

Native American Show

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Native American dances, arts, crafts, food and stories were all part of the first Native America Cultural Arts Day at Gardnerville Elementary School last Friday, and the Native American Cultural Arts Show the next

day, open to the public, also at GES. A fashion show of Native American costumes of this area and elsewhere in the U.S. was presented, featuring many girls and women

from the Washoe Tribe as models. James Shoshone, 15, took best of show in the arts awards. For more pictures, story, see page 8-A. Jay Aldrich photo.

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Basketball Hall of Fame

JOHN BORDA

Though he stood just 5-foot-6, 120 pounds, Borda scored 1,016 points during a career that spanned 1947-51, good for seventh on the school's all-time scoring list. He twice was selected for all-state honors and set a conference scoring record with his 18.8-point average as a senior during the 1950-51 season. He went on to play two seasons at the University of Nevada-Reno and later was the head basketball coach at Carson High.

JIM SUMMERS

Still holds Nevada's all-time single-game scoring record with 70 points in the 1952 regular season finale against Stewart. That performance clinched the conference scoring crown and was frosting on the cake for a senior season in which he was an all-state selection. The 5-foot-10 Tiger finished his career with 1,308 points, which stood as a school record for 19 years. Summers was also an all-state football player and served as president of the student council his senior year.

HANS BOEVING

With 1,211 points during a four-year career between 1955 and '59, Boeving is the fifth all-time leading scorer at Douglas. His single-game high came as a junior in 1958 when he gunned in 38 points against Manogue before fouling out in the third quarter. The 6-foot-7 Boeving, a native of Germany, was an accurate free throw shooter, once connecting on 20 consecutive charity shots in a game. He received a basketball scholarship from USF, then just three years removed from back-to-back NCAA championships of the Bill Russell era.

JERRY GRAY

Gray is the No. 1 rebounder and No. 2 scorer in Douglas history. He was a four-year starter for the Tigers, missing only two games between 1967 and '71. When his illustrious career came to an end, the 6-foot-5, 210-pound Gray had 1,324 points and 1,301 rebounds. He averaged 16.9 points and 18.4 rebounds as a senior while leading the Tigers

to a runner-up finish at the 1971 state AA tournament and was selected as the league's co-Player of the Year.

DAN STRATTON

A 5-foot-8 guard, Stratton was a "floor leader" who played in every game for Douglas during its drive to the 1971-72 state AA championship. In that, his junior season, Stratton led the Tigers in assists and also carried a 9.1 point scoring average. Defense was his trademark, and he was particularly effective on the press — he and Steve Self combined to hold White Pine's backcourt scoreless in one 1973 game. He was also an honor student in the classroom.

GARY PRICE

The 6-foot-6 Price was part of the most dominant front line to play at one time for Douglas, combining up with Eric Reuter in the 29-2 state AA championship season of 1978-79. Price set a school record with 641 points (19.4 average) as a senior that season, leading the team not only in scoring but in rebounds and steals, plus he shot 62 percent from the field. He is fourth on the all-time Douglas scoring list with 1,241 points in three seasons. He went on to play four years for Navy. The victim of a hit-and-run accident shortly after graduating from the Naval Academy, Price returned to Gardnerville and remains active with the Douglas basketball program as an assistant coach under Andy Hughes.

WALT POWERS

The coach compiled a 114-72 record (.612) during eight seasons between 1945 and '53. Powers directed the Tigers to a 21-5 record and runner-up finish in the 1950 Western A conference tournament, where they lost to Reno in the finals, 40-38. The Tigers got their revenge three years later with a 68-44 thrashing of Reno in the zone tournament championship game. That was the highlight of a 22-8 season. Powers also coached football and served as athletic director at Douglas.



INDUCTEES. Four former Douglas High basketball standouts were on hand for the introduction of the school's basketball hall of fame Tuesday night, including (from the left) Dan Stratton, Jerry Gray, Gary Price

and John Borda. Jim Summers, Hans Boeving and coach Walt Powers were also recognized during ceremonies conducted at halftime of the Douglas-Manogue game. R-C photo

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ALL OF FAME. Gary Price MVP for the 1979 AA state
as one of seven original in- champion Tigers, accepts his
ductees into Douglas High certificate here from his
school's Basketball Hall of former coach, Randy Green.
ame in December. Price, co- R-C photo

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A cold wind in the willows

Washoe women struggle
against hazardous spraying and
youth's disinterest to preserve
traditional basket-making art

To the Washoe Indian women, there's something very spiritual about willows — supplely swaying at the hint of pleasing breezes, they perform a poetic dance by the river side. The women have been picking their branches each autumn for generations to make baskets.

To Carson Valley ranchers, willows are water-sucking parasites determined to leave none for livestock and crops, clogging irrigation ditches with their roots. The ranchers spray them with herbicides each fall and kill them.

Unaware that willows they have picked have been sprayed, some Washoe women have been poisoned after splitting the long rods with their teeth to make threads. They had blisters break out around around their mouths.

It's getting more and more difficult for the Washoe to find good willows, having learned the hard way by those poisoned. They know better now. A good willow is hard to find.

Fewer healthy willows, coupled with the lack of interest of younger Washoe women to continue the art of basket making, have the tribe's elders distressed. They fear for the loss of an art that made their tribe famous.

"Mother and grandmother used to go and pick them anywhere," says JoAnn Smokey Martinez, her high cheekbones, dark eyes and complexion distinctive of her race. "Because of the spraying, we have to go to the hills."

Phil Nalder is weed control manager for the Douglas County Parks Department. He sprays willows along roadsides and in ditches for ranchers using a mixtures of herbicides and diesel fuel.

"Willows are very, very prolific," Nalder says. "They'll take over a full (irrigation) ditch."

He says preserving water is important to the valley's ranchers, particularly during drought periods when they might only receive 40 percent of the water needed for their crops and livestock.

"Of course they're going to try to save every drop they can get," says Nalder.

Once sprayed, willows loose their leaves, turn brown and die in about three days.

One Washoe woman was recently picking willows at the side of a road when a rancher stopped and told her they had just been sprayed the day before. "I was lucky," she says.

The Washoes have some ranch land of their own, about 1,000 acres near Gardnerville, on which some willows grow.

"We won't let our bosses spray," Martinez says of the tribal leaders. "There are not too many areas (on Washoe land) for willows to grow."

And not just any willow will do for basket making, she explains. They must be soft and bendable, not dry or tough. The Indians may go through groves of unacceptable willows before finding stalks that will suffice.

Martinez is 66 years old and one of only four elderly Washoe women who still make baskets — a form of art for which the Washoes are historically most famous.

Her older sisters Theresa Smokey Jackson, 71, Lucille Smokey Morris, 69, and friend Marie Simpson Kaizer, 61, sat at the linoleum kitchen table drinking coffee, weaving baskets and lamenting the art of their ancestors.

Before the white man came to the Carson Valley and Lake Tahoe area, and indeed until the mid-1930s, the Washoe would live in teepees off their vast lands on both sides of the Sierra ridge. Healthy willows were as proliferous as basket makers and baskets.

Descendants of the hunters and gatherers now live in stucco tract and mobile homes in Dresslerville — a village so named for one of the largest ranchers in the Carson Valley who deeded 40



The search is getting more difficult for JoAnn Smokey Martinez to find the right willows for basket making.

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acres to the tribe. The land they now call their own spans about 1,000 acres in the Gardnerville area, with an additional 3,000-acre ranch on the north end of the Carson Valley. Private ranchers deeded the property to the Washoe, which is technically held in trust by the federal government. They have no land in the Tahoe Basin.

"We'd still be going there today if we had some place to go," says Washoe tribal chairman Vernon Wyatt, remembering his childhood days as late as the 1950s camping at lakeside near Camp Richardson.

"I used to watch my grandmother make baskets at Lake Tahoe," says Marie Kaizer. "That's how I learned."

"Watching grandmother making baskets — we thought they were going to live forever, I guess," Martinez says. "But we're the elders now."

And as elders they feel a responsibility to their ancestry, their traditions, their art — their youth.

"We're trying to revive our art, but the young people aren't interested," Martinez says.

They don't have the patience, the elders claim.

"When it gets hard, they don't keep trying, they give up," says Theresa Jackson. "Life is too fast these days, everything is press the button."

Lynn Walker, director of Up with Kids — a recreation and education program for Washoe and white children in Alpine County — said the Washoe youth are "going off to school and learning the American Way.

"Because basket weaving takes so long and these women are living in the 20th century — all the young women I know are doing a variety of jobs to survive," Walker says.

In defense of the young Washoe women with children, Tribal Education Coordinator Sherry Smokey says, "It's two-income paychecks that foot the bills these days, whether it's white women or Indians — with laundry, the children ... there's not a lot of time left for crafts. That's the facts of life."

Kaizer doesn't want to accept this.

"If the kids don't learn now, who's going to teach them?" she asks.

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Theresa Jackson laments that younger tribal members don't want to learn the art.

Museum offers financial incentive to keep basket making art alive

To the American consumer, native American art is *in*. Desert southwest is chic; geometric-patterned blouses, blankets and baskets, adobe walls, serape-draped sofas, cacti in the corner. Tribe is trendy.

Susan Evans, director of the South Lake Tahoe Historical Society Museum, knows it.

She also knows the Washoe Indian women, with a history of life at Tahoe and in the Carson Valley, are struggling to keep alive their ancestral art of basket weaving.

The poisoning by ranchers of willow reeds necessary to make baskets, the forgotten locations of various plants and roots needed for decorating the baskets and a lack of interest among young Washoe women to pursue the art, have left the few weaving elders disconsolate.

Evans and her husband Jerome own an art gallery in Sacramento specializing in traditional and primitive arts — they want to preserve and encourage the basket making of the Washoe as much as the elders do.

So she has provided an incentive — an economic incentive.

The Washoe can sell their baskets to the public at the museum. The first one was sold last week for \$150 to a Seattle woman who owns a timeshare in South Lake Tahoe. It was a two-inch-by-two-inch, one-rod degikup — made by Washoe Indian Florine Conway who lives in the Carson Valley.

"A lot of people are hungry for this," Evans says. "They're begging me for it."

And they're paying for it.

"We have to have it viable enough so the Washoe young people will want to continue, or begin, that art form," she says.

Baskets, ranging from utility to decorative, can fetch between \$100 and \$1,000 depending on the size, shape, design and finesse of the baskets, she says. Washoe bead work and jewelry are sold at the museum as well.

Evans considers this the beginnings of a revival of Washoe art in the area. It's the first revival since the 1920s, she says, when Washoe

basket maker Dat-so-la-lee (or Louisa Keyser as she was also known) brought the art to the American public. It was her benefactors, Amy and Abe Cohn, who recognized her talent and predicted its marketability. Abe Cohn owned a men's clothing store called Emporium Co., in Carson City as well as a basket shop in Tahoe City, where he sold Dat-so-la-lee's baskets, getting as much as \$1,400 in the 1930s for a degikup-style basket. Dat-so-la-lee lived in a feudalistic-type arrangement with the Cohns. She made baskets all day everyday in exchange for lodging, food, clothing and medical bills for herself and her husband Charlie.

Most Washoe baskets are made primarily from willow reeds tightly woven together. Mud-dyed bracken fern root and redbud root are often used for the contrasting color material to make patterns in the weave.

However, not only are good willows becoming scarce, but the modern-day Washoe is having a hard time finding the bracken fern and redbud. Their grandmothers always knew just the spot to dig for the roots in Tahoe, but because the Washoes no longer have land here, those places are forgotten or the roots are no longer indigenous to those areas, Evans says. "They're not growing where they used to grow when they were children," Evans says.

Recognizing the predicament, Evans is working with the U.S. Soil Conservation Service and U.S. Forest Service to identify and locate native plant materials, used both in basket making and medicines.

The owners of the historic Celio Ranch in Meyers have opened their land to the Washoe women as well, allowing them to gather willows and roots on the property.

What Evans really wants, she says, is for Tahoe to give back some land to the Washoe tribe.

"The Washoe should have a place up here that is set aside for them. They could come up in the summers and have a place like they used to have — to re-experience their homeland."

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Autumn in Alpine

by Jerome Sprout

Alpine County each year greets many fishermen, hikers, cyclers, campers, rafters and skiers — nearly 2 million visitors enjoy the 775-square-miles of peaks, lakes and meadowlands that lie just south of Carson Valley. But for locals, the time to get out and explore is autumn.

The RVs are gone. The skiers haven't arrived. Mornings are frosty crisp and a warm afternoon sun bastes russet and green-gold panoramas unsurpassed in California: mountain meadows splashed with aspen, willow and cottonwood, fringed by forests and dwarfed by peaks. It's everywhere, for Sunday drivers, hikers, and those who just want to lie back and watch leaves flutter down through a pure blue sky.

Some of Alpine's most remarkable (and accessible) spots are described below. All are a 30-minute to an hour's drive from Gardnerville. But

first, here's an introduction to some of the stars of the autumn color show.

The most colorful tree is the quaking aspen, known for its creamy smooth bark and round leaves that rustle silver and green in the slightest summer breeze. Early French-Canadian trappers reportedly believed this tree furnished wood for the Cross and since then has never ceased trembling.

A more widely accepted explanation for the quaking is its unusually long, flattened leaf stalks. In autumn aspen groves are a twitter of gold, with a few orange and red flares thrown in for accent.

The onset of fall color is not keyed to the first hard frost, as many insist. Biologists now believe that seasonal color change is a genetically controlled response to varying lengths of daylight, which, of course, depends on the time of year and the particular location of a tree. Still, when the aspens turn is a

good time to make sure your cordwood is stacked and covered.

Giant cousin to the aspen in the willow family is the cottonwood. It's a lover of sun and water that has adapted itself to areas of Nevada where rainfall is less than 10 inches per year — cottonwood roots shoot for deep groundwater of a river, lake or meadow.

The black cottonwood, the most prevalent species in the Tahoe Sierra, is the tallest broadleaf in the West, often soaring over a 100 feet with a trunk of several feet in diameter and, in fall, crowned by yellow leaves. The largest aspens are 60 to 70 feet with trunks about 1 foot to 18 inches.

Another major player in the Sierran autumn show is the willow. Although willow trees and bushes are easily distinguished from other flora, only a trained botanist can determine which is which among the 20 or so species of the Sierra.

The red willow is the 6- to

30-foot-high bush that dominates the stream banks, lakeshores and wet meadows of Alpine County. Its burgundy bark gives alluring contrast to pointed amber leaves of fall.

Along the centerline of a willow thicket — near year-around surface water — you'll normally find the mountain alder. This broadleaf bush with gray smooth bark can grow up to 30 feet high. Its leaves turn a rust color in the fall, although many fall off in a high wind without turning from dark green.

Another bright sight in fall is the wild rose, with tiny yellow-to-orange leaves and dotted with red rose hips. The hips, high in vitamin C, can be added to tea. Wild roses sometimes intermingle with willow, though they require less water.

Willows are the harbingers of fall. They begin their shift to gold around the first of September, and about a month to 6 weeks before the autumn show is at its peak.

Here are some choice areas:

MONITOR PASS

Take Highway 395 south to the Highway 89 turnoff, just south of Topaz Lake. You can go over the pass, through Markleeville, and loop back to the Carson Valley via Highway 88 at Woodfords. Many feel the aspen atop the pass are the most spectacular, accented as they are by frequent clumps of red.

The view west of the Sierra ridge is remarkable and the short walk to the lookout station makes a good leg-stretching side-trip in any season. During the spring, when the pass opens after a winter shutdown, Monitor offers some of the best cross country skiing in the Sierra.

HOPE VALLEY

This famed valley — a year-around lure to hikers, campers and fishermen — in the fall is perhaps the most beautiful spot accessible by car in the High Sierra. From Minden, take Highway 88 south to Woodfords and continue 6 miles west up the rocky canyon to Hope Valley. You can make the trip a loop by taking Highway 89 to

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Lake Tahoe and circling back to the valley via Kingsbury Grade or to Carson City via Spooner.

In Hope Valley are many picnic spots along the grassy banks of the twisting West Carson River. Aspen and willows everywhere. A side-trip is Blue Lakes Road to Faith and Charity valleys, the turnoff to which is two miles west of the junction of Highways 88 and 89.

PLEASANT VALLEY

At Woodfords, turn left at Highway 89 and continue 6 miles to Markleeville. Turn right at Hot Springs Road (it's the only turn in town), go 2 miles to Pleasant Valley Road and turn left. The valley is another 2 miles, the last of which is unpaved but passable in a passenger car. You'll immediately realize how Pleasant Valley got its name.

Great picnicking is available along the creek and a trail that leads to the heart of an aspen and cottonwood grove. Pleasant Valley is perfect for a family stroll — toddlers to grandparents. It's creek draws fly fishermen from around the West, and many history buffs explore its rugged side canyons for artifacts remaining from the Silver-boom days.

WOLF CREEK MEADOW

Head south from Markleeville on Highways 4/89 for 10 miles and take Wolf Creek Road on the left at Centerville Flat Campground. This part of the East Carson River is a favorite of rafters, fishermen and campers who are "self-contained." It's 6 miles in to the meadow, half of it unpaved and impassable after the first snow. The cottonwoods across the meadow from the road are among the largest anywhere.

There are two trailheads: The High Trail is on the road to the left, just as you enter the meadow; another trail (less strenuous and better fall color) begins at the end of the road that skirts the meadow — about 2 miles. Hikers and horsemen use these for high country access in the summer.

SILVER CITY — CHALMERS MANSION

Chalmers Mansion is several miles up Highway 4 from Wolf Creek Road, and the Silver City historical site is 2 miles beyond that. There is an open flat, dotted with aspen and fenced by towering Sierra peaks — the site of Silver City, the boomtown that was voted Alpine's seat at the county's inception in 1864.

Lord Chalmers' mansion, noted for the tall red brick chimney that towers before the house at the side of the road, is most of what remains of British silver mining capital invested here in the latter part of the 1800s. The Scossa brothers use the area for summer cattle grazing, so heed private property signs. Camera buffs take note: Be sure you have plenty of film. •



Nearly two million visitors enjoy the delights of Alpine County each year. Most come in the summertime, and so autumn is the good time for local residents to get out and explore. It's quieter, for one thing, and the fall color is spectacular. Yellows and reds, deep orange and rust, these hues paint the landscape with warm tones. Days can be warm and

sunny, with cool, crisp mornings and cold nights. The most colorful tree to be found in Alpine County is the quaking aspen, but others also abound, particularly along creek beds. Here, Jay Aldrich is intrigued by those leaves already fallen and wet from a passing stream.