

Message from the President CLAUDIA REIDHEAD

Hi folks! I guess that your going to have to put up with me for the next two years as the people here didn't nominate anyone else. I hope that the next two years go as well for us as the first year has. I know that we will work as hard as we have in the past. Mary, Vonnie and I all appreciate the support we have from everyone and hope that your confidence is justified. Bill & Zettia, two very special people that produce our newsletter, will definitely keep us on our toes. Their interest in our area is so strong that they spend as much time here as they can. I am always glad to see them. We need fund raising ideas. If you have any, please let me know. Also, if you have any ideas that will help us build our museum, write or call. The Bazaar idea came from Barbara Piatt when she offered the bibs and hot pads. I said we'd take them with no idea when we would use them and now we have a spring Bazaar. Coming on March 16th, and running in conjunction with the Rhyolite Festival, we will be having a man here teaching gold panning. So please help, any idea is valuable. Right now Mary and I are working on an idea that we will present to the club and if it is accepted, we should do real well with it. We are borrowing a photo collection from UNLV for display during the Bazaar. I know Lorraine won't be disappointed that we have borrowed her fathers photos of the area. Also I will have the cabin ready to display the artifacts that we have. There are some really great items in our collection and I'm anxious to show them off. Once again I owe a huge thank you to Peggy in the records office for help on an upcoming article on the Bullfrog Red Oak Mine. Also a large thank you goes out to Richard Lawrence for use of some photos of the Gold Ace which will be featured in the History section later this year. I really don't know what I would do if it weren't for people like these, that don't seem to mind that I am always calling on them for aid and assistance. To all for your support and help, THANK YOU!!!!

"RIBITS" from the editor....Bullfrog Billy

On July 28, 1908 someone very special was born in Rhyolite, Nevada. Just recently that same special person became a member of *BMHS*. A big welcome and a double "RIBIT" to Midge Ondes of

Rohnert Park, California. I know if I whisper a few sweet "RIBITS" in her ear, I will talk her into writing an article for us about her memories of Rhyolite. Also a welcome goes out to the other new members and hopefully the membership will continue to grow. A big "RIBIT-RIBIT" to the winners of our first election and I know they will all do a great job. Zettia and I were delighted with our recent trips to Beatty as we were there during the New Year holiday and again February 23-26. What a treat to be in Beatty and Rhyolite during the beautiful snow fall and we were able to capture a lot of pictures and a great video. We were so delighted with the great "frog" dolls that Mary Revert gave us during our February visit. Also a pleasure to be invited to join the Beatty Chamber of Commerce as an Associate member. Thank you Joannie and I accept the invitation. Thanks to Claudia for another great "home-cooked" meal. As always, a pleasure to visit with Clint and Ellen. Sunday morning was another educational and uplifting time for us, courtesy of Pastor Jeff Taguchi. Now we anxiously await our return to Beatty, March 15-18 to enjoy the annual Rhyolite Festival, the *BMHS* Bazaar and the most important asset in the area, all you wonderful people. Please take notice of all the great events listed elsewhere in the newsletter and hopefully you'll be able to attend many of them. For a little change of pace, the Bullfrog Mining District History section will feature part one of a two part feature, "Boom Times" which was first published in the 11/8/13 edition of the Saturday Evening Post. I had planned on printing part one in the May-June issue and then using part two as bait to insure everyone would renew their membership so they wouldn't miss the conclusion of the article. Then I got to thinking, I don't have to worry about membership renewals. I don't have to resort to bribery or tricks. I know renewals will be ONE-HUNDRED %. In fact, when the first renewal notices go out with the next issue, I think they should be called "Project 101%" notices. That means you not only renew your membership, it also means that you just might go the extra mile and recruit another member. I believe that the future of *BMHS* is a future that insures the preservation of the history of the Bullfrog Mining District and hopefully all of you believe that we need to continue to work together in this noble effort. Frogs like bugs and I've bugged you enough, so until the next time...."RIBIT-RIBIT"

Bullfrog Mining District History

IN BOOM TIMES

PART ONE

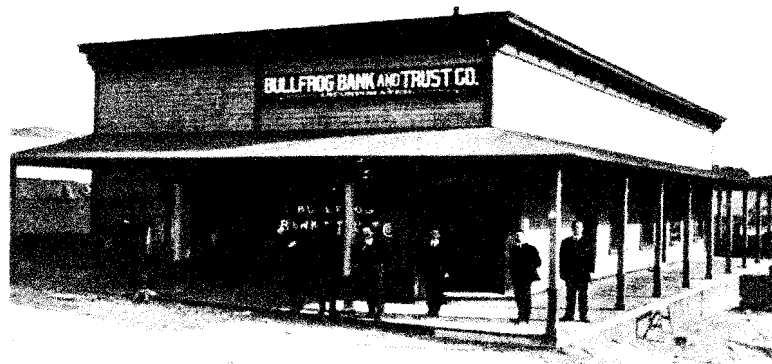
Being the Experiences of a Young Physician in a Nevada Mining Camp

He was big and brown and husky, and for the most part he inhabited the buffet car of the train that bore me westward. After two years among the sick in a crowded hospital the sight of so much health on the hoof was pleasing to the eye. He wore a slouch hat, a belted coat of olive drab, riding breeches and puttees, and carried them off so gracefully that they did not seem out of place on a passenger train. By the color of his skin he had lived much in the open air; but his large hands were well kept, and the cut of his riding breeches betrayed city tailoring of the expensive sort. I remember speculating idly as to who and what this brown giant might be. Somewhere west of Chicago, when silver dollars began to make their appearance in the buffet car, there was a noticeable thaw in the social atmosphere, a subtle change in the demeanor of the passengers. Tongues, tied by convention, became loosened, and conversation, thitherto sporadic, became general. The wholesome democracy of the West was asserting itself. "How far do you go, doc?" Thus the giant, as he dropped into a chair by my side, I was astonished. "What makes you think I am a doctor?" I asked. "Lots of things. I had two guesses. Am I right?" "You certainly are." We drifted into conversation. I explained that I was on my vacation, traveling for pleasure. "I've always wanted to see the West," said I. "I expect to spend a couple of months in Southern California." The big man shook his head. "You won't see any of the West there," said he. "San Francisco still has a few of the sons and grandsons of the forty-niners, but the southern part of the state is the tourist center of the universe. Los Angeles isn't a Western city, it's a mixture of Michigan, Iowa and Kansas. It's the buckle of the cafeteria belt, civilized to death! Now if you want to see the real West, where there's a bit of the wild and woolly left, don't miss the Bullfrog." "The what?" "The Bullfrog District, the newest and greatest mining country in Nevada. You've heard of Tonopah and Goldfield?" I nodded. No reader of the newspapers could have escaped the flaring full page advertisements of mining stock that Western promoters flung in his face day after day. "Well," said the big man, "there are better mines and better prospects in the Bullfrog than Tonopah ever saw. The Mizpah won't be a circumstance when some of our mines get opened up! Most of the men on this train are going into the new field. There's a big rush on now. See that fellow looking out the window? He's a mining expert from the Transvaal. The one next to him made a fortune in Dawson City and dropped it all in the New York stock market. He's going back to get some more. The fat old boy in the corner is a mining man from South America. "They are flocking into Nevada from all over the world because it's the big gold country, the coming country. Just as an experience it would be worth your while to take a trip into the Bullfrog. And then you might stumble on to a lot of money. Don't laugh; such things have happened. Look at the Goldfield millionaires today! How many of 'em know anything about mines or mining? They happened to be there when things started and had a few dollars to invest. One of 'em walked into the camp without a nickel; now he can write his check for two million, and get it cashed too. Take the case of ---" There followed wonderful stories of sudden wealth, of crazy antics of fortune's wheel, of cities born overnight and desert places populated as if by magic. Some of those stories, as I now know, were true. "Yes sir" concluded the giant; "gold is where you find it, and wherever you find it people will go. If you're out to see things, doc, you shouldn't miss this. It may be the last great gold-rush this country will see until Mexico opens up. Think it over." I began to listen to the conversation of the other passengers. They were nearly all mining men and they spoke a language I could not understand; yet I found it fascinating in its fragmentary state. Their figures of speech were generous and when they mentioned money it was in terms of millions. I recalled my youthful literary loves--*Roughing It* and the Western stories of Bret Harte. The last great gold-rush! Unquestionably it would be worth seeing. I began to think that I might do worse than follow the dusty trail of the Argonauts. For six years I had not allowed myself a vacation. After graduating in medicine I had spent two years under a celebrated surgeon in an Eastern hospital. The hours were long and

the remuneration small, but the experience was priceless. Following my Western jaunt I expected to spend two years in Europe specializing in certain branches of surgery. After that I would face the heart-breaking period through which every young physician passes, the struggle to earn a living and establish himself in the profession. I mention this simply to make it clear that curiosity and a desire to be entertained were the motives that set me down on the station platform in Las Vegas, Nevada, on a blazing day in August, 1906. My future, as I then saw it, was already outlined; the trip into the Bullfrog District was nothing more serious than a diversion, a vacation incident. In this careless spirit of adventure, and all unconscious of its significance, I took what has since proved to be the most important step of my life. I was never to use the return portion of my railroad ticket; and if I ever see Europe it will not be as a student. The desert was to claim the next four years, four years crowded with hard work and the kaleidoscopic changes that are part of a mining camp's existence. I am like the man who said: "Part of the show I saw; the rest of it I was." I place their responsibility with the first Western booster I ever met, the big brown man. Nevada swarmed with boosters in those days; they voiced the spirit of the country. I sometimes wonder where they are now, those cheery optimists of the boom times who talked and dreamed in seven figures, and never by any slip of the tongue admitted the possibility of failure. Two days later, stiff and sore, crusted with alkali dust and blistered with a fierce dry heat, I arrived in Beatty, then an important camp in the district and Rhyolite's rival as the metropolis of the Bullfrog District. In order to reach Beatty the stage traveled through one hundred and thirty miles of inferno that seemed to produce nothing but rock, cactus, sand, alkali and greasewood. Wherever my skin was exposed it felt as if it had been sandpapered and toasted over a slow fire. There had been strange experiences en route, but the one that made the deepest impression on me was the sight of drinking water on sale at fifteen cents a gallon! Beatty boasted one hotel, and boasted is the word, for modesty had no place in Nevada in 1906; and that hotel had "the only room with bath in the Bullfrog" as the clerk proudly informed me. Out of politeness I asked the price of this luxury and was told that it was twelve dollars a day. I presume the price of the water was included, but I do not know, for I did not occupy that room. The clerk at the hotel looked at my low shoes and straw hat and offered me advice. "Don't order any mixed drinks in this camp," said he. "It's not safe. The other night an Easterner went into a saloon down the line and ordered a gin daisy. Their regular bartender was off watch and old Fred Mitchell, a faro dealer, was taking his place. Fred was all right on the case goods and the straight stuff, but the gin daisy floored him. He was too proud to expose his ignorance before a stranger; so he went ahead and made up a drink with a little of everything in it. The Easterner tasted it and asked for his money back. One word led to another, and finally Fred lost his patience and took a shot at him across the bar, put a hole through his right hand. Poor old Fred was so mortified at missing a man right on top of him that way that he laid his head down on the bar and cried like a baby. No; it's not safe to order mixed drinks here." I listened to that story with my tongue in my cheek. Afterward, when I came to know Fred Mitchell, I found that it was true. To the day of his death he never ceased to count that shot as a miss. I did not remain long in Beatty. The rush was centering on Rhyolite and I went with it. As the stage topped the rise we looked down upon the metropolis of the Bullfrog District, a scattering of unpainted framed buildings and tents, spread out between two mountains and lying in the neck of a horseshoe of low, rocky hills. "Is that all there is to the town?" I should have known better than to ask such a question as that, and of a stage driver too! "Well, no," said he; "Not exactly. The skyscrapers are sort of hid behind Ladd Mountain. You can't see the Flatiron Building from here or the Elevated Railroad either." At that period there was not a two-story structure in the camp. The larger buildings were mere frames covered with canvas, and most of them were saloons, gambling houses and dance halls combined. Rhyolite, as I was soon to learn, was never more than one-third asleep. The day was divided into three shifts of eight hours each, one for work, one for sleep and one for recreation. In the bunkhouses, where bunks were built in tiers along the walls, no bed could be rented for longer than eight hours, and a late sleeper was usually dragged forth by the next occupant. Every bed worked twenty-four hours. Thus two men in three were always awake, one at work and the other idle. The idle ones amused themselves after their own fashion, the favorite pastimes in the order of their popularity being gambling, drinking and dancing, all under the same roof. I had been given a letter to the cashier of the Bullfrog Bank and Trust Company, the same that afterward became known as the Bullfrog Bank and Bust Company. I found the gentleman in a frame shack, unstrapping a suitcase. "Just a minute!" said he. "I'm opening the safe of this institution." "You don't mean to tell me you keep the bank's money in that thing?" "Why, sure! These people might kill a man, but they would never rob him." He finished opening the safe, after which he read my letter. "Doctor," said he, "I'm sorry; but I don't believe there's a bed in the camp or

a spare blanket. You didn't bring any blankets with you, I suppose? Too bad! Always ought to carry 'em in this country. Let's see! There's a small room in the back of the bank here that was occupied by a doctor from Salt Lake. He was called home suddenly and he left a spring mattress, a chair and an oil stove. If you can do anything with 'em, fly to it; it will beat sleeping on a chair in a saloon." I thanked him, cached my suitcase in the rear room and went out to see the camp. I mentioned to the cashier that I expected to pay my respects to the members of the medical profession. "Go see Doc Biggs," said he. "He's the loud noise in the doctor line." The streets were crowded with miners off shift, every gambling house was filled, and the brokers' offices were packed with feverish investors, a sight calculated to make the stranger believe that Rhyolite had confidence in its boom. Easterners were not the only ones who bought Nevada mining stocks. Everywhere I looked there was gold, a strange spectacle to the tourist acquainted only with paper money. The big yellow twenties were stacked behind the faro layouts and piled high in the checkcracks on the roulette and crap tables, a constant lure to those of a speculative frame of mind. Roulette was "the sucker game," with the percentage heavily against the player; the mule-skinners and day-laborers preferred craps and quick action upon small capital; but the seasoned gamblers, and there were hundreds of them in the camp, devoted themselves to the quiet and studious game of faro. Never before had I fully realized the meaning of the phrase, "money in circulation." It was circulating on all sides of me. Hundreds and thousands of dollars were trading owners every minute. The shouts of the crapshooters, the monotonous whining singsong of the roulette dealers, the rattling of chips, the tinkling of tinny pianos, the blare of the brass instruments and the stamping of the dancers melted into one steady roar of sound, stabbed here and there by the shrill whoop of a winner. I withdrew from this pandemonium and called on Doctor Biggs. He had lived in Alaska and mining-camp life was no novelty to him. "How are you with a knife?" was his first question. I explained that I had had some experience in surgical cases. "You're the fellow that I've been looking for!" said he. "I have some work up at the Miners' Hospital that has been piling up on me. Come along and help." The Miners' Hospital was a rambling structure that, when crowded, would accommodate twenty-five cots. The operating room was about the size of a hall closet, and it was lined with white oilcloth. The tables and sterilizing equipment were modern. The surgical cases were typical of the conditions existing in a new camp where there was neither a sewer system nor drainage of any sort. Water was scarce and so was fuel, so the laundry was not sterilized in boiling water; and, as fifty or sixty men used the same towel in the bunkhouses, cases of blood poisoning were common. Carelessness in attention to small wounds meant instant infection. In two hours we operated upon five cases, three amputations among them. Doctor Biggs allowed me to do most of the work and I was aware that he was watching me closely. I did not know it then, but his invitation to assist was in the nature of a tryout. "You would do well here," said he after we had finished. "This camp could use another surgeon." Nevada nights are cool, even in summer, and at an altitude of four thousand feet they are decidedly chilly. I found this out when I retired on a spring mattress without covering of any sort. Toward one o'clock I found some old newspapers and made a blanket of them; but the springs cut fancy patterns in my back and there were other reasons why I could not sleep. The theory that human vitality reaches its lowest ebb between midnight and morning does not apply to a Western mining camp in boom times. During the "graveyard shift" Rhyolite seemed wider awake and noisier than ever. "Boys, get your girls! Girls, get your boys! Let her go, professor!" Then the orchestra would rattle and crash and bang until the whole camp rocked to the noise. Because I could not sleep I heard the first tap at my door. It was Doctor Biggs. "Do you want to go out and see a typhoid case?" said he. "I might as well. I can't sleep." "All right," said Biggs. "There's a man here with a team, a mule-skinner from the California-Bullfrog Mine. A woman out there has the typhoid." "Fix me up some medicine and I'll be ready in a minute." Before I left I asked Doctor Biggs a question: "What shall I charge for this visit, doctor?" "Well," said he, "it's quite a long drive. You won't get back until afternoon. You ought to have one hundred and fifty dollars at least." "That's pretty steep, isn't it?" I gasped. "Everything is steep in this country," said the experienced practitioner. We drove until dawn along a road as straight as if it had been laid out with a gigantic ruler. When daylight came I could see the buildings of the mine at the head of the valley, but for an hour they seemed to come no nearer, though we approached them at a smart pace. That is a trick the clear atmosphere of the dessert plays on the tenderfoot. I attended to the case, left some medicine, with instructions as to how it should be used; and at the door the woman's husband put his hand in his pocket. "Doc," said he, "what's the damage?" I swallowed hard once or twice, every physician who reads this will recall his sensations when naming his first fee, but at last I managed to mention the amount suggested, with a rising inflection, which left the matter open to argument. To my great surprise the man

did not faint. He did not even blink, but counted out the gold as unconcernedly as if the yellow twenties were silver dollars. All the way back to Rhyolite I jingled that money in my pocket and meditated on the richness of a country where such things could happen. As soon as I reached the camp I was called upon to perform a major operation of a sort at which I had often assisted. If I had been given time in which to be afraid of consequences I might have declined; but it was a case of life or death, in which no delay was possible. The operation was successful, and at the end of three days my hands were full and the money was rolling in at an astonishing rate. Perhaps I should not mention money; but it is as important a factor with a physician as with any other man. There was, however, another consideration of far greater importance. For six years I had been preparing myself to practice medicine. I had been working under other men, deferring to their judgment, listening at their councils, in short, learning my trade. I suppose, to begin with, I had as much self-esteem as the average young man; but as the time approached when I must make good on my own resources there were days when the future frightened me. Responsibility is a burden built for a single pair of shoulders, and no man can feel quite certain that he is fit to bear it until he has felt the weight. Every conscientious young physician experiences this period of uncertainty. It is a legacy that comes to him with his fresh-inked sheepskin, and it lasts until he has passed through a few serious cases and gained the only thing instructors cannot give him, faith in himself. A man may have every confidence in his training and in his knowledge, but the first time he stands over a patient and ventures these things against a human life the greatness of the stake is apt to make him fearful of his own judgment. I had no time to think about these things. Life was swift in Nevada in 1906 and death was swifter still. Emergencies arose and I met them without waiting for an introduction. I was so busy that it was several days before I woke up to the fact that I had taken the plunge and was really practicing. I had been pitchforked into the profession without warning; but the very abruptness of my entry was the best thing that ever happened to me. I gained confidence in my judgment without having time to doubt it. At the end of the three weeks I sat down in the little room behind the bank and had a conference with myself. I weighed the advantages of two years in Europe and the long struggle in the home town against Nevada and immediate success. I considered the so-called advantages of Eastern environment as opposed to the primitive surroundings of a raw, new mining camp. In Rhyolite life was life without frills, stripped down to the running gear. Every man was as good as his neighbor, if he was as good, and the mere fact that Jones had more money than Smith counted for nothing, because Jones might not have it long. Nevada money never had to take wings, every dollar of it was born with a pair of its own. Speaking of money, I counted my cash on hand, seventeen hundred dollars for three weeks' work. It was in gold and heavy enough to turn the desert end of the scale. I telegraphed for my kit, ordered a supply of billheads, and paid seventy-five dollars for one month's rent of the little back room. (to be continued)



BEATTY MUSEUM AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY MINUTES

Jan 29, 1996 - Meeting called to order 7 p.m.

Roll Call: Claudia Reidhead, Mary Revert, Bev Coffee, Vonnie Gray, Clint & Ellen Boehringer, Andy Gudas

December minutes read & approved

Treasurers Report: \$2,141.36 - Rhyolite Cemetery Fund \$150.00

Idea was brought forward by Claudia concerning checking with Sheriff about Secret Witness Program with money coming from Rhyolite Cemetery Fund. Vonnie 2nd-Claudia will do follow up

Motion by Clint to pursue 1/2 page ad in school yearbook - 2nd Mary

Discussion of Old School & Museum Society seeking help to get on National Register. Mr. Koherner looking for money to renovate the Old School for a small music and performing arts building.

Due to Town Board Meeting at Community Center, meeting concluded at 7:15 p.m.

Feb 5, 1996 - Meeting called to order 7:20 p.m.

Roll Call: Claudia Reidhead, Carol Monk, Mary Revert, Gloria Shearer, Jane Cottonwood, Clint & Ellen Boehringer, Vonnie Gray, Keith Koherner, Dale

Keith & Dale presented plans & ideas for Old School House including restoration of School & Playground with note that work is underway on playground. Also thoughts on Old School for music center for elementary & middle School. School District not assisting much in the way of money. Volunteer help & grants will be needed & request help for getting on National Register. Clint motioned to help - Mary 2nd

T-shirt logo shown with two colors only with idea tabled until next meeting

Nominations for election announced & ballots mailed with counting of votes to be held at 2-26-96 meeting

Friends of Rhyolite has requested Museum members wander around Rhyolite in costume during festival week-end

Meeting adjourned 8:30 p.m.

Feb 26 - Meeting called to order 7:10 p.m.

Roll Call: Claudia Reidhead, Clint & Ellen Boehringer, Andy Gudas, Perry Forsythe, Gloria Shearer, Bev Coffee, Mary Revert, Chloe Lisle, Vonnie Gray, Karen Bohmer

Chloe Lisle & Karen Bohmer counted ballots with following results- - President-Claudia Reidhead, Vice President-Mary Revert, Secretary/Treasurer-Vonnie Gray, 1 year

Directors-Robert Revert, Beverly Coffee, and Jeffrey Taguchi - 2 year Directors-Jane Cottonwood and Gloria Shearer

UNLV is loaning Lorraine Perry Thomas photo collection for Rhyolite Festival Week-end

T-shirts are off the agenda for 3 months minimum

Vonnie made motion to not sell T-shirts and sell coffee mugs with 2 color logo, order two cases of mugs priced at \$4.55 each-Karen Bohmer 2nd

Still waiting on information on National Register

Mary Revert discussed idea about having Railroad Days in June 1997 either 7th & 8th or 14th & 15th. Thoughts included boxcar on rails, steam engine on rails, antique auto show, small engines, pioneer covered wagons, gun & knife show, miniature train collections and sales. Mary requested those in attendance think about these ideas and ways for properly advertising & planning in advance to insure things are done right. Motion to pursue RR days made by Chloe- Clint 2nd

Chloe requested having a meeting with Bill Sullivan about using old sheriff's office for a museum

Virginia Ridgeway will send information on grants for advertising

Meeting adjourned 8:45 p.m.

DONATIONS AND CONTRIBUTIONS

Clint & Ellen Boehringer, Veneta, Oregon--Posterboard copy of Rhyolite photo 1905 "Welcome Saints & Angels" by N.E. Johnson, Rand McNally standard map of Nevada "Nevada Railroads."

Bill & Zettia Miller, Long Beach, California--Real photo post card "Autos galore in Rhyolite," Charles Walker assay slip 1931, Beatty, Nevada

Ray Miller, Burnsville, North Carolina--\$25.00 donation

Robert & Mary Revert, Beatty, Nevada--Canvas sack from "Silica Company," reads "Los Angeles, CA, works at Beatty, NV"

Virginia Ridgeway, Goldfield, NV--Dec 11, 1987 edition Gateway Gazette "Bullfrog Gets Its Day in Court."

Ellis & Lynn Vance, Sparks, Nevada--Cash box for fund raisers.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO

Bull Dog Billy - March 2
Barbara Piatt - March 12
John White - March 16
Jeffrey Taguchi - April 15

Larry Poag - March 8
Lorraine Eastman - March 16
Clint Boehringer - March 20
Vonnie Gray - April 22

**DON'T MISS COMING EVENTS IN
"BEATTY"**

**FRIENDS OF RHYOLITE PRESENTS:
Rhyolite Festival, 1996 "March 15 - March 16th"**

Friday, March 15, 1996:

Tribute to founders night, Banquet and presentation at the Beatty Senior Center.
Tickets, \$10.00 in advance \$12.00 at the door. Cocktails at 6:00; Dinner at 7:00

Saturday, March 16, 1996:

9:00 am to 4:00 p.m.: Living history museum, Beatty Community Center.
12 noon to 1:00 p.m.: Descendants reunion at Beatty Community Center.
11:00, 12:00, 1:00, 2:00 : Special tours in Rhyolite
7:00 p.m.: Old time movies at Beatty Community Center (Doors open at 6:00
p.m.)

For more information on the Rhyolite events Call; Beatty Chamber of Commerce
(702) 553-2424

***BMS* PRESENTS:**

March 16 - 17 Building Fund Bazaar at 341 Main St.
Open ALL DAY "lots of good stuff"

BEATTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PRESENTS:

March 26 Culpepper & Merriweather Great Combined Circus
2 performances only 5:30 & 7:30 p.m.
tickets on sale at Beatty Chamber of Commerce

March 29 1st annual Beatty Crab Feed! 6:30 - 8:30 p.m.
Beatty Community Center. tickets \$15.00

BULLFROG MINE PRESENTS:

April 20 FREE!! Mine Tours of Bullfrog Mine.

BURRO INN PRESENTS:

May 3-4 Best of the West Horseshoe Tournament

**IT LOOKS LIKE THERE IS A LOT GOING ON IN BEATTY IN THE
NEXT FEW WEEKS, SO COME JOIN THE FUN!! SEE YA THERE**

CONGRATULATIONS

OUR NEW OFFICERS & DIRECTORS

BMHS OFFICERS

Claudia Reidhead
President
P.O. Box 393
Beatty, NV 89003
(702) 553-2351

Mary Revert
Vice President

Vonnie Gray
Secretary/Treasurer

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Beverly Coffee

Jane Cottonwood

Robert Revert

Gloria Shearer

Jeffrey Taguchi

NEWSLETTER STAFF

William J. Miller - Editor
Zettia L. Miller - Publisher
5120 E. 28th Street
Long Beach, CA 90815
(310) 429-8331

FUTURE FEATURES IN *BMHS* NEWS

Articles in the Bullfrog Mining District History section will include "Bullfrog Red-Oak," "Gold Ace" and the "Bullfrog Gold Bar," with Fred Holabird writing the story of the "Bullfrog Gold Bar." The conclusion of "Boom Times" will be featured in the next issue and coming back later in the year, some more of the "Who's Who in Nevada" feature. We welcome any ideas that you might have for articles in upcoming issues. If you have a story to tell, a photo to share, please feel free to contact us as this is YOUR newsletter.

A SPEEDY RECOVERY WISH TO ROGER PIATT (Ashland, Ohio)

(Attention Roger-After you are cast in a role, then break a leg)
"RIBIT-RIBIT"