

COMSTOCK, THE REST OF THE STORY

By Henry Nuxoll

Some people believe what they see, and some people see what they believe. Others believe what they hear and read which many times couldn't be further from the truth. I write this article to let you know firsthand about the Truth about Comstock festivals. No-one will ever understand if they don't know the truth.

My name is Henry Nuxoll, and on behalf of my partner and our families; I write this article. Media wise, my name has been mentioned about as often as Britney Spears or Warren Buffett's. Warren's the richest man in the world, contrasting my position as the poorest guy in Nebraska. If you can count my son and daughter as assets, I'd be right up there with Buffett.

I write this letter hoping to set a few facts straight about the Comstock Festivals. First of all, the advent of these festivals was in control of just two families. No mega corporations, no mega entertainment boards, no city, county, state or federal government. We have no high paid CEOs. Roland and I haven't made a cent in the past concert years. I drive a 22 year old car with 314 thousand miles that leaks everything. My tax statements for the last concert years show zero, and our corporate earnings are negative. My partner just retired an 18 year old Chrysler Minivan with 200 thousand miles. The transmission went out, and he got tired of pushing it. We are not fat cat promoters. The festival series is run by two common families; my two children, with support from my sister and brothers, along with Roland and Connie's four children. Our families have put in countless unpaid hours into making these festivals work. The only benefits we've had up to this point is watching thousands upon thousands of people having the best time of their lives.

When the festivals went on, we added to our families around three hundred good people from Comstock, whose population is only eighty-five. We get over 200 generous people from all over the state who believe in Comstock, while becoming official citizens of Comstock for a few days of the year. Many take vacation time to volunteer at Comstock. Janelle, from Phillips says, "You couldn't pay her not to work at Comstock." Victoria and Perry from Geneva come to run campsites a week after they both had serious surgery. Local Terry Drake and her family and friends have run the Ice Gate since the birth of Comstock. Tim and Bonnie's crew has been incredible. There is nobody like Peggy to run the General store. Add a couple hundred vendors and production people, and you get a small piece of what it takes to make the Magic of Comstock.

The original goal of the Comstock Festivals was to keep a small town on the map, preserve the history of windmills, develop rural tourism and create a few jobs. The proud town to Comstock once had 60 businesses. Now it has two including a bar and a pop machine. When I look down Main Street in Comstock, I see nothing but shadows of empty buildings. There are rarely any cars, commerce or people. Yet our people are still proud. Comstock's senior center, museum, park, flower garden and cleanliness rival any towns' in the state. They have plaques to prove it.

The Comstock Festivals have put Comstock on the map. It's amazing to see what hundreds of thousands of advertising can do to accomplish a mission! When we started these festivals in 1999, Comstock was not in a Rand and McNally map, and the town now is. The reason is not because of a population increase.

Many good things come from Comstock Festivals. Our local Comstock Fire Department has generated over thousands from their hard work to provide safety and care at the festivals. Our mailings have helped save our local post office. We can double gas station business and sell out any hotels up to ninety miles away. Grocery stores increase their business, stocking up Comstock campers. Many crafters, vendors and local businesses profit from the festivals existence. Hundreds upon hundreds of tickets are given to post prom parties and charities. We are the only event to my knowledge giving free tickets to active military personnel.

Above, all the Magic of Comstock is unequaled in entertainment value, quality of sound and a family atmosphere anywhere in Nebraska or The Midwest. Storme Warren of GAC says, "About all of the festivals are the same, and yours is one of the three most unique festivals that I know of." All of the 2006 CMA award winners have been at Comstock. Brad Paisley said, "Comstock is one of the best places I've been." Chris Cagle said, "This is one of the prettiest places on earth." Deff Leopard and the Oakridge Boys have said that they love Comstock and would come back again and again. Chris LeDoux loved our no VIP sections. LeDoux said, "You treat everyone the same."

There is nowhere in the world where you could see and hear Brooks and Dunn sing the song of the year, "*I Believe*," while the sun was setting on 50 windmills, while the full moon was rising behind a hundred year old house built by a homesteader and underneath a thousand stars!

Our level of entertainment was unmatched anywhere in the state of Nebraska with exception of the Quest Center. Remember, Omaha has over 300,000 people, while Comstock's Population is about eighty-five. Comstock was once saluted by the television show Hee Haw. To my knowledge Omaha has not. In any direction, Comstock is 90-100 miles away from the nearest Walmart. We should have been a candidate for the state fair. We are the most centrally located, smack dab in the middle of Nebraska. When we talk Quest Center, local arenas, State fair, Nebraska Football, we talk millions after millions of investments. When we talk about Comstock, we talk about a party in a pasture with 99% customer satisfaction over the years. There is always one idiot out of a hundred. Probably the guy writing this! Thousands have experienced the Magic of Comstock.

Comstock Fans come from thirty-seven different states. Scott from Omaha has four friends from Chicago and two from Minneapolis fly into Omaha and go camping at Comstock Rock. His friends said they don't have anything like Comstock where they come from. A radio DJ wanted us to advertise in Colorado. I said you've got the Pepsi Center, Red Rocks, Grand Junction, the Greeley Stampede and the Cheyenne Frontier Days, why would we advertise Comstock? He said we've got nothing like Comstock in Colorado. A

Sturgis goer said, "When I want to hear music, I go to Comstock." I could write a book listing the satisfied customers at Comstock. I could write a book about Comstock, but I need a happy ending!

Comstock has been compared to Field of Dreams many times. Build it, and they will come! There are three main contrasts. Number One, they said, "Build it, and they will come. We say, "Build it, then advertise a million dollars' worth, and they will come! Number Two, Field of Dreams had a cornfield turned into a baseball field. Comstock has a pasture turned amphitheater, soy bean field turned to campsites and a cornfield turned to a parking lot. Number Three, Field of Dreams was a make believe movie with stars acting as ghosts. Comstock has real stars Alabama, Oakridge Boys, Chris LeDoux, Kenny Chesney, Martina McBride, Kenny Rogers, Keith Urban, ZZ Top, Peter Frampton, Michael W Smith, Mercy Me, on and on, real stars and thousands of real people. Father Hunt spoke at church last night of hopes and dreams. Our hopes and dreams of the Chris LeDoux Amphitheater and Farm Aid are in God's hands.

A lot of good comes from pain. I believe that it is far better to go through hell than to hell. It has been incredibly difficult promoting Comstock. I talked to an agent last week. I told him in order to have a good festival the first thing you need to do is loose a million dollars, and he said, "That is absolutely right." I know of several festival owners that have lost five million near populated cities. Upon starting, we didn't know that we would have to learn the hard way. They say success comes from good judgement and good judgment from experience, and experience from bad judgement. We made our share of bad judgements; none of them were made to intentionally or deliberately take advantage of any person or company. There is no greed or malice in our organization. Maybe a touch of stupidity and gullibility.

Blame is no way to success, and it is not the intent of this letter. I am not a whiner. Excuses, failures because of hap or circumstances are not my way out either. My first priority is to pay those who I owe, whether it takes the rest of my life to do it or not. There have been many good fans, who have attended almost every year's events. There are many good sponsors that have helped Comstock work, although, not enough. The town of Comstock has basically no business to draw financial support from which brings us out thirty miles where often business will support only home town events. A few distributors helped in a ninety mile range, and Omaha and Lincoln business don't care of rural existence. My good friends at Viaero have helped tremendously. Last year would not have happened without them, but financials listed in Newspapers are so misrepresented. Many things make Comstock so improbable. I have been turned down by many sponsors, yet the merit of our events has no equal in the Country.

Pat Purcell a regular from Las Vegas said we travel all year and have more fun at Comstock than anywhere. I said you are from the entertainment capital of the world and have the most fun at Comstock. And she said, "That is right. We would hate to miss it".

I have never bought a lottery ticket in my life. Often I see people spend a dollar to win a million. How silly? We spend a million to make a dollar. Who's the fool? We spend over a million dollars a year in talent and production. Single acts have cost us \$150,000 to over \$200,000. One act we once had, costs over a million bucks today. People have no clue

how expensive things are in this business. There's tremendous risk and gamble in the festival business. I never worry about weather. My head volunteer is God!

I have lost more than I own my farm, my house, my personal possessions, windmills, oh my beautiful windmills, my families inheritance. My partner has lost thirty years of savings, and his inheritance. My daughter tells me when you have lost everything, you have everything you need. My fine son tells me, "Dad don't waste the pain." I've lost everything I own and the thing I miss the most is my mind.

It was tough to answer calls from Phoenix, Arizona, Cheyenne, Wyoming, Iowa, South Dakota, Kansas, Colorado, Illinois and Las Vegas telling them we are not part of Comstock. Legal problems, the lease, and sale of my land and things that we cannot control make things nearly humanly impossible. Standing up for good common principles has always been my life. . Our lives have been threatened; my legs have been promised to be broken. I've been attempted to be black mailed and bribed. . I wouldn't defraud a news stand.

Stay tuned. My life is like TV Reality shows combined, like the Survivor, The Great Race, Lost and the Biggest Loser. Too bad it couldn't be like American Idol or All My Children. Erica Cane has been married 10 times. I've only been married once.

When we started these concerts in Comstock, it was improbable and soon went to incredible. Then things went from idiotic to insanity. Ordinary people made extraordinary results. It has taken miracles to keep things going. I once borrowed thirty-five thousand dollars from a noble man who was camping at Comstock. I had one hour to do it. I told him two weeks later that I didn't know his last name when I borrowed the money. He looked at me funny and said he didn't know my last name either. Right now it is almost impossible to run Comstock, and that is when God takes over. God laughs at odds. No matter how big the dream, how huge the request, how lofty the hope, or even statistically impossible the task he can do it and infinitely immeasurably more. May God be seen for how great He really is.

We owe, we owe!! Off to work we go! We owe respectable investors and short term loans. We owe suppliers, advertisers and vendors. If I must work to the end of my life, I will take care of my legitimate creditors. I don't know if you can wire money from Heaven, so eternity might be a problem. I have had so many unanswered prayers solving my problems, the right one hasn't shown up yet. We still own all rights to market, sell, or lease the Windmill Festival, Comstock Rock and Godstock. We're still hoping for one more miracle. These festivals could be located anywhere. We still control Campsite A and the Dempster House. We are not done dealing yet.

We know we owe advance ticket, campsite sale customers and sponsors. We will release information on this website the week of May as to what we will and can do. I apologize for letting people down. I absolutely hate it. I have always tried to make all my decisions with integrity and honor.

Thank you all for your past and present loyal support. All those involved have been greater than the talent we have brought. I have not met 10% of the stars, but I consider those who have made Comstock happen and Fans as my Friends and real stars. People came to Comstock as strangers and leave as friends. Whatever happens in Comstock doesn't stay in Comstock. People talk about it. A million cell phone calls, a million photos and a million memories. And a million smiles Thank-you for all your prayers; I always have a rosary in my pocket, and I sleep with one in my hand.

My children, brother, sister, brother in law and fiends are against me doing concerts again. They have seen the pain. I met a man in Taco Johns the other day and he asked me if I was Henry Nuxoll. I said yes I was. He asked if I ran the Windmill Festival. I said yes I did. He said many years ago his daughter begged and begged him to let her go to the Windmill Festival, He did not want her to go but he let her go. She had the time of her life. That fall as a senior she died in a car accident. He told me he was glad he let his daughter go to the Windmill Festival. Can you understand why I want to do it again?

In all sincerity,
Henry Nuxoll