

NUGGETS OF BOULDER COLOR

By Elton Garrett

FLYING TACKLES — ON THE CLIFF!

Is a photo-taker a jackass if he scales around with his camera and tripod over the cliffs of Black canyon taking pictures of high scalers in action?

That's the question Fred Romig's asking himself, since a recent brace of experience with which he indulged himself this week.

Romig avers a man must be as surefooted as a jackass or a mountain goat when he goes into such business—else he is indeed a . . . well . . . taking chances. Homer Looze propounded the question originally and Romig arrived at the answer.

The photo-man contracted a fever for photographing high scalers engaged in their interesting work. He got himself maneuvered into a skip last Saturday, rode down the side of the Nevada cliff, from the top, to where work is being done by high-scalers on the Nevada keyway. He maneuvered himself and his camera out of the cableway skip on to a ledge half way down the cliff, and then waved goodble to the skip.

What a rich field for a photo-taker! Romig was in heaven—or

nearly so. He worked his way along the ledge, found a particularly picturesque set of scalers and proceeded to set up his tripod and his camera.

Aha, here came a water-toter, letting himself down from ledge to ledge by means of the rope system used by the scalers. It was James Harris.

And James Harris, the "water boy," had three full canvas water bags — the desert variety, dangling on one arm by their rope "bails." Interesting, indeed, thinks Romig. Maybe I can get a picture of him, an action photo that will go down in history.

Harris, however, is intent on shifting over from one dangling rope to a new one—to let himself hand over hand down to the next ledge, to get water to the workers there below.

What! As Harris goes beyond the sloping part of the ledge, coming to the overhang, the rope gives. It slides, and Harris with it! Harris drops a little more than 15 feet, landing sprawled on the sloping ledge below! Will he slip off the edge, and fall the sheer 300 feet to the bottom?

No! By jove, he has tackled a

high scaler around the legs, arresting his slide on the ledge. The other man's presence there, tied to a dangling rope, has saved the water man from going over the edge! And he gets up with a funny little laugh. Didn't spill a drop even! Lucky! Wowie!

"Wish I could've got a picture of him in midair during that little drop," thinks Romig. "But it happened too fast. I'll just shoot some of those fellows at work, as I originally planned."

Two days later the photo man hies himself down to the canyon for more picture-taking. He makes his way to the selfsame ledge. Good place to get some more shots.

He sets up his tripod and camera a short distance from the previous setup. He shoots a picture. Then he reconnoiters down the sloping, jagged ledge, working his way carefully along. He finds another ideal spot for a setup, and starts back to his camera, which is still on the tripod.

He nears the camera! Wup! that outermost leg's slipping! Romig takes two fast steps toward the camera. Did his float slip? Must've. He makes a flying tackle, seizing two legs of the tripod just in time to catch the outfit with camera suspended out in 300 foot space. His foot has caught in a scaler's rope, in such manner as to hold him from slipping on off the edge —his head right at the edge of the