's owner, Al Asti, is up.

Other photos on these pages show Garcia's painstaking work in detail. Note that he reproduced likenesses of two Americans he most admired, President Theodore Roosevelt and Nevada Governor John Sparks. Decorations on the Garcia saddle carry a patriotic theme. Silver eagles in various patterns predominate.





Would you believe...

By Randy Parker

Hoover Dam is Fifty Years Old

Last year marked a significant anniversary for that giant of American construction, Hoover Dam. It was fifty years ago, on November 24, 1922, that the seven southwestern states initialed the Colorado River compact, the key legal step setting things in motion.

The Bureau of Reclamation opened bids for the job in 1931, awarding the contract to the Six Companies, Inc. The huge construction project went forward at top speed through 1935 when the last concrete was poured. President Roosevelt came to Nevada to dedicate the dam on September 30, 1935.

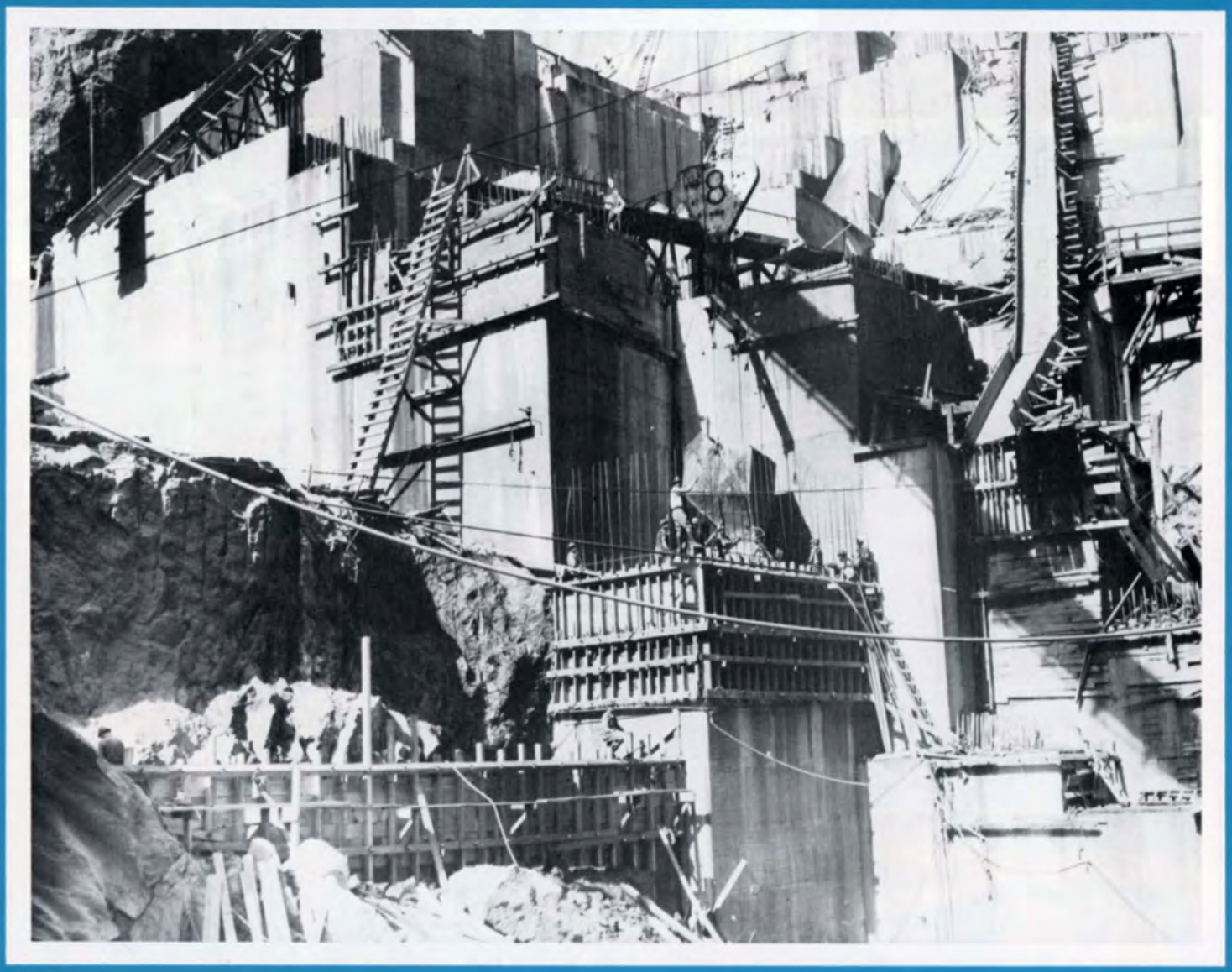
Last year the fifteen-millionth visitor arrived to admire what has become one of the great tourist attractions in the world.

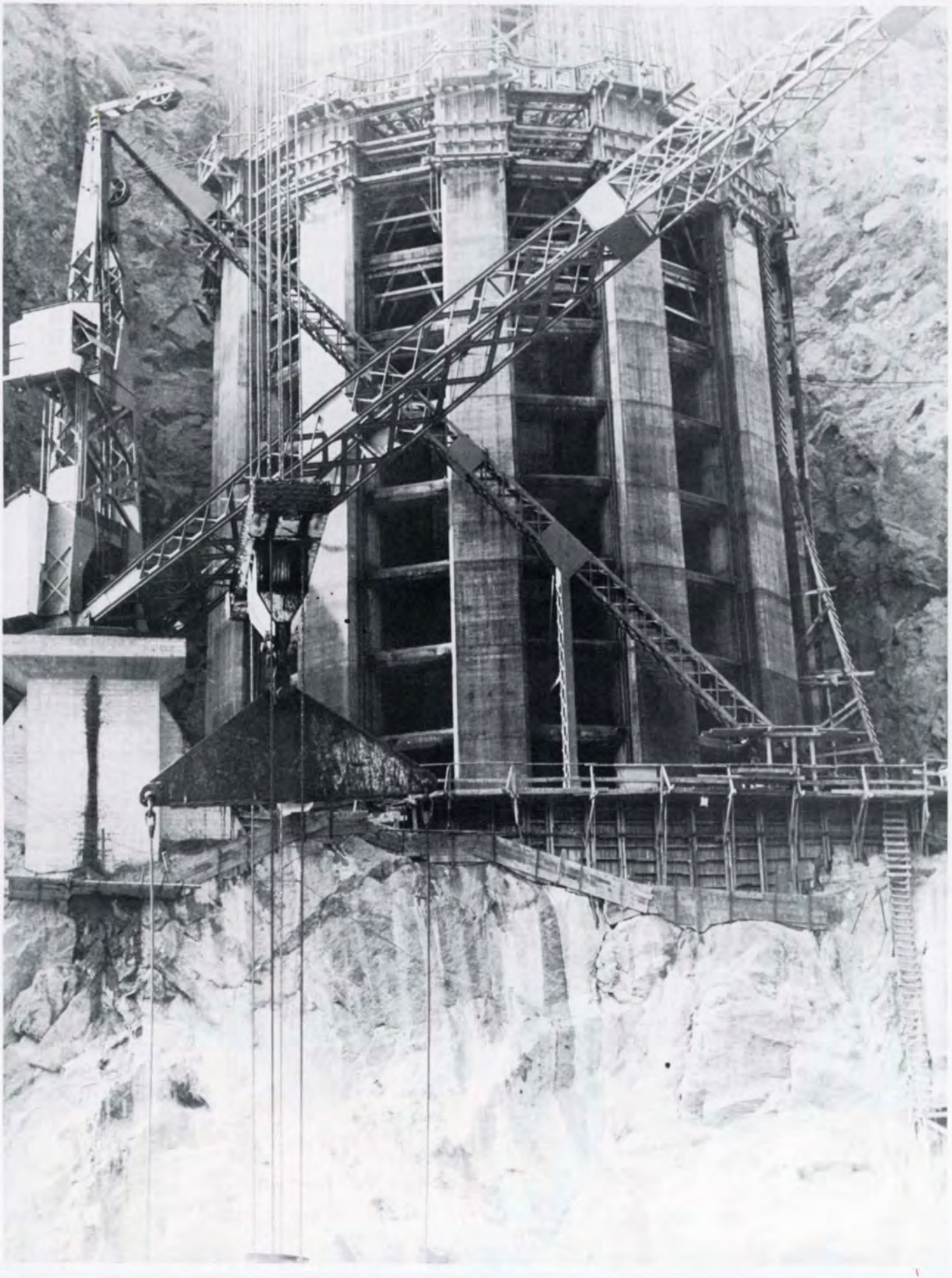
On these pages are a group of historically important views never before published. They are powerful reminders of the energy which went into that great edifice—the dam that made southern Nevada the place it is today.

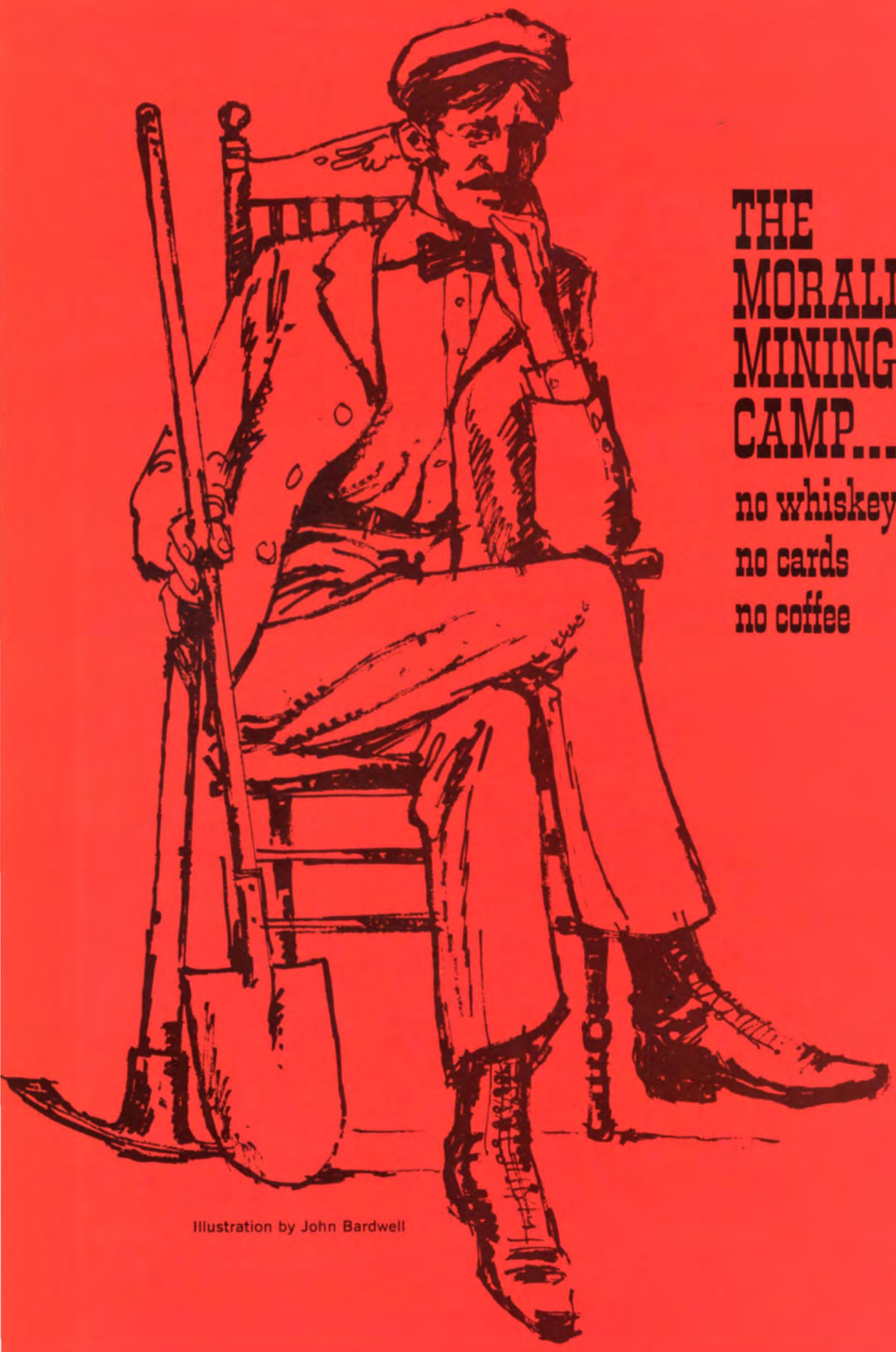
(For a comprehensive history of the project, see NEVADA Magazine, Winter - 1969.)











THE MORALISTIC MINING CAMP...

no whiskey
no cards
no coffee

Illustration by John Bardwell

By Helen McInnis

The mining camp of Mangum, Nevada, was located in the pine covered hills of western Nevada about one mile north of the old town of Aurora. Mangum, which was the result of one man's desire for a good mining camp did not live as long, or as heartily, as its boisterous neighbor Aurora, but while it did last it was probably the most peculiar mining camp in Nevada.

The place was established in 1912, when new mining and milling methods made it feasible to rework many of the mines which had produced rich ore in the bygone years. The Aurora mines were owned in 1911, by The Cain Consolidated Company and it was a known fact that they still contained large bodies of ore. A few leasers were working the property but there had been little activity in Aurora since the 1880's and the town's population was less than a hundred people.

In 1911, Nevada banker and mining tycoon, George Wingfield, had shown an interest in the property and had an option to buy the mines, but for reasons known only to him, Wingfield changed his mind, and early in 1912, the property was sold instead to The Knight Investment Company of Provo, Utah.

Jesse Knight, the founder of The Knight Investment Company moved to Aurora and made plans to construct a forty-stamp mill, along with a cyanide plant with a capacity of five hundred tons per day. The new workings were to be built on the south side of Last Chance Hill right in Aurora.

As soon as the news of the new boom in Aurora became known people began flocking into the old town. Saloons that had been closed for years were restocked, and opened along with bawdy houses and gambling parlors. Almost overnight the town's population more than tripled, and most of the newcomers were not Jesse Knight's idea of upstanding citizens.

Jesse Knight was a good member of the Mormon Church. He had been raised in a peaceful rural atmosphere. He was broad-minded, but when he saw Aurora beginning to take on the aspects of a frontier day mining camp he didn't like it. He believed that a twentieth-century mining camp could, and should, be a little more orderly.

Jesse felt that as long as his money was being spent he should be able to spend it the way he wanted, and he cancelled his plans to build his mill on the Aurora side of Last Chance Hill. He decided instead to build it on the far side of the hill, putting a mile or so of steep rocky hillside between his mill and the rowdy town of Aurora.

As construction on the new mill progressed so did the wild life in Aurora. Each day brought a new batch of unsavory characters into the booming town and several more saloons and bawdy houses were opened. The attitude of the entire place went against Jesse's grain, and his religion, so he decided to quit Aurora entirely and build his own town. And his town would be a good, well behaved mining camp.

Jesse put a lot of thought into the plans for his town and he laid it out about one mile north of Aurora on a sloping hillside near the head of Lime Kiln Canyon, just a short distance from the mill. The hillside was cleared and terraced, rows of neat four and five room houses were built for his married employees, and a large boarding and bunkhouse put up for the single men. Cement sidewalks were installed and lawns were planted. Many of the pine and juniper trees growing on the hillside were left standing and Jesse incorporated them into the landscaping of his town.

A school house was put up. Jesse also had a tennis court and swimming pool constructed, believing that if good wholesome entertainment were provided at home, his employees wouldn't wander over the hill to look for excitement in Aurora.

No liquor of any kind was allowed in the new camp and no gambling. The only business in the camp was a small restaurant and as Jesse's religion forbade the use of coffee, it was probably the only restaurant in Nevada where coffee wasn't sold.

The new town was named Mangum in honor of W. Lester Mangum, one of the Knight Company officials, and the tidy little camp, with its neat rows of houses stairstepping up the hillside and linked with smooth concrete sidewalks, and patches of green grass shaded by lofty pines and bushy junipers, was an amazing place to come upon in the heart of the wild Aurora hills.

For two years Mangum ran smoothly and was everything Jesse Knight had planned it to be. Then rumors began circulating. Some hinted that the mines were running out of ore, and others whispered that Jesse Knight, who had become ill, was dying of an incurable disease and wanted to dispose of his Nevada holdings.

For several months there was tension and anxiety in the camp, then it was announced that the Goldfield Consolidated Company had bought the entire Knight property. George Wingfield was the big man in the Goldfield Consolidated, and people

continued on page 42



The Legend of Pa-Rah

Story and Photography by Ernest Carter

More than a century has gone by since an Indian youth set out on a mission to help his people. Those of his tribe who retained their ties with the past remember the words of Pa-Rah.

This is his tale

For many moons we had heard rumors that strangers from the lands far away had come to search for that useless yellow substance which we sometimes found in creek beds. Also we heard other stories about the strangers, and some warnings about their cruelty towards our people.

When a group of them made camp near our shelters we were afraid and kept our distance. But soon our fears were calmed because none made any attempt to approach our home site.

During the night we were awakened by many loud noises. This threw our people into panic. Men, women and children ran blind with fear, I among them. Some fell screaming, others sunk to the ground and lay still. The light from the firepit cast a red glow upon this scene of fire and burned it into my memory forever.

Those who reached the cover of darkness were safe. We hid until dawn like hunted animals; and at the first light, reassured by the quiet, returned to the scene of the violence and killing.

The peace, which our home site had known for many generations, was shattered by death and suffering. All day we tried to ease the plight of the wounded, but many died. We also attended to the burials, though without our traditional chants and ceremonies.

At sundown we posted guards. The Old Ones, our Elders, called for a meeting around the firepit. At this gathering some shouted for revenge, others cautioned to retreat further into the desert wilderness without fighting.

As I was young, I asked for permission to speak. I asked the Old Ones if I might set out alone to tell all our people what had befallen our tribe and to awaken in them the spirit to defend themselves against the intruders.

The Elders granted my request.

At dawn I ascended to a rise overlooking our home sites where for generations we had conducted our sacred ceremonies. I knelt upon the large, flat prayer-stone and intoned the chant for the dead.

As I sang, the Sun God reached for the crest of the mountains. Lifting himself over the horizon, He seemed to pause, waiting for me to finish my ritual.

As I lifted my arms towards him, ending my prayer, He flung himself into the sky, bringing in another day.

I rose to my feet and looked down for a long time upon the shelter which for all my young life had been my home. With tears in my eyes I turned away and set forth upon my journey.

For many moons I visited the home sites of my people, fulfilling my pledge. Often I walked alone for many days, sleeping at night underneath the starlit desert sky, wrapped only in my thin fur-skin blanket. I survived on the little food and water which the desert offers its children.

It was during these days of solitude that I contemplated the mystic symbols which the ancients had carved into the canyon

walls. It was the spiritual expression of my ancestors, and I began to understand their profound belief in the power of Father Sky and Mother Earth.

The first snows had capped the high peaks when I came upon the signs of masked gods, resplendant in their ceremonial garb. The figures were the size of men. I instictively knew that this was an important place of worship where the ancients had gathered for their most sacred rituals.

Standing before these Gods, my loneliness weighing heavy upon my spirit, I opened my heart and intoned the song of sorrow, as men of my tribe sing when they grieve deeply.

I sang my lament until the light began to fade.
The Goddess of the Night was approaching rapidly, Her dark robe billowing around Her from horizon to horizon.
The Sun God saluted Her with His final rays, then descended to His home to rest till dawn.
The stars became white crystals against the blackness of the sky as the Goddess reigned supreme.
Much later She called for Her lamp and the moon rose at Her bidding.

Wrapped in my blanket I had dozed fitfully.
As the milky light of the moon touched the God-carvings, my spirit was drawn towards them.

The Gods began to speak with the voice of the wind, a voice that man understands when his spirit is freed by loneliness, cold and hunger.

> "Learn from the signs the wisdom which your ancestors wanted to keep alive" the Gods spoke in unison "Make certain that this knowledge will not perish when the hour of destruction and death comes for your people "

The voice of the wind had gathered strength, a storm threatened. The rumble of thunder groaned in the bowels of Mother Earth and Father Sky joined with a howl from his mighty throat. Clouds drifted across the night-shrouded heaven blotting out the moon, and the Gods vanished before my eyes.

I returned to my body from the world of the beyond. I felt at peace though I was hungry and cold, for I knew that my trail was sure and that I would not perish before my task was fulfilled.
Bowing to the command of the Gods, I wandered among the sacred places of worship, always listening to the voice of the wind, thereby gaining understanding which some day I had to pass on to my people before facing death.

The winter moons passed and summer came again. The heat now tormented me and I began to search for water. Two days went by before I found a few green shrubs at the foot of the low cliff at my right, where I knew I could drink.

Suddenly I felt danger. I glanced upwards, certain that I was threatened from above. A human shape was blotted out by hurling rocks and before I could realize who the attacker was, I felt the impact, the hot pain, the tearing of my scalp.

The world around me changed from vivid colors to a uniform grey and then blackness fell upon me and I knew no more.

When I regained my senses I was lying on a rock slab. On hands and knees I crawled into the shade against the cliffs; my head throbbed terribly and violent nausea began. Lying defenselessly under the direct rays of the sun had so weakened my body that I felt close to death and I gave myself up to the tortures of thirst-delirium.

Never would I know who my assailant was or the reason for the attack.

A man remembers little of his fantasies after such suffering. But suddenly I was lifted from this firepit of turmoil by the sensation of coolness upon my forehead. Assuredly I had died and had joined my ancestors in peace, relieved from my torture. But my eyes focused upon the face of a beautiful girl.

She was soothing my skin with a moist cloth and she smiled when she found me responding to her aid. She must have come from a nearby home site, but I had no strength for words.

Now she held a container of water to my swollen and cracked lips and made me swallow in small sips. Slowly, ever so slowly, I was revived.

Certain of my recovery, the girl left for a short while to build a simple shelter. She used only our two blankets and dry sticks. She helped me lie down and seeing that I was resting comfortably, turned her attention to my wound. She cleansed the raw flesh and covered it with a poultice made from herbs. Soon the throbbing pain eased. When dusk came she gave me more water.

She lay down beside me and began to pray in a low voice to Earth Mother for my recovery.

Taking hold of her hand I felt assured and soon drifted off into a deep sleep.

At dawn I awoke refreshed and was able to stand up. Without disturbing the sleeping girl, I began to move about to ease the stiffness in my limbs. Moving slowly from boulder to boulder I came to a slab with a large bloodstain. It was the one I had lain upon unconscious the day before. Near the splash of dried blood I noticed footprints carved into the stone. One was large, evidently that of a man, another smaller one, that of a woman, and a third one, very small, that of a child.

I felt a cool breeze whisper to me words which made my blood pulse through my veins with renewed vigor.

Now the Gods began to speak with a stronger voice than those of the breeze and I understood I heard the voices of the Elders of my tribe chanting and I understood I heard the voices of my parents giving me their blessing and I bowed my head, understanding the magnitude of their words.

Suddenly I felt a warm hand reaching for mine and turning I faced the girl.

Our eyes met and held us captive.

The voices of the Gods and my people fell silent .
Our bodies drew together . .
The desert draped us in her silence—and we were one."

> Here ended the words of Pa-Rah—as his people remember what he said.

HISTORICAL MARKER ERECTED BY THE STATE OF NEVADA: LOCATION: 7 MILES SOUTH OF NIXON ON ROUTE 34

On May 12, 1860, Northern Paiute warriors, fighting to retain their way of life, decisively defeated a volunteer army from Virginia City and nearby settlements. The battle and consequent white retreat began with a skillful ambush north of Nixon and continued along the plateau on the opposite side of the Truckee River almost to the present site of Wadsworth.

On June 2, 1860, a strong force of volunteers and regular army troops engaged the Indians in a battle along the table-land and mountainside. Several hundred braves, attempting a delaying action to allow their women, children and Elders to escape, fought with such courage and strategy, that the superior Caucasian forces were held back during the day until the Indians withdrew.

Paiute war leader Numaga (Young Winnemucca), described as a superior man of any race, desired only peace for his people.

Pa-Rah, fighting his final battle at the side of NUMAGA, died in the delaying action on June 2, 1860, but his wife and young son escaped into the desert wilderness.

The shadows were lengthening, a cool breeze swept across the tableland, a bugle sounded from the soldiers' camp. Battle weary men were resting on their blankets or in tents. Rations were being passed around. There was no need for sentries, the day's fighting had broken the Indian resistance.

The vultures were circling in the sky, winging lower.

Miles away to the east, an Indian woman and her young son paused in their determined flight.

They had reached the steep cliffs of the desert mountains. Now they turned around and once again faced the plateau where their Brave and the other warriors had fought to the death. Raising their arms to the sky, mother and son began the chant for the dead.

Illuminated by the setting sun, the signs of masked Gods, resplendant in their ceremonial garb, stood out clearly from the blood-stained color of the rock.

The Sun God stood upon the mountain crest, pausing in his descent before returning to his home below the horizon.

He cast a last look upon the field of battle and found the eyes of Pa-Rah.

Sightless in death, they returned the blessing of his God with a gaze of gratitude and peace.

The Goddess of the Night approached with silent steps and draped her dark mantle over the dead warriors.
The Goddess wept—and Her tears extinguished her lamp . .

There was no moon.



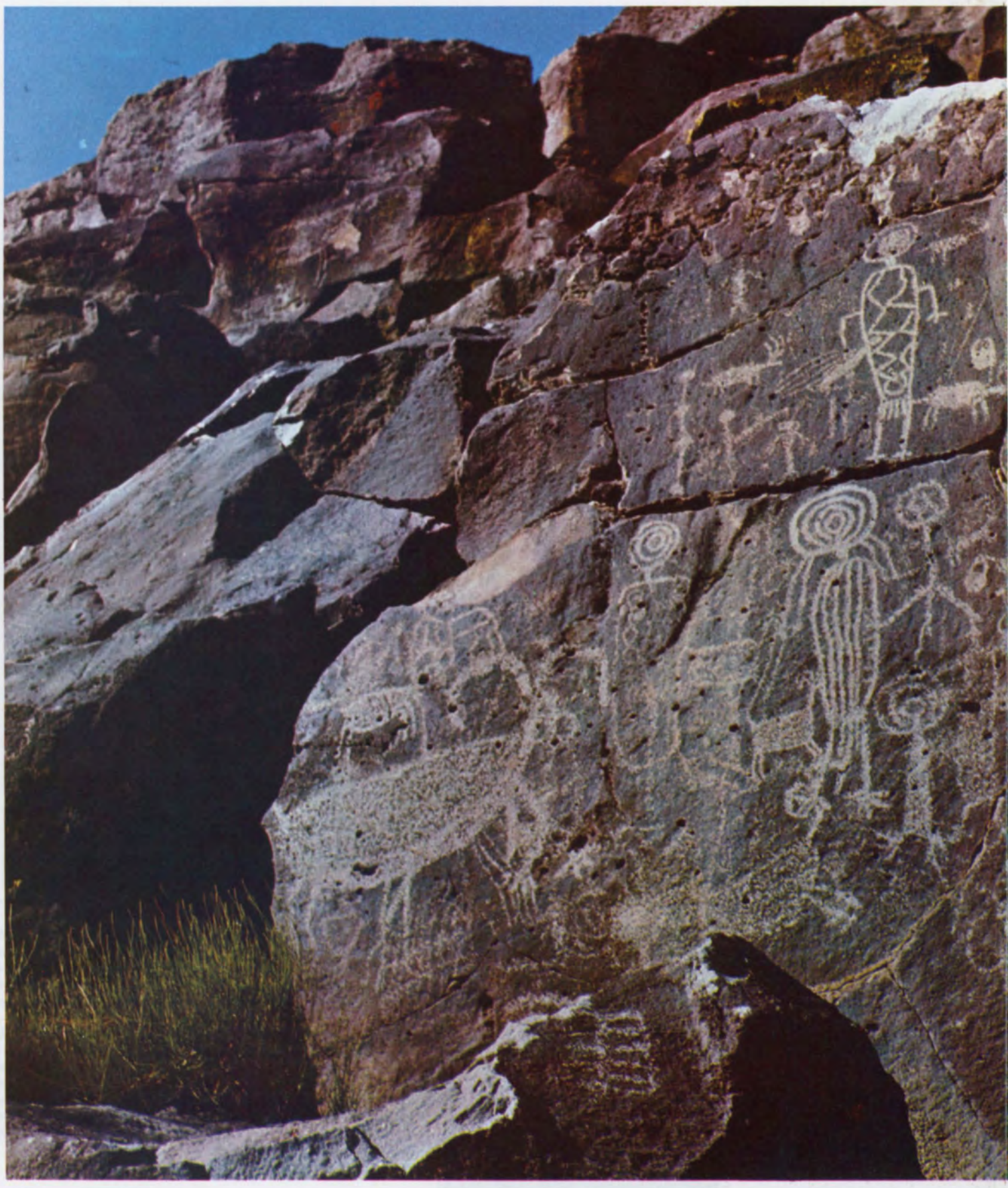


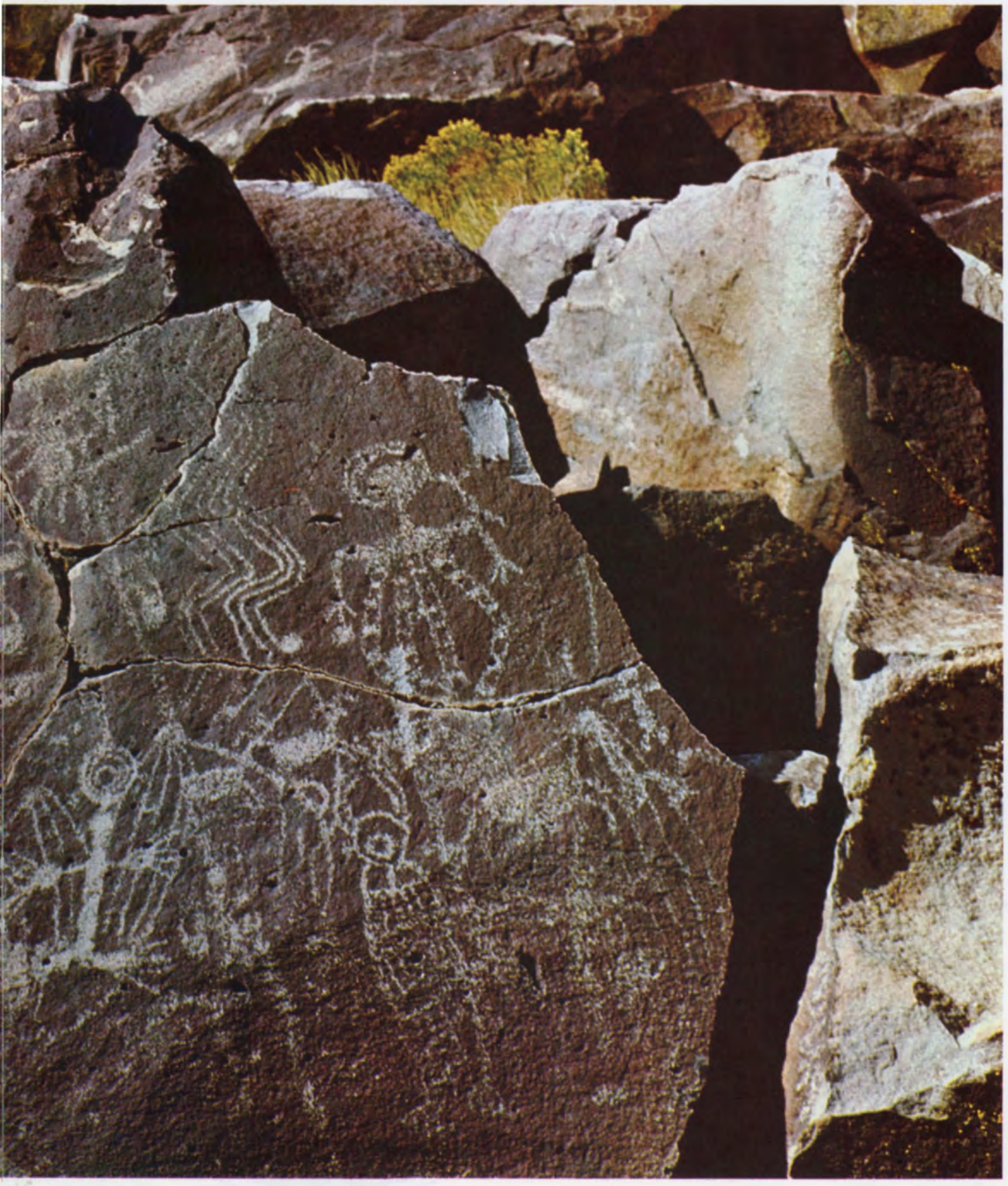
...and these are the petroglyphs Pa-Rah may have seen.

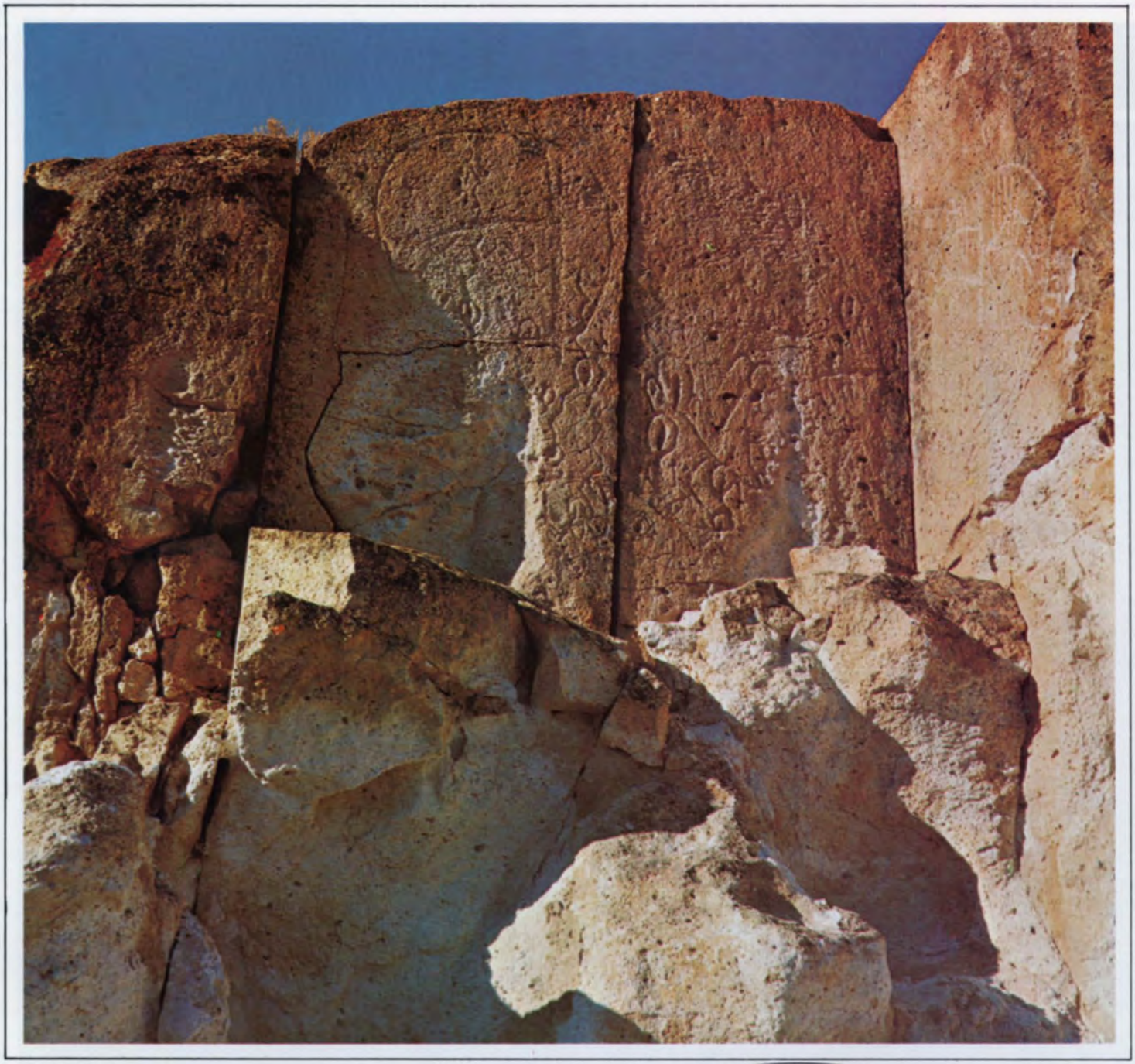




This magazine is being deliberately vague about the locations of these beautifully photographed petroglyphs. It is a pity that we have to be vague — but we are because so many unfortunate people, once they know where to find them, go out and chip away at these priceless, historic relics. We will tell you only this: OPPOSITE — Some petroglyphs near Pyramid Lake; and a look at the author's car as he roams through the Black Rock Desert. Some of the other petroglyph groups pictured on these pages are located in Owens Valley, California. We hesitate to speculate about the meaning of the various symbols which turn up in the carvings. Even the experts disagree. But look carefully and you may imagine the messages being transmitted.





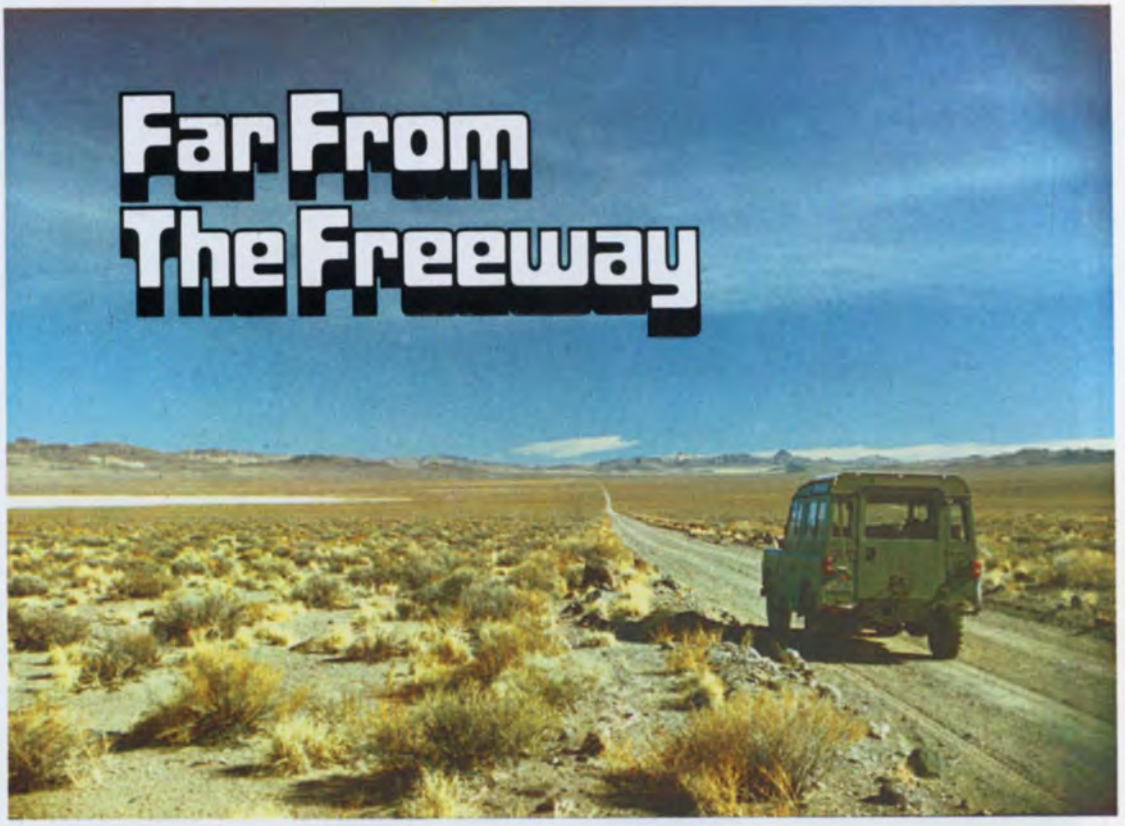






Story and Photography by Owen Duvall

Far From The Freeway



We had been forewarned by neighbors, friends and relatives, by image-forming writers, and others, about the vast, empty "wastelands" of Nevada and the unending boredom of traveling through the sage-covered state. "You'll hate it," they said. "Drive by night to avoid the heat," or "Take turns driving so you can get the bad part over with," were phrases repeated again and again. Even Jedediah Smith, one of Nevada's first explorers, referred to this vast country merely as "The Great Sandy Plain."

Our introduction to Nevada came one early spring night when we arrived at the little town of Wendover which straddles the Utah-Nevada state line due west of Salt Lake City. A few snow flurries had blown almost apologetically across the Bonneville Salt Flats, but the next morning the radio warned of heavier snow approaching.

It was almost dawn when my wife and I reluctantly peeked from our toasty warm motel room into the gray, colorless world, and saw that it was snowing hard, but apparently had not had time to really accumulate. We talked to some truckers at the nearby gas station and they indicated that to avoid the storm, the best route west was the central one, Route US 50 by way of Ely, Eureka, Austin and Fallon. We looked at the wind-whipped snow piling up, took their advice and headed south. A hot breakfast in a small restaurant in Ely was enhanced by a conversation with a couple of working cowhands in dusty boots, faded jeans and battered Stetsons. After gallons of coffee, we made our goodbyes and started westward on clear roads.

Just west of Eureka, a faint, hardly noticeable dirt road sneaked into the endless sage. On impulse, we



An old mill in northern Nye County.

turned onto it from the lightly traveled highway. For 165 miles we reacquainted ourselves with the wonders of off-highway exploring, where we passed only one pickup truck with two ranchers, spoke with one person, and saw the trail of dust from only one other car far across the valley. Mile after mile of pastel green, silver, amber and purple sage, casting blue shadows, led our eyes from one snow-clad range to another. The mountains seemed to sweep down in a long gentle curve to the flat valley floor, then take a running start across the valley to spring suddenly to jagged snowy crags! On the desert floor, we spent a long time parked by a spring that poured out gallons of water which flowed no more than a hundred feet before sinking into the sand and becoming another mysterious underground river. We watched silently as desert jackrabbits, antelope ground squirrels, song birds, hawks and a coyote momentarily ignored their traditional roles of predator-prey and shared the desert waterhole.

The 10,000 ft. high Monitor Range offered a real challenge, for the snow storm that we had avoided in the north was pounding the peaks in the upper elevations as we struggled higher and higher over invisible roads marked only by the absence of brush showing above the deepening snow. I hugged the car to the left side of the "road" and hoped there was a surface beneath the sixteen inches of white. The right side seemed to drop off into nothingness. We realize now what a foolish chance we took. We have since discovered that many desert roads end suddenly at old mine diggings, and others have been unused for so long that they have reverted to nature and are unsafe to drive. In our innocence, we were plowing through very heavy snow, in unfamiliar territory, high mountains, and completely alone.

This remote desert dwelling had a proper doorknob.



Had we needed help, the one source that I had counted on proved to be only an abandoned stone building and a collapsed fence, but still dutifully carried on the maps as a ranch.

On the other side of those snow-blanketed mountains, we welcomed the sight of warm, dry Monitor Valley. In the middle of this long, broad valley is an outcrop of bare rock, rising perhaps a hundred feet from the desert floor like a small volcanic cone. We drove almost to the top of the barren, slick rock rise. Then, seeing the great dark hole of its crater, we cautiously approached. Feeling a little queasy and aware of the danger of a crumbling edge, we sheepishly dropped to our hands and knees to peer into the inky depths. A column of white steam rose from the black water that boiled and bubbled beneath us. Near the water level, a single shaft of sunlight lit a small shelf which sheltered a profusion of colorful wildflowers, their tiny green leaves waving in the rising heat currents. Many of Nevada's mountains and valleys are of ancient volcanic origin and hot springs are to be found throughout the state. Diana's Punch Bowl seems to be more intriguing because of its loneliness, for few tourists go out of their way to see this curiosity of nature.

A little farther south the road swung past the main house of Pine Creek Ranch. Green grass and shade trees formed the backdrop for the low white house with the covered porch. A group of sturdy cattle peered puzzlingly at us as we passed their wooden corrals.

After an overnight stay in Tonopah, we retraced our late evening steps to arrive in the ghost town of Belmont early in the morning while the frost still clung to the sage and the rising sun slid brick by brick down the stark remnants. We prowled the



An unusual find—
a brass lamp still in place.

brush, savoring the sights and smells and photographing the skeletal ruins. We were a little startled when we first noticed a single human figure at the end of the main street, flanked by two dogs that hadn't decided yet whether to bark at us or not. We couldn't tell at that distance if it was a man or woman, but as the figure came nearer, we saw her white hair and handsomely weathered face, wrinkled now with a welcoming smile. The then lone inhabitant, Rose Walter, invited us into her home to get warm by her stove and share some good hot coffee. Snug and comfortable in the old stone house, we listened enthralled while she gave us the history of the century old town. We could see each ruin through the wavy glass windows. That building over there was the fanciest bar in town, up on the hill was the doctor's house, across the street was the pharmacy, and just down the way was the Chinese restaurant, each ghost with its own unique story to tell. Our hostess loves the town, acting as its caretaker and watchdog as she fights through state and federal agencies for its preservation.

That morning we had fixed breakfast on our camp stove in a roofless, floorless, windowless, three-walled big old mill ruin. Highbridge Mill sat on the slopes of the valley providing us with a hundred-mile view as we had our breakfast! Little dustings of snow on a mountain spur across the valley looked like white sugar on a bakery coffee cake.

Over in Big Smoky Valley, the adobe walls of a long by-passed stage station jutted upwards from the flat expanse of sage. San Antonio was the most famous station in Nevada in its day, but now sits in splendid isolation, the only visible reminder of the important community that once thrived at the site only a hundred or so years ago.

On almost any distant road you may encounter horses.



We have returned time and again to these and other remote areas during all seasons and we've explored hundreds of miles of the areas popularly referred to as "wastelands," but we have never been bored. On occasion, we have been within sight of an interstate highway, traffic streaming back and forth, while we examined a cave high in the mountains, the smoke from cook fires which went out two hundred generations ago still visible on the ceiling. And, we have studied ancient Indian petroglyphs on a slight rise from busy US 50 within sight of a populous modern town.

From the glittering lights of Reno, it's only a matter of a thirty minute drive to be far back in the desert, or high in the forested mountains. The Sierra Nevada massif rises just to the west of Reno. We have investigated the deserted mining and logging roads in the Sierra, too, being surprised by herds of deer and charmed by a baby porcupine that ambled across the road in front of our car. A weird group of robins, apparently not knowing that they were supposed to be listening for worms in the ground, dive bombed a shallow lake, skimming off with polliwogs and crayfish like avenging shore birds. Here, too, grow huge timber trees, ponderosa pine, fir, and spruce. The tallest seem to scratch the sky and some are so big that it takes at least six people with arms outstretched to reach around them! There are fast running, cold mountain streams that are easily forded. Although you will probably find only pyrite ("fool's gold"), it is fun to "pan for gold" in them.

Even in mid-summer's heat, we have traced history on the emigrant trails and stopped to study the crumbling ruins of an old army post established to combat the Indian raids. Returning from a trip to a former Pony Express relay station, dusty and dry,



A landmark in the old mountain town of Manhattan.

we were happily surprised to find a cool, swimmable desert lake in the middle of a large alkali flat.

Most people do not have the time, and may not have the patience, to be quiet and still long enough to await the life about to burst or creep forth in the desert; consequently, taking a quick glance as they drive by at 65 to 90 miles per hour, the desert seems dull and uninteresting—nothing but brown and gray sage for mile after endless mile. But each acre of sage and scrub holds more life than miles of city blocks! Stay still just for a moment or two and watch the jackrabbit that was there all along; but since you aren't moving, he decides that you represent no threat to him, and calmly goes on eating and eventually hops into the camouflage of sage. See and really search for the nests of small birds and some of the larger. We have sat quietly watching an owl perched on a nearby boulder, so intent on studying his grooming habits that we almost failed to see the curiosity-consumed little antelope ground squirrels that were warily creeping up to smell our boots! You don't have to go way out in the wilderness to experience the thrill of seeing wildlife. My wife drives to work every day through a beautiful Nevada valley and each evening she comes home with the latest "spotting" news: "One deer, one coyote, three foxes —playing! and three red-tailed hawks." Another day the report will be: "A ferruginous hawk, a flock of horned larks, AND an immature bald eagle!" Not bad for the 35-minute drive! We have long since given up counting ducks and geese—there are just too many to try to keep up with!

We cannot refer to any part of Nevada as "empty wasteland." We dare anyone who wipes the glitter of modern urban living from their eyes to call it dull!



On a journey in 1865 J. Ross Browne, world tourist and a man of many skills, described a portion of the Nevada desert as he saw it through a stagecoach window: "Of the country I shall only add that it is the most barren, desolate, scorched-up, waterless, alkali-smitten patch of the North American continent I have ever yet seen — a series of horrible deserts each worse than the others."

When a mining strike was made in such arid country, gold-hungry citizens swarming to the new camp found store counters well stocked with whiskey but plain, ordinary water in short supply. Usually this deficiency was remedied by some local entrepreneur and his water wagon loaded with barrels of water from a near-by spring.

During many years in the field of water resources, Hugh A. Shamberger, Nevada State Engineer from 1951 to 1957, became interested in the history of these early mining camps and their quest for water. Under the auspices of the U. S. Geological Survey and the Nevada Department of Conservation and Natural Resources, Mr. Shamberger has written three volumes of a projected series on historic mining camps of Nevada with particular emphasis on water supply.

WATER SUPPLY FOR THE COMSTOCK
"a variety of water problems"

In order to increase the diminishing Comstock water supply, the Virginia and Gold Hill Water Company resorted to various transitory expedients. When the flow from prospecting tunnels above the town dropped to a trickle the water supply was temporarily increased by extending the tunnels farther into the hills. Water from the mine levels was unusable as it proved to be impure and offensive to the taste. A concurrent problem was an influx of hot water in the lower levels of the shafts, leaving Virginia City in somewhat the plight of the Ancient Mariner:

"Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink."

With the realization that heroic measures must be taken to provide the Comstock with an unfailing water supply, came a seemingly impossible plan to import clear, pure water from the distant snow-clad Sierra Nevada Mountains.

Mr. Shamberger details the accomplishment of this plan from its concept to the arrival of the first Sierra water in Virginia City and Gold Hill in 1873 — one of the great engineering triumphs of the time.

Other water-related events are documented and evaluated in the book; operations of the Sierra Nevada Wood & Lumber Company, the Sutro Tunnel, water and electric power development and the later history of the Sierra Water System.

Water Supply for the Comstock is paper bound, 8½x11, with 53 pages, 23 photographs and 2 maps.

THE STORY OF RAWHIDE
"a colorful history and an abrupt demise"

Christmas Day of 1906 was cold and gloomy. While the rest of the country made merry, the story goes that a lonely prospector, one Jim Swanson, struck gold thirty-seven miles northeast of Hawthorne in what would later be called the Rawhide District. As word of the strike spread, the dirt roads jammed with mule trains, horseback riders, wagons, stages and private automobiles.

A townsite was laid out in the fall of 1907 and by the next summer there was a sizeable canvas and wood business section, not to mention the structure in bawdy Stingaree Gulch, Rawhide's colorful red-light district.

Rawhide was plagued with the usual water shortage; what they had was hauled eight miles across the desert from Dead Horse Well and delivered for two fifty a barrel. Later a well was drilled and water piped to the town from Alkali Flat.

On September 4, 1908, fire, the old mining camps' traditional enemy, started in the Rawhide Drug Company's building and roared at full speed down Main Street, devastating at least eight business blocks. Relief measures were soon underway; provisions, blankets, clothing, automobiles and cash contributions poured into the stricken town from Reno, Goldfield, Tonopah and Fallon, until the citizens, overwhelmed by the largesse, found it necessary to request "no more relief."

Despite a partial rebuilding program, Rawhide's boom days were nearing the end. In three years mineral production totaled less than a million and a half dollars, a depression set in, the town gradually declined and residents moved away.

Though ore figures for Rawhide were low, glamor and excitement ran high with such conspicuous and controversial characters on the scene as "Tex" Rickard, a sports promoter who built the Northern Saloon on



an $8000 lot; ex-convict George Graham Rice, a slick wildcat mining operator and Nat Goodwin, well-known Broadway comedian. Riley Grannan, one of the biggest gamblers of the period, died in Rawhide in 1908 and at his funeral was eulogized by Herman Knickerbocker, an unfrocked preacher. Mr. Shamberger gives the famous oration in full.

The same year, Elinor Glyn, English author of **Three Weeks,** a racy, banned-in-Boston book, visited Rawhide and later commented on the town, the climate, the rattlesnakes and the people in **Romantic Adventure,** her 1937 autobiography. Published in 1970 the **Story of Rawhide** soon sold out but because of continuing demand has recently been reprinted. The book is paper bound, 8½x11, with 50 pages, 39 illustrations and 2 maps.

THE STORY OF SEVEN TROUGHS.
"there were four small towns"

Located twenty-seven miles northwest of Lovelock, Seven Troughs Mining District, organized September 6, 1906, was named for Seven Troughs Canyon which got its name from seven large stock watering troughs built in 1894.

In 1907 there were four small camps in the Seven Troughs District: Vernon, Mazuma, Seven Troughs and Farrell. Mazuma was the most prosperous town in the district, with numerous substantial buildings, including a hotel, lodging house and the Bank of Mazuma. On July 18, 1912, during a violent summer rainstorm in the mountains, a torrent of water rushed through Seven Troughs Canyon with incredible force. The town, situated at the mouth of the canyon, was almost wiped out; all of the buildings were destroyed except one. There are some striking photographs of flood destruction in the book and an account of those killed and injured by the raging waters.

The Story of Seven Troughs is paper bound, 8½x11, and contains 57 pages with 32 photographs and 2 maps.

The author has carefully researched his three books, interviewing old-timers, studying newspapers of the period and making numerous field trips to the townsites and mining districts. Though not easy to read, the books provide an excellent chronicle of the life and death of the mining camps; their legends, water supplies, calamities and their people.

Each of the Hugh Shamberger titles sells for $3.50 per copy, plus a twenty-five cent handling charge, and may be ordered from Nevada Historical Press, Star Route 1, Box 751, Carson City, Nevada 89701.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A YOUNG DESERT RAT
to catch a thought

In **Recollections** Daniel Cronkhite realizes his dream of writing and publishing an autobiographical work. Born and raised in California's San Fernando Valley, young Daniel soon saw a rapidly expanding Los Angeles encroach upon his agricultural paradise. A dairy farm gave way to a housing development, trees were toppled to the ground and the nearby wash was cleared of vegetation and paved with asphalt and concrete. On his return from a trip with his parents to the solitude and wonder of Death Valley, the boy found the city unendurable and made preparations for a life in the sagebrush country. He acquired an old printing press and at sixteen was printing and selling booklets on the history and magic of the desert.

Several years later Daniel left California for the desert. After a number of harrowing experiences in Tonopah, Nevada, and Arizona, he was making his way to Verdi, Nevada, somewhat hampered by his printing press, a house trailer and almost total poverty. The move was distressing and calamitous as he tells it: "Some seven miles into Nye County, near the turnoff to Mercury the road narrows from a divided highway to an older two-lane affair and descends in a long gradual slope. Down this grade my truck-trailer rolled gathering momentum far faster than I was aware of. The sinking sensation of moving too fast seized me, and I gently applied the brakes; but as if the Devil himself was in charge a freak wind suddenly swept across the highway and the cargo behind the truck began to whiplash, mildly at first but uncontrollably within seconds. I thank God for having the road clear of oncoming traffic, for the truck and trailer careened wildly down the two-laned asphalt road as I grappled in vain with the unmanageable steering wheel. Then the split second of eternity flashed before me and my mind was jammed with a thousand unanswered questions. I was yanked violently back into reality when the nauseating roar of the trailer flipping onto its side penetrated my senses. Helplessly I rode the stricken rig as it skidded

continued next page

COMMENT

continued from page 33

along in a shower of sparks and flying gravel, coming to a jack-knifed halt with the truck resting on the right front wheel, the trailer tongue and hitch twisted like salt water taffy."

When help came and a tow truck was summoned to upright the trailer, grief struck again: "When the tow truck's cable was attached to the framework of the trailer and the slack taken up I witnessed in horror the ultimate destruction as the frame separated from the body and the entire contents spewed onto the ground. It was like viewing the execution of a friend."

The destruction of his trailer left Daniel homeless and he moved himself and his printing equipment into an old building he rented in Verdi — sturdy enough but lacking heat and electricity. A cold wave with a low of zero degrees sent him shivering to bed covered with every blanket and coat he possessed as he had only a candle for light and heat.

Daniel apparently survived his hardships as **Recollections** describes further adventures; desert characters he met and the exploration of abandoned mines during which he received a warning from the "tommyknockers," little gremlin-like folk who warned miners of impending peril in the mines.

With Daniel Cronkhite's ability to surmount the all but insurmountable rigors of desert life and record them in fluent and vividly expressive prose, it is regrettable that in several instances spelling and grammar are at variance with established rules. An instance — on page 82 occurs one of the comical blunders dreaded alike by authors and editors — someone tripped over a homophone. Canadian geese, designated "Harbingers of Spring," are described as "beautiful long-necked foul," which certainly "fowled" up that sentence.

The Recollections of a Young Desert Rat, by Daniel Cronkhite may be purchased for $5.95 from his Sagebrush Press, Box 337, Verdi, Nevada 89439. The book is hard cover with superb typeset, 102 pages, 6½x9½ with 8 pages of illustrations.

MINT MARK "CC"
"a dark cloak of politics"

On January 6, 1870, eight years after authorization, the United States Branch Mint at Carson City, Nevada, opened its doors, a victim of the usual governmental red tape and exasperating delays.

This first book published on the Carson City Mint was written by Howard Hickson, curator of the Elko Museum and edited by Guy Shipler, Time-Life correspondent and local TV and newspaper political expert.

Mr. Hickson tells the complete story of the Mint, from the winning bid for the contract submitted by Abe Curry, founder of Carson City and first superintendent of the new mint, to termination in 1899 when the institution lost its mint status: "But it continued to function as a government assay office until 1933. In that year, the assay office closed and the tired building took an enforced vacation before taking on the job of housing the Nevada State Museum a few years later."

The last chapter of the book, "Gold Mine for Non-Miners," points out that even a mint can be exciting. It is the story of more than $75,000 in precious metal missing from the mint in 1895; the successful nationwide manhunt for the thieves and the resulting trials and sentences.

Mint Mark "CC" by Howard Hickson is paper bound, 97 pages 7x10 and contains 55 illustrations, an index, appendix and an impressive bibliography. Sold by the Nevada State Museum, Carson City, Nevada 89701 for $5.95 plus tax.

LOBO

William Childress, a member of the Poetry Society of America, was awarded the Gustav Davidson Memorial Award in 1972, and the University of Missouri Devins Award for this small book of poetry. On the somber side, much of **Lobo** is solely for the strong of heart.

Lines from "For My First Son,"

"I see trenchfoot and worms,
Wounds spilling gangrene
his delicate skin torn
by shrapnel. And then,
with eyes empty as spent
cartridges, he is packaged
for home. For these are the
gifts of male birthdays,
Wrapped in patriot slogans,
and sent by lying leaders.
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday to you,
Happy birthday my son,
Happy birthday to you.

From "The Werewolf,"

Oh, a few scattered dreams
tax even my credulity
as evening slinks forth,
and in them I lope with
a howling wind
to slouch through your garden,

continued on page 40

MORE ABOUT THE STATE MUSEUM IN CARSON CITY

We're sorry. Due to one of those gremlins that inhabit typewriters we made a bad mistake in our last issue. We reported that 40,000 visitors passed through the museum last year. The figure should have read over 400,000 people! A rather significant difference! This is all the more reason to repeat again what an outstanding job the museum is doing for the state. Our apologies to the chairman of the board of trustees, Thomas C. Wilson; and to the director, James W Calhoun.

GARCIA
continued from page 10

Ten dollars for each time a mustang threw a rider certainly was *easy money*, and Indians and mustangers scouted the hills and valleys, rounding up the orneriest horses.

The *Elko Independent* watched the proceedings with editorial glee:

> G. S. Garcia has received the wildest horse in America for the Elko Stampede on Labor Day. This horse is the ugliest, most ferocious one now in captivity. It nearly chewed an Indian up over in Eureka, and will be a feature for the big stampede.

Another news item said that all the horses are mean and known as the worst in the country. One was so mean that it lay down and died soon after reaching Elko.

In this period of rodeo history, each rodeo or stampede gathered its own horses as opposed to today's practice of contracting the stock. Garcia's string of buckers helped make the Elko rodeo one of the toughest for contestants throughout the Rocky Mountain West. To win at Elko was to show a man at his best, and such Garcia horses as *Movin' Picture* (a headliner from 1913 to 1915), *Bill Hell, Sometimes* (sometimes you rode him, sometimes you didn't), *Bold Hornet, Hell's Descent*, and *Black Demon* are recalled even today. They, like Garcia, related Elko to the golden age of rodeo when horses could buck with more gyrations in a ten-foot circle than a modern-day rodeo horse could conceive in an entire arena.

Garcia kept his string of buckers on his small ranch in Diamond Valley near Eureka. Some he sold to the cavalry and others were sent to his brother in California for saddle horse use. Always, however, he had too many horses. He was horse poor, a victim of that peculiar passion – mustang fever. He loved chasing and roping wild horses. Whenever a few hours' respite from the shop was taken he would saddle up and, with some similarly addicted cronies, chase mustangs.

Yet he found time between chasing horses and running his shop to father nine children. Four sons learned their father's trade as they matured, and as the shop itself became the most widely-known and most complete in the West. Garcia added a tree shop to make his own wooden frames for his saddles, and later a tannery, so he could select and tan the leather that would carry his name. Combined with the forging part of the shop, any order for spurs, bits or saddles could be filled without having to send for materials east or west of Elko.

In 1929, at the peak of his success, his eldest son, Walter, was killed in an automobile accident. The death of Garcia's eldest, coupled with his own sudden failing health, sent him into depression.

Three years later, when he was 68, and Elko's esteemed citizen, he astonished the town by announcing he was turning his firm over to his sons and returning to his California hills. Those who knew him sensed that the shop, the ranch and Elko itself were constant reminders of Walter.

In 1932 Garcia and his wife moved to Salinas. He never regained his zest for living and died within a year.

Six years later the sons moved the shop to Salinas and continued the Garcia saddle tradition until material shortages caused by World War II forced the shop to close for the duration. It reopened after the hostilities, but it was never the same. The men whose hands were their genius became obsolete as machines now began to turn out saddles, and spurs and bits, literally leaping out of automated presses.[1]

Today, Garcia stamped horse gear, catalogues of the firm, and even photos of Garcia, are collectors' items. In Elko some horse gear with the Garcia name is about, but it is not used now. Dena Sinclair, of the Elko Chamber of Commerce, says: "People have kept them for sentimental reasons and bring them out mostly for show purposes."

Perhaps this is the best tribute. It honors Garcia and a particular generation of horsemen – and a memorable era. □

[1]One of Garcia's sons, Les, currently manufactures bits, spurs and buckles in the handcrafted tradition at his home in Reno.



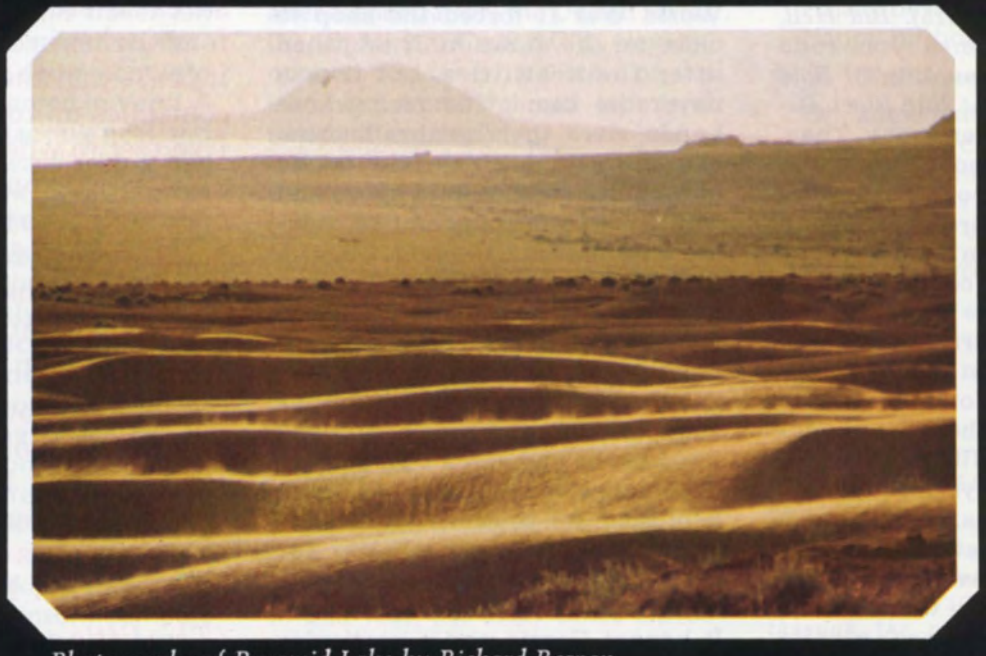
etc.

The biggest cottonwood tree in the world? The biggest in Nevada? Maybe not. But there is no question that this is the biggest tree in Carson City. It measures a stunning thirty-feet, four-inches in circumference at its base and the massive trunk continues up for about twenty-five feet to where the branches appear. Reason for its tremendous vitality is the small stream nearby which feeds it. The tree is located on the corner of Division and Washington Streets in central Carson City.

All of the above research (as well as the photo) was done by Reno resident Fred Lohse who would enjoy hearing from anyone who knows of a bigger tree. So would we. Drop us a note!

(This little column called ETC. will appear from time to time if you readers like it. It's yours to fill. Write us about anything the biggest, the smallest, the oldest — or what have you.)

Journey to Pyramid



Photographs of Pyramid Lake by Richard Rowan

A haibun by Helen Hope Colgan

Unwinding down the canyon with the Truckee River, from one lake—Tahoe—to river's end in the other, from mountains to desert, we drop about twenty-five hundred feet. The country changes.

Raising dust plumes
On the old highway
Construction truck.

A lava outcropping. Between, around and on the tumbled black boulders a slope of aspen, leaves strangely still this hot summer morning. Railroad tracks and a flume parallel the river. There is a deep-cut gorge through the Carsons: in side canyons a creek spills down white and an amphitheater of rock figures stands carved by wind and water. Slabs of basalt cut the river's current; the waters foam and eddy around an island.

In the road cut
A yellow flower blooms
Unidentified.

The slopes lower, less vegetated. We pass a farm with red-roofed barn, green lawns, white picket fence and a herd of milk cows. Through the canyon's mouth the valley below, an irrigated green, and desert mountains beyond are now seen. We go through Reno the back way.

A vacant lot
Trash
And tiger lilies.



Horses on the lawns and in a frontyard a corn patch. Over a rocky hill a green valley with ranches. In the distance beyond the first ridge, serrated peaks, cloud-touched. There are isolated clumps of pinon and juniper and still some spring greenery in the washes and beside the road. The jagged hills of broken boulders come closer, done in rich reds and browns.

The rocks . . .
Their age written
In the lichen.

We cross a cattle guard and onto Indian land. And then we see the lake, startlingly blue in this desert landscape. Cloud fringes hang above the hazy, sun-splotched hills. The pyramid on the far shore and the needles in the distance record the lake level on their banded sides as this small sea evaporates into the desert surrounding and confining it.

A small plane
Swoops and glides . . .
Sun glints too.

Gulls circle. Cows graze up the hill. There is a ridge of rocks sand-blasted smooth and ancient steam vents and fumeroles have hardened, turning to stone. Blanched tufa outcrops rise out of the sage plains, caves carved in their convoluted, wind-tortured forms. A small beach is covered with millions of tiny sea shells; sunbathers lie along a narrow strip of sparse grass. A dog whines; then only the sound of the waves breaking on the shore disturbs the silence.



In the lake
Washed by warm waves
Salt on the lips.

Dainty dragonflies
And out-sized horse flies
Sharing my raft.

The hot desert wind cools over the lake, but not the sea-shell sand. Hot sand and thistles make bare feet an adventure.

Finding beach treasures
Tiny shell fragments
And mottled rocks.

We also look for "spaghetti" rock but find none. A pelican floats by, so regal in flight. The hills change color as the sun shifts, the colors altering and varying ceaselessly while the rocks themselves seem changeless.

On the lake
Whitecaps gather . . .
Clouds above.

Clouds spot and stripe the aquamarine lake navy blue. The red-brown hills darken and soften to cinnamon, mauve, vermillion and magenta as afternoon spreads over the lake. The needles, half-lighted, glow. like a Rembrandt half black, half brown. As we turn to go, a plover runs ahead with short, quick steps. On the dirt road out a cow blocks the way; the acrid smell of dust hangs in the nostrils. We pass an oasis of trees. Leaving the lake,

A hilltop cross
Hung with plastic flowers
Undying.



COMMENT

continued from page 34

or lurk in the bushes lining
your path,
or light your windows with
my eyes.
And the wild grass of midnight
strafes my toes.

Lobo, 72 pages, published by Barlenmir House, New York, N. Y. should be available at your bookstore for $4.95.

THE PAIUTES OF PYRAMID LAKE
"Pyramid is a dying lake"

Ruth Hermann explored the early trails crossing the snow-topped Sierra Nevada, and the forty mile desert; she interviewed Paiutes of all ages, and owners of ranch lands encompassing Nevada's prehistoric Pyramid Lake in order to present a glimpse of the Indians, their culture and sociology, their lake and their trails in her scholarly book.

Mrs. Hermann, also author of "More Than Gold," and "Trail," column stories in **The Union,** Grass Valley-Nevada City, California, pursued her research from libraries in California and Nevada to the Library of Congress and National Archives in Washington, D. C.

A poignant scene is evoked when Chief Harry Winnemucca, great-great-grandson of Old Winnemucca, while looking over the blue water, retold the legend of the Stone Mother, a tufa formation resembling a Paiute woman sitting near her basket, for a film and tape recording.

The legendary Stone Mother had four children, two boys and two girls, who quarreled and bickered incessantly. In anger the mother banished one girl and boy to the north and the others to the south. After they were gone beyond recall the Stone Mother wept in sorrow and her tears formed the lake known as Pyramid.

Paiutes of Pyramid Lake is hardcover, 254 pages with numerous illustrations, some from old albums previously unpublished, a bibliography of note, an index and 5 maps. An autographed copy of the book may be obtained from the author, Ruth Hermann, Post Office Box 202, San Mateo, California 94401. Enclose $7.50 for the book plus sales tax and 75 cents mailing costs for each copy.

EASTERN SIERRA JEEP TRAILS
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Inyo Mono Jeep Trails

Roger Mitchell, resident of Bishop, California, in his books on jeep trail travel, gives sage advice on the essentials needed for a jeep trip and for following off-the-road rules. After equipping your four wheel drive vehicle with all necessities, from extra water to a Citizens Band Radio, you may be ready to head for the back-country.

Inyo Mono offers many choices — petroglyphs in the black lava mesas, old mines and mining camps, fossils in the Coso Range, the crest of the Inyos and Glass Mountain Traverse, to name a few.

The Eastern Sierra jeep trips are on public land which involves a variety of land practices and policy. For example, much of the Inyo National Forest is in the John Muir Wilderness where motorized vehicle travel is not permitted. Other trails and wilderness areas are closed to vehicles, but most are clearly posted. Back road trips in the Eastern Sierra include Coyote Flats from Bishop, primitive campsites in Rock Creek Canyon, Copper Mountain, or Wolf Creek in Alpine County.

Death Valley Jeep Trails, the first Roger Mitchell book in this series and **Western Nevada Jeep Trails,** recently published, are now available.

There are a number of attractive photographs by the author in each book. Paper bound, 5½x8½, 36 pages, each contains a map that you may find less than adequate. Published by La Siesta Press, Box 406, Glendale, California 91209, at $1.00 each.

A Letter to the President

Dear Mr. President:

A few months ago we in Nevada collected 925 signatures on a petition to you. As I understand it, your White House staff did not forward it on to you, but sent it to be answered by one of the people there to be answered for you.

Therefore we have collected another 1527 signatures from the people here in hopes your staff will let this message get through to you.

If your staff intercepts this petition again we will collect additional signatures and keep trying our best to get a message to you.

Most of us live and work in the smaller communities in Nevada, and we are being driven out of our homes and off our mining properties by a combination of directives from the Forest Service, the BLM and poor economics of the rural area. Small mining is being destroyed.

Millions of acres are being taken up in wilderness classification. This is absolutely worthless to any of us who live and work here. If an area is without roads how will a family man who works at a job get to enjoy it? We want to prospect, ranch, look for bottles, rock hound and be free to do so, in our four-wheel drives.

If the forests are overpopulated, get the bureaucrats out and there will be a lot more room for everybody.

Thank you for listening,
F. W. Lewis, president
Washoe County Chapter,
Nevada Miners &
Prospectors.

Published in the Eureka Miner, December 29, 1972.

The other side of the coin.
Pauline De Witt.

□

Is Nevada great for camping and water sports?







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MORALISTIC MINING CAMP
continued from page 17

wondered why, after turning down the property a few years back he bought it now.

It was never verified, but the popular conjecture was that when Jesse Knight tried to draw out the million or so dollars he had deposited in Wingfield's bank, the bank didn't have that much money and Wingfield, to avoid a ticklish situation, talked Jesse into selling out the Aurora property to the Goldfield Consolidated and leave his banked money intact.

The new owners took over the property in 1915 and as they didn't have the same ideas that Jesse Knight had the place took on a completely different atmosphere. Several saloons were opened complete with gambling tables and dance hall girls. A number of Chinese people moved over the hill

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from Aurora and set up their camp on the flat below Mangum where they had easy access to the tailing pond of the mill. The Indians whose employers had moved to Mangum moved over too, and sat up their living quarters a short distance from the camp. Mangum soon became a second Aurora.

Jesse Knight, though, was spared from knowing about the downfall of his town, for shortly after selling out he died. One of the rumors had proved to be true.

After Jesse Knight's death the town's name was changed to Wingfield. It was a lively place for two more years, and then one of the other rumors proved true—the mines began running out of ore. Before long the big boom was over and people left the camp as quickly as they had come. The Wingfield people wasted no time in cleaning up the place. All the mining equipment and buildings were either sold or moved to another of their properties, and by 1919 the town had almost completely disappeared.

Today there is little left at the site of Mangum-Wingfield except the foundations of the huge mill lying against the foot of Last Chance Hill, and the rubble of concrete and boards where the rows of houses were. Sagebrush roots pushed up and cracked the floor of the tennis court, and pine and juniper trees took root there. Even less remains of the swimming pool—its concrete siding cracked and fell, and through the years the wind has almost filled it with soil. Sagebrush and trees have grown up in it and it now appears to be only a natural depression in the earth.

The only other remains of the town are the trees which were there to begin with — lofty pines and bushy junipers still casting their shade over the broken remains of Jesse Knight's good mining camp.□

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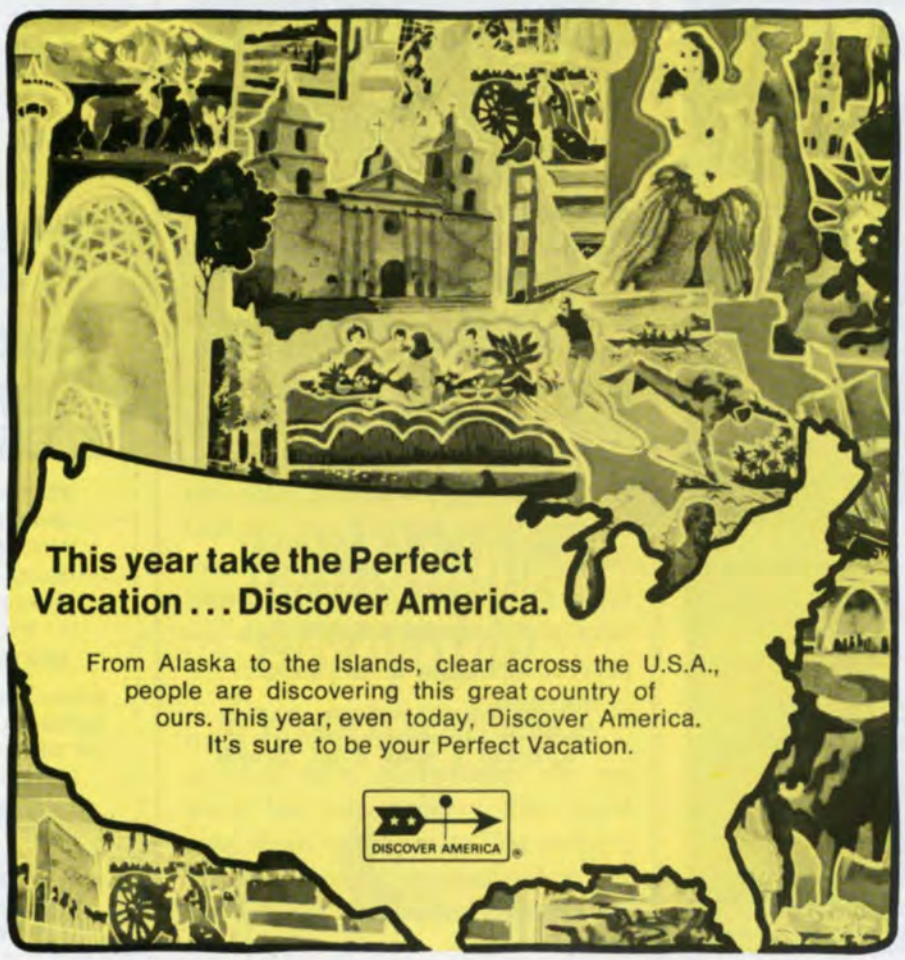
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