

LOSS OF A FOUNDING FATHER AND ORIGINAL BOARD MEMBER

From Fargo

Sad to say I have just received news that we have lost an RCCSA Founding Father an original member of the Roop County Board of Commissioners

Founding Father, Sundance, (Gene Crokus) passed away on October 8, 2011.

Gene was born on September 15, 1952.

Gene is survived by his daughter Bridget Crokus of Salt Lake City, UT.

If you need any further information please contact me.

RayBerg 775-857-3535

or ConFargo@att.net.

SHERIFF'S BLOTTER

By Jasper Agate

Howdy all,

Wow, 30 shooters in Nov that's great!! I hear that everyone enjoyed Longarm's stages. We had five clean shooters and a couple of others clean with a "P". I saw that Doc and Daisy joined us, welcome back!! I can't say much about the match, as I was in a warm and sunny place, but more on that later.

Washoe Zephyr is writing the stages for Dec and he is very excited about his plans! He told me he has been Christmas shopping for the match and asked if I would bring coffee, tea and hot chocolate for after the match. If it's cold I'll bring out Mister Heater, he keeps plenty of folks warm! Thanks to Snake Oil Charlie for building us some wind screens for those cold days. Hopefully we won't need them!

BeeBad and I went to Mexico for ten days part of which was during our monthly match. I asked my dear wife to try not to plan anything on our weekend to shoot and the only thing in the way next year is Woody's (our son) wedding next OCT. We left Reno early on the 9th and it was cold! We landed in Los Cabos 40 minutes north of Cabo San

Lucas. We rented a car and we were off. The first thing I saw were loose unaltered dogs doing what they do and I thought to my self "Yep, Mexico". The next thing I saw were chickens scurrying across the road as we approached them. Soon there after it was the scrawny cattle that affirmed my conformation that I was really in a third world country. We drove north 45 minutes to the small town of Los Barilles. This is where we did

of the 30 minute ride was on a "road" that was paved in places with large potholes and the rest was dirt. Our instructions were to turn past the cow sign and just past km marker 23. The road was more of a trail and it was stone dark. We made it to the little town of Las Tinas and we found our home for the next nine days. Once we unlocked the gate and pulled in closing the large gate after us it was amazing inside the



our money exchange and hit the grocery. At first it was a little unnerving to see the price of everything in Pesos. The exchange rate was somewhere around 13 pesos to the dollar. We spent 2700.00 pesos on groceries that evening. The rest

property totally landscaped, swimming pool and appointed by Martha Stewart. It was a two-story house with a thatched roof. No insulation or drywall on the ceiling just palm fronds, 2X4 framing of coconut and palm and all held together

with rawhide. Now don't think we were lacking any amenities the appliances were all new Bosh manufactured. It had an elaborate water system that comes from the local Rancher. He shut off the water on the weekend, but we had enough storage for all our uses on the property. The whole house was setup on a reverse osmosis filtering system. The bedrooms were down stairs and the ocean beach was just beyond that. We settled in, had a celebratory Margarita and I cooked dinner. The next few days were more of the same. We went into Las Tinias and hit the Tortillaria for fresh flour and corn tortillas. The local community had a small amount of pavement right in the middle of "town". We went out to eat one evening at the taco trailer, it might have been a trailer but it didn't look like its moved in years. The beach was very private with only a dozen of gringo homes on the beach and you could walk for miles in either direction. The ocean was warm and we spent a lot of time in it. We went snorkeling and we saw all kinds of sea life. Be sure to ask BeeBad about the eels! There were two kayaks for us to use also. The pool was actually warmer than the ocean. The ritual was to spend some time in the ocean; use the outside shower then hit the pool. It was tough; I had to try to do all this with a drink in my hand! All the locals we met were very nice, but no one spoke English. My mind is still translating back and forth and as most of you know I have trouble walking and chewing gum! All good things must come to an end and we had to pack up and come home, but before we did we spent a long time snorkeling and I ended up with a slight sunburn. On the drive out when we stopped for fuel we watch a hummer roll in. It was the Army. There was a guy on top holding on to a M60 machine gun. It had the large ammo can on it and the soldier had a full-face mask on. Then the doors opened up and all these youngster piled out with FN-FAL's strapped to their chest. I WAS READY TO GET THE #@\$ OUT OF MEXICO. In true Mexican tradition they were just getting air in the tires, but that didn't make me feel any better. We headed south towards the airport and not more than five miles down the road we hit a roadblock of army guys. They had five hummers, all with machine guns and two transports with little well armed soldiers

running around. One of the little guys waved us on and my buddy Randy who was driving was slightly apprehensive of moving forward. We made it through that mess and arrived at the airport with out any more trouble. As soon as we cleared customs we hit the bar and I had numerous cocktails!!!

Have a wonderful holiday and we'll see you on the range,

THE DEPUTY'S DESK

By Toni 2 Bits

HOLIDAY PARTY!!!

Miss Rickey and Irish Ike would like to invite you and yours to a Holiday party at our home.

December 17th From 3 to 8 PM. As you can see by the time it's an informal come on over when you can event.

Please RSVP if you can so we can make sure we have enough good cheer and some good finger food.

Map to follow.

Ike

TONOPAH'S HUMBLE BEGINNINGS ROOTED IN MINING, RACIAL TENSIONS AND FIRE

From the RGJ

A new century was dawning when Jim Butler, rancher and part-time prospector, stumbled on what would become the state's second silver bonanza. The first, of course, was Virginia City.

It was May 19, 1900, when he noticed outcroppings that seemed to contain ore. One assay was disappointing but a later one proved the rocks contained high-grade silver.

In August that year, Butler and his wife returned, staked five claims and named the valley Tonopah.

Tonopah is an Indian word that translates as "greaswood" water or spring. The Northern Paiute name for greaswood is "to-nav" and water is "pa." The Shoshone word for greaswood is "to-nuv." So, the

whites combined the two and came up with Tonopah.

In November, he returned to his claims with his pals Tasker Oddie, who would one day be governor and a U.S. senator, and Will Brougher. Blasting 2 tons of rock earned them \$500. Soon, he had miners doing the hard work while he reaped the benefits. But within a year, he sold his claims for an astounding \$336,000.

The rush to Tonopah was on and soon a town began to grow. Some called it New Belmont, but officially, it was named Butler City after its founder. It was reported there were 650 people there. And they were crowded into the 185 tents that covered the hillside.

The tents of Tonopah soon gave way to more sturdy structures and Tonopah was on its way to becoming a modern town.

However, that didn't mean the center of the new bonanza was without problems.

Claim jumpers were a constant threat and in 1903, Oddie was able to convince Wyatt Earp, famous for the fight at the O.K. Corral in Tombstone, Ariz., to come to Tonopah and work for the Tonopah Mining Company. Earp's reputation preceded him, and it wasn't long before those problems ceased.

Earp would remain in Tonopah for another two years, working occasionally for Oddie, but his main interest was the Northern Saloon that he owned and ran.

In addition, he and his brother, Virgil, who worked as a lawman in Goldfield before his death there in 1905 of pneumonia, worked a number of unprofitable claims in the Bullfrog Mining district.

It was during this time, Tonopah faced a war -- a race war between the whites and Chinese. Shortly after dark on Sept. 15, 1903, some 50 white men descended on the

Chinese section on the west side of town. They stormed into house after house waking the occupants and ordering them to leave town by noon.

Not satisfied by that threat, they returned at midnight, this time beating and kicking the helpless Chinese and threatening them with murder. One group marched a group of Chinese outside town where they were savagely beaten. But instead of leaving, the Chinese returned to their homes.

It was the same at the Wing Sing Washhouse. Four men stormed the building and killed Ping Lung. The good residents of Tonopah were outraged and called for action.

A total of 18 men, all members of the Tonopah Labor Union, were arrested. Three of them were charged with Lung's murder. But they wouldn't be in jail long.

Even the sheriff, James Cushing, found no good with Chinese and fired two of his deputies who tried to investigate the matter.

A preliminary hearing for the alleged assailants began on Sept. 21. Finally, 600 pages of testimony later on Oct. 9, the hearing was over. The following day charges were dropped against 12 of the men, the judge saying there was insufficient evidence, the identity of the men by their victims notwithstanding. The remaining five, charged with murder and assault, were taken to Belmont but released by a grand jury on Dec. 11.

Thus ended Tonopah's, or rather Butler City's, race war.

Two years later, in 1905, the town's name was changed to Tonopah.

In 1911, came the dreaded Belmont Mine fire that left 17 men dead.

It was a cold winter morning when men arriving to work the day shift noticed a column of smoke pouring from the mine. Assured there was no danger, the men went to work.

Shift boss Frank Burke rode down to the 900-foot level with the workers to investigate. From there, he continued to the 1,056-foot level. The winze there connected three tunnels at the 1,000, 1,100 and 1,166 levels.

Thirty more men arrived at the lower levels and they, too, were hesitant to stay, but like the others, they were assured there wasn't a problem.

But there was a problem. Some men already had sent a distress signal and were taken to the surface. Others fled to safety from connecting tunnels.

But for the 17 left, there was little help. Incredibly, Tonopah had no fire or rescue equipment, so any rescue attempt was futile.

The next day, when the smoke had cleared, the bodies of 11 men, overcome by the toxic gases, were found at the 1,100-foot level. Deeper in the mine were the bodies of Burke and five others.

Following a mass funeral for the men, wagons carried the coffins with the dead to a small graveyard at the north end of town.

Volunteers worked throughout a blizzard to see that all were interred. Another fire in that mine in 1939 caused it to be closed permanently.

In those early years, the Campbell & Kelly Foundry & Machine Shop opened. It still is in operation today and is run by John Campbell.

The Mizpah Hotel also got its beginnings in the early years of the 20th century. Now after years of being closed, it has just reopened.

Tonopah, on the main route between Reno and Las Vegas, continues to thrive and is home to many beautiful old historic structures that tell the history of the town.

In honor of Tonopah Tom Belmont (Paul and Patty Butler).

MATCH DATES

AREA MATCHES

HIGH PLAINS DRIFTERS:

First Sunday of each month, Fernley, NV. Contact Irish Ike at (775) 424-2336.

SILVER STATE SHOOTISTS:

Matches are the third Sunday of the month at the Carson Rifle and Pistol Range. Shooters meeting is at 9 AM spring and summer hours and 10 AM fall and winter hours.

UPDATE

BRIDGEPORT VIGILANTES COWBOY SHOOT DATES

2010

3RD SATURDAY OF THE MONTH

May 15th we will have a bar-b-que after the Shoot

July 19th

July 24th

August 20th Robbers Roost Vigilantes will join us. After the shoot there will be a bar-bq hosted by Bridgeport Vigilantes

September 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th 3 day Bridgeport Vigilantes Eastern High Sierra shoot out

October 23rd

November 13th Last shoot of the year

November 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Defend the Robbers Roost, Ridgecrest, Ca.

December 18th Bridgeport Vigilantes Christmas Party

Directions to new range — off hwy 395 true on hwy 182 go 3.6 miles to cowboy shot sign. Fernley come hwy 338 to hwy 182 at state line go 8.6 miles to cowboy shoot sign.

For more information

Call bodie kid

Home 760-932-1139

Cell 760 - 937 - 5463

www.bridgeportvigilantes.com

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