

VIRGINIA CITY GINGERBREAD

NEVADA

No. 4, 1977

\$1.00

GAMBLING

MILLION \$ MARATHON

NEVADA'S LEGAL GAMING: BEHIND THE SCENES!



HOWARD HUGHES

THE SHADOW EMPEROR



CHEATERS AND THE LAW

HIGH STAKES & LOW ROLLERS

INSIDER'S GUIDE:

HOTELS, RESORTS, ENTERTAINMENT



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Las Vegas, Nevada

Sahara Reno
Reno, Nevada
(Opening Summer 1978)

Sahara Tahoe
Lake Tahoe, Nevada

The Mint Hotel
Las Vegas, Nevada




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Newporter Inn
Newport Beach, California

Mountain Shadows
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Phoenix, Arizona



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NEVADA MAGAZINE

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COMING SHORTLY

Guide to Nevada's Great Lakes.

NEVADA

Volume 37 • Number 4
October / November / December 1977

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Editorial

Nevada's biggest deal.

Tourism, the fancy name for gaming, is the backbone of Nevada's economy. In the year ended June 30, 1977, gross receipts from gaming (all winnings minus all losses), were \$1.4 billion; taxes collected during that same year totaled \$102.4 million (25 percent higher than in 1974 and about half the state's total revenues); 101 Nevada casinos earned a gross income of over \$1 million each; and almost 75,000 are currently employed in the gambling business (which is close to 30 percent of the state's labor force).

Since people, gambling has been going on. Dice were thrown for Christ's cloak at his crucifixion. In the State of Nevada, the first known gambling game was set up in Carson Valley in 1850. Eleven years after that, when Nevada Territory was formed, a bill was passed prohibiting all forms of wagering and for decades in Nevada gambling was allowed, then banned, allowed, then banned.

In 1909 a law was passed prohibiting it but the law was ineffective. One Nevada historian said, "This patchwork law remained in force for 16 years during which time it was by all accounts either ignored completely or so feebly enforced as to be worse than useless." It turned out that the public didn't think much of the games that were legal but continued playing those that remained against the law.

It was on March 19, 1931 that Governor Fred B. Balzar signed a bill making gambling legal, licensed, and taxed at the local level. State control came about 14 years later when the Nevada Tax Commission was empowered to make rules and regulations governing conduct of gambling and to issue state licenses. (See Guy Shipler's White Hat story on page 30.) Since 1931, the state has not suffered from lack of revenues.

Gaming is and will ever continue to be a national pastime and for what Dubuque or Thief River Falls might consider sinful, Nevada has become rich and famous. Nevada knows about gaming, and offers the best and most in respect to it. An editor for the *Territorial Enterprise* (which resumed publication in Virginia City in 1952 after a lapse of many years) said, "The casinos obviously and frankly make their living from the guests. The guests admire the caviar and cham-

Nevada, the Old West that still lives —

Where it happened

Martha and the Doctor: A Frontier Family in Central Nevada, by Marvin Lewis, \$5.00

A memorable and revealing account of frontier Nevada drawn from the diaries and letters of Martha Gally and the journalistic writings of her husband, Dr. James W. Gally. Of the hundreds of accounts having to do with the gold and silver rushes, it is difficult to find a true portrayal of family life on the mining frontier. This is that rare exception.

The Journals of Alfred Doten: 1849-1903, edited by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, three volumes, \$60.00

The daily diary, which began when Doten set sail from his native Massachusetts in 1849, focuses on his California mining days and newspaper career on the Comstock, and ends with his death in Carson City in 1903, showing the American West as it really was. "A unique and immensely valuable document for the social history of the frontier West bursting with the stuff of real life," said *The Sacramento Bee*.

Survival Arts of the Primitive Paiutes, by Margaret M. Wheat, paperback edition, \$7.50

Now available in paperback is this highly acclaimed, highly illustrated account of how the Paiute Indians survived before the white man came to Nevada. The story of the way a people existed in a harsh desert land, "A rare contribution to the photo-documentation of the technology of the Northern Paiute," wrote the *American Anthropologist*.

Books are available from the

Where it's happening

The Compleat Nevada Traveler: A Guide to the State, by David W. Toll, illustrated, \$3.50

This is not the usual guidebook. The author has captured the mood and beauty of the Nevada landscape, the serious and humorous sidelights of history, scandalous moments and great moments — all in a lively style which will delight the reader. *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer* says of this book: "By far the best guide to a state to come along in years."

Mustang: Life and Legends of Nevada's Wild Horses, by Anthony Amaral, \$9.00

More than a history of the Nevada mustang, the pages of this book are filled with the living substance of wild horses, and of that hardy breed of Western men who chased them — the mustangers. The volume is illustrated by Craig Sheppard, one of the foremost painters of the Southwest. Also offered to the collector is a handsome leather-bound edition, in a limited printing of one hundred copies, at \$100.00 each. "A book to remember," commented the *Santa Barbara News-Press*.

Nevada Place Names: A Geographical Dictionary, by Helen S. Carlson, \$15.00

This first definitive work on the origin of Nevada place names is a fascinating mixture of historical fact spiced with folklore, and, sometimes, outright mystery. "A treasure trove for the Western history aficionado and the browser," is the opinion of the *Long Beach Independent Press-Telegram*.

University of Nevada Press • Reno, NV 89557

pagne and pay for it painlessly and the state gets a cut on the overall take. It is Nevada's unmitigated good fortune that no other state in the Union has the horse sense to imitate our own superlative and satisfactory way of life."

New Jersey has approved gaming in the Atlantic City area and more states are expected to follow, but presently Nevada offers the largest number of options. For your every day basic list to Nevada hotels and resorts that cater to players, see our special guide starting on page 54.

In this issue we offer features, photos and vignettes of some of the greats in gaming as well as some of its brighter and more terrible moments (see story, page 22). Obviously, to the State of Nevada, gaming is important and that's why this issue has its accent on our major industry. We intend to offer you more glimpses of gaming's heavies in future issues. We hope you like it.

★ ★ ★

A letter was received last month from V. A. Cammarota of Rockville, Maryland, and the message was clear: "I feel that an issue devoted almost entirely to one subject destroys the concept of a magazine devoted to all aspects of Nevada life. I personally would like an issue devoted to trains, gamblers, ghost towns,

but I don't think it would be in the best interest of the readers."

Cammarota may have a point but we hope that most of you feel that enough variety is given within a chosen subject—people, places, happenings—to still be of interest even though the subject matter may not be your particular favorite. Whatever your view, please write and let us know.—C. J. Hadley

★ ★ ★

NOTE: A book called, *Western Carpetbagger: The extraordinary memoirs of 'Senator' Thomas Fitch*, will be published by the University of Nevada Press later this year. Written by Eric Moody (who also wrote two articles for this issue starting on page 26), this book will be reviewed in a future issue.—Ed.

We'll Bowl You Over!

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If you are a bowler and thinking of taking a trip to Las Vegas, then there is only one place for you. The Showboat Hotel, Casino and Lanes. The Showboat is the only resort hotel in the world with 70 championship lanes under the same roof. The Showboat has 500 beautiful new rooms for only \$10.50 per person double occupancy, seven days a week. For a bowling vacation the Showboat is the place for you we'll bowl you over.

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Letters

THE FAIR MARTINE...

I was highly amused and intrigued by the article "Nevada's Happy Cookers" in the last *Nevada Magazine*. As I, and two of my brothers were born in Beowawe the connection of "Beowawe Bitters" and "Martines" was fascinating. Is there actual documentary evidence of this as well as the "Manhattan" connection with those two towns and the women Martine and Sweet Vermouth?

George F. Duborg
Charlottesville, VA.

... NOW RESTS

First of all, let me say that by hearing from you the History Fairy has granted one of my three wishes:

(1) Was anyone ever born at Beowawe?
(2) What is denied at Denio?

(3) How does one account for the population explosion at Virgin Valley?

Back to the documentation you requested. As an old Beowawean, you no doubt have heard of the Maiden's Grave at Gravelly Ford, north of Beowawe. Some historians claim that this hallowed spot contains the earthly remains of a girl from a wagon train. Actually it is the last resting place of the fair Martine. The Pioneer Fathers used to decorate it with sprays of buttercups and lupines. As you probably recall, the water from the Beowawe geysers is not palatable, in fact has the effect of Epsom Salts. This, no doubt, was Martine's excuse for inventing the Beowawe Bitters.

Alas, her formula has gone on with her to the Hooker's Happy Hunting Grounds. Some say her girl friend, Nelly Prat, stole it quite away.

Patricia Stewart
Reno, NV.

SAVE VIRGINIA CITY

In a recent visit to Virginia City I discovered with great shock and utter dismay that developers have renovated a large part of some local saloons and other buildings. It seems that Virginia City has embarked upon the age of commercialization and Disney World-like construction of a city that never was. Virginia City has for many years upheld an authentic, untouched aura of a true ghost town, but I fear greatly that if the current trend continues, the town will soon become a typical tourist center, with little or no historic value left.

Please save VC!

Cornelia Hele Kowallek
Vancouver, B.C. Canada

STROKES?

What a fantastically beautiful magazine!
Steve Camey
Denver, CO.

Nevada Magazine is normally great reading, however not being a horse fancier, the No. 3, 1977 was very boring except for Beowawe. A little more variety would be appreciated.

Gerald C. Olander
Sparks, NV.

All your issues are good, but the Special Issue on Horses is the greatest.

Ronald E. Dawson
Lake View Terrace, CA.

MUSTANGS FOR GERMAN CAVALRY

Did you know that Nevada horses played a role in the Boxer Rebellion (1900/1901)? The German Expeditionary Forces in China being in need of remounts for their cavalry sought to purchase them in San Francisco. My father, Pat Reilly, an enterprising Irishman greatly interested in horses and greyhounds, arranged with associates to have mustangs sent down from the Nevada ranges in cattle cars. They were then "almost broke" to the saddle, fattened and offered to the German procurement officers who, perhaps mindful of the great Hanoverians, preferred stock that was "big and heavy."

Accompanied by my father and a gang of hostlers, several hundred head were shipped via a German transport to China. My father often wondered how fractious those "almost broke" mustangs must have been when they were resaddled for cavalry use. Prudently he took the first available boat out of China.

Joseph P. O'Reilly
San Francisco, CA.

DON'T TAKE ME BACK

I was "Going on Eleven" when we arrived at Bullfrog, Nevada, in a buckboard driven by Mr. Buchanan and my father. (They, of course, were running down a gold deposit rumor.)

We had passed through Bullfrog the day before. We were hurriedly heading back into nearby hills, there only to find a small "glory hole"—quartz laced heavily with fool's gold. (Samples were being brought out stored in a box under the seat—just in case. The gold looked pretty to me.)

Everyone hot, tired and looking for any kind of haven from the desert's heat. One tent had an improvised board bar inside. A box cupboard contained two or three bottles of Red Eye, a bowl of sugar and one lemon. A brand new outfit.

The bar-keep was the usual friendly soul and offered to stir up a lemonade for the young prospector. Sugar and juice of the one lemon with water from the African canvas bag was a welcome sight. One huge

gulp, perhaps a half glass, immediately registered the sugar as two tablespoons of salt. It came back up pronto and left a very sick embryo miner out in the noonday sun. It caused a "hold over" for the night.

I was assigned a cot, in another tent, with two other strange occupants who came in later. Almost immediately I began to squirm and finally yelled for help. I was being attacked with red hot bites. Fortunately, Mr. Buchanan had been through a similar experience. He took the lamp, and me, from the tent for a few minutes then returned for a quick inspection. There they were—dozens of bed bugs, allergic to light, scurrying about.

The one blanket was shaken out good. The rope springs, wood supports and blanket sprinkled liberally with Kerosene. The cot legs were inserted in cans of it too, for added insurance.

Bullfrog was near the California border, not too far from Rhyolite and Beatty. Quite a piece from Goldfield our home. I am not sure now where it was, but I don't want to go back there anyway.

D. H. Bates
Lake Oswego, OR.

NEVADA'S GOOD OLD DAYS

Here is \$4. I surely do not want to miss any issue of one of the best magazines. I am an old timer from Inyo County, a "Desert Rat" transplanted to the Redwood country. Have traveled many miles in Nevada and visited all the important historical places and old-time friends in beautiful Reno and Yerington. When I was little "up home" Goldfield, Tonopah and others were booming and all the prospectors headed for the new strikes. This is something we will never know again, or those fine men who were characters. They were "good old days."

Mrs. Elizabeth L. Mecham
Bayside, CA.

STRIPED BASS RECORD

James and Ray Thompson were the "unknown anglers" shown in Issue 4, 1976 holding their 47- and 46-lb. striped bass. On June 28, 1977, my husband broke his own state record for this fish and the Nevada record is now 48 lbs., 12 oz. The fish was caught on the Nevada side of Davis Dam on anchovies.

Mrs. James L. Thompson
Henderson, NV.

NOT JUST A DESERT

My wife and I have really enjoyed reading the two latest issues of *Nevada Magazine*, which has already transformed our view of Nevada. Previously we had considered it to be just an arid sagebrush desert, devoid of interest, but in only two issues your magazine has presented it to us as an exciting area, packed with history and with picturesque mountains and lakes. We are now looking forward to our first visit to the state, which we hope will be soon.

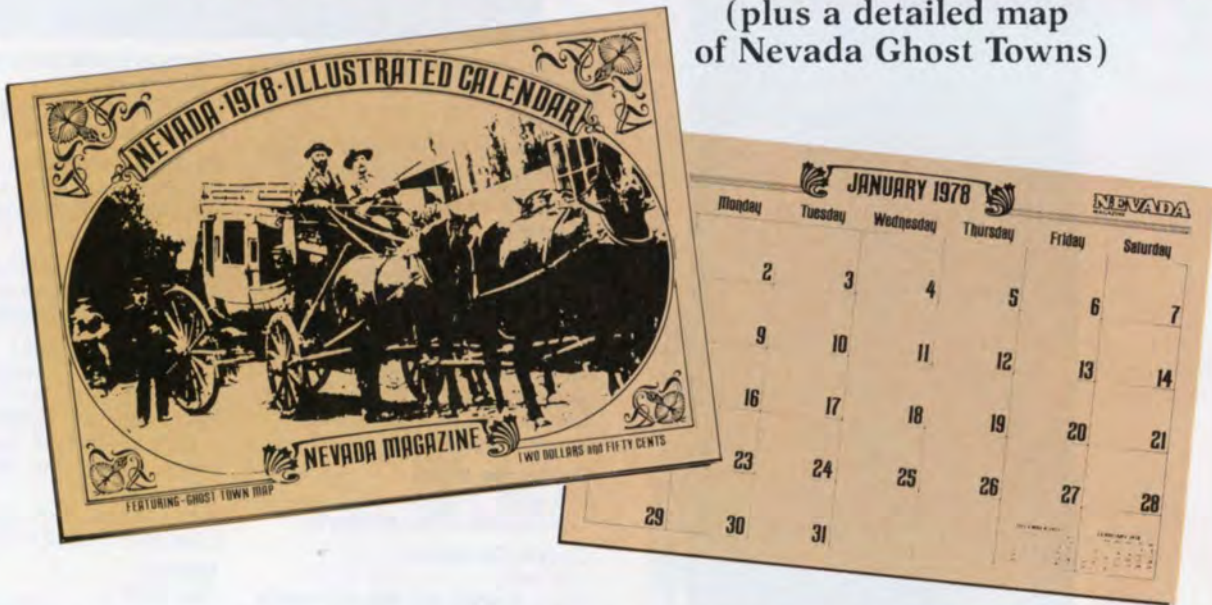
John and Rosemarie Fuller
Middlesex, England

Announcing...

NEVADA MAGAZINE

1978 CALENDARS

(plus a detailed map
of Nevada Ghost Towns)



The cover shot was discovered hidden in the archives of the Nevada Historical Society. Other rare finds include pictures of blacksmiths at work, imbibers at a Virginia City bar, Tonopah when it really was one of the biggest silver mining towns of the west, the office of the Territorial Enterprise, and other seldom-seen pictures of the Sagebrush State. The content and quality of this collection is unsurpassed. Each is suitable for framing as a valued collector's item.

And NEVADA CALENDARS are every bit as practical as they are beautiful . . . You'll appreciate the generous white space each day to list important anniversaries, social dates, birthdays, business appointments, and more!

In order to do justice to the marvelous old photos — and to give you plenty of room for making notes — the calendar has to be big. And it is!

Each quality-printed page is a full 11"x16" — ideal for wall or desk.

JUST ONE WORD OF CAUTION: There is only one press run each year and supplies do tend to run out. To avoid possible disappointment, please let us hear from you as quickly as possible.

Send your order on a separate sheet, or use the coupon printed below:

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GUIDE

SHOWS



Juliet Prouse



Andy Williams

Photos courtesy John Ascuaga & Nugget



LAS VEGAS

Aladdin

736-0111
Theatre for the Performing Arts
Continuous entertainment

Caesars Palace

734-7431
Andy Williams and The Lennon Sisters, Sept. 29–Oct. 12
Sammy Davis Jr., Oct. 13–26
Buddy Hackett, Oct. 27–Nov. 2
Frank Sinatra, Nov. 3–16
Paul Anka and Regine, Nov. 17–27
Tom Jones, Nov. 28–Dec. 7
Frank Sinatra, Dec. 15–21

California Hotel

385-1222
Continuous entertainment

Circus Circus

734-0410
From 'Round the World, Circus Acts, free of charge, 11 a.m. to midnight

Gilded Cage

Entertainment nightly, 9 p.m.–2 a.m.

Desert Inn

735-7478
Gold Cup Lounge
Continuous entertainment

Dunes

734-4741
Casino De Paris '77

Fleming Hilton

735-8111
Continuous entertainment

Four Queens

385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Fremont

385-3232
Continuous entertainment

Frontier

734-0241
Juliet Prouse and Foster Brooks, Sept. 8–Oct. 5
Gabriel Caplan and Sergio Mendes and Brazil '77, Oct. 6–19
Doc Severinsen and Lola Falana, Oct. 20–26
Mel Tillys and Barbara Fairchild, Oct. 27–Nov. 2
Roy Clark, Nov. 3–23

Golden Nugget

385-7111

Command Performance, Nov. 1–6
B. J. Thomas, Nov. 8–20
Kenny Rogers, Nov. 22–27

Holiday Casino

732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark

732-1110
Jubilee Showroom
Continuous entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton

734-7777
Liberace, Sept. 30–Oct. 24
Bill Cosby and Eddie Fisher, Oct. 25–Nov. 9
Helen Reddy and Jim Stafford, Nov. 10–27
Ann-Margret, Nov. 28–Dec. 10
Liberace, Dec. 27–Jan. 16

Marina

739-1906
Bare Touch of Vegas

Maxim Hotel

731-4300
Allegro Lounge
Continuous entertainment

MGM Grand

739-4567
Bert Bacharach, Sept. 29–Oct. 12
Mac Davis, Oct. 13–26
Dean Martin, Oct. 27–Nov. 2
Shecky Green, Nov. 1–30
Dean Martin, Dec. 1–7

Mint Hotel

385-7440
Continuous entertainment

Riviera

734-5301
Neal Sedaka, Sept. 29–Oct. 12
Bobby Vinton and David Brenner, Oct. 13–26
Glen Campbell, Oct. 27–Oct. 16
Engelbert Humperdinck, Nov. 17–30

Royal Inn

734-0711
Royalty Lounge
Wholly Smoke, Sept. 15–Oct. 12

Royal Las Vegas

732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sahara

735-4242
Petula Clark and Rick Taylor, Sept. 29–Oct. 13
Johnny Carson, Oct. 14–20

Red Skelton and Joey
Heatherston, Oct. 21–Nov. 2
Totie Fields and Sandler and
Young, Nov. 3–16
Don Rickles, Nov. 17–30
Charo, Dec. 23–Jan. 4

Sands

735-2916
Doc Severinsen and Lola
Falana, Sept. 29–Oct. 11
Robert Goulet and Foster
Brooks, Oct. 12–Nov. 1
Dionne Warwick and Charlie
Callas, Nov. 2–22
Wayne Newton and Dave Berry
and the Jive Sisters, Nov.
2–Dec. 20
Wayne Newton, Dec. 28–
Jan. 31.

Showboat

385-9123
Mardi Gras Lounge
Continuous entertainment

Silver Bird

735-4111
Continental Theatre
Playgirls on Ice '77
Casino Lounge
Vincent!

Silver Slipper

734-1212
Gaiety Theatre
Boy-Lesque

Stardust

732-6325
Lido de Paris '77

Tropicana

739-2411
Tiffany Theatre
Folies Bergere '77

Union Plaza

386-7111
Broadway Entertainment,
Merry-Go-Round

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge

831-1511
The Barry Ashton Review

Harrah's Lake Tahoe

588-6611
John Davidson-Kelly Monteitch,
Sept. 23–Oct. 6
Bill Cosby-Florence Henderson,
Oct. 7–Oct. 20
Frank Sinatra, Oct. 21–Oct. 27
Neal Sedaka, Oct. 28–Nov. 3

Wayne Newton, Nov. 4–Nov. 22
Sammy Davis, Nov. 23–Dec. 13
Jim Stafford, Nov. 30
Aretha Franklin, Dec. 7–Dec. 8
Mac Davis, Dec. 14–Dec. 28
Captain & Tennille, Dec.
28–Jan. 4

Harvey's

588-2411
Jets, Oct. 4–Oct. 14
Zella Lehr, Oct. 10–Oct. 23
Fred Thompson & the
Guadalajara National
Philharmonic, Oct. 11–Oct. 24
Stanley Morgan's Ink Spots,
Oct. 13–Oct. 26
A New Day, Oct. 18–Nov. 13
Big Tiny Little, Oct. 24–Nov. 13
Faith O'Hara with Perry Jones,
Oct. 26–Nov. 6
Paranas, Oct. 28–Nov. 9
Garfin Gathering, Nov. 1–Nov. 14
Tin Rainbow Show, Nov. 7–
Nov. 20
Brydells, Nov. 10–Nov. 23
Matys Brothers, Nov. 14–Nov. 27
Sundae Afternoon, Nov. 15–
Nov. 28
Dena Scott, Nov. 21–Dec. 4
Overland Express, Nov. 24–
Dec. 7
Godmother & the Family, Nov.
29–Dec. 12

Hyatt Lake Tahoe

831-1111
Rosewood Junction, Sept.
20–Oct. 9
The Garfin Gathering, Oct.
4–Oct. 30
Fireside, Oct. 12–Nov. 1
Elmo & Patsy, Dec. 4–Dec. 31

North Shore Club

831-3100
Continuous entertainment

Sahara Tahoe

588-6211
Tony Orlando & Dawn,
Sept. 30–Oct. 6

**RENO-SPARKS-
CARSON CITY**

Carson City Nugget

882-1626
Golden Goodies, Sept. 27–
Oct. 16
Dave Bunker, Oct. 18–Oct. 30
Zella Lehr, Nov. 1–Nov. 20
4 tunes plus 1, Nov. 22–Dec. 18



Liberace



Donna Fargo

Eldorado

786-5700
The Diamonds, Oct. 9
Frankie Carr & The Novelites,
Oct. 11
Dae Han Sisters, Nov. 1
Pepper Martin, Nov. 21
Dotson & Company, Dec. 13

Harolds Club

329-0881
Pete Barbutti, Sept. 20–Oct. 9
The Lancers & Jodi Donovan,
Oct. 11–Nov. 6
All new Mini Burlesque of "76,"
Nov. 10

Harrah's Reno

329-4422
Loretta Lynn, Sept. 29–Oct. 5
Ben Vereen & Pat Henry, Oct.
6–Oct. 19
Steve Martin, Oct. 22–Oct. 26
Dotty Parton, Oct. 27–Nov. 6
Mitzi Gaynor, Nov. 7–Nov. 27
Merle Haggard, Nov. 28–Dec. 7
Neal Sedaka, Dec. 8–Dec. 21
Connie Stevens & Larry Storch,
Dec. 22–Jan. 4

Holiday Hotel

329-0411
Continuous
entertainment

Holiday Inn Downtown

786-5151
Continuous entertainment

Mapes

323-1611
Continuous entertainment

**John Ascuaga's Nugget,
Sparks**

358-2233
Mel Tillis & Barbara Fairchild,
Oct. 13–Oct. 22
Rich Little, Oct. 23–Nov. 2
Liberace, Nov. 3–Nov. 20

Ormsby House, Carson City

882-1890
Mark Twain Bar
Tony Castro & Friends, Sept.
12–Oct. 2
The Motifs, Sept. 19–Oct. 1
New Day, Oct. 3–Oct. 16
Beau Powell, Oct. 3–Oct. 9
Sierra, Oct. 10–Oct. 23
Kenny Larsen, Oct. 10–Oct. 23
Sugar & Spice, Oct. 24–Nov. 13
Prime Rib Room
Beau Powell, Sept. 12–Oct. 2
The Good Life, Oct. 3–Oct. 30
Two of Clubs, Oct. 31–Dec. 11
The Good Life, Dec. 12–Jan. 1

Jessie Becks Riverside

786-4400
Continuous entertainment

Ponderosa

786-6820
Continuous entertainment

*Dates and performers subject
to change.*



Jimmy Dean

Without facing a single state official, businessman, realtor or anyone else save a tiny handful of trusted personal aides, Howard Hughes built a business and financial empire so vast as to put most of Nevada's early mining barons in the shade. By Guy Shipler.

The Shadow Emperor

In the middle of a November night in 1966, a passenger car was detached from a through train and shunted to a siding in the Las Vegas railroad yards. Shortly thereafter a man left the car and was whisked by automobile directly to the Desert Inn Hotel on the Strip. He did not stop in the lobby even to register. Instead, he went straight to an elevator and rode to the hotel's ninth floor penthouse.

As far as anyone knows for sure, Howard Robards Hughes did not leave that suite again for four-and-a-half years.

All that might seem bizarre enough, but the results of that unusual arrival and tenancy turned out to be characteristic elements of the most remarkable—and quite possibly the most economically important—development in the history of legalized gaming in Nevada. Without budging from his secluded hideaway the billionaire recluse was to accomplish within a few years more than all of the most aggressive, visible and local Las Vegas entrepreneurs before him had done in half a century. Without facing a single state official, businessman, realtor or anyone else save a tiny handful of trusted personal aides, Howard Hughes built a business and financial empire so vast as to put most of Nevada's early mining barons in the shade.

The heart and soul of that empire lay in some of the state's major gaming operations. Moving faster than any professional gambler before or since, Howard Hughes began collecting casinos like other wealthy people might collect old cars or antiques. After buying his residence, the Desert Inn, he quickly took over ownership of the Sands, the Castaways, the Frontier; by mid-1970 he had added the Landmark and the Silver Slipper (all in Las Vegas) and had leased the world-famous Harolds Club in Reno.

Thus in three-and-a-half years his \$100-million worth of casinos, hotels and motels had made the unseen, unheard occupant of the ninth floor of the Desert Inn the state's biggest property owner. But that was just the foundation: soon Hughes owned an airport, a Las Vegas television station, a huge and expensive ranch in Clark County—2,700 mining claims of up to 20 acres each, spread across the state.

All this mass of property was bound to affect the lives and fortunes of people and the state, and it did. Within that short time the invisible Mr. Hughes had become Nevada's largest employer—8,000 people were on his payrolls (the

Nevada Test Site was employing only 6,300). His seven casinos, most of which he had never seen, accounted for almost 16 percent of the state's gross gambling revenue, or around \$84 million a year. And Hughes himself, thanks to those seven casinos and the enthusiasm with which the state received his ownership of them, had become the holder of more gaming licenses than anyone in Nevada.

At first the whole thing looked to most Nevadans like a fairy tale come true. There was good reason for that kind of reaction. Although Nevada's legalized gambling had progressed a long and difficult road from underworld influences to a point where "untainted" people had taken over and virtually eliminated its questionable aspects, the state's reputation had remained tarnished. Even the many respectable elements who had come before had been unable to brighten the image.

But Howard Hughes could do it. True, he was already a man of mystery before he came, but he had also become something of a folk hero because of his spectacular and glamorous exploits in aviation and in Hollywood. In the eyes of the public he was a sort of business daredevil, an innovator and trend-setter whose associates ran the gamut from movie stars to brilliant engineers. And mostly, he was a highly successful businessman—his great wealth proved that, and it was accepted that he had come by that wealth honestly. He was a gambler only in society's accepted ways: he took his risks in the "respectable" lanes of commerce. So, it was reasoned, he would risk a good chunk of his fortune in Nevada's "real" gambling only if he found it, too, to be respectable.

Even the timing seemed to come straight from Hans Christian Andersen. This had been one of those stressful times when Nevada was under great pressure from one of the federal government's periodic witch hunts for undesirable elements in our legalized gambling system. Some operators here were of the "old school," and still had some relationships, however remote, vague or inactive, which were suspect. So when Hughes moved to buy the Desert Inn, the state authorities were not only delighted, they were willing to take whatever steps were necessary to smooth his path. Those steps included making unique exceptions to what had always been regarded as an iron-clad set of rules which all applicants for gaming licenses must follow precisely. One of those rules is that every prospective licensee



Hughes at the controls of the HK1 Hercules Flying Boat, November 2, 1947.

Photos courtesy Summa Corp

be questioned in person by the gaming authorities. That requirement was waived in deference to Howard Hughes' demonstrated insistence on absolute privacy. So eager was the state to get him licensed that he was permitted to apply through what were believed to be his chosen representatives.

It was also felt that the customary detailed background investigation could be sharply curtailed. The state rationalized that nothing was to be gained by insisting on Hughes' physical presence, or prolonging an investigation whose results were obvious before it began. Its position was that while these concessions might appear to be made out of respect for Howard Hughes' own wishes, they were actually made out of a realistic assessment of legalized gaming's then current situation in the eyes of the federal government. In short, quick action by the state might turn down the heat.

And so it was. The shortcuts were made, the heat lessened, and there was little serious complaint—at first. But

the rest of the gaming industry, which had received no privileges, resented it when the state gaming authorities permitted Hughes to be licensed to own gambling properties on what seemed to be the spur of the moment. (One such licensing was said to have been made virtually by a single midnight phone call.)

The atmosphere in the state began to change. No longer did the Hughes presence appear universally to be a bonanza. So rapidly had his purchases moved, always within that shroud of mystery, that fear and uncertainty began to take their toll. Out-of-state news media began making jokes about Hughes "buying Nevada." Local people were increasingly concerned that he might just suddenly leave and let the whole thing die. And they knew that seven casinos, all shut down, would spell at least temporary economic disaster.

These uneasy visions were intensified when an internal dispute caused the complete upheaval of the visible people in the Hughes empire. Robert Maheu, leader of the team

overseeing the casino operations, and presumably Hughes' right-hand man, was suddenly out of the picture, his opponents having stressed that under the Maheu stewardship the Hughes operations had fared poorly. (All but two of the seven casinos had lost money in the first quarter of 1971.) A new Hughes team, led by Chester Davis, Hughes' most powerful attorney, had taken over; Davis had claimed to have acted on Howard Hughes' direct order.

But things were not the same in state government, either. Mike O'Callaghan had become governor in the midst of the dispute, and he had been acutely aware of both the Hughes-Maheu-Davis uproar and the short-cut licensing procedures which had characterized the advent of Hughes into Nevada gaming. He was equally aware of the uneasiness that all this had begun to stir up among the people of the state. He sensed that the time had come for a closer

Howard Hughes in front of the H1 racer just after completing his coast-to-coast speed record in January, 1937.



look and a more thorough evaluation of the Hughes operations to get them somehow out of the shadows. He was convinced that the key to this lay in absolute assurance that Chester Davis and William Gay, both of whom had reputedly engineered the ouster of Maheu, actually did represent Howard Hughes.

O'Callaghan made it clear that while he respected Hughes' insistence on his privacy, the recluse would have to find some acceptable way to prove without any doubt that Davis was acting with his full authority. The state could no longer afford to take casual assertions of that as irrefutable fact—and irrefutable fact was all the O'Callaghan administration would accept. That meant more concrete personal representation than letters, phone calls and highly-regarded emissaries. After getting one letter allegedly from Hughes, O'Callaghan said:

"In no way do I want to indicate that I believe I received a letter from Howard Hughes. I place no more confidence in such a letter than in a phone call. I refuse to get involved in the game-playing by telephone and letter. I don't know the authenticity of it. and furthermore, I am getting fed up with all the intrigue surrounding the entire matter. I'm tired of shadow-boxing."

It took a while for the Hughes people to become convinced that the governor and his gaming control people would not give in. But after the failure of each of many subsequent attempts to convince the state officials that Chester Davis was Hughes' valid representative, a meeting with Hughes himself was finally arranged. On St. Patrick's Day of March, 1973, O'Callaghan and Philip Hannifin, chairman of the Gaming Control Board, flew to London and spent two hours with Hughes himself.

Out of that meeting came the approval, at long last, of Chester Davis as a licensee. More important, also out of it came the Summa Corporation, a parent or umbrella holding company for the Hughes Nevada gaming interests. Under this setup, instead of one man (formerly Robert Maheu, now Chester Davis) being at the top of the pyramid, each casino operation had its own separate management group responsible for everything in that establishment. And that group, in turn, is responsible only to the board of directors.

When Howard Hughes died, the Summa Corporation proved to have been a fortuitous move for both Nevada and the Hughes estate. Summa had assumed from the Hughes Tool Co. the jurisdiction and control of six of the casinos (Hughes personally owned the seventh, the Silver Slipper), thereby preserving the corporate structure under which the casinos could function like any other corporation in the country.

This gave the properties a stability and a prospect for continued operation they would not otherwise have had. And the authorities believe that that security has lately been enhanced through the appointment by the Delaware courts of Will Lummis, a Houston, Texas attorney and cousin of Howard Hughes, as administrator of the Hughes estate. He has the power Hughes himself had—to vote the Summa stock. As a result of Lummis' leadership, there has been a reorganization of the Summa empire, so Chester Davis and others no longer have their titles as directors.

Some day a court-accepted will may provide for some other disposition of the Hughes holdings. Unless and until that time, all signs point to their continued operation along the lines that Howard Hughes himself worked out with the State of Nevada. □

The Turn of the Cards

If you bet your future on the run of the deck, sooner or later you'll get a bad deal. By Sheila Caudle.

The bleak years of the Depression were upon the nation when two men came to Reno. At the time, their arrival went almost unnoticed. They were small-time operators, refugees from the uncertain atmosphere, and accompanying raids, surrounding games of chance in California.

They were young, in their mid-20s, and they came short on cash but long on ambition. In time, their names became synonymous with Reno gaming.

Harrah's.

Harolds.

In 1937, there was little hint that today William F. Harrah would preside over a gaming empire embracing multi-million dollar hotel and casino operations in Reno and Lake Tahoe. Today his worth is measured in terms of the \$100 million in Harrah's stock (87 percent) he holds.

His world is one of international travel, plush homes, top entertainers, a company constantly expanding under his perfectionist eye.

Similar small beginnings were the lot of Harold Smith Sr., who beat Harrah to Reno by two years, opening his club on his 26th birthday. A little more than 10 years later, his operation was big on Virginia Street, dwarfing Harrah's still fledgling club.

By 1955, a seven-story tower buttressed the club's largest casino.

Those were the glory days for Harold Smith Sr., days when he saw his \$500 investment in a hole-in-the-wall club magnified into an enterprise worth millions under the tough, shrewd management of his Vermonter father, general manager Raymond I. "Pappy" Smith.

If Pappy were the brains behind the success, Harold was the color, the flamboyance that went with the honky-tonk 1940s and 1950s gaming image in Reno. Pappy was minding the Harolds Club store, using promotions, advertising and a club spirit of friendliness to its patrons to build the Smith family fortunes. Harold, on the other hand, was the man who confided to some interviewers he bet

about \$200,000 a year, who professed in his 1961 book, "I have lost over a million dollars of my own money. I have won just as much."

Gaming in Reno was high, wide and handsome, and Harold Smith Sr. played it to the hilt, once riding his palomino-quarter horse Bobby Sox right up to a first floor bar of his casino and ordering him a saucer of Coca-Cola. He was the kind of man who packed a gun when necessary, who was known to enjoy women, food, booze and travel. He fit the image of a gambler, the out-front Harolds Club kingpin.

Rowdy behavior was—and very much still is—alien to the Harrah image. In the days Smith was, in his own words, "cowboying around," Harrah was the quiet, chain-smoking lone drinker who rarely raised his voice and avoided trouble.

Like Pappy Smith, John Harrah worried about his son, who doesn't deny that in the 1940s he too had a reputation of being a fast-drinking, fast-driving playboy, although one who hated to draw attention to himself. Smith didn't mind the attention.

In those days, Reno was tough, Smith recalled in one interview. "This place was a tough place. Cold. Real cold. Cold atmosphere. Tough. Cold-blooded. It was every man for himself. You had to be tough. You bet you had to be tough." And yet, ask Smith about Harrah in those days, and he replies the man was "very quiet, a gentleman, a loner."

Long time Harrah-watchers say the contrast between the two men is unmistakable: Harrah did not divulge plans he might have had for the future growth of his cubbyhole 1937 club and still guards his private life; Smith laid bare his soul in his book, written with John Wesley Noble, *I Want to Quit Winners*, published by Prentice-Hall.

Smith's book came out in 1961, when he was a husky, ebullient 51, at what was to be the peak of his career. The book's fast-paced style contrasts



Douglas Alley, including Harrah's and Harolds, in the late Forties.



Harold Smith, Sr. in the Fifties, dealing 21.

sharply with the rasping, halting voice of the man today at 67, the man who bitterly terms himself a "has been."

On the other hand, Harrah, at 64 (and the man who started with a similar \$500 investment), is not only at the top of the gaming world in Northern Nevada, but appears destined to stay there, overseeing new Harrah's projects with a minimum of personal fanfare.

In 1952 Harrah quit drinking and his operation began its growth. By the early 1960s, Harrah had the reputation of a sober businessman interested in modern corporate practices, insisting on the best for his patrons. He was a businessman willing to take a chance. Against advice, he had established a casino at Lake Tahoe's South Shore alongside Harvey's Wagon Wheel. And at the same time, he was busily expanding his Reno club.

Down the street at Harolds Club, change also was in the wind, and it led to the quick fading of Harold Smith Sr. from the gaming scene.

In 1962, Harolds Club facilities were sold for \$16 million to a New York investment group, with the Smith family retaining management control. Pappy was old—he would die in 1967 at the age of 80. A year before his death, Harold had been named president of the club. Yet in 1969, it was announced he was in the apparent limbo of what was termed temporary retirement. Health reasons were cited for the change.

That same year Smith, the man formerly at the top with the largest operation in Reno, saw a 24-story, 325-room hotel rise on the city's skyline, putting Harolds Club and its seven stories in shadow. Harolds Club's reputation of having the world's largest casino was but a memory, for at Lake Tahoe Harrah had one of the world's largest. And the world's largest auto collection also bears the name of Harrah, chairman of the board and chief executive officer of a public-held corporation worth \$150 million.

Harold's temporary retirement was

destined to be permanent, for in 1970, the Smith family relinquished its remaining club holdings to the Hughes casino operations for \$11.5 million.

These days Smith frequents the plush casino operation of one-time rival Harrah. His name remains on the club he founded, but he is well aware it has passed to other hands, and his hands in turn are idle.

Since 1969, when his bowing out was announced, he's been bored. "Rotting!" is the way he puts it.

He's sorry his club was sold: "It was a big part of my life." It is no secret he and his father Pappy fought over the business, Harold saying, "He was stubborn, hard-headed. a schemer." Yet many say the father was Harolds Club—when Pappy's control of operations slackened as he aged, the club was destined to pass from family control.

Perhaps son Harold summed the ending best in 1972, when he visited the club's Silver Dollar Room stage: "My pappy and I were partners, but



Bill and Verna Harrah at Ranch Harrah Reno in 1977.

when I lost my daddy, I couldn't run Harolds Club."

Today Smith's voice is fuzzed by hard, fast living. Once he claimed he was going to go to Las Vegas in hopes of getting a position: "I'll approach a big outfit in Las Vegas. Yeah, I know some people down there. I want a position. Public relations, sayin' hello to the customers."

The man, pounds dropped from a once-husky frame, proclaimed, "It's better than nothing. It's time to go down the road."

He never did.

Smith still remains in Reno, driving his 1971 Rolls Royce from his mobile home to downtown Reno, where he fills part of his long day playing bridge, his lifetime hobby, with cronies at the Prospector's Club—in Harrah's.

At one time, he proposed Harrah's hire him, describing himself as a man who knew the ins and outs of gaming and knew how to spot cheaters. It had been his life, after all, for more than three decades. But his letter, he said,

brought back an "impertinent no."

The reason he wanted a job was not for the money: "I want to be around people!"

Yet as he sits in one of Harrah's plush chairs, Smith may ponder the turns his life has taken since his entry into Reno gambling and the turns in Harrah's. In his book, Smith talked frankly and at length of his problems, including family disputes, drinking and divorce. He also detailed his successes and his dreams.

In contrast, Harrah has let his works speak for themselves, reflecting taste, perfection and money. Smith was known for his color; by apparent careful design, Harrah is almost colorless, low drawling voice controlled and toneless. He has the air of a man content in what he has accomplished so far and what he will accomplish. His description of his career comes in measured, self-effacing words mixed with slow chuckles.

His success, Harrah said in one interview, came from "pretty good judg-

ment and not bein' afraid to work when you need to work. Not worrying about hours and quitting at five o'clock. And then bein' lucky. You can work real hard, and still not get anything. You have to have at least your share of luck, at least 50 percent. The timing's gotta be your way. You can't just sit there and have it all fall in your lap."

Before he got his start in his father's games of chance in Venice, Calif., Harrah was a mechanical engineering student and at one time had as a career goal becoming a car dealer. But his quiet drive, which continues today, put his energies into Reno. Friends say he always has known his limitations, and Harrah insists he never had grandiose future plans in 1937 as he sat in a failing club in a bad location. "Oh, there was never any goal that I wanted to make so many million dollars. It was just as things came along, I tried to make 'em go. That was the big thing—actually, bein' a casino

Continued on page 50

Only characters play nickel slots. By Patricia Stewart.

Confessions of a Low Roller

High rollers go to Las Vegas.

Middle rollers go to Reno.

Low rollers, like me, well, we have a hard time finding anywhere to go. Would you believe it is now almost impossible to find a penny slot machine? And they are even phasing out the good old crank handle nickel slots I have doted on for so many years.

There is a casino in the environs of Reno—I will not embarrass the management by giving its name—where you can really find a few banks of the good old fashioned five-cent one-armed bandits. I just love this place.

Why, I sometimes buy as much as two dollars worth of nickels all at once just for the thrill of pulling the handles. Sometimes I jerk away at the machinery to get rid of my current crop of frustrations. Most of the time, however, I am totally absorbed in the personae of my fellow addicts.

Besides pelf (this is a fancy way of saying you hope to win a jackpot), the best thing about working the nickel slot machines is watching the other suckers.

Oh sure, once in a while I win as much as five dollars. One dollar comes out in nickels, which I promptly re-invest, and then I have four shiny silver dollars to enjoy.

No big deal?

Ah, but the other characters who play my game! They are the big deal. There are no plain people playing nickel slots, only characters. Real people probably play a game where you have to do a little thinking. Us characters are too busy being characters to worry about thinking.

Who could forget a bride, bouquet firmly clutched in one hand, veil still in place, working away at a nickel slot machine? Was she deserted at the altar? Was she married at all? Had the bridegroom run off with the maid of honor? Where were all the bridesmaids? One longs to ask these questions but, of course, in Nevada one does not ask questions unless invited.

The den of iniquity where I so casually throw away my two dollarses caters to groups, middle aged (and older) short and tall, thin and fat Groupies.

Sometimes the Groupies are identifiable by the fact that all wear matching hats with the name of their organization proudly emblazoned thereon.

Sometimes the ladies all wear short hoop skirts. These are easily picked out as square dancers in round dresses.

Sometimes the groups are difficult to define.

The Senior Women's Bowling Team from Gresham, Oregon, I suggest to my spouse.

No, a convention of county treasurers, he opines.

The Gardenia Society of San Jose?

Hm. More like Retired School Lunch Supervisors.

Whoever they are, they are living it up right here in Sin



She usually takes over a whole line of slot machines . . . with the dexterity of a Pavlova.

City now that Reno has really become a Mecca for the Grey Liberation crowd. Grey looks just as green to casino owners as any other color. You can bet on that.

There is always among them one very opulently constructed lass with a derriere of truly awesome proportions. This old dame, by her very size and weight, commands. She usually takes over a whole line of slot machines, bounding and dancing from one to the next with the nimble dexterity of a Pavlova. Old time gentlemen at dances used to say that the fat ladies were "very light on their feet." This may be, I guess, but Heaven help anyone who gets in the path of this one and thus is trampled.

Her opposite is usually seen nearby. She is cadaverous of build, pinched of face and purposeful in manner. She wears Harlequin frames on her eye glasses. Obviously she has given top sergeant type lectures to each machine and thus has the critters completely cowed. Buzzers buzz and red lights flash wherever this stern old babe operates.

I do not want to leave the impression that we dedicated nickel spenders are all women. Far from it. Men abound.

Gentlemen are rare, but then so are ladies. All this liberation, you know.

I try to figure out the men.

Members of the Goat Breeders Association?

Retired School Custodians?

Champion Bowlers of Madras, Oregon?

Egg Candles from Petaluma?

Sales Representatives of the XCYVTRFG Corp.?

One well padded muscle man likes to put one nickel in each of two slot machines and give both handles a simultaneous mighty jerk. He appears to be oblivious as to whether or not he has won any money, is merely testing the feasibility of jerking two slot machine handles off at once. I figure this guy as a retired life guard, maybe. Or someone's sparring partner. Or a refugee from an assembly line.

There is a tall, skinny gent who is almost as nimble as the fat lady across the way. He slips a nickel into one machine and then turns, executes a little foxtrot step and puts a nickel in the machine just across the aisle. Secretly he is hoping that one of the money-eaters will blast off with a surprise jackpot while his back is turned. This chap could be a retired school district personnel officer. Or a bailiff. Or an eccentric garbage man.

It would not be fair to fail to mention the little band of "Regulars" to which I belong. I "belong" in the loosest possible sense since the Regulars, while they must see me if I can see them, do not speak, visit, chat or commiserate with one another.

They are solid citizens, these Regulars—a church deaconess, a library worker, one of my daughter's former teachers. They may all be out there in the interests of pure research, just as I am. At any rate we are all invisible to one another.

Have I learned anything about nickel slot machines? Oh yes.

In the first place, these devices are as unpredictable as cows crossing the highway or bicyclists riding in traffic. My own theory is that a machine that pays out three plums in a row and then three oranges in a row is never going to pay a jackpot. Jackpots, in my secret logic, come about only after the machine has stingily kicked out a payoff on one cherry a time or two. That means it's winding up for the BIG one. I also am firmly convinced that a person standing near you and sending out bad vibes can put you off your game entirely. It is best to move away while you still have a few nickels left. This person usually moves in and hits a jackpot on your ex. Or maybe he doesn't. If he doesn't, I savor a delicious moment of revenge. If he does, well I add him on to my character list.

I am thinking of applying for a federal grant so that I can pursue ever more diligently my study of the machine and its aficionados. To be sure, this must reach me soon before all the old gearshift one-nickel-at-a-time slots go the way of the Dodo and the Dinosaur.

If I don't get funded, I may have to turn in my tennis shoes. Would you ask a ballerina to hang up her slippers while her toes are still twinkling?



They are solid citizens, these regulars . . . just as I am.

Photographs by Lou DeSerio

Nevada Wood

"Sometimes I travel a few hundred miles without being moved to photograph. However, all that time I'm keyed up to an intensive investigation of myself and my surroundings." DeSerio

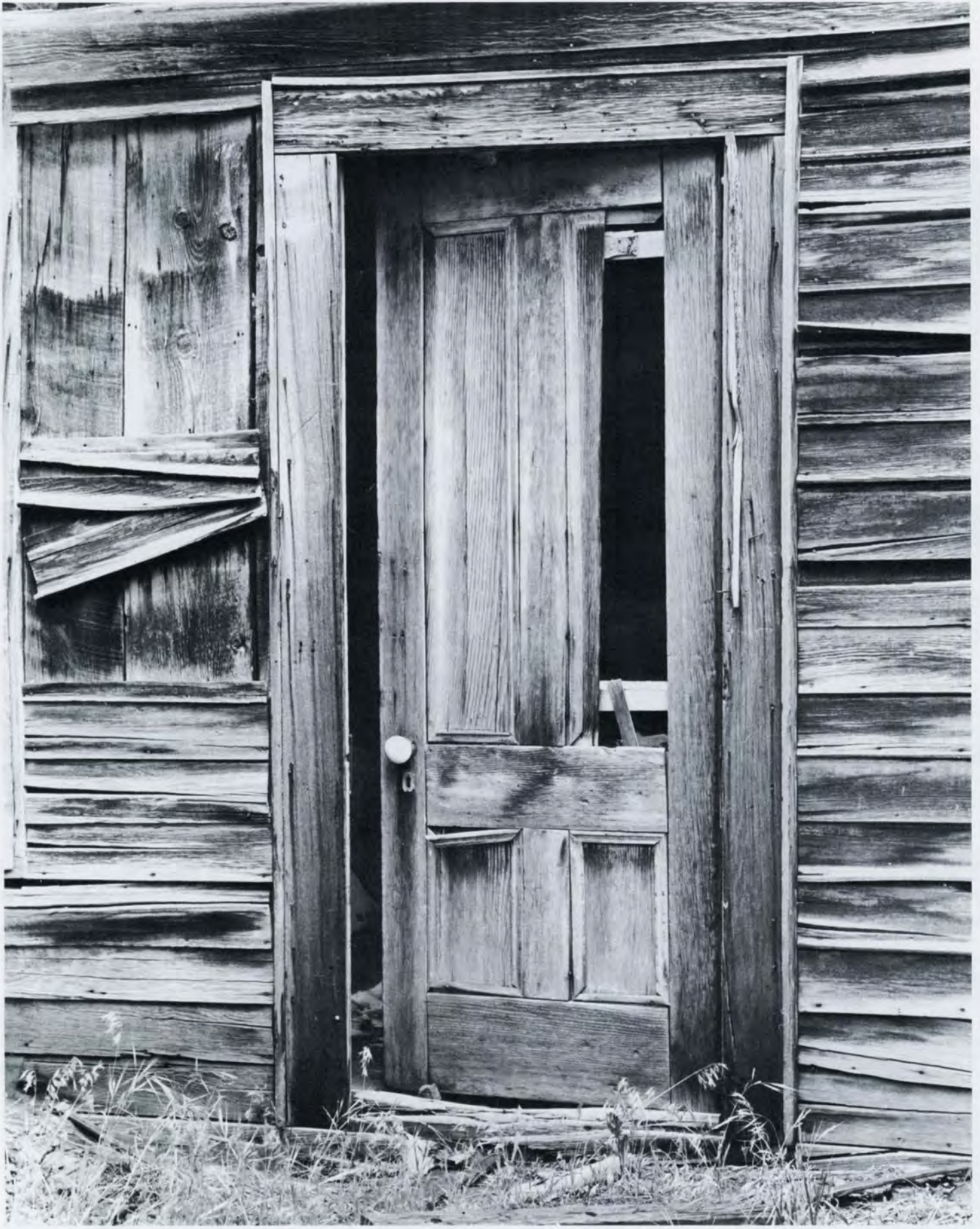
"I see the full gamut of human experience expressed in pieces of imagery that touch me and say, yes. To arrest this experience is only an illusion for it is ceaseless. To know more, to see more, to touch and be touched will serve as my motivation. My inspiration will derive from the desire to share this life's vision with you." DeSerio

Scattered through Nevada, in rural communities, ghost towns and empty canyons, are wooden remains of Nevada's historic past. Mine headworks, shacks and shanties, tools and out-houses are scattered in the sagebrush and among more modern buildings.

Reno photographer Lou DeSerio decided to capture the essence of Nevada's old wood before any more of it gives way to fire, weather, and age. For this project, DeSerio received a grant from the Nevada State Council on the Arts, which is funded by the National Endowment on the Arts.

DeSerio, 26, is a native New Yorker. He was a professional musician at age 15 and two years later he began teaching at the New York Institute of Music. During his teens he also turned to photography for expression, and when









he hitchhiked west to find a less hectic lifestyle, he decided to stay in Reno. He has since conducted private workshops in photography and piano in the Reno area.

His exhibits have appeared at Willster Park in New York; the Nevada Statewide Exhibits in 1976 and 1977; the Capitol Art Gallery and elsewhere. He has also displayed his photographs in one-man and group shows in California and Nevada, winning many awards. DeSerio's Wood of Nevada exhibit, from which these photographs are taken, is now appearing in various Nevada communities, and the Council will receive the permanent collection.

"I don't know if I'll ever again have the chance to photograph anything so fleeting," said DeSerio. "Already some of the scenes I've taken in the last few months are gone."



Yesterday

THE BRIDGEPORT MURDERS

Or, what became of a simple poker game on a quiet April evening.
By Phillip I. Earl.

Ah Quong Tia, formerly of Bridgeport.



Stories of sore losers who got even through violence are a dime a dozen in the West's gambling history. But the story of Ah Quong Tia, a successful Chinese merchant in Bridgeport, California back in 1891, and Poker Tom, a Paiute Indian card shark, remains extraordinary in the chronicled violence of the past.

The grisly tale began with a routine poker game on a quiet April evening. Ah Tia and some other Chinese residents of Bridgeport, along with several local Indians, were joined in the game by Poker Tom, who had come to town from Nevada's Walker Lake Indian Reservation to trade furs. At the end of the evening, when Poker Tom was ahead by \$200, Ah Tia persuaded him to stay one more night for another game. The other players, whose bets also fell to Poker Tom, jubilantly welcomed the chance to regain their losses.

The next evening when the Bridgeport Indians arrived at Ah Tia's store, they found the doors locked and none of the other Chinese there. One Indian, squinting through a hole in a window curtain, saw Tom and Ah Tia inside, grimly concentrating on poker hands. The Indians conferred among themselves briefly, decided that the game had become a private affair, and returned to their dwellings on the edge of town.

What happened next is unclear because there were no witnesses. Some say that Ah Tia flew into a rage when Tom won another \$150. Others say that Ah Tia won \$54 and killed Tom when the Indian demanded his money back. One thing is clear: Poker Tom breathed his last that evening.

From this point, accounts of the crime are uncompromising in horror. The accounts indicate that Ah Tia, discarding a first impulse to dump Tom's body in the nearby West Walker River, devised what he thought was a foolproof plan to prevent anyone from discovering the corpse and tracing it to him. He stripped Tom's lifeless body and dismembered it. He placed the severed arms and legs in a vat of salt brine, and methodically began to hack away at the innards

of the dead Indian. With equal fervor, he sliced onions and carrots, dumping them, along with portions of Tom's mutilated body, into a huge caldron behind his store adding soy sauce and herbs to the bubbling mixture. The river then received what was left of poor Tom, stuffed in a trunk.

A few days later, Ah Tia incredibly invited the unsuspecting Indians of Bridgeport to a stew feed. Meanwhile, he removed Tom's dismembered limbs from the salt brine, neatly cut them into chops and stew meat, called the product "goat meat" and sold it in his store for six cents a pound.

Back at the Nevada Indian reservation, three weeks after Tom failed to return, his kin set out for Bridgeport. Shortly after their arrival, fishermen hauled a trunk from the West Walker River and in it was a disemboweled torso. A saddle, blanket and reservation coat belonging to Tom were also found nearby.

No one doubted that the evidence was all that remained of Poker Tom. Suspicion first fell on the Bridgeport Indians who had played cards with Tom the night before his disappearance. The allegation gained substance when, the following day, the wife of an Indian known as Lundy testified that her husband had committed the murder. But Lundy's alibi was airtight, him being dead drunk at the time, and his wife's accusation turned sour when other tribesmen claimed she had been secretly seeing Ah Tia, and that she was trying to cover up something.

When the Chinese merchant learned his name had entered the murder case, he sped to the sheriff and confessed the crime, protesting self-defense. And even though Ah Tia swore that *all* of Tom's body was in the trunk before it sank into the waters of the West Walker, the Bridgeport Indians were not convinced. Silently they stood in small clusters, refusing to return to their village despite assurances of justice. Haunted by the contents of the trunk, their rage grew at the memory of Ah Tia's free stew.

Resentment against the Chinese merchant spread through Bridgeport. Some residents, jealous of Ah Tia's business success and real estate holdings, were anxious to see him hang for the murder of Tom. Unscrupulous lawyers in Bridgeport eyed Ah Tia's assets like vultures. They conspired to have Ah Tia sign over property as a fee for their services and at the same time encouraged Indians to kill him if he escaped conviction.

At the inquest, Ah Tia was charged with murder. Shortly afterward, at a preliminary hearing before Justice of the Peace Fales on June 9, 1891, the county prosecutor, Deputy District Attorney Hayes, failed to produce evidence linking Ah Tia to Poker Tom's murder. When a Dr. Kaebles, testifying for the defense, said it was impossible to identify the remains found in the river, defense attorneys moved for dismissal of the case on grounds of lack of evidence.

Justice Fales granted the motion and told Ah Tia he was free to go. But the Chinese merchant, desperately in fear of his life, begged for bodyguards, pleading that he would pay men \$5 a day to protect him from the sullen Paiutes outside the courtroom. Ah Tia's lawyer, C. J. Murphy, hurried from the hearing in search of the sheriff to insist on protective custody for his client. But when Murphy stepped out the door, four Indians burst into the courtroom and dragged Ah Tia to the street. Attorneys and others at the hearing, whether immobilized by fear or resigned to the Biblical vengeance of "an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," made no move to help Ah Tia as he was pulled, kicking and screaming, into the larger group of Indians in the

street. They threw him to the ground and roped his ankles. An Indian on a horse grabbed the rope and whipped his pony forward, dragging Ah Tia up the main street and to a field north of town. The other Indians, some on horses and others on foot, followed, while Bridgeport residents fled to the safety of doorways and alleys.

On the edge of town, the Indians circled Ah Tia and began their gory vengeance. Their glistening knives sliced off his genitals and an ax hacked off his left arm. Still alive, Ah Tia was forced to his feet and commanded to dodge the Indians' bullets, which splattered into the dirt near his feet as he moved in a dance of death, finally dropping from loss of blood. Then, like mad surgeons, the Indians beheaded Ah Tia, severed his remaining limbs and scooped the entrails from his lifeless body. Their revenge complete, they returned to their camp east of town. The Nevada Indians, one of them using Ah Tia's long, braided hair to whip his horse over the mountains, left the next day, satisfied that justice had been done.

In Bridgeport, the Chinese community was silent about the murder of Ah Tia, fearful their protests would trigger more mayhem. But San Francisco's Chinese community clamored for retribution and appealed to their diplomatic corps in both the bay city and Washington, D.C. At the same time, newspaper editors of the *Bridgeport Chronicle* and the *Walker Lake Bulletin* in Hawthorne, Nevada protested that their towns lacked adequate law enforcement to control mobs who take the law into their own hands. The editors called for the formation of local militia units.

In August of 1891, the U.S. District Court sent a Colonel Hopkins to Bridgeport to investigate the murders. From the available details he pieced together, he issued a statement condemning the townspeople for failure to protect Ah Tia from the "summary punishment of a barbarous tribe." The colonel could do little else, and nothing came of his subsequent report to federal officials.

Chronicles tell of an auction to sell the dead Chinese merchant's property, and folklore or fact, still occasionally circulated in Bridgeport, tells of a dog that later carried Ah Tia's skull home, where the animal's owner tossed it into the rafters of his barn. It is said that a San Franciscan later purchased the skull, planning to display it in a bay city museum. But there is no record of such a display or of the skull itself, only the grotesque murders exploding from a simple poker game in Bridgeport on a quiet April evening. □

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John Ascuaga's Nugget

The mysterious eye in the sky has caused them grief. By Julian Stone

CHEATERS

When there is money around, so are the cheaters. And to prevent money going the wrong way, for the wrong reasons, in a billion-dollar business, Nevada casinos instituted a security system known as the "Eye in the Sky."

Pioneered by Reno's Harolds Club, which now has nearly half a mile of enclosed catwalks with one-way glass windows at intervals, every casino now includes a similar system which provides lookouts with unobstructed views of every square foot of a casino's gaming area. "Some players will press bets," said Fred Hopkinson, chief of casino services and the Eye in the Sky at Harolds, "which means when they have what they think is a sure winning hand they will try to slip some more money on top of the bet they have on the table. Our people in the catwalk look for these things. for anything that doesn't follow the pace of the game."

From Hopkinson's tiny security office, several ladders lead to the catwalks and security employees crawl amidst beams, electrical conduits and ventilation ducts as they check for dealers and players who are cheating or making mistakes. Patience and an intimate knowledge of the games are essential to the job, and claustrophobia should be lacking as working conditions are cramped and it is frequently hot, stuffy, and dusty.

The catwalk people know the routine a dealer is supposed to follow, and watch to see that it is followed. A 21 dealer, for

example, is supposed to protect the top of the deck, cover her hole card, spread players' cards at the end of a game so an observer can read them, spread stacks of coins or chips so an observer can count them, and clap her hands when she leaves the table to show she isn't holding anything.

Besides the maze of catwalks and mirrors, casino security men use television cameras in counting rooms and other key locations, black lights for checking crimps and stains on cards, and devices for measuring dice to see that a corner has not been dulled to give a player a slight edge.

Cheating has declined considerably since the introduction of the Eye in the Sky. Outsiders are seldom permitted access to the maze of passageways, nor are the names or numbers of catwalk employees ever revealed. A cheater never knows if he's being watched; can never tell how many lookouts are behind those fancy mirrors.

"Once I was up here and a dealer made a bad mistake," related Hopkinson. "She looked up and said, 'I'm sorry, Howard Hughes.' I sent word to a floor boss who told her, 'Howard says it's okay this time, but don't do it again.'"

"It's the little things you have to constantly be looking for," he added. "A change can mean something is going on that should be looked into."

Whatever the change, the Eye in the Sky helps assure the player and the casino that the games are fair. □

Yesterday

Tom Fitch: the dauntless carpetbagger

by Eric N. Moody

One of the most colorful personalities of the far Western frontier has become one of the least known in today's West—Thomas Fitch. A carpetbagger extraordinary, a witty and energetic man who dabbled in politics, law, journalism, real estate, mining, literature, acting and architecture, Fitch pursued wealth and political glory all over the country. He found his greatest accomplishments (and disappointments) in the Southwest.

It was in Nevada during the 1860s that Tom Fitch established himself in the public consciousness. A former stump speaker for Abraham Lincoln in California in 1860, a newspaper editor and California assemblyman, Fitch made a life-long name for himself in Nevada as a spell-binding orator and courtroom lawyer, shrewdly pragmatic politician and imaginative newspaperman.

Twenty-five-year-old Tom Fitch arrived in Virginia City in 1863, with his wife Anna, with the stated intention of beginning a newspaper, the *Virginia Mining Gazette*, but he never got the project off the ground. Instead, he became an editorial writer for the *Virginia Daily Union* and continued his law studies.

Fitch may have been dreaming of future wealth, but he put his heart and energy into his newspaper work. As the widely read editorialist of the *Union* he was influential in bringing about the defeat of the proposed 1863 state constitution. Later in the same year an acrimonious exchange of printed insults between him and Joe Goodman, editor of the *Territorial Enterprise*, led to a duel between the two men. Goodman emerged from the fray unscathed, and Fitch was helped off the field of honor with a bullet in one of his legs.

Outside his journalist's role, Fitch continued to build his reputation as an orator. One of his best received efforts was a speech on behalf of the U.S. Sanitary Fund drive, when Reuel Gridley brought his famous sack of flour to the Comstock to be auctioned.

By the end of 1863, he had joined the ranks of Comstock lawyers, but even though his courtroom abilities brought him clients, the most lucrative mining cases still went to established, more experienced attorneys like William Stewart. Fitch kept in touch with the Comstock's leading newspapermen, including Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille, who were also neighbors. Fitch recognized Twain's budding abilities, and Twain, in turn, regarded Fitch as a "felicitous skirmisher with a pen." Years later, in *Roughing It*, Twain would recall how Fitch once disposed of a long, incoherent editorial attack upon him by replying, "The logic of our adversary resembles the peace of God," leaving it to his readers to recall the rest of the Biblical quotation: "in that it passeth understanding."

Early in 1864, Fitch finally launched a publication of his own, the *Weekly Occidental*, and secured contributions of articles from leading Comstock writers, Twain, DeQuille and the now friendly Goodman among them. Only some of these contributions appeared because the *Occidental*,



which was Nevada's first literary journal, ceased publication less than a month after it started.

Tom Fitch had always been a political animal, and in 1864 he was a delegate to the constitutional convention called to frame a state charter. Soon after, he ran as a Union Party candidate for territorial delegate to Congress. He lost that contest, but so did his successful opponent, for Nevada statehood was approved at the same time.

Elections to choose Nevada's lone congressman were held in 1864, 1865 and 1866, and Fitch made himself available for his party's nomination each time. However, none of the nominating conventions gave him the nod and it was after one of these rebuffs that the frustrated office seeker declared to the convention delegates: "Gentlemen, from the bottom of my heart I can now sympathize with Lazarus—for I too have been licked by dogs!"

Fitch's legal and journalistic careers, not to mention his political prospects, seemed to hold little promise in Virginia City by 1865, so he and Anna packed up and moved to Washoe City, in neighboring Washoe County. By summer he had been appointed district attorney. His official duties must not have been too arduous, for he and Anna found time to help form an amateur theatrical group, the Washoe Dramatic Association, and he made an unsuccessful run for the U.S. Senate in 1866-67.

While the Fitches were at Washoe City, Mark Twain, who had left Virginia City in 1864, returned to Nevada on his

Sandwich Island lecture tour. He spoke in Washoe, and it may have been there that Fitch recommended to him that he give up his "atrocious anti-climaxes" which nullified all the fine effect he worked to produce, advice Twain considered his "first really profitable lesson" in perfecting his style of humor.

Tom finally won an election, but not on the Comstock. He moved to the central Nevada mining camp of Belmont in 1867, where he published the *Mountain Champion* and succeeded in obtaining a nomination to Congress. In November, Nevadans overlooked both charges that he was a "corrupt opportunist" and the disclosure of his indictment in Missouri 10 years earlier for obtaining goods under false pretenses, and elected him to Congress.

A genuine "Radical" Republican, the sagebrush legislator soon began speaking out for a harsh Reconstruction policy toward the South and against repressive legislation aimed at the Mormons of Utah. He also advocated Cuban independence from Spain, and was accused of accepting favors from the Cuban Junta in the United States. His activities in this regard were investigated by a House committee, which found nothing to support the charges against him.

However, the Cuban scandal and his defense of the Mormons probably hurt him with the Nevada electorate. In 1870 the state's voters turned against the Republican Party and its allies, the Central Pacific Railroad and the Bank of California, which controlled the Comstock mining industry, and Fitch lost his bid for reelection to Congress.

In response to his defeat, Fitch spurned Nevada and went to New York City, where he had grown up, to practice law. A few months later he was living in Salt Lake City, Utah, where his congressional opposition to anti-Mormon legislation made him welcome. For two years he was one of Brigham Young's principal attorneys, helped to organize the Republican Party in the territory, was a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1872, at which a constitution for the proposed state of Deseret was drafted, and became

a "U.S. Senator-elect" from Deseret during the abortive statehood attempt.

Later in the 1870s Fitch moved to California and then Arizona, where he became a member of the territorial legislature, organized a troupe of amateur actors, designed a lavish "air conditioned" home, and defended Wyatt Earp after his participation in the famed shoot-out at Tombstone's OK Corral. But Arizona was no more the end of the rainbow than California, Nevada or Utah had been, and Fitch continued on his way. The Southern California economic boom of the 1880s found him a prominent land salesman in San Diego.

By 1889 Tom was back in Nevada, this time as the vice chairman of the National Silver Committee, and he made himself available for the Republican congressional nomination in 1890. The party again declined to favor him, despite his solemn declaration, "I am not ambitious for place. I am not greedy for power." Soon thereafter, he left Nevada.

Sojourns in Washington, Arizona, New York, Utah (where he once more sought a U.S. Senate seat) and Hawaii (where for a time he was a legal advisor to ex-Queen Lilioukalani) followed. While a short term resident of Southern California, Tom became involved in some disastrous Mexican mining ventures and lost a large amount of money.

The year 1908 found the now silver-haired Fitch once more in the Silver State, practicing law and participating as a paid Republican speaker in the election campaign of that year. His refusal to toe the party line in his speeches, however, cost him his job, and within a year he had drifted off again to Southern California, where he became a writer for the *Los Angeles Times*.

When Tom Fitch died in 1923 a number of states claimed him as their own. None, though, had as good a claim as Nevada, for which Tom always had a special fondness and where, back in the grand Comstock days of the 1860s, he experienced the most colorful period of his long and turbulent life.

Anna Fitch: pen and petticoat on the frontier

In the summer of 1863 a genteel young lady from California stepped out of a stagecoach onto a dusty street in Virginia City. It seems doubtful that she was favorably impressed by the boisterous Queen City of the Comstock Lode, with its rough architecture, acres of saloons and hordes of unwashed miners. Certainly, the Comstockers who watched her arrive didn't know that Nevada's first female author had come into their midst.

Anna Mariza Fitch was only 25 when she came to Nevada with Tom, her second husband, but she already possessed a considerable literary reputation. She started the *Hesperian*, a magazine for women, in 1858, while she was living in San Francisco. She served only briefly as editor and essayist for the *Hesperian*, but she continued her writing, notably as a contributor to California's leading literary journal, the *Golden Era*. She tried her hand as a playwright, and one of her productions was staged in San Francisco.

Anna married Tom in 1863 and they left for the Comstock that same year. Mark Twain and Dan DeQuille included the Fitches in their practical jokes—the former pair



reportedly spent many off-duty hours furtively appropriating firewood and mince pies from the Fitch quarters. It is doubtful that Anna became an admirer of the extravagant frontier journalism that Mark and most of his Comstock contemporaries reveled in. Certainly the polite literature that Anna produced held little appeal for Mark. He characterized his neighbor as an "able romanticist of the ineffable school—I know no other name to apply to a school whose heroes are all dainty and all perfect."

History does not record what Mark thought of Anna's verses that appeared in 1865 in *Outcroppings*, Bret Harte's pioneer anthology of Pacific coast poetry. However, other critics, including William Cullen Bryant, singled out Anna's "Song of the Flume" as among the better poems in the collection. Finding it to be one of the few items which were distinctively Western in nature, they were undoubtedly impressed by its lyrical refrain:

*Awake, awake! for my track is red,
With the glow of the coming day;
And with the tinkling tread, from my dusky bed,
I haste o'er the hills away,
Up from the valley, up from the plain,
Up from the river's side;
For I come with a gush, and a torrent's rush,
And there's wealth in my swelling tide.*

Anna entered the field of Comstock journalism via her husband's short-lived *Weekly Occidental*. The central feature was a serialized "novel," *The Silver Fiend, A Tale of*



Washoe, whose chapters were written by different authors and without any common plot or cast of characters. Anna wrote one of the first chapters. After Rollin Dagget had compelled the hero to eat roasted dog in order to escape torture and death at the hands of Indians, she introduced as the heroine of the tale a beautiful Vermont maiden who goes west, following the failure of her father's business, to seek employment as a schoolteacher.

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Anna continued to write when she and Tom moved to Washoe City, where they helped organize an amateur theatrical group, the Washoe Dramatic Association. Of the Fitches' performances in a typical production, *The Lady of Lyons*, the local newspaper declared that it had "rarely seen professionals come up to their standards." Anna was among the Nevada poets who memorialized Abraham Lincoln in verse following his assassination. Her husband delivered a eulogy, as well. And when the couple pushed on to Belmont, Anna wrote a long, but not particularly distinguished, patriotic poem to be read during the town's 1868 Fourth of July ceremonies.

The Fitches bid farewell to Nevada when Thomas won a seat in Congress and the nation's Capital provided a perfect environment for Anna. There she was able to enjoy the cultural activities and social life she had missed since leaving San Francisco. She moved in a glittering social circle which included Mrs. James G. Blaine and Sara Jane Lippincott, who was a relative of Thomas who was better known by her pen-name Grace Greenwood.

The first thing Nevadans heard from their new congressman's wife was a letter sent to the *Territorial Enterprise* in April, 1869. The epistle expressed forthright opposition to a women's suffrage measure in the state legislature. Politics, she asserted, did not need the frivolities of women, and women did not need the coarsening influence of politics.

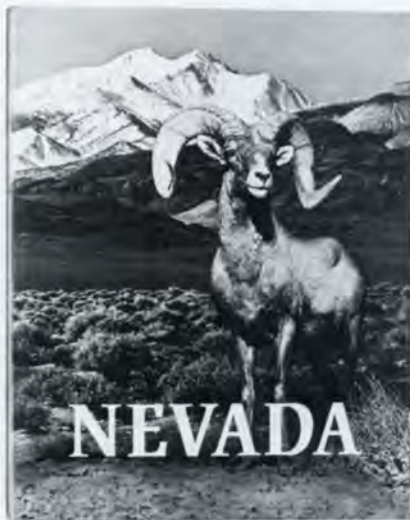
By the time Tom took advantage of a congressional break to open a law office in White Pine County's then-thriving silver camp of Hamilton, Anna was working on a

book. Back in Washington, literary activity remained the dominant feature of Anna's life. In the summer of 1870 her labors at the writing desk bore satisfying fruit when J. B. Lippincott and Company of Philadelphia issued her first novel, *Bound Down; or, Life and Its Possibilities*. This was the first published novel by a Nevadan, and one of the first written by a west coast woman. It was a romance dealing with, among other things, reincarnation.

Anna must have been disappointed by the lack of public recognition her novel was accorded in the West. Reviews were scarce and not too enthusiastic, and sales in California didn't amount to much. Nor were there many buyers of the novel in the regions just east of the Sierra; Anna's delicate fictional concoction apparently didn't suit the tastes of Nevada's mining camp inhabitants.

Anna accompanied Thomas during his search for wealth and political glory, writing short stories, poems and plays, fitting in some amateur acting and carrying on an extensive correspondence with friends such as Jessie Benton Fremont. In 1881 Anna told a newspaper reporter she had crossed the continent 36 times by rail or stagecoach. The Fitches lived briefly in Nevada in 1876 and in 1889-90. During the latter stay in Reno they probably worked on their novel, *Better Days; Or, A Millionaire of Tomorrow*, a politically-inspired fantasy which was published in 1891.

When Anna died in April, 1904, in Los Angeles, where she had journeyed from Honolulu in hopes of improving her failing health, the announcements of her death conformed to a familiar pattern. Major California newspapers carried obituaries, but those of Nevada did not. □



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Faced with 100-1 odds against taming a frontier tradition of crossroad gambling, Nevada's good guys built a gaming establishment as straight as the rails across the Great Plains. By Guy Shieler.

How the White Hats Won the West

When Nevada legalized gambling back in 1931 most of the nation would have laid odds of about 100 to 1 that it was a venture which could not possibly last. Their reasoning seemed completely logical. The country saw this experiment as a classic example of forcing a square peg into a round hole.

By long tradition, the respectable elements of the civilized western world had ordained that gambling was a major human vice and therefore an anti-social enterprise. And since the respectable elements were in charge of things, they felt any new attempt to fit one of mankind's baser instincts into the carefully designed and stately patterns of a civilized society was doomed to failure.

History supported this view. Being immoral by nature, gambling had almost always flourished only when it was able to operate in the darkness of the underworld. There would be no more chance of making it stay in the daylight of legality than of making a mole stay above ground at high noon.

Today, 46 years later, the skeptics have lost their bet many times over. Legalized gambling flourishes in Nevada because the controls that govern it have proved at least tough enough to hold the unsavory characters of the underworld at bay, if not always completely out of the picture. It has done this by challenging the underworld on its own terms: that is, it set up a rigid autocratic system whose basic rule was that gambling was not a right, but a privilege—and a revocable privilege at that. This meant that those who would be law breakers elsewhere would be protected by Nevada law—but only if they walked a legal tightrope without even starting to lose their balance.

Significantly, it was the underworld influence that ultimately led to that strict attitude. The first "controls" were minimal; the small gaming operations that sprang up during the first 10 years of legalization were regulated by a haphazard arrangement of local government units. By 1945 the industry had grown to a point where a stronger guiding hand was needed, so the legislature gave the Nevada Tax Commission the power to regulate gaming and issue state licenses to operators.

During the next 10 years the control system began to take on an increasingly sophisticated and intricate form as the state sought the best ways to keep its reins tight on the burgeoning industry. By 1955 lawful gambling had become big business in Nevada, and officials knew it would survive only if it could really be kept free of undue underworld influence. That could be done only through detailed procedures for sifting the backgrounds and financial sources of would-be investors—and for policing the industry once licenses were granted. Those procedures would be effective only if the agencies involved had extraordinary powers to back them up.

The state took this approach because, as it had expected, the advent of big-time gambling had attracted big-time gamblers—which meant people with criminal records

elsewhere. It raised the question of whether those records, and earlier convictions, should preclude such persons from operating legitimately here. It would not, declared the state, under certain strict conditions.

Say, for instance, that a person who wanted to operate or hold a key position in a gambling establishment had been convicted only of violating anti-gambling laws in another state. If he was not a fugitive, but had served his sentence or paid his fine, he could be licensed for a specific position at a specific casino—but only after he was thoroughly checked out and found to be free of present or potential underworld ties. In some instances, in fact, he would be preferred over a simon-pure applicant for the simple reason that as a professional, he would have the detailed know-how to stay at least one jump ahead of the equally professional cheaters.

Philosophically and morally, this procedure made Nevadans uncomfortable. But it was regarded as the only realistic and practical way to insure success. Over the years, these pros were able to teach those who had no such taint their own expertise. These new professionals have now largely taken over, and those with questionable backgrounds have been thinned down to an ineffective minority.

All of this evolution was not only remarkable, but probably unique in the annals of civilization. Only the maturing, tightening and expansion of the gaming control system made it possible. Here is how that system grew into its present structure and operating procedures:

Gaming Control Board. Created in 1955 as an adjunct of the Tax Commission, it became an autonomous agency in 1959. It is composed of three full-time members, each chosen for a four-year term by the governor. The chairman must have at least five years of responsible administrative experience. Another member must be a certified public accountant with five year's experience and be an expert in corporate financing and auditing. The third must have training and experience in law enforcement or law.

The board and its staff have the power and the legal obligation to investigate all applicants for gaming licenses. All investigative fees must be paid by the applicant, and are not returnable whether he gets approval or not. They enforce gaming laws and regulations and agents are empowered as peace officers and have authority to inspect and examine all premises where gaming is conducted or where devices are made. They can seize equipment or supplies summarily and they can examine and audit all papers, books and records of the licensees.

The Nevada Gaming Commission. Created in 1959, it is composed of five members appointed by the governor for staggered four-year terms. No more than three of the commissioners can be of the same political party, no more than two from the same occupational area. No member can have a financial interest in a gaming establishment, no member of the legislature or any person holding elective

office in a political party or state government shall serve. Unlike the control board, the commission is not a full-time body.

The commission's job is primarily to grant or deny licenses, and to revoke, suspend or condition licenses for any cause deemed reasonable. It acts upon the recommendation of the Gaming Control Board, which gives the commission the findings of its exhaustive investigation of an applicant, and recommends either approval or denial of the license. If the board recommends denial, only a unanimous vote of the commission can override it and grant the license.

The commission acts independently of the board. It has the power—which it frequently exercises—to hold disciplinary hearings and to limit or revoke any gaming license it has issued. This group also functions as a legislative body. It has the freedom and the power to adopt and change regulations, which gaming establishments must follow to the letter in the conduct of their business.

Gaming Policy Committee. Created in 1961 as the Gaming Policy Board, this body was established to consider any sweeping issues with long-term implications which might bear on the gaming industry.

Since its inception, this group has undergone a change in structure. Originally, it was composed of the members of the Gaming Control Board, the Nevada Gaming Commission and the governor, who was chairman. In 1971, the legislature changed the name to the Gaming Policy Committee, and removed the commission. Now it is composed of one member representing the gaming industry in the north, another from the south, one member of the public from the north and a second from the south, one assemblyman and one state senator, and one member each of the Gaming Control Board and the Gaming Commission. The governor remains as chairman.

The powers of the committee are limited. It holds public hearings and makes recommendations to the Nevada Gaming Commission. It is clearly spelled out in the law that none of these recommendations is binding on the commission.

This elaborate control mechanism is apparently unique in civilized society. It contains numerous intricate devices designed to prevent sabotage by those who would use the legitimate gaming industry for their own illegitimate ends.

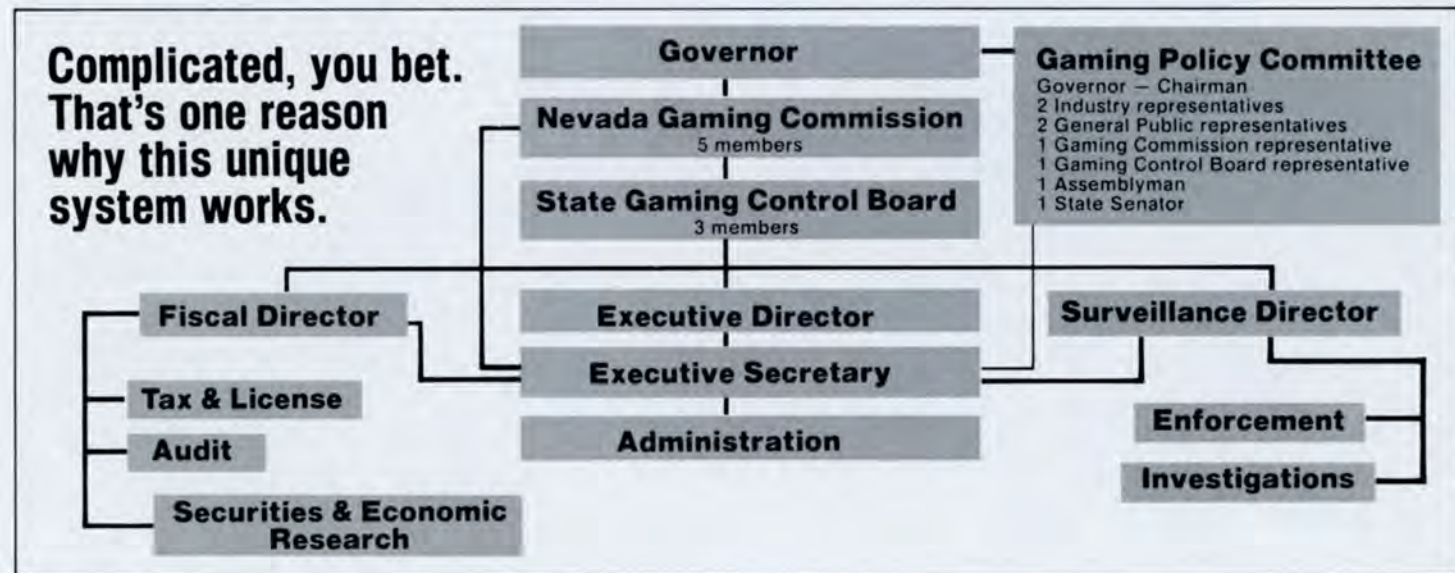
That is its goal. But is it a goal that can ever be reached? Is this marvelous system so marvelous that it is really fail-safe? How can anyone be sure that criminal elements have not successfully tunneled under this fortress?

Officials and students of the system acknowledge that they can hardly answer these questions in any absolute way; since perfect machines have not yet entirely replaced the imperfect human being, nothing can be that certain. But both officials and students can point to impressive evidence that the evil or negative influences are minimal.

For one thing, the operators of the casinos themselves are fiercely on the side of an honest and orderly operation—not because of any sudden sainthood, but for practical reasons. They know for a demonstrated fact that as long as they keep it clean they are secure in being able to stay in business. And they have enough respect for the enforcement abilities of the system to know that should they slip, they sooner or later will be caught. That would mean the loss of their license, with their only recourse being to go into illegal gambling in some other state.

For another thing, it is significant that major respected corporations have found Nevada gaming "clean" enough to want to move in. While individuals are still licensed, the state now also licenses corporations (Del Webb, Hilton and the late Howard Hughes' Summa Corporation are among the prominent current licensees). This is not done lightly. In closely-held corporations, all officers and shareholders and directors must be investigated and licensed. The state may also require key employees to be licensed. Publicly traded corporations must establish a subsidiary which would be the licensed gaming entity. Directors and key employees of the parent company who might become engaged in the administration or supervision of gaming, controlling shareholders and any shareholder holding more than five percent must also be licensed.

No one claims that the system is foolproof. And everyone involved in legalized gambling knows that only constant vigilance will keep the State of Nevada from eventually losing that 100-to-1 bet. As Philip Hannifin, who has just retired after six years as chairman of the Nevada Gaming Control Board, puts it: "To be involved in this kind of control is to be stimulated by the never-ending array of problems." □



The Sump

Western Nevada's startling mini-badlands.
By Betty Shannon.



The Sump. Even its name lacks appeal, and from the highway there is nothing to indicate that an intricately carved mini-badlands lies but a scant mile over the hill. It is a barebones kind of place where nothing stands between inner earth and sky, and erosion, slow but relentless, has etched away the softer material to expose an eerie landscape.

Visitors are few; the Sump is small, and signs are hard to find. But with a little desire, a pedestrian can enjoy 25 million years of geologic history. Hidden behind the low, gray Volcanic Hills this little known pocket includes a colorful, caldron-like cavity which contains the remains of a small grove of petrified trees which stand on pedestals of solidified mud and millions of chips of golden hued wood-turned-to-stone litter the curious landscape.

Fortunately, the slow cell-by-cell replacement of organic material with silica was incomplete, or the stumps and chips would have been taken away long ago. Even though the Sump's petrified wood is brightly colored, it lacks the texture and hardness prized by rock collectors.

Aeons ago the climate of the area was warmer and wetter and a vast body of water, known to geologists as Lake Esmeralda, once filled a broad basin. Streams, raging down other hills and mountains, carried their suspended sediment into the lake where it settled, in time hardening into multi-colored layers. Intermittent explosive eruptions poured volcanic ash into the lake which covered previously deposited material. In time the volcanic activity grew more intense and uplifted the region, creating the present-day Volcanic

Hills, and the awesome Silver Peak Range.

The earth's instability brought additional changes during the past two million years and pumice eruptions and vast basalt flows inundated the landscape. Erosion, which resumed as soon as the Volcanic Hills began to rise, continues shaping the splendid badlands that can be seen today.

The Sump is located just east of Nevada State Highway 3A, approximately eight miles south of its junction with U.S. 6. Three sandy roads lead into the area, each a mile apart. The first road ascends a gentle slope and at the top offers a magnificent panoramic view of the Sump's large amphitheater. A mile further south a second road leaves the highway, ends within sight of 3A, but does provide a place to park to start to explore afoot. The third road south is marked with a small sign and follows a sandy wash two miles to the lower end of the Sump.

* * *

NOTE: Collection of petrified wood on federal lands falls under certain restrictions. According to the Bureau of Land Management, private citizens may collect petrified wood without a permit only if (a) the wood is not to be used for any commercial purpose and is not to be sold or bartered; (b) no more than 25 lbs. plus one piece is collected per day with the yearly total not to exceed 250 lbs; and (c) no power equipment, explosives, backhoes, trucks weighing more than one ton, etc., are used in collection. Other restrictions apply on national parklands, national monuments, Indian lands and Bureau of Reclamation projects. □



B. J. Shannon



*The houses that silver built in the middle
of nowhere. By Frank Griffin*

Virginia City Gingerbread



*The old **King House** on Howard Street, with its pillars and carved corbels and wrought iron fence, has been beautifully restored by its present owner, Don McBride, proprietor of the Bucket of Blood Saloon. King, the first owner, was an early banker, and the house later served as the rectory for St. Mary in the Mountains Church.*

In the 1850s, in the canyon below Sun Mountain, westward bound adventurers answering California's call found the yellow glint of gold in their pans along the creek. First pickings were slim. But soon, silver, the real treasure of the mountain, brought hordes of fortune seekers and before long a bustling city took shape on the shoulder of the mountain, with its mines crowning a long line of diggings in Gold Canyon below.

It was the birth of Virginia City and the boom was on, although it took until the 1870s to discover the Big Bonanza and usher in untold prosperity to the region. It was not just a figure of speech that the town was built on streets of silver; ore that assayed less than \$50 a ton was used to pave A, B and C Streets. Mine owners were kings and they were building palaces and Virginia City became a cultural oasis in an otherwise desolate region.

In a period of 50 years, about three-quarters of a billion dollars in silver and gold were taken from the mines. As the tailings grew, affluence filtered down to the more ordinary men and women whose sweat brought forth the riches of the earth. Comfortable homes sprang up to replace the earlier shacks in the decades which followed. Their architecture included everything from "American Primitive" to "Victorian" to what is sometimes referred to as "U.S. Grant."

Virginia City started to decay before the turn of the century, but it took a long time to die as a mining town. By the 1920s it had become virtually a ghost town, forgotten by all save a few who stayed on and a lot more for whom it represented poignant memories. Stones in the older cemeteries of Silver City, Gold Hill and Virginia City bear witness to the hard lives and premature deaths of those who helped build the Queen of Mining Towns—immigrants who had traveled far from their native lands to seek a brighter future.

In the past 25 years, the area has enjoyed a resurgence as a tourist attrac-



Open to the public daily during the summer is **The Castle** on B St. Built in 1868 by Robt. Graves, the Superintendent of the Empire Mine, it was later owned by President Blauvelly of the Gold Hill Bank who also served as Secretary of the Yellow Jacket Mine. For the past half century it has been owned by the McGuirk family. One of the few houses that has been lived in continuously since it was built, it has never been restored as such, but has received continuous care and maintained its original furnishings and architecture. The magnificent furnishings include a German-made walnut sideboard said to date back 500 years, Czechoslovakian rock crystal chandeliers two centuries old, Italian marble fireplaces, French gold leaf mirrors, Brussels linen lace curtains, and many other beautiful English, French, German and Russian period pieces.

tion, thanks to western history buffs and others who have purchased many of the old buildings in various stages of disrepair. Homes have been renovated and refurbished in keeping with the city's halcyon days. More recently there has been renewed activity in some of the old mines.

The smoke and noise and bustle of trains, mills and mines is gone and nature has tried to claim the land again. On a cold winter's day, the same chill winds that led early miners to burrow shanties into the side of a hill, whistle ghost-like through the gingerbread reminders of the glorious Comstock days.



The **Piper Home** on A Street lay empty for many years until acquired and restored by Lucius Beebe, well known author of books on the early railroads and other Americana.

The **Kenny and Spaulding Home** on A Street, has distinctive dormer window and door locations, and ornate balustrades. It can easily be recognized as the same house that appeared in somewhat derelict condition early this century, in Dorothy Young Nichols' book, "Virginia City in My Day."



The **Savage Mansion** on D Street is perhaps best known for a famous visitor, General Ulysses S. Grant, who was housed and entertained there following his Presidency, and who addressed the townspeople from the second floor balcony on October 27, 1879. Restored by the Jerry Harwood family, the mansion is one of three still open to the public for tours during the summer. It is also open for lodging to a limited number of persons "in the grand splendor of the 1860s." The Savage mine goes all the way back to a claim location recorded July 4, 1859: "That we the undersign claim Six claims Eighteen hundred feet of the Surposed Quarts Vein of Penrods & Co commencing at G Narrow cross claim and running north to Abe Fields & companys claim." The notice was signed by six men, including A. O. Savage and L. C. Savage.

The **Fourth Ward School** forms a backdrop for the **Chollar Mansion** when viewed from the east. The school's cut-stone foundation is anchored to the solid granite of Sun Mountain by means of steel rods that tie its four stories to the foundation. Built in 1875 the school's last class was held in 1936. The Chollar Mansion on D Street is now closed to the public, but tours are still available into the Chollar Mine whose entrance is below and to the east of the mansion.





Mackay Mansion on D Street, one of the finest of the restored homes, stands as a monument to John W. Mackay, a civic leader, owner of a controlling interest in the Consolidated Virginia Mining Company, and a discoverer of the Great Bonanza of the 1870s. Before the great fire of 1875 which destroyed much of the original town, the mansion was the office of the Gould & Curry Mining Company; thereafter it became the Mackay residence. Today the mansion is open to the public for tours at stipulated hours. In the *History of the Comstock Lode 1850-1920*, by Grant H. Smith, it is said that: "His (Mackay's) name was constantly on people's lips—almost invariably with words of praise. Everything about him was distinctive; his modesty, his reserve, his unfailing kindness to old friends, his innumerable benefactions, his uprightness, and the simplicity and decency of his life." Mackay came up the hard way, by working with his hands, becoming Superintendent of the "Kentuck" in 1867, where he made his first fortune. Millions more were to come from the Consolidated Virginia Mine, one of only six mines to have managed a profit of more than 100 mines for whom financial reports were published for the boom days. The Consolidated Virginia showed the largest profit of all—nearly \$42 million. Mackay money financed the Mackay School of Mines at the University of Nevada, Reno, and many other public institutions and charities. Mackay also founded the Postal Telegraph Company.

Money managers and monitors

William M. Dougall

President, Del Webb Hotels/
Sahara-Nevada Corp.

The president of Del Webb Hotels, which employs 7,000 people in the State of Nevada, and which is one of the three largest gaming employers in the state, doesn't think being a fighter pilot and procurement officer for the Air Force differs much from running a gambling casino.

"An air base is a small city, much like a hotel, because you are involved in buying utilities, commissary and housing. I was involved in all of the purchasing on the air base, which was really support of the men, just the same as the hotel is the support of the guests. All of this fell in line."

Dougall received a degree in economics and business administration while he was in the Air Force, in preparation for the future. He believed it was more beneficial to stay in an administrative job rather than remaining in the operations end of it even though it would have been more exciting. "I had a whole life to live so I was interested in what I was going to do after I was discharged from the Air Force. What I wanted to do was join the business world."

Retiring as a Lieutenant Colonel in March of 1968, Dougall was offered a job by the State of Arizona. Even though the position was acceptable he turned it down, because he believed there was more opportunity to be found in the City of Las Vegas.

He started work in Nevada as purchasing agent for the Hughes hotel—the Sands—and was soon promoted to Director of Purchasing for the entire Hughes operation. In

October 1970 he resigned to join the Del Webb Corporation as Director of Purchasing. When Jess Hinkle became president in 1973, Dougall assumed the position of Director of Support Operations, "which included everything in back of the house, nothing in the casino."

Early in 1974 the Del Webb Corporation bought the Primadonna Club in Reno and the general manager from the Sahara Tahoe was moved into Reno to run the new operation. Dougall replaced him at the lake, by this time getting involved with the gaming end of the operation. In January 1975 he returned to Las Vegas as Corporate Vice President and Director of Operations, only six months later being named Vice President and General Manager for Del Webb's pride, the Sahara in Las Vegas. It was less than a year later that he was named president of Del Webb Hotels / Sahara-Nevada Corporation.

Dougall firmly believes that a top administrator's responsibility is to choose the right person for the right job. "Knowledgeable General Managers, Casino Managers and top department heads run their respective hotels. It's my job to provide definite guide lines and to provide them with the facilities and equipment they need to produce a profit."

Del Webb Hotels is a giant team, made up of numerous components, all of which, when directed properly, produced a record breaking 1976 and is on its way to a new record in 1977.

The parent Del E. Webb Corporation based in Phoenix, Arizona, is composed of five divisions, including construction, commercial, Sun City, land development and hotels. In Nevada its properties include the Sahara on the Strip of Las Vegas and the Mint, Downtown; the Primadonna in Reno; and the Sahara Tahoe at Lake Tahoe. Within the year there will be another Del Webb property in downtown Reno called Del Webb's Sahara Reno.

Bill Dougall doesn't miss being a fighter pilot but his office does happen to overlook Nellis Air Force Base. He admits to no dreams for the future.

"I'm happy where I am; it's a tremendous challenge and I enjoy the excitement of gaming. My goals are to complete the numerous programs already underway and maintain a progressive atmosphere for the Del Webb Hotels."



Mitzi Stauffer Briggs

Tropicana Hotel and Country Club

Mitzi Stauffer Briggs got in on the Tropicana Hotel hassle at the height of the problems in 1975. She brought in a few million dollars, took over as major stockholder and president and has worked ceaselessly ever since to turn the Tiffany of the Strip around and back into the black.

The casino has been choked by a short-term giant debt and it got into financial trouble. There were lots of markers out, money owed to the casino, and the casino couldn't be closed or those markers would have never been repaid.

In the midst of the problems (December 1975) a treasured customer beat the casino out of \$150,000 in two days which didn't help the picture. "He thanked us, and he left, but he always comes back," Mrs. Briggs laughs. "He's a very good customer but it did put the timing off!" Early in 1976 the culinary worker's strike crippled the strip resorts, and the Tropicana suffered along with the others.

Mitzi Briggs was a philosophy major in college, with a minor in psychology and education. She used to be a female baseball umpire in California; she also taught school. She became heir to the Stauffer Chemical fortune when she was 21 but did not become involved in the business world until about seven years ago. "I have no talent for the stock market," she admits, "no special gifts, but I do have a good feel for real estate."

She admits to being a "causal" person. "I'm always for the underdog. For some reason I've always ended up with causes that nobody wanted, that were almost impossible. Things that would just break your heart."

The Tropicana was just such a cause and her efforts in its behalf are paying off. Presently a new 22-story tower is being added including a three-level arcade that will feature specialty restaurants and shops. There will be two floors of penthouse suites and 570 petite and deluxe suites, bringing the Tropicana room total to 1105.

Mitzi Briggs is a gentle woman who laughs easily. The employees of the Tropicana are happy to have her there because she has exquisite taste, she can get things done, and she cares about them and their beautiful hotel.



Harvey Gross

Harvey's Resort Hotel

The first large gaming establishment at the south end of Lake Tahoe, Harvey's Wagon Wheel, has grown with the demand. "We used to get five people a day travel in front of this place," laughs impish veteran casino operator Harvey Gross, president and sole owner of Harvey's Resort Hotel and Harvey's Inn, "so we didn't need a bunch of rooms and a thousand slot machines then."

Having a wholesale meat business during the early Forties out of Sacramento, Harvey used to sell meat around the lake during its short summer season. Even though everyone boarded up after about six or eight weeks, he liked the area and thought it was going to grow so he acquired a piece of land close to the lake and the California border.

Harvey knew his investment was good, but he didn't dream that it would become a gaming establishment. He used to lend the property to the gold star students from the Fallon air base, in exchange for their clearing the area.

"At the time there were two gambling places across the street so I decided to start one here. We started with three card tables and six slots. In time we added a six-stool restaurant and a dozen slots." He chuckles when he thinks of those times but his memories don't stop him from continuing to move ahead. He is currently working on plans for a 500-room high-rise addition, and a covered parking garage.

"We were the first one to stay open 24



hours a day," says Harvey. "That was quite a way back and they thought we were crazy because there just wasn't the volume. It was a dirt road up here then and it was a problem to get gas around the lake so I put in the only gas pump between Carson City and Placerville. It helped bring business to this place."

As the oldest individual operator in the state, Harvey Gross has spent 35 years at Lake Tahoe, working 24 hours a day, seven days a week to build his business. There are many problems associated with running an establishment that has 3,000 employees, 12 dining areas, 15 cocktail lounges, and 324 rooms, but Harvey Gross is happy with what he's accomplished.

"It's been worth it, even though there's a lot of hard work. This sort of thing doesn't happen overnight and you sure earn every dime you make."

Aside from his gaming interests, Harvey Gross has become involved in the cattle business, and runs the James Canyon Ranch in Carson Valley. He raises Charolais cattle because "they get bigger and you get more meat. It's tender and it doesn't have much fat. A Charolais calf in six months will weigh 600 lbs. whereas a Hereford or Angus will weigh only about 500. If you raise cattle for the meat, it's worthwhile switching."

Harvey's specializes in good food and the best of his meat is butchered for the hotel and Inn. In winter, chukar, pheasant, and wild turkeys are served at the Top of the Wheel, in addition to buffalo meat, because Harvey has a herd of those in Carson Valley. "This meat has to be specially prepared so we can only handle it in winter when things are quiet."

The first major casino on the south shore of Lake Tahoe has a good reputation, with a strong clientele. "My business was built on a good sound basis," says Harvey. "Good food for the money; drinks priced right; treat people right—courtesy and all that; good service in the food department."

On a wall outside the Eldorado Buffet at the club there is a plaque which includes the following: "Mr. Gross, pioneer Nevada gambler, sportsman, rancher, helped to shape the future of Nevada and the Lake Tahoe Basin."

It's true. If Harvey hadn't done a good job in the club when he was practically alone at the lake, Del Webb and Harrah probably wouldn't have built next door.

Bennie Binion

Horseshoe Club

"I don't think luck makes a good gambler but rather good timing," says Binion, "but I do believe some people can make the dice pass more than others. I don't know why."

Binion was a hustler on the streets of Dallas in his youth. And he would bet on anything. Now his Las Vegas Horseshoe Club has the biggest limit in craps in Nevada, at \$40,000 a roll. He says he left Texas in 1946 because his home state didn't have legal gambling and Las Vegas looked good at the time.

When he arrived in town he put up the money to run the Las Vegas Club. "I ain't braggin'," he says, "but I never did work for nobody. I ran crap games in Dallas, Fort Worth, and made enough money to come here and start some things. When I got here the Nugget was open, the Pioneer Club, the Boulder Club and the El Cortez. There were three places on the Strip at that time. The Flamingo, the El Rancho and the Last Frontier. I liked downtown better so I stayed here."

Binion owns a huge cattle ranch in Montana, and is known as the friend of all cowboys, but he has never ridden in a rodeo event. "Oh no. Hell no. I never did anything that takes a chance."

That may seem ironic because Binion has been involved in gaming and cowboy-ing all his life. When he was about 13, he traded mules to the army for use in the first world war. He is now in his seventies and admits, "I don't remember going to school but I must have went a little bit when I was very small."

An artful but uneducated gambler, Binion was jailed for income tax evasion in 1953. He got out in 1957. "That's a damn long time to be in jail," he says, "I just sit. Sit and read the newspaper. Finally I got out on bond when I had 118 days left to serve. I stayed out eight years fighting that 118 days and I finally got it all off of me but 56 days and I had to go back and do the 56 days. That's the government for you."

When Binion was told *Nevada Magazine* was doing a special issue on gaming, including a section on the people who started it, he immodestly said, "Yeah. Yeah. Well, I guess I did."



Bennie Binion and cowboy actor Chill Wills.



J. C. Jordan

Harolds Club

Las Vegas was a little railroad town when J. C. Jordan started work there in the late 1930s. Jordan came from a gambling family—his father owned a gambling ship off Long Beach, California. The floating casinos were legal as long as they stayed outside the three-mile limit. In Las Vegas, he dealt craps, roulette and blackjack.

"I was in and out of Las Vegas for close to 15 years, taking time out to go in the army. After the army, I became casino manager of the North Shore Club at Lake Tahoe. I was there 23 years," Jordan recalls. "I was co-owner for about 17 years of that."

Jordan today is general manager of Harolds Club in Reno. He's been involved in Nevada gambling from the days when a casino owner "carried his bankroll in his pocket" to the modern style of Nevada gambling, with computerized operations and corporations listed on the New York Stock Exchange. He thinks the change has been for the better.

"The way gambling has been operated in Nevada has helped the image nationally. At one time, the general consensus was that people in gambling were shady characters. But that's improved. A lot of casino owners resent the regulations and the controls of the state agencies, but I think if we had not

had this supervision, these controls, gambling would probably still have the image that it had 25 years ago. The gaming control people have done a tremendous job."

After 44 years in the business, Jordan knows about gambling in Nevada, in other states, even overseas. He points out that while Nevada's casinos are world-famous, and the proceeds supply about 25 percent of the state's tax income, other states with racetracks and lotteries actually have higher tax revenues from gambling.

When Jordan was with the North Shore Club, he closed up in the winter and went to the Bahamas where he had charge of the crap tables for 11 weeks, from mid-January until Easter Sunday. He also went to England in 1967 to set up crap games for the British government.

Making a profit in the casino business is getting harder all the time, says Jordan, because costs are going up, while the casino is prohibited from taking a larger cut. "The only thing we can try to do is, instead of taking one percent off a one-dollar bet, we'd rather take the one percent off a five-dollar bet." Jordan believes business will increase and the number of visitors to Reno will continue to rise.

"Reno has a great potential. It's a fast-growing city and it has appeal for tourists." For many people all over the country, Jordan believes, it's still "Harolds Club or Bust!" —*B.J. Egbert*

Al Faccinto

Casino Operations Director, Caesar's Palace

Al Faccinto had a cousin in the gambling business in Stubenville, Ohio, and he liked his kind of action. "I saw what my cousin was doin' and I liked what I saw," says Faccinto. "I liked the way he was livin', the way he was dressin' I had a choice of going into the gambling business or to the steel mill, so I took the gambling business."

Clubs in Stubenville in the early Forties were really back rooms in cigar stores. They were small, with maybe a couple of wheels, a 21 game, one or two craps. There was a



crackdown on gambling in the mid-Forties and most of the clubs were closed. Faccinto moved around, always going where there was a place to deal. In 1946 he was supposed to start work for a guy who owned a gambling boat off Long Beach. Its opening was delayed though, so he headed for Las Vegas and started working at the Frontier Club downtown.

"I was young, had sand in my shoes and wanted to travel," Faccinto recalls. "That boat never really opened up anyway. It lasted 14 days and was closed by the governor of California." Faccinto went back to Ohio for a while: "Dealing. Always dealing."

He worked in Stubenville, West Palm Beach, Florida, Newport, Kentucky, the Mouse Club in Cleveland, and various other gambling places. He spent 1950 in Vegas, then returned to deal at the Rex Cigar Store in Stubenville, a club with two wheels, two craps tables, one 21 and a horse book. In 1955 he returned to Vegas to stay. He started working at the brand new Dunes but it soon closed, so he moved on to the Riviera, then the Flamingo and the El Cortez, where he worked as shift boss for Jackie Gaughan for more than four years. In 1966 he moved uptown as shift boss for Caesar's Palace, working that position for five years until he was promoted to casino manager.

"As shift manager I was in charge of graveyard. I'd work from 2 a.m. until 10 or 11 in the morning. I handled quite a bit of things on the floor—the games, the casino, also the credits because mostly everybody went home around two and you were left with only one credit man. We signed markers, which is extending a fella credit without cash. He signs for it. If a guy sets himself a limit and he uses that up and he wants to extend it, we may extend it a little bit, just as a courtesy, but there will be no big jumps."

As director of casino operations, Faccinto doesn't deal with much credit approval any more. His responsibility is the games themselves—the table games, slot machines, keno. At Caesar's Palace there are thirty-six 21 games, eight crap tables, two wheels of fortune, five roulette games, nine poker games, three pan games, three baccarat games, and 436 slot machines. Faccinto has about 700 employees for the casino and in the whole place there are 2,000 more.

"It's tough with 700 employees; some people have trouble finding five honest people so you gotta be on your toes at all times. You gotta keep thinkin' and workin' If you loaf, you'll get hurt, but if you keep conspiracy away then you're all right. The control of a casino is people watching people watching people."

Albert Faccinto's parents were born in Italy. When he was about 16 his mother told him in Italian, that American was made for him. "That wasn't true," says Al now. "America was made for my kids. They got it so much better than I had. My mother wasn't right."



Joseph Kelley

President, Showboat

As a dishwasher on a gambling ship off Long Beach in 1932, Joe Kelley took a while, with his sixth-grade education, to work his way up to dealer. When he did, he moved to Las Vegas and worked a lot of different clubs before and after the war. He dealt craps at the Las Vegas Club, Pioneer, El Rancho Vegas and the Last Frontier.

In the late Forties he was one of 19 people to lease the El Cortez, but five years later he was one of only six partners remaining. In 1954 an idea was conceived for a hotel/casino on the Boulder Highway, and with \$5,000 of his own invested, Kelley secured a 45-day option to raise additional funds. He didn't make the deadline, but got an extension, and finally got financing by the previous owners of the Desert Inn.

The Desert Showboat opened in May 1954 but its success was not immediate. J. K. Houssels Sr. (who owned the El Cortez, a bus and cab company, thoroughbred race horses, the Tropicana and many other things) kept them afloat during their shaky start, pumping money into the operation when it was needed.

Joe Kelley has always believed that innovation is the secret to success. His club was the first to keep track of slot machines through the installation of a computer,

which—among other things—helped spot faulty machines. He changed his old slots gradually to electronic units, and blackjack shoes were introduced, one at a time. Seventy bowling lanes were added and the Showboat became popular with the family trade.

Professional bowling was introduced by Kelley, and the annual "Showboat Invitational" which guarantees a \$100,000 cash purse, became the second richest tournament on the Professional Bowlers Association tour.

Kelley is typical of most casino executives. He has little time off. When he does, he takes his plane and flies out over the Clark County brush because he says it helps him unwind. He believes in the future of Las Vegas.

"There's no limit to what this town can do," he says. "It's the best vacation spot in the nation. No other place offers more for the money."

Jackie Gaughan

El Cortez and other properties

At 57 he looks like a successful new car dealer from Hackensack, New Jersey, but in actuality he is one of Nevada's greatest entrepreneurs. He is involved in more casinos in Las Vegas than any other individual.

Jackie Gaughan at age 16—and with the help of his mother—had a piece of the ac-

tion of a gambling house in Omaha. The owner of that Nebraska club now works for Gaughan at the El Cortez in Las Vegas.

"I was a bookmaker—horses and sports," he says, "and I went through college and attained a bachelor of science degree in commerce. I majored in accounting." He was based in Nevada during the war, at McCarran Field, Indian Springs, then Tonopah. "I'd seen Vegas," he said, "and I thought if I could lease one of those places downtown, I'd be okay. I was thinking then about owning one of them."

He returned to Nebraska after the war to continue bookmaking, but the government taxed that occupation 10 percent and Gaughan moved to Las Vegas in 1951, buying a three percent interest in the Flamingo. He worked there as floorman, and boxman. In Nevada he kept operating sports and race books and in the early Sixties he bought a major interest in the Las Vegas

Club, Club Bingo and the El Cortez downtown. Less than a decade later he bought a large piece of the action of the Union Plaza, Western Motel, the Golden Nugget, the Royal Inn and the Hotel Nevada.

Gaughan's places cater to locals because he believes if he can make locals happy, then visitors will be easy to please. He is known as "King of the Grind" (the grind being the name for the noisy, high volume operations downtown) and unlike the rest of Las Vegas' bosses, Gaughan's office at the El Cortez is small and extremely messy. His desk is piled with papers and other paraphernalia; its top cannot be seen. He is on the move all the time, serving on the boards of many other gaming establishments, and he doesn't spend much time in his office. When he does, however, he plunges into the paperwork with gusto, and says he works, "until I run down."

Morris Shenker

Dunes Hotel and Country Club

It was in 1954 that Morris Shenker's involvement with Las Vegas began. He was an attorney from St. Louis. "I go back to the raw Nevada days when I represented a man by the name of Moll who owned the Dunes." He was Jimmy Hoffa's lawyer and also that of the Teamsters.

"The Teamsters found the risk of loaning money to Las Vegas operations to be hardly any risk, that they are a good investment," Shenker says. "They must invest money from their pension fund and they favor Las Vegas because they think that the people can repay the loans. The casinos have repaid the loans."

A Russian by birth, Shenker left Europe when he was 15 years old to live with some relatives in St. Louis. His mother was dead and his father died a few years later. He worked his way through college, selling shoes, delivering telegrams.

"Everybody in Russia was poor and it was always my ambition to be a lawyer. I left home first when I was 10. It was young but those were unusual times."

Shenker has the reputation of being an excellent lawyer. He is known to work seven days a week, up to 16 and even 18

hours a day. He doesn't drink or smoke, believing them to be undesirable traits.

"It took years to get the reputation I have," he says. "I'm basically a worker. I am not good at other things, not nearly as good as I am at working." He says he will not retire for the next 30 or 40 years.

Already running a lucrative law business, Shenker's dreams did not include owning a major portion of a casino. A partner of his acquired an interest in the Dunes, however, and when he died Shenker took over his estate and got involved in the management of the hotel.

Morris Shenker has defended some of America's most notorious people and because of this the Gaming Control Board brought about the most searching investigation of his condition and character than any other person that ever applied for a license in the history of Nevada.

The Gaming Commission charged Shenker a quarter of a million dollars to check him out. It cost Shenker a quarter million more to bring in witnesses, "for traveling, legal fees and so forth.

"They thought they had to because of my, more or less, popularity," said Shenker. "I had been in the press often and they felt they had to search out every possible lead. I made everything available to them and they checked me out way back to 1947. They did a hell of a job and it took over a year. In the meantime I was holding 42 percent of the Dunes and just waiting. I could not operate the casino until I was licensed but I continued to function as a lawyer. Major Riddle owns 13 percent and was operating it during that time."

Even though he was put through a lot by Nevada's white hats, Shenker believes in the laws. "They are right. There should be controls. Absolutely. It is good." When asked about legalized gambling in other states, Shenker smiles. "I think it is terrific. No worries at all because it will take 25 years for them to catch up with Nevada."

William G. Bennett William N. Pennington

Circus-Circus

One of the most gorgeous tents in the world, fronted by fountains, backed by a highrise hotel, sits in mid-Strip, Las Vegas. It is one of Nevada's most unique casinos and when it opened in 1968 it consisted of casino, circus and carnival midway. It was Circus-Circus—the first to show that family entertainment could work with adult gaming facilities.

General manager and part-owner of this operation is William G. Bennett, who used to own a chain of furniture stores in Arizona. He sold his stores in 1962, buying stock in the Del Webb Corporation and intending to retire. "Unfortunately," Bennett says with a smile, "the stock promptly went down from \$17 to \$2.50 so I had to go back to work. I talked to Del Webb and he hired me to work in Nevada."

Bennett started as executive casino host at the Sahara Tahoe, soon moved to the Mint first as assistant, then general manager. He was later promoted to executive vice president in charge of Nevada operations for the Corporation. "This was all casinos. At the time we had the Mint, Sahara, the Sahara Tahoe and the Thunderbird."



Even though Del Webb's casino profits multiplied many times under Bennett's control, the corporate life didn't suit him. He resigned and went into partnership with William N. Pennington. Previously working as a contractor, since 1965 Pennington had been manufacturing electronic games—including that of poker and blackjack. "Bill was one of my best customers," Pennington said, "so that's how we became acquainted."

The firm of Pennington & Bennett, later changed to Western Equities, became a successful state-wide operational gaming machine company, placing electronic machines in major casinos and having service centers in Las Vegas, Reno, and Lake Tahoe. It was an extremely lucrative venture which enabled them to buy a controlling interest of Circo Resorts in 1971, operating company for Circus-Circus.

Everything has gone so well for Bennett and Pennington that they are currently building a new Circus-Circus in Reno, which Pennington will manage. It will be similar to their club in the south, with all the games, circus acts and other family-oriented entertainment. It should open in mid-1978.



John Ascuaga

Owner, John Ascuaga's Nugget

Idaho restaurateur, Dick Graves, recognized potential in Sparks, Nevada. Business needs people, he thought, and there were more than 15,000 people in Sparks with little to entertain them. He brought his food manager from Idaho down to Nevada and together they walked the streets of Reno and Sparks, Carson City and Yerington, and decided to invest in the state.



"Dick started with nothing and he built it up himself," says John Ascuaga, Graves' ex-food manager. "He went to Carson City and opened the Nugget there, and then the Reno Nugget, the Sparks Nugget, and one in Yerington, but we didn't get any action in Yerington because there weren't enough people to keep it going."

Son of a basque sheepman and wife who sold their sheep and bought a farm when their family was young, John Ascuaga studied hard, attending the University of Idaho and majoring in accounting. While in college he worked as a bellman at a lodge in McCall, Idaho, and he says now that being a bellman is the greatest training anyone can have.

"I really enjoyed working with people and I found out in a short time that if I fulfilled their wishes there was usually a good gratuity. It taught me how people wanted to be treated. If they wanted me to pack their fish for a trip to Salt Lake, I would wrap it in burlap and paper, real nice, so that it would make the whole trip. If you do it right, they don't forget and they come back."

That was an early public relations lesson for John Ascuaga who finished his accounting courses and then went to a hotel and restaurant school. He worked as Dick Graves' food supervisor in Idaho, and then again in Nevada, until he was made general manager of the Sparks operation. After five years working for Graves in Nevada, he

bought him out, and has since run the Sparks Nugget as its sole owner.

At first, Ascuaga recalls, it was hard to get people to know where Sparks was. "They believed it was just an old railroad town. We kept hanging in there, building our image, trying to teach our employees to take good care of the customers because we believe that if we get them out here once, they will invariably come back." Ascuaga started with 60 employees, today he has 2,200.

Presently Ascuaga is expanding, building a tower between his motor lodge and the casino.

Whoever you are, whatever you do, Ascuaga believes you should never worry about the next guy, that you should think about your own identity and do the job the best way you think it can be done. "I like to compete in business," he explains, "because you have to constantly be moving. If you don't you are going to be the man in back and all your desire will be gone. I couldn't leave things as they are and stop. That's not my build. It's not to see how big you are going to get, it's just moving ahead. If we are going to do something here there's only one way to do it, and that's doing it right."

John Ascuaga looks over the plans for his new addition and sighs: "The only thing that bothers me is the days aren't long enough. Isn't that great though? It means you like what you do."

Sam Boyd

California Hotel & Casino

During the Depression Sam Boyd earned 10 cents an hour picking up balls that customers threw at dolls at an amusement park. He soon turned to bingo—as did Bill Harrah and Raymond Smith—because it was one of very few gambling games that were tolerated in California.

"I started out as a worker in Long Beach, but some of the others started right out as owners." It cost 10 cents a card to play bingo in the Thirties and any number of cards could be played, but the money couldn't be given as winnings. Groceries were used. "People started taking a lot of sugar as winnings," says Boyd, "and they were selling it to their grocery store for cash. After a while it became coffee and that lasted for a couple of years. Then all of a sudden, cigarettes became the big item. The people would win in the bingo games, take the cigarettes across the street in cartons and exchange them for money. In many instances the person who owned the bingo game also owned the stand where the cigarettes were exchanged."

In the early Thirties in California there was no law against gaming outside the three-mile limit, so there were gambling boats, and water taxis that took players to the games. Boyd had a bingo license that cost \$25 a year (which was the same as a general merchandising license in California)

and he was asked by one of the casino operators to install a bingo game on his boat. He did, and he became fascinated with other games. "I learned to be a poker dealer, and a roulette dealer, and a crap dealer, but I mostly handled bingo. From there I was asked to install bingo games in the Hawaiian Islands." He ran them for an interest in the games from 1934 to 1940.

When Boyd moved to Las Vegas in 1941 (after the games had been closed in California) he took a concession in an existing gaming house in town—which was not uncommon.

In the beginning there were no laws against gambling in Nevada but the county and the cities did set up their own rules and regulations. The people in the gambling industry itself asked for rules and controls, because they knew it was time for it to be regulated.

"We didn't want any stigma of any crooked gaming," Boyd states emphatically. "Las Vegas was a hot situation and even though a lot of people came in who were experienced in gaming—most of them having come up out of the bootlegging era and had got into the gaming business—they had been running illegal operations. The gaming was honest, but it was illegal in their state. That wasn't what we were scared of. We didn't want anyone coming in running crooked games and ripping off the players. It would be remembered forever. We wanted regulations to prevent this and we

asked the state for it."

The Bank of Las Vegas was started in the mid-Fifties specifically to lend money to gaming operations. Their idea was to make a successful bank catering to the business of the State of Nevada, which was gaming. "Their first loan was \$1 million to the Sahara, which I was a part of then," said Boyd.



"This was to build 200 rooms. Prior to that we had borrowed money from groups of people that would bank together, and for them we paid as much as 19 percent interest. In some instances, you had to give a

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MILLION DOLLAR MARATHON

This is the story of Willing Willy's entry into the big time. Willy isn't his real name, but the exposure of his actual monicker might cause unhappy altercations and strained relationships between himself and the Federal Tax Department, not to mention a possible long-term stay as a guest of the government at Atlanta.

Willing Willy was a gambler, and like every gambler he had his ups and downs. When he was having a good winning streak, he was a gregarious free talker and free spender. He never turned down a drink and always bought one in return. Many a fast buck was lost on the odds against Willy's being able to consume another shot before he passed out cold.

His clothes were custom made, and his stubby nails manicured twice a week. He lived in the most expensive hotels, ate the thickest steaks, and was responsible for more minks displayed on a wider assortment of blondes than anyone else in his set. He also sent a goodly amount in monthly payments to a small town in Pennsylvania but avoided mentioning it; Willing Willy would have been laughed out of circulation if it got around he had a mother.

When Willy had a run of bad luck, being a man of fixed habits, he still lived and thought on a grand scale, even if he had to borrow up to the hilt. It was during one of these times when he was into everyone he knew and his bad luck was the talk of Miami that Willy sat down and outlined his Supreme Plan. Now the gambler has a second sense about his own luck and even though he had been labeled "lousy" by his creditors, Willy *knew* that all he needed was one more stake to set him back on the road to recovery. Hence, his Supreme Plan that he had kept in reserve for just such an emergency—a plan that was later to become known in the inner circles as The Million Dollar Marathon, and the outcome of which was to win a place for Willing Willy in the gambling world's Hall of Fame.

With only a few bucks in his pocket, the amount having been borrowed from one of his many lady friends on the promise he would soon replace her ranch mink stole with a wild mink coat, Willy hopped a plane out of Miami—destination Las Vegas. It was about the time many of his ilk were heading for greener pastures as it was mid-April. No self-respecting gambler would be caught dead in Florida out of season, but Willy was not contemplating the social aspect of his flight.

Arriving in Vegas, he checked into his favorite spot on the Strip and retired to a bungalow to put the finishing touches on his plan—a plan relatively simple in context, for Willy was basically a simple man.

Lovingly taking a slip of folded paper out of his wallet, he set to work. With meticulous care, he added a comma and three zeros to what had originally been \$100 on an IOU. In a matter of seconds Willy was \$99,900 richer on paper—a piece of paper given to him over a year ago at his own insistence by a man who was never known to carry less than \$50,000 around with him.

"Ray," Willy had sighed after an all-night session, "you are nothing but a lucky bastard. Ya got oil wells, ya got

millions, ya own half of Texas—and now ya got me for the biggest bundle I ever dropped at one sitting. For this you can do me a favor."

At this point Willy took his last remaining C note and handed it to the man opposite him.

"Please, would you make me out an IOU for a hundred smackeroos, and I'll pay ya for it. I just want to be able to show it around once in a while so the boys will think there was a time in your life when you were caught with your pants down without even cab fare. It's the least you could do after tonight's slaughter."

Entering into the spirit of the moment, the multi-millionaire scrawled his signature on a \$100 chit and added Willy's C to his bulging roll. The idea that he, Big Ray O'Brien, would ever have to be in hock for a lousy hundred dollars would be laughable to anyone seeing the chit, but if it made Willy feel good, he wouldn't deny him his fun.

It wasn't until some weeks had passed that Willy remembered the IOU. Digging it out of his wallet, he noted for the first time that Big Ray had written "\$100" and not "one hundred." It was then that his Supreme Plan began to take form. And one year later it was to flower, causing him only a slight twinge of conscience.

Pocketing the gilt-edged piece of paper, he sauntered over to the casino and up to the desk clerk who greeted him with the cool cordiality accorded to all big-spending gamblers down on their luck. With a grand flourish, Willy removed the \$100,000 IOU from his wallet and tossed it across the desk.

"Stick this in the safe, will ya, friend," he drawled. "Ya don't get one of O'Brien's IOUs very often, and I want to get this one photostated to show my grandchildren before O'Brien pays off. It's almost a museum piece."

Pocketing his receipt, Willy ambled off towards the swimming pool, leaving a pop-eyed and shaken clerk staring down at the chit. It took less than an hour for the word to spread that Ray O'Brien was into Willing Willy for a hundred grand and that—once again—Willy was loaded. By the time he had finished his solitary lunch by the side of the pool and lit up one of his impossible-to-get five-dollar Uphams, Willy was the Man of the Hour. Slaps on the back and vigorous handshakes greeted him as he wound his way back through the casino.

Accepting his new found popularity philosophically and capily refraining from answering any leading questions as to how and when he had come by his good fortune, Willy retired to his bungalow for the remainder of the day. He was in no hurry to get into action, knowing his chances would be all the better if he didn't appear too eager. Much to the frustration of the entire casino and a half dozen lads who hoped to get a chance at his spanking new bundle, Willy slept soundly and peacefully. It wasn't until shortly after midnight that he made his appearance in the Chuck-wagon where he ordered bacon and eggs and a pint of stout.

After lighting his cigar and signing the check, adding a five dollar tip, he strolled over to Ed Ludkin, the casino

boss, and surveyed the tables in action. Willy was a craps man. Like all craps enthusiasts, he scorned the tourists and their endless slot machines, as well as the lugubrious placidity of the blackjack players. Even the tinkle of the ball in the spinning roulette wheel irritated him, and he scanned them all with a look of disdain and rejection. Letting his eye rest on the three crap tables spread out before him, a look of love passed over his freshly-shaved pink face, and he smiled benignly as he turned to Ed.

"Not much doing, eh, sport?"

"It's early yet, Willy," the man replied. "You looking for some action?"

"Well, I'll tell ya, I'd like to, Ed, but my packet's all tied up at the present, and I'm a little short on ready cash. Anyway, I'm figuring on moseying up to Reno in a couple of days and looking up some friends. By then I ought to be all free and clear."

Now Ed Ludkin was not a casino boss for nothing, and he knew that once Willy took off for Reno that would be the last chance for anyone in Vegas to get a crack at the much touted, newly acquired bundle.

"Why, Willy, you have insulted our friendship and hurt me deeply. You should know that your credit is good anytime you're here. Just write out a chit, boy, and the sky's the limit. Ten thousand, twenty, fifty—why you're even good for a hundred if you'd like a little game. After all, what are friends for?"

It took Willy about 40 seconds to be maneuvered over to the cashier's cage where he signed for ten thousand dollars' worth of chips.

This was the end of Willy's Supreme Plan, and it had come off just as he had known it would. All he had to do now was roll the dice; he was positive his intuition and new luck would take care of the rest.

Willy was right but he didn't know *how* right. For when Willing Willy took the pair of dice in his hands at 1:15 a.m. in the half-deserted casino, he didn't put them down again until three days later, and then only because there is just so much that can be expected of any one man in his lifetime. It was the first time in the history of the casino—or for that

matter, Las Vegas—that any one person held the dice continuously for 72 hours.

Willy's first roll was a seven, his second, an eleven. Then he rolled two fours and then a two and a four, and then a six and a two. And so it went, hour after hour. Those who rode with him and the side bets alone could have paid for any presidential election you'd care to mention.

By the time Willy started his second 12-hour stretch, gamblers from all over the country were piling off planes and heading for the casino, only to find they couldn't get past the jammed doorways. The rest of the Strip had literally come to a standstill as people waited for news of the latest roll.

All men are created equal, in some respects anyway, and Willy was no exception. A slop jar was brought to him on numerous occasions, and he relieved himself without the slightest show of embarrassment or even awareness of his surroundings. He consumed a dozen steak sandwiches, seven orders of french fries and three fifths of brandy. The house physician administered vitamin shots and happy pills, and every morning, promptly at 10, George the barber appeared on the scene. Outside, a dozen cases had been taken to the receiving hospital to be treated for hysteria and bruises suffered in the surging masses trying to gain entrance, and the state police reported two accidents and a complete traffic tie-up on the Strip Highway.

The casino owner, summoned back from Los Angeles by a frightened Ed, was trying in vain to make a deal with Willy to quit and clear out. Not only was the casino into Willy for almost half a million, but hundreds of thousands had been lost on the other tables that had been forgotten and inactive as the crowds surged around the one crap table. By the end of the third night, Willy, who had also amassed a large bundle on side bets, was understandably bleary-eyed and groggy. In spite of the shots, benmys and brandy, it was evident he was making his last stand. The hush that lay over the room was broken only by an occasional grunt as he halfheartedly tossed and by the drone of the stick man as he called the dice.

At exactly 1:20, 72 hours and five minutes after he had first walked up to the table, Willy gave a small, mournful groan and sank to the floor in a crumpled mass. He was finished and so was The Million Dollar Marathon.

Willy was back on his feet within a matter of hours. His first move was to collect his winnings, minus the \$10,000 chit he had signed. His second move was to pick up the IOU he had left for safekeeping at the desk, slipping the clerk a large bill for his "excellent service" as he walked away. His third move was to place a long distance call to Dallas, Texas. After confirming the fact that Big Ray would be there for a couple of days, he was on a plane within an hour. In Dallas, Willy was seen in a close huddle with Big Ray, and to those who knew about the IOU, it was obvious that Willy had arrived to collect.

That's why a number of people were mystified when Willy took a packet out of his coat pocket—a packet thick enough to contain a hundred thousand dollars—and, along with the IOU, passed it over to Big Ray. O'Brien in turn took a single C note out of his wallet and handed it to Willy.

The transaction completed, the two men silently shook hands and went their separate ways.

Gamblers are a strange breed. They have their own code, and they live up to it. One thing you can be sure of—they always pay their debts. □

Illustration by Ken Hoff



Trapshooting

Shattering, breaking, blasting and powdering objects usually means trouble — unless the objects are saucer-shaped discs native to the sport of trapshooting. By Bob Thruston and O. T. Jones

The sport of clay target bustin' came of age about 50 years ago when local gunclubs hosted traveling ammunition professionals in special challenge matches with their local top shooters. Prizes ranged from a gallon of cider up to \$1,000 in gold, and in those days hundreds of people would gather to watch, and bet, on these great events.

Trapshooting has been around for almost a hundred years but it wasn't until the 1920s when names of great shooters like (Winchester Arm's) Ad and Plinkey Topperwein, (DuPont Powder's) Les German and (Remington's) top pros Fred Tomlin and Clyde Mitchell shared sporting headlines with



the likes of Bobby Jones and Babe Ruth.

Today the sport has changed some, but the excitement remains, for it's the amateur shooters who now participate in the money shoots, the pros having ruled themselves ineligible to help promote the growth of their favorite sport. And when it comes to money events, nowhere in this country can richer shoots be found than at the lavish gunclubs in the State of Nevada.

During 1977, Del Webb's Mint Gunclub in Las Vegas offered \$20,000 in hard cash and up to \$100,000 in purses and options to some 500 trapshooters from all across the country. And that wasn't even the largest attended shoot in the state!

More than one million of the kiln-fired limestone and pitch clay pigeons

Nevada Calendar

OCTOBER

* Saturdays	Candy Dance Stock Car Races, 8 p.m., T-Car Speedway	Genoa Carson City
Weekends	Flea Market	Dayton
Weekends	One-Man Arts and Crafts Show, Cactus Pete's	Jackpot
Weekends	Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market	Fernley
1	5th Annual Diamondfield Jack Cross-Country Horse Race	Jackpot
1,2	Northeastern Nevada Horseman's Assoc. Horse Show	Elko
1,2	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
1,2	Antique Show and Sale, Community Center	Carson City
1,2	Hospital Auxiliary Annual Art Festival	Boulder City
1,2,29,30	World Wide Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
1-3	The World's First International Whistle-Off	Carson City
1,7,8,9	"Jacques Brel," Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
2	Rotary Fun Day, western carnival atmosphere, hay rides, barbecue, food booths, steer roping, trap shoot, clown dunking and much more	Smith Valley
2	Horse Show, Fuji Park	Carson City
3,4	Golf Tournament	Jackpot
3,4	Elko County Range Bull Sale, fairgrounds	Elko
7-9	Antique Show, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
8-10	Fuji Park Improvement Fund Show	Carson City
9	Bird Watching at Lahontan Resv., 3-mile walk, State Parks	Lake Lahontan
9-13	Sahara Tahoe Gin Rummy Showdown	Stateline
14-16	Reno Ski Show, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
15	Hospital Auxiliary Fashion Show, 6:30 p.m.	Fallon
17-21	Fall Military Golf Classic	Las Vegas
20-Dec. 1	Nevada Museum's Art and Photo Exhibit, Humboldt County Library	Winnemucca
21,22	Air Race from Great Falls, Montana to Jackpot	Jackpot
22,23	Doll and Miniature Show, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
23	Country Auction, 10:00 a.m., Community Hall	Smith Valley
28	1869 Bicentennial Ball	Carson City
28,29	"Steambath," Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
29-31	Nevada Day Art Show, Capitol Art Gallery	Carson City
30-Nov. 2	Pan Tournament, Union Plaza Hotel	Las Vegas
31	Nevada Day, parade, carnival, contests, exhibits	Carson City
NOVEMBER		
* Weekends	First International Japanese Import Show	Reno
Weekends	Flea Market	Dayton
Weekends	One-Man Arts and Crafts Show, Cactus Pete's	Jackpot
Weekends	Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market	Fernley
1-6	Capriola Days, Horse Palace (tent date)	Elko

sailed out for 1,381 shotgunners to take aim at during the 25th annual Golden West Grand American Trapshooting Tournament held at Harolds Trapshooting Club north of Sparks, May 4-9.

Those who were especially good at breaking the saucers were well rewarded because the Golden West is the richest trapshoot in the country with \$150,000 in prize money distributed over the six days of shooting. Part of the money is provided by the tournament's sponsor, Harolds Club, and the rest is provided by the shooters themselves as purse and option money that is divided up by the top shooters in each event.

Trapshooting ranks as one of the largest participant sports going. At the Golden West, stretching for half a mile like the disciplined shooting lines of the 19th century Napoleonic wars, you could gaze up the line of 31 traps and watch 155 shotguns bang away in succession at the fleeing clay pigeons.

The sport itself is a tangle of statistics denoting yardages, handicaps, scores and classes with trophies awarded to a wide range of shooters from sub-junior runners-up to veterans (shooters over 65). Which is part of the great attraction of trapshooting, because anyone can win. You don't have to be a great athlete.

3-6	PITA Fall Trapshoot, Harolds Club	Reno
4,5	Las Vegas Doll Club, Convention Center	Las Vegas
4,5,11-13	"Steambath," Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
5,6	Las Vegas Dressage Show (tent)	Las Vegas
8	Women's Pro Bowling Association, Showboat	Las Vegas
12	2nd Annual Las Vegas Judo Championship, Vo-Tech	Las Vegas
12,13	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
12,13	World Wide Flea Market, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
12,13	7th Annual AMORC Horse Show, Equestrian Estates	Las Vegas
15-18	Ladies' Winter Golf Classic	Las Vegas
15-Dec. 31	Indian Images Exhibit, Washoe County Library	Reno
18-20	Reno Christmas Showcase, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
18-20	City of Las Vegas Flower Show, Convention Center	Las Vegas
20	Town and Country Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
22	UNR vs Australia Basketball, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
23-27	Region V Horse Show, Horsemen's Park	Las Vegas
25-27	Silver State Kennel Club Dog Show, Convention Center	Las Vegas

DECEMBER

	Kiwanis Hospitality Room for Invitational Basketball Tournament, High School	Elko
Weekends	Flea Market	Dayton
Weekends	Fernley Fun Fair Flea Market	Fernley
Weekends	One-Man Arts and Crafts Show	Jackpot
2,3,9,10,		
16-18	"A Christmas Carol," Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
3	Christmas Parade	N. Las Vegas
3	Christmas Bazaar, 10-5 p.m., homemade items, free refreshments, Methodist Church	
3	Christmas Parade	Smith Valley
3,4	Christmas Craft Show, Centennial Coliseum	Ely
8-11	Holiday on Ice, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
9-11	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	Reno
9-11	The Showboat Invitational Golf Tournament	Las Vegas
9-11	Boy Scouts of America Fun Fair, Convention Center	Las Vegas
10,11	Southern Nevada Chinchilla Show, Convention Center	Las Vegas
11-14	Pan Tournament, Union Plaza Hotel	Las Vegas
13-16	"A Christmas Carol," matinee, Judy Bayley Theater	Las Vegas
16	"The Messiah," 8 p.m., Pioneer Theater Auditorium	Reno
16-18	World Wide Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
17,18	World Wide Flea Market, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
17,18	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	Las Vegas
26-Jan. 2	Public Ice Skating, Centennial Coliseum	Reno
31	Firemen's New Year's Eve Ball	Eureka
31	New Year's Eve Dance	Smith Valley

*Dates not available

Take for example this year's winner of the Golden West Grand Handicap Championship. Phil Ross of Cucamonga, Calif., would never beat out an infield hit in softball at 250 pounds plus. But, put him behind a shotgun and he can make you wish you were playing softball. The All-American shooter shattered 99 out of 100 targets from the maximum handicap yardage of 27 yards. And the 1975 winner was David Kelly of Fremont, Calif. who shot a rare, perfect 100. He was only 15. His closest competition among 816 shooters was Scott Voss of Le Seuer, Minn., who downed 98 targets. Voss, at 10 years old, was

barely taller than his shotgun. And a few years back, Canadian Susan Natrass, at age 17, defeated the great All-American Dan Orlich in a Golden West Grand American Handicap shootoff to win over \$10,000 in prize money.

But just because the kids are good, doesn't mean it's easy. Fast reflexes and unswerving concentration are essential. That 4-5/16-inch inverted saucer is thrown out in a random direction at a speed of 60 feet per second. A short hesitation and that target is winging out of range. Even a momentary lapse of concentration can doom a shooter, most of whom wear cardboard blinders to prevent distractions.

"If you have learned the basic fundamentals and have practiced," explained Daro Handy of Sutherlin, Ore., "you only have to beat 10 percent of the shooters. The other 90 percent are either defeated by poor mental attitude or poor equipment." Handy was the nation's top handicap shooter in 1974 and sincerely believes: "You win at this game because you make less errors than anyone else. You cannot afford any mistakes!"

Trapshooting normally attracts a limited number of spectators and they usually consist of shooters waiting their turn and relatives. One squad, how-



ever, always draws a crowd. A large number of the "90 percent" shooters turn out to watch the cream of the "10 percent." Dan Orlich, Reno casino executive, former Green Bay packer, and holder of numerous trapshooting records; Dan Bonillas, Los Banos, Calif., a stocky former college quarterback rated the best trapshooter in the nation for 1975, holder of most of the trapshooting records Orlich doesn't hold, and title holder for the Golden West Grand 1977 for the fifth straight year by breaking 864 out of 900 targets; brother Dave Bonillas of San Jose, Calif., who hit 300 straight 16-yard targets during the shoot and won the Golden West Grand Singles Championship; and John Hall, the best all-around trapshooter in Texas in 1975.

"When I go out to shoot," said Orlich, "I use the mental approach that I will beat everyone on the field. You get geared for what you want to do and it is almost inbred. To win you tell yourself that you have to get every target. Take each target, break it, forget it, and take the next one."

Editor's note: Bob Thruston is the editor and publisher of the American Shotgunner magazine, published in Reno. Thruston is also one of the West Coast's premier tournament trapshooters and is a regular winner in tournaments throughout the nation.

After a simple game of hold-em, "Texas Dolly" Brunson walked away with \$340,000.
By Julian Stone

"I'LL RAISE YOU TWENTY THOUSAND..."



"It's a \$10,000 buy in, hold-em to a freeze-out finish," says Bennie Binyon, host of the Horseshoe Club's World Series of Poker in Las Vegas. "It is a winner-take-all pot, no ducking out until a win or a loss." During the poker games in May, for the preliminaries and the World Series, nearly a million dollars pass through the card players' hands in a matter of days. After a 30-hour game in 1977, the winner walked away with \$340,000.

The game of hold-em originated in Texas and is similar to seven card stud. It puts a premium on aggressive play and bluffing. The ante starts at \$10, is raised to \$25 when two players are busted, and to \$50 when it gets to four-handed. The ante is upped to \$100 when only two players are left. The game gets serious when all the checks are black (or \$100 each).

Each player is dealt two cards face down. They bet. Then three cards, or "the flop," are dealt face up in the center of the table, which become community cards. The players combine their hole cards with the community cards and form the best combination. The ones who remain bet again. The fourth and fifth cards are turned up in the center, each followed by betting. By this time there are few players left and out of the seven cards (two in the hole, five on the table), the best five-card hand (or the best at bluffing) wins.

The game is brutal, usually deathly quiet, and discipline, shrewdness, an impenetrable style and ability to intimidate are qualities necessary for survival. Hold-em freeze-out poker is for cold and calculating, unsentimental killers to whom money means nothing but paper, because the amounts passed on a single card often amount to small fortunes. One pot in the '77 game contained \$138,000. The point of the game is to crush the spirit of the opposition.

In the professional gambling world, when a player is broke it isn't difficult to borrow huge sums of money in a matter of hours. John Hardie Moss is known as the world's greatest poker player, already having won the World Series three times. He came to Las Vegas in 1951 to play poker with Nick "The Greek" Dandolos, and during that game a single hand cost him \$250,000. Even so he went on to win the game. Legends say that Moss won \$5 million at cards and more than \$1 million at golf in his first three years in Vegas but he had to leave town in a hurry in 1954, having lost half a million dollars shooting craps. He went on the road playing poker, and paid his debt back in five years. He still plays cards but he doesn't shoot craps anymore.

During the World Series, \$50,000 pots are common. In hold-em poker, it is not unusual for the best hand to lose because it is a game of nerve as well as skill. The nerve is to ride a load of money on a sorry hand; the skill is to read the other players, to watch for minute changes, for pumping veins in a neck or wrist, or to read the hands moving the checks to know when to bet and when to fold.

The American game of poker has been played since the early 1800s, first in New Orleans and along the Mississippi River. Today big stakes poker is a dying game and the World Series is a magnet for professional gamblers simply because this kind of action is hard to find. In the 1977 World Series, Doyle "Texas Dolly" Brunson won the pot of \$340,000 with a full house, 10s over deuces. It was with the same hand he won the Series in 1976, at that time picking up \$220,000. The Binyons and the Horseshoe Club foresee a million-dollar game in the not too distant future, but that doesn't faze the gamblers.

"Money doesn't mean nothing to a player," insists John Hardie Moss, "but gambling does." □

T. A. "Amarillo Slim" Preston (at left) won the World Series in 1972 and has been trying to regain his title ever since. An expert pool shooter from Amarillo, Texas, he has beaten Minnesota Fats hands down. He has a talent for unearthing unlikely high stakes bets, including those for a record-breaking horseback ride to beating Evel Knievel at golf, using a hammer for a club. Poker is usually a silent game, but not for Amarillo Slim who is keen on chatting to his opponents. "Some of these guys are real uptight," he says. "It's so quiet you could hear an ant pee on cotton. I like to shake 'em up, put a rattlesnake in their pocket and ask 'em for a match."



W. C. "Pug" Pearson is known as an "action man." Born in the hills of Tennessee to a large and poor family, he is one of the most aggressive, head-to-head players in the game. An ex-Navy frogman and professional pool player, Pearson discovered his talent for cards after his discharge, and traveled the back rooms of Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, arriving in Las Vegas in the late Fifties. He won the World Series in 1973.



A successful San Antonio businessman, Crandall Addington is another high stakes Texas poker player whose calm disposition and stamina are widely recognized. As one of the better hold-em players, and the best dressed of the poker players, he seldom wears the same suit twice. It is said that he once played five days and nights and never loosened his expensive silk necktie.



One of the most feared hold-em players in America, Jack "Tree Top" Strauss, of Houston, Texas is a former basketball player who holds a degree in business administration from Texas A & M. One of the most likeable players in the tournament, Strauss plays poker to support his fondness for horses, sports betting, and crap shooting.

operator—that was very exciting. I would have been really happy to have had that as a success.”

Close associates say Harrah himself has always been the brains behind the success of Harrah’s, much as Pappy Smith—though in a far different style—brought growth to Harolds Club in another era.

Harrah, those associates say, realized early on that corporate practices would determine the future of the gaming industry.

Those practices became very much a part of the Harrah world after the man who readily admits he was “a drunk” not paying attention to the business went on the wagon. It was a personal turnaround few other early-day Reno gamblers made, but it spelled the beginning of the Harrah’s empire.

The empire, under the sober eyes of taciturn, reserved Harrah, was built upon a foundation devoted to the best. Harrah said, “Obviously to me and to many people, to be successful, you do things the best way. And the best way, in my opinion, is the nice way—and when you please the customer, you’re making him happy, you’re making yourself happy, you’re making business good, plus you’re a jump ahead of your competitors.”

Niceness is very much a part of the Harrah image. One executive says,

“The centralmost theme that permeates this place is his feeling that he wants to treat everybody as he would like to be treated. And he wants to be treated extremely well.”

He is described as being humorous, charming, not snobbish, unaffected by the trappings of great wealth. He dislikes idle chatter and those who fawn over him.

Unlike Smith, Harrah never had the reputation of being a gambler himself; the chips he places are courtesy bets. And it’s doubtful he would ever consider, even for the sake of business promotion, riding a horse inside his casino—drawing attention to himself just isn’t his style. Even today, he avoids situations not within his control.

And in a business devoted to chance, little in Harrah’s life happens by chance these days; his schedule is organized to fine detail, although it appears in these later years of his life he is settling to the earned pleasures of travel and relaxation with his sixth wife Verna at their plush, but homey, 50-acre Rancharrah in southwest Reno.

He now appears content, friends say, in the company of his family after five unsuccessful marriages, his few close friends and his beloved automobiles which in the future will be housed in a recreational complex west of Reno. He treats those cars, some one-of-a-kind and priceless, as cherished friends, visiting them late at night, ever-present notebook in hand to jot imperfections in signs and displays.

That attention to detail, insistence upon perfection, devotion to authenticity and a hatred of wasting time are well known personality traits of Harrah, for they have brought the success of his business. Yet he shuns public heralding of good deeds done, such as providing corporate jets to transport burn victims at no expense across the country “because that would look just like what it is, and who would we be fooling? We didn’t do it for that (publicity); we did it because it was the right thing to do.”

That personal philosophy is underscored by Harrah’s reply when asked what piece of advice he would leave for his two sons: “Well, something like ‘be kind’ or something like that. That’s more important than business, your relationships with other people.”

The human side of the man who admits he just doesn’t have “that smilin’ kind of a face” also comes in his relationship with the entertainers who appear at his clubs, for he considers many of them friends, not just the

crowd-drawing names at the bottoms of contracts. Entertainment is one of his special interests in the corporation, but his executives say his personal attention extends even to spotting the cobwebs in the corners and the fingerprints on the bars.

The attention is part of the excellence the man always has insisted on, associates say. How far he will go to achieve excellence is reflected in the 18-story hotel-casino complex at Stateline, Lake Tahoe. The second tower addition brings the complex cost near \$43 million. Harrah, when asked, admits in some embarrassment that it does reflect his personal tastes: opulent, but not gaudy; expensive, but something that will pay its own way.

Finishing the hotel at Tahoe was one of his dreams, which have a way of becoming reality because of his persisting nature. Other plans include building Auto World for his cars, opening a gaming venture in Australia, building a recreational vehicle park in Stanley, Idaho, adding another hotel tower to the Reno operation.

Harrah, associates say, has never taken his hand off the business, for William Harrah is Harrah’s in a way that Harold Smith Sr. was never Harolds Club. Today, the lives of the two men are ending at a distance perhaps never predicted by those who knew them when the two were the young men with the similar small joints in the 1930s.

Smith talks of being a “has been” and searches for something to occupy his time. Harrah’s days are filled: “Every day I think how lucky I am to have my health and to do just about anything I want to do. I enjoy that very much. I love my privacy. I love my life now every day every day.”

Smith’s summation of his life might, in 1977, be the same as that in his book of 1961. “I will play it as it lays. As the years have passed, and I have looked one way and another for answers, I come to one conclusion—I believe that life turns in cycles for all people. There are good cycles and there are cycles when things for you individually won’t go so good. I think this is meant to be. And, I want to say I believe this whole sequence is set by the Big Gent upstairs.” □

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Money Managers
continued from page 43

piece of your business away to borrow the money to go on. This is how Webb got an interest in the Sahara Hotel. He built the hotel and took his profit as 10 percent of the Sahara."

Boyd was casino manager at the Sahara but the Sahara Corporation branched out and bought the Mint, the Lucky Strike and the Pioneer Club downtown. Boyd was executive vice president in charge of the downtown properties, and several parking lots. In about 1965 he sold his interests to Del Webb.

"All through my life I have picked up real estate. I buy this, or buy that. I bought 25 percent of a piece across from the

Tropicana for \$2,500. The whole piece cost \$10,000. I eventually bought two of the three others out and we sold it 18 years later to Hughes for \$1,330,000."

Right now Sam Boyd and his family, including his sister Charlotte and son Bill, own the California Hotel and Casino, the Nevada Hotel, and the biggest casino in Henderson—the Eldorado Club. He has plans to build Sam Boyd's "Odyssey" on 8.5 acres downtown which will eventually include four towers and 2400 rooms. It will have convention facilities, gourmet restaurants, tennis courts and a 100-lane bowling facility.

"Whatever I have made of my life, I have made it here in Nevada. Whenever I go away, I just can't wait to get back."

Frank Scott

Union Plaza

Born in Los Angeles, but having lived in Nevada since 1936, Frank Scott started work as a carpenter's helper and has since worked 34 years in the construction business.

During the war he served in the South Pacific, and when he returned to Las Vegas he went to work as manager of Roberts Roof and Floor Company. He bought the company in 1949, and the company prospered. He acquired a substantial piece of a concrete company in 1964, but sold that

honky-tonk will leave downtown Las Vegas," Scott explains, "because you have to make a pretty sizeable investment in order to attract a good clientele and a good clientele is what makes one of these places go.

"I picked downtown because I like it better. The Strip is a different kind of ball game. They operate with high budget entertainment and the fees just go overboard." The Union Plaza presents Broadway-type plays in its theater and the choice of entertainment has been extremely successful and seems to have filled a void. Every casino has something special to draw in customers. One of the Union Plaza's offerings is unusual. "If you get four airplanes on a slot machine," Scott smiles, "you can win an airplane. It draws an aviation type."

He believes there is an advantage to being raised with gaming. "It's something that's always been there and the game has no fascination for you. I never dreamed I would become involved in the gaming business. I had this land and at first I was going to put a parking garage under the park that was at the Union Pacific Depot. I was going to be a parking attendant for the other clubs downtown! After we got into the figures and everything though, we felt the best use for the land was a hotel. That's how the Union Plaza grew."

Frank Scott is chairman of the board and president of the Scott Corporation, which has an operating company called Scott Plaza. Frank Scott is the largest shareholder. "You know this business isn't any different than the concrete business," he says. "When you have a clientele and they get to know you and like you, then they keep coming back. This is a service business. Courtesy is the number one thing."

NOTE: More stories of people in gaming will be appearing in future issues. These will include a shift boss, food and beverage director (in charge of 800 employees and eight restaurants), and a showgirl. —Ed.

Fred Benninger

*Chairman of the Board,
MGM Grand Hotel, Las Vegas*

The youngest of 13 children of German parents, Fred Benninger emigrated to the United States with his family when he was 11. It was 1928, and two days after he landed he was shining shoes.

"I was a worker. In those days a shoe shine was around a nickel but sometimes you got a drunk that paid you 15 cents. I'll never forget the first customer I got. He had black shoes and white socks. When I got through he had black shoes and black socks."

Benninger went to night school, and worked during the day to help his family. He had a full-time job by the time he was 13, as box boy in a grocery store and when he graduated from high school at 16 was already the store's bookkeeper. After that, still working at night, he went to New York University to study accounting.

"I wanted to take the CPA exam in 1936 but in New York you had to be 25 years old to do so. It was different in California, the age limit was 21, so I went there, passed the exam, and never moved back to New York." He took a job with an accounting firm until war broke out, got drafted, and spent five years in the air force.

His first job after the war was to audit the books of an air freight hauling company called The Flying Tigers, which was started by a group of 14 pilots who used to fly supplies across the hump (or Himalayas) between China and India. "It was a messy outfit," Benninger laughs, "and they didn't know too much about business, so after I finished the job the president asked me to stay over for about 30 days to help them out. That 30 days stretched into 22 years."

While Benninger was working with the Flying Tigers, and helping build it into one of the biggest air freight haulers in the world, he met Kirk Kerkorian who was involved in non-scheduled air carriage of passengers. They were competitors. In 1967 Kerkorian called Benninger and said, "There's a good opportunity up in Las Vegas. Why don't you come up and see?"

As partners they bought the Flamingo, then built the enormous and beautiful International Hotel. They sold that to Hilton in 1971 and bettered their first effort. Called the MGM Grand Hotel after the Hollywood movie company Kerkorian controls, they built what is presently the largest resort hotel in the world.

When plans for the gigantic 2100 room, 4600 employee hotel were announced, critics said it couldn't work. "Of course it worked," says Benninger. "We offered the newest hotel and the best facilities. With 18 million people coming to Las Vegas each year we knew the business was there. If you know how to run a hotel, there's no reason in the world why it wouldn't work." □



out—for an amount he couldn't refuse—in 1973.

"I had this crazy idea to build a hotel in 1960. It took me 10 years to put it together properly." Frank Scott's father worked for the Union Pacific Railroad, and the hotel he finally built is where the old Union Pacific Depot stood.

Downtown is changing. Sam Boyd is contemplating building a very fancy place within a block of his present California Hotel; the Golden Nugget and others have been upgraded. "I think some of the

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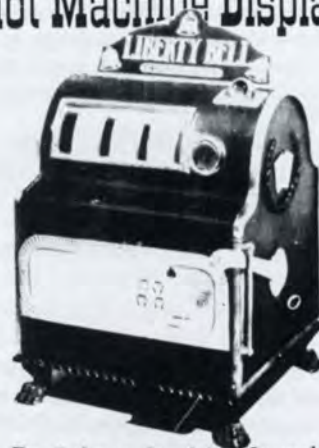
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In Nevada's plush resorts you can play—all night if you want to. You can swim, play tennis or golf, go boating, or

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CAESARS PALACE

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3650 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 734-4110
Reservations (800) 634-6971 toll-free
Hotel: 850 rooms, \$30-\$44, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker and baccarat. **Showroom:** Casino De Paris, dinner show, 7:45 p.m., minimum according to menu; cocktail show, 11:45 p.m., minimum \$9.50. **Lounge show:** dancing from 9 p.m. **Cocktail lounges:** Top of the Strip, Royal Box, Savoy. **Dining rooms:** Sultan's Table, gourmet; Dome of the Sea, seafood; Top of the Strip, gourmet dining. Convention manager: Leonard Shafer. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, golf course. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French, German and Japanese. Babysitting provided. Shopping at Bernets, toy shop, Wealins.

EL CORTEZ HOTEL

600 E. Fremont (702) 385-5200
Reservations (800) 634-6703 toll-free
Hotel: 152 rooms, \$12-\$20, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Cocktail bars:** Celebrity, Carnival. **Dining rooms:** Cortez Room, Emerald Room. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. No babysitting.

FLAMINGO-HILTON HOTEL

3555 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 733-3111
Hotel: 755 rooms, \$30-\$40, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker. **Showroom:** Under construction. **Lounge show:** Casino Lounge Disco. Two cocktail lounges. **Dining rooms:** Flamingo Room steaks and seafood, Lindy's Crown Buffet Room breakfast, lunch, dinner and Sunday Brunch. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, putting green. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French and German. No babysitting. Shopping at Flamingo Apparel. Barber and beauty shops.

FOUR QUEENS

202 E. Fremont (702) 385-4011
Reservations (800) 634-6825 toll-free
Hotel: 320 rooms, \$18-\$23, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, Big 6. **Cocktail lounges:** Royal Lounge, Kings Bar, Queens Bar. **Dining rooms:** Hugo's Rotisserie. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, Greek, German and Italian. Babysitting available.

FREMONT HOTEL

200 Fremont (702) 385-3232
Reservations (800) 633-6982 toll-free
Hotel: 450 rooms, \$22.50-25.50, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker and faro. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Fiesta Room, buffet; General Fremont, Chinese and American. Hotel manager: Frank La Via. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, Chinese, German and French. Babysitting provided.

FRONTIER HOTEL

3120 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 734-0110
Call collect for reservations or (800) 634-6966
Hotel: 590 rooms, \$25-\$39, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, slots, keno, poker and baccarat. **Showroom:** Frontier Showroom; dinner show, 8 p.m.; cocktail show, midnight. **Lounge Show:** Winner's Circle. No dancing. **Cocktail lounges:** Winner's Circle, Bar None. **Dining rooms:** Pioneer Room; Cabaret Room, gourmet; Coffee Shop. Convention manager: Beverly Langman, 734-0347 or 734-0348. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, six tennis courts. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Babysitting. Shopping at gift, dress and men's stores.

GOLDEN NUGGET

129 E. Fremont (702) 385-7111
Reservations (800) 634-3454 toll-free
Hotel: 600 rooms, \$28-\$40, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker. **Lounge show:** Gold Strike Theater Lounge, entertainment from 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. **Dining Rooms:** Zachariah, steaks, Chinese from 5 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Lillie Langtry's, steak house, from 6 p.m. to midnight. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, German, Chinese, and Italian. Babysitting available. Shopping in gift shop. Full service desk.

HACIENDA HOTEL

3950 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 739-8911
Reservations (800) 634-6713 or (800) 634-6611 toll-free
Hotel: 538 rooms, \$20-\$28, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, Big 6. **Showroom:** Fiesta Room, dinner show, 6:30 p.m.; cocktail show, 10:30 p.m.; main attraction, Spice On Ice. **Lounge show:** Casino Lounge, entertainment 9:15 p.m. to 2:35 a.m., no dancing. **Dining rooms:** Palm Room, coffee shop, Garden Room, buffet; Charcoal Room, gourmet. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, six tennis courts, golf course. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Babysitting is available. Children's activities include camper land recreation. Shopping at dress, portrait and gift stores.

HOLIDAY INN-CENTER STRIP

3475 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 732-2333
Reservations (800) 238-5510
Hotel: 510 rooms, \$30-\$50, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, Big 6, bingo. **Showroom:** Mark Twain Theatre, cocktail show at 10 p.m., also 8 p.m. and 12:30 a.m. on Saturdays, minimum \$5.50. **Lounge show:** dancing until 1 a.m. **Cocktail lounges:** Whistle Stop Lounge, Captain's



John Ascuaga's Nugget



Caesar's Palace

Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Farm House. Casino Restaurant, buffet. Convention manager: Francis Fitzgerald. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French, German and Japanese. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities at children's arcade. Shopping at Holiday Men's Wear, Mantrap Boutique.

JOCKEY CLUB

3700 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 736-8800
Reservations (800) 634-3470 toll-free
Hotel: 200 rooms, \$45-\$110, room service, valet parking. **Lounge show:** dancing from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. **Dining room:** Citation, gourmet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 50-325. Convention manager: Jill Kelly. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, sauna, four tennis courts. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French. No babysitting.

KING 8 INN

3330 W. Tropicana Ave. (702) 736-8988
Reservations (800) 634-3488 toll-free
Hotel: 305 rooms, \$15.88-\$29.88, no room service. **Casino games:** 21, slots, Big 6, craps, poker. **Cocktail lounge:** K-8 Saloon. **Dining room:** Branding Iron, 24 hours. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, jacuzzi, sauna. Bilingual staff. No babysitting. Gift shop.

LANDMARK HOTEL

364 Convention Center Dr. (702) 733-1110
Reservations (800) 634-6777 toll-free
Hotel: 492 rooms, \$22-\$40, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Showroom:** Jubilee, dinner show, 8 p.m.; cocktail show, midnight. **Lounge show:** Nitefy Nook, discotheque dancing 9 p.m. to 4 a.m. **Dining rooms:** Prime Rib Room; Mandarin, Chinese; Cascade Paris, 24 hours. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual gaming instructions on video tapes in German, Spanish, Japanese, Italian and French for TV viewing by guests. Babysitting is provided. Shopping in men's, women's, gift and jewelry stores, also barber shop and beauty salon.

LAS VEGAS HILTON HOTEL

3000 Paradise Rd. (702) 732-5111
Hotel: 2139 rooms, \$33-\$57, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker and baccarat. **Showroom:** Hilton Showroom, dinner show, 8 p.m., minimum \$15; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$15; main attractions, Ann-Margret, Elvis Presley. **Lounge Show:** Vestal Virgin, entertainment and dancing 9:30 p.m. to 3:30 a.m.

Cocktail lounges: Crystal Bar. International. **Dining rooms:** Market Plaza, 24-hour coffee shop; Leonardo, Italian; Bavarian Inn, German and Bavarian; Benihana, Japanese; Barronshire, prime rib. Convention manager: Jim Beebe. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, sauna, four tennis courts, youth hotel. Multilingual staff speaks Japanese, Spanish, Italian and German. Babysitting provided. Shopping at men's, women's, children's, shoe, photography and jewelry stores.

MAXIM

160 E. Flamingo (702) 731-4300
Reservations (800) 634-6573
Hotel: 450 rooms \$30-\$165, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** Craps, 21, Roulette, slots, keno, baccarat. **Lounge show:** Lallegra Lounge, shows at 9, 11, 1 a.m. Lallegra disco from 2 a.m., dancing. Three cocktail lounges. **Dining room:** Da Vincis continental, Tree House Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 700. **Convention manager:** Nancy DeDinco. **Resort facilities:** Swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, German and French. Babysitting facilities. Shopping in gift shop.

MGM GRAND HOTEL

3645 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 739-4111
Reservations (800) 634-3434 eastern states, (800) 634-6363 western states, toll-free
Hotel: 2116 rooms, \$29-\$45, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, card games, Big 6, baccarat. **Showrooms:** Celebrity Room, dinner show, 8 p.m., minimum \$17.50; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$17.50; main attractions: Dean Martin, Helen Reddy. **Lounge show:** Pub Lounge, no dancing. **Cocktail lounges:** Treason Bar, Reef Bar, Casino Bar, Jai Alai Bar, Pool Bar. **Dining rooms:** Orlean's Coffee Shop; New York Deli; Barmyores, steak, seafood; Caruso's, Italian; Cafe Gi Gi, gourmet. Convention manager: Robert Samuels, (702) 739-4401. **Resort facilities:** two swimming pools, sauna, 10 tennis courts, youth center. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French, Italian, Swedish and other languages. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include arcade. Shopping in 35 stores.

MARINA HOTEL AND CASINO

3805 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 739-1500
Reservations (800) 634-6383 or 634-6384, National WATTS (800) 227-4700
Hotel: 714 rooms, \$22-\$29, room service, valet



Circus Circus





John Ascuaga's Nugget



Harrah's

parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, Big 6, Baccarat. **Showroom:** Mirage, cocktail shows Sunday and Tuesday through Friday, 10 p.m. and midnight. Saturday at 9 and 11:30 p.m. and 1:30 a.m. No shows Monday. Main attraction, Bare Touch of Vegas. **Lounge show:** Shipwreck Kelly's, live entertainment 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., no dancing. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** 1886 Coffee Shop, 24 hours, daily buffets, Shipwreck Kelly's Dining Room, steak and seafood. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 25-1200. Convention manager: Lou Ann Sodano. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French, Italian, Greek. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at gift shop, souvenir store.

RIVIERA HOTEL

2901 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 734-5110
Hotel: 1250 rooms, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6, Baccarat. **Showroom:** Versailles Theatre, dinner show, 8 p.m., minimum \$17.50; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$17.50, main attraction, Liza Minnelli, Olivia Newton-John. **Cocktail lounges:** Delmonico's, Le Bistro. **Dining rooms:** Delmonico's, gourmet; Light House, gourmet; Cafe Noir coffee shop, Cantonese and kosher food; Ristorante Italiano, gourmet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 300 to 1,000 persons. Convention manager: Bob Launion. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, 10 tennis courts, health club. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French, Chinese, German, Hebrew and Arabic. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at High Fashion, Cuzzens, Kid-De Shop, Sports Shop and Marshall-Roussou.

ROYAL INN OF LAS VEGAS

305 Convention Center Dr. (702) 734-0711
Reservations (800) 634-6793 toll-free
Hotel: 200 rooms, \$24-\$40, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, baccarat. **Cocktail lounge:** Royal Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Casino Dining Room, porterhouse steak, prime rib; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 50-150 persons. Contact Nan Coffin. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, sauna. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish and French. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at gift and men's stores.

ROYAL LAS VEGAS

99 Convention Center Dr. (702) 735-6117
Reservations (800) 634-6411 toll-free
Hotel: 237 rooms, \$24.50-\$32.50, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6. **Showroom:** Royal Casino Showroom. Main attraction: Burlesque 76. Lounge show has dancing beginning at 9:30 p.m. **Dining rooms:** Greek Village, Greek food; Royal Coffee Shop. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Babysitters can be contacted.

SANDS HOTEL

3355 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 735-9111
Reservations (800) 634-6901 toll-free
Hotel: 777 rooms, \$32-\$48, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6, baccarat. **Showroom:** Copa Room, dinner show, 8 p.m., minimum \$20; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$18.50; main attractions, Wayne Newton and Roy Clark. **Lounge show:** Regency, entertainment from 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., no dancing. **Cocktail lounges:** Celebrity, Pavilion. **Dining rooms:** Garden Room, 24 hours; Regency, gourmet; Pavilion, gourmet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 1500 persons. Sales manager: Tim Lafferty; Convention Coordinator: Connie Bruce. **Resort facilities:** two swimming pools, sauna, four tennis courts, men's and women's health club. Multilingual staff speaks major European and Asian languages. Babysitting is provided. Shopping in men's, women's and gift stores.

SHOWBOAT HOTEL

2800 E. Fremont St. (702) 385-9123
Reservations (800) 634-3484 toll-free
Hotel: 500 rooms, \$17-\$19, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, bingo. **Cocktail lounges:** Mardi Gras Lounge, Casino Bar. **Dining rooms:** Dining Room, baked goods, strawberry shortcake, Buffet Room. Convention manager: Paul Coe. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, 70 bowling lanes. Multilingual staff speaks French, Spanish, Japanese, German. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include playground.

SILVER BIRD HOTEL & CASINO

2755 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 735-4111
Reservations (800) 634-3410
Hotel: 400 rooms, \$20-\$32, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21 roulette, slots, keno, Big 6, bingo. **Showroom:** Continental Theater, shows at 9 p.m. and midnight, \$7.95 per person. **Lounge show:** Keno Lounge, entertainment daily 4 p.m. to 4 a.m.; main attractions, Tommy Deening, Birdie Lee. **Dining rooms:** Terrace room, 24-hour coffee shop, Joe's Oyster Bar, seafood, Birds Nest Gourmet Room, Mexican Restaurant, Prime Rib Dinner Buffet; Luncheon Buffet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate 350-550 persons. **Convention manager:** Dick Thomas. **Resort facilities:** swim-

ming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French and German. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at jewelry store and gift shop. Beauty parlor and barber shop.

STARDUST HOTEL

3000 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 732-6111
Toll-free reservations for Arizona, Idaho, Oregon, Utah and California, (800) 634-6988; for Colorado, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota; South Dakota, Wyoming, Washington, Texas and Oklahoma, (800) 634-6931; for Arkansas, Iowa, Indiana, Mississippi, Missouri and Louisiana, (800) 634-6841; for all other states, (800) 634-6864.

Hotel: 1400 rooms, \$12-\$36, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, race book, Big 6, mini-baccarat. **Showroom:** Lido De Paris, dinner show, 8 p.m., minimum \$16; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$13.50. **Cocktail lounges:** Jockey Club, Snack Bar, Casino, Aku Aku. **Dining rooms:** Palm Room, 24-hour coffee shop; Sirloin Room, prime rib, sirloin steak; Aku Aku, Polynesian; Moby Dick, seafood. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 3,000 persons. Contact sales director. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, five tennis courts. Babysitting provided. Shopping at women's, men's, jewelry, liquor stores, also barber shop and beauty shop.

TROPICANA HOTEL

3801 Las Vegas Blvd. So. (702) 739-2222
Reservations (800) 634-6693 toll-free
Hotel: 539 rooms, \$30-\$42, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6, baccarat and poker. **Showroom:** Tiffany Theatre, dinner show, 6:30 p.m., minimum according to menu; cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$12; main attraction, Follies Bergere, Blueroom; Fountain Theater. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Lord Byron's Inn, English food; Le Gourmet Room; Brazilian Room, 24 hours. **Conventions:** contact sales manager. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, 8 indoor tennis courts, golf course. Multilingual staff speaks eight languages. No babysitting. Shopping in three stores.

20TH CENTURY HOTEL & CASINO

115 E. Tropicana Ave. (702) 739-1000
Reservations (800) 634-6151 toll free
Hotel: 320 rooms, \$22-\$65, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, baccarat. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Coffee Shop, 24 hours; Buffet, 11 a.m.-11 p.m. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, golf and tennis privileges at Tropicana Hotel. Babysitting available. Gift shop on premises.

UNION PLAZA HOTEL

1 Main St. (702) 386-2110
Reservations (800) 634-5675 toll-free
Hotel: 504 rooms, \$26-\$32, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, baccarat. **Cocktail lounge:** pan. **Showroom:** Plaza Theatre, dinner show, 6:30 p.m., minimum \$8.95; cocktail show, 11:30 p.m., minimum \$5.50. **Cocktail lounge:** Omaha. **Dining rooms:** Coffee Shop; Backstage Room, gourmet. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks all major European and Asian languages. Babysitting can be arranged. Children's activities include children's arcade. Shopping at Lido Fashions, gift and liquor stores, art gallery, also barber shop.

RENO

CIRCUS CIRCUS RENO

Full hotel/resort complex opening May 1978. Circus acts. Full gaming casino and dining area.

DEL WEBB SAHARA RENO

Second and Sierra (702) 322-1111
440 deluxe rooms and suites scheduled to open June 1978. Hotel/resort will include full gaming and 10,000 sq. ft. meeting facilities.

ELDORADO HOTEL & CASINO

Fourth and Virginia streets (702) 786-5700
Reservations (800) 648-3076 for western U.S., (800) 648-5966 for east coast
Hotel: 282 rooms, \$24-\$35, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Showroom:** Show Lounge, cocktail shows 5:30, 6:30 and 7:30 p.m. in the summer, 9 and 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. rest of year; minimum \$1.75. **Dining rooms:** Pepe's Steak House, gourmet. Coffee Shop, 24 hours. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 400. Convention Director: Sara Gordon. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Chinese, Japanese, Spanish, French, German, Yugoslav. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at The Gift Shop.

FITZGERALD'S HOTEL & CASINO

255 N. Virginia St. (702) 786-3663
Reservations (800) 648-5454
Hotel: 345 rooms, \$32-\$95, room service, valet

parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Showroom:** Emerald Room Theater Restaurant; times pending. **Lounge show:** Cabaret; entertainment begins at 7 p.m. No dancing. **Dining room:** Mollies Garden. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 765. Convention information: Ext. 3152. Babysitting can be arranged.

HARRAH'S CLUB, RENO

Virginia and Center streets (702) 329-4422
Reservations (800) 648-3773 for California, Arizona, Oregon, Utah and Idaho, toll-free
Hotel: 325 rooms, room service, valet parking.
Casino games: craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, baccarat, race book. **Showroom:** Reno Headliner Room, dinner show, 8:15 p.m.; cocktail show, midnight. **Lounge show:** Reno Casino Cabaret, entertainment from 8 p.m. to 2:15 a.m., no dancing. **Cocktail lounges:** Baccarat Lounge, Blackout Bar, Garden Room. **Dining rooms:** Seafare, seafood; Steak House; Sports Casino. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 2200. Sales manager: Andy Lucich. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, sauna. Multilingual staff speaks most major European and Asian languages. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include recreation center. Shopping at gift shop.

HOLIDAY INN DOWNTOWN

1000 East Sixth Street (702) 786-5151
Reservations (800) 521-6200
Hotel: 285 rooms, \$26-\$75, room service.
Casino games: craps, 21, slots, keno, Big 6. **Lounge show:** Riviera Room, entertainment and dancing from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Cocktail lounges:** Hotel Lounge and Casino Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Other Side of the Coin, steaks; Wooden Nickel. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 700. Convention manager: Cathie Clinch. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks major Asian and European languages. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at Holiday Inn Gift Shop.

HOLIDAY HOTEL & CASINO

Mill and Center streets (702) 329-0411
Reservations (800) 648-5431
Hotel: 200 rooms, \$28-\$38, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Lounge show:** Holiday Show Lounge, entertainment 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., no dancing. **Cocktail lounge:** Comstock Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Shore Room, prime rib, steak and lobster; Coffee Shop, 24 hours. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 250. Convention manager: Eileen Ferrari. Multilingual staff speaks major Asian and European languages. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at Holiday Hotel Gift Shop, barber shop, beauty shop.

HOWARD JOHNSON'S

100 Stanford Wy., Sparks (702) 358-6900
Hotel: 224 rooms, \$25-\$29, room service.
Casino games: craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, bingo. **Lounge show:** Branding Iron, entertainment and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., Tuesday through Saturday. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Bar. **Dining rooms:** Steakhouse; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 400. Convention manager: Jeanette Holman. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include game room.

JESSIE BECK'S RIVERSIDE HOTEL-CASINO

17 S. Virginia St. (702) 786-4400
Reservations (800) 648-3833 and (800) 648-3834 toll-free
Hotel: 200 rooms, \$14-\$26, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Lounge show:** Showroom, entertainment and dancing begin at 8 p.m. **Cocktail lounges:** Corner Bar, Cameo Bar, and Show Bar. **Dining room:** Cameo Dining Room. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 150. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks major Asian and European languages. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at gift shop.

JOHN ASCUAGA'S NUGGET

1125 B Street, Sparks (702) 358-2233
Reservations (800) 648-1177 for California, Oregon, Arizona, Utah and Idaho
Hotel: 350 rooms, \$12-\$50, room service.
Casino games: craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, bingo. **Showroom:** Theater Restaurant-Celebrity Room, dinner show 8 p.m., minimum \$12.25; cocktail show, 11:30 p.m., except Saturday at midnight, minimum \$7. **Lounge show:** Casino Cabaret, dancing and entertainment 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Cocktail lounges:** Trader Dick's, Polynesian. **Dining rooms:** Steak House; Juanito's, Mexican; John's Oyster Bar, seafood; Coffee Shop; Pancake Parlor; Golden Rooster Room, chicken. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 1200. Director of Sales: Walter Ott. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks several languages, including Madagascan, Vietnamese, Czech. Babysitting available. Children's activities include elephant open house. Shopping at gift shop.

MAPES HOTEL

10 N. Virginia St. (702) 323-1611
Reservations (800) 648-4548 toll-free
Hotel: 300 rooms, \$18-\$28, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker. **Lounge show:** Mapes Music Hall, entertainment and dancing from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Cocktail lounge:** Coach Room Tavern. **Dining rooms:** Coach Room, continental, Sky room; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 300. Convention manager: Bill Leary. Multilingual staff speaks several languages. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at Mapes Gift Shop.

MGM GRAND HOTEL

2500 East Second St. (702) 789-2000 or 786-1224
Reservations (800) 648-5080
1,015-room hotel/resort complex will be opening May 1978. **Recreation facilities:** include 50 bowling alleys, 2,000-seat jai-alai fronton, and two movie theaters.

ONSLOW HOTEL AND CASINO

133 N. Virginia St. (702) 786-7310
Hotel: 182 rooms, \$24-\$35, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6. **Two lounge shows:** dancing. **Dining rooms:** Supper Club, continental; coffee shop; snack bar. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 280. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French and German. Shopping in gift shop.

PIONEER INN

221 S. Virginia St. (702) 329-9781
Reservations (800) 648-5468
Hotel: 251 rooms, \$26-\$30, room service.
Casino games: craps, 21, slots. **Lounge show:** Iron Sword Lounge, entertainment and dancing 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. Monday through Saturday. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Bar. **Dining rooms:** Gourmet Dining Room; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 550 persons. Convention manager: John Lazovich. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at Faye's Gift Shop, Pioneer Inn Barber Shop, Stylecrest Beauty Salon.

PONDEROSA HOTEL & CASINO

515 S. Virginia St. (702) 786-6820
Reservations (800) 648-3877 toll-free
Hotel: 169 rooms, \$18-\$28, room service.
Casino games: craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, Big 6. **Lounge show:** Ponderosa Lounge, dancing and entertainment 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Cocktail lounge:** Casino Bar. **Dining rooms:** Bonanza Room; Coffee Shop, 24 hours. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 200 persons. Convention manager: Kathy Tripp. Multilingual staff speaks several languages. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at Ponderosa Gift Shop, Ponderosa Pines Beauty Salon.

REEF HOTEL AND CASINO

567 W. Fourth St. (702) 786-1331
Reservations (800) 648-4700
Hotel: 154 rooms, \$26-\$40, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** slots, 21, craps, keno, roulette (planned). **Lounge show:** Tiki Lounge, dancing and entertainment from 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. **Cocktail lounge:** Captain's Cabin. **Dining room:** coffee shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 350 persons. Convention managers: Isaac Poura or Dick Paulsen. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Persian, Italian, Spanish. Babysitting can be arranged.

SUNDOWNER HOTEL AND CASINO

450 N. Arlington Ave. (702) 786-7050
Reservations (800) 648-5490
Hotel: 349 rooms, \$28-\$38, no room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, slots, keno. **Cocktail lounge:** Rawhide Lounge. **Dining room:** coffee shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 240. Convention manager: Jo Belmont or David Boykin. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at gift shop.

LAKE TAHOE

CAL NEVA LODGE

Highway 28, North Lake Tahoe (702) 831-1511
Reservations (800) 648-4577
Hotel: 220 rooms, \$30-\$120, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** Craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno machines. **Show Room: 1 dinner show, 9 p.m., minimum \$10, cocktail show, 11:30 p.m., minimum \$7.50. Lounge show:** Cabaret Lounge, 8 p.m. to 3 a.m., dancing. **Cocktail lounge:** Circle Bar. **Dining rooms:** Seafood Gallery, seafood salads and cocktails; Lake Room, 24 hours. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 550. Contact sales director. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, healthspa. Multilingual staff speaks French, Spanish and German. Babysitting can be arranged. Children's activities include children's arcade. Shopping in J. Magnin; beauty shops for men and women.



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Hyatt Lake Tahoe



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Highway 50 East, Stateline (702) 588-6211
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Hotel: 535 rooms, \$38-\$42, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, baccarat, race book, Big 6. **Showroom:** High Sierra Theatre, dinner show, 8:15 p.m., minimum \$15, cocktail show, midnight, minimum \$12.50; main attractions, Tony Orlando and Dawn, Olivia Newton-John, Liberace, Diana Ross, Tom Jones. **Lounge show:** Pine Cone Lounge, entertainment 6 p.m. to 3 a.m., no dancing. **Dining rooms:** House of Lords, gourmet, Four Seasons Restaurant, 24-hour coffee shop. Sales manager: Tom Ryan. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish and German. Babysitting can be arranged. Children's activities include game room. Shopping at Wallins men's store, Spertling's women's store, Brakes House Florist, Sydney's Jewelry Store and Etc., Etc. book and general store.

HARRAH'S LAKE TAHOE

Highway 50 East, Stateline (702) 588-6611
Reservations (800) 648-3773

Hotel: 530 rooms, \$31-\$55, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, bingo, race book, baccarat. **Showroom:** South Shore Room, dinner show, seating 6:00-6:30, cocktail show, seating 11:00-11:30; main attractions, Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr., John Denver. **Lounge show:** Stateline Cabaret, continuous entertainment. **Cocktail lounges:** Summit Room (music and dancing); Numbers Bar, Cabaret Bar, Keno Bar, Rendezvous Bar, Edgewood Bar. **Dining rooms:** Summit Room; Seafood Cove; Sierra Restaurant; Snack Bar. Convention manager: Lawdy Flanagan. **Resort facilities:** sauna. Multilingual staff. Children's activities include recreation center. Shopping at gift shop, Equinox men's clothes, Jewels by Harrah's.

HARVEY'S RESORT HOTEL AND HARVEY'S INN

Highway 50 East, Stateline (702) 588-2411
Reservations (800) 648-3361 toll-free

Hotel: 200 rooms, \$36-\$38, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, Big 6, bingo. **Lounge show:** Theater Lounge, continuous entertainment, no dancing. **Cocktail lounges:** Top of the Wheel and 10 cocktail areas. **Dining rooms:** Top of the Wheel, Polynesian, western; Sage Room Steakhouse, gourmet; El Dorado Buffet, prime rib; Carnegie Coffee House, 24 hours; Harvey's Pancake Parlor, pancakes and crepes; Timber House, prime rib, three snack bars. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks major European and Asian languages. Babysitting is available.

HYATT LAKE TAHOE

Lakeshore and Country Club, Incline Village (702) 831-1111
Reservations (800) 228-9000 toll-free

Hotel: 463 rooms, \$36, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, baccarat. **Lounge show:** Sugar Pine Lounge, entertainment 9 p.m. to 3 a.m., no dancing. **Dining rooms:** Alpine Jack's, coffee shop; Hugo's Rotisserie, gourmet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 850. Convention manager: Tom Sullivan. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, sauna, two tennis courts, golf course. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish and German. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include game room. Shopping in gift shop, sporting goods store, beauty salon.

CARSON CITY

ORMSBY HOUSE

South Carson Street (702) 882-1890

Hotel: 220 rooms, \$28-\$85, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker, baccarat, Big 6. **Lounge show:** Mark Twain Bar, entertainment from 6 p.m. to 4 a.m. Dancing nightly except Monday in Prime Rib Room. **Cocktail lounge:** Corner Saloon. **Dining rooms:** Dominique's, Coffee Shop, Snack Bar. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 400. Director of Sales: Patrick Allison. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Babysitting is provided. Shopping in Hotel Gift Shop.

ELKO

COMMERCIAL HOTEL

345 Fourth St. (702) 738-3181

Hotel: 89 rooms, \$5-\$18, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker. **Lounge show:** Frontier Lounge, entertainment 4 p.m. to 3 a.m., no dancing. **Cocktail lounge:** Monte Carlo Casino Bar, Frontier Bar. **Dining rooms:** Banquet Room, Sunday Chow Wagon, Brand Room, char-broiled steaks, lob-

ster; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 150. General manager: Oren Probert. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, Basque and Greek. Babysitting is provided.

STOCKMEN'S

Third and Commercial (702) 738-5141

Hotel: 141 rooms, \$21-\$49, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Lounge show:** Stockmen's Showroom, entertainment at 9:15 and 10:45 p.m. and 12:45 a.m., dancing between shows. **Cocktail lounge:** Stockmen's Lounge. **Dining rooms:** Dining Room; Coffee Shop. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 300. Convention manager: Stack Madigan. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool, handball court, 18-hole golf course. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish and Basque. Babysitting can be arranged. Children's activities: resort facilities, children's arcade.

ELY

HOTEL NEVADA

501 Aultman St. (702) 289-4414

Hotel: 96 rooms, \$10.50-\$17.85, no room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, mini-baccarat. **Lounge show:** Hotel Nevada Lounge, dancing and entertainment from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Dining rooms:** Coffee Shop; Frontier Room, gourmet. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 300. Convention manager: Connie Eberhart. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish and Greek. Babysitting can be arranged. Shopping at Hotel Gift Shop.

HAWTHORNE

EL CAPITAN

541 F St., Hawthorne (702) 945-3321

Hotel: 95 rooms, \$16-\$20, room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, slots, keno, poker. **Lounge show:** El Capitan Lounge, dancing and entertainment 9 p.m. to 3 a.m. **Dining rooms:** Coffee Shop; Steakhouse. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 500. Convention manager: Adolph Allish. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at gift shop.

JACKPOT

CACTUS PETE'S AND HORSESHU CASINO

Highway 93, Jackpot (702) 755-2321

Hotel: 140 rooms, \$13-\$22, no room service. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno, poker. **Showroom:** Gala Room, Cactus Pete's, dinner show, 8 p.m., cocktail shows 10 p.m. and midnight. **Lounge show:** Horseshu Bar, dancing and entertainment from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m.; bar entertainment, Cactus Pete's. **Dining rooms:** gala dining room Cactus Pete's, Treasure House, Horseshu, two coffee shops. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 100. Convention manager: Mildred Stanfield. **Resort facilities:** ice skating rink (in winter), swimming pool, two tennis courts, 9-hole golf course. Over-night camper hook-ups. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Babysitting is provided. Shopping at gift shop.

WENDOVER

STATELINE HOTEL & CASINO

West Wendover, Nevada (702) 668-2221
Reservations: (800) 648-9668 toll-free

Hotel: 102 rooms \$23-\$30. **Casino games:** craps, 21, roulette, slots, keno. **Lounge shows:** Show Bar Lounge, from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. **Cocktail Lounge:** two. **Dining room:** Soft Cellar, steaks; Bonneville Room, buffet, Coffee Shop, open 24 hours. **Convention facilities:** accommodates 100. Convention Manager: Steve Perry. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Bilingual staff speaks Spanish. Shopping in gift shop.

WINNEMUCCA

WINNER'S INN and STAR BROILER

Winnemucca Boulevard (702) 623-2511

Hotel: 99 rooms, \$17.85-\$28.50, room service, valet parking. **Casino games:** craps, 21, slots, keno, poker. **Lounge shows:** Firepit, dancing and entertainment from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m.; Star Show Lounge, entertainment from 8:30 p.m. to 2:30 a.m. **Dining rooms:** Star Steak Room; Chuck Wagon, buffet; three coffee shops. **Convention facilities:** accommodate up to 200. Convention manager: Hughie Schoff. **Resort facilities:** swimming pool. Multilingual staff speaks Spanish, French Basque, and Mandarin Chinese. Babysitting is provided. Children's activities include amusement arcade. Shopping in gift shop.

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Nevada Reading

Mustang: Life and Legends of Nevada's Wild Horses.

Anthony A. Amaral.

University of Nevada Press,
Reno, Nevada, 1977 \$9.00.

Contrary to popular belief the Spanish horses from which the mustang of Nevada developed were not those lost by explorers like Coronado or Cortés, but from Spanish missions and settlements along what is now the southern border of the United States.

By the first third of the 17th Century, New Mexico had 25 missions and 60,000 converts among the Indians in 90 pueblos. The economy was based on ranching sheep and cattle, grazing unfenced on the wild, wide land. Tending these rapidly growing herds became impossible for the relatively small numbers of Spaniards, so permission was granted in 1621 for Indians to be taught to ride and manage herds. They would then be able to take over the chores which were often tedious for the caballeros. Adios, Custer.

Once adept at horsemanship the Indians, realizing the importance of the horse in hunting and war, and chafing under Spanish rule, rebelled, fleeing on horseback, taking along extra horses for trade. The rebels were welcomed by horseless tribes with the proviso that they teach their newfound ability to the rest of the tribe. Within a few generations the Indians were mounted all the way to the Canadian border.

When the Spaniards fled south after the Pueblo rebellion in 1680, thousands of horses were abandoned, many to escape into the wilderness. The days of the mustang had begun.

Author Tony Amaral paints an exciting history of these "hot-blooded" horses and their later mixture with "cold-blooded" work horses from northern Europe and England into the mustang we are familiar with today.

But "history" is not enough for this book. Folk tales, the lore of the cowboys and bronc busters, their language, their brutality, their love for

these wild creatures is vividly depicted by this well-known horseman. His facts and tales are collected from newspapers, from around campfires, from the top rail of a corral; tales collected over the years from Indians, ranchers and rodeo riders whose fathers and grandfathers each had his own memory of sad or funny or heroic encounters with the mustang.

Illustrated with a map, drawings, and photos, *Mustang* is a delightful surprise of a book for horse fanciers or phobes.

The Compleat Nevada Traveler: A Guide to the State.

David W. Toll

University of Nevada Press,
Reno, Nevada, 1976 \$3.50.

Don't say, "Oh dear, another travel guide," until you've given *The Compleat Nevada Traveler* a chance. David Toll, publisher and chief editor of *The Gold Hill News*, has succeeded in making it as lively and entertaining as that famous newspaper, with great chunks of Nevada lore thrown in among the maps and miles and state routes.

Carlin, January 1889: The Carlin correspondent to the *Elko Free Press* mentioned a ghost hammering and upsetting the pickles in the house into which she and her husband had moved. "When the ghost persisted, the lady's husband went into the cellar and probed the earthen floor and walls. Behind the pickle shelves he found the partially burned and dismembered corpse of a man. The husband and wife who had formerly occupied the house were eventually tried and convicted for murder and hanged behind the Elko courthouse. The hanging was the first legal execution of a woman in the Pacific region, and the only one in the history of Nevada." Not the stuff of usual travel guides.

Divided into four general geographical areas—Mining Country, Big Bonanza Country, Cattle Country, and Mormon Country—*The Compleat Nevada Traveler* leads the reader to all corners of the state. Best of all, the special information sections—Nevada Profile, Nevada Highway Patrol, Big Game Hunting, etc.—are necessary but usually omitted benefits of such a guide. David Toll's irreverent, joyous style will entice the readers onto the Nevada highways with ease, so that they come to love the state as he does.



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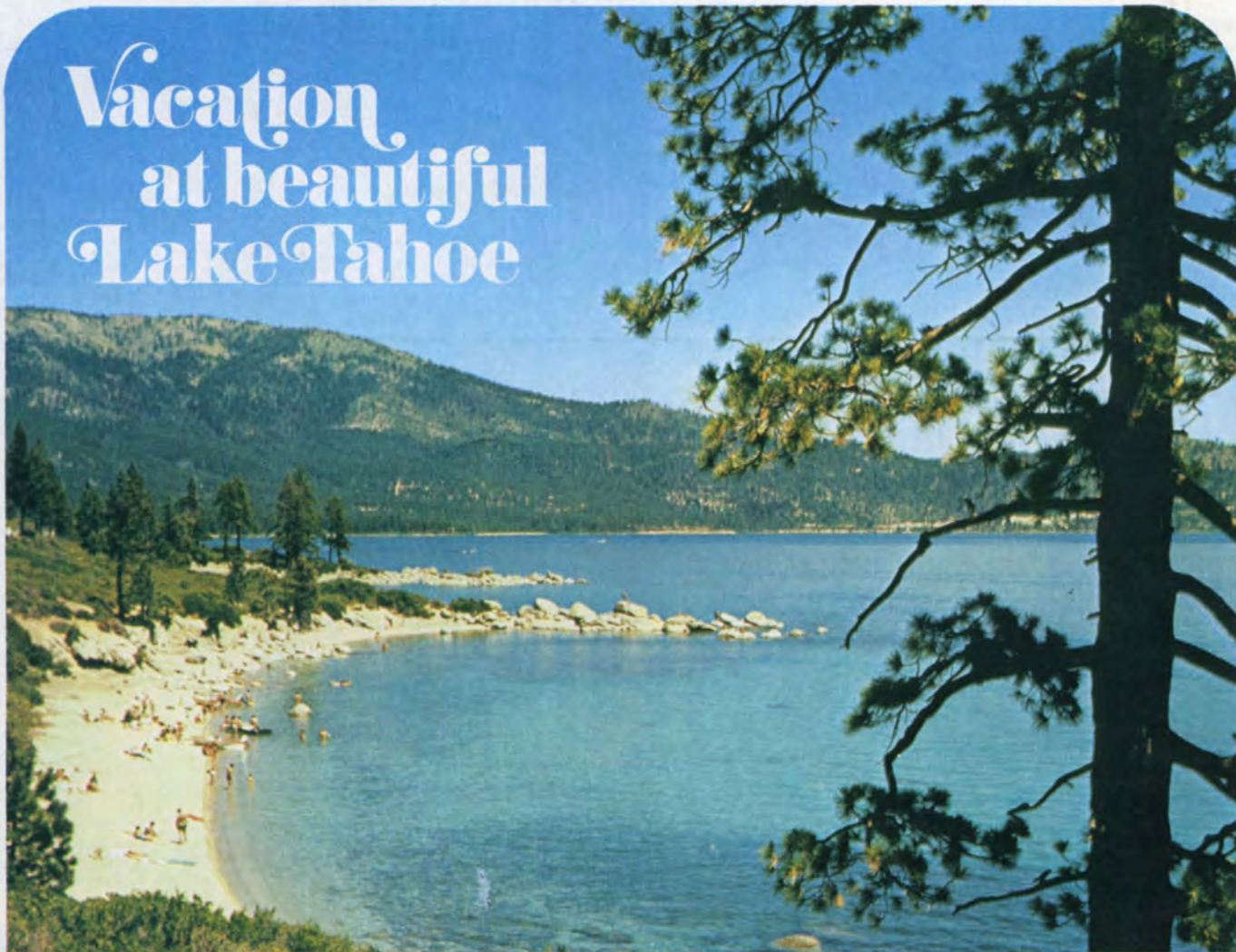
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