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NEVADA

MAGAZINE

No. 2, 1977 $1.00



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NEVADA MAGAZINE is published quarterly by the State of Nevada, Department of Economic Development, Carson City, Nevada. © Copyright 1976 by the State of Nevada. Second class postage permit Carson City, Nevada 89710 with additional entry in Denver, Colorado.

Subscription Rates
$4 per year, U.S. and Canada; $6 Foreign. Please allow six weeks for delivery. To subscribe call 1-800-992-5710 (in Nevada), or 1-800-648-4711 (Continental U.S. except Nevada). We'll bill you later.

NEVADA MAGAZINE assumes no responsibility for damage or loss of any material submitted for publication. Full return postage must be included.

Change of Address
New address should be accompanied with old address label and sent to Circulation Department, Nevada Magazine, Carson City Nevada 89710.

ON THE COVER
Red-tailed hawk, See story page 7.
Photo by Pandion.

COMING SHORTLY
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Guide to hotels and resorts
Jarbidge Wilderness

NEVADA

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The first-time visitor, the many-times visitor, and even the long-time resident will find here a guide to places he never dreamed existed. From burning deserts to mountain meadows, from the dazzling neon of Las Vegas and Reno to authentic frontier communities and crumbling ghost towns, the traveler will find a fresh itinerary in this lively paperback.

Author David Toll has divided the State of Nevada into four roughly-defined regions — mining country, Big Bonanza country, cattle country, and Mormon country In the immense diversity that makes up Nevada, each region has its own particular identity and history Included in detail are the outdoor recreation possibilities in national and state parks, campgrounds, and ski areas.

The Compleat Nevada Traveler 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 style of writing that will delight the reader

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Editorial

In this issue, the state is covered, east to west, north to south. We are bringing you a curious war where no men died, an imaginary cookbook which sheds light on the culinary arts of yesterday's madams, the strongmen sports of the Basques, and some of Nevada's strangest touring spots. We have enlarged the Nevada Calendar, hoping to encourage you to attend more of Nevada's uniquely western events, and two of our favorite writers have contributed stories for this quarter

Robert Laxalt's article, "The Sheepmen," is actually a chapter from his forthcoming book, "Nevada: A Bicentennial History." Laxalt's writing style is gentle, his perception lucid, and his talents have been missing from the pages of Nevada Magazine for much too long. And Guy Shipler, correspondent for Time, Inc. in New York, a household word in Nevada journalism, television and political commentary, has written "Toiyabe," the story of Nevada's national forests. Shipler's office is only a few steps away from Nevada Magazine's, so it's difficult for him to duck requests for feature stories.

* * *

We are broadening our editorial package. Our next magazine will feature horses, from Morgans to Appaloosas to Mustangs. It will talk about training, showing and caring for horses, and the sports, activities and personalities that surround them. We are planning a special issue on new and old time gamblers; one on trains and their memorabilia; another on historic mansions of the state. And we will continue with stories of yesterday; the people of Nevada; the special places to visit; and there will always be plenty of photographs. Please keep in touch by writing to tell us what you would like to see, particularly in the way of recreation guides.

* * *

People scoff when you say Nevada is great for dining. They think this state is nothing but roast pinenuts and sheepherder's bread (both of which are delicious). But Reno, Las Vegas and many smaller cities have restaurants comparable to the best on either coast. For examples of these, note our new Nevada Dining section on page 45.

* * *

Criticism is not always easy to accept, but in some instances it really helps. There were complaints about the 1977 calendar It seems some buyers wanted 'squares' and not stripes; 'ordinary scenics' and not Nevada's colors and textures as portrayed; 'regular format' instead of the vertical shape we offered this year.

Unfortunately our 'regular style' calendars of the past were not too popular either, and we did have many requests for desk calendars. The profit-loss battle is always being fought, but your criticism has worked. Our 1978 calendar will be different again. There will be plenty of room to write, and big Nevada pictures to look at. If you want forewarning as to what it will look like, watch for our ads in the next few issues.

As it stands now, there are a few 1977 Nevada calendars left in our basement, but the price has changed. As of April 1st, the originally priced $2 item will sell for $5. If you want Nevada's only calendar that raised a surprising and extraordinary uproar (definitely a trivia collector's item), send your $5 check to Nevada Magazine, Carson City, NV 89710—but keep in mind no refunds are allowed.—C.J. Hadley



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There's a new fashion plate at Joseph Magnin. The American Express Card.

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Letters

NEW LIGHT

I enjoyed the Fish Lake Valley story in Issue 1, 1977 as I was born in the valley in 1903. However, the Legend of Fish Lake by Wells Drury is not true. The Indian and his wife did drown but the baby was not a girl, but a boy. The Indian and the squaw's body were recovered and the McNetts and Hale's helped the Indians bury them above the upper McNett ranch not far from Indian Creek. The Hale's were uncles of David and Alex McNett and they kept a diary of the early history of Fish Lake Valley. If you would like to have the true story, let me know and I will send you some history of the valley.

Ira J. McNett
Janesville, CA.

LACK OF TASTE

Concerning the life story of Doris Cavanagh (Issue 1, 1977), one of Nevada's most colorful women. I think that the author showed great lack of taste when he kept referring to Mrs. Cavanagh as just "Cavanagh," not using a fitting pronoun.

Today it is proper enough when the men are on a street to remark: "There goes Jones," not using a "Mr." But such an incident would not be polite to say, "There goes Cavanagh." More properly it should be: "There goes Mrs. Cavanagh; or, more lovingly: "There goes Doris."

Martin C. Miller
Winnemucca, Nv.

I have enjoyed many visits with Mrs. Cavanagh and it was at her request that I call her "Cavanagh." My name is Caroline, but she calls me Hadley.—Ed.

COVER CHARGES?

I think it would be well to send the issues in an envelope, even if it costs 50¢ more a year. About half of my issues arrive "beat up." One issue was handed to me by the letter carrier with his right hand and the cover of Nevada with his left hand. He said, "It's lucky the cover came all the way with it."

Guy Smith
Needham, Mass.

What do you think? would you pay more just for the envelope? —Ed

WHOSE IS IT?

"Red Rock Canyon belongs to the Bureau of Land Management " says Mr. Hadley in No.1 1977. Does the White House belong to Jimmy Carter? Does Yellowstone belong to the U.S. Park Service? We, the people, are losing ground again. But then maybe he's right, as one could infer from Shipler's following treatise.

William R. Callaway
Sheridan, Montana

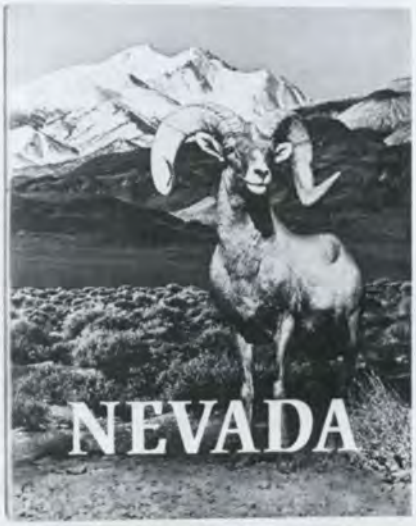
COMIN' HOME

What a beautiful publication you are producing—it's a delight to read and view. I've an old home in Virginia City and, keeping fingers crossed, someday hope to retire to it. At least I get there every chance I can now, to get away from this mad portion of the world.

Vera Graham
Hillsborough, CA.

I didn't intend to renew my subscription, but your last issue was so good, it changed my mind.

Helen M. Johnson
Denver, CO.



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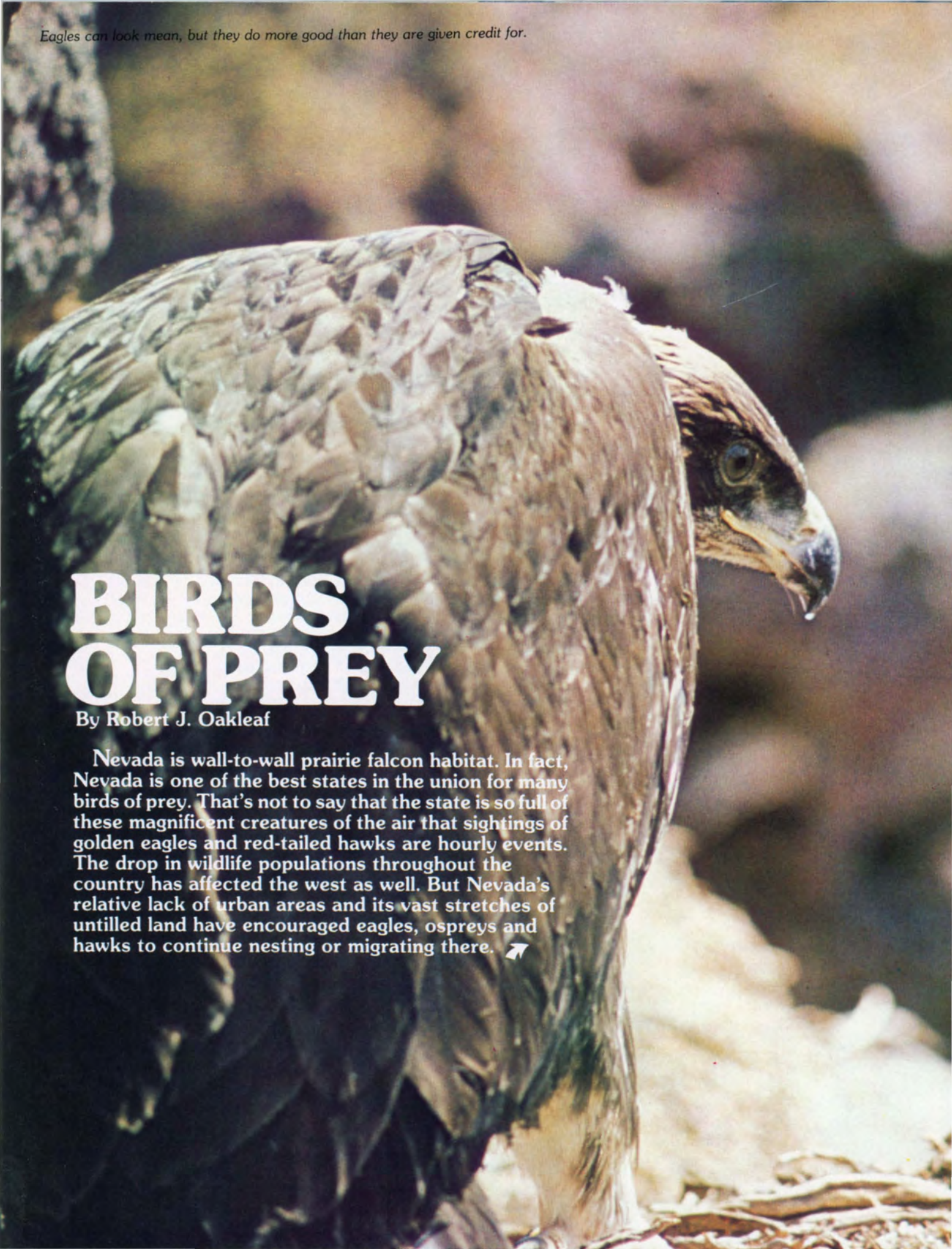
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Eagles can look mean, but they do more good than they are given credit for.

BIRDS OF PREY

By Robert J. Oakleaf

Nevada is wall-to-wall prairie falcon habitat. In fact, Nevada is one of the best states in the union for many birds of prey. That's not to say that the state is so full of these magnificent creatures of the air that sightings of golden eagles and red-tailed hawks are hourly events. The drop in wildlife populations throughout the country has affected the west as well. But Nevada's relative lack of urban areas and its vast stretches of untilled land have encouraged eagles, ospreys and hawks to continue nesting or migrating there.

Birds of prey, or raptors, hold a special place in the world and in man's view of the world. Strength, savagery, loyalty and love of freedom are some of the characteristics given the big birds. They have also been accused of marauding bird feeders and chicken coops, which no doubt they do, occasionally, and even of carrying off children, a newspaper hoax likely to show up with some obscure dateline every 10 years or so.

Man's fascination with these graceful soarers has warred with his bloodlust and fear down through the ages, and even today bird lovers and scientists find their aims of conservation thwarted by vandals who blast away at the federally-protected birds, for whatever reason prompts a man to turn a thing of beauty into a blood-stained clump of feathers.

Complicating the situation are generations of Americans who unknowingly dumped tons of pesticides on crops and forests and into waterways. The accumulation of pesticide poisoning is blamed for the partial disappearance of some species, particularly the peregrine falcon, whose preference for water birds makes it especially susceptible to such poisons.

Trying to find a balance between man's needs and wants and nature's are such agencies as the Nevada Department of Fish and Game, which surveys populations of raptors as well as other wildlife in the state, maps nesting and feeding areas as well as times of the year when sightings are common and then attempts to determine how best to match the needs of wildlife with the increasing use by people of Nevada's public lands.

It's not just aesthetics that prompts Fish and Game to make efforts to preserve Nevada's raptor population. Ecologists have discovered that raptors form an extremely important cog in the intricate and balanced gears of the ecosystem. Birds of prey are at the top of the food chain, and their lives depend on the quantity and distribution of the smaller animals they feed on. Some raptors are extremely sensitive to changes in the



Osprey, building a nest.



Peregrine falcon returning from a hunt.



Bald eagle, one of the rarest of the raptors.

Golden eagles, born near Fallon, at eight weeks old.

Below, one of the same golden eagles, at two weeks old.



Pandion photos

environment and man's activities and provide a good indicator to the general health of an ecosystem. And, of course, many of these predators are fond of the kind of rodents that plague farmer's crops, thus making them valuable in pest control.

Nevada's varied climate types result in many different habitats, with a species or group of species of raptors adapted to each one. These groups in Nevada are eagles, ospreys and hawks. Hawks can be further divided into four types: buteos, accipiters, falcons and harriers. Accompanying this article is a column on how to identify these birds.

The bald eagle, our country's fast-disappearing emblem, winters in Nevada and begins showing up around November or December, reaching peak numbers in January in such areas as Lake Mead and the Carson, Lahontan and Pahranagat valleys. The bald eagle takes four to five years to develop its distinctive white head and tail plumage, and while young is often confused with the golden eagle, a year-round inhabitant of Nevada. The golden is much more common than the bald, and is often seen in the sagebrush areas of northern Nevada.

The fish-loving osprey can be seen making its dramatic dives into the water in the lakes and rivers of western Nevada. A successful nesting has yet to be documented, although a pair set up housekeeping in the Lake Tahoe area in 1976. Eggs were apparently not laid, but Fish and Game observers hope to see a family of ospreys this year.

Hawks are much more common than eagles or ospreys. The accipiters, including goshawks, Cooper's hawks and sharp-shinned hawks, have adapted better than any other group of hawks to foraging in heavily wooded and brushy areas. Although secretive by nature, especially during the breeding season, they may be seen around urban areas during winter and on migration, hunting quail and domestic poultry, or slipping in for an easy kill at a backyard bird feeder They have also been seen during winter hunting open chukar slopes in direct competition with the sportsmen.

The four hawks known as buteos are the readily-observed soaring hawks of open habitat. The red-tailed hawk is very common in Nevada, and is fond of eating reptiles in the hot deserts of the south. Rough-legged hawks nest in the Arctic and consider Nevada a good vacation spot in the winter The Swainson's hawk, however, prefers Nevada in the summer, and migrates to Argentina when the weather turns cold. Lone juniper trees in the eastern part of the state provide nesting spots for the ferruginous hawk, a year-round resident.

The marsh hawk, a denizen of wetlands and agricultural areas, mostly, is Nevada's only harrier, but there are four species of falcon, including the rare peregrine and the common prairie falcon. The other two are the American kestrel or sparrow hawk, often seen even in urban areas, and the merlin, or pigeon hawk. The merlin winters in Nevada in small numbers, or stops off on migratory flights. □

IDENTIFICATION OF NEVADA RAPTORS

EAGLES

Two species are found in Nevada. The adult *bald eagle* has white head and tail, but young eagles may be confused with the golden eagle. Immature balds appear awkward and ragged, with body parts out of proportion. Blotches of white feathers, especially in wing pits, show through predominately dark plumage. The adult birds have wingspans from six and a half to eight feet. The adult *golden eagle* has a wing span from six to seven feet. It is uniformly dark brown, with a golden nape. Immature goldens have white bands on the bases of the tails and white wing patches. Bald eagles winter in Nevada, preferring water areas and agricultural areas. Golden eagles are found year-round through the state, especially in the north.

OSPREY

The osprey is nearly as large as an eagle, but much more slender. It has a dark back, white undersides and a distinct crook in its long, narrow wings. Osprey feed almost entirely on fish, so they stop during migrations near the Truckee and Carson rivers, Tahoe, Topaz and Pyramid Lake.

HAWKS

Accipiters

Three species of accipiters are found in Nevada, marked by short, rounded wings, long tails and bluish-gray backs. The *goshawk*, about the size of a crow, is the largest. The smallest is the *sharp-shinned hawk*, about the size of a robin. The *Cooper's hawk* is intermediate in size. The goshawk has grayish-white, faintly barred underparts. The Cooper's hawk is characterized by a rusty-colored breast. The sharpshin is similar to a Cooper's hawk, but with thinner legs. Young accipiters are brown above with dark vertical streaks on the breast. Accipiters live in heavily wooded and brushy areas. They prefer to stay in heavy cover but are sometimes seen in urban areas.

Buteos

There are four species of buteos in Nevada. They are relatively large, with broad wings and short tails. Plumage varies from a very light color phase to very dark in the same species. *Ferruginous hawks* have white, unmarked undersides of body and tail, except for brown feathers on adults' legs. The *red-tailed hawk* has a dark head, lighter breast and markings that shade the belly. Adults' tails are red on top, while immature birds have banded tails. A dark head with a white chin patch indicates the *Swainson's hawk*, along with a dark breast, lighter plumage on the belly and dark bands along the back edges of the wings. The *rough-legged hawk* has light feathers on the head and breast, often streaked; a dark belly band; and a white tail with a dark terminal band. Buteos prefer open country where they are often observed soaring.

Harriers

The *marsh hawk* is Nevada's lone harrier. It has long, rounded wings, a long tail and a white rump patch. Adult females and young birds are predominately brown, with streaked breasts. Adult males are slate gray on the back, and mostly white on the undersides. Marsh hawks are commonly associated with wetlands.

Falcons

Nevada's four species of falcon are characterized by pointed wings. The *American kestrel*, or *sparrow hawk*, is about the size of a robin. The males are dark blue on the back, with red or rusty tails with thin bands. Females are brown or rusty in color. The *merlin, or pigeon hawk*, is similar to the sparrow hawk, but with wide bars on the tail. *Peregrine falcons* have slate-gray backs, tending towards blue, and light undersides with horizontal bars. One of the world's fastest birds, it is an endangered species. Similar to the peregrine, but with light brown plumage on the back, is the *prairie falcon.*

Sparrow hawks and prairie falcons are found throughout the state. Merlins are found in agricultural areas in the west. Peregrines are rarely seen.

Nevada Calendar

Bronc busters & other cowboys.



All cowboys are not on the range. They are in the dust-filled arenas of Las Vegas, Winnemucca and Reno; they stand ankle deep in shipped in dirt in New York's Madison Square Garden and at the Astrodome in Houston. They are the stars of rodeo, the sport that was born in the old west where bustin' broncs was as common as searching for gold. America's original native sport, only the roughest, toughest cowboys ever tried it, and it wasn't long before the fury and excitement of their work was turned to entertainment and to local competition.

Today it's more sophisticated. Simple 19th Century bronc bustin' has expanded into six professional events—saddle bronc, bareback and bull riding, steer wrestling (also called bull dogging), calf and team roping. In 1936 a sanctioning association was formed by cowboys to build the sport, to aid contestants, to set rules and to guarantee prize money. Its growth has been phenomenal. In 1976 the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association sanctioned over 600 rodeos, offered prize money in excess of five million dollars and kept track of 3500 rodeo cowboy members.

There is also a Girls Rodeo Association which sanctions events such as barrel racing, goat tying and



APRIL

weekends	Flea Market	**Dayton**
weekends	One-Man arts and crafts show, Cactus Petes	**Jackpot**
1,2	International Youth Music Festival, Centennial Coliseum	**Reno**
2	Derby Ditch 50 Mile Endurance Ride, beginning at Horseman's Park	**Fernley**
2	Reno Jets Boxing	**Reno**
2	Square Dancers Banana Split, Community Center	**Carson City**
2,3	Silver State Appaloosa Show, fairgrounds	**Reno**
2,3	Nevada Lariettes Horse Show	**Las Vegas**
2-May 3	Western National Angus Futurity, fairgrounds Pavilion	**Reno**
5	Annual Pizza Hut Basketball Classic, Convention Center, 8:30 p.m., featuring college senior all-stars, East vs. West	**Las Vegas**
8,9	Reno International Jazz Festival, vocal and combos, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
8,10	Art Show, Cactus Petes town hall	**Jackpot**
8,10	Silver State Kennel Club Dog Show, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
9	4H Horse Clinic, fairgrounds pavilion	**Reno**
9,10	World Wide Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
9,10	Boulder City Horse Show	**Boulder City**
10	Silver State Cutting Circuit Show, Spring Creek Horse Palace	**Elko**
10	Easter Egg Hunt, Capitol Grounds, 1:00 p.m.	**Carson City**
12,17	University of Nevada Arts Festival	**Reno**
15,16	Nevada Opera Guild "Susannah" Pioneer Theatre	**Reno**
16	UNR Drill Meet, fairgrounds exhibit hall	**Reno**
21	Washoe County Middle School Orchestra Festival, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
22,23	Industrial Days	**Henderson**
22,24	Las Vegas All Arabian and Half Arabian Horse Show, Horsemen's Park	**Las Vegas**
23	Kiwanis Invitational Track Meet, High School	**Elko**
24	Nellis AFB Bowling Tournament	**No. Las Vegas**
24	Gymkhana, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
29,30	1977 Nevada State Button Show, Washoe County Library, Sparks Branch	**Sparks**
30	Silver State Cat Fanciers Show, fairgrounds exhibit hall	**Reno**
30	Scout-O-Rama	**Elko**
30	Douglas High School Rodeo	**Minden**

MAY

weekends	Flea Market	**Dayton**
weekends	One-Man arts and crafts show, Cactus Petes	**Jackpot**
1	Sertoma Wine Tasting, Ormsby House, 7-11:00 p.m.	**Carson City**
3,4	Washoe County Middle School Choral and Band Festival, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
5,15	Progress Days	**No. Las Vegas**
6	New Penny Singers Concert, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
6,15	Helldorado Days, Convention Center, carnival, rodeos, art show, barbecue, dance parade, tennis tournament	**Las Vegas**
8	Horse Show, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
10	Washoe County High School Band Festival, Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
13,15	Silver State Square Dance Festival, Pioneer Auditorium and Centennial Coliseum	**Reno**

13,15	Comstock Arabian Association Show	**Reno**
13,15	Region V Horse Show, Horsemen's Park	**Las Vegas**
14	Air Race from Lander, Wyoming to Jackpot	**Jackpot**
14	Silver State Judo Championship	**Las Vegas**
14	Spring Flea Market, fairgrounds	**Fallon**
14,15	Home Sports and Recreation Show	**Ely**
19,21	Western Shrine Association	**Reno**
20,22	Nevada Junior Quarter Horse Association, fairgrounds	**Reno**
21	Air Race from Seattle, Washington to Jackpot	**Jackpot**
21	Armed Forces Day Celebration, parade, barbecue, exhibits, fly-in breakfast	**Hawthorne**
22	Gymkhana, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
25	Reno Civic Chorus "Spring Concert," 8:00 p.m., Pioneer Auditorium	**Reno**
27,29	Reno Rod and Custom Car Show, Centennial Coliseum	**Reno**
28	Nellis AFB Golf Tournament	**Nellis AFB**
28,29	High School Rodeo	**Eureka**
28,30	Memorial Day Horse Race, Pony Express Spring Run	**Ely**
28,30	Horse Racing	**Ely**
29	Humboldt River Run, 16 miles from Osino to Elko	**Elko**
29,31	Jim Butler Days	**Tonopah**
30	Memorial Day Program	**Eureka**

JUNE

weekends	Flea Market	**Dayton**
weekends	One-Man arts and crafts show, Cactus Petes	**Jackpot**
3	Washoe Association Retarded Children Benefit Show, Pioneer Auditorium, 8:00 p.m.	**Reno**
3,5	Home Show	**No. Las Vegas**
4,5,11,12	European Style Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
4,5	High School Rodeo, fairgrounds	**Elko**
8,12	Region I Horse Show, fairgrounds	**Reno**
9,12	Carson Valley Days	**Minden**
9,12	Beta Sigma Phi Arts and Crafts Show, Community Hall, fashion show and dance recital	**Wellington**
16	Ole Anderson Daredevil Show, fairgrounds	**Elko**
17,19	Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
18	Miss Nevada Pageant, Pioneer Auditorium, 8:15 p.m.	**Reno**
18,19	Region II Horse Show, Fernley Park Arena	**Fernley**
18,19	7th Annual Antique Show & Sale	**Virginia City**
19	Lamoille Country Art Fair and Sale	**Lamoille**
19	Annual Western Barbecue Fund Raiser, sponsored by the Nevada State Museum, Lightning W Ranch	**Washoe Valley**
19	Horse Show, Fuji Park	**Carson City**
23,26	City Fair	**No. Las Vegas**
25,26	World Wide Flea Market, Convention Center	**Las Vegas**
26	Gymkhana, Fuji Park	**Carson City**

COMING ATTRACTIONS

July	Frontier Days	**Lovelock**
July 2,3	National Basque Festival	**Elko**
August	Santa Maria Day Festival	**Dayton**
Aug 15,26	Annual Slag Races	**Ely**
Sept 3,5	Camel Races	**Virginia City**
Sept 7,11	Nevada State Fair	**Reno**
Sept 16,18	National Championship Air Races	**Reno**

steer undecorating, as well as most of the roping and riding events. But that's not even all. There are college, high school, junior, little britches and jackpot rodeos as well. And they can be found all over the west.

Nevada rodeos scheduled this year include professional competition at Las Vegas during Helldorado Days (May 6-15); at the Reno Rodeo (June 23-26); and at Winnemucca (September 2-4). There will be High School Rodeos in Minden (April 30-May 1); in Eureka (May 28-29); in Elko (June 4-5); and in Carson City (April 9-10). The All-Indian Rodeo in Fallon is held Labor Day weekend and features top Indian riders plus the Indian Pow Wow which draws rodeo competitors and Indian dancers from all over the west.

And that's just a few. Watch for more in the NEVADA CALENDAR, and don't miss our next quarter's special, which will be Nevada Magazine's "Great Horse Issue."

Pro Baseball in Reno.

The Reno Silver Sox have been slugging, running and delighting fans at Moana Stadium for years.

As a farm team for the San Diego Padres, the Sox play tough professional ball. The home game schedule follows.

April 22,23,24	*vs Salinas*
April 25,26,27	*vs Fresno*
May 3,4,5	*vs Modesto*
May 13,14,15	*vs Lodi*
May 17,18,19	*vs Visalia*
May 28,29,30,31	*vs Salinas*
June 1,2,3	*vs Fresno*
June 10,11,12	*vs Modesto*
June 21,22,23	*vs Lodi*
June 24,25,26	*vs Visalia*
July 5,6,7	*vs Salinas*
July 8,9,10	*vs Fresno*
July 15,16,17,18	*vs Modesto*
July 26,27,28	*vs Lodi*
July 29,30,31	*vs Visalia*
Aug. 6,7	*vs Salinas*
Aug. 8,9,10,11	*vs Fresno*
Aug. 16,17,18	*vs Modesto*
Aug. 26,27,28	*vs Lodi*
Aug. 29,30,31	*vs Visalia*

Typical summer colors, at Pyramid lake (DeBrouwer).

Pyramid Lake

The legends and history of the eerie desert lake. By Jim Moore

When the first men fished the glistening turquoise waters of Pyramid Lake, they told stories of fabulous fish. Thirty-pounders were common, and it is said one old-timer weighed in at 62 pounds.

Some of these tales weren't just stories. There's a stuffed 41-pound cui-ui, or lake sucker, in the state museum in Carson City caught after record keeping was started that's proof enough. Even now at Spider Point the locals swear there's one they call Big Red that feels like a rock hitting the line.

Pyramid Lake and the surrounding country, now a Paiute Indian reservation, have remained wilderness through thousands of years of changes. Petrified forests in the hills to the north tell of an ancient time when the land was humid and redwood and cypress grew in lush stands. Giant land sloths, mastodons and the megalynx once watched over the Lahontan Sea which was formed by receding glaciers. In the Pleistocene Age, the sea covered much of what is now Nevada as well as part of California. At one point in its past, ancestors of the camel and the horse roamed the dry, windy valleys.

Somewhere in this puzzle, primitive man arrived on the shores of the Lahontan Sea and his spearheads have been found among the bones of now-extinct animals. One habitation site 11,500 years old has been found near the shore of Winnemucca Lake, which was formed by the overflow from Pyramid. Winnemucca Lake has been dry since the 1930s, when Pyramid dropped too low to feed its sister lake. The Lovelock Culture, a small people living in caves, were probably driven out by the Paiutes, who were the first culture to build grass huts for living.

Why these different peoples migrated to the Pyramid Lake area is little understood, but their decision to stay was probably due to the abundance of trout and cui-ui, which offered year-round sustenance, complemented by deer, antelope, big horn sheep, rabbits and waterfowl populations that have few equals anywhere in the world.

Few areas of the country could have offered so much to a primitive, self-sufficient people. And the Paiutes have held on to this land tenaciously. Newcomers, too, have been drawn to Pyramid Lake, and between the two groups a colorful collection of legend and history has been formed. Giving the lake its name is an island on the east side of the lake formed of tufa, a rock formed by the precipitation of calcium carbonate from the lake water. Legend states that the pyramid was a great spearhead formed by the Spirit Father as a sign that a drought and famine had ended.

A nearby tufa formation resembles an Indian woman with a basket whom the Indians call Mother of the Lake. According to legend, the lake was formed by her tears for her lost children. In the center of the lake is Anaho Island, named after a maiden of Paiute legend. Anaho was exiled from her tribe for immoral behavior and sent to live on the island. She died there, alone except for the migratory birds that still visit the island. Since before history, white pelicans from near the equator have come to this island in summer by the thousands to nest. They have been joined by double-crested cormorants, great blue herons, Caspian terns, coots, western grebes and California gulls. The island is now a federal sanctuary. Canadian geese, pintails, mallards, gadwalls, mergansers and loons have also visited the lake on their yearly migrations.

The history of the area is as colorful as the legend. The exploring and adventuring team of John C. Fremont and Kit Carson were in 1844 the first white men to see the lake. Numaga, a Paiute leader, starved himself to persuade his people to keep peace with the whites, but learning war was inevitable, he led his tribe to victory against a volunteer army from the Comstock. The victory was short lived. A month later, 750 soldiers from California and Nevada marched against the Indians, forcing Numaga to retreat into the desolate country north and east of the lake.

There was Shoshone Mike, a renegade Paiute who made the stage run past Pyramid Lake the most dangerous



The rock that gave the lake its name. (Jim Moore)





Pelican Point, Anaho Island. (Hadley)

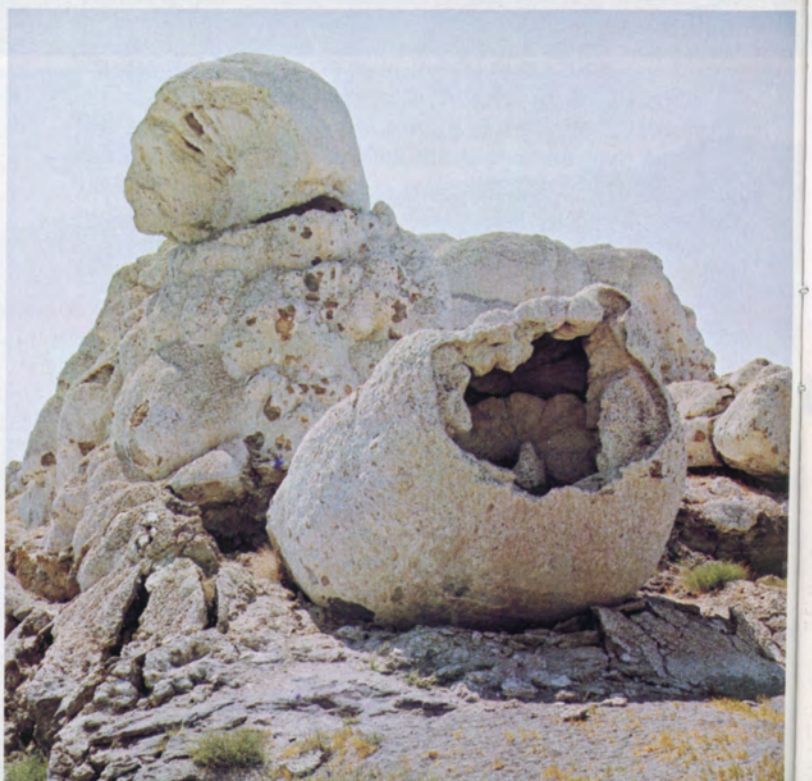


Evening at Pyramid. (Zane Walley)





Truckee Delta, southernmost tip. (Moore).



Woman with her basket. (DeBrouwer)



in Wells Fargo history. There's the story of the Chinese settlement, of Orientals who worked the railroad at the turn of the century and moved to Winnemucca Lake when the work was finished. They built stone shacks, and caught fish to sell in the markets in Reno. The settlement was massacred—nobody knows by whom—and a great deal of money disappeared, believed to be still buried in the area.

The Sutcliffe family made a fortune before the fishery died out in the 1930s and 40s. Celebrities like Clark Gable and President Herbert Hoover fished the lake in its heyday. There was Mac, the oddball tax assessor who dug his own mausoleum in a marl pit that can still be seen; and one of the most colorful figures was Jigger Bob, a Paiute who lived in a canyon near the west shore and whose 114 years spanned the coming of Fremont and the end of the fishery.

The fishermen who come to the desert lake today are looking for enormous cutthroat trout and summer fishermen will find record size Sacramento Perch around the docks at Sutcliffe or drifting sleepily near the tufa formations at the north and east shores. But winter is the best season for fishing. When the night-time temperatures drop well below freezing and the surface of the lake drops into the forties, the elusive Lahontan cutthroat come up from the depths to feed.

Catching a 20-pounder today is rare. In the early 1900s, water was diverted from Pyramid's source, the Truckee River, to develop agriculture in the Fernley-Fallon area. Since then, the lake has dropped 90 feet. This caused silt to block the mouth of the lake, and in the 1930s the cutthroat, unable to spawn upriver, disappeared. Through an extensive program of restocking, the fishery has been restored and with the completion of fish hatching facilities at the lake, new record breakers are not far off.

To the newcomer, this stark ocean of blue surrounded by pale, rusty mountains is a curiosity. It can be peaceful and flat, but when the north winds rips it into a turmoil, it is a place for boaters and swimmers to fear Even so, the fascination of the place, a collection of timeless stories, legends, facts and feelings, overcomes them and brings them back time and again. □

NOTE: To fish at Pyramid Lake, a license must be bought from the Indians, in addition to a state license.

The Sagebrush War

A boundary dispute that had all the makings of a full-scale war. By Tom Becker

California's Honey Lake Valley figured often in Nevada history because at one time it was considered part of Nevada. In 1862 a battle first of writs and later of bullets was waged to determine which state had jurisdiction.

It all started one August day in 1862, when E.H. Pierce, Plumas County sheriff, rode into the isolated and sagebrush-covered Honey Lake Valley intent on collecting delinquent California taxes.

The taxpayers there considered Pierce to be another Sheriff of Nottingham. At the first ranch he visited, he was greeted with the muzzle of a double-barreled shotgun and the rancher told Pierce the only taxes he would collect would be in buckshot. He visited other ranches, and met more shotguns from the Honey Lakers, who considered themselves to be citizens of Nevada's Roop County. And Nevada Governor James W. Nye agreed with them. After hearing of Pierce's unsuccessful attempts, Nye offered $250 to anyone who would use it to oppose tax collection by Plumas County officials.

Dispute over the Honey Lake Valley began in 1850, when Congress, in granting statehood to California, established the 120th meridian as the Golden State's eastern boundary. No survey was commissioned, however, and the exact location of the boundary was unknown. Nevada Territory was created out of Utah Territory in 1861, and Congress established the crest of the Sierra Nevada as the western boundary for the Silver State. All territory between the crest of the mountain range and the unsurveyed meridian was given to Nevada—provided California consented. The Honey Lake Valley was claimed by both sides, and was represented as part of Plumas County in the California legislature, and as part of Roop County in the Nevada legislature by former governor Isaac Roop.

To strengthen Nevada's control over the valley after Sheriff Pierce's expedition, Governor Nye of Nevada sent Judge Gordon Mott to the largest town there, Susanville, to hold court. Mott found no cases to hear and soon left, but the combination of Pierce's revenue-hunting and Nye's show of jurisdictional muscle was the spark that started the 1863 boundary "war" between California and Nevada, which became known as "The Sagebrush War."







Plumas County Sheriff (left), E.H. Pierce, "the Sheriff of Nottingham," triggered the boundary dispute with his persistent tax collection attempts.

Isaac Roop (above) led the Roop County forces that resisted Plumas County intrusion into the Honey Lake Valley.

Photos courtesy of California State Library.

Plumas County's first move was to send a justice of the peace, William J. Young, to Susanville to perform his official duties. Soon after Young arrived, the Hon. John S. Ward, Roop County's probate judge, issued an injunction restraining Young from hearing cases in the Honey Lake Valley and Roop County. Young refused to follow the order and was fined $100 for contempt of court.

Over the snow-covered Sierra Nevada mountains in the Plumas County seat at Quincy, county judge E.T Hogan heard of Ward's action and issued his own injunction restraining Ward and Roop County Sheriff William Naileigh from exercising jurisdiction in the Honey Lake Valley and Plumas County. Ward and Naileigh refused that order, and Hogan issued warrants for their arrest.

Sheriff Pierce and Special Deputy James Byers were ordered by Plumas County to arrest the two. They left Quincy February 5 and trekked through the snowy mountains to arrive in Susanville the following day. But Ward was prepared with yet another injunction, this one restraining all Plumas officials from exercising jurisdiction in the disputed valley and Roop County. Byers, however, snatched the order from Roop Sheriff Naileigh and was promptly arrested for obstructing an officer in the performance of his duty.

Judge Ward called a court session immediately, at which Byers' attorney pointed out that Ward had forgotten to sign the injunction, making it invalid. Byers was released.

Now Plumas County took the initiative. Sheriff Pierce arrested Judge Ward and Sheriff Naileigh, but was able to find only three fresh horses so he left with Naileigh for Quincy, and left Ward with Byers at a ranch until a fourth horse could be found. In Susanville, Isaac Roop heard of the arrests and organized a posse of about a dozen men to rescue Ward and Naileigh. Roop and his men overtook Byers and Ward just as they were leaving the ranch. Roop demanded Ward's release and the outnumbered Byers complied but sent a message to Pierce explaining what had happened. Sheriff Pierce then headed back to Susanville setting Naileigh free upon his promise to surrender himself later.

Pierce and Byers met and returned to Quincy to organize a posse. They returned February 13, with 90

men. By then, Roop and 40 men had fortified an old log cabin, dubbing it "Fort Defiance." Protected inside were Ward and Naileigh.

Roop's little army refused to turn the two over to Pierce, who with his posse proceeded to occupy a barn about 200 yards from the fort. Talks between the fort and the barn on the second day failed to settle anything, and on Saturday the 15th, the first shots were fired. Five Plumas County men were sent out to collect timber to strengthen the barn, tying up some large pieces about 100 feet away. Roop's men then announced that if they moved the timber they would open fire. The warning was ignored and shots were fired from the fort. A Plumas County man was hit in the thigh, and the rest of the party fled to the barn. When the shooting stopped, the wounded man was carried inside.

The shooting resumed and continued for four hours. Most shots were fired in the general direction of the opposition, intended to intimidate more than kill, although one Plumas County defender took the shooting seriously and fired whenever a space between the logs in the fort were darkened. At 2 p.m., citizens of Susanville approached both sides asking for a cease fire until 5 p.m. Both groups agreed. Negotiations failed, but the cease fire was extended to 9 a.m.

During the night Pierce learned 100 reinforcements and a cannon would arrive in a few days so he decided to hold out until then. Roop's force also heard about the Quincy reinforcements, and sent word for help from the valley residents.

When the sun rose the next morning, Pierce looked out of the barn and saw that he was surrounded. More than 100 residents had come to the aid of the fort, investing the buildings near the barn and aiming rifles, shotguns, pistols and anything else that would serve as a weapon in the direction of the Plumas County post.

As the cease fire came to a close, Pierce was presented with a petition signed by 65 residents of Susanville asking him to stop the fighting and end the bloodshed. No men had been killed, but four had been wounded. And the Nevada contingent and their reinforcements had threatened to burn the town if Pierce did not withdraw his California posse.

Pierce agreed to remove his posse from the barn but demanded that the men in the fort and their reinforcements disband immediately and that all parties give up jurisdiction in the valley until the governors of Nevada and California could decide the issue. Both Governor Stanford of California and acting governor of Nevada Territory Orion Clemens agreed to a formal survey, using the 120th meridian as the boundary line. They commissioned Butler Ives of Nevada and John Kidder of California to survey and find the meridian.

The two surveyors ran the line from Lake Tahoe north to the Oregon border and south to the Colorado River. The survey clearly placed the Honey Lake Valley within California.

The Honey Lakers lost the boundary line war, but they won the war with Sheriff Pierce. In the next election, he was voted out of office. □

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HADLEY



LINDA DUFURRENA

THE SHEEPMEN

By Robert Laxalt

It was one of those warm, golden days in the sagebrush desert of late summer, when the air was so bright that one's eyes had to draw into a squint to be able to support it. The desert was quiet and the silence broken only by the scraping of our boots on bare ground, and occasional talk. That was the trouble. Here, at least, it was too quiet.

I had known this sheep ranch since I was a boy. My father had trailed sheep through here on their way to summer range in the forested Sierra that reared in the distance. And more than once, I had stopped here to rest and water the horses that I was driving from winter range to the foothills of the Sierra. Then, the ranch had always been a bustle of activity, corrals filled with milling sheep, the plaintive wails of lambs and the bleating of mothers looking for their wayward offspring.

Now, the ranch was deserted and the corrals abandoned. As we wandered through the maze of weathered brown boards and trampled earth, Batista said in his soft, outside voice, "I had to sell out. The Basque boys don't want to come over from the old country anymore, because life is getting better over there. They don't want to spend their best years out in the desert or the mountains herding sheep. You could say they were spoiled, but I can't blame them for not coming over We didn't know it then, because there wasn't much choice for us, but I guess it was a hard life at that."

Out of long habit, he paused to straighten and close a gate to a corral that would never hold a head of sheep anymore and said with eyes narrowing in his creased face. "And then there was the coyotes. With that new law protecting them, they are all over the range. They was killing my lambs like rabbits, and there was no way we could stop them. You know yourself, one man with a rifle has no chance in hell to kill one of those things, much less a hundred of them. It was too discouraging, so I quit."

He was echoing a lament that can be heard throughout Nevada's range country today. Yet, it is only part of the reason for the decline of the sheep industry. The development of synthetic wools, uncertain world

markets, importation of cheaper wool from foreign countries, and a lessening demand for mutton have all contributed to the decline. Dwindling down from a peak of more than a million sheep in 1910, Nevada's sheep empires have vanished and only a handful of outfits remain to tend less than 200,000 sheep on private land and the diminishing public domain.

The story of sheep in Nevada was one that began almost by accident. The discovery that sheep could fare on the sagebrush deserts was made in the years of the California Gold Rush. Profits to be made by selling meat to the gold camps was realized by such as Kit Carson, who had been a scout for Fremont in his explorations of the Great Basin. In 1853, Kit Carson trailed some 13,000 sheep from New Mexico through Nevada to Sacramento, setting in motion a movement of half a million sheep across the Nevada deserts.

When the fortunes of the California gold camps waned and silver was discovered in 1859 near what was to become Virginia City, the sheep made a return journey over the Sierra to Nevada to feed the new boom camps. As mining strikes proliferated across the state's landscape, sheepmen followed. From then on, sheep were never again absent from Nevada.

The years immediately before and after the turn of the century were the years of biggest expansion in the sheep industry. They also saw the beginning of a period of violence between cattlemen and sheepmen over range and water

The Basques with their free roaming bands of sheep over the open range were the cattlemen's common enemy. Vilified by politicians and newspapers aligned for the time being with the established cattle interests, they nevertheless refused to be run off what they considered to be free range. They fought back with a ferocity the cattlemen had never expected, even when outnumbered by marauding bands of buckaroos who shot their invaluable dogs, scattered their sheep, and took shots at the herders themselves.

The range disputes were effectively settled in 1934 by the passage of the Taylor Grazing Act which divided the open range between warring factions. From then on, cattlemen and sheepmen learned to live and prosper together Contrary to the Hollywood-created myth, cattlemen often became sheepmen, sheepmen became cattlemen, and the most far-seeing ran cattle and sheep at the same time. It all depended upon the market, and both cattle and sheep used the same essentials of corrals and range and water

I have known cowboys who herded sheep when buckarooing jobs were scarce, and sheepherders who became buckaroos when market prices for wool and mutton dropped and they in turn were left without jobs. My father and my uncles were typical. All of them came to America as young sheepherders. My father began with sheep, expanded to sheep and cattle together, and finally returned to sheep exclusively. Both of my uncles alternated between sheep and cattle until they died. All of them were good sheepherders and top buckaroos. And along the trail, they had all been riders enough to have tried their hand at the most demanding horseman's endeavor of all, running down and roping mustangs on the open range.



Tails are chopped, males are castrated, and all are stamped with a letter or number. Twice a year they are sheared. Generally they will be in the mountains with herders six months on a summer range; on the home ranch during the winter and early spring for lambing. (Hadley photos taken at Fulstone Ranch, Smith Valley).

Though English, Scots, Irish, Mexican and Chinese were predominant as herders in the beginning, the Basques emerged as the backbone of the range sheep industry. I once asked an English-born sheepman why this was so. He told me that of all the nationalities he had hired as sheepherders, he considered the Scots the most skillful. "But they and the Irish had a breaking point when it came to too much time spent alone," he said. "When they got fed up, they would walk away from their sheep and go to town for a tear Not the Basques. They would stay with those sheep until they dropped in their tracks, or went nuts from loneliness, or got rich. Usually, it was the latter."

Like the rest of Nevada's nationalities, the Basques were tenacious. In the classic immigrant pattern, they sent home passage money for brothers and nephews to help with the sheep, and sisters and nieces to work in the small Basque hotels. The small hotels, really boarding houses, became gathering places where herders could rest in their off-times or between jobs, speak with their countrymen in a familiar language, meet their future wives and keep alive the songs and dances of their homeland in the Pyrenees mountains between France and Spain.

The Basques have lived to see themselves regarded as a group unique to the Far West. But plagued by a public domain slowly being withdrawn for recreational uses and lack of young herders, the tradition of the Basque sheepman on the open range will soon be a closed chapter in history. And the aspect of a solitary sheepherder guarding his flocks through winter deserts and summer mountain meadows will have vanished forever from the Nevada scene.



"In those days, we no sooner got off the train from New York after the boat from the old country than we found ourselves out in the desert. We had our provisions, a bedroll, a carbine, strong walking shoes, an American hat, a burro and a dog. And oh yes, 3,000 head of sheep. The boss would take a stick, and looking at that miserable desert stretching out there forever, he would scratch a map on the ground. To show where the water was, where the good feed was, and where the poisoned feed was. Then you just moved out. You got up with the stars so that the sheep could feed before the sun made the buds on the sagebrush and the little patches of grass too hot. That would change the taste, you know, and the sheep didn't like that. You took coffee then and came back in the middle of the morning and took bacon and eggs which you had put in the burro's barley can so they wouldn't break. That was when the sheep was resting. Then they would get up and go again until nighttime. In a year, we would walk thousands of miles. But that wasn't the hard part. The hard part was the loneliness. You would almost die from the loneliness, just to hear a human voice. Then a funny thing happened. You turned a corner in your mind, and you wouldn't walk over the next hill to see someone, even if there was someone there. They paid you $30 a month and board. The room you didn't have to worry about. There was a lot of that around. Anyway, you made up your mind to suffer for that money, because you was poor. But poorer makes tougher, you know."

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Pioche

When the mines were at capacity, every other place of business was some kind of saloon.

By Freda M. Ross



We moved from Utah to Pioche, in southeastern Nevada, more than 40 years ago. At the time there were only about 25 families living among dozens of houses which had been abandoned when mine production fell so we had no trouble finding one of the hastily-built homes to rent.

We brought all our worldly possessions and our two little children from Utah in our little Model A Ford, traveling through miles of sagebrush and scrub pines until, finally, coming over a hill we saw Pioche below us. It was nestled in a sort of over-sized ravine, with houses built on each side, and the roads wound around the hill in tiers, all converging on the narrow main street.

There was only one store. It supplied everything from groceries to home furnishings. There were two saloons, though, complete with spittoons and brass rail. This was during prohibition but Pioche didn't care. The people who lived there were not influenced by the laws that governed most other Americans and social standards were shrugged off as of little consequence. I remember one lady of the night who was waiting for her gentleman friend to be released from prison. The day he returned to Pioche the populace turned out and had a big celebration for him. The fact that he and his lady friend were living together without benefit of a wedding ceremony, that he had served time in prison, and that they planned to continue sharing the same bed and board didn't dampen the festive occasion at all.

Gradually, as the mines started operating at full capacity, more and more people moved to Pioche. A new courthouse was built, two clothing stores opened up, along with a drug store and several grocery stores. Saloons mushroomed over night, occupying about every other place of business. Some of the latter graduated from the saloon class to taverns and clubs. One of the first was the Navajo Club where you could indulge in any sort of drink you wanted, and play any one of a dozen kinds of gambling games.

I must not forget one group in Pioche which welcomed us enthusiastically the evening we arrived. We were tired from our long drive and so went to bed early but they soon came to greet us. I still shudder when I remember that first night of sleepless torture and harassment caused by a welcoming mass of bedbugs. Many of the homes in Pioche had been left vacant for long periods of times and I guess this was the reason those obnoxious little pests had become so prolific.

We scrubbed, fumigated and killed by direct methods but still one or two would creep back in. My sister-in-law and her husband built a new home and congratulated themselves that now they would be free of bedbugs but about a month after they moved in their new home, the bedbugs arrived. They were infiltrating via magazines and books the children were borrowing from the neighbors. One night a fire broke out in one of the town's many flimsily built homes and it burned to the ground. One young man who lived just down the road a short distance said he saw a black line that was rapidly moving in the direction of his home. He says it was the bedbugs leaving the burning home and seeking sanctuary in his.

On payday more than one husband's check went over the bar to the dismay of a wife waiting at home. One young lady who waited long enough for her husband to come home went down to the tavern that he usually patronized. She found him there, well on the way to

being crocked. When he refused to come home she got him down on the floor, sat on him, emptied his pockets of the money he had left and then told him he could stay there as long as he wanted to. She was quite a bit larger than her husband.

Pioche had its characters but a more democratic group of people could not be found. The superintendent, the store owner, the latest and lowest paid mine worker were on the same social level. If anyone in the town had trouble, they were helped, whether by material, physical or spiritual means. The man whose house burned was helped to rebuilt it, the neighbors taking care of his family until he was on his feet again; the widow who was left alone with a house full of children found unlabeled boxes of groceries and clothes left at her door; the man who was so despondent when his wife left him was given moral support and encouragement to go on; a large collection was taken up for the family of the young man who drilled into a "missed hole" and was killed instantly. The people were not only aware of the needs of their neighbors, they acted.

The men at the mines all had nicknames. My husband George was called "Gold Brick" because he was a friend of the Superintendent. My brother, tall and thin, was called Mutt, and his short plump friend was Jeff. Sinbad got his name when one of his children said to him, "Daddy, you sure sing bad."

There was no grass, no flowers, very little water, outside plumbing in most cases, wood burning stoves. We used to go up in the hills and blast out stumps for our wood supply. We did have electricity, but it was unpredictable. The power plant was a small one and broke down often.

I fed about ten boarders and they all celebrated extensively over the weekends. Monday they'd show up for a cup or two of hot coffee, pick up their lunch pails and go up the hill to the mines. George came in one morning happy as a lark, singing and laughing, obviously pretty well crocked, but when he came back that night for dinner he was white and very droopy. When I asked him how he felt, he said, "I was twins today and we were both sick." The inside of the mine was very hot. When you went down in the hole with a system full of booze, it took about two hours to sober up. My husband said you died a little bit during that period.

When we went to Pioche my husband was working for $19 a week, and we were more excited over that first check than any he received afterwards. As his checks increased he was caught up in the general atmosphere of a wide-open town and it wasn't long before he was on the road to alcoholism. Those memories of the times he spent his whole paycheck before he got home, painful hangovers, the times we had not enough money to pay the rent are not pleasant of course. Yet, there are times when we went pine-nut gathering with the children, played pinochle with our friends, or simply enjoyed the atmosphere of Pioche. Two of our children were born there and we made many real and lasting friends.

A few months ago I visited Pioche and it hasn't changed a great deal. There didn't seem to be as many saloons or taverns as when we left, but there are still several stores open. The townspeople looked much the same, but some of the buildings are empty and there are many vacant homes. One thing that has changed is the evidence of a supply of water, for there were lawns and flowers that were not possible when we lived there. □

If you haven't seen the real Nevada, you haven't seen the real West.



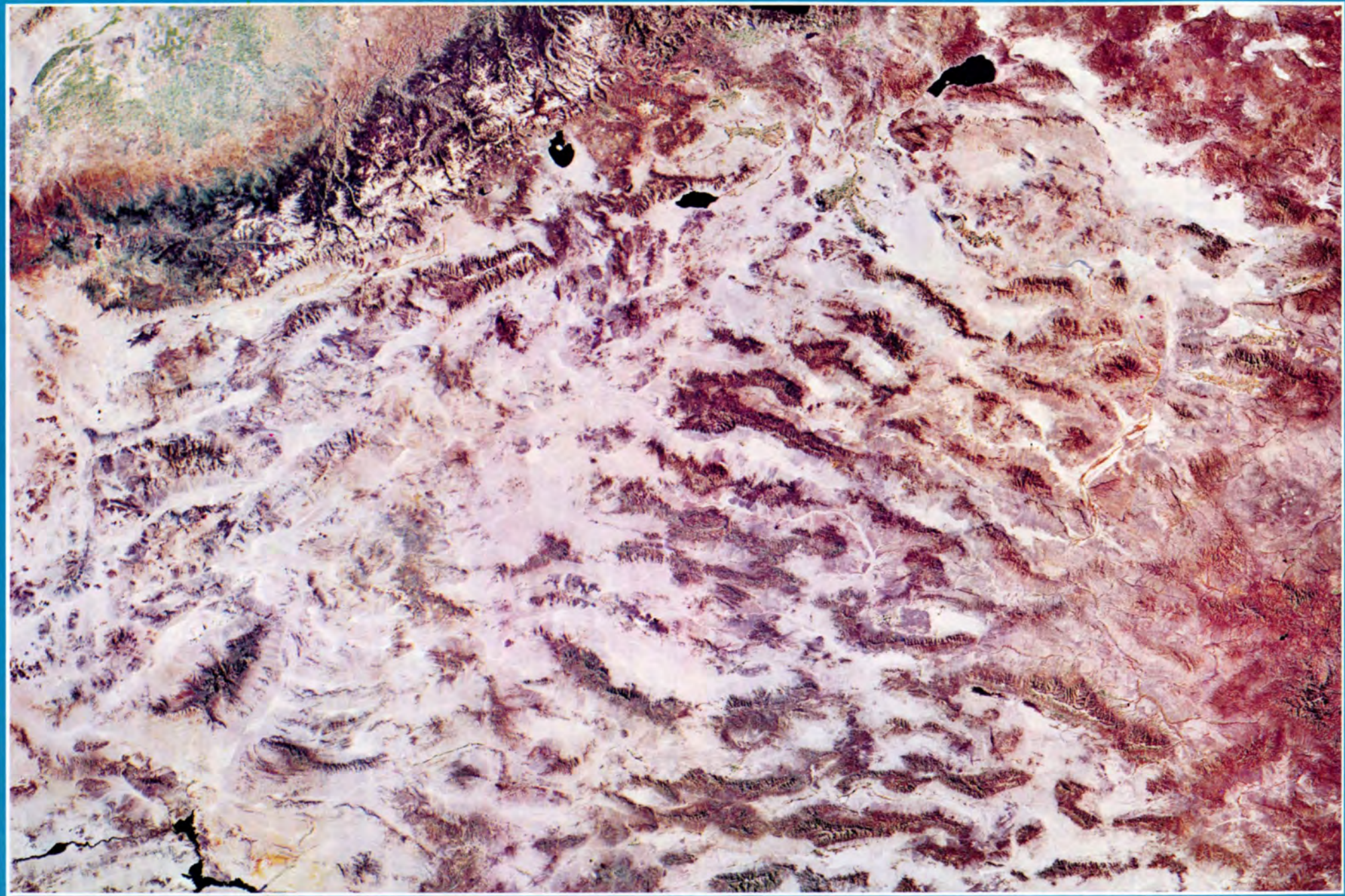
In 1871, the Ophir crew of Virginia City was about the toughest bunch of miners in the West. They worked seven days a week, 14 hours a day And the children worked too. But they were also the highest paid laborers in the world at $4 a day Nevada had the wildest towns, meanest cowboys, biggest liars and some very notorious ladies. It's the West that Nevada hasn't forgotten. And Nevada is still the most surprising state in the West.

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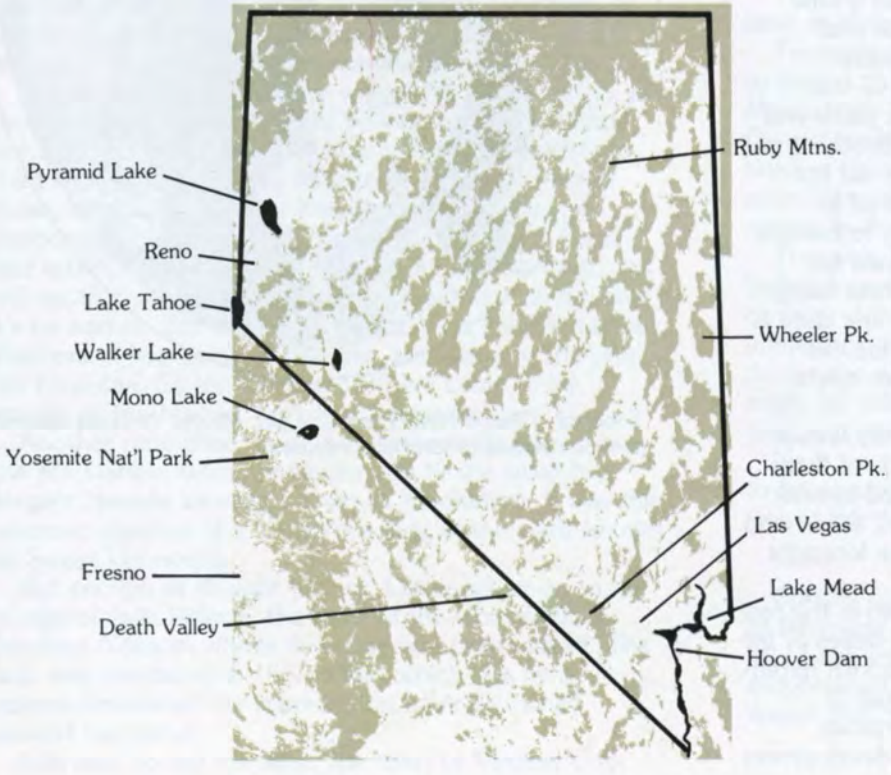
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NEVADA
MAGAZINE
CARSON CITY, NV 89710





Nevada's seven mountain ranges can be picked from the picture from space (left). Above is a slightly closer view of the Lake Mead/Las Vegas area.



Another View

It's called a space mosaic, and it represents a breakthrough in the use of computers to prepare natural color photographs from satellites. It's a photo of Nevada, taken from 570 miles above the earth by NASA's Landsat-1. And while the process, developed by the U.S. Geological Survey, Department of the Interior, bristles with ultra-modern words like multispectral line scanner and earth resources survey satellite, the photo itself shows hardly a trace of civilization.

The USGS photo, prepared by electronically mosaicking individual images, is the first natural color mosaic of an entire state. Photographic prints of the Nevada mosaic may be ordered from User Services, EROS Data Center, Sioux Falls, SD 57198, with checks made out to the U.S. Geological Survey. Prices are: $60 for an 8x12 inch print, 1:2,500,000 scale (one inch equals 40 miles); $75 for a 20x30 inch print, 1:1,000,000 scale (one inch equals 16 miles); and $180 for a 40x60 inch print, 1:500,000 scale (one inch equals eight miles).

Nevada's Happy Cookers

The merry madams' conceivable compendium of cuisine. By Patricia Stewart and Elizabeth Hill

Non-Westerners may be unaware of a little-known historical fact, namely, to wit, that all covered wagons, no matter how small or otherwise crowded, made room for one vital piece of equipment.

This little-publicized article was a pedestal, on which the Pioneer Mother stood, or sometimes sat, after she had tended the children and the chickens, cooked the family food, made her own soap in a large kettle in the yard, washed the family clothing in a nearby creek, ironed said garments with a flatiron heated on a stove, wove cloth for clothing, knitted socks and sweaters and, in leisure moments did the darning. Oh yes, this woman was handy with a shotgun and could knock off a marauding Indian or bring down a buffalo when the need arose.

In addition to the aforementioned humdrum things, she often taught school, organized literary societies, founded libraries, gave teas and put on her bombazine for fancy balls.

You can see that this woman was quite busy. True, she did not have to chauffeur the kids to the orthodontist or to harp lessons but she couldn't have been said to have frittered away her days. She was, quite naturally, delighted to be able to budget a little time to stand or sit upon her special pedestal and receive homage in the form of fruits and flowers.

What about the Pioneer Father? Since all of the feminine activities heretofore described took place well before the rise to prominence of Dr. Joyce Brothers and Dr David Reuben, the poor Pioneer Mother did not understand that she should also have budgeted a generous allowance of her twenty-four hours to being a sex object. All modern ladies know that it does not matter how many trips to the orthodontist, how many teas and fancy dress balls they attend, their first duty is to be a sex object. Many attempt to qualify for this during the same time that the Pioneer Mother spent upon her pedestal.

So, alas, it came about that while our saintly female pioneer ancestors were resting from the trivia of their days, the rather earthy Pioneer Father tended to seek the company of "fallen women." (That is, i.e., those who had toppled off pedestals or who had not the foresight to bring them along.)

Nowhere, perhaps, was this more true than in the red-blooded State of Nevada. There the painted ladies of the night created an ambience not unlike the Turkish harem. How Dr Brothers would have loved it. Instead of blistering their hands making soap, the unvirtuous creatures daintily applied themselves to the development



Tonopah Tillie, a New York City girl, treated Nevada miners to onion tidbits among other favors.



Dancing Heifer
left the Broadway stage
to bring the joy of cooking
to the Comstock.
Preparing trout was just one of her talents.

of haute cuisine which surely remains unsurpassed. Any women at all, regardless of cooking ability, can pass herself off as a sex object but in Old Nevada the two talents went hand in hand.

Now, having filled you in on the true history of Nevada, we should like to snoop around a little further and see what sorts of things Julia Bulette, Goldfield Goldie, Tonopah Tillie, Dancing Heifer and Cuttin' Lil served up that made their names household words.

Just in passing, and before we get into the cookery of those long ago times, it might be worth while to point out that two famous drinks, now served everywhere in the U.S.A., actually were invented in Nevada. One of these, originally known as the Beowawe Bitters, was concocted by a French courtesan of the highest class and quality. Her name was Martine. In the old days, you will recall, the pioneers tended to pronounce all the final e's on names. For instance, Paiutes were not Paiutes but Paiutees. If you don't believe this, just ask any 100-year-old Nevadan. So the Beowawe Bitters came to be known as the Martini. Isn't that interesting?

Another renowned drink, now universally known as the Manhattan, traces its beginnings to the small but elegant Nevada location known as Manhattan. It was the gourmet creation of a glamorous lady of the night known as Sweet Vermouth.

But enough of straight history. Let us move on to the doings of Julia Bulette, the Belle of the Comstock, a fabulous blossom whose flowering was brief indeed. The lady was murdered in 1867, a fact which has by no means diminished the legends that have flourished around her name.

Julia was, to say the least, the toast of Virginia City. She was not toasted, it goes without saying, by the ladies of Virginia City, but then, after all, a Pioneer Mother, drinking toasts, might have toppled from her pedestal and thus have become a Fallen Woman.

Julia's story is so well known that we will not bore you with it in toto. Suffice it to say that she ruled supreme in the hearts of the men of the Comstock, particularly the Fire Laddies, until a scandalous actress, Adah Isaacs Menken, came to town in a see-through costume. The firemen could not take their faze off Adah and, among other things, presented her an engraved silver belt buckle, an honor previously bestowed only on Julia.

So infuriated was the Comstock's Golden Girl that she raved and shouted threats at Adah, but when this had no appreciable effect, she finished off her rival forever She went home and created Julia Bulette's Breast of Chicken in Champagne. That, you might say, cooked Adah's goose, as she was no cook.

BREAST OF CHICKEN IN CHAMPAGNE

2 Whole breasts of broiling chicken, boned and skinned
Flour seasoned with salt and white pepper
1 cup butter
8 to 10 large mushrooms, sliced
1 cup cream
1 cup champagne

With the flat side of the meat cleaver, flatten chicken breasts. Roll in seasoned flour and brown in a skillet in the butter, keeping heat low enough so butter will not burn. Cover and cook for 10 to 15 minutes. Drain off excess butter Remove breasts to warm serving dish. Place mushrooms in skillet and saute approximately five minutes. Add cream and simmer for 10 minutes. Add champagne and cook until reduced about one half. Spoon sauce over chicken breasts, garnish with a few sprigs of parsley and serve.

Tonopah Tillie and Goldfield Goldie came along rather later in Nevada's turbulent yesterdays.

Tonopah, a hot, dry place, was among the first areas to import the famous drinks of Beowawe and Manhattan. The town's large and flourishing Red Light District resounded with the sounds of laughter and tinkling glasses at all hours. The wicked women there soon learned, however, to extract the gold from the miners in the most quiet ways imaginable.

Tonopah Tillie, a large and opulently constructed lass, hailing from New York's Lower East Side, served more of these drinks than anyone else and thus became immensely rich. Her secret was that along with the drinks she offered Tillie's Tidbits. Nowadays these tidbits might be called hor d'oeuvres, but in those times the term was not used, being considered indelicate.

Next time you make Beowawe Bitters you might like to try some of these morsels with them. Following is just one of the things for which Tillie was famed.

ONION CANAPES

Spread cut bread rounds with mayonnaise. Place slice of Bermuda onion, same size as round, on top of each. Mix fresh grated Parmesan cheese with enough mayonnaise to make it spreadable. Pile on top of each round and broil until light and fluffy. Serve hot.

Not far away from Tonopah was the rip-roaring place known as Goldfield. Here the bad jeunes filles gave themselves a dignified name: The Concert Hall Girls. This made them sound as noble as the Pioneer Mother working to bring culture to the desert while the Concert Hall girls were working to acquire the kind of culture that can be put into a bank account.

The Concert Hall Girls established a union, the first such we have come across in our voluminous historical research and, some say, this led to their decline. If there is one thing Nevadans have always hated more than a horse thief, it is a union member

It was not uncommon for the Pioneer Father of Tonopah to check in to see if the Pioneer Mother was quietly resting atop her pedestal and then set forth for some of Tillie's Tidbits and a junket across the way to Goldfield to round out the evening with Goldfield Goldie's beefy specialties. You might say that Goldfield Goldie invented the now All-American Barbecue. Isn't it staggering to realize how much of our finest food and drink originated in rowdy Old Nevada?

OUTDOOR PORTERHOUSE STEAK

Combine the following ingredients to be used as a marinade:

1 cup sour cream
1 cup dry white wine
3 T crumbled bleu cheese
1 T fresh lemon juice
1 clove garlic, mashed
1/2 teaspoon white pepper
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1 T Worcestershire sauce

Marinate the Porterhouse (or your favorite) steak in the above sauce for 24 hours and then cook over hot coals either out on the range or in your own backyard.

Now we come to the story of Dancing Heifer, who can best be described as a voluptuous member of the frail sex. She was the constant concern of the Cartwright Family. Oh, don't get this wrong. Their concern was not of the usual type. The Cartwrights, having no Pioneer Mother, had all come West equipped with their own pedestals. They occupied these pedestals at all times when not engaged actively before the television cameras which have preserved their smallest doings for posterity.

Dancing Heifer was a dropout from a Broadway chorus line who found the wild frontier more suited to her taste and talent. She became almost as renowned as the Cartwrights, the Washoe Zephyr and the V&T, which is more than ever could have been claimed for her theatrical career.

Nice old Ben Cartwright called on her frequently to beseech her to mend her wicked ways and she always replied, "You crazy? Where else would I get the money for my minks? You've got to be foxy by night to wear mink by day!"

Even though he soon was made aware that he never would save her from herself, as the old saying goes, Ben nevertheless kept dropping around to have Dancing Heifer fix him up a mess of his favorite food, Tahoe Trout. Ben would dispatch one of his minions to catch the famous fish and Dancing Heifer served it up to him.

TAHOE TROUT

Season trout inside and out with salt and freshly ground pepper. Roll in flour and saute in hot oil until golden brown on both sides. Place on platter and remove to warm oven. Drain oil from pan and place unsalted butter, about one tablespoon for each trout, in pan and cook, watching carefully, until it turns a light golden brown. Add one-fourth cup lemon juice and several sprinkles of paprika. Pour over trout, garnish with parsley and serve.

One of the most mysterious of all the fallen women of Old Nevada was Cuttin' Lil. There are so many conflicting stories as to how she came by this rather murderous sounding name that we have decided to ignore all of them. Suffice it to say that Cuttin' Lil was a great beauty with platinum hair, green eyes and a figure that would have made the centerfold.

Cuttin' Lil spent a lot of her time in Elko County, long identified with the finer things of frontier life in Nevada. She reigned supreme so long in this locality that some say her name derives from the fact she had a weakness for frightening off rivals at knife point. It is hard to imagine this fair fallen flower behaving in this way.

While the ladies of Elko were out organizing literary societies, their menfolk often congregated at Cuttin' Lil's place for a sweet treat. Sort of like going to the corner drug store for a malt, you know.

Elko matrons would have given their eye teeth for Cuttin' Lil's recipe for Strawberry Bavarian Creme, you can bet your boots.

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREME

1 quart fresh strawberries, washed, hulled and drained
1 scant cup sugar
1 T fresh lemon juice
2 T Grand Marnier
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
2 cups heavy whipping cream, whipped until it stands in soft peaks.

Mash berries very well, add sugar, lemon juice, Grand Marnier and set aside until sugar dissolves. In the meantime soften gelatin in cold water and place over hot water until it melts. Add to strawberry mixture. Stir mixture over cracked ice until it begins to thicken. Fold in whipped cream and pour into a two-quart mold. Place in ice box to set for at least two hours. When ready to serve unmold and garnish with whole strawberries.

And so, dear reader, you can see that the Historic West was a happy place for all concerned. The Pioneer Mothers had their pedestals, the Pioneer Fathers had their ranches and gold mines and the Fallen Angels had their bank accounts. □

Show Guide

LAS VEGAS

Aladdin
736-0111
Theatre for the Performing Arts
Marshall Tucker Band and Hank Williams Jr. April 17
Bagdad Theatre and Casino
Continuous Entertainment

Caesars Palace
731-7431
Shirley Maclaine and Joan Rivers, March 2-April 6
Diana Ross, April 21-May 4
Buddy Hackett, May 5-18
Tom Jones, May 19-June 1
Sammy Davis, Jr. June 16-22
Shirley Maclaine and David Brenner, June 23-July 6

Circus Circus
734-0410
Free World Famous Circus Acts, 11 a.m.-midnight
Gilded Cage
Continuous entertainment

Desert Inn
735-7478
Gold Cup Lounge
Continuous entertainment
Crystal Room
Wayne Newton, with Dave Berry and the Jive sisters, March 30-April 27

Dunes
734-4741
Casino De Paris '77

Flamingo Hilton
735-8111
Playgirls on Ice

Four Queens
385-4011
Continuous entertainment

Fremont
385-3232
Carnival Room
Continuous entertainment

Frontier
734-0241
Juliet Prowse and Foster Brooks, March 10-April 6
Robert Goulet and Nipsey Russell, April 7-20
Juliet Prowse and Foster Brooks, April 21-May 18
Roy Clark, May 19-June 8
Bobby Gentry, June 9 through July

Golden Nugget
385-7111
Gold Strike Lounge
Continuous entertainment, 8 p.m.-2 a.m.
Hacienda Fiesta Showroom
Spice on Ice
Casino Lounge
Continuous entertainment

Holiday Casino
732-2411
Wild World of Burlesque

Landmark
733-1110
Continuous entertainment

Las Vegas Hilton
734-7777
Liberace, March 16-April 4
Gladys Knight and the Pips, April 12-25
The Osmonds, April 26-May 16
Ann Margret, May 17-June 7
Liberace, June 8-July 4

Marina
739-1500
Mirage Showroom
Bare Touch of Vegas and Buddy Greco

MGM Grand
739-4567
Barry Manilow and David Brenner, March 31-April 13
Dean Martin, April 14-20
Bobby Vinton, April 21-May 4
Mac Davis, May 5-25
Ziegfeld Room
Hallelujah Hollywood

Mint Hotel
385-7440
Continuous entertainment

Riviera
734-5301
Neil Sedaka, March 31-April 13
Bob Newhart and Joel Grey, April 14-27
Liza Minelli, April 28-May 11
Rich Little and Bernadette Peters, May 12-June 1
Engelbert Humperdinck, June 2-15
Tony Orlando and Dawn, June 16-29

Sahara
735-4242
Eddy Arnold and Frank Groshin, March 31-April 6
Totie Fields and Burt Convey, April 7-27
Eddy Arnold and Rip Taylor, May 5-11
Don Rickles and Dick Jensen, May 12-25
Jerry Lewis and Charo, May 26-June 8

Royal Inn
734-0711
Wholly Smoke, March 31-April 27
Cleo, April 28-May 25

Royal Las Vegas
732-2916
Rare and Bare

Sands
735-2916
Ginger Rogers, April 27-May 10
Robert Goulet, May 11-31
Wayne Newton, June 15-July 19

Showboat
385-9123
JoAnn Von, March 15-April 10
Rainbow Express, April 10-May 4

Silver Slipper
734-1212
Continuous entertainment

Silver Bird
735-4111
Continuous entertainment

Stardust
732-6325
Lido de Paris

Tropicana
739-2411
Tiffany Theatre
Folies Bergere '77

Union Plaza
386-2444
Broadway Entertainment

LAKE TAHOE

Cal-Neva Lodge
831-1511

Harrah's Lake Tahoe
588-6611
Mitzi Gaynor, April 1-14
Don Rickles, April 15-28
Wayne Newton, April 29-May 19
Sammy Davis Jr., May 20-26
Neil Sedaka, May 27-June 2
Mac Davis, June 3-16
Bill Cosby, June 17-23
Lawrence Welk, June 24-July 14

Harvey's
588-2411
Ron Rose Sound, March 18-May 2
Lennie Herman, May 2-22
Bill Page, May 23-June 12
Ron Rose Sound, June 14-Oct. 16

Hyatt Lake Tahoe
831-1111

North Shore Club
831-3100

Sahara Tahoe
588-6211
Rich Little, April 1-3
Olivia Newton-John, April 4-10
David Brenner, and England Dan & John Ford Coley, April 15-17
Seals and Crofts, April 21-24
Tony Orlando and Dawn, May 12-25
Liberace, May 26-June 5
Helen Reddy, June 16-19

RENO-SPARKS CARSON CITY

Carson City Nugget
882-1626
Kathy O'Shea, March 29-April 17
Four Tunes Plus One, April 19-May 15
Golden Goodies, May 24-June 12
Zella Lehr, June 14-July 3

Chuck's Golden Spike, Carson City
882-7777
Stony Point Duo, April 6-24

Eldorado
786-5700
The Diamonds, March 29-April 17
Billy Armstrong, April 19-May 8
The Reycards, May 10-29
Dennis and Cree, May 31-June 12

Harolds Club
329-0881
June Calli, March 29-April 26

Harrah's Reno
329-4422
Neil Sedaka, April 21-May 4
Vikki Carr, May 5-18
Sergio Franchi, May 10-June 1
John Davidson, June 2-15
Eddy Arnold, June 16-29
Joel Grey, June 30-July 13

Holiday Hotel
329-0411
Continuous entertainment

Holiday Inn Downtown
786-5151
Season Street, March 21-April 16
So Inclined, April 18-28

Mapes
323-1611
Continuous entertainment

John Ascuaga's Nugget, Sparks
358-2233
Debbie Reynolds Show, April 7-20
Jimmy Dean Show, April 21-May 4
Danny Thomas, May 12-25
Bobby Vinton, May 26-June 8

Ormsby House, Carson City
882-1890
Parade, March 28-April 10
Sugar 'n Spice, April 11-May 1
Tony Castro and Friends, May 2-15
The Esquires, May 9-29
Sherman and Leigh, May 16-June 15

Jessie Beck's Riverside
786-4400
The Ward Burton Show, Feb. 21-April 9
The Kenny Vernon Show, April 11-May 1
The Links, April 11-May 8
The Homestead Act, May 10-29
The Nelsons, May 30-June 19

Ponderosa
786-6820
Continuous nightly entertainment

RURAL NEVADA

Commercial Hotel, Elko
738-3181

Stockmen's Hotel, Elko
738-5141

Hotel Nevada, Ely
289-4414

Cactus Pete's Casino, Jackpot
755-2321

Horseshu Casino, Jackpot
755-2331

Stateline Motel and Casino, Wendover
668-2221

Star Broiler, Winnemucca
623-2892

Winner's Inn, Winnemucca
623-2511









HADLEY PHOTOS

Sport

Arrieta, Goitiandia and other Basques.

The point is not to be best or fastest but rather to be strongest. By Gaye Hansen

The Basque people value strength and endurance. They do not wish to be best or fastest, but rather to be strongest. When Basques engage in traditional contests, they are testing values embedded deep in their culture; a reaffirmation of a value system that runs through the whole Basque character

Instead of the hundred-yard dash or marksmanship contests, Basque competitions center around events like stone-dragging, weight lifting, wood chopping, or weight carrying. Two terms are used which label these concepts: *Indarra* and *Sendotasuna.* Translated, indarra can be "force" or "strength," while sendotasuna means "physical prowess" and "strength of character."

These are the same qualities that made it possible for Basque sheepherders to succeed in the lonely and desolate American West. In fact, the Basque not only succeeded in the West, he welcomed its privation and hardship. It was a challenge to prove his personal worth and was of more value to him than money, which was a fringe benefit.

The Basque people hail from the Pyrenees mountains that separate France from Spain. They are an enigma in Europe to anthropologists but they are believed by some to be its most ancient people. There are four Basque provinces in Spain, three in France.

One hundred years ago, a Basque in America was probably a sheepherder This is no longer so. Even though some still roam the desert range tending their flocks, many Basques have entered the mainstream of the west as restaurateurs, government officials, lawyers and laborers.

Because Basques are proud of their heritage and want to strengthen their acceptance in the new world, they have made an effort to show their new hosts what they are all about. The first national Basque festival was held in Sparks, Nevada in 1959. That event attracted almost six thousand Basques and as many non-Basques and since that time local Basque clubs

in other areas have sponsored annual gatherings.

Today's festivals usually feature Basque athletics, folk dance performances, a Basque language Mass, an open-air barbecue with Basque foods and wine, and a public dance in the evening. Major Basque festivals in Nevada include those in early July in Elko, late July in Ely, and August 13 in Reno.

The Basque Festivals are a chance for bilingual conversation, a time for tests of strength and stamina, and an exhibition of folk dancing and crafts from a tiny part of western Europe. Mostly it is a time of joy, pride, and sharing.



Benito Goitiandia rolls a 225-lb. granite ball around his neck. During the 1976 Basque Festival in Elko, Benny gave a demonstration only as he had no challengers.



Luis Arrieta, 1973, 1974, and 1975 weight lifting champion at Elko, came second to Benito Goitiandia in 1976. The winner picked up the 250-lb. steel weight 47 times during two three-minute periods last year. Arrieta scored 40.

Champion 1976 wood choppers were David Geer, Rudy Detlmer and Ardan Cogar, who chopped 15 quaking aspen logs—6 vertical with a 45" circumference and 9 horizontal at 50" circumference. Each man had to chop through a full log, then touch the hand of the man who followed him. The champions' time was 19 minutes, 44.94 seconds. Cogar was overall champion by chopping his five logs in 5 minutes, 17 seconds.



David Geer, one of three 1976 champs, towards the end of a vertical log.



HADLEY PHOTOS

The Phantom Newspaper

The story of the Wabuska Mangler, a dastardly newspaper that never was. By Stephanie Shulsinger



Things were quiet in Carson City, which was not so good for newspaper circulation. There wasn't even a fight worth mentioning to stir up a little reader interest, and thereby hangs the tale of the newspaper that never was.

Pioneer publishers dreaded peace and quiet, which yielded nothing worth reading about and thus hastened bankruptcy and oblivion. Without world-hopping wire services to draw color from, their writers were often compelled (and encouraged) to manufacture news, or at least something with entertainment value.

Such a lull was becoming a great worry around the office of the Carson Appeal. A new gimmick would have to be dreamed up fast to persuade people to part with their money, preferably something everybody enjoyed reading about, like a nice juicy feud. Accordingly Carson residents were soon attracted to blazing headlines attacking the scurrilous editorial policies of a rival newspaper, the Wabuska Mangler, whose editor was billed as the meanest, vilest low-down skunk in the business.

Strong words weren't strong enough to describe the doings of this dastard, the Appeal assured its reinterested readers. Accuse him of any crime in the book, call him the most forbidden name, and justice would merely cry out at the understatement. But the Appeal was unafraid of this monster· the flaming sword of the free press would take on the villain, however ruinous the consequences; civic responsibility and all that.

This volley was just the start of a beautiful, artful, lovable campaign which stirred the hearts of spirited citizens who were once more plunking down coin of the realm for papers. It almost seems a shame that this wretched rag, the infamous scandal sheet, the wicked Wabuska Mangler (as the colorful and rather outrageous name implies) never existed outside of the office of the Appeal.

Now the town of Wabuska was real enough, of course, and it was sufficiently remote from Carson for safety's sake, being way over in Lyon County. So for several years the "feud" continued, the Appeal bravely doing battle for truth and righteousness against the forces of darkness as represented by the mythical Mangler When the thing grew tiresome, the blackguard editor was reported as having skipped the country, although a tale persists that Carson residents were putting together a necktie party to lynch the mangy cuss. But then, this could just be a hoax on top of a hoax, a thing not unheard of in western humor

In any case, even today if you ask around Washoe about pioneer newspapers you'll probably find somebody who will cite the Wabuska Mangler as the worst example in journalistic history, which is pretty good mileage for a homegrown hoax that was cooked up to stall off starvation for a couple of hungry newspapermen.

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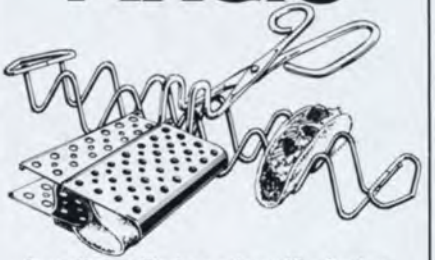
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Cathedral Canyon

A Southern Nevada canyon is a dream fulfilled.
By Ben Whitehurst and Brent Bailey

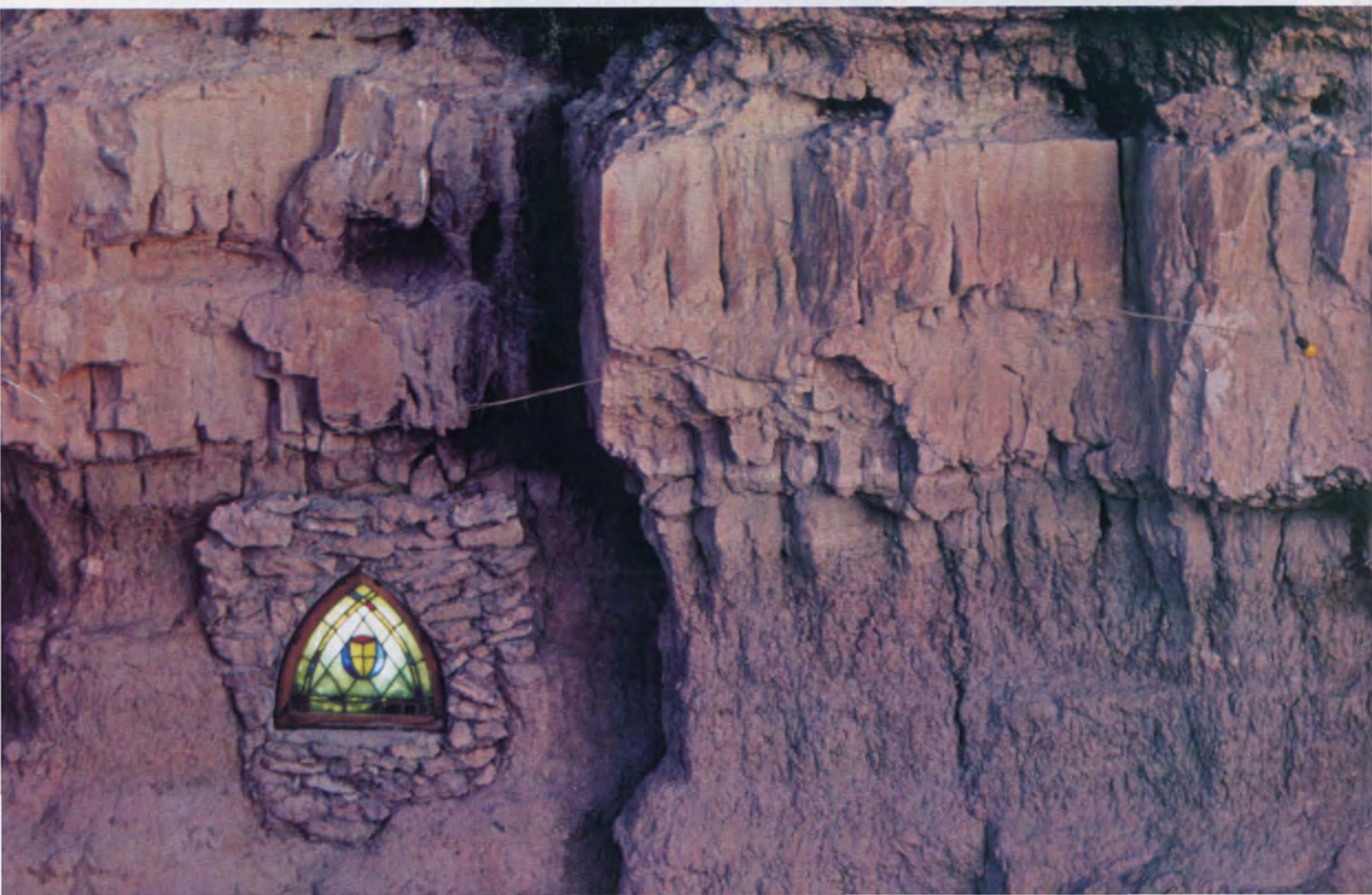
"If London Bridge can be uprooted from its place over the River Thames and moved to Arizona, why can't a show place be made of an unusual canyon?" Roland Wiley, a former Las Vegas district attorney, asked himself that while on a trip through the interior of Guatemala in the 1960s.

"In 1778, there had been an earthquake that had demolished the capitol city of Antigua," Wiley recalls. "Within the niches of the adobe walls I found some of the original statues, still intact. At that moment, the idea for Cathedral Canyon was born."

Roland Wiley bought the 20,000-acre Hidden Hills ranch in 1939 but it was much later that he discovered the picturesque canyon he needed for his dream. Fascinated, he would often drive to its edge and plan how to preserve, yet accent, its natural features. Work was begun in March, 1973. The canyon floor was excavated, walkways constructed, niches carved in the walls; a cave was dug for

Roland Wiley, owner, creator and curator, with pieces from his canyon. (Photos: Brent Bailey)







restrooms and plumbing installed; a suspension bridge was erected to span the canyon, then carpeted with red velvet; a winding stairway was chiseled out of rock for easy steps down to the canyon floor; wood-burning fireplaces were built with chimneys through natural fissures; an artificial waterfall was completed.

Art objects were brought in from around the world: stained glass windows from England, statues from Mexico and Guatemala, a menorah candelabrum from a synagogue, a bronze half relief Last Supper from Valencia, Spain. A massive sculpture of Christ of the Andes, a replica of the original carved in 1902 to commemorate the end of the war between Chile and Argentina, was carved by Mexico's Jose Ramos. A collection of oil paintings includes a copy of Raphael's "Madonna and Child."

Along the wide walkway of the canyon floor, street lights reminiscent of early America have been installed. A decorated brass lamp shade from the Goldfield Hotel, its brass beaten thin enough to make it translucent, sheds light on carpeting and easy chairs in the VIP section, one of several viewpoints. And the visual is not all. Wiley has installed a stereo system and a variety of music is played.

Cathedral Canyon is not a moneymaking scheme. It was built simply to provide enjoyment. Admittance is free, as is parking and use of picnic tables, chairs and barbecue pits. When asked why he retired from a lucrative law practice, Wiley said, "I had enough, and I felt I should not take from the young lawyers trying to get started."

Hidden Hills Ranch has a part in early American folklore. Chief Tecopa's adobe house still stands near what is now ranch headquarters. There is an old Indian burial ground on the ranch, and the Old Spanish Trail runs across the property. It was at a nearby watering spot that John C. Fremont and his party made camp in April, 1844. In the western part of the ranch, broken stone tools and crude but enduring corrals can be found.

There is an airfield at Hidden Hills, an FAA signal station and several horseback riding trails. There is also an organized pheasant hunting ground; alfalfa and maize fields; and an astronomical observatory. But none of the ranch activities has quite captured the imagination as has its canyon.

"You have to experience the canyon to know what I mean," says Wiley. "I like to go to the canyon just before sunset and turn on the lights and the music and simply enjoy the feelings I used to dream about."

The evening visitor finds the darkened canyon quiet until the cathedral chimes sound a mellow benediction. There is quiet again. When the lights come on there is a sandstone glow; a lighted bridge emerges; stained glass windows, lighted from behind, come into focus; the waterfall shimmers in a bath of colored lights and each lovely statue in the rocks springs to life as the voices of the Mormon Tabernacle Choir reverberate from the canyon walls.

The guest book at the canyon has signatures of governors, maharajas, princesses and thousands more. Everyone is welcome, and many return. Wiley's canyon is a dream fulfilled, and he wants to share it: "My compensation comes from seeing the enjoyment that people have when they enter the canyon." □

Berlin-Ichthyosaur

Old miners' homes and even older fossils are revealed in central Nevada. By Barbara Egbert

Describing the location of the Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park sounds like a description of the middle of nowhere: 22 miles east of the Nye County town of Gabbs, tucked up against the edge of the Shoshone Mountains of central Nevada and overlooking the vast and almost uninhabited Ione Valley.

The park is 170 miles from Reno and sits almost 7,000 feet above sea level at the end of a dirt road. The gold and silver that attracted hundreds of people to the forested canyons from 1863 to 1909 is still there, but in such small quantities that large-scale mining is uneconomical. Other treasures now attract visitors to Berlin.

First is what remains of the mining towns of Berlin and Union Canyon, including the silver mill and many old wood and adobe houses and mineworks in a "state of arrested decay." Second are the fossils of prehistoric ichthyosaurs, partially freed from the earth and displayed in the fossil house above Berlin.

And last is what park ranger Terry Bray calls simply "peace and quiet." For those willing to make the trip, this state park and monument offer 903 acres of wilderness sporadically broken by hiking trails, mine shafts and ruins, covered by the pure air and vast skies of rural Nevada. Approximately 14,000 people found that com-







The monument, Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park. (Reinheller)

bination irresistible in 1976.

About 1,000 persons lived in Berlin in the first few years of this century. Labor troubles, excessive faulting and dwindling ore bodies finally made mining uneconomical, and the town died. Unlike many ghost towns, Berlin still retains its mill and about 15 buildings. The park service has dug trails to lead visitors among the buildings, the cemetery and the mining ruins, with interpretive plaques telling the functions and histories of these relics. Visitors are encouraged to wander and explore. Better yet, the park service plans to stabilize the buildings over the next five years so that they can be safely entered, and then to refurnish them with the mining and domestic furniture and tools collected from the buildings earlier Visitors will then be able to enter the old homes and offices for a close look at turn-of-the-century life in Nevada.

The mill is also slated for rejuvenation, and it is hoped one stamp can be set in working order to echo the 30 stamps that once noisily crushed the gold and silver ore from Union Canyon.

Berlin's rickety shacks and Union Canyon's one remaining adobe house are obviously old, but their sense of age fades in contrast with what is to be found a little higher up the canyon: stone remains of the huge reptiles that inhabited central Nevada when it was the bed of an arm of the Pacific Ocean. This Triassic period sea of 185 million years ago abounded with life including prehistoric fish, ichthyosaurs and nothosaurs, bordered by green marshes and jungles. Fossil remains of these and other animals and plants tell the paleontologist what lived here at that ancient period. But it is the ichthyosaurs that give the state monument its significance.

Ichthyosaurs have been found in other places around the world, sometimes in better condition or with more complete skeletons, but Nevada's are the largest. A sculpted relief at the monument, a reconstruction of the probable shape and size of the animals entombed within the A-frame fossil house, shows a 54-foot-long swimming creature with foot-wide eyes and eight-foot jaws.

The preservation of the bones, their arrangement and the evidence from other ichthyosaur sites provide a scenario for the death of the giants. The ichthyosaurs, it is thought, occasionally became beached in the shallows of their warm ocean, just as whales become beached today. In their struggles to resist the waves carrying them farther up the beach, they dug their snouts into the muck. If they were unsuccessful in getting back into the water, they died, as their weight of 40 to 50 tons, unsupported by water, crushed their lungs.

Through eons of the changes and upheavals which make Nevada a geologist's puzzle, the bones of the ichthyosaurs were covered in ooze, changed to limestone, wrapped in rock, elevated and dropped thousands of feet and finally uncovered on the slopes of a desert range.

As for the final attraction at the park, the peace and quiet—Terry Bray knows something about that. He has lived at the park with his wife and two small children as Berlin's only year-round inhabitants, for more than a year, with no telephone, mail delivery three times a week from Austin and "just enough to do in winter to keep you from going batty." He likes his isolated post below Buffalo Mountain, keeping his desk in the old mine superintendent's office and living in a remodeled house that dates from Berlin's boom days.

Terry is a one-man fire department, sheriff's office and emergency medical team for the park, where he welcomes the many visitors and overnight campers who visit the old town and fossil house, especially from May through September The park is open every day, year-round. Tours are given daily during the summer, at 10 a.m. and 2 and 4 p.m., and five days a week during the winter, same hours. A call to the state park service in Carson City will elicit information on what days in winter are best for visiting, as well as road and weather conditions.

Visitors from north of Berlin can reach it by traveling Highway 50 east to the Gabbs turn-off, Highway 23. Two miles north of Gabbs, a marked and well-paved highway heads east over Green Springs Summit. Travelers on Highway 95 can reach Gabbs by taking Highway 23 at Luning. The paved highway to Berlin ends abruptly seven miles from the park, with a gravel road the last stretch. Dirt roads within the park are being widened and improved this year Berlin is about 170 miles from Reno and 132 miles via paved road from Tonopah.

There is no entrance charge for the park or monument, but overnight campers pay a small fee for camping spots with outhouses, barbecue pits and in summer, running water □

The old mill at Berlin. (Jon Thompson)

Tom Clay

Lincoln County Records' inflexible curmudgeon. By Ann Henderson

Tom Clay, who curses freely, quotes poetry and admires Jesus Christ, is just 13 years younger than the newspaper he assumed five years ago as payment of a debt. Since then, the 94-year-old owner, publisher and chief writer of the *Lincoln County Record* has run the small weekly with a crusading vigor that is sometimes scary to the publisher

"Good God, I get so bold it scares myself," he says.

Each week he needles the paper's 1300 readers about what he considers to be the issues: morality, patriotism and Nevada's number one industry, gaming. With evangelical energy he editorializes against the state's bread and butter. "Folks! Kick and don't quit kicking," he instructs readers. "Your kick will kick booze and gambling to the home range in hell."

Clay contends that "The evil of gambling is based upon the thesis that a man's property is a component, a most sacred part of his dignity, ability and responsibility in a free government. The thesis makes it self-evident that it is immoral for man to risk any part of his property to chance."

Risking part of his property to farming, however, is a calculated gamble, according to Clay. Clay farmed sugar beets in southern California prior to the outbreak of World War I.

Clay doesn't restrict himself to the broad issue of gaming. He needles Senators Howard Cannon and Paul Laxalt almost weekly. When Senator Laxalt announced the sale of his Carson City casino, Clay called it "a great decision for the welfare of men." Senator Cannon is scolded regularly by Clay for his support of the industry.

Nevada's lone representative, James Santini, has emerged editorially unscathed in dealings with the *Lincoln County Record.* In fact, warm letters to and from the Congressman are featured as news. One reason for Clay's high regard for Rep. Santini comes from the last congressional pay raise.

"All of those sons-a-bitches, pert-near, voted for the pay raise. They get $42,500. Santini voted against it, then wouldn't take it (when the raise was approved). Now to me that's pretty big league. That's putting your money where your mouth is."

Clay hasn't always dabbled in the newspaper business, although he did put in a stint as a sportswriter for the *Los Angeles Times* after he left college in 1910—a time of labor unrest for the California newspaper He recalls leaving the building only minutes before the *Times* office was the target of a bomb. Twenty persons were killed, including the man sitting at Clay's desk.

Before giving up a going concern as a horse breeder in order to devote more time to his newspaper, Clay bred Appaloosas on a spread near Panaca where he still maintains the *Record* office.

His newspaper, Clay believes, is dubbed the "Official Publication of the Silent Majority," because the *Record* reflects its attitudes and values. "The silent majority



are not articulate," the publisher says, "but you talk to a man, a farmer, and you'll see down deep he has a great concern for others, for our country."

What does the silent majority read in the *Record?* Each week there are such tidbits as a letter dated Nov. 21, 1864, from Abraham Lincoln to a woman who had lost five sons in the Civil War, or an editorial about the Pledge of Allegiance. Even the Lord's Prayer, printed in large bold type, is front page news.

"Putting the Lord's Prayer on the front page doesn't make it front page, it is inherently front page and inherently front page of every worthy citizen of these United States," he explains.

It is religion, however, rather than his stand on gaming that lands Clay in hot water with his readers, a large percentage of whom are Mormons. One reader took him to task for referring to Jesus Christ as "Jess," to which he replied: "Would it be disrespectful if Jesus, by his fellow carpenters, were called Jess, and Peter, by his fellow fishermen, were called Pete?" Clay asks. "Jesus was the greatest thinker and philosopher we've ever had. The only difference between you and Jesus is degree, not in kind."

Clay also chronicles his own life—from printing personal letters to detailing his battle against cigarettes. A chain smoker, Clay informed readers some time back that "64 years of cigarette smoking has not been as harmful to the health of my body as broken resolutions to quit have been to my soul." He went on to promise he was smoking his last cigarette for a week, then noted the date and time. Less than 24 hours later, he made another entry admitting defeat, "Now March 15, 1976, 9 a.m., have had six."

A man who gives the appearance of having the time of his life, Clay often refers to the financial condition of the *Record* as deficit spending. Despite its being a losing proposition, he continues to put money into the paper rather than sell or suspend operations.

Why?

"Because I think I'm giving the people an appreciation that the big thing in life is the happiness of men. My philosophy is this: if there isn't more happiness in this world than there would have been had I not been here, then my life's a failure." □

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Bristlecone pine at Wheeler Peak.

TOIYABE

The word 'forest' generally conjures up visions of trees. In Nevada, not necessarily. By Guy Shipler

Straight as an arrow the highway stretches from the rise, dipping into a desert valley of astonishing breadth. The highway becomes a pencil line as it climbs to the top of a pass far ahead. Some motorists from more cultivated landscapes are shaken by the stark monotony; the subtle beauty of the high and rugged desert country escapes them, as do the contrasts and contradictions of Nevada.

Open highways are typical of this state and sooner or later all motorists run across a brown wooden signboard which says: "You are entering Toiyabe National Forest." Often there is no forest in sight. Just miles and miles of sand covered with scrubby bushes, with here and there a handful of small pine-like trees emaciated and scraggly compared with those at home. Sometimes the whole scene is bordered by a salt flat with not even that pathetic amount of vegetation.

The sign is just the first jolt. From Nevada's main roads, the Toiyabe does not seem like much even though it is the largest national forest in the United States outside Alaska. It covers over three million acres (84 percent in Nevada; the rest in California) and contains more geographical and vegetative variety than any other national forest. Its contrasts range from the towering Sierra Nevada mountains on the western border to the sweeping expanses of desert and rugged rangelands of central Nevada.

But that isn't all. A second national forest in eastern Nevada is nearly as big as Toiyabe. This one is called Humboldt National Forest and it covers 2.68 million acres.

In view of their unusual size, Nevada's two national forests are remarkably unobtrusive. This is partly because neither the Humboldt nor the Toiyabe is all in one piece, each being broken into separate parts, often many miles from each other and scattered across the state. Another reason for their relative obscurity is that man usually equates the word "forest" with trees. Technically, that's much too narrow a definition.

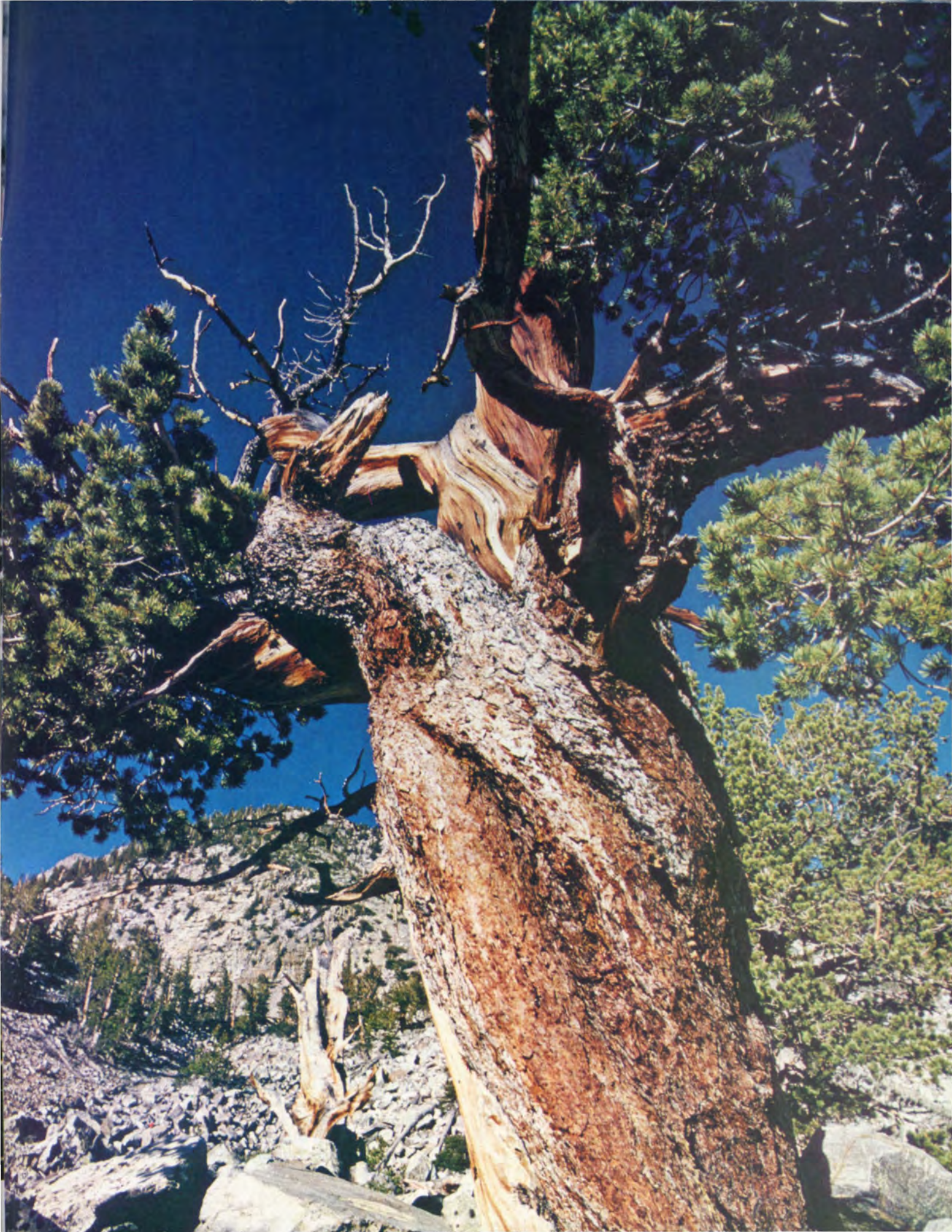
To the experts, responsible land management involves much more than timber resources and so toward the end of the last century Congress decreed that national forests must include a broad variety of natural resources and their protection—grazing lands and watershed, for instance, as well as timber It was because of this that the Toiyabe and Humboldt forest lands were broken up to cover areas where watershed protection was most vital.

But that decree of Congress at the turn of the century was just the "misty dawn," as the Department of Agriculture describes it, of forestry in the United States. Conservation as a national policy lay dormant until President Theodore Roosevelt brought the national forest system to maturity during his term (1901-1909).

Since then the momentum has continued. The system has set up programs of cooperation between the federal and state government for fire control, for the production and distribution of forest seedlings for farmlands, for help in management of private forest lands. National forest administration has become involved in a broad range of other operations—forest protection, watershed restoration, erosion control, recreation area development; in flood control projects and in controversial policies such as grazing control, clearcutting and strip mining.

Aside from playing a major role in conservation, the national forests of Nevada offer the public many kinds of recreational advantages. Says one of Toiyabe's employees: "This national forest offers the right setting for most any type of recreation. You can choose snow or sand, lakes or streams, cool mountains or warmer valleys, and the solitude of wilderness or developed recreation sites."

The Toiyabe (which is a Shoshone word meaning "Black Mountains"), was established by presidential proclamation on March 1, 1907 as a 600,000-acre national forest. Its present 3.1 million acres are split into three divisions, each containing a considerable variety of scenery. The Las Vegas Division's 60,000-acres incorporates the Spring Mountain Range (which includes Mt. Charleston, the third highest









HADLEY PHOTOS

Wheeler Peak (Humboldt)

peak in Nevada at 11,918 feet above sea level) and nature's oldest living thing—a stand of Bristlecone Pine; the Sierra Division boasts contrasts between the 42,000-acre Hoover Wilderness area (known for its rugged mountains, Alpine lakes and rushing streams) and the busy shores of Lake Tahoe; while the central Nevada division includes high mountain ranges, the state's characteristic huge, broad valleys, and traces of silent ghost towns and lonely cemeteries that are the only reminders of the mining boom of the 1800 s.

The Humboldt National Forest (named after the Prussian explorer-naturalist, Baron Alexander von Humboldt) lies east of Toiyabe and came into existence at the request of the people who lived in the area. This may seem curious in view of the present resentment of federal interference, but at the time they needed help in protecting the range from erosion and water supply from depletion.

Transient sheep bands had been moved into the lush Ruby Valley by ranchers from Idaho and Utah and Nevada's northeastern cattlemen who owned ranches in the area feared that these intruders would take over the range. They petitioned U.S. Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot asking advice on how to create a forest reserve. Pinchot investigated and on November 4, 1906, the President signed a bill creating the Ruby Mountain and Independence Forest Reserve, later to become the Humboldt National Forest.

Range and watershed are the Humboldt's primary resources but most of its many mountain areas are rich in minerals and spectacular scenery. The 65,000-acre Jarbidge Wilderness area includes the rugged Jarbidge Mountains which range in height from 6,000 to 10,839 feet; the Wheeler Peak scenic area contains Lehman Caves National Monument, one of the largest limestone caverns in the west, and 13,061-foot Wheeler Peak, with its permanent ice field and a stand of the ancient Bristlecone Pine.

Although it carries the stigma of being part of the federal bureaucracy, so thoroughly resented in this state, the Forest Service system enjoys a much higher tolerance factor among Nevadans than its sister organization, the Bureau of Land Management. "Maybe it's the name," explains one of its employees. "'Forest Service' has a better ring to it."

It's more than that. For one thing, this is an older agency and even though it operates basically under the same rules and regulations as BLM it doesn't cover quite as vast an area of the state and seems to infringe less on individual freedom. But probably a more important reason was the close relationship between the service and the area's ranchers. They rode their own horses and carried their own firearms while overseeing the land.

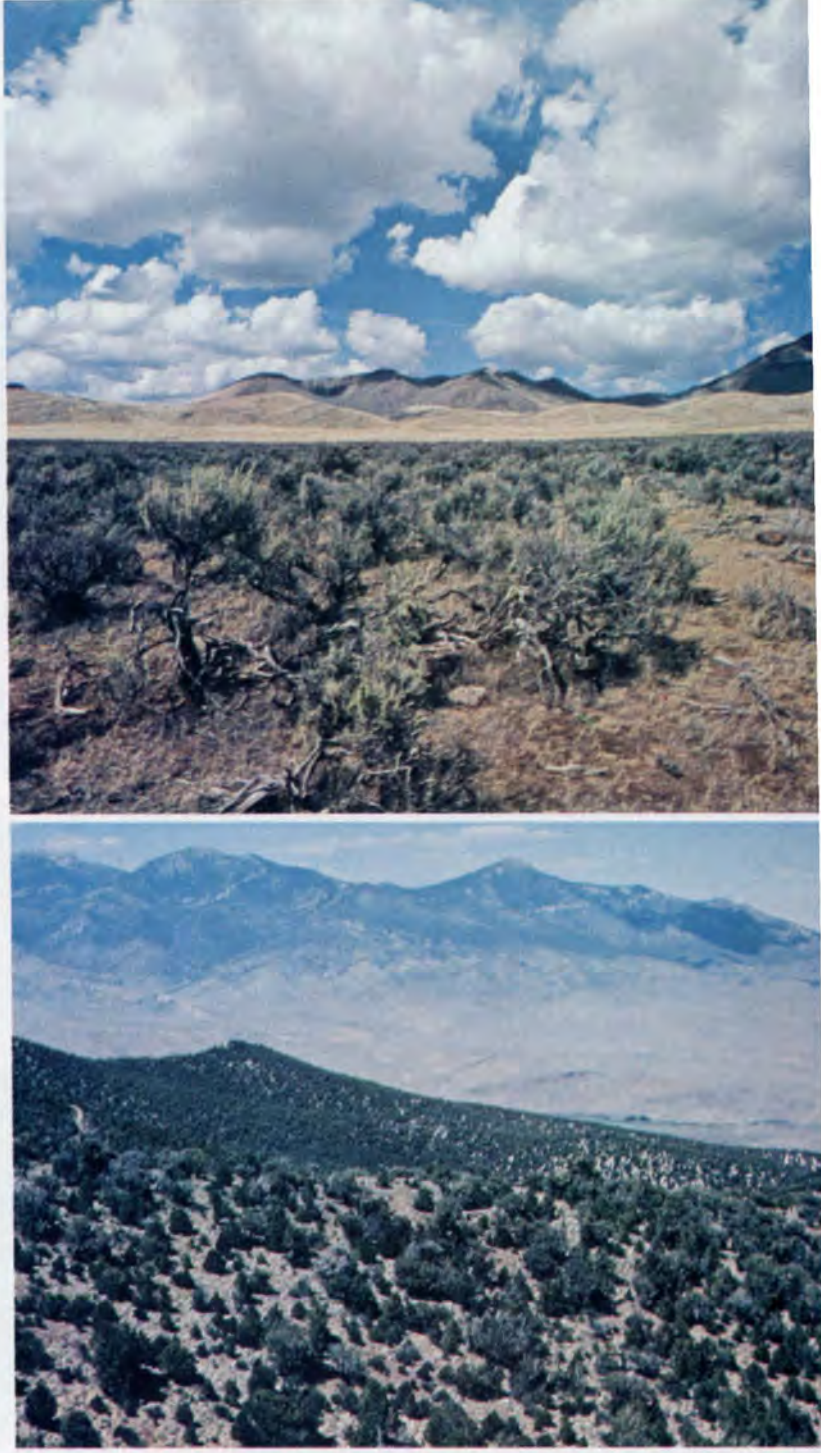
"It was very much of a custodial job," explains Vern Thompson, Humboldt administrator "The people who lived in the area were really an unofficial part of the agency. They didn't have to manage anything; they were just kind of keeping an eye on it. It's not that way any more, of course, but the feeling still hangs on."

Jack Lavin, supervisor of Toiyabe in Nevada explains some practical reasons, too. "The federal funds spent in Nevada for range management and rehabilitation, for watershed protection, for outdoor recreation facilities, for wildlife habitat improvement, for fire suppression, for transportation systems and so on, are a direct benefit to Nevadans as individuals and to the state as a whole."

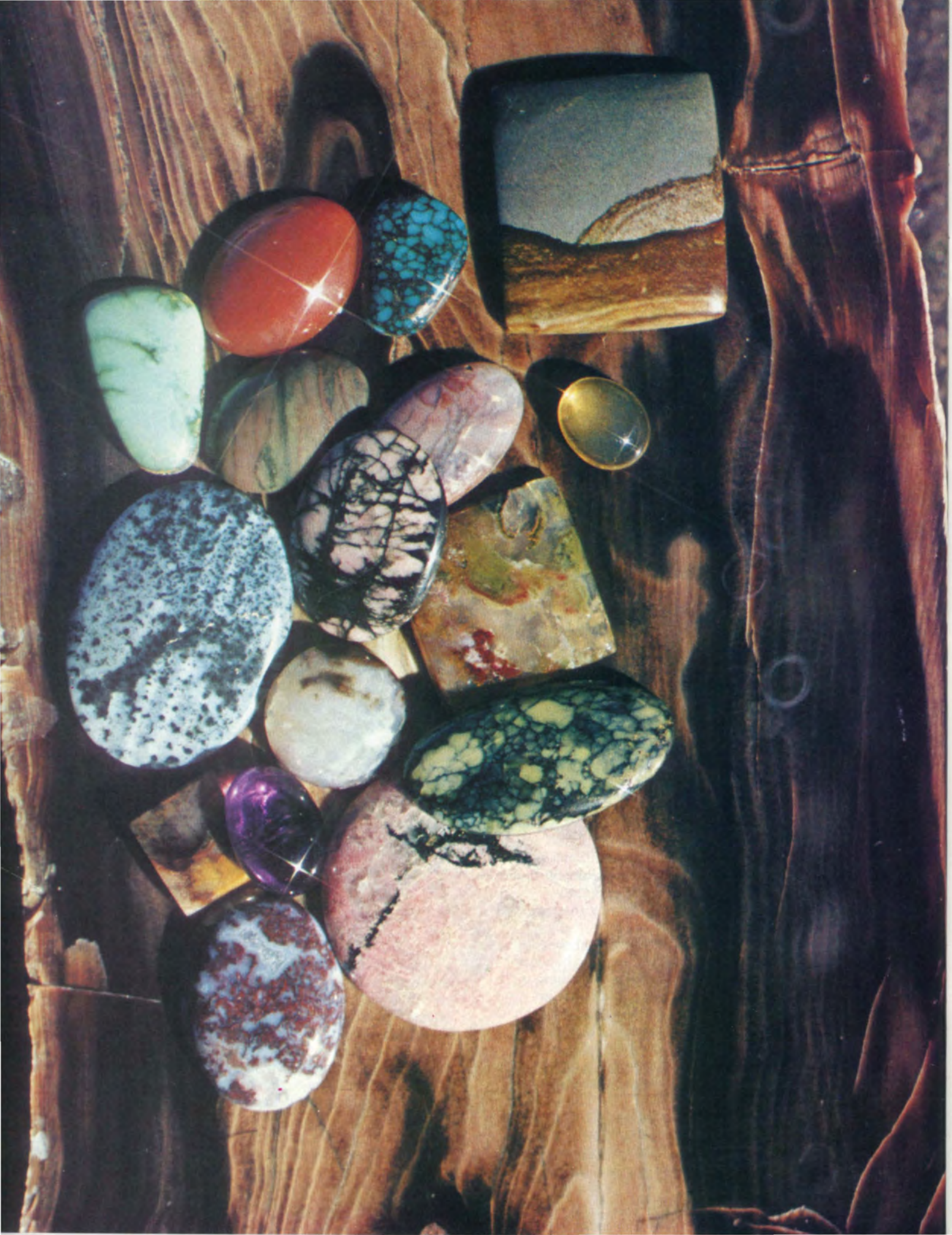
That's more than just talk. More than 90 percent of the water used for irrigation by Nevada farmers and ranchers originates from land with elevations over 7,000 feet. And most of that land is protected by the National Forest Service. The two national forests maintain 48 public recreation areas in Nevada, and since about 1.5 million people visit those two forests each year, these established recreation sites make an important contribution to Nevada's all-important tourist industry, even if they are under federal jurisdiction.

All of this helps to give the public the strong impression that there is more solid and practical cooperation between the people and the National Forest Service than there is with other federal agencies. Says Lavin: "I feel that in Nevada we enjoy an excellent cooperative effort between the state agencies and organizations and the U.S. Forest Service. We are committed to the premise that better decisions are made when public participation is included in the process. We need and want state, as well as individual, participation."

That kind of attitude can do more than anything else to keep Nevadans on reasonably friendly terms with at least one of the federal agencies which control so much of their land. □



Sagebrush, bitterbrush, scrubpine: less like a typical forest, but Toiyabe nonetheless.



HADLEY PHOTO

HADLEY PHOTO

Guide

Rock Around Nevada

Semi-precious stones abound in Nevada's wilderness. Here's how to find them. By Ray W. Miskimins. Ph.D

Nevada's vast, relatively uninhabited wilderness is a paradise for rockhounds. The state has tremendous mineralization and a minimal amount of covering vegetation. Even though less than one per cent of rock on the earth's crust is interesting to rockhounds, Nevada has collectible material in abundance.

Rockhounding is a popular pasttime nationwide, with estimates of the number of rockhounds running from two to eighteen million. City dwellers, especially, find collecting rocks gives a focus to regular sojourns in the country. It's an ideal family activity, as well. And the hobby need not stop with rock collecting trips. Related activities include using lapidary equipment to cut and polish semi-precious stones and cleaning, cataloguing and displaying crystals and other minerals. And the dedicated rockhound studies geology and learns to identify many rocks in the field.

Most amateur collectors hunt quartz family minerals, usually agates and jaspers. And a map of Nevada rockhunting shows that the state abounds from border to border with both of these. Virtually all forms of these semi-precious materials occur—including moss, dendritic, plume and picture varieties, in a wide range of colors. Much of the petrified wood collected in Nevada is also agate or jasper.

Opal is found in numerous locations throughout the state, often as petrified wood. Some is true "fire opal"—a valuable and much sought-after stone. Other semi-precious stones found in Nevada are turquoise, chrysocolla, jade, rhyolite (wonderstone), garnet, variscite and obsidian. For mineral collectors there are gold, barite, sulphur, calcite, galena, iron pyrite, corundum, selenite, epidote and various types of quartz crystals.

All rockhounds should follow a few common-sense rules that will help make trips in Nevada trouble-free. These include obtaining permission from owners before entering private land, avoiding damage to property, leaving all gates as found, building fires only in safe places and extinguishing them completely, filling excavation holes which may be dangerous to livestock, keeping water supplies clean and taking home only what can be reasonably used.

Some good examples of Nevada rocks and gems are displayed on a large piece of petrified wood. The turquoise shown is excellent spider web; the picture stone (top right) is gaining wide popularity.

Restrictions on rock collecting on public lands are also important. Collecting rocks in parks is generally prohibited. In addition, public lands are subject to mining claims which allow removal of material only by claim-holders. Mining claims can be recognized by four foot tall, 4x4 claim posts. Minerals must not be removed from valid mining claims without the consent of the claim owners. However, most of the vast public lands of Nevada are neither set aside for parks nor claimed for mining purposes.

The general policy of the Bureau of Land Management (BLM) regarding open public lands allows amateur rock collecting. Rocks, minerals and gemstones " .may be collected in reasonable quantities for personal use." This also applies to most land under the control of the National Forest Service. The law does state that collecting on public lands must not be "for the purpose of sale or barter" and the rockhound is prohibited from using explosives or motorized equipment such as bulldozers and tractors. Mechanized collection of large quantities of material for commercial purposes falls under applicable mining laws.

These general guidelines set down by the BLM are applicable to most materials typically sought after by rockhounds, but there are additional regulations regarding petrified wood and fossils. No more than "25 pounds plus one piece" of petrified wood can be taken from public lands per person per day and the maximum amount per person in one calendar year cannot exceed 250 pounds.

Rockhounds are also limited by federal regulations when collecting fossils, except for common invertebrate fossils such as turritella agate, trilobites and leaves. It is against federal law to dig up fossils that have potential scientific or historic value, including those of ancient reptiles, mastodons and saber-toothed tigers. If the rockhound thinks he has stumbled upon something of note, he should stop digging and call the BLM.

The back country has its dangers as well as its charms. There are snakes and other dangerous critters in the Nevada desert and the rockhound should be prepared for these. The most sensible precautions are an eagle eye, high boots, a snakebite kit and knowledge

of the nearest medical facility. Snakebite is rare these days, but it doesn't hurt to be prepared. The rockhound should also be wary of sunstroke and frostbite.

If the rock collecting trip is truly into Nevada's wilderness, it is advisable to take at least two vehicles, let those at home know where the group will be and, before leaving paved roads, make sure the vehicles are carrying plenty of water and food and a tool kit. Anywhere in Nevada collectors must be aware of the dangers of abandoned mine shafts and tunnels, which may contain rotting timbers, weakened ladders, noxious gases, abandoned explosives and water

For the novice, the best approach to rockhounding is to follow the advice of more experienced collectors. Many books and magazines are available to assist the beginner, especially in learning to identify in the field. As a general rule, collectible specimens are those that are very hard, translucent, colorful, shiny or of unusual form. The rockhound soon learns to inspect "diggings" of any kind: road cuts, quarries, abandoned mine dumps and small hand-dug holes and trenches. The more advanced rockhound adds to his list of prospecting areas such places as dry stream beds, flats and ravines at the bottom of hills and dry lake beds. He knows how to trace loose "float" material from these easily accessible locations to the less accessible hills it came from. The advanced rockhound learns basic geology and mineralogy and knows what rock formations and strata are likely to contain the mineral he is seeking. His most important skill is readily recognizing many collectible materials. Rockhounds walk right over collectible rocks more often than they pick them up. Adept field identification requires much hard work and practice.

Nevada's many rockhound clubs provide an excellent place to learn about areas for collecting rocks and how to identify, catalogue, display or cut and polish specimens. Club meetings, field trips and public shows provide social and educational activities for many families brought together by a common interest.

The author and his family, search for Nevada semi-precious stones. (Miskimins)



NEVADA GEM & MINERAL CLUBS

Boulder Gem Club,
P.O. Box 14, Boulder 89005.
Clark County Gem Collectors, Inc.,
P.O. Box 5846, Las Vegas 89101.
Las Vegas Gem Club,
P.O. Box 1177, Las Vegas 89101.
North Las Vegas Gem Society,
3327 N. Rio Grande, North Las Vegas 89030.
Reno Gem and Mineral Society,
P.O. Box 2004, Reno 89505
Winnemucca Gem and Mineral Club,
P.O. Box 1184, Winnemucca 89445.

Where to look and what you might find

Agate and Jasper. From Fernley take 94A south for 5 miles. Turn left toward dump. At 1/4 mile left onto small dirt road and follow for 1/2 mile (road ends). Best hunting is to the northwest.

Wonderstone. From Fallon take U.S. 50 east for 11-1/2 miles. Turn left for 4 to 6 miles. Look for hills to the left (Yellow Mountain, and Wonderstone Mountain just east of it) and prospect old diggings.

Opal, Petrified Wood, and Jasper. From Gerlach take 34 north 86 miles (near Vya) to 8A. Take 8A east for 22 miles and turn southeast (right) onto dirt road. Follow for 7 miles and turn right a short distance toward Wall Canyon for prospecting.

Calcite and Garnet. From Lovelock take U.S. 80 west for 40 miles and turn right 21 miles to old Nightingale mine site. Hunt through the dumps.

Petrified Wood. From Battle Mountain take 8A south for 10 miles, then turn right 2 miles to Galena. Continue for 20 more miles and turn left 6 miles to Dacie Creek petrified wood fields.

Opalized Cinnabar. From Tuscarora (northwest of Elko) procede 14 miles west and turn left for 20 miles to Silver Cloud Mine. Hunt nearby washes and dumps.

Apache Tears. From Coaldale take U.S. 6 west for 6 miles and turn south on 3A. After 1 mile take unpaved road bearing south for 5 miles. Prospect both sides of road.

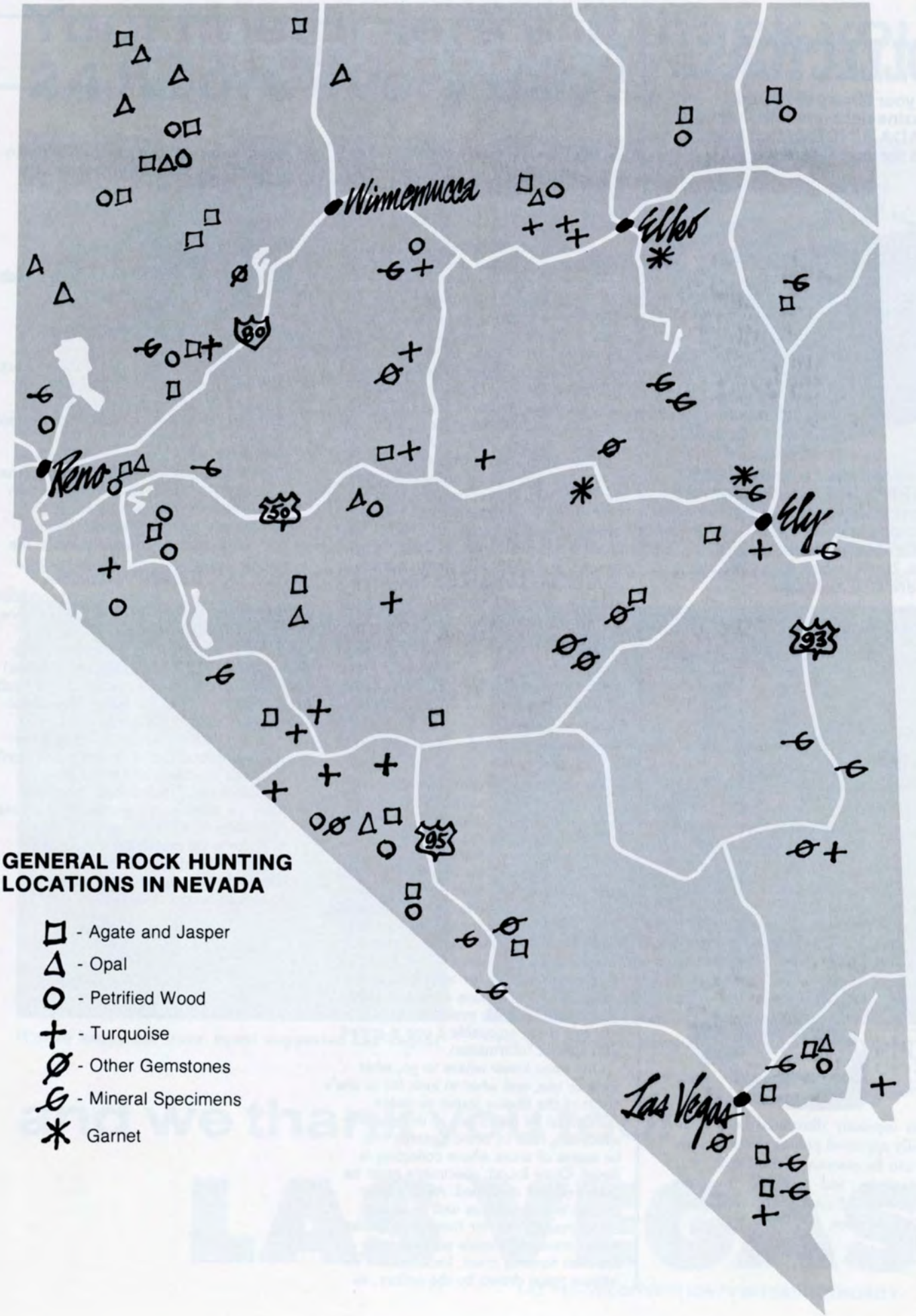
Opalized Wood. From Gabbs go 1 mile north on 23, turn left for 9 miles, then right for 2 miles to petrified wood fields.

Petrified Wood and Agate. From the intersection of North Shore Road and East Lake Mead Boulevard (Las Vegas) take North Shore Road toward Valley of Fire 5 miles. Turn right (small red hill on the right) toward the lake, keeping to the right until the land is flat on the right side of the road (small rolling hills to the left). Prospect the hills to the right. (Location courtesy of the Las Vegas Gem Club)

Jasper. From Henderson take 41 east for 9 miles (remains of an old mine are on the right). Hike trail leading up the hill to the left. Prospect just over the top of the hill. (Location courtesy of the Las Vegas Gem Club)

Apache Tears. From Beatty take U.S. 95 north for 26 miles. Prospect both sides of the highway. Best collecting is about halfway down long hill to the north. (Location courtesy of the Las Vegas Gem Club)

Garnets. From Ely take U.S. 50 east to Ruth turn-off (Nevada 44) and take dirt road on right, on opposite side of highway, seven tenths of a mile up canyon. Dirt trails lead south over Garnet Hill. (Location courtesy White Pine Chamber of Commerce)



GENERAL ROCK HUNTING LOCATIONS IN NEVADA

- □ - Agate and Jasper
- △ - Opal
- ○ - Petrified Wood
- \+ - Turquoise
- ⌀ - Other Gemstones
- ⌀ - Mineral Specimens
- ✳ Garnet

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CONFLICT ON THE CARSON

By Grace Dangberg $17.50

Miss Dangberg, author of award-winning CARSON VALLEY (1972) presents an entertaining and informative 125-year history of water litigation in western Nevada. The story of this little-explored facet of Nevada history is told in the words from actual court room testimony and includes accounts by Sam Davis and Dan De Quille.



This copiously illustrated book is an officially approved project of the Nevada American Bicentennial Commission. It is published by and available from the Carson Valley Historical Society, P.O. Box 545, Minden, Nev 89423.

Nevada Reading

Conflict on the Carson

Grace Dangberg
Carson Valley Historical Society
Minden, Nevada. $17.50

As in much of Nevada today, Carson residents are worried about the quality and quantity of their water, now and for the years ahead. It is a problem dating back over a century, as yet unresolved.

Miss Dangberg, descendent of a well known Nevada family, traces the history of Nevada's water problems in a most interesting fashion. Drawing material from old court cases, newspapers, and her own vast knowledge as a respected historian she presents a vivid image of the wars between the hill dwellers and the flatlanders, the miners and the farmers, the State and the Federal Government.

Miss Dangberg uses frequent direct quotes from court testimony, which adds an intimacy and humor to this lengthy volume. It should bring to the layman some understanding of the complexity of water rights in Douglas, Lyon, Churchhill, Washoe, Storey, Ormsby and Mineral counties.—**OM**

Rocks and Minerals of the Western United States

Elsie Hanauer
A.S. Barnes and Co., Inc. New York. $12.00

You've heard the story about the fisherman stopping at the fish store on his return from an unsuccessful weekend. Elsie Hanauer has prepared rock hounds for that eventuality by including rock shops in her new book *Rocks and Minerals of the Western United States.* But the enthusiast who follows her advice should not come home empty handed.

Rock collecting has become a very popular hobby in recent years. It can be a rewarding pasttime for both family outings and the serious collector. However it can be made profitable as well as infinitely more enjoyable if one is armed with specific information.

One must know where to go, what tools to use, and what to look for in one's quest of the illusive jasper or oolite. Care must be taken not to destroy the specimen, how to avoid hazards and be aware of areas where collecting is illegal. Once found, specimens must be prepared and displayed. All this information is provided, as well as lists of campgrounds—or for those who prefer easier traveling, motels accessible to the best hunting areas. Included are extensive maps drawn by the author, as well as color and black and white photographs. Take this handy book on your next expedition and you are bound to be successful, if only in finding rock shops.—**OM**

Distance Riding From Start to Finish

Virginia Weisel Johnson and
Thula Johnson
Houghton Mifflin Co. $8.95

Trail Riding, as defined by the authors is divided into two separate categories: Competitive and Endurance. A competitive ride is one in which the contestants cover a certain distance within a required period of time, much like an automobile rally. In endurance riding the contestants cover a given distance with only a maximum time allowance. Together they become Distance Riding, one of the fastest growing sports in the United States and "the last amateur sport left in America." Its purpose is to show what a horse, in good condition, can do—he is not judged on appearance, nor is his rider.

The Johnsons' book covers not only important races (the Tevis, the Virginia) but great emphasis is placed on the health and soundness of the horse, from selection to care to recovery after an exhausting day or days on the trail. Interspersed throughout with Thula Johnson's drawings are black and white photographs, feeding techniques, veterinary hints—a priceless compendium of equine knowledge in a lively anecdotal style.

There is an exuberance about this book that is infectious and clearly shows the authors' joy in their experiences on the trails.—**OM**

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